

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

By PETER McARTHUR

HAS anyone ever figured out in ohms, watts, volts, horse-power or whatever units of measurement should be used, the exact energy of an adult conscience? The question is asked because the few consciences that have given public exhibitions of their power have dealt with such trifling matters. Last week a man's conscience forced him to send eighty cents to the Customs Department in Toronto and the fact was brought out that the largest sum ever received in this way was thirty dollars. This may give some people the comfortable conviction that men are not given to cheating the government or one another of large amounts, but it may really mean that consciences do not act where sums greater than thirty dollars are involved. If the muck-rakers tell true there are malefactors of great wealth now living who would unbalance trade, make the financial centres feverish and precipitate panics if their consciences ever developed enough power to make them disgorge their stealings. It is just possible, however, that the operations of a conscience may be hampered by the diversity of its activities. If it be true that conscience makes cowards of us all it may be that the eminently guilty are afraid to make restitution. To be truly penitent is to be found out. There is certainly need of further investigation regarding consciences. If we are to have them at all we should have ones that are capable of meeting the needs of a strenuous age.

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Suffering Husband (on Christmas Eve)—Here are a hundred dollars for you.

Suffragette Wife—Is this a present or conscience money?

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A few days ago I received a letter from a Canadian journalist who was giving me good advice. He wrote:

"Do not make the mistake of thinking that personal journalism can be practised in Toronto as it is in New York and London. In those places you can have your say about a public man and the chances are a thousand to one that you will never meet him. In Toronto it is different. The man you write about may be your neighbour at dinner the day the article is published.

"Some time ago I wrote a character sketch of a distinguished Canadian for an American paper. I thought and still think the article was unduly flattering. My subject thought otherwise. A few days after its publication I was standing in the rotunda of a leading hotel when, as the nature-fakirs say, 'I felt that I was being watched.' Turning round I found the subject of my sketch regarding me with a bilious eye. Although we had met he made no sign of recognition and having heard his opinions I signalled for none. As he is a much larger man than I am I kept on turning round until I had resumed my original position. Then I went away from there."

A word to the wise, etc., etc. If at any time I feel moved to speak of Canadian public men I shall do so in festival terms.

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A successful man is one who wants more than his share and gets it.

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The British elections are being discussed with fervour in every part of Canada and the result is bound to be excellent. Not only are we learning something about Imperial questions but we are learning how to discuss political issues in the proper way. As the actors in the drama are merely names to everyone except "J. A. M." of the *Globe* and a few others, we have a chance to discuss the problems involved without having our judgment confused by personal sympathies. Few of us have drunk stone ginger beer with Lloyd-George or played golf with Mr. Balfour and comparatively few have visited the British Islands, either as pampered passengers on an ocean greyhound or as hard-working attendants on a cattle steamer. Consequently we are able to follow the course of the battle that is being waged with the detachment of "One that hath no friend or brother there." We know only in a vague way that conditions in Great Britain are different and that a large body of the electors are so attached to the old order that they would rather be wrong than be recent. We can roll that satisfying phrase, "the unearned increment"

under our tongues as if we understood it and weigh the issues with academic severity. In our home politics we are constantly being influenced by the fact that the candidate once slapped us on the back and called us by our first name. Moreover, it is hard to consider a question impartially when the man who is expounding it is married to a second cousin of one's wife. If we profit as we should by the present opportunity and a home election comes on before we have forgotten the lesson we have learned, we may be able to approach our own problems with due circumspection.

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The unification of the Empire will not be achieved by drawing the Colonies closer but by spreading Great Britain wider: by scattering her needy legions to the waiting lands of plenty.

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The illustrated papers, both daily and weekly, are giving prominence to a type of man who has hitherto languished in obscurity. It is only just to the papers to say that they do this unintentionally, but when the camera man is taking a snapshot of Sir Jingo McBore, Col. Strutwell, Mr. Whatawad and other prominent citizens in the act of laying a corner stone or starting a hockey match, there are always a number of men in the picture whose names are not given. They are not among those mentioned as being present. They are not even prominent enough to figure among the "also rans," yet they manage to crowd themselves into the picture. As a rule they are well-groomed men, thin-faced and aggressive-looking, but who they are no one seems to know. They doubtless enjoy seeing themselves so prominently displayed and derive much satisfaction from it in the bosoms of their families. It is perhaps as well that they are enabled to gratify their vanity in this way. If they were not they would probably get into the papers in the advertising pages, figuring as men who had been cured of something and so help to mislead hypochondriacs.

GLADSTONE'S CENTENARY



The occasion of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the late Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, was celebrated in London by the Decoration of the Statues of Gladstone. The above photograph shows the statue in the Strand. Amongst the tributes there were some sent specially from Bulgaria in honour of the dead statesman.

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