

might be a bad precedent, but in this unconventional and daring community precedents count for little. If someone whom we did not like endeavoured to use the precedent, it would not be hard to find a way to circumvent him. Their Excellencies have made no enemies and have gained a host of friends, and all Canada would rejoice if these popular occupants of Rideau Hall were permitted to remain with us for another year.

MR. WILLIAM MACKENZIE has returned from London bringing, it is said, forty millions of British capital. This money was secured by the successful sale of debentures and bonds of the various enterprises in which Mackenzie and Mann are interested. The largest slice goes to the Dunsmuir Collieries Limited, which is to develop the coal fields of southern Vancouver Island. The Brazeau Coal Fields on the eastern slope of the Rockies are to get a six million slice and the Western Canada Lumber Company an even larger share of the watermelon. The Winnipeg Street Railway gets a little bit, and the remainder goes for the Canadian Northern Railway and steamships.

The wonder with Mackenzie and Mann's enterprises is their tremendous success. Granted success and the capital is not hard to get. But no two men have ever, in Canada's financial history, undertaken so many operations and recorded as few failures as these two gentlemen. They easily hold the record. They now play so important a part in Canada's commercial and industrial life that one hesitates to think what would happen to the nation if they should suddenly disappear or refuse to continue their development work.

Sometimes such men as these are accused of selfishness. It cannot be selfishness which impels them to continue the gigantic tasks which they have assumed. It cannot be selfishness which causes them to begin industries and undertakings the larger and more lasting benefits of which must accrue to the nation as a whole. Rather it is a form of patriotism such as that which inspired Sir John Macdonald to resolutely force the building of Canada's first transcontinental railway. If Sir John's action is worthy of a national memorial, so is the work of these two indefatigable promoters and exploiters.

CONSERVATIVE ward leaders in the city of Toronto have decided to order the rank and file to vote only for Conservative candidates in municipal elections. To the credit of the Conservative party let it be said that the best of these party workers opposed the change. Those who possess an historical knowledge of politics and are acquainted with the principles of modern government in town and state voted against it. Those who know only the rudiments and who regard vote-getting and patronage-distributing as the essence of politics were in the majority and won out.

However, there is no evidence that the rank and file of the party will follow their leaders in this reactionary movement. The history of "bossism" in United States cities is, let us hope, too well known in Toronto to make this adventure a success. The idea is so thoroughly opposed to all that Canada has stood for during a century of excellent municipal government that one cannot imagine it having other than a short career.

The explanation of the movement is rather hard to find. It seems to have been begun by accident. No prominent Conservative was present at its inception, and no prominent Conservative has endorsed it. It has been engineered by men who are honest enough in their way, but who regard the city government as the legitimate property of the Conservative party. They desire to control the expenditure of the seven million dollars annually distributed by the city, not for private profit but for party advantage.

Should the movement succeed it can have but one result. It will throw the independent voters into the Liberal ranks and Toronto will then do what it does not now do, it will send some Liberal representatives to the Legislature and the House of Commons.

AMERICA is to have an "aviation" summer. For two or three years, Europe has been rather wildly excited over flying machines, and the microbe has now crossed the ocean. A number of prizes have been offered for feats of this kind and more are promised. For a flight from New York to Chicago \$25,000 is offered, \$30,000 for a trip from New York to St. Louis or vice versa, \$40,000 for a triangular flight from Indianapolis to St. Louis, to Chicago, to Indianapolis, \$20,000 for the man who flies between New York and Washington, and so on. In addition, aviation meets are being pro-

moted in many of the larger cities, including Toronto and Montreal. Hence we are likely to get better acquainted with monoplanes, bi-planes and tri-planes before the summer is over.

When Lloyd George was in Canada

IT was between sessions at Ottawa; accurately, in August, eleven years ago, when the tourists and citizens in the Russell House rotunda were amazed one afternoon. Into their midst, coming from the elevator that had deposited him on the ground floor, entered a gentleman whose attire was a sartorial wonder. On his head was a felt hat with a brim that would make any Stetson look like a narrow-brimmed straw. His form was half obscured by a roomy garment of rough tweed that hung from his shoulders and swayed in the August air like a South American poncho. He wore knickerbockers that were as ample as a Dutchman's breeches, and his fifteen-inch laced up, hobnailed boots would have lasted across country to Dawson City, then lately placed on the map.

Two or three newspaper correspondents were in the rotunda. They made a run for Frank St. Jacques, the proprietor, and demanded to be told the name and style of the phenomenon.

"Why," said St. Jacques, "that's one of three Welshmen who have just struck town. They're registered. Let's see their names."

There they were:

D. Lloyd George, M.P., London.

J. D. Rees, Cardiff.

W. L. Griffith, Cardiff.

While the search was being made the man with the clothes disappeared, but Griffith was close by. The newspapermen soon identified him as an old friend—the Canadian immigration agent at Cardiff; a Welshman who had farmed for many years in Manitoba and had lately been appointed to Cardiff by Hon. Clifford Sifton. Mr. Griffith is now Lord Strathcona's right-hand man.

A few observations were immediately taken through unsmoked glasses, and the *Globe* man asked:

"Say, Griffith, who's the chap with the weird clothes?"

"Why," answered the genial Griffith, "you want to keep your eye on him. He's a young Welsh lawyer and M. P. And he's going to be in the next Liberal Government, sure."

"But, gentle stranger, why that rig? What has Canada done to him that he should thus dazzle our eyes?"

"Well, he just went to a colonial outfitter and told him that he wanted a wardrobe for a Canadian trip. That's what he got. As he is in Canada, he's wearing it."

"So I see," observed one of the correspondents. "I could feel very much worse over it if we had another gentle quencher."

It was the now famous Lloyd George, sure enough. He and Rees and Griffith were on a trip to the West to pick out land for a proposed Welsh colony. Some thousands of the Cymrians had been sent to Patagonia a few years before to found agricultural settlements, but they did not get along well with either the Argentine government—the Argentine owns Patagonia—or the priests. The Welshmen wanted to come to Canada, and Lloyd George, Rees and Griffith were to spy out the land. They went west with W. D. Scott, now Superintendent of Immigration, and had a buckboard trip from Regina northwest to near where Saskatoon now stands.

The Welsh settlement, as Lloyd George wanted it established, came to naught. The future Chancellor of the Exchequer had a few stipulations which didn't suit either Clifford Sifton or W. D. Scott. One of them was that the Welshmen were to be given a big slice of territory which they were to own and govern. Welsh was to be the only language used, and English-speaking settlers were to be barred.

The Minister of the Interior promptly turned down this proposal, but an arrangement was arrived at under which some hundreds of the Patagonian Welshmen were brought to Canada as ordinary settlers. Joseph Chamberlain, then Colonial Secretary, was asked by Lloyd George to finance the journey but answered that Her Majesty's Government was not in the business of paying emigration expenses. Finally some wealthy Welshmen supplied the necessary funds for those who wanted to come north. In the interval many had changed their minds and stayed where they were.

When in Ottawa on the return trip from their tour, Lloyd George and Rees became very friendly with the Canadian newspaper correspondents. The man who is now one of the three or four most prominent figures in the Empire was a hard-shell free trader and anti-militarist. The Boer War was a good deal nearer than most men thought, but Lloyd George was as strongly convinced that it would come as was Chamberlain.

"Chamberlain will force Britain into a murderous war because his masters tell him to do so," said Lloyd George.

"And who are his masters?"

"Ask Rhodes. Ask in the city of London."

A year afterward Lloyd George was being execrated, hooted; chased through Birmingham disguised as a policeman. Now he is no longer "a young Welsh lawyer."

He has got there.

But, oh, those clothes!

RODEN KINGSMILL.