

EDITORIAL

ONE OF THE THINGS to be hoped for in this country is the appearance of mills and factories on the prairies. Such a development would have certain interesting effects: By easing the prairies of their dependence on Ontario factories it would tend to reduce the friction between the East and the West; by creating a local industrial interest it would encourage in the West a more nearly sympathetic and comprehending attitude toward tariff matters; by making western cities producers as well as brokers and distributors it would create large and steady local markets for certain products of western farms; by increasing the number of alternatives from which the western boy might choose a career it would tend to counteract the spirit of restless migration, a spirit which is useful only up to a certain point. In other words, it would help the population in each district to "take root." By increasing the variety of productive occupations it would not merely reduce the possibilities of "crop failures," but would ultimately foster the growth of the arts, a growth which is by no means unrelated to the mundane foundations of an all-round community.

And this consummation is by no means a dream. Heavy manufacturing might never cross the Red River, but for light industries there is already a list of raw materials. We read that on the chief river in Manitoba—the Winnipeg—175,000 continuous 24-hour horse-power can be obtained, and 313,000 horse-power under a proposed river-regulation scheme. In Saskatchewan and Alberta the North Saskatchewan River yields 14,700 horse-power at one point. A single installation on the Bow, in Alberta, yields 15,000 horse-power. The possibilities are infinite.

In the West, quite as much as in Ontario, a Hydro-Electric policy co-ordinated with an immigration policy might, after the war, achieve important results.

AFTER ALL, CHILDREN ARE NOT TOYS for parents. A motto to this effect should be printed on suitable cards and issued by the Government to family doctors to be slipped secretly, at appropriate times, into the palms of new possessors of infants. In the old world the nations, surrounded by infinite possibilities of war and hardship, learned to regard their children seriously as the future trustees of national aspirations and traditions. In the new world, remote from enemies, surrounded by easier conditions of living, there has been a tendency to regard children as mere objects of affection. Pretty pegs on which to hang our love, our pride, and our hopes. The Americans have become a race of sentimentalists, "emotional dram-drinkers," paranoics and materialists partly because Americans are bad parents. It is not we that condemn them, but their children. We Canadians tend to imitate Americans and it's time we stopped.

It is good for man to play with his children. It is bad for his children to be played with too much. The Lord didn't invent them to make vaudeville for doting parents, to be exhibited to the neighbours in showy clothing and prompted to make speeches or lisp songs for the entertainment of callers. The children of the great in England are as carefully shielded as prize colts on a Canadian farm. They live quietly, hidden away from the living rooms where their sire may, if he must, lose his temper and their dam exercise her skill in scandal-mongering. They are at least given half a chance to preserve their nervous systems until they are fourteen years of age. But under the American system, which we tend to copy, we produce St. Vitus dancers at fourteen, neurotics at twenty, neurasthenics at twenty-five and divorcees at thirty. The parent who foregoes the pleasure of constant fondling, and suffers the pain of denying the apple of his or her eye the bauble it thinks it wants, is the true lover of the child. Spare the rod and spoil the child is an unnecessary proverb in houses where children are regarded as moral responsibilities rather than toys.

AMERICANS HAVE JUST ESCAPED being prohibited from buying Canadian salmon and Canadian halibut. What saved them at the last minute is a mystery. What lay behind this attempted Washington enactment was not spite, as might first have appeared, but anxiety for American fishing interests. The best halibut waters on the Pacific Coast are Canada's. American fishing vessels, being unable to elude our police boats, have been forced to operate out of our ports, getting their supplies and their crews there and leaving their finny cargoes there to be packed, frozen and shipped through to American markets. We exported \$202,340 worth in (11 months) 1913-14, and \$333,129 in the same period in 1915-16. Every dollar of this serious increase in Canadian sales to Americans was so much lost business to Seattle and other Puget Sound ports. The story of Canadian salmon is even more interesting. Though our sales of canned salmon to Am-

ericans are falling away to almost nothing, our exports of dog salmon and fresh salmon have risen in the period just referred to, from \$193,449 to \$486,406.

These figures illumine the attempted action of the American Senate.

THE SHELF WAS HIGH. The books on it had not been opened for a long time. The volume plucked down was shabby, binding faded, title half worn off, dust on the upper edges. The book had been long neglected. It looked heavy, dumb, lifeless, dead. Its covers almost creaked with age as they opened.

But their opening was like a flash of sunlight on a dripping oar. Three lines leapt to the eye and sang into the inner ears:

"And down the long and silent street
The Dawn with silver sandalled feet
Crept like a frightened girl."

There are not many more beautiful descriptive passages in many books. There were others in that same dull-looking, shabby volume. How—who could have said that book was dead? Like a modest philosopher, its covers had to be opened.

SUPPOSE SOMEBODY SAID to a high school boy, "Here, son, I'll pay all the expenses of a university course for you. Come on. Jump in. I'll drive you to the Registrar's office right away."

That boy would have to choose between Arts, Medicine, Practical Science, Law—and so on. Before choosing he would have to say what career he wished to follow.

So now Lord Robert Cecil and Sir George E. Foster talk of the "world-wide tariff scheme," which the Allies will draw up. Canada is to have her place in it. Her representatives will ask and obtain tariff concessions from her Allies, and will in turn grant return favours.

But what favours are we to set our hearts on? And what favours shall we be bound to withhold. Our free traders would gladly open wide our tariff doors to outside manufacturers. Our extreme Protectionists would keep out all but those things most necessary to Canadian industry. One class of Canada would take advantage of the occasion to get new markets for our wheat. Another would say: we must "feed" our wheat to a great Canadian population and sell the product of the labour which the wheat has made possible.

In other words, what career do we seek for Canada? A vendor of raw materials only? An agriculturist only? Or an industrial career? And if industrial—along what special lines?

We are like the lad. We must get into our heads some sort of notion about our future. One can't go a journey without an objective of some sort.

WE HAVE A BRAND of economic experts nowadays who seem to be particularly fond of making predictions. Whenever a big crop seems a sure thing in any large area of the country these wise sociological investigators proceed to tell us exactly how, by means of a tremendous income from the land, the farmers will begin to pay off their mortgage indebtedness and acquire wealth in the form of capital investment for the future. Which, of course, always makes the average man feel optimistic, which we all like to do. And if crops were always good and human nature always logically thrifty we might take the prognostications of these comfortable experts as our regular pabulum of good cheer.

Unfortunately, crops are not always good, and human nature sometimes strikes some curious parabolic curves in economics when they are. So that the rosy predictions of the expert always need careful revision in the light of facts even in the best of years. When crops are less bountiful than in boom years the same experts tell us a far different story. When they strike a run of poor crops over a fairly large area they at once begin to dilate on the privations and destitutions that are sure to arise. The more flamboyant the expert happened to be in a boom year, the more dismal his croakings in a year of some poor crops. That is the peculiarity of this brand of expert. He is neither a consistent bull nor a bear. He is an extremist. It matters very little to him for the sake of argument whether he drives us to one extremity or the other. He is not anxious to educate us. He is more intent on exciting us, and he would as lief do it one way as the other. What we are looking for now is a school of economic experts who will analyze conditions constructively year by year, who will believe that the average individual is not a mere alarmist believing in some supernatural agency of good or bad times outside the collective energies and wisdom of the community.