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The universe is full of magical things patiently waiting for our wits to grow sharper. To an upright man a good reputation is the greatest inheritance.

CANADIAN VIEWPOINT

(Continued)

GLAMOR.

Glamor is the first craving of childhood and the eternal desire of man. It is the force without which the loveliest Aegean isle would give no pleasure; it is the light that makes the desert places more lovely than gardens. And so inherent is the love of it in mortal men that the most enduring characters of Time are those above whom the halo of glamor burns brightest.

The curse of America is her poverty of legend. The child no longer believes in Santa Claus and Aladdin and the faces that have sweetened childhood for a thousand years have been robbed of their glamorous eyes by the soul of materialism. Yet psychologists tell us (and we know apart from these wise men) that the impressions of childhood make or mar the whole beauty of our lives.

When a boy I saw, from the sea, the white cliffs of Devon I knew for the first time what the writers of England had done for their native land.

Behind those cliffs I beheld the phantom faces of all the legends which were born of genius from Chaucer to Hardy. And when, a few hours later, I viewed the shoreline of the Isle of Wight I heard the calling of curlews that were born in Alfred Tennyson's heart and I could hear the winds that sobbed at my ship's prow chant again and again:

"O, my Amy, mine no more; O, the dreary, dreary moorland; O the barren, barren shore." The sands of Yarmouth are not unlike any other sands to him who has kept aloof from legend and fable and story. But there stands, on the seashore of that east England town, an old habitation girded by rafters of fancy and roofed with imagination's covering and from that boat-dwelling the reader of books beholds the proud Steerforth and the beautiful Emily come forth and when some ship's spar floats to land he runs to it even as David Copperfield ran to the body of his friend on that tragic day when he saw him; "Lying with his head on his arm even as he had seen him lie at school."

There is one wild bit of Southern Albion that will never be dissociated from the beauty in the eyes of Lorna Doone. The Enoch Ardens of the heart peer through every window in England where imagination looks out, and who can behold the "Banks and braes of Bonnie Doon" and not draw to his heart even as Burns the "Lovely Mary Morrison."

Quebec Province is no more lovely

than Ontario, yet I find there more of the light than I do in the younger province. When I climb in our ancient capital that historic flight and see written on stone, "Chien D'or," I am captured by a joy which the velvet stars of Toronto cannot give me. Kirby, Hemon, Parker, Parkham, Frchette, and Shanley and the old histories with their truths and lies have helped to lift one part of America from the commonplace of a commercial tradition.

I came to Muskoka this year direct from the Rockies and the Selkirk and the prelude to my visit in no way diminished my wonder over the beauty of the lovely Rosseau, Joseph and Muskoka. But I missed the tradition which the mountain dwellers have delighted to preserve and which the most materialistic province in Canada has considered of less importance than the landmarks of a physical progress.

I met no one in Muskoka this entire summer who had a story to tell me of that lovely land. I wanted that story because a row of cottages along one hundred miles of shoreline has taken away from this land of waters the last touch of the primal. But no one came forward with the tale and even ancient inhabitants of the country were amazed when I quoted of a well known river near Rosseau the lines of Pauline Johnson: "Mine is the undertone: The strength and power and beauty of the land Will never bend or sway at my command."

But all the shade Is marred or made If I but dip my paddle blade: And it is mine alone." Because of this poem I have found something on Shadow River that no other part of Muskoka gives me. It is the first returning by a human hand of that glamor which man stole away. A few days ago my paddle disturbed in unison with the paddle of Bliss Carman the shadow world of the river of mirrors. At Buttermilk Farm I recited to the bard of a generation before me the lines of our greatest woman poet and Carman was grateful for the words for he knew as I knew that Shadow River was lifted out of the world of prose forevermore by the daughter of a race that never knew prose.

This is the great task of the coming literateurs of our country and only after centuries of effort to glamorize our vast land will the journeyman who visits us thrill with the joy that is now the world's over those historic and fabled crannies within call of Fleet street. History coldly stated does not bring glamor; it is only when the historic fact is interpreted by the imaginative mind that the spirit of romance is born. The invaders of London are less interested in the block whereon Charles' head reclined than upon the doorway of the Old Curiosity Shop and the phantoms of pure imagination are more important to Ludgate Hill and beyond than the accuracies of two thousand years.

There is only one gladiator to the mind of the tourist as he gazes on the mightiest of the Roman ruins. History has recorded the clash of a thousand men in that awful pit but only one of them all is seen as we look upon the pure coldness of the Coliseum's age weary stone. And this gladiator was born in the fancy of a poet of England. "I see before me the gladiator lie; He leans upon his hand; his manly brow Consents to death but conquers agony."

And as you leave the ruins you find your indignation needs no phrase for righteous anger was appeased forevermore in the phrase: "Butchered to make a Roman holiday." A visit to Peterboro, Kitchener or Oshawa could be recorded by a series of facts, but who could preserve in cold statements the joy of the heart over the richness of a day in Quebec, Montreal or Kingston.

Our poets and novelists have already done valiant work but if it took centuries to make England a magic land how long will it take to people this vast country with the phantom faces of imagination. The lore of the Indian has been preserved in but sorry fragments so we must build upon it new legends, new fables and new stories. The writers of the past have concentrated their efforts on a few sections of our country and Quebec and the Yukon and one valley in Nova Scotia have captured the laurels of attention. Charles G. D. Roberts, Theodore Harding, Rand and Bliss Carman have kindled the Parnassian glow over a land already glamoured by the fancy of an American poet. Lampman has given a new loveliness to the country districts of Ontario. Duncan Campbell Scott and Pauline Johnson have unbared the hidden romance of lumber camp and tepee. Robert Service has created characters that will be known when the governors of the Yukon are forgotten. Sir Gilbert Parker and Louis Hemon and Thomas Kirby have sweetened forever the vision of the Quebec villages of today and her cities of the past.

If materialism is ever to be checked in our land we must teach the youth the value of romance. The belief in Santa Claus is of more value to a child than the accuracy of the multiplication table. Let us forget the population of our cities and the tonnage of our ports and consort for a while with those phantom faces and those invisible things that die not with the crumbling of mortar and the slow vanishing of stone.—Wilson MacDonald. (To Be Continued)

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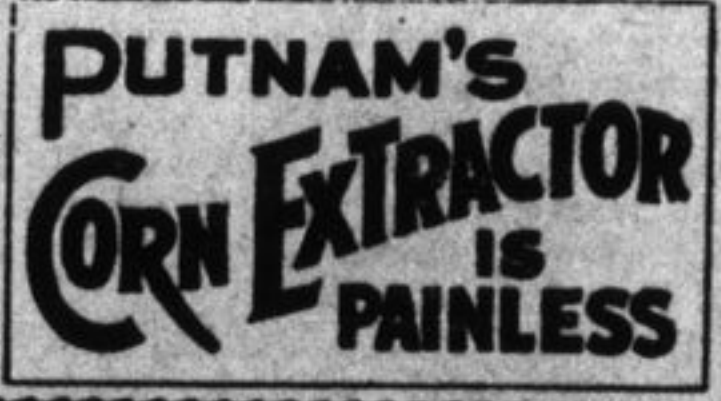
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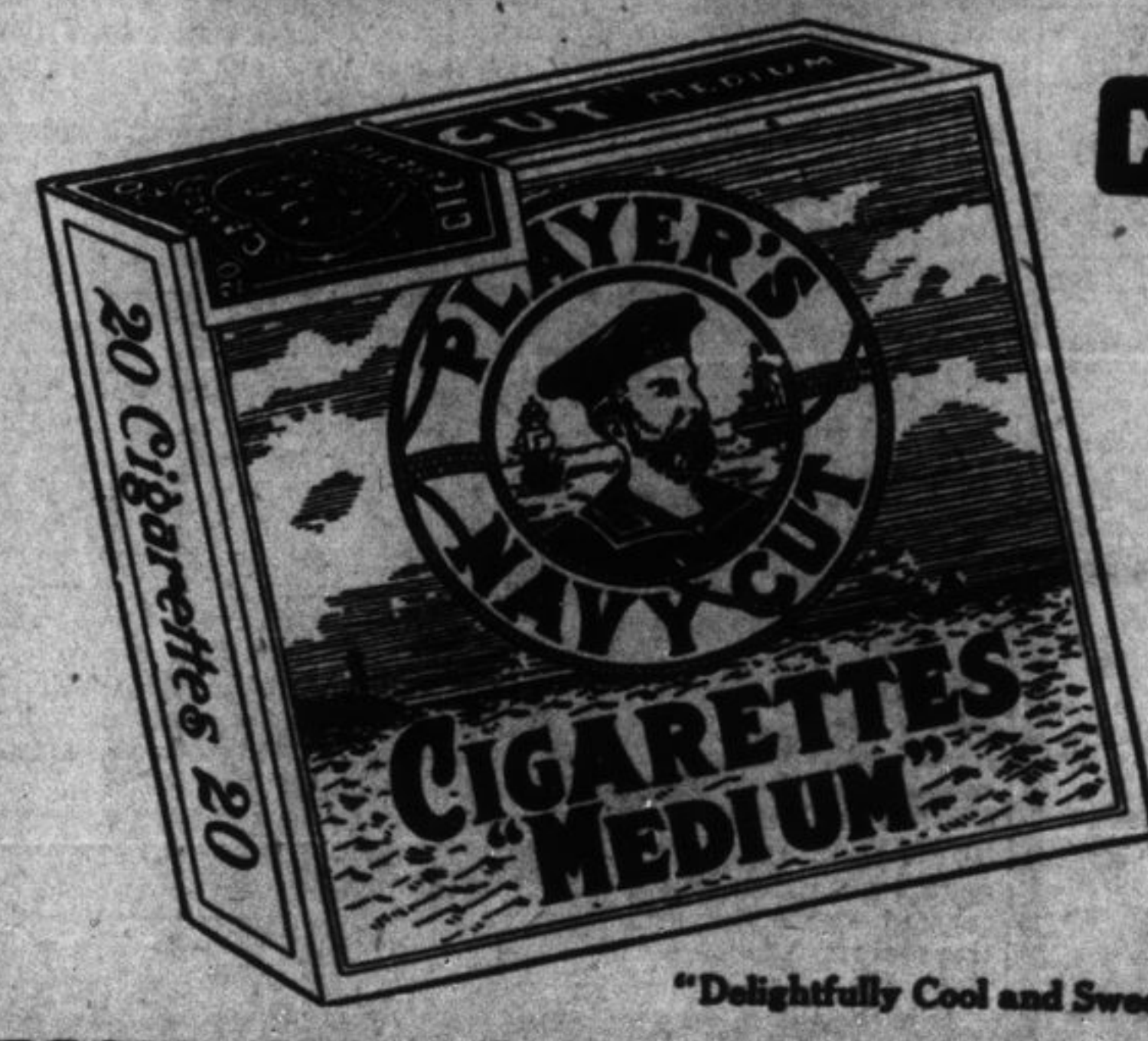
FALL FAIR DATES

Table listing fall fair dates for various locations: Alexandria (Sept. 13 and 19), Almonte (Sept. 16-18), Arden (Oct. 2), Arrprior (Oct. 2), Bancroft (Sept. 23-26), Bowmanville (Sept. 24 and 25), Brighton (Sept. 16 and 17), Brockville (Sept. 19 and 20), Brockville (Aug. 18-22), Centreville (Sept. 19 and 20), Cobden (Sept. 24 and 25), Coe Hill (Sept. 22 and 23), Colborne (Sept. 23 and 24), Cornwall (Sept. 4-6), Delta (Sept. 15-17), Demorestville (Oct. 11), Frankton (Sept. 23 and 24), Inverary (Oct. 1st), Kemptville (Sept. 25 and 26), Kingston (Sept. 16-20), Lanark (Sept. 13), Lansdowne (Sept. 11 and 12), Lindsay (Sept. 17-20), Lombardy (Sept. 12 and 13), Madoc (Sept. 6-13), Maberly (Sept. 24), Madoc (Oct. 7 and 8), Merrickville (Sept. 16 and 17), Morrisburg (Aug. 5-7), Napanee (Sept. 9-12), Odessa (Sept. 25-26)



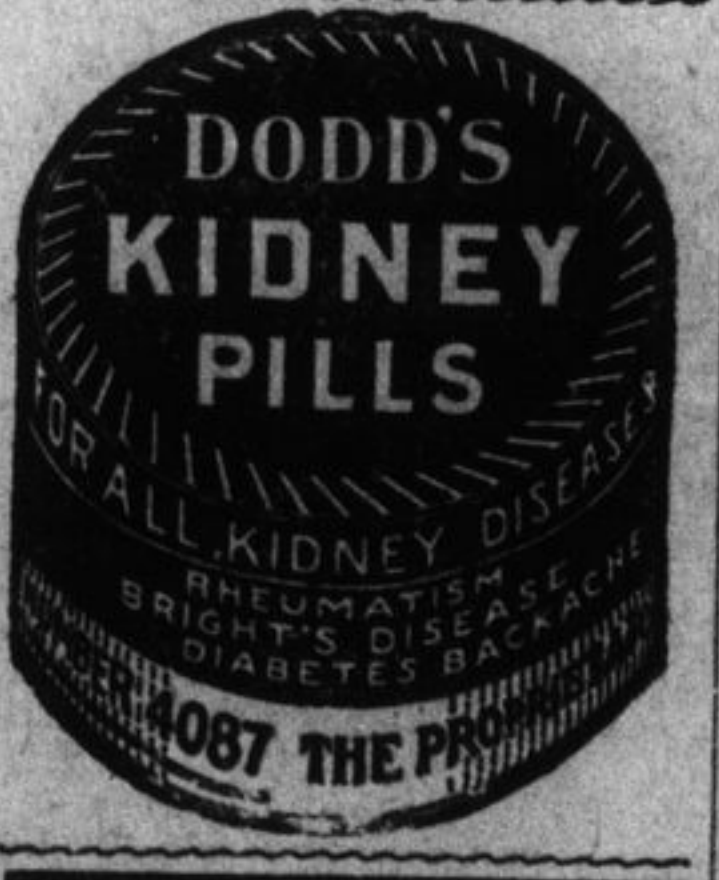
QUELLING "RED" UPRISINGS Berlin police are carrying an abbreviated sort of machine gun now. They use them in breaking up communistic gatherings. Here an officer armed with one, is seen arresting an agitator.

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