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An Ethical Dispute

M R. RALPH CONNOR has of late M R. RALPH CONNOR has of late years been hammered hard by critics who find his books "goody-goody" and full of sentimental, un-practical ideas of virtue. Now comes a change and a shock. A brazen sub-scriber to *The Westminster*, in the pages of which Mr. Connor's latest story is at present enjoying a serial run, rises in all his might and with run, rises in all his might and with wrath denounces and criticises the editorial policy of that magazine for publishing "The Foreigner," the first three chapters of which he considers flagrantly indecent. The Presbyterian, Hagrantly indecent. The Presbyterian, the eminent organ of the Presby-terian Church of Canada, rushes to the rescue of the popular Winnipeg pastor-novelist. In the leading edi-torial for July 22nd entitled "Facing the Facts," it says: "Readers of The Westminster will headly need to be assured that neither

hardly need to be assured that neither the author nor the publishers of 'The Foreigner' would willingly be parties to anything whose moral tendency was injurious or doubtful. If condi-tions are depicted in the chapters referred to of which it is too painful to read, this has been done because it seemed necessary that these things should be set down in such a way that the people of Canada would be con-strained to take notice of them. The danger in this country at the present moment, with the great influx of foreign population and the rapid growth of cities like Winnipeg and growth of cities like Winnipeg and other large centres, is that conditions which will be a shame and a menace to our national life, will be created while good people, who could do something to prevent such an out come, are wrapped in happy ignor-ance of what is going on about them. Unbelievable as it may appear, Ralph Connor's picture is drawn from life. The conditions described as existing The conditions described as existing in the house of Paulina Koval were found among the foreign colony of Winnipeg. The people of Canada have a responsibility in this matter. Our future citizens must not be allowed to degenerate into mere brutes. The horrors of the Old World slums

The horrors of the Old World slums must not, if we can help it, be re-produced in this new land. And first we must know the facts." The attitude of *The Presbyterian* is creditable. Judging by what has appeared of it, Mr. Connor's new story should not seriously wound the delivere moral sencibilities of even a delicate moral sensibilities of even a Canadian. The unlovely Winnipeg conditions pictured would afford fine inspiration for the hysterics of a muck-raker, but Mr. Ralph Connor has treated them with realism which is artistic.

THE EARWIG.

By HAZEL PHILLIPS HANSHEW.

The Earwig sat on a broad lettuce leaf;

A philosopher grave was he, And the point that he pondered— and pondered with grief— Was, The Things That Ought Never To Be. "Oh, I can't understand the ways of the world," Was the soul of his constant com

Was the soul of his constant complaint; "For what is the use of a brush to

a Fox, When he's never been taught how

to paint? And what is the sense of a pen for

a Pig, When he can't write a line, I de-clare?

And what is the good of a comb to

a Cock, When he never has grown any hair?

hair? And why should the Stairs have a foot and no leg? (I really can't get over that!) And why don't The Things That Come Under One Head

In cold weather put on a hat? Why is it the Cricket will never play Ball?

And the Grasshopper don't brew his Hops? And why does the Ax never ask to

have bread Or potatoes along with its Chops?

Why doesn't the Dog sail the sea in his Bark? Or the Kangaroo publish her Tail? And if she can never put on her new

Kids, What do they the poor Goat avail? Why doesn't the Fish weigh things with her scales? Or the Sun build a house with its

beams? And why does the Door never eat up its jamb?

So wasteful to keep it, it seems! And why does the Turkey that's dead never smile When a Merry Thought's still in

its breast? And why—" He stopped short. He'd

been seized by a hen And nobody e'er heard the rest.

Canadian Magazine

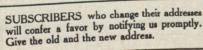
THE Canadian Magazine for Au-gust presents its usual attractive bill of fare. The selections have been bill of fare. The selections have been made with due regard for the mid-summer weather. The chief articles are: "Victoria, the Aristocrat," deal-ing with Vancouver's beautiful capi-tal; "In the Land of Windmills," retal; In the Land of Windmills," re-flections of a tour through Holland; "The Witchery of the Alps"; "Tenny-son's Treatment of the Worth of Life"; and "An Hour with Oliver Wendell Holmes." William Wilfred Campbell and Virna Sheard con-tribute some light and airy verse. Campbell and Virna Sheard con-tribute some light and airy verse; and there are five excellent short stories by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, George Herbert Clarke, E. S. Kirk-patrick, Lilian Vaux MacKinnon and Anna B. Fries. The regular depart-ments of the magazine—"Current Events," "At Five O'Clock," "The Way of Letters," "Within the Sanc-tum," "What Others are Laughing At," and "The Merry Muse" — are maintained with material as interest-ing as ever. ing as ever.

Millionaire's Health Axioms

MR. DANIEL K. PEARSONS, the Chicago millionaire, who has announced his intention of giving away his last million dollars during the next twelve months, is one of the most notable figures in American edu-cational life. Born of humble folk and never having the advantages of an early education, he conceived the idea, directly he became rich, of the idea, directly he became rich, of founding colleges, and for this pur-pose he has already given consider-ably over \$4,000,000. Starting life on a farm, he worked his way to an academy, became a teacher, and eventually a physician. He is now over ninety, and is as hale and hearty as many men half his age. Dr Pearsons not only preaches

Dr. Pearsons not only preaches thrift, but also practises it. "I don't think I ever foolishly spent twenty dollars in my life," he boasts. "I once went to a theatre, and I have been ashamed of myself ever since. I have never seen a horse-race or a baseball match." A young man who had more than once benefited by his had more than once benefited by his help walked into his room on one occasion smoking a cigar. The old doctor listened to what he had to say patiently. "Young man," he present-ly asked in a mild, drawling tone, "how much did you give for that cigar?" "Ten cents." "'Um. Ten cents in smoke, "he growled, putting on his hat and walking out, leaving his astonished visitor alone in his study. study.





In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier