

been employed, would have been a tax on future generations in that town, and all to pay for an unnecessary public work.

**I**NTELLIGENT citizenship must be based upon loyalty to and faith in the town you live in. If a man has these two qualities and has ordinary brains it is possible for him to play his part in the day to day affairs of the community so that that part, however small it may seem, counts and helps to build up the structure of a really great community. I do not mean that to be great a city must necessarily have a million inhabitants or have the only patent fire extinguisher system in America. A city can be great that has only ten thousand inhabitants and only a small city hall. But if such a city has the qualities which make it worthy to be called "great," the other things will be added to it. Factories will come if there is the slightest excuse for them.

A potentially great city is one that knows its own strengths and its own weaknesses, that has a conception, sane and clear-headed, of what its destiny is likely to be. It is one that knows its limitations thoroughly and has an inkling of its natural endowments. It is a city whose people take an interest in its affairs and who know what it means to work together for good—without being at all socialistic—and who recognize that in accepting the privileges of citizenship they accept more than the mere responsibility for the frontage tax and local improvement charge, but accept also their share, however small it may be, of moral responsibility.

There are many towns in the Dominion of Canada that have no reasonable expectation of ever growing. There are scores of villages that hope to become towns, but never will, because they are fundamentally villages. Their only *raison d'être* is a social one. They are founded upon man's instinct to get together, once or twice a week. The post office, the hotel, the blacksmith shop and the livery stable are there only because of the social function the village performs. In such a village you need not expect large municipal feeling, because the man who wants to be part of a big and successful community is quick to see the limitations of the village. He does not mistake it for a coming city. The village that is going to grow into a town and some day to a city is the one founded on an economic basis, whose site is at a point where great currents of trade are likely to intersect. There are great trade intersections and lesser ones. Not all of us can hope to become New Yorks or even Torontos or Montreals. Some can only hope to be small distributing and collecting centres—places where the retail business is good. Others may become wholesale and manufacturing centres. Others may have the peculiar distinction of being the seat of a provincial government or a university. Even climate and scenery have their part in the making of a community, but it is not the great part. Traffic makes the city.

**S**UPPOSE that a man chose his place of abode either because he can secure the largest salary or the most business, or because he has social relations there. What, then, is the part of intelligent citizenship? Not indifference. Not boosting—for boosting is like whiskey, good in its place, but dangerous, and implies a dead-weight which needs to be shouldered out of a mud-hole. But to take a healthy interest in the administration of the civic funds; an intelligent interest in questions of policy and large improvements; and to bear in mind that the town is not just something to be exploited for his particular trade or real estate advantage, but is a heritage which he leaves to his children and their children's children.

If Mr. Intelligent Citizen wants to be in an especially great city he will choose one he believes can achieve that destiny. If not, he will accept the community he finds himself in—placed there through one factor or another—and will apply himself and bend his energies to making the best of the possibilities there to be found.

To-day the great part Mr. Intelligent Citizen can play is to see that his unborn grandchildren that may live in this town one day are not being saddled with debts to pay for the extravagance of the booster, or the other kind of extravagance which comes from indifference. He will govern himself, in relation to civic affairs, so as to throw his weight against the creation of slums, or narrow streets, or other forms of unlovely and unhygienic development which will handicap future generations. In short, the intelligent citizen does not consider only to-day, but to-morrow, not only himself, but the children he hopes to leave after him in the community, and their children's children.

Granted this kind of citizenship, the publicity commissioner and the industrial commissioner may

almost be left to take care of themselves. The advantages of that city, such as they are, will become known in much more effective ways than by the circulation of distorted maps showing the town located in the exact centre of the universe, or by noisy circulars. It will not likely be burdened with industries that cannot thrive there, nor with public works which it never needed nor ever will. Extravagant statements about your city don't make friends for it amongst the people you want. They attract only the undiscerning. The substantial citizen who is thinking of moving west, or of establishing a branch of his business there is not impressed with superlatives. These serve in reality to make him suspicious of your offers. The capitalist

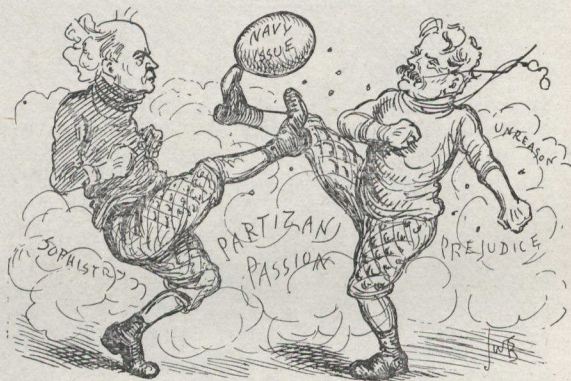
who is thinking of investing in a new industry in your town is not won over by drinks or cigars or brilliant display advertising. He is not more likely to be persuaded because you have a \$10,000 a year industrial commissioner than if your agent be only a \$1,500 a year clerk. But a reputation for municipal prudence—the result of intelligent citizenship in the individual—is likely to go a long way in helping bring him and his business to your town.

There is no blunderer so bad as the bogus booster. He is infinitely worse than the most cantankerous knocker. The first duty of every live, modern community is to keep a sharp eye on the professional boosters, the paid *claquers* at the show. The knockers will take care of themselves.

## Occasionalities

By J. W. BENGOUGH

**L**ORD NORTHCLIFFE gave a boost to the pride of Torontonians (which some people in Hamilton and elsewhere would call a work of supererogation) by mentioning, in his address at the Canadian Club, that this is the only city of half a million population in the British Empire which can boast six daily newspapers. This is really a notable distinction; and when it is



added that these journals are all clean, able, prosperous and sound in their political principles—aside from being mutually polite and brotherly—the distinction is heightened. It is, of course, a compliment to the intelligence and discrimination of our citizens—many of whom, as his lordship was informed, make a habit of buying all six—that they so generally support high-class journalistic literature. What a paradox it is that such an intellectual centre should consent to muddle along with an utterly inadequate municipal system.

**F**OR it is generally agreed that Toronto is badly in need of a new and up-to-date governmental mechanism—I carefully avoid the use of the word "machine" in this connection. It would be an admirable piece of civic patriotism for our six dailies to enter upon a symposium—backed by our numerous weeklies—for the full and frank discussion of this great subject. And not discussion only, but settlement; the evolving of a plan for the business-like administration of our affairs. This would, in my opinion, be almost as important as what is now being done by our able editors under the head of municipal journalism—thrilling reports from the council chamber of the slangwhanging battles between McBride, Foster et al.

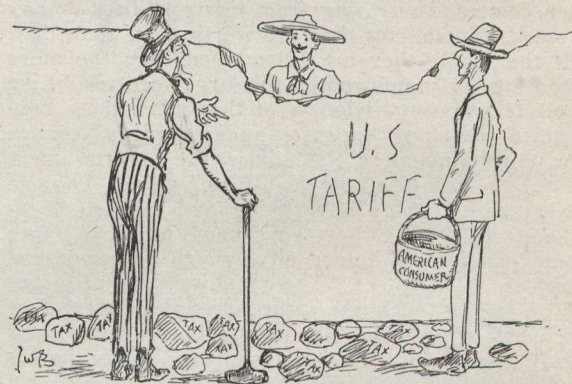
**O**F course, the Thaw affair is settled and done with so far as Canada is concerned, but I note with regret that the facts of the case do not seem to be clear to many people, and the future historian may have a lot of trouble unless a simple, understandable statement is put on record. I feel it my duty to supply this. Well, in the first place, Thaw, having made his escape from an asylum, notwithstanding the vigilance of incorruptible officials, crossed the Canadian border and appeared in Coaticook, Quebec. Here he was arrested and put in jail. Announcement of this fact having been made, twenty-five lawyers from the United States and thirteen from Montreal immediately proceeded to the scene of retainers, accompanied by thirty-four alienists and one hundred and forty-three newspaper correspondents. A writ of mandamus having been issued by the supreme court, action was immediately taken to head this off by application for a change of venue, and the prisoner was cited to appear for trial at Sherbrooke the following week, but meanwhile an affidavit was prepared under which an injunction was issued returnable at the next term of the court, whereupon the prisoner's

chief counsel obtained a writ of habeas corpus which had the legal effect of compelling his appearance at theoyer and terminer and general jail delivery, by reason of which the Minister of Justice took summary action and had Mr. Jerome taken into custody on a charge of gambling. Meanwhile, the writ of certiorari, which had previously been issued by the county judge, was non-suited, and Thaw having been forcibly taken from prison was put in an automobile and whisked into United States territory by order of the Immigration Department acting on a writ of replevin issued by the surrogate court on the ground that he was an undesirable alien. Any future historian worth his salt will be able to grasp this.

### TORONTO TAXES SOAR.

**T**HERE is a prospect, we are told,  
(With dread our hearts it fills)  
That tax-bills next year will unfold  
A rate of twenty mills;  
Yes, twenty mills at least, perhaps more—  
That's what we have in view;  
Extravagance makes taxes soar,  
And those who pay them, too!

**A** PROPOS of the announcement that the Canadian Government is going to present two buffaloes to the Dublin Zoo, here is a good and true story of our big game. In the Canadian department at the Edinburgh Exhibition, held a few



### "CASUAL ADVANTAGES."

U. S.—"This is the chap I'm workin' for, you know; but if it benefits Canada it's all right—we jest love to be neighbourly."

years ago, was a fine specimen of a bull-moose, stuffed and mounted. A Scotch woman, accompanied by her little boy—probably "Wee Macgregor" himself—stood watching the big animal with deep interest. "Mither," queried the youngster, "whitna' like animal is yon?" "Yon's a Canadian moose," she replied, reading the placard. "A moose!" gasped the juvenile—"a moose! Weel, if yon's a moose whit'll a Canadian rat be like, mither!"

**M**R. ASQUITH'S attention is respectfully called to the fact that Sir Edward Carson, and several other individuals of responsible character, have organized an army in Ulster, and arranged all the details of a Provisional Government to take charge of that province if the Home Rule bill is passed. This is a little matter that ought to interest the head of the British Government, and it is hard to understand how it has happened to escape his notice. If Mrs. Pankhurst were engaged in any such activity it is safe betting that some busybody would have told the Premier about it long before this, and that he would have asked his colleague at the head by the law department to look up the statutes dealing with sedition, rebellion, etc.