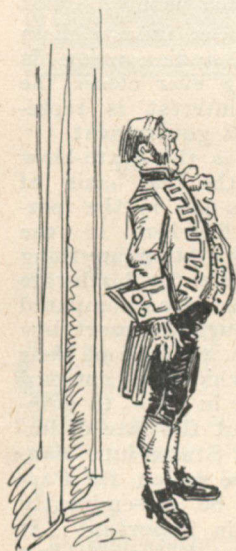


Mr. Twigg Advocates an Aristocracy

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF INTERVIEWS WITH A PHILOSOPHER.

By WILLIAM HENRY



MR. TWIGG was a philosopher. No one in the village disputed it. He had been about everywhere and had seen about everything. He had ideas; they were his own and never like other people's. When he told me Canada should go in for a titled aristocracy I was only mildly surprised, although only a week ago he was a violent republican. Mr. Twigg was seated in a rickety rattan chair in the back yard having an after dinner clay pipe, when I asked him how he had become a convert to aristocracy.

"Business, my boy, pure business—dollars and cents," he replied. "If you read the papers as

much as I do you would know that after all the only road to fame is by the acquisition of wealth. Do you ever see a leading editorial devoted to the poor but deserving citizen now-a-days?"

"No," I confessed, "But how can aristocracy lead to wealth?"

"Why it's so easy that I marvel that none of the other great philosophers of this country have ever thought of it before. Canada is poor compared with the free and independent Republic to the South. I am sick and tired of hearing of our great undeveloped resources which everyone talks about and few develop. If we don't want to wait until the end of time to get rich, we must import money, and where better than from the United States?" He paused to relight his pipe.

"But how would an aristocracy bring money from the United States?"

It's the only way to get it from the United States," said he. "Did you ever figure out the millions and millions of money that the Yankees spend in England and on the Continent? They don't go there for scenery and change of air. Those are only palpable subterfuges.

They go to gaze at Royalty, to shake its hand, put their legs under its table, and, if possible, get related to it. Our mountains and lakes and rivers are just as good and our air is better. But we lack a setting—a halo over our scenery. We need castles and lodges and stone fences with placards—'This estate belongs to Lord Billinghurst. The public not admitted,'—and a vener-

able powder-wigged porter to open the gate and show the public around when generously tipped. It is true we get some of the common people from the United States in Muskoka and on the Saguenay, but the fools with money are getting to be about as numerous and infinitely more profitable. They all go across the water."

"Besides the tourist," continued Mr. Twigg, "there is the matrimonial market. Think of its possibilities. We could provide enormous incomes for the deserving young men of our first families if only they were peers—some of them haven't enough brains for business. The French Canadians would make Counts and the English Canadians, Lords. What country is better adapted for turning out both brands, and both are in demand. The Goulds of New York sent away over to Paris for a count and then didn't get a real good one. How much better if they had been able to run up to Quebec, drive out to Bellechasse and pick one out with a decrepit but historic chateau on the St. Lawrence. The chances are he would have been able to count his relations as far back and would not have travelled so much nor as fast. Certainly he would have been better behaved.

"Then think of the Chicago market—right on the main line of the Grand Trunk. We could dispose of hosts of Lords over there. They like Lords better than Counts in Chicago and no one would be quicker to take advantage of our superior transportation facilities than the acute Chicago pork millionaires."

"But, that's not all," continued Mr. Twigg, so interested in his subject that he laid his pipe down on the grass beside him, "There are the people like William Waldorf Astor who want to break into society. They would come across the border in droves after they had made their millions, to mingle socially and familiarly with our Lords and Dukes. Of course," he continued meditatively, "by rights, we ought to have our own King and Royal Court. But that would come in time" he added hopefully. Mr. Twigg stopped, pulled a plug of tobacco from his pocket and proceeded to cut a pipe full.

"Well," said I, "you have mapped out a very nice



"The Matrimonial Market—Think of its Possibilities."