

managed to extract a feeble smudge from the Cuban cigar. "I believed in it. I liked Canada. I believed in Canada."

It seems chronologically certain that Sir William believed in this country quite a bit sooner than any other Yankee that amounted to anything. It also seems rather odd that a few years before he began to swear by the C. P. R. and the country that belonged to the C. P. R., Jim Hill should have been making railway gridirons in the northwestern States. It was a case of swap. Some say that Hill believes in Canada quite as much as Van Horne does—but not in the C. P. R. I didn't ask Sir William about Mr. Hill, the Canadian who invented "the cost of high living." But I should like to have a book on America collaborated by these two railroad magnates; one born in the United States and making his fortune in Canada; tother just the other way round.

"I'm a Canadian!" said Sir William, with energy.

The idea simply had to have room. From lying almost prone across the broad of the vast sofa he struggled upright and leaned like a tremendous gargoyle out of his own amplitude. He emitted a huge puff of smoke and batted it to one side because he couldn't see through it.

"I'm a Chinese wall protectionist," he went on. "I don't mean merely in trade. Though that's something. I mean—everything. I'd keep the American idea out of this country."

(Which is more than we ever could do when we got at least three of our railroad chiefs from the United States.)

Heavens! was this man also—an Imperialist? And if so, what kind? You remember how in his palmy days on the C. P. R. the all-red route began to develop from Liverpool to Hongkong. I know most of us don't believe that the C. P. R. made Canada and gave her place in the Empire; just as most of us are rather weary worshipping the C. P. R. and talking about it, when no matter which way you turn the thing will not down. And somehow it seemed to me that Sir William Van Horne would have beheld another paradox in—the Empire minus the C. P. R.

"I saw what those Americans would do," he went on. "They had no use for the C. P. R. You remember the McKinley Bill. Well—that was a pretty good stiff job of protectionizing; but the wall hadn't more than begun to settle when along came the Dingley Bill and plugged up the holes. Then I remembered the days of the broad and the narrow gauge. Ohio had the broad. The narrow began at the Mason and Dixon line. And when you got from the broad to the narrow you were in another world. Well—I'd have it just the same way at the forty-ninth parallel. We must keep all the national differences we have—and increase them. Canada needs individuality."

Mark you—he did not say Independence.

It was inevitable that we should call up the shades of Goldwin Smith. Time was when the newspaper differences of opinion between Sir William and the Professor summed up just about all the national and international sentiment there was in this country. And how they did differ! Not only in opinions—but in physical makeup: and Sir William has a profound belief that a man's avordupois and anatomy have a subtle working relation to the kind of brain he has and what that brain does. Imagine his brain housed in Goldwin Smith; and vice versa. One came up from the south and worked like a Trojan to build the Chinese wall. The other came over from Oxford and laboured to abolish the forty-ninth parallel from the national geography. Such is the individuality of man. Canada had to be a big country to hold two such antipodean intellects.

So far as we can judge now the Continental idea is dead. Sir William Van Horne has done his share in killing it. He expects to remain a citizen of Canada even while he finishes up the job of railroading Cuba. His castle in Montreal will never be occupied by anybody else while he is alive. He believes in Empire. He considers Kaiser Wilhelm perhaps the greatest Emperor that ever lived. He can explain more things about the Kaiser than most of the diplomats. He does not believe in the German war scare. He believes that warships are but symbols or pawns in the game. The real war to his mind is bound to be in trade.

He called the secretary again; dictated a jagged letter to some Cuban engineer with a Spanish name, concerning grilles and staircases and what-nots in some new station in Cuba. At the same time he wrote a fresh letter himself; driving a frail pen with terrific energy—I'm sure a fountain pen would last him about three minutes.

This done, he was ready for another cigar; a fresh start on the cycle of psychological argument.

He told several stories about the Kaiser; how he got information for his consular reports concerning the Laurentide Paper Co.—information which he himself, President, did not possess, for the Kaiser never permits an agent to make a copy of such; ditto, the mines of B. C.; similar the story of how the Emperor got German rails on the road from Argentine to Chili—involving a State breakfast to Von Strumm, the rail-maker; similar again when the Kaiser expended a State dinner to get the Hamburg-American line into something or other—I just forget what; and finally how expertly Wilhelm, by cunning study, found out what it was worth to Germany to steal American art students from Paris and get them into Berlin.

"He's the greatest administrator of modern times," declared Sir William. "There are alleged great personages in Europe not fit to polish his boots. I told that to —" mentioning the name of a very distinguished British noblewoman.

"What do you think of Roosevelt?" I asked him.

"Oh, I know Roosevelt. He is popular; an astute politician; knows what the people want—but he is only an imitation compared to the Kaiser. Roosevelt knows the philosophy of humbug. That's something. We need some better word than humbug to express what it means. The world is ruled largely by humbug."

Here came a discourse on the comparative evolution of language and modern civilization. Sir William had all the theories. Himself—might compile a dictionary; with pungent definitions, though he did not say so. Then as to music—

He performed a web of smoke and spoke from the thick of it as he broaded his back again flat across the sofa.

"Beethoven was not intellectual," he said. "His symphonies are emotional."

He spoke with such facile emphasis that it would scarcely have been a shock to see him go to a piano and play the Adagio of Beethoven's Ninth over against that of Tschaikowsky's Pathétique. There is a music compartment in his brain. Trust a man of his make, cognizant of plants and animals, birds and flowers—to have some music in his soul.

"Art is not properly intellectual," he said. "A picture—"

He inspected the tip of his cigar.

"One in the Royal Academy, say; painted by a cold intellect. I look at it; judging it by points I see that it sums up to a good picture; but it doesn't

move me. I probably yawn. On the other hand—show me a canvas painted in an ecstasy of passion by a man of feeling and no intellect, and I'll stay with that picture as long as any."

As to the philosophy of style—he quoted Spencer, who, though a man of freezing intellect, had a collaborative, discursive brain not unlike Sir William's—minus his paganistic naturalism.

He reverted to Cuba; with some such gusto as before he had belauded the cold fascination of Canada and the C. P. R. I wondered why. No need to ask him. In his forties he ramped into the land of snowshoes and moccasins, when the fires of youth were burning high. In his sixties, when the temperature of his nerves had dropped a few points, he cavorted into Cuba to conquer it by rediscovery.

"I believe in the gospel of sweat," he said. "The only thing wrong with us in Canada is—we don't sweat enough. Down in Cuba—I sweat my boots full!"

He spoke with the vehemence of a splendid savage. He meant it. No rain ever came too hard for Sir William; no fog too dank and thick; no sunshine too hot and crisp; no snow too deep. Therein he has the soul of a true pagan artist. Down at Minister's Island in the Bay of Fundy he lugs his easel and palette out to the dreary flats to start some fresh outline of a thing on a canvas; does it in the dark and the rain with the energy of a youth just learning the joy of paint.

The room was now dark; but for the passionate palpitation of Sir William's cigar. I rose to go.

"Don't hurry."

"Thanks—but I've been here three hours."

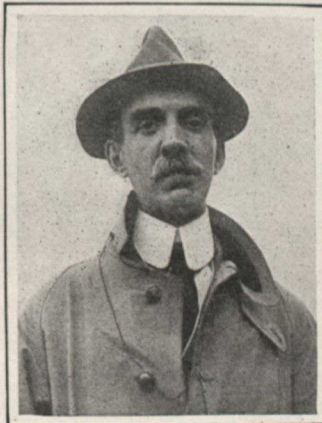
He laughed with much joy.

"Hgh! What's time?"

Never once had he looked at his watch. He led the way down to the great hall where the picture men were still working. Two exuberant Scotch collies leaped upon him like wolves. He talked to them like children. I wondered he hadn't a couple of pet bears and a young lion or so. Like Fitzsimmons, he might have wrestled with a pony. Even at the door he seemed to exude philosophy and ideas. He had but sketched the vaguest outline. Stump him and he would stay up till daylight. A most interesting man. Encyclopaedic. Poetic. Paganistic.

Something of the quality of Nikisch. He might have conjured a Hungarian rhapsody from the rain.

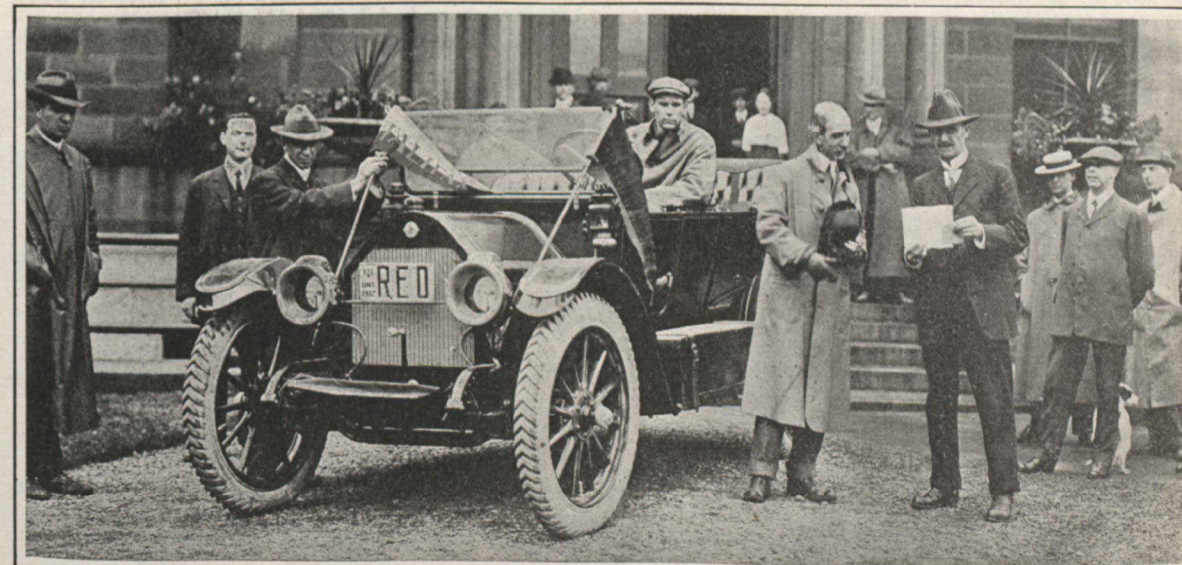
Blazing a National Highway



Thos. W. Wilby, who is making an Automobile Trip over the Proposed National Highway.



Just Before Leaving Halifax on his Four-Thousand-Mile Trip, Mr. Wilby Backed his Car into the Ocean and Filled a Bottle with Water, which he will Take to the Pacific Ocean.



At the Halifax City Hall Deputy Mayor Martin Handed Mr. Wilby a Letter of Greeting to the Mayor of Vancouver. The Car is Decorated with a Halifax Banner and one Labelled "Canadian Highway." Photographs by Jost, Halifax.