

## Editorial

## National Government

THE registration of the men of Canada should have been effected long ago. So should the registration of wealth. If it comes to conscription—which, after all, is the only fair thing in a war such as this—then the conscription of wealth must precede or go hand in hand with the conscription of men. Anyone who looks toward this eventuality will see the necessity of national government. Every interest that will feel the burden of sacrifice must have adequate representation. We are not now in a mood to tolerate political leadership. The war has practically killed partizanship, excepting for those who are making profit out of the war. Until victory is secured, peace proclaimed, and all the adjustments made that are necessary to quiet and happy existence, the less we hear of political parties in Dominion affairs the better. Let us have a war ministry.

## Take Time to Play

THE war is on, and the only work worth anything is that which is related to winning the war. Yet we may become so absorbed in thinking about the conflict that we tend to become melancholy, irritable, and in a sense inhuman. The very best antidote is play. It relieves tension, diverts attention from the all-absorbing topic, and creates good fellowship and good cheer. It would be a mistake to do away with all sport during war time. True, we may not be able to play with the old-time abandon and vigor, but yet we can play after a fashion. Every little bit of diversion and real recreation is so much to the good. As a nation we sorrow and not without reason, but we must not allow ourselves to become moody, depressed and gloomy. And so, while we are serious and thoughtful, we shall relieve the mental tension by taking part in legitimate play. There are worse things than curling games and snow-shoe tramps and skating parties.

## Churches but no Religion

MUDVILLE, with five churches for a population of twelve hundred people, boasts five starved preachers, five mortgaged chapels, and enough mean-spirited antagonism for a whole province. Isn't it about time the whole thing was called off? Can anything be more absurd than squabbling about beliefs—when none of the beliefs lead to action that is tolerant, praiseworthy or truly pious? Does anyone suppose for a minute that in the sight of God a church is any better because the preacher wears a surplice, or teaches predestination, or uses a tank instead of a bowl, or urges the possibility of repeated conversion? Isn't conduct the only real test of the worth of a man's religion? And isn't this division into antagonistic sects the very worst kind of conduct and completely at variance with the spirit of Christianity? Isn't that intolerant spirit which permits men in religious matters to set themselves up as more orthodox and more favored of God than their neighbors, the most irreligious thing of all? Long enough have men been divided on account of beliefs. It is time they were united in action. The united activity that is going on to-day in Red Cross societies and in charitable endeavor of all kinds is an infinitely higher evidence of real religion than the building of churches, chapels and cathedrals. The day of division into warring sects has passed. The day of united activity in all that pertains to the glory of God and the welfare of humanity has come. What a useless member of the body a hand would be if each finger quarreled with the other! What a comparative useless body the Christian church is when its sections are undermining each other—financially and otherwise! In the old land the Free Churches are rapidly working towards a great federation. In Canada three of the churches have moved toward union. It may be that federation would have been wiser than union. In any case the idea was fine in so far as it expressed the desire of the people to emphasize united activity rather than divided antagonism based in distinct and inherited dislike. There are growing signs that the movement towards co-operation and union is about to receive fresh impetus. Isn't it about time that a separation based for the most part in narrow pedantry, literal interpretation of the Bible, inherited jealousy or historic illusion should give way to a vital union in which individual variation will be esteemed rather than censured, in which each will live for all and all for each. The free independent local church without a denominational tag of any kind would not be altogether unsuitable to Western Canada.

## The Test of Manhood

SOME are giving all they have—their fathers, husbands and sons. Others must be prepared to give the lesser wealth—property, comfort and enjoyment. It is through sacrifice that character is ennobled. It does no harm to read what is being done by the Allies in the way of sacrifice. Here is a quotation from an American source that shows how the sacrifice now being made is appreciated by neutrals:

There is a skeleton in the closet of our prosperity; we cannot help seeing it when the door is ajar. Our total profits made out of the war are conservatively reckoned to be \$2,400,000,000; our total war charity amounts to \$34,000,000. America has given \$12,000,000 for the relief of Belgium; England and France have sent to this country \$238,000,000 to buy food

and clothes for Belgium; out of this charity fund, contributed by these war-stricken nations, America has made a profit of over \$47,000,000. Out of Belgium's necessity, therefore, we have made in profit four times what we have contributed to her need. The less said about that kind of prosperity the better. Let us go further: For the relief of Belgium we have contributed at the rate of ten cents per capita; New Zealand has given at the rate of \$1.25 per capita, and Australia gave even more. These countries are both in the grip of war. Paderewski labored unremittently to awaken sympathy in America for unhappy Poland; he wrote letters, he pleaded personally with the rich, yet the series of recitals he gave in behalf of his stricken country brought only \$60,000, whereas Melba made \$70,000 for war charity at one concert in Melbourne.

## The Country's Call

Written for W.H.M. by D. S. Hamilton, B.A.

They fight for freedom and the right to live,  
For justice to each member of the race,  
That men and nations small and great  
may find  
Their destiny fulfilled in honored place.

Not for extension of domain or power,  
Nor to proclaim arbitrament of might,  
At duty's call responsive sons make haste  
To face the foe and battle for the right.

Against oppression and vain lordlings'  
dream  
They rally to the standard of the free,  
The allied hosts are marching toward the  
goal  
Of righteousness and world-wide liberty.

No human mind can measure or compute  
The price they pay in sorrow, blood and  
tears,  
That countless millions yet unborn may  
know  
The boon of peace throughout the  
coming years.

Shall we who tarry in the sheltered place  
Enjoying safety through the price they  
pay  
Unheeding hear the nations' clamant  
call  
For helpful service in momentous day?

Shall we decline a noble cause to serve,  
Nor share the burden of the needed task  
With selfish spirit, void of sacrifice,  
While others suffer, special favor ask?

Nay, for the nation in the hour of stress  
Let each ungrudgingly perform his part  
In self-forgetfulness with lofty aim,  
Devoting freely hand and head and  
heart.

Thus shall we meet the day's supreme  
demand,  
O'ercome the ills that harm our common  
weal,  
Each one shall crave the highest good of all  
And all the care of each shall fully feel.

Thus shall we prove our kinship with the  
race,  
For all humanity high vision see,  
And at the dawning of the reign of peace  
The humblest helper unashamed shall  
be.

## Is It Patriotic?

OVER in England old sheds and disused factories are being utilized by the government. Here in Canada there are fine modern shops that could turn out enough shells to feed the guns of a nation, but for some reason nothing has been done to convert these shops into munition factories. Why? There are some who have a suspicion why, and there are some who are asking if our patriotism is really genuine. The following from the Ottawa Citizen seems to come close to the point:

"The people of Canada perhaps do not realize what an important addition it would be to the gun power of the Allies if the big Canadian government workshops were converted into national projectile factories. The empty and idle Leonard shops at St. Malo were built for the National Transcontinental railway. They were finished in the early months of 1915, at a cost of \$2,500,000; and at any time since could have been equipped and staffed as a Canadian national projectile factory.

Fifty skilled machinists and a few tool-fitters and gauge men could transform the Leonard shops in a few months into one of the most valuable projectile factories in the British Empire. Men and women from ordinary civilian occupations, clerks, clergymen,

car men, newspaper men, could be trained to be efficient munition workers in a few weeks; the fifty mechanics could keep 2,500 munition recruits busy at the Leonard shops alone.

"Some of the old buildings in the United Kingdom now being used as munition factories were formerly disused warehouses and dilapidated premises, not to be compared with the big, modern, well-lighted workshops held idle or engaged on neutral work by this Dominion Government. Last summer, at the time of emergency during the concentrated British effort on the Somme, the British Department of Munitions took over, in one instance, the shed of an old ruined works, where a certain mercantile commodity used to be made; the old shed had nothing in it and it had holes in the roof, so the department had to begin work right from rock bottom.

"With patriotic fervor, described by Mr. J. W. Flavelle as 'the nation sweating blood to win the war,' the devoted organizers in the state service undertook to finish and fill with bullets 250,000 60-pounder shrapnel with this old shed as their workshop! It meant erecting plant, lathes, drilling machines, and enlisting two shifts of work people, 300 to a shift; and with such an emergency outfit the British workers set out to produce 25,000 shells a week! It took just three days from the first enlistment of the old shed to order all the plant and machinery; and the magnitude of the task of turning out the shells may be gathered from the fact that this munitions order required, among other things, 3,500 tons of bullets and 125 tons of solder. Inside of two weeks all the plant had been installed; machine tools, gas engine, resin boilers, soldering stoves; and the first thousand 60-pounder (5-inch) shrapnel had been manufactured. Two weeks' work from the day of taking over an empty shed with a leaky roof; do the Canadian people realize what they are doing when they allow big Canadian government shops to stand idle or neutrally employed?"

## II

HINDSIGHT is much more common than foresight. Because of this most of us are quite able to point out errors of judgment in those who administered our affairs in years gone by. If, for instance, we had been less anxious to get numbers and more anxious to get such as could coalesce readily, and become good Canadian citizens, if we had endeavored to lessen the number of any foreign people who might settle in any one locality, if we had encouraged settlement on the land rather than in the cities—if we had done these things and some others, our lot would be a happier one to-day. The duty of every good citizen is not, however, to whine about our misfortunes, but to plan for success in spite of our misfortunes. The problem is that of Canadianizing all the people who are here, of making a nation out of groups of somewhat unharmonious elements, of making it possible and easy for thousands of those now in the cities to go back to the land. This last is one of the greatest of our problems. In one sense it is not so difficult of solution since most of the immigrants come from rural occupations, and could profitably begin agriculture in the Western provinces. But they have not the means to undertake the venture. The speculator has made purchase of land prohibitive and modern farming demands an outfit which costs much more than the average immigrant brings with him. If there were a way of nationalizing the land and leasing it to bona fide settlers and farmers, the problem would be half solved. Is it too late even yet to think of such a gigantic undertaking? Even, however, if this is beyond the range of practical politics, there is still hope in more moderate measures. Dr. J. W. MacMillan, in writing on the problem, utters these significant words:

"This matter of distribution is the supreme practical problem of immigration. There can be no question as to our need of more people for the subduing and cultivation of our vast natural heritage. But it seems that the worker and his appropriate task do not meet each other. It is the economic opportunity which justifies the coming of the immigrant to this country; and, having come, by some fatal mischance, he fails to find the economic opportunity. The palpable remedy is to be found in government supervision which shall end, not when the immigrant emerges from the immigration shed, but when he has been established in his proper occupation, or, better still, when he has completed a course of training and is graduated into citizenship.

"The assimilation of the immigrant is largely a question of contact between the newcomer and the native-born population. It is true that under our system of planting colonies of foreigners on the prairies assimilation comes about slowly even in farm life. And it is difficult to suggest any other way in which they should be settled on farms. But even there in the heart of a rural foreign colony they are not so isolated from Canadian influences as in the city. For the tenement is the place of isolation always, and not the farmstead. Any slum population, of whatever lineage, is driven in upon itself and tends to found and maintain its own meagre and unwholesome fashions of life. A slum area in a city is like a besieged fortress. All the decencies and sanities and generousities of the city set upon it and succeed in imprisoning it within its own dirt and poverty and misery."