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EDITORIAL

THE new Literary Club has before it the opportunity of performing a distinct service to the students in English, by providing them with an extra-curricular interest to supplement the necessarily limited work of the classroom. Lectures produce masses of notes, and reading produces mind-weariness and conceit; only by writing and discussion does literature become part of the "high tapestry of the soul" part and parcel of the dinner consciousness where art and letters belong. Students in History, Economics and Philosophy have for many years had societies of a like nature, societies which have a long history of successful achievement behind them. The new-comer should be welcome among them: the wonder is that it has been so long in coming.

There is an inconsistency, however, in the name of the new club. The term "Literary Club" suggests a society formed of all those interested in things literary. This is untrue; the membership is to be restricted to those taking honours in English. Even freshmen in English are to be excluded. Why avoid the honest and obvious name "English Club?"

It would be presumptuous of us to suggest a policy to the executive of the society. But we may and do express the hope that its meetings will be devoted to the study of contemporary rather than classical literature. Canadian literature—if there be such a thing—is overburdened with dead traditions and outworn forms. We are a pitiful extension of the Victorians. If a living, native literature is to arise we must discover our own souls, and before that can happen a mass of débris has to be removed. No better helpers in this task can be found than amongst our contemporaries in England and America. When we have based ourselves upon ourselves—then call in the classics.

THE production of *Tom Jones* by the McGill Choral Society last week was a difficult and ambitious undertaking. While the financial status of the venture is still doubtful and points to probable failure there is no reason for discouragement. The performance of a comic opera by a group of students interested in music was a gesture which came, as the *McGill Daily* has pointed out, at a time when the public of Montreal was really wondering whether the sum total of McGill talent lay in the arrangement of skits and popular songs, and humour of the type which the Red and White Revue so prominently features. As was to be expected *Tom Jones* had several shortcomings. The production, however, was very carefully planned, the costumes were artistically executed and the singing was of a high standard. When one thinks of the energy and time devoted to less significant undertakings here and compares them with the short time in which the entire opera was rehearsed and staged one realizes the true significance of the Choral Society's achievement. Those who will look at the receipts and compare them with the profits of the Red and White Revue will be doing the organization a real injustice.

The financial aspect does not detract from its artistic merits, and one can say without contradiction that it was one of the most artistic productions which the Students' Council has sponsored during the past few years.

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HOW do the four hundred students enrolled in the French Department disport themselves outside the classroom? Not in the pursuit of further French activities, certainly, if we are to believe the Daily correspondent who complains that the Cercle Français is about to die of neglect. This seems strange to us: are we not the only large English university in French Canada? If the one society devoted to

things French cannot maintain itself within McGill the outlook for national unity is indeed poor. The English Canadian, in this province and elsewhere in the Dominion, is apt to think that he alone is truly anxious for a *rapprochement* —that the great obstacle to a mutual understanding is the intractability of his French-speaking compatriot. This is a typical piece of Anglo-Saxon pharisaism, a bit of Nordic nonsense. The French must learn English, and the English will then boast of the achievement of unity...that is about the size of the matter.

Shall we ever rid ourselves of this inherited self-complacency? We trust so, at any rate within the universities. But we shall not do so unless we understand that something more than mere talk is demanded of us, that so long as we are ignorant of French we can only be half Canadian.

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WHETHER one agrees or disagrees with the opinions of Mr. J. Arthur Hambly as set forth in a recent letter to *The McGill Daily* —and there is much to criticise in the manner of their expression—one should not, as many campus critics have ventured to do, deny him the right to express those opinions. On the contrary, we would say that it is a healthy sign when an undergraduate has sufficient confidence in the much advertised tenets of academic free-speech to join issue openly in the college journal with the principal of his university. It is not so healthy a portent however, that his steadfastness of purpose should have received only condemnation from those students who were interested enough in the matter to comment upon it.

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THE editors are offering a prize of $5 for the best Short Story submitted to them on or before March 5th, 1927. Stories should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 3,000 words. Professor H.G.Files will act as judge.

Villanelle of Manitou

By Manitou's deserted shore
  The air is silent, all the day.
The homing herons cry no more.

The whisper of the waves is o'er,
  For ice creeps down the shallow bay
By Manitou's deserted shore.

No sap moves in the bare trees' core;
  All dreams of spring are far away.
The homing herons cry no more.

The low sun stints his golden store,
  And dawn comes up a paler grey
By Manitou's deserted shore.

Gone is the green that summer wore,
  And gone October's proud array.
The homing herons cry no more.

Will it be long, O Death, before
  I sleep, and sing no more this lay:
By Manitou's deserted shore
The homing herons cry no more?

F. R. S.

The Devoted Wife

Being a Modest Proposal for Movie Magnates

Hellenicus

EVER since the hero-worshippers attempted to remove the black stains of Caesar's career and John Erskine pried into the private life of Helen of Troy it has become quite the fashion to search for memoirs of, or about, any historical figure whose private life is thought to contain sufficient digressions from the prosaic path of the ordinary man. And what great man or woman was content to remain within the limits that their day set? From Sardanapalus to Caesar and then to Napoleon, from Sappho and Phryne to the modern suffragette, were any of the great satisfied to do as their stern pedagogues no doubt taught them? Not to forget the arch-heroine Helen. Unfortunately she left no memoirs or correspondence and so great freedom is given to the imagination in dealing with her. Strange it is then to note that film producers in their search for material have passed her by (there has been some attempt made but it did not seem to achieve great popularity) and they have gone instead to stories of the lives of obscure if not entirely fantastical characters of the reign of Alexander II of Russia and others. The great opportunity which Helen of Troy affords for filming is one that should not be lost.

Imagine the prologue in true movie fashion—"Far in the distant past when the fabric of civilisation was being solidified by the endeavours of a mighty people, when the artistic genius and infinite energy of a fresh race which had burst in upon an already flourishing Aegean culture was forming what was to be the best in later life, there lived in the kingdom of the mighty prince Agamemnon the fairest flower that ever bloomed on earth." This is not a mistake. Action must be centralized, so Helen and her husband are put in the same state as Agamemnon. Helen flashes on the screen-slightly blurred with a far-away look in her eyes. She gazes longingly over the waters.

After we are appropriately introduced to the remaining members of the cast Paris will be shown thundering at the gates of Mycenae. He is heartily welcomed. He meets Helen and...but let us leave the details of the elopement to the producers. We can trust them to make it sufficiently interesting at this stage.

Menelaus now appears solemnly shaking hands with his brother and Achilles. They are clad in mail (it does not matter if the armour is the same as that used in the mediaeval romance.) They raise their swords in solemn pledge and look over the city where the vast forces of vengeance are gathered.

The whole episode of Iphigenia must be omitted. It would seem too barbarous to have such a fair maiden slain, and to bring Artemis in to save her is out of the question. The producer, therefore, remembering no doubt Aristotle's warning not to arouse the emotions to too great a height, omits this section. Anyhow the censors would never let it pass.

So we see the vast horde "before the doomed city, where they are destined to spend the dreary years of warfare in a relentless struggle for one woman." Here we trust there will be a panegyric of love and womanhood, and we will be shown Menelaus sighing

on the one hand, and on the other, Helen in tears repenting as Paris comes in drunk and swears at her (mild oaths of course—the censors must be kept in mind. Possibly an oath by Pluto would be strong enough, or by the Dog.) What opportunities for sermons the quarrel of Agamemnon and Achilles over Briseis would offer! What moralizing! Tears would fall at the death of Patrocles and there would be general rejoicing at the reconciliation of the chiefs and the death of Hector, though this would be saddened by the scene of Andromache sorrowfully rocking the cradle. Then comes the climax. The craft of wily Ulysses, the pretended departure of the Greeks, the wooden horse, the treachery of Sinon. There is rejoicing in the city of Troy. "After ten years of woeful suffering the Trojans feel that they have cast off the yoke. A wild festival is held in honour of their release." Now come scenes of "barbarian" rejoicing—that is, everybody is drunk. In the midst the orchestra can strike up the latest variation of *Black Bottom*. This will arouse the audience to an appreciative pitch of frenzy. Sinon opens the wooden horse. Helen unbars the palace gate. She shows, thus, that she has been an unwilling prisoner all the time and is hailed as an innocent and virtuous wife. Paris seizes her and carries her back into the palace. (It does not matter if the account from now on differs from Homer.) Menelaus the dreamer becomes a man of action, climbs walls, kills thousands, forces his way in. The music now rages wildly as he engages Paris in single combat, while Helen faints by the side, recovering in time to see her beloved husband run the villain through. Agamemnon and his men burst in to announce their complete victory but withdraw with a smile when they behold the united pair in affectionate pose as—the scene fades out...

And the audience elevated and uplifted goes out declaring this the greatest picture of the age (cost of production $2,000,000—passed by the National Board of Censors—"and the costumes are simply gorgeous, aren't they?") and leave behind each his little share, orchestra 60 cents, balcony 30 cents, tax ten cents.

Snowdrift

Set your proud mouth,
Snowdrift!
Curve the knife-edge
Of your lips
To a thin, imperious smile,
The sun mounts high today.

November Pool

Sombre and very still
You have lain,
Frowning at the wind's will.
Angry at the rain.

Now Winter frosts will bring
Cold ecstasies.
Well you know not even Spring
Gives so wild a kiss.

Bernard March

An Unburied Victorian

To see that most amusing play
The second Mrs. Tanqueray.

Belloc

G. H. S. C.

THE gentle irony of Belloc's reference to this once well-known work is particularly appropriate to Pinero. A great figure in English Drama in the Nineties, a few years have been sufficient to discover his irrelevance and he is now only tedious. No more severe exercise can be imagined for the student of the Drama than to read half a dozen such works as "The Magistrate", "His House in Order," or "The Profligate"— favourites in their day, but now seen to be the dry bones of once admired conventions held creakingly together by a ponderous use of stage mechanism copied from Sardou and his imitators. Fustian heavy with dust...

His earlier position was due to an accident—an historical accident. The English Drama was extinct, theatres were going out of business, when Pinero started to bring grist to the mill. It is his claim to consideration that he kept the theatres open and so made matters easier for the Dramatists, who though contemporary with him were to arrive later and resuscitate the English Play,—Shaw, Barker and later Galsworthy. And for this he must receive due credit.

Pinero spent his youth in intellectually stimulating days. Days when the Fabian Society were laying the foundations of a new sociology, when George Moore was wrestling with the tyranny of Mudie's and the censorship of circulating libraries, and Shaw with similar conditions in the theatre. Ibsen and Brieux were provoking thought and Wagner was devastating the last of Victorian respectabilities. The movement which swept away the débris of the Victorian Age was in full swing.

It is difficult to remember that Pinero was the contemporary of these men, so much apart from them is he. And if it be admitted that he had heard of Ibsen, only the merest echo of that dramatist's influence can be discovered in his plays. The result has been that Pinero has dated with finality. "Sweet Lavender," described by him as an Idyll, is seen to be a typical mid-Victorian piece of sentimentality. Pinero is of the school of Miss Braddon and "Coming Thro' the Rye," a book which rivalled "East Lynne" as a precipitant of innocent tears.

Pinero also wrote some farces in which the humour is derived from such sources as the predicament of wealthy and uneducated social climbers at a house party. "The Cabinet Minister" is a tissue of such stuff. The same thing somewhat altered to modern taste may still be seen in such plays as "Tilly of Bloomsbury." The comic butler, the haughty young lady, the curate—they are immortal.

It is claimed that Pinero outgrew this period, outgrew plays like "Lady Bountiful" in which the hero after the correct preliminary misunderstanding goes to America, makes a fortune in two years ("of which we on this side," says an American critic naively "are rather sceptical") and returns in time to intercept his lady at the very altar from entering into a loveless union with endowed age. Yes, he plunged into melodrama and gave us "Iris" with its astute Freddy Maldonado, the immensely wealthy and unscrupulous Jewish financier. "By God," says this gentleman in a passionate scene with Iris in the novelette manner,

"By God, you actually succeeded in deceiving me, the astute Freddy Maldonado." And such similar works as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," that most amusing play, "Letty" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith."

Daniel Frohman and Alexander, the leading producers of their day, fought shy of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" when it was first offered to them. They thought that its daring and ruthless exposure of Society would prove too strong meat for their audiences and they carried "give the public what it wants" as part of their creed as sensible business men. Perhaps they had livelier imaginations in those days, perhaps they had not read those books without which Algernon in the "Importance of being Earnest" declared that modern literature would be an impossibility. Whatever the reason, they felt so, and we, going to the play in the hopes of a penetrating analysis of social conventions, find ourselves put off with such conceptions as the "Good Woman" who instinctively shrinks from the "Bad Woman;" with plaints that the neighbours do not call; with men who gather their friends round them and explain their proposed marriage in terms which it would be invidious to describe as insulting to the prospective wife; who canvass in respectful tones the innocence of innocence but know what is the correct attitude for men of the World. "Lady Orreyed as she now is," says Cayley Drummle denouncing Mabel Hervey, "was a lady who would have been, probably has been described in the reports of the Police or Divorce Court as an actress. Had she belonged to a lower stratum of our advanced civilisation she would in the event of judicial inquiry have defined her calling with equal justification as that of a dressmaker." But one wearies of this turgid vulgarity.

The characters of Pinero's plays are labels, mere mouthpieces; placed in preconceived positions, they say their little commonplaces, in speeches that neither reveal their characters nor advance the play, which moves mechanically to its predestined end not of its nature but by virtue of the author's preconceived plan. Pinero always declared that he constructed the play first and put in the characters afterwards.

There have been found defenders to claim for him that he was a master of dramatic construction, of the technics of the theatre. What is this science, which appears to consist largely in getting characters on and off the stage? It is implicit in any good play. In "Riders to the Sea," Maurya must if you will be got out of the kitchen so that the daughters can examine the clothing of the drowned man. It is discovered that the cake which is baking for the son who is going away has been forgotten, and she is sent out with it. So natural is the incident that it never occurs to you until the play is analysed that any motive was involved. And even then notice how Synge handles it. For Maurya returns having seen her last son ride by without noticing her, and this luckless parting deepens that sense of gloom, that inevitability, which in this masterpiece hushes the theatre from the first word to the last.

In the second Mrs. Tanqueray the first act is taken up in gathering friends round a table to explain to them and the audience what the tragedy is to be. The principal character then leaves the stage to write letters — letters at a dinner party which he has himself convened — so that the friends may discuss him and underline his remarks lest their significance should be lost... And finishes with the arrival of the fourth guest late, adumbrates the matter still further by explaining that he has been detained by a tragedy of which he gives full details of the same kind that the dinner party has led everyone to expect.

But why be impatient with this country of best sellerdom where nobody has less than seven or eight thousand a year? The country of faithful retainers, of coincidence, where poverty is invested with pathos by its ignorance of the search made for it by well intentioned wealth which will find it in the fourth act.

It all means nothing and never did. Here we have no wit, no poetry, nothing of the human heart. It would be idle to talk of such matters as character shown by and in action, of economy of means, of Aristotle, of a criticism of life. Arnold Bennett once conducted an investigation into the reasons for the popularity of Charles Garvice, but only arrived at the conclusion that he was popular, though he seems to have been unaware that his explanation amounts to no more than this. But popular amusement is no worse on this account; it is make believe for thousands and they prefer it so. Yesterday the Pineros and today Los Angeles. And why not. Art has no relation to happiness: it is merely one kind of specialised human activity. Do you enjoy it? Very well — you will not find it in Pinero, that is all.

Seeing Art Galleries

Grace Hart

"AW, Mum, come on", a lanky youth of about fourteen years of age marches quickly into the room, reads aloud the "ANTONIO DA MURANO" below a painting and strides out again. "Come along, Mum, we've seen it all." Mum is not visible. Dad enters with the youth. They stop before the First Gentleman of Europe, posturing gracefully in white satin breeches and ermine-trimmed robe. "Look, Dad, that's the guy that wanted to keep America." Mum at last appears—a tired little lady who has conscientiously followed the guide book numbers. And happy that it is one P.M. and time for lunch, all three depart.

Laboriously the culture-martyr abroad performs his social duty that he may not confuse Botticelli with a beverage at the dinner table. Baedeker in hand, he scans each thirteenth century expressionless Madonna and ghastly crucifixion. And then, conscience relieved, away he steals to less exacting forms of sight seeing.

True that the Art Gallery is often chilly, true that wheeled sedan chairs would be the ideal mode of transit. Yet, lacking these, how the torture chamber atmosphere would disappear did the weary traveller but attach himself to one of the ubiquitous guides. Briskly, efficiently, you are whisked from corridor to corridor, and in a few moments on your exit you may write a booklet on "The Louvre in Ten Minutes."

If the visitor were less pressed for time and could slip into the picture gallery for an occasional hour every other day or so, he would find a wealth of human interest if not of art. For it is in the foreign Accadémia that one hears one's mother tongue, that one encounters ship companions. It is the Mecca

of the Tourist. Should the English student prove a daily frequent visitor, he may sit unmolested by guides fifteen minutes if he choose before a painting. What though a little group collect and stare earnestly at it too. Leonardo will repay them.

You are comfortably ensconced before La Gioconda. (Paris salons often provide red plush lounges.) "Oh, is that Mona Lisa?" comes a girlish voice from the rear. "Why — why she's not beautiful. Do you think she's beautiful? Quick, let's go on." Do you fancy the twitching at the lip corners? Can that be Pater's smile—that half-mocking, inscrutable glimmer of the eyes from one not beautiful, unless beauty lie in all experiencing and understanding?

"Look, dear, at the brilliant 'Supper at the House of Levi.' Veronese is always gorgeous in his colour. Do you notice how he often introduces a dog? And do you see the man using his fork as a toothpick? So like Veronese!"

The little girl gazes in stolid blankness at St. Peter carving the lamb. Her father, abandoning her, has trailed to the far end of the hall. And the tiny animated English lady in her old fashioned black silk dress looks as if she longed for a more responsive pupil. But presently she darts hopefully ahead.

"This, Madam," says the guide in a loud voice, "is Nero."

A pervasive perfume reaches you. The peroxide blonde in a scarlet and white flowered dress lifts her lorgnette and examines his profile.

"This Nero? Why he has a Roman nose!"

"And this, Madam, is Agrippina."

The high-pitched voice joyfully comments, "She has a Roman nose!"

The search for Roman noses is continued round the corner and you turn from the marble features of the Mother of the Gracchi to the proud Agrippina.

In come the Cook's Tourists led by a harassed guide. "Oh, why don't they come? Please come, ladies and gentlemen. This is a famous Botticelli. You see Lorenzo de' Medici, Piero, Cosimo, and Giuliano. Now in the next room I will show you a famous del Sarto."

The long line streams away. A few of the weary snatch a moment's rest in the stiff arm chairs and then straggle on.

There follows a party of German Holy Year pilgrims, rosy and vigourous, and the enthusiastic leader explains in detail "die Wichtigkeit dieses Meisterstück."

Every day at the same hour, the little white-bearded man works at his easel in the corner. If any one comes near, he darts nervous jerky little glances from under his spectacles and poises his brush in air. When the jostling tourist wave flows in, he mysteriously vanishes. But when it has ebbed away, he is at his post again, lightly, deftly deepening the rose tones of a fold in the Madonna's robe, and occasionally slipping from his stool, eyes aglow, to study model and copy from afar.

The miniature worker in another corner is quite unconcerned at anyone's approach. She picks up one or two completed oval-framed Madonnas which the foreigner may want to buy.

What do they think, as they sit at work day after day, of the ever-changing throng in the salons? Perhaps one can guess.

It is the odd hour every few days in the Gallery that also gives one a glimpse of the golden richness of Renaissance life and that conjures up the people of long ago. Here where old Luca Pitti planned to outdazzle the Medici, time is forgotten. O dashing black-haired nobles, scarlet cardinals, and rich-robed court ladies, was your life really gayer, happier, more full of verve and intrigue than ours? You blonde plump damsels, why did you pluck your eyebrows? Or was expressionless placidity the acme of beauty then?

Here sits Pope Leo X with his two cardinals in solemn thought. And there Andrea's Lucrezia gazes abstractedly intent beyond the clustered saints at her feet. Do the French King's messengers hover outside the door or does she wait the cousin's signal? Rosy merrymakers of Hals with sparkling eyes defy life to do its worst. Here too, the Madonna del Granduca show that, without resembling a robust country wench or an emaciated block of wood, a Madonna may look both human and spiritual. And Saint Sebastian smiles benevolently down in very nonchalance, as if to have twelve or thirteen arrows piercing one's vitals were all in the day's work.

Scriptural themes seem to have appealed most strongly to the great masters. "From the birth of the Virgin to St John's Revelation" one can trace the New Testament story in early naive simple works and in the finished productions of a Raphael. If the Christ-child was beyond del Sarto's reach, Murillo has caught him. Here is no mischievous curly-headed Cupid, no elongated stiff doll or miniature man in conventional pose. Clinging to his mother, a real child leans from the canvas towards you. Large dark eyes of adult earnestness, yearning, appealing, search yours.

His face haunts you, as you leave, with the reality of a known face, only more spiritual.

What is art, you query. Dead paint and cold marble in churches and museums to be scurried through at the rate of two or three buildings a day? Or is it experience, the stuff of life itself, the craving of the soul, grasped often imperfectly but transcendently in a few cases? Why need one concentrate on the failures?

Twilight

THIS poem stole by me in the afternoon;
This poem and that afternoon is you:
Twilight gray and rather mournful, song a little out of tune,
And all the things one should, but did not do.

You spoke of music in a voice of music,
And your voice wandered on like the smoke of your cigarette
As you mixed in your talk the name of Helen
And the name of Deirdre and the names of some living yet.

It is easy enough to recall the body of your death,
To comprehend with the mind what you meant;
Not easy to forget the quick catch in your breath,
How an army with banners suddenly came and went

Before the cloud had descended on your face again,
And you asked if I'd have another cup of tea,
And smiled and chatted as if there had been no pain:
"What's Hecuba to him?" you thought, and stared at me.

A. J. M. Smith

A Sketch of Canadian Trade-Union History

A. B. Latham

THE history of Canadian trade unions has not yet been written. The only attempt at a general survey of the rise of trade unions north of the American frontier has been made by Mr. Coats of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Anybody who is curious about Canadian unions would be obliged to read Mr. Coats' contribution to *Canada and its Provinces*. A complete account of the subject would necessitate many years' work, such as that put forth by the Webbs on their history of British trade-unionism. The only sources for such a work are the records of individual labour organizations and odd references in writings on many different matters. The importance of working-class societies cannot be underestimated, for almost all employers now recognize them and even form trade unions where they do not already exist. It is therefore easy to appreciate that there is (in Canada) an open field for much academic (and other) investigation. But, in view of the lack of available historical data, there is an immediate impediment to such work. This essay is written with a view to suggesting the general direction which an historical study might take.

Canadian trade unions have not always been mere reflections of American institutions. It would be more accurate to say that, before the unification of labour on the North American continent, there was in Canada as in parts of the United States complete antonomy and separatism. It was inevitable from the first, however, that there should be loss of separate identity on the part of Canadian unions.

Throughout the whole development of the labour situation in Canada there have been, almost from the beginning, two different kinds of conflict. First, there has been the clash between the tendency towards amalgamation with American federations and the opposite pull towards national antonomy. Secondly, as elsewhere, there has for a long time been a great opposition between craft unionism and industrial unionism. The latter phase of the struggle in Canadian labor life is to be adequately described in an economics thesis by a McGill student.

Taking the two forms of internal opposition as the basis for classification, there have been three periods in the trade-union history of our country. They are, in brief, as follows:

(1) The period during which national craft unions predominated—from shortly before 1830 to 1881.

(2) The period during which the principle of international industrial unionism predominated—from 1881 to 1902.

(3) The domination of international craft unionism.

The trade unions of the first period were very few, both because at that time industrialism itself had not penetrated Canada to any great extent and because, for many years, trade unions were illegal. The early labour organizations were secret in character, but there is evidence to show that they occasionally exercised considerable influence in the regulation of wages. There was a successful strike of printers in York in 1834, the year when the name of that city was changed to Toronto. Throughout the entire period the number of trade unions increased gradually, and in some cities trades councils were formed.

The first important international union to enter Canada was the National Typographical Union, which had been formed in the United States in the year 1852. It extended its activities to this country about 1869, and the name was soon changed to the *International Typographical Union*. In 1872 the printers of Toronto again went on strike. They struck for the nine-hour day, and although they expected an immediate success, since an international organization was behind them, twenty-four of the strikers were at once thrown into jail. The men were shortly released, so that in reality a greater victory was won than had been contemplated, for Parliament immediately passed a bill to the effect that trade unions were not illegal. The legalisation of the status of trade unions gave an enormous impetus to the movement, so that a year later the Canadian Labour Union, a national all-embracing organization, was formed. The Canadian Labour Union was instrumental in bringing about a repeal of the Master and Servant Act of Ontario, whereby a breach of contract was a criminal, not a civil, offence. It also secured the legal protection of union funds. Both of these achievements were of great value to the trade-union movement, inasmuch as they removed two of the chief hindrances to its progress.

Three years after the formation of the Canadian Labour Union there occurred an unsuccessful strike of locomotive engineers, followed by various repressive measures, both public and private. This inaugurated an era of rapid decline. For a time it appeared very dark for the future of Canadian unionism. This first period had witnessed the growth, the legalization, and the decline of trade unions. The second period began with the introduction of a new and invigorating force in the form of the Knights of Labour. This large body of workers, organized on the basis of one class rather than a multitude of self-seeking trades, had been formed in the United States as a secret society. In 1881 it gave up its secrecy and expanded rapidly. In the same year it entered Canada, this being part of its general expansion in all sections of the continent. The Knights of Labour came to dominate the field of labour organization in Canada, as well as in the United States. Thus the second historical period was international and industrial.

In 1883 the old Canadian Labour Union was revived in the form of the Canada Trades and Labour Congress, which exists to-day. The policy of having formal meetings with the Dominion cabinet, as well as the provincial cabinets, was commenced. Labour, at last, definitely took up the business of "lobbying", which for years had been the practice of manufacturers.

While the Knights of Labour were the outstanding consolidated group in Canadian labour, several of the independent unions had been quietly affiliating with the new American Federation of Labour, which, although international, strongly opposed industrial unionism. The Knights of Labour was declared to be a dual union. In the 1903 convention of the Congress, at Berlin, Ontario, the struggle between the Knights and those unions affiliated with the A.F.

of L. came to the surface. The Knights of Labour had already begun its decline, although it was strong in Canada long after it had almost disappeared in the United States. At any rate, the international craft unions controlled the convention, and the Knights of Labour, together with several dual national organizations, were expelled from the Congress.

After this convention the Knights, owing to their loss of prestige, decayed more rapidly than ever. The American Federation of Labour, in collaboration with its subsidiary, the Canada Trades and Labour Congress, has from then until the present day been in control of the policy of labour in this country.

Following the Berlin Congress, the ejected unions formed the National Trades and Labour Congress, which in 1908 changed its name to the *Canadian Federation of Labour*, which groups about itself those unions which accept the principle of antonomous Canadian unionism on grounds of pan-Canadian nationalism. I use the word "pan-Canadian" to distinguish the nationalism of the C.F. of L. from that of the Catholic and National Unions, which are also a distinct phenomenon of the third period. Their nationalism is French-Canadian and religious in spirit. Although the present period is characterized by internationalism, there is a strong undercurrent of nationalism, as exemplified in the two groups just mentioned. These two organizations are nationalist and conservative in character.

In 1908, with the founding of the Canadian Brothhood of Railroad Employees, a new tendency set in—a tendency combining the principles of national autonomy and industrial unionism. It showed itself again in 1925 at the establishment of the Mine Workers' Union of Canada.

There are then, at the present moment, two kinds of rebellion against American control of Canadian unions. The first kind is exhibited by those, like the C.F. of L. and the Catholic unionists, who fear and retreat from the comparatively advanced position of the A.F. of L; while, secondly, there are those, like the members of the two recent industrial unions I have mentioned (as well as the O.B.U.and the I. W.W.), who favour Canadian autonomy, because it means freedom from what they term the "reactionary bureaucracy" of the A.F. of L.

Poem

WHEN I was arrested for drunkenness
They wanted to know my profession.
I answered them, saying:
"I am an Interior Decorator."
They thought I was lying:
They did not know
That I decorate my thoughts
With scarlet scarves
Wound on the loom of dreams,
And paper my mind with purple.

Michel Gard

The Death of Character

W. L.

EDGAR Hapgood was a professional hero employed to fulfil the various destinies arranged for him by his author. He was an example of the truth that heroes, like poets, are born, not made. When he entered the world he possessed nothing, except a father and a mother, and as they both died very soon after that momentous event he was early forced to make his own way in the world. In this undertaking he owed his success mainly to perseverance, aided by appetite and heredity. By eating and drinking freely everything his yells could summon, he was enabled to retain his grasp on life, so that as time went on, it became fairly clear that he would succed to the immense fortune left him by his parents.

Money wealth was not his only asset. A massive countenance, founded on a solid, squarely constructed chin, and surmounted by a flat, smooth forehead with a covering of golden hair, guaranteed fame later on when emotions were called upon to register themselves thereon. Smiles could ripple, steel blue flashes could burn, nostrils could quiver upon that plastic surface whenever the author willed. Behind that forehead there lurked no treacherous intelligence to cheat romance and default to a picturesque imagination. Edgar was the supreme fruit of a eugenic system applied to characters in fiction.

It was a bright, snow-covered world into which he stepped that January morning as he set out for the office where his author's syndicate carried on their literary manufacture. What splendid fate lay ahead of him? From the introductory chapters of the latest serial novel in the "Cosmopolitician," where he was appearing, it was evident that "The Great Introspection," was to be the ultimate thing in magazine literature. The first reviews would without fail speak of psychological reactions: delicate analysis: intimate sympathy: even (in the Occult periodicals) of soulful imaginings. As the newspapers—a year later—got hold of it, their readers would buy "The Great Impersonation" for its magnificent scope, its daring situations, its sublime appeal to the emotions. And last of all, when such publicity had sung its last song, Edgar would achieve the apotheosis of great literature and appear resplendent on the hoardings—the central figure of the world's greatest moving picture, where Art had realized those inaccessible heights to which Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and Wagner has aspired in vain. The great gaping public could now, through him, sob and gulp; grow livid and have their hearts put through a mincing machine, for one hour and on payment of one dollar and up. After which they would get their money's worth out of the dear familiar comedy of Jutt and Meff and their German compatriots.

Edgar, therefore, looked forward to a pleasant morning. He was to appear in Chapter 4 as the affinity that Mrs. C. Myers Boyllingg had been in search of when she married Mr. C. Myers Boyllingg. True, her eye for affinities was prone to error. She had been at fault in the matter of her first and second husbands, Messrs. Hiram Stocking and Germaine Leyroyd. But there was a something about Edgar which convinced. She was sure of herself this time. Besides that feline (and how fortunate) widow, Mrs. Alpenstuck was also stalking Edgar. His matrimonial future then, had all the adventurous possibilities of a thick fog.

The managing director of the author had further extensive plans for him. Against modern Amazons, Edgar's valuable physique would be wasted. And so he had taken up wrestling under one name, boxing under another, and aristocratic robbery under a third. In each sphere his success—unknown to the admiring public dwelling in the State of Fictionia, but quite obvious to the reading public of "The Cosmopolitician"—was due more to a masterly unscrupulousness than to personal prowess. In his first boxing match Edgar had 'scored' a knock-out through the subtle use of ether, applied via his glove, during the clinches. His marvellous establishments on Riverside Drive and in the Laurentians were kept up by a combination of indirect blackmail and safe speculation—possible only to one on the "inside." In a burst of daring he had made a spectacular window entrance to his hostess' dressing-room while she was entertaining in his honour below, and had acquired a six-figure haul of diamonds His conduct when the discovery was made was gentlemanly and charming. But suspicion passed him by and the morality of the criminal who escapes detection triumphed once again.

What a prospect for our hero then! He was all eagerness to look into it further. But somehow this morning the exasperating realities of life seemed in conspiracy to delay him. Breakfast had been late—at least he had overslept and had been behind hand ever since. He could not find his rubbers. As he opened the door with its battered handle, his sister called to tell him of an undone errand, and added that the rent was due on the morrow. The first was one of those inescapable daily recurrences: the second—by association—recalled the drop in the common stock of the Birdline Silver Mines, and startled him. Then as he ran across the narrow, uneven snow track to catch his street-car, he dropped his portfolio and, damn it! missed his car. His hands and feet grew cold and colder as he waited for the next: when he finally boarded it he had to shove aside two women and an old man to find room on the step. The travelling became even more frigid. No one of these details was singular or new. But they bore a strange heaped-up significance, today, and in rapid succession they bombarded his peace of mind.

The hero forgot his luxurious home, his wealth of love affairs, his profitable notoriety. His greatness, by a curious inversion, took on the opposite dimension. It was smallness now: insignificance, humbled and obscure. What was the value of all the "abjects, orts and imitations," of his fictitious existence? That last haul at the Carreytons' left a dusty taste in his mouth. Why did he have to go and see Mrs. Myers Boyllingg's new apartment this evening? And now that rent was due.....

Automatically Edgar Hapgood stepped off at his corner, ran around the front of the street car and—met the onrushing limousine with an impact that shook it not at all, but pitched Edgar fifteen feet off, where if he were not already dead, his pain was stopped by the wheels of a heavy van running in the opposite direction.

He was never to know that it was his author's limousine, nor that his clever counsel was able to win his case by proving that it is illogical to expect busy literary magnates, professionally absent-minded as they have to be, not to make the best possible speed on their way to the office at nine o'clock in the morning.

BOOKS

WINNIE-THE-POOH

(By A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton & Co. New York. $2.00)

NOBODY can be uncheered with a balloon, says Winnie to Piglet. We doubt him, knowing more of the modern world than he. But nobody who is cheered with a balloon can be uncheered with Winnie, for he moves gaily hither and thither, urged by the very winds of childhood—winds that may still gather us up and take us with them to the forgotten lands of fancy, if Vanity Fair and the Financial Times have not killed the child within us.

NORTH POLE
DISCOVERED BY POOH
POOH FOUND IT

Reader, if you do not understand how necessary to that notice is the unnecessary third line, the child in you is dead.

What shall a critic say of such a book? Nothing—that were best. But he may wonder, oh, many things: how the Christopher Robins of this world (the ordinary children, that is) can ever grow up to be men who never read poetry, who think war is glorious, who find pleasure in cornering a market, who are unmoved at the sight of a slum.

Suppose, after all, Hell *does* exist: wont there be a frying and sizzling of parents!

Truly, a "Sustaining Book, such as would help and comfort a Wedged Bear in Great Tightness."

TIME EXPOSURES

(by Search-Light. New York: Boni & Liveright, $2.50)

IN a journalese punctuated by epigrams of doubtful quality Mr. Searchlight tells of some men and women who have become famous in our day. The sketches were originally contributed to *The New Yorkers*, and are now assembled in the book.

We learn that "Kahn is an artist of a kind, and he loves his kind." Sandburg is "A primitive, prowling among dynamos; a singer reclining on a city lot full of ash-cans, as if it were a mead; a blower of delicate bubbles among incandescent lamps." We are told that Sinclair Lewis mourns the fate that he is "the adored son of his Mother" (i.e. the U.S.) and that he looks forward to writing good novels which will not be "best sellers." Charlie Chaplin (funny-legs) we find has always been interested in Sanskrit. A.R. Orage is a fecundating pin. "Neither creative by nor intellectually profound, he is both, since he has spent his life pricking men and women into fecundity," Dreiser is a "symbol of America's spiritual childhood." This goes on for 188 pages.

Mr. Search-Light has many shortcomings, but his gossip about celebrities is, it must be admitted, vivacious, and seldom boring.

IN A VENETIAN GARDEN. ST. URSULA

(By Amy Redpath Roddick. Montreal, John Dougall & Son.)

BEAUTIFUL chimes from the donor of the McGill Memorial Gates.