

I have known that personally. When it comes back from the war, our youth, after waging military battles, will have to wage social fights. Will it be able to regain the lost ground? Youth does not lack ideal; its ideal, propped, developed and fostered by its elders and its government, would become the faith which moves mountains. On the other hand, if we neglect youth, will it be capable, without help, of facing the hard struggles of the future? Will it be able to create a home and believe in happiness if, when it attempts to make its way through a mode of life more difficult than ever, this youth is not convinced that it still has retained its place under the sun? If the powers of the day disregard it altogether, will the youth that withstood the brunt of this war be able to come back to the homes it had temporarily left with the same bright hopes it had formerly nourished? Will it ever be able to dismiss from its mind the thought that in twenty or twenty-five years, through the stupid ambitions of men, the children it will bring forth in this world may again become the new victims of war and of all its miseries? Will youth be able to settle down to work if it lacks an ideal? Will it be able to create one if its soul remains downhearted? Discouragement leads to disgust; and disgust unavoidably opens the way to chaos.

Youth will also be angry when it comes out of this war. To a greater extent than any other class of society, laws will have affected it. It will have borne the weight of the mobilization act; the intricacies of selective service, rendered unrelenting throughout a series of sinister improvements, transformed the youth into an object to be handled, and this is a very serious error for democracy. When youth belonged to a category callable to the colours, it was automatically refused any position. After weeks of moral tossing around, it was compelled to enlist. For those who were too young to be called up, there were still no jobs. Instead of acquiring this happy mentality resulting from work honestly secured, they are more or less compelled to earn their living through means which are not always commendable. Neglected, paralysed, baffled, turned down, dismissed, banned, hunted down, youth has become panic-stricken. Instead of breathing the pure atmosphere of the nation, it has absorbed, day after day, vexations—a poison which directly breeds dissatisfaction.

Will it be surprising if youth comes out of this war angry? Angry against what? Angry against everything. Angry against whom? Angry against everyone. First of all, against the authorities. Against the arrogance of its superior officers in the army. Against the insolence of the bureaucrats. Against capi-

talism—the shady kind—which has been taking advantage of its sacrifices and sufferings. It is said that to-morrow will see the most considerable evolution of history. I believe it. But if this evolution does not give those who have suffered the benefits of their devotion, I may say this: add one letter to this magical word "evolution" and you have the worst of all human evils: "revolution".

Some will smile at my fears. I know I am not mistaken. Youth demands back, for to-morrow, its just and recognized place in society. It says: "You are preparing plans of social security; but, in those projects, have you thought of me who waged this war or who has suffered from this war?" Youth says: "You are planning wide material projects which will add to the assets of the nation and supply work for everyone; but did you think of reserving a place for me, the best asset of the country?" It says: "Progress would connect the world with airlines in which Canada will be an important link; did you think of me, the indispensable link to the continuation of life in this country?" It says: "You vote estimates to engrave in marble the heroic deeds and the known heroes of this war; did you think of me, the obscure hero of the war who, to-morrow, will still be the obscure labourer in the renovation of the country?" It says: "You are talking about peace; you are studying measures which will secure it; I want peace, because more than any other class of society, I hate and curse war. You want the Atlantic charter to be the foundation of a new order of justice and human intelligence; are you aware that peace throughout the world rests on the motion of peace which every nation cultivates within its own boundaries? Shall we have peace if the rights of everyone are not recognized in this country, if my own rights are ignored?"

Youth says: "You are willing to assist other nations by throwing your doors open to immigration, by appealing to the great laws of humanity; have you the right to do so; have you the right to even think of doing it before I, who bore the brunt of the war, who suffered from the war, have found in this country, which is my own, the work, security and happiness to which I am entitled?"

Youth says: "You have voted billions to help Great Britain and the united nations finance their war effort; you have voted fantastic amounts to create instruments of war which I have handled; you have voted very large sums of money to set up a series of commissions, a few of which were severely condemned after leading the unfair life of parasites; shall I not be entitled to the con-