

Ode on the DIAMOND JUBILEE OF CONFEDERATION

By Wilson MacDonald

"An Ode on the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation" is the only poem which has been written by an outstanding Canadian poet on this important national event. Mr. Wilson MacDonald, the author, has won recognition as one of the greatest poets that Canada has ever produced, his "Eid" being hailed by English critics as the best poem published in America in 1926. His recent work, "Out of the Wilderness," was likewise received by critics, both in England and America, as a lasting contribution to literature.—(By courtesy of Canadian National Railways.)

The richness of maturity has her charms—
Dusk, and the peace of twilight, and red fruit
Heaped in an aged orchard's sunburnt arms,
And old men and old women sitting mute
On sunny benches by a shadowy door,
And grasses yellow and brown and the burst pods
Of milkweed, and the outflamed goldenrods,
And seeds that break with richness at the core,
And mystic streets of cities dark with age
And wisdom of the philosophic sage.

There is a glory in completed life,
In rich fruition, and achievement gained,
In sweet, harmonious refuge after strife—
The glory of an evening crimson-stained,
But there is equal wonder at the spring,
And at the heart of youth, aflame with fire,
And at the joyous pean of that choir
Which, in the chance of the morning, sing,
And at the new born moon, and April showers,
And buds that light the tapers of rich flowers.

Britain, my mother, rich storehouse of the mind!
Your dust is powdered history, your trees
Are temples wherein ages are enshrined,
Your rocks are scripted records of the seas.
Upon your head rests well a shining crown
Fashioned by golden hammers of bard and seer,
For all you gave the earth we hold you dear—
The glory of a long and bright renown,
Song, and the blood of martyrs, and those hands
That led us to our own beloved lands.

Your splendor is of mid-day, ours of light
Just breaking in new wonder on the earth.
Your wings are strong and sure from ancient flight;
We are young falcons at our Journey's birth,
Yet some of our strong brood are high in air,
Trooping along the clouds' breast with thin—
On roads, above the murmur of the pine
Where sunlight falls like showers of golden hair,
Yours are great castles, dark against the skies;
Ours are the quarries where new castles rise.

O dark, unmeasured quair! Who shall sing
How wide and deep your subterranean flow
From whose robust and patient loins shall spring
Great cities wrought in marble white as snow,
O vast domain, bewilderer of the mind,
With frontiers dim and distant as a dream!
Land of the matchless march of lake and stream!
Land of the virgine seasons' who shall find
A firmer rock whereon to fashion fame
For coming years and peoples to acclaim.

And yet the vastness of our lovely lands,
The beauty of her acres or her climes—
Warm on the shining Juan de Fuca sands
Or cool and fragrant in her northern pines—
Are not to feed our vanity or boast,
These are a splendid heritage; we made
Not one gold beam of light, nor dark of shade,
Not one lone acre between coast and coast;
And, though our mountains march in lordly ranks,
The fool alone will boast, the wise give thanks.

Now sixty years have passed into those shades
Wherein nor sun nor moon shall light them more,
And through those dim and richly-stored arcades
I lift my torch with reverence and explore.
The startled grooves sing around my feet,
And staccatoes of memory catch my fire;
And all our dead, like one awakened choir,
Emerge from these cold caverns of retreat:
Macdonald, Cartier, Brown, and Laurier
Stand there erect, expectant of this day.

And there, in retrospect's darkening gleam,
I see that valiant company again—
The Fathers of our Country, whose fine dream
Welded a thousand leagues in one domain;
And lit the ardent Saxon fires anew,
In regions where her purest flame now burns:
Theirs was the probing vision that discerns,
In fog and rain, the sunlight breaking through;
And their the seership and prophetic powers
To sense the rise of these amazing hours.

Austere historian of this age of man!
Would that your faithful chronicle might record:
"She was a nation loved and wooed by Pan
And beauty in her kingdoms was restored.
Her frontiers danced with flowers and singing trees,
Nor any gun was heard along her coast,
Nor, on her highways, any armed host,
Nor rich nor poor were found between her seas:
She was of truth a lover, and a thrall
Of Justice: fair and tolerant to all."

Such dreams are vain, but not in vain such dreams;
For in their exaltation we arise;
And, even as water from our lakes and streams,
We are caught up in glory to the skies.
And, girded for new vision, we return
From the high, splendid clouds, like April showers,
And, at our touch, the flame of sleeping flowers
In the cold, hueless hearts of men will burn;
For, as in dreams of night arose the morn
So all our deathless deeds in dreams were born.

Arise then, O my Country, this great day,
And light your eyes with that crusading flame
Which burns all evil obstacles away—
The glimmers of our malice and our shame;
We have been cowards, traitors, fools and knaves;
We have been fine, heroic, strong and true,
So, in this purple hour, let us renew
Our strength and bear our hatreds to their graves—
A Kingdom, with crescendo of the sea
Sounding the golden age that is to be.



Motorist Must Do Their Share
Clear vision, carelessness and two deaths. Scene of a recent fatal crossing accident.

WIRES TO WIRELESS

Advances in Personal Communication Retold

Bell and the Telephone

Strike all our telephones dumb, and imagine what life would be like! We might as well try to run a machine without oil, as business without the telephone. The wheels of trade, and even of social life, would suddenly slow down, creaking dimly. Much of our business, and much of our familiar intercourse, would be cut off altogether. We shiver at the thought, and begin to realize the enormous increase and speeding up of commerce, the unpeppable gain of ease and satisfaction in private life that we and the whole world owe to this Canadian invention. The Canadian farmer and his wife especially owe to it their happy relief from isolation.

There was not one telephone instrument in all Canada when the Dominion was born. For the telephone had not been invented. Three years passed, and a young Scottish immigrant, Alexander Graham Bell, came over in the hope that our bracing climate would restore his health. It did, as it has for thousands more. He settled at Brantford, Ontario, and there his great invention was conceived. The human voice was first transmitted over miles of electric wire, between Brantford and Paris, on the 10th of August, 1876.

It was no sudden stroke of chance, this invention, but the culmination of long years of scientific thought and experiment, inspired by a keen desire to help the unfortunate. Bell's father had devised a system of "visible speech" for deaf-mutes, who cannot speak because they cannot hear a voice to imitate. Young Bell introduced this system in English schools, long before it came to Canada. For years he probed the mysteries of sound, especially the production of sounds by the mechanism of the human throat. He and his brother actually made an automatic speaker, fitting up a skull with an automatic speaker, tongue and vocal cords, and driving air through them with the pedals of an organ.

From his new home in Ontario young Bell went to Boston as teacher of deaf-mutes, and two citizens of Massachusetts provided the funds to perfect his telephone and make it available to the public. "A mere scientific toy," it seemed at first to the common mind; but the great electrician William Thomson, afterwards Lord Kelvin, welcomed it as

"one of the greatest inventions of the latest development in radio, located at Drummondville, P.Q."

The First Exchange

The first telephone exchange in Canada was opened at Hamilton early in 1878, before the Dominion was nine years old and only a few weeks after the opening of the first exchange in the United States. The system was far from perfect—the telephone as we daily use it now has 12,000 times the transmitting efficiency of the original instrument—but very soon the more enterprising business houses adopted it, in the chief cities of the United Kingdom as well as on this continent. Gradually it crept into private homes, as a luxury; then, but slowly, it spread over the countryside, where it was most needed. The latest figures completed for the whole Dominion show that on January 1, 1925, we had 1,144,095 telephones in use, or 12.22 per cent of population, as compared with 14.2 in the United States, 9 in Denmark, 8.7 in New Zealand, 3.9 in Germany, 2.8 in Great Britain, and 1.7 in France, so that our country stands far ahead of any other in the North America in its appreciation of this great aid to civilization. In 1911 we had only 302,759 telephones, or 4.8 per cent of our population.

The last year saw an increase from 731,740 to 731,623 in Ontario and Quebec, so that the total for the Dominion must now be well over 1,300,000.

The Story of Radio

Canada's first use of radio was the establishment of radiotelegraph communication between stations at Belle Isle and Chateau Bay on the Mainland on the north side of the Belle Isle Straits, as a substitute for a submarine cable which was continually being interrupted by icebergs. The stations were built by the Marconi Company. Power for the transmitter was obtained from dry batteries, and the receiving sets were of the most primitive type, using Marconi's coherer of metal filings in a glass tube as the detector. Since 1901, when 50 miles was a long range for a station, progress in radio has been steady. In 1902, Sir Wilfrid Laurier invited Mr. Marconi to Ottawa, and as a result a transatlantic radio-telegraph service between Canada and Great Britain was established. This service was inaugurated in 1907, and has been maintained ever since that date. The apparatus of the Glace Bay transatlantic station was, of course, materially altered and improved from time to time, and last year this station was discontinued and the service transferred to a Beam Station, the

CHINESE MARK CHIANG'S ENTRY INTO SHANTUNG

Lantern Processions Held in Celebration of Recent Nationalist Victories

Shanghai.—A lavish display of Kuomintang flags, lantern processions and theatrical performances marked the week end celebration in the Chinese city of the recent victories of the Nationalist armies which have now invaded Shantung province.

While Chiang Kai-shek's adherents organized demonstrations, some underground propaganda denouncing Chiang as a traitor to the Nationalist Government and ally of militarists and imperialists, and urging the people to support the radical Hankow Nationalist Government, was surreptitiously distributed.

The ambiguous attitude of Fong Yu-hsiang continues to dominate the confused political situation. While the Hankow Government claims Fong's allegiance and announces that Honan province was voluntarily transferred to his control, there are persistent rumors that Fong will participate in a military conference with Chiang Kai-shek in Hsichowfu to work out a common plan of action against the Northerners.

Shanghai.—The Japanese Consul-General at Hankow has reported that the Hankow Government has accepted the Japanese demands for compensation for the damages sustained in the April 3 attack on the Japanese concession in Hankow. He says the Wuhuh Government has also agreed to the formation of a joint inquiry commission and the granting of guarantees regarding residence and commerce and industry of Japanese in the region under the control of the Wuhuh Government.

Good Advice.

An absolute beginner was tolling round the links wondering if the game was really worth while and vowing, to his grizzled Scottish caddy, that this would be his last round. "And what should I take now?" he asked a moment later, finding his ball in a terrible lie. "Well, mon," replied the caddy, "you have three alternatives. For a start, you might take me and get me something to drink; secondly, you might take a' your clubs home and give up golf; thirdly, you might try throwin' the ba'!"

Too True.

The mayor of the little provincial town was noted for his unhappy choice of phrases. But he excelled himself on the occasion when a presentation of a clock and a purse was made to a local resident who was leaving the town. "The contents of the purse," said the mayor, "will in time inevitably disappear, but," laying his hands on the clock, "here is something which will never go."



Visible in His Case—or Casing.

"He says he believes a man and his business are linked together by an invisible chain." She—"In his case it's easily seen—he's a sausage dealer."

The Methodist Church in America has just awarded a prize of \$1000 for an oration on prohibition. One could not precisely call it a dry speech.

"That advertisement of yours was a fraud," protested a guest at a mountain hotel. "How so?" demanded the proprietor. "Well, it said, 'Trout are always to be caught here,' and I haven't seen any one who has caught a single one." "Well, then, they're still to be caught, aren't they?"

Meticulous.

"Doctor," said the shrewd-looking man, "how many feet of gas does it take to kill a person?" "That's a rather queer question," replied the doctor. "Why do you wish to know?" "Well, you see, one of the guests at my hotel used enough of it to kill himself, and I want to send in a proper bill to his executors."

SOVIET TOTTERING SAY EDITORIALS

In Desperation Russian Government is Liable to Unfurl Foolish Action

DANGEROUS ACTORS

"Execution of twenty anti-communists in Russia introduces strong evidence that the internal menace to the Soviet regime has assumed much greater proportions than censured dispatches out of Moscow have been allowed to indicate. Certainly Russia, now more than ever desirous of winning and holding favor abroad, would have declined to invite international disrepute by resorting to wholesale state murder unless indeed the Communist structure, was beginning to tremble under homemade blows. The Russian stage for the past few weeks has been crowded with events which reveal a rising tide of anti-Bolshevik activity. Incendiary fires in Baku and Samara, the bombing of a Communist meeting at Leningrad, the blowing up of a trolley car on which a Soviet official was accompanying a Polish spy from Minsk, all bear witness to the foment which apparently has thrown Moscow into a panic and prompted such an ugly retaliation as the execution of a score of purported enemies of Bolshevism, most of whom were not granted the favor of even a perfunctory trial. Moscow has made a disastrous move in its world-wide chess game against Great Britain, a move only too reminiscent of Czarist tactics at their worst."—Independent, Boston.

A Threat of War

"There is an element of danger in the Russian situation which it would be foolish to ignore. There is little doubt that the Soviet is nearing the end of its tether and the colossal looting which it inaugurated at its inception gave it an astonishingly long rope. The severing of diplomatic relations by Great Britain was only one of a number of administrative failures, at home and abroad. The Chinese policy has resulted only in calling the attention of all parties in China to the sinister motives behind Soviet interference. The Chinese Nationalists, when they find themselves in Pekin, will be no more cordial to Bolshevism than the Chinese government which they displace. Internal government in Russia is a complete and incompetent failure, and it is not surprising to find that the Communist party, representing about one per cent of the entire population, is to some extent divided against itself. Here is where the danger of war with somebody, Great Britain for choice, comes in. In such cases of disunion there is always a temptation to unite conflicting parties by a patriotic appeal and the allegation of oppression by some convenient nation outside. "In no circumstances would Britain go to war with Russia, but the latter might, with no great difficulty, pick a quarrel with Poland in the hope that Britain could be drawn in. The Bolshevik rulers of Russia are weakening who ten years' undisputed possession should have enabled them to fortify themselves. One serious danger is that they must do something desperate, and do it soon. People of that character, or rather of no character, are a menace because their absence of principle makes them utterly incalculable."

Moscow's Mad Dog

"Any shrewd observer of current events, especially if he has invested some of his intellectual capital in a background of history will be impressed with the panic at Moscow. The weakest thing about it is the demonstration of strength. A really strong government takes its strength for granted and is accepted as such by its neighbors. But only a weak government has to shout political opponents without trial, or establish a state of siege in a capital several hundred miles from any conceivable point of attack. Indeed, the Soviet government, from sheer ignorance and a certain doctrinaire obtuseness, threw away a magnificent opportunity. If the severing of diplomatic relations by Great Britain had been accepted by the Soviet leaders with good-humored patience and a touch of well bred amusement, it would act have been long before the extremists of the English Tory government would have begun to look foolish, while the rest of the world would certainly have been rubbing it in. So long as the channels of trade remained open, what had the Soviet to lose? "But it shows that it had something to lose, and that was its prestige with its own people. It had told them that the capitalist system was absolutely without shadow of principle, and that so long as there was trade to be had, with money in it for the capitalist, the darker activities of communism in friendly countries could be carried on in comparative safety. What can fairly be called the mad-dog development in Moscow indicates that someone is in a tight corner. It is ridiculous to suppose that the Moscow government is terrified of two such powers as Poland and Rumania, both of which have troubles of their own."

(Barons Weekly.)

To the Heart of Nature.
"How far up the Hudson did you go?" "Oh, farther than the advertisements run."—Los Angeles Times.

IT WON'T BE LONG

The N.Y. Sun Offers...
lowing as Likely to
Soon in Our Pa...

GENTLEMAN going to
Naples will consider tak-
ing two willing to share his
children. Write, giving
references. P. G. J., box...

COUPLE flying from
Naples during first week of
ing to take another you
must be congenial and
sandwiches and letters of
tion to American agents
Megglethorpe \$25.—P.

PARTY of four busi-
pling from Kansas City
can accommodate two of
men accustomed to fly
sleet storms; men with a
ledge of dead reckoning
Write Mr. Woods, 255 Spr...

UNIVERSITY man taking
Morrisonville Florida for
two passenger planes "15
11th Street" would be
Barnard and for compan-
Be a young lady who is
the dark and who will not
special midnight lunch
Miss from Halifax in a
Phone "Christophers",
1724.

LADY going to
Newport to...
mother would consider the
young woman of good
willing to share cost of
cell. Write Mr. H., box...

WILL witness who was
driving small automobile of
Circle 64 miles from
truck by large eight pas-
senger kindly commu-
Mr. Shastis, General Man...

TO ANTHONY McFUGGLE
ped from his home in
to Piquette, Mich. June 16; 15
lanes; the children are
you; 52 1/2-terrace, Gro...

FOR SALE: Freshly
renewed airplane; has
round trip between the
and Asia; equipment
and an electric
in making toasted bread
Address Casper Follywood,
Building.

PLANE flying New York
loaded is returning empty
either proposition. Photo
Transportation Corporation

WHY go to Europe
piano? Let us move
in 35 hours 52 minutes
Quick Service N. Y. Park
Company.

U.S. HIGHWAYS ARE EXCELLENT

Entire Trans-Cont
Highway 3,220 Miles
Open to Traffic

Boston.—Tourists of 1925
agreedly surprised at the
meets in American highwa
last year, according to a r
by the national touring bo
American Automobile Assoc
according to a Washington d
the Christian Science Mon...

During the last year, the
statement, additions to
eral Aid System alone to
miles, bringing the aggrega
all improved highways
miles. Equally important
have been made to the sta
systems and, in particular
improvement of east and
north and south roads.

"An outstanding feat
his significance as a
connected highway from
N.J., to San Francisco, to
port, is U.S. Highway No.
touches such important cit
towns, Wheelbar, Columbus
pills, St. Louis, Kansas Cit
Salt Lake City and Reno. I
length is 3,220 miles and
paved throughout, from Atl
to St. Mary's, Kan., a dis
1,302. West of St. Mary's
way is chiefly graded earth,
except between Auburn
Francisco, where there is
one stretch of pavement,
crosses the Great Salt La
over the Wendover out-f...

"Another United States
portance, to the tourist is No.
Atlantic City to Portland,
ending with the Lincoln 11
tween Philadelphia and
Wyo. At ranger, Wyo, Ro
divides into 26 North and
the southern branch going
Evansville to Oxnley, Utah,
northern division, contin
Idaho through Montpelier
Springs. At Pocatello the
lows the Snake River rathe
and in Nebraska, Idaho, an
it coincides with the old
Trail.

"Route No. 26 will carry
let from Buffalo and then
ly improved Canadian rou
troll. The motorist who
route to follow will farther
may take No. 16, through S
Ludington, where Lake M
crossed by ferry to Manitow
and then touch at Minneap
go, Bismarck, Billings, M
Seattle."

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher.

When it Comes to Teamwork—They're Bush Leaguers.

IT ONLY TOOK TWO FAKE WIRES FROM SPIVIS TO ME, SIGNED MORGAN, TO MAKE THE REAL ESTATE MEN IN FLORIDA THINK MUTT AND I ARE MILLIONAIRES.

NEITHER ONE OF US HAS A CENT BUT OUR CREDIT IS FINE; I BOUGHT LOT NO. 41 IN SUBDIVISION NO. 7 YESTERDAY AND MY BROKER JUST PHONED HE'S SOLD IT AT A HANDSOME PROFIT FOR ME!

HOW THEY COMING, MUTT?

GREAT. I JUST BOUGHT SOME REAL ESTATE ON THE CREDIT WE'VE ESTABLISHED! PRETTY SOFT.

IT'S A FINE LOT, TOO! IT'S LOT NUMBER 41 IN SUBDIVISION NUMBER 7!

HUH? LOT 41 SUBDIVISION 7??

POOR TEAMWORK!

WHAT TY?

PLOP!