

portion of the expense. The trade routes connect the various units of the Empire and provide a means for the exchange of surplus wealth. To protect these routes is an imperial duty in which all must share.

Sir William White, the designer of the *Dreadnought*, goes back farther in history. He points out that without Britain's maritime enterprise there would be no British colonies. All British colonies have started at the sea front and gradually pushed inland. "Ships, Colonies and Commerce" was and should be the imperial toast. British supremacy at sea, both with the merchant marine and the navy, is essential to continued success. The trackless ocean is the great connecting link; it supplies the cheapest and most convenient method of inter-communication; it does not divide, it connects. Organised co-operation between the mother country and the dominions beyond the seas in the maintenance of an adequate Imperial navy is essential.

Such arguments are valuable, but they do not quite touch the point. These great experts have not told us whether they would advise a Canadian-built, Canadian-controlled navy. They speak rather kindly of colonial fleets, but refrain from explaining exactly what that term means. Nor do they present even a rough-and-ready basis for an estimate as to what portion of the imperial expenditure Canada should bear. Nor indeed do they answer the question, "Where will this contribution of ships and men and money carry us?" Canada recognises her duty and is willing to do something, but she finds difficulty in estimating and appraising that duty and its obligations. In a partnership, the amount of responsibility to be borne by each partner is clearly defined, and so it must be in this great partnership.

In clearing up this problem, Lord Charles and Sir William have certainly helped some. They have further focused the public mind upon the need for thought and planning and action. They have influenced public opinion, and that without creating excitement or jingoism.

A MASTER OF MANOEUVRE

ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD has done many smooth feats of turning and tacking, but never did he prove a greater adept in avoiding the undesirable bombardment than when he gave the interviewer a wide berth. Many have been the distinguished interview-dodgers in the course of visitors to Canada, but never have a soft answer and a laugh more successfully turned away the curiosity of the reporter than in the case of the "little red-faced man," who kept the bright young men of the Toronto press on the *qui vive* to an agonising degree. Most men of renown who object to the interview form of torture have a surly and crushing style of refusal which leaves wrath and humiliation in the breast of the newspaper man who, after all, is merely trying to "do" his Admiral and earn the contents of a weekly envelope. Mr. Kipling, who certainly should have sympathised with reportorial ambitions, on his first visit to Winnipeg appeared, sleepy and enraged, on the platform of a Pullman car and told the agitated young man from the *Free Press* to

go to such regions as are not described in "Our Lady of the Snows." On his later visit, the writer of those frosty stanzas was urbane and brotherly, treating the youngest members of the craft with an approach to suavity.

The experience of Lord Charles Beresford in Canada may indicate to other notables the proper bearing for the man who does not wish to tell his convictions on imperial defence and other burning questions, before the inevitable moment. Laughter is the most non-committal course in the world and leaves no sting for the baffled reporter, who merely goes back to his desk to spend a bad quarter-of-an-hour in describing the smile and twinkle of the unconfidential visitor. In his loyalty to the promise to open the Exhibition, Lord Charles Beresford gave a lesson to all celebrities in keeping his tender confidences for the crowd which surged to behold and hear "Condor Charlie" and incidentally to see the wonders of the National Exhibition, whose perennial bloom, like the Admiral's smile, will not "come off."

A FREEZING DEBATE

TO drop into the Hibernian figures of speech, one may remark that ice cream is now a burning question in the City of Toronto. That worthy town has a nickname throughout the Dominion which indicates a certain greed on the part of its inhabitants. This grasping tendency is not peculiar to Toronto; but it may be stated that whatever else the capital of Ontario may let go, she keeps the Sabbath with a devotion and fervour which Edinburgh may well sit up and envy. Consequently, the vendors of ice cream have come into collision with the authorities, because, forsooth, that delicacy is hardly to be classed as a food. Learned judges are wondering whether milk, eggs, cornstarch and gelatine, to say nothing of a flavouring of vanilla do not make this refreshing dessert, an item of food. The "Alliance" objects at length to this speculation and declares that, whatever the city water may be, ice cream is not a food. It really looks as if the members of the latter were averse to ice cream because it is more palatable than rice pudding or tapioca.

AN AERIAL SANITARIUM

FROM the enterprising manufacturing town of Paris, Ontario, comes the startling news that a citizen of that peaceful community has invented balloon treatment for tuberculosis. The alluring description informs us that the system consists of a main balloon, which is suspended half-a-mile above the earth by a cable, and an auxiliary balloon running up the cable to take patients and doctors up and down. This is the most out-of-doors treatment for the white plague which has yet been devised and soars far above the Mountain Sanitarium at Hamilton. But it sounds too airy to be true—it belongs to Utopia rather than to the Continent of America. For some years, at any rate, we must continue to fight this dread disease on the common ground of everyday toil, instead of ascending to regions where ozone is a drug in the market.

CALEDONIAN GAMES AT MONTREAL ON SATURDAY LAST



A Dainty Little Dancer.



A 220 Yards Race for Young Highlanders in Costume.



The Highland Fling.