

bearing the general burden of an active and costly immigration policy. It is argued, therefore, that the crown domain is justly in the hands of the Dominion authorities, providing always that the Dominion grants each province a sufficient annual subsidy to enable the work of provincial administration to be carried on. Last year Manitoba received \$875,000, Saskatchewan \$1,444,000 and Alberta \$1,445,000. These amounts increase with the growth of population, being paid on the basis of a census taken every five years.

In support of the position taken by the Dominion Government there is another argument. The Dominion is likely to administer the crown domain better than a provincial government. Take Nova Scotia as an example. Her crown domain is said to be in a thoroughly disorganised condition. It was never officially surveyed, was never scientifically sold or leased, has been uneconomically administered for half a century and is now of comparatively small value. True, Ontario and Quebec have done better, but their administrative history in regard to crown lands is not above criticism. There have been many "deals" and there has been more incompetence, even since Confederation.

On the other hand the administration of the Crown domain at Ottawa has not always been above suspicion. Since the Hon. Frank Oliver became Minister of Interior there has been a decided improvement, but for forty years previously there was ever fitful talk of mal-administration. Besides a province without crown domain is not nearly so independent nor so manifestly "sovereign" as one which has the glory of owning all unoccupied lands within its boundaries. There is something majestic about land ownership, and every ambitious province yearns for "majesty."

HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON is setting out to travel a fast pace in the work of conserving Canada's timber resources. A year ago, no one would have mentioned him as a leader in such a work. He and his friends had previously been assisting in the general work of transforming standing timber into lumber. Nevertheless the change has

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

By PETER McARTHUR

MY friend the Promoter came crashing through the door and exploded into language at the end of my desk. "I've got it at last!" he sputtered. "The greatest idea ever! It's a world beater!"

As this was the seventeenth world-beater he had sprung on me in the past month my interest was mild though polite.

"If you write me a red hot prospectus, with human interest in it and a bunch of two column ads. that have the real 'holler,' I'll let you in on the ground floor and in a couple of months money will be coming to us so fast that we will have to wear boxing gloves to keep it from hurting our hands."

I drew a deep breath and braced myself for the shock of the great idea.

"I am going to write to a friend in England—no, by thunder, I'll cable—and I'll get him to hunt up the heirs of Halley, the astronomer, and we'll buy the comet from them."

"Great scheme," I sneered. "We'll sell the hair to the Costermore Company to stuff mattresses with."

"You are away off," he said airily. "Your mind is not sufficiently logical and you lack imagination to enable you to grasp a scheme like mine. What we will do is this. After we become the sole proprietors of the comet we will organise the Astral Exhibition Company, rent all the fair grounds, skating rinks, ball grounds and roofless buildings in the country and charge an admission fee every night for people to come in and see our comet. We will hire the local bands to furnish music and advertise it as the music of the spheres."

At this point he dodged out of the room to avoid a copy of the agricultural report for '96 which I was in the act of hurling at his head. And yet his scheme was no more absurd than some that are producing easy money for suave promoters at the present moment. The next time you get a mining prospectus investigate it carefully and the chances are ten to one that you will find that you would be wiser to invest your money in my friend's Astral Exhibition Company. If you go in with him you will at least have a laugh for your

come and it may be a case of "better late than never."

Mr. Sifton wants the Maritime Provinces, according to a recent address at Fredericton, to adopt Ontario's policy and prohibit the export of saw-logs. Quite right. He would also prohibit the export of pulpwood. On this point he differs from Senator Edwards who is also a member of the Conservation Commission. We are inclined to agree with Mr. Sifton, providing that the prohibition applies only to crown lands and does not prevent a bona fide settler getting a profitable price for the pulp logs which he cuts down in order to create agricultural lands.

When Mr. Sifton spoke of the disastrous consequences of letting fire overrun young or partially cut forests, he made a strong point. Mr. Ross makes the same point in an article in this issue.

HON. GEORGE E. FOSTER has lost his libel suit against Dr. Macdonald, editor of the *Toronto Globe*. Both judge and jury condemned the "double commission" principle which Mr. Foster adopted in his dealings with the Union Trust Company. Mr. Foster is entitled to some sympathy as a private individual and as such it will be accorded him. Nevertheless as an aspirant for the office of Finance Minister in a possible Conservative government he is not entitled to the same consideration. As a public man, he must have higher ideals and stricter notions than as a private individual. Consequently his failure to win his libel suit against Dr. Macdonald is quite sufficient reason why he should cease to be the leading critic of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition at Ottawa. It is to be hoped that his own sense of what is required of a public man will lead him to seriously consider the hard necessities of the situation.

At the same time, it must be admitted that this is mainly a question for Mr. Borden, Mr. Foster and the Conservative party. If Mr. Borden thinks Mr. Foster a necessary lieutenant and if Mr. Foster still believes in his own "good faith," which the jury admitted, then he may retain his present position. But, should he remain, the public will have the right to express its disapproval at the next general election.

money. And a man doesn't often get a chance to laugh with the gods, even in the days of airships.

IN spite of everything I am fond of our promoters. They are enthusiasts. The plain people are all enthusiasts at heart and no one is catering to them but glib swindlers. The dominant classes in every walk of life in Canada are repressed and self-contained. They go about their business with a monkey-wrench tied on the safety valve for fear some enthusiastic steam should escape. Their souls are never "stirred by elevated daring." They plod along stolidly and mistake their stolidity for wisdom. The enthusiast who suggests an altruistic enterprise and pours out his soul to such men is likely, when the trouble is over, to review the experience in the manner of Hotspur: "O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for stirring such a dish of skim milk with so honourable an action."

DOGS and dog-lovers may as well make up their minds to get used to the muzzle, for the worst is yet to come. Behind this rabies scare, with hysterics on one side and maudlin gush on the other, I can see "looming and sinister and black" the awful figure of the rural statistician. With a stump of a lead pencil in his hand and his twisted tongue between his teeth he is figuring out just how much the province has to pay each year for sheep killed by dogs. The exact figures are not available as this goes to typewriter, but taking a couple of townships whose records I know as a basis, the bill for sheep killing must be well over \$50,000 a year in Ontario. In some localities where dogs are plentiful, sheep-raising has been abandoned. Spasmodic attempts have been made to remedy matters by passing local bylaws ordering the muzzling of dogs, but they have never been properly enforced. With all the dogs in the province muzzled for eleven months we shall have a chance to get at the true figures. Sheep killing will be stamped out for the time being. If the saving proves important enough the muzzling of dogs will certainly be made a permanent law. Wherefore it behooves the true dog lover to set himself to the task of developing a toothless or non-biting dog. The sheep-raising farmer hasn't been heard from yet but wait for a few months until he has the saving under the new arrangement carefully ciphered out and then listen to what the country members at Queen's Park will have to say. I shall be surprised if it does not turn out that the unmuzzled dog has had his day in this province.