



RIFLE AND REVOLVER

FROM discussions I have noticed in the press recently, I should think that a very "catchy" policy for a politician in want of a "cry" would be—"Arm the school children and disarm the criminals." Put more prosaically, it would call for the military training of school children and the sequestration of the revolver. Society would be better off if its young men could prevent the foreigner from invading the nation, while its criminals could not get revolvers with which to invade its homes. If school boys were taught to stand upright, square their shoulders, lift their chins, march in unison, and perform simple evolutions, they would escape the slouchy habit so many young fellows now affect and would at least present a more pleasing spectacle when assembled at a street corner. If they were given a rifle for target practice, they would be nearly tickled to death; and we would soon have them quite as expert at boring a hole in a coin with a bullet as they are now at reckoning up the batting average of the imported American baseballists who play in our cities.

* * *

IT would be the easiest thing in the world to convert young Canada into a nation of sharpshooters without taking an hour from their time when they come seriously to the business of making a living. There is nothing that a boy loves quite so much as to get a gun and go off and shoot something. If he were given a light rifle and encouraged to shoot for prizes at a target, the singing birds would be spared and he would acquire a skill which would make him excellent raw material for a "hasty pudding" militia during the next decade after his escape from school. In fact, his skill would be kept up throughout life if it were easy for him as a young and middle-aged man to join a rifle club and play at the old sport. Advancing years forbid him to keep up his football or lacrosse, and drive him to golf and yachting; but until his hand grew unsteady, he could maintain his place at the head of the "old boys" who got their fun out of "magpies" and "centres" and "bulls." An intelligent use of the opportunities given us by the assembly of all our children in the schools of the country, would obviate universal military training and yet secure for us many of the results.

* * *

ANOTHER effect of such a programme would be to make all our children responsibly patriotic. We have lots of patriotism of the fire-cracker and "May-pul Leaf Forev-ver" sort. We can celebrate holidays to beat the band; and we close our meetings by singing "God Save the King"—probably on the principle that, if the Deity does not save him, no one else will. But we lack that quiet, responsible, burden-bearing sort of patriotism which is the only sort that tells. It is the superior sort that is "made in Germany" where they shoulder conscription and tremendous naval taxation, and never say a word about it. It is "made in Britain," too, when the pinch comes. It is time that we began to manufacture a trifle in Canada. And a very good way to begin would be to teach our children that patriotism brings its duties as well as its "hip-hip-hip-hurrah!"

AS for disarming the criminals, will any one tell me what real benefit a revolver ever is to any man, woman or child in a civilised community in a time of peace? It is possible to think of isolated cases in which a revolver has proven useful, just as it is possible to defend cigarette-smoking on the ground that once upon a time a smoker found himself fastened to a railway track and would have been run over and killed if he had not been a smoker and so in possession of matches with which to turn his clothes into a torch. Arsenic saves lives a thousand times for every once that a revolver does so; and yet we surround the sale of arsenic with the greatest safeguards. But in the hands of the criminal and the coward, the revolver is a deadly menace to the safety of every decent citizen. The more desperate the criminal and the more despicable the coward, the greater is the menace. If we were to forbid the sale of revolvers—except under the narrowest restrictions—we would extract the fangs of these two most poisonous elements of society.

* * *

TO revert to the subject of responsible patriotism, however, the Canadian Government seems likely at this writing to take up "the white man's burden." This will make us all feel more comfortable. No matter how plausible an argument we might be able to put together along the line that we were equipping the Empire for defence when we built railways and dug canals and generally developed the country, we never—to be honest about it—felt wholly comfortable while we escaped in this mist of words. It was true—

truer, perhaps, than some people believed—but it is always pleasanter to "chip in" with the others than to stand around and explain elaborately why we are not giving anything just now. It is not easy to convince Whitechapel Jack at one and the same time that he should emigrate to Canada because Canadians have a higher average of prosperity than his friends in London, and that he and his friends in London are better able to contribute to the defence of the Empire than these self-same prosperous Canadians. It may be that his education is meagre; but he can't quite see it. It is just as well that we have decided to give him something along this line that he can see.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

You Cannot Always Tell

"YOU cannot always judge of a man by what he says of himself or by what he seems to be from what

you see of him in public," said a rural editor who attended the meeting of the Canadian Press Association in Toronto last week.

"A few years ago a new preacher moved to our town, and the first Sunday morning he was there he preached one of the finest sermons I ever heard. I can remember a good deal of it yet. He pictured the joys of meeting one's friends in the Great Beyond. On coming out of the church we were all praising the sermon and the preacher, and as I walked down street I overtook a fellow named Jim, who saws wood and does chores around the village.

"Jim," I said, "that was a fine sermon."

"Yes," he said, sullenly.

"The new preacher's a fine man, and he'll stir this town up," I added, for Jim was a person with opinions.

"You can't tell much from hearin' him preach one sermon," said Jim, grudgingly. "I've been helpin' him with his movin' the last two days, and yesterday I helped him to put up his kitchen stove-pipes. All I got to say is he didn't talk like he did in his sermon this morning."—*Toronto Star*.

Experience, says a writer in the "Smart Set," is the only school which possesses no correspondence course.

DRAKE'S DRUM.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?
Slung between the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung between the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago!

—From "Admirals All"