



# EDITORIAL

her royalists would have made King of France two years ago. America knows him as head of the land that has struck the heart of the New World. Canada, ally of Belgium, big of size and little of stature side by side—wishes the hero king of Belgium many happy returns of the lion's day. But no more birthdays in war-time, Albert, if you please.

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## Scratch a Canadian

**A**LL indignation over German lies is now and forevermore out of season. The latest concerning the alleged outrages perpetrated by Canadian search officers on the sacred bodies and souls of the Bernstorff-Hatzfeldt party on board the Frederick VIII. at Halifax is too ridiculous to make any Canadian editor or heading-writer let his indignation boil over. These Germans are so accustomed to lying that they simply can't help it. The truth is not in them. They killed it long ago on the dear old Rhine. When a German editor can't invent a calumny he gets the colic. He doesn't like colic. Hence the calumny. Only the lies are always so infernally thick-headed. There's absolutely no art or finesse in German lying, except to the fag-bound German people who are always bamboozled by stupidities so long as they are malicious enough. A mere perversion of the truth is not enough to satisfy these Junkers. They require blue vitriol. Three years ago the Chancellor could dignifiedly justify the scrap of paper incident. He can do so no longer. The German hate, always an idiotic outbreak, since ever the Prussians twisted the doctrines of Nietzsche into a tissue of lies, has failed to do anything serious to England. It comes out now in a cat-suit at Canada, because Canada at Ypres blocked the blood-hunter's path to Calais. "They are cultured creatures indeed these transatlantic auxiliaries of our dear cousins on the other side of the Channel," says the editor of Zeitung am Mittag, "but they will be all the better for the German polish they are doomed to receive before our field-greys are through with them." Don't worry Herr Zeitung. We have made you good and mad on the battle-field. All you had to do to create the canard about Canadian inspectors insulting your holy Bernstorff was to recall a millionth part of what your own estimable officers did in Belgium and anywhere else they got a chance. We are not German enough this side of the water to play tit-for-tat with you. All we ask is to take our share of the tuck out of your field-greys on the battle-field. Meanwhile, you do not even make us indignant, because you are just a good people gone clean crazy, and so used to lying that you wouldn't recognize the truth unless it hit you a smack in the face.

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## Educating the Educated

**E**DUCATION in Canada continues to be a subject for the cloister. During the week of April 9, the Ontario Educational Association will meet in Toronto. Twenty years ago the editor of this paper attended some of these conclaves of learning. In those days Dr. J. A. McLellan used to empty the rooms of all other sections up at the old Normal School when he was announced to deliver an

oration on the Mathematics of Literature or the Essence of Compound Ignorance—Ignorance of Ignorance. No doubt the sessions of the O. E. A. in those days were far more academic than they are now. In fact there was no attempt to make them anything else. Only the inevitable Macreary-like performances of McLellan, the Ulsterite yearnings of good old "Tommy" Kirkland, the dispassionate psychological deliverance of Dr. Stanley Hall of Clark University—not forgetting the pedagogic chivalries of James L. Hughes—only such episodes as these prevented the O. E. A., or its equivalent in those days, from being a totally academic version of Pentecost.

The 1917 session at the University of Toronto seems to be much less academic in subject matter. We note this as part of the programme: The Bearing of the Ideals of the Belligerents in Education, by President Falconer; Democracy and Education, by Prof. Brett; La Bonne Entente, by Prof. Sissons; Science and Research in Canada, by Prof. A. B. Macallum; Fifty Years of Confederation, by Prof. Wrong; The War, Liberty and Democracy, by Prof. Milner; National Ideals in Education, by Dr. A. P. Coleman; Economic Factors in the History of Canada, by Prof. Skelton.

It will be seen at a glance that this is not a convention to discover anything whatever about education. The O. E. A. congress is a symposium. And of all deadly intellectual sins the symposium is one of the worst. We have no doubt all the gentlemen above mentioned will read papers or deliver addresses of monumental worth, clothed in the best of King's English. The positions they take will be incontrovertible. Anybody who takes notes of this symposium may come away a wiser and not necessarily a sadder man. But when it is all over the cause of Canadian education which is supposed to be the particular business of the Ontario Association, will be advanced about as much as one of those Canadian glaciers—so well known to Dr. Coleman—progresses in the same space of time.

President Falconer is as well able to discourse on a subject requiring four nouns, three particles and four prepositions to define as any other man in Canada. The subject is probably a good one. Its title is misleading. His address on a United Canada in Convocation Hall last week made such good reading that we have hope of the President being able to make even this formidable title mean something. But suppose that on the bulletin boards of Massey Hall or the Arena Gardens we should read this:

How Will Education Emerge From a World War? That depends a good deal upon the Ideals of the Belligerents. Hear President Falconer on this subject, Monday, April 9, at 10.30 a.m.

That would be, of course, a species of advertising, an art not practised by any respectable professor.

La Bonne Entente should be a timely subject. From our knowledge of his mentality, Prof. Sissons is well qualified to discuss it. But what has it to do with education? Will he draw the curtain and show his auditors darkest Quebec; or will he tell them that Ontario in trying to enforce Rule 17 is acting like an intolerant Prussian?

Who of course so well able to discourse on Science and Research in Canada as Prof. A. B. Macallum? This unimpassioned devotee of the microscope and modern organization has lately become identified with a move-

ment to co-ordinate colleges and factories in Canada by the laboratory route. What he has to say on this subject, if told with the impetus of experience, will not be lost on an intelligent audience. But if Prof. Macallum had this subject thrown up in moving pictures to an audience of 5,000 we can imagine even the Toronto Telegram taking some notice of it.

From that we are inappositely jolted into Fifty Years of Confederation by George Wrong, Professor of History. Another good man gone wrong. This, we take it, is not an historical congress, but an educational convention. What can all Prof. Wrong's knowledge of Fifty Years of Confederation have to do with Fifty Years of Mis-Education in Modern Canada? Prof. Wrong goes out a good bit among common worldly folk. He dines sometimes at the National Club and gets into electrical contact with Col. George Denison. He even writes for the press. Why should he not lift his voice to "noi polli" in the common synagogue, as his great father-in-law, Hon. Edward Blake, used to do when winning elections in Durham?

We leave this query with the learned Professor of History and pass on to War, Liberty and Democracy, by Prof. Milner. Now here is a breezy, club-fire academic of whose good qualities in common convocation we have abounding proof. Many years ago we knew Milner as the uncompromising Roman who set such stimulating papers in Latin. There was no doubt about the virility of those questions. And there is no doubt about the essential "punch" of the Professor whom we have since come to know personally. If he puts War, Liberty and Democracy on a lectern, however, and reads it in Convocation Hall, instead of bellowing it out as J. A. McLellan used to on the subject of compound ignorance, we promise to get up and leave the hall, slamming all the doors behind us.

With these trifling comments on the programme and the personnel of the occasion we have no doubt that the 1917 session of the Ontario Educational Association will go just as far in promoting the cause of education in Ontario or the whole of Canada as anything of that character would in a place like Convocation Hall.



## The World's Easter

**E**ASTER is here. The annual Lenten period is over, or will be mid-night of the last day this week. The world is still in its long Lent caused by the war. To-morrow our church choirs will sing "Hallelujah! Christ is Risen." Never in the history of choirs was it so true as it is this Easter of 1917. The old Adam and the devil has been a long while smouldering in the world. In August, 1914, it began to blaze. The conflagration is beginning to die down. Truth and the new life must come back to the world after the long Lenten-tide of war. Easter with the bursting buds and the songs of birds is dawning in the world. Christianity is not dead. Faith is higher than ever. The resurrection of the true and the beautiful is on the wings of the dawn. And Easter, 1917, sees the eastern hill-tops rosy red, somewhat with fire and blood as yet, but golden-tinged with hope of a new world.

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## The Lion's Day

**K**ING ALBERT of Belgium, natus March 31, 1875. On the date of this paper's title page the King of Belgium has his birthday, and his third since the declaration of war. They say that March may come in like a lamb and go out like a lion. Surely March never had a better lion to go out on than this real young king, friend of his people, soldier superlative, mechanic, statesman, democrat, and altogether hero head of the most stricken land in Europe. To no king of all history have fallen burdens of greater heroism. No king ever lived to see his little kingdom steam-rolled once and back again under the weight of the world's champion destructionists. The kingdom that saved Paris made it possible by the battles of the Ypres to save Calais. Belgium and Canada united to help block Germany from the places whose occupation would have been, on one hand, the downfall of France, on the other, a practical invasion of England. Canada, the biggest small-population country in the world, has that much in common with Belgium, the littlest and about the same population. We are glad of it. There was a great Belgian here a week or so ago—Ysaye. Another eminent Belgian will be here again very shortly—Sarolea. Some day we shall send the Governor of Canada down to Halifax to welcome King Albert of Belgium on his first visit to Canada. Europe knows him as the great king of a little country. France knows him as the king whom