

catcher was a dock labourer, and he told me he had earned only seven shillings and six pence during the week just ending. "I gave the seven shillings to the wife and kept the six pence for a shave and cigarettes." His father, quite a respectable looking man, told me he had had but two and a half days' work during the week.

One of the most amazing things to me is the fact that so many people, when they know that I come from Canada, assume that we are to have a presidential election this year, and ask me whether I shall vote for Bryan or Taft? I sat at breakfast in a London hotel with a gentleman who is at the head of a great manufacturing establishment in one of the leading cities of England. I led the conversation to "Joe's policy." We agreed on trade questions. He told me they had been forced to establish a branch factory in Washington to do business in America, and he added, "I suppose you know Washington." Without waiting for a reply he said, "Oh, of course you do; Washington is in Canada, isn't it?" I could not say "yes"; I did not like to say "no"; so I said nothing.

"I have had an awful long ride," said a gentleman to me as we were leaving Newcastle. "I've been on this car for seven hours."

"Why, that is a short ride," I replied. "I have ridden on a train in Canada for seven days and seven nights on the same car."

"On the same trip?" he enquired.

"Yes, on the same trip," I replied.

"Well," said he, "that gives me a new idea of the size of Canada."

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Strolling on the walls of Chester I met by good luck a kind old gentleman at the angle of the wall, near the bank of the Dee. He told me that he lived in Chester and that he was born there.

"Where did 'ee come from?" he asked me.

"From America," I said.

"Ah!" said he, "there was a man from your country 'ere yistiday. Mayhaps you know him. 'Ee gave me a bit o' cardboard. 'Ee was from Chikalo

or Chilaki or a place with such a name. Ah! 'ere it is," and he gave me the card of a gentleman from Chicago.

"No," I said, "I do not know him. He lives five hundred miles from me."

"Five hundred mile!" he exclaimed. "Wy, that's a good way, isn't it?"

Then he said, "I bean't aguidin', but if so be as you'd like me to show 'ee a few things, I'll be most glad."

I thanked him heartily and he began at once. We walked a few steps till we could see the Dee clearly as it flows past the wall. He showed the old mill in which the happy old "Miller of the Dee" used to work, and King Edgar's house, the oldest inhabited house now in England, and the place where King Edgar landed when he was rowed by the seven tributary kings, and King Charles' tower in which he stood to watch the battle when his troops were beaten on Rowton Moor, and the other sights on the wall. He talked freely all the time giving me general information.

"This place is the oldest of them all," he told me. "It's older than London and the other places. It was six years before Christ, or six years after Christ, I bean't sure which. You've heard of Christ, haven't ye?"

"Yes, sir!" I said.

"Well, you know," he continued, "when a thing happened before 'ee came, they call it before Christ, and when it happened after 'ee came, why they call it after Christ."

I thanked him, and he proceeded to enlighten me, a benighted American who came from the place where the Indians live.

He pointed to a church, and said, "That be a church, and that be the rector's house. Ye have churches in America?"

"A few," I replied.

"Have ye chapels too?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I goes to the Methodist chapel in the mornin's,

but I bean't no Methodist," he informed me. "They Methodies be a ignorant lot. I asked one o' them only las' week who George Wesley was, and if you'll believe it, they couldn't tell me. Ye know George Wesley. 'Ee was the man that started the Meth-odis, but they didn't know about 'im at all."

I expressed my sorrow for their condition.

"They don't 'ave no real service, ye know," he informed me. "They just sings a bit, and the preacher prays a bit, and the preacher stands up and talks to them, 'ee don't read no regular sermon, just speaks to them. Then they sings and prays again and then they goes 'ome. In the church they 'ave regular service, and the rector 'ee reads a real sermon."

I told him I could understand why he chose to be a churchman, and not a Methodist.

"Did 'ee see the cathedral?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"Did 'ee see the cloisters?"

"Yes."

"Did 'ee ever hear of Cromwell in America?"

I admitted that I had.

"Well," said he, "when 'ee was 'ere 'ee used the cloisters as majors for 'is 'orses."

I looked at him with a puzzled glance, I have no doubt, and he asked: "Mayhap 'ee don't have no majors in America?"

"Oh, yes," I replied. "Two of my brothers were majors, but they are colonels now."

It was his turn to pause and think. Finally he said: "They bean't the kind of majors I mean. I mean the majors what the 'orses eats their 'ay out of."

"I see," said I, "what we call mangers in America."

"Well, mayhap ye do," he replied. "Cromwell put his 'orses in the cloister yard."

"What kind of a man was Cromwell?" I asked.

"A very bad man, so I've been told," he replied.

Near the cathedral he left me, after he had pointed out his own little castle.

POLITICAL MEETINGS IN CANADA

CANADA has more political meetings this year according to population than any other part of America. In this respect the politician and the preacher are in a close race; but the aggregate attendance at prayer-meetings in Canada has not increased with population in the same ratio as have political gatherings. The era which Bagehot in his *Physics and Politics* calls the "age of discussion" has been a feature of Canadian life for a great many generations. Until recent times, Presidential candidates in the United States had the record for transcontinental tours; but last year Leader Borden made a mileage and an aggregate of speeches that quite equals the best ever done by Bryan—with the difference that Mr. Bryan spoke three times to Mr. Borden's one, while in the matter of mileage according to population visited the Canadian Opposition leader had the advantage. That Sir Wilfrid Laurier has chosen a less extensive itinerary is due partly to his age and that the elections are very near.

Personal contact of the leader with the people of the country has always been a strong characteristic of Canadian political life. The practice began when the newspapers of the country were comparatively few and when the fashion of publishing half-tone portraits and black and white sketches was not so common as it is to-day. Now the newspapers have multiplied till every shackery on the prairie and almost every mining camp in the mountains has its weekly oracle with a regular report of what the leader of the party, or the member for the constituency said in the House or out on the stump. But the gentle art of stumping has not declined. What has declined is oratory.

Speech-making has become pretty nearly a universal art in Canada. A generation ago the number of candidates and supporters capable of raising a cheer without grammatical and pronunciation bumps was not very large. The professional orator had the right of way. His masterpiece ran columns long in the party newspaper; that of the stumbling supporter went with a notice or a summary.

Now the election worker and the organiser and even the hanger-on is able to make a speech that confirms supporters if it does not convince opponents. The man who spouts is a rarity. Plain talk is what the people want and largely what they get. The perorations of an Edward Blake, the impassioned logic of a D'Alton McCarthy or even the shrewd witticisms of a John A. Macdonald no longer make

the average elector feel that as soon as he has heard the last word of the main speaker it is time to get up and go home. The newspaper has democratised the public speech. Canadian editors and Canadian reports of members' speeches in Parliament have furnished the common man with a fund of arguments and something of a vocabulary to boot; and the political leader is wise who leaves a large number of points to be hammered home by the candidate or the worker who understands the relation of the general weal to the particular constituency better than he can hope to do.

At the same time the number of members of Parliament and legislatures has increased. With nine provinces, in a majority of which the number of members has been increased during the past few years, the number of legislative candidates has enormously outgrown the number of members of Parliament. The number of parties has increased. Though the Patrons of Industry and the old Third Party are nothing more than a memory and an historic influence, political sects have multiplied—till in Toronto alone during the recent provincial election there were added to the historic parties, Socialists, Labourites, Independent Labourites, Independent Liberals and Independent Conservatives—though as yet we are not blessed with the suffragette.

This diversity of interests and issues has made it possible and in fact necessary for a large number of speeches to be delivered in one meeting. At a meeting in the recent Ontario campaign not less than twelve speeches were given, when the longest and that of the Premier was but an hour long, and when the average duration of the remaining eleven was not more than seven minutes. This means that nowadays when a political candidate or a worker gets up to speak he must have something pointed on the tip of his tongue, start in as soon as the audience will let him and sit down hard when he is done.

Contrast this with the meetings of only a few years ago when Hon. G. W. Ross was able and permitted to spell-bind a tolerant crowd for two hours!

Not that there is now or ever will be any particularly new way of holding political meetings. The phonograph and the moving picture may become a feature whenever the future candidate or the leader is unavoidably absent in his airship in constituencies where they have no elections. The newspaper next day may do something to keep people away on a hot night. But the whole philosophy of a political meet-

ing is the opportunity it affords the politician of being seen and heard *viva voce* by the people he expects to support him. That always leaves scope for a certain degree of dramatic interest that moving pictures and phonographs will never be able to supply. Hence the recent open-air demonstration of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Indeed, the art of stage management has been carried to a high point of finesse in the political meetings of the present time. The caucus has considered every move and its probable effect upon an audience. The platform has been half filled for half an hour with a certain contingent of more or less well-known supporters. The inner circle is vacant—half the stage room waiting. The audience sputters into an occasional clap. Where are the big guns? When will the chief actors come on the stage? When will the band at the wings strike up "Hail to the Chief!" or "See the Conquering Hero Comes" or "Twenty-three for You?"

The leader, and the cabinet ministers, and the chairman, and the organiser, and the local candidates and the member from the House of Commons, along with a crowd of party boosters, are all in the rooms behind, handshaking and palavering; peeping out at the crowd to see how large it may be; rehashing ward and division meetings; discussing the editorials in to-day's press and the reports of meetings they were not able to attend. The chairman writes out the order of his programme, having carefully prepared his own introductory speech; local candidates and others assume to be having a good free-and-easy time when they are wondering whether it will be safe to spring the old war-horse speech that has done time in nine ward meetings already, or to make a jump for a new point of view and run the risk of being shouldered out by the speakers that have been called before.

At a critical moment the chairman appears; loud applause; drinks a glass of water by way of intimating that no one is expected to have a dry time. Having fumbled his programme he looks about at the audience and says to himself that considering the number of ladies present half the other fellows will be likely to start off by welcoming the fair sex—and decides to stick to his text.

Suddenly the band strikes up—"Hail to the Chief!" The platformers rise *en masse*; claps and cheers and whistles burst from the audience, as from the left wing comes the leader all alone in

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