

fancy stock, for all the important animals in my native country bore resounding titles. My boyish notion was that in England the House of Lords was the big building where the aristocrats of the prize-ring were exhibited to the swells who could afford to pay a high price of admission." In this connection I am reminded of a story about the Hon. George Brown. He had a stock farm, and on one occasion startled an eminent visitor by waving a telegram and shouting excitedly, "The Duchess has had a calf." In a country where such things are liable to happen at any time it is hard to take titles seriously. At the present moment Baron Buchlyvie is better and more favorably known to the farmers than Lord Beaverbrook or any of our recent human barons. Really, I am afraid that old-world titles can never be acclimated in Canada. If we are to have titles in this country we might well follow the suggestion of my correspondent and "have a Canadian brand, defined, owned and controlled by ourselves, so as to rid the minds of Canadian boys of the herd-book idea."

For fear you may think that I am lacking in reverence for powers and dignities let me quote a couple of passages from that refreshing collection of essays, "Pebbles on the Shore," by Alpha of the Plough, recently published by J. M. Dent & Sons. You will get a glimpse of how titles are regarded at the seat of Empire, from which we are importing them so recklessly even in this time of sorrow when we should all walk humbly:

"It is not the fact that inferior people get titles that should concern us. It is not even that they get them so often by secret gifts, by impudent touting, by base service. These things are known, and they

are no worse to-day than they have always been. Every honors list makes us gape and smile. If we see a really distinguished name in it we feel surprise and a certain sorrow. What is he doing in that galley?

"But it is the corrupting effect of titles on the national currency that is their real offence. They falsify our ideals. They set up shams in place of realities. They turn our minds from the gold to the guinea stamp, and make us worship false idols of social ambition. Our thinking as a people can't be right when our symbols are wrong. We can't have the root of democracy in our souls if the tree flowers into coronets and giegaws. France has the real jewel of democracy, while we have only the paste. Do not think that this is only a matter touching the surface of our national character. It is a poison in the blood that infects us with the deadly sins of servility and snobbery. And already it is permeating even the free life of the colonies. If I were an Australian or a Canadian I would fight this hateful taint of the old world with all my might. I would make it a criminal offence for a colonial to accept a title. As for us, I know only one remedy. It is to make a title a money transaction. Let us have a tariff for titles. If American millionaires, like Lord Astor, want them, let them pay for them at a market rate. It would be at least a more wholesome method than the present system. And it would bring the whole imposture into contempt. Nobody would have a title when everybody knew what he had paid for it. It is a poor method of getting rid of the abomination compared with the French way, but then we are some centuries behind the French people in these things."