

The Provincial Election

By THE EDITOR

Our Election Supplement will furnish ample evidence of the neutrality of this magazine in the realm of party politics. Indeed, for me, party politics have no charm, and none will welcome more than I the day when—

"None shall serve a party,
But all shall serve the state."

And I think it only fair to say that in my opinion the late Government, by its impartial legislation, has appreciably hastened that day.

It will be generally conceded that the impelling motive of all Canadian political parties is to legislate in what they conceive to be the best interests of the State.

Hence it is possible from this vantage ground, like Cowper's "Old Jackdaw"—

"To see
The bustle and the raree show"

with some degree of detachment. All that you and I have to do is to judge by actual achievement, quite regardless of this or that party shibboleth.

Nor is this practice peculiar to the political arena; are we not constantly appealing to the logic of life to attest the logic of theories; are we not always testing doctrines by their working in the actual world, and do we not determine their validity by their utility? When I consider the achievements of the late Government—designate it by what name you will—I say unhesitatingly that a government with such a record deserves to be sustained.

There are four phases of legislation that will appeal to everybody.

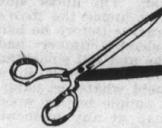
Saskatchewan Farm Loan Board.—When I first took up residence in this province, 14 years ago, I joined that wonderful pioneer organization — The Grain Growers' Grain Company—and I was privileged to sit at the feet of one of its founders, who taught me many never-to-be-forgotten lessons. I am, therefore, not unacquainted with our basic industry, and can affirm that the Saskatchewan Farm Loan Board has proved a veritable friend in need to many a Saskatchewan farmer.

Department of Education.—Who could withhold praise for the policy and practice of this Department in securing "equality of opportunity" for every boy and girl in the province? As you know, educational facilities are now ensured for children residing in the remotest districts, and for whom school attendance in winter is impossible.

Mothers' Pensions.—As an Old Country Poor-Law Guardian I have followed with profound interest indications of the practical sympathy of the Government, with mothers deprived of the support and protection of the good man of the house. Help—practical help—in time of direst need, has caused the heart of many a widow to "sing for joy."

Department of Public Health.—The prevention of disease, the tender care of the sick, and particularly the splendid efforts of this Department to purge the province of the White Plague, merit the highest commendation.

For these humanitarian reasons, as well as for achievements in general administration upon which I need not here dilate, I suggest that the government has fully established its right to a renewal of public confidence.



SCISSORS AND PASTE



Joan In Shining Armour

In the year 1874 a crowd of Parisians assembled at the unveiling of the gilt-bronze statue of Joan of Arc, the work of the eminent sculptor Emmanuel Fremiet, in the Place de Rivoli. Applause greeted the figure of Joan as it was disclosed, stately in shining gold, and thousands of voices spoke of its magnificence as a work of art.

A quarter of a century passed, and people seemed less inclined to praise the statue. Severe things were said. One critic declared that the horse's neck was ill-shaped, another that the Maid's head was too small, and so on; and these remarks came to the ears of Fremiet, who was now nearly seventy.

Now, it happened that in the construction of the Paris underground railway the engineers were compelled to disturb the soil in the Place de Rivoli, and the statue was moved from its usual position for several weeks. The tunnel being completed, Joan was restored to her pedestal. The Parisians did not forget to cast critical eyes at her, but now . . . what was it? Surely the severe judges had misjudged? The Maid's head was perfectly formed, was it not? And why had folk grumbled at the horse's neck? Nevertheless a sense of mystery filled the beholders; they felt that an explanation was needed.

The explanation arrived in due course. Fremiet had thought over the criticisms, and considered that they were well founded. He resolved to cast a fresh figure in bronze, with the faults carefully corrected. It would cost him 20,000 francs, but it should be done. And it was done. Fremiet was well aware that the engineers would at a certain date remove the statue and place it under cover. He had the new Joan brought by night to the Place de Rivoli, and put in the place of the old, which he had taken away. It was the new Joan which the critical eyes beheld now, and raised such singular questions with such a strange result.

Emmanuel Fremiet died in 1910, full of years and honoured as one of the greatest sculptors of his day and generation.

Paris loves his statue of Joan, shining in gold opposite the famous Tuilleries Gardens, and it has not forgotten his high sense of honour.

The Ladder Across the Chasm

Almost a hundred years ago a man hung between life and death on a lonely precipice that marks the site of a great and ancient city. His name was Henry Rawlinson and he is remembered for many things, for the books he wrote, and for his vast knowledge, but chiefly because, by his unheard of courage, a door was opened into the mysterious Past.

He was born in a Cotswold town in 1810, and at the age of seventeen he entered the East India Company's army. From the day of his enrolment to the hour of death the East absorbed him, its history, romance, fascination. It happened that in 1833 his military work took him to Persia, and he seized the opportunity to try to learn something of the secrets of this mighty empire in the ancient days.

The young man was particularly attracted by the problem of the famous Rock of Behistun. This is a monstrous precipice, one side rising in an unbroken perpendicular line for 1700 feet, part of a range of hills near a town that was flourishing about twenty-four centuries ago, when Darius the First was King of Persia.

There was no more important ruler in the world than Darius in his day. No one knew it better than he did; and in order that his name might live forever he conceived the idea of writing it on the lofty face of Behistun.

Sculptors were set to work to carve out a grand relief of Darius in all his glory with his foot on one man's neck and nine men, chained together at the neck, standing before him. Then scribes wrote out his bidding a tale of some of his conquests; and the sculptors carved the story on the rock, inscribing it in three forms of cuneiform or wedge-shaped writing: Persian, Babylonian, Assyrian.

Darius knew that cities might become mounds of dust, but as long as the Earth endured that mighty rock would rear up its head. Time rolled on, and the Persian Empire fell, its might became but a series of tales told. Its cities were covered by dust and decay, and presently roses bloomed over the halls and palaces where the mightiest of the Earth had lived in splendour. In the changing centuries the Rock of Behistun stood, with its secret unchallenged and unrevealed. Darius had achieved the immortality he longed for, but his glory was suspended in mid air, so to speak. The tale of his grandeur was written so high up on the precipice that only the birds of the air could read it. Within two hundred years after the reign of Darius it became a wonder, the centre of a legend.

Travelers crossing the hills said to each other, "There's that famous old rock. I wonder what those carvings mean?" For some twenty-five centuries men of changing speech, race, fashion, and ideals made this remark. Henry Rawlinson came along and he said, "I'm going to find out."

He was young, strong, clear-brained, of an immense courage. He had been studying cuneiform writing. The day came when he decided to make the attempt to copy the inscriptions. The lowest line of writing stood 500 feet up. Either he must climb the sheer face or let himself down from a height of over 3000 feet, crossing by means of narrow planks chasms too wide for even anyone as courageous as he to take a leap.

Rawlinson wanted if possible to copy all the inscriptions, which are grouped in nine great tablets, seven in a row and two above them. A ledge of rock about eighteen inches wide remained beneath five of the seven tablets, a narrow and perilous platform probably used by the sculptors of Darius; the foothold below the other two had been chiselled away.

"It is no good, master," said the native servants who were with him. "When you get to that little ledge you can only read a few lines. Each tablet is as high as three or four men."

"Get me a ladder," was Rawlinson's curt reply. His courage inspired one or two helpers. By great exertions a ladder was hauled up. The young Englishman and a native reared it up on the rocky ledge, and again the servant wailed his laments and his fears. The ledge was so narrow that when the ladder was set on it, against the rock, it was perpendicular and no one could climb the rungs.

"You are seeking death, master," said the servant. "We'll cut the ladder shorter," replied Rawlinson, smiling.

When the ladder was short enough to stand at a slight angle the young man set the native to hold it at the bottom, and he went up. There his first real set-back awaited him. In order to be able to stand on it at all the ladder had been