



TORONTO—the Athens of Canada—the Northern Boston—should take a good square look at itself. It gets M. Bourassa of Quebec to come up and tell it what the new Liberalism wants. It gets the good Deacon Ames of Quebec to come up and tell it how the children of light may use the “devil’s fire” without burning their fingers. It gets Fielding of Nova Scotia to come up and eat a complimentary dinner. It runs into trouble with the railways and it gets Emmerson of New Brunswick to come up and straighten it out. It gets Mr. Foster of New Brunswick to take one of its seats in Parliament and talk for it. It has a Cabinet of its own; but it is led by Mr. Whitney of Morrisburg and is enlivened by Mr. Adam Beck of London. All this shows Toronto to be a broad-minded, liberal and hospitable community. But when it looks about it, it cannot fail to notice that other cities are not doing likewise by the great public men of Toronto. Sir Richard Cartwright is not being dined in Montreal. Halifax is not borrowing a Torontonians to sit for one of its seats in Parliament. Ontario Ministers in the Dominion Cabinet are not in demand elsewhere. Does this mean that the other cities are narrow-minded, illiberal and unhospitable?

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HARDLY. It is more apt to mean that Toronto is not producing the sort of public men who are in demand. Now, who are the Federal members for Toronto? Quick, now! Don’t hesitate! Don’t look up the Year Book. Yet Toronto has some big men. When they get into a snarl over Nova Scotia Iron and Steel, Cox of Toronto goes down to Montreal, and there is no bigger man to be seen in the rotunda of the Windsor. When they talk of the railway builders of Canada, there are no bigger names than Mackenzie and Mann. Toronto has a departmental store that is the marvel of the Continent. The legal profession of Toronto is probably better manned than that of any other city in the Dominion. It certainly was some years ago when it numbered the two Blakes, McCarthy, Osler and Christopher Robinson amongst its members. There is lots of good timber in Toronto; but it does not appear to give itself to the service of the nation. Can it be that Toronto is money-grubbing?

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TORONTO is conspicuous for the production of a school of excellent journalists. This generation only knows John Ross Robertson as a philanthropist, drawing his money from a successful “going concern”; but it was his superb organising ability and instinct for news that made his concern “go.” We have pretty well forgotten Bunting, too; but he made the Mail a great paper. We have not forgotten Martin J. Griffin, however—that master of a caustic pen—for he is still writing, though the readers of the Montreal “Gazette” get the best of him. The brilliant Edward Farrer was, perhaps, more of a bird of passage in Toronto; but, while he was here, he outshone all others. We had to call on Goldwin Smith to get articles of similar calibre. On the new men, the Monocle fears that it may not get quite the right focus. Still, J. E. Atkinson of the “Star” is undoubtedly the most promising of the young publishers; as John S. Willison of the “News” is the best of the present-day writers. Willison is, in fact, able to take his

place with the greatest names of the past. Arthur Wallis of the “Mail” is, perhaps, the best informed political writer in the city; and John Robinson of the “Telegram” is a master of pyrotechnics. His is a “pom-pom”—not a piece of siege artillery; and it is wonderfully effective. John Lewis of the “Star” is easily the most winning of our writers. If he were a party journalist, he would make votes in every issue. The absolute fairness of his mind gives a convincing force to his work. The “Globe” has a fine group of writers who work well together. While J. A. Macdonald’s earnestness may excite a cynical smile at times in the sophisticated city, it arouses enthusiasm amidst the serious “Globe” constituency in the province. John A. Ewan does the most effective political gunnery—probably the most effective in the city—and S. T. Wood approaches the empty questions of current politics with the air of a philosopher which is very attractive to those who give themselves the indulgence of straight thinking. But it is impossible to get around. There surely never was a better special writer than H. F. Gadsby of the “Star,” a man who could make the mysteries of militarism plainer than Capt. Hamilton of the “News,” nor a thinker whose point of view was more truly that of the plain people than Jos. T. Clarke of “Saturday Night.”

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TORONTO is, in short, a prolific mother of great men; but she does not seem at present to be contributing her fair quota to the services of her country. The names most in the public mind at Ottawa are not Toronto names; nor are the leaders in her own Legislature Torontonians. Genial George Graham of Brockville has just been chosen to lead the party opposing the Government of Whitney of Morrisburg. First thing we know they will be calling the Legislature to meet in the Thousand Islands in order to save the big men the trouble of coming so far from home. Toronto has the best Police Magistrate, the best Public School Inspector, the best book publishers and the best Exhibition managers in the Dominion. But its best known politician is imported.

Mr. Root’s Disappointment



Sec. Root.—Strange! I cannot find the slightest trace, not even the minutest atom, of the annexation or reciprocity sentiments the press at home say exists here!—Montreal Star.