

PEOPLE AND PLACES

A Tax On Brains.

THERE is at least one phase of this tariff discussion which has not as yet been touched. So thinks the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada, lately airing its views in Winnipeg. This body expressed itself frankly the other day; it wants a tax on brains—principally Uncle Sam's brains, which the members think are allowed to mix too freely in the Canadian building trade. The R. A. I. C. claims grave grievances; that they are losing money and prestige because of unfair American competition. Here is the situation, and it does look as if the Canadian designer of buildings was not getting quite a square deal. Suppose a Montreal architect received a sudden, bright inspiration and perfected plans for a public building under proposed erection—say in Boston. Now suppose that his plans, of all those submitted, were considered the most satisfactory by the building promoters. Lucky dog! you exclaim. But wait—the promoters would turn that clever Montrealer down. Why? Just because the United States Government has a restrictive clause which prohibits any other than a citizen and resident of Uncle Sam's country from tendering plans for a building on the south side of the line. The United States architects have prevailed upon their Government to adopt this exclusive policy. Thus they have secured professional protection for themselves, and they have furthered the interests of native art by striking a blow at polyglot architecture. So far Canada has not retaliated—and it's retaliation, which the Royal Architectural Institute wants. American architects are given the freedom of the Dominion. They are taking the big jobs away from Canadians. If there is a skyscraper or a big hotel or station to be built, who gets the contracts? Some "expert" from New York. What is more, this "expert" employs the contractors from his own country whom he knows; often imports the fine materials with which he is better acquainted than those of native production. Are not Canadians competent to compete with their American rivals? Where are the dozens of chaps who graduate every year from the big engineering schools at Toronto or Montreal or Kingston?

"It's not a question of competency; it's one of experience," said an architect to the writer the other day. "Chaps trained in Canada can build just as good skyscrapers as the fellows across the line. United States architects have built more of them, that is all; they have made their 'rep'; the public trusts them, while they are inclined to doubt us. There will have to be some educational work done. Let the Government keep out the American architect like he shuts us out, and we'll show our public what we can do."

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Gold Hunters of Nova Scotia.

ANTIQUARIAN pursuits are the rage in Nova Scotia just now. Treasure seekers are just as busy in the province down by the sea as they have been lately on the coast of Ireland, where recently there has been evinced a revived interest in trying to dig up the galleons of the Armada, which went on the rocks about five hundred years ago. Fort Lawrence is the scene of the Nova Scotia activity. Picks and shovels have been rooting up good soil for money which the expelled Acadians,

at the time of the American Revolution, are supposed to have put into the ground. So far, a great many people have lost a lot of sleep, done a lot of work, and found no money.

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Medicine Hat Gas.

NATURAL gas was what Rudyard Kipling smelled when he got off at Medicine Hat on his Canadian tour a few years ago; so he described the town as having "all hell for a basement." But the gas at the Hat had a history long before Kipling made it famous. Part of the story has just been written in one of the August magazines by a writer called W. Lacey Amy, and it makes rather interesting reading. It was back in '83 that the first gas was tapped near Medicine Hat at Carlstadt, west of the city forty miles. It was the C.P.R. which did the drilling, and the corporation used the bit of gas which they unearthed to light a section house. In 1891, the town of Medicine Hat borrowed a drill from Sir William Van Horne. They put it down into the earth 660 feet, and up came the gas.

The gas was there—but there wasn't enough money in the town to

they got it under control, 100 pounds pressure in eighteen seconds; 250 pounds in one minute and twelve seconds. Their eyes began to bulge as the register ran up to 300, 400, 500, and finally stopped at 600 pounds to the square inch."

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Goldwin Smith's Literary Executor.

MR. T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN, who for eighteen years acted in the capacity of private secretary to the late Goldwin Smith, is editing the memoirs of the deceased scholar. The reminiscences should prove one of next year's big books. For several years before his death Goldwin Smith spent much time and thought in consultation with Mr. Haultain, recording his impressions of the many eminent figures in world politics of the past two generations with whom he had come into intimate contact. Some of the most important part of this material was dictated during Professor Smith's last illness. This Mr. Haultain considers he will have to thoroughly revise.

In addition to this work, Mr. Haultain is seriously considering writing a book on Goldwin Smith himself, for which task no one will deny him eminently qualified. Who of all the special writers who for the past few weeks have been summing up the career of Canada's grand old man of letters, should be better fitted



A Scene that might have been Recorded in Scripture

One of the Mennonite converts in the Community near Collingwood being immersed in Georgian Bay

get it out. For fourteen years the town burned coal oil. That was till 1905, when the aldermen persuaded the people to risk a few dollars and take a chance at the gas. The drill dropped down; the town treasury was dribbling away; and the gas was not coming up.

Medicine Hat citizens began to complain to the Mayor. He was wasting the city resources on a chimera. The situation was becoming serious—for the Mayor. If he were to stop drilling and had nothing to show for the expended dollars—well, he might be mobbed, and there was only one train a day out of Medicine Hat. If he persisted boring for gas—probably there wouldn't be much wasted on him. He was courageous. He went on boring.

"Next morning the miracle happened. To this day they tell of it. At nine o'clock the citizens were electrified at the sight of the Mayor, coatless and hatless, rushing from his harness store up the centre of the road, vainly striving to overtake a workman in better training a hundred yards ahead. The citizens, scenting something unusual, joined in the chase. At the well everything was going up in the air. At just 1,010 feet a terrific blow had been struck—a flow that registered when

to reveal his character than Mr. Haultain, who has studied with him, travelled with him, and written with him during the ripest years of the publicist's genius?

Mr. Haultain is a man of considerable literary achievements, an essayist with a fine old world style, always entertaining, never a trace of blatant Americanism. He is one of the advanced authorities on Canadian literature—though he objects to the term Canadian literature himself, on the ground that it is premature. Canada is waiting for the song of the construction camps, and the railways, and the prairies, not transplanted continentalism, examples of which we sometimes get labelled "Great Canadian Novels." Mr. Haultain is always idealistic in his writings, pleading for greater refinement in the young Dominion where growing pains sometimes tend to make rawness subversive of fixed politeness. Good-humouredly—Mr. Haultain never rants—he criticises our eccentricities of speech and manner; the "graphophone voice." In "Two Country Walks in Canada" he censures such un-British expressions as "on time" for "punctual," "rigs" for "carriages." Years ago, he used to write poetry, graceful finished verse, which had great vogue.

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