

A ONE-CENT POST RATE

THE atmosphere around the table of the Vancouver Hotel was (this is really quite figurative) far from tropical; indeed, one could see over everything icicles covered with hoar frost like that in a certain Calgary philanthropist's meat windows. It was not the kind of a dinner one wanted to abbreviate, and that was why we sat there so long in the cold—each wondering, no doubt, which one of the fifty-seven varieties of Sphinx the other was. Indeed, the ice was not broken at all until about time for the ice-cream, and then the weather did it. It so often does. And yet how we slander this benefaction which constitutes the main difference between Fort McPherson and Honolulu. The weather with us was as vain a pretext as the benevolence of Mrs. Moriarty, who, over the fence and a wash tub, saluted Mrs. O'Flynn with: "And how are ye this morning, Mrs. Moriarty, not that I care a —, but jist for the beginning of a conversation."

"Ah, Cambridge? I'm Oxford. Good. Been Helping Engineer the making of the Assouan dam! Took a ranch in the Okanagan for our health—labor problem?"

"It's this way," quoth Cambridge. "There were miles of fence to be built in the quiet season. There were men out of work. One man took the contract and sublet the contracts for the posts. The Japanese bid a cent a post below the British Columbian and got the job. He is always ready to bid a cent under. There were good English and Scotsmen there who came to this country in good faith, thinking it was their country, and that they could make a living in it, and in the slack time when there was nothing to do the job went to Asia, because Asia would do it for a cent less than B. C., whatever B. C. might have bid. I don't call that a square deal."

Who does?

It was only the day before that the ugly thing had been rubbed in with another twist. A friend had been telling about a ranch in Chilliwack. The "Chinks" had built the barn (which he could shake by leaning against it), and they had put in the posts of the fence at half the regulation depth, which he could shake till he could pull them out of the ground.

Probably they had been set at a discount on white labor of a cent a post.

* * *

A NON-PARTISAN ISSUE

ONE of the best traditions of the British race is that our statesmen so often have been able to lift themselves above the fogs of partisanship, and, on a purely race or national issue, sustain the measures upheld by the opposing side. There is little in politics more contemptible than that spirit which blindly opposes