

YEA, THE GREAT GLOBE ITSELF

By
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and
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BACK in 1880, when most of the farmers of Plugville, Ont., were enlightened on local topics and Talmage's sermons once a week by the Plugville Planet or the Botsford Banner, there was a tall wiseacre who used to stroll out Sunday summer mornings and regale all and sundry with knowledge otherwise unheard of in those parts. This farmer wore shrunken brown duck overalls over calfskin leg boots, a print shirt buttoned behind, and mutton-chop whiskers. And his wisdom was poured forth in the trombone tones of a sonorous Grit voice. He could talk of tariffs and reciprocity, of the massacres in Rooshia, and the iniquities of "old Jawn A.," the difference between National Policy and No Popery, and the solemn aint-it-too-badness of the Pacific Scandal.

And whenever any common-reading farmer wanted to know whence such a power of information, old Charlie gave a hitch to his suspenders, chewed another spear of timothy, and said: "Gosh! there's only one paper has it. That's the Weekly Globe."

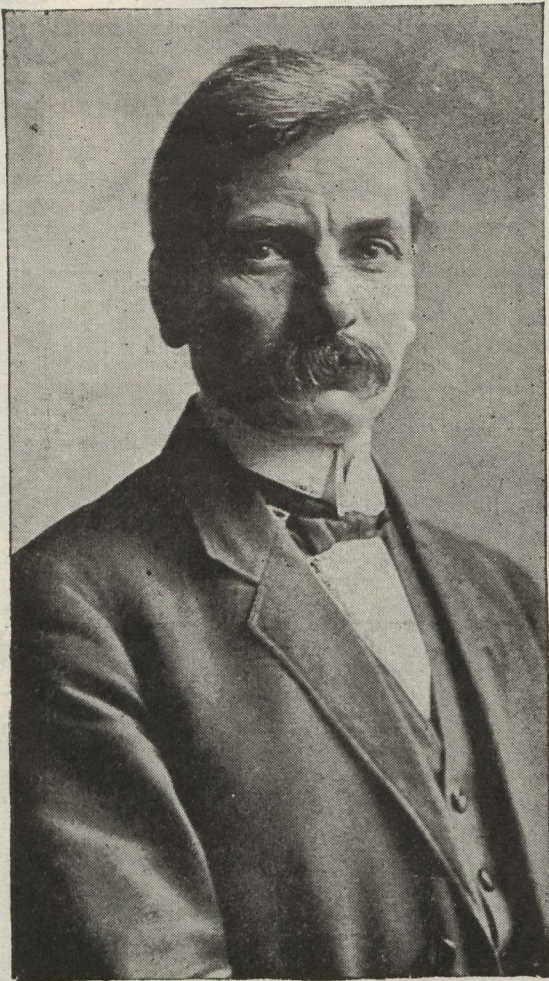
Sundry conversations with Grit people indicate that this man was one of a very large community scattered over many parts of Ontario, but especially thick in the region of Strathroy, Zorra, Fergus, Guelph, Galt—but once you begin to enumerate there's no end to the places where Scotch Grits had forbears who began at the front page of the Globe and religiously read as much of that as they had time before feeding the cattle; scrupulously marked the place where they left off with a pencil, and after chore time worked over on to the next page, ads and all; probably by bedtime got over as far as the editorial page—which, of course, was always a good "Deoch an' Doris." Hence the sobriquet—"the Scotchman's Bible." Hence the pious prevalence of the Globe in most of Anglo-Canada.

There is a common notion that the C.P.R. came after the Hudson's Bay Co. and the Northwest Co. in discovering the Northwest. That is a mistake. The Toronto Globe really discovered the West. In 1881 Lord Lorne went on a buckboard and horseback trip over the Saskatchewan valley and the land of the foothills and the vast prairies between Winnipeg and Calgary. The only correspondent on that trip was one Williams, of the Globe, who kept on the trail after Lord Lorne left it, and gave to Globe readers most remarkable and vivid pictures of that marvellous country then just seething on the edge of rebellion.

Ever afterwards, as regularly as the clover headed out, some Globe man went abroad in the farming areas of Ontario to tell its readers how the crops were doing. No paper—not even the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal—had ever taken such pains to tell farmers how other farmers were getting along. Very early in its career the Globe made it plain to the people of middle Canada that there were other Canadas beyond, and to the townsfolk in Toronto and Hamilton that it was very important to understand the true basis of all wealth by keeping tab on the farmer's wheat, oats, hogs and cattle and apples going to waste.

Such was the Globe in the '80's and for many years afterwards; a consistent, pertinacious link between town and country, parliament and people, near Canada and far Canada, Church and State, and all the other fundamentals that seemed necessary to its editors in the development of a liberal education.

THERE are two Globes: the one which is to be had for a cent, or thereabouts, and propped against the sugar-bowl at breakfast while the reader absorbs toast and the war summary. The other is a personality, a quality, a voice—an elusive thing to be glimpsed from time to time in the course of great public discussions. It is to be seen now in connection with some controversy in the field of Dominion politics, now in its comment on affairs at Toronto City Hall, now in some self-revealing paragraph on taxation or class privilege. "The Old Lady on Melinda Street," as she used to be known, is very real to those who have read her for any length of time. She has the dignity of years, the patience of the experienced, the steadiness of a person with deep convictions and the quick resilience of one who is not afraid of controversies, having come through many. She is not, like so many papers on this continent, a mere enlargement of one man's personality. It is a Globe proverb that no one man on the Globe can ever be bigger than the Globe. Though George Brown was its father, it is greater than its father or than any of its children. Instead of being the mere pedestal for a genius, it is a con-



Stewart Lyon, the Inner Personality of the Toronto Globe.

taining fabric into which unlimited talent may be fitted, shaped and given direction. The leg-weary reporter on the Globe becomes in time a sort of vestal virgin, who feels a greater responsibility to protect his paper and its good name than to hunt fame for himself.

GEORGE BROWN and his father were not new to controversy when they came to this country. In Scotland they had warred against the Established Church. It was the Brown theory that established churches were of a piece with aristocracies, landed proprietorships and other sorts of Privilege. Coming to Canada, George Brown found the Roman Catholic Church becoming established in Lower Canada as a state church, and in Upper Canada the Church of England working itself into the same position. The cry of Religious Equality became the watchword of a group of Canadians led by Brown. He founded the Banner and then the Globe. He fought the State Church idea and defeated it. The original issue died out in time, but the principle of "No Privilege," "Equality of Opportunity for All Men," remains the leading principle in the Globe office.

On such a Calvinistic foundation has been reared the Globe of 1916. What changes have come over it have been guardedly made. The Globe was always too Scotch to be a mere propaganda without becoming an enterprise. Dividends and directors must be considered as well as doctrines and political opinions. There was always a shrewd method in any madness of the Globe.

Six editors in all have occupied the chief sanctum: George Brown; his brother Gordon; John Cameron, formerly of the London Advertiser; John S. Willison—now Sir John of the News—who came to the Globe as a staff writer from the London Advertiser after Cameron became editor of the Globe; then Rev. J. A. Macdonald, of Westminster repute—and after him, a few months ago, the present editor, Stewart Lyon.

It is thus to be noted that all the editors save one have been of Scotch birth or descent. What Cam-

eron did for the Globe nobody but Sir John Willison seems to remember. What Willison did is of quite modern memory. It was in his time, 1890 to 1903, that the modern Globe got its character and moved into its present somewhat palatial premises down on lower Yonge Street, corner of Melinda. Those were the days of the well-remembered Charlie Taylor in the business office, and the Globe special that went storming across lower Ontario from Toronto to Windsor between Toronto milkman time and breakfast time in Detroit. Those were the days of Goldwin Smith, whose frequent confabs at the Globe office with Editor Willison and Ned Farrer had so much to do with commercial union, talk of annexation, Erastus Wiman, the triumphs and sorrows of Hon. Edward Blake, and the obvious shortcomings of John A. Macdonald. That colourful chapter in Canadian history began just prior to 1887, when the Globe heralded the accession of Wilfrid Laurier to the leadership of the Opposition, and lasted until after the death of Sir John Macdonald in 1891. It included the latter part of the Ontario career of Sir Oliver Mowat, with his slogan of a greater Ontario, the extension of the C.P.R., and the full fruition of the National Policy. And it was marked by the gradual rise of the Globe newspaper into a vehicle of world-wide news as well as of both sides reports of political meetings, and the prominence on the board of directors of the late Senator Jaffray, President, and Sir George Ross.

ONE of the most remarkable features of the 1890-1903 epoch of the Globe was the appearance of a book entitled "The Life and Times of Wilfrid Laurier," written by John S. Willison, editor. That book has been a solid comfort to the Globe ever since 1903. It created almost as much rustling in the sanctums of Canada as the commercial union writings of Edward Farrer or the sermons and orations of Rev. J. A. Macdonald.

During most of that period the present editor, Stewart Lyon, was a Globe man, and along with him under Editor Willison were the late John Ewan, the only man on the Globe who was on the staff when George Brown was shot; John Lewis, who after the resignation of Willison, went first to the World, afterwards to the News, and later to the Toronto Star, where he now is; Sam Wood, whose Provincial Legislature reports were only exceeded in interest by his editorials on Saturdays about birds and wild flowers; William Houston, M.A., who was and still is a link between the Education Department of Ontario and the Globe sanctum—not omitting the Ross Bible; and E. R. Parkhurst, who besides being for years editor of the Weekly Globe, kept the readers informed, as only a veteran can, of what was doing in the world of music and drama.

The Globe hangs on to its men as tenaciously as readers cling to the Globe. First be sure of the man and then keep him as long as possible is the Globe method. Yet Grandma Globe has sent many sons and grandsons to carry on Globe traditions in various parts of Canada. She is a rare old mother of journalists.

The staff of the Globe to-day is at a high point of all-round efficiency. By the addition of Lindsay Crawford, formerly a well-known Irish journalist, its handling of old country topics has been strengthened very considerably. With two of the best political correspondents at Ottawa during the session, its hold on political news, whether in Government or Opposition, is always unmistakable. Its editorials are always—to be read. They are advertised on the bulletin boards as preachers placard their sermons. They are by turns as they have been for years, courageous, purposeful and direct, passionate, pompous or pedantic—according to mood and circumstance. They are never negligible. For many years the Weekly Globe was a guide unto the feet of thousands of farmers. It has been absorbed into the daily. For several years also the Saturday Illustrated Supplement was snuggled away inside the regular edition like a toy in a stocking. The Post-office Department ruled it out of order and it too was absorbed. For several years, too, the Christmas Globe was sent all over Canada at fifty cents a copy, with the annual prize poem of the Globe and pictures enough to decorate anybody's kitchen. That was abandoned, but never absorbed. With all

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the second in a series of articles on the great newspapers of Canada, beginning with the Montreal Star in a recent number. The next in the series will appear in an early issue.