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**J. J. ST. JOHN.**

Duckworth St. and LeMarchant Road.

## The Opportunity Eye.

By RUTH CAMERON.



hardly get a look-in. Its the way with everything now-a-days. That's just my luck.

Suppose that man had been born ten years later. Can't you imagine him saying just the same thing about "ten years ago," and yet the ten years ago of that time would be to-day; and the ten years ago of to-day was some other discontented young man's present.

To be sure the business which he spoke of is over-crowded. Ten years ago it was a new and more promising field. But there are other fields of endeavour which are as new and promising to-day as that was ten years ago. Ten years from to-day some one will be envying the men who saw and seized the opportunities of to-day.

There are always new opportunities in every direction. The point is to recognize them when they are opportunities and not when they are full-blown possibilities.

A friend of mine has a charming old-fashioned house, which she picked up several years ago for a mere song. The neighbourhood has grown extremely desirable and the house is

self she has gradually developed into a quaint and charming old place.

Now, many of her friends think they would like a house like hers. But when they try to buy something of the sort in the neighbourhood they find its price prohibitive. And then they say how lucky she was to have gotten such a bargain. But she wasn't lucky at all. She was far-sighted. The house was dilapidated when she bought it, but it had possibilities. And she saw them. The neighbourhood was rather remote but she believed that with the spread of population, improved means of transportation would make it less so. And she was right. Now she has a place which cannot be bought for twice the money it cost her. Not because she was lucky, but because she saw an opportunity when it was an opportunity.

There are always opportunities everywhere.

Conditions about are continually changing. The world is never at a standstill, and with new conditions there are always some new opportunities.

These are for people who know how to recognize them, and recognize them while they still are opportunities.

Cultivate the opportunity eye. If you find the chances in one direction have been so fully taken advantage of they are no longer opportunities. Learn to look in another direction. Study the future, try to see which way the world is going and then you can get into the vanguard instead of tagging along in the rear; grumbling about your "luck."

*Red Cameron*

## LONDON GOSSIP.

LONDON, May 13th, 1914.

### A HOLIDAY FOR THE QUEEN.

The Queen will pass a portion of her summer vacation abroad again this year, once more having Princess Mary (who with her hair up is now to be regarded as grown up) as her companion. Her Majesty intends to travel to Neu-Strelitz, Germany, to pass a few days with her relative, the Grand Duchess Augusta of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the "doyenne" of the Royal Family, and thence will proceed to Lake Constance to stay with the King and Queen of Wurtemberg at their summer residence near Friedrichshafen. This residence, which occupies a beautiful position on the shores of the lake, was a great favorite with the late Duchess of Teck, who spent considerable time there in her younger days. The Queen expects to be absent from England for about three weeks, and on her return will travel direct to Balmoral to join the King and the young Prince for the beginning of the shooting. As at present arranged, Her Majesty will leave for Germany shortly after the end of the Cowes week.

### NEW BRITISH WARCRRAFT.

The tenders for the new battleships are now at the Admiralty, and presumably engaging the attention of the experts there. It is said to be a definite about price, but I gather from what I hear that most of the tenders have shown themselves to be rather anxious to get contracts. A limited number of firms are preparing to tender for the construction of two of the twelve destroyers of the new program. The vessels are intended to be flotilla leaders, like the two ordered towards the close of the last financial year.

### FUTURISM IN LONDON.

London is now being assiduously cultivated by the futurists. In all their departments—painting, poetry, and music—we are now being given examples of their work. The Italian futurists are just now represented here by Signor Marinetti and a batch

of followers. They stand for super-modernity and would scrap all museums, libraries and collections of old masters. They glory in the fact that not one of them is thirty years old yet and are themselves prepared to be scrapped. They worship great speed, excessive noise, and bright light. To them a racing motor-car is a more beautiful thing than the Victory of Samothrace. In his lecture here the other day Signor Marinetti, the founder of the Italian futurist movement, told us very clearly that, in spite of all that has been affirmed to the contrary, London has not yet heard real futurist music. Schönberg, Leo G. Stein, and Bela Bartok are, it seems, but well intentioned dilettanti by the side of the real futurist. The one and only high priest of futurism in music is Balilla Pratella whose works the London public will have a chance of hearing in about the middle of June, when a concert composed exclusively of futurist music will be given at the Coliseum. Mr. Pratella's scores demand a number of new instruments of which some have long been familiar to us, though it was reserved for Mr. Pratella to discover their latest musical qualities. Motor-horns, screamers, gurglers, and even detonators play their part in the Pratella orchestra. It seems hardly in accordance with the futurist creed to resort to gunpowder as an aid to music. "This blint, gentlemen, I took from Handel," says one of Sheridan's characters when he fires off a pistol merely to shock the audience. The popular "1812" overture of Tchaikovsky was intended to be played to the sound of big guns, and even Berlioz, I think, asked for artillery in one of his compositions. But the June concert is sure to have some surprises for us. When futurist music was played for the first time in Milan its effect on the audience, said Marinetti, was extremely odd. The audience roared with delight. "But," the lecturer went on, "unmoved, perhaps it was not loud enough." At any rate we have fair warning.

### HOTEL WEDDINGS.

The large hotel appears to be coming more and more into fashion for receptions after smart weddings. There is so little sentiment or privacy about the modern marriage feast that the bride of to-day seems to have not the slightest objection to pushing her way across the red carpet outside a huge hotel in Knightsbridge or Piccadilly and up the steps of a lounge, possibly crowded with strangers, and holding her reception in all the banality of a hotel salon. There is, of course, little individuality about such weddings. At these functions the presents are shown in a smaller room, and the usual wedding detectives—discernible everywhere by the fixed and glassy eye they keep on the goods—have a wearing time, since there is always a chance of light fingered

strangers strolling in. At a recent reception a late comer, who had not been at the church, arrived at one of the big hotels and elbowed his way through dense crowds and up a staircase congested with every variety of the latest freak costumes, till at length he found himself under the huge bridal "bell" of white flowers and shaking hands with a totally unknown bride. He had come to the wrong hotel wedding.

### CANADA'S NEW GOVERNOR.

Like his predecessor, the new Governor-General of Canada-designate is a soldier first and a statesman afterwards. He took part in the second Matabele War in 1896, and was engaged in the first year of the Boer War three years later, where he fought beside his brother, the late Prince Francis. It was not until after the latter died, some three years ago, that Prince Alexander of Teck became generally known to the London public; but since he undertook to carry on his elder brother's work, in presiding over the Middlesex Hospital, he has been one of the most familiar royal figures. He has worked hard for the hospital, and the knowledge he has acquired of public business in that capacity, and not less of sympathy with poor people, will stand him in good stead in Canada. His interest in medicine may indeed lead to improvements in medical and hospital work in Canada, where, as in most new countries, the subject is somewhat neglected. Prince Alexander is a fine upstanding figure of a man, frank and plain spoken, but with plenty of tact, and industrious rather than brilliant in his methods of work. He is just forty. Princess Alexander, upon whom the social success of the work at Ottawa and the tours which both will make in Canada will depend, is as charming as her mother, the Duchess of Albany. She is petite, fresh-looking, and active, and she may be called the intellectual of the royal family. She is a great reader, her tastes inclining rather to serious literature, a fair art critic, very fond of the theatre and the opera, although her inclinations are to ignore music later than Wagner. But besides this she is an admirable needlewoman, taking great care with intricate fancy work, designs which need weeks of patience to finish, and she has been known to profess an interest in gardening. Three children have been born of the marriage, but one died in infancy a few years back. Both Prince and Princess have travelled largely, having represented the King on various State occasions in many parts of the world, once as far distant as Singapore. Their permanent home is in that beautiful part of Windsor Castle known as King Henry III. Tower, but the Princess often varies life by long visits to her mother at the old house at Claremont, where she was brought up and whither her children usually accompany her.

### A DEMOCRATIC PRINCE.

His Serene Highness Prince Alexander of Teck, is the third son of the late Duke of Teck, and the late Prince

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