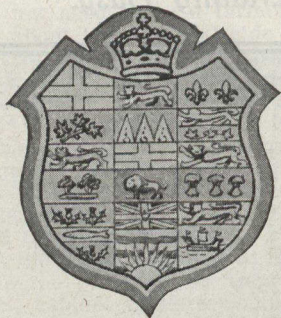


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Where Did the Money Go?

DURING May Canada had a foreign balance to the good of eight million dollars. This was accomplished by sending forty-two million dollars worth of goods abroad and bringing back only thirty-four millions. And the question arises, "Who got the eight millions?"

Here is a question on which every citizen can figure in his spare hours. It did not come in as coin and bullion, therefore Canada did not get the actual cash. Was it used to reduce our debts abroad or was it not?

Anyone who has an explanation to offer will be given the free use of a certain amount of the Courier's valuable space.

Enough of Elections

LET us be frank—the Conservative party has had quite enough of elections for one year. No one at Ottawa is anxious to see a general election and there will not be one if the Conservatives can avoid it.

There has been a curious situation for a year. The Conservative party managers have been anxious for an election, and Sir Robert Borden and other leaders would not give their consent. The Liberal party managers have been openly condemning the idea, and quietly wishing that the Conservatives would try it; although Sir Wilfrid Laurier and other leaders have not shared this view. In both cases one must distinguish between the ideas of the managers and the leaders.

Now there is serious talk of a Coalition Government at Ottawa. Such a possibility has been discussed everywhere else for months, but it is only recently that the Ottawa crowd have consented to consider it possible. As soon as Sir Robert Borden returns, he will probably discuss the matter with Sir Wilfrid. His proposition will be, not coalition, but a non-partisan administration by the Conservatives until the war is over, with an election, say, six months thereafter. It is thought that Sir Wilfrid, under certain conditions, would accept such a proposal.

Labour Bureaux

A LABOUR BUREAU, established and maintained by a government, may be a useful institution, but it cannot create employment. The Ontario Commission which is now studying the question of unemployment and had issued an interim report seems to have overlooked this point.

For years there has been an agitation to create a Dominion Labour Bureau, with branches throughout Canada. These bureaux would increase the number of civil servants for which the taxpayers provide respectable salaries, but their usefulness might end there.

What Canada seems to need is a Labour Commission which would study the question of unemployment constantly and create work when and where it is needed. This is not an easy task and certainly could not be accomplished by a few junior professors of economics. Three or four hard-headed business men who know what national tasks could be undertaken profitably for the benefit of the unemployed would be ideal if such men could be secured.

Sir Adam Czar Beck

NOW that Sir Adam Czar Beck has been de-throned from his position as the sole buyer of army horses in Canada, there is rejoicing among the farmers and horse-merchants. The British buyers who have been confined to purchases in the

United States are starting in to buy in this country, as they did last September and October. Consequently, horses are likely to improve in value, and the Canadian farmer will get the money that has been going to the United States farmer.

But there is a fly in the ointment. Sir Adam Czar Beck has returned to Ontario and begun afresh his old agitations to electrify everything in sight. He persuaded London to electrify the railway from London to Port Stanley at a cost of a million dollars, and the road is said to be earning less than before the change was made. He has a number of other schemes in mind which will probably be just as profitable to the Province, of which he fondly imagines he is the leading citizen.

There was a time when Sir Adam Czar Beck had fairly sane ideas and a well-earned reputation for public service. But since he put the word "Czar" between his other two names—well, it is different. The taxpayers of London are not so anxious for his advice as they were a few years ago, and a similar change is coming in other communities.

Economy at Ottawa

SINCE the new Purchasing Commission has taken over the letting of contracts at Ottawa there has been some attempt at economy and efficiency. Messrs. Kemp, Galt and Laporte are winning golden opinions everywhere.

The old method was to have a sample, set a price, and then divide up the contract among the favoured ones on the patronage list. The new method is to have a sample and invite tenders. The consequence is that prices are ten to twenty per cent. lower than they were last autumn.

Some of the underlings still try to favour certain people at the country's expense, but the Purchasing Commission is rapidly beating the game. Politics is more nearly eliminated to-day in buying goods than at any time in fifty years.

Hon. Mr. Kemp and his associates deserve great credit for the good work, and the hard work, which they are doing.

Supercilious

A HAMILTON lawyer, a King's Counsel, told the business men of that city, when they met to discuss the proposed purchase of the Bank of Hamilton by another bank, that it was impertinence for any one to try to block the deal. In short, according to this philosopher, the bank belongs to the directors, not to the shareholders and depositors.

The G. M. of a bank sometimes speaks of his institution as "my bank," and judging by the wealth which some G. M.'s collect on the side it is sometimes true. The directors naturally follow his example and call it "our bank" and use the influence they have in favour of their friends. And curiously enough, the same G. M.'s and directors have more than a vague suspicion that they are unselfish public benefactors.

It is about time that some of these gentlemen had the scales rubbed from their eyes. An institution which takes in the people's money at three per cent. and lends it back to them at six and seven per cent.

should not be unmindful of the source of its business. Besides, the country confers a high favour on a bank when it allows it to issue notes to the extent of its paid-up capital without paying interest. In the United States a bank gets no such privilege.

No one wants to "knock" the banks, their general managers or their directors, but the events of the past few days prove that there must be some plain speaking. When in 1912 the banks got together and decided to stop the national boom that had got almost beyond control, they acted wisely and in the national interest. While giving them every credit for this, it must be mentioned that all their actions do not show the same wise regard for the welfare of the nation as a whole. Like the rest of us, they are inclined occasionally to be dogmatic and autocratic. When in that state of mind, they are apt to forget that the public made the present banking system and that they can unmake it if it proves to be a national detriment.

A Difference in the Morning

ONCE upon a time there was a comic song called, "What a difference in the morning!" It's a good many years now since that song was sung. Millions of people have died and gone to war and been killed since the last copy was sold. Other jokes have come and gone, and jokers along with them. Last Monday morning millions of people all over several of the greatest countries in the world, including Canada and the United States, joined in and sang that old song about "the difference in the morning." Sunday evening most people in those countries were dismally mad. The habitual pessimist threatened to cut out cigars till the war was over. Monday morning at sunrise newsboys went bawling along suburban streets yelling—"All about the German warships sunk!" The pessimist half awake thought it was some other warships sunk by the Germans and rolled over with a weary yawn to go to sleep again.

But when that heavy-eyed croaker who on Sunday evening was reviewing all the mistakes made by the Allies got on the street car, he found himself and everybody else talking as chirpily as though they had all sold stocks before the market went down. Everybody was jabbering excitedly about what he saw on the front page of his favourite paper. Headlines had been changed as suddenly as though a bill-poster had come along pasting up a new show.

"That's more like it!" growled the pessimist. "Those German submarine stories get my goat. By George! Something was coming to those Germans. Now they've got it—a taste of the real old-fashioned, over-the-water fighting. One German Dreadnought gone below; three cruisers and seven torpedo boats ditto. I'd like to have been in Petrograd and Moscow last night to have heard the bells; and in Berlin to see those Prussian Junkers pull a long face over that war loan they voted after the taking of Kovno and the sinking of the Arabic. They won't get Petrograd now—eh? Hold on! Stop the car! I've gone past my transfer. Oh, what's the difference? I don't mind walking a few blocks—not this morning."

On his way to the office he ordered another box of cigars.

A. B.

SALVATION ARMY BOY SCOUTS



A Toronto detachment of young Salvationists in the togs of the trail.