

questions are consigned to the hustings and the press. As Wong Foo, our Chinese cook, replies to any suggestion that he deviate from his usual routine, "It's not my business." Even to the suggestion that if China became embroiled in the present war he would have to return and fight, Wong Foo simply shrugged his shoulders and replied, "It's not my business." They are philosophers, of a sort, these sons of Li Hung Chang.

But I was born in Ontario, not in China, and nearly a quarter of a million of my countrymen claim that they are being subjected to a grave injustice, claim that they are being deprived of rights as sacred and as dear as the right to live. They are my countrymen who make this claim, for my family has been on this side of the water so long that I know no other home than Canada. I am like the French-Canadian: this country is not all his, but it is his all. The first score of years of my life had passed before I met a fellow-countryman born to the French tongue. My awkward school-book French would have been a bar to intercourse, but the polished, although French-accented English of my new-found friends made discussion possible and pleasant; and beneath the differences in language, there was a common view of the basic things of life. We talked freely of the affairs of this world and speculated as freely of the affairs of the next, as men will; and in no respect save language did I find my French-speaking countrymen different from my English-speaking countrymen. We were the common product of several centuries of the same environment, soil, food, and the aspects of nature; and, it will be remembered, Buckle, the eminent author of "The History of Civilization," maintains that these things make for character. The difference in our uses and arrangements of vowels and consonants was lost in a union through the love of the common soil from which we sprang.

Since the day when first I met my French-speaking countrymen, another score of years has passed, and during these years I have entered into the social and business life of Canadians who speak French, only to find my first impressions strengthened, not weakened. To me, the Canadian is my countryman, and even though he speaks French, he is more my countryman than the man who, speaking my own language, has qualified for citizenship in Canada by a few years of residence, and whose heart goes naturally back to another home, the land of his birth, or of his father's birth. My patriotism, with that of many of my English and French-speaking countrymen, is for Canada. Many of my countrymen have a patriotism for England, Scotland, Wales, or Ireland. All have a broad citizenship within the British Empire. There is a basic distinction between patriotism and citizenship which is too commonly overlooked.

These were some of the ideas that passed through my mind when I met Sam Genest on the steps of the "Chateau Laurier" many months ago. I express them to the reader, not with the presumptuous idea that he may be interested in my personal feelings, but as an explanation of the manner and style, or lack of style, which must necessarily follow a venture in a something which "is not my business."

The House of Devonshire

VERY interesting reading, so says an English reviewer, is afforded by the many books dealing with the lives of the Devonshires. One which has been recently published is especially so. This is "The Devonshire House Circle," by Herbert Jenkins. Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, is the pivot around which these pages turn. She was not the most beautiful or the most intellectual of her class, yet she was the possessor of a peculiar charm which enabled her to dominate such divergent personalities as the Prince of Wales and Dr. Johnson, and to draw to her side wits like Fox and Sheridan, and to her salon many of the distinguished men of the time. In addition to the external advantages which she had received from Nature, she possessed an ardent temper; a cultivated understanding illuminated by a taste for poetry and the fine arts; much sensibility, not exempt, perhaps, from vanity and coquetry.

The Devonshire House Circle existed for fifty years. It was a half century of strong lights and shades, of high-rank ladies who were both extremely prudish and excessively coarse, of brilliantly intellectual men who could sink to the lowest depths of youthful folly, of fantastic dress, and blatant privilege. Yet, despite its extravagances, it was an age of individuality and character. That is the keynote of Mr. Stokes' exceedingly interesting and comprehensive volume, a volume, as the reviewer says, without a dull page, replete with wit and aphorism.

Acquainting with the Devonshires

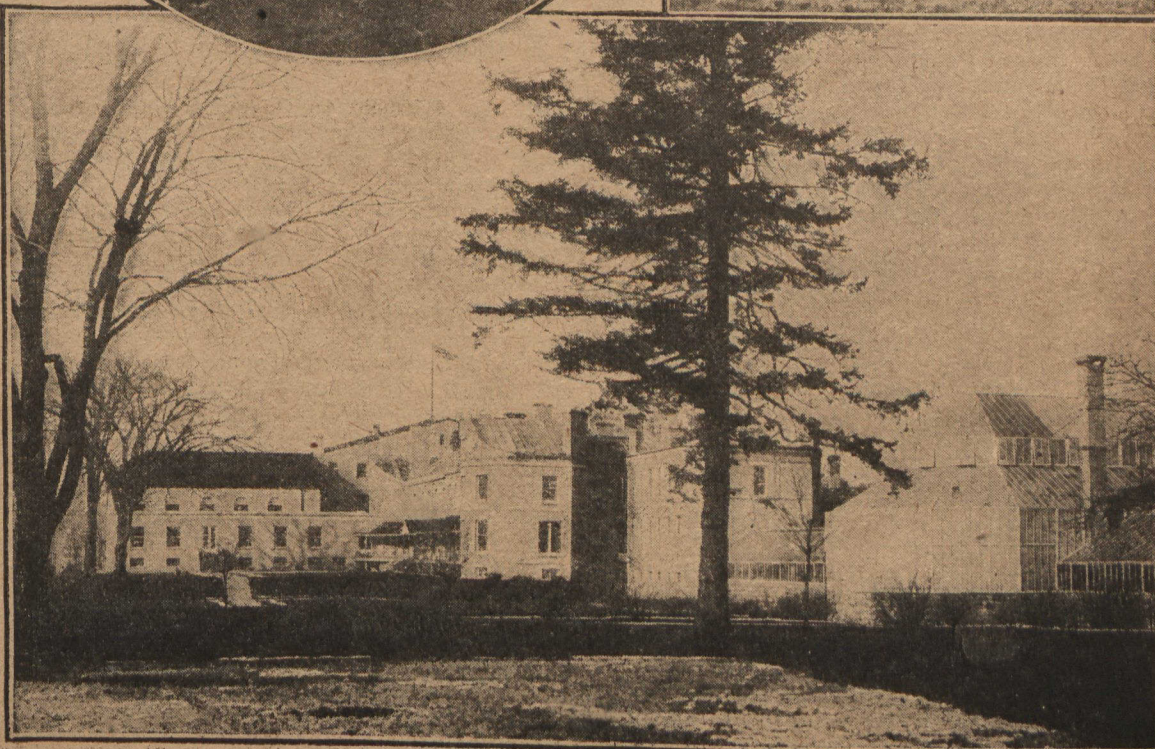
LADY BLANCHE and Lady Maude hold a sprightly conversation with Miss Hendrie, daughter of Ontario's Lieutenant-Governor.

HER GRACE the Duchess of Devonshire, in white fox furs, chats with Lady Hendrie and a very attentive officer at the Government House gathering in Toronto.

HIS Excellency the Duke of Devonshire notices what good subjects for snapshots are Major-General Logie, commanding the 2nd Divisional Area, and Lt.-Col. Osborne, of the Headquarters Staff.



GETTING acquainted with a new first family is one of the periodical privileges of this democracy. The Devonshires have taken up their abode here under circumstances quite peculiar. Following Royalty is no easy task. This country paid great respect to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. In so doing we were quite sincere. There is no royal personage too high to be welcomed as a citizen of Canada. Naturally we have been somewhat spoiled by the experience. We knew the Duke, the Duchess and the Princess Pat, more intimately than any other gubernatorial family we ever had. Their photographs appeared in almost every paper in Canada, in some of them on an average about once a month. If the Devonshires are not quite so popular with the camera they will probably be rather relieved than offended. The Devonshires, so far as can be judged, seem to be simple, democratic people.



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