



SOME PRESIDENTS OF THE CANADIAN CLUB OF TORONTO.

Upper row from left:—Mr. W. R. P. Parker, Mr. Casey Wood, Mr. G. A. Howell, Mr. John Turnbull.

Lower row from left:—Mr. W. E. Rundle, Mr. W. Sanford Evans, Winnipeg, Mr. J. A. Cooper, Mr. George Wilkie.

This photograph was taken last week on the occasion of Mr. Sanford Evans' visit to Toronto.

### Sensitive about Snow

**I**S it not time for Canadians to recover from their sensitiveness regarding the climate of this Dominion? Mr. Kipling, about a decade ago, brought all manner of replies and parodies upon his head because he chose a picturesque, though by no means original, title for a poem on our "preference." Then, after everyone had left the plough or the counter to write lines of more-or-less rhythmic protest, Mr. Kipling came back with the immortal limerick concerning the small boy of Quebec. We may as well admit that we have a few snowstorms and that skating is not an extinct pastime in Canada. We have no one but ourselves to blame for the idea that we spend our summers beneath a snow blanket. For years we sent photographs and paragraphs about ice palaces, toboggan slides and regattas on a frost-bound bay to friends scattered on the shores of the Seven Seas. Then we wonder that Canada is not placed in the same class with the Riviera and Algiers, as a balmy resort in winter. Our novelists have usually chosen the frostier parts of Canada for the scenes of their thrilling narratives. The Hudson's Bay Company and the Klondikers are much more romantic

than the quiet farmers and merchants who live along the shores of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. What is really needed is a Canadian novelist who will give us a series of summery fiction in which Niagara, Pelee Island and other mild districts will display to the foreign reader the charm of our southernmost counties. Mr. Arthur Stringer has a fruit farm in Kent, Ontario, where he raises huge melons and prize pears. It is his solemn duty to write a masterpiece in which the tomatoes, grapes and peaches of his native land will have an honoured place and will show to the alien that chilblains are not always with us. In the meantime we need not become wrathful every time we get a snowball in the face. Ours is a broad territory, as we have said many a time, and the dweller in Essex, Ontario or St. John, New Brunswick, must remember that Canada stretches away off to Yukon and that the adventurous foreign sportsman usually has his baggage checked through to the far north and hardly takes time to notice that we have several "gardens of Canada." He is so anxious to get to the "mountains, you know, and bag a bear" that he forgets to write home about the blue skies and bracing air.



THE GENERAL HOSPITAL AT KINGSTON.

This week the citizens of Kingston are holding a "Made in Canada" Fair in aid of the Hospital. The Armouries have been fitted up with booths, and citizens and county residents are combining in the good work of furnishing materials to be sold.