

## Sir Mackenzie Bowell

By GENE CARROLL



Sir Mackenzie Bowell.

**D**URING the busy days of the session, when the wide pavements in front of the Houses of Parliament are ringing with the scud of many feet, hurrying hither and thither on various errands and intents, the footsteps of cabinet ministers, senators, members of parliament, civil servants and many others mingling in an endless tramping back and forth, a trim little old man with snow white hair and bowed head may often be seen wending his way to or from the Senate.

He is always alone. Unnoticed and unnoticed, he moves a

lonesome figure through the animated throngs. The face is kindly, but there are deep furrows there that more than time has wrought. The deep-set eyes, with the old fire in them still unquenched, look out at you wondrously sad. The bearing is not the erect proud bearing of a few years gone, and the step is no longer firm and sure.

Evening has fallen upon the days of Sir Mackenzie Bowell.

The turn of the road, where the pensive hours and the saddened light are before and the turmoil and strife are behind, is passed. There is now only the long waiting years—and memory. And will there be rest at last, or will the memory of the treachery of friends, of cruel desertion, of Brutus stabs and utter political ruin haunt him to the end? Most likely not. People have almost forgotten those troublous times and it is probable that Mackenzie Bowell has forgotten too.

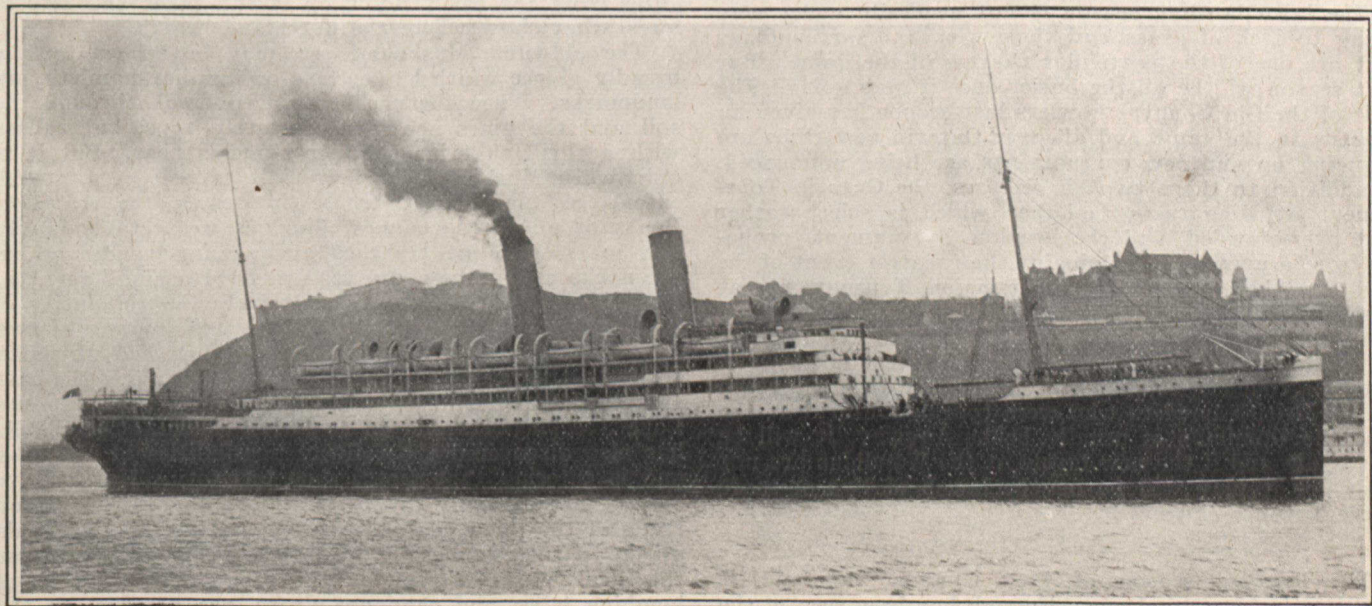
In the evening of life the light falls softly across the path and peace comes into the troubled days, where ambition and bitter strivings once held sway. In these the closing years of his life, Mackenzie Bowell, can only look with a glowing pride and a great inner satisfaction at a long life of useful service to his country, at a clean and honourable record and a life filled with a more than average measure of success.

To Sir Mackenzie Bowell, these are the last best days, and his many friends and most of his enemies—that were will wish him peace and happiness in his remaining days.

## Literary Values

By E. J. KYLIE

**I**N a discerning article in the "Nineteenth Century" for April, entitled, "The Popular in Literature," Mr. J. Spender, editor of the Westminster Gazette, shows from a rapid survey of nineteenth century literature how wide an appeal the great poets, novelists and essayists of the nineteenth century have made. With insistence and courage, with little regard at times, for form, they give the views of life to a public which appreciated fully the importance and dignity of this message. Upon their success Mr. Spender rightly bases his criticism both of the authors who, often with little of value to impart, but with an artistic way of imparting it, give their ideas merely to the few on the ground that these are beyond the masses, and of those who, pleading the popular ignorance and lack of taste, write down to the crowd. He, who with sincere convictions expresses naturally and thus effectively the truth that is in him, need have no fear of the popular judgment. We cannot quarrel with Mr. Spender's conclusion, but should call attention to two forces, the one making against his view, the other for it. As the former, we may consider the present tendency toward highly specialised effort. The young author, who would like to guide his contemporaries on many questions, to write, for example, in the universal manner of Goldwin Smith, will be forced by keen competition, by the very interest of some department of his own work, into a restricted sphere. Or should he strive still to deal with the broader problems, he will be exposed to the criticism of narrow accurate specialists who will knock the props from under his arguments by showing the inaccuracy of his illustrations, and must retire in confusion. For the age, from the very character of its pursuits is hard and practical; it cannot advance from the real to the ideal, from the fact to the law. So that each must excel in the narrow field. Yet there is an alternative. One may be unreal, paradoxical, fantastic, like Shaw and Chesterton, and attract the age by opposing and shocking it. *Pecca fortiter*. Disguise your ideals and enthusiasm for truth and break all the literary commandments. This is a distinctly successful method of appeal which does not come within Mr. Spender's canons. However, another contemporary influence supports him: the demand for the shilling classics. No one can estimate the rate at which these cheap editions of the best authors are being consumed. Yet the demand establishes the sanity of the popular mind and at the same time marks a curious change in literary values. It is now the expensive, handsomely bound volume which is ephemeral, of the moment, purchased only by libraries or by those whose plentiful new wealth seeks plentiful new literature; the volume will become a classic, eternal, only if it finds its way finally into the neighbouring shelves of the cheap reprints. There it will be sought out by the lover of good books who knows. Hence, in a curious way, the price of books has come to vary in inverse ratio to their literary value: the one falls, the other rises, and nothing which a shilling will not buy can put on immortality.



A Canadian Steamer in the Port of Quebec—One of the Empresses