

that the South Africans—three-fourths of them Boers, by the way—scored their victories largely by going into the game with such snap and speed that they usually played their opponents off their feet before they got started. They never let up. And they kept in strict training all the time. These two causes of success must be taken together, and the greatest of them is the second. It is all very well for superior persons to object to the Colonial system of "playing to win." If a game is worth playing, it is worth winning. Scotland, with three of the South Africans injured, won a noble victory, and Cardiff, in Wales, achieved a like honour. But the losses were only two: the victories thirty-four. New Zealand's record was better, for Wales alone defeated the Antipodeans.

The Australian cricketers, with a population of but four millions or so, meet all England on even terms. Cricketing reporters ceaselessly protest against the way in which English players persist in missing easy catches without number. C. W. Alcock, Secretary of the Surrey County Cricket Club, wrote acridly on the same topic last summer. The professionals alone, as a class, work hard in the fields. And they have to do most of the bowling. Association football is altogether—in so far as the first class article is concerned—in the hands of professionals, and the bookmakers, who are the curse of the poorer districts in the Midlands, have made of the Soccer game a regular betting institution. There is no desire to throw any Canadian stones at English athletes, but it is quite permissible to wonder whether the old glory of field sport has gone the way of rowing and of boxing. Then the "squared circle" was brutal if you like, but brutal manfully and honestly. Sculling is dead across the water; boxing is in the hands of a horde of toughs who are the scum of the United States. Let the hope be that in amateur athletics laxity and refusal to train will not compel the Old Land's stalwarts to become the acknowledged inferiors of their visitors from sister nations. If complacency takes the place of earnestness, that is just what will happen.

Men Wanted in British Columbia

IF ever a Canadian Premier faced a nightmare of complexities in a campaign, the Hon. Richard McBride is that man. In addition to administrative questions, which furnish fighting ground of the ordinary kind, the First Minister has to satisfy manufacturers and labour men, or, it might be better to say, he has to antagonise both classes as little as may be. The question over which the two factions are warring is that of Chinese labour. Last year the manufacturers, and men who were anxious to become manufacturers, had more than one interview with members of the McBride Government regarding its attitude on this subject. The fruit growers saw thousands of tons of apples and peaches rot on the ground of their ranches because there was not the harmless necessary Chinamen to pick them. Meanwhile from Calgary to Winnipeg these same fruits, brought from Ontario and California, were selling at the highest prices. Had the Chinamen been available the crops would have been saved and, as the fruit ranchers found out, the coast cities would have received a large share of the profit. "Give us more unskilled labour," is the demand of all classes of employers. The reply of the trades-unionist is terse and, the labour men believe, final. It is, "You can't have Chinese. Any government that even modifies the \$500 head tax will be defeated at our hands." But, as the Second Vice-President of one of our great railway lines has pointed out, there is prospect of a coalition against the unionists. The employers in the cities and the farmers and ranchers have identical needs. It is true that in the Pacific province the agri-

cultural interest is comparatively small. There is arable land in abundance, though, and the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific will soon open vast tracts to exploitation. Incoming farmers will insist upon getting help and there seems to be no prospect of securing it in any appreciable quantities from Eastern Canada or Europe. Mixed farming and fruit ranching can be made a highly profitable business under anything like favourable conditions. It will be years before the plainsmen east of the Great Divide lose their faith in the cry that "Wheat is King." But they will insist upon getting fresh vegetables and fruits, the latter of which they cannot grow. To British Columbia they will look for their supplies, and British Columbia freely says that she cannot fill the demand without Chinese labour. This is the condition that confronts the farmers of to-day and tomorrow. A similar condition faces the would-be manufacturers of the coast cities. And in the living present the Hon. Richard McBride is doubtlessly glad to be able to remark to the minority that one Wilfrid Laurier is the culprit who has placed them under this infliction. Of course, to Ottawa in the last analysis the appeal of the head-tax removalists must be made.

R. K.

A Montreal Reminiscence

THE closing services held on the last Sunday of 1906 in old St. Thomas' Church, Notre Dame Street East, Montreal, preparatory to its evacuation, recall some interesting details of a day when church and city were younger than they are now, and the methods of private citizens sometimes achieved results not to be obtained since the family aspect of our large towns has become a thing of the past.

The daily press alludes to the generosity of Mr. Thomas Molson, by whom the church was erected in 1841, but it is perhaps not generally known that in so doing the donator carried out the terms of a vow made by him during a dangerously stormy passage across the Atlantic. This vow was to the effect that if land were safely reached, a church would be erected to commemorate the event. In connection with the construction of the building, which took place soon afterwards, an amusing bit of ostentation which has probably long been forgotten, may be related. In the stone above the entrance was carved the name St. Thomas' Church, and immediately below ran the words, "Erected by Thomas Molson, at his sole expense." This phrase, naturally, did not meet with general approval, and led to a practical joke which caused the speedy erasure of the last four words. Some wicked wags, whose identity remained unknown, under cover of night, painted a large apostrophe and the letter "S" after "sole," while a lower line contained the appropriate conclusion, "He brews XX." Even to those unacquainted with Montreal, these words could scarcely fail to suggest Mr. Molson's occupation as brewer and distiller.

K. L. M.



Modern Highwaymen.
County Officer: Fifty dollars, sir, you were exceeding the speed limit.
—N. Y. Life.