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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,  
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, February 25.

## ANOTHER BREAK IN THE CABINET.

The Unionist cabinet, already badly shattered by the developments of the last year, is further and seriously weakened by the dropping out of Hon. A. K. MacLean of Halifax, one of the Liberal Unionists. Though not head of any department during the time that he was associated with the present Government, Hon. Mr. MacLean has been regarded as one of the strongest men in the cabinet, and it was entirely at his own wish that he kept out of departmental administration, for unquestionably his colleagues would have been glad to utilize him in any one of several important portfolios. His departure from the cabinet renders still more striking the disproportion of the two parties composing it and must be regarded as hastening the final break-up of what has become a strangely assorted body.

It must be with considerable trepidation that the cabinet is meeting Parliament this week. At a time when new forces are at work in the country not known before, when great problems of a domestic character await settlement, when the spirit of unrest is abroad in this as in other lands, the cabinet is announced by its chief supporting newspaper to have little or no program for this session, but to have decided just to mark time. The excuse is given that the country has had enough of "uplift" for the last two years and that a halt had better be called to this sort of thing. We question if any more foolish reason was ever given by a government for failing to meet its responsibilities. Having had too much government for two years past, we must now have none at all for a while, so that the average may be kept about right. Nobody takes Bob Rogers very seriously these days, but it must be admitted that in his Winnipeg speech of this week he is not far out in his summing up of the group now holding office. As a former colleague he speaks from personal knowledge of most of the men who are holding on to office as best they may.

Hon. Mr. MacLean's sincerity in breaking from his party and joining the Unionist ministry for the war period will not be questioned by those who know him for the high-minded man that he is. As a member of the Opposition after 1911 Mr. MacLean took upon himself the heavy task of chief financial critic, and his knowledge of finance was such that when Sir Thomas White had to be relieved it was Mr. MacLean who was called upon to take his place. It is semi-officially announced that he will run at the next election as a Liberal candidate in Halifax so that his return to his former party associations will only be deferred a little time.

The Ottawa cabinet is facing a session that will try all their strength. The developments within the inner circle during the last three months are well known, while the absence of Sir Robert Borden and the failure to choose a successor will also prove a continual source of weakness during the weeks and months that are ahead. The cabinet is pretty near the breaking point; one or two more resignations would end it, and it is by no means certain that there may not be such resignations within the next few weeks. There will be few regrets anywhere when the end comes. The Tory element is already anticipating the funeral, and though it may wear its weeds on the way to the cemetery it will be a hilarious lot of pallbearers returning.

## THE COMING BATTLE.

Now that we have got our new local theatres open and going lively amidst all the H. C. of L. and "du," it is time to have a look forward to the grand opening in Ottawa next Tuesday. There hammers are busy at the last details of the reconstruction on Parliament Hill, and the Government forces are budding together for an attempt to live through another session of their useless life.

The leaderless ministers are hardly merry. They have one policy left in common, just to hang on to their cushions. Their speech from the throne is looked forward to as a piece of evasion, mockery, sleight-of-hand, and clownish impudence, all mixed, a record in its way. How will they ever do it at all? Only the fixed idea of hanging on can hold them to their desperate task. Imagine a brass band, without a leader, bickering among themselves, getting up an overture to be performed before a representative gathering of the whole nation. Consider that the trombone man was recently transferred to the bass drum, and then to the piccolo, and is equally ignorant of all these instruments, that similar rapid changes have been effected from the cornet to the trombone, or the tin piano to the alto horn. Could there be a greater anarchy even where Bolshevism is at its worst? A brass band with nothing but the brass will deliver the speech from the throne.

The Liberal opposition will be strong and well led, with a definite policy to stand on. There will be a contrast between the old wheezed-out organ of Unionism, as dead as a dud of the late war, and the clear lines of tariff reform, taxation reform, encouragement to agriculture, labor reform, re-establishment of soldiers and federal assistance to provinces for control of the liquor traffic. The Liberal convention was outspoken and specific on tariff reductions, graduated income and business taxes, and the honest support of provincial liquor legislation. We may expect the coming session to be marked

by a tremendous onslaught upon the Government's fiscal policy, its substitution of expensive loans for taxation, its supercharges on the poor man's tariff and refusal to enforce supercharges on large incomes and luxuries. Mr. King is a fighting man, well equipped with comprehensive knowledge and experience, seriously convinced of the virtue of Liberal policies and actuated by the strongest sense of public duty. By his side the older Liberal chiefs are rallying for the fray. It is a pleasure to see Mr. A. K. MacLean detach himself from the bunch of bunglers who are concocting the speech from the throne.

The manufacture of this speech might resemble what some scholars understand to have been the procedure of barbarians in composing the primitive ballads. Or it might be likened to Topsy who "just growed." No directing hand, no purpose or principle to steady a course either "preudent" or imprudent, frantic energy without head or art. But there comes in the difference, there is a sort of "art" in our speech-framers, the rather obvious art of self-preservation, as they conceive it. Another difference between Topsy and the Meligen-Rowell band is the total want of positive direction or movement or "growth" at all of any description in the prospects of the latter. Their policy is marked by negation, do-nothing, standstill, because all pull against one another, and know not what to do. We shall see the clean-cut Liberal policy directed against the frozen nullity of the speech from the throne in overwhelming fashion. Canada is exasperated over the massed discord at Ottawa and will expect every Liberal in Parliament to do his duty.

## INDUSTRY AND HUMANITY.

ARTICLE NO. 4.  
The introduction of machinery and the opportunity to manufacture on a large scale made the difference of industrial processes both possible and profitable.

The National policy was introduced into Canada to stimulate industry. Whether the story of its introduction is true or not, that is Alexander MacKenzie had yielded to the wishes of his colleagues, including Edward Blake and Wilfrid Laurier and raised the tariff only slightly, the history of Canada, industrially, might have been quite different. There would have been no National policy. Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper would have opposed the increase and delivered free trade speeches.

There is room here for serious reflection. Canada is still an agricultural country, but with the aid of a protective tariff, which was the National policy, it is a greater manufacturing country than it would have been. A protective tariff cannot be abolished once it has been established without destroying the industries that depend on it, and it is quite safe to say that neither Mr. Fielding nor Mr. King would injure any industry. Mr. Fielding is the safest man in the House, the most experienced, to make any tariff changes. Mr. King would be a good consultant. Higher tariffs than are necessary to save the industries are not desirable. A protective tariff does not benefit business morality. In the days of small things men spoke of a living profit and were satisfied with a fair return on their investment. When protection ruled it was not a fair profit but what could be obtained under the tariff that determined the price. Old-fashioned honesty disappeared and class distinctions became apparent with appeals to workmen.

The protective tariff did not produce the prosperity expected. The John Elliott works in London, prosperous before that time did not long survive. It "clapped on all sail" and the North West falling to grow as expected, their product failed to find a market. There were others like the Masseys survived and became greater and more powerful than they would otherwise have been.

The opportunity to manufacture on a large scale benefited the manufacturer to the extent of the home market, but it was necessary to manufacture for export before the world-wide effect was produced. As long as the manufacturing was limited to home consumption the questions of capital and labor entered only to a limited extent.

Mr. King says "There are few pages in history sadder than the appalling misery which, in some countries has accompanied the transition from the hand system of industry to modern methods of manufacture." "No longer do men of limited means find it possible to reap large gains in isolated ventures. For one who succeeds a thousand fail. Demand is no longer local; supply is no longer local. Development has gone on and on from the day when locality competed with locality and industry with industry, to the present time, when markets are world markets and continent competes with continent."

To adjust the tariff of Canada today will require experience and knowledge with a world-wide vision far greater than at any previous time.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Transfer your toll to the toll, might be a useful Canadian slogan just now.

## SECRETS OF SOUND.

Professor W. H. Bragg told a war story in his lecture on the "World of Sound" at the Royal Institution, London, that will be new to most people. His friend, Dr. Richard Paget, had a wonderful facility for recognizing the number of vibrations per second in a note, especially when the note was heard under water, as in the case of that from the propeller of a submarine, and he had a no less wonderful way of using his gift. He would strip, said the professor, and get his head under water. Presently he would repeat humming a note, then the would tap his forehead with his finger and call out 256 or some such number. Now, it is extraordinarily difficult to recognize the exact pitch of a note without the help of a tuning-fork or instrument to compare it with. Dr. Paget needed nothing of the kind. When he tapped his forehead it always resounded to one note which he had ascertained with great accuracy. By comparing the note he was humming with the one sounding inside his head, he recognized its pitch, and his scientific knowledge enabled him to calculate at once the number of vibrations per second that caused it.

He spoke of the "superstition" that putting wires across a hall would prevent echoes. The best way to test the acoustic properties of a hall, he said, was to stand in the middle of it and clap one's hands. If the sound was sharp and ceased instantly, as it did in the theatre of the same such number, the hall would be perfect from a scientific standpoint. If the sound persisted for less than two seconds, it would be fairly good for speaking. For music a little longer might be allowed, but when the resonance lasted for twenty seconds, as it did in the octagonal hall of the Victoria and Albert Museum, both speaking and music would be impossible.

## From Here and There

### AN INSTRUMENT OF GOVERNMENT.

[Philadelphia Record.]  
Many men of prominence in this country have felt, although they have hesitated to express their opinions in print, that the churches now so actively engaged in furthering the cause of prohibition were regretting their course. This, in effect, is what Rabbi C. A. Rubenstein of the Har Sinai Temple, in Baltimore, said in his sermon of a few days ago: "Every man who has any religious belief in this country is the very bulwark of the law of the land, and that the church and the synagogue exist as a moral influence, not as a political agency. That is where the law lies. The church is being turned into an arm of the government—the old phenomenon with which history is familiar, where the church and state were combined."

### A LITTLE GIANT.

[Philadelphia Press.]  
The trivial thing seems important only when multiplied so often that it becomes gigantic. Thus, the average person going to a bank wonders why the bank makes such a fuss about one day's interest. To the individual, interest for a day is a trifle too microscopic to bother about. But when a bank has forty or fifty million dollars to deal with, interest becomes a thing of vaster concern than the League or Nations or next season's baseball schedule. So you will see a bank send a man to Chester to collect a check, to-day, that the bank would not have made to work today a messenger instead of letting a two-cent stamp do the work more slowly? Very likely. The wages of a messenger for an hour, plus the railway fare to Chester and back, may amount to \$5, but the interest saved foots up to more than \$15. There is your trifle grown to be a giant.

### BRITISH GOODS FOR CANADA.

The principal remedy suggested for the unfavorable exchange rate against Canada in the United States is curtailment of the purchase of American goods. It is of interest in this connection to note that attention is being given in Great Britain to what is held up as an opportunity for British manufacturers to secure a better market in the Canadian market in competition with their American rivals. The British have been losing ground in Canada for years. Forty years ago Canada bought 60 per cent of her imported goods from the United States. Today she buys more than 90 per cent from the United States as from the Mother Country.

In a series of articles in the Empire Mail, a periodical published in London largely in the interests of British trade, Mr. P. A. McKenzie, the well-known journalist and former London correspondent of the Ottawa Journal, is advising the British manufacturers that they will never again have as good an opportunity as they have today to improve their position in the Canadian market. After pointing out to the British the reason why the Americans have made such headway in Canada at their expense—proximity, similarity of interests and customs, and the demand for American products created by the advertising in American publications which circulate so widely in Canada being among the obvious ones—Mr. McKenzie urges that the British manufacturers should be induced to produce a few questions and answer them truthfully. All sin is contamination in my eyes, says Mr. McKenzie. "I do not raise a liar."

"Do you mean as you will glimpe them powder an' the lead, providin' I answer you them questions?" asked Broadbrook eagerly. "Yes I will do that," replied Smythe. "What I am anxious to secure is some information of the people among whom you live. Number of families in that lawless section, and all about the bunch. One of our kind already has been shot, and the one you call Abe. Any more? What's your first name—Joseph, ain't it?"

### MARS AND WIRELESS.

[Montreal Herald.]  
Major H. MacCallum, the superintending engineer for the Marconi system in Great Britain, believes that the Martians have picked up the Morse code used by wireless operators on this earth, and declares that in the messages which Marconi says are coming from another planet, the Morse code is actually being used, although no intelligible message can be picked up.

"Now, if they originate from the moon or from Mars," said Mr. MacCallum in an interview, "the question arises: Why do the messages come in the Morse code?" "Assuming that Mars, the more likely source, is inhabited, as many scientists, including Professor Lowell, believe it to be, there is a perfectly plausible explanation. I think the Martians are probably of a more advanced civilization than we are. They may have been working on wireless for hundreds of years. Given a sufficiently sensitive receiver, they may have picked up some of our messages in code and worked out the meaning of them. That is not at all far-fetched; we did the same thing with German messages during the war."

"If they have done this, it is almost certain they would work to a program and try to get into touch with the earth at regular intervals. This is a point on which careful investigations must be made and exact records kept before any definite conclusion can be said. We have not been looking out for such a program, and may have missed it so far."

The messages heard by Senator Marconi and others have been of equal strength in this country, in America and elsewhere, thus ruling away with the possibility of a practical joke being at work. It would be a comparatively easy matter to calculate if a message received at various far apart stations was the same one.

"The speed is 186,000 a second, and by sending out, say, the alphabet and noting the exact time of the dots and dashes at each end, any difference as little as a fraction of a second could be noted."

"To say that a wireless message from Mars could not reach the earth would be nonsense. Given a sufficiently powerful transmitter, distance is certainly to be overcome."

"It has not yet been done, but by means of directional wireless it is possible to tell the position of origin of messages transmitted within 100,000 miles of the earth."

It is agreed by almost all scientific men that if signals are coming from some point outside the earth, and if the signals really exist on the planet Mars, then there can be no doubt that living creatures of some kind, Mr. MacCallum believes, are the signals. If they have the skill and intelligence to construct the canals they could easily signal to the earth.

A diagram shows part of the surface of Mars with extraordinary markings, called canals, which have been portrayed by Professor Lowell and his assistants in the great observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona. There, perched on a lonely mountain-top, with dry air, perfect seeing, and equipped with one of the most powerful telescopes in the world, for twenty years constant watch has been maintained on this mysterious planet, waiting for something to appear.

The existence of the canals was long attributed to imagination, but in 1907 they were photographed, and have subsequently been photographed again with fair success. It was then said that there was no atmosphere on Mars, but in 1915 photographs of the Martian spectrum were taken, which showed water vapor there, and oxygen. It is therefore possible that the canals are what we see there of vegetation, the following watercourses, along which water is forced by some stupendous mechanical power.

To give some idea of the size of the canals, that of Oxia, 3,000 miles long—and longer than from Montreal to Vancouver.

At intervals in recent years, when Mars has been watched so carefully, observers have seen apparent flashes of blue light on it; and it has been suggested that flash signals have been being transmitted by the supposed Martians. The Harvard Observatory authorities in 1909 considered a plan of making return flash signals from a earth with a great system of mirrors.

But there are many mysteries about this planet, and one of the greatest is the extraordinary rapidity of the variations in the spots and the surface.

## LOVE OF THE WILD

BY ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### Of the Tribe of Broadbrook.

Mr. Smythe stood with his back to the fireplace, his long arms behind his back, with sharp elbows almost touching, and claw-like hands clasped together. He was getting cold, and cold, in the early dusk the two dozen grey shadows of Broadbrook looked greyer and lonelier than ever. Mr. Smythe glanced at the long clock near the door and then out of the smoky window, as pointed nose fairly sniffing the wind and his big ears fairly pointed forward in a listening attitude. The long figure of a man, half reclining on a pile of furs at the end of the counter, stirred and the substance of a quid of black tobacco hissed into the hickory coals, rising purposely close to the clasped hands of Broadbrook's general merchant. Mr. Smythe smiled with his thin lips and looked murder with his little weak eyes. Then he coughed.

"If you wish to make Bushwhackers' Place tonight," he said, addressing his tardy visitor, "you'd better be starting out now. I suggest a messenger for an hour, plus the railway fare to Chester and back, may amount to \$5, but the interest saved foots up to more than \$15. There is your trifle grown to be a giant."

"No response from the man on the furs, except another hiss in the coals. A check, to-day, that the bank would not have made to work today a messenger instead of letting a two-cent stamp do the work more slowly? Very likely. The wages of a messenger for an hour, plus the railway fare to Chester and back, may amount to \$5, but the interest saved foots up to more than \$15. There is your trifle grown to be a giant."

"Smell you, don't say? Well, Hank, as you call him, wants to keep out of my way. I've got a good Christian spirit, Broadbrook, but a nasty disposition in times of stress. I'll give you a try to mix in with me it's going to be right here."

"You don't much size to you to be callin' my draw the way you've been doin' it, murmured Broadbrook, who recoiled and a gun—one of the pistols he had in his hand—when he was telling it to me a time ago. I reckon I was right. You're a hard one."

"Dear friend," said Smythe, "this is a wild country, and it behooves us all to protect our fragile and oft-covering bodies from coming into contact with some more solid substance; but I held you a pistol in my hand when I told you to shut yourself and relatives just now. The fact is I fear firearms. I hate guns. Never fired off a gun in my life. Needless, I will not say that I was wholly unprepared, should you have shown a tendency to get on my nerves, I'll show you what I mean. Sambo!" he called softly.

"Open the door, please," said Broadbrook, and there stood Sam, the darkey, with a cocked rifle in his hands. "My friend," said Smythe, "this is a wild country, and it behooves us all to protect our fragile and oft-covering bodies from coming into contact with some more solid substance; but I held you a pistol in my hand when I told you to shut yourself and relatives just now. The fact is I fear firearms. I hate guns. Never fired off a gun in my life. Needless, I will not say that I was wholly unprepared, should you have shown a tendency to get on my nerves, I'll show you what I mean. Sambo!" he called softly.

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