

only the old guard of 88 vote against it. We read that he was overcome with emotion as he listened to the protest of the old guard, headed by the veteran Rev. Robert Campbell, of Montreal. Well he might have been. The man who could penetrate the simple pathos of the neglected cayuse, who in his four-square wooden church in Edmonton could join in old St. Ann and the paraphrase and almost hear during the prayer the tunk of the deer-skin tomtom at a thirst-dance—that man might well be affected by any resolution to obliterate the old kirk in the United Church of Canada.

Himself in favour of it, no doubt; so also his confrere and fellow-Winnipegger, Ralph Connor, the novelist, who made money out of writing about a life that in some respects Rev. Andrew Baird vastly better understood. But he had seen the day when people of various creeds gathered in his clapboard church at the furpost. He had preached the Presbyterian gospel to unPresbyterian souls. He had seen the gradual coming of the new way up the trails ahead of the railway and across the cable ferry into the furpost town. He had learned that the West of hoary traditions embodied in the thirst-dance is also the melting pot of traditions as men gather themselves together

for a new, practical problem of living. And he knows that the Unionists are ultimately and practically right, even while the old guard have none of the logic, but all of the emotion and the sacred form of the inviolate Presbyterian Scotch kirk on their behalf. He could sympathize with the old guard; but not agree with them. Time changes us all.

But I had rather have been the author of that sermonette on the Cayuse and have lived the life that Baird had to make it possible than to be partner of a \$200,000 stone kirk with a \$25,000 pipe organ and a line-up of \$6,000 limousines at the door.

If the Old Guard could have carried their point in declaring that the framers and endorsers of the resolution on Church Union were no longer Presbyterians and as such not entitled to deliberate in a Presbyterian Congress, then the Moderator himself would cease to be a Presbyterian. Which is impossible. Once a kirk-man, always a kirk-man. No devotee of the old kirk ever could live without old St. Ann or a whack at the paraphrases now and then. Yet we understand that the late Principal Caven, of Knox College, and Principal Grant, of Queens, were pioneers long ago in the idea of church unity. And we don't remember that they ceased to be Presbyterians.



The Moderator who heard the Thirst-Dance tune along with solemn old St. Ann.

ada ought to know, that selling raw material to clever nations is an ambitionless proceeding. She knows any senile negro can pick cotton, but it takes man-size brains and courage to learn to spin it and weave it. She knows that factories mean employment, employment means population, population means wealth and wealth—is the beginning of power and happiness. What she may not know is that when the war is over the trade struggle will not be merely city against city, east against west, but nation against nation. The manufacturers and exporters of one nation must face the same groups in other nations. According to the strength of the groups and the quality of their timber will to a large extent be determined the success or failure of each nation in the struggle for trade after the war.

THE biggest things at this C. M. A. convention were not the things talked about from the platform or from behind stiff shirt-fronts at the big dinner. The retiring president, G. H. Sherrard, did well what was expected of him—or of any retiring president making his regulation address. The resolutions concerning “a non-partisan tariff commission,” and “a scientifically adjusted tariff,” were cold and formal. The talk about national registration of labour rang true because the labour problem touches nearly all the members in the same way. The speeches by Sir Thomas White and Lionel Curtis, the “Round Table” men, were rousing enough to win vigorous applause, and at the same time vague enough to leave undisturbed whatever latent opposition to centralizing the Empire may have been lurking behind the foreheads of the audience. In short, what was uttered in public was chiefly generalization, highly polished and ornamented. It was a sort of litany to which the majority listened like sleepy church-goers, echoing the responses in proper fashion, but only dimly conscious of the real possibilities of their “religion.”

The one thing the rank and file of these manufacturers believe in is “Protection”—and lots of it. And very few of them care a button about anybody's protection but their own. Get one of these average members of the Manufacturers' Association into a corner and you will find him as much of a special pleader on tariff matters as the Grain Growers' Guide. Protection! Sure! He believes in protection! Protection for what? For—oh, for everybody! Yes, but doesn't he think, to be consistent, that such-and-such a product deserves more protection?—and you give him reasons. MORE! Horrors, no! That is a supply necessary to this man's business! It's all he can do to run his business now—but, good

CO-ORDINATING CHAOS

Impressions of the Meeting of Industrial Magnates in Hamilton

BY

BRITTON B. COOKE

Hamilton, June 15th.

QUITE possibly there is as fair a percentage of well-assorted scoundrels in this not unlovely city this week as one could collect in North America. I refer to the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, holding its annual convention, its second since the war began. For almost two years Canadians have been hearing what the Canadian manufacturers would do for Canada by keeping up Canadian industry if only the common consumers would buy Canada-made goods. Much has been done; more may yet be done. As this convention proceeds it looks as though more may be done hereafter when Canada gets to know more clearly the manufacturers' problems and particularly those that are going to arise immediately after the war. There is a fair percentage of scoundrels here, but there is also in this convention a good percentage of big, constructive men, not without the elements of greatness in their make-up.

Close to where I write, for instance, there is an unmistakable scalawag from a certain Ontario town. He was one of the loudest whiners when Canadians showed a preference for his American competitor's goods; he, be it known, turns out an article just good enough—or bad enough—to sell a few cents cheaper than the imported article, but by comparison worthless. In the bar, is a scamp from Toronto, who has framed up a deal with another scamp from Montreal to lower the quality of the goods used in a certain article of clothing and boost the price just within a

few cents of the imported competitive articles that are twice as good in material, design, finish and workmanship. For a third, take yonder beneficent-looking old fellow who made his fortune by “freezing out” his partner's widow, and salving his conscience by building a hospital with one-tenth of the profits. For a fourth, take that dyspeptic-looking type, who has been importing German glove fasteners from Spain—knowing full well that they were German—and talking loudly about Red Cross work. For a fifth, observe yonder old reynard who sells thousands of dollars worth of goods to Canadians, chiefly because they are Canadian goods, yet he buys every cent's worth of bargain goods from Grand Rapids or Akron, O., or Pittsburg, on which he can save ten cents a carload. The place is full of mean men and little men, hiding behind the tariff like worms on the under-side of an old plank, men who live in terror of ever having to face open competition with really courageous business concerns in other countries. Many of them look as though they would crumple up at the first sign of having to do business on a big scale. That for the evidence! It is incontrovertible in each case, and there is not just one man in each class of scoundrels, but often a dozen, or many dozen.

Having not only admitted, but offered evidence in support of that point, let us get to the second point, which is: this assembly of manufacturers represents all that we have of a certain kind of national material. It represents the only force in Canada that can save us from the people who want us all to be farmers. Agriculture may indeed be the foundation of our Canadian wealth, and a noble enough affair at that, but if Canada ever intends to put up a real superstructure—this is the material we must work with. The city of Hamilton here knows it and is making hay while the sun shines. Hamilton has more factories per capita—something to that effect—than any other Canadian city. Factories may be sordid, but Hamilton bought her automobiles out of that kind of sordidness and is sending her children to school out of it. Scoundrels there may be—there are—in the manufacturing business, but Hamilton wastes no time condemning tariffs and industries on that account. She knows, as everybody else in Can-



The new C. M. A. President, Col. the Hon. Thomas Cantlay, of New Glasgow, N.S., is President of the Nova Scotia Steel Company, a big munition-making concern.