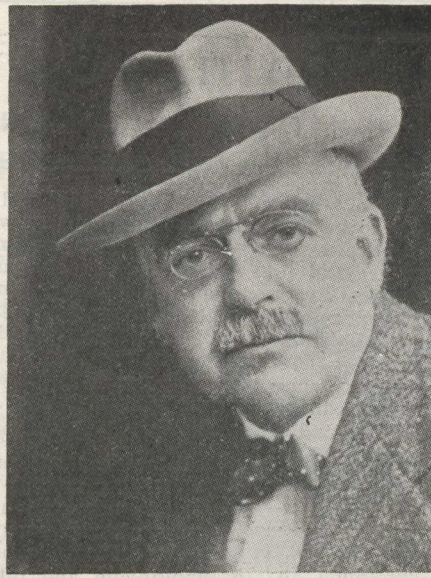


The kindest great cartoonist in the world, Bernard Partridge, the dean of Punch illustrators.



Will Dyson, an Australian cartoonist, has done some notable war pictures for English publications.



Raven Hill, the cartoonist team worker with Bernard Partridge in Punch, and a great draughtsman.

MAINLY PERSONAL

Perennial Mr. Punch

WHenever there seems to be any doubt that good-nature will ultimately survive in the world after this ill-natured and horrible war, the doubter, if he has a chance, turns to Punch. He admires Life—says it's devilishly clever, very funny, with a moral purpose behind it and common sense all over it. But when he tries to analyze the qualities of Punch he finds he tries to analyze the qualities of Punch he finds that it's like good wine, good people, a fine day, or any other universal thing that can't be dissected and must only be appreciated with a smile.

Punch is the best-natured paper in the world. It is not a comic paper. It is a human production. It never distorts. It has no place for the ugly. It never muckrakes. It has no sneaking desire for scandal. It is always clean, bright, sensible, kind and good. It is always clean, bright, sensible, kind and good. It is always a laugh in Punch. There may also be tears. Its articles and paragraphs are not always brilliant; they are sometimes—to Canadians at least—rather dull. But they are always worth reading and they never leave a bad brown taste on the tongue.

But it is the drawings that make Punch the genial, indispensable person that he is. A few years ago Punch got out a fifty-years' review of its own publication. The drawings reproduced in that volume contained the complete history of politics, society, current events and the shifting drama of human life in England. Since the war revolutionized most newspapers and other periodicals, Punch has remained the same old Punch. The only difference is in the subjects he deals with. He has treated the war as far as possible as a human business. That is not easy. The war is very largely inhuman. But Punch must be human or quit. Therefore, Punch persists in being himself. The paper is the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

The Peerless Partridge

DEAN of all living Punch illustrators is Bernard Partridge, who usually has a full page in every issue of Punch. Partridge is not a mere cartoonist. He is not a mere humorist. He is a genial philosopher who believes that satire of the kindly sort is a good asset in the business of knowing how to live. He can be as serious and sombre as a funeral. But he is seldom or never glum. In a Partridge drawing of even the most serious character there is a sparkle and a gleam that comes very near to laughter. He practises the old doctrine that humour and pathos spring from the same root in human nature. It is a fine old doctrine. And to work it out in the Partridge way requires that the humorist understand what humour really is. According to Partridge, humour is a very different thing from mere wit. Partridge humour does not need to be screamingly funny. There may be nothing in it more than a quiet smile. But the smile born of a Partridge cartoon has in it the philosophy of kindly living and genial human nature. When Partridge caricatures a character he does not distort it. A caricature that twists a man out of shape is easy to make. Partridge knows how to control the ridiculous element by curbing it from becoming rough and tumble burlesque.

In a Partridge cartoon before the writer the German Kaiser is seen coming on stage, hands out, doddering in front of a chorus of German officers. The under-line of the cartoon is "Kaiser (reviving old music-hall refrain), 'Has anybody here seen

Calais?" Nothing more. It was made at the time the Germans made the last frantic effort to break through the British lines to the coast. It strikes everybody—but a German—as being immediately funny. But it is not a scream. It is a cartoon at which a reader gazes a long while, because it suggests to him a hundred things that lay dormant in his own mind and which he never could get expressed by the written word. That is Partridge at his best; and Partridge at his best is the best ever.

A Montreal Brigadier

FROM private in the 3rd Victoria Rifles of Montreal to Brigadier-General of the Canadian Army and Officer Commanding the 4th Military Division, with headquarters at Montreal, is a long, long way. Yet that is the career of E. W. Wilson, who joined the Victoria Rifles on the 27th of January, 1882, as a recruit, and who was promoted Brig.-General by Sir Samuel Hughes on October 14th last. The promotion was not unexpected for since October, 1914, the officer has been in charge at Montreal with the rank of Colonel.



BRIG.-GENERAL WILSON.

When E. W. Wilson joined the Victoria Rifles thirty-three years ago it was with a love for military work, and an ambition to become more than a private. He won his sergeant's stripes and then his commission in the regiment where he had been a member of the recruit class. Through every grade in the regiment he rose until he retired in 1903 with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Three years later he was in command of the Canadian Bisle team—the year the marksmen brought home the Kolapore Cup. His rank as Colonel he was awarded when in 1904 he was appointed Brigadier of the 12th (Montreal) Infantry Brigade. General Wilson has always been an enthusiastic rifleman and for many years he has been a vice-president of the Canada Rifle Association. He was also for one term president of the Montreal Military Institute. In civil life he has been manager of the Canada Life Insurance Company for years. He has two sons in khaki now.

And the Raven Also

IT is a matter for Punch experts to decide whether Partridge or Raven Hill is the better cartoonist. To the average reader, Raven Hill is not quite so big as Partridge. But there are times when he may be even bigger. On an average he lacks some of the subtle qualities that make Partridge uniformly

great. Hill is more of a mere draughtsman. His lines are finer than Partridge's. He works with more studious care. He is less delicately humorous. He depends more upon the working out of an idea which you understand has cost him considerable labour to do. But in doing so he gets a tremendous power of expression. He is probably more versatile than Partridge in his choice of topics; more of the newspaper style; more of the propagandist, less of the native-born illustrator who, if he were reduced to a piece of bark and a chunk of charcoal would keep on making cartoons just because he likes to do it. Hill is an artist of great strength. He is a tireless exploiter of ideas. Without him some of the best qualities in a Partridge drawing might lose their force by lack of comparison. Without Partridge, Hill's best work would sometimes miss fire. The two are a great team; probably the biggest and kindest team of cartoon illustrators in the world. And if Germany had possessed a few Hills and Partridges for the past twenty-five years there might never have been any war.

Raven Hill is less of a self-made artist than Bernard Partridge. He studied a great deal abroad. But his experience in continental Europe left him still able to sing with patriotic pride the well-known lines from Pinafore:

"For he himself has said it,
And it's greatly to his credit,
That he is an Englishman."

An Australian Cartoonist

WILL DYSON is an Australian. According to a contemporary he "has cartooned the German Invasion, in a big, savage way, which caused a sensation this winter when his drawings were shown at the Leicester Gallery. Dyson is of a most independent cast of mind. Although the leading London papers offered him an enormous salary, after his War cartoons were shown, he refuses to draw for them, contenting himself with a cartoon in the 'Herald,' the weekly organ of the English Labour Party."

It is worth noting that Dyson is an Australian because it is sometimes imagined in England that the overseas Dominions are too serious to produce either written humour or cartoons. In Canada we have had and still have cartoonists who produce real humorous stuff. Dyson is scarcely a humorist. He is more American in his style than most English cartoonists. He is seized of an idea and when he gets it must put it out. And there is a sweep to his work that makes it always big without being always very genial, and seldom of the quiet kind.

The Oracular Northcliffe

ONCE again Lord Northcliffe has broken one of his occasional silences. In a cable despatch this week he is credited with saying that Germany will fail in the East as she has failed in the West; but that the world is in for an upheaval whose character and dimensions we have as yet scarcely begun to dream. Well, we normally feel quite sure that if no such upheaval were in sight Northcliffe would do his best to produce one. He has done about as much upheaving in England since the war began as seems to be good for either himself or the nation. He has been the only newspaper proprietor who persistently bucked the censorship, and in so doing tried to pull down Kitchener, whom at first he tried to help set up. When Kitchener was found to be a man of his own ideas, quite independent of Northcliffe, and not willing to acknowledge Northcliffe as his sponsor, the newspaper Colossus tried to injure Kitchener's reputation. He failed in this. He succeeded in forcing the Coalition Cabinet, which on the whole has been a good thing. He published sensational despatches which were contrary to the censorship and sometimes to the truth. Nobody can ever tell whether he is trying to do more for England or for Northcliffe. But nobody suspects that he ever leaves the Northcliffe item out of count. To him, England without himself would be worse than England without Bernard Shaw. Some months ago he said that the world was never made to be operated by second-rate nations like Germany. That was a good phrase. It has never occurred to him that England was perhaps never meant to be run by second-rate men like Northcliffe. The great weakness about the Allies' campaign so far—according to him—seems to be that he is not made chief of the General Staff and his correspondents the works of the War Office. There is still great power in the pushing pen. And Northcliffe seems to think a great deal of that particular kind of power.