

few fines rather than lose his profits. Quite so. But make the punishment for misrepresenting the quality of goods severe enough; and you will stop it. If a man knew that, if he told you that a garment was all-wool when it was part cotton, he would get a gaol sentence for his "mistake" if it were brought home to him, he simply wouldn't do it? He could not run the risk. He had far rather tell you frankly what the garment was, and let you

buy it as such. Under such a law, when you bought farmer's butter, for example, you would get farmer's butter—not the re-melted leavings of last week's sales. We could extend the law to a lot of petty crimes which we now leave to the give-and-take of the market, if we would only use this power of severe punishment to make its enforcement cheap and sure.

THE MONOCLE MAN.



The Clan McLean

TAKE a poll of the directory in almost any Canadian town or city, and the Smiths, the Browns, the Robinsons, or the Joneses will have it by a generous majority. Take a peep at the delicately-scented social columns of almost any Canadian periodical, and the Smithson-Brownlees, the Robinson-Joynes, or some other hyphenated combination is an odds-on favourite. But in Parliament from time immemorial the Macleans have had it. There is said to have been no less than seven of them in the House of Commons at one time. For many years there were five. And in the year of our Lord 1913 there are four. Two of them write it Maclean; the other two stick to McLean, that is, at any rate, in subscribing their signatures or on the record of the carefully compiled Parliamentary Guide. It doesn't make much difference for the links of creed, which unaccountably and unfortunately seem to stand for so much in politics, weld them together. They all declare themselves to be adherents of the Auld Kirk. If the reader doesn't believe it—and one isn't to be altogether blamed for his doubt—he is hereby referred once more to the red-bound official documents of which Major Ernest Chambers is the conscientious and thoroughly reliable editor. It labels each of the four "Presbyterian," and it has it on the word of honourable gentlemen themselves.

Two of them sit on one side of the House, and two of them on the other. To the right of Mr. Speaker may be found Angus A. McLean, the silent man from the little maritime isle of Prince Edward, and William Findlay Maclean, the never-silent exponent of all and sundry from the big province of Ontario. To the left are located Alexander K. Maclean, the cautious and canny financial critic of the Opposition, who hails from Nova Scotia, and Hugh Havelock McLean, the fire-eating militarist and imperialist, from the neighbouring province of New Brunswick. Any one of the four is capable

of focusing the attention of Parliament on a Maclean, and two of them have recently been doing it to their heart's content—and incidentally to the discomfort and disconcertion of their party colleagues.

All this execration and acrimony on the part of partisans on both sides is utterly unjustifiable. Things are just righting themselves naturally, as they often will if well-meaning individuals just let them alone. By some strange freak of fortune the goddess of politics developed a shaggy-headed, heavy-eyebrowed radical, with the loud raucous voice of a street-corner socialistic orator, and tagged him Tory; while at the same time she was turning out a spic-and-span, waxed-moustached dilettante, with a fever for gunpowder and an it's-English-you-know drawl, and pasted the libellous label of Grit upon him. Instead of all this talk on both sides about "rebels" and "turncoats" and the promulgation of nasty innuendoes about party ingratitude, wouldn't it be better to effect an honourable compromise with incorrigible old Human Nature? This ancient dame bests them all when it comes to conflict, and even wiser men than the Chief Whips who conduct and control party discipline at the Capital have fallen before her inexorable wand. The only salvation is to humour the jade. Why not, in friendly conclave, agree to swap Macleans?

Just think what satisfactory results would accrue. The Liberals would secure the services of a man who thrives on being "agin the Government," at least if he isn't permitted to be the Government and enunciate a whole vocabulary of reforms. They would add to their ranks a radical who could out-radical Frank Oliver or even Michael Clark. The Maclean radical may be a shade less dependable as a radical, but while he's on the job he can make more noise. The Conservatives, on the other hand, would secure an Imperialist, with a capital I, please, who would keep the gallant Colonel Denison himself on the job every minute of the time endeavour-

ing to hang on to premier laurels. Ever since McLean, the Colonel, went to "Lunnun," donned gold-lace and feathers, stood statuesquely at the head of the Canadian Coronation Contingent, and rubbed elbows with peers in clubs and banquet halls, he has thirsted for an opportunity to do some big Empire-saving job of his own. When he hears the pop of a toy pistol he scents a war scare, and he catches fire every twenty-four hours when the mid-day gun booms on Parliament Hill. And, withal, this McLean loves best the side which is on top—the side which appoints commanders for contingents and Canadian representatives on British councils on war and peace.

Why quarrel over the idiosyncrasies of such men? Far better let the Government swap the Maclean who would overturn and throw into confusion the whole economic system of Canada, for the McLean of fire and brimstone who would only overturn and throw into confusion the Kaiser Wilhelm and the puny powers of Europe.

WHATEVER else may be argued, pro and con, the French-Canadian has it on his Anglo-Saxon brother when it comes to courteous chivalry. Politics is about the last sphere in the world to search for glowing examples of "You first, my dear Gaston," business. Yet the other day Hermenegilde Boulay, member for Rimouski, held a political gathering in his constituency, and importuned Adélarde Bellemare, member for Maskinonge, to come along and help him out. Both parliamentarians are Conservatives of the Nationalist school, but on the ticklish question of the school rights which entered into the discussion of the Manitoba boundary bill last session, one of them demonstrated that he was more of a Nationalist than a Conservative, while the other placed his party allegiance before his Bourassa tenets. Monsieur Bellemare, the visitor, was received with acclaim and was well into his speech when some insistent questioners in the audience began to demand awkward information.

"What about the school question?" persisted a strong-lunged listener, till some recognition of him became imperative.

The Maskinonge man was in a dilemma. If he said he was right, he proclaimed his colleague to be wrong—a fatal mandate in the latter's riding. But Bellemare has been in politics some time.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he observed in his suavest tones, "Mr. Boulay and I differed on this question. One of us voted on one side and one of us voted on the other side. One of us was right and one of us was wrong. I can assure you good people of Rimouski that your member, Mr. Boulay, was not the one who was wrong."

But Mr. Bellemare is to have his reward. He has exacted a promise from his colleague to visit Maskinonge and play Alphonse to his Gaston.—H. W. A.

Fort Garrv Chapter, Imperial Order Daughters of Empire, Winnipeg, has decided to ask the Canadian Pacific Railway "to fly every day of the week over their station houses the flag of the Empire, the Union Jack." Bless their dear hearts!

'TIS SUMMER IN THE ANTIPODES



Federal Parliament House of the Commonwealth of Australia—at Melbourne.