

one hundred dollars?" The message was signed by the member's son-in-law.

Mr. Turriff was somewhat nonplussed. He was not aware that the young man needed money, but the telegraph office assured him that they had had the message repeated and verified. Whereupon the Assiniboia man despatched his answer: "Draw upon me for whatever you need."

It was some days later before another western member brought with him the explanation. Two young men had got into an argument in Regina concerning the liberality and excellence of their respective fathers-in-law, one a Liberal member of

the Federal House, the other a Conservative member of British Columbia Legislature. They decided to test the case by each sending telegrams asking for the immediate advance of \$100. When Mr. Turriff's response was received it was promptly displayed. But the rival son-in-law was not long behind. He produced a yellow paper with the message: "Certainly. That's easy," in acknowledgment of his similarly worded request for the acceptance of a sight draft.

A bet for the amount of the prospective draft remains undecided.

H. W. A.



At the Motor Show—"Passenger cars are no longer juggernauts . . . but elegant and luxurious vehicles."

At the Motor Show

By A NON-MOTORIST

MOTORDOM with its winter shows is once more into the social season. It's a pity the motor people couldn't hold their shows in the spring, like they used to, when the folks who don't have cars and those who feel more or less that way inclined might get the real feeling of the open road. Because motoring is more or less of a fever. It's a thing you have to catch, and the more it gets to be an epidemic the better the motor-makers like it.

But of course if motor shows were held when motors are being used on the roads it would be altogether too late to sell cars. A car that's worth while must be negotiated for a long while in advance. There's no place to see the cars worth while like a motor show. Here you see everything in motorocracy from a magneto to a ten-ton truck. You may look at it commercially or aesthetically or merely as a spectacle, or treat it as a social function. It's all there in universal dimensions for the average man and woman to contemplate; and while as a pure show it falls a long way behind the horse, it comes a long way ahead of a piano exposition, where people are supposed to buy pianos. Of course a horse show is not primarily intended for people who want to buy horses. And it may be assumed that a motor show has some interest for people who do not expect to buy cars.

At any rate the cars are out in full force. At the show now being held in the government and trans-

portation buildings at the grounds of the Canadian National Exhibition, there are examples of the best in car construction from nearly a hundred firms engaged in making either cars or accessories. There are flags and bunting and bands; promenades and tea-rooms and singing birds; waterfalls and Japan trees blossoming and grass mounds—and if they had only a stretch of mock country road overhung by maple trees with real dust and a real snake fence with real poison-ivy up the rails and a real farmer waving a cowbite hat at a passing motor, it would be quite a realistic sort of show.

Otherwise a motor show in itself, quite apart from its merits as a spectacle, a social function, or a commercial display—is quite the dullest thing in the whole category of shows. Hundreds of elegant and super-elegant cars in all powers and models and styles; not one of them moving. Not a thing being done. No demonstrations. Nothing that the non-motorist can see to talk about except how lovely this car and that may be, the colour of the bodies, the length of the wheel bases, the cruelly ornate limousines, the dinky little cabs, the three-wheel delivery cars, the hearse-like waggons for store delivery, the huge and ponderous trucks that make horses playthings in comparison, the motorcycles with baskets alongside, the runabouts and the long, scuttling tourists, the juggernauts—

But it's in this particular that the show of 1913 is agreeably lacking. Passenger cars are no longer

juggernauts. They are not built for heft; but for comfort and speed and elegance and keeping the law. They are built not to crush the stones on the road, but to be elegant and luxurious vehicles over good roads built by governments and county councils and municipal corporations—wake up! We have not come to this golden age in Canada as yet. All the while the car-builders have been perfecting cars to make them all that the most luxurious or long-distance-hungry could wish, the roads in this country have been getting worse and worse and as much worse as motors can make them. For there's nothing like a motor-car to make bad roads worse; just as there's nothing like a motor-car to make a good road worth while.

If only the good roads people could hold a parallel exhibition and a convention while the motor show is going on; if the farmers could convene in an adjacent building; then we should get the idea that motors and motorists and motor-manufacturers are not merely the other side of civilization, but a very essential and constructive part of it.

There is no doubt that the makers of motor-cars are the last word in modernizing civilization. But at present they are too far ahead of the game to suit many of us. They are an aristocracy of progress. The proud and smiling salesman or the manufacturer himself speaks to you genially and invitingly; but he talks like the high priest of progress when he makes you feel that the common biped man is a mere circumstance and a relic of the dark ages before anything more modern than a railway was invented for the purpose of getting over the ground.

A Change in British Opinion

WHEN the "centralist" doctrine of "one navy" for the Empire first came to the front, there was little said in England in opposition to it. The newspapers waited quietly to see just how the over-seas dominions viewed this reversal of the decisions of various imperial conferences. This was wise. It was possible that the Dominions had changed their mind. Had this been the case, the British journalists and other publicists would have been forced to readjust their own views.

Now that the evidence is clear that the over-seas

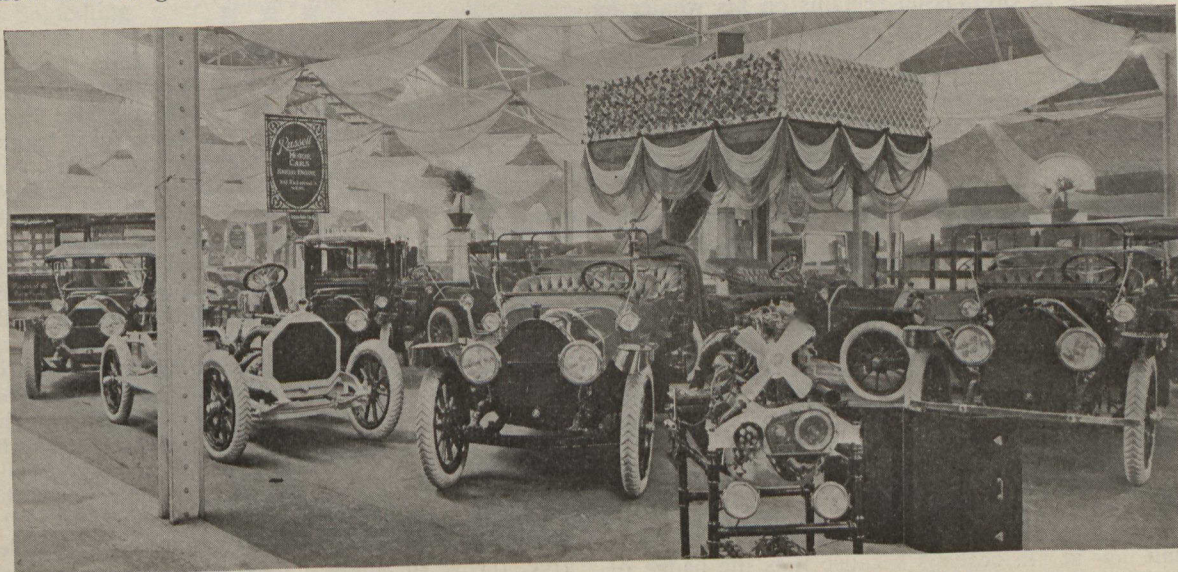


The Day of the Electric, Long Prophesied, is Almost Here. It is Most Insinuating in its Noiseless Comfort.

Dominions have not changed their attitude and that these "centralist" ideas have their origin in a clique of ultra-imperialist agitators in London, the British papers have resumed freedom of expression on the subject. The *Nation* is out with a strong argument against "centralism," and so is the *Manchester Guardian*. The latter points out that Australia's policy of having its own naval service "puts the whole strength of the nation into the fleet," whereas a "centralist" policy would have set party against party.

There is undoubtedly a strong body of public opinion in Great Britain which favours local autonomy in naval defence. It is stronger than the public opinion in favour of one North Sea fleet. The moment Germany and Britain come to understand each other, there will be a rush in favour of the Dominions undertaking to defend the outlying portions of the Empire with their own fleets, manned and controlled by themselves, but working in harmony with the general naval defence policy of the Britannic peoples as a whole.

This is the only logical outcome. The over-seas Dominions cannot be turned into tributary states without losing that strength which comes from the development of local nationality.



At the Motor Show—The Russell is Undoubtedly the "Bon-ton" of Canadian Cars.