

The Conquest of Canada

(By Lewis Wharton)

"So were we overcome by guile whom neither ten years of war nor a thousand ships could conquer."—Virgil's "Aeneid."

It is well known how the Greeks, after ten years of siege and failure to take Troy by direct attack, succeeded in inducing the Trojans to allow a huge wooden horse to enter their city, this horse being, in fact, filled with Greek soldiery. Later, when night had fallen, these soldiers came from their hiding places into a city "buried in sleep and wine." Then, having surprised and cut down the sentries, they opened the gates of the city to their comrades—and the rest was easy.

Surely something very similar is happening to Canada at the present time? And the conquest threatened is that of the mind—a far more serious thing than a victory over the body. Wherever we look, our visions are perpetually assailed by the thoughts and hysterical extravagances of our neighbors to the south. Their books fill our bookstores; their magazines (many violently anti-British) snigger, bellow or bleat at us from our news stands almost to the exclusion of our own and British periodicals, and many of them are so studiously pornographic as to constitute a standing source of corruption.

The "American" (apparently Canada does not count as part of America) viewpoint is everywhere forced upon us and a perpetual paean in praise of things "American" assails our eyes and ears, however unwilling those organs may be. An orgy of sex problems and countless pictures of foolish, unbridled youth scream at us from their advertisements and bill-boards and cannot fail to stimulate in many highly undesirable ideas and aspirations. Less dangerous is the extensive use of their text-books in our schools, colleges and universities.

Their flags wave at us from our moving-picture screens; their cartoons meet us everywhere, the careers of our own artists being thereby hindered or ruined. The intellectual standard of these cartoons is at once an appalling commentary on the average standard of intelligence in the United States, and a bitter reproach to our own. The vulgarity, poverty of invention and the lack of anything remotely resembling humour in most of them is fearful and wonderful and many would seem to be part of definite propaganda against the English. The only Englishman who ever appears in them (presumably the typical "Englishman" to "American"

eyes) is the semi-imbecile gentleman with virulent check pants and Dundreary whiskers. It is interesting but painful to speculate on what would happen if a British or Canadian flag was shown in a moving picture in the United States, or a cartoon, studiously offensive to that country, was displayed in one of their cities.

In fact, Canada seems to be fast selling its most precious birthright, its nationality, for a mess of pottage. A birthright which has not been sanctified at the international bargain coun-

ter nor by the legalized swindling of the market place—but in the only way that such a birthright can be sanctified, by years of grief and agony and by the shedding of much precious blood.

All this, apparently, is to count for nothing. Let Canada take heed in time, for the Trojan horse is even now within our gates. Those hidden within it are warriors of the tongue and cheque book, who come out singly and quietly mingle with the throng, obtaining their desires by subterfuge and by waving dollars before greedy eyes. Yet the greatest authority on ethics has said: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" And the same is true of nations.

Give The Canadian Author a Chance

(By M. Eugenie Perry, Victoria, B.C.)

The well-known fact that Canada has a larger trade, per capita, than any country in the world, should surely cause the heart of every loyal Canadian to glow with pride. But having reached this enviable position in regard to matters commercial, might Canada not, now, rest on her hard-won financial laurels, and turn her attention to making herself equally successful in the world of art? To achieve that, more encouragement must certainly be given to her artists—painters, musicians, writers—than has hitherto been accorded.

If not only the Canadian Government, but the Canadian people as a whole, were to set their minds to this problem, it is quite probable that within a few years a writer might be able to remain in Canada and make a living by his pen.

Among the people who might help very materially in bringing about this happy state of affairs, are the owners and editors of the big daily newspapers which, on account of their immense circulation admittedly form an important medium for the education of the populace, and therefore might easily help to cultivate a taste for Canadian literature.

But there is a more immediate and substantial way in which the Canadian newspapers might help the Canadian author. One wonders how many Canadian newspaper readers realize how many millions of dollars annually go out of Canada in payment for material which might easily be duplicated, or exceeded in excellence, at home. The comic or colored strips alone run into unbelievable sums.

There is one line in which the Canadian newspaper editor has really be-

gun to open his heart to Canadian material, and that is the article—personal, topical, or geographical—now appearing in increasing numbers in the big week-end editions.

The manager of a syndicate which last year made a real effort to sell a number of Canadian short stories, reported that on a trip right across Canada he had placed not one short story. He had sold thousands of dollars worth of other material, but not one short story. Doesn't that seem appalling when one considers the amount of short fiction appearing continually in our newspapers? This syndicate did, later on, place a few Christmas stories, but so few that it is doubtful if it will again handle this type of matter.

The market, it seems, is equally inhospitable in the case of Canadian serials. The editors claim that they can get profusely illustrated serials from across the line at a lower rate than from Canada, and also more suitable material.

Now, no one of average intelligence, who has read through an average specimen of serial in an average daily newspaper, will seriously contend that the average Canadian writer could not produce something quite as good. It may be that a particular technique is required for the production of this type of work; but must the serials be of this particular type? And even if so, isn't a Canadian as clever and adaptable as a man of any other race? Demand of him an article of a certain kind, and he'll probably say that if other people can make it, he can—and prove it.

Of course the editors are not entirely to blame. An editor has to make good if he is to continue to receive his salary from the man higher up—the owner. Consequently an editor's first consid-