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TO the politician who is in the game for what he can get out of it, this article will have no manner of interest. It is intended to be a statement of politics—of a phase of political life exemplified by the life's record of three of the most single-minded heroes that ever entered into civil strife.

It is a conception of "the game" that is a complete enigma to the average party man of to-day, more especially in the arena of Canadian politics. The drift of modern times has created some strange anomalies, but none, we venture to say, so uncouth, so hopelessly involved as that of the party machinery of our national life as we have seen it behind the stage effects of say the past ten years.

Politics is usually defined as "the science and art of government." The name in its loose, popular conception is to many people as a red rag to an impressionable bull, and for this reason "politics" should never enter the pulpit; "politics" should never enter the domestic circle; "politics" should have no place in the friendly conference—unless perchance it has been definitely ascertained that the units of the friendly gathering are all of one "party."

That was never the view of those public men whose life's work is still their living monument, though their mortal clay may have rested in the grave for centuries. Politics to them meant—"How are we (that is the people) going to live?" When the real founders of the British Empire, when the fathers of the American Republic put their hearts and their heads together, it wasn't at a pre-arranged caucus of those "creatures of government" whose interest in government begins and ends with the plunder it promises to them and their henchmen.

"The Measure"—Not "The Party"

In those days and to those men it was "The Measure" not "the Party." If the measure spoke to their intelligences as something that would redound to the bene-



The Politics of Men who were never "in the Market"

There are a few weeks at this season of the year in which little can be done on the farm—except to get ready. Taking advantage of this and the fact that one of our good friends has lately protested that the Agricultural press is overloading the farmer with advice as to how he ought to run his farm, we think the following article that does not enter at all into the subject of Crops and Live Stock will be acceptable as a welcome relief to the monotonous re-statement, and at the same time stir up a little wholesome thought on the vital subject of our political morality.—Ed.



fit of the people, it went through whatever became of the party. In our day it is otherwise, with the result that the political function has degenerated to such a depth in the quagmire of public morals that decent men are moved to take a hand in politics only at the bayonet's point.

In an age that makes such an extravagant claim to the admiration of all that the past may boast of in "civilization," could anything be more ludicrous than

the circumstance that a man can scarcely hold a floor-sweeper's job in a government building unless he has been specially recommended by a really influential member of the party?

That this is no exaggeration, anyone who has lived within the shadow of Canadian politics for a single month will know without the help of any information out-

side of his own experience. It matters not what party is in possession. For the humble position of a letter-carrier or postman, a young man in England recent-

ly found that whatever his record of integrity, intelligence and experience, he could never hope for an appointment until he had been O.K'd and endorsed by the "recommending" committee. (This remarkable body, it may be explained, is a small coterie of staunch members of

"the party" told off by the "Association" to test the political fitness of the applicant).

"Fitness" in such a case, in all conscience, should be on the lines first of all of character, and then general intelligence and capacity for the responsible duty of delivering His Majesty's mail. The political test is as unfair and as idiotic as the religious test ap-

plied say, to the man who seeks the onerous position of a street cleaner, or the privilege of earning an honest weekly wage in any department of the public works!

The business men of the country have generally kept awake to their own interests. Had they not done so, Canada would never have reached that high place in the esteem of the nations she enjoys to-day. It is they and not the politicians who represent her real character. The business men have "made" the country and the farmers made the business men by the old fashioned virtues of industry and integrity.

Old Fashioned Sincerity

Whatever changes "Fashion" may ring in or ring out, there is one man at least who is never "out of date," and that is the straight man. The opportunist or the political crook may have his fling for a brief space, but as every dog has its day, he snuffs out and is forgotten. His hour of delight is a tragically short one at the best and the aftermath is one that no creature who knows the joy of a mind at ease would exchange for any sweet morsel the world has to offer.

But if we have gone to sleep on the side of our political life, a great awakening is at hand. Already the crisp morning air of a regenerated national life is felt on the western prairies. We have been drifting for years—simply drifting—until, politically, we have stuck fast on the mud flats of party corruption. Things have been normal and knavery has been easy but now something has happened that is going to mark a new era in the morals of nations and we've got to "do our bit" in it.

What the Motherland has done and what the leading spirit of the Dominion is doing in facing this great crisis has been marvellously well done. We are proud of some of our chiefs and every honest man and woman rejoices in an atmosphere of confidence as we face the future, knowing that the same Wisdom that has guided these men will continue to be the Presiding Genius of their councils.



JOHN HAMPDEN

"I remember a moderate, prudent, aged gentleman, far from him but acquainted with him, whom I have heard saying that if he might choose what person he would then be in the world, he would be John Hampden."—Richard Baxter.