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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1929

THE YEARS BETWEEN

It may be good political tactics, but it certainly is not statesmanship and not in the interests of the country that public works or other benefactions should be held up until the eve of a general election. The King Government is an adept at holding the best wine until towards the last of the parliamentary session preceding an election. The present session of Parliament may or may not be the last before the election, but it is coming so near the end of the parliamentary term that echoes from it will certainly reverberate in the coming campaign. This session and the next if there be one, may therefore be looked upon as the fat years in the present administration, while the lean years following the last election will be glossed over and the memory of them obliterated, if possible, by the glamour of recent achievements.

The Speech with which His Excellency the Governor General opened the present session hints at railway extension east and west. Parliament will be asked "to authorize the acquisition of certain railways in both eastern and western Canada, which will constitute potentially important feeders of the Canadian National system." A further branch line programme for the development of western and northern sections of the country is promised. The railway act is to be amended so as to give wider powers to the board of railway commissioners. A pension scheme is promised in the interests of the Canadian National Railways. Resumption of negotiations is promised with the western Provinces for the restoration of their natural resources. Other changes are promised, including amendments to the Fisheries Act and the Elections Act.

These, it will be observed, are vague potentialities, and may mean much or nothing. Parliament will deal with each proposition very largely in the light shining from the different constituencies. The promise to build railways, to pension railway employees, to give more power to the board of railway commissioners, is definite in at least one direction—namely, that it is a direct appeal to certain classes who may be expected to support a government advocating such measures, whether they materialize or not.

It may be too much to expect that the reference to the acquisition of new railway lines and other railway extensions will apply to the standardization of the gauge of the Murray Harbor line. We are known to be a long-suffering people, and expected to be satisfied with what may come to us in the lean years. It is quite possible that this project may do duty at the next election, as it has at previous ones. In any case it is hoped that our Federal representatives will see to it that the injustice to the people of Southern Kings County will not longer be tolerated, and that steps will be taken to implement the definite promise given by the Prime Minister before the last election, that this road would be standardized without further delay. There are other matters also which should not be overlooked, including the New London Railway, which will be required if the promised development of our Fisheries is to extend to this Province.

There is also the question of the new car ferry. It is expected that an appropiation sufficient to meet the requirements will be made during the session. Just what this amount will be is a matter for the government. They have the data before them, and our representatives should not be satisfied with anything less than a full implementation of the recommendations of the Associated Boards of Trade of the Province which were endorsed by the Maritime Board of Trade and duly presented at Ottawa.

WHY FAILURES?

An American educationalist makes the declaration that there should be no failures in a well taught school, and that the school system itself is at fault if children are sent out into the world feeling that they cannot make good in any line of effort. This statement is made in view of the fact that over 1,000,000 boys and girls in the schools of the United States are classified under the "failed" heading. The editor of the Journal of the National Education Association says that this is "the crime eternal against childhood" and that the school of tomorrow will not consider its task complete "until all children of school age are fitted successfully into the activities of citizenship and vocation."

Standards of attainment as prescribed in the average school are undeniably arbitrary, and sometimes almost inhuman, with respect to the individual pupil. But the time should not be far distant when the schools will undertake to teach success for each pupil according to his talent. The child of the future will not be branded by a mark of failure. On the contrary, the thought of all concerned will be centered upon helping him to succeed up to the highest possible standard of which he himself is capable. The teacher will seek to discover what talents the individual pupil possesses and to guide each in developing his capacity.

ACCIDENTALS.

The "unloaded" gun has killed more people than the one that was known to be loaded. Automobile accidents on straight roads are surprisingly frequent. Fatalities from animals that have been believed to be quiet and harmless are by no means uncommon. It is those parts of machinery supposed to be "safe" and consequently left unguarded that cause accidents and fatalities. In fact, it is the unexpected that generally happens. Accidents are never expected. But they have an uncanny way of cropping up when we have been lulled into false security. There is always the unknown quantity to be reckoned with. The moral is obvious but of little use. If we knew certain things were going to happen, we could prevent them. There is, however, a margin of caution which all wise men and women observe. To the young and inexperienced this margin is a very narrow one, but years and experience usually tend to widen it. Caution pushed to an extreme on one side may lead to danger on the other. "I will carry my umbrella," said Prudence; "but he was struck by lightning." So there you are.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Up to the present, the winter has been extraordinarily mild. The car ferry, partially crippled, is making her daily trips in practically open water—something which has not occurred within the memory of any now living. It would be too much to presume that this condition will continue throughout the winter months

Notes By The Way

Whatever we may think of Fascism, says a writer in the Review of Reviews, there is at least one thing for which we ought to be obliged to it. Fascism is testing in practice many doctrines about which sociologists and political thinkers have been talking for two generations. One of these experiments is the attempt to incorporate the state, basing it on guild organizations. The idea is that geographical divisions for political purposes be abolished, and professional divisions put in their place. Instead of voting as residents of Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Quebec, or Ontario, we would, under this system, vote as bankers, teachers, farmers or mechanics. This means that Mussolini is trying to rule Italy much as a president runs a corporation. There is a self-perpetuating board of directors—the Grand Fascist Grand Council—which appoints the president, who in turn appoints the staff. In this organization the King plays the part of a board of trustees.

When Mussolini appointed a committee of fifteen elderly gentlemen to reform the constitution of Italy on this principle, they were facetiously called the fifteen Solons, but they did their work fairly well. They feared that putting the state on a basis of trade guilds or corporations would emphasize too much the material side of life, and make government a purely economic affair. This was the trouble with the old socialist syndicalism. The new Fascist corporate state, as finally developed, attempts to set up a selected minority in each trade, aware of its political role, and prepared to share the responsibility of ruling.

This means that political life as we know it has pretty well gone by the board. There is not only the substitution of professional for geographical divisions among voters, making the entire country one election district, but the idea of the vote itself is changed. Candidates are suggested by the guilds or professional groups. But before they can run the Grand Council of the Fascist Party—Italy's board of directors—has to approve them; and it has the right to nominate others of its own accord. The mere voter is then entitled to express his opinion of the candidates—not one by one as we might think, but approving or disapproving the whole list at once. The new chamber chosen under this system will open April 21, putting into full operation Italy's new political corporation.

In the matter of a disagreement between the Provincial and Federal governments on the important question of water power rights which was referred to the Supreme Court of Canada, the latter decided that "owing to the form in which most of the questions were submitted it was impossible to give precise, or even intelligible answers." Commenting on the deadlock, the Ottawa Journal remarks that laymen, unacquainted with but always fearful of, legal technicalities will wonder why it is not possible for some preliminary co-operation between officials of the Justice Department and representatives of the Canadian Supreme Court relative to the form in which questions should be asked. Asking of eminent jurists questions that cannot be given "even intelligible" answers does seem to be a waste of time if it is not a reflection on the department of government that asks the questions.

Miss Agnes McPhail, M. P., expressed her disapproval of President Coolidge's now famous armistice day speech in a recent address before the Erie County League of Women's Voters; and as usual, Miss McPhail succeeded in expressing herself quite clearly. Among other things she said: "As a Canadian, I feel the whole world owes a debt of gratitude to the country that produced Woodrow Wilson. We never could understand why his own nation did not back him up in his great idealistic dream of world co-operation. Mr. Kellogg is another like Wilson—a splendid man. But we cannot see how the same country that produced a Wilson and a Kellogg could produce a Coolidge."

One reason for any suspicion that may exist bewteen the nations which fought as allies during the Great War may be found, it is suggested, in the natural reaction from the altruism professed by every country during that strenuous period. In the struggle the Allies felt that they were a band of brothers. The belief that they were all dedicated to a high task and that they were engaged in the joint business of redeeming the world from its worst faults was held almost universally. Now it appears that the world is much the same as ever it was. Poverty, cruelty, greed and vanity have not perceptibly diminished. The task of remoulding things nearer to the heart's desire is a discouraging one; it fails again and again and leaves matters apparently worse than they were. But this, too, is an illusion. The progress of the ideal of universal brotherhood must be measured in centuries not in years. With every generation the desire to end all wars and to live at peace with mankind is growing among the masses by whom alone it is possible for military autocrats to make war against each other. The time when we shall beat our swords into pruning hooks and scrap our navies and disband our armies may still be far away, but it is perceptibly nearer than it was in the mediaeval ages, or even in the early days of the last century.

The effect of dumping New Zealand butter into the Maritime Provinces was shown at the recent convention of the Nova Scotia Farmers' Association in Truro. "New Zealand is at the present time, in a large measure, getting the market price for our butter," declared Dr. Cumming, head of the marketing division of the Province. "We could improve the situation either by some manipulation of our tariff by which we might, at least for a time, set a higher price or possibly we could reduce the cost of production." He believed that the latter could be done, but admitted that their competitors might do the same, in which case Nova Scotia farmers would be no better off.

That Body of Yours

By James W Barton, M.D.

GETTING SOME SUN DAILY

When the weather is a bit cold it seems a natural thing to remain indoors, and yet aside from the value of pure fresh air there is one other great gift of which you and I seem not fully aware.

I often think, as mentioned before, that the natives of far distant shores showed a reverence that reflects upon us, when they worshipped their only known god, the sun.

Why did they worship the sun?

Because they realized that their life on earth was dependent upon the sun.

And now Dr. Chas. Mayo calls attention to the fact that it was not until 1750 that the first light in medical treatment was recorded by Russell, who was stimulated to its use by watching the self-treatment of animals. Finsen in 1893, Bernad in 1902, and Rollier in 1904, brought the use of the sun's rays to the attention of the civilized world, and yet all these thousands of years the sun has beamed down upon us.

It is really only at the persent time that man is beginning to take advantage of these rays.

And as man is above the animal he learns much about the different rays of the sun, the heat waves, the radio waves, the violet, ultra violet, x-ray and radium waves.

He knows that these rays have uses, and is learning what some of these uses are.

For instance that the ultra violet ray will help to lower high blood pressure, increase the oxygen and lime in the blood, help the activity of the endocrine glands, which as you know are sort of regulators in the body, and increases the storage of iodin in the thyroid gland. And man goes further and is able to develop these rays artificially. But you and I, every day of our lives, should get some of these rays, and if we are shut up at our work during most of the day, remember that the sun's rays are at their best, are strongest, at the noon hour. Thus a few minutes of your noon hour, spent in the sun will stimulate every cell in that body of yours.

THE LAND WE LOVE

By [illegible] LEIGH

CANADA AS A WORLD TRADER

Q. Where does Canada stand as a World Trader?

A. Canada has the largest per capita railway mileage in the world. Canada occupies second place among the world's greatest per capita exporters. Canada occupies fifth place among the world's greatest traders in foreign markets. Canada, with only one-twelfth the population of the United States, does over one-fourth as much world trade. Canada's export of Canada products increased between six and seven fold (from 196 to 1,349 millions,) between 1902 and 1928, while total trade increased from 406 millions to 2 billion 584 millions.

Trotsky's Napoleonic Aim

(From The Toronto Globe)

Leon Trosky, revolutionary extraordinary, yesterday was thought to have perished in a Black Sea hurricane. Later cables from Moscow declare that Trotsky is still safe in Russia—that is, as safe as any can be in the land of the Bolsheviki when one is openly opposed to the ruling faction.

Trotsky is one of those peculiar figures in history that seem to enjoy supernormal powers while playing spectacular parts on the world stage. He has not succeeded in achieving the phenomenal personal prestige that is Mussolini's strength in Italy. Yet he has already played a major role in a revolution destined to affect the whole cause of world history; he remains alive in Russia, though Russia is ruled by a faction theoreticaly believing in instant death for all those opposed to the political policy of the Government, and though he has been vehemently against the present Soviet program.

It is not altogether surprising that Trotsky should just now have predicted the rise of a "Red Napoleon" in Russia. This dynamic little Jew, Bronstein by name, is highly educated. He has studied the history of revolution as minutely as a chemist studies the reaction of chemical combinations in the laboratory. If there has already been a striking resemblance between the French Revolution and the Russian Revolution, one very good reason is that the engineers of the uprising in Russia worked according to the pattern that had long since brought success in France.

Trotsky and his particular followers are working for world revolution. They are not now, nor ever have been, interested in Russia as such. Bronstein, or Trotsky, went back to Russia from New York because Russia presented all the factors necessary for a successful uprising—appression, immorality, and inefficiency in high places; depression, hardship, and ignorance among the poor.

Trotsky is no mere idle dreamer. He built up a most formidable army under the greatest difficulties. He successfully quelled half a dozen counter-revolutionary attacks, all liberally financed, and led by tried Czarist Genarals. He forced the American, British, French and Japanese forces to withdraw from Russian soil. When the Poles, under Marshal Pilsudski, invaded Russia, Trotsky's Red Army hurled them back across the border with such loss that General Weygand was rushed from France to relative the defeat. Trotsky, in short, created a real army out of a revolutionary rabble, an army that has already proved its capability.

Today Russia, in spite of her domestic poverty, possesses one of the formidable military organizations in Europe. The present year's estimates call for an expenditure of 823,000,000 rubles, or about $400,000,000. This is twice as much as the British expenditure for army purposes. The Russian permanent army is comprised of only 270,000 men, But no fewer than 842,000 youths are given annual instruction in sessions of three months' duration. It is estimated that 15,000,000 men could be called to the colors, all of military age and all with military training.

Trotsky's days of influence may really be over. Things in Russia are obviously moving to a climax. And if Trotsky is finally and successfully expelled it is probable that the Stalin group will try to come to working terms with the outside world. There is every reason to believe that within the Soviet ranks are realists who are sick and tired of financing revolutionary activitiesall over the wrold. These would gladly meet the live-and-let-live demand of the British Government, and would concerntrate their efforts on making work the purely economic features of Marxism.

Unfortunately, the real driving force in the Communist Party remains those fanatics who hate the present system of civilization with a diabolical frenzy. These would not only smash the individualist economic system, but suppress religion of every sort, abolish all social institutions based on the idea of the family and marriage.

Trotsky is the real leader of these fanatics. If, by fair means or foul, he can win his way back to power, repetition of the Napoleonic experiment will certainly be attempted.

At Madam Tussaud's

(J. B. Priestley in the London Saturday Review)

Last Saturday afternoon I visited Madame Tussaud—and hardly recognized her. My recollections of the old place are of a dingy building, a place with a mournful railway waiting-room atmosphere and not many patrons. The new building is very gay, and, what is more astonishing, it is well patronized. There was a crowd of us last Saturday afternoon, and I for one could only catch a glimpse of the heads of the present Royal Family, so dense was the loyal throng in front of this group. When I first entered the Grand Hall, I saw there, all round the room—two sets of people staring at one another. The only difference was that the set lower down, with their backs towards me, made little movements, turned their heads and nudged one another, whereas the other set kept perfectly still. his first crazy glimpse was easily the best thing the exhibition had to offer me. For when I say that I hardly recognized Madame and that she is now quite gay, I refer only to the actual building and its decorations (though I might also include the five girls in black-and-white who form a rather desperate little orchestra), and not to the exhibits. These are just the same, except that perhaps the new bright building makes them look all the more curious.

There is something sinister about wax. No wonder wax figures play such a notable part in black magic. It is the ideal medium for the effigies of murderers. The actual craftsmanship in this image-making is very good, but it is given a sinister twist by the evil substance. I have no doubt whatever that M. Tussaud and his assistants have a genuine admiration for the subjects of their art, and believe they are doing honour to them by making these effigies. Nevertheless I could understand a stranger who insisted that there is deadly satire behind this show of figures in the Grand Hall. Here are all our kings and dictators and statesmen and generals and powerful ecclesiastics, and they are terrifying. These are the Baldwins and Winston Churchills and Chamberlains of Moscow. As you creep past these staring rows, you are not surprised we have already had one Great War and several revolutions; indeed, you are astonished that Europe has not been utterly destroyed. There are wrinkles here that could plot the destruction of millions. Even Jack Hobbs looks as if he had put away an empire or two in his time.

There is a literary corner. "Oo's tha' in the chair?" a little boy in front of me enquired. "That's Tickenss," his mother told him. "We got his books atome." I wonder how many visitors will buy the works of the modern authors after seeing their images in that corner. Mr. Bernard Shaw, in a very neat light grey lounge suit, is smiling sardonically. I must confess he looks at home there. The eyebrows and spectacles of Mr. Kipling are admirable. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle looked faintly ectoplasmic, and Sir Oliver Lodge looked so patriarchal that I felt he would have been happier, science or no science, in one of the earlier historical tableaux in the next room. Hardy gave the impression that the President of the Immortals had won the last trick—by cheating. A horrible lumpy face at the back, bulging out of a curiously unconvincing collar and tie turned out to be Mr. H. G. Wells. He is described in the catalogue as a "vigorous critic of the existing social order." his Wells looks as if he did his criticizing with an axe. It must be queer to sit at home, a comfortable, pink, and sprightly human being, and know that aTll the time this other sinister self is standing and staring balefully in the Grand Hall. Suppose it came to visit you in the middle of the night—moving slowly and stiffly across the bedroom to waken you with a touch of its waxen hand?

There were not many people in the Hall of Kings. Evidently the interest in Plantagenets and Tudors is not what it was in the Marylebone Road. The most impressive figure there is Henry VIII, whose head is colossal and straight out of a nightmare. The Hall of Tableaux upstairs attracted more attention than the kings. The Tussaud view of history is that it is at best a dark business, an affair of dim red lights and fierce bearded faces. Even the most innocent subject was touched with the macabre. The announcement to Queen Victoria of her accession demands almost idylic treatment; the young girl standing in her dressing gown, with the Archbishop and Lord Conyngham kneeling before her. But once again the wax has had its own sinister way, and you would swear that the two men you see there are a couple of potential murderers and that the girl herself is about to stamp her foot and release a trap-door that will swallow them both.

There were plenty of us in the Chamber of Horrors. I visited it once before, years ago, and it did not seem greatly changed when I saw it again the other afternoon. On the whole my sympathies are with the good lady I overheard saying to her husband and his friend: "Look here, don't stay too long down here." What a queer immortality those poor animals and lunatics have arrived at in that dim cellar! There is a glass case in which some odds and ends, a cigar box, pencils, and so forth, once the property of George Joseph Smith, who drowned his wives in the bath, are treasured. Even one of the very baths is there. If these murderers had souls, if they are now spirits and are allowed to go where they will, then they must flock every Saturday to this Chamber for when they were not mere brutes they were nearly all men of a vanity so overweening that it left them crazed. Do you imagine that their ghosts are indifferent to this grim glory of the extra sixpence and the special chamber, the numbers and the catalogued description? Vanity and egoism drove them to commit murder, and when a hand fell on their shoulders and the dock loomed before them, they thought at first they had failed. But no, they had succeeded, succeeded beyond their dreams. The crowds outside the court the columns of descriptions and comment, the photographs—and now, when millions of good men have been forgotten and all their belongings gone to the dustbin, they keep their state, are immortal in the Maryleybone Road, where the very fire that melted whole dynasties above left their effigies and relics untouched.

Some people believe that nothing in the world is dumb. Our sticks and stones, they say, confide their experiences to the spirit within us. Everybody—even the densest of us—has felt at some time or other that a certain old house or room had an evil atmosphere. Then what about these

continued on page 5

THE POET'S CORNER

MY TOWN IS A CATHEDRAL

"The walks are its aisles,
The trees are its pillars,
Their branches, arches and ribs,

"The homes are family pews,
The gardens altar flowers,
The sunsets coloured glass.

"The lights in good men's eyes
Are living candle-flames,
Their cheery words are hymns.

"Their dreams of better things
Are incense and prayers.
My town is a cathedral."

—Edgar Frank, in the Christian Century.

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