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CANADA'S "EFFECTIVE VOICE" IN FOREIGN POLICY

Discussing Canada's obligations under the so-called Treaty of Sevres, the Ottawa Journal points out that neither the Canadian people nor their representatives in Parliament have any active interest left alone any effective voice in the control of the foreign policy of the Empire.

"Since the Armistice," says the Journal, "the Canadian Government and Parliament have been committing this country to treaties of the most vital far-reaching consequence, without deliberation, reflection, or discussion. Take, as an illustration, the Treaty of Sevres. How many Canadians knew, previous to last week-end, that Canada was signatory to that treaty? How many realized that this Treaty was not only signed on behalf of Canada by Sir George Perley, but that, less than three months ago, it received the sanction of Parliament? How many of those who knew that it was a party to the Treaty, understood the obligations involved?"

As a matter of fact the "Treaty" of Sevres commits us to nothing, as has already been pointed out, notwithstanding the public pronouncements of eminent statesmen and leading daily papers. But this does not in any way affect the moral to be drawn from the pen-picture the Ottawa Journalist draws of the scene described below:

"Try to picture what took place in the House of Commons on June 24th last. It is three days before prorogation. The House is hot and listless; most of the members have their indemnity checks in their pockets; Progressives have their Crow's Nest Pass rates to take back West with them; everybody wants to go home. Mr. King, congratulating himself that the end is near, is cleaning up odds and ends of the session. Presently, and with an air of passing an estimate for an extra messenger, he introduces 'An Act for carrying into effect the Treaties of Peace between His Majesty and Hungary and Turkey.' Not ten of those in a thinned House are listening to what he is saying. Mr. Meighen, usually vigilant, does not even think it worth his while to ask a question. Mr. Crerar, apparently impressed with the idea that the measure was a debt-collecting instrument, simply asked: 'Are we likely to get anything out of Turkey?' And thus, without deliberation, without intelligent discussion, without a moment of examination, Parliament sanctioned an obligation to defend with blood and treasure the straits which today are menaced by Moslem cannon."

Had the proposed Treaty of Sevres gone into effect we might have been thus stupidly involved in far-reaching obligations. The Journal thus concludes its caustic comment:

"The nation ought to see to it that such tragic trifling is done with. It ought to see to it that our claims and professions of status and nationhood are something more than a sham. It ought to compel some more real and effective means of co-operation with London on questions of foreign affairs. And, lastly, it ought to see to it that it is not involved in treaties without reflection or discussion by politicians who do not know whether the Dardanelles are straits or harems. Failing this, the signing of treaties by our Government, and their ratification by our Parliament, becomes nothing but childish play-acting, a grotesque farce, calculated to arouse no world emotion other than contemptuous mirth."

Had we not better be done with all this "flummery"? If we must go through the motions of ratifying Imperial treaties then we should do so with Mr. Fielding's reservation that nothing therein contained should impair the full autonomous authority of the

Canadian Parliament in dealing with Canadian action or interest. It is folly to think that Canada can have any effective voice in British diplomacy.

The British Government controls absolutely British foreign policy; and it is responsible solely to the British Parliament which in turn is responsible only to the people of Great Britain. Canada's childish "play-acting" in ratifying Great Britain's treaties may be only "flummery," but then it may not be a safe form of amusement.

If and while Canada asserts and maintains her full traditional right of self-government her voice in imperial affairs will be effective, for then it will not be assumed that a farce such as the Journal so graphically depicts could commit Canada to irrevocable obligations. On the specious pretext of reaching a higher national status we must beware of surrendering the essentials of self-government.

THE GOOD SEED BEARS FRUIT

At the forty-second triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, held in Portland, the Right Rev. Edwin S. Lines, Bishop of Newark, N. J., delivered a sermon in which he courageously and sanely dealt with the industrial and social unrest, its causes, and its remedies.

One is struck with the germinating of the good seed sown by Leo XIII. in his immortal encyclical "On the Condition of the Working Classes" in this and many other pronouncements by men outside the fold of which Leo was Chief Shepherd.

Bishop Lines said in part: "No one can see the way in which our great cities have grown up with their homes of luxury and extravagance, waste and selfish comfort at one end, and mean streets and comfortless houses and indecent conditions at the other end of the town, without feeling that it is semi-paganism rather than Christianity."

"The Church must make its own the cause of the underprivileged people, of those who are in hard places in life, of those upon whom the existing social and industrial order presses heavily, while it must stand against injustice and unfairness on both sides."

Again he pleads for the poor and heavily burdened: "The Church is suffering today from too close association with those high in authority and in prosperity, while less considerate for the great majority for whom life is one unending struggle, often with little hope, often in poverty. We have not measured yet the meaning of Our Lord's compassion on the great multitude."

Over thirty years ago in his great Encyclical that has gradually permeated all sociological thought Leo wrote:

"All agree, and there can be no question whatever, that some remedy must be found, and found quickly, for the misery and wretchedness pressing at this moment on the vast majority of the working classes." "For the ancient workmen's guilds were abolished in the last century, and no other organization took their place. The mischief has been increased by rapacious usury which, though more than once condemned by the Church, is still practised under a different guise by covetous and grasping men."

"A small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the poor a yoke little better than slavery itself."

This ringing denunciation of un-Christian industrial conditions sounded a note seldom heard thirty years ago; but it has brought forth fruit an hundred fold.

Bishop Lines in the course of his sermon said:

"It is a subject for rejoicing that an increasing number of intelligent business men are endeavoring in a Christian way to solve industrial difficulties, seeing the other man's point of view, and giving it consideration. We will rejoice that labor is no more thought of as a mere commodity by right-minded business men, and that human welfare is counted more than the value of property, and that the remedy for the world's ills is recognized as moral and spiritual rather than economic."

At a time when it was an accepted doctrine that the price of labor

like that of any other commodity should be regulated by the economic law of supply and demand Pope Leo insisted on human dignity and human rights, and characterized the law of supply and demand as applied to human labor as "shameful and inhuman."

"With respect to their souls, all men are equal," wrote the great Pope, "there is no difference between rich and poor, master and servant, ruler and ruled. . . . no man may outrage with impunity that human dignity which God Himself treats with reverence, nor stand in the way of that higher life which is the preparation for the eternal life of heaven. Religion teaches the employer that their work-people are not to be accounted their bondsmen. . . . and that it is shameful and inhuman to treat men like chattels to make money by, or to look upon them as so much muscle or physical power."

Here Leo protests with all the power of his divine office, with all the conviction of his Christian soul against the commonly accepted principle that the law of supply and demand should determine human wages just as it determines that of any other commodity that is bought and sold.

Now it is commonplace to hear the self-same idea expressed as something new, though it is as old as Christianity and found only a new application in Leo's great Letter.

At the Peace Conference in Paris the labor representatives protested vigorously against the ruthless "economic law" that regards human labor as a commodity. President Wilson on his return in a message to Congress said: "Labor must not be longer treated as a commodity. It must be regarded as the activity of human beings, possessed of deep yearnings and desires."

"Deep yearnings and desires" is pitifully weak compared with Leo's basis for human dignity, human worth, and human rights.

But in all such pronouncements we see the germinating and fruition of the seed that Leo in his great encyclical sowed on all sorts of ground throughout the world.

WHAT THEY ARE DOING

The Antigonish Casket tells us what the last graduates of St. Francis Xavier's University College are now doing. Four of them are in Seminaries preparing for the priesthood; seven are engaged as teachers; two are law students; one is in training as a dentist; one is employed in survey work; one goes for graduate course to the Catholic University, Washington; and one is in the Technical School of Boston.

It would be much more interesting if we had similar lists from all the Canadian Catholic Colleges. The number of Antigonish students who took up teaching is remarkable. Not all of these have definitely decided to continue in the educational career; but in Ontario it is rarely we find so large a proportion of graduates go into teaching at all. This is in part due to the fact that so many High Schools and Collegiates in Ontario are reluctant to engage Catholics as teachers, but principally to the prospect of greater remuneration in their careers. The latter reason points to the probability that too many of our young men fail to ask themselves: In what career can we best serve our fellow-men? The question each of them seems rather to put to himself is: Which career can I get most out of for myself?

It is becoming difficult, for instance, to find enough qualified teachers to appoint as Separate School Inspectors. Money is far from being the only remuneration that should be sought in the choice of a career. Not only is there the great object of service to others, as instanced in the call to the priesthood; there is also the abiding satisfaction of using one's powers and attainments in the particular work for which one is best fitted.

ERRATUM

In last week's article, "Canada's Status with Regard to War," the second last paragraph should have read:

The French colony of Senegal, which unquestioningly furnishes a large proportion of black troops to France, must not be considered as furnishing also the model status for a "sister nation" in the British Commonwealth.

LABOR BANKS AND LOAN COMPANIES

By THE OBSERVER

I saw an item in one of the papers the other day, to the effect that Wall Street had just raised an immense sum of money to finance the Federal Land Banks. That is satisfactory as far as it goes; but the writer went on to remark that the farmers are in the habit of complaining of the financial system, that it did not afford them enough accommodation in financing their requirements, and that they found it hard to secure the funds needed for their operations.

Some people seem to imagine that there is some monopoly of finance, as there is sometimes supposed to be in shopkeeping; a monopoly of a natural kind which cannot be interfered with going up against unbending and unchangeable natural laws, and consequently meeting with inevitable defeat. There is not any monopoly of banking, any more than there is of the selling of groceries. There are certain wise and prudent laws made for the regulation of banking, to the end that the people who put their money in banks may be protected. A bank must have a certain amount of capital paid up; must keep its financial condition up to a certain standard; must be open to government inspection; must keep within certain bounds in the transaction of its business; and any persons who are willing to submit to those laws, and who can put together the requisite amount of money, can get a charter to do a banking business.

As a matter of fact, very little of the business of a bank is done with the sums of money that are paid in at its first beginnings as its capital. A bank does business with the money of its customers. A common misapprehension exists that when John Brown or John Jones puts some money on deposit in a bank, that money remains his money; the very same money he paid in at the bank window. That is not so; if it were, the bank could not lend that money to the next man who came along; it would have to put it carefully away till John Brown or John Jones came back to get it again. The legal situation is this,—John Brown and John Jones have loaned the bank some money; and the bank owes them the amount plus whatever interest the bank has promised to pay them for the use of it. The money is payable to John Brown or John Jones on demand; not the same exact notes or silver money that they paid in; but only the same amount, with interest.

That being the case, the bank is free to use that money in the meantime the way that the law allows a bank to use money; the same as a private citizen can use in any way he likes a sum of money he has borrowed from his neighbor; only the bank has less freedom in that regard than a private individual has; for a bank is governed by laws made to ensure that the customers will not be left mourning when they come back to demand their money.

I go into this detail, because, if you ask the man in the street about the matter you will be surprised how little the public, familiar as they are with banks, have ever taken the trouble to learn about banks and banking. Now, the point I want to make today about this matter of banking business, is this: There is no monopoly of that business; neither a natural nor a legal monopoly. There is no reason at all why the people who supply banks with the money to finance railways, tramways, business enterprises of every sort and kind, should not undertake to do their own banking; in other words, the co-operative principle is as suitable and applicable to banking business as it is to any other kind of business. No doubt there is necessary for safe and sound banking a very special sort of training and education; but has any class a monopoly of education or training of any sort, however special? Surely not.

There is a natural association between banks and loan companies; they are different developments of the business of loaning money. And there is no monopoly of either the one or the other. It would be, of course, the height of folly for any group of men to rush into either the business of banking or that of loaning money for building, without knowing what they were about. A bank or a loan company is managed by a few men who have been trained to that work; and the

experience of generations of predecessors in the same business has been put at their disposal in the course of that training. The obvious thing for co-operative banks or loan companies to do, would be to engage the services of men who have had such training; and to place under them young men to be trained to take their places; just as is now done in banks and loan companies.

There is one advantage that banks and loan companies have which co-operative banks and loan companies might not have at the beginning; that is the services of a board of directors, men who have had a long experience in general business affairs; though not, usually, in the active service of exactly similar institutions. In the interest of the shareholders, some supervision of the salaried managers will be needed; and in the bank or loan company, as at present constituted, this supervision is given by the board of directors. There might be in some cases, or for a time, some difficulty in getting the services of competent directors to superintend the work of the managers; but that is not at all an insuperable obstacle. In the world of business, much can be bought for money; and the best and most honest men in the world are always to be found ready to give good service for good pay.

As a matter of fact, banks as at present constituted, are very largely run by the salaried managers; and without any constant interference by boards of directors.

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Frank admission that be that origin what it may it has now foresworn all claim to be a teaching church. The distinction in things moral, he says, "is a matter for the State and not for the Church." We were aware that the Church of England had long ceased to teach doctrine, but have continued to labor under the delusion that she still exercised some supervision over the morals of her people. Provost Seager, if we read him aright, says this is none of her affair.

CANON HAGUE says that, in all the moral questions of the day the English Church's position is definite and clear. We presume that if interrogated he would say the same of her dogmatic beliefs. And yet every shade of belief and disbelief is embraced within its folds, from the undisguised agnosticism of Bishop Hensley Henson to the most advanced ritualism of the "Association for Corporate Re-union" or the "Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament." And, notwithstanding the bald puritanism of Canon Hague it should not be forgotten that "Mass" is said, without let or hindrance in more than one Anglican church in Ontario. Of ritualistic goings-on in England it is not necessary to speak.

VISITORS to London will have become familiar with the metal tablets placed on numerous houses throughout the metropolis stating that this or that celebrity once lived there. To those already existing another is likely to be added in years to come bearing the inscription, "Here lived Pius XI." The house thus honored is the Cenacle Convent, Stamford Hill, where the Holy Father sojourned for some time on his visit as Father Ratti to London many years ago. An echo of this visit was heard when Archbishop Biondi, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, while on a visit to London presented to the Sisters a special letter and bronze medal from the Pope thanking them for their hospitality of other days.

Professor Walker understood his class. As a natural result his class understood Professor Walker. If he praised his boys, which he wasn't a bit ashamed to do, or if he blamed them, which he did rapidly and efficiently, ninety-nine times out of a hundred the boys would see there was a reason for it. Results were plentiful.

But of course there came times when results were ragged. Heavy slums in early fall and late spring forced the Professor into using tactics he didn't particularly relish—namely, strategy. And this was the one time out of a hundred his boys did not see the reason for the Professor's movements—until, say, a year or two afterward. Then they used to admit, with a kind of plaintive humor, that "Walker was some strategist."

It seemed so simple, too, his method. An example: One day, just after the first quarterly exams had revealed a frightful condition of mental rheumatics in his class, Professor Walker came into class wearing what the romance writers call an "illuminated smile." It was a smile which, while indicating that its owner fully realized the desperate condition of affairs, also revealed that he had suddenly hit upon a complete solution—a sun-coming-from-behind-the-clouds effect. It took the class off guard. They had expected him to enter in a Hamlet's soliloquy mood, with perhaps an added dash of King Lear in the storm scene, and they had braced themselves for the worst. But his entrance.

Artless as the air And candid as the skies, knocked them right back of the knee joints. They sagged heavily. The professor spoke. "Boys, we are about to begin the second quarter of the school year, and I wish here to call your attention to a branch we have woefully neglected during the past two months, and that is—"

"Greek!" said Al Thompson, in a weary voice. "Mathematics!" groaned Tom Alberts and Bill McDermott, whose marks hovered around the freezing point in geometry.

"What? Reading!" came from a dozen boys, striking attitudes after the manner of actors in the denouement of a melodrama. The class writhed in agony, partly real.

If there is one thing more than another that a boy—or, for that matter, anybody else—hates, it is to be lectured upon reading. It really is taking an unfair advantage to unroll before anyone the vasty deep of books, to stand him alone there on the shore, forcibly to adjust his head photographer-fashion, until he can't miss seeing the horrible welter, and then to stand beside him and to say, "Look there, ignorance!" Every one of those books becomes a family skeleton which he would like to forget but isn't allowed to. "He is caught in a state of red-handed stupidity, and branded 'Defective' on his forehead with an annihilating distinctness."

A boy, in particular, regards a list of books with the same cheerfulness that he shows in contemplating a row of headstones in a graveyard, and dubs a lecture on reading "highbrow stuff," which means that it is open to suspicion and very likely contempt.

But Professor Walker did not plan either a lecture or a list of books. He simply waited at the desk, and he waited not in vain. "Professor," said Steve Pomeroy. (Steve was the "cool boy" of the class, upon whom the others depended to put forth a smooth, even argument in a crisis.) "This isn't the time to hit us on reading." (Murmurs of approval from the class.) "We're in an awful fix right now." (A low moan from the class.) "We've all got to make up after exams. There's a row of us went down in Latin." (Explanations in sections of the class.) "And think of those funks in Greek!" "Oh!" from the class.) "And the way we were bowled over in Mathematics!" "Ah!" from the class.) Besides, a lot of us are weak in branches. We want to come back, and we haven't the time for extras now."

"No time, no time!" echoes the class. Professor Walker heard Steve through, and didn't notice the echoes at all. Flippidly he took the cue furnished by the sufferers. "On the contrary, Steve," (Professor Walker called his boys by their first names, which made them feel comfortable, even in their misery.) "on the contrary, it is the very time to talk about reading. You want to do better, to 'come back,' as you put it; to advance where you have been retreating, or to go faster where you have been doing well. How will you do this? By following the law for all advance; namely, by going more than the work that is absolutely required. In a game of baseball you don't absolutely have to make more than one base on a two-base hit. The umpire won't call you out for staying at first base, but the team and the crowd will call you worse than out if you try it. In football you don't have to make more than ten yards to keep the ball. But if you went your ten yards and then, gently placing the ball on the chalkline, waited for the other team to come up and shake hands with you, imagine what the young ladies waving pennants in the grand stand would think of you!

"Columbus didn't have to discover America, Steve; but he did extra work, and so achieved what he actually wanted to achieve. So with your mind. The class has partially lost it, according to their own confession. We shall rediscover it by going in for all the Latin, mathematics, and the rest, plus something which I name to be English Reading. We've simply got to do the first, and the only way to be sure of it is by adding on the second."

"Oh, now he's going to make us wade through a lot of that highbrow stuff!" wailed Teddy Quinn, in a piercing aside. "Well, suppose even that," the Professor said, answering the wail. "As long as one doesn't get in over one's ears—"

"Quinn'll never get in over his ears," interjected Ted's particular friend, Tom Campion. "Ah, cancel it!" retorted Quinn.

"Latin!" wailed a chorus in the corner, who had offered as a class yell "What's the use of Latin?" The Professor went on again: "And that is—good English reading."

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"Latin!" wailed a chorus in the corner, who had offered as a class yell "What's the use of Latin?" The Professor went on again: "And that is—good English reading."

"What? Reading!" came from a dozen boys, striking attitudes after the manner of actors in the denouement of a melodrama. The class writhed in agony, partly real.

If there is one thing more than another that a boy—or, for that matter, anybody else—hates, it is to be lectured upon reading. It really is taking an unfair advantage to unroll before anyone the vasty deep of books, to stand him alone there on the shore, forcibly to adjust his head photographer-fashion, until he can't miss seeing the horrible welter, and then to stand beside him and to say, "Look there, ignorance!" Every one of those books becomes a family skeleton which he would like to forget but isn't allowed to. "He is caught in a state of red-handed stupidity, and branded 'Defective' on his forehead with an annihilating distinctness."

A boy, in particular, regards a list of books with the same cheerfulness that he shows in contemplating a row of headstones in a graveyard, and dubs a lecture on reading "highbrow stuff," which means that it is open to suspicion and very likely contempt.

But Professor Walker did not plan either a lecture or a list of books. He simply waited at the desk, and he waited not in vain. "Professor," said Steve Pomeroy. (Steve was the "cool boy" of the class, upon whom the others depended to put forth a smooth, even argument in a crisis.) "This isn't the time to hit us on reading." (Murmurs of approval from the class.) "We're in an awful fix right now." (A low moan from the class.) "We've all got to make up after exams. There's a row of us went down in Latin." (Explanations in sections of the class.) "And think of those funks in Greek!" "Oh!" from the class.) "And the way we were bowled over in Mathematics!" "Ah!" from the class.) Besides, a lot of us are weak in branches. We want to come back, and we haven't the time for extras now."

"No time, no time!" echoes the class. Professor Walker heard Steve through, and didn't notice the echoes at all. Flippidly he took the cue furnished by the sufferers. "On the contrary, Steve," (Professor Walker called his boys by their first names, which made them feel comfortable, even in their misery.) "on the contrary, it is the very time to talk about reading. You want to do better, to 'come back,' as you put it; to advance where you have been retreating, or to go faster where you have been doing well. How will you do this? By following the law for all advance; namely, by going more than the work that is absolutely required. In a game of baseball you don't absolutely have to make more than one base on a two-base hit. The umpire won't call you out for staying at first base, but the team and the crowd will call you worse than out if you try it. In football you don't have to make more than ten yards to keep the ball. But if you went your ten yards and then, gently placing the ball on the chalkline, waited for the other team to come up and shake hands with you, imagine what the young ladies waving pennants in the grand stand would think of you!

"Columbus didn't have to discover America, Steve; but he did extra work, and so achieved what he actually wanted to achieve. So with your mind. The class has partially lost it, according to their own confession. We shall rediscover it by going in for all the Latin, mathematics, and the rest, plus something which I name to be English Reading. We've simply got to do the first, and the only way to be sure of it is by adding on the second."