

whalebone whip again turned up on the Scottish Autumn Racing circuit. The Prince of Wales' stakes, at Kelso, was then the most important stake for gentlemen jocks in the North, and in this event he was beaten a neck by Mr. T. Spence, on "Mineral," Mr. "Rolly" riding the three-year-old "Reugny," set to carry 142 lbs., which was the weight of the spare and fit young Britisher in those days. It was at this meeting at Kelso that two future winners of the Grand National, "Disturbance" and "Reugny," started in the same race on the flat. It may be that Lord Minto often remembered his mount on "Reugny" at Kelso, because in 1874, when he rode "Defence" into fourth place in the Grand National, being the nearest he ever got to riding the winner of that greatest of steeplechases, the winner was "Reugny," ridden by Mr. J. M. Richardson, who had ridden also in the race in which "Reugny" started at Kelso four years before. Lord Minto as a jockey was thus equally good either over a steeplechase course or on the flat.

After 1877 he rode little, his retirement being mainly brought about by a terrible fall received when riding in a steeplechase. It was believed at first that his neck was broken, and it is still a saying in England that Lord Minto was the only man who ever broke his neck and lived.

However, there came a time when the ambitious spirit of the young soldier longed for something better and greater than the plaudits of the race-course crowd. Even in 1874, when he rode "Defence" for the Grand National, he was engaged in more serious vein as a correspondent during the Carlist uprising in Spain. At length the kit-bag and whalebone whip were laid by for ever. His career as a Gentleman Jockey had been but a part of his wonderfully varied experience of life, men, and manners. On leaving India, a few years ago, he was given a dinner by the Calcutta Turf Club, on which occasion he made the following remarks in the course of his speech:

"I do not regret my racing days, gentlemen. I learned a great deal from the race track which has been useful to me in later life. I mixed with all classes of men. I believe I got much insight into human character. You may think it strange, but I never used to bet, though I was on intimate terms with the members of the betting ring. Seriously, gentlemen, the lessons of the turf need not be thrown away in after life. The old racing instruction, 'Wait in front,' means much in this life's struggles. Don't force the pace, lie up with your field, keep a winning pace, watch your opportunity, and when the moment comes go in and win."

More Room for Pictures

Suggesting the Relations Between Spring and the Annual Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

THE first sign of spring is no longer the robin or any other kind of bird. Neither is it marbles and Easter hats in the windows. It is the annual opening of the Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists. That took place last Friday evening. Without a doubt it was the most brilliant display of people and gowns and swallowtail coats and velvet jackets the O. S. A. ever put on the stage. It was also the finest aggregation of pictures ever hung by the Society and one of the best ever hung in this country by any society. But of course the pictures were not displayed. They were there as a convenient background to the real show which, like the Woodbine on King's Plate Day, was the people who went—and what they talked about most of the time, believe me, was not pictures. It was a chattering, good-humoured convention of people who have begun to shake off the ennui of a long, cold winter, and like the birds, have started to warble of spring.

For once in the history of the O. S. A., the Lieutenant-Governor was not invited to speak. He was not even among those present. Neither did the President, C. W. Jefferys, say a word in public. He preferred not to. There was no need. The people and the pictures were there to speak for themselves. Most of the time the people had the floor. The reason for this is not that the pictures were less interesting than the people. The reason is—and this should be taken into grave consideration by those who are supposed to look after the erection of art galleries—that the miserable makeshift of an art gallery occupied by the artists of the greatest art centre in Canada, is nothing but a big garret where a few hundred pictures, some of them the size of a bed, and some bigger, make nothing but an eye-wearying muddle of colour and frames. It may be all very well for an artist to make pictures in a garret, though even this is beginning to be counted bad business by modern artists. The President of the O. S. A., who, like many other of our leading painters, lives in the country, gave up the attic idea when he set up a studio in a huge barn loft flooded with light. But the O. S. A. and all other art bodies in this part of the country are forced to be content with a big garret in which to shew the latest displays in picture fashions from the studios of a hundred painters. Suppose the T. Eaton Co. or the Robert Simpson Co., or any other big store corporation were to display their festival and pageant of fashion in

a big garret—would the public who are supposed to buy fashions take much stock in the exhibition? Probably not.

So the hundreds of more or less interested people who went to look at the hundreds of more or less interesting pictures had to be content to crane over one another's heads to get a casual glimpse of here a picture and there another, and then spend the most of the evening in talk. Thank heaven there was no coffee and cake jamboree to complicate matters still more. In fact the O. S. A. did all they possibly could to cut out distraction and to focus attention on the pictures, even when the President naively admitted that on occasions like this of course people don't really expect to see the pictures.

At the same time the President will admit that for the next three weeks while the pictures are on view the public will be expected to see the same picture at twenty-five cents a head, with catalogues costing twenty-five cents apiece. But will they? Will there ever again be even a corporal's guard in that gallery until the pictures are taken down? We fear not. Such is the cussedness of human nature. There is no man or woman of art sense who would begrudge a quarter to see such a show as the O. S. A. have hung this year. But the public happen to like a

crowd. They like to go where other people are going. It is no longer necessary for the O. S. A. to print a huge catalogue telling you whose and what and how much the pictures are. The pictures speak for themselves. The price can be ascertained.

The only way for the O. S. A. to get such a good show as they have in 1914 "across" to the public is to have a real art gallery such as they have in Montreal and Winnipeg, where both people and pictures can be accommodated at the same time. There are twice as many pictures in the O. S. A. as there is room for. Frames fight against frames. It is a jumble of frames. And even if more space were allowed between the frames the walls are so low that the ceiling and the skylight butt down into the pictures. Art in this country must have more room before it can expect to interest that section of the people known as the public. Every show emphasizes this. The artists are turning out more things and better things. The O. S. A. is a bigger thing than it was five years ago by at least a hundred per cent. It is time somebody did something to give it more room.

The plea for more room has been urged year after year. Art is going ahead with rapid pace in the same way as is music. But it needs encouragement.



Through A Monocle

You Are Bigger Than an M.P.

DID it ever occur to you that you were a more important man, in the matter of securing progressive legislation by Parliament, than your "member" at Ottawa. You are. He may look like quite a factor in legislation; and you can easily be deceived into the belief that he has more to do with it than you have. But the opposite is the truth. You are the man behind the gun—he is the bullet. You are the principal—he is the agent. You are free to advocate what you think—he is tied down, hand and foot, to the advocacy of what will pay him politically. You can get out ahead of the crowd and do some path-making—he would commit political suicide if he dared to do anything of the sort. You can join an advanced minority and press views which the majority still regard as dangerous—he must make himself the slavish mouthpiece of the majority, the advocate of the average view.

EVERY now and then a new idea comes up in Parliament. They welcome it about as warmly as a "pink tea" does a mouse—or should I say a "tango tea," to be up-to-date? Some adventurous young "member" who is making a distinctive reputation for himself as an "advanced thinker"—that seems to him about the best way for the moment to make himself "stand out" against the general background of uniformity—introduces a resolution proposing that the idea be looked into, usually by a commission or a committee. Immediately we see all the "old Parliamentary hands" rising to say that "public opinion is not yet ready for this reform"—that there is "no demand in the country" for it—that the young member is to be commended for his zeal, but we will have to await the awakening of public sentiment. The "old Parliamentary hands" do not propose, however, to play the part of human "alarm clocks." They will not do the awakening. Neither will the young member—once he realizes how "brash" he has been.

WHO, then, is to do the necessary "awakening"? Why, none other than Mr. U. Yourself. You are the boy who must go off like a matutinal alarm clock, and risk having the people you disturb throw their boots at your head. You are nominated and unanimously elected for this honourable but possibly exciting task, because the hurtling boots of the annoyed sleepers cannot really do you any harm. You are out of range. You have no office that they can take away from you. The Member of Parliament has. It will not affect your pay-envelope, as a rule, to get a reputation for being "advanced." It will deprive the Member of Parliament of his indemnity, of his leather trunk, of his "frank," of his distinction, of all he holds most dear. You go careless and singing on your way, saying what you think and advocating what you like; he must always consider how it is going to affect the least enlightened but most prejudiced portion of his electorate.

THE only thing he has got which you haven't got, is a good platform from which to speak—with a fine sounding-board behind it. But what is the use of a good platform when you can only utter sterilized sentiments on it? He must say what the

audience want him to say. You can say precisely what the audience does not want you to say; and you can keep on saying it till the audience come round to your way of thinking. Then the "member" can say it, too; and, if he is a good "member" and knows his business, he will then say it as if he had been saying it all along—was, indeed, the very first man to say it—has, indeed, told Parliament long ago that it must accept this righteous policy or be kicked to death by "the mob's million feet." That is a part of his political genius which makes him a successful Member of Parliament. You must not grudge him that. You should remember that, all these years while the truth has tasted sweet on your tongue and the glorious airs of liberty have blown over your uplifted face, he has had to risk neuralgia by keeping his ear to the ground, and his mouth shut.

THIS is not—as you may hastily imagine—a sarcastic attack upon the Member of Parliament. It is high and sincere praise for the fidelity with which he does his duty. The Member of Parliament has no business to legislate "in advance" of public opinion. That is not his function in the State. What we pay him for is to register and implement the present status of public opinion. When a Member of Parliament takes the bit in his teeth and proposes to legislate in a manner which he knows his constituents will not yet appreciate, he is not only a fool—he is a rebel against representative institutions. He sets up his single judgment against the judgments of the majority of his fellows. That—to say the least—is the acme of conceit. And, in most cases, he is certain to be quite wrong. When a Member of Parliament feels himself moved by an irresistible impulse to legislate in a manner which he knows perfectly well his constituents do not desire, he should call for pen, ink and paper and write his resignation without delay. That is the only way to save his honour.

I KNOW that there are some folk who think that Parliament should be regarded as a collection of the super-wise men of the community, empowered to tell us what we should want in the way of legislation and to give it to us at one and the same time. But that is not democracy. That is an effort to create an oligarchy in about the worst possible way—by selecting our oligarchs through the intervention of party politics. It would be better to select them by a bean-guessing contest or letting them draw numbers out of a hat. If we are to be governed by an oligarchy, I prefer to accept the oligarchs who fight their way to the front by a process of natural selection—the survival of the fittest. If we are going to give our government into the hands of a few strong men, let them prove their strength—not their political "slimness."

STILL I prefer a democracy. And the representatives of a democracy are delegates—not tyrants. And the business of a delegate is to represent the opinions of the majority which elected him. That ties him down pretty well during his Parliamentary term. He has no business to flirt with "lost causes" or "advanced opinions." That is your business—and you should see that you attend to it.

THE MONOCLE MAN.