



# REFLECTIONS

IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

**H**ON. CLIFFORD SIFTON has been in the background for some time. He retired from the Laurier government for reasons best known to himself and his friends. Presumably he resigned because he did

## MR. SIFTON TO THE FORE

not fully approve of the Government's action in forcing separate schools upon the West through the medium of the autonomy bills creating the two new provinces. It has been hinted that there were other reasons, but no person ever had the courage to name them.

It is but reasonable, under these circumstances, that Mr. Sifton should re-enter public life. He is a strong-minded, well-equipped publicist, courageous in his desire to accomplish things, resourceful and relentless in pursuing his aims, and apparently possessed of ambition without limit. Such a man may be turned aside for a space by misfortune, but that misfortune must be great if it is to permanently drive him from the field in which he won so much renown. In Mr. Sifton's case, the misfortune did not include poverty among its elements, and a rich man may overcome what will submerge a poor man.

Mr. Sifton has returned. He does not come back into view with any paltry excuse or miniature shield. He returns under cover of the aegis of Canada's Grand Old Man, Lord Strathcona. Nor does he come back as a politician; that would be too poor a card for a man of his stature to play. He comes back an Imperial statesman, an emulator of Sir John Macdonald, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. It is not the Canadian West of which he talks; it is not even of Canada, the brightest gem in the British crown. Those were too small for a man who has a gulf to bridge. He comes back to us as a treat Imperialist who would help carry the red line around the globe. He would be an Alexander the Great, a Charlemagne, a builder of a vaster Empire than has been.

It is a good play. Perhaps nothing more artistic, more skillful, more masterly or more brilliant was ever seen in this country. Mr. Sifton a few days ago was in retreat, his leadership lost, his prestige broken. To-day, Mr. Sifton is back directing the public's attention to the greatest idea of the age. He is Napoleonic in his method, for he has turned Defeat into Victory.

By the way, he was once called "the little Napoleon of the West." Let the phrase be changed. Banish the "little," banish the "West." Hail to the Canadian Napoleon!

**W**HEN you want a fine phrase couch it in simple words and plain language. "The All-Red Line!" Note the simplicity of it, the comprehensiveness, and the simplicity of its comprehensiveness. To get a true idea

## THE ALL RED LINE

of it, take the little globe in your library and trace around the world a broad red British line. Start it at the small spot known as Great Britain, which for the purposes of this act may be called the centre of the earth. Proceed across the Atlantic by way of the Gulf Stream to Halifax or St. John or Quebec—it matters not. Strict accuracy is not required. From Quebec to Montréal, to Ottawa, to Winnipeg, to Vancouver, to Victoria if you will. Then a long gentle curve will carry

you over a large portion of the globe to Australia and New Zealand. Be impartial as to this part, because these two countries believe in impartiality. Retracing your steps to Vancouver, draw another red band straight around the globe to Yokohama and then to Hong Kong. To complete the circle around your globe, draw the line promiscuously across India, via Suez and Gibraltar back to the Centre of the Earth. There you have the all-red line.

Light your pipe and turn the globe slowly on its metal axis. Remember that you are a Britisher and that globes are made to be turned. These two points are vital. It will slowly dawn upon you that your all-red line is a magnificent creation, that you have there a conception which endows you with a greatness which vastly overshadows that of Copernicus and Columbus. Think of this line crowded with British ships with the blue ensign at the stern, and with Canadian locomotives hissing defiance to the world. Think of the other peoples of the earth on their knees asking you to carry their mails and their merchandise and pleading for the privilege of riding over this great highway from point to point. Conjure up visions of all the great men of the earth, jostling each other for the privilege of seeing the whole world by this route. The Czar of Russia, Emperor William, the Shah of Persia, the Prince of Montenegro, the President of the Royal Society, the Lord Mayor of London, Mgr. Merry del Val, the new Prince of the Asturias — all except the President of the United States, for he, poor man, is not allowed to travel outside the boundaries of his native land.

Perchance you may think of the amount of red paint that would be required to trace a real all-red line around a real globe. Go ahead and figure it out. Then compute the wealth of Great Britain, of Canada, of South Africa, of Australia, of New Zealand, of India, and of the Isles of the Sea. Think how much paint that wealth would buy, and the problem is solved.

Majestic! Dazzling! Wonderful!

**T**HE transportation companies ordained that much western wheat should remain in the farmer's hands and in the elevators over winter. Providence, through the medium of the weather, rendered assistance to the same purpose. If there had been a mild winter more of the wheat would have come out. Just when the spring weather was making it possible to sell the wheat, when the elevators were unlocking their doors, and the grain vessels were heading up the Lakes for cargoes, the price of wheat began to soar. A month ago, No. 1 northern was bringing 55 cents a bushel in Regina; to-day it is worth 73 cents. Truly, even last year's wheat is golden.

It is said that a conservative estimate of the amount of wheat in store in the west amounted at the opening of navigation to twenty-five million bushels. At an advance of twenty-five cents a bushel, this would now be worth six million dollars more than it was a month ago. Most of this profit will go to the grain-dealers and the farmers of the west—a salve for the wounds caused by a discouraging winter.

On the top of this piece of good fortune comes the