

JOSEPH  
DISCOVERED  
BY HIS  
BRETHREN



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Pam.*

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SATURDAY NIGHT

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## Joseph Discovered by His Brethren



**I**N the course of his public career, the original Joseph was discovered twice—once by Potiphar's wife, who found him a goodly person and well-favored, but who failed in her hellish purpose; and once by his brethren, who caught him, as it were, with the goods. In other words, they landed him in the very act of food exploiting.

It is on this famous Old Boys' Reunion that fancy loves to dwell. Let us recall the picture. The Lord, as we know, was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man—so prosperous that Pharaoh made him governor over all the land of Egypt. This was a good bargain for Pharaoh, because Joseph had a great gift for business, a regular genius for organization, which relieved Pharaoh of a great deal of detail, and was not unprofitable for Joseph.

Often and often Pharaoh would say: "It's a bully thing I have that fellow working for me. If he was working for himself he'd get away with the pyramids."

And that was no joke, because Joseph was certainly a smart man, and believed in a high tariff. Having been sold once in his youth for twenty pieces of silver—which indicates that he was worth his weight in bacon at fifty-two cents

a pound—he was out, after that, to sell everybody. The famine gave him his chance. He gathered, you will remember, corn as the sands of the sea, and he stored it, and when the pinch came he sold it at three prices. They all had to come to Joseph. He made the rate.



Space lacks to retell the story of Joseph's discovery by his brethren. Suffice it to say that Pharaoh was present and greatly enjoyed Joseph's glib remarks on supply and demand, the needs of the export market to sustain our brave Egyptian boys at

the front in Zilgath-Pileseser, or thereabouts, and other current arguments for the high cost of living. Joseph had all the patter at his finger ends. Meanwhile, he soaked the public the limit, which greatly pleased Pharaoh, who looked not unlike one of Bob Johnston's cartoons of the Pork Trust, only more refined. Pharaoh wondered why Joseph put his brethren's money back in the sacks the first time they came, but was immediately reassured when, following the practice of philanthropists the world over, Joseph tacked enough on the other consumers to make up for his spasm of generosity.

From this Pharaoh knew that Joseph was making no mistakes, and that everything he did for nothing he would cover in the dividends. Even when Joseph put the cup in little Benjamin's sack, instead of following Falstaff's cus-

tom of putting the sack in the cup, or the still more modern method of giving a man the sack and letting it go at that—even then, I repeat, Pharaoh realized that Joseph knew what he was about, and was probably doing it for advertising purposes.

“Yes,” said Pharaoh to himself, “Joseph is about to be discovered. Otherwise he wouldn’t be making all that grand-stand play.”

And Joseph was discovered! Among those present when he was discovered, besides Pharaoh and the court, were Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issachar, Zebulon—who has since become famous as the namesake of Z. A. Lash, K. C.—Naphthali, Asher, Gad—not the writer of this article—little Benjamin, with his eyes popping out, and Dan. This was a long time before Dan met Bill. They had not got together yet to build the Canadian Northern Railway.

“The discovery was both affecting and successful. After all the parties concerned had spilled noble sentiments and mutual regrets to their hearts’ content, we read that Joseph turned himself about from them and wept. It is worth remembering how the greatest food exploiter of ancient days bore himself in the greatest emotional scene of his long and varied life. It gives a clue to how other Josephs will bear themselves under similar circumstances.

Joseph wept!



Like his great predecessor of old Egypt, Sir Joseph Flavelle has been twice discovered—once when he revealed himself in his lofty message anent the hellishness of all profits but his own, and once in the O'Connor report. Before that the world had simply known him as a good citizen, who refused to put the pay in patriot. Sir Joseph led a double life—one life as a Bacon Baronet, and another life as chairman of the Imperial Munitions Board. Who leads a double life needs a double share, and Sir Joseph took his—in bacon. For a long time Sir Joseph lived up to the Bible principle not to let his right hand know what his left hand was doing, but when the O'Connor report came out, both Sir Joseph's hands got acquainted with each other, and at the same time the people got a pretty fair knowledge of what his two hands were doing.



Sir Joseph, as I said before, was known far and wide as a righteous man, who went about sighing because there were not more commandments to keep, and incidentally helping Leader Rowell and the Lord's Day Alliance and the other Uplifters to make a few more to annoy the public. No one suspected for a minute that he would overlook the most important commandment of all—the eleventh commandment—thou shalt not be found out. And yet—and yet—well, Sir Joseph was discovered.

The first and most satisfactory discovery was

when he discovered himself to a rapt and rapturous nation. He had just returned from England with his Message. He had seen the boys at the front, fighting, dying for Canada, the Empire and humanity, all on bacon at five cents a pound "margin," and the remembrance of it scorched his very heart. To the Ottawa Canadian Club, which came under the direct spell of his words, Sir Joseph shone forth as the perfect patriot—a man whose tenderloins were love and his sweetbreads charity. Also many other virtues of the same kidney. In fact, they never sausage magnanimity. "To hell with profits," Sir Joseph said—and the phrase burst like lava from his soul. As he said it, Sir Joseph's bright blue eyes beamed with high resolve. Sir Joseph had the Inner Glow—which is of the spirit—not of the spirits which coarser natures use to get lit up.

For some fifteen minutes Sir Joseph poured his just anger on those who would make money out of the world's agony. He also invited the wrath of heaven to fall upon the offenders. It was apparent to everybody that Sir Joseph could prove an alibi. After the mountain had spouted fire the rain came. In other words Sir Joseph dissolved in tears. The scalding torrent flowed down his face—he was obliged to wipe his streaming eyes. One handkerchief was not







enough—the table-napkin took the overflow. But why lift the veil of a great sorrow? Why tear open an old wound? The scene is too sacred to talk about! Let it go at this.

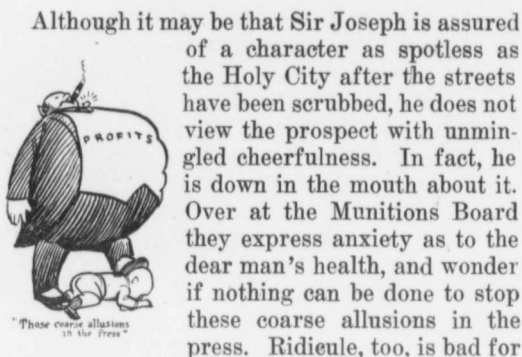
Joseph wept!

The second time Sir Joseph was discovered by his brethren was when the O'Connor report did it for him. The details of this document are already familiar to the public. It only remains to say that Sir Joseph has denied everything. Wherever public opinion showed a sore spot Sir Joseph plastered it with a page advertisement in a daily newspaper. It takes a lot of money to spread the truth in this wholesale fashion. If Sir Joseph had used one more column he would have proved that he was giving his bacon away, and that we actually owed him money for it. It is a good argument, but not good enough to convince the poor man, who pays fifty-two cents a pound for Sir Joseph's bacon. For fifty-two cents a pound Sir Joseph ought to stamp every rasher with his coat-of-arms. It isn't worth that much unless it brings us in touch with the peerage. The poor we have with us always, and Sir Joseph is always with the poor whenever a rasher of bacon goes on the fire. Perhaps that is why men on both sides of politics have combined to put Sir Joseph in the pan, too. Sir Joseph is no better than his bacon—although he pretends to be.

A detail springing out of the O'Connor report

is the right of way Sir Joseph's bacon enjoys on munition ships bound for England. Sir Joseph ships his bacon f.o.b. Halifax, from which point the British Admiralty undertakes the expense of carriage. This must reduce considerably Sir Joseph's estimate of shrinkage when he subtracts freight and marine insurance from his "margin" of 5.05 cents a pound. However, let that pass. The outstanding fact is that thousands of tons of other people's freight may be hanging around the dock, but it has no chance when Sir Joseph's bacon cases, probably using the Old Flag as a label, trundle in and say, "Take me." As the Bible says, the one shall be taken and the other left, but it is never the Chairman of the Imperial Munition Board's bacon that is left.

Everybody thinks that Sir Joseph has not much to fear from the Royal Commission which is to probe him. It consists of one lawyer of the thoroughly dependable party type—who has, by the way, appeared for the food interests in another inquiry—two auditors in close touch with Big Business, and a packing house expert, "late of Armour's," whose Canadian interests are affected by the O'Connor report. Not one laboring man on the committee; not one representative of the class which feels the price of bacon most. This committee, it is feared, will not probe—it will tickle. It will not whitewash—it will enamel. When the Royal Commission is through with Sir Joseph he will present the most glittering surface of any public man in Canada.



Although it may be that Sir Joseph is assured of a character as spotless as the Holy City after the streets have been scrubbed, he does not view the prospect with unmingled cheerfulness. In fact, he is down in the mouth about it. Over at the Munitions Board they express anxiety as to the dear man's health, and wonder if nothing can be done to stop these coarse allusions in the press. Ridicule, too, is bad for Sir Joseph—he withers under it like a flower in the noonday sun. A chastened Sir Joseph pervades the lobby of the Chateau Laurier. No longer does he shake hands moistly with the visiting brethren. No longer does he stroke one's coat lapel and breathe moral reform in one's face. He hasn't even the heart to steer contractors against his pet bank.

Not to put too fine a point upon it, the starch is out of Sir Joseph. He seems to feel what people are saying about him—or at least what he suspects they are saying. Ever since I had to translate the gnarled and ancient Greek that the poets wrote about them, I have sympathized with Prometheus bound, and Andromeda chained to the rock, and Procrustes in his griddle bed, and all the other noble souls in torture. I have also seen Sir Sam face the music like a man, and Honorable Bob come up smiling. But never have I seen so bedraggled a martyr as Sir Joseph.

His only consolation is in the Psalms of David, which tell him that the wicked flourish like a green bay tree, and also that the righteous will ultimately prevail, though they may have to wait—a long time for the Royal Commission to do a good job. David has a fellow feeling for Sir Joseph. Once or twice his foot slipped, too.

Nature offers no comfort to Sir Joseph, save as a background to a great grief. When Sir Joseph looks at the blue Laurentian Mountains, he knows exactly what they're blue about. When he looks at a sunset he knows why it blushes. And when he listens to the river he guesses what it is chuckling about. They've all got their eye on Sir Joseph. Even the Chateau Laurier orchestra senses the change. Formerly when Sir Joseph strolled along Peacock Alley it would play "He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star." Now it plays "Old Black Joe."

