

anything, right or wrong, which is a matter of contention by the opposite party.

In recent times the support which the Liberal party in Great Britain gave to the Government during the Boer war was matched when, at the time the most recent and most ominous German war cloud hung heavy over Europe, Mr. Balfour stepped promptly up to the side of Mr. Asquith and served notice to the wide world that, though there were issues in Parliament more serious than, perhaps, generations had seen before, both the parties were composed of Britons.

That was a fine exhibition.

There is now an opportunity for British Columbians to emulate the exalted examples of both parties when, time and time again, in the home land of most British Columbians, patriotism has taken the place of partisanship.

Every Canadian, and certainly every British Columbian, should hold up the hands of the Premier, who in his recent speech in Victoria on Trafalgar Day made a plea for an industry wholly passed over to the Asiatic, and out of the hands of needing men of our own race and blood, that it might once more be a British asset.

Some of us are becoming vaguely conscious of a suspicion of our own whereabouts, when we are suddenly confronted by a statement of Holy Writ that "A fool's heart is on his left side." Where in the anatomical vicinity of the solar plexus is that indispensable appendage of the rest of us? Are we surrendering ourselves to those benign and amiable idiocies which prompt us to give to an absolutely and essentially alien race who will not let the foreigner fish in his inland seas with a hook and line; while there are millions of our own race and blood stagnating in the pools of modern industry, and who have not even a red herring for supper?

This B. C. fishery business is a crime—a national crime.

More, it is a shame.

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## MR. STEAD AND THE PRESENT WAR

**W**HEN all else has been said, Mr. W. T. Stead is the Dean of the world's journalism. He has said many things with which many people will not agree, but no man living has covered so wide a field in the years of his public service, and that so ably or with such amazing versatility as the man to whom even Lord Northcliffe is quoted as having acknowledged indebtedness for what he knows of journalism.

The opening paragraphs of the *London Review of Reviews* for October, containing this veteran editor's review of the Italian situation, are well worthy of reproducing in full:

DE LUNATICO INQUIRENDO

The most profitable task in which mankind could engage itself this autumn would be to institute a commission for inquiring into the lunacy of nations. Seldom or never