

pure Irish-American. Otherwise he is universal. In England he was somewhat of an enigma; perhaps never more for a few moments than the day he undertook to speak on behalf of the company, thanking a venerable Dr. Brushfield who had journeyed over the moors to deliver a brief lecture to the delegation visiting the birthplace of Sir Walter Raleigh. It was a matter of conjecture just how Tom would work in the tobacco incident and remain a humorist. But he did it; much to the doctor's surprise.

"Dr. Brushfield," he said—with that long-drawn solemn air quite befitting historic reminiscences—"it has been said that Sir Walter Raleigh was a much greater hero than history gives him credit for."

"I believe you," smiled the doctor, expectantly. "You remember, sir, the episode of his throwing down his cloak in the mud for Queen Bess to walk upon?"

And the old man nodded again; still expecting a real contribution to history.

"Well, sir there is an unauthenticated but quite plausible rumour to the effect—that the cloak on which the queen trod that day—contained two beautiful cigars. I call that, sir, a high type of heroism."

Which in due season the learned doctor apprehended as an Irish joke.

The *American Magazine* for October contains an illustrated article on Tom Daly from the pen of his friend, Franklin Adams. The article is one of those off-hand eulogies done in a style well befitting the subject, who is surely as genial and entertaining and brainy a specimen of the Irish-American as can be found in Philadelphia; concerning which he said one evening at a public function in Bristol as a preliminary to a speech: "I—am the greatest orator from Philadelphia—." And the audience sniggered at the audacity. "Present this evening," he added.

Harry Beach Needham represented the American in England as well as any; usually by being incomprehensible. A little chap with a drawl in his voice and an electric battery in his brain he skipped and danced over that itinerary as naively as a spring lamb, but always with a shrewdly Yankee cunning. It was at Glastonbury that Needham made his only speech—directly against his will. The High Sheriff of Bristol was chairman, and the venerable mayor of the old abbey town, white-whiskered and wearing a neck chain, was host. The gasoline *charabanc* had broken down on the road, making it necessary to do a few country walks.

"And that motor was not what she was cranked up to be," said Needham, at the end of his speech.

Which caused some of the Englishmen to hold an inquest on the precise meaning of that joke.

But the speech Needham didn't make was probably his best. That was at Exeter, the cathedral city. The venerable Dean of Exeter and Bishop of Marlborough, 83 years of age, scholarly, eloquent and very impressive, had given us already an hour of historic discourse on the marvelous cathedral which Cromwell once turned into a stable; the finest piece of ecclesiastical oratory on the trip. Needham was asked to speak thanks to the dean at the deanery tea. In a moment of weakness he consented.

For weeks he had been hobnobbing with Roosevelt, the great talker; but the Dean of Exeter was a specimen he had never encountered at close range—and after an hour of speech-concoction Needham gave up the contract. Whereby he missed a chance; for it turned out that the Dean of Exeter had been the main cause why the log-book of the Mayflower that sailed out of Plymouth below in 1620 to found New England, had been returned to descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers in Boston in 1908.

The humour of Sam Kiser was always a surprise to the Englishman. There were two occasions on which the peculiar semi-Hoosierian style of the man from Chicago kept the Britishers guessing. Owen Seaman's analysis of American humour omitted one element very characteristic of Kiser—which is the suspended sentence. It was at a luncheon at Sidmouth, Devonshire, when Kiser perpetrated one of these. Prime Devonshire cider of champagne quality had been served up galore. Sam was asked to respond to a toast. He did so mainly by reciting some of his own early verses—on the old cider mill. In a perfectly pastoral style he pictured the old apple orchard in the fall; the windy boughs and the boy with the pail; the apple barrels and the old stoneboat; the squabbling blackbirds and the haze of the Indian summer with the nip of frost

in its tail; and it all seemed to the Englishman a perfect poetic idyll, till with a half-smirk Sam wound up with the lie:

"And he ground 'em worms and all."

Similar incongruity in another recital of Kiser's on the American sleeping car. Of course they don't have any such monstrosities as "uppers" in England; and when Sam undertook to portray the romance of the sleeping car he had some trouble "getting it across" to the English. In the tenderest of tones he spun it out—why the young lady in the berth below never would forget him, no matter where or how, because in getting out of his "upper" he "tramped upon her face."

At the Lord Mayor's dinner in Bristol amid liveried flunkies, swords and powdered wigs, Sam did another thing; expressing the truth that every



The brilliant, humanistic Irish-Canadian "Kit," drinking in the ancient charm of Wells, the Cathedral Town, near Glastonbury in Somerset.

man thinks a little the best of his own country; of how Jim Somebody from New York State always maintained that there never could be a two-headed calf or a prize "punkin" or a case of erysipelas half so tremendous in Illinois as any in New York—"I say," whispered a British journalist to a Canadian next, "is it a characteristic of American humour to keep a long solemn face?"

Ernest Cawcroft, from Jamestown, N.Y., was out to study political economy—of which now they have as much and as many kinds in England as anywhere else in the world. Cawcroft holds the world's record for magazine-writing interest in Canada. Up to date he has written for a great variety of periodicals between two and three hundred articles on Canada.

Herbert J. Vanderhoof comes next in point of derivation. A Canadianised American of the live-wire type, he was more interested in the caves of Cheddar and the archaisms of Bristol than his pure-American cousins. It was he who a year ago brought out in his magazine the serial of Emerson Hough called "The Sowing"; which was a Yankee's attempt to solve a British-Canadian problem.

"And I'm willing to admit," said Vanderhoof, "that there's no American I ever met with more organised system and hustle than two or three of the men that conducted the itinerary of our party in England. You can't tell me that the average Englishman is anything like an effete proposition."

No mere passing courtesy in print could do justice to "Kit," who, Irish as she was, and Canadian as she is, saw more deeply into the charm and magic of old England than most of us. To her English, Americans and Canadians were all one. I had never met her before; though I had read her writings which with all their native strength and humanistic sympathy have never quite expressed the kind of great-hearted poet-woman she is.

The two incomparable Arthurs—Stringer and McFarlane—are both known to readers of this paper, and will perhaps be better known in future. They are Canadians of the best intellectual type; eternally alive to the new things, as much interested in New York as in Montreal or Toronto; in England as Canadian as any of us; in Canada, cosmopolitan; above all, a pair of men, with whom it would be a joy to travel in any country, and years-long friends of the pen. Such travel enthusiasm as McFarlane's is hard to equal. Stringer, more conservative in style, makes an admirable foil. Without both or either of them—and without Mrs. Stringer the accomplished, purely American woman—the American in England would have been very incomplete.

NEW NATIONAL POLICY WANTED

By NORMAN PATTERSON

THAT Canada needs a new national policy is self-evident. Sir John Macdonald's national policy was to build up a manufacturing business to supplement agriculture and lumbering; to round out the commercial life of the country. That policy was successful. It has built up industries at a rate which has been fairly satisfactory. It took more time than most of the enthusiasts of that period anticipated, but in the end it won. To-day, the manufacturers of Canada produce twice as much as the agriculturists.

Then came the Liberals and their policy. In the main, Sir Wilfrid Laurier agreed with Sir John Macdonald. While not so frank in his approval of a protective tariff, he nevertheless maintained that manufacturing was an important part of the country's activity and deserved consideration. Consequently since 1896 manufacturing flourished as it had never flourished before. But the newer National Policy included greater attention to the development of the West. Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues bought the West and pledged the country's credit in the building of a railway across its then unpeopled stretches. Their schemes of development, however, dwindled sadly between 1885 and 1895. Then came the change, and the advent of a businesslike, irresistible immigration policy, which rapidly made Western Canada the Mecca of a new people. Then followed the pledging of the country's credit to the building of the National Transcontinental and the Grand Trunk Pacific. Sir Wilfrid and his colleagues took all that was good in the Old National Policy and framed up a New National Policy of their own. As the Old had been successful, so has the New. There is little to cry about, little to lament, much to applaud.

But the wheels must still be turned. The mill must grind more corn. As the policy of 1878 need-

ed amending in 1896, so the policy of 1896 needs amending in 1910. Canada needs a third National Policy—bigger, broader, higher and deeper. It needs a policy which will create new enthusiasm in every province and territory, in every county and constituency, in every city, town and village. It needs a policy which will appeal to all classes—bankers, financiers, transportationists, farmers, manufacturers, wholesalers, retailers, professional men and mechanics.

There is nothing radically wrong with Canada to-day. The national progress is satisfactory. Foreign trade is leaping forward, banks are wondering what to do with their profits; manufacturers are buying country homes and automobiles. Almost every man and woman in the country has a fat purse. There is so much money to be spent that Canadians are in danger of becoming extravagant. But it is not enough. The future demands a revision of our National Policy.

The West has in recent years been given the lion's share of attention. There is no fault to be found with that. It was absolutely necessary to national integrity and safety, that the great spaces should be brought into subjection to a white population. Enough has been accomplished to guarantee that the West will continue to develop. But what of the East? It has given its best men and women to help the growth of the West—given freely and ungrudgingly. Should it be asked to give more? Should not the waste places of the East be considered now?

Mr. Chamberlain, of the Grand Trunk Pacific and all other big Easterners, who have gone West and have imbibed that irresistible enthusiasm and that pugnaciousness which the West breeds so mag-

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