

be heard with redoubled vigour. Canada is a protectionist country because the United States is, and the continuation of a high tariff in the Republic means a continued tendency toward a higher tariff in the Dominion.

RIFLE SHOOTING

CELEBRATIONS in honour of the victorious Bisley team, on their return home, will tend to awaken an interest in rifle-shooting which has been somewhat languid. His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, himself an expert user of the military rifle, has taken the opportunity of expressing his admiration for rifle practice as a sport and as an exhibition of patriotism. Other prominent men might follow his example.

The announcement that Germany has taken the unusual course of allowing her military veterans to get army rifles at a nominal charge of 87 cents annually, ammunition at 62 cents a hundred, and free use of the military rifle ranges throughout the country, should stir Canadians to action. If Germany considers it advisable to encourage her two and a half million veterans to keep up their rifle practice, surely it is advisable to encourage the use of the military weapon in this country. The airship and the aeroplane may lessen the value of a navy, or of heavily-armed fortresses, but they cannot detract from the value of the rifle. One bullet from an expert marksman's rifle would disable an aeroplane flying from 200 to 500 feet in height, which is the limit so far reached by effective machines.

The encouragement of rifle-shooting cannot justly be termed "militarism." The man who can hit a bull's-eye at eight hundred yards is likely to be more of a peace-lover than one who knows nothing of the deadly accuracy of the modern rifle. Expert rifle-shooting, as the Boer war taught us, is the cheapest and most effective form of national defence. As a sport it is more ennobling than watching a baseball or lacrosse match and much more physically beneficial than grinding, heart-weakening marathons.

Rifle-shooting develops the muscles, steadies the nerves, takes men out of doors, and brings in its train all those benefits which the ideal sport aims to produce. It supplies those opportunities for fair and honest rivalry for which human nature seems to crave. Besides benefitting the individual, it benefits the nation. A good rifle-shot is a national asset.

ONTARIO LAUGHS, OR THE GRACE OF HUMOUR

ON Saturday last the *Toronto Globe* published the examiners' list of mistakes in the answers to the history papers at the recent departmental examinations. Nothing could be more ridiculous and amusing. Ontario sat back and laughed, actually laughed over the expenditure of money and energy which could produce this result. The spell is broken. For years past we have been serious and solemn, supremely satisfied with ourselves, and especially with our educational system. He who would have laughed at it would have been a brave man, nay a very profaner of sacred things. But now we are all making a joke of it and of ourselves for cherishing this illusion. The saving grace of humour has been at last vouchsafed us. We can stand off and frankly acknowledge our errors. Probably we have never been so near to escaping from them.

George Meredith describes Shibli Bagarag, the hero of "The Shaving of Shagpat," seated on a throne among the dupes in the palace of Akli. "So as he considered how to get at them from the seat of his throne, his gaze fell on a mirror, and he beheld the crown on his forehead what it was, bejewelled asses' ears stiffened upright, and skulls of monkeys grinning with gems! The sight of that crowning his head convulsed Shibli Bagarag with laughter, and, as he laughed, his seat upon the throne was loosened, and he pitched from it."

K.

A WORD FOR ROME

THERE is one horrible example in history which is held up to contumely by editor and preacher, lest we forget the sad end of luxurious dissipation. "Remember Rome" is the awful exhortation which makes us shiver, even on midsummer Sundays or sultry Mondays. All these sombre repetitions are somewhat unfair to Rome, which, after all, did not play such a poor part in the world's affairs. It is true that the Roman Empire went to pieces, leaving the Goths, Vandals and other gentry to play with the fragments; but, in the meantime, bridges, roads, and walls of Titanic proportions had shown Northern Europe a few solid specimens of Roman building which

remain even unto this day. There is more than a warning to be learned from Rome, and we may well spare a few moments from our self-satisfaction with monoplanes and motor cars, to consider the viaducts and highways which were planned by the Romans of old.

Virgil and Cicero can teach us something still of stately measures and majestic eloquence and we really can hardly afford to patronise Petronius. Even the Roman Emperors, whom the modern democrat mentions with virtuous scorn, were not altogether villainous and degenerate. We have no record of the airs which Nero played while the city was burning, but we have the golden reflections of Marcus Aurelius. We owe Rome a debt of historic and literary inspiration which we forget, as we listen to the account of Rome's dismal disruption. Hers is the charm of the Eternal City; and, as we read the record of her emperors and pontiffs, the story of Coliseum and Vatican, we realise the spell which was upon the American novelist who wrote the rapturous conclusion of "Ave Roma Immortalis."

TENNYSON THE COMRADE

DURING last month, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Alfred Tennyson was observed throughout Anglo-Saxondom. The status of Tennyson the poet is not for this age to determine. But the characteristics of the man who was first president of the Society of Authors were such as show the true comrade, the man who understands the breadth of the word, "friend." The records of that society, now a flourishing and helpful institution, show that a sense of responsibility alone urged the great poet, who had a constitutional shrinking from public office, to assume the presidency. Tennyson's loyalty to his craft was unostentatious but sincere, and was an assurance of the manliness which endeared him to such natures as Fitzgerald and Carlyle. His friendships were generous and warm, and his kindness to many a young writer showed the essential humanity of the late Laureate. It is true that he "could not suffer fools gladly" but he was the last man to discourage the young enthusiast in letters.

While the literary magazines in England and America are considering his poetic value, his religious belief, his attitude towards the scientific discoveries of the Victorian Era, it is well for the world to be reminded of his loyalty to friend and fellow-workmen. No man had clearer perception of the value of simple qualities of faith and honour than had the most popular poet of his day. He, himself, has told us that "to have the great poetic heart is more than all poetic fame." In these days, when the artistic temperament is put forward as an excuse for all manner of erratic cruelty, it is comforting to remember that the author of "In Memoriam," though he may have had his "moods," deserved the fine tribute of Robert Browning: "In poetry, illustrious and consummate—in friendship, noble and sincere."

FRITH.

What Might Have Been

NOW that the period of depression has passed away it would fairly bewilder the shareholders of a great many concerns and the public generally to know just how close—how very close—many, even of the leading, Canadian corporations came, during the depression, to having to pass their dividend payments.

The thousands of Canadian shareholders of the Detroit United Railway were sorely tried when the directors found that it would be absolutely impossible for them to pay the dividend, simply because the bank that had always advanced the company the money with which to pay the dividend, found that it did not have the money at its disposal. At the time some of the sorely tried ones made all kinds of charges against the management of the Detroit United, but at the very time bankers in Montreal and Toronto were urging the daily papers not to publish certain stories for fear they would only alarm the public and more trouble would ensue.

As a matter of fact at the very time that Detroit United was forced to pass its dividend, one of the strongest of the public corporations in Montreal which does its banking with one of the largest and wealthiest institutions received word from the management of the bank that they could not let them have enough money to pay the quarterly dividend. If such news had leaked out it would almost surely have caused a panic on the Montreal Stock Exchange and, as it was, it was only as a special favour that the corporation in question was able to get enough money to pay its dividend from a Scottish bank. Incidentally it had to pay a pretty good rate for the privilege.

While many very large Canadian corporations depend on getting advances from the banks to make their dividend disbursements, the Canadian Pacific Railway is a striking exception to the rule. Away back in the early days of the big railway corporation, Lord Mount Stephen, who was then president, decided the company should never be dependent on any bank for money for dividend payments, and set down a rule that at the end of each month a certain proportion of net earnings should be set aside in a special fund for dividend purposes. This money is always kept on deposit at the Bank of Montreal and the company may always get it without first asking the privilege from the general manager.

COUPON.