

than at the finest summer resort we can drag them to. They are better if they never hear tell of an edible dainty or a sweetmeat. Stiff or costly clothes can only be forced on them by using our superior strength against their weakness. School learning is crammed down their throats till they form a distaste for everything bookish for evermore.

IT is just recently that some of the prominent American educators have had their eyes opened to the fact that the modern education of the child has been a costly mistake. They have begun to see the pitiful humour of a child in spectacles stoop-shouldered over its books. They realize that the schools have judged a child's development by its memorizing of arithmetical tables and lists of words in grammar and geography, and have given little encouragement to the cultivation of the cardinal virtues of honour, truth, punctuality, and clean living. We have tried to make of the

youngster a little abridged pocket-dictionary, and the result in worry and expense to the average parent has been most disastrous. The sooner we wake up and use common horse or cow sense in fostering our young, the easier we will make life for ourselves.

Every child has an unalienable right to a clean and honourable birth. So the sages have proclaimed and we all heartily respond amen. And to an education, we are fond of adding. Ay, there's the rub! How much education, and of what kind? Must we slave ourselves into our graves that our offspring may have the benefit of the wisdom of the universities, or that they may have plenty of money to set them up in life, or that they may dress, and travel, and shine in society? Must we make every rough place smooth for their feet, while our own fingers are worn to the bone and our brains grow numb with toil? Such an education defeats its own end. Every generation will give to the

world a race of men and women more effete and helpless.

GIVE the child a clean, honourable birth by all means. Add the silent, unobtrusive, all-potent influence of a Christian home, where love and integrity are genuine things. Then endeavour to instil into the young mind a desire to know all about the beautiful and wonderful things by which he is daily surrounded. Surely this love of knowing is the basis of all true education. If it leads the youth to the point where he feels that he must have a university training, well and good. He will profit by it under those circumstances, whereas it would have been money thrown away if forced on him. Though he be poor he will find his own way of reaching the desired goal—and that of itself is an education—while his very material assistance will ease the monetary burden his education naturally imposes on his parents.

# The Newspaper Masquerade in Montreal

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

THE summer season of theatricals opened in Montreal last month with a popular show of hippodrome dimensions, which might have been bill-posted,

"WHO, WHOSE, and WHY?"

"The Great Impersonal Newspaper Masquerade, 'Contrived to Entertain the Public by Fooling Some of the People as Much of the Time as Possible.'"

This description does not apply to the whole newspaper situation in Montreal. But the big Show is a common centre about which, somewhat by coincidence, the others more or less revolve—at least for the present. The show represents invested capital of several millions of dollars and the common interests of at least 200,000 people. And it is a real "drammer"; plot, personae and purpose mainly made possible by one master hand—but whose?

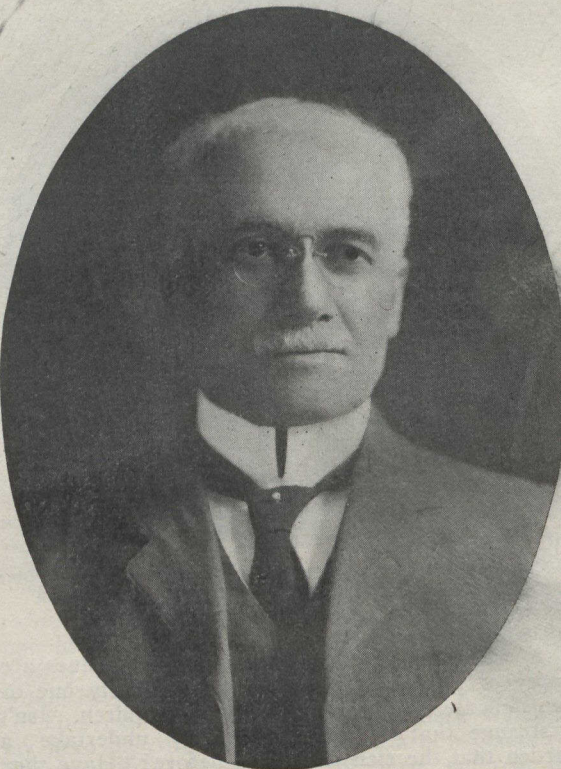
In a boxed-up office behind marble colonnades on lower St. James is a quick-witted, grey-haired, very astute man who knows more about it than any one else—and says less. Two blocks west on the eighth floor of the Eastern Townships Building there is a big, dominant, middle-aged young man well-known in Montreal finance. He knows pretty nearly as much as the first and puts a good deal of his knowledge into action on the open stage. Over on tumultuous, cobble-stoned Craig St., just behind his office, two men on his behalf are operating a newspaper who three weeks ago were on other jobs. They know a good bit and sometimes say so in the paper. One block east at the corner of St. Peter there is a little, keen-eyed Scotch-Canadian who manages another paper with an old plant and a new title; and he knows more than some of the others, but—keeps it. Two blocks down the same street in the offices of the Tramways Company there is a French-Canadian M. P. P. with a Scotch secretary; and if you ever find him in his office he might be more able than willing to account for at least one Act of this newspaper masquerade. Finally, away over on Phillips Square, four blocks north, there are two middle-aged purposeful men who are the sole authors of another Act; and in about two months they intend to begin telling the public something about it in a new paper to be called The Montreal Daily Mail.

So much for the cast of characters. Now for the plot.

SIX months ago, the main paper interest in Montreal was the *Star*, owned, as every one knows, by Sir Hugh Graham, started by him in 1869 when he was a youth of twenty-one with some newspaper experience gained in his father's country newspaper office. The *Star* of those days was a hand-made, almost man-peddled paper, largely produced, sometimes personally sold and mainly operated and owned by Hugh Graham, the young Scotch-Canadian, born in Huntingdon, P.Q. The *Star* of January, 1913, was a huge enterprise, worth not less than \$2,000,000; with gross advertising revenues of a million a year and a profit to the owner of \$200,000 a year; housed in a very inadequate but huge building on St. James; published somewhat in the interests of one man's interpretation of Imperial issues; owned by a knight who has more public enterprises to his credit than any other newspaper man in Canada—a small-sized, active and alert old man of 65 who could have been a Canadian Barnum if he had cared to, and whom gossip credits with a desire to become

a baron by the time he is seventy—whatever becomes of his remarkable newspaper.

For some years back the average Montrealeur would tell you that the *Star* is the greatest paper in Canada, in the same sense that the C. P. R. and the T. Eaton Co. and the Canadian National Ex-



The Creator of the Montreal Star Knows More Than Any Other Man About the Newspaper Enigma in Montreal.

hibition are the greatest. There were big salaries paid on the *Star* and big men got them; salaries big enough to keep such men from going into commercial life or on to any other newspaper. Sir Hugh knew how to keep his big men; because he is himself a profound, practical student of human nature.

THIS is no place to recount how many good men the *Star* has had from the *Herald* and *Witness*. The man of most immediate interest to the present newspaper enigma is the man who was with the *Star* in a more or less editorial capacity for twenty-five years, who knew, as he still knows, nearly as much about the *Star* as the owner of it, and as much about the owner as any man alive.

Brenton MacNab, lately managing editor of the *Star*, left the *Star* because he wanted to start a paper himself; and he was peculiarly fitted for the task. Personally well off, apart from journalism, he was not wealthy enough to do it alone. Financial backing was promised. The backers understood MacNab and accepted his choice of a running-mate, Edward Nicholls, for seven years editor of the *Winnipeg Telegram* and formerly of the *Toronto World*. The choice of so able a man proves that MacNab made good use of his own native ability and his training under the master craftsman, Sir Hugh. A man who has spent the best years of his life with Billy Maclean in his days of adversity,

and with Bob Rogers in his days of power, teamed up with a man who has spent twenty-five years in the service of Sir Hugh Graham, should be able to succeed in Montreal with any kind of paper for which he cared to become responsible.

Nicholls was made president and managing director of the new paper, backed by invisible capital, with an agreement concerning financial affairs and control of policy satisfactory to both groups of interests. MacNab is to be editor. The *Montreal Daily Mail*, independent in politics, with a morning franchise in competition with the *Gazette*, will put out Vol. One, Number One, early in October. The price will be one cent a copy. So far as is known there are no axes to grind on either side, and no strings on the two men who at about the same age have decided to play their own game in Canadian newspaperdom. The scheme looks admittedly Utopian, but it is as much a fact as a mile of railway.

Now came a crop of rumours. Since Nicholls had come from the *Winnipeg Telegram* it must be the hand of Hon. Robert Rogers behind the curtain; since the name was the *Daily Mail*—naturally the power behind must be Harmsworth; or it might be the newspaper trust known as the Southam Press, owning papers in Ottawa, Hamilton, Calgary, Edmonton and Vancouver. And there are some who still believe that Sir Hugh Graham is the panner-mover—but mention that to either Nicholls or MacNab and see what happens.

IT is stated for absolute fact by the managers, that the financial interests behind the *Daily Mail* are not a political pact; that they are all in Montreal; that they are mainly young business men who believe there is a field in Montreal for that kind of paper; that part of them are Liberals and part Conservatives; that there is not even the phantom of a trust in the connection.

What opinions exist in the *Winnipeg Telegram* and the *Montreal Star* are as yet unknown. Most certainly, Hon. Robert Rogers had no desire to lose Nicholls, more than Hugh Graham had to lose MacNab. But the *Telegram* is 1,200 miles from Montreal—and the *Star* but a few blocks away from the spot where the presses and linotypes of the *Daily Mail* are now being installed.

Doubtless, Sir Hugh Graham considered MacNab—well at least a wee bit rash. Was he also—presumptuous? Should he have consulted Sir Hugh, who for twenty years has been justly regarded as the father of modern English newspaperism in Montreal? Should the two men have held caucuses with Conservative leaders? They smile at the idea; having their own opinions of some Conservative front-benchers as well as of the later Borden method of dealing with the navy problem; though both Nicholls and MacNab are out for direct contribution to the Imperial navy.

In the *Gazette* offices—some fluttering; meanwhile a cutting of prices to newsboys, still selling at two cents a copy.

BUT down at the *Star*—Sir Hugh Graham in that corner office behind the marble pillars, probably turned this business over in his mind as strenuously as ever he did the German scare and the "great illusion." And Sir Hugh is no man to twiddle his thumbs and sigh for a sceptre that seemed to be slipping away. At an age when he might have been expected to be picking a man to run the *Star* while he looked after his title, Sir