



a few, will forge ahead also in other lines.

They should, however, learn not to crowd each other so much. Competition is all right, but only where the field is wide enough. Where one good business might develop, often two or three firms are competing with each other, barely making a living. The three French-Canadian banks, if merged, would make a great and useful banking institution.

I do not see yet what influence successful French-Canadian firms might exert over the general Canadian trade; as most and the rest of them are following English methods and traditions, employing English systems of accounting, and are thorough bilingualists.

They would most likely merge in the general business scheme, not as French-Canadians, but as purely Canadians.

But in their intercourse with their English-speaking confreres, they would undoubtedly play a most beneficial part in reconciling the two races, in accordance with the "Bonne Entente" movement inaugurated last summer. Being in daily contact with English buyers and sellers, they have no racial prejudices and would be the best medium for a good and hearty understanding, provided, of course, that English-speaking merchants of other provinces keep equally free from prejudice and meet them half way.

buildings and increase our wealth.

The deepening of our national consciousness which the great war has brought will be undoubtedly reflected in our art and in public interest in art as an interpreter of nature and human life. We cannot expect any great or permanent contribution while the conflict lasts and while all our energies are demanded for its prosecution; but I look for a clearer air and deeper and wider insight when our emotions are not so deeply stirred. I believe that art will be lifted out of the mere technical argument of the last few years into a real creative atmosphere again, and that in the coming Renaissance, Canadian art will worthily bear its part.

Our Historic Landmarks

C. A. Magrath

(Fuel Controller, Ottawa.)

SOME years ago, when in that country of historic landmarks, Italy, I found myself one morning with others in charge of a guide, going through the grounds of the Caesars. While he was monotonously reciting his oft-repeated story concerning members of that Imperial house, my mind went back as in a dream to the days of the great Roman Empire and the military machine controlled from the spot where I was standing. "I am a Roman citizen!" was the proudest distinction of a freeman then. Even St. Paul took pride in the claim that he, too, was a Roman citizen. Suddenly my mind carried me forward to our own times, and I thought of our great British Empire, with its people drawn from various races. The difference in the ideals of the two great Empires came clearly in view, and standing there on the site of the palaces of the Caesars, I devoutly said: "I am a British citizen." After three years of terrible war, a war in which we are fighting for our ideals, each of us in Canada has every reason to proudly acclaim: "I am a Canadian and a British citizen."

Landmarks in themselves have both an economic and a sentimental value. The tourist traffic through Italy, viewing its historic landmarks, produces a considerable portion of the country's revenues. After all, the sentimental feature has possibly a great value, in that it is an agency in developing national character, especially important in a new country.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land!'"

And if there be such a man, his soul is more likely to be awakened by cultivating in him a respect for his country's landmarks. Canada, with its history extending back three hundred years, is rich in historic interest. Our extreme materialism in recent times has tended to make us forget about all else, but the garnering of wealth. Thanks, however, to a group of devoted Canadians, efforts are being put forth to save our early landmarks. The best way is to get the leaven working in our school children. If we can accomplish that, it will give the movement such an impetus that by the time Canada reaches the second 50th milestone of Confederation our landmarks should be reverently protected by the great majority of the country's citizens.

Getting a Common Ground

Albert R. Carman

(Montreal.)

ALL the winds of heaven blow fair for Canada; and there seems no chance of ship-wreck. To warn Canadians that unwisdom may bring disaster, is like warning

The Dreamers

IN response to the Dominion Day call, Wilfred Campbell authorizes us to use his poem, *The Dreamers*, as a comment on present world conditions affecting Canada. Taken from *Sagas of a Vaster Britain*. (The Musson Book Co., Ltd.).

They lingered on the middle heights
Betwixt the brown earth and the heaven;
They whispered, "We are not the night's,
But palid children of the even."

They muttered, "We are not the day's,
For the old struggle and endeavour,
The rugged and unquiet ways
Are dead and driven past for ever."

They dreamed upon the cricket's tune,
The winds that stirred the withered grasses;
But never saw the blood-red moon
That lit the spectre mountain-passes.

They sat and marked the brooklet steal
In smoke-mist o'er its silvered surges;
But marked not, with its peal on peal,
The storm that swept the granite gorges.

They dreamed the shimmer and the shade,
And sought in pools for haunted faces;
Nor heard again the cannonade
In dreams from earth's old battle-places.

They spake, "The ages all are dead,
The strife, the struggle, and the glory;
We are the silences that wed
Betwixt the story and the story."

"We are the little winds that moan
Between the woodlands and the meadows;
We are the ghosted leaves, wind-blown
Across the gust-light and the shadows."

Then came a soul across those lands
Whose face was all one glad, rapt wonder,
And spake: "The skies are ribbed with bands
Of fire, and heaven all racked with thunder."

And out there on the middle height
They sought in pools for haunted faces,
Nor heard the cry across the night
That swept from earth's dread battle-places.

"Climb up and see the glory spread,
High over cliff and scarpment yawning;
The night is past, the dark is dead,
Behold the triumph of the dawning!"

Then laughed they with a wistful scorn,
"You are a ghost, a long-dead vision;
You passed by ages ere was born
This twilight of the days elysian."

"There is no hope, there is no strife,
But only haunted hearts that hunger
About a dead, scarce-dreamed-of life,
Old ages when the earth was younger."

Then came by one in mad distress,
"Haste, haste below where strong arms weaken,
The fighting ones grow less and less!
Great cities of the world are taken!"

"Dread evil rolls by like a flood,
Men's bones beneath his surges whiten,
Go where the ages mark in blood
The footsteps that their days enlighten."

Still they but heard, discordant mirth,
The thin winds through the dead stalks rattle,
While out from far-off haunts of earth
There smote the mighty sound of battle.

Now there was heard an awful cry,
Despair that rended heaven asunder,
White pauses when a cause would die,
Where love was lost and souls went under.

The while these feebly dreamed and talked
Betwixt the brown earth and the heaven,
Faint ghosts of men who breathed and walked,
But deadlier than the dead ones even.

Fifty Years of Canadian Art

C. W. Jefferys

(President O. S. A.)

IN the fifty years that have passed since Confederation, the artists of Canada have been feeling their way toward a stronger command of the technique of their art and a more original expression of the spirit of their surroundings. To-day we have the beginning of a native art, fairly adequate in its craftsmanship and individual in character. In landscape painting and in sculpture, particularly, we seem to have found ourselves; in these directions Canadian art has produced works worthy of the country and giving promise of great future growth.

Both sculpture and landscape painting have had some measure of public support. Commis-

sions for monumental sculpture and the purchase of pictures for public galleries have stimulated and encouraged these branches of art. The need of the present hour seems to me to be a similar encouragement for the production of important figure painting. Governments and public bodies of various kinds could do much toward this end by instituting competitions and giving commissions for the mural decoration of our public buildings. Subjects for work of this character are innumerable. The history and the life of our country presents a field as wide and inexhaustible for the figure painter as that of the landscape painter, which has already inspired so much admirable work. I feel confident that, given the opportunity, the artists of Canada would be found capable of creating pictures and decorations of distinguished beauty and expressiveness that would add much to the attractiveness of our public

