

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 "Exit" 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 sunburr 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 page.

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 peacocks of that choir
Which, in the channel of the morning, sing,
And at the new horn 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 scriptural records of the seas.
Upon your headrests 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 abreast with thine—
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 quarries! 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 domains, bewildering the mind.
With frontiers dim and distant as a dream!
Land of the matchless march of lake and stream!
Land of the virile seasons! who shall find
A firmer rock wherewith 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 these dim and richly-stored arcades
I lift my torch with reverence and explore.
The startled grottoes sing around my feet,
And stalactites of memory catch my fire;
And all our dead, like one awakened choir,
Emerge from these cold caverns of retreat:
Macdonald, Carter, 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:
Their 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 fulfilment 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 world
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 pigmies 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

Strikes 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 dismally. 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 unspeakable 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 he 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 a larynx, 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

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 know 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 hundred of population, as compared with 14.2 in the United States, 9 in Denmark, 2.7 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 outside of North America in its appreciation of this great aid to civilized life. In 1911 we had only 302,759 telephones, or 4.9 per cent. of our population. The last year saw an increase from 731,740 to 781,623 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

Latest development in radio, located at Drummondville, P.Q.

At the time of Confederation, a trip across the Atlantic was still an adventure, taking from two to three weeks. To-day the liners run with a regularity approaching that of a railroad service, and a passenger, six days before the ship is due to arrive in Montreal, by means of long distance radio, is able to reserve a room with bath for a certain hour on a certain day, as a matter of routine. As the ship approaches within 500 miles of the Canadian coast, she comes within range of the chain of "aid to navigation" radio stations; if she is in a fog she verifies her position by means of the Direction Finders; if she desires to check her chronometer, she does so by means of the radio time signals. Every twelve hours the navigator is provided with complete weather forecasts for the area in which the ship is steaming; and he is advised of the exact location of any ice which may be in his track.

The Great Lakes and East Coast "ship to shore" radio system consists of an intercommunicating chain of 28 stations and 6 beacons, extending from Port Arthur at the head of the Great Lakes to the Atlantic, and on the Pacific coast a chain of 14 stations extending from Victoria to Alaska.

The Dominion, a country of vast areas and sparse population, lends itself to the fullest utilization of broadcasting, and there are to-day some 400,000 receiving sets in operation. Canada has to-day some 81 broadcasting stations, practically all of which are operated by private or commercial interests for indirect advertising or publicity in one form or another.

The Province of Manitoba has established a provincial service, and it is understood that other provinces are considering the adoption of a similar policy. The Federal Administration is fully appreciative of the utility of broadcasting to this Dominion and will see that it develops along the lines which will give the best possible result to our listening public.

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."

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 Feng Yu-hsiang continues to dominate the confused political situation. While the Hankow Government claims Feng's allegiance and announces that Honan province was voluntarily transferred to his control, there are persistent rumors that Feng will participate in a military conference with Chiang Kai-shek in Hsuehchow 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 Wuhan 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 Wuhan Government.

Good Advice.

An absolute beginner was tolling round the links wondering if the game was really worth while and yawning, 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 no and get me something to drink; secondly, you might take a your clubs home and give up golf; thirdly, you might try throwin' the ball!"

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, "there is something which will never go."

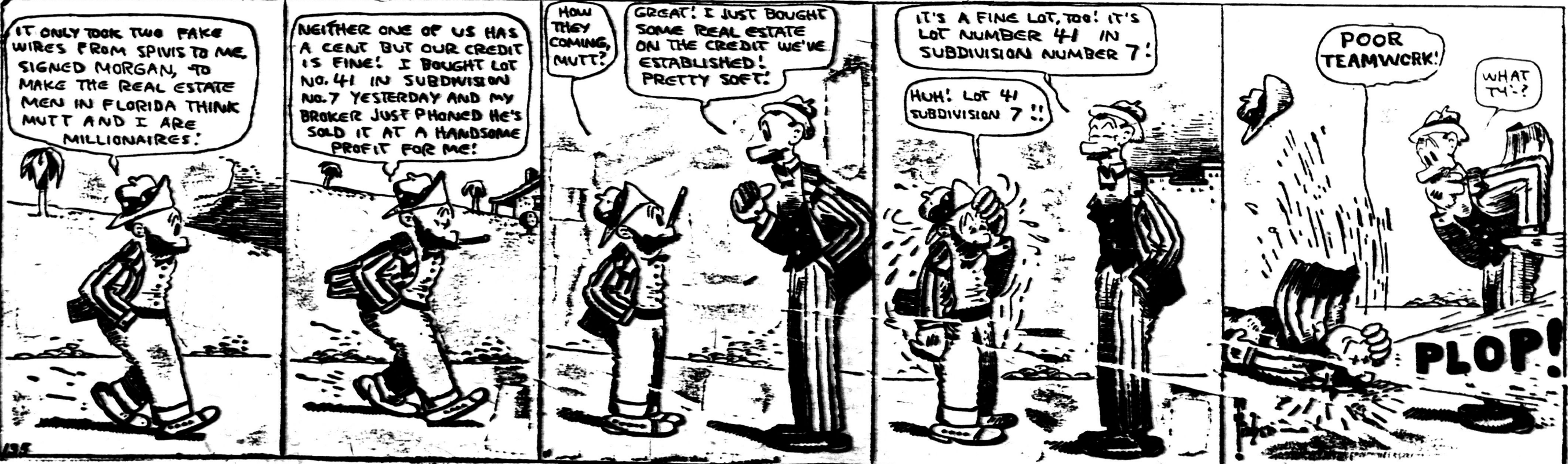


Visible in His Case—or Casing.

He—"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?"

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher.



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

IT ONLY TOOK TWO FAKE WIRES FROM SPINIS 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. 44 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 TH?

PLOP!