

working arrangement will be reached. Great Britain is determined not to quarrel with her Dominions-Over-Seas and the Dominions-Over-Seas are equally determined not to quarrel with her.



THAT discussion in Great Britain as to the right of the House of Lords to amend the famous Lloyd-George Budget should be interesting to Canadians. We, in this country which takes its constitutional precedents from Westminster, have been acting on the assumption that the Senate could not amend a financial Bill sent up from the House of Commons. At Westminster they have been following largely the same practice. Now comes several learned authorities, including Professor A. V. Dicey, who claim that the House of Lords has the legal power to amend or reject any Bill whatever. They add that any Money Bill which attempts to effect large political or social changes may be amended or rejected. Mr. Winston Churchill and other ministerialists are taking the opposite view. Lord Curzon, Lord Landsdowne and Lord Hugh Cecil support Professor Dicey. Lord Hugh Cecil remarked the other day that "If they once admitted that the House of Lords had no right in any circumstances to meddle with a Finance Bill, everything could be done under the name of finance," and great social changes could be wrought without the consent of the Upper House.



CANADA is deeply chagrined over the failure of the Baldwin-McCurdy airships to make a decent flight. France, Great Britain and the United States have successful aeronauts; Canada wanted to have some. We are getting internationally ambitious. We would like to have our citizens hold their own with foreign competitors. When a Canadian runner won the World's Marathon Championship at Athens we went wild. When the Canadian rifle team won many prizes at Bisley we were enthusiastic. We are a vain, proud people. Hence when Baldwin and McCurdy failed to do what the Wrights, Latham and Bleriot had done, our national pride had a fall. We firmly believe that Canadians can do almost anything on equal terms with the best men of other nations, and we grieve when some one fails to "make good."

The Canadian who is the first to build and operate an aerodrome which will fly twenty-five miles will be a national hero. He may lose his life in the attempt, but his family will hear many highly appreciative remarks. However, we have no kind words for the Silas Greens, even if their aims and ambitions are honest. We have no sympathy with the failure nor with the man who stands second. A premier is a hero; the leader of an opposition is a failure. The baseball or lacrosse team which stands below first place gets mighty small patronage. Baldwin and McCurdy should ponder on these things.

THE FLURRY AT FORT WILLIAM

MARTIAL force is the last resort in the modern democracy; but occasionally we realise what a power to quell the mob that last resort may become. There are writers and speakers in the land, who pen peaceful paragraphs and utter gentle hopes regarding the undesirability of brute force and the beauty of exercising moral suasion. We all recognise the loftiness of the sentiments, but the only difficulty about enforcing them is that the millennium seems to be indefinitely postponed. The appearance of the military, after the rioting of foreign stevedores near Fort William, has brought home to the turbulent element among the strikers the fact that this is a law-abiding country, with fixed bayonets and rifles for those who would turn it into a scene of ribald anarchy. There is a time to talk and a time to call out the militia. Evidently Colonel Steele and his men were the force required to induce the revolvers to see the sweet reasonableness of law and order. Even Mr. Mackenzie King might not have been so efficacious in disarming the mob around the docks as were the 96th Regiment of volunteers and the seventy regulars from Winnipeg. Rioting stevedores are not pleasant people to handle. They see no charm in an organ recital and cannot be induced to patronise a Sunday School picnic. But the arm of the law, as enforced by a scarlet streak of militia, will work wonders in quieting their turbulent spirits. There was no declaration of martial law—the municipal authorities remained the paramount power; but there was an evidence of ability to meet riot with physical suppression which will do the agitated stevedores a world of good. We may be a commercial people with a strong dislike for seeing property destroyed and traffic disturbed and it would be just as well for riotous citizens to remember that "though John Bull is a shop-keeper, he usually has a gun

behind the counter." The strike is over, the Board of Conciliation is attempting to settle differences and the soldiers will remain for a few days to exercise a friendly watch over the "polyglot" element.

FRITH.

AN HONOURED OCTOGENARIAN

THE eighty-sixth birthday of Dr. Goldwin Smith has brought from all quarters of the Dominion, and from beyond the seas, messages of congratulation and good-will. "The Grange" and its master are an English home and host in one of the quiet corners of the most "commercial" city in Canada. The homage paid to Dr. Smith is one which has been evoked by his sincere and lofty personality, as much as by his profound erudition. Those who are opposed strongly to his political views are quite as cordial in expressions of friendly admiration as those who are in sympathy with them. There is no other citizen of the Dominion who has held the commanding place in letters which has belonged for nearly half a century to the writer who is spending the sunset of his days in an atmosphere of peace and good-will.

FRITH.

SAVING THE SHEEP INDUSTRY

"THE time has come," said the rural orator, unconsciously plagiarising the Walrus, "to investigate the wool schedule." He was right. It has come. Westward in Alberta a clip approaching half a million pounds of wool has been taken from the sheep's back, and the magnificent sum of 13 cents a pound has been offered for the best of it. Over the boundary line the price is nearly double that which is in offer in Alberta and already there are rumours that it will pay the holders better to ship the product at an expense of eleven cents a pound to Boston than to accept local offers. Under the present schedule of duties on wool our sheepmen must go out of business. Why not take a hand at Uncle Sam's own game? Time was when Ontario had a great market for pure-bred sheep in the United States. We can grow better sheep here than they can south of the line, but an unfortunate occurrence intervened and Uncle Sam put up the bars by way of a lengthy quarantine at the line. Now we sell only a corporal's guard of the live woollycoats in a year to the Yankees. Our sheep industry has been played both ends against the middle with the inevitable result. Think of it: A sheep strays over the boundary line in Southern Alberta and the wool on his back is worth from 20 to 24 cents. Catch him, hale back into Canada, and, presto, his fleece is worth but 10 to 13 cents. Surely there is something very peculiar here. And, at that, clothing is just as cheap in the United States as it is in Canada—some say it is cheaper—and better. What is the Government going to do about this?

J. H. S. J.

A NEW RACING SITUATION

RACING is a time-honoured and much enjoyed sport in Canada and, indeed, wherever the Union Jack spreads its folds to the breeze. This is attributable solely to the fact that the sport has so far been conducted without serious internecine warfare—with a fairly liberal policy toward owners and with a total absence of the dog-in-the-manger or dog-eat-dog policy which wrecked racing in the United States. Under the wise rule of the Canadian Jockey Club racing has prospered in the Dominion. Now there is to be rivalry. At the close of the spring meeting at the Woodbine in Toronto a meeting, with the speculative attachment, was held at Dufferin Park under a charter which had lapsed owing to the state of innocuous desuetude into which the track and its management had fallen. This charter was promptly revoked by the Provincial authorities. Now the Dominion Government has granted a charter to the Metropolitan Racing Association of Canada, Limited, to conduct race meets in Toronto, Montreal and wherever else it lists within the Dominion.

Avowedly the people securing this charter are hostile to the interests which at present control wisely the racing interests of Canada. There is not a representative individual among the incorporators—that is, not one representative of the racing game as it should be played. Ontario ousted this bunch—speaking broadly—yet the General Government gives it the power to hold meetings under a general charter. Two things appear above the surface here so plainly that they can not be overlooked, to wit: That an invasion of the rights of the various provinces has been perpetrated; and that if there is no way by which the Provinces can safeguard their individual interests the whole racing fabric will go by the board. History teaches us that only the iron hand of the Jockey Club in Britain has saved the sport over there. So far as money offered in the aggregate was concerned the United States was the greatest racing country in the world. Internecine strife killed the sport there in state after state, leaving millions of dollars locked up in tracks, the gates of which were closed and nailed tight. Are we to suffer the same fate on this northern side of the line? Where is the justification in law for the Dominion Government to override the expressed wishes of the people and the Provinces?

J. H. S. J.