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IN THE PUBLIC VIEW

"BOBBIE" KERR has an awful responsibility. He is perhaps the most isolated Canadian alive. He is the only Canadian that comes home from the Olympic games with a laurel wreath such as the Greeks delighted to give their heroes. In two hundred metres, which is a little more than two hundred yards, he accomplished more from a celebration standpoint than the whole

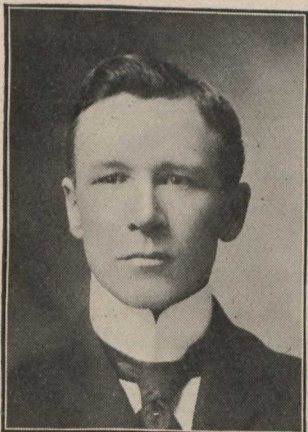


Champion "Bobbie" Kerr winning the 200 Metres Race at the Olympic Stadium.

contingent of Canadians who aggregated some hundreds of miles in the Marathon—creditable as the average was. Mr. Kerr will also have the distinction of sitting on the other end of the celebrity teeter with "Billy" Sherring. The latter Hamilton gentleman had to run twenty-six miles to get his reception two years ago—and that as every one knows was a warm one. So that whether the measurement is by speed or endurance, Hamilton at present holds the premiership in Canada for foot-racing. The phenomenon is not hard to explain. Any one who has made a before-breakfast pastime of running up and down Hamilton's mountain ought to have lungs and legs enough for anything in the way of racing. The whole of Canada, however, will be at one with Hamilton in extending congratulations to this plucky young runner who snatched the green bays from the swiftest among all nations.

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OLD BOYS' reunions have been cropping out thick during the past few days. Renfrew with its fifty years' jubilee and London and Guelph each with a homecomers' festival are among the most conspicuous. Ontario seems to have the great majority of these celebrations, which as yet are pretty scarce in the West. Some time in the calendar of Canadian celebrations we shall have old boys' reunions at Daysland, Alberta, and Wadena, Saskatchewan. But any of the four hundred new towns on the prairie will need to accumulate a good deal more archaism than they have at present before there will be much atmosphere for the old boys. Nothing is so valuable as a town pump for gatherings of this kind; the old, moss-grown, rickety pump where the history-makers used to sit of a summer evening and watch the horses drink and tell coon-hunting stories and fishing yarns and swap politics.



T. W. McGarry, M.L.A.,
South Renfrew.

London and Guelph and Renfrew have all been long enough on the map of Ontario to have the old forums marked out. Old-timers are thick in all these places; men who began to work on the job of making history in the first hour of the day and stayed at it till the twelfth hour; working away on the old corner and waiting for the town to grow; keeping all they had and reaching out for more; glad to get another railway station—which at present is much needed in London; glad when the census was taken and showed hundreds more than the census before; glad to be able to say that they got such and such factories without bonuses; that they sent such and such men to Parliament and to Legislature and to the high places

in business; proud that they had history to relate reaching back to the days when the first market was an Indian camp on the flats along the river. And in none of these three towns could there have been quite a complete old boys' reunion without a few of the red men that had the town site staked out before the railway ever got near it.

London is one of the cleanest, busiest and most progressive cities in Canada. It is also one of the most religious. Not long ago it was known as the Forest City. Situated on the Thames—as near the head of navigation as it is possible for a town to be; home of some of the best-known figures in public life—including Hon. Adam Beck, the late Sir John Carling, Hon. Mr. Hyman, ex-Minister of Public Works, and Mr. George Gibbons, K.C., chairman of the Canadian section of the International Waterways Commission; originator of the great annual Western Fair; a centre of education and the possessor of one of the finest markets in Canada; a city where those who would go anywhere on Sunday must either walk or hire cabs; a city of beautiful homes and of hospitable people; and a city that is steadily adding to its population without the necessity of importing immigrants.

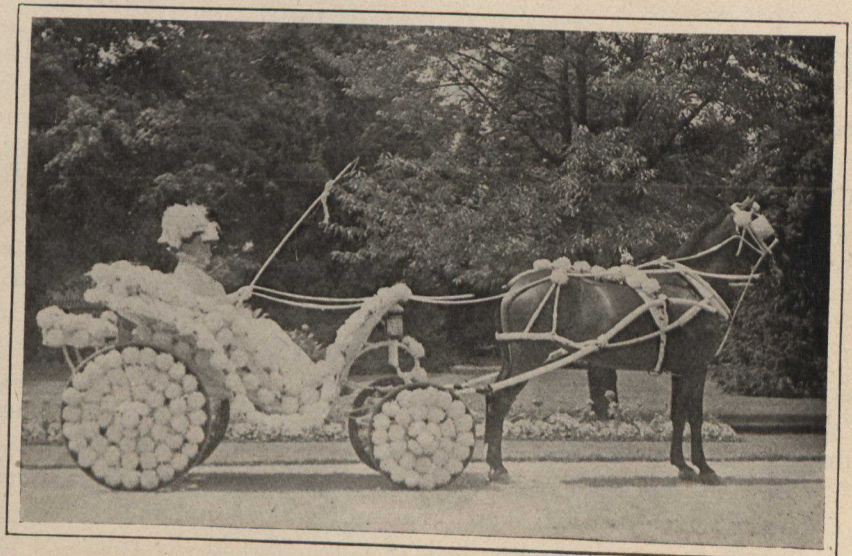
Mrs. Adam Beck, who took a prominent part in the London festival, presides over one of the handsomest homes in that city of hospitality. Mrs. Beck, formerly Miss Lillian Ottaway, became the wife of Mr. Adam Beck in the year that he was elected Mayor of London and, although very young to discharge the duties of such a position, the youthful bride won general popularity as the wife of the Chief Magistrate. Mrs. Beck's father was an Englishman and her healthy Old Country taste shows itself in a fondness for all equestrian sport. The stables of *Headley*, as the Beck residence is called, are among the finest in Western Ontario. Mrs. Beck's interest in social and musical matters is such as to lend grace and distinction to any movement with which she is identified and, in every respect, the hostess of *Headley* is a fair and gentle type of Canadian womanhood.

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GUELPH again is a good solid old city; built of limestone and as English in its nomenclature as Stratford. Guelph is on the Speed—but has never been boasting about anything hectic in the way of progress. Steadily for more than half a century this sensible home town has been climbing its beautiful hills and reaching out over one of the most charming landscapes in Canada towards Erindale and Elora. Guelph has the greatest agricultural college in the world and one of the most famous schools for women in Canada.



A. A. Wright, M.P., for
South Renfrew.



Mrs. Adam Beck's-Flower-Decked Carriage, London Old Boys' Celebration