

the making of motor cars or pianos to the making of shells. But in Canada the waste of peace and the waste of war is carried on side by side.

Men's minds are blinded by business. They think it has something to do with the public good. Its ethic is private gain. Most of it is quite useless for any other purpose. The selling of goods constitutes the greater part of business; and these goods are sold to people who do not need them, and do not really want them. This involves an elaborate system of railway service. One illustration will serve. A train carrying sellers and others who think they must move about the country will have a dining car. It is manned by at least six stout fellows who would be much better employed carrying food to pigs. Even in England a man carries his food with him. Newspapers of forty pages are printed every day merely because war has not come within our borders to give, with its helping hand, a new direction to life.

Nor have Canadian women found for themselves a place in the public service. They are indefatigable at meetings, and tire themselves over tasks which are not essential. They help to keep the old machinery of life in motion, because war has not brought it to a standstill. Until the former things have passed away, women must spend their energy, and men must be exempted from military service, to keep up the show.

The old order yet persists, even to the trivial detail of casting a ballot,—and it would be the merest affectation, even on the part of the most casual visitor, to pretend to an ignorance of an impending event which fills the air. For fifty years men in Canada have been voting, and nothing happened. Rather, the same thing always happened. Public interest was made the occasion for private gain. In this our necessity many persons persist in the practice of voting as the automatic performance of an old function; and they still entertain the cynical belief that a public man may safely be voted for on the former assumption that he does not mean what he says.