

is the right of way Sir Joseph's bacon enjoys on munition ships bound for England. Sir Joseph ships his bacon f.o.b. Halifax, from which point the British Admiralty undertakes the expense of carriage. This must reduce considerably Sir Joseph's estimate of shrinkage when he subtracts freight and marine insurance from his "margin" of 5.05 cents a pound. However, let that pass. The outstanding fact is that thousands of tons of other people's freight may be hanging around the dock, but it has no chance when Sir Joseph's bacon cases, probably using the Old Flag as a label, trundle in and say, "Take me." As the Bible says, the one shall be taken and the other left, but it is never the Chairman of the Imperial Munition Board's bacon that is left.

Everybody thinks that Sir Joseph has not much to fear from the Royal Commission which is to probe him. It consists of one lawyer of the thoroughly dependable party type—who has, by the way, appeared for the food interests in another inquiry—two auditors in close touch with Big Business, and a packing house expert, "late of Armour's," whose Canadian interests are affected by the O'Connor report. Not one laboring man on the committee; not one representative of the class which feels the price of bacon most. This committee, it is feared, will not probe—it will tickle. It will not whitewash—it will enamel. When the Royal Commission is through with Sir Joseph he will present the most glittering surface of any public man in Canada.