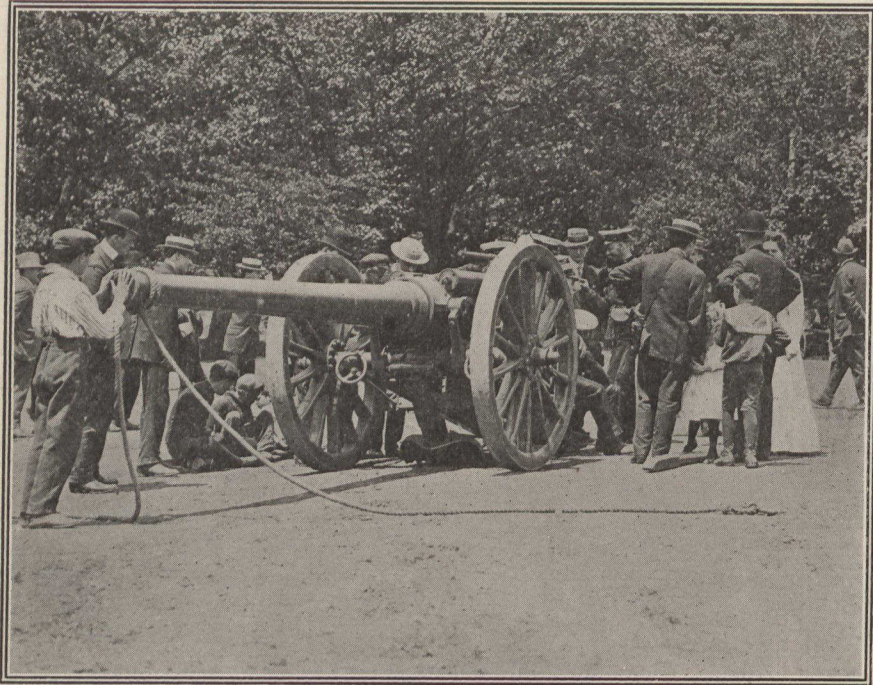
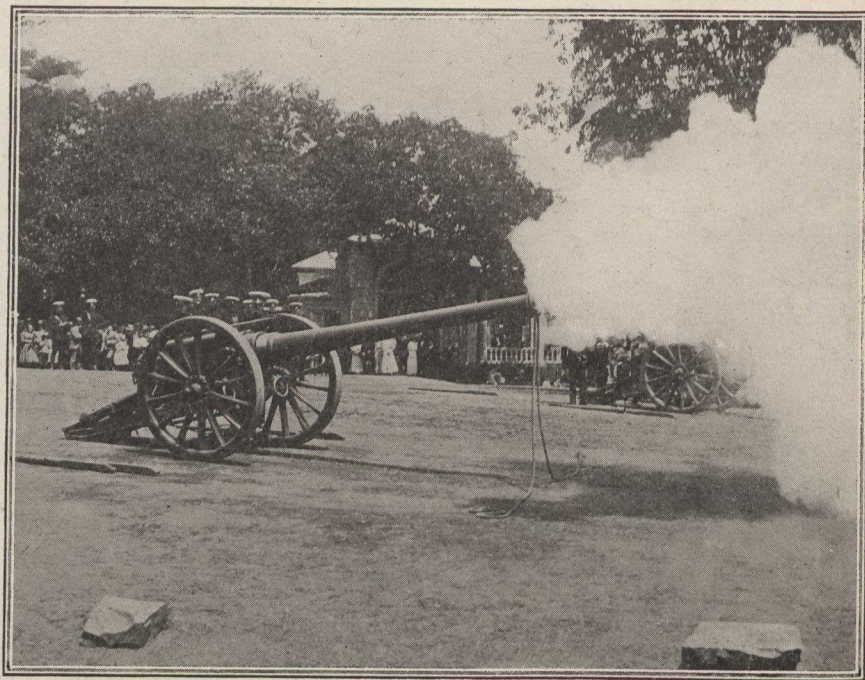


FIRING THE DOMINION DAY SALUTE AT MONTREAL



Men of the 21st Field Battery awaiting the orders to Fire the Salute from their 4.7-inch Guns.



The Big Gun on the "Lookout" thunders its Salute for the 42nd Birthday of the Dominion of Canada.

A Dominion Day

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 12.

Canada in his charge will henceforth listen, not to merely cut and dried formulas of geography, but to the recital of living experiences. The engineers and students among us note the artesian wells, methods of irrigation and the bridge construction.

It is always interesting to note the change of attitude induced in the average mind during an agreeable journey. Little personal jokes are passed, which in polite society at home might be considered bad form, but in the bon homme of tourist travel are accepted in the spirit of jovial repartee. One young man has been indicted for having captured all the hearts of the unmarried among the fair sex. A judge has been appointed and a jury impanelled to try this heartless youth; in the meantime he is a prisoner at large, bearing no sign of remorse.

July 1st, Dominion Day.—We have already passed the plains of Illinois and have left the brilliantly lighted Chicago astern, and are nearing the level prairies of Nebraska on this the birthday of our Canadian nation. It is still early in the forenoon when the executive invite us to assemble in the rear car and celebrate the day according to a written but impromptu programme. Speeches for the King, the homeland, and last but not least, the Dominion daughter of the island mother, are interspersed with the usual patriotic airs. Speeding across the hot,

thirsty plains of the United States we heartily sing "The Maple Leaf Forever."

On July 2nd the dawn heralds our approach to the mountains of Colorado, the sun transforming the snowy peaks into a spurred line of silver; there can be no question now that our scenic journey has begun.

At eight o'clock we find ourselves in Denver, the cool, delightful atmosphere proving a welcome change from the almost stifling heat of the plains.

To pass now from the present to the perfect tense, one may be allowed a few words of summing and moralisation.

We did the sights of Denver in auto and street car, wearing and bearing the flag which is the emblem of our Empire. The writer of this article well remembers when the wearing of the British flag would call for ostentatious comment even in New York, whilst none but a hero or a fool dare venture such a parade in Denver. But now one is unmolested, unremarked, save, perhaps, by the hooligan minority, or in the event of hoisting a British flag in a semi-public place on national holidays. This anti-British, all-American sentiment, which absolutely trampled on every display of emotion which was not spread eagle in intent and effect, is *not* dead, but it is dying.

With regard to Denver itself, it is an agreeable disappointment. Fifty years ago it had one log cabin, to-day it is a fine city of nearly 200,000 population. It is as far removed from the Deadwood

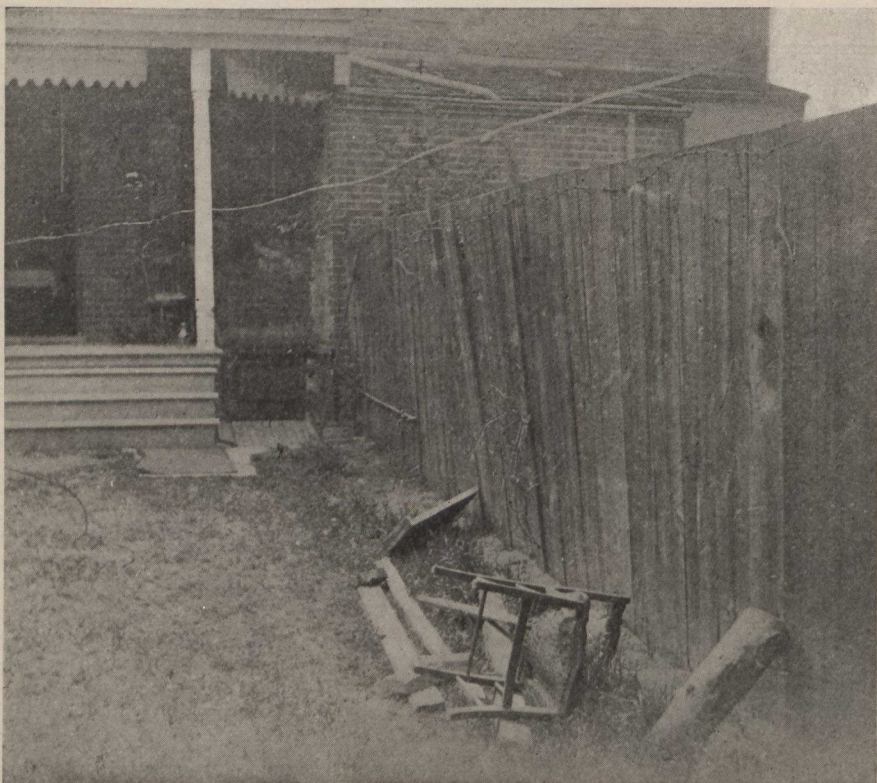
Coach environment as is New York, and its public servants seem more courteous than those of the latter city.

But I must hasten with my story. This afternoon we intend to scale the perilous Pike's Peak and view the Garden of the Gods, but these will be matters for my next article, together with Salt Lake City. Like Mr. Micawber, I simply give one parting word of advice.

One may moralise indefinitely on the value to young Canadians of a trip of this sort, but a few words will suffice. In an hour it lifts one out of the beaten groove of one's life; it proves not only one's endurance but one's adaptability to an entirely new set of circumstances. Retiring, undressing and dressing in a tourist sleeper is not necessarily a hardship but a novel acrobatic performance to the uninitiated, fraught with much humour and pleasantries. But now, in serious vein, I am writing this last paragraph in Denver, amid the busy hum of traffic where fifty years ago a lonely log hut marked the home of the solitary settler in the wilderness. Here one has a concrete illustration of rapid material progress. In two weeks I shall be passing through the last West, in Canada, and my imagination is stirred as I think that more than one log hut which I shall pass, is the germ of a great city which shall materialise in fifty years or so, when Canada shall become a great nation.

In my next article I shall describe Pike's Peak and Salt Lake City.

BEFORE AND AFTER—AND AN EXPLANATION



The first Picture shows a back-yard in Spring before cleaning up and planting, and the second shows the same back-yard with a few flowers and vines. The moral is sufficiently clear.