

1911 on your humble servant had been writing and saying just what had seemed the necessary truth to tell about Can. business, Can. politics, Can. newspapers, and latterly Can. Universities. Now it happened that just about the moment when I first crossed the threshold of McGill I published a pamphlet on "The Tariff as an Obstacle to Canadian Export Trade." It had been written a few weeks before, when I had no thought of going to McGill. But I could have stopped issue, had I wished, for it was altogether privately printed. I heard outcries from one or two colleagues— though several approved it warmly—, and from about town. But, as I rather confidently hoped and expected, no complaint from you, nor from McGill. I have published much since, once even an exposé of one of your Governors, grafting in Quebec to escape school taxes, and it has always been the same. Accordingly, for five years and more, I have given no quarter to those who go muttering that a McGill professor can say nothing. I have also pointed out that this complaint arises, so far as my observation goes, from those who have nothing to say.

Of course, there will always be one or two whose "truth-telling" makes the reader wonder about ulterior motives. As Sam. Butler used to complain about the Salvation Army in Montreal: when one of them shouts out, just as you pass by: "Glory to God, Hallelujah!"; what he really means is: "My God's a damned sight better than your God, and I'm no small beer myself!"

What I've tried mainly to do was to put my back into teaching. And I've had my reward. The reward has come from week to week in the good attendance at extra classes, where there was no compulsion (By the way, it's a coward's refuge to make your classes oblig-