

HARVARD CANADIAN CLUB

WHAT President Eliot of Harvard University has called "that excellent institution—the Canadian Club"—has grown up in Canada practically only during the last two years. In almost every city in Canada the



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Club has now become an established and important factor in the nation's growth, and its earnest deliberations, its serious discussions of what is best for the country, and its optimistic hopes for her future greatness must no longer be ignored by those in public life. Yet, it must not be supposed that the Canadian Club is a flower native only to Canadian soil. For many years, and long before Canadian cities dreamed of these organizations, the Canadian Club has flourished at America's greatest seat of learning—Harvard University. In no other foreign University does there exist so strong and patriotic a Canadian society; indeed the Canadian Club of Harvard is the strongest national organization—of any nation—in a foreign University in the world.

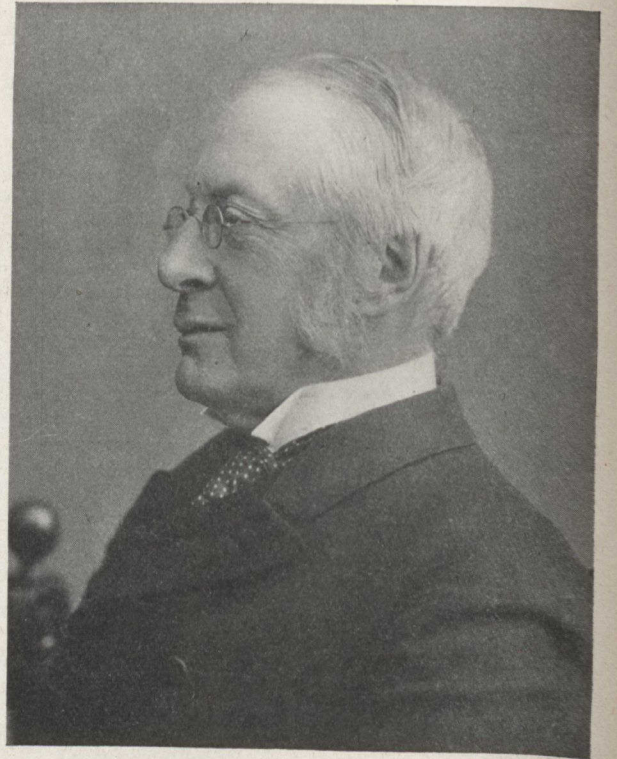
It is composed mainly of students in the University who have been born in Canada. Membership is open, however, to all persons in any department of Harvard who are or have been British subjects. Forty-two students from Canada, and an almost equal number from other parts of the Empire, are now enrolled at Harvard. The Club includes in its membership not only Canadians from every University in the Dominion, but students from Great Britain, Australia, India, South Africa, and Jamaica.

The objects of the club are the promotion of social intercourse among its members, and bringing together on a common ground in a patriotic and companionable way the British students at Harvard, and the furtherance of Harvard's interests in the different parts of the British Empire and more especially in Canada. The University authorities have recognized the importance of the club and have granted it as a meeting place a room in the Harvard Union. Regular monthly meetings of a social nature are held once a month, and at these meetings addresses are frequently given by Canadians or Americans prominent in public or educational life. During the present year the club has been addressed by President Eliot of Harvard, who spoke on "The United States and Canada—a comparison," and by President Peterson of McGill on "Education as a Federating Force."

It is impossible to estimate the influence of the Canadian Club of Harvard upon the future life of Canada and the Empire. The men who compose the club return after their three or four years' study to active work in their own countries; they have met on common ground; they have grown to understand each other's hopes, and to realize and estimate more justly the views of the country each represents. They go back—as President Eliot remarked—"to become the leaders in their country's affairs, as teachers or preachers or politicians or jurists;" their intercourse at the Canadian Club—and the knowledge of each other gained thereby—will be of greater value than mere political theories in bringing the different parts of the Empire to a definite understanding on the new problems of the new time.

If the dream of Federation Through Education is ever realized such organizations as the Canadian Club of Harvard will be one of the important factors in its development. Already the university is doing its part. Among the Canadians on the Faculty at Harvard are Professors McVane in history; Sumichrast in French; Neilson in English; Schofield in Literature, whose appointment recently as Harvard's representative for six months to the University of Berlin created much discussion; Jeffrey

in Botany; Munroe in Government; and Drs. Rand and Webster. On the other hand, in Canada are several Harvard trained men, many of whom were active in the Canadian Club. Among the large number may be mentioned Professors Corby of Mc-



President Eliot of Harvard University

Gill, Fraser of Montreal Presbyterian College, Hume of Toronto, MacLay and Cohoe of McMaster, Sir Frederick Borden, Sir C. H. Tupper; Judge White, and W. L. McKenzie King, Deputy Minister of Labour, as well as several representatives in the Senate and the Commons. There can be little doubt that these men in a quiet but not uncertain way—are to-day doing much to promote a better understanding between the two nations, and that organisations like the Canadian Club of Harvard will do much in future to realise the dream of Federation through Education. The president of the Club for the present year is Varley B. Fullerton, A.B., of Parrsboro, N.S., a student in the Law School and a patriotic Canadian with high ideals for Canada's future.

THE DOG SHOW AT VICTORIA

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

IT must be the absence of a severe winter that gives all events such an impetus out here. Here is March just past with its flowers and green grass and straw hats and its wonderfully successful Horse Show at Vancouver, then along glides April with its summerlike days, its buoyant sea air, its myriad gardens all aleaf and abloom, and lo! the Dog Show is with us.

The drill hall that contains the pandemonium of barks is a red pile of buildings just behind that stately Parliament Building group. Here for days busy workmen have been erecting stall and platforms, rows of open boxes for single entries, long, straw-lined open boxes for group entries, a sawdust-laid squared circle for the judges' ring. Meanwhile all the owners and every variety of dog, knowing in their hearts that they each and every one possessed the best specimen of that breed on earth, thought it just as well to wash and brush and comb the sure winner of the blue ribbon—for one can't tell what the other fellow is doing to his dog. So the doggy procession starts—all headed for the drill hall. From islands in the gulf, from lonely ranches far up the trails, from country estates, from river delta marshes, from ranches a thousand-and-half miles out on the prairies, afoot, by train, by gasoline launch and puffing steamer the hairy procession advances. They are led by all sorts and conditions of men—Scotchmen whose fathers came out for the "Company"; Englishmen, wanderers over the earth, fruit growers, ranchers, chicken ranchers, wild animal collectors, jovial fellows all; Irishmen from their snug farms on island and mainland;

officers from steamships in the harbour, clad in all manner of raiment, from the cords and putties of the correctly dressed doggy man to the loose tweeds of the tourist.

Into the great white-interiored building the owners and drivers and the yelping pack pour, filling all the boxes with a red-tongued population as if by magic. Meanwhile the railroad has been rapidly bearing a man all the way from Kansas City, Kansas, over prairie and mountain and shore-line, a man that will cause some to leave the ring exultant and some depressed—for this is James Cole, Judge of all Breeds for this Bench Show.

Already the Bench Show Committee and the Board of Directors (one of the latter is a most enthusiastic lady) have secured some two hundred and fifty entries in the hundred-odd classes. So all is ready—the urbane ticket-taker, the up-to-date, businesslike lady ticket-seller, Secretary-Treasurer Dunn, the superintendent and his helpers—all are ready—and in we go.

First take a glance at champion Victoria Chief, a St. Bernard that weighs 206 pounds, that stands 34 inches at the shoulder and reaches when erect away above the man he endeavours to embrace with his big, yellow feathered paws. Next to him lies a truly magnificent Great Dane, owned by J. G. French, who also owns a host of dogs, bears, panthers, leopards, fishing cats, hyeanas, and strange birds and beasts from every clime.

Now we all take our places by the ring and the owners and attendants lead up the English setters, puppies first. It is most interesting to see the men

handling the dogs, leading them at rapid pace about the ring, standing them so that every point will show to the best advantage—one eye on the dog and the other on the judge. See them holding the feathered tails out so that each silky tuft may show well. See the tremor of anxiety as the judge tells "the other fellow" to run his dog about again. How the anxiety deepens as the judge tells that same other fellow to stand his dog over to one side. How the suspense deepens as another is pranced around the ring and then stood—in what you know in your heart—is to be the position for the red ribbon, the second prize. Then the third prize dog, the one that will get the white ribbon, is led aside, and these good men and true stand mute and breathless, eyes shifting from dog to judge, to crowd of interested spectators, each and every one anxious for the last and only selection, the Reserve. Now the judge turns to the four he has stood aside. Paws are inspected, gums and teeth disclosed, height of head and width of same felt and examined—the owner meanwhile stretching the tale until in stands a noble banner to his eye—full of faults to the defeated ones about him. Now the judge looks in the eyes of these black and white spotted beauties and Arbutus Spot seems the best, so the blue ribbon is tied on its collar, the red goes to Royal Ranger, the white to Rodfield Sport and the Reserve to Arbutus Prince, and out pass the joyful ones and the sad ones.

Novice English setters come next, dogs never having won first prize, then Limit dogs (dogs not recorded champions, nor having won four firsts). In this class the grand Togo of Japan led the field,