

landlords are getting rentals of from \$20 to \$100 a month from tenements that are not fit to live in.

On Clarke Street, there are in a couple of blocks sixteen boarding houses, inhabited by Russians and Poles. The total number of rooms in those boarding houses is 84. The average size is 10 by 5 feet, with a height of 8 feet. Living in them are 333 men and 16 women. The average amount of air for these people is 150 cubic feet. It should be 450 cubic feet.

OF 1,000 men talked with by Y.M.C.A. workers in this neighbourhood, seven hundred were "out-of-work" and had been for three months. Of the 333 in the two blocks on Clarke Street, 266 had not been able to get work of any kind during nearly four months. There were 155 married men having wives and families in Europe. In an unventilated, scarcely heated four-room flat there were sixteen people. The family consisted of a man and wife and three children; the rest were boarders.

"We have no work and no money and our wives and children are starving to death at home," said one of these men through an interpreter.

Many of them are facing starvation themselves. The foreigner of the labouring class usually pays \$3 a month for his bed, if it be a double bed with one other human occupant. If he chooses to occupy a single bed, he pays \$3.50 for the privilege. The rent includes the right to cook on a big, common stove. The boarders buy their own food from the grocery store and cook what needs cooking on this stove. Just at present most of them are living on \$1 or \$1.50 a week. Many of them have exhausted their savings. They can't get work or pay their fares home; and the grocery store is giving them credit.

A couple of years ago a Montreal clergyman noticed a tiny boy navigating one of the most crowded crossings in the city, the corner of Craig and Bleury, between noon and one o'clock. The child reached the other side in safety, but disappeared in the crowd. A little later the boy was found on a doorstep in the east end. For three days he wandered about there getting a little food, but apparently having no home.

Then he was taken into a mission to be cared for. Willie, for that appeared to be the only name he owned, was three years old at this time. He had all the appearance of an Englishman. The clergyman took care of Willie and later his family adopted the waif.

Then appeared a Polish woman who claimed to be Willie's mother. She wanted Willie, but would be willing to sell him for \$200. The clergyman did not believe she was really Willie's mother and refused to surrender Willie.

A few more attempts were made by the alleged mother, and then appeared in a Polish paper an advertisement offering a three-year-old boy to any person who would pay \$100 for him. The name of the advertiser was the name of the woman who claimed to own Willie, who is still with the clergyman's family.

Some of the worst buildings in all the foreign colonies are on Montcalm Street. About half way

down that thoroughfare is an archway. The ground is covered inches deep with mud and refuse of all kinds; the roof is rotten timber, low and gloomy.

the inner side of a square of tenements. It is on the first floor.

Above is another such gallery and below the yard, covered with slime in which scores of small children play among the rubbish-heaps. Each of the upper floors of each house contains four little groups of rooms. The rent of each of these groups is \$10 monthly. The basement is a Chinese laundry, which produces \$20 a month.

That is a total rent of \$100 monthly derived from a house which should have been destroyed years ago as unsafe and unsanitary. In one of the little groups of four rooms twelve Italians lived. Seven slept in one room.

On and near Brown Street, and in very many other parts of the city's foreign colonies, conditions are similar and nothing is being done to change them.

That little village of Bluebonnets is fast reproducing the slums of the big city; and on the slope above, Montreal West smilingly nestles among the trees, the garden suburb.

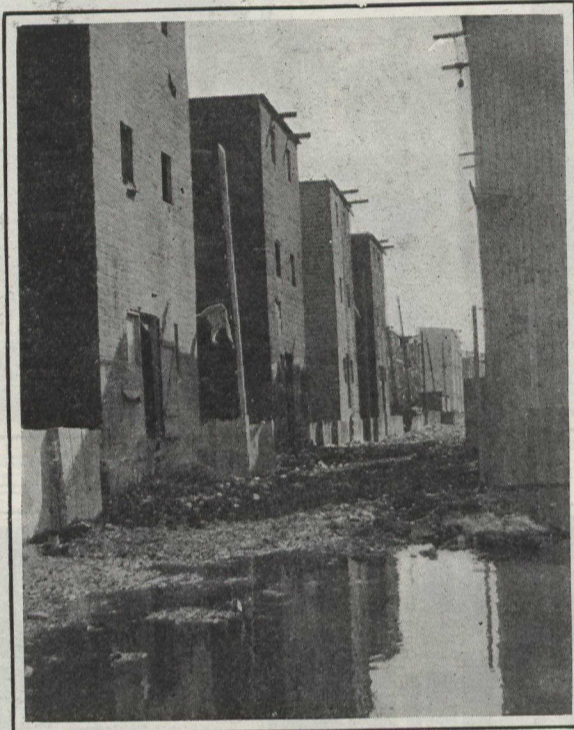
In the foreign colonies of Montreal itself whole families are facing starvation, without prospect of work or money; and Montreal looks on unperturbed. But Montreal is almost sublimely careless, because the big city has for years been overgrowing by immigration and the annexing of suburbs without being able to take care of either new areas or new people.

Montreal is careless because she is cosmopolitan and because her municipal administration, in spite of the greatest popular upheaval known in the civic history of Canada, still remains a gigantic burlesque.

When Montreal emerges from her present muddle of multi-millionaires and tenement slums, she will cease to be a big cosmopolitan village in civic management while being a city in size and magnificence. She will begin to be what nature intended she should be, our first great Canadian city.



In this Picnic Group, arranged by the City Mission in Montreal West, there were Russians, Lithuanians, Syrians, Galicians, Roumanians, Poles, Bulgarians and Jews. A Midway of Nationalities.



This is called Brown St. But fashionable Westmount never heard of it.

At the inner side of this archway are two unsafe-looking wooden ladders, rotting away. The second of those leads to a drooping gallery which encircles

## Municipal Affairs

SEVERAL daily newspapers have given their approval to the idea advanced in these columns that Ontario should have a commissioner or minister of municipal affairs. Manitoba has a commissioner; Saskatchewan and Alberta have a minister. At this time, when municipalities need assistance and advice in financing, a provincial minister of municipal affairs would be of great assistance to every municipality. At present the town councils of cities, towns and villages have no adviser. The provincial government does nothing to help. These local bodies must blunder along as best they can. The farmers have a minister who is supposed to help them; the mining men have a minister to help them; other sections of the community get help and advice; but the people who look after municipal administration get none. In Great Britain, there is a Local Government Board which not only advises the town councils, but finances them.

This is a reform to which Canada has given too little attention and which is now a pressing national problem.

# What New Zealand is Doing in the War

*Story of a Remarkable Patriotic Movement as Told by Our Own Correspondent*

Wellington, N. Z., October 15th, 1914.

WHILE the waves of war are rolling tempestuously across half Europe, New Zealand has been feeling slightly some effects of the backwash of the larger billows. There have been temporary interruptions and delays in arrivals of steamers from home, while vessels that would have been carrying our produce to the Home Land under ordinary circumstances, have been diverted to other uses, of which more presently. Despite the dangers besetting the ocean highways, however, liners have been leaving regularly, and so far all but one have reached England safely. The one, as you are doubtless aware, is the Kaipara, which, laden with a valuable cargo of produce, was sunk by the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse in the Atlantic. The removal of the Kaiser by H. M. S. Highflyer was the subject of keen satisfaction here, as it furnished a morsel of such comfort as may be found in revenge.

Within the Dominion, despite the inevitable tightening of the London money market on which we are all so dependent, and the enforced dislocation of commercial activities in several directions, conditions generally may be described as good. Merchants have made some advances in prices of food-stuffs, but the Government has taken a hand to prevent undue exploitation of the public in this manner, and already the price of wheat has been fixed at 4s.

9d. per bushel, and of flour at £11 15s. per ton. Some holders are up in arms at this, as it is recorded that large purchases had been made at 5s. per bushel before the promulgation of the Order-in-Council; but I think they will have to grin and bear the loss, just as the poor consumer has to do anyway when retail prices go up. He has no redress or chance of recouping himself, while the "big man" plays for a rise and a big profit—and in this case he has been checkmated. The woollen mills of the Dominion stand to reap a little benefit from the war, as the Imperial authorities are inquiring for khaki cloth for the army; but the scarcity of the particular class of skilled labour required for the mills may prevent the latter from taking full advantage of this opportunity to enlarge their output. And they do not wish to sacrifice their ordinary customers for a slice of transient trade. Other trades, though feeling the effects of the war in various ways, are able to keep going at nearly normal level, if we except the timber business. Farmers are rather apprehensive for the shearing and the harvesting work, fearing that the departure of so many country men to the wars will create a serious shortage of labour.

AS I hinted in my last despatch, New Zealand has taken her part in the great crisis. As a member of the world-wide British family she is face to face with a crisis, and has risen to the occasion as befits one of Britannia's daughters. Already she

has sent away an expedition which is now in occupation of the German colony of Samoa, and as I write eight thousand men and nearly half that number of horses, with batteries complete, are on transports lying out in the harbour. In the next twenty-four hours they will probably be ploughing across the Southern Ocean on their way to the fields where a hundred years ago the grandsires of many of these men fought and bled to break the power of an autocrat who threatened to overrun Europe.

Warships are here to convoy this Armada, and the escort includes one of Japan's first-class ships. She and a British battle-cruiser left the China coast nearly two months ago, searched the Malay seas and Bay of Bengal for the commerce-harrying Emden, without success, and then came on here, arriving two days ago. When they depart presently they will have in their keeping New Zealand's free gift to the Motherland—a fighting force trained, equipped, and ready to take the field. May all go well with these kinsmen of ours! If more are needed, they will be ready to step into the fray. This should not be regarded as an idle boast; the people recognize that, Britain being involved in the war, we are in it, too, and must see it through. There can be no half measures. Measured in the sordid terms of money we have already spent £1,500,000 on our expeditionary forces, before the main body leaves these shores, and even if the struggle

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