

lished programme to justify its existence. Montreal is temperamentally peculiar. So is Council. A retrograde revolution might easily have happened. But it has been staved off by the four years' term and the pertinacity of Dr. Lachapelle and his colleagues.

When the awarding of contracts was twisted away from the Council there was one big step in evolution. Montreal spends in one year \$23,000,000 for all purposes. The spending of this huge sum means an army of people constantly at work, both inside and outside the City Hall. The Board subdivided itself into five departments. Each controller took what he could most conveniently administer. Each began a programme of business system apart from personal patronage. This looked very different to the Council from the old way. The controllers intended that it should. They went in to earn their salaries.

"For me," says the seigneur, touching himself on the lapel of the coat; "it is no way to govern a city like Montreal by personal politics."

All the way along he has quietly insisted upon the "For me." Not merely personal to Lachapelle, but to the controller as representing the people who elected him and his colleagues from all over the city.

"Presently, I think," continued the controller, "we shall have to get from the Legislature the power of making appointments. I believe in responsible government. We are responsible to the electors. The heads of departments should be responsible to us. Every head of a department should be responsible for those under him. It should not be in power of the Council to make appointments in a department without consulting the head of it. And the only people qualified to make appointments are those who are administering the city. This is a business government; commissioners responsible to the people, heads of departments to the commissioners, subordinates to the heads, and so on."

No doubt about this. Clear as noonday. But not yet all accomplished. The City Hall is an army of people. Many of them were appointed long ago.

"Not always for efficiency, I think," said the Doctor. "And this is a problem; how to insist that

every man in the employ of the city shall be efficient. There should be an examination for every post. No man has any real right to take a position in the City Hall or outside the City Hall on the payroll of the people who is not as rigorously examined as to his fitness for that position than though he were applying to the employment department of a big factory which recognizes only efficiency and is not concerned with personal preference or politics or sentiment."

Always the Controller makes his criticisms with great calmness. He has worked that way. He knows what a stubborn thing is custom and prerogative; how hard they are to set aside or to ignore. But he believes the day is coming when Montreal will be governed and operated on a business system.

And in this also he is radical.

"I do not think," said he, "that we have the proper conception of what our chief magistrate should be. For me, now, I would not have the Mayor burdened with a host of petty details in administering departments. We have plenty of more important work for the Mayor. In a city like Montreal he should spend much of his time in a public way. He should be looked upon as the grand representative of the city, not to be wasting his time with a portfolio of petty duties that should be looked after by his colleagues."

THAT'S a reversion, after all, to the old idea of a chief magistrate. Business system, according to Dr. Lachapelle, should not be permitted to obliterate dignity. The Mayor is the dignitary. He should be recognized as such; chairman of the board, but not obsessed with petty details.

Incidentally—who is better qualified for such a post than the seigneur? He has probably not the remotest notion of aspiring to the office. But from his own definition, even though he has been responsible for a great deal of the actual business administration of Montreal, he is—but then the Montreal Herald may have something to say about that. The Herald has been setting forth the personal claims of prominent citizens to be considered as Mayor of Montreal.

"And I would go further," continued the Controller.

Here he made no apologies to the chairman of caucus and the Impersonation of Council.

"I would abolish council entirely!"

Radical. But conservative.

"Two systems of representation and election, of what use are they in administering a city?" he said. "If the people elect the commission by a general vote to manage the city's affairs, why is it necessary for a body of men elected by ward votes to sit in judgment upon their works? They are directly responsible to the people. They can be turned out of office by the people."

"But what of the long term?" he was asked.

"Permanency is desirable," he answered. "First of all a man should not be expected to give up his business or his profession for a short term, no matter if he is given a good salary. The only fit and proper man to put into the Board of Control is the man who has been tried out in a business or professional capacity outside of civic business. If he has been so tested he has arrived at an age when to cut himself loose from his business means a great difficulty in getting back again. That man must first of all be rigorously chosen by the people who come to know him in a general way. Then he must be indemnified by a long enough term and a salary big enough to make it worth his while to serve in that capacity. There is no other way—for me."

It may be assumed that most, perhaps all, of the Controllers have similar views. They are a unit in their gradual encroachments upon Council. Twice a day they sit at the same Board and administer the city. They believe that government by commission in so far as it has gone in Montreal dead against established prerogative has done a great deal to place Montreal in the ranks of well-governed communities.

Anyhow the grand seigneur has given his word. His creed is very plain. If the people should not endorse that creed at the next general election—well and good. He can at least retire to his medical practice sure that he has done something to start Montreal along the road to good, efficient government, based upon a business system.

The Yearling Buck Encounters a Human

But in This Case Whom the Gods Love Does Not Die Young

By C. DUNCAN SMITH

THE cold, grey light of the winter dawn found the young buck standing in the midst of a little thicket of birch and poplar. From the outside the unaccustomed eye would not have discerned his presence there. The grey-brown of his coat blended so perfectly with the dun colours of the surrounding trees that he seemed but an intangible shade—a somewhat deeper shadow among the shadows of the undergrowth.

For some little time he had been idling there, occasionally reaching out with slender neck to nibble daintily at some tempting, nearby shoot. He was a slim and dainty creature, rather large for his age, but well proportioned, with long, slender legs and head set proudly on gracefully curving neck. His eyes were large and dark and of a peculiarly soft and innocent expression. Those big eyes, the small and delicate muzzle, and the great ears, flaring outward from his head, gave him an air at once alert and inquiring. Being but a yearling, he had as yet no antlers, but two furry knobs, just forward of the ears, concealed sharp, little prongs, the promise of what was to come in later years.

NOW he seemed to be absorbed in contemplating the crimson beauty of the sunrise as it flared in the eastern sky. And it was, indeed, a picture of such colourful beauty as to compel the admiration of even a creature so familiar with such scenes as the young buck. At first it was a faint, roseate flush, just above the dark line of the horizon, like the reflection of some far distant fire. Gradually it grew and spread, deepening from richest crimson to a lurid, blood-red glow that threw out in stark relief the tall, black masts of the brute on the eastern ridge. It flamed across the heavens, touching with tints of vivid crimson and tender rose pink the light haze of cirrus cloud that overcast the sky like the ripples on a breeze-swept sea. During the night a soft, clinging snow had fallen, and, as the light grew, every white-clad tree and bush was tinged on the eastward side with the same delicate, rosy hue as the fleecy clouds above. Brighter and brighter grew the conflagration till the whole eastern sky was a blaze of orange and scarlet and vivid flame colour—a picture of inde-

scribable beauty. Then the great, glowing disc of the sun crept into view and shot its level rays among the tree trunks, dissipating the lingering night shadows. The gorgeous colours faded from the sky and broad day shone on the forest; shone on



a far-flung world of cold and glittering white—a silent world in which there seemed to be no life.

But presently the keen eyes of the young buck, ever on the alert, detected a motion far down the valley. Just a momentary glimpse it was of some dark body among the white clad bushes, but so unusual that it rivetted his attention at once. And, as he watched, it came out into the open, a black splotch against the white background of the snow, moving erratically hither and thither, now skulking furtively among the thickets, now dashing quickly forward across the open places. As it came nearer it gradually took on definite shape—a peculiar creature that walked erect on two legs and carried

with it some object that ever and again glinted brightly in the morning sunshine.

Now, in all the sixteen short months of his life, the young buck had never before seen a human being. His habitat was a tract of the wilderness far removed from civilization, where man but seldom came. The poor and scanty soil of its rock-strewn ridges and gullies offered but little inducement to the agriculturist, and a series of devastating forest fires had long since burned out all the merchantable timber. Perhaps a stray trapper or prospector, from the settlements to the south, might wander through on his way to the northern hunting grounds, but these occasional wayfarers did not tarry to disturb the denizens of that peaceful region, and for years no hunters had invaded the district. So that the few deer that still remained, undisturbed save by their few natural enemies, the prowling lynx and the gaunt, grey timber wolf, had grown, in a measure, careless, and amid the peaceful security of their surroundings, their inherent distrust of man, while not entirely forgotten, was, for the time at least, dormant. And in the younger generations it had ceased to exist.

CONSEQUENTLY, the young buck watched the approaching phenomenon with nothing more than an expression of interest in his big, liquid eyes. He did not know in the least what to make of it, because he had never seen anything like it before. It was certainly not a very formidable looking creature; its movements seemed awkward and slow, and, for all he knew, it might be of a perfectly harmless and friendly disposition. Its actions, too, puzzled him—the apparently aimless wandering to and fro, the furtive dodging in and out among the thickets, and the quick dashes across the intervening spaces. In those early morning hours the snow-wreathed woods were still as death and no disturbing scent came to his sensitive nostrils to awaken the latent instinct of fear. Rather, a devouring curiosity, the curse of all the deer kindred, held him in its grip. On the whole, he decided to remain very quietly where he was, and, perhaps, obtain a closer view of the incomprehensible stranger. The hunter meanwhile was