

Ask that man sitting beside you at the Canadian Club luncheon—listening to Sir George's glistening remarks. Pretend, for a moment, that he is a big lumber dealer from British Columbia.

"Yes," he says, when the Minister of Trade and Commerce stops to draw a breath, "That's the talk! That's the talk!"

"But what about YOU?" you whisper. "Are you going to take advantage of the opportunities that are coming?"

"Me? O no! Can't.—But YOU? You will—of course?"

Never mind what you tell HIM. Ask him why he doesn't expect to make great gains in his lumber business and he will talk something like this:

"More trade for me? No. . . . I got about all I can handle. . . . Timber? Sure, I got more'n I can ever sell this side o' the tomb. . . . Mill capacity? . . . O yes. I got equipment to double my output. . . . Labour? . . . Sure. I generally get all the men I need. . . . Orders?"

HE takes a long breath and looks at you out of the corner of his eye. He sees by the cut of your clothes that you aren't in the lumber trade and he decides to loosen up a little.

"Say!" he begins again, "I could get O-R-D-E-R-S—long as your arm? I don't mean war orders. Take them for granted. But before-the-war-orders. I remember, in 1913, a New Zealand house wanted five million feet of fir. Price was right and all that, but there wasn't a bottom (ship) to carry the stuff."

"Who filled the order?"

"A Tacoma firm."

"Americans?"

"I said TACOMA."

Now consider his words. F. C. T. O'Hara, the Deputy Minister of Trade and Commerce at Ottawa, will tell you his story was entirely probable, and O'Hara's clerks could dig up records of many other timber orders lost to Canada because Canada had no way of delivering the goods. Not only timber orders have been lost that way, but orders for stoves for South Africa, binders for Russia—all sorts of orders have actually been offered Canada—Canadian goods PREFERRED—and lost because Canada couldn't ship those goods. How long, O gentle member of the Canadian Club, would your wife deal with a grocer who couldn't "send it"? If she told you of such a grocer you'd be scandalized to think any man could run a business without having any regard to deliveries! If you were a branch bank manager and that grocer came to you to borrow a few dollars for thirty days, you would explain to him with great clearness and sincerity that Head Office had only yesterday written you to say—you know the rest of that line of chaff just as well as does the grocer who doesn't get the money.

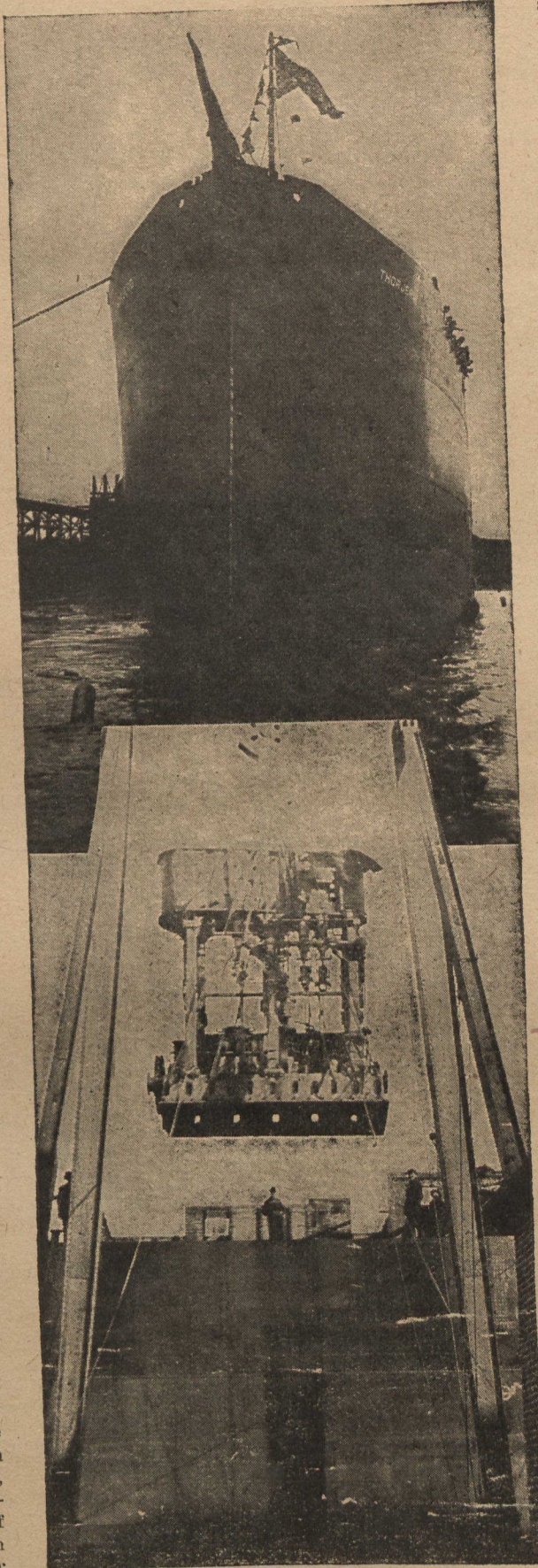
We Canadians, as exporters, are mere babes in the woods. Before the war we were, and after the war we will be entirely in the hands of our customers. If the customer can send his little boy to our shop for a few tons of lawn mowers—well and good. But many a customer hasn't got any "little boy" (do I need to explain that I mean ships?) and THAT custom must therefore go to which ever one of the nations CAN deliver its goods.

Among the countless blue-books that Ottawa carefully dumps into the waste-baskets of all the editorial offices in Canada, there is one which shows year by year and item by item, the trade between this country and various other countries. In another blue book (Part VI. of the Department of Trade and Commerce), is a record of the monies paid out by the Ottawa Government in steamship subsidies. You will find, for example, a great increase in our trade with the West Indies and a corresponding entry under steamship subsidies showing that the increase began when more ships started to ply back and forth between the two countries. You will observe, too, that we have been (or had been until the war intervened), doing a tidy little trade with China, and if you were curious enough to inquire into a certain increase there, and in our Japanese trade and in our Manila trade all about the same time—you would find that that increase dated from the arrival of a great new C.P.R. liner on that route. You may be wise and mutter "Post hoc: propter hoc." I don't know which it was. But at least if there are ships available the drummer has a chance to get his orders delivered.

It is obvious of course that subsidized steamship services can't be possible on all trade routes. We MIGHT do a whale of a business with the Greeks for seven months and then not have much traffic with them for a year. It is as plain as day that we require, not steamship lines but SHIPS. The dirty old tramp steamers that come waddling up the Thames from Heaven knows where, and get themselves gee-ed and haw-ed through the river gates of the East India docks, or the Victoria and Albert docks, or the

Tilbury docks in London—these heroic old duffers make me think always of trained dogs that some wily old gentleman has taught to roam the world stealing chickens for him. Of course they don't really steal—it's trade, and may the stars prosper it—but there is something so faithful and hard-working about these ships that one at once wants to swell out one's chest

Port Arthur Builds Ships for Norway



Norway gets her ships built at Vancouver, at Port Arthur, in the Maritime Provinces. Two new ocean freighters were recently completed at Port Arthur, and taken to Montreal to meet Norwegian crews. The 265-foot freighters, "Thorjerd" and "Balaamyra," built at the Port Arthur Dry Dock and Shipbuilding Plant, for Norwegian interests, were launched and left the morning of the 24th Nov., for Montreal and the Atlantic, to be delivered to Norwegian crews. One went down loaded with grain, the other empty. These pictures are of the Thorjerd bow on after launching, and derricking in her 70-ton Norwegian engine. The Norwegians paid \$350,000 for each boat. Two more boats are to be built during the winter for next spring.

and congratulate one's self that they belong—in a sense—to ALL Britishers. As a matter of fact that is rubbish! They don't. One comes to presently with a bump, and is made sad to think that in Canada we have no ships worth talking about. We have no sailor folk—or rather we are losing what we once had because we have no ships to employ them in. We are losing the courageous traditions of the sea and getting to be more and more like land-locked Middle-west Americans! We have a very silly notion in Canada that England's great merchant marine is our merchant marine. We are tempted to feel that, sentimentally anyhow, the British Tramp is OUR tramp—and throw out our chests when we say it. But the facts are all the other way. English business men own ships because ships make money, and the English government encourages the owning of ships because a merchant fleet makes business possible and profitable for English manufacturers. English tramp steamers serve Canada's interest only when they serve English interests—which is precisely what they ought to do. They collect the same rates from Canadian shippers as from Fijians (rightly). British Lloyd's charges higher rates of insurance (in normal times) against vessels bound for Canadian ports as against vessels bound for American ports. This, too, is at it should be. Business is business, even between ports of the British Empire. When more Canadians learn this, and learn that it is more British to stand on your own feet than to sit and simper your adoration of your older, smarter and better relative—then we won't see schooner captains in Nova Scotia driven out of the country or out of business by the land-lubber policies of Ottawa Governments. Then we will see more such gladsome sights as that of British Columbia actually helping to build ships for her people.

WE can't hope for foreign trade and tramp steamers all at once. But we can recognize the importance of the one with relation to the other, and we CAN formulate some sort of a shipping policy for Canada. The trouble with this country has largely been self-absorption. We are frightfully interested in our own innerds—at least we have taken pains to supply them with good railways. But landmen have dominated Ottawa policies. Only four out of the nine provinces have any real acquaintance with the sea, and yet they embrace among them hundreds of possible great ports, thousands of miles of coast-line, and these four send to Ottawa only a few representatives—chiefly lawyers. Alberta doesn't know anything about ships, nor the other two prairie provinces. Ontario is content to be the only fat English-speaking province of the lot. Quebec is satisfied so long as more and more money is always being dumped into harbour improvements for Montreal (good and necessary work no doubt), and improvements in the St. Lawrence ship channel. The number of millions of dollars that have been ladled into the St. Lawrence must have corrupted the very fish therein. That, too, was undoubtedly a good work.

But why build a garage for your customer to stick his motor in when he comes to take away the goods you sell him—why not make at least an attempt to get a car of your own, to make your own deliveries, to use your own garage. The fact that we have spent so much money on harbour improvements and on the St. Lawrence system generally, is proof that we know the value of ships. The fact that we have failed to develop some sort of a ship-building industry along with this other shipping work, is proof of the average incapacity of landlubber statecraft. A nation that must depend on other nations for the carriage of its goods at sea, is like a healthy male adult who lets other people feed him with a spoon. It does not matter how splendid may be the system of arteries inside the man, or how magnificently his alimentary tract works, or how stout is his breathing apparatus. If he can't fetch and carry the necessities for the upkeep of that splendid body he is ranked "invalid" and given an A.R. button. That is precisely our position. We need ships and ship-yards just as much as we needed the wire-rod industry and the lead-smelting industry. We may go right on dreaming our silly heads off about the great orders we are going to get when the war is over, but we won't get a dollar's worth if we can't show a delivery system. The ship-owning countries will lend us ships to carry—only what goods they don't want to sell themselves.

There is no need prodding the Canadian manufacturer.

The men to be prodded live in Ottawa, and their notion of a steam-boat is either a gorgeous, floating palace which one is always too ill to enjoy, or else of a steam barge with a collapsible smoke-stack (for getting under low bridges), which goes on wild voyages on the raging Rideau Canal with cargoes of gravel and grog.