

Regarding the matter of developing local talent,—This objection does not really weigh as much as it would seem at first sight. While the game continues to be played, it still demands the same number of men. Hence just as many men must be developed under the professional regime as under the amateur.

This being the case there is no reason why local men should not figure on home teams in the future as professionals, as formerly they did as amateurs.

The question is, as I stated at the outset, a very complex one, and has in the past and no doubt will continue in the future to evoke much discussion. It is the old story of worthy sentiment opposing the incursion of a practice called into being by our changing social life; and this story has ever had the same ending. The efforts of those who decry professionalism,—however praiseworthy may be the motives which prompt them—judged in the light of the past seem doomed to failure.

Here in the Maritime provinces during the last two winters professional hockey has been given a fair straight test. Amateur and professional leagues have existed side by side. And the voice of our people as expressed by the greater crowds flocking to the professional matches is calling for the very best in sport as in anything else—and this best professionalism seems to furnish.

H. A. LOGAN.

“And After That the Dark.”

AN ETCHING,

NIGHT fell. The dusk that had gathered round the distant hills deepened, and with filmy mysteriousness drew close around my bit of lake and forest.

Set free from the thralldom of the enchanted dusk, I bid its strange niobeian fear depart, slipped back upon the springy boughs of pine, and passive, lay waiting for the message of the night.

The wind rustled a lullaby above me; shook resinous incense round me; softly touched my cheek; then trailed off into the forest swaying the pine trees' misty tops. A golden crescent of a moon hung low in the west and sent a shining shaft of light across the darkling lake. A