

**A NATION OF SLAVES must not rule the world. But three hundred million slaves driven by Hindenburg, Hohenzollern and Hunger can just about kill the world unless we think and act every day as though we ourselves are on Messines Ridge. The people must fight with the armies. Are we less capable of self-sacrifice than the Hun? Then the Hun must rule the world and none of our talk about Right winning over Might can ever stop us from being his slaves. Is your job or mine helping to win the war? Then let's get rid of them. Do we fear death more than slavery? Then we deserve to be slaves and shall be.**

### Knights and Titles

**W**HAT strikes us as odd about this titles debate is that we should ever have taken titles seriously. The whole business of decorating people with insignia belonging to the dim and misty ages is absurd. The historical connection between a perfectly plain business Canadian and a gartered knight with buckled shoon in the days of King Arthur or afterwards is so obvious that the whole Pinkerton Sherlock Holmes department of Burke's Peerage ought to see it in a hundred years. The whole system of creating knights here or elsewhere is an amiable weakness of our monarchical regime. There is some function for a King; some for the Lords. For knights, none whatever. None of the hundred odd Sirs in Canada—most of them first-class constructive citizens—have been a particle more use to this country since they got their spurs than they were before. Knighthoods, hereditary or otherwise, have not simplified or elevated our politics because the association of knights has no political existence. Titles in Canada may have been stakes of Empire. But the Empire after all consists of hundreds of millions of plain people who never can have titles and knights dotted here and there all over the seven seas can neither improve the Empire as a political association of democracies nor stop it from becoming defunct if the march of events decides that the Empire as it is now is impracticable. We make much ado about our democracy in this country. Heaven save us from more of it than we deserve. Remember Russia. All our progress in self-government within the Empire is supposed to be an evolution of democracy. Yet the King continues to decorate our self-governing democracies with titles that serve to remind most of us that we are subjects and not mere citizens—by pointing out that the vast majority of us are inferior subjects to some other people. Of course, we don't believe it. And to do most of our knights the credit due them, they don't act as though they believed it, either. Some of them are snobs; were snobs before they got titles at all, and money made them so. Many of them are gentlemen, and will so remain, no matter what titles they get. Hereditary titles, of course, are a perpetuated form of imbecility. All others are fit subjects for scrupulous revision. We do not advise discarding titles that are now. The King acted in all good faith when he granted them. He does not expect any of the grantees to break faith with him by burning them in the market place.

**C**LOSING the fall fairs will not help win the war. Anything that enables us to carry on helps the returning soldier who is now our second army—not in reserve. These men are scattered all over Canada. The greatest fair in Canada this year should have a soldiers' day. And the thing to make it worth while is not the art of war. All we can stage up in a fair ground by way of trenches and huts and mimic marching squads with all the uniforms of the Empire will only seem like a marionette business to the returned soldier. If it is child's play to him, so should it be to us. We are no longer playing at war. We are as old at this war as England is. Every fall fair in 1918 should be an occasion to give soldier and common citizen a bigger idea about this country. We should shut out all the silly vaudeville. There are theatres for that. All the bombardments. Any one who has tried to imagine what the front of the war feels like when all the five senses are rolled into one has no business looking at a gawdaw spectacle that only makes

us feel like a Punch and Judy imitation of a nation at war. If we are going to cut out entertainments let us begin on some of the theatres and about half the picture houses.

**M**R. BALFOUR has just come to the final conclusion that Germany is a robber state and that von Hertling's apparently sincere discussion of the four Wilson tenets of peace was only camouflage. Why does the British Premier or the Foreign Secretary ever think the Hun says anything that is not intended as much to bamboozle foreign secretaries and premiers as it is to hoodwink Huns at home? Does it take a mind as keen as Balfour's three years to see one elephantine joke?

### PRACTICE AND PREACHING

By A FARMER

**F**OOD—that's the need of the hour. And food is going to be the need of the hours in the next 365 days, and, perhaps, in the next several periods of 365 days. The Allies want food; Great Britain wants food; and Canada is going to be in want of food. In a recent letter written to Canada, Lord Rhondda, Food Controller, said:

"The Canadian farmer and Canadian farm hand now have the opportunity to make an effective reply to the enemy's present onslaught by bending their undivided energies to the increased production of those food supplies for which we depend to such vital extent upon your great Dominion."

And all the good loyal souls in Canada's cities and towns bowed their heads and uttered patriotic amens.

And yet, in spite of these amens, the Allies, Great Britain and Canada, are going to go right on wanting food.

Why does Lord Rhondda continuously appeal to Canada for food? Why do British and allied statesmen persistently mention this country when casting about for supplies with which to feed their hungry millions of civilian and military population. Because—no country has a greater expanse of arable land adjacent to market facilities—uncultivated. We have the soil that could supply in abundance the whole of the United Kingdom and all the armies of the Empire with the much-needed cereals and fats.

Let us put the situation in tabloid form. As compared with the principal friendly and unfriendly countries each Canadian stands in relation to arable land as follows:

#### FARM LAND—ACRES PER CAPITA.

Canada .....	49-71	U. S. A. ....	19
Russia .....	3-5	France .....	3-2
Germany .....	1-9	United Kingdom .....	1-7
Austria-Hungary .....	1-3		

What a wonderful opportunity to serve the cause for which we profess so much love? We—you and I—as Canadians, possess in greater abundance than any other country, one of the two things essential to food production—land. But the other thing—we lack. There are Canadians who will face the perils of the battlefield and discomforts of the air; Canadians who will gladly and heroically brave the terrors of general elections and endure the discomforts of Parliament and Legislature; Canadians who will cleverly spin food-production editorials; Canadians who will spend nerve-wracking eight hour shifts over counting-tables and lathes; but none of these will produce food. We have the Land. But, without—Labor, our arable lands are as useless as the Dead Sea. And when it comes to actual farm work, politicians, editors, clerks, artisans, and all the hordes of men who live in Canadian towns and cities, with one mind, offer up excuses. "I have married a directing job and cannot go into the farm-yard," says the politician. And he believes it. Fully one-half of the country follows the example of the men in the directing jobs—and believe that their services are not required in food-production. The civilian recruiters who said: "Go into the trenches," made a bad fist of it, and until our leaders of public thought are prepared to sacrifice their unbent backs and flabby muscles in the fields of Canada's basic industry; until they say, "Come into the fields and let us together make food," Great Britain and the Allies will look to Canada in vain for their daily bread.

And, thinking of someone else, the patriotic town reader will probably fervently exclaim, "Amen!"

### Home Rule or Hun Rule?

**A**RGUMENTS are wasted on the Irish question. Nobody in Ireland denies that England needs Irishmen in the ranks. The more England worries over the question the better that part of Ireland likes it. Ireland exists for the sake of worrying England. The worse the crisis the better that kind of Irish like the predicament. Suppose the Clan na Gael can be conscripted and marched off to the trenches, with or without civil bloodshed in County Clare; what better would the trenches be? Men who will so naively foist Home Rule upon a world crisis will just as naively decline to fight as Irishmen know how when they get to the front. You may profitably conscript an Englishman or a Scotchman because, as a rule, his objection to enlisting is to the voluntary system, and has nothing to do with the ancient grudge. Irishmen have died heroes in France for the sake of beating back the foe of all free peoples. That makes no difference to the Sinn Feiner, the Ourselveser. Better to have kept this Home Rule bone out of the arena, and let the Man-Power Bill go on without compulsory enlistment from that part of Ireland. It was a Home Rule conference that was suddenly interrupted by a bigger business in August, 1914. And that was after Ireland had been two armed camps for months. In 1918 the question bobs up again. The loyal Irishmen who marched to war wanted the business postponed till they got back. They are not back. A lot of them never will be back. They gave themselves gladly as Irishmen know how to do in a great cause where great fighting is needed. But their compatriots at home dragged the specter back again. Home Rule never should have been dangled as a sop for conscription. Home Rule is either right or wrong on its own ground. The right of the British Government to conscript Ireland has no more to do with Home Rule than a monkey-wrench has to do with "the harp that once through Tara's Halls."

Home Rule just now is not important. The thing for Irishmen to consider is not whether Ireland should have Home Rule, but whether England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales shall have Hun Rule.

Let the Hun into England, no matter whether he comes by the Irish Sea or the North, and Home Rule for Ireland is settled. Hun Rule for Ireland may look well to an Irishman who doesn't care to know what happened to Belgium, Serbia, Rumania, Poland and Lithuania. But if there's one kind of national in the world whom the Hun would take grim delight in grinding into the dust, it's the Irish. It might have been hard to convince British labor and Arthur Henderson that there is any justice in withholding conscription from Ireland. It is a great deal harder to fathom how under heaven the dog-driving, greasy-handed Hun ever was able to corrupt a people who have always hated the boss and have never cared for money. There is a problem in psychology here. It would be better for both Ireland and the rest of us if there had been more psychology at Westminster.

**I**F ever we needed the high thinking that comes from plain living now is the time. Three obvious benefits stare us in the face. We shall be better in health, better in pocket, and better in what we can do by saving for the men who are fighting that we may continue to eat and wear clothes at all except as slaves to an organization that would put a gang of armed thugs in charge of every municipality. And we are as yet sacrificing nothing in Canada. We are an averagely wealthy people. England knows sacrifice; France knows it. Food is scarce over there. It is not scarce here. Thank heaven, Germany and Austria know food and clothes scarcity as England and France do not. Until we actually begin to make our human bodies sacrifice something in every individual, we shall never win, a war that is fought not merely by armies but by nations.