

FOUR

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transmission through the mails as
second-class matter.]
The London Advertiser Printing Co.,
Limited.

LONDON, MONDAY, APRIL 28.

MASTERY INACTIVITY AT TORONTO.

The Legislature's business is finished. It is as exhausted as a man who has been standing around all day, first on one foot, then on the other. The charges against Sir James Whitney and Mr. Hanna easily overshadow in interest anything done by the Government, which was indeed already overshadowed by the progressive proposals of the Opposition. The absence of any progressive legislation is as striking as the activity of Mr. Rowell and his band. It is a contrast between lethargy and energy.

Among the practical proposals brought forward by the Opposition there were, besides the banish the bar motion, and, failing that, real amendments of the present license system, a number of suggestions for factory regulation, an amelioration of the conditions of woman and child labor was advocated. Mr. Rowell pressed hard for the passing in this session of a workmen's compensation act. The burning question of assessment reform was urged, a matter in which all the organs of public opinion have expressed the deepest interest. All to no purpose against governmental torpor and blind resistance. The darts of public opinion hurled by the Opposition have taken no effect through the armor-plated shell of the Tortoise whom we have chosen for our lord and governor. Within his shell he sleeps, or lites the more daring hand that comes too near. Such majestic inertia can't be hurried.

A farcical bill has been put through on the liquor question, just to pass the time and to make a semblance of doing something. Men may still have night-caps, but not an eye-opener. The sleepers won't stand for the early-morning draught—why break repose?

No notable measures have gone on the books except the eight-hour day in Cobalt mines, measure demanded for years, and a law providing for co-operation of municipalities in inter-urban electric railways, but without the Government's assuming any financial or managerial responsibility. It may be doubted whether a number of municipalities, having to some extent conflicting interests, would make a success of the joint management of a railway. We have had an example of it here in the management of the London and Port Stanley Railway by London and St. Thomas. And that was when the road was under lease merely. St. Thomas was glad to sell out, and London to buy her out in order to have a free hand. It is to be feared that the effect of such legislation will be to discourage private capital from entering the radial field, just at a time when we seemed to be on the threshold of an era of electrical development, and to give a setback to the radial railway movement, without any probable compensation from successful public ownership.

As far as assessment reform is concerned the only thing done was to throw a sop to the income taxpayer. With a proper tax on increment in land values, however, there should be no burden on the income-taxpayer or the business community either.

Sterile is the word for the whole session; nothing done in education, agriculture, economic reform, anything. The best that can be said for the Whitney Administration is that it is one of masterly inactivity. But this is no time for Fabian tactics. The growing time of Ontario needs a growing policy.

MR. MORGAN'S WILL.
When a multi-millionaire dies, the public are very naturally interested in the terms of his will, by which he disposes of the vast wealth he leaves behind him. It is no wonder, therefore, that so much attention should be paid to the press of all countries to the will of J. Pierpont Morgan, who accumulated an estate so large that it seems almost impossible to know definitely almost any amount. It is estimated at being anywhere between three hundred and five hundred millions of dollars—most likely the higher estimate is approximately correct. What is to be done with it?

The feature of the will which has attracted the most attention is probably the opening paragraph. This consists of an emphatic declaration of his belief in Christianity, and an earnest injunction on his heir to maintain and support it. That this will meet with general approval goes without saying. But the question may arise in some minds, How far did Mr. Morgan's life and the disposal of his property agree with the doctrines of Christianity? How far does it agree with that altruism which, apart altogether from religion, is recognized as a characteristic of the highest type of manhood?

It may be safely assumed that when a man accumulates vast wealth, he does so at the expense of his neighbors.

He does not directly swindle them out of their money. There are innumerable operations, recognized not only as legitimate, but consistent with the ordinary standard of morals, for the accumulation of wealth. By close attention to his own affairs, by economy, by business acumen, he may acquire moderate wealth, but little more. It is the unearned increment on land, mergers, trusts, watered stocks and speculative processes generally, that make a man a millionaire. Money so obtained is at the expense of his neighbors, and by the aid, involuntary often, of the community.

Now, even if we admit that money so obtained is gained honestly, yet the people through whom and from whom it has been obtained have a claim upon it. And some wealthy men recognize this claim. They feel that they owe a debt to society, and try to pay the debt by spending freely for the benefit of the community. Carnegie recognizes the claim, and has shown it by the contribution of millions in aid of free libraries. Rockefeller recognizes it in his grants to scientific and religious enterprises. No one has recognized it to a greater extent than our own Lord Strathcona.

How far did Mr. Morgan recognize this claim during his life? Very slightly, if at all. It is said by his apologists that he gave freely, but in secret. Possibly there may be some truth in this, but in these days of the ubiquitous reporter, and the almost omniscient press, it is impossible for any person to do much good or evil without being found out.

How far did Mr. Morgan recognize the claims of society in his will? A few millions out of an estate of five hundred millions can scarcely be called a recognition. His principal bequests are to his own family, the bulk of his estate to his son. It is true in his will there is an intimation that he has discussed certain schemes for the benefit of the public with his son, but there is nothing very definite as to what they are. And Mr. Morgan, jun., is left to his own discretion as to how, and how far, these schemes are to be carried out. He may carry them out to a greater or lesser degree, or he may halt altogether. His intentions may be good, but disaster may come in his business transactions, and he may be powerless to fulfill his father's injunctions, or to carry out his own benevolent desires.

It is an ungracious task to criticize one who is dead, but the evil as well as the good that men do lives after them, and the greater a man has been the less we can afford to disregard the lessons of his life. So far as Mr. Morgan's conduct in life is concerned, we can only conclude that he has failed to recognize the great Christian verity, that wealth is to be held in trust for the benefit of others. The disposition of his wealth, both in life and after death, could have been a more convincing proof of his Christianity than any post-mortem declaration of his religious creed.

A PROSPEROUS BRITISH BUDGET.

The British Chancellor of the Exchequer could be forgiven if there was a note of exultation in his budget speech the other day.

Results have splendidly vindicated his famous budget of 1909, in attacking which the House of Lords lost its veto power. In the fiscal year just closed, the revenue was £188,802,000, derived as follows:

	Receipts.
Customs	£ 38,000,000
Excise	25,248,000
Death duties	10,059,000
Land tax, etc.	2,700,000
Postoffice	44,800,000
Income tax	455,000
Land duties	29,175,000
Crown lands	530,000
Suez Canal	1,419,000
Miscellaneous	2,925,000

Total

This figure exceeded the estimates by £1,813,000, and the actual expenditure by £150,000. To turn British into Canadian currency, the chancellor will need \$37,500,000 more in the year just begun than last year, and was anxious to raise the money. He pleasantly disappointed the taxpayers by announcing that there would be no new impost. He predicted that British trade and industry, which the Unionists cried would be ruined by Lloyd George finance, would reach new heights of prosperity in the current year, with corresponding advantage to the national exchequer.

Thus without a single new tax he estimated that the revenue for 1913-14 would be \$978,200,000, compared with \$755,000,000 in 1908-9, the year before the great budget. During the current year old-age pensions and the insurance scheme will absorb over \$100,000,000, but the army and navy will swallow \$370,000,000. Mr. Lloyd George laments the huge outgo for ships and guns and soldiers, and characterizes it as the one item of sterile expenditure in his budget.

That the Government has been able since it assumed office in 1905 to reduce the national debt by \$390,000,000 is a tribute to its financial management, and a proof of the wealth and resources of the old land. And this has been done without adding a cent to the taxation of the poorer classes.

Some contemporaries talk as though Mr. Proudfoot were on trial instead of Messrs. Whitney and Hanna.

Great Britain will raise \$978,200,000 this year without a new tax. Canada is to save the poor old mother country with \$35,000,000 for warships.

So far the Dominion Government has taken no steps to recover the \$370,000 block of land in Prince Albert which it sold in an irregular way for \$10 to a party worker. Mr. Martin, M. P. of Regina, showed it was open

to the Government to enter action for recovery in the court of chancery.

British shipyards are so busy that they are refusing work. And the Canadian Government is trying to thrust more work on them instead of encouraging the shipbuilding industry at home.

Mr. Frank B. Taylor, an eminent geologist, tells the Canadian Institute that the district around this city was the first to be uncovered of glaciers. We have always contended that the London district is the garden of Canada, and now there is scientific proof of it.

A Quebec newspaper some months ago disclosed the fact that it had been offered, and had refused payment for an article intended for the Borden Canadian contribution policy. The article, however, appeared in numerous other papers in the province. In view of the recent disclosures in Germany it would be more than ever interesting to know who put up the money for the Quebec propaganda.

LONDON'S ZOOLOGICAL OUT- FIELD.

[Toronto Star.]
They appear to be running a sort of wild beast show in the Canadian League. A Lyon, a Fox and a Kuhn compose the London outfield.

HARD TO REALIZE IT.

[Montreal Gazette.]
A lecturer in Hamilton, Ont., told his audience that calamities and blessings in life are really blessings in disguise. The statement may meet with the approval of people who have not suffered, but it will hardly prove convincing to the victims of disease and disaster.

BEGGING THE QUESTION.

[Brooklyn Life.]
The Star—Honestly, what do you think of my acting in my new play?
The Critic—Don't ask me. You're younger and so much stronger than I am.

LAND HUNGER AT WINDSOR.

[Windsor Record.]
People here stood in line 90 hours to have the first choice of lots in the C.B.W. sub-division. Those western towns have nothing on us.

VIVID EXPRESSION.

[Chicago Inter-Com.]
"Say, if I were you, know what I'd do? Well, I'd tie a hundred pound weight around my chest and walk due east until I heard a splash!"

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

[W. C. Bryant.]
Oh silvery streamlet of the fields,
That flows full and free!
For thee the rains of spring return,
And when thy latest blossoms die
In autumn's chilly showers,
The winter fountains gush for thee,
Till May brings back the flowers.

Oh Stream of Life! the violet springs
But once beside thy bed;
But once brief summer, on thy path,
The dew of heaven are shed.
And when thy crystal veins,
Thy parent fountains shrink away,
And close thy glittering current
The dust alone remains.

WAS IT A HINT?

[Canadian Courier.]
Binks—"Hello, old chap, how's the world treating you?"
Banks—"Very seldom."

HA, HA!

[New Orleans Picayune.]
A good clean joke seldom makes a vulgar man laugh.

SOUTH AMERICAN GROWTH.

[Toronto Star.]
It is pointed out by the Cleveland Plain Dealer that North Americans do not realize how fast South America is growing. For instance, Buenos Ayres added more to its population in ten years than the whole of Cleveland's population. Germany and England, says our contemporary, know more of Argentina than do the people of the United States.

IN A HARD PLACE.

[The Pioneer.]
The liquor traffic has friends in the Legislature who would like to help it. These friends are afraid of the temperance electors in their constituencies. They do not want the Government to go forward. They are afraid of offending prohibitionists by holding back. Their caucuses and confabulations are amusing also.

The political feelers thrown out in newspaper interviews, like the frenzied utterances of liquor journals, would all be entertaining if they did not have relation to issues of vital importance, to the welfare of the country and the happiness of many homes.

OVERRULED.

[Harper's Weekly.]
"Oh, but judge," protested Jinks, when his honor imposed a ten-dollar fine for overspeeding, "look at your roads! No car ever made could have gone over eight miles an hour through that mire!"
"What's just it!" said his honor, severely. "Twain's notion! but that there mud of ours as held ye back!"

A DIPLOMAT.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]
"My girls annoy me terribly with their porch parties, and it gets worse every summer." Why don't you do as I did? "What did you do?" Exorcise your parental authority or send your girls visiting? "Neither, I'm too foxy to stir up trouble. I simply inclosed the porch and turned it into a breakfast room."

GETTING BACK.

[Life.]
"No, I'm sorry, but I'll be a sister to you." Pardon me, I have plenty of sisters. What I wanted was a mother.

A MARVEL.

[Detroit Free Press.]
"Is your husband easy to get along with?" "Easy? Why he doesn't even object to going to church suppers."

STRANGE.

[Life.]
The German is a curious case. And has been from time immemorial. Because he likes his sauerkraut best. And likes his wiener worst.

A BETTER OFFER.

[Boston Transcript.]
Dick—What did she say when you asked her to walk hand in hand through life with you?
Tom—She said my rival has offered to provide an automobile.

The Personal Side of Macaulay

[By Special Arrangement With
the Winnipeg Telegram.]

Readers of Macaulay's essays will remember what he did to the poems of poor Robert Montgomery. Some of those slashing book reviews which first saw the light in the pages of the Edinburgh Review were pitiless in their exposure of writers' faults and failings. The first paragraphs of his celebrated essay on Warren Hastings, which was originally published as a review of Gleig's "Life of Hastings," ran as follows:

"This book seems to have been manufactured in pursuance of a contract, by which the representatives of Warren Hastings, on the one part, bound themselves to furnish papers, and Mr. Gleig, on the other part, bound himself to furnish praise. It is but just to say that the covenants on both sides have been most faithfully kept; the result is before us in the form of three big bad volumes, full of undigested correspondence and undiscerning panegyric."

"If it were worth while to examine the performance in detail, we could easily make a long article by merely pointing out inaccurate statements, inelegant expressions, and immoral doctrines. But it would be idle to waste criticism on bookmakers; and, whatever credit Mr. Gleig may have justly earned by former works, it is as a bookmaker, and nothing more, that he now comes before us. More eminent than Mr. Gleig, however, have written nearly as ill as he, when they have stooped to similar drudgery."

Now, that is what the unfortunate Mr. Gleig must have been tempted to call a blow in the midriff. It sounds harsh, even cruel, and the modern reader is probably inclined to regard Macaulay as hard-hearted man, who delighted in the misery of his fellow-authors. But this is a most erroneous view of the character of the great historian. His friends called him a "lump of good nature," and as I read the fascinating pages of Trevelyan's "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay" (this great book has just been published in shilling form by T. Nelson & Sons, Ltd.) I admire more than ever the genuine goodness of heart of this prince of book reviewers and most vivid of historians.

There are two things about Macaulay which Trevelyan emphasizes with abundant detail. First, his generosity; his hand was always in his pocket. He could never refuse to honor a begging letter, and if the impetuous house he was sure to do even better than if he had depended upon the post. Macaulay was specially moved by tales of distress from poor scholars, even of the faintest kind, never turned them empty away. One morning a man called and introduced himself as a Cambridge needy man of letters. "I was going to give him a sovereign," said Macaulay afterwards, "and I read the fascinating pages of Trevelyan's 'Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay' (this great book has just been published in shilling form by T. Nelson & Sons, Ltd.) I admire more than ever the genuine goodness of heart of this prince of book reviewers and most vivid of historians."

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OUR EXACT ARTIST.

