

property and of breweries are entitled to some consideration. They have been encouraged to invest their money in improved plants and hostelryes. This property should not be destroyed without some justification and without fair warning. This is the economic element. In addition, there is the moral element. If prohibition or local option is forced on a community before it is ready for it, there will be much illegal selling. Illegal selling, without regulation and in secret, must always be more harmful than well-regulated, legalised selling. In Toronto, there are comparatively few licenses—only about 145, and yet there must be at least 245 places in which liquor is regularly sold. To decrease the licensed places in face of an increasing population will be almost certain to increase the number of unlicensed places.

The question is one which must be decided by the people of each locality. No general rule of conduct may be laid down. Local option may be fully justified in one municipality and not in another, and so with license reduction. The agitation must go on, but every broad-minded citizen will give all the aspects of the question careful consideration before he follows the extremists on either side.

TWO DINNERS

LAST week in Toronto there were two rather remarkable dinners. The one was held in the National Club, and two hundred business men met to do honour to one of the most successful of Canada's younger merchants, on the eve of his marriage. It was purely personal, but in it was a desire to eulogise and honour a young Canadian who had done things, one who had foresworn all the softer things of life to make a great success—and had made it. The other was a smaller affair with only about one-quarter as many persons present. It was held in the main office of a publishing suite, on the sixth floor of a modern warehouse. It too was in honour of Canadians who had done things—the men who had made a set of books. The one dinner was personal and non-commercial; the other dinner was personal and commercial. The contrast but indicates the breadth, the variety and the complexity of our national life.

Sometimes we forget that all the great men are not in politics, nor on the stock exchange. The man who can impress his personality on a two-race people and bind them more closely together in a spontaneous national outburst of activity, confidence and enthusiasm is a great statesman and no one will deny his right to honour and fame. The man who lays two shining threads of steel across half a continent and makes a country out of a wilderness and thus adds to the possibilities of the human race, is worthy of praise and glory. Yet the man who has learned to make umbrellas on a large scale, in a country where umbrellas were not made before, is also worthy of some recognition, because he is one of the makers of national industries. And what of he who makes books—the author and the publisher—are they not as great as he who makes umbrellas, as he who builds a railway, as he who captures a nation's imagination? If Canada is to be great, she must have her own newspapers, her own periodicals, her own books. She must not overlook the publisher and the part that he plays in nation-making. She must not forget the writer who delves down into the about-to-vanish past and reads the records made by the pioneers and the ancestors. A nation cannot be constructed out of authors and publishers alone, but neither can it be made of umbrella-makers, railway builders, bankers and statesmen alone. The intellectual and the commercial, the political and the industrial, the imaginative and the practical—these must be combined in carefully measured quantities.

A NATIONAL ADVERTISEMENT

THE *Smart Set* is the name of a very excellent magazine published in New York City. Here is one of the paragraphs which it sends out to advertise its Christmas number and an author who prides himself on his Canadian stuff:

"Canada has become a favourite field for American novelists, who find in its historic features, its old world leanings, and its glistening, exhilarating winter life a constant source of inspiration. Emerson Hough, in 'The Warrant,' in December *Smart Set*, has passed by the interesting St. Lawrence region and has written a strong romance of the bleak Northwest, where Doukhobors and Galician immigrants drag out their narrow lives, their hard, sordid monotony broken only by occasional expeditions on the

part of the Northwest police. Out of this unromantic material Mr. Hough has evolved an excellent story."

And would you believe it, that paragraph has appeared in several Canadian papers of repute! The editor of the *Smart Set* knocks us, and our own editors are not patriotic enough to kill the knock. Rather sad, is it not?

THE COBALT BOOM

MINING engineers, mining experts and mining journals are all deploring the present boom in Cobalt stocks. One Toronto newspaper refuses the advertisements of the boomsters, but all the other dailies are assisting in the "boom." The newspapers are great believers in caveat emptor. They say "It is not our business to educate the public as to the foolishness of buying wild-cat mining stocks." The Minister of Mines says: "It is not my business to tell the public which mines are real and which are myths." The Provincial Secretary says: "Any person who has the necessary fee may get letters of incorporation for a mining company with as many millions capital as he desires. It is none of my business whether he owns a mine or not." The Banker and Broker and Trustee say: "It is not our business to ask our customers whether they are defrauding the public or not."

And who, then, will protect the public? No one, gentle reader, no one. The public is not destined to be protected. A public is the legitimate prey of the plunderer. If you stopped the plundering, the brokers would go broke, the hotels would sell less champagne, the automobile agents would sell fewer motor-cars, the theatres would miss many gay guests, the restaurants would have fewer midnight supper parties, and the diamond merchant would find large sales quite uncommon. Indeed, general business would be much flatter.

Then heigho, ye rural lambs that are ready for the shearing, come to town and be welcome. We need your money to help us keep up the red-hot pace which so distinguishes our pretty palaces of pleasures from your crude hostelryes and theatres. Come one, come all, for the printing-presses are busy and Cobalt stock certificates are being created by the thousands every day. Do not be afraid, kind friend and sympathiser, the presses will turn so long as the public have any savings left. Come, ye simple-minded, we need you!

THE CANNY SPEECH OF LORD MILNER

NOW that our imperial visitors have left us, the critics are expressing themselves, with more or less vigour, on the subject of Lord Milner's delivery and Lord Northcliffe's bluff remarks. The former's reticence has been a matter of surprise to some of his Canadian hearers who evidently had expected an imperialist to be a loud-mouthed gentleman, given to expressing his convictions in season and out of season, with an extravagant bombast, such as our neighbours in the United States associate with Fourth-of-July oratory. Lord Milner, on the contrary, was most careful to avoid "such boastings as the Gentiles use" and picked his phrases with a delicacy which showed the scholar and the statesman. Now, the very citizens who would have been the first to condemn any suggestion of imperial interference, are complaining that Lord Milner appeared careful in his choice of epithets and his suggestion as to colonial navies and unified naturalisation. Are not such critics in danger of mistaking bluster for conviction? The impressiveness of Lord Milner's Toronto utterances, coming, as they did, after the strident clamour of election day, lay in that very thoughtfulness, that absence of brag or pretence. He had no need to speak of his own services, for they were written in clear character during a stormy time and were such as only a man, equal to imperial responsibility, could have rendered. It is quite true that he did not proclaim loudly what he had done, that he gave Canadians no patronising directions as to their immediate duty. He spoke with a modest simplicity, such as certain cross-roads orators would consider unavailing, with a profound realisation of the great issues he touched, which is none too common among latter-day patriots, and withal a gentle humour such as does not irradiate our Saturday supplement. Lord Milner's canny speech, like that of Drumtochty, was welcome to many of us who had become wearied of the obvious promises and unbridled charges of the political gentlemen who conducted the recent campaign.