



MR PEPYS IN THE WEST

He Meets Mr. Richardson, M.P.—Lloyd George on Titles—Canada Wants No More of Them

they know of the inside of the houses of ordinary people! When they go abroad in the streets, or forth to their country Clubbes, they go in costly and luxurious limousines, or in touring cars, driven by retainers in livery. They do not set foot in street cars, which carry the common herd. And when they travel by railway, it is never in the cars which the common people use.

Suppose you had lived a certain number of years in that way (said I to myself) cut off altogether from any actual participation in the common life of the Canadian people! Would you not come insensibly to believe that you were of a superior make to the common herd? And would you not come to believe in Wealth as the index of true Worth, and Money as the sole standard of Excellence and Value?

The Plutocrat's Point of View

Would not such a man come to think that he and those like him, whose true Worth and Excellence and Value stood proved by their Wealth, should have the chief say in shaping the public policies of the country? Does he not feel that if there were any men outside his class entitled to have any say in determining how the country should be governed, especially in regard to fiscal policy, they would have given proof of their Worth by making a great deal of money, and entering the upper circle of Wealth, where he would meet them and know them?

And when in due course he had become a Sir, would he not, in the course of time, find that he needed some higher distinction, so that he could stand out more conspicuously among his associates, also Sirs, with whom he lunched every day at the Clubbe? And would not his wife want to outshine her dear friends, the wives of his Knightly associates, by becoming something more

I smoked my pipe, and looked over the newspapers of the past week, which I do keep on a fyle on my table. And in one of them I read the despatch from London telling of how the Princess Louise of Battenberg that was (daughter of Prince Louis of Battenberg that was, but is now, since German titles have been cast away in England, the Marquis of Milford Haven) and whose name is now Lady Louise Mount Batten (which is Battenberg, translated into English) is to marry a young Scotchman named Hall, a private soldier in the Army, who did orderly work in the hospital in France where Lady Louise was working, too. The despatch by cable says:—

He is a clever painter, good-looking and cultivated. His father is engaged in the fish trade in Aberdeen. It has been a most romantic love match. The Hall has been received in Buckingham Palace, where King George has assented to the marriage. Lady Louise is a niece of the former Czarina and is a cousin of the Queen of Spain. As an example of the obliterating effects of the war on caste feeling, this match is the most striking yet recorded, and was impossible in the days before the war.

Not only impossible, but unthinkable! I doubt not that the Lady Louise is a fine young woman, such as we have thousands of in Canada, thank God! And I am sure I wish her and her good-looking young husband-to-be every happiness, with all my heart, in their love-match; as I do wish every other happy pair of betrothed lovers.

But before the war, they might as well have lived on two different planets, for all the possibility there was then of their ever becoming man and wife. Truly the war is changing many things. Is it going to do away with class distinctions in the Old Land?

The Aristocratic System

I put this question to Snagsby, when



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exalted than a plain Lady! Each one of his Knighted friends, and their wives, would, of course, have the very same yearning concealed under their exterior of dignified complacency. And so the scheming and planning for Baronetcies and Peerages has gone on apace.

Romance and Royalty

I was thinking this over to-night, as

and rummaged a bit until he found the book he wanted. "Do you not remember," he said, as he turned over the pages, "that in a passage of arms with Lowe, on the question of equality, Gladstone said that equality was so unattractive to the people of England and its equality was so dear to their hearts that to talk of making concessions to the cry for equality was absurd? Here it is:—

There is no broad political idea which has entered less into the formation of the political system of this country than the love of equality. It is not the love of equality which has carried into every corner of the country the distinct undeniable popular preference, wherever other things are equal, for a man who is a Lord over a man who is not. The love of freedom itself is hardly stronger in England than the love of aristocracy.

Snagsby turned over the page. "Gladstone went on to quote the saying of Sir William Molesworth," he said, "that with the English people the love of aristocracy is a religion, and he concludes in his accustomed copious and eloquent way:—"

Call this love of inequality by what name you please—the complement of the love of freedom, or its negative pole, or the shadow which the love of freedom casts, or the reverberation of its voice in the halls of the constitution—it is an active, living and life-giving power, which forms an inseparable essential element in our political habits of mind, and asserts itself in every step in the processes of our system.

It is a Changing World

"But why quote what Gladstone said more than forty years ago?" said I. "Much water has flowed under London Bridge since then. The England of today is not the England of forty years ago!"

"True," Snagsby agreed. "But even if the House of Lords were quite done away with as part of Parliament, the Peerage would still remain. Primogeniture and entail would continue, even if there were no House of hereditary legislators. Lloyd George once said that the eldest son of a family is not necessarily the ablest and best, any more than the first-born of a litter of puppies is. But a great deal of water has still to flow under London Bridge before primogeniture and entail are done away with in Great Britain, as they were done away with in France more than a hundred years ago. The Peerage and the whole aristocratic system in Great Britain is there to stay until long after our time. There are arguments to be found in favor of them, but they thwart human nature, and in the long run humanity, as it progresses, will break them down."

Past and Future

And Snagsby continued his argument at length, saying that titles are a survival from Feudalism. "This war," said he, "is essentially a life-and-death struggle between the Past and the Future—between what is left of Feudalism in the world and the spirit of Democracy on which all the hopes of human progress are founded—between the spirit of caste and privilege and the spirit of social justice. What else is the German Emperor, with his solemn prating about Divine Right and his shining armor and his mailed fist, but a figure out of the Thirteenth Century strutting around in the Twentieth, with power to cause such devastation and carnage as the world has never known before! In a different way the existence of Barons and other Peers in England is as much out of keeping with the spirit of the Future as a knight in mediaeval armor would be, with a plumed helmet, on a horse decked out in knightly trappings, too, advancing with lance and shield to take a hand in the fighting in Flanders."

"Well," quoth I, "you and I, Snagsby, must needs be content to let the people of Great Britain manage their own affairs. But as for the people of Canada, it is plain to any seeing eye that they do not want any aristocratic system, and that they regard titles as a growth which should not be allowed to make any headway in the soil of this democratic land."

W. J. H.

WINNIPEG, September 23.—On my way down town this morning I went into a Tobackoe shopp on Portage Avenue, to buy me a canister of English Tobackoe, for I find that I can smoke none other with relish. And on coming out, I met my old friend, Mr. R. L. Richardson, who is one of the Parliament men at Ottawa; and he is but lately home from a visit he made with sundry other journalists to Great Britain and to Flanders; and many mighty interesting things he has to tell thereof.

As we walked along, he came to speak of Lloyd George. I asked him if he found Lloyd George much changed since the last time he saw that great little man when he was in London six years ago. He said that Lloyd George's hair is become white, and that he shows signs of the strain he has been under all these years, but that he is still full of the old fire and energy.

A Commoner to the End

"I sat by him for near an hour," said Mr. Richardson, "and we talked, among other things, of titles. As the mover of the resolution in our Parliament last session to end all the title business in Canada, I was naturally interested to have his latest views of that whole question. Promptly and with all the emphatic vigor of the old days when he was bringing in his great Budgets which were measures of such sweeping fiscal and social reform, he declared his opposition to all hereditary titles. But he said that he thought a life title might without harm to the State be conferred for conspicuous public service performed. I jestingly hinted that peradventure it might some day be my duty, as a newspaper man, to edit a despatch by cable from London telling that he had entered into 'the charmed circle' of the titled ones. 'Nay,' quoth he, 'you can set your mind at rest on that score, my friend! Never will it become your duty to edit any such paragraph about me. Lloyd George will continue until the end of the chapter to wear the name which he proudly inherited from his father—that name, and none other!' Right glad I was to hear him say it with so much emphatic decision in his voice."

Right glad was I, too, to hear that Lloyd George doth not abate one jot of his democratic convictions; but will live in History among the other Great Commoners who have done such noble public service to the British Commonwealth. And after I parted from Mr. Richardson, I bethought me, as I walked on, of how it hath come to pass in Canada of recent years that certain of our multi-millionaires have hungered and thirsted for titles, and not content with being made Sirs, have yearned to be made Baronets, and Lords.

Canadian Titles in the Making

In truth, since the era of Bigg Money began in this Canada of ours, the millionaires and their families and those within the zone of Bigg Money have lived apart from the common people. The only interiors they know are the costly and luxurious interiors of their own palatial mansions and others of the same class, and their no less splendid offices and board rooms, and palatial hotels withal, and the most exclusive and costly Clubbes. What do

Mrs. Parliby's Resi

MRS. PARLIBY, the the United Farm- berta, on account and the absolute complete res

snobs, has sent in her the U.F.W.A. Board.

the U.F.W.A., she was a of the U.F.A. Executive body she also sent a sta resignation. The U.F.A. cepted this statement and chairman to write her a deep regret and sincere s

Mrs. Parliby is a woman and her withdrawal from ties is a distinct loss, s branches of the farmers but to the progress of so

Her speedy and compl health will be devoutly the people of Western C

Livestock Shi

The secretary of the Local Union No. 101, Pine Creek, reports: I report that the Was union is making splendi our second year. The membership is not quite was at the end of last some of our members 'new locals which have near us, and some have the district. We are ga bers at every meeting a ship is greater than it last year, and before th we expect to surpass l bership (65).

The greatest progres been the growth of inte Members last year who in their support are U.F.A. workers. This our Livestock Shipp which, as was already ined about the first of The first car of hogs w arly 10. We have shippe the net proceeds' beir part of this business, surrounding locals, E, particular loyalty co-o. Now, some will ask, ' bers profitted by ship two facts will answer car we shipped from l local buyers offered less than Edmonton The last car, in trying ation out of business cents per hundred mor Stockyard prices. Froi person can figure for our members have l association, and not c but every farmer w locally has profitted afforded by the asso contend that the U.F. One stock buyer remi not care whether he b as there was no profit you see we are bak profit and putting it the farmers.

In some localities i in order to break up tions, have paid mor was worth on the ope the situation this as today. Some ask, ' tion survive!' No d U.F.A. locals in this bers who know how example of one of th them remarked that not get his stock if cents per pound more on the market. He protection of the ass more than that to hi

During February a of this local organize Smoky Lake locals, every promise of bei On April 6 repres mont, Radway Cen Warspite and Smok and organized the Association, of whi Clodford, has been a This district associ