



Young Mormons in Cardston Public School.



Bishop Harris at Cardston, and his family.

Mormonism was losing itself in Canada, diluted with our Canadian ideals and associations.

If any investigation is ever seriously undertaken, I would suggest the registrars of births as the proper persons to interview. Direct evidence, if available, could then be obtained of many interesting stories of efforts to evade the necessary registration.

The significant feature of the whole situation

in Canada is not the occasional resurgence of polygamy, not the isolated instances of plural marriage, but the determined attitude of the Mormon Church, and the open, persistent teaching of the principle in school and church and church academy. And as an earnest, unconventional Gentile added, the devil of it all is that it is a religious instinct yoked with delusion.

A NIGHT AT THE "PALACE"

Striking Contrasts in a Long Evening of Entertainment

By LORIMER ROYSTON

YOU'VE forgotten what it feels like to go to the Palace; you've got out of touch with the atmosphere, and you possess only the feeblest recollection of the wigged flunkies who stride in front of the curtain between the items to change the cardboard numbers.

Anyway, it is my business to assume that you have done all this, so that I can tell you about it. I thought that out last night whilst a mixed crowd of us sat to be entertained for three and a half hours. Mostly we had come with the sole purpose of seeing Maud Allan, and we were a little particular about showing that, as we took our seats and averted our eyes from the flitting bioscope advertisements that were there (with a highly palatial orchestra thrown in) to keep us quiet till 8 o'clock; our smiles were rather less free and elastic than usual, our necks a trifle stiffer, our eyebrows a little more bored.

But did Item 1 care for that?

Faith, and she didn't appear to; she skirted herself around a narrow portion of stage, looking strikingly like a powdered, pink lampshade, she jerked her arms towards us entreatingly, she tossed her head in reckless despair; she welcomed us one and all into her intimate confidence with shrill quavering cries of "the dream that never ca-aa-ame-trew." Her black bordered, glassy blue eyes opened capaciously upon us and we stared solemnly into her rounded, complaining red mouth.

We were just becoming used to her and able to think of other things when—Wigs and knee breeches whisked away No. 1; and 2 ushered in a gentleman with a funny, crooked stick, bandy legs and a Scotch kilt, who did amusing things with his cap, and made faces, and sang about a honeymoon. Then another lady (who figured on the programme as a Character Vocalist) gave us a couple of songs, first attired rustically and holding roses which she flourished at us; then green-skirted as an Irish Colleen, and with a new r-r-roll to her r's. So there was your "character," sir, and no nonsense about it.

And (bless my soul, they *do* give you your money's worth) there was the tramp who told us funny stories, and had a limp fit to suffocate you with laughing. And there was the juggler, who braced your nerves with ceiling-tossed plates, and rhythmically whirling coloured objects that leapt and darted in the air and slid along his arms. And there were the three Americans (making their first appearance in England), who sang songs in which

we could distinguish no words, but we felt pretty confident that the performance was amusing, because now and then two of the gentlemen would take a seat on the piano (ha! ha!) and they smiled themselves all the time and walked very stiffly from the knee. It was *good* stuff, too—you knew that by their having fifteen minutes to fill, whereas others had only five or ten at most.

The troupe of Palace Girls you can't have forgotten, so I shall confine myself to remarking that they, their voices and their high kicks are the same as ever. This strikes me as being concise, convenient and merciful.

But you will enjoy hearing that there was a gentleman who sang a bass and soprano duet with himself. Another one told of a flood in his locality: "Well, by this time the water had got as high as the top floor, so I floated out of the window on a chest of drawers and—me wife accompanied me on the piano." And there was a dialogue conducted in French and broken English between a smiling impresario and a lady who convulsed the bold and humour-loving amongst us by appearing in the latest harem skirt fashion.

Why, to tell you the truth, we were all positively relieved to lie back in our chairs for ten minutes and listen to the orchestra. Tired of laughing and being kept up to it, we were—

The lights dropped and we all leaned forward again.

For a moment we knew that Greig's "Morning" had begun, and that a pale, uncertain dusk was clouding the stage; we realized that we had come to see Maud Allan and that we were just about to see her. Then we forgot.

We only knew of a grace that moved before us without action or effect, of exquisite arms that rose, cajoling the dawn, of bare feet and a softly draped form that held some magic charm of rhythm and hope. And such a curious silence was there, a silence that thrilled and carolled and laughed and kept its own secret just as surely as flowers and trees keep theirs through all the centuries.

But it left us.

And where it had been came a bending, shrinking Sorrow, that wrung its hands and bowed its black shrouded head in an undulating, cornerless passion of grief. It pleaded, trembled, gazed and sought in the indigo depths of shadow around; it imprisoned its poor head in the music-steeped misery of its white arms; it shuddered and shrank and

drooped prostrate on the blackness of the ground. "Death of Asa," said our programmes. We straightened our backs for a moment.

Hullo! Hullo! It's flower bells ringing now and a nymph dancing—ay, dancing, I tell you, with gay feet and laughing hands. A glee runs, twinkling through the blue light, and something subconscious in you knows about birds and elves. But knowing, you lose it, which reminds you strangely of other things in life.

One brief moment with a gnome and we have done: a mysterious, frisking joy that dives, floats and frolics in green light—leaping, rejoicing, mocking. Leafy woods rustle around us, and the moon steals through the branches; water gurgles gaily; small creatures revel and—

The Palace lights are flaring and we are rubbing our eyes.

The funny wags came back and sang; pianos jangled, laughter cackled. They spared us no banality after resting us that little while. But I have more feeling for you than that. I cease now, my hand is on my heart, my head is bobbing up and down in acknowledgment of your kind applause; I am just about to utter those words than which at times no sound is sweeter:

Good-bye.

Automobile Vogue in Canada

ONE of the signs of prosperity in Canada is the increasing number of people who afford motor cars. The up-keep of an automobile costs its owner well on the way to a thousand dollars a year. It is rather encouraging, therefore, to note that in the Province of Ontario, where the motor car has in Canada secured its greatest vogue, there are said to be nearly seven thousand automobiles in use—seven thousand citizens who can spend a thousand a year on being carried to and fro—assuming that each of these citizens is not cheating his butcher or grocer in owning a buzz wagon.

Toronto possesses 1,953 cars, according to the Provincial Secretary. Yet, in Toronto, a pedestrian does not dodge nearly as many motors in a day as in Detroit, Cleveland, or Buffalo, American cities of much the same size. Why? For many reasons, chief of which is that we have practically no native automobile industry, and to protect what we have, are required to import cars from abroad, with an enormous duty attached. Another striking reason is that we haven't got the money that citizens of Uncle Sam have. We are poorer, much poorer, citizen for citizen, compared with citizens of the same great middle class in the Republic, who regard such things as automobiles almost among the necessities of existence.

Our smaller cities are buying motors rapidly. Here are a few records in Ontario: Ottawa, 129; Hamilton, 196; London, 127; Brantford, 51.