

Roosevelt Democrat now has no hesitancy about announcing his determination to assist the President if he shall revise his decision in respect of another candidature.

The Democratic party in national affairs exists only in name. The Southerners persist in holding that they are the only genuine survivors of the original Democracy. Northern Democrats, they say, are political heretics whose once true faith has become honeycombed and distorted with socialism, anarchism, trades-unionism and, in the West, Populism. As to the latter count of the indictment, proof seems to be wanting. The West is pretty thoroughly Republican now. Bryan did much to kill populism; prosperity did more.

The truth is that the Democratic party sustained its most smashing blow when Grover Cleveland was elected in 1892. Hard times were in sight, and the most acute members of the party hoped for Cleveland's defeat, clearly seeing that hard times during the second Democratic administration since the Civil War would set the party back many years. These prophecies were amply borne out by events. Then came Bryan, the quite possible exponent of an impossible propaganda. To-day the Democrats are in more evil case than they were ten years ago. To add to their woes, the 20,000 Socialist and Anarchist processionists who paraded last Sunday to show sympathy with the men charged with the murder of the ex-Governor of Idaho, proceeded to hiss and revile the name of Roosevelt. How many pro-Roosevelt Democrats this action will make, nobody can guess. The great rural and semi-urban population of the United States—it is seventy per cent. of the whole—hates Anarchism and Socialism, too. Many a thousand voters of Democratic proclivities will begin to love Roosevelt for the enemies he makes. With a solid Republican party and a great auxiliary army of discontented Democrats, Theodore Roosevelt clearly can be the next President if he so desires. In that case, Mr. Taft would make a useful Vice-President candidate.

ABOUT thirteen years ago, half the population of Canada was engaged in reading or demanding "Beside The Bonnie Brier Bush." It made an irresistible appeal to Scottish-Canadians, of whom there is a great host; but it had also the qualities which make a literary work of general significance and sympathy. Those who bought the book, knowing no-

thing of the author, enjoyed a rare satisfaction before they reached the pathetic close of "A Lad o' Pairs," while the simple yet heroic passing of the doctor of the old school left most readers "teary round the lashes." The writer of these sketches found himself famous, and a lecture tour in America was an inevitable consequence of his kudos and royalties. In the autumn of 1895, Rev. John Watson, or "Ian Maclaren," as most people called him, was warmly welcomed by Canadian audiences who found him an interesting if not an inspired speaker. In Cooke's Church, Toronto, on his second visit he defended himself as an idealist, declaring that he had chosen to depict the best side of human nature rather than the worst, because he believed the nobler elements are stronger than the debasing. He said with a vigorous outburst: "A fine picture in your drawing-room is more real than the ash barrel. I am not going to portray the garbage heaps of humanity." Ian Maclaren was a great preacher and a man of many books. But he will be remembered by those homely tender sketches which first won public favour and which, alas, have been so frequently and so feebly imitated. His death in Iowa this week has an element of the sadly unexpected. If ever a Scot would have wished to die near the hills or glens of home, it was the author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

Both in his theological outlook and his literary aims, Dr. Watson was essentially modern. When it was suggested that by cutting and changing his first volume and uniting it with scraps of "Kate Carnegie" a good play might be produced, he cheerfully submitted his brain children to the operation. The result was financially most satisfactory, although his earliest admirers hardly relished the transformation of certain characters. In literary grace he is below James M. Barrie, but he makes a far more general appeal than does the artist of "Thrums."

"Kate Carnegie" is not so famous as his earlier novel, but it has a Canadian interest in that it was the first serial published in "The Canadian Magazine," then struggling over the line to permanency. The then editor attributes a great deal of the rise in popularity of that periodical to the luck he had in securing that story. It was not a great story, but its author was in the public eye. The price paid for the Canadian rights was large, but the "Magazine" people have never had any regrets.

The Weakness of Canadian Patriotism.

THAT the patriotism of the editors of our smaller newspapers is a rather weak and fragile thing, has been amply proven during the past few weeks. A higher postage on newspapers mailed across the border has been arranged by the United States and Canadian Governments. Whereupon the Canadian editors, with few exceptions, have snapped their jaws in rage. Many of the publishers of country weeklies, on whom it will impose a loss of a few dollars per annum, have published long editorials to show that the new regulations are vexatious and ill-advised. They entirely overlook the fact that these were devised to place United States and British publications on a parity in this market. They overlook the fact that the rate set by the International Postal Union for such exchange is eight cents a pound, whereas the new rate between the two countries is only four cents. They overlook also the great expense which the Canadian post office has borne for years in carrying vast quantities of United States printed matter without receiving the slightest revenue.

It is too often the way. When it touches our own pockets, we "raise a holler." Patriotism is a splendid thing for political speeches, high school debates and newspaper editorials; but when it gets down to paying a few cents every year for the general welfare, most of us hesitate. It is really pathetic to see the little newspaper publishers of the country shedding large tears over this matter.

To the credit of the Canadian Press Association, let it be said, that the Executive thereof met last Friday and approved the principle of the reform, though regretting that it came into force in the middle of the subscription year. This is an attitude which seems reasonable and not unpatriotic.

If Canada's artists, writers and journalists are to grow in number and strength, they must have at least the same "protection" as those of Great Britain, which is a free-trade country. Even under the new arrangement they will have but one-half the protection accorded to British producers of this character. United States periodicals and newspapers can still be mailed to Canada at one-half the rate at which they are mailed to Great Britain.

The Canadian public are charged eight cents a pound on papers mailed by them to their friends in the United States; the Canadian publishers may mail at four cents. Is this not "adequate" discrimination? Is not a fifty per cent. reduction sufficient for these patriotic gentlemen?