

EDITORIAL

A Business Executive

ONE thing must be clearly remembered about the new National Cabinet. It is not a political organization. It is a business executive. The Premier, we understand, made no inquiries as to what political views the nine Liberals would expect to carry with them into the Council, nor what they expected to carry back to the country with them after they left it. He invited Liberals to join it because the Liberals were doing less for the country than they were capable of doing and less than they wanted to do. That he did not wait for a general election before forming his Council is another matter. Had he done so the election might have been a simpler issue. As it is now, we shall all need instruction. But when we get it we shall not vote Grit and Tory. The Government as it now stands is a War Government. The business of the country is war. The resources and the strength of the country must be co-ordinated for war. If these eleven Conservatives and nine Liberals can't do it, other men must be got. The war business must be done.

Spots and Skins

"BUT," says a political critic—pessimist variety—"we shall have no Liberals left. These new men, co-Liberals outside of the Cabinet will become Tories."

Ethiopians and leopards! Imagine it! J. A. Calder a Tory; N. W. Rowell a Tory; F. B. Carvell a Tory? Not unless we resurrect the miracle age. The Premier may have guile—undiscovered as yet; but surely no such conspiracy against independents as making Tories out of these Liberals. That trick has been done, but not in times like the present. Men turn their political coats for political reasons. But we have dropped party politics. Have we not? This is war. And war needs the men. Their politics for the present may be ignored. They have as good as said so by accepting office. We might as well say that these Liberals are the wooden horse full of Greeks that took Troy. Troy being just Greek for Tory, these nine men conspired after the Winnipeg Conventions to get inside the Tory Cabinet and turn it into a Liberal machine.

No, we shall, we trust, regard all these men and all supporters of them and their Conservative colleagues as War Unionists. For political purposes they may revert to whatever they like when the war is over. Just now they are war men. Their opponents will be non-Unionists.

Along comes another critic to say that inasmuch as it is the Liberal draft that is regenerating the Cabinet, the Liberal party will get the credit; the country will return a majority of Liberals, and by a count of noses the Liberal leader will become Premier when he may if he chooses form his own War Cabinet by inviting in a few Conservatives.

We don't follow the trail here. No doubt the Liberal party as enlisted under the banners of Sir Wilfrid Laurier will be also a win-the-war party. There is no room for difference on that score. What difference will there be? What platform will the party adopt? Will the Opposition wait till the Government has formulated its policy and then strike out from that? We shall see.

Not Mere Politics

THERE are reasons to suppose that a line-up of Liberals on the right ticket might carry some parts of Canada against the War Unionist campaign. We do not undertake to state just what these Liberal strongholds are, because we are not political experts. And in so far as the general sentiment of the country can be represented by a victory of win-the-war, straight-line Liberals, a victory of that kind should not injure the prestige of this country.

As yet, however, we are in the dark as to what the platform of the Opposition party is to be. Until it is drafted and amended it will be unwise to fore-

cast. What is possible to forecast is that no movement having for its object merely the defeat of the War Unionist programme should expect to succeed. This is not a case of the ins and the outs; of wrong one side and right the other. It is not a case of conscription vs. no-conscription. Conscription is

Spinsterhood and Lonely Soul

LONDON DAILY MAIL wants to marry English girls to Canadian soldiers. Supply of girls is practically unlimited. Demand is high, says the Mail, so many lonesome Canadian bachelors in the camps who are just pining for wives. A Dorset maid signing herself Twenty-Five tells the L. D. M. that she sees nothing ahead of her but a dreary spinsterhood, because she has no chance of meeting men of her own sort. Poor girl! L. D. M. must see what can be done; gets in touch right away with Canadian camps. From Sussex a soldier says: "Hundreds of men in this camp would be glad to marry a good girl and take her back to Canada. Many of them are rich and most are in comfortable circumstances. All are more or less incapacitated—but I am not hurt badly." A-ha! There you are. Many Fearing-Spinsterhood to Not-Badly-Hurt. Next? Lance-Corporal in a training battalion says: "I am stationed in a lonely place where you never meet a nice young woman. If this young lady would like to write to me, she might not have spinsterhood after all." So he wants Spinsterhood. She doesn't. How can L. D. M. get Lonely Soul and Spinsterhood together? Easy. Writes an article saying: "The nation is at the moment exactly like a short-sighted mother. It has the opportunity for match-making and it is not using it. It has crowds of attractive young girls and an army of fine, healthy over-seas men, and it does not bring them together. It leaves the men to get bored and lonely; it leaves the girls with the chances of marriage receding day by day."

Here's the way out. Let the State quit talking about Public Ownership and go into National Match-Making. How? By getting up Comrades' Clubs all over the country where Canadian soldiers can meet all the Fearing-Spinsterhoods.

Oh, Canadian girls, be up and doing! L. D. M. is after your nice young man. Don't let her do it. Write to him right away. Tell him if he doesn't look out you'll go and be a nurse and never see him again. But don't let on you know anything about Fearing-Spinsterhood, or he may marry her just to show that he can if he wants to.

Reforming Humanity—That's All

FROM the talk of many people—some of them wise ones—we should expect the millennial dawn to appear shortly after the war is over. Men whose particular business it is to estimate the past and prognosticate the future assure us impressively that after the war the old order of things will have passed away and all things will become new. We must be ready for the great change, for in the twinkling of an eye the trump shall sound. Etcetera.

Now, we have always believed that the human race is entitled to the discovery of a new world every time it takes up the morning paper at breakfast if necessary. Unless we are ready for new things we might as well decide that the old world is a failure. But we also reckon that what has been in the world so many centuries will survive the shock of even a long world war. Human nature is not a revolution. We shall be pretty much the same people then as we are now; and we shall have most of the institutions that now make the world, as good or as bad as it is. What we shall probably get down to a minimum is, Incompetency, Waste, Blind Faith, Foolish Hero-Worship, Social Fads, and the Sanctity of the State—just because it is the powers that be. What we shall get will be whatever can take the place of these things.

But not even Edward Bellamy would expect a regenerated world merely as a result of the war. In fact, we shall always have to work, as though to-morrow we die, to keep the forces of what's-best-for-the-world uppermost.

An Over-Worked Team

ONE sure thing—two ideas have been cruelly over-worked of late.

Democracy and Efficiency. These are great principles of government and action. But from some of the phases of democracy rampant in the world we pray to be delivered. And from the worship of efficiency, if it means taking freedom out of the individual life, we should hope to be excused.

Efficiency—as such—in one dehumanized country, has put sensible democracy off the programme. Democracy—as such—merely as a protest against such state-organized efficiency, may be a case of the frying-pan and the fire.

law and it is backed up for enforcement by the War Unionist Government. To overturn that means to put something better in its place. Not something that merely elect the Opposition, but something that no true citizen of Canada can doubt is better policy for the country than the War Unionist programme. What is it? We are not told as yet. But we assume that it is not mere politics.

Who, What and Why

THE Premier has picked good men. Beginning in the east where could he have got a stronger man than Carvell, who, if the sentiments of some Liberals had been respected, might have been the Liberal leader against the Premier. The greatest fighter in Parliament, he will be a big man in the Cabinet and in the War Council. N. W. Rowell is one of the men whom the war has made bigger. He has outgrown his party for war purposes. What the Ontario Liberals may have said to him after this goes to press will make no difference to his clear-headed course as a public citizen and a win-the-war Minister. Of Ballantyne we have already spoken. The Cabinet has no brainier business man with a higher brand of integrity. Of Guthrie we have spoken. He sacrificed a great deal in cutting away from his leader, Sir Wilfrid, who bade him cordially respect his own conscience in the case. J. A. Crerar goes in as an organizer of Western business and sentiment. As Minister of Agriculture he has already taken off his coat. He proposes to co-ordinate the United Farmers' organizations in various parts of the country. Head of the Grain Growers' democracy as he has been, he is going at the nationwide business of increasing production just as he did at the big job of developing the Grain Growers' Grain Company. J. A. Calder has no superior in the Cabinet as a shrewd organizer of public sentiment and a knowledge of both men and issues. No doubt he had proved his sagacity to the Premier before ever he was invited to take office. Premier Sifton, of Alberta, is not so obvious a power; but he represents a great Province, which has had a deal to do with shaking up political sentiment in the West. Col. Mewburn has proved himself an efficient soldier and administrator in the most important military district we have. He will carry on the work of Sir Sam Hughes without the Hughes handicap. In the work of making soldiers to fill up Canada's army he has a big and important task for which he is eminently fitted. The Labour Minister is yet to be chosen. If he is to represent labour the choice of that man may not be easy. Here, perhaps, labour might take a leaf from the politician's notebook, and for the time being forget its politics.

A Church Drama

A CHURCH is sometimes dramatic. By way of a startling contrast we note that last week the F. Eaton Memorial Church in Toronto was the scene of two events which lift the imagination of Canadians to a high level. One day it was the scene of the funeral of Rev. Dr. Griffin, aged 91, whose career as a minister goes back to the circuit preacher's saddle-bag days when, with a trusty horse, he picked his way through the bush over the corduroy roads and through the clearings to reach his straggled little congregations of stump farmers. Dr. Griffin was a master at calling up those old days over his pipe; an artist at telling stories in the pulpit; an inspiration to many a young man who can never have his experience any more than he can imitate so stalwart and humorous a character.

The next day or two, in the same church, Major Bishop, the world's present greatest airman, was married. The boyhood of Billy Bishop began about the time the work of Dr. Griffin was ended. In two years of his life he has done things that to the old preacher with his saddle-bag reminiscences must have seemed like glimpses of a new world. Billy Bishop popping over an enemy plane from a height of 20,000 feet and nose-diving down upon the enemy with open engine at 300 miles an hour, was a figure which no preacher even with apocalyptic vision could ever have hoped to realize in his own life. From saddle-bags to four miles up in the air is some contrast to be put on the stage in one Methodist Church in the same week of 1917.