CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY SIDNEY R. COOK

Next Month's Issue

MUCH foolishness has been written, both as fiction and as fact, about the life of those pioneers who blazed the trails and paved the way for the settlers of Western Canada. In "Her Masterpiece," a three part story by Blanche Gertrude Robbins, beginning in the June issue of CANADA MONTHLY, we believe we have found a story expressing the ideals which inspired a very considerable number of those brave souls who found hardship and suffering, but also the fulfillment of dreams and the accomplishment of purposes which brought them satisfaction and happiness. It is the story of a woman artist who goes to the great west for inspiration for a masterpiece which shall make her reputation secure and fulfill her life ambition. Influenced by the lives of real service to humanity in a pioneer's family with which she makes her temporary home, this ambition undergoes a change which alters her career and brings her at last to an appreciation of the true values of life. The author has taken a big theme and developed it logically and interestingly. You will agree with us that this is one of the best stories of the year.

Dr. Hugh Pedley, of Montreal, who has just retired after forty years of active service in the ministry, contributes an interesting article on "Internationalism in North America."

Tom King, dean of the press gallery at Ottawa, will comment on recent activities on Parliament Hill.

Alice Hegan Rice in a humorous story, "The Vow of Silence," reveals her intimate knowledge of life in the southern mountains. "When Old Lights Flicker," by Jack Holden, "Soldier Girl," by Betty Parker, and the next instalment of "The Gregory Morton Mystery" complete the fiction.

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Entered in the post office at London, Ont., as second class matter. *Caution:* If date is not properly extended after each payment, notify publishers promptly. Instructions for *renewal, discontinuance or change* of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both new and old addresses must always be given in notifying us. *Discontinuance:* We find that many of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted and their files broken in case they fail to remit before expiration. Nevertheless it is not assumed that continuous service is desired, but subscribers are expected to notify us with reasonable promptness to stop, if the paper is no longer required.

Hospitals on Wheels for Disabled Soldiers

THE plans worked out by the Military Hospitals commission and the various Provincial organizations point to efficiency in caring for the boys who return to our shores after being disabled in the conflict with the Hun. These plans are quite far reaching. They embrace a re-training of such of the veterans as are unable, through disability, to go back to their former occupations.

The composite car contains six cots in addition to quarters for medical officers and nurses

Technical schools are being established in connection with the convalescent hospitals. These schools doubtless will be established in all sections of the Dominion. When the first contingents of disabled men returned, they were cared for in hospitals established in the larger cities of the East. The number of disabled men returning at present, however, makes it imperative that the work of the hospitals commission be broadened out on a Dominion wide scale.

One of the chief difficulties in returning the soldiers to hospitals in the locality of their homes, was the lack of facilities for transporting them from the sea inland. The Canadian Pacific Railway has solved this problem in a most satisfactory manner with a series of specially constructed hospital cars. These cars are now in operation under the direction of the Military Hospitals commission. As shown in the accompanying views, these new cars are provided with most of the essentials of a modern hospital ward.

All the necessary points for comfort and easy transport have been considered, as well as the facilities for rendering every medical assistance to the men while travelling. The cars were turned out on lines very similar to the original plans submitted to the Director-General of Supplies and Transport, with however, certain innovations found valuable by the French and British railways in transporting men from the front. There are three units of two cars each, making six cars in all, and the direction of the cars rests with the Hospitals Commission.

Each unit comprises what is known as a composite car and a ward car. The former contains six cots, in addition to the quarters for medical officers and nurses, while the latter car has accommodation for fourteen patients. Everything has been provided, not only for the comfort of the returned invalids, but for those in charge of the patients. The accommodation for the nurses is equivalent to that of a drawing-room on a standard sleeper, with a toilet room annex, upholstered in leather, and all possible train comforts.

Facilities have been provided for the storage of baggage, and there is also a kitchen attached, such as is contained in a tourist sleeper, to enable special foods to be provided for the wounded soldiers, when occasion arises. The medical officers' quarters are fitted in the form of a compartment with upper and lower berths, and a small dispensary.

The ward car consists of one large room the length of a standard sleeper, and lavatories at either end. Standard hospital cots are installed in both cars; the floors are covered with linoleum, and aisles carpeted. A special feature is the introduction of a "bad weather entrance." The composite cars have two side entrances in addition to the usual ones at each end. The side entrances, where the patients will be received, have been fitted with very heavy curtains which can be drawn closely in bad weather, thus affording ample protection from draughts to the patients already in the cars. The cars will be easily distinguished by the large Red Cross painted on either side of the words "Military Hospital."

Interior of the ward car of one of the new hospitals on wheels

"Mornin'! Guv'nor in ?" inquired a confident-looking stranger of a meek young man who stood weighing biscuits in a grocer's shop.

"Yes, sir."

"Um. You're advertising for a manager, I believe ?"

"Yes, we are."

"Present manager about anywhere ?"

"Well, I'm manager at present, sir."

"Ah ! That's good. Now, what sort of chap may the guv'nor be ? Old ?"

"About my own age."

"Had any trouble with him at all ?"

"Well, I can't say I have."

"Close-fisted screw, ain't he ?"

"Some people might call him so."

"Ah, well ! If I get on here and he tries any of his nonsense on me, he'll get his head in the sugar bin. Just give him my name, will you ?"

"Well, if you are applying for the situation, I'm taking on the new man."

"By Jove ! You are ? Now, I should like to get this shop. Think you could come to an immediate decision if I made it worth your while ?"

"Shouldn't wonder."

"Ah ! Now I s'pose we may consider it settled, eh ?" as he slipped a half-sovereign into the meek young man's hand.

"Yes," said that individual, as he quietly pocketed the coin. "Somehow I don't think you'd suit."

"Thunder ! Not suit; why, how's that ?"

"Well, you see, I happen to be the guv'nor myself."

"How is it you came home from your party so early last night, Susan ? Didn't you enjoy yourself ?"

"Yes, ma'am, but the young man as took me in to supper insulted me."

"Insulted you, Susan ! Why, what did he say ?"

"He asked me if my programme was full; and I'm sure I never had nothing but a sandwich and a glass of lemonade; so I came away home."

Settlement Worker: "My poor man, what's your answer to that vexing question, "are you poor because you drink, or do you drink because you're poor?' "

The Poor Man (with can of beer): "Far's I know, mum, I drink because I'm dry."

Spend five minutes this way tonight

Follow faithfully each step of the famous skin treatment described below & you can begin to give your skin the charm you have longed for

Never for an instant think that you must go through life with an unattractive complexion because it happens to be that way now. There's no girl on earth who can't have a prettier skin by trying!

Do you know that your skin changes every day in spite of you? That as *old* skin dies, *new* skin forms to take its place? And that your complexion will be just what you help this *new* skin to be as fast as it forms?

This is your opportunity

By the proper external treatment you can make this new skin just what you would love to have it. Or—by neglecting to give this new skin proper care as it forms every day you can keep your skin in its present condition and forfeit the charm of "a skin you love to touch." Which will you do? Will you begin at once to bring to your skin the charm you have longed for? Then spend five minutes tonight on the famous skin treatment below.

Make it a daily habit

Use this treatment once a day—either night or morning. Dip a cloth in warm water and hold it to the face until the skin is softened and damp. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water and go over your face *with the cake itself* just as a man does with a shaving stick. Then dip your hands in warm water and with the tips of your fingers work up a lather from the soap left on your face. Rub this cleansing, antiseptic lather thoroughly but gently into the pores of your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice* before drying.

Substitute a dash of ice water for the ice rub if your skin is sensitive.

If your skin is thin or rather sensitive, substitute a dash of *ice water* for the application of the ice itself.

The first time you use this treatment you will realize the change it is going to make in your skin! Every day it frees your skin of the tiny, old dead particles. Then, it cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the surface and stimulates the small muscular fibres. It is very easy to use this treatment for a few days and then neglect it. But this will never make your skin what you would love to have it. Use the treatment *persistently* and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness, freshness and *charm* which the daily use of Woodbury's will bring.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. A 25c cake of Woodbury's is sufficient for a month or six weeks of the famous skin treatment given here. Tear out the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today and begin at once to make your skin what you would love to have it.

Send now for week's-size cake

For 4c we will send a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this Woodbury skin treatment. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write today! Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2305 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario, Canada.**

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VOLUME Twenty-two NO. 1

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON May 1917

Financing a War With Wheat

By Robert J. C. Stead

Illustrated from Photographs

NO lesson—not even the need of national defence—has been so driven home by the war as has the great fact of the dependence of all society upon the products of the soil. So long as the machinery of trade and production, well-oiled with the greatest distributing organization in history, moved smoothly in its journals, the relation of the farmer to the consuming public was more or less obscure. In fact, the time is not so far gone when the best known by-product of agriculture was the supposedly comic cartoon or squib which represented Silas or Hiram as antiquated mossbacks furnishing amusement to well-dressed city chaps of a quite superior intelligence. So long as the city man found his supplies of bread and butter, beef and bacon, milk, eggs and vegetables uninterrupted, his interest in the farmer was confined to the wheat pit or the possibilities of the agricultural classes as a market for his wares.

When William the Wilful cast his rock into the delicate machinery of production and distribution he smashed a lot of delusions that were over-ripe for smashing. No credit is intended to the War Lord. Out of evil may come good, but woe unto him by whom the evil cometh. And the woe is camping close on William's trail. It may be small comfort to his conscience to know that his rock shook Canada out of its lethargy of consuming and set it up on the sound basis of producing.

No lesson has been so driven home by the war as the great fact of the dependence of all society upon the products of the soil

It is a trite thing to say that before the war Canada was living on borrowed money. Everybody knows that now. Every thinking person knew it then. But there has come a wonderful change in the point of view. Previous to 1914 it was quite the proper thing to live on borrowed money. Individuals did it; communities did it; provinces did it; the whole country was doing it—and rather proud of the accomplishment. The "live" towns were the towns of overworked blueprints — streets and watermains across the wilderness, bulging boundaries, ascending assessments, and the debenture habit of a care-free and optimistic people. The booster was abroad in the land. His chief quality was a profound appreciation of something which he was profoundly anxious to sell to some one else. Those who joined his hue-and-cry were "live wires." Those who clung to antiquated notions like producing something, working for a liv-

One-third of Alberta's arable land sown to wheat for one year, would pay off the national debt of the Dominion

ing, and paying as you go, were "dead ones."

There comes a time in the life of every man when, in the smash of some personal tragedy, he stares the realities in the face and knows that all previous experiences were a mirage. Such a time came to the people of Canada collectively in 1914. A free and virile people, strenuous in their material pursuits, but somewhat thoughtless on the more serious aspects of nation building, found themselves suddenly confronted with conditions not only unexpected, but undreamed. How they met that condition, and are to continue meeting it, cannot be told in an article, nor in many articles. It is the biggest thing in Canadian history. Herein we shall deal with only one phase of the re-adjustment, one small angle of that phase represented by the movement "back to the land."

The possibilities of the back to the land movement in Canada are better grasped when one appreciates the amount of land there is to go back to. If agriculture is the basic industry of all civilization surely Canada's future is founded upon a rock. The area of the provinces of Canada, (not including the territories and unorganized districts) is 1,401,316,413 acres. Of this area 109,777,085 acres, or 7.18 per cent. were occupied as farm land according to the census of 1911. There are within the provinces of Canada 440,951,000 acres of land suitable for farming purposes, *not including forest and swamp lands which may ultimately be tilled, nor northern areas of which the agricultural possibilities are at present unknown.* It will be seen from these figures that about 25 per cent. of Canada's farm land is now occupied, but it must be remembered that of the occupied area only 33 per cent. is under cultivation. In short, out of 440,000,000 acres of farm land only 36,000,000 acres, or about eight per cent., were under cultivation at the time of the 1911 census.

The foregoing refers to the provinces of all Canada. When it is localized to the Western provinces the proportions are still more striking. In Alberta, for instance, there are 105,217,000 acres of land suitable for agriculture. The acreage under grain crop in 1916 was 3,375,280—a little better than three per cent. Yet this three per cent. of Alberta's productive soil produced in 1916 36,000,000 bushels of wheat worth approximately $54,000,000.00; 75,000,000 bushels of oats worth $37,500,000.00; 5,000,000 bushels of barley worth $5,000,000.00; and other grain crops of an approximate value of $2,500,000.00;—a total grain production of $99,000,000.00. These, it may be said, are most conservative estimates, and fall far below the figures given out by the Provincial Statistician. In addition to grain crops there were $6,000,000.00 worth of potatoes, $29,000,000.00 worth of livestock, and $12,500,000.00 worth of dairy products. And this was produced with less than four per cent. of Alberta's arable area under cultivation.

It has been computed that if Alberta were cultivated on the scale of intensity which prevailed in Belgium before the war the province would support an agricultural population of fifty millions —half the present population of the United States of America. Calculations as to what Alberta would produce under such circumstances are rather staggering. The average wheat yield of Alberta for the last ten years has been 20.19 bushels per acre. If the 105,217,000 arable acres in the province were sown to wheat they would, therefore, produce in an average season a crop of 2,224,331,230 bushels, and the value of such a crop, at present prices, would be three times the estimated national debt of Canada at the close of the war. In other words, one-third of Alberta's arable land, sown to wheat for one year, would pay off the national debt of the Dominion.

Such calculations show clearly enough the aggregate possibilities of one western province, but the reader is doubtless more interested in the individual possibilities to which he can look forward. And these are more difficult to define, as, in dealing with individuals, the human element is not subject to the law of average. In Western Canada, as elsewhere, the human element is the greatest factor in determining success or failure. Conclusions can only be based upon what has already been accomplished by others. Read these sentences:

W. J. Winstead, who settled near Brooks, Alberta, in March, 1916, gives this account of his experiences:

"I have threshed altogether 7,000 bushels of No. 1 Northern wheat from two hundred acres, which went from 24 to 56 bushels per acre—sod breaking 24, spring plowing 36, back-setting 56—the average being 35 bushels per acre. This crop was finished seeding May 19th. I seeded 25 acres oats, finished June 10th, also 13½ acres of barley in the same field—threshed 2,030 bushels oats, a fraction better than 80 bushels per acre, and 702 bushels of barley, which went 52 bushels per acre. From May 19th, to June 10th, I had one four-horse team breaking the remainder of my sod, which was 36 acres. This 36 acres I disked and harrowed several times, packed and finished seeding June 10th, to flax. Not being familiar with flax, I

On three per cent. of Alberta's productive soil crops to the value of $99,000,000 were grown in 1916

only seeded one-third of a bushel per acre, which should have been not less than half a bushel. I threshed 670 bushels, approximately 18½ bushels per acre.

"Seven thousand bushels of wheat, all Number 1 Northern, two thousand bushels of oats, 670 bushels of flax, 700 bushels of barley—all at market prices—well, figure this out for yourself at the market price. I sold 3,100 bushels of wheat at $1.74⅞, am holding the remainder for $2.00. Also all the oats, barley and flax for higher prices. In addition to this I had a contract with the C. P. R. Department of Natural Resources, for $1,000, and I received a similar amount from C. W. Long, for seeding, plowing, harvesting, etc. My labor and all other indebtedness is less than $2,000. I landed in Brooks, March 18th, 1916, with one car of household effects, and nine head of good horses, and less than $500 in cash. I have put $1,500 worth of improvements on my farm. I have 31 head of cattle, 16 head of horses, debts all paid, a new automobile, and a good stiff bank account. At present prices, I can cash in for $16,000. I am well satisfied, and expect to double this next year."

Was Mr. Winstead's experience exceptional? Possibly; but not altogether exceptional, either, as may be judged from the many news items appearing in Alberta local papers in recent months. Note these examples.

New Dayton, Alberta,—W. L. Shields reports threshing an average of 51½ bushels from eighty-two acres, sod plowed. This land was bought at ten dollars an acre—will show net profit this year—five thousand dollars from eighty-two acres.

Compeer, Alta.—J. Ikle has threshed 200 acres of oats which yielded an average of 125 bushels per acre, which, at present prices, means about $62.50 per acre.

Lethbridge, Alta.—John C. Bass reports an average yield of 55 bushels of wheat per acre on 334 acres.

Nobleford, Alta.—Mrs. A. R. Coe has obtained 21 bushels to the acre on 100 acres of flax, 58½ bushels of wheat to the acre on 115 acres, and slightly over 100 bushels of oats per acre.

Macleod, Alta.—W. H. Glass, has threshed over 45 bushels of wheat per acre. Mr. Glass has during the past two years received from one quarter section of land over $12,000 for wheat alone. He had left for California, where he will spend the winter.

This entire issue of *Canada Monthly* could be filled with similar instances, but space permits only one more example. F. F. Fox, an Ohio school teacher, reached the conclusion that his future lay not in pedagogy, but on an Alberta farm. In five months he produced a crop worth seven thousand dollars. Read his story in his own words:

"I came to Alberta in June, 1916, from Ohio, where I had been teaching in a village school; realizing that this

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It has bee computed that if Alberta were cultivated on the scale of intensity which prevailed in Belgium before the war, the Province would support an agricultural population of fifty millions

I've never yet seen Uncle Solon so sick that he couldn't eat a hearty meal

Uncle Solon's Stomach

By Mary Heaton Vorse

Illustrated by Irma Deremeaux

NOTHING shocked me so dreadfully when I first came to live in my uncle Solon's family as to see how indifferent the children felt about their father's health, but now that I have been here a little while, I have become indifferent myself, because you get used to a person's being sick all the time just as you do to anything else sad in life. And then, the longer I live here, the less I can keep from wondering if Uncle Solon is as sick as he thinks he is, and whether, if he didn't stop thinking of his ailments, they would trouble him so much.

It's his stomach that's the matter with him; but in spite of its being so troublesome, I've never yet seen Uncle Solon so sick that he couldn't eat a hearty meal; and then afterwards he groans about it. So I've become as callous as the rest; when Uncle Solon says after supper, "That cake sets very heavy," I don't look up from my book.

When I first came, I was so sympathetic that he told me all his symptoms, and everything that he had taken for his attacks for the last fifteen years, which was very embarrassing from an uncle that one has hardly seen. We were never allowed to speak of our stomachs by mamma. She said there were two things that a gentlewoman never referred to; one was her poverty and the other was her stomach.

Aunt Matilda takes Uncle Solon's ups and downs seriously. She's just as excited about every fresh attack as the children are indifferent, and spends evenings arguing with him about having a doctor, and fixing him hot drinks, and getting him to try different remedies. She says to the girls before he comes home,

"I do hope your father's luncheon will have agreed with him."

I've never heard any of them answer her, or take the slightest interest, except when Pauline said:

"I wish to goodness, ma, you'd let us get out from under the shadow of papa's stomach some time!"

Poor Aunt Matilda was so shocked at this that it touched Pauline's heart, and she went out to the kitchen and made peach flapdoodle for dinner, which she makes very well; then Uncle Solon ate so much of it that Aunt Matilda had to spend the evening putting hot compresses on him.

I tell all this here because you'll understand better the great importance of the few words which Melly let drop when I came back from the art school about two weeks ago. She looked up with her little, round face, and said:

"Papa's never going to be sick again." Then she read out of a book which was spread open on the bed:

"Fill in centre of flower with chain stitch."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Mamma's found a way to cure him," Melly answered, looking over to the magazine again to see just how the needle was placed in the picture to make a certain stitch, and pulling it through exactly like it. "Mamma's got a new book about eating, and she's gone out to get the things it tells you you ought to have. It isn't indigestion that's the matter with him, it's his fat—and that's got to come off. Mamma said so. She read it in the book," Melly added conclusively.

"What do you mean?" I asked, "when you say that Aunt Matilda's gone out to get the things the book tells you you ought to eat?"

Melly took three stitches before she answered. Then all she said was, "I don't know."

Melly is my youngest cousin and I room with her. She is eleven years old, and a very good little thing—much better than her sister Gladys, who is sometimes very exasperating, although she has a great deal of good in her, and for some reason I can't help being fonder of her than I am of Melly.

It would be a very glorious thing in-

deed for all of us if Uncle Solon could be cured, because, as Pauline said that day she got angry, we live in the shadow of Uncle Solon's—bad health. When he is comparatively well, we enjoy ourselves, but the times when he isn't, both he and Aunt Matilda are so wrapped in gloom, and they talk so constantly about every symptom, that although the children seem callous, yet none of them escapes the depressing influence.

You might say that my Uncle Solon's health is the barometer which measures the happiness of this household. No one could be happy, even supposing you couldn't hear Uncle Solon groaning, when Aunt Matilda comes out looking like some 1830 actress do a Greek play, holding up a long finger and saying:

"H-s-s-h! Your father's very bad to-night."

I went out to the front room, where Gladys was. She looked up from the evening paper and said:

"He's confessed! I knew he did it all along. But if *I'd* killed anybody, and had kept from confessing for as long as that, I wouldn't have confessed ever. What's the good? Men act so silly!"

"I hear auntie's found a way to cure Uncle Solon," I told her. I never encourage her to talk about the awful things she's so fond of reading in the papers.

"It's going to be fierce, isn't it?" said Gladys. She stuck her head into the paper again. "How much do you suppose it would cost," she said, "to get this lotion for removing freckles made?"

If Gladys had the money, she'd have every one of the beauty lotions made up that are printed in the daily papers. She loves to smear things on her face—otherwise she's perfectly careless of her personal appearance.

I didn't understand what she meant by saying wasn't it "fierce," and I asked her.

"You haven't lived through," she explained, "any of father's cures. We have—and *that's* all we have done!"

"Gladys," I replied, "I don't think you take the interest in your poor father's health that you ought to."

Just here Aunt Matilda came in.

"I heard what you said, Daisy," she told me, "and I'm very glad to have you say it. The children—none of them—realize their poor father's sufferings. I suppose it's like childhood to get used to anything, but when I think what Solon was when I first knew him, and what he is to-day and has been for the last ten years, my heart bleeds—*I* never get used to it. Oh, how often I say to your uncle: 'If you'd only been born up in Massachusetts instead of in Pennsylvania!'

Uncle Solon crept wearily into the room

Oh, my dear, it's a wonder that any of those Pennsylvania Dutch people live to tell the tale! Where *I* came from it's a land of plain living and high thinking; and I tell Solon where he comes from it seems to be a land of high living and no thinking. It was lucky for your poor dear mother's constitution that she married young and moved to New England. Many a time I've asked my relatives for recipes of things—I will say they do taste awfully good—and they always began with, 'Take a quart of cream and a dozen eggs,' and you know for yourself that no stomach can possibly endure when every blessed thing that's put into it is based on a quart of cream and a dozen eggs—or if it isn't, it's something rich and fried—and all awfully good! Well, that's the life your poor uncle lived for years and years, and it shows what a splendid constitution he has that he isn't in his grave to-day—and when you add to that a tendency to put on fat——!"

While she was talking, my aunt Matilda had put down several parcels and had untied her veil. While she was talking, Gladys poked into the packages.

"Goody!" she said. "You've bought lots of nuts and fruit—lots of salad, too. What made you get so much salad — everybody hates salad."

"That," said Aunt Matilda impressively, "is what we're going to live on in the future."

"Guess again!" Gladys exclaimed. "When I eat I like to eat food, not hay!"

Aunt Matilda ignored her daughter's remark.

"Yes," she said, "primitive man lived on uncooked foods. He was always healthy. There are available to us more uncooked foods than there were to him, with milk, raw eggs, delicious salads, fruits, and nuts—all the world could revert, if it wanted to, to a perfect diet. That's what we're going to do. That's how your poor father is going to be cured. Cheeses, which are nitrogenous, take the place of meat. On this diet, no superfluous fat can possibly be gathered."

Gladys listened with perfect seriousness to her mother's description of the menu. When Aunt Matilda had finished she announced with deep conviction:

"Gee! This is the worst yet!"

"And the best of this diet," her mother went on, "is its delicious qualities."

"Huh!" snorted Gladys.

At the time I was very much impressed. Telling this in retrospect, as I am, I can't pretend to put the feeling into it that I had when my aunt first told me. After I had heard her talk a while, I felt that the troubles of the family were solved forever, and that Uncle Solon was to be a saved man from that day, and that we should all live to be a hundred if we only ate uncooked food, although even then, under the contagion of her enthusiasm, it didn't look very attractive to me, nor so very nourishing either. Things in parcels don't.

My aunt talked on enthusiastically until Gladys broke in with:

"Do you mean that's *all* we're going to have to eat—*all*," she asked, pointing her finger at the packages with a gesture as dramatic as Aunt Matilda's;

"no meat—no potatoes—no dessert—nothing, *nothing* but that—that'n raw eggs?"

Just here there was the click of a latchkey and Pauline came in. Pauline is eighteen and very pretty—sometimes I think she is too pretty. She looks like the photographs of girls that you see on the outside of Sunday papers. Gladys broke the news to her with:

"We're all going to be starved to death again!"

Pauline dropped onto a sofa.

"You don't mean that you've found another cure for father?" she asked, discouraged.

"You don't know what it means," she continued, turning to me, "when mother gets a cure for father. We all get awful things. One time our food gave us hives. Another time we nearly died with eating some awful hay cereal. another time it was a water cure, and we drank and drank until I felt like an artesian well."

Here Aunt Matilda began all over again all about the nutritious quality of raw food while Pauline fixed her hair in the glass. She has a great quantity of hair, all her own, and she fixes it so it looks like the hair you buy and pin on.

Finally she said:

"Well, mother, it seems to spell 'empty stomach' to me, but if you think that it will help father——"

At this Gladys broke forth indignantly:

"Go ahead and do the dutiful daughter—do! You get lunch down-town; you'll fill up on great hunks of steak. But I get three meals at home—not that I call salad 'n' fruit *meals*! I'm a growing girl, that's what I am, and I get awful hungry — I'm awfully hungry this minute, and if that's what I'm going to have for dinner——!"

"Gladys, as soon as your stomach has shrunk to its normal size," said my aunt, "more food than that which this book prescribes will seem nauseous to you."

"*Any* of that food seems nauseous to me!" replied Gladys, with the impertinence of despair.

"What does father say to this?" Pauline inquired.

"Your father doesn't know about it yet," replied Aunt Matilda. "It'll be a happy surprise for him when he comes home."

It wasn't very long before Uncle Solon crept wearily into the room. Not one of us but could have told what his remark was going to be by the expression of his face. This was:

"Nothing seems to sit now!"

He wore that jaded office look that I notice on the faces of so many men here, who first trouble with the office all day and then come home hanging from straps. Before Aunt Matilda could speak, Glady's shrilled:

"She's got another cure!"

Uncle Solon sank heavily into the Morris chair, and put his face in his hands.

"That's what I say too!" cried Gladys.

"Hush, Gladys!" Aunt Matilda commanded sternly. And she told it all over again, and just as dramatically.

Uncle Solon didn't move. At last he lifted his tired face to my aunt and said:

"It's never done any better on queer foods than on any other kind."

"Oh, this time it's no food at all," Gladys told him.

"If I had the slightest hope, if I had the slightest hope, Matilda, there isn't anything I wouldn't eat. But you know, and I know, that as far as *It* is concerned, hope is dead for me."

Aunt Matilda looked down on her youngest child, worried and helpless

Pauline started to her room, saying to me:

"At first he always acts like that about it."

As soon as he was a little bit rested, Uncle Solon got over his despair at the thought of being cured, and even asked a few questions, and when we got to the table, and the theory was put into practice, he made a few feeble protests like, "I felt that some hot soup would be soothing."

I shall never forget that meal. Rob came in just as we were sitting down. He glanced at the table and at all of us, and said:

"Stung again!" which was the only remark he made, except to say, "*I* will never eat raw eggs."

Each of us solemnly ate salad and nuts. Afterwards we each had an apple.

Melly was the only one who made no disagreeable comment. She ate what was put before her, as her mother said, "like a little lady," but it seemed to me that her round face shrunk in size, and that her eyes rested piteously on the Life Food.

I woke next morning with a feeling that something disagreeable had happened, and then I remembered what it was. It was that we were to have practically no breakfast. Instead of the pot of steaming coffee, there was the table set with more raw eggs, cheese, and a great big pile of apples, which looked insultingly round and red. They were flanked by a cold, unfriendly pitcher of milk.

The cook is a long, lean lachrymose creature, who has seen better days, and she moved around the room groaning things to herself, "I never seen the like—they're crazy!"

It was not a cheerful manner of beginning the day.

Nobody knows how great a part food plays in their lives until they haven't any. As the days followed one another, with their horrid processsion of raw things, I found myself thinking of meals I had eaten. I dreamed of shortcake at night. If you've never tried it, you can't know how desolate it is to to sit down at a table and see nothing but cheese and fruit — never anything good and hot, never anything before you that you want to eat, and yet to be so hungry that you could eat anything at all. Besides it was very bad for my art.

Now that it's over, I'm glad I have been through it, because it taught me a great many things. Ever since then I've been able to understand history better, because I know how fanatics act and the curious strength that they have to buoy them up, for Aunt Matilda acted this way. She declared she felt years younger, and called our attention to how much better we all were looking and especially Uncle Solon; and really, he did seem to suffer very much less.

The children got crosser and crosser. Every day there were outbreaks about something. One day when I came in there was an awful row going on between the lachrymose cook and Aunt Matilda.

I sat down and ate all the doughnuts and bananas

"Small blame to her," the cook was saying, when I came in "if she did steal the half pig's head on me! But I can't stay no longer in a house and see little children starved! If I was doing my duty, and it wasn't for coming up in the police court, I'd go to the Gerry Society—yes, ma'am, I would! I'm leavin' now, and I'll send for my trunk to-morrow. I won't stay in a house where there isn't any victuals cooked except my own, and them stole on me by hungry children—fit to make your heart break!"

The children all took her departure with philosophy, merely remarking:

"They all leave when father's getting cured. They none of them can stand it."

The thing that discouraged me was that Uncle Solon continued to look better and get thinner, and was very cheerful about himself for him. I say "discouraged" because I didn't see any end to the health food. Although I bought cream puffs and things outside, they didn't help me very much. What I longed for was a fine big beefsteak, or a comfortable roast of the sort we used to have before Uncle Solon was being cured. I found myself stopping in front of restaurant windows, looking at the display of things.

"Look here, ma," Rob protested after dinner one day, "you've got to cut it out. I can't stand it any longer. If I'm going to keep on going to school, I've got to eat something. Pauline and I, we're going to take a stand. You've got to have food for us, whatever father has."

"You know well enough," Aunt Matilda replied, "that if we have any other food on the table your father's sure to eat it—it's his one vice; he can't control himself in the presence of a dish he likes. It was the way he was brought up. You haven't heard your father say 'stomach' for days."

"I'll bet you," Rob grumbled, "that pa gets a whaling big meal down town at noon, and one meal a day's all he ought to eat. The doctor always said so, and so he doesn't care. But we need three meals a day, and we're going to strike. We've got to have them!"

"How can you say such things about your father!" cried my aunt, now roused for the first time. "Your father takes a supply of fruit with him for lunch every day."

"Ask him!" said Rob, with a knowing look.

Uncle Solon was reading the evening paper, and didn't give the slightest sign of having heard this conversation; and I noticed that Aunt Matilda didn't ask Uncle Solon anything about lunch, and in some ways my aunt is a very tactful woman. Instead, she turned the children's attention away from their father by saying:

"You make me ashamed of you, Rob! Look at your little sister Melly. She makes no complaint. She eats her food and says nothing, and she's the youngest of you all. She's *glad* to help her father along."

"Yes, look at Melly," said Bob. "She looks sick, if you ask me!"

We all looked at Melly. She *was* a very queer color.

"She feels perfectly well," asserted Aunt Matilda. "Don't you, Melly, dear?"

At this Melly rushed from the room. Aunt Matilda followed her anxiously. In a moment I heard her calling for me. I went in, and so did Pauline. Melly was a very sick little girl indeed. Aunt Matilda looked down on her youngest child, worried and helpless.

"It's one of her gastric attacks. But how, on the healthy diet we've been having, she could get a gastric attack, I don't know. Have you been eating anything between meals, Melly, dear?"

Melly is usually a placid child, as I have told you, and a good one, but this question of her mother's stung even her spirit into rebellion. Between gasps and groans she cried:

"Between meals! Between meals! When have we had any meals? I couldn't eat anything between meals. There ain't any meals to eat anything between!"

Uncle Solon joined us. He can't bear to have anything the matter with any of the children.

"I think I'll telephone for the doctor, mother."

"It isn't in the least necessary, father," replied Aunt Matilda. "It's just one of Melly's gastric attacks, which I can perfectly handle myself."

Uncle Solon, however, plodded gravely out and took down the receiver, and pretty soon the doctor was there. I notice that when he does come, Aunt Matilda is as glad to see him as anybody.

"What food," he wanted to know, "has this child been eating?"

"That's the queer part of it, doctor," said Aunt Matilda. "I don't understand it at all. She's been eating nothing but the most healthful food."

"Not been having any cures around lately?" the doctor asked with a suspicious look. "No, no breakfast fad, no cereal craze? I notice Mr. Shoemaker looks pretty well, and I thought you might have been starving him a little lately. If you could just keep him from eating so much——"

Here Rob laughed a bitter laugh.

"Eating so much! We haven't had a square meal for weeks—we kids haven't; but bet your life pa hits the grub when he's down town!"

"*Robert*!" cried Aunt Matilda, scandalized.

"Raw eggs an' cheese is what we've been eating, doctor and apples!" said Rob.

"No wonder!" the doctor exclaimed, "that that child's stomach is upset. Salad and apples for a growing child! It's all very well for you, Mrs. Shoemaker, and your husband, to eat, be-

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The Gregory Morton Mystery

By Charles Cabot

Illustrated by Marjory Mason

Synopsis

A smartly dressed young man, seated upon a bench under a sturdy old shade tree, arose suddenly, stretched himself and asked: "Where am I?"

"Just one monemt and I will bring Dr. Berry," the one addressed finally managed to stutter.

"Dr. Berry—hospital—guard—why am I here? What is my name? Where did I come from?" The young man looked wistfully after the guard. He could remember nothing about himself. Dr. Berry told him that his name was Andrew Meiklejohn and that he had been employed as a house painter when he had suffered a fall. Whoever he was, the young man knew that Dr. Berry was lying. He was convinced of this when later that day Dr. Berry gave him drugged food. Confined in a small upper room of what he figured was a sanitarium, the patient set to work to figure out a method and avenue of escape. Finding paper in a drawer, he spent more than an hour in writing. Hiding his manuscript under the mattress he settled down to await developments. Dr. Berry came within a few minutes to inquire regarding his health and to order him for a walk in the park surrounding the sanitarium. This was exactly what the patient wanted—to be released from the building and out in the open, even if under a heavy guard. By means of some Oriental tricks the patient overpowered his two guards, took what money they had, jumped over the wall and was once more a free man. Taking train back to New York City, the patient wandered about for several days and finally wound up at Coney Island, where chance gave him a job as a piano player at a "board walk" cafe.

Here he is recognized and captured by Dugleby, who apparently is determined to return the patient to the sanitarium. A French doctor rescues him by a daring trick. Becoming interested in his case, the doctor christens him "Simon Barras" and takes him to France, hoping to find there clues to his identity. On the steamer are the lady of his dreams, and her father. He speaks to them and is informed that if he is the man they think he is, he is a scoundrel. In France his instinct leads him to Tours, where he sees the chateau of which he had dreamed, and knows that it must be his old home. As he leaves, Barras meets the "lady of his dreams," Virginia Heatherfield, and her father. They are in search of Christopher Morton, the owner of the chateau.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

He growled a little at that—a city cabman never relishes excursions into the country—and said something about the color of my money.

"You shall be paid," said I—"paid so well that you will forget you have ever been to Mettray."

That little hint of mystery went straight to his heart. He grinned in perfect comprehension.

"*Allons, monsieur*," said he.

I was no longer seated on the box, but on the cramped little extra seat facing the one occupied by Virginia and her father. His condition did not seem to be growing any more serious, and, indeed, several times during the course of our drive he roused himself sufficiently to take part in our conversation; but even during those moments of comparative brightness he did not seem disturbed or even puzzled by my presence in the carriage.

As Virginia's alarm about his condition lessened, I noticed her casting an occasional anxious glance down the road behind us.

"There is nothing to be apprehended from that quarter," said I. "We were safe from our wall-eyed friend, the lodge-keeper, the moment we got around the first bend of the road. He has reflected that I would certainly go to the Tours station to recover my hand-bag, and has hurried down there as fast as his legs will carry him to wait for me.

"It will be hours before he even suspects that he has gone off on a false scent, and when he does he will never think of Mettray. There is a very decent little inn there where we can make your father quite comfortable, and as soon as that is attended to I will telegraph my doctor to come down from Paris in his automobile."

She glanced at her father dozing beside her.

"Do you think he will relish having so heavy a demand made upon him?" she asked. "I feel that I have trespassed quite as far on the forbearance of strangers to-day—"

"Strangers?" I interrupted. "Well—I will not challenge the word now."

The moment I had spoken the words I regretted them, for they kindled in her eyes that same look, that same wild, incredible surmise which I had seen there once before.

"And he will be coming for me quite as much as for you," said I, "for I feel the need of his wisdom and his intelligence as much as I ever felt it before—which is saying more than you can possibly realize."

A tremulous little sigh of weariness escaped her lips.

"I can't understand," she said. "My whole world seems to be whirling around to-day."

"I know," I answered—"I know that sensation perhaps better than any other man alive. All we can do is to hold fast to our courage and go forward in the dark. I have been doing that these many weeks. I have seen many a false dawn, and I am still waiting for the day to break. Yet some day it will break, I feel confident of that—mine and yours, too."

She was leaning forward in her seat before I finished—leaning forward and looking at me with an intensity which threatened to annihilate the iron control I had put upon myself. Now was not the time to tell my story. That must wait. But her eyes were still on mine, and their gaze seemed to search the very bottom of my soul.

"Who are you?" she asked, her voice trembling with uncontrollable excitement. "You must tell me who you are."

"Ah," I answered, with what was almost a sob, "that I do not know."

Her father roused from his doze just then, and put an end to our conversation, and from that moment until we got into Mettray we talked about the gold-green valleys, the lines of slender poplars, their tops golden in the light of the declining sun, the streams and pools and great black-belted cattle, the lovely landscape of the Touraine that passed before our eyes as we drove on.

Before I dismissed our driver at the door of the little inn, I paid him with a liberality which not only insured his silence regarding us, in the unlikely case that he was questioned, but also wakened the warm interest of the *concierge* who had come out from his cubby-hole to assist us to alight. In his mind it counteracted fully the drawback of our having arrived without luggage.

It required the combined efforts of the landlord and myself to get Mr. Heatherfield up the steep stairs to his

chamber, for he was almost a dead weight, and no inconsiderable one at that. Once there, however, he rallied somewhat, and we were able to leave him to Virginia's ministrations.

The moment I was relieved I went to the telegraph-office and sent off my message to the doctor. I asked him to come at once, and suggested that he travel in his automobile.

That done, I visited two or three shops and purchased such articles as would enable us all to pass the night in comparative comfort without our luggage. Then, followed by a small boy with his arms full of my purchases, I returned to the hotel.

The landlord met me with the intelligence that the young American lady wished me to come up to her father's room as soon as I had returned. In some alarm, I hurried thither. Virginia's appearance, however, reassured me. She was sitting quietly by the window, one hand resting in her lap.

"He is asleep," she said quickly, "and he seems to be perfectly comfortable. When he awkens I shall have good news for him."

"Good news ?" I said, somewhat surprised. "What news can have reached you here ?"

"It was by a strange chance," she said. "That newspaper was lying on the center table. The maid who had cleaned up the room was starting to carry it away with her, when I noticed that it was printed in English, and told her to leave it. I thought it would keep me company while I was waiting for you to come back."

I took it up and examined it. It was the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*, with yesterday's date-line. She pointed out a single paragraph in one of its chronicles of the movements of society.

"You may read it," she said. "but, oh, you cannot imagine what it will mean to us, if it is true."

I read it, and then for a moment I turned my face away from her. My house of cards was demolished indeed. It read:

> Mr. Christopher Morton, who has been living in retirement since the death of his mother, nearly three years ago, has revisited Paris, and is stopping at the Ritz Hotel. Mr. Morton inherits, under the terms of his father's will, the immense estate of the late Christopher Morton, of New York.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SPY.

OF course, I had no idea why the news that Christpher Morton was in Paris—news which dissipated all my hopes like spray before a gale—should be good news to Virginia and her father, but so it evidently was. The tragic

Virginia's appearance reassured me. She was sitting quietly by the window, one hand resting in her lap

look was gone out of her eyes now, and happiness and hope had taken its place. Her voice actually had a thrill of gaiety about it.

In the face of this transformation, I could not parade my own disappointments. Indeed, I found it difficult to remember them. It was too absorbing an occupation merely to contemplate her happiness.

I ordered our dinner served in the room adjoining the one where her father lay asleep. The door between was left open, so that we could hear if he so much as stirred, and to avoid disturbing him, we talked almost in whispers, taking childish, elaborate precautions to avoid noise.

The circumstances conspired to give us a curious feeling of ease in each other's society—a feeling almost of intimacy, a cozy, homelike feeling, which was at once strange and yet, queerly enough, half familiar. That was my own sensation, at any rate, and I think it was Virginia's, too.

The meal itself, a work of art quite peculiar in the land of Touraine, was all the landlord had promised it would be, and it provided her with a fresh surprise for every course.

"I am not always such a child as this over the things that are given me to eat," she said at last, in half-serious apology for a new exclamation of delight. "I suppose it is the whispering that makes me feel like a little girl in school again."

"Be glad of the chance," said I. "So far as I can remember, I have never been so happy before, so thoroughly, boyishly happy."

"Never is a pretty big word," she objected.

"Not for me," said I. Then, with the look she gave me I realized that I had done exactly what I had meant not to do, had put an end to our little hour of inconsequential gaiety and opened the door into the chamber of mysteries which we were both eager, yet half afraid, to explore.

"I don't understand," she said, "how never can be anything but a big word to a man of your age, to a man with the lines about his eyes which I see so clearly about yours."

"And yet," said I, "it is true that never, in my case, covers a period of a little less than a month."

Her eyes were searching mine with an eagerness which even the strangeness of my words could hardly account for.

"You told me in the carriage that you did not know who you were," she murmured. "You said you wished to ask me questions, but they would have to wait. Is not this the time for them?"

I pressed my hands against my temples and closed my eyes. Presently I looked up at her again.

"I want you to know my story," said I, "but I don't want you to hear it from my lips. I want it told to you in a more detached way than I could tell it. I want it told you by a man whose disinterestedness—yes, and whose perfect sanity—you cannot possibly doubt."

Her eyes widened at that, and I saw, even at the mention of the word, the look come into them which I dreaded to see, the look of half-frightened surmise.

I smiled rather bitterly.

"No, I am not mad," said I, "but you can understand, I think, why I hesitate to tell you my story, at least without the support of the man who knows it even better than I do."

"Where is that man ?" she asked.

"He's coming to us now, as fast as his automobile can carry him. He is the French doctor I spoke to you about. You won't have to wait very long for him. Can't you tell me about yourself while we are waiting for him ?"

"Father is an inventor," said Virginia. "Not the sort of an inventor who lives in a garret and thinks that he is about to discover perpetual motion. He's a real inventor, a man who discovers things. The things he discovers are really valuable and men pay a lot of money for the right to use them. Ten years ago, we were what any one but a millionaire would call rich. Certainly we had enough.

"It was about that time that he found himself on the track of the greatest discovery of all, something about the chemistry of steel. He had found a way to make it a great deal stronger, a great deal tougher. Of course, that meant that you would not have to use nearly so much of it to get the same results. You could make armor for battle-ships, for instance, out of quite thin plates of it."

I am afraid, I must confess, that only about half my mind was on her words. Not because I was not interested; there was no estimating what the story she had begun to tell might mean to me. But the mere presence of her there, the wonder of her, the magic of the mere sound of the words she used, cast a sort of a spell over me.

She was leaning forward, her elbows on the table, her clasped hands lying upon it. I reached over and gently took one little hand in mine. For a moment she let it lie there, and then withdrew it. I thrust back my chair, and walking over to the window, stood staring at my own reflection in the black panes.

"Oh, I wish he could tell it to you," she said, with a little gesture of impatience; "I can't make it sound interesting. I am too ignorant to talk about it."

"That was not why I walked away," said I. "Go on. You may be sure that I am listening."

"Well," she said, "he found the thing he was looking for, found that it would

I reached over and gently took one little hand in mine. For a moment she let it lie there, and then withdrew it

do all he had hoped from it, and even more. It would revolutionize, he used to say, the whole science of engineering. But it applied most particularly, he thought, and other people agreed with him, to the building of large ships.

"Of course, a revolutionary discovery like that wants a lot of proving, so he went to Cleveport, where the great shipyards are, and built a special laboratory. He had known Mr. Morton—the old Mr. Morton, that is—for a great many years, so it was to the Morton-Duggleby Company that he went with the news of his discovery. But Mr. Morton had retired from his active connection with the business then, and the men father talked to about it were Mr. Duggleby and his son.

"They were greatly interested, of course, for father's word in a matter of that sort carried a great deal of weight. Still, they professed themselves to be very cautious, wanting new tests, and tests on a larger scale all the time. And at last father got to thinking they were not acting in perfectly good faith."

I laughed shortly, and Virginia cast a quick, puzzled glance at me.

"The sound of the words 'Duggleby' and 'good faith' in such close connection is almost startling," said I. "That's why I laughed."

"You know them?" she asked in astonishment.

"To my cost," said I, "but that will come out later. Go on; I don't mean to interrupt you."

"I suppose it is partly my fault," said she, "that father didn't come to that conclusion sooner.

"I knew very little about what he was doing. He seemed such a great man, and such a successful one, that it never occurred to me that he could need me, and then—well, I was pretty well taken up with other things. I thought I was being very philanthropic and charitable and all that, working among the poor people at Cleveport, teaching in night-schools, and busying myself with a lot of things while—"

I did not hear how she finished the sentence. The word night-school had fascinated me. It brought a picture flashing into my mind of a shabby room, a disused store it must have been, judging by the show-window which I remembered at the front of it. I felt pretty sure, somehow, that I had taught there, too. I resolutely banished the picture from my mind, however, and concentrated my attention on what she was saying.

"So, though I had met both the Dugglebys and distrusted them exceedingly, yet I never warned my father to be on his guard. They already knew all the preliminary processes of his discovery, and all that he had held back from them was the one substance—a reagent, I think, is the word for it—that was essential to make it complete.

"It was not until he had gone so far that he became convinced that they did not mean to pay him for his discovery, if they could help it. They meant to steal his secret if they could.

"By that time, though I didn't know it until the crash came, we were almost as poor as the kind of inventor I told you my father was not. The tests on which the Dugglebys had insisted had been immensely expensive, and father had put about everything he had into them."

"You say they tried to steal his secret," said I, and now my own voice was trembling with excitement. "I should think that would have been a pretty difficult thing to do. How did they set about it?"

At my question, she turned in her chair and sat looking at me with a strange intensity.

"There was a man," she said, "a young man who had been working with me among the poor people in Cleveport—a young man whom my father trusted implicitly and admired very highly. He did not tell him his secret, merely because he told it to no one, not even to me. But if he had told it at all, he would have confided it to that man with as little hesitation as he would have confided it to me.

"One night my father's laboratory was looted. His safe was broken open, and everything in the place systematically searched. An attempt was made to give the work the appearance of an ordinary burglary, but it was an attempt which would not deceive a child—could not even deceive as unsuspicious a man as my father. And the very next day the man I told you about, a man who had been almost like a—like a—son to him, disappeared.

"We have never heard from him since. My father believed, and still believes, that that man was the hired spy of the Dugglebys, that he came to our home with no other prupose than to steal his secret from him."

I knew what the answer must be to the question that was on my lips, but I could not hold it back.

"Is that the man," I asked, "whom your father called a coward and a knave—the man whom you thought dead? Is that the man of whom my voice and face reminded you? Is that the man you thought must be I when you saw me coming down the driveway of Christopher Morton's chateau?"

It was with obvious effort that she spoke at all.

"Yes," she said.

A light flashed into the room from the street, and the purring throb of a motor took me back to the window again.

"Well," said I, "now we can complete the story. Our doctor has at last arrived from Paris.

CHAPTER XVII.

MOONLIGHT.

STEPS were already ascending the creaking stairs of the inn, but I did not wait for the doctor.

"Virginia," said I, "was it one evening, later than usual, that your father came home to tell you that his laboratory had been robbed? Was supper set ready on the table? Was the man you think a spy playing the piano, while he waited with you for your father to come home? Were your father's first words as he entered the room, "They have tried to steal my secret?"

Her cheeks turned chalk-white. She had risen unsteadily to her feet at the first of my questions, and at the last of them she reeled back against the table as if under the impact of a blow, staring at me all the while with wild, haggard eyes. I thought she was going to faint, but she did not. With a great effort she rallied, but only to utter a heart-broken cry.

"Morton! Morton!"

That was the word my French doctor heard uttered as he entered the room. It struck both of us dumb with amazement. We both stood rooted where we were, staring at her.

"Morton?" I gasped at last. "Why do you call me that?"

"Is not that your name?" she cried. "Aren't you he, after all? How else could you know?"

"Whom do you mean?" asked the doctor gently.

"The man who was playing the piano," she said a little wildly. "The man we knew—my father and I—for more than a year in Cleveport—Morton Smith."

Both of us were silent for a moment, then looking at me, she said:

"If you are not he, then I think I am going mad."

"Gently, gently," said the doctor. "None of us is mad, but all of us are profoundly puzzled; and unless I am greatly mistaken, a part of the puzzle, at least may, be cleared away in a very few minutes. It only wants a little patience."

"I promised Miss Heatherfield," said I, "that when you came, you would tell her my story. Won't you do so now?"

He slipped off the light dust-coat which he had worn in the motor, went to the table, and poured three glasses of wine. He nodded to me to help myself, offered a second to Virginia, which after a moment of hesitation she accepted, and carried the third with

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An Unappreciated Comedy

By Elliott Flower

Illustrated by Irma Deremeaux

FENN seemed rather pleased when he made the discovery that he had been robbed. The loss was not heavy, and there seemed to be some compensating advantages, although he did not admit it. Outwardly he was much disturbed, but there was an undercurrent of satisfaction occasionally discernible.

To understand this strange and unobtrusive spirit of contentment one must know something of the circumstances, which may be given briefly as follows: Fenn was a manufacturing jeweler and had all of the third floor of a modest store and office building for his workrooms and showrooms. He also had a cashier, upon whom he had learned to look with much approval. She was a very satisfactory cashier, but he was of the opinion that she would be even more satisfactory as a wife. The cashier, however, did not seem to take his view of the desirability of establishing other than strict business relations with him, and he had reached the conclusion that the influence of one Desson was largely responsible for this. With Desson properly out of the way, the field would be reasonably clear.

Now, it would have been the easiest thing in the world for Fenn to discharge Desson, but he would not then be "properly" out of the way—in fact, he would not be out of the way at all, so far as any matrimonial purpose was concerned; on the contrary, the apparent injustice of this would be likely to make him a more important factor in the situation than before. But Desson happened to be the one to whom suspicion pointed in the matter of this theft. Desson as a thief would be eliminated, where Desson as a martyr would be merely a greater menace. So Fenn was able to take a philosophic view of his loss, which was no more than he would have paid cheerfully to gain the object he sought. Such a wife, he reflected, was cheap at any price.

"I took those things myself," she repeated

Fenn's position was the more advantageous because he had at no time presumed upon the fact that he was her employer to force his attentions on the girl. He had given some evidence of his interest, which she had received with such indifference as to convince him that some one else occupied her thoughts, and he was not long in deciding that Desson was the man. Thereupon he had withdrawn to study the situation. A wise young woman ought not to hesitate between her employer and a fellow clerk, but it is a well-known fact that young women are disposed to be foolish in affairs of the heart. Fenn could see, however, that this development was going to make a great difference, and there was consolation in the loss.

His first impulse was to have Desson arrested at once, but his lawyer advised against this course. The circumstances made the presumption of guilt strong, but there was an annoying lack of direct legal evidence. Certain articles, left to be repaired, had disappeared. The repair department had a special safe of its own, directly back of the cashier's cage, and this safe was in charge of Desson. He kept a record of everything delivered to the workmen, which record was checked up by the cashier twice — once when the articles were delivered, and again when they were returned—and then filed in Fenn's office as a report of the work of that department for the day. Coming or going, everything passed through the cashier's wicket,

but her jurisdiction and responsibility ended after checking up the record with Desson, for she had no access to the safe and nothing to do with putting the articles away for the night; she simply verified the report and delivered it to Fenn.

The lawyer listened to this examination, and shook his head.

"It is not legally convincing," he declared. "Act hastily, and you'll accomplish nothing at all. What's his explanation ?"

"He offers none."

"And hers ?"

"Her knowledge does not go beyond the record-sheet, which she checked up and turned over to me. I talked to her first, without telling her just what the trouble was, and she assured me that she checked up carefully and found everything there."

"How about collusion ?" persisted the lawyer.

"Oh, entirely out of the question," answered Fenn quickly. "I'd trust Miss Walters with my bank account. Besides, he admits that everything was there when the record-sheet was checked up, so that lets her out."

"What does he say ?"

"He says he does not know when or how the things could have been taken; they were simply gone when called for, which was several days after the workmen had finished with them. That is another thing that makes it look bad for Desson; a person who lacked his knowledge could hardly have picked out the particular things that would not have to be produced when the repair men went to work in the morning. You can see how this may have delayed the discovery of the theft. Occasionally, jewelry lies in that safe a month or more, after the repair work is done, before it is called for."

"It looks bad," admitted the lawyer, "but it's a case for a detective first."

"It occurred to me," suggested Fenn, "that, with the facts at your command, you might put the situation in such a way as to overwhelm him. If not, an arrest immediately afterward might do the business."

"Possible, but not probable," returned the lawyer. "Meanwhile, you put him on his guard and destroy all chance of securing the necessary evidence. He won't try to dispose of the stolen articles as long as he thinks he is under suspicion. It won't do to be hasty."

"No," said Fenn; "there are personal reasons why I do not want to appear hasty or unjust, but I don't wish to delay action longer than is necessary."

"Then have him watched," advised the lawyer; "get a detective, and let me know all the developments."

"I suppose the situation is comic"

Fenn followed this advice, which gave him the reputation of being a most just and considerate man, for, of course, the other employees knew that circumstances pointed strongly to Desson as the guilty man. Even Miss Walters seemed to be impressed, and Fenn noted, with satisfaction, many indications of a misunderstanding between her and Desson. Evidently he thought the exposure had come in time; she had not reached that stage of love-blindness that makes it impossible to judge fairly, and this was gratifying; it encouraged him to remark that, while the case seemed convincing, he wished to be absolutely sure, to which she replied perfunctorily that it was very generous of him.

As a matter of fact, the detective employed discovered practically no new evidence. Desson had no bad habits and was in no serious financial difficulties; he never patronized pawnbrokers, and a secret search of his apartments revealed no signs of the missing jewelry. The only thing that seemed to have the slightest bearing on the situation was the fact that he was trying to buy a little house on the installment plan and was occasionally rather hard pressed to make the payments.

Fenn was wonderfully patient during this time. "I don't want to make any mistake," he said repeatedly; "but," he usually added, "I don't want a dishonest man in my employ a moment longer than is necessary."

It was rumored in the shop that he wholly disregarded his own personal convictions and left everything to the judgment of his lawyer. And finally the lawyer decided that the time had come to act—not because any conclusive evidence had been secured, but because it seemed impossible to accomplish anything more by detective methods.

"After all," said the lawyer, "he seems to be the only one who could have done it, and his little real estate investment has crowded him financially. Perhaps sharp, drastic action will break him down. The ostracism of the other clerks must have weakened his nerve a good deal."

The ostracism had affected him. Formerly cheerful, he had now become sullen, and there could be no doubt that he would have resigned his position had circumstances permitted it. One could hardly resign while under suspicion, however, even if that suspicion had not been openly expressed before. But he certainly had not been brought to the point of confession. The lawyer made the case look very black for him, but he doggedly protested his innocence. Fenn intimated that contrite repentance would save him from prosecution, but he still insisted that he knew nothing of the missing articles. Then he was allowed to go back to work.

"Have him arrested when he is leaving to-night," said the lawyer. "A few days in jail may make him take a different view of the matter."

"No," returned Fenn. "Whatever I do in this case is going to be done openly. If the time has come to arrest him, I'll have it done in the shop at once, for the moral effect on the other employees." It was the effect upon one particular employee of which he was thinking; he was now in a position to make the disgrace emphatic, and

the opportunity was not one to be lost.

"Perhaps it's just as well," acquiesced the lawyer. "You and I know that he took those things, and the harder we hit him the more likely he is to see the folly of denying it."

This seemed to be reasonable, and there was nothing intricate or confusing about the plan. It is a very simple matter to arrest a man on much less evidence or on no evidence at all, and a man once arrested is at a great disadvantage. It may be confessed that, while expressing regret at the necessity, Fenn was really able to take a very cheerful view of the affair. He even found time to be rather glad that he had lost about $500 in this way. But the simple and straightforward plan failed to work out exactly as expected.

Miss Walters was in the chashier's cage when Fenn, the lawyer and a policeman appeared. She readily understood the significance of this move and at once began to lock up her cash. Then, slipping out of the cage, she joined the group of which Desson and the policeman were the center.

"Are you arresting him ?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss Walters," answered Fenn. "I have been slow to believe this of him, but——"

"But you are making a mistake," she interrupted quietly. It was not the hysterical protest of a girl in love, but rather the confident assertion of one who knew the facts.

"I wish I could believe it," said Fenn hypocritically. "I have distrusted my own judgment, but those I have consulted——"

"You are making a mistake," repeated Miss Walters. "I ook those things myself."

"You !" cried Fenn, staggered. "Impossible !"

"Absolutely impossible !" exclaimed Desson. "Everything was checked up and delivered to me, as the record-sheets show. I admit that."

"I took those things myself," said Miss Walters again. "Instead of being impossible, it was very easy. Everything was checked up properly and deposited in the trays, but I abstracted the articles from one tray while the others were being put in the safe. Mr. Desson's confidence in me made it a simple matter."

"What did you intend to do ?" asked the lawyer, while the others were recovering from their bewilderment.

"I intended to resign and go away," she answered. "I did not think the theft"——she hesitated a little at the word—"would be discovered so soon."

"Then why do you confess now ?" the lawyer persisted.

"I can't let an innocent man suffer," she replied. "That would be horrible. I never thought of that contingency."

"This is simply preposterous !" Fenn interrupted excitedly.

"On the contrary," returned the lawyer, "her story is very complete and convincing."

"What did she do with the articles ?" demanded Fenn.

"I threw them away," answered Miss Walters unhesitatingly.

"You see !" cried Fenn, addressing the lawyer and the policeman. "She's merely trying to save this man."

"I was afraid to keep them after the loss was discovered," explained Miss Walters. "They are somewhere in the mud at the bottom of the river."

Desson was too dazed to do more than protest that it was impossible, in which protest Fenn joined, but the lawyer and the policeman, having no sentimental interest, were able to see how perfectly her story coincided with the known facts.

"What shall I do ?" asked the policeman.

"Nothing," answered Fenn.

"Miss Walters is going to resign"

"I am ready to go with him," said Miss Walters.

"Go back to your work," instructed Fenn. "I've got to think this thing over."

Desson, now being free to act, promptly resigned. Then, after gathering together his personal possessions, he stopped at the cashier's cage. Her face was tense and white, but she spoke calmly when he addressed her.

"You didn't do it!" he said bluntly.

"Did you ?" she asked.

"No."

"Yet the evidence shows that one of us did."

"I'm sure you didn't," he declared, "and you weren't even suspected. Why did you——"

"Don't let's talk about it," she interrupted.

He hestiated a moment, and then passed out, trying vainly to formulate some satisfactory plan of action. At any cost, he must save her.

Fenn, meanwhile, was having an excited interview with the lawyer. Fenn maintained that the confession was due to some emotional vagary, but the lawyer insisted that it was plausible and convincing.

"I know she didn't do it !" asserted Fenn.

"It's a clear case," insisted the lawyer. "A manufactured story couldn't fit the facts so perfectly. Of course, the confession itself was due to emotional impulse, but she is certainly the thief." He then went over all the points carefully, while Fenn leaned back in his office chair and scowled. "If you don't care to prosecute," the lawyer concluded, "it is no affair of mine, but there can be no doubt——"

"She's a fool," interrupted Fenn, "but that's all ! She didn't steal anything."

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear sir," he said, "the innocent don't make such silly sacrifices in these days. The mystery of the lost jewelry is cleared up."

Fenn pondered that declaration when he was alone in his office again.

"Is it cleared up ?" he asked himself doubtfully. "Have I been dreaming things or am I awake ? I'm almost convinced." He locked the door of his office and then unlocked a drawer of his desk. "Is it ?" he asked again. "Her confession in the presence of witnesses would send her to the penitentiary; the case is conclusive; a jury wouldn't take five minutes over it. Did she steal those things or are they here ?"

He took the missing articles from the drawer and laid them on the desk. "They're here," he went on. "She confesses to stealing articles that have not been out of my possession, and she makes a strong case of it, too; I almost believed her myself." He put the things away and locked the drawer again, after which he leaned back and scowled at the ceiling for several minutes. "I suppose," he commented at last. "I suppose the situation is comic, but I don't seem to be able to laugh. Desson goes scot-free, and I'm busy trying to dodge the necessity of arresting the girl I did it for. Oh, it must be very funny."

For two days Miss Walters waited, in momentary expectation of arrest or, at least, discharge, but nothing happened. Then, the suspense being unbearable, she sought an interview with Fenn in his private office.

"Am I to be arrested, Mr. Fenn ?" she asked.

"Not now," he answered evasively.

"Discharged ?"

"Not now."

"Then I shall resign," she announced.

"I don't think I can permit that, Miss Walters," he returned.

"But—but something must happen!" she cried.

"Not necessarily," he answered. "Of course, if you tried to leave, I might feel obliged to act."

Slowly this new situation dawned upon her; she had put herself quite at his mercy, and he was taking advantage of it in an unexpected way; it might yet happen that she would have to choose between him and jail. This was another contingency that she had not contemplated. It had not been so difficult to face arrest when she made her confession, but to live with the threat of it hanging over her was quite another matter.

"Why did you do it ?" he asked, after a moment of uncomfortable silence.

"Because—because it was so easy, and I wanted the money," she answered.

His question had referred to the confession and not to the theft, but he followed this lead.

"You still insist that you actually took the things ?" he inquired, and there was almost a plea for denial in his tone.

"Of course," she replied.

His glance strayed involuntarily to the locked drawer in which the articles rested, and his face relaxed into a grim, mirthless smile.

"Well," he said significantly, "I don't feel that I can spare you just now, and the future will depend upon—yourself. There is no real reason why anything more should be heard of this unfortunate affair."

She went back to her work, more troubled than before, for she knew now that she had lost her independence. How could she discourage the attentions of a man who could send her to jail, a man to whose generosity she owed her liberty, an employer from whose service she could not resign ? And the prospect of jail is not pleasing to even the martyr.

Fenn asked her to go to lunch with him, and she went. He hinted that he would appreciate an invitation to call, and she extended it. He was wise, he was prudent; he wanted her to be grateful for his forbearance, but he did not lose sight of his advantage. And neither did she, for she knew to what all this tended, and it was not pleasant to be wooed by a man she could not safely refuse.

Consideration of all the circumstances made him almost as contented now as he had been with the original loss. The developments had been along unexpected lines, but the situation was fully as satisfactory as the one he had sought to create.

This was the way it looked to him before Miss Walters came to his private office, unsummoned, the second time; after that he had the same old difficulty in appreciating the comedy features that he knew existed.

"Mrs. Baldwin has called for her brooch," Miss Walters announced briefly.

"Well ?"

"Well, it's at the bottom of the river."

"Oh !" he ejaculated, as he caressed the lock of a drawer that he dared not open; "it's at the bottom of the river, is it ?"

"Of course."

"I shall have to get it——"

"How can you ?"

He glanced at the drawer, as if expecting it to answer, and then looked quickly away.

"Oh, I can't," he answered; "I spoke thoughtlessly. Tell her to come back next week."

"Shall I tell her it is lost ?"

"No, no; by no means. Perhaps—perhaps some fisherman——"

She gave him a look of such astonishment that he stopped abruptly.

"She is impatient," she said, "and she prizes that brooch very highly. I'm afraid she'll name a high figure when it comes to paying for it."

That gave him a disagreeable jar. Paying for it ! Would he have to pay for a brooch that he had locked up in his desk ? If so he would have to pay for all the other articles, and at stiff prices, too.

"It's a ridiculous situation," he mused, when again alone, "but not humorous—not at all humorous. I have the things, and I can't produce them; they're at the bottom of the river. But I've got to produce them. Their value, if lost, will swell from $500 to something like $800, and I can't afford to fight the claims. Think of paying $800 in cash because I can't return $500 worth of jewelry that is within reach of my hand all the time ! Oh, I've got to recover those things. But how ?"

He was still puzzling over this when his lawyer called, bearing important news. There could be no question as to the importance of the news.

"I've found a man," said the lawyer, "who saw the missing jewelry thrown into the river."

"He saw it, did he ?" asked the troubled Fenn.

"The fact is," explained the lawyer, "I was rather annoyed by your insistence that I was wrong, so I followed the matter up. This man saw a girl throw some things into the water from the bridge. We'll see if he can identify——"

"Quite useless," interrupted Fenn.

"Really, Mr. Fenn, this is almost like compounding a——"

But Fenn's patience was exhausted, and the things he said made it very clear to the lawyer that he was going to have his own way.

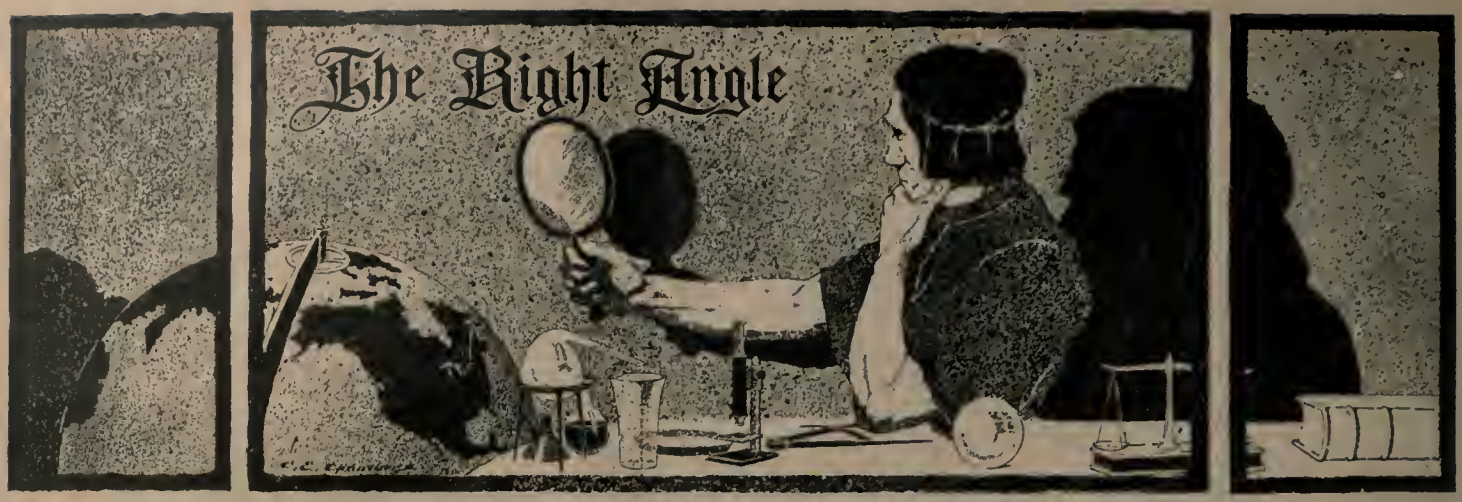
He went for the keys again, however, the moment he could do so with safety, and he seemed quite relieved when he found the articles were still where he had put them.

"I've got to 'recover' these things," he muttered peevishly, "before I'm fooled into sending a diver down after them."

Then, after a moment of thought, he put them in his pocket and went out in search of a discreet young man whose existence he happened to recall opportunely. To this young man he entrusted the jewelry, some instructions, and a ten-dollar bill, the money being in payment for services to be rendered. After that, knowing just how, when and where the missing articles would turn up, he felt more comfortable.

Returning, he found Desson awaiting him. Desson had been trying desperately to secure some explanation of the mystery that troubled him, so that he might plan wisely and

Continued on page 41.



THE PRICE OF WHEAT

NO more delicate problem has faced the farmers of Canada since the war broke out than when the Imperial Government made an offer through the farmers' official organization to purchase their 1917 wheat crop on a basis of $1.30 per bushel for No. 1 Northern grade, f. o. b., Fort William. It presented a delicate situation, because, while the farmers, both of Ontario and the West, have demonstrated their passionate patriotism, they did not consider the price offered sufficiently high under the conditions. The result was that they refused the offer. The price question must be considered from two points of view, namely production and consumption. It cost sixty cents to raise a bushel of wheat three years ago. It costs approximately 80 cents now. Living expenses are so high now that farmers must make much greater profits. Commodities cost more than double what they did before the turn of the century. On the other hand indications are that the world will experience a serious shortage of wheat and other commodities during the coming eighteen months. The surplus wheat for export of Australia and Argentina will be comparatively small this year and the estimates for crops of practically all European nations are far below normal, the condition in France being only 65 per cent. of the normal. The Dardanelles may or may not be opened this year and even if they should be opened the amount of wheat actually available for export in Russia is uncertain. At the time of writing May option wheat in Chicago is selling at $2.06, July at $1.75½ and September option at $1.61¼. The farmers of Canada are asking $1.90 as a maximum price for Number 1 Northern wheat. While this may be excessively high, in view of the impending needs of the Allied nations, $1.30 appears to be excessively low. If the farmers committed themselves to $1.30, their competitors in the world's markets would probably secure materially higher prices, and this would be an essential injustice.

THE PUBLIC AS INVESTORS

THE response of the Canadian public to the three domestic war loans issued by the Dominion Government has a significance that reaches farther than the war itself. It has brought the people to recognize a method by which they can make their savings earn money for them. All three loans as they were launched in turn were heavily over-subscribed. The first time the Government asked for $50,000,000 and received over $100,000,000; the second time it called for $100,000,000 and received applications for $200,000,000; the third time it asked for $150,000,000 and applications aggregated $256,000,000. Not only did the amount of subscriptions rise greatly in excess of increased demands, but the number of subscribers increased in proportion. For the first loan they numbered 25,000, for the second 33,000 and for the third 43,700. This did not include 7,500 small subscribers to the Government Certificates issued some months ago, by which $5,000,000 has already been raised. Hence, when the third loan is allotted over 100,000 individuals and corporations, exclusive of banks, will have invested $355,000,000 in Government war loans. This is a magnificent performance. The manner in which the loans have been over-subscribed, total applications aggregating $561,000,000, indicates that an enormous amount of money still remains in the hands of the people. The people, moreover, are getting a taste of "gilt-edged" securities yielding high profits. They are becoming conversant with methods of financing enterprises. Fundamentally, all financing is the same. Whether it be federal or provincial governments, municipalities, public utilities, industrials or mining enterprises, investment opportunities exist in Canada, in which Canadians may share. When a corporation issues a block of bonds or stocks, they should not have to be placed outside the country. What is good for outsiders is good for Canadians. They should be absorbed within Canada.

PROVINCIAL TAX ON MINES

THE majority of gold and silver mining companies in Ontario were relieved to learn of the amendment in the proposed mining tax bill brought before the Ontario Legislature, which exempts all but nickel and nickel-copper mines from an increase in taxation, whose profits are under $1,000,000 per annum. The result is that profits of between $10,000 and $1,000,000 shall be taxed only 3 per cent. whereas profits between $1,000,000 and $5,000,000 will be taxed 5 per cent. While the higher tax rate will include the larger mines, such as Hollinger, Dome and Nippissing, the annual profits of which run well over $1,000,000, the vast majority of gold and silver mines earn under $1,000,000 and will thus only be called upon to pay the lower rate. Judgment is general that the Government has acted wisely in not overburdening gold and silver mines. With regard to gold mines, while operating costs have increased approximately eight per cent. because of the war, the selling price of gold remains unchanged. Gold and silver mines should have special consideration, because the nation and empire need every ounce of the precious metals available to substantiate growing credits. A mine does not survive for ever as an industry or public utility may. Every ton of ore extracted from it shortens its life by just that much. It is estimated that the average life of a silver mine is between seven and eight years. It is ap-

parent, then, why mining companies are called upon to earn large dividends. Shareholders must get back their capital and interest quickly. Should mining companies be overburdened with arbitary obligations, some of the largest of them might be induced, under certain conditions, to curtail operations or close down for a period, and that would prove a national evil.

PREPARE FOR PEACE

CANADIAN industries are prospering largely because of the war. When peace comes this source of business will cease, and the Dominion will be called upon to face a whole series of new and grave commerical problems. One thing is sure, and that is merciless competition for our industries, both in the home and in the export market. Germany has boasted of her efficiency and thoroughness and these are not idle boasts. She has set the pace in war, and it has been a hot one; she will set it in peace, because she must, and all other nations will have to follow. National efficiency in Canada for the impending struggle for commerical supremacy is a necessity. If "United we stand; divided we fall," means any thing at all, it applies now to Canadian business. Every individual must be efficient; every corporation must be efficient. Force, originality, and daring must be thrown into the commonweal. As Sir George Foster said recently: "Canada must gird up her loins and make ready her full equipment of preparedness."

THE GERMAN ANOMALY

WHAT at heart is wrong with the German people that induces them to commit such abhorrent crimes against the human family? A review of history reveals the fact that the Germans have been among the recognized world's leaders in philosophy, religious thought and music. Some potent transformation has taken place in the Teuton intelligence, a change in the content of the German mind. What was the change? About sixty years ago German physicists, chemists, and psychologists began to apply the scientific method to the various activities of life, in a manner that had never been done before. They went beyond physics, biology and chemistry, into the fundamental realms of philosophy and religion. The scientific method of approach to all problems is, in itself, without doubt, a most important and beneficial evolution of the human race. The best scientifice method, however, is void without content. The scientific method may be applied for good or bad ends. It is just here that the Germans went wrong. After they had contributed materially in the way of historical criticism and scientific research, a gradual change took place in the object of their ambitions and research. The content of their thoughts became materialistic, selfish and militaristic, under the stimulus of the writings of such men as Nietzsche, Treitschke and Bernhardi. They snatched at the ideas of "survival of the fittest" and the "struggle for existence" and "natural selection." Obsessed with these half-truths and the notion that they were naturally the greatest people in the world, a sort of "supermen," they set deliberately to work to struggle for supremacy.

NIETZSCHE'S PLAGIARISM.

NIETZSCHE said: "Christianity is the greatest of all conceivable corruptions, the one immortal blemish of mankind." Of the three German pseudo-philosophers of the past generation, Nietzsche, Treitschke and Bernhardi, who influenced the thought of Germany's ruling classes more than any others, Nietzsche was perhaps the most representative. He was the inspirer of the German "kultur," which the latest of the Hohenzollern Dynasty, as the representative of God, wished to enforce upon the world. It is rather startling that the essence of Nietzsche's philosophy was borrowed in the main from two Englishmen, Darwin and Spencer. The Evolutionary Theory with its "natural selection," was the core of Nietzsche's creed and there is not much to discriminate between Nietzsche's "will-to-power" and the principles of "struggle for existence" and the "survival of the fittest." Be it for good or evil, the philosophy which is the esoteric interest of the few in one generation, generally becomes the exoteric motive of a race in the succeeding generation. The philosopher's quiet study is the seed-plot of history. Watch the trend of thought of a nation's thinkers to-day and it will be prophetic of the nation's life in the next generation.

THE GREAT OUT-OF-DOORS

THE great out-of-doors is beginning to call. Its summons comes to men and women who, during the long winter months, have been confined within the walls of man-made dwellings. Leave your easy-chair and books, it says. Leave your theatres and concert-halls, your cards and indoor games. Come out into the sunshine. Come out under the stars. Come out and enjoy the wind which bloweth where it listeth, and draw health and strength and happiness from the genial rays of the great warm-hearted sun. Most of us hear this call from the great out-of-doors and feel the pull of the open spaces, but too often we are prevented from answering by the demands which modern city life makes upon us. Many of us go to an office every morning, six days out of seven, and remain there until evening. Then we hurry home to our evening meal, and after it is eaten, spend the hours before bedtime over a book or paper, or at the theatre. It is generally impossible to regulate our work as we would like. Under our present social system, men and women must work indoors for many hours every day. But we can regulate our periods of leisure so as to enjoy the maximum of fresh air, sun and star shine. Instead of planning indoor amusements for the evenings, why not take every opportunity to get out under the stars? The night sky, with its millions of suns and planets shining down upon our little earth, is one of the most inspiring and glorious sights on which the eye of man can rest, and yet many of us go on from day to day without even seeing it. Absorbed in the pursuit of business and pleasure, we pass by natural beauties which richly merit our attention. Those who have enjoyed the sweet freshness of the early morning, know how richly one is repaid by rising betimes to greet the sun. A half an hour spent among the flowers of your back garden, or in an early morning walk, sweetens the day and strengthens one for the demands of labor. Yes, the great out-of-doors calls. It will always call during the months of birds and flowers, to those of us who are confined in office and factory. Its call is part of our being coming, as it does, from Mother Nature herself, on whom we depend for our very existence. Let us hearken to it.

SELLING FIVE BILLION DOLLARS

THE American Government to secure a quick subscription to the $5,000,000,000 war loan will begin a nation wide advertising campaign. Offers of free service have poured into the Treasury Department from advertising agencies, magazines and newspapers. This means that a weapon whose tremendous power has already been successfully proven by the allies will be used to sell the greatest bond issue ever authorized. But it also means that one more government has recognized the value of advertising as one of the necessary adjuncts of scientific salesmanship. It remains to be seen whether these governments will remember this lesson in the commercial readjustment period which will follow the war.

It was hardly dawn when the man, moving as noiselessly as a cat, helped himself to a roll of bills from Beatrice's gold mesh bag and, watching his opportunity, slipped from the compartment

The Night Run

By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated by Marcel Olis

BEATRICE watched the broad, white-coated back of the porter disappear with a feeling of relief. He had fretted her almost beyond endurance with his fussy little attentions—the thousand and one things a porter always finds to do for a beautiful young woman, obviously of the wealthy class who travels alone in a drawing room. It seemed as though a berth had never required such minute making, never had a hat been handled with such leisurely, affectionate care while being laid away in its crackling paper bag, never had window-sills been wiped so thoroughly, and crevices brushed so painstakingly. But at last, the mahogany door blotted him from her sight. She groaned her thankfulness.

The tiny blue watch on her wrist, twinkled half past ten at her; she stood uncertainly in the middle of the swaying compartment and mused. Half past ten! A mysterious hour . . . all sorts of things might happen at half past ten! Anything might happen at any moment.

Beatrice gave herself up to the sensation of tense excitement which was gradually possessing her; she felt very much as one feels who walks in a strange, dark room for the first time. There is, one knows, something at the end of the blackness, but is it a calamity or a blessing? She knew, in that indescribable way in which people *do* receive premonitions of coming events, that *something was going to happen*!

Slowly, she unfastened her very simple and very expensive gown. Its folds slid away from her as though loathe to go, and when she stood upright, a bewitching figure in sheerest crepe de chine lingerie, she was amazed at the crimson spot which suddenly leaped to either cheek. One might have thought that she was embarrassed by her own reflection.

In trembling haste she covered her little person with a delicate mauve kimono.

"This is ridiculous," she scolded. "In another moment, I shall have hysterics."

Trying to argue herself into a more normal state of mind, proved useless. Every step in the passage outside startled her; each succeeding silence terrified her. She stood, rigid, waiting, waiting for something to happen. . . .

Twice her hand fluttered toward the bell, and twice she dragged it away. She had been glad to get rid of the porter; why bring him back upon a silly pretext?

Flinging herself into a corner of the seat, she picked up the evening paper.

RUSSIAN DRIVE CARRIES ALL BEFORE IT.

THE type leapt up at her in two inch caps, but she didn't see it. She was actually panting as she turned a page.

BEAUTIFUL WEDDING IN SMART SET, the sheet shouted at her, but she didn't hear. The grinding of brakes ran through her body like a chill. The train was stopping. So was her heart.

They must have reached the Junction, the last stop before an all-night run. Suppose—

Suppose what? she asked herself ironically.

Suppose every sort of horrible thing in the world!

The train moved slowly on, gathered momentum and settled down into a steady sway and rumble.

Beatrice strangled a hysterical sob and held her breath. They were passing over the big bridge; she could tell by the grim hollow roar. She clutched a little bag of jewels, tight. Suppose, after all, she should never have an opportunity for wearing them. Trains had gone through bridges before this. Suppose her body should be found. . . alone, in the shattered fragments of the drawing room. . . Suppose some luckless person swinging between the cars should lose his grip and drop into Eternity. . . .

Without an instant's warning, the handle of her door softly turned and a man stepped into the compartment.

"Don't scream," he cautioned, look-

ing into her frightened eyes and closing the door as noiselessly as he had opened it. He shot the small bolt, and stood facing Beatrice.

"Don't scream," he said again and smiled a little.

"I shan't," she whispered.

He gave a swift glance round the room.

"No fear of the porter coming back ?"

She shook her head.

The man laughed softly and flung his hat and coat in a corner. Then he sat down. Beatrice stared at him fascinated. She was not the first woman who had found him good to look at.

"They're after me like blood-hounds," he said. "By Gad, I had almost despaired of giving them the slip."

She twisted a gleaming diamond on her finger and secretly sympathized with him. She had had a bad time in 'giving them the slip,' too.

"Quite an idea of mine, sneaking in on you like this," he went on, with gay bravado. "I say, you know, I'd quite made up my mind that you *would* scream. But women are plucky little things—you are, any way. Do you hate having me in here, like this—Beatrice ?"

She started at his use of her name, then remembered that it was spelled in wonderful pink pearls in a brooch at her bosom. Under his gaze, she turned scarlet but did not answer.

He made a movement toward her and she recoiled with a smothered cry.

"Please—"

"All right. I forgot myself. I'll try not to look at you. You are very beautiful and very desirable—Beatrice."

He pronounced her name in the Italian way, and it sounded strange to her. There was an awkward pause while the fear died out of her eyes. Then she said,

"Tell me about your—your—get-away."

There wasn't much to tell, and what there was contained no element of originality. 'He had thought to elude them at the Down Town Station, only to find them on the job—damn such persistence. He had beaten it to the Union Station and there they were waiting for him, too.'

"Couldn't even side-step 'em by going through the baggage rooms," he complained.

She smiled slightly. She knew that trick, herself. In fact, at the Cross Town Station not two hours ago, a baggage master had opened the gates for her—and ten dollars.

"Well, what then ?" she asked. "A taxi and the Junction ?"

"Exactly. We just touched the high spots. Talk about the mid-night ride of Paul Revere—why I had it skinned to a finish."

"And do you think you are safely out of the woods ?"

He looked at her sharply

"What do you mean? You wouldn't give me away ?"

"No, but there are people on the train—"

"I'll swear no one saw me come in

"Don't scream," he cautioned, looking into her frightened eyes

here, and no one shall see me come out. No hobo ever boarded a freight with the cunning I employed. Of course if you prefer to make a scene and call in the conductor——"

She interrupted him with a gesture.

"No one suspects me," she said a little coldly. "My tracks are covered as thoroughly as though a gallon of iodoform had been poured over them. I only thought that there might be people on the train who had been watching for you. Such cases are not rare."

"Fear nothing," the man assured her. "There will be no spectacular denouement in the morning. I have thought of all that. Now—Beatrice, I am going to put out the light. . . . Attentive porters are too curious by half."

Again she uttered that frightened little "Please," but this time he took no notice.

It was hardly dawn when the man, moving as noiselessly as a cat, helped himself to a roll of bills from Beatrice's gold mesh bag and watching his opportunity, slipped from the compartment. He left the train as successfully as he had boarded it at a small town some fifty miles from the metropolis. And Beatrice, sleeping dreamlessly, sped on into little old New York.

The porter roused her gently, delicately. He urged her to make more haste in dressing, and finally when the rest of the passengers had been summarily expelled quite five minutes, he bodily threw her off, lest she be taken back into the yards, where the train spent a leisurely day.

It was perhaps owing to these circumstances therefore, that Beatrice made a solitary trip along the platform, carrying her own bag, a thing she never remembered doing in her life. She glanced furtively about as she entered a taxi and gave the address of her chosen hostelry. Apparently, no one was trailing her.

She thought of the man and smiled. He had called her a plucky little thing—well, so she was. That had been a rather difficult situation and she had handled it rather well. She wondered what had become of him, how he had managed to get away. She hoped that he would——

The taxi drew up at the curb and stopped. Beatrice opened her bag and gave a little cry.

"The brute!" she said aloud. "There's gratitude for you !"

With a little trouble she extracted a gold piece from the jewel case around her neck, then amid a procession of obsequious attendants, she made her triumphal entry into the hotel.

She registered with a fine, bold hand—thus giving the lie to her quaking soul—and was escorted by a liveried cohort to a suite of rooms. There, she bathed, breakfasted and read the Letter—or worse—half of a silly novel before allowing herself to meditate once more upon her strange adventure.

The more she thought about it, the more Beatrice experienced that peculiar prickling of the consciousness, that tense alertness, that almost suffocating combination of elation and nervous excitement which had preceded the man's appearance on the previous night. There was something actually psychic about it all. Even now, sitting in the security of her own suite, it was as though she could feel him! coming nearer. . . nearer. . . to her.

The sensation was too strong to attempt to resist. She gave in to it; she even rose and walked in jerky little steps toward the door. The key which had been turned in the lock until now responded to her trembling touch and the bolt withdrew into its socket.

An instant later, he walked into the room.

There was a burning, eager light in his eyes, but he spoke of practical things.

"You might have thought we were

Continued on page 42.

Jack Miner and his Tame Wild Birds

By H. M. Tandy

Illustrated from Photographs

MINER is a blond with a merry little twinkle in his eye. He never shot an eagle in his life but he scared one to death. He farms for a living and makes tile on the side, or the other way about perhaps, but his real mission in life is to boost for the Canada Goose which bird, he affirms, in points of intelligence, head work and Christian charity comes first among all the furred and feathered.

These are some of the things about Jack Miner that don't require proof because he admits them, which leads us to the observation that now and again we run against a man who stands out against the background of full-drab mediocre humanity like, say, a bandaged thumb among its normal fellow digits. This outstanding man may not be exceedingly wise or clever or rich. He may simply be different—as Miner is different from the ruck and run of men.

Miner lectures to raise funds to buy corn for his friends. Upon the certain evening that I first heard him in action he prefaced his talk with apologies for his scant knowledge of proper diction and the flawful and faulty English which was to follow. Perhaps he did split an infinitive here and there and employ the past participle in error, but who, save perhaps Arthur J. Balfour of the shade of Gladstone, is entitled in these days of rhetorical laxity to cast a stone ?

Miner talks of birds from two angles, (a) as birds (b) in their relation to human destinies. He speaks on this subject with humor, wisdom and knowledge, but always close to the tip of his tongue there lurks a tidy wallop for these two—the man who kills for the market and the English sparrow. His dislike for the English sparrow with his measley disposition and habits, has laid Miner open to criticism upon occasions as a pro-German. As a matter of fact it is doubtful if the most intense hater in Germany could outdo Miner on this point. This bird, so Miner affirms, is a pestiferous feathered vermin that reached this continent through the machinations of a misguided fool and contrary to the intents and purposes of Nature. I have never heard Miner on the subject of crows, but am inclined to think he is prepared to appear as Counsel for the Prosecution in this case also.

But Miner's chief and most successful role is that of Counsel for the Defence. You should hear him, for instance, in the case of Egrets vs. Milliners. His plea runs something like this:

As a medium of female head adornment egrets, apparently, are the desideratum. Consequently it is unlucky to be born an egret because in that case you carry in your tail a cluster of long and graceful feathers which men, under pressure from our leading milliners, must have. The feathers of the egret are best in the Spring. And this fact too is unfortunate because that happens to be the

On these ponds you will find myriads of Canada Geese, together with a generous sprinkling of Black Ducks, Mallards and Green Heads

time when here and there in the undergrowth are scattered little round grass-and-feather homes crowded to the rims with young egrets. The parent birds fare forth in search of food, just alas, as we all must do. Then some bright morning bang ! and what was a graceful, stately bird crumbles into a pile of blood and carrion from which three or four feathers are extracted, carefully cleaned and dried to appear later as the exclamation point in a "perfect love of a hat." Egrets would go out of fashion, it is likely, if all those who buy them could hear Miner tell of those scattered nests of starving orphans in the underbrush calling at intervals "Mother, Mother, Mother," until the cold hand of death mercifully stills the weakening voices. It is a strong appeal that Miner makes for his feathered friends.

Miner refers to himself sometimes as a converted Jessie James. That's because he once was a "market hunter" beside whom, in his opinion a man who would "kick a lamb in the face" is a good and desirable citizen.

On Miner's place, hard against Kingsville which is in Canada, are two ponds which he has dug. On these ponds you will find of an evening, if you care to make them a visit, myriads of Canada Geese together with a generous sprinkling of Black Ducks, Mallards, Green Heads and their cousins and their uncles and their aunts. They cover the ponds and the shores pertaining thereto. In the surrounding fields you will see and hear quail, partridge, pheasants, robins, purple martins, fork-tail swallows, blue birds and many lesser breeds within and without the law, including members of the sparrow family which of necessity includes the English anathema. It is a restless, happy population without fear or worry, and a most inspiring sight to see.

You might also see, if you are lucky, little Jasper, his father's son, emerge from the house with a small tin dish and a spoon of like metal. Jasper has only to rattle the latter against the former and the air becomes charged with the fluttering of wings as young robins appear from nowhere and everywhere to swarm over and about the lad chirping and opening surprisingly large yellow rimmed mouths for the custard that Jasper proceeds to pour into the cavities. They don't show either fear or shyness for so far as they know, man is a humane and kindly creature.

There is no danger for any feathered thing on Miner's place—excepting of course the English sparrow who has only himself to blame. This place is sanctuary. From Hudson's bay and north of it to the Mexican Gulf and south of it feathered tribes have come to know that there is at least one spot on earth where guns are barred, and where traps and nets and poison cannot enter.

Would you believe that a man as large and hard-handed as Miner could approach and stroke a swallow brooding on her nest ? You probably doubt that unless you saw it. Even then you might suspect that the swallow was a papier mache one. But Miner does just that while the swallow blinks at him with fearless eyes.

Miner believes that bird-brains contain much more than mere instincts. He will tell you that Canada Geese form friendships with each other as true and unselfish as any sung of by poets. If you ask for proof he will point out a Goose that gave up its annual trip south to spend a cold and cheerless winter on his place with a friend who because of a broken pinion could not make the journey. He will also tell you that "Jack Johnson" a gander on his place is a better man than most of us for he successfully fought off a browsing horse which seemed about to disturb its brooding spouse—and a horse must look like sudden death to a gander in a fight. Miner will tell you of two ganders that gathered their women and children behind them and then advanced to battle successfully with two predatory eagles that once lighted on his place.

And he knows of an interesting kidnapping case; a wild duck bereaved of her natural family through feline treachery, waited at the accouchement box of a hen who was unknowingly hatching duck eggs and stole the family of ducklings one by one. Miner believes that there was more than blind instinct behind the brain that devised and carried out that strategy.

Miner from his experience can tell you stirring tales of devotion, self sacrifice and intelligence on the part of his feathered friends that will tax your credulity. If you doubt him he will simply shrug his shoulders and invite you to "come and see for yourself."

If experience awood and afield were worth a penny a barrel, Miner would be a millionaire. But it is not. Jack is not rich. He buys things he cannot afford, such as expensive bird houses and corn by the hundreds of bushels. This he feeds to Canada Geese that may be shot the next week in Daulphin Straits or somewhere south of Galves-

There is no danger for any feathered thing on Miner's place—excepting of course the English sparrow

ton. Miner admits the value of worldly possessions but he doubts exceedingly whether the greatest store of these is sufficient to outweigh his golden bird-friendships.

Miner has settled a number of points touching bird life and habits that were not free from doubt before. For instance you may have wondered if that robin who is fairly splitting his glad little throat on the lilac bush at your gate is the same chap who sang there last year. More than likely it is, for Miner has found that birds return to the same spot year after year.

Miner captured four of the first wild ducks that ever came to his place. He put bands bearing his name and address on their "hind legs" and released them. The next year three of them returned under their own power. The fourth, alas, "Ethel" by name returned not. But the band that he had fastened to her leg came—by post, from North Carolina I think. And the next year the three survivors returned, and the next year, and the next, and come March next year each early morning Miner will scan the southern sky for the trio. One morning, perhaps, a flock of tiny specks will appear, growing larger and larger as they hurtle through the air like bullets to splash with a happy whistle in Jack's pond once more.

He plays no favorites. Any bird, so long as he minds his own business can live and raise his family on Miner's place. No bird is denied admittance because he cannot sing. Clothes count for nothing in his favor. His coat may be yellow or blue or plain black Sunday-go-to-meetin'. So long as he behaves he is welcome. But if any bird starts a campaign of frightfulness or "world power of downfall" Miner attends to his downfall all right.

Miner has collected some strange data about his friends. At one time there were no swallows on his place. But one day a pair arrived picked out a site below the eaves of his long tile shed and built. In this house they raised a family of five to infancy. Then some English Sparrows, true to type, threw them headlong to the ground where they perished. The swallows tried again and this time thanks to Miner's unerring aim the homewreckers were beaten off and the young swallows attained full growth. The next year two pairs of swallows came. But this time they selected sites at that end of the shed where Miner and his men continually worked. They came in one year to know that these men were not enemies but friends who would protect them and their young against predatory sparrows. That, affirms Miner, is not instinct but reason. On Miner's place now all day and far into the evening swallows swing and swoop and snap to such good effect that any germ-laden fly on its way to Miner's house to spread infection takes great chances of ending his career as swallow food. And Miner says that is what is meant in the bible where it tells us that the man who fosters the birds of the air "prolonges his own life."

Miner is a God-fearing man. I am not prepared to say which he cultivated first—the Book or the birds. But that is unimportant as he affirms that each leads to the other. At any rate Miner is convinced that all birds, more particularly the Canada Goose, are Bibles with wings and feathers wherefrom a man can learn all that he needs in this life of fellowship, wisdom and charity.

Wherever in the Bible there is a verse referring or appertaining to the birds of the air, Miner knows it—book, chapter and verse. If you undertake to quote against him that passage wherein we are told that cognizance is taken of every sparrow that falls to the ground, Miner will bring a fist down on the bench and ask you, as likely as not, "But see, see, does it say ENGLISH sparrow ?" And of course this closes the debate in his favor for of course it does not say English sparrow about which nothing good is known but much that is evil.

As a Canadian who knows something of the companionship and pleasure that birds afford us, and their great economic value, I shall be strongly for Miner if at any time he runs for a Knighthood. To accord him the privilege of signing himself "Sir Canada Goose" is not too great an honor for the work he has done. He is teaching us what a grave and dangerous thing it is to slaughter and plague to extinction the birds of the air, the water, and land who ask nothing from us but a cessation of hostilities, and granted this, will carry on relentless war against bugs and grubs that destroy and injure crops, flies that carry germs of death and disease, and insects that worry and torment.

These things, and the cruelty of it all, is what Miner is trying so hard and earnestly to teach us, and this lesson, by the way, would seem to be as vitally important as the propagation of a freak school of art, or say, a futurist school of music, which seem in these strange days to experience no difficulty in establishing a following.

Tickets and Home-made Drama

By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated by John Edwin Jackson

THE ticket seller never, was and never will be, popular. He is regarded as a cross between a bee with a long sting and a vampire with plenty of vamp. He is avoided whenever possible; at best he is only tolerated and the money he extracts from the public is given him with a very reluctant hand.

The trouble is that few people to-day have time to collect tickets; even postge stamps and post cards have gone out of fashion. If they buy them, they give them to the office boy, the parlor maid, or poke them in a remote corner of the desk and forget all about them.

Consciously or subconsciously there exists in the mind a condemnation of any objects for which tickets have to be sold. In other words, the necessity for urging the public to accept something, argues that the public does not want it—would infinitely rather do without it. A proof of this may be taken by considering a big movie feature, a circus, a hockey game. Is it necessary to send some one abroad to hold up his fellow men and endeavour to secure an audience? Hardly. The problem is not how to gather people in, but how to prevent the mob which fights for admission, from trampling its component parts to death.

But without the ticket seller local. . . home-made. . . amateur. . . entertainments could not hope to succeed. Home-made productions no matter how worthy are stamped with a familiarity as to ingredients, which robs them of a certain charm. The public prefers something strange if spurious, glittering with a suggestion of Broadway. And amateur? Why, the word itself condemns a performance. The public conjures up the memory of a grim evening spent in a Sunday School Hall, when, seated amid a bewildering number of texts and an atmosphere of "Who gave you this name?" it waited half an hour after the time scheduled for the performance to begin and listened to Mary's mother explain to Jennie's father how much simpler was Jennie's part than Mary's. It remembers how two ineffable young men finally grasped the turkey red curtain and tried to rend asunder two gross of safety pins in their effort to reveal the stage and players; it cannot forget the awful silence which reigned while the prompter was trying to find his place, nor the horrible moment when the last word being spoken, a search had to be made for the youngest and most ineffable young man, who had forgotten all about the curtain in the dazzling light from a vivacious brunette's eyes, while a group of agonized amateurs tried desperately to "hold" the final tableau. Entertainment? What bitter irony!

While a group of agonized amateurs tried desperately to "hold" the final tableau

Is it a wonder that intelligent, mind-respecting people grew intolerant of home-made, amateur productions? Absolutely no, for one cannot deny that most of them have been atrocious, arranged by persons who didn't know how, played by people who knew less, and designed quite obviously not for their dramatic worth, but to augment some particular fund—a new organ, a stained glass window, or the like. The advance sale of tickets assured them of financial success and the result was obtained. Moral obligation to the public, to the playwright and incidentally to themselves was too-seldom considered. The words "amateur" and "entertainment" drifted so far from their original meaning as to become almost synomous with "worthless" and "boredom". The audiences were composed in the main of relatives of the cast, their friends (or enemies who came to deride) and the conscientious few who felt that the cause deserved support. The play was not the thing, or if it were it was a lamentably distressing thing. . . either when it came from its creator's hands or after it had been mangled by the players.

But not always.

One ventures to state that there is scarcely a centre in Canada which has not a dramatic club of real worth. Only the public at large does not realize it. It is "amateur" and therefore lumped with all the other fiascos and condemned. True, the ticket seller may extract a dollar annually for the club's support, but he won't extract the public

Continued on page 43.

Current Events in Review

Comments by the Leading Canadian and British Press and Periodicals Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire

Paper in Odd Forms.

IN its annual number, The Papermaker and British Paper Trade Journal says:

Both pulp and paper can now be formed into solid substances capable of competing with wood or iron in point of durability and elasticity, and for some years past, treated by special methods they have been converted into such articles as paper bottles, unbreakable writing tablets, figures, ornaments, furniture, etc. Waterproof coverings for walls and ceilings, parchment slates, flanges, and manhole rings, paper wheels, roofing and boats, paper barrels, gas pipes, boxes and horseshoes are also no longer novelties. Probably one of the most valuable by-products of the manufacture of sulphite pulp is that of spirit from the waste lyes, and particularly in Sweden the distillation of alcohol from cellulose bids fair to become an industry of considerable importance. Then it is but a few years since the chairman of the tanning section of the Toronto Board of Trade declared that paper inventions had gradually entered into competition with leather, and that hides had advanced in price to such a degree that the output had dropped 50 per cent. in Canada, a condition of affairs which had compelled the use of such substitutes as fabrics and paper.

Paper as an article for building purposes is well known in Scandinavia and Japan. In the latter country not long ago a country house was entirely constructed of paper, and in Scandinavia a great quantity of wood pasteboard is used as the lining for wall papers, while in the United States a heavy paper board for use in building operations is also made from waste paper, sugar cane and corn stalks. In a small mill at Koyasa, Kanagawa (Japan), waterproof paper is now manufactured for skirt-making.

Paper string and twine has within recent years come to be recognized as a valuable substitute for the ordinary variety. Paper string is now being made of such stoutness as to be suitable for tying up parcels of quite a fair size, and its manufacture is now being carried out in this country. Twine has been produced from paper in Germany for some years; the cord is spun from strips of brown or white creped thin cellulose paper, and the few mills making it are said to be unable to meet the demand.

Twisted or hardened paper is also being extensively employed at Sheboygan, U.S.A., in the manufacture of paper furniture, and bags and trunks of compressed paper are perhaps somewhat better known than the paper jackets for sausages, which have been introduced on the other side of the Atlantic. Vulcanized fibre, which is simply paper treated with zinc chloride, is also being extensively used in the manufacture of tool handles, bobbins, tubes, etc., and paper binder twine, paper window shades, paper matting and paper floor coverings, the latter generally made with an admixture of cotton, are now widely used. Paper insulators are, of course, in comparatively common use, but it must be admitted that a paper chimney, of which we have heard, is something of a novelty. Paper cartwheels and paper boats are, however, no longer curiosities, though it is stated that the paper boat is, indeed, a very substantial and serviceable craft.

The war has also developed new uses for paper and pulp. It is now well known that Germany is using chemical

The Good Green Grass

By W. D. Nesbit

HO, the good, green grass,
Soft, smooth, clean grass,
Running by the river side and creeping through the wood!
Coming to the bare spot,
Making it a fair spot—
Covering and carpeting the world till it is good.

Dandelions sprangle
All the grassy tangle
Where the rolling meadowland is spread beneath the sky,
Violets are peeping
Where the grass is creeping
In and out among the trees that shoulder bold and high.

Bordering the highway,
Covering the byway,
Miles and miles and miles of it a-dance on hill and plain,
Lazily a-swinging
To the breeze's singing,
Glinting in the sunshine and bejeweled by the rain.

Ho, the good, green grass,
Soft, smooth, clean grass!
Is there any better thing the happy world around?
Clothing all the bare lands,
Changing them to fair lands,
Making this the best earth that ever yet was found.

pulp in place of cotton as a basis for the production of high explosives, and a German military surgeon goes so far as to say that not only cellulose wadding, but mechanical wood-pulp, wood flour, wood wool and wood felt have done good service as substitutes for cotton in making dressings, while another authority states that for wound secretions, filter and blotting paper serves the purpose admirably. Cellulose wadding is used in dozens of forms as a substitute for cotton, and its employment is stated to be even more advantageous when loosely woven cotton lamp wicks are substituted for closely woven wicks, particularly in spirit and petroleum lamps. There have also been stories of paper boots and paper socks worn by soldiers on the European battlefields, and it is reported that paper beds, with paper sheets and pillow-cases, are now being used in Germany by the poor, the mattresses being made of strong sheets of paper pasted together and filled with dry leaves of beech and oak trees. The paper used is toughened by a special process which prevents easy tearing. In this connection, it may be mentioned that recently in Copenhagen a new German textile, in which paper is spun with about 20 per cent. of cotton, was exhibited. From this, paper underclothing sheets, jerseys, bandages and horse blankets were made, but it is admitted that the cost of production is too high to allow of its competing with cotton and woollen cloth in normal times.

"Yah, when you haf your old man mit you" *Toronto World*

The World's Greatest Single Loan.

THE Government of the United States, having come deliberately to the mature opinion that the best and quickest service it can render to the belligerent Allies is to strengthen their financial position and thus increase their purchasing power, is asking authority to borrow from the people of that country the unprecedentedly large sum of seven billions of dollars, and to use three billions of it, at a low rate of interest, as a means of improving the credit of the anti-Germanic fighting powers. This is the largest sum ever asked for as a popular loan by any nation or other organization. Capital is abnormally abundant just now in the United States, and it has been made easily available through the medium of the recently organized national banking system.

The loan is to be submitted to the people in two parts: five billions will be raised by an issue of long-date bonds of the usual sort, and the other two billions will be asked for on the basis of short-date securities, to be redeemed at maturity out of the revenue resulting from the contemplated heavy taxes likely to be promptly levied, as President Wilson advised in his war message. This last amount and the two-billion part of the bond issue will serve as a preparation fund to meet the expenses incurred by adapting the navy to its practical work, raising and training an army of half a million men, and meeting the great number of outlays incidental to the organization in the shortest practicable time of so immense a war service. All this goes to show the solidarity of the nation, and the spirit of determination with which it has gone into the war.—*Globe, Toronto.*

Agricultural Tax in Saskatchewan.

THE farmer in Saskatchewan is called upon to pay a low rate of taxation according to *Western Canada, Week by Week.* The situation is summarized as follows:—The Provincial Department of Municipal affairs have just presented some interesting statistics regarding agricultural taxation in Alberta. They have quoted six quarter sections in different parts of the province as typical examples.

S. W. quarter of section 12-9-18, west 4th meridian, area 160 acres, in the southern part of the province, situated in a large local improvement district, and outside the boundaries of any school district.

1916—Local improvement tax, 1¼c per acre $2.00
1916—Educational tax, 1¼c peracre 2.00

Total taxes for 1916.$4.00

S. E. quarter of section 23-36-8, west 4th meridian, area 160 acres, in the northern part of the province, situated in a large local improvement district and outside the boundaries of any school district.

1916—Local improvement tax, 3⅛c per acre $5.00
1916—Educational tax, 1¼c per acre. 2.00

Total taxes for 1916.$7.00

N. W. quarter of section 34-43-14, west 4th meridian, area 160 acres, situated in a rural municipality and in a school district, assessed value, $2,000.

1916—Municipal taxes $16.00
1916—School taxes 14.00

Total taxes for . . . . . '16.$30.00

S. E. quarter of section 24-45-12, west 4th meridian, area 160 acres, situated in an organized local improvement district and in a school district.

1916—Local improvement taxes. $12.00
1916—School taxes 16.00

Total taxes for 1916 . . . . . .28.00

N. E. quarter of section 31-27-27, west 4th meridian, area 160 acres, situated in a rural municipality and in a school district, assessed value $1,920.

1916—Municipal taxes . . . . . .$ 7.68
1916—School taxes 13.44

Total taxes for 1916 . . . . . .$21.12

S. E. quarter of section 16-29-25, west 4th meridian, area 160 acres, situated in an organized local improvement district and in a school district.

1916—Local improvement taxes.$ 8.00
1916—School taxes..... 14.40

Total taxes for 1916.....$22.40

In considering the question of local taxation, says the report, it is in order to keep in mind that the rate of taxation in any organized area is a matter which is entirely in the hands of the councils for boards elected by the ratepayers; no tax being payable to the federal or provincial governments on any land that is within the boundaries of an organized local improvement district or rural municipality and a school district, if such land is being used, and that the assessed value of land in rural municipalities is required to be the value of the land as raw land without regard to the improvements placed upon it by the expenditures of capital or labor.

The above samples, which are taken from some of the oldest settled districts, show all the different taxes to which any of these quarter sections can be made liable for unless the owner is not living on his land and does not make any use of it, when he will become subject to a wild lands tax. If the land is being farmed but is within the boundaries of the hail insurance district it is, of course, only subject to the hail tax in addition to the taxes above mentioned.

Returns from our rural organizations show that the average assessed valuation per acre in rural municipalities during the past year was $14.55.

The average valuation per quarter section being $2,328.

The average tax rate for municipal purposes was 5.54 mills.

The average tax rate in rural municipalities per quarter section for school purposes was 7.39 mills.

The average tax rate per quarter section for municipal purposes was $8.06.

The average tax per quarter section for school purposes, $10.75, making a total average tax for school and municipal purposes on lands within rural municipalities, per quarter section of $18.81.

Canada's Future Place.

THE Canadian people, quite as much as those of the United States, have their lot cast in North America. European affiliations in the long run are not essential to the well-being of any great American community. The thing most to be desired is not a colonial Canada, but a Canadian republic so well conducted as to set all other American republics an example of fine ideals excellently supported in practise. There is nothing that would redound to the real welfare of Canada that would not also be of benefit to England and to the United States, provided we are all permitted to live in a well-ordered world. With the equal friendship of the United States and England, Canada's position is to-day and will remain more secure than that of any other aspiring young country in the whole world. She is just now paying a very great price to show loyalty to the traditions of her origin and to give full consistency to the course of her political history. She will have achieved as complete a right to an unembarrassed decision regarding her own future as any country in all the history of the world has ever heretofore attained. Her political independence from England could not well be thought of if there were not also involved at the same time an understanding that amounted to a British alliance, and also a like understanding with the United States, as well as with all the various parts of what has constituted the British Empire.—*American Review of Reviews.*

Well Done Canada!

From the New York Tribune.

EVERY American will feel a thrill of admiration and a touch of honest envy at the achievement of the Canadian troops about Arras on Easter Sunday and the following day. Nor should we forget that some thousands of citizens of the United States, serving under the flag of a nation now allied to us in the struggle against a common enemy, shared in the exploit.

The glory of the Canadian fight at the Ypres salient, almost exactly two years ago, has been too little appreciated on our side of the northern frontier. Rarely in history have troops, volunteer troops, suddenly exposed to a flank attack through no fault of their own, but by the collapse of their neighbors, had to bear a more terrific blow than that which followed the first gas attack. Yet, in the midst of confusion, assailed by the appalling poison of German making, the Canadian volunteers stood and died as the British regulars had stood and died in the greater Battle of Ypres of 1914.

And now the Canadians have swept up the famous Vimy Ridge, which halted the French veterans of Foch and proved too great an obstacle for the genius of the greatest offensive fighter France has yet produced in the war. After long months of waiting the Canadians have had their hour. They have had a chance to avenge their comrades, crucified by German brutes in Flanders; they have had the opportunity to write the name of Canada upon the war map of Europe, and their imprint will be remembered—in Germany quite as much as in America.

We shall know later at what price this achievement was accomplished, but no price will be too high, and for Canada this day of victory will have a lasting value. For Canada, too, its value will be less than for the British Empire. The German had prepared for the downfall of the British Empire. His spies had labored in South Africa, in Australia and New Zealand, in Canada, in India. The Bernhardis and their sort had forecast the collapse of the empire under the attack of German armies and fleets and the secession of the colonies.

The answer of India was spoken in the early and terrible days of the war, when an Indian corps stood shoulder to shoulder with the expeditionary armies in Flanders and helped to hold the thin line that restrained the wave of German barbarism threatening to engulf the world. Canada spoke at Ypres in the spring of 1915, Australia at Gallipoli in the summer, the response of South Africa was heard first in German West Africa in the conquest of that German colony and again in German East Africa, where the last fragment of German colonial power is collapsing under the pressure of South African and Indian troops. Bagdad, captured the other day, was also an achievement of Indian troops. In seeking to destroy an empire the Germans have consolidated it.

Nearly three-quarters of a million of Canadian and Australian troops have responded to the call of the British Empire, more than half of them wearing the Canadian maple leaf. German plotting, German scheming, the wise plans of the professors on paper and of the German soldiers on the map have been answered in the only fashion in which it is possible to speak to Germans now. The praise of the Canadians and the Australians is written in all the letters of German soldiers captured at the front. It finds its way into the official reports of German officers.

Americans will feel a certain envy in the thought that Canada has outdistanced us in reaching the battle line which is the frontier of our common civilization. We shall take what comfort we may from the knowledge that among the Canadian forces are a considerable contingent of citizens of the United States, an unofficial vanguard, we shall trust, of that American army which is, in due course, to take its place along the French front. They are serving in worthy company.

Meantime no praise of Canadian achievement can be excessive. From the plains and from the mountains, from the cities and from the prairies, Canada has poured out her thousands and her hundreds of thousands; she has sent across the ocean an army greater than Napoleon ever commanded on any battlefield; her volunteer regi-

Continued on page 42.

JUST AS the great Rock of Gibraltar stands as a mighty symbol of Nature's permanence, so does the name Studebaker appeal to the whole civilized world as a true symbol of a marvelous manufacturing institution's enduring reliability.

For nearly two generations Studebaker has been recognized as one of the world's really great industrial leaders—with an organization utilizing resources extending far into the millions, and with manufacturing activities today covering 149 acres of ground and employing 12,000 workers.

Built out of the experience of 65 years of earnest endeavor, Studebaker cars represent the last word in motor car construction. The Studebaker is not an experiment—it has actually proved its superiority in the hands of over 300,000 owners all over the world.

Studebaker cars for Canada are built in the Studebaker factories at Walkerville, to meet all Canadian road conditions. See the Studebaker dealer and have him give you a demonstration of the FOUR at $1375 or the SIX at $1685.

STUDEBAKER

Walkerville, Ont.

Gregory Morton Mystery

Continued from page 19.

him to a chair in the corner of the room.

"Now," said he, "let us all sit down and be as comfortable as we can."

It was not an easy thing to do at the moment, but the calm confidence of his manner won the day. When we were all seated, the doctor, between sips of his wine, told my story:

"A month ago," said he, "this young man found himself, after a period of total unconsciousness, in possession of a perfectly normal mind, if I may term it so, and a totally obliterated memory. He knew neither who he was nor where he was.

"He discovered by extraordinary shrewdness of deduction that he was in an asylum, and that his enemies meant to keep him there. With extraordinary shrewdness and almost incredible courage, he escaped from that asylum, and, for the moment, from the clutches of his enemies.

"With amazing sanity and fortitude, he took up the task of piecing together from such fragmentary memories as came to him the identity of his lost self. Unless he has solved that problem since I left him this morning in Paris, it is still almost as complete a mystery to him as it was a month ago.

"He knows the name of two of his enemies; that name is Duggleby. He recognized your face and that of your father, and placed them among the number of his friends. He knows himself to have been a man of education and breeding and wide experience with the world. Beyond that, except for what he may have learned to-day-, he knows nothing.

"We had hoped, he and I, that you, *mademoiselle*, would be able to solve our problem."

"The man I knew—" she said, not very steadily, "Mr. Morton Smith his name was—lived at Cleveport. He was very poor. When father first became acquainted with him he was working in one of the mills of the shipyard. Afterward, at my father's suggestion, almost at his insistence, he taught himself shorthand, and got a clerical position.

"He was a man who had been educated far above the work he was doing, how far it is hard to tell, for he talked very little about himself. The passion of his life seemed to be to share the labors and the sorrows of the unfortunate people who lived and worked in that dreadful city. It was his interest in their welfare, that excited mine.

"He seemed utterly unselfish, utterly devoted to their cause, and when he disappeared, I could not accept my father's explanation of it. I believed he was dead."

Her voice had faltered more than once during this recital, and now it broke completely. Apparently with no other purpose than to change a subject intensely painful to her, the doctor asked the question whose import to me was plain enough, but which she evidently failed to catch:

"Do you, or does your father, know Mr. Morton—Mr. Christopher Morton ?"

"No," she said: "he knew his father. We have never seen him."

Then she turned to me:

"It was in the hope of finding him that we came to France. It was a rather desperate resort, perhaps, but father entertained great hopes of it. Old Mr. Morton was an honest man, and we hoped that his son would be enough like him to see to it that my father was honestly dealt with."

The doctor showed no surprise whatever at her words, and his next question astonished me:

"You didn't see Mr. Morton, then, while you were in Paris ?"

"No," she answered. "I had no idea that he was in Paris until we happened on the news in a paper. We supposed that he was living in his chateau just out of Tours. That is why my father and I came down here to-day."

Then, as swiftly as I could frame the words, I told him of my visit to the chateau, my encounter with the lodge-keeper, my meeting with Virginia and her father at the gate, and gave him, in bald outline, Virginia's story of the events which led up to their coming to Europe to seek an interview with young Mr. Morton. Then, in conclusion, I spread before him the intercepted telegram which had diverted us to Mettray.

"Your lodge-keeper," said he, "undoubtedly went back and wrote a similar message after you had captured this."

Then, curiously enough, he turned and shot at Virginia one of the same questions I had asked immediately after I had read it.

"Your luggage — yours and your father's—is that in the parcel-room at the Tours Station ?"

He barely waited for her affirmative nod before he asked another question:

"And the chemical formula for your father's secret—is that by any unlucky chance in those hand-bags ?"

"No," she said, "that has never left my father's person."

"That's well, for the present," said he. "We shall have a few hours of leisure. Unless, after all, I am greatly mistaken, that parcel-room will be looted to-night, so we can count on the preoccupation of our friend the enemy until to-morrow morning. But after to-night—" he broke off abruptly.

"And now, *monsieur*," he turned to

me with his charming smile, "here are my instructions. You are to take this young lady and give her a promenade three times about the public square. Her father from this moment is under my care."

It was a wonderful moonlit night of early summer. Virginia was surpassingly lovely, to me at least in the luminous darkness.

The moonlight laid a spell upon us too, I think, after the excitement of the day. I know I felt strangely calm, perfectly happy, content to walk on with her in silence, in no other communication with her than the light pressure of her hand upon my sleeve afforded.

"Miss Heatherfield," said I, "there is something that I want to say to you. I think you dreaded coming out here with me, and I want to remove that dread. Leaving the past behind altogether, supposing for the present that Morton Smith is dead and that I am some other man, even at that our present fates are closely woven together.

"We have the same enemies and we have the same friends. I want you to be a friend to me, and to feel that I am yours—I, the man I know myself to be, the man who has lived to-night only a month. I know him, at least, and I can vouch for him. He wants your friendship. He knows that he has no right to ask more than that."

I heard her utter a little sigh of relief.

"You are being very good to me," she said. "As for my friendship, I give it to you with both hands, not because you ask for it, but because I cannot help giving it."

We were silent for a little while, and then impulsively she turned to me.

"Is it too much to ask how you could describe so vividly that evening in our sitting-room when father came in late and told us of the robbery?"

"You shall know all that I know about it," said I. "I dreamed it on ship board, the last day out. I woke from my dream with a start with your father's words still in my ears; and as I opened my eyes, I saw you and your father passing me on the deck."

She shivered a little at that.

"I am beginning to appreciate the courage and the sanity which your French doctor spoke about," she said, "not to go mad, indeed, among such bewilderments."

The sympathy in her voice was almost too much for my self-control.

"Virginia," said I, "the doctor did not tell you the whole story. He did not tell you how, from the very first awakening, there in the asylum, among my enemies, your face was in my dreams to comfort me. It was the look in your eyes that gave me courage."

We were standing again before the inn door.

"Good-night," she said.

Then, instead of holding out one hand to me, under what seemed a sudden impulse, she offered me both.

"Good-night, my friend," she repeated.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DOCTOR'S PATIENT

WHEN I returned to the doctor's room I found him leaning over the table, his forehead resting on his palms.

"Well," said he, "this puzzle of yours shows no signs of turning commonplace, at any rate."

"There is one element of monotony about it," said I, "and that is that however promising the clue appears, it invariably breaks when we have followed it a certain distance. That sort of thing grows tiresome.

"I have come to you with a suggestion," I went on after a moment's silence. "You have named me Simon Barras. Well, let it go at that. As I stand I am a young man with some education, some intelligence, good health, and good intentions. For all that let us be thankful.

"I will set about earning a liv ng, which I am perfectly competent to do, and we will allow whoever I may once have been to wander about in limbo undisturbed. The energy we have been spending in the pursuit of this will-o'-the-wisp we will divert to the service of Miss Heatherfield and her father."

The doctor listened to this long speech in smiling silence. When I had finished he shook his head.

"I have an idea," said he, "that we should not advance Miss Heatherfield's affairs much except as we advanced yours, The two are knit fast together, I am sure of that, though I do not know exactly what sort of knot it is that binds them.

"And surely, if you will think a little you will withdraw that remark about the clues being all broken. The reason the mystery is more complex is the simple one that we are approaching the heart of it."

"Oh, but confess," said I, "your own case is broken down. You believed I was Christpoher Morton."

"I did," said the doctor. "When you bought a ticket to Tours, I was almost ready to swear to it, for I knew that his chateau was in that vicinity. All that I had been able to learn about young Mr. Morton would have fitted in perfectly with your past."

"There was one moment when I believed it, too," said I. "I knew I had lived there, and when I learned the name of the man who had lived there, believed that I was he. But my belief was shattered the very next moment."

"Well," said the doctor, "let us for a moment consider where you have succeeded rather than where you have failed. In the first place you know that you are somebody—somebody of consequence, I mean. A mere nobody would not have been shut up in Dr. Berry's asylum, couldn't for a moment be the object of so deep, and I may add, so expensive a conspiracy as exists against you.

"In the second place, there is no doubt at all that for a while, for more than a year, you were one Morton Smith."

"I admit that circumstances point that way," said I, "but on the other hand, I do not and will not believe that I was ever a rascal, the hired spy of the Dugglebys. Although," I added reluctantly, "that might account for their pursuit of me now and their attempt to put me out of the way."

"Hardly, hardly," said the doctor. "But what makes you think that Morton Smith was a rascal ?"

"Mr. Heatherfield must have needed pretty good proof to have suspected me," I answered, "and Virginia's only alternative to the theory was that I was dead."

The doctor was openly laughing at me now.

"Listen," said he. "Take for an hypothesis that you were engaged to marry Miss Heatherfield. Suppose, which may easily be the case, that the time was already set for your marriage.

Would not those facts give your disappearance a very different color—your disappearance say, on the very night that her father discovered the attempt to rob him? In that case the idea that you must be either a rascal or dead becomes an entirely plausible one.

"But there is a third possibility just as good, namely, that on that very night, or the next day, you were quietly tapped on the head and sent out to Dr. Berry."

By that time I was pacing the room in uncontrollable excitement.

"Ah," I exclaimed, "if that were only true! And, as you say, it may be. Well, to-morrow will show."

The doctor frowned.

"When you have calmed down," he said, "you will perceive that that is a line of inquiry that you cannot possibly pursue with Miss Heatherfield. Morton Smith may have been engaged to her, may even, though I think it unlikely, have been married to her, but that is a subject on which M. Simon Barras cannot question her."

It was so obviously true that I flushed red with shame at having needed his aid to point it out to me. I blurted out something to this effect, and his brow cleared again.

"I need not have said it," said he. "You would have seen it yourself before morning. And now," he continued, "let us go on with our inquiry.

"As I say, there can be no doubt that you were Morton Smith for at least a year. That part of your past will account for your dreams of furnaces and rolling-mills, will account for your waking acquaintance with the Irish pawnbroker, which had always puzzled me.

"On the other hand, we have still to discover who Morton Smith really was. He was not a spy in the service of the Dugglebys—that conjecture we will dismiss—yet he was a man the Dugglebys were willing to run the risk of murdering."

"At any rate, said I, "he is not Christopher Morton."

The doctor laughed:

"Clearly," said he, "if Christopher Morton is at this moment in Paris, you are not he."

"What do you mean?" I demanded. "I thought you said you saw him."

"I think I did," said he. "Certainly, a young gentleman with a card bearing that name called at my house this afternoon, apparently seeking medical aid. He was a good-looking young man. He bore, in fact, a rather striking family resemblance to you and he spoke good French, almost as good as yours.

"He complained of the nervous disease called neurasthenia, and the symptoms he related were perfectly consistent. They were so consistent, in-

deed, that I found myself suspecting that he had learned them out of a text-book of my own upon the subject. But, as I say, that may be prejudice."

"Of course he is an impostor—" I began.

"Don't misunderstand me," interrupted the doctor. "My suspicion of him hardly went as far as that. He might perfectly well be an impostor from a medical point of view and still be the true Christopher Morton."

"That seems rather fantastic," said I.

"When I tell you one fact more it will seem more reasonable," said he. "Your friend, Mr. Duggleby, arrived in Paris this afternoon."

I started from my seat.

"Already ?" I cried.

"Didn't you suspect it," he said, smiling, "when I ventured the prediction that the parcel room in the Tours station would be looted to-night ?"

"Are you sure he's here ?" I persisted. "Have you seen him ?"

"Wait," said the doctor, "let me proceed with my tale in an orderly way. As I said, Mr. Christopher Morton called upon me this afternoon. He did not send in his card by my valet, but waited until I came out to see him. Then he handed me the card.

"I do not say that this was a deliberately laid trap to betray me into an exclamation of surprise, but it failed to do it. I quietly asked my young friend what he wanted of me.

"He was a model patient, if he was a patient at all, for he gave me his beautifully convincing list of symptoms without adding any that were irrelevant and without repetition. I suspected him of rather losing interest in his symptoms when they were safely out of the way, and of finding himself with an increased interest in me.

"I was hardly in a scientific frame of mind, as I said, but I tried one experiment on him. I told him he was undoubtedly suffering from neurasthenia, that rest from the distractions of Paris was what he needed, and I advised him to retire to his chateau in the Touraine in search of it.

"At that he flashed at me a little glance of surprise, tried to conceal it, and then let it appear quite openly.

" 'Oh,' he said, 'I didn't know that you knew me so well,' and then promising to take my advice, he took his leave.

"I allowed my visitor to get perhaps half-way down the stairs before I clapped on my hat and followed him. As I expected, he glanced around, saw me and stopped, just as he was emerging on to the quay.

" 'Am I to have the pleasure of your company, *monsieur* ' he asked.

" 'I go to the left,' said I.

" 'Ah, I am sorry. My way lies to the right.'

"We parted accordingly, I at a slow walk, and he at a pace a little quicker. Presently I stole a glance around. He had disappeared down the Rue Zacharie. I turned into the Place St. Michel. There, pointing south, an automobile was waiting. I waited, too.

"There was a man in the automobile, beside the chauffeur, who seemed to be waiting also, and he evinced no little impatience. In another minute my friend Morton having run around the block, appeared out of the Rue de la Huchette and scrambled into the car. The man who had been waiting for him was Alexander Duggleby. I was, as you know, expecting to see him soon.

"I am reasonably sure that they drove away without catching sight of me. I returned to my house and found your telegram, which had just arrived. Of course, the moment I read it I sent for my own car and within twenty minutes was on the road for Tours.

"Just beyond Orleans we passed a car by the roadside. I was on the lookout, of course, but we flashed by too quickly to be sure. There were three men in this car, however, and one of them, a tall young man, about the size of our friend, I should say, was swearing in English and in a most terrifying manner at the chauffeur at work on the tire."

At that he rose and came over toward me.

"There is the end of my adventures," said he. "Off to bed with you; it is nearly morning. And by the way, have not you Americans some sort of expression about sleeping in your boots ?"

"I understand," said I.

To be continued.

The Night Run

Continued from page 28.

Civic Vacuum Cleaners out to inspect every back yard," he said. "That train took one hour and a half to get here. How about you—have any trouble after I left ?"

"No—except that you took my money."

He laughed and moved toward her.

"I say, do you know Bee—in my excitement last night, I left both my wallet and grip in the taxi ? This morning I found I had just sixty five cents in my clothes."

He caught her and crushed her fiercely in his arms.

"God, how I have wanted to do that," he said.

She leaned against him with shut eyes.

"Lynn, do you think we're quite safe, now ? You know Robin said he would follow us to Honolulu, if necessary. I was sure he was on that train last night. He's bound to get even."

"And dear Bertie—Remember how he threatened to have a procession of sandwich men parade the joyful news in front of our hotel, if he could find out which one it was ?"

"And don't forget Tom Heller and all the horrible things *he* was going to do with rice. I shan't be able to open the morning paper—for fear there may be a half pound of it inside."

Harding gathered her up in his arms and sat in a big, cosy chair holding her very close.

"Well, Angel Bride," he said," considering all the hideously original tricks we have played on the Newly Weds, I am hardly surprised at their thirst for vengeance; it is almost too much to expect that we get off scot free. However, I am not the man to borrow trouble. The night run was a huge success, so—if you are satisfied that our new and disgraceful married state is still a secret to the minions of this hotel, perhaps you will consent to walk abroad with your own lawful husband. I am as hungry as the devil and I would like a good substantial lunch !"

Current Events in Review

Continued from page 34.

ments have shown that same stubborn and tenacious quality which is the glory of the British army, and they have revealed also that dash and fury of attack, the initiative and resourcefulness which recall the armies which fought the Civil War from both sides of the Potomac. A democratic army, an army of citizens going voluntarily to the battle front beyond the seas, waiting neither for the appeal nor the demand of the mothe country, has thrust a wedge into the defences of tyranny and won for liberty not merely a few square miles of French territory, but a victory which makes answer to the German idea that the world can be reconstructed without regard to the spirit of man, merely by material force.

Our entrance into the war should make a new bond between the Canadians and ourselves One fraction of the Western world has answered the call of imperilled liberty; a continent

on which the Anglo-Saxon settlers sought to build a new structure dedicated to humanity, justice, freedom, has sent back its first regiments to assist in preserving in Europe the ideals it has served in America. Let us trust that the time will not be long before our own fraction of America carries our flag to trench lines behind which, at bay, barbarism is making its final stand and tyranny still keeps the field. Canada has spoken—it remains for the United States to do its part in a common cause.

Financing a War With Wheat

Continued from page 11.

profession offered only an existence, I decided to investigate the possibilities of Western Canada. Before leaving the States I had the opportunity of having a conversation with one of the C. P. R. agents and was so impressed that I decided at once to go westward.

"After looking over parts of Alberta and seeing what fine crops and stock were growing, and hearing of the almost incredible yields of 1915, I decided to purchase a quarter section, so with this is mind I purchased one of the ready-made farms of the C. P. R. on the 20-year payment plan, which had 135 acres in crop. From this I harvested 3 800 bushels of wheat, and 2,200 of oats in less than five months after settling in Alberta."

The war has demonstrated this; that land, farm land, is the real foundation of national wealth. What may come after the war is largely a matter of conjecture, but there seems little doubt that peace will precipitate a rush for Western Canada's land unprecedented in history. The first waves of that on-coming tide are already in evidence.

Whether the price of agricultural products will remain phenomenally high after the war only time will tell; but the productivity of the Western Provinces has been established, and in good times or bad he who lives closest to the source of food production lives furthest from the fear of want.

Tickets and Home-made Drama

Continued from page 31.

from its fireside and its games of bridge and make it sit through a performance. Neither will he extract a show of interest. Canadian drama may be all right theoretically, but the public prefers to stay at home, shout its patriotism and —support the next second-rate company sent us by far-seeing, long-haired, Hebrew gentlemen from Broadway.

The war and the effort made to raise money for war funds is gradually working a change in the mind of the public. The ticket seller is probably no more popular that he ever was, but people can be persuaded to sit through an

"amateur" performance with better grace than formerly. Some go, even hoping to enjoy it. Some do! They go in many cases because there is a singular dearth of plays—no English ones and few American and they want a change from moving picture diet. But one is inclined to think that there is a better and a more satisfying reason. . . is it not because bad productions have become immeasurably better, near-good ones very pleasing, and good ones, excellent. The entire standard of amateur productions has been raised. There has been such competition that no organization or group of individuals can afford, even for patriotic purposes, to bore the public. They must equal, if not eclipse the production given by some other group, all of which has had a wonderfully stimulating effect on drama and things dramatic. The public has not only been given better "entertainments" but those taking part have done their work more seriously and have learned by earnest, diligent study to appreciate as never before good productions, themselves.

All this knowledge must develop into something. It cannot sink back "into the vile earth from whence it sprung," and those persons who are interested in the dramatic future of Canada hope that the day is not far distant when a Canadian playwright may see his work produced under a Canadian producer, by a Canadian company, whose costumes, scenery and properties have been made by Canadian artisans, and whose itinerary has been booked from a Canadian booking office!

An Unappreciated Comedy

Continued from page 23.

effectively but Miss Walters had resolutely refused to see him.

"Mr. Fenn," said Desson, "I have come to confess——"

"Qu't it!" thundered Fenn. "This is no joke!"

"Indeed it's not," said Desson gloomily.

"You couldn't!"

"But I did, I tell you."

"Perhaps you've got them now," suggested Fenn doubtfully.

"No."

"Well, that's some relief," muttered Fenn, and, forgetting what he had done, he came very near making a dive for the drawer. "There's getting to be too much magic in this thing for me."

"I took them," said Desson. "Then I got frightened and dropped them into a sewer. I shall be glad to write out a confession——"

"No, you don't!" interrupted Fenn. "Those things are in too many places now."

"Well, if you will send for an officer——"

"No," Fenn interrupted again, speaking more thoughtfully; "no, you're too late. This thing has reached a point where I've got to choose who did it, and I don't choose you, not now. Get out!"

Desson retired wonderingly, to find Miss Walters waiting to intercept him. It may be that Miss Walters had discovered something significant in Fenn's attitude during his last interview with her, something that cleared up all doubts; at any rate, she had experienced a change of heart in the matter of seeing Desson, and was waiting for him. Furthermore, if one was to judge from their faces, they quickly reached a highly satisfactory understanding.

"I couldn't believe you had done it for *me*," he said.

"I couldn't let them send you to the penitentiary," she returned.

Then he took her by the hand and led her back into Fenn's office.

"Miss Walters," he announced, "is going to resign."

"What have *you* got to say about it?" demanded Fenn.

"Why," answered Desson, "she has just given me the right to say everything."

Fenn scowled and hesitated. His case was weakened, but he did not like to be defied.

"I don't think I can permit it," he decided. "There is the confession—"

"Two of them," interrupted Desson.

"Devil take yours!"

"As you please," returned Desson; then he added: "We don't fully understand this matter, Mr. Fenn, but we think you do, and we're going to force your hand."

"I'll show you!" threatened Fenn.

The telephone bell interrupted, and he unhooked the receiver. It was his lawyer—his infernally troublesome lawyer.

"I want to apologize," said the lawyer; "I was mistaken about that case."

"Yes?" returned the puzzled Fenn.

"Yes. It wasn't the girl, in spite of her confession, and the articles were never thrown into the river. The police have just recovered them at a pawnshop."

"Yes?" said Fenn again, and there was a note of the gravest anxiety in his voice now.

"And we've captured the man," added the lawyer jubilantly; "got him while he was pawning the things."

"What!" Fenn fairly shouted.

"We've captured the man," the lawyer repeated, with the cheerful confidence of one giving joyful tidings.

"Has—has he confessed?" asked Fenn in fear.

"Not yet, but——"

"I'll be right over," interrupted Fenn; but, under his breath, he was

saying: "Damn that fool! I told him to be careful."

His agent arrested! The man he had sent to pawn the things where they could be conveniently recovered! Very likely he was being "pumped" at that very moment!

"You'll show us what?" demanded Desson, reverting to the unfinished threat.

"Oh!" returned Fenn, wiping the perspiration from his face and trying to smile, "I'll show you a nice wedding-present that I picked from stock for you this morning—at least, I'll have somebody show it to you. I have an important engagement myself—very important."

Later, Fenn seriously tried the patience of his lawyer by refusing to prosecute. Further, he made peace with the discreet young man by making him a present—a nice little cash present. Incidentally, he gave every evidence of being an unhappy and disgruntled man, who had put himself to much trouble to purchase a "gold brick" of his own manufacture.

Uncle Solon's Stomach

Continued from page 15.

cause you masticate properly; but children always swallow everything whole. I've always told you that dieting was what your husband needed. He probably gets one good meal downtown——"

At this point Uncle Solon walked with dignity down the corridor. Nor was Aunt Matilda anxious to press the point.

"And you really think, doctor," she quavered, "that this is what ails Melly?"

"What more would you want?" the doctor inquired. "It's enough to give any child indigestion."

Uncle Solon, his dignity unimpaired, walked back.

"I've decided, Matilda," he said, "to give up the cure. However good it is for me, I won't have the children's stomachs impaired. I'd rather suffer than have them suffer."

As Aunt Matilda would have spoken he held up a large hand.

"No," he said, "we won't agrue the point. I don't often interfere in the running of the family, but when I do, as you know, it is final. We will go back to our ordinary diet to-morrow."

I suppose it was on account of Melly's being sick that I didn't sleep very well that night, and kept waking and falling asleep again. Melly was restless, too. It must have been at two in the night that I was awakened by her crying. I sprang to her bedside.

"What is it, Melly?" I asked. "Are you sick again?"

"'Tisn't that," she sobbed, "'tisn't that. It's that I'm so *bad*—but I can't tell them—oh, I can't tell them!"

"What do you mean, Melly?" I asked her again, turning up the gas.

"I'll tell you, Daisy, but don't you tell them; but I've got to tell some one!"

"What do you mean, Melly?'" I asked again.

"Oh, I've done something dreadful!" she wailed, lifting up her pale little face to me. "I'm a hypocrite. Oh, you don't know how bad I am!"

"What have you done?" I asked her, as gently as I could.

"Go look in my lower bureau drawer under my clothes, in the right-hand corner, and then you'll know."

I did as she told me. There, wrapped in precise, neat little packages were part of a mince pie, in another package some doughnuts, and in a paper bag some bananas.

"That's why I'm sick," wailed Melly. "The Lord made me sick because he's angry with me. I got so hungry I couldn't stand it. Oh, Daisy, it's an awful thing to say, but I *love* to eat, and there wasn't anything to eat! And I broke open my bank full of my *Easter offering*, and now I'm sick! Oh, I'm awful sick. Perhaps I'll die!"

"Nonsense, Melly," I said. "You're not going to die."

She laid herself down on her bed again.

"I feel better for having told," she sighed.

I put my arms round her and kissed her.

"It wouldn't have been so bad," she sobbed, "if I hadn't done it with my Easter offerings."

I soothed her, and kissed her, and when I thought I had got her all right she burst out crying again.

"Don't feel so bad about it," I said. "When you get well, you can tell your mother, and I'm sure she'll forgive you."

"'Tisn't that I'm crying for, Daisy," she sobbed. "It's because—oh, I'm going to be so hungry when I'm well—and the Easter offering's all *gone*!"

"That doesn't make any difference," I said. "Uncle Solon's given up the cure."

At this a look of perfect peace spread itself over Melly's face. "You're certain they're going to have cooked things again?" she asked.

"Yes," I assured her.

With the look of a cherub she folded her little hands, closed her eyes, and went to sleep.

I sat there a long time to make sure that everything was all quiet. Then I sat down and ate what was left of the pie, and all the doughnuts and bananas, and took a quarter out of my purse and put it in Melly's bank.

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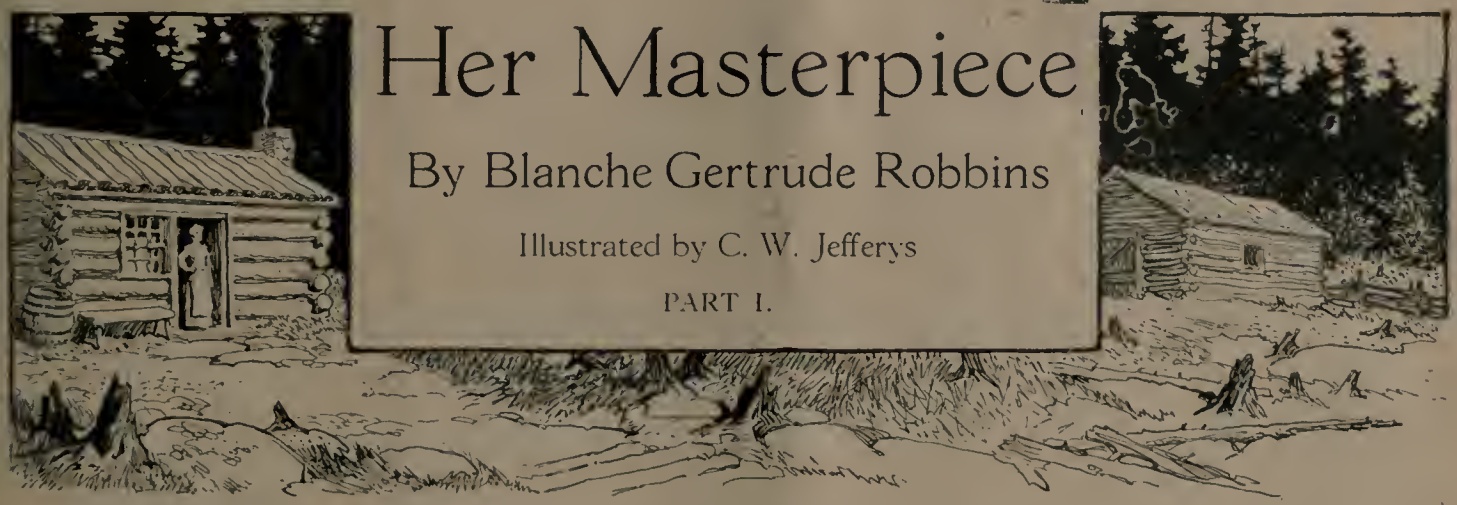

Her Masterpiece

By Blanche Gertrude Robbins

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys

PART I.

GAY chatter and the laughter of contentment; the crackling logs of the fireplace, the clatter of tea things and the sprite Genius lurking in the background provoked enchantment in the atmosphere of the Clifford drawing-room.

Paul Martin the critic, rose reluctantly from his seat within the firelight, a smile of homage in his farewell to Helena Clifford.

"Dear Lady, will you permit me another look at the new picture ?" he requested.

With flushed cheeks Helena pushed aside the hangings of old rose and led the way into the studio. Switching on the lights, she stood by the side of the critic, studying the picture, into which she had worked the vision of her soul.

So realistic was the ragged urchin with the keen winds piercing the tattered clothing, that Paul Martin involuntarily shivered. One of the boy's blue hands clutched the evening papers; the other held close to his heart a stray pomeranian, the tattered coat hugged protectingly about the little dog. Many a pitying glance fell from the richly garbed men and women, hurrying past the bleak corner. But none paused to offer the newsboy protection, such as he had given the stray dog.

"Pity !" exclaimed Paul Martin, a mist clouding his eyes, "Madame, you have made me want to cry; you have aroused a sense of pity. It is a wonderful genius that you possess—this idealizing of the commonplace and arousing the emotions—yet you are not content; you are yet to paint your masterpiece. Is it not so ?"

Helena Clifford nodded her head, her quick breathing testifying to her appreciation of the critic's tribute. Silently she led the way from the studio, following the group of callers to the corridor.

Paul Martin, the critic, had divined her secret ambition to paint a masterpiece. She had aroused a sense of pity for the newsboy waif. But she hungered to arouse the compassion of the worldly-wise folk of the drawing rooms for some great cause foreign to luxury.

AS she re-entered the drawing room, her husband rose from the deep leather arm chair, drawn near the blazing logs. Beckoning to her, he readjusted the chair.

"Helena, the afternoon has been exciting for you. Rest here and I will ring for tea. You were so occupied with your guests, you ate nothing yourself."

"Thanks Robert !" Helena murmured, dropping into the deep chair, her dainty satin pumps resting on the fender.

How deliciously relaxing was the congenial atmosphere of this hotel of luxurious suites. No household cares nor domestic worries to trouble her and Robert *so* devoted. Certainly she was well protected and oh, so wondrously contented with life.

She leaned forward, brushing aside her taffeta skirt, and picked up the magazine that had dropped to the floor.

"An out door magazine," she mused, idly scanning the pages, opened to the article Robert had been reading.

"Edmund Keith, 'A Blazer of Trails.' " Helena Clifford laughed softly. Trail blazing and the making of new country had ever been a hobby with her husband. Strange, that with his cultured rearing, the inherited fortune and fabulous dividends from his investments, that rugged, unbroken forest country should possess a fascination for him.

Once, when they were first married, Robert had suggested that they go forth on a pilgrimage to the Northern Wilds, where he could blaze a trail, make a clearing and build a retreat for the girl-wife. But Helena had rebelled, arguing with passionate outburst for the development of her art.

She had conquered and with the worship which underlied his devotion to her, Robert Clifford had gone forth with her in quest of masters and studies.

Steps sounded in the corridor and Helena roused from her reverie. The door opened and Robert, preceding the maid, bearing the tray, moved the tea table nearer the fireplace and taking the tray in his own hands, set it down within Helena's reach.

"Robert, it has come to me, the great inspiration for my masterpiece"

"Sorry to have kept you waiting. No, thanks, I had a cup of tea with your guests," he declined, taking from her outstretched hand the magazine.

As he settled himself to a perusal of the article which so deeply interested him, Helena, sipping her tea, turned her eyes quizzically upon the man.

ROBERT CLIFFORD fitted into her life as wealth and social activities had done. She could scarcely comprehend life without him, for she was dependent upon him for attention appreciation and devotion—cravings of her daily life.

Still if her husband were taken from her, the void could not compare to the vacuum should her art be blotted out from her existence. She realized that her being never thrilled to his touch, nor his endearing sentiment, that so pleased her vanity, as to the appreciation of some art critic.

She wondered that he had never tired of her and the artistic atmosphere which had so little appeal to him, but she knew that he worshiped her genius and that her enthusiasm, which was her greatest charm, was ever alluring to him.

She had given him but little in return for all his devotion until now when fame was rapping at her studio door. Yes, he would walk with her in the glory of her success.

She watched him intently, noting the tall, well proportioned figure, excepting the shoulders, which should have broadened.

He was good to look upon as men of the drawing room type go. But there was something lacking—perhaps a sense of mastery. Oftentimes she was conscious of a listlessness and disinterestedness about him, that irritated her. She liked enthusiasm, fire and pulsing, throbbing interest.

Suppose he had followed the crazy impulse of his youth, ten years earlier, and become a blazer of trails. What would her life be now ? Doubtless her genius would have died naturally. Home cares and perhaps children would have fettered her. Robert was fond of children and had openly regretted that their home was childless. He had argued that he would have been capable of rearing and disciplining these boys and girls while Helena devoted herself to her art.

But again Helena had rebelled against family cares. Her life must be a supreme sacrifice to the development of the God-given talent. She would give of the creations of her soul to the world. Nothing must creep into her life that would flag her interest or hinder her progress.

Suppose she had yielded to Robert's ambitions? She could readily picture herself in that cheerless, pictureless log cabin home of the clearing. She could see her bent, dejected figure standing in the doorway, her face expressionless, her eyes, dull, looking out over the great expanse of unbroken forest.

What a contrast, when compared to the luxuriously aesthetic environment of this suite !

SUDDENLY the blood rushed hot into her cheeks. Tense, with pulses throbbing, she sat, staring wide eyed into the depths of the dying fire. Her fingers groped restlessly, rolling back the collar of her filmy crepe blouse, as if her sharp breathing demanded more air.

Springing to her feet, she thrust aside the tea table, holding out her arms entreatingly, cried tremulously:

"Robert—oh, Robert, it has come to me—the great inspiration for my masterpiece. But I must see it in reality. I must paint from the natural. Can you take me there—to the great unbroken forest, with here and there a clearing and the log cabin homes. Oh, far, far from town or city and civilization where just the trails lead through the forest ! Can you take me there ?"

The magazine dropped from the man's hand. Like one stunned, he sat listening to the breathless appeal of his wife. The magnetism of her glowing black eyes held him entranced.

She waited, her body tremulous with excitement; then suddenly as though her spirit of enthusiasm had kindled a flaming spirit within him, he rose and paced the floor restlessly.

Coming back to the fire, he stood looking down at the girl-wife, his eyes

gleaming as Helena had never before seen them. He cleared his throat of its huskiness, then with a curious laugh exclaimed:

"Take you there—little woman—I know the trail that leads to the unbroken forest as though I had already traversed it many times. We will leave the city to-morrow. We will pack light and order camping outfits to-night. I am glad, glad that you have found your inspiration for your masterpiece in the great unbroken forests. I will go now and make ready."

Even as he spoke, Robert Clifford moved eagerly toward the door, intent upon consulting his precious horde of wilderness lore.

As he passed her, Helena started, fascinated by the light kindled in his eyes. She had never before noted how deep set they were, nor had she dreamed of their lustre.

Standing within the soft glow of the dying embers, she fell to musing on the journey that lay before her. True, the trail would be rough and she would be subjected to privation and peril. But the vision of her masterpiece—luring, to the creative impulse of her soul, cried out for execution. Her skill should depict the dream picture so vividly that the hearts of the worldly-wise women would throb with pity for the woman of the log-cabin home.

FOUR days later, at the noon hour, Helen and Robert Clifford left the railway of a North Western route. Two horses awaited them and traveling light, they mounted and rode out over the Northern roads leading to the forest trails.

The man rode ahead, spirit in his bearing. Often he would have dashed along recklessly, eager to explore the trail which they struck early in the afternoon; but the woman, riding slowly over the rough ground, held him back.

Helena Clifford caught the unconscious air of impatience, as Robert turned often to watch her progress. Horseback riding along the uneven ground of the trail differed so vastly from the city park, to which she had been accustomed. She wearied and her aching muscles cried out for rest.

But the man, riding so gloriously, not a sign of fatigue in his alert carriage, urged her on. Before her loomed the vision of her masterpiece and she too was eager to press on to the end of the trail.

Again Robert Clifford turned, and with an exclamation of dismay, drew a halting line and sprang from the saddle.

"Heavens! Helena, why didn't you call out? You are fairly dropping from your horse. Let us rest here." With his accustomed tenderness, he lifted her from the saddle. Tremblingly she dropped to the brown earth and stretched out her cramped limbs.

"I didn't want to give in, Robert," she declared stoutly, "for I would ride on and on to the end; but the change of position is good. Shall we lunch here?"

"Yes—plucky one," laughed the man, "I'll start supper while you rest."

He quickly unstrapped the camping kit from his horse's back and gathering a few rocks built a crude fireplace. Deftly he kindled a blaze with dry twigs and bark.

Helena, relaxed on the blanket Robert had spread on the ground, watched his movements curiously. She wondered that he knew so well what to do. Doubtless while she had been deeply engrossed with her art, Robert had studied the ways of the trail.

The odor of coffee aroused her and she moved forward with eagerness to take the steaming cup from the man's hand. With a gay little laugh she raised the granite cup to her lips, that had known only delicacy before and

"I'd rather be the man who first forged this trail—the man who opened up this glorious country, than the man who, out of his millions, has given libraries and museums to the metropolis," Robert exclaimed

found the taste of the drink was good.

"Hello, it's getting dusk. I clean forgot darkness sets down on the bush so early !" exclaimed Robert in dismay, packing the camp-kit in haste.

Helena sprang to her feet, rolled the blanket and mounted her horse.

"The cabin, that the man at the station said would be glad to shelter us for the night, can't be far away," muttered Robert, springing to his saddle.

They rode on, urging speed, but dusk fell rapidly. The trail grew indistinct. Somehow the man had miscalculated the distance for they should have discovered the log cabin by this time.

They plunged on, relying upon their horses' sense of the trails, Robert calling back assurance to Helena.

She rested confidently in his ability to protect her even though they had lost their way. Suddenly she laughed aloud, thinking of the man she knew in the drawing room of the hotel suite. There his devotion had no other meaning than to please. To-night, she was experiencing protection.

Further along the trail sounded the thud of horse's hoofs. Robert called a halt and they strained their ears, listening eagerly.

"Hello ! hello !" called the man.

Then along the trail came the answering call, "hello," accompanied by the reckless dash of hoofs.

A LIGHT flashed out and a boyish figure in the King's khaki drew a light line in their path.

"Pardon me for not getting down," he exclaimed, "but this 'peg' leg of mine is a bit awkward. You are strangers to the trail ?"

"Yes," responded Robert Clifford, slipping from his saddle and explaining the situation.

"You sure did miss the cabin. Why, man alive, you're off the main trail. This side line leads off two miles back. It's treacherous riding in the dark unless you're born to it, like myself. Turn your horses and I'll lead the way," directed the youth, crashing through the underbrush, in an effort to pass the strangers.

In silence the three rode on until they made the turn at the main trail. A little further along, they caught a glimmer of lights shining from the cabin windows.

As they drew near the lad called out, "Hello—hel-lo-ho, there, Uncle Billy!"

The door of the cabin swung open and the bent form of a white haired man came hobbling from the doorway.

"Andy ! Bless me ole heart, Andy back from Flanders ! Boy, an' yer sure 'tain't yer ghost, an' yer whole. Many's the night I've dreampt the Huns got ye," the old man's quavering voice rang out in greeting.

"No, it's the old Andy—minus a leg," assured the youth. "Perhaps you'll give me a helping hand. This 'peg' leg of mine isn't as nimble as the old trail breaker. I've got company along with me—strangers to the trail. Room for them to bunk in the cabin to-night ?"

"Aye, aye," muttered the old man, as with gentleness and reverence he held out a helping hand and the youth slipped from his saddle.

The light from the cabin flamed through the open door and Helena caught a glimpse of a slender, youthful figure and a face, pale and careworn. But the eyes with their indomitable courage revealed the unbroken spirit of youth.

With a perceptible limp, he moved toward her, questioning, "Did you, lady, get a scare, when you lost the trail back there ?"

A smile crossed Helena's face as she shook her head and with a new thrill of tenderness gripping her, she answered steadily:

"I was not frightened for my husband was with me."

The old man led the way to the cabin as Andrew and Robert stabled their horses in the shed. He welcomed Helena to the shelter of his rough home and bade her partake of its hospitality.

"Bless yer swate face, 'tain't many sich brightens the trail. I've had my day at breakin' country an' now I wait by the side of the road, jest to keep fire burnin' fer travelers," he explained. "It's the younger generation, like Andy here, who does the trail blazin' now. Born to it—he was, but he would be up and off to fight first call for volunteers. Now he's come home minus a leg, makin' fer his folks to the end o' the trail."

Robert and Andrew coming into the cabin interrupted Uncle Billy. Robert, with characteristic devotion, insisted that Helena seek immediate rest in the little bedroom off the kitchen.

Still dressed in her khaki flannel outing suit, she rolled herself in a blanket and climbed into one of the narrow bunks. Drowsy, she lay there listening to the voices of the men talking in the outer room, until her tired body relaxing, she fell into a deep sleep.

Dawn was just breaking, when Robert's touch awakened her.

"Heartless I know, little woman, to disturb you at this unearthly hour. But Andre's riding to the end of the trail and we're welcome to ride along with him. And if he's in the lead, we're not likely to miss the trail again."

Helena sat up in the bunk, conscious of a horrible stiffness and fiercely aching muscles. The temptation to lie back and rest was strong, but even as she wavered, she caught the sparkle of eagerness in Robert's eyes. The trail was calling to him to hurry along. At the end of the trail, she would find her dream-picture. Stimulating to her courage, the vision flashed before her. Smilingly she answered,

"I shall hurry."

An odor of coffee and bacon wafted to her, through the cracks of the partition as Helena prepared for a continuance of the journey.

It was a simple, yet wholesome breakfast crudely served by Uncle Billy, that awaited her. And for the moment the daintiness of Helena's appetite rebelled. But Robert had "fallen to" in a hearty partaking of the food.

"We must fortify ourselves against the day's ride," he remarked suggestively and Helena, sitting down by the oil cloth covered table, also ate heartily of the bacon and corn bread.

Uncle Billy brought their horses to the trail and as they mounted, thanking him for his generous hospitality, Andrew came dashing from the bush.

AS the three rode down the trail, the rising sun penetrated the dense bush with glimmers of light. They made a business of riding. Andrew, in the lead, a guide of surety, Robert, following close behind, energy in every

Continued on page 88.

Internationalism in North America

By Dr. Hugh Pedley

Illustrated from Photographs

IT IS an interesting exercise to take the continents one by one and see how they stand in regard to the complexity of their own internal international situation. Going from the worst to the best, from the most perplexing situation to the least the order would perhaps be Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, North America and Australia.

In Europe there are about twenty different nations with their own separate flags, their own idiosyncracies of race, language, tradition and custom. There are countless leagues of boundary line on either side of which are peoples jealous of each other, and in a constant state of excitement and unsettlement through fear or desire of war. This continent is the most civilized and at the same time the most belligerent of all the sisterhood of continents. At the present moment it is the scene of a conflict beside which all past wars have been but a burning wood-pile compared with a North Ontario forest fire.

In Asia there are about fourteen different national units. The relations of these, the one to the other, have been much more settled and placid. In such countries as China, India and Persia, the quiet arresting hand of antiquity is at work settling the mind, calming the passions. True there have been disturbances and wars. The Chinese wall is a reminder of fierce invasions. India bears the scars of ancient strife. Within our own generation we have seen wars amid the summits of the Himalayas, and in the Sea of Japan. At the present moment the war of nations is thrusting its tongue of fire into the Asiatic territory. But on the whole the past has been comparatively peaceful.

In Africa, we have the spectacle of seven non-Africa powers, Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Portugal and Belgium, all laying claim to parts of the territory. There is a transference of the European situation to African soil. Upon the primeval contests of tribe with tribe is superimposed the quarrel between the great civilized nations. The flags that defy each other across the Hindenburg line in France are also challenging each other in the wilds of the Dark Continent. It is not without significance that the American writer, Herbert Adams Gibbon, should have written as a companion to his book, "The New Map of Europe," that later volume, "The New Map of Africa."

In South America there are twelve different countries. Their national problems are more prominent than their international. Internal upsprings are more common than external irritations. This may possibly be due to the fact that all the countries are republican in their type of government and therefore less likely to lend themselves to centralized aggression.

In North America there are, apart from the small states which belong rather to Central America, four different flags, that of Mexico, that of the United States, that of Canada and that of Denmark in Greenland. The outstanding fact, however, is that the destiny of by far the greater portion of the continent is in the hands of the two countries—the United States and Canada.

The last and most fortunate of the great continents is Australia. There we find but one flag. There is no internationalism within those bounds, simply because for that you must have at least two nations, and in this case there is only one.

North America, then, with one exception, is the most highly favored of all the continents in that it is so splendidly free from the intricate diplomacies and irritating problems which are apt to arise where there are many nations contiguous to one another. We are almost the antipodes of Europe in that we have for all practical purposes two peoples instead of twenty. And not only are the distinct nations limited to two, but these two have very much in common.

They have a common language. Outside certain sections of the Province of Quebec a traveller speaking the English language only could be understood from Labrador to the Gulf of California and from Alaska to the southernmost point of Florida. Throughout the length and breadth of a continent containing one hundred millions of people in nine cases out of ten the English language alone would suffice as a means of intercommunication, a passport to the minds of his fellowmen. With the one exception already indicated, Australia, there is no other continent of which it can be said that in regard to language there is one key that would open all the doors. This is in itself an immense advantage. Language is, as we all know, one of the mightiest factors in determining the course of national and international affairs.

These two North American countries have a common religion. That religion is the Christian religion. The only distinctly religious organization that really counts is the Christian Church. It is true that there are divisions, but these divisions are virtually the same in both countries. There is no broad line of division between the Church of Canada and that of

> **Truly This Prediction of Mr. Balfour Back in 1896 Has Been Fulfilled:**
>
> It cannot but be true that those whose national roots go down to the same past as ours, who share our language, our literature, our laws, our religion, everything that makes a nation great—it can not be but that a time will come when they will feel that we and they have a common duty to perform, a common office to fulfil, among the nations of the world.

French and British War Commissioners at the Home of Washington

In this group on the lawn of the old Washington homestead at Mount Vernon in the front row from left to right are: Admiral Chocheprat, of the French Navy; Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the U. S. Navy; Marshal Joffre; Rene Viviani, head of the French Commission; Secretary Lansing; Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, head of the British Commission; Sir George Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce, Canada; Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, British Ambassador; Lieu..Gen. G. T. M. Bridges, of the British Commission and Marquis de Chambrun. a descendant of Lafayette

the United States. Religion instead of causing division between the two countries is really one of the uniting factors. There is a constant interchange of ideas, a constant flow of fellowship between religious organizations whether denominational, or of a more general type.

Again, the two peoples have a common political ideal. There are diversities of administration. The President of the United States has not precisely the same function as the British King. The American Congress is not exactly similar to the Canadian Parliament. We do not appoint our judges in the same way. But underneath these diversities there is the same ruling idea, that Government is ultimately in the hands of the people.

These are the factors that make for a good understanding between the two countries. They have been at work for a long time. There has always been the common religion. There has been for at least one hundred and fifty years the common language. There has been for nearly one hundred years the common political ideal. These forces are not insignificant. They are mighty. They are not obtrusive. They make no great commotion. They are symbolized not by earthquake, fire or wind, but by a still small voice, or the quiet energies of the spring time. They are constantly at work, day and night, year after year. They are the essential guarantee of a peace on this continent that may be strained but not broken.

Turning from these uniting peace-making factors let us look at some of the possible causes of friction between countries situated as these are.

In the first place, there is the question of boundary lines. What possibilities of trouble exist in this sphere we can learn from even a casual glance at the world's history. In Europe at the present time we see the evil consequences of boundary lines unsatisfactorily adjusted. There is such a line between Germany and France, between Austria and Russia, between Serbia and Bulgaria, between Italy and Austria, and in every case this line is like a sore and fretted skin liable at any moment to break out in fierce and foul

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French, U. S. and British Flags flying from the State, War and Navy Buildings, Washington

eruption. That eruption is now going on and the whole world is suffering from the venom and the inflammation.

How has it been on this North American continent? Up to the time of the American Revolution the conflict was between the English and the French. In that case it was not boundaries but trade that furnished the main cause of friction. Afterwards the boundary line came into prominence. In 1759 the French rule gave place to the British, which became supreme from the Arctic regions to the Gulf of Mexico. This state of things lasted for a score of years. Then came the Declaration of Independence, and the creation of a new national entity with its own constitution and its own flag. The one nation had become two and between them was an undefined boundary line. This was the case from the Atlantic to the Detroit River. Beyond that was a vast expanse of unclaimed and unsettled territory in which frontier lines were of small account. But in time all this western land came into the sphere of discussion.

Here then was an irregular frontier line about four thousand miles in length which needed to be adjusted. It has been adjusted, and adjusted without the firing of a single shot in anger. This is a remarkable fact. It is doubtful if any other continent could furnish a parallel. There was friction over and over again, friction over the boundary between Maine and Canada, over the line between Oregon and Canada, over the frontier between Alaska and Canada, but in every case the dispute was settled by peaceful means. The Ashburton Treaty of 1842 and the Oregon Treaty of 1846 stand out as monuments and testimonies on the side of peace. We have been at war with our sister country more than once since she became the United States of America, but never over the boundary question. That we may consider settled for all time. And what a reason for thankfulness and relief lies there! One of the most prolific causes of war has been removed. Whatever anxieties the statesmen of the two countries may have on other matters they have none on this. The boundary question is settled. Let that be written in letters of gold.

In the second place, friction may arise over rival and conflicting commercial interests. That friction may become so hot as to burst into the flames of war. Many of the wars of the past have been fundamentally trade wars. The clash between Britain and France in India in the 18th century sprang from contending commercial interests. Duplex the Frenchman and Clive the Englishman were traders and fought because they were traders. The political aim, on the part of Clive, at

least, was secondary to the commercial. The acquisition of territory was valued because of the expansion of commerce. The same was true in the wars between France and Britain in North America, wars that were both frequent and fierce. The fur-trade was the great consideration, especially for the French, and political control was simply a means to a commercial end.

But at the present time, as between Canada and the United States, while there may be misunderstandings, irritations, jealousies on matters of tariff and transportation there is no likelihood of any disagreement. The fact that the boundary is a fixed frontier and not a wavering and uncertain line goes far to prevent trade disputes from reaching the acute stage. The people of the United States may think the forests and the water-powers of Canada very desirable, and the people of Canada may see clearly the enormous value of the coal mines of Pennsylvania, but there is no doubt in the mind of either where the ownership lies. That is no longer a debatable matter and, therefore, each country knows where it stands, what are its rights, and what are the rights of its neighbor.

A third possibility of friction is found in Canada's Imperial connection. The United States with its Munroe Doctrine of non-entanglement with European alliances has next door to it a nation that has a European alliance and, through it, a large and delicate relationship to all the world. The traveller, leaving Australia and journeying to the British Isles, sees on his voyage the flag of Britain at place after place, at Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Freemantle, Colombo, Aden, Gibraltar and, finally, within sight of the cliffs of England, he would find himself saying:

"And ever aloft on the topmost roof
The banner of England blew."

and wherever that banner blew Canada was potentially present. On that journey at least every other ship he met or passed would carry at the stern the British flag, and under every sky where the flag was seen the fortunes of Canada were involved.

Now this Imperial connection is one of the factors most pregnant with the possibility of international friction. We can easily learn how it has worked in the past. Twice at least Canada's relationship to Britain brought her into collision with the United States. We do not forget that in 1775 the soldiers of Congress occupied Montreal and that early in 1776 the American General Montgomery perished in the attempt to take possession of Quebec. Nearly forty years afterwards a second conflict took place between the United States and Britain, and Canada was again involved because of her British connection. Britain was at war with France, and her use of sea-power brought about war with the American Republic. Once more Canada was in arms and war raged from the neighborhood of Montreal to the Detroit River. That was the last break. Peace came in 1814 and has remained intact since that date. We are now in the one hundred and third year of an unbroken peace.

"Papa" Joffre has been received with wild enthusiasm at Washington and New York and Montreal and Ottawa

But, while unbroken, it has upon several occasions been menaced and from the same cause, viz., our connection with Britain. In 1861, at the outset of the Civil War occurred what is known as the Trent affair, the forcible removal by an American Warship of two Confederate delegates from a ship carrying the British flag. War was imminent, and had it broken out Canada would have been drawn into the conflict. In 1866 occurred the Fenian Raid. An armed force mobilized on American soil invaded Canada. Battles took place, property was destroyed lives were lost. Had it not been for what a Montreal writer calls the Patience of Britain a war would have broken out, and Canada would have been one of the chief battle-grounds. These are but instances. There are others upon which we need not dwell.

There are even yet possibilities of friction and conflict. One cannot help thinking what might have occurred in the present world-crisis. Suppose that Germany had respected the neutrality of Belgium, and had not sunk the Lusitania; suppose that she had gone into the struggle purely to secure a position in the world which she believed she deserved, and to acquire control of territory to which she felt she had as good a right as any one else—Turkish territory for example; suppose that the issue was fundamentally one between the two great autocracies, the German and the Russian, France and Britain siding with the latter simply for the maintaining of their political power and prestige; suppose that there had been no distinct naval question at stake; then what possibilities of quarrel at once appear. Imagine such a combination of circumstances as this. There is an untoward incident at sea. A British warship stops an American mail steamer carrying mail to Amsterdam or Christiana, seizes the mail, and subjects it to examination. In the United States there is a combination of elements hostile to Britain. The immense German population, the Irish with their traditional bitterness, the Americans who had not forgotten Bunker Hill, join hand in hand in a fierce anti-British movement. The President is swept along by this inundation of war-like sentiment. War is declared—Canada

Continued on page 89.

When Old Lights Flicker

By Jack Holden

Illustrated by Norman Hall

"Ain't fitten to take care o' myself!" old Jimmy muttered

OUTSIDE the police station of Alberta's capitol city old Jimmy Smith stood irresolute, blinking in the hot glare of a May-day sun. He was a wizened wisp of a man, white-bearded, warped and shrunken, with the trusting eyes of a child and the blurred features of the old.

"Ain't fittin' to take care o' myself but he'd let me go 'cause there was nothin' agin me!" old Jimmy indignantly muttered as he gnawed a ragged chew from a plug of black tobacco. "Think 'cause they're policemen they own a body, they do. Makin' me bunk with bums an' scalawags at their ol' detention farm all winter when I didn't do nothin' 't all! Humph! I'll get a farm o' my own as good as their'n an' it won't be no abidin' place fer drunks 'n' disorderlies neither."

Winter senility forgotten in the rejuvenation of spring, old Jimmy shuffled away from the home of officious meddlers with a man's liberty, still mumbling and spluttering vast indignation.

At a corner he paused uncertainly, a bit dazed by the swift rush and ringing clamor of city life.

"Be the land office hereabouts?" he made bold to inquire of a passer-by.

"Big brick building half way down the block," informed the stranger.

"Thankee, sir, thankee."

Old Jimmy clumped briskly on.

The stranger looked after him curiously.

"Now I wonder what that old cuss is up to," he thought. "Going homesteading, I'll bet. It's a shame the way they let women and old men go bucking that game, thinking they're getting something for nothing, when it's a job that taxes the courage of even the young fellows."

In front of the land office old Jimmy paused indecisively. The bustle and clamor of the crowded office disturbed him. The men inside were so big and strong; they talked so loudly and moved so vigorously.

"Must be gettin' old," muttered the ancient one. "Yessir, maybe after a while I won't be able to farm none too good. Pitchin' hay ain't so easy. Yessir, I got to get my farm from the government an' get it a-goin' afore I get too old. I been puttin' it off a long time."

He bravely pushed inside and after a while a clerk asked what he could do for him.

"I want a farm," said old Jimmy. "A place o' my own where I can walk about of an evening 'n' listen to cows a-mooin' and sheep bah-bahin' and little piggies a-squealin' an' all. I been wantin' another farm, sonny, ever since——" Quite unaccountably, the applicant's lip quivered and his weak eyes swam. And then he went

on: "I want t' get settled down quiet 'n' easy-like afore I get too old. Workin' for wages don't seem jest the thing for an' old body. I been puttin' it off year after year—first one thing and then another—but I'm a-goin' to start now. Yessir, I made up my mind."

"Pretty old, arn't you, to go farming?" Really, though, an applicant's age was no affair of the clerk's.

"No, sirree, I ain't," refuted old Jimmy with quick indignation. "Too old! Humph! I don't know as you should be a-crowin'—you ain't lookin' none too strong yerself, young man."

"Oh, very well. Where do you wish to locate?"

"Wherever you got the land to give away. I don't know so much about these parts 'ceptin' there's good land to be had for nothing."

The clerk consulted a superior.

"Better send him up where they made the oil strike," whispered the latter. "He'll never make good on a homestead but he might stumble on an oil seepage while he's nosing around."

"Here's a plat showing some vacant land," presently informed the clerk. "These homesteads are only four miles from a station on the Athabasca line. You go up there, look them over, then come back and file on the one you prefer. And say, you'd better watch out for oil. They made a strike in that district last month. It seeps through the ground—see? You'd make your fortune if you found oil."

"Oil! Shucks! It's a farm I want—I was a farmer onct—an' it won't be like some farms I could mention neither. Bums an' scalawags! No sirree!"

Old Jimmy placed his plat in an ancient wallet along with a few greasy bills of small denomination—his entire worldly wealth, earned at the city farm where an occasional derelict is temporarily taken care of—and made his way trainward.

Several hours later he arrived at a pretentious station bearing the name "Rochester" in huge black letters.

"Must be a good-sized town," mused Jimmy. "Such a fine depot an' all."

But there was no town.

"My good gosh! Where'll I get my outfit?" And then Jimmy spied a small general store hidden behind a clump of pine trees. He purchased an axe, some tinned stuff, a blanket and a piece of tarpaulin.

"Humph! Fresh storekeeper had to go an' say I was gettin' old, too," the belated Argonaut grumbled as he headed down an unimproved trail, his belongings neatly packed on his back. "They don't know ol' Smithy—me that was a miner an' all—lot o' igner'nt young squirts a-runnin' things these days."

On and on resolutely plodded Smithy, the dust floating in little clouds about his white-socked ankles. A grumpy crow cawed discordantly and flapped away into the bush. A chipmunk set up a silly chatter and whisked out of sight. A glorious sun laved the uncertain trail in a golden wash, warming and energizing the ancient pilgrim. A soft breeze swept the gloomy pine trees that bordered his path to a crooning melody.

After a while hunger assailed old Jimmy. He sat beside a purling brook and ate cold pork and beans with a slice or two of bread, washed down with sparkling cold creek water. Then he resumed his journey, a trifle reluctantly, for weariness was already commencing to tug at his old sinews.

"Ought to 'a' done it long ago," he reproved himself. "Not so spry as I was onct. But shucks! a farmer don't need to do so much hisself once he gets things to runnin' right."

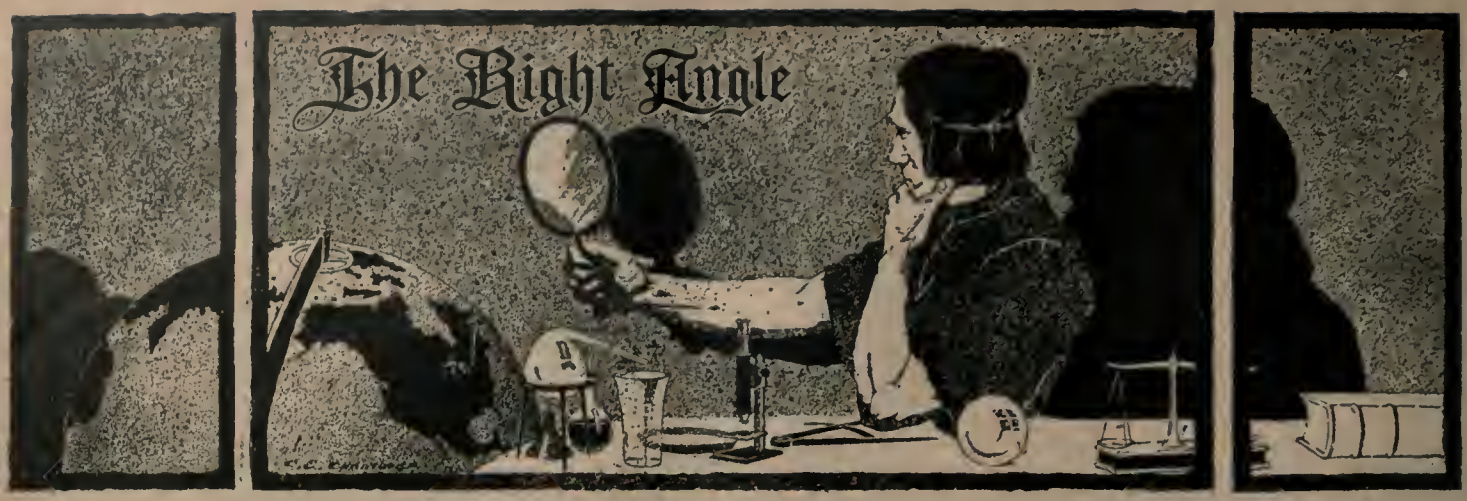
After a while a settler passed.

"Better file on the quarter bordering the trail," he advised. "Another mile and you'll be there. You'll know it by a creek running through it. You look rather old to be going homesteading."

"Old, old—it's all I hear," spluttered Jimmy as he resumed his journey. "One'd think a body couldn't go for hisself to hear 'em talk. Humph!"

Continued on page 92.

"I'm coming, Mary, I'm coming," the old man cried



HOW IS BUSINESS?

HOW is business? How do the business barometers read? Three trusty barometers are Railway earnings, bank clearings and business failures. In April C. P. R.'s gross earnings were $12,036,000, which showed an increase of $418,000 over April, 1916. C. N. R.'s gross earnings were $3,314,000, an increase of $491,500. G. T. R.'s gross earnings were $4,885,211, an increase of $190,946. The total gross for the three railways was $20,235,211, an increase of $1,100,446, or 11.02 per cent. No one can be blue over this barometer of business. Bank clearings in all Canadian cities for April totalled $1,095,437,148, which was an increase of $351,548,073 or 47.2 per cent., which surely is another reason for encouragement. Business failures are growing fewer. In April, 1915, they numbered 194; in 1916 there were 155 and in 1917 only 72, the smallest in many years. The third week in May showed only 17 failures as against 44 during the corresponding period a year ago. Even the confirmed persimist could hardly ask for brighter business weather.

THE POSING PESTS

THE war has produced a type of human who poses constantly. There is the individual who "believes in facing facts"—and incidentally in right-about-facing his acquaintances, who are too busy doing their bit, in Khaki or out of it, to ponder continually on the war-situation, rehash the Belgian atrocities, and discuss at length the economical situation as it will be in 1920. This poseur holds forth at dinner parties, tea parties, and in the street; and he is never so happy as when discussing the horrors of war with those whose dear ones are experiencing them in France. His pose is that of the Well-Informed Britisher. His specialty is to magnify all the horrors, and ignore the beauty in to-day's sacrifice and heroism. Then there is the Pacifist: It is generally a woman, but there are many men among them. The women have an eagerly-ugly look; and, (being Pacifists), are constantly on the offensive. They have a theory that mankind is experiencing an orgy of blood-shed which depraved male minds enjoy; and that the women of the earth should—to quote an eminent Pacifist—"refuse to bear children into this war-ridden world, until the men are satisfied to cease warring with their brothers." The male pacifist poses as a martyr; and the chastened soul of the poseur speaks through his fishy eyes in the sad message: "I am misunderstood! I know you think me a coward; but it is my love for my fellowman, be he Britisher or Hun, that makes me shun the recruiting officer as if he had the plague!" Another poseuse is the woman, who knits; slowly, clickingly, and aggravatingly, at concerts and lectures—anywhere, in fact, where she has an audience. She finishes one sock in thirteen concerts and a lecture on thrift. In these days of hard work and achievement, she should be chloroformed—or disenfranchised! It is good to look about to-day, however, and realize how hopelessly the poseurs are in the minority. The men in Khaki are thinking real thoughts, striving, achieving, and growing. Their women are discovering hitherto unknown depths of selflessness and courage in their hearts. "Here's hoping" that the Divine Naturalness will spread, until the poseurs will see, face-to-face, the real values of real things.

"THERE GO THE SHIPS"

WHAT will be the final slogan, the last battle cry of the war? The first was the insensate "Business as usual," which was speedily discarded when it was realized that business could not be as usual, and that if it could business ought not to be as usual. Then the cry went up for men, and poets tuned their harps on the note "enlist". When the machinery was almost broken down under the rush of men to the colors it was suddenly discovered that munitions was the pressing need of the Allies. So men and women turnd to workshops, and presently ammunition was being poured out as fast as the great guns could shoot it away, and since then there has been no danger that the supply will not continue in sufficient quantities until the end of the war. More lately we have heard that greater food production is the duty of the hour, and this, we think, is the most solemn, the most significent warning we have yet had. Intimately connected with the problem of producing more food is the problem of getting it shipped across the ocean to Britain and France and Belgium. None of these countries grows even in normal times enough food for its own use; in these abnormal times the production will leave a still greater margin to be made good from this continent. The problem is one presented by the submarines. Germany is now sinking ships faster than they are building, and so the cry goes up for Canada to turn to her ship yards as loyally as she has turned to her munition plants, and build ships to carry to menaced England and bleeding France and Belgium all the wheat and other food stuffs above our own bare wants. Unless the ships are built in sufficient numbers the starvation of Great Britain is even more than a possibility. In this country is all the necessary equipment for a ship building campaign that will have a more deciding influence upon the war than even the Battle of Ypres and the offensive in Arras. The plants are already in existence; the skilled ship builders are here; the wood for their construction is unlimited. What is necessary is a realization of the gravity of the situation. All that Canada can do will not be too much. It cannot be too quickly done.

RIMOUSKI SPEAKS

THE last strongholds of Anti-Suffragism appear to be the harem of the Shah of Persia, and—Rimouski. The former may fall a victim to the banner which proclaims Votes for Women, but the latter, never !—so long as it is guided by its able representative, Muzzhur H. Boulay—pronounced Bully by the crassly ignorant and vicious. Muzzhur Boulay expressed the opinions of his constituency, at least presumably, recently in the House of Commons. A Member, we take it, is but the mouthpiece of his riding, ergo, Muzzhur does but voice the sentiments of the men of Rimouski, when he asserted that women should be banished from the Service, that they should be struck from the pay lists of the Government. Why ? naturally asks the benighted person who lives in some remote district as Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto or Winnipeg. Because, explains Muzzhur, women are proverbial wasters; the women who draw monthly envelopes from the Government, spend their salary in riotous living—powdering their noses, and laving their persons with perfume. . . the hussies ! And, mind you, they go to the theatres ! They know nothing of the gentle art of housekeeping and they show no desire to get married. . . . the artful minxes ! Quoting M. Boulay's motion, in the House:

> The Government should decide that in the future men only shall be employed in all branches of the civil service where the salary is $800.00 or more, and that a commissioner should be appointed to supervise the work done by the employees in each department.

Looking at the matter from the slant of a prejudiced man, perhaps some of the girls in the employ of the Government do dress exceedingly well, especially those taken on temporarily. Their salaries have gone to their backs, so to speak. Perhaps—oh, shame that we should confess it—they powder their noses and use perfume. M. Boulay laid great stress on the powder and perfume. They also frequent the theatres. They may even say they don't want to get married—especially those who haven't been asked ! But they do no real harm; they are generous to a fault and rarely fail to subscribe to whatever fund is before the public at the moment. Some girls in the service recently attended a Drama League play where a returned soldier spoke of the need for a home for the boys who came back from the front. The next day they raised two hundred dollars for this cause. . . which proves that all of their money is not spent on powder.

"THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME"

FAR be it from the chivalrous Westerner to believe anything disparaging concerning women, but the fact remains that at least one celebrity holds women responsible for the World war. This celebrity by no means relieves the German people from the fateful responsibility, but he submits that the dominating influence behind the men of Germany is the women of that nation. His first premise is that all women are potentially war-makers, because they are essentially envious and grasping, whereas men left to themselves are intrinsically virtuous and generous. He submits that just as a man may become feminine in character, so a nation may become dominantly feminine. The men of Germany went out to steal territory and all the booty that attaches thereto, because they are under the sway of woman. They are ruled through sex. He contrasts the Germans with Englishmen, who, he says, are distinctly masculine. Our authority is an Oriental traveller and scholar, just as Adam was, for Adam must have travelled far and learned much, after "the woman tempted him." Our modern Adam, however, comes, not from Eden, but from the Celestial Empire. His name is K'ung Yuan Ku'suh and he has expressed his original conceptions in a booklet entitled "The Judgment of the Orient." This Chinaman lived long in Germany and England, and while some of his views may merely amuse, others are worthy of note. Comparing the Germans and English, he says: "The German brain has been highly developed, but the German soul has remained infantile. On the other hand the English brain develops slowly, but the English soul moves with the swiftness of lightning." K'ung Yuan Ku'suh was right in this respect, at least. When honor, humanity and the principles of liberty are at stake there is no call for deliberation as to expediency.

HOMAGE TO THE RETURNED

A TORONTO colonel, when rebuking some soldiers who had raided factories to round up alien workmen, made an unfortunate slip when he said that a few days before a group of returned veterans had failed to salute Gen. Logie. One of the men in the crowd reminded him that for a man on crutches to come to the salute involved a rather difficult and complicated feat of gymnastics. We may as well dismiss the notion that men who have risked their lives and sacrificed their limbs in the war ought to be expected to salute officers in uniform. The question is, why should not we salute these heroes ? Why should not every home staying Canadian officer raise his fingers to his cap when he passes a man in uniform hobbling on a stick or swinging between crutches as he makes his way painfully along the sidewalk ? Moreover, why should not we civilians who have remained at home offer them like homage ? Many of us tip our hats to a clergyman, especially if our ideas upon orthodoxy coincide, and so great a man as Thomas Carlyle thought it no disgrace to unbonnet to a lord. Why then should we not make public and emphatic recognition whenever the opportunity presents itself to those brave but unfortunate fellow citizens of ours, and offer them a salute as they pass us by ?

THE TWO BOOKS

LISTS of the "hundred best books" which began, if we are not mistaken, with the catalogue of the late Lord Avebury, then Sir John Lubbock, and repeated or varied by Frederic Harrison, Clement K. Shorter and the erudite Lord Acton have been a popular and harmless diversion of literary folk for these many years. Dr. Eliot made an improvement when he prepared his five foot book shelf, containing by no means one hundred books, though comprising selections from several hundreds. The tendency of the day toward condensation, stimulated in so far as the battle front is concerned by the necessity of soldiers carrying their reading matter in a mere corner of their bags, has suggested to a writer on a Toronto newspaper the advisability of a list of the two books one would select if he were restricted to this number. In a whimsical announcement which invited contributions, the writer said that the "Bible and Shakespeare were barred." Had they not been shut out it is safe to say that ninety-nine out of every hundred people who would select the two best books in our language, or for the matter of that in any language, would have offered the Bible and Shakespeare. Alas, that it should be also safe to guess that about ninety-eight out of the hundred had never read either of them, and that the ninety-eight might well contain the gentleman who, when asked if he had read "Romeo and Juliet," replied "Well, I have read Romeo." There are in the English tongue just two supremely great books. We are told it when we are children; we continue to believe it, and continue to ignore the books until, perhaps, we arrive at middle age. Then, it may be through accident or deep tribulation, we find that it is true, and learn, no doubt with astonishment what is meant when one says that a book is immortal. It is not that the book will live forever. It is that the book though written long ago is alive to-day. Shakespeare and Solomon are as alive and "up to date" this minute as Vernon Castle and the movies.

Politics and Politicians

SOME OF THE HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH ON PARLIAMENT HILL

By Tom King

SIR ROBERT BORDEN has returned and Parliament is gazing at him in a sort of fascinated trance. Within forty-eight hours he enfranchised one million five hundred thousand women, and commanded the compulsory enlistment of one hundred thousand men. True these are not yet accomplished facts, but the announcement of the Prime Minister usually has the effect of law, or at least becomes law in the very near future.

It is as yet too early to speculate about the conscription measure or what affect the discussion bound to arise upon it may have in Dominion politics. Certainly, however, the premier has started things. It looked before he came back as though the parliamentary machine had about run down, but now it is geared up to high pressure and the wheels go round so rapidly that many members find their heads awhirling.

The event of the session so far has been the presentation to the House of Commons by Sir Thomas White, Minister of Finance, of the Report of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the railway problem of Canada. It is, unfortunately, a divided report. Sir Henry Drayton and Mr. W. M. Acworth favor the goverment taking over and operating the Canadian Northern, the Grand Trunk and the Grand Trunk Pacific. President Smith of the New York Central, the practical railway man of the Commission, dissents from his colleagues, and favors corporate ownership and control. Indeed he uses against them their own criticism of government ownership as we have had it on the Intercolonial.

THE war so engrosses everybody that parliamentarians are apparently giving little thought to the Report of the Royal Commission. Yet that report is bound to get into the realm of practical politics. If its recommendations are to be carried out the government must assume the responsibility, and whatever measure it introduces will be put through the House as a government measure. Meanwhile, however, private members are free to discuss the report even though they be supporters of the government. Yet I find it as difficult to start a conversation with your average M. P. on this subject as it would be to inveigle him into a discussion of the nebula hypothesis. His mind is receptive, but he gives back no information. Never did a State document of such importance arouse so little discussion. The newspapers, editorially, have had almost nothing to say about it. The statesmen whom it ought to engross are, as we have seen, non-committal.

Up to date the railway report and the railway situation have not visibly stirred the currents of politics or affected the movements of politicians. Perhaps a more vital issue, possibly because it affects every family so directly every day in the year, is the high cost of living. This was bound to come up for discussion, and the budget debate brought it to the surface immediately. There were also special debates upon the motion of Mr. Carroll, Liberal Member for S. Cape Breton, who moved the adjournment of the House in order to discuss the rapidly rising price of flour, and upon a similar motion made by Mr. Devlin of Wright to discuss the diversion of grain from the miller to the distiller.

Unavoidably Mr. Devlin's motion led to a debate on prohibition, and therefore found favor on both sides of the House. The debate on the price of flour, and, indeed, the debate on the high cost of living generally, has been more or less straggling. A member cannot very well discuss the "spread" between the price of wheat and the price of flour unless he knows how many bushels of wheat it takes to make a barrel of flour. Then too his views are influenced by the fact of whether he represents an urban or a rural constituency.

YET, through the froth and foam of the debate one could discern certain currents of opinion among members of the House that may be worth noting, for no doubt they represent a similar diversity of sentiment throughout the country. Sir Herbert Ames, a man of undoubted patriotism and at the same time a man of great wealth and a large employer of labor took the position that as everybody was getting high prices nobody was being hurt. Wages, he said, had advanced to a point undreamed of in our history. Employment was universal, and pauperism had almost disappeared. Mr. John Webster, of Brockville, for years in the cheese business, and in daily touch with the prosperous farmers along the St. Lawrence, defended the high prices asked by the producers for milk, butter, cheese and bacon. The farmer, he pointed out, had to pay much more than formerly for his live stock, for his feed and for his labor. He was getting more money but not a great deal more profit. At any rate, he had been carrying on business for years almost at a loss, and was entitled to share in the general prosperity.

Other members, notably Mr. W. F. Cockshutt, of Brantford, took the position that a large section of the community was being ground between the millstones of high wages for artisans and high prices for farm products. When wages go up everything goes up that wages can buy. This means, of course that house rent and clothing have gone soaring as well as food. Hence Mr. Cockshutt and those who agree with him say the people with fixed incomes, the salaried class, and the dependent families of soldiers, were never so badly off as they are at present.

This
New Department
—by the Dean of the Ottawa Press Gallery—
will give the readers of CANADA MONTHLY an inside view of the political machinery of the Dominion and various Provinces. Tom King's views are entirely from a news angle—they are not partisan.

FINALLY, there were Liberal members from the free trade belt of Western Canada who could see no speedy relief except in a radical reduction of tariff duties. They want the farmer to be able to import his implements free of duty. Quite possibly the tariff plank of the Liberal platform in the coming national campaign will be fashioned out of the amendments to be offered in the budget debate. By the time this is printed these amendments will have been offered and voted down, and they are likely to embody demands for the removal of the tariff duties from farm implements, lumber and cement.

Whether the Liberals made much of an argument or not against the government they at least voiced a general complaint against the high cost of living. That complaint, so far as it evidences dissatisfaction, is a complaint against the government. Many politicians here think it is the best card the Liberals have to play in the coming campaign.

The women will vote as well as the men, when we come to choose the next parliament. A hungry man is apt to be critical, but a woman who finds herself unable to get what she thinks she ought to have for her children is even more likely to hold the government of the day responsible.

Sir Thos. White Acting Prime Minister during Sir Robert Borden's absence

AND this brings us to the question of votes for women, which may yet be a lively party issue at the present session of parliament. Ordinarily suffrage should be a provincial question, but by a series of accidents it has become unavoidably an issue in Dominion politics.

Five of the nine provinces, to wit, British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Ontario, have enfranchised women. Women, beyond doubt, will vote for members of the legislature in each of these provinces at the next provincial elections. Whether they will get on the election lists in the various provinces in time to vote for members of the Dominion parliament at the next Dominion general election must largely depend upon the date of that election. Were parliament to be dissolved and a Dominion election held in June, there would be nothing for it in Ontario but to use the election lists of 1916, and of course, upon these lists the names of women do not appear except the limited number who, a year ago, had the municipal franchise. On the other hand, if the Dominion election is deferred until the Fall, or later, the Ontario lists for 1917 will be made up, and these will include the names of all women in Ontario over twenty-one and of British citizenship.

So far, so good. If the provinces were allowed to decide the qualifications of voters at Dominion as well as provincial elections there could be no doubt that sex disqualification would cease to exist for electoral purposes west of the Ottawa River. But, perhaps inadvertently, the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, are unable to enfranchise women for Dominion election purposes, because Sections 32 and 33 of Part Two of the Dominion Elections Act say:

> In the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, except as in this Act otherwise provided, every male person shall be qualified to vote at the election of a member under this Act, who, not being an Indian, is a British subject and of the full age of twenty-one years, and has resided in the province for at least twelve months.

Shortly after the Liberals came into power in 1896 they repealed the Dominion Franchise Act, and since then provincial lists have been used for Dominion elections. Ordinarily one would think that parliament would simply repeal the clause of the Dominions Elections Act above quoted so as to give all the provinces home rule in this matter. The Prime Minister, however, is on record as saying that all or none of the women of Canada should be allowed to vote at the Dominion Elections.

Since the above was written the suffrage debate has occurred in the House and the Prime Minister has declared that all the women shall vote by federal franchise at the coming election. While lawyers do not agree on the point the Minister of Justice has decided that provincial legislation cannot enfranchise women in any province for Dominion purposes. If he be right the women of Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia are in precisely the same position as their sisters in Saskatchewan and Alberta. However, the point is no longer important because the women are hereafter to vote in federal elections from sea to sea.

The budget debate proved to be considerably longer than the budget itself, which consisted of nothing more than a change in the war tax on business profits. The tax is considerably increased, running up, on a graduated scale, to 75% on all profits above 20%. This proposal, the only one made by Sir Thomas White in the budget speech, seemed to meet with general approval from both sides of the House. Some Opposition members thought that Great Britain and Australia had gone even farther in the way of commandeering business profits for the State, but they admitted that the new budget, after all, went pretty far.

The only line of division along party lines relates to a personal income tax. The government may come to a personal income tax later on, but it inclines to the belief that it would cost more than it would produce.

The present session of parliament assembled on January 18th, and, in order to permit the Prime Minister to attend the Imperial Conference, passed a great deal of legislation. Then the House adjourned for ten weeks, and reassembled on April 19th. When the members got together they found that between what they had already done in January and what the government had done during the recess a great many subjects they wished to debate had been practically removed from the realm of discussion. For example, parliament had already voted five hundred million dollars for war expenditure up to March 31st, 1918. This does not foreclose all discussion on the conduct of the war, but it has a tendency to prevent any frontal attack on the government. Then, again, the Ross Rifle, always a fruitful subject for controversial discussion, has been practically eliminated by the govern-

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Business vs. Booze

WHAT EIGHT MONTHS OF PROHIBITION HAS SHOWN ONTARIO

By R. Goldwin Smith

Illustrated from Photographs

Old Toronto Jail "over the Don" closed for lack of boarders

WHAT is a "Legger?" Every condition has its by-products. Every new condition creates its own by-products, and sometimes they are so original that names have to be coined for them. Well, a "Legger" is a by-product of Prohibition. When bars are closed down for good and the retail sale of booze is forbidden by law, there are naturally some dry men walking the streets. Now, a "Legger" is on the look out for such a man. A "Legger" carries his retail store in the leg of his boot. if he wears high ones, and somewhere else, if his boots are not a convenient vehicle. His retail store is a flask of whisky, which he sells at so much a swallow. When the "Legger" meets a man he knows, who also knows him, it is a simple matter for both to retire to a secluded spot and put through a deal successfully. Of course the police are on the watch for this form of peddling, for which no licenses are granted. To negotiate an exchange of "liquid assets" therefore, requires certain skill. Anybody, for instance, who happens to have the traditional "nose," may at any time expect to be transfixed by the gaze of a passer-by. If he is one of the susceptible, his fate, like that of the bridegroom in "The Ancient Mariner," is sealed:

"It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
'By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?'"

Ontario has been dry for eight months. On the sixteenth of September, 1916, the Provincial statute became effective closing all bars and retail stores within the borders of Ontario. During the first six months of the "dry" period people of every walk in life have been watching intently for results. There certainly have been results and to the observant some of them are interesting. Some have a nose for "booze" and some have a nose for "news," and each, if he seeks diligently will find, and each in his way may be carried to excesses. For instance, the writer left the office of one well-informed authority, who could not say too much in favor of Prohibition, and walked into the arms of another, who claimed he had inside knowledge, and declared that vice had been thriving since Prohibition became effective. When questioned, the prophet of vice gave startling details concerning what had been going on in certain quarters of the City of Toronto, now known to the police, and submitted the conclusion, that if the habitual drunkard could not quench his thirst, he would find some other vicious medium for satisfying his excited nervous system. Now, when the writer had secured his balance once more and resumed his inquiry, he came to his own conclusion, that, whereas the first authority had been faithfully tracing the records of the true products of Prohibition, the other, who was also an authority, had been studying the course of certain spasmodic by-products, with which every beneficial enactment is conditioned. The one study is surely as important as the other, and all that one requires is sufficient breadth of vision to fit the existing good and evil into their proper places.

Prohibition—Loss and Gain

HAS Ontario benefited by Prohibition? There are some people, who could not get "squiffy," without almost passing through "the dark valley," who will not hear of Prohibition being a good thing for the community,

because they argue that Prohibition is an evil in itself. It interferes with "personal liberty." Well, everybody loves personal liberty, but few complain of the law rigidly enforced to the effect that a motor-car must not drive on the left side of the street. Now, it has been pointed out above that various answers have been given to the question that opens this paragraph. What weight have the arguments of those who think that Prohibition has had bad results ?

In the first place the business of numerous citizens has been wrecked. The suppression of the bars has closed a score of hotels in Toronto, that were hitherto prosperous. This has resulted in scarcity of good, cheap accommodation. In answer to this one needs but search the city and discover what hotels have gone out of business. Only those which existed as an excuse for the "bar." What has become of these hotels ? The tinsel is rusting on the walls of those, which have not already been transformed into stores, temperance drink bars and restaurant counters. The fact, however, that all of these locations, many of which are among the best in the city, have not been profitably utilized is that real estate in general is dead in Toronto.

Cost of Sobriety

THE voice of the people spoke loudly for Prohibition and they got it. An inevitable result of such an enactment is that hereafter the people will have to pay more for "dry" accommodation. Hitherto when the innocent traveller came to town and stayed at the hotel, his board was partly paid by the "boozer." Think of that ! What vicarious giving ! What promiscuous charity was given and taken !

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd
It droppeth as a gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed,
It blesses him that gives and him that takes."

But the people of Ontario did not see the situation in that light, or else they saw too late. The result is that those drinking-haunts that did not give real accommodation have naturally been deprived of their visible means of support. Now, events have proved with them that they should not have been in existence any way, because they were all the time breaking the spirit of the law, which demands that all hotels should be suitable places for bed and board. All hotels which have reasonable accommodation for bed and board have it in their power to continue to subsist. There is only one sane thing to do. Travellers must have suitable accommodation. Let hotelmen provide this and establish a charge that will return them a reasonable profit. There will be a profit in communities for good "dry" hotels, under this condition, but the sooner the public awake to the changed conditions, the better it will be for all concerned.

The second thing the "wets" claim is that vice is flourishing under cover. It is true that "Leggers" and "blind pigs" have sprung into being as a result of the banishment of the retail sale of liquors. It is a question, then, as to which is the greater evil, the open bar or its two alternatives. Well, in the first place the open bar was under the patronage of the people, which gave it a certain respectability. Notice ! The alternatives are "under cover." Now a large percentage of men (The writer speaks with authority) who would drink at the bar, refuse to go "under cover" for it. Blind pigs and "Leggers" are plentiful. Neither police nor social workers will deny that. They are working in co-operation to suppress the traffic, with material success, according to police records and the statements of social workers.

Five bartenders were required to care for customers at this Toronto bar before Sept. 16, 1916. It is now a club for returned soldiers

Sobriety and Thrift.

THE stories that social workers related to the writer when questioned as to the noticeable effects of Prohibition in Ontario, would gladden the heart of an inebriate. "When John came home one night last October and unwrapped a new suit of clothes for himself, I nearly fell over," confided one woman to a social worker the writer interviewed, and added: "It was the first time he had done it in ten years." Now, that was a homely and intimate occurrence, which serves to illustrate what is going on all over the province. It represents, sobriety, thrift and happiness. The writer told the social worker that incidents were easy to find on both sides. "May be," said he, "but will you tell me why our board were forced to find a new field of labor for the man who used to superintend our lodging-house. There are practically no lodgers now. (The lodging-house mentioned is a charity institution well known in the City of Toronto as a refuge for the transient needy.) To confirm these views, the writer has inquired into the operations of certain church charity boards and the same conditions are reported. There is practically no need for charity.

Decrease In Drunkenness

ONE must be cautious in using statistics at the present time to substantiate any argument, for or against, in a question like Prohibition. Figures now available at police headquarters will be given. Some people dispute the authority of these figures in view of the fact that a large number of people are out of the country at present. Now, it is quite true that men of fine instincts, who have become subject to certain vicious habits, would naturally fly to arms, in their country's hour of need and thus redeem their lives. Men, with whom the writer has talked, however, do not consider that the number of men of this class, who have gone to the front, are out of proportion to the

number who were not addicted to vicious habits, who have enlisted. As Deputy Chief of Police Archibald, of Toronto, remarked to the writer, the number of crimes committed are relatively few. Most of the cases in the courts are mere breaches of the city by-laws.

With these facts in full view, it will be interesting to review what Toronto police records have to show. It is perhaps superfluous to state that Prohibition in Ontario, as far as it is in force, has had the effect of decreasing the number of cases of drunkenness. One can go further and say that the decrease is very material. In the minds of a good many people this alone would vindicate the new law. The Prohibition law went into force on September 16th, 1916. That means that there were fifteen dry weeks in that year. During the whole of 1916, in the City of Toronto, 9,639 cases for drunkenness were tried in the police court; in 1915 the number was 11,232. Deputy Chief of Police Archibald, in giving these figures, stated that the bulk of the decrease shown in 1916 occurred during the closing quarter of the year.Another class of offence that is closely allied to drunkenness and which is chiefly due to drink is disorderliness. During 1916 there were 1435 cases in court, as compared with 2,429 cases in 1915. According to police officials there were practically no disorderly cases during the closing quarter of 1916.

There are certain people with a zeal for unprejudiced judgment who declare that Prohibition does not account for the decrease in figures, because so many men, who would otherwise be frequently in the police courts for drunkenness and disorderliness, are at the front. In view of this statement, examine the following comparative table:

Cases of drunkenness in court in Toronto:

	1916	1915
Male	9,147	10,624
Female	492	608
Total	9,639	11,232

Notice the figures covering women inebriates, and yet women do not go to war. If Prohibition has decreased drink among women, why should it not decrease the number of inebriates among the men ?

The figures with regard to cases of disorderly conduct tell the same story:

Cases of disorderly conduct in court in Toronto:

	1916	1915
Males	1,372	2,345
Females	63	84
Totals	1,435	2,429

Fewer women have been apprehended for this form of lawlessness since prohibition came into effect.

Previous to the 16th of September, 1916, it was the prerogative of Inspectors at Police substations to dismiss, without trial, first and sometimes second offences for drunkenness without bringing the offenders to trial. Since that date every single case has been tried. Obviously this fact strengthens the case for Prohibition.

During the first 33 weeks since Prohibition there were 2563 cases for drunkenness in Toronto. This is at the rate of 4,039 for the year, and compares with 11,232 cases during the wet year 1915.

Statistics may be used for purposes of misrepresentation, but their truth and value have often been maligned. Police statistics in the larger Ontario communities, outside Toronto, indicate

Photo British and

J. W. Flavelle

Chairman of the Ontario License Board, whose task it is to hunt out the Leggers

that with few exceptions both drink cases and total offences tried by magistrates have decreased in number in marked degree since Prohibition came into force. The figures for the closing quarters, 1916 and 1915 in 33 large communities follow:

Drink Cases		Total Cases	
1916	1915	1916	1915
2286	5388	10,587	14,425

In face of these facts, the sobering and law-abiding effects of Prohibition can scarcely be denied. It will be of value, perhaps, to give the reports from police magistrates for the three months ending December 31st, 1916, and 1915 in detail:

Dec. 31, 1915-16.

	Drunkenness Cases Tried		Total Offenses Tried	
	1915	1916	1915	1916
Barrie	17	4	37	46
Belleville	42	15	107	69
Berlin	9	3	120	82
Brantford	152	16	354	260
Brockville	34	26	61	62
Chatham	39	6	101	103
Cobalt	1	11	102	93
Cobourg	15	4	48	84
Cornwall	12	11	30	42
Galt	5	2	54	24
Guelph	17	18	117	104
Hamilton	498	61	1341	749
Kingston	96	51	190	102
London	367	134	783	501
Lindsay	3	4	24	31
Niagara Falls	37	240	120	334
North Bay	18	4	38	23
Orillia	18	6	39	32
Oshawa	11	8	104	45
Ottawa	286	234	587	607
Owen Sound	35	19	183	140
Peterborough	98	24	211	110
Port Arthur	189	56	277	147
Port Hope	7	0	23	11
Sarnia	106	101	200	178
Sault Ste. Marie	46	126	157	221
Smith's Falls	3	7	23	17
St. Catharines	172	19	361	215
St. Thomas	20	2	81	53
Stratford	31	2	118	75
Windsor	80	99	118	252
Woodstock	15	10	75	83
Toronto	2908	953	8291	5682

Among the municipalities listedabove appear several notable exceptions. The cities of Ottawa, Sarnia, Sault Ste. Marie and Windsor show a maked increase in cases of drunkenness and in total offences against the law. There is, however, a special reason for this condition in these cities. They are on the border in close proximity to centers where liquors are available at retail. Perhaps nothing demonstrates more clearly the cleansing social effects of Prohibition than the contrast in police records between those cities in close proximity to the open bars in Quebec and the United States and those cities distant from the borders.

Economy and Booze

IN dealing with the economic effects of Prohibition in its larger aspects, statistics may be improperly used, because other factors are operative. Here the influence of war cannot be denied. Everybody has money in the bank, because everybody has lucrative employment," is an argument some people use. Nevertheless, if the boozer had more money coming in from week to week would he not drink more ? Moreover war wages were in full swing before Prohibition came into effect in Ontario, yet since September 1916, savings de-

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The Vow of Silence

By Alice Hegan Rice

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

UP from the banks of Kentucky River, Gray Knob rose rugged and uncouth. Two lonesome cabins stood upon the clearing on its summit, stood and glared at each other in fair weather and foul, as if determined to stare each other out of countenance. The larger cabin was evidently getting the advantage of it; it stood forth clean, firm, and aggressive, while the smaller one leaned shiftlessly against the hillside, apparently indifferent as to what supported it, the flowers on the dilapidated sill as impertinent as a posy in the buttonhole of a beggar.

In these dwellings lived the Skittleses, Mrs. Skittles in the self-respecting cabin, and Mr. Skittles in the shiftless one, and between them lay fifty feet of beautiful green hillside and an ominous vow of silence.

"Pretty goings on," sniffed Mrs. Skettles to the ceiling

One blustery day Mrs. Skittles was carrying on a vigorous cleaning campaign; she charged down the middle of the kitchen floor with her broom, then made a left oblique, and a right oblique, coming to a position of rest at the cabin door. She was large and imposing, with a figure that had made no concessions to forty years of hard work. She was a veteran in the army of labor, but not from the ranks; Mrs. Skittles had ever been in command. Her communications to the world were still issued in the form of orders, and she marched through life on schedule time, wanting to court-martial all who failed to follow instructions.

In her small encampment upon the clearing, there was but one deserter. Two years ago Mr. Skittles had found the martial life too strenuous, and, failing in his duties, had been condemned to solitary confinement in the cabin adjoining that of his superior officer. For a living he stripped tobacco, for a diversion he chewed it. He still accepted his rations daily, in a tin bucket, which was carried to him from the mess-room by one of the little Skittles, in return for which he was expected to render obedience to Mrs. Skittles, who, though no word was spoken, used a code of signals at once coercive and harassing.

As she stood at the door of the cabin, she shaded her eyes with her hand and looked up the river:

"It must be gittin' on to twelve o'clock," she said; "I heard the Little Sandy whistle four times since breakfast. Rhoda Ray," she called over her shoulder, "have you seen the children comin' home from the village?"

Rhoda Ray, long and lank, emerged from the bedroom. She had drab skin and weak little drab eyes that looked patiently out from under a mop of drab hair. Her calico dress was cut at the exact slant to display to the worst advantage a pair of knocked knees. Her mother's question seemed to strike her dumb with confusion, not that her lips were sealed; it was a marked characteristic of Rhoda Ray that she never closed her mouth when it was possible to keep it open. After a moment's hesitation she stammered:

"I seen 'em comin' up 'bout a hour ago."

Mrs. Skittles tossed her head angrily. "No use to say no more, Rhoda Ray; I know where they are at."

Throwing a shawl about her shoulders she stalked across the strip of land that divided the two cabins. Before she reached the door she heard shrieks of merriment from within, which served as fuel to the fire of her wrath. On the threshold she paused, an avenging deity about to descend upon the unconscious revelers.

The interior of the room presented an aspect of startling contrasts. In the corner was an unmade cot, covered by an old piece of rag carpet, while beside it stood an imposing self-rocker, upholstered in crimson plush. On the plain wooden walls hung two multicolored chromos, resplendent in wide gold frames, while beneath them stood a stove decrepit with age and general debility.

Mrs. Skittles viewed these objects with increasing ire, for Mr. Skittles, be it known, was a chronic victim of the instalment plan, and his utter inability to withstand the allurements of traveling agents had been the rock upon which their

"Is it goin' to be punkin or apple, maw?"

conjugal felicity had been wrecked.

As she stood there wrathfully recalling the past, five ecstatic shrieks recalled the present. On top of the deal table, in the center of the room, five noisy little Skittles were clinging and laughing, and crowding one another, while from under the table Mr. Skittles, with his coat tied over his head, made frantic grabs at stray legs and arms, emitting dreadful growls and snarling with ferocious intensity.

Suddenly there was a pause. The bear subsided. Bud Skittles slid to the floor and slipped past his mother, while Lottie, Susan and Eddie Jo helped three-year-old Ted down from the table. Only Jinnie was left, sitting cross-legged in the center of the table, fascinated into immovability by her mother's fixed glare.

"Jinnie," exclaimed Mrs. Skittles in awful tones, "you tell yer paw to come right out from under that fool table."

Jinnie obediently repeated the message, and Mr. Skittles clambered forth with as much dignity as his enveloped head and the obstructing table legs would permit. He was a small, slight man, with slanting shoulders, from which his arms dangled in a perpetual state of relaxation. His straggling beard but half concealed the weak mouth where a vacillating smile was ever on the point of breaking through. But if his mouth smiled his eyes belied it, for a more pathetic pair of appealing eyes were never raised to an irate master. He stood now, humbled and disheveled, as guilty as the children at being caught in mischief.

"Pretty goin's on," sniffed Mrs. Skittles to the ceiling. "Here I be, hustlin' round from sun up to the steamboat whistle, an' you onery children, 'stid of bein' down yonder strippin' terbaccer, a foolin' round here. Clear out everyone of you 'cept Jinnie; she kin stay and clean up this here pigsty." Whereupon, slowly directing her searchlight from the ceiling to Mr. Skittles, she pointed with a long and rigid finger to the unmade bed, to the soiled dishes in the corner, coming to an awful and accusing halt at Mr. Skittles's stocking feet. Then, with a snort of indignation, she backed herself out of the doorway, the children scattering before her like leaves before a whirlwind.

Mr. Skittles, left alone with the plump Jinnie, cautiously closed the door, then sank dejectedly into the plush rocker. Each fresh reprimand from Mrs. Skittles added to his burden of contrition, for, remiss as he had been in other duties, he had never faltered in loyal allegiance to his leader.

Jinnie let herself down from the table and, going to him, put her arm about his neck. "Don't you care," she said recklessly; "I love you heap better than I do maw."

This blasphemy roused Mr. Skittles to protest: "Oh, no you don't, Jinnie; yer maw's a wonderful woman. I never was good enough fer her; her fambly all said so when we was married. She deserved to git a first-class husband 'stid of me."

"I love you best," insisted Jinnie, hugging his head to her breast.

He patted her cheek tenderly and drew her down in the chair beside him. She snuggled up close and, holding tight to his hand, tried to direct his thoughts to a more pleasant subject.

"Ain't you got any secrets to tell me to-day?" she asked slyly.

Mr. Skittles's face underwent a transformation. The look of dejection gave way to one of sudden interest.

"Well, ef I ain't clean forgot to tell you!" he exclaimed.

Jinnie clapped her hands in delight. "Cross my heart and body, make a big ring and a spot in the middle, I won't tell!"

"Well," said Mr. Skittles, peering anxiously around the side of the chair to see that the door was secure, and sinking his voice to a whisper, "I'm a making a new investment."

"Is it a melojeon, Pa?"

"No," said Mr. Skittles, pursing up his lips with some show of importance

"I can't say it's a melojeon, Jinnie. I was a-hanging between a melojeon an' a writin' dext, as you know. But this here is a new offer; it's a patent an' a combination."

"What is it ?" demanded Jinnie impatiently.

"Well," drawled Mr. Skittles, gaining time and courage, "it's a usefu'ler article than a melojeon; it kin be used in the field and in the house, to fetch and carry in the day-time and to set on at night." Mr. Skittles counted off these attractions on Jinnie's fat fingers.

"A bucket ?" asked Jinnie incredulously.

"No, madam !" said Mr. Skittles; "it's a guarantee patent easy-cheer an' wheelbarrer."

Jinnie's face fell. "O Pa, why didn't you stick to the melojeon ? You don't need no wheelbarrow."

"But the easy-cheer, Jinnie ! It sorter folds up inside itself an' looks jes' like a natural cheer, then you turn a peg an' the fus' thing you know ther's a patent wheelbarrer, easy runnin', light as a feather, an' strong as—as—ennything."

"Where's it at ?"

Mr. Skittles again surveyed the closed door and winked significantly at the woodshed.

Jinnie was silent a moment, wrestling with a new thought. "Say, Pa," she asked, "have you got through payin' fer the clock ?"

Mr. Skittles's face fell. "Well, no, I ain't quite," he confessed, "but that's with a nother company. It ain't the same thing at all; this here is a new concern, twenty cents a week till you pay up."

"Will they take it away from you, like they did them picture-books ?"

"Oh, no. This here is a good, honest concern. The agent said so."

This doubt being removed, Jinnie began to take a lively interest in the wheelbarrow, and Mr. Skittles, encouraged by her sympathy, drew largely upon his imagination in recounting the marvelous possibilities of his new investment. When the dinner bell sounded from the other cabin, Jinnie rose reluctantly. "I 'spect you better spread up yer bed, an' empty out yer wash pan," she advised; "it's awful mussy in here."

"That's right," said Mr. Skittles, approvingly; "I'll jes' do that very thing. Jinnie !" he called as she started, "the fus' time you and Bud git a chance you slip around to the woodshed an' take a peek at it."

Meanwhile Mrs. Skittles, having with great dispatch cleaned and brushed and fed each little Skittles, ordered them into the corner of the kitchen with positive instructions that they were not to come beyond a certain crack in the ffoor. There was an air of unusual importance about Mrs. Skittles this afternoon. She marched back and forth to the pantry, measuring flour and lard and making frequent references to a much-thumbed cook-book.

Only once did the group in the corner venture an inquiry: "Is it goin' to be punkin or apple, Maw ?"

"I ain't a-sayin'," said Mrs. Skittles loftily; "it never did bring a pie no luck to talk about it beforehand." She rolled the dough with a firm hand, pinching it and spanking it with the skill of one practiced in those arts.

"I know," whispered Eddie Jo; "it's sweet pertater."

Mrs. Skittles kneaded and measured and stirred in absorbed silence. "Rhoda Ray," she presently demanded, "reach me that there allspice on the corner of the shelf. The can this way."

Rhoda Ray, glad to be ordered on the scene of action, looked on while her mother liberally sprinkled the contents through the mixture.

"Yours took the blue ribbon at the pie social last year, didn't it, Maw ?" she asked in a conciliatory tone.

"Find yer girl, Jenk," cried several from the rear

"Jinnie," he called, piteously; "Jinnie, yer ain't dead yit, air ye"

"Four years," said Mrs. Skittles, "apple, lemon, mince, an' punkin."

"Who's a-goin' with you to-night ?" Rhoda Ray was emboldened to inquire.

Mrs. Skittles held herself erect and spoke with emphasis: "Every single one of you includin' Teddie. Yer paw, Mr. Jenkins Skittles, ain't a person to be trusted with a blind kitten."

This announcement, that the entire family was to be allowed to engage in the festivities of the pie social in a few hours, threw the light brigade into riotous disorder. Sudden joy is as demoralizing as sudden grief, but Mrs. Skittles did not believe in anticipation.

That evening, about dusk, she charged down the hill with her little company. Carried before her, carefully enveloped in napkins, was the sweet potato pie, upon which rested the responsibility of sustaining her reputation as the best cook in the county. Behind her came the little Skittleses, rejoicing in the unusual combination of Sunday clothes and week-day manners.

Mr. Skittles, sitting on the top rail of the fence with his feet hooked under the lower, surveyed the procession with surprise. He waited until Mrs. Skittles was well in advance, then he plucked at Rhoda Ray's dress.

"Say," he whispered with excited interest, "where are you all goin' at ?"

Rhoda Ray, following the maternal example, tilted her drab head and stalked disdainfully on. In vain did he seek information from each of the children in turn; even Jinnie was too intent upon her expedition to pause long enough to explain its object.

Mr. Skittles, left alone on the fence, followed the little procession with wistful eyes until the twilight hid it from view. The stick he was whittling dropped from his fingers, his head sank upon his breast; now and then he drew his coat sleeve across his eyes. Deeper and deeper grew the dusk, in a near-by willow a whippoorwill told its troubles to the coming night, still Mr. Skittles, forlorn and deserted, kept silent watch in the lonesome clearing.

Down in the village schoolhouse the merriment ran high. Forty pies stood on a long table at the head of which the Reverend Mr. Zim acted as auctioneer. Around the table stood the bidders, young men and old, the former arrayed for the most part in negligee shirts, frock coats, and satin neckties. The matrons and maids sat around the wall, each one next to a vacant chair, waiting to share their respective pies with whosoever should buy them.

"Here," cried the Reverend Mr. Zim balancing a dome of cocoanut on his hand, and eloquently pointing out its merits, "here is a morsel fit for the gods. Look at that filling, as pure and white as the fallen snow. It's enough to wet the mouth with appetite of them as so much as looks upon it ! Who'll bid ten cents ? Fifteen ? Fifteen ! I ain't a-saying who baked it, but Sally Woodruff is a-blushing mighty pink over there in the corner. What ! twenty-five ? Going, going, gone ! at-twenty-five cents to Mr. Zack Wilson. Here's your number. and you can find your partner and eat your pie."

Zack, with pleased embarrassment, turned confidently to Sally only to find that old Mrs. Duffy held his number. The company laughed uproariously while Zack shared his pie with his stout companion, the cocoanut turning to sawdust under Sally's scoffing glances.

In the midst of the uproar a head was thrust in at the door. It was a shaggy head, and the ragged body that followed it was out of keeping with the gala attire of the rest of the company. But a chorus of welcoming shouts arose nevertheless.

"Hello, Jenk Skittles! Where did you come from ?"

"Did you blow down from yer roost, Jenk ?"

"Come right along in and git in the game."

Mr. Skittles, smiling apologetically and trying to smooth down his flying locks, edged forward. A hurried glance had failed to reveal Mrs. Skittles, sitting bolt upright in solemn state at the far end of the room.

"Bid one on a pie, Jenk !" cried some one in the crowd. "Put up a good one, Zim, and we'll make him buy it."

Mr. Skittles, laughing and weakly protesting, was pushed to the front.

"Started at ten," called the Reverend Zim, "as fine a pie as ever seen the oven. Ten ! ten ! Whoever'll make it fifteen ? Why, I'm 'shamed to name that sum in the hearing of that pie ! Twenty-five ? Going at twenty-five ! Thirty ? Good ! Who'll bid thirty-five ?"

Mr. Skittles, urged onward by the shouting men, continued to raise it, oblivious to the fact that he was bidding against himself.

"Knocked down to Mr. Jenkins Skittles at forty-five cents, the highest price of the evening," said the Reverend Zim, as he handed down the pie and the number.

"Find yer girl, Jenk," cried several from the rear, and Mr. Skittles started on his romantic quest, a flutter of expectancy in his heart and the pie in his hand. Down the line he passed, eagerly scanning the numbers on the chairs. Suddenly he paused. He had found his number. In the accompanying chair sat Mrs. Skittles, rigid and unwinking.

The hilarity escaped from the company as promptly as the gas from a pricked balloon. The village respected if it did not admire, Mrs. Skittles, and it realized that the situation was serious

Continued on page 96.

The Gregory Morton Mystery

By Charles Cabot

Illustrated by John Drew

For Synopsis of previous instalments see page 103.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHAT THE MORNING BROUGHT

I TOOK the Doctor's hint quite literally, and with no more preparation for a night's sleep than simply taking off my coat and hanging it over a chair within easy reach, I stretched myself out on the bed.

The next thing I knew I was sitting up in bed wondering where I was, wondering whether what had wakened me was part of an uneasy dream I had been having, or a real outcry. The next moment I was wide awake, out of bed and struggling into my coat, all in the same flash of time, for the cry had come to my ears again.

I flung open my door and encountered Virginia in the corridor.

Without a word we hurried into the room where we had left the doctor. It was empty, but the next moment we saw him bending over Mr. Heatherfield's bed in the adjoining room. He heard the door open, and presently came to the doorway and spoke to us.

"I am sorry you were alarmed," he said; "I don't believe it is anything. Mr. Heatherfield cried out in his sleep, but he appears to have dozed off again. I doubt if it is anything more serious than a bad dream."

"Well," said Virginia, an almost playful note coming into her voice in the revulsion from mere momentary alarm, "you are not going to send us back to bed again, are you? It is morning already."

She glanced toward the window as she spoke. The dawn was indeed already brightening the window-panes. To add force to her argument, she extinguished all the candles in the room and drew back the curtains.

"There is one point about which I have no doubt," said the doctor. "The chemical formula for that secret reagent of your father's should not be upon your father's person, or anywhere else where the violence of determined and desperate men can get it. I shall be very much easier when it is safely deposited in the vaults of the Credit Lyonnaise at Paris. If he proves strong enough to travel when he wakes, then he will take it to Paris himself. If he is not, then one of us must go."

Then through the open windows came the pulsing throb of a motor-car. It was coming down the main street of the town, headed in the direction of Tours, not running fast, and presently, from the sound, it became evident that it was going to stop before the entrance to our inn.

As if the stop were to be but momentary, however, the man driving the car threw out his clutch, but did not kill his engine, and we heard a voice cry out in French:

"Look alive in there, somebody! How much farther is it to Tours?"

At the sound of that voice the doctor sprang to the window, then almost as quickly retreated from it. He spoke to me in a voice dry with suppressed excitement:

"Come here, my friend, but come cautiously. I can identify three of the gentlemen in this car. Come and see if you know the fourth."

I approached the window with caution as the doctor bade me. The car I saw was coated white with dust, and two of its tires were flat. They had had a long run that night, and probably a hard one. The first face I saw looking out from the tonneau was the face of Alexander Duggleby. He, of course, was not the one the doctor called me to identify. The chauffeur I did not know, nor the man who sat beside him, but the other occupant of the tonneau was the wall-eyed lodge-keeper.

CHAPTER XX.

THE AFFAIR IN THE PARCEL-ROOM.

THE doctor's eyes were sparkling, and there was a smile on his lips.

"Do you know that fourth man?" said he.

I nodded.

"He's the man who took my picture in the grounds of the chateau yesterday."

"I thought so," he observed. "Well, my friend, we seem to be getting toward the heart of the affair. There they are and here are we."

"Our enemy is shrewder than we thought him," said I. "He has discovered that his real quarry is not in the parcel-room at Tours, but here in the inn at Mettray."

"Well, we shall see," said the doctor. "Now is the time to use our eyes, not our voices. Our friends out there seem to be growing impatient."

Indeed, Morton, if that was his true name, had dismounted from the car and was tugging violently at the inn bell, balling lustily to the landlord all the while.

"Not exactly the way they would proceed if they meant to take us by surprise," commented the doctor.

"Do you think," I exclaimed in astonishment—"do you

I sat wondering what fate had in store for us

think they don't know we are here?"

The doctor nodded with a smile.

"What a situation!" he whispered. "What a situation!"

The ringing and the shouting had at last produced an effect. We heard a window opening below us and a sleepy, irritated voice calling out:

"What is it you want?"

"How far is it to Tours?" Morton demanded.

"Nine kilometers, imbecile," said the voice. "Can't you read the sign-posts?"

Morton saw fit to ignore both the epithet and the question, and turning to his friends in the car, entered into what appeared to be a lively discussion, though we could hear none of it.

Presently he turned back to the landlord, who had evidently been just on the point of closing his window again.

"Well," said the traveler, "two flat tires and five o'clock in the morning make even nine kilometers seem too far. Can you make us decently comfortable here?"

"But most assuredly," said the landlord, becoming affable at once. "Wait just a moment, *monsieur*, while I open the door."

"Well, be quick about it," said Morton. "We have been all night coming here from Chartres, and have lost our way a dozen times. I hope your beds are ready."

The window beneath us closed with a slam, and then we heard another voice, low but very distinct. Duggleby was speaking for the first time addressing Morton in English.

"You're a clumsy liar," he said. "Why did you explain where we had been?"

Whatever answer Morton may have made I do not know, for the sound of Duggleby's voice coming in through our still open window had an effect alarming as it was unexpected upon the old man.

Up to that moment, so Virginia assured us afterward, he had seemed quite unaware of what was going on. He was lying quietly on his pillow, his mind totally absorbed by the effort to begin an orderly description of the preliminary processes of his discovery. But at the sound of that English voice, the voice of his relentless, remorseless enemy, he started bolt upright in the bed, his eyes staring like those of a man in a nightmare.

"The dream!" he gasped. "The dream is coming true!"

He turned and began groping wildly under the pillow for his precious envelope, and then everything happened so quickly that it was over before any of us could reach his side. He whispered the words "Too late," and with an inarticulate groan collapsed, face downward, upon the bed.

"For a person who calls himself an adventurer you make an extraordinary number of blunders

The suddenness of the shock startled Virginia into a terrified outcry. Then with a gesture of appeal she turned to the doctor, who was bending over the old man almost as soon as she was.

The next instant he had turned to me, and motioned me back to my station at the window. I obeyed without a word, hard as it was to resist the impulse to pause for a glance or a word of sympathy to Virginia.

Morton, the chauffeur, and the lodge-keeper were all out of the car, pacing nervously up and down before the inn, and occasionally casting glances, which I took to be apprehensive, down the road.

Duggleby alone remained in his seat in the tonneau, and I was rather puzzled to account for this fact until I noticed that he was very pale, and presently made out that his hand and forearm were rudely bandaged.

At last the landlord appeared, accompanied by a sleepy porter, whose tardiness he was berating in evident apology for his own.

"They sleep like the dead, these servants," he observed. Then turning on the man himself, he exclaimed ferociously:

"Come now, great camel that thou art, and take the luggage of these *messieurs* up to the first floor."

"We have not our luggage with us," said Morton, adding, after a second's hesitation: "We had it sent on from Chartres to Tours."

I was about to leave my position at the window when the doctor joined me.

"Is it serious?" I asked.

"Not fatal, I think," was the doctor's answer. "He has had a stroke of apoplexy, but I fancy he will survive it. It is very likely to leave him paralyzed, though. He may never be able to utter another intelligible word."

I had been forming a plan of action, while I stood there at the window, upon the doctor's hypothesis that our enemies did not know we were at the inn. They were plainly exhausted, and would, no doubt, sleep several hours, and my plan was simply to seize this opportunity to escape to Paris. I told this to the doctor.

"Out of the question," he said. "If we were going to do that, I might as well chloroform Mr. Heatherfield before we start. He must have absolute quiet for a week at least."

"It is a perverse sort of misfortune all around," I commented gloomily. "If the old man had had another hour, he could have given Virginia the facts she needs to offer his discovery elsewhere. As it is, he leaves her helpless."

"Oh, at the worst, it is not as bad as that," said he. "It is only a deadlock between her and the Dugglebys. They are as helpless as she is unless they can steal the contents of that envelope. That is, assuming, mark you," he went on, "that Mr. Heatherfield never recovers his powers of speech, and, also, that Christopher Morton is hand and glove with the Dugglebys."

"There is nothing very improbable about that latter assumption," I commented.

"Isn't there ?" he asked, the old look of amusement coming into his eyes. "Did you draw no inference whatever from the remark Duggleby made, the very remark which so shocked and terrified our venerable friend here ?"

"I am afraid not," said I.

"Well," he rejoined briskly, "this is no time to stand gossiping," and he turned back to his patient.

For two interminable hours we waited. At the end of that time it was apparent, even to my ignorance, that the first effect of the shock was passing. The loud, agonized breathing became quieter and the purple suffusion of the face gradually disappeared. At last the doctor looked at his watch:

"I can promise your father his life, at any rate," he said to Virginia. "He is drifting into a perfectly normal sleep which is the best thing he can do. And now it is time to do something for ourselves. The world will wear a different look after we have had breakfast."

I rang the bell, and presently there knocked at the door the same man whom the landlord had summoned from his early morning slumbers to assist in receiving the untimely guests. There was nothing sleepy about him now, however. He fairly bristled with excitement. Thinking he might have some news for us I was about to draw him into conversation, but the doctor took the affair out of my hands.

"An omelet for three," he said, "and coffee. Serve it here as quickly as you can. That's all."

"Yes, *monsieur*," said the man submissively, and he disappeared.

"I had an idea," I ventured, "that he might have told us something we should have found interesting."

"He might, and he will," said the doctor, "when he comes back with the breakfast. He will tell us all the more if he has no idea we are in the least interested."

The doctor rightly estimated his character, as was evident a few minutes later when the man returned. At last he said, in a feeble apologetic sort of way:

"Of course, *messieurs* have heard the news ?"

"I dare say we have," said the doctor serenely.

"Pardon, *monsieur*," said the waiter. "I think that is scarcely possible. It only happened last night, and very late."

"Indeed," said the doctor, "what is it ? Has the housemaid eloped with the cook ?"

"No, *monsieur*," said the waiter, "I am the housemaid myself, and *monsieur* the proprietor, he is the cook."

"Proceed with your news," said the doctor, "I suppose you will be incapable of serving breakfast until you have rid yourself of it."

"It occurred in Tours, *messieurs*, a most astonishing outrage. It happened in the railway station very late at night, when there were but few people, and those but half awake, in the waiting-room. But there might have been a thousand, for these three men showed the cunning and the resource of the devil himself."

"Apaches from Paris, I suppose," said the doctor. "What did they do ?"

"No doubt *monsieur* is right," assented the waiter. "One of them appeared at the door of the parcel-room, which at that hour is tended by an old woman. The wicket was unlocked and he entered, fumbling in his pockets as if to find his receipt. A companion of his appeared at that moment in the doorway.

" 'Come in here,' says the first man, 'I shall find the receipts in a moment and we have no time to waste. It will take this old woman an hour.'

"Whereupon the second man, who had the strength of three, *monsieur*, and the cunning and quickness of the devil, the second man entered the room. At that same moment a third man appeared in the doorway, thus preventing the persons in the waiting-room from seeing what was going on

"At that the second man, slipping around behind the old woman, seized her, and before she could cry out clapped a handkerchief saturated with chloroform over her mouth and nose. When she became unconscious they selected three or four of the bags and went away. No one knew anything whatever about the affair until in course of time the old woman recovered consciousness."

"Did the old woman make any resistence ?" inquired the doctor.

The waiter shrugged his shoulders.

"What could she do against that emissary of the devil ?" he said. "She had a pair of scissors in her hand, and with them she struck repeatedly at the hand which was clapped over her mouth and nose, but he minded that no more than pin-pricks."

"By the way," said the doctor, "I suppose they wore masks, these robbers ?"

"Not at all, *monsieur*," said the waiter. "They came quite openly as travelers."

The doctor yawned.

"Indeed," he said. "That is curious."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CIRCLE IN THE WALL

IT was a relief when the waiter was gone and we found ourselves at liberty to discuss the affair in the light of our own knowledge.

"It was neat," said I.

The doctor laughed:

"What would you ?" said he. "It was the work of M. Duggleby."

"It was he who held the old woman," I observed. "His hand was injured, for I noticed the bandage on it while he sat in the car. He probably minded it more than the waiter seems to think. He is indeed an extraordinary young man."

The doctor pushed back his chair.

"What is it your Shakespeare says: 'Season your admiration for a while'? The person whom I recommend to your immediate and most serious consideration is the young man who calls himself Christopher Morton."

"You seem more skeptical about him than you were last night," said I. "What's the reason ?"

"Just a series of inferences," said the doctor. "I will give you the data for them and let you follow them out yourself. Here are the two facts I want you to consider without prejudice:

"First, on their arrival, M. Duggleby allowed himself the luxury of calling this alleged Christopher Morton 'a clumsy liar.' The second fact is that this same Christopher Morton, without even the protection of a mask, was undoubtedly one of the three men who assisted in looting the parcel-room. The only one of the three, in fact, who took a speaking part."

With a bow to Virginia, but without another word to either of us, he retired to the couch at the further end of the room and composed himself for a nap. Sleep was clearly a matter of volition to him, for in less than two minutes his light regular breathing showed that his nap had already begun.

Viriginia stole softly into the adjoining room where her father lay, while I sat wondering what fate had in store for us. She returned presently with the word that all was well with him.

"Is it too much to ask you to think aloud, M.—Barras ?" she said, "while you are solving this problem the doctor has given you ?"

"The solution is so obvious," said I, "that I am ashamed that I did not perceive it without the doctor's help. In the first place the real Christopher Morton, wherever he may be, is a much more considerable person than Alexander Duggleby, which makes it decidedly unlikely that Duggleby would call him a clumsy liar upon so little provocation.

"In the second place, the real Christopher Morton has lived near Tours for many years and has been a prominent figure in the life there. The risk of identification which he would have run in attempting to loot the Tours station would be such as none but a madman would assume.

"On the other hand, if the man who calls himself by that name is an impostor, he is in Duggleby's pay, dependent on Duggleby. If Duggleby chose to call him a clumsy liar, he could not resent it. If Duggleby ordered him to assist in the looting of the railway station he could do nothing but obey. That inference is almost irresistible."

"And is there a further inference to follow that ?" she asked rather unevenly. "If he is an impostor, then is not the real Christopher Morton you yourself ?"

"I don't know," said I. "It would seem so."

There was a troubled look in her face, but she forced a smile.

"Then you are indeed to be congratulated, *monsieur*," she said. "It is a great name and it means a great place."

But her voice, in spite of the brave words it uttered, could not conceal her pain and disappointment.

"You don't believe," said I, "that the man you knew as Morton Smith may have been the real Christopher Morton ?"

She colored vividly.

"I think he would have told me, M. Barras," she said.

She was perilously near revealing the secret that she was trying so hard to hide. In fact, she had revealed it. The doctor was right. The Morton Smith who had so mysteriously disappeared had been her affianced husband.

I knew he had loved her, and that she had owned her love to him in return. I knew I loved her now—Heavens, how I knew it ! Every glance from her eyes, every inflection of her voice, went to my head like wine.

Yet, I could not tell her so. With her name "Virginia" singing a wild song in my heart, I must be content to address her as "Miss Heatherfield"—I, who once had held her in my arms, who knew the touch of her lips ! And she was calling me "M. Barras !"

To steady myself I rose and began pacing up and down the room.

"Do you remember the story of the Wandering Jew, Miss Heatherfield ?" said I. "The man who was condemned never to die, but to wander up and down the face of the earth without a shadow ?"

"Yes," she said faintly, "I remember."

"Well," said I, "there is now a true story to tell of the man without a shadow, and that story is my own. I am as unsubstantial as a ghost. What if I do succeed in proving by inferences and deductions and documents who the man was who was lost ? That won't give him back to me, won't give me back the only thing that makes a man himself, though I prove it a thousand times. I shall always be unreal, always be a man without a shadow."

At that I stopped in my swift impatient stride, and turned to look at her.

"Virginia !" I cried. "Do you really care as much as that ?"

For I had caught the look in her eyes and they were bright with tears. I gave her no chance to answer. My self-control, which had deserted me for a moment, came back.

"I had no right to ask that, and I had no right to call you Virginia. Please forget that I did both. I will try not to offend again."

"You had a right to ask it," she said. "You know I care. I could not even"—she paused and frankly dried her eyes with her handkerchief—"I could not even keep you from seeing that I cared. But whether you ever find your old self or not, and I firm ly Be lieve that you will—still the man you are now, the man to whom I offered my friendship with both hands last night, the man who befriended me and my father yesterday, in spite of the hurt which I had just inflicted upon him—that man casts a shadow, *monsieur*, a shadow longer than you know.

"And as to calling me Virginia," she concluded, "you may do that if you like. To tell the truth, I am glad you wanted to."

There was silence in the room after that. I dared not trust myself to speak and again resumed my swift, nervous pacing back and forth along the bare wall of the room.

I suppose from the first moment of that silence I must have been aware, without, in the tumult of my thoughts, pausing to attach any sigificance to it, that as I passed a certain point in the wall I could always hear a faint murmur of voices.

At last, however, my curiosity took fire, and the next time I came opposite that spot I stopped. It might be nothing more than fancy, but I seemed to recognize the voice of the man who had parleyed with the inn-keeper, the man who had called himself Christopher Morton. The wall was papered, and I ran my hand lightly over its surface.

Presently I detected a slight unevenness. It was so little as almost to baffle detection, but the thought of one of the amusements of childhood recurred to me, and I took a pencil and began rubbing it lightly back and forth across the fissure.

Virginia by that time was standing

Continued on page 98.

Why I Like My Part of Canada

CANADA occupies the largest portion of the North American continent. It affords a wide variety of climates. Within its broad expanse is to be found most every natural resource obtainable north of the tropics.

In the story, *Her Masterpiece* starting in this issue of CANADA MONTHLY, Blanche Gertrude Robbins shows two view-points of our beloved Canada—one from the drawing room of the eastern metropolis, the other from the verandah of the pioneer's cottage in the great, new west.

What is *your* view point of Canada—*your* part of Canada? Why do you like your part of Canada best? What are the factors that, to your mind, make your part of Canada a better place in which to live and labor and enjoy life than any other portion of this great Dominion?

Much as you like your part of Canada you would be interested in knowing what other people in other parts of the Dominion think of their part of the country. The Editor therefore extends a full invitation to all our readers to send us short sketches, running from 300 to 500 words, written on this general subject *Why I Like My Part of Canada.*

The best of these sketches will be printed in future issues of CANADA MONTHLY, for each of which we will pay the authors $5. If you are enthusiastic about your part of Canada, write about it and send us your sketch by an early date.

The Editor
CANADA MONTHLY,
Toronto, Ontario.

"The Song of the Dead"

By J. H. M. Abbott

("Large numbers of Australian and New Zealand volunteers are already on the water bound for Vancouver, en route to Europe.")
— *Item of War News.*

OH, Land of Ours, hear the song we make for you—
Land of yellow wattle bloom, land of smiling Spring—
Hearken to the after words, land of pleasant memories,
Shea-oaks of the shady creeks, hear the song we sing.
For we lie quietly, underneath the lonely hills,
Where the land is silent, where the guns have ceased to boom,
Here we are waiting, and shall wait to Eternity—
Here on the battle-fields, where we have found our doom.

Spare not thy pity—Life is strong and fair for you—
City by the waterside, homestead on the plain.
Keep ye remembrance, keep ye a place for us—
So all the bitterness of dying be not vain.
Oh, be ye mindful, mindful of our honor's name;
Oh, be ye careful of the word ye speak in jest—
For we have bled for you; for we have died for you—
Yea, we have given, we have given of our best.

Life that we might have lived, love that we might have loved
Sorrow of all sorrows, we have drunk thy bitter lees.
Speak thou a word to us, here in our narrow beds—
Word of thy mourning in lands beyond the Seas.
Lo, we have paid the price, paid the cost of Victory.
Do not forget, when the rest shall homeward come—
Mother of our childhood, sister of our manhood's days,
Loved of our heavy hearts, whom we have left alone.

Hark to the guns—pause and turn, and think of us—
Red was our life's blood, and heavy was the cost.
But ye have Nationhood, but ye are a people strong—
Oh, have ye love for the brothers ye have lost?
Oh, by the blue skies, clear beyond the mountain tops,
Oh, by the dear, dun plains where we were bred,—
What be your tokens, tokens that ye grieve for us,
Tokens of your Sorrowing for me that be Dead?

SOLDIER GIRL

By Betty Parker

Illustrated by Katherine Southwick

A TENSE stillness pervaded the Welby's cosy sitting-room, and one would need to search the twilight corners to detect its three keenly alive occupants; white-faced Rachel, whose big hurt eyes stared straight ahead into the shadows, seeing therein visions of the awful, glorious days so soon to be; athletic Bob Fulton, with the light of high purpose illuming his plain, strong features; and, altogether out of place in such a solemn setting, a small Irish terrier lay neglected in his mistress' beruffled lap.

Faint summer whisperings stole through the unlit windows, wringing from the heart of lonely puppyhood a long, insistent wail. Whereupon the girl aroused.

"Oh Terry boy," she cried, snatching the atom to a close embrace, "our Bobbie's going a-hunting—to get a nice fat German skin to wrap his precious honor in."

Here her strained jocularity broke in hysterical sobs, and Bob came down from the clouds to comfort her.

Gently, but very deliberately, the intruding third party was lifted by the scruff of his soft neck and deposited outside the nearest window with a lump of sugar for solace. The same hand turned on a green-shaded light and drew the heavy blinds. Then, with all the world shut out, and Rachel in his arms, Bob spoke.

"The parting will be mighty hard, I know, honey. Nevertheless 'I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more.' You see Rae, we've been soldiers for generations back, and many a Fulton lies buried on the field of battle. Dad says he'd enlist to-morrow were it not for his duty toward me and to the business which is my inheritance. Its sure rough on us two, girlie, and rougher on you than me; but think of the thousands of gray-haired mothers, stricken wives and helpless kiddies whose accusing eyes I'd have to meet were I to stand back now. I, who so proudly wore the king's uniform in piping times of peace, am not willing to allow their civilian sons and husbands and fathers to fight for the empire in my stead when the real call comes."

She would sit gazing out of her window long after the last soldier had disappeared from view

A tear-filled voice came, muffled, from his damp shoulder.

"Don't Bobbie dear. The nobler I find you are, the more I'm going to miss you."

Impulsively slipping to his knees at the feet of his weeping divinity, Bob implored seriously,

"Send me forth to battle in your name, fair lady, wearing your colors that I may meet the foe more valiantly, and, if need be, die more gladly."

Despite the hot rebellion in her poor bruised heart, the girl quickly loosened a little bow of pale ribbon from her dainty dress, and stooping, pinned it inside a khaki pocket

"Sir knight," she uttered steadily, "go, and God be with you." And, tremblingly hesitant, then firmly, "May every man who serves his flag be sent as cheerfully as I send you."

Suddenly the modern fiancee triumphed over medieval heroine, and the top of Robert's smooth brown head received a briny baptism.

During the three swift months that followed, when hemming and knitting kept her nimble fingers busy, Rachel grew to love and to dread the sound of bugle and drum, of the tramp of well-trained feet, and the ever present lilt of Tipperary. The marching column fascinated her and she would sit gazing out of her window long after the last soldiers had disappeared from view. They snapped all sorts of pictures on the film of her sensitive imagination—vivid portrayals of courage, hope and conquest, or of misery, fear and death.

Sometimes, to drown overwhelming thought, rythm came to her aid, and having evolved a convenient ditty, she stuck to this tenaciously, hemming and

knitting the while; for only rarely were her lover's hours free, and Mrs. Welby took no interest in the war.

"I can't make head nor tail of it," she complained, "so what's the use?"

Hence the necessity for the ditty, worn threadbare to the click of hurrying needles

All the lads are off to war
Who are brave enough or fit,
And all the lassies stay at home
To knit, and knit, and knit.

All our lads sail overseas
To do their loyal bit;
So all their lassies sit alone
And knit, and knit, and knit.

The day of Captain Fulton's departure came as a blow, despite foreknowledge, and Rachel could scarcely believe herself to be the trembling, tongue-tied thing she was at the crowded depot, where nothing in the universe seemed real save Bob—he and she surrounded by a very nightmare of uniforms, waving handkerchiefs, and queer bewildering voices, out from among which he, the one, rose clearly,

"Yours is the bigger, braver part, my dearest. Goodbye, soldier girl." With a hasty farewell kiss, and a fine military salute, he was gone to board the fast-filling coach, and Mrs. Welby took her quiet, tearless daughter back to an empty life.

"School ma'aming," as she briefly termed it, had been Rachel's vocation before her engagement to the son of a wealthy manufacturer, and to this employment she now returned, heedless of an unwise mother's indignation.

"It's like this, mother mine," she explained dutifully, "with each glimpse I catch of the lovely gifts Bob made me in our care-free days, or of the treasured trousseau almost finished, every pang returns afresh, and I—want Bob—so much. "Therefore," with a gulp and a sorry smile, "I've decided that its best to be up and doing till the war is over."

To these circumstances many an embryo Napoleon and budding Boadicea owes his or her future insight into the present great struggle, and will sometime bless the patient, brown-eyed teacher "Whose beau has went to war," as one delighted youngster phrased it.

From the far front came constant tales of desperate fighting; fearful slaughter; brave news to-day; uncertainty to-morrow; till the soul of a sore-tried nation grew sick with its breathless waiting. Then Langemarcke and the lengthening roll of honor, when Canada's devoted sons, product of field and shop, office and college, untried but ever dauntless, performed deeds of valor which have made a whole world stare and which are destined to provide a theme for the eager pen of unborn poet and historian.

"With each glimpse I catch of the lovely gifts Bob made me in the care-free days every pang returns afresh"

At fateful Langemarcke Bob received the wounds which won him life-long distinction, though debarring him from further service with the righteous allied cause.

After weeks of careful nursing in beautiful, bleeding France, he was invalided back to England, where Rachel promptly joined him, realizing the broken man's need of some close friend to ease the slow recovery. One morning, as they sat alone in the charming room of a private mansion dedicated to the use of disabled officers, she coaxed him to tell her all about it, for the wounded man remained strangely reticent on the subject of his hurts and concerning his participation in epoch-making battles.

A long, uncertain pause ensued, then, settling himself lower in the steamer chair, Bob commenced slowly,

"Well honey, something had to be done and we did it, losing many a splendid fellow in the doing," and his voice faltered.

"But Bob, that isn't telling anything." She noticed the look in his memory-haunted eyes and concluded hastily, "It's about yourself I'm hungering to hear."

"Oh, he laughed faintly," that's easy. I simply went into it with the rest of them and came off better than most. Apart from the loss of a left arm, not much of a consideration these

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Mother Alberta on The Job

THE STORY OF RESCUE WORK AMONG CHILDREN, IN THE FIRST PROVINCE IN THE DOMINION TO EMPLOY WOMEN AS GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS IN PROBATION WORK

By Miriam Elston

Illustrated by Marian Long

THE Fergusons, husband and wife, filed on a homestead, in an almost uninhabited part of Alberta, many years ago. It is still isolated, for its nearest railway station is sixty miles away, but it is no longer so sparsely settled. And the Ferguson family no longer consists only of husband and wife. There are five olive branches to gather around the table.

But meals where the family all sit down to the board are little known in that household. John Ferguson is intermittent in his habits. Some weeks he is engaged in work about his farm, and expects Kate to spread him a meal three times a day, which he eats to the accompaniment of a shrill tirade of abuse exchanged between himself and his wife. The older children, who have learned that to get in the way at such moments is likely to draw down upon their heads the wrath of either, or both, parents, cower in the corners, until the storm subsides, when the father leaves the house. Then they grab hungrily for the scraps of food which the mother throws to them before she starts on a sojourn to some congenial spirit who is willing to spend the rest of the day reviling John Ferguson. The youngest child, an ill-developed, ailing infant of ten months, is tagged along on these visits.

Many a lesson in hygiene or sanitation is taught by the probation officers in connection with their other duties

ONE day, when both parents are absent, a kindly-spoken man calls at the home, and inquires for the parents, but can obtain from the children no definite idea of their whereabouts. Later in the day he locates John Ferguson at the home of a neighbor, and, after intimating his desire for a private conversation, discloses the fact that he is an employee of the Government, deputed to investigate cases of child neglect.

John Ferguson is inclined to bluster. He'll look after his own affairs, and take care of his own children as suits himself. He lays heavy stress on the fact that the children are his.

But the man has a convincing way of putting things, and John Ferguson, getting uneasy, sees fit to shift the blame on his wife's shoulders Kate is sent for, and the man again gives some facts with force and clearness.

The parents are startled. They didn't know the Government had such powers as this man claims. But he states definitely that if they don't take reasonable care of their offspring, their offspring will cease to belong to them. The Government wishes every child to have a fair start in life, and holds itself responsible for providing it if the parents fail to do so. And Kate, careless, slatternly, quarrelsome Kate, tightens her arms around her baby as she realizes the possibility of losing him, and the protective instinct of motherhood stirs within her as it has never done before. She looks at John standing near, no longer assuming an air of bravado, but stricken with shame, and she forgets her quarrel with him.

THE stranger leaves with a promise from the parents of an improvement in home conditions, and the family, a few hours later, sit down together to a good substantial meal. The children, awed by a change of atmosphere, speak only in whispers, and Kate and John are silent.

Soon the neighbors notice a radical change in the Ferguson home, but they can only surmise its cause. The Department of Neglected Children shuns publicity, whenever possible, and though the Inspector visits the home at intervals, no one in the neighborhood recognizes him, and he is careful not to announce himself. He is working for results, not for records for the Department, and he knows that such a reform as he is seeking to effect is

Sometimes frustrated by the light of publicity.

But it is not always possible for the Department to work quietly. Take the case of the Smiths. Their children were not so badly cared for in some ways as were the Ferguson children, but the parents were immoral. The Department not only has to know this, but must prove it. It took months of unceasing effort to gather absolute proof, but when the Department had it the woman Probation Officer, with an escort from the Mounted Police, went out and rescued an infant and two little girls, who comprised the family. As is often the case the mother as well as the father were victims of John Barleycorn. The Judge of the Juvenile Court saw fit, on hearing the evidence, to proclaim the children the wards of the Government. Many a lesson in hygiene or sanitation is taught by the Probation Officers in connection with their other duties. It is fairly well understood in Canada that parents are amenable to the law if they do not provide for their children, or if they abuse them, but, however it may be in other parts of the Dominion, in Alberta it is not universally understood that parents are responsible to the Government for the moral atmosphere of the home. This is partly because no other Province of the Dominion has adopted so broad a definition of the term "neglected child," nor has any other Province levelled its definition so directly at covering all chance of moral contamination of the child. While Alberta in adopting a law followed closely the Ontario Children's Protective Act it took this one step in advance of the older Province.

Another notable difference in Alberta's Act is a clause requiring all municipalities of five thousand population or over to build a Shelter and maintain a staff who receive and care for children who have been rescued from undesirable conditions.

The staffs of the different Shelters are composed of trained nurses, and the children, many of whom are suffering the ill effects of neglect and mal-nutrition, are given scientific treatment. The children are thoroughly examined at once by a medical man, and all physical defects and ailments are treated. This has been possible only through the extreme kindness of the medical fraternity throughout the Province.

On a sojourn to some congenial spirit who is willing to spend the rest of the day reviling John Ferguson

As is often the case the mother was a victim of John Barleycorn

It is a rule that a child may not remain in the Shelter for a longer period than three months, but the rule is elastic, for some children are suffering from illnesses which cannot be corrected within that time, and no child is sent out suffering from an ailment.

But let us return to the case of the Smith children. The Woman Probation Officer who had taken them to the Juvenile Court returned with them to the Shelter, and left them in the care of the white-aproned nurses. The baby, made comfortable by the nurse in charge, lay on a pillow in a little white cot in the Infant's Dormitory, and exchanged neighborly babblings with a motherless little bairn on the pillow beside him. The little girls went down to supper in the neat dining-room, and sat together on one side of one of the many tables, and peered wonderingly at the little faces that looked back at them from the other three sides of the table. It was all very strange, and they were too shy to talk.

Later on, tucked together in a little white cot, one of the long row of white cots in the Girls' Dormitory, they could

not go to sleep. The rows of white cots, showing up in the faint light that came in through the open window, looked so weird and strange. Nellie, feeling the troubled sobs that shook her younger sister, threw a protecting arm around her; and when she had sobbed herself to sleep some quiet tears wet Nellie's pillow. Tragedy had touched their lives. They could not fathom it, but nevertheless they felt it. The mother who clings to the life of the underworld rather than to her children was a problem past their solving.

But childhood, surrounded by kindness, soon yields to its influence. On the morrow they talked shyly with their neighbors across the table, and there were no tears at bedtime.

Being free from serious physical ailments, it is not long before the Smith children leave the Shelter. In the Department there is filed a long list of applications for children,—so many in fact that the Department may pick and choose among them. The Department has high ambitions concerning the foster homes of its wards. Its ideal is a pair of motherly arms to shield each child, and a home where the atmosphere is morally clean. Three such homes being selected, the Smith children are placed. But the Department has not washed its hands of responsibility. Reports are required at stated intervals, and at least once a year an Inspector visits the home. If a child appears unhappy he is removed, and another home found for him.

Miss Annie M. Jackson, appointed by the city of Edmonton as Woman Probation Officer, was the first woman to hold office in this Department. She has the distinction of being the first Woman Probation Officer in the Dominion. Following closely this appointment was that, in the fall of 1912, of a woman as Provincial Probation Officer. Later still Calgary appointed a Woman Probation Officer, and this same city in 1914 appointed Mrs. Langford and Mrs. Jamieson as Judges of the Juvenile Court, the first women to hold such positions in the Dominion. Edmonton, in the summer of 1916 followed Calgary's example, and Mrs. Arthur Murphy (Janey Canuck) became Judge of the Juvenile Court of Edmonton, and, at the same time, Police Magistrate, she being the first woman Magistrate in Canada.

It was a happy day in the history of the Department when women were appointed to this work, for some of it can be done much better by women than by men, particularly the work amongst delinquent and dependent girls in their teens. These, when made wards, remain under the supervision of the Woman Probation Officers, who act in the capacity of friend and adviser. The woman Judges handle the cases of all girls who come up, and give a more sympathetic hearing than a man could.

It has been my privilege to attend a session of the Juvenile Court, and to see not only "His Worship" but also "Her Worship" on the bench. The first case was that of two girls of fifteen and sixteen, who, insufficiently controlled at home ,were gradually being absorbed into the life of the street. The mothers, well meaning, moral women, told their stories of how they had failed in controlling their daughters. The fathers were not present, as one was serving his country in the firing-line, and the other had been months away on a survey. The girls were the eldest of the family in each case, and each had several younger brothers and sisters.

The evidence given revealed the usual fate of the young girl who is allowed to roam the streets unprotected at night. A friendly woman, with an automobile asked them to help make up a party for a joy-ride, and they accepted, the result being their introduction into the underworld.

During the progress of the trial the name of the woman of the automobile was given, and it took me back five years, when, for a couple of months, I lived next door to this woman, then only a girl in her late teens. A drunken father frequently came home and beat the mother and two daughters. The mother, a kindly and moral, but weak woman, allowed her daughters a dangerous latitude. There was plenty of money, but nevertheless the girls were sadly neglected. If a Woman Probation Officer had taken hold of the situation a few years before that time the girls might have been saved from the life into which they had drifted. But, alas, there were no Woman Probation Officers in those days.

The evidence showed that in less than a month this woman had been the direct cause of leading four girls astray. Surely, I thought, this is a rather bitter fruitage from one neglected case.

But the day of better things is here. After hearing the evidence "Her Worship" pronounced sentence. The girls were made the wards of the Government.

The second case to come up before "Her Worship" was much more hopeful. Two little girls, of eleven and thirteen years, had been brought in from an outlying district. The mother was dead, and the father had ill treated them. While he sat by the fire they had been sent out to attend to the stock. Their ragged clothing was insufficient to protect them from the bitter weather, and they had suffered frost-bites. They had never had a chance to attend school. Finally the

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Mrs. Arthur Murphy, Judge of the Juvenile Court at Edmonton, and the first woman magistrate in Canada

Current Events in Review

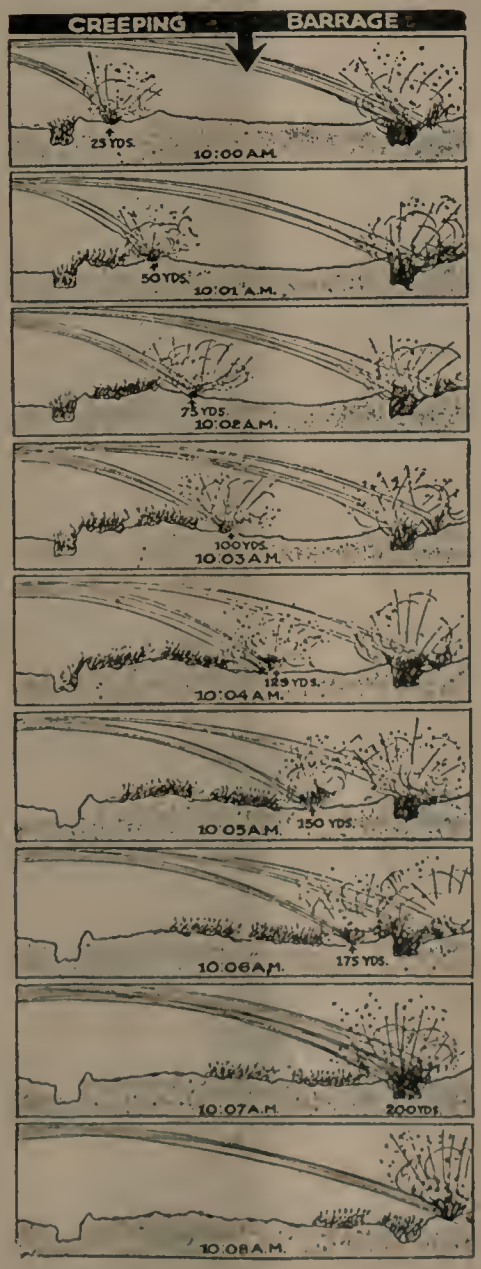
Comments by the Leading Canadian and British Press and Periodicals Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire

A Great Man and a Great Mission.

THE selection of the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, foreign secretary, to represent Great Britain in the war conference at Washington might be regarded as an inspiration, if what is so obviously the right thing to do can be regarded as a stroke of genius. He is the one man of all outstanding statesmen in the government peculiarly fitted for the task. Mr. Asquith as a parliamentarian and leader of men probably towers over Mr. Balfour in political penetration and sheer force of character, but he is not of the government. Viscount Bryce understands the American character and institutions as no one else can pretend to do, and commands the respect and admiration of every citizen of the republic. But Mr. Balfour adds to a powerful intellectuality, diplomatic attainments of the highest order, unusual erudition, eloquence unapproachable and a charm of manner that appeals universally.

To all his parliamentary attainments he adds ripe scholarship, and is evidenced by his books on emancipated intellect of the highest order. Nor has the charm of this mundane existence been lost upon him as is evidenced by his Romanes lecture on "Criticism and Beauty." The studious, as apart from the philosophic side of his many-sided nature, is evidenced in his "Reflections Suggested by the New Theory of Matter."

His present mission will bring into play his deeply philosophical caste of mind, his mastery of all the arts of diplomacy, his unmatched eloquence, and, last but not least, his social qualities and sportsmanlike instincts which help to form a close bond of union with all the great personages with whom his mission will bring him in contact. He will be as popular as was Lord Elgin at Washington in the fifties, with this in addition that as the embodiment of the war feeling amongst the allies at present he will receive the unstinted admiration and support of a great and proud nation, carried to a high point to patriotic enthusiasm and determined to devote every energy to the prosecution of this most just of all wars in the cause of freedom.—*Victoria Sun.*



The moving curtain of artillery-fire. Timed to the second to keep just ahead of the advancing infantry—*Chicago Herald*

A New "United States."

WHEN Hall Caine writes, apropos of the entry of America into the war to uphold the cause for which Great Britain is fighting, that the new partnership of nations it signalizes may be described as the United States of Great Britain and America, he indulges somewhat in an artist's license. And yet the significance of the occasion, its importance for the future in everything that has to do with the progress of mankind and the promotion of peace, may well make us pause and wonder at the mighty forces which are hammering and welding the human race, and may make us ask whether, after all, there will not be such unity of purpose in this new alignment of the English-speaking races as to make a United States of Great Britain and America a practical reality.

One good thing which has come out of this war is the fact that it has consolidated the British Empire as possibly nothing else could have done. It has now consolidated the English-speaking races. The enthusiastic reception given Mr. Balfour in Washington signalizes the reconciliation of the United States and Great Britain after these two great branches of one family had been estranged for nearly a century and a half. That is an event of the first magnitude, pregnant with meaning for the whole future of civilization.

Well may Hall Caine write exclaiming at how the mighty facts of life "strike us down to our knees before the altar of Him whose kingdom is eternal righteousness," and make him remark how on an occasion of such a reconciliation, as at birth, at marriage, and at death, it was but natural that a religious service should be held, and that people should "come humbly to His footstool remembering only the fragility of our poor human life and the immutability of Him to whom a thousand years are as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."—*Montreal Herald.*

The Folks at Home.

HERE we are attending to our ordinary business, making our jests, taking our pleasure, looking after small details of work and play, apparently calm of mind and cool of judgment. While we speak and laugh, the greatest battle of history is raging in France. Men are dying by thousands. Every day there is a Waterloo. The air is full of fighting, man-ridden birds. The seas are crowded with murderous enginery and many merchant ships go down.

Some people say that we are imperturbable, despite it all. They contrast our feeling to-day with our feeling at the destruction of the Titanic. They tell us that the loss of 1,600 lives was such a shock to the nerves of the public that a distinct effect was noticeable in business and in amusement. They ask why we are calm to-day and denounce our frivolity.

Perhaps that frivolity, when it appears, is assumed. The casualty lists have an influence that no man can measure. Scarcely a family is without its grief or its dull regret. Yet one must make a show of calmness. How do our people behave when they are alone? What are their thoughts? Is the war ever out of their mind? Is their loss dismissed as nothing? How is it possible for them to retain the appearance of cheerfulness and wellbeing?

One reason may be that our minds have become accustomed to horrors, Nature's device to prevent us from going mad. It is unprofitable to resist this mental stiffness against shock. No advantage can come to our armies by eternal head-wagging or perpetual sighs. "Why should the children of a King go mourning all their days?" is a pertinent question even in war-time. Our men have gone. Many of them will not return. Those who remain, sturdy in the battle-line, are depending upon the sanity and steadiness of the folk at home. Let us have done with hysteria, with querulous wondering if it be right to smile, to be cheerful, to work, or to play. The very act of being normal in such activities will steady us against calamity and help us to bear our burdens.—*Toronto News.*

Joffre to the United States.

A TRANSLATION of Marshal Joffre's statement, issued through the State Department, was expurgated and did not contain vital passages relating to the Marshal's previously known desire for the presence of an American force in France. The translation follows:

"The very cordial welcome given me by the city of Washington, and the expressions of sympathy which reached me from States and cities throughout the United States, have moved me deeply, since they are a homage paid to the whole French army, which I represent here.

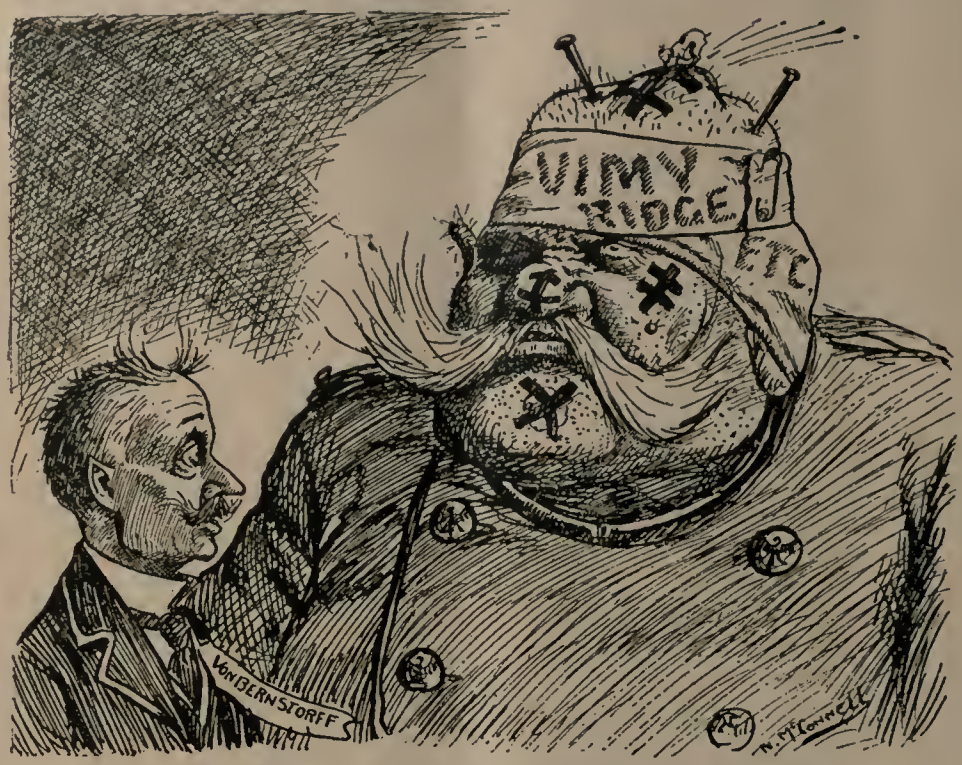
"The heroism and resolution of the soldiers of France indeed deserve all the affection the United States has shown them. After having in a supreme effort defeated and thrown back a barbarous enemy, the French army has untiringly labored to increase and perfect its efficiency. And now, in the third year of the war, it is attacking the enemy with greater vigor and material force than ever before.

"Side by side with it, and animated by no less heroic spirit, stands the British army, whose formation and development will ever remain the admiration of the world. The Germans have realized its wonderful growth. Every encounter has made them feel the increasing menace of its strength. The contempt they pretended to feel for it in the early days of the war has gradually become a dread more openly avowed each day.

"Led by its illustrious President, the United States has entered into this war. By the side of France in the defence of the ideals of mankind, the place of America is marked.

"France, which has long recognized the valor of the American soldier, cherishes the confident hope that the flag of the United States will soon be unfurled on our fighting lines. This is what Germany dreads.

"France and America will see with pride and joy the day when their sons are once more fighting shoulder to shoulder in the defence of liberty. The victories which they will certainly win will hasten the end of the war and will tighten the links of affection and esteem which have ever united France and the United States."



Von Hindenburg: "Iss dose United Statesers relation any to der Canadians, vot?—*Toronto News*

After a German Retreat.

AN orgy of destruction seems to occur each time the Germans take another step in their "retreat to victory," as the Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger* cheerily terms it. French and British correspondents entering the evacuated cities find them, they aver, desolated by systematic wrecking "undertaken not for any military advantage, but from a degenerate lust for destruction," says the London *Evening News*. Writing in the Paris *Matin*, Mr. L. Bugnicourt, director of the *Journal de l' Aisne*, says:

"It is necessary to show the world how the Germans have laid waste the country which they have evacuated. Chauny is nothing more than a heap of lath and plaster and walls burned black. Out of 2,500 houses over 1,800 have been destroyed by fire. The two churches of St. Martin and Notre Dame, the Palaise de Justice, the Ecole Primaire, the hospital, almshouses, and Hotel de Ville are no more. Only ten

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Politics and Politicians

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ment expropriating the Ross Rifle factory.

An Order-in-Council, which granted the Western people their long-desired boon of free wheat, was made just before parliament came back, and if it did not entirely head off, it certainly blunted and took the heart out of a long debate for which the Western Liberals have been getting ready ever since parliament was called together last January.

The length and character of the present session is altogether dependent upon whether or no there is to be an extension of the parliamentary term. Such an extension would of course postpone the Dominion election until the fall of 1918. The government is practically pledged not to bring on an election in wartime unless forced to do so by the refusal of the Opposition to join in requesting an amendment to the B. N. A. Act which would extend the life of parliament for another year. The formal motion for an address to the Crown asking for such an amendment to the B. N. A. Act will be moved by the Prime Minister and it will receive united support from the followers of the government. Some Liberals undoubtedly want an election, but they are by no means unanimous.

But there is a growing belief that a Dominion election will be in some way averted, and that parliament will give itself another lease of life. Parliament is becoming a self-perpetuating body, and to a good many members this self-perpetuating faculty is truly a gift of the gods. Many members of the present House will never come back no matter how the elections turn out; they are therefore well-pleased to stay where they are, as it costs neither money nor effort.

Indications point to early elections in Alberta and Saskatchewan, which, I am told, will be largely fought out on provincial issues. Premier Sifton is said to be stronger in Alberta than is Premier Martin in Saskatchewan, but in neither province is there an outstanding leader of the Opposition. In Saskatchewan the two political parties vie with each other in trying to capture the grain growers' vote, and they are promising everything which has been accomplished, or may be accomplished, by the embattled farmers of North Dakota.

In other provinces there are scandals and investigations from New Brunswick to British Columbia inclusive, but generally speaking the legislative sessions are over. The exception is in New Brunswick, where the newly elected Legislature assembled on May 10th.

Business vs. Booze

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posits in banks show remarkable increases as compared with the months previous to that date.

The writer challenges anyone to make a comprehensive inquiry at grocery stores and discover the change in the buying-power of householders. The corner grocer is in a position to trace cause and effect, and he is emphatic as a witness of the economic benefits of the banishment of the bar. The volume of sales has increased, bills have been paid more promptly, and luxuries are available for certain families, who did without them before. It may be interesting for the reader to verify these statements.

The writer interviewed officials of large piano firms and furniture emporiums in Toronto which do a good deal of business on a credit basis. When informed that the volume of sales had increased materially since the 16th of September, the writer inquired as to the causes for this. Here also war awges were a factor, but officials of these establishments stated unhesitatingly, that more buying was done and payments were more prompt, because booze was no longer an economic factor in thousands of city homes.

One of the embarrassing conditions of a "wet" Ontario was its relation to efficiency of labor. In manufacturing plants this was especially noticeable. It is so easy to theorize regarding the effects of such measures as Prohibition that one is inclined to be skeptical with regard to the alleged indirect effects of Prohibition until he sees for himself. When manufacturers speak with emphasis of the improved conditions at their own plants since September 16th, 1916, what can we do but believe? The detrimental effect of booze on workmen, especially skilled mechanics, ate heavily into profits of large concerns. "Blue Monday" was a grim reality. Of course week-end carousers were a minority in all establishments. Nevertheless, plant foremen were aware how many men failed to get into their normal stride until Tuesday of each week.

Total Prohibition.

THE Province of Ontario has Prohibition, but not total prohibition. Liquors are still manufactured within the province and they may be imported. The question is, therefore, pertinent as to whether, after an extended trial of limited Prohibition, the Province should adopt absolute Prohibition. As a beverage intoxicating liquors have been tried and condemned by public opinion. Is there a use for liquors? That is a more difficult question for those who advocate absolute Prohibition to

answer. It is perhaps safe to say that thousands of families, who voted the bar out of existence, consider that they require liquor in their homes for medicinal purposes. They do not consider that a doctor's prescription is an adequate substitute for the provision allowing the importation of liquors. Prohibition as far as it has gone is a good thing. Already the evils of drink have been practically wiped out in Ontario.

Current Events

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streets were spared in the Brouage quarter, where what was left of the population was herded. Here some 300 houses sheltered about half the inhabitants of the thirteen surrounding communes.

"The German military authorities only left behind men over sixty; all males between fourteen and sixty were carried off. After abandoning the place, the enemy bombarded the only quarter of the town which they had left to our unfortunate fellow countrymen, training their guns on the seminary in the St. Charles quarter, where only the feeble and aged were housed, and on the Brouage quarter, where the women and children were huddled together."

Her Masterpiece

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movement; Helena in the rear, impatience, expectation mingled with a sense of wonder in her heart as they struck deeper into the forest.

Robert's cap was in his hand and his bushy black hair waved back from his forehead, a high color flomed in his cheeks, the magnet light danced in his eyes.

"I'd rather be the man who first forged this trail—the man who opened up this glorious country, than the man who, out of his millions has given libraries and museums to the metropolis," he exclaimed.

And Helena, submitting to his helping hand, as she mounted her horse, thrilled to the spirit of the man, unconsciously dominating his declaration.

Andrew assured them of a night's shelter in the home of a Norwegian family. But shortly before they reached the cabin, darkness fell. The ground uneven and slippery, grew treacherous and with fear in her heart, Helena guided her stumbling horse. But she would not cry out for the men ahead rode on without halting. Her cramped fingers no longer gripped the lines with firmness. She felt them slipping, slipping from her grasp. Then suddenly the horse, stumbling again, went down and Helena, the lines clutched in her frantic grasp, pitched to the ground.

Her sharp cry brought Robert and Andrew to a halt and springing from their horses, they ran back to her.

"Are you hurt, little woman, are you hurt ?" Robert cried out, tremulously, as he lifted her from the ground.

Andrew raised the fallen horse, soothing it with a quieting touch, his eyes full of anxiety, turned upon Helena.

"It is only my right wrist that is hurt," she explained, attempting to move it, "I'm sorry I've given you such a scare. And I'm afraid I can't guide the horse, the fingers pain so badly."

Anxiously, by the rays of the flash light, Robert examined the injured hand. "I fear it is badly sprained," he exclaimed ruefully, an unusual sternness in his face. "Have we far to go ?"

"Only a few feet further on, sir. I will run ahead and lead the horses, so that the folks will surely be ready," announced Andrew, grasping the lines of his own horse and calling to the others.

Robert's arm went around Helena, his grip supporting and half carrying her along the trail. She had not realized he was so strong. He was no longer the cavalier of the drawing room but in some peculiar manner seemed a part of the awe-inspiring forests.

A light streamed across the trail and the cabin, friendly and comforting, came in sight. Andrew and a young man came running to meet them.

"We're in luck, friends," Andrew called out. "Here's my brother Aleck —a sort of Pioneer doctor; just got his degree from medical. He'll fix up that hand in no time."

Helena glanced swiftly into the ruddy face of the young doctor. She caught the look of sympathy underlying his professional interest, as he guided her steps across the threshold of the cabin.

By the warmth of the fire, he examined the injured hand, his firm surgeon's touch imparting confidence.

"The wrist is badly sprained and there are several small bones in the fingers broken; but we will have them mended in a few days," he remarked confidently.

"You will do your ablest, for that is the hand of an artist," urged Robert, huskily.

Robert, watching the skillful manner in which Dr. Aleck treated the injured hand, remarked quietly, "Some day, young man, you will star as a master surgeon in one of our Eastern cities."

Smiling, Dr. Aleck shook his head. "Not for me! the glory of pioneer work is my goal. I studied with that end in view. Always have I been impressed with the great need for medical science along the trail. There have been scourges and epidemics among our pioneer folks that need not have been if a physician had worked among them."

Pulling the big wooden chair near the fire, he persuaded Helena to rest there.

"I can safely assure you that within a short time you will not be troubled with even a stiffened joint," Dr. Aleck assured her with satisfaction.

"Thank God for the young trail doctor," she murmured.

Olga—the Norwegian woman—prepared a hot supper, while Dr. Aleck sat beside the sick man. In the evening they sat in a little group about the fire chatting as though they had known one another many days. Dr. Aleck's hand rested affectionately on Andrew's shoulder as he related his battle-field experiences and Helena, listening with the keen interest that held Robert captive, wondered when, in the history of her drawing room receptions, had she spent a more interesting hour.

Suddenly a call from the trail startled them. A musical, girlish voice was crying, "Hello—ye good people, awake!"

To be continued.

Internationalism in North America

Continued from page 59.

would be in that war would she not, and in it because of her connection with Britain? Thank God things did not go that way, and the world convulsion that might have shaken the two North American countries apart has acted in an exactly opposite direction. It has knitted us together as we have never been in all the past. Here is something worthy of note. We have passed through two great stages in our international attitude. In the first, lasting roundly speaking, forty years, we were foes. In the second, continuing for more than a century, we were neighbors on good terms. And now we have come to a third stage, and are allies. We fought against each other, we ceased fighting, and now we fight together, our banners streaming side by side, our soldiers keeping step, our bugles blowing in accord the stirring strains of freedom. There are many by-products of the war already in sight by-products that give value to the awful struggle, and not the least precious and glorious of these by-products is this new blood-covenant made between the two great peoples of North America.

What the far future may contain for us it is impossible to say. What the near future offers we partly may compute. There are at least three assumptions that we have a good right to make.

The first is that the two peoples will retain their identity as political units. There is no serious thought on either side of the border of any radical change of a political character. One country is a constitutional monarchy, the other a republic, and no one is suggesting that there shall be amalgamation. Any discussion of this subject will be entirely academic and speculative. It might be put down as an item in the programme of a debating society, but it has no place in the counsels of practical men. So far as the immediate future is concerned the Stars and Stripes will wave on one side of the 49th Parallel and the Union Jack on the other side, while the charm of the situation will be that, wherever else these flags are planted, they will not be planted on trenches and battlements. Just here there is peculiar fitness in the words of the late Booker T. Washington, when speaking of the relations between the colored people and the white. "In all things that are purely political we can be as separate as the fingers; yet one has the hand in all things essential to human progress."

A second assumption is that there will be a growing friendliness and commonsense in the matter of trade. Once the political situation is frankly recognized the easier will it be to develop trade relations of a mutually profitable character. The failure of reciprocity negotiations in 1911 was due very largely to certain sinister political suggestions and implications. Because men were made to think that the inviolability of our flag was threatened, and that interchange of products might lead to national infidelity on our part the cry of danger was raised and the negotiations came to naught. They will no doubt be resumed when we have acquired an adequate consciousness of our own virtue, and lost suspicion of our neighbor's approaches. The present juncture is hastening on that happy time. The more we trust each other the more natural will it be to trade with each other.

The third assumption is that there will be a stronger purpose on the part of the two peoples to understand each other and to discover what they have in

common. We are quick to learn what we wish to learn. Our intellect travels fast when spurred on by generous emotions. Just now such emotions are stirred. Recent events have opened the hearts of the allied nations to one another as never before, and out of this heart opening is springing an eagerness to know and understand. France is better known to Britain and Britain better known to Russia, because of their comradeship in a great cause. And shall not we, Canada and the United States, living as we do side by side and having a common speech find in that same great cause an inspiration to a larger, a richer interchange of knowledge and ideas? Mr. Ian Hay in his valuable little book, "Getting Together" has broached the somewhat startling idea that a common language may minister to strife rather than to peace. Two women in adjoining backyards may revile each other to their heart's content without any serious consequences if one is English and the other Russian, whereas if both spoke the same language every abusive word would sting like an adder. This is true when enmity is the order of the day, but not when friendliness is the note. In the latter case the common speech is a deepener of friendship, an added guarantee of peace. So should it be and so will it be on this continent. The language which Shakespeare spake and Milton, and Washington, and Lincoln, will be the conveyer not of prejudice and abuse but of fuller knowledge, of mutual enlightenment, and of an ever-expanding fellowship.

To sum it all up, there are three positions that the two North American peoples are called upon to take for granted.

The first is that they are politically separate. If we use to Great Britain the words of Kipling:

> "Daughter in our mother's house
> And mistress in our own."

We may paraphrase the words and say to the United States:

> "Sister in our sister's house
> And mistress in our own."

The second is that in matters of trade we shall have the open mind towards every exchange of products which shall be to the real mutual advantage of the two countries.

The third is that we shall constantly endeavor to understand each other, to discover the things we have in common whether in the solution of the pressing problems of democracy, or in the inheritance of struggle victory, and wisdom into which we have entered. More than half a century ago Whittier the New England Quaker sent this message to Englishmen:

> " 'Thicker than water' in one rill
> Through centuries of story
> Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still
> We share with you its good and ill,
> The shadow and the glory.
>
> "Joint heirs and kinsfolk, leagues of wave
> Nor length of years can part us:
> Your right is ours to shrine and grave,
> The common freehold of the brave,
> The gifts of saints and martyrs.
>
> "Our very sins and follies teach
> Our kindred frail and human;
> We carp at faults with bitter speech,
> The while, for one unshared by each,
> We have a score in common."

This call of the blood, or better still, this call of the spirit, was never more in place than to-day and should make its echoes ring from the blue waters of the Hudson's Bay to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

Mother Alberta on The Job

Continued from page 82.

father had been sentenced to two month's imprisonment, and the children had been left alone.

The Mounted Police had reported the case, and the Provincial Probation Officer, Miss Jennie Robinson, with an escort from the Mounted Police, had gone out and rescued them. This had necessitated a long trip by train, and then a drive of seventy miles on trails almost impassable. But the Provincial Probation Officer is well used to this kind of thing, and doesn't think it matters so long as some child is getting her rightful chance in life.

The younger child was somewhat timid when called on to tell her story, but Her Worship called the child to her, and with a pair of motherly arms around her, the child gained confidence. On the evidence of the Probation Officer supplemented by the story of the children, Her Worship saw fit to make the children the wards of the Government.

The next was a case for "His Worship." It was that of a delinquent boy, charged with assault on a much younger boy. Inquiry showed that it was not a first offence, that the interior of the Juvenile Court was well-known to him. To use the Judge's well-turned phrase, this child had already travelled far on the road of "consummate cheek," if on no worse road. The reprimand which the boy received seemed likely to awaken him to a sense of the advisability of choosing another road on which to travel in the future.

The decision in this case was that of

"suspended sentence," and the boy was placed on probation. At a stated hour each week he was commanded to report to a Probation Officer. A card was given to him which must be filled out by the parent and the schoolteacher, and presented to the Probation Officer each week.

Another case followed, of a boy of sixteen and his younger brother, a lad of twelve, who had coaxed two much younger boys to leave home and join them in a long tramp across country. Alarm at their disappearance had resulted in the Mounted Police being called into service to discover their whereabouts, and the whole male population of the district had been organized into search parties. After the boys had had an adventurous trip of some seventy miles, they were located by the Mounted Police. During the journey they had broken into a shack and stolen provisions,which they had made up in packs, and taken with them. The report of the Police and of an Inspector of the Department, who had gone out to investigate home conditions, was to the effect that the boys had been not only neglected, but abused, by the parents, and were scarcely to be blamed for becoming vagrants.

His Worship questioned the older boy in kindly tones, and wiping away the slow tears with the back of his hand, the child admitted his misdemeanors.

"And now," said His Worship, in his quiet, kindly way, "I'm going to send you to the Industrial School. It is a good school, and if you do your part there's no reason why you'll not be Lord Mayor of Edmonton yet. Are you going to do your best ?"

And when the lad had given his promise, His Worship dismissed him.

"I guess I had better send you back to your father," His Worship said to the younger boy. "You want to go back, I'm sure."

"No, I don't."

There was alarm in his tones.

"You don't want to go back to your father ? Why, my son ?"

"Well, he licks me."

"But my father used to lick me, and it did me good."

"Yes, but my father licks me when I don't need it."

"Of course," His Worship acquiesced, "we never think we need it. What then do you want me to do with you ?"

"Just whatever you like, only don't send me back to my father."

"I wonder whether I'd better send you to school with your brother ?"

"You bet your boots."

The child's voice, high with excitement, broke in a sob.

"Come here, my son," and His Worship put his arms around the child. "I'm not going to bet my boots, for I

don't want to lose them, but I'm going to send you to school with your brother. And now will you promise to do your best ?"

And after promising he took his seat beside his brother, and it was evident that there was intense satisfaction in the heart of both that they were not to be separated.

Once on a time we learned a text, and at the time it was meaningless to us. "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then will the Lord take thee up." Here was a place where the first part of the text seemed applicable. And surely the case of these children had been taken up, and the Lord is fulfilling His promise through the Government. We are glad that we remembered that text just now.

The court closed, and the men were soon gone. But the Woman Probation Officers and Her Worship still lingered to sympathize and council with the mothers, whose daughters had just been removed from their care. The girls, seeming at last to have awakened to the seriousness of the situation, are in tears.

It is a sorry little company that makes its way down a side street to the point where, for the first time, the home paths of these mothers and daughters divide.

It is a matter of the greatest satisfaction that Mrs. Arthur Murphy, as Magistrate, will deal with the women cases in the courts of Edmonton. The immoral woman is the cause of the downfall of most of the young girls who come before the Juvenile Courts. Surely the women should be allowed to deal with the contributing cause if they have to take the responsibility for results.

Soldier Girl

Continued from page 79.

times, I'm just the same old harum-scarum whom you've always known,—except" and a puzzled expression crossed his boyish face, "except for an odd experience I had before the Red Cross bearers picked me up. I knew I'd been hard hit—dangerously so it seemed—and was preparing to bear the pain and endure the end as the sort of chap my mother and sweetheart believe me to be; in fact I was fumbling for your bit of ribbon to kiss for comfort, when a wonderful mantle of peace descended upon me, deadening the sharpness of my hurts, and blotting out all remembrance of the horrors strewn about me. Was I dying or dead or not wounded at all ? the question kept asking itself. Anyway there I lay quite happily, thinking of God and of you, until the searchers found me, thirty-six hours later."

"Yes dear," came the quick rejoinder, "and *I* was thinking of God and of *you*, knowing He is in his heaven and nothing could happen to my love. Somehow this consciousness, afterwards to be understood, entered the night as softly as the stars."

They were married in a quaint old English chapel, some ten days from the date of his release and their guests were eight convalescent cripples and three war-weary nurses. As they sped gaily boatward, their thoughts were of Canada and of their future home, Bob turned to his bride inquiringly,

"By the way, Rae, how's Terry ?"

The girl smiled reminiscently. "Terry's all right; and I'm sure, Bob, the little rascal saved your life."

"Saved my life!"

"Yes; he roused me out of a sound sleep one chilly night to pray for you. I know that's why, 'cause I couldn't get to sleep again, and I have since discovered it was during your hour of trial."

"I said you were the real fighter—remember, soldier girl ?"

When Old Lights Flicker

Continued from page 61.

Presently a dashing streamlet gurgled a merry greeting and old Jimmy knew he had reached his western boundary. He looked over a wide expanse of green meadow, well wooded with willow clumps and cottonwoods.

"It's mine !" he exclaimed in childish glee. "A farm o' my own ! What I been wantin' for five an' forty years. My good gosh !"

"Here's where I'll build my cabin," he went on, selecting a slight elevation. "An' down there by the creek 'll be the barn—easy to water the stock an' all."

He paced eastward, counting his steps.

"An' here's where I'll plow up an' put in a field o' wheat. Yessir, I could for a fact, this very spring, an' make a pot o' money this fall."

Three hundred additional paces brought him to the dense bush that had frightened away previous land-seekers.

"Fine for firewood," he exclaimed. "There's plenty of good land leavin' that out."

"An' here's where I could pasture

the cows," he planned, facing south. "An' then next year when I get goin' good I could put in a crop of oats. An' to think the government gives such land away for nothing!"

He made the circuit of his acreage, coming back to the stream.

The sun still rode high in the heavens. The balmy air retained it's mid-day warmth. Little birds preened their plumage and went chirruping about their small business. A busy squirrel chattered a reproof at old Jimmy.

"He's makin' fun o' me 'cause I ain't workin'," muttered the pioneer. "An' why shouldn't I be doing something? I could be clearin' some o' my land."

He set to work with a vim and for ten minutes the chips flew. Then he sat down to rest.

"Phew!" he exclaimed. "That's hard work."

He looked at his scarcely perceptible clearing and for the first time a shadow of doubt flicked over his consciousness.

"'T won't do—settin' here soft an' easy when there's work to be done."

Again the axe bit into the tough little trees and brush—vigorously at first and then more and more feebly. In a few minutes he again paused to view his clearing. Reluctantly he admitted that it was scarcely noticeable and after the trees were cut down the land would have to be plowed and harrowed and seeded. Quite a job in all.

He went to work again. And as he worked he thought of the words spoken by every one he had met that day. Too old. Could it be possible—My God! *was* he too old?

Resolutely he banished the thought, plying his axe more vigorously. And then he realized that his feeble blows were doing scarcely any execution. He viewed his tiny clearing—and the vast expanse that was not cleared—and a little chill quivered in his heart like an ice-pointed arrow.

"Pretty hard work this chopping. I'll just pile up what I chopped an' burn it. It's got to be burned some time."

He burned brush for a while and then he picked up his axe, knowing full well that he should be burning and chopping at the same time. He swung feebly at a tree and the effort sent a strange feeling shooting through him.

"It's time to quit," he muttered, but, looking up at the high sun, he knew he was merely excusing himself.

After a while he made tea and ate a frugal supper.

Evening came, cold and clammy, chilling old Jimmy's body as a terrible doubt chilled his soul. The project that had appeared so feasible in the hot sunshine began to assume vast and awsome proportions as darkness advanced. There would have to be

teams for plowing and machinery for seeding—help and harness and seed and feed—and where was the money to buy them? Yes, he had heard of hundreds of homesteaders starting with nothing and making good—but could he?

Then a black night shut down on the landscape, sucking up old Jimmy's hope as a vampire sucks blood. He shivered in his blanket beside the glowing embers of his futile little clearing-fire, striving to fight off the dread realization.

A cold, greenish moon peeped from behind a frowning cloud and glared pitilessly down on the anguished old man. A sombre owl came out and hooted. "Too old, too old," it seemed to intone.

A melancholy night breeze swept a decrepit pine tree to a dolorous sighing, as though it, too, moaned for its vanished youth and sympathized with a fellow unfortunate. And yet, it, too, seemed to articulate:

"Too old, too old."

And then, of a sudden, old Jimmy gave utterance to an agonized little moan and broke down, sobbing like a child, as he acknowledged the inevitable.

And then the old man was transported through the long years back to Elysium, back to the trim little Eastern farm of his boyhood. Again Jimmy went about his small chores, carefree and happy. And it came to him why he wished to locate another wheat field in such and such a place, and his pasture beyond the wheat field. Unconsciously he had been planning a duplicate of the old homestead, the homestead that had become his when—ah! he had lived then. How he had worked from sun-up till sun-down, glorying in his strength, unsparing in his efforts to make HER comfortable and happy. Dear Mary!

And then, as though a cinematograph was being unreeled in the glowing embers before him, he could see himself making that never-to-be-forgotten journey to town. Again he could feel his wife's warm kisses as he promised to fetch the flimsy little fabrics that, she whispered, would soon be needed. How lightheartedly he had set out and how joyously he was returning when, first the ruddy glow and then the fiery tongues flaming into the black night, had shrieked disaster. And then as he speeded to the rescue behind the furious clatter of his horses' hoofs, the figure at the window upstairs, the arm swung up like a semaphore, silhouetted against the raging furnace behind—and, after that, the long lonesome journey down the empty years, the eternal striving for forgetfulness.

A disturbing breeze disarranged the glowing picture. A live ember scuttled

off like a little red bug and, Merciful Heavens! the tragedy of fifty years ago was being enacted again before his very eyes! The same fiery tongues swirling into the black night, the same terrible red glare over everything

"I'm coming, Mary. I'm coming!" the old man cried, rising and tottering toward the raging flames. And then he stumbled—and fell.

A settler found the recumbent form next morning. A short distance away a steadily burning flame showed where a vagrant ember had set alight a slight seepage of petroleum.

Gently he straightened the thin, worn clothes on the shrunken limbs and closed the faded old blue eyes.

Old Jimmy had filed on his Homestead.

The Vow of Silence

Continued from page 72.

So did Mr. Skittles. It was only the sudden weakness of his knees that prevented him taking refuge in ignominious flight. But the incident, tragic though it was, was of too personal a nature to interfere permanently with the success of the evening. After a brief pause the bidding proceeded briskly, and soon the fun was once more at high tide.

But the light had failed for Mr. Skittles. He twisted his legs nervously about the legs of the chair, apparently seeking to gain strength therefrom, as he cast panic-stricken glances in every direction. Presently his eyes fell on the pie still clasped in his hands. A new question presented itself, a question of such overwhelming significance that it caused him to groan in spirit. Should he eat the pie? Years of experience had taught him that no greater insult could be offered his worthier half than to fail to appreciate her cookery. With this past knowledge he felt it incumbent upon him to eat the pie, though his spirit was crushed and his appetite languid. So ardently did he desire to ingratiate himself with Mrs. Skittles and to prove his utter contrition for having broken in upon her evening's pleasure, that he ate slice after slice with heroic fortitude. Fortunately Eddie Jo and Jinnie came to his assistance, and by the end of the evening the truth of the maxim that "the proof of a pudding is in the eating," had been amply verified, and Mrs. Skittles could find no ground for complaint.

But, the first link in the chain of disaster having been forged, others followed swiftly. On the homeward march Eddie Jo was taken violently ill. Mr. Skittles carried him nearly to the clearing, when he was seized with an indisposition himself. Mrs. Skittles, overtaking them, ordered a halt. She glanced at the other children shrewdly.

"Well," she said, shortly, "Rhoda Ray, I s'pose you've got the backache, and Bud the headache, and somebody else the toothache! A person would think it was Sunday morning!"

The children stoutly disclaimed these ailments, all except Jinnie and Eddie Jo—they pleaded guilty to them all. Mrs. Skittles, never one to encourage ailments, took the limp and dejected Jinnie by the hand and, leaving Mr. Skittles to bring the little boy, hurried on to the cabin.

Mr. Skittles, a few moments later, obediently deposited his burden on the doorstep and started away. To his surprise his knees began to wobble, and before he knew it he, too, was reposing on Mrs. Skittle's front steps. That worthy person, bustling about within, was becoming seriously alarmed about Jinnie. The child was alternating between paroxysms of pain and heavy stupors from which nothing could arouse her.

"Git the mustard, quick!" called her mother to Rhoda Ray, who had just climbed over the prostrate forms in the doorway.

Rhoda Ray, with an unsuccessful effort to collect her chronically scattered wits, took a tin can from the end of the shelf.

"This here is the allspice!" thundered Mrs. Skittles; "ain't you got more sense—" She stopped short and sniffed the can suspiciously. "Why this ain't spice at all!"

"It's mustard," urged Rhoda Ray feebly.

"It ain't!" cried Mrs. Skittles in piercing tones; "it's insect powder, and I put it in the pie!"

A scene of utter confusion followed, with Eddie Jo voicing his anguish in piercing screams, and poor Jinnie lying limp and unconscious on the bed.

"She's gittin' worser all the time!" cried Mrs. Skittles, rubbing the child's hands and arms and trying in vain to rouse her. "Somebody go fer the doctor, quick! But she'll die afore he gets here. It's a half hour to git there and a half hour back. Lord help me! Lord help me, what must I do?"

As if in answer to her prayer an apparition appeared in the doorway. Mr. Skittles, white of cheek and wild of eye, holding feebly to the casement, addressed the company:

"I'll git her to the doctor," he said, earnestly; "git her wrapped up, an' I'll take her."

He vanished from the doorway only to appear a moment later with the guaranteed patent combination easy chair and wheelbarrow. Mrs. Skittles stopped not to question; she knew too well the immediate need for a doctor. She laid the heavy, unconscious child in the wheelbarrow, roughly pushing aside the unsteady hands that tried to help her. Then with an anxious shake of the head, and never a glance at the blanched face opposite, she hastened back to attend to the less desperate case within.

Mr. Skittles, gathering up his load, started bravely forth into the night. The deathly nausea that had overcome him gave place to excruciating pain, but he pushed forward with straining muscles and anxious eyes. The narrow path down the mountainside ascended abruptly at times; the thick trees overhead shut out the starlight, and underfoot a tangle of grasses and vines caught his feet as he hurried along. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, and his hands and feet grew numb. Presently he sank to his knees, then to the ground.

"Jinnie!" he called, piteously; "Jinnie! yer ain't dead yit, air ye? Yer pa's tryin' to git you there. Jinnie! Don't you hear me?" His weak, inefficient hands fumbled about until they found hers, then he staggered to his feet. "My God, she's a-gitting cold!" he cried, as he stumbled forward again.

The trees seemed to be dancing around him in a great circle that would not let him through, the lights in the village moved farther and farther away as he approached. When he reached the turnpike he fell again, his face in the dust and his hands clutching at the rocks. For a while he lay so, then the pain made him remember.

"O God!" he prayed, "don't pay me no mind, but jest help me git Jinnie to the doctor's." He stumbled to his feet, but he could not move his burden. In despair he sank upon his knees and burst into violent weeping.

"Poor little gal!" he cried, his trembling arms across the child; "pa's tryin' to help you, but he never could help nobody. He never was no good but he'll try ag'in—he'll try—" Pitching and lurching he staggered forward; sight and hearing left him; one thought only remained.

At the doctor's door the strange equipage halted. Mr. Skittles began his story, but he never finished it.

At daybreak, when Mrs. Skittles hurried to the village, she found Jinnie out of danger, but lying in the doctor's darkened office was the silent form of Mr. Skittles. For hours she bent over him, desperately striving with the doctor to bring back consciousness. Her husband, hovering on the borderland

of Eternity assumed a strange dignity and importance.

At noon he stirred. "Jenk," she said in her most commanding tone, "speak to me this minute!"

And Jenk spoke.

Gregory Morton Mystery

Continued from page 76.

at my elbow, watching the operation with eager curiosity. When I had finished there was traced on the wall a perfect circle, about four inches in diameter; whereupon I turned to Virginia and smiled.

"Did you ever notice what small stove-pipes they always use in France?" said I.

Without further explanation, I followed the traced circle with my penknife, cutting in deep and encountering but little resistance.

"Now," said I, "another question. Did you ever see a man draw a cork out of a bottle with two knife blades?"

I went over to the table and took two of the steel knives which the waiter had superfluously brought in with our breakfast. I cautiously inserted them at opposite sides of the circle.

The next moment, with a little coaxing, I succeeded in drawing out the wooden block which had been driven into the orifice left by the disused stove-pipe. The effect of that simple little act was startling to both of us.

For the words, which before had been mere murmurs, came to our ears as distinctly as though the men who uttered them had been sitting in the room with us. And the men were "Morton" and Duggleby! It was Duggleby who was speaking.

"There comes your waiter now," said he. "And, for Heaven's sake, whatever he says, or however he looks, don't make any more explanations of how we were in Chartres last night, and couldn't possibly have been in Tours; and, therefore, could have no connection with the outrage which he no doubt will tell us about. For a person who calls himself an adventurer, and is supposed to live by his wits, you make an extraordinary number of blunders. I wish I could talk French."

"Ask him," said Duggleby, "if he has any more guests tucked away in this hovel of an inn."

Morton repeated the question in French, phrasing it somewhat more tactfully.

"Ah, but yes," said the waiter. "There are a young gentleman and two foreigners, a beautiful young American girl, and an old man, her father."

There was a moment of electrical silence after this reply. Then Duggleby began speaking swift and low in English.

"If it is the people we want, they are here without luggage. We can be sure of that, at any rate. Ask him if they are going to stay long."

Morton, trying to command a tone of unconcern, asked the question. From my place at the smoke-hole I felt I could almost see the shrug which must have accompanied the waiter's next words:

"Who can tell, *monsieur*? They arrived without luggage, but the old man is ill. He may even die, which Heaven forbid, for that is the unluckiest thing that can happen to an inn. But who knows?"

"Tell him," said Duggleby, "to be off and fetch breakfast, and not to stand here gossiping."

And then, after the door had closed, I heard the murmur of almost silent laughter. It was ended by a knock on the door. Evidently the interruption was unexpected.

"Who the deuce can that be?" said Morton. "The waiter can't be back already."

"Call to him to come in," said Duggleby impatiently. "Are you too much of a coward to play your part like a man?"

Morton obeyed, and the next moment showed that his fears had been groundless.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he said. "What do you want?"

It was a strange voice which replied, the chauffeur's evidently, for he said:

"Well, I have got the car in trim again, and it was no light job either, after the wild night we gave it last night. But it is as good as ever now."

The man was speaking in French, of course, and Morton had to translate it to Duggleby.

"Go out and curl up in the tonneau and go to sleep," were Duggleby's instructions.

The man went away, and very soon afterward the waiter appeared with breakfast.

"Now," said Duggleby, "stop fidgeting around and eat your breakfast, and then follow my example and go to sleep. We shall be busy to-night, but we have the day before us."

I took up my wooden plug and carefully reinserted it in the wall.

"Well," said I to Virginia, "if they have the day before them, so have we."

"Yes," she said unsteadily, "we have the day; but the night—what will that bring, *monsieur*?"

To that question I had no answer.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHAT THE NIGHT BROUGHT.

AT that moment I turned and saw the doctor sitting up on the couch. A faint voice from a further room caught Virginia's attention, and she went instantly to her father's bedside, the doctor following her. In a very few minutes he came back to me:

"It is better than we could have hoped," said he; "much better. A few days of perfect quiet will put him on his feet again."

I smiled somewhat ruefully at that. The prospect of a few days of perfect quiet seemed to me rather remote.

"You have been finding out things while I was asleep," said he, instantly divining the meaning of my look.

As quickly as I could I told him the story. Evidently the situation struck him as seriously as it had me, for he made no comment at all until some minutes after I had finished.

"After all," he said at length, "the balance of the advantage seems to lie with us, though it is not as decisive as I could wish. They know we're here, and we know they're here, but while we know all that they know, they still believe us to be in ignorance. That's our advantage, and it's the advantage we must keep at all costs."

"If it were not for Mr. Heatherfield's condition," I began, and saw that he comprehended that difficulty fully.

"Well," said he, "we have the day before us at any rate. When Mr. Heatherfield drops off asleep again, as I think he will before long, we will summon Miss Virginia and hold a council of war."

That opportunity did not come as soon as we expected it. It was not until after our luncheon had been served and cleared away that Virginia came out of her father's room, with the whispered information that he had dropped asleep.

"Well," said the doctor. "It is high time that we made up our minds as to what sort of preparation we will make for the reception of our friend the enemy. I suppose each of us has some plan. Miss Virginia, will you tell us yours?"

"It's a very cowardly plan, I'm afraid," she said. "It is nothing more nor less than to run away. They are asleep down there, counting on father's illness to keep us here. But he is so much better."

The doctor shook his head:

"Not so much better as all that, my dear. At the first hint of danger or excitement all appearance of almost normal health would vanish very quickly."

"But there will be a hint of danger and excitement to-night," she protested.

"I know," he said. "We will consider that when we come to it. I am sorry that, as your medical adviser, I must veto that plan absolutely. What have you to say, M. Barras?"

"Well," I answered, "my plan is

cowardly, too, I am afraid. My suggestion is that we call the police."

The doctor smiled.

"I think I must be the youngest member of this party," said he. "I will confess that that apparently simple solution did not occur to me. It seems to offer some promise. Proceed to develop it, *monsieur*,"

"Well," I continued, "the case against them for the robbery at the Tours station is curiously complete. They wore no mask and the old woman will undoubtedly be able to identify them at once. This adventurer who calls himself Morton will never dare invoke the protection of that name here, for we are in the one spot in France where that imposture could be exposed instantly.

"If we needed any more proof, Duggleby's wounded hand would furnish it. Furthermore, we ourselves can testify to the motive for the crime."

"Of course," commented the doctor, "once we had them safely under lock and key, our own difficulties would be immensely simplified. Yes, it is a very good plan, *monsieur*. I make you my compliments. But I am afraid it is too good to be true."

"What do you mean ?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "the first step of your plan involves calling the police, and that, I fear, is precisely the same sort of enterprise as the estimable one of the mice to bell the cat. How do you propose that the police shall be called ?"

That had not occurred to me as a difficulty, and for a moment I had no answer to make.

"I can see," said I finally, "that such an appeal would have to be made to Tours, and not to the local authority here at Mettray, if they have such a thing as a *gendarme* here. He would probably try to make the arrest himself, and his efforts would be mere child's play against those three determined men down-stairs."

"Presicely," said the doctor. "And now, about getting word to Tours. That will involve either going in person or sending a note. Do you suppose, for one moment, that they are so sound asleep down-stairs that the departure of any one of us from this inn could pass unremarked?

"We could not send Miss Virginia. She can neither leave her father; nor is her French, if she will allow me to say so, adequate to explain the situation to the prefect at Tours.

"Suppose, on the other hand, that either one of us"—he was looking at me now—"sets out on such an errand. The men down-stairs would see him go, and M. Duggleby, unless his faculties have undergone a serious deterioration, will be able at least to surmise what our object is.

CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY SIDNEY R. COOK

Our New Serial Story

Hypnotism is an interesting subject whether considered as a psychopathic study or as a "stunt" for the vaudeville stage. It is beyond doubt that some people have a mysterious power to control the actions of others under conditions which they have the ability to impose on the "subject." Boyd Wendham, a physician, just returned from several years' study in Vienna where he has specialized in hypnotism, joins a house party at Evelyn Grange. Among the guests is his old sweetheat, Nellie Gaynor, a widow of six months, and a vulgar little parvenu who has recently become one of the set by marrying Charles Lawdon. Mrs. Gaynor tells Wendham that she exists chiefly on her earnings from a racing stable left her by her husband. Wendham is deeply concerned at her state of health, but forgets her case temporarily when consternation overcomes the whole party by the announcement that—but turn to page 115 of this issue and begin one of the best mystery serials you have ever read.

Lord o' Land

We have been fortunate in securing for our readers a new series of sketches by Janey Canuck, which will be published under the general title Lord o' Land. The first of these appears on page 119 of this issue and there will be another next month of equal interest.

A Madge Macbeth Story

Among the fiction in next month's issue is another story by Madge Macbeth, who has gained a reputation for fiction which is "out of the ordinary." The scene of this one is laid in the Klondike and the title is "The Owner of 28 Above."

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1917

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"Do hurry and finish, so I can try it too!"

Have you tried "the most famous skin treatment ever formulated"?

If not, you, like this girl, should begin tonight to get the benefit of this famous skin treatment, which will bring to your skin the delicate color, the lovelier freshness and clearness you have always wanted

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Once a day, either night or morning, but preferably just before retiring, dip a wash cloth in warm water and hold it to your face until the skin is softened. Then lather your cloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly.

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MADE IN CANADA

VOLUME Twenty-two NO. 3

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON July 1917

Confederation Times and Heroes

By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated from Photographs

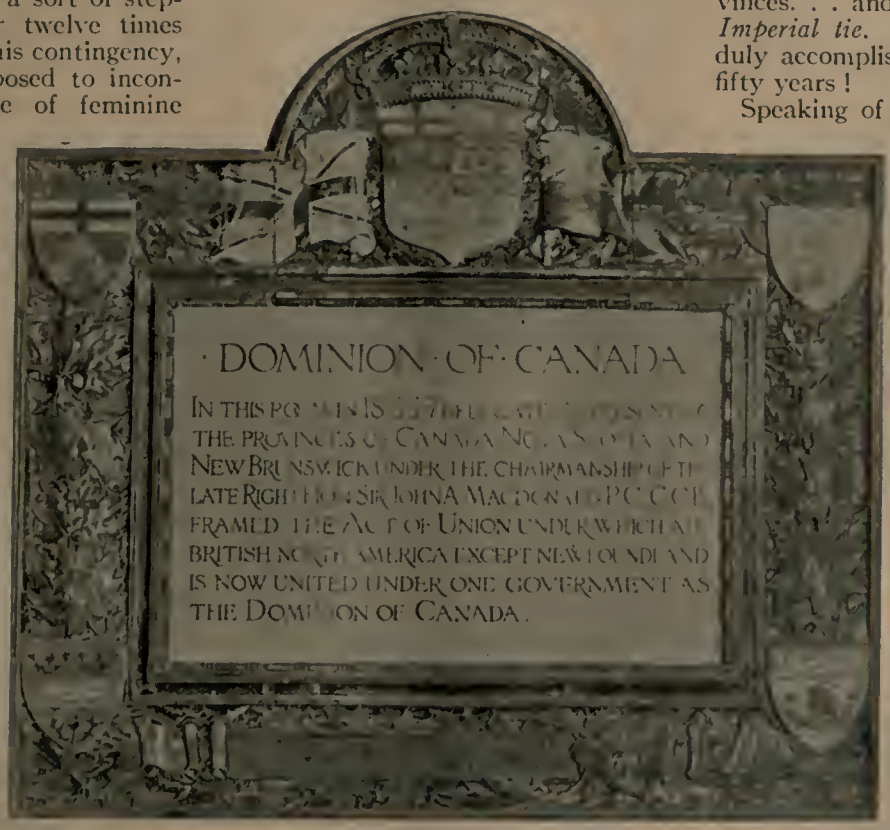
ONCE, at least, every ten years since 1867, our memories have been jogged and our patriotism dusted by numerous articles concerning the stirring days which preceded and followed Confederation. Beside these, many of the Fathers, several of the sons and numberless nephews and cousins have written Memoirs and Reminiscences.

There seems, ovbiously, therefore, very little left for me—a sort of step-grand-daughter, ten or twelve times removed, to say. As this contingency, however, is never supposed to inconvenience seriously, one of feminine persuasion, I will endeavour to set forth some of the lighter sides of the issue which gave to Canada a nationhood and to England one of her wealthiest possessions.

"Deadlock" was the Father of Confederation! According to Sir Richard Cartwright, the union of Upper and Lower Canada in 1841 was but a *mariage de convenance*. Radical and religious differences had bred strife and discord; personal antipathies had clouded issues and set at variance people who actually had the unity and peace of the country at heart. As Goldwin Smith put it, when describing the constant bickerings not only between different parties, but within the same party — "The smaller the pit, the fiercer the rats!" Some idea of existing conditions can be gathered by realizing that in June 1864 Government by party collapsed. In the next three years there were two general elections and four Cabinets went to pieces. It hardly seems possible to-day, but at that time, Canada faced disintegration of the most exaggerated sort—the sort which we associate with Harold Magrath's fiction which tells of a dozen small principalties within a limited area and between which exist different language, different postal regulations, different currency, different political systems; principalities between which tariff rises like a wall and feuds seethe without cessation. Not only that, but Canada faced dismemberment from the Empire. There were parties both in England and here to whom the idea was not at all repugnant.

Briefly then, the objects of Confederation may be summed up as a means for evolving a workable Government. . . the unification of the provinces. . . and the *preservation of the Imperial tie*. All of which has been duly accomplished, in much less than fifty years!

Speaking of postal regulations, currency and the like, these were questions which vitally concerned the Fathers of Confederation. A national currency had to be established — not an easy task considering that one province accepted the English pound, shilling and pence, its neighbor preferred the paper and silver of the United States, and a third leaned toward the Mexican dollar and the romantic doubloon. Government salaries were paid in doubloons in Nova Scotia. I have no doubt that at a pinch, the old standards of exchange—a wife, a cow or a cube of tea — would have passed as legal tender. Newfoundland money was viewed with distrust and suspicion in all the provinces; there was uniformity to that extent, at least. The postal regula



From the John Ross Robertson Historical Collection

Tablet in the Westminster Hotel, London, England

tions were scarcely less interesting. Letters were addressed with what seems a delightful vagueness. "John Smith, Perth, Canada West," somehow ound the claimant. Indeed, only a few years ago, letters came to Ottawa, addressed "Canada West." Postal rates were high; nine cents for a sixty mile delive y and an increasing scale for greater distances. It was quite worth considering before sending a letter to the Pacific Coast from Halifax, whether silence were not golden.

Sir John Macdonald reminded one of his audiences that in 1844 only 1,400,000 letters passed through the post offices of the various provinces, of which 1,200,000 were sent not more than 400 miles from their starting point. In 1883 there were 90,000,000 letters sent from coast to coast at a three cent postal rate. In 1915 we find an issue of 790,743,370 stamps !

The cynic may, of course, draw an invidious comparison between the value of letters then and now, but even he cannot fail to be impressed.

The inhabitants of British North America were severally known as Newfoundlanders, New Brunswickers, Canadians and Nova Scotians—these last, complained Sir Charles Tupper, being frequently confused in the minds of Englishmen with Nova Zemblans or other remote peoples !

Sir Charles wanted to call the Confederated provinces British America; others suggested Columbia, Chabotia Acadia, Ursalia, and Britannia. It was almost as difficult to settle upon a name for the Dominion as upon a capital.

That Ottawa as a site was not an unanimous choice is proven by the fact that it was sneeringly referred to as "that little Arctic lumber village." After Her Majesty had chosen it, the House of Commons passed a vote rejecting it as an unsuitable place for the seat of Government, at which the Ministry resigned, feeling that the Queen had been insulted. This flagrant act of discourtesy could never have occurred had there not existed such bitter rivalry between Kingston, Toronto, Montreal and Quebec each of which had known the excitement of being Capital under the *migratory* system of Government. It goes without saying that aside from the inconvenience, the expense to the public treasury was enormous when moving-time came.

An old resident of Cornwall described the herculean activities of just one family—that of the Sandfield Macdonalds—when preparing to trail after the seat of Government.

"As children, we used to hang over the fence to watch the proceedings," she told me, "fascinated by the bustle and excitement of the scene. The house was almost cleared of its furnishings, and what was not taken away, was packed against the inroads of moth and rust, or the corruption of men. Last and most important was the business of moving the cow, which always accompanied the family on its Parliamentary perigrinations. When this ceremony was begun, we knew that the hour of departure had come. Likewise, when some fine morning, we discovered the faithful animal browsing in the field, we knew that the session was ended and the Macdonalds were once more at home. If moving the Houses of Parliament gave half so much trouble as moving the Macdonalds, I should think that members would have been glad to stay in one place—no matter where—until the day of Judgment !"

John Sandfield Macdonald was not, of course, one of the Fathers of Confederation, but he was a prominent figure of the times. He was first Premier of Ontario and an interesting personality.

"Scratch a Russian," says an old proverb," and you will find a Tartar." Paraphrased, this fitted the Hon. John Sandfield, who, beneath his veneer of "ma-pul leaf and em-blum dear" showed many points of the prickly Thistle. A service or a slight, an attraction or an aversion were nursed by him with hothouse care, and never set out in the open until sturdy enough to grow. Then they were placed with Highland exactness where they would do the most harm—or the most good !

Ontario's first Premier resolved to help Destiny shape his ends. He was not hampered by the fetters and conventions which bind spoiled children of fortune, and he was not ashamed to work. At an age when most boys leave school, he entered it; at an age when most boys consider they have finished their education, he began to acquire his. He passed through the Cornwall Grammar School and then entered the law office of Mr. Draper where he remained until he was called to the Bar, in 1840. Almost immediately after this, he was asked to represent Glengarry in Parliament, and his political life began.

Mr. Macdonald was at heart a Conservative; he called himself a Liberal; his course was— independent. He playfully described himself as the Ishmael of Parliament, because his political hand seemed to be raised against every man. He seemed to enjoy political isolation, and was almost as eagerly sought by one party as the other; his utter disregard of partyism and its claims, seems in nowise to have offended his constituents for he was returned time and again, whether as Liberal, Reformer, or anything else.

This change of political front is attributed by the late Sir James Whitney who was a student in Macdonald's office, to his inability to acknowledge any man as his leader. So strong was this trait, that he refused Sir John's offer of a position in his Cabinet by telegram in the following laconic terms . . . . "No go !"

A humorous incident occurred in Glengarry when Sir George Cartier went there to address a meeting. He was escorted to the Town Hall with great ceremony, and not as Sir John described his reception in Halifax, after the Quebec Conference—"with sufficient courtesy." He was led to the platform and invited to remove his hat and coat. Behind him there were pegs upon which an assortment of plaids and overcoats were hanging, and Sir George tried to put his amongst them. But he found he could nothing like reach them and had to call one of the brawny Glengarry boys to perform this service for him. He created a most favorable impression during his speech by referring not only to the mental stature of the men of that county but to their splendid physical stature as well.

Descended from the family of Jacques Cartier, Sir George inherited many of the characteristics of his famous prototype. Fearlessness, broad-mindedness, tenacity of purpose, energy, were undeniably his. He was at the time of Confederation, the hero of Lower Canada and a man without whose support Sir John could never have accomplished his great work. A prominent barrister of the Capital, who often heard him speak, describes the ease and fluency of his delivery, its freedom from theatricisms, its compelling forcefulness. A bit long-winded at times was Sir George —he could speak six hours at a stretch in English and then lapse gently into his native tongue for another six. It has even been hinted, that, like some clergymen, he had not enough to say to be brief ! But judging by the tributes paid him by his contemporaries, judging by the power he wielded over his constituents, I am inclined to think this is a libel. A long-winded man is apt to be tiresome, and a tiresome man could never have gained victories over the most formidable men in his province, men who like Dorion and Holton fought him tooth and nail. The Rouges, as the Liberals were called, opposed him to a man. Many of the English speaking politicians in Lower Canada were anti-British and not in favor of Confederation. Sir George fought his battles single-handed and carried all before him. He worked with an energy few men possess. Even his hair was energetic, standing up straight from his forehead like soldiers at attention. His eyebrows moving somewhat vigorously while he was speaking, seemed to

From the John Ross Robertson Historical collection

The Fathers of Confederation at the formation of the Dominion of Canada, July 1, 1867

be constantly on the *qui vive.* His whole being was alert. He was offered the C. M. G. at the time Sir John was knighted, and he refused it; some say because of jealousy of his leader, others that his French colleagues persuaded him that the lesser honor was intended as a slight to their nationality. At any rate for a short time, there was a coolness between Sir John and Sir George, until Lord Monck put matters straight, by recommending the latter for a baronetcy, which was accepted. That Sir George was an eminently simple-living man without "swank" or "side" is proven by the fact that he had to borrow money on his personal note with which to pay the necessary fees at the time of accepting his baronetcy.

What Cartier accomplished in the Lower Province, George Brown brought about in Upper Canada. "The foremost champion at a critical moment," he has been described, by many who praised him for the support of his quondam opponent. That he hated Sir John with a consistent bitterness, is not only seen through the columns of *The Globe* which he owned and edited, but by many occurrences which still linger in the memories of those about us. For example, Brown and Sir John were not on speaking terms for a number of years. When Brown decided to cast his lot with the Confederationists and support Sir John, the two men met in the centre of the House—neither crossing to the side led by the others !—then they dined together, went about together in public places, played euchre together when they crossed the Atlantic (this last seems to have been the acid test of friendship !) ,and in England attended many social functions together. Yet, on the day after the Hon. George Brown resigned, the two men resumed their old antagonistic positions and ceased to speak.

The man who brought Upper Canada into line, who renounced his party and his friends for a cause in which he believed, was not a statesman, but he was the stimulus Sir John Macdonald needed. Brown's very antagonism urged him to greater accomplishments —not that he had not a wholesome respect for his opponent's ability. This, in the framing of the seventy two resolutions, considered at Quebec, was particularly evidenced in arranging financial matters.

Sir John had a powerful ally in the Hon. D'Arcy McGee, "the orator of the movement." As a speaker, he had no superior and but one equal—the Hon. Joseph Howe, Sir Charles Tupper's formidable antagonist.

Mr. McGee was an Irishman with an adventurous disposition and a romantic past. He early developed the racial characteristic and stood at loggerheads with the Government, emigrating from the "island surrounded by a melancholy ocean," to New York. After some years of journalistic work there, he attracted the notice of O'Connell, who wrote asking him to return to Ireland, as one of the editors of a Dublin paper. The impetuousity of McGee's style proved more than his opponents could bear, and they forced him to take refuge in Scotland, from which place he fled to the United States, disguised as a priest. Coming to Canada, he made himself unpopular with the Fenian faction and was assassinated by one of their number, fortunately for the cause, *after* his work was accomplished and Confederation an established fact. It was to Mr. McGee that Sir John delivered his famous reproof on intemperance. . .

"McGee," said the Chief, solemnly, after a night of joyous revelry, "this Cabinet will not support two drunkards. You will have to reform !"

Sir Leonard Tilley, who carried Confederation in his province, was, however, the real temperance advocate. As early as 1855 he had an Act passed "to prevent the importation and traffic in intoxicating liquors." Of course it was contested; the Ministry resigned and eventually the law was repealed. In spite of which, no one, however celebrated, was served other than mild beverages at Government House, and Sir Leonard carried St. John at the next election and was returned as Governor of the Province !

Speaking of temperance reminds one of the rise Sir Richard Cartwright got out of Sir John in the House one day.

Sir Richard remarked that he understood a certain Mr. Collins had immortalized himself by writing a life of Sir John.

From the John Ross Robertson Historical collection
Sir George Etienne Cartier, the hero of Lower Canada at the time of the Confederation

"No," interposed the other," he has immortalized me."

"His work," continued Sir Richard, "will no doubt, be greatly appreciated by the hon. gentleman's friends, because I observe that all the acts of his career, so grossly misrepresented by evil-minded persons, are now attributed to the purest of motives. . . . It is a happy association of ideas that a gentleman who in his life has done justice to so many John Collinses, should at last find a John Collins to do justice to him !"

The Minister of Justice in Sir Wilfrid's first Cabinet was one of the Fathers of Confederation—Sir Oliver Mowat. A picture of him in his early youth comes down to us from no less a source than Sir John, himself, to whose office he applied as apprentice. "There came. . . one day a chubby little lad, with large, prominent eyes and a methodical manner of speaking, stating that he wanted to study law."

Young Oliver accomplished his desire, and did such credit to Sir John, that years afterward, the Premier of Ontario vanquished the Premier of the Dominion in several legal battles ! It is a mistake to suppose that Sir John was a brilliant student and rose to the height of his profession in leaps. He suffered innumerable failures, such as are never recorded against Sir Oliver Mowat. Indeed, Sir John lost so many of the cases he was defending that a certain lawyer satirically suggested making him Prosecuting Attorney—"You are sure to send them to gaol, John !" he said.

Sir Charles Tupper outlived all the other Fathers of Confederation. At ninety two, he was an amazingly energetic old man; at ninety three the double anxiety caused by the outbreak of the war and the illness of his little grandson, broke even his indomitable spirit. His death was the occasion for such universal mourning as the Province has never seen. To the State House at Halifax where his body lay, thronged crowds of people; people of all walks in life, all creeds, political and religious; people of all colors and nationalities. . . Indians and negroes, drawn there to pay their last respects, by something much deeper than curiosity.

Sir Charles had been for many years the foremost man in Nova Scotia and people are wont to say,

"Oh, yes, So-and-So is all right, but we will never have another like Tupper !"

A silent man in social gatherings, unheard of as an after-dinner speaker, a failure as a raconteur, Sir Charles loosed all the floods of his oratory on the floor of the House. He had a remarkable memory and a voice "like thunder." He was frequently called the "Fighting doctor," and the "Old War Horse of Cumberland."

At the very outset of his long and honored career, he exhibited a fine self-effacement which was the key-note o his interest in "the cause." After fighting one of the bitterest politica' battles in Canada's history, after experiencing the humiliation of seeing every county save his own turn against the Government he represented, after vanquishing the redoubtable Howe, at last, and earning a high reward—Dr. Tupper relinquished his right to a seat in the first Cabinet that it might be given to another claimant from his province, and thus relieve Sir John of a very keen embarrassment. This same sacrifice was made by the Hon. D'Arcy McGee.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell is about the last of the Old Guard who was engaged in building the foundation of the Dominion. He is ninety-four, with a constitution that a man half his years might envy. Travelling back and forth from his Belleville home to his place in the Senate, causes him no inconvenience and when the monotony of that journey palls, he takes a real jaunt to Toronto.

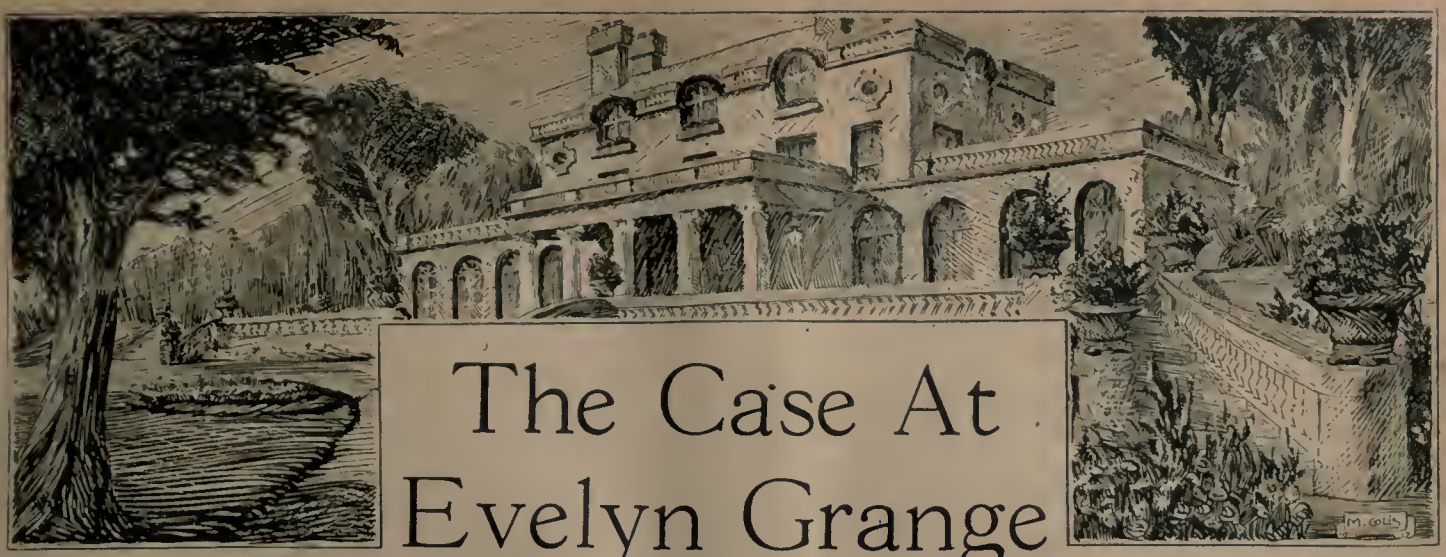
Sir Mackenzie has not lacked interests in his life. He wore a pen behind his ear, a rifle on his shoulder and a political toga with equal ease. Not all at once—he would have been overdressed and he abhors ostentation. But he started out in life as an apprentice in a printing office, rising to the post of editor and proprietor of that paper—the Belleville Intelligencer. On the American frontier, he carried a rifle, having assisted in raising a company of which he was ensign. His rank was that of Colonel by the time he opposed the Fenian raids, and it is worth remarking that his love of soldiering has not burnt itself out. He was the first to offer to enlist in the Forestry Battalion, arguing that "he could swing an axe with any man !"

A member of Sir John's Cabinet, in '78 as Minister of Customs, he was elected by acclamation. Next, he tackled the portfolio of Militia, under Sir John Abbott; he organized the department of Trade and Commerce, and was Minister in the Thompson Administration. He also organized the Colonial Conference, after originating it. Sir Mackenzie enjoyed the discomforts of a Prime Minister for a short space, led the Government in the Senate, and led the Opposition in the Senate.

And to-day, when the fulness of his years might argue a desire for the inactivity which some call peace, Sir

From the John Ross Robertson Historical collection
Sir Etienne Pascal Tache, one of the celebrated Canadian Political leaders prior to confederation

Mackenzie exudes a fine forcefulness and power. He accepts with enthusiasm or protests with rousing vigour, the motions which come before the Upper House. Seeing him, one has to forgive the pessimists for complaining, that the country does not produce such men now.



The Case At Evelyn Grange

THE BEGINNING OF A NEW SERIAL STORY WRITTEN AROUND THE TANGLED WEB OF EVIDENCE CONNECTED WITH THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF THE LAWDON JEWELS

By E. W. Grant

Illustrated by Marcel Olis

EVELYN GRANGE is one of the show places of Long Island. It occupies a hill crest commanding the great Hempstead plain, made beautiful by its fine graduations of distance and color. To the left lies the wooded rolling country of Wheatley Hills, and but a few motor miles away the blue waters of the Sound indent the Island's shore. The house—a vast edifice of pale red brick with white trim—possesses terraces bordered by marble balustrades, descending in steep succession; each a giant step of flowers, divided down the middle by a marble staircase alternating with pebbled pathways. The right wing of the mansion is devoted to the luxurious housing of its guests. The left wing contains the servants' quarters and the necessary array of kitchens. Detached buildings for squash and bowls offer exercise and pleasure for dark and sullen days. In the distance the great bulk of the stables lies shrouded in huge trees, whence a faint yapping from the crowded kennels is almost always audible.

It was Wendham's first visit to the Grange, and, as he drove up the long, leaf littered road in the gathering dusk, he was unprepared for the imposing structure that met his sight. "Really," he said to Mrs. Lawdon, who had arrived on the same train, and sat beside him enveloped in chinchilla and grey veils, "a title should go with it. Doesn't seem the proper thing for just a plain, Mister, does it ?"

"Do you think anything is too fine for the American gentleman ?" she answered.

Wendham was glad that the growing dusk hid his smile. "Really, I wasn't quite serious about it," he answered, "and I've been away so long, you see, that I've grown continental."

She nodded. "Charlie told me you'd been in Europe—how long—four years, wasn't it ?"

"Four years," he echoed thoughtfully, "and what changes !"

"And Charlie married !—you got our cards, didn't you ? It seems to me they were sent to Vienna or somewhere like that."

"Yes, I received them—about six months ago."

"Then there's the Boskwith divorce—that must have surprised you—and Nellie Gaynor's a widow now, you know."

She paused abruptly, suddenly recalling the gossip that linked Boyd Wendham's hasty departure with the marriage of the lovely Nellie. "Doesn't look heartbroken," she commented to herself, as she turned to examine his appearance under cover of admiring the passing landscape. She saw a strong-featured, keen-eyed man of powerful build, whose hair, though prematurely grey, did not age his appearance, chiefly because of the boyish sparkle of his unusually handsome eyes, and the affectionate humor of his flexible mouth—"Decidedly handsome," thought Mrs. Lawdon, with a dab at the gilt fringes of her hair. "I wonder why she didn't take him—they say old Gaynor was a pill." Aloud she said, "Mrs. Gaynor's to be one of this house party. Did you see her abroad ? She was over there more than a year after Mr. Gaynor died."

"No, I didn't happen to see her in Europe. My specialties—I'm a physician, you know—kept me in Vienna, but I'm looking forward to renewing an old friendship. I've had a glimpse of her, of course, since I've been back, but only for a moment." He spoke so naturally that Mrs. Lawdon was disappointed. He glanced at his companion, wondering how that astute cotillion butterfly Charlie Lawdon had ever been so "let in." The whole surface of their world had been rippled by the plunge of this particular little clod into its distilled and filtered depths. There was no denying Mrs. Lawdon's gaudy and perfumed plebeianism.

"Do you know Mrs. Evelyn well ?" she asked abruptly. "I've only met her once or twice but they're old friends of yours aren't they ?"

"They are two of the best I have," he answered. "Cass and I were college mates—and Patty, oh well, I remember her with long red silk legs and short brown silk braids," he laughed reminiscently. "She was a funny child, always tired; she was born tired—but, here we are; let me help you."

The carriage drew up before the main entrance, whose white columns seemed vast in the soft electric illumination from the dull glass globes guarding the doorway. The footman rang the bell and returned for Wendham's simple suitcase and Mrs. Lawdon's elaborate traveling impedimenta. The rest of her collection was in charge of her maid, due later in the servants' trap. A

large hat trunk, however, she had insisted should accompany her; indeed the valued millinery must not be out of her sight, and with difficulty it had been installed, to the detriment of the speckless knees of the footman, who now deposited it resentfully upon the verandah.

The door swung open, revealing the subdued, rich tones of the interior, where the glow of antique velvets, heavy with tarnished embroideries, met the eye. Grape-wound torsion columns of the Spanish renaissance formed the doorways, while a dreamy-eyed madonna in the brocade and jeweled robes of the sixteenth century smiled from a canvas that filled the wall space by the stairs; two macaws, of ostentatious plumage, swung in gilded rings, adding a final touch of old world eccentricity.

The new arrivals entered and a moment later Mrs. Evelyn, in a teagown, was extending languid greetings. Evelyn, however, made up in heartiness for his wife's tepid cordiality. "Nobody minded Patty, anyway; it was just her way." Mrs. Lawdon, not being familiar with her hostess's peculiarities, at once took umbrage. Only the joy of being within the Evelyns' exclusive portals prevented her from immediate rudeness. She contented herself with a mental note to "get even," and noisily devoted herself to Mr. Evelyn and Alice Rawlins, who entered in her cross-country riding trousers, high boots and gray frock coat, as alert and vigorous as a young Amazon.

"Hello, Kate, have some tea, have a highball ? Pat, there, will never think to ask you. Better warm up a bit before we go to 'red up,' as the countries say. Oh, Boyd, it's bully to meet you again. Of course Cass looked out for you—I see it in your eye. But it takes the new woman to look out for herself. What, ho ! James ! What's yours, Kate — tea ? James, take Mrs. Lawdon's furs, and send them up to the blue suite. It is the blue suite, isn't it, Patty ? And send Mrs. Lawdon's maid and things there when they come. And Nellie—see who's here—Boyd Wendham ! Arise and make salaamings."

A tall, slender, white-clad woman rose from behind the elaborate tea-table where she had been presiding, and advanced cordially. "Oh, Boyd !" she exclaimed, "it is good to see you." Her lovely, high-bred face lost its cameo whiteness in a soft flush of pleasure, while her dark, heavily-ringed eyes lighted as from within. Wendham took her extended hand, and the old emotion that the years had not lessened, flooded his heart once more. "Mrs. Gaynor," he stammered, "this is indeed a pleasure." She laughed reprovingly. "*Mrs.* Gaynor, is it, *Dr.* Wendham ? Dear me, have we had a quarrel ? I was unaware of it."

Before he could answer, Mrs. Evelyn had recalled her duties as hostess.

"Oh, you haven't met Mrs. Gaynor have you, Mrs. Lawdon ? Dear me, how remiss of me," she drawled. "Meet each other, do."

Mrs. Lawdon's heart warmed. She forgave her hostess's apparent aloofness for the sake of this most desirable introduction. But before she was able to do more than bow cordially and take breath for an appropriate speech, the prize was removed by the doctor's prompt seizure of the lady's attention.

Once more Mrs. Lawdon devoted herself to Alice and Cass Evelyn.

Wendham and Mrs. Gaynor had become absorbed in talk. Every moment her charm took stronger hold upon him, but he could not but note her nervous, strained condition, the tell-tale pallor, and the bruised, sleepless setting of her over-brilliant eyes. "I wish I'd never studied medicine, when I see you, Nellie; it makes me worry about you. What in the world have you been doing ?

"Oh, nothing much—I suppose you know I've gone in for racing a good deal." He looked at her in surprise. "Oh," she added hastily, "I had to make my living, and I was left part owner of a racing stable when my husband died. I've been very successful, didn't you know ? I'm very busy and my correspondence alone is enough to wear me out."

"That reminds me,' he said abruptly, "I was entrusted with something for you. Let me give it to you now, before I forget it." From an inner pocket he drew forth a thin, foreign-stamped letter. "It came while I was with the Mortimers, and Calvin forget to remail it. I was entrusted with it as a sort of object lesson to forgetful husbands."

Mrs. Gaynor received the letter and looked at the address. She paled; her eyes sought his face in a swift glance.

" You heard what Mrs. Gaynor said; the servants shouldn't see these things"

"I v'e been robbed—my diamonds—my emeralds—my ruby! They're gone, I tell you!"

"No, not for me, after all," she said, laughing unreasonably. "And not a spot left on which to re-address! I must enclose it, I suppose. Forget it for a week, at least, because I haven't an envelope to fit. You know how it is. I'm sure I don't know why I allow my friends to make such a nuisance or a convenience of me." She thrust the letter securely into her belt.

"Good nature is hard on its possessor," he answered. "Your friend, by the way, has a name very familiar to me, but I can't place it."

Mrs. Gaynor's eyes narrowed. "You don't recall where you met her? Abroad, perhaps; I knew her there—a sort of nomad. She's traveling out West now. You see," she added nervously, "any important mail, remittances and things, she had ordered sent to me, and I forward as she advises—but it's rather a burden."

"Your description doesn't help me," he mused. "And, after all, I'm rather rude to inquire into your friend's affairs."

"Not at all—nothing is rude between old friends." She smiled upon him her old brilliant smile of conquest. He was suddenly elevated to the dizzy height of close companionship. Her manner included him in her chosen circle. The name of her strange correspondent vanished from his mind, and he was conscious only of the compelling magnetism of her presence.

The tete-a-tete was of short duration, however; Evelyn, whiskey and soda in hand, joined them.

"Well; Wendham, so you're just from the Mortimers. Are they over their excitement yet? Pat tells me they've almost given up entertaining since the robbery. That's foolish; nobody blames them, and if Mrs. Treadwell will tour the provinces attired as the human grab-bag, she can't expect her hosts to supply her with a bodyguard. I told her that when she was here."

"She didn't seem much put out, I noticed," said Alice from across the room. "She had on a new pearl rope that was first cousin to a cable."

"Near-pearls," said Mrs. Evelyn, scornfully.

Mrs. Lawdon entered the conversation at high pitch. "That's what I think, Mrs. Evelyn. If a person *has* good things, for heaven's sake *wear* them!" She fingered her sapphire lorgnette chain till it flashed in the lamplight. "My husband is always after me to have replicas, but I do think that sort of thing is the very height of bad taste, don't you?"

"You ought to see Kate out for bear," said Alice to Mrs. Gaynor. "If Sally Treadwell is the human grab-bag, Kate is the only original Christmas tree."

"Alice!" said the hostess reprovingly. But far from being offended, Mrs. Lawdon was charmed. "Dear me, I haven't so very much. Charlie has been awfully nice, and he knows I love pretty things, but really——'

"Well, all I ask," said Alice, rising to kick a rug into place, "is that you'll let me have them to play with, with my very own hands. I've never forgotten you as the Queen of Sheba at Mrs. Todd's costume dinner. No one talked of anything else for the week after—That reminds me, Pat, the Todds telephoned over to know who was going to the races to-morrow and what your plans were—said something about letting you have their extra motor if yours was still out of order."

"Oh, thanks," said Mrs. Evelyn. "Of course Nellie and Dr. Wendham will go and Mrs. Lawdon and Charlie, if he comes. Madge will be over from the Lesbys with us——"

"Which means that I stay at home," interrupted Alice. "I would be smothered by the same gasoline. How I hate that little moth-eaten, fan-eared, washed-out, forked-tongued gossip."

"Very well," Mrs. Evelyn agreed imperturbably. "With me, that makes six. Our little motor will take four and the rest can go in the Todds'. Alfred," she called to a passing servant, "ring up Mrs. Todd and tell her Mrs. Evelyn will be very glad to have the

use of her motor to-morrow. That's all settled," she sighed, as though the most weighty issue of international affairs had at last been decided.

"What kind of a card have they got ?" asked Alice, somewhat chagrined by the prompt acceptance of her resignation, and addressing herself to Mrs. Gaynor.

"Very fair." Nellie moved from Dr. Wendham's side toward the central group. "Ventador, for the first race, Miller up, Bay Side and Quarterly ought to make a good finish. But if you want a ten-to-one shot play Trident in the fourth. I think awfully well of him; he's been doing great work."

The very simplicity of her manner and voice as she spoke hurt Wendham—the revolt in him of his Puritan ancestry at this manifestation of the emancipation of the modern woman.

"Trident, that's Billy Lough's old skate. He sold him for a song. Whose tip are you playing ?" Evelyn asked.

"Sold for a song because Billy doesn't know a horse from a mowing machine, and because Stacy does. He's part owner now, for one thing, and any one knows that Stacy isn't buying skates—except for his ice pond." Alice's voice had a ring of defense and Evelyn laughed good-humoredly.

"Of course, if Stacy has given Nellie the tip, there's nothing more to be said. Aren't you jealous, Alice, that Nellie knows as much of Stacy's affairs as you do ?"

Alice Rawlins buried her nose in her glass and grunted a most unladylike disapproval. "I like a man to know his own business thoroughly, and Stacy does," she replied.

"One for you," said Wendham to his host.

"Who is this Stacy ?" inquired Mrs. Lawdon.

"Stacy," answered Evelyn with a grin at Miss Rawlins, "is Laughton's right hand horseman and Alice's right hand—er—groom—at her bridle—ouch Alice, don't whack my fingers. He's a brick, anyhow."

Mrs. Gaynor sat down wearily, passing her hand across her brow with a gesture of distress. "Dear me," she exclaimed, "how tired I am ! I didn't believe I could be so tired. I really must take a vacation in bed soon."

"Well," observed Mrs. Evelyn, "it's your own fault a dozen times over. Fancy, Alice, she's so attached to that silly little maid of hers——"

"That silly little maid, as you call her," interrupted Mrs. Gaynor, "had the devotion to stay with me through thick and thin when I couldn't pay her wages, and she was in wretched health besides."

"Which is no excuse for your rubbing her head for her when she has neuralgia, and every time you do it exhausts you. Did you ever hear of anything so foolish ? Hire a masseur for her if you want to. You tire yourself, and it's undignified."

Nellie shrugged expressively—and moved toward the staircase. Wendham followed her—"Just a word," he said gently. "Let down the strings of the violin if you would keep its tone."

II.

Mrs. Lawdon put down her book and smiled a flattered welcome as Mrs. Gaynor sank into a wicker verandah chair—for Mrs. Lawdon, though pretty and blessed with her share of the world's goods compared with the shares of numerous others not so fortunate, fully realized that she was far from gracing that inner circle of society to which Nellie Gaynor's multiple charms added lustre. Here was a golden opportunity to secure a valuable acquaintance in the half hour or more before dinner would be announced.

"I am surprised you didn't go to the races, Mrs. Gaynor," she remarked, sure that this opening must lead to further conversation.

The lady smiled. "Yes, 'Alice-sit-by-the-fire' hardly seems my role, does it ? To-day should have been Alice-sleep-by-the-fire. The truth is that for once in my life I was too tired." She leaned her rippled golden head against the cushions and half closed her eyes. Deep weariness was stamped on her perfect features.

Mrs. Lawdon took notice, wondering whether sympathy would be resented, or if good form required her to assure the sufferer of her unaltered loveliness. She decided upon the latter.

"Tired ! One would never believe it. You are positively radiant !" she exclaimed with enthusiasm.

Nellie opened her eyes ; a smile flickered upon her lips. "You are too kind," she murmured. "And you, don't you care for racing ?"

"Oh, yes, indeed !" cried Mrs. Lawdon, hastening to resent the imputation that so fashionable a sport was not to her liking. "I love it, but I felt as if I'd caught cold last night—you know that cold drive from the station—so that I feared to sit on the clubhouse lawn, and there's no use being inside.

"Mr. Evelyn executed my card." Mrs. Gaynor shifted slightly. "You see I've made it quite a business. When my husband died his estate was heavily involved, so I took over the stable after I came back from Europe."

"Yes, indeed !" cried Mrs. Lawdon, delighted with the intimate tone of the conversation "I heard so much of you before I met you, you know. You're quite a plunger. Charlie told me you took twenty thousand out of the Metropolitan Handicap one year, and no one knew until afterwards that you had such a heavy interest."

"Oh, not so much as that," Nellie laughed. "No one knew, because my two biggest bets were 'on the side,'" Mrs. Gaynor touched a string of pearls clasped by a scintillating ruby and diamond snap. "Part of that killing went into this. But, dear me, they would hardly interest you. I'm going to ask you to let me see your jewels some day. Your emeralds are simply astonishing, I hear."

The little parvenu flushed with pleasure. "Would you care to, really ? Then why not now ? Alice wants to see them, too. She has just finished dressing. Come up to my sitting room and I'll send for her." She rose fluttering. Mrs. Gaynor followed languidly. A touch upon the electric bell brought Mrs. Lawdon's maid, who was despatched in search of the energetic Miss Rawlins. "You know," twittered the hostess of a moment as the two ladies settled themselves in Mrs. Lawdon's sitting-room, "it's really an awful responsibility, all this stuff, and since the affair at the Mortimers, when

Continued on page 164.

Have You Told Us ?

Why you like your part of Canada best ?—Last month the readers of Canada Monthly were urged to send us sketches of from 300 to 500 words telling why they liked their part of Canada. Many replies have been received from all over the Dominion and we have found them interesting and instructive. We want more of these letters. Write now and tell us why you prefer to live in your part of Canada. The best of these sketches will be printed in early issues of this Magazine for each of which we will pay the authors five dollars. Address

THE EDITOR
Canada Monthly,
Toronto, Ontario.

Lord o' Land

A NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES ON WESTERN LIFE AND TYPES

By Janey Canuck

I.—COUNTRY MUSIC

"So come, I pray you, since the way and the day be yours as well as ours, and let me make country music."—THEOCRITUS

THE Padre did not really want me to go for this fortnight drive to the back settlements. Indeed, he plainly said so for this was to be a business trip. He was going to travel light, and travel fast, and well, he wasn't going to have anyone—meaning me, his lawfully wedded wife—making friends with the people he might be called upon to abuse before he was through with them.

And then, because I did not argue, or beg to go, he felt vastly uncomfortable, not understanding so unusual and so remarkable a phenomenon.

And he said with honey-mouthed voice, "You wouldn't have anything to eat but salt pork, and like as not you would fall ill."

"The roads will be rather rough too. This is the time of the year farmers 'improve' them with sods from the ditch."

"No sensible person would want to be eaten up by mosquitoes, and bull-dog flies and red ants."

"There are almost sure to be torrents of rain," he went on speaking quickly to cover my ominous silence.

"Yes, said I, in perfect agreement "and this being such a dry season, I would keep that much rain from soaking into the soil."

You would wish me, Curious Reader, to tell you what he replied, but I will not do so. You would refuse to believe it of him, and would say I made it up. Besides, where would be the use when his remarks contained a full and unqualified permission.

AND this was how I came to go along — I who love the sunshine, my lover, the joy of wide spaces, and the good things of life.

Oho! and Oho! Why should I stay in town, I who only know the songs of the country? Why should anyone stay in a town which puts lines in her face; hardens her eyes; which spurs her feet and bridles her tongue?

Come then with me, Comrades all! This is your day as well as mine. Let us away from this roll of truck and trolley and from these long pavements like white-hot ribbons. Let us turn our faces from these cut-out streets with their heavy threat of crossings, and from the furious factories with their drab-faced people. Come, for the medowlark is up, and there is a song in the woodways—I think it is a wind song—that is like the melody of plucked strings.

Oho! and Oho! here is the half-real land where all the playthings come alive. Here it is we make believe that Puck the pickle, and Pan the piper, are the right high kings of the country.

. . . . . You never saw so many blackbirds as there are this morning. They float on the air like autumn leaves set loose from a tree. The Padre disagrees with me and says they are merely illustrating the postulates of Euclid that, given certain circumstances, a circle may be described from any centre. Further, they are demonstrating the general axiom that if equals be added to equals, the whole are equal. In this I can see that he is finely right for, even as you look, they separate into pairs and, wing-to-wing, flutter forth with a fond foolery that is almost human.

We could have talked a long time to this man for we perceived that he was both good and wise

Nearly every sleugh is ploughed with droves of mallards and green-winged teal which might be shot handily. They are toad-throated birds and, like as not, the pestered muskrat drags them to death by their webbed feet just to be rid of their odious croaking. It is said there are plenty of people who feel the same way about bag-pipes.

SPEAKING of these muskrats, they are vastly more sensible than people credit them, and their psychology has too long been overlooked by us white folk. I say "white folk" advisedly, for the Indians have long known that the muskrat is that mannerly-minded fellow who dived into the primal waters and carried up mud in his mouth with which he built the island called the world. Besides, he is a beaver in all but size and tail, and as such should be amiable to our eyes.

Our road this morning cuts through a land that is a study of white and green. Against the dark spruce trees, the white poplars stand out in bunches or cliques while, here and there, one catches glimpses of cherry trees in full bloom. The real mission of the wild cherry is not fruit, as some have thought, but the white handkerchief it waves from the hillside at the passing traveller after the friendly manner of the countryside.

The berries, too, are in blossom, but one must pluck their twigs of flowers with forced fingers. The Padre calls this a "provision of Nature" to save for folk the unplanted harvests of the North.

On the edge of a stream we stay to pull the blowing tassels of the cotton grass and the brass-bright marigolds.

The man and woman who see their own broad acres (their own, mind you) their cattle and horses; their granaries and garden—ah, well! this is a joy that some folk forget in their reckoning

We stay here till almost we are marigolds too.

The sun has become so hot this last hour or two that the day seems to have horns, and we are glad to turn into a homestead for coolness and for food. The house-mother is plucking a live gander. She has pulled a stocking over his head to prevent his biting her, and to silence his uncivil tongue. This may have been the origin of the expression, "to pull wool over his eyes." The woman says these are "live" feathers and will bring a higher price.

We have a fragrant meal of bacon and eggs with a dish of maccaroni and cheese, and another of pickled gherkins. And Madam cooks a pan of cakes which she has mixed with flour and clotted cream and which are fit food for a banquet revel. It is plainly evident that no woman who is stingy can be a good cook. For this reason it is to be deduced that an irreligious person must be a better cook than a Christian, in that Christians are notably thrifty.

Madam's husband, a strong-necked, well-looking man is loading fat bags of barley into a wagon. He does not think the grain will grade high, the seed this year, having been rather poor and planted late. He tells us other things concerning this barley, the tragedy of which was summed up centuries ago by old Virgil; "Often in the furrows to which we have committed the large barley, unhappy darnel and barren oats prevail."

THIS farmer still has bins of up-piled wheat which he has not marketed, but why he does not say. With the present prevailing war-prices the farmers hereabout seem to keep nothing but the law. Perhaps, the holding of this grain gives him a sense of pleasant security like a balance at the bank, a jar of gold nuggets and things like that, or maybe, he has just the insuperable rural dread of paying his debts. This man says if you plant wheat on the north side of your house, it will raise the temperature from 15 to 20 degrees, while alfalfa lowers it to the same degree. He also says that alfalfa is a child of the sun; that it will not stand "wet feet," and when young is not a good fighter. It must have a nurse crop to get a stand, because the soil must be innoculated with the alfalfa bacteria. It should be cut in early bloom, and is prime food for the fattening of hogs. Alfalfa is related to the clovers, peas and beans, and its name is an Arabic one meaning "the best fodder." We could have talked a long time to this man for we perceived that he was both good and wise, but our horses being in-spanned, we had no excuse in further detaining him.

Most of the houses in this district are unpainted and cling to the ground like grey barnacles. These are often built of willow lumber which soon warps, and which is poor in texture. But, after all, the farmer may agree with that old English writer (one Slaney) who believed his country was becoming degenerate when they began to use oak instead of willow, and said in his wrath that whereas houses were formerly of willow and men of oak, nowadays, matters were reversed and the houses were oak and the men willow.

Some few of the houses are protected by a stand of poplars which prevents the wind blowing where it lists. The Padre is pleased to see something classic in these trees and tells me a pleasant story to the effect that they really surround the well, and not the house. It appears the Grecians planted sacred poplars circlewise at the well which was built by Ithacus, and there was an altar by this well (but secretly I believe it was a house) where the wayfarer made offering because of the shade and refreshment.

Some writers have much to say about the loneliness of the farmer's wife in this Province and of the terrifying distances that lie between her and the world but, as a general thing, this loneliness only exists in the imagination of the writer. Nearly every farmer's wife is at least half happy, for life on these steadings has compensations known only to the woman herself. She is busy; she is in love; she is full-fed, and she is healthy. The high cost of living does not worry her, nor the fact that her coat is last year's style. She has no rent, waterworks, or electric light bills to pay, and nothing to buy but tea, sugar and spices, for her mate-man is that magician who sings the trees to houses; the meadows to butter and meat; the loam to bread and fruit.

The man and woman who see their own broad acres (their own, mind you) their cattle and horses; their granaries and garden—ah well! this is a joy that some folk forget in their reckoning. This must have been what their poet meant when he said,

"No go we in content
To liberty and not banishment."

BUT while we are musing over rural life, the air is becoming hotter and there is almost a sound to the sunlight. The steam rises from the horses as if from a boiling pot. In every woodway myriads of flies and pestiferous mosquitoes attack them but, sometimes tiring of horse flesh, they take a snack off me. Although they are marvellously many, each has an infamous individuality of her own and anyone can see they have been born grown up, with wing and sting ready for instant use. In every paddock we pass, the cattle have gathered around acrid smelling smudges from which there bellies clouds of protective smoke, but from the constant swishing of long tails, it is apparent the mosquitoes are not seriously discommoded. Yes, after all, we must acknowledge there *is* a fly in rural life, but it is not loneliness or anything like that.

After awhile, we come to the "C'mercial Hotel" where the ostler rubs down the horses with wisps of straw. The Padre goes to his business, while I wander off to see friends at the Convent and Mission School, and to tell them the town gossip. In this school, they teach reading and spelling to the orphans, and to the little Cree children here assembled, but the Sisters are not overly anxious about these studies, most of their time being devoted to gardening and to the worship of God. Sister Helena denies this charge in a voice that is a soft silver grey, and says I am a heretic and that my religion is a kind of graceful paganism known as polytheism. I hope she means nothing too wicked. In this place, anyone can see that Jesu' is really the Son of God, but he seems quite far away and rather pale, while Mary, the Mother of Infinite Mercy, is ever near to one's call. In the Cree language, the word *angel* is "a great servant," so that every little Indian maid who finds the woods and fields more attractive than the practise of what is known as industry, can hardly expect to become celestial.

I was talking about this to Brother Bernard who has charge of the gardens, and he says I am wrong in thinking all the moral lessons are meant for girls in that the word *Jehovah* means "self sustaining," a fact which he has frequent occasion to explain to the male children of the Mission. This Brother Bernard, who is getting on in years knows beautiful stories about gardens, and about the things he plants. He says lettuce was one of the "bitter herbs" which the Jews ate with the pascal lamb, and that flowers like the feel of your fingers.

While the boys are dropping potatoes, or hoeing the soil, Brother Bernard, who is a wiry, firey little man, reads from *The Garden of the Soul.* This would seem a most appropriate out-of-doors' book. He reads it as he marches up and down with one hand in his girdle and the other holding open the leaves.

Jesus most patient,
Jesus most obedient,
Jesus, meek and humble of heart,

"Napoleon, I declare that you garden like a gawk. You are an addle-headed fellow. Your hills are too close together."

Jesus, lover of us,
Jesus, God of Peace,

"Louis, those onions were given you to plant, not to eat. . . . Poor but honest Louis, Poor but honest; they make no great showing, this team, but they work well. . . . they work well."

Jesus, example of virtues,
Jesus,

"Gaston, would you lie there and rub your shins all day? It was the evil Lucifer who fell never to rise again."

It is like this Brother Bernard talks to the boys as he walks to and fro reading this breviary, and I know that he should be in a book, or on the stage, or somewhere that the world might be acquainted with him.

ON the other side of the Mission, there is a hill covered with flowers and strawberries. The little Indian girls call them heart-berries and say they grow here because the eyes of the Great God have seen this hill. They also tell their own names, but these are so crippled with consonants I cannot remember them. The people hereabout need vowels more than anything else.

The girls desire to examine my watch which is "the sun's heart," and ask whether I live in Canada or have come from the place of warmth where Her Great Mightiness, the Queen, puts on a new dress every day. Other little girls play at building an altar to which they say "Mother, most amiable." They lay white flowers upon it, and a piece of wood which is the little box for the Lord's body.

You see it was like this: the north star stands still always, but once it wandered loose and led some people to where the little Lord Jesus was hidden away in straw. They found his nest, these people, but after awhile he was killed, this Good God, but the north star doesn't know and keeps on shining.

And Mary, the mother of our souls, hid Saint Jesus in a box, and this is what makes the altar at the Convent.

When these Little Indians are good-grown they are going to be nuns and have black beads on a long chain. It is amiable to live at the convent where there is loaf-bread and sweet syrup every day. There are other things to eat but it sets their minds aching to remember them. One of them had a sore throat and the doctor cut the kernels (*) out of it. I could see that he did for she opens her mouth very wide to show me. She wished to cry loudly but Sister Pauline gave her a small metal. (†)

The children's great-grandmother sits near-by mending nets with

(*) Cree for tonsils.
(†) coin.

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Sir John A. Macdonald and Hon. George Brown

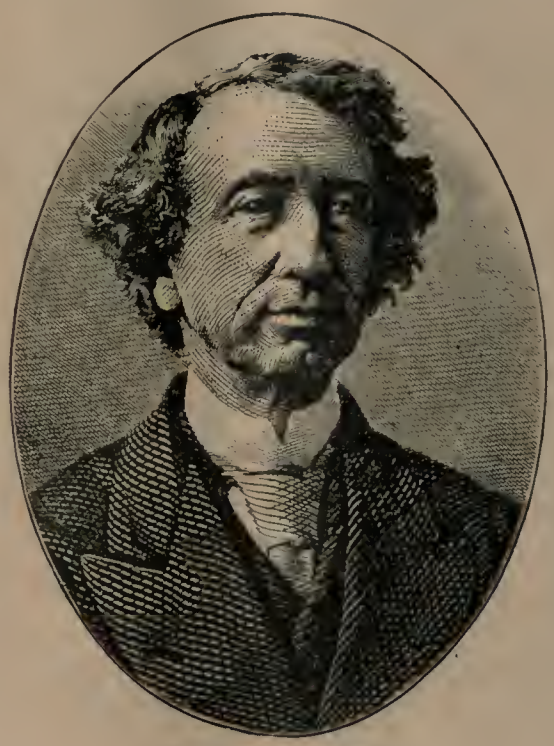
By R Goldwin Smith

FIFTY years ago our forefathers united the feeble, scattered provinces of British North America into what has become a mighty nation. Politically the various Crown dependencies, which now constitute the Dominion, were divided into two main camps, as they are this day. The splendid vision of Confederation, however, found the leaders of the opposing parties working shoulder to shoulder, and, as a result of their efforts, a Dominion was born that stretches from sea to sea and from the river unto the end of the earth.

When viewing the events that led up to Confederation on July 1st, 1867 from the perspective of the present day, it is clearly seen that the glorious birth of our nation was the achievement of a group of distinguished and noble men. One man, however, was *primus inter pares*, and that was Sir John A. Macdonald, who, as First Minister of the Legislative Union of Upper and Lower Canada, fathered the ideal to its historic fruition.

THE premier father of Confederation has handed down to us in his valedictory, offered near the close of his career, what he considered his last great achievements, when he said: "With the Canadian Pacific finished, and my Franchise Bill become law, I feel that I have done my work and can now sing my *nunc dimittis*." Confederation had been a fact for twenty years, and next to that achivement the realization of these policies constituted the greatest moments of his eventful life.

Some people fail to see anything but the impossible in momentous state conceptions, but to statesmen all things are possible. For years before it became a fact, the Canadian Pacific Railway project, now the greatest railway in the world, was bitterly opposed, not only by opportunists, but by honest though nearsighted men. Even after the completion of the road "The Globe," George Brown's paper, mocked at the enterprise in this fashion: "The iron band of Confederation has been completed. . . . The salubrious Rocky and Selkirk ranges may now become a summer resort for the fashionable and crowded populations situated between Callander and Rat Portage. In short, the Canadian Pacific Railway has been opened. . . . For our own part, we have not the slightest doubt that the C. P. R. will be no less effective than the N. P. (Northern Pacific) in creating wealth for Canada. This will be amply proved by the spectacle of a railway 2,500 miles long operated on the strength of a traffic with about 150,000 people. Such a thing has never been tried before, and is unlikely ever to be tried again." (Globe, July 13, 1886.)



Sir John A. Macdonald

There were few inhabitants between the Ottawa and the Pacific Coast, but Sir John had the vision of a seer. He foresaw that, not only would the construction of the C. P. R., become the backbone of Confederation, but that it was destined to people the Dominion from sea to sea.

WHEN the first half of the past century was drawing to a close there was talk, and even an organized effort to secede from the mother country, and some went so far as to advocate annexation to the United States. It was then that Macdonald came out with his Imperial propaganda, which, with the exception of an element in Quebec, rallied the entire country to his side. He realized from the beginning that in uniting the provinces into one Dominion he was forging beyond breaking, the Imperial tie.

WHEN speaking with a venerable Liberal, who shared with George Brown many combats against Macdonald, the writer was told that, whereas George Brown was a real statesman, Macdonald was an opportunist. The outstanding facts of Macdonald's life appear to repudiate such an allegation. He could have ridden the "Protestant horse" with signal political success when George Brown was damning everything Catholic, but Macdonald remained true to his principles. Some will argue that he was playing for the French-Canadian vote, but why in that case did he boldly encounter the enmity of French Canada by allowing the execution of Louis Reil, after the latter's second murderous rebellion ?

The conception of a National Policy for the Dominion was fertilizing in Macdonald's brain from the early days of his parliamentary career. It took definite shape in the seventies and the year 1878 marked another triumphant epoch in his life. A tariff system was adopted on the strength of which Macdonald proposed to place Canada, industrially, on an independent and solid basis.

The inherent difficulties of the Legislative Union of the two Canadas, now Ontario and Quebec, sealed by the Act of Union in 1841, were beginning to crop up when John A. Macdonald entered parliament for the first time, but it appears to have been long before he came to realize that they were insurmountable. The impracticability of

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—the bitter political enemies who joined hands to make Confederation possible

AN atmosphere of mystery shrouded the invitation sent out by George Brown to some of his own colleagues and certain representative leaders of the Conservative party, asking them to meet in conference. It happened not long previous to the time, when Confederation began to take definite shape. John A. Macdonald, the First Minister of Upper Canada at the time, was one of those who received the invitation, and probably he was as mystified as George Brown was mysterous. As Brown entered the conference chamber, the group was carrying on a casual conversation, when Brown inquired as to whether it was their wish to make the conference open to the public and press, or to confer behind closed doors. John A. suddenly sat up, as if feeling by instinct that something momentous was going to break, and his curiosity was all the more intensified when he followed with his eyes, the tall figure of his resourceful and bitter political foe (Brown was six feet two in his stocking feet) as he strode with decisive steps to the further end of the chamber and locked the door. Brown returned to the table, putting the key in his pocket. "Gentlemen," he remarked, "you do not leave this room until this matter is settled." From that moment Confederation became at least a near possibility.

Hon. George Brown

THAT meeting, however, was symbolic of something else. It demonstrated the greatness of George Brown. In order to appreciate what that act cost him, one has but to read the annals of the preceding period and the files of "The Globe," of which Brown was the founder and editor. Macdonald's career in parliament and the career of "The Globe" began in 1844, and from that day until the latter was shot down in his newspaper office, except for the armistice pursuant to Confederation, he dogged Macdonald's steps with relentless hostility.

But strange to say, while each became to the other a "thorn in the flesh," and while their views and policies in numerous sundry things were as far apart as the poles, both were strong Imperialists and with each a union of all the Provinces of British North America was the ruling passion. Each was convinced that the Imperial tie could be most securely maintained by Union, and it was for these reasons that George Brown waived secondary policies and personal antagonism for a time and stood shoulder to shoulder with Macdonald to see Confederation through. Party antagonisms were hot in those days, much more so even than they are now, but Brown was more than a politician.

COULD Macdonald have realized Confederation without the help of Brown, or with Brown in opposition to the scheme? Well, he did not have to try. It was characteristic of John A. to have his way ultimately, but conditions were such that it would have been an infinitely more difficult task. In the first place, there had been a deadlock in the Legislative Assembly. The dead lock was partly due to the fact that both Canadas were equally represented in the house, and partly to a strong, well-organized Opposition, under the leadership of Brown. Overlooking the smaller policies that created the deadlock, Brown saw beyond the barrier the bright prospect of Confederation and he deliberately broke it up. That was the greatest moment of his life.

Surviving Liberals who were intimate followers of Brown are fond of calling him "Tribunus plebis," and probably he was just as much a tribune of the people as was John A. himself. Perhaps one of his most striking characteristics was his enmity towards any kind of privilege, and after all what better can be said of a man, than that he actively serves his people. This characteristic manifested itself in many ways. Brown was a fighter. His venerable friends love to tell of three important achievements of his life, which, next to his part in Confederation itself, were his greatest. These were: (1) His successful attack against the "Seigneurial Tenure" system in Lower Canada; (2) His successful attack against the "Clergy Reserves"; (3) His successful fight for "Representation by Population."

WHILE Brown became First Liberal Minister in the coalition government, with Macdonald as Conservative colleague, for a brief period prior to Confederation, he was never Prime Minister. Nevertheless, he was the leader of his party during most of his public life. In fact, Macdonald monopolized the premiership most of the time. There was a reason for this. While his forceful personality, steadfast liberalism and unswerving loyalty to democratic principles commanded respect, Brown lacked the genius to win affection, that was a secret of Macdonald's political success. Like Macdonald, he had noble aims for Canada, and when the supreme test came, he waived prejudice, for a time, but in the rest of his political career he failed to give ground in small things. Not only was he incapable

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Politics and Politicians

SOME OF THE HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH ON PARLIAMENT HILL

By Tom King

THERE have been many movements of far-reaching consequence during the past month in the field of Canadian politics as there have been in the field of military operations on the Western front. But in either case one is surprised to see that more progress is not recorded on the map. A great deal has happened behind the scenes at Ottawa, yet little progress is shown upon the order paper of parliament. Writing in this column a month ago it seemed safe to predict that within a fortnight we would have a conscription law, and perhaps nation-wide prohibition. Yet now, in the middle of June, we have only progressed past the first reading of the conscription bill, and all indications at present are that the prohibitionists will have to be satisfied with partial legislation. The Dominion government is willing to implement Provincial legislation so as to enable any province to become bone dry. Up to date no province, except Prince Edward Island, entirely forbids the importation and consumption of liquor. A bill, of which notice has been given by the Minister of Justice, will put it up to every province to go further or remain where it is on the liquor question. The Dominion government will aid the provinces to bring about prohibition but will not take from them the responsibility for its enactment.

Conscription Now in the Open

PASSING for the present the question of food control, we come to the burning question of conscription. It is, of course, the chief topic of conversation, and will soon be the all-engrossing topic of debate in the House of Commons. Meanwhile it has been one of the subjects that, during the past month, has been mainly dealt with by the party leaders in more or less confidential conferences. It is the apple of discord for one of the great political parties, and is bound to be more or less in the public eye for a long time to come, Yet, until Sir Robert Borden introduced his bill on June 11th it had scarcely been referred to in the debates of parliament, and very little was said in the press except in favor of the measure.

MEANWHILE, almost unnoticed in the East, the Alberta elections have come and passed, with the triumphal return of Premier Sifton to power. Mr. Sifton gave up the chief justiceship of Alberta in 1909 to reorganize a badly bewildered government and a somewhat bewildering situation. He restored order out of chaos, and was able to successfully pilot his government through the hotly-contested elections of 1913. A year ago he was supposed to be in pretty deep water, but when the appeal to the country was made his opponents turned out to be disorganized and without financial or other assistance from their powerful friends at Ottawa. The Borden government for some reason took no part in the Alberta campaign, and therefore regards or professes to regard, the result of the election, as of no political consequence. Yet the Liberals, who may be more or less in need of consolation at this time, may certainly console themselves with the reflection that they have been successful in every provincial contest since the outbreak of the war. They have held their own in Manitoba, Nova Scotia, Alberta and Quebec, and have overthrown Conservative governments in New Brunswick and British Columbia. Thus, however handicapped they may be in the federal field by recent developments they find themselves entrenched in every provincial capital excepting Charlottetown and Toronto.

Farmers Trail With Grits

IT may be doubted whether federal issues cut much figure in the Alberta campaign. The Sifton government won because it has kept in close touch and on the most friendly terms with the farmers' organizations including the powerful United Farmers of Alberta. This is the policy which obtains at Winnipeg, Regina and Edmonton alike, and the three provincial governments work in close cooperation. In the Saskatchewan government, for example, three of the seven Cabinet Ministers are representative grain growers.

THERE seems to have been a reversal of form in the Alberta elections because the Liberals lost at Edmonton and the Conservatives in Calgary. Heretofore the Liberals had been strong in the north and the Conservatives predominant in the South. Another curious and significant fact was the failure to line up the English-speaking voters against the naturalized citizens of enemy origin. The Conservative candidates boldly advocated the policy of disfranchising every voter of German and Austrian birth. They forced the foreign vote to go solid for Sifton but were disappointed to find that the Britishers did not line up in solid phalanx in support of the Opposition. The English-speaking voters divided on their usual party lines.

THE next election is to be held in Saskatchewan on June 26th. Premier Martin is the heir and legatee of Hon. Walter Scott, who organized the provincial government in 1905. Generally speaking Saskatchewan and Alberta vote alike, but the Saskatchewan government has always had to contend with a more formidable Opposition.

Conscription Is The Big Issue

THE result of the negotiations which finally ended in failure between Sir Robert Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier appears in the correspondence recently handed to the press. The rock upon which they split was the conscription bill, and yet the difference between them as disclosed by that correspondence would not appear to be insurmountable. Sir Robert Borden proposed that a coalition should be formed consisting of nine Conservatives and eight Liberals, with himself as Prime Minister; that the government thus formed should pass through parliament a conscription bill, and then appeal to the people for their approval by means of a general election. Conscription was not to go into effect until after such election, and in the unlikely event of the coalition government being defeated it might not go into effect at all. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, on the other hand, wanted the subject of conscrip-

tion to remain open until considered and passed upon by the coalition government, and not to be proceeded with in any event until the people had been consulted. That is to say, Sir Robert Borden was willing to pass a conscription bill subject to a popular vote, while Sir Wilfrid Laurier insisted that no conscription bill should be passed by parliament without popular direction first had and obtained.

Now, however, that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has refused to go into the coalition, Sir Robert Borden is free to enact conscription and put it into effect without waiting for the result of a general election. Indeed it might seem a wiser course to postpone the election until the excitement over conscription has died away. That is a matter for the politicians to decide. Some Conservatives are anxious to take as many Liberals as possible into the Cabinet and have the coalition government thus formed appeal to the country on the issue of conscription. One difficulty in the way seems to be the reluctance of many Liberal members who favor conscription to accept office under the Conservative administration. One way, out, of course, would be for the present government to seek and obtain an extension of office by extending the life of the present parliament.

Parliament Must Approve

OUR Canadian constitution consists of the Imperial statute known as the British North America Act of 1867. That Act crystalized the agreement arrived at between Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in the Quebec Conference of 1864. It has been the contract under which many other provinces have come into the Union. Being a statute of the British Parliament it can only be amended by the British parliament. No such amendment, of course, would be made excepting upon an address voted by the two houses of the Dominion parliament.

Heretofore every amendment made has been requested by unanimous vote of our parliament. Yet there is no reason to doubt that the British government would amend the B. N. A. Act if such amendment were requested by an overwhelming majority of the Canadian parliament; the vote would not have to be unanimous.

A more difficult question would arise if eight provinces wanted the Constitution changed and the ninth province objected. Quebec has always jealously guarded the rights conceded to her by the B. N. A. Act, and would resent any infringement upon them.

Neither the Liberals nor the Tories are anxious for an election. That is the undoubted fact, no matter how loudly they protest to the contrary. The Conservatives believe that conscription is right, and that posterity will commend their action, but they are uncertain as to what might happen in a general election. Conscription was defeated in Australia, where 98 per cent. of the people are of British birth, and descent. In Canada only 60 per cent. of our people are of British origin.

Hon. Arthur Sifton, who led the Liberals of Alberta to another victory

Food Costs a Real Issue

AND then there is the high cost of living,—the grim skeleton that sits uninvited at the parliamentary feast. Every day the pressure seems to become stronger, and yet we are now in the easiest part of the year. In summer time people can do without fuel, dispense with a certain amount of clothing, and get along with a good deal less to eat. School is out, the children are running barefoot and they do not have to round up every Tuesday morning with their contributions to the penny bank. The burden of living must be perceptibly lightened for the ordinary householder or housekeeper everywhere. But with the coming of fall and winter will there not be a change for the worse? High prices in the past have been scourges; in the future they may become scorpions. Coal at $20.00 a ton, and other pleasing prospects! The cost of living may be beyond the control of the government but none the less the government of the day will always be blamed for the high cost of living.

This is one of the reasons why Conservatives are not so keen as they might be for an election, and all the more so because polling can scarcely take place until the middle or last of October.

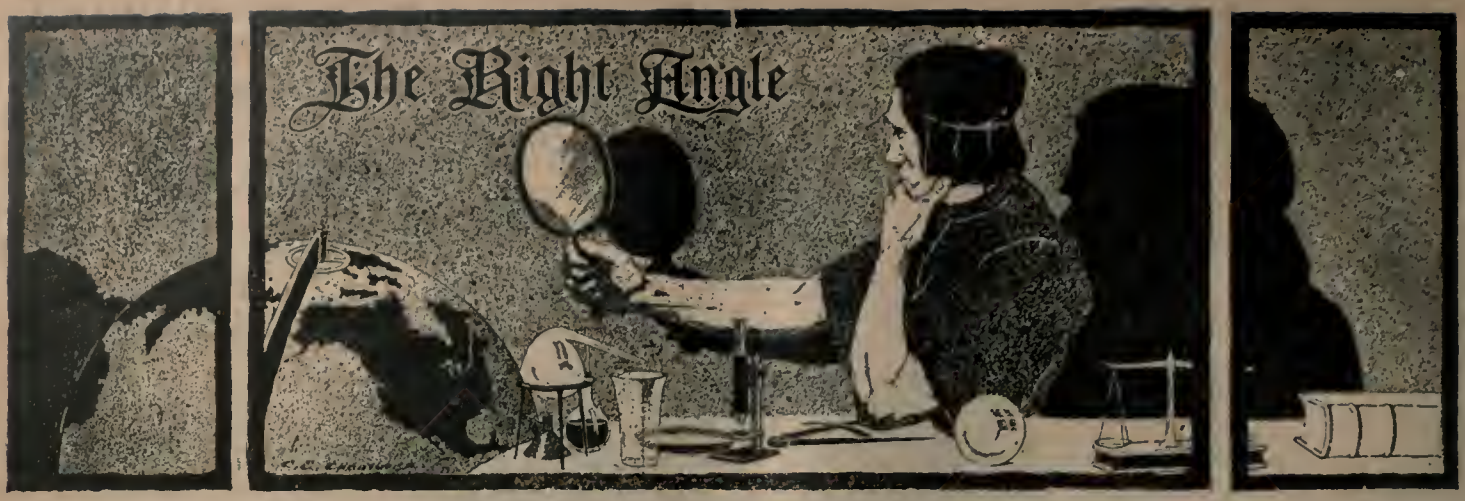
Under the legislation of 1915 the soldiers' ballots must be in the possession of the returning officers in Canada on the morning of the general election. Each soldier votes with own parliamentary district. He marks his ballot at the Front and that ballot is transmitted to the returning officer of the district in which the soldier is entitled to vote, whether that district be in Nova Scotia or British Columbia. The ballots, in order to be counted, must be back to Canada, and properly distributed before election day. It would therefore take at least two or three months to vote the soldiers and have their ballots in the hands of the proper returning officers. This would mean a long campaign, with a fall election, and in the meantime a good many things might happen.

Do Grits Want An Election?

GENERALLY speaking the party in power wants the shortest possible campaign. The government generally aims to make a sudden dash for the country and get back with the goods before the Opposition knows what has happened. But the necessity for polling the soldier vote (and it is a vote which the Borden government considers essential for its success) will necessitate a long drawn out campaign.

BUT if the Conservatives are not eager for an election neither are the Liberals, just now sharply divided on the burning issue of conscription. Some of them feel that Sir Robert Borden scored in the recent *pour parlais*, and that the country will give him full credit for having offered to form a coalition government. English-speaking Liberals also fear that a certain feeling of resentment against Quebec will impair their chances outside of that province, and on the whole they are quite prepared to wait for a favoring tide instead of plunging headlong into the sea of an election.

It may at any rate be safely predicted that if the Opposition to the conscription bill degenerates into anything like obstruction the government will sieze the opportunity to dissolve parliament and bring on an election.



CANADA'S GREATEST NEED

DISTRIBUTION of population is one of the most far-reaching problems civilization has to face. The world is not over-populated, but its population is so unequally distributed that great social and economic difficulties have arisen. One of the causes of the present war was the increasing pressure of population in European countries. The density of population throughout the land surface of the earth, omitting the Polar regions, is 32 persons per square mile. The density in the British Isles is 360 per square mile; in the United States 31, and in Canada 3. The future peace and safety of the world, not to speak of the happiness of individuals, demands that these inequalities be levelled. There seems to be no difference of opinion that after the war Canada will receive a great influx of population, and Canadian statesmen should already be preparing plans to care for that influx. It is generally recognized that Canada's development as a whole can only keep pace with the development of her agricultural resources, and any great movement of population to the cities and industrial centres, which is not balanced by a corresponding movement to the land, will have disastrous results. Canada can provide homes and support for probably one hundred million people—on condition that the great majority of them become producers on the soil. She cannot provide for them under any other condition. The great difficulty to be encountered is the disinclination, on the part of a large number of people, to become agriculturists. Where the proper inclination exists there is frequently lack of experience or lack of capital, or both. It is the business of statesmanship to bring about conditions among farmers that will create in the public mind an inclination toward agriculture, and then to provide means by which this inclination can be put into effect. No greater or more pressing problem confronts the Canadian people.

A LESSON OF THE WAR

"BEFORE the war" the Canadian Individual had learned the privileges of democratic freedom—the liberty of each individual to lead his own life within the law, unhampered by religious and other restrictions. But he has been learning, for the past three years, the greatest lesson which life has to teach—which history has failed to teach because it is a lesson that can be learned only through experience—to think nothing of private freedom, of the importance of one's own individuality—the lesson of selfless service in a cause near to his individual heart. Men and women of Canada are learning that they can do nothing singly, that they are each part of a Great Scheme—each within himself holding the possibility of realizing what must be God's Dream of Man—of whom we have the One Perfect Example. The man who attains the ultimate sacrifice, who lays down his life for a cause; the woman whose courage inspires him;—these two are learning the great lesson; they are drawing very near to the spirit of Christ. A poet has spoken of the individual—

> None more in the world than a bird:
> And none less than the sun !

Peace, and the freedom to shape, in-so-far as mortal may, our own destinies, failed to teach us the lesson. War has brought home to us, its inspiring truth. We are part of the great scheme—and not only in the sense that we are part of humanity as each drop of blood is a part of, and serves the whole body. But—to quote again the words of a poet:

> We are one in the doing of things that are done, and to be !
> I am part of my God, as a rain drop is part of the sea !

A LOST OPPORTUNITY

PROHIBITION is bound to come in conservative England; although, even at this stage of the game, when the government and press are alike calling upon the people to use less wheat, the best substitutes, barley and oatmeal, are used in enormous quantities in the manufacture of beer. The government has decided not to attempt prohibition, the Trade Unionists *think* that they have vetoed it. For all that, it is coming. The brewers, who have fought, tooth-and-nail, against prohibition, who refused to sell out to the government when they had the opportunity, will, when the food stringency becomes even greater than it is, now, lose everything. The time will have passed when the government would have paid compensation for their losses.

THE INFLUENCE OF ADVERTISING

THE part played by advertising in moulding public opinion is not generally appreciated. The day has gone by when an advertisement was a mere statement, more or less truthful, of the merits of certain goods or preparations. To-day there is no business or profession which involves more thorough research, greater native ability, and more highly specialized skill than does the business of advertising. Advertising campaigns no longer merely sell goods; they affect the whole routine of public and private life. They determine the food we eat, the clothes we wear; no detail of our personal appearance has been unaffected by the advertiser. Our education, our systems of reading, our modes of travel, the places we visit and how and when we visit them; the plans for our houses, the materials for construction, heating, lighting, plumbing, fire-proofing, painting, decorating and furnishing; our musical instruments, and the music to be played upon them; our physical exercises; our management of our businesses; our methods of collecting debts, handling employes, saving money, buying life insurance, clothing our wives and educating our children have all been made plain for us by the advertising specialist.

Every moment of every day the life of every one of us is influenced, consciously or unconsciously, by that great, subtle, almost indefinable force called advertising. From its original purpose of selling specific articles to the broader field of moulding public opinion has been a recent but natural development of advertising. In the election campaign of 1916 in the United States advertising was employed on an unprecedented scale to place the political issues before the public. In Great Britain advertising was the effective means used to raise the greatest volunteer army in the world's history. In Canada agressive government advertising campaigns have been carried on to encourage greater production, and in two years Canada increased her exports from $478,997,928 to $882,872,502. It would appear that this mighty engine of advertising could have been used to advantage in preparing the public for whatever measure of compulsory military service is necessary on the part of Canadians. The public is often impetuous and unjust, but never persistently unreasonable if the facts of a case are fairly and simply stated. To state facts simply and effectively is the business of the advertising man.

INDIA'S REWARD

THE great Imperial patriotism expressed by India during these last three years of war—and not only by British India proper, but by the territories of independent ruling princes, which comprise one-third of the Indian Empire—will undoubtedly result in a material advance on constitutional lines in regard to political matters. India will undoubtedly be given a greater power in her own government; for she has shown, not only a noble loyalty to the beloved King and Emperor, but her fitness in legislative council. We cannot doubt that England will rise to the occasion, and definitely put an end to the unrest that is prevalent among the most loyal Indians, an unrest conceived of the conviction that India is not progressing politically as she should. Owing to the democratic ideals of some of the ruling princes, about ten per cent. of the Indian States have representative self-government now. We cannot doubt that India will soon be given a more definite and more dignified place in the constitution of the Empire. The Imperial Cabinet and Imperial War Conference number Indian representatives among their delegates. India has shown that her only consideration, at present, is to serve England; and, while she is not perhaps, at present ripe for self government in the fullest sense of the term, we cannot doubt that England will show her appreciation and good-will in furthering the accomplishment of a government that will satisfy those subjects who are loyally rendering service of incalculable value, in this great crisis. It will be a day of great rejoicing for the whole Empire when England will put an extinguisher upon the legitimate unrest of that loyal "Empire within the Empire."

SAFEGUARDING RECRUITS

A COMMISSION has been appointed by the powers that have their being in Washington, D. C., to solve the difficult problem of making military camps in the U. S. A., decent environment for American boys. The obvious solution is that sufficient legitimate and healthy recreation be afforded the soldier. No negative methods—no thou-shalt-nots have ever been known to avail. On the other hand, temptations to vice and drunkenness must not be permitted about the camps. As a member of the committee obviously, bromidically, and ponderously stated for publication, "Remove the cause, and there will be no vice to fight !" To assure success in making the training camps as free from vice and drunkenness as it is humanly possible to make them, Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick, chairman of the commission, has made a special study of methods used in Canadian camps, and what he has learned, he has reported to the Secretary of War. (Faith, they're learning a lot from the Canucks, nowadays, our neighbors to the South !) So there will be the Y. M. C. A., and the Ladies' Canteen; and a "Take-the-Soldier-Home-for Dinner" movement has already set out on its career of hospitality. Seriously, this work is all-important; and, for the comfort of mothers, it should be given publicity—for all sensible people know how easy it is for boys to drift into bad habits; when, for the first time in their lives, they are free of home ties, and removed from home influences.

TIME FOR A NEW SHUFFLE

"WHY should there not be a new political alignment in Canada ?" This question was asked in almost despairing tones by a prominent member of the Ontario Legislature a few days ago. His ambition was to get all the "good fellows" on one side and all the "other sort" on the other side. It is an admirable conception. Human beings do not normally divide themselves into two classes, one believing in Free Trade and the other in Protection; into one class holding for liberty of conscience and the other maintaining the infallibility of the Pope. People differ on these matters, and also upon the style of cutting their hair and curling themselves up for the night. The differences, however, are superficial, not basic, no matter how stoutly the various opinions are held. There are differences that are basic, and it is upon these differences that political parties ought to be formed.

ENGLAND'S WAY WITH THE RAILROADS

IN 1871 the British Government passed an act of parliament by which, should Great Britain enter into war with another power, the English railways should automatically come under government control. Some years before the present war broke out, the general-manager of each railroad was given sealed orders, to be opened the day war was declared. August 4th. 1914, the day war was declared with Germany, the railways were taken over by the government. In consequence of this preparedness, about 120,000 men were in France by Aug. 20th. The original general-managers and railroad officials are managing the roads as before, but the companies are all working together, under control of, and responsible to a Railway Executive Committee whose chairman is a Cabinet Minister. Troops, guns, and military stores are transported with amazing despatch With fewer men to do the work, the railways have pulled through with marvellous efficiency. Women are doing the work of conductors, porters, and various other small officials who are set free for military service. Fares have been almost doubled in an effort to keep down passenger traffic, but freight rates are unaltered, and government traffic is carried free. In order that the stock and bond holders may not be losers, the government has guaranteed the railways the same net revenue that they earned in the year preceding the war, 1913. The Government takes the surplus.

THE HAPPY MEDIUM

GERMANY, Austria, Italy and France have a party name that is foreign to British parliamentary affairs, although it is an admirable and expressive one. We refer to the Centrist party. If we close our eyes and imagine all the members of an assembly strung out in line, with the extremists of one type on the extreme right, and the extremists of the other type on the extreme left, it will be natural for the moderates, the progressive conservatives, and the cautious progressives to be found somewhere in the middle. This is the party of the centre, the party of the average man. It usually contains no cranks. Usually it contains no geniuses. Moreover, it contains few members who are a menace to the State. It is a valuable sort of parliamentary anchor for any legislative assembly to possess.

Frivolous Fripley

By Vale Downie

Illustrated by Alexander Popini

HE would have got out of the elevator if it had been humanly possible to do so, for he had a horror of a jam. It was not the personal annoyance of being trampled upon and outrageously squeezed, so much as the agony of being obliged to occupy space which was apparently coveted by others. Existence became an unpardonable obtrusion and an affront. Even at the risk of coming to work five minutes late he would have waited in the lobby for the rush to subside, and taken a later car.

But escape was out of the question. He had been one of the first passengers to enter the car and was now, in consequence, backed into one of the farther corners and effectually imprisoned. Besides, there was a girl with a mushroom hat directly in front of him, a pretty girl and an acquaintance; and it would have been much easier for him to simply evaporate or fade miraculously through the *grille* behind him than to deliberately jostle her.

For it must be understood that Fripley was a very modest, and in every way a model, young man. He was rather tall, but not painfully so; somewhat slender, but not extremely so; good looking, but not emphatically handsome; in fact, not emphatically anything. He had a gentle and winning smile and he spoke in accents soft and musical. There were two red depressions on the bridge of his nose, caused by his large, eternal spectacles. He was a bit of a recluse, spending most of his evenings in his boarding house with a few excellent old books, such as Addison's "Spectator" and the "Sentimental Journey," and he had not very many friends.

He was twenty-four years of age, had never smoked a cigarette, spent a dollar foolishly, worn a colored hat band or spoken eight consecutive words to a pretty girl.

"Do you want a transfer," inquired the boy

This was the admirable character of Samuel Fripley, a lad of meek demeanor and of manner mild, as he entered the elevator car on that ill-starred Saturday morning in June.

"I'm sorry I can't keep the hat out of your face, Mr. Fripley," said the girl.

"That's all right," he hastened to reply, "I like it. I mean, it's no matter." He blushed.

A large man with a satchel was now thrust, by the herculean efforts of two porters, into the already over-crowded elevator and the door was hauled shut. The girl was jammed against Fripley. She gave a little cry of distress and Fripley groaned.

"It's the hat," she sighed. I wonder if I couldn't change places with you."

"Perhaps that would be better," said Fripley, in a cold sweat. The exchange was managed and seemed to afford some relief. He braced his arms against the sides of the car, over her shoulders, and stiffened the muscles of his back.

Miss Bruce drew a breath of relief in this comparatively commodious situation, and smiled her thanks into Fripley's eyes. As this smile had a distance of scarcely five inches to travel, it had an unusually destructive effect.

Mark this:

At this instant Samuel Fripley was being rude to the passengers behind him. He was not conscious of this fact. If it had been brought to his attention, his attitude would probably have been one of indifference.

"You are so strong," said the girl, and smiled again and sighed contentedly.

"Am I ?" said Fripley, with surprise.

"Yes, and tall."

"Not tall."

"Yes, you are. I'm so stumpy," she giggled.

"Never !" cried Fripley. "You may be——"

The word he wanted was "cuddleable," but it was not in his vocabulary.

"—*petite*," he made it, for lack of a better term, "but not—not stumpy. A girl cannot be stumpy who has——"

"Has what, Mr. Fripley ?"

He turned beet-red with a sudden realization of what he had been about to say. Miss Bruce determined to know or die.

"Tell me," she pleaded. Fripley had never before experienced the Third Degree. She smiled up at him joyously, wistfully, confidently, confidingly persuasively, mournfully, promisingly —all from a distance of five inches.

A bit of black velvet edged the collar of her dress, emphasizing her white neck. She wore a bunch of flowers on her breast; they had been crushed and their fragrance arose into the nostrils of Fripley and well nigh destroyed his reason. He could no more have withheld the word she wanted than he could have stopped breathing.

"Please tell me." She was pouting wistfully and her eyes were misty. "I know it was something hateful."

"Not *hateful*!" cried the horrified Fripley, rising gallantly to the bait, his embarrassment eclipsed for the moment by a more painful apprehension. "It was only a ridiculous thing with no meaning to it, that I am ashamed to repeat."

"Please, Mr. Fripley."

"It was only, that a girl cannot be stumpy," he replied gravely, "who has —has dimples. Perfect rot, of course."

"Well, I don't know," giggled Miss Bruce, who seemed to find nothing offensive either in the original assertion or final retraction of this curious proposition.

The car had been pursuing its jerky course to the top of the building, decanting a part of its load at every floor. It had now come to a final stop. Fripley turned to find the elevator boy regarding him with a smile of amusement. They were the only remaining occupants of the car.

"Twenty-four !" said the operator, and Fripley became painfully conscious that it was the third time he had said it.

"Do you want a transfer ?" inquired the boy. "I don't go no further."

As they left the ca , Miss Bruce froze the impudent one with a glance and Fripley requested him to avoid being fresh.

She was a stenographer and he was a draughtsman; both worked for the Gilford Machinery Company, whose offices occupied the entire twenty-fourth floor of the building.

Fripley's head seemed to be of a shape unknown to hatters

They separated in the lobby and Miss Bruce waved a hand at Fripley, as she disappeared through the door of the private office of Montgomery, chief of the engineering department.

Not passionately, nor in a moment of imaginative heat, but deliberately and in cold blood did Samuel Fripley take up his compasses and draw a circle three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter on the creamy sheet spread out before him. Having done this, he paused and leisurely sharpened a hard lead pencil with an ebony handled stencil cutter's knife. His soul was full of unholy joy.

No such circle appeared on the rough sketch at Fripley's elbow !

There was a dozen other young men in the large, well lighted room and they sat on very high stools and drew skeletons of machinery on large, smooth, paper-clad boards. Officially it was known as Section D of the Engineering Department; but among the draughtsmen of Section A, who sat, some on lower stools and some on swivel chairs (one's salary was inversely as the height of the stool on which he sat and Fripley's was about the tallest in the department), among these superior gentlemen Section D was known as the "boneyard," on account, no doubt, of the skeleton business above alluded to.

Section A saw the machines with a creative and spiritual eye; but no such pleasureable visions were ever referred for attention to the "boneyard." All that ever came thither were a few notes of dry details and some maddeningly, complete, though arid, sketches. Section A betook itself out to the factory, at will, and viewed the finished creatures in all their physical beauty, as a whole, alive; but all that Fripley ever saw was detached and inarticulate cross sections, plans and elevations, composed of the scrawniest of straight lines and the vapidest of circles.

But there is nothing in all this to afford the shadow of an excuse for what he had done.

If the men in Section D were not paid enormous salaries, neither were they burdened with responsibility. Mathematical and mechanical accuracy was about all that was exacted of them; invention and ingenuity they were not required to possess. If they did not enjoy all the privileges of Department A, neither were they obliged to loll for hours with their heels on their desks and pipes in their mouths, painfully devising new power transmission apparatus and systems of lubrication. Indeed, a paternal management had seen fit to stringently forbid the indulgence, on the part of the "boneyard," of a natural tendency toward "origination." Their duty was to stick rigidly to the sketches and instructions furnished by Section A.

As for Fripley's circle three-six-

teenths of an inch in diameter, the thing simply wasn't done.

Furthermore, he was the last person in the office who would have been thought capable of such a misdemeanor. After all, one knows really very little about the chap at one's elbow. The mild mannered old gentleman sitting beside you in the street-car may be a successful assassin, returning homeward from his occasional employment with the head of his latest victim in an innocent looking gladstone-bag. The Sunday school superintending teller, who has worked across the desk from you in the bank for twenty years and never taken a postage stamp, will probably walk out of the cage this evening with $50,000 of the bank's money done up in a neat parcel, and start for Mexico with a chorus girl.

Nothing, however, is more certain than that murder will, eventually and most embarrassingly, out.

Presently came Haskins, foreman of the "boneyard," to see how Fripley was getting on. While still at a distance of thirty feet from the board his eye alighted on the circle three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter which by this time had been embellished with a corrugated edge.

"Why, Fripley," he remonstrated, "you are in wrong here. No intermediate pinion is shown on Montgomery's sketch. I am sure, because I noticed the omission and thought it strange. Let's see the sketch."

"No, it's not on the sketch," observed Fripley, as one would casually remark, "It may possibly rain."

Haskins stiffened and turned his eyes upon an unaccustomed Fripley, who, in turn, coolly regarded his work with evident, though subdued, pride and satisfaction.

"Well, wh—why did you put it in ?" stammered Haskins.

Fripley affected to yawn.

"Because it belongs there. Easier to do it now than later, when Montgomery notices the slip. I've made enough drawings of these machines to know that this front gear has got to have a contra-clockwise motion, and that means an intermediate pinion."

With a trembling hand Haskins laid down the sketch. After a few moments he began to talk softly, sadly, and distinctly.

"You have made enough of these machines to know how they ought to be made, have you, Fripley ?"

It was the first time anybody had ever been in a towering rage at Fripley. It was a novel, interesting, and even pleasurable sensation. Yesterday he would have been in a panic; but to-day he rather enjoyed it. He turned his large, innocent grey eyes upon Haskins.

"Yes, I'm pretty familiar with them."

"Well, but, let me ask, are you paid for that sort of thing, Fripley ?"

"I've often thought I ought to have more money," he admitted.

"You do not, or will not, understand, Fripley. Are you, or are you not, paid to follow instructions to the letter ?"

A note of protest crept into the tone of Fripley's reply.

"I never understood, Mr. Haskins," he said, "that I was paid to make a fool of myself."

Haskins visibly counted twenty before replying.

"This goes to Montgomery !" he said shortly, and waited for Fripley to lift the sheet off the board.

"I'll do what I can for you," he added, as he went off with the sketch and the partially completed drawing, "but I'm sure you'll be fired."

"You may do as you damn please," were the amazing words uttered by Samuel Fripley in round, even tones.

Something had assuredly come over Fripley.

Even now, however, it is probable that no saving sense of his truly desperate situation was present with this young man. As he turned to take up another piece of work he actually chuckled.

His eleven confreres began, with one accord, to erase the errors their trembling hands had made in the last five minutes.

Just before noon—it was a half holiday—Fripley received his customary weekly pay envelope, containing twenty dollars, and was coldly ordered by Haskins to stop at Montgomery's office as he went out.

With that unaccountable indifference to fate which often benumbs the sensibilities of the criminal on the road to the gallows, he entered the suite of

He stood on his chair during the greater part of the ninth inning

the chief. But Montgomery happened, at the moment, to have a visitor and sent word requesting Fripley to come in Monday morning, instead. It was Miss Bruce who brought the reprieve, the office boy having departed. Her desk was in an inner room. She wore her hat and jacket and was obviously going to lunch.

A brilliant and absolutely unprecedented idea occurred to Fripley.

"It is a nice day, Miss Bruce," he volunteered.

"Isn't it," she replied sweetly, pausing at the door.

"My birthday," added Fripley, mendaciously.

"Is that so? Congratulations!"

"Thank you," said he and proceeded boldly to the point. "In view of the occasion I thought you might consent to lunch with me."

"Why, I'd be delighted to do so," laughed the girl, with a little surprise.

"You are very kind," said he.

The most expensive restaurant in the vicinity was the Mazarin and thither the headlong Fripley directed their course. He had never been within the gorgeous portals before; but the carnal delights of the place seized upon his latent susceptibilities at once. At one end of the lofty salon was a gallery from which came the music of an excellent orchestra. He was fond of music. The snowy linen, the glistening glass and rich silver rejoiced his soul. A score of deft waiters moved noiselessly over the thick carpet. One of them awaited Fripley's order.

Into his hand was thrust a card printed entirely in French. He studied it carefully and at length discovered that the prices, at least, were printed in decipherable characters. He had a little knowledge of French, acquired at school, but it did not seem to be of much assistance here.

The waiter took advantage of Fripley's apparent preoccupation to refill the glasses, which were in no need of filling, from the carafe. Time went by. Fripley laid down his card and addressed himself to Miss Bruce.

"Perhaps you would rather make your own selection," he hazarded.

His face felt hot; but he had an odd feeling that the waiter had spilled a piece of cracked ice down the back of his neck.

"No, I'd rather you would order," said Miss Bruce, who pined for a lettuce sandwich and a glass of iced tea.

Fripley resumed, with desperate resolve, his examination of the card. The waiter again filled the glasses and changed his napkin to the other arm.

Things were becoming worse, rather than better; for he was no longer able to spell out the words, which had now become blurred black lines. He was conscious, although he dared not look up, that the people in the farther corners of the room were standing on their chairs in order to get a better view of him. He began to fear that he had lost his voice. That would be awkward. Even if he did decide that he wanted one of the unpronounceable things on the card, what would be the use if he had actually, as he feared, lost control of his vocal cords. He would not be able to make a sound.

"Ahem!" said Fripley. The vocal cords were still there.

The waiter moved to the other foot and poised his pencil over his pad.

"Your name is George, is it not?" said Fripley to the waiter.

"No, it iss Victor."

"A pretty name," remarked Fripley and added, "This is my birthday, Victor."

"Yess."

"I am fifty-eight."

"Yes, sir."

"I always er—eat a lunch, on my birthday."

"Yes," with a broad smile.

"But it must be a little better than usual, Victor, you understand."

"Ver' well, yess."

"It is a pleasure to be served by a conscientious and intelligent waiter, such as yourself, Victor. I'll just leave the selection of the dishes to you. You know the language and you know the cook. Just bring on a nice little lunch for two and everything will be all right."

"Ver' well, yess," said Victor and offered an unintelligible suggestion for the first course, which Fripley thought would be very good. The second, third and following courses were treated in similar fashion. It was all plain sailing now, thanks to Victor, and delightfully simple. The waiter at length closed his book and departed. Fripley sighed his relief.

The lunch, when it arrived, vindicated their estimate of Victor. It was, as Miss Bruce expressed it, a dream.

They ate as much as they could, but were obliged to pass by many of the dishes.

After ice cream *incognito* and a *demi tasse*, Victor placed before Fripley a silver plate

The moment he had kissed her—he fled

Continued on page 159

Her Masterpiece

By Blanche Gertrude Robbins

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys

PART II.

For Synopsis of Part I. see page 167.

"CAROLYN!" exclaimed Dr. Aleck, springing toward the door. Andrew followed close behind. From outside came the merry exchange of greetings. Helena aroused herself, her curiosity piqued by the arrival of the girl. Why should she be alone on the trail in the night time? There was something in the call of the girl, that challenged her. Spirit and fearlessness dominated in the call. She wanted to see that girl.

As she rose from her chair, she heard the sound of returning footsteps and caught the half smile on Robert's face.

"It is as mysterious as the trail itself," he muttered.

They were coming into the cabin, talking in low tones, that the sick man might not be disturbed.

"Friends, this is our sister Carolyn, though we can't explain why she is alone on the trail to-night," explained Andrew.

She was tall and well developed, her lithe figure moving with the grace of the deer as she crossed the cabin floor. Something as mysteriously sweet as the forest grandeur followed in her wake; in the glow and warmth of her smile, shone the glory of the sunrise. The sparkle of the Northern stars gleamed in her black eyes, flashing determination. In her voice sounded the notes of the singing birds, the rush of falls in the ravine and the whispering winds murmuring through groves of fir.

STRIKING in her hunter's suit of beaverskin, she was none the less womanly. Magnetic and fearless with never a trace of boldness in her bearing. She smiled through misty eyes into the soldier brother's questioning face.

"I have not come far—alone on the trail. I rode from home with Chris. He is working in the settlement of Scandinavians down the trail. To-night we are staying with the neighboring Swedish family a mile back. Someone told us Aleck was here so I rode on. But no one told us that you were here, Andy. Oh, Mother will be so proud of you; though you have changed. You make me wish to turn back just to be at the home coming."

"But, Carolyn, you have not told us where you are bound for," interrupted Dr. Aleck.

"PERHAPS you cannot understand—perhaps you will not approve," she answered slowly, the rose flushing her cheek, "but I am riding to the Capitol to plead our Woman's cause. We pioneer women must have our chance at making history. Old laws must be changed, that we may play our part unhampered. Look at the women who have homesteaded along with their men folk. In their eagerness to make the home they have borne the heaviest burdens and suffered unflinchingly. Then when the roving spirit of the husband has manifested itself, he has sold out, in disregard of the woman's protest, and she, torn from the home she worked for, has followed to toil again in unbroken country. We want a law to protect the woman who works to make the home, so she will not lose it. Our pioneer women are far sighted and they are ambitious. They want education for their children and if they are given the chance, their votes will count for the future of the trail settlements. We want a law that will give us unmarried women the opportunity to homestead in our own rights. We, girls who are born on the trail, are imbued with a sense of home making in new country as no man of the city could be. Our girls are being lured to the town and the cities because the law does not provide a chance for their maintenance here on the trail. You remember Ellen Lester—the girl of such splendid physique—when her father was ill all those years, she took up the work of the homestead and cleared the land and made a grand success. When her father took command again, the younger brothers were old enough to help. Ellen was not needed and her independence asserted itself. She wanted to homestead in her own right. She would have made good, but this was denied her. She went out from the forests to the city. She did not belong there and her splendid physique shriveled as her ambition warped. Last week they brought her home and buried her under the firs—the very ground she would have enriched with her toil. As I stood by her grave, that splendid, vigorous life—murdered by the law that fetters our womankind, called to me to avenge the wrong. Ever since I was a child I have longed to appeal to our law-makers in the name of the pioneer women. Now, that the call has come, I know that I shall make them understand, for my heart throbs with the pioneer woman's burden. My soul has seen the vision of the Pioneer Woman of the future."

THERE was tense silence in the cabin, as the girl's breathless, passionate outburst ceased. Dr. Aleck stood, staring with incredulity into the face, all-glorified with enthusiasm.

"By Jove, Carolyn, you put it strong, you adorable pleader. How is it we never knew before there was an orator in the family? Where did you get your training?"

"I think mother has been training me through all the years. I believe, quite unconsciously I have molded the ambitions of my girlhood to conform with the vocation she would have me choose," the girl answered softly.

"As she has trained each one of us to fulfill some mission in life," added Andrew thoughtfully. "Go forth and win your woman's rights, sister, and I will go back to the glory of trail breaking. We cannot open up our wonder-

ful country too quickly for I have seen a vision of the Canada that, in the future, must expand to her uttermost boundaries. We will open up new trails for your women to homestead.

Helena reached over to touch Carolyn's hands, clasped intensely in her lap.

"You splendid, gloriously splendid girl—with your vision. I, too, have had a vision of your pioneer women, fettered by their forest environment. Some day I shall paint a picture—even now it is created in my mind—and when the worldly-wise women of the cities see it, they will pity the pioneer women. Yes, my picture will arouse pity—"

"*Pity*—but we don't want pity!" exclaimed the girl, perplexedly, "it is opportunity we seek. It is that which lawfully should be our right. That is what we have endured too long—the pity of the world. We do not need pity. We want a chance to show our mettle. I am afraid you do not understand even yet," she smiled wisely.

AND Helena, leaning back in her chair, forced herself to admit that this girl of the forest-country was wiser than she in many things. Baffled, she sat silent—yes, she, Helena Clifford, could, by her skill with the brush, arouse emotion. But this glorious, spirited girl would not only arouse emotion, but she would arouse men and women to action; and no one could doubt that she would lead her followers on to conquest.

Andrew rose from his seat and stood by the door suggestively. "I will walk with you to the Swede's home and stay there to-night for Olga's cabin is crowded. To-morrow Aleck will ride with you to the beginning of the trail," he commented.

As they rose to exchange goodnights, Helena was conscious of Robert's tense expression.

"Never let any earthly thing deter you from accomplishing the vision before you," he admonished earnestly, his eyes intent upon Carolyn's face.

Helena started. Had Robert Clifford ever seen a vision? Had any incident in his life ever deterred him from its realization? Swiftly to her mind came that first year of their marriage, when he had talked eagerly of the unbroken forests. She had believed her genius for art had warranted her rebellion. Until to-night, she had never questioned the right of Robert's sacrifice. It was not at all reasonable that Robert Clifford, born to ease and wealth, could have won fame in blazing trails. And her skill had placed the name of Clifford high in the realm of art. But had the fame she had won been worth the sacrifice of the manly man?

Striding forward, he extended a hand in greeting—a hand calloused and scarred

Robert returned from the door, his tenderness for her, in his thoughtfulness. "You must get some rest. Olga is making a bed for you in the store room. Dr. Aleck will sit with the sick man and I will roll up in a blanket on this floor. I have urged Andrew to hurry along ahead of us for his mother is waiting. We will start early and ride slowly. If your arm rests in a sling, there will be little danger that you will suffer."

"But I will be handicapped with the lines," she protested.

"Andrew thinks your horse will readily follow the lead of mine. The trail from here on is good and we will travel by daylight only. See, Olga has your bed ready. Are you not tired?" he questioned.

She nodded her head wearily. A dread for the morrow's traveling had crept into her thought. But not far distant lay the goal. All along the trail, her senses had been acute in noting details in color, form and shadow. But she had not yet come upon the reality, that should fulfill her vision..

AS she lay down upon the rough cot the silence of the dense forest surrounding the cabin, smote her with terror. The cry of the coyote on the mountain startled her. Strange, mysterious sounds came from the depths of the bush. Her hand throbbed with pain. She raised herself in a sitting posture. She could not sleep under these weird conditions. She caught a glimmer of light through a crevice of the thin partition.

Suddenly she laughed aloud. She was not alone. Robert was on guard in the outer room. She need not be

"Wife, I've found a kindred spirit. Here I've been working along at trail breaking all these years and this chap Clifford has been studying it out in theory"

afraid for he would protect her. She lay down, quieted, and fell into a sleep of exhaustion.

AT the break of day, mounted again on horseback, Helena and Robert rode along the trail. They met Carolyn—the girl of spirit—riding.

"There is something wonderfully alluring in that girl's personality," she remarked, "yet I cannot name it."

"It is enthusiasm," Robert answered readily, "the most alluring charm of your sex. That girl will do great things for her woman's cause for she is determined and has seen the vision of the work she will accomplish."

Helena was conscious of a quick indrawn breath. Never before had she felt a pang of jealousy. Always had she been sure of Robert's unwavering devotion. What was there about this girl of the wilderness that brought that tense look into the man's eyes ?

Then as if in answer to her unspoken thought the man leaned from his saddle and laid his hand on the fingers that clutched the lines.

"It is the enthusiasm that has made you master of your art. It is the charm of all your charms, dear heart, that has ever kept me faithful to my trust; ever carried me along with you, whither your vision led you," he commented.

It was but one of Robert's pretty drawing-room speeches, that ever pleased her vanity, but this morning riding along the mysterious trail in the glory of dawn and breaking sun, the words rang with unusual depth of meaning. But underneath the man's tone lay a tinge of bitterness that mystified Helena.

It was near the noon hour that the man and woman riding along the trail, descried the settlement of cabins built at the edge of the bush.

"THIS must be the settlement," Robert exclaimed, "it will be best for us to rest here until to-morrow. What think you ?"

A smile of relief came to Helena's face. Her wrist was aching dully and she longed for rest and change of position long before they had reached the settlement.

But something in the fearless riding of the man in the lead, urged her to buckle on. She could not understand this strange new sensation—this effort to court the esteem of her husband. Yet, she was conscious that she must not show the white feather on the trail for she feared—as never before she had feared displeasure—to arouse his scorn.

With a thrill of satisfaction that she had endured to the end, she slipped from her saddle. A Swedish woman opened her cabin door hospitably.

"But las' night Mr. Christopher stay by me. You, too, welcome. Mr. Christopher—he make cabin home for new comers," she explained, leading the way to the kitchen and the dinner, steaming on the stove.

They could hear the sound of hammers and the rolling of logs in the distance. At dusk Helena and Robert, curiosity prompting them, wandered across the clearing to the log cabins newly erected.

A HALF mile distant, they came upon a group of Scandinavians and in their midst a young Canadian, energetically intent upon fitting logs into a rude dwelling.

With a merry jest, his auburn head thrown back, he lifted a huge log from the ground and with a magnificent display of muscular strength, hurled it across the clearing.

Catching a glimpse of Helena and Robert, he straightened his towering, broad shouldered figure, ran his hand through the tousled mass of auburn hair and buttoned the flannel shirt, rolled low at his throat.

Striding forward, he extended a hand in greeting—a hand calloused and scarred. "You are the strangers Andy told us about. This is a mighty new colony, but I guess the folks, being next door to strangers will give you a glad hand. We're doing our best to settle before frost gets in the ground," he explained, a soft light of kindliness glowing in the depths of his blue-black eyes.

"A builder, eh?" questioned Robert.

"Not by profession," laughed Christopher, "but a pioneer builds cabin homes by instinct. Dad brought us up to that, along with breaking trails. But our immigrants, coming mostly from cities, are at a disadvantage. So we have to sort of help them along. Come see the schoolhouse. I'm mighty proud of that for a pioneer construction."

He led the way, trampling the underbrush, and making a short cut to the long, low log cabin. Inside were benches and desks, carved from pine, charts hung on the rafted walls, books covered the table of the raised platform.

"We've been at it all summer," he explained, reaching for the lanterns suspended from the ceiling, "had to get this building up first, though it crowded the families together in many cases.

Still they were anxious to learn English and we've hit a pretty steady pace at night classes. The worst feature of the thing is, that just as we get the men and women on main trail of learning, I'll have to get back to the 'varsity and leave them."

AS Christopher talked eagerly, he busied himself lighting the lanterns and hanging them.

"You're a 'varsity man?' asked Helena with interest.

"A junior—and counting the years till I get back to the trail with an organized system of teaching. Perhaps you'll stay to the night session?" he urged, opening the door to the group of foreigners who filed into the room and slouched to their seats.

Robert turned questioningly toward Helena, and catching the interest in her eyes, answered warmly, "Thanks, we shall be glad to stay."

Christopher found chairs for them, ushered several shy, dilatory forms that shadowed the doorway, into the room by vigorous, friendly slaps upon the shoulder.

As he took his stand upon the platform, silence, tense and respectful, greeted him. He was no longer the builder—the workman of the people. He was their teacher and leader and as he bowed his head in a simple service of devotion, a sense of the spiritual pervaded the log school house. A simple message—direct and illustrative of the manhood of Christ followed. Occasionally the leader broke into a bit of Scandinavian phraseology, as he was learning their language from them. Then for an hour, he labored with them, teaching them the rudiments of the English language.

"An Empire builder!" exclaimed Robert with enthusiasm, as they said goodnight, "next to a blazer of trails, I should like your job—teaching new Canadians good citizenship. But you did not tell us that you are a preacher!"

Christopher shook his head, "not until I have my theology, will I call myself a preacher. I am just a bearer of the gospel message. But if we are to build a Christian nation, we must teach our new Canadians Christianity. In order to appeal to their hearts and minds, the leader must be a co-worker with them," he answered with earnestness.

As Helena and Robert walked back to the Swedish woman's home, the stars alone guided their path.

"There is something mysteriously wonderful about the energy of these workers of the trail," Helena commented wonderingly.

"Ah—you have felt it too," exclaimed Robert, "one is conscious of some secret spirit, kindling the flame of enthusiasm. How brilliantly its blaze illumines the trail. Yet it burns only for others. Not in a single instance is the service self centered. Imagine the influence of all this spirit on the building of the Canadian Empire!"

Silent—because no answer formulated within Helena's mind to Rudolph's passionate outburst, she turned into the cabin, that offered them shelter for the night.

Eager for the morrow that would end the journey along the trail, she fell asleep, which, undisturbed lasted until the break of day.

Partaking of an early breakfast, Helena and Robert rode forth as the sun's rays first penetrated the bush. There was silence between the man and woman for both were intent upon the trail; the man thinking of the pioneer who had first forged the way and the woman studying the hues of the earth, that her brush might skillfully duplicate them.

A little after the noon hour they came upon the clearing and Helena, scanning the horizon, cried out: "Oh, oh, Robert, look—yonder!" Breathlessly she pulled a halting line and waved her hand toward the clearing.

"The little log cabin and the woman! Now she's gone inside. That glimpse was the vision I have dreamed for my picture. A little log cabin buried in the depths of the forests; the rough trail dimly outlined in the distance and the woman outside the cabin door!" she explained, her eyes brilliant with enthusiasm, straining across the expanse.

"It is the soul of the woman, subjected to loneliness, fettered by her primitive environment, that I must call upon my skill to depict. If I can but arouse the *pity* of the city women for the pioneer women, I will have accomplished my purpose. The vision of my masterpiece so real at last! Oh, Robert, let us hurry!"

She caught the answering sparkle in the man's eyes, as he dismounted and led her horse down the incline to the clearing.

A SHORT distance from the cabin, he called a halt and lifted her from the saddle, his keen gaze penetrating the bush where a man wielded the axe, making a clearing.

Helena stretched out her aching muscles and readjusted the sling in which her hand rested.

"While you make the acquaintance of your woman, I will see yonder man. I have an idea that he is the pioneer who forged the trail. Can you imagine your husband as muscular and brawny as he? Think what your art saved you from!" Robert laughed with a tinge of bitterness.

But Helena was already walking toward the log cabin, for the woman, hearing voices had come to the door. Impulsively Helena hurried across the grass.

"Good morning!" she called out eagerly, then paused abruptly, struck by the picture presented by the woman standing before her with outstretched hand.

She was tall and straight—this woman of the log cabin. The print housedress, simply fashioned, revealed a finely developed figure. The sparkle in the dark grey eyes as well as the welcoming smile illumined the face. It was not alone the freshness of that face, that startled Helena. It was the glory of expression lighting the countenance, that challenged her to name it. Should she call it the halo of the conqueror, or live, pulsing interest.

"We have been watching for you. Andrew told us how you fell in with him on the trail. I know you have wearied from the rough ride and how your poor hand must ache. I am glad Alexander was near you with his skill. Come inside and rest. Make our home your home," the woman of the log cabin greeted her cordially, her voice rich in sympathy and kindness.

And Helena, resting her small, delicately fashioned hand within the other woman's hand, noticed that it was enlarged and red, toil-stained and roughened. But she could not deny the warmth of friendliness in the clasp.

THE woman led the way into the cabin and drew a comfortable chair within range of the sunlight flooding the windows.

It was a large, rafted-walled room, plainly yet picturesquely furnished with chairs and tables; couch and book shelves carved from the gnarled branches of willow. An open fireplace built of rough stone and on either side the book cases filled to the utmost; the large table centering the floor, proclaimed this indeed the living room.

Helena could see into the kitchen and the sleeping rooms through open doors. The woman of the cabin busied herself preparing hot food for her guests. As she spread the snowy cloth upon the living room table, she opened general conversation:

"It is not often women of your kind traverse the trail. No doubt you have found the journey long and rough—but then, perhaps you were seeking adventure."

Helena Clifford, who had ever been ready of wit and tongue, flushed guiltily and hesitated. She found this woman of the log cabin disconcerting—this wide awake woman. Ah, that was the word that described her. Wide awake!

The vision of the dream woman, she would put into her picture—the woman with her stooped shoulders, de-

Continued on page 154.

Fifty Years Ago and Now---

THE record of the Dominion of Canada reads like a fairy tale. Its growth during the fifty years since the followers of MacDonald and Brown joined hands and formed a definite unit of the British empire, has been the marvel of the world. From a few scattered colonies back in 1867, Canada has grown into nationhood and is now invited to a seat at the council table as a power in the Empire. It is interesting to note some of the facts to be found in the record of Canada's semi-centennial period.

WHEN the Fathers of Confederation made up the first census in 1867 it was found that Canada had a population of 3,371,594. To-day she boasts of about 8,000,000. Almost 2,000,000 of this increase in population came to our shores during the ten years previous to the war. The last census figures show that we have only 3 inhabitants per square mile of territory; Great Britain has 360, France has 190, the United States 31. Our population is about evenly divided between urban and rural, although the increase in rural population during the last ten years was only 17.16 while the increase in urban population was 62.25. The population of Toronto, for example has practically doubled every ten years during the Confederation period.

ONE of the chief agents in bringing about Canada's increase in population during the last half of the Confederation period had been the broad development in railway construction. In 1867 Canada's rail mileage was 2,278. To-day we boast of 35,582 miles stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the U. S. line to the Peace River district. During the fifty years of Confederation Canada has constructed three great transcontinental rail systems, whose gross earnings are now well over the two hundred million dollar mark. Canada has a greater percentage of rail mileage per capita of population than any other country of the world.

CANADA has made its greatest record of achievement in agriculture. With field crops in 1916 totalling $700,000,000, she stands among the leading grain producing nations of the world. Her agricultural exports have increased from $12,871,055 in 1867 to almost a quarter of a billion dollars in 1916. According to the last census more than half of Canada's invested capital which totaled $8,365,000,000, was invested in farm lands, stock and machinery. The same census shows more than 700,000 farm holdings, an increase of about 30 per cent. during the last decade. The average value of farm land, improved and unimproved, is estimated at about $39 per acre.

WHILE Canada's greatest asset will always be in agriculture because of the nature of her territory, she has not been slow in developing in other lines. Back in 1867 Canada looked to England and other outside markets for most of the manufactured products she required. Now she exports more than a billion dollars worth of her own manufactured products and has a balance of trade in her favor. During the 12 months ending September 30, 1916, Canada's total trade increased from $935,000,000 for the previous 12 month to $1,738,000,000. This is an increase of more than 90 per cent. in one year, almost three times the total trade of Canada during 1867. Some 300 different varieties of manufactories are now prospering in Canada, providing employment to about two-fifths of her population. Food products lead in value among Canada's manufactures, with timber and lumber second and textiles third. The ten year period between 1900 and 1910 brought the largest industrial development. The percentage of increases were as follows:—capital 179 per cent,. wages, 120 per cent., materials 109 per cent., products, 142 per cent.

IN mineral wealth Canada ranks near the top. Her mineral production has increased from about 10 millions in Confederation days to the 150 million mark at the present time. But this is only a start of the real development that is sure to come when the real value of Canada's mineral deposits have been explored and estimated. The total mineral production since 1866 is $1,784,000,000. At the present rate of production this will be equalled in a decade. We now produce more than 80 per cent. of the world's nickel supply. Ontario claims three gold mines that rank among the first ten mines of the world in point of production. During the past year the production of silver has taken on an energetic spurt and this metal is now among the leaders in point of value. The production of copper increased during 1915 about 72 per cent. over previous years and 1916 brought even a larger production, according to incomplete government figures. Lead, zinc, iron and other minerals have shown large production increases each year for the past decade.

THE forest wealth of Canada represents as much undeveloped possibilities it is claimed, as her mines. Although $172,880,000 in forest products was the official record for 1916, government officials say that Canada has only started to develop her resources in this line. The records show average yearly cuts of almost four billion feet of lumber for 1913-14-15. Ontario and Quebec each produced something more than a billion feet yearly with New Bruns-

Canada's Wonderful Story of Development Since Confederation

wick and British Columbia totaling 660 million feet each. We obtain an excellent idea of the future possibilities of this industry in the official estimate of the British Columbia government that the forests of that province contain 400 billion feet of merchantable lumber. Counting a billion feet a year as a heavy cut, British Columbia could carry on in this industry for 400 years, but the department estimates also that the natural growth of the British Columbia forests is more than a billion feet per year. So we can classify the timber wealth of the Pacific coast province as practically inexhaustible. In addition to the timber and lumber cut from Canadian forests, pulpwood is of increasing importance in the forestry industry. In 1910 only 38 per cent. of the pulpwood cut here was manufactured in Canada. In 1915 the proportion had increased to almost 60 per cent. of the cut. It is estimated that 1916 brought a further increase of at least 10 per cent. The exports of paper, pulp and pulp-wood and other manufactures of wood during the period of 1915-16 totaled almost $38,000,000. Since the war the paper pulp supply of the United States has been purchased almost exclusively in Canada.

FISHERY products have increased from $6,500,000 in 1867 to almost $36,000,000 in 1916. Our exports have increased from $3,300,000 to about $22,500,000 in the same period. Canada boasts of 5,000 miles of fishing waters on the Atlantic and 7,000 on the Pacific besides 220,000 square miles of fresh water that produces large quantity of valuable fish annually. British Columbia ranks first in this industry with a total production of more than $14,500,000. The total value of Canadian fisheries during the 50 years of Confederation is almost a billion dollars.

CANADA'S real financial condition is perhaps best shown in her bank records. During the fifty years of Confederation the paid up bank capital has increased from $30,289,048 to $114,134,182. Bank deposits have increased during the same period from $37,678,571 to $1,303,527,634. In addition, the deposits in Post Office savings banks have increased from $204,589 to $40,008,417. The bank clearings for 1916 reached the total of 10½ billion dollars. The 8 million population in Canada added more than 100 million dollars to their bank deposits in 1915 and then increased the total 200 millions more in 1916—the increase for one year being more than five times as much as the total bank deposits at the start of Confederation. It is estimated that close to 150,000 automobiles are owned in Canada to-day and that the per-capita investment in motor cars is about $25.

CANADA has responded to the demands of the Empire, in the great war in a way that demonstrates quite clearly her broad development during fifty years of Confederation. Since the start of the war Canadians have subscribed to war loans totaling 200 millions and have extended credit to Great Britain to the extent of 250 millions. More than 600 manufacturing plants have turned to the assistance of the war office and munitions orders calling for the expenditure of $550,000,000 have been turned out or are in process of manufacture here. More than 400,000 officers and men have enlisted for overseas services. The government is paying more than $2,000,000 per month in separation allowance to soldiers' dependents in addition to $13,500,000, destributed annually by the Canadian Patriotic Fund.

CANADA'S development during the past fifty years is but a shadow of the growth that is sure to come in the next fifty years. Her broad boundaries hold ample room for a population of 50 million people or more. Her agricultural possibilities are limited only by the number of people that can be put upon the land.

We have demonstrated to ourselves what we can do in manufacturing through our efforts on munitions. The future will show Canada manufacturing more and more of her own requirements. Capital has been shown that Canada's mines are worthy of heavy investment. The first years after the war undoubtedly will see many new properties developed and a large increase in Canada's mineral output. When *the war is over* and we have settled back to normal industrial life, Canada will receive an unprecedented flood of immigration. Our sons have carried the story of Canada's possibilities overseas in a way that no publicity campaign could have accomplished. Thousands of families will seek a new home within our borders. The young farmers from the States will again flock to our prairie lands. In fact our great problem during the first years after the war will be to properly assimilate the big increase in population, as it comes to us. The record made during the past fifty years is but the product of the testing or standardizing period, as the manufacturers call it. The machinery is ready; we know our materials. We know what we must do and the way to do it. When the balance is struck for the next fifty years our people doubtless will wonder that the Canada of the first fifty years was so backward. Fifty years of Confederation has demonstrated that *can* is one of the fundamentals of Canada. No matter what her problems, Canada *can* and *will* become one of the greatest commonwealths of the world in the next fifty years.

Canada and the U-Boat Problem

By Richard T. Griswold

Illustrated from Photographs

CANADA, as an equal partner in the British Empire, must face the problem of the U-boats. The answer to this problem, all the authorities agree, is new ships. The United States, recognizing the seriousness of the situation, has already made a big start toward a solution of the problem. What will Canada do ?

When the Kaiser announced that his submarines had been set loose, and that they would be able to destroy ships of a million tons carrying capacity a month, most of us land lubbers read the announcement in a dazed sort of a way. In these days of billion dollar loans, we have fallen into the way of reading big figures without grasping their full meaning. If the statement of what the Kaiser hoped to accomplish through his unrestricted submarine warfare had been made in terms of a million tons of hard coal, or sixteen thousand bushels of potatoes, it might have been clearer to some of us.

A million tons ! What of it ? Let's look up the figures and see what of it. The Germans announced with an air that was all too haughty to be pleasant that by destroying a million tons of shipping per month they would be able to starve the British into defeat within a year. Taking it for granted the Huns will be able to carry out their threat, it is interesting to take a look at the figures and see just what would be the result.

At the outbreak of the war, the shipping of the world was estimated at roundly 50,000,000 tons of which total 21,000,000 tons were under British register. The losses up to February 1st of this year totalled about 4,250,000 tons of which losses Great Britain's share was almost half or 2,750,000 tons. When we stop to consider that practically all of these losses have been sustained in the fleet of merchant ships plying in the Atlantic, and that of the total of 50,000,000 tons of shipping before the war practically one-third is required for trade in the Pacific, we begin to obtain a more definite idea of what the menace of the German submarines really means.

We are an optimistic race—we English speaking people. We are of the Micawber type when it comes to facing a real crisis. We have been expecting something to turn up—some invention of a wizzard mind—that will make it possible to put a log chain around all of the submarines and yank them out of the oceans, but in the mean time—while we are basking in the sunshine of our hopes and confidences—the Huns are turning out more and more submarines and are coming all too close to their million tons per month mark.

The shipping problem is a serious one. We cannot sanely disregard it. We must do something to counterbalance the destructive work of the Hun on the high seas. Britain and her Allies must have supplies. Canada, Australia, the United States and other portions of the world must provide these supplies—and ships are the only means to carry these supplies to the mother country and to France and Italy. It is a mere academic statement that we must build ships as fast as the Germans are able to destroy them. But when we start to consider the ways and means for building this great quantity of shipping within a year—almost one-fourth of the world's total registry before the war, we discover a problem worthy of the best thought of our statesmen and captains of industry and finance.

We land lubbers—and most of us who are not closely connected with export trade and who obtain our information about shipping from the daily press may be classified under this heading—most of us think of shipping as huge bulks of steel in whose great holds thousands of tons may be stored away for transport overseas. We have been taught that these huge freighters cannot be constructed short of two years, and that they require large quantities of steel, already in such demand for

use in practically all munitions and other supplies needed by the armies in France.

Before we had the big steel freighter however, we had the wooden sailing vessels. What of these ? Could they not be substituted for the steel giants of the seas so costly in time and precious materials? We have hardly to turn to the ship yards of our Atlantic and Pacific coasts before we have the answer.

It has been asserted by naval authorities that wooden ships of 2,500 tons capacity, constructed on a standard pattern can be turned out in sets of ten every 90 days in fifteen or more ship-yards in different parts of Canada. That means that Canada alone could supply 150 ships with a total tonage of 375,000 tons every 90 days, or an average of more than 100,000 tons per month. The same process of manufacture has already been started in many ship-yards in the United States. Suppose the Yankees only double the production of Canada's yards in producing wooden ships, this gives a total of 300,000 tons per month. This added to the large quantity of steel shipping even now on the ways would provide enough tonnage to defeat the Hun at his own game. For the Germans, in the mere act of starting their unrestricted submarine campaign, announced to the world that if they failed to starve England, they are surely beaten and cannot hope to even retain a friend at court to assist in obtaining advantageous peace terms.

Canada is by no means a novice in the wooden ship building trade. In the days when the Fathers of Confederation were forming the great Dominion of Canada, the ship building industry was one of the leading if not the biggest in the British portion of the North American Continent. In the year 1875 the registered tonnage of Canadian built vessels was 204,000 tons, while 188,000 tons were launched that year alone. Yarmouth, N. S., became the chief ship-owning port in the world, in proportion to population. Whole communities in some of the maritime provinces went into the ship building and ship-owning business. It was by no means an uncommon thing for the cottage labourer to "take a bit of the ship" of his community, either through his labor on the craft or for her outfit.

What Canada did back in the days of Confederation she could do again on a much larger scale. Her ship building operations need not be confined to the maritimes. The St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes afford many advantageous points where wooden ships could be put together with despatch. Vancouver, Victoria, Prince Rupert and other Pacific Coast centers have already demonstrated they can turn out excellent wooden craft with rather astonishing speed.

Canada has material in abundance for wooden vessels on both coasts and at her lake ports. The forests of Quebec and Ontario contain enough timber to build all the ships needed. It is estimated that the forests of British Columbia contain four hundred billion feet of merchantable lumber. The largest yearly cut in these great forests of the Pacific barely reached the estimated increase through natural growth. So we see that in the matter of material Canada stands ready.

It is of interest to note the plans already under way in the United States under the direction of the Federal shipping Board. Before entering the war the Yankees were faced with the problem of getting their merchandise to Europe and a commission was appointed to investigate the situation. Immediately after the break with German, President Wilson appointed this commission as a bureau under the Department of War and Navy with powers to act. When this bureau started to work it knew that every steel ship yard from Maine to Key West and from Seattle to San Diego was loaded with orders covering the next two years; that even by using the usua Yankee driving methods of three shifts per day it would be quite out of the question to expect more than a total of a million tons per year, so they turned to wooden ship possibilities. If their plans are carried through the twelve months from November 1917 to the same months in 1918 will see something over two million tons of additional

British Columbia has demonstrated that wooden sailing ships are a practical substitute for the huge steel steamship

There are scores of places in Canada where wooden ships may be constructed

shipping turned out on Yankee ways with practically double that amount for the twelve months ending in November 1919, and mind please, this increase will be in the way of small ships. Edward Hungerford in a recent article in the Saturday Evening Post points out how these small ships will be the final answer in the defeat of the submarine menace.

"The wooden-ship plan of the Shipping Board of Washington contemplates the making of many ships of small size rather than a few ships of great size. In recent years the tendency of shipbuilding has been exactly the reverse of this. The bigger the ship, the lower the cost and the greater the efficiency in operation. Ocean carriers have grown to a point where their dimensions are only limited by the sizes of piers and of slips, and of the navigable channels and the fairways of the largest of our harbors.

"But economy has not been the guiding factor in the plan for the building of the host of ships. One does not count pennies when one goes to war. And, even if it were possible and practicable to make a wooden ship of thirty thousand tons burden—which it is not—so big a ship would not be constructed; for it is a fundamental of the wooden-ship plan that there shall be many vessels and that these be of as moderate a capacity as it is efficient to build and operate. Three thousand tons was placed as an ideal size. In other words, ten of the smaller ships will carry the same amount of cargo as one big steel ship of a size that began to be popular before the beginning of the war. To sink thirty thousand tons of cargo under the new plan, the Kaiser would have to take ten shots instead of one—and his gunners would have to make every single shot true to its mark.

"Here, then is the crux of the entire situation; here is the place where the little ship, many times multiplied, may prove, in the present situation—in an hour when the fate of nations lies trembling in the balance—her great efficiency. With small wooden ships leaving the United States for Europe at intervals of from ninety minutes to two hours apart, night and day, during the first year of the operation of the plan, and at intervals of from thirty to sixty minutes every day during the second year, it must be a submarine warfare far more marvelously perfect than the present one that is going to keep our Allies overseas from their food, their fresh troops and their munitions.

"'The fundamental of the plan,' begins one of the men who has perfected it, 'rests in the fact that it calls for a standardized ship instead of a specialized one. This makes for infinite simplicity in the construction.

"'You understand. Ships can and should be standardized, like automobiles and railroad freight cars, whose very parts are systematized and standardized, even to their nomenclature.

"'And the wooden ships are not only to be standardized,' continues your informant, 'limited in their designs to two or at the most three types, but they can be built out of standard mill-length or lumberyard timber sizes; built by carpenters if necessary. For these new ships are not going to look any more like the clipper ships of half a century ago than a locomotive of today looks like an old-time stagecoach. These are steamships—oil-burners, in order to make for a small economical crew. Each vessel can be completely manned by a crew of from twenty-five to thirty-five men.'"

At a recent session of the provincial parliament at Halifax it was declared that the only limit upon wooden ship building in the various ports of that province was the quantity of labor available. There are yet many survivors of the shipbuilders trade in the maritime provinces and many worthy sons of those sires who made the shipping trade such a prominent one in the Maritimes less than fifty years back.

But the building of ships, as outlined by the head of the shipping board of the United States, no longer requires such technical skill. Given a standardized pattern, the proper materials and machinery and the construction of wooden ships becomes but a matter of labor, quite as ordinary as that of constructing a mill or a factory or an elevator. The manufacture of parts of such standardized ships can be handled in specialized mills—some mills working on ribs, some on planking, some on

Canada has material in abundance for wooden ships on both coasts and at her lake ports

There are many survivors of the shipbuilders' trade in the Maritime Provinces and many worthy sons of these sires who made the shipping trade such a prominent one less than fifty years back

other parts. The problem of turning out shells by the thousands is certainly more difficult than the manufacture of the dimensions of ships, Canada has demonstrated that she can hold her own with the rest of the world in the manufacture of shells of all kinds.

So the problem of how Canada can help solve the U-Boat menace resolves itself into one of labor. J. Ross Robertson, editor of the Toronto Telegram, and one of the most far-sighted thinkers of the Dominion says the answer to this problem is conscription. He points out that the shipping problem facing the Empire to-day is just as important as that of shell making when the war started. "Why not conscription for ship building as well as conscription for shooting? What earthly use is National Service registration?" He says that many of those who have been rejected for overseas service could be engaged profitably in ship building.

The labor problem is one of organization of the proper sort under government regulation. Ship building is of such pressing importance that it must come under government supervision. Canada should make the most of her opportunity to help to defeat the last stand of the Germans with their U-boats. Several of our provincial governments have taken up the problem of shipping and have provided financial assistance to private enterprise. The ship building problem must be handled through a complete organization just as the matter of producing munitions was worked out upon a basis of efficiency. The munition problem was considered of enough importance to require a special minister in thePremier's cabinet. Why not a Minister of Shipping as well? Canada's great showing in munition production was brought about by a Federal Board composed of the leading men of our industrial world. The ship building problem should receive the same attention.

From an economic view point a large increase in Canadian shipping is an absolute necessity. This necessity would remain even if the war were to end to-day. With the possibility that it will continue for a year or more and that the activities of the German U-boats will continue as during the past four months, delay in getting started on ship construction work on the largest possible scale is dangerous.

Great Britain and her allies will require great quantities of our raw materials and merchandise for a number of years after the war. We must have ships to transport these materials. Canada's future lies in her agricultural productions. The markets of Europe will be open to her. But before she can grasp these opportunities she must have the means of making deliveries. Our neighbors to the South are reaching out to grasp these world markets. Canada *can*! It is up to the Government to supply the *will*!

The Gregory Morton Mystery

By Charles Cabot

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

CHAPTER XXV.

THE TEMPER OF THE TOOL.

FOR an instant Virginia's eyes sought my face. Then, as if she had read it at a glance, she turned back to the doctor's, the face which still wore that half-smiling, half-mocking look. In her own I could see the suspicion, the incredulous horror, which I felt myself.

Like the pieces in a kaleidoscope, the doctor's actions during the past few hours flashed into a new and sinister pattern. He had argued against my calling the police. He had drugged Mr. Heatherfield. He had withdrawn Virginia and me into the next room, where he had led us to expect that the attack would be directed.

Had it not been for my acute hearing, the robbery could have been carried out successfully, and neither of us would have been any the wiser till morning. Then the doctor would have appeared as astonished as we were.

All that went through my mind in the single instant before Virginia could gasp out the words:

"You! You! Our friend!"

The sound of her voice had the effect of instantly releasing the doctor's grip upon my arm, and at the same time it galvanized me into action. Dropping my stick, I sprang to the fireplace and tugged madly at the iron door. My utmost efforts made no impression upon it. Evidently it had been caught upon the other side.

Without waiting to recover my stick, I dashed past Virginia and the doctor, out into the corridor, and down the stairs. I was weaponless, but I was infuriated beyond the need for weapons.

A light from the room below streamed out on the landing. I was still in time to redeem the doctor's treachery. Some saving instinct of caution led me to check my rush two or three steps above the landing. Oddly enough, the thing that came into my mind was the promise I had once made the doctor—that I would not again permit myself to be pinioned from behind.

My pause had been for only the barest instant but it was long enough for me to cast a sharp glance into the dark corner of the landing—long enough to reveal to me, huddled against the wall, the figure of a man.

He was waiting for me to turn my back upon him, as I should have to do in order to enter Duggleby's room.

In the next room I could hear the doctor at the piano playing a soft melody

I turned my back as though I had seen nothing, and halted a moment, peering into the lighted room as if half afraid to enter. I knew how long I could wait. It was not until the stealthy footfall sounded just behind me—until I felt the faint stir of a man's breath on the back of my neck, that I whirled around.

It was with a wild, savage joy that I grappled with him, that I felt his body turn limp in my arms; that I whirled him aloft in the air as if he had been no more than a mere bundle of straw.

For one instant I held him there, and then with all my strength I hurled him crashing down the stairs. The man's yell of terror split the air. There was a muffled sort of crash as his body struck the stones, and after that a sort of moaning silence.

That was one of them—which one, I did not know.

I turned away from the stairhead, and none too soon. A man's figure stood in the lighted doorway—a man in the very act of striking a blow at my head with a heavy bludgeon.

I threw up my arm and stepped a little to one side. The stick fell on my forearm and broke it. But before the man in the doorway could strike again, with a dry sob of rage I closed with him. The man was Duggleby! My rush bore him backward into the room, where we toppled over on the floor together. I was on top of him, and I had his neck in the crook of my right elbow. Had he not held me so close, I think I could have broken it.

The next instant, however, he shifted his grip a little, and his right hand got hold of my helpless arm. Then I suppose I must have fainted with the pain.

The next thing I knew I was sitting in a chair, my wrists, knees and ankles bound to it, while a stout strap around my chest held me so tight to the back of the chair that I could

scarcely breathe. My head was the only part of my body that I could move at all.

The sharp, shooting pain in my left arm may have helped to restore me to full consciousness, but a moment later I forgot all about it, in my interest in the scene before my eyes.

Morton, his clothing black with soot, his eyes shining with the excitement of successful achievement, came out of the inner room, the room which corresponded to Mr. Heatherfield's on the floor above.

"I stuck in that chimney on the way down," he said, "and thought I should never get out. But here's what I went for."

Then for the first time his eyes fell upon me. His look expressed nothing at first but the most complete astonishment.

"How in the world—" he began.

Then he laughed. He had not looked at Duggleby after handing him the paper. Presently he spoke to me in French:

"Well," he said, "thanks to you, we have made a pretty complete job of it."

My own eyes were on Duggleby. At the sound of the words he did not understand, he looked up from the envelope whose contents he was just about to examine, and shot a look of undisguised anger and suspicion at his confederate.

"Shut up," he said, "if you can't talk English."

Then his eyes returned to the sheet of paper he held in his hand.

For a moment he gazed at it with a puzzled look, which deepened as he went on toward the end. Then, in two strides, he crossed the room to a little side-table. With an impatient jerk he opened the drawer, drew out some blank paper, and seemed to be comparing it with the sheets he held in his hand. Then he whirled around, his face black with rage. Seizing the unsuspecting Morton by the throat, he shook him as a dog shakes a rat.

"You cowardly fool," he said in a voice of such concentrated passion as I have seldom heard, "haven't you even the honor of a thief ?"

No man could speak with the pressure of those hands at his throat; and seeming to realize this, even in his rage, Duggleby released the man with a contemptuous thrust which sent him sprawling in a heap on the floor.

"You thought to trick me, did you ?" said he.

Morton was still on the floor, fumbling at his throat.

"Are you out of your mind ?" he asked. "Why are you trying to murder me ? I did what you asked me to."

He started to rise, but Duggleby made another threatening gesture and he sank back on the floor.

Virginia had lighted a candle and followed him half way down, still suspecting him.

"For Heaven's sake," he said, with an effort, "don't kill me ! I swear I don't know what you mean."

"Well, I'll tell you what I mean," said Duggleby.

His voice was clearer now; he seemed to be conquering the overmastering impulse of rage which had first swept over him.

"Get up ! Don't lie sprawling there! I sha'n't hurt you until you give me cause. Now, then," he went on as the man scrambled to his feet, "you have played a clever trick, or it would have been clever if you had known enough to carry it out. You didn't see any reason why you couldn't keep the formulae you stole from Heatherfield and palm off on me something you made up out of your own head.

"Hand me the papers you stole from Heatherfield."

"But I haven't got them," said Morton in a tone of undisguised terror. "Search my clothes if you don't believe me."

"That's what I am going to do," returned Duggleby grimly.

But I could see that he was somewhat taken aback by the man's persistence. Morton's words had so unmistakable a ring of truth that I think neither of us was greatly surprised when the search proved fruitless. There was a moment of silence when it was concluded before Morton spoke.

"Will you let me see those papers a moment ?" he asked.

Rather grudgingly, Duggleby handed them to him.

"They are written on the same kind of paper as that in the drawer, all right," he said, "but I suppose that there is more paper of the same kind in other table-drawers in this hotel. I didn't write it. I don't know anything about chemistry. I don't say that if I had, and if I had thought of the trick, I shouldn't have tried to play it."

Duggleby sat down astride a chair, his elbows resting on the back of it, and turned an abstracted gaze upon me. It was rather uncanny to reflect what thoughts were passing through his head. Unless I had altogether mistaken his character, he was probably deciding whether or not to murder me in cold blood as I sat there, helpless, before him.

The considerations which would govern his action were precisely the same sort that might lead him to sacrifice a bishop in a game of chess. Oddly enough, when he spoke, he adopted precisely the figure of speech I had in mind.

"Well," said he, "I think I will try an exchange of pieces."

Then his whole manner changed as he turned to Morton. It became rough, insulting, contemptuous.

"Now you," he said, "listen to me, and listen well. All that you may get on this job and all that you may lose, which includes that good-for-nothing life of yours, will depend on how successfully you carry out my instructions."

It occurred to me here that he was not playing his game well. The man he addressed was certainly a contemptible creature; he had sold himself, body and soul, to his present employer. At the same time he probably had human feelings left in him. He had been savagely assaulted and insulted within the last half hour, and entirely without cause. I began to wonder and to hope a little when I saw the smoldering resentment in his face.

CHAPTER XXVI.

I SEE MY SHADOW.

He got to his feet submissively enough, however, when Duggleby addressed him, and stood waiting for his instructions.

"You are going on an embassy," said Duggleby. "Make yourself look as respectable as possible. You are to go up-stairs and knock at the door and say that you have a message from me to Miss Heatherfield. Miss Heatherfield, I may say, attaches an immense and wholly fictitious importance to the continued existence of this gentleman."

He nodded at me and grinned sardonically.

"Mr. Andrew Meiklejohn, I believe his name is; at least, that is one of his names, though not his present *alias*."

He paused there, just a second, merely in the hope, I think, of drawing me into a reply. I said nothing, however, and he went on.

"In the language of romance, Miss Heatherfield is in love with him. I think she will listen to the message I am sending her. You will describe to her this young man's present condition, his evident helplessness in our hands. You will offer her a chance to buy his release. We will sell him to her at a bargain—for so modest a price as her father's formulae.

"But they must be the real ones this time. No more of that French doctor's flights of fancy. When I get them in my hand, I personally will set this young man free. Now go."

The smile with which he accompanied the last words was absolutely hideous. I knew in what sinister sense he was planning to carry out his promise.

"Yes," he said, "you are right about it. You know I am going to kill you, but you're thinking that, after all, you would rather be in your shoes than in mine. As I say, you are right."

Sitting there, bound hand and foot, waiting only for the moment that suited his pleasure, to be brained with the bludgeon which lay on the floor at his feet, I felt the chill and the nausea of crude terror assail me. I felt the sweat gather on my forehead and run down into my eyes. All the while my inner self was saying: "If he will only wait! That will give me another minute of life. The doctor must come soon."

He whirled around upon me as the voice finished its question with a puzzled look in his haunted eyes. He flung out his hands with a vehement, impulsive gesture:

"But, great Heavens, Morton!" he cried. "What else is there left to me? What can I do but play it out?"

And then I knew!

"Great Heavens, Morton!" Those words and the impulsive, protesting gesture that went with them wrought my miracle, the miracle I despaired of. I had found myself! The thing happened absolutely instantaneously. One moment it was not; the next it was complete. It was too quick for memories, though I knew the memories were there. Somehow, in that extreme instant, the long-interrupted current flashed round its circuit again.

The thing that makes a man himself; the knowledge that I was I; the vivid electric spark of identity shot across the poles of my consciousness.

I was Christopher Morton! I possessed him—possessed the total sum of him!

I did not try to remember. Nay, in the illumination of that moment I even forgot the fear of death. I was a man now and not a ghost.

I hope never again to see a face so utterly convulsed with horror as Duggleby's was as he strode toward me with the weapon in his hand. But there was determination in it, too. I knew he would not fail. I shut my eyes.

Then at the beginning of that second of time which I believed to be my last this side of eternity, I heard my friend's voice—the voice of the French doctor—ring like a trumpet from the doorway.

"Stand where you are!" he cried.

I opened my eyes and could scarcely believe the sight they reported to me. They were still fixed on Duggleby's face and he in turn was looking toward the doorway. As I watched, I saw the horrible convulsion of passion disappear. In its place came a look of indescribable relief.

"Thank God!" I heard him gasp. "It's over."

Then, to make my amazement complete, he seemed to be rallying himself for a final effort, drawing himself erect with a smile on his lips. So he stood while one might count, perhaps a score. Then silently, and with the unexpectedness of a panther's spring, he swung his bludgeon in the air and rushed upon the doctor.

He was rushing to certain death. The doctor had him covered with a revolver, and the hand that held it never faltered. He fired in time, but only barely in time, to check the man's rush.

True to his strange purpose, whatever it was, Duggleby played the game

out quite to the end. After the impact of the bullet had staggered him, he put what was left of his strength into a blind, ill-directed blow with his cudgel at the doctor's head. The cudgel clattered harmlessly on the floor, the man reeled a moment, and then he too fell.

It all happened so quickly that the roar of the report was still echoing in the low, thick-walled room. That roaring echo, with the acrid smell of smoke which stung my nostrils, was the last thing I remember. For the second time that night I fainted.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHAT HAPPENED UP-STAIRS.

THE next thing I was conscious of was the feathery touch, first on one eyelid and then on the other, of a pair of warm lips. How they brought the past back to me! I lay quite still and made no sign of consciousness, half hoping the caress might be repeated. I could hear the doctor, seated at the piano in the next room, playing a soft melody.

There was a curious lassitude upon me, a sort of warm, placid contentment. I wanted time and the world to move slowly for a while. I was lying on a couch, and I was aware that my arm was tightly bandaged in splints, and that I was scarcely aware of the pain.

The soft touch of those lips that I was waiting for was not repeated and I wanted to see Virginia; so I opened my eyes.

There was much to say, much to explain between us, but for the moment I was content to let all explanations wait. Even my great discovery, my miracle, faded to unimportance as I gazed at her. I smiled at her faintly, almost lazily, and at that the color became vivid in her cheeks.

"Oh," she said, "then—then you do forgive me, after all?"

"I was about to ask if you did," said I, "had I not seen the answer in your face. But have I something to forgive you for?"

"It was my fault," she said, "that you were left to go down there alone—my fault that you so nearly lost your life. That's a good deal to forgive, isn't it? Did you think we had deserted you utterly?"

"To tell the truth," said I, "I hadn't time to think much about it. If there was any fault, it was all my own. But I am curious to know what happened up here while Duggleby and I were having our little scene down-stairs."

Virginia, it seemed, had joined the doctor and me in the doorway in time to see the man disappear down the trap with the envelope which sh esupposed contained the precious secret. Seeing us standing there, making no move to prevent his escape, for one wild instant she had believed both of us to be parties to the conspiracy by which her father had been betrayed.

Her single glance at my face cleared me instantly, and her suspicion concentrated itself on the doctor. She was, of course, as madly excited as I was.

When I rushed from the room she felt no more fear for my safety than I felt myself. I was going to recover her father's secret and punish the thieves who had stolen it.

The doctor crept softly down stairs after a few minutes, stole a glimpse through the open door, saw me strapped in my chair, and heard the conversation between Duggleby and Morton. Viginia had lighted a candle and followed him half way down, still suspecting him and anxious to learn the reason for his following me.

It was the doctor's footfall returning upstairs that I had heard just before Morton started on his mission. The doctor was satisfied that for the next few minutes, at least, I was safe from violence. Duggleby, he calculated, would make no further move until Morton returned.

The insolence with which Duggleby had treated his emissary had given rise in the doctor's mind to the same thought which had occurred to me; namely, that it might be possible to induce the man to turn against his employer.

When Morton reached the head of the stairs, the door to our sitting-room swung open, before he had time to knock; and the doctor, with that ironical courtesy of which he was master, invited him to sit down.

"Now, *monsieur*," he said, "don't you think that you have done as much as an agent, however conscientious, could be expected to do for his principal? He is an absolutely desperate man. He is fighting like a rat in a corner, simply because he has nothing left to do. You have already risked much for him.

"That affair in the railway station at Tours alone would mean a long sentence at hard labor. Another step—another single step, such as he will require of you when you report to him that your mission has failed—will put you in danger of the guillotine. And you are not in his situation, *monsieur*. You have an alternative."

The fellow's face was purple, and his lips were trembling so that he could hardly speak.

"What do you mean?" he asked harshly.

"I mean," said the doctor, "if I may make the suggestion without offense, that the time has come for you to change sides—to make terms with us."

"And let you turn me over to the police at your leuisre?" said the man, trying to summon a sneer. "I can imagine what your terms would be."

"Indeed," said the doctor, "you will have to trust to our bare word, mine and that of this young lady. But don't you think that is as safe a thing to trust to as the good faith of your present employer?" And he added, more vehemently:

"Why, man, he would sacrifice you as he would sacrifice a stick that was broken in his hand. He has planned to sacrifice you already. It offers him his one hope of escape."

At that the fellow collapsed utterly, dropped into a chair, and buried his face in his hands. He was of no mettle for such work as this. Suddenly he looked up at the doctor.

"You will have to be quick," he said thickly. "He meant to kill him, anyway. He may have done it already."

He pulled the revolver from his pocket and thrust it into the doctor's hands.

"Quick, quick!" he urged.

As we have seen, his warning was given none too soon.

He sank back limply in his chair and remained huddled there until he and Virginia were startled by the report of the pistol in the room below.

"And then," said Virginia, concluding her narrative, "he sprang to his feet and went clattering down the stairs. I almost hope that he may succeed in getting away. I never saw such terror in a man's face."

"Poor Morton!" I commented, "he didn't belong in this sort of affair."

"Don't call him that," she said quickly. "That's your own name, you know."

"Yes," said I, "but it happens to be his, too. He's my cousin; so far as I know, the only living relative that I possess."

I was not looking at her as I spoke. My eyes, in dreamy retrospect, were gazing out of the window, and I continued talking in that mood for a little while, unconscious of the effect my words must be having upon her.

"He has the misfortune to be the black sheep of the family," I was saying. "My father tried again and again to make something of him, but always failed. Possibly he didn't understand him very well. Finally he ordered an allowance paid him by his London solicitors and washed his hands of him. He used to appeal to my mother and me every little while to be helped out of scrapes, financial and otherwise. There was no serious harm in him until he fell into the hands of that young devil of a Duggleby."

While I talked on, unconscious, Virginia had been gazing at me in growing

Continued on page 155.

Conscription in the U. S. A.

What the Press Has to Say of Uncle Sam's Call to Ten Million Men

"THEY will never be able to put over the conscription idea in the United States," and "The Yankees will revolt against the government before they will submit to having an army raised by conscription," were among the declarations heard on many sides when President Wilson first announced that the United States would abandon the voluntary system and raise its quota of men for overseas through selective conscription. It is interesting to note therefore what the press of the States has to say of registration and the results obtained. The *Chicago Herald* deals with the new situation as follows :

"The nation has stirred; the nation has taken this step. They say that we have not heard the thunder of the guns; that we shall realize we are in war only when the black list of casualties fill our newspapers. They are wrong. We know now that we are at war, and why we are at war. Our eyes are open; we have seen a vision. Not otherwise, God knows, could we have acted.

"Our young men have done what had to be done. A few, perhaps, believed it evil in itself; many, it may be, regretted that the responsibility fell on them. But everywhere, over millions of square miles of territory, they came forward as they were commanded, each answering his 'Here!' to the incomparable roll-call.

"Other nations have submitted to the draft? Yes, where their men were bred to it from infancy. The United States has used the draft before? Yes, after years of hesitation. But this draft nothing before has ever paralleled. . . . . .

"But if this was the act of the nation, what was the reason of the nation? . . . . .

"We had to go to war. There was no way out, unless we accepted brutality for reason, horror as a bedfellow, the black flag at the masthead, emperors as anarchs, humanity as a fable, and our own final shame. The spirit of good faith to civilization, and that only, could move our mass; and when we accepted the draft we accepted it in that spirit.

"If this has been our action and our motive, what is our responsibility? To see that this great thing shall not result in failure. We—the nation—do not follow the flag. The flag follows us. Where shall we lead it? How shall we serve those men called to serve us? As they have registered, so we must register ourselves, each in his measure. Who was drafted yesterday? Ten million? A hundred million! We drafted ourselves; and in our service there are no exemptions."

The New York *Sun* points out that the politician who, three years ago, prophesied that the United States would adopt the selective draft measure as a method of raising an army, would have been declared a mad man. The Yankees, the *Sun* says, were afraid of the "aristocracy of the army of the immeasurable gulf between officers and men, and of the arrogance of the shoulder-strapped snob toward the civilian class. Only now are they beginning to understand that where every one is liable to service there can be no special aristocracy in that service; that where the rich man's son and the poor man's son are side by side in the ranks, the more influential father will see to it that official arrogance shall be curbed.

"Conscription has been resorted to as a war-measure, but out of it will inevitably develop a system of universal military service that will prove the most nationalizing and democratizing force ever operative in the United States."

Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Ledger
It Can't Be Done

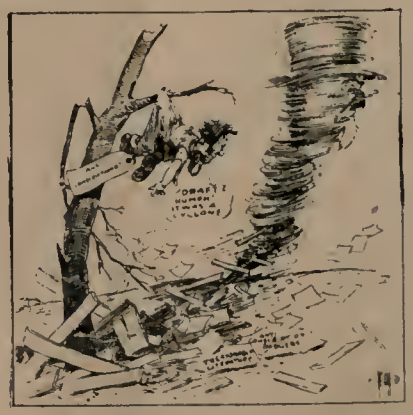
The Philadelphia *North American* points out that the registration of ten million young men for service in the army marked the real entrance of the nation into the war :

"This registration of all citizens designated as eligible for military service, as preliminary to a selective draft, is more than remarkable; it is, we believe, unique, because no other nation ever put into effect compulsory service under these cricumstances. Conscription has been in force in several countries for many years; others have adopted it in the midst of war, as was done by the Confederacy and the Federal Government half a century ago and by Great Britain in this conflict; but this is the first time that a people has made it an original part of a war-program."

Sutterfield in Cleveland Press
Bryan's Springers
"When the country calls a million young men will spring to arms."—Bryan.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* points out that this will be the first army ever selected by a real draft method:

"No man can buy immunity from our modern draft as men bought immunity from the draft of 1863. It affects all alike, the rich as well as the poor, the educated as well as the ignorant. The application of it will do more than anything else to build up and strengthen the truly national spirit without which the successful prosecution of the war to which we have committed ourselves would be impracticable."



Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch
Fine Chance He Has of Stopping the Draft !

It is likewise interesting to note a statement issued by the Federal Government's Committee on Public Information, dealing with the facts as presented in the early returns from the registration.

"Two facts appear from the early registration figures, although complete returns have been received from but few States. These are that thus far the total registration is running below the Census Bureau's estimates of the number of males within the registration ages; the other is that over 50 per cent. of the registered men come under the classifications "indicating" exemptions.

"This does not mean that this proportion will be exempt. It is only a convenient tabulation of information which is desired. Who will be exempt and who will not be can not be known until the President has promulgated the regulations covering exemptions.". . . . . .

Three Lives

By
Robert E. Hewes

Illustrated by
F. D. Schook

"Poor Bert," he mused, "if he had only staid a little longer, he would have shared the find"

BERT MOHN threw his pick to the ground in disgust. "Hang this country and everything in it!" he growled, slapping his ear in an effort to annihilate a flea which hummed insistently around that member.

"What's th' matter with you now?" questioned Thorne, brushing his hat on his sleeve.

"Nothin' ain't the matter," growled Bert; "nothin' at all, 'ceptin' that we've been a picking and scratching at th' earth's countenance for five weeks without seein' so much as color."

"All that is part of th' game," replied Thorne philosophically. We're bound to strike gold afore long. All we got to do is to go careful like, and—"

"Yes," broke in Bert. "You're allus so damn careful. As careful as a Piute stalking a bottle of firewater."

"Why," he continued, "ef you was to start for Montana to-morrow, you'd be so long a gettin' there that when you arrived you wouldn't have time to dig for gold, you'd have to hustle around prospectin' for a suitable grave stone."

"Mebbe so; but as I ain't cal'lating on goin' to Montany anyways soon, there ain't no— Say! what the h—!" he broke off, as Bert's hand fell to his gun.

"Buzz your tail, will you, you dirty varment!" Bert's gun flashed from its holster and roared, in the twinkling of a second.

The rattler, coiled on the sand a few feet away, still buzzed assiduously.

"Now," said Thorne, drawing his Colts, "you might have hit that snake, ef you'd been careful." Slowly sighting, he fired. The rattler's head, severed, flew several feet along the ground before it fell, the eyes glaring at its body, writhing in the sand.

Bert jammed his gun back in its holster and walked over to the burro which stood regarding the proceeding with ears cocked forward. Taking a small piece of canvas from the pack, Bert spread it on the ground, then laid a couple of cans of beans and a piece of bread in the center, rolled it up and tied the bundle with a piece of thong leather.

Thorne had watched him in silence. "What th' devil you goin' to do now?" he questioned.

"I'm goin' to hot-foot it for Montana," replied Bert. "You can stay in this hellish country, if you want to; but I can't get out of it too soon. I've got enough grub in this bundle to take me to Neil's ranch, where I can get a horse. You can pay me for my share in the outfit when you make that find," he added sarcastically. "So long."

Thorne sat down weakly on a stone. "Say, Bert, you ain't really goin', are you?" But Bert did not hear. He had already vanished around a turn in the creek bed.

"Well, ef that wouldn't make a mustang blink," said Thorne, addressing the burro. "Here he makes up his mind that he's a goin'—and what's more, he goes all afore I knowed he was thinking of so much as moving his boots. Well," he added, picking up the pick which Bert had dropped, "he was allers kind o' queer. But he was a good pardner."

Bert's impromptu departure was characteristic of the man. His entering into partnership with Thorne had been just as impulsive. And the man with whom at that time he had made arrangements to go to Texas has been just as surprised at his change of plans as Thorne now was.

In the days when the gold fever was at its height, it was considered a virtue for a man to think quickly and act quickly. If he was otherwise than quick, he lived but a short while. Of course, there were exceptions, but these men lived because of the fact that they shied at all trouble, and were careful to keep out of the quick man's way. The men with slow guns were in a lowered class by themselves.

Thorne was one of the "exceptional" men, and was one of the slowest gun jugglers.

Bert was one of the quickest; but he has nothing more to do with this tale.

Thorne went back to his work and soon was industriously hacking at the rocks. He had the burro's lead rope tied to his wrist, pulling him along in a manner which the burro resented. He

"Him fin' gold in hills. You keep him here to-night, an' morrer me fin' it—jump um claim"

would have preferred to lie down; but Thorne wandered from one pile of rock to another, sometimes leading, sometimes dragging the balky animal.

In many places it was plain at a glance that the quartz was worthless but he examined it all with minute care.

At noon he stopped at a grassy spot. After letting the burro loose to graze, he ate a snack of lunch and drank from his canteen. The length of time he devoted to this was too short for the burro's liking.

It was in the middle of the afternoon, when Thorne was working around a ledge of rock near the creek, that he found a piece of quartz which showed color.

He had often found as good prospects before, but instinctively he felt that this was going to be different. He worked feverishly, and found that the color rock led along the ledge for a considerable distance. In fact, as he proceeded further the color became deeper.

Once he stopped. The burro had grown determined to stay where he was, and it took all of Thorne's strength to convince him that he could not. Shortly after, he drove his pick into a crevice and worked loose a small chunk of quartz.

When he had picked it up his eyes bulged. In the quartz were two tiny nuggets of gold, which blazed against the darker color of the rock like bits of fire. The hole from which the chunk had been dislodged was specked with little flakes of the yellow metal.

"Lord !" gasped Thorne. He turned and looked behind him, fearful lest some one had seen, then dropped the piece of quartz into his pocket. After fitting another piece of stone into the hole very carefully, he sat down and started to fill his pipe.

"The devil !" he exclaimed springing up again. So engrossed had he been in his work that he had not noticed the flight of time. The sun had now disappeared and twilight was settling over the land.

He led the burro to a spring which trickled down the slope for a short distance, only to be swallowed up by the sand. After the animal had drunk its fill he tethered it to a large rock. Gathering a few dry sticks he built a small fire, then relieving the burro of the pack he took a pail and a tin dipper. After digging to the depths of the duffle for his provision bag, he prepared to cook his supper.

The lightness of the provision bag surprised and annoyed him. However, he made the best of it philosophically.

He sat down by the fire and lighted his pipe with a coal. He never could think unless he was smoking, and he could never smoke without feeling thoughtful.

"Poor Bert," he mused. Less than ten hours ago his partner had left for countries and fortunes unknown, and here Thorne was a rich man. "If he had only staid a little longer, he would have shared the find," said Thorne to himself. "And the troubles too," he added.

Suddenly he straightened in surprise. "Why, I'll be durned if—No; it can't be. Yes; by the devil it's the Twin hills !" Outlined against the sky he could dimly see the two tall hills from which the region derived its name.

The hills were famous because of the number of mines that had been discovered in the vicinity. The mines had almost invariably been exhausted quickly, but not before they had enriched their owners. The hills had been prospected over by droves of miners. All left with the knowledge that there was a great lode hidden somewhere, but without the pleasure of having found it.

Thorne's careful methods had proved successful. By his minute following of the ledge, he had found what scores had searched for vainly.

These hills also had the reputation

of being the bloodiest mining region in the country. Many a man had died there in the rushes and the fights which had always followed the finding of a "strike."

"Old Mur" Raton had been the last to work a claim here. But not before he had killed a few querulous persons who had engaged in a lively dispute as to the dividing of the claim, which a wandering Indian had found, only to "drown" a few days later. Old Mur had come along as the dispute waxed hot and obligingly settled the matter by shooting such of the claimants as he could find and taking charge of the claim himself.

The wealth he accumulated proved fatal, however, for it permitted him to drink all the whiskey he wanted—which was more than was goood for him. And the result was that he was buried in his mine, after both it and himself had "run out."

It was also Old Mur who had once said: "For every strike made in the hills, Nature demands a price of three human lives," which saying so far had proved only too true.

Thorne had heard Mur utter the words, and he now recalled them. "I hope to th' Lord they don't have to be a killin' time over my claim," he mutte ed.

He took his Colt and looked it over carefully. To jump Thorne's claim would mean first to contend with one of the most accurate, if not the quickest, guns in the country. Thorne had never shot at a man, and he did not want to; but despite his retiring nature he never backed out of a deal. And he knew that it was a somewhat dangerous thing for a man to own a mine in the hills.

" 'Spose I orter stake my claim tomorrer," he mused. "No, I won't neither. I've got to go to Golder's for grub, and I want to go about this staking business careful like. Reckon most people 'd call me a fool for not doin' it right off. But I guess it can wait. Nobody knows—"

He started and drew his gun nervously. After listening intently, he again heard the sound which had disturbed him. Quickly he drew back from the firelight. Just then the moon came out from behind the clouds, showing him the burro walking on a patch of gravel which rattled against his hoofs.

Reassured, Thorne went back to the fire. A little while later he put out the fire and rolled up in his blanket for a night's rest.

"Feathers" lay concealed on the top of a ridge, closely watching the man on the level below. What he was up to was beyond Feathers's knowledge. He walked over a small area of ground several times, looking carefully at the rock. Finally he squatted on the ground and seemed to be sighting over a small stick. "Umph!" grunted Feathers. He had seen men do that before, when they were choosing one of the lines for a claim.

The man arose and looked around. He put his hand in his pocket and brought forth a grayish looking lump. As he turned it in his hand the sun glittered and flashed from it. Feathers's eyes bulged. He drew back behind the stone from which he had been watching. "Gold!" he grunted. "Umph. White man find vein." Hungrily he eyed the blazing piece of quartz.

The sun was climbing in the sky. The prospector dropped the rock into his pocket and, taking the burro's lead rope, walked away down the gulch.

After he had disappeared, Feathers left his place of concealment on the ridge and inspected the spot from which the sighting had been done. "Umph," he grunted. "May be um vein, but it take long while to find um."

Giving up the search, he turned and followed the man and the burro.

Feathers was a wandering Piute who spent part of his time at Golder's and employed the rest in straying around the surrounding country. If there was

"Killed Seven did you?" he roared. "Seven was my pal, an' it's up to me to kill you"

trouble in the air, he was sure to follow the scent, looking for a chance to gather any salvage that might result. Like the usual "bad Indian," he was in the habit of appearing unexpectedly wherever he was least wanted. When he returned from his trips, he usually had enough guns, boots, cooking utensils, and other miscellaneous articles to raise the money to keep himself supplied with whiskey for several days. How he obtained them, nobody questioned. But everybody knew that it was not by honest means. Honesty was not a habit of the Piutes around that locality. One Golder's citizen remarked that "Th' blamed Injuns 'ud leave a chanct to earn an honest dollar, ef they seen the slightest poss'bility of grabbin' a crooked un—even ef they had to do twicet as much work to get th' crooked un."

Many an unwary prospector struck Golder's with woeful stories of looted packs, and a few had seen an Indian hovering about whom they strongly suspected; some vowed to kill the next one they came across, for revenge.

But such a chance as now presented itself to Feathers he rarely found. As he trudged along, his mind was working to find some not too dangerous way of "jumping" the claim.

At noon the man stopped to eat some lunch. Feathers had no lunch to eat, but he lay behind a boulder and patiently watched.

Again the man resumed his journey, and Feathers followed. All afternoon they pushed steadily on. It was with thankful eyes that the prospector saw the lights of Golder's, and it was with an evil smile that Feathers likewise beheld them. To the former they meant rest and then business. To the latter the hatching of evil plots.

Curry's was crowded. It was always crowded, for that matter; but this night it was more crowded than usual. Play at the roulette wheel ran high; many tables held their stacks of chips and gold pieces, and, not infrequently, tiny bags of gold dust; three barkeepers were pouring drinks with a speed which they probably did not entirely enjoy, but which made the owner's smile one of satisfaction.

Curry's was so named after the notorious Jim Curry. He had casually dropped in once during the earlier days of the establishment and in the course of his visit had given an exhibition of fancy shooting which the owner did not appreciate. This, at least, was what the old inhabitants said. Whether Curry ever had, in reality, wandered so far from his usual haunts, the new generation did not know or care. They had enough trouble with live bad men, without concerning themselves about dead ones. Curry's was the only saloon in Golder's. Two others had attempted to start at different times; but both times, enthusiastic patrons of Curry's had strolled in, and, upon finding that the barkeeper could not mix certain drinks of which they professed to be fond, did things with their six-guns in such a reckless and unfeeling manner that the discouraged owner grabbed his extra shirt, (if he had one,) and wearily made for the horizon.

While the revelry was at its height, the door opened, and Thorne came in. Shortly after, Feathers entered. He glanced over the crowd hastily, then seeing the person he sought, he glided over to him and led him to an adjoining room.

The man Feathers accosted was "Seven" Conners, one of the toughest men in the camp, who felt slighted if not a participant in any trouble that might happen along.

"Where from, Feathers ?" he asked, as the Indian closed the door.

"Me come from hills," shortly answered Feathers. "You see him Thorne in there ?"

"What about him ?"

The Indian lowered his voice, although there was little danger of being overheard.

"Him fin' gold in hills. You keep him here to-night, an' 'morrer me fin' it—jump um claim."

"By God, Feathers, you're a reg'lar tooter ! I'll keep him. Where—" But the Indian had already vanished. Seven turned and walked back to the main room and approached Thorne.

Meanwhile Thorne had edged his way to the bar, where he ordered a drink and swallowed it. Producing the piece of quartz from his pocket, he tossed it on the bar. "What's the worth of it, Sam ?"

The barkeeper picked it up, then almost let it fall again, in surprise. "Great guns, Thorne, where'd you get that ! Why, this bit is worth an easy fifty." The glitter of the gold had caught many eyes, and a gaping group was quickly formed around Thorne.

At this moment, Seven came up. "Greetun's, Thorne," he said. He suddenly stopped as he saw the gold. "By Jupiter, you've struck it rich !"

"Ya—as," drawled Thorne; "I reckon it's about as fine a lode as is usu'lly discovered. Give us the drinks on it, Sam," he ordered. "Everybody, name yore choice."

Most of the group took their glass of whiskey at a gulp. Thorne drank his slowly and carefully. It was his fourth glassfull since coming in—as much as he usually drank in two hours.

Seven had probably absorbed ten drinks within the last half hour; he was acquiring his usual drunken demeanor.

"Foun' it in th' hills, eh ? Now, jes' what part was it ?"

At any other time, Thorne would have been polite and humble; but the unusual amount of whiskey he had imbibed to-night made him reckless.

"See here, Seven, I ain't runnin' no tippin' scheme on this deal."

"Oh ! Ain't you !" sneered Seven. "But jes' th' same, I'm int'rested an' 'ud like to know. And don't ferget it's me you're talkin' to. I'm awful sens'tive about th' way a man talks to me."

"Seven, fr'm my way o' sightin' this sit'wation, I cal'late that you'll hev plenty of work, ef you run your own claim. An' as fer talkin', I'll talk to you jes' like I'd talk to any man."

Seven leered angrily. "Why, you common sheep herder; you bald faced short horn; d' you think you c'n converse in that man'r to me, an' get across with it ! You measly—"

"Here," broke in Thorne. "Don't fatigue your tongue with any more names. They ain't exact'ly music to my ears."

For answer, Seven's left hand dropped to his gun. Whipping it from its holster, he "fanned" it; that is, he held the trigger back and rapidly fanned the hammer with the edge of his right hand. This is the quickest way of firing a six-shooter, and also the most inaccurate.

Thorne was only a few feet away, but the fact that Seven's hand was shaky, together with the inaccurate method of shooting, caused all five shots to go wild. Thorne had drawn his gun in his usual slow and methodical way, and stood coolly while Seven's gun was roaring. He waited an instant until the smoke cleared a little, then took careful aim at Seven's shirt, and fired.

Seven's arms fell to his side and his gun clattered on the floor. His jaw dropped and he slowly sank forward; then, suddenly going limp, he sprawled on the floor. Nobody had been hurt by Seven's wild bullets; they had seen to that. Before Seven's gun had been drawn, the bystanders had vacated the "bullet line" with the usual alacrity they displayed in such situations.

Several men rushed to Seven's prone body. "Deader 'n a hunk o' lead," said one, dropping one of the limp hands. "Yep," assented another. "Gosh fine work." "Couldn't have done better myself," added a third.

Lifting him in their arms they carried him outside. One of the bartenders bustled around with a rag and wiped up the pool of blood from the floor.

After Seven fell, Thorne had stood for a moment staring in a dazed manner, then turned and started across the room, looking neither to the right nor the left. He brought up against a table, with a start. His eyes fell upon the smoking gun in his hand. He

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Three Lives

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jammed it into its holster and sat down in a chair

Unconscious of his surroundings, he stared vacantly ahead.

Killings were common at Curry's. Three minutes after one, it was usually forgotten. .This time it was five minutes, for the contrast between Thorne's act to-night and his usual manner furnished an extra topic for discussion. However, everybody had soon returned to their interrupted occupations and ceased to talk about the incident, except a card player who swore softly; one of Seven's bullets had played havoc with his pile of chips.

Presently the door opened and several men entered, one of whom had fire in his eye. He listened to the story of the killing and ripping out an oath, he started toward the table where Thorne was sitting.

The man was "Trays" Morrison, the whilom coherent of Seven, and of equally unsavory reputation.

"You crow-faced insect, you !" roared Trays. "Killed Seven, did you ? Somebody held his han's, eh ? That's the only way a pigeon like you could kill a real man. Seven was my pal, he was; helped me out o' lots o' trouble; an' its up to me to kill you."

"God, man !" broke in Thorne. "Don't ! I—I—"

"Don't !" cried Trays. "Don't kill you, eh ?" He sat down in a chair and glared at Thorne.

"I hate awful to kill a chicken hearted pigeon like you. It's a plumb nuisance to waste good powder an' lead on such an insignificant insect. An' again," he added, pulling his gun from its holster and holding it by the barrel, "d'ye see that gun ?" The handle was notched till it resembled a saw's edge. "They's jest room f'r two more notches on thet handle. I was reserving them places fer real men; I hates to use one of 'em fer a li'l rabbit like you. He-ell !" He had looked up, to see Thorne taking aim at him with his revolver. Before he could whirl his own gun, Thorne's gun cracked.

Trays settled back in his chair with a stifled cry. Instantly the e was more excitement in the room than there had been for some time. As before said, killings were common at Curry's; but this was the first time that one man had killed two persons within fifteen minutes—especially a man who had never been in trouble before—and the crowd did not know how to take it.

Something must be wrong with Thorne; perhaps he had gone "loco" and might want to kill somebody else. No one in the room had a desire to be that somebody. A few of the more timid promptly bolted out of the door,

and gradually others bethought themselves that they had important business elsewhere. One man yawned and remarked that it was bed time; he guessed he would be going. It was surprising, the number who grew sleepy all at once.

Thorne had taken out his knife and proceeded to cut two notches in the handle of his gun. As the crowd thinned, he put the knife back in its scabbard and rose dizzily to his feet. He felt sick; he wanted to cry out, to run. He staggered to the door and opened it. Outside, he stared at the sky. The stars did not look right. Gun flashes and disconcerted faces danced before his eyes; in his ears sounded the roar of guns. "Somethin's amiss," he mumbled; "somethin'—" the words trailed off into a sob. It wasn't he, Thorne, who had killed two men. Of course not. Thorne had never killed anybody.

He stumbled away into the dark. His footsteps led to the stable where his burro was quartered; the door opened at his push and he went in. In the corner he found a pile of straw and lay down on it; he was soon snoring.

When he awoke in the morning the sun was just rising. He sat up and stared around vacantly. Familiar objects looked strange. His hand fell to the butt of his gun; he felt the two notches and jerked his hand away as if the touch had burnt him.

He threw the pack on the burro and led the animal out. As he started up the street toward the general store, the burro tried to stop at a watering trough; but, vaguely sensing the resistance on the lead rope, the man pulled it on.

It was late in the afternoon, and Feathers sat down wearily. He had worked hard and had driven the last stake of the claim. "Thorne, him be s'prised when come back," he grinned.

He had had little trouble in following the trace of Thorne's pick along the ledge, until he came upon the vein.

Suddenly he looked up with a start, then reached behind him for the old Colts he carried in a piece of canvas tied to his belt.

On top of the hill stood Thorne, with the burro by his side. He regarded Feathers in perplexity. Then a picture of the crowded bar-room came before his eyes, and it suddenly dawned on him that—that— Everything went blank and meaningless; then again his mind cleared. Why that must be—yes, he had seen that Indian before, back there in—

He saw a little cloud drift before the Indian's face, and in his ears rang a crashing report; something hot and stinging struck him in the side. "God!"

he mumbled weakly, then lay outstretched upon the ground, his face illumined weirdly by the last rays of the disappearing sun.

Down where the vein of rich gold poked its outcropping through the surface, Feathers poked an empty cartridge from the cylinder of his gun and grinned.

Two men leaned against the bar at Curry's. Between drinks one was talking, the other listened.

"Ya-as," drawled the first; "Thorne is dead. Tried to shoot Feathers, the Injun. Feathers was quickest, though, an' plugged him first. Brought him in on th' burro. We buried 'em all to-day—Seven, Trays, an' Thorne. Well, now, I don't know's anybody's got any regrets, 'specially 'bout Thorne. We wasn't greatly afeared of him, but still, seeing as how he'd formed sich object-'n'ble habits, a feller does feel somewhat more comfort'ble knowin' that Thorne's safely tethered. Funny the way he went on a stampede so sudden; but he'd found gold an' gold 'll play queer tricks on a man."

The moonlight fell across the cemetery at Golder's, casting long, slender shadows over the ground. It shone most brightly on three graves, side by side—new graves, with a single board at the head of each.

An owl flitted from one of the nearby trees and alighted on the middle board, screeching mournfully.

Old Mur Raton had spoken truly. Gold had been found in the hills, and Nature had taken her price, the price she always demanded: three human lives.

Her Masterpiece

Continued from page 135.

jected figure, dull eyes, and expressionless face—was fast fading.

Then she roused herself and answered clearly: "I have been eager to traverse the trail. For days I have carried in mind a vision of just such a trail leading through those deep, inspiring forests; just such a clearing and a log cabin and—and—the woman living there. But I wanted to see it in reality so I might put my vision in a picture for the world to see."

The other woman's eyes sparkled. A look, half tenderness, half reminiscent, crossed her face.

"You are an artist ?" she questioned eagerly.

Helena nodded her head, a flush on her cheeks.

"And your pictures have brought you fame ?" a curious catch sounded in the other woman's voice, as Helena smiled her acknowledgment.

"I too possess the passion for art and I do not wonder that the glory of our forest and trails have called to you. But what about the woman ? I've never yet seen one who could fit into all the grandeur of this wilderness," the other woman waited breathlessly.

Helena's cheeks flushed a deeper scarlet, as she answered spiritedly: "The woman of my picture is one to arouse the pity of the worldly-wise women. She is imprisoned by the forest, denied interest and opportunity. The narrowness of her environment has so fettered her that her spirit has bent to listlessness and enthusiasm is gone. Her appearance suggests dejection. Her eyes must be dull and her face emotionless."

"Surely an object of pity !" there was a tinge of sarcasm in the voice of the other woman.

Then in a gentler tone, she continued: "You see that is not the type of woman you must truly put into your picture. Do you not suppose the grandeur of pioneer life must make its impression on the souls of our women ? Can't you strain your vision and see how toil in the open and the exercise of courage and endurance must develop us ? Do you suppose I had the vision of your spiritless woman when I forsook ease and study, gaiety and the comforts of a modern home to come to the wilderness with my husband ?

"An artist's career was the passion of my girlhood. Critics gave me hope that I should achieve fame. My people would have spared no expense in educating me to best develop the talent. But I loved a man whose soul was not wrapped in art. His great manly heart yearned over the unbroken forests. He wanted to open up country and make it habitable for the Dominion of the future. I could not let him sacrifice this ambition. I married him and we forged a trail together. That was the trail you traversed to-day.

"At first we tented, then built a tiny cabin. When we had forged deeper into the bush, we built this cabin. We have never needed a spacious dwelling for we have lived much in the open.

"I settled down in the cabin home and reared my babies, while my husband blazed more trails and opened up more country. His work has made him more famous and done more for the Empire than any paintings of mine

could have done. Perhaps you have heard the name of Edmund Keith ?" The woman lingered over her husband's name with just pride.

Helena started. Edmund Keith—where had she heard the name of Edmund Keith ? Ah, now she remembered. "Edmund Keith—a Blazer of Trails," was the article that Robetr had been reading the afternoon that the vision of her masterpiece had come to her.

Steps sounded outside and the woman of the log cabin went to the doorway to meet her husband and the stranger with him.

"Wife, I've found a kindred spirit. Here I've been working along at trail breaking all these years and this chap—Clifford—has been studying it out in theory. Blest, if it isn't good to have you drop in," the man's eager boyishness matched the freshness of his ruddy face. His brawny, muscular frame denoted power as in a big hearted way, he drew chairs toward the table.

The woman of the log cabin greeted Robert warmly, her manner one of ease and gentleness.

"And now you will be able to put some of those theories into work while your wife nurses her injured hand. She must not attempt to cross the trail again until it is quite strong and she has sketched a little of the forest."

"Why you—you are very kind. It seems like encroaching on hospitality. Helena, would you be contented ?" Robert questioned.

A soft light glowed in Helena's eyes as she responded eagerly, "Oh yes, it is all so new and strange and thrilling. There seems to be so much to learn and understand. I'd like to stay until my fingers can grasp the brush again."

Robert Clifford cleared his throat, a far off expression in his eyes. "We shall be glad to stay," he answered unsteadily.

"Then come and eat with us," urged Edmund Keith, "there are trails I want you to look up along with me. Where is Andy ?" a note of tenderness underlying his query.

"He has taken Justin along with him to one of his old trail haunts," the wife responded quickly.

Helena, accepting the cup of tea from the trembling hand, exclaimed wonderingly, "How can you bear to have him leave your sight this—his first day at home."

A smile shone through the woman's misty eyes, "It is so good to know that he is just beyond the clearing on the trail that is within call. I, who have taught him fearlessness and independence could not be selfish enough to keep him close to my side all of the first day even."

(To be concluded)

Lord o' Land

Continued from page 121.

strangely fluent fingers. It looked like heart-rending work but I could see she had high skill in it. These nets are for fishing next winter in the Lake at Wabamun where there are more fish than can be counted. Great Grandmother is a kindly seeming old woman but more thin, shrivelled and "wept-out" than you could believe. Once, long ago, a sled dog attacked her on the trail and tore her breasts so that they hung in strings, and until the snow was freckled with blood. In heaven, Great Grandmother is going to have tobacco and tea and plenty of fat meat, while the greedy traders will be forever hungry. The priest says the big people that are up are sure to be pulled down.

. . . . I would like to stay here and live by this river, for it is very lovely. And yet, some way, it isn't lovely like other places in the South or overseas. Maybe, what one likes is the simple talk of the people and their quaint ways, or perhaps it is the fine, keen air that is a wonderful cup for your drinking. I tell you there is magic in this land, too, and you can hear unsung things. My heart is on tiptoe for the reach of them.

(To be continued)

The Gregory Morton Mystery

Continued from page 145.

amazement. Now a sudden exclamation from her brought my eyes quickly to her face. She was looking at me in utter bewilderment.

"Ah, my dear," said I, "I had forgotten. You did not know about my miracle. I am no longer a ghost, Virginia. In the shadow of death, my own shadow came back to me."

"Has it all come back ?" she whispered. "All your past ? You remember — remember everything ? You know all by yourself that you are—are—Christopher Morton ?"

She stumbled a little over the name, and I did not wonder, for that was the name of a man she had always believed a stranger.

"Christopher Morton and Morton Smith," said I; "and if I could n.. be both men, Virginia, you know—ah, how well you know—which of the two I would be."

The vivid color had sprung into her cheeks again, but the look of doubt still clouded her eyes. I stretched out my arm toward her.

"Ah, my dear, my dear," said I, "I told you you had something to forgive."

Her answer to that was to slip to her knees beside my couch. With my one good arm I drew her close, and then I kissed her. All she said was just the old name she had known me by—my own name, yet not my own, "Morton."

"Does it sound very ridiculous for me to call you that?" she asked. "The other sounds so strange to me."

There was a note of sadness in her voice as she said that, and her tears were falling on my upturned face.

"It would have saved so much," she said in explanation; "so much misery and agony and doubt for both of us, if in those old days, when we shared so much, you could have trusted me with the secret of who you really were.'

"It was not that," said I quickly. "It was no idle masquerade that took me to Cleveport. My father and mother had been separated for years, he living in America, and I over here with her. She was French by birth, you know. We lived in that chateau where you went only the day before yesterday to find me—to find Christopher Morton."

I paused there, interrupting myself: "I wonder, by the way, if I killed that lodge-keeper—the man I threw down-stairs last night."

"No," she assured me. "The doctor says he will get well."

I was a good deal relieved. The whole thing was grisly enough without any extraneous horrors.

"Well," I went on, "when my mother died I got to thinking pretty seriously about what I was going to do. I wanted to come home to my father. I wanted to prepare myself for the responsibility I saw would one day be left upon my shoulders. But I didn't want to come like a returning prodigal and be put into an office, 'to be taught the business' by young Alexander Duggleby.

"Judging from what I had heard of him, my notion of learning the business, my notion of success, my notion of the privileges and burdens of the position I should one day assume, were likely to be radically different from his; so I decided to do the thing in my own way. You know how I did it.

"I didn't have to go to Cleveport to learn that there was misery and sorrow and injustice in the world. But if I had come into my own, and assumed the power which my unmerited wealth gives me, without that experience, I should have been too ignorant to have made good use of it.

"If a man had called me a half-baked altruist, and said that my ideas were absurd, I would have had no answer for him. But I have it now. I know what I am talking about. And, please God, I shall be able to make thousands of people happier as a result of my knowledge.

"And, Virginia, dear, you can hardly imagine what it meant to me in my shabby little corner down there at Cleveport to find that I—I myself—was able to command your interest and your liking, and then your love.

"It was not a test of you, dear; it was a test of myself. You didn't patronize me; you didn't pity me. I meant to tell you, you and your father that night, the night you promised to marry me, the night he came home and said his laboratory had been looted. I didn't want to tell you before I told him; didn't want to ask you to keep any secret from him.

"He had told me nothing of his secret, you remember, not even what it was that he was doing. I knew he was a great man, and a successful man. I knew that he had a close connection, though I didn't know exactly what, with the Morton-Duggleby Company.

"When I heard that night, for the first time, of the vile wrong they were trying to do him, my first thought was that I must set that right before I did anything else. I left you very soon after he came in, you remember. I went straight back to New York, and took on again the person of Christopher Morton.

"Then I went up to Duggleby's house. I found the father and son there together. They knew me, of course, and my coming, and my announcement that I meant to take up the authority which was mine under my father's will, was a great blow to them.

"It was a heavier blow when I told them where I had been spending the last two years. How I knew the mills, the furnaces, the hovels, the gaunt poverty, the sacrifice of life, the maiming of souls that I held them responsible for.

"And in the end I accused them flatly of the crime they were contemplating against your father—the crime they had already attempted.

"I remember young Duggleby making a savage spring at my throat, and that is the last thing I do remember until I came to myself sitting on a bench in the sun at Dr. Berry's asylum."

There came a discreet tap at the door.

"Trust the doctor for tact," said I. "Any other man would have walked right in."

Virginia laughed, laid a caressing finger on my lips, and called to him to come in.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THP LAST CARD.

THE doctor's face was very pale, and his eyes were grave. I knew the reason well enough. They had been peering, those thoughtful eyes of his, down into the shadows of the valley of death.

He looked earnestly into Virginia's face, and then into mine; and presently he smiled. Evidently our faces told our story plainly enough.

"My dear," said he, holding out his hand to Virginia, "I think you are going to be very happy."

It was evident that there was something he hesitated to speak of in Virginia's presence, and a sound from the next room, where her father lay, afforded her a pretext for leaving us.

"How are your nerves?" he asked. "Are you equal to a rather trying interview?"

"I am equal to anything but a wrestling match," said I, with a nod toward my bandaged arm. "What is the interview?"

"It is our friend Duggleby," he said gravely.

"Duggleby!" I exclaimd. "I thought he was dead."

"It comes to that," said the doctor. "I shot him through the body. He will live, perhaps, three or four hours. He's a very wonderful young man. He has already written a letter to his father. He has dictated to the police a complete statement of his connection with the robbery at the Tours station, and another concerning last night's affair, whose sole object seems to be to justify me in the course I took. He is perfectly conscious now, and he desires to see you."

It was hard to believe that the young man I saw lying on the couch in the room below, still fully dressed, was within a few hours, at the most, of death. There was no trace of pain in his face, nor in his easy and, I almost said, lounging attitude. To make the illusion complete he was smoking a cigarette.

He smiled at me when he saw me come in with the doctor. He smiled again with a whimsical, almost impish, humor as he motioned me to a chair. It was the very chair where I had sat, bound, waiting for death myself a few hours ago.

"Turn about's fair play, isn't it?" he said.

In contrast with his coolness I was so moved that I found it difficult to command my voice.

"I am sorry," I said at last.

Then, noting the politely skeptical lift to his eyebrows with which he answered me, I gathered myself together.

"Oh, not that the wheel turned about," said I. "I don't pretend to that; but I am sorry that 'up' with me had to mean 'down' for you. I believe that with a little better luck we might have been friends instead of enemies."

"Yes," he said; "I am inclined to think we might. I am sorry for that too.

"But please don't think," he went on, and I saw the same mocking lift to his brows that I had remarked before; "please don't think that I have brought you here to harry you with a death-bed repentance. I merely felt like telling you a few things.

"To begin at the beginning, I had always hated the thought of you. I imagined you to be a vacuous little French expatriate, half prig, half idler, with a sort of altruistic rose-water, *a la* Rousseau, in your veins instead of real blood.

The night you came to our house and made your speech about conditions as you found them at our plant—I had to regard it as ours, not yours; you will understand that, I think—I was angry. I felt that Fate had played us a scurvy trick in giving you the power to assume authority over our heads, mine and father's.

"But the thing you had done, the way you got your knowledge, compelled a genuine admiration. I give you my word that up to the moment when you accused us of attempting a crime against old Mr. Heatherfield, I had no thought but of accepting the situation with the best grace possible.

"When you made that accusation I believed it utterly untrue, and in that belief one of my sudden fits of rage swept over me. I sprang upon you, not knowing what I was doing. You were totally unprepared, and under my rush you toppled over backward, striking your head against the corner of a table.

"When I saw you lying, there apparently dead, I came to myself. I straightened up and turned to my father, expecting his reproaches, ready to take the consequences for the violent thing I had done. But the look I saw in his face—and that, if it does not sound theatrical to say it, was the tragic moment in my life—the look I saw there was frightened, and yet it was furtive.

"I will spare myself, if you don't mind, the details of the conversation that passed between us. The upshot of it was that my father confessed that your accusation was true; that he had

instigated the robbery of Mr. Heatherfield's laboratory; that he had got the old man's preliminary processes, and had meant to get his immensely valuable discovery for nothing. For nothing dearer than the knowledge that he himself was a thief!

"And all the while you lay there on the floor, apparently dead. In that moment I took my decision. It may not have been the one you would have taken in similar circumstances, but at least you will understand how I came to it. I said to my father:

" 'Here we stand, a pair of criminals. You're a thief, and I'm a murderer; but at least we can act like men, and not like a pair of whipped curs. We are criminals. Well, let's play it out. Let's take our medicine. Let's give them a run for their money.'

"And that is what we have tried to do.

"We found you were not dead, and we resolved that for all practical purposes you should be. I happened to know Dr. Berry—as arrant a knave as ever lived in the world—and we packed you off to him, with infinite precaution and infinite secrecy. He thought it probable that you never would recover your wits, but he understood our wishes thoroughly.

"And then that scapegrace cousin of yours turned up, very seedy indeed, since his allowance had stopped with your father's death. He looked enough like you to pass with a casual stranger. He knew enough about you to answer questions. So, to fill up a vacuum, which your disappearance would have otherwise caused, we sent him abroad to impersonate you."

He tossed away his cigarette.

"The rest of it," he said, "you know as well as I do, except just this much more: You may not find it easy to believe, but the first happy moment I had after that night in the library was when I got word you had escaped. The thing was too easy. Our success was too complete. I wanted to fight, not to sit around and grow rich and respectable.

"When I heard you had got away from Dr. Berry I was within a day or two of shooting myself. That news changed the whole face of things for me. I had something to do!

"I enjoyed it until last night—until I had you trapped in that chair and sent your cousin away so that I could kill you. And at that—well, I saw by your face you understood!

"I would have told you this story then, if I had had time, but that would not have been playing the game, and I meant to play that game out to the last card. Thank God, Morton, it's played. It's over."

He drew a long breath and lighted another cigarette.

"Thank you for coming down to listen," he said quietly. "I won't detain you any longer. I can't detain myself much longer, I fancy. Good-by."

I could not speak, but I went over to him and held out my hand. The same cynical flash that I had seen there before came into his face.

"Well," he said, "that's rather an odd thing to do, but by George, man, I think you mean it!"

With those words, his hand met mine.

The end of his story marks the end of mine. I think that as long as I live the story of his tragedy will haunt me. It is a curious paradox, that this man, who would have murdered me in cold blood, whose sole, deliberate purpose to the end of his life was to crush me, thwart me, deprive me not only of my inheritance, but of that dearest thing of all, myself, the figure of this man who took up the cards Fate dealt him to play, and played them out to the last with so grim a courage—that figure remains in my memory as a friend and not an enemy.

(The End.)

Frivolous Fripley

Continued from page 131.

containing a box of cigarettes and the bill.

The bill amounted to $4.10, a sum rather larger than he was accustomed to allow himself for lunches during an entire week.

Fripley, with the assistance of Victor, lit his first cigarette.

Then he extracted one of the four five dollar bills from his pay envelope and laid it on the plate. This covered the amount and left a nice tip for Victor, who bowed his gratitude.

Ten minutes later Fripley stopped suddenly, in the street, and turned to Miss Bruce with blank amazement in his wide grey eyes.

"By George, it's queer," he blurted, "but do you know I feel as if I'd known you a long time. It generally takes me about a year to get acquainted with a—with anybody."

Miss Bruce laughed. She had discovered, it may be incidentally remarked, that he had "nice eyes."

"Now, I never spoke three words to you," he said, "before to-day. And yet I wouldn't have the slightest hesitation about asking you to step into the next haberdashery and choose a shirt for me."

"Why, Mr. Fripley!" she blushed. "I'm sure I have done nothing to encourage such familiarity. I never heard of such a thing. Besides, you need a hat a good deal worse."

He removed the emerald hued derby and inspected it.

"A bit green," he conceded.

"You ought to have a nice straw," Miss Bruce commented, helpfully.

"I shall," asserted Fripley.

He had never, for reasons of economy been in the habit of buying many clothes. The suit he wore happened to be new; but he had figured on squeezing through the summer without a new hat, or at least until August, when straws may be bought at greatly reduced prices.

No advantage can come from dwelling upon the painful details of Fripley's defection from the accustomed paths of strict sobriety; nor from a criticism of the thoughtless frivolity which is characteristic of *la jeune femme*, in this age. It is enough to state the simple fact that the immediate sequel to the above conversation found Fripley trying on an endless array of summer headwear.

Let no man lightly enlist the assistance of a lady in the delicate business of selecting a garment. To do so is to exchange a vexatious detail for a weighty and arduous enterprise.

It should be said for Fripley that, having put his hand to the pernicious plough, he never wavered nor looked back. With mien of settled melancholy and yet of firm resolve, he posed before a long mirror on the one hand and Miss Evelyn Bruce on the other, and tried on between three and four hundred straw hats. Two perturbed clerks hustled from the shelves to the counter, balancing high and precariously tottering piles of cylindrical boxes. Miss Bruce had been somewhat hesitant about undertaking the matter; but, having given her consent, she entered upon the task with spirit. Fripley's head seemed to be of a shape unknown to hatters. This was not so vital, however, as the difficulty which Miss Bruce encountered in finding exactly the right breadth of brim, height of crown and color of ribbon, in combination.

The thing was at length accomplished, nevertheless, and by the insertion of two wads of cotton in the band just over his ears, it was made a fair fit. Miss Bruce thought it a dream.

Fripley bestowed the derby jointly upon the two clerks, in recognition of their efficient and unflagging efforts.

It was not so much the shape of the hat, for that was really conservative; Miss Bruce did not consider the extreme of the mode harmonious with Fripley's *tout ensemble*. Neither was it the price; three dollars is not actually an immoral

figure for a good hat, although Sam had never before paid more than half as much. But ah, the ribbon! There was nothing chaste about that ribbon. It had the primary hues of original sin, with all the superadded subdivisions of tint characteristic of actual transgression.

"You are really quite presentable," said Evelyn, surveying him with a critical and proprietary eye.

Fripley gulped and turned red.

"There is nobody on earth I'd rather please than you, Miss Bruce," he replied earnestly.

"Don't try to string me so, Mr. Fripley."

Samuel labored earnestly for five minutes to convince the girl of the truth of something that she had been dead sure of for the past hour.

Certainly no good end would be served by giving a circumstantial account of the events of that afternoon. It is enough to state simply that Fripley, who had ever eschewed such folly, suggested that they go to the base-ball game—it followed quite naturally upon the hat—and Miss Bruce, who was beginning to find much joy in his unconscious drollery and frank admiration, consented. It is not necessary to linger upon his winning a dollar from the enthusiastic spectator on his right, on a bet that the home team would score three runs in the second inning. It ought perhaps to be noted, as throwing light upon the progress of his *dementia*, that he stood on his chair during the greater part of the ninth inning, waving the ornate head gear in lurid circles, deaf alike to the entreaties of Miss Bruce and the spectators behind him, while the home team garnered the very few tallies needful for victory.

In the soft twilight of that June evening they turned their steps wearily homeward. Fripley had ceased to exercise the faculty of reason. He knew perfectly well that he was driving hard upon the rocks; but it seemed a matter of very little moment. It was enough that her soft, caressing tones sounded in his ears. It was enough that, wherever he turned, her tenderly beaming eyes shone into his soul. It was incomprehensible—he did not strive to comprehend—that she should take his arm and snuggle up beside him in the crowds and seem happy in his company.

All too soon they reached Evelyn's home and came to the moment of parting in the Bruces' dim little parlor. She thanked him warmly for the luncheon and the afternoon. She invited him vaguely to call some evening the next week. And then she made a blushing confession.

"Do you know, Mr. Fripley," she stammered, "I used to think you were—that is, I always understood, from

the others—that you were—well, sort of stiff and disagreeable. But now I don't think so, at all!"

He laid the effulgent head-piece on the little stand which occupied the centre of the room.

"Miss Bruce," he responded, "I have long suspected, in my dull, obtuse way, that you were the prettiest, kindest, sweetest little girl in seven states. But now, by George, I'm dead sure of it!"

Then Fripley, having been provided by Fate with a rope of adequate length, took a double hitch around his neck and calmly jumped into the abyss.

It is of no consequence to allege, in extenuation, the accidental circumstance that the passage-way between the stand and the piano was very narrow, that it was obstructed by Fripley and that Miss Evelyn had to pass practically under his chin to reach and open the door. What happened would have happened in the Hippodrome.

The moment he had kissed her he came suddenly to his senses.

He fled.

Fripley tossed that night upon an uneasy couch; and he spent the peaceful Sabbath Day in vain remorse. He would willingly have believed it all a wild, disordered dream; but there was the new straw hat, on his dresser, and there was his pay envelope, with $10 missing.

Most of the day he sat with his head on his hands and groaned.

He found the remains of the box of cigarettes in his pocket, and threw them angrily out the window.

He remembered some of the things he had said to Miss Bruce and turned red to his collar. Words, phrases, whole paragraphs of the drivel he had uttered rang in his repentant and crimsoned ears.

Detached scenes from the sequence of that mad afternoon rose up and froze his soul with horror. He saw himself altering Montgomery's sketch with a circle, which, from a diameter of three-sixteenths of an inch, had grown to the appalling proportions of a volcanic crater. He heard himself telling Haskins, the omnipotent, to do as he "damn-pleased" about taking the matter to Montgomery. He beheld himself stalking into the Mazarin to play the fool and pay five dollars for the privilege. Then, that awful hat! And the game! Chump! Idiot! Mutt!

He had certainly been mad. A touch of sun, possibly; it had been rather warm lately. He wondered if he were quite well even yet, and felt his pulse. He also looked at his tongue in his shaving mirror. There was no evidence of abnormality.

On Monday morning a dejected and chastened Fripley, entered the office of Montgomery.

"It seems, Fripley," said the great one, laying the stem of his pipe on the drawing before him, "that you have been taking liberties with the department of design. Now this is your first offense and it comes as a sort of a surprise, particularly so to our excellent Mr. Haskins, who says you were unnecessarily profane in telling him to use his judgment about referring the matter to me. Am I correct?"

"Yes, sir," murmured a sadder and meeker Fripley.

"Well, if you can't keep your intellect under control, Fripley, you are no use in Department D. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, sir," responded Fripley.

"You would only be a demoralizing influence, in the 'boneyard.' But I think we can use you in Department A and keep your active ingenuity sufficiently employed into the bargain. You get more money, but you will have every inducement for earning it. Report at once to Mr. Brown, please."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," said Fripley, without emotion. He smiled sadly, as he left Montgomery's office. What a paltry thing was mere worldy advancement.

At noon he lingered over his board, making a pretense of working, for twenty minutes after the others had gone. He intended that this should insure against an accidental meeting with Miss Bruce in the lobby.

But when he finally emerged from Department A, he found her there, in the almost deserted corridor. She came toward him.

"I've waited an age," she sighed, "and I'm as hungry as a bear."

This was a poser for Fripley. She did not act at all like a person boiling with rage. He stole a glance at her. She wore a new dresss, one that he had never seen before; it was a light blue thing, clean, cool and jaunty.

"You don't mean that you're willing—to——"

"Why not?" inquired Miss Bruce, sweetly, knowing perfectly well why not, and enjoying his boyish embarrassment immensely.

"Well, if you don't know I'm sure I don't," said Fripley, recovering himself somewhat.

In the street she came close to him and took his arm. What a kindly, forgiving little person she was!

"The Mazarin?" inquired Fripley.

"Not for ours, Sam," she said shyly. "I think we had—I mean, you had better save your money."

And he, such is the blindness of the transgressor to the just destiny which will speedily involve his froward way, did not perceive that within a month she would be regularly depositing one half his weekly salary in a savings bank, in her own name.


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The Case at Evelyn Grange

Continued from page 118.

Mrs. Treadwell's pearls simply vanished, I've been nervous."

"It was odd," Mrs. Gaynor agreed. "I'd been spending the week end there, just before it happened. Their butler was drunk half of the time, and there isn't the slightest doubt in my mind that he failed to lock up securely. The only reason nothing else was taken was that the thieves were frightened."

"That's what everyone said," agreed Mrs. Lawdon. "Why, there were a dozen robberies right in that section of Long Island—people in motor cars and yachts—and the night of the Vanderbilt cup race, someone got away with the Dressars' whole jewel case."

A tap on the door announced Alice Rawlins.

"Hello, Kate, Howdy. Mrs. Gaynor. Going to show us the Kohinoor? Dear me, don't look peevish. Trot out the show case," she ordered gleefully.

Mrs. Lawdon smiled with superiority. "You'll be surprised—and, it's all my own invention. I've made a jewel casket that no burglar would ever think of." Taking a key from a trousse hanging in plain sight by the dressing table, she approached a small square hat trunk of solid make and unlocked it, revealing six hats of intoxicating designs.

"Gee!" said Alice, rising to her feet as Mrs. Lawdon lifted out a delicious toque and, taking it by the crown, gave what might have been the lining a pull, revealing a velvet tray set within.

"Well, that *is* clever, Kate," Alice exclaimed. "Are they all like that, whited sepulchers, ribbon and feathers without, and within filled with jewels and pearls of great price?"

Mrs. Gaynor applauded. "Certainly that is the best idea I ever heard of. But you oughtn't to let anyone into the secret—why—one of the servants coming by—your maid—I do hope you are careful." As she spoke she took the box extended toward her and gazed enraptured upon its glistening contents.

"What a peach!" Miss Rawlins exclaimed. "Now, doesn't that clasp look like a pair of dollar marks! My! what a pearl rope! That ruby has the Queen of Sheba beaten a mile."

She dangled the jewel from its slender platinum chain, where it turned slowly, flashing in the afternoon sunlight that poured in at the window.

"Hold on; you give me acute appendicitis of the eyeball," said Miss Rawlins, shading her eyes with one hand as she pressed an electric button with the other. "That reminds me, I'm dying for a real drink. Have one with me, Kate? How about you Mrs. Gaynor?"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Lawdon, pushing the irrepressible Alice toward the door. "Give your orders through the crack—you heard what Mrs. Gaynor said, and she's right; the servants shouldn't see these things." She hastily crammed a jewel box into the crown of a two foot Gainsborough as a knock sounded loud upon the door.

Miss Rawlins giggled. "Do you suppose Mrs. Evelyn employs Sherlocks on her house force? Why, they're a lot of lately landed." She opened the door the mere width of a thread. "What, ho, without! A flagon of Scotch and soda, prithee. Say, how about you, Kate?"

"No," said Mrs. Lawdon emphatically, casting a troubled glance at her guest.

Alice banged the door. "You make me tired, Kate. Don't you recall that rhyme of Tennyson's or somebody's—

> "Between the dark and the daylight—
> When the night is beginning to lower,
> Comes a pause in the day's occupation
> That is known as the cocktail hour."

Mrs. Gaynor laughed as she rose. "What a child!" she said. "What a naughty child! Well, I must be gong. It's late and I want to rest a while before dinner. Thank you so much, Mrs. Lawdon, I did enjoy seeing your pretty things—and—your jewel case is a dream."

She waved a light farewell as she departed in the direction of her own suite in the main building. At the end of the hall a servants' staircase gave unobtrusive entrance to the "Annex." As she passed it the door swung open, admitting her maid. Mrs. Gaynor started. "Adele! I was just going to ring for you."

"I told the second maid I'd help her with these rooms," she replied.

"Of course you did," approved Mrs. Gaynor. "That's quite right, always make yourself useful in the houses where we visit—but you look tired."

"Yes, Madame," the girl answered, and followed her mistress meekly.

Once within the room Mrs. Gaynor took the young woman by the shoulders with gentle firmness and turned her toward the light. "Look at me. Your eyes are blood-shot; your head is paining you again."

She was answered by a look of dumb agony.

"Never mind, you are to do just as I say," she added in a sharper tone, as the girl made a feeble gesture of protest. "Come, I can help your head, you know—there, now." She forced the girl quietly into an easy chair, with a gentle laugh at her resistance. "There, now, rest, rest—poor little thing," she said softly as she bent over the relaxed form. She made a gentle movement as if to brush back the girl's heavy hair.

There was one observer of this odd little scene. Alice Rawlins, on her way down the corridor had paused at Mrs. Gaynor's door, which had sprung from its catch. She had seen the kindly movement and heard the gentle orders dictated by a rarely sympathetic spirit.

"Gee!" thought Alice, as she moved on toward her room, "she's a brick, that woman! It isn't one in a million that would be that considerate. I'd just like to do her a good turn for that." With which deeply philosophic comment she dismissed the subject.

As the dinner hour approached, Mrs. Gaynor was the first to reach the drawing-room, her pallor and weariness accentuated by the languid line and dark hue of her velvet gown. Presently her hostess appeared, followed by Miss Rawlins. Mrs. Gaynor bowed over Alice's head to Wendham, who stood in the doorway.

His eyes sought hers with admiration. "Did you take my prescription and a good rest, this afternoon?" he inquired.

"Yes," she nodded briefly.

"You worldly dervishes are always compelling me to send you to sanitariums."

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Evelyn, "I do think this racing fever of hers——"

"Oh, nonsense!" Mrs. Gaynor spoke with some irritation. "I have to help make my living, and as long as I'm successful——"

"But you needn't be so extravagant," objected the hostess.

Mrs. Gaynor shrugged. "Needn't be! I can't help myself. And after all, I don't play bridge."

"Because the stakes are too blamed low," said Alice. "As for me, give me penny ante."

The doctor's face was serious. "My dear Alice, *you* will never lose your nerve. But Mrs. Gaynor is made of different stuff, and I'm trying to convince her that she must ease the strain. She knows best where the tension lies."

"What is the amount of your fee?" inquired Mrs. Gaynor coldly.

Wendham blushed scarlet. "Forgive me for forcing my professional opinion upon you—it was only my real interest. I have seen so many lovely women transformed into nervous wrecks."

Wendham spoke warmly, ignoring the delicate position in which all the speakers were placed by this intrusion into the personal realm of one of the circle. The mad extravagance and love of excitement which characterized Nellie Gaynor concerned him deeply. They stood like unseen but insurmountable barriers between her magnetic

personality and his growing love for her.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Gaynor, "I knew broken legs could be re-set, but I didn't know that you posed as a mender of character. Is the operation painful ?" Her light tone treated his offer as a joke, but this time he was not to be put off.

"Not at all painful," he answered, "for the most wonderful anaesthetic in the world is the first thing necessary—hypnotism."

"Rot !" exclaimed Alice.

"Really ?" said Mrs. Evelyn.

Nellie Gaynor fixed upon Wendham a sudden glance of terror. She half raised her hand as if to push back a crowding presence. She was white to the lips. "Never, oh never, never !" she gasped. "What do you mean ?" she added. Her hand dropped to her side.

With infinite pity at his heart the physician watched the slim fingers twitch and tremble. "You wouldn't be frightened if you understood it," he said quietly. "You see that's the specialty I took up abroad."

"Why," said Mrs. Evelyn, with a face as blank as her pearls, "I thought it was some sort of a vaudeville thing, didn't you, Alice ? Where was it we saw the 'Mysterious Marions,' who read your watch numbers and things ?"

The conversation ceased abruptly as Mrs. Lawdon entered the room.

Wendham had not left Mrs. Gaynor's side, and his calm, affectionate gaze rested searchingly upon her face. "I'm not joking," he continued in an undertone. "Think it over."

Her momentary fright had passed. She had regained her old composure. "You're very good," she said, "to take so much interest—and—I know you are right. Very soon, perhaps next week, I'll take your advice—some of it," she added. "I'll go away and rest—take a cruise somewhere."

"Please," he pleaded.

"Dinner is served," announced the butler.

Wendham extended his arm. Nellie took it, conscious of the grateful sensation of its implied protection and strength.

"Yes," she admitted wearily, "I am very, very, tired." She turned to him squarely as she reached her seat and spoke quickly, almost in a whisper. "Sometimes I feel as if I weren't quite sane—do you understand that ? I can't realize that I allow myself my life—my way of living—I don't know why I tell you," she added with vexation. She waved her hand lightly as if to dismiss both his attention and the disagreeable truths he had brought before her, turning courteously to the partner on her right.

Dinner over, bridge tables were set

out, Mrs. Gaynor did not join in the game, but seated at the piano, let her fancy wander into soft improvisations. And Wendham, watching and listening with all his science and all his heart, detected ever the jarring note, as a trained engineer knows by the infinitesimal change of sound or vibration that his engine is not running smooth and true. His reverie was broken by Mrs. Lawdon's vibrant voice.

"Oh, yes, I will pay you now—I'd rather."

"Don't bother—send a check," said the hostess in her faint, vague voice.

"No, indeed; I'll fly to my room and fetch my purse. I hid it before I came down." She rose with switch and glitter and parted the heavy curtains. The light tapping of her high heels echoed on the polished floor of the hall.

There was a general rising and buzz of talk, adjustment of accounts, and reminiscent chat of honors, points and leads. Mrs. Gaynor left the piano and joined the others. Wendham approached her, determination written large upon his face. "Will you do me a favor, Nellie?" he asked.

"Of course, delighted. What can I do?" she inquired cordially.

"Go to bed," he commanded.

She laughed nervously. "Dear me, do you want to be rid of me so soon? I couldn't sleep."

"You can rest."

"Rest," she repeated, "rest—I don't know the word."

"You must learn it, then."

"You are kind to bother so much about me—and—as soon as I can I am going to try."

In her weariness she had turned to him with the sweet, relying gratitude of expression that raises womanly charm to its highest power. He longed to take her in his arms, to comfort and care for her, to bring his knowledge and his love to her instant need. "Go rest—doctor's orders—Nellie"; his lips had framed the endearing name, when an excited clatter and a choking hysterical cry brought the party to their feet with a common movement of anxiety.

Mrs. Lawdon appeared at the door. The well groomed beautiful woman of a few moments before was almost beyond recognition. Her face had aged ten years.

"She's gone mad!" gasped Mrs. Evelyn, catching at her husband's arm.

Mrs. Lawdon found her voice. "I've been robbed—robbed—robbed!" Her voice rose in thin soprano gradations. "My diamonds—my emeralds—my ruby! They're gone. I tell you! Gone! gone! gone!" She collapsed upon a chair, flinging her body half across the center table, where she beat the polished wood with her clenched hands.

(To be continued.)

Sir John A. Macdonald

Continued from page 122.

Legislative Union lay in the fact that the two provinces were differently constituted. By the Constitutional Act of 1791 Quebec's laws, were Roman in their character and maintained according to a fixed code, whereas the English system, that of cases, was the basis of legal procedure in the courts of Upper Canada. In addition, religious and educational ideals in the two provinces were quite distinct. It was therefore necessary to have two premiers and in many cases dual cabinet ministers. No real unity existed. It took twenty-six years, however, for public men to learn the lesson that Federal union was indispensable.

In the days when Macdonald entered parliament the High Toryism of the "Family Compact" had roused in the hearts of radicals the thought of cessation from the mother country. It was in 1844. The critical situation gave him his opening for the Imperial propaganda, which he maintained in the forefront of his policies until his death. From 1844 until his death in 1891 Macdonald's political career was unbroken, a record seldom paralled in parliamentary annals. In his first year in the Legislative Assembly he proclaimed his "credo" by saying: "I believe that the prosperity of Canada depends on its permanent connection with the mother country." How well the truth of that statement has been proven is familiarly known to every Canadian schoolboy. In 1847, at the age of thirty-two, Macdonald fulfilled the prophecy of Draper by entering a Conservative cabinet, and seven years after that further fulfilled Draper's words by becoming Attorney-General under the ministry of Sir Allan MacNab. From that time forward Macdonald became the virtual head of the Conservative party, and for twenty-seven years the whole party, and many Liberals as well, looked to him for inspiration in the building of our nation. In 1857 he became premier of Upper Canada and the very next year he began the movement towards Confederation. It was not until 1864, however, when such leading Liberals as George Brown, founder of the Globe, joined forces with him, that the cherished hopes of the best elements in the population became practicable. Even then opposition was powerful, but with inflexible determination and rare pati-

ence Macdonald eventually surmounted all difficulties and on July 1st, 1867 witnessed the birth of the new Dominion.

Although Macdonald was out of office for short periods, he remained in harness until his death. During the period from 1887 to 1891 his political opponents had developed a policy of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States. Sir John fought them with this as the issue in his last great election campaign. He feared, as Goldwin Smith thought and hoped, that reciprocity would result eventually in political affiliation. It was on this occasion that Macdonald issued his famous manifesto to the Canadian people containing the well-known phrase: "A British subject I was born, a British subject I will die."

Macdonald won the election, but it was his last triumph. The old warhorse, as strong in spirit as in the days of his youth, weakened physically, and passed away on the sixth of June, 1891, amidst the sorrowing of the Dominion, which he had been chiefly instrumental in bringing into being.

Hon. George Brown

Continued from page 123.

of winning over enemies to his own purposes, but he made enemies among his own followers and this continually impaired the fighting powers of his party, and gave Macdonald some of his best opporunities to win political victories. Some Liberals have named Macdonald an opportunist. It appears altogether a misnomer. Macdonald possessed the statesmanship not to allow secondary policies to defeat greater projects he had in view.

Brown's strange disaffection with regard to the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway appears inexplicable, unless partisan prejudice got the better of him. It must have been apparent to him that the construction of the line was essential to the effective union of all the provinces.

GEORGE BROWN was a Scotsman, born in Alloa, on the Forth, in 1818. He was educated in the High School and Southern Academy in Edinburgh. In 1838 the Brown family emigrated to America, settling in New York, where in 1842 they established "The British Chronicle". This paper was designed for Scottish and Presbyterian readers of the United States and Canada, and an effort to increase the circulation in Canada brought George Brown to this country. As a result of his survey, the Browns moved to Toronto and established "The Banner," a weekly political and religious paper, in which they championed government by the people in both cases. Gradually politics occupied more and more space in its columns, until in 1844 "The Globe" was established. From that time forward the paper was his darling.

Brown was elected to Parliament for the first time in 1851. He rapidly rose to a commanding position in the Assembly, entirely through his own energy and force of conviction. By 1857 he was the acknowledged leader of the Reform party in Upper Canada. As early as 1859 he strongly advocated the confederation of what he termed "all the nations of British North America." In 1864 he was appointed chairman of a commission to discuss ways and means to that end. In the same year he went to England to place the scheme of Confederation before the authorities of the Home Government and was able to report, on his return, that the plan had given prodigious satisfaction. These facts go to indicate the important share he had in realizing the greatest event in the history of Canada since the Conquest.

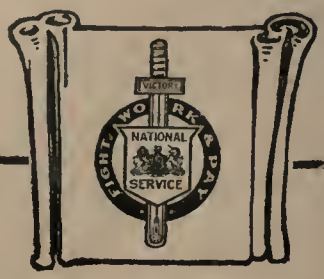
His character as revealed by the "Cobourg Star," an opposition journal, is as follows: "In George Brown we see no agitator or demagogue, but the strivings of common sense, a sober will to attain the useful, the practical and needful. He has patient courage, stubborn endurance, and obstinate resist- and desperate fighting daring in attacking what he believes to be wrong and defending what he believes to be right. There is no cant, or parade, or tinsel or clap-trap about him. He takes his stand against open, palpable wrongs, against the tyranny which violates men's roofs and the intolerance which vexes their consciences. His leading principle is to reconcile progress with preservation, change with stability, the alteration of incidents with the maintenance of essentials."

Synopsis of Her Masterpiece

Helena Clifford is a successful artist, though she has yet to paint a picture which will be hailed by the world and by herself as her masterpiece. To her career as an artist, her husband has sacrificed his own ambition to blaze a trail and become a pioneer in the great North-West. A magazine article on "Edmund Keith, a Blazer of Trails," which her husband had been reading, suggests to Helena that possibly in this very country she could secure the inspiration for her masterpiece. They start on their journey, and on the second day out, Helena falls from her horse and breaks her right wrist, which is set by a pioneer doctor. As they are sitting before the fire in a settler's cabin where they are spending the night, suddenly a call from the trail startled them. A musical, girlish voice was crying, "Hello— ye good people, awake!"

Save the Food and Serve the Empire !

The Average Canadian Family Wastes Enough to Feed a Soldier



"The Kitchen must help as well as the Workshop and the Trenches"
Lloyd George.

INTELLIGENT economy in the kitchen can do much to prevent the threatened world famine—can counteract the effect of high prices—and can replace growing debt with systematic saving.

Careful investigations show that before the war the average British family wasted 25% of their food—and we Canadians were even more extravagant.

This waste is not in a few big things, but in many little ones, each, we used to think, too small to bother about—such as careless peeling of vegetables and fruit—failure to make good use of dripping and "left-overs"—and such others as will occur to every thrifty housekeeper.

For the Empire's sake as well as your own, hunt up and cut out these leaks ! You'll be helping to relieve the food shortage—saving your own money—and putting yourself in a position to buy Canadian War Savings Certificates and help win the war.

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The National Service Board of Canada,
OTTAWA.

CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY SIDNEY R. COOK

Janey Canuck Scores Again

Many of our readers have welcomed our announcement of a new series of sketches by Janey Canuck, the first of which appeared in the July issue. On page 199 will be found the second article of the series, which bears the sub-title, "Tne Plough-Master." It is the story of an Albertan farmer who wants to fight for his country but feels he should stay with his plough.

"The Bookman," (London, Eng.) in a recent issue had this to say regarding Janey Canuck :—"Her work has the optimism of the true lyric ; the song of the open road. The refrain of the windswept spaces was never set to a better tune. * * * * It is not style that matters in the work of 'Janey Canuck' any more than it matters in the work of Walt Whitman—a kindred philosopher. She comes scattering seeds of gladness in our mist, and lo ! our gloom is gone like a black cloud that breaks before the April sun. She is the philosopher of gladness and content and common sense, a philosophy as durable as Bergonism. The whole thing is a garland of gladness sparkling with the dews of a clean, fresh philosophy—a crown of rest for the tired brows.—What patron saint, we wonder, bends over 'Janey Canuck' when she is weaving her bright fancies."

A critic in The Free Press (Milwaukee) in a recent review of one of her books wrote as follows :—"She could write a good book of travel if her circuit extended only from the town pump to the barn door, for the root of the matter is in her. * * * * * She has an eye for the picturesque, a feeling for the humorous, a taste for the difficult and recondite. She is drawn to the silences and remote places. Above all, she is full of human kinship. And she has the gifts without which no one can know the worth of romance and imagination. So it happens that one follows gladly where she leads, and that her book has atmosphere, for it has borrowed scent and savor from the long trails, ozone from the mountains, bravery and tenderness from the hearts of men."

A Canadian reviewer in "The Saturday Sunset," (Vancouver) says :—"The striking quality of her writing consists in the wonderful personality which radiates from her written pages and communicates itself to the reader. * * * * * * It is a personality so magnetic and so full of living fire, as to give immortal value to her works. And that is why 'Janey Canuck' means so much to us loyal Canadians for we know that if our country is ever to be great, its literature must be great, and that every writer who possesses the 'spark of that immortal fire' should be cherished in our inmost heart."

If you did not read the opening instalment of "Lord 'o Land" in the July issue, turn to page 199 and begin the series now. Another instalment will be printed in the September issue.

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If You Could See Your Skin As Others See It

Too often we stand back from our mirrors, give our complexions a touch or two of the mysterious art that lies in our powder boxes and then think our skins are passing fair

If you could only see your skin as others see it, you would not feel so contented. You would realize just how much lovelier it could be.

Go to your mirror now and examine your skin closely.

Are there little rough places in it that make it look scaly when you powder? Is it sallow, colorless, coarse-textured or oily? Is it marred by disfiguring blackheads?

Whatever the trouble is, it *can* be changed. Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually and rapidly changing. As *old* skin dies, *new* forms. This is your opportunity. You can make this new skin just what you would love to have it.

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The Breakdown of Democracy—

and the Come-back that is Already on its Way

By Britton B. Cooke

SH! Did you see that shadow? Or was it a man—slinking down a side street, his head bent and his coat collar turned up?. . . . Look! There he goes. He has turned his face so that you can't see it. His cap is pulled down over his eyes. He is trying to hide. Running from place to place seeking cover. But he can't find any. He's too fat, and big and ungainly. Everybody knows him. Everyone is sneering at his silly, fatuous amiable figure. Everybody is pointing and saying: "There goes Democracy! The Behemothian Boob! The Gargantuan Simp!"

Let him go.

You will remember that the trial was only yesterday. The charge against Democracy in Canada was that it could not be trusted to give a wise answer on the question of Conscription. The Canadian government swore out the information, to wit, that the said person, Democracy, was incompetent and untrustworthy, not to be relied upon in any emergency, and liable therefor to be deprived of his rights and privileges. The Canadian Parliament was to have been the judge but as a matter of fact there was no judging done. Democracy did not even have a chance to plead. He was condemned as guilty before he was charged. Fred Pardee, Chief Liberal Whip, who should have been one of the chief lawyers for the defense—openly threw up his brief. Democracy wasn't even asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him. In fact, nobody passed sentence. It was taken for granted. Democracy walked out of the Royal Victoria Museum in Ottawa a condemned man. Does anybody wonder that he skulks?

And have I any new evidence on his behalf? Not a tittle. Am I asking for a new trial? No. Do I condone his recent conduct? No. Am I a friend of his? Y-yes and n-no! Is Democracy going to redeem himself? Swear off and take the Keeley Cure? I don't know. But do I *think* so? I DO!

Whenever I think of this fellow Democracy I am reminded of a foundling that was born in the hinterland of York County. A hard-working old couple found him on their door-step one morning—a beautiful fat baby full of smiles, dimples and the promise of beauty. They took him in and loved him and, although he gave them a fair amount of trouble, had a pretty happy time with him for a few years. Then he disappeared and the old couple died. Next he turned up on a farm and was welcomed and given a glass of milk and a slice of bread by the farmer's wife. She too, liked his chubby countenance and persuaded her husband to keep him and educate him. But just when they thought he was going to amount to something he moved on again and was taken in (or took in) another family, and later another—and so on until half the township knew Fatty and loved Fatty for all his foibles, and had faith that he would one day turn out to be a good citizen. At last a gang of ruffians from Toronto invaded the township and took up their abode in a deserted farm-house from which they issued on all sorts of villainous raids. When the local constables had failed to arrest these men the community appointed Fatty to do it—and Fatty funked. From that day forward he was condemned. No one would turn a hand to help him. He was an outcast, and yet in twenty years he became the richest man in the township and mayor of its largest town.

So with Democracy. Greece picked up the plump foundling. Rome suckled it. England schooled it. France gave it philosophy and America endowed it with wealth. Russia opened her arms to him—. We in Canada relied upon his sanity and courage. And he failed all of us. He betrayed Greece—unwittingly perhaps, but no less really—to the invader. He disappointed Rome. England had to tie him up with a dictatorship and France had to sober him with blows. America has had to muzzle him. Russia was saved from his stupidity only by Kerensky, and we Canadians have apparently abandoned him.

Voila Democracy!

Yet he will some day be the greatest man in the township and mayor, not of one town but of all the towns of civilization. I think the parallel is clear.

You and I are atoms in the body of Democracy. You may be a part of his brain and I may be part of his hands—that is neither here nor there. But it is a blow to you and me to find out what we have found out about him. Democracy is your hope and my hope. The democratic instinct probably brought you to Canada from the Old Country, or if you were born on this side of the water, Democratic ideas were fed to you with your first arrow-root biscuit. It is all very well for detached persons in lofty places to lament the failure of Democracy. It's failure may not touch them at all. It is like the rich man lamenting the fire which devastates the poorer sections of a city. It is a deplorable affair to him. To us—it is tragedy. For this is an age in which efficiency wins all races, and if Democracy

is to continue as inefficient as it has shown itself to be in the fight against autocracy, Heaven help it. It was not until democratic institutions were abated or suspended in the democratic countries, that we began to make headway against kaiserism. We have been slow to admit it in Canada, but even here we have at last seen Democracy condemned. The fact that Democracy cannot be trusted to decide on Conscription means that YOU and I cannot be trusted. We are no longer politically responsible. Politically we are still under twenty-one.

And are we justly accused? Absolutely.

Let's just think back a little way and examine your conduct, and Jones' and mine in the last few elections in this country—in all elections. How did we behave? Like freemen proud of their right to govern themselves, eager to exercise the privilege with care and sincerity? Like citizens who appreciated the long centuries of toil and suffering which preceded our right to vote? I know how *I* voted and I have a pretty fair notion of how you voted—and Fred Pardee at Ottawa has a still better notion because he and the rest of Parliament have long made a habit of studying our precious habits at election time, and profiting by their knowledge of our weakness. For year in and year out we common folks have been flub-dubbed and flim-flammed by Tories and Grits alike, stamped with catch-phrases, or incensed with half-statements of truth and flumixed into electing this party or that party by much the same method that the old-time fur-traders cheated the Indians with gew-gaws and beads. Ottawa had the first sincere moment it has known for many a decade when this Conscription issue rose and the Master Flim-flammers, knowing how THEY had won elections before, dreaded to see a serious issue entrusted to us!

Take Jones's case. He never cared much about party affiliations but liked to sit at home with his boots off and his feet on the rungs of another chair, grouching to his wife about the way the country was run. He claimed to be an independent. He hadn't any use for Laurier or for Borden. He thought they were all "a gang of shisters," and that some of them ought to be "doing time" at Stoney Mountain, or Westminster or Kingston. . . . And when election time came did Jones judge the government, or the policy of the government, or the Opposition or ITS policy—on merit? Not a bit of it. Just when he had almost decided to toss a coin to see how he'd vote—he met a cross-eyed cattle-dealer with a wart on his ear and a diamond ring. The cattle dealer started to talk in favor of the Government. Jones, who was at first inclined to agree, suddenly concluded that the cattle dealer was too darn cock-sure. The more he listened to the cattle-dealer the better the government's case seemed—and the less Jone's liked it. He wound up by hating the cattle-dealer and voting against the Government. Is that much of an exaggeration?

Of course YOUR case is different from Jones. It would be unfair to assume that YOU would be swayed by any such trifling considerations as a cattle dealer with a wart on his ear. You, good reader, are (let us assume) one of two things: a Farmer-Free-Trader or a Manufacturer-High-Protectionist. Don't for one moment suppose that the two terms are really opposed. On the contrary they are both as near alike as the proverbial two peas. As items in a Democratic community you are identical because you can always be relied upon to judge any and every issue from your own standpoint. You are a High Protectionist because your father left you a woolen mill and you had to close it up because the government refused to give the woolen industry protection against Old Country woolen manufacturers. I don't say you aren't right about the woolen manufacturers needing protection in the days before the war, but I do say you are wrong for interpreting the needs of the whole country by your own needs. OR if you are a Free-Trader-Farmer—the same thing applies. You can see no future for Canada but farming because farming is YOUR future. You would mould the destiny of all the unborn children in this country to suit your own particular calling.

BUT observe how you work as an integral part of the machinery of Democracy. Lo, a gentle election coming down the road! Lo two parties courting her, the Government party and the Opposition. They would have you speak a good word on their behalf, and they therefore size you up as they approach and determine the proper way to make a fool of you. It doesn't take the average politician two seconds to learn your prejudices, or more than three seconds to learn to play upon them. He damns the people you damn, and with a catch in his throat speaks of the names you revere. He makes phrases that will stick in your ear, and of the real merits of men or policies he says nothing worth hearing.

AND REMEMBER THIS: in the eyes of the politician you are not cap-

The Coast and Conscription

By Harry C. Douglas

Out on the Pacific Coast there is a feature of the conscription issue peculiar to British Columbia. Even if it be a merely local incidental, though, it is fraught with the most far reaching potentialities. And because of it many persons, many earnest, patriotic persons who elsewhere would heartily support compulsion, are opposed to it as applied west of the Great Divide. Their case, in effect, is put thus. "There are probably 50,000 Asiatics—Chinese, Japanese and East Indians—between the Coast and the Divide. In addition to these aliens there are thousands of others—Swedes, Galicians and Slavs of various sub nationalities—working in the mines and camps of British Columbia not all of whom are loyal to Canada in particular or the Empire in general. Our best men have left us of their own accord; if you forcibly take most of the rest of our able bodied males of British stock you will hand over this province to aliens—and aliens with Asiatics in the ascendancy at that. Our women are getting uneasy about this possibility. Our men are wondering what is to be the future fate of white and highly paid labor if you permit Asiatic and cheaper European labor to get more of a grip here than it has already got. . . . and we feel none too comfortable about it as it is. We hope that in striking at Quebec the measure does not hit us worse." There is no attempt to secure a local exemption in this attitude of mind. It has arisen out of a vital local fact; that is all. The plain fact stands that aliens have been left in a none too comforting position of power by the volunatry system as far as British Columbia is concerned. It would not be so bad if the foreigners for the most part were loyal—or even sympathetic; but they are not. It will be difficult to reach many of these men by conscription—impossible in many cases; and even under the most favorable conditions of enlisting them the concomitant draining away of more men of British stock would leave matters much as they are—or worse. It is one more instance of how the American Congress has been able to profit by our mistakes. By insisting on compulsion from the outset, President Wilson has put it into the power of his people to see to it that the burden falls on all, and that the stranger within the national gate be not left in a position of almost commanding importance.

able of grasping the finer shades of meaning in the discussion of a public question. You are not given credit for having anything but the qualities you usually show—I shan't name 'em. Does the politician analyze public issues as carelessly before his intimate friends as he does for you? Never! But a snappy phrase or two is supposed to be about all you can grasp. Subtleties are over your head. The young and erstwhile sincere politician is soon told to cut out the earnest analysis of a topic. He must "make it easy" . . . "Give 'em ABC's." Reciprocity was defeated (rightly I think) but not on its merits. Flag waving did what more sincere argument failed to do. The Liberals were defeated on the navy issue in Quebec—how? By distorted representations of the Truth.

You and Jones and I have made Democracy a failure by our failure to live up to its obligations. We have taught the politician to fool us and taught him so well that on an issue where his own sincerity is at last aroused, he recalls how easily he fooled YOU, and Jones and I in the past—and determines to trust nothing to us.

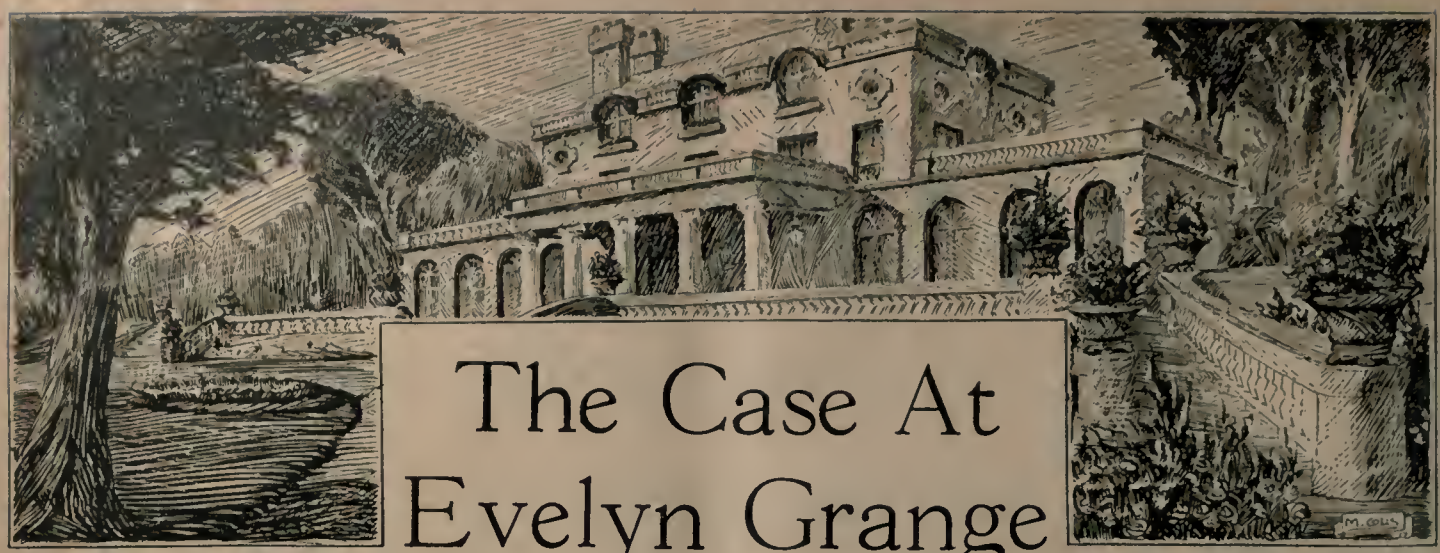
It is pleasant for a moment to contemplate how Aristotle's lip would curl, how he would nod grimly at Fred Pardee and how he would say: "I told you so!" if he were here to observe modern Democracy. He always did believe the worst of democracy we're told. It would warm the cockles of his heart to see after all these centuries how "ochlocracy" had failed. Even Pericles would be hard pressed to save his face. He would see how badly Democracy had drifted, lacking a steady hand at the tiller—an autocratic hand. He would point not only to the indifference of Jones and you and me, but he would denounce our debased citizenship. Pericles was called a reactionary for making Athenian parentage on both sides an express condition for retaining the franchise in Athens, and with the franchise the right to sit on paid juries. Here he would see an almost unconditional citizenship held in low esteem because it cost the holder nothing. He would claim that all our troubles came from our too liberal view of citizenship. Make it hard, he might say, or at least exclusive; then men will value it and treat it with respect and affection.

And that, I venture to believe, with others, is precisely what is going to happen. Therein lies I think the hope of our Democracy. Men who have fought and suffered at the behest of their country are going to take a new interest in the control of the government which led them into war. Women who have sacrificed their men will teach the boys growing up in their care to cherish the thing for which so much has been paid in coin of sorrow. And for what did they pay it? For Democracy. Then if Democracy does not now seem to be worth such a price—it must be made worth it. The farm that has cost a man nothing may seem to him a poor and valueless thing. He may or he may not take an interest in making it yield. But when he has invested somewhat of himself in it he determines sooner or later to win back his equity. So with Democracy. We have an equity in it. We must take care of it. And although it has not been the voice of Canadian Democracy that ordained Conscription, Conscription will hasten the greater development of that Democracy. The persons of low spirit, the indifferent and selfish people who have always regarded the State as something from which to demand rights and if possible obtain privileges, will be forced to "invest" themselves or their sons in an enterprise of the State. Hereafter they will take more interest in the selection of persons to direct the affairs of the nation. Knowing the ultimate authority of the State they will realize at last that they are a real part of the State, and that for every right there is a duty that demands our services.

"I remember those boys when they both had good jobs"

Conscription—of men and wealth and natural resources—marks the beginning of the third phrase of the development of Democracy. Looking back over the history of democracy one is impressed with the rightness and the appropriateness of its growths. There could have been no democracy in the first place. Abysmal ignorance prevailed and those who were not so ignorant became leaders and wielded their authority by reason of strength—the only argument our ignorant forefathers could recognize. Democracy could not be born until the mass of population in the state was capable of thinking. The "direct" Democracies of Greece attained to great heights of political intelligence and were in many ways superior to our modern democracies. But even they failed through the over-emphasis of Individualism. They had learned the art of working together only to a limited extent. They parted under stress.

Fat Democracy is taking exercise and going to school. Heretofore the sacrifices on behalf of the common folk against the aristocrat and the monarch have been carried on by idealists, dreamers and martyrs. Democracy has been the spoiled child slaved for by heroes. It has been, as Price Collier once observed with lofty contempt, an aggregation of persons "who don't know what they want and won't be happy until they get it." To-morrow will see a new spirit in the spoiled child. Democracy is learning in a decade more than he learned in the preceding century. In Canada, Conscription is helping with the lesson. We shall soon know what we want and how to get it.



The Case At Evelyn Grange

IN THIS SECOND INSTALMENT OF A NOVEL BASED ON THE MYSTERIOUS ROBBERY OF THE LAWDON JEWELS, DR. WENDHAM GIVES THANKS FOR HIS OLD THEORY THAT CRIME IS DISEASE AND THAT SOMEWHERE IN SCIENCE LIES THE REMEDY

By E. W. Grant

Illustrated by Marcel Olis

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENT.—Boyd Wendham, a physician, just returned from several years' study in Vienna, joins a house party at Evelyn Grange. Among the guests is his old sweetheart, Nellie Gaynor, a widow of six months, and a vulgar little parvenu who has recently become one of the set by marrying Charles Lawdon. Mrs. Gaynor tells Wendham that she exists chiefly on her earnings as part owner of a racing stable left her by her husband. Wendham is deeply concerned at her state of health, and more concerned when he learns she is massaging her neuralgic little maid. Mrs. Lawdon shows Alice Rawlins and Nellie Gaynor her jewels—in a novel jewel case made like a hat trunk, with the jewel trays cunningly set in the crowns of Paris hats. That night while all the guests are at bridge downstairs Mrs. Lawdon's jewels are stolen.

III.

ALICE RAWLINS was the first to grasp the situation. "The hat box!" she gasped, her eyes upon the damaged millinery in Mrs. Lawdon's grasp. "It's been opened!"

The victim raised her head with a jerk. "You, you, Alice Rawlins! You know where they were—you!" She sprang erect. "You and Mrs. Gaynor—you were the only people who did know!"

Alice's astonished face flamed scarlet. "Do you dare!"

Mrs. Gaynor turned white to the lips, her great eyes blazed more brilliant than the lost jewels. "Mrs. Lawdon is not quite herself." Her voice, full of fine, high breeding, fell like ice upon Mrs. Lawdon's fevered utterance.

Realizing that she had lost self-control, Mrs. Lawdon struggled for composure, but the magnitude of her loss again overwhelmed her. "You must search—at—once—at once. I want the police—send for the police!"

Mr. Evelyn rang the electric bell. "I will give orders that all the servants be brought to the dining room. We will examine them there. Vreeman," he continued, addressing the butler, "I want everyone of my employees from the garden, house and stables—also the servants of my guests—to assemble at once in the dining room. Permit no one to leave the house or grounds on any pretext!"

The butler bowed, casting a glance of awed inquiry at the excited group before him. As he paused outside the door his trained ear plainly caught Mrs. Lawdon's protests.

"I won't have it, I won't! I want the police. I want detectives! Charlie!" she screamed, "where's Charlie? He'll make you send for the police!"

The slamming of a distant door and the approach of hurried feet announced the men from the billiard room. Charlie Lawdon rushed to his wife's side.

"What's the matter—what's the meaning of this?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, Charlie!" she wailed, "they're gone—all gone!"

"What's gone? he asked, bewildered. Then his eye fell upon the remnants of the picture hat. "Robbed!" he said shortly. "Well, I told you to have paste copies made, didn't I?"

Mrs. Lawdon opened her mouth to answer, but her husband placed a restraining hand upon her shoulder.

"There, little woman, buck up—you're a bit off, of course. Tell us what you know—quiet, now."

Mrs. Lawdon brushed the tears from her eyes. "I owed Mrs. Evelyn eighty at bridge, you know. I—I went to find my purse—I'd hid it—it was my gold mesh one, with the diamond monogram. I'd put it in the same box with the ruby pendant. The key was all right but when I opened the trunk I found my purse lying on the bottom. At first I thought I didn't remember rightly. Then I thought I'd look—and every hat was empty—everyone!"

"Every hat!" exclaimed Mr. Evelyn in mystification.

"My wife had a strong box made like a hat trunk," Mr. Lawdon explained. "Cases, you know, set inside crowns; thought nobody'd ever think of looking there——"

"I know," Mrs. Gaynor interrupted. "Mrs. Lawdon showed them to Alice and me this afternoon. Some one may have watched us."

"One thing is certain," Wendham insisted; "this must have happened between the time Mrs. Lawdon came down before dinner and when she went for her purse. Now, as Mrs. Lawdon came in last, and these ladies and gentlemen have been in her presence ever since, with the exception of those who accompanied Mr. Lawdon to the billiard room, it is safe to say that all these are beyond suspicion."

"Naturally," Mr. Lawdon agreed.

"I suppose so," gasped his wife; "but Charlie, I want the police, too."

"We will question the servants first ourselves." Mr. Evelyn rose with decision.

The whole party adjourned to the

dining room. Frightened faces greeted them with timorous humility. A dozen quickly authenticated alibis reduced the number of suspects. Cooks, butlers, and stablemen were dismissed. The housemaids and personal attendants of the guests remained. Of these three were eliminated, their duties having kept them in other parts of the house or in communication with other servants. A frightened gardener's boy who could give no satisfactory account of himself, the incorruptible Ellen, Mrs. Gaynor's maid Adele, and the second housemaid in charge of the guests' annex remained for more searching examination. The housemaid had been upon that floor, even in and out of all the rooms, as was her duty. She had seen no one, heard no one, and protested her innocence with tears. The gardener's boy at last owned that he had been making love to the cook's assistant through the kitchen window, the damsel reluctantly corroborating his statement. Mrs. Lawdon's maid had left the room the moment her mistress had gone to dinner—the door was unlocked and the window open—for which she bitterly denounced herself. Ellen, nervous and incoherent, confused her statements, which consisted of the simple facts of having put her mistress'room in order and gone below stairs, with wails of contrition at having left the apartment even for a moment. Adele answered without hesitation. She had felt ill. Mrs. Gaynor, who was the soul of kindness, had excused her from her duties, and even insisted on her lying down on the divan, where her neuralgia being relieved, she had fallen asleep, and only awakened when the housemaid had entered. She had then put the room in order and joined the other servants. The housemaid told of finding her asleep on the divan, and Mrs. Gaynor corroborated her first statement, adding, that as the girl was not strong, she often allowed her privileges of the sort.

"The fact remains, however," Mrs. Gaynor added, "that Adele is the only person we find who was in that part of the house for any length of time." She turned to the maid gently, whose honest eyes followed her mistress with adoration. "Were you at all disturbed—did you wake at any time, as if some noise had roused you ?'

"No, ma'am. I slept sound."

"What time was it," she questioned the housemaid, "when you finished your rounds and you and Adele went downstairs ?"

"About ten," said the housemaid warily.

"Then from ten till a quarter of twelve, when Mrs. Lawdon went to her room, there was no one on that floor ?"

There was silence.

"I saw you my girl, when you went into that room. I haven't peached, and you divide with me"

"Adele," continued Mrs. Gaynor, "you are on no excuse to leave this house until Mrs. Evelyn gives you permission, and you are to do whatever she wishes. I know you are innocent," she added kindly, "it is only that the right thing must be done."

"Very well, ma'am," said Adele simply.

"They must be searched," said Mrs. Lawdon. "Close the doors, please, and let the men go into the drawing-room."

The women were searched amid tears and wails, Mrs. Evelyn presiding as if such occurrences were an everyday feature of her life, Mrs. Lawdon with frank brutality, and Mrs. Gaynor with pitying anxiety to spare the women's feelings.

Nothing was found. As the last garment was adjusted, Mrs. Lawdon burst into tears of vexation.

"This is all nonsense, all ridiculous," she wailed. "I don't care what you think, I want detectives,and I am going to have them."

Mrs. Evelyn realized the uselessness of protest. "You'll be sorry, but, of course, if you insist, we cannot do otherwise than allow you to take whatever measures you may desire."

"I should think not," sneered Mrs. Lawdon. "It's all very well for the Treadwells and the others to keep close about it, but I notice they don't get their things back, and I mean to have mine—I don't care who gets punished."

"May these women retire now ?" asked the hostess coldly. "Are you satisfiedthat none of your property is upon their persons?"

"I want them kept together and watched—all the time !" demanded Mrs. Lawdon aggressively. "And I want every room in the house searched—now—this minute."

"That is being done," said Mrs. Gaynor. "Mr. Evelyn is attending to that. The search will be thorough, you may be sure.

Mrs. Evelyn rang. "These maids are to be questioned further. You will keep them in the servants' hall until I give further orders. And Vreeman," she continued, "when the detectives come, you are to offer no opposition to whatever they may desire to investigate. You, we, are all under suspicion until the affair can be cleared up."

Under escort of the butler the hysterical suspects were removed, and the ladies returned to the drawing-room. Alice stood before the open fire.

"Well," she said dryly, "when do you wish to go through *me*, Mrs. Lawdon? And Mrs. Gaynor, have you had the X-rays turned on her? We may have swallowed your jewels, you know."

Miss Rawlins's angry sarcasm fell upon unresponsive ears.

"Where's my husband?" Mrs. Lawdon demanded sharply. "*I'm* not going to waste another minute—not one—I want the proper authorities, that's what *I'm* after." A curious servant passed the door. "You, John, go and find Mr. Lawdon. Tell him I want him here at once." The servant disappeared, and Mrs. Lawdon turned with evil triumph upon Mrs. Evelyn. "Now, I'm going to take things in hand, and something's going to happen."

"Rather more than you imagine," said Mrs. Evelyn resignedly. "However, I have nothing more to say. The loss has been yours, it occurred in my house. You *may* act exactly as you see fit."

"I hope you happen to have a photograph of yourself wearing regalia," observed Alice. "It will be a great comfort to the reporters. By the way, Patty? Who do you wish to take charge of the interviews? We will be in a state of siege by to-morrow, and some one must pay exclusive attention to the telephone."

Mr. Lawdon entered hurriedly. "I'm sorry, my dear, but all the rooms have been searched, and——"

His wife cut him short. "Please notify the police at once, and have the best detectives sent down. I don't want a minute lost."

He shot a deprecatory glance at his hostess. That lady was as indifferent as ever. "You may do as you please. We can only assure you of our co-operation. You will have to notify Mineola, I suppose, and get your own people from New York. Not having ever found it necessary to do such a thing before, I can give but little advice."

"Save your breath for interviews," said Alice. "I'm glad I usually look well in a snapshot."

Mrs. Gaynor rose from the deep chair where she had dropped on entering the drawing-room.

"If Mrs. Lawdon will permit, I would like to retire. These scenes have been too much for my strength, I am afraid. But, of course, if you object——"

"You treat me as if it were I who had committed a crime," flamed Mrs. Lawdon. "I'd like to know if you'd lost a fortune like that, if you wouldn't insist on something being done? You haven't the right to—to sneer at me. Of course, you're not interested. *You* didn't lose anything. Don't let me keep you up, please."

Alice turned affectionately to Mrs. Gaynor. "Do go to bed—you're done. If you could see how terribly you look. It's a shame this thing should have come up now."

"Do go," added Mrs. Evelyn. "I'll stay here. With me and Alice as hostages of good faith, Mrs. Lawdon should be satisfied."

Mr. Lawdon presented his arm, his kindly face working with concern and mortification. "Let me help you, Nellie," he said softly. "I'm that sorry—dear me, I'd buy the little girl her kit twice over if she'd only come to her senses. But she's too upset. You'll forgive her, won't you?" he whispered as they reached the door. "She doesn't mean any harm, but she's all upset, and she's a perfect kid, Nellie, a perfect kid."

"Oh, that's all right," she smiled brightly. "We'll all be adjusted in the morning. Good night."

"Good night," he murmured, "good night. Hope they didn't disturb your finery too much in their search. We fine-tooth-combed the whole place without respect to age, sex, or previous condition of servitude. Good night again." He withdrew, and Nellie slowly moved toward the stairs.

Her hand shook as if palsied as she reached for the carved newel post, her knees weakened and she sank upon the lower step, burying her face in her hands, too weak to rise and proceed in the search for her sorely needed rest. After a moment of complete relaxation, she pulled herself together, conscious that the dizziness that numbed her throbbing brain might at any moment gain control. She stood for a moment leaning her whole weight on the balustrade, when a sudden commotion roused all her dormant energies.

Adele's voice rose in hysterical protest. "Madame! Madame! Oh, Madame!" The maid came down the corridor, spied her mistress, and rushed to her as to refuge. Behind her came Wendham. "Oh, Madame!" the girl gasped, "what do you think John—John, the second man, said to me? Oh, ma'am, he nudged up to me and said: 'I saw you, my girl, when you went into that room. Now, I haven't peached, and you divide with me.' That's what he said, ma'am. He accused me, he did, and as God sees me, Mrs. Gaynor, it isn't true. I was asleep there all the time. I was, I was. Oh, you don't believe him, ma'am, you don't—oh, say you don't!"

Mrs. Gaynor swayed, clutching at the banisters. "John says he *saw* you go in?" Her voice was sharp with something more than surprise.

Wendham caught her by the arm and leaning over, gently pushed back the woman's arms that sought to catch and cling to her mistress' knees.

"Don't, my girl—quiet, quiet—calm down now. Don't be frightened." His voice soothed the terrified creature like magic. She raised her head, fixing her tearful eyes upon his. Her tension relaxed suddenly. "John probably thought you did rob Mrs. Lawdon and just took a flyer to see if you'd weaken and divide with him if you had. You must control yourself. Mrs. Gaynor believes in you, I know she does. Be calm now." His eyes held hers as if fascinated. Slowly she drooped forward.

"Come, come," Mrs. Gaynor's voice broke in. "Adele, what nonsense. You mustn't allow people to frighten you like that. It's just as the doctor says. Of course, we know you're innocent. Go back and stay with the others, since Mrs. Lawdon wishes it."

The girl rubbed her hand across her eyes and rose unsteadily. "Yes'm," she said. "Please excuse me, I was all took back."

"It's all right, Adele." Mrs. Gaynor's voice had regained its former gentleness. "Go back, and don't run away like that again. If anything more is said, insist on seeing me. Good night."

The servant turned and went slowly away.

"Nellie," said Wendham slowly, "for Heaven's sake go to your room before anything more happens! I cannot bear to see you in this condition. It breaks my heart." He raised her unresisting hand to his lips. "Come, dear, come."

With his help she mounted the easy stairs and crossed the hallway to her room. At the door she paused and turned to him.

"I'm not worth your kindness, really, I'm not. Oh!" she cried passionately, "I wish I were dead, I wish I were dead!—but I haven't the courage. Good night, and thank you."

IV.

THE troubled household was at last at rest, but Wendham found sleep impossible. He descended to the library where Evelyn, clad in bath robe and pyjamas joined him a few minutes later. "It's no use Wendham, I can't get to sleep," said Evelyn as he sank into a chair.

"What did she say—what did the woman say?" interrupted Evelyn, eagerly

"Let's sit it out, Cass," Wendham suggested. Mr. Evelyn jumped at the invitation. "A nightcap and a chat—I need soothing." Settling themselves in easy-chairs before the fire, they remained silent, each deep in thought.

Evelyn spoke suddenly. "I've got one piece of news for you, Boyd—and I'm sorry it's—what it is!"

Wendham looked up anxiously. His host recrossed his legs. "I learned something a little while ago. You remember when Vreeman called me to the door? Well, John, the second man, wanted to see me; said he had something to say; excused himself for not speaking before, but he hated to peach on a fellow worker—and all that sort of rot. Upshot of it was, he says he saw Adele, Mrs. Gaynor's maid, come out of the Lawdons' room when we were all at dinner, and before Mary came up to prepare the rooms. Direct contradiction of what *she* says, you see."

The scene in the hall when the incensed maid had flown to her beloved mistress with her story came clearly before Wendham. That the girl was truly and frankly resentful was evident; that she spoke in all simpleness of soul had been equally obvious. This story, then, what was it? Had the man, knowing that his intended victim had at once told of the whole encounter, deemed it safer for himself to seek equal publicity and stick to the story? It seemed so, and yet, might not this be part of an oversubtle scheme to divert attention from himself! Wendham's reverie lasted so long that Evelyn was annoyed.

"You don't seem interested in my latest information," he said at length.

The physicain started. "I wonder—I wonder—" again he was lost in thought. "Do you know," he said suddenly, "I'd question that man very carefully. Have him here." He glanced at the clock. "It's very late, never mind," he added.

"What's the odds?" said Evelyn. "He and Vreeman are sitting up guarding the suspects, at Mrs. Lawdon's request." He rang. "Send John here," he ordered as the butler appeared.

A moment later the valet entered the room. His face was sullen and determined.

"Yes, sir, I'm here, sir."

"John," ordered Evelyn, "tell Dr. Wendham what you told me."

"Yes, sir, certainly, sir. I came up with the ice-water trays, sir, about nine, as it might be, and Mrs. Gaynor's young woman, Adele, sir, was just leaving Mrs. Lawdon's room. She crossed ahead of me. 'Good evenin', says I. She goes right on as if I wasn't there. 'What's your grouch?' says I; but she'd gone down the corridor."

"How far away were you?" inquired Wendham.

"Oh, quite the length of the hall, sir, and the lights were low, only the fai electroliers being lit, sir. But I couldn't be mistaken, no, sir."

"Could anyone have impersonated her walk, do you think?"

The man shook his head emphatically

"No? Well, tell me and your employer here, what did you mean by going to her and telling her you'd seen her, and that if she'd divide you'd keep quiet?"

Evelyn, who knew nothing of these developments, sat up suddenly with an exclamation of surprise. The valet reddened, but was evidently prepared for the question.

"I was hopin' to get a confession,' sir," he answered glibly. "Then I'd a had the whole thing in me hand, and no doubt Mr. Lawdon would have rewarded—you understand, I'm not graspin', sir, but I thought as if detectives and police were comin'——"

"What did she say—what did the woman say?" interrupted Evelyn eagerly,

Continued on page 221.

WASN'T it "Peg-for-Short" who replied to her adorer's remark, "You are a woman, therefore unique," with the delicious Irishism, "But you must admit, darlint, I'm uniquer than the others ?"

A distinctly Canadian book strikes us, as a rule, as being unique. When we think of American writers and their wild West stories, all more-or-less alike; dozens of tales of New York—all with a striking family resemblance; when we think of the sameness of the innumerable chronicles of the South and Southerners; a Canadian story is strikingly individual; but "Kleath," by Madge Macbeth, (Small, Maynard and Company, Boston), seems even "uniquer than the others."

"Kleath" is an absorbing, and withal a convincing story, laid in the frozen North that Robert W. Service has made live for all Canadians. The plot of Mrs. Macbeth's book is a dramatic intermixture of comedy and tragedy; it is full of surprises. But it is in the drawing of living characters that she excels.

Occasionally the author sacrifices the sincerity of a situation to the production of Bayard Veiller drama. For example I quote the following paragraph:

"Go home to your virtuous loneliness, to your gloomy morality, but remember, Christopher Kleath, what I say—some day you will kiss me of your own free will, and my lips under yours will be as cold and unresponsive as yours are now. Some day you will be obliged to hold your love in leash as you ask me to hold mine, and God pity you—if you really are a man. Now, go, you—you—Puritanical jelly-fish !"

It is true that the "puritanical jelly-fish" kisses her when she lies dead, "cold and unresponsive"; but it is with disgust that he kisses her and at the request of her sorrowing husband—not "of his own free will," but only, in his pity, to give conviction to Friend-Husband's loving idea that his "vampiric" wife was reverenced and loved of all men !

On the other hand, Madge Macbeth's characters are wonderfully human: frail "Tiny Tess," who "sacrificed her life to her idea of repentance"; "Goldie," wise little woman with the heart of a child; "Tim Meadows," her adoring Dad—"a clean-shaven man—once a week"; "Diamond Tooth Lizzie," whose lover's betrothal gift was her weight in gold dust—weighed on the bank scales with great ceremony, while all Dawson stood by and cheered; "Kleath" himself, loyal, honorable, a prince among men, who yet drew from "Lizzie" the exclamation, "Gee ! I bet that boy's mother just adored him !"

But to my way of thinking, it is "Barney McCool" Irishman, who has been painted by Madge Macbeth, artist, with the most tender touch, in the most beautiful colors of all. If I had the space, I would like to quote a few of his thrilling, side-splitting, and without-the-bounds-of belief tales of adventures in the four quarters of the globe. His one lapse from fiction, in which he tells "Goldie" of his little Irish Mother, of blessed memory, is written so sincerely, with so tender and delicate a touch, that it will bring tears to the eyes of the most unemotional reader.

"Barney's" passionate loyalty to those he loves, is, perhaps the biggest thing in the book.

"Kleath" was first published, in *Canada Monthly;* and, while it is a story of that faraway Yukon, the universality of Mrs. Macbeth's types, make the characters live; and the artistry of her descriptions makes the great North a very real country inhabited by very real Canadians.

The Pedlar's Message

I, the Pedlar, tramp the brown road that leads to
To-morrow—
I tramp cheerily in the sunshine:
I approach your flower garden:
My heart leaps with the beauty of your blossoms!
The breeze carries their fragrance to me as I greet
you, and offer my wares:
Not because they are worthy of your acceptance,
do I offer them;—
But because they are the best thing I have to offer.
I, the Pedlar, offer you the small wisdom that is
conceived of sad days and glad, on the brown
road;
Fantastic memories of Pan's piping in green woods;
Dreams of sunsets-to-be over yonder green hills,
Of dark storms, and of the glad rainbow at whose
foot love hid a pot of gold.
'Tis the humble pack of a humble Pedlar.
Will you open the gate of your flower garden to the
Pedlar?

—"*RAGGS.*"

THEY do say—the New York papers do say—that Emma Goldman, ANARCHIST, is "subdued !" I don't believe it. I think the lady is biding her time, and planning fresh divilment ! I think it suits her plans to appear "subdued !" I saw her once— "could 'a' touched 'er"—and she struck me as being unusually unsubduable, even for an anarchist!

I remember two things only about that meeting, where she held forth: I—"The world owes you a living—COLLECT IT !" II—The smell ! The first interested me strangely. I had *earned* a living quite cheerfully for several years; but there was something in that "collect it," that bespoke a more adventurous existence than mine. I promptly had visions of using my type-

writer to stun a millionaire strolling down to the bank to make a hefty deposit; instead of prosaically tick-ticking out daily bread and boots and opera tickets on its friendly keys.

Miss Marion Long
A Canadian Artist whose work is attracting much attention

The second—the "smell", you remember—overwhelmed me. A reporter-pal remarked, "It does no good to hold your nose: it gets in your eyes and blinds you!"

I have never perused the "Anarchists' Text Book and Etiquettarian;" but I am sure that James Stephens had been poring over its pages when he wrote the words of the philosopher in his "Crock of Gold:" "The first person who washed was possibly a person seeking a cheap notoriety. Any fool can wash himself, but every wise man knows that it is an unnecessary labor, for Nature will quickly reduce him to a natural and healthy dirtiness again. We should seek, therefore, not how to make ourselves clean, but how to attain a more unique and splendid dirtiness, and perhaps the accumulated layers of matter might, by ordinary geologic compulsion, become incorporated with the human cuticle and so render clothing unnecessary."

There was an *outdoor* meeting of anarchists that I would have liked much to have participated in, recently. It was in Madison Square, New York. Miss Goldman was to have been the principal speaker, but she didn't appear—was being bailed out, or bailing someone out, or something of the sort, the papers said. The Square became a sort of Midway. Everybody made speeches. I'm sure that I would have felt it a Heaven-sent opportunity, had I been there—a "madding throng" out for "ignoble strife" and the chief strife-maker conferring afar with the police! So an atheist blasphemed enthusiastically to one group; a patent medicine man drove a thriving trade farther along; an anti-conscriptionist "spressified" himself with such abandon that he was gathered in by the police; and a woman pacifist treated herself and another group to such a wild orgy of emotion that she ended in violent hysterics and was carried off to a hospital!

The richest joke, though, was the speech of an unknown girl who was surrounded by the largest group of all, as she pitched into the anarchists, hammer-and-tongs, for a full half-hour, telling them, in good plain English, just how useless they were to themselves and the world. Can't you see it? Three thousand followers of the red flag, in the open square, fenced in by sky scrapers—all of the creatures looking for trouble, and a girl that they had never seen before—and probably hoped they'd never see again—ballyragging them at their own meeting?"

I received a New York Times from a jocular friend, with a report of the meeting; and opposite the paragraph dealing with the speech of this particular girl, there were pencilled the words, "Didn't know you'd been in town!"

THEODORE ROBERTS, movie star with the Lasky Company of Hollywood, California, and erstwhile leading character actor with the New Theatre, New York, has tramped many a sunshiny mile on the brown road with your Pedlar friend. Sometimes the road led through the greenness of Central Park in Springtime; sometimes up Broadway in a blizzard; but always, where the Big Man was, there also was Sunshine.

The Gold Fish Bowl
From the painting by Marion Long to be exhibited at the Toronto Exhibition this year

Theodore Roberts
One of many movie stars who are learning a soldier's duties

"The Big Man," his familiars call him—if you knew him, instead of just seeing him once a week or so in the movies, you wouldn't ask why? Everything about Theodore Roberts is big—his six feet of healthy manhood, his vigorous, inspiring personality, his Art—with a capital A! It is characteristic of the man that his work in the movies is as artistic as his "Portugais," when he starred in New York in "The Right of Way."

Theodore Roberts has passed the age for military service, but—as he writes from California—he drills two evenings a week with the National Guard. With a whimsical appreciation of the humor of the thing, he tells of movie stars and numberless lesser constellations at the Lasky Studios forming a Red Cross Society in which they are so keenly interested that their work seems of small moment. He describes madly-knitting heroine-girls, grand dames, villainesses, and stage mothers, who seem to resent, as unforgivable interruptions in the serious business of life, the summons of heartless stage directors!

"Of course the boys have all registered," he says; "and as most of them are young and unmarried, they'll go through with the first draft." O Movie Fans!—Can you exist without your Francis X. Bushmans? Are your beautiful movie heroes of the future to be, perhaps, a little bald on the top? As for me, it will be Charlie Chaplin whose going will break my spirit—if *not* my heart! Prince of Clowns! May

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A Box of Candy

By Gene MacLean

Illustrated by Magniel Wright Enright

THE afternoon sun, shining behind a clump of maples, laid a shifting golden arabesque upon the schoolroom floor. The open windows admitted a breath of warm September, and from the deserted playground came the noisy chirping of a robins' quarrel. Forty children, beguiled by the pleasant out-of-doors, squirmed in their seats as they watched the old clock on the wall before them. Its hands seemed to move with increasing languor as they crept along toward half-past three, dawdling at the minute marks, oblivious of the fact that there was still half an hour of school.

Miss Meaney stood at the rear of the class, erect and observant. She held her ruler poised at a level with her shoulder, and there was stern disapproval in her eye. The hum of disorder was rising to a roar.

Whack!

The ruler came down resoundingly upon the window sill. The children started, and hastily bowed their heads over the open geographies on the desks. A chorused "ssp-ss-pss-ss-ss-ssp" arose in evidence that the class had returned to the pursuit of knowledge. The teacher permitted herself a grim smile, but did not unknit her brows.

Halfway up the room a small boy was sitting, his chin resting in his hand and his gaze evidently directed to a spot above and beyond the book that lay at his elbow.

"Philip!" said Miss Meaney sharply.

The boy slowly disentangled his legs from the supports of the desk and arose to his feet.

"Philip," accused the teacher, "you are loafing! You know you are!"

The boy nodded vacant assent, and waited a moment for further comment. There was none, and he resumed his seat to an accompaniment of titters from his classmates. A picture of a jungle, labeled "Africa," was on the page before him, flanked by a column of questions. He fixed his eyes with an effort upon the first interrogation in the list.

"To what two races do the inhabitants of Africa belong?" it said.

He stared at the words blankly. They suggested nothing to his mind.

"To what two—what two—" he murmured mechanically, "what two ——"

His attention wandered from the book to the idling clock upon the wall. A music chart rustled in the breeze near a window, and the sound attracted his gaze in that direction momentarily. At last he turned to look again at the girl who sat up the aisle three seats before him and whom he had watched all the afternoon.

Her brown hair was done up in two long braids that ended in rebellious curls. There were ringlets, too, above her ears, and a strand of hair hung across her cheek. She was wearing a plaid dress, her third in three brief days of school, he noted. Other girls in Crayville were content to come in serviceable frocks of dark blue and brown, but among them a change of garments was a bit of an event. This new girl had worn white the first day and pink on Tuesday.

Her appearance in the room had marked an epoch in his life. He had come into the sixth grade the leader of his class, and in the three days that had elapsed he had glided, resistless, to the foot. He took a sort of pride in his record as he reviewed it, for he felt that it was a tribute to her. The only reason for the utter failure that had marked all his lessons was that his whole being was absorbed in adoration of the new divinity; he had no time for books.

The girl lifted her hand to brush back the lock of hair that fell upon her cheek. She lightly touched the bow of ribbon at the back of her head, and redisposed her skirts with a little shake. Philip watched intently.

He was unconscious of the presence of Miss Meaney at his side. She had come from the rear of the room, and even as he breathed a sentimental sigh the teacher extended her hand and closed the geography with a bang.

"You may go into the hall, young man!" said she.

Her tone was at the chill level of absolute finality.

"Remain there until I send for you, sir," she concluded.

The boy silently gathered his geography under his arm and shuffled toward the door. As he passed into the gloom of the hallway he shot a furtive glance at the little girl in the plaid dress. She alone of all the class was not giggling, and her blue eyes met his in a look of immeasurable sympathy.

His face glowed as he thrust the book under a steam radiator in a dark corner of the hall. He hastily retrieved his cap from the floor of the cloakroom, and tiptoed down the hall to the big outer door. The trip through the school yard was made at top speed, and he was panting when he halted in the shelter of a near-by alley.

He leaned against a tree to recover his breath.

"Miss Meaney can't lick me, anyhow," he reflected. "Teachers ain't allowed to lick this year."

Three blocks up the street was the village post office. The boys of Philip's clan would gather there as soon as school was out to review the events of the day, and to watch the progress of trade in the business centre of Crayville. It was far too early to go home, and he felt the need of juvenile society. He slowly put himself under way toward the gathering place, to be earliest on the scene.

The post office was an old brick building which at some period in the distant past had been painted gray. An imaginative decorator had drawn black streaks upon the surface in a rectangular pattern to create an illusion of stonework. A rickety flight of steps ascended the side wall to the rooms where the postmaster dwelt, and a row of packing boxes was ranged on the sidewalk beneath to make room in front of the neighboring dry-goods store.

Philip climbed on the top of the

largest box and settled himself for a period of leisure.

Farmers were untying their teams from the hitching posts, preparatory to taking their homeward way. One of them, in the muddy street, was tugging at the head of an aged horse, endeavoring to stir it from an overwhelming lassitude. Another, who stood on the curbstone, was jeering at the effort. This man had just come from Crayville's lone saloon across the way, and Philip regarded him with deep interest. Rather to the boy's disappointment, he failed to lurch into the gutter in the manner so vividly described by temperance lecturers who came to the village. Instead, he sauntered into the street and set the horse in motion by the simple process of twisting its tail.

The county judge was sitting on the courthouse steps, diagonally across the street.

"Good boy, Bill," he yelled to the successful horse starter.

Philip was amazed that a judge would address in public a man who had been in a saloon. No minister in town would do so, he was convinced.

Further reflection was stopped by the appearance of a surging mob of children down the street, giving witness that school was dismissed. He identified Petey Martin and Louie Born and Scrubby Willifer in the vanguard, and little Peggy Toover behind them, vainly trying to catch up.

"You'll catch it!" cried Petey, coming within hailing distance.

"Teacher had a fit when she found out you had gone," supplemented Louie Born.

The boys found seats upon the boxes and proceeded to dilate at length upon the amazement and wrath of Miss Meaney when she found the culprit had departed.

"I expect she'll send you to the sup'intendent to be licked," conjectured Peggy Toover, his freckled face alight with the thought.

"Wasn't you afraid?" asked Louie Born with respect.

"Naw," said Philip. "That wasn't anything. There's lots worse things I'd do than that."

He was pleased to find himself the object of general esteem. He had introduced a new and startling variation in the art of playing truant, and the lustre of his achievement lost nothing from the description that he gave, with many additions to the facts.

"Old Meaney's been laying for me ever since I come into her room," he added mysteriously. "I guess probably she's got reasons."

He declined to go further into the matter of this plot against his welfare.

"Old Meaney can't boss me around," he stated. "That's all I got to say."

His mother undressed him and tenderly tucked him in bed

He descended from his box and marched up and down before the other boys. His thumbs were hooked in the places where the armholes of his vest would have been had he worn a vest, and his chin was carried high.

"Oh, Louie!" he said, stopping suddenly.

"Huh?" said Louie Born.

"Come here a minute."

Philip moved a few paces down the street, Louie obediently following after.

The Born boy was thin and sallow and he wore his black hair pasted sleekly against his head. His hands yielded to the prevailing prejudice against soap and water, but his face and raiment were cleanly beyond the comprehension of other Clayville youth. He was the Beau Brummel of his set. He was believed to be high in the graces of the girls and wise in the best methods of dealing with them. He was often seen speaking with them, even in public places, and it was said that he had been to call on Milly James.

"Say, Louie," said Philip, "if a fellow now, wants to go and call on a girl, does he ask her first?"

Louie contemplated for a time.

"Do you know her?" he inquired at length.

"Oh, it ain't me," Philip hastened to explain. "It's—why, it's a fellow I know."

"Oh," said the student of social form. "Well, if he knows the girl, he asks her first before he goes to see her. But if he don't know her, of course he goes around to her house and gets acquainted that way. Who is the fellow?"

"He? Why, he's—he's a fellow I write to sometimes," lied Philip. "In Cincinnati he lives now. He wanted to know."

"That's where the new girl in our room comes from," commented Louie.

Philip responded with a vivid blush and, mumbling an excuse, hastened away.

He cut his supper short that night

and retired to his room to spend an hour in adjusting his hair and applying a coat of blacking to the toes of his shoes. It occurred to him to ask for the use of his Sunday suit, but the thought that this would lead to embarrassing questions caused the abandonment of the idea. He did put on his Sunday hat and appropriated as an adornment the heavy gold watch chain that his father always left in a bureau drawer.

Slipping out the back door, he sped around the corner to Washington Street, a square away. All was well until he reached the brick house where the new girl lived. There, as he essayed to mount the steps, he felt himself caught by an invisible anchor that held him helpless, unable to proceed. Four times he mustered up his courage, and tried to go in. His feet declined to carry him forward. His heart, in sympathetic rebellion, throbbed heavily, and he leaned against a sapling on the lawn to recover his suddenly shortened breath.

Somebody in the house was playing upon a piano and instinct told him that it was she. He saw himself in imagination standing beside that piano, gracefully turning the sheets of music and engaged in sprightly conversation. He remembered her earnest attention when he read aloud in school the day before, and he reflected that if once he could get inside she might invite him to read to her. This done, they would probably look at pictures—his heart thumped again when he thought of the curls about her ear and the possibility that they might by accident brush his cheek.

He pondered irresolutely for a time, and then attempted again to scale the porch. This time he almost succeeded. His foot was on the topmost step when it flashed upon him that she doubtless would open the door for him in person. He turned and fled, not stopping until he had attained the street. Perspiration stood beaded on his brow, and he mopped it off with a corner of his coat.

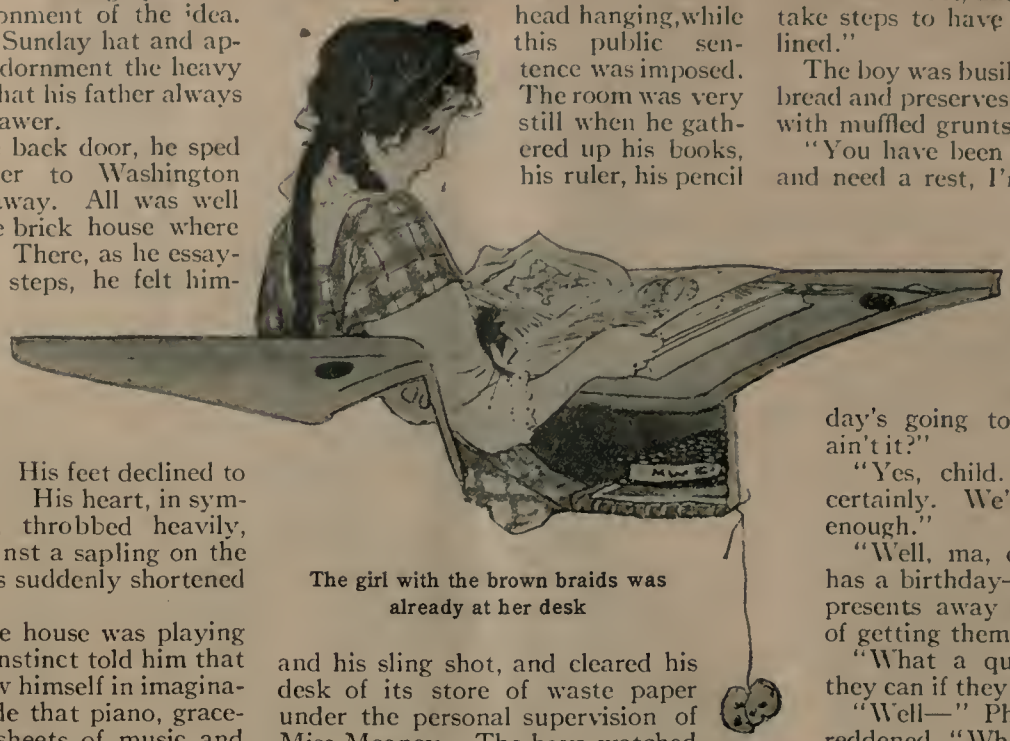
At this moment a bustle and clatter arose across the way. Philip looked and beheld the form of Louie Born, illumined by the light from an open door. It was the home of Milly James and Louie was entering with an elaborate bow. The light vanished. Louie was inside.

Philip groaned aloud as he started slowly homeward. Not for him was the debonair assurance of Louie Born. The glad greetings that were showered upon Louie everywhere were denied him, and the social graces that he felt were concealed in his bosom must forever stay there, imprisoned. He crept into the house by the back way and retired at once to unhappy dreams.

The following day Philip was suspended from school.

"You may tell your father," Miss Meaney said impressively, "that you may not return until Monday."

The culprit stood before his class, his head hanging, while this public sentence was imposed. The room was very still when he gathered up his books, his ruler, his pencil and his sling shot, and cleared his desk of its store of waste paper under the personal supervision of Miss Meaney. The boys watched him to note any symptoms of collapse and tears. Two or three of the girls cried, but this afforded him little satisfaction. These same girls always cried when anything untoward happened. When he had done, he strode, very erect, into the hall, and as a parting defiance slammed the door.



The girl with the brown braids was already at her desk

A few minutes later he stalked into his home, and gloomily laid his outfit upon a chair. His mother looked up from the low stool where she sat darning.

"Why, Philip, dear!" she said, a worried line appearing in her brow. "Are you ill?"

"I've been suspended," said Philip abruptly.

The mother hurriedly arose, dropping her lapful of stockings on the floor, and stood before him, her hand upon his coat sleeve.

"Was there—did anybody—just tell me about it, if you can," she said, her lips trembling at the corners.

Her face cleared, though, as the boy stumbled through his tale. He related the episode in full, except for that portion having to do with the little girl in plaid.

"Well!" said his mother at the end. "Philip, I always feared that teacher would cause you trouble! I thought when I first saw her that she had a very unpleasant face."

She bustled about the kitchen for a brief time, and produced a dish of preserves, a loaf of bread with raisins imbedded in it and a glass of lemonade.

"Now, you eat this, and I'm sure you'll feel better, dear," she said. "When your father comes home I'll tell him all about it, and very likely he will take steps to have the teacher disciplined."

The boy was busily stowing away the bread and preserves, and answered only with muffled grunts.

"You have been working very hard and need a rest, I'm sure," added his mother.

He finished the last of his luncheon and wiped his mouth on the back of his hand.

"Say, ma," he said, "next Tuesday's going to be my birthday, ain't it?"

"Yes, child. You know that, certainly. We've talked about it enough."

"Well, ma, does anybody that has a birthday—do they ever give presents away themselves instead of getting them?"

"What a question! I suppose they can if they care to. Why?"

"Well—" Philip hesitated, and reddened. "What I was wondering was, if I got a job and made some money while I'm out of school, could I buy a present with it?"

The mother ran her fingers through his tousled hair.

"Certainly, dear," she said affectionately. "If you want to give a little remembrance to your papa or me, or to any of your little schoolmates, you may do it."

He wasted no time in further parley but went away at once.

On the main street of the village, directly across from the post office, the Gem Candy Kitchen exhibited delicacies for sale. Each grocery store in Crayville possessed a small glass showcase in which peppermints, "sour drops" and dubious chocolates were displayed, but only the Gem Candy Kitchen offered sweets in boxes tied with gold cord for the fastidious. Children coming from school were accustomed to compress their noses against the window glass to inspect the treasures on view within, and for this reason the windows owned a semi-opaque streak running clear across the two big panes and illustrating the various heights to which the noses of school children may rise.

Philip halted before this treasure house and entered upon a study of its contents. As he stood in contemplation, the fat proprietor set a new enticement in his window. It was an ornate box with beautiful flowers on it and more than the usual quantity of gold cord. A slip of paper was

attached, with the following legend: "These Elegant Paris Bon Bons, 75c."

The boy gazed long and wistfully. No boy in Crayville ever had possessed such a marvel, to his knowledge. Neither had any of the girls, he concluded. It was the custom at Christmas time for parents to bestow copious supplies of candy of the jaw-breaker variety upon their offspring, and most of the children had pennies, or even a nickel now and then, to expend for licorice and peppermints. These Paris Bon Bons, however, were something beyond childhood's wildest dreams.

There was the light of a great resolve in his eye when he turned away. A furniture and undertaking establishment was immediately next door, and with determined step he marched inside. During his interview with the proprietor he kept his head averted from that portion of the stock in trade that stood on trestles in the rear, and had shiny silver handles. He was even a little glad when he was informed that no boy was needed there. Those coffins had a grisly look.

He fared no better at the dry-goods store, nor in the Crayville Shoe Emporium. The demand for small boys was practically non-existent, he was told. As a last resort, he headed for Wamley's grocery store. Wamley sold flour and vegetables and other supplies to Philip's mother, and he might be influenced by a threatened withdrawal of trade to offer employment to the son.

The menace, however, was not needed. Wamley bade him welcome with unfeigned delight. He explained that though Philip was clearly not good for much he would do to fill the place of the boy who had deserted that very morning, and that he might work until abler help could be secured. He immediately loaded a basket of potatoes into Philip's arms, and ordered him to begin assorting them.

He gasped and gulped at the sweet-faced little girl who appeared before him

A tired, disheveled and very dirty small boy returned home that night, and sank limply into a chair. A streak of flour adorned his coat, and a crushed tomato lent gay color to his streaked shirt front. His trousers were torn, and a long scratch crossed his cheek.

His mother uplifted her hands in horror.

"Philip!" she exclaimed. "Whatever is the matter? Where have you been?"

"I got a job," said Philip. "I got a job at Wamley's."

"What do you mean, young man, by remaining away from your lunch?" demanded his father sternly.

The mother rushed at once to her boy's defense.

"Do let the poor child be," she said. "He is utterly exhausted. He needs his dinner, as soon as I can wash him up."

At the table, somewhat restored, Philip recounted his adventures. He was relieved to find that his father had no comment to make on his suspension from school and in recognition of this tacit forgiveness he opened the recital with his engagement by Wamley, omitting mention of his earlier trials and disappointments.

The philanthropic grocer had employed him as assistant at the rate of twenty-five cents a day, he explained. The job consisted in cleansing the floor and show cases as often as required, moving lighter articles about the store, picking out decayed vegetables and throwing them away, polishing apples on his coat sleeve and piling them neatly and rendering himself useful in divers other ways.

"And Saturday night, when I get through," he concluded, "I get seventy-five cents, right down in hard cash. He said so."

"Looks like pretty slim pay for all that work," observed his father. "That shirt you've spoiled is worth more than that, let alone your suit."

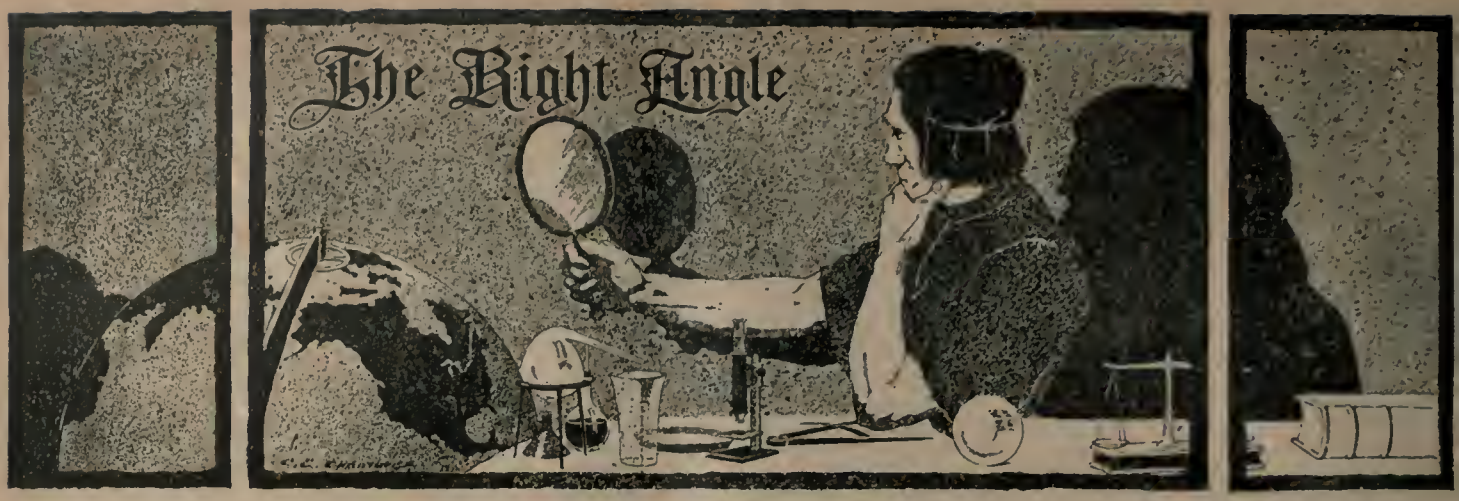
"I can wear it to do chores in around the house," defended Philip.

"I guess," said the father, "that it won't suffer much further by the chores you do. I've carried in the coal myself all week."

Philip avoided reply by filling his mouth with pudding. His eyes were already blinking drowsily, and before the meal was over he had fallen fast asleep in his chair. His father carried him to bed, where the mother undressed him and tenderly tucked him in.

Friday and Saturday were exceeding long. With aching back and trembling limbs Philip tumbled boxes of oranges and lemons in and out of the store, pried with hatchet and chisel at crates that

Continued on page 226.



WHAT "IMMORTAL" MEANS.

IT is a lamentable fact that to many readers, especially the young, the knowledge that a certain book is immortal is no recommendation of it. They feel that they will be bored if they read it, and so arises the cynical description of a number of great books —those that every one has heard about and nobody reads. The reason, probably, is to be found in the meaning we attach to the word "immortal." We are told that Shakespeare is immortal, for instance, and we interpret this to mean that Shakespeare will always live. But the fact that a poem or a story or a play written a couple of hundred years ago is likely to go on living for another couple of hundred years is unimportant beside the fact that it is living now. Thus Shakespeare is as fresh today as when the matchless plays were written. Let anyone pick up "Henry VIII.," for instance, and read the conversation of the London citizens who are watching the wedding procession of Anne Boleyn. Then let him stand on a street corner and watch a 20th Century procession, and listen to the chat that goes on around him. He may be astonished to find that men talked and thought in the days of Henry pretty much as men talk and think to-day. Afterwards he is likely to give a broader interpretation to the word "immortal."

CANADIAN HABITS.

AFTER a sojourn in polished England, the Canadian returning to Canada is sometimes shocked by the vulgarity of his native country. What is done smoothly and easily in the Old World is done boisterously and roughly here. What is graceful and quiet mannered in England is as likely as not to be self-conscious and noisy here. It is no sign of effeminacy or weakness to prefer Old World ways to New World ways; but neither is this vulgarity in our country anything to be ashamed of. In the first place it is a sign that we are developing our own kind of life. In the second place it is a mark of the inherent vigor and virility of our western world. We may be materialists but we are not as sensual as old world folk. We may seem self-conscious but we are really not half as egotistical as Europeans. We may not produce that rare and admirable specimen of the human kind—the public spirited aristocrat. Yet we may safely boast a higher general average of intelligence and well-being. If it were not for people of our sort the world would suffer from ingrown energy. The intricate urbanities of Old World learning, the squandering of energy on ineffable differences in scholarly points of view—these are rendered less harmful by the existence of our crude but energetic banalities. Let no one under-estimate the value of what Europe has given us. But let us not forget that our Canadian habits are wholesome and tend to keep the world sincere and practical.

AN INDIAN'S APPEAL.

AT a patriotic meeting in New York recently, the words of Red Fox James, a Blackfoot Indian, aroused the audience to enthusiastic cheers. The passionate fervor of his poetic utterances give proof of a loyalty that is no meaningless, flag-waving thing, but the deep love of a country that was the land of the Indian before the white man brought civilization, with its attendant humiliation to the redskin. "From all over the West," he said, "we stand ready to spring to the saddle. We stand ready to protect the 1400 miles of border between the United States and Mexico—fifty thousand men who know a horse as no white man ever knew it; fifty thousand men who can live where no white man has ever lived; fifty thousand Indians who, when their hearts are in a cause, as our hearts are in this cause, will die for it! Call us to arms! Let us guard and fight for our country!" It speaks well for American justice to the Indian, that she has set the music of the Indian battle songs to such words as, "This is my own, my native land!"

MR. BEER AND FISH

EVERYONE should try to help G. Frank Beer in his new work. He is the public-spirited citizen who has undertaken a branch of the work of the Food Controller, Mr. Hanna. On Hanna's behalf Beer is to attempt to make us eat fish. He is assailing our long-established prejudice against this article of diet. He proposes to make us yearn for salmon steaks instead of beef, and grilled trout in place of mutton. Of course the people on our two coasts have not far to go in this matter. The maritime province Canadian who travels into central Canada, or across the plains, is continually bemoaning the absence of good fish from among the items on the menu. But the central Canadian pays no attention. Fish is a food that requires not only skill but fortitude on the part of the kitchen staff. It does not always reach our side-doors in the best of condition and on top of that there is always the risk of untutored cooking. Mr. Beer must do something to improve the shipping facilities for sea and lake fish to our inland towns. He must break down our lurking suspicion that these fish are "old" simply because they have come a long way. Then, we suggest, he should take steps to have our kitchen assistants educated in the art of preparing the little swimmers. No one is going to eat fish out of a mere sense of duty to the Empire. The palate knows no patriotism.

SHOCKING SAINT PAUL.

THE Anglican synod of the Diocese of Huron has decided to admit women to its vestries, thus ending, by an almost unanimous vote, an agitation of years. And in Winnipeg, recently, a certain Mrs. Hamilton, public-spirited student of social and political reform, spoke, on "the intelligent use

of the vote" from a "Church-of-England-Church" pulpit. St. Paul, poor bachelor, must truly turn in his grave many a starry night, in these days of women's emancipation. Women have showed such a wonderful capacity for church work, such a genius for organization, not only in their activities in aid of missions, but in keeping animatedly alive, various societies connected with the church, and consequently the church itself; that their having no voice in church policy has always seemed to the most conservative woman a grave injustice. However, we judge that many male Anglicans will be shocked to the deepest depths of their conservative souls at the bare idea of a woman in the pulpit; and, speaking on a secular subject at that. They will quote vaguely, and more-or-less correctly, various St. Paulisms; and expect people, especially the women of their own immediate families, to be convinced. But after all, a member of the sex doomed to wear skirts, may have as great and Christian a message to deliver, as one of the sex glorified by trousers; and the church will, perhaps, come into closer touch with the home, if laws for the home's protection be conceived within her doors.

KEEP OFF THE GRASS.

THE London Times, in recent "Finance After the War" articles, has been writing of schemes that, in the light of colonial history, do not look altogether good to democratic colonials! It is altogether too reminiscent of the Rhodesian conception of colonization. Indeed the New Empire Resourses Development Company came into being in the offices of the Rhodes Trust, and its chairman is Sir Starr Jamieson, president of the Rhodesian Chartered Company. The idea is to promote the vast undertaking of developing colonial property under the shelter of a state monopoly. The Evening Post of New York comments on the situation in these words: "This plan destroys the principle that British relationship to the dependencies should be based upon service to, not exploitation of, the countries; that the empire is not an estate to be worked for the enrichment of commercial interests in England but a trust to be administered for the welfare of its inhabitants. The new policy is not a new one, after all. It is a revival of the old policy which brought such disaster and shame to Spain and to the Congo State." This development company speaks of developing 200,000,000 acres of Canadian land. Perhaps it would be best for the British government to try the experiment at home, expropriating the private estates and mineral deposits owned at present by some of the members of that very New Empire Resources Development Company!

ELECTION SHADOWS

ELECTIONS sometimes clear the air, but clearing the air is useless unless it serves to reveal the real will of the people. There is not a little danger that the will of the Canadian people may be thoroughly obscured in this next contest between the parties. It is up to the honest citizen to guard against this probability. Unless the politicians show an unexpected cleanness of heart this is about what will happen: English-speaking Canada will be asked to vote against this man or that man because he is somehow related to French-speaking Canada—and therefor to be condemned out of hand! French Canada will be similarly incited against the rest of Canada. Then too, the Borden Government will be blamed for the alleged sins of Sir Sam Hughes, and the Liberals for the alleged sins of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Grand Trunk Pacific. All these things are beside the point—have little or nothing to do with the main issue. That main issue is, competent government! Never mind the past of either of the parties. Neither has anything to boast about. Both should be ashamed of some of their acts. Don't vote for the baby-kissers and the men who try to move you by an appeal to your religious or racial feeling. Don't vote as an Englishman or an Irishman or a Scotchman or a French Canadian, but as a Canadian who is thoughtful of the interests of his own country. Don't accept a candidate chosen by your party organization for party services rendered in the past, unless he is a good staunch citizen as well. We people of Canada have sent too many men to Parliament whose only qualification was paw-wagging and easy-speech. Remember: some of the best men are poor speech-makers.

TOM THOMPSON

FEW Canadians knew Tom Thompson. Very few had seen his pictures even though one of them hangs in the National Gallery at Ottawa. His death by drowning in Algonquin Park—his favorite sketching haunt—gave greater publicity to his name than it hitherto had had. Yet Tom Thompson was one of our great men and future generations will look into his pictures, wherever they may hang, with something more than mere artistic interest. He was one who fulfilled the first function of art by Seeing, and the second by Feeling, and the third by clear and beautiful presentment. There will be a great many Tom Thompson's before Art comes into its own in this new country of ours. There are in fact a great many of them already—quiet, thoughtful modest men who live—let us admit it at once—precariously, but enjoy beauties which, but for them we might never see. We are often tempted to be impatient with art in the midst of our struggling practicalities, but it is a mood we must overcome. For art, as we know but often forget, ministers to the spirit and the spirit is, after all, what keeps us going against odds. Tom Thompson built no railways and founded no banks, inspired no university convocation and swayed no electorate. But on bits of board or canvass measurable in inches, he reproduced the glory of our Canadian wilderness, the sunshine of Heaven, the Majesty of nature.

PRACTICAL PATRIOTISM

CANADA still contributes a good many men to picture shows, vaudeville and base ball games. We don't say they ought not to be there, for we take the stand that no one knows just what reasons a man may have for not being Overseas—reason which are not as apparent as his nose. We do take the stand, however, that when he is given an opportunity for expressing his patriotism in a practical way, he ought to "show us." He ought to show us as convincingly as when he goes to the League games, the vaudeville and the movies. Otherwise, some of us are apt to doubt.

The Government Departments at Ottawa are giving an extra week's vacation to the Civil Servants who will take their holidays now and spend them on farms. This is the Government's gentlemanly way of urging our men to relieve the labor situation and to assist in keeping food prices at something approaching normal next winter. Did we live in Germany—which heaven forbid!—we would not be invited (courteously) to cooperate with the Government in a matter of this kind, we would be ordered to do so. It will be a pity if the appeal is not met by a hearty and conscientious response. For if it is not, we will be but proving ourselves unworthy of courteous treatment and putting ourselves in the class of those people who have to be driven. We have always resented interference with our personal liberties, and we probably would dislike intensely to be compelled to carry a pitch fork each morning of our vacation.

We, who purpose taking advantage of the Government suggestion, merely suggest that it is much pleasanter to carry one over our shoulders by the voluntary method, than to walk in front of one by the involuntary method.

Save For Export

AN INTERVIEW WITH FOOD CONTROLLER HON. W. J. HANNA

By R. Goldwin Smith

Illustrated from Photographs

THE HON. W. J. HANNA, FOOD CONTROLLER OF CANADA.

Mr. Hanna was but a week in his new office before he had developed well-organized plans by which the people of the Dominion should save food for export. The new Food Controller is a man of wide experience, as a lawyer, politician and practical business man.

THE imperative duty before the people of Canada is to feed Great Britain and our European Allies. It cannot be done unless every man, woman and child in the Dominion joins with this office in service to the Canadian Division at the front and the armies and the peoples of the Entente. Without such service the food position will be desperate. Are the people of Canada to fail where success may mean victory or defeat?

"The food shortage of Britain and the European Allies, and the food to supply the armies of Canada and the United States must be wholly provided on this side of the Atlantic. Russia, itself on rations, cannnot come to the assistance of Britain, France, Italy or Belgium. War has closed the Dardanelles and the Baltic, and blocked the supply routes of this greatest wheat producing country in the world. There is a big drop in the exports of wheat in the Argentine, total exports in one week of June amounting to only 19 per cent. of the amount exported the same week a year ago. Shortage of ocean tonnage has largely closed the distant markets and the Allies look to Canada and the United States for the wheat of the Argentine, of Australia, New Zealand, India, Egypt and South Africa. On the basis of normal consumption, it is estimated, that Canada and the United States will only have 300,000,000 bushels of wheat for export this year. Great Britain and the Allies require 460,000,000 bushels. Our home consumption must be reduced by a third. As it is with wheat, so with beef and bacon. Tremendous quantities of fish, cheese, beans, canned and evaporated foods and other commodities are also required from the Dominion.

"To feed the Allied armies and nations, the men and women of Canada must pledge themselves to maximum production, the elimination of waste and the largest possible consumption of perishable foodstuffs. The shortage in ocean tonnage makes it essential that easily storeable foods should be released for export. To release such food supplies Canada must live more on its perishable products. Fruits and vegetables, in their season, must be the country's foods to the greatest possible extent.

"The children of Belgium are crying for food. Serbia has been overrun by the enemy. Much of France has been laid waste. Ten nations of the world are on rations. Sixty million workers have been withdrawn from productive pursuits for war activities. The food situation is threatening. It may be disastrous. The men, women and children at home must make sacrifices for the soldiers who are daily sacrificing themselves for them. Canada cannot desert her Divisions or the armies and peoples of her Allies. Every individual is under a direct war obligation of food service, and such service is essential to victory."

So many offices have been created in Canada as a result of a state of war, so many committees have been organized and so many campaigns launched, that the wayfaring man would be confused, if it were not for the fact that he is vitally concerned. What then is this latest creation, namely the office of Food Controller? What is the function of such an official, that it has been deemed expedient to appoint so able and experienced a counsellor as the Hon. W. J. Hanna, lawyer, politician and practical business man to fill the

post? Mr. Hanna's chief function in the capacity of Food Controller is to find ways and means of making up for an impending shortage of wheat, beef and bacon, of which our European Allies will be in absolute need before the North American crops of 1918 are harvested.

Mr. Hanna put one of the objectives of his campaign in a sentence when he said that the total need of wheat for the Allies and neutrals in Europe during the coming twelve months will be 1,105,000,000 bushels. The estimated production of wheat in these European countries this year will be 645,000,000 bushels. For the residue, that is 460,000,000 bushels, Europe must depend entirely on Canada and the United States, as the surplus wheat of other outside countries is not available. Now the estimated exportable surplus in Canada and the United States above normal domestic requirements during the coming year will be 300,000,000 bushels. There will be a shortage of wheat necessary for export, therefore of 160,000,000 bushels which must be made up.

"But why," some will ask, "has it been necessary to appoint food controllers in the United States and Canada to solve such a problem? Why should the recently appointed grain commissions not perform that function?" The answer is that no grain commission can supply 160,000,000 bushels (or one bushel) of wheat that do not exist. Then how can any official supply this wheat? By finding ways and means by which the people of Canada and the United States will consume 160,000,000 bushels less wheat than is absorbed under normal conditions.

It will be seen, therefore, that the office is one of the most vital created in connection with the war. It is important, because the allied soldiers in the trenches will certainly go hungry, if that 160,000,000 bushels is not forthcoming. It is fortunate that so efficient a man as Mr. Hanna was available for the post, because he has one of the most difficult and delicate tasks that ever faced a government official. It is difficult, because the success of the enterprise depends largely on the voluntary support of every family in the Dominion. Almost absolute powers have been vested in Mr. Hanna, in the way of food control. He can regulate as he sees fit the distribution, price and consumption of all foods. If every family in every community strictly follows his advice, however, in the matter of regulating the consumption of food, Mr. Hanna's problem will be readily solved. Doubtless it will not be left altogether in the hands of individual families, but their wholehearted co-operation is urgently needed.

Canada is not alone in this "Food Control" propaganda. The enterprise is well under way in the United States. In Mr. H. C. Hoover the United States government has chosen as Food Controller one of the brainest men and best organizers in that country. Mr. Hoover and Mr. Hanna are co-ordinating their forces and are working for exactly the same ends.

To the people of the United States and Canada it may appear rather a hard fortune that they are asked to retrench in respect to their bill-of-fare. Our Allies in Europe are doing it and have done so for a year or more. Fortunately it will not be necessary for the people on this side of the Atlantic to eat less. All we are urged to do is to a small extent use substitutes for wheat-foods, beef and bacon. That should not prove a hardship, in view of the fact that we have an abundance of other foods at our disposal. Why should Europe not take these substitutes? one may ask. The answer is that many of our substitutes are perishable, while others are too cumbersome to export under prevailing, tight ocean shipping conditions. For export purposes, wheat, bacon and beef, especially the two first named, are the most useful.

Theoretically the solution of the Food Controller's problems is simple. There are 110,000,000 inhabitants in the United States and Canada. If each person ate four ounces less of wheat-foods each day, in twelve months time the 160,000,000 bushels of wheat would be made up. In order to contribute our share of this, the people of the Dominion must save at least 12,000,000 bushels of wheat. Canadians consume on the average about six bushels of wheat each per annum. That is a high average compared with other nations. We could make up the shortage of 160,000,000 bushels if each one of us used 1½ bushels less per annum. That is, we would have to be content to use one-third less wheat-foods each day, throughout the year. Surely that is an easy task when we Canadians have as substitutes at hand cornmeal, oatmeal, rye and barley bread and non-wheat breakfast foods. That ,at any rate, is our task. There are various ways of accomplishing it.

In regulating the family diet several important factors must be kept in view. There are certain things that children must have. These include milk and fats of various kinds. Most so-called luxuries are usually withheld from children, for the sake of their health. If instead of denying the children staples, therefore, we adopted more closely their bill-of-fare, and ate one-third wheat-foods and the "proscribed" meats each day, not only would the impending needs of our European Allies be provided for, but the cost of living would be less. Any one, for instance, who has not tasted Canadian Pacific Coast halibut is advised to try the experiment. This salt water fish is delicious, firm as steak and is nourishing and reaches Toronto in excellent condition. Probably in connection with the fish industry, compulsion might prove advisable, in order that fish in large quantities may reach the consumer in first-class condition, at reasonable prices.

Another field covered by the Food Controller where compulsion might have a remedial effect would be in regard to the menus of hotels, railways and steamships. It is considered that bills-of-fare are needlessly elaborate and, according to Mr. Hanna's views, the waste is enormous. A regulation providing for simple, wholesome meals could readily be made effective.

With regard to the fixing of prices of commodities, Mr. Hanna stated in Montreal recently that he would not hesitate to do this, if he found it advisable. He made the qualification, however, to the effect that the trade need not be alarmed, as no losses would be sustained by this means.

Mr. Hanna reports that he has received communications to the effect that bakings from darker grades of flour were dearer than the white-flour foods. This, he intimated, was a clear case against some of those who handled the commodity. It stands to reason that whole wheat flour should be cheaper than flour that is manufactured from only part of the wheat grain, because a much greater proportion of the wheat is used. Moreover, the milling process is less elaborate when handling the darker wheat flours. Mr. Hanna thinks that with regard to some commodities (he probably includes wheat and flour), it might be expedient to establish maximum and minimum prices.

Mr. Hanna plans to operate through a wide range of existing organizations and other organizations to be created for the purpose of directly serving his ends. Acting under the auspices and by the authority of the Federal government, he will cooperate with the Provincial governments, farmers' clubs, women's institutes, schools, Red Cross Societies, National and Local Councils, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, church societies, municipal bodies and publications. The ultimate objective is the family. Local units will be organized in every community and these will demonstrate methods of domestic economy, home canning and evaporating of perishable products in order that the exportable products may be released.

The canning of perishable products will be a special item in Mr. Hanna's campaign. It is important that every

The women of Canada can assist the food campaign in no more effective way than by canning perishable foods

available pound of perishable foods should be preserved. The propagation of this campaign will be carried to the canning companies. Arrangements will likely be made by which canned goods will get to the consumer from factories at reasonable prices.

Perhaps it is not generally known that carloads of ripe fruits have been destroyed on the Toronto wholesale fruit market for lack of buyers. Such an event will not recur with Mr. Hanna at the helm. Fruits have rotted on the trees in enormous quantities for lack of a market. This will be prevented as far as possible. Vegetables that will keep should be properly stored in the family cellar.

Less than a month has passed since Mr. Hanna assumed the office of Food Controller. Very little time elapsed before he had set the problems and in some measure methods for solving them before the people of the country. In succinct form the leading methods are as follows:

(1) Maximum production.

(2) The largest possible consumption of perishable feedstuffs in order to liberate the storable foods for transportation across the ocean.

(3) The adoption of war menus.

(4) The prevention of waste.

(5) The utilization and creation of organized volunteer bodies to assist the Food Controller in increasing and conserving the food supply.

With regard to production a movement was set on foot in the spring to assure the maximum food supply this season. Mr. Hanna has expressed himself as favorably impressed with results.

In a recent speech before the Canadian Club of Montreal, Mr. Hanna hinted that some form of compulsion may be resorted to, in sufficient degree to insure the requisite amount of the foods required for export.

If the people would consider the matter on a scientific basis, Mr. Hanna points out, they would see that by a careful selection of foods they could, without noticeable sacrifice, save one-third of the normal consumption. One means he suggests is to use vegetables and fish freely. Vegetables are available to all people in this country, and they would prove a healthy diet if used in greater abundance. As to fish, Canadian inland and coast waters abound in the choicest varieties in the world.

The Food Controller will see to it that there is no undue hoarding of commodities by the wholesale trade merely for higher prices. Every effort will be made to secure transportation facilities so that the producer and consumer will not hereafter exist far apart, as has been the case to too great an extent heretofore.

The availability of fish as an excellent substitute for beef and bacon has so strongly impressed the Food Controller that a special committee, national in scope, has been appointed to deal with the problem. Its first business will be to report on the feasibility of providing an ample supply of fresh water fish at reasonable prices to the consumers of central Canada, while at the same time granting legitimate returns to fishermen. The committee at present includes the following: Mr. G. Frank Beer and Mr. R. Y. Eaton, of Toronto, and Mr. F. S. Wiley, of Port Arthur. Each man is possessed of special qualifications for the work, the latter named being a practical fisherman.

Mr. Hanna says he will look first to individual committees to take up the work re-organizing our mode of living. It will require almost military law to enforce the proper regulations, unless our people see their patriotic duty and promptly go about it to inaugurate the changes. And it must be said that our people are taking up this great work in real earnest. For example, one of the larger women's clubs in Toronto has obtained pledges from its membership to institute meatless days and reduce the quantity of wheat foods served at their home tables. Cornmeal has already become the fashionable substitute for wheat flour. Lamb and veal have not been served in many of the leading clubs for weeks. If this sentiment continues to grow the "waster" will soon be as much of a social outcast as the food "profiteer."

Save for export! Mr. Hanna wants the word passed along. Explain that the boys in the trenches are involved in the situation. Mr. Hanna, himself, has not hesitated to describe the need as desperate. This question of food control is not merely an effort to take precautions in case of contingencies. An adequate amount of exportable food must be conserved, or our Allies, and through them ourselves, will suffer.

Politics and Politicians

SOME OF THE HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH
ON PARLIAMENT HILL

By Tom King

THROUGH the fog and vapour of political uncertainty, and above the eddies and cross currents of political manoeuvres, one coming event stands clearly outlined, and that is, that we are to have a general election in Canada. Up to the last moment many believed that the lifetime of Parliament would be again extended. They argued that when it came to the test Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the members of the Opposition would consent to another extension, or that the Government, with the assistance of the conscription Liberals, would pass the address praying for an amendment of the British North America Act by a majority vote. They were confident ,at any rate, that the extension resolution would carry by sixty majority—in place of a bare margin of twenty votes—and they took it for granted that Sir Robert Borden had some understanding with the British Government which would ensure the necessary legislation by the Imperial Parliament.

On June 17th the Prime Minister moved the resolution providing for an extension of the Parliamentary term in a speech remarkable for its fairness, its tone of conciliation, and its earnest appeal. He pleaded with the members of the House to unite in preventing the discord and disunion almost certain to attend upon a general election. He again offered to form a National or Union Government, and to withhold the enforcement of the coming conscription law until there had been another earnest and united effort to raise one hundred thousand volunteers. He warned the House, however, that the Government was not in the position of a suppliant, and that if there was to be any serious opposition to the proposed extension, they would confidently face an appeal to the people.

Election by December?

THAT many of the arguments which induced Parliament to extend its own life by unanimous vote a year ago are not to-day effective, Sir Robert was free to admit. The conscription bill has undoubtedly divided the House and the country. Much rancour and bitterness is evident which no coalition can cure, and many believe that more good than harm will result from a general election.

The date of the election has not, of course, been determined. It can scarcely be announced until the dissolution of Parliament. Parliament is by no means through its labours, for the conscription bill has yet to be passed, as well as an income tax, some railway legislation, and perhaps a federal franchise act. With the members anxious to get home and look after their fences, business may be greatly expedited, but unless there is a sudden dissolution few can figure out how the present session is to end before the first of September. Dissolution on September 1st would mean an election some time in December, because a great deal of time will be required to poll the votes of the soldiers and have them in the hands of the various returning officers from Cape Breton to the Yukon by election day. Hence it looks like a long-drawn out campaign, which may be said to have already commenced, and a campaign that promises to be unique in Canadian history.

Premier Martin, of Saskatchewan

Old Lines Broken

IN THE first place, we will scarcely have the old-time election between the two old parties in which every Province was a battlefield. In Quebec it is doubtful whether the Government will place any candidates in the field. The contest there will be between the followers of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the followers of Henri Bourassa, much as it was in 1911, but the attacks upon Sir Wilfrid personally will be less virulent. Indeed, if he leads the party he will probably carry nearly all the seats in his native Province, although a few Nationalists will undoubtedly be returned, including Mr. Bourassa himself.

In Ontario, on the other hand, the Liberal party will be largely eliminated. The Liberals in that Province will be as strongly committed to conscription as the Conservatives, and in many ridings there may be arranged acclamations. The dozen Ontario Liberal members who voted with the Government on conscription may well expect to be returned without opposition. Indeed there may be a coalition government, which will see that while conscription candidates are returned from Ontario, a certain proportion of them will belong, or at least until lately have belonged, to the Liberal party.

So far, so good. In the Maritime Provinces, where the old party lines are more tightly drawn, we may expect to see the old-time party fight, with Tories on one side and Grits on the other. A

Union Government will find little favor among the people down by the sea who take their politics very seriously, and carry political differences to a length which, to people in other parts of the country, seem incredible.

Grain Growers Dominate West

IN THE West, both the old parties will find themselves shoved to one side by the grain growers, who are with the Borden government on conscription and against it on nearly every other subject. The West, indeed, will have the key to the situation, and will probably make and unmake governments hereafter, with startling rapidity. In the next Parliament we will have the group system, rather than the two party system, and governments may change as frequently as they do in France, unless in some way there is formed a broad, able, national government that can fairly well command universal respect. But such a government will have to largely forget the old party divisions in Canada, and, to be truly "national" should have some following and support in the Province of Quebec.

Since our last review the provincial elections in Saskatchewan have come and gone with the triumphal return of the Martin government to power. Hon. Mr. Martin is a young man who went from the Dominion Parliament to the Premiership of Saskatchewan without any previous training or experience in provincial politics. He seems to have restored public confidence to an administration which, a year ago, was badly shaken. Indeed, his majority was so phenomenal that the politicians are at a loss to explain it. It is said that the foreign born voters without exception voted Liberal as a protest against conscription. Yet Premier Martin personally advocated conscription during the campaign, and all the Liberal members of the House from Saskatchewan voted for the conscription bill. The true explanation of the landslide is probably to be found in the fact that it is a victory for the grain growers rather than a victory for the Liberal party. Three of Mr. Martin's Cabinet Ministers are prominent in the farmers' organizations.

Debate Usual Stagey Affair

WHETHER or no conscription was the issue in Saskatchewan, it has certainly been the one issue before Parliament during the past six weeks. The debate upon the second reading of the bill may have seemed interminable to the country, and yet only about one-half of the members exercised their undoubted right to speak. The debate dragged at times, and now and then rambled, as all debates are bound to do, but on the whole it was of a high character. The arguments against conscription were mainly presented by the members from Quebec, and many of them necessarily addressed the House in French. Thus it may be that the reports of the debate in the English-speaking papers were, to some extent, of a one-sided character. On the closing night of the debate, for example, Mr. Cardin, of Richelieu, delivered a speech which greatly enthused all who were able to follow him, and even those who could not understand a word of it knew they were hearing a great oration; yet the Ontario papers probably contented themselves with saying that "Mr. Cardin and others followed in French," and let it go at that.

On the other hand, a number of the French-speaking members from Quebec were able admirably to express themselves in English. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. Charles Marcil, Mr. Lapointe of Kamouraska, and Mr. Pacaud, voiced the views of their province in classical English, and may be said to have fully presented the case against the conscription bill.

Upon the merits of the question we need express no opinion. No debate, in my recollection, ever changed a vote in the House of Commons, and probably, therefore, never changed a vote in the country.

Referendum Brought Slump

PROBABLY every member who voted on the second reading of the bill knew just how he was going to vote before the debate began. The slump in sentiment or change in opinion that undoubtedly took place among a certain number of members occurred in reference to the proposal to submit the bill to a plebiscite or referendum. This suggestion of a referendum did not come, in the first instance, from Sir Wilfrid Laurier. On the contrary, it was urged upon him as a good way out of a difficult situation by some of his English-speaking supporters from Ontario. It was at first specially pleasing to the Liberal members from the West, where the principle of initiative and referendum has been endorsed by both political parties at every provincial election for some time past. Manitoba has a statute providing for "direct legislation," which was, however, declared *ultra vires* by the Court of Appeals, and is now under scrutiny by the Imperial Privy Council. Saskatchewan passed a similar law some years ago, as also, I think, did the Province of Alberta. The grain growers at any rate, who are many of them American settlers from the Western States, make the referendum a cardinal plank of their political platform. The Laurier amendment itself was drawn by a sub-committee of thirteen Liberal members, of whom only five came from the Province of Quebec. It therefore seemed that although the Liberals would split badly on the conscription bill itself they might unite to support the referendum.

But when the vote came to be taken half the Ontario Liberals, and practically all of the Western Liberals lined up with the government. I do not think it was any speeches made in the debate which changed their views. They may have thought the thing over carefully, or they may have heard from their constituents. The fact remains, however, that a number of the members who recommend the Laurier amendment felt constrained in the end to vote against it.

Ontario and the West in Accord

THIS, then, was where the break came in the Liberal parliamentary party rather than upon the conscription bill itself. Perhaps so far as the West is concerned the break was, in any event, inevitable. The fact is that the Western people are growing less and less interested in the issues that divide our great political parties in Eastern Canada. Quite apart from the war and conscription the Western Provinces are ripe for a Western party, and a parliamentary group of their own, the members of which will attend the caucus of neither political party.

Criticism of Conscription Bill.

WHILE the politicians here take it for granted that the sentiment of the country is favorable to the principle of conscription they by no means agree in thinking that every candidate will be returned at the next election who runs as a conscription candidate outside of Quebec. The bill itself will be attacked from different angles in different localities. Hon. Frank Oliver has already declared that it falls too lightly on the Province of Quebec. He thinks that instead of causing Quebec to make up her delinquency in the past the measure will enable that Province to furnish even less than her proportionate quota in the future. Already there has been criticism as to the order in which the men are to be called out. As time goes on some unexpected defects will appear in the law, because no law has ever been drafted which does not disclose some absurdities or injustice in the course of administration. And there is also to be taken into account the people who talk conscription but vote the other way, and the people who are not talking at all but have some strong convictions on the subject. It is altogether likely, however, that a coalition government going to the country on the conscription issue would be returned by a good majority. How long such a government could hold together or how long it would receive the support of the House after the present emergency passes is another question.

Continued on page 216.

The Owner of 28 Above

By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated by W. B. Timlin

IT had "gone six" on the creeks, and the many whistles of the hoisting plants shrilly announced the fact. In all directions men could be seen coming up from the shafts, weary after their ten hour shift under-ground. Almost every nationality was represented in the motley crew—every profession, from faro dealer to Sky Pilot, their previous varied interests now merged in a common one—a search for the alluring gold.

Gradually separating himself from the crowd, Jack Denton walked slowly up the hill to his pretentious cabin. He was a veritable sour-dough having crossed the summit in '95 and having been in on every stampede from Fortymile to the Koyakuk. Just following the great Klondike discovery, he had staked on "28 above"—on Bonanza Creek—but he had been too restless to stay there and work his claim. Rather, he preferred to let it out on lays, while he roamed the country, unfettered. Then, one night, he met the Sunshine Kid, a music hall singer who was known and admired in every mining camp from Juneau to Nome. He fell desperately in love with her, courted and won her; and at last, having some real interest in life, Denton settled on "28 above" to work it. His labors were not unrewarded, for he took out rich pay dirt with almost every rise of the bucket.

When the Dentons' boy was born, they looked at one another and asked whether anything could ever mar their perfect happiness. But in the gold country, Life played strange tricks, offering as much or as little as she chose; and perfect happiness, lasting happiness, was as rare there as anywhere else abroad in the world. A good deal of misery was to creep into the cabin of Jack Denton, as he realized one morning upon receiving a dirty, grease-stained note, written in an almost illegible female hand. It read—

> Dere Jack,
>
> I aint ashamed to say I miss you something fearce. I aint never got ust to doin without you. If I thought you wuz happy, I wouldent care so bad, but wen I see you brakin your heart becose of what's goin on under your nose, and wen I see you that wuz so quick to hit the feller that needed hittin, lyin down now as meek as a doormat, I tell you Jack I cant bare it. Wont you come back ? Chuck the rest fer good. Beleve me, dere, its the onliest thing to do.

The note was unsigned but he knew its author. The reference to "What was going on under his nose' was also plain to him, and the knowledge was bitter. Some six months before, Denton had taken on as miner, a young Englishman, an Oxford graduate and a soldier of fortune who had tried his hand at everything from faro dealing to playing the piano in a music hall. The man was patently a gentleman and soon made himself popular both in the camp and in the best society of Dawson. His admiration for his employer's wife was immediate and open, and he set himself the task of persuading many of the Dawson elite to call upon Kate Denton who up to that time had been outside the pale of their visiting lists, by reason of her former profession. Conventional restrictions invade even mining country when the wives and daughters begin to come in from "the Outside." But Kate Denton soon proved her fitness to adorn the highest circles in a more convincing manner than might have been expected, considering her from the standard of the ordinary music hall artist, and Jack Denton was unspeakably grateful to the man who had made an opportunity for her to take what he considered to be her proper place in the community. Denton, himself, upheld a fanatical freemasonry amongst all classes; but for his wife, his views differed.

He had been neither happy nor at ease on the occasions when he accompanied her to social functions in the town, and so he drifted into the habit of asking Burnside to take her, while he gave or attended a stag party out on the Creeks. Kate and Burnside had so many things in common; they had their music; they had read the same books, had seen the same pictures, had enjoyed the same plays. Denton could not help admitting as he watched the two together, that there was an indescribable Something about them which made them seem far removed from the roughness—the ruggedness, perhaps—of a man like him, a man whose only claim to culture was a love of the beautiful and good, and a desire to "be square."

Fond of one another ? Of course they were. They made no secret of it to him or to any one else. Burnside seized openly, every possible excuse for spending his leisure with Kate Denton. And Jack felt that he could have throttled the demon of jealousy which whispered so insistently in his ear, had his wife's name not become the topic for common music hall gossip. As the Sunshine Kid, the breath of scandal had never touched Kate Ashton, and it frenzied her husband to realize that now, wearing the protection of his

name, its foul breath should smirch her.

Yet, *was* there any foundation for Mamie's ugly insinuation? He vehemently shouted a denial even while torturing pictures presented themselves before his mind. . . . pictures of the two at the piano, in the garden almost lost amongst the magnificent sweet peas which grew as high as Kate's golden head, . . had he been living in a fool's paradise, after all? What did they know—those other people—that he did not? He cursed himself for harboring such thoughts and told himself he did not believe them. Yet, knowing Kate, and how lovable she was and how beautiful, how could he help believing them? What was more natural than that Burnside should grow too fond of her . . . besides, they had so much in common, and they had—youth!

He did not blame them. It was no one's fault. He did not see red and want to kill anybody, save those who talked against Kate. But he wanted to ease the pain which was gnawing at his heart, with such intensity as to make him almost oblivious to his surroundings.

He stumbled against his own threshold without realizing how he got there, pushed open the door and entered the cabin. Kate stood with her back to him, playing with young Jack, but at the sound of his step, she rushed to meet him. Denton kissed her gently, looking for a fleeting instant hungrily into her lovely upturned face.

"The model was bust, after she was made," he thought to himself. "How's things?" he asked aloud.

"Fine," she answered gaily. "I've cooked the fattest, biggest, dandiest wild duck that ever flew up the creeks, and Togo never helped me a bit!"

The Jap cook smiled a confirmation of her words and proceeded to exhibit the delicacy for the boss' approval.

"And beside that I've worked like fury on my new dress," Kate went on, excitedly. "Togo had to unpin me at least a dozen times."

She laughed as she thought of her struggles with Togo whose taste did not run in the line of dressmaking, and Jack's abstracted smile passed unnoticed by her.

The following night — Valentine's Night — would mark an epoch in Kate's social progress. She had been invited, through Burnside's instrumentality, to the Arctic Brotherhood Ball, in Dawson; Burnshide, as usual, was going to take her, and the new gown was a matter of no small importance. Jack was not going; like many a real miner, he had a sneaking contempt for the fuss and flurry of polite functions—for himself. For his wife, they were the thing.

After dinner, from behind his book he watched her surreptitiously as she worked at her gown, marvelling that she could appear so natural with a shadow between her and the man she ought to love. It could n't be true; he began the senseless argument all over again, only to loosen the floodgates of poison and misery which were already drenching his soul.

Presently Kate looked up.

"I am going to turn in," she said. "To-morrow will be another busy day, and I don't want to be a wreck before I start. Are you coming, dear?"

"In a minute," he answered without looking at her.

She kissed him lightly and left the room. For a while he could hear her move about, and then all was still.

An uncontrollable restlessness took possession of him; he tried walking up and down the small room, but his very efforts to be noiseless irritated him further. He could not sit still, he could not read. Gradually, he edged, nearer to his well filled sideboard impelled thither by a demon he could not control. Before his marriage Denton had been more or less of a drinker, and was considered a bad man when in liquor on account of his prodigious strength. But he had been a teetotaller for almost three years, hardly conscious of a suspicion of thirst.

He met the Sunshine Kid, a music hall singer, who was known in every mining camp from Juneau to Nome

"I have held it down for all this time," he said falteringly, "I reckon I can do it, now."

He poured himself a full glass of whiskey and drained it. It seemed to quiet him for the moment, although the idea of sitting alone with his thoughts, or even trying to sleep frenzied him. So he put on his coat and cap, let himself out noiselessly, and descended the steep incline to his claim. Arrived there, he found the night crew busily hoisting dirt out of the shaft.

"How's she going, Antoine?" he asked his night foreman.

"Purty good, Jack, purty good," replied the other with the easy familiarity of master and man in the camp. "I panned joost now and get five cent."

Denton nodded and turned toward the building he called his office.

"Good God," he breathed, "if this keeps up, there'll be a million in the dump by the time the water runs! A million for—" he stopped abruptly, and a dull flush mounted to his face. What use would he have for a million without Kate? By spring she might have gone to the "Outside" forever.

With an oath which was more of a groan than a curse, he unhooked the receiver of his telephone.

"Give me the Forks," he said—a busy little town at the junction of the Eldorado and the Bonanza creeks, about two miles distant.

"That you Dennis? Is this the night of your grand opening?"

"Why, hello, Jack!" came a surprised voice over the wire. "No, that's on for to-morrow. Hope you'll turn loose and join us.'"

"Maybe!"

"Well, I say, Jack, what's the matter with comin' over for a little toot right now? We've got a nice little game goin' in No. 7, and you're not too rusty, I take it, to sit in."

"I'll come over for a couple of rounds," Denton heard himself say, and hung up the receiver.

A half hour's brisk walk brought him to the Gold Hill road house, a pretentious wooden structure presided over by the most popular boniface in the Country—Dennis Sugrue, who had ridden to hounds in the Emerald Isle.

"Ach," said the latter, "tis a sight for me old age, to see you, me bye! When I told them up stairs you were coomin' they all but dhropped dead! 'Tis like one of the ghosts walkin' in on us,' they said."

Jack laughed.

"I'm a fairly healthy spirit," he said. "And speaking of spirits, shoot me a drink, Denny, and make it good and strong."

"Not off the wagon, Jack?" asked Dennis with no effort at concealing his surprise. His thoughts, at once reverted to "Sunshine" whose sincere

Dropping his weapon he struck fiercely at Jack's face as the latter sank unconscious to the floor

admirer he was and always had been.

"Oh, there's no danger! Come on, old nurse, I'm cold!"

He tossed off the drink in a gulp, laughed again and made his way upstairs. Sugrue looked after him, with a frown. He heartily regretted asking him over to the hotel.

As Denton opened the door of No. 7, a roar of welcome greeted him.

"Why, Jack, I thought you'd taken to knittin' in the evenin's," said the Skipper. "Give us your flipper, mate!"

"It's a long time we don't see you, Jack," volunteered little Joe Barette. "*Comme ca ca?*"

Squid Kent, rather an outsider in "the gang" was playing, and his greeting amounted to nothing more than a grunt. It was so noticeable that Joe in an access of joviality rose and with a flourish of his graceful hands, introduced the two men.

"Meester Denton," he said, "'Ave you mek de acquaintance of Meester Kent?"

At another time this would have been funny, but Jack was not in a mood for jokes. He answered Squid's nod with another quite as surly and gave his attention to the game. At frequent intervals he drank with the rest of the party, but nothing seemed to touch the sore spot he was trying to ease. By midnight he had about a thousand dollars on the table, in velvet.

"At half-past, I quit, boys," he said. "Take all you can away from me before then."

Each of the players had, by good luck, followed his suggestion except Squid Kent, when the half hour struck, and as Denton rose, he pushed him back in his chair.

"You don't go, yet!" he cried. "You've got too much of my money to walk off at this stage of the game! Why, my luck's just beginning to turn."

"Take your hand off me!" Denton's voice was almost gentle, but the others looked at him with sudden apprehension.

"Take your hand off me, and if you can't lose like a man, why you had better play old maid with the kids. I said I was going at half-past and going, I am."

"Sure, Jack," agreed the Skipper, finding his wits among the fumes of tobacco and whiskey. "Run right along and we'll give Squid another chanet, if he dont act up, none."

"Is it all right with the rest of you?" Denton asked, rising slowly and looking round the table.

An affirmative chorus, uttered with so evident a tone of sincerity that it could not be doubted, answered him. Without a glance at Kent, he left the room. He stopped at the bar on his way out, and hurried home through the cold, still night.

Regularity was one of Denton's strong points and seven o'clock found him at the claim. When he went home to breakfast, Kate was waiting for him, fresh and sweet as always. If she noticed anything unusual in his looks or manner, she said nothing.

The day passed uneventfully, Kate

working at her costume, Jack at the mine. Toward evening, however, his telephone rang and a woman's voice came over the wire.

"That you, Jack ?. . . . . My, but it's good to hear your voice, again."

"Oh, it's you, Mamie !"

"Say, I heard you cut loose and was over at Denny's last night. Are you comin' to-night, Jack ?"

" 'Fraid not, Mamie."

"Why ain't you ? *Please* ! It's his opening, and won't happen again. Won't you come for old times sake ?"

"Can't do it, Mamie, old girl. You know that's all done with now."

"Jack," she begged, "if I promise never to ask you again, will you see me this once ?"

" 'Fraid not," he repeated doggedly. "Take some other fellow."

She laughed harshly and rang off. Denton stared unseeingly at the mouthpiece and frowned. In his bachelor days he had been one of the most confirmed habitues of the dance halls, but since his marriage he had not been inside one. He had been dissipated and riotous, as is the case with nearly all strong characters, in pioneer life; he had had his friends amongst the "soiled doves," but they had not left their mark upon him, and he had appreciated all the more, the sweetness which Kate Ashton, the Sunshine Kid, had brought into his home. What would there be left for him, he wondered dully, after Kate and Burnside went away—for go some day they would he knew. What would there be left ? Nothing but drink and Mamie ? He rose heavily and went to the door, just as little Joe Barette passed.

"Hello," called the Frenchman. "Get home all right ?"

"Sure ! Did Squid come out even ?" asked Denton, with an ugly look.

"I should say not. But don't you get a mad on him, Jack, he is no good !"

"He didn't bother *me*, Joe. But I don't like seeing him around."

"Look at my horse," said the other, dodging away from an unpleasant subject. "I bring her from the 'Outside,' and fast—you give her some hay and some oats, and if she don't run to de Forks by two hour I give you to her !"

"Some horse," called Jack, as the other drove on.

Joe was going to the Forks; all the world was going to the Forks except that part of it which was going to Dawson. Denton turned back to the office long enough to take a deep pull at his flask—something he had been doing with regularity all day—then climbed the hill to his cabin. Kate was gathering up a litter of lace and silks as he entered, and she came to him with her arms full, to be kissed.

He evaded the caress upon a flimsy pretext and disappeared into his room; when he emerged a few minutes later, he had himself under good control and talked quite easily and naturally to his wife.

Some of the boys say that Kate should have noticed his condition, but those who knew the circumstances best argue that Jack Denton was no weakling whose half a dozen drinks turned his eyes to bleary pools, his speech to tangled words and his step to a doddering totter. Any way, having never given her cause for suspicion, he was not the object of Kate's constant and keen observation, in the way that a hard drinker would have been—and then, she was all excitement and flurry about the night's fun. So she noticed nothing, except that it was time for her to dress, and jumping from the table she got into her holiday costume.

"How do I look, Mr. Denton ?" she asked, as she stood before him and swept him a courtesy.

Jack gasped. Wearing a gown of some shimmering stuff, the like of which he had never seen, low cut and showing her beautiful figure to perfection, with her rich brown hair coiled high and fastened with a sparkling ornament—one of his own gifts to her—her face glowing with healthy happiness and a bit highly colored with the excitement of the anticipated Ball, Denton realized that his wife was a sight to make men catch their breath !

"You'll do, by G—!" he muttered hoarsely. And precisely at that moment Burnside stamped into the room.

"It's no mild night !" he said after going into flattering raptures in his own inimitable fashion over his companion. "I almost hate to take such a precious charge out on such a night ! It must be fifty below."

Kate laughed.

"One would think I had never been out in fifty weather before ! Why, I drove to Gold Bottom from Dawson one night when it was sixty below and didn't mind it at all."

"That was the night old Jim Turner was dying and wanted to hear you sing once again, wasn't it ?" asked the Englishman softly. "I heard the men telling about it."

Kate flushed. "I didn't know you knew anything about it," she said. "It was nothing. Togo, bring the hot bottles for our feet !" Then to her husband who came outside to tuck her into the seligh. "You poor, dear boy, at home, here, all by your self ! I feel like a perfect pig to leave you ! Will you be lonely Jack, ?"

"By no means," he answered with bravado. "I'll manage first rate. Stay to the finish, is my motto; be sure to see the whole affair !"

Burnside and his companion had driven but a short distance when it became apparent that the temperature was steadily dropping. In spite of furs and bottles the icy wind sought out the most unprotected spots and made them ache. Suddenly Burnside said,

"I say, Kate, I am afraid we will have to run in to '60' for a few minutes. One of my hands is freezing."

"Oh, Frank ! Give me the reins ! Yes, I can," she argued. "I can drive very well that far. It *is* cold !"

They drove up to the road house—a place where Kate had never been, and which did not bear the reputation of the Gold Hill,—and were soon standing in front of the large air-tight stove with which those places were always equipped.

"A couple of hot drinks, quick !" called Burnside as the proprietor hurried forward. His hand was only just touched, though quite painful. Kate held it in both her own and was rubbing it gently when the door of a side room opened and a handsome, dissipated blonde came forward.

"Good Lord, Frank, you here ! I didn't know you !" she said. "Will you folks join me an' my friend in a little drink ? We're just havin' one."

"No thanks, Mamie," said Frank shortly stepping between the woman and Kate.

The action was so obvious that Mamie's face flamed in sudden anger. "All right, then, don't !" she called, and slammed the door.

Inside the room, she turned to her companion. "Strike me dead, for a liar, Squid, if that wasn't Jack's woman with Burnside—in this here place ! An' to think that doll took him away from me ! Damn her !" "Didn't you

Continued on page 218.

A New Pedlar

For many years one of the most popular features of CANADA MONTHLY was the department, *The Pedlar's Pack*, directed by "Kit", who, under this familiar pen name, endeared herself to readers, especially to women, throughout the Dominion.

In this issue the department is resumed under the direction of "Raggs", another Canadian woman journalist, whose writings are attracting increasing interest.

The First Icelander

By Nan Moulton

Decorations by Frederic M. Grant

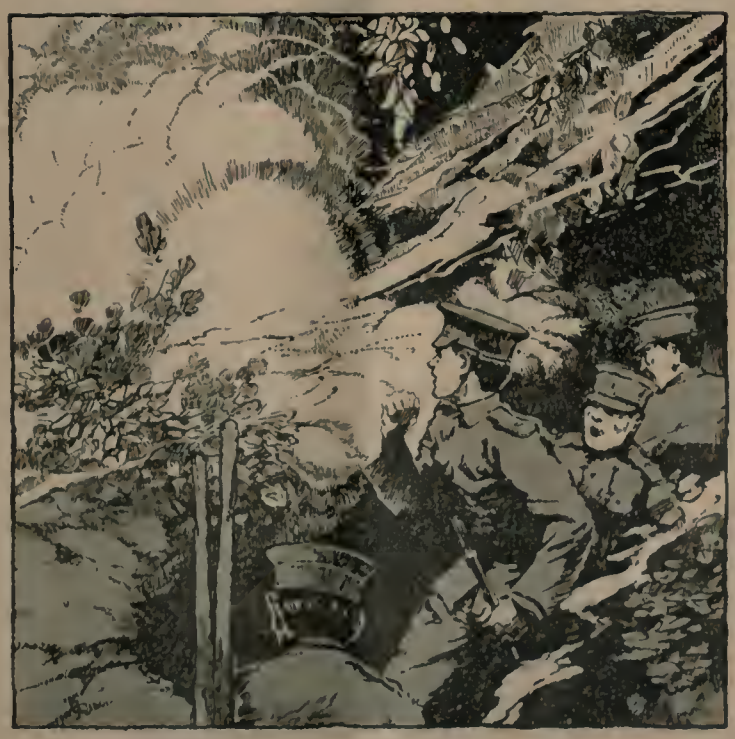
IT was just before the news of Ypres and the pitilessly lengthening casualty lists, that Mickey with a blur before his humorous Celtic eyes handed in at my door a clipping, "Halli Marteinsson dangerously ill at Le Touquet with a gun-shot wound in his head." The paper had him aged forty-nine, and Mickey said with a ragged little laugh that you never could tell about these blond people. Then he went away precipitately, Halli was only nineteen.

To-day there is a two-column headline display—"First Icelander to give his life for the country of his adoption"—a meagre detail or two, and a picture of a fair, young soldier rounder-faced than we had known him, shy-eyed, with heavy brows and a sweet young mouth.

They are talking of him through the offices, a quiet sentence or two, a pitiful exclamation and silences. It is the wordless pause one hears loudest.

For the first time since war broke out, I am sitting here seeing red. A good kid, Halli, who worked away pleasantly out there in the office and never hurt anybody in his life all gone out. And why? It is cold and rainy here, the leaves just racing out. Next week there will be blossoms on the wild plum. Lilacs are hinting. And little Halli, funny and devil-may-care, his letters of a drollery unsuspected while he was here, buried hurriedly away from the Spring, a hideous gun-shot wound across his blond young head.

My little office is in the centre of the other offices, with windows between opened high up for legendary ventilation, and my outlook on life is diversified and my gaiety often added to by the drifts of conversation that blow in unintentionally with the ventilation of sorts. But to-day I can't bear it—they are grouped in there now around the casher's desk, five of them, talking in the brusque, accepting way of men with the death of men—I find it hard to forgive them. Casual, nonchalant talk of Halli and of ways they would prefer not to die, vivid, gruesome examples, the shattering of soft flesh, until my raw nerves jump into the tip of my tongue and I call stranglingly, "For God's sake, STOP!" They laugh a bit, but they stop. Underneath it all, I dare say they are feeling just the way I am. The adding-machine threshes through the quiet and I think of Mickey's answer to one of the stenographer girls. "What did Halli say in his letter?" she asked Mickey one overseas mail-day. "He asked," affirmed Mickey unblushingly, "for an adding-machine to help total the Germans his rifle had accounted for." "Halli was a good-living boy," said Mickey to me to-day soberly from what, I fancy, was a more debonair experience. But Mickey paid his sobered tribute to a clean life—"Halli was a good-living boy."



He was bearing his life carelessly among the shot and shells, as became a man

Somehow we hadn't known much of Halli during the few months he had dwelt in the outer office. One morning there was a new boy at the desk of the printing department. But there was always a new boy some place. When there grew to be a definite impress of him, it was of a youngster who did not speak overmuch, who flushed easily, whose eyes were lowly, but who was ready of service, and who was there, quietly, when you had need of him there. Between times, sometimes you found him smoking a

diffident pipe in the halls. He wasn't very big and he wasn't over-emphatic, but to-day, thinking of him, I hear him again, in that revealing noon-hour, talking over the phone with his soft, slow, reluctant voice and his sudden, sympathetic laugh that stopped with a shy catch, and then broke out again helplessly, dropping to one lower baritone note after another in little soft pats of sound. He had a quaint but eminently respectful way of referring to girls as "Janes." Often in his noon-hour telephone conversations he seemed to be diplomatically eluding some more or less persistent Jane. There were atmospheres of social occasions sometimes, and there was one man friend over and over, which times one gathered unconsciously some quality of splendid friendship, diffident but tender, in the quiet boy who was evidently forgetting the inner office, though the inner office clacked her type-writer and heard always only what she couldn't help hearing.

Halli and Nat enlisted the first day of the rolling up to the colors. We sent them wrist-watches the day they went away in their crescent years, a beat in their temples and their hearts lifting out of their bodies. They drilled at Valcartier until they were dizzy, then went in grey ships to that awful winter at Salisbury Plains.

It was from there we began to know Halli a little better. It was to Mickey he wrote, but Mickey used to stop at my door and share the parts he liked and sometimes I might even read the letters. He wrote in a diffident sort of hieroglyph that was like the lowliness of his eyes. Just once in about four pages he might take breath for a new paragraph. Mostly the sheets were solid ink or pencil, little punctuation, few capitals, commas all the same as periods. There was a boy's frolicking over his work—"Say, I got a nice little job this week working on a transport in place of a man who is gone on a week's leave, I understand horses pretty well and therefore don't mind it, but I *do* hate getting up so early in the morning to feed the horses, that's the worst about horses, you got to practically nurse them day and night, and if you don't treat them just as they 'think' they should be treated they wait until you get them hitched up and then try to run away from you, one of them tried to kick me this morning while I was giving another one some oats, and I got real mad, I first stuck my tongue out at him, and then I called him a boob, and I told him the next time he got funny I would push him in the face. I guess these horses got an idea because I am a small guy, they can do what they like while their master is away, but I'll fix 'em, boy. Well, old pal, I guess your getting pretty tired of this rot. Excuse punk writing my knee is shaky."

Then Nat was in hospital eight weeks with typhoid pneumonia and Halli rode over the four muddy miles on a bicycle whenever he could, his quality of friendship luminous through all the "holy terror of wet." Nat came back to his lines thus:—"To-day Nat was brought back to the camp, he is very weak though and the worst of it all is that he has really nothing but the floor to sleep on. I was over in his hut to see him and he looked a bit troubled about the state of affairs, poor kid, so says I to myself, 'Halli to the Rescue' and I went back to my hut and got my 'tic' and give it to him, (that is a sort of a sleeping bag filled with straw) he didn't like to take it, but was finally glad to accept it. I guess I'll find the boards pretty hard, but I can stand it better than Nat can, and if there is anything I can do for him, By God I'll do it, and this certainly was the best I could do for him, Mickey. Well as soon as I seen he was pretty comfortable, I started back for my hut. Say, bo, this is an awful night, snowing a regular blizzard, and cold! Oh, bluey! Well let her blow we should bibble."

There was a bit of solid satisfaction out of Christmas: "We had a rather enjoyable time on Xmas night, we had a big dinner, no everlasting 'mulligan,' but real 'Turkey,' boy, after which we held a sort of an entertainment, a neat little programme, and then dancing; dancing, however, was rather slow, no Janes you know. Of course I don't dance so I formed part of the orchestra, which consisted of one flute and two mouth organs, some orchestra."

But the letter I received acknowledging a little Christmas remembrance was a model of decorum and restraint, the "dear friend" style prevailing in ancient books on etiquette. The Camp was near Stonehenge, "a queer lot of stones" . . . . "During the few months training of the Canadian troops here on the Plains, the continued heavy rainfall has caused an unusual amount of mud to settle in this vicinity, so I will write you a bit of poetry, not made up by me, which will give you an idea of conditions here, written in a cheerful manner, entitled 'The Mud Lark's Song'." On review I now find that a joyful sentence. I had overlooked the gaiety of "caused an unusual amount of mud to settle in this vicinity" and "which will give you an idea of conditions here, written in a cheerful manner."

There were a few days' leave in London and the first thing the brave Halli and the recovered Nat did was to disport themselves on roller-skates in a nosiy rink! And all of London waiting for them there behind the fog! The male young is a class apart.

The Thursday they were interviewed by "H. M. King George," it was the inarticulate Nat who was moved to expression. "It was a great day for us. We lined the track after we had 'marched past' and cheered him all the way from Camp to Avebury. I was quite close to him and was No. 2 in the front rank. He is a rather small man and is now looking rather worried. His face is all wrinkles and he looks like a man of 75 years. But we hope soon that we will give him cause to worry no more, when we get a crack at those Germans." Halli's account of the review never came to hand.

Next they were in France, in billets (barns and towns), in trenches, scorning the shells of the Huns, "half of them don't explode." Nat having machine-gun instruction, and Halli with the bomb-throwers, "both feeling well, perhaps a trifle dusty." Active service letters, we found, were very occasional and very brief.

Finally Halli found a space for an old-time communication to Mickey headed, "Leland Hotel Winnipeg, (I, don't think)." He was bearing his life carelessly among the shot and shells, as becomes a man, pulling a droll face at The Enemy but there was a growing undertone of seriousness. They had "rigged up" signs for memories all along the trenches "Portage Ave.", "Queen's Hotel," "Venice cafe," and everything going fine until some of the boys came up for a dinner only to be told the chefs had all been Germans and were over in the other trenches. In this wise the letter went: "Yes, Mickey, we have had a go at the Germans but we're not through with the beggars yet. Their rifle fire don't worry us a bit, but oh those 'big pistols' that throw the 'Jack Johnsons,' they are hard to get used to. You can hear them screaming through the air, but there is no way of getting shelter from them — *If they're going to get you they'll get you, that's all there is to it.*" (The italics are mine.) "The most exciting day I have experienced was on the 10th inst. Mickey, it was sure some day! Just after daybreak about 7 a. m., we started rapid fire into the beggars. We were supported from behind by our artillery and it wasn't long until the enemy replied and for the

Continued on page 217.

Lord o' Land

II.

The Plough-master

By Janey Canuck

Decorations by Frederic M. Grant

A NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES ON WESTERN LIFE AND TYPES

IN this French Hotel where we stop, there is much wall-space but few windows. The floors, which are scrupulously clean, are of spruce boards, painted a vivid yellow ochre. There is a medallioned carpet in the parlor, which is an overtinted, hectic room. The walls are hung with pictures of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, one of *Le bon Dieu*, and several of the calendar saints. These are the same in all the French hotels. The member of parliament for the constituency has sent his photograph to the proprietor with friendly words written thereunder. This also hangs on the wall.

At supper, we have a crafty and surprisingly palatable dish which the cook calls *cuisiniere des legumes*. With many gesticulations and signs, she explains that it is comprised of fat bacon cut into dice and fried. Into this fat, onions are thinly sliced and shaken until well browned. At the very moment of serving, a tin of little pease from France is drained into the whole. But, *Ma foi!* Madame must remember to pour off the liquid before adding the little pease, for oil and water—Pouf! that would be a sorry dish and fit only for the Turks and for the odious Prussians.

ANYONE can see that this woman is a gastronomist, and cooks *con amore*. If I stay for dinner to-morrow, she will prepare a fish for me with Tartare sauce—that is to say with a mayonnaise dressing to which has been added onion juice and chopped olives. While we "do" the dishes, she tells me about other festal foods she makes, till my teeth are on edge to eat them.

In the morning, our way lies through a pleasant country of new-sown fields and of fat fallows but, in one place, a man with a heavy ploughshare is breaking new sod into long rigid lines. Someone has said that "to plough is to pray". This is true, but in a more literal sense than the poet meant. The ploughman prays that his heavy blade will not strike a buried stone or a hidden stump but, that if it does, some of his rills may escape fracture. At least, this is how the Padre interprets the dictum and he has ploughed many a furrow, he says.

"I ploughed my land with horses,
But my heart was ill at ease."
—LONGFELLOW

"Two children did we stray and talk
Wise, idle childish things."
—FRANCIS THOMPSON

The slither of the share on the upturned sod leaves a radiant run of fire all the length of the furrow. We wonder if the ploughman sees this, and what are his opinions of the joyous brotherhood of blackbirds that flutter in his wake. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote of "the unthinking ploughman" but he must have forgotten Bobbie Burns. It has always been my opinion that we have not a proper deference for the plough. The mace, the baton, the measuring rod, and other implements of less use and no beauty are given an unwarranted precedence in our system of things. In Burma and China it is different. Once a year, in spring time, two snow-white oxen are hitched to a plough, when the chief ruler of the land turns a furrow in order that a good crop may be insured to his people. For this occasion, gorgeous robes and the paraphernalia of state are donned by the Lords of the Council and all the Nobility who travel from afar to be present.

It was to settle what he was thinking about that we drew up till the ploughmaster came back again to the trail which tagged his field. It turned out that he thought only of the war, and of how he might get away to enlist. If he goes, there is no one to reap his bally fields. Besides, it isn't cricket to leave his wife when she is so unwilling. His people at home said he would find this country a change and, By Jove, he does. He wishes we would come up to his "digs" for dinner and talk it over. His wife would be glad of visitors, and maybe we could persuade her. Not wishing to interfere in so personal a matter, we decided to push on to our destination.

FOR my diversion, he shows me a snake which he carries in his pocket. Her name is Hetty and he says she has been dehorned. There are "wallows" on the back of his farm and the mosquitoes rise off these in millions, but having become inoculated with the virus of their sting, he is wholly immune. I can see that this cultured Englishman out here on the edge of the world has poise, persistence, and a sense of humor, and is accordingly bound to make good. This was why I fall in love with him on the spot, and not because of his handsome face and sunny courtesy as the Padre intimates. Later, when I asked this man's name at one of the homesteaders', the women-folk were loud in his praise, but the men showed the same critical and jealous spirit as the Padre.

"He's a slap-up dude, that's what he is," said the eldest son. "And I've heard how as he sowed oat-meal on his field the first year he came." This sally, although repeated at the expense of nearly every Englishman in the West, was received with hearty approval. Thus encouraged, he proceded to tell us how this Wheatley, usually called "Yellowlegs" because of his leather leggings, is "a fancy kind of fellow and rides like he was rowing a boat." In a word, he rides with the bits, whereas men to the country born, ride with the saddle.

YELLOWLEGS has been heard to describe his horse as "a fine bit o' blood" which is a foolish way of talking; also he wears a nightie-gown like a woman. As a further enormity, he gets money once a month from home which he spends on extravagances like books, cameras and gramaphones.

The farm-master, who has no wife to admire Yellowlegs (being a widower this year past) excuses the Englishman for the reason that it is the life of these Britishers to be always drifting around the map when not having a bath or drinking tea. One desired to ask whether he drifted in the tea and the bath, but one did not dare offend these positive and uncompromising persons.

And now we travel along a tortuous wooded trail but, here and there, we come to a dancing-place between the trees. Of course, these are not charted as dancing-places on the municipal map, but if you belong to the initiated few, you can almost hear the whisperings of the nymphs and of the other sweet societies of elfin folk. Since wine has been prohibited in this Province by a legal statute, enjoining a fine and even imprisonment, Pan and Bacchus are perforce well-behaved and sober gentlemen, so that our native naiades need no longer flee for shelter to river and reeds. Yes! Pan must be hard pressed in these puritanical days although he may be making julep from wild mint, and frappe from the flowers, for all we starched and churchly people know.

PRESENTLY, we are halted by a wire fence across our way which was a pity for we never cut a fence, the Padre and I, being mortally afraid to test out Solomon's assertion that "Whoso breaketh a fence a serpent shall bite him." And so we travel along the fence till we come to a large mud hole where a man is trying to mend a broken wheel with a sapling and a leather halter. From his gasping ejaculations we learn that he broke the springs of his buggy in this hole the year before last; his horse's leg last year; and his wheel this year. Incidentally, he is now breaking the third commandment with an elemental directness that earns for him instant apprehension by the police. If all the evils happen the road-makers of this district that this man wishes for them, they will be sadly lacking in vital parts to say nothing of their everlasting torments.

HE is large and slatternly, this man, with small stubby feet. I never saw such peculiar feet and strongly suspect them to be hoofs. It is a relief when he says he does not need any help for I am almost afraid of his black hatreds and bold, out-door words. The Padre finds excuse for him on the ground that in all life's experiences a man's opinions—and in consequence his expressions—depend almost entirely upon his position and prospects.

At the end of the fence we find a lonely looking farm house. People speak of the loneliness of the prairie, the sea or the hills, and writers in the old world speak of "a lonesome wold" but, after all, nothing is so pathetic as a lonely house. You can tell when houses are happy the same as you can tell it about people. It would be pleasing to stay awhile and investigate the matter concerning which I am burningly inquisitive, but having no desire to walk on from this point, I decide to remain in the carriage. The trouble with us women is that we are timid and invertebrate and have only to be threatened in order to do what we are told. Some time, when I can screw my courage to the sticking point, I intend to make a stand merely to see what happens.

Anyone can see that this woman is a gastronomist and cooks *con amore*

IT is my opinion this house is lonely for someone who has gone to the war. In many of these steadings no man is left and the women are bravely tilling the soil and managing affairs though all the while, filled with a withering fearfulness. Who can tell the fiercer pain, that of the trenches, or the retrenches? Some have it that the retrenches hurt more, for these have the suffering of tragedy without its dignity. But, as yet, no wife has declared concerning this thing. How could she when it seems as though her brain were torn in two?

It is to be hoped that when we are ready to build a monument in Canada to the soldier-sons who have been "touched to glory by God's own red," it will be such a one as was erected in honor of the Polish patriot. This consistes of a high mound of earth on the top of which is placed a grey unhewn stone bearing the word "Kosciuszko." Instead of subscribing a sum of money, the people of every district, village and city carried a basket or load of soil and piled it up into this mound. You see in Poland, the soil is their symbol of life, as it should be in Canada, and this mound of soil means that the spirit of their hero-patriot will ever live in the land. And what monument could be more

fitting to our lads than one built of the soil from which they drew their sustenance and upon which they daily trod? This might be from the city square, the city lot, or from the homestead but forever it would remain sacred to our strong heroes and most beloved dead.

IT was a long while before we got to Ben Thacker's having lost ourselves because of misunderstanding the directions given us. "You go by the muskeg to the left" our mentor had said, "till you come to a ridge on the right. You take the ridge for a mile, or maybe it is two, till you come to a bunch of poplars that are thinner than the other bunches; there you will find a trail—a winter trail that is overgrown now—and you follow this till it forks in three directions. Take the fork to the left and follow it for a mile till you see a ploughed field. Cross this field at right angle when you will see some spruce trees. The house is behind these." There were some other directions which I have forgotten but our real trouble lies in deciding what constitutes "a bunch of poplars" and which bunch is the thinnest one. The trouble becomes more acute as the dinner hour passes and it is nigh three o'clock. The horses drag themselves wearily back over the ground we took hopefully three hours ago. The air seems heavy and fagged, and the flowers are distinctly tired. In one tree, a light-minded bird is weaving her wedding song but, Pah! this time next year she will be only a clod of clay. The joke on all flesh is that it is forever seeking what is undiscoverable and maybe, after all, we shall miss even the ultimate land of heaven. Indeed, this has already been whispered with shrugs and nods.

BUT even as I am thinking these things we come to Ben Thacker's and are assured of it on the authority of Ben himself. He is shearing sheep behind a very closely meshed wire fence. This is called a coyote-proof fence, being constructed after such a manner that no coyote can get through or over it. Ben Thacker says they do get *under* them though, and his story is a rehearsal of the old one we have in town about safe-makers and safe-breakers. The best way to protect sheep from coyotes is to put bells on the flock. This makes the wild animals think the sheep is a church, a pascal lamb, or something like that. And when you come to think of it, "the firstlings of the flock" are the earliest animals to be mentioned in Holy Writ and, as such, would seem worthy some special inviolability.

Thacker sends his son to the house with us in order that he may take our horses and introduce us to the family. . . . . When I awake three hours later, supper is over and the men are smoking with their chairs tilted comfortably back against the wall. It had been decided I needed sleep more than food and this must have been a correct diagnosis in that I feel an immense fatigue and have no desire to move, talk, or eat.

The slither of the share on the upturned sod leaves a radiant run of fire all the length of the furrow

A MACHINE agent who is also a guest is indulging in a cigar, the smoke of which is mushroomed widely about his head. He is telling concerning a scandal in one of the Albertan Battalions and of how well-known persons of hitherto irreproachable character secured unholy commissions from the purveyors, and of how the money was spent by certain Mesdames on dress and diamonds. I have heard this scandal too, in the city where spoken words always reach an open ear but, nevertheless, it is only *dictum de dicto*—a report on hearsay which, flexibly translated, means a lie.

The story is being received with amazement by his hearers. In giving emphasis to his words, this man's cigar is of no small value. He has a way of smoking, and then of not smoking, which impresses his hearers with a sense of reservations. There are things he could tell if he only would, but he won't. Nothing could persuade him to. In a word, he is using his cigar as a cover for his vacuity and mental dullness.

BEN THACKER is a different sort—what we call in the North "good leather." He pulls hard on his pipe and talks straight to the point. He has had a good year, he says, and has paid all arrears of taxes, the balance on his mortgage, and his note at the bank. The clearing up of his mortgage affords him special satisfaction in that the Trust Company which was mortagee, charged so many extras he had always in mind the incident of the greedy but unlettered coachman back home in Dorset who put down in his ledger, "pennorth of whipcord, 6 d." Thacker hears that the system of rural credits about to be inaugurated by the provincial legislature is likely to be a great success, and it is rumored that the directors of the loan companies are holding solemn days of fasting and supplication that the Premier and all his Cabinet Ministers may die.

THIS sheep-master must be well-off to have gone so much in debt, for debt hereabout naturally presupposes wealth. One cannot borrow without it. Indeed, this must be so, for Thacker is rotund and comfortable looking, and it was noticeable this afternoon that everything in the yard looked fat, and that the squat house was fat. A poor man's kettle never croons like this man's kettle, and if you look closely you will see that even on the insurance calendars which line the walls, the females are of a distinctly materialistic type.

Thaacker and his son talk much

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The Country's Greatest Asset

CHILDREN ARE WORTH MORE TO THE COUNTRY IN DOLLARS AND CENTS THAN IT COSTS TO RAISE THEM PROPERLY. MANITOBA, THE FIRST PROVINCE TO RECOGNIZE THIS FACT, HAS SET AN EXAMPLE TO THE REST OF THE DOMINION BY PROVIDING PENSIONS FOR WIDOWS

By Lillian Beynon Thomas

IT IS tough, mighty tough! She did not say it but she looked it, every word of it. The lines in her face said it; the stoop in her figure, the expression in her eyes, her clothes, the atmosphere she created, spoke more insistently than words. Yet she was the mother of four of the country's greatest asset. Four healthy, hungry, growing children. Children if healthy have great appetites and burst through their clothes, and it costs a lot to keep them, and one little woman had to do it all.

Fight! She certainly did. She took the first trench under heavy fire. That was when she consented to leave a comfortable home in the east, and go west and be a pioneer. That trench she took and kept. The next trench was harder still. She took it alone in a shack on the prairie, far from doctors and nurses, when she realized that a force greater than herself had marked her to carry on the banner of life. She was to be a mother.

"You must go home to your mother," her husband said. "This is no place for a woman in your condition." But she saw the trouble in his face and his not too strong body, bent with the toil of a new settler, and she took her next trench. She would stay with him, be it for better or worse. She stayed and as the years came and went she bore three more children, always staying at her post. Finally, the way ahead appeared to become clearer. Success seemed much nearer.

THAT was the forward march. Then came the first reverse and it was not a trifling blow that fate struck at that little wife and mother. "It is tough! Mighty tough!" It was the husband who said it. He had just heard the doctor's verdict. Very little chance of recovery, but a change might help.

"I cannot afford to go away." It was the man who spoke. The doctor shook his head.

"You can go and you will!" It was the little woman who spoke, and there

She rented two rooms and sent the children to school, while she went out washing

was determination in her eye, and the strength of a love that had grown through years of work together for a common interest, in her voice.

The husband and father went south and the farm was mortgaged. He died and the farm was sold and the woman and her four children moved to Winnipeg. She rented two rooms and sent the children to school, while she went out washing. But washing is heavy work even once a week, and when six days out of the seven become wash days, it bends the back and wrinkles the face and turns the hair white. Finally it became too much, and rather than see her children starve the mother asked for charity.

SUCH is the history of many cases, and in her defeat the mother gives up a "something" for which she has been working all the years. The country's greatest asset is raised under an obligation to someone, sometimes more and sometimes less. Sometimes more than well fed and sometimes under fed. Sometimes too well dressed and sometimes under dressed, tossed about, subject to the whim of the voluntary giver.

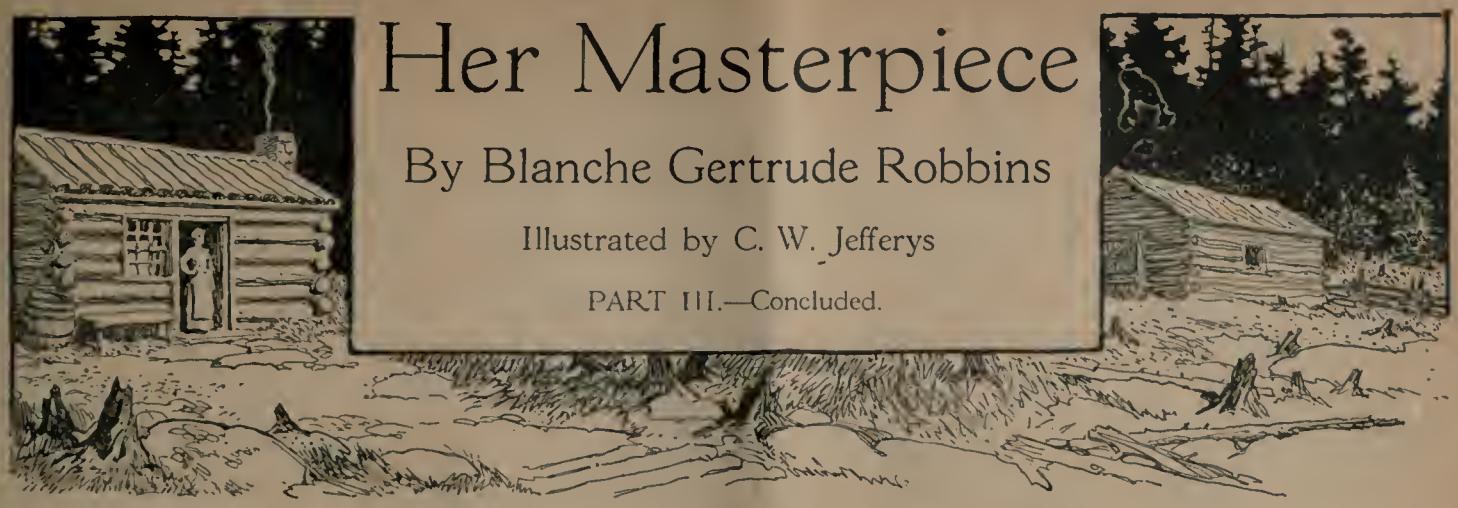
Manitoba was the first Province in the Dominion of Canada to see the illogical nature of such treatment of the children of the Province. It recognized the fact that children are worth more to the country in dollars and cents than it costs to raise them properly. It also recognized the fact that a neglected child very frequently becomes a delinquent child and a delinquent child adds a heavy financial burden to the country.

THE Mother's Pension Act was sponsored by all the women's organizations of the Province, led by the Mothers' Association of Winnipeg. Mrs. John Dick deserves great credit for untiring work in educating the public to see the need of this legislation. It is but fair to say that when the matter was put before the men of the Province, and the legislature, the need was quickly recognized, and no strong opposition was offered.

There are between fifty and a hundred widows in the Province of Manitoba receiving pensions at the present time. These widows have between two and three hundred children, so that there are between three and four hundred women and children already being supported by mothers' pensions, or partly supported by these pensions.

THIS is not a very large proportion of the population of the Province, but it is too large a percentage of the children to allow to start life with a handicap. Not that all the children of widows show any handicap in life but it has been found by actual counting, that a very large percentage of the children of mothers who go out to work and

Continued on page 215.



Her Masterpiece

By Blanche Gertrude Robbins

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys

PART III.—Concluded.

For Synopsis of Parts I. and II. see page 215.

AT DUSK, Andrew returned and with him came Justin—the boy of the log cabin home. He was tall and matured for his years and in the scrutiny of her face, as he greeted her, Helena felt that he had analysed her soul.

"Mother, there's a bone of contention on between Burke and Hardy, because Burke has broken a cross trail through Hardy's bush. He argues he's in the right because he's saved a mile in connecting with the settlement. I told them to come down to-night and we'd settle it for them. Got time before supper to help me look up the matter?"

The mother glanced into the oven and washed her hands, calling out, "Get down the books and I will be there in a moment."

Justin took from the shelf a series of books on law and deposited them on the table. The mother and son bent over them studiously, reading aloud paragraphs relating to the subject, discussing in low agitated tones.

Satisfied with the information they had gleaned, Justin restored the books to their shelves. The mother turned with a word of explanation to the guests:

"There are many disputes and contentions among the homesteaders. We have no courts of justice for them to appeal to here on the trail. Justin and I have been reading law together since he was a little fellow. We are often able to reason with the disputers. Some day, when Justin has mastered the law of the university, he will come back to the trail, fortified to argue and judge."

Justin, running his eyes over the notes in his hand, smiled wisely: "I am looking ahead even further to the time when the trail is all settled with progressive towns and I'm governor-elect. It will be up to the mothers' votes to put me in."

"The city of the future—with an incorruptible government!" responded the woman of the log cabin.

During the evening came the neighbors of the trail with their problems and their good fortune. Edmund Keith and his wife gave freely of their sympathy, wisdom and help.

In silence Helena and Robert sat, listening, wondering how far reaching was the influence of the cabin home. Helena's thoughts went back to her drawing room circle of entertainment.

She had been deliciously content with its luxurious pleasure. But here, she was partaking of something more than mere contentment—life on the trail, mysterious and thrilling, was full of throbbing incident.

Early in the morning Dr. Aleck arrived. He had ridden all night, but he lingered in the home only long enough to examine Helena's injured hand and eat a hasty breakfast.

"I'm wanted at the Dwarf Pine Branch. Mother, pray for me, that I save Pheobe Craig's child. You know she has never borne a living child, for no medical science reached her with the other three. We pioneers cannot afford to lose the future generation. I wish there was a cross-trail leading to Dwarf Pine Branch. I shall often be called up there and I lose precious time riding the long trail."

Robert Clifford sprang to his feet, eagerness in his snapping eyes. "Let me forge that cross trail. My soul is aching to break the way. I've never done anything worth while in all my life. Would you intrust it to me, sir?"

Edmund Keith nodded his head emphatically: "Go ahead; you can do it. You have brains and muscle and energy. It shall be known as the Clifford trail. But, man, why didn't you come long ago? Didn't you sense the wilderness calling to you? You were born to the trail breaking."

"I heard the call. Yes, I heard the call, but—" suddenly Robert's voice broke and a dull red suffused his cheek. A stern line crossed his face; but he added less passionately his simple declaration. "It is enough that I have come in time to break the trail to the Dwarf Pine Branch. Shall we begin now?"

As the men went out of the cabin, Helena stood by the window watching, her pulses throbbing with the intensity that had stirred her soul.

And that man, so magnificently powerful, was Robert Clifford. Gone was the drawing room dandy and the inertia that had irritated her.

Always he had come to her with his words of appreciation when she had made some conquest in the world of art. But this morning, when she should have gone to him with the pride burning in her eyes, a sense of awe in the presence of this man, all fire and enthusiasm, held her back.

Gradually, assured of their welcome and lured irresistibly by the interest of the trail, Helena and Robert Clifford settled into the pioneer life of the log cabin home. Robert, energetically bent upon the cross trail he was breaking, toiled early and late in the bush.

Helena wandered about the clearing and along the trails, her eye studying every detail of color and formation. The weeks slipped by, but the trail was pregnant with interest and incident.

Gradually Helena's wrist strengthened and the broken bones of the fingers knitted. As they lost their stiffness, the master touch returned. Restlessly Helena sketched bits of the bush and the trail. But the dream picture had been shattered. These weeks in the log cabin had taught her wisdom. The vision of the dejected, spiritless, dull-eyed woman had faded. The majestic pioneer woman—as she had come to know the wife of Edmund Keith—challenged her to portray on canvas the dominating spirit.

Self-confident that her skill should arouse the emotional pity of the worldly-wise woman, she had come to

the trail to paint the woman of her vision.

But her genius shrank from attempt- the portrayal that should arouse the enthusiasm, the reverence of the worldly-wise woman for the pioneer-woman.

Early in the autumn, Christopher came back to the log cabin home, preparatory to returning to the college of the East.

"It's a crying shame to leave the settlement just at the point when the people are picking up English so readily," he mused, his eyes black with their depths of sympathy.

There was silence in the family circle. The mother's hand stretched out and laid on the teacher's knee.

"Christopher, son, you must not be impatient. The trail was not forged in a day; we just pushed on a little at a time. At times your father would be forced to lay aside his blazing axe. Then he would pick up the thread and now you see the main trail finished. It was a long trail; but it had its ending. In time, you will see your vision in work."

Christopher pressed his mother's hand understandingly.

"But that will be but the beginning, Mother," he laughed.

Robert moved his chair back and sprang to his feet, his quizzical, eager glance penetrating Christopher's face.

"What's the matter with my going down to the Scandinavian settlement one night a week? I could teach them simple English. I should glory in helping the immigrant to Canadian citizenship." The deep voice vibrated with sincerity.

"But, man, it's four hours' ride—hardest speed, known to the trail, to the settlement," protested Edmund Keith.

"I'll take an afternoon from the trail breaking and when the night classes are over, I'll ride back in the night," he explained earnestly.

A startled cry broke from Helena. Robert turned questioningly to her.

"But they are not your kind—they are of the common—the foreigners!" she protested hotly.

A dull flush spread over Robert's cheek. A sharp line set above his lips as with his eyes turned from her, he commented steelily: "I have had my vision. I must obey its call."

He followed Christopher out of doors and even, when he returned, no allusion was made to the subject. The next day Christopher rode down the trail and Robert rode with him.

Helena watched them from the cabin door, a sense of hatred in her breast. Never in all their married life—in the days of popularity in the studio—had he left her like this. She was jealous of this vision to teach the new Canadians. She could not understand the impulse that had driven Robert to this strange task.

At sunrise he came riding back, glory radiating his brown eyes, his tanned cheek wet with the sweat from hard riding.

"You will sleep now, for a little," suggested the woman of the log cabin.

"Sleep!" laughed the man, "sleep, when there are such short hours in the day. Why, woman, bless you—this wonderful, great country is so invigorating, that sleep seems a waste of time. Helena, did you ever know of so many tasks to do—so much to accomplish in so little time?"

He did not wait for an answer but hurried out to his trail breaking, that had become a passion with him.

Listlessly Helena gathered her pencils and papers and went along the old trail for a bit of the prospectus that had first interested her.

What was this thing that was working the miracle, endowing Robert with such magnetic personality? She could not meet the flash of his eye, nor feel the brush of his toil-stained hand against her own, that she did not sense the throbbing of her pulses. It was not enthusiasm alone. No, there was a depth to his spirit, that puzzled and awed her.

He had found so much in which to expend his energy, while she had accomplished nothing.

Early in the afternoon she came back to the log cabin. The pioneer woman sat under the pines, her fingers busied with mending. She moved aside to make room for Helena on the bench and held aloft the working blouse, sadly torn. With a little laugh she laid the darning material underneath the tear, her nimble fingers basting.

"Oh, how can you with all your intelligence and wisdom spend time darning a working blouse? And such dreadful tears too. Doesn't it anger you, when your men folk come home from the bush with such holes and tears?" questioned Helena impatiently.

The other woman smiled wisely and drew her needle through the darn in neat stitches. "I have learned to thank God, when the men folk come from the bush with a tear like this in the sleeve, that it is not some horrible, sickening laceration of the arm; that a woman's fingers can mend the hole and no surgeon's knowledge is needed to unite broken bones or muscles. Perhaps it is a foolish expenditure of time, mending these old work-a-day blouses, but I love to do it. I feel so near to Edmund, working on this sort of thing. My heart is singing all the time that I am doing little services like this for Edmund or the boys."

Helena watched in puzzled silence the joyous service, then suddenly turning, she questioned: "Tell me, do you not sometimes feel that you have done the world an injustice, smothering the genius God gave you? Burying yourself in these forest depths, where your talent had no opportunity to develop? Does not your conscience sometimes reproach you for denying to the world the pleasure and thrill your pictures might have brought——"

"Stop!" cried the woman of the log cabin, "let me ask you a question. Where are your pictures hung?"

A rose spot burned on either cheek as Helena answered readily, "My pictures hang in art galleries and in the select drawing rooms of cultured people. They are recognized by higher critics. I have obeyed the vision that led me to idealize the commonplace things of life."

"You are to be congratulated," replied the other woman slowly. "But I am thinking that your pictures will hang in the limelight for only a day. To-morrow a new artist with newer ideals will assume your popularity. But the pictures I have created will live on, perhaps for several generations, and I believe they will have an effect for national good."

"Your pictures?" questioned Helena with a start.

"Yes, my pictures," the woman of the log cabin answered, a curious smile of reminiscence playing in her eyes.

"I was only twenty when I came with Edmund to the wilderness," she continued, her voice vibrating like the strings of a violin playing sweet, old-time melody. "When we had forged our first bit of trail, I was conscious of another heart beating under my own. We built the first little cabin and I nestled in its retreat, shrinking in fear for the little one coming to our rude home. I could provide so few comforts for him that I fretted, fearing the dangers we were subjected to would leave their fearsome impressions on my baby.

"Then one day there came to me the vision—the vision of motherhood. God had endowed me with creative genius. Was not this my opportunity to work out my talent? I determined to so fashion my baby, with the help of the great Creator, that he should impersonate courage; that he should possess a passion for breaking new country.

"When he was born, he was a perfect child. We named him Andrew, which means courageous. I reared him with fearlessness uppermost in training and his father guided his boyish feet along the trails. You, who met him first on the trail, understand his fearlessness and the task he has set himself to accomplish."

Helena dropped her pencils on the ground and clasped her hands in tense pressure over her knee.

"Other men followed our trail. Set-

tlers found their way into the bush. We forged further ahead. Then a scourge of illness broke out among the settlers. I was oppressed by the great need of a physician in this wilderness country. I went among the sick and dying, giving help. All the while I was thinking of the babe that was coming. Again I saw the vision of Motherhood. My baby should become a physician, his heart and soul in the pioneer work. We named him Alexander—a helper of men. You see that he has followed faithfully, wholeheartedly, the mission for which he was created."

The glow of tenderness in the other woman's eye, awed Helena. Breathless, she waited for the thread of the story to be caught up again by the silver-tongued voice.

"Two sons had I borne for my country and faithful was I in rearing the lives entrusted to my care. Then one day a deep religious experience came to me. I could never explain it. But out in the cathedral woods, with all nature pulsing and worshipping God—the Creator—in a burst of praise, a voice whispered to me, 'All for self and country and none for Christ'. Then in the sweet solemnity of the cathedral woods, I pledged myself to bear a son for Christ. He should be of all men most manly for I studied deeply the life of Christ. Ah, you too, have felt the influencing spirit of my Christopher—bearing Christ."

A far-away expression dawned in the face of the log cabin woman. With an unmistakable sob in her voice, which melted into the clear ringing tone, she continued:

"Settlers flocked along the trail even before we had forged to the end. Homesteaders eagerly took up land all along and broke cross trails. Women came with the men and bore the brunt and burden of homesteading. There were no more zealous toilers, making new country, than the women. But they were granted no privileges. No, they were never trampled down in the struggle. They were splendid and brave and courageous. But their influence and their power was thrust back. We needed a leader—a woman with spirit and brain and the understanding heart to plead with the law-makers of our country; to fight our woman's cause.

"Then I asked of God—a daughter that I might train her to these ideals. I wanted a daughter to keep by my side as a home maker and companion. But I was willing to sacrifice her to this great work of leading our pioneer women to conquest.

"I realized that she must be noble in bearing, good to look upon, possessed of magnetic power and understanding that her ways must be womanly and her voice be rich and penetrating. No artist ever studied the prospectus for the picture his soul created than I studied for the building of the temple for my child's soul.

They came to the spot where the men were lifting the great tree from the crushed body

"I lived much of the time in the forest, watching the deer in its graceful movements, studying the singular stateliness of the birch, listening to the birds' warbling, the waterfalls and the mysteriously sweet calls of the winds. I watched the sunrise, fashioning her smile. I caught the spirit of laughter and I thought upon our woman's burden—with ever a vision of victory.

"We named the daughter—born of all this creative bliss—Carolyn—noble-spirited. And I reared her, ever knowing that some day she would hear the call. You met her on the trail. She had but responded to the call, her enthusiasm burning like some unquenchable flame of passion.

"I thought my woman's heart would break, the morning she went out from the log cabin home. But as I watched her riding gloriously down the trail, my weeping was turned to laughter and I sang of victory."

Again the momentary silence fraught with the sacredness of memory. Helena, fearing to break the magnetic spell of the other woman's reminiscences, whispered softly, "And Justin?"

A light broke over face.

"Justin, you know Justin's destiny, for you have listened to his wise counseling in the wranglings of the settlers. In the birth of Justin, I saw the vision of the future Canada, when the wilderness is no more, but cities governed by an incorruptible government. I saw my boy—a leader with strong, pure and unselfish ideals. I saw my boy toiling among parliamentary leaders, for the promotion of Canada's good, lifting men and women to the highest ideals of citizenship."

She paused, for her voice broke in its tremulousness. Then she questioned sharply, her eyes searching the very soul of the woman who listened. "What think you of my pictures—are they not impressionable and prophetic of national good?"

But Helena did not answer. Like a powerful searchlight the other woman's story of creative genius had flung its scathing rays across her soul. Yes, she with her genius had created pictures that had aroused emotion and brought

"My masterpiece shall be wrought in our wilderness home"

tears to the eye; she had charmed and amused audiences of the art galleries. But never once had she created a picture that had aroused men and women to action.

Always had her soul created with the vision of fame, the star, guiding her on to attain. Never once had she created, that her country might be served. All for self, with never a stroke of the brush to serve another. With a smothered cry, she stumbled to her feet, wandering restlessly into the trail, leading to the cathedral woods, her lacerated soul reasoning, pondering.

Go serve! Go serve! So that was the great passion that dominated the spirit of this marvelous woman of the log cabin; that ever kept the flame of enthusiasm burning in those that toiled along the trail. That was the secret of the passion that was mastering Robert in this new life, into which he had been reborn.

And she, with her own self-centered interests was shrivelling and warping her own soul. She, who had never served must find service or she would die unless her creative genius expended itself in some great masterpiece that raised the fallen to conquest, her torch of enthusiasm must burn out.

Sounds of steps running along the trail caught her ear. She parted the foliage and her eyes, blinded though they were with tears, caught a glimpse of Justin, running white-faced toward the clearing.

"Mother, Mother, come quick with bandages," he called out. "Clifford's met with a bad accident. I'm going down trail on horseback for Aleck. The tree sort of crumpled up on him. He was so enthusiastic he didn't sense he wasn't equal to the biggest jobs. You'll find him a half mile up the new trail."

With a spring like the terrified animal of the wild, Helena broke through the bush to the clearing. "No, no, not that. Tell me it is not true. Tell me he is not hurt so—so terribly," she sobbed hysterically.

The other woman rested her firm, cool hand on Helena's wrist, her voice calm, convincing and reassuring. "We will hope it is not serious. We will run to the new trail. Hurry, Justin, and bring Aleck. Remember he will need your courage, your hopefulness."

Even as she quieted Helena's fears, the woman of the log cabin led the way to the emergency closet of the kitchen, selected her first aid kit and hurried on across the clearing, in the lead.

Panting, their bodies tremulous with their haste, the women ran along the new trail. Then they came to the spot where the men were lifting the great tree from the crushed body.

Helena's tense white face questioned the stern faces of the men, then with a dry sob, she sank on her knees by the side of the unconscious form.

No, she could not spare her husband out of her life. Swiftly before her came the hour in her studio when she had wondered if she could not spare her husband out of her existence more readily than she could blot out her art. That night on the trail, when she had feared for the skill of her fingers, she had suffered no anguish like unto this.

She was dimly conscious of Edmund Keith's wife binding up the torn flesh, then Andrew's voice roused her.

"Don't worry, dearest lady, he'll come to alright. Dr. Aleck is sure to bring him around in quick time. Now that we've got the wounds bound up, we're going to make a stretcher and carry him up to the cabin. Perhaps you'll run along with the mother and get hot things ready."

He gave her a helping hand as she drew herself to a standing posture. The other woman put her arm protectingly around Helena and together they stumbled back across the trail.

Swiftly, energetically, they worked preparing the bed, replenishing the fires and warming the blankets. Then as Edmund Keith and Andrew bore the injured man into the cabin, Justin came riding along the trail with Dr. Aleck in his wake.

Dreary, agonizing hours of suspense followed. Helena paced the living room floor, her body tense, her being acutely sensitive to every sound in the room where Robert lay.

Dr. Aleck's brisk, energetic, hopeful figure emerging occasionally from that room gave her confidence. Her dry lips over and over repeated the phrase, "Thank God for the young Trail Doctor," but no sound came from those lips.

Late in the afternoon, Dr. Aleck, with the glory of the conqueror in his smile, came to her.

Continued on page 2.4.

His Great Discovery

By Edna Aiken

Illustrated by Robert Edwards

THERE was no answer. Again Mrs. Wilder spoke. "What time is it?" The drowsiness was slipping from her voice. She raised her head from her pillow, and looked in amazement at the unhollowed smoothness of the other cushion. Her husband was not there. He had not been there at all. Surely she remembered waking to murmur a sleepy good-night to him? No, that was the evening before. She was now thoroughly roused.

She was sending surprised glances by the light of dawn around her simply furnished room, when her husband walked in. Her first breath of relief ended abruptly when she saw his face.

"Why, Roger!" she cried. "What in the world is the matter?"

He came up to the bed and sat on the edge of it, taking both her work-toughened little hands in his, and pressing them fervently. The unused caress tinged her cheeks with girlish color.

"Can you be brave, dear?" he asked her.

She was now thoroughly frightened.

"Roger," she cried sharply, "what has happened? Where have you been?"

He did not answer her first question.

"In the observatory," he replied.

Mrs. Wilder pulled her hands away. He had probably broken another of the observatory instruments, and would insist on replacing it at his own expense, their expense. It was too provoking. And Alma had been promised a store-made jacket. She looked ruefully at her fingers, once so trim and shapely. If Roger would only be a little more careful! But he was speaking, and a word suddenly recalled her. "A comet?"

The Professor nodded, repressed excitement burning in his eyes.

"It's a great discovery, Alma, the greatest astronomical discovery of the century. I was searching for another of Jupiter's moons when I discovered it—the comet, I mean. I thought it was Zendt's when I saw it first over a week ago. You remember Zendt's, surely, in my book on comets and their habits? Last night I saw that it was apparently 'way out of its course; I've been all night figuring—it's a stray comet." His voice was shaking with excitement.

"Have I ever lived, really lived? I've simply postponed living"

Mrs. Wilder sat up. "I am sure it's going to run into us!" she cried. "Oh, I can see it in your face!"

"The layman would speak of it that way," answered her husband, as though speaking to a small child. "An astronomer's wife should be a little more technical; but that's immaterial now."

His wife gave him his head, as it were. Long years of companionship had taught her that conversational prodding was worse than useless.

"The comet," explained the Professor, "is moving in this direction." His finger described a parabolic curve on her pillow. "On December first, at three a.m., it will be at this point in space." He marked a cross with his pencil. "We are moving apparently away from it, but we will be on our return trip by then, and on December the first, at three a. m., we will be——"

"Where will we be?" cried Mrs. Wilder, with rising excitement.

The Professor pointed gravely to the cross. They stared at each other. Mrs. Wilder fell back. "The world is coming to an end!" she exclaimed.

"If you will persist in employing those childish phrases, Alma," began her husband when the reality of their doom returned to him. But his wife had not heard him. She was trying to grasp the difficult thought of annihilation. Death—she could comprehend that, the thought of her end, with the world swinging on in space as though she had never been, or never had ended. But to have the earth swept out as a sum off the children's slate—she could not picture it. She roused herself to see how her husband was meeting it. His expression was an odd mixture of pride and consternation.

"How is it going to affect you?" she asked. And then, when he did not seem to understand her: "How are you going to live?"

"Why, I'll wind up my affairs so that

the children"—he broke off abruptly.

"That's just what I mean. There won't be any children. There won't be anything. It will be different from all we've ever thought of. We have no plan for it, and there will be eight months and eighteen, no nineteen days of waiting. How are you going to spend them? What will you do with your life?"

The Professor had no answer ready for this emergency. He sat staring into space. What could he do with his life? Go on stargazing, for what? Keep on computing and calculating, for what? But he had done nothing else for so long: he could do nothing else.

She did not wait for an answer.

"Sit down and wait for destruction to overtake us? I'd be stark crazy in a month." She turned sharply to him. "What are you going to do about your discovery, Roger?"

He was shaken back into his old habit of mind. "Announce it, of course. It's the greatest discovery of the age, Alma. You wouldn't have me announce it? Why not? Why, it will make me famous!"

His wife's response was so swift as to seem pert. "When? After everybody is dead? Famous!"

He stared at her, the pride making way for a complete consternation.

"For there's no proof until we are all wiped out," she continued calmly, now that she was sure of the effect of her words. "Do you suppose other astronomers have already discovered it?" she asked.

"Not quite so soon," he answered slowly, a wisp of pride returning. "Everything is in my favor: the clearness of our atmosphere, the strength of our wonderful lens; and I've specialized, you know, Alma, for years——"

"I know all about that," she interrupted. "But can't you announce your discovery to any of the men likely to follow you, and agree to keep it quiet?"

"I don't understand," he said.

"Can't you see now terrible it would be to launch such an announcement on the world? It would cause a panic. It would usher in a period of crime and lawlessness. Oh, Roger," she urged, "don't think of doing that terrible thing."

"Crime and lawlessness," he echoed.

"No one would think of consequences because there'd be no consequences," she added, pushing two long braids of soft brown hair away from her brilliant eyes. "Look at me, for instance. What was my first thought? And I'm no worse than the rest." She paused. "Is there no chance of some greedy planet gobbling this comet before it gets to us?"

Her husband smiled for the first time that morning. For a professor's wife, Alma certainly was a wonder. But she understood, though her expressions were—well, colloquial.

"I've covered all those chances," he answered patiently. "We are the only body of any consequence which approaches this comet before December first. I hope you follow me, Alma. What are you going to do?" For she was rising from the bed, a thin line of determination dragging down the corners of her mouth.

The Professor waited for his wife with the curiosity he would have entertained for a stranger

"I'm going to live, now, this minute."

She was out of bed by this time and had slipped on a kimono, her slender figure looking strangely girlish, with the long Gretchen braids framing her face.

"Roger Wilder, have I ever lived, really lived? I've simply postponed living. I've never complained; you know I haven't, but think of the dreams we had before we were married. You were to go on writing, I painting; you were to visit the galleries abroad with me; I was to go to all the large observatories with you. The very first year, you were offered this professorship. Do you remember how we tried to dare to refuse it? But there was the baby. You said you would take it for a year, the salary seemed so safe—and we are still living on it, trying to live on it, postponing to live on it, on account of it, getting dry as dust with it, choking over it"—a sob caught in her throat. "Oh, Roger!"

He drooped limply into a chair and sat staring at her.

She went on quickly, her blue eyes burning dark as from inward smoky fires:

"I've never spoken before. I've tried to help, not to discourage you. But now! We've been married fifteen years, Roger. Have we ever been anywhere? Where are all our dreams?" She held out two empty hands. "The first year I could not work because of my ill health; just a few poor indoor sketches. The next year there was the boy, and no servant. Don't misunderstand me, Roger; it was the happiest time of my life, but how I worked and I had no time to paint. Next year, another baby, and more work, doing without a servant so that we might save something to keep up your courage, wearing unbecoming gowns. Then I stopped painting. After the twins came, I even gave up dreaming, and buried my brushes and my colors under the walnut tree. You never seemed to remember; I never saw any pictures——"

Wilder looked like a man who had suddenly been waked from sleep-walking.

"And now!" She stretched out her arms to the world. "What have I been saving for, working for, renouncing for, postponing life for? To be swept out on the first of December by the whisk of a comet's tail! Please let me have my room to dress in, Roger. I can't begin to live soon enough. Hurry."

The Professor waited for his wife at the breakfast table that morning with the curiosity he would have entertained for a stranger. When she came in, he noted a change he could not have described. But there was an imperious lift of the head, a more determined expression than had been hers before.

"Why, you've got on your best dress, mamma," cried Miriam. "Are you going out?"

"I don't like it, dear," was the calm answer. "It's too plain. It will do nicely for a breakfast gown, though."

The two older children stared at her. No one noticed the Professor, who had been shocked into sudden recognition of the life of the woman he had married. He could not take his eyes from her.

"We are going to be a little gayer

Continued on page 230.

Scotland Yet

By A. Stodart Walker

ACHNACARRY, Cameron's pride,
Whose faith is Scotland's weal,
Sends ringing down Lochaber side
The war cry of Lochiel;
"Leave gowks to stalk and coofs to dance,
The Camerons are furth to France."

"Dunkeld and Menzies, Blair and Scone,
Hae gane the ways o' men."
On Rannoch side the harvest moon
Lights up the harried glen;
From croft and castle, glebe and manse
The "Forty-twa" are furth to France.

From Inverary north to Ross,
The flow has run to spate;
From fen and moorland, peat and moss,
Two lads have gone in eight;
With ache of heart but pride of glance,
"Argylls and Seaforths furth to France."

By Lochnager—by Dee and Don,
See Huntly, Farquhar tread,
From lodge and shielding they are gone,
The hungry ranks are fed;
The girls seem walking in a trance,
The Gordons gay are furth to France.

From Dunnet Head to Sands o' Dee,
From loan and mountain pass;
The Isles are swept from sea to sea,
From Lewis round to Bass;
The pipes are filled, the horses prance,
The Guards and Greys are furth to France.

The Borderers from Berwick town,
The Scots from deep Glencorse;
The Fusiliers from Banks o' Doon,
Light Infantry in force;
The Scottish Rifles look askance
At men who go not furth to France.

For Scotland's king and Scotland's law,
They "Dree'd their weird" in turn;
On Flodden Field and Philiphaugh,
These sons of Bannockburn;
And now their glory to enhance,
They fight with England furth in France.

The aged chieftain takes his way
Slow down the stricken glen,
And speaks of fame and things agley,
"A few may come again,
But God was good to grant this chance
To fight for freedom furth in France."

Current Events in Review

Comments by the Leading Periodicals Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire

THE fear that politics might play too important a part in the application of our conscription measure, has been expressed by our press on several occasions. The following from the *Literary Digest*, shows plainly that the Yankees have the same sort of a fearsome feeling.

Political influence, or "Pull," in the working of the draft-exemption boards is a peril various journals foresee with alarm, and in their support they have no less an authority than the President himself, who sounded a note of caution on this very point in his proclamation announcing the rules and regulations governing the selection of men for service in the national war-army. In Illinois the Chicago *Tribune* remaks that the presence of a number of politicians on the exemption boards named by Governor Lowden "suggests that there is a real danger that some of these boards may allow political considerations to control their decisions," and it hopes that the danger is only apparent and not actual. The Chicago *Herald* says the average of the appointments on the exemption boards for that city appears good, but while there are names on the list that commend themselves instantly for fitness and high character, others cause an impression due to "a certain extent from the fact of political affiliation." The appointees are a part of the most important machinery yet devised since the beginning of the war, *The Herald* proceeds, and it will be for them to see that the Draft Law shall not "by the tolerance of evasion be converted into such an instrument of discredit as will bring the law itself into disrepute."

In a Washingrton dispatch to the Socialist New York *Call*, the charge is made that both Republicans and Democrats were wrangling for places on the exemption boards "in order that one party or the other may have an opportunity to punish their political foes by sending the sons to the trenches.' We read further that A. Mitchell Palmer, former Congressman from Pennsylvania, charged Governor Brumbaugh with appointing only Republicans on exemption boards, which means according to Palmer, that sons of Democrats who voted for Wilson will be sent to the front. Boise Penrose, remarks *The Call*, says there is nothing in Palmer's charge, but the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* thinks that although it may or may not have been prompted by partizanship, Representative Palmer none the less has raised a question which will be profoundly disturbing to the nation.

WHAT purports to be a diary of a corporal with the Princess Pats published in a recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*, gives a vivid description of what the Canadians had to go through during those first months of the war when the Germans were shoving though their first big offence. For example this description of storming a trench by the Germans:

Following the beating off of their infantry attack the Germans gave us a short breathing spell until their machine guns were trained on our parapet and a school of light field guns dragged up into place. The aeroplanes came out again, dropping to within three hundred feet of our trench, and with tiny jets of varicolored smoke bombs directed the terribly accurate fire of their guns, already so close to us but so well insured against any harm from us that they attempted no concealment. And the big guns on the right completed the devastation.

This continued for another half hour, at the end of which time there remained intact only one small traverse in the trench, which owed its existence to the fragment of chicken wire that held its sides up. The remainder was absolutely wiped out. This time there was no rapid fire, nor even any looking over the top to see if the enemy were coming on. Instead, the Germans fairly combed the parapet with their machine guns. Each indication of curiosity from us drew forth from them such a stream of fire that the top of the parapet spat forth a steady shower of flying mud, which made it impossible for us to defend ourselves properly, even had there been enough of us to do so.

The rest was chaos, a bit of pure hell. Men struggling, buried alive and looking at us for the aid they would not ask for. Soldiers all. And the Germans now pouring in in waves from all sides, and especially from our unprotected flanks and rear, hindered only by the desultry rifle fire of our two weakened companies in the support trenches. We were receiving rifle fire from four directions and bayonet thrusts from the Germans on the parapet. Mowed down like sheep. And as they came on they trampled our dead and bayoneted our wounded.

The machine-gun crew had gone under to a man, doing their best to the last. I think Sergeant Whitehead went with them, too; at least he was near there a short time before, and I never saw him or any of the gun crew again. The only living soul near that spot was Royston, dragging himself out from under a pile of debris and covered with mud and blood, his face swollen to twice its normal size, blinded for the moment.

George Easton was firing with me at the gray mass of the oncoming horde "My rifle's jammed !" he cried.

"Take mine." And I stooped to get one from a casualty underfoot. But a moment later my bayonet was broken off by a shot as I fired from the parapet. I shouted wildly to Cosh to toss me one from near by.

Just then the main body of the Germans swarmed into the end of the trench. Bugler Lee shouted to me:

Sapper Norman S. Rankin, who gave up his captain's commission to go overseas as an enlisted man with the engineers, after waiting two years for the call to his regiment, writes from camp in England, where he is now stationed, in sound of the big guns across the channel:

"You will be pleased to know that out of thousands of magazines, provided by friends at Halifax for the overseas troops' entertainment on the voyage over, the very first one put into my hands was a copy of Canada Monthly, and you may be sure I greeted it like an old friend."

"I'm shot through the leg." A couple of us seized him, planning to go down to where the communication trench had once been. But he stopped us, saying: "It's no good, boys. It's a dead end! They're killing us."

Cosh swore. "Don't give up, kid!" A German standing a few yards away raised his rifle and blew his head off. Young Brown broke down at this—they had just done in his wounded pal: "Oh, look! Look what they've done to Davie," and fell to weeping. And with that another put the muzzle of his rifle against the boy's head and pulled the trigger.

The Cost of Alcohol

IN these days of war stress we hear much talk of elimmating waste. The Prohibitionists tell us that we are wasting enough in alcoholic beverages every day to feed the nation. According to figures presented by a writer in *World's Work* the "Prohibs" seem to have quite a case. The following are a few of the more startling facts presented:—

4,000,000 people could live for 100 days on the rye now used for drinkables.

56,000,000 people could live for 100 days on the corn meal so used.

16,000,000 people could live for 100 days on the rice so used.

76,000,000 people could thus be kept from starvation for 100 days on these three cereals alone.

That is, the population of England could subsist on these food supplies for nearly six months.

The population of France could subsist for nearly seven months.

In other words, the saving from these three cereals alone could conceivably win the war for the Allies.

Fifty-two million bushels of barley, 42 million bushels of corn, and 12 million bushels of rice are yearly used in the manufacture of alcoholic liquors in the United States. At the average yield per acre, the land required to yield these wasted cereals is about 3 million acres.

Broadway, New York, fourteen miles long, and Fifth Avenue, seven miles long, have together about 8,000 street entrances of houses that are numbered. As there are 200,000 saloons in America, if every doorway on Fifth Avenue and Broadway were the entrance to a bar, and all the bars were on these streets, these thoroughfares would have to be respectively 350 miles long and 175 miles long.

Not all liquor is carried by the railroads, but a large part of the total is. If one year's supply were all carried in one train by rail, in cars of the high average capacity of 100,000 pounds, 166,660 cars would be required and the train would be 126 miles long.

Copyrighted by John T. McCutcheon —McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune*.

How to Make the Draft a Success.

German Divisions Depleted

UNDER the above heading a correspondent from headquarters, in the *Weekly Times* of London, gives some interesting facts regarding the German army in France:

The wastage of German effectives in the first weeks of the combined Anglo-French offensive is best shown by the melting of the enemy's strategic reserve on this front.

When the offensive opened the Germans had in France 117 divisions, of which 42 were in reserve. This mass of 42 divisions consisted entirely of fresh troops. By the end of April it had dwindled to 12 divisions. Since then the enemy has built up his reserve anew. It now totals 40 divisions,—equally divided between the German Crown Prince and Crown Prince Rupprecht, but of these 28 are divisions that have been engaged either on the British or French battle front, have suffered heavy loss, and have been reformed.

It is characteristic of the enemy's new method of economizing his best troops at the expense of the others that he refuses to allow his few remaining fresh divisions to be reduced. Exhausted divisions which can no longer be kept in the battle line change places with divisions which have been holding some quiet sector of the front, but the reserve of fresh troops is never meddled with, and seemingly still remains at the total of 12 divisions, eight being behind the front of the German Crown Prince and four behind that of Crown Prince Rupprecht.

Of the whole 155 German divisions now in France, 112 have been engaged either on the British or French front of attack, and 23 of them have reappeared after having been once withdrawn on account of their losses. Of the 43 divisions which have not yet taken part in the battles, either of Artois or Chanpagen, 18 are Landwehr, and considered by the Germnas themselves as unfit for heavy fighting. The remaining 25 consist of the 12 fresh divisions in reserve and 13 fresh divisions holding quiet sectors of the front.

It is known that between 90 and 100 enemy divisions have been withdrawn from the battle fronts since the beginning of the offensive. The rate of wastage of enemy divisions under the pressure of the great Anglo-French attacks is shown by the following figures:—The divisions opposed to the British

at the opening of the offensive in April were relieved after six days' fighting; those opposed to the French on the heights of the Aisne were withdrawn after the four days' hard fighting ending April 20. The Germans engaged in the battle of Messines were withdrawn after two days'. The average stay of a German division on the active fronts is about 15 days.

Canada's Crop Possibilites

THE next thirty days will see a mighty big problem solved for Canada—a problem upon which our circumstances for the next year will largely depend. This is the matter of our wheat crop. The Empire is looking to Canada more than ever as a bread basket. It is interesting to note what chance we have of fulfilling the Empire's expectations. In the report of grain acreage recently posted in the Winnipeg Exchange, there is an increase of 151,488 acres of grain seeded in Manitoba over the acreage of 1916. The figures for the various cereals were:

	1917	1916
Wheat	2,853,362	2,994,529
Oats	2,230,005	2,062,411
Barley	1,270,724	1,153,660
Flax	63,605	55,608
	6,417,696	6,266,208

The report for Alberta also shows quite a large increase, as follows:

	1917	1916
Spring Wheat	1,420,000	1,550,075
Winter Wheat	10,000	18,763
Oats	1,500,000	1,394,927
Barley	250,000	297,967
Flax	50,000	43,364
Rye	12,000	12,934
Speltz	3,000	2,342
Green Feed	1,000,000	505,044
Total	4,245,000	3,825,416

The Northwest Grain Growers' Association at a little earlier date summarized the acreage in the three Provinces, as follows:

	1916	1917	Per Ct. Dec.
Wheat	13,800,000	12,750,000	7..6
			Inc.
Oats	6,976,000	7,470,000	7..1
Barley	1,335,000	1,400,000	4..6
Flax	637,000	690,000	8..3

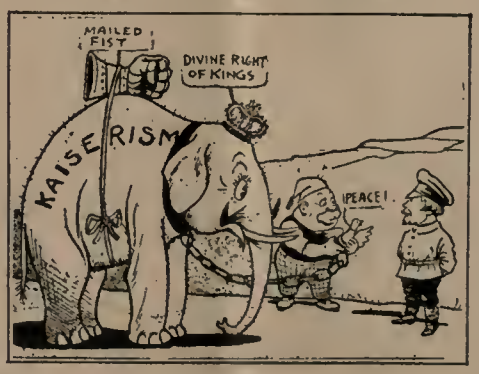
Grain Situation June 7, 1917:

Wheat inspected to date	165,000,000
In transit, not inspected	3,350,000
In store at country points	10,675,000
Used for seed, feed and country mills	35,000,000
In farmers' hands to market	11,500,000
Total	225,725,000
Less dual inspection (est.)	3,000,000
Total wheat crop	222,725,000
Oats inspected to date	82,082,000
Oats in transit not inspected	1,150,000
Oats in store at country points	4,120,000
Oats in farmers' hands to market	9,500,000
Barley inspected to date	8,500,000
Barley in transit, not inspected	120,000
Barley in store at country points	600,000
Barley in farmers' hands to market	1,000,000
Flax inspected to date	5,540,000
Flax in transit, not inspected	150,000
Flax in store at country points	300,000
Flax in farmer's hands to market	500,000

McConnell in the *Toronto News*.
Hon. W. J. Hanna is Canada's Food Controller.

The Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture covers the grain siuation in that Province as follows:

All grain crops in Saskatchewan are making rapid progress and prospects are very encouraging, is the sum and substance of reports received by the Department of Agriculture. Wheat is now in the shot blade in a great many places, although the frosts have retarded the growth in some parts, but the majority of the grain is from eight to ten inches high. Sufficient rain has now fallen to insure good growth and warm weather is needed generally. The wet weather has caused a quick growth of weeds, especially in summer fallow lands, however, little or no damage is noticed from any other cause. Fifty per cent. of the summer fallowing is now done and indications point to a slight increase in the area to be fallowed.



—*Evening News* (London.)
A Present From William.

Fritz.—"Now, Comrade, that you have got rid of Czarism, surely you can find room in your home for this poor little dove ?"
Ivan—"And what about the elephant ?"
Fritz—"Oh, that is thrown in with the dove!"

The hay crop will be slightly below the average owing to the want of moisture earlier in the season. Pastures are, however, improving since the rain came. Swine appear to be slightly on the decrease owing no doubt to the high cost of feed, but good success is noted in the raising of hogs this season, the litters being well up to the average.

J. M. McGreevy, financial editor of the Calgary "News Telegram," points out that labour will be one of the big problems the Western farmers will have to face:

"One problem confronts the whole south Alberta country, however; it is the labor aspect. Hardly are there enough men in the country now to take care of the work to be done at the present itme, and there is every reason to believe that there will not be one-third enough men to take care of the work of the farms during the coming harvest season.

"The farmers all realize the danger and are appealing to the United Farmers' Association and other agricultural representatives to rouse both Provincial and Dominion Governments to the seriousness of the situation. It is probably not an over-estimate to say that Southern Alberta alone will require 5,000 additional men to harvest this year's crop, and so far as is evident to date there is little prospect of securing the number required.

"Inspection and investigation at the boundary is stricter than ever and this being generally known on the American side has prevented much farm labor coming in from the United States. It is improbable that there will be any great number come in from the Republic, unless a special propaganda is carried on by the government with a view to bringing immigration of farm help about.

The Government should go into the grain business in 1918, according to an interview credited to Hon. Duncan Marshall, Provincial Minister of Agriculture in the Calgary "Albertan," as follows:

That the Dominion Government would do well to set about breaking and preparing 500,000 acres of land in Western Canada for a crop next year to help offset the world's food shortage that is surely pending, is the opinion of the Hon. Duncan Marshall, Minister of Agriculture, who is now attending the Fair. With production in Europe largely stopped, the possibility of a grave world shortage in foodstuffs is regarded by Mr. Marshall as a very real one, and he believes that Canada's vast idle territories should be brought into use to help meet the emergency. There would be no trouble in securing that amount of land, he asserts. Government tracts, railway lands and other idle sections could be readily secured."

Studebaker

Established 1852

The Studebaker

—a Comfortable Car

COMFORT in the motor car has been a thing of slow growth.

Motoring comfort means more than mere depth of upholstery.

Power is the most important of all motor car comforts. There is no reason why the driver should not ride with as much ease as the others in the car, and with as little strain as possible. Studebaker gives the driver a motor that is responsive on the instant to conditions of traffic and road.

A high type of motor car also requires that other features of its operation be elevated to the same plane of responsiveness.

The Studebaker motor is powerful and flexible, reducing the necessity of continually shifting gears.

The Studebaker is noted for the ease with which it steers. A gentle influence on the steering wheel is sufficient to guide it, and, because of perfected balance, it keeps the road, driving straight as an arrow without sidesway.

Clutch and brake levers are easily operated, making the Studebaker an ideal car for women to drive. A gentle pressure of the foot is all that is required.

Studebaker cars are roomy, with wide doors. And plenty of leg room is another mighty important feature of the comfortable car. The front seats are individual and form-fitting. Both seats are adjustable, forward and back. The seat next to driver's is reversible—another Studebaker comfort feature. The tonneau is big and roomy. Underneath the rear seat are two auxiliary arm chairs which pull out easily and quickly when required.

Studebaker cars are upholstered fn semi-glazed genuine leather, built over long coiled springs and genuine curled hair.

Freedom from mechanical trouble, the silence of all moving parts, even beauty of lines and finish, are all conducive to maximum comfort—because they mean complete satisfaction.

Before you buy any car you owe it to yourself to carefully consider all of these points. If there is any one place where comfort is needed and appreciated, it is in a motor car. Examine the Studebaker—ride in it—you will find that to equal Studebaker cars you must pay from $200 to $400 more than Studebaker prices.

FOUR-CYLINDER MODELS

FOUR Roadster	$1375
FOUR Touring Car	1375
FOUR Landau Roadster	1635
FOUR Every-Weather Car	1675

All Prices F. O. B. Walkerville.

STUDEBAKER

WALKERVILLE, - ONTARIO

SIX-CYLINDER MODELS

SIX Roadster	$1685
SIX Touring Car	1685
SIX Landau Roadster	1900
SIX Every-Weather Car	1995
SIX Touring Sedan	2245
SIX Coupe	2310
SIX Limousine	3430

All Price F. O. B. Walkerville.

Her Masterpiece

Continued from page 206.

"He's coming around fine, Mrs. Clifford, though he's a bit delirious yet from the blow he got on the head. But the heart's working like an eight-horse-power motor again and the wounds will heal in no time. Run along in and cheer him up."

Strangling the sob that rose convulsively in her throat, she moved swiftly into the room. The man's restlessness was apparent and his wanderings startled her. Dropping by the bedside, she rested her cheek against his black head.

"Oh, God, the glory of the wilderness—the trail—the trail—just as I dreamed it long ago. Boys—another blow of the old axe—the clearing—ah, this is life for the man—a blazer of trails—the city will smother—but—but I can't forget Helena's genius—" The voice trailed away into unintelligible mutterings. Helena's hot tears fell on the pillow.

"Oh, God, spare him—spare him to me," she breathed, entreatingly.

The man opened his eyes, the light of recognition in them. "You—here, Helena—but I thought I was on the trail—the—the tree—"

"Yes, yes, the tree fell and crushed you. But, oh Robert, God spared you. Dr. Aleck says you'll be back blazing your trail in a day or two," she gasped, her fingers caressing his hot temples.

With a tired smile, he closed his eyes and as Helena watched, he fell into a quiet sleep.

At eventide he roused and lay for a little watching Helena, an expression of wonderment in his eyes. For her fingers were busied with the needle, that she drew through the sleeve of the working blouse that had been so cruelly torn by the crushing blow of the tree. As she sat mending, working the expression of her over-burdened heart, into this, first service rendered to the man she loved, her brain cleared and her taut nerves relaxed. A mist gathered in her eyes as she met the man's searching look and she turned her head away.

"What troubles you, little woman?" he questioned anxiously. "I will soon be up out of this and we will go back to your studio and all that is so dear to you——"

"Stop, listen," she interrupted tremulously, passionately, "Robert, dearest, can you ever forgive me? You, with your great generous heart have been so blind—sacrificing all those years for my selfish ambitions.

"While I have been painting pictures that will fade on drawing room walls, the woman of this log cabin home has been creating living pictures—helpers of men and women. And I have ever held you back from the accomplishment of great things.

"Listen! we will stop here in this wilderness, by the side of the trail. You will make a clearing and build a log cabin home. You will go on breaking trails. We shall begin life anew. Sometimes I will ride down the main trail with you to the Settlement of the Strangers. Maybe I can teach the women folk out of my world-wise lore——"

"But—little wife—your art—your masterpiece?" questioned the man with incredulity, the lustre of enthusiasm suddenly glowing in the dull, expressionless eyes.

The glory of a new vision radiated Helena Clifford's face. "My masterpiece shall be wrought in our wilderness home—not by my genius alone, but with the help of the Creator. His name shall be called Victor—Conqueror," she answered softly.

The End.

An Impossible Stride.

"Young man," said an inquisitive old lady to a tram-conductor, "if I put my foot on that rail shall I receive an electric shock?"

"No mum," he replied, "unless you place your other foot on the overhead wire."

The Country's Greatest Asset

Continued from page 202.

leave the children without care, become a liability and not an asset to the country. The children spend their time on the street, and in that University get a course that too often leads to trouble. Many a widow has had to apply for relief, because of ill-health, and that ill-health has been caused as much by worry as work. It is a heart-breaking thing for a mother to see her children drifting into wrong ideas of life and be unable because of lack of time, to lead them into the right path.

A widow's pension is not charity. It is payment for work done for the state. Such mothers might be called civil servants. The state undertakes to pay the mothers who are capable and willing, a salary for keeping a home properly for their children. Because the pension is a salary, the mother as an employee of the body paying the salary, must be willing to accept instruction and advice as any other employee has to do. It is a recognition by the state of the fact that the business of being a mother is not learned by instinct, but is a profession, and those who draw a salary for that profession must know their business.

The matter of supervision is one on which there has been some difference of opinion. The old school still maintains that the fact of bearing a child brings with it instinctive knowledge of how to care for the child. The new school insists that while mother love and tenderness are valuable, still the women who receive a salary from the state for being mothers should learn all that it is possible to know about the business.

The pensions are given freely and enough to each mother to enable her to stay in her home and care for her children. The estimated cost of living for a widow with four children, the children ranging in age from four years to fourteen years, is fifty-five dollars and ten cents a month. The smallest pension being paid is five dollars a month, and the highest is sixty-four dollars a month. Those who receive very small pensions have other sources of income. Some own their own homes, others have some means but not enough to support the whole family. The great majority receiving pensions receive between thirty and forty dollars a month. It is interesting to note that only very few children of fourteen or over are receiving any benefit from these pensions.

It must be remembered that this scale of living was worked out for the Province of Manitoba in the year 1916, and while there may still be places where fifty-five dollars and ten cents a month will keep a mother and four children in comfort, there are very few. It is cer-

tainly the minimum cost of living in Manitoba at the present time.

The women who are elegible for pensions are Canadian women, born or naturalized, who have been living two years in the Province, continuously before their husband's death, and whose husband died in the Province. They must be able to care for their children and keep a home for them. The Act has also been stretched to include women whose husbands are in jail or in an asylum or other institution, where he is receiving care, and cannot care for his family.

As the local municipalities duplicate the government grant, each municipality handles its own cases and sends recommendations to the Provincial Commission. The local committees are voluntary committees, and composed of from three to six people. Any widow in the municipality wishing a grant must apply to this committee. This committee discusses the case and if it thinks advisable sends a recommendation to the Provincial Commission, which meets in Winnipeg and is the final board, beyond which there is no appeal.

The Provincial Commission, which was appointed by the Government, does not receive pay, but as stated, in its hands is the final interpretation of the Act. The Act has not yet been in force a year, but all who have had anything to do with administering it are most enthusiastic in their praise of the good accomplished. Like everything else, the road the Commission must travel is not always smooth. There are applications based on real need that must be thrown out beacuse of some technicality. Other applicants are in need because of laziness or inefficiency, the mothers being people not fit to be employees of the state. Such cases of course are most difficult to handle.

Careful statistics are being kept and no doubt many important facts will be deduced from them. At present it is much too soon to come to any conclusions, but one terrible thing has been noted, and that is that fully one-fifth of the husbands of the women who applied for pensions died from tuberculosis. This is doubtless a greater percentage than an average statistical return would show. Tuberculosis is so slow and deliberate in its attack, and the patient is always so hopeful, that there is usually a long and expensive fight. In that fight the savings of years often go very quickly, and it is the widows of the men who die of this disease who will be more likely to need assistance than the widows of men whose illness is not a long one. But it is an important fact that the percentage is so high.

The full value of widows' pensions will not be realized until every Province has a widows' pension act. At the present time in Manitoba there are limitations to the power of the Commission that there would not be if every Province in the Dominion of Canada had a similar act. For instance, a widow who lived all her life in Manitoba until six months before her husband's death, cannot get a pension because he did not die in the Province. They had moved west for his health and so were not residents. This restriction is necessary to keep the widoas from all over the Dominion from hastening to Manitoba. But when the women in all the Provinces realize the importance of such legislation, Widows' Pensions will be a Dominion-wide Act, and such small restrictions will not be necessary. "In a man's country 'tis property they legislate for, in a woman's country it would doubtless be for life; in a country where both men and women legislate, there should be a due regard for both.

Politics and Politicians

Continued from page 192.

The conscription Liberals now constitute a separate party or distinct group in the house, but the speeches of Mr. Graham and Mr. Pardee in the extension debate disclosed how hard it is for old party war horses to maintain an even keel in troubled political waters. They may have to form an alliance, or even a coalition, with the Borden government, but they find it hard to break altogether with their old party associates and their old time Chief. Curious changes may come about during the course of a long drawn out campaign, and while, after the next election, there is bound to be something in the nature of a coalition government, one cannot be altogether certain but that Sir Wilfrid Laurier may rise again from the sepulchre into which he was lately lowered down by twenty-six of his former parliamentary supporters. The main issue between the English provinces and Quebec seems to be so vital and simple as to make the result of the election absolutely certain, but as the late Sir John Macdonald once shrewdly observed:

> "There is nothing more uncertain than a horserace except an election."

A good story is told of the practical resourcefulness of the late Bishop Wordsworth, of Salisbury.

An unexpected large party came to an "At Home" at the palace, and a crush was feared round the tea tables.

His lordship grasped the situation, and prevented one hundred squeezing into a room suitable for thirty by saying during a pause in the conversation:

"Will all ladies over forty kindly go down to the tea-room ?"

A very limited number responded.

The First Icelander

Continued from page 198.

rest of the day there was a *rain* of fire from both sides. You may not believe it, Mick, but I am telling you the gospel truth when I tell you my finger was actually sore from pulling the trigger, and I didn't fire at the air, every bullet I fired was 'out for business.' Finally night came on and the firing eased up a bit much to my relief, because that morning I would have bet anybody two bits that I'd never see sundown, but, you know, Mickey, I always was a lucky devil. The following day was not quite so bad, not such a terrible shower as the day before. That night about sundown the enemy ceased firing. We also ceased firing. Everything seemed to be quiet. For a few minutes it was hard to realize that we were on a field of death and destruction, because it was quiet enough to be Assiniboine Park. Then the Germans started calling to us and we replied. I asked one guy if he had had his rum yet, and he said No, so I told him he didn't deserve any. Then followed a bang, but not yet, mister German, for little Halli was down in the bottom of the trench lighting his pipe of navy cut. You see, Mickey, they are very rude, just because I told him he didn't deserve any rum, he took a pop at me. They are very careless with their firearms, they keep firing at us just as if there was a war on, one of these days they'll be hitting some of our chaps, but they don't seem to care. If they hit our chaps they're not a bit sorry. I tell you what it is, Mick, they got no dam manners, but, believe me, we're going to teach the beggars some manners."

His hands, as he wrote, were "so bally cold" he could hardly hold the pen.

There was a waggishly prophetic touch towards the last—"Just got a letter from my brother saying he had joined the Strathcona's. Well, good luck to him, but I just ben a-thinkin' if the war ain't over before he gets here, there ain't gona be much left o' this here child. So I am just a-hopin' this here firework game will be over before he gets here."

The last line was an urgent request to know if the "Monarchs got the silverware."

On the heels of the letter the ruthless lists began to come in, and little Halli with his philosophy, "if they're going to get you, they'll get you and that's all there is to it," with his sunniness, "You know, Mickey, I always was a lucky devil," with his drollery, "Not yet, mister German. . . . . they got no dam manners," with his prophetic "There ain't gona be much left o' this here child," little Halli, after a fevered week at Le Touquet, was gone forever

from the shining comradeship of danger.

Outside there, Mickey is staring sombrely and unseeingly through the mist of rain at the bulletin-boards where the Lusitania lists grow blacker and longer. In the office behind, the men have started their talk again across the cluttering of the adding-machine.

"Is there anything we can do—in his memory, I mean ?" asked the accountant.

"I don't know—there's the girl," hesitated the ledger-keeper.

"Was he engaged, then ?" the accountant's accent was of surprise.

"Oh, not just engaged, I guess," admitted the ledger-keeper. "There's a girl at the factory—they went together. But they were both just kids."

"Just Kids"—the little girl left behind at the factory, Nat in a prison-camp in Germany, and Halli in his new grave in a growing little plot full of small wooden crosses, and no more running of young warm blood in his wrists.

The Owner of 28 Above

Continued from page 196.

ever pipe her before, Mamie ?" asked Squid, his eyes narrowing.

"Naw ! We aint in the same lodge, as you might say."

"Do you think that if she was out of the way, you would have a chanct with Jack ?" he asked with brutal frankness.

"I know I'd die sooner than quit tryin' ", answered the woman.

"Well, I'll put a flea in his ear, fer you, to-night, if you'll leave him alone long enough fer me to win some of my dough back," suggested Squid Kent.

"To-night ?" echoed Mamie. "Is Jack goin' to Denny's, after all ?"

"Why, ain't he ? I never thought nothing else, but that he was ! You don't reckon he's goin' to bed, like a nice little boy, with his woman caperin' away in Dawson with her—"

"Come on, quick ! Let's get ready!" the other cried, getting into her furs with feverish haste. "I'll turn him over to you, Squid, if you'll mention what we seen jest now. An' Squid, don't pile it on too thick, you know; he mightn't believe too much all at onct. But look !" she stooped before the stove where Kate had stood, "if here ain't one of her fake roses. He'll know that you wasn't stringin' him, by that !"

Burnside and Kate reached the Arctic Brotherhood Hall without further mishap. The building was gorgeously decorated, as befitted the occasion, the orchestra was one which can only be gathered together in the hey-dey of a great mining camp, so the boys will tell you, an orchestra in which every man (drawn from the musical centres of the Old World, by the tales of the new El Dorando) was a soloist of his own instrument. Judges, lawyers, "big" miners and Mounted Police officers were there; proud daughters of the east, and women, who for love of adventure and men had trailed into the Northland. It was an occasion to be remembered.

All this time a very different celebration of St. Valentine's Night was going on at the Forks, at Dennis' Grand Opening. What this fete lacked in refinement it made up in enthusiasm. Everything was wide open; in one corner of the large room a faro game was going on, in another, the roulette wheel was clicking the dollars away while poker, stud and black jack lured men to other sections. The bar, itself, which was in the same room, was lined with customers, each person—men and women—seeming to fight to get their money into the cash register. Times were good, wages were high and Dennis' popularity undisputed. Here and there the yellow stripes of a Mounted Policeman might be seen, although law and order prevailed on all sides. There were no gun plays. Slorah, a remnant of the Soapy Smith gang, of Skagway, had made his spectacular stand at the Dominion Saloon and had been hunted down; there was no fear of a repetition, so the lid was up, and everyone might peer in !

Jack Denton was there; a half hour's wrestling with the fiends of jealousy and thirst had driven him from his home, ripe for almost anything. He pushed into the thick of the revelry looking for some means by which he might deaden his torture. The caller was perspiring in his efforts to crowd more couples on the already thronged floor.

"What is your pleasure, ladies and gents ?" he bellowed between hollowed hands. Then without waiting for an answer, "Let's have a soft, juicy waltz," and a waltz they had, not especially soft, but certainly on the juicy side. Denton watched the reeling couples for a moment then turned back to the bar, where a miner was in the act of throwing his poke of dust on the counter.

"Drink on me, boys," he called, and in a few moments forty ounces of gold had disappeared into the melting pot.

"My turn !" cried Jack. "Everybody—dance hall and all." And it

took six men a half an hour to serve the crowd which surged to respond to the invitation.

Mamie soon discovered that Denton was there. But before approaching him, she slipped into Dennis' private office and called up the town. "Say, Dick," she said as soon as she had got one of the attendants at the Arctic Brotherhood Ball, "will you do a favor fer me ?"

"You bet, Mamie," answered the crook. "What's de game ?"

"Can you find Frank Burnside's hoss and dope him ?"

"Why, what d' hel—?" began the man.

"Never mind askin' no questions, now, Dick; jest get busy, if you can, and don't bungle yer job ! Leave him ginger enough to get a little piece on the road."

The man laughed appreciatively.

"You're the limit, Mamie ! The idee of that there English dood spendin' de night in de open tickles me clean silly."

Mamie echoed his laugh faintly and rang off. Dick was right; she was the limit. The idea of preventing Burnside and Kate Denton from getting home that night—providing possibly that they might reach '60', stay there and thus furnish food for the scandal she would spread, tickled *her* clean silly. Then she went to find Jack.

"Will you dance with me, Jack ?" she asked.

He looked at her half in repulsion, a fleeting picture of Kate crossing his mind. Then with a reckless laugh, he swung her to him and away across the floor. She held up her head proudly as she passed her women friends and pretended not to see them.

"She's got him back," said Sweet Marie, "but she can't 'roll him' for anything, I'll bet."

"She never did," said Dutchy. "He's the only man she ever cared a damn about, and we dont 'roll' the men we love."

As the dance ended Mamie led Denton into one of the boxes which lined one side of the hall. There they had too much champagne for her discretion.

"I seen her, to-night," she told him, recklessly.

"Who ?"

"Why, Sunshine—your wife. She was in at '60' with the English bloke. They had drinks," she hurried on, "an' she lost one of her flowers. I give it to Squid to keep till I seen you."

"*God* !"

"Oh, Jack," babbled Mamie, crying real champagne tears, "it's killin' me to see you take it so hard ! She aint worth it—"

"Mamie !" He unwound the arms which had crept about his neck and pushed the woman from him. "Don't dare to mention my wife's name in this place again, to-night ! Do you hear me ?" he demanded roughly. "Don't dare to mention it to me or to any one else ! Promise me on your oath, or I will go home, now !"

She promised, realizing in a vague way that Squid had still his turn with Jack. In a few minutes he found them, Mamie still tearful. Jack sitting silent and ghastly white.

"Hello, Jack," he greeted. "Will you come in on a game ? I'll prove how cunnin' a little boy I can be when I aint hittin' the bottle to speak of."

Glad to rid himself of Mamie, and feeling it necessary to accept what he thought was an apology from the fellow, Jack rose and led the way upstairs. His luck of the previous night continued; no matter what Kent held, Denton went one better. Squid began to lose his temper as well as his money. Finally, the bomb exploded. He bet heavily; Jack stayed with him, the others dropping out after three or four rounds. There was upwards of five hundred dollars on the table when he called. Kent held a King Full; Denton four sevens.

"You know the old sayin', Jack," said the former, forcing a laugh. "Lucky at cards, unlucky at love. Dat's you, aint it ? I seen your woman down at '60', to-night, drinkin' an' spreein'. Here's what she lost in the scuffle," and he flung Kate's rose in Jack's face.

Within the second, Denton's powerful fist had swung under Squid's chin a little to the left, and in what looked like gallons of his own blood, the gambler lay on the floor, inert. The table was upset; cards, chips, gold, glasses and liquor mingled together in a sickening mess; and in the midst of it Jack Denton tried to throw off the imprisoning hands which held him and leap on the limp figure at his feet. Suddenly, he found himself confronted by a Mounted Policeman—a mere stripling—whom he could have crushed to death, with ease. But in an instant, his face changed, the white rage died away leaving the dull red of shame,

"I came near making a fool of myself," he muttered. "He'll be all right, in a minute, Billy."

"Sure !" answered the Policeman cheerfully. "I dont know 'ow it started, but I'll wager you were in the right, Jack. Better go 'ome," further counselled the guardian of the law," and take a nap. This is no place for you."

When the first news of the fight reached Dennis Sugrue, he dashed into his office and succeeded after some difficulty in getting Kate on the wire.

"The noight is young, me gur-r-l," he began, with his charming brogue more evident than ever in his gentleness," and oi hate to spoil your foon

but Jack is dhrinkin'; he has just had a scrap with Squid Kent, and unless you take him away, I am fearin' throuble."

"Oh, Dennis!" she moaned. "It will take me hours to reach him!"

"Well, my dearie, roon quick, and make the start. I'll keep an oye on him in the m'anetoime."

Half an hour later Kate and Burnside were racing along the frozen road toward the Forks. The Arctic Brotherhood Ball was in full swing and hardly any one knew that two of its participants had forsaken the hall—least of all Mamie's obliging friend, Dick, who had not been near the stables.

What Burnside said on that long drive has never been revealed, but he is a better friend of the Denton's today than ever, and that says a great deal.

By the time they arrived at the Forks, however, another incident had occurred which threw a cloud over Dennis' Grand Opening. Squid gradually came to; he could see nothing but the lust for blood, could feel nothing but the overpowering desire to kill someone. Even his hurt, which was considerable was forgotten in this desire.

"I'll fix him yet," he cursed. "No one can do me like that and get away with it!"

After a little, he crept down stairs where pandemonium reigned. Denton was everywhere, singing, dancing, drinking and playing the wheel. After each haul, for his luck was still with him, he would turn the money into the coffers of the house and the wine into the open mouths of the bystanders. There came a moment when he leaned well over the bar, trying to attract the attendant's notice the moment for which Kent had been waiting. He edged stealthily closer—and closer—and closer, until he stood almost beside his man. Seizing a long heavy bottle he brought it down with crushing force on Denton's head. and then, dropping his weapon, he struck fiercely at Jack's face as the latter sank unconscious to the floor. A Mounted Policeman caught Squid from behind, and dragged him cursing from the room; all was confusion, men shouted and women screamed.

"He's a goner!" said some.

"My Gawd! Look at the blood!" cried a woman and added to the horror by capping a shrill scream with a fit.

Jack was carried away and laid on Dennis' own bed. The doctor was summoned.

"What a sight for poor little Sunshine when she sees him," said Sugrue to himself, looking at the bandaged head of his friend. "Squid Kent will swing for this!"

When Kate arrived, a hush fell over

the crowd. A more incongruous sight can hardly be imagined than this beautiful woman, with her pure, undefiled face amongst the nondescript aggregation of miners, and gamblers, and the painted denizens of the dance halls. Mamie saw her and stared.

"It's Gawd's mercy the dope didn't work," she said superstitiously, "she had oughter be here, I reckon."

Behind closed doors, Kate approached the bed-side, slowly.

"What has happened ?" she asked hoarsely of the doctor who was still present. "Will he die ?"

"His great strength ought to pull him through, my dear." answered the other, "although he got a blow which would have killed most men outright. Look, he added, "he is opening his eyes !"

Softly, he went from the room.

"Kate !" whispered her husband. "Oh Kate !"

"Here I am, dearest—Oh, Jack," she sobbed, "are you very much hurt ?"

The vacant stare took on intelligence.

"Why little woman, how did you get here—in this place ? They should not have let you come. I guess I'm all in; don't cry—it's better so. You love him, and he will be good to you." The voice trailed off feebly.

"Jack, Jack !" cried the girl. "What are you saying ? Who is there but you ?"

"I thought you—and Burnside—they told me—" the story of his hunger, his jealousy, his suspicion came in halting words.

"My beloved," said the girl, "there is no one, never has been any one but you ! You must know it ! Why, Jack you are my king—my god !" She could say no more; but her head dropped until it lay upon his breast. His great hand stole out feebly and caught her little trembling fingers.

"It's more than I have any right to ask," he whispered.

And with the rays of the big silver Yukon moon, a heavenly peace entered into that little room and into the hearts of the two who rested there.

The Case At Evelyn Grange

Continued from page 179.

"Up in the air like a colt, sir. Wouldn't have none of it. I'd insulted her, and she'd go to her mistress—an' she did," he added ruefully. "Then I came straight to you, sir."

"Wendham, do you hear that ?" Evelyn exclaimed.

"I was there when it happened—or rather, when she ran to Mrs. Gaynor with the story. She was, as John says, up in the air."

"What did Nellie say ?" inquired Evelyn.

Wendham's face clouded. "Mrs. Gaynor isn't strong, as I've told you. This evening has been terribly hard on her. I was afraid that this final complication would prove the last straw, but she pulled herself up like a thoroughbred, told Adele that she had absolute confidence in her and then ordered her back to remain under Mrs. Lawdon's supervision."

"What do *you* make of it?" asked Evelyn. Wendham hesitated, and his host read his wishes.

"You may leave us, John. Thank you. Good night."

The servant bowed and retired.

"I don't know what to think," said Wendham, reverting to the last question; "but this I do believe, that girl is as innocent as you are. She was beside herself with shame and indignation, and it was genuine. I'm far more inclined to suspect—John."

It was Evelyn's turn to fall into a brown study, from which he emerged with his friend's words upon his lips. "I wonder—I wonder. That would be a foxy game, wouldn't it? But has he the sense? Supposing this man *did* see some one, and that one wasn't Adele? Who could it be? If a man, then small and slender enough to dress and pass for a girl; if a woman, one who was either in our employ or who dressed as a maid. It's beyond me. Suppose the things were stolen by some one in the house—Adele, let us say, or John—what would they do with them? No one has left the place, the robbery was discovered so soon."

"Of course," said Wendham, "they're hidden, and, of course, in a place that would not be likely to be thought of, at least in any superficial search, such as we made to-night. This has been planned, Heaven knows how long ahead, and the receptacle chosen. If John is the guilty one, I would incline to the garden—an old well, the cellar. I once heard of a butler who put stolen diamonds into a bottle of port, corked, and resealed it, marked it, and put it with the other bottles. Unfortunately the very next day the master happened to take out that bottle from the back row—and—there you are. It was mere luck. We may be as fortunate. If, on the contrary, it's Adele, there's no telling. If that girl is clever enough to lie with such absolute appearance of truth, she's clever enough to outwit us all, and our only hope is that she'll be too clever and meet us half-way round the circle again."

"Oh, well, what's the use? Let's go to bed, old man. I'm down and out." Evelyn rose, stretched himself and suppressed a yawn. "Look, here comes the dawn. Was ever anything better than that? Corot is a back number, as Alice would say."

The great plain far below the hill was

wrapped in blue night, grading to purple. A thread of scarlet touched its uttermost rim, while above the clouds melted to tones of opal. Higher yet, the almost white sky was limpid as a moonstone. The two men stood by the window a moment, then simultaneously turned away. "Good night—excuse me, good day, old man. Thanks for your help and your pleasant company."

"Don't mention it," said Wendham. "There's something stewing at the back of my brain. I think I'll have an idea soon. If I do, I'll let you know. They've not been of much use so far. Good day."

They sought their rooms. Wendham's brain was too active for sleep. Instead, after a cold plunge, he seated himself, wrapped in a heavy bathrobe, by the window and watched the miracle of morning.

Suddenly the inward self, as if after huge and hidden labor, supplied a recollection. Apparently it was not connected with the case in mind. It seemed rather, in the effort to reach the thing desired, the dislodgment of another memory from its cell.

"Why, of course, Mrs. Wimbleton was the woman whom the famous French specialist had once named as the most gifted hypnotist of his acquaintance." Yes, that was the name. He had not been able to place it—no wonder. Who would have connected Mrs. Gaynor with a science so remote from her interests, or with anyone so devoted to its pursuits? Wimbleton—the name on the envelope entrusted to his care, had uselessly haunted him! The strange, insistent, relentless personality that dwells in us all, pushed aside his conventional wonderings and thoughts. He found himself suddenly confronted by the vision of the maid as she clung to Mrs. Gaynor's knees—of the strange relaxation of her body, when with gentle, forceful firmness he had ordered her to be quiet. He recalled the anxiety of her gaze. He had no thought of compelling her will, other than his wish to spare the woman he loved a painful scene which might break down the slender barrier of self-control that still protected her throbbing nerves—no thought but this great desire. With astonishing readiness the girl had bent to his suggestion. He recalled the sharp, almost frightened tone in which Mrs Gaynor had mentally seized and shaken the prostrate servant, breaking the spell his voice and presence were closing about her predisposed personality. She knew then—she realized what was happening—what might happen! "Am I insane!" he said aloud. He thrust back the tumultuous thoughts that lashed and seared in brain and heart.

Again he was forced to see and to fit

another piece into the puzzle. Mrs. Gaynor had spent nearly a year abroad—in Paris, three years ago, while he was following his medico-psychical research in Vienna. So much Calvin Mortimer had told him. That was the time when Mrs. Wimbleton had studied with Berillian. They must have known each other there. It was fair to suppose then that Mrs. Gaynor was familiar with a subject so successfully, if erratically, followed by her friend. This girl, this Adele, had accepted her mistress' fallen fortunes and accompanied her.

"This is sheer nonsense," he exclaimed, "sheer nonsense! There wasn't evidence enough to cast even a suspicion. The whole thing was natural. It was the peculiar manifestation of extraordinary conditions—nothing more. It is my own state of mind that is disordered. For God's sake, man, be sane! Walk off this madness!"

Dressing himself hastily in his tramping tweeds, he traversed the silent house, and selected a heavy black thorn stick from the hall rack.

At the door a pallid, red-eyed servant barred his way.

"Pardon," he murmured respectfully. "Mr. Evelyn requests no one to leave the house."

Wendham sighed. "Right, Alfred; I hadn't thought of that."

"Besides—" the man opened the door slightly, giving a glimpse of lawn, drive, and distant spangled hills; in the foreground a young man, in puttees and heavy traveling homespuns, was busily taking photographs. "That's the first of 'em, sir," said the servant grimly, "and I know what it is sir. I was with Mr. Elwell-Kanes when Master Robert was shot."

Wendham reddened angily. "Have him sent off at once, the beggar!"

"What's the use?" said the servant, wisely resigned.

In his own room once more Wendham returned to the open casement. Already the miracle of dawn had become the miracle of day. The distant reaches of the plains no longer unfolded roll upon roll of gossamer—blue, opal, and rose. Over the newly illuminated earth a cloud of tinsel seemed to float, brilliantly outlining each fall and rise of the rolling plain with an edge of keenest crystal. The air seemed suddenly purified, sterilized of the dreams of night, new-breathed from the realms of the upper ether. Wendham drew long breaths of the elixir, refreshing body and mind for the day's struggle. For the present he felt things must take their course. The terrible suspicion that beset his heart must be verified, but sanely, calmly, for the best result, above all for the safety of the one woman. What to him was Mrs. Lawdon

clamoring for the insignia of her vanity? Deep within himself he gave thanks for his old conviction—"crime is disease and somewhere in the realm of science lies the cure." But had the enemy made inroads so far that conscience was dead? Would one woman sacrifice the other? Suppose the net of evidence drew too close about her?

He shuddered, but his loyal spirit rose to the hazard. Some operations offend every aesthetic sense. Must the physician fail in his sympathy and attention? He was startled to discover how he had accepted the suggestion of his thought. That was beyond reason. He would consider how slight was the foundation upon which his imagination had reared his conviction—it was a deduction that he must verify before he might consider it anything but the shadow of conjecture. He scored himself roundly for his readiness to accept such a damnable solution of the problem. He must be wise, quick of thought, slow of action, and his time, his strength, the knowledge that had borne him to such strange deductions, all things must become subservient to her necessities—but—he must *know*.

To be continued

Lord o' Land

Continued from page 201.

concerning their cattle and sheep which they praise like shepherds in an ecologue. Their new thoroughbred ram has well-sprung ribs, and deep ones at that, thus giving plenty of room for food. It has a capacious chest chamber, and there was never a backbone better fleshed. Its heavy scrag or neck is an indication of its pronounced strength. All the sheep on this range are medium-wooled, these being hardier and more prolific. Open fleeced sheep stand little chance of surviving in Alberta, for the snow particles beat directly against their bodies chilling and killing them after the manner of the beautiful *Annabel Lee*. Wool is not so fine here because the land is flat. Where the country is hilly, and the sheep feed on a slope facing south, their wool is finer in texture.

Thacker has a ewe which jumps the hurdles in a most unsheep like manner, but he has punched a hole in her ear and tied it back to the wool on her neck so that her gadding days are over. The string prevents her jumping for a ewe, oh, ignorant reader! cannot jump without putting her ears forward.

Every year he culls out the old ewes which are "broken-mouthed" but those which raise twins are given the preference over those which have singles. A ewe with twins sometimes neglects the second lamb, in which event the

neglected one is sprinkled with salt, thus encouraging the mother to lick, and incidentally, to nurse it.

Sheep do not require the outlay of as much capital as other animals; they increase rapidly, and furnish returns twice a year. They eat the tailings of feed otherwise of no value, besides keeping the farm clear of weeds.

This sheep-farmer is getting an Angora male goat as he has heard on good authority that coyotes will not injure a flock where one is kept. He has a brother who raises sheep in South Africa, and in that country the sheep are led into the enclosures at shearing time by castrated goats called "kapaters." Maybe, after all, it was not a chance happening that the horn of plenty which Jupiter gave to the nymphs was a goat's horn; be that as it may, a goat is surely needed on this steading for, in spite of their uninflectional and agglutinative barking, there is a dubiety about the steadiness of the sheep-dogs while under stress of temptation. As I lay awake in the night, I heard for myself how the coyotes—the slaughterous, wanton she-coyotes came up close to coax and woo them to the woods.

"Don't go!" I kept saying to myself. "Don't go, you shag-haired idiots! The hungry slit-throat males wait close by to ravin your master's flock, and you are the man on guard."

The lean wailing of these thieves is the cry of a hope that still hopes; an esoteric sorrow, or ailing ego that refuses to be comforted. The only virtue of the coyotes may be summed up in the fact that they make a piece of scenery on the prairie. They are "sitters up a-nights," evil-doers, and super-villains who in spite of the refining influences that have come to all flesh through evolution, selection, or struggle for life, are still sunk in a state of original and hopeless sin.

A Box of Candy

Continued from page 185.

resisted his efforts, loaded baskets with provisions, and swept up scraps of food and paper that miraculously renewed themselves upon the floor. He was not used to physical toil, and more than once he felt that nature could bear no more—he must give up the job and lie down and rest for hours and hours.

The vision of the little girl with the long brown braids came to him at these despairing moments, however, and saved him from surrender. He could not maintain the reckless pace which he had set himself on the first day, but he kept on with dogged determination. He felt that he would be repaid.

By the time that Saturday afternoon arrived, his feet seemed burdened with lead weights. Every fibre of his body was quivering with weariness, and his muscles felt as if they had been pounded.

"You're gettin' lazy like the rest of 'em," commented Wamley, as Philip slowly moved a cracker box into position.

The boy turned his head away to hide the quick tears that filled his eyes. He was near the end of his strength, but he was doing the best he could.

"You get and hustle that premium china up out of the cellar," continued Wamley, "and don't take all day about it."

Philip descended the steps and surveyed the heavy box that he must move. He gave it a tentative shove. It did not budge. He braced his shoulder against it, and tried again. It yielded, very slowly, and in response to Philip's frantic efforts, deliberately turned over on its side. Another struggle, and it stood at the foot of the stairs.

Philip sat down upon it, and looked at the steps that led up into the store. They appeared to him like the side of the pyramid of Cheops, and as hard to scale. He groaned as he arose, and toppled the box on to the lowest step. Securing a fresh grip, he heaved until he could get his shoulder under the burden, and carefully straightened up. The packing case bumped heavily on to a higher elevation and remained there, refusing to go farther. The weight bore crushingly upon the boy, who stood shakily braced below. He pushed with his hands, but found that his arms had lost all their force.

He stretched out one foot, to seek a lower step. The distance was greater than he had calculated, and he cautiously bent the other knee. His error was instantly apparent. The box began to sink, and his leg slowly doubled under him. He shut his eyes and lurched forward with a cry.

When he recovered consciousness, Wamley was shaking him roughly by the shoulder. He was lying on the floor beside the case of premium china, and the man was bending over him, red and angry.

"You get up and get out of here!" roared the grocer, shaking him again. "I oughter knock yer head off! Get up!"

He yanked the boy to his feet by the coat collar.

"Them wages of yourn won't half pay the damage," pursued Wamley,

pushing his late assistant up the stairs. "You get out, and stay out!"

Philip's head was very light and swayed upon his shoulders as he staggered to the door. His feet carried him automatically down the street, across the vacant lot at the second corner, and up the steps to his home without any conscious volition of his own. He was unconscious of the length of time it took him, and of the few passers-by who turned to stare at the pallid little boy wavering along on unsteady legs, clutching at the fences now and again to straighten him on his course. He dropped into his mother's open arms, once inside the house, and lay there quietly for a long while.

Neither his father's stormy wrath at the grocer, when he heard the story, nor the loving sympathy of his mother could soothe the ache in Philip's soul and body. He was shamed, humiliated and defeated. Temporary comfort came with the discovery of an immense bump upon his head, larger than any he had ever seen upon the persons of his friends, but this balm to his pride was not lasting. The bump, indeed, remained to hurt him, but his satisfaction at its size vanished beneath the flood of his woes.

Sunday found him plunged in gloom. He climbed wearily into the barn loft at the hour when other children were in Sunday School, and occupied some time in a review of the evidence that Fate was against him. Life had brought him only suffering, he concluded, and he was destined to be the helpless sport of circumstance.

The thought that he might retrieve his financial losses was dismissed. His private fortune at no time had exceeded a nickel, and now he had no nickel. He descended from his retreat at length, unrefreshed in spirit, and sought refuge from his sorrows in a book.

He returned to school the next morning, attired in his best suit. The outfit that he had worn in his service under Wamley was a ruin, past repair. The boys in the school yard displayed a lively interest in his improved attire, and he consented to display the knob on his head to a select few whom he counted his friends. He did not linger long outdoors, however, and amazed Miss Meaney by occupying his seat a full ten minutes before school convened.

The girl with the brown braids was already at her desk, idly turning the pages of her geography. She passed his desk many times, on ostentatious errands, but he refused to look up. Once she hesitated beside him, and seemed about to speak. He hastily stooped to adjust his shoe string, and after a moment she passed on.

He kept his eyes averted from her throughout the session. A stubborn resolve to break the bond that held him to her had taken possession of his mind.

Once, when he stood up to recite, his eyes met hers. She was turned half around in her seat, looking at him with deep and friendly interest. He flushed, stuttered, and lost track of his remarks, finally dropping to his seat in confession of failure. He did not look up again until school was dismissed.

He saw her up the street before him, after school and he made a detour through an alley to avoid her.

"Positively," said his mother, that night, "the child has not smiled since he broke Wamley's china."

"Wamley," commented his father, "ought to be horsewhipped."

Philip stared listlessly out of the window.

"Been having a pretty rough time, haven't you, son?" said the man.

"Uh, huh," agreed Philip listlessly.

"Well, I guess that's so," said the father. "To-morrow's your birthday, and I guess you'd better cheer up."

He delved in his trousers pocket.

"Here, this'll help, maybe."

Philip stared. His father's hand was outstretched,-and in it was money—a quarter and a half dollar!

He sat transfixed for a moment, and then, suddenly, his pall of care dropped from him.

"Oh, pa!" he cried.

He threw himself upon his father and flung his arms about his neck. In another instant he was speeding out the door, the money in his hand. The father wiped the moist remainder of a kiss from his cheek.

"I think that's the first time the boy ever did that in his life," said the man in some embarrassment.

Early on his birthday morning Philip was astir. He sat up in bed and carefully lifted his pillow. Beneath it was an oblong package which he viewed with unspeakable satisfaction. It had beautiful flowers on it and was tied with gold cord. He picked it up and examinde it for the twentieth time, turning it over and over, and stopping to read the boldly penciled inscription on the bottom:

"75c."

Finally, putting down the box of candy, he collected his clothing from the floor and dressed himself with care. When his toilet was completed he issued forth into the street, concealing the package under his coat. He whistled gayly, though much out of tune, as he trod the route to Washington Street and the brick house where the new girl lived. His heart was uplifted with the conviction that no boy in Crayville, and very likely none even in great cities, had ever bestowed so impressive a gift upon a girl.

Thus cheerfully occupied, he descried Louie Born in the distance. Louis was bearing a pitcher which he struck from time to time against the stone sidewalk producing a pleasant ringing sound.

As they approached Philip tucked his parcel farther up inside his coat. Louie noted it immediately.

"What you got?" he demanded.

"Oh, something," said Philip. "I got to take something to a house up here. Where are you going?"

"After some milk."

Their ways lay together and Louie fell alongside, eying the lump under the other's coat. Philip was at first inclined to be annoyed. Then he reflected that Louie might prove to be a valuable supporting force or rearguard, and he was beginning to feel conscious of the need of some such aid. He was already hoping that her father or mother would answer his ring.

"Is it here?" said Louie, as they stopped before the brick house. "Here's where the new girl lives. Do you know her?"

"No—this is just for her father. I got to take this bundle to him."

He blocked Louie's move to accompany him to the door.

"You just wait there a second," he said. "I'll be out in a minute."

His feet made an unconscionable, racket as he crossed the porch. A wild hope that she had not yet awakened surged through him as he turned the handle of the old-fashioned door bell. He knew he would make a mess of his errand should she answer his ring.

The door knob rattled and turned. It seemed an age before the door swung open, but his paralyzed legs refused to obey the impulse to turn and flee.

He gasped and gulped at the sweet-faced little girl who appeared before him. She was wearing a silky white jacket of a type that he had never seen before, and her hair was loosely coiled upon her head after a grown-up fashion. She smiled at him, pleasantly.

"Good morning, Philip," she said.

The discovery that she knew his name completely demoralized him. He had never thought about that.

"I—uh," he began, "I—uh— —"

His throat was strangely constricted and he turned away for relief. Louie Born was standing at the curb, deeply absorbed in the scene on the porch. He had deposited his pitcher in the grass and stood with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, his face very serious and intent.

"I—uh," said Philip again, turning his eyes helplessly to the roof.

He was holding the Paris Bon Bons stiffly out before him. He remembered as he struggled for further utterance that he had forgotten to place his name upon the box.

"Was this for me?" inquired the girl, glancing at the elaborately decorated package.

He looked at her appealingly. If

only she would take the gift, step inside and shut the door, all would be well. Instead, she remained there with that little inquiring smile upon her lips, waiting for him to speak. He felt that his face was crimson, and that his knees were quaking visibly.

He opened his mouth in another trial at speech, and produced no sound. He thought of Louie, standing outside and watching every move. It was then that an inspiration came to him, bringing with it restoration of his voice.

"I—it's for y-you," he stammered. "L-Louie, he asked me to give this to you. It's a present from him. He—he didn't want to come in himself. He——"

Philip again became inarticulate as he backed down the steps. She had the box of candy in her hands, and was dimpling with pleasure.

"Thank you, Louie," she called from the doorway.

With the landscape dancing giddily before him, Philip stumbled away, leaving Louie astounded and gaping on the curb. It was not until he reached the corner that he turned for one last look.

"Oh—oh, gee!" he groaned.

Louie Born was standing on the porch of her home, ringing the door bell. The resourceful Louie was going in to investigate.

The door swung open, and Louie stepped inside.

It was a long half hour that Philip waited, there on the street corner. He sat on the curbstone, his chin on his knees and his hands clenched together before him. Rage filled his heart as he looked at the big brick house which his own folly had opened to Louie Born.

At last Louie emerged. He took his cap from his pocket, put it on, and removed it again by way of parting salute.

"Good-bye," Philip heard him say.

"Good-by," came the girl's voice from within.

Louie came down the steps, picked up his pitcher from the grass, and started jauntily on his way. His cap was far back on his head and his face was alight with satisfaction.

Philip came swiftly up behind him.

"Say, you!" he called.

Louie turned, and took a startled backward step. Philip, his head thrust forward, his fists doubled, clearly was prepared for combat.

"What's the matter, anyhow?" demanded Louie.

"I'll show you," announced Philip, continuing his advance. "I'll learn you! What'd you say in there?"

He was walking on tiptoe, his knees bent and his body drawn into a crouch. Louie was appalled.

"Looky here, darn it," he said, "what you want to act that way for? I ain't done anything."

"What'd you say in there?" repeated Philip, beginning to prance in a manner suggestive of Indian warfare.

It was no time to temporize.

"I—why," said Louie, backing rapidly, "I just went in and she gave me some of that candy and——"

The sentence was never finished. Philip centered all his power behind one round, hard fist, and smote Louie on the nose.

"Ate my candy!" he howled. "I'll learn you!"

He leaped upon his victim, and seized him by the hair. Rules for personal combat as laid down by the late Marquis of Queensbury were unknown to Philip, but his methods were effective. Louie sank limply to the ground, and his enemy fell upon him. The ironstone china pitcher lay beside them, shattered into bits.

The conflict was brief and one-sided. Thirty seconds after the beginning of hostilities Louie emerged from beneath his assailant and proceeded up the street, roaring loudly. His face was streaked with dust and tears, and his nose bleeding freely. His short trousers were torn up the leg, and one stocking hung down over his shoe. He was a ruin of a boy.

Philip, panting from his exertions, raised his voice.

"And you'll get it when you get home," he shouted, "for bustin' your mother's pitcher and not gettin' the milk."

Louie turned his battered face, awry with weeping, and shook his fist. Philip made a threatening movement, and the vanquished foe dodged into an alley.

"I learned him," muttered Philip.

Then he set out for home. He refused to look as he pasesd the new girl's house, but kept his eyes fixed straight before him. He, too, had learned his lesson. He was through with girls—forever.

The Pedlar's Pack

Continued from page 181.

Heaven keep him safe, this latterday Yorick, to once more "set the table on a roar!"

THE executive secretary of a group of men and women in the U. S. A., who are agitating for peace, is L. P. Lochner, the man who is credited with persuading Henry Ford to embark on the Peace Ship venture. He and his co-workers are receiving flattering attention from the government. Let us hope Lochner will be becalmed this trip, too! I wonder if you will appreciate, as I did, this inside story of the Peace Ship told me by a newspaper woman who was on board—this delicious incident of that laughable cruise!

Henry Ford, as you know, was seriously ill—pneumonia, if I remember rightly—when the ship reached Norway. Peace delegates from all over Norway and Sweden, and a few from Holland boarded the ship for Peace Conference number one. But the doctor said that Mr. Ford could see them for only twenty minutes. They argued that twenty minutes was better than nothing and that they had come a long way, and Henry had come a long way, so they hied them in a stately party to the luxurious apartment where the Millionaire Pacifist lay in bed. The first to be introduced was the Minister of Agriculture—or whatever they call 'em over there—and when Ford met him, his lack-lustre eye suddenly gleamed. He sat up in bed. And for those precious twenty minutes he eagerly expounded to that minister of agriculture the amazing qualities of his latest agricultural implement—a traction plough, I think. The doctor turned them all out, before he had half-finished, and before a second pacifist had been introduced!

So much for Peace Conference number one!

If Henry Ford had tried to run his factory in the half-hearted way that he engineered that jitney service to Europe, the Ford car would never have been heard of outside of Detroit! It seems to me that the man is, at the same time, a child and a genius. The Peace Ship was a beautiful and expensive fairy story to him. He certainly left his heart at home in the Ford Factory when he set sail in that ship of which he was master, and he soon grew tired of playing at being a Pacifist.

Gerald Stanley Lee, in commenting on Ford and the Peace Ship said:

"Every now and then when I am

listening to the Boston Symphony Orchestra from my seat down in the audience, I fall to watching the trombone player. Sometimes I get so interested and sympathetic I forget. That wonderful, long-drawn-out sweetness; that long-and-short of sweetness—it makes me almost move my hands back and forth to listen to it. I feel like stepping right up to the platform and taking hold myself. I dream of standing up there *before everybody* and pushing the music thoughtfully, softly, back and forth. . . . . .

"But something in me restrains me.

"My feeling about Mr. Ford is that *he would step right up.*

"Of course he has his own instrument—a colossal pipe organ he daily plays on out in Detroit, which he has played on as no man has ever played before. But he sees President Wilson with his trombone, and in a minute more he is up there on the platform sawing the sweetness back and forth."

However, Ford is playing his own instrument in beautiful harmony in the National Symphony, now; and Woodrow Wilson is conducting the orchestra!

I ASKED Marion Long, "Is it the fault of the artists, or of an inartistic and careless public, that Canadians as a whole do not take Canadian art very seriously ?"

Miss Long replied with another question—a trick I despise—"Do you ever read Shopenhaur ?"

"In my younger and more enthusiastic days"—I murmured vaguely.

"Do you remember this ?" she went on: "'Just as the sun cannot shed its light but to the eye that sees it, nor music sound but to the hearing ear, so the value of all masterly work in art and science is conditioned by the kinship and capacity of the mind to which it speaks.'"

Have you ever looked through a reducing glass ? It is the opposite of a magnifying glass. The effect is magical ! In the faraway picture one seems to see new depth of color—even new colors. Perhaps one even sees for the first time, the shadow of a cloud on a green slope. In short, when the perspective is changed, the eyes become keener.

Perhaps we need a new perspective on the *idea* of Canadian art. Perhaps our kinship with Canadian artists has worn a little thin. Perhaps in these days of war we fail to appreciate beauty that is, in the eyes of its creator, its own justification. Our emotions are untouched by mere beauty—they must be appealed to by an art that expresses those human things that are vital to us nowadays.

Perhaps that is why Marion Long's pictures, in black-and-white, "Killed in Action," and "Missing," always had a little group of silent people before them at the Canadian Academy, and the Ontario Society of Artists' Exhibitions in Montreal and Toronto; and that in reviewing the exhibition in Montreal the critic of La Presse, said, apropos of these two pictures: "Marion Long is a great artist." He was a worthy critic, for he did not give a personal opinion of the merits of the pictures. He told of their value to the public. He saw that they expressed something that stirred the hearts of the people—that taught them human sympathy—so, knowing that such is the ultimate test, he said that they were great art.

It is strange that this Canadian artist should speak her most humanly satisfying message in a black-and-white medium; for she has a genius for color. In "The Gold Fish Bowl" which she has been invited to show at the Toronto Exhibition this year—look out for it—the colors are so rich as to give one a thrill of pleasure. But it is art for life's sake—not art for beauty's sake—that stirs Canadians to appreciation to-day.

So it seems that, if Canadians are to take Canadian art more seriously, time—and perhaps peace—will have to give the public a different perspective—a perspective that opens their eyes to a beauty that is its own justification, beauty of color and form—or the artists must express human things that will make stronger the kinship between artist and public.

"RAGGS"

His Great Discovery

Continued from page 208.

after this, Junior," his wife announced to her first-born, over her coffee and rolls. "We've been prudent and self-denying a long while. Let's all take a vacation. Suppose we each say what we would like to do and to have best, and we'll try to get it. What do you think of the idea, Roger ?"

He looked bewildered. "Whatever you think is best, is, dear," he answered.

He did not realize what an era of extravagance and self-indulgence his acquiescence would usher in. After a few feeble protests, he began to enjoy it as much as the rest did. Even if they were spending much more than he earned, was not Alma's point well taken ? They were not defrauding any one, for debts would hurt no one on the second of December. If her creditors were perfectly satisfied with a system of "paid on account", instead of "paid in full," why should he be the only one to object ?

His wife developed amazingly those first few weeks. The home began to move with well-oiled wheels—the table was attractive, and guests were numerous. Alma looked as young and pretty as in those far-off days when he had courted her. An inner excitement kept her cheeks flushed and her eyes bright. Her gayety and courage were infectious, and his hours at home grew longer. They began to live over their honeymoon days.

Something that the years had buried began to stir again, a sympathy for the hopes of the woman he had married. She did not try to paint, he guessed she could not, but he did not dream of reproaching her when a few good pictures found their way to the walls, though he knew that she must be drawing on their small savings account. It was as well spent that way, now, as any.

The month of November fairly galloped toward its close. As the days passed the husband and wife began to avoid each other's eyes, like fellow-conspirators. Alma's tenderness and indulgence surrounded her children. She could not leave them a minute.

"What a bully dinner !" exclaimed Roger, junior. It was the evening of the thirtieth. "We have everything we like best." Mrs. Wilder's eyes were on her plate. "Crab bisque soup, that's father's; turkey for me; oyster patties for Miriam, and ice-cream for the twins! Oh, why, what's wrong with mother ?" For Mrs. Wilder had fled from the room.

A few minutes later the Professor found her in her own room. She was looking out of the window, over beyond the hills. Her hands were dry and hot. He took her gently in his arms. "The strain has been too hard on you, dear."

When she raised her eyes from his coat sleeve, they were brave again, and bright.

"It's been a good time, though, hasn't it, Roger ? It's really been the year of my life. I've lived every minute, and I've done so many things I've dreamed of. And we'll all go together."

"What do you plan to do, dear heart ?" he asked, his tenderness stifling him, for he must not undermine that bright courage. "Would you rather stay up ?"

She shook her head with decision.

"No, indeed. We must all go to bed as if nothing were going to happen. And I had dinner late purposely. Will you tell the children to go now, Roger? I'll go in later and hear their prayers."

"But you won't be able to sleep, Alma," her husband objected.

Her fingers closed tight over her sleeping-powders. "Yes, I will," she responded. "Tell the children there's lemonade for them to-night, if they get to bed quick."

And the Professor wondered why he could not stay awake. He had gone to bed to oblige Alma, but he had expected to pretend sleeping only. He craved to be on his feet when the end came; he wanted to feel the crack of worlds, to see the glare—but this queer feeling—strange a man could sleep as he was rushing on eternity!

A few hours later Mrs. Wilder awoke, and in a rush the realization of their doom came to her. She was awake, and all alone. The powders had failed to work, and there were none left. Mr. Wilder was sleeping deeply. She began to tremble. She would feel the terrible shock—a slight tremor shook the house. Then everything was still. It had sounded like the sunrise signal the forts give. Could it be possible? She turned on the shrouded night lamp. It was seven o'clock. What had happened to the comet?

In an instant she was on her feet, and the next minute the window shades were letting in a reluctant, foggy day. The street below was full of casual, unsuspecting people.

"Roger, wake up!" she cried. She shook him in her excitement. "It's to-morrow; it's the first of December, and nothing has happened. The comet must have been detained somewhere, or gobbled up. Oh, do wake up!"

The Professor sat up, the effect of the drug slowly leaving him. Then his mind grasped the significance of the gray sky through which a torpid sun was trying to shine. Instantly he was out of bed, struggling into his clothes.

"Roger, where are you going? Oh, don't leave me!"

"I'll be back immediately," shouted her husband from the lower hall. "Something has happened to that comet."

To keep their excitement away from the children Mrs. Wilder had breakfast at the usual hour, and she was still at the table when her husband returned. She sent the children away hurriedly. The Professor sank into his chair.

"Tell me, immediately, Roger. It's coming?"

His eyes were dazed. "You were right to advise my not announcing it," he said. "It's the queerest fluke. We missed it by a hair. Why are your teeth chattering so? Where's all your courage gone?"

For Mrs. Wilder was trembling violently.

"I don't like comets to be so—familiar," she sobbed. "What do you mean by a hair, Roger? How near is it to us this minute? Is there any danger of its coming back? A million miles away—million—mi——"

Presently she dried her eyes. "Well, let's enjoy to-day," she said, "before the servants go."

"Before the servants go," he echoed. "Where are they going?"

"Anywhere in space—like the comet," she gasped. Then she rang the bell, her eyes taking a sensuous pleasure in the picture the maid gave in her black gown and white apron, the coffee steaming from the silver urn she carried.

There was a loud peal at the door-bell, and a look of sudden fear leaped to Mrs. Wilder's eyes.

"What is it, dear?" asked the Professor. "You're all unstrung!"

The maid returned, leaving a pile of letters on the tray. "All for you, Mrs. Wilder."

Alma glanced over the envelopes, and shuddered. She exchanged one long look with the Professor. For the bills had come!

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OTTAWA. 18

CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY SIDNEY R. COOK

Magazines—The National Medium

A Talk to Advertisers from "Economic Advertising."

Magazines and similar periodicals of general circulation, edited to appeal alike to people in all or large sections of the country, may be said to be the only truly national medium. Newspapers, posters, street cars, etc., are essentially local in their appeal and influence, and are generally regarded as intensive mediums—as compared with nationally circulated periodicals which are recognized and used as *extensive* in their appeal and influence.

National adverting and national advertisers are unquestionably the outgrowth of the magazines. The biggest advertisers on the continent made their small beginnings as national advertisers in the magazines. Many of the firms which are the biggest advertisers tu-day, whose goods are the best established in every community in the United States and Canada, were magazine advertisers years ago when the volume of magazine circulation in the United States, in proportion to the population, was smaller than what exists in Canada today. Many of these advertisers originally confined their advertising to the magazines. Some of them have been exclusive magazine advertisers during all the years since they began.

It would be interesting to take the list of 10,000 or 12,000 firms who are listed as *national* advertisers in the United States and check off those which *became national* advertisers by running "a little advertising in a few magazines." many of them began in a small way in a few magazines. Later, they took on a few more magazines, and in many cases increased their space. Then as the national influence of this advertising was felt in different sections of the country their magazine advertising was supplemented with posters or a little newspaper advertising or dealer helps and window displays.

* * * * * * * *

Magazine circulation in Canada has been growing in volume and power during recent years to an extent which may not be fully appreciated.

A year before the war there was available to the advertiser in Canada a total of approximately 150,000 magazine circulation—not including the circulation of illustrated weeklies such as *Saturday Night*, the *Montreal Standard*, etc., nor the few religious and other periodicals which are sometimes included among mediums of general circulation. To-day there is available to the national advertiser a total of approximately 400,000 magazine circulation. Until the fullest ndvantage is taken of this volume of circulation in the development of new national advertisers who would naturally, under any circumstances, begin with "a little advertising in a few magazines," and until it is utilized to give backbone and a real national influence to the campaigns of many of the larger advertisers, there can be no complaint about appropriations not being large enough or the volume of circulation not being large enough.

* * * * * * * * *

Just as the magazine as a medium and the national advertiser as a nationwide distributor of his product have grown up together in the United States, so it will be true in Canada. Magazines are logically the national medium, they are the readiest, most economical and most effective channel through which to begin a campaign seeking national distribution and national advertising influence. And just as many national advertisers in the United States back up their "local" advertising in newspapers, posters, etc., with a certain amount of magazine advertising, so it would he well if in Canada more consideration were given to the utilization of the volume of magazine circulation which is now available in backing up the intensive advertising for which the newspapers are, by their local character and the limited zone of their influence, peculiarly adapted.

Why are so many national advertisers only partially satisfied with the effect of their newspaper campaigns in accomplishing their desired purpose? Why do we so often hear advertisers in Canada express the wish that we had more magazines—or that we could use the Canadian circulation of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Saturday Evening Rosl*, etc.? Why is it that so much of the advertising appearing in Canadian magazines is of American origin—used to give the required influence in Canada to the overflow circulation of the American publications which they use? Why is it so difficult to develop new national advertisers in Canada? Is it not because the service which the magazines in Canada can alone most successfully and economically perform is too often overlooked or under-estimated?

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VOLUME TWENTY-TWO NUMBER 5

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON SEPTEMBER 1917

The World's Record Patrol

By Janey Canuck

Illustrated from Photographs

EARLY in the year 1915 there set out from Regina, the headquarters of the Royal North West Mounted Police, a young Irishman named C. D. La Nauze who was destined to make the longest patrol ever made in the Dominion and probably in the world. When he returns to his base, he will have travelled nearly six thousand miles without once having left Canadian territory. The time occupied will be over two years. It has also fallen to his lot to hold and have jurisdiction in the farthest north Court of Justice on the Continent of America.

Uluksak—"Copper" Eskimo. Arrested on an Island in Coronation Gulf, May 22, 1916, by Great Bear Lake Patrol, and charged wi h the murder of Rev. Fathers Le Roux and Rouvier

The quest of this man was to find out and report what had befallen two missionary priests to the Eskimos, who had been missing since 1913, the Fathers Le Roux and Rouvier. Leaving Regina, Inspector La Nauze travelled north to Peace River Crossing where he was joined by Constables Wight and Withers. From thence the party proceeded down the Peace River; down the Slave River; across the Great Slave Lake and down the Mackenzie River to Fort Norman where they were joined by Special Constable D'Arcy Arden and Special Constable Eskimo Havinik.

As a general thing the Eskimos, or as they call themselves, the Innuits are a harmless and peaceful people, a fact which once caused an old Police Inspector to say, "After all my long experiences in the world, I could almost wish I had been born an Eskimo." It was not strange, therefore, that the police were unsuspicious of foul play when the two priests were reported to be missing. They naturally deduced that somewhere in the illimitable wastes and solitudes of the north, these men had perished from cold and hunger or, mayhap, had been drowned amid the loose and floating ice of some channel of open water.

But when the party arrived at Fort Norman and met some of the bands of Indians who had travelled southward from the land of little sticks where live the caribou and musk-ox, and these Indians reported that the Eskimos at the mouth of the Coppermine River were wearing "church shirts" and were refusing to say where they had acquired them, the quest suddenly took on a more sinister aspect.

These Indians feared that Messieurs, the Sacraficiers, had been killed by the "eaters of raw meat," a fear which proved to be well-grounded for, in the end, the police found this thing to be grimly true, and that a tragedy had happened in the bitter and ultimate northlands "where God has few for His fellows"—a tragedy that was entire, hopeless, brutal and beyond appeal. In this country, be it known to all readers, the devil does not wear scarlet coat with hose to match and eyebrows that are strangely aslant. Contrariwise, he is a loutish, burly fellow, with small brain-pan, loose-lipped mouth, and with ice pendant from his straight black hair. Lord, what a fearful looking man he is!

On July 23rd, the party left Fort Norman and travelled up the Swift Bear River to Bear Lake, crossing

Sinnisiak—"Copper" Eskimo. Arrested on south coast of Victoria Land, May 15, 1916, by Great Bear Lake Patrol, and charged with the murder of Rev. Fathers Le Roux and Rouvier

which they came to Dease Bay on its far north-eastern extremity. From this point, on September the 19th, they set out for Lake Rouvier, so named by C. M. Douglas, the author of "Land

The Eskimo prisoners in charge of Constable Lamont. From left to right: Ilavinik, interpreter; Patsy, half Dane and half Eskimo, witness; Sinnisiak and Uluksak, alleged murderers

Forlorn," in honour of one of the Missionary priests who had established the mission in 1911 for the Coppermine Eskimos. After nine days' travel through the Barren Grounds, the police reached Rouvier on September 28th and, winter having set in, remained until March 29th, 1916, when they again took up the patrol, their objective point being the Coppermine River where it debouches into Coronation Gulf.

The Eskimos they met on the journey were frankly curious as to the intentions of the white men and enquired if they had come thither to trade. Inspector La Nauze, through Special Constable Ilavinik, explained that he had been sent to visit them by "the Big White Chief" and to tell them what was right and wrong. But however his tongue may have itched, Inspector La Nauze asked no questions nor once mentioned the names of the missing priests.

A month later, at Bernard Harbour, La Nauze came upon the camp of the Canadian Arctic Expedition which was in charge of Mr. K. G. Chipman, who was engaged in mapping out the East Coast of Coronation Gulf. In this camp, he also met with Corporal Bruce, of the Herschel Island Detachment of Mounted Police. Bruce had with him a number of articles he had quietly purchased from the Eskimos on his journey across country, or had taken from their caches. Among these were a priest's cassock marked "R.Pere Rouvier"; a blanket capote with two rosettes at the back; a brass communion plaque; a crucifix and rosary; a book entitled "La Religion en Tableaux," and a Latin Breviary on the fly page of which was the inscription,

"G.Le Roux,
Oblat de Marie Immaculee".

On May, the fourth, La Nauze and his party left Chipman's camp and pushed westward till, two days later they came to the village of Innuaireneruit, where they were heartily welcomed, and where the people said Stefansson was the first white man they had ever seen. In all other matters the Eskimos were noticeably reticent. The following day, the party camped at a village in the Union Straits where La Nauze and Ilavinik went on a visit to the snow hut of Nachin and Ekkeshuina who were friends of Natusiak, who was Stefansson's man and, incidentally, a friend of Ilavinik. It is thus, through the friends of friends, that Fate most often winds her ball, but Fate, you must know, is a woman and ever has an eye for a dashing cavalier. This was how she came to put the ball, that night, into the hands of La Nauze instead of sending him past this hut for yet hundreds of leagues across the ice and snow.

And when the little company had gossiped about Natkusiak, their mutual friend, and how, on the Dismal Lakes, his face had been badly burned with powder, and how Nachin's wife had nursed him, Ilavinik, with soft and slippery words as though he supped on blubber, asked if either of them had before seen anything so strange as these Indians called white men.

"Oh, yes, my brother! replied Nachin and Ekkeshuina, "We have seen them. We have seen them often."

In speaking of this event La Nauze says, "I sat back and let Ilavinik do the talking. I heard him question them closely and I could see him trembling. I asw that something was happening, but I never moved and in about five minutes he turned to me and said 'I got him. The priests were killed by Husky, alright; these men very, very sorry' and, indeed, they appeared to be for they both covered their faces with their hands and there was dead silence in the igloo."

At this time a number of men crowded into the hut and a man named Koeha, who was true-tongued and no liar, and who with three others, had visited the scene of the murder, gave a succinct account of the whole affair.

Cabin of Reverend Fathers Le Roux and Rouvier, as found by Mounted Police, September, 1915

His telling of it and the interpretation thereof occupied six hours. Stated briefly, the priests, in 1913, left the Coppermine River to travel to their base on the Dease Bay. Forty-eight hours later, two Eskimos took up the

Route of the Great Bear Lake Patrol

priest's trail and returned a few days later carrying the priest's rifles. These men were Sinnisiak and Uluksak. They said they had killed the priests and had eaten part of their liver. Uluksak related how Sinnisiak had stabbed Father Le Roux in the back and that he had corroborated this side of the argument with an axe. Then Sinnisiak shot Father Rouvier who had made a dash for his sled to get a rifle.

The spot where the murder took place was at Bloody Falls, so called by Hearne, the first white man to cross overland to the Arctic for it was here his party of one hundred and fifty Indians fell upon, and treacherously murdered a camp of sleeping Eskimos, sparing neither man, woman, nor child.

There is a Finnish legend which says, "Listen to the moaning of the pines, at whose root thy hut is fastened." This advice is meant for hearth-keeping folk and its exercise may prove both pleasant and profitable, but in our primordial north with its ferocious-hearted passions, the Eskimo, priest, or other traveller whose sleeping ear becomes dulled to the moan of waters is apt to sleep eternally.

That night in the hut of Nachin and Ekkeshuina, the skin-clad natives said their hearts were filled with a sorrowful feeling for the priests were good men who had helped them often, giving them powder, and lead, and teaching them to catch fish with nets. And Hupo's wife, Ohoviloh, who was a shrewd sewer and made clothes for the missionaries said, "These two men were telling us about the land above the skies. They showed us colored pictures of Heaven, and said that after we died we would go there. They used

Inspector La Nauze and prisoners Sinnisiak and Uluksak at Bernard Harbor, Dolphin and Union Straits, June, 1916

to sing just like the Eskomos when they make medicine. They held our hands and taught us to make the sign of the cross, and they put a little bread sometimes in my mouth. These men could talk our language well."

And so it would seem that Messieurs, the Sacraficiers, had stalwart endowments of mind and character, and that these were princely in courtesy as in kindness. Let us, therefore,

". . . . . Salute the sacred dead
Who went and who return not,
We rather seem the dead who stayed behind."

On May 11th, Corporal Bruce laid complaint before Inspector La Nauze charging Sinnisiak and Uluksak on two counts of murder each. The following day, the party started for Victoria Land to effect the arrest of Sinnisiak, which arrest they accomplished two days later. The accused was shaping himself a bow when the man-hunters came upon him and, at first, was speechless with fear expecting to be killed on the spot. At length he asked the interpreter, "What do these men want?" and was told the white men wanted him to go with them. "If white men kill me" threatened Sinnisiak, "I will make medicine and the ship will go down in the ice and all will be drowned."

At first, he resisted arrest and sat still trembling with terror but the other Eskimo, although hitherto ungoverned and untutored, quickly grasped the situation and urged him to go with his

captors. In order that the people or the prisoner might not be unduly excited, La Nauze told him he might bring his wife and effects, after which there was no trouble, although he was fearful of the police and tried to keep awake lest he should be stabbed.

On May 17th, La Nauze held the preliminary trial of Sinnisiak who, up to this time, had been carefully warned not to make a statement. Evidence for the prosecution was given by Corporal Bruce and Special Constable Ilavinik. The following are the minutes of this farthest north court:—

"Court opened 4.15 p. m., May 17th, 1916.

Special Constable Ilavinik sworn in as court interpreter, between Eskimo and English, and English and Eskimo.

Court adjourned for two hours from 7.30 to 9.30 p.m.

9.30 p.m. accused committed for trial on two charges of murder, i.e., the murder of Rev. Father Roux and Rev. Father Rouvier.

9.35 p.m., Court closed.

C. D. La Nauze J. P."

After the evidence had been fully explained and the usual warning given, the accused said "I want to speak," whereupon he made a full confession. He claimed that Le Roux and Rouvier had beaten him and Uluksak and had threatened them with rifles and that, accordingly, they killed the priests in self-defence.

With orders to hold him fast in the name of His Sovereign Lord, King George, and the next Court of competent jurisdiction, Sinnisiak was left in the charge of Corporal Bruce while La Nauze and Constable Wight started eastward to locate and apprehend his accomplice, Uluksak. They were accompanied by Eskimo "Patsy," a handsome young whelp, who was taken to identify the wanted man. Four days later, they found him on an island in the Gulf, ten miles from the mouth of the Coppermine. While yet a long way off, the Eskimos saw them coming and ran to meet them, holding up their hands for a peace token. That is to say, all of them came but Uluksak whom Patsy pointed out. As the police went forward to arrest him, Uluksak also held up his hands and said *Goana, goana*, meaning "Thank you. I am glad."

When asked if he knew why they had come, he replied, "Oh yes! You have come to kill me. The other two white men hit me over the head, will you do this?"

While offering to go quietly, he asked to remain at home until his wife had finished his water boots. Now, while this request would seem strange to the police in lovelier latitudes it would not seem so to our Riders of the Plains, who, on isolated and snow-bound steadings have frequently to haul water for the cattle; cut wood for the fires; and lay in supplies for the family before finally taking the head of the household into custody. Tom McInnes was only half right when he said

Hupo's wife, Ohoviloh, who made clothes for the murdered missionaries

"It's every man and dog for himself on the endless Arctic waste."

In this case, the prisoner's wife, although much perturbed, caused little trouble, for La Nauze gave her a box of matches, a cup, and a little tent of silk. He also told the people—for he is a rarely fine gentleman, this young Justice of the Peace—that if they would care for and help this woman with her unborn babe, it was quite certain that some day they would be all rewarded.

The preliminary trial of Uluksak took place on the twenty-ninth of the same month when he also, with fearful eyes and trembling lips, confessed his share in the killing, and was committed for trial.

The wife of Sinnisiak having been bribed with a few presents to return to her home in Victoria Land, La Nauze decided to accept the offer of the Canadian Arctic Expedition and take his prisoners out by the Herschel Island route rather than take the risk of their escaping on the long trip across country. And so it came about that on August the 28th, 1916, the Great Bear Patrol, then reduced to two men, brought their prisoners safely to Herschel Island in the Yukon Territory, the last and least inviting post of the Royal North-West Mounted Police. It may be said both to the credit of the police and the prisoners, that not once was a handcuff or leg-iron called into use.

La Nauze is unable to say whether the priests were the victims of their own untactfulness, or whether they were deliberately murdered for their rifles, there being no statement but that of the Eskimos.

. . . . . It was at the Chutes of the Peace River above Fort Vermillion that I, Janey Canuck, having come down north from Edmonton, met with the Great Bear Lake Patrol.

The men composing this patrol having wintered on Herschell Islands, had left it on May 9th reaching the Chutes or Rapids on August 3rd.

What the lives of these policemen has been for the winter can best be described in the words of the late Agnes Deans Cameron; "Against the sense of responsibility and the consciousness that he has been chosen to play the man here on the rim of the world, he has to place all that makes life worth the candle elsewhere—art, music, the amenities of life, wife, children, home.

Here in the little windswept Island of Whales, the furthest north industrial centre of America, our policeman (no longer mounted) takes his bearings. He is in latitude 69½ deg. N and just about 139 deg. W of Greenwich. . . . . Lifting itself one thousand feet above sea-level, this shelter for ships where our officer is to build his driftwood barracks, and where the sea-birds whirl at his approach, is an island twenty-three miles in circumference, with neither water nor fuel. For six months every year comparitive darkness wraps it round. Snow and ice hold it fast till mid-July, its people the most incongruous that Fate ever jostled together in one corner."

After the long dreary months at Herschel Island, the flowers and fruit; the blessed amity of the sky and river, and the greeness of the trees must have been balm to their souls. All life in the north seeks rest in the south, and every dog that deserts his post runs in this direction.

The party had travelled south in the steamer, *River McMurray* and, at the Chutes, had crossed the portage to the steamer *D. A. Thomas* in order that they might continue their journey to Peace River Crossing, and from thence to train by Edmonton. The party was composed of Inspector La Nauze, Corporal Bruce, Constables Wight and Lamong, Special Constable Ilavinik, and Eskimos "Patsy," Kehoa, and the prisoners. Accompanying them was a splendid young fellow, a graduate of

Continued on page 294.

The Big Interests as the Public's Football

By Richard Flintoff

Illustrated from Cartoons

"I'VE lived in Toronto all my life but it was only the other day that I really noticed how closely the poverty of the Ward nestled around the habitations of the rich. Sir Joseph Flavelle's mansion never seemed to me so imposing nor the wretchedness of the Ward so apparent."

This was not the impression of an ordinary man—but a lawyer. I do not mean to say that lawyers are all extraordinary men. As a rule they are more discerning, and understand the causes which on the one hand lead to mansions in Queen's Park, Toronto, and on the other to quarters in the Ward. This lawyer understood them, as I soon found.

The average man of the Ward is not by any means a poor man. He has means of trade in his own way; to work at such work and in his own way, which he does and makes money. Deposits in Ward banks, if examined, would disclose the fact that the average citizen of that district has as much ready cash at his disposal as in any other district in Toronto, but the folk there have their own way of living. An occasional home will be found without stairway or basement, or with them in a very modest way, but scrupulously tidy and wholesome. The immediate neighbors may be just as happy in what to the superficially observing are wretched surroundings. The latter type may be the wealthier of the two, and part of the wealth accumulated may be the result of charity bestowed upon them by the well-to-do who seek solace of conscience in what they regard as philanthropy; also by the enterprise of newspapers which does not scruple to boost circulation and reputation by doing for others what they are well able to do for themselves, under the guise of charity.

Problems of the "Idle Rich".

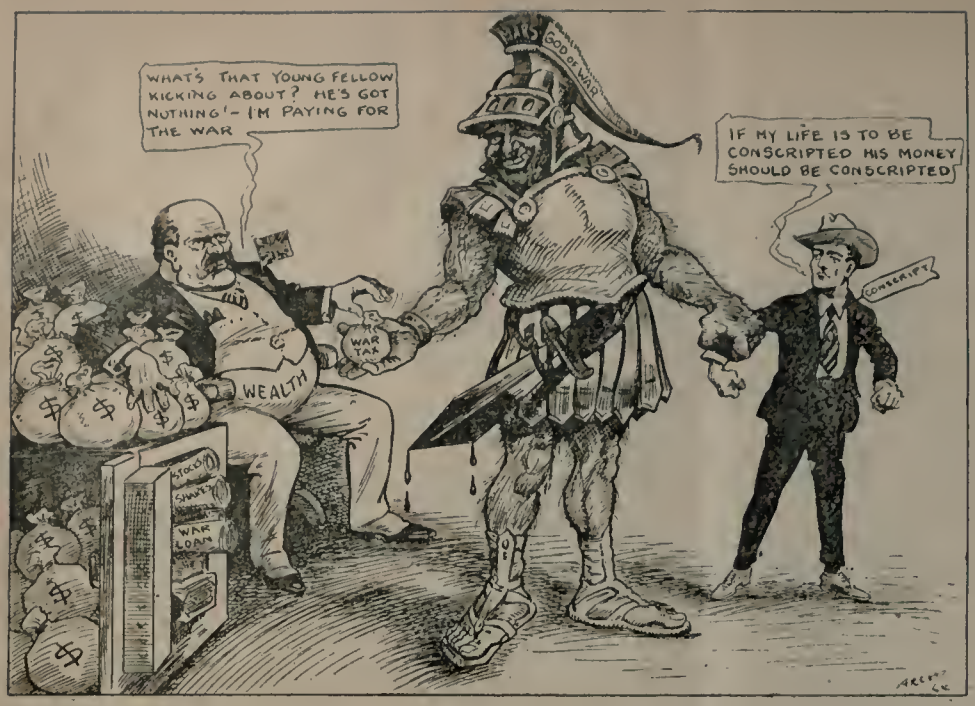
My lawyer friend admitted these conditions. When his interest was stimulated by a few questions, he ventured the remark that "the idle rich who take the 'charity' course towards becoming 'somebody' would be badly off 'without the Ward' ". Not only the "Idle rich" but many estimable, well-intentioned citizens, have been led to spend and grieve needlessly by the voluminous "pathos" anent the so-called poor of that district. Its appearance, let it be admitted, does not indicate the extent of its wealth; it does indicate that the people living in it have not yet learned to appreciate fully the common and desirable standard of living in Canada.

Just as carelessly have impressions been formed regarding "Big interests." The term ought to be spelled with capitals because for some months, especially until the general election, now talked of, has become a matter of history it is likely to be the backbone of the shibboleths of all parties contending for power. My lawyer friend's mind, as that of thousands of other excellent citizens, had become hypnotized by the constant iteration and reiteration by the press generally, during the first half of what promises to be the most eventful year of the Dominion, of flippant charges against "Big Interests". What is meant by the term is not very clear in anybody's mind. For the moment they are typified in the person of Sir Joseph Flavelle.

By inadvertence it may have been, or by zeal of a journalist not trained to read reports or weigh the pros and cons back of their conclusions, or by malicious intent, the statement gained currency that Sir Joseph cleaned up $5,000,000 in a year out of bacon. That figure represents "margin" or the difference between the cost of the pork in the first instance—or the price paid to the farmer—plus the manufacturing cost, and the amount received from sales of the manufactured product. This explanation is given by Investigator O'Connor. A further conclusion drawn also was that of the total quantity of bacon sold in Canada the proportion handled by one Company, Sir Joseph's, was so large as to constitute a practical monopoly.

From the Grain Growers' Guide

This Cartoon which bore the caption "The Pork Route to The Peerage," is a fair sample of the recent campaign of the press against the big interests



From the Grain Growers' Guide

Nothing but his life

Sir Joseph as a Target.

If it was the intention to defend Sir Joseph in particular it would be necessary to give more specifically the charges made against him, but the merchant Knight is well able to take care of himself. Let it be said, however, that in the opinion of the writer history will account him as one of the great citizens of Canada. The deluge of vituperation now being heaped upon his head will recoil upon his traducers.

By virtue of Sir Joseph's position as head of The Imperial Munitions Board, and of his public utterances to the effect that considerations of profit on munitions of war should be secondary to the urgency of their requirement, the charges laid at his door by an investigator constitute in the mind of the public the type of "Big Interests" representatives which is commonly alleged to control governments, the machinery that makes them, as well as the cost of food and other common necessities of life. This position of eminence has been bestowed upon him by newspapers from one end of the Dominion to the other. No space other than that paid for by Sir Joseph's firm is apparently used in his defence. Newspapers generally assume the investigator's statement to be correct and proceed forthwith to pass judgment without awaiting either the investigator's final word on the matter, or the findings of another commission appointed to elucidate the investigator's figures.

Sir Joseph has been long known as a keen business man, of good judgment and irreproachable rectitude. In some ventures he has failed but in others he has succeeded. It took him many years to reach what might be called success, in his course to which his reputation as being reliable and trustworthy steadily enhanced. Under the circumstances, at a time when he is faced with a serious charge, he is entitled to a fair trial. Hear him speak. Until he has done so reserve judgment. It is a breach of a good Anglo-Saxon custom to condemn a man without trial, to set down Sir Joseph as an unworthy citizen as has been so generally done.

How the Press Paints Him.

The Regina Leader underlines a cartoon in which Sir Joseph is depicted as getting away with $5,000,000 while waving the Union Jack, by some verses headed "Traitors of Trade" of which this is a sample:—

"For the breed we fight on the other side
Is part of your own black brood—
While they drop shells on a sick man's bed,
You're boosting the price of food.
But you who stand in the market place,
Oh, watch ye the turning tide,
For scullion, cook and carpenter
Are nursing a hate inside."

Another Western newspaper, *The Edmonton Bulletin*, is more cautious. "Assuming," it says, "that Sir Joseph Flavelle plundered the public last year—it is not at all probable that Sir Joseph did last year anything different than he was doing the year before. Profiteering in Canada did not begin in 1916. Is Sir Joseph being pilloried now for doing last year what he likely did the previous year—without interference, or is it because someone wants to 'get back' at him, for his 'to-hell-with-your-profits' attitude toward the munition makers who wanted to go on robbing the British Taxpayer in the way the Shell Committee used to allow?"

Two quotations given illustrate the quality of the daily output—that term does not overstate the fact—of comment and condemnation which aims to lay at the door of "Big Interests" the dual motive of robbing the British taxpayer and Canadian consumers. The O'Connor report, judging by the morsels of it given by the press, lent itself to misconstruction. Only an inclination to do so however could have resulted in its being construed as evidence of a general conspiracy to hold up prices and gouge the public purse. *The Toronto Globe*, under a characteristic head—"Here stands the Globe" quite recently said "all selfish and Ambitious profiteers, high and low, should be treated as traitors or, better still, should be remade, they and their profit making power with them, into loyal citizens to whom power and opportunity mean service."

For some months this journal has been banging away at "profiteers" and "high cost of living." Its attitude, in line with that of the daily press generally, has been reflected at non-party and party meetings; also at meetings of ladies who have not as yet learned to make fuses or make the daily repairs needed by the overalls of munition workers—but nevertheless they are "splendid" at meetings.

The Futility Of It.

All the fuss, the charges, the investigations and the rantings against "Big Interests," "Profiteering," and the like have accomplished is the creation of a huge bill of expense. The barking has either been up the wrong tree, or there is no coon in the tree. The latter is correct. Canadians, as a whole, in their individual capacity have been doing what they deemed best in the circumstances. Whatever their profits may have been, or may be no hesitation is found in handing them over to the Government on demand. If there is any question at all it is as to the equitableness of the demand. Here arises a partisan question for which I have not the appetite to discuss. Much knocking has taken place—persistent hammering it seems to me against "Big Interests" and "Profiteers" who really do not exist. The terms imply taking traitorous steps to sap national strength for personal advantage. Nationally speaking this is slanderous, and must be so regarded until facts are adduced to establish, outside the satellites feeding on graft which falls from the tables of traitorous politicians, that traitorous profiteering exists. I am not speaking of partisan politicians but have reference only to the average Canadian business man at

whose door the daily newspapers have laid a charge, which if half true should be punished by death.

Persistence in imputing traitorous intent to business enterprise has led a very large number of well meaning citizens to come to the conclusion—without satisfactory specific reasons for so doing—that Canada, nationally speaking, is being strangled by combines and her war efforts rendered less effective through the drain of "profiteers." The bent of the public mind to that view is due to the quality of the "dope" which has been handed out so generously by the newspapers and which has resulted in sowing grave distrust among the people. The average earner regards his earnings as being below what he should have, the wife believes every tradesman is dishonest, and every political party believes the other party to be getting its graft from "Bit Interests."

From the Grain Growers' Guide

A great game for the profiteers but hard on the consumer

"Down With Wealth."

The distrust is general and the panacea of the newspapers, and those whose minds are slaves to them, is in war times, conscription of wealth, and in peace times, public ownership and operation. The average Toronto citizen fully expects a full seat in street cars when they are operated by the city and also fully expects that its ventilation will be such as to give entire satisfaction to everyone. By wealth conscription to-day many people are prone to believe that prices would come down, taxes would be lighter and holidays would be longer and more frequent. Of such stuff dreams are made.

Canada's Part In The War.

What business has done for Canada—for her part in the war, and for the Empire is not generally known or understood. When some of the facts are given they are usually to show what the "profiteers" are "making" for themselves, not what is being done for the country. It may be as well to present a few figures that will indicate what the Canadian business man has done. The first need of the Allies was of course food. Take one item, that of bacon. Before the war the value of that exported in a year was about $10,000,000—to-day it is about $50,000,000. Cartridges sent abroad in the fiscal year ending March, 1915, were valued at $221,137 and for the corresponding period ending March last the value was $240,302,444. No gasoline launches were exported in 1915 but two years later, the value was $15,149,000. Explosives in 1915 to the value of $265,578 were sent abroad and last year Canada supplied $40,917,856. Why so wonderful a change—so astonishing a development? Was the co-operation of the manufacturing and business skill of Canadians inspired by traitorous motives? To follow Canadian effort through the eyes of the daily editorials and the caricatures they inspire these achievements have been inspired by "traitorous" motives. To the imperative needs of the Allies—food, cartridges, explosives are among them—Canadian skill and resource has contributed in a larger measure than would have been, in pre-war days, considered possible.

Under the running fire of criticism—fair and foul—the wheels of Canadian mills have unceasingly attended to their duty. The power that drove them—and is driving them, is not profit, but the satisfaction of performing a national duty. What profits are made stand subject to the call of the state but the state is at present being held secure against its foes by shot and shell to so great an extent provided by the organizing power and resource of Canadian business men. Set against what is being done by them the mistakes that have been made and the latter proportionately will be found to be insignificant.

The Real Handicaps

It would be a national boon if the daily press could be induced to turn its artillery upon the real handicaps to

Continued on page 290.

From the Regina Morning Leader

Will he be pinched for hogging the bacon?

The Electric Light Bill

By Walter Hackett

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

AS Carter made his way down the dark hallway of the fourth floor of the Ten Brouck Hotel he heard a slight warning cough behind. Turning, he saw Miss Nellie Mitchell beckoning him mysteriously to come to her. He rapidly retraced his steps and stood beside her.

"Father has sent for you?" she whispered eagerly.

"Yes," he responded.

"I thought—I was sure he would, so I waited to see you."

His answer to this was a quick, eager step forward, which advance she halted with an abrupt gesture.

"No—no," she said quickly. "Not here, you silly boy! Think where you are!"

"But," he began to protest. She did not heed him.

"Listen," she went on with an eager voice. "He needs your help. In fact, he must have it—I do not quite understand why or wherefore, but I suppose you do—so you can drive your own bargain with him. What will your price be?"

"You," he answered with great promptness and, apparently, was for taking it forthwith, for he reached out to take her in his arms. He grasped only vacant space, however, and from the shadows farther down the hall there came a faint laugh, which, though tender enough, had in it also a trace of mockery.

"Nellie," he called softly, but the only answer was the sound of a door softly closing. He stood for a moment gently smiling, but presently his lips grew grim and set, and he turned once more to resume his way. As he reached the door numbered 491, he paused for a moment before knocking upon it. He knew that John Mitchell was a hard man to drive a bargain with, and he felt that he must be possessed of all his resource.

So he paused for a brief space outside the door. Then shaking his head, much as a man does who has risen to the surface of the water after a deep dive, he knocked.

"Come in," was the brief response.

Carter pushed open the door and entered. Mitchell was the only person in the room. He was sitting facing the entrance, before him a table liberally covered with papers, over which his harsh, stern, aggressive face was bent.

"Well?" he said in a hard voice, and then, raising his eyes, he saw Carter. At once his manner changed. "Oh," he said, rising, "it is you, Carter, eh?"

"Yes," responded Carter briefly, "it's me."

"I am obliged to you for responding so quickly," replied Mitchell, gazing at the young man with his grave, measuring eyes. "Sit down, won't you?"

"Thanks," said Carter as he seated himself in a chair. For a moment there was a silence. Then Mitchell spoke again:

"Smoke?" he queried briefly.

"Thanks," returned Carter, selecting a cigar from the proffered box and carefully lighting it. He made no attempt to begin the conversation. The other noticed this and, oddly enough, approved of it, though it did not quite please him.

"I suppose," he said at length, watching the young man keenly, "that you know why I have sent for you?"

"No," answered Carter, "I don't."

The older man looked at him for a moment in incredulity.

"It's about the Electric Light Bill," he said, finally, with just a touch of annoyance in his voice.

"Ah," said Carter, and no more.

"Yes," went on Mitchell, satisfied, apparently, that he must force the conversation. "Its passage is severely threatened."

He paused again, but this time he did not look at Carter. Instead he gazed thoughtfully upon the cigar that he was holding carefully between his thumb and forefinger.

"It is all right in the senate," he continued, still inspecting his cigar, "and the Governor will sign it. He has—that is, I feel sure of that. What bothers us is the lower house."

He stopped abruptly and raised his eyes quickly to Carter's. The latter met the gaze fairly, but did not offer to speak.

"If one man there will change his attitude," Mitchell went on presently, still staring at Carter, "we can win. You know what that means to me?"

Carter bowed his head. He did know; everyone in the state did. It meant millions to Mitchell.

"Despite this," said Mitchell, "we have been unable to secure a man who would leave the opposition and join us. We have," he went on, "tried every means in our command, but all"—he hesitated for a moment after the word "all"—"have failed us, while a canvass shows us that the only man whom we can hope to persuade to join is one named Donovan—Michael Donovan, I believe," he added, glancing at one of the papers on the table before him, "and that the only way to persuade him is through you."

Carter smiled at him but did not speak. The slight emphasis with which Mitchell had, consciously or unconsciously, dwelt upon the word "persuade" appealed to his sense of humor. Mitchell noted the smile and drew from it the promise of success.

"Have we been right," he said, leaning across the table and, in the excitement of the moment, betraying an eagerness he had not hitherto shown, "in assuming that this Donovan will vote as you w—— as you advise him?"

"Yes," replied Carter, after a moment's hesitation, "I think I may say that you are right in assuming that."

"Then," pursued Mitchell, leaning forward still further, "may we hope that you will"—he strongly emphasized "will"—"so advise him?"

"That depends," answered Carter quietly.

Mitchell leaned back with a sigh. The victory was won then. All that remained was a question of bargain—and he knew how to drive bargains.

"Upon what?" he asked, the eagerness which had departed from his voice leaving it cold and hard.

"The price," responded Carter with a frank cynicism that startled his listener.

"I cannot think that you will quarrel over that," returned Mitchell. "I am willing to be fair—even generous, but," he continued, a dull light showing behind his wise old eyes, "I do not propose to be robbed. How much do you want?"

"I do not want money at all," he, said, nodding at the other with a cheerful smile. "No," he went on, "I want something more than that."

Mitchell looked at him in silent astonishment.

"Well, what is more than money?"

"Position," returned the other," both social and financial. I am in love with a woman, Mr. Mitchell, as you know," he went on, "who is far above me in such things. Her father has refused his consent to our engagement because I lack those advantages. I wish to be placed where I can ask her to marry me without shame—to be my wife whether her father still withholds his consent or not. You have influence and can place me in such a position. I have ability and can retain it. That," he exclaimed, with an air of finality, "is my price."

Mitchell's face had assumed an angry red as he spoke. The veins stood out on his neck dangerously. For an instant after the other spoke he gulped with rage.

"In other words," he exclaimed finally, in a voice fairly strangled with passion, "you have the nerve to come here and ask me to give you the opportunity of eloping with my daughter?"

"Well," agreed Carter cheerfully, "that is about the size of it."

"It's not nerve, at all," bellowed Mitchell, gazing at the ceiling apprehensively, as though he feared that it might fall in at such a spectacle. "No, sir, it is just gall—pure gall—sublime gall!"

He paused and eyed the young man severely. Then suddenly came one of the strange transitions that had made him a mystery to men. The dull fire behind his eyes died away, and in its place came a sudden ray of humor.

"Yes, sir," he said, and his voice was much milder, "it is gall; but so great that it is bound to command admiration. I'm much to blame, Carter, for not appreciating you sooner. With such a son-in-law as you there is no telling where I can go."

Carter looked at him in amazement. He had not hoped for so easy a victory.

"Then you consent?" he asked, leaning forward tremulously. He was frightened for the first time during the interview.

"Yes," answered Mitchell shortly, "if Nellie does—and you land Donovan."

"I'll land him, all right," replied Carter, and without another word he rose and left the room.

In the hall he met Nellie.

"Well?" she askad eagerly.

"I am to have you, if I do what he wishes," he answered happily.

"And you will do it?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"Dear," she whispered, leaning toward him, "I am glad," and then she kissed him lightly on the forehead and with a whirl of skirts was gone.

"I wish to be placed where I can ask her to marry me without shame—that is my price"

He turned and took the elevator. The boy told him that Michael Donovan's room was number 562, and put him off on the proper floor for it. He found the room with little difficulty and knocked on the door.

"Come in," said a voice, which, while lacking the rich drawl of the Irish, still suggested it in every note.

He pushed open the door and entered. It was a small room, a painfully small one. There was only space in it for a bed, a chair and a wash-basin. Seated on the bed was an old white-haired man. His long boots had been pulled off and his woolen socks rested upon the one chair. On his lap was a newspaper which he was reading beneath the flickering gas jet. It was evidently a laborious task as he pointed to each word with a gnarled, stumpy finger and carefully spelled it out, his mouth and eyebrows all the while performing the most alarming acrobatic feats.

"Well," he exclaimed, uncoiling himself and carefully looking over the top of his spectacles, "it's Jawn."

"Yes, Mike," said Carter, sitting beside him on the bed and laying his hand affectionately on his arm, "it's me right enough."

" t's me that's glad to see you, Jawn," chuckled Donovan.

"Andme that's glad to see you," replied Carter easily. They were more than friends, as friends go nowadays. Their manner toward each other showed that plainly enough. Their silence showed it, too, for after this greeting neither spoke. Carter handed Donovan a cigar which he gravely accepted and lighted from the light on Carter's own. Then they sat side by side on the bed, quiet save for the noise which Donovan made with his lips as he puffed the cigar—a habit left from his days with the clay pipe. At last Donovan spoke.

"You got my letter, I suppose, Jawn?" he said.

Carter turned and looked at him quietly.

"No," he said, "I have had no letter from you. What did you write me about?"

Donovan coughed rather ostentatiously.

"A bit of trouble I'm in," he said rather humbly.

"Trouble?" Carter returned, looking at him with real concern in his face. "Why, Mike, what is the matter?"

Donovan averted his eyes from the other's questioning gaze and with infinite care rubbed a speck of cigar-ash from his trousers.

"The Electric Light Bill," he said.

Carter's face went white at the answer. It was a moment before he could steady his voice to speak. Then he asked:

"What about that, Mike?"

"It's a steal," answered Donovan quietly, "and they want me to vote for it."

He paused, apparently in the hope that Carter would speak, but in this he was disappointed. Carter merely stared steadily at the wall in front of him. Donovan felt this, although he still kept his eyes carefully averted. Presently he spoke again.

"At first," he said, "they offered me money—a lot of money, Jawn," he continued thoughtfully, stooping and picking up his boot, which he swung listlessly to and fro as he spoke; "more money than I ever expect to have. 'Twas a temptation, but I thought of Eileen at home and what she'd think of me and —I refused."

He ceased speaking for a moment and ran his unoccupied hand through his hair. He had told the incident simply enough, but the man who sat beside him on the bed knew what great heroism his refusal had demanded.

"After that," began Donovan again, "a man came to me and said that as they couldn't buy me, they were going to ask you to get me to vote for them —knowing that if you asked, I'd do it. So I sat down and I wrote you a letter askin' you to come here so as I could ask you not to do that. Not but what I'd do it for you, Jawn," he added, with a quick eagerness that was filled with pathos, "but I can't say I'd do it willin' like. So you see," he went on with a native cunning which seemed singularly childlike, "I wrote to you, thinkin' that you might get my letter before they come to you and knowin' from that how the land laid."

He stopped breathless. A man of few words, he had begun to feel himself hopelessly involved. The silence renewed his courage, however.

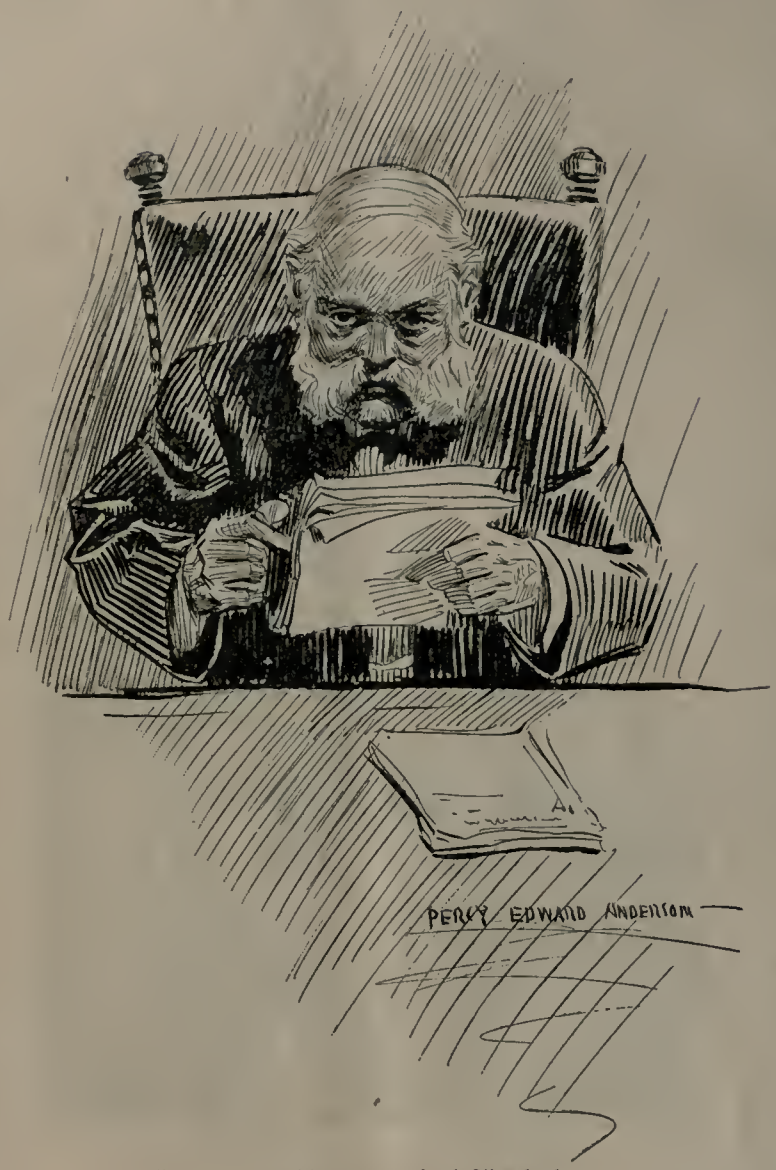
"But even if you did not get my letter, we've beat them anyhow, Jawn," he said with a chuckle, "for you've come to me first, haven't you?"

Despite his air of supreme confidence there was a vague note of apprehension, a pathetic appeal that touched Carter. He turned and put his arm on Donovan's shoulder.

"Yes, Mike," he said gently, "I've come to you first."

"Good, Jawn, good!" said Donovan, chuckling; "it is glad I am that you did." He turned suddenly and held his fine, full blue eyes upon the other. "Not that I mean by that it would be sorry I'd be to do you a favor; no, but I'm glad that you are not thinkin' that this would be one.

"You see," he continued confidently, "it's because of Eileen and the lad that I hated to vote for the steal. It's because of what it would mean to them. When I married Eileen back in the old country all her folks were dead against it. They told her that she was marryin' beneath her; marryin' a man that would never get on in the world. She didn't pay any attention to them, Jawn, but married me, anyway. 'I believe you'll do your best,' she told me, 'an' no woman can ask more.'



"Did you ask him to vote for it?" asked Mitchell, incredulous

"But for all that, I knew she wanted me to make my way in the world. But I never did, havin' no education like an' being only fit for a laborer. But she never complained. Not even when she had to work herself—and her not brought up to it. She was always cheerful and brave.

"And when the lad came—ah! then she was happy. 'Michael,' says she, 'we'll make a great, fine man of him. We'll bring him up to fight for the poor people,' she says, 'like his father and his mother was before him.'

"Well, we had a little money saved up them days and we'd always be spendin' the evenin' figgerin' how we could save a little more to help to send him to college an' make a fine man of the boy. Then—then came the accident." He turned and laid his rough hand on the other's smooth one. "But you know all about that, Jawn, You loaned me the money to pay the doctors and to buy food. You saved my life by doing it, and you saved Eileen's, too —she'd never have got on alone. But you don't know what she did. I was on my back for a year and all that we had saved was taken away. Well, she took in washin', and worked twenty hours out of the twenty-four and got along with only one meal while she was doing it. She used to take the price of the others and buy the lad books to study out of. Many's the time I've laid in my bed sick and heard them readin' together—spellin' out the long words and tryin' to figure out what they meant.

"After I was well and workin' again she kept on washin' just the same and saved every cent to send the lad to college.

"When I was hurted she was young and beautiful, Jawn, but the work took both from her. She's an old woman, worn and wrinkled now, and still workin'. But she's happy. She told me so herself when I came away.

" 'I hoped great things for you, Michael, in your young days,' says she, 'but you never fulfilled them. Ah, 'twas not your fault,' says she, 'but we are both goin' to have them, after all,' says she, 'in our boy. An' we'll both be the happier for havin' it come so.' "

Carter rose suddenly and went to the window. Out in the darkness the lights were twinkling but he did not see them. He was thinking of the ambitions of his boyhood, of his mother's ambitions for him. And they had ended, how? Here he was in the capital of a great State to help in the passage of a bill that would rob the people of millions. Donovan's voice drawled on, but he scarcely heard him.

"If I voted for the bill, Jawn," he was saying, "—and I'd do it if you asked

Continued on page 289.

After the indoor work is completed Emmeline takes me to her mother's grave in the field across the trail

Lord o' Land

A New Series of Sketches on Western Life and Types—By Janey Canuck

Illustrated by Marcel Olis

III.—HOOK AND CROOK

By my Christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep
I would be merry as the day is long.—SHAKESPEARE

AFTER the cries of the wolves, the wholesome voices of the farm are sane and restful. On a morning such as this, with the sun rising up the high ceiled world, even the crows might sing. One seems made over here, even I, Janey Canuck, who was born in that blustery period known as the Ides of March. Maybe it is true after all, that there are bodies terrestrial as well as bodies celestial.

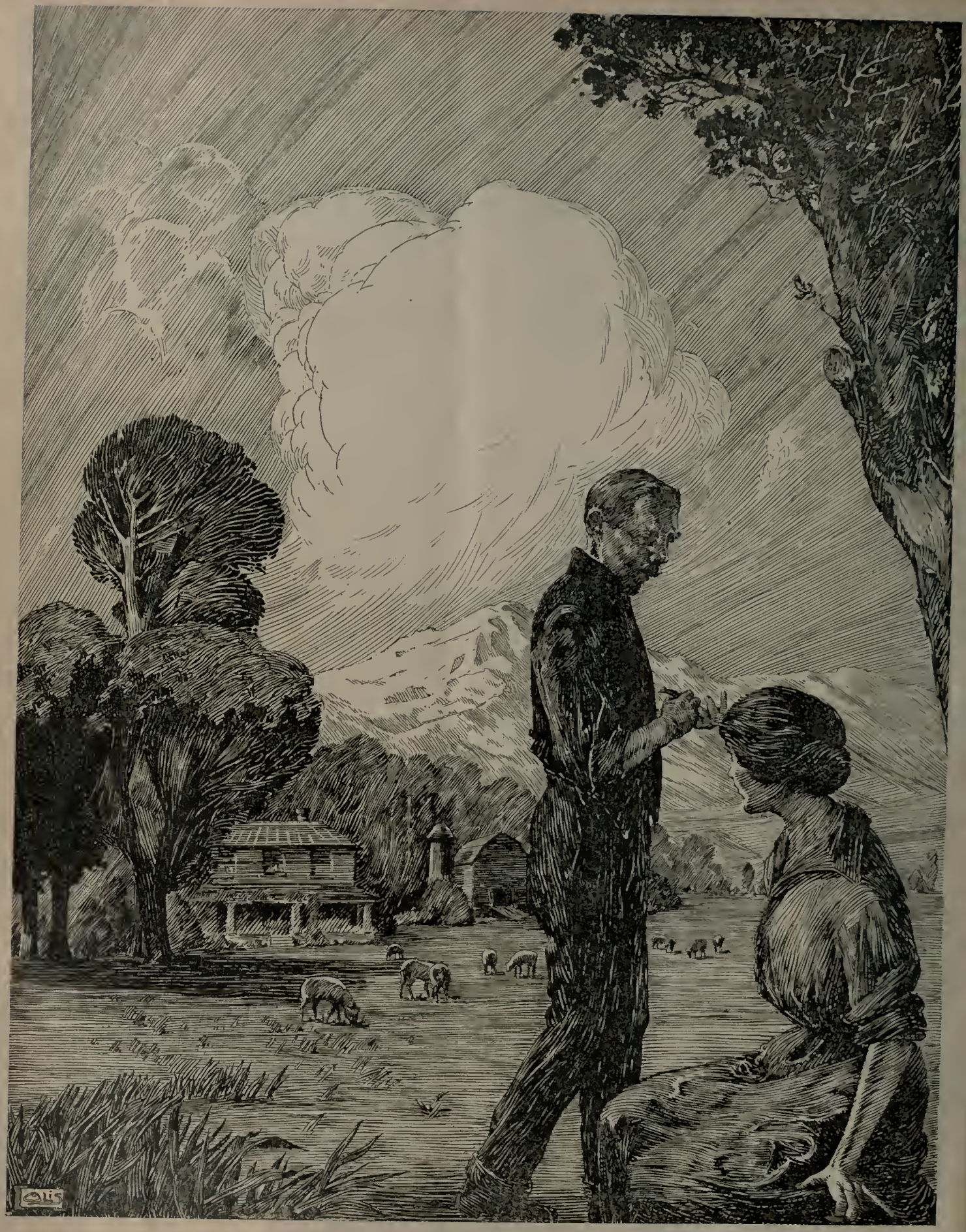
Emmeline takes me to gather what she calls "a clutch of eggs," in the gathering of which I make some acquaintances, explore several lurking places, and learn again that skirts are irksome things which limit the possibilities of life. We are accompanied by Sum Dog, a collie puppy, the clown of the barnyard, who perleys and pranks about the ring in the popularly approved style. Now, he is flushing a gang of little chickens, a fury of squawking hens, a straddling calf, or again, he chases the big grey gander whom anyone can see has an overweening opinion of himself. When Emmeline is not looking, with malice aforethought, I set Sum Dog on a rooster who is making audacious, "cocksure" assertions from the top of the dung pile. Like as not, he is telling tales to his fellow ganders concerning his harem. For my part, I believe the rooster is a hearty liar, a "nothing set a-strut," and I shall never speak well of him. I know too much to his discredit.

Some few of the married birds are nesting in *cabinets particuliers*, but most of them have hatched out their broods which seem to have no ideas except to scratch. As Emmeline casts them a handful of frozen wheat, the mother-bird prepares it for her broodlings by biting each grain in two, as though she were a patent food-chopper. All the while, she is talking to them with a subdued but, nevertheless, immense volubility.

The ermines, whose normal state seems to be one of criminal trespass, and who possess an uncloying appetite for chicken, have killed many of Emmeline's chickens and some of her young turkeys. The remaining turkey-chicks are growing big though, and better able to protect themselves. You can see this for yourself as you observe them step around the yard like dainty young demoiselles who have pretty business at an afternoon tea. Emmeline does not kill the hens, or the hen turkeys, but only the cocks and gobblers. This poultry yard would, therefore, seem to be one of the few places where the female of the species is being accurately and properly appraised.

This farmer-girl tells me that brown eggs taste better than white ones, although she owns it would be hard to tell the difference if her eyes were shut. She packs the eggs away in water-glass and sells them in the city at Christmas time when the prices are highest. There is no doubt that presently Emmeline will be living in the city in a large stone house with two lots and a garage at the rear, and will be paying seventy-five cents a dozen for eggs herself.

The two young sons of the household are milking cows which answer to the well-selected names of Crumple, Spotty, Whitefoot, and Brindle. These animals are not at all concerned with the doings of the other denizens of the yard, but then there has always been something extremely incurious about a cow. Whitefoot's calf will not feed for me. I put my fingers into her mouth and, with the other hand, gently drip the milk, but she only splutters it out as a child does castor oil. Although he has a thick palm, very dirty fingers, and a less polite method, this most excellent idiot takes a tolerable meal from Freddy.



The philosophy of the facetious shepherd is worthy the man-around-town, and I am wondering if he is not a mute, inglorious Chesterfield

After the indoor work is completed, Emmeline takes me to see her mother's grave which is in the field across the trail. This is the new cemetery, and the only grave. I wonder if she hears the sheep cropping in the dew. They say dead shepherds do.

Emmeline's mother died of "stone," but she went mad first. It is no wonder she went mad. She had a right to. Old Humphrey Prideaux used his drop of ink to advantage when he described this especial illness as "the calamitous distemper of the stone."

And Emmeline tells me things about her mother which show her to have been wise and high-hearted and, without doubt, a woman of imagination. It is a pity the earth is so indifferent to the flesh it holds.

It was this mother's habit of evenings to sing songs to the children about the things on the farm, but Emmeline cannot remember all the words. These were about a little lamb that got a thorn in his foot and went this way—and this way—a sadly crippled lamb, indeed;, and of baby-buntings in the woods that scurry so-and-so.

There was a lullaby, too, that Emmeline sings to me as though she rocked in a chair: "Tam-a-rack! Tam-a-rack! to keep the baby warm. Here it crackle. See it fly. Sparks are golden. Sparks are fairy. Bring them all to baby.

"Mother will find a little bird, and bring it home to baby. A little bird has lost its nest, a little bird that cannot fly. Oh! bring it home to baby."

And there were words in this song about yellow flowers strung a-row, of a colt with a dappled skin, and of a pillow made of breast feathers.

The story about the Sandman who puts dust in children's eyes is wholly wrong. Dust is bad for children's eyes and makes them cry. The Sandman is a woman. (It is high time the truth should be known) and her home is in the hills. She has hands soft like the down on the cottonwoods and with these she takes the hurt out of a boy's feet, and loosens the strings in his legs, and makes his eyes heavy.

Emmeline is afraid her father intends to get married again. She and the boys have cried about it. The prospective step-mother is a widow and has two girls, also she has the farm which "marches" theirs. Her father goes to see this woman nearly every Sunday and does not come home until late. I would not have thought it of Thacker, for he is getting on in years, but maybe it is quite true what the Italians say that there is kissing yet in a kissed mouth.

Before we left the mother's grave we wrote some lines on paper and pinned them to the wooden "headstone." These were the epitaph of *Ximinsez* on the tomb of *Inez*:—

"Warm Southern sun,
Shine kindly here;
Warm Southern wind
Blow gently here.

Green sod above
Lie light, lie light,
Good-night, dear heart,
Good-night, good-night."

The boys are planting onions in Emmeline's garden-ground and we stay to help them. Next to the potatoes this is the largest crop in the garden. And why not? Onions are of more value than apples, indeed, in this province, the only apples. They are the farmer's sole narcotic, as well as the savor for his soup, stuffed meat, and salad. In spite of the fact that most folk say the onion is a vulgar vegetable, I will contend till my tongue wears out that it is the very aristocrat of its kingdom. Its derivation,—*unio*, a pearl—proves this without a doubt.

The loosened loam of the garden is furry soft and pleasantly yielding to the hands. As Emmeline moulds it over the onion "sets," one is struck with the nervous strength of her hands. Even as brilliants flash livelier from crape, so white fingers are whiter in ebon soil. Darwin, the idol-smasher, says the human hand is only the fin of a fish which has developed, but nevertheless, I like to believe what John said in Patmos that if any man worship the beast and his image, he shall receive a mark in his hand. Evenso, the adoration of the Spirit and the Bride must leave its sign on the palm of the worshipper, a lovely lineation or kind of sacred stigmata.

After dinner, Ben Thacker takes me to see his sheep. We are accompanied by Nimble, and Wattie, two collies. Wattie is a "holding" dog, whereas Nimble is a "driver." Both are "lookers"—that is to say they tend the sheep. Thacker says sheep must not be hurried and that the best attendants they can have are a lame shepherd and a lazy dog.

His dogs are never coaxed to the willow bluffs by the wolves as I had feared. At anyrate, the sheep are folded early to keep them safe from all sharp-toothed, night-roving marauders. Sum-Dog, Wattie and Nimble only answer the wolves of nights in a sort of antiphonal psalm, and to show that they don't howl.

Thacker was born in the Sussex Down-Country where his father was a flock-master. Indeed, he comes from a long line of shepherds and helped in the lamb-yard from seven years of age. He still carries with him many of the sayings and habits of the English craft, so that even those stupid people who find life dull would be interested to walk and talk with him across his wide-stretched meadows. "The homely slighted shepherd's trade" would seem to be more slighted than most of us have thought, while worthy of our best attention.

The ewe flock, with their lambs have the fields to themselves, a small area being hurdled off for the rams. Ben has a jargon for counting his sheep which he counts two at a time. As nearly as a townswoman can set them down, the numerals read like this:—"Onetherum, twotherum, cockerum, qutherum, setherum, shatherum, wineberry, wigtail, tarrydiddle, den."

Thacker "rigwelted" a sheep, that is to say he cast it on its back, that I might see it had to lie there till he turned it over.

Lambing season is about the middle of April. This is the busy time on the farm for the lambs are up and about in less than an hour, and looking for food. Often they have to be assisted to nurse for the first time. At weaning time, when taken from the dams, they are placed in a fresh pasture and fed a small quantity of barley and oats that have been crushed and mixed. Thacker says the smaller the sheep the sweeter the mutton, and also that there is no difference between the mutton of a white-fleeced sheep and a black one. The philosophy of the facetious shepherd is worthy the man-around-town, and I am wondering if he is not a mute, inglorious Chesterfield, some Goethe guiltless of a hundred loves.

The newly-erected sheep fold is a long half-open shed with a drop siding at the front and a ventilating shaft at the back. Here the huddling flock come home of nights, and of wintry weather, for the sheep is one of those irremedially weak animals who forever turns tail to the storm. Speaking of storms, Thacker says there is going to be one to-night because there is a come-and-go odor in the fields; the spiders are strengthening their webs, and the weathercock on the sheep-fold swings from west to south. There are other signs in the sky, and in the slantwise slip of the shadows, which he reads like a book, indeed, far better than a book. It would seem though that all shepherds are expert in weatherlore, else why do we speak of "a lamb's-wool sky," meaning one that presages rain? It is from their cunning wisdom, too, that we get the following lines in their own vernacular:—

"The rainbow in the marnin
Gives the shepherd warnin
To car er's gurt cwoat on er's back;
The rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight
For thae then no gurt cwoat vill er lack."

The Soloist of Centre Pond

By Irving Bacheller

Illustrated by Horace Taylor

HIS name was Star—Pelopides Star—and he was overloaded with memories and had a list to starboard, as one might say. We called him Uncle Peel. You could always hear him coming. Chunks of conversation began to fall around you, and when he had arrived he took possession of a square mile of silence and spread his voice all over it. He was a perpetual talker. Often in the lonely trails he was both orator and audience, and judged by its effect, his talk was then most convincing.

His voice flowed like a spring brook down a mountain side, laughing over pebbles, roaring over falls, turning this way and that. It had been dammed variously but never adequately—never so as to produce more than a moment's pause in the genial flood of his conversation.

That voice had certain notes of the wild wood in it, notably those of the crow, the owl and the bittern. It had, too, a penetration and impartiality which reminded one of an old time musket.

Edison once told me that while experimenting with the phonograph he discovered that the same phrases of music, repeated day after day, seemed to weary certain bars in his ear and produce nausea. That helps one to understand the singular effect of the unending solo of Pelopides.

We had gone over to his camp for a few days of shooting. His talk wearied us and wearied him, but he didn't mind. Everything about him had a worn and weary aspect. His dog had run away, his wife was half gone, his clothes were trying to desert their post, his potatoes were hiding in the weeds, his cabin wore a God - have - mercy look, and conversation had done it all and done it thoroughly. Yet he never said anything — this kindly old woodsman —never had time— because he had so much to say.

His walk was like his conversation. He flowed along swiftly, reeling from one foot to the other—all loose from head to heel—and wearied any who tried to follow him. His dialect was unique, unclassified, inhuman I had almost said. It had come of much aimless communion with his own singular, simple self in lonely situations—a rough corduroy running into swamps of recollection and curiously bound together with whiches and side remarks.

"He spraint his neck tryin' to make that man hear him"

When we arrived he was smoking a potato which he had hollowed out with his knife, having punched the "peth" from a piece of witch hopple for a stem. He began his long solo at once:

"O, I tell ye, they's some ways where the ol' man beats the world! One day I started to go to my traps with ol' Susy which, ye know, I had two houn's Susy an' Tige. Susy, ye know, why she'd lock jaws with a lion, if I give her the word—ay uh! I see they was a bear in the trap an' I says to Susy 'sick im,' says I, an' Susy—say she was a dandy which they ain't no mistake! Got her from Ad'rondack Murray—why—ay uh! didn't you know 'at I knew him? Why, one day me an' him was a-fishin' on Surnac which was a Friday—no 'twant—' twasa Thursday —ay uh! 'twas a Thursday—when 'long come Bill Dobson an' his wife in a canoe—kind o' foolin' with one 'nother, an' all 't once they upsot an' in they went. I see she was goin' t' drownd so in I jumped. I'd knowed her ever since she was that high—ay uh! Why, one day I carried her on my back more'n twenty mile with a pack heavier'n she was, ay uh! We was a stout fam'ly. Why, my mother'd think nahthin o' doin' her mornin's work, which she'd ten cows to' milk, an' hippin' a baby off five mile for a visit an' be back in time t' git supper ready. She was married when she was fifteen—my mother was—an' had fourteen children, an' my wife had 'leven an' when Susy, the second child was born, ye know—named her after my houn'—I was over to Surnac, which the child was born, Tuesday night—the same as Monday—an' I got t' worryin' an' put her through the woods forty-five mile an' say comin' up the Mud River that night I hearn a panther kind o' purrin' in the brush —ay uh they will—an' say, did you know a panther can't run more'n half a dozen jumps? Why, their lungs—ye know—they ain't bigger'n yer two fists, their lungs ain't. They got no pump fer wind but say, can't they grab a deer? Why, one night I was a-floatin' an' I knocked a hole in a deer an' when I was a-draggin' of him out I hearn a noise kind o' like that (here he imitated the purring of a panther).

Tow, I wan't scairt—not reely. I slit the deer open an' was a-dressin' of him off an' say—did you know a deer ain't got no gall on their livers? Why, that's the reason they can eat pizen. Once when Senator Brown was over to my camp—say, did I ever tell you 'bout the time I went down to see the Senator? Ay uh! I did. Got up at daylight, went out t' Short Hill fer a load o' provisions an' fetched up at Beaver Crick in time fer the noon train. An' say!—they was a man lay drunk on the railroad, kind o' quotterin' right by the switch, ye know, an' the train a-comin' like a buck deer when ye've ripped his pants a leetle, an' I got onto the track ahead o' that 'ere train 'an worked my j'ints supple, I can tell ye' an' ketched holt o' the man right by the switch, an' say—did I ever tell you that I'd invented a switch fer the railroad an' they say it'll beat the world? Why, ye see it works this way—same as this is the track——"

This wild stampede of old memories continued until my friend got a case of the hiccoughs and I felt as if I had been shot in the abdomen. The monotonous, penetrating voice, the kaleidoscopic shifts and suspenses had begun to wear upon me. We picked up our rifles and retreated.

Next morning we were awakened before daylight by the beginning of the day's solo. Soon he blew a tin horn.

"He wants to get at us," said my friend. "It's conversation time. The sun isn't up but Star's voice has risen."

We dozed a few minutes, and again the horn sounded. Star was saying, soon, that if "them dod dinged sports didn't git up they wouldn't git no breakfast."

We got up and faced the music and "the jerk" and "the griddlers" and the deadly coffee. The food had an effect like that of a sinker on a line. It produced inertia and reflection. We were as helpless as live bait. The hurricane of conversation fell upon us. We were dragged from one climax to another and each story ran into the next with a loud bang, and both were shattered. His way was strewn with wrecks, and we broke away as soon as possible and went off in the woods and lay down to rest.

"Let's send for Grimshaw," my friend proposed. "He'll break the old man down."

Now Grimshaw was almost as deaf as a rock and fond of "social converse," to quote his own phrase. As an absorber and receiver of conversation he was unrivaled—absolutely unrivaled. His curiosity was greater even than the difficulty he found in satisfying it. He wished to hear everything that was said and took offense if he didn't. He was a vacuum cleaner, a mammoth cave, an extinct crater. He was often saying: 'Would you mind speaking a little louder please—a little bit louder?" Everyone down at the hotel had strained his throat shouting at Grimshaw.

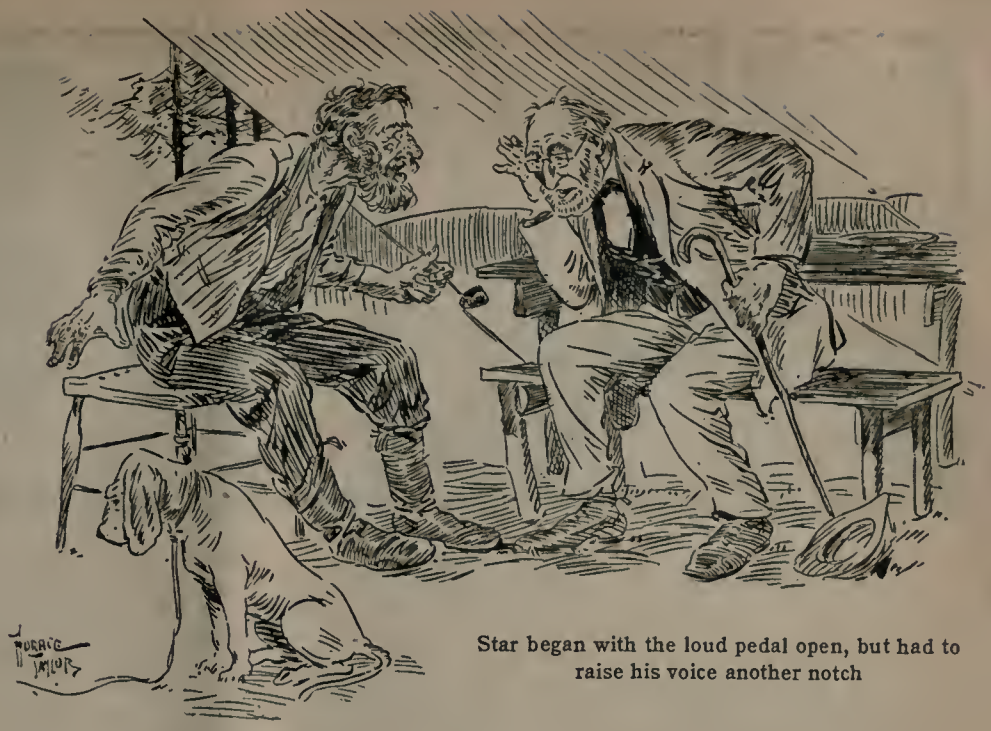
"He awful deef," uncle Peel whispered

We sent our guide for Grimshaw with a note of invitation which promised a rare treat. He came and saw and conquered. With great joy we led them face to face. As we expected, each embraced the other as a golden opportunity—a long-felt need. Star got his voice in action. Grimshaw halted him at once.

"Would you mind speaking a little louder?" he asked.

Star began again with the loud pedal open, but had to raise his voice another notch and Grimshaw held him there. Star had started the tale of Susy and the bear. His voice rang through the valley and we could hear its echo in the distant hills. At his first turn Grimshaw halted him—politely but firmly. He wanted to know what happened to the bear.

Star went on louder than ever.



Star began with the loud pedal open, but had to raise his voice another notch

"There—that's good!" said Grimshaw. "Keep yer voice right there—if you don't mind."

Uncle Peel didn't mind. He opened his throttle and let her go with joyful recklessness. We picked up our rifles and set out for the hunting grounds. That strident voice pursued us for a mile or more.

When we returned at sundown a deep silence brooded over the camp of Star. We could hear pleasant sounds that were new to us in that vicinity—the low songs of the tea kettle and of poor Mrs. Star as she moved about getting supper ready.

"Where is Uncle Peel? I "asked.

"Got a sore throat an' gone to bed," said she. "Can't speak above a whisper."

"And where is Mr. Grimshaw?"

"Gone to bed, too. Said he was sick to his stummick."

We went into the dining tent, full of suppressed emotion.

"They've floored each other," said my friend as we sat down at the table.

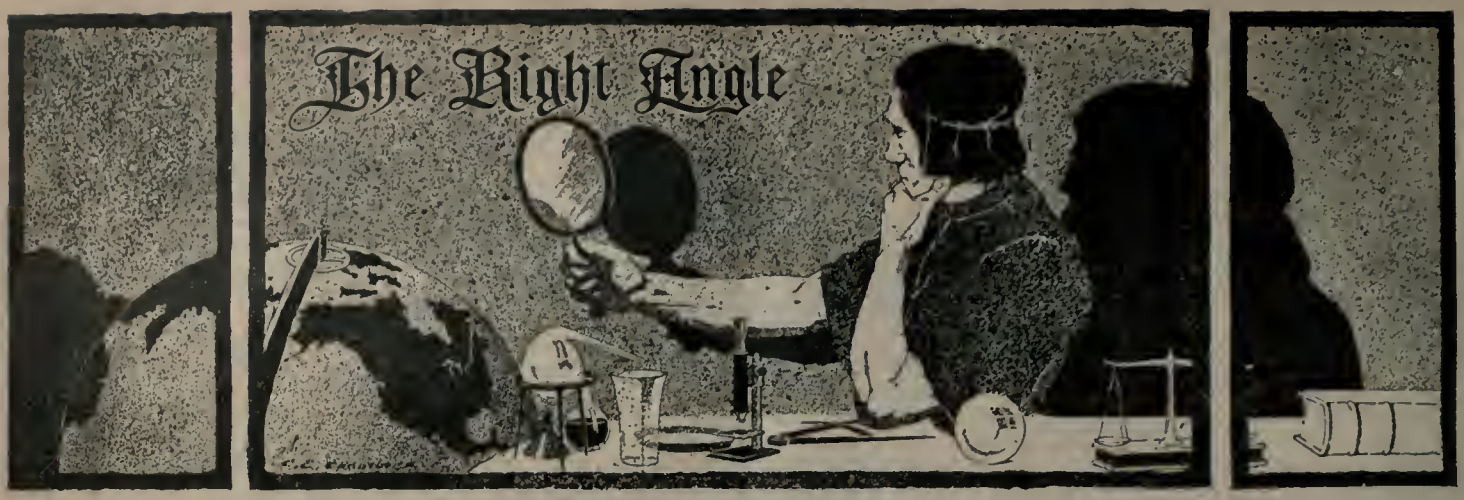
"Peel nigh killed himself talkin'," said the old lady as she poured the tea. "Says he spraint his neck tryin' to make that man hear him."

Uncle Peel came in presently and sat down near us with a whispered greeting. He wore a bandage on his throat. He looked wistfully into our faces and shook his head.

"He's *awful* deef," Uncle Peel whispered. "I don't want to talk no more to him—no more. Once I stood on one side o' Long Lake an' tried to talk with a man on t' other side an' spraint my neck doin' it, but he's farther away 'n that—a good deal."

His eyes grew moist. He shook his head mournfully.

Continued on page 280.



FUTILE SPECULATIONS.

TOO much stress is laid upon divisions among the leaders of German opinion as to peace terms. There is a wing which demands that the war shall end without annexations, and without indemnities; there is the more powerful party, as regards position and influence, if it is small in numbers, which insists that Germany shall make some profit out of the war. This party is nominally led by Bethmann-Hollweg, the Imperial Chancellor. The two factions are quarreling between themselves. But suppose the "no annexations, no indemnities" element should triumph? Would peace be any nearer? The Allies are committed to a policy of annexations and indemnities, and until there rises in Germany an irresistible demand for peace at any price, peace at the price of evacuating and indemnifying Belgium and Serbia and France and Roumania, restoring Alsace Lorraine, and otherwise assuming sackcloth and ashes, the war must go on. Till that time differences in the German camp are of little significance.

MUNITIONS VS. FOREIGN TRADE.

ONE of the lesser evils of the war is the unfortunate fact that our Canadian manufacturers seem unable to hold both the munition trade and the normal foreign trade which should fall to their lot. The United States, for example, is building up a thriving trade with Japan. We, on the other hand, are losing even that which we had with that country. It is just as well for our future as exporters that the United States factories are now being called on to devote more attention to the manufacture of munitions. Otherwise they would be able to place themselves in such a strong position in the markets of Japan, China, Australia and New Zealand, as would not only place us under handicap in those markets, but would increase also the facility with which American manufacturers could compete with Canadian manufacturers in the Canadian home market. It is the presence of this great commercial competitor side by side with us, that makes the problem of Canadian industrial development so difficult. People who glibly compare Canada's tariff with England's Free Trade, and who argue that what is good for England is good also for Canada, should bear this fact in mind.

WHAT TROUBLES THE HUNS?

THE channels of trade have been seriously disturbed by the state of war. Previous to the outbreak of hostilities there were three trading powers of the first rank, the United Kingdom, the United States and Germany, with Great Britain easily in the lead. Since war began, because of the presence of the British fleet in the North Sea, the Hun's foreign trade has been practically wiped out, while Britain's trade, in spite of the organization of her industries for war, has been maintained, and that of the United States has been almost doubled. As an indication of what the loss of Germany's trade means to her, it suffices to point out that in the year 1913 her exports were £301,000,000 sterling and her imports £400,000,000. During the same year exports from the United States were £497,003,000 and imports £358,520,000, and exports from the United Kingdom were £634,820,000 and imports £768,734,700.

GROWTH OF OUR BANKS

CANADIAN chartered banks have been rapidly extending their lines over Canada and beyond its borders. Each month of the current year has shown a large number of new branch banks established, whereas comparatively few have been closed. During July, for instance, eighteen branches were opened and only two closed. The total number of Canadian chartered bank branches now operating is 3,423, of which 3,307 are in Canada, 28 in Newfoundland and 88 elsewhere. The locations, included under the heading, "elsewhere" demonstrates the growing sphere of influence of some of the larger Canadian institutions. Nearly all of the 88 mentioned above are located in the West Indies and on the northern portions of the South American continent. The commercial relations between Canada and the West Indies are having the effect of welding into closer union the political sentiments of Canada and the British West Indies as well.

WAR DEBT NINETY BILLIONS

A REAL political force opposing the Militaristic party in Germany would have been unheard of before the war. Yet this summer has witnessed a very substantial resistance to the Kaiser from the radical wing of the Reichstag. Resistance came to a head when the Imperial Chancellor recently asked the Reichstag for a war vote of 20,000,000,000 marks. Exclusive of this requisition, the war party has secured from the people 79,000,000,000 marks, equal to $20,000,000,000. The German people are becoming appalled at the rapidly growing national debt, in view of the hopelessness of the struggle. Moreover, Germany has comparatively little gold backing for this debt, without which paper money is worth little. Germany's position might not be so bad, were her trade not paralyzed. The war debt of the United Kingdom is greater than that of Germany, the total being $26,705,000,000. But neither her gold reserve nor her trade have diminished. Moreover ultimate victory appears a mathematical certainty. The net war debt of the Allies stands at $59,421,000,000, whereas that of the Teutonic Powers amounts to $30,300,000,000. The Allies, however, have behind them the resources of the United

Kingdom, France, Russia, Italy, the United States and other smaller states, while the financial state of Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey is worse than that of Germany. The grand total war debt of all belligerents stands at $90,000,000,000.

AMUSEMENTS AND WAR

DURING the past three years the newspapers have devoted most of their columns to the interests of war. This is as it should be, because the press embodies chiefly the serious currents of our life. In the realm of books, also, the atmosphere is permeated with the war. In the realm of drama, however, the war is actually having little place. Last season witnessed comparatively few theatrical productions of a war nature. This year's bookings of the leading New York producers include only two or three war dramas. War dramas do not hold audiences. This is for two reasons chiefly. We are in the midst of the real thing and it is as dramatic as it is tragic. The public are not indifferent to the war. It fills their anxious consciousness the live-long day. They want an evening's respite; they wish to forget once a week that relatives are facing death. The writer commented on the preponderance of plays of a light and cheerful character on the calendar for the coming season in the presence of one who has a brother at the front, "Thank heaven for that"! was the response. Probably this is as it should be. When the Great War is a thing of history plays based on its philosophy, its dramatic splendor and its heroics will be more acceptable. They are too depressing in these days, when depression is the normal state of mind. There are plenty of people who consider that theatres should be closed, and that baseball leagues should be disorganized, but if ever diversion was needed, it fills an indispensable place to-day.

THRIFT PLEDGES

CARDS, pledging the signers to thrift, now given such wide publicity in war articles in American magazines, are not a brilliant Yankee idea, as Americans seem to think. They were originally distributed in England, and their use is to be adopted in Canada. In the United States the cards are taken from door to door by armies of boy scouts. When the mistress of the household has signed the thrift pledge, she is given a card to place in her window. A cardless "front-room" window will mean another boy scout "on the job"—and another—and another—until the housekeeper signs in self-defence! No doubt, some women will take the pledge with as little intent to keep it, as men have taken a pledge of different sort. But there is no doubt that most women will take their promise seriously, and these cards will be an important factor in the thrift campaign.

REMOULDING DEMOCRACY

PRESIDENT WILSON has made a famous statement, to the effect that America is entering the war that the world may be made safe for democracy. Samuel W. McCall, Governor of Massachusetts has revised the President's dictum in the words: "We must make democracy safe for the world!" Governor McCall is a wise man. He says: "Democracy is not a shy flower to be sheltered from the winds and storms, but must be conceived of as a strong man making his way in the world in the face of tempests, having in him all the strength of the race, and there is no higher power that can patronize him and make the world safe for him to live in. It is more true to say that Democracy will come into its own not when the world is made safe for it, but when it has made itself safe for the world. This safety can be attained by providing democracy with the necessary organs, by giving it eyes to see and sure methods of expression, and by giving it a backbone, enabling it to stand erect and capable at all times and under all emergencies. In the past democracy has been regarded as a mere ideal to be declaimed about and not as something to be molded into a responsive and effective instrument of practical government." Democracy, as America has known it, is full of glaring faults. It remains to be seen if democracy will be safe for the world, when the world is made safe for democracy.

MINISTERS AND MODESTY

SOME day, the Canadian entering an Ottawa cabinet will do so modestly. Someday he will pause to be impressed with the magnitude of even one department of the administration instead of thinking so much of his own profound ability in getting himself the job. This is what he does now. He pats himself on the shoulder. He reminds himself that, after all, he IS some punkins. He takes over the office of minister of Public Works, or Railways and Canals, or labor, or Finance with the manner of a receiver-in-bankruptcy taking charge of a run-down grocery business. And if it stopped with his mannerisms he might be forgiven but the new Minister proceeds now to administer. He takes active charge. He intends to show the nation that a live man is at the helm of this particular department at least.

This, more perhaps than anything else, is the cause of Ottawa inefficiency. The able deputy ministers and their chief assistants, in whom is vested the continuity of construction and administration, are interrupted, interfered with and irritated. Plans are changed and department machinery misused or misplaced. A good permanent official soon loses his keen personal interest in his work and, being conscientious, resigns, or—having a wife and several sister-in-laws to support—hangs on, but with no heart for work. In England a new minister approaches his department as a rule modestly, is content to study it for six months and then to direct it in little except matters of policy. There is some chance there for the permanent official to work constructively and with a conscience. The morale of his staff is not undermined by incompetence higher up. Occasionally the Canadian cabinet minister displays this desirable modesty. In a few instances he has a rare deputy who somehow survives trouble. But the onus should not be on the deputy. It is for the average minister to change his methods.

CAPE BRETON'S TEN TALENTS

CAPE BRETON SOUTH makes more wealth out of less raw material than any other section of Canada. You may not believe this but if you have the patience and industry to look through volume 4 of the last census report you will see proof of this miracle. In this forbidding book is a column showing the value of the manufactured products of each district. In another column is shown the value of the raw material which made those products possible. Compare these two columns and you will find that the raw material constitutes about half the value of the product in almost every census district. For instance Sherbrooke, Quebec, uses $2,366,354 of raw material to turn out $4,626,275 of finished product in a year. Calgary uses $4,853,382 to make $8,- 550,068. Vancouver uses $8,799,084 to make $17,284,422. Toronto and Montreal run a shade higher, it is true, but on the whole the average Canadian community requires a dollar's worth of raw material to make $2 worth of finished goods. But Cape Breton, South, makes over $5 for every $1 worth of raw material. It produces $9,622,545 out of $1,820,494 raw materials. Why? That is a question readers should work out for themselves. It may not be so greatly to the credit of the little community as, on the surface it appears but it deserves looking into. It contains 62 manufacturing establishments including of course iron and steel. And yet Algoma and Hamilton, which include the same kind of industry show no such high rate of productivity. Here is room for economic demonstration. Why is South Cape Breton making more out of less than your community?

Politics and Politicians

SOME OF THE HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH ON PARLIAMENT HILL AND SOME COMMENTS ON THE WINNIPEG CONVENTION

By Tom King

BY the time this is printed Parliament may be prorogued, with dissolution soon to follow. Parliament expires by the efflux of time on the 7th of October. The Government, however, will continue in office until a new Parliament can be chosen and there is little reason to believe that we can have an election before Christmas; some people say it may be even longer deferred. The printing of the voters' lists is in itself no small undertaking and a great deal of time will be required to poll the soldier vote.

The Soldier Vote

UNLESS the Military Voters' bill now before the House is changed in the Senate, we will not only have our soldiers voted but their votes counted overseas. This is a radical departure from the principle of the Soldiers' Voting Act of 1915 and may open the door to endless disputes and insinuations. The vote will be polled at every "camp," which is interpreted to mean every place at which a group of soldiers can be found, but the ballots will have to be allocated to the various parliamentary ridings and electoral districts to which the voters belong. For example, in a certain hospital in Scotland, France or the Isle of Wight, 391 Canadian soldiers and nurses might vote. These soldiers and nurses might come from every province in the Dominion and represent among them a great many electoral districts.

A Decisive Factor

IN a general election, how a man votes is important but where he votes is even more important. Fifty votes in Carleton, N.B., in 1911 would have cut a big figure; in West Toronto they would have been of no importance. In a certain number of constituencies one party or the other will have a large enough majority of the home vote to make the soldier vote unimportant. On the other hand, in closely contested districts the soldier vote will be absolutely decisive. Hence there will be a natural desire on the part of the voter to have his ballot counted in that district where it will have the most effect.

The New Bill

THIS natural desire will be helped out by the bill now before Parliament unless the same is radically amended. Section three, after providing that any voter who previously resided in Canada shall vote in the district where he so resided, goes on to say "if he cannot, because of non-residence so state or specify, he shall be deemed an elector of, and his vote shall be applied to, such electoral district as he may indicate." But even were this wide open door to selective voting tightly closed, many honest mistakes might easily occur in the practical administration of the act. In the case of a married man there would be no question as to his place of residence. In the case of a young man or woman, not living at home when the war began, however, a doubt might arise as to his or her domicile. In some cases the soldier or nurse may be honestly in error as to the particular riding in which he or she is entitled to vote.

Take a so'dier or nurse coming from the city of Ottawa. Where would he or she vote? Naturally, you would say, for the city of Ottawa. But while a considerable portion of the city of Ottawa is in the electoral district of Ottawa a large section is in the parliamentary riding of Carleton, and another large section in the parliamentary riding of Russell. Now, Carleton being overwhelmingly Tory, and Russell being as overwhelmingly Grit, it would probably be of no consequence, so far as the result of the election went, what the soldiers' vote was for either district. But the riding of Ottawa with two members will be closely contested, and the soldiers' vote will be decisive.

A Long Campaign

AS the bill now stands, and as it is likely to pass, nomination day will precede polling day by at least four weeks. This would seem to indicate a long campaign, as a great deal of preliminary work has to be done before official nominations. If Parliament prorogued in September and dissolution followed almost immediately we could scarcely expect an election before December. And there is also the factor of Cabinet reorganization, concerning which an announcement is expected almost daily.

Every government reorganizes its Cabinet more or less before going to the country, but it is anticipated that Premier Borden's reorganization will be unique from the fact that the new Cabinet will include a number of Liberals and several prominent men not heretofore associated with politics. No doubt he will strengthen his Cabinet, and, to some extent, meet the great demand in the country for more united action and less partisanship. I doubt, however, if anything can prevent an old-time party contest. There will be appeals to passion and prejudice, but, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier observed, that is nothing new in Canadian politics. The 1891 election, for example, was not a pink tea or a game of ping pong. No missiles were thrown in that campaign that were any softer than brickbats. In 1896 there were brickbats thrown, but the favorite missile was a pole cat!

A Captain's Battle

MY own impression is that the coming campaign will be less bitter than many anticipate. The country is growing bigger, and it is sobered by the shadow of the Great War. There will be sporadic outbursts of violence and hate in this or that district, but in many parts of the country the people are apt to vote for the man rather than for the party, and perhaps select a man of their own regardless of party nominations. It is going to be a captain's battle, and, as some member said the other day, "every man will have to run his own election in his own way."

The Winnipeg Convention

THE outstanding political event of the past month has been the Western Liberal Convention at Winnipeg. It was certainly the largest gathering of the kind since the Ottawa Convention of 1893, for we have not run to conventions in Canada. A national convention charged with the duty of selecting a party leader and adopting a party platform is practically unknown. Now and then we have a party convention

to nominate a candidate for parliament. but in the majority of cases the candidate is selected by the executive or almost by common consent. The big state and national conventions which are such a spectacular feature in American politics are to us almost unknown. Therefore, a party convention of nearly a thousand delegates representing all the provinces west of Lake Superior was bound to be a big affair, especially in view of the circumstances under which that convention assembled.

In the East it has been taken for granted that the convention was called by the four provincial premiers for the purpose of forming an independent political party in the West. All the premiers had been down to Ottawa, and gossip coupled their names with the formation of a union government. They were all supposed to be in accord with the proposition that the Western Liberals would have to have their own organization, and would no longer follow the leadership of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

If the convention was not called for the purpose of repudiating the Laurier leadership and sanctioning a coalition government at Ottawa it is hard to understand why it was called at all. That the convention did just the opposite of what the East expected it would do is a fact, I think, beyond dispute. Whether the convention did wisely or unwisely; whether it did what the premiers wanted or the reverse, for the purpose of this review need not be decided; I am only interested in recording what I personally observed.

The Delegates

IT was, in the first place, a fairly representative assemblage. No doubt a great many politicians were to be found among the delegates, but politicians have a habit of turning up at political conventions. The story, however, that none of the delegates could speak English; that they were all garbed in sheep-skin clothing; that there was only a handful of them and that they were deluded into passing resolutions whose import they did not understand,—all these claims so vigorously made in many quarters entirely lack foundation. Machine methods may have been employed; the steam-roller may have passed over the delegates, but so far as I could observe the convention greatly resembled the annual convention of grain growers held every winter, in the West. A large number of the delegates were substantial farmers, and there were actually present 881 people, including some 50 women. They discussed and adopted a great number of resolutions, and it is idle to say that the resolution commending Sir Wilfrid Laurier did not meet with the approval of a large majority of the convention.

Premier Norris's Position

PREMIER NORRIS, of Manitoba, was in a difficult position. Manitoba delegates were in the main anti-Laurier, and Premier Norris himself has for two years been urging the formation of a national government. Upon him especially rested the responsibility of preventing an open break or split in the convention. A great majority of the delegates came from Saskatchewan

Premier Norris, of Manitoba

and Alberta, and they were strong enough, numerically, to pass almost any resolution. British Columbia sent only about fifty delegates and they sided with Alberta rather than with Manitoba. Premier Norris, however, succeeded in keeping his own delegates together and he was always on hand as a sunshine influence in the councils of the convention. He is not an orator, but he gets on with the crowd. His voice carries well, and he never wearies his audience. He may not have been pleased with the result of the convention,—probably few Liberals in Manitoba were, but he took his medicine without gagging. Since then, however, popular pressure has compelled him practically to repudiate the main planks of the Winnipeg platform.

The Conscription Issue

THE most important plank adopted by the Winnipeg Convention carefully avoided the word "conscription," and I think a majority of the convention were opposed to conscription, or at least to the immediate enforcement of the Military Service Act of 1917. Many of the delegates said that the foreign-born voters in their districts were almost unanimously against conscription, and that the English speaking vote was divided. Upon this statement I make no comment, but I am inclined to agree with Mr. George E. McCraney, M.P. for Saskatoon, a conscription Liberal, who said that while conscription as an issue had not strengthened the government in the West he did not think it was at all the dominant issue in the Winnipeg convention.

In Manitoba the pro-conscription feeling is strong, and many anti-Laurier Liberals may contest constituencies. It is quite likely that the Western Liberal members in the next house will not agree among themselves as to the leadership. In passing, however, it must be remembered that the Western Liberals of all shades of opinion on other subjects seem to be united on the tariff question. The tariff issue is still a live issue in that part of the country, and will continue to be so even after the war is over. On this issue the Conservatives are divided, and it would be difficult for them to hold a Western Convention on that account.

Conscription Bill Passed

THE Conscription bill passed its final stage, so far as the two Houses of Parliament are concerned, with little discussion and no dissent. The amendments made by the Senate were not thought to be important and the House concurred in them as a matter of course. The formal motion for concurrence was unexpectedly made in the Commons by Sir Robert Borden on a Saturday afternoon.

Interest now centers in the enforcement of the law. That it is to be vigorously enforced we have been repeatedly told by the Government, difficult as its enforcement may prove in the midst of an electoral campaign. From a merely party standpoint, by the way, this course will have its advantages because firmness and decision are qualities the people like their rulers to possess. It should be possible to have all the conscripts in uniform before the election. Whether there is to be any further conscription will then be squarely up to the next parliament.

The Railway Situation

THE government seems to have scored in Ontario and probably in the West by its boldness in dealing with the railway situation. It might have gone further but after all has gone a long way in acquiring 10,000 miles of railway with its subsidiary telegraph

and express services. Moreover it acquires some land holdings which may be of value in dealing with the returned soldier, and his settlement on the land.

Up to date the Opposition has not been able to enunciate a counter policy. The government's bill is criticised but the criticisms are mainly of details. Hon. Frank Oliver has been almost alone in advocating that further financial assistance be extended the company by way of annual grants until it is able to go ahead under its own steam. He has presented his views with characteristic force and vigor, but those views have not been adopted by his party associates.

The Graham amendment, to confiscate the common stock of the company, met with little favor although the vote on division followed party lines. A more vigorous fight is being waged on the proposition that the House should have more information as to the liabilities to be assumed by the country and as to the identity of those persons likely to benefit from the deal by their holdings of Canadian Northern securities not guaranteed by the Government.

The Wind and The Days

By W. D. Nesbit

THE south wind blew my calendar
Until the leaves turned fast and far,
And when it had gone on its way
It left a mid-September day.
And left me thoughts of stubble fields,
Of corn that rustled spears on shields,
Of orchards where long shadows dreamed
And red and golden apples gleamed,
Of swaying heavy clover blooms
That scattered largess of perfumes,
Of grapes that purpled in the sun,
Of cool dusk when the day was done,
Of mullein torches on the hill,
Of woodbine reddening by the rill,
Of the deep hush that comes at night
When all things glow with silver light,
Of forests drowsing in the haze
That comes in late autumnal days,
Of nodding flag and calamus
And thistledown that, tremulous,
Fled at a breath as though afraid
Of every breeze that dwilly played—
The south wind blew my calendar
And down the days I journeyed far.

Would it might blow the other way
And turn the leaves, till day by day
I found the paths that used to be,
The days that hold the heart of me!
Would that it might toss back the leaves
That bind my years in ripened sheaves
Until I found the blossomed ways
Where memory forever strays,
Until I was a boy again
And owned the joys I squandered then.
The south wind blew my calendar
So that the leaves turned fast and far.

Teaing It Out of Dingley

By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated by Marion Long

PYKEVILLE was the slowest Fair Town they had ever struck, and most of the Show people were glad to get out with their skins on. They drove to Dingley, fat of expletive and lean of purse, with that mixture of sanguinity and soreness which is the characteristic of a Carnival crowd, the world over.

Dingley was the county town and the centre of a successful cattle-raising and agricultural district. Topographically, it offered great advantages to the Fair aggregation. There's a difference in towns, no matter whether you look at 'em from a commercial a theatrical or a Carnival viewpoint. . . It is only twenty miles from Pykeville, which accounted for the crowd driving over instead of adding to the earnings of the local railway. They arrived simultaneously with the first consignment of hogs and cattle, and each disposed of himself according to his custom.

Bill Forrest jerked his thumb over his shoulder toward Pykeville. "If the suckers here ain't bitin' any better than them back yonder," he remarked, "we might jes' z well take to work—real work. Never did I see sech a bunch of tight-wads."

His partner sullenly agreed.

"How much yuh got, Dick ?"

Dick named a niggardly sum.

"Humph ! Less'n a V between us. Aint that grand business ?"

Again Dick agreed and settled himself in an atmosphere of heavy gloom. It was characteristic of him to sit idle while Blll unpacked their personal effects and stock in trade. It was also characteristic of him to place his stockinged feet on the window sill of the beanery which harboured them and confide his unflattering opinion of man to the air while Bill made a prospective tour through the town and gathered up any information which was afloat. Bill was sanguine and enterprising; when one adventurous scheme was, for various reasons, summarily checked, his fertile brain conceived another. Adversity stimulated him; reverses did but test his ingenuity. Bill was a Progressive, if ever there was one, and he was a man who would never say die. Dick was the diametric opposite and then some—was Dick.

BURSTING into their room after about an hour's absence, Bill announced briskly,

"It's razors fer Dingley, Dick. There's been one of them 'high-pitch' fellers through here, last week, givin' fountain pens away with bottles of fake hair tonic. Gee ! Far 's I can learn, he spilled 'em round here, same as they spills the ink. They're jes' nachelly tricklin' all over the burg."

"Razors ?" protested Dick. "Why, Bill you said we was to work with fountain pens, an' I got my spiel all doped out."

Mr. Forrest expressed his sympathy in more or less embroidered terms at the same time denouncing the travelling quacks who are able to cover territory much faster than Show people and anticipate them in the distribution of small wares.

"Them crooks," he cried, "riding round in their dinky little carts an' gettin' off a spiel in front of the Court House, puts the everlastin' juke on our business. By the time we strikes a burg, the folks is plum set agin our stuff—jes' like they is right here. I tell you, Dick, Dingley is sore in all its j'ints agin fountain pens. We gotta work with razors."

"'Taint so bad fer you," Mr. Brennan remarked sourly, "but I ain't got yer graceful gift of leppin' from crag to crag an' precipice to precipice. When I gits my mind on a good spiel, I ain't dead set on givin' it up, like a wad o' chewed tobaccer, an' huntin' up another one. Why, I been cookin' up some dope—'bout fountain pens, mind ye—that'll keep me so busy takin' down subscriptions, I'll have my arm in a sling 'fore the Fair's half over. It's worse 'n a sin to change it."

IT might be explained for the benefit of those who do not frequent county fairs, that Mr. Forrest and his partner were "paper" men, or, in the parlance of the Grounds, "sheet workers." In a word, they were the convivial, breezy misrepresentatives of a wholly fictitious paper, to which they obtained subscriptions by the simple, if generous expedient of presenting the unsuspicious public with fountain pens, razors, penknives or like impedimenta. They had got their necessary permit from Jim Logan, the Secretary of the Dingley County Fair while he visited Pykeville, and therefore after a slight adjustment of goods and language, they started out on Monday afternoon at opposite ends of the Grounds to distribute razors. Very good razors, too, purchased by the enterprising Bill for something like $12.50 per gross. They were safety razors as long as you did not try to cut anything with them. In the case of shaving—the hapless victim after tearing his hirsute growth out by the roots, usually handed the weapon over to his wife, and it was hinted that several of these thrifty ladies used them for pulling tacks. But that is by way of digression.

Clothes neatly brushed, hair neatly parted, a v-shaped suggestion of lavender dribbling from his upper pocket, Bill, disguised as a gentleman, accosted a scared young farmer.

"Have *you* had one of our razors ?" he asked producing the glittering blade.

"No," said the young man, "no, I haven't."

"Well, I never ! Here, take this one—it's my last, but you're welcome to it. We're givin' 'em away, to-day, absolutely free. . Costs you nothin', an' it's good fer a hundred close shaves. Sure, take it. . . You're welcome, entirely welcome. Glad I seen you."

And Bill turned away only to wheel immediately back upon his victim.

"But say," he added, "I'd like to put your name down on my list of subscribers to THE FARMER'S MONTHLY HELPER. I'm interested in that little paper an' I'd like to interest you. It's one of the handiest books you could have about the house, gives you

fortunes, an' tells yer dreams an' how to write letters, beside all the information anybody could ask about a farm. What? You never heard of it? All the more reason for me to send it to you. What's yer name, stranger? I'll jes' put it on my list."

"How much does it cost?" asked the timid young man.

"Well, the subscription is supposed to be a dollar," said Bill, confidentially, "but I'll let you in on it fer ninety cents. On'y, as a favor to me," he lowered his voice mysteriously, "dont let on as how I done this, if any of the other agents talks to yuh. I'll write a dollar on the blank, an' give you a receipt fer a dollar, but you slip me ninety cents—that's all."

There was a certain firmness in Bill's way of demanding the money which rendered the young man putty in his hands. He allowed himself to be filched of a year's subscription to THE FARMER'S MONTHLY HELPER because he vaguely realized that unless he put his name down, he would be deprived of the glittering blade so recently presented, and not having attained one at home, he recognized this as a chance in a thousand. Then, with a feeble but polite hope that he meet Mr. Forrest again, he moved off with the crowds.

BILL watched him finger the blade with a stubby thumb and smiled. He was fond of the country's unsophisticated youth was Bill. And in making for success he possessed a quality which is also the portion of well-built bridges—he had an almost faultless approach. There were men he would mistake for some devoted friend of his childhood, and finding out his mistake, he would present them with razors from sheer gratitude for the resemblance they bore his one-time pal; he would approach others condescendingly, dangling his proposition before them until from curiosity alone they would have subscribed to a set of Huxley on the instalment plan, if he so willed; again he would simulate timidity, gaining the farmer's confidence—and dollar—through that laudable virtue.

But occasionally, Bill met with a determined rebuff and some old fellow turned down the entire proposition, cold. There was one in particular he always remembered when thinking of Dingley.

"Have *you* had one of our razors?" asked the paper man in his most cordial manner.

"Naw," said the farmer, whose hatchet face was covered with a sparse growth of yellow-gray whiskers.

He usually emerged from the clump of bushes, red of face

"Now how did that man happen to overlook you, I wonder?" Bill was most apologetic. "Here, Mister, take mine, it's the last I've got, but you're welcome to it. We're givin' 'em away, to-day, absolutely free. . . don't cost you a cent, an' they're good fer a hundred close shaves."

But the latter warded off the gift with upraised hands.

"Razors aint no use to me," he said. "Air ye blind that ye can't see that fer yerself?"

"Your son, mebbe," suggested Bill, "er your nephew, er your daughter's beau. Lord, Mister, there's lots of people around who'd be glad to have a fine razor like this here one. An' it's a sin to miss the chanct to git one fer nothin'. I tell yuh these is absolutely free."

"Say, stranger, what's yer game?" Dingley's respected citizens had evidently been to Fairs before now, and although at Meetin' he agreed to live a life of brotherly love, charity to his neighbor and to perform all acts in accordance with the Golden Rule, it seemed possible that Bill's creed might differ from this. "What's yer game?" he repeated. "I dont want no razor, ner no spavin cures, ner lightin' rods, ner hair tonic, ner fountain pens. Got anything new?"

BILL laughed good naturedly; it was not wholly a professional laugh either, for the old gink was funny.

"You're all right," he said, admiringly. "You're the smartest man round this joint, an' I oughta know! You see, Mister, we gits so uster workin with a lot of boneheads, it's a real treat to meet a man with common sense in his nut. An' that's no joke."

He made a grab at the farmer's hand, and wrung it fraternally. It fell from his clasp limp and unresponsive.

"I'll tell you what my game is," he continued, producing his blanks. "I want to git subscriptions to this here paper—" he signified the title on the blank with his pencil, and subconsciously begrudged the job printer his money for the work——"an' there's so many crooks about workin' a con game, that people dont pay no attention to an honest man unless he's got sumpin to attract their notice. Honest, it's the limit! That's the reason we're givin' away razors. People's got sense enough to know that they've got their money's worth out o' them alone, even if they never was to see the magazine—which they sure will, believe *me*! An' it's a fine an' dandy little paper, full of them columns where a feller writes to a girl in another town, an' sech." He eyed his victim narrowly, and paused for that lure to sink in. "Now under these circumstances, Mister, cant I put your name down fer a years subscription at—say ninety cents?"

But it seemed that under no circumstances could Bill put Mister's name down for ninety, eight or even seventy cents. The strain of prolonged jocularity began to tell and the paper man dropped something of his persuasiveness, adopting a firmly parental tone.

"Because you take a few other papers aint no reason, friend, why you don't need this here one. I'll guarantee you won't find it a bit like any of them others, an' it's sumpin, my dear sir, you simply can't afford to do with out."

The farmer grinned.

"Stranger," he drawled, "I'm goin' to tell ye somethin'—somethin' that'll be a leetle secret betwixt us. I wouldn't have my ole woman know it fer worlds—I come to this here Fair plum crazy to be extravagant! To do somethin' I couldn't afford. Yessir! All my life, I been holdin' back, scrimpin' an'

savin' an' doin' without somethin' I wanted real bad beca'se I couldn't afford it. Now along comes you an' says here is somethin' I can't afford to miss,—well, goldarn me, if I ain't goin' to be real brash an' MISS IT. Good day!"

EARLY in the evening Bill fixed his keen blue eye on a pompous individual; clean-shaven and unctuous, he compressed all the physical attributes of an alderman in his pearl gray clothes. The very sort of a man to be smeared with flattery; under its influence there was no telling to what lengths he might go. He was liable to subscribe for his son-in-law, his brother in Montana, his aged father and himself. Bill settled his collar, parted his lips in a smile and braced right up.

"The Mayor, I believe," he said in greeting. "I bet I've seen your picture in fifty-five noospapers. Not that it does yuh jestice, of course, but. . . . An' say, have you had one of our razors? They're absolutely—"

The gentleman gimletted him with an unfriendly glance, taking in every detail from the lavendar silk handkerchief to the blanks which protruded from his pocket on the other side. He labored for breath the while his guaranteed - twenty - year - gold - filled watch chain heaved tumultuously across his middle.

"No," he cried angrily, "I don't want one of your absolutely free razors! You're the second sheet worker I've found on the Grounds to-day, and I tell you as I did him, that now is a good time for you to quit! Don't let me find you here to-morrow! Understand?"

The choleric gentleman flung back one side of his coat and displayed the President's badge.

Bill made no retort. There was none to make. If Hiram J. Morton, President of the Dingley Fair Association, said that no sheet workers were allowed, that was all there was to it.

Early the following morning, a very moist and apologetic secretary waited upon Bill and his disgruntled partner.

"Say, you fellers, I gotta cancel your permit," he announced. "The boss has just been down to the office givin' me particular hell for allowing paper men on the Grounds. How'd I know he was bug-house? You know it aint my fault, boys; I ain't got nothing against you working, and I ain't responsible for the crazy notions H. J. has got. You see," he lowered his voice, confidentially, "you see, he's so blamed scared of the Directors that if they were to put the kibosh on peanuts and the merry-go-round—off they'd go! For all I'd care, you boys could run a faro joint, honest! A man's gotta live, says I, and the race is to the smartest. So I don't want you to lay this up against me, for I'd be glad to let you work, if I had the say-so."

Bill watched the disappearance of the nervous young secretary and muttered from the depths of his being,

"Good night, nurse!"

Dick expressed the same sentiments in terms which the ordinary reader, unfamiliar with the true inwardness of County Fairs, is not supposed to understand. Hence, they are omitted.

"What's the next burg?" asked Bill.

Dick spat the name at him.

"Gosh! That'll eat up our roll at a nip, payin' fer a ticket, alone. Aint it the limit the way railroads make money outen us pore fools?"

"An' we gotta eat till we gits there," reminded Mr. Brennan.

It was a fact which brooked no denial.

"I gotta hump myself an' gitta job," said Bill rising.

"It's always the same," complained Dick. "You said we was goin' to work the sheet, an' that's enough job fer me. I done switched from fountain pens to razors to please you, and I gotta good spiel all doped—"

"Well, damn it, is it my fault if they wanta run a Sunday School picnic, 'stead of a reel, live Fair?" his partner demanded. "Hustle round some, same's I'm goin' to do an' dig up sumpin that'll hol' us over till we strikes the next metrolops. That's all we can do, Dick."

Bill sought out the Minute Picture Man, offered himself as "spieler" and was accepted after some inevitable haggling, on a 20 per cent. basis. He ate a hearty dinner at the Grease Joint and cleared his throat for work.

"Come on," he urged, "see to-morrer how you look, to-day. A bee-autiful picture fer ten cents. . Have yer picture taken, Mister? You an' yer wife?"

The old farmer who had elbowed his way into the crowd asked the price of this frivolity. Mr. Forrest mentioned the words "fifteen cents" with such contempt for their littleness that even Lew was impressed. He waved the bystanders back with much gallantry and created a dusty path for the farmer and his wife, while the Picture Man ducked under his black cloth.

"Hol' on," cried the farmer. "Can't ye take two on a card jes' 's easy as one?"

Midnight found the partners with about a hundred empty flasks, and these they washed and polished

Mr. Forrest signified the lack of difficulty with a snapping of his fingers.

"Wal," replied the old man," then I ain't goin' to pay fifteen cents fer 'em. Yuh kin do it fer ten." His determination was superb.

A look passed between the spieler and the photographer, in answer to which Bill also stood firm. In the end, the old man struck an attitude as he stepped in front of his wife.

"All right," he grumbled. "That bein' the case, you stan' back, Sally, I reckon I'll jes have myself took today!"

The summit of Mr. Forrest's endurance and patience was reached. He turned to his friend,

"Gimme my money, Lew," he said. "I'm goin' to quit you. There's no fortune in this business, fer me! An' if I had to stan' around an' gas with people like that all day, I'd go clean off my nut. I'm goin' to beat it while the goin's good, But if you git in a hole an' needs me, you know where to find me. S'long."

He "shilled" into a couple of Shows, in the same manner by which a dead head finds entrance to the theatre, and killed time until the appetizing odors from the Grease Joint tempted him to spend twenty cents for sausage and coffee. In as far as it was his nature to be despondent Bill had the blues; never had he seen a better crowd, never had he watched freer spending. His afternoon's experience was the only exception. Holiday spirit was in the air, and banners waved, flags stood proudly out in the evening breeze, and the glare of torches cast an alluring light over the multi-colored Midway.

He worked his way along with the noisy, gaping throngs until he stood beside Pete, the High-striker. Loud above the din of drums, discordant bands, squealing whistles and guttural blow pipes, Pete's voice rang out among the crowd as he urged the rusties to step up and try their strength.

"Have yuh seen Dick, lately?" bellowed Bill in his ear.

Pete did not pause in making change for a stocky farmer who had unsuccessfully wielded the mallet. He hardly interrupted his spiel, as he answered,

"Take a crack—everybody. . . . (Seen him makin'). . . Wow! That was a good swat, mister. . Yuh nearly rang the gong. . . try agin, on'y fi' cents. . . (Makin' fer the cattle buildin's a minit ago). . . . try yer muscle, gents. . . how high kin yuh striker ?. . (Yuh'll likely find him down there with the rest of the hawgs) Aw, that's no good, boy. Griper tight. . . Now. . three wollops fer fi' cents. . . (S'long, Bill). . . . Come one, come all, try. . ."

Dick had not relinquished his intention to present the immediate neighborhood of Dingley with razors without a struggle. His spiel was nearly as good as the fountain pen dope, and he had not done too badly considering that Monday is usually an off day. But to see the gala crowds swarming in on a bright Tuesday morning, to realize that he could work the sheet with neither pens nor razors as a lure toward a year's subscription to THE FARMER'S MONTHLY HELPER, made Dick Brennan place the ancestry of President Hiram J. Morton in company with unpleasant forms of the lower animal life. He slouched along the Midway Grounds muttering to himself and shedding a forbidding scowl.

Bill laughed good naturedly for the old gink was funny

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PERHAPS the same privilege to do and dare is not accorded all Canadian women in these days; but the individual who looks hard enough, enthusiastically enough for the opportunity to do her bit—and then creates the opportunity while she is seeking—expresses the greatness of Canadian grit and womanly initiative to her sister-Canadians; and makes us all realize the living truth that the only impossible thing under the sun, is the thing that can't be imagined!

It was not an easy thing to penetrate the miles of war office red tape entanglements that put into the almost-unattainable class the idea of a Red Cross home in France, maintained and managed by private persons. But as someone has said, "Impossibilities are merely the half-hearted efforts of quitters"— and the Toronto women who conceived of a real home, back of the firing line, (for men who were so far from their families that they had no chance of convalescing in comfort), were no "quitters!"

So, after many and various assaults on the red tape entanglements, this group of Canadian women "broke through;" and forced from the British War Office the privilege of donating their personal services; and raising the necessary funds, to open a Canadian Convalescent Home for Officers, at the front.

When a man, gaunt, pale, weary with mental and physical suffering—yet pronounced "convalescent"—leaves the hospital to make room for the next fellow, and arrives at the Home in Dieppe, his surprised eyes first light on a sunny little garden, a contented-looking chap lazing deliciously in a swing hammock under the trees; and others sitting about in comfortable chairs, chatting with all the ease of men who are very much at home, in an atmosphere where rules and regulations are conspicuous by their absence.

He is taken into the large central hall; catches glimpses, to right and left, of a sunny dining-room and a drawing-room that looks to the man from muddy trenches and bare hospital, like a little Heaven of lounges, armchairs, and crackling wood fire!

Upstairs are bedrooms and two—TWO—bathrooms! To quote Miss Chadwick, one of the staff who is now in Toronto, and has told me all about it: "The bathrooms are a source of unending joy to the patients, the accommodation in this way, in the trenches, not being of the best!"

The second floor also has a sitting-room, where those who prefer to be far from the music and talk of the drawing-room, bask in books and write home letters.

The sunshiny bed-rooms sound mightily attractive—pretty paper on the walls, and chintz curtains and bed-covers in keeping with the general color-scheme.

The Canadian girls who comprise the staff do practically all the work of the large household; with the exception of the cooking and the roughest work, which is in the hands of French servants who live in their own homes and come every day to the hospital. The convalescents have orderlies — one for each five patients— soldier-men who have "done their bit" and are no longer strong enough for the trenches.

Some of the Staff and Patients at the Canadian Convalescent Home at Dieppe

Every afternoon, the members of the staff join the patients for tea in the drawing-room; and in the evening they all play cards, or talk together, or have a little "music fest"—and "maybe" it's homelike to the poor chaps!

Miss Chadwick says: "It is strange to see these men, ranging in age from eighteen to fifty, who have come down from the terrible fighting at the front, crowding round the piano, singing at the tops of their voices, usually out of tune, and thoroughly enjoying themselves!"

Think of the fun for these men, of planting their own vegetable and flower gardens. I quote Miss Chadwick again: "A great source of plea-

sure this Spring has been the vegetable garden. This is a very pretty plot of ground which has been lent to us. It is on the slope of a hill, and surrounded by trees and hedges. The upper half is in grass, with one good-sized bed for flowers, and a shed which we have

Margaret Wycherly, whose performance in "The Thirteenth Chair," has earned the highest praise from critics

turned into a Summer house, with the assistance of some of the patients, who were inspired to paint it a vivid green. The lower half of the ground is ploughed up, and planted in vegetables of all sorts. The home ought to be well-supplied next winter! The planting and work there were nearly all done by the patients, who would organize work parties among the more fit ones, and go up there with any kind of implement that would dig, and plant seeds in the most reckless manner in any spot they took a fancy to. However, we prevented them from putting beans and cress in the same spot as cabbages. They seemed to turn from depressed, nerve-racked, home-sick men, into men who are cheerful, physically fit, and full of courage, ready to go back again to the front. And when the time comes for them to leave, and the matron and staff go to the door to wish them, "God speed," it is the most pathetic thing to see the brave attempts they make to keep up, and to witness their efforts to thank us for the little bit of comfort and home life we have been able to give them. They know so well the horrors they are going back to, perhaps never to return."

It may be of interest to you to know how "the wheels go round?" The work is carried on by a staff of eight women—Matron, Secretary, four girls on the house staff, trained nurse, and masseuse. Except in the case of the two latter, who receive small salaries, the service is voluntary.

Mrs. Christopher Robinson is Matron; Miss Tata is the Secretary; the Nurse, Miss Murphy; Miss Galt, Masseuse; Miss Burnham has charge of household supplies, linen, and laundry, and the orderlies are responsible to her for their work; Miss Chadwick, whose place has been filled by Miss Agatha Castles, of Toronto, had charge of the ground floor; Miss Gaviller is official Housekeeper—and when we think of all that it must mean to "house-keep" for such a large family, we must feel like taking off our hats to this splendid young girl who has the grit and energy to tackle such a proposition!

It is a very real disappointment to Miss Chadwick that, for personal reasons, she has had to return to Toronto—but, with unabated enthusiasm, she is "keeping up the good work," in a munitions factory in Toronto.

It seems to me that these Canadan women are the crucible which has transmuted the dross of impossibility into golden achievement!

One of the beauties of living Up North and Beyond is that one can come into such close touch with poet friends. "In town" there is little time to read—and one reads "with a difference." In fact there's as much difference between reading poetry "in town" and "Up North," as there is between bolting a plate of strawberries and cream in a restaurant on the way to a matinee—and going out into the berry

Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian poet who won the Nobel prize

patch, as I did this morning; and, with pleasurable deliberation, picking large, rosy-red berries, and slowly crushing the luscious things between tongue and palate!

Friend Artist cuddled down in the hammock on the verandah to-day; and

Margaret Wycherly as Rosalie La Grange, the amusing old Irish woman in "The Thirteenth Chair"

I sat by in a green wicker chair; and I read aloud, Rabindranath Tagore's poems. Strangely enough, the title of the volume is "Fruit Gathering," which I didn't realize when I wrote the paragraph above.

The musical words, expressing radiant thoughts, seemed to us, like the notes of a great silver bell, calling all the world to a contemplation of the beautiful things of life. The poems told us that, through all his days, Tagore has kept the heart of a child. He has a child's sensitiveness, a child's personal quality. He has all a child's capacity for suffering, for he has not hardened his heart to suffering. He is a great human, looking forward and always forward to expressing the world of his day more and more beautifully, until Sunset is followed by dusk—and night. He makes us believe that for him—and for us—there must be a glorious Dawn, somewhere in God's To-morrow.

Winner of the Nobel prize, his poems beloved of his own people and other peoples, he yet writes:

"The pain was great when the strings were being tuned, my Master!

"Begin your music, and let me forget the pain; let me feel in beauty what you had in your mind through those pitiless days.

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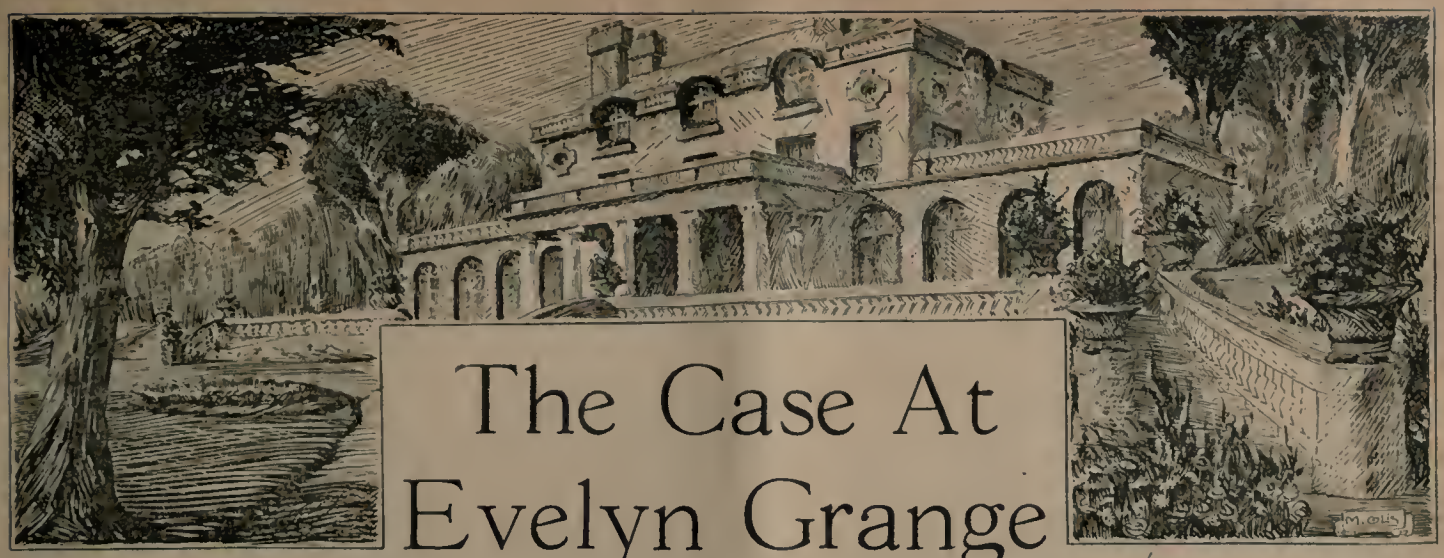

The Case At Evelyn Grange

THE THIRD INSTALMENT OF A GREAT MYSTERY STORY

By E. W. Grant

Illustrated by Marcel Olis

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.—Boyd Wendham, a physician, just returned from several years' study in Vienna, joins a house party at Evelyn Grange. Among the guests is his old sweetheart, Nellie Gaynor, a widow of six months, and a vulgar little parvenu who has recently become one of the set by marrying Charles Lawdon. Mrs. Gaynor tells Wendham that she exists chiefly on her earnings as part owner of a racing stable left her by her husband. Wendham is deeply concerned at her state of health, and more concerned when he learns she is massaging her neuralgic little maid. Mrs. Lawdon shows Alice Rawlins and Nellie Gaynor her jewels—in a novel jewel case made like a hat trunk, with the jewel trays cunningly set in the crowns of Paris hats. That night while all the guests are at bridge downstairs Mrs. Lawdon's jewels are stolen. A search of the establishment reveals nothing and makes Mrs. Lawdon noisily and vulgarly suspicious of her fellow guests, who are forbidden to leave the house till the arrival of detectives from town. John, the second man, accuses Adele, Mrs. Gaynor's maid of stealing the jewels and offers to hold his tongue if she divides with him. The girl repeats this, asserts that she was asleep at the time of the theft, and denies her guilt so convincingly that she throws suspicion on John. Mrs. Lawdon insists on a police investigation despite its inevitable notoriety.

V.

IN the gun room Mrs. Lawdon, her husband, and their host were gathered in close formation about Collins, the local police potentate. By the fireplace two detectives from the city lounged, overobviously at ease.

"Do you wish to swear out a warrant against this girl ?" inquired Collins as Mrs. Lawdon savagely announced her suspicions.

"Of course not," interposed her husband. "We have no evidence except what your man John reported to you, Mr. Evelyn. It is not sufficient——."

"Beg your pardon," interrupted the sheriff; "it is good and plenty. It allows you to hold her for further investigation."

Mr. Evelyn interposed mildly. "I am responsible that no one leaves."

"Excuse me," the thin, soft voice of Leavison, the younger detective, asserted itself. "But don't you think it might be well to face your man with the young woman ?"

"Of course !" cried Mrs. Lawdon excitedly. "Why didn't we think of it before ? Send for them at once."

Evelyn pressed the electric button. "Alfred, have Mrs. Gaynor's maid brought here. Ask Dr. Wendham to attend her. I fear hysterics and fainting fits," he added, as Mrs. Lawdon's face expressed unqualified disapproval. "And, Alfred, I want John at once. Now," he turned to Collins, who vacantly shifted official blanks from one hand to the other, "have you any theory ?"

Collins h-m-m'd heavily. "Well, sir, I couldn't say. With such a houseful there's always a dozen chances. You know 'tain't always what seems the most likely one that pulls off the melon—the ones that look likely, like as not are innocent as new-laid eggs."

Mr. Evelyn smiled, and Mrs. Lawdon turned with open scorn to the two plain-clothes men. "Haven't *you* any opinion ?" she demanded belligerently.

"Not yet, ma'am," said Leavison slowly, his quick, sneaking eyes taking in every detail of the lady's person.

Mrs. Lawdon shrugged her shoulders and greeted Dr. Wendham's entrance frigidly.

Mr. Evelyn rose to meet his guest. "Dr. Wendham, this is Mr. Collins, our local sheriff. Mr. Leavison and Mr. Grayson are detectives sent up from the city. They have decided it would be wise to confront the girl with my servant."

"Yes, I see," acquiesced Wendham. "And in case of physical distress you wish me to be present."

A tap at the door, and Mrs. Gaynor, white and haggard, appeared, followed by Adele. Wendham rose.

"Mrs. Gaynor, I beg of you return to your room. You are in no condition to endure this. I protest, as a physician"—he had turned to the others with barely repressed vehemence.

Evelyn crossed to Mrs. Gaynor's side. "Now, Nellie, go back. I promise you the girl will be dealt with as gently as possible. Mr. Collins, this is Mrs. Gaynor, this young woman's employer. She has not recovered from the shock of last evening. Can we not spare her these interviews, and take her testimony later ?"

"Why, certainly, Mrs. Gaynor, of course"—overcome by the strange pallid beauty of the woman before him, the sheriff lost himself amid compliments and excuses.

Mrs. Gaynor bowed. "You will take care of her, doctor ?" she asked anxiously. "If she should faint—bring her to me. I will rest—in the drawing room, to be at hand if you call. Don't be frightened, Adele," she added; "we must help all we can to clear matters up." Again with a distant bow that comprehended the group she turned and left the room.

The maid, calm now and courageous,

faced her inquisitors. Wendham observed her with strained attention. "The imaginative, concentrated type in its purest form," he commented inwardly. "Unusual resource and vitality combined with great devotion. If—if it is true, no better tool could have been chosen. With her conscious self in abeyance, one might allow her subconscious mind to deal with a situation by its own judgment. With the suggestion, 'this and that are your dangers, be prepared to meet them,'—one might rely on that mind as a stanch and gifted ally—but, no, it's ridiculous!" He shook himself free from his thoughts and fixed attention upon the girl's story. It was the same; no contradictions, no wavering. She carried conviction even to the unwilling ears of Mrs. Lawdon.

Collins sniffed and glanced a question to the detectives.

"Nothin' doin' there," said Leavison under his breath.

"You have all been over the ground, gentlemen," said Mr. Evelyn, "you have this girl's story. It remains for you to hear my servant, John Dawson's, statement. Then it's up to you!"

Again he pressed the electric bell, but before his finger left the button a knock announced the butler.

"If you please, Mr. Evelyn, John has gone. We can't find him."

"Gone!" screamed Mrs. Lawdon.

"Gone!" gasped Mr. Evelyn.

"Gone!" groaned Charlie Lawdon.

"Gone! The devil!" exclaimed the sheriff.

The two detectives glanced at each other.

A light of comprehension and relief broke over the face of the accused. "Oh, gone!" Her cry was one of gladness. "Then—then he——!"

"It looks like it," nodded Wendham.

Evelyn was the first to act. "Tell all you know, Vreeman," he ordered sharply.

"Well, sir, according to orders, the girl here was notified, and word sent to Dr. Wendham. Then Alfred went to John's room in the servants' wing. John wasn't there, so Alfred goes below, and—we've searched the place, sir, and he can't be found."

"How could he have left the house without being seen?" questioned Grayson, becoming energetic now that the chase was fairly open.

"A dozen ways, sir. But how he'd get by the crowd of reporters out there is more'n I know."

"How was he dressed?" asked Leavison.

"In his store clothes, sir. His livery we found chucked in the closet, sir."

"Leavison," said his associate, "you take the inside—I'll beat it out—I'm a reporter myself now—see?" He rose, nodded to the butler to follow, and left the room.

Leavison took out a notebook and turned to Evelyn. "From whom or what agency did you engage this man?—Savell's? Good. What were his references? Oh, the housekeeper's business! Will you describe the man? Short, stocky, round head, blue eyes; clean shaven, of course. Any scars that you recall? No? Too bad—useful things, scars. Now, if I may have a talk with your butler when Grayson gets through with him, and see your housekeeper, I'll do a little telephoning into town and trace this chap. My side partner ought to get a line on him inside of an hour or two. He can't have gone far, and the great American press has this house rounded up for fair—if you'll excuse me." He shut his notebook and slipped on noiseless feet to the door. There he turned. "Won't do," he admonished, "to relax discipline. You can't tell, you know."

"May I go?" asked Adele faintly.

"Yes, my girl," Collins answered with a show of importance; "but you're not to leave the house. And Mr. Evelyn, before these flatties have the wire stuffed, I'd like to 'phone a bit; the railroad station and such needs watching."

Wendham observed her with strained attention

Wendham nodded to Adele. "If you will come with me," he said courteously, "we will find Mrs. Gaynor, and I will give you some instructions. She will need your assistance."

The woman's face brightened. "You can rely on me, doctor—and, thank you."

Mrs. Lawdon did not raise her head, but Charlie advanced, his honest face aglow with kindliness. "I'm awfully sorry if you've felt badly," he stammered, "but I hope you understand—it—couldn't be helped, you know."

Tears stood in the girl's eyes. "No, sir—but I truly didn't sir—" Her words were checked as the doctor's strong arm led her gently away.

"Listen." He spoke imperatively when they had entered the empty passage. "Mrs. Gaynor must rest—rest, do you understand? Give her plenty of fresh air, and keep her well covered. But it's sleep and rest, rest and sleep." He spoke in a low, steady voice, never raised above its first quiet pitch. "Sleep and rest, she would say that to you—she is saying that—she wants me to tell you to sleep and rest—sleep!" he insisted. Her whole weight fell upon his arm. In the white light of the corridor he turned and sought her eyes. They clung to his as to a magnet. "Are you sleepy? Answer me."

"Yes."

"Would you like to sleep?"

"Yes."

"But you must not." He spoke sharply, shaking her slightly and passing a soothing hand over her face. "You can't sleep now. You must take care of your mistress."

"Yes, sir," she answered, all trace of drowsiness gone from face and manner.

"What is the meaning of this?" Wendham puzzled. "She's not the culprit evidently, but she has been a hynoptic subject a thousand times. I'm a brute!" he exclaimed to himself. "Anyone might have seen me—Nellie might have surprised us. Whatever lies at the bottom of this, she must have no more emotions now. I'm a fool to take such chances. Wait here," he ordered. Rapidly traversing the intervening rooms, he reached the small reception den where Mrs. Gaynor waited.

She opened her tired eyes. "How did she stand it?" she asked anxiously.

"Her accuser wouldn't face her."

"What!" A look of incredulity crossed her face and it was followed by an amazed expression of relief.

"Yes," he continued, "John has decamped."

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "But what—what do they think?"

"There seems only one thing *to* think, for the present, anyway. But, come, I have given your maid instructions. She's to see you safe in bed, and if you fail to rest, she is to send for me."

"Oh," she assured him brightly, the color rising to her waxen cheeks, "I shall sleep—to-night at least. Where is Adele?"

Struggling with a dozen conjectures, but with his love fixed beyond the power of any hostile conviction, he followed her to the foot of the stairs, and smiled a farewell as mistress and maid mounted together. Then he turned and paced the wide hall like a caged animal. That the woman was, and had been for years, under recurrent hypnotic control there was no doubt, but in the face of the manservant's disappearance, why connect that with the robbery? A scientific interest and continual experiment were certainly permissible. Perhaps it was a kindly effort to ease the pain from which the woman suffered. Yes, that must be the reason. But had the operator

The maid, calm now and courageous, faced her inquisitors

sufficient medical knowledge and experience to make research safe for the subject? The subject should be a willing, intelligent assistant. This girl was obviously innocent of all complicity in the experiment. In whatever way the control had been gained, it was through some natural excuse, leaving the girl absolutely unsuspicious of her own condition. Her life had been divided into complete and unrealized duality—an end that could have been obtained only by the suggestion of forgetfulness prior to each awakening. Should he go to Nellie Gaynor when her strength should have returned, and ask her the answer to the riddle that confronted him? Perhaps. But for the present silence was preemptory.

VI.

"Look at that!" exclaimed Alice, as she held a newspaper at arm's length and indicated its flaring headline with a tragic-comic finger. "What did I tell you? There you are, my dear hostess, in a costume of the vintage of 1840, at least. I hadn't an idea you were alive when they wore those tall hats and bustles. Dear me! Never saw one out of the family album. Tell me, were you a dab at archery?" The whole forty-eight hours of excitement and anxiety that had elapsed since the robbery had failed to ruffle Mrs. Evelyn's equanimity, but now she was roused to anger.

"It's perfectly disgraceful!" she gasped. "It ought not to be allowed!"

"Oh, look at the bangs!" jeered Alice. "Dr. Wendham, do you suppose she took ether when she had them removed? And look at me! It's the snap that Barney took at Hempstead. But wait! Stop! Look! Listen! Unfold the page and gaze! We fade into significance before the blaze of the Lawdon as she appeared when rivaling the Opera House chandelier.

"LIST OF STOLEN ARTICLES.

"Now, we'll really know, of course.

"Diamond tiara, valued at	$ 25,000
Sapphire set, valued at	20,000
Ruby and diamond pendant, valued at	30,000
Pearl and diamond collar, valued at	18,000
Diamond and pearl ring, valued at	3,000
Emerald necklace, valued at	60,000

"She's going strong!

"Brown and yellow diamond ring	5,000
Brown, pear-shaped pearl earrings	5,000
Emerald and diamond dinner ring	2,000
Diamond bow knot	5,000

"Now, if that doesn't incite the starving East Side to riot it won't be the fault of the editorial writer and the police misinformation bureau. When the Lawdon reads that she'll forgive John for lifting her twinkles. She couldn't have had it better done if she'd been a prima donna with an expensive press agent."

Wendham turned from the window, his hands deep in his pockets. "Ever run down?" he inquired.

Alice laughed. "Are you asking as clock maker, a physician, or a foxhound?" She sobered suddenly, threw the paper upon the center table, and leaned back with her feet crossed and her hands in her pockets. "But I'll tell you who is run down for sure—it's poor Nellie. I stepped into her room before I came down. She's done. Looks to me as if she was in for a good, big attack of something. Adele was putting compresses on her head."

Wendham crossed the room quickly, intercepting a passing servant. "Ask if I may see Mrs. Gaynor." He turned, addressing himself to Mrs. Evelyn. "Who is Mrs. Gaynor's physician?" he asked. "I consider her case critical. If you would ask her, we might send for him—physicians' etiquette, you know."

Mrs. Evelyn opened wide blue eyes. "Dear me! don't you know that Nellie thinks she is all sorts of a doctor herself? She never calls anyone in. No, indeed! She prescribes a little strychnine if she doesn't eat, and a little chloral if she doesn't sleep—and there you are."

"And there you're likely to be not!" exclaimed Alice. "You don't mean to say—!" Dr. Wendham was gone. "I don't wonder he was upset," continued Alice. "I'm glad you tipped him off."

Mrs. Evelyn took up the paper. "I suppose you heard, Alice, what they found out about John? She had recovered her tone of aloofness.

"No," said Alice, "I didn't."

"It's too bad," the hostess remarked. "I do hate to lose a housekeeper."

Alice rose with a bound. "What, has John stolen Mrs. Creeks? John's a hero!"

"No," answered Mrs. Evelyn with complete literalness; "no, he didn't do that. But she didn't investigate his references properly. It seems that the man has been in jail and had forged letters; recommendations from people traveling on the Trans-Siberian roads or something, and somebody who has been Consul somewhere. Creeks liked the tone and the stationery, and took a chance. I wish Mrs. Lawdon would go away," she continued. "It annoys me to see her around. She examines me as if she expected me to appear in her lost diamonds—little yellow cat!"

A nervous step drew their attention. Evelyn entered.

"Where's Wendham ?" he inquired abruptly.

Alice nodded toward the stairs. "Gone to prescribe for Mrs. Gaynor, I fancy."

"Um !" he growled impatiently. "I want to see him. Confound this business !" he broke out; "it's got more turns to it than a—the Briarcliff course !"

"Yes," said his wife, going to him paper in hand. "Have you seen this ?"

"That and a dozen more," he snapped. "I'm sick of the sight of the whole outfit. And as for the Lawdons —that woman's a skirling harpy !"

Alice jumped. "Skirling harpy! Thanks, dear old man, one thousand times ! Banzai ! I couldn't think what I wanted to say; but you have it—'skirling harpy !' Far be it from me to engage in a tilt of words with one so gifted—oh ! 'skirling harpy'!"

"If you're through with that," exclaimed Evelyn with unwonted harshness, "run up to Nellie's room and ask Wendham to join me as soon as he can."

"No sooner said than done," called Alice as she disappeared. A moment later she returned, followed by the physician.

"Cass," he said quickly before that gentleman could open his mouth, "send some one out for this—and this, immediately." He signed the slips with his fountain pen. "I find her condition most unsatisfactory," he added; "there is every symptom of brain fever. Now, Mrs. Evelyn, with your permission, I will telephone for a nurse."

"Is Nellie so very ill ?" asked Evelyn, startled from his own concerns.

"Very, I'm afraid."

A very silent and troubled group watched him hurrying down the corridor. Mrs. Evelyn was the first to break their tangled thoughts.

"There, now. That Lawdon woman has made Nellie ill. My dear, I'll never ask anyone to oblige anyone in order to be considerate of anyone again. It's perfectly ridiculous! Alice, let's go up stairs and see if Adele needs help, or if we can arrange matters more comfortably."

The two ladies withdrew, leaving Evelyn alone in the cheerful morning room. He paced the floor nervously. His brow was knitted, his hands clenched. Life had become far too strenuous to suit his placid nature.

A moment later Wendham entered.

"She's coming—the nurse, I mean. Old man, it's serious, and I want your permission to take charge."

"You have it," said Evelyn promptly. "What you say goes."

"Mrs. Gaynor must not see anyone except the nurse, her maid and myself under any circumstances."

"Oh," said Evelyn, "and Polly and Alice have just gone to her."

Wendham made a gesture of impatience. "She's sleeping—they'll have sense enough not to wake her. Now, you wanted me. Is there any further trouble ?"

Evelyn's face was puzzled. "I don't know what you'd call it. I've just had an interview with Dawson."

"They've caught him ?"

"No," said Evelyn; "he came back and gave himself up to me. No one else knows he's here, except the gardener's wife, who's a sort of cousin of his. She came this morning and told me that some one wished to speak with me privately at the cottage. Of course, I thought of the detectives, and went. He was there. You could have floored me with a straw. The upshot of the whole matter is this. The fellow says he funked and ran away because he was sure his past would find him out and he'd be taken on circumstantial evidence. Swears he had nothing what ever to do with the robbery, and sticks to it that he did see Adele near the Lawdon's door. He says he was tempted to hold her up and make her divide the spoils, but when he saw her stand it down he got frightened and ran for it. He owns he's been a scamp, but swears he forged those recommendations only in order to get a new start, and with every intention of keeping straight once he was established in the way of making his living—and, Wendham, I believe him. I can't help it. Now, I don't know where we are. The man has thrown himself on my mercy. There's the circumstantial evidence, and that Lawdon woman hot for blood; but on the other hand, there's Nellie ill, and she's taken the accusation against Adele to heart—so—well—I'll be hanged, Boyd, if I know what move I ought to make."

Wendham thought quickly. With the clew of the valet's disappearance removed, the trail led back again to Adele—and then—he shuddered. At any rate he must have full knowledge in order to protect the woman he loved from danger direct or indirect. "See here," he spoke sharply, "I've an idea I can get the truth out of Adele if anyone can. As a doctor I've had a varied experience. Now, before you tell anybody about Dawson, before you make any move at all, let me have an interview with her alone, there in your private office. I'll do it now, and you keep watch for me, for I positively must not be interrupted. Is it a go ?"

My lady told me to find those things that were hers—to be sure that no one saw me

Evelyn almost smiled, so relieved was he that anyone would assume the responsibility of action.

"Go on, Boyd—you're a brick. I'm—I'm everlastingly obliged to you !"

"I'll bring her here," said Wendham; "and if you'll have the kindness to stay in the drawing-room, you can see that no one comes in. I'll go for her."

Evelyn settled himself in an easy chair in the drawing-room, whence he could see the entrance to the gun room, the main staircase and hall, and the farther entrance to the breakfast room. The house was as quiet as if deserted.

Wendham went directly to Mrs. Gaynor's suite and knocked gently. He found his patient resting with feverish heaviness. By her side

sat Adele, her faithful eyes fixed with solicitous adoration upon the sleeper's face.

"Adele," said Wendham softly, "I have some instructions to give you. I must explain the use of some apparatus. Come downstairs."

Mrs. Gaynor stirred at the sound of his voice, seemed on the point of waking but settled once more among the pillows. The physician signed to the servant.

"Tell the maid, whichever one cares for this floor, to be on hand in case Mrs. Gaynor needs her." Adele rang the corridor bell, and a moment later the maid approached. "Wait here, near the door," Wendham ordered. "Mrs. Gaynor is resting now, but she might wake and need attention. I must give this girl some special instructions."

Alice Rawlins was first upon the scene

He conducted his charge rapidly across the gun room to the quiet of Evelyn's private office. In spite of his will his heart beat heavily and his throat contracted in fear of what revelations might come.

With an effort he calmed himself. "Sit here," he said, indicating the end of the divan. The light poured through the uncurtained window. The woman's face was calm and attentive. "You realize, I suppose," he began gently, "that your mistress is very ill ?"

"I was afraid so," she answered.

"I wish to be certain," he continued, drawing his chair close to the girl, "that you are strong enough to take charge of the case, until we bring in a trained nurse. You suffer from neuralgia, do you not ?" He passed his hands gently over her forehead and face. "Let me see your eyes." She turned to him. His fine hands wove a slow pattern of gestures before her. "You are in pain now ?"

"Yes," she nodded, a wrinkle forming between her level brows.

"In great pain. If you sleep now, you will be rested and able to take care of your mistress. Will you sleep now—sleep—sleep." His voice became insistent and soothing.

She nodded, sighed heavily, and succumbed slowly.

He rose, caught her relaxed body and straightened it upon the divan. For a moment he held her pulse, then lifted the white eyelid and looked at the pupil beneath.

"You are asleep—sound asleep ?" His tone was half question.

"Yes," came her voice, strangely dulled, as if far away.

"I want you to remember some things for me. Mrs. Gaynor wants me to know—she wants you to tell me because I can help her. Where did you hide the diamonds you took from Mrs. Lawdon's room ?"

Without hesitation, and in the same placid, remote voice, she answered. In spite of the suspicion that had become conviction, this direct acknowledgment stunned him. In the intensity of his emotion his attention strayed from the details of the woman's confession.

"Tell me that again," he ordered. "Repeat it slowly."

Obediently, with measured utterance, she began again. "The ivy grows under the window. There is a nail in the brickwork; a wire is tied to it. I reached it from the window. The bag is red leather, like the bricks; it's on the end of the wire. You can't see it from outside, and the nail and wire are like those set for the vines." Her voice trailed off in a murmur of deep sleep.

"Tell me, remember well—where did you get that bag ?"

"My lady gave it to me."

"When did you take those jewels from the hat box ?"

"When everyone was at dinner."

"Who told you to ?"

"My lady told me to find these things that were hers—to be sure that no one saw me. A key hangs with many others on a ring beside the mirror; it is flat and has two grooves and a round hole at the top."

During the latter part of the sentence the girl's voice changed. It was as if a phonographic record had been turned on, so perfect was the reproduction of Nellie Gaynor's voice. The effect was almost terrifying, yet a strange tenderness toward the erring woman filled his heart. Even in her crime she had spared her tool the consciousness of wrong doing. She had directed her to take her mistress's proper belongings from a place indicated. Then knowledge mocked him. An honest will cannot be blindly driven to crime, even when subservient. Yet he clung to the gentler interpretation, striving to find some comfort where palliation and excuse were denied.

"Did anyone see you when you left the room ?" he asked.

"Yes. I was far down the corridor. He spoke and passed me. I did not answer."

Wendham bent over her. His jaw was set with determination, his brows drawn with pain.

"Tell me, and remember carefully, have you ever taken your mistress's jewels before from other places ? Think well."

"Yes," she said slowly.

"When you were stopping in Douglaston, what was it that time ?"

"My lady's long string of pearls. I went back for them; my lady had forgotten them, and told me where."

"How did you get into the house ?"

"I came in in veils and a long coat, like——"

A cry and report—so close and loud that the air seemed rent by the explosion.

Wendham leaped to his feet.

The doorway framed a group in tragic violence. Nellie Gaynor, gray as death, a silken garment flung over her nightdress, where quickly spread a crimson stain, was clinging gasping to the shaking arm of Evelyn, while on the floor at her feet lay a heavy 44.

"Good God !" he cried.

"Look, look !" stammered Evelyn. "Is she dying ?"

A flash of intelligence came to Nellie's eyes. She opened her set teeth to speak, but her utterance was choked in blood.

Suddenly Wendham straightened, the habit of the physician mastering him.

"The wound is in the neck—there's a chance." He spoke quickly and his eyes commanded Evelyn's explicit obedience.

Already cries and the rush of hurrying feet announced the arrival of the frightened household.

"It was an accident. She has brain fever, Evelyn. She is entirely out of her head. I will bring Adele." He laid Nellie in Evelyn's arms, and sprang within the den.

The unmoved sleep of the woman contrasted like the awful incongruity of a nightmare, with the scene enacted so close beside her.

"Wake up ! Wake up ! Adele. Wake quickly—forget our talk. Your mistress needs you. She is hurt—come !" His swift hands flew above the girl's still features. She sat up as if

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The Light in Her Eyes

By Marguerita Spalding Gerry

Illustrated by Walter Tittle

AT three every afternoon, Smith made his way to his Lieutenant's steamer chair, in a sheltered nook under the pilot house on the starboard side, carrying rugs and cushions. In perhaps ten minutes he appeared again almost carrying the Lieutenant himself. The Lieutenant was very tall where Smith was short, so the arm that Smith had passed around his own neck remained there without much difficulty; and, thus supported, the empty sleeve secured by being thrust into a pocket, and with the sergeant's own arm around the drooping body, the journey from stateroom to deck could be performed without much difficulty. Smith had seen to it that the most desirable spot on the forward deck was reserved for his charge; it was pleasantly in the sun, and yet shielded from the northwest wind that was beginning to have a bite in it. In fact, it was a spot that the deck steward reserved usually only where the tip was of princely magnitude. Yet Smith, who had been put in charge of Harthen's slender resources, had no argument but a hastily uttered story poured into a usually impassive ear.

Those passengers of the *Yokohama* who happened to be in the vicinity were apt to turn their heads away when the pair appeared. Harthen was too uncomfortably like a corpse to have the spectacle one upon which their eyes cared to rest. And when the fussy, anxious little attendant had cautiously lowered his charge into the depths of the chair, swathed him with so many rugs that it was only by inference that one could imagine a man was at the center of them, and sat down on the camp stool at his side, the emaciated face, with the thick skin lying in loose, yellowed folds over the large features, was still without expression. One could only conjecture whether the listlessness of the hollow eyes was due to weakness or despair.

Curious passengers paused to ask the attendant about his story, sympathetic souls sought for news of his condition. The questions were answered or evaded, according to Smith's intuition as to the motive of the enquirer.

On the fourth morning out, Miss Halstead, with a motion of her definite little right hand which signified that the companions of her promenade should go on without her—there was one new one that afternoon—stopped before the pair.

"Why do you always hold his hand in yours ?" she inquired, without prelude. Directness was characteristic of her. Underneath the tender appeal of the glance of eye and quality of voice, was the quiet assurance that people would do as she suggested.

Smith struggled to his feet, still holding the limp hand in his.

"Why, it's this way, ma'am," he answered with the deference that he rarely accorded to unmilitary interlocutors. "The Lootenant's been all shot up. And his nerves is all to the bad—it's a nervous breakdown, the doctor says," with a sudden assumption of medical phraseology. "Though it's insultin', it seems to me, to talk about his havin' nerves !"

"Tell me all about it. No, no, please sit. I understand, you can't move. I would rather stand." She was facing them as she leaned against the railing. "Doesn't he hear ?" This query was made with her eyes, but was so definite that Smith answered it aloud.

"No, indeed, ma'am." It was queer that the man instinctively called her "ma'am" when he was convinced that she was not only unmarried, but very young. "He's been that way for weeks. He either doesn't hear at all, or he's so numblike that he doesn't care. It would be good for him, I figure it out, if something he heard would start him up a bit. It ain't natural to be like he is."

The wind had loosened a corner of the big-plaided rug whose reds and greens made more ghastly the ghastly face. A shudder passed over the girl as the long lankness of the sleeve was laid bare, empty from the shoulder; and then tears made her eyes more tender. But the sergeant leaned forward to tuck in, with his disengaged right hand, the rug around the bony shoulders. His touch was as tender and fussy as that of an inexperienced little mother with a month-old baby. But a glance from Miss Halstead's eyes brought him back to the Lieutenant's bony fingers, clasped tight in his own hard hand.

"Would you mind—if it isn't too much trouble—?" Smith straightened his shoulders and was twice the man he was before he heard the gentle courtesy of her voice. "I would so love to hear the whole story, from the very beginning, you know—every word !"

"Indeed, I'd be proud to tell you, ma'am." Miss Halstead could not know that half the passenger-list of the *Yokohama* had made the request she had voiced, to be refused in gruff discourtesy.

"We was part of the Allies about Tien-Tsin, and things was goin' bad. There was the old city, and the walls went around it in a sort of a square. And the Chinamen was pouring shot and shell down into us from the walls as hard as they could drive. Outside the walls was a rotten moat, full of Chinamen, some of 'em dead for a week. Outside that was a swamp and next to that a field. The field was where the General-in-chief, an Englishman, was directing things and where the reserves was.

"I wasn't in the Lootenant's company at first—he was actin' Captain only he hadn't been made that yet official. Mine was the Fourth. He had just reported from taking a wounded chap to the rear under heavy fire, and volunteered for service and got it.

"Then he came out where I was—I hadn't been in action—there ain't no reason for to tell you why." His face was darkly red and he turned his eyes away from her. "I was feelin' sore. And the Lootenant knew it by lookin' at me, so he said: 'You don't give a damn, do you ?' And I said I didn't. Then he laughed, a big, happy sort of a laugh. He was about the huskiest off'cer I ever see, ma'am; not much of a man to make a show aound where

ladies was, but a jim-dandy to make men follow after him. 'Then you come along with me; we don't want any chaps that have got wives and babies to go home to,' he went on. 'For it's a stiff job we're going in for. But if some fools like us don't get up near enough to shoot the grin out of their yellow faces—well, there are women and children within the walls! And there's a line in the despatches for every one of us that falls!'

"It was a tough enough proposition to get the men across the field. For, you know, that sort of thing ain't got the hurrah and trumpeting and dash of a general charge. It's just pushing your men on bit by bit where it's mighty bad walkin', and seein', on an average of once a minute, some man crumple up and slip down. But when we got into the marsh it got harder still. The Lootenant did his best, but we was only a hundred and sixty to start with, and then we was only about eighty. So pretty soon the men stopped altogether, and he couldn't get 'em on. He had his left arm brandishin' around in the air the way you can't help doin' when you're cursin' 'em by turns, and kickin', too, and threatenin' to shoot, when a lump of shrapnel come along and glanced off from a tree and tore his arm all to pieces. And he crumpled up, too, and slid to the ground.

"When I got to him he was dyin' peaceful enough, because an artery had been cut that had made a good-size puddle of blood on the ground. But when he came to a little he knew, of course, that we wouldn't get up under the walls unless he made us, so he gave up feelin' comfy on the ground and got me to help him to screw the thing up somehow and plug the hole with first-aid bandages. He got to his feet, with the hanging hand stuck into a pocket because it got in the way. And, well, he got us up there somehow. I don't know whether the Lord or the devil helped him to do it. But sixty of us—with him at the head looking like nothin' human that I ever see and yelling like a crazy man—got through the stinkin' water of that there moat and hung on somehow and held the fire so the other chaps could get their breath and forget how bad they wanted to run. It seemed to me that it was the next minute that the Japs piled into it and there was a big hurrah, with some more scrappin' of course, but it's different when it's on your side. And then it was over and we got in.

"And now it's a gamble whether he quits or not. The doctors say he's cured, but I think something's broken inside of his head or nerves or something and he don't particular want to live. And I can't make him, nohow. He don't give a d-dime even when I read him the despatches and he sees that he's been posted by the English general for conspicuous gallantry and recommended for the V. C.—which of course he can't get, not being an Englishman, but is the nearest they could come to giving it to him—and decorated by the Japanese. His captain's commission is waiting for him. He's got the whole Service in his pocket! And he won't even take an egg-and-sherry unless I choke him so he has to swallow it! And then he'd fight me if he wasn't so weak!"

The little man's voice had grown husky and he bent his head as he tucked the rug over the feet of the inert figure to hide the blurring of his eyesight. When his hand was loosened and the invalid missed the firm, warm, human clasp, his body began to shake with pitiful tremors, and dismay and terror came into the pale eyes.

"You come along with me," he said, "we don't want any chaps that have wives and babies"

Miss Halstead had been following the sergeant's story with a face that alternately paled and flushed and with lips that often trembled. With her eyes hidden she said to Smith:

"You have to hold his hand like that—all the time? Or he shakes and trembles so? But that keeps you by him! That is hard on you—confining."

The sergeant cleared his throat, and spoke with embarrassed gruffness:

"That ain't nothin', ma'am, to what I'd like to do. The more you git a chance to do the more dog-goned proud you are when it's a man—like—him."

"Do you suppose—" The girl turned on him with the impersonal directness that gave such a curious accession of dignity to her slight and charming presence. "Would it make any difference to him if it was the hand of anyone else—my hand?"

Sara had never received a greater tribute than the fact that the battered personality that confronted her saw nothing either belittling or humorous in her suggestion:

"We might try it, ma'am, and see."

Cautiously a hand, soft yet vigorous, slid its smooth beauty into the long bony fingers as the sergeant drew his hand away. The sergeant straightened himself and stretched his cramped arms luxuriously. Miss Halstead nodded to him with authority:

"Go and get some rest," she said, under her breath, but with the finality that marked her. "I'll stay here for two hours."

It is doubtful if the *Yokohama* in the length of her sea-going career had ever had the sensation that was furnished it that day. When the tidings reached the aunt, the fiction of whose authority was one of Miss Halstead's most valued possessions since it enabled her to have her own way very nearly to the top of her bent, that lady swallowed hard in anticipation of her certain defeat and bore down upon the spot on the forward deck, under the pilot-house, on the starboard side.

Miss Halstead, who understood perfectly that none of the excellent reasons she might bring forward to explain her action would be comprehended by her relative, confined herself in the short conversation, where neither voice rose above a beautifully enunci-

ated murmur, to a gentle statement of her intentions in the matter. Gradually the wave of amusement, the undercurrent of ridicule, subsided around the invulnerable young figure, and she was tacitly allowed to fill her place at the side of the piteous wreck with no comment.

For days Harthen was apparently oblivious. At first he was actually so, too near to the death he had evaded and too indifferent to the life he might have to take up again, to be conscious that it was not Smith's hand that closed around his own. But there came a day when something that was not an idea and not altogether a sensation penetrated to the sullen recesses where the bewildered soul of him had taken refuge, and he turned his eyes and looked. Out of a vaguely inimical space, peopled hitherto with discordant sounds and distasteful images, two eyes, made tender by thick lashes of velvet blackness, regarded him. From that day, although motion was to him a thing to be dreaded and speech a phenomenon almost impossible to compass, although he might lie for hours in an apathy that was apparently never to be lifted, yet in some vague, thrilling way he felt.

They had been at sea two weeks before there was any evidence in the invalid's manner that her presence meant anything to him. It was when she was ten minutes late one afternoon. Smith had observed it, for he had made a mental note that the beer would be going stale, when his attention was drawn to his patient's unusual restlessness. From one side to the other Harthen turned his heavy head, his eyes brightened by unmistakable irritable inquiry, and the rugs displaced by his peevish motions.

At that moment Miss Halstead came into sight. And into the Lieutenant's hollow eyes there came unmistakable satisfaction. Smith saw it, and from that day dated the military salute with which he invariably greeted the lady. It was the one mark of deference he knew concerning whose good form he could have no doubt. Miss Halstead realized her promotion and marked it with a quiet little side smile, full of indulgent humor.

But the stirring of the lapsed personality of the man brought to the surface a sediment of sullen despair. He had lifted his whole body eagerly. But the motion hurt the still sore wound. And that brought back, what he had for the thousandth time forgotten, that inconceivable outrage, the loss of his arm. The blood for an instant rushed to his anguished, humiliated face and then ebbed away. His eyes turned to the side of the ship, sought the water. There was sinister calculation in their hopeless depths. Being a woman who was all a-tingle with delicate perceptions of the very thoughts of others, Miss Halstead understood.

"He is thinking he might as well drop overboard," she said to herself, in painful sympathy, as the poor eyes sought hers in hunted uncertainty as to how much she had divined. "What can I do that will make him want to live ?"

She would not act hastily. She knew that the man's tragedy was a desperate one.

"And I'm sure he's so worth-while !" she sighed to herself.

But through the two hours' quietude she sat with her mind at work. "If he were once convinced that he could make up for it somehow—," she mused.

When Smith came back she sat with her eyes still on the endless procession of the waves, and on her face the deep, in-drawn look.

From that time Sara went about with a purpose.

She began by appearing at Harthen's side with a bundle of letters, steamer letters she remarked to the departing Smith, which she had not yet had time to read, and which she would look over as she sat there. When Harthen and she were alone together she glanced through one or two and began making a comment or so aloud. Talking had never been a part of the programme; but now, in spite of persistent silence, she chose to consider that the invalid could listen.

Over one of the letters she deliberately halted.

"Plucky fellow !" she exclaimed emphatically. "Well, that is just about the bravest man I know ! Any other man would have thought his life was over." She almost laughed out with satisfaction, for the fingers that she held contracted. So she went on: "It's one of my friends who has had a knock-down blow. Tuberculosis, you know. He couldn't live East. And he had just worked up a splendid law practice. He had to lose all his equipment—half his life thrown away—" She paused a moment, artistically, and then fluttered leaves and spoke with an absent voice: "Any one might be excused for being bitter. But he tells me he is getting interested in the conditions on the Indian reservations — there in dry countries where he can live, you know. Here—yes, this is what he says: 'a practically unlimited field—it's the type of character. They are such splendid *men*.' Good gracious, he got a bear ! But there, I mustn't tire you." She lapsed into silence, noting, from the corner of her eye, that there was an unmistakable flicker of interest in the dull eyes.

The next day it was the career of Nelson that she had been reading about, and the keenness of his observation in spite of his one eye; on another day she was glowing over the intrepid old English admiral with his wooden leg. Prodding, suggesting, inspiring, never expecting any response, but keeping up her comment as though monologue were her accustomed field, wanting no sign but the involuntary motions that she was keen enough to interpret, bringing the whole genius of her subtle and tender personality to bear upon her self-imposed task of saving from wreck the life that chance had thrown in her way, as absorbed in the momentary interest as if she had elected it to be her life pursuit, quite as enthusiastically as though her way had not been illuminated with like fervors and as though many more did not await her in the environment to which she was returning—thus did Miss Halstead work for the remaining week of their passage.

From Harthen, though from day to day even the most indifferent could see improvement—Smith recorded with something very like tears of joy in his little reddened blue eyes that the Lieutenant was so much better that he swore when the sergeant was clumsy in getting him on deck—there was never a word. Whether he was conscious of her effort, whether he was bored by it or simply enduring, often whether he was awake even, there was nothing to tell her. Until it came to the last day.

They were all out on deck, watching the indistinct line of California coast form itself into the beautiful crescent harbor. Miss Halstead, in the midst of the general confusion and excitement, chose to stand near Harthen, not speaking but conveying to him in this moment that must be fraught for him with almost unbearable feeling—she had discovered from Smith that a mother was awaiting him—the assurance of her own understanding thought. As she turned away to answer some query of her aunt, she thought that her skirt caught, and bent over to detach it. But it was Harthen's hand. He was looking strongly up at her, and his gray eyes were keen and bright.

"I am going to live," he said. "I want you to know it."

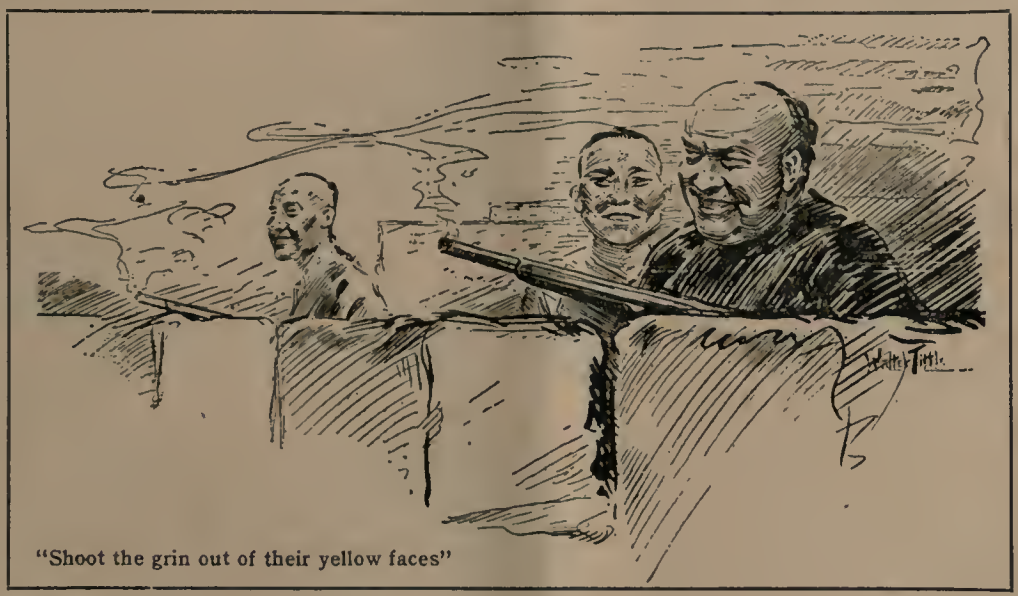
Miss Halstead came into her drawing-room with the slightest frown of impatience upon her face. Kerby had forgotten the sponge cakes and the lemon for tea again, and Captain Harthen had written that he would be there at five. Sara was impatient of forms in most things. But it was a truism that certain things had to be, and she had very little patience with people that did not do their work. Now she rang for Kerby, brought him to a sense of his short-comings in a very few words, and sent him away with the distinct impression that, if it happened again, he would lose a very good situa-

tion. Then she dismissed the tiresome detail from her consciousness and wondered how Captain Harthen would look after the intervening months.

She had supposed that the landing at San Francisco meant the ending of the incident that had formed the central point of the voyage. With the impersonality that was so curious a contrast to the impassioned interest with which she threw herself into the pursuit of her ideas, she had not the slightest emotion over the fact that, having drawn the man back into a wholesome attitude toward his life, she would probably never see him again. While Harthen as an invalid might make overwhelming appeal to the exquisite tenderness that awoke in her at the sight of suffering, she realized perfectly that Harthen, a normal human being, would probably prove rather tiresome than otherwise. Even if he did not develop the sentimental proclivities that one or two of the musicians or painters around whose neglected merit she had rallied friends and relatives in times past had done, it was a stupid situation, and she had never understood why he had thought it necessary to send her, from time to time, formal and perfunctory reports concerning his condition and plans. Worse than anything else, he might consider himself under obligation to her, which was a situation that effectually prevented any intelligent sensible interchange of ideas. That afternoon Sara did not look altogether the person with whom any normally constituted male being could placidly interchange impersonal theories.

A heavier dash of rain against the glass sent her to the window with a misgiving concerning the effect upon an invalid of the driving rain. Then she caught herself. Of course Captain Harthen was probably perfectly well at this time—in fact, his letter had said he was. She was turning from the spectacle of the moving stream of bobbing, glistening umbrellas when a tall figure came into sight; it was swinging along at a great pace, with an easy, vigorous stride that filled her with quick approval of the power it revealed. The man carried no umbrella. His gray felt army hat shed the rain in streams, and the rubber cape that he wore was sleek with wet. And, as he drew nearer, Miss Halstead saw that his strong, high military boots looked impervious to all but the Deluge. As the man climbed her own steps she turned from the window with a sudden realization that it was Harthen himself.

She was still conscious of a most unusual sense of embarrassment when Kerby announced him. It was not within her reckoning that the man should carry with him quite the sense of dominance that that splendidly picturesque figure had revealed. The soft chimes of a clock in the next room sounded five times as Harthen, having wriggled his glove off against his thigh after an expert fashion, handed it to the waiting servant, advanced into the center of the room, and stood gravely in the frivolous candle-light awaiting her greeting.



"Shoot the grin out of their yellow faces"

He had chosen to wear the khaki which she had been used to think made more death-like the face of the invalid the summer before. But now it covered the deep chest, the magnificently straight and broad shoulders, the slender waist and powerful limbs of a man who stood facing her in the full, almost insolent splendor of manhood. Although she would not let her eyes actually seek it, she felt that even the empty sleeve was worn like a badge of honor, flaunted with almost defiant bravery, a pennant to ward off pity. So splendidly set up he was, so hard of muscle, without an ounce of flesh that he could do without, so evidently was the will the master, that she caught her breath almost with terror as if before an uncannily effective, soulless, ruthless machine of steel and electricity.

She raised her eyes to his face. It was all brown and gray; his skin was dark almost as the khaki against it, his hair was a lighter brown, and his gray eyes direct and steady, looked into hers with cool power. She had not guessed, in all the days that she had sat beside him on the *Yokohama*, how fine were the lines of his features, how much capacity for thought lay in the broad forehead, how firmly the lips were set, and how grim was the prominence of the chin. His eyes held her, and she felt flutteringly dominated, anxious to conciliate. She was at once irritated with herself and on the defensive; the sensation was a new one. So, after the first greeting, she spoke with the delicate, incisive coolness of which she was capable, instead of the warmth of welcome that the circumstances would have naturally demanded.

"You are on your way to Washington, you said?"

"To take instructions from the State Department—they're giving me a special detail to make some observations." He spoke with crisp, impersonal decisiveness. "But before I sail—I go by way of Russia—I had to see you——"

"What was the obligation?" Something within her was pitting against him, even while she was inwardly scolding herself for rudeness to the guest who certainly demanded consideration at her hands.

But he accepted her challenge with seriousness:

"I considered it an obligation. I told you I was going to live. I had made up my mind to drop off the side before we landed. I was just waiting until I could walk the distance from the chair. You were the first person that made me think living was worth the effort—Good Lord, it wasn't that there weren't enough people after one in Nagasaki, what with volunteer nurses smoothing your forehead when all you wanted was to be allowed to go to sleep, and girls laying flowers on your pillow and all that rot. But not a soul of them all had the sense to know that what a fellow wants in a case like that isn't sympathy, but assurance that there is a way to live—that he can still be on his job. Why, even General Hamlin went out of the room with the tears streaming down his face, and a dandy old scrapper like him ought to have known better than that. But you

knew, and you told me just what I wanted to know. So, of course, I had to come here, as soon as I had had a chance to get myself into condition, so you could see whether you thought I had made good so far. I owed that to you——"

The impression that his manner conveyed was that this was a piece of almost professional duty, that he was reporting to a superior officer. Sara fell into the mood; she regarded him with a face as serious as his own:

"How did you do it?" she said. "It's like a miracle." Then she made an effort to bring the situation into the normal. She seated herself and lighted the lamp under the kettle. "But I'm sure you must want some tea."

He disregarded the interruption although he took the easy-chair opposite to her. But he answered the question she had asked.

"I went into training as soon as I was strong enough to walk." It was odd how the detached definiteness of his tone had the force to Sara of the most impassioned utterance she had ever heard. Perhaps it was that her quick imagination constructed for her the determination not to be conquered that lay behind it. "There was an ex-bruiser at home that had some good ideas," he went on, "and we worked out some exercises that served. The worst of it was the *fat*." There was the nearest to a show of emotion that the interview had brought forth — the emphasis on the word "fat" was indescribable in its abhorrence. "As soon as I began to gain, everything went to flesh—all the food they give to invalids do that. So I had to work and diet, too, to get that off and get muscle up again."

He paused a moment, and the muscles of his face tightened:

"The doctors had told me that the shoulder where they had taken off the arm would certainly be higher than the other, and that the lung would be partially atrophied—always was in such cases. I told them—with elaborations—that they didn't know what they were talking about, that I didn't propose to carry around anything like that." Here he stood, his lean figure very tense and straight. "Would you mind coming here a minute, Miss Halstead?" he asked. "And put your hand here?"

She obeyed his gesture and spread her fingers over his chest, while he inflated the lungs underneath. "And here," he commanded, "on my back!" Again she obeyed, and felt the great bands knot and unknot under her hand, as he flexed the muscles as seriously as though promotion in his profession depended on his establishing his fitness before this judge. "Do you see any signs of atrophy there?" he challenged her. "And is there any difference in the line of this shoulder?"

"With him at the head yelling like a crazy man"

She shook her head in evidence of the verdict, and sank into her chair again, oddly disconcerted.

"I strike you as being a whole man, not a makeshift?" he asked, his searching eyes on hers. "Ready to do a man's work?"

She nodded again, afraid to trust her voice.

"Then *that's* done." He heaved a big sigh, and sat looking into the firelight with a certain restfulness in his face. He turned suddenly on her again. "And, of course you did it, you know that?"

She began to disclaim, but he cut her protestations short. "Oh, yes, you did it," he ended the matter.

She found it comfortable to create a diversion and made a cup of tea, which he accepted perfunctorily. She couldn't help seeing how cleverly he managed, using the wide arm of his chair as a table, and adjusting his plate and cake and cup and saucer so well that no one would have realized that he was making one hand do the work of two. She thought how much perseverance, how much effort that skill in itself betrayed, and her throat contracted, but more in admiration than in pity.

"Yes, it took a good long time to learn," he said prosily, answering the thought behind her eyes. "But it is cutting up meat and putting on gloves that is really hard."

"And what is it to be now?" she asked.

"I think my work is going to be in China," he said. "I doubt if I come back here, for more than a visit. The Chinese fighting man is a pretty fine being; he doesn't care what happens to him. You get to respect men that even with your superior training you have had to put up a good hard fight to beat. Things are going to be happening. And I'd like to have a hand in making an army. I tell you, there's great stuff there!" The firelight caught his eyes, and for the first time, she saw the gleam in them of exaltation; he was on fire with enthusiasm. It made her feel a sudden chill of loneliness, this purpose in which neither she nor any woman could have a part.

"Tell me," she said, leaning forward. "Is this the only thing you have brought out of all that horror—the desire to go back? What has it meant to you, after all, all that experience?"

He studied her before he decided to answer.

"I can't go into all the psychological part of it. For one thing, I never was much for going down inside myself to drag up motives and all that. And for another thing, there isn't any reason at all for all the fuss people make about fighting. There is nothing in it but going crazy mad, determined to get your men where you're told to go—and then, if you're hit, a long big grind afterward when the only thing you feel like doing is to swear at the whole thing. And there's no use going into the being sick part of it, for a field hospital is no place to take a woman, even in thought. But when you had been detailed to bury the dead in trenches before you were hit, and then when your cot is right where you can look, in the intervals when the surgeons are not torturing you, into the room where they are cutting other men up and every other minute you see a leg or an arm come shooting through the air to add to the pile in the corner, you

Continued on page 285.

The Pope's Peace Terms

THE press throughout the Allied countries has been practically unanimous in its opinion that the peace terms suggested by Pope Benedict cannot be seriously considered by the Allied Powers. Many of them make the charge that the proposal was inspired by Germany and that the proposals are timed to answer the peace movement in that country, to neutralize the pressure on Austria and to take advantage of the Socialist movement in France and England for a peace on a "no annexation" basis. The New York *World* says, commenting on the Pope's proposals—"There can be no peace until Prussianism is destroyed. Whether it is destroyed from without or from within rests mainly with the German people themselves, but destroyed it must be if there is to be peace in the world. That is now the beginning and the end of the war-aims of the Allies, and unless achieved, autocracy has triumphed and German militarism is master of civilization."

The Boston *Herald* believes that anything like a general acceptance of the Pope's terms would set all the various nations of the Allied group at one another's throats, and says:

"Suppose Great Britain, for example, were to say in some official way that she liked the Pope's program. What would Italy think of such an "abandonment of her aims in the Trentino? The Peninsula would cry 'Perfidious Albion!' at the suggestion that after all Italy's sacrifices of men and treasure she would get nothing out of it beyond what is implied in the Pope's proposal. The same would be true of the British colonies which have conquered German possessions with great valor and determination. And so you can go on down through the list. Meanwhile, see what would happen to Germany: She has welded together in a mid-European alliance an extraordinarily powerful group of nations, and she would emerge from the war to-day with a control over the heterogenous population-groups of the Dual Monarchy, and through Bulgaria a hold on the Balkans, and with Turkey a route to the Bosphorous which would make her great war of 1914-1917 well worth fighting. From the point of view of her own statesmen, provided she suffered no losses elsewhere."

The London (England) *Times* calls it an anti-Ally proposal and says:—"The papal peace note propounds a plan of settlement for the world war which the Allies are bound to reject. It is more anti-Ally even than was the summary first sent out. A comparison of the main proposals of this note with those put forward in the Reichstag resolution, in German schemes for the Stockholm conference and in German articles and speeches, demonstrates the peace the Pope proposes would, in fact, be a German peace. This strongly confirms the suspicion that this document is the outcome of German inspiration. What are the nations to think of a proposal which puts the innocent assailed and the guilty aggressor upon the same footing and intimates that in place of reparation for wrong done—which they demand—they ought to accept 'entire and reciprocal condonation?'"

The Montreal *Herald* says that acceptance of the proposed terms would be an admission of German military superiority. "Since the Pope's peace offer was made public the Allies have achieved some notable victories over the Central Powers. The victories of the Italians, in the face of most formidable natural obstacles, indicates the waning power of the Austrians and the imperative necessity of peace to save "the ramshackle Empire" from disintegration. Before Verdun and in Flanders the British and French have again demonstrated the absolute mastery of the Allied armies. On the Eastern front, despite the disorganization of the Russian army, the Germans have been unable to pursue the openings afforded them, because of the enormous strain and drain on the Western front. Everything indicates that the Allies now have the upper hand. Germany is trying to create the impression that if she cannot make any further advances she can at any rate retain her gains. Nobody outside Germany believes that, however. To negotiate with Germany for the return of the territory she is now so precariously holding would be to admit German military superiority, and to give Germany an opportunity of recouping herself to some extent. But to drive what remains of the German armies back to their own land at the point of the bayonet would be a crushing defeat of militarism, even if German soil were never invaded."

In an editorial under the heading "Dooming the Hohenzollern," *The Toronto Mail* endorses President Wilson's emphatic reply to the Pope's proposals, saying:

"President Wilson's notice to Germany that there can be no peace with the Hohenzollern autocracy is thoroughly in line with Mr. Balfour's recent declaration that permanent peace can be secured only by making Germany free or powerless. Premier Lloyd George has frequently enunciated the same principle—that there can be no assurance of peace until the German people have won control over their affairs. Unquestionably Mr. Wilson's brief, direct reply to the Pope's proposals will cause foamings and ravings in Berlin, and renewed howls about Germans standing together against foreign dictators, but the reaction will not be against the Entente so much as against the autocracy at home. . . . Psychology and morale are half the battle in long wars, Since the United States came into the war, and neutral after neutral has followed, moral influences have steadily worked against the Central Empires. President Wilson's ringing definitions of the issue, put on the highest possible basis by a nation seeking nothing for itself, have been mighty strokes at the underpinning of Hohenzollernism. Autocracy may force the German people to further terrible privations and sacrifices, but by so doing, it is inevitably digging its own grave."

Restitution, reparation and guarantees in the opinion of The Toronto *Globe*, must remain as the guiding principles of future negotiations at the peace conference that must one day assemble to re-fashion the world. It continues: Germany will have a place at that Conference when she pays the price of admission. President Wilson makes it clear that there is no place at that Conference for the emissaries of military despotism. Mr. Lloyd George has told the people of Germany that when they choose to seek peace as a free people the Allies will meet them in a very different attitude from that in which they will meet their present rulers. President Wilson, voicing the Allies, comes back to the one condition precedent to the discussion of measures for the establishment of international right and justice. The first and paramount aim of the Allies is the complete destruction of the military power of Kaiserism. That is an essential preliminary to peace negotiations. Peace on any other terms, as the British Premier insists, would be an international disaster. Were this essential condition achieved by the German people themselves they would find that the Allies would meet them in no ungenerous spirit. If the German people fight this war to a finish behind the Junkers they will have to face a future in which the world will hold them in distrust, and in which their development may be hampered by actual hostility.

Doings In Dingbat Land

Verses by Ida Spragge Costain Drawings by Dudley Ward

In a faraway land live the Dingbat band
Their home is the beautfiul moon.
Getting there is no trouble, you ride on a bubble,
For that is the Dingbat's balloon.

There are quaint little fays with peaceable ways,
Who love a good laugh and a joke.
They are proud of their eyes of saucerlike size;
And think they are quite handsome folk.

But now I must tell what trouble befell
To some of the Dingbat clan.
'Twas Gay-dog the King who started the thing—
And this is just how it began.

Now the King as kings go wasn't half bad, you know;
He was really quite human in taste.
But for reasons of state he had wed (cruel fate)
A queen with a forty-inch waist.

Her name was Boo-hoo, and all she could do
Was to cry seven days out of eight.
"I'm so fat," she would wail, "not a thing will avail,
O what will reduce me in weight ?"

Though 'twas a great shame, Gay-dog you can't blame
When he finally sued for divorce.
"Her tears fall like rain, it's too wet to remain
Tied for life to a live water course."

Then at his command 'twas proclaimed thro' the land
That the king would another wife choose.
"But this time," said he, "Venus-like she must be.
Short of that I shall surely refuse."

With trappings quite gay, in gorgeous array,
He rode on his elephant's back.
While his heralds cried, "Lo! The King cometh, now go
Bring your beauties. There must be no lack."

But each Dingbat maid that joined the parade
Old Gay-dog turned quickly away.
They displeased with their eyes, complexion, or size.
"Have you no other maids to display ?"

The King was quite peeved: "Who would have believed
That in all of my wondrous domain
I can't find a queen who is fit to be seen.
They all are quite hopelessly plain."

Then to his delight, the old rascal caught sight
Of a sweet little maid slipping by.
Face and figure were fine down to ankle divine.
"Quick, catch her ! She'll do !" was his cry.

But this Dingbat sly exclaimed: "Highness, I
Am engaged with another to wed."
Thus Columbine spoke, "Sire, surely you joke;
Won't you please choose another instead ?"

Then the King in his wrath cried: "A fig for your troth !
'Tis broken by royal decree.
Bring her father to me !" To his heralds said he;
"Bring Crusty, her father, to me !"

So to the old man, Gay-dog thus began:
"Sweet Columbine must be my wife."
Old Crusty was pleased, "Thank'e, thank'e," he wheezed.
"A King for a son—that's the life !"

Then while the two planned a wedding quite grand,
To Strongheart poor Columbine flew.
"O, lover !" she cried, "I'm to be the King's bride.
Now what in the world can we do ?"

In deepest distress she sobbed: "You can guess,
What Father and Mother will say."
Said her love with a smile, gently soothing the while;
"Don't fret, we'll elope, dear, to-day.

"For I love you, my own, though not a king's throne
Can I offer you—only my heart.
But I'll guard with my life, my mate, my sweet wife,
Till the gods will that death us do part."

Then Columbine sighed: "To be, dear, your bride
No happiness greater I'd find.
For I love you, dear one, as a flower the sun.
Let's leave kings and courts far behind."

So they hurried away to the elephant "Bey."
In their loyal old friend to confide.
"Now quiet your fears," rumbled he, "you two dears,
Far away on my back both shall ride."

'So up with you, climb ! We haven't much time,
They'll be seeking you now without fail."
Then off on old Bey rode the lovers away
With a shoe tied for luck to his tail.

When the king and old Crusty o'er mugs of good musty
Had settled affairs to their taste,
To a herald outside they called: "Bring the bride !"
And the fellow departed in haste.

Then rage rent the air when they found that the pair
Of true lovers had vanished from sight.
And a great search began, while Dingbats to a man,
All prepared then to follow the flight.

And so on for days thro' devious ways.
O'er mountains, thro' valley and glen;
At a furious pace led Crusty the chase.
"Just wait till I get her again !"

But bravely old Bey kept plodding away
Tho' foot sore and weary, until
With a threatening note from many a throat
Their pursuers swept o'er the last hill.

(To be continued)

Current Events in Review

Comments by the Leading Periodicals Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire

Lest We Forget

ONE of the English illustrated periodicals recently issued a "Lest We Forget" number devoted to photographs and word pictures of the devastating work of the Hun. The object of the issue was to keep fresh in the minds of readers the terrible indictment against the German military authorities and soldiers.

The Manchester *Guardian* prints an almost incredible dispatch from its correspondent at the front, in which he says:

"I should like to put on record in more deliberate detail than was possible in hurried telegrams written at the end of long and laborious journeys the naked facts of the German evacuation of French towns and villages. I have traversed many blasted villages, and have spent almost leisurely hours in Peronne. With such opportunities it is not difficult to tell how much of the ruin has been wrought by shell, mine, or fire, or by army house-breakers. Calculated brutality, scientific evisceration, cannot cloak themselves under the guise of acts of war. The facts are these:

"As soon as the inhabitants were driven off and sent behind the great fortified line of which the German papers boast, all that was worth having was carted off and all the rest destroyed. The manner of destruction varied with the thing to be destroyed. In Peronne are many fine trees planted for ornament. The German military authorities, probably from lack of labor, could not cart them away, could not even spend time in felling them. So instructions were given to hack every tree as a hedge-layer cuts hedge-stakes—just deep enough to insure the death of the tree. So the German left 'his mark'—a V-shaped convict's mark cut half-way through each trunk of the avenue. Fruit-trees are more carefully severed than ornamental trees, and especial care has been taken to destroy competely the *espaliers* and prettily trained fruit-trees in which French gardeners take special and peculiar delight. I do not know why but the sight of these little fruit-trees with their throats cut filled me with more trenchant rage against the German mind than all the rest of the havoc."

"Here was a long mirror hung against the wall. It was shivered by means of a hammer, still lying on the floor. Here was a cabinet with shallow shelves, each of which had been hacked by some blunt instrument. Here again was a Renaissance mantelpiece, finely cut and designed in marble. It had been battered out of shape and pattern by the blunt side of an ax. A certain number of books had been left in a fine library, but the greater number were thrown about the floor and wantonly torn and fouled. No pictures were left intact, no single table or chair or piece of crockery."

What Moving a Million Soldiers Means

COMING directly after the strain of the abnormal traffic of Labor Day, the American railroads will be called upon to transport a million soldiers from 3,800 cities and towns to the sixteen mobilization camps in different sections of the country. The elaborate plans to successfully carry out this movement of troops, as told by Truman Cross in *The Boston Transcript,* reveal a new feat in army organization. Ordinarily, he says, the school child is the main annual transportation problem of steam railroads throughout the country—he must get back home with his family around Labor Day. The next chief tax on railway managers and train despatchers is the day before the Fourth. Now, by grace of the far-flung fighting front for liberty and democracy, the railroads, some lately financially handicapped, some lately in bankruptcy, some lately run in obscuration of their character as public service institutions—now, under centralized control, with practical operators in patriotic direction, they are all to show what they can do when it comes to the high pass of war for the safety of the things modern peoples treasure. Labor Day this year falls on Sept. 3—so the school child who has to be returned to his school opening must be accommodated in the midst of his imperative rival, the soldier, who, bound for "over there"—must be started toward cantonments Sept. 5.

It will be the greatest task American railroads have had to meet. They have got to transport in short time a million soldiers from 3,800 places to 16 distant cantonments. They are, by reason of embargoes on certain freights, dropping of tourist and fancy passenger trains, cooperation for the purpose of interchanging and so reducing the wasteful number of idle cars, prepared and able. Just for the movement of food products alone the President's railway war board contrived the saving of 21,000 extra freight cars (in the last two months 100,000 cars) that would in usual competitive times have been recorded as "idle" because they belonged to various owners and often had to be returned over far distances empty—a spendthrift waste of power, coal, labor. It is reasonable to assume that what railway operators are experiencing in the way of economies must some day later display itself in peaceful dividends to the people in the cost of food, shelter and travel, and returns upon railroad investment. The lessons regarding what can be done with a plant if it is run strictly as a plant to perform what it was publicly chartered to perform will surely last long among the practical operators who are training railroads for national defence. No less than in the individual the training will stick and make different the general civic future and bear on the fact that democracies are not dubs in capability.

Half a hundred traffic experts, twenty-eight railway executives of the railway board of the Council of National Defence, the War Department and General Crowder have been working since April on the plan for making railway facilities serve national purpose, and yet continue ordinary traffic and serve private purpose. Moving the first third of the National Army will require 18,687 cars and 1098 locomotives. There will be 1098 trains of approximately 16 cars moving with troops over 176 different railroads. This will require 2.1 per cent. of locomotives in the country and 12.6 per cent. of passenger cars. Day coaches will be used for the soldiers, with possibly a few Pullmans for officers and members of local boards. There will be no haul longer than twelve hours. A railway expert will be assigned to

every local board, with whom the boards will devise the scheme of mobilization. Most direct routes must be used and no discrimination between roads made. Traffic shall be divided equally between parallel systems. In some cases it will be necessary to ration troops en route. Large supplies of food will be prepared at points where troop trains may stop.

Fares charged the Government will be standarized and based on cost plus reasonable profit—rates to be approved by the Commerce Commission. Most of the traffic will fall on Sept. 3 and 4. On Sept. 1 local boards will call for the "Sammies" to mobilize. In some districts men will have to travel several miles to board headquarters. It is expected it will take two days for the quotas to be made ready. Baggage cars and trains will be provided. Routes and time of departure will be kept secret—except that it is allowed to be known that the mobilization will not be ended before Sept. 18. Meanwhile the railways have arranged for the "back home" movement and Labor Day and the uninterrupted movement of shipment of materials bearing the following inscriptions: United States Government, United States Army Supplies, United States Navy, United States Shipping Board.

There are sixteen army cantonments and sixteen guard camps. All the material for the cantonments will take about 64,000 freight cars. The camps will require about 40,000 carloads, all of which must be moved promptly and without delaying in any way the usual traffic. As a safeguard against delay in deliveries of cars, an experienced railroad man has been assigned as a general agent at each cantonment to work in cooperation with the construction quartermaster there. These agents will make daily reports on the number of carloads of material received, the number of cars unloaded and the number left on hand for unloading.

Within thirty days from the date that the Government placed its first orders for cantonment materials, the railroads had delivered more than 12,000 carloads of lumber and other building supplies to the sixteen National Army cantonments that are to house the first division of men called to the colors by the draft. Additional trains, loaded to capacity with lumber, bricks, piping, wires, poles, water mains and all other materials needed to construct cities capable of accommodating 10,000 inhabitants, are arriving daily.

The Railway War Board announces:

"An indication of the speed with which materials are being moved is contained in a report from the cantonment at Louisville, Kentucky. Administration buildings there were built from lumber cut in a Mississippi pine forest the week before. The trees were felled on Saturday, kiln dried on Sunday, loaded on freight cars Monday and delivered at the Louisville site on Wednesday morning. An army of energetic carpenters completed the transformation from forest to Government building just one week from the day the trees had been felled.

"Four of the biggest cantonments report that up to Aug. 1 the following quantities of material were delivered:

"Ayer, Mass.—Lumber, 807 carloads; other materials, 532; total, 1339.

"Louisville, Ky.—Lumber, 1083 carloads; other materials, 149; total, 1232.

"Petersburg, Va.—Lumber, 965 carloads; other materials, 431; total, 1396.

"Fort Sam Houston, Texas—Lumber 934 carloads; other materials, 612; total, 1546.

"To connect the cantonments with the nearest railroad line, and to supply facilities for the local movement of materials during the construction work, many miles of extra trackage have been laid at each site at the expense of the railroads.

"The chief desire of both the Government and the War Board is to expedite the movement of all the Government supplies that are needed so vitally for the proper conduct of the war. If any shippers are unpatriotic enough to attempt to make improper use of the cars delivered to them for Government business, investigation will follow promptly.

America's Response.

THAT Americans have responded in large numbers to the call for volunteers is proven by a recent official Bulletin showing that the United States had on August 18, 943,141 men in its armed forces—all volunteers. 710,024 are in the Army and National Guard and the Naval strength is 233,117. The Bulletin continues: "Since the declaration of war, approximately 1,300,000 men have offered themselves for service in the fighting forces of the country. During the time this country has been a belligerent 121,514 men have volunteered for service in the Navy and Marine Corps and been accepted. In the Regular Army the increase since April 1 by volunteer enlistment has been 190,317, and in the National Guard 136,998, a total of 327,345 enlistments in the Army branches, and a grand total of 448,859 in both Army and Navy. Even this figure does not include all who have been accepted for service since the United States entered the war, for there have been additions to the various reserve corps, but these figures are not all available. The largest single item is that of the 27,341 men recently commissioned from the officers' training camps.

"These figures were gathered from the most recent official returns of the Army and Navy which are available but, especially in the case of the Army figures, accuracy down to the last unit is not possible.

"The land forces are as follows:

	Officers.	Enlisted men.
Regular Army	6,700	298,996
National Guard	11,000	300,000
Reserve Corps	10,500	55,487
Reserve Corps (from training camps)	27,341	
Totals	55,541	654,483
		55,541
Total land forces		710,024

The sea forces are as follows:

Regular Navy, enlisted men	138,560
Naval Reserves, enlisted men	35,000
Naval Militia in Federal Service, enlisted men	11,000
Hospital Corps, Regular Navy, enlisted men	6,000
Hospital Corps, Naval Reserves, enlisted men	400
Marine Corps, officers and enlisted men	33,117
	224,077
Approximate number of naval officers	9,040
	233,117

The total forces are:

Land forces	710,024
Sea forces	233,117
Total forces	943,141

The enlistments since the declaration of war (in the case of the Army since Apr. 1) are as follows:

Regular Navy		73,880
Naval Reserve forces		25,000
Hospital Corps		4,400
National Naval Volunteers		1,500
Marine Corps		16,734
Total Naval forces		121,514
Regular Army	190,347	
National Guard	136,998	
Total land forces		327,345
Grand total		448,859

"The total of those who have offered themselves for service is obtained by adding to the total enlistment the number who offered but were rejected and the number of those who applied for admission to the first and second officers' training camps."

The Work of the Airmen.

NO branch of the military service has undergone such remarkable development and expansion as the Royal Flying Corps. Authorities agree that if the advance in the year to come is anything like the rate of growth during the past two years, by the end of 1918 planes by the tens of thousands, with extraordinary capacities for speed to climb and attack will harass troops, destroy factories and strongholds, and bring consternation to civilian populations. No small share of the contribution of the United States to the work of the Allies will be the manufacture of

aeroplanes in great quantities and the training of men to operate them. The activities of the airman are increasing daily, and whereas in 1914 his work was rudimentary and limited, it now includes a wide range of duties. In the August Blackwood's Magazine, a pilot of the R. F. C. gives a vivid picture of the vastness of the aerial effort on the British Front in France by describing the work performed on a typical "big push" day. He says:—

"Throughout the night preceding an advance, several parties, laden with heavy bombs, steer by compass to Hun headquarters or other objectives, and return no longer laden with bombs. The first streak of daylight is the herald of an exodus from west to east of many score fighting craft. These cross the lines, hover among the Archie bursts, and drive back or down all black-crossed strangers within sight. Some of them go farther afield and attack the Boche above his own aerodromes. Such enemy craft as manage to take the air without meeting trouble from the advanced offensive patrols are tackled by the scouts near the lines. The few that travel still farther eastward with the intention of swooping on our observation machines, or of themselves gathering information, receive a hearty welcome from our defensive patrols. The British two-seaters are thus free to direct the artillery, link the attacking infantry with head-quarters, and spy out the land. As soon as the early morning light allows, a host of planes will be darting backward and forward over the trench-line as they guide the terrific bombardment preliminary to an attack. Other machines are searching for new emplacements and signs of preparation behind the enemy trenches. Several formations carry out tactical reconnaissances around an area stretching from the lines to a radius twenty miles east of them, and further parties perform strategic reconnaissance by covering the railways, roads, and canals that link the actual front with bases thirty to ninety miles behind it. When, at a scheduled time, the infantry emerge over the top behind a curtain of shells, the contact patrol buses follow their doings, inform the gunners of any necessary modifications in the barrage, or of some troublesome nest of machine-guns, note the positions held by the attackers, collect signals from the battalion headquarters, and by means of message bags dropped over brigade headquarters report progress to the staff. If, later, a further advance be made the low-flying contact machines again play their part of mothering the infantry. Machines fitted with cameras photograph every inch of the defenses improvised by the enemy, and, as insurance against being caught unprepared by a counter-attack, an immediate warning of whatever movement is in evidence on the lines of communication will be supplied by the reconnaissance observers. Under the direction of artillery squadrons the guns pound the new Boche front line and range on troublesome batteries. The bombing craft are responsible for onslaughts on railways, supply depots, garrison towns, headquarters, aerodromes, and chance targets. Other guerilla work is done by craft that, from a height of anything under a thousand feet, machine-gun whatever worth-while objects they spot. A column of troops on the march, transport, ammunition wagons, a train, a stray motor-car—all these are greeted joyfully by the pilots who specialise in ground stunts. And at every hour of daylight the scouts and fighting two-seaters protect the remainder of the R. F. C. by engaging all Huns who take to the air. Doubtless, when sunset has brought the roving birds back to their nests, there will be a few "missing"; but this is part of the day's work, and is a small enough sacrifice for the general achievement—the staff supplied with quick and accurate information, a hundred or two Boche batteries silenced, important works destroyed, enemy communications impeded, a dozen or so black-crossed aeroplanes brought down, valuable photographs and reports obtained, and the ground-Hun of every species harried. "The German Flying Coprs cannot claim to perform anything like the same amount of aerial observation as its British counterpart. It is mainly occupied in fighting air battles and hampering the foreign machines that spy on their army. To say that the German machines are barred altogether from reconnaissance and artillery direction would be exaggeration, but not wild exggeration. Seldom can an enemy plane call and correct artillery fire for longer than half an hour. From time to time a fast machine makes a reconnaissance tour at a great height, and from time to time others dart across the lines for photography, or to search for gun positions. An appreciable proportion of these do not return. Four-fifths of the Hun bomb-raids behind our front take place at night-time, when comparative freedom from attack is balanced by the impossibility of accurate aim. Apart from these spasmodic activities, the German pilots concern themselves entirely with attempts to prevent allied observation. They have never yet succeeded, even during the periods of their nearest approach to the so-called "mastery of the air," and probably they never will succeed. The advantages attendant upon a maintenance of thorough observation, while whittling down the enemy's to a minimum, cannot be over-estimated."

America's Position

IAN HAY writing in the London *Weekly Times* under the general title *The New American* gives a most interesting discussion of the question so often asked by the Britisher—"Why did America stay out of the war so long," Mr. Hay says:

Twelve months ago the average American could see no particular reason for joining in the war. To-day he is in it. Why ?

Roughly speaking, countries (and individuals) fight for one of four reasons. They may fight from sheer lust of conquest, or because their liberties are actually in danger, or because the provocation received is so severe that self-respect renders a further passive attitude impossible, or—and this is what can raise war from the level of the abattoir to the level of the crusade—because a great principle is at stake.

Until recently none of these four propositions made any great appeal to America as a whole. In the first place, to a peace-loving people, inhabiting "God's own country" already, a war of aggression was superfluous and unthinkable. Nor was it apparent to America as a whole that American liberties were in danger. To the Missourian farmer there appeared to be not the remotest relation between his own tranquil and prosperous existence and the fact that the British Navy was abroad on the high seas. Again, the issue for which the Allies were fighting—the great principle at stake—the principle upon which the American Constitution itself is founded—had been so clouded and distorted by the arts of Bernstorff and his press-gang, that America in general inclined to the view that there was a good deal to be said on both sides, and that John Bull in particular was not in the habit of indulging in war simply for exercise. Lastly, although national pride had been stung to the quick by the Lusitania outrage, the German propagandists were able to point out with perfect truth that those who perished in the Lusitania had been officially "warned" before going on board. This astonishing piece of impudence impressed quite a number of stay-at-home Americans into a hazy belief that if neutrals are foolish enough to travel on belligerent ships they render themselves justly liable to instant assassination. German propaganda also insisted on the fact that the British blockade was interfering with neutral rights, and actually succeeded in many cases in creating an impression that there is no moral difference between taking life and taking property.

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That, a year ago, was the gener attitude of the American proletariat t wards the four fundamental caus which may bring a nation into wa To the British people, face to face wi the grim realities of the struggle, th attitude was absolutely unintelligibl With little opportunity, and less leisur to study or consider the variegate local conditions in America's 48 State all that the average Englishman sa across the sea was a people whic "came not forward in the day battle"—a people which, not being f us, was against us—led by a Preside who demanded satisfaction for Germa insults solely through the medium futile correspondence. Perhaps th was a severe attitude, but the avera Englishman may be forgiven for adop ing it, because it was the attitude of very large and very important sectio of the American people as well. Ha things may have been said abo America in France, and Great Britai and Canada during the first two yea of the war, but they are benedictio

Continued on page 291.

The Soloist of Centre Pon

Continued from page 251.

"I had suthin't' tell ye but I can' I'm all dammed up, here. I've got lay down."

In a minute Grimshaw appeared, ar seeing Uncle Peel, backed out and r tired, hastily, as if he had forgotte something.

"I've had enough of him," he said me in confidence after supper. "H kept dodging around. I couldn't unde stand him. By and by I couldn't mak him speak loud enough. Then he g mad and shook his fist in my face."

They say that Uncle Peel always ha a weak voice after that, which wa good for his wife and garden I doul not. When I saw him again he wa different. There was a new note in h voice—a note of tenderness—and h hadn't so much to say. Slowly h came out of the potato patch and sa down beside me and told of the lo of his wife.

"Never ketched her breath, n guggled, ner nahthin," he explaine "It was jes like goin' t' sleep—ay uh I says, 'Why, ma, don' ye know me?' says, but she only shet her eyes a went t' sleep."

I tried to think of some word of con fort, but he got up and went into th kitchen.

By and by I tried to rally him.

"Uncle Peel, you don't have muc to say these days," I remarked.

"I'm so busy thinkin' seems so don't have no time t' talk these days, he said as he returned to his task.

Teaing It Out of Dingley

Continued from page 260.

"Hello !" Called Bert Leary from his African Dodger booth "what's all the grouch about ?"

"Everything," growled Dick.

He noticed that Leary had no stock of baseballs spread on the board upon which he sat, that he looked more as though he was packed for moving than prepared for a rushing business, and he knew before asking what calamity had befallen the proprietor of the African Dodger.

Bert was only too ready to pour his troubles into a listening ear.

"Look at me," he invited with arms outspread, "all fixed an' waitin' fer the rubes, when that nigger goes to sleep behind the curtain. . . kerwollop comes a ball, and soaks him on the coco. An' whatd'ye think ? he blames me—*me* !"

He beat himself tragically on the chest.

Dick looked from the yawning hole to the crowds which were swarming into the Grounds, and his hand stole surreptitiously to his pocket. He sighed.

"What'll ye gimme to stop them balls, Bert ?" he asked.

Mr. Leary quibbled slightly when he asserted that he gave the damaged Sam but thirty per cent. of the earnings.

"Taint good enough," said Dick, who was astute in his own little way.

There was a moment's deadlock while they took one another's measure, then Bert offered half.

"It's a rotten hold-up, Dick an' yoh know it, but I shore needs the money, An' fer Gawd's sake, hustle !"

Dick found a cork without any trouble. He next repaired to the tent of Madame Zuelle, the World's Greatest Palmist, and borrowing her mirror, he transformed himself into quite a creditable coon.

"Min' yer pore ol' coco," cautioned the "mit reader," who in private life was known as Maggie O'Flynn. "I'd hate to see yer brains oozin' outen them curly locks. Here's hopin'."

She waved him a coy adieu and followed two blushing maidens into her tent.

Dick, in passing, made a raid upon the stables of the Wild West Show. He stole an ear of corn from a patient, sad-eyed old horse, and shelled it as he ran back to the Dodger's booth. The grains he put into his right hand coat pocket, and the cob he threw away.

"I gotta keep tab on the ol' skate," he muttered.

Bert had already commenced his spiel and had attracted quite a crowd by the time his new dodger arrived.

"All ready, Sam ?" he called.

"Yas sir," answered Dick, ducking behind the curtain.

In another moment, girded in the shield, or head piece, which still bore evidences of the real Sam's contusions, he thrust his head through the opening, whooped loud and long, and wagged a red tongue at the crowd.

This piece of witty impertinence aroused in the rustics a fever of bloodthirsty desire.

"Leave me at 'im," cried one.

"No, me first," urged another.

Wap. . . Wap. . . the balls flew wide of the mark and made flat noises against the canvas.

"Yuh nearly nailed him that time," Bert spoke with encouragement if untruthfulness. "Aw, don't be a quitter. . Show 'em how it can be done. Steady, now. . That's the way. . Closer than ever. Here, try agin. . . on'y three balls fer a nickle. . ."

For every three balls sold, Dick transferred a grain of corn from his right hand pocket, to his left; even an experienced Dodger would have thought him a marvel had he accomplished his double duties successfully. But Dick was not a good Dodger, and his fiasco came sooner than Bert expected. A moment of abstraction caught him just as Abe Collins, the Pride of the Diamond, tried his hand at the game.

Abe lifted a ball and moistened the palms of his hands ; then he strained backward, raised his foot from the ground with a fascinating contortion of his body, and let it fly with all the venom he would have shown toward Pykeville's crack batter.

Dick's attention, as has been hinted was centred upon his grains of corn. He was counting those in his left pocket at the moment. Suddenly, a thunderbolt descended upon his head, there was a loud report and the heavens opened to shower him with a million variegated sparks.

"Well, if that don't beat hell !" observed the unsympathetic proprietor of the joint, poking his head through the opening and gazing at Dick's prostrate form. "Why in blazes can't they mind their business ?"

And Abe Collins' fame spread another twenty miles. He was pointed out as the pitcher who had laid out ten niggers at the Dingley Fair, with as many baseballs. Hand running, too !

Naturally, Dick was not attuned to the mood of his partner when Bill tried to get the story of the tight-wad farmer out of his system. He slouched on a box outside of the cattle building and held his splitting head in his hands, confessed himself beaten and hinted at suicide. But defeat was a word unknown to William Forrest; he struck his fist upon his knee.

"Say, Dick," he cried, "this here's a dry town, aint it ? Dont say a word, Bo. . . I gotta idee. . . dry town. . ."

It was. Through the assiduous efforts of the W. C. T. U., Dingley had gone dry at the spring election, and the barmen had been given six months to close their green baize doors. It was hard on them that the six months should have expired just a week before Fair time, but it was a corking piece of luck for the fellow who had "juice privileges" on the Grounds. He sold soft drinks at such a rate, that his pile, at the end of the week, would have eclipsed Nelson's Monument leaning up against it.

"A—dry—town," Bill whispered to himself. "Take it from me, Dick, our fortune's 's good as made."

"Yuh said we was goin' to make it at the 'sheet'," began the partner, "an' I had a fine spiel—"

But Bill cut in,

"Never mind that, now. You hustle round an' gather up every las' whiskey bottle yuh can find. If yuh can't find many, go an' buy some. But there's plenty layin' round loose if yuh keep them black eyes peeled! Don't overlook none, Dick, and hustle !"

Grumbling, Dick obeyed. Midnight found the partners with about a hundred empty flasks, and these they washed and polished and fitted with some brand new corks Bill had bought. The reader will be pained to learn that on the following morning they polluted the morals of a very youthful gentleman of African ancestry, and bribed him to steal a bundle of labels from the poor but honest chemist for whom he worked. They promised him innumerable rides on the Merry-go-round and entrance into an even dozen side shows. He was to mention the mystic word, "Gumslogger," and immediately, he would be recognized as belonging to the inner circle.

This decadent youth presented himself at the Grounds early in the afternoon, only to discover that he had forgotten his password, and he was treated with such cavalier in hospitality that. . . But then G'oge belongs to another story.

Bottles and labels prepared, Bill sallied forth on a shopping expedition, returning to Maggie O'Flynn's tent with a package of black tea. Brewing tea was one of the best things Bill did; its flavor was excellent, for any one who liked it, and its color beyond criticism. Brewed then to perfection, Dick filled the empty flasks, stuck on the labels and passed them over to his partner who inscribed upon them in neat black characters, the words

COLD TEA.

From Maggie the two men borrowed a pinch of rouge and applied it artistically to their noses, after which they sought out Hank Barlow, the Wild West

Showman. Hank was always sure to have a black bottle somewhere about his person, and for a consideration both Bill and Dick took a long pull therefrom. Satisfied at last that no stone in the road of their success had been left unturned, Mr. Forrest and his pal, once more set forth at opposite ends of the Grounds.

Their method was childishly simple; no spiel was required. It was merely necessary to stand quite close to a likely-looking farmer, cough slightly in his face, and having attracted his attention, to ask with a drooping eyelid, whether or not he was prepared to buy a bottle of Cold Tea. He was exceptionally well prepared. He was shown the label, he was winked at and prodded in the ribs. Then he was allowed to retire with his bottle, (for which he exchanged seventy five cents), to a clump of bushes and satisfy his craving for that mild but cooling beverage. He usually emerged from the clump of bushes, red of face and wild of eye. He usually looked vainly for the man who had sold him a bottle of excellent Cold Tea, but failing to find him, he would slyly disclose his purchase to a friend, refusing to share the contents of it but ready to furnish a description of the vendor.

"Watch for the feller with the red nose," he would darkly whisper.

Thus, with half the community trying to put one over on the other half, if did not take long for the partners to dispose of their supply. Never did they see the close of a day with greater satisfaction; there was something strangely righteous in the peaceful slumbering of their consciences. They had not bled the town for subscriptions for a paper which, as far as they knew, did not even exist; they had not scattered an epidemic of bleeding chins and cheeks throughout Dingley. They had merely sold what they claimed to sell—Cold Tea.

And that night they took a limited freight for the South arguing like the old Scotchman, that "a good run is better than a bad battle."

Should, however, you go to Dingley, and should you feel disposed to take the advice of one who has blundered—and suffered. . . . you will refrain from opening the subject of Cold Tea!

The Pedlar's Pack

Continued from page 262.

"The waning night lingers at my doors, let her take her leave in songs.

"Pour your heart into my life strings, my Master, in tunes that descend from your stars."

Had he not learned love and courage; through suffering, would he have written, "Let me not beg for the stilling of my pain, but for the heart to conquer it?"

Some people—a very few chosen spirits—seem to have been *born* with a miraculous sympathy; but most of us, it seems, cannot sympathize with sorrow, the like of which we have not experienced. It makes Tagore more one with us who love him, that he is of the many—and so, that he may sing songs of comfort, he does not pray that the cup of sorrow be with-held. Rather, he glories that God left him, "empty handed in the dust, to create Heaven!" Then he writes, joyfully with the exaltation of the poet whose dreams have brought tangible comfort and joy to a world crying out for beauty, "The harvest of my life ripens in the sun and shower, till I reap more than you sowed, gladdening Your heart, O Master of the golden granary."

I would like to go on for hours, sharing with you, as I did with Friend Artist to-day, the precious dreams of my Indian Poet Friend, Tagore; but it can't be done! So before I pass on, I will leave with you a beautiful verse that is universal because it expresses what life has taught us—what death has confirmed for those dear to us.

"If the Deathless dwell not in the heart of death,
"If glad wisdom bloom not bursting the sheath of sorrow,
"If sin do not die of its own revealment,
"If pride break not under its load of decorations,
"Then whence comes the hope that drives these men from their homes, like stars rushing to their death in the morning light?
"Shall the value of the martyrs' blood and mothers' tears be utterly lost in the dust of the earth, not buying Heaven with their price?
"And when Man bursts his mortal bounds, is not the Boundless revealed that moment?"

When we consider the large number of clever "character actresses" in America, we are wary of saying that any individual actress is the greatest of them all; but when a young and beautiful leading-woman "stars" in the part of an old Irish psychic person, runs the whole gamut of human emotions in an evening's performance, with so convincing an art that audiences of "old men and maidens, young men and children"—to say nothing of old ladies and middle-aged persons of both sexes—are carried away, and off their feet, by the genius of her acting; we may perhaps be forgiven for giving expression to the opinion that the actress is almost in a class by herself!

Last November, Margaret Wycher-

ley opened in "The Thirteenth Chair," at the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre, New York. After ten months she is still playing to S. R. O. houses, and it looks very much as if the "New York: Indefinite" sign will "stay put" on the call board for sometime to come!

The problem of playing such a part would be bewildering to most actresses—and particularly we might think, to one whose greatest successes have been in such parts as "Light" in "The Blue Bird"; but Miss Wycherly is an actress who "knows her business"—to use stage slang—and a true lover of art looks upon her performance with the same appreciation that is inspired by a beautiful musical composition, or a perfect picture—perhaps with even greater satisfaction, for acting is the most human of all the arts, and has not only an intellectual and artistic appeal, but stirs the most unemotional person to a deeper human sympathy.

"A perfect picture"—perhaps the term describes best Margaret Wycherly's characterization of Rosalie La Grange. In the accompanying picture one sees the humor of Irish eyes, dominated by the fear that is ever-present in the heart of the poor old psychic who cheats, and is terribly afraid of being found out. Through all the comedy there is a pathos that wrings one's heart, a something in the eyes, dim old eyes, that pleads childishly: "Please laugh: I am trying so hard to amuse you."

Rosalie La Grange lost her psychic power, because when she wanted to be "took with a trance" she couldn't sometimes do it—so she just naturally gave the best imitation she knew how. After a time, she couldn't "see visions and dream dreams" any more; and because she had to live, and bring up her little daughter, she kept on cheating. But she was not naturally a cheat, and the knowledge that she had made something untrue of her life plunged her soul into outer darkness. Back of her laughter, and her heroism, there is always a suggestion of unshed, frightened tears. She is a sinful old woman, with the heart of a grieving child—and children cry in the dark.

Margaret Wycherly sings the song of Rosalie La Grange in a minor key—it touches the heart like an old Irish Lament! She paints her picture in shadow. She makes dramatists of us all. Each individual plots anxiously to solve her problem, forgetful of the fact that Bayard Veiller has done so already. The most blase art-for-technique's-sake critic forgets the perfection of the acting in a passionate sympathy for the living, breathing, suffering old Irish woman before his eyes.

"Art that conceals art!" It is the truest art! Margaret Wycherly is a great artist!

Our allies across the border seem to be learning by experiment the ungentle art of making things happen. Perhaps they are only artisans yet, but they will be artists when they have learned to do, by doing!

Wilson started the ball rolling; and it is rolling in the right direction, and gaining impetus as it rushes on. Here's hoping that it will crush many enemies of democracy, on its headlong career.

Representative Americans no longer preach that mutual candor and understanding between nations can be the greatest self-defence of nations. They know that friendship between countries, as between men, must be based upon mutual respect. The most pacific citizen of the U. S. A. cannot, in his heart, honor the Kaiser and his mob of butchers.

The power and efficiency of Germany's Hymn of Hate has made their "all-men-are-brothers" song sound weak, and out of tune in the chorus of nations.

However, we must admit that there was always something negative in American neutrality, and their militancy is a very positive thing. The former was comparable, perhaps, to a mother's fear that her son would enlist; the latter, to her unbounded pride when she looked upon his Khaki-clad boyish figure.

Just a word to the women who are tired of knitting: I had a letter t'other day from a laddie in the trenches. It said: "Are Canadian women forgetting us? We used to have enough socks. Now we wear the same socks until there are no feet left in them. No-one who has not experienced it can begin to realize what long marches mean, in holey socks, with nary a change, even when our feet are soaking wet. *Was gray knitting a fad that has passed?* Isn't it enough that we must suffer the miseries of war, without such smaller hardships? And with it all, the feeling that Canadian women don't care—have forgotten us—have grown used to the war? I can tell you that we don't get used to it. It goes on and on, in a never-ending fight, not only with the Germans, but with our own weariness and homesickness. I guess I'm blue, tonight—so forgive the unmanly wail; but you see,—the thoughts of Canada's women—expressed in their unceasing work for us—used to be such an inspiration. It's just about heart-breaking to us fellows to have the realization forced on us that they have forgotten we're fighting for them."

The Light in Her Eyes

Continued from page 272.

lose something in you that has made you regard individual human suffering or death as of great importance in comparison with great projects. And in place of that tenderness you are made, if there's any stuff in you to make it out of, a man. Beyond that——"

"Beyond that?" she asked, a little breathlessly.

"Well," he said, with perfectly sincere grimness, "a brute of an army nurse pounded me a little and flung me down on my unhealed wound because I bothered him. I have learned that it does not pay ever to be the under dog!"

He rose, and she knew that the queer interview which had carried her through more untried emotions than any other talk of her life, was almost at an end. A craving for something to make him stay, disappointment that they should end with such a brutal touch, a clutching after further revelation, possessed her. The talk—like the man himself—seemed so incomplete, so garbled.

"But Smith," she said desperately. "Smith's devotion was, at least, as real as the brutality of the army nurse that struck you. Why don't you put the emphasis there? What have you done with him?"

"Smith died last month," he said casually. "The D. T.'s got him. I tried to hold him out of the gutter—it was a great thing for him to have me to putter over. But as soon as I got well, he had lost his occupation, and there was no holding him in——"

The girl felt indignation at the indifference of his tone.

"How can you speak so?" she said. "The man loved you!"

Harthen dismissed the matter.

"I staid by him and tried to help. I owed him that. But when the whiskey has them, nothing will do them any good but a fight. Wrecks like that are ordained fighting men. But there isn't any war now, so Smith went down before his appetites instead of before the guns, where he might have done more good. I tell you, Miss Halstead, there isn't any other thing in the world that brings out all the big hardy virtues but war!"

He turned to go. With her hand on the bell, she knew that she must keep him. A tumult of something had arisen that told her—chokingly—that there was something more that must come. It was only an instant, but it seemed to her an eternity, that Harthen regarded her, with his exasperating air of duty done, his cool impersonal gray eyes on hers.

"He shall not go," she thought desperately. And before she could have time for another thought, or knew what she was doing, she had raised her eyes and given him—what she had never done deliberately to any man before—a long, deep, challenging glance out of the depths of her woman's being.

Harthen stood still. It seemed to her that he had given a start. Her hand fell away from the bell, leaving a half-choked tinkle. He narrowed his eyes, a sudden mood had shot into them that made them almost black. Then he opened them—wide, and they blazed on her.

"Good Lord!" he said in a voice of hushed, significant wonder. "What a beautiful woman you are!"

She had not time to realize the utter brutal honesty of his surprise. She had clutched at her heart for awe. It was coming—the something wonderful, terrifying, before which she shook with longing, and shuddered with fear. Kerby appeared. With all her training she couldn't say a word. It was Harthen who took command of her house and her, with a direct and complete sense of possession that left her no recourse but to defend herself with silence that should hide the trembling. He came toward her.

"Send your man away," he commanded her in a low voice. She nodded to Kerby, who slipped out noiselessly, wondering, for all his stiff impassive face. Harthen went on: "I have more to say to you." And again she nodded, unable to speak.

"I think you know there was nothing of—this—" He spoke with entire reliance that she understood— "—when I came to find you. I felt merely that I had to let you see whether I was worth saving. I owed you that. I've never thought much about women, just the puppy idiocies, and—the usual sort of thing. Rum or women, one or both, have done for most of the men I know who have gone under. And I've usually cut them both out. I hadn't a thought of you that way—until a minute ago, and then I knew. I'm going out to an uncertain sort of life. The woman I take out with me may find herself a widow. I'm being sent in all sorts of outlying provinces where they hate anything foreign—don't know there's a government at Pekin and never heard of the United States, and a man has to rely on his wits. Your life may depend on a phrase, and my Chinese isn't much yet. And at the best, it's a rough life, I suppose, after this—" He gave a careless gesture that included all the beautiful firelit room, candle-luminous and filled with spoils from Sara's whole art-filled life.

For Sara, orphaned at sixteen and mistress of her fortune at twenty, had

been allowed to follow out most of the extravagant impulses of her ardent nature. Luckily these were usually for others and for all beautiful ideas. But the man before her never questioned. Those things—and what they implied—would have no power to attract him; existing, he could see in them no impediment that could come between. It was herself he wanted, this woman that had suddenly bloomed for him out of gray indifference, the woman supremely desirable, and therefore to be possessed.

"I've never thought particularly about marrying—there has been too much to do. But I want you to be my wife. I can give you, at least, a name that's worth something where people know my record, and a life that will have some interest, I should think, for a woman like you—" He questioned her a minute, and when the fire had leaped into her eyes that had made them as martial as his own, he went on. "And—*what* is your name?"—she gave it to him with stiff lips—"Sara—I know you care—I saw it—I want you. Will you come!"

Her eyes were on him. She could not tear them away. He stood before her, a splendid figure, a being of steel and compact energy, magnificently poised and compellingly male. Nothing before had ever dominated her. But this drew, pulled, commanded. She felt herself rising to meet it, she was against his breast——

For an instant she was happy, completely, thrilled to the depths of her being. Then she raised her face and scanned him, with a sort of slow wonder that this man claimed her, come out of space, unknown the moment before. His face had reddened, his arm tightened around her, she was almost breathless, it hurt her. The eyes that fed on her were rapacious, the feeling that had drawn his face out of its control made her almost shudder. The passion in it was more cruel than the cold.

With sick wonder the fairy castle of her dreaming crashed around her. She forced herself back, loosened his grasp, was out of his embrace. His surprise made him yield, half-realizing.

"What's the matter, what has happened?" he demanded, too startled to be furious. "What have I done—are you ill?"

She shook her head and crouched down by the tea-table, her elbows crashing among the cups and saucers, as she hid her face in her trembling hands.

"I don't in the least understand. But then I never did understand—women——"

There was some contempt in the last word, and his voice was becoming angry. "Does this mean that you have changed your mind, that you

don't care for me after all. If it's so, just say it——"

She raised her eyes and looked at him again. His tone was a challenge. And again the wave of utter love and longing swept over her as she saw the power of the whole man as he stood erect. She had met him, the man who had called to her out of a wilderness of nothing, the one being who could liberate the pent-up capacity for loving within her, who could gratify the craving to abase herself, who would be worth losing the world for. She had found him. And she must give him up. *What* was the matter, she wondered. Why couldn't she accept it? She would never meet it again. Why must she give him up? Involuntarily her arms went out to him.

Instantly the puzzled anger went out of his face, and exultation filled it. He came to her.

"It isn't so? You do care. I know you do. You couldn't have pretended — Come to me—Sara——"

Oh, the magic of her name on his lips! It gripped her, shook her with feeling, which, ebbing, left her weak and sore. But she rose and faced him, one hand grasping the table, feeling at bay.

"Yes! Yes, I do love you. I want you to know that. But I will not give myself to you. You can't make me. I *won't*."

He stared at her in silence, while the anger that had possessed him vanished before the sense of something unyielding. His face paled, stiffened again into cool control.

"You say you love me?" he repeated. She nodded. "But you won't marry me? Then you must tell me why—Perhaps you're not free!" he blazed out.

Her tender pity welled up to meet the jealous rage in his face.

"No, no, it's not that. I'm free. I love you. It's not—easy to give you up—" Her face quivered as she realized what his going away meant to her. "It's *killing*." She said it under her breath. "But I can't marry you. It's that you don't feel—Oh, I can't tell you. You wouldn't understand if I did tell you. But it is hopeless. I can't."

Again he faced her in silence, scanning her face, the agony of privation in her eyes. There was no doubt of her suffering. Some band around his heart was breaking at the sight of it.

"You love me?" he repeated, wonderingly. "And you are free. Yet you won't marry me? Because, for some reason, you think it would not be right?"

"Yes," she said, and waited.

He turned away from her and stood, thinking. At last he turned on her a face that was fervid with admiration.

"You are plucky," he said. "I tell you, I couldn't do that!"

His recognition gave life to her. She roused herself and stood to face him. The gleaming folds of her gown clung to her and gave the effect of shining armor around her erect figure. She was very tall, and her eyes with their Diana-glow of spiritual aloofness, could look into his almost from a level. For a moment their looks met, like the silence of two armed forces before the charge has been sounded. Then they clashed and the struggle between the two was on.

Neither wavered. Harthen put all the force of him into the determination to conquer, and Sara answered with a quiet that forbade——.

And then, in the silence, a miracle happened. For the flash faded out of the red-brown eyes with the shadows around them of black velvet, and Sara's soul looked forth.

A proud and shy and tender thing it was, that had hidden itself timidly while the gallant woman of her went forth to conquest. Proud as it was, it had lived humbly, companioned by sweet and loving thoughts, and known only by its messengers of gentle deeds. Hidden as it was, it had longed passionately to be known. But no woman, save the mother who had so wonderfully equipped her, guessed it; and to no man had she shown it, until she revealed it to this one. And as he stood, in abeyance before her eyes—whose very light was but as the shadow of it—his blindness, made in truth by the very downright honesty of him, was cured. At last he knew her. He looked into her soul and loved.

He bent his head, and with a gentleness that was like the kneeling of a lesser man, his hand groped for hers, and took it into his. He looked at it wonderingly, adoringly, its white sweet-

ness seemed so strange there in the grim brown hand whose whole life had been to tear down, where hers had been to cherish. The lover carried it to his lips with a halting, awkward movement, and kissed it—his lips had barely touched it before they let it go.

"I am more than sorry that I have—troubled you," he said, and stopped. "I am so sorry that—I suppose—it keeps me from being sorry for myself. But I'll go away now—since you can't—go with me."

He turned, had walked half the length of the room before she called him. Her words were almost unintelligible, between laughing and crying. But he heard——

"Come back—I never could explain—you couldn't understand— But—oh come back—I will go with you—I will!"

She tried to make it clear, although she only half understood, herself. But he wouldn't let her; for he didn't care. What difference did it make what had held them apart, and what now united them? They were too wise to spoil their perfect moment, and it would have taken time.

So they clung together, splendid man and splendid woman, enlocked, his one arm as strong as two. They only knew that, as their lips met, they reached the joy they had been hungry for. How could they know that, as love wove the spell of trembling lips on trembling lips, their souls had slid together?

The Case at Evelyn Grange

Continued from page 276.

dazed. "Your mistress needs you—she is hurt. Go to her, then run for a bowl of water. Get me absorbent cotton."

Her mind, still receptive, seized upon his orders. Rising, she ran from the room in swift obedience.

Alice Rawlins was first upon the scene. Wendham raised to her a face of marble.

"Mrs. Gaynor has hurt herself in her delirium. Go to my room and bring me down both my emergency cases. They are on the closet shelf—quick!"

As each member of the startled household arrived, they were as instantly dispatched, upon a necessary errand, while he busied himself in deft relief for the sufferer.

"What did you see?" he demanded under his breath of Evelyn—"quick! speak low."

"I heard a swish. She was running from the hall to the gun room like a wild thing. She hesitated as if not knowing where to turn. I jumped up. She ran from me—into the gun room. I was after her, about to call, when she stopped short, looked in at your door there, threw up her hands, and then

snatched at that—pulled it from the rack toward her. Of course it went off. That set is always kept loaded.

"You looked up and saw her playing childishly with a revolver and called to her; she turned and it went off in her hand. Do you understand ?"

"Yes," nodded Evelyn, "I understand."

"She has been out of her head for twenty-four hours—you all know."

"Yes," said Evelyn.

"Now go, explain to the confounded police and the rest. She'll live if no vital arteries are cut."

Evelyn rose as his wife and Adele came up.

Mrs. Lawdon, who was running across the polished floor, paused, and turned white.

"How dreadful !" she exclaimed. "Can I do anything ?" Already she was backing away. "Anyhow, it's Mr. Evelyn's fault. I think it's criminal to keep a stock of loaded firearms about." She clapped her handkerchief to her mouth. "Oh, how sickening ! It makes me ill !" She turned and fled.

Limp and white, but more than half conscious, Nellie lay upon the divan where she had been carried. For a moment they were alone, and as Boyd bent above her, her eyes, full of agony and despair, met his. Her pale lips moved.

"You know," she whispered with painful effort. "You know—I don't want to live !"

He smoothed back the hair from her forehead with a touch infinitely protective and tender.

"I'm taking care of you—in every way—Trust me !"

To be continued

The Electric Light Bill

Continued from page 246.

me, for you saved Eileen's life and mine—the lad would never have a chance to do the things his mother and himself have planned. Nobody would trust him. They'd say that his father was a thief, and the chances are that he would be one, too. It would break her heart and his."

He ceased and stared at Carter. The latter felt the gaze and turned and faced him.

"Michael," he said, "if I ever do ask you to vote for such a bill you refuse me."

He went directly back to Mitchell's room. He found him there with Nellie. As he entered Mitchell looked up quickly.

"Well?" he asked.

"He is going to vote against the Electric Light Bill," answered Carter bluntly.

"Did you ask him to vote for it?" asked Mitchell, incredulous.

Carter hesitated for a moment. Then he told the truth.

"No," he said, "I did not."

Carter never remembered how he left the hotel and Albany behind him on his way to New York. He vaguely remembered Mitchell's denunciation and his daughter's curt good-by. It pained him that he could not remember what she had said because he considered that those words would be the last she would ever speak to him.

In this, however, he was wrong. For the story drifted about until, at last, it reached the ears of a humble old Irishman. With supreme courage he went to Nellie and told her all. And so it was that on one sunny day in spring, while Carter was walking in Central Park, a carriage stopped beside him, and Nellie emerged from it and walked towards him with outstretched hands.

"You did just right," she said, "and if you want me—you can have me. As for papa—well, your friend Mr. Donovan told me enough of his methods to put it in my power to expose him—if he does not consent."

The Big Interests

Continued from page 243.

Canada's efforts in the war. What are they? High prices and personal extravagance. Hartley Withers, the financial adviser to the British Government has given some advice to the British people in the United Kingdom that is just as applicable to British people in Canada. The cost of the war, he says, can only be met out of what people save and what the various Allied countries can borrow. Canada will from now on find it difficult to borrow money anywhere. To maintain her part in the struggle for democracy she will have to learn to save. If the aggregate wealth of all the millionaires and semi-millionaires in Canada were conscripted it would be a mere bagatelle as compared with the savings of the people of moderate incomes. It would be as a mere drop in the bucket as compared with what could be saved by the wage-earners and salaried classes if they were subjected to a much modified system of economy on the lines enforced in Germany.

Where The Burden Lies.

If, as Hartley Withers says, the people paid more in taxes and saved more, less paper money would be needed and in consequence prices would come down proportionately. But to date Canadians have not economized. More showy and expensive garments, high boots and fancy foods are being pur-

chased than ever. Money was never so easily obtained and as usual under such conditions, never so freely wasted. If the "dope" of the newspapers touched individually the conscience of the citizens on these national failings, as effectively as it has built up illusions with regard to mythical "big interests" and "profiteering" a healthier state of public sentiment would be created. To do so might involve sacrifice of revenue but not of dignity and ultimate influence.

What is most needed in Canada now is to restore industrial and financial confidence, which seems only possible by economy and still greater producing efficiency. It would only turn the development in that direction backward to displace the remarkable individual initiative shown by "government operation" and any substantial progress in that direction will precipitate further business distrust.

Current Events

Continued from page 280.

compared with some of the things which Americans have said about themselves. All over the country, in New York, and New England, and Virginia, and Kentucky, and California, and Oregon (and very particularly at Oyster Bay), I have heard the most unsparing criticisms uttered by thinking, travelled Americans against their own apathetic countrymen. Such men were bitterly ashamed of the figure which their beloved America had cut in the eyes of the world, and they were burning to see her step forward and play her part in the war, not merely because of the principle at stake, but in order that she might "make good" in certain matters of national honour.

With this earnest and powerful influence at work, why did America hold aloof so long? That is the question which has been debated in Allied circles for many a day. It has been debated, as already noted, with even greater vehemence in certain American circles. And the explanation—the explanation which the stay-at-home Englishman and the stay-at-home American have both failed equally to grasp—can be found by looking at the map and comparing the size of the United States with the size of the other countries of the world. We who live in an island which it is possible to traverse in a day; where everybody is acquainted with everybody else's point of view; where the population contains practically no foreign element; where it is possible to read the London papers in practically any part of the country on the morning of publication, can have but little conception of the different angles of vision, the conflicting interests, and the abysmal ignorance of one another which

Where You Cannot Prophesy — PREPARE !

NOT even the best-informed man in government or business circles dares to attempt a prophecy of conditions after the war. We hope for the best—meantime wise men are preparing now for anything.

How ?

By regulating their expenditures according to their actual needs rather than by their prosperity—by husbanding the surplus—and by investing to the limit in Canadian War Loans that help so much to maintain present prosperity.

Money saved and loaned to Canada by Canadians is a two-fold safeguard for the future. The lenders will benefit directly from the excellent interest return and absolute security—and indirectly because the interest thus kept in Canada will help to keep business good after the war.

Canadian War Savings Certificates are issued in denominations of $25, $50 and $100, repayable in three years. At the purchase prices of $21.50, $43 and $86 respectively, they yield over 5% interest. Buy them at any Bank or Money Order Post Office.

The National Service Board of Canada.

OTTAWA. 18

characterize the heterogeneous elements of the great nation across the sea.

A Study of the Map.

What does the map show us? A country—or rather continent—stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Tropics to Canada. New York State alone is not much smaller than England; California is larger. Within the boundaries of this huge federation you will find every type of humanity, several distinct languages, every degree of education, every shade of public opinion. Most countries are dominated by their capital. In America there are a vast number of populous cities, each a little centre in itself, with its own newspapers and its own opinion of things in general and the rest of America in particular. Again, the sturdy American democrat is apt to smile upon our social water-tight compartments, and tells us that "in the United States we are one class only." But in truth America is, above all other countries, the home of intellectual and social extremes. Let us take a few examples. In the universities of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, to mention only a few—for this great land is literally sown with seminaries, nobly endowed—you will find scholars of world-wide reputation. In New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and the great cities of the South you will find families of wealth and refinement whose ancestry can be traced back three or four hundred years. There is no prouder aristocracy in the world. In public life you will find bankers, financiers, and heads of great commercial enterprises who have achieved the last word in business organization. Some one once said that there were only three invincible organizations in the world—the Roman Catholic Church, the German Army (before the war, presumably), and the Standard Oil Company of America. Again in the laboratories and work-shops of the Northern States you will find mechanical and inventive genius at its highest point. The names of Thomas Edison and Orville Wright are the first which suggest themselves as illustrations.

Now for a slightly different angle. Living under the same flag with these—less conspicuous, mayhap, but returning two Senators to Congress per State notwithstanding—you will find men of the "Solid South," who still remember the "carpet-bagger" of the North and the dreadful days of the Reconstruction period—men to whom the word "Yankee," instead of meaning, as to us, an American citizen, is still almost a term of opprobrium. In the Middle West you will find farmers of Kansas and Illinois who regard New York City as an annex to hell, and who care nothing for world politics so long as their pigs get safe to Chicago and their wheat to Minneapolis. Further west again, cut off from their fellow-countrymen by trackless deserts and impassable mountains, you will find isolated communities like Denver and Salt Lake City, each with its own activities, traditions, and public opinion. Further west still, in country that grows more beautiful and wonderful as you proceed, you will come to the Pacific Slope, where oranges and peaches grow in the open air, and flowers bloom all the year round, but where life is beginning to be complicated by Asiatic problems of which the East knows nothing. In the North-West, again, you will find certain thriving seaport towns, not altogether insensible of the proximity of Canada. (Seattle, for instance, has a great deal more in common with Vancouver than with San Francisco.) Lastly, in South-Western States like Arizona and New Mexico you will encounter certain interesting and primitive communities (each, remember, returning its quota to Congress), who invent their own customs and practise the same without assistance. The other day, for instance, in one of these States a crowd of about a thousand white persons, men and women, decided that a certain negro criminal ought to die forthwith. So they put him in a cage, poured paraffin oil over him, and roast-

ed him alive. No one seems to object to these engaging tribal customs. At least, Washington took no steps in the matter, and apparently never does. But the incident affords us a useful sidelight upon the difficulty of standardizing American thought.

Nationalities And Languages.

Take nationality and language again. First of all, let us get over the delusion that America is entirely inhabited by our "cousins"—people of pure British descent. Before the war nearly two million immigrants entered the United States every year. Very few of these could speak English. To-day, it is said, only one-half of the inhabitants of Manhattan Island (the main part of New York City) are American born. If you take a walk down the lower end of Fifth Avenue during the dinner-hour, when the mighty skyscraping office buildings of perhaps forty storeys have temporarily decanted their human contents on to the pavement below, you will find yourself elbowing your way through a crowd which is more fitted to serve as an ethnological museum than as a representative body of capital citizens. Within the compass of a mile you will probably hear seven or eight languages spoken—French, German, Italian, Russian, Polish, Lithuanian, Yiddish, and Czech. Possibly you will not hear English spoken once. You will see men standing at street corners reading newspapers printed in German, or Hebrew, or Modern Greek—papers printed and published daily in New York. New York alone contains more Germans than many large German cities. The same may be said of Chicago. Indeed, the Mayor of that city recently excused himself from issuing an official invitation to Marshal Joffre and the French Mission on the ground that "Chicago is the third German city of the world." But the rest of Chicago declined to stomach this dreadful insinuation; the Mayor was overruled, and Joffre paid a triumphant visit. In other great cities, such as St. Louis, Milwaukee, and Cincinnati, the German population, though actually smaller, is relatively still greater.

And the German is not the only foreign element. In South-Western States like Texas and New Mexico, and even in Southern California, there is a strong Mexican strain, and the Spanish tongue is constantly heard. In San-Francisco, again, you will find a considerable Chinese and Japanese element, who, although they take no part in politics, add to the variegated nature of the American population. Down in Louisiana, New Orleans still retains something of its ancient Gallic atmosphere. In numerous reservations throughout the country you will find the remnants of the moribund Indian tribes; and finally on every hand you will encounter a vast, vigorous, and increasing negro population, all nominally in possession of the franchise. Throw in a few oddments from Cuba, the Philippines, and Honolulu, and you have the tale complete.

And this is the country which we, in our tight little parochial island, expect to speak and act upon questions of international importance with a single voice!

The World's Record Patrol

Continued from page 240.

McGill University, Dr. Phillip Doyle, who for the past two years has been practising his profession in the Arctic Circle, having been appointed to that post by the Dominion Government.

As Corporal Bruce and his strongly-stepping men emerged out of the woods with their party and came aboard the steamer, they reminded one of nothing so much as well-regulated guns. They were "so spruce, so wholly neat and feat."

"Ah!" said my friend in a whisper that was not meant to go around the world, "If I were a rich widow I'd be after treating myself to one of them."

It was an hour or two later when Inspector La Nauze came aboard, he being accompanied by Mike, his dog. Mike, who is nine years old, is only a "yellah" dog, being a pure-bred mongrel but, contrariwise, he has the distinction of having for seven years accompanied his master on all his patrols so that he may be properly classed with Lelaps, the Grecian dog, who never failed to take and conquer whatever animal he was ordered to pursue.

As one looked at the Eskimos with their straight black hair, small black eyes, their complexion like a bronzed tree-trunk, it was to recall a lesson long since learned from a geography long since obsolete, that "North of 49, hardy men pursue the fur trade."

True, oh Geographer! but it has come to pass in these later days that latitude 49 is not nearly so far north as it used to be. Indeed, there are some of us who have even come to think that the Eskimo in his slight canoe riding the waves, and the Indian horseman of the plains in his bucking broncho, are one and the same man. It is also true that the hunters from the sub-arctics are better fed than instructed, and from long riding in their kayacks, slower and heavier of movement

but, God of them all, when these men have killed as many missionaries as the plainsmen, and have been educated in as many law-courts and penitentiaries they, too, will be smartened up to something approaching our near-civilization standard.

Havinik, the interpreter, speaks English with fair fluency but cannot be described as "talkative", but for that matter, the same applies to all the members of the police party whose duty it is to be discreet as well as valorous. The oil-eater is clean shaven, wears his hair closely cropped, and with some clothes tied in a sheet and slung across his back, would easily pass for a Chinese laundryman. As for "Patsy" with his smart peaked cap and blue serge suit which he wears as "Special," one would undoubtedly class him as a Cree lad of the better order, recently graduated from college.

Keoha, who has come as witness, is a large man whose physique suggests enormous strength, but a strength that is untrained, untrimmed, and unsophisticated. His palms are almost white from continuous paddling and he has a nose that is much awry. When first he saw the electric light flash into the under-deck of the *D. A. Thomas*, nothing could express his amazement for while Keoha had nightly looked upon the love-mad moon as she chased hard after the sun—a kind of Eskimo Joseph—and while he had seen her catch up with the fugitive upon those rare and blessed occasions known as an eclipse, this was the very first time he had observed her ladyship to come indoors. Yes! it is a far step from the stone lamp of the primitive man to the white, high-volted lamp of the twentieth century. It was on the steamer *River McMurray* that Keoha and his countrymen first saw a cow which they described to the white folk as "a big dog with horns." They asked if the smaller engine which pumped the water for the service of the vessel was the pup of the large engine.

Sinnisiak and Uluksak, the prisoners belong to the same tribe as the other Eskimos, that is to say, the Kogmoliks, or "farther east people". They are suffering very considerably from the heat and flies but if they suffer from the curious looks of the travellers, they hide it well. Although they do not care for our food, they are pleased to be given tobacco which they smoke with evident satisfaction. An old trader who has lived in the north for nearly sixty years, and who knows much about the Eskimos, says that they are not weaned until they are four or five years old, by which time they have also learned to smoke. It is not, he says, an infrequent sight to see a baby-boy draw upon his father's pipe and then upon his mother's breast. Ah well! who shall fix the line in a land where each man is a law unto himself?

The prisoners wear overalls, little peaked caps, shirts and muckaluck or messinke boots which are contrived out of raw sealskin. They smile a good deal and seem attached to the police, whom they trust implicitly. At Fort Vermillion there is a half-wild cat named Lisette whose habit it is to come aboard on each trip of the vessel, and as one watches these men fondling this animal, one can hardly credit the story about the eating of the priest's liver. But those who know say this is a requisite procedure when you kill a man in the north, to allay the "tornarssuit," or evil spirit, who would otherwise avenge itself.

The Eskimos have little or no idea of what is before them. They have been told that "the Big White Chief' must decide what he shall do with them but in their country there is no chief. Their system is a pure democracy and the word *Ishumatak* for "chief", literally translated means "the thinker," or one who decides for the party. When Knud Rasmussen, the Danish explorer, once asked Panigpak who went with Peary on his 1898 expedition, "What do you suppose was the object of all your exertions? What did you think when you saw the land disappear behind you, and found yourself out on drifting ice-floes?"

"Think?" replied Panigpak with astonishment, "I did not need to think; Peary did that."

It is difficult to predicate to what extent the judge and jury before whom these Eskimos are to be arraigned will consider their ignorance of law and their dark and strange psychology, but that some degree of consideration will be given to these vital matters, there can be little doubt. Among their tribes there is no equivalent to the word "punishment." Their nearest approach to this is "revenge." If, therefore, the police had killed their quarry on sight, the propriety of the proceeding would, in all probability, have been recognized by the Eskimos, but the Eskimos would be wholly unable to comprehend any course of action whereby Sinnisiak and Uluksak were taken away, treated humanely, and then after two years deliberately put to death by a process described to them as "capital punishment"—that is to say by strangulation, or by the breaking of the spinal cord through jerking.

The effect of their failure to return would have on the Kogmoliks will doubtless be considered for, upon this effect, must largely depend the security of all other men who travel for any purpose whatsoever in those great polar desolations known as the Arctic regions.

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CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY SIDNEY R. COOK

THE NOVEMBER ISSUE

You are asked to subscribe your share of the fourth war loan amounting to probably $150,000,000. What security has the Dominion to offer you? In an article in next month's issue R. GOLDWIN SMITH will describe "The Resisting Power of Canadian Finances." He will show the relation between Canada's war debt and current liabilities and the public revenues, bank deposits, foreign trade and industrial and agricultural earning power.

"Fault has been found with the Government for allowing foreign families coming to Canada to settle together, instead of making them units in English-speaking districts. It has been claimed that these foreigners would refuse to blend, and would set up little Polands, Galicias and Russias. I have said something like this myself, but have lived to see the error of my ways." Thus Janey Canuck begins the fifth of her "Lord O' Land" sketches in the November issue, under the title, "Coming Canadians". She gives the reasons for her change in view point, and in her own interesting way gives some side lights on the lives of the Ruthenians.

"The Ashes of Susan," by Catharine Beverley Robertson, is the first short story by this author to appear in this magazine, although thousands of Canadians have read her work under a well-known non-de-plume. The "Ashes of Susan" will keep you interested to the end of the story, for these ashes caused considerable disturbance to a number of lives before they were safely disposed of. The story is illustrated by the well-known artist, Marion Long.

Other short stories in next month's issue are "What Happened in Harrison's Office," by George Hyde Preston, and "The Search for the Spring," by Eleanor Gates, the author of "The Plough-Woman," "The Biography of a Prairie Girl," etc.

Tom King will diagnose the latest political developments in the Dominion, and "Raggs" will bring her Pedlar's Pack jammed full of interesting wares.

Mrs. Costain and Dudley Ward will provide a further instalment of "Doings in Dingbat Land."

We believe that you will agree that the November issue is the best one we have published.

THE EDITOR.

CONTENTS FOR OCT., 1917

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VOLUME TWENTY-TWO NUMBER 6

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON OCTOBER 1917

Keeping the Trenches Filled

THE WORK OF THE BRITISH RECRUITING MISSION IN THE UNITED STATES

By Estelline Bennett

THE British marched south out of Canada, over the grass-grown boundary line, flung out the Union Jack beside the Stars and Stripes and a new page of international history was written.

For the first time in more than a century armed British soldiers walked the streets of American cities. For the first time in history the United States by a special act of Congress extended to another nation the courtesy of going into its territory and recruiting men for war service.

The British Mission headquarters under Brigadier General W. A. White of the British army, had been opened several weeks when Colonel John S. Dennis was appointed commanding officer of the western division with headquarters in Chicago, and the recruiting methods which had made it possible for Canada to silence the slogan, "Do your bit" by doing so much more, were taken across the border to call to the colors the half million Britons and Canadians of military age and physical fitness resident in the United States. Before the end of August more than six thousand men had enlisted and been sent to the front.

The day the Chicago depot, in charge of Lieut. Col. F. C. Jamieson, was opened in the Marquette Building in Chicago, the staff was so deluged with applications that it was impossible to do more than distribute the papers to be filled out and returned later. Three contingents a week averaging from twenty-five to fifty men, have been sent continuously ever since. But the real enthusiasm was taken over with the kilties. The 48th Highlanders marched through Boston, New York, and Chicago, their bagpipes wailing out patriotic and old Scotch airs, and conquered the country. Their plaids and the pipes, their brawny good looks, their wonderful record at Vimy Ridge, and even the sobriquet given them by the Boches—"ladies from hell"—fired the imagination of the whole country, and Britishers of military age, within sight and sound of kilts and pipes, went forthwith and enlisted. It even had its effect upon American recruiting.

Signing-on. Men crowded the recruiting offices and fought to reach the recruiting sergeants

The week of the big allied recruiting rally in Chicago, when the Highlanders were the star attraction, the roll call of recruits jumped into the clouds and stayed. The number was so great that officers at headquarters were compelled to put signs on their doors: "One man at a time, please."

A grand parade marched down the boulevards and around the loop, past the reviewing stand on the terrace of the Art Institute—the Highlanders and their pipe band, the jackies from the Naval Training Station and their band under the direction of John Philip Sousa, miles of men in khaki, Red Cross nurses in their white garb, floats and patriotic societies—all saluting the reviewing officers on the terrace, while Ruth Law, circling overhead in her airplane, dipped low and gave a salute to the Highlanders as they passed. Officers in the reviewing stand were General W. A. White, Lieut. Col. John S. Dennis, Lieut. Col. F. C. Jamieson, Captain W. A. Moffett, commander of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station; Major F. R. Kenney, General Thos. H. Barry; and Major Ward Wright, Major H. E. Keown, Captain D. S. Thompson, and Captain Charles Dolphin of the British Recruiting Mission.

Every day during the week the kilties marched around the loop and went some where with their band. The peculiar, pleased whine of the bagpipes became as familiar as the noon whistles. But it never failed in its inspiration. Men of Great Britain, especially perhaps men of Scotland, heard the music and straightway went and set their American houses in order. Time enough,

the bagpipes seemed to call, for civic and peaceful pursuits when the war is won.

The big rally at the Coliseum that week vied with the parade in the inspiration and enthusiasm with which it filled the whole city. And that night the Highlanders shared the glory with the men in khaki, the sailors and marines, and the vested choir of two hundred men and boys who opened the meeting marching in solemn processional the length of the huge building, up one side and then down the broad center aisle behind the crucifer with his great gilt cross singing, "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

The Church Federation of Chicago held a big meeting in the city's oldest church, the First Methodist. The pipers' band gave a concert in Garfield Park and the crowd was so great that it spilled out into the tributary boulevards and kept the entire force of park policemen busy untangling automobiles and people on foot.

The Highlanders were welcomed to the city on Monday, July 23rd, and escorted through the loop by a detail of four companies of sailors from the Great Lakes station, and their band. By noon, the British Recruiting Mission headquarters in the Marquette Building, and the three substations scattered through the loop, were crowded to the doors. Men fought for a chance to reach the recruiting sergeant; they rushed through the streets ahead of the crowd of spectators to reach the offices, a hundred of them fell in line behind the escort and began the first lap of their march to Berlin. One hundred men were received in that one day, and 81 marched out of the Mission that evening to entrain for Toronto.

These recruits were from various walks of life and countries, coming from many of the allied nationalities as well as the British and Canadian. That they were mostly men employed rather than from the vagrant population of the idle, was shown in the fact that the largest crowds of applicants came at the noon hour and on Saturday afternoon. The greater number were working men. Some came from considerable distances. Among these was the tall raw-boned Scotch bridge-builder who came in from Wyoming and attracted attention, as he sat in the long line of waiting men, by his white Stetson hat and the little tune he whistled softly to himself, "The Little Grey Home in the West."

"Homesick ?" someone asked him.

"No."

"From the West ?"

"No. From Glasgow."

Brig. Gen. W. A. White of the British Recruiting Mission with Brig. Gen. Thomas A. Barry, Central Division, U.S.A., on the reviewing stand during the great military parade in Chicago, July 26th

"I thought from your hat and your music you were western."

"I've been out west for ten or twelve years."

And then little by little as the line moved toward the officer's door the Scotchman's heart warmed toward the western Irishman next him, and he told him.

"I'll tell you," he said a little shortly, "There was a girl—a Scotch girl, a singer, and she was visiting out in Wyoming where I was, and she sang that 'Little Grey Home in the West,' and she went down on the Luisitania. I've sort of taken that song for my own since then. I couldn't enlist before because I couldn't get to Canada. I'm going over now and build bridges so you fellows can march into Berlin."

Thomas Callahan, an Irishman of Belfast, veteran of the Indian wars in the Royal Irish Fusilliers, looked at his three motherless little girls, shook his head and went away to the Mission. When he came back, he told them he had enlisted and was going away to France but they would be taken care of. Pansy aged fourteen, cried a little—this mothering business was very hard, she thought—but Margaret's eyes shone. She was glad father was going, he was a brave man, and nothing would happen to them. And nothing has, for a woman who had given her son to the army, gathered them into her big Wisconsin home to care for them until Father comes back from the war.

Many applicants had slight physical defects which barred them and most of these came back a little later after visits to the dentist or the occulist, and were accepted.

A large percentage wanted to go into the Royal Flying Corps, only to find that the requirements for that service were the most exacting of any.

"What have been your tastes ?" Captain Dolphin asked of the applicants. "Have you been fond of motor racing, of ski-jumping, all the daredevil sports ? Because if you haven't, you never would qualify for the Royal Flying Corps."

Of all enlistments eighty-five per cent., exclusive of those for the Royal Flying Corps, are for the Canadian Army, which is better paid than any other except that of the United Stated.

A large share of the success of the work, particularly in the western division, has been the highly organized civilian committees cooperating with the Mission in every city where British officers have gone to recruit. Colonel Dennis' penchant for efficient organization was demonstrated immediately upon his taking command. Simultaneously with the opening of the British

Mission doors, he set about the organization of the Chicago British Committee on Allied Recruiting, composed of representative Canadians and Britons of Chicago. "It is only with the cooperation of every Briton and Canadian through an efficient civilian committee, that we can accomplish all we wish," he said, and sent out a summons to fifty men of affairs, including such men as Stamford A. White, who was made president of the committee; Martin J. Insull, president of the Midwest Public Utilities Company, who was made executive chairman; Thomas E. Wilson, president of the Wilson Packing Co.; John Clay of the firm of Clay Robinson and Co., Live Stock Commission; and Archibald E. Freer, who has contributed generously to the Western Relief Fund ever since its organization two years ago.

Lieut. Col. John S. Dennis, commanding the western division, British Recruiting Mission, who in civil life is Chief Commissioner of the Canadian Pacific Railway

After the Kilties were gone and the pipes were still and the cheering was done, and the grind of organized effort must begin without the inspiration of the soldiers, the Chicago British Committee took council with Colonel Dennis. While the new depots in Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Kansas City, and the west were getting under way, there must be no falling off in the effort of Chicago. The committee was reorganized, D. H. Grant, chief of the Scottish Clans was made executive secretary and the real business of recruiting was begun.

A comprehensive publicity campaign among the British societies was begun. Meetings in all parts of the city—as many as seven and eight a day—were scheduled. Four minute men were put on in the principal theatres, noon meetings in big industrial plants were arranged. Everywhere a piper is the signal for British Recruiting.

Under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel F. C. Jamieson, in charge of the Chicago depot of the Mission, recruiting teams were put into the field to cover the country within a hundred mile radius of Chicago. The first team under Ex-Chief Gunner K. R. White went into Wisconsin—even to Milwaukee, the first German city in the country. They met with big success in the few days they were there. The route of this team covered much of Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa. A couple of weeks later, a second team was sent on an automobile tour to Joliet, La Salle, Peoria. The result of this work is at once noticeable, as scores of workmen including many miners, come in from these districts. Since the order by the United States war department forbidding the acceptance of friendly aliens,

Soldiers and sailors of the United States walking shoulder to shoulder with the Kilties stirred American hearts as nothing else in many a day

One hundred recruits were received the first day of the Kilties' raid, and eighty-one marched out that evening to entrain for Toronto,—accompanied to the railway station by wives and sweethearts and led by the pipe band of the 48th Highlanders

many Poles, Bohemians and Russians unable to join their own armies, have come to the British Recruiting Mission. The Poles were among the most eager volunteers for the United States army before the order from the war department, and since then, have been coming to the British headquarters in numbers.

In Chicago, as in other cities of the western division, Colonel Dennis' plan for a systematic personal appeal to every Briton and Canadian of military age and physical fitness, is being carried out by the citizen's committees. In Spokane, Minneapolis and St. Paul and Chicago, as well as in New York, lists of Canadians are being compiled from the national registration lists furnished by the government. This method of combing out every available man and concentrating upon the personal individual appeal has produced astounding results.

Not the least important asset in the work of the Mission is the Western Relief Fund organized on lines similar to the Canadian Patriotic Fund to assist soldiers' families in Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana and Iowa. Another fund called the Northwestern Relief Fund has headquarters in Minneapolis, where it has been one of the great factors in the good success of the recruiting there. Enlisted men making applications are referred directly to the offices of the Fund and arrangements are completed before the men leave for Canada. There is no red tape and little delay. And in spite of the new call upon its resources as British recruiting figures in this district jump up, its funds have so far been adequate to the needs.

Another factor that has played a part in winning recruits is the knowledge that they will be overseas before the end of the year. The fact of active service not months but merely weeks away, is a call to arms that cannot be denied. Eighty-five per cent. of the enlistments have been for the Canadian army because of the better pay, although the Royal Flying Corps has been a great attraction and has drawn many volunteers.

Since the conscription act in Canada, making Canadians as well as Britons subject to draft in the United States, by agreement with the United States government, the work of the mission which depended for its record upon the voluntary enlistment of the thousands of Loyal British subjects who could not afford the expense of a trip to Canada where they might be rejected for physical reasons, will be ended. But it may be that the work of recruiting the British subjects in the United States will prove to be after all when this year's history is written not the greatest part of the work of the mission.

"The most vidid picture I saw in the United States," said a Toronto man who had followed the call of the piper from Toronto through Boston, New York, Chicago, and home again, "is one I saw one day in Chicago. A larger number of recruits than usual was leaving the headquarters in the Marquette Building for the railroad station on their way to Canada and the front. They had marched out on to Adams Street, most of them with women prolonging their farewells. They were in mufti and might have been American citizens. In the background was Chicago's big domed Federal building. The crowd around was so great that a few policemen were urging onlookers gently out of the way. All that was very American. But in front of the recruits was the Kiltie's band. And directly in front of the insistent crowd, a private soldier in kilts—the very British uniform—drew himself up with his bayonetted gun at correct position and held the crowd away. Nothing could have been more typically British if it had been in Trafalgar Square instead of on Adams Street in front of the Federal building. Great Britain has stepped into her place in the United States."

"EUGENE," the poet-boy in "Candida," said: "Poet's talk to themselves out loud; and the world overhears them."

If we all "talked to ourselves out loud," how wonderfully real we would be to our familiars! Have you noticed how rarely it is that we humans talk as sincerely and unreservedly to others, as we do to ourselves? It's cowardice that does it: we're afraid that the other fellow may laugh at our strivings after big things, at our love for the precious little things. So we give of our thoughts with a niggardly hand. We don't love our fellowman enough to give *ourselves*, no matter how much he may need our understanding and sympathy.

Hamlet's famous soliloquy is the most convincing thing in the whole drama. He is not talking with the idea of conveying more-or-less subtle ideas to misunderstanding or unsympathetic souls: he is communing with his own soul. The modern dramatist scorns soliloquy on the stage, much as we scorn it in "real life." Shakespeare knew that no expression is so positive, so convincing, as when the character "thinks aloud."

Have you ever noticed in reading a poem—or perhaps an essay or play—that the writer expresses something that you have thought for a long time, but have never put into words? Not that you hadn't the words to say it; but that you have, since losing the blessed naturalness of childhood, acquired the wretched habit of "small talk." Has it ever occurred to you that if instead of chatting among your friends about matters which will be of no moment to-morrow—in words that conceal instead of revealing your real thoughts—you might express ideas that would be as helpful, perhaps even as inspiring as the thoughts of these writers are to the world? Your sincerity and lack of reserve might even cause *them* to be as unreserved, to unburden their hearts of sorrow; for there are many, many of us who are "weary with dragging the crosses too heavy for mortals to bear."

"Language is the flower of thought." Why should we cultivate the "small talk" weeds for the world's garden? Why should we refuse to permit the flower to blossom? If we do refuse, the flower will be choked by the weeds: the perfume that might bring sweetness to the garden will be missing.

We need the flowers—all of us—very sorely, in these sad days. Let us pull out the weeds and burn them before the altar of Human Sympathy!

Let us all be poets. Let us "talk to ourselves out loud." Christ did it, for He was unafraid! And He loved enough to give Himself.

Miss Isabel Ecclestone Mackay. The author of "Up The Hill and Over." Many of her stories have appeared in Canada Monthly

Someone sent me a book the other day. She wrote: "Dear Pedlar-Raggs—here is a tale after your own heart." On the title page I read:

"The road runs back, and the road runs on,
But the air has a scent of clover,
And another day brings another dawn,
When we're up the hill and over"—

When we're up the hill and over."—

And I knew that she was right! So I left the cottage far behind; tramped to a shady wood, sat down under a clump of birches; and abandoned myself to the joy of strolling away in my dreams, to meet the dreams of a writer who had found a little world of her own.

The strange thing about the book was this: although I felt—like the splendid hero—that I had "stumbled into a dream town, and must walk carefully lest I stumble out," it was a town that I had dreamed before—a lovable little Canadian town, full of real people who assuredly lived before the book began, and seemed to go on living when the last page was done. I, the Pedlar, felt that some day, soon, I would walk down the sunny street of the town of Coombe, and perhaps meet dear little "mad Aunt Amy" who always talked of the loved dead "as if they were in the next room." We would exchange sympathetic confidences, I know; for I am prone to that "madness," too. And I would see in the flesh, those happy lovers whom I first met, when they were in "the going-to-be-in-love-presently state—which is Heavenly."

Read "Up the Hill and Over" by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay. It is published by McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart. I only hope that you will love it as much as I do!

The snap-shot on the next page of Miss Percy Haswell—"the sweetest actress in America"—shows that dainty lady in pursuit of the destructive 'tater bug! Like many of her profession, Miss Haswell is "cultivating the land" this Summer. She writes scarce-believable tales of labors among corn, beans, peas, turnips and potatoes. Did I say "potatoes"? She writes me, "I have a whole acre in 'taters! I would have you know that I am a Potatriot!"

My memory of Miss Haswell's beautiful home at Siasconset, Mass., is a

dream of shady verandahs, thrilling sails, country tramps, and swims in the breakers. But that was before the war, before Potatriots were in demand. This beloved actress has an ocean—the Atlantic—at her front door; and the

Rupert Brooke, whose poems are as beautiful as his life, as inspiring as his death

sun rises out of the sea for her, every fine morning !

Miss Haswell is one of the most popular women on the American stage —and has been, since she made her debut as a sweet golden-haired girl of sixteen, with the famous Daly Stock Company in New York; following Ada Rehan as leading-woman shortly afterwards. Audiences love her. Fellow-actors adore her. She was born in the Sunny South, of English parentage. Her mother was a Percy—which accounts for the boyish Christan name that puzzles so many people. She has the fascination of the typical Southern girl, and all the "fineness" of the English gentlewoman.

My acquaintance with Brenda Macrae began most auspiciously. You see, I began by telling her this story:—There was once a very little girl who liked to go to church. Of course she realized that there were reasons both for and against this religious exercise. For instance, she disapproved strongly of white starched dresses and pink sashes; (she was that kind of little girl); but she liked to sit in the high family pew, with her little legs sticking out before her, and imagine things ! The most fascinating imagining of all had to do with the big stained-glass window, on which were thousands of stylish angels—she knew there were thousands, for they reached right out of sight—and they all had musical instruments in their hands. The harps didn't interest her very much—she's heard a harp—but there were many lady-angels, with golden hair, who were all just on the point of blowing on *trumpets* of purple and blue and crimson glass; and, when the sun shone through the great window, the little girl could almost hear the wonderful purple and blue and crimson crystal notes of their Heavenly symphony. Almost — but not quite—and, even when she grew up, she never quite "gave over" her wonder of these many-colored trumpets, what they would really sound like if the angels got down to business !

One day, after many years, she found out. The little girl had grown up into a musical critic; and her New York paper had sent her to hear the Russian Symphony Orchestra. After a little time of beautiful music from the orchestra, a tall, lovely girl came forward to sing a solo.

Then suddenly, the musical critic became a little girl again, a little girl in a stiff white dress, and a wide pink sash; the sun was streaming through a great stained-glass window; and the angels with the trumpets were there, too—but with a difference—they were trumpeting in all the glory of purple and blue and crimson crystal notes, just as the little girl had always known they would —and, somehow, there were words, too :

"The year's at the Spring:
The day's at the morn:
Morning's at seven:
The hillside's dew-pearled:
The lark's on the wing:
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in His Heaven:
All's right with the world !"

"Why, of course," gasped the rejuvenated musical critic; "I might have had the sense to know, all along, that it would be exactly like that—purple and blue and crimson crystal notes, and "God's in His Heaven: all's right with the world !"

Miss Percy Haswell working in her war garden at Siasconset, Mass.

When the concert was over, she interviewed the soloist: and the interview—the first part of it—consisted in telling her this tale of the little girl and the angels. Then she—who was Brenda Macrae—told the musical critic—who was your pedlar-friend the story of her work and ambition; and as she is a Canadian girl who has done big things musically, is doing bigger things every day, and will yet do the biggest of all, Canadians will perhaps be interested in hearing something of her, and her work.

Brenda Macrae. A Canadian girl who has made a name for herself in the musical world

Perhaps we had better, "right here at the start, and before we begin," as Mrs. Jarley said: blot out with a tear, the one disgraceful fact of Brenda Macrae's career:—she studied in Germany ! However, she was a mere child at the time, and loathed the Germans; so let us forget it, and begin again. Six years ago, Miss Macrae came back from—that place, and went to New York, to study with the famous Hattie Clapper Morris. First of all, she went, with a horde of others, to try for a position as soloist at a big New York church. She was chosen, and her salary covered her living expenses in a dear little apartment with another Toronto girl-student.

One Sunday, at this church, the president of the Professional Women's League heard her sing, introduced herself after the service, and arranged a recital under the league's patronage. Then the famous Gamut Club, asked her to sing for them—a great honor, as those who know this club of great artists will realize—and they made her a member of the club. Then concert engagements came, thick and fast. Another singer said to Miss Macrae: "They're handing you fame on a gold platter ! Did you bring your luck from Canada ?" (Perhaps the American girl was not far wrong, for Brenda Macrae was full of that Canadian *pluck* that spells "luck" so often, to those who don't understand it !)

Three years ago, Brenda Macrae

[Continued on page 345.

On the Trip Across

By Sherman F. Johnson

HOW I came to be sailing for Europe with the parson ain't got anything to do with the story. Perhaps you wouldn't have picked me out first guess as the running mate for a D.D. There I was, just the same, and, as we always had before, we got along bully. Not like twins; but twins, I judge, would be poor traveling companions on a long trip. I'd just settled down after shaking day-day to the last of the friends that seen us off, and had located myself on the tip of my spine and the top of my shoulders, which is the most comfortable position to read in. I was just going to begin an article on "The Graft Among Janitors" when I seen she had sat down close by.

I ain't led up very graceful to the lady, but I'll try to put you next to who she was, so far as I knew at the time. She had the kind of face you'd pick out in a crowd and study. She wasn't what you'd call an out-and-out beauty, but she had black hair, and a big lot of it, and black eyes that looked, because of the black eyebrows sort of sliding up, or down, as if she was frowning. But her mouth and the eyes themselves showed she wasn't. They was big eyes and all sorts of things was going on in back of them; you could see that.

I don't think the parson had noticed her at all, he was so busy saying goodby to the ladies who had come to see him off. She had her goodbyers, too, and one of 'em give her a bunch of big red roses tied with a whopping big ribbon. She had the roses on her arm as she sat there in the steamer chair looking back at little old New York. She was looking hard, and blinking her pretty eyes, as if she could see her crowd back on the pier, which she couldn't.

"The young lady came and stood by the rail, gazing out to sea"

Then she sort of started, as if she was thinking there wasn't any game in looking backward all the voyage, and the start jerked the roses out of her arm on to the deck. She tried to pick 'em up and the parson done the same, and there was almost a head-on collision, and he smiled his regulation parson smile.

"Allow me," says he.

"Oh, thank you," she says, shooting a smile in his direction. If she had aimed at me, she'd have scored, her eyes being that kind.

"They are very beautiful," says the parson.

I thought at first he meant her eyes.

"Aren't they ?" says she.

Then I knew it was the roses.

"I hope they won't wither till we get across," she says, "they smell so lovely. Somehow, they remind me of the subway, they're so cool and damp, and, though the subway's horrid, it's land."

"You're not a sailor, then," says he.

"I'm not afraid, or anything like that, only the ocean makes me feel lost," she says, and then she gazes back toward New York, and neither said any more.

A trip across the ocean is long or short, according to what's doing. For my part I missed the telegraph poles, which on a train you can count when nothing else is left to do. The parson didn't seem to feel that way; no more did the young lady. I don't know what move number two was, not having been there when it happened, but the next morning when I came out on deck, there was the parson and her walking up and down real sociable, with plenty to say on both sides.

An elderly party, who appeared to be a sort of umpire to see the young lady got fair play, wasn't in the way at all. She seemed to have a partiality for a chair and a novel, which she read careful, as if she was learning it by heart. The young lady done some reading, too, but not like the elderly party, who dived in early in the morning and only come up to feed. I smoked a good deal and when the parson and her was together I generally was sort of in the suburbs. And I liked to hear 'em talk. Not that I was on to all the curves, but I ain't one of them who thinks because you don't understand everything that's said it ain't worth hearing. The night aboard ship had made her feel better about being away from land. She looked out at the water without seeming to feel so lost.

"It's good to get away from people and from one's work, after all," she says. "I'm beginning to wish the voyage would be longer. It's so free," she says.

"James," says the parson to me, later, "what do you suppose her work is ? Is she a settlement worker ?" says he.

"Why don't you ask her ?" says I.

"Well, she ain't asked me who I am or what I am. When I got into this business suit before coming aboard this steamer," he says, "I done it to forget myself, who I am, what I am; and let the cobwebs get blown out of a tired ecclesiastical brain," he says, as near as I can remember the words he used. "When my name went down on the passenger list as 'J. A. Gray' I felt that I had shed my clerical personality, and that for the next six days I was just J. A. Gray, and not the Rev. Joseph Ames Gray. I didn't care to be identified with the Rev. Joseph Ames. Perhaps she feels the same way about herself," he says, "and I certainly shall respect her desire."

Not being particularly prying into other people's affairs—at least not since the time when my curiosity into the affairs of the parson's house brought

him and me together that night a year ago—I was willing to let things go as the parson wished. But, for all that, I found out who the young lady was, not meaning to, either.

I was sitting on deck that evening and the parson was in his stateroom. The young lady come and stood by the rail gazing out to sea, the elderly party who I mentioned already joined her.

"Suzanne," says the elderly party, "I don't wish to criticise, and I know you are an awful quick reader," she says, "but there's only three more days of the trip. I know you wasn't up in your part before we sailed. Do you know it much better now ?"

"Oh, I'm tired of parts," says the young lady, pouting. (I could hear her pout if I couldn't see her). "I wish I never had to go into a theater again."

I could tell by the rustle that that speech made the elderly party sit up.

"Why, Suzanne," she says, quite scared, "what has that man been saying ?"

"He hasn't been saying anything. That is," she says, because anyone, elderly party included, had seen him say a number of things, "nothing about my work. Why, he doesn't even know who I am. I only mean it's so delightful just sailing and sailing"—by which she meant steaming and steaming—"that I'd just like to keep on doing it and never see the inside of a theater again," she says.

"You ain't," says the elderly party, "going to fall in love with that man, are you ? My dear, how many times have I warned you against marrying outside the profession, if you have to marry at all, which hurts your art awful," she says.

"Love ! good gracious ! I'm not going to fall in love with anybody," says Suzanne, and by the way she laughed I believed her, and I guess the elderly party did, too, 'cause she settled back in her chair with a satisfied kind of grunt. Then they talked lower, and I didn't hear anything but a word here and there.

But that name "Suzanne" set me thinking. I knew I'd seen it before.

Then all of a sudden I remembered and I went below and hunted up th magazine I'd been reading when we began the trip.

I found it all right. It told about her successful season in New York, and how she was going to London to give a new show.

So she was here ! I was going to tell the parson right off, and then I thought it over a bit and decided I wouldn't.

"I guess I'll lay low and let him get wise himself," I thought.

But the parson stuck to his notion about not nosing into other people's affairs. For all that, I didn't have to look hard to see that thoughts of the young lady occupied a good many of the minutes he was awake.

"When I get back home," says the young lady, leaning back in her chair and laughing soft and lazy-like, "I'm going to let my eight-day clock run down."

"What for ?" says the parson.

"I never realized before," she answers, "what a delightful feeling an eight-day clock must have on the ninth day, when you have forgotten to wind it. Don't you feel that way ?"

The parson laughed a little.

"Of course," she goes on, "you wouldn't want to stay run down and be just old junk. There wouldn't be any fun if you didn't know you'd have to be wound up again."

"Just as," says the parson, "you enjoy the five minutes after you know you ought to get up in the morning. I remember when I was a boy I used to plan to take an extra nap Saturday morning——"

"And always woke up an hour earlier," the young lady finishes for him. "And don't you have the same experience Sundays now?" she goes on, eagerly.

"Well," says the parson, sort of slow, "I don't think I do have that experience on Sunday."

"No ?" she says. "Then you should cultivate the feeling, just to keep in touch with your boyhood, you know. You don't grow old so fast and it helps in—in various ways."

"When I was a boy at school I used to flunk my algebra pretty regularly," says the parson, "and every once and so often now, I dream that I have neglected it all the year and wake up in a cold perspiration for fear I shall not pass my examination. Won't that do for often keeping me in pretty close touch ?"

"You have that dream when you realize that you've been neglecting some unpleasant details of your present job," she laughs.

"Doubtless you're right," he says, sobering down some. "There are many unpleasant details, and it is easy to devote one's time to the congenial duties to the exclusion of those that are distasteful."

Them was his words, and they sounded as if he was saying them from the pulpit.

"You mustn't think I'm trying to lecture you," she comes back at him. "At least your duties are on the shelf for the next few days and you can let your business go to smash with the comfortable feeling that you can't do anything to prevent it. With me it's different. I ought to be working hard at the present moment," and she glances over in the direction of the elderly party, who was reading as steady as a cyclometer.

The parson looked at the young lady thoughtful like and I could see he'd taken off the "Settlement Worker" tag he'd put on her and hadn't found another tag handy.

"Yes," he says at last, "I'm taking the voyage just for a rest and in order that distance may lend enchantment to a number of people to whom it is sometimes difficult to be as cordial as they expect—as they have a right to expect."

"It's hard to make a hit with a crowd like that," she says. "You feel they're disagreeable and cold and that shrivels you up and then you might as well quit."

"But," says the parson, "although, when human beings are the raw material of one's trade, the worker must have a degree of tact and patience not required by the man who adds a column of figures—the pleasure of the work makes up for the grated nerves."

"Oh, yes," she says, "and most of them are nice. The trouble is, one glum face stands out so prominent, and if you set out to change that one face—as I usually do—and it gets glummer and glummer, somehow you feel that every one else thinks he isn't getting a square deal," she said, and off she went.

It was on the fourth night of the trip that we had the shipwreck. We'd got through doing the usual stunt of walk the deck and some of us had been abed an hour or so. I'd dropped dead asleep as soon as I'd crawled in. The last I remembered was getting in and the next I knew I was out again, and feeling for the doorknob.

I didn't go through any preliminary wondering what was the matter. I knew that it was some sort of a shipwreck. I didn't even wonder if 'twas a collision or a fire or a boiler let go. I knew 'twas a wreck—any old kind of a wreck would do. I didn't feel curious as to the exact kind. I didn't even try to guess what time it was or how long I'd been asleep.

I got the doorknob pretty quick, having been accustomed to get my bearings in the dark, specially as to the location of doors that might be needed in a hurry. When I got out on deck there was a good many there ahead of me and other counties was being heard from all the time, and most of them, too, had been asleep, it taking no Sherlock Holmes to deduce that fact. I never did understand the good of fixing yourself up fancy when there wasn't anybody else to see. But tastes ain't all the same. They was rushing this way and that in the most useless and foolish sort of way, some of the ladies letting out a screech whenever they thought of it.

One of the men passengers, a fellow in blue silk pyjamas, located a boat and made a dive for it, almost knock-

ing over a woman in his hurry. That particular boat didn't have anybody guarding it, and the guy would actually have climbed in and done, I don't know what, if I hadn't uppercut him—gentle, of course, but sufficient for the purpose.

Then I seen the parson. Scared? Scared stiff, you bet! I never got such a jolt in my life as when I seen his staring eyes. Part, and a mighty big part, of my liking for the parson was because he had grit, real nervy grit, the kind that would make a slender young feller stand up to a big, husky cuss who depended on his muscle and a quick eye to make a living, and take that feller by the back of the neck—even if he was leaning over at the time and not wise to the parson being there—and stretch him flat on his back. But, as I say, when I seen them eyes, it made me feel all sort of gone in my stomach.

All of a sudden his eyes changed and his mouth sort of laughed or said "Thank God" or did something that a mouth will all by itself when you're thinking hard and quick about something else, and he made a jump. Then I seen, and I laughed a little, too, all to myself, because I understood.

The parson was standing by her. He wasn't scared any more. He hadn't been scared about himself at all, and he wasn't scared about her now that he was where he could take care of her. And she? She was looking as comfortable as could be expected, as the doctors say, which, after all, isn't very definite and it's not always wise to ask what ought to be expected. Well, she was looking that way, anyhow, and 'twas a good sight comfortabler than most of the other women, barring the elderly party, who didn't look as if she'd turned in before the fire broke out (which is figuratively speaking, there being no fire) and was still holding her play-book. I thought, and I still think, though I wouldn't swear to it, that she opened it once as if to make sure of a line.

For a wreck there was about as little doing as there could be. Not that the screeching and the chicken-with-her-head-off chasing around of the passengers didn't make enough excitement, but the boat itself wasn't doing anything except lay still. The night was calm enough, and there wasn't, as I said before, any fire, although half the women smelled smoke. A real, genuine woman can always smell smoke or hear burglars. Finally things calmed down enough for the officers to tell us there wasn't any danger, that something had busted in the machinery and had brought us up short, but we'd be all right in a few hours.

I'm sorry I can't make that shipwreck more exciting. For itself it wasn't worth telling about, and we all seen that and a good many was sorry—so they said—having always wanted to be in a real one. But, although as a wreck it was all to the bad, as part of the lives of the parson and the actress it had considerable importance.

"The next day, with the sun shining bright and the boat skipping along, them two was on deck"

The next day, with the sun shining bright and the boat skipping along, them two was on deck, her leaning back in her chair and him standing there looking at her. The elderly party was reading her book and I was walking up and down, smoking.

"I think," says she as I went by, "that I ought to tell you something."

I suppose he told her to go ahead, but I'd got by and didn't hear him. On the return trip past 'em neither was saying anything, but the parson was looking surprised and kind of hurt, I thought, and she was gazing harder than ever off over the ocean.

On the trip back I got in hearing distance after the parson had begun talking and all I heard was, "I am not bound by custom or convention." I had a good mind to stop and back him up in that, but I went on.

Coming back, I heard the parson say, surprised like, "But how did you know who I am?" That flabbergasted me, too. I didn't suppose she knew who he was any more than the parson had known it. Without thinking what I

done, I cut my up trip right off where I was and started back, real slow.

She laughed a little. "When you wrapped that coat about me the other night"—the "other night" and this the next morning!—"I forgot to give it back and wore it when I returned to my stateroom."

I had to walk on a little if I wasn't going to butt in, but I tacked again as soon as safe and come back.

"The card," she went right on from what I hadn't heard, "was that of Dr. Joseph Ames Gray, and of course there is but one Dr. Joseph Ames Gray. So I thought," she says sort of slow, and not glib-like.

Just what she thought I didn't hear, though I was walking awful slow now. Before I'd made the turn the elderly party had butted in and the game was called. But I knew that rain checks had been distributed. That conversation hadn't got to the stopping-place.

For the last day of the voyage she and him didn't seem to meet except when the elderly party was in their midst. The little groove between the parson's eyes that was there the night I first met him and that I'd seen on other occasions since, was there all the time and the looks he give the elderly party wasn't pastoral. It wasn't a nice ending of what had been a mighty pleasant voyage. I watched her as well as him, and though she didn't have any groove between her bright eyes, and though to any one not noticing particular she might have seemed as chipper as ever, I didn't think she was real happy either.

I tried to reason it out with myself. "Course it's best it should end this way," I says to myself. "She's a nice little girl, but ain't she an actress?" I says. "A parson and an actress ain't cut out to get married. It's like the old lady says," I says, "it don't pay to marry out of the profession. She'd want to be getting back to the footlights," I says, "even if she thought a heap of him. And does she think so much of him?" I goes on to myself, "ain't she an actress, always playing a part? How will he know when she's acting and when she ain't? How does he know, and how do I know, that she ain't been amusing herself acting all along?"

Then I got mad at myself. I ain't one of them fellers that reads bumps on your head or looks at you and tells you what you're thinking about, but I'd have staked my bottom dollar on the fact that she wasn't doing any play-acting with the parson.

But she steered clear of him right up smack to getting off time. I was pretty busy towards the close, seeing to my things and the parson's, and so I wasn't in for all the preliminary sparring. But I was there for the finish. That was after we'd landed.

He come up as solemn as if he was the officiating clergyman at a funeral. She held out her hand and looked up in his face with a smile so sort of bright and ordinary that it made me mad and made me begin to think about acting again. Then her cheeks got sort of red—no acting about that—and her eyes dropped, and he bent over and put his arm about her and kissed her.

Bucolic Preferences

By W. D. Nesbit

I LOVE to see the farmer standing sturdy in the wheat,
To see his brawny tawniness as with his straining arms
He tosses out the bulky sheaves that lie about his feet,
I muse upon the labor that is done upon the farms,
How splendidly the rugged men perform their lotted toil
Beneath the burning splendor of the blazing summer sun—
Please understand that though inspired while looking at him moil
I do not care to do it; I just like to see it done.

I love to see them plowing in the gleaming fields of corn,
To think about the meaning of the tasseled row on row,
To see them going joyous to their task at early morn
And marching through the army of the corn till sunset's glow
How helpful to observe their strength, to see them bend and strive
Until they count the battle of their tillage fairly won.
Ah, such a sight uplifts the soul and makes it feel alive—
I do not care to plow there, but I like to see it done.

'Tis fine to watch the threshers as they toss the golden grain,
To see them leap with vigor at the high and heaping stack.
One realizes fully that the future is not vain
When all our hopes are borne upon the farmer's honest back.
One thrills with inspiration till he almost joins the crew,
But watching from the shade, perhaps, is rather more of fun.
These rugged tasks are efforts such as mighty men may do—
I do not care to do them; I just like to see them done.

Fish—and The Facts

THE PROBLEMS WHICH FOOD CONTROLLER HANNA'S COMMITTEE HAD TO SOLVE, AND THE EFFICIENT WORK WHICH WILL RESULT IN A REORGANIZATION OF THE BUSINESS AND THE PROTECTION OF THE CANADIAN CONSUMER

By Britton B. Cooke

Illustrated from Photographs

QUEER how men will stop to watch a piano being hauled on ropes to the third story window of an apartment block. You will strain your neck and squint your eyes and hold your breath as the piano swings up from the ground toward its destination. You will mutter your criticisms and call out your advice. You may even lend a hand on one of the ropes if the burden seems in danger of slipping! Yet it isn't your piano. It's not your apartment house. There are many other things you might better be doing. Yet there you stand, absorbed in a simple engineering problem and with only a remote and entirely subconscious hope that the piano may fall and nearly kill someone—to buoy up your interest.

From our sea coasts cod and hake, haddock and cusk, pollock and herring—split, salted, dried and canned have been shipped abroad by thousands of tons to people who appreciate fiish

But let that piano be a national piece of machinery—such as some department of Canadian trade—let there be three or four of your fellow citizens tugging, hauling and sweating to get that problem, so to speak, up and in the window—let it be a matter of vital interest to you, as much to you as to them—and how much notice will you give it? Will you strain anything over a mere piece of national economic engineering? Or even squint one eye to be sure you are looking at it in the right light? Or lend a hand on one of the ropes? And if the trade in question happens to be fish. . . !

When your wife tells you, with tears in her voice, that she had to pay twelve cents a pound for cod you agree with her that it is robbery. You both exclaim against the high cost of living and wonder how you can afford to keep your little Henry F. in gasoline during the winter. You don't look at the fish problem of the Dominion as a whole. You don't think of the great machinery which is necessary to bring you that piece of fish. You merely growl against the incidentals of a great piece of economic engineering without ever looking up to see what you are really growling at. You remember that Canada is the "greatest fish-producing country in the world." You hear that the Americans are getting nearly sixty per cent. of "your" fish. You read that the Canadian Food Controller, instead of making fish cheaper, actually made 'em dearer the first week his special fish trains were running (though the real reason was that inexperienced small dealers had started out on too narrow a margin of profit for safety). You frown and fold your napkin, and depart in dignity for the office, shaking your head in solemn certainty that something is wrong with the country—Ah, how you and your lodge cronie sigh over it at lunch! Ah, for a national saviour! Ah!—and yet, if you'd look up you might see three men—not saviours exactly but three good men nevertheless—sweating over one of the many absorbingly difficult feats in economic engineering which go on unseen, above your very head in this country,—Fish! Never mind whether you eat fish or don't eat it. Never mind whether you are or are *not* one of that fat kind that wears diamonds and pearls at breakfast and conspires with the Kaiser every morning as shown in a certain poster. Watch *this* piece of piano moving. In a sense, it's your piano. You should!

> The whole fishing industry of Canada, from the line trawlers to the housewife, is being studied and skillfully reconstructed

Imagine now, that there was a high range of hills covered with excellent soil and spotted every here and there

with lakes, some of them very large lakes, which would have watered the crops on these hills if only the water could have been properly distributed over the country. Suppose it wasn't properly distributed because, to do this an irrigation system was necessary and the places where the water was most needed on these hills were so scattered and isolated, one from another, that a great deal of digging was necessary to lead a little bit of the water from the larger lakes to a few people here and a few there.

Suppose also, that on the plains below the hills—this is still a parable—there was a dense population, and a great need for water. Moreover, the plains people were so closely packed together, that one main ditch could reach thousands upon thousands of customers for every mile it travelled through the plains.

Suppose the people of the plains dug main-line ditches from the big hill lakes to their chief centres and there divided and sub-divided it, leading if off in ever decreasing streams to the roots of their crops and the drinking troughs of their animals. So that the plains drew almost all the water yielded by the big lakes in the hills, and the people who lived in the hills got comparatively little or none at all.

That would be a fair picture of the fish problem of Canada: the water—fish, the hills—Canada, the plains—the United States. The thing to be done is so to arrange the affairs of the nation that plenty of water will remain, as it were, on the hills, yet without disturbing the present supplies of our allies the Americans. To sell our cake—and have it! In Canada we eat less than half the fish we catch. Winnipeg scarcely knows the taste of Lake Winnipeg whitefish. Toronto is almost a stranger to Lake Ontario trout. The average consumption of fish in Canada is only a few ounces per week per capita—Now what were they to do?

II.

The fishing industry in Canada, let it be understood quite clearly, has no special love for the Canadian consumer. Let Canadians protest as they may against our colossal exports to foreign countries, or against the alleged profits of the middlemen—they have no support from the men who catch the fish. Fishing is perhaps the oldest industry in Canada. Our fishing fleets have been the training schools of great men in Empire and Dominion. Some of the best blood and the best brains in Canada is drawn from fisherfolk in the far east. But as between fisherfolk as businessmen and other Canadians as consumers of food, there is no great bond. Fish, after all, is chiefly a plain, honest man's diet. In other ages and other countries the people have been glad to get it and housewives have been diligent and ingenious in finding new ways to make it appetizing. The Americans and English, the Spaniards and the Cubans, have eaten fish while Canadians have, as it were, lived luxuriously on their capital, i. e., on their beef herds and flocks of sheep that might have bred sons and daughters. The Canadian fisherman found a market for his fish when it was most appreciated. He built for himself a large export trade. He studied his foreign markets and made up his goods to suit those foreign tastes. From our sea coasts cod and hake, haddock and cusk, pollock and herring—split, salted, dried and even canned—have been shipped abroad by thousands of tons to people who appreciated fish. The Boston market pays well for British Columbia halibut, though it takes three weeks from fisherman to frying pan, and of our fresh water fish the same has been true. Chicago and Buffalo take hundreds of cars, while Winnipeg and Toronto take tens, and even less.

> The fresh water resources of Canada must be so developed and so distributed as to give a generous supply of fish to each Province within a comparatively short railway or steamship run from the main centres of consumption. This is the foundation of the Food Controller's new fisheries policy for Canada

The fishermen, knowing the indifference of their home market, show no sympathy. The middlemen—wholesale and retail—have found so little demand as to make it scarcely worth their while to nurse the trade. The railways, knowing that special cars were necessary to carry the fish over long hauls, have had no great interest in experimenting with a trade that might otherwise have had their support.

The first thing the Food Controller did was to appoint a Fish Committee. The first thing the Fish Committee did was to request the public to eat more fish. The first thing the public did was to point to the fish. They claimed it was dear, that it was not always fresh and that there wasn't enough of it. Roused a little, they pointed out, too, that Boston saw more of the B. C. halibut than did Vancouver or Victoria. Facts concerning the fish trade began to be dug up by a public on the defensive. There was plenty of fish—over 33 billion pounds a year caught in Canada—*yet not enough for Canadians*! There was waste in the fishing methods. Waste in distributing methods. Danger that a number of the fresh water fisheries might, under certain conditions, be fished out. Fishermen complained that they were victims of a purchasing and packing trust. Packing companies alleged business exigencies. Wholesalers exclaimed against the shipment of the best fish to Americans. And the American Food Controller, Hoover, loomed darkly in the offing, watching for any sign of the cutting down of the American supply from our fisheries.

To begin with, however, there were practical matters needing immediate attention. It was obvious that something could be achieved at once by improving the railway service from Atlantic ports to the interior. The officials of the Canadian Government railways and the Grank Trunk and C. P. R. were called together in conference and asked to devise means of shipping fish more speedily to Montreal and Toronto. Arrangements for speeding-up the transfer of fish cars from one road to the other at Montreal were completed and before the Fish Committee was many weeks old an excellent semi-weekly service between the sea-coast and Toronto was in operation.

Here again difficulties were met and had to be overcome. There was a shortage of ice at certain icing stations where no provision had been made for the increased traffic. This was remedied after one failure. The first shipments to arrive in Toronto were so well advertised that an extraordinary demand sprang up and could not in every case be satisfied.

These troubles were almost at an end when a gasoline shortage was discovered among the fishing towns in the Maritime provinces. One village trying to borrow from its neighbors brought to light the fact that nobody had more than two or three days' supply, and that at least a thousand motor boats used in fishing would be tied up. Unless this situation could be avoided the nicely-timed train service just completed would be interrupted for lack of fish! However, appeal through the Fishermen's Association to the Fish Committee resulted in some strenuous work on the part of that committee's

transportation expert, Mr. W. E. Ireland, and a solid train of seventeen tank cars of gasoline was despatched in time to save the day. Meantime a similar shortage of gasoline at Prince Rupert has been dealt with by the Food Controller's men.

Shortage of another commodity—salt for the fish-packers—was also brought to the attention of the Food Controller and, but for the unexpected but timely arrival of salt-ships from Cadiz, Spain, would have put some strain on the remedial faculties of that important office. Owing to the torpedoing of vessels and the failure of many schooners to make their usual trips with fish to Spain and Sicily, the stock of coarse salt, which is usually replenished by the return cargoes carried by these ships as ballast, had practically disappeared. Newfoundland, in desperation, had been forced to pay the British Admiralty 45 shillings a ton freight for salt cargoes brought by returning transports, and Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were between that necessity and the hope of help from the Fish Committee when the vessels they had long hoped for and given up, hove into sight.

III.

And now for the general policy, the real engineering.

Assuming that Canadians are by this time in the humor to eat more fish, first to the amateur might occur the idea of an embargo. "I'd make a law," said an indignant commercial traveller who never ate fish, "that not one pound of Canadian fish should be allowed to leave the country till the Canadian market was supplied." His hearers applauded. But had he really been in a position to make such a law he would have recognized very quickly its unpracticability. Although our fishing licenses specify that Canadians have the first call on the catch, the fact remains that an embargo cannot be placed upon goods necessary to the United States so long as that country is in a position to retaliate by cutting off supplies which Canadians can obtain from no other source. The spirit governing all negotiations between the two Governments, Ottawa and Washington, is more than ever a spirit of amity and mutual assistance one to the other. Embargoes on such exports as Canadian fish are out of the question.

The second remedy to be suggested for the problem would probably be—better transportation. Although the Government now pays one-third of the express charges on fish coming west from the Atlantic as far as the east boundary of Manitoba, and on fish east-bound from the Pacific to the same point, there are still obstacles to the easy distribution of the sea fish. In the first place there are not enough refrigerator cars for fish. Cars once used for this purpose cannot very well be used for other perishable goods. In the second place the distances are so great that, with even the best of train service and a maximum of this class of traffic, the cost of hauling, icing, shrinkage and general deterioration would always be a serious factor in price making.

There are fewer fishermen now, and crews are therefore scarce and pay necessarily higher. Men who would once have manned a dory are now fighting side by side in France or standing their watch in the North Sea

Thus discarding all the obvious methods of reform the Food Controller's men came to the heart of their problem: Canadians, in order that they may economize beef and bacon

by eating more fish, must produce more fish, *and must produce it near where it is needed*. In other words, the fresh water resources of Canada must be so developed and so distributed as to give a generous supply of fish to each province within a comparatively short railway or steamship run from the main centres of consumption. And this is the foundation of the Food Controller's new fisheries policy for Canada. That is why, at the instigation of the Fish Committee, the Government of Ontario took over the famous Lakes Nipigon and Nipissing which have hitherto been closed against commercial fishermen and are said to be teeming with excellent whitefish. That is why the three western provinces have been offered licensing control of certain of their northern waters and are expected to collaborate in a system of catching and distributing the fish. Some of these western lakes, such as the Athabasca, are so far from railway connection that they will be available only for winter fishing. The catch will be hauled long distances by horse and sleigh and distributed among the cities. Other lakes, on the other hand, will be reserved for summer fishing on account of the ease with which the fish can be placed on the market.

Such plans are not as easily brought into operation as they are decided upon. The Dominion's consent to give the control of these lakes to the provinces had first to be obtained. The provinces had then to be consulted as to the methods of exploiting these lakes. Problems of labor, fishing-gear and transportation were raised and are being dealt with.

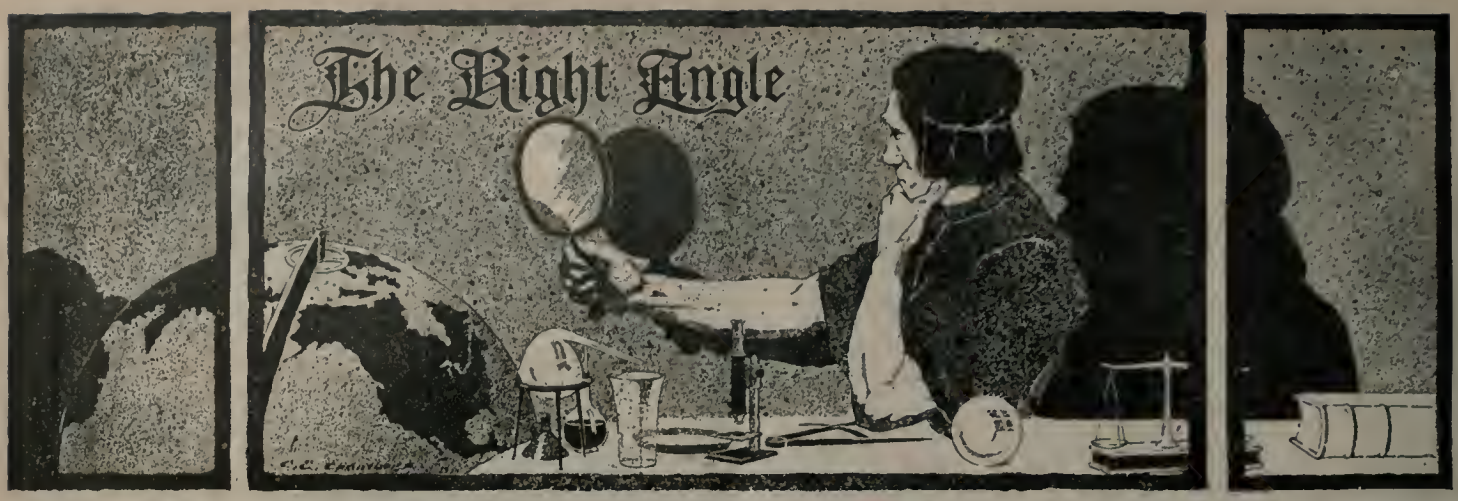
The question of selling fish below market rates was one of the most difficult to settle, because the public insisted on cheaper fish, whereas the Food Controller and his Committee knew that fish would soon be dearer, if, by selling government caught fish at cost, or below a fair price, the producers, necessary under existing economic conditions, were discouraged.

All that the Food Controller can do is to ensure that no undue profits are made by the middlemen. To this end there has been adopted a licensing system for wholesalers whereby monthly returns are to be made showing the prices charged the retailers. The checking up of the latter is to be undertaken by the municipalities in close co-operation with the Food Controller. So far, according to the committee, the dealers have shown a quick willingness to co-operate with the Government in every way. Some of those with whom fish is a mere side-line have found through analyzing their books on the request of the Fish Committee that they have actually been handling fish at no profit at all, due to the losses in trimming and through deterioration. In order to be able to deal intelligently with the dealers the Fish Committee has itself investigated the cost of handling fish, and it has taken practical steps to reduce the retailer's losses and increase his sales by paying part of the cost of a special fish display case.

IV.

If all the factors in the situation were within the four walls of Canada, under Canadian jurisdiction, the work of the Committee would not be so difficult.

Continued on page 336.



INSPIRATION AND NATION BUILDING

AS yet, in Canada, the day of the practical man is far from done. It is true that in the last 20 years we have made the perhaps inevitable mistake of over-emphasizing the importance of constructive executives. The philosophic, the idealistic, the visionary and the spiritually-minded folk have found it hard sledding, and have been neglected, until now, at Ottawa. Everyone sees the need for the inspirational qualities of such people. Travellers returning from the capital liken Ottawa's futile state of mind to that of a bridge-builder called upon to mend porcelain. His fingers are thick and clumsy for the task. He is equipped with the wrong kind of mental machinery— gigantic rivetters and colossal derricks, where fine instruments and delicate touch are required. We turn therefore and lament the neglect of our recent days. Seeing how the practical politician fails, whom once we admired, we seek the men whom once we called utopians and visionaries, men with the courage to dream dreams and work with ideals instead of party funds. This, however, is only a temporary reaction. We shall emerge from this state of mind much richer than when we entered it. We shall still have need for our bridge-builders but we shall value alongside him the workers in abstract things. Out of all our present mess of political incompetence we shall yet evolve inspired leadership and genuine public spirit.

NEVER MIND RUSSIA

FOR the heartening of those who are depressed over the unfortunate situation in Russia, let it be known that a reputable journal in Amsterdam claims to know that Germany is contemplating more peace proposals. The comforting fact does not lie just there, for even the most optimistic of us hardly expect the proper sort of advances from the Teuton nation yet. But enquiry reveals the fact that industrial conditions in Germany probably gave rise to the rumor. Even prior to the acquisition of Rumanian territory and that further east, there was no danger of starving Germany into defeat. Not only is every inch of ground under the most efficient cultivation (even the strip of land which runs beside the railroad tracks) but the whole mass of the people are living under drastic food control. Added to this, Germany has produced a bumper crop during the past summer. There will be no revolution, either, Ex-Ambassador Gerrard tells us. There may be scattered riots, but the German people are not the type who rise in revolt. Years of military discipline have taught them the futility of such a step. What the country is facing, however, is Industrial Death—a death without resurrection unless the war can be stopped; and soon! Granting that by able artificial means, she can wear a look of financial prosperity with which to encourage the masses, she cannot simulate industrial solidity. The declaration of war by each country is a declaration of swifter industrial death by starvation. Was not the strength of Germany built largely upon her enormous foreign trade? What has become of the hundreds who suffer by reason of this lost foreign trade? It is said that an American operating a large number of 5 and 10 cent stores practically owned several German villages whose output (to feed his chain of stores) amounted to amazing figures. What has become of trade in those villages? It is reasonable to believe that many of these and other workers have found employment in munition plants, factories producing commodities resultant upon war, and in farming communities. Many of them, too, have gone on military pay rolls. But even the most prosperous of them are prosperous by artificial means, and these are not lasting. No country can be self-contained even in peace, and Germany's present self-containedness is nearing an end. The longer she perseveres at it, the less chance she will have in the fierce post-bellum competition for foreign trade; not only because sentiment will stand in the way of many nations dealing with her, but because her normal industries will have been killed. She will have to rebuild from the ground up. Whether the insensate pride of militarists will humble itself before defeat has merged into disaster, is a question none can answer. But whether Germany acquires more territory or not, she cannot resuscitate her industrial life so long as the trade of the nations turns against her.

BILL'S AND DAN'S EMPIRE

TWO men will be out of work when the Government takes over the Canadian Northern Railway. Even although Sir William MacKenzie and Sir Donald Mann may remain consultants to the Government—even if they continue in the active management of the C. N. R., they must still present the rather pathetic picture of two great construction bosses out of their element, deprived of their hobby, railway building, and their toys, railways. It will be difficult for these men to find new outlets for their activities. They may engage in other great industries such as smelting, steel-making, mining, or what you like, but none of these is like the creating and the mastery of a railroad. In the C. N. R. they were the twin emperors of a gigantic, "far-flung" domain. They might touch a finger to the steel in one of their rails in the remotest part of their line—and feel the pulse of a nation beating in it. However high the iron master may rear the stacks of his blast furnaces, or however deep the shaft of a mine may be sunk—there is no thrill in any game like the thrill of easing civilization on rails, into the wilderness.

RURAL PROSPERITY

GET in here!" An expected visitor from Eastern Canada—a resident of that city of beautiful homes—was thus instructed as, at a Western flag station, he looked with dismay upon a gasoline driven vehicle which had absorbed its environment even to the extent of color. Baked prairie loam and shreds of torn tires covered the wheel-spokes and rims. "In that? will it work?" "Certainly" was the response. It "worked" admirably under the directorship of a swarthy, hatless daughter of the prairie whose confidence and daring might well upset the nerves of one whose garage is equipped with all the essentials to keep a limousine factory appearance up to a point of perfection. The auto on the farm ranks among other implements, somewhere between the Sunday buggy and the waggon. It is more generally useful than the buggy, and its appearance less work-a-day than the waggon. If the horses are on the land it can be used to round up the cows, haul binder twine, bring the stores from the village and in a hundred ways add to the efficiency of the headquarters staff, where the men and beasts come for meals, rest and shelter. This utility, saving so much wear and tear of horse flesh, is only now finding its proper place on the prairies, and the rapidity with which it is doing so is facilitated by existing rural prosperity. Sir John Aird, quite recently said, and he knows the West thoroughly, that at no time were the people of the West in a stronger position, economically speaking. In 1906 Alberta licensed 41 cars and to-day a few less than 20,000 claim owners in that province. Saskatchewan and Alberta each boasted of 55 cars, just ten years ago, to-day the former province has 30,000. In this great increase there has been a strata of extravagance, but in the main the motor-car may be ranked as a producing factor. It will also, like the rural telephone, facilitate social intercourse. An essential in the building up of rural communities out of people from so many lands and races.

CANADA'S WHEAT CROP

VARIOUS estimates of the wheat crop in Canada have been made during the past few weeks by accepted authorities. Nevertheless, they vary as much as 36,000,000 bushels, and this disparity in estimates has been characteristic for a number of years back, thus indicating the impossibility of securing, with the present available machinery, an accurate calculation of the yield over so extensive a country, until the wheat is threshed. The estimate of the Dominion authorities, the last issued, places the yield for all Canada at 249,000,000 bushels. Other authorities dealt only with the three prairie provinces, the Northwest Grain Dealers' Association estimating it at 217,377,000, bushels, the Free Press, Winnipeg, at 214,250,000 bushels, Norman P. Lambert at 217,000,000 bushels, The Northwest Grain Growers' Association at 221,307,000 bushels and the Bank of Commerce at 225,000,000 bushels. Allowing 25,000,000 bushels for Eastern Canada, all these estimates are within a few million bushels of the Government forecast. Two other authorities place the yield in Western Canada at 250,000,000 bushels. These are the Canadian Northern Railway and the Royal Bank of Canada. Adding the estimated yield of Eastern Canada to this total, the grand total yield would come to 275,000,000 bushels. Taking the average of these seven estimates as correct, the yield for all Canada would be 253,000,000 bushels, which constitutes a high record second only to that of 1915, when the grand total was 426,000,000 bushels. Last year the yield was only 224,000,000 bushels. Moreover, the quality of this year's crop is superior to any previous year. The bulk of it will rank No. 1 and 2 Northern. The price for No. 1 Northern wheat on the basis of Ft. William has been fixed by the Government at $2.21 per bushel. This compares with 96 cents in September 1913, when the yield of wheat was only 231,000,000 bushels, an increase in price of 166 per cent. On this basis, it is estimated that Canada's wheat crop alone will be worth $575,000,000, or equal to one half of Canada's total national debt.

SWEDEN ON THE FENCE.

SWEDEN, regarded in the past by the Allies as dangerously pro-German, seems to have come to the conclusion that she has been "backing the wrong horse." She is rapidly becoming, if not, strictly speaking "pro-Ally," at least anti-German. The German spell, cast by the German Queen of Sweden, and her court, has been effectually broken. Not more than a year ago, the Swedes were undeniably on the German side of the fence. At this present date, they are "on the fence." As the need for food in Sweden grows greater, there is no possible doubt that, with the abandon of hunger, they will descend to that side of the fence where food is! Swedish pro-Germanism was partly the result of the German court influence, and a press which published German war news to the exclusion of all other. But popular opinion was mainly moulded by fear of Russia. Sweden looked upon Germany as her only protection from trouble in that quarter. However, Sweden knows that she has nothing to fear from a *democratic* Russia. So Germany has lost that particular hold on her erstwhile friend. Germany made a grave mistake in giving to Sweden the same erroneous war reports that she offered her own people. Sweden thought Germany invincible until she discovered the fallacy of these reports. When she discovered that her intelligence had been insulted with lies and evasions, her conclusions were obvious. The British Government invited certain Stockholm editors to visit Liverpool; which city had been, according to German official reports, practically destroyed in a Zeppelin raid, along with its bridges, docks, and shipping—all described by name! The editors made the pilgrimage, gave the truth to their readers, and a change in public opinion instantly became noticeable. The democratic parties are now frankly anti-German, as are the working-classes. It will be dangerous for the court to persist in its strong pro-Germanism.

THE FOURTH WAR LOAN

THE Finance Department at Ottawa in making preparations for floating the fourth domestic war loan is launching a campaign that will probably influence every citizen in the Dominion. The amount of the loan will probably be $150,000,000, and the terms such as to make the loan yield close to 5.40 per cent. to the investor. Only a small proportion of those who were in a financial position to do so have participated in previous loans, about 30,000 investors. Had Canadians done proportionally as well as the people of the United States did in response to the First Liberty Loan, the number of subscribers would have been more like 200,000. This time, however, the authorities, with the assistance of financial organizations already in existence and by comprehensive advertising, propose to reach everybody who has money available for investment. To this end a committee has been formed constituted of bankers, bond dealers and stock brokers. This body, representative of the financial interests of the country, met recently and plans were brought to an advanced stage. Their work will be supplemented by the publicity campaign which will be directed by a committee of representative men in the field of advertising. It is anticipated that the agricultural community will share largely in the next loan in view of the fact that they have greatly prospered since the war opened, and especially during the past year.

Politics and Politicians

SOME OF THE HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH ON PARLIAMENT HILL AND SOME SIDE LIGHTS ON THE COMING ELECTION

By Tom King

SIR GEORGE FOSTER'S speech to his constituents in Toronto on September 24th may portend a great deal or it may portend nothing at all. It was, at any rate, a most remarkable deliverance for a cabinet minister to make on the eve of a general election. If Sir George be returned to Parliament it will be rather upon the strength of his party than upon his own personal popularity. Yet in his speech he said in effect to Liberals and Conservatives alike, "a plague on both your houses." He more than intimated, that the near future might bring forth a coalition of the two parties, and a union government in Canada. If that end could be accomplished by his retirement then Sir George would gladly retire from public life!

This was neither meat nor drink for a Conservative meeting assembled to open an election campaign. The crowd was respectful but not impressed. They would have liked Sir George to go after Sir Wilfrid Laurier in a more vigorous manner, and they may have felt that he was too much on the defensive, not to say too apologetic for the Borden government.

An Old Time Election?

THIS by the way. The campaign will open soon enough, and truculent speaking will be the order of the day. We may yet look back with regret upon the Minister of Trade and Commerce and his counsels of moderation. So far as Ontario is concerned I do not think the contest will be any less bitter whether the candidates of the Borden government be called "Conservatives" or "Unionists." Neither do I think that Sir Robert will be any stronger as the head of a coalition government than he would be as leader of the Conservative party. It may be different in the West, and probably is, but in Ontario, so far as I can see, the people at large are ready for an old-time party election.

No "Solid Ontario"

NEARLY everyone will tell you that the West holds the balance of power. They arrive at this conclusion by saying that the Conservatives will sweep Ontario and the Liberals carry a solid Quebec. The Maritime Provinces, they say, will break even, and thus the sceptre of decision will pass to the people west of Lake Superior.

The conclusion may be correct, but I do not altogether agree with the premises. Ontario is neither as unanimous for conscription nor Quebec as unanimous against it as many are led to believe. Sir Robert Borden will carry a large majority of the Ontario seats, and Sir Wilfried Laurier a large majority of the Quebec seats, but there will be no solid Ontario or Quebec.

In Ontario the government may lose a number of ridings to Opposition candidates, whether they be called "Liberal, "Labor" or "Independent." The cities, usually overwhelmingly Conservative, are this year permeated with unrest. On the other hand a number of ridings in the Province of Quebec may be carried by the government. Jean Baptiste by nature and tradition is a Conservative, and is law-abiding no matter what may be said or done by a few people in Montreal. He must recognise now that conscription is an accomplished fact, and he has, after all, a certain hankering for the loaves and fishes of government patronage.

The Question of the West

BUT if the government loses eighteen or twenty seats in Ontario and carries, say, eight or ten seats in Quebec, the net result would be the same so far as it being possible for the Western people, by uniting for a common purpose, to dominate the situation. How far it will be possible for them to act as a unit remains to be seen. Probably there is little community of interest between British Columbia and Alberta, and it is quite likely that on federal affairs Manitoba thinks differently from Saskatchewan and Alberta. Yet it must be admitted that in the West the old party cries have little significance. There is not the same cleavage of race, creed and language; indeed, economic questions are in the West paramount, though subordinated for the moment by the war. But, however eager the Western people are to win the war, can it be seriously asserted that they are devoted to the Borden government? But possibly a union government, if formed in the next week or two, might clarify the situation.

Conscription The Issue

IT is said that the government did not give all the women the vote at this election because they feared prohibition might be pushed into the arena as the supreme issue. They were, and are, anxious to have conscription the one thing to be voted upon and decided at the coming election. This is a bold course and probably the most politic. The people, after all, decide one question at a time. The bulk of the Conservatives will no doubt vote party, as will the bulk of the Liberals, but the voters who break over the traces and do their own thinking will vote yes or no on the subject of conscription. In some ridings this may be difficult because both the Conservative and Liberal candidates will be conscriptionists. The conscription Liberal candidate, however, may receive the anti-conscription vote because, no matter what the local candidate may say, the voter will feel that he is deciding between Borden and Laurier.

Those who claimed a few months ago that conscription would be overwhelmingly defeated if left to a referendum by no means acknowledge that the Conservatives cannot carry the coming election. Few Conservatives they say are apt to leave their party on the conscription issue no matter how they might have voted on a referendum. On the other hand many Liberals will vote the Conservative ticket simply and solely because they believe in conscription.

The Close of Parliament

GREAT bitterness marked the closing days of parliament. The Government brought down some drastic measures and forced them through both houses with an iron hand. The Federal Franchise Bill was an exceedingly bitter dose for the Opposition, and they had it administered to them

much like a strong-minded step-mother pours a dose of castor oil down the throat of a struggling child. There was no fooling around with capsules, or trying to disguise the taste by mixing it up in molasses.

The closure was applied in what the Liberals considered to be a ruthless manner. It was clamped on after about ninety minutes debate, and was never released for a moment until the bill had gone through all its stages and been sent to the Senate. Had the Conscription Bill been passed with the same expedition it would have become law four months ago and the conscripts by this time would be well oversea. Perhaps too much time was wasted on the conscription debate and not enough time accorded for discussion of the Franchise Bill! Once the government got a taste of autocratic power it began to use the closure club with unfeigned delight. After all it is rather a nice thing to pass a bill in five days which under ordinary circumstances would require three or four months.

Speaker Rhodes

THE government was greatly helped in its work this session by Hon. Edward N. Rhodes, the recently elected Speaker of the House of Commons. Mr. Rhodes is courteous and fair, but when he makes a ruling he sticks to it, and that ruling everyone must obey. He is not inclined to be harsh with the members who rambled out of order, or to check unduly a debate which springs up without premeditation and may not be entitled under strict interpretation of the rules to impede the orders of the day. On the other hand he will not tolerate anything like organized obstruction. He orders members to their seats in the most peremptory manner, and will listen to no back talk. Even Hon. William Pugsley, the most elusive and successful obstructionist of modern days, more than met his match in the new Speaker!

Mr. Rhodes is a young man, having only entered parliament in 1908. He is popular with the members on both sides of the House, and always pays to Sir Wilfrid Laurier the deference due to his long service and his place as leader of a great party. Sir Wilfrid, the Chesterfield of Parliament, and always a stickler for the dignity of the House, gets on famously with the new Speaker. It would not therefore be surprising, no matter how the election results, to find the speakership of the Commons made a permanent office, with Mr. Rhodes as the first incumbent.

The Women's Voice

THE Liberals complain that the Federal Franchise Bill is deliberately framed to juggle them out of the next election. The naturalized aliens of enemy origin disfranchised in the West, they say were disfranchised not because they were Germans or Austrians, but because they supported the Sifton government in Alberta and the Martin government in Saskatchewan at the recent provincial elections. The enfranchising of the women they dared not oppose in parliament beyond objecting that it did not go far enough.

The election must largely hinge upon how the women vote. If they are all for conscription the government will be returned by an enormous majority. "They are for conscription," the government argues, "because they are the kin of the soldiers at the front."

This sounds all right and may work out all right, but we must remember that the voters, not the politicians, select the issue on which they render judgment. For example, if the female kin of the soldiers became dissatisfied with pay, pensions and separation allowances they may voice that dissatisfaction by opposing the government. Then again, the Liberals hope at least to reap advantage from the general complaints about the high cost of living. But that is a subject the women know all about. There may be no particular logic in voting against Sir Robert Borden because, Sir Joseph Flavelle has a money making business, but then people do not always vote logically, nor do the politicians encourage them to master the art of clear thinking. Many a man in 1911 voted against reciprocity as a protest against the *ne temere* decree, and more than one voter in 1917 may vote against conscription as a protest against the price of bacon!

McConnell in the Toronto Daily News

The Clown Prince: "But can't our friends defeat it, papa"

The Military Voters Act.

THE Military Voters Act contains provision which could be used by an inscrupulous government to practically foreclose the result of the election. Several thousand members of the Canadian Expeditionary Force are given the ballot, although non-residents of Canada. Most of these live in the United States, but a few are residents of the United Kingdom and the British West Indies. There will therefore be electors at the coming election who never saw Canada and never expect to see it, and these voters may vote in any riding they select. Never having heard of any riding they must necessarily be influenced in their selection, and it might be possible to so distribute this non-resident vote as to make it the deciding factor in the coming election.

This appears evident from the fact that in, say, fifty ridings, the majority either way seldom exceeds one hundred. This mobile vote, it is argued, could be so distributed as to turn a number of doubtful ridings into sure seats for the government. On the other hand the Liberals do not seem to believe that the Borden government will stoop to any such manouvre, and the Military Voters Act has many safeguards for the Opposition.

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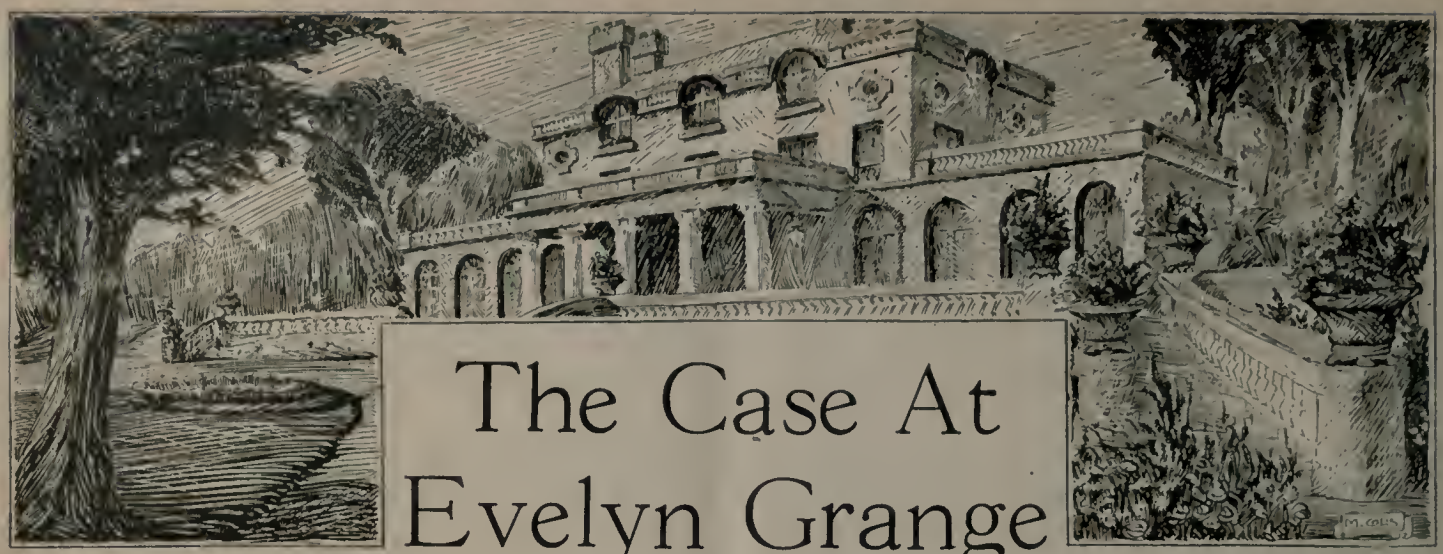

The Case At Evelyn Grange

By E. W. Grant

Illustrated by Marcel Olis

VII.

BUT it was Mrs. Evelyn's bell," wailed the maid. "I had to answer it. I thought Mrs. Gaynor was asleep; she hadn't moved that long while. I was coming right back."

Her master's frown relaxed somewhat. After all was the servant so greatly to blame? No one could have foreseen the catastrophe.

"In the future, when you receive orders, obey them literally; don't use your own judgment. You're not here for that."

"No, sir—yes, sir," cried the woman, delighted that the result of her ill-considered obedience had not cost her her place. "The poor lady was out of her head, like. The doctor didn't say that to me, sir; as true as I'm alive, he didn't."

Evelyn turned on his heel and walked down the corridor, his mind filled with contending emotions. That poor Nellie Gaynor's brain was now affected was evident. She talked incoherently, sometimes a mere maze of words. But what he had seen at the moment of her attempted self-destruction bore the stamp of sanity. There was complete understanding in her determined grasp of the deadly weapon; and it was the result of what she had seen in the little room. Wendham too, realized, that her effort had been to commit suicide. His imperative demand that the story be so told that her actions would appear irrational—her escape and wound, the result of delirium—revealed his thought. Instinctively Evelyn's protective instinct had joined forces with Wendham. Not a questioning glance had met his story, even from the ferret-faced Levison. How should he guess? The clew lay in that interview in the den.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

Boyd Wyndham, a physician, joins a house party at Evelyn Grange. Among the guests is his old sweetheart, Nellie Gaynor, recently widowed, and Mrs. Charles Lawdon, a vulgar little parvenu. Mrs. Lawdon shows Nellie and Alice Rawlins her jewels in a novel case made like a hat trunk. That night while all the guests are at bridge downstairs the jewels are stolen. A search of the establishment reveals nothing and makes Mrs. Lawdon noisily suspicious of her fellow-guests, who are forbidden to leave the house till detectives arrive from town. John, the second man, accuses Adele, Mrs. Gaynor's maid, and offers to hold his tongue if she divides the spoils with him. The girl repeats this, asserts that she was asleep at the time of the theft, and denies her guilt so convincingly that she throws suspicion on John. Questioning Adele establishes her innocence, but Mrs. Gaynor falls ill. John escapes, but returns secretly and throws himself on Evelyn's mercy, acknowledging a criminal record, but denying the theft of the jewels. To verify a suspicion which, in spite of his love for Mrs. Gaynor, he has begun to feel, Wyndham puts Adele into a hypnotic sleep in which she confesses that, under Mrs. Gaynor's hypnotic suggestion, she has committed this theft and previous thefts. Mrs. Gaynor, overhearing the confession, tries to kill herself, and is prevented by Wyndham.

Luncheon would be a dreary meal, yet he looked forward to it eagerly. Then perhaps he might arrange for a sane talk with Wendham.

The arrival of the trained nurse brought another moment of excitement, and then relief.

At last, haggard and stern, the physician left the sick room, to find Evelyn waiting for him.

"Boyd," he exclaimed in a half whisper, "I can't stand being in the dark. You know—tell me. What was it you found out?"

Wendham looked his host directly in the eyes. Both look and voice raised an impenetrable barrier to further inquiry.

"I learned what I believed to be true before. The girl is absolutely innocent of even the slightest desire of wrongdoing. I do not believe she ever coveted anything in her life."

Evelyn sighed and slipped his hands into his pockets in bewilderment. This was not the answer he had expected.

"What in the world shall I say to my gardener's wife to-night? Sounds like Ollendorff, doesn't it?" He laughed ruefully. "But, Wendham!" he exclaimed, "here it's days since that confounded mysterious disappearance, and we're getting nowhere."

"We're doing the best we can," said Wendham absently. "Mrs. Gaynor's condition is, I'm afraid—" Wendham broke off. "There's Mrs. Evelyn. I want to see her particularly."

"Do come to luncheon," said that lady wearily. "It seems impossible to get this household together, and the chef is so indignant at having been examined that he threatens to leave anyway. That would be the worst of all, you know."

Wendham smiled, but his eyes grew serious. "I want to ask you kindly to inform everyone, servants and guests alike, that no one is to go near Mrs. Gaynor except the nurse, her maid, or myself. It is imperative. I must insist again, and I must ask that that part of the house be visited as little as possible."

"Certainly. You can tell them at luncheon, and I'll see that the butler warns them all in the servant's hall. There's Alice. Where in the world have you been? Your boots are a sight. I hope you wiped them when you came in! Think of my rugs!"

"Too good for the floor, anyway," said Alice. "Hang them on the wall. And if you want to know what I've been doing—the under gardener and I have been catching one of your loud-mouthed, loud-dressed macaws that got loose from his gilt gymnasium. That's work. How's Nellie?"

Wendham shook his head. "Why,

She turned to him with a movement that suggested immeasurable relief and confidence

you're shaky, Alice. Have we all gone crazy ? Who ever heard of you with a quiver ?"

"That horny-nosed bird bit me," she retorted ruefully, while over her clean-cut, high-bred face came the look that always shone there when she braced herself for a bad jump. She stretched forth two hands steady as steel. "Any twiggles there ? Come on; it's late. The alarm in my gastronomic clock went off long ago. Bother Patty's Jew ducks, anyway !"

During the meal the talk was labored, the gayety a forlorn hope. Mrs. Lawdon had begged to be excused, indulging in lingerie matinees and trays in her room, while her crestfallen husband moped beside the hostess. Alice was absent-minded, her eyes troubled and filled with anxiety. Wendham was plunged in thought, and Evelyn busy framing what should be said to the gardener's wife, and the white elephant in the cottage—Dawson. Only Patty chatted vaguely in disinterested tones of incipient troubles in the domestic force, till her husband, awaking from his trance, gave her comfort by the assurance that since the entire household force was under surveillance, any attempt to resign would be regarded as a clew. Everyone was glad when the moment of dispersal arrived.

"I've some letters to write," said Alice. "When do they take the bag to town ?"

"Three," said Evelyn.

Alice hesitated. "Say," she said, drawing close. "May I telephone Stacy to come over to dinner ? Convenient ? I saw Tiddledywinks today in his stall, and he's acting queerly —favoring his off shoulder. I want Stacy's advice, and I want to know what Alvord is doing. Joe's working him with the Leland string."

"Of course, yes; nice fellow, Stacy. Too bad he isn't a bit better fixed—hey, Alice ? Have him over by all means."

"Right," she smiled gayly, and scampered up the stairs.

Wendham retired to the gun room, lit his pipe, and was plunged in thought. For the present, he ruminated, no safer hiding place for Mrs. Lawdon's jewels could be found than the leafy screen. Let them stay there until he could devise some manner by which they might be returned to their owner, leaving their past whereabouts a mystery. If he could accomplish that, his other plans, complicated and difficult as they were, could be followed, at least with freedom. He laughed to himself grimly. If he could manage to have the gems discovered in Mrs. Lawdon's own apartment—in some corner overlooked in the search—the suspicion that the little parvenu so glibly laid upon everyone would fall upon herself. The fortunate losses of more than one woman gambler, which had eventually enabled her to enter the lists again with ready money, were too well known. Enough of the unreasoning old Adam was left in Wendham to make him enjoy the prospect. But how ? He vividly realized that if the return of the jewels were traced to him, he would be placed in no envi-

able light. In fancy he saw himself accused. Then he concluded, let the loss remain a mystery. A hundred ways by which the ivy might reveal its secret disclosed themselves in his imagination. The plant might die, or lose its leaves. The bag might fall in some high wind, or the nail work loose. What then ? They hung beneath Mrs. Gaynor's window. If she were saved, an innocent woman must bear the burden. Even in his devotion to the culprit, his sense of justice balked at that. He would rather himself be caught red-handed, the spoils in his own possession. Slowly a plan unfolded for him. On the plea of getting some article needed by the invalid, he would find access to her rooms at night. His movements in the darkened room could not be observed, he could then secure the jewels, take them to his room and watch his chance to drop them from the upper corridor window to Mrs. Lawdon's window box directly below. The jewels once in their rightful owner's possession, there would be a general dispersal of the enforced house party. If the jewels were discovered on her own premises, so to speak, Mrs. Lawdon would not be desirous of calling any further attention to the "late unpleasantness."

A sudden slapping of shutters, the iron jerk and clang of awnings roused him. A servant hurried into the room and rapidly adjusted windows and fastenings. Wendham rose and looked out. A rain of leaves and branches drove by and swept in a brown cloud down the garden paths. Low clouds scudded across the sky, and the whole mass of the near-by woods rocked in the gale. Fierce gusts shrieked in the chimneys and wailed away toward the plains below.

Would the storm disturb his patient ? The room she now occupied was a small suite built for Evelyn's special use, when, as sometimes happened, he came out late from the city, or was detained by yachting or hunting. He could then enter directly by a private door, and seek his rest or have a late supper without disturbing any of the household, save his personal man servant. Nellie's surroundings consequently were very different from her former environment. The mahogany and leather, the strong touch of color in sporting pictures, and the deep-toned wainscoting made a frame that accentuated her pallor and fragility.

"'Did he bite you?' the gardner asked me"

The nurse rose as Wendham entered the room, and raised the window shade. The light illumined the face on the pillow. She looked like a tortured child, infinitely pathetic and innocent.

"Has she been restless ?" he asked, as he bent over her.

The nurse nodded. "Yes, somewhat. She has persistent delusions. The trouble seems to have taken deep root in her mind. But the wound is in good condition."

Nellie Gaynor stirred uneasily. There was a painful attempt to turn the wounded neck. At the sound of Wendham's voice she half opened her eyes. She spoke thickly and with effort, trying to raise her hand to the bandages about her throat.

"Oh, my dear, my dear ! you have found it out. I'd rather have died."

In spite of his self-control the doctor flushed crimson, hardly daring to raise his eyes to the calm face of the nurse.

"She has been repeating something of that sort at intervals," the woman said, as she smoothed the pillow. "Here's the chart." The matter-of-fact tone and the systematic and familiar paper helped him to regain his mental poise.

"H'm! Bad temperature. We have our work laid out for us. Get a drop or two of this down her throat, if you can. The swelling will soon prevent her swallowing or speaking, poor woman. Now go lie down for a while, Miss Tredlay. You'll have to be up all night."

"Thank you, doctor," she said, and left the room.

As the door closed Wendham took hold of Nellie's slender fingers, gently caressing them. She turned toward him with a movement so slight that it hardly disturbed the folds of her pillow, yet it suggested immeasurable relief and confidence. His soothing touch sought her heated brow while he repeated over and over such assurances as a mother gives her child frightened by the imaginary terrors of the night. Something of the peace and reliance that the comforted child knows in that crooning protection descended not only upon her, but upon his own troubled soul.

"He flopped up against the house and hung to the ivy right under Nellie Gaynor's window"

The hours wore on. Outside the storm raged, venting its fury upon wooded hills and open plain with a passion of destruction. Darkness, wind-swept and sound-tortured, came early. By four o'clock the room was dark. Wendham lighted the green-shaded lamp, and drew the curtains at the window.

Nellie was sleeping gently, apparently without pain; her pulse beating regularly. Only the swollen lips and fluttering eyelids gave sign that fever still held sway. A gentle knock announced Adele. She entered, her eyes fixed upon his face with agonized questioning.

"She is doing very well indeed," he said. "We have every hope, we must—" He broke off abruptly. They stood, facing each other. It came again——a knock, light, but insistent, at the window. What could it mean ? There ! this time rapid, yet discreetly softened as by one soliciting attention and secrecy.

A thrill of superstitious fear smote at his heart. But the next instant he had drawn back the curtains, raised the shade, and was looking out into the night.

"What is it ?" gasped Adele's voice close beside him.

All was still for a moment. He strained his sight, shading his face with his hands the better to penetrate the shadows without. For a moment the wind lulled to a sigh, but the next a sharp squall tore screaming by. A line like a whiplash snapped against the window pane—a streamer of ivy torn from its hold, beating with subdued insistence.

"The vines," he said in quiet explanation to the girl beside him. His own words aroused him. "The vines!" And what of—might not this tempest relentlessly reveal everything? There was no time to be lost. "Stay here, Adele," he ordered. "Miss Tredlay will be back presently. I sent her to rest. Mrs. Gaynor has been asking about her little pillow—no—I'm going up. I'll get it and send it down by one of the maids."

Adele settled herself near the bed, and Wendham hurried from the room. He paused before Mrs. Gaynor's door in the guest wing. The corridor was empty. Not a sound save the howling of the wind and the thrash of rain. Quickly opening the door, he found himself in the deserted room. The window showed opposite as a pale square. He crossed hastily and raised the sash. Instantly the warring elements entered, the curtains bellied inward. The flutter of flying papers and the click and rustle of striking objects sounded loud in his ears. He must be quick.

He leaned far out, feeling along the face of the wall. Far down as his hand would reach his fingers found a nail beneath the whispering leaves. A wire hung from it, but no weight held it taut. He raised it. It was loose for about four feet, and its end was doubled and curled as if untied. The bag was not there. A gasp escaped him. Feverishly he felt among the vines for another nail and wire. His hand grasped two, but they were too far away from the window to have been reached by Adele, and they were so firmly fastened below that they were evidently the "trainers" that the gardeners had laid for the growing tendrils.

A sound reached his ears, like the regular thump and splash of a cantering horse upon the drive. He made out an approaching bulk. A moment later the lights by the entrance shone upon two figures, streaming and steaming before the porch—a horse, thoroughbred and spattered saddle-high with mud, and his rider, a stalwart man, a soaked hunting cap drawn over his eyes, and a slicker covering him to the tops of his shoes. Wendham drew back.

"I'll ride over and leave the nag with Billings," he heard Stacy's voice tell the butler. "I'm all right. I'll walk over. Ask Mr. Evelyn if he'll be so good as to lend me some old shoes—the rest of me's dry."

Man and horse disappeared from the misty circle of light before the door and were lost in the darkness.

Wendham closed the window. His mind was in a whirl of speculation. One thing was certain, he must make instant search at the foot of the vines. Perhaps the bag had not been securely tied. It might have dropped below. He scratched a match, snatched up that which was the excuse of his visit, and hastening down once more, delivered it into Adele's hands. In the hanging closet beneath the stairs he found a mackintosh. He threw it over his shoulders, and, unobserved, made his way into the tempestuous night, under the windows of Mrs. Gaynor's former room, and with eager haste felt the rain-soaked earth. The bag was not there. For ten feet to left and right he explored the ground. He ran his arms and hands into the dripping foliage, in hope that the object of this search had caught upon some projection in its fall. His efforts were fruitless.

In despair he reentered the house, cast aside his sodden outer garment, and threw himself down upon the sitting-room lounge to fathom this new and menacing mystery.

They opened the newpaper and scanned the head lines for words to form their mysterious message

VIII.

Alice bounded down the stairs two steps at a time.

"Joe Stacy," she exclaimed, "you're a brick; but I had no idea I was letting you in for a Walpurgis night when I called you up. You must be cold as Greenlands' icy mountains. Come, have a ball."

"Thank you, Alice; you're a good guesser." The young man smiled delightedly at his companion. He was small and trim as a jockey, but broad of shoulder and iron in muscle. His countenance was dark with tan, in which blue-gray eyes shone in pale contrast. Everyone swore by Joe Stacy if he *did* have to earn his living by his very capable management of the Laughton estates. But no one did this as frequently and fervently as the tomboy beside him.

"There you are, old man" she said as, standing before the laden sideboard, she ministered to his wants. "Here, take one of Charlie's private-stock cigarettes." She offered him the square silver box, and presented the matches. "Now, come, I want to talk to you. You don't suppose I dragged you out like this just for greens, when I know you are as busy as a terrier in a rat hole?"

"No, I didn't think you did, and I've had softening of the brain trying to guess why. You've all become so spectacular over here that anything is possible. Has that blond Easter Chicken accused you of her troubles?"

"No; and besides," Alice laughed, "Charlie has found out her real name—it's 'Skirling Harpie.' He got that off all by himself. You can imagine what

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Lord o' Land

A New Series of Sketches on Western Life and Types—By Janey Canuck

Illustrated by Marcel Olis

IV.—WOODLAND FELLOWS

"I am a woodland fellow, Sir, that always loved a great fire."

OUR horses being tired, we decide to leave them and make the next part of our journey by stage-coach, returning this way the day after to-morrow. The other passengers aboard are two Cree Indians, Gregoire and Marcel; a trader's wife named Massey, and a homesteader with his daughter. This homesteader introduces himself as Haydon. His daughter is newly-arrived from London, where she has been attending school. She is a surprisingly tall girl with an imperial type of beauty, and answers to the unusual name of Nydia.

A singularly dirty person is Darius, the stage driver, genial in manners, leather-brown in complexion, with a long venous neck and bleached-out eyes that remind you of nothing so much as moonstones. His voice has a thin treble like that of a enuch and it requires no leading questions to make him loquacious. For the last five minutes, Nydia, who sits between Darius and me, has been looking intently at the Adam's apple in his throat as it moves up and down like the piston of a suction pump. I can see she is wondering if it is attached to the end of his tongue and if he was just born that way.

He is enlightening the passengers as to how, in Edmonton, a cock-a-doodle fellow with eastern egg-shells still hanging from his tail-feathers had tried to persuade the gentlemen that he, Darius William Hanks, had played the ace twice in one deal. Darius hadn't his iron-mongery handy, having tempted Providence by leaving it under the seat of the stage but, nevertheless, he managed to make it interesting for this person with his fists.

"Believe me," continued Darius, "when I got through, he looked as if he had been horned by an engine on the C.P.R. 'You're wanted back home,' that's what I said to him when his wearied head was all dollied up in a table-cloth. 'You've been living too long in the city, Son. It's put a kink in your understanding. Take a hint from D'rius William Hanks, and hold on to your manners next time you plan to come round this way."

"Tut! Man," ejaculated the Englishman with some heat, "I have heard you tell that fool story every time I've been on this stage and you know it is all made up. Besides, anyone of those fellows from the East could kill you in thirteen places with nothing but his hands."

At so rough-shod an insult one might have expected Darius to resurrect his irons from under the stage seat, or to at least have engaged in a wordy tussel, but Darius, good soul, only winked at the passengers in a manner that was positively Machiavellian as much as to say, "This fellow is highly jealous of me but I can afford to treat him with generous consideration."

After inviting a little girl with a heavily laden basket to "get up on the plush," Darius touched up the horses, put the whip back in the stock and remarked to his hearers with a guileless air, "Queer guys, these English chaps! Always asking each other puzzles and cross-ticks. One of them says to me a couple of years ago, says he, 'Darius, there were twenty frogs what would a-wooin' go." If I mind right they wuz at Canterbury. All these puzzles happen at Canterbury. 'Now thirteen of these frogs jumped at once and at the same time,' says he. . . . . .

"Aw! Chappie there in the back seat, say it over again. I just disremember the rest of it." . . . . .

Nydia expresses her surprise when the driver speaks of "the going" as good. The grey-clodded road seems rough to her, and she wonders if it will be like this all the way. Still, the trail is bristling with novel sights and I can see her every moment is filled with delight. As she watches the ploughmen break long furrows in the tough hide of the soil, and how these turned-over sods are oil-bright in the sunlight, she confides to me that there is absolutely nothing to see in London. Never has she breathed so entrancing an odor as this which comes up from the newly-opened soil. On last Thanksgiving Day at the Abbey, the choir sang about "this land that was desolate," and how it had become "as a garden of the Lord." It was strange no one had told her this land was Canada. Surely some of the people knew.

With the see-all, learn-all proclivities of the newly-arrived traveller, Nydia wants to know what a "wheat train" is, and why people speak of a railway as "two streaks of rust and a right-of-way". Is it true that nearly all the men are bald from scraping off their scalps against the upper berth, and do all the accidents happen because railways grease their grades in order to make up lost time? Will I tell her which is "the jumping-off place" she has read so much about, and why they call this God's Country?

The Padre, being tightly engaged in an argument, I am able to safely tell her that the god referred to is really Pan, and not the Christ-God as people have usually thought. Some to whom the wish is mother to the thought, keep saying "Great Pan is dead," when, as a matter of fact, he has simply immigrated to Canada, having become inconveniently crowded in Greece, to say nothing of his suffering from the asphyxia of classicality.

"But Pan was only a goat who chased a girl till she turned into a reed for fright," argues Nydia. "This must be why we say a drunken man is 'full as a goat'."

"There are merits in your argument," I reply, "but the phrase 'full as a goat' is really a medical expression which has fallen into disuse from being mispronounced. Originally, it was 'full as a goitre'. It is true Pan had the legs of a goat but, contrariwise, he had the head and body of a man. His name means *all* or *everywhere* and this is one reason the North is Pan's Country. He is in every part of it. It is he who makes our sentiment so that we care not a finger's fillip for 'the club opinion'. It is true some clever writers in Israel used the goat as a symbol of evil, and turned him loose in the wilderness bearing an imaginary load of sins on his shoulders, but it wouldn't be so strange, after all, if the scape-goat, in spite of the sins he carried, found plenty of food and water in the desert."

"What makes you think so," asks Nydia as she hands me her chocolate box for the second time, "much people believe otherwise."

"Oh, well! it's a way goats have." I answered lamely, not knowing what else to say. "You may have noticed, too, the horn of plenty has always been pictured as a goat's horn. Besides, no place is entirely a wilderness. There is always some kind of compensation."

"O-o-oh! then your country is Pan's Country because it has a horn of

"His name means *all* or *everywhere* and this is one reason the north is Pan's country. He is in every part of it"

plenty and isn't all a wilderness. What clever people you are to take him for your god."

"Yes, we think we are clever," I reply, "although we are not unmindful that all the gods came originally from the country districts and had to do with the fields and the working of them. Pan is, therefore, particularly fitted to reign over our northern provinces."

"Please go on, I'm listening, and it seems like a fairy tale," urges Nydia, but finding it hard to further improvise, even for her evident pleasure, I reply there isn't any more to the story, except that Pan is the god of fecundity and has a flute made of seven reeds.

"And the reeds?" persists this terribly inquisite immigrant, "tell me about them. How do you know them from other sounds?"

"Oh! these are the winds," I declare boldly, as if I knew everything, "and each one of them has its own sound. To hear them properly, you must listen in the dark. One has a voice hoarser than seven old crows; one sounds like the hissing of a whisper, and another wind with the tones of an organ sings strange songs in slow syllables. There is a wind that wails and wrings its hands, and one that keeps high like a lonely horn or like the laugh of a goblin. You'll hear them all on the prairies and in the woods, and then you'll know that Pan is out with his flute of seven reeds.

You'll get to like his pipes and to answer back to him although you say nothing aloud."

"Which one do you like best," asks the girl. "Tell me that, will you."

"Pouf! that is easy. All of us like the chinook. What it says is 'somewhere,' which it drags out in long sighing sibilants. This is the warm dry wind that melts the snow and licks it up. It comes when we are wearied almost to death of the snow and cold. That is why the Indians say this pipe is a great spirit and must be conciliated with dances and incantations to retain his favor."

All the day long, the stage passengers exchange words with the travellers on the road, and once an Indian says to us: "What cheer? What cheer?" after the manner of his tribesmen, meaning thereby "Good-day! How do you do?" Sometimes, we pass a team of shambling, yoke-weary oxen freighting goods for the homesteaders and outfits for the prospectors and surveyors. Again, it is a pack-train of skittish, blaze-faced bronchos that travel with burdens pliable to their gait; or a mounted policeman with jangling spurs, sitting on his horse like a heroic figure in bronze.

"You'd think these Right-about Johnnies had some money in their pockets, considering their appearance," cackles Darius. "Pshaw! They're just kind of trappers same as the rest of the fellows in the north, only they trap men. It's the government, I hear, that buys their clothes, and fine feathers make fine birds, even they are hawks and jays."

"U-hunh! some time, bimeby, this country will go back to the Indians," predicts Gregoire, the half-blood, who had been silent until now, "and then the poleece will see. Killers, that's what the poleece are. Long h'ago my brother Pierre has gone to the place of shutting-up each other, and there he became deceased. He fight Etienne Picard on de trap-line and Etienne he walk lame since ever, and he ees like one ol' man with space between his teeth.

"Bah! these poleece are evil dogs and after-comers, and I am quivering with rage because of them. Monsieur Pries', the sacreeficer, he ees unplease with me and say, 'Gregoire, you ver' wicked Indian to say hard talk 'bout poleece like that.' Huh! that pries' he not know things. All the time he read in talking-leaves. Ma foi! his head like the white dish of Babette, ma femme".

"What did you say to the priest, Gregoire, when he called you a wicked Indian?" asks the trader's wife.

"Listen! I say not'ing. I hold myself proud. It ees like this way. All people are wicked even when they go to mass on praying day. It was like this from always h'ago."

"This Monsieur Pries', he say the Above Medicine Person ees dead in the skies. But I think that one Leeg lie. It ees foolish-like for Indians to have white god; that sure. He no understand Redman. White god like white man bes'. Listen! in the interior of my soul I am full of heavy thoughts 'bout white man's god and catch myse'f in a trap."

Nydia desires greatly to hear more of Gregoire's heresy,but the first stopping-place has been reached and all are descending. "Don't think that Gregoire is really a bad Indian," explains the trader's wife to the girl; "religion here consists largely in airing your heterodoxy. To be orthodox, is to be suspected of unheard-of things. And as for hating the police, Gregoire probably does, but only last winter when one of them was taken with pneumonia on the patrol and lay at Gregoire's cabin, he and Babette nursed him through the fever many days with the greatest devotion."

The stopping place to which the stage has come is kept by a homesteader and his wife, who supply food and shelter to wayfarers. The house is built of logs, but the clean white floor, whitewashed walls and severely-shining pans that hang in rows back of the stove, make the place cheerful and homelike. A halo of steam rises from the dish of meat just out of the oven, and the open door further discloses a generous pie browning to a turn.

Halloo! what a dinner it is in spite of the fact that Darius uses his fork to jab the potatoes out of the dish, his knife serving all other purposes. The English homesteader declares he likes having his meals at the stopping places better than at hotels for, in hotels, the haughty-nosed waitresses do nothing but hang over the chairs of the young men. Any proprietor who would have the courage to put bells on his tables, instead of leaving his guests to catch the eye of a feather-headed waitress as she trips down the room, would be sure to make a fortune. In this highly radical opinion the homesteader has the hearty support of all the travellers except that of a young sir who might most easily and most properly be described in the language of Montaigne as "an airie body and without hold-fast." Everyone knows his viewpoint in that he primps himself like a prairie cock on a sheaf of wheat, twirls his little moustaches, smiles and says nothing. Oh! yes, all the girls are 'balmy' about him; anyone can see that, but then hearts are made to be broken, so where is the use of his being concerned.

Everyone is amused because the English girl speaks of the pie as a pie-pudding, and for declining the sweet corn because it looks like teeth. But if Nydia refuses the corn she makes ample amends on the salted wild goose which Mrs Maclean, the hostess, has baked in a stone dish with gravy, onions, and some little red peppers—a relish not uncommon in the north, but which, to make aright, you must throw your whole soul into the pot.

In a private parlance after dinner—that is to say one in which no men are present—Mrs. Maclean tells us that she and Jim, her husband, are doing well, but that often she is tired to the marrow-bones. Sometimes, in the folly of her heart, she wishes to be a Gibson lady in an American serial with a far-away pensive look in her eyes and a broad - shouldered man in creased clothes by her side. They both looked so rested. Of course, the man would have to be Jim. She told him this once, and he said the advantage a woman had in getting married was that she lost all chance of being a romantic heroine except through the Senate where the Divorce Court sits.

"Hoots!" ejaculated the trader's wife, "you can say anything about marriage and be quite correct, marriage being a state in which two absolutely opposite opinions may be wholly true,"—a definition offensive to our romantic sensibilities but wholly agreeable with our reasoning faculties.

The horses being again inspanned, Darius yodells the passengers to resume their seats in a manner that is amiable to the point of offence. Darius is one of those people who believe they receive what they give out, and so he permits no flaws to exist in his spirit of good fellowship. He has no crow to pluck with "the nobs" who travel this way,but gives the gold of his heart alike lavishly to cook's son, duke's son, and son of a hundred earls. In the opinion of the passengers, however, the government should legislate against any stage-driver being so offensively amiable.

Our afternoon's journey is without event, save when Night Hawk, a wickedly-shaped broncho, kicks the dashboard and cuts his foot so that he goes dead-lame and is unable to go faster than a walk, a pace admirably adapted to that of his mate, Bonnibel, a ring-boned, spavined makeshift. Her name, the driver explains, is short for *bonne-et-belle*, 'good and true'—this being the name given her by a young female person from Paris who married up here, but nearly went home again because when her sweetheart came to meet her he wore his blue derry clothes and his whiskers.

Bonnibel is one of those mares who always take a gloomy view of life, and besides this, she has 'a cricket' in her bit which she mouths continuously. There is no doubt in the world it was sheer irritation with Bonnibel that caused Night Hawk to lash out behind. Anyone who has gone much in double

"Moose, he say to Cree, 'Sit on my horns and I will take you to the spirit trail.'"

harness can tell about irresistible spells like these.

While we women are talking on these things, thunder breeding clouds are rolling up the sky and putting an edge to the air which, all day, has been hot like red flannel. The land keenly forefeeling the storm, has darkened with fear. Darius tries to make for cover but his lame horses are incapable of anything more than a walk, so that we are glad to seek shelter with some surveyors who have already hoisted their tent against the rain. The horses are sheltered within a spruce thicket, while all of us huddle close under the canvas.

Surely this is an awesome storm with its quivering lances of lightning against a sky of inky blackness! And how the rain hisses in the wind and grapples with the trees like they were living creatures! The men remark it will be a brute of a night, but the men are wrong for, after its debauch, it rolls away almost as quickly as it has come, leaving a sky of triple-plated silver and an air that is triple-distilled.

The surveyers having asked us to stay till morning, and there being slight likelihood of our reaching a stopping-place before midnight, we decide to accept the heartily-proffered invitation. Soon, all hands are at work getting wood and making a fire, for men in the forest without a fire are men undone.

"I like the looks of these surveyors," confides the trader's wife. "They make me think of a place in the Bible which says, 'And behold there was a man whose appearance was like the appearance of brass, with a line of flax in his hand and a measuring reed."

"That's alright," interrupts the irrepressible Darius. "They're not any goslings, but I'd like them better if they got occupied with their cooking tools instead of spieling."

This is primarily meant for the surveyor who is showing the English girl the delicate art of lighting a fire with wet wood, and who has stopped in the lesson to explain how it is not a big blaze that counts in camp fires, but rather a blaze that is kept steady and is not blown about by the wind. "Green wood snivels and gives out much smoke," he continues, as a thin acrid tang rises on the air, "and so is good for summer when the flies are bad, but dry wood is for the winter. There is nothing like birch-bark, and tamarack logs, to make a healthy fire. I tell you 'the crackling of thorns under a pot' sounds mighty pleasant to a hungry fellow in the woods. Did you ever hear the purr of the fire and the soft words in which it talks to itself? No? Well, you listen to-night when the logs are half-burned and you'll be sure to catch it."

After a plentiful supper of bacon, bannocks and coffee, we watch the men preparing for the night. As the axemen come in with log after log for the camp-fire, one perforce recalls how *Ferdinand* was compelled to carry logs for *Prospero* and that he said, "I must remove some thousands of these logs and pile them upon a sore injunction."

When the men have finished their task, they stretch themselves upon the pine-cushioned ground where they enjoy the warmth of the fire and watch it in the luxury of semi-wakefulness. No one tells what he sees, but in my vision there are dragons, gape-mouthed gargoyles, and wide shapes that are anti-human. Waggish pixie people caper in the embers and little red shadow men appear and melt away like the chorus of a chorus opera.

There is a balm and spell in the air as though the land were under a soft sway. No sound disturbs the quietness save the crackling of tamarack logs and the whispering volubility of the birches and cottonwoods. Indeed, so quiet is the camp that life itself seems merged into the trees, the sky and the fire. Then one of the men, as he taps his pipe on a log to clear it of ashes, remarks he is always surprised at the bigness of the world when he lies on the ground and looks up at the sky, whereupon someone replies,from farther back in the shadows, that the sky is not a part of the world at all, but infinity itself.

"Then where do these northern lights belong?" asks one, "they seem to be all the dreamstuff of the world suddenly turned into color, and used as a drop-curtain for the sky."

"It is my opinion," answers the first speaker, with a hush in his voice, "that these are the flaming tresses of that woman who was the first great mother of men. Than the splendour of God there is nothing more beautiful."

"So ho! but you are wrong, sir," bursts out the city youth who is chairman. " 'Tis not the hair of the great mother at all, but her skirt, and see! it is frayed at the edges."

And so all of us tell our fancies and no one so much as hints at refraction, polarization, or the corpuscular theory.

One says these lithe swift lights are the tail of heaven's peacock; or that they form a great weaver's loom where angels make silken skins for little babies, while another thinks them the shadow of hell.

"Painting the town up in heaven, that's what they are doing," blurts out Darius, or maybe . . . . . yes,

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Lieutenant Trask's Stage Fright

By Homer Saint-Gaudens

Illustrated by John Edwin Jackson

THAT evening no smiling mess attendant brought Trask the burned matches that signified a desire for his presence at the drinking of cocktails. Therefore he set gloomily before the white mess table with only the impatient executive, who might not join in the libation because of his exalted position, and Trask's sole friend, the antiquated paymaster, who could not join because of his liver.

"Keep your kick, Fred," said the paymaster, appreciating the snub.

"'Culpable inefficiency in the performance of duty!' Every man in the outfit knows it's a long word for cowardice," Trask muttered.

The paymaster laid his hand gently on the lieutenant's knee. "Wait," he urged. "That was just a court of inquiry."

"Did you ever hear of their findings being reversed by the court martial?"

"Yes—for men. Keep a man's punch."

Then, as the twelve members of the mess filed in "refreshed," Trask set up through the meal his shield of sullen reserve. At its end he rose quickly.

"Stop and rattle the box for the cigars," volunteered the paymaster.

Trask hesitated in the vain dull hope that some one might second the suggestion. None did.

"I guess not," he said.

"Hold on!" persisted his friend in a low tone. "We'll go right up for our seats at the minstrel show on the forecastle."

Trask shook his head as he disappeared through the green curtain at his room door and threw himself upon his high bunk. He knew that at the "show" he would find the girl to whom he had been engaged, on the ship for the evening, sitting among the officers who were disowning him. So he lay on his back, staring upward with flushed face and glazed eyes as he rehearsed once more each detail of his tragedy.

His hour of suffering had begun three weeks past, upon what he thought was to be his day of days, when Ruth, his betrothed, daughter of the fleet admiral, had come to visit the wife of an officer at the Guantanamo Naval Station through her eagerness to see her "dear papa," since, unfortunately, women might not live aboard a man-of-war. Naturally "dear papa" had been busy. So, after dinner on the flagship, Trask had explained to her that, before time to go ashore, they could best watch the moon rise from behind the tumbled Cuban mountains if they hid in a corner of the superstructure reached only by a ladder that rattled at the approach of any stranger. There they had gone. There they had enjoyed an all too short space of love prattle. Then some officers had drawn their chairs into a circle on the quarter deck directly below them to discuss the gossip of the hour.

Trask could recall virtually every word he had heard from their top-sides nook under the six-pounder rifle. The deadly level of those accusing voices had been a lash that burned his soul.

The first had said: "When the old man leaves the outfit to be president of that armor plant, he's taking Fred Trask with him."

"Lord! What a cinch!" had protested another whom Trask recognized as the ordance officer, a lieutenant commander twenty years his senior, and naturally jealous of Trask's command, the fleet tender and admiral's yacht. "That's what comes of warping up to the chief owner's daughter. I hear Trask got the "Claremont" within a week after she accepted him. Now it's 'voluntary retirement' for an easy berth on shore!"

A pause had followed before Lieutenant Casse, for the first time in charge of the forward turret, spoke with a vehemence that made Trask, imprisoned, an unwilling eavesdropper, burn with a vital heat.

"I'm right glad flat he's going to crawfish. He's a coward!"

"What?" the others had exclaimed. Casse never dealt in promiscuous gossip.

"It's all right to resign. Then you get no favors," Casse had continued. "But the man who goes into voluntary retirement and accepts money when he is not working is just one of two breeds of yellow dog. Either he's so weak he can't keep up, the kind that is late on watch and leaves his job to his petty officers, or he's a coward. Trask is a coward!"

Below, there had come no response. It is not customary to question an officer's courage. Above, Trask had felt Ruth clutch his hand as her breath caught, while his own nerves, taut as hawsers, had waited for the account of his actions on a day he remembered only too well.

Casse's voice had risen level in its veraciousness. "I first got on to it when I was under him the time his landing force was most bottled up by the Filipinos in Palaman.

"That was a peach of a place to reach from a ship—two miles inland across baked clay flats. We couldn't see anything 'cept pink kerlews. But some one was playing monkey on a crazy-looking hill that set up above five hundred feet in the centre of a delta near a mile from the town for they 'sniped' at us all the way over. As there wasn't any cover bigger than an ant lion crater it didn't exactly calm our nerves. They needed calming, too. Because, after we'd made about three hundred yards into that town, with only five million lizards for inhabitants, 'crack' and one of our men went down like a small boy who's tripped over a croquet wicket, while our pet manikin guide came running in to tell us we'd been caught.

"He hadn't more than said it when Fred jumped at me. 'Here, Casse, find some cover!' he cried, 'I've got an idea.' And grabbing the dead man's Lee and ammunition he started on a run for a bamboo church tower that stuck up from among the banana plants.

"We pumped it into them till your gun would hiss if you spit on its breech. But when they set fire to the nipa huts we had backed up against, I concluded it was time to write home. That moment, though, darned if they didn't get into a fight among themselves—I could hear shots over by the church—so, of course, we cleaned 'em out.

"Then, if you please, as soon as it was quiet as Sunday in Philadelphia, Fred came in sight eating a pawpaw and trying to look as though he wasn't so scared he had icicles on him.

"'I thought I'd give you some absent treatment,' he said with a sickly smile.

"Of course I couldn't ask him where he'd been. But I thought some when he didn't volunteer any further information.

"The next morning I got it for certain after we decided we'd go for that hill as the point in the whole landscape to hold. I learned a bit later that at that very day and hour the native army decided it wanted that natural pyramid, too, but were afraid we'd catch 'em on the way over the flats, when they'd be as easy to see as one of their green humming birds. So they played it on us instead. They waited till we were good and clear from the last bunch of bamboo. Then they threw it into us. One of us dropped with a guggle like a sucking bilge pump. The rest of us—well, as it wasn't any San Juan with a press agent for every man and five for future presidents, we lay down quick in a lucky paddy dyke while we blew the dust out of our sights and the young doc slapped on a few 'first aids'.

"As it seemed both tactics and strategy to make that hill by rushes, firing back at 'em on the way, we watched Fred hard, waiting for the word. First, I thought he had sand in his belly. For while the rest of us hugged mother earth he stood up as fine a target as you please and waved his arm toward the hill. Then he glanced down at our forty odd pairs of eyes watching him and then, by the Lord, he flunked it!

"I know that just that instant he did spring a leak in his shoulder. But that wasn't a man's reason, when he caught us looking at him, for his face changed till it resembled a wet newspaper. Even Jay and Westgate, so sick with dysentery their mates had to lug their rifles, would have gone through with it after any kind of a leader. But when they saw him standing there is such a funk that he never knew he'd been hit till the surgeon did him up, why, some of 'em started to crawl back, and the next minute they were all headed for home too fast to be stopped.

"Now, though I'm not given to yelling over the honor of this white mess jacket of Uncle Sam's, you can take it from me Fred isn't a man to stand aft starboard and salute the colors on any ship."

Casse's words had cut into Trask's memory. But what ensued Trask never recollected. All he knew was that when his reason did return to wrestle with his misery, the group below had dispersed and Ruth sat as far from him as the upper-deck gallery permitted.

Trask felt Ruth clutch his hand as her breath caught. "Is it true?" she whispered

"Is it true?" she had whispered.

With searing vividness he pictured again his collapse before Ruth's question. He had stared at the deck. Casse's first charge he had known to be groundless. Instead of playing the coward that day, in the face of an imagined certainty that he would be found in the belfry and killed, he had timed a few skillful shots to make the Filipino's believe they were fighting among themselves. But the second count had seared his brain with the clearness of its incomprehensible accuracy. As that expedition had furnished him with his initial venture on his own responsibility, he had continually rehearsed what his actions would be in all possible situations. Yet, when there had come one of these very moment and he had seen those in his charge waiting upon him, he had failed. Therefore he had stood before Ruth remembering only too distinctly that inability to resist a sudden bewildering cowardice he could not understand. He had answered: "Yes, God knows why!"

Then Ruth had slipped from her finger her engagement ring. Trask's elaborate "class" ring. She did not give it to him, but, holding it in her hand, spoke gently as if realizing that it lay with her to crush her lover or to redeem him. "I shall keep your ring—and wait."

At that the color had deepened once more in Trask's eyes while he rose to his feet.

"It won't be long," he remembered replying. "I shan't leave the outfit with everybody expecting me to sound the whistle and hoist the breakdown flag as I drop out of line."

For a time directly following that evening when he and Ruth had overheard Casse's story the fleet had leisurely prepared for target practice. Then, one morning, it had waked to learn of another gigantic earthquake in one of the fickle Leeward Islands. The prompt departure of the first squadron and the "Claremont," on which Ruth was permitted to vogaye since she had volunteered as a nurse, the bitter details of work that followed, remained confused to him, as did the almost international quarrel that had delayed his return to Guantanamo with the admiral and his daughter on the Claremont, until three days after the fleet had sailed. But the ensuing storm, so intimately connected with his disgrace, he recalled in its every detail from the moment his executive officer had come to him on the bridge, where he had been watching the flying fish leap in the blue Gulf waters, and had explained quietly, "The mercury's falling pretty fast, sir."

Trask had gone below, to return with a serious face. Before him he knew lay not only his first real test with his first ship, but his coveted opportunity of showing Ruth and his fellow officers that he was a man. He could permit no slip or error at that moment.

"Make all as secure as you can," he had said. "With her high engines and flattish bottom she's not the ship to meet a manhandling."

By noon the sky had turned a dirty yellow, and a dusky olive swell had risen greasily while the wind had freshened with a long hooting cry from out of the northeast. Then a great blot of ink had loomed above the horizon. The wind had grown and grown until it pitched the sea to leeward in heaps and ripped strips of canvas from the bridge rails. Rain had come in steel-like lines that blurred the blue-green brows of the rollers. Sleet had followed, and, as dusk fell, white swirls of snow had driven out of the gray ahead.

With barely enough speed in the "Claremont's" engines to give her steerage way Trask had thrust her into the tumult. Vividly he recalled how from then on, at his post between wheel and engine-room indicator, he had watched the breach of the crests over her bows through a period that sent three quartermasters below, weak from their tricks at the wheel. Hour by hour the giddy sheer of her decks had grown steeper. Hour by hour, as her nose sank into each weltering hollow, the maddened race of her engines had increased. Yet soaked, incrusted gray with salt, the nervous intensity of his vision had never relaxed until a gulp of coffee had been forced on him by Ruth who, unheeded, had joined the little party on the bridge.

Then the play of the planks had become more and more wild until once, for full thirty seconds, the engines had ceased their throb. At that, with but scant confidence in the ability of his chief engineer, he had left his second in command in charge of the bridge while he staggered below.

Down he had slipped at the dip of a sickening plunge to the engine room where an ensign met him with a gesture toward her frothing bilge.

"Wish we had a double bottom," the youngster had bawled.

Trask had mentally agreed. But a steaming torrent fell upon her cylinders; so, steadying himself to the wild lurch, he had looked quickly upward. "How long has the hatch been overboard?"

"Twenty minutes, sir. And every dead-light in the deck's worked loose." Here the ensign, motioning to the clacking, overtasked pumps, had put his lips close to Trask's ear. "They can just keep the water from the foreplates as it is, sir. The main feed's started a noise like Ringling's circus. Also next to nothing is holding the water from 'lifting' from her boilers into her cylinders. If they ever 'prime,' it's mud or moon!"

Trash had nodded soberly. "The speaking tube's carried away. Crawl up and warn me when it gets too bad," he had yelled.

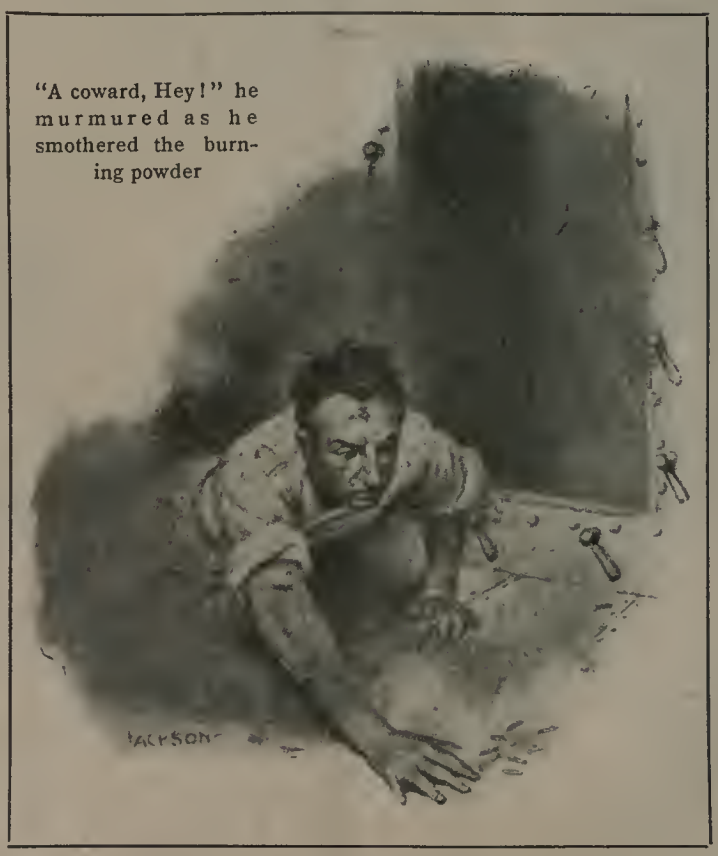
Then he had clawed his passage on deck again to reach the bridge ladder just as the "Claremont" dug fairly under a sea that came aboard smooth and sprayless. It tore up the forward port bulwarks. It wrapped them around a three-inch rifle. It swept the gun away as if a cold chisel had cut the bolts. Catching the bridge like the lid of a sardine box, it bent the paltform up against the searchlight braces. Then running aft it wiped the deck flat. "Spud-lockers," ice box, boats, all went overboard. Trask had felt himself an age under water, drawn horizontal by the roaring current, his arms numb with straining. When at last he fell upon the steps, dumb with fatigue and malignant forebodings, an unheeded cut had gaped red on his chin.

Intent only upon his task he had struggled upward to his battered platform. That Ruth was safe in her father's arms meant nothing. The little party about him had possessed scarcely more significance than so many iron stanchions on this ship he was fighting to save. Even the form of a messenger doubled around the indicator pillar like a lump of putty-stuffed oilskins had aroused no emotion as he sent for men to take the boy below.

The assistance had come, together with his chief engineer, just in time to meet another dizzy crash. When it had passed, all save the quartermaster, lashed to his wheel, found themselves tumbled into one soggy heap upon the the boy's dead body in the starboard corner of that scrap-heap called the bridge. Then as Trask staggered to his feet, dazed from a blow on his head, his nerves torn by the strain of the night, the engineer had reached him and called in his ear.

"For God's sake, sir, keep her to it! I can't see why she hasn't blown up by now. If she yaws in one of those seas her cylinders will sure go!"

Whereupon, with the words not all out of his mouth, dead ahead from that race of snow, had lurched the bows of a Jamaica liner, running before the imminent black slopes.



"A coward, Hey!" he murmured as he smothered the burning powder

Trask had been allowed but the barest instant to choose. If he held his course it appeared that he would strike the liner and sink both ships. Obviously he must "fall off" to one side or the other. That act was most perilous. For should his ship yaw wildly in the heave of the sea an explosion would inevitably send her to the bottom. The call was imperative for strong nerves to make fine distinctions and give quick commands. Yet even while his directions to his quartermaster rose to Trask's lips, his eyes had caught the features of Ruth, his men, his passenger. There they clung, staring at him accepting the decision of his strength. At that instant sight of the girl's forgiving face, of the admiral's set mouth, of the expressionless seamen by the dead body, the mettle of Trask's heart had weakened. And as the "Claremont" heaved up under the bows of the liner he had stood, feeble, motionless, dumb in idiotic terror, when a keen-eyed courage should have prompted his instant action.

For a second the merchant ship had hung above them as if to fall upon the bridge when she roared downward. Then, by the luck that protects sailors,

she thundered past, flooding the "Claremont's" decks with the wave from her bows.

"You couldn't have slipped a copy of the Lord's Prayer between us," he had heard his executive officer mutter.

"Take the bridge, sir," Trask had whispered, weak as dishwater, and had stumbled below.

Once in his cabin he had torn his nails in the gloomy fury of his nerves, while his befogged thought returned to tell him how he had failed in his crucial test. He had understood the fear that had stabbed him no better than he had explained the terror that had mastered him that day in the Philippines. He had made no effort to acquit or to condemn himself. He had sat and suffered, his course in doubt, until the raw edge of dawn blinking through his port had sent him back to his bridge and the infuriated admiral.

"Sir!" the old man had cried, "I've heard stories of you I could not believe. But I've seen. You're a coward! Damned if I don't prefer charges!"

Such were the incidents that had led to Trask's total loss of Ruth, to his relief from his command, to his present position on the flagship, a pariah, waiting the "one gun" that should announce the coming of his punishment. Such were the incidents among which, now for the thousandth time, he sought the "wherefore" of his cowardice. But even in the face of the fact that on other occasions he had unflinchingly staked his life without even a companion to give him strength, no "why" was vouchsafed. So he shivered on his bunk as a cur to be licked.

Slowly his emotion spent itself, until at last he sat up with his half-frantic nerves under some control. He felt faint, nauseated. His breath quivered in his dry nostrils. His swollen tongue was as cotton in his mouth. He looked vainly at the ship's side. His room, within the armor belt, had no porthole. Forgetful of the "canned air" tube that he might open, he stumbled up on to the quarter deck, deserted save for the exasperated midshipman on duty.

From the forecastle came the brazen clamor of the marine band; whereupon Trask remembered the minstrel show in progress. If he went there the music and the songs might draw his thoughts from those bitter memories. If he went there he must needs meet Ruth, who had come aboard from the naval station to see the entertainment. At the thought of her, of the saint's whisper of her voice, his pulse halted as if waiting his permission to begin again. Then came to him the memory of a solitary corner of the flagship's bridge where, unnoticed, he might look down upon the audience of white-capped sailors. Two minutes later he was peering over the bridge-rail canvas, gazing empty-eyed at the stage.

Hour by hour, soaked, incrusted gray with salt, the nervous intensity of his vision had never relaxed until Ruth forced a cup of coffee on him

Obviously the act in progress was piffle. Trask craved the appearance of one Tenney that he knew could not be long delayed. Through many dreary Sundays at sea Tenney had held the reputation of filling the chief petty officers' quarters with a chosen few of his friends, and of singing to them inimitably, accompanied by his dilapidated banjo. Now that Tenney was about to make his first public appearance great store was set by what he would do when nerved to meet the demand. Trask's officer's heart ached for the popularity of the man, a popularity founded on more than a winning voice. For Tenney also held title to what Trask would give his soul to possess, an acknowledged bravery among brave men, gained when, to save his companions' lives at deadly peril to his own, he had stood in scalding steam by a blown-out boiler tube and had closed the necessary valves. Just such a chance had been given Trask—and he had failed. Wave after wave of memory tolled through his brain.

Then at last Tenney stepped upon the forecastle stage, Tenney the brave, Tenney the charmer. He swung out into the glare of the ship-made calcium lights. He stood before the blur of intent, alien faces and he sang:

"Here lies the body of an ordnance officer
His days on earth are o'er,
He's sleeping in the same calm way
He——

Tenney's voice failed. Uncertainly the music wabbled and died away. Tenney's face was white. His lower lip drooped where his words had died. With a rush Tenney fled into the wings.

"Stage fright," thought Trask, full of pity. He, too, knew the gap that separates the jovial informality of raising a cheerful voice among friends, from the strained horror of a "public appearance." In his school days he had exerted the strongest of influences in his class, though always care free, always without responsibilities, until the hour of his graduation when, before countless papas and mammas, he had been presented to speak as a recognized head. Even now he remembered keenly how at the shock of meeting an audience, a public, official audience that for the first time demanded the exhibition of his talents, his lips had refused to obey him until, after a minute of untold effort, he had brought

Current Events in Review

Comments by the Leading Periodicals Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire

"Herr" William Randolph Hearst

Samuel Hopkins Adams in the New York Tribune shows how he covertly criticises the allies, hurls anathema at England and imputes enmity to Japan. His Teutonic polices are expressed in editorial sentiments which the German press in America and Mexico admiringly adopts

IN a former article in the Tribune William Randolph Hearst was presented, through the medium of his own editorial utterances, as a fervid apostle of peace. His brand of peace bore the unmistakable hallmark "Made in Germany." The voice was the voice of the dove, but the talons were the talons of the two-headed eagle. Every argument and plea, actually made for the Kaiser's best advantage, was ostensibly put forth on behalf of America, for whose fortunes Hearst feared, for the lives of whose sons Hearst trembled, should we continue at war with the formidable and admired German nation.

Now we shall see "America's ablest and most powerful editor" in another and truer role. When he thinks it safe to show himself in his real colors he appears as the friend and admirer—almost the adorer—of Germany. He exhibits in a marked degree that quality of fetich worship which the Germans themselves call "schwarmerei," an epithet of silliness which may appropriately be rendered into English by saying that he has a "crush" on all things German. Both directly and indirectly this finds frequent expression in the Hearst publications: directly in his professed pro-Germanism; indirectly in his abuse and misrepresentation of whatever nation threatens or opposes German supremacy. Though for long these nations have been moral and prospective allies of the United States, and are now in stern fact our allies, Hearst spews his Teutonic venom upon them at every opportunity. Mr. William R. Hearst is transformed into Herr Wilhelm R. Hearst.

His alien-tongued newspaper, "The Deutsches Journal," carries the headline "America's Greatest German Newspaper." The same boast might as truthfully be made for every other exponent of daily journalism under the Hearst brand. No other American editor has been so widely and so approvingly quoted by the German-language press, both in this country and in Mexico, as Herr Hearst. Often he gives the avowed Germans their keynote, particularly when he is denouncing the supposed selfishness, bad faith, or the subtle schemes of those nations which are now allied with us against Germany. England and Japan are his special *betes noires;* but he is not above taking a fling at Belgium, France or Russia. Any ally of the United States is fair game for the Kaiser-inspired sneers.

Open praise of Germany he does not indulge in so often now as formerly; but there is plenty of direct evidence bearing upon his loyal admiration of "Deutschtum" and all that it implies in ruthless imperialism. Take, for example, this passage from his "Deutsches Journal," published early in 1917, when war between this country and Germany was imminent:

"Never before has a war been so clearly and exclusively waged for the sake of culture, and of culture alone, as this immense and atrocious struggle, in which all moral, intellectual and material forces are collectively employed. Millions of hearts, millions of human ideas, materialized air and fire, gold and earth, iron and light, and all that for no other purpose but to find out whether the luminous German thought shall be victorious or not in Europe. . . . Nobody knows better than the leading statesmen of England that Prussian militarism is absolutely identical with what one means by modern culture. German thought would perish if England were victorious."

This is the same voice, though with a slightly broader accent, which signalized the recall of Ambassador Gerard by wailing editorially that the success of the Allies would mean the destruction of "the most progressive nation in Europe."

"Sensible Americans," thinks Mr. Hearst, "have no antipathy to the German government" (which at the time of this writing had been sending scores of them to the bottom of the sea, and had established its diplomatic corps in this country as the central organization of a campaign of wholesale destruction and murder), . . . "and we should never go to war at the command of a single individual."

Certainly Hearst himself feels no antipathy to the most brutish of German war methods, the drowning of helpless non-combatants by U-boats, for he thus admonishes the American people:

"Particularly do we deplore the sentiment which has been fostered against the submarine. . . . We are making a terrible mistake in this sentimental objection to submarine warfare."

As between the national ideals and character of the Allies and of Germany, Herr Hearst's Teutonized mind can perceive no distinction in favor of the former.

"To speak of this war as a war between an alliance of democracies and an alliance of autocracies, between a league of free peoples and a league of despots, is to speak foolishly. . . . What well-informed person believes that either Rumania, or Serbia, or Belgium, or Italy is, or ever has been, a democracy; or that either the German Empire or the Empire of Austria-Hungary is an autocracy?"

Little confidence has Herr Hearst in the honor or purposes of the Allied nations.

"No sensible man" ('sensible man" of course means a disciple of Hearstism) "will believe the assurance of the Allies that they fight for humanity and the rights of small nations. As far as the European nations are concerned, this war is nothing but a business proposition."

History is summoned up to put the Allies in the worst possible light toward the United States, and it is recalled (from the Hearst yellow book of German propaganda) that France and England once made war upon Mexico "with the object of disrupting the American Union."

Our own claims of disinterestedness in the war Herr Hearst stigmatizes as "the butt of European diplomatic ridicule," adding, for good measure, that no European government can be relied upon to keep its word of honor. Which perhaps explains why Herr Hearst is

quite willing to see the Allies beaten. He proclaims:

"We are fighting for American defence; not to save the Allies from defeat."

At the thought of possible German defeat, however, he bristles forth into veiled threats:

"If either alliance should emerge the victor from this war, another war would arise at the very moment in the future when the vanquished felt strong enough to renew the contest."

Naturally he is hailed by the disloyal German-American forces as a guiding light. Hark to the "New Jersey Freie-Zeitung" of August 16 last, one of the most virulently German publications in the country:

"On the editorial side pleasing clearness of vision often reigns and the endeavor to let right and understanding rule and likewise an outspoken distrust of anglomania." However, the Newark organ of the Kaiser fails to recognize and appreciate its fellow propagandist's shrewd camouflage, and takes lively exception to the Raemaekers cartoons. Because of these (and perhaps of the flag display) the "Freie-Zeitung" finds the Hearst front page regrettably different, and observes that "this paper tries to ride two horses running in opposite directions."

One Hearst horse, at least, tilts consistently in one direction so far as Great Britain is concerned. England is eternal anathema to Hearst. He echoes the "Hymn of Hate" wherever opportunity offers. His voice speaks for the Kaiser-worshipping hyphenates in this country. Barely a fortnight before our declaration of war a Hearst paper editorialized to this effect:

"The German-Americans sympathize with Germany because they regard an English victory as an evil to the whole world."

While Hearst did not openly lend countenance to the hyphenate rejoicings over the fate of the "Lusitania," he played his characteristically British-baiting role in the crisis which followed. In his view the British, not the Germans, were responsible for that tragedy. He piously upbraids the British Admiralty for not having more effectively protected the liner. To Herr Hearst the unfortunate Americans slaughtered by the Kaiser's U-boat are simply "foolhardy persons who voyage in belligerent ships through sea war-zones," and who therefore, presumably, deserved their fate. As for the real cause of the dreadful death list, Herr Hearst

DING in the New York Tribune

The Star-Spangled Shammer

promulgated a theory worthy of the subtlest Teutonic intellect. It was not really the U-boat that killed all those "foolhardy" Americans. On the contrary: "Incompetency of the Lusitania Crew Responsible for the Great Loss of Human Lives," according to the Hearst headline.

Anyway, Herr Hearst, thinking along right Teutonic lines, cannot quite see why the excitable Americans should be so stirred up about it.

"It is to be hoped that this indignation will soon be replaced by a cooler conception of the situation," . . . philosophizes Hearst's "Deutsches Journal". "It is of no purpose to appeal to international law and to prove that the British first violated international treaties designed to make war more humane."

Again we find the implication of uncomprehending surprise over American resentment in this comment upon a report that the Allies' airmen had bombed an unfortified town:

"This report is very seasonable, because the Americans are especially indignant that women and children who happened to be aboard the Lusitania were killed."

Apropos of the diplomatic correspondence with Great Britain over American rights on the high seas, Herr Hearst vents both his anglophobia and his spite against President Wilson for the latter's stand against the U-boat warfare:

"The English Government's answer to the American note has finally arrived after four months. Every American protest has been repudiated as unjust in this answer, with an unheard-of-impertinence. Mr. Professor in the White House has now a chance to show what he meant when he wrote to Berlin: 'The American Government will continue to strive for the freedom of the seas without compromise and by all means'."

The "Deutsches Journal" contributed this. Later it demanded an American embargo against England on the charge that England was interfering with our commerce.

The Sussex sinking was made the occasion of a truly Hearstliche outburst. But not against the German depredators. Far from it! Against the British, as usual, with an inferential justification of the U-boat policy:

"We must maintain our rights, the safety of our ships and the freedom of the seas with the same boldness, the same peremptoriness and the same determination against any aggressor.

. . against German submarine warfare and against British cruiser warfare. This is the only course open to a self-respecting people."

Which is all very straight, sound American doctrine so far. But now Mr. Hearst changes abruptly to Herr Hearst:

"And, so far as we can see, that is

the only request which Germany couples with her frank compliance with our demands."

Further, the Kaiser's chief American propagandist twists the Sussex matter to the uses of his own policy and of prospective Hearst profits by making it a peg upon which to hang another of his blood-curdling yawps for war with Mexico.

On the verge of war Herr Hearst could see nothing in this nation's participation in the struggle other than a cat's paw-move for the benefit of the hated English.

"The pro-British newspapers of New York are mistaken in assuming that they could make the public dissipate the money of this country in the interest of the Allies and send the youth of this country to the European slaughter house to do a favor to a foreign government. The representative of the people who first would make such a motion in Congress would be censored in an unmistakable manner by the people."

War itself, when (despite this assured prophecy) it was declared by the United States, inspired Herr Hearst to spasms of vari-colored mock-patriotism on his front page, but otherwise served only to render him a little less outspoken in his anglophobia. In a style of bombasticism suggesting some of his patron's imperialistic manifestos he proclaims, on April 24:

"We openly state to Washington that the whole nation . . . is willing to make an American war for America's rights and interests, but that the majority, and the great majority at that, is not willing at all—to state it mildly—to fight for England."

Four months later he is still harping upon this same string of England's advantage.

"The President's reply to the Pope's peace message MAY be the reply of all the Allies. But unless we have forgotten the ways of the English, studied at close range for several years, there is just something of a 'sour note' in their joyous appreciation of Mr. Wilson's answer. Possibly he emphasized a little too strongly for English taste the fact that America really wants NOTHING but peace. Some others abroad would like just a leetle something more substantial than peace, when settlement comes. It has not been England's custom to go to a peace conference after victory and return with an empty satchel."

Of late, however, Herr Hearst's bitterness of spirit has been alloyed with some cold drops of caution. German though he remains in his soul, he preserves enough of his American shrewdness, perhaps, to realize that there is a point beyond which it is not safe to reckon upon the forbearance of the Yankee temper. Hence one is less likely to now discover open editorial pro-Germanism than the slyer inuendo of hint and suggestion, or the subtle but powerful influence of picture or cartoon. With what shameless perversion the Kaiserling of the press uses the camera for his purposes is well illustrated by a photograph upon which a typical editorial is based. The picture shows two Canadian officers bending over a riddled helmet which one of them holds. Their attitude and expression would suggest (to a normal mind) that they were medical men studying the effects of high-power missiles on modern armor. There are gravity and attentiveness in their faces. But Hearst doesn't read it that way. He interprets the picture as that of two Allied brutes gloating over the fate of a slaughtered foe, and headlines it: "His Skull Was Shattered. Ha! Ha!"

"There was once the head of a German soldier inside this steel helmet. . . . The Canadian officer is telling what a good joke it was. . . . If this were a picture of a German officer laughing as he described the splintering of a Frenchman's or an Englishman's head, we should all say, 'What Hun brutality!' "

Next to England Herr Hearst hates (or pretends for Germany's sake to hate) Japan. From the early days of his newspaper career he has been an occasional Jap-baiter. But this was merely an incident of his general editorial policy until the world war was begun and Japan cast her lot in with the Allies. From that time Hearst became, editorially, a violent agitator against Japan and all things Japanese. The most far-reaching instrument of his propaganda has been the moving picture "Patria," which centres upon a Japanese plot to conquer the United States through Mexico. Detailed description of the picture, with its subtle appeals to race and national prejudice and its obvious incitements to hatred of the Oriental Empire, is not necessary here. Sufficient light upon its general purport is thrown by the synopsis given in the Hearst papers themselves:

"Baron Huroki of Aokio (presumably a misprint for Tokio) conspiring to embroil the United States and Mexico in order to pave the way for the Japanese invasion of the Pacific Coast, is hunted from the country," etc., etc.

It is true that, in consequence of a threatened movement to suppress the film in the Far West, the producers "censored" it to the extent of altering the Japanese names and giving them a Mexican tinge. But they did not alter the faces or the uniforms; these remain unmistakably Japanese. Thus we have in the motion picture theatres all over the country a play presenting an ally nation in the act of plotting and warring against this country. Imagine what would happen to a producer in England who pictured France as proving traitor to her British ally! Or a film in Italy the implied purpose of which was to arouse hatred against Russia! Our European allies, awake as they are to the deadly seriousness of this war, do not "suffer Hearsts gladly."

In his editorial columns and cartoons Hearst ably backs his hatred-inciting "movie." He has long preached that "Japan hopes and confidently expects to dominate the Pacific Ocean." This is the sort of thing that Hearst, in his eagerness to serve the German cause, was perpetrating in 1916:

"Day by day we play Japan's game. We work ourselves into a furious rage of partisanship over the war in Europe, which is not aimed at us at all. . . . Japan steadily pursues her preparation for war upon us."

This is followed up by a typical Hearst cartoon, representing Japan as a crafty and prowling cat; also by threatening letters purporting to emanate from Japanese subjects. Again, the Hearst papers proclaim, addressing the government of the United States:

"If you should decide upon a course that inevitably means war with Germany, that moment Japan would prepare to strike her blow at us. . . . and Japan would most certainly forsake the Allies and join the Teutonic powers in order to be free to strike her blow at us."

As the entry of this country into the war grew nearer and nearer Hearst continued beating furiously the anti-Jap tom-tom. As a specimen of his genius for prophecy, take this, which was published early last March:

"The plain probabilities in the event of unlikely but still possible disaster are that Mexico would take our Southwest and restore it to barbarism, that Japan would take the Pacific Coast," etc., etc.

Doings in Dingbat Land

Verses by Ida Spragge Costain Drawings by Dudley Ward

In last month's issue was described the Dingbat band who live in the land of the moon. Their king, tireing of his stout, homely queen, sought a new wife among the beauteous maids of his own domain. His choice fell on Columbine, the daughter of Crusty the shoe-mender. She, however, refused his suit and eloped with her lover, Strongheart, on their friend the elephant Bey. The king and her father set out in pursuit.

Though frantic with fear, of their foes now so near,
Old Bey and the lovers sped on.
Not heeding the cries nor deigning replies,
Though hope of escape now seemed gone.

"Come back, now, I say!" Roared the King. "Or you'll pay.
With a punishment words cannot tell!"
When heels over head went his Dingritch, and dead
As a door-nail, it lay where it fell.

Gay-Dog and the rest, it must be confessed,
Swore roundly in utter dismay.
With loud mocking cheers, Strongheart the King jeers—
"You can catch us—, well, some other day!"

But on their own feet the Dingbats were fleet.
On the fugitives' heels they soon came.
Old Bey gave a wail as the King grabbed his tail;
But he held to his speed just the same.

Aiming blows with his stick Old Crusty cried: "Quick!
Miss Columbine, come when I say.
Do you think now," raged he, "that I'll cheated be,
Of my place in the palace so gay?"

"With you the King's wife, I'd live such a life!
Gay-Dog would no favor refuse,
Ball games by the score I'd attend, and no more
Would I spend my time sewing old shoes."

But with blows left and right bold Strongheart did fight,
As he plied his long whip with a will.
"Old Crusty," said he, "your daughter weds me !"
Then off galloped Bey down the hill.

Now the fairies had heard from a little love bird,
How the lovers were chased thro' the land.
And quickly the call went around to them all—
"Surround King Gay-Dog and his band."

So the Dingbats were caught though they promised a pot
Full of wonderful jewels and gold,
If they could go free. But by fairy decree:
"You as captives for ten years we'll hold !"

"For know ye, O King, that it's not quite the thing
To be casting sheep's eyes at a maid,
For the sake of her face or her form—a disgrace
To the Dingbats you are—I'm afraid."

Thus the Fairy Queen spoke. But the King's heart it broke,
To think of his home far away.
And he longed for his queen, though stout she had been.
"For my folly I dearly must pay."

Then the fairies set sail on a fleecy cloud's tail,
And carried the Dingbats away,
To live in their land as the Queen did command—
For ten dreary years and a day.

Now the sad Dingbats knew they couldn't hope to
Escape since their Dingritch was dead.
And though they did try like the fairies to fly,
They just skinned their noses instead.

But Crusty one day whispered: "Listen, O Gay,
I really have hit on a plan !"
Broad grew the King's smile when he'd listened awhile:
"Your reward shall be great, Crusty Man."

"A boon do we crave, Fairy Queen !" Very grave
And respectful begged Gay-Dog the King.
"To wile 'way this day, permit us to play
A new game with you all in a ring."

"With pipes and a pail of soap suds we'll not fail
To please you and truly amuse."
Then graciously: "Yes, there'll be no harm, I guess,"
Said the fairy Queen: "I'll not refuse."

Then Crusty he blew big bubbles that flew
Hither, thither, and danced 'fore their eyes.
While the fays in delight clapped their hands at the sight.
"'Tis truly a lovely surprise !"

But at dead of night, when in slumber bound tight,
The fairies had folded their wings,
The Dingbats began to perfect their plan;
With hearts beating wildly, poor things.

Then taking great trouble each blew him a bubble,
So big he could ride it with ease.
Then a puff and a blow and straight up they go,
Sailing off o'er the tops of the trees.

"The fairies can't fly, not nearly so high.
E'en tho' they discover our flight,
We'll be far, far away at the break of the day,"
Said the King. "We have no cause for fright."

"But never again—I make it quite plain—
If my palace I safely regain,
Will I follow a maid. I'd be too much afraid.
Contented I now must remain."

So onward they flew and, as daylight grew,
They could see their land looming afar.
And with laughter and cheers and some happy tears,
All echoed the King's: "Here we are."

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Politics and Politicians

Continued from page 317.

A Good Race Coming

IT would be folly this far ahead to forecast the result of the election. The Conservatives have undoubtedly helped themselves by their franchise legislation, and the Liberals enter the race heavily handicapped. When parliament prorogued at Ottawa there was a general feeling that the result was a foregone conclusion. Away from Ottawa, however, I find the Liberal party neither dead nor buried.

In short the Conservative horse got away to a good start but it may be neck and neck when they come down the quarter stretch !

Fish—and The Facts

Continued from page 313.

One of the most acute situations to be dealt with was the extraordinary price of salmon on the Pacific coast. The price offered for common fish was being driven up in some cases as high as five times the normal price through the unrestricted competition of American buyers. The American interests had come into the Canadian market determined to find enough fish to keep their Chinese packers—who were under contract and would have to be paid for a certain number of cases whether packed or not—supplied. This problem has been handed over to a special committee which is negotiating with Hoover's American fish experts to try to overcome the difficulties and bring prices down once more. Two of Hoover's men made a special visit to Ottawa recently to discuss this question and the question of saving the red cod and other fish which are now being thrown away by the fishermen. Negotiations are still under way.

Just to show the intricacy of the problems which the Fish Committee (like the other Hanna committees) handles, take the question of producer's cost in a salmon cannery. All sorts of charges have been made against the packing concerns and all sorts of replies have been made on behalf of those concerns. One company, for example, brought out two modern steam trawlers from England worth many thousands of dollars each. Both were lost in the one gale before they had finished a season.

"Now how," demands the fishery manager, "Are you going to reckon that into our costs ?"

Such are the complexities of this branch of business. Whether they can be readily solved or not remains to be seen. A chartered accountant has been sent to the Pacific coast by the Fish Committee to examine the books of the big companies. Upon his report much will depend as to whether prices in this case can be fixed or not.

If conditions in the fishing trade itself would remain as they have been in the past, the Fish Committee might at least be saved the trouble of finding new data on the situation. It would be much simpler, for example, to judge the price of fish if fishing conditions were the same. But to begin with, there are fewer fishermen, and crews are therefore scarce and pay necessarily higher. Men who would once have manned a dory are now fighting side by side in France, or standing their watch in the North sea. Thus the labor market is affected. In addition the cost of gear has risen almost 100 per cent. Some supplies, such as linea line, are almost unobtainable. And the supply of fish in the American market, which to a large extent determines the amount left in Canada for Canadians, is lower on account of the reduction in the numbers of men available for the trade. Out of sixteen steam trawlers on the American Atlantic Coast ten have been taken for war service !

V.

Now to return to you and your wife and that 12 cent cod. It seems a great deal, especially when you consider that the fisherman gets only, say, 4½c. a pound (with the head removed from the cod.) But trace his fish "inland" and you will find two cents a pound added for handling, icing, boxing and the buyer's profit on the dock ; 1-10th of a cent icing charge en route ; and 1½ cents express charge to Toronto. The Toronto wholesaler's cost, including ½ cent per pound "shrinkage," was therefore 8 7-20th cents. He sells for, say, 10 cents, a "spread" of 1 13-20th cents to cover his other expenses and profit. The retailer selling at 12 cents has a margin of two cents to cover loss by trimming, ice, delivery expenses and profit.

You murmur: "I told you so ! Look at all those middlemen: Profit ! Profit ! Profit !"

That is what the Fish Committee thought and yet when they came to investigate they found not one of these middlemen's *functions* in this particular line of trade could be dispensed with and that not one of them seemed to be making anything like an undue profit.

There may have been—there are—

too many middlemen in each department of distribution, but *someone* had, for example, to receive and handle the fish on the dock, and *someone* had to undertake the financing and distributing of the catch to the small dealer. These *functions* were and are essential.

Although the main programme of the Fish Committee is to develop fish production at strategic points all across Canada, the work is not to stop there. An attempt is being made to procure cheap but wholesome grades of fish for those who cannot afford the popular varieties. On the Pacific, for example, the fishermen are in the habit of throwing away the Red Cod that come aboard in their nets. This is an excellent food fish but not so well known or so popular as the other varieties. The Fish Committee proposes to work out some sort of a scheme to market these fish and thus induce the fishermen to land the entire catch. Then, on the reverse side of the question is the matter of re-stocking the fresh-water lakes and protecting the fish in the breeding season. A still more interesting suggestion that the Government operate or supply steam trawlers on the Atlantic is also under consideration.

All of these problems, like the problems of an engineer, have to be considered together. The course of a river cannot be changed without due consideration to the rights of the people along its banks. There are the questions of bridging and shoring, daming and deepening. So with this one of Mr. Hanna's pieces of economic engineering. The whole fishing industry of Canada, from the line trawlers to the house-wife, must be and is being studied and skillfully reconstructed.

You will wake one morning to find the whole thing accomplished. Possibly then you will wonder why you had not watched the process as it progressed. It *is* just possible that some little thing may happen—a rope might slip or something—and that if you were ready to help—?

But, as I admitted before, pianos are more interesting. There is always that breathless chance of it falling,

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Lord o' Land

Continued from page 325.

maybe these fluttering fires are what the newspaper fellows call 'writers of note' and bee-lieve me they are some note."

"It is in the wind we hear the things we want to say," mused the Boss of the surveyors, "and in the Aurora, the things we want to seem."

"What do you call them in Cree, Gregoire?" queries a woman who wishes to get the view of the Indian on the subject.

"*Memehitoowuk*; 'they dance to-

gether'—that is what we say. Ahi! Ahi! but the Crees are the exact people."

"Babette, ma femme, she say it is the breath of Manitou on the looking-glass of the sky, but Babette, she mak wan fool of me."

"I am very laughing at Babette," says Marcel. "You tell me she say that, eh? I am head-giddy 'bout all this talk. This is all big mistake. These are the fins of *Utikoomak,* the great white fish that lives in the sky. Sure!

"Once, White Blanket, who comes from the stone house at Churchill, he say these are the strings to keep the world from falling down. By dogs! his head is dried up inside, that White Blanket, and he is one raw fool."

"White fins in the sky, they mean cold weather; yellow fins, bad! bad! . . . . . then do hoary heads know love though they live more moons than three willow trees, then is he bad spoke of—*wapistikwan,* the white head—and he goes into the wrong tent. Heh! he is one devil like Mitchie Manitou, the evil-maker."

"Where do the Crees come from, Marcel," asks one of the men. "Who made them first?"

"Heh! no man made Cree. He unburied himself. Cree, he is the first man in all the world. *Moonias,* the white man, he is an after-comer.

"This was long, long ago when Cree first came, and he was a bigly-looking man and straight like a measuring stick. And Cree, the father of them all, was proud in his heart before the favoring spirits.

"This was long, long ago, and Cree, he know the talk of all the birds and animals' so that his pot was never empty of meat. Old Man Screech Owl show him where there were three big springs up-welling of honey, and milk and water.

"Then Cree, who is the father of them all, was yet more proud in his heart before the favoring spirits, and even before the great Manitou who lives in the sky tepee. Cree, he say, 'I,—I,—am the great chief of these all. I am the big *Okimow.*'

". . . . . This was long, long ago and Manitou, he grew angry and say, 'What is the behaviour of my son? He is unsteady in conduct so that grief possesses my heart.'

"Then Manitou came down from the sky at where the earth eats the sun, and walked along the ground this way, and this way, lak an old dog till he come to the great Cree. . . . . ."

"'How do?',said Manitou, lak he was a brother; 'How do. It blow exactly."

". . . . . Ha! Manitou he was wise lak wildcats and never let on who he is. He threads

Cree on a string, so that Cree laughs lak the loon, and mocks in his throat? And Cree say 'Ol' dog, Ol' dog, quit your barking. It is ver' cold and the wind he blow like seven evil spirits'.

"Then Manitou had wrathful thoughts and pressed upon the back of Cree, and pressed upon it, till almost it go crack in two.

"This was long, long ago, and forever men have a hollow in their back. This hollow is the knee of Manitou.

". . . . . And so this story which began well has ended evilly. If anyone believes this unlikely story is not true? I do not agree with him."

"Your logic is wonderful, Marcel, also your imagination," said the Boss surveyor, "I hope you know you are a great story-teller."

"Ahi! Ahi! I know it well but I am not proud in my heart, and since I have told you these things about Cree I would not leave untold how, in this land, there is a hiding girl who answered to the voice of Cree. When he say, 'Oh, you! she make r'ply and say 'O-o-h-y-o-u' lak that. Cree he say, 'Come here,' and girl she say lak some words. It was my father's father told it to me.

"Then Cree he spoke to Wolf, and say 'My heart is unbowell'd for this tempter girl. Show me how to take her to my tepee. Because of my desire to her, my throat is lak the slough at the time of harvest-moon'.

"And Wolf, he say the girls live on the trail to No Land, and that she is a spirit, white lak the wind.

"'Ho liar! may flies eat out thy starving heart,' said Cree, 'a trail is made by moccasins and cannot go to No Land'. Cree, he not know this road was made by feet that go down into the ground and up into the sky, and by the feet of life to come. This is the pathway of spirits and has no moccasin marks, and the grass grows not there, but Wolf he know.

"Now there was a great jumping moose in this country and he could jump a river without swimming so that no arrow could touch him. Moose, he say to Cree, 'Sit on my horns and I will take you to the spirit trail. Cree, he go with Moose for now the tempter maiden, she call first and not wait to make r'ply, so that Cree's love was held to her lak with iron nails.

". . . . . You may not believe this, but if ever you meet this spirit-woman she will tell you what I say is right and no lie."

"God's love! go ahead and finish the story, Marcel," commands one of his hearers.

"Listen, Honorable men! There is no more to this story. That night Cree was never seen again, except that he was found with his head torn off, but the head was not there."

Lieutenant Trask's Stage Fright

Continued from page 329.

himself to face the misery of those waiting eyes.

With that, a great light flashed on Trask. "Stage fright!" he cried aloud. "Stage fright!" he repeated. The sound of the words grew big within him. Not the nip of the bullet on his shoulder, not the dread of an exploding cylinder, not the lack of dogged courage in the face of danger, that primal need in a fighting man, had turned him sick with fear. He recalled again the times he had faced death bravely down to that unpublished feat in the belfry. He realized that he had faced it alone. The two occasions when he had weakened were upon the approach of an adversary he could not see. Now that he recognized his enemy, his trust in his manhood returned. He had no dread that he would fail in the future. He possessed a just offence for the past, let Ruth and the others believe him or not. Almost he started down among them, before his better judgment checked him. He would not intrude when he was not asked, but he would fight for his rights when his time came.

The next morning, with his old dominant self-confidence replacing his hangdog look, Trask drew range diagrams on the tablecloth and insisted on discussing them with the man beside him. The mess was blankly amazed. Trask, grinning as he saw it, appeared for the first time at tea. There he damned the stale butter in its red tin and calmly lectured the ordnance officer on shell weights. Whereupon the ice broke slightly, so that before the week was out he had won back a half-acknowledged acceptance.

Meantime the flagship had taken its preliminary "standardization" trip down the target range off Cape Cruz. The six pounders, nasty, useless pieces, had been "run-off" by the "blue bottle" marines, and the three-inch battery had concluded with an incident that brought Trask joy by showing him how an act of courage is valued above all else in the service.

Passing along the port side of the main deck just as gun number four finished its "string" of shots, he had found a group clustered about an unconscious man at its breech.

"What is it?" he had asked the gun captain at his elbow.

"Holt was handling the empty cases, sir," said the latter. "His gauntlets had worn thin in practice, so the hot metal burned through them and ran the melted resin into his hands. He stuck to his job till the last shot, though, sir."

Here the division officer, who had been watching the surgeon at his work, looked up.

"I don't give a damn if Holt is a 'boozer' or 'special fourth class.' He did a man's job and I'm going to make it right for him."

Though Trask caught the veiled slur, yet he nearly strangled with happiness. "Give me a chance like that," he thought. "Now I know. Now I can face anything. Now I can make 'em come down."

That night the wardroom sat in unusually sober thought. Trask noticed the fact.

"To-morrow our forward turret has to go through with it, Pasy," he said.

The paymaster pointed to the chronometer and the pictures that had been removed from the wall and laid on the sofa.

"The 'Massachusetts,' the 'Iowa,' the 'Kearsarge,' the 'Missouri,' the 'South Dakota'; to-morrow's the thirteenth of April, the day it hit the 'Kearsarge' and the 'Missouri'."

Trask nodded silently as he went to his room. During the three previous years he had commanded the forward twelve-inch guns, and knew only too well how nearly a flareback from one of them had brought death to the ship. Therefore more than to any of the others did the gloomy forecast of those past tragedies fall heavy upon him.

In consequence, early the following morning, Trask entered the turret precincts, damp with the smell of ether that rises from the smokeless powder in the magazine. There, as he expected, he found Casse, clad in dungarees, squirming under the gun trunnions, a hammer in one hand, a wrench in the other, busy with his final test of the bolts and the ring of the steel.

"I had these rifles last year. I want to put you wise to a dodge or two," Trask volunteered.

"We're getting on nicely as we are," Casse returned without looking up.

Trask felt the rebuff, but continued. "Half the 'gadgets' in this system aren't up to date. The Navy Yard people took them from the old 'Utah'."

"I know it."

"Well, now I'm going to tell you what I'll bet you don't know, 'cause we kept mum about it. After the next to the last shot the compressed-air valve failed to function. The breach plug opened all right and we could have sworn it tripped the valve latch. But it didn't. Of course that meant that the unburned gas wasn't blown out of the muzzle while the plug crawled out of the breech. So when the plug did swing clear, the gas caught fire and swept back on us and this turret gave a good imitation of a place maybe we'll all visit. If my hoist-man hadn't been so damn slow that those nice naked powder bags were still only half-way up the elevator shaft you wouldn't find me here trying to save your life."

"We're going on the range and we're pretty busy." Casse had a cold gleam in his eye.

"Knock me if you've a mind to," concluded Trask. "But when she starts shooting, open your ear for the roar of the air. And take it as from one who's been there to one who hasn't that what with the explosions, and your rifles slamming in and out of battery like dump carts on a dock, and the elevator and automatic rammer screeching like all possessed, and the training machinery giving an imitation of a sawmill, your job won't be any sinecure."

With that he ducked from sight. He had done his best. Yet the dread of what might come grew upon him from the moment the file of umpires swarmed up the sea-ladder till the primers whistled their tests, and the "powder pressure" shot wrenched the ship, filling the air with clouds of loosened soot and dried paint from the stacks.

Then the ordnance officer climbed the basketlike mast to his "fire-control" platform. The admiral and captain met upon the navigating bridge. Below on the signal bridge clustered the officers, cotton in their ears, binoculars in their hands. There Trask joined them, though he knew he was not wanted. And, in the silence which endured as the ship slipped toward the flag-topped buoys, he stationed himself where he could stare down at the breech of the guns through the hatch in the turret roof. His right hand, he noticed, clutched a piece of cotton waste. Where he had found it he could not remember. But the knowledge of why he had picked it up brought the sweat to his brow.

At last the red powder-flag broke at the foretop. The roar of the ship's whistle sounded "Commence firing." Then, after a moment of pallid silence, the starboard gun belowed its liquid wave of flame over the hissing water. Up into the blue the shell sailed as a baseball rises from the bat. Fairly it fell into the centre of the target as a ball falls into the centre fielder's fingers. And, while a geyser of water rose forty feet in the air, the shell, chugging onward toward the horizon as a train chugs from a station, ricochetted skyward.

Trask peered into the turret. He could see the heads of the men who bent forward to insert loading trays and primers. He could hear the rumble of the ammunition elevators as they rose to each gun breech from the handling room, that low trap into which the shells and powder are passed from the actual magazines. But in the whistle of the wind around him he lost the familiar roar of the gas-expelling air.

The port gun bobbed its muzzle up

and down. Then another hit was scored by the starboard rifle.

Before the officers a yellow, stifling flame column belched upward from the turret. For a moment each man stood like a stopped clock while two sailors, with their clothing abalze, burst from the vomiting scuttle and leaped into the sea. At that Trask's thoughts returned with a jolt. The worst had happened, do what he could. The gas was known to be deadly to many who breathed it. Now was his time. With the half-choked screams of those below in his ears, he dropped from the bridge onto the turret. But he could not pass that shriveling gale. Even the top blistered his feet.

"The hose! The fire hose!" he yelled.

The heavy nozzle hit him in the face. He turned the stream into the hell-pit. Two men rose before him, blind with burned eyes, waving fingers scorched to the bone. Crying aloud in their agony they fell from the turret edge onto the deck. Trask cast down the hose, stuffed the cotton waste in his nostrils and mouth, and plunged through the scuttle.

The maddening heat of that crucible puckered his flesh. The gas and smoke from the burning paint seared his eyes like acid. Yet swiftly he grasped a man–by the belt of primers around his waist and raised him toward the hatch, the burned lips murmuring "O God! O God!" Calmly, with bare hands, he reached to pat out the fire smoldering on the clothes of the motionless Casse. Then, as the wreaths of sizzling vapor numbed his consciousness, his task became a bewildered rush with those who had followed, to empty the turret of the baking, dying men; while a foot lengthened to an endless space, a minute to an eternity; while hot iron seared the flesh and curling gases rent the lungs.

As coughing, blundering, swearing, the others lifted the last body through the hatch and blindly scrambled after it, Trask slipped backward against the gun trunnions and wondered at his labor, for he felt light as dust. True, the hatch appeared miles away. But he believed that he could easily float up to it. Instead, however, he fell on his face, his head hanging over the brink of the elevator shaft. Blood roared in his ears. Strange flashes pierced his swollen eyeballs. His chest panted convulsively.

Then as his lungs began to fill with comparatively poison-free air, his thoughts and his strength returned in some measure. By his forehead still smoldered the ammunition car from which the powder had blazed. Below, the safety shutters, halfway down the shaft, as usual stood open when they should have been closed. Still farther down shone the lights of the handling room.

A scrap of rag, burning on the platform edge opposite him, dropped into the pit.

Trask's only apparent chance for his life before an explosion should rend the bows of the ship was to rush for the hatch and flee toward the stern. In a flash, however, he slid down the shaft to the handling room.

The rules have it that no more than one extra charge for each gun shall be passed at a time from the magazine. But, as Trask expected, fully thirty bags lay exposed upon the deck while others had broken until the powder sprinkled the floor like thousands of yellow macaroni sticks.

Then one stick caught fire from the moldering cloth and hissed a hideous blue-green glare.

"To blazes with me if that's the answer," he thought as he kicked it aside.

Another grain blazed. He threw his body upon it. Despite the fire in his clothes he gurgled satisfaction.

"A coward, hey?"

Again a powder stick flared out near him. He grasped it in his hand. He felt no pain. The lust of war had clutched him.

Once more, and now beyond his reach, fire bubbled upward. It flickered toward the heap of powder bags so close to the heavy steel door which the fleeing crew had left open into the magazine. As Trask scrambled to his feet his eye caught sight of the wheel to the giant valve placed on the wall to flood the magazine and handling room in just such a crisis. He wrenched at it. Yet, while the torrent roared upon him, he noticed a dark patch smoldering upon the cheesecloth of the nearest bag.

The water might not be quick enough. If the bags in the handling room should blaze it would not matter except to him. But if the powder within the magazine was fired it meant the death warrant of all his shipmates forward.

He hurled himself at the door. It stood opening inward. His exhausted strength could not drag it shut.

He dodged into the magazine behind it. He heaved with his shoulder. The steel panel swung into place.

Yet even as it moved, he felt he had sealed his own doom. He would have taken the chance, if it had been only for himself, that the water would choke the fire. For he knew that once inside the magazine he could not open the door nor control the water; it would rise soon enough now.

"They won't think to start the pumps in time," he gasped to himself.

For a moment there was a choking silence. He placed his hand against the door. It was cool. The powder had

not blazed. His sacrifice had been useless.

Water trickled around his feet. It was grateful until it touched his burns. It was salt. He squirmed at the smart. In the darkness he climbed upon a copper powder can, his head against the ceiling. The tepid air nauseated him. He started to slip back. But already the water touched his raw ankles. He drew up his knees. Minutes passed. As if fingers were creeping upward tearing his flesh, the water rose about him. Inch by inch, burn after burn cried to his agony. Minute by minute the ether smell seemed to twist a cord tighter around his forehead till he felt his skull must crack. The water reached his neck. He noticed his head in the T made by the lower edge of the ceiling beam. The atmosphere became more dense, more deadly to breathe.

The water stopped. Trask's heart bounded. It could rise no farther against the air pressure. He gave the very core of his strength to hold his scattering thoughts. But his tortured flesh could no longer bear the touch of the salt, his racked lungs no longer fill. He fainted.

He caught the sound of the magazine door swinging on its hinges and of splashing water.

He heard some one say, "I told you he came down."

And some one else: "But who'd have thought——"

. . . . . .

Trask felt cool bandages upon his limbs. A revolving fan blew air across his face. He saw familiar colored pipes on the ceiling. He turned uneasily. Across the sick bay he noticed swathed forms lying in tiers of cots. A white-clad pharmacist, attracted by his movement, signaled the door.

A small hand passed over Trask's forehead. There was Ruth. He thought she smiled, or was she crying. The beat of his heart surged stronger.

"The ship is in Guantanamo and they will let me stay with you until you can be taken ashore," she said softly.

"The powder didn't fire, dear?" Trask asked in a bare whisper.

"No, boy, and daddy told me that in the next blue book you'll find your name in italics."

"I never was a coward. It was stage fright—like Tenney's at the minstrel show. I won't have it any more, Ruth."

Her tiny hand lay very soft on his bandaged fingers.

Never attempt to judge of a person's greatness by a single great action of merit—it would be just as wise to judge of his inability to succeed by a single failure.

The Pedlar's Pack

Continued from page 306.

came to Canada to sing by Royal Command for the Connaughts. The royal enthusiasm resulted in letters of introduction from their Royal Highnesses to many New York friends, and delightful and lucrative engagements to sing at the musical affairs for which the New York "Four Hundred" are famous.

Then came her accidental meeting with Modest Altschuler, who, on hearing her sing at a private musicale, exclaimed: "I do not know your charming name—but will you come on tour as soloist with the Russian Symphony Orchestra?" Luck?—Golden luck?—Perhaps! But if this young girl had not had the *pluck* to study all the contralto roles in a dozen oratorios, never knowing when, if ever, she would have the opportunity to sing them, this opportunity might just as well not have presented itself! (Think it over, ambitious singer-girls!) So the Canadian girl toured the country with the famous Russian Symphony Orchestra; and her glorious voice became so popular with the public, that she was re-engaged for the next season's tour.

Last summer—1916—Mrs. Morris was approached by the principals of a great women's college in the South, the Mary Baldwin Seminary of Staunton, Virginia. They wanted an exponent of Mrs. Morris' method, who would prepare students for their musical degrees. So she sent Miss Macrae a long wire—and the burden of it was, "A year or so of teaching will make you more sure of your art—you must stoop to conquer!"

Brenda Macrae has gone back for her second year at the college. Students are travelling from all over the state of Virginia to study with her. She has forty-seven pupils—all she can manage—and a choral society of fifty voices, already famous throughout Virginia. She has not given up her concert work altogether. She gave various recitals in Richmond, (Virginia's capital), where she was entertained by the governor and his lady. During last Easter vacation, she sang with great success in Washington. This year she has great plans for her pupils—for it is to be her last year of teaching—then she will go back to concert and oratorio.

Here's wishing you luck—and fame—Brenda Macrae!

To-day, as I read and re-read the Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke, I thought of Keat's words:

"Beauty that must die,
And Joy whose hand is ever at his lips,
Bidding adieu."

As the old lady said in the story: "This reminds me of that, because it is so different."

It must indeed be "a great adventure" to pass through God's Gate to Life, where all things are understood, to the knowledge that in this little bit of life on earth, one has created beauty that *cannot* die, joy that is never done—that will be the same inspiration to humans, to-day, and a hundred-hundred tomorrows!

English literature is richer in possessing the books of Rupert Brooke, the English soldier whose poems are as beautiful as his life, as inspiring as his death.

His familiars all write of the poet as a "beautiful boy." He *was* a boy in years, and adventurous spirit—physically beautiful as only a lithe, vital young Adonis can be. There was something graceful and glowing—beautiful indeed—in his expression in verse; were his mood whimsical, passionate, tender, or heroic Spiritually. When your Pedlar opened the pack to-day, and took out the precious book, the sky grew bluer, the leaves a more tender green, the song of the birds seemed suddenly sweeter, and the white, pink-tipped clouds, floating high above, seemed no longer out of reach. They were a part of God's Creation: so was I: so was Rupert Brooke, his spirit brooding over the little wood, just like the pink-tipped clouds, in that Heaven of Blue.

You remember, in "The Blue Bird," the woman who had died, said something like this to the children: "So long as you think of us, we are not dead—we live in your thoughts." Rupert Brooke will live in the thoughts—and in the hearts—of Englishmen and women; but I like to think of his being immortal in another sense, too—living beautifully, adventurously, in that land where he has gone with all the other brave men who dared the unknown thing called "death" for patriotism's sake; who

"Proud, clear-eyed, and laughing, go to greet
Death as a friend."

But, knowing that he must die, he expressed no desire for the immortality that we believe is his. His passionate love for England was uppermost in his poem, "The Soldier:"

"If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, Blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back, the thoughts by England given;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven."

—RAGGS.

The Case at Evelyn Grange

Continued from page 321.

pressure he was under. Let's go to the gun room; the fire is lit there, and nobody will be down for an hour. By the way, I told Charlie I wanted your advice about Tiddeldywinks' shoulder, and the news from the stable; so give me a line of pony flip at table. Now, listen. Take that chair; it's comfortable. First of all, I don't need to say that you're the only person in the world I'd trust with this. I didn't call you in because you happened to be the nearest doctor."

"Good girl," said Stacy. "I'm your man Friday. Out with it."

Alice suddenly fell silent, leaning forward, elbow on knee, and chin in hand.

"And?" he suggested.

"One of Patty's macaws, that rainbow live theater hat, by the door yonder, got away this morning. I'd been watching them doing turns on their rings. They really are most picturesque gymnasts. Then Mr. Joseph's Coat breaks the chain on his foot, and, whoop la! out of the door, which had been standing open to let the smoke out of the hall. Of course, I flew out, and a great chase we made of it. Snapshotted by the reporters in full cry. One of the gardeners saw us, dropped his rake, and joined the hunt. That wretched bird set us some stiff country, too. I don't care for hurdling on my own legs, and as for brush work—the gardener and I burrowed into hedges and rose bushes, and every time we thought we had the beast, off he'd go again. At last he flopped up against the house and hung for dear life to the ivy, right under Nellie Gaynor's window—the end window in the guest wing. I coaxed and threw pebbles at it, but there it hung. Its feet had become entangled, and we couldn't reach it nor dislodge it. So the gardener went for a ladder. We put it up and I offered to go up, because the silly cuss bird is used to me, though you wouldn't have noticed it to see it give me the chase. The gardener wasn't keen to get his fingers nipped. So 'ladies first' and up I go. The feather duster squawked and struggled, but couldn't get loose. I got hold of it with one hand and started to dislodge his claws with the other, when I nearly lost my balance and fell off. There, right under my hand, tied to a wire, hung a flat red leather bag. My pet had given it a first-class clawing. I saw just one thing—Mrs. Lawdon's ruby pendant. I gave a yowl in spite of myself.

"'Did he bite you?' the gardener

asked me. Lucky he did, for it saved me from making a prize blunder.

"'Yes,' I said. 'Go to Lizzie, or somebody, and bring me a couple of pieces of sugar and a towel to cover his head. He can't get loose; his foot is caught.'

"Gardener went off on a run, and in a jiffy I had that bag stuffed inside my shirtwaist. I tugged the wire and found it was fastened to a nail within reaching distance of the window. The man came back and I caught my bird in the towel, and handed it down to him. I knew that would keep him busy. He'd never notice even though I bulged like a pouter pigeon if he had the macaw. He was as afraid of it as of dynamite. I kept behind him, and rang for the butler when we reached the hall. I started for the stairs and called over to anchor the theatre hat to its ring. Jove! when I reached my room, I was sick, Joe, like a kiddy at her first jump. I locked myself in and looked at the find. It's all there. I've got them now, hidden up the chimney, and I'm so afraid some one will happen on them that I'm green."

"Why don't you give them to Cass, or the Lawdon?" Stacy interrupted.

"Because," said Alice slowly, "there isn't any doubt in my mind, nor would there be in his or hers, as to who took them. And I want to get that stuff back so nobody can guess who was responsible."

"The maid?"

Alice gave him a queer look. "Have you heard what happened this morning?" He shook his head. "Mrs. Gaynor shot herself — by — er — accident."

"What!"

"Here in the gun room; right there behind you, in fact, with Cass's revolver from the top of that rack."

Stacy turned with a start as if he expected to see the tragedy instantly re-enacted.

"She developed brain fever."

"I'd heard that," he said quickly.

"Yes, but she was sane then. I saw her. I was 'way down the line there; Cass was over in the drawing-room. I saw her run across the room, hesitate, and turn in here. She looked in there," she jerked an indicative thumb over her shoulder, "threw up her hands, and —and then—bingo! It's a miracle she didn't succeed."

"But what made her? Who was in the den?"

"Wendham and Adele. He'd brought the girl down to explain the mechanism of some apparatus he wanted her to use on Nellie. That's what Lizzie told me. She was left to watch Mrs. Gaynor when they went; only Patty rang. So off she goes, and Nellie has a flash of intuition, and gets out——"

"But what the deuce are you driving at?" Stacy looked the girl straight in the eyes. She met his gaze keenly.

"Nellie thought Wendham was getting the truth out of Adele; that's what; and she thought the game was up."

"Good heavens! you don't believe that! Why——"

"Yes, I do. It's been one thing and another thing, and two and two till I can't help it. It's just up to this. Nellie, sweet old Nellie—yes, and I love her better than a sister. But I don't believe the races is where she's got the money she's scattered around these last few years."

"Alice," he said slowly, "you're either a genius or a——"

"I'm neither, thank you," she interrupted. "But how in the world can I get it back to the Lawdon and incriminate no one? Suppose it's 'mysteriously returned' in the house. To the day of our deaths every one of us will be suspected. It's got to come from the outside, and somebody's got to take it out——"

"And that person's yours truly, I suppose." Stacy finished her sentence.

"Be a brick," she begged. "I've busted my head to think it out. Perhaps you can plan better."

Stacy was silent. "Do you think Wendham knows?" he asked at length.

She shook her head. "No, or else he's an actor in a million. Besides, he's in love with her. You couldn't convince him with a meat ax. If she lives —poor lamb—and she'll have him, he'll marry her. What? Did you

think I'd go to him with my find? Not much!"

"How the devil will you get the things to me?"

"You've got to do the rest," she said seriously. "The burden is on you now, thank goodness!" She made a gesture of lavish bestowal.

"You're very good." He bowed. "I wish I could take all of your burdens, Alice. It's a bore I'm such a non-eligible, isn't it?"

"You bet," she agreed cordially, "but I'm not exactly a pauper, you know."

"Wait a bit. If Alvord——"

"I wouldn't be half bad in the horse business myself," she ventured.

"That's it—I have it!" he exclaimed cheerfully. "The ponies will save us all yet, see if they don't. I'm to look your Gee over. You said that's what you told Cass, isn't it? Well, when you do, it will be just before I start—see? Give me the stuff. It will be a cold day if we can't find a good excuse to keep the grooms busy. I've got my slicker; you put on a what-you-may-callum-cape—transfer—and may God have mercy upon my soul!"

"There, I knew it'd be all right if I got you into it." She smiled calmly. "You're a great comfort, Stacy. I feel already as if I didn't have jewels to burn in my fireplace."

"Who's to find the—er—swag?" asked Stacy dreamily, after a moment's pause.

"How in the world should I know? I'm not the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter."

Stacy turned clear and laughing eyes upon her. "My dear, kind, Christian friend, you don't intend to let Provy look after the whole matter, do you? What's to prevent some vagabond or other happening upon the spoil, if you casually drop it; or suppose it falls into the hands of a detective, and he thinks no one knows and the thief doesn't dare make a roar? What's the few thousands of reward against the whole cheese? Don't you see that some one vitally interested must know, must be advised that the 'Skirling Harpie's' decorations are on the rebound?"

"That's a fact," exclaimed Alice, "and we can't write a thing, can we?"

"We can cut words from a newspaper and paste them, and produce a perfectly non-committal communication."

The girl was on her feet at once. Crossing quickly to the den she drew from a wood box a back-numbered newspaper and from the desk a long pair of clipping shears. Returning, she sat down on the arm of a chair.

"Sit down here, Joe," she commanded and they opened the newspaper and scanned the headlines for words to form their mysterious message. Now, here

Putting up meadow hay in the Nechako Valley

Stock thrives on the rich grasses in the Nechako Valley

Farming Opportunities in British Columbia

Come to the Rich, Sunny, Mild

NECHAKO VALLEY

on the Main Line of the Grand Trunk Pacific

Let this Board of Trade, which has nothing to sell give you reliable, free information

LEARN about the wonderful opportunities for farming and stock raising in the fertile Nechako Valley, the largest and richest connected area of agricultural land in British Columbia. Fertile soil. Mild, bracing climate. The best mixed farming country in Western Canada. On the main line of a transcontinental railroad. Near good, growing towns. Near schools and churches.

Government Department of Lands says: "The Valley of the Nechako comprises one of the finest areas of land in British Columbia." Dr. Dawson, the well-known Government expert and investigator, says, "The Nechako Valley is the largest connected area of lands susceptible to cultivation in the whole Province of British Columbia."

Here is independence and health calling to you! The Nechako Valley needs settlers. In our own immediate neighborhood are many thousands of acres of good, fertile, well located land which you can buy at a very low price.

This Board of Trade does not deal in land nor anything else. It only wants to bring you and the land together. The land is here, waiting for you. It will bring you big harvests every year and keep on swelling your bank balance.

Let this disinterested Board of Trade advise you about the farming and stock raising opportunities in this rich Valley. Tell us how much land you want, what experience you have had in farming, approximately what you are prepared to pay for the land and what resources you have to put it under crop. YOU DO NOT OBLIGATE YOURSELF IN ANY WAY AND THE INFORMATION WILL BE KEPT CONFIDENTIAL. We will advise you honestly, frankly, whether there is an opportunity for you here and if so, where and why. We will bring you and the land together.

If you have slaved in a more rigorous winter climate, away from neighbors, away from green trees and clear, running water, come to the Nechako Valley and enjoy life and prosperity.

Write to-day. Investigate AT ANY RATE. You owe that to yourself and your family. There is no obligation on your part and OUR SERVICE IS FREE.

Fill out, clip and mail this coupon

C. M OCTOBER

BOARD OF TRADE OF VANDERHOOF
(INCORPORATED)
VANDERHOOF, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

I wish to get a farm of.....acres for .....
at about $.....per acre. My resources are about $..... This coupon does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

There are several good business openings for progressive men and women in this fast growing town. If you are interested write to-day. Remember this Board of Trade has nothing to sell you.

Board of Trade of Vanderhoof
(Incorporated)
VANDERHOOF
BRITISH COLUMBIA
"The Dominating Centre of the Nechako Valley."

We have nothing to sell.

goes! Look at this one—'Innocent Man Executed.' Cut out the 'innocent man'—that's what happens often enough; and here in the text, 'accused.' Look! 'Innocent man accused'—that's a start. Cut out the 'plunder' from 'Plunderbund'—there under that caricature—we'll want that plunder. Take the 'return' from Mme. Melba's arrival. But where will you put the stuff? You mustn't stop to bury, or anything like that; some place where you can sling it quick and not be suspected even if some one saw you—a plain sight sort of place."

"Suppose I fire it under the culvert by the motor entrance. There's water enough in the brook to cover the package, and it's too heavy to wash down, I suppose. Nobody'd look for it there unless they were told."

"Right, O!" said Alice, beginning once more to diligently search the paragraphs. "Here's 'motor' from the ads., and 'Park' from the land boom speculators. We ought to get 'entrance' from the theatrical column. There 'in,' that's easy, 'water'—that's a poser. Oh, here's somebody 'who couldn't brook delays'; that's Providence for you. Now for 'under.'"

"Look in the political news. There's always some one 'under suspicion.'"

"Joe! you're a jewel yourself. Mind you don't fall under the bridge." The scissors snipped vigorously for a moment. "'Culvert,' we'll never find that. 'Bridge'?—the social column; some one must be giving a blowout."

"Or the dental ads.," suggested Stacy.

The shears bit sharply into the now perforated sheet. "No, I'm going to take that bridge right out of the beauty doctor's nose notice. Now we have it—look!" She spread the clipped words upon her palm. "'Innocent man accused, return Plunder, Motor Park entrance, in brook under bridge.' There, we have it. Now cut a 'to all whom it may concern' from the legal stripe, and a headline about 'Robbery at Evelyn Grange' from a recent paper—that for directions—do you see?—to take the recipient's eye. Wish I could think of the best eye."

Stacy picked up the remains of the papers and flung them upon the blazing logs, where they blazed for a moment and, turning to black cinders, floated upward in the current of the draught.

Alice leaned forward. "You ought to know the metal of these local people pretty well. What sort of a reputation does our hayseed sheriff wear?"

"He's a perfectly honest fool."

"There's your man," cried Alice triumphantly, "and it would do my heart good to see him cull the rewards over the heads of those spavined, wall-eyed, ring-boned detectives. I hate the sight of them, and I wouldn't trust one around the corner with a plugged nickel. Can you reach him?—the sheriff, I mean."

"Shouldn't wonder," he smiled. "His beat isn't a very long one. Slap those words on a piece of paper—a noncommittal piece; tear the margin from another paper. Where can you get one?"

"In there. No, don't come; stay where you are, to see if anyone comes." She darted into the den, mutilated another news sheet, and, turning up the electric reading lamp, hastily dabbed the paste brush into a jar and anointed the scrap. A moment later the words were neatly arranged, and presented a startling appearance—everything from scare type to italics. But the information conveyed was clear. Blotting and folding the slip, the somewhat vague and general address was added, and Alice, extinguishing the light, returned beaming to the gunroom fireside. "All's well that ends well," she exclaimed, "and you shall have a cocktail right now, and I'll make it myself."

Joe Stacy's presence saved the dinner that night from positive gloom. Wendham's face was careworn; Mrs. Lawdon, who appeared in a "creation" befitting an embassy ball, insisted, in spite of her husband's efforts to switch the subject, upon discussing the robbery and the latest detective reports—they were encouraging. Dawson had been traced to Newark, and an arrest was expected at any moment. Alice sparkled. Always handsome in her keen, slim-limbed, boyish way, she developed real beauty under the influence of Stacy's presence and the excitement of their venture. Evelyn watched them benignly.

"Nice chap, Joe Stacy. Pity—well, why not after all? Alice's tastes, exclusive of horses, are inexpensive, and besides, she has her own little income. Suppose the boy's too proud; must fix that somehow." For the first time in many dreary days a gleam of pleasure pierced Evelyn's thoughts. "You're not going to ride home to-night, Stacy," he announced cordially. "I won't hear of it. It's a beast of a storm, and it's all nonesnse. We'll put you up."

"Thanks, I can't, Mr. Evelyn. I'm up to the eyes, and I've got to be out with the dawn to-morrow. Miss Rawlins wants me to look at Tiddledywinks' shoulder after dinner, and then I'll paddle along. The storm's nothing. It's about blown itself out now."

In vain the host entreated. His guest would not stay. A few moments after the company had arisen from the table, Alice excused herself.

"I'm going up for my boots and a cape, Joe," she called.

"All right. Good night. I'll see

you all again soon. Thank you, Mrs. Evelyn. Oh, my slicker is outside; don't bother. Good night again." Stacy bowed himself from the room, donned his storm raiment, and a moment later Alice, bundled to the eyes, joined him in the hall. Together they made their way across the gardens. "Hand it over," he said softly.

"Not now. Wait."

The groom on watch turned on the electric switch, flooding the stables with a noonday glare. The horses in their box stalls, adorned with their names in gold letters, whinnied and stamped gently.

Alice led the way down the matted and speckless aisle and sniffed happily the clean odors of spar varnish and hay. "Here's Tiddledywinks," she announced, lifting the latch and sliding back the door. A velvet nose was thrust into her hand as the hunter snickered his delight.

"Do you see how he favors that foot ?" she said.

A few pinches and a knowing rub appeared to satisfy the connoisseur. "Little strain, that's all." He rose and turned to the groom behind him. "Williams, bring me a bandage. I'll put him up myself. Be saddling my horse while I'm doing it, will you ?" The groom touched his cap and walked rapidly away. "Now !" he whispered.

Sound limbed, gentle eyed, and discreet, Tiddeldywinks was the only witness to the transfer.

(To be concluded).

Fish—and The Facts

Continued from page 337.

which of course is not the case with the Fish Committee and *it's* piano.

Footnote.

For the Fish problem Mr. Hanna appointed Frank Beer, R. Y. Eaton and F. S. Wiley, of Port Arthur. Beer is known as a student of public questions. He was the man who tested out the workingman's housing scheme in Toronto. At another time he was a member of an Ontario Commission to study labor conditions—and in that capacity made certain practical and useful suggestions which have since been carried into effect. R. Y. Eaton is not the least part of the directing genuis of one of the greatest retail organizations in the world—a keen, practical man with public spirit and a faculty for grasping large problems and stating them simply. F. D. Wiley is a quiet but shrewd man from Port Arthur, with many years practical experience in the steamship trade. Mr. Beer is chairman and a young Nova Scotian sea captain and fisherman, Captain F. W. Wallace, is Secretary.

CANADA

Pay Will Be The Same

Men selected under the Military Service Act will receive the same pay as those now on active service receive. Pay will start from the time a man reports for duty. Money from the Patriotic Fund and Separation Allowance will also be available for selected men.

Canadian soldiers are well paid. The fact that wages in Canada are generally higher than those paid in Europe is recognized in the system of remuneration for men on active service. Clothing and all equipment in addition to food is also supplied to the Canadian soldier, leaving him with no expense except personal incidentals.

The rate of pay for men in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, other than commissioned officers, is as follows:

	Pay	Field Allowance
Warrant Officers - -	$2.00	30 cts.
Regimental Sergt.-Major, if not a Warrant Officer -	1.85	20 "
Quartermaster-Sergeants -	1.80	20 "
Orderly Room Clerks -	1.50	20 "
Orderly Room Sergeants -	1.50	20 "
Pay Sergeants - -	1.50	20 "
Squad., Batt., or Co. Sergt-Major	1.60	20 "
Colour-Sergeant or Staff-Sergeant	1.60	20 "
Squad., Batt., or Co. Q.M.S. -	1.50	20 "
Sergeants - - - - -	1.35	15 "
Lance-Sergeants - - -	1.15	15 "
Corporals - - - -	1.10	10 "
Lance-Corporals - -	1.05	10 "
Bombardiers, or Second Corporals	1.05	10 "
Trumpeters, Buglers, and Drummers,	1.00	10 "
Privates, Gunners, Drivers -	1.00	10 "
Sappers, Batmen, etc. - -	1.00	10 "

As in the case of those already gone overseas, Separation Allowances will be available for those dependent for livelihood upon selected men. The Separation Allowance is $20.00 per month for the rank and file, $25.00 for sergeants and staff-sergeants and $30.00 for warrant officers. The experience is that many men can afford to assign half their pay to dependents, in addition.

A considerable number of men who have enlisted in the Canadian forces have found themselves better off under the army rate of pay, which is granted in addition to board, lodging, clothing, equipment, transportation, etc., than they were while in civillian positions. Their wants are provided for, and they receive a steady addition to the bank account each month.

Issued by The Military Service Committee.