



SOME people have been finding fault with the Canadian press for its reports of the Thaw trial. Now I have been reading a number of our metropolitan journals during this trial; and I have been sufficiently interested to read these Thaw reports in several of them and I am frank to confess that I do not see how our papers as a rule could have handled the case with more delicacy if they were to report it at all. The fact of the matter is that I should very much object to have the case go to the jury—if I were concerned on either side—with nothing before that honourable body except the newspaper reports as published in Canada. They are altogether too incomplete to give one a fair notion of the points at issue. Of course, it can be argued that it was not necessary that the Canadian public should understand the case—they did not have to render a verdict. But unless we are going to revert to secret tribunals and "Star Chamber" trials, it is necessary for some public to have access to cases, even of this sort; and those who are criticising the reports of the Thaw trial would have criticised them just the same had the case been tried in Toronto.

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There are wrinkles about the eye that looks through the Monocle. Its wearer is no blushing young thing. And there are times when he feels like remonstrating with certain good people to the effect that, after all, this is an adult world. We cannot pretend to manage life on this planet on nursery principles. We all love the children—God bless them every one! But there are places where adults must go and where children ought never to be allowed to go. There are books which adults ought to read, and there are plays which adults ought to hear; but in neither case are they fit for children. We must get over the idea that the whole world is a nursery; and we must revert to the good old fashioned custom of compelling children to keep within certain bounds. There is no other stage in the world, for instance, as free as the stage of Paris; and there is no other young lady in the world whose mind is kept as free from contamination as the young lady of Paris. They simply do not permit her to taste the drama until it has been tested and judged by her adult guardians.

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On this continent, we have permitted an eruption of the nursery into the world. We have given the baby a latch-key. We have made the boy literally the father of the man—the said "man" being the boy's father. We have handed the reins to the children; and we have immediately begun to discover that there are parts of life's thoroughfare which are too rough or too noisome for them to drive through at will. Instead of taking back the reins and admitting that, perhaps, after all the wisdom of the Old World and the Old Days was not all foolishness, we have set ourselves the impossible task of re-making the world over into a nursery. We find, for instance, that cigarette smoking is bad for boys, and undoubtedly it is. What we should do is to spank the boys and tell them that they will get a double allowance if we catch them smoking cigarettes again. But what we do is to try to get Parliament to pass a measure making it a crime for any grown man to be found in

possession of a cigarette. We are going to trim mankind down to the nursery standard. That is, we think we are. As a matter of fact, we can do nothing of the sort; and the result will be that the boys will soon all smoke cigarettes. The boy of a few generations back would not have dared to smoke cigarettes where any body could see him.

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Critics who complain of the Canadian press should take a look occasionally into the press of other countries. Of course, they know all about the "yellow press" of New York and Chicago. That is what they accuse the Canadian press of imitating. They might as well accuse a minister of imitating an actor because he speaks clearly. But what of the British press which is so often held up to our newspapers as a model? Did you ever read the divorce court reports in the best London journals? There are lots of them that go into details which, if they were to be reproduced in a Toronto paper, would cause half the moral associations in the city to pass resolutions of hot condemnation at their first monthly meeting thereafter. And if you are not satisfied with the London dailies, try the London weeklies. There you will find a plainness of speech which should fill the New York "yellows" with envy. Or go over to Paris. How I should like to see the contents of a Parisian newsstand exposed for sale on Yonge St. some bright Saturday afternoon! The most successful daily paper in Paris—if not in the world—made its success by printing accounts of all the crimes committed in France. There was precious little else in it; for Parisian papers do not care much for foreign news. Anything which has the bad taste to happen outside of France—unless it affects France in some way—does not excite them.

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Puritans who grumble at the Canadian press should be punished by exile to almost any other land under the sun which has a press. But they are preparing a better punishment for themselves at home. They are convincing our editors that it is useless to try to satisfy them, which will inevitably incline the said editors to see if they cannot, then, satisfy the grown-up people who want to read the news. Said the New York Sun—"We will print anything which an all-wise Providence permits to happen."

La Chant National

THE enthusiasm with which the National Anthem "O Canada" was received at the Mendelssohn Choir concert on February 9th shows that this French-Canadian composition has leaped into Ontario favour at first hearing. The music was composed by Calixa Lavallee in 1880 and, by an unusual method in such production, the words were afterwards written by Judge Routhier. Dr. T. B. Richardson has made the translation given below:

O Canada, our fathers' land of old,
Thy brow is crowned with leaves of red and gold;
Beneath the shade of the Holy Cross,
Thy children own their birth;

No stains their glorious annals gloss,
Since valour shields thy hearth.
Almighty God, on Thee we call—
Defend our rights, forefend this nation's thrall.

Altar and throne command our sacred love,
And mankind to us shall ever brothers prove.
O King of Kings, with Thy mighty breath
All our sons do Thou inspire;

May no craven terror of life or death
E'er damp the patriot's fire.
Our mighty call loudly shall ring,
As in the days of old, "For Christ and the King!"