

shareholders have commenced against the London board (of directors) and myself," has much to do with his offer. Shareholders of the Canada Consolidated Cobalt Company will do well to consult their pillows before taking any action. And, as an afterthought, might it be asked when the London Stock Exchange Committee will awake from their sleep?

PLANNING YOUR TOWN.

The world's metropolis has probably experienced more than most cities the unenviable reward for neglecting the art of town planning. A tangle of streets, bridges, and traffic, even though the latter be well organized, has cost London municipalities millions of dollars to unravel. The latest addition to the main thoroughfares of London meant the demolition of hundreds of dwellings. A scene of desolation for months marked the route where now the broad and handsome thoroughfare cuts its way.

Mr. John Burns, the practical president of the Local Government Board, has introduced a housing and town planning bill. One of its objects, and the chief to interest a country which has not touched the edge of bricks and mortar congestion, is to check for the future the haphazard growth of city and environs, to prevent a labyrinth of small streets, and, perhaps, as time goes on, poor streets. In some of our larger Canadian cities the main thoroughfares are far too narrow to cope with the everyday commercial life. Winnipeg, a notable exception, has a Main Street and Portage Avenue, a credit to civic forethought. The little thinker imagines it far too wide for present needs, even for the future. Living fifty years hence, when the Western metropolis is wrestling for all sorts of statistical honors with the United States, thanks will fall to those who paved and planned main thoroughfares with asphalt and commonsense.

Many new centres and ports have yet to find room in the Canadian Gazetteer. Those responsible for founding new towns should have a large eye for future possibilities. None will complain if in planning the streets to be, their width and surroundings are dictated by extreme optimism.

IMMIGRATION CRITICS.

Some rather hard phrases were used by Mr. Lavergne at Ottawa this week. The eternal and important question of immigration was the text of the discussion at the time. The debate revolved around the bonus system, an arrangement which is not so perfect as to allow criticism to leave no marks. Mr. Lavergne, a lingual extremist evidently, thinks that the per capita immigration policy is bringing into Canada drunkards, degenerates, and hooligans of the old countries. Shorn of the extreme, Mr. Lavergne is to some extent correct. But he again steps far enough in saying that the Dominion is becoming "the open lunatic asylum, the open hospital, and the open penitentiary of the world."

History all along has shown that the first few hundred years in a country's life are beset with population problems. First, they are very primeval, then acutely social. Take Australia as an instance, a great continent strenuously bidding for the same men as is Canada. The first explorers in Southern seas tapping its shores were Dutchmen. Later, the colonization instinct of Britain led a small fleet that way. The ships were laden with men, but they bore the stripes of the convict. They settled on the land, and Botany Bay was charted. From that small settlement of felons, guarded by the military, and ruled by governors possessing more or less tact, has grown the great Commonwealth. If Mr. Lavergne had lived in the seventeenth century, he might well have raised his hands in horror and labelled the discovered sections of Australia as the open lunatic

asylum, hospital, and penitentiary of the world. Canada has not a tithe of the peculiar problems which then presented themselves.

Unless strict scrutiny is exercised by the authorities, the Dominion will become confronted with some economic puzzles coping with which will grow more difficult year after year. There are two sides to the question of selection. A country needing labor must not be aesthetic in its tastes. It must take what comes, so long as the fist of destiny will be able one day to punch what comes into national assistance. The chief desideratum, therefore, is adaptability. This virtue is not always superficial. It is hardly noticeable sometimes until the man is lean with starvation. Desperate straits will often show whether a man has the instinct of the pioneer or of the criminal. But the question cannot always be decided this side of the water. In that event Canada would become the sorting-ground of human rubbish, without a human incinerator adjacent.

England of all countries in Europe—and the European is admittedly one of the best immigrants—has a large surplus population. It has a workhouse system creating problems which, perhaps, only a scourge, or, what would be considered in these days an inhuman process, can remove. A network of institutions, supported by the rates, stretch from north to south. In the capital alone are thousands of men, women, and children bearing what is sneeringly termed the pauper taint. Their every action, every meal, every night's rest is bolstered up by rates and taxes. In this miniature city of helpless, a small proportion would, if freed from the props of pauperization, make valuable citizens where the struggle for existence is less and hard work counts for something. Why are not these sources made available? They are. And the sentiment of home clings so tightly that weeping mothers, and brothers, and sisters, and fathers melt away the commonsense of the elected guardians of the poor. There are those, too, who live by their wits alone, their hands in someone else's pocket. And yet again there is the type Canada needs. Two faults there have been in the Dominion Government's policy. One, that Britain was being educated to imagine emigration a cure for all social ills, that Canada is Utopia materialized. The other, that the operations of charitable agencies have not been sufficiently regulated. These defects are being remedied.

The Department of the Interior and our immigration officials work out their plans on paper, in correspondence, and statistical blue books. Theirs is the medicine manufactured in that laboratory. The country at large and the immigration officials must consult as to how the patient is feeling.

The bonus system may be ideally effective. On the other hand, it is capable of great abuse. Tom, Dick, and Harry all bundled on to the ocean liner. The officials agree, the doctors agree, and the recruiting agency receives its fee. The Dominion is richer, according to official documents. But maybe it would have been better had only one of the three embarked. It is an easy matter to shovel together a hundred of the worthless type. Labor and they are strangers. Living in one country appears as good a prospect as living in another, with a sea voyage thrown in. Selection counts for a great deal. Numbers may mean only a shifting of social responsibility from one shoulder to another.

GOLD IN YUKON.

On another page is printed an interesting and curious letter from a gentleman who knows Yukon and its story. In it he refers to the criticisms in these columns of the Yukon Basin Gold Dredging Company, saying that "nothing appeals more quickly to the speculative Yankee than a big thing." This "led them to place the capital at twenty million dollars, which is cer-