

(Mr. Post takes both parts with some lightning substitutions which fairly take one's breath). It is his intention to build up a repertory which will include, beside his present play, "Omar, the Tent-Maker," shown several years ago, a sugared compendium of quotations from the Rubaiyat-Hamlet, with some novel scenic effects, and one or two others.

Another play on tour bound to be popular through its obvious romantic appeal is handsome Lou Tellegen's "King of Nowhere," with its scene laid in the court of Henry VIII.

Still another, better worthy of respect, is modern—"His Brother's Keeper," showing Robert Edeson in a strong, sane part, high-minded yet matter of fact; one interesting theory propounded by this drama is that country folk are much more apt to be bad, or

at least narrow, than those who live in the bracing stir of city life.

"Pierrot, the Prodigal," the pantomime from the French, still holds its own in New York, owing to the eternal appeal to human nature of pure imaginative romance. It is a little to be regretted that a woman plays Pierrot; the love-interest is less convincing.

William Collier, in "Nothing but the Truth" provokes many laughs; truth-telling is, we have all found, apt to lead to predicaments; and they form excellent comedy.

A number of these plays are much better done than they deserve; or rather much talent and effort has been put into vessels rather weak after all. Of such is Booth Tarkington's "Mister Antonio," in

which Otis Skinner figures as an Italian emigrant, a co-operation producing much charm but nothing else. In the same category can be classed "Caroline," with Margaret Anglin, a good but scarcely epoch-making "parlour-play"; "Seremonda," with Julia Arthur, a tragedy in verse, handsome, stately, but not inspired; "Our Little Wife," with Margaret Illington—this last, however, more spicy than the others just mentioned, a farce of lovers and husbands, after the so-called French manner. Farce, by the way, is a new medium for Miss Illington, but she handles it excellently.

"Upstairs and Down," pretending to portray the life of masters and servants, is another "fast" play, but with little more than its boldness to recommend it.

# Opinions of Other People

## Do Canadians Backbite Also?

By Anti-Humbag  
(Winnipeg)

## Genius Wasted in Monocle Man

By Henry Rickards  
(Strathcona, Alta.)

### DO CANADIANS BACK-BITE ALSO?

288 Smith St., Winnipeg.

Editor, Canadian Courier:  
Dear Sir:

In a recent issue of your paper there is the following amazing sentence in an article by one of your staff writers: "The usual abominable back-biting of which London political writers alone are gracious masters."

One is tempted to ask, does that gentleman ever read political speeches made in this country, or does he read the editorials from party newspapers? Some of these latter are every bit as fluent in vituperation as the famous Eatonsville Gazette and Eatonsville Independent. To pretend that party spirit is stronger in London than anywhere else in the world is absurd; to pretend that the criticism of public men is stronger there than, say, in Canada is, to say the least of it, willful prejudice. Political back-biting! Why we get political backs bitten with something stronger than criticism over here. We get men turned out of their situations (when practicable) for voting the wrong way. If there is any man employed in any government work whatever, from the janitor of the Court House to the Sheriff, who is not going to vote for the existing government I should like to see him.

Yours truly,

ANTI-HUMBUG.

Editor's Note: "Anti-Humbag" does not seem to have read the sentence he refers to in the light of its intention. "The usual abominable back-biting of which London political writers alone are gracious masters" means exactly what it says. In every country there is "abominable back-biting." Canada is far from being an exception to the rule. But in Canada and in the United States the practice lacks the finished style of the London artists. The key-word to the above sentence is "gracious." We sometimes think that back-biting is known only in Canada. The truth is that it flourishes to an even greater extent in England, but is disguised under suave language. That sort of slander is always less tolerable than the cruder Canadian sort.

### GENIUS WASTED IN MONOCLE MAN.

Strathcona P. O., Alta., Jan. 22, 1917.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

I gather from the "Monocle Man's" argument that there is no such thing as pure altruism, and that if there were, it would be senseless and immoral. He arrives at this conclusion by the same process of reasoning we use to prove that black is white; e.g., the mother who fed her child and starved herself was really as selfish in her unselfishness as the

selfish mother who fed herself and starved her child. Really, such genius is wasted on us Canucks; Mr. Wilson needs it to help frame his notes. A Detroit paper recently welcomed the 17,631 young Canadians who put in practice this virtue of "having a good time"; they slipped across since August, 1914, for fear the good time should cease suddenly. According to the "Monocle Man" they are virtuous because they don't have to put up with a hard time. We who don't do likewise when we easily could, are vicious. All right, suits me. But I must point out the one magnificent opening the "Monocle Man" has made, and for which I love him as a brother. The pig has the sense to enjoy a good time, but has not the sense to ensure its permanency. Speaking of the Americans, the "Monocle Man" says: "Where they sin is not in having a good time, but in failing to provide against having a very bad time in the future through the play of forces which they will not take the trouble to measure." Therefore the Americans are ———. Well, well, I always thought they were.

Yours sincerely,

HENRY RICKARDS.

### WHY IS A CONSCRIPT?

Victoria, B.C., Jan. 10, 1917.

Editor, Canadian Courier:  
Sir:

In these days of Canadian knighthood, when even the Baron of Montreal sports a new silk dress, when "Sir" Robert Borden, "Sir" Wilfrid Laurier, and all the provincial "Sirs" orientate to the court of St. James and bow the knee, every morning before breakfast, it behooves Canadians to hold a referendum on conscription.

("The time has come, the walrus said, to speak of many things—of cabbages and Kings.") What are the facts? Five dictators sit apart at London, enthroned in imperscrutable immolation of man, and say there shall be war and more war—and after that a trade war; and they say that the deputies in "our overseas possessions" must invoke conscription, for England is in great danger—and the King can do no harm.

The proud old firm of John Bull and Co., Unlimited Liabilities, is fast becoming insolvent (Oh, yes it is)—and the King can do no harm.

On account of certain "necessary measures" being taken, the Grand Alliance is coming into conflict with Spain, Switzerland, Scandinavia, the United States, Holland and Greece; but is it not a Grand Alliance?—and the King can do no harm.

## Why is a Conscript?

By Donald Lochiel  
(Victoria, B.C.)

## Our Ships Down East

By Montreal

There are some brainy statesmen (in a crazy sort of way) in England, who belong to the hereditary ruling class to which the yeoman doffs his cap and pulls his forelock—for they can do no harm.

And one of those statesmen, Sir Edward Grey, entented with a harmless French statesman, secretly and mouth to ear—yes, my brothers, without the knowledge of Parliament. When he made his famous war speech and said his country was obligated by that agreement, none but traitors could doubt it—for he could do no harm.

But I wonder if the cheering idiots who saw in Sir Edward Grey the saviour of English Trade-itions, can answer this: If Sir Edward Grey was right, why is Viscount Grey wrong—deprived of office?

Some pussy-footed "balance of power" megalomaniacs advocate turning the English "possessions" into tributary plantations, and locating all factories in England, after the war. By means of exclusive trade rights, by selling jews' harps and fiddlesticks to neutral Kaffirs and Hindoos, it may be possible to still maintain 700 people to the square mile in England; but is it worth Canadian conscription, in contrast to Indian neutrality?

The agony can only be prolonged; factories must eventually go where the raw materials are. Mr. Englishman, get closer to your work; let the colonies adopt you—and your factories—and the "balance of power" will be all right.

Yours,

DONALD LOCHIEL.

Editor's Note: This exasperatingly brilliant letter is published as an example of one form of outspokenness. Donald Lochiel is evidently as trenchant in expressing his views as most of his Highland nationality are. He has something of the unrestrained candor of that other implacable Celt, G. B. S. Some of our readers will probably object to the extreme character of this letter. We shall be glad to publish their replies.

### "OUR SHIPS DOWN EAST."

Editor, Canadian Courier:

B RITTON B. COOKE'S article on the above I found most interesting and timely and exceedingly well written. If Canada is not to become lopsided there must be more population pumped into the Maritime Provinces, and of course if the Islanders don't do something for re-forestation in a year or two, they won't need to bother about population. In New Brunswick there are hundreds of miles of barrens supporting a few moose and hunters, which should be capable of supporting a very large population.

Very truly yours,

MONTREAL.