

REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS.

THE socialist trio in the British Columbia legislature refused to rise when the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province came into the Chamber. As a gentle protest, little exception can be taken to this act. The

GOVERNORS AND SOCIALISTS

lieutenant-governors of the Provinces are really too haughty. They cannot go anywhere on official business without having some soldiers and a tin-colonel or two trotting around after them. A silk hat, a frock coat and a decently clad secretary should be sufficient.

The reply of their defenders is that the lieutenant-governors' display is made to present and reinforce the dignity of the law. The socialist, having no respect for anything except his own unbridled wishes, would not be influenced by this defence. Yet it is an argument worth considering. It is quite true that the lack of gold braid in the United States bred a disregard for the might and majesty of the law. They are going back to braid over there, just as a precautionary measure.

When the Socialists go so far as to claim that lieutenant-governors, chief justices and all government authorities are simply agents for promoting the interests and maintaining the ascendancy of the capitalist class, they become ridiculous. They verge on the ludicrous. The law extends its sheltering mantle to all classes and the poorer a man is the more he should respect the law which will protect him and his children in their efforts to raise themselves from one economic state to another.

Nevertheless, our lieutenant-governors might quietly abandon the plumed hat and the gold braid. They have no more need of it than have the provincial premiers. When there is a state function at Ottawa, or in a provincial capital, in the nature of vice-regal drawing-room, they might be allowed to dress up a bit as the privy councillors do. These occasions are not numerous and remain the exceptions which may prove the general rule. Modesty of dress and conduct among officials does not necessarily detract from their dignity: it is their manner and bearing which counts.

TO the ordinary citizen, "cutting a melon" is a phrase which makes him think of balmy September days. To the extraordinary citizen, the man with wealth and a knowledge of the game known as finance, CUTTING MELONS

"cutting a melon" brings to his mind balmy days which may occur in any month in the year. In fact, among financiers, melon cutting is usually a pastime of the winter season, although late fall and early spring are not objectionable.

To cut a melon properly, you must first find your melon. Melons do not grow on every tree. They thrive best in sunny board-rooms, with long mahogany tables and a liberal supply of leather-covered chairs. The latter are very handy when the actual "cutting" is due.

To grow the melon it is best to have a franchise of some kind—gas, water, electric light, or some natural monopoly. Any real large corporation will do if a franchise is impossible. Handle it well, and it will soon sprout a melon. More capital is needed. Issue new stock to the old stockholders at a low price. Give out as your reason that the low price is necessary to induce the public to take up the issue.

The actual cutting of the melon should be done with due ceremony. The fruit is watched and the time for the cutting arranged by the "insiders." The real business should be done with pomp and display. A senator, a member of Parliament, a prominent educationalist and one or two men high in the esteem of the general public should be invited when the propitious day arrives. Let them make a few speeches about the future of the country, the great possibilities and such like. Have the meeting well written up in the newspapers at so much an inch; get the banks, transfer companies and brokers all in line to raise a cheer and then divide the fruit.

And yet if the capitalists did not provide melons for the public of to-day, what would happen? The public would keep its money in bureau-drawers or in the savings banks, and industry would languish for lack of capital. Melons are positively necessary, it would seem, in order to get people to invest their capital in undertakings which are of an industrial or semi-industrial nature. When the world gets wiser, melon-cutting may disappear. In Great Britain they have tried to eliminate melon-cutting but they have not wholly succeeded. They have, however, eliminated its worst features. This should be Canada's aim.

THERE is much talk about the boom in Winnipeg, Port Arthur and Fort William, Regina, Edmonton, Calgary, and other new cities. Every little town in the West is talking about its wonderful development.

QUEBEC'S BOOM

They rather pity the poor, old, effete East. Yet it is doubtful if there is a city in the Dominion making more progress than the Ancient Capital. Quebec is the oldest city in Canada—three hundred years of age in 1908. For a long period it was so overshadowed by Montreal that it seemed to be shrinking back into insignificance.

To-day all this is changed. The Quebec Bridge is approaching completion and Intercolonial trains will soon be running across the River. The impossible is almost accomplished. The Grand Trunk Pacific is building north and south. The Canadian Northern Quebec Railway is building a direct short line to Montreal, the portion from Quebec to Garveau Junction being the only uncompleted link. Another line is being built along the South Shore to serve much the same purpose, through the southern counties. The Canadian Pacific steamers have made Quebec their summer port. So much for the railways and steamboat lines.

Electrical development is proceeding fast. Five thousand horse power is being developed at Montmorency Falls and a contract has been made for the immediate development of six thousand horse power at another Falls, but twenty miles away. Ultimately both these stations will be enlarged. To this is added the pulp and paper development of the Province. The city is crowded with new business men, many of them from the United States. Mines, quarries and pulp limits are talked of in hotel corridors and on the street corners.

Quebec's day has come and no one will be jealous. The West has had its share. Ontario needs no coddling. The progress in historic Lower Canada has been inevit-