

# EDITORIAL

**C**IVILIZATION needs a Society of Kings. For thousands of years Europe has been governed by monarchs. If the custom is to continue, the kings themselves must see to it. Consider the Kings of Europe, what percentage of them could pass an examination by democracy. For it is democracy only that can pass upon kings. To George V. we give a clean sheet. He is a man, and a royal democrat. The war has made his kingship even more secure. To King Albert of Belgium also—long life! He is the great-hearted son of a miserable father. And the war has given Albert the halo of great kingship in suffering. To King Victor Emmanuel also—hail! He stands and works for the liberation of his country, and he is a war king as it was in the days of old.

But—when you have added to these a few of the neutrals, such as Alfonso and Haakon and Gustavus, not being enthusiastic about some of these; when you have commiserated with poor Peter of Servia and look over the map to make up the best of the honour roll of kings—where are they?

We know that the late Nicholas of all the Russias is a chattering wretch who should have been deposed before the Russo-Japanese war. In spite of his dreams of peace and the Palace at the Hague, he was never a king. His connivances with Kaiser Wilhelm in 1905 to break the Triple Entente in secret were alone sufficient to depose him. His conduct in the present war has been even worse. He has been the misguided tool of the mad monarch on the Rhine. The late Emperor Franz Josef was another wretched dupe of the Kaiser. His miserable career was cursed by its great length and redeemed only by its tragedy. Ferdinand of Bulgaria may join his crooked hands with those of Constantine of Greece; both slaves of the Kaiser.

These monarchs sold their people in weakness in order to aggrandize a mad man who sought to be king of kings. And in this mania of Potsdam we see revealed all the malevolence that has made kingship an inherited and traditional curse to the most of Europe. In beginning to comprehend the relation of "Willie" to the other kings of continental Europe, the world is beginning to realize the inherent curse of kingship that takes no account of the welfare of the people, but all of the State, the Crown and personal, bombastic ambition. Some day, soon, there will be a new Book of Kings in the world's Bible. And those that are mentioned therein as fit to retain their sceptres and their crowns will be only such as have taken account of the fact that all kingship is like true government—of the people.

**W**HO shall tell us whither we are drifting in politics? Are we to have an election?

If so, what are the issues? Since Sir Wilfrid Laurier has manfully recorded himself as a supporter of the law in the enforcement of conscription to which he is openly opposed in principle, what platform of win-the-war can he adopt in opposition to that law? If the leader is to help enforce the law, then the leader cannot head a party whose object is to repeal or to nullify the law, or even to change it in any important particular. If we are to elect or re-elect anybody in this country we must have a clear idea of what the issues are. We are all agreed on the necessity for winning the war—somehow. We can't do anything else. The war must be either won or lost. If we lose, the enemy wins. That is fatal. Any election in this country must be conducted with one sole purpose, to keep the enemy from winning. We are part of the great movement afoot in the world to make the world fit to live in. Any man, leader or party that fails to recognize this is an enemy of his country without proof or need of proof. No party, call it what you will, can be elected to power in this country without an express intention of winning the war. We assume that in order to win the war we must observe the laws set forth in the Military Service

Act. The Liberal leader has pledged himself to support that law. His purpose is to help win the war. The Premier has made it equally clear that he intends to form a national government. He has even offered to take a minor position in such a government under the leadership of one of his present lieutenants for the purpose of winning the war.

Both sides are committed to winning the war. What we want to know is, how any election held in this country, with a national government under any leader of either political stripe, can help us to accomplish that object. The immediate object in view is not to win any election, but to win the war. Any election that fails to help carrying out that national purpose, or that fails to make the public mind clear on the issues involved had better be postponed till we get more national sense.

## THE NEW CANADIAN SAYS:

**B**ECAUSE this country has all the charm of youth and beauty I have the foolish notion that it exists to charm me and others like me whom I know. I realize how beautiful Canada is, especially at this time of crop and harvest. When I see a crowd of people on a fine day I imagine they are all as much intoxicated with the magic of the country as I am. I feel like trying to translate their sensations into my own. The crowd—it may be at the Fair, or on the street, or in a church—seems to have about it just the same old ecstasy that crowd used to have when my Canadian experience was just beginning to have any outlines at all. It's a Canadian crowd, a Canadian occasion. It makes an impression on me that no other crowd or occasion could—though I hold myself open to get as much mentally interested in a crowd on Piccadilly or Broadway or the Nevsky Prospect. This is my own crowd. I suppose it feels like I do about this country. I daresay that thousands upon thousands of these people who clap and cheer at the flags and the music and the marching will remember this particular occasion in 1917, just as I do. But suppose they don't—does it matter? Suppose that none of us behold this country in the future as we thought it used to be in the past; what difference? Somebody will behold it perhaps even more beautiful. Canada survives for the world when the Canadians that now are—are gone. The biggest and most inspiring thing we can do is to help in making that survival worth while for the fellows that follow after.

**F**IREBRANDS are sometimes useful. The energy contained in fireworks is a very intense form of energy, and if allowed to explode in an open field does no harm. It is better to have fireworks in a field than a smouldering fire in the grandstand that may put the audience in a panic.

The recent eruptions in Quebec are a species of fireworks. We have known for some time that certain inflammable people and conditions existed in more than one section of this country. We may as well remind ourselves also that a large percentage of the inflammatory business is outside of Quebec. Certain misguided and un-national forces in various parts of the country have set themselves to the business of making things worse than they really are. These forces refuse to recognize that the moderate, which is the general, element in Quebec is inclined to obey and not to defy the law. It is only the inflammatory element there which feeds upon the fuel furnished by the firebrand element opposed to it that makes the trouble, and the sensational stories in the newspapers. When a law-defying element

allies itself with professional criminals it is time to remember that the better element which respects the national interests of the country has no sympathy, with this kind of thing. We believe that the best elements in Canada are everywhere in sympathy with the law. And the worst enemies of law sometimes are those who make the law the occasion of strife where there is none.

**W**HETHER has come to the end of a Canadian summer in 1917 and has not smelled the crops of Canada has missed more than he knows. For the first time in our history governments, corporations, municipalities, boards of trade and resources committees conspired to get as many as possible of townsmen away from the town to help gather in the harvests of the country. Many were called. Comparatively few went—except westward. The big towns of Ontario did not send out an army to harvest one of the greatest crops ever known in that part of Canada. More crop is grown in Ontario on the same area than in any part of the West. More people are massed in Ontario towns and cities than in any province on the prairies. But the town did not move to the country en masse. The telephone gangs did not rush to the pitchforks. Men went, but more were needed. The farmer will get his crop in without a doubt. In spite of a bewildering and often discouraging variety of weather his barns are being filled and threshed out and filled again. And the average townsman knows nothing about it except what he reads in the newspapers. The average townsman is, therefore, to be pitied. He has not known the smell of the crop and the sweat of his neck running down into his chest. He knows nothing of the creaking load of sheaves, the long lines of stooks, the clattering wagon and the dusty mow. He has gone to his customary censored meals in town thinking he was hungry when he might have been on a farm feeling that the only thing in creation at 12 a.m. is to eat and the only thing worth while at 1 p.m. is to hurl himself into the sheaf lines that at 6 or 7 p.m. he may presently go to the house and eat more than he ate at noon, eat till his jaws ache, till the bread and meat and potatoes and applesauce and pies are all mowed down, and the milk jug is empty, and when he has finished he wishes he had it all to do over again.

Such are the primitive joys of the harvest which the polite townsman does not feel. They are such joys, that if the town comes to get a foretaste of what it really means we fear the country next year will be flooded with seekers after real hunger from the towns.

**M**Y neighbour sitting on his verandah one evening lately counted 200 of them in 20 minutes. A neighbour of his on the next street over might have counted as many more. The hundreds ran into thousands before the last glaring, throbbing phantom went by and the streets were abandoned only to the street car and a few casual about-town rigs.

It was a sort of generous plague the neighbours saw—somewhat akin to that of the locusts in the Bible and the army warriors in Ontario two years ago. They shook their heads, these careful folk, and said the country was surely going mad when such a Fifth Avenue river of motors could run nightly for twelve nights on the streets of one Canadian city, to say nothing of the afternoons. It was a phase of the Great Fair, the annual glorification of the great motor-car, the little one, the runabout, the limousine, the anything that-carried gasoline in her tanks and ran by cylinders. The cost of these road-machines, who could estimate? It ran into millions. The cost was staggering. All the neighbours—motorless—agreed that it was so. This country was at war, now the fourth year; and never had been known such a parade of motors. The country must be mad. We have preached economy and practised everything else. We are burning up, not only our own money, but the gasoline needed by the motor-trucks and the air ships at the front.

Even so. We agree with our neighbours. But we shall never abolish the motor-car. At the same time a ration of gasoline might be a good thing. No man has any right to squander gasoline on joy-rides when the world needs it for war and industry—any more than he has a right to waste the world's food.