

merchants made important sales in that portion of the world. The revolution in Turkey seemed to bring the country more into sympathy with Great Britain. Hence the King's gracious message.

Alas for British hopes, the revolution also loosened the war-dogs of the Balkans. Austria declared that the time was ripe to complete her annexation of the two Turkish provinces lying along the Adriatic, Bosnia and Herzegovina. This roused Serbia and Montenegro, their eastern neighbours, to action. They declare their intention of fighting Austria's annexation, since it might ultimately mean the loss of their hardly-won and highly prized independence. These two states have a combined population of only three millions and their threats are not really serious. There is, however, a more serious feature in the situation. Bulgaria, which has long suffered under the Turkish yoke and which desires the freedom which Serbia and Roumania have enjoyed, has announced its intention of refusing to be longer considered a "tributary principality." Undoubtedly Austria's action would be less galling to Turkey than Bulgaria's. Austria has had practical possession of Bosnia and Herzegovina since 1878. Independence on Bulgaria's part might mean unfriendliness towards the Turkish Empire, as well as a loss of territory. Both movements tend to upset "the balance of Europe," which the Treaty of Berlin has guarded so long, and would mean a loss of prestige which no patriotic Turk could view with equanimity.

Fortunately, Germany, France and Great Britain have been working together much better recently. The possible trouble over Morocco has passed. Neither Germany nor Great Britain is anxious to bring to an end the peace which, since 1878, has prevented a general European break-up. France is strongly with Great Britain. Russia has had enough of war for a few years. Consequently diplomacy will probably settle all disputes without much bloodshed. Austria will make compensation of some kind, and Bulgaria will be placated with a larger measure of independence. Turkey is in no condition to fight Austria and only diplomatic pressure can save her prestige in the face of an absolute loss of Bosnia, Herzegovina and Crete. If diplomacy does not triumph, then European peace prospects are in the lap of the gods.

#### POLITICAL INSINCERITY

**A**NOTHER piece of political insincerity has come to light in the Colchester case, where the Liberals failed to prosecute a Mr. Bayne, who was accused of having used money and liquor on behalf of the Conservative candidate in a recent Dominion bye-election. When the preliminary examination occurred, the Liberal press throughout the Dominion made a great deal of the evidence which came out and roundly denounced the Conservatives for having as unsavoury methods in their campaigns as had ever been disclosed in Liberal campaigns. When the case came to trial, the prosecution declared it was not ready to go on and the case was adjourned until next June. The Liberals apparently were satisfied that all the political capital possible had been made and that further action was politically unnecessary. This makes it appear that political effect and not political purity was their ambition.

Much has been heard of the intention of leading people in the Maritime Provinces to stamp out political and electoral corruption. Associations have been formed, independent of political parties, with the avowed intention of prosecuting wickedness on both sides. This failure to prosecute Mr. Bayne is fairly direct evidence that the Liberals of Colchester are not in sympathy with the movement.

This incident should not be charged against the Liberal Party in general, no more than the Colchester revelations should be charged against the Conservative Party in general. An independent observer is, however, forced to admit that neither party has yet reached the stage where it is willing to punish political offenders for the public good. There have been many cases from which this conclusion is inevitable. For example, there is the failure of the Conservatives to follow up the prosecution of the men who made Mr. Hyman's last election an infamous incident. Both parties seem to agree that political wickedness is something to talk about but not something to be punished. If this is a reasonable deduction, then political life in Canada is in a rather bad way. If politicians only abhor wickedness on the platform, and in secret agree that it shall continue, then purity in our electoral methods is still far from realisation.

The politician seems to see too much of the game to clearly perceive the underlying principles upon which purity in public life must necessarily be based. The game is allowable and necessary

under our party system, but it should be played on a fairly high plane. Dishonesty and corruption in vote-getting is just as heinous as dishonesty and corruption in business.

#### A JUST SENTENCE

**T**HE Canadian public has not yet developed a penchant for murder trials nor a feverish interest in what the chief figure in such a scene eats and wears. The Creighton case in Owen Sound was one of unusual enormity and the speech of the Judge in pronouncing sentence, of arresting solemnity. It is not often that the ends of justice in such a case are so dramatically and yet severely expounded as they were in Judge Riddell's deliverance. The most careless listener in that court must have felt the weight of the moment when the wages of sin was reckoned. The relatives of the victims, living across the border, are deserving of respectful sympathy in the terrible ordeal through which they have been called to pass. It is to be trusted that no maudlin sentimentalists in Owen Sound or its vicinity will undertake the responsibility of a petition in the prisoner's favour.

#### THE AMERICAN AND HIS SPORT.

**I**T may be that the Englishman takes his sport seriously, but it is beyond a peradventure that the American takes his earnestly—takes it straight, as it were, as he does his refreshment. And never since baseball superseded poker as his national pastime has he been so deadly in earnest as during the past few weeks. For never since baseball became a national institution have there been such races for the pennant as the two major leagues, the American and National, have furnished.

In the American, Detroit, last year's champions, were apparently out of the running in the early stages of the race, but by a long winning streak they climbed to the top and seemed to have the pennant at their mercy. Then they slumped. And as loss after loss was marked up against them, Chicago, St. Louis and Cleveland went right on winning till it looked as if one of the three would finish in front. Then the Detroits found their feet again and started once more to mow down the teams that stood between them and the coveted flag. Every game every day counted and as the American millions yelled themselves hoarse on the field or held their breath and watched the bulletin boards, the presidential election seemed to come to a pause, while the war cloud in the Balkans seemed but the drifting smoke from the baseball battle. Gradually the fight was whittled down to Chicago and Detroit, and when the latter went to the Windy City for the final series, Chicago needed all three of the games to tie. Once, twice Chicago won and the championship hung on a single game. But in that game Jennings' great batters settled away to work and that night the city on the straits learned the meaning of pure joy.

Greater, if such could possibly be, was the fight in the National. Chicago with the greatest bunch of Germans that ever played any game, had held the championship of this league for two years and confidently looked forward to capturing it again. But "Mugsy" McGraw had been scouring the country for men to strengthen his New York Giants; the great Mathewson, the greatest pitcher of them all, was doing the greatest work of his wonderful career and they refused to be shaken off. Pittsburg, too, kept pounding along, lending added interest to the race, and the three teams entered the closing series neck and neck. Pittsburg fell by the wayside in their last game of the season, when they went down before Chicago on a sad Sunday in early October. Once prior to this New York seemed to have the pennant won when a smashing single, in the ninth in one of the concluding games with Chicago, sent a winning run across the plate and filled the yelling fans with an enthusiasm to tear the clothes off the Irishmen as mementoes of one of the greatest occasions in American history. In the excitement, and probably influenced by an economical concern as to his clothes, a runner on first headed for the club house instead of for second base. That technical error cost New York the championship. For, after the Giants had tied with Chicago by winning their last three games straight from Boston they were ordered to replay that game. Chance and his little German band won it, won it in New York before forty thousand howling fans and with it the pennant of a year that will be remembered in the United States when George Washington and his hatchet have been added to mythology.

And what is there in this game that stirs the intense American nature to its depths; that will make men who eat their lunch in ten minutes stop on the street for an hour to discuss the chances of their favourite teams? It is not as scientific a game as cricket nor as pretty a game as lacrosse. But it is a newspaper-fed game. It is a standing tribute to the power of publicity. And furthermore, it fills with excitement the fag end of the afternoon and breeds a sporting rivalry between cities that are already business competitors. It is played in a hurry and gives the American his sport served in the same style as his work and his meals. It is typical.