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**TORONTO REPRESENTATIVE.**  
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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 25.

# CANADA NEEDS LAURIER.

THE Canadian Courier has a striking cartoon in its current issue. The artist pictures an English immigrant about to become a Canadian emigrant. A dejected figure, sitting upon his little tin steamer trunk, he recalls the promises which brought him to Canada. In the clouds are sketches of the words: "Go to Canada—the Land of Promise—Free Land—Good Wages—Steady Work." In his hand is an order for deportation, the reason—out of work.

His hope in a few months has turned to despair. He may have come into the country only a few months before and now the country that made such alluring promises is casting him off. His connections in the old land have been cut off and he is in an alley that is blind at both ends. He has lost months, perhaps years of his life, and he may have jeopardized the health and prospects of his family.

During the reciprocity campaign we were promised an era of increased and uninterrupted prosperity. The blatant Tory orators had to admit that under the Laurier regime the nation had come into its own, but they were certain that greater things were in store for the country if Sir Wilfrid were turned out. They had no constructive program on which to appeal to the country. Sir Wilfrid had no doubt noticed the approach of world-wide depression and he sought to introduce a remedy. He would have secured a great share of trade from the United States that this country does not now enjoy and to a large extent he would have saved off the hard times that permit cartoonists to indulge their pessimism.

The trade of the United States has increased since the Laurier defeat in 1911, while Canada's has gone back. The United States made some radical changes in its tariff, and not even the ultra-Conservatives have advanced the claims that business has been hurt by the modifications. Proportionately, Canada stands very much the worse of the two countries.

The Conservative Government's coming into power solidified the feeling of uncertainty about business. The Borden naval proposal did not improve matters. The manner in which railways have been attacked, showered with gold, or as the partisans saw fit, has had the effect of sapping public confidence. There has been no national movement toward construction. The immigrants have been permitted to pour into the country and there has been no work for them. There is no statesmanship in the whole ministry to meet the situation. Imagine what would have happened in this country if Borden had had to face a situation such as the Mexican crisis or the Panama Canal tolls! But even without any great external questions to depress the country, Canada has shared worse than the United States. It has squandered millions on a wild scheme of militarism; it has given the credit of the people to an enormous loan without adequate security; it has seen three Conservative provinces in the grip of wrongdoers; it has done nothing to improve conditions. "Let well enough alone," may have been a catchy cry. "Let bad enough alone" appears to be the slogan now doing duty. And meanwhile the Government must pay thousands to take good settlers out of the country. Put Laurier in power again!

# TWENTIETH CENTURY COURAGE.

I SAID in my haste, all men are liars, sang the pessimist. So many critics speak in their haste today of degeneration, decline, decadence going on. There has never been an age without croakers, the laudators of times gone by, those who make the error of identifying change and decay.

But amongst our pessimists is there one who would dare to accuse this age of decline in sheer courage, physical, moral or intellectual? The recklessness of thousands who take their lives in hand merely to amuse the public, for more or less pay, need not be reckoned. The croaker may call them fools. An old philosopher defined courage as the knowledge of what is to be feared and what not, i. e., it is a discriminating virtue, full of either common sense or idealism.

The aviator, however, who scuds along the clouds is as likely as not brooding on some great service to his country or to mankind. There are visions in his work. Every day one of these daring, cool-brained heroes falls to death through some fault of the yet crude machinery which must be slowly perfected by their means as well as by invention. But accidents do not deter men from these trial flights that prepare for complete conquest of the air. The foreign hope company has no lack

of recruits. The cry is still they come. As an English writer says, "There was probably never a period when such consummate courage, cool and undimmed, was exhibited day by day as we are witnessing in the present age. The toll is paid; the contest goes forward."

Courage in olden times was boastful, often alcoholic. Full of mead, over which they loosed and screwed their own and one another's courage to the sticking point, the mediaeval heroes went into battle and did things in the heat. As for intellectual or spiritual bravery they feared to think for themselves, science was sorcery, and they started at shadows. Sober, silent and resourceful, the modern man wins glory without swagger, and dares what his forefathers feared.

# A FRENCH TRAGEDY.

IS THERE any people, save the French, who could produce such a thrilling drama as marks the trial of Madame Caillaux for the murder of M. Calmette, editor of the *Figaro*. The sensational manner in which it is being conducted reflects admirably the Gallic temperament. Henriette Caillaux is a tragedy queen, and the French glory in tragedy queens. The French judicial system lends itself to the histrionics. Madame Caillaux has been encouraged and urged to tell her own story in her own way, to have the past, and she has taken the cue with the ease of the born actress. Her speech was a long-drawn-out impassioned recital of what she alleges she suffered, and, as under the procedure of the French courts she cannot be interrupted, she worked up from one climax to another in a manner that, no doubt, scored heavily with the jury of Parisians. On top of that came the oration of M. Caillaux in his wife's defense—a lofty, eloquent effort, according to cable reports.

All the requirements for thrilling drama are there—passion, intrigue, love, hatred, death. And all Paris is enthralled just as it was when Marie Antoinette, Madame Roland and Charlotte Corday faced judge and jury. Will it be the guillotine or liberty, condemnation or vindication for Madame Caillaux?

# CENTENARY OF LUNDY'S LAKE.

ONE hundred years ago today was fought the battle of Lundy's Lake. It was one of the most important contests during the three years' hostilities. A great deal has been written about it, historians have expressed different opinions about it, and both sides have claimed the victory. During the early part of the battle, a United States regiment turned the British left flank, and captured about a hundred men. But the British kept up the fight with bulldog tenacity, and finally obtained the advantage of the higher ground, and captured part of the enemy's artillery. Both parties were exhausted by the long struggle and slept on their arms. Next day the officer in command of the United States forces collected the remains of his shattered regiments, and left the field, destroying his stores, and leaving his dead and many of his wounded where they fell.

The fact that the British remained in possession of the battle ground, and that the United States forces retired to Fort Erie, burning the bridge over the Chippewa, to protect their rear, justifies us in claiming that the victory was ours. But it was a hard-fought battle, and but barely won. Neither party had any cause for shame or humiliation. One British general was taken prisoner, while the two principal officers on the other side were wounded and incapacitated, so that a subordinate had to take command. From twelve to fifteen hundred altogether were killed and wounded—each side paying its share of the deadly toll.

The war of 1812-15 was a mistake. It was opposed by a great many people in the United States, and certainly was not desired by the British. It was an unkindly act by our neighbors, or, rather, by the Administration, which undertook to secure certain concessions from Great Britain by taking advantage of her struggle with Napoleon. That long contest which the mother land had waged, sometimes with allies, and sometimes without, was a war for democracy. It was in the interests of civil and religious liberty, not only in Europe, but on this continent as well. Had Napoleon defeated Britain he would have brought Canada under French domination again. And from the vantage ground of his northern possessions he would have swept over the United States. Only the stubborn resistance of Britain held him back, and finally sent him a captive to St. Helena.

And as the war was unnecessary, so it may be said it was without definite results. The treaty of Ghent practically restored the status quo ante. The imprisonment of sailors, and other grievances of which the United States complained, were left unsettled by the treaty. Diplomacy has cleared away troubles which war could not and did not relieve.

There never should have been any war between Britain and the United States a hundred years ago. It brought loss of life and property to both nations. It did no one any good. Its results benefited no one. One bright feature shows up in the event. It intensified the Canadian loyalty. It strengthened the ties between British America and Britain. It paved the way for Confederation, and for Canadian imperialism. And out of the mists of a century passed shines clearly the courage of British soldiers and Canadian militia on many a field like Lundy's Lake.

Another revolution at Hayti. There they make them while you wait.

These Mexican peace envoys who went to England, should try their hand at Carson.

Some one in Enniskillen will now rise to remark that "Martyn is a smart 'un."

The wireless force is scanning the

# and the Worst Is Yet to Come



W. Wellington

Pacific for a second contingent of shipless Hindus.

"London Bridge is Falling Down" is suggested as a marching song for those bombing militants.

It would be interesting to know what Vaudeville promoter has made a contract with Mme. Caillaux.

So far, at least, the air boat America has risen to the occasion with its weight of responsibility.

The only volume most London youths appear to study is the volume of fair femininity on the principal streets.

If the film manufacturers are not on the job at the Caillaux trial, they are overlooking an effective opportunity.

Ottawa is at a loss to account for a balloon seen hovering over Parliament Hill. Probably after a supply of hot air.

When freight trains start smashing street cars, it seems about time to give serious consideration to the level crossing situation.

The University of Toronto needs a million and a half to save its life, according to its sponsors, but is willing to take everything in sight.

An era of wonderful development should visit the Amherstburg district with the inauguration of the great plant of the Solvay Process Company.

Martyn-McCormack-Martyn-McCormack-Martyn-McCormack-Martyn. If we had the nerve we'd spring that one about. "On again-off again-Finnegan," etc.

It is getting time for London to go into training for the University grant series again. We can make the course rather well, if the Government will give us the chance.

According to Chief Justice Meredith the ballot counterfoil does not affect the ballot. Will some loyal Conservative please explain what the counterfoil was intended for?

The Conservatives have been awarded East Lambton after all. Few Liberals will grudge them the seat, except for the principles it must represent in the provincial legislature.

Wonder if the Ontario Minister of Agriculture has heard about the army worm yet. Nobody has heard of an expert opinion from the minister on the subject, at any rate.

It is difficult for people accustomed to the decorum of the Canadian courts, to understand the dramatic outbursts that are permitted in the courts of Paris. We doubt whether the people of France understand them themselves, but apparently, they have their own methods of serving the ends of justice as justice appears to them.

The Canadian Courier has recently been making an examination of Canada's pressing problem. Without political bias it has enlisted a number of Canadian writers, capable of taking the role of National Reporter. It is time that Canada had such a public journal. Our magazines have for the most part being made up of fiction or historical sketches, which are all very well in their place. However, the popular press of this country has the future of the nation in its hands to a certain extent, and those who can sense the living problems, and deal with them broadly, will do their fellow countrymen an inestimable service. We have the able writers, both men and women. All they need is the publisher big enough for the job.

One of London's centenarian ladies went for an automobile ride the other afternoon with her youthful niece, aged 77. To our way of thinking this was the finest news printed in *The Advertiser* in a week. It was pleasantly sensational. It had nothing to do with the moral or ethical lapses that usually are called sensational news. In a way it was "constructive" news. It was cheering, and it did not depress anyone. Many more years to her whose life has compassed almost every era of modern wonder making! She is young in spirit, or she could not have been persuaded to enter an automobile. She had no prejudice against such a modern contraption. We warrant her life is a great story of cheerfulness and sweetness and wholesomeness.

HOW LONG. [Hamilton Herald.] Dr. Grenfell proposes to stock Labrador with reindeer and thus provide a great additional supply of meat for Canada. Very well—but how long will it take the meat combine to get control of the Labrador venison supply?

NEGLECTFUL PARENTS. [Rochester Herald.] Parents who permit a girl of 14 or 15 years of age to go away for a day of pleasure alone are contributing to delinquency, and it would seem that they ought to be amenable to the law which punishes that offence. Nothing will ever be accomplished in this reform without going to the root of the trouble, and the root the authorities undoubtedly will find neglectful parents. A word to the wise ought to be sufficient.

JUNE'S ENDING: A NIGHT PICTURE. [By Nora Hopper.] The moon is a vampire tonight. She has sucked from the stars their splendor of silver; they lean to us weary and white. Like prisoners' faces pressed pale against the window bars, And the wind is full of whispering dust tonight.

The roads are spread thickly with velvet that no one may hear. Coming or going of June; shattered topaz and pearl. Of the chetivans are shed underfoot, and disappear. In dust that follows men's feet and the wheels that whirl.

There's a ghost by the hedge that by day is a laughing child. A dusty and breathless scene is blown down to me. Out of the laurestinus. The sun-smitten guller. Drops her last snowball, and droops as a barren tree.

THINGS WORTH WHILE. [New York Sun.] Life is what we make it and personal success has little to do with material conditions. With keen eyes and a good memory, warm heart and a sense of humor the elevator man has no reason to envy the trade magnate bloated with his dollars, the student soaked with his learning, or the Kaiser on his throne. To be content and to realize and love one's fellows are the only things really worth while, and anyone may lift himself to these heights even without an elevator.

THE DANDELIONS. [By Helen Gray Cook.] Upon a shivery night and still, Without a sound of warning, A trooper band surprised the hill, And held it in the morning. We were not waked by bugle notes. No cheers our dreams invaded, And yet, at dawn, their yellow coats On the green slopes paraded.

# MANY OF ONTARIO BENCH IN HARNESS AT OLD AGE

At one of the Toronto clubs much favored of the legal fraternity, the illness which prompted the late S. H. Blake to retire from private practice for a nine-year occupancy of the bench, was being discussed, and the fact that he was then moved to take up firm work again, and so long continued it in good health. Much interesting matter concerning the seeming wholesomeness of the old life was evoked among the legal groups. The great Canadian counsel and chancellor, recently called away, achieved the good age of 73. Judge Morgan, though billed for retirement from county court activities by the generous age limit of 75, is only 76, and good for a long time at his surrogate duties. Judges McLaren and Garrow, of the high court, are 72 and 71, respectively. Chief Justice Meredith—whose amused eye upon recent provincial events would make a live newspaper picture, if enlarged, for judges have no politics, you know—is 74, and capable of the best work of his life, as witness his burdensome task on the workmen's compensation act. Chief Justice R. M. Meredith, is 67, but looks a decade older. In January next Sir William Mulock will be 71. Sir John Boyd, chancellor of Ontario, is yet another proof that the bench atmosphere really is a longevity tonic—being 77. Then there is Mr. Justice Britton—81, upon his birthday next September—"will going strong."

In fact, long lives are not unusual in Ontario court annals. Further attestation to this becomes patent from a casual glance through Osgoode Hall records. Sir John Robinson, who lived 72 years, was for 25 years a chief justice of Ontario. Sir Henry Strong was as long on the bench, as vice-chancellor, judge or chief justice. Mr. Justice Gwynne, and the fact that he was also served the like period. If Chief Justice Spraggs' judicial service were counted from his appointment as master, June 2, 1837, until his death, April 20, 1884, it would exceed the above by to that years. Chief Justice McLean was on the bench from March, 1827, until 1868, and lived 74 years. Chief Justice Campbell also attained the same age, but only eighteen of it was on the bench. Chief Justice Draper lived 76 years, and held judicial office from 1847 until his resignation in 1887 gave service of 40 years. Chief Justice Armour presided in our courts from 1877 until his promotion to the supreme court, 1902, 25 years thereafter. Senator Gwynne, styled by the literary Davin, "one of the noblest and most interesting figures in our political life," served 41 years on the county court bench prior to that of Judge Wm. Elliot, of Middlesex County, who retired in 1904, had completed 25 years of achievement.

Perhaps fittingly after the recent "spirited" spell, the list may be closed with the late Hon. Sir Oliver Mowat. When he passed away on April 19, 1902, he was 83 years old, and, since his call in Trinity term, 1841, had been a barrister, judge, or crown officer for a period nearly equal to two ordinary generations. His history is interwoven with that of Ontario's development.

loved Herne Hill that had taken place within his own lifetime. The two houses are now almost the only survivors of the many fine residences with gardens that once covered Herne Hill when this district was a secluded country suburb. If Ruskin visited the place today he could not write, as he did in "Fors"—"The place of road, a black Kentish one, and an almost unbroken hedge, all round, of alternate gooseberry and currant bush; decked, in due season (for the ground was wholly benefited, with magical splendor of abundant fruit; fresh green, soft amber, and rough-bristled crimson bending the aphron branches; clustered pearl and pendant ruby joyfully discoverable under the large leaves that looked like vine." "The little domain answered every purpose of Paradise to me." A road will soon be driven across the site of Ruskin's Paradisaical garden. The well-known illacs and laburnums in front of the house are still there for the moment, and half the side

of his "Fors" letters were written in the same room in which he had written his first book about forty years earlier.

The Garden Neglected. The garden at the back, so often and so lovingly described, is little altered, except that it is wild and neglected. "It was," he says, "renowned over all the hill for its pears and apples, and possessing a strong old mulberry tree, a tall white-cherry tree, a black Kentish one, and an almost unbroken hedge, all round, of alternate gooseberry and currant bush; decked, in due season (for the ground was wholly benefited, with magical splendor of abundant fruit; fresh green, soft amber, and rough-bristled crimson bending the aphron branches; clustered pearl and pendant ruby joyfully discoverable under the large leaves that looked like vine." "The little domain answered every purpose of Paradise to me." A road will soon be driven across the site of Ruskin's Paradisaical garden. The well-known illacs and laburnums in front of the house are still there for the moment, and half the side

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