

EDITORIAL

Getting Back to Form

A GENERAL election is now a certainty. For some weeks back we were not quite sure of this. Something was lacking. We talked of winning the war; on this everybody was agreed one way or another. Opinions seemed to differ only on technic. But how a genuine Canadian election could be conducted as a mere piece of technic was a mystery.

Now we understand. From the violence of speakers and editors and other people we begin to notice that a real characteristic Canadian fight is coming on. From the patriotic urbanities of a few months ago we have drifted into what seems likely to develop into a campaign of unmistakable frightfulness. We understand the vernacular. It sounds familiar.

But—we must confess that somebody has put the loud pedal on our campaigning. Abuse and vilification are everywhere. We are bandying the words "traitor" and "sedition" and "conspiracy" with a meaning that never before entered into those words. After mixing up our everyday political motives into the most bewildering mess we have ever tried to understand, we are now repenting of our self-restraint and our inability to call a spade a spade.

In short, we apparently intend to blacklist and blackguard one another as much as we may in a grand patriotic effort of both sides to win the war. Now that we have got certain measures passed, we intend to outdo our most violent vocabulary in proving why they were necessary in the common interest or why they were anti-patriotic conspiracies against the commonwealth.

All this we pretty well understand. There is to be a real national row. We intend to cut loose. No matter what heads are broken, we shall have the Donnybrook Fair. That's the way we have always interpreted a general election.

It was foolish to suppose that when nations at large are blackguarding one another we should let our political menagerie enact the drama of the lion and the lamb. If animosities rule the world, why not have a few of them ourselves? If democracy is to prove itself equal to any occasion, why not cut it loose? We have the men who can spit and snarl and show their teeth. Let us put them in the arena. In no other way can a general election during the war fit into the temper of the times. National unity—poor thing! the poets and philosophers can dream about her. But she is an awkward, docile old lady to take part in a real scrimmage. Let her be seated. We intend to get right up and disrupt. The times and the customs demand it. We have been suppressing ourselves too long. We have political characteristics based upon violence and vituperation. In a time like this, when nations are expressing themselves, let us play them up for all they are worth.

Yes, we are surely going to have an election.

Staging Up the Bond

FROM what we know of the national machinery created to sell the new war loan bonds we cheerfully admit that it's a well-organized piece of business. There is a reason for getting the support of the people now as never before in raising the money for this loan. The way to work out the reason was to get the business of this bond issue before the people as clearly as a man might go to look at a movie or a battalion on the street.

For the first time in our history a bond becomes a thing that the people can understand. All the reasons why this particular kind of bond is to take the front of the stage while others go to the wings and the rear are to be set forth in the biggest publicity campaign ever undertaken in Canada.

A publicity campaign of such a character and dimensions means mainly one thing: Organizing the Press.

Without the press, all the posters sufficient to carpet Saskatchewan would be of very little use in getting popular interest aroused in this bond issue. And the people's interest must be roused or the loan is comparatively a failure. We are asked to raise at

least \$150,000,000. Have we got it? We have been talking millions and billions for three years now. How can any Government seduce the people of Canada to part from \$150,000,000?

Popular interest is the only way. The people must be rallied to this bond issue as boys crowd to a circus. We have the money. We know where a huge pile of it has come from. We know where a lot of it goes to—in expenditure; some of it foolishly. Our exports have jumped. We know why and where the money came from to buy them. War sent the money here. We have got the money. The thing is to get as much of it as possible back to the nation in the form of a popular investment.

The Government through its finance department have undertaken to do this. They have organized the press. That includes the news and editorial and

NOW that Sir Robt. Borden, without any assistance from the Canadian Courier, has begun to reconstruct his Cabinet, the opinion of some of our readers on *Whom Does the Nation Need?* will be interesting to the rest of us. On another page we publish some of the replies already received.

And events are moving. They will yet move—and much faster. What this new War Cabinet will finally become no man can forecast as yet. Is it to include a War Council outside of the Cabinet? We are not told. But why not? Let the Government and the Opposition go to the country on any economic or other tickets they choose to adopt. Let the people elect the next Government as a civil administration body with a Cabinet chosen from the ranks of the party then in power—as usual. This Cabinet could transact the ordinary business of the country.

The war business could better be carried on by a National Cabinet of, say, five men. These men would be chosen by the Government from both parties, from within or outside of Parliament, with particular reference only to the executive ability and war enthusiasm of every member.

Thus we should have a combination of party government for civil business responsible to Parliament in the regular way, and a National Government for war business, responsible to Parliament by being either members of the Commons or the Senate.

This is one way of organizing a National Government. There are others. In any case it is important to *Get Out The Men*. Send along your choice. Who knows but you may pick a great public servant?

feature and picture pages, and all departments of the same; includes the advertising pages organized through the advertising agencies acting in concert through a central committee. Between the publicity programme and the actual selling of the bonds the brokers have been organized, also through a committee. They will conduct an auxiliary campaign to that of the press. And the whole publicity is merged under the management of the Canadian Press Association, which has set out to make use of every daily, weekly, monthly—except some of the class papers—every woman's paper and woman's section, every farm and religious paper; in fact, every sort of publication known in this country.

If this kind of organized popular interest drive can't get the \$150,000,000 minimum transferred from ordinary to extraordinary and better forms of investment, then the thing might as well be relegated to the age of Miracles or Hercules.

A FILM entitled "Birth" was given in a certain Canadian city a week or so ago. It was advertised for women only. Much speculation by husbands and others—what might it be? The

wives went. They are wiser now. But not so much as they expected. Something happened to that film. It was expurgated into a nursery clinic. In its original form it contained features never before dreamed of as film drama in this country. It passed the censor as an educational film. But the management of the hall objected. They demanded an elimination. The film people finally consented, remarking that now the exclusive features were all out the men might as well be admitted. On second thought it was decided to exclude the men, for fear the show might be considered to be lacking in the element of mystery.

Evidently all the devious psychology is not confined to Germany.

Third Degree for Northcliffe

A FEW years ago the late W. T. Stead, after addressing the Toronto Press Club, planted himself on one chair, his feet on another, and said:

"Now boys, come and see how a great interviewer is interviewed."

It was his challenge to all and sundry of the newspapermen present, and no doubt was partly a joke. A few days ago Lord Northcliffe, travelling from Rochester, N.Y., to Toronto, had his private car invaded by a reporter from Toronto. In the 39 miles and 45 minutes from Hamilton to Toronto the greatest organizer of publicity in the world consented to answer questions. In so doing he had a real mental experience. So had the reporter who travelled 40 miles and spent an hour of Pinkerton manoeuvring to corral in his private car the highest common factor of the Allies to the United States. The head and foot work of the reporter in finding him at Hamilton so interested the great newspaperman who used to be a reporter himself that he answered the following higher catechism without a word of criticism or complaint:

Is Canada going to get her share of munition contracts in the future?

Is there any reason for believing that Lord Kitchener is alive?

Who are the peace advocates in Great Britain? Are they numerous, and what do they suggest?

Is there anything in the allegation that the Northcliffe papers have minimized the achievements of the Canadians in Flanders?

What are labour conditions likely to be after the war in Great Britain?

To all these categorical queries the noble lord made cordial and explicit answers. Which leads us to believe that he must have been rather complimented by the pertinacity of the reporter in bearding the lion in his private car. And we should like to wager that when the reporter finally got his hand grenades all into the Northcliffe trench without a boomerang he felt like dropping into one of those defunct wayside taverns down near the Union Station just to have a reviving snifter.

Bad Habits From Toronto

A WESTERN correspondent who sometimes contributes to this paper sends the editor greetings as follows:

Have you ever been west of the lakes, or is Toronto sufficient to you? Once upon a time, Toronto was my post-office; but I am trying hard to live it down. I came out here expecting to find sombreros and chaps—also a peculiarly Western line of profanity—and found a young city that derives most of its bad habits from Toronto.

Six days in the week we hustle to make a living; on Sundays, our wives put us in long-tailed blacks and silk hats, and insist that we go to church. I am sorry to admit it, but Winnipeg is much like Toronto; nowhere in the West have I been able to find the romantic dare-deviltry I had read about—in Toronto.

As to that the editor of this paper can only say—that when he was a citizen of Edmonton seventeen years ago certain newly arrived ladies wore gloves and parasols on the street, when jack-rabbits warren in the poplars on the corner lots, when the Presbyterian and Anglican choirs each tried to out-sing the other on high-class anthems, and when all the swallowtails in town turned out one night to hear Albani and her troupe at a cost of \$1,000. And none of these bad habits, so far as could be observed, was in imitation of Toronto.