

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

Mr. Lash and the Navy

AN admirable address on the navy question was delivered by Mr. Z. A. Lash, K.C., to the Canadian Club, of Toronto, on Monday of this week. It was a fairly impartial survey of the history of the controversy and should be widely read by all classes of citizens. In brief, Mr. Lash favours the grant of \$35,000,000 as a temporary policy and a Canadian unit of an Imperial fleet as a permanent policy. He is opposed, as Mr. Borden and Mr. White have expressed themselves, to regular or periodical money contributions.

But equally important, Mr. Lash maintains the position taken by the CANADIAN COURIER that this is a national question and should be "above and beyond party." He does not actually advocate that the two parties should get together, but he asks the country, the Press and the House of Commons to "treat the subject as a national one, outside of party politics."

Mr. Lash is to be commended for his frank request for a broad treatment of this great question. The partisanship displayed by both sides is indefensible, considering that this is both a national and a Britannic question. Party government we must have, but partisan government we should avoid. If Right Hon. Mr. Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier are the great statesmen which their friends claim they are, and which their admirers assert most persistently, then they should be able to find a solution for this pressing problem, which all classes of Canadians, autonomists and centralists, native-born, British-born, French-born and foreign-born, can accept with pride and enthusiasm.

Losing Our Immigrants

DURING the ten years ending June, 1911, Canada received 1,550,000 immigrants. The records of the Immigration Department show that. The Census of 1911 also shows that the native-born in the country increased 947,867. This figure is the net increase, as no doubt a number of native-born left the country during that period. If, then, we add these two amounts together, the total increase in population should have been 2,550,000. But it was not. The total increase was only 1,835,328. What happened to the other 700,000?

Can it be true that 700,000 of our 1,550,000 immigrants went back home or moved on to the United States? Perhaps Mr. W. D. Scott, the superintendent of immigration, will enlighten us.

It is interesting to note the proportion of native-born to foreign-born in the different cities. Eastern cities show more than 95 per cent. of native-born. Montreal has 91.18 and Toronto 90.81. Winnipeg has only 44.08 and Vancouver only 43.80. The lowest figure is Nanaimo's 35.44 per cent.

But the main point is, Where are the lost 700,000?

Save the Boy

NOTHING can be more humorous than to hear women in slit skirts and osprey-trimmed hats rushing around talking license reduction and crying out "Save the Boy." Almost equally ridiculous is the well-intended remarks of the minister who wants to abolish a few bars to effect the same purpose.

License reduction is a good thing, if there is no legitimate need for the number in existence, or if some of the licensees are not conducting respectable hotels. There are saloons in Ottawa, Montreal and other places which should be eliminated. They should have been done away with years ago. They serve no good purpose and they do not even sell respectable liquor. But the reasons for abolishing these drinking places are not summed up in "Save the Boy."

Cutting down the number of licenses from 400 to 300 or from 100 to 75 will not save the boy. He must be saved by the mother, the father, and the school teacher. Teach him that intemperance is unmanly and injurious to his physical and mental well-being and he will be saved. Make his home life attractive. Give him Y. M. C. A.'s, athletic clubs, reading rooms, and he will not be attracted by the lures of the bar-room.

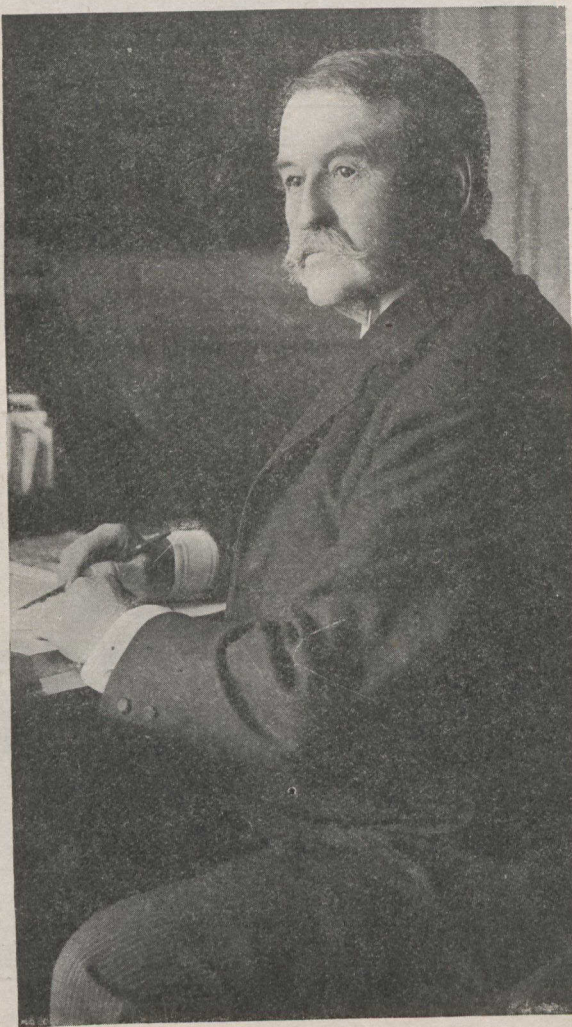
To save the boy, he must be given a real ambition. To know that life is earnest, life is real, and that as a man sows so he shall reap is of prime importance. Take the money received from liquor

licenses and spend it on public clubs, baths, gymnasiums and play-grounds, and the boy will have a chance. A clear, clean mind in a strong, clean body is the best safeguard against dissipation.

Croakers Grow Silent

DR. MACDONALD, of the *Toronto Globe*, is not talking so much of the decadence of Great Britain, and neither is Sir Hugh Graham, of the *Montreal Star*, telling his readers daily about the great emergency and the approaching naval armageddon. Like the famous prophecies of Rev. Dr. Wilde, these croakings are now almost forgotten.

The truth is that Great Britain was most pros-



SIR JAMES WHITNEY, K.C.M.G.

Born October 2nd, 1843; Entered the Ontario Legislature in 1888; Became Leader of the Conservative Opposition in 1896; Premier of the Province in 1905; Knighted by His Majesty at Quebec Tercentenary, 1908.

perous in 1913. The war with Germany which might happen in 1912 and was sure to come in 1913 did not arrive. Germany and England are wonderfully good friends. British trade has increased by leaps and bounds, the capitalist is getting a high rate on his savings, and even the farmer is prosperous.

In spite of Lloyd George's revolutionary measures, in spite of the Home Rule agitation, and in spite of considerable social unrest, Great Britain has had the greatest year in its history. The Right Little, Tight Little Islands are likely to retain the world's leadership in finance, industry and commerce for some years to come.

Busy Civic Days

TORONTO finished up an exciting civic campaign on New Year's Day, electing a mayor, four controllers, and twenty aldermen for another year. The chief topic was, "Shall we buy the Street Railway?" and the answer was, "We shall examine the agreement." Mayor Hocken was re-elected for a second term and fifteen or sixteen of the whole council are said to be in favour of considering the purchase.

London had a hydro-electric fight and the pro-hydro mayor was given a renewal lease of power.

Ottawa had a big fight as to whether it should take spring water from the Gatineau Hills or chlorinated water from the Ottawa River. Mayor Ellis, the Gatineau candidate, was declared the winner.

Montreal is warming up for its four-year election of controllers in February, and the Citizens' Association is raising \$50,000 for the campaign. Its success in 1909 makes it feel sure that it can again elect its "slate."

Sir James Whitney

THE first Tory Premier of Ontario in almost two generations and the best survival of the real old Toryism of generations before that will probably never again sit at the desk as he is pictured on this page. Sir James Whitney, plain-spoken as a chapter in the Prophets, blunt as a bludgeon and as strongly-marked a personality as our times are able to produce, has been slowly wearing himself down to the edge where the strongest hand and the stoutest heart must let go for the last time. And when he quits Canada in both parties will miss a man whom nobody ever tried to imitate.

Sir James has been the inimitable. Since 1905 Premier of Ontario, he stuck to his guns in Opposition, member for Dundas for many, many years, successor to Sir William Meredith to the left of the Speaker. When Meredith quit to go on the Bench it seemed odd to even the Conservatives to swear allegiance to this man so unlike Meredith, yet so like him in many ways. It seemed strange to the Liberals to face a man so essentially all that Sir George Ross, their own leader, was not. James Whitney took the leadership much in spite of public opinion, because the party saw in him a man of unmistakably strong character.

And it was the personal character of Sir James that made him the strong head that he has been. He was never born to be a leader. But he led. He seldom or never followed. The lawyer from Morrisburg knew that he had no great gifts as an orator, no suavity as a leader, no skill in strategy or subterfuge. He had been long enough member for Dundas to be sure that if he ever became Premier of Ontario he must play a role more diverse than any of those who had preceded him on either side of the House. He knew that he was by nature an administrator. He was himself much the admirer of plain Sandfield Macdonald; and in many respects much like him. But James Whitney undertook to lead a party in the name of the people, when in his own temperament he cared less for what is known as the public than any other leader in Canada. And for eight years he has ruled Ontario by something like an enlightened despotism, that somehow always managed to go down with the democracy.

Why? Because Sir James had the gift of uncompromising courage. He was bold enough to be brusque to any man. He was plain enough to sling off his coat on a hot day and administer Ontario in his shirt-sleeves, not caring what page boy saw him loose in the corridors. He was man of the people enough to walk, morning by morning up University avenue from the Queen's Hotel, where he habitually had his room as member and Opposition leader; trudging heavily and alone, not caring for palaver or courting observation. When bicycles came into vogue it might have been said that Sir James would have been the last man in office to take up with so unsteady a thing. But in a few years the bicycle of James Whitney cutting corners over the grass heedless of the notice "Keep Off" became as much a characteristic as that square high hat and that ominous, circumstantial cough. When he became a bit too unwieldy for the bicycle he condescended to ride in a carriage, when he looked as though for just one more wiggle of the nigh horse to switch off the flies he would get out and walk to Queen's Park. About a year ago his Conservative friends in the Legislature clubbed together and bought him an automobile.

That was the last open concession to custom that Sir James ever made.

He was never a concessionist. He has always been a real Tory. He believed in keeping hard and fast the opinions and the admirations and the political tenets that he had formed in his youth. He was essentially a plain man; a democratic autocrat; by nature so plain that he was always glad to be one of the people devoid of the frills that spoil weaker intellects when they come into the limelight; by habit of mind so set in his opinions and his convictions that he never believed in changing them just because his colleagues once in a while shifted their base without differing too much from Sir James. He clung to his old friends as lichen to a rock—when he himself was the rock. He kept his Cabinet together when under a less iron hand there might have been defection. He resisted any overtures to go to Ottawa, preferring to remain the democratic despot of Ontario. He kept his old-fashioned ideas about the Empire when other men were losing themselves in mazes of new doctrine. Yet he was always an amazing student of American politics from his habit of reading American newspapers. And the truth that was in him, often compounded of fictions and traditions, he kept because he respected the forces that had made this country in an earlier and rugged time.

He imitated nobody living. He was himself imitated by none. Sir James Whitney leaves on this coun-