The Quiet Observer

Lady Macdonald.

Many splendid memories are revived by the passing of Lady Macdonald, or, as the American usage would have it, Baroness Macdonald. After she was widowed on June 6, 1891, she was granted a peerage in her own right, but it dies with her. All who were intimate with the great Canadian Premier and his wife testify to the immense assistance she was to him, how valuable her judgment, how steadying her influence, how wisely patriotic. Sir John Macdonald was already married when he first saw Lady Macdonald. This was in 1856, as related by his biographer, Sir Joseph Pope. He had been dining in Ellah's Hotel, on Front Street, Toronto, when he saw her and her brother enter, and asked who they were. He was told they were an English family settled on Lake Simcoe. Sir John's first wife was his cousin, Miss Isabella Clark, and she died in 1858, leaving one surviving son, the present Hon. Hugh John. In this year, 1858, Col. Bernard became private secretary to Sir John, and at a concert in Shaftesbury Hall, Toronto, he pointed out Sir John to his sister. It was not till a year later that Sir John called on Mrs. Bernard, mother of his private secretary, and was introduced to Miss Agnes, her daughter. Six years later the Bernards went back to England to live, and here, one day in 1866, Sir John, who was in London in connection with business concerning the Confederation of Canada, accidentally met Miss Bernard and her brother in Bond Street. He proposed shortly before Christmas and the marriage took place two months later. How much she contributed to his subsequent success has been recognized by all his biographers. Probably she emphasized the note which Sir John himself always had made prominent in his policies, which Lord Rosebery pointed out in his speech at the unveiling of the Macdonald memorial in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral: "We recognize only this, that Sir John Macdonald had grasped the central idea that the British Empire is the greatest secular agency for good now known to mankind; that was the secret of his success; and that he determined to die under it, and strove that Canada should live under it."

Abundance on the Farm.

A universal verdict acclaims the harvest of 1920 as the greatest Canada has ever seen. All the experts and authorities have but one opinion on the subject. The bountiful yield and the quality of the product are beyond comparison. Ontario has shared the common fortune, and the weather has been propitious for harvesting and threshing. Wheat prices have been ranging from $2.20 to $2.50. The fodder crops are equally abundant with the cereals. Hay is sold at from $22 to $28 a ton. The only drawback to the general prosperity is lack of help. Fruit is lost on this account, and tobacco growers are also complaining. Farmers who do not pay attention to their poultry should be interested in the report from the experimental farm at Kentville, N.S., where a Plymouth Rock pullet has laid 104 eggs in 104 days. This constitues a record, so far as is known. There are records of five or six dozen without a break, but 104 wins the medal. The 200-egg hen is the desire of the ordinary poultry man, but what good layers will do is usually wasted on the ordinary farmer, who will feed out his good grain to scrub stock when he might as well be cherishing the finest laying strains in the country. The ignorance and neglect of many farmers in matters of selecting and breeding stock, and it applies to cattle as well as fowl, cost them enormous sums. The 104-egg hen should serve as a hint.

Sir Adam's Double Devotion.

Those who know Sir Adam Beck intimately are aware that he is the most devoted family man in Canada, and that he adores his wife and daughter. It is a measure, then, of his fidelity to duty and the trust imposed in him and upon him by the municipalities of Ontario that he decided to stand by the less personal responsibility at the time when he was torn by apprehension for Lady Beck, who was in the hands of the surgeons; and the Hydro-Electric project was passing through the critical strain of power shortage, labor embarrassments, political obstruction, and the general confusion attending the transition conditions after the war. Lady Beck's return to Canada will be a source of satisfaction and strength to him in a time when a last great effort is being made to block the important work to which he has given the best years of his life. To judge from the statements being made, the opposition to the Hydro radial plans is taking the course of consolidating its force on the point that there should be no unnecessary duplication of lines. The real opposition comes from other sources, and the emphasis laid upon the value of motor truck traffic as compared with radial railways indicates the origin of much of it. Motor trucks are excellent on good roads and for limited distances. This has been demonstrated in England, where after years of experience it has been found that to make motor truck traffic profitable it must be thoroughly organized through thickly populated districts with comparatively short runs and with repair shops established at convenient intervals. The constantly increasing cost of gasoline contrasted with the stable or lowering cost of electric energy is an adverse factor in motor traffic, and labor must always be a much heavier item for trucking. It is admitted now that the Toronto-Niagara Radial must be completed. Opposition to the eastern line appears to come from those who desire to have no opposition in the east to the development of land values in the west.

Educat For Labor.

James Murdock, vice-president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, whose resignation from the Board of Commerce formed a dramatic episode some time ago, made a notable speech at St. Thomas on Labor Day. He dealt with the various phases of the economic questions of the day, but emphasized the real object of labor organization, which was not, he declared, primarily to get better wages, but to secure education. Once the worker gets this, "other benefits follow as surely as night follows day." Such education is not merely, of course, the learning of books and schools. It is "a knowledge of what is justly theirs" which must be got by labor men "before they can hope to gain their lawful rights by the force of logic. Such an education," he insisted, "must recognize the rights of the employer and the employe, and not be founded on prejudice or unfairness." He expressed one principle that if generally observed would probably wipe out ninety per cent. of the labor difficulties of the day. "The employer must learn that without the employe his business would be as nought, and that the employes must receive for their labor sufficient to maintain healthful, happy, normal standards of living. Employes should and must learn that earnest, honest labor in the interests of the employer is due in exchange for equitable wages and treatment, and that a thirty-minute hour is just as dishonest as a fifty-cent dollar. Organization of men, properly conducted, actuated by proper motives and governed by conservative methods has brought about such an education, and the results speak for themselves." He repudiated any thought of labor being in sympathy with "any plan that finds its basic purposes in the destruction of government or the recognized forms of law and order." Mr. Murdock's fine speech undoubtedly represents the great bulk of labor opinion in Canada.

Unrest From Industrialization.

Sir Auckland Geddes' fine speech at Ottawa analyzed briefly the various causes alleged to be behind the present world unrest, and put them all aside but one—industrial revolution. This main cause is reinforced from many sides, by social unrest, and geographical unrest in the Empire, chiefly. He paid special attention to these two elements. He had found conditions during his recruiting experiences in the war which were quite unexpected to him—a physical ill-being "to an extent and on a scale that I think no one imagined to be possible." He found men who were machine minders, whose duty it was, whose daily task it was, to look after some automatic machine or group of machines, and he found their minds continually starved of the exercise "of that first and most important function of the human mind, the function of creating something; for they had nothing to do but to watch and to allow their minds to stagnate and lie callow." The result is that he is found either in bitter revolt or with the ambition to get drunk and stay drunk and so forget his misery. He found hundreds of thousands of men and women under conditions that made it impossible for them to marry. Unrest was bound to result. The voices of unborn children rang in their ears crying of an unfulfilled destiny, and this caused a profound unrest. The industrial revolution which gave the power and the wealth to the industrialized democracies produced the world unrest as a by-product, and with this was associated the geographical unrest which followed the control by the industrialized democracies of lands far outside their borders. He outlined the clash between the idea of governments in the East, which held their power, as it was believed, from God direct, and the representations of governments who were appointed not by God, but by the people. The war, and the plotters, the clash of governing theories, are but secondary to the main cause of unrest, which is the industrialism of the nations. The solution of these problems will be the work of many patient years. The English-speaking nations would have a foremost place in this work, and it would be the part of Canada to bridge the chasms of ignorance and the abyss of misrepresentation by which some had sought to create misunderstanding between the British and American peoples.

The Soul of the Empire.

What must have seemed an extraordinary speech to many of the business men who heard it at the Empire Club was given recently by Dr. Ellis Powell, editor of The Financial News of London, England, on "Scientific Imperialism." It was not so much scientific as religious, and not so much imperial as individual, but he received much applause in the course of an address, in which he expressed a number of ideas that are familiar to students of mysticism and occultism, but are not often heard in public outside a Theosophical Society. He paid tribute to "the noblest of the world's Empires," and went on to speak of "a loftier imperialism that is looming all around us on the intellectual horizon." The old imperialism of absolute, utter, abject subjection on the one hand and arbitrary dominatien on the other, was quite dead. The subjection he wished to see was the subjection of all the developed and undeveloped powers of the earth to the triumphant chariot wheels of man. As the mighty forces of nature were laid under contribution man would be relieved from toil and freed to devote himself to his own moral, intellectual and spiritual development. The greatest authority on radium assures us there is sufficient force wrapped up in radium to do all the work of the world. There was not a single canon of human progress and human freedom violated by such a programme, and the principle had been outlined centuries ago by the Founder of Christianity, who declared that "man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God." He might be challenged, he said, on the point that if man were so set free to study his spiritual and mental destiny, was there a field for such study? He considered the opportunities boundless. He suggested two directions in which the intellect might expand. None of them, however musical, could visualize the whole of a musical triumph, such as Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, at once. They could only enjoy it as a succession of notes and chords. But they could think of the faculty so developed that they could see the entire sonata at once as one beautiful whole as they saw a picture. Similarly the range of vibrations in the ethereal medium might be opened to us beyond the ranges of sight and vision, showing a world transcending in beauty anything around us. He believed the gulf between the Cave Man and the man of to-day was not as wide as the gulf that would separate the Canadian of to-day from the Canadian of 200 years hence. He had been impressed by the enthusiastic, burning, patriotic loyalty of Canada. The Empire was not only an aggregate of components, but was also an organic unity. Directly one postulated it as such one was thrust upon one of the noblest of conceptions. In the old legal view a joint stock company as distinct from its shareholders was a fiction. A later and more enlightened jurisprudence was beginning to urge that something new was really brought into existence. There must be some magnificent reality, he thought, in the background of the organic unity known as the British Empire. There was really being developed a great Imperial soul, a real Personality, a kind of super-eminent Guardian Angel, which had the care of this realm. What took your sons and daughters across the ocean? he asked. Loyalty to the King certainly, but what was behind the King was the majestic reality of the Empire soul. That touched the hearts of their sons and daughters and stirred the souls of all of them. In 1913 he had been at Niagara with a great American lawyer, 92 years of age (this was surely Rufus Choate), and he had brought up the weak point of the United States constitution, which he had declared was the entire absence of a personal nucleus of patriotic devotion for the nation, which was, therefore, liable to parochialism and lack of vision. "I'm going to say a daring thing," declared the lawyer. "If you live to the ordinary span you will see the great American Commonwealth make an effort to come back to the British flag. What is it that these British people have that we haven't got? they will ask, and they will answer themselves in the words more pregnant now than three thousand years ago, 'Where there is no vision the people perish.'" Dr. Powell concluded by picturing the soul of the Empire, "pouring down its inspiration on your sons and daughters, and guiding them to a fate more splendid than any seen among the sons of men."

A TRAVELLING KITCHEN.

Some years ago an inventive fellow with a kindly feeling for women and an eye to profits, produced a contraption he called a kitchen cabinet, arranged to hold in convenient quantities just about everything a woman needed for cooking and baking, says the Omaha Bee. It was a very successful venture for him, the strong selling factor being the convenience and the amazing saving of steps in the preparation of food.

It comes to mind on noticing that an Eastern woman in 30 years has walked a distance equal to that from Ohio to San Francisco and back—plus six trips up Pike's Peak—haf the distance carrying a pail of water. The annoying thing about it is that with piping that would have cost only $42 her husband could have saved the woman all those unnecessary steps and the water burden.

POEMS

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet, and the thrush say "I love and I love!"
In winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving, all come back together.
And the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings and he sings, and forever sings he,
I love my Love, and my Love loves me.

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

CLEVER HAIR DRESS IN FOUR MOVES

1. Part the hair on the side, small section of part indicated in picture.

2. Arrange a soft buffant on top, as shown.

3. Divide hair in two strands in middle of back.
4. Cross strands and bring around head and fasten in back.

FACTS ABOUT CANADA

Canada's present supply of commercial timber has been estimated at from 500 to 800 billion feet, board measure.

It is estimated that the merchantable timber of Canada covers an area of 250,000 acres, being about half of the forest area, and does not include areas covered with pulpwood and firewood.

British Columbia contains 50 million acres of commercial timber, estimated to be equal to 400 billion feet, board measure. British Columbia contains more saw-timber than any other province.

In Alberta there are four and a half million acres of commercial saw-timber amounting to 21 billion feet, board measure. About 80 per cent of it is spruce.

The timber area of Saskatchewan is 3,384,000 acres, containing about 14 billion feet, board measure. The lumber at present cut consists almost entirely of spruce, with some larch, jack pine, and poplar.

The land in Manitoba covered with saw-timber has an area of 1,920,000 acres, containing about 7 billion feet, board measure. Spruce forms about 93 per cent. of the lumber sawn.

Ontario contains about 85 million acres of saw-timber on which stands 150 billion feet of merchantable timber, board measure. The annual cut consists of 60 per cent of white pine.

In Quebec there are about 90 million acres of merchantable saw-timber, containing about 160 billion feet, board measure, of saw-lumber. A little more than one-half the cut is spruce.

The forest area of New Brunswick is about 12 million acres, with standing timber estimated at 22 billion feet, board measure. Spruce forms 86 per cent of the annual cut.

Nova Scotia is estimated to contain 5,740,000 acres of forest land, with about 10 billion feet, board measure, of coniferous saw-timber, and much hardwood.

Only a small part of Prince Edward Island is covered with saw-timber. The annual cut is about equal to seven and a half million feet, board measure.

QUEEN MARY THE MOTHER.

Queen Mary is pre-eminently the mother. She is motherly in all her ways. She lacks affectation or pretence. She is always glad to give motherly and housewifely advice. I came across a little illustration of this recently at a fete given in the Royal Botanical Gardens to aid the fund for ex-officers. The King and Queen visited the fete and spent some time there. As they were walking along Queen Mary paused to whisper a word to a little girl who was seated on the grass. "Don't you think," she whispered, "that you may catch a cold if you sit too long on that damp grass after all the rain." And then, with a cheerful smile to the child, she passed on.

The Queen has set a new fashion to middle-aged Englishwomen. Her hair has recently been growing very grey. She is not ashamed of it. No dyes or subterfuges for her. And I am bound to add that the grey hair is eminently becoming to her and adds to her matronly, handsome looks.

ACCEPT DECREASE.

Two hundred girls, employed in a hosiery mill near Philadelphia, have agreed to accept a 10% decrease in wages rather than have the mill close

Foolish Francesca

By Olive Wadsley

Frankie clutched his arm. "What's wrong with me; what has happened?" she stammered.

"Has anything happened?" Anstruther chuckled. And then he remembered Nathan had actually given this girl an engagement and he stopped laughing. "Been ill, or something?" he inquired.

She nodded dumbly.

"Cold, lung trouble, throat trouble?"

She nodded again, fighting her tears away.

Horror so intense held her that her mind seemed only a blur of fear. She could not define what had happened. She could scarcely think coherently at all.

Her frantically pitiful eyes touched even Anstruther. "Have you tried to sing before you came to me?" he asked quickly.

"No," she just breathed.

"Had the doctor tested your throat or anything?"

"No."

Anstruther lounged over to the window and mixed a brandy and soda and came back with it.

"There," he said, "get this down, you'll feel better."

Frankie stared at it, and then obediently drank it. A little life crept back into her veins.

"I'll go now," she said tonelessly; "thank you for—for trying to help me."

"See here," Anstruther said, "you'd better go to a doctor—a specialist. I dare say your throat's only temporarily bad."

He lied. He believed her voice to be gone absolutely. It seemed difficult to think she had ever had one; but he felt awkward and bothered.

He ran a thick finger down the F's in the telephone book. "Farren—Sir Charles," he read out, "15 Harley street."

Frankie went to the door. She wanted to get away and hide herself and never see this man who had witnessed her agonized humiliation again, but she turned to say good-by, and thank you, and even smiled a little.

The girls were on the landing, and the youth.

"Hello, Mme. Patti," he said to Frankie; and the girls yelled with laughter and Frankie crept downstairs and out into the street.

CHAPTER XII.

What Sir Charles Said.

On the way back to Oxford street Frankie relived that time at the piano. She had not believed it was her voice at all; and then she had tried to sing again, and again the dreadful, hideous sound had come.

What should she do now? What could she do?"

"Oh, somebody help me!" she cried inwardly.

She had to wait to see Sir Charles Farren. It was nearly five before she was shown into his big room. His keen eyes swept over her. He spoke to her genially on trivial matters, and then said:

'And what is the trouble?"

Very gently Frankie found herself guided to a chair, her head placed in a rest, and then the room was in darkness save for the electric bulb which gleamed in the band over Sir Charles' head.

The examination was a long one. When it was over and the room was filled with light again, Sir Charles turned and smiled at Frankie.

"It's not so very fearful an examination, is it?" he said.

Frankie got up and went over to him, her big, dark eyes gazed imploringly at him.

"Shall I ever sing again?" she said. "Tell me the truth."

"I can't tell you that now," Sir Charles said very gently. "You must come to me agani in six months, and then I will tell you. One thing I can tell you. It is this. You will certainly not be able to sing again for another year. Your throat requires absolute rest."

His practised glance ran over her. He noted everything, from the small, dirty shoes to the pale face under the shabby, scarlet tam-o'-shanter.

"I'll send you a lotion with which to paint your throat and a tonic for it," he said. "I have your address, you know. Be brave; you've no idea how bravely helps to cure things. It does, really. In six months come back to me, won't you?"

He held the door for her.

"The—the fee," Frankie faltered.

"At the end of the treatment, please," Sir Charles said promptly. And then he gripped her hand warmly and took her to the hall door himself.

"Poor little soul," he murmured as he went back to his consulting room.

The poor little soul walked unseeingly up Harley street and across Cavendish Square. Facts, life, herself as one of the big crowd had faded away from Frankie.

Unconsciously, and yet with intense hope, she had always believed in her future as a singer.

Now that future would never be—all the hope was dead, all the vague, ecstatic dream a hideous opposite reality. She was nothing now, and she had no future at all!

She gazed at the busses rolling past, put up her hand at one at last and climbed on to it. It was going cityward, but that she did not notice. She paid her fare apathetically, glancing at the few coins with a shiver.

The motor bus surged onward down Oxford street into Holborn, from there into the city.

Frankie awoke to the every-day surroundings at the sound of the conductor's voice saying, "Mansion House" insistently. She looked vaguely round out of the window. The crowd puzzled and bewildered her.

"Shepherd's Bush, I want Shepherd's Bush," she hazarded. The conductor smiled pitingly at her.

"Come the wrong way, you have, that's about it. Take 38 back, fare's threepence.

He helped her off into the whirling, seething roadway. Frankie stood on an island, staring about her. She had never in all her life seen a place like this.

She felt terrified and yet interested. The never-ceasing traffic parted suddenly, leaving a clear path across to that side from which the 38 bus started. Frankie ran breathlessly to the pavement.

The incident of the wrong ticket had taken her out of herself for a little. She was conscious of feeling faint with hunger. A policeman standing near told her she would find a teashop on the right, a hundred yards farther on.

She hurried on, jostling and being jostled on her way.

The tea-shop was down a little flight of steps. Frankie went in humbly. It seemed a sort of rose-shaded place with pretty girls in pink dresses and coquettish mob caps, serving tea at various little tables.

Frankie saw a table in a corner. It was the only free one in the room. All the others were occupied by men—young, old, middle-aged—all apparently quite friendly with the pretty waitresses, all having coffee or tea and smoking cigarettes.

While she waited for her tea Frankie studied the place. It was pretty and dainty, though not expensively gotten up. There were cane chairs with high, dark-stained, wooden backs, and little cheap tables with pink cloths and pink china and pink paper napkins.

At a desk in the other corner a girl with hair which shone like ripe corn beneath the hanging electric light was giving change and receiving payment. Francesca saw one young man rise, leaving sixpense beside his plate; once or twice again she saw the same thing happen.

The idea came to her that these girls' lives could not be particularly arduous. A sudden bold resolve was born in her. When her pink-garbled girl came with her tea Francesca looked up and said:

"Do you ever want a new girl here?"

The tall, slim girl with the curly hair stared at her. "What you want to know for?" she asked in a pretty but commonly accented voice.

Francesca impulsively got up.

"I want a job most fearfully badly," she said quite simply. "I've only a very little money; I don't mind working hard."

"Could you buy a kit like this?" the girl asked nervously. "This French stuff, you know, and the mob-cap? We all have to get our own and keep the caps laundered and that.

"Fact is, we are short-handed; but you look a bit small. If you like I'll take you up to Miss King; she's the supe here. If you're coming, come on, or I'll get a fine for keeping me tables waitin'."

Francesca followed her up-stairs to a small room where a very smart woman dressed in black was sitting beside a gas fire and reading.

"Young lady looking for the job for the extra five tables, Miss King," the pink girl explained.

"You can go, Miss Cave; I'll see the young lady alone," the superintendent said. The girl ran lightly downstairs, and Francesca's ordeal began.

"You are very small. Have you had any experience waiting?"

"No, but I am quick. I mean I learn things quickly."

"Have you ever worked for your living?"

"No, but I must now."

"You have not run away from home?"

Francesca shook her head, a little smile twisting her mouth. "Oh, no! My people, at least my sister-in-law—the only relative I have—is in India. I live in Shepherd's Bush in a boarding-house."

"Have you any references?"

Francesca's heart sank, then rose again.

"A doctor's, and the head of the boarding house, if those would do?"

Miss King bit her pencil meditatively.

She had at once seen Francesca's air of attraction, and her voice was cultured. Also, the pay at the tea place was small, and they were really two girls short already.

"I will give you a trial," she said briskly; "wages ten a week and your tea. You must be here at ten o'clock every morning, and as a junior you will have to lay out the tables and tidy up in the evening.

"You must provide your pink dress and muslin cap, and wash the caps as well. Miss Cave—Gladys Cave—will show you your work. Please come on Monday. Good evening."

Francesca went down stairs again.

"Any luck?" Gladys Cave whispered, hurrying by with a plate of crumpets.

Frankie signaled "Yes," and went back to her table to her tea. She looked round the place now with the eyes of a co-worker, and was in time to see one very shining young man seize Gladys's hand and press it.

"I suppose all that's thrown in for ten shillings," she told herself.

CHAPTER XIII.

Sir Galahad.

Life held something at least, if it was only a waitress's work in an underground tea shop, as Francesca jolted home in the tube.

Danvers was not very enthusiastic over the news, and announced his in-