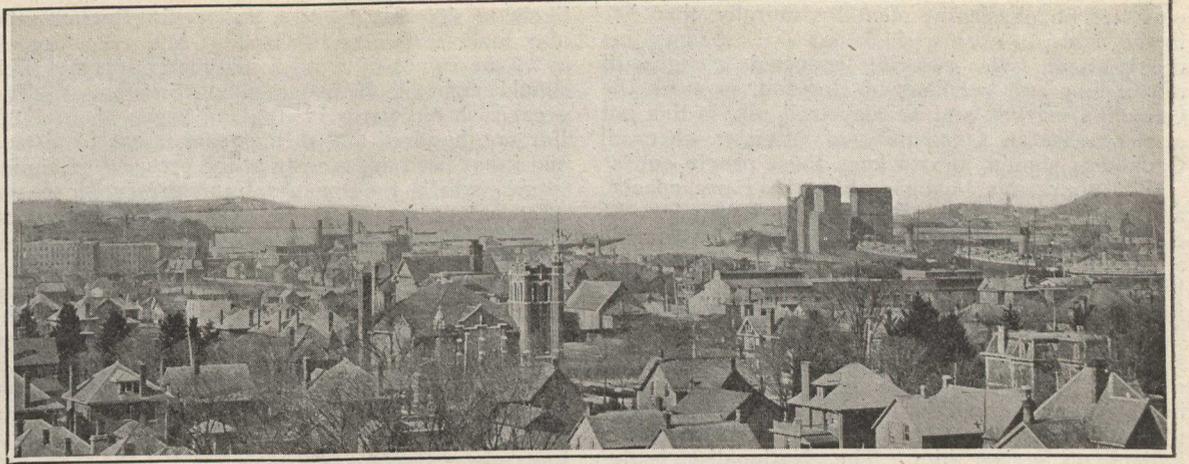




The Home of Mayor Lemon who, with Mrs. Lemon, is Seen Feeding His Swans.

material of a gravel nature from an island some miles out. The other company manufactures from marl.

Turbine water wheels and propeller blades are the output of one foundry which does the bulk of this trade of Canada. A steel casting plant is an adjunct of this foundry and bids fair to surpass the parent company in volume of business. Steel bridges is the product of another concern. Stoves, ranges and furnaces constitute a big bulk of the shipment from another Owen Sound institution. Farm and ornamental fence and steel gates keep another factory busy. These active industries are evident that iron working is not the least important. A pickle, cider and vinegar house adds to the diversity of the manufacturing activities, while a biscuit and confectionery factory was one of the first of its kind established outside of Toronto. Although being a local option town two breweries manufacture for



General View of Owen Sound looking northwest from the hill towards the open water.

outside consumption. Of course there are other local industries, but I have dwelt on those doing a national and world-wide business. Without contradiction I can say that Owen Sound has more working men in steady employment in its factories and mills than any two other towns on the Georgian Bay.

Since the C. P. R. abandoned Owen Sound several new industries have been put under way and some in operation. These include a malleable iron works, a match factory, a roller pipe mill, a steel wire mill, nut and bolt factory and an upholstered chair factory. With these added to the already existing industries the pay roll contains 1,000 more hands than when the C. P. R. had its docks at Owen Sound, at a higher rate of wages than the hands employed by the railway.

The western side of the harbour out towards its mouth is settled by a flourishing summer colony, for the most part Owen Sounders. Here is situated the King's Royal Hotel, without doubt one of the best appointed summer hotels in Canada. This has been recently reopened under the management of Mr. William Gall, lately of Algonquin Park. Back of the town, up the Sydenham River, is Inglis' Falls, one of the most delightful bits of Canadian scenery

imaginable. The elevation is about three hundred feet in less than three miles, down which the river cascades. The wild grandeur of the banks tones down as the river, after its tumble over the falls, nears the town. Here the banks rise high on either side, from whose height palatial homes look down on a busy town.

There is need of better hotels. The Mayor is a live, aggressive man, he has a fairly good council, and the Board of Trade is doing considerable. And the handicap is being overcome.

No doubt there are many other towns and cities in Canada that have sometimes wondered whether the town made the railway, or the railway the town. The intelligent co-operation of both is usually necessary in the interests of real progress. In cases where one has decided for some reason to buck the other, the general public who make both the town and the railway have been the sufferers. The story of Owen Sound and of Port Arthur may not have exact parallels. But the story of how, when it looked as though the one chief distinction of the community was removed, the aggressive citizenship of the town rose to the occasion and added a thousand more to the industrial population, should be of great practical interest to any live community.

# Monsieur Bourassa's Hooligan

By GILBERT E. JACKSON

MONSIEUR HENRI BOURASSA was born to do many things; among others, to show the world the follies of its proverbs. Tradition tells us that a prophet hath honour with others, but not in his own country. Monsieur Bourassa hath honour in Quebec; not long ago he came to gain honour in Toronto. Like a wise man, he addressed himself to the student. When we want to compliment the student, we call him a soulful, receptive young man; when we want to abuse him (which, to be frank, is not often) we call him credulous. So the seed of Canadian Nationalism was sown in fruitful ground.

What Monsieur Bourassa said about the language question does not concern us here. His views are well known. He foresaw the time when the Slav and the Pole and the Jew will outnumber the French and English stock in Canada. He saw the native race submerged beneath a flood of foreign immigrants. The only hope lay in the possibility that French and English may stand together, recognizing one another's moral rights, and deliberately preserving one another's language. He went on to say that they had a common interest in preserving the physical and mental and moral quality of the race; which, as Euclid would put it, is self-evident.

So far so good. But Monsieur Bourassa was not content; and when he proceeded to descant on the physical and mental and moral inferiority of the English immigrant, he hurt my feelings in a very tender spot. He held that it was to the mutual advantage of the Canadians of Quebec and Ontario, strictly to supervise the mass of immigrants from England, because a number of them would drag down the quality of Canadians in future generations. His reasons for rejecting these people were three: First, that 80% of the population of England is now massed in the towns; secondly, that the quality of English army recruits, on Lord Roberts' testimony, is getting worse and worse; and, thirdly, because a certain English Emigration Society boasts that it is sending out to Canada the London hooligan. As to the accuracy of the first statement, I cannot speak from memory; but the fact that Monsieur Bourassa says

there are ninety millions of people in South America (whereas there are really forty-five) leads me to wonder whether that is strictly true.

Supposing, nevertheless, that these three statements are strictly correct, it is worth while to see what they mean to Toronto. The first implication contained in them, is that town life leads to physical and mental and moral deterioration; the second is that since the English are more crowded in towns than any other people, they are the least desirable immigrants; and the third is, that the growth of towns in the Dominion (which is proceeding very fast) is to be regretted.

That town life, as it exists to-day, is bad for the human race cannot be doubted. Mr. Charles Booth's great survey of life in East London (Labour and Life of the People, Vols. I.-XVII.) which is perhaps the greatest social study that any man has ever made, leaves this abundantly clear. He finds more poverty in the Londoner of the second and third generation, than in the later comer; more initiative in the newcomer (and, consequently, more of the good things of life) than in the Londoner of one or two generations. Other investigations, of a later date, have found the same thing in other towns, on a less magnificent scale. The townsman of to-day is inferior, it seems, in more or less direct ratio to the time during which he and his people have been townsmen.

Equally true, of course, is Lord Roberts' statement that the quality of English army recruits is bad, and grows still worse. Strange to say, this is almost a matter of congratulation, although Lord Roberts and Monsieur Bourassa take it rather sadly. The pay of the soldier remains very small. It remains about the same from year to year. It is nearly as small as the soldier's chance of finding honest employment after his discharge. For these three reasons, the workingman in England does not like the army. He wants work and the prospect of work; he is still more anxious for good wages. All things considered, the factory-worker is infinitely better off than the soldier. In war time, we grow very sentimental over Tommy

Atkins; in peace, we leave him to his dull life of routine.

"It's 'Tommy this,' and 'Tommy that,' and 'Tommy, wait outside!'"

"But it's 'Special train for Atkins,' when the troopers' on the tide."

So it is that the workman looks on the barracks as the last resort. Three months of unemployment, his savings spent, his clothes pawned, and the young man goes up to the recruiting sergeant in Trafalgar Square, and "takes the shilling." His uncle the baker, and his cousin the cabman look down on him, of course; but they do not feel that he has really disgraced the family, as if he had gone in the workhouse.

Now the survival of the fittest is always visible in the factory. If someone is to be discharged, it is the man who is least "up to" the work: and the army is constantly being recruited from the weedy, untrained youths who are dismissed from a precarious employment, whenever trade is slack. If trade is very slack, recruits are plentiful: if trade is good, the supply of men for army service falls away. Consequently, the quality of British recruits is to some extent an index of the prosperity of the country. To-day, when the woollen industry of Yorkshire, the cotton industry of Lancashire, and various sections of the steel manufacture cannot get workers enough, only the worst workers, who are absolutely incapable of sustained productive effort, are driven to the army. A subaltern of the West Yorkshire Regiment told me this summer that the spirit and stamina of his recruits drove him nearly to despair. Five years ago, when trade was depressed, and wages were lower, a better class of men was driven to the service. Fifty years ago, when wages were only half as high as they are at present, recruiting was comparatively brisk.

If Lord Roberts' lament proves anything, it proves that conditions of labour, in the town as well as in the country, are growing better day by day. Yet it saddens Monsieur Bourassa; after all, he had to strike a mournful note. And he still retains this consolation, that town life does make