

"Your whole staff, the Civil Service, though no longer a political organization, is still a mere appendage to your political machine, taking orders from political chiefs who have assumed the functions without possessing the qualifications of business management."

That is the system you took over and have been trying to work as your predecessors did. The result is what might be expected.

You say that when you took office you could not encourage immigration, because it was all you could do to provide for returning soldiers and unemployed munition makers. That may have been true—because of the incapacity of a political machine to act efficiently in business. But what follows?

Clearly, that was the very time to form new plans for land settlement, so that when immigration should again become feasible these plans could be put into effect with the utmost promptitude and on the large scale which our national conditions would obviously demand.

Instead of that, you did nothing.

Are you aware, are the public aware, that for a whole year the Minister in charge of immigration, so far from being anxiously at work with his Deputy Minister framing and perfecting plans for the great task ahead of them both, never consulted him at all?

Imagine, if you can, the President and General Manager of a great business, sitting day after day and month after month in different offices on the same street, with practically not a word passing between them! The thing simply could not happen.

But in your organization it did happen.

Scandalous? Of course it was. Political management of a national business may be trusted to produce scandals if it produces nothing else.

It would be interesting to know whether that was the whole story, or whether we may surmise, knowing something of the underground working of political machinery, that a still more active attempt was made to get the Deputy Minister out of his job, as he had previously been in politics of a different brand from that of the new government. . . . But that is a detail.

Not only did you fail in the elementary duty of preparing for immigration, but even now, after two whole years of neglected opportunity, when the immigrants we need are at the door,—where are your carefully devised and varied plans for their successful settlement, so that they shall bring a maximum of bene-

fit to the country? Where are the drastic changes in the old do-as-you-like sink-or-swim programme, which are imperative if we are not to be let in for a repetition of all the blunders and failures of the past? You are only just beginning, timidly groping in the dark.

Our whole recent history has piled proof on proof that our medicine-man system of management is incapable of meeting the country's elementary and vital needs; and such incapacity, at this critical point in our national existence, is a public danger of the gravest kind.

There was a famous general once who preferred to lose a war by sticking to ancient rules, rather than win by innovation. He lost accordingly, and never got another chance to win.

In Canada we used to crawl along primitive tracks, stalling in mud-holes, jolting over stones, and wrenching our wheels off in ruts. We have learnt to make decent roads, and travel with safety and speed. Is the old farmer shocked at the innovation? Does he consider the rough road a sacred old institution, and decline to use the smooth one? No; he may be wedded to old ways, but he draws the line at old ruts. With joy he throws old precedent to the discard, and gets to market in half the old time. If you, the political Road-master of Canada, will not give us a modern road for the rut-worn track now hindering our advance, we must find another who can and will. Not for love of any man or party will this young country long consent to crawl from year to year at the pace of a senile tortoise or a centenarian snail.

Yours sincerely,

HOWARD ANGUS KENNEDY.