EVENTS

Published Weekly.

Vol. 7, No. 21. OTTAWA, MAY 27, 1905. Whole No. 322.

The Governor General Denies a Rumor.

SIR ELZEAR TASCHEREAU presides over the Supreme Court of Canada by virtue of promotion. He was once a lawyer. He became a pusine judge. From that rank he rose to be chief justice. That was great dignity. One would have thought that the ambition of the average man could scarcely soar higher than to be the chief justice of all the justices on the bench of the highest court of the nation. Honors were, however. thrust on Sir Elzear. The Crown itself summoned him to the King's Council and he thereupon became the Right Honorable. Then the mantle of a knight was laid upon his shoulders and he became Sir Elzear Taschereau. Was there any limit to worldly honors that could be bestowed upon a man raised so high from the ground? His altitude was like the summit of St. Elias. His greatest distinction however, took a new line. By virtue of an order of the King's Privy Council of Canada, signed by His Excellency "by his own hand," the Chief Justice became Deputy of the Governor General. and during the absence of His Excellency, the Administrator of the Government.

All imperial despatches sent to Ottawa from London are addressed. not to His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, but to the Administrator of the Government of Canada. When, therefore, the Earl of Minto sailed for England and Earl Grey had not yet arrived, the functions of an Administrator were brought into play, and by this time the Administrator had got into the clouds so far as to demand that all the honors paid to the Viceroy should be paid to him, and all the homage the people are pleased to pay to the direct representative of the King, appointed under the Great Seal which the unfortunate James once threw into the river Thames, should be paid to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada. A controversy ensued between representatives of the Government and the judge as

to whether he was entitled to be styled "His Excellency" while discharging these important functions of Administrator, and a cablegram was sent to London asking if the Administrator of the Government of Canada was entitled to be styled "His Excellency." As every despatch from the Colonial Secretary in London is simply addressed to the Administrator of the Government the reply, of course, was that the Administrator of the Government of Canada was entitled to be styled "His Excellency". This would mean His Excellency the Governor General. Technically the Judge had won out and so he seemed like Alexander to have sighed for more worlds to conquer. When, therefore, he was requested by the Prime Minister, in the absence of the Governor General, to appear in the Senate Chamber in his capacity as Deputy Governor to assent to some bills that had been passed, he refused to enter the Chamber of the Senate and sit in the Speaker's chair where all the Deputy Governors preceding him had sat, and he insisted that unless the Speaker's chair was removed so that he could enter the dais and sit on the Throne he would not play the game, but would return to his carriage and be driven off in state. The Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod approached "His Excellency" in a deferential way and all the officials were agog with excitement and even the pages on the floor of the House crept out to see the great man and learn with becoming awe and reverence what a real live deputy governor was. Finally His Honor the Speaker of the Senate was conjured to give a decision authorizing the removal of his own chair to allow the deputy of the representative of royalty to occupy the Throne and so in such manner a few measly bills received the Royal assent.

This surrender of the Royal prerogative (by the way the Governor-General was on a fishing trip up the Gatineau) roused the ire of the Senators and at the first convenient opportunity an attempt was made to show that the demand for admission to the Throne was a innovation without precedent and without authority, and that, anyway, the Governor-General had no power to depute his powers granted by the King to give the royal assent to measures passed by the parliament. The majority of the Senate appeared to agree with this view, and, finally, the government leader rose and said that he would bring the matter to the attention of the proper authority and that it would not occur again. Whereupon His Excellency, the Right Honorable Sir Elzear Taschereau, Knight, and Chief Justice, and Deputy-Governor, and Administrator, caused it to be announced in the press that he had received permission from His Excellency the Governor General to retire from the job. The officials connected with the government are said to be indulging in a unseemly degree of joy at the announcement.

Since the above was written a further development in this peculiar case has enlarged the sphere of the complication. On Monday night the Governor General himself was heard from. A telegram was addressed to the President of the Parliamentary Press Gallrey at Ottawa, reading as follows:—

"Kindly ask press to circulate absolute denial of the rumor that Chief Justice Taschereau has asked His Excellency to be relieved of the duty of acting as Administrator or as Deputy Governor. There is no truth in the report and no foundation for the statement to this effect.

COL. HANBURY-WILLIAMS,

Secy. to the Governor General.

This is an absolute deinal of the "rumor". It is the habit of some of our public men to say, "Oh, it is only a newspaper rumor", but the correspondents at Ottawa are as a rule careful of what they send out, and when they announced to the people of Canada that the Right Honorable Sir Elzear Taschereau, Kt. had obtained the consent of the Governor General to his retirement from the duty of acting as Administrator or as Deputy Governor, there must have been a basis for this statement. It may as well be stated that the typewritten document published in the press announcing the retirement of the Chief Justice from the position of understudy to the Governor General was contained in an envelope addressed in the handwriting of his Lordship the Right Honorable Sir Elzear Taschereau, P. C. K. T.

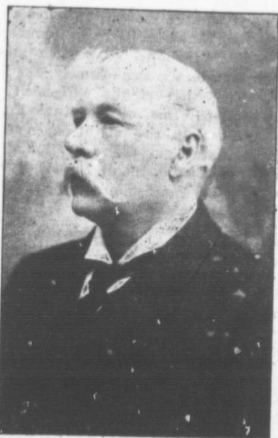
EVENTS

Published Weekly.

ARNOTT J. MAGURN, Editor

VOL. 7. MAY 27, 1905. No. 21

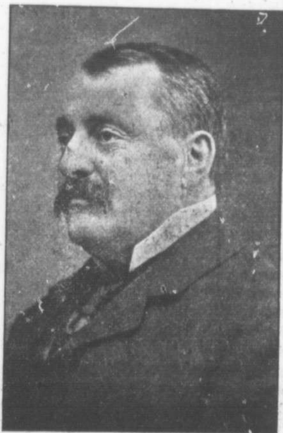
THE death of Mr. Thomas Mackie, ex M.P. for North Renfrew removes one of the pioneers of Ontario and Quebec. He was a man of herculean frame, willing and able to work hard. Going into the lumber business at an early age his indus-



The late Thomas Mackie, M.P.

try and natural shrewdness enabled him to accumulate a fortune. He had plenty of good nature and a kind disposition The town of Pembroke which he did so much to build up will miss him and so will all those fortunate enough to know him.

HON. CHARLES HYMAN was on Monday sworn as minister of Public Works in the Laurier Administration. This appointment is an appropriate one because not only of the acknowledged ability of Mr. Hyman but also because he has without recompense carried on the affairs of this heavy department for 18 months. Mr. Hyman is a native of the city of London, Ont., where he goes back for re-election on June 6, and if not returned by acclamation will have to fight for the seat on the 13th. At the general election last fall Mr. Hyman's majority was in the neighborhood of 20, and the Conservatives are counting on the agitation over this school question to defeat Mr. Hyman. The Liberals do not believe that the majority for the new minister will be less than four or five hundred. In the general election of 1900 Mr. Hyman had a majority of over 500, and his friends do not believe that the electors of London will reject one of their foremost citizens who has been hoonred by the offer of one of the most important portfolios at Ottawa.



F. B WADE, K.C., ex-M.P.

Chairman of the National Transcontinental Ry. Commission, who died at Ottawa May 23.

Delcasse's Return.

WHEN the mule of Gil Blais was on sale the prospective buyer secured the animal at a sacrifice by inducing certain outsiders, ostensibly disinterested and friendly to the owner, to show that the mule was worthless. Since the time of Bismarck Germany has never shrunk from trying to defeat the patriotic measures of French ministers by stirring up the French opposition against them. In the case of Delcasse, however, the mule was not sold.

Delcasse, Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Rouvier cabinet, after a debate on the Morocco incident, felt tnat he had not been treated fairly, and promptly resigned. The German press was exultant over the event. "All confidence in him," says the Hamburger Nachrichten, "is gone; his glory is at an end. His object had been to form a political clique a circle consisting of Italy, Spain, France, England and Russia, and this circle was intended to hem in Germany. There can indeed be no question that Frenchmen had full confidence in Delcasse, and considered him as seeking, through peaceful means the highest interests of France. But the day came when he permitted himself, apropos of the Morocco affair, to exhibit a want of foresight that was criminal."

This want of foresight was indeed a figment of the German brain. He was accused by Germany of neglecting to inform the German Government of the Anglo-French Convention , but, as the Paris correspondent of The Times points out, this is a mere pretext. No complaint was ever made because Germany was not informed of the convention between Austria-Hungary and Russia in 1897. Speaking of the later incident the correspondent goes on:

"As a matter of fact Germany had not been consulted, nor to the best of my knowledge, was she subsequenty officially informed of the understanding that had been arrived at, although it affected a part of the world where German commercial interests are involved to a much greater extent than in Morocco—namely, the Near East. The object of the agreement was very similar to that of the Anglo-French entente—namely, the maintenance of the political status quo, the restoration of order and security in the disturbed districts of the Balkan Peninsula, and the introduction of reforms."

But the point of the Delcasse incident is that Germany has not pushed things to extremes, but has simply given Emperor William an opportunity to stand forth personally as a champion of the Mussulman world. Meanwhile Delcasse has accepted back his portfolio. Perhaps he has not been guilty of a coupe de theatre, and we must take with a grain of salt these words of the Daily News, London:

"M. Delcasse has stepped back in order to take a better spring Once again, in that language of the theatre, to which the French so naturally resort, picturing things in dramatic guise, he has made a fausse sortie, that is to say, his exit from the scene was only a pretended departure, so that he could return in a moment with tenfold effect. It is necessary, one observes, to have recourse to the French idiom in these matters, for English diplomacy is less gifted, ostensibly, at least, with these arts of finesse."

The Spectator, London, sums up the results of the incident thus:

"M. Delcasse now returns to the control of French foreign policy with greatly increased force, for it must not be forgotten that before his resignation he was not completely recognized in France as the necessary man. The Nationalists hated him, as a leading member of a cabinet hostile to the Vatican and friendly to England; while the extreme Radicals and Socialists besides disliking him as a representative Moderate, were probably convinced, whether by the German Embassy or otherwise, that he was bringing nearer by his policy the German invasion which is to them a horror. . . . The agents of the German foreign office in the press are receding from their position, and Count von Bulow and his master must either concern themselves with some new object, or prepare some new diplomatic bombshell. Meanwhile M. Delcasse will adhree to his policy in Morocco, but will probably telegraph to his agents in Fez: "Give up nothing, but go slow."

M. Delcasse.

A Good Speaker in English.

THE observations of Mr. Winston Churchill, the young English statesman, are always worthy of attention, but of especial interest are his views on the qualifications of the successful parliamentarian and political speaker in modern England. These views are expressed at some length in the form of an interview reported by Mr. Herbert Vivian in the Pall Mall Magazine. Mr. Vivian calls his paper a Johnsonian appreciation. Why, it does not clearly appear, although he concludes it with the following extraordinary sentence: "My only regret about him (Churchill) is that Disraeli did not live to be his Boswell. He prefixes to his paper the following quotation:

Sir, I love the acquaintance of young people; because, in the first place, I don't like to think myself growing old. In the second place, young acquaintances must last longest, if they do last; and then sir, young men have more virtue than old men; they have more generous sentiments in every respect. I love the young dogs of this age; they have more wit and humor and knowledge of life than we had.—Dr. Johnson.

Mr. Vivian is a prodigious admirer of the member for Oldham. He declares that "it is no exaggeration to say that since Mr. Gladstone, perhaps even since Mr. Pitt, there has been no more thorough parliamentarian." He went to see him in order to seek his advice and help in order to make his way into parliament as an independent candidate who hoped to support his policy. Mr Churchill gave him some very sound advice about the art of public speaking and the way to get the ear of the House of Commons. He told Mr. Vivian:

The House of Commons is the great leveler. To win its heart may not require the highest attainments or the noblest enthusiasms, but it pricks every bubble, it shatters every sham. The way to get on there is not to be a great orator, who has at his command those glowing periods which the populace can never resist. Indeed, the most successful demagogues have often proved the most abject failures when they arose to address Mr. Speaker. The only short cut to the ear of the House is sober, common sense, a business-like way of saying the right thing at the right moment, and a resolute avoidance of clap trap or gush. There is nothing the House likes so much as to be amused. So long as you give it something fresh and unusual it is satisfied.

He then went on to give Mr. Vivian the best of advice as how to learn to speak. He said:

"Get among the people as much as you can; they are in themselves a liberal education. You will find them kinder, more generous, more natural, more tolerant, and, on the whole far quicker in their powers of observation than those who lead a lazy life. You must expect a certain amount of rough and tumble, not only in their manners, but in their ideas. Yet when you come to understand them you cannot help liking them, and you cannot help trusting them. Never mind if only a score of persons are present. Treat each of them as though he were a missionary to whom you were delivering a message which he should go forth and preach. You have no idea how large a number may be affected by the impressions you convey to a few. Also, if you are a good observer, you will learn as

much by your speeches as you can hope to teach. Watch men's faces and endeavor to realize how much and how little they understand, what amuses and interests them, what moves them to enthusiasm and what leaves them listless or unmoved. Little meetings are the best practice of all, they are the most difficult to wake up. Besides which each affords you an entirely different audience, so that you may permit yourself to repeat the same speech over and over again, modifying and improving it as you go along.

At photo of the Prince of Wales and his chi dren

An Impeachment of Shakespeare

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, the well known critic, novelist and playwright, who finds unfailing pleasure in jogging accepted opinion in regard to every subject he touches, is now attracting his share of attention in consequence of a lecture on "Shakespeare," delivered recently at the Kensington Town Hall, London. As his brother critics were not as accurate as he could wish in reporting his views, Mr. Shaw published in the London Daily News "a very brief summary of what I did maintain."

This summary, condensed, is as follows:

"That the idolatry of Shakespeare which prevails now existed in his own time, and got on the nerves of Ben Jonson.

"That Shakespeare found that the only thing that paid inthe theatre was romantic nonsense, and that when he was forced by this to produce one of the most effective samples of romantic nonsense in existence —a feat which he performd easily and well—he disclaimed any responsibility for its pleasant and cheap falsehood by borrowing the story and throwing it in the face of the public with the phrase, 'As You Like it.'

"That Shakespeare tried to make the public accept real studies of life and character in—for instance—'Measure for Measure' and 'All's Well that Ends Well,' and that the public would not have then, and remains of the same mind still, preferring a fantastic sugar doll like Rosalind to such serious and dignified studies of women as Isabella and Helena.

"Not, as has been erroneously stated, that I could write a better play than 'As YouLike It,' but that I have written much better ones, and, in fact, never wrote anything, and never intend to write anything, half so bad in matter. (In manner and art nobody can write better than Shakespeare, because, carelessness apart, he did the thing as well as it can be done within the limits of human faculty.)

'That to anyone with the requisite ear and the command of words, blank verse written under the amazingly loose conditions which Shakesperae claimed, with liberty to usex all sorts of words, colloquial, technical rhetorical, and even obscurely technical, to indulge in the most far fetched ellipses, and to impress ignorant people with every possible extremity of fantasy and affectation, is the easiest of any known mode of literary expression, and that this is why whole oceans of bombast and drivel have been emptied on the head of England since Shakespeare's time in this form by people who could not have written 'Box and Cox' to save their lives

"That Shakepeare's power lies in his enormous command of word music, which gives fascination to his most blackguardly repartees and sublimity to his hollowest platitudes, besides raising to the highest force his gifts as an observer, an imitator of personal mannerisms and characteristics, a humorist and a story teller.

"That Shakespeare' weakness lies in his complete deficiency in that highest sphere of thought, in which poetry embraces religion, philosophy, morality, and the bearing of these on communities, which is sociology. That his characters have no religion, no politics, no conscience, no hope, no convictions of any sort. That there are, as Ruskin pointed out, no heroes in Shakespeare. That his test of the worth

of life is the vulgar hedonic test, and that since life cannot be justified by this or any other external test. Shakespeare comes out of his reflective period a vulgar pessimist, oppressed with a logical demonstration that life is not worth living, and only surpassing Thackeray in respect of being fertile enough, instead of repeating 'Vanitas Vanitatum' at second hand, to word the futile doctrine differently and better in such passages as 'Out, out, brief candle.' Finally, that this does not mean that Shakespeare lacked the enormous fund of joyousness which is the secret of genius, but simply that, like most middle class Englishmen bred in private houses, he was a very incompetent thinker and took it for granted that all enquiry into life began and ended with the question. 'Does it pay?' Which, as I could have told him, and as Mr. Gilbert Chesterton could have told him, is not the point. Having worked out his balance sheet and gravely concluded that life's but a poor payer, etc., and thereby deeply impressed a public which after a due consumption of beer and spirits, is ready to believe everything maudlin is tragic, and everything senseless sublime. Shakespeare found himself laughing and writing plays and getting drunk at the Mermaid much as usual, with Ben Jonson finding it necessary to reprove him for a too exuberant sense of humor."

Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, writing in the London Daily News, takes exception to Mr. Shaw's attitude as a Shakesperian critic, an attitude which he explains as "due to a certain psychological trait in Mr. Shaw which makes him unresponsive to a tone which is very much the tone of Shakespeare." To quote further:

"Mr. Shaw maintains that Shakespeare wrote 'As You Like It, because he found that romantic nonsense paid, and gave its title as an expression of contempt for the public taste. I say Shakespeare wrote romantic plays because Shakespeare was romantic; and I say romantic plays paid because man is romantic. In these undemocratic days we cannot grasp the possibility of the great man enjoying the same thing as the ordinary man. Shakespeare enjoyed the same romance as the ordinary man, just as he enjoyed the same beer. And if Mr. Shaw really wished to compare himself with Shakespeare (which I think he never did) the comparison is very simple. Mr. Shaw may be quite as extraordinary a man as Shakespeare; but he is only an extraordinary man. Shakespeare, like all the heroes, was an extraordinary man and an ordinary man too . .

"Mr. Shaw says that in manner nothing could be done better than 'As You Like It,' but in matter he himself would never do anything so bad. When I read this, I saw suddenly how simple is the whole mistake. I can only draw Mr. Shaw's attention to the fact that 'As You Like It,' is poetry. What can anybody mean by talking of the matter or manner of a poem? I will give Mr. Shaw three lines out of 'As You Like It,' from the exquisite and irrational song of Hymen at the end:

> There is a joy in Heaven
> When earthly things made even
> Atone togeher.

"Limit the matter to the single incomparable line, 'When earthly things made even' And I defy Mr. Shaw to say which is matter and which is manner. The matter is quite as aristic as the manner, and the manner is quite as solid and as spiritual as the matter. The meaning is essential to the words; the words would not be so good if they happened to mean, 'There are six tom cats in the back garden.' But the words are quite equally essential to the meaning If the words, 'When earthly things made even' were presented to us in the form of 'When terrestrial affairs are reduced to an equilibrium,' the meaning would not merely have been spoilt, the meaning would have entirely disappeared. This identity between the matter and the manner is simply the definition of poetry. The aim of good prose words is to mean what they say. The aim of good poetical words is to mean what they do not say. When Shakespeare says (in one of his long philosophical speeches which Mr. Shaw does not quote because they do not happen to be pessimistic),

> For valor is not Love a Hercules
> Still climbing trees in the Hesperides;

it is difficult or rather impossible, to use any other language to express what he conveys. You cannot convey a sense of sunrise and an ancient hope and the colors of the ends of the earth. But if Mr. Shaw thinks that the lines meant, 'Is not the sexual instinct like Hercules in the matter of valor, and is not like him in the garden of the Hesperides and climbing a tree'? I can assure him most sincerely of his mistake.''

The Falls of Montmorency.

FAGAN.

THIS story of life in the Philippines is condensed from Collier's Weekly, which awarded its author, Rowland Thomas, a prize of $5000in a contest in which over 12,000 stories were submitted by more than 11,000 writers.

While Fagan was still a kinky haired youngster a question forced itself on his attention. "Why ain't I got a pappy?"

His mother, when asked, laughed the deep melodious laugh of her race, "Lawszee, chile, I reckon you has. Mos' chillen has."

"But who is my pappy?" persisted the child.

"Lawszee, honey, how you 'spec me to 'maimber that? I 'se got other things to 'maimber."

It was a careless, soapless, buttonless, existence that he led, this unfathered negro waif, whom a bit of food, a bit of clothing, and a chance to roll around on the levee with the other pickaninnies and bask in the sunshine and sniff the sweetsome smells of the sugar ships, sufficed, and he might have lived on thus indefinitely, but one day at a game of dice his well known good nature was taken advantage of by another black man. Fagan, the kindly, felt a sudden blinding desire to strike. He did so— and the other man dropped dead.

This act of Fagan's was in accordance with the only rule of conduct he could comprehend. He had no desire to harm others--but when they hurt him it seemed no more than fair that he should retaliate. He had not the intelligence to grsp or understand the fact that our communityof interest requires every man to forego a certain amount of freedom and submit to a certain amount of unfairness.

To escape the law Fagan ran away and joined the army. His splendid giant-like physique made him valuable in the ranks, but he found it hard to obey orders, and he was unfortunate in his immediate commander.

Lieutenant Sharp lacked discretion in his methods. When he discovered the buttons on Fagan's blouse uncleaned he reprimanded him before others. Whereupon, Fagan, ignorant of any law against immediate explanation, replied, "Lawszee, Luetenant, I raickon I plumb forgot them buttonsI." For this retort he was put under arrest and taken to the guard house, mildly expostulating as he went: "He suah'd orter give me a fayah show—all I wanted was a fayah show." By the time the regiment was ordered to the Philippines Fagan's record loomed black with five trials.

It was during the first engagement of the campaign that a little brown man rose in front of Fagan and flashed a dart straight at his breast. The wound was slight, but the first sharp tingle of the flesh stirred something ferocious in Fagan. As once before, he felt a blinding instinct to strike, and whirling his heavy rifle in one hand like a club he felled his opponent. Then a mad joy of strength surged over him. He called to his comrades: "Come on boys, come on and kill these damn Filipinos."

From that day he was called "Wild Fagan." No one had ever equalled him as a fighter, and his methods were original. "He doesn't fire his rifle; just butts in

and swats 'em with it like he was playin' golf."

Each night his "melodious bellow" would ring out in song: "Dont' you hear the bugle callin!" and his happy, kindly courage served to cheer the drooping men.

Even the officers began to boast of him: "Finest build of a man you ever laid eyes on. Like a cat and a grizzly rolled into one." But when the campaign was over and the regiment settled down to quiet in the villages, Fagan encountered his old trouble about obeying orders. The punishments meted out to the huge culprit were always prompt and severe. Once he was imprisoned for a month.

Fagan emerged from this confinement still a child, but a sullen child moping over a bitter sense of injustice. "I only want a fayah show" was always the substance of his thoughts. Shortly afterwards Fagan deserted and, as report had it, joined the Filipinos.

There was renewed fighing about this time, and the reigment imputed it all to Fagan, attributing every move of the enemy to his leadership. The Government offered a large reward for his capture "alive or dead." And all the while, Fagan, poor stupid child, was living quietly with a dusky sweetheart in a little village not fifty miles from the company's station. He heard of the reward offered for him and the reports about him. "Why can't they let us alone, when I don't hurt nobody," he complained to Patricia.

One day the Filipinos captured an officer whom Fagan knew, and they brought their prisoner before the genial black giant.

The white man asked Fagan what they were going to do with him.

"Oh, don't you worry, Lootenant, I won't let 'em hurt you. You just sit down and have a smoke."

The officer was treated like a guest; put quite at his ease, and finally he asked with genuine interest: "Fagan, why did you desert?"

The answer was characteristic: "I raickon I did it—just 'cause I had to have mo' room. Seems like I'm so big I has to have a whole plenty of room."

In spite of the fact that he knew the officer would report his whereabouts, Fagan had him safely escorted back to camp.

Then he and Patricia to avoid certain capture, betook themselves to the great waiting wilderness, where there was plenty of room, where you had a right to hit back when you were hurt, and where there were no orders to be obeyed.

Two weeks of happy wandering brought them where, unseen by them, a village was perched on the trunks of trees, and keen eyed men hidden in foliage, watched and followed them. They were men short of body and long of hair; men who squatted naked in the mists of evening and did not shiver; men who brought their sweethearts hideous dowries of human heads.

One evening Fagan suddenly missed Patricia. He followed a few steps in the direction she had gone and a moment later came upon her lifeless body.

At first Fagan could only gaze about him stupidly, then a wild impulse of wrath came over him. He called out to the unseen enemy and shook his fist at the empty air, but the only answer was the whizz of a flying arrow.

Poor Fagan had not the brains to think it out, but the lesson was forced upon him that even in the wilderness one had not always a "fayah show."

He had only asked to be "left alone"—but the laws of life preclude this. Absolute freedom cannot be found, for each man is bound to his brother.

Fagan wandered on alone, possessed at times with a mighty fear of the forest. To dispel this he would sing loud and long — "Oh, don't you hear the bugle callin?" At the end of the third day, after kindling his evening fire and toasting a piece of venison, an overwhelming drowsiness came upon him. Then he lay back and twisted his last bit of tobacco into a cigarette.

"I'se kind o' sleepy now," he announced at length, "'an I'se 'gwine to bed." The fire flickered and he pillowed his head upon his arm. "Lawszee, I raickon Patricia'd think I was afraid again.' He threw his great arm over the empty ground beside him, "good night, Patze," he murmured.