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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

The Magazine of The Canadian West
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FEBRUARY, 1925

No. 1

Our Circulation Slogan for 1925

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Some of the "BIGGEST BUSIEST and BEST BUSINESS MEN IN B. C." to whom we addressed a message the other month, assured us that they hoped to include this Magazine in their 1925 advertising appropriation. We would remind others that this life is short and duties crowd all men really "on the job." Our representative is equipped to ECONOMIZE IN TIME—yours and his; but he will gladly answer any questions bearing on our work. WHEN YOU KNOW THE FACTS, we are confident you will wish to join us and be among the Manufacturing and Merchant Citizens who believe in being

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The Twentieth Century Spectator of Britain's Farthest West
For Community Service—Social, Educational, Literary and Religious; but Independent of Party, Sect or Faction
"BE BRITISH" COLUMBIANS!

VOL. 24

FEBRUARY, 1925

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EDITORIAL NOTES

WHILE OCCASIONS FOR QUESTION RE CHURCH UNION may increase, it is worthy of note that the conditions created are already calling forth the exercise of a fuller self-sacrificing spirit, and that not merely in the matter of money—which is usually a consideration relative to assured income. The doubling of the amount of contributions will likely be common to members of both sides. But we learned of a case the other day in which one who must be well spent with his connection with educational work during six days of the week, had volunteered to carry on a young men's class on Sundays. That is a real social service, though there may be a danger of overtaxing one's strength.

* * *

THE VOTING DIVISION of the Presbyterian Church in Ontario as reported to the date of this writing, cannot be held other than disappointing to the Union Cause. The proportion for and against in that province is such that no one-sided or misleading statement need be issued by either party. The facts are sufficiently illuminative and suggestive, and do not reflect altogether happily on the judgment of the Presbyterian Unionist leaders.

* * *

IN A VANCOUVER NEWS-PAPER on the other hand a figured report appeared which made out that a majority of those voting up to a certain date were actually against Union. This statement did not mention—what was obviously the case?—that the figures given in the "for Union" columns did not include the membership of the congregations who had gone into the Union un-animously. Such tactics remind us of the deplorable pamphlet reflecting on the Free Church of Scotland which some ill-advised Unionists circulated in Vancouver—if not also elsewhere.

* * *

IN CONTROVERSY some men are tempted to care less for facts than

for gaining the ends at which they aim. When, as in this case, the difference happens to be concerning forms of Church government or the amalgamation of "denominations," the same fallible human nature is evidenced on both sides. Still to many the truth in religion after which they grope, strive or yearn, is too vital and far-reaching for them to be content to get heated over the form or letter while the spirit of christianity is in any measure ignored. Souls continually subject to intellectual questioning regarding "the mystery of Godliness" and many phases of the Christian revelation accepted by all the churches alike, may not be so greatly exercised as to the name or membership numbers of any particular "Denomination" they attend. For they recognize that, excessively limited as may be their understanding of them, the Personality and Truth behind that mystery and revelation and individual relation thereto, are far more important than man's evolving experiments in forms of Church government or even his tables or statements of beliefs—more or less clearly paraphrased from the Bible. . . .

* * *

PREDESTINATION, and the way in which one exponent dealt with it recently in Vancouver, deserves comment, but before giving space to any such debatable subject, perhaps it is

in place to mention here the unexpected, but all the more welcome compliments passed to us in connection with the references to Church Union in the January Magazine, not only in these editorial notes, but also by the wayside Philosopher. To our surprise men of some prominence on different sides in this question thought fit to introduce the subject—by writing or vocally—and to express appreciation. Naturally, like other humans, we value compliments, especially when they are obviously sincere and founded on the independent judgment of men of large experience.

* * *

TOWARDS "SITTING ON THE FENCE", we are not disposed by either disposition or ambition. So that the compliments did not result from any attempt to "please" the advocates of either side. We hope, therefore, that if each side in turn finds notes or comments "per contra" (here or by the Wayside Philosopher) they will—whether they condemn or commend—give us the credit they themselves like to get, namely, of seeking to be true to the light we have.

* * *

IF MINISTERIAL FRIENDS surprised us, one senior layman in particular excelled in the form of his encouraging comment. . . . We do not wish to magnify the compliments,

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but throughout the fourteen years of this magazine's life, we have found so many "good church people" — including not a few ministers—so often indifferent to its work, that we think it timely to emphasize this more agreeable experience. Of course we have found clergymen, like others, alert when this Magazine showed practical concern in themselves, their work, or interests, but that, at best, is a self-centred solicitude.

* * /

PERHAPS IF THE MINISTERS and the "active workers", not of one denomination but of all, realized that we have reason to know that the incorporation of the word "Religious" in the outline of a magazine's field, is in some ways a handicap rather than a help in a business way they would be a little less slow in exercising their practical interest: just as we believe that if more of such folk recognized that the community and religious side of British Columbia and Western Canadian life and work cannot be adequately dealt with in "denominational" papers or magazines published in Eastern Canada, they would, immediately they knew of it, be ready to support and advertise a Magazine of the Canadian West "Independent of Party, Sect or Faction."

* * *

WE ARE TRYING TO DO OUR PART to leave such laymen and ministers no excuse for not being "with us"—so far as it is in their power. In that connection no sensible person will wait till he or she can endorse every view expressed or article published in such a magazine. On many questions, religious ones included, sane folk can differ without imputing unworthy motives to others or questioning their sincerity. Yet, not long ago we heard of a home in which exception was taken—or was it judgment passed?—on this Magazine because we published as a "filler" (from another periodical) a short story relating an alleged spiritualistic experience! . . . (More of this subject anon).

* * *

"SHALL WE TURN BACK?" is the arresting and suggestive title of an "Editorial" in the Presbyterian Witness (Toronto), to hand as this issue goes to press. Those who study words and titles may not be surprised if the Witness is taken to task, privately or publicly, for using such a question. The article is a well-reasoned exposition of the situation to date—from the Unionist viewpoint. But the writer, like Dr.

George Pidgeon in a summary given in the preceding issue, sees fit to gather into the aggregate reckoning the Methodist and Congregationalist Churches. While of course the resulting figures, by comparison, dwarf the non-concurring minority, it is only fair to remember that there has been practically no division in the other two denominations, so that final comparisons must be made among Presbyterians themselves. Perhaps it is too late to "turn back"—especially if delayed consummation is called "turning back"—but if another vote were to be taken with a supplementary qualifying question such as—"Do you believe in going forward with Union if, say, 25 per cent. of those voting are against Union?"—it is likely that many folk while supporting Union would vote "No" to going ahead without such a considerable percentage of the whole.

* * *

BRINGING "THE DEVIL" INTO "CHURCH UNION" may be another kind of arresting heading, but the present pastor of First Baptist Church, Vancouver, is responsible for that—so far as a sermon theme is concerned. We hasten to add that there was more than "the devil" in the title as it appeared on the Church Board, Bulletin, and in the press, but apart altogether from the treatment of the subject by Dr. Ross, we think the phrasing was more arresting and sensational than happy. The Church bulletin notice read: "Church Union: What is the plan concerning it? Is it of God, or is it of the Devil?"

* * *

WITH SO MUCH THAT IS OF PRACTICAL social and christian service waiting to be done in the West End of Vancouver City, we do not wonder that another earnest minister was led into a critical comment on that topic as published. But, as it happened, it proved to be a case of a misleading title. For Dr. Ross did not deal in his sermon with the subject of "Church Union" as generally understood by the Canadian public at present, nor did he justify the use of the phrase—"Is it of the Devil?" Instead he gave a well-reasoned and well-delivered discourse on "Union", spiritual union, based on a thoughtful interpretation of scripture . . . The title used, therefore, was not fair to Dr. Ross himself,—to say nothing of others.

* * *

WITHOUT PRESUMING TO "PREACH"—in titles or otherwise—we are reminded of the need for patience and charity among those

who differ in opinion on Church Union and kindred subjects. If it be written that "He that is not with us is against us," it is also written, "He that is not against us is for us." But for the use of the latter quotation perhaps there are many sincere yet questioning souls who would hesitate to associate themselves with the Christian Church at all. Controversy and feeling regarding interpretations of Creeds, "Bases of Union" or other church standards may not only tend to turn such folk from ardent adherence to either side, but lead to their becoming lukewarm to "Church" connection itself. It does not follow that they will be less "religious"—in the best sense of that word. Religion and Christianity mean more than Church-going and church connection. . . .

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RESULTS IN THE FIELD—Churches, 1,165; Baptized in 1923, 5,892; Communicants in fellowship, 64,350; others under regular instruction, 65,428; Baptized since commencement, 99,041.

Main Offices: Toronto, Philadelphia, London, Melbourne, Shanghai.

Pacific North-West District Secretary:—
Rev. Charles Thomson, home and office,
1464 Eleventh Ave. W., Vancouver, B. C.
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Educational Notes

(By Spectator)

According to John J. Tigert, United States Commissioner of Education, for every dollar spent on education in the great republic, two dollars is spent on tobacco. Conditions in Canada in this respect are not likely very different. Here surely there is food for thought on the part of those to whom "the increasing cost of education" has become a bugbear.

* * *

The new government subdivision in Point Grey is to be called "University Hill." It is to be hoped that not a single lot in the whole district will be sold outright. We have here a notable opportunity to organize a model town, the property of the Province of British Columbia, governed by the philosophers whom Plato would thrust into the cave to govern rationally and beneficently the unfortunates whose eyes rest on shadows, not the realities of the sun suffused upper air. The lots should be leased on reasonable terms, and in time the revenue would go far to meet the running expenses of the province's great central institution of education and learning.

* * *

Under ideal conditions the site of a town should be the property of the municipal corporation. Town-planning would then be easy. The area not required immediately for building purposes could be laid out profitably in garden stretches. A building programme could be carried out systematically. Expenses in connection with streets, lighting, sanitation, transportation, etc., could be reduced to a minimum. Municipal taxation might be found unnecessary, expenses being met out of ground rents. The unearned increment would then cease to be alienated from the possession of its true owners,—the public community whose labors have created it.

* * *

"Thy speech bewrayeth thee." This is as true today as it was two thousand years ago. How often does a man's speech betray his racial origin, his early home surroundings, the companionship of his childhood and youth. But most of all it betrays the man himself. No Canadian with a proper sense of self respect need give offence, by pronunciation or accent, to the most fastidiously cultured ear. Yet in these respects we are not above reproach, and it behoves us not to be satisfied by the commendable measure of purity to which we have attained, but to mind carefully our linguistic p's and q's. Not to speak of the rather flat sound of "a" we sometimes carelessly let pass our lips, too many habitually neglect to give the diphthongal sound to the long "u", so that the carefully trained ear is offended by such sounds as "noo," "nooz," "toon," "Toosday" and so forth.

* * *

An offence as serious, in some respects more serious, arises from the poverty of thought and expression noticed in a conversation at a recent public dinner-table. Adjectives and adverbs of legitimate pedigree were apparently absent on a long vacation, and in almost every sentence the word "damn" acted as proxy for one or more of them. For this there is neither justification nor excuse. Not even the patronage of a royal Duke of the early Victorian age can be pleaded in extenuation, when, rising from his knees at family

prayers in the young Queen's household, he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "I call this a damn fine custom."

* * *

The late Principal Grant, of Queen's University, addressing a great convention of teachers many years ago, recalled his holiday walking tours in Britain and on the continent in the golden years of his youth, when he was a student at Glasgow University. He urged his hearers to know their own country; to begin with their own province; to take other provinces in turn; to make, as it were, this grand Dominion their very own. Under his magic spell his hearers tasted the joy of the open air, the blue sky, the ever-changing panorama; their minds expanded with the moving horizon; their hearts thrilled with the patriotic appeal.

Even in this age of the electric tram, the railway train and the automobile, there is no discount on the method George Monro Grant could recommend from experience. But time and distance may happen to be of the essence of the contract, so that we may be impelled to call in these seven-league boots of modern progress.

For four successive years a selected band of Ontario teachers has made an incursion into the northern part of their province. These expeditions have been tours of pleasure and recreation, imparting brightness to the eye, a natural glow to the cheek, a lightness to the step, a tone to every fibre in the body. They have been more. The eyes of these pilgrims have been opened to the immense natural resources of New Ontario, the wealth of forest, of agricultural land, of mineral, of water-power. They have seen a vessel mount or descend the giant stairs of the Sault canal; they have observed every step in the process of pulp manufacture; they have studied the treatment of nickel and silver from the ore to the purest residuum. They have gone back to their homes and their schools with a new knowledge of their province and their country, eager to share with their friends and their pupils their new acquirements, and implant in their minds and hearts the fruitful seeds of their own new inspiration.

Such excursions might well be organized for educationists in every part of the broad Dominion, and the number of devoted patriots would not be fewer in consequence.

* * *

Mr. W. Stewart Wallace, in his recent sketch of the life of Sir John Alexander Macdonald, for some

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forty years the leader of the Conservative party in Canada, notes that the subject of his story accepted, as the informing principle of his policy, his settled conviction that this country could not be governed without the hearty co-operation of Quebec.

Unfortunately for many years an influential section of the press of English-speaking Canada was loud in its denunciation of the so-called French domination. This outcry was effectually silenced, however, when by the votes of English-speaking delegates the fortunes of Canadian Liberalism were intrusted to the direction of Wilfred Laurier. The mantle of the old prophet had fallen upon the shoulders of his younger rival and disciple. And, continuing the good work of these two eminent leaders, every enlightened patriot has hailed with joy the coming into existence and the growing influence of "la bonne entente" the good understanding

between leading men of the two great races comprising the mass of the Canadian people.

Recently a numerous delegation, including many of the most prominent citizens of Ontario, has paid a visit to the neighboring province of Quebec, to further the aims of the entente. These brethren have been accorded a true French Canadian welcome: they have been overwhelmed by true French Canadian hospitality. The Honourable Senator Belcourt, we are told, "enlarged upon the development of the Canadian nation out of the disconnected racial entities that existed at Confederation. Nationhood could be and should be developed not by the absorption of one race by the other, but by the harmonious blending of the culture of both, and the development side by side of the English and French in Canada." To the spirit of such a speech, and to the aspirations of the entente, we can all respond with a fervent amen.

Verse by Western Writers

SILVER CLOUDS

(By Annie C. Dalton)

How lonely seems the sky,
How chill the moon!
The golden sun is far away,
The stars are paling; soon
The crescent moon, so young and fair,
Alone must reign in beauty there.

See! like a frozen flame she burns,
Her two thin arms outstretched invite,
her hair a mesh of gossamer
To snare the wanderers of the night,
The little flimsy clouds that fly
Unseen across the darkened sky.
Like candle-dazzled moths they come
Breaking the wide surrounding gloom,
Like wild bees flocking from the shade
To dream in light the moon has made,
Or, sleeping on the wing,
Like that famed bird the poets sing,
The albatross, they come.

Sombre clouds at early morn
Into rosier life are born;
And good it is to look upon
The glow of lingering afternoon;
But, beautiful beyond comparison,
The white cloud-children round the moon.
When, brighter, brighter, in her beam,
Their languid wings of silver seem,
Oh! lovelier than the honey-sipping butterflies of June,
The moth-white children of the crescent moon!
They rest

Upon her head, her feet, her breast:
So silver-pure, so white a flame
Never was meant to hurt nor maim,
Never to scorch nor to destroy,
But to give beauty and innocent joy.

O fleecy clouds of the lambent moon!
Where do you come from, silver clouds?
"From the sunny hills and the wind-whipped streams,
And we are the dreams, the vagrant dreams,
Of lost lagoons, of secret rivers,
Of marshy pools where salt grass shivers,
Of trodden puddles whose rainbow eyes
Adore the distant and flaming skies;

From north and east, from south and west,
Long we have watched for the young moon's crest;
From east and north, from west and south,
We have risen on the wings of the summer drouth.
To our queen serene,
We have come from the ends of the earth's demesne."

Fair little clouds! and do not I
Rejoice to see you in the sky?
O radiant clouds! I love your shimmering song . . .
Wonderful songs and things you sing and say
Till the lonely moon is happy and gay,
Till the morning returns, like the sound of a gong,
To summon all wanderers overlong,
And the fluttering dawn must draw you away.

Fair little clouds, you fly! you fly!
I see you no more in the empty sky.
Good it may be that I look upon
The rising sun and the moths of June,
But I long to know where the lost have gone—
The lost white moths and the lonely moon.

* * *
"REST"

Sing me a song of the Silence
When the ships of my thought sail slow;
And breezes from far off islands
On the embers of Memory blow.
Where the deep, blue waters of dreamland
Mirror the happy past,
And the fleecy clouds on the sky line
My horoscope will east.

Sing me a hymn of the quiet
Clime of the soul serene,
On the shore of some shining islet
Clothed in its cool, sea-green;
Where the ships of my thought may anchor
Rest, with their white sails furled,
Till the ceaseless tide shall bear them
Back to the busy world.

There let me rest my fancy,
List to the lap on the sand
Of the soft, blue waves in Summer,
In that far-off slumber-land.

LOIS H. GILPIN.

MORNING ON BUTE INLET

(Alice M. Winlow)

Up Bute Inlet flow the wreathing masses,
 Wool-white, fleecy, pile on glittering pile,
 Some sink to fill the hungry gray crevasses,
 Some flow on, lying low, a mazy mile.
 At Orford Bay they poise with bird-like motion,
 And veil the mountain-sides with drifts of white,
 These frail mist-children of the singing ocean,
 Wandering inland through the murky night.

But have you seen them on a wide-eyed morning
 When all the dawn was brimming o'er with gold?
 To call them clouds or mist you'd sure be scorning
 As you looked on their colors manifold.

Over yonder mountain, violet-tinted,
 Scarves of amber and of emerald mist,
 Rose and turquoise, glories all unstinted,
 Orange, blue, and shimmering amethyst!

Then looking north to where the Orford River,
 Green and foam-flecked, races to the sea,
 You see the mists, like golden gauze aquiver,
 Yellowing the tidal sands and lea.

And where they touch the mountains' shadowy bases
 Another rainbow spans the heavenly blue,
 Till all the trees rejoicing in their places,
 Are singing . . . and the chant is led by you.

All the mountains round about are gleaming,
 From their towering peaks of glacial-green
 To their rust-brown bases, glory streaming,
 And your soul seems washed, like something clean.
 Something there in all that rainbow-splendor
 Clears the vision that the years have flawed,
 And you ask, "Who is this glory-sender?"
 And your heart makes answer, "It is God."

* * *

I SOMETIMES FEEL SO TIRED

I sometimes feel so tired, that I would choose
 To go straight through to God.
 I'd choose to turn a deaf unheeding ear
 To all the cries of lost Humanity;
 Nor stay to help—nor guide the wandering feet,
 Nor bear the burden. Deny the word that cheers.
 I sometimes feel so tired.

EDITH FIELDING.

The Wayside Philosopher

ABRACADABRA

OUR PRESENT ROAD SYSTEM

As our readers are aware road-making in British Columbia has been a matter for the individual municipality or city. It has thus lacked uniformity,—not only as between municipalities but in the policies pursued in a municipality by the successive and varying councils. The result has been anything but satisfactory both as regards the creation of a proper road system and the efficiency shown in the road-making. Paved roads have been made through woods and sparsely-inhabited sections of municipalities, often at high cost, while other residents of the same municipalities found their streets impassable to traffic, more especially in the winter time, and were unable, in many instances, to have their fuel and other supplies delivered at their door.

Some little time back the Provincial Government took steps in advance when it outlined a policy under which certain roads should be classified as primary roads, secondary roads, etc., and Government aid extended to those roads,—Government control being also exercised over the expenditure of the road moneys.

So far this policy has shewn a marked improvement over past conditions but like all Government policies it has displayed the inherent weaknesses of all politically-ordained matters.

The question comes, do our readers not think that further developments leading to proper road-making are necessary?

Two alternatives seem open.

The first is entire Government control of road-making in British Columbia, with a thorough classification of all existing roads.

Primary roads to be built entirely, or in most part, by the Government from such taxes as taxes on motor cars, gasoline, and the license fees collected from transportation. This fund to be aided from general revenue, where necessary, thus assuring the Province of a system of trunk roads leading into all sections of the

Province, or at least connecting all important centres of the Province, and connecting these with outside centres where necessary.

The secondary roads would be helped in less proportion by the Government from the sources named, and the balance raised by taxation on the property of the Municipality in which the road or section of the road should be situated.

Such a classification would exhaust those roads which in any real sense require permanent paving and would cover what might be main roads for the Municipality but only contributory roads so far as Provincial Road System was concerned.

There would then come a number of roads which would require macadamizing or some such treatment in order to stand the strain of the traffic upon them but would not require the expense of permanent paving. This would assure people of ingress and egress at a reasonable cost instead of paying for unnecessary paving because some set of municipal office holders wish to read in the advertisements of their municipality that "This municipality has so many miles of road permanently paved". In other words there would be an administration of roads from the standpoint of use not publicity campaigns or individual hobbies.

A fourth group of roads would be those which required merely ordinary road tending, common in many sections of the East, consisting of a proper ditching with a gravel or crown metal, as it is sometimes called,

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New Westminster, B. C.

and a few dollars of repair along these lines from year to year or once in 2 or 3 years.

The alternative plan is that the municipalities procure a competent classification along similar lines to the one suggested, and carry out a road policy accordingly.

The latter system is objectionable because of the usual waste in Municipal administration, it being apparently the fact that the average municipality receives about 60 cents worth of value for every \$1.00 it expends in Municipal undertakings, to say nothing of losses due to changes in engineering plans, and of the other incidentals of an administration in which the administrators are elected not from the standpoint of their qualifications for the positions they are to hold, but often because no properly qualified person will undertake the office, under any conditions whatever.

The writer has no suggestions to make as to what particular roads in the Province should be classified as primary, secondary or otherwise. We only make the suggestion in the hope that it will lead those who are competent to deal with the question to take a proper and compelling interest in the question of road-making and thus avoid the terrific waste observable on all sides in British Columbia in this one matter of roads alone.

WHO IS A CANADIAN?

Now that the Native Sons of Canada and their organization, to say nothing of our political leaders, are interesting themselves in our social, political or economic life by supporting the claims of our Native Sons and others to be considered and favored as the real Canadians, we venture to put the question to them all "Who is a Canadian?"

Perhaps these organizations will deem the question a serious one and give such reply to the question as may seem best fitted to the peculiar policy they advocate.

We would be pleased to have the question answered either in the columns of the daily press or by letter, sent in care of this magazine. In the latter case the writers must understand that their letters are subject to publication in this column with such comments as we may deem suitable.

THE DEWDNEY PROTEST

We know by the daily press that Mr. J. A. Catherwood, the sitting member for Dewdney has been unseated, not because of corrupt practices by himself or his agent, not for any political sins that he or they have committed, but because the election officials appointed by the Government were either incompetent or wilfully neglectful of their duties.

This marks a new era in election law and opens a vista of possibilities that is quite startling. For example, a Government knowing the feeling in a certain constituency was adverse, has only to appoint incompetent officers to take the people's ballots. This offers no difficulty whatever as the writer's experience seemed to show that little more than 10% of the average election officials are competent to discharge the duties required of them and the public owe more to the good sense of the representatives of the respective parties and their vigilance than they do to the efficiency of their chosen officials.

This condition is true with respect to both Conservative and Liberal appointments taken on an average as far as the writer's experience goes. No trained set of election officials is provided for by any of the election laws, rules or regulations. Party hacks fill responsible positions with no other qualification in many cases than their partizanship.

Having appointed incompetent officials the Government holds the election, is defeated at the polls and then supporters of the Government proceed to unseat the sitting member because the Government has given every opportunity by designedly appointing inefficient or dishonest election officials.

It may be presumed that the election machinery is provided to allow of a proper expression of the popular will as to who should be our representatives in Parliament. It may also be presumed that the attempt of an election protest in the past has been to penalize those who by reason of their corrupt practices or other political dishonesty have sought to defeat the will of the people and prevent its proper expression in the particular election concerned.

Now this is all to be changed. The candidate must not only be responsible for his own political acts and those of his agents, but he must be subject to disqualification if a Government over which he has no control appoints election officials to whom he personally objects, and who are, as far as possibly may be, united in opposing his selection, and who can be confidently counted upon to minimize to the full extent of their capacity his chances of election.

One cannot take too seriously press reports of legal decisions, but such would seem to be the effect of the Dewdney protest as reported in the public press.

An interesting problem for politicians to work out would be how many centuries it would take to defeat the Oliver administration if they chose wisely and well their election officials in those constituencies favourable to them and were careful to select incompetent or dishonest officials in the other ridings. Does any elector think that the Oliver administration, or any other administration desirous of holding on to power irrespective of the people's wishes, would hesitate for one moment to use this means of retaining power? Further and complete information may show a different solution of the Dewdney problem. If not, we cannot congratulate the legislature who passed legislation which would permit of such conduct, or the judiciary that, realizing this to be the case, would not refuse to be a party to such political philandering.

GEO. T. WADDS

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A Study in Canadian Citizenship

By IRA A. MACKAY, M.A., LLB., Ph. D. of McGill University

(CONCLUSION)

III.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

We are all so familiar with this body that little need be said about it. A brief enumeration of its functions may, however, be useful, as these functions are much more numerous and interesting than we sometimes imagine. Its chief functions, then, are the following:—

1. **Selective Functions.** The House of Commons selects the Cabinet, or as we sometimes instinctively and quite correctly call it, the Government. This is really one of its most important functions. It is true that *pro forma* the King calls the Prime Minister and the Prime Minister selects the members of his Cabinet. But the Prime Minister selects only from a charmed circle. In selecting a Cabinet say, of eighteen members, he is usually limited to about twenty-two marked members of the Commons and two or three from the Senate. It is true that no formal election is held, but the members of the Cabinet are, nevertheless, selected by Parliament and ultimately by the people just as effectively, and probably more effectively, than if the selection were by show of hands or by secret ballot. Parliament is really

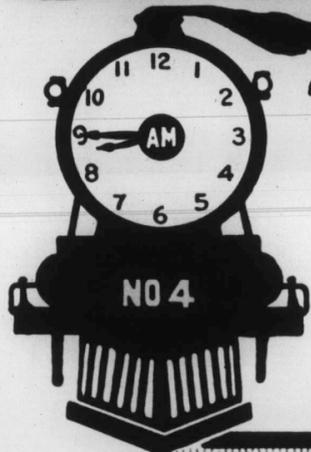
nothing more or less than a large panel of back benchers by and from which the Cabinet is chosen from time to time and by whom, being so chosen, it is charged with the administration of the King's government and the general direction of policy in the state until recalled.

2. **Administrative Functions.** This is probably really the oldest function of the House of Commons. The House of Commons really took on its present form and power in British history as a result of the insistent demand of the people to be heard finally on all measures imposing any tax or impost or appropriating any part of the public revenue. This is why the Budget is always the most important event in the session and why until this day with us in Canada the only prerogative right of the House of Commons is to initiate all money bills. So sensitive is the responsibility of the Commons to keep a close watch on the Exchequer that it is literally true that the poorest person in the community who buys a penny stamp may, through a Member of the House, question and find out from the administration what ultimately became of the penny he paid or its equivalent. It would be difficult to devise, in theory at least, a more sensitive system of free government than this.

3. **Legislative Functions.** This function of Parliament is probably distinctly over-estimated at the present time. We have come in recent years, indeed, to speak of Parliament as "The Legislature." As a matter of history, however, this passion for making laws in the form of Statutes is largely a development of the last century. Previous to the last century the Courts of Common Law and Equity, faithful to the traditions of the free unwritten laws of England, administered with the force of law the common prevailing customs and usages of the community recognized, approved and adopted by the people for their own government. Whether or not this passion for reforming the common law by compulsory parliamentary enactment has really improved the administration of justice is a very doubtful question. In any case, what with our three sovereign law-making bodies, Imperial, Federal and Provincial, the statute law of Canada has come into a very unwieldy, unworkable condition at present. The craftsmanship is always appalling and the meaning usually obscure and doubtful. A rule or law of human conduct really takes on no new force by dint of being written in a book. It is not the enactment but the interpretation and administration of the written law which really count and the interpretation and administration depend upon Courts and upon the police and not upon the legislature. In actual practice Parliament enacts the words and the Courts the meaning of the statute, and it surely calls for no very great amount of philosophical insight to see that the meaning, the interpretation, is everything and the *ipsissima verba* really nothing. This conflict of function between the Legislature and the Courts is really one of the most pressing and perplexing problems in present day politics. It is probable, too, that one of the chief reasons why sessions of Parliament have recently become so long and futile is due to the fact that the field of statutory legislation has become well-nigh exhausted, while the passion for making men good by legislation has in no way abated.

4. **Deliberative Functions.** The House of Commons is also a deliberative body. It is, indeed, the greatest deliberative body in the history of Government. It is essentially an annual public conference on all matters of public interest. Like all deliberative bodies, its function is to carefully and dispassionately hold high conference upon all questions of public policy affecting the peace, order and prosperity of the people, approving what is right and condemning what is wrong. The aim of its deliberations, like the aim of any other committee, corporation or group of minds thinking together, is to come to some agreement, to arrive at a united composite mind containing all that is best in the suggestions of its individual members. The element of persistent contention and debate has probably been carried far too far in most modern parliaments. Deliberation need not be contentious in order to be effective. In fact the element of contention, being indeed a kind of warfare, is always more or less destructive and wasteful. This, then, is another potent reason why sessions of Parliament have become so long and futile in recent

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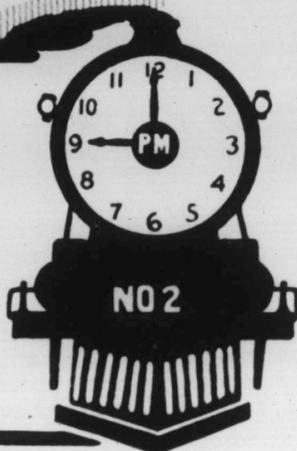
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years. Too much time and energy is given over to futile debate, party strife and even personal contention and not enough to really constructive statesmanship.

5. Representative Functions. The House of Commons is also a representative body. It is a great mistake, however to suppose that it is altogether or even mainly a house of representatives. There is a vast difference between the House of Commons in Great Britain or Canada and the House of Representatives in the United States. In the United States nearly all questions of Policy and statecraft of great national significance are finally decided by the President and the Senate. The House of Representatives is mainly a house of delegates sent to Congress to guard the special interests of their electoral districts, a great panel of committee-men from which some sixty different committees are doled off to secret committee rooms for the purpose of adjusting as best they can, the conflicting claims of all the different states on matters affecting the equitable incidence of taxation and the appropriation of public money for public purposes. In other words the duties of the House of Representatives are largely administrative. It is only in its prerogative control over the treasury that it is really derived from the House of Commons in Great Britain. In Canada, however, the situation is entirely different. With us the Governor-General is a mere figure-head and the Senate, like the House of Lords in Great Britain, has largely fallen into desuetude. The whole burden of statecraft, therefore, falls upon the House of Commons, and its one great standing Committee, the Cabinet. If we are to have statesmen at all, therefore, it is in the House of Commons alone that we may hope to find them. A member of the House of Commons must, no doubt, guard the interests of his electoral district, but that is only an incident. He is really elected because he is the one man intimately known to his electors who is most likely to make a real contribution to the work of a Parliament charged with all the heavy responsibilities of directing the destinies of a great nation. The only reason why there are electoral districts at all is the human, geographical reason that it would be impossible for all the electors to elect a whole House of Commons on a single ballot paper. The fact, however, remains, at least in theory, that a member of the Commons once elected is elected primarily to represent the whole people and not the interests of the electors residing within the limits of his particular geographical district. If he must be guided by the opinions of his electors, so must they be guided by his. If they are to advise him, so must he advise them. If he must follow them, so must they be prepared to follow him. Upon occasion, he must even be prepared to oppose his own electors and take his chances of persuading them that they are wrong and he is right. No man who has not that amount of conviction and courage has any right to sit in a British House of Commons. The practice adopted by the late revered John Morley of making at least one comprehensive dispassionate address to his electors each year on state affairs cannot be too highly commended. Would that we had more men of the scholarship and conviction of Morley at present. The practice of consigning the discussion of affairs of state to the petty tactics of

parliamentary party procedure on the one hand, and to the heat and passion of general election campaigns on the other, has become both futile and dangerous.

6. Educational Functions. The House of Commons is also an educational institution. Indeed, strange as it may seem at first, this is really its most important function. The education of the people is, after all, the only positive function of government. The functions of defence are obviously purely negative and precautionary. The administration of justice is really purely defensive. Justice gives to each man his due and then leaves him precisely where it found him. Such questions as capital and labour, free trade and protection, and private and public ownership, really turn upon questions of class justice and not upon questions of positive efficiency and progress. If we would have an illustration of the proposition I have just ventured, that education is really the only positive quantity in the making of a nation, we need only turn again to the commonwealth of the United States. Will any one imagine, then, what the hundred millions of people in the United States would really be like and what their civilization would be like, were it not for their great public school system and the generous, almost prodigal, endowment of their numerous colleges and universities, both from public and private sources? The secret of the success of the United States is not to be found in the constitution, nor in Congress, but in the schools.

The House of Commons, then, being our greatest national institution, has important educational functions to fulfil. The debates in the House of Commons, the comments upon these debates in the public press and on the public platform, and the lively discussion of all pressing public questions at the grand assizes of each succeeding general election are really the only effective means our people have of gaining what little knowledge they have of the fundamentals of our system of government, its framework and its ornament, its successes and its failures. Unfortunately, however, as I have perhaps too often said already, the House of Commons has become distinctly too partisan and personal of late. It is at this point therefore, that public service clubs like the Kiwanis, Rotary and Canadian Clubs have a great work to do at present. I believe personally, indeed, if personal opinion on the point be of any value, that these clubs are destined to become a recognized abiding part in the framework of any national constitution designed to interpret the sane, sound, dispassionate mind and will of the people to the House of Commons as the House of Commons is designed at present to interpret the mind and will of the people to the Cabinet and the Crown. If so, we may easily hope for even a greater House of Commons in the future than in the past. May I also suggest that nothing could be more desirable than that these clubs should keep in closest possible touch with our schools, colleges and universities, so that the influence of sound scholarship and learning, especially in matters of state, may be fully recognized for what it is worth in the work of government. Hence citizenship week.

Having finished a laborious analysis of the functions of the House of Commons, may we venture, finally, at great risk to offer a corresponding analysis of the type of statesman needed to fulfill these func-

tions in the best way. If so, his chief attributes would probably be the following:—

1. **Personality**, that is, the total engaging effect of the man upon his fellow-men in sentiment, thought, action, speech and manners.
2. **Leadership**, that is, foresight to plan for the future and courage to carry on.
3. **Education**, firstly at least enough liberal education to enable him to sympathize with and appreciate all legitimate human interests in the community, and secondly, enough special education, especially in history and government, to make him a careful, critical, constructive student of the history and institutions of his own country.
4. **Utterance**, effective, convincing, compelling, lucid utterance by speech, pen and personal example.
5. The capacity to give and receive wise counsel from his associates and colleagues and even from large assemblies and masses of men.
6. The capacity to appoint and place competent trained, trustworthy lieutenants and subordinates, and to trust, direct and encourage them when they are appointed.
7. A wholehearted, unselfish devotion to the public service and a fixed, improveable determination to prefer always the public to private interests.

It would be interesting to examine and to measure the life and work of some great statesman by these criteria. The late Sir Wilfrid Laurier was outstanding at least in the first, second and fourth. The late Woodrow Wilson was equally outstanding in the third and fourth. He is said, however, by some to have been weak in the sixth and perhaps in the fifth. Possibly Mr. Gladstone would score a higher aggregate of marks on all seven points than any statesman of his time. We refrain from taking any examples from living statesmen.

IV

CANADA AND THE PROVINCES

The internal constitution of Canada is built upon the federal plan. This federal plan was admittedly taken from the constitution of the United States. There are, therefore, two parliaments everywhere in Canada, the Federal Parliament and the Provincial legislatures of the different constituent provinces. The powers of the Federal Parliament, twenty-nine in number, are laid out in section numbered ninety-one, and the powers of the provincial legislatures in section numbered ninety-two of the N. B. A. Act. All unenumerated powers are allotted to the Federal Parliament, but two of the powers named in section ninety-two and, therefore, allotted to the provincial legislatures, viz.: "Property and Civil Rights" and "Matters of a Local and Private Nature" are so comprehensive in their terms that most of the unenumerated powers have hitherto been given to the provincial legislatures by decisions of the Courts, notably by decisions of the Judicial Committee. These two groups of powers are entirely exclusive. The Parliament of Canada cannot trespass on the game preserves of the provincial legislatures nor the provincial legislatures upon those of the Parliament of Canada. Should any trespass occur, the case is carried to the Courts. Education is sacred to the provinces and is, therefore, in order to make its provincial character doubly clear, dealt with in a separate section numbered ninety-

four. It is safe to say that the Union of 1867 never really could have taken place had not education been left sacredly to the provinces. One cannot help thinking sometimes, however, what the end will be if education being, as we have already said, the greatest single positive power in the state, is left wholly to the separate provinces in the future.

V.

THE ELECTORATE

The soundness of the electoral principle rests wholly upon each elector always recognizing and acting upon one simple fact, viz., that each elector is an officer of state. He is a member of parliament, the last final sovereign parliament of all, the parliament of the whole people. His voting franchise is not an asset and cannot, therefore, be bought and sold or used in any way for personal profit. It is not even a privilege. It is an obligation. The functions of the elector are precisely the same as those of a member of the House of Commons although, perhaps, usually drawn to a smaller scale. He must vote, not in his own interest nor even in the interest of his own community or province, but, as he best believes, in the interest of the whole Dominion. The theory of popular government is not that the selfish interests of the majority must prevail over the selfish interests of the minority, but that what a majority of the qualified electors believe to be in the best interest of all the people will in the majority of instances and in the long run turn out that way. A general election is not, as some writers say, a device for preventing civil war by indicating in advance what will likely be the result of civil war. That is, indeed, a poor decrepit theory of democratic government.

We are, unfortunately, in Canada, however, just at present showing some distinct tendency to overlook the great principle of free responsible government which I have just stated in the next preceding paragraph. We sometimes show a tendency to become distinctly provincial, local or even personal in our national outlook. There is nothing so fatal to any great country as this township vision. Suppose that Quebec elects representatives to represent Quebec, and Ontario elects representatives to represent Ontario, that the East elects representatives to represent the East and the West to represent the West, and the manufacturers elect representatives to represent the manufacturers, and the grain-growers to represent the grain-growers, and the labour unions to represent the labour unions and each and every electoral district tends more and more to elect representatives to represent its own interests, and nobody elects anybody to represent the nation, what do you think is likely to become ultimately of the Canadian Union?

THE OUTLOOK

...Finally, what is our own vision of what Canada is to become in the future? Ask any casual person, and he will probably tell you that the future of Canada is to become a second United States of America excepting that it will remain faithful to the British Empire. That is, perhaps, in a vague way the vision most of us have entertained since 1867. That is a false vision. That vision never can come true. Climatic conditions alone will take care of that. The climate of the United States is nearly the same as the climate of Europe. There is scarcely a single day

in all the year anywhere in Europe for which a replica cannot be found in the United States. That is the main reason why the United States has never had any immigration problem except the problem of how best to exclude immigrants or how best to deal with them, after admitting them. But Canada has a cold, ice-bound, snow-clad, northern climate. That fact alone makes our problem essentially different from the problem of the United States.

Then again the United States is a compact federation of states. There are no serious topographical or ethnological boundaries dividing the different states. Canada, on the other hand, is a long, transcontinental corridor of provinces passing through at least five distinct natural civilizations on the way. In the beautiful, many-colored Maritimes, in the two great central provinces by the wide-rushing river, on the wide prairie lands, "the land for which the tongue of England hath no name, the Prairies," in the vast multitudinous Rockies gazing like hooded sentinels far across the wide Pacific; it is a long vista, a great landscape, but it is also a difficult and unique task to build the whole prospect into a single civilization, a single community, loyal man to man from sea to sea. If Canada is to have a culture and civilization of her own it will be distinctly, uniquely Canadian, or it will be nothing. Indeed, perhaps one of our chief difficulties in the past has been our tendency to follow too slavishly the literary and scientific thought forms of Europe on the one hand and the economic devices and social usages and manners of the United States on the other. Imitation will get us no distance ahead in building up a Canadian culture. No people ever consciously undertook a similar enterprise in the past. Our literary men and artists must somehow gather new inspiration from our own landscapes and the peculiar traditions, customs and sentiments of our own people, and our scientific men must find new opportunities of research in our natural resources and the providences of nature which lie around us on every side.

But we need workers most of all. Canada has come upon the stage at a difficult period in the economic history of the world. We have no native races to do our menial work if, indeed, there be such a thing as menial work. Slavery is long an outlaw. Industrial employment amounting to virtual slavery, thanks to the labour unions, is also rapidly becoming a thing of the past. On the other hand, we insist that the children of all immigrants coming to Canada must receive a sound, adequate school education. The real ultimate problem, then, which we have to meet, is the problem of the relation between education and work. Until our university graduates, even, are willing to go upon the farm and into factories and into business, Canada can never succeed as she ought to succeed. What is a Canadian? A Canadian is a scout, and a scout is a scholar in his shirt sleeves. You recognize our national ideal character, Johnny Canuck. There he stands then! Mark him well, for certainly, if we come to think of it, no finer national character ever stepped upon the stage of history, clean, wholesome, upstanding, vigorous, venturesome, free. We recognize in him none of that colour of self-satisfaction and authority, of the county squire with a little whip in his hand, which we sometimes resent a little

bit in the character of John Bull, and we certainly recognize none of that colour of craftiness so obvious in the character of Uncle Sam. That, then, is our natural ideal, that the end and aim of all our national institutions and efforts.

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The Block System of Costs in Litigation

Notes of an Address to Vancouver Board of Trade by F. G. T. Lucas, Barrister

The expression "costs" is defined generally as being the remuneration of the solicitor for professional work done by him for a client. The whole subject of costs is divided into two main divisions:—

- 1—Costs in non-Contentious business.
- 2—Costs in contentious business.

In non-contentious business the expression "costs" truly means the actual remuneration which a solicitor is entitled to charge his client for professional work performed; and by the terms of the Legal Professions Act, no solicitor may bring any action to enforce payment by his client of any costs, that is to say, of any remuneration that he may have claimed to have earned, until he has first delivered to his client a bill thereof, subscribed by his hand.

Costs in contentious matters is not intended to be the remuneration to a solicitor for professional services rendered, but is intended as an indemnity to be paid by the losing party in litigation to the winning party. The amount of this indemnity, the terms thereof and the conditions under which it is taxable and payable are governed by the Rules of Court.

The relation between solicitor and client is that the client is under obligation to pay the solicitor proper remuneration for his work, whether it is non-contentious business or contentious business; but when the business is contentious, and results in an action at law, then he is entitled to be indemnified by the party unsuccessfully opposing such action.

It is the unqualified opinion of certain eminent members of the Bar that this indemnity should be a full and complete indemnity.

In our practise in British Columbia, however, it has not turned out so, and I understand that this condition prevails in England, that is to say, there are many things that may be required to be done by the solicitor preparing a case for trial which cannot be taxed against the losing party in the event of success. For instance: an extended period of preparation by solicitor or counsel on a technical subject; the bringing of an expert witness to the trial, and the total fees payable to him, and such like instances. The reason for this is that our tariff of costs, upon which the winning party prepares his bill, is a set and rigid tariff of 230 items and no party may tax against another party for any work not included in one or other of the said 230 items.

Our present system also fails to be a complete indemnity for the reason that in many of the important items, for instance the fee to be allowed for the instructions for brief on the trial, it is left to the discretion of the taxing officer with a reference to a Judge in Chambers by any person dissatisfied.

In many ways, our practice under this tariff has been unsatisfactory in British Columbia and several very eminent lawyers in this province have from time to time advocated the doing away with the tariff altogether and adopting of the system which prevails in many of the United States of America, namely that there should be no indemnity, but that the winning party shall be entitled only to his actual out-of-pocket disbursements, for witness fees, Court fees, etc., which in an ordinary action would not amount to more than thirty or forty dollars.

In addition to giving dissatisfaction to members of the profession, this system of costs has received great criticisms on the part of our citizens; and from time to time serious strictures have been issued from our Bench on the subject of exorbitant bills of costs so called, in particular cases.

The most serious criticism to my mind seems to be that we have, as a profession, failed to recognize the changing conditions of our time, failed to recognize the imperative demands of our public for simplification in the matter of the practice of the law and in particular, serious complaints on the part of those responsible men of our business community who would seek to avail themselves of the processes of the law in order to determine and establish rights, that it has been and is impossible for them to be given any reasonably accurate estimate of the amount of costs which they are going to be found to be compelled to pay in the event of loss. The result is that amongst our business community we find groups of business men in classified lines of business forming arbitration boards and adopting other expedients of many kinds in order to avoid what should be a perfectly natural and lawful method of settlement of disputed claims, namely to refer them to the Courts of our country which are maintained by the tax-payers of our country for this express purpose.

Our judiciary consists of a group of highly trained and experienced lawyers, who, by reason of their long experience in the practice of the profession, previous to going on the Bench, and their experience whilst on the Bench, in the matter of having the determining of great and important questions put before them for consideration and determination in all branches of business and commercial activities, are eminently fitted to perform this function; and the criticism levelled at our profession, which I say is a well-founded criticism, is that the public find themselves in a great measure debarred from access to our Courts by reason of the system of costs, that is to say by the remuneration which we as a profession secure to ourselves, and which system I do characterize as being entirely antiquated and not meeting the needs of the present day in any way, shape or form.

Our Bar Association addressed itself to the matter of ascertaining wherein lay the cause for such criticisms and the root of the dissatisfaction which exists in our business community towards ourselves as a profession in this particular matter. For two and a half years strong committees of the Bar have worked on the matter. The systems of costs prevailing in other jurisdictions and particularly the system of costs prevailing in the States of the Union have been carefully analyzed and examined.

The conclusions arrived at by the Bar Association as a result of these investigations are:—

First that while it is reasonable and proper that a certain amount of indemnity be allowed to the winning party over the losing party, it is most essential that the amount of this indemnity be determined for given actions, in order that people contemplating taking action to enforce a claim, or seeking to defend themselves against what they consider to be an unjust claim made against them, may know—before entering the courts to maintain what they believe to be their rights.

upon advice of their solicitors and counsel—what the result of such action will be to them, if and in the event that their contention as to their rights be not well-founded. It is my opinion that ninety-five per cent. of all litigation is entered into by the parties thereto in an absolute and honest belief in the merits of their cause, and it has been my view that to completely indemnify the winner, against the loser for costs is a wrong principle.

We find from investigations in the United States jurisdictions, where there are no costs except disbursements, that the system is looked upon with the utmost favor both by litigants and by lawyers. A case is taken into court, or is defended as the case may be, on its own merits, without any contemplation of making money out of the other party by way of indemnifying costs.

On the other hand, it is my opinion that that system is open to this criticism, that with the complete abolition of the indemnity, the way is open for people to start litigation without due regard to the consequences if and when they fail, for they have only to consider the payment of their own costs in the event of losing. Eminent counsel in the United States have agreed with this criticism of this system, but state that notwithstanding this criticism, they prefer very much their system to ours, and would not consider at all the introduction of an indemnity system of costs. However, they have been raised and educated to that viewpoint and it is not for me to go further than to illustrate their point of view.

The opinion arrived at by the Bar Association is that a reasonable indemnity should be maintained. We have, therefore, introduced into our tariff the principle of creating a maximum amount to be paid by the losing party to the winning party, which maximum we estimate as being reasonable compensation for an ordinary average one-day action in court. Any expenses and costs that are incurred over and above the amount of this maximum must be met by himself, if he is a winner or a loser, and if he is the loser, he is required only to pay the maximum which we have set. Therefore he is in a better position to pay his own solicitor a more reasonable compensation for the conduct of his case.

In the course of our investigations, we ran across the system in use in Ontario and Alberta known as the block system in which all the work required to be done in the different phases of an ordinary action are lumped together in one item and in one sum, which is nothing more or less than simplification of the itemized tariff which we now have, with a re-adjustment of the values placed upon certain phases of the work, and instead of 230 items, we have in our block system of tariff 28 items.

The Vancouver Bar Association, having completed this work, submitted the matter to the Victoria Bar Association and then to a meeting of the newly organized British Columbia Bar Association and we secured the almost unanimous endorsement of the members of the Bar of British Columbia. It was then submitted to the Honourable the Attorney General, who, with his departmental officials, thoroughly perused it, and it has received his approval.

Finally it was submitted to the members of the Supreme Court, and received their approval. It has now been approved by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council, and it is expected that it will come into force on March 1st, 1925.

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Literary Notes:

A Book Week Address to Vancouver High School Students

By Percy Gomery, Author of "A Scamper 'Cross Canada," etc.

This week throughout Canada, bookstores and public libraries are making a special display of the books of Canadian authors, and student bodies and gatherings of people everywhere are listening, as you are listening, to a few reasons why Canada, for its own sake, should take more interest in its writers.

I wonder if you can possibly realize the importance of a country having its own writers and historians? Even a great nation lives and moves by its fame, just as a brand of baking powder lives by its fame—a skillful surgeon or a great national hero lives by his fame. The only way I know of for creating fame is by the recorded word of men and women who think and who write.

Let me give you an example. Unless you boys and girls are sharper than I am, the sole picture, of a personal and intimate nature, you have of the whole of antiquity is that of the Jewish people. Before the Christian era, before the Jews, the earth was peopled by hundreds of races of people, most of them greater than the Jews. Why then does that people stand out as the central figure of our knowledge and imagination? Simply because the Jews had writers, while the others had not. So far as we know the Hebrews were a tribe of wandering herdsmen. H. G. Wells, in his "Outline of History," says that they were a small people even among the eastern Mediterranean peoples. At the height of their glory it was considered a tremendous diplomatic victory that a king of Egypt consented to one of his daughters marrying King Solomon. They were not great soldiers, for whenever they had accumulated enough wealth to make it worth while, their enemies swooped down upon them and robbed them. They were not a race of builders. The architectures of old were the Ionic, Corinthian, and even the Egyptian and Chinese: I never heard of a Jewish architecture. While other and more warlike peoples were celebrating their national events in gorgeous pageants and extravagant carnivals, the Jewish scribes were quietly inditing theirs on parchment for the reading of nations yet to be born.

And, again. When I left high school about the only intimate picture I had of Austria, India, Pales-

tine, Australia, of almost anywhere, was what G. A. Henty had written for me. You are all old enough to realize what a wonderful asset to England was G. A. Henty. Without him millions of men and women would be not only without a knowledge of England's romantic exploits in the far corners of the world, but they would be without that personal pride and share in these events which have made this Empire on which the sun never sets. England needed a Henty. Every country of spirit and ambition needs a Henty. What is Canada doing about a Henty? I'll tell you what she has done so far. A dozen Hentys in the making have been forced out of the country because the Canadian people did not support them. We are so near to a much more populous nation, we are so in awe of the learning of the Old Land, that we have been somewhat overwhelmed in a literary way. But is that right? Is it sporting? Did the Spartans allow themselves to be spoon fed by their neighbours and rivals? Did the Jews?

Perhaps a little incident in my own experience as a writer would illustrate as well as anything the idea I am trying to convey to you. I prepared, some years ago, a series of articles, business stories, intended for circulation in some business magazine. I sent them to half a dozen business periodicals in Canada. The publishers had nice things to say of them, but they were afraid that their readers would not read them. One of them finally made an offer for the use and copyright—and withdrew the offer after a few days. I then sent to an American magazine. I sent two of the twelve stories to one magazine. What happened? The magazine wired me an offer for the whole series, at a figure just 2½ times what the Canadian editor had offered. What happened then? That American magazine used one of the stories every month for a year; 5,000 copies of that magazine came into Canada, the American publishers getting the profit. Canadian business men would read what a Canadian had to say about Canada in an American magazine, but they would not read it in a Canadian magazine. I told that story to a group of Canadian authors and they said: "It sounds like Canada."

More than that, at least more serious than that. A Canadian author of my acquaintance—who still lives in Canada, but is obliged to write for American periodicals to earn a living—recently got back a MS., not that it lacked merit, but, as the editor said, "You have treated this from the Canadian point of view. If you are writing for an American audience you must write from the American point of view." I suppose that is why the press of England referred to Professor Leacock, of Montreal, as "the American humorist," and why the newspapers of the U. S. refer to Miss L. M. Montgomery as "the well-known American writer of children's works," or to Bliss Carman as "the sweet American singer of lyrics."

We are in danger not only of losing our writers, but our national point of view. Last September I was visiting at Calgary in the home of Mrs. Nellie McClung, author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny" and other famous Canadian novels. Mrs. McClung had received a letter from a Boston publisher telling her that if

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she would come and live in the U. S. and write a book about the U. S. like the books she had written about Canada, that they could sell 100,000 copies. Mrs. McClung is not going, but it is surely our duty to keep her and others like her in the country. If your parents would spend \$1.00 a month on Canadian magazines and books—not an extra dollar, mind, for scarcely a family but spends \$12 a year on magazines and books to read or give away—if they spent \$1 on their own publications every Canadian writer of promise that is likely to appear would be kept at home and other countries would become tributary to Canada in a literary way, rather than Canada continue tributary to foreign countries.

But noboddy is going to be small enough to ask you to confine your

reading to Canadiana. Literature is world wide. You must read foreign authors, and about foreign parts. But just give Canada a chance. Don't oblige Canadians to speak to you from across a wall.

In closing, I want just to switch my appeal so to speak. You have been thinking that I have been appealing to you on behalf of the old seasoned and established writers of Canada. That is not the case at all. Our old writers may not be writing the way we would like them to write, or in the strain we would like, but they are just what I said they were, established.

The appeal that is being made throughout Canada this week is on behalf of yourselves. I am not making a guess, but merely a mathemat-

ical statement when I say that, during the next ten or fifteen years, some of you who are this moment looking up at me will feel yourselves inspired to convey the best thoughts that are in you to the world at large, by the time-honored method of black marks on white paper. It is only necessary to travel a short distance on the road to authorship to tell you that there is no more satisfying work. It is a great thing to build a magnificent bridge, or to found a great business house, but on the other hand there is no finer ambition, no loftier aim, than to acquire by talent and hard work the ability to interpret the life and history of your times by writing, in the words of Gray's "Elegy": "To read its history in a nation's eyes."

New Fables by Skookum Chuck

R. D. CUMMING

XII. John and Johnny

Johnny drank whisky, smoked a pipe, chewed tobacco and swore. John swore not, neither did he drink, smoke or chew. John was a goodie-goodie boy, while Johnny might have been classed as a "roughneck."

John had been reared on polished lines by doting parents from the knickerbocker years and beyond with a view to good citizenship, which was to make him an ideal man even as he had been a model youth. His education and moulding had been the one urge of father and mother from the day son first began to absorb knowledge. John, indeed, was a good boy, morally, religiously, socially, intellectually, and in many other ways, even although little sister contended that he hated her like poison.

Johnny was nothing in particular for his parents to boast about beyond the fact that he was their son. He had life, however, and went about everything on the run as though overcharged with electric power. John trailed himself along as though his battery were hopelessly run down. Socially, John was like the drooping wings of a sick hen, while Johnny was like the flapping wings of a healthy rooster. A man must make a noise of some kind, even if it is not altogether according to the rules and regulations of constitutional society, if he wishes to be a hero in this world. And Johnny's capers certainly made him a hero—with the girls.

With the fair sex Johnny, notwithstanding his rough stuff, was one who was constantly leaving footprints in the soil. He made a noise that everybody could hear. John went about like a funeral. While John relied on his reputation to get him by with the girls, those same young things were being thrilled by the antics of Johnny. About the noblest thing John had done in his life besides being straightforward, honest, studious, a gentleman, and all those negligible sorts of things, so far as anyone could see at least, was to eat three square meals a day and dress like a Shiek at the expense of the "old man" and bank all he made on the side in his own name.

Johnny, on the other hand, sowed his coin as a farmer sows seeds, besides having many notches carved on his gun stock at his own initiative. He had taken part in local vaudeville; had saved a girl from drowning; was a bear in local amateur hockey and usually did all the scoring in rival contests; had been mixed up in a local scandal, but had proved an alibi.

John's mamma (accent on the last syllable), had babied him up to believe that he was a little better than the ordinary scum of folks. Johnny's ma always placed company first and family afterwards. John's features were more refined than Johnny's, and this was to give him the bulge on Johnny in his dealings with the girls.

Johnny was the exact antithesis of John. His early education had been neglected; that is, Johnny had neglected it from choice, never being able to convince his will-o-the-wisp nature of the necessity for curriculums. Nor could he bring himself into line with the rules and regulations governing proper society. Johnny wasn't good looking to that extent that might create comment, and life held out nothing very dazzling for him in the future. But Johnny's whole life was lived in the to-day. He couldn't attend to two things at once, so he let the future slide. "I should worry!" he told father, mother, sister, brother, chums, girls, everybody. And he didn't worry. He began care-free, was care-free, and would end care-free.

"If the world don't like my style it can lump it," was another of his bright sayings.

"But it's not up to the world," advised his friends. "It's all up to you. The world don't care."

"Well, let it rip!"

Johnny's unpolished manners were not barren of ripe fruit. His face was pure sunlight; John's was mere moonshine. Johnny was so good in many ways apart from the whisky, tobacco and swear words, that his backslidings were often converted into virtues by that spirit of hero worship among the people, which is a relic of past chivalrous days.

John and Johnny were about the same age, twenty-one; and, so far as having the price was concerned, their accounts were about equally balanced at the source of supply—their parents. They had had an even start on the race-course of life when the shot was fired by the starters.

Living in the same town, they were naturally thrown much into the same society; and, by and by they fell in love with the same girl. This might have been a catastrophe with any others than John and Johnny, but the rich conceit of both permitted no occasion for argument; and they had both mental pictures of the girl securely staked out in their respective green pastures.

The rivalry did not ruffle their furs in the least. Johnny didn't worry, because he knew Mabel could not resist his raw charms. He knew she liked him notwithstanding the unsophisticated appendages that hung to his character. It was the instinct of Eve in her flesh speaking from that early nature-inflated age. He knew that, although we wear clothing, things bred in the bones can't be covered up with whitewash. Johnny saw love for him shining from Mabel's eyes, mouth, nose, ears, chin; and, in fact, from her whole person, and he ignored the John competition. His own love for Mabel was a guarantee to him that the infatuation was mutual.

And Mabel, let it be understood from the beginning, was a good girl, who didn't claim to be too far above many of the things of Nature.

John was as well insured against accident to his heart as Johnny was by virtue of his superior standing in the community. His refined manners, rare intellect, clean associations, and his gentlemanly way of handling the situation had gained him footing that could not slip. Mabel loved him, and she would choose him because he was better in all ways than Johnny. No girl would hesitate a moment in making her choice as between the two, he thought.

John was so sure of his foundations that he often spoke to Mabel with regard to Johnny's crude manners, debau-

ched habits, loose connections and doubtful future, as though it were understood that he (Johnny) was a thing apart—a negligible item—when applied to their two selves. Mabel just tolerated Johnny, that was all, owing to social connection.

But sister had things sized up differently.

"You crazy fool, Johnny's got it all over you," remarked that Irritation to him one day.

"Oh, shut up! that is all you know about it!" he replied, going off with the air of one who knew better and whose security was beyond question.

Sister laughed.

"You'll see," she threw back at him.

"Yes, I'll see. 'Taint gonny rain no more, is it?"

"When it does you'll get the soaking of your life, though, I'll say," she warned.

Mabel was the one who did all the worrying. She had both their shares, for there was a soft spot in her heart for each of the young men who had honored her with their love, that must, sooner or later, dash off decisively in one or the other direction.

In the light of her own understanding Mabel viewed the situation from both hemispheres. She saw a tame, circumspect, quiet, conventional but assured future with John, and a somewhat slovenly, lean and uncertain future with Johnny. She knew that John saved every cent that he ever made in the world, and that Johnny blew in every cent he ever made. She knew this by hearsay as well as by experience, for their offerings to her as a sweetheart gave them away. She knew that John lived more in the future than he did in the present, and that Johnny's thoughts were all centred in the here and now with no provision for the morrow. Mabel knew that, as the wife of John, her days would be flat and unspiced with the thrills of being alive; and that, as the matrimonial partner of Johnny, they would be a species of food without the seasoning. There did not appear to be much choice. But love does not discriminate between persons, nor does it examine candidates through the lenses of a microscope.

Mabel was in bad way. She could not ask council, because it was no one's business; and then, they might choose wrong for her. She knew all the time she wanted Johnny, and was just as sure that council would select John. Thus the poor girl discovered that she had two personalities. Discretion pointed to John while her heart clung to Johnny.

What was to be done? What could be done? Was any girl ever in such a sweat-bath of perplexity? The boys were both so kind to her and so deeply mired in the quicksands of Mabel's feminine charms.

Mabel was simply entangled in those wiry webs which have thrown their unraveled meshes over and around all daughters of Eve from the days of the serpent up to the present time. It was the tanglefoot of young girlhood into which they all hop blindly, and from which it requires a great deal of heart-breaking study and strategy in order to get both feet out at the same time.

One evening Johnny dragged his hind legs up the steps leading to Mabel's home, knocked at the door and stood waiting. He had in his hand a large box of chocolates which he had purchased at the set-back price of two and a half.

The most ordinary applied science of

deduction told that Johnny had been drinking. His knees seemed to lack that rigid firmness that sober knees usually boast of in healthy young men. His features were more or less relaxed, and the arms hung down like pendulums.

The opening of the door seemed to startle Johnny as though he had not expected such prompt response, although the normal time had elapsed between the knock and the opening of the door. Mabel stood before him in person in all the glory of her young womanhood, which was no doubt magnified by Johnny's great love and the optimistic backing of the whisky.

Through the doorway and into the parlor Johnny caught a glimpse of John lolling on a lounge in all his exaggerated, over-confident assurance of himself.

Now, it was part of Johnny's diplomacy never to intrude on Mabel when she was otherwise engaged, even with the right-of-way John. So he withdrew the foot that was about to step inside:

"No," he said, unsteadily, "I just brought this." And he handed Mabel the confectionery.

"Oh, thanks. Won't you come in though?" said Mabel, accepting the gift.

"Rather not. You have company, I'll call again—sometime."

"Oh, don't be silly; come on in; it's only John," urged Mabel.

But Johnny was obstinate. He turned and was about to descend the steps, when, by some mean trick of misfortune, his feet got tangled on the top step; and, to save himself the humiliation of falling headlong down, he sank in a heap at the top and slid to the bottom.

Mabel dashed down the steps with her first aid:

"Johnny!" she called out. "Whatever is the matter with you?"

"Slipped, that's all," explained Johnny, rising and beating a retreat.

"What a beastly fellow Johnny is getting to be," commented John when Mabel re-entered the parlor.

Mabel remained diplomatically silent.

"Drunk as usual."

"Too bad;" was all Mabel deigned to reply.

"Fancy the fool being so extravagant. That box of chocolates must have cost him at least three and a half," continued the moralist, while he watched Mabel undo the package.

"Yes, he always brings me good ones," observed Mabel. "Have one?" And she reached out the open box to him.

"Thanks, no; I never eat chocolates."

"You're jealous, that's all," teased Mabel.

"No, not that; but then, you see, it teaches one nasty, extravagant habits."

"I dare say." And the girl sampled a chocolate-coated cherry.

Although Mabel had contributed an even share of the evening's enjoyment before the brief visit of Johnny, after his departure her strings appeared to be out of tune.

John was peeved at Mabel's drop in temperature and change of flavor, and it required a great deal of patching up to restore the balance of power and to renew the old warmth. Before departing, however, much of the former harmony had reappeared.

Johnny's diplomacy told him that it wasn't wise to tire a girl with one's society. He had perhaps a greater brain power than John. John's brain had been artificially trained to think, while John-

ny's thought naturally. Johnny had a brain that acted more on impulses. Instinct taught him many things that a college education does not teach. He knew, for example, that the less you chase after a girl, the more she will chase after you. All John's university education had not put him wise to this hard fact. He never knew that you catch a girl, not by running after her, but by the girl running after you.

Now it happened that Mabel's parents had been witness to the disgraceful cutting-up of Johnny on his visit to their daughter. This was not the first offense, and Johnny was in disfavor on previous records. The following day Mabel fell a victim to the parental wrath.

Mabel began to weep, the usual feminine refuge:

"He's no good," condemned the father. "I've told you so a dozen times before. What makes you hang on to him? Give him the G. B. before it's too late. I never knew of him keeping a job more than a few days at a time in his life. He would drown in ten minutes if cut off from the home anchorage. He's a loafer, that's all; never will be good for anything. It's a wonder to me what you see in him. He has no more future than a dog, and I would like to tell him so. He couldn't keep a squirrel in peanuts. What do you suppose he would do with a wife?"

Behind her tears, Mabel was dumb. It was the old story of expecting a girl to arrange her courtships and marriage according to plan and not according to love.

"Quit him, I say, before it's too late. John is worth a million of him. He has brains, sense, standing, respect of the community, a future that is an asset and not a liability."

This only added force to the draft of Mabel's flame. Johnny, to her, seemed to be the last word in man. He was more gallant than most, more masculine—more what a woman, in her worshipping heart, had pictured that he should be. Johnny was always on the spot just at the logical moment when he was most needed. He had initiative, and John seemed to lack this virtue. If Mabel were drowning or in a burning building, it would be Johnny who would be there to rescue her. He was a true knight of the twentieth century.

Thus, at the village sports on the first of July, when Mabel fell to the ground during a foot race, it was Johnny who seemed to emerge from the earth and assist her to rise. It was Johnny who brushed off the spots from her clothing, asked her if she were injured and had received a reply that smiled through pained features:

"Thanks, Johnny. I think I have hurt my knee. 'Oh!' And she limped, leaning on his shoulder.

But it was John who came forward afterwards with an air of authority and assumed the responsibility as though by virtue of prerogative:

"Pardon me," he said to Johnny, as though the lady were his private property.

"Certainly," courtesied the too diplomatic Johnny, assigning his rights and backing away with a smile such as only ones of his kind could offer under similar circumstances.

Mabel smiled at Johnny as he turned away, and the smile most clearly spoke disapproval at the ill manners of John. She permitted the indiscretion, however, and accompanied the escort to a group

of ladies sitting on the grass at a little distance away.

All such things as these only served to throw weight to balance in favor of Johnny, which John remained too dense, or too wrapped up in his own sure-footedness to take into consideration.

After this and the stand taken by her parents, meetings between Mabel and Johnny assumed a sort of clandestine complexion. Mabel had evidently chosen, notwithstanding the confidence of John and the barrier put up by her parents as well as the warnings of divers friends and chums.

The awful example which Johnny represented would have been enough to discourage the average girl—his doubtful future, his poor prospects as the backbone of a family. Such wabby support would not appeal to many, but Mabel ignored all this (for love is still blind), and determined to risk her whole future welfare, and life, which promised to be a long one, with a derelict that was already almost down to deck-level in the water.

Johnny's diplomacy had won the day, even although that worthy had, just recently, been conducted home one night, "spificated" by the police, those ever vigilant guardians of local society.

In the meantime, John, still blind to the virtues of his rival as opposed to his vices, continued to bask in the fool's paradise of Mabel's second choice sunshine. By surface markings he fancied he was the whole cheese; while, in the bottomless pit of her heart, Mabel stored sweet memories of the more or less reclusive Johnny.

John placed more weight on his refined breeding, his superior education, and his cultivated manners than any personality that he may have possessed to win Mabel; and, while marking time in the dark, Johnny's natural instincts and unassumed pose was the real conqueror.

But John's imaginary security was not without grounds, for what lover could for a moment picture the beautiful and refined Mabel trusting all her future in such a leaky craft as Johnny offered, when the splendid yacht offering of John was the other alternative.

John sat firm on his throne while Johnny undermined the very ground beneath him.

Mabel's infatuation indeed began to convert vices into virtues. She began to admire Johnny in his deplorable weaknesses. The pipe and the cigarettes were not so bad, and a large percentage of men smoke, and his manner of filling and lighting his pipe became a source of great pleasure to Mabel. The time came when the odor of whisky and tobacco from his mouth became like the aroma of roses to her, so awful a thing in Mabel became that mysterious infatuation called love.

It was when things had taken on this complexion that John proposed marriage to Mabel one evening, never dreaming of anything but immediate acceptance.

"But, Mr. White, this is so sudden!" exclaimed Mabel.

"Mr. White" mimicked the astonished John. "Am I not John to you?"

"Since when?"

"Then you have deceived me," replied John, with real emotion.

"Deceived you nothing," Mabel defended. "I never promised to marry you, did I? We're not even engaged, are we?"

"But, Mabel, surely you don't mean it?" pleaded John in alarm.

"I do mean it."

"What! After all these years?"

"What years?"

"All those years of happiness together. All those years of promise."

"What promise?"

"You led me on, didn't you?"

"But we were only children together," she excused the past.

"Well, I'm real angry with you," groaned the young man. "I thought we were solid."

"But you went about it so awkward. Go home and rehearse and come back later and try it all over again," she laughed at him.

Poor John laughed too. She was only fooling him. Something had upset her this evening. So he went home to rehearse and wait a more opportune time with never a suspicion of serious rivalry. And he planned for the honeymoon and a new home for the bride. He had already purchased a lot in a choice section of the village. Oh what a future was to be his with Mabel as a companion! Was mortal man ever so fortunate.

But sister had the thing all framed up from her own feminine point of view. She had seen signs that big brother refused to see; or, if he saw them, refused to accept the writing on the wall.

As a friend, as well as a sister, she warned him.

"It's not always the good little boy who wins the prize," she cautioned him one day with her superior philosophy.

"Mind your own business, will you!"

"A girl doesn't fall in love with a man's face or fine looks either, Chump," she continued to philosophize.

"Oh, shut up, it!" he fired back at her.

In the meantime Johnny and Mabel were making hay. Johnny had the right line of goods and Mabel was in a mood to buy.

It would be doing Mabel an injustice, however, to record that, although through her biased eyes she admired and enjoyed certain of her lover's rough stuff, she did not, during more rational moments, realize the tragedy that he carried at all times against him.

Often when they met "behind closed doors" when Johnny would be "lit up," even Mabel would admit, getting a whiff of his awful breath, that the aroma of roses was a little overestimated. She would be slightly piqued but a little backward at taking issue with him.

For oh how she loved the derelict to which she had anchored her little craft! she was prepared to sink or swim with him. Even his vices were little jewels of virtue to her. And, did he not love her with all his noble heart? Was he not prepared to sustain her weight during all his half-foundered life no matter how weighty the cargo might become?

Then, there was the other side of Johnny. He was kind, unselfish, forgiving, tolerant. He was full of sunshine and optimism even when all other skies were dark and dreary. Apart from the rusty links in his chain, had he not been to her all that a woman could desire of a man she loves?

So long as Johnny could hold his head above water, he was in no immediate danger of drowning; but then, one cannot be in the water too long without becoming water-logged. Mabel's better feminine self realized that too much immersion might make Johnny in time heavier than water.

When she met him one evening the law of compensation, or some other law of self preservation, willed that she should be in one of her serious moods.

The publicity of the street and the shame attached to censure perhaps tuned her nerves to rebellion, for she was abnormally angry with him:

"The people are all talking," she complained. "Why don't you stop this sort of thing?"

"Let them talk."

"It's disgraceful anyway, come to think of it, can't you see?"

Johnny laughed:

"A little drink won't hurt anybody," assured Johnny. "I drink in moderation anyway."

"Looks like it. You can scarcely stand up."

"I can drink, or I can leave it alone," Johnny complimented himself.

"And you know what father thinks," continued Mabel.

"That's all right. If he don't like it, he can lump it. And if he don't consent to our marriage, I will run away with you."

This was more of Johnny's diplomacy; and, during the course of a few more meetings in caucus, it was arranged that they should elope. Johnny, however, had promised solemnly to quit drinking. He had promised faithfully also to seek employment in their new hunting grounds, and to remain at work eight hours a day, six days a week, and the prescribed number of working days during the year.

And Mabel hung the cloak of her entire future on the loose pegs of these promises.

The elopement took place on schedule like the hanging of a criminal, a few moments before the departure of the train for the east at midnight. They had six hours of darkness as a start before the village awoke to the fact of the elopement. But by this time the fugitives had criss-crossed like a fox and had made good their escape. They went away east and nobody knew where they had gone to.

John threw a fit when he was forced to accept the unbelievable truth, and the whole town had the laugh on him, he had been so sure of the ground under his feet. He had to dispose of the building lot and offer the honeymoon asset to the highest or any tender.

And oh, how sister did rub it in!

(Next story "Anthropoidea," Chapter V. of the Fifty-fifties.)

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A Corner for Junior Readers

By Annie Margaret Pike

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Bevington-Smith

Denny made the acquaintance of Mr. Bevington-Smith at a birthday party at the Flynns.

Mr. Bevington-Smith was Alfred Flynn's godfather. To be correct, Alfred Francis Theodore Flynn's godfather; the Francis Theodore being Mr. Bevington-Smith's names, too. The old gentleman used all three names in speaking of and to his godson. Alf. had once ventured to protest, but had been met with a "Tut, Tut!" and told "These are your baptismal names, my dear godson, and very good names they are. By all means make use of them," and of course he himself consistently went on setting Alf. the example.

As he shook his head two or three times during the conversation his large and ill-fitting brown wig slipped to one side, a circumstance that did not disconcert him in the least.

The Donnellys and Flynns had pews in the Harold's Cross Church, but Mr. Bevington-Smith was a regular attender at St. Patrick's Cathedral, which was within easy walking distance of his home.

Mr. Le Page, the Cathedral organist, from whom Robert took lessons, wished the boy to hear some special music he had arranged for a particular Sunday, so Robert asked his father's permission that he and Denis might go there that day.

As they were leaving the Cathedral they caught sight of Mr. Bevington-Smith and he of them.

He insisted that they should all three walk together as far as George's Street, where the boys could get the tram.

It was not their nearest way home, but neither of them liked to risk annoying the old gentleman by saying so. As things turned out they devoutly wished they had parted company with him at the Cathedral door.

It was one of Mr. Bevington-Smith's habits to wear elastic-sided boots. They were easier to pull on and off than those that laced or buttoned. Perhaps he may have been a little vain of his small feet; they were certainly unusually small for a man; but whether his boots really were too small for him or simply too new for comfort, he had not gone many yards when he stopped, pulled them off, produced a cake of soap from his pocket, rubbed his stockinged feet with it, and pulled on the boots again.

The dispersing congregation continued to disperse, but many furtive glances were cast at the trio. Robert and Denis felt distinctly uncomfortable.

After that all went well until they reached Dame Street. Mr. Bevington-Smith had anecdotes to tell, and the boys were beginning to forget their discomfort when, with the remark, "This is intolerable!" he stopped again, and again pulled off the offending boots.

This time he made no attempt to put them on, but carried them, one on each hand.

He has been discoursing of the latest fashions in summer suitings, and on resuming the subject his eye caught sight of the effigy of a very yellow and very fat lamb that hung outside a large tailoring and outfitting establishment.

He stood stock still to assure the boys that it was undoubtedly copied from a

young sheep, and was put there to show the origin of the tweeds on sale inside.

"How invaluable and how happy," said he, pointing dramatically to it with his booted right hand, "are the bootless four-footed!"

At this opportune moment Robert and Denis were thankful to see their tram coming, and lifting their hats to their companion, made haste to board it and escape.

CHAPTER VII.

What Ailed the Finger?

Although Denny was her favorite, Bridget took care that he should not think he had vested rights in her kitchen, so when he appeared at the door one Saturday afternoon she promptly told him to be off to his piano practising.

His mother had gone to spend an hour or two with her invalid neighbour after setting Denny to his half-hour of scales and exercises.

Denny had sense enough not to argue with Bridget, so he returned to the deserted piano, and for a while scales and exercises were the only sounds to be heard in the quiet house.

Then came a short pause, then more scales and exercises, a longer pause, a few random notes, and then Denny's face peered in at the kitchen door again.

"Bridget, me jewel," he said, "have ye such a thing as a bit of rag?"

By this time he was standing beside the table where Bridget was making pies, but she might have been peeling turnips for anything Denny appeared to notice.

His face showed no interest whatever, and he held one of his fingers wrapped in his handkerchief.

"Sure I have so," replied she, taking a strip from the contents of the rag bag and giving it to him.

Denny thanked her, and, turning his back to the pastry-making, with a show of sublime indifference, went to the sink and let cold water run on his finger before he slowly bound it up.

"Did ye cut yourself wid the ould jack-knife?" asked Bridget.

"Sorra a cut," said Denny, "but I'm thinking maybe I'm getting a wart."

This was a subject, as he well knew, on which Bridget loved to hold forth; so, although he made a feint of opening the door to go out of the kitchen, he was quite ready for Bridget's invitation to sit down and she'd tell him what to do for it.

"Me step-uncle's gran'mother," said she, "was a great ould body for curin' warty hands."

"How did she do it, Biddy?"

You could not have told from Denny's manner that pies were within a mile of him.

"An' this is how she done it;" with a flourish of the rolling-pin, that was not meant as an illustration but merely to impress what followed.

"She had a bit of the skin of a five-furred pig, and she left it for a night on the turf-rick in a new moon, and thin she wrapped it in a paper she'd begged from the priest's housekeeper, and laid it in the hole in the wall where she did be keepin' her rosary of pink beads; an' whin annyone came to her for a cure she'd rub the warts wid the pig skin, and tell them to walk backwards to the end of the breen, and then they should turn an' run as if the constabulary was afther them, and not to come next nor nigh the place again for a twelvemonth."

"How much did they pay her, Biddy?" asked the shrewd Denis.

"Bedad thin, it was nothing but a trifle of six potatoes for every wart."

"Have you anything like it yourself?" asked Denis, artfully leading up to the real object of his visit.

"An I have not. More's the pity, but I was manin' to tell you to ask your Ma to put a drop of acetic acid on it."

"But she's out at the Flynn's!" said Denny, and then added, "perhaps an oven-tester would do me good while I'm waiting for her."

Now Bridget was very particular to have her oven at exactly the right heat when she baked pies, and her custom was to try it with a small piece of pastry before putting them in, an "oven-tester" as Denny called it.

There was a beauty in Bridget's hand. "Just put a sprinkle of sugar on it, mavourneen," said Denny coaxingly; and what could Bridget do but humour him?

If the fact that there was no wart on Denny's finger next day proves anything, we are justified in saying that to eat "oven-testers" is at least as good a cure as rubbing with the famous bit of pig skin.

The Lady of the White Silence

Lovers of the beautiful would read with joy "The Lady of the White Silence" by Mrs. Alice M. Winlow, which appeared in a recent number of "The Canadian Magazine."

Mrs. Winlow is a prismatic artist and radiates color. Her flower-studies in water-colors are delicate and dewy; her piano playing of modern impressionistic music shows a keen perception of color values; in literature she creates an atmosphere of color by a deliberate choice of ideas and words.

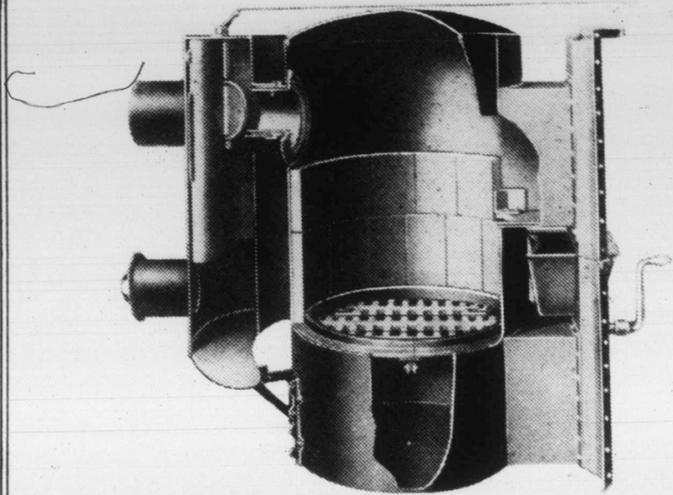
In "The Lady of the White Silence" the author has given us a picture in white and silver. The imagery is elusive as "the filmy shimmering of a dragon-fly's wings." And this quotation "The silver flutes made me think of a garden of white hyacinths in the dusk" illustrates the rhythm of the prose.

In the climax the black velvet drapery, throwing into vivid and luminous relief the purity of the statute, which is an interpretation of Beethoven's "Appassionata" Sonata, is a symbol of the entire story.

We may look to Mrs. Winlow for unusual stories for she has an unusual outlook upon life.

—B. L.

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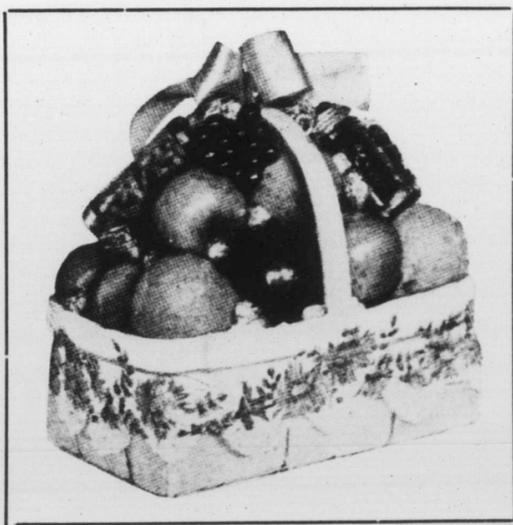
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