

EDITORIAL

COMPULSORY service has begun to show us what percentage of flat-foots, anaemics, rheumatics and syphilitics we have in this country. For a country only a generation or two away from the bush and the prairie trail we seem to average pretty high. Admitted we have climates that try out the constitution. With a range of temperature from 60 below to 100 above we should be a people of unusual adaptability and strength. Two things, however, will offset any virility imparted by battling with climate. One is disease. The other is mollycoddling. We seem to have all the diseases under the sun and as high an average of the deadliest as any other nation. Against this we shall have to fight by common-sense methods if we are ever to come to anything as a physically strong and clean people. But we shall never make much headway battling against diseases until we quit coddling our bodies as though they were exotics. A lot of men and women seem to think we should still be living in a garden of Eden. But we don't. We may as well accept our climates as something beyond our power to control, except by adapting ourselves to climatic conditions.

MEDICAL science will do well to keep itself from becoming a hierarchy. Not all the progress in medical science comes from within. Medicine is protected by law. Every law-protected body tends to become a tyranny. There are doctors practising under the law who are no more intelligent to-day in dealing with the human body than the old country practitioner who fifty years ago pinned his faith to leaches and blisters. The last twenty years has proved that mental science and osteopathy are capable of being useful curative agencies. Each of them comes at the problem from an opposite angle. The method of curing a disease by suggesting that you will get better or that you really haven't got it, is about as far as possible from lying on a couch and having an athlete who knows where your joints and nerve centres are knead out of you a cold or an attack of rheumatism. Yet these two antipodal curative agencies have one thing in common. They both eliminate medicine. And whatever progress may yet be made with drugs, antiseptics and electric treatments, it is a fair surmise that the science of medicine will never keep up with the rest of civilization in its own peculiar field unless it decides to incorporate the best in mental science and osteopathy.

PEOPLE without newspapers are not fit for government by discussion, which is a Bagehot definition of democracy. The greatest of all national tragedies in this war is Russia. Three years ago she was the man-power hope of the Allies, the unspeakably vast reservoir of men and food and war power; now a blind and battered giant without a Czar, without true leaders, in a state of growing anarchy that makes a State fighting with itself an easy mark for the grim slaughter-machine next door. Russia has been bedevilled on a vast scale. She has been all but discredited by her own Allies because of her weakness born of the corruption carried on by Germans. Just the other day England scarcely knew whether to regard her as an ally, an enemy or a neutral. She is not an enemy, since Germany has again declared war upon her. Not a neutral because the peace pact

Medical Science's Opportunity

Russia Needs Benevolent Despot

What is National Unity?

MR. JOHN M. GODFREY, one of the fathers of Bonne Entente, has delivered an address in the Ottawa Forum on Confederation—Its Second Phase. Its contents, motive, method and general spirit of fairness are admirable. As a piece of kindly logic looking at each side of the Ottawa from the other, as far as possible, it is a real contribution to the comity of two peoples. Were there more Godfreys in Ontario there might be less of a problem in Quebec.

But in all conscience isn't the rest of this great country a bit weary of the old Ottawa River tune? Why don't we pay a little more attention to the St. Lawrence which rises near the hinterland of three inland provinces and empties into the sea around three others? Rivers in war are always good battle-grounds. But the course of Canadian development is not across the Ottawa; it lies along the St. Lawrence. And it's because belligerents on both sides of the Ottawa have persisted in regarding that river as of first importance that we have had all this foolish talk of damming the St. Lawrence by letting Quebec out of Confederation.

Quebec is not going out. Mr. Godfrey admits that. He makes a leading point of the fact that for fifteen years Canada bridged the Ottawa by honoring a French-Canadian Premier. He makes another point of the fact that in the first Canadian contingent to the great war eighty per cent. were British born. We have published the figures on this page before. As a link in an argument it is convincing. But why should we emphasize in this country the land of a man's birth? When a man comes here with his family to live and to vote, what under heaven is he? English, Irish, Scotch—or anything European? If so, we may as well abandon the Canadian idea. The other evening a man whose father was an Ulsterman and who was himself born in Canada, declared that he was an Irishman; yet the same man would raise a terrifying hulahaloo at even a native born German who has a Canadian vote calling himself a German.

Either we are building a nation in Canada or we are making the country an eldorado for forty kinds of people who intend to stay foreigners. Admitted that we can never be the same kind of nation that England, France, Germany are—a one-language nation; must we also admit that we can never become a one-flag nation? Must we forever sympathize with the Britisher who when he recrosses the Atlantic, says he is going back home; with the Italian who makes his money here and sends it to Italy; with the Chinaman who makes his pile and goes back to China for cremation; with any and everybody who regards this land as a sort of experimental Siberia, to which he is exiled and which exists only for the sake of ten or a dozen homelands across any ocean? In heaven's name is Canada never to be a home for any but those who are born here? Then let us put a crimp in immigration, give Hon. J. A. Calder some other job and abandon the idea of ever making Canada anything but a transplanted international colony.

The real point of the matter is that whatever the patriotic motive of those eighty per cent. Britishers in the first Canadian contingent, the men themselves were or should have been Canadians and not Britishers. The writer of this was born in England. He claims to be first of all a Canadian. His second claim is on England. Does the so-called broncho and the sparrow—to requote Mr. Godfrey's words—think that Canada is forever a colony and that no matter how many of his kith and kin come here and for how many generations, they are still British? Then let us send a message to King, Lords and Commons and say we have no right to national aspirations. Let us concede that all the real Canada there is lies on both sides of the Ottawa; that the Canadian born Anglo-Saxon vs. the Canadian born Frenchman will always be the main programme in this country; that our biggest problem will always be this tiresome feud between Ontario and Quebec.

No, if our national talk is anything better than twaddle, we must look forward to the day when the business of making Canadians of people from all parts of the earth is a hundred times bigger problem than settling which is the greater bigot, Quebec or Ontario. And if Canada is ever to achieve national unity among a conglomeration of peoples, it must be by the united efforts of all Canadian-born, on both sides of the Ottawa and everywhere else.

was not consummated. Therefore she is an ally. How weak and helpless is now beginning to be seen.

But in the pity that the rest of the world feels for vast Russia there is an element of hope. The real heart of Russia is right. The people are right. The leaders are wrong. What Russia needs is a restoration of autocracy. She needs an enlightened despotism with all the gradation of authority which it imposes.

Government by discussion, as Bagehot called it, is all very well in countries that have been practising discussion for generations or centuries and has learned to read newspapers. Russia is not even learning to spell. She is only spell-bound by orators. The greater the oratory the worse the distraction. A people who can't read must be governed without democracy, until such time as the rank and file can understand the newspapers.

KIPLING says the Germans are slaves. That is not the whole truth. The slavery of Germany, which makes possible the amazing national concentration of the country, is a slavery of education. The people have been trained to submit and to sacrifice now in the hope of a great satisfaction hereafter. They have the Mahomedan creed of fatalism and the future. Long ago they began to endure the privations which are now beginning to be felt in other countries. They have been hardened to sacrifices by a system of education. They are not helots clamoring for freedom. They are a nation of fanatics with blind faith in the powerful righteousness of their rulers and a delusion that the world is in arms to crush them. Enlightenment is only beginning to dawn upon these systematized slaves. Germany is as much behind in enlightenment as we are in sacrifice. And the light that confounds the Prussian war lords will not break in Germany until other nations have begun to catch up in suffering and sacrifice.

LORD BEAVERBROOK does a good turn for this country in securing and sending us the portrait of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, painted by Thomas Lawrence. A large number of Canadians may not know who the great explorer was beyond the fact that he gave his name to the greatest river in the north of the world. It is considerably due to the persistent efforts of Sir Edmund Walker that such historical things as this are being collected for Canada. No busy man could possibly do more than Sir Edmund has done to encourage all forms of art in Canada. And this portrait of the great explorer stands to the credit of both Sir Edmund the custodian and Lord Beaverbrook who raised the fund for its purchase.

MR. FRANK CARREL'S appointment to the Legislative Council of Quebec is a happy choice. The proprietor of the Quebec Telegraph is a sincere believer in the principle and practice of Bonne Entente. For many years he

has published a highly successful English newspaper in the French-Canadian metropolis. He knows both sides of what other people call the race problem. He understands that the more each side knows, not about the other, but of the other by actual acquaintance and living and working together, the less of a "problem" there is. In fact, Frank Carrel never acts as though there is a problem. His paper is not read merely by the English set in Quebec. Frank Carrel was born in Quebec city. He knows it as well as any French-Canadian knows it. And he has learned to love the town along with this country. He has learned that the best way to get along with any body of people who do not belong to the same race is to get along. He can do this even better in the Council.