



CANADIAN COURIER

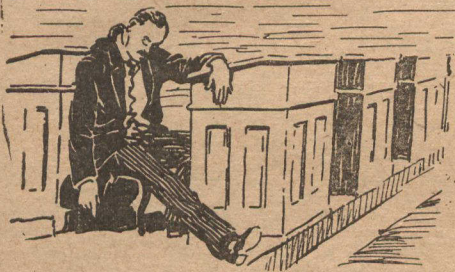
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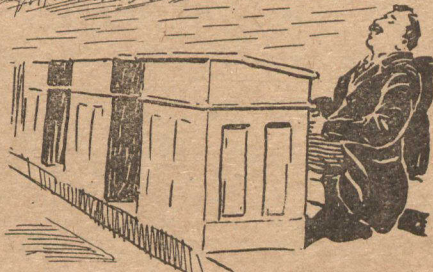


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The Strikers



By
WILLIAM
HENRY



II.

The wages paid in other occupations are so much higher that the fishermen have given up fishing

SPEAKING of little fishes, reminds me that I used to be a fisherman. Just as there are pomeranians, wire-haired terriers, and dogs, so there are fishermen and fisherman. I was just the plain, ordinary sort of fisherman. I stood not picturesquely, knee-deep, with water-proof boots, in rushing waters, scientifically casting metallic flies; nor did I loll messingly with fish-worms over shady, silent pools. I fished with unsportsmanlike gill nets, to fill, at so much per pound, the fish-pots of the city. In government terminology, I was a commercial fisherman. Being a professional, I am barred from amateurs' performances, and thus may you depend upon my veracity.

However, I am a fisherman no longer, for I have joined the great strike of food-producers, and in the simple story of my desertion lies much of the pith of the food problem. Over on the banks of Frenchman's Bay, in a little white frame cottage, lives a man who has told most of the story in fewer words than I could. He is not a professional story-teller; perhaps that is why he has crowded so much into so few words. Thomas Mansfield, for that is his name, is a government fishery inspector. In March, 1915—the year after the war began—the Honourable Findlay S. Macdunnald transmitted to His Honour, Sir John Strathearn Hendrie, C.V.O., the Lieut.-Governor of the Province of Ontario, the substance of a report which he had received from Thomas Mansfield, in these words:

"Less fish was taken than formerly, but he accounts for this by pointing out that the wages paid in other occupations are so much higher that the fishermen have given up fishing in consequence. Now one man attempts to do the work of two, but it is difficult for him to locate or keep track of the fish running in and out."

Did Sir John call a special session of the Ontario Legislature that the wise men of the province might apprehend the importance of Thomas Mansfield's pregnant words and devise ways and means by which the strike might be broken and the food shortage averted? He did not. Nor in the sessions which have been subsequently held, did Sir William Howard Hearst bring to the attention of the wise men within the Legislature the strike reported by Thomas Mansfield and his fellow-inspectors. Nor did Newton Wesley Rowell chide Sir William for his neglect; although one would have thought here was an opening such as leaders of Oppositions gloat over.

Thomas Mansfield is only one of the many inspectors—they are about as numerous as the fish that are caught—but the condition which he reported is

general. "Fishermen have been giving up fishing because the wages paid in other occupations are so much higher." These words might have been written of every strike that has made our wise men grey or bald with concern. They should have been more concerned over this strike because it presaged food-shortage and hunger—and there were no brick-bats.

There are many reasons why fishing in the great inland lakes is unprofitable, but at present I will draw your attention to only one. The huge cities which cry out for food have fouled the sources of production. So filthy are the waters of Toronto Bay that wholesome fish and birds either die within them or swim half dead out into the lake, spreading disease. Nor is this true of Toronto alone. Of Arthur Corsant's report in 1914—Corsant is another inspector—the Minister of Public Works for the Province of Ontario, told Sir John Strathearn Hendrie:

"There was a slaughter of fish for many miles west of the City of London. He does not think there was one fish left alive in the river for twelve miles west of London. The water seemed to be polluted with some strong drug or acid, for it turned a black colour. The trouble might arise from a number of sources, one of which is the sewer from the city into the river.

But the filth that oozes from the cities does not alone explain the lack of fish taken from the Great Lakes, the lack of interest for capital, and the lack of wages for labour in fishing. By-and-by we will have more reasons why our fishing-boats, crewless and useless, lie in the harbours, why our nets rot in their boxes and children swing upon the drying reels along the beach—all the while men and women in the cities that line the shores of the Great Lakes are crying out for food.

The Soul of an Author

By AUNTIE WELLS



WHAT shall it profit a man, though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? asks the Bishop. And the answer of H. G. Wells in his latest book, "The Soul of a Bishop," is:

"My dear sir, what you want is a soul with bulk-head compartments and a cash register system. You are foolish to imagine that the soul and the world are not very much the same thing after all."

"Preposterous!" says the Bishop, again between the lines. "The soul of man has always been admonished to beware of that ungodly trinity, the world, the flesh and the devil."

"Not so fast my episcopus," says Wells. "I am not arguing that soul and body are one and the same or that they necessarily intercohere. But—"

By this time the great Carry-oner of Profitable Pen-Pushing has the Bishop by the top buttonhole. Escape is impossible. Remorselessly, relentlessly, the author of the Invisible God and other light reading for leisure hours unfolds to the cloth his co-ordinated synthesis of the ascent and descent of man on the Jacob's ladder of life. The Bishop is caught up and convoluted in the coils of the metaphysical cobra. But as the coils of the cobra tighten, his spiritual vision looks amazed into

The Soul of an Author.

"Bless me!" confessed Edward Princhester on the Prin when he had got the Wells' belladonna out of his eyes, "did I ever conceive it possible that the soul of any mortal man could be so curiously created? My word! The soul of that author is nothing but a miniature of the Bank of England. It is, sir, a vault overflowing with gold; sovereigns—did I say?—no, he doesn't care for kings; but gold, gold, specie, bullion, currency, coin, cash, all the equivalents for price were heaped up and active in that man's soul. It was like a mystic reel from which at every turn came off a new instalment of soul, at so much an ell—I'm sure it was an ell."

Canada's Supreme Need

BY REV. A. O. MACRAE.

CANADA'S supreme need, in what has become a great crisis, is splendid self-sacrificing men.

It is not men of genius, nor great heroic figures that are required, so much as fearless men with divine discontent and sanctified common sense. We are tired of the many cocksparrows that have been hopping into the public eye because they were pushful and pertinacious. Our hearts and souls cry out for men that, long before they have entered politics, have learned that he that rules his spirit is better than he that takes a city (as a soldier or a politician).

We demand Federal members that will bid organized labour halt wheer it is wrong, and make Capital stop when it is rapacious. But where are they to come from? Political life and a political career are counted among the occupations that are tainted. To enter politics is to consort with elements that are lost to common decency when it comes to gaining votes. "If you want to damn yourself body and soul, enter politics," were the words of a scholar to a young man just come back to Canada.

But the answer must ever be the same: If political Associations are in the hands of men of no principle, then these are the governing class, and the citizens that have the chances, the education, the position, are letting these elements of society rule the country. There is but one way to meet this situation: It is for men of moral courage who have means, intellectual or financial, or both, to rise to