



Entitled to Keep Mum

OF all men entitled to keep mum about the further conduct of the war Winston Churchill is the chief. This brilliant commentator on world events now says that the best way to defeat Germany may be to sit tight, keep nibbling and let the navy do its work of slow strangulation on Germany. In saying so he has at least the merit of differing as far as possible from his customary role. Churchill has never been a sit-tighter. He has always been a character of extreme and violent action. After the coalition cabinet shakeup of course he retired to the Duchy of Lancaster, of which he was the Chancellor, and spent his time making oil paintings. Then he enlisted, took his captain's rank and went to the front, was photographed with Lord French on horseback, did not so far as we know engage in any action, won no decoration, and when Sir Ian Hamilton was recalled from the Dardanelles Churchill suddenly left the army—heaven knows on what pretext. He returned to England and his place in Parliament and began to deal in language again. Since that time in public print he has been a frequent adviser of the British war lords. He has written to the New York Times. He has been spoken about as a good man who could not be kept down. Why he did not go back to his regiment nobody knew. But the reason is quite obvious. If he should go back to the front and take hold of the campaign, there would be such a bucking-up all along the British lines that the Germans would be driven back and the British navy which Churchill did so much to create, would be deprived of its opportunity to win the war either by digging the German ships "like rats from their holes" or by slow strangulation through the blockade. When Winston Churchill can explain the fiascos of Dardanelles and Antwerp he may be entitled to give advice to the War Council on how to win the war. Otherwise—the least said, soonest mended.

The 17th of Ireland

THE date on the title page of this issue is that which relates to the 17th of Ireland. St. Patrick's Day this year is the driest on record in Canada. To Montreal we shall all yield the first place in the uproarious celebration of that evergreen event by means of the flowing bowl. It is fortunate for Montreal Hibernianism, which is the greatest Irish aggregation in Canada, that Dominionized prohibition is not yet accomplished. On Saturday we expect every Montreal Irishman to do his duty. Let us enjoin upon our Irish brethren in that city, as they value our love of Mike, not to go too far in the rites to the flowing bowl. Human nature can stand only so much.

On the other hand it is a cause for regret that so near the 17th of Ireland the Irish members in the Imperial Parliament should have been so uncivil to the Premier. Of course the subject was Home Rule, on which no Irishman ever pretended to be just ordinarily sane and reasonable. Lloyd George, as prime a Celt as any in Dublin, would have celebrated St. Patrick's by giving Home Rule to any part of Ireland that wants it and leaving Ulster in the Union just because she wants to stay there. But compromise was never a Gaelic quality. Mr. Redmond, who before the Sinn Fein outburst was accused of being a Saxon, refused to accept this kind of Home Rule. His sixty National supporters followed him out of the House. We had imagined this question was shelved till after the war. But the war is evidently too long for Irish patience. The Irish problem emerged again along with the conspiracy to poison Lloyd George, though one had nothing to do with the other. Why the Nationalists declined the Premier's version of Home Rule has something to do with the Sinn Fein rebellion; something also to do with the origin of Ulster. Ireland, it seems, is

one country; not merely in race—but in geography. The fact that once upon a time the autocrat James I. transplanted a colony of disgruntled Scotchmen to the north of Ireland has never been forgiven by the native Irish. The Ulster of Carson and 1917 must be expected to pay for the sins of James I. The grudge is scarcely so old as St. Patrick's Day. But it is a million times less genial.

An Excess of Chivalry

ONTARIO'S leader of Opposition has never failed to win our admiration for his intellectual ability and his moral character. There are times, however, when his peculiar sort of ability and morality leads him into sentimental excesses. When he brought in a bill to give women of Ontario the right to seats in the Legislature he must have cast his eyes wistfully at a place called the gallery. Government by opposition has some odd features. Rowell is the first leader in Ontario that ever practised it as a policy. Hearst is the first Premier of Ontario that ever made a business of playing the game. Mr. Rowell knew that the Government would not refuse votes to the women, just because he himself had spoken in favour of the measure before the Government had a chance to act. To refuse the equal franchise would have been to keep the opposition from voting on the government side of the House. In a time of war it is essential that Legislatures be united. So when the Premier stole Mr. Rowell's thunder by bringing in the bill to enfranchise women. Mr. Rowell tried to get up another thunderstorm by suggesting seats for women in the Legislature. Fortunately the Government decided that it had gone far enough. Next session, perhaps, the Premier may stall off another opposition stunt by bringing in an amendment on the question. The Opposition will again record it as another phase of legislation by opposition. By this time Mr. Rowell may consider that the main function of an Opposition is not to criticize Government but to sketch out ideas for legislation which the Government in an era of superabundant morality will not dare to ignore. But when he rushes in on the heels of one grand concession to the fair sex with the genial outlines of another, he is being led away by the idea that a Legislature is a sort of first cousin to an Epworth League of Christian Endeavor.

Consider the Lily

NOW the farmer looms up. We are told that never before was his human-help problem so serious as now. A landless man advertised not long ago for some farmer to engage him as labourer on a sharing basis—was it 50-50? He was flooded with applications. The crops will soon be going in. We are trusting to the beneficent operations of Providence to see that by hook or by crook they get in and come off again to a good round aggregate. But we know there is a shortage of man-power for field purposes such as never was known in this country. Any investigation of the industrial situation does not show that there is the same man-scarcity in some of our towns and cities. As we remarked last week, we have still a large percentage of low-pressure workers. Our national service cards do not seem to inform us where the man-strength is highest and therefore capable of being eased off to some other area. Whatever khaki slackers the voluntary system permits, the government of this country should permit none in home labour. There should be a powerful commission appointed, using the machinery of the census department as a first implement and all other organized departments necessary, to co-ordinate our available stores of labour for 1917. Canada is no longer a series of economic sections. We are all one political economy. The whole of Canada is

under industrial pressure. As never before since we can remember we have instead of many industries—just one great industry; and that is production. If this country doesn't produce, and produce—what can Europe do? To hold up our end in production we must organize our workers. But somebody must do this. Who? The Minister of Labour can't. The Department of Trade and Commerce can't. It's not a problem for any one section of government. It's a problem for the whole country. To meet the conditions sane machinery should be created as elastic and as powerful as the Railway Commission. If ever one part of the country needed information of conditions in all the others it is now. No mere Ottawa outfit lunching at the Rideau Club can do it. A real Co-ordinating Commission of five of the ablest men in the country should be on wheels. And it should act quickly. Because even if the farmers should succeed in getting their crops in, harvest time will be on us calling for thousands of extra hands before we can do anything but cry aloud in the newspapers for help. There is no room in our national garden for the lily.

COUNT ZEPPELIN, who died last week, did not look like an international murderer. In this portrait of him, reproduced from a painting by a German artist, he looks like a benevolent old man. But the Deutschland-über-Alles idea got hold of him and he put his scientific genius at the disposal of the murder gang. Originally intending to compete with other air-inventors on a scientific basis for the good of the world at large, he was impressed into the slaughter gang because the Zeppelin airship seemed to be such a fine implement of slaughter and destruction. Having perfected the foolish thing to the extent that England knows it now, he fell down and worshipped the new idea which it embodied—death and destruction to non-combatants in war. Thus was an originally benevolent genius perverted by a great invention wedded to a diabolical idea, into an author of international murder.



COUNT FERDINAND VON ZEPPELIN.

Creator of the German Cruiser of the Skies. A New Portrait by Schwormstadt, drawn from life.