

captains of tens" strove against one another, and that "gang" which first logged its width across the field turned homewards in triumph.

I fear there was a "grog boss", whose jug was not neglected. Rude times, perhaps, but men were neighbourly, limbs were strong, and hearts were sound. How women bore and reared children, and did the cooking and choring, the making and mending of those days, only God who pities and strengthens understands. This is not so much a man's world as it was, and no doubt men toiled long and hard to make homes in the bush, but when one thinks that women nursed babies, washed dishes, swept and scrubbed, cooked and served, milked cows and fed calves and pigs, spun and wove, made and mended for all the household, and sometimes helped with the harvest, one feels there was an unequal division of labour and bows the head in reverence for the women of half a century ago. But whether men or women, the pioneers of Upper Canada fought the battle of the wilderness with high courage, endured and conquered. They sleep well in their quiet beds on the hill-sides, and we "enter into their labours".

But one may love the woods and the fields and not like farming. I got away from the farm as soon as I could, and I have not wanted to return. Nor have I ever heard that there was any desire that I should. It is often said that a good farmer has been spoiled to make a poor lawyer or a poor doctor. Whether or not I am a good journalist, no one who knows will suggest that I was likely to become a good farmer. The fashion changes. It is a sure word of prophecy that the movement towards the cities has spent itself. Moving pictures, rural mail delivery, good roads, motors, bathrooms, house furnaces, and many other devices to save labour, enhance comfort and relieve isolation make the country ever more desirable, and better prices give the

farmers an increasing but still inadequate return for their labour. In a democracy rooted in the soil lies the sanity and the stability of human institutions. But we cannot all be farmers, and to many of us a call comes that will not be denied. And whether we go to town or country, still blessed is he that findeth himself.

For thirty-six years I was engaged in political journalism in Canada. During all that time my pen was my only means of income. All my earnings were derived from reporting, editorial writing, or the editorial direction of newspapers. I have never bought a share of stock "on margin" or speculated in real estate. I have never received payment for any service done for a political leader or a government. So far as I know I have had no unholy alliance with "the interests". It is not pretended that there is any demand or justification for these Reminiscences. They are an intrusion, but they may be entertaining, possibly instructive. At least no journalist can have any ground of protest. All journalism is more or less of an intrusion, and even writers of history have no commission from the state or the public. But neither journalists nor historians need to justify themselves any more than do those who paint pictures or fabricate ornaments. If it be said that only great men may write Reminiscences it may be pleaded that a close, even if accidental, relation to great men or great events may give equal or better qualifications for dispassionate dealing with the forces by which events are directed or controlled, social and political institutions fashioned, and the destinies of peoples determined.

Unless Reminiscences have the flavour of egotism they illuminate nothing. Such a book must be a "human document", much as I dislike the phrase, and gladly as I would punish the author if one knew where he could be found and how put to shame and silence. There is a tradition that one must not write the life of a man