something-or-other, if you put a duty on THAT!

It is hopeless. He is absolutely sincere, but a dub. He is as selfish as a child. Though he approves of Tariff Commissions in the main, he would squeal horribly if he actually saw that commission starting to work, whether it worked scientifically or not. The truth of the matter is, that manufacturers in the mass are like voters in the mass. They have to be led. They require to have their ideas fed to them from the few men of large outlook who are in the lead. Democracy in the Manufacturers' Association is quite as faulty as in real life.

But let no one imagine there are no big men in the assembly, nor that all the brains of the C. M. A. are paraded on the platform. Just as a wise politician refrains from discussing tariff questions seriously before a mob of others, but falls back instead on catch-phrases that appeal to the prejudices and selfishness of the other, so with the C. M. A. The biggest things about it are revealed in fragments of conversation at the breakfast table or in a walk 'round the block, or in the lounging rooms of the hotels.

"Show me the big fellows down here," said a newspaperman to one of the real brain-carriers of the C. M. A. "Which are the outstanding men?"

"Aren't any around just now," he replied, turning his head. "But did y' see B——, who was here only the first day? He was the big, fat fellow, bald, with a little bit of a cigarette in his face and sleepy-looking eyes?"

"Yes."

"Well he's a big one. He's got all the things the preachers talk about— vision 'n' outlook and things like that. But he's got more 'n that. He's full of pep—punch—zipp—y'know what I mean?"

"How do you prove it?"

"By history. History of the steel trade. Maybe you never heard of the American steel trust trying to corner the wire-rod trade in this country. . . . Didn't, eh? . . . That's one of the big stories the newspapers missed. . . . Trust tried to put the screws on by compelling the dealers to buy their wire rods from the States on penalty of being cut off from other supplies which only the trust could sell 'em. . . . Well, it was B—— who put the blocks on that little scheme, so to speak. He canned it, and canned it hard."

"But wouldn't a deal like that have been stopped, anyway?"

"Not if it had been left to the average Canadian manufacturer. He'd have seen trouble and removed himself. B—— didn't, he fought. He's one of the big ones."

About that time three lean men of the Cassius type crossed the rotunda to the cigar stand.

"There are three other big ones," said the newspaperman guide, "they are laying plans for a big export trade with the West Indies after the war. They have built up their Canadian trade to a pretty satisfactory point. They are turning out a good article that compares favourably with foreign goods at the same prices. Now, then, they are planning to build up an export trade so as to reduce the general cost of production."

"How will an export trade affect them in that way?"

"By giving them orders to be run-off during the slack season in the domestic trade. They are wise enough to try to organize their factories on a twelve-months' basis. Before those fellows got into that trade there were a dozen little two-by-fours in it, turning out inferior goods and letting the Americans have the cream of our home trade. These fellows forced the pikers out of business."

"Squeezed them out? Trust methods?"

"Sure. But it had to be done to get the trade onto a sound basis."

This sounded heartless. Yet that sort of thing underlies big business. The "big" men whom the newspaperman saw passing through that rotunda were for the greater part men who had forced inferior competitors out of business.

"But what happens," I asked, "when two big men meet in collision?"

"They get together sooner or later."

"More trusts?"

"Well—in large-size enterprise it's only a Canadian 'trust,' as you call it, that can beat the foreign trust. And it is only in large combinations that we are going to be able to get into the export trade on anything like even terms with foreign competitors.

※ ※ ※

"WHAT are we to expect from the economic conferences between the allied governments?"

The manufacturer paused gloomily before replying.

"Depends on what we want," he said.

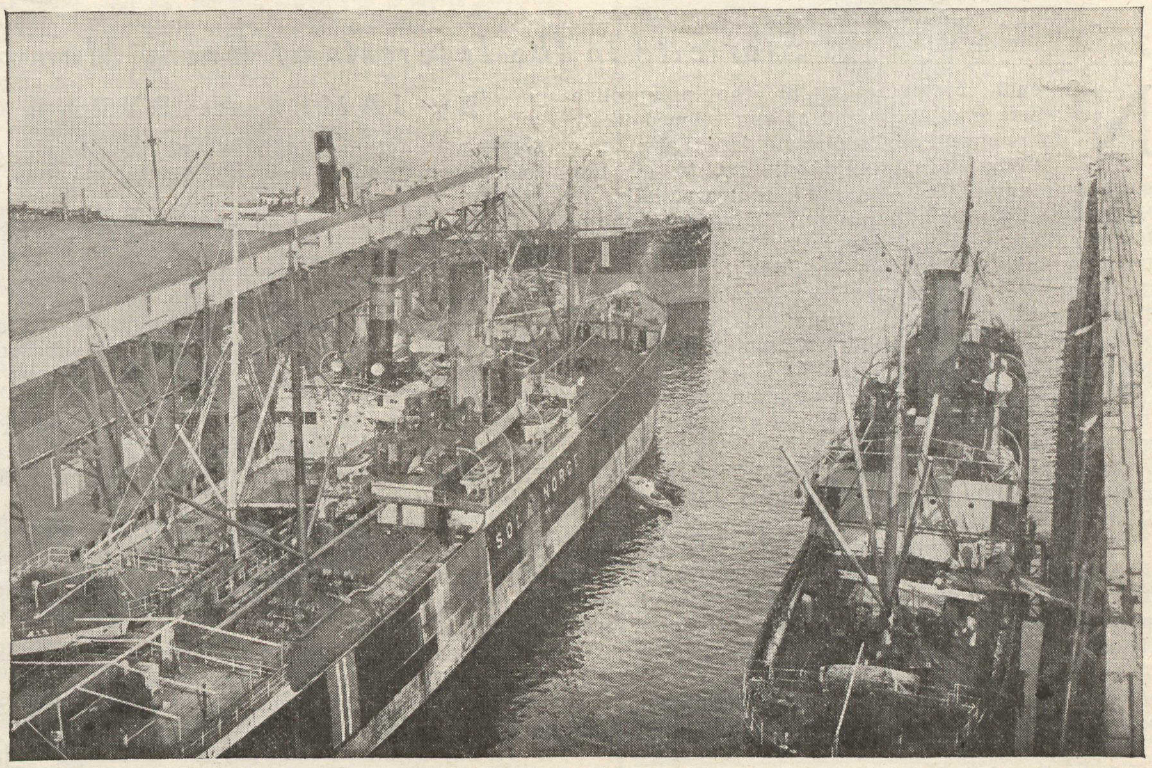
"And what do we want?"

"Don't know."

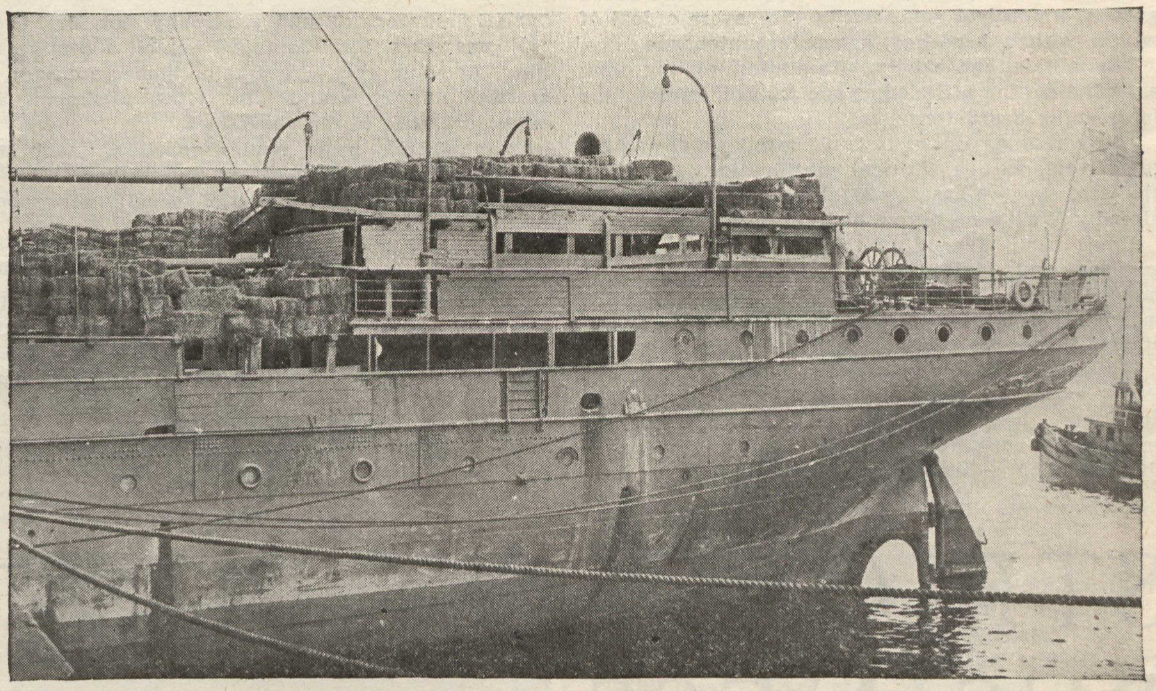
Again silence, then he went on:

"France and England will want our raw materials

PORTLAND GETS ALLIES' TRADE



Portland, Maine, where these two pictures were taken, has been doing a hustling trade with the Entente Allies. According to our own eastern Canadian ports, Halifax and St. John, Portland, their old rival, has been getting exports that might just as well have gone from Canadian docks. In this upper picture there are Dutch, Norwegian and Spanish vessels, all loading war munitions for the Allies. One is taking horses, many of them from our own North-west. The others were loading with grain and other necessaries for the armies.



This is a view of part of the hay "rations" carried by a horse-transport loading at Portland. The equine passengers are crowded into every possible part of the vessel, including the two decks above the main deck, here shown roughly boarded-in. Hay and oats are stored in whatever space is left. Some idea of the volume of trade pouring out through Portland is to be had from the fact that since last November 35,000,000 bushels of grain have left that port for the Allies. Portland was formerly considered to be only a "winter" port, but such is the volume of traffic offering that she expects to be busy all summer also.

They'll want to pay for them by selling us their finished materials."

"The prospect does not seem to please you."

"Certainly not. The demand for raw materials will boost many of our manufacturing costs and help to make ocean freight space higher. On the other hand the finished materials that they will want to sell us would conflict with our stuff."

"And, therefore, you manufacturers don't want any truck or trade with anybody unless you can have it on your own terms."

"We'd prefer our own terms, certainly. Anybody would. But knowing we can't get 'em we want some sort of general policy of Canadian development laid down so that we know what we want when we start going after tariff concessions for foreign countries."

"Don't we know now?"

"No. It's chaos just now. We need a 'plan and elevation' of the best present and best possible industries Canada can support. Then we want to start encouraging ourselves along those lines."

"By protection?"

"Sure-lee—scientifically administered protection. And tariff concessions abroad—wherever we can got 'em."

"What if we don't get this 'plan and elevation'?"

"Muddle. We'll just muddle along."

"You say there are a lot of little men among our manufacturers."

"I do."

"Will they grow?"

"They'll have to. Look. There's a man that'll have to grow or quit living."

He pointed across the floor.

"That man has a nice snug little factory in Montreal. Makes a certain low-grade article that yields him a pretty big profit. The other day a young fellow working for him—his chief accountant he was—showed him he had worked out a scheme for cutting down overhead expenses and improving the product. It involved spending two hundred dollars.

"His boss said to him, 'What per cent. would it save on cost?' The young fellow showed him; four per cent.! Do you suppose the boss jumped at the chance. No. He lit a cigar and said that so long as the tariff stood as it now is he was making a good enough profit and didn't care about the four per cent. off cost. . . . What do you know about that?"

(Concluded on page 20.)