

TEN MINUTES IN COLLINGWOOD.

BY OUR UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.



THIS beautiful country of ours contains a great many beautiful towns, and I have at one time or another been in nearly all of them. I regard myself as a tolerably competent judge, therefore, and when I say that not a town of them all surpasses Collingwood for general attractiveness I am paying that place no small compliment. And just at this season of the year of course Collingwood, like the woods in general, is looking its very prettiest. As everybody who is posted in Geography is aware, the town in question is situated on the shore of the Georgian Bay, and possesses a very fine

harbor. That accounts for the fact that when you step out of the buss into the cosy office of the Globe hotel, you are pretty sure to find a number of steamer captains or other sailor men there. No less than nine navigation lines make Collingwood a port of call, and for most of them it is headquarters, many of the wealthier residents being shareholders in the various companies. At the Globe hotel these lake captains are simply whiling away a few leasure moments with pipe and yarn, or standing by and watching the per-



petual game of checkers which John Rowland - no "Mister," if you please--is prepared to put up against all comers. I found John looking hale and hearty after a lapse of I don't know how many years since my last visit, and quite up-to-date in his ideas. He took me to one side and confidentially asked me in a coaxing voice to tell him what it is the



P.P.A. is after. I was sorry to be obliged to leave him in the dark, but it was quite beyond my power to enlighten him. "Well," said he, with a good deal of emphasis, as he took his pipe from his mouth and raised it aloft impressively, "we have no use for any such thing as the P.P.A. in this country!" Besides the attractiveness which a great expanse of water in the immediate vicinity gives to any place—as Toronto, for example—Collingwood has a neat, tidy, home-like appearance. Its streets are wide and clean, and in the residence sections are lined with attractive and substantial houses, standing in generous plots of ground, made beautiful by trees and flowers. The stores are quite city-like in the extensiveness of their stocks, and present a brisk, business appearance even on a wet day. (Need I remark incidentally that it was a wet day, when I mention that this visit was made last month?) Perhaps, however, the unique distinction of Collingwood (apart from its worship of McCarthy) is that you never hear anybody there talking "hard times." Mr. Mayor Callery—who is a genial gentleman, deserving of a better fate than bachelorhood—sets the local fashion, I suppose, in the matter of faith in the town. At all events, he is full of enthusiasm on the subject, and declares energetically that there's not a more solid and prosperous place on the continent of America, and this opinion of his, like his election to office, is carried by



acclamation. But while satisfied with things as they are, the citizens of Collingwood are willing to hear of improved methods, if anybody can point them out. This was illustrated on the occasion of my visit. It was announced that a lecture on the Single Tax would be given at the town hall in the afternoon, and notwithstanding the wet weather and the inconvenience of the hour, the room was filled, many of the leading business men being present. The advanced



ideas of the lecturer were greeted with frequent applause, too. It is only fair to state that the nucleus of the audience was made up of delegates to the East Grey Teachers' Institute, which was holding its session at the time, and whose subsequent meeting I also attended. It was like Teachers' Institutes in general—notable for impromptu



changes of the program on account of the absence of the promised essayists and demonstrators. Some of the items came off, however. Amongst these was a paper by Miss Annie Birnie, on the subject of "Woman's Place and Pay in the Public School," in which Woman's right to a man's pay for doing a man's work, was ably argued for. Principal Williams of the Collegiate came to the relief of his down-trodden sex in an able criticism, delivered with his characteristic ponderosity. Mr. Grier, the Inspector, did the honors of the chair until relieved by the election to the presidency of Mr. Ward, headmaster of the Collingwood Public Schools. The Institute as usual sat for two days, and achieved it is presumed the usual degree of success. I recommend Collingwood to the summer tourist who is looking for a pleasant place for an outing. I feel quite certain that at the close of a holiday spent there such tourist will feel like echoing Mayor Callery's sentiment, "There's nothing the matter with Collingwood—she's all right!"

AS-THE-CROW-FLIES.

THE DIFFERENCE.

A WHITE haired sage viewed a spreading tree.  
The boughs at its summit were blighted and dead,  
"Alas! like you, I'm blighted," said he,  
"I shall die at the top," he sadly said.

A white haired beau eyed the self-same tree,  
And tapped his crown as he gayly said,  
"We are not as green as we used to be,  
I'll dye at the top, and renew my head."

Cassel Bart.

SPROUTS OF SENSE.

PLUTOCRATS ain't so bad as brewerocrats.

THE man with an axe to grind despises a crank - that won't turn for him.

THERE ought to be a slipnoose between the cup of the saloon-keeper and his victim's lips.

MISRULE stays at home on election days and shells beans, while the bums wear the crown and wield the scepter.

A SALOON is run on a capital of money and boys. The brewers furnish the money and expect parents to furnish the boys.

IF I can't take my religion into my politics, then the devil was right in claiming the kingdoms of this world and the power of them.

CHURCH members can go out of partnership in the saloon business whenever they go out of the political parties responsible for the license system.

N. Y. Voice.