

Other buildings, too, are like sufferers, and perhaps of more importance because of their business character. In every case it means hindrance and check to trade.

It is of significance, as showing the natural result which follows the undue suppression of an industry, that many buildings are being erected in which "terra cotta" is being used in place of stone facings, and on enquiry it is found that this is mainly on account of the impossibility to get stone with any moral probability of having sufficient to complete the building within a reasonable time. The only thing to be done in order to be certain of securing progress is to use a substitute.

In discussing this subject we are approaching one which has underneath the surface a problem which is likely to affect, not merely Winnipeg, but any and every district within the limits of the confederation of the workmen's union. It is therefore well, and we think opportune, to present the dangers which face the forcing of issues on lines at present assumed by the men's union. The common experience of all trades, and we think it should be palpable to the simplest intellect, is that as surely as day follows night, so surely must machinery supplant the simple methods of hand labour. A very short review of any trade or factory which has made headway with any rapidity must convince the most sceptical that the introduction of machinery acts as an incentive and opens up possibilities of extension which would never have been dreamed of under the old conditions, and thus increases instead of decreases the employment of labour.

In opposing the introduction of additional machinery, we think it should be quite clear that the stone workers are really placing a serious obstacle to the advancement of their own industry, as well as hindering the employment of many more men, and probably limiting their own earnings. There could not be a better illustration of this than the present season in Winnipeg. The quantity of stone used could have easily been doubled had it been possible to have obtained it, whereas substitutes have been used from the other side, and money which could have been kept in Canada passed over the border.

Further, and perhaps what is more to the point from a workman's standpoint, is the serious effect on the wage earning capacity which inevitably follows the suppression of any industry, and this is what is really done by refusing machinery—the wage earner being the inevitable sufferer, the substitute which gains the field usually reducing the demand to the lowest possible point.

Right here on the spot one of our leading firms have new and improved machinery set down ready for use at great expense, and they are obliged to let it remain idle or face the question of a strike of men. From every point of view this is much to be deplored, as it really seems to the advantage of all parties interested to place the industry on a footing that will keep it on a par with the progress of kindred trades.

This question is, we understand, one of the principal ones for discussion at the forthcoming conference of the confederated unions at St. Louis, and we hope it will end in a manner to commend universal approval.

MONTREAL NOTES.

No. IV.

The gargoyle's ghost flapped his scaly wings disconsolately and scratched a pointed ear with a well armed left claw. They had set him high on a minster tower in Yorkshire four long centuries ago and more, and he had a taste for noble architecture hammered into him with the blows of the mallet which had taught him how to grin and bear wind and weather and keep his tail neatly curled against the cornice on which he lived and to be a proper gargoyle.

When an easterly gale upset the old lead spire he had guarded so long he was involved in the ruin and so his spirit had left the broken fragments of his body in the market place far below and had been blown across the seas even to Montreal, where, finding a congenial atmosphere of thin smoke riven by many steeples he sought a spot on which to rest which might remind him of his former life.

But the sense of fitness and proportion in matters architectural which long connection with a stately pile had bred in his stony heart made it difficult for him to settle down. Zinc parapets gave even to this ghost of a gargoyle a violent sense of insecurity. Often he espied afar off what promised him some semblance of gothic comfort but on closer inspection these turned out to be but hollow shams and faked hypocrisies.

Once in his old life he had heard two students of architecture who had measured him up along with the tower where he dwelt, speak of the glories of the gargoyles of Notre Dame at Paris, and hearing that there was a church of that name he sought it out, hoping to find stony brethren to haunt. But from the bleak desolation of that building he fled dismayed.

Now the gargoyle knew that it was the end and object of his being to praise and magnify the Lord in his own little way, just as it was the purpose of the minster, from which he had fallen, to do so. Thus

finding a city with many denominations possessing many buildings none of which he could conceive of as contributing to the praise and magnification of anyone, he concluded that he had come to a land wherein the Lord is not praised; and as he was only a gargoyle he must make allowance for so grossly unreasonable a deduction. That was why he flapped his wings and scratched his ear in the Place d'Armes on the morning of July 12th, 1904, and here begins the adventure.

Opposite the church he had left was a great and spacious portico, and in the centre a door, and devoutly preoccupied men were ascending the steps and entering in. Quoth the Gargoyle's ghost, "Is this also a temple of the Most High?" Being inquisitive though sceptical on the matter he followed the crowd. Now inside the door there were building operations in progress and the Gargoyle's ghost thought "how assiduous are these worshippers entering with serious mien thus early in the morning a building not yet completed." By this time he knew that they were worshippers indeed.

As he passed the inner door a great glory struck his eyes. The floor was white and the ceiling was white and the walls were white, and before him was a row of great shining green granite columns with brazen caps and the bases were of jet black stone and beyond these were more columns yet taller and nobler and a wide space with great windows on the further side. And it took the breath of the Gargoyle's ghost away from him and he hid behind a pillar. But presently he had courage enough to examine the jointing of the stone and the hewer's work and such little matters as he had heard the masons who set him in his place talk of and he found all as it should be and cunningly wrought beyond belief.

Then noting that the worshippers stopped not, neither bowed down, he followed boldly on into the great hall. And had he come in by a window he had been annihilated on the spot, so goodly was the place and so full of great majesty, but coming as he did from the proper entrance he experienced only a sense of fine exhilaration which was as the master builders had intended it should be with one entering.

The columns were taller than those without and the caps more wonderfully wrought and the cool rich green of the Vermont granite contrasted nobly with the gilding on the caps. The roof they bore aloft was coffered and embellished with fine gold wrought with a beauty beyond belief, for had not those self same patterns been used by men for 3,000 years and more, and had not all the experience of that long time been brought to bear in proportioning them each to his use and place. And the ghost of the gargoyle knew that "scale is everything," for there had been a big discussion whether 10 or 4 feathers would look best on his wings, and the latter had been decided on. His wings were all right he knew.

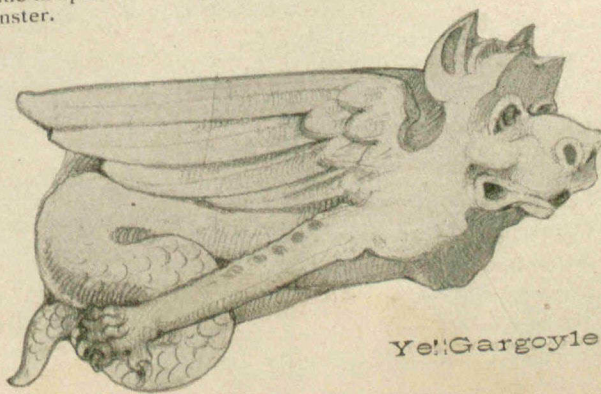
The piers of the walls were of Tennessee marble, tooled and not polished, and the color was very tender, and there were panels in the walls of red plaster, and the gargoyle's ghost did not like them at first but when he considered how finely they contrasted with all the other elements of that building he knew that they too were right.

And an altar of green Italian serpentine inlaid with red Belgian marble ran from one end of the Temple to the other and the length of the great hall of the temple was 172 feet and the width 84 feet and height was 56 feet. On the edge of the altar there was a screen of bronze cunningly cast and finished and there was no flaw anywhere and the ghost of the gargoyle wondered and said, "Although this temple is not dedicated to the praise of the Lord, he whom they worship here is a very great power and exactness and precision are of the quality of his perfection."

The priests of that temple sat behind the screen and busied themselves with the offices of the temple and ministered to the people, and he could make nothing of it, for the worship was a real one but unlike anything that had ever taken place at the minster and been discussed by the gargoyles there.

So the ghost of the gargoyle lingered till he was satisfied that it was here that the men of Montreal did their real worship and he concluded that the God must be very great to be worthy of so fine a temple and the devotion of the Montrealers in erecting so noble a pile to his honor touched the heart of the gargoyle.

So he went his way and lodged in a pine on the top of the mountain and considered what it all meant, but of two things only could he be at all certain: First, that the temple was very fair and enduring; and secondly, that what the men of Montreal worshipped in the great hall behind the portico that is opposite to the church of Notre Dame is the chief god of the land and that it is therefore right and proper that his temple should far outshine in splendor and glory any building to the Lord of the old minster.



Ye!! Gargoyle