

after the experience of the last federal election realizes the need for a league of workers which will use its voting power to secure direct representation in the provincial and federal parliaments.

In answer to a question Mr. Hawthornthwaite admitted that the aggressive attitude of labor and socialist propagandists had alienated the sympathies of many they sought to interest and convert. The war

with its economic consequences has done more than all the agitation of labor leaders. It has been the great testing time.

"The Federated Labor Party is doing well. It is founded on a practical basis. The first endeavor of the organization will be to secure industrial legislation. The greater end, 'the collective ownership of the means of wealth production,' will always be kept in view."

## Where Is Canadian Literature?

FROM THE VIEWPOINT OF A BEGINNING WRITER

WITH reasonable application, an ounce of intelligence and the muscles of a small canary, a blacksmith's apprentice can, in the course of three or four years, become sufficiently skilled and useful in his trade to pass muster among the journeymen therein. Also a law student can become a lawyer within the same stipulated time; or a baker's boy can become a baker; or a devil a full-fledged printer. But not so easily or so soon—and I am saying this without fear of contradiction—may a beginning writer become a successful literary man.

It takes years, special temperament, inherited or acquired talent, and enough reserve capital to float a small-sized battleship. All successful writers will bear me out. It is an established fact.

That is all merely a prelude. What I am trying to do in this short article is to answer a question put by the *Canadian Magazine* in February, "Where is Our Canadian Literature?" and I am replying from the viewpoint of one who, for a number of years past, has endeavored to work out his particular salvation through the media of ink,

paper, imagination and perseverance.

What and where is our Canadian literature? Our Canadian literature is a thousand miles wide and two thousand miles long. It is beauty and love and romance and adventure. It is the breath of the pines, the blue of the rivers, the azure and purple of the hills. It is to be found in deep valleys and on serrated mountain peaks, over the limitless green or golden western prairies, in the orchards of Ontario and the fishing hamlets of Nova Scotia. It is a living, breathing, palpitating thing, which is always crying out for expression. Animate or inanimate, beast or person, wood, earth or clay—each and all are the plastic substance awaiting the mould of Genius.

But Genius is writing very little these days. He's busy collecting street car fares, working in munition factories and serving his country overseas. He is the lawyer without practice and the merchant without means. He is the round peg in the square hole.

Years ago, before the bitter experience, there were dreams for Genius, and a broad, incomparable visioning. Sunshine flecked the places of the