# CURRENT COMMENT

## Canada and the Empire

Lt.-Col. Amery, M.P., Under-Secretary for the Colonies, is not a flamboyant orator, but he said some useful and practical things in his addresses at the Canadian and Empire Clubs in Toronto recently. His statement that thirty per cent. of the male population of Great Britain had served in one or another of the forces during the war served as a starting point for a review of the Empire's ability to confront the tremendous strain now placed upon her. Six hundred thousand dead and a net debt burden of thirty billions of dollars were the items of the bill. He thought the signs were favorable, and that the country showed sanity and an amazing power of resilience. Four million men had been reabsorbed into the industries, finding employment for all in one year. Labor, while insisting on just rights, was on the whole reasonable and prepared to make practical concessions instead of pushing to extremes. In regard to foreign relations, they must, he said, "watch for many years to come over the fires that still smoulder under that cinder heap that was once European civilization!" It is a startling thought that European civilization has passed away, but Mr. Amery interjected the idea, though he did not dwell on it. After describing the unrest of Asia, he suggested the responsibility of Canada in connection with world problems. The recognition of Canada was not the real essence of the position Canada had at the Paris conference. From the first day till the last Canada was consulted and had all the information there was. There was not an issue that Canada had not helped to shape and to settle. In dealing with the question of Imperial Federation, he struck a sound note: "I do not like the idea of Imperial unity that thinks of drawing the Empire closer to the Old Country, but that of drawing the Empire closer to Canada." The main thing was, he thought, that the leading statesmen of the Empire should not drift apart.

## Dr. Glover's Cancer Treatment

Nothing so important since the discovery of the principle of inoculation itself has happened in the medical world as the cancer treatment by Dr. Glover in St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto. There has been a decided conflict of opinion among medical authorities as to the respective virtues of vaccines and serums. A vaccine introduces a living element into the blood which may set up conditions entirely opposite to those expected. In the case of serums the effect is negative rather than positive and active, and enables the blood corpuscles to be trained into resistance to the threatened danger. Dr. Glover has not so far divulged the character of his treatment, but what is described as an amber fluid is introduced in small quantities into the system of the patient. Only the most extreme cases have been treated where the doctors decided that the case must end fatally. The results are of the nature of miracles. The pain disappears very soon. The cancer itself disappears and one case in which the jaw presented a horrible condition was restored with the flesh as pink and healthy as ever. Medical men naturally are conservative in their opinions. The cancer institute has spent millions without result and that a young man of 33 should reach the goal invites careful scrutiny before endorsement is given. Dr. Glover is quite confident that his serum can be supplied in quantities sufficient for all demands, and his extended experiments leave him in no doubt of his success. Not only can he cure cancer, but he can induce it, which science has not before been able to accomplish. He therefore knows both the cause and the cure. His success will be a strong argument for the vivisectionists, as his experiments were carried on through guinea pigs, white mice, and other small animals.

## Civil War in Ireland

A state of civil war has been threatened in Ireland for generations. The people of the country are subject to two separate influences, neither native to the country. This, in the final analysis, is the cause of the trouble. But it is impossible to get the people, once inflamed by these exotic incitements, to examine the conditions coolly and impartially. The quarrel is supposed to be historic, but a real acquaintance with history furnishes no basis for it. The Battle of the Boyne, for example, was fought under the blessing of the Pope, when William of Orange was maintaining the Pope's cause against France and King James. Religion has much to do with the disturbed conditions, but property has still more. Memories of the "Plantations" still rankle, and the liberal provisions made in recent years seem to have come too late to satisfy. Indeed, all the measures taken are taken too late. A generation ago the measure of Home Rule now offered would have been accepted. But this does not account for nor excuse the outbreak of civil war. That has been fomented by American and German agents, who have supplied money and arms with the object of embarrassing Britain. If the ringleaders in this conspiracy are ever caught more light will be thrown on the Irish situation than we have had for a century. The attempt to set up a republic originated in America and Eamonn de Valera, who has been described as a "mongrel from Carolina," is not even an Irishman. The Irishman is supposed to be quarrelsome, but as a matter of fact most Irishmen will do anything for a quiet life, and therefore many things are acquiesced in by the people under threats of violence with which, as they would show if they were sure of protection, they had no sympathy. Premier Lloyd George correctly compared the situation to the conflict for States' rights in the American Civil War, and he was right in avowing his determination to go as far as Abraham Lincoln in maintaining the integrity of the Union.

## Strikes and Over-Capitalization

A strike is a form of civil war, and the sooner this is fully understood by labor men and citizens alike the better it will be for all parties. One cannot play with fire without danger. The resort to civil war, even in the mild form of a strike, indicates a disposition towards lawlessness on the part of the people, sometimes on the part of the employers, sometimes on the part of the employed. Arbitration is the one sure and only way for lawfully-minded citizens to settle their disputes. The German idea of settlement by force will inevitably wreck any civilization that persists in it. The civil war of a strike is only less destructive in degree than the war of arms. If the present determination to strike instead of accepting arbitration be insisted upon the effect upon society will be as disastrous as that of military occupation. The loss in wages, in labor, in business, in convenience from a street car strike like that of Toronto, is incalculable. The strike was a lawless one, inasmuch as the men had agreed to an arbitration, the result of which was signed by the representative of the men. It is true that he subsequently made a minority report, but it is suspected that he did so under pressure. At any rate the men lost public sympathy when they violated their own principle. Another form of violation of principle is illustrated in the Chippawa strike. The issue there is said to be over the eight-hour day. The fact is that it was over production. The Hydro Electric Power Company agreed to the eight-hour day, and to pay time and a half for two hours extra, but it was found that less work was done under these conditions than previously. A large element of Russian labor engaged on the works appears to have been responsible for the introduction of Soviet ideas. All this is due to ignorance of economic principles. The finest and most practical application of co-operative ideas ever furnished is supplied in the Hydro Power development. It is the strongest weapon that labor could wield. But organized labor has deliberately set itself to destroy the efficiency of the hydro-electric installation by the same means that it condemns on the part of the employer — over-capitalization. Over-capitalization, watering stock, whether by labor or capital, is equally fatal to success, and it makes no difference whether the dividends are demanded in advance as wages, or afterwards in returns on watered stock. Sir Adam Beck was quite right to shut down the work.

**FRIENDS! NEIGHBORS! COUNTRYMEN!**

Lend me your ears! I come to praise this town of ours.

I come to ask your loyalty to it.

I want to interest you in its solidarity, in the solidarity of all the people of this community to the end that each one of us shall be more prosperous and happier.

Up at the corner the other day I overheard one of OUR FOLKS relate with much self-satisfaction the fact that he had just received a piece of goods from a big city mail order house, which, he claimed, cost him a few nickels less than he could buy it in this good old town of ours.

An editor's shekles are hard-earned, but I have one to spare to bet that this neighbor really lost money if he figured on the charges and unseen costs. He paid the freight, whichever way it was shipped. He bought on faith, and faith at a distance is not a sensible thing these days of shoddy material and incompetent if high-priced, workmanship. He had no chance to first examine the goods contained in his order. If the goods are damaged, he must return them to a distance and take chances on getting his money back after a long period, and perhaps after long quibbling. All this takes time—days and weeks—whereas at home he would never have picked a damaged, or poor, or distasteful piece of goods.

Let us have loyalty!

Loyalty to our town is good personal business to every soul in the community. Every dollar you spend here makes the man you spend it with the more able to spend money with you for the things you have to sell, whether you sell livestock, dry-goods, potatoes, butter or the labor of your hands.

Sending money to the big city, except where it can't be avoided, is helping the big city and making the whole people of the big city that much more prosperous. Let's keep the money in our own town and make ourselves more prosperous. The big town never does anything for our community save to milk it.

This town and neighborhood is our home. Here we are bringing up our families and educating them. Here is where our happiness lies. Here is also where our duty lies—a duty to do everything in our power to advance the interests of our home and community.

This editor believes that he can serve his home community in no better way than by urging every man and woman to patronize the merchants of this town. Therefore, beginning today, this newspaper will print a series of important articles on loyalty to our town—loyalty to ourselves. We believe that every subscriber will find them interesting, worthwhile reading.

Yours truly,

*THE EDITOR.*

# Foolish Francesca

By Olive Wadsley

(Continued from last week.)

"Then, as I go about eleven, the bell will ring for tiffin, and you'll make, despite your grief, a decent lunch, and sleep a little, and then De Vlan will turn up, and you will come down radiant and powdered and frilly, and he will kiss your loneliness away; and, as I said before, voila, everything done really well and in the best style!"

"How you misunderstand me!"

Francesca grinned a little.

"Meanwhile," she went on composedly, "I shall be being seasick, I should think!"

She sprang up.

"But I want to go. I want to be in the center of things. I love India; its gorgeous heat and scent and color seem to have got into my blood; but I want to live. It sounds cheap and ordinary, doesn't it?

"Every girl says it, I suppose, at some time or another; but about one in a million, I should say, keeps the will and the wish long enough to be able to do it, to force her way through to things.

"I mean to—do you hear? Governessing doesn't sound exactly the most magnetic form of existence, does it? But at first one's bound to take what one can get; afterward one takes only what one wants."

"I never did understand half you said," Phrynette murmured. "What is it you do want, anyway?"

Francesca was staring out at the sunshine again.

"I want to get things and—people," she said slowly. "It sounds mad, I dare say, but it's true. I want the things I read about—the life—the love—the everything—I want to matter, to count."

Phrynette rose slowly and yawned. She looked quite good-naturedly at Francesca.

"I'm sure I hope you will get married, Frankie dear," she said, kindly.

Francesca stared at her and then began to laugh. She was still laughing when the butler brought in the mail.

There were only two letters, one for her and one for Phrynette; and both were from Paul's lawyer.

Francesca tore hers open eagerly and a check fell out. She picked it up; it was for a hundred pounds. Her face flushed deeply.

She clutched up the letter and caught hold of Phrynette. "I'm going," she said breathlessly. "Fawcett's sent me a hundred. I shall ride down after tea and ask Mrs. Salter if she'll let me go back with them, and then wire the Orava for a berth."

The ever-ready sensitiveness of the easily emotional showed itself in Phrynette's injured voice. "You seem very glad to be going away."

Francesca dived beneath the thin layer of kindness. "I wonder if you'll be married or I'll be in England first?" she cried.

Her eyes were sparkling, her face aflame. Secret intense ambitions, half formed hopes and longings, all seemed about to be realized. Life was knocking at the gate of her youth."

"Phrynette, you hypocrite," she cried suddenly, with a quick, expressive gesture of amusement; "you know you are just as glad as I, really! Own up, and don't put it on so!"

CHAPTER II.

"Pourquoi Pas?"

Within a week the affair had become a certainty. Francesca, after a loud and exhausting farewell scene with Phrynette, was on her way to Bombay. Opposite her Mrs. Salter and the commissioner dozed and grumbled alternately.

Their neat, sun-dried faces and smug clothes and luggage were totally at variance with Francesca's rather, hectic collection of wicker baskets, with assorted straps, and her peculiarly cut green linen traveling dress. Round her throat she wore a string of jade beans.

She looked restlessly out of the window; her hands in their shabby fawn suede gloves were never still; she was intensely excited.

The hot, pushing crowd at the station interested her, even the stifling wagon-lit arrangement had its redeeming feature; it was a new thing. When she had first come out to India, direct from her convent school near Paris, she had been too little to need a sleeper, and anyway it was all so long ago, that childhood's journey.

On the Orava she shared a cabin with Mrs. Salter, a tiny, cooped-up place. She surrendered without protest most of the little available space, and cheerfully allowed her berth to be the depository of hat-boxes by day.

She dressed with trembling fingers for dinner; it was the first big dinner she had ever attended.

Her gown with its swathes of tulle, and its outre fashion, scandalized good Mrs. Salter; but before she could protest, Francesca was out of the cabin and had run up on deck.

Men everywhere, bronzed, immaculate beings, all with much the same type of voice, all, apparently, gay and genial, and all smoking cigarettes which certainly had not been bought outside the bazaar for eight annas the cardboard case.

They stared a little at Francesca as she passed and repassed, and then smiled at one another.

"Queer little kid," Dasent of the Blues said. "Awf'ly few girls going home this trip. Wonder who she is?"

"She's with that old woman in the gray tippet thing. There, just coming up, on the left. See her? I don't know either of 'm."

"That settles it, they aren't worth knowing then," Dasent said. The other laughed. "If they were," he pursued, "you'd be after 'em. We all know you, Wynton! Flirt with the ghost of your grandmother if you met her!"

"It's a malicious libel," Wynton said with a gleam of white teeth beneath his mustache. "Absolutely untrue representation of ascetic character!"

"Did you say esthetic?" Cowan asked interestedly, leaning forward, his brown hands clasped loosely between his knees.

Wynton laughed, a gay, infectious laugh; he threw back his head, and leaning it against the rail, stared amusedly up at the sky. Foreshortened, his face showed more power and less attractiveness—the short, square jaw thrown into distinct prominence dispelled the effect of the green eyes with their black lashes, and the well-cut mouth beneath the short, fair, clipped mustache.

The very thick fair hair gleamed a little in the light from a distant electric globe.

Francesca, passing once again, looked at him. As though he felt the look, he straightened up suddenly, jerking his head forward. Their eyes met, hers direct, questioning, a little admiring; his filled with the conscious scrutiny with which a certain type of man always regards a woman who is neither old nor distressfully plain. She passed into the shadows again and out of Wynton's mind.

He rose. The other men got up, too.

"And in three weeks Paris, London, home, you chaps," he said. He caught hold of Cowan's arm in his sinewy hand and gripped it hard. "Home, you unemotional Scottish blighter," he said, "d'you hear?"

"I hear, you impetuous, impulsive, temperamental Saxon beauty," he said.

They strolled along together down to the dining saloon. One glance at the tables bore out Dasent's testimony; there were astonishingly few women on the boat.

(To be continued.)

## The League of Nations

Sir Herbert Ames made an important statement to the Canadian Club of Toronto concerning the League of Nations on Midsummer Day. It was not a dream but a reality, he asserted, and he was prepared to return overseas and put his own future in jeopardy, if that were possible, by engaging himself for five years in it, and so showing his faith in the project. The council of the League was composed of practical men, and they had already achieved results. The League was composed of 32 original states and 13 invited ones. Of these 24 had ratified through their parliaments the agreements of the League. China, the Hedjaz and Ecuador were expected to do so soon. The United States, Cuba, Haiti, Honduras, Nicaragua stood aloof. Switzerland was not excelled in intelligence by any other nation and after sixty days' close examination and discussion the people decided on a vote, by a majority of 92,000, to come into the League. After giving examples of the special tasks, the constructive measures and the emergency measures undertaken by the League, he urged the formation in Canada of a League of Nations Union similar to that in Great Britain. The world was full of sick nations, orphan peoples, starving races, and needed Canadian help. Since the United States had failed to join the League United States correspondents had been sending over articles belittling the League and these were copied in Canadian papers, leaving an intirely false impression. It was due to Canada that the facts of the success of the League should be known to all.

The first woman ever admitted to the bar of Wisconsin was Miss Lavinia Goodell of Janesville, in 1874.

A bird in the hand is vulgar. Use a knife and fork.

# THE BRAIN BOX

*By E. Gunn-Ramsay*

"It's up to you" or "Let George do it."

Which do you like the best?

There are times when no phrase coined in the English language of respectability can meet a situation so aptly as those slang expressions which shock the sensibilities of a gentle mind.

The crisis which is facing practically all the civilized world to-day or at any rate every part of it which was concerned with participation in the late war, presents one such situation.

There is unrest—unrest upon a widespread scale. It touches the workers, it presses upon the moneyed classes, it reaches into the homes. There is scarcely any section where its influence is not felt. It is the unrest born of a fear, and the fear has been left or created through the happenings of five continued years of warfare.

Realizing this latter cause, it is not surprising that unrest should be, in some measure. The marvel would be indeed if all the world were normal.

The events which have taken place so rapidly one after the other during those past five years, may perhaps be most aptly described as representing a mental earthquake. The lives and feelings, the innermost intimacies and long-loved traditions of men and women, have been torn and broken, many beyond all shadow of repair, and who can gauge the heartaches, the longing efforts and the vain attempts made by the inmates of a weary world, to catch a new vision, and build again the things which make for national ideals.

Probably the greatest contributory force in this movement of unrest is that supplied by the section popularly called "Labor."

Who or what is Labor?

Labor actually means in this instance the laborer, or worker, the latter word being infinitely preferable, for it places all workers in the one category. If Labor, therefore, as it is known to-day, has a right to be heard, so equally have all workers, for all who work indeed, do truly labor—"labor to get mine own living."

Every right-minded citizen who holds the true national vision, is glad when the rights of the worker are truly recognized. Every fair-minded citizen recognizes that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," but who at this day may define or who that is single-hearted enough, to gauge correctly what is a just term of hiring for all?

A second contributary to the state of unrest, in Canada especially, at the present time, is the alleged profiteering. Prices are high and those concerned with household budgets feel that some one is to blame.

Who shall find the profiteer? Who shall straighten the tangles of labor? "Let George do it" or is it "Up to you?"

The first thing for everyone to grasp or to attempt to realize, is that however unfortunate it may be, most of the things we hear are made up of both fact and fiction. There are facts underlying the demands of labor, which go to prove that many such demands are legitimate and their fulfilment an act of justice, which should not be allowed to lapse, but there is also unfortunately a fair amount, if not of actual fiction, of wire-pulling upon the part of some unscrupulous individual which amounts to an actual attempt to create disturbance and unrest. Wire-pulling which is manipulated from a source that is anti-Canadian in spirit, and anything but unselfish in its motives.

Here then is the point where every wise citizen should adopt for his own the slogan: "It's up to me."

The phrase ,"It's up to you," means absolutely that only you can do it.

You know what it means if the chief calls you into his private office one day, and tells you in confidence that there is a big executive position higher up which is waiting to be filled, which must be filled by a man who has certain qualifications, and then the chief finishes by saying, "Well, now, Brown, it's up to you."

You know very well that the chief means you are the man for the job, and that it is entirely "up to you" to see that you are put into it.

The business of settling unrest in Canada, of differentiating between the false and the true whether it be in labor, in economics, in politics, or in the conduct of every day affairs, lies entirely in the hands of the individual citizens.

f you are a citizen, you have a vote.

If you have a vote, you have power.

If you have power, you should put it upon the side of the weak. You should add your strength to that which is lacking, but necessary, for the pulling together of the best forces in the national life.

Let there be no thought of letting "George do it," but consider this point. In every reform, some one has to begin. Some hand must set the ball rolling.

It is unfortunately too true that there are the unserupulous working through the national life, but it is a splendid thing to remember also that there are A-1 men, A-1 in every sense of the word, in every movement quoted, even though outwardly the movement of itself may seem a mistake, yet the men who have in themselves the good material for a sound citizen are there. It is up to you, you who have the time (and you who have not the time must make it), for this is a vital question, to throw yourself in with them, to pull together, to encourage them out of movements which point to social wreckage and to do everything possible towards making for constructive re-organization.

"It's up to you."

Alabama's first woman notary public was a Miss Peebles of Birmingham, who was commissioned by the governor in 1893.