

BRITISH COMPANY TO BUILD LARGE THEATRE IN TORONTO

Toronto is to have a million-dollar theatre and office building. The site is said to be on Yonge street, north of Dundas. The theatre will be the first of a Canadian chain of British picture play-houses and will mark the first step of the British film industry gaining a foothold in Canada. The plans are yet incomplete.

Introduction of these all British theatres in the Dominion is being sponsored by the Gaumont British Film Co., of London, England. They are capitalized at \$100,000,000 and will have a chain of 350 theatres throughout the British possessions, which will have completely circled the Empire when the theatre links in Toronto and Canada will have been completed.

The theatre and building will be the first of its kind on this continent, said Edward Auger, Canadian representative of the Gaumont Co., who had just left for St. John, N. B., to open up offices there. "It is to be fashioned after the big houses in London, England," Mr. Auger told The Telegram. "We shall have nothing to do with modernistic or futuristic fads in buildings, but in its place there will be a bit real olde English in the heart of Toronto and incidentally Canada.

Serve Afternoon Tea.

"Nor shall we lack the English customs. During the afternoon matinees tea will be served to all patrons by the girls of the show. At the rear of the seating house, which we hope shall be around 4,000 capacity, there will be a lobby or foyer where sweet-hearts or man and wife may meet, have tea, smoke and continue to watch the interior and all furnishings will be fashioned after Old English style of architecture. On top of the theatre will be an office building. The cost will be

\$1,000,000 or perhaps a little more. Plans are just being completed, while the deal for the site is more than half through at present."

British films have long tried to break into the Canadian market, pointed out Mr. Auger. They have met with little or no success. British pictures have been shown in the United States and Canada but have been sold through the United States and they have made the Canadians pay to see them. They obtained American rights when buying the picture.

All-British Pictures.

"Gaumont Company will not only show all-British pictures in their string of theatres but will also sell British pictures to the other theatres desirous of showing English pictures," continued Mr. Auger. "The United States will not have any rights over Canada. They will be able to buy, too, but Canada will have it at the same time. Up until the present it has been the United States that had the choice runs and this country came first after them. Toronto is the key city to Canada, and our head-quarters will remain here. I am opening offices in several other large cities throughout the Dominion with the view to spreading the chain of theatres."

South African Theatres.

The Gaumont British Film Co., are at the same time building theatres in South Africa. The cities chosen there include Johannesburg, Cape-town and Pretoria. Recently they bought out the Provincial Cinema Theatre chain in England, adding 190 more theatres to their large chain. The backers of the P. C. T. included Major Holt, son of Sir Herbert Holt, of the Royal Bank.

Gaumont are backed by Ostrer Bros., prominent English bankers.

RUSSEL HOUSE AT OTTAWA A NOTED HOSTLERY

Housed the Statesman, Beauty and Chivalry of Canada at Time of Confederation.

The razing of the Russell Hotel, Ottawa, to make a better approach to the Parliament Buildings has brought an interesting article from an Ottawa paper which says:

"No building in Ottawa, and few in all of Canada, saw more of the making of our history. Under its roof the Fathers of Confederation held many of the conferences and secret discussions that helped bring about Union. It was from the Russell that George Brown, astounded and dismayed by the sight of the vast buildings being erected on the Hill, wrote to John A. Macdonald in a fine frenzy:

"Never mind expense. Go ahead. Ruin the country. Stop at nothing. Why not fountains and parks and gardens."

"And the day upon which Canada was born, that was a great day for the Russell! All the statesmanship and the chivalry and beauty of old Canada were centered here on that historic date. It is recorded in old newspapers of Ottawa how all the leading actors in the great drama reached the Capital and registered at the Russell on Sunday, June 30, a hot and sultry day. Viscount Monck, who was to be sworn in as Governor-General; John A. MacDonald and Cartier; all the men who were to be sworn in as Cabinet Ministers or Lieutenant Governors of the provinces; all the great and near-great from all over the land who had come to see the pageantry of Confederation, slept that night at the Russell.

"And in after years, during all the stirring and memorable times that followed Confederation, the Russell roof sheltered most of the leading actors in our history. Cabinets were made and unmade within its walls, political reputations heightened or blasted, decisions taken that affected the course of the whole nation. Sir John A. MacDonald lived there on and on, and so did Sir John Thompson. It was in a room of the Russell that Goldwin wrote of Sir John A., with whom he was on fairly good terms:

"He decidedly does not love sparrows, and he is credited with saying that the perfection of a ministry is twelve men, each of whom, if you liked, you could put into the penitentiary."

"It was in the Russell, too, that Mor Watt is said to have penned some of the pages of his book on Job, which he destroyed in his later years because he thought it unworthy of publication; in the Russell that D'Arcy McGee wrote some of his last poems.

"And celebrities other than politicians came there. It was from the Russell that the captains of the C. P. R. carried on their last desperate negotiations with Sir John A. Macdonald, and the failure of which might have changed the course of Canada for at least half a century. For days on end, while Sir John hesitated, and while Parliament was rife with intrigue and suspicion, the lobbies of the Russell were the real centre of the battle that was being waged; and it was in a room of the Russell that the victory was finally celebrated with champagne galore, after the fashion of those specious days.

"In later years, in what somebody has called the 'mauve nineties' the Russell became the centre of Ottawa's social as well as of its political life. There the beauty and grace of the Capital met to dine and sup and dance; there stayed great actors, politicians, churchmen, financiers; and, on one occasion, the Russell even housed the mighty John L. Sullivan. They were brave and mellow years."

LET THEM ALL COME

The inscription on the pylons which mark the entrance to Greater Brighton, England, reads: Hall, guest, we ask not what thou art; If friend, we greet thee hand and heart; If stranger, such no longer be; If foe, our love shall conquer thee.

HALF MILLION SMALL FARMS NOW SAFEGUARD OLD IRELAND AGAINST WANT AND ADVERSITY

(Negley Farson in New York Sun.)

Killarney.—Although Killarney is probably the most famous beauty spot in all Ireland, and although its 5,000 people mostly thrive upon the fleece-bearing tourists who flock yearly there—there are a lot of real Irish sheep farmers all around it. They run black-faced mountain sheep; and in April you can see the lambs, with little black noses and little black stockings over their white panties—leaping in the air. Life is so glorious around Killarney!

Every Saturday is market day. The peasants drive into town before day-break in their little two-wheeled donkey carts. They bring hay and they bring turnips and they bring potatoes in big sacks. They unhitch their donkeys and upend their carts in the market place. This is a broad, iron-railed dirt square in front of the green cathedral. The farmers walk about there, the old women wrapped in shawls and many of the old men in their "swallow tails," with that hope of selling something which springs eternal in the human breast.

The Average Man.

Horse hay on that day was about \$17 a ton. During the war it is said to have reached a price of \$70 a ton! And these days are not so long gone that the peasants can forget them. They cannot reconcile that golden age with the prices of today. The average farmer around Killarney owns from thirty to one hundred acres of land, depending upon its quality—how much of it is mountain or bog—six or eight cows, three or four pigs, poultry and some sheep. The sheep are a mountain industry. The yield from a cow is about \$50 a year, which the farmer supplements by the sale of pigs, eggs and chickens. His problem is to raise and rear a family in such circumstances.

We went about the market looking at potatoes, mangels and cabbages, and hearing complaints. I got the general idea that the world had gone to pot. But this, we were told, was a habit of the Kerryman, who at heart was a most happy-go-lucky fellow. Our informant quoted:

The divil a thing can raise him!
A thistle itself will please him!
His owld gray goose is a swan!
His hins are faymale paycocks!

Saturday in Killarney is really a great day. The farmer's entire family, if it can manage it, comes in on the cart. The donkey—about as high as your waist—seems quite equal to the lot of them. You see the farmer sitting up on top of the potato sacks and his wife and daughter bumping along on the flat floor of the cart. The daughter, you will perceive, wears beige stockings.

And these daughters seem to be the farmers' greatest problem in Ireland today. They have taken to new fashions and new ideas much more quickly than the young men. They are not tied down to the land, and all of those that can are getting away from it. You can see them in Killarney as you walk down the main street. They spend precious little of their time in the market place.

Farmers' Daughters.

They may wear black shawls, but their hair is bobbed and they all wear that insidious symbol of emancipated femininity—the flesh colored stocking. They are a long, long way from the dairy maid of rustic ballads. In Kerry, I am told, a girl will not marry a farmer who has only three cows. Out on the Clasket Islands the girls won't marry at all. They intend to emigrate.

But the worst case I know of is that of a prosperous farmer near Killarney, whose daughters will neither marry, emigrate nor go off to work. They like their old farm; they won't leave it. And so there they are, two young ladies, in flesh colored stockings, standing beside the peat fire. They had just come back from market day in Killarney—and they were going to a dance.

"I'm damned if I know what to do with them!" said their father.

The two O'Connell girls smiled—they were a problem to everybody but themselves.

Of the 17,024,481 acres of the Irish Free State, excluding areas under the larger lakes, rivers and tideways, 15,619,044 are included in agricultural

holdings. Of these only 12.7 per cent. are plowed. All the rest of that adorable country—with the exception of the 1,405,437 acres consisting of barren mountains, bogs, marshes, roads and towns—is in lovely rolling pasture land. Now you know why Ireland is green.

These agricultural acres are all divided into little farms. There are only 32,000 holdings in all Ireland over 100 acres in extent; there are about 200,000 between thirty and seventy—and these are the backbone of Ireland—and there are over 244,000 holdings of less than fifteen acres each.

All these are divided and subdivided by fences; the little stone walls of County Clare—where, to get through, you take down the single stones and put them up after you, and the walls on the skyline look as full of holes as old lace; the sod covered stone fences below Roscommon, the rocky gridiron of Connemara—where the fences are so close together that you will often see three in the scant 100 feet between the wretched stone cabin and the road—or the high stone walls of the Galway Blazer country, where you wonder how a horse can jump it, and out of the fields without breaking his back.

It is said that over 70 per cent. of the Irish are farmers, and of these over 74 per cent. are working on their own farms. Of these one out of every four is a woman or a girl. Of these about four out of every five are working on their own home farm. And of both men and women only about one-fourth are hired wage earners subject to the risks of unemployment (in the ordinary sense) or to conditions laid down by an employer.

And now you see the great "cushioning" effect that the farms provide against the shock of adversity, and why when bad times come you don't see thousands and thousands of people walking the streets and almost starving. And now you realize that life on these little Irish farms may not be quite so mean as it is often cracked up to be.

It is a nice thought—the seaworthiness of these little Irish farms.

Wife—John, I'm so disappointed. John—What's the matter now, dear?

Wife—Here it is your birthday and you forgot to bring me home a present to give to you.

INTERNATIONAL STARTS WORK ON NEW GATINEAU STORAGE DAM

Gatineau Power Company, controlled by Canadian Hydro-Electric Corporation—a subsidiary of International Paper Company—has commenced construction of another storage dam on the Gatineau River in the Province of Quebec. Work will be carried on throughout the winter and it is expected that the dam will be completed and ready for operation next summer.

The new dam—storing the waters of Lake Cabonga—and the present Mercier storage dam will form reservoirs ranking with the large water-storage systems of the world. The two reservoirs will have a combined capacity of 145 billion cubic feet, or one and two-thirds times that of the reservoir created by the famous Assouan dam on the Nile River in Egypt.

Located in the heart of one of the great timberland areas of Canadian International Paper Company, the Cabonga dam will be forty-six miles above the Mercier dam and will form a reservoir of 45 billion cubic feet capacity, draining a territory of 1,150 square miles. The new reservoir will materially assist the Mercier reservoir in regulating the flow of the Gatineau River on which Gatineau Power Company has completed three hydro-electric plants within the past two years.

Two of these stations are within six miles of the City of Ottawa, and have a combined designed capacity of 290,000 horsepower, of which 232,000 horsepower is installed and in the process of installation. The third station, the Pagan plant—thirty-five miles north of Ottawa—has an installed capacity of 204,000 horsepower, and came into operation on October 1 when it commenced delivery of 80,000 horsepower to the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario. This power is being distributed by the Commission in the Toronto area to supplement the power now supplied from Niagara Falls and is being delivered by Gatineau Power Company under a thirty-year contract, the quantity increasing annually to a maximum of 260,000 horsepower on October 1, 1931, which rate is continued throughout the life of the contract.

Progress in hydro-electric development in Canada has been particularly rapid lately as a result of expanding industrial activities. In this development Gatineau Power Company in a few years has become an important factor and now ranks as one of the largest producers of electric power in the world.

A COLD NIGHT

The pines a clear place stood around
And with their shadow made it small,
The snow was bright without the bound
Of treetops' jagged blotting pall
At treespire tops by moonlight
Kissed
The needles stirred and faintly
Hissed.

An owl with silver on its back
With soundness beat through
Branches steered
And briefly marred with moving
Black
The white expanse and disappeared,
As flits a phantom through a dream
So silent did its passage seem.

The air was taut with bitter cold
And snapped when treetrunks stolid
Crew
With startling cracks betrayed the
Hold
Of gripping chill that chiller grew
The moon from diamond crowded
Height,
Deluged the scene with heatless
Light.

—WILL HENRY in Detroit News.

REMEMBER

We sat together, you and I
Above us stretched a starlit sky
You vowed to love me always—I
The same—
But drat it all. What was your
Name?

"Waiter, I'll have pork chops with
French fried and I'll have the chops
lean."

"Yes sir, which way?"