

COMMISSIONLESS

By MARK KETTS

THERE are not less—and probably more—than six men in Toronto who have no connection with Government commissions. Why they should have been subjected to this invidious discrimination, is not evident to the public. Each in his way has qualification. One is an excellent after-dinner speaker, another has taken a keen interest in things military since receiving from His Majesty an Honorary-Colonelcy, and still another is so naturally clever at economics that he has learned to sneer at the doctrines of Adam Smith without having read a page of "The Wealth of Nations." Needless to say, all were government supporters at the last general election. Surely, in the wide range covered by our numerous government-owned commissions, occasion could be found for using the talents of this unhappy half-dozen!

"Unhappy"—for only those who are unconnected with commissions can appreciate the loneliness of those who after luncheon at the club may not join one of the several club groups gravely deliberating upon affairs usually regarded as the routine work of the Civil Service. In spite of Max Nordau's conclusion to the contrary, man in a gregarious animal. He loves organization for the sake of organization. He takes pride in seeing the wheels go round. The product is a secondary consideration.

There are those who argue in stealth that we have too many commissions. They maintain that we are dissipating our energies; that each new commission is a lap, and sometimes a lap and a half, over upon one or several of the commissions already in existence; and that all (with here and there an exception) are doing or undoing the work of the professionals who work for hire in the departments regulated by Parliament. But these arguments, so far from meeting with general favor, are regarded as the protests of German sympathizers or the rapid utterances of pacifists in disguise.

That there is urgent need of a new commission, becomes apparent in surveying the field. Some of our formerly appointed commissions are apparently lost; certainly many of them are delayed in transit; while others, much in the public view, are "sterile in fertility." We are supposed to have four score government commissions in Canada. He must be lost to all sense of patriotism that does not see the urgent need of a commission to investigate and report upon commissions. When Sir Robert returns to Ottawa, no time should be lost in appointment. Delay may be dangerous; the material out of which to create a new commission—without resorting to the too prevalent practice of pluralism—is limited, and, it should be remembered the provinces, especially Ontario, are also on the look-out for a half decent opportunity in appointing new commissions.

THE KAISER AS LADIES' TAILOR

(Continued from page 17.)

working on war orders, so Bradford has to keep to its own special trade of dressing the world's women, and is as busy as she can well be. . . . War brings many surprises, and it is almost impossible to forecast how it will affect any particular industry.

When the war broke out, Bradford, for example, thought itself ruined. Before the war, it had been experiencing a trade boom in its own particular line, which was already beginning to decline and the dislocation and congestion of the world's trading system that was clearly foreseen would, it was feared, restrict both supply and demand.

In pre-war times Germany had been its best customer for wool in the early stages of manufacture, for "tops" and "noils," yarns and other products of its combing and spinning mills. The old town was not going to give in without a struggle, however. Bradford made a bid to obtain some of the Government orders for army supplies, including heavy khaki-cloth. But by the time these orders had been filled, the temporary stoppage of Bradford in making dress-goods had given the world's women a rude jolt and they had wakened up and were clamoring for clothes. Bradford went back at once to its own proper trade, in which it has been as busy as possible ever since. Its manufactures go to France as well as all over the world, and it is now declining orders. The Bradford manufacturer's dream of the millennium has come true at last—the combination of high prices and an increased demand. Wool has gone up in price and is still rising, while the value of dyes is out of sight. Bradford's people are so busy making money that they have no time for spending it all and the

anomaly has actually arisen, that the picture-palaces there are suffering from the town's prosperity and the streets show no signs of the trade-boom, for the workers' late hours leave them no time for appearing in such places. But the small tradesmen know the boom is there all right, for it is being reflected in the better, more substantial forms of improved living, better furniture, articles of domestic comfort and even luxuries.

Truly, the Ladies' Tailor of Berlin would like to lay his ugly paw upon grimy old Bradford, while, opposed to him, the free women of the world unitedly shout—Never!

The Scalawag of Scow Falls

(Continued from page 9.)

As we stepped into the lights of the tavern, a little woman left a little knot of women on the porch and came toward Scalawag. I think she was the homeliest little woman that I have ever seen—all but her eyes. And her eyes, when she looked into the eyes of Scalawag, made up for all the rest.

"I'm so glad, honey," she exclaimed. Later, as Scalawag and I stood side by side at the bar drinking our buttermilk, he bent down and whispered in my ear.

"Did you ever see a prettier little proposition than my Vangie?" he whispered. Then he hung his head rather sheepishly for a newly elected sheriff.

"Stranger," he said, "you're the only man I ever told my story to—that is, in full. I don't know why I did it, either—except," he added with conviction, "I thought you'd understand. You sort o' look like a scalawag yourself."

"I am," admitted I, tossing off another glass of buttermilk.



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