

people of Great Britain would find that Canada is one of the best fields in which to develop their trade, and under the inexorable law of supply and demand, or the law governing exports and imports, it would of necessity call for a great development of industry in Canada, and if we imported more in proportion to our exports it would be an evidence that the purchasing power of our industry and wealth had increased in proportion to the freedom of our trade.

As an evidence of the exchange of imports and exports and that trade follows our importing power, we may mention tea. The imports of tea into Great Britain from India are 170 million pounds against 57 million pounds from China, whose seaports and rivers used to be crowded with the shipping now transferred to India. India also supplies five million hundredweight of rice against 339,000 hundredweight from Japan, because India is a large purchaser of British goods. England is an open market. The more we purchase from her, the more she will take from us: it may be paper pulp or leather or agricultural implements or agricultural products, or wooden ware, or whatever we can supply her with, but what she sends will call for the employment of labor in Canada, to pay for it, greatly to the advantage of our domestic trade and our carrying trade and the employment of our population at home, and the consequent increase of our revenue.

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THE CRITIC.

The great World's Fair, as a fair, has come to an end, and one is tempted, now that its official function is ended, to essay a rough estimate of its general significance in its time and place. Not that this has not been already essayed. One writer rapturously asserts that "it is safe to estimate that our civilization and advance in the liberal arts will be moved forward by a quarter of a century as the result of this marvellous exposition." If that is true the advance has been astonishingly cheaply bought, whatever the deficits. But the word 'our' applied to, 'civilization,' makes us think that the estimate may be just slightly coloured by a very laudable pride in the undertaking as being a sort of national triumph. The same writer speaks of it as an "object-lesson." This indeed it is, and probably the largest the world has ever seen. And to make it a huge object-lesson, the largest the world ever saw, seems to have been the special aim of the projectors of the scheme. True, they tried to make it a beautiful object-lesson; but bigness came first, beauty second. As a big object-lesson the Fair was only too successful.

It was typical of its country and its age—as, of course, it could not but be. Its very site, and the wonderful transformation of marsh and sand-hill into lagoon and lawn is typical of that wonderful mastery over the terrestrial surface which perhaps is the special mark of the American continent, to say nothing of the cost of such transformation in money alone—itsself perhaps equally as typical a feature. Its cosmopolitanism was also typical; from Dahomeyan dancers to Parisian perfumery, such a collection of things certainly was never before in the history of this planet brought together, if not under one roof, at

least within one wall; and this evidently was the object of its promoters, with the added object of bringing these things together in beautiful buildings and on beautifully laid out grounds. Certainly there was much besides a collection of objects of sense; there was a literary congress, there was even a conference of all religions! than which probably a more abstract idea is hardly conceivable. But these, if the phrase may be used, were "side shows," worthy of the great Fair no doubt, but still side shows. It must be admitted also, and we admit to the full, that amongst the objects of sense were very many and beautiful objects of art. The huge Liberal Arts building was obtrusive and insistent evidence of the fact. But, on the whole, it is impossible to deny that the Fair was after all but the concretion and culmination of the spirit of a material age, of an age which has conquered Nature, both when she obstructs and when she pleases;—when she offers obstacles to the engineer in the form of jagged hill or turbulent river, and when she smiles on the artist in placid lake or sailing cloud; and of an age that glories in that conquest. The Fair was the concretion and culmination of the mastery of mind over matter and the pleasure that mastery afforded to mind.

There was a piece of sculpture in front of the Liberal Arts building which was extraordinarily typical of the Fair itself—a sort of nucleolus in fact, of the whole exposition. It was called "The Producer," and represented a hale and stalwart agricultural labourer with his strong and patient farm horse. The group was admirable; the healthy, successful, almost defiant attitude of the man, and the pose of the great horse waiting on his will, bespoke acres of tillage, the result of intelligent power brought to bear upon Nature's forces. But there was also another thing which made this sculptured group an epitome of the whole: did it not represent the apotheosis of this intelligent power brought to bear upon the forces of Nature? "The Producer" it was called, and the attitude of the producer depicted certainly seemed to say: Here you see the moving spirit of all Western civilization. Of Western civilization, no doubt, but has Western civilization absorbed all the elements of civilization properly so called? Is, after all, he who puts the seed into the ground and reaps it when ripe the true "producer"? What of the implements he uses, and what of those who design them—often perhaps with patient thought wholly unconnected with manual labour? Thought, there we hit it. That surely is an element not prominently exhibited in this great show of the achievements of Western civilization. Thought of a certain class undoubtedly there is; the thought that kills time and space, that economizes labour, that increases comfort, that furnishes luxury, which all minister to the senses. In the fine art galleries, also, there was thought that appealed to the intellect, and, to a certain extent to the emotions. The buildings, too, everybody says, were beautiful; though whether a pretty card castle can be rightly beautiful from the point of view of true fine art, we need not here discuss. But, apart from these, the affair was given up to the glorification of man's victory over Nature by the sweat of his brow. Well, and does all civilization, all life, consist in victories over Nature?

Some day, perhaps, we shall be commemorating man's victory over himself.

AN ARTIST'S THOUGHTS ABOUT THE WHITE CITY.

Standing on the bridge across the lagoon that leads to the southwest corner of the building devoted to liberal arts and manufactures, admiring the very artistic and characteristic looking casts of grizzly bears that adorn that structure and at the same time listening to the remarks made by the incoming crowds of visitors as they come in sight of the lagoons and fountains, surrounded by the vast buildings which, to any old habitué of Jackson Park as it used to be, must seem to have sprung up in a night and to smack of fairyland, genii and Arabian Nights generally, one hears a variety of expressions of astonishment and delight and becomes aware that there must be wonderful differences in the way these vast buildings and elaborate ornamentation strike the eye and awake the slumbering imaginations of the various beholders.

Visitors from "down South," from the "far West," from the East and from the North, all see the same view before them and all see it with a difference. To the commonplace dweller of the city not gifted with much imagination, but very much accustomed to buildings it is a collection of very large and very white buildings; the contractor and the builder may think how much they cost and how much of it was profit; the student of history may be reminded of Greece and Rome, but to the great mass of visitors from country places it is simply vast, white and wonderful. To many it may not look even real, and few are able to give anything like an approximate idea of the size and extent of the buildings.

It may be questioned indeed whether the dwellers in country places does not really receive a better idea of the size of, say, the Liberal Arts Building when he hears that it covers thirty acres of ground, or, including galleries, it has about forty-three acres of floor space, accustomed as he is to measurement by acres, than when he stands and contemplates the building itself; for, after all, standing at one corner of the building and so commanding a perspective view of two sides, one sees only the facades, the pillars, and entablatures; and the mind forms no adequate idea of the space enclosed, whereas a thirty or a forty-acre field is a very tangible and comprehensive idea to the bucolic mind.

To the artistic mind, on the other hand, mere size, space and whiteness, especially whiteness intensified by the midday sun, are not quite sufficiently satisfactory, and at first a sense of disappointment, of something wanting, is felt until the unreasonableness of expecting new, staringly and glaringly new buildings, of any size to satisfy the æsthetic desire for color, for light and shade, as well as form, is admitted and judgment is postponed until the friendly shades of evening or of moonlight can be brought to aid and palliate the crudeness of the first startling appearance in broad daylight.

As to the principal buildings composing the so-called White City architecturally considered, they may be considered nearly individually perfect, but there is an intrinsic difference between the architectural and the artistic point of view, the first concerning itself about so many points utterly ignored by the latter, among which may be mentioned fitness, symmetry, and correctness of style, while the artist passes