

INAUGURATING THE NEW RURAL MAIL DELIVERY



Chief Inspector Ross of the Post Office Department delivering an explanatory address at Crossroads, on the way from Hamilton to Ancaster, October 10th.



Collecting the Letters of the Countryside.



The New Mail-box Locally Inspected.

Shall Canada Have a Navy of Her Own?

By NORMAN HARRIS

ALL those in favour signify in the usual manner. Those opposed say "no" loudly, so their noes can be counted. Only subjects of the High Court of Canada are eligible to vote, and no one is supposed to vote more than once, as this isn't politics. American citizens and officers of the Toronto Ferry Company are hereby barred.

The Navy League has offered a prize of \$400 for the best essay on this subject, and as I require just that amount for a certain purpose, I pull out the third cylinder of my hired typewriter in a mad chase after the money.

I may say at once that it is and always has been one of my very firmest convictions that Canada needs a navy, and she needs it badly. Anyone will admit that we have no right to a Navy League, without a navy to back it up. I can think of nothing more stimulating than being waked out of a deep sleep at about five a.m. by the sound of a twelve-inch gun liberating the rest of those carelessly-glued shingles off the front roof. The bark of a twelve-inch gun is an inspiration that needs but to be felt to be appreciated, and we may say, sadly but truthfully, that Canada isn't making the noise in the world that she ought to. We read in the British magazines that gun practice has been renewed after the long winter months, the officers of the fleet being tired of diavolo. We read in the American papers that the Atlantic fleet has made a tour of the civilised world, including Australia, and has burned up \$5,000,000 worth of coal in the effort to impress yellow and other coloured perils with the

fact that these ships are built for a long voyage and can stand the strain of internecine scraps among officers; also that American paint will stick to any surface and is impervious to moisture. Any size, barrels \$65, cans \$4. At all good shops.

Is it not about time that we should show what Canadian paint will do? And will this country rest easily under the implied sneer that we have no one here than can touch off a twelve-inch gun without blowing the turrets off all interested observers?

The percentage of hits in the American navy has greatly increased since magazines adopted the course of having permanent correspondents on board. American gunners have now acquired the knack of hitting the thing aimed at, and their blows are harder than last year's. In fact, navy mechanics are protesting that the dents put in targets are difficult to hammer out, after practice at three miles. This means of course that if Taft is elected President, Congress will dedicate another billion dollars for warships. These will have to be steel-clad scows carrying twenty-inch rifled machine guns, the centre-board kind, very wide on the bilge and tapering aft to a ping-pong parlour, for there is nothing left for the American navy to build. She has so many warships now that the Civil Service is hard put to it to furnish enough admirals to go around, and every sweatshop from Maine to California is working overtime on uniforms for them.

How does this affect Canada? Thus: With this additional fleet of battle scows, Canada will be practically at the mercy of Tammany Hall and the New York Journal. If W. R. Hearst succeeds in winning something, we will be safe for a time yet, but if he loses on a technicality or a stringency in votes, war correspondents are agreed that this country will stand in particular peril of a visit from a hostile fleet humping along here in nonpareil formation, heavily

led, carrying a seven-column truck pennant at the peak, or date-line. Fancy being aroused by the sound of New York extras on our streets announcing the arrival here of a school of American admirals, and hearing their hoarse shouts directing the helmsman where to cache his anchors on Canadian soil. Then let anyone attempt to state that we could do a thing without a navy. The visit here of an American armada fitted with canned goods and taut bowlines, would upset public confidence in the local administration, would interfere seriously with building operations, and would knock the whole Cobalt market to flinders.

The best opinion the world over amongst naval and military editors of newspapers with a guaranteed circulation of over 10,000 copies—spoiled papers not counted—is that a navy is a most formidable weapon of defence, and can be used also for conquests, fetes, and pleasure craft for politicians.

Touching on the political aspect of a navy, one can see at a glance that a fleet of fifty or so Canadian war vessels would solve our unemployed problem, and dissipate forever the great crowd that gathers daily about the Toronto Telegram building, to the great annoyance of Mr. John Ross Robertson. Every day two or three hundred men, many of 'em English, fine strategists, expert in the art of trimming sail or handling big guns, either on paper or in a sea, waits there for the appearance of the "Situations Vacant" column. Why should these men be walking the streets looking for menial work, when they might be standing fearlessly on the viaduct or bridge of a thousand-ton hooker of war, clad in pomposity and gold lace, howling fierce, unintelligible orders through a megaphone?

Let us have a navy by all means. Later on we will, after the contracts have been let, find a place to put it.