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A SHORT time ago when the monument movement was entirely new, someone suggested as the most suitable site, the Parade. The idea is excellent. A high column resting upon an open substructure so that people could pass beneath could have no better situation than the great gravelled circle that widens out where George street intersects. What a magnificent site! A figure surmounting the column would look down the oldest street in Halifax, upon the harbor that carries on its bosom representatives of the greatest and oldest navy in the world. It would have behind it the other emblem of Britain's protection. It would be in the midst of historic surroundings, with the old town clock daily ringing the changes close behind; the city building standing on the site of the old Dalhousie that was erected by funds having their source in the spoils of another war; and older still and more venerable, St. Paul's church, that has seen the rise and fall of many a building in its neighborhood.

Another suggestion. This monument should be made of Nova Scotian materials, and what could be more appropriate than Nova Scotian marble. The Dominion Iron & Steel Co. are the possessors of one of the finest marble deposits in the world. The quarries are in Cape Breton and the stone is being quarried at present for fluxing purposes. Only surface layers of course, will be used in this way. When solid, flawless stone is reached, the company will likely want to use it to better commercial advantage. Meantime, since they are not at present in the marble business, the directors might feel disposed to assist the monument committee by supplying whatever marble would be necessary at a figure not far above the cost of quarrying. This would be a graceful act on the part of the company, and one that would be appreciated by the people. The Cape Breton marble is a superior stone and runs in fifteen different varieties, some

of which are as fine as the finest Italian. Out of that variety could be selected some of the most decorative and suitable materials for such a purpose as this.

I think there is no doubt that we shall have the monument (for the *Herald's* efforts are meeting with a generous response), and make these suggestions hoping that they may be considered favorably by the committee.

“How shall I mark my ballot?” This is not the question of one who casts his vote in return for services rendered. He who has so far lost his manhood that, like the horse or the ass, he loans himself for hire, is beneath the contempt of self-respecting men. It matters not whether he keeps faith with his seducer and votes according to contract, or betrays his betrayer. Honesty, truthfulness and fidelity are not in such things. In selling himself he has committed the great sin and there is no longer opportunity to play the honest man.

Nor is this question to be lightly answered. It will not do for us, the citizens of a great country, to say that “there is good and bad in both parties, but it is not worth while to try to see where the balance of good lies, for the task is too difficult and the result too trivial.” Nor will it do to take refuge in one's own insignificance and say, “what matters it how I vote, for I am but one in eighty thousand?”

Indifference has ruined more than one state. Are you willing that everyone should do as you do? If it is right for you to be indifferent, it is right for your neighbor. Do you wish that?

Can you be indifferent? Is the trust placed in the hands of our rulers a light thing? Can you, a Nova Scotian, think of the rich stores of coal and precious minerals with the possibilities of great industries, of the wonderful fertility of the valley, world-renowned for fruit, of the inexhaustible fisheries with which the province is blest, and be unmindful of how

those who bear rule, develop and husband these resources? Can you, a Canadian, traverse the mighty forests of the East, the broad St. Lawrence, and the great lakes upon whose bosom may float the commerce of a continent? Can you cross the vast prairie dotted here and there with golden fields of wheat, suggestive of millions of men and women living in comfort in the free land of the North; can you cast your eyes over the huge plains of the Peace River, the richest of the rich lands of the earth, yet hardly scratched by the hand of man; can you travel through the mighty mountains of the West, concealing a wealth of minerals that the richest nation on earth might envy; can you turn your thoughts to the cold Yukon, where tumultuous rivers bathe in gold; can you think of such a land so rich in every gift, the heritage of a free people, without being ashamed of the thought that says “It matters little how I pass judgment when the country's rulers report upon the trust?”

Mr. Dooley's observations “On the Troubles of a Candidate,” though prompted by the Presidential Election, will be read with appreciation by Canadian M. P.'s, or would-be M. P.'s. The campaign, observes Mr. Dooley, is doing as well as could be expected. He pictures Mr. Bryan's chairman calling to one of his trusty henchmen and saying; “Mike, put on a pigtail an' a blue shirt, an' take a dillygation iv Chinnymen out to Canton [Mr. McKinley's residence] an' congratulate Mack on th' murder iv mission'ries in China.” Similarly Mr. Mark Hanna, Mr. McKinley's right-hand man, “rings fr his secrety and bids him call up an emp'y mint agency an' have a dillygation iv Jesuites drop in at Lincoln [Mr Bryan's headquarters] with a message fr'm th' Pope proposin' to bur-rrn all Protestant churches the night before iltion.” Mr. Dooley dwells feelingly on the sufferings endured by the candidates by being perpetually photographed “with wonderful boardin'-house smiles.” “Glory be!” he adds, “what a relief 'twill be fr wan iv thim to raysume permanently th' savage or tam'ly breakfast face th' mornin' after iltion! 'Tis th' day after iltion I'd like fr to be a candydate, Hinnessy, no matter how it wint.”