

beauty rather than appropriateness as national emblems. Among these designs we find:—An escutcheon composed of St. George's cross, *fleur-de-lys*, maple leaf, and galley; maple leaves and *fleur-de-lys* on cross; three leaves on red ensign; a wreath of maple leaves enclosing a beaver; ditto encircling an Imperial Crown; tri-colour and beaver; maple leaf on a white shield; on a lozenge (diamond); on a star; on a Jack; a yellow leaf on the red fly of the ensign; a pyramid; a white star on the ensign; a buffalo; maple leaf with seed-vessels; and a star of maple leaves. These are a few of the emblems proposed to be placed on the flag, and their alleged merits have been set forth by their respective advocates, in articles in various newspapers and periodicals.

On the cover of this issue of THE WEEK will be seen a coloured sketch of a proposed Canadian Flag—the British ensign and the Maple Leaf—the latter on a white disc; this is the design I suggested to the committee of the Canadian Club of Hamilton, and which they recommended to the authorities at Ottawa. (At a meeting of this association, April 12th, 1894, a resolution was passed favouring a device of one or more maple leaves to take the place of the present arms on the flag.) In planning this device, I have considered three essential qualities: simplicity, significance, and colour. The Maple Leaf is the best-known symbol that can be “charged” on the flag of the mother land; “our emblem dear” is the subject of our national song—the popularity of which is ever increasing; the country itself is called “the land of the maple leaf”; whenever a body of Canadians go abroad, representing Canada, cricketers, lacrosse players, artillerymen, oarsmen, etc., they almost invariably wear the Maple Leaf on their breasts. As to distinctive colours, green is nature's own particular hue, typical of freshness and vigour; and the natural leaf on the white disc on the red field of the ensign with the Union Jack in the upper corner form one of the most striking flags it is possible to imagine. A contributor to a Montreal paper objects to the disc because “circular lines are aggressive,” although it is not stated in what manner the “aggressiveness” is manifested. But I beg to say that it is well known that those who are competent to judge have always considered circular lines as being easily discerned at long distances. For instance:—White discs on red flags and red discs on white are used in the International System of Distance Signals, WHEN THE “CODE” CANNOT BE READ; the same style of signal has been adopted on the railways (semaphores); circles on targets are not supposed to bewilder the marksman; and the pilot service and our Australian sister colonies have used discs for many years. Some correspondents complain that the Maple Leaf does not last long in its state of verdure, that it “crumples up” and is therefore suggestive of decay; but to me it seems more emblematic of perpetuity: no matter how fiercely blow the wintry winds, nor how deeply the frost strikes into the earth, in the springtime the dear old Maple Leaf breaks forth in its fresh, bright green colours, which become darker as the summer days pass by, until the autumn tints invest it with a beauty that becomes “a joy forever.” And thus ever; year after year—

“A fresher green the smelling leaves display,

And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day.”

To those who depreciate a floral emblem, I would say that there is little doubt that were England a colony, or did she contemplate the construction of a new and purely English flag, the Red Rose would be the chosen cognizance to decorate the standard; even as it did in the days of Henry V. The great objection which so many people have to the star is because it is, and always will be, associated with the star-spangled banner of the United States. The star is to the Americans what the maple leaf is to us; we find it everywhere, from the President's flag down to the commodore's pennant (in fact the second-rank of the latter displays just what some of our people have advocated—a white star on a red ground); on the coins of the country, the circle of stars corresponds with our wreath of maple leaves; the collars of the U. S. blue-jackets are decorated with white stars, and one of these is the distinguishing badge of the Yankee yacht “Defender.” It is rather strange logic from the supporters of the star that they object to the Maple Leaf because it does not represent unity. Is a single star taken from the millions in the firmament typical of unity? (“So many as the stars of the sky in multitude, and as the sand which is by the sea shore innumerable.”—*Heb. 11; ver.*

12.) There is no necessity for Canadians to go abroad in search of an emblem; that which we now have is suitable for all purposes; we should not wish to borrow a fragment from an alien flag, for the star-flag would be but a feeble imitation of that of our neighbours.

The gold Maple Leaf on the red background is rich in appearance, but how cheap looking when in the bunting colour—yellow; the metal and the colour are one and the same in heraldry, but the people will never look upon it as other than the yellow leaf—“the sere and yellow leaf!”

As white and silver are also identical, the green Maple Leaf on the white disc on the red fly compose a flag that conforms with heraldic requirements. It were useless to adopt any device which is constituted of a specified number of parts or points representative of the Confederated Provinces, with the idea of alteration whenever another shall be allied to the Dominion; for it may be safely concluded that the Imperial authorities will not sanction it.

Let us pray that, whatever indicative mark may be displayed on the fly of that flag, the Union Jack shall remain next the staff—never to depart from this Canada of ours, until the voice of Albion be stilled forever, until the English tongue be hushed throughout the world.

What shall we have for the emblem dear  
On the flag of our native land,  
To take the place of the cognizance queer,  
Which but few can understand?  
It must be a token, indeed, to tell  
Of our country fair and free;  
Of the loyal hearts that therein dwell  
'Neath the shade of the maple tree.  
For the emblem-badge of Canada,  
Oh, say what shall it be?  
—The Maple Leaf on the silver disc,  
And the flag of the old countrie.

What must we have for our emblem, then,  
To be known throughout the world:  
To be loved, to be feared, respected of men,  
Wherever that flag is unfurled!  
Should we filch a fraction (to make or mar)  
From our neighbours' spangled rag?  
No! never a “bar” nor a single “star”  
Must be seen on the British flag.  
For the banner of our Dominion,  
Then say what shall it be?  
—The Maple Leaf on the silver disc,  
And the flag of the old Countrie.

Galt, Sept. 14.

H. SPENCER HOWELL.

#### MAGAZINE RUBBISH.

SIR,—The following will show what rubbish some editors heedlessly accept. In a recent number of the Westminster Review there is an article by D. Bulsatillo on “The Political Situation.” Sarcastic writers referring to the exaggerated claims of the ultra woman-righters have dubbed them “the shrieking sisterhood;” but in the political world they can be matched by those ultras—the shrieking Radicals—who always bring discredit upon their own side. Mr. Bulsatilla poses as one of the “Three Tailors of Tooley Street” immortalized by Canning, who in solemn conclave resolved: “We, the people of England, etc., etc.” He refers to the action of the House of Lords in rejecting Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, which conduct saved Ireland from civil war and Great Britain from a serious disaster; and adds that this patriotic performance of a public duty “has roused the British people to sweep away the obstacle”—that is the Peers—“and that the mad folly of Lord Salisbury and his followers will inevitably lead to a revolution.” And this stuff was actually written after the Gladstonians had utterly failed to get up the slightest agitation against the Lords. A few weeks later the nation gave the Conservatives the largest Parliamentary majority known for 63 years. Tallyrand's cynical words apply—that “some people are born with two left hands, in addition poor X came into the world without any brains.”

Any editor of common-sense ought to know that after the utter failure of the Gladstonians to get up the slightest outcry against the House of Lords for doing their plain duty, that such stuff could only lower the prestige of his magazine. When every possible sign points to fair weather it is asinine to proclaim a hurricane.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

Toronto, Sept. 19th.