



## Through A Monocle



### CANADIANS IN LONDON

SUMMER is the season when Canada walks the streets of London. All sorts and conditions of Canadians seem to have business in the Capital of the Empire—and of the world—during that first part of the bright summer-time which is included within the "London Season." The London Season, of course you know, is fixed by the Parliamentary session; and the Parliamentary session is fixed by the time when the law permits Englishmen to shoot certain little birds. This is one of the English anomalies which is so puzzling to the Continental who takes little account of the effect of tradition on English manners. For instance, the English House of Commons begins work about three in the afternoon—an amazing time in the eyes of a sensible man—and slackens up during the dinner hour, only to settle down in real earnest when most decent people are going to bed. This is because the English House of Commons was originally manned by "gentlemen"—i.e., men without occupation—who commonly sat up all night and slept most of the day. Our House of Commons naturally picked up this bad habit as one of the few features of the Mother of Parliaments which it has really copied.

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THE first part of the summer, then, sees all England—that is, all of England that counts in its own estimation—in London. And Canadians on business or pleasure bent, who desire to see any part of "all England" find it convenient to go to London at that time. Just now four of our Federal Ministers are there—or in Paris—a whole army of lawyers arguing everything from "Ne Temere" to the amount of damage done an employee who shook hands with his employer's buzz-saw; a lot of financial kings borrowing money; and a host of other people testing the London "taxi" and observing for themselves how the London policeman directs the traffic. It is a bully good time to be in London, too. Everything is at its best. The dramas which have survived the criticisms of the winter and have earned the approval of the multitude, are still running; while the failures are no longer in danger of entrapping the uninformed. The astonishing "Hyde Park review" is at its best. You know what that is? It is the spectacle of the "bluest blood" in the United Kingdom dressed up in its Sunday clothes, and walking about or sitting down in a part of Hyde Park which is no more private than Queen's Park, Toronto, or Dominion Square, Montreal. Think of English Lords and Ladies doing this sort of thing—a people so exclusive that they are never perfectly happy unless walled in from the general public. Yet here the "general public"—such as you and I—can go and walk with them, and sit in the chairs next them, and stare at them, and overhear their chat, to our heart's content.

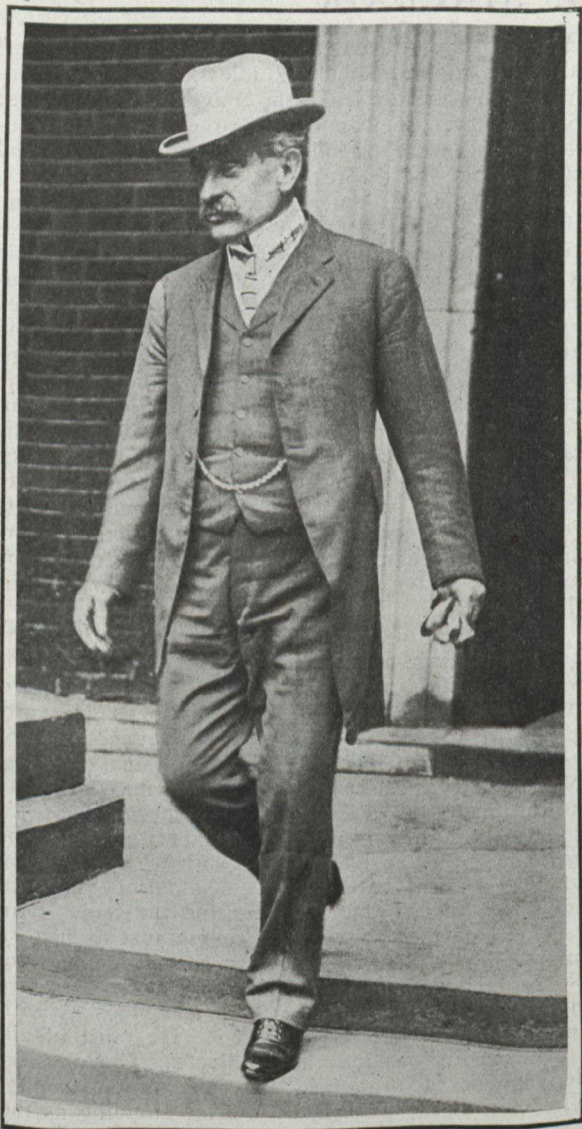
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THE great Parliamentary "show" is now going on. The British politicians do not mind working through the "heated term." They have a lofty, cool chamber in which to sit, and they keep it cooler by spraying the glass of the upper windows with water. This is an invention which aroused the risibilities of Edison when he was there last summer. I do not know myself whether it really cools the Chamber; but it certainly looks cool as you sit in the galleries and watch what seems to be a driving rain against the glass. Nothing, I fancy, however, could possibly keep the Speaker cool. He is the hardest worked man in the House. He does not lean back in a somnolent manner as our Speakers do, only "ruling" when some member insists that he wake up and take notice; but he constantly governs the course of the debate, "ruling" a straying talker out of order before his bitterest opponent has even discovered that he is wandering. And for this athletic performance he dresses in a heavy gown and a smothering wig. The wonder to me is that the British Speakers do not die of over-work and heat prostration during the summer months.

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THE great advantage of being in London just now, however, is that you can get so much pleasure by going away from it. It is impossible to leave London in any direction without bettering yourself. If you go to the country—the soft, rich,

verdant, well-trimmed English country—your eye will be constantly delighted with its cool beauty and its restful calm. Rural England is as lovely as London is ugly. If you choose to work up the Thames Valley, you will journey by the banks of one of the most peacefully and quietly beautiful little rivers that flows through a land of picturesque villages and hoary history. If you go north through the Cathedral towns to Edinburgh, you pass from stately pile to stately pile, and finally arrive at one of the most boldly attractive cities in Europe. If you go west, and finally to Ireland, you will come among a gracious people living in a garden—"a land where it is always afternoon." Or if you go east, and finally to France, you may pause at Canterbury or you may visit Brighton, and you will contrast the former with Amiens or the latter with Dieppe; and you will in the end come to that city



Prime Minister R. L. Borden Leaving a Meeting of the Imperial Defence Committee.

which is the most perfect modern example of what art and wealth can create—the city of the Louvre, of the Opera House, of the Madelaine, of old Cluny and of the soaring Pantheon.

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IF one is tied to London, however, there are always "week-end" alleviations. The English people have a charming habit of knocking off work Friday and going leisurely out to their country house or their sea-side villa for the end of the week, which they generously stretch over on occasion to the following Tuesday. And, when you come to think of it, four days' work is about enough for the average summer week. I fancy that we would get along just as well in Canada if we made this the rule. And we would have a lot more fun. If you have friends in England, they will ask you down with them for the "week-end," when you will get a better appreciation of English home-life than you can in any other way; but even if you are without friends—which means usually without "letters of introduction"—you can still manage a pretty good time by spending the "week-end" in a sea-side hotel.

The English sea-side is not at all like ours. The difference is—curiously enough—that the bath is not the great thing with the Englishman. At a sea-side resort on this continent, "bathing hour" sees everybody in the surf, all at once and all together, having a huge democratic jollification. In England, people usually bath from "bathing machines" in very formal fashion, the men quite apart from the women; and no jollity save that caused by the exhilaration of the tumbling sea. "Beach minstrels" and "gathering shells by the sea-shore" are quite as popular at the British resorts as bathing.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

### Net Price of Cement

THERE is a considerable amount of ignorance in the public mind as to the prices which the cement manufacturers are getting. All Canadian cement is sold at a price which includes freight to the delivery point. Hence when it is said that cement is selling at \$1.40 a barrel, the manufacturer may be getting anywhere from \$1.03 to \$1.15.

Let us take an example. There is a cement mill at Orangeville which sells all over Ontario at \$1.35 or \$1.40 per barrel. But the mill doesn't get this full amount. Here are the actual figures:

London, \$1.35 less 28c. freight .....	\$1.07
Chatham, \$1.35 less 31½c. freight .....	1.03½
St. Mary's, \$1.40 less 28c. freight .....	1.12
Peterboro', \$1.40 less 33¼c. freight .....	1.06¾
Toronto, \$1.40 less 21c. freight .....	1.19
Hamilton, \$1.35 less 28c. freight .....	1.07

Average net price .....

Again, take the case of Winnipeg. The price of Ontario cement in that city is \$1.95. Owen Sound is the nearest shipping point and the mills there get the largest return. But this return is \$1.95 less 91c. freight or \$1.04 net.

In the United States cement is always sold F.O.B. the mill. This should be the rule here, but the other clumsy method prevails. Consequently, when the ordinary man compares published prices in the two countries he is comparing two sets of figures based on entirely different conditions. When cement is selling in the United States at \$1.05 a barrel, it is selling on a par with Canadian cement quoted at \$1.35 to \$1.40. The United States price is net, and the Canadian price is gross.

Few Canadian manufacturers make the same mistake as the cement makers. Nearly all Canadian-made goods are quoted "at the mill," or "at the warehouse." The buyer pays his own freight. So it should be with cement. The makers of this product are suffering by the misunderstanding of the public because of this method of making quotations.

The present duty on cement is 53 cents, less one-half rebate until November, or a net duty of 26½ cents. To compete in Canada the American cement manufacturer must deliver his cement at \$1.35 freight and duty paid. The freight will be 25 cents (say) and the duty 26½ cents. Subtracting these two items, the American manufacturer nets only 83½ cents. It is an open question if the American manufacturer can produce cement at 83½ cents, or the Canadian cement maker at \$1.09. The American has undoubtedly the advantage. His coal costs him \$2 a ton less; his labour is cheaper; he does not pay thirty per cent. duty on his machinery; and he is not forced to shut down for four months every year during the period of ice and snow. Indeed it is tolerably certain that under present conditions the manufacturers on both sides of the line are getting a mighty small return on their capital, and in some cases are actually losing money.

### A Pioneer's Opinion

(The Edmonton Journal.)

WHEN the final history of the great Canadian Northwest is written, there will figure largely in its pages Dr. John McDougall, of Calgary, son of the late Dr. George McDougall, an early pioneer missionary, after whom the McDougall Methodist Church of Edmonton received its name.

When asked if he thought the present rush of immigration were "The Last Trek"—as Emerson Hough called it—he laughed and said:

"Why there is absolutely no limitation to the population-bearing qualities of this north country! But a man has to have conception—he must see visions. He must not be like the Cambridge graduate of old who came out to this country in 1879, and as he stood in a learned pose on the banks of the Saskatchewan River, outside the old Fort, said, 'Doubtless this country will remain as it is for the next century, the scene of the wandering savage—the pasture of the great herds!' His speech was recorded in the *Toronto Globe* about that time and you may read it in the files to-day."