

plished amateur and a widely read critic. I cannot close, however, without saying a word with reference to the wide-reaching and thoroughly wholesome influence which Dr. Clarke has exercised in the important field of athletics."



THE MAESTRO.

The present writer has enjoyed the rare privilege of dipping into Dr. Clarke's manuscript volumes of field notes, and from them extracted the following delightful passage as illustrative of his habit of minute observation and style of recording it:

Although it was ten below zero this morning the bright sun and still air took the sting out of the cold and I went for a long walk on the lake. A few flocks of snow buntings were seen but the striking thing was the intense stillness—one could fancy that he heard the murmur of the water beneath the ice. I came across a strange track as if some little animal had been carrying a heavy load, and then had gone on freed from its burden. The track suddenly terminated in a confused swirl, and coiled up in a drift was a dead rat. A careful study of the back track revealed a pitiful story. If I were of the imaginative school it would run as follows:

An ambitious little Rat became tired of the monotony of life on Simcoe Island and determined when the ice "took" to cross to the mainland where the strains from the merry-go-round at Lake Ontario Park told of happiness and joy not known at Simcoe. After the pleasures of Christmas had passed and the New Year was well established, our Rat set out on January 27th. He travelled rapidly for a whole day and had reached within half a mile of the mainland when night came on. The cold was intense, so he dug a hole in a deep drift, and hungry and shivering tried to sleep. By morning he was thoroughly benumbed but bravely set out. When he had gone a few yards his strength failed him and for hours he curled up in a drift; again he made a sprint, shorter this time than before, although the first steps were firm and without faltering. Spurt after spurt he made, rest after rest he took, each spurt shorter, each rest longer—until within fifty yards of the shore, when he gave up the struggle. The whole story was plainly and pitifully told by the snow manuscript over which a dozen heedless snowshoes had tramped without reading what was there—the first day's track almost obliterated by drifting snow, the agonized trail of yesterday pathetically plain, the jaunty first steps from the halting places, the heavy dragging where exhaustion overtook the wanderer.

THIS side of the Dean's interests must be new and surprising to those who know him only as a Psychiatrist.

But the most unique of all his pursuits is his authorship of the "Lays and Legends of Mackie's Lake." Here is his summer camp, where he tosses aside conventions for some weeks every year and returns to nature for solace and rejuvenation.

The chronicle is hand-rubricated and copiously illustrated with water colour sketches, some by his own hand, and all the suggestion of his wit and fancy.

In his rhyming alphabet:

"D is for Dean, a chronic old joker
Who rouses the camp with a pan and a poker,
Tho' those who are sleeping can ne'er see the joke,
They all get up saying they are glad they were woke."

The tale of The Scouts of Arbutus Lodge, with

its amazingly clever illustrations, would create a sensation in comic literature if published. It opens with these lines:

"The scene is laid in the Northern wilds,
Where the eagles soar and raise their chicks."

"The dignified Dean was the Head of the Lodge,
In figure not gaunt, but decidedly podge.
His long suit was lore of abnormal psychol,
Varied by yarns of so-called biol. . ."

The Dean has amused himself this year by writing the drollest of rhymes:

The Tale of the Two Vanness,
A Tale of Deep and Dire Distress,
or
The Vanishing of the Vanness."

RETURNING to his scientific labours, Dr. Arthur Jukes Johnson said in substance during an hour's talk of a busy evening:

"Dr. Clarke has acquired an experience, as superintendent of asylums for the insane and through large clinics for the delinquent and feeble-minded, the value of which is unknown, untold, and yet to be recorded. He remembers all his cases. He classifies, tabulates and packs up in a neat little parcel which is placed in a convenient place in his mental makeup, all the facts worth noting in a patient he is examining, and these facts he can reach and use, along with what he has thought about them, instantly, at the required moment. I regard him as the greatest living authority in Canada in the diagnosis, management and treatment of the insane. All scientific men who come into contact with him admire him. He likes to complete everything. He is a great master of detail and he has no loose ends. Rivalry, you ask. There should be no sense of that with anyone. He is so vastly superior."

Dr. Clarke appears to have been born of the right kind of parents and into the right kind of environment. Elora was the prettiest of villages fifty years ago, set at the confluence of the Grand and Irvine rivers in Wellington County. His father, the Hon.

It has been a keen disappointment to the Dean that his Report as Royal Commissioner appointed by the Ontario Government to inquire into Psychiatric clinics abroad, in 1908, has been shelved, for a time at least, for lack of funds to carry out his recommendations, which the Government approved. He has this realization in the future. In appearance Dr. Clarke is above medium height and walks with the light step of youth, although portly. He has a ruddy face lit by eyes, large, brown and quietly observant, which read your inmost soul before you know it. He has the look of superb health, perfect mental poise, unfailing resource and self-containment. His habitual manner is brusque, his speech laconic, his voice rapid and low pitched. His countenance is benignant, his expressed point of view usually—comic.

Yes, nothing is more characteristic of him than this.

Solemn persons in conference with him exchange puzzled glances when his remarks cast an oblique light on matters in hand. I was told that the Faculty never know when he is serious.

"Ride si sapis," said Martial. Then who's wiser than Dean Clarke, who laughs much?

"Genuine humour and true wit," says Lander, "require a sound and capacious mind, which is always a grave one."

"The Doctor must have his joke," said the young pathologist who is privileged to be his chief's comrade in court and camp, "and he seems to relish it most when the other fellow doesn't get it—and he often doesn't."

It is a sort of sunlight of the mind with the Dean, an overflow of mental riches.

A perception of the comic gives kinship to men and women like nothing else.

"They took my references to their chesty professors with deep concern in Germany," the Dean told me, speaking of his mission of 1908. "My Report was commented on widely. Germans have no sense of humour. If they had they would perceive the absurdity of treating women as inferior beings, and other nations as well."

THIS capacity to laugh over individuals, singly or in bulk, who are out of proportion and absurd in anyway, spares one the pain of getting angry, and is, likely, in part, the secret of Dr. Clarke's equilibrium, physical and mental.

The Dean can deliver a shaft of irony with effect. A story is told of this concerning a medical man who enjoys the greatest advantages from a private hospital. He called upon Dr. Clarke to express his indignation on the following injury to his feelings:

"I am informed," he said, "that you refer to the Blank St. Hospital as 'Dr. Blank's Hospital.' I resent this imputation. It is not my hospital, etc."

The Dean heard him out with his quiet look. Then he said, reminiscently: "A pear tree used to grow in our neighbour's garden in my boyhood, so near the fence that the largest branches hung over our side. The finest pears grew on these branches and we children used to pick them and carry them to our mother to eat. Curiously, we always called it 'mother's pear tree.'"

Dean Clarke could never, I fancy, even with fewer gifts, have belonged to the Brahminical order in science or any other thing. He has too clear a mental

perspective, too keen a sense of the comic. Moreover, he is too kind to be narrow, too sensitive to be other than generous.



Dean (Professor Universalis) Clarke, in his favourite role, "A Little of Everything."

Charles Clarke, Speaker of the Ontario Legislature for seven years, was born in the Stone Bow, an historic building in Lincoln, England, dating from Richard II. He had notable tutors, one the chartist poet Thomas Cooper, and was educated for the Bar. He came to Ontario in 1844 and threw himself into journalism and reform. He assisted William Macdougall to draft the Grit platform of that era, published in the North American. Later, he edited The Backwoodsman in Elora. He represented Centre Wellington in the Legislature for nearly thirty years in Liberal interests and was always interested in progressive movements. The Dean's mother was also of English birth and exceptionally gifted. Both parents were ardent lovers of nature, and one of Dr. Clarke's earliest memories is of his mother moving about in her quaint old garden, feeding the chickadees. His father introduced the first bill for the protection of insectivorous birds in Canada. The boy had a choice library to browse in and grew up nurtured in those ideals, moral, social and artistic, the impress of which he has left upon every community he has lived in. The people of Kingston, representing every class, made a great demonstration on his departure in 1905.



Cartoon from Dr. Clarke's book of Illustrated verse, showing how he acts when pursued by a bear.