

CANADA REVISITED

After Ten Years' Absence F. A. McKenzie, War Correspondent, Tours Canada and Tells What He Sees and Hears

ARTICLE NO. 4. (Specially Written for the Whig.) Each city of Canada has its own distinctive note. Even where there is a surface likeness, one discovers marked differences immediately you go below the surface. Halifax and Victoria are both pronouncedly English, but their characteristics are very different. One marvels not at what Halifax is, but what it is not. It reminds one of the duke who dressed shabbily. "All the world knows what I am," said the matter how I look. The monster drydocks, the rapidly extending terminals, the ever-growing ocean trade, and the new oil refining works, tell of the striking industrial advance of the place. None has forgotten how in past years Halifax was the pioneer in many things, from daily newspapers to bank clearing houses. Yet the city gives one at first glance an impression of civic apathy. The very drinking water is "water piped" from the water pipes, "old rusty" as they are called. "It is quite harmless." Personally, I will not choose to be adulterated. I will not choose to be adulterated. Some day, I suppose, Halifax will have a spasm of reform. The Mayor, but for all time, will be cleaned up, the dives will be closed down, modern hotels will be opened, the rusty water will be made pure, and the roadways can check the commercial progress of the eastern gateway of Canada; some things, however, may accelerate.

great industrial regions of the world. It is already approaching that position. Hamilton, solidly wealthy, London, Quebec, that once seemed likely to pass into mediocrity, but is now wide awake, Galt, the park city, Kitchener, loyal and prosperous—I choose my adjectives deliberately—and Windsor, happy in its position and in its ever growing American-Canadian factories, from a group that will be to Canada what Lancashire is in England, but without the grime of Lancashire. Toronto will be their Manchester. And the cities will do well to remember that for much of their coming progress they have to thank Sir Adam Beck and the Hydro-Electric. I do not criticise Winnipeg—I admire it. I never walk down Portage avenue and Main street, without feeling that I want to take off my hat as one would do in a splendid cathedral, to an example of the supreme work of man. Winnipeg has been rightly called the Chicago of Canada; some day we may reverse the title and call Chicago the Winnipeg of the United States. The dominant feature of Winnipeg is not its public buildings or the rapid growth of population, but the spirit of the people. They have many handicaps. Winnipeg is built on that prairie. It lacks natural beauty. Its climate is the worst of any white city of its size in the world. Its cold is a penetrating kind of cold, and its heat is crushing. But the people are the most strenuous and the most public-spirited that I know. Everything in Winnipeg goes with a zip. People there seem to live, not for themselves alone, but for the whole community. The man in the street might wear a button all the time, "I am Winnipeg." He acts as though he were, and at the call of Winnipeg he is ready to open his purse, to work day and night, to do or give anything. The standard of public life here is high. For example, the prohibition law is better observed in Winnipeg than in any other big centre of population. We come to the cities of the middle West, marvel cities, mushroom cities, struggling cities. There is Regina, a city of public palaces. This beats the House of Commons in London. I whispered to the statesman showing me over the new Parliament Building, "Yes, I think we have gone one better than them," he replied with proud modesty. The population of Saskatchewan is about 650,000; the population of Great Britain is—! But why trouble about sordid details like that. I should like to know the cost of all the public buildings in Saskatchewan, per head of population. Happily, the farmer is prosperous and the farmer can pay. Saskatchewan is unrecognized by people who have not visited it for some years. The few huts by the roadside have developed into the finest built modern city for its size in the world. Saskatchewan had its mad years, the years when it squandered with both hands, and when money was so cheap that, metaphorically, the people lit their pipes with dollar bills. It had its four years. Now it is reaping lost ground. No one doubts that both Regina and Saskatchewan have in the past immediately ahead prosperity in store for them, far greater than ever before. It is difficult walking through the handsome streets and boulevards of Prince Albert to recognize this as the bankrupt city of the West. The city may be, but the people are not. They are dripping with prosperity, after a record farming year. In the race between Calgary and Edmonton, Calgary has come out atop, despite Edmonton having se-

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Contrast Halifax with Victoria. You cannot for no comparison is possible. Victoria is a world beauty spot, all in keeping. Its surroundings, its approaches, its streets, its shops, and its hotels make one feel that here one will stay, not for a day but for all time. "Sleepy Victoria," they once called it. When I was a lad, people told how Victoria business men would refuse to trade on the days when the weather was right for hunting or fishing. The Mayor, but for all time, will be cleaned up, the dives will be closed down, modern hotels will be opened, the rusty water will be made pure, and the roadways can check the commercial progress of the eastern gateway of Canada; some things, however, may accelerate.

During the next year Montreal will be the most advertised and the most discussed city in North America. She will be the sole great "wet" city of the north. The people who to-day are flooding into New York to drink her dry before July 1st, are preparing to go on afterwards to Montreal. They are already taking reservations in the hotels. Plans are afoot to make Montreal the great amusement centre of America.

Doubtless the municipal government will lend itself to this. If any official authority is too stiff or unbending, or too hard on the amusement seekers, it is always possible to arrange a police strike to get rid of him. Montreal folk will not mind my saying this, for if Montreal has its faults, hypocrisy is not one of them. If Montreal is lax in its municipal life, Toronto goes to the other extreme. The municipalities by laws are said to number five thousand, and the courts deal with offenders with a speed and thoroughness which leaves all the lesser courts from coast to coast breathless with admiration. Toronto is one of the great cities of the world, but it is a solid city rather than a wonder city. It is the headquarters of Canadian thought, and a liberal encourager of good music. Under Sir Robert Falconer, its university has made giant's strides. Its Arts and Letters Club is the centre of the younger intellectuals of the Dominion. It is still the city of churches and the city of homes. No one can really appreciate Toronto until he has studied the suburb of Barrieport, and seen what English immigrants, when under very unfavorable circumstances, can make of life. But Toronto is getting its bad down town problem, and over-crowding is growing.

The Philistines sneer at it. "Toronto," they say, "is weighted down by the thousands of its own citizens. There is just a bit of truth in the gibe. Two things surprise one. The first is that more use is not made of the splendid and beautiful water front. The railway and the shipping have been allowed to shut it out. Many people here in Toronto for years without even seeing the lake front. The second surprise is that there is no down town park. The down town streets, such as Armoury street and Centre avenue, swarm with children. There is no open space for them. In its intellectual attitude towards many of the problems of international politics, Toronto very much resembles Manchester. It is the commercial capital of Canada. South-eastern Ontario will be one of the

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Sunday Services in Churches

St. Paul's—Morning prayer and holy communion, 11 o'clock; Sunday school and Bible class, 3 p.m.; evening prayer, 7 o'clock. Preacher, Canon Fitzgerald.
Princess Street Methodist Church—Rev. J. A. Waddell, minister. Services 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Minister at both services. Sunday school, 2.45 p.m.; Epworth League, Monday, 8 p.m.; prayer meeting, Wednesday, 8 p.m.; W.M.S., Thursday, 8 p.m. Strangers and visitors welcome.
Bethel Congregational Church, Corner Barrie and Johnson streets—Chas. Patterson, pastor, will preach at both services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday school and bible classes, 3 p.m.; prayer meeting, Wednesday, 8 p.m.; Y.P.S.C.E., Friday, 8 p.m. Cordial welcome is extended to all.
First Church of Christ, Scientist, Johnson street, between Bagot and Wellington streets—Sunday school, 9.45 a.m. Service 11 a.m.; subject, "God the Only Cause and Creator." Wednesday, 8 p.m., testimonial meeting; public reading room, same address, open every afternoon, except Sunday, 2 to 5 o'clock. All are cordially invited to the services and the reading room.
St. James' Church, cor. Union and Arch streets—T. W. Savary, B.A., rector, the Rector, 152 Barrie street, 8 a.m., Holy Communion; 11 a.m., morning prayer and holy communion. Subject, "A Right Judgment"; 3 p.m., Sunday school; 7 p.m., evening prayer and sermon. Preacher, Rev. F. S. Ford, Kangra, India.
Sydenham Street Church (Methodist)—Rev. W. T. G. Brown, minister. Services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. The minister will preach at morning service. Evening preacher, Rev. D. A. Lough; 2 p.m., Men's Club; 2.45 p.m., Bible school; Monday, 8 p.m., Epworth League; Wednesday, 8 p.m., prayer and praise service. Strangers and visitors welcome.
St. Luke's Church, Nelson street—Rev. J. de P. Wright, M.A., B.D., Rector. Whitsunday, 8 a.m., holy communion. All those who were confirmed last Sunday will make their first communion at this service. 11 a.m., morning prayer; 2.45 p.m., Sunday school and bible class; 4 p.m., holy baptism; 7 p.m., evening prayer. Music—special music will be rendered by the choir. Seats free. Strangers and visitors cordially invited to attend.
St. George's Cathedral—Very Rev. G. Lothrop Starr, M.A., D.D., Dean and rector, 78 Wellington street, phone 2155. Rev. Cecil Whalley, M.A., B.D., priest vicar, 164 King street, telephone 1444. Whitsunday, 8 a.m., Holy communion; 11 a.m., Holy communion. Preacher, Rev. F. S. Ford, missionary at Kangra, India, 3 p.m., Sunday school; 4 p.m., holy baptism; 7 p.m., evening prayer. Preacher, the Dean of Ontario. Services daily in the chapel at 10 a.m., except on Thursday. Thursday, holy communion, 8 a.m.
Calvary Congregational Church—Rev. H. D. Whitmore, former pastor, will preach both morning and evening. Morning service at 11 a.m.; evening service at 7 p.m. Bible class 7 p.m.
Peterboro By-Law Passes. Peterboro, June 7.—A by-law granting the Stickey Motors a fixed assessment of \$10,000 for ten years was carried here. The vote was very light. The company will manufacture motor trucks, tractors and gasoline engines.
G. H. W. Field, formerly of the staff of the Bank of Montreal, Aurora, has rejoined the bank at the Belleville branch, where he is to take over the position of teller. On June 4th, at the home of Mrs. Martin Reid, Deseront, the marriage was solemnized of her only daughter, Olive Ferns, to Miller S. Parks, Latta.
\$25,000 for Breach of Promise. Ottawa, June 7.—Miss Lilla Hogan, whose mother it is said, resides at Charlottetown, P.E.I., is suing Sinclair Sutherland, a local optician for \$25,000 for breach of promise. The case will come up at the sitting of the Supreme Court of Ontario, which opens here on June 10th. Miss Hogan alleges that she made a trip from Portland, Oregon, and incurred other expenses in connection with her expected marriage to Sutherland.

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M. M. SIMS, 130 Clarence St. District Representative. Hogan alleges that she made a trip from Portland, Oregon, and incurred other expenses in connection with her expected marriage to Sutherland.

OUCHI CORNS! LIFT CORNS OFF



WHEN SUMMER IS BUDDING. By Crawford C. Slack. When summer is budding My heart it goes a-cudding Back to the village, where I spent my childhood, 'Mong the flowers and wildwood. Oh, how I long to be there! As a boy I've yearning To be returning, And world-free there to remain In the cot of my mother, With sister and brother, Live a boy's life over again. I'd like to be sleeping Where the sun it came peeping At morn through the small window pane; Again there to stumber The night without number, To the rhythm of the soft summer rain. I would like to be wending Where wild flowers are blending Down the path to the pasture land, When day shadows dwindle, To drive "Spot" an "Trindle" Up to the old milking stand. Where the mill creek is flowing, And the willows are growing, I'd like to go swimming once more; In the blue-green thriving, Their splashing, chattering, Play "Mumble-de-peg" on the shore. Where the wild grape is clinging, And the white throats are singing, In the berry patch up on the hill, Who we used to get berries, And delicious black cherries, I wonder if they are there still! Just the thoughts are a pleasure, And sweets without measure; It seems a privileged joy, For my summer is budding, When my heart to go scudding Back to when I was a boy. John Lambert passed away on the front of Thurlow on Thursday. He was ninety-seven years of age, and death was due to senility.

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