

RECENT SCENES IN "YANKEE TORONTO"

(So Described by Henri Bourassa)

Mayor Church to Mr. Bourassa

Mr. Henri Bourassa, Toronto, July 3, 1916.
Montreal.

Dear Sir,—

I note with some emotion that in your speech at Hull last week you refer to Toronto as a Yankee city. Cicero, you are talking wild again. I will admit that the Ontario Parliament Buildings were designed by an American architect, but that was when I was a small boy, or it might not have happened. I don't deny that once Goldwin Smith was the chief citizen of Toronto and that Erastus Wiman used to make this his headquarters for the Commercial Union Club. But that annexation bugaboo was nipped in the bud before I left school. Probably you are mixing up George



Washington with William of Orange and the L. O. L.—which we have in large numbers. I won't deny that we have an American Club, and a Yankee Consul, and a few United States factories; and that we get our Hydro power from Niagara. But I want to point out that if there is one city in Canada outside of Halifax and Victoria that is British to the core, it is my beloved Toronto.

Mr. Bourassa, were you ever up at Casa Loma? Did you ever see anything like Sir Henry Pellatt's place in Yankeeland? That's the real English touch—"cloudcapped towers and gorgeous palaces." You have not seen our Hunt Club or any of the Beardmores on horseback. English? Well rather. When you were up at our University last, did you notice any Yankee professors? I don't think so. Are our newspapers Yankified? Well, the Telegram certainly isn't, and the others don't really matter anyway. So far as I know, there are only two or three American preachers in all our churches, and we have several hundred of them. How about Col. Denison, whose father organized the garrison of Toronto? Not much Yankee about him. I can't say so much for Dr. J. A. Macdonald; but he has quit being a crony of William Jennings Bryan, and that's something.

By the way, I remember that when Mr. Bryan first came to Toronto to lecture, in 1897, after he was beaten by McKinley on the free silver platform, he was introduced to the audience by Mr. R. J. Fleming, who had the honour to be Mayor at that time, as I am now. Well, Bob doesn't often make a break that lets him into a hole, but he introduced the speaker as "Mr. Bryan Jennings." That's how much of an American he was; and I think he is as much of a Yankee as any of the Mayors the last twenty years.

No, Mr. Bourassa, this city certainly is not Yankee. You don't seem to realize that Toronto has sent more men to the front three or four times over than the whole Province of Quebec outside of Montreal. This city was taken twice by the Americans in the War of 1812, but they had to give it up again. I know we borrow municipal money in New York, but so do the Dominion Government and the city of Montreal.

No, I don't believe that Toronto City Hall was modelled after any American building. Anyway it was designed by a Canadian architect and it's full of works of art made in Canada. We have few skyscrapers—yet. The tallest building we have is St. James' Cathedral and that's about as Yankee as Westminster Abbey, so far as I can see. Besides, we have more varieties of English accent in Toronto than you can find in London. In fact, we are the only big city in Canada that may be called truly British.

So I fail to see how you can prove that Toronto is a Yankee city, just because it happens to be the home of the Ontario Legislature that enacted Regulation 17. I suppose, however, that to say a thing of that kind makes people think it's worth while just because it happens to be the kind of smart saying that isn't true. But if you want to tell people how bad a place Toronto is, don't call it a Yankee city, because if I thought it was anything like that I would quit the place and run for the mayoralty of Montreal.

Very truly yours,

T. L. CHURCH,
Mayor.



A new design in architecture. Girl Guides decorating the lordly British ramparts and bastions of Casa Loma, at a rally held in that palace of sociables, last week.

Packing blankets at Exhibition Camp for the big trek up to Camp Borden.

The young people under the two pretty hats in the foreground would not be likely to mistake Yankee Doodle or Dixie for British Grenadiers.

