

*Gets Material
from
Everywhere in Canada*

CANADIAN COURIER

*Goes to
Canadians
all over Canada*

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THEY ARE ALL PROGRESSIVES

SASKATCHEWAN takes its politics neat—no soda, thank you! And especially no grape juice. Just the clear, pellucid nectar, with a kick-like-a-mule to it. The candidate with the airs and graces, the frills and the furbelows, the savoir-faire of the salon might do for the effete East or British Columbia, but not for hard-headed, clear-thinking Saskatchewan.

The same of the old Liberalism—the smooth talk when out of office and the reversal of policies when within. Conservatism never had a dog's life in the West, anyhow, and its fleeting days are numbered. That is, the old Conservatism. The new brand, the brand of Northcliffe and his convert, Lloyd George, is bound to make headway here as elsewhere. The truth is, old party lines are growing dimmer in Canada, and in the West they have practically vanished. The people may tag themselves this or that; but they are neither, they are Progressives or ultra-Radicals.

The staid, sober Liberals of a former day—if there ever were any in the West—are Progressives, and so are the Conservatives. True, they have not coalesced or joined forces as yet; but they are bound to do so if the Radicals, who called their organization the Non-Partisan League, gather much headway under their leader Haight. Either that, or a third party will make its appearance. But all that lies on the knees of the gods. What we have to do with just now is present politics in this province, the stamping-ground of many new and bizarre reformers and reformers.

Let it not be thought, however, that the men in control wot not what they do, or that they have not a firm hold, relatively speaking, on their followers and the situation. Just before the last session of the Provincial Legislature closed, I hid me to Regina and, from the Speaker's gallery, studied the ins and outs from close range. The ins had it—had it by a wide margin in men of experience, of debating ability and political shrewdness and acumen. But the long, lanky, cadaverous-faced leader of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition was not a man to be trifled with. Far from it.

MR. WILLOUGHBY, indeed, together with his henchman, Lieutenant-Colonel Bradshaw, have put themselves and their respective constituencies, Moose Jaw and Prince Albert, decidedly upon the map. Mr. Willoughby is a clever lawyer, debater and speaker; a man who thoroughly prepares his case before he ventures to speak thereon. Wise man!—And he knows that he knows it; and the Hon. Mr. Martin knows it, too. But—Mr. Willoughby lacks "magnetism." He is as magnetic as George Eulas Foster in his gloomiest mood; when someone has spoken disrespectfully, let us say, of the tariff that made My Lord of Beaverbrook. For that reason Mr. Willoughby lets his fancies roam to a judgeship. The Colonel, however, is happy in the Legislature; and

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A BOOST FOR NEXT WEEK.

OUR Semi-Centenary-of-Confederation Number next week is hereby recommended to all our readers—and millions more—as a paper that will interest any man who takes more than a train-window interest in this country. We recommend it because everything in it except the Serial Story will be thoroughly Canadian. We make one reservation here. Some people tell us that essentially Canadian things are incurably dull. If so, next week's number of the Canadian Courier will not be essentially Canadian. But you may judge for yourself. Our cover announcement contains an outline of the contents. How we work this out into actual fact in an issue that you will be sure to pass on to the next person can only be discovered by reading it. The chances are that a number of people will want extra copies of this Confederation Number to send away. At the present time of writing we hope the Circulation Department will be able to make the supply equal the demand.

IN THE WEST On the Eve of an Election

By HENRY HAWKINS

never so happy as when gravely laying a charge of malfeasance, speculation, graft and alleged rake-offs against some liberal lusty, trusty wight. He made some of his charges good; and as a result two or three light-fingered artists retired for the summer to the cool shade of the penitentiary at Prince Albert. Unfortunately, nothing succeeds like success; and the stocky, rufus-headed Colonel has developed a penchant for mining and sapping and exploding many a Hill Number 60 that exists only in his lurid imagination. It is only fair to say that there is not a shred or tittle of evidence in existence, or dragged into the light of day by the third degree administered by a Royal Commission, to show that the Government had any knowledge even of wrong-doing.

The men on the Government front benches contain some genuine politicians among them. Mr. Martin is prepossessing in appearance, and has some of the earmarks of a real leader. For the benefit of the ladies, let me say that, from the gallery, he is the handsomest man I have ever seen in Canadian public life. Dick McBride is silkier, but Martin is clean-cut and keen as a rapier. He is cool and collected when speaking, logical and direct in utterance, and his crisp speech contains no hackneyed phrases. He shouts no shibboleths to the applauding multitude. He has a firm hand on his followers and is master in his own house, allegations to the contrary notwithstanding. Given a few years of experience and this young man will travel far—certainly as far as an Ottawa cabinet position, if he wishes. He lacks the

fire of Rowell and the effervescence of Graham; but he has judgment, tact and—brains. And in the meanwhile the Hon. Mr. Calder provides the experience and Charlie Dunning, once the Hotspur of the Grain Growers, the fire. Mr. Norman Lambert has already given readers of the Courier an admirable pen-picture of Dunning, so that nothing more need be said of this remarkable immigrant boy at the present time. It suffices to remark that he will safeguard the interests of the Grain Growers, while Premier Martin will put his alma mater, the University of Toronto, under the spot-light.

SO much for the men who lead the hosts to battle. What of party policies? and what of party prospects of success? As already said, both parties, whether they like the name or not, are in reality progressives. There are differences, of course, but no wide lines of cleavage as far as purely provincial politics are concerned. Mr. Willoughby, it strikes us—and we hope we are impartial—made a gross tactical blunder when he essayed to champion the protectionist tenets of federal Conservatives in the local Legislature. It was more than mere shrewdness—it was a stroke of genius—on the part of the Hon. Walter Scott, to fight out the last elections on the grounds of

free wheat and free trade. Of course he won on that platform, and he was bound to win. The flag-waving East revolted the West and the slightest odour of protectionism was sufficient to modify the chances of any candidate, in a rural constituency at least, being elected. Mr. Willoughby and his followers debated the free-trade resolution in the House and voted against it. It is easy to be wise after the event; but his blunder was worse than a crime. He trumped his partner's ace. He did more. He openly received aid and succour from the federal machine, and thus aroused all the passion of the agrarian elements in the province. Oh, fairest flower, no sooner blown than blasted! He should merely have hefted a pair of tongs and refused even to touch the thing. Tinkering with the tariff is a federal affair, and a federal affair alone.

TRUE, the tariff cannot be kept out of politics, whether provincial or federal. The Conservative party never did better for itself than when it put wheat, semolina and flour on the free list. But it must go much farther if it ever hopes to win the West. I have had a good deal to do with the farmers in this province and have yet to meet a single, solitary tiller of the soil who has not a special grievance against the high price of agricultural implements. Western farmers may, in time, even agree to the tariff in principle, if good cause be shown for the existence of a tariff, alive or dead, but they will never cease to fight for free agricultural tools, appliances and machinery. To them this is not merely a
(Concluded on page 18.)