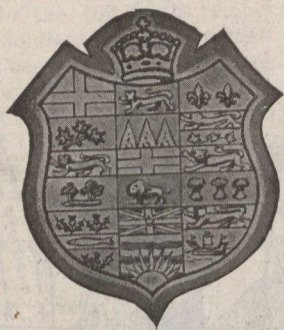


THE CANADIAN COURIER



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY
COURIER PRESS, LIMITED
181 SIMCOE ST.

TORONTO, JUNE 3RD, 1916.

The Pulse of the Country

THE COUNTRY is well within a period of marked prosperity. The duration of that period is, of course, uncertain. Meantime railway earnings are showing weekly increases of from 50 to 75 per cent. over last year. The Minister of Finance, Sir Thomas White, is authority for the statement that "Our exports are greatly in excess of our imports, and our trade is the largest this country has ever had. Our bank deposits are two or three hundred millions greater than they were at the outbreak of the war."

These are good signs.

Sir Thomas frankly expresses his surprise that things are going so well.

"If, when this war broke out," he says, "anyone had told me as Minister of Finance that we should have been in the condition in which we are to-day, the war having lasted almost two years, I should not have believed it."

But the question whether prosperity was to be expected or not, is not half so important as the fact that it is here and must not be abused. The lessons in economy learned in the past two or three years, should not be forgotten. As we brush up our "Business as Usual" signs, it would do no harm to add a postscript to the effect that henceforth we will be unusually cautious.

Hapgood and Harpers

WHEN A JOURNAL like Harper's Weekly passes out of existence it is a sign of one of two things: either that it was not properly known by the public it sought; or that that public deliberately rejected it. We incline to believe, though reluctantly, that Harpers was deliberately rejected. That being the case it is interesting to conjecture whether the fault lay with Mr. Norman Hapgood, its editor, for preaching doctrines and maintaining a point of view which were of no practical importance in the current American thought, or—and this is the horrible thought—that in a country of one hundred million people there was not a sufficiently high percentage of really cultivated mentality to appreciate the high level of the Hapgood editorials.

Frankly we decline to believe that the fault was Mr. Hapgood's. His is one of the shining intellects of the American Commonwealth. He saw widely and understood deeply. He wrote at times with piquant grace, and at other times with withering incisiveness. It is always interesting to observe the misfortunes of genius, not because of its effect on genius, but because of the revelation of the public mind, thus brought about. In the present instance the spectacle is made less melancholy by the fact that Norman Hapgood is still a young man and the United States have still time to redeem themselves in this particular regard.

Personality Not Brains

LOYD GEORGE'S ADVENT as an Irish peace-maker is not a tribute to the Welshman's intellect, statecraft or ingenuity, but to his personality. There are dozens of men in Westminster who are much better equipped in the matter of brains. Asquith as a parliamentary tactician is not to be mentioned in the same breath with George. For ingenuity Churchill is far superior. But George has the faculty of talking to two enemies and making them feel he is a friend to both. He has an almost feminine capacity for sympathy and understanding sympathetically the extremes of a bitter controversy.

This made him useful in dealing with the coal and railway strikes. It enabled him to bring together bankers and borrowers when first the war threatened the stability of the monetary institutions of the Empire. Now this "personality" is to be made use of in the Irish matter.

One other advantage Lloyd George has. It is the courage of having no serious traditions behind him. No one could say Asquith or Law or Balfour lacked courage, but they have the courage of many traditions, the courage of the conservative. Lloyd George has the kind of courage that snaps its fingers at traditions as mere traditions. He will take with him into the Irish question a minimum of luggage and a maximum of real peace-making ability.

Chinese Comfort

THE OLD CHINESE philosophy of Tau is comfortable reading for a hot day, and as a prescription for happiness—selfish happiness—it has claims to consideration. Its essence is: be still and contemplate life. Do not strive. Put away ambition. A man may break all his enemies by sitting quietly and silently in his own garden. One charming remark of old Lao Tze, who wrote these things, 600 years or so before this era, is "Can not a man make muddy water clear—by keeping still?"

China, to some extent, has made a success of this policy. No one has ever conquered the Celestial. The Mongols rolled in like a tide—so they were swallowed up by China and became Chinamen! Shrewd observers say that Japan must beware of her operations in China or her invading hosts will like the Mongols be swallowed up in the tremendous silent inertia of the Chinese people. By keeping still the Chinese overwhelm their enemies to their own philosophic satisfaction.

But the essence of such a doctrine as Tau is selfishness. The only man who wants to be smoothly content must be a sick man or a fool. Good men seek contests and even strife. Thus quality strikes on quality and by the sparks produces greater quality.

Valid Protest

A MARITIME PROVINCE man wrote us a vigorous letter recently protesting against an article in which an episode of Confederation was recalled. The episode concerned a seemingly harmless ruse by which a dangerous opponent of the project was won to its support. Our correspondent exonerated not only the whole proceeding, but Confederation itself. His words were admirably chosen for the purpose, too. For such courage we can have nothing but approbation. It cannot alter the great fact of Confederation, but it may help rouse modern Canadians to a greater interest in the difficulties of various parts of the Dominion. There cannot be a tittle of doubt that the Maritime Provinces suffered by coming into the union. Now it is up to all Canada to make it up to them somehow or other.

A Possible Way of Helping

THE ONE THING we can do, should and must do is to foster the ship-building industry. It isn't possible to over emphasize this point, and men should look for every opportunity of harping on that string. Ship-building is to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, what farming is to our prairies. Suppose that our ports had more weight in Parliament than our inland areas. Suppose they then were as short-sighted in their claims as our inland areas seem to be. Suppose the West was denied the right to its own natural career just because the ports were stupid and greedy!

Yet that is what the inland areas and our land-lubber statesmen persist in doing toward our ports. Ship-building and sea-faring are the necessary engagements of our coasts. But we are so obsessed with inland problems and land-lubber short-sightedness that we allow the preponderance of inland M.P.'s to keep our Maritime brethren out of their heritage. Since the war, Japan has risen from fifth to third place as a maritime power. The great American ship-builders, Messrs. Cramp, are refusing munition orders in order to build ships! Ships! We are glad to observe that the N. S. Steel Company is preparing to build hulls. That is only one firm. The Government should give aid and generous aid to this essential industry.

The New Publican

HOTEL-KEEPING is to be placed on a new basis in Ontario this fall. The question at issue will be: can a hotel be run without a bar? A good many shrewd American hotel managers who are not temperance men, either, say it can. They would prefer a bar, naturally, just as a man with

a flour and feed store would like to have a gold mine on the side. But when put face to face with the issue they admit they can keep house on a ginger beer and roast beef diet, so to speak.

We are probably on the verge of receiving a new generation of publicans in Canada. The prairie provinces have led the way. Ontario follows. Since there must always be a demand for hotels there is sure to be a supply. If the prices are higher because there are no bars we should make no complaint. Quite aside from the morality of drinking, or its immorality, travellers have no right to have part of the cost of food and shelter assessed against the thirsty.

Is It True?

THE OTHER DAY, a commercial traveller was discussing party politics in the smoking room of a train.

"Party political lines are breaking down," he said. "At one time, in our organization at Kingston, there were only Grits and Tories, but now we still have some Tories and some Grits, but the great majority of the members are for principles and men. We gave a machine gun to a local battalion and a discussion arose over its disposition. Politics were dragged in. The dyed-in-the-wool Tories stated their position, and the dyed-in-the-wool Grits stated theirs, and they were as far apart as the poles, and then the majority of the fellows just settled the dispute in a common-sense way without regard to politics. And that is what is going on all over the country." Was he right?

Canada Summers

THERE IS NO Canadian summer—there are so many. There is the British Columbia coast summer, slow and brilliant, with snow and icy mountain waterfalls, showing at dizzy heights through the haze of heat waves rising from the road. There is the bench-land summer, hot and dry save when a bit of wind ventures up and over the "benches" from a quiet dreaming lake below. There is the Banff summer, crisp with cool nights and a sky so deep, so set with stars it makes you dizzy to look up than down the precipice whereby you stand. There is the green foot-hill summer through which clear rivers race over bright pebbles, singing a cool chanty. And the prairie summer, wide-smiling, with a drowsy haze in the farther distance and the gophers squatted on the trail licking their fore-paws philosophically. There is the Great Lakes summer and the Eastern Ontario summer and the Laurentian Hills summer and the summer of Bay Chaleur and Gaspé. Above all these summers rolls the one incomparable sky.

Hill Was a Canadian

THE UNITED STATES may have been the home of J. J. Hill the railway man, but Canada made him the man he was. In his rugged, homely pertinacity and downrightness he was like the country that bore him. In many parts of the Republic to the south men of this type are to be found. Big men, as a rule, hard-fisted and shrewd. In a surprising majority of cases they are of Canadian stock, winter hardened.

Posterity's Turn

COMFORT is to be had out of the Canadian railway situation in this regard at least. Assuming for argument's sake that we are for the time being oversupplied with railway facilities, and assuming for the moment also that it is difficult to support all of them—what does this mean for future generations of Canadians? If, as Sir W. T. White says, posterity is to be allowed to pay part of our present war expenses, then this is posterity's opportunity to get us to pay part of its railway expenses. The day approaches when the presence of so many miles of railway in Canada will enable Canada to handle new population and new production swiftly and easily. It may not be pleasant paying for this future advantage, and yet, after all, why not? Posterity deserves something more than debts from our hands.

Rifle Gossip

APPARENTLY EVERY ARMY rifle has had its critics. The Ross, our Canadian arm, has many. Two questions arise: Is the Ross criticized only by partisans of other rifles? Or is it being defended and its use continued in the face of honest criticism, for no better reason than that the shareholders in the Ross factory are influential at Ottawa. One of these questions could be answered if it were known who those shareholders are.