

PICTURESQUE INCIDENTS IN ENGLISH LIFE

either, but lots of them!

Take the French-Canadian colony. It nestles snugly in the valley to your left as you approach the town, and consists of a group of houses brightly painted and ornamentally constructed, for your Frenchman loves a dash of colour. Two or three years ago this place was forest. Now it is a settlement as prosperous as it is promising. There are eighty-five houses and five hundred people live in them, which—incidentally—proves that here, at any rate, the babies come. Why not? Is it not a model city? The baby here is well-circumstanced. M'sieur Arnault sits on the balcony of his house and tells you about himself and his affairs.

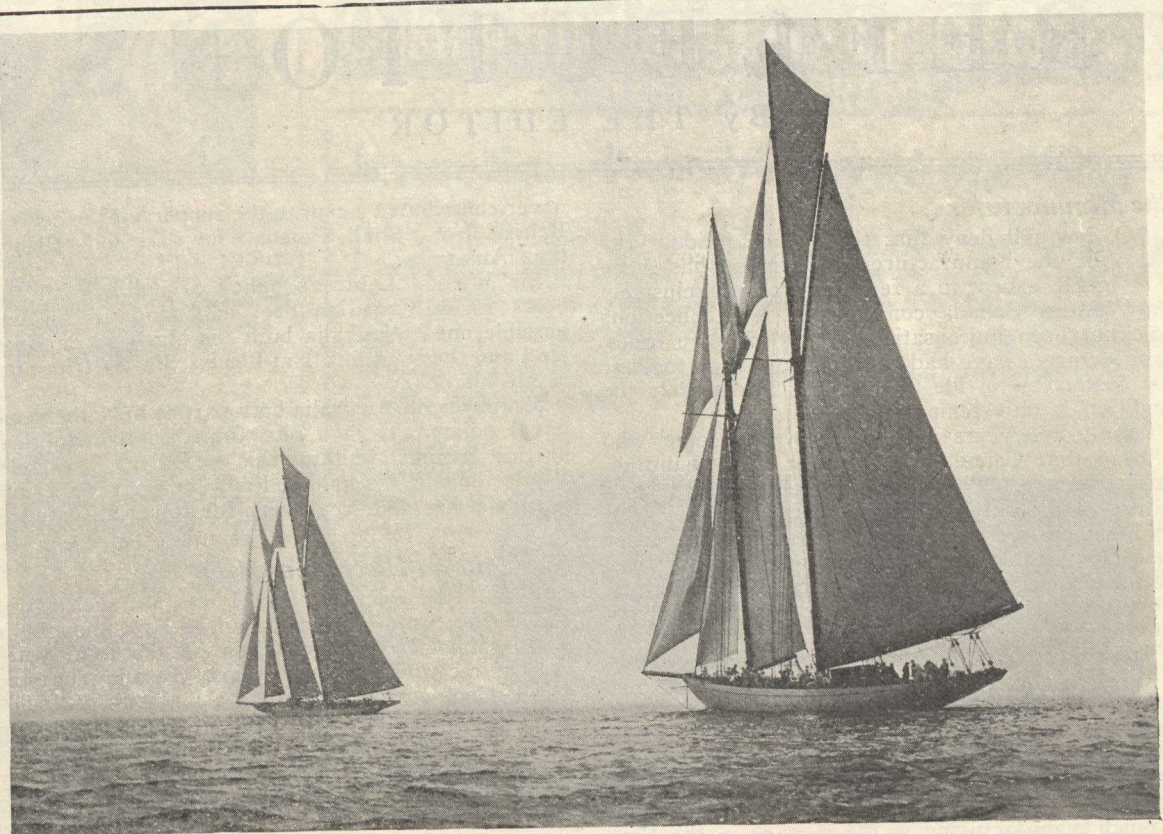
"Two years ago I came here from eastern Canada. The Colonel wanted work-people, and we of Quebec wanted a chance to make good and make money. It was a fair exchange, so we came—train-loads of us. The company offered us four dollars a day for our services. We were advanced half an acre of land each, the lumber to build our homes, the paint to finish them, and the furniture to make them habitable. See my own house," continues he, proudly, "it cost me about a thousand dollars to build and furnish, and I am paying for it at the rate of eight dollars a month at present. My land and house are increasing rapidly in value. I came here a poor man. If I stay two or three years I shall have a few thousand dollars."

So he will. He rubs his hands with glee, telling you he was offered three thousand dollars last week for his land and turned it down. Would he return to Quebec? you ask him. "I should say not," he replies, "there are no such inducements there. A steady job, a cheap house and lot, which are all the time appreciating in value—can I get the chance of these things in old Quebec?" And he shrugs his shoulders.

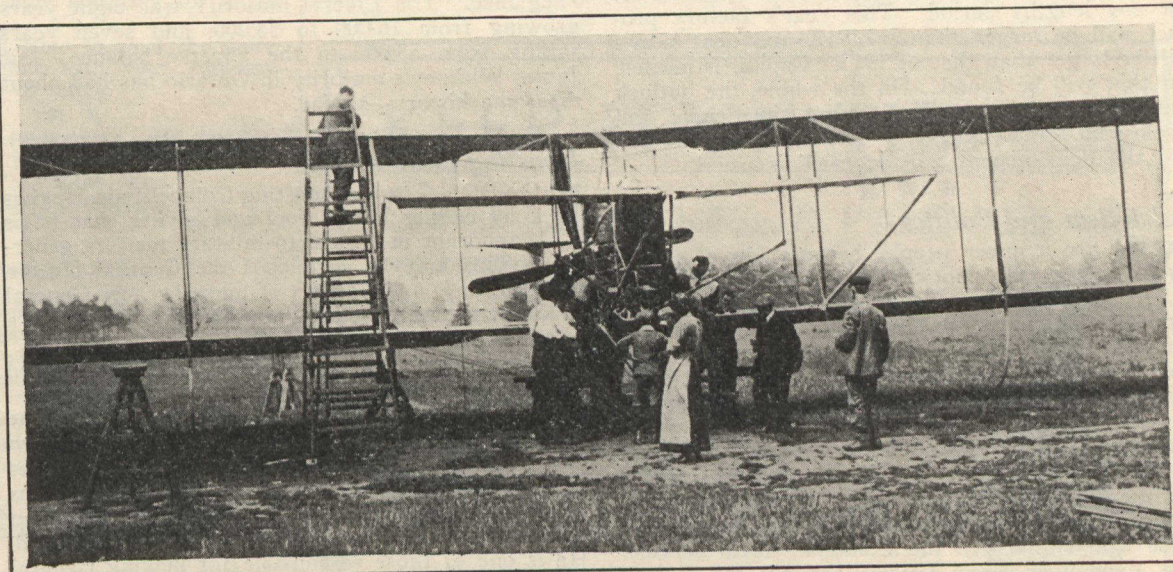
In the middle of the French-Canadian colony there is a church, which was built at a cost of \$7,000. It will hold several hundred people. Adjoining it are the priest's house, and the convent, where the little ones may be taught. The acre and a half upon which these buildings stand was given to these colonists by the company for nothing. There are stores, a billiard room, a public 'phone station, and boarding houses for those who don't enjoy, as yet, connubial bliss. Many of the residents have a 'phone in their own house. Ask Colonel Davidson if he has proved it worth his while to transport these people two or three thousand miles. He would not hesitate before answering. The people are working hard. They are free from care, rid of anxiety. They have not only butter for their bread, but preserves to make it palatable. The wail of a character in "Alice in Wonderland," "Jam every other day, but never jam to-day," is not heard at Fraser Mills.

The main body of settlers is made up of Britishers, Canadians and Americans. Get hold of John Smith here, and ask him what he thinks of Fraser Mills, and whether it is preferable to "Old Lunnion" or not. He will probably implore you to "strike me, blame if it ain't," which is graphic if not quite a la mode. Here, too, the citizen has everything to assist him towards being model. If he is married, he has a comfortable home for which he pays an absurdly low rent, and he has the chance to pay for his house by instalments. If he is single, there are boarding-houses up-to-date and replete with every convenience for his comfort. There is a large club with billiard tables, a pianola, books to read, and athletic associations to enjoy. There is a good sewer system. The settlement is well laid out, with streets of modern construction, and recently planted trees. In short—to use Mr. Micawber's burst-of-confidence phrase—this model city is about the nearest thing on this continent to the ideal. It is soon to be incorporated into a municipality, with its own mayor, and its own elections. The only things lacking from the settlement are saloons and the police. Neither of them are necessities, and their absence, as well as the perfect goodwill and harmony existing, are answer complete enough to the question, "Are these people happy?"

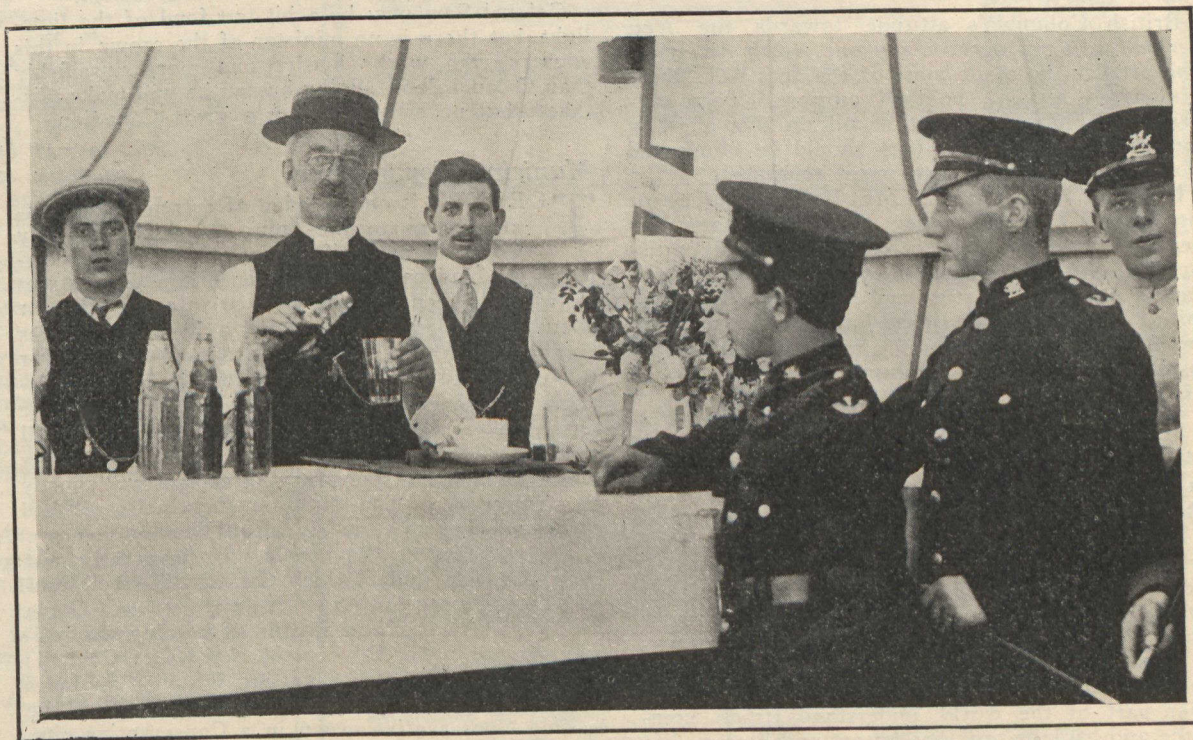
Surely this is the right way. It is at once the duty and the privilege of the master to help the man. No man can live by bread alone; he needs pickles, dry goods and a haircut now and then. The master must help him. Some may do it one way, some another, but to the mind of the writer the model city is the best method of all. The old Latins used to say, *Non sibi sed omnibus*—not for oneself, but for all! That is the spirit which is going to get you somewhere. Colonel Davidson, and other employers of labour out west, have adopted it, and are living in it. It pays—even as a business resource, for it helps the wheels of the huge machinery of business to work smoothly. Now, Mr. Manufacturer, get busy, and use this oil to lubricate your wheels!



The chief society event of international importance has been the yacht races at Cowes, Isle of Wight. This photograph shows Mr. Whitaker's "Margherita" leading in the race for schooner yachts, followed by Herr Krupp von Bohlen's "Germania."



This is the Waterplane which caused the death of Mr. Cody, the well-known aviator. It was launched at Aldershot on July 11th. It is three times as large as an ordinary Biplane, and is fitted with an operating table and medical appliances.



A suggestion for Canada's Minister of Militia—this picture shows Archdeacon Bevan, of Brecon, Wales, at the Welsh Territorial Camp, running a bar which serves coffee and soft drinks. The Archdeacon makes his bar pay, and at the same time finds plenty of time for his religious duties in connection with the militia. His bar is open from 4.30 a.m. to 11.30 p.m.