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TUESDAY, MAY 4, 1926

THE GRAVE SITUATION

As we go to press the news from London is of the most serious character. Labor has accepted Capital's gage of battle and is prepared to fight to a finish and to what finish no one at the moment is prepared to foretell. The Prime Minister, Mr. Baldwin, in a very weighty message to the House of Commons, asserted that His Majesty's government had found itself challenged by an alternative government representing the strike leaders and that this indicated nothing less than an approach to civil war, a catastrophe Great Britain had not been face to face with for centuries. The Premier was himself satisfied that the would-be revolutionaries had got out of hand and the tail was attempting to wag the dog. Be that as it may, the facts remain that, as a sequel to the coal miners strike, practically the whole of organized labour, represented by Trades Unions will "down tools" as from this morning and what that represents no one can fully realize as there has been nothing comparable with such warfare in the world's history.

The British government has done everything in its power in anticipation of this climax to maintain peace and order and troops in large numbers have been quartered in the larger industrial centres. It is sincerely to be hoped that, as the Hon. J. H. Thomas, Secretary of the National Union of Railway men passionately declared in reply to the Prime Minister's momentous utterance, "there is still a solution for the situation." The Master Minds of Britain have in the past succeeded in surmounting almost insurmountable difficulties and it may be, as Mr. Thomas declares, a solution will yet be found in the present crisis.

WELL WITH THE WORLD?

Looking out upon the world, from our own Canadian door, one cannot say that "all is well with the world." In our Canada the most prominent feature is political corruption, corruption in its meanest and most disgusting and most discouraging form, bribery, bargaining for power, yielding to sectional interests for the sake of holding office, government employers bribing their official superiors for the sake of place and promotion, government officials running with the government and hunting with bootleggers and smugglers—everything and anything for wealth or position or office and not a thought for the welfare of the country. Allegiance to party, not for the sake of the party or because its policy might be of service to the country, but for the sake of what can be extorted from the party for personal gain—this and these constitute the governmental and administrative business of Canada today. The country's money, the earnings of the toilers, squandered in millions to buy place and power for a few politicians.

Is there any remedy for it and what is the remedy? There is certainly a remedy but, unfortunately, the remedy is largely in the hands of people who are holding it in order to support a political party from whom they expect either a return in favors or the satisfaction of winning out in a political game.

This is the state of affairs in Canada today and Canada is being bled white by it in sections to suit the demands of the political market.

There is one gleam of hope. The pendulum is forever swinging from one extreme to the other. Apparently, at present, it has reached a point beyond which it cannot go; it is at the very horizontal in the direction of political maladministration, the ugly features of which it is unnecessary to name. Some day it will swing back. In the meantime the people are learning their lesson, learning it by dear bought experience. When they realize that, if the country is ever to become the prosperous country its unlimited wealth of natural resources entitles it to be, they must send honest, fearless, capable men to Ottawa, men who have the courage and the capacity to demand honest government, then and not till then we may hope for Canadian prosperity.

The situation in Great Britain is not re-assuring. Apparently the country is in the grip of an organized mob. The government has yielded from time to time to demands which have become exorbitant. Now it would appear concessions have reached a limit and the government must face the situation boldly and fearlessly or hand over the reins to a democracy gone mad. Today the issue, for weal or woe, will be clearer. We shall know before night whether the country's industries shall or shall not be paralyzed.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The robins are here, the days are lengthening, the people are ready—Spring should take the hint.

On Saturday, May Day, the "Queen of the May" was becomingly dressed in her furs and gaiters.

The man who chews gum with that rhythmic snap which bespeaks the expert and long usage, is now more conspicuous than the star movie. He's a corker.

Verily Spring is here. Gardeners are planting shrubs, sweet peas and other early flowers; the small boy was out yesterday in his cotton blouse and with bare head; the children are playing ball on the streets and dodging cars or being dodged by them. All the principal symptoms of Spring are with us.

There are Canadian cities which have their streetsides and open boulevards bordered with flowers and beautiful shrubbery, making the cities beautiful to look upon. There is no city in Canada in which this could be more effectively done than in Charlottetown. Yet we cannot risk flowers where the small boy, and indeed the bigger boy and the bigger girl, can get at them. This is a pity. The aesthetic taste, the respect for other people's property is not as intensively cultivated here as many of our gardens are. If it were it would yield a more profitable crop than even our farms and gardens. We have a city that is capable of being greatly beautified but many are afraid to take chances on outdoor flowers. We should take the risk and trust to the development in our citizens of respect for the rights of property and love of the beautiful.

Notes by the Way

A very shocking revelation has come to the people of Canada through the probe committee of the House of Commons which was appointed to investigate the charges made by H. H. Stevens of Vancouver. There had been rumors for years past that the Customs Department had been very loosely administered, that abuses had crept in, that officials had betrayed their trust, that the revenues of the country had been defrauded of millions that honest importers and wholesale merchants had found themselves unable to compete with the dealers in smuggled goods, that honest Canadian manufacturers had by the same means been brought to the verge of ruin

All this and more had been rumored, but it was treated lightly by the government. And every effort was made to quiet the alarm that had been aroused in the public mind. Propaganda was resorted to. The volume of trade, the trade balance in Canada's favor, the splendid harvest of last year, increased earnings of the National Railways were pointed to and the great natural resources of the Dominion were extolled in order to quiet the public mind and lull it into the belief that all was well and prosperous in Canada and that the King government was bringing back prosperity.

Of course there men admitted there was some smuggling, a small matter; there had alway been smuggling, how was it possible to prevent it along a frontier of thousands of miles? And of course the Tory Opposition, eager for office, were making a mountain out of a mole-hill! A larger preventive force was needed; the government would ask for a vote to provide for increasing this force, and so on. The government at the last session asked for $300,000 for this purpose and it was voted, **but they did not spend it.** It was prudent to go slowly—some influential friends might suffer; they required time to settle up their business affairs. And the prosperity propaganda was kept up. What's the odds so long as the country is prosperous? And if any one mentioned smuggling he was laughed at and told to forget it.

There had been talk implicating Hon. Mr. Bureau, the Minister of Customs. Perhaps it might be safer if he were promoted to a higher sphere, and so he was made a Senator. If the worst came to the worst what could hurt a Senator with a life appointment? So he was elevated very quietly to a place of security and Mr. Boivin was made Minister of Customs in his stead. And the propaganda proclaimed that the country was even more prosperous than before. But many throughout the country were not satisfied that all was well. The October elections came on and the Premier and eight of his colleagues, along with a score of their supporters were defeated at the polls.

There was not much political prosperity for the King Government in that. But something must be done and so a hard and fast bargain was made with the Progressives for their assured co-operation." They were to be given what they wanted and they were to keep the King government in office, and they have done so. Once the bargain was closed the Premier was elected in Saskatchewan. Premier Dunning was also elected there and the Propaganda Committee and the Bureau of Statistics got busy and proclaimed that the Dominion was now most amazingly prosperous. Surely now the talk of a smuggling scandal would lapse into silence in face of such superabundant prosperity. But it did not.

Mr. Stevens made his charges and forced the appointment of a committee of investigation It has nine members, four Liberals, four Conservatives and one Progessive—a government majority of one. It is of importance that the party whose interest it is to prevent the more damaging facts from being disclosed have the majority. Still the dirt is coming out. Corruption, perjury, thievery and malfeasance in alarming proportions have been disclosed and high official names including those of Ministers and ex-Ministers have been smirched, decisions of courts of the land have been overruled and thwarted and the course of justice has been rudely checked in order that criminals might be sheltered and protected.

What has prosperity to do with criminality and corruption in the high places of the land? Surely if prosperity more real than is known to exist were purchased at such a price of national degradation it would be costly indeed! But no blanket of alleged prosperity can conceal from view or suppress the

(Continued on page 5)

That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D

YOUR CONTRIBUTION TO THE WORLD.

In comparing the matter of living as applied to animals and man, a Harvard professor tells us that the most important item in the list of running expenses, is the energy used up in seeking food.

Where sufficient food for all purposes is secured, then the animal or man may be said to be living profitably. That is able to keep alive and well.

When there is a surplus energy from the food, the surplus may then be used in ways that make life worth more than it costs.

One of the points he makes is that where food is easily obtained, the animal or man will not exhort himself to procure more food than he just actually needs to keep him alive.

On the other hand he might continue to eat more than he needed for the work he did, and thus store up within his tissues a considerable amount of fat, which is really of no use to him, in fact can be a source of danger.

Now progress is founded upon the existence of surplus energy. Just what is done with that energy determines just what a man is going to be in himself, and what he will contribute to the common good.

In this civilization, and on this continent, it is possible for most people to get all the food they need; for some it is impossible to get all the varieties of food the world produces.

Now just what you do with that food decides your classification as a citizen in the world.

If you just eat enough to keep you alive, and that is all that the food does for you, that is keep you alive, you will not be of much use to yourself or to the world.

If you eat so much that you store up surplus fuel—not surplus energy—then too your overweight of fuel, will prevent you from making your best contribution to life and to the world.

If you eat just enough to supply your body needs, and about twenty-five percent more with which you do some work of body or mind for yourself and the world, then you are the type of citizen that will make possible real progress in this old world of ours.

Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers

HOLINESS—"I am the Lord your God * * *Sanctify yourselves, and ye shall be holy: for I am holy." Lev. 11:44.

PRAYER—Help us, our Father in heaven, to strive to be perfect even as Thou art perfect.

A MESSENGER OF SPRING.

Oh, dandelion, you winsome thing,
A fair sweet messenger of Spring,
Bright promises to us you bring!

Scarce Winter's chilly presence fled,
Than resting on a mossy bed
With upturned face, a sunny head.

Then others come, 'till all around
Before our eyes upon the ground,
A thousand golden heads are found.

Tread softly, then, with listening ear,
For spirit voices far and near
Whisper that smiling Spring is here.

Thy presence, modest little friend,
And the blue heavens that o'er thee bend,
Proclaim stern Winter's recent end.

Thy beauty graced his lonely bier,
And, hastening when skies were clear,
Greeted the Spring with smile and tear.

The sunbeams kiss thy upturned face,
The warm winds hold thee in embrace;
And silver streams reflect thy grace.

At sight of thee the heart is stirred,
And many a long forgotten word,
Thru the dim years is heard.

In time long past thy sister flowens,
May perhaps have graced some lovers bowers,
Or marked in life the sweetest hours.

Or perhaps some loved one's grave recall,
Where low beside the church yard wall,
The shadows o'er thy sunshine fall.

You only blessing to us bring,
Oh fair sweet messenger of Spring,
Fresh from the throne of earth's great King!

M. J. M.

Your Birthday

MAY 4—You are bright, witty, and original, and may be counted upon to do the unexpected thing. You are generally popular and have many close friends. You are adaptable, loving, and kind-hearted, and fond of children. Curb your desire to make money; be content with a little of this world's goods. Rather strive after love.

Your birth-stone is an emerald, which means success in love.

Your flower is a lily.

Your lucky colors are red and yellow.

From the Speech Of Sir John MacDonald

At Simcoe, Ont., Oct. 4, 1876.

The N. P. in its Infancy, Surely.

Historicus.

We quote the following extract from Sir John McDonald's speech delivered at Simcoe, Ont., on the 4th of October, 1876, when the N.P. was just propounded as the policy of the Conservative party. If we trace the history of the N.P. from that time until the Province of Ontario cast its vote at the Dominion elections on Oct. 29, 1925 last, it will be found that the seed sowed by Sir John in 1876 bore a rich return in 1925, and we venture to predict will yield a larger return when the next election takes place. The great Chieftain said:—

"And therefore I have been urging upon my friends—I have told them that we must lay aside all old quarrels about old party doings (cheers). Those old matters are matters before the flood—(cheers) which have gone by, and are settled forever—many of them settled by the Governments of which I have been a member.

"Why should parties divide on these old quarrels? Let us divide on questions affecting the present and future interest of the country. The question of the day is that of the protection of our farmers from the unfair competition of foreign produce, and the protection of our manufactures.

"If we have work here at home, our country will be prosperous and happy, and gentlemen, it is a consummation devoutly to be wished for, and I pray you to take the lessons to heart and cast aside all factions and partizan feelings, which may have been imbibed for the purpose of supporting designing politicians like Mr. McKenzie or myself. (Laughter.) It has been said that party is the madness of many for the gain of a few. It may be so, when it is a mere question between the ins and the outs, but when the people divide on living questions we shall have parties of earnest men who will select the best men to carry out their views in Parliament. Speaking as I do and feeling as I do that our views are correct, I invite the calm consideration of the people of Canada, —of the electors of this county at the next general election to return men who will see that their interests are protected. It will not be by taking those who say they will vote protection, but who, like Mr. Charlton when the question is before the House, speak one way and vote the other. That kind of thing is a humbug, and you must not elect a man because he merely promises to vote for protection. You know very well there can be no alternative in the tariff unless it is brought down by the Government. No independent member can move a rise in the tariff; it must be introduced by the Government. So you must not support a man unless he pledges himself to vote, not only for protection, but against any Government which will not bring down a measure for the purpose, or the same thing will occur as occurred in the case of Messrs. Workman, Irving and Wood, who vote for protection to please their supporters and vote for a Government that refuses it. (Laughter.) No, no, you must get the Government out, and put in a Government that will carry it."

The political views and maxims laid down above hold good today—as firmly as they did when Sir John uttered them. The voter should also bear in mind that when he hears them laid down at the next election they will not be just palmed off for the occasion, but will have no less an authority than the words of the departed Chieftain, who promulgated them so earnestly in his day to sustain them.

Disarmament In Proportion To Arming Power

(Special to The Guardian)

PARIS, May 3.—Disarmament in proportion to potential arming power is the substance of the French policy at the forthcoming preparatory disarmament conference in Geneva at which France will be represented by M. Paul Boncour.

Potential arming power in this connection is said to mean the capacity of a country to produce war material and general sustenance during a period of war.

The theory is that a country which lacks facilities for quickly producing fighting machines and equipping fighting men can less afford to disarm than a power which possesses those means.

Daily Lesson In English

By W. L. Gordon

WORDS OFTEN MISUSED: Say "the receipt calls for one cup of sugar." "Recipe" is a medical prescription.

OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED: roue. Pronounce roo-a, the oo as in "tool," the a as in "day," accent last syllable.

OFTEN MISSPELLED: auxiliary.

SYNONYMS: people, population, community, commonwealth,, nation, race, tribe.

WORD STUDY: "Use a word three times and it is yours." Let us increase our vocabulary by mastering one word each day. Today's word: PERILOUS full of danger; hazardous. "The perilous work of the aviator requires courage."

The Average Man As I See Him

Excerpts from The American Magazine (January, 26)

A letter came in my mail the other day which said: "Why is it that the characters in your novels and stories are all—or practically all—of one class? Why do you never write of real ladies and gentlemen, but only of people, for the most part dwellers in country villages, who do the things that everyone else does? Even your city characters are just average men and women."

I admit, and cheerfully, that I do write of average men and women. Considering the shortcomings of the world they are obliged to live in, it seems to me that they do remarkably well. And I think I am qualified to espouse the cause of the average man, because I have a strong suspicion that I am one of them.

I am not an optimist.

I give that statement a paragraph all to itself, because I wish to emphasize it. I have been more than once accused of being an incorrigible optimist, and each time I am tempted to refute the accusation with a shotgun. Because my novels and stories—most of them—end happily, because most of my fictional married couples live together and keep on doing so, because the men and women in my Cape Cod tales face the music, whether a jazz or a dirge, with at least the outward pretense of courage and a sense of humor, certain professors and pupils of the so-called "realistic" school—and it sometimes seems as if that institution must be a primary school because of the youth of its faculty and students—shake their heads contemptuously and say, "Bah! Sentimental optimism!"

Then I reach for the shotgun. I insist that a reasonably cheerful attitude toward life is not optimism; nor sentimental falderal. I maintain that it is the realest of realism, because it is the outlook of the average sane human being.

A laugh is as real a part of life as a tear, a wedding as a funeral And experience with my fellow average man has convinced me that that is his doctrine. He faces life as it is and, with an amazing amount of grit and cheerful determination, does his level best to make things better if he can, and to endure them it he cannot.

The average man has trouble enough; and the manner in which he meets that trouble, gets up after each knockdown and tries again, is the reason why I find him the most interesting individual in the world, and why he inspires me with a reasonable amount of faith in human nature.

I could quote—as could anyone else—a hundred instances of pluck and grimly humorous philosophy in the face of adversity. I will quote just one. A good old friend of mine, a retired sea captain, a man who has always led an active life, recently lost the sight of an eye, and is threatened with total blindness. I called on him soon after I heard of his hard luck, called to sympathize. He met me with a smile as broad and whole-hearted as his smiles had ever been.

"Yes," he admitted, "one headlight's gone and they tell me the other is liable to shut up afore long. Well, I've been privileged to see a whole lot more than most folks, and maybe I've had my allowance. Anyhow, I ain't kickin' as things are now. I tell 'em there's times when I can see too much with one eye."

I knew what approaching blindness meant to a man of his disposition and habits. He was not trying to deceive himself as to the appalling nature of the calamity which had befallen him. He knew he realized; but he was true to his principles. He never had any use for a cry-baby.

The average small-town man—mind, I say the average, not the exception—is, it seems to me, a pretty decent citizen, according to his light. He is careless often, prejudiced when he should be fair-minded, lazy when he should be active; but so is the average city dweller. So are you and I, if we are honest enough to admit it. As I know him, he is, on the whole, a pretty good husband, a pretty good father, and a pretty good neighbor. He has a certain philosophy of his own and—I repeat it—an amazing amount of pluck.

I am ready to maintain that the average marriage is happy, on the whole. Again the average, not the exception. The selection of a life-mate is, for the most of us, such a hit or miss chance the wonder is that there are not more unhappy marriages. Nevertheless, the average man marries the average woman, has average children, and is—again on the average—happy. We read a pessimistic novel; we read the accounts of sensational divorce cases in the papers, and are sometimes inclined to feel that wedded bliss is, sooner or later wedded misery. The antidote for this feeling is to run over the list of one's married friends and acquaintances, and see how few marriages in that long list have gone on the rocks. Almost every man we know in the great majority—the overwhelming majority—is living with the woman he married. To each, home is the most sacred, the happiest spot on earth. In every house there are petty fault-findings, misunderstandings, and squabbles, but they are the thorns on the roses, or the particles of salt in the ice cream; they are incidents, not the average.

So, I insist the "happy ending" to a love story written about average people is as true to life and as good art as the unhappy one. An author does not have to work harder, nor do better, truer work, to make his hero and heroine end in the garbage heap than in the flower garden. Most love stories in real life do end in marriage, and—on the average, again—fairly happy marriages. Foolishly happy endings, of course, are silly. When Lord Eric marries the beautiful daughter of the washer-woman and takes her to his castle to be Lady Eric, he takes a tremendous chance along with him. She is not his kind and he is not hers. But when John Doe falls in love with Jane Smith, there is no reason why his love story and hers should not end in a reasonably happy marriage, in real life it usually does. And it is at least as bad art and "unrealism" to make it end the other way.

I know perfectly well that one might saunter up Main Street, and find meanness and selfishness and hypocrisy in every house. But I know just as well that someone else could follow him, and in those same houses find self sacrifice and love and decency. And one would be as real as the other. Neither, however, would be wholly real, because in order to get a true picture of Main Street you should see all there is there, the good as well as the bad.

The average man works hard, maintains a home, educates his children, pays his bills and, according to the measure of light that is given him he does the best he can in this far from altogether beautiful world. He is not a Socrates nor a George Washington nor a Galahad Neither is he a Peckin, nor even a Babbitt. Such as he is, he is without doubt the backbone of this nation and every other.

I respect him and sympathize with him, and I believe in him. He interests me and I like to write stories about him. That is why I do write them.

Contract Let For Vimy Ridge War Memorial

(Special to The Guardian)

TORONTO, May 3.—The Canadian War Memorial commission has chosen Messrs. H. T. Jenkins and Son., Ltd., of Torquay, to construct the War Memorial which will be erected on Vimy Ridge says the London Daily Express. The contract price is more than $500,000.

Mr. Walter Allan, the Canadian sculptor, selected the stone. It will be taken from an ancient quarry at Spalato which was rediscovered by Mr. W. W. Jenkins.

Bloc of Latin Nations Finds Favor In Italy

ROME, May 2.—The possibility of the creation of a bloc of Latin nations has been brought again to the front on the political stage in Rome, as Italian public opinion, expressed in the press and in political circles, is ringing sharply away from antagonism to France and towards recognition of the need of close and friendly co-operation.

The most important recent factors which have contributed to the change of feeling include Premier Briand's remarks concerning Italy, which were of an extremely friendly nature, a slackening of the anti-Fascist campaign in the French press, Italian suspicions relative to the Russo-German pact and the conviction in some quarters here that it would be better for Italy to line up with France before Germany comes to some understanding whereby the Geneva clash can be smoothed out.

The remarks urging Franco-Italian amity made by Louis Barthou, former French Premier and president of the reparation commission, who is visiting Rome and who has been the object of an elaborate welcome, are printed widely in the Italian newspapers, which also give great prominence to stories from France hinting at a desire for more friendly relations.

The Impero (Rome) under the headline "On the Road to a Latin Agreement," sounds the keynote of public opinion by expressing satisfaction of the reported changed attitude of France toward Italy. It points out that the Fascist press campaign against France was a mere protest against the sister nation's refusal to understand Fascism, while a similar campaign against Germany, particularly with reference to the upper Adige question, was more fundamental since as the paper puts it, "we consider the German people eternally incapable of living pacifically and civilly with us."

If the French press abandons its anti-Fascist campaign and if France, confronted with a rise in the power of an anti-Latin Germany is willing to consider Italy as a friend, the paper continues, "there is a chance for a good concrete accord to render less onerous access to raw materials to refrain from coming into conflict with us, and, instead, help us get in proper colonial zones outlets for immigration and to reassure the Italian nation regarding the destiny of its sons residing in France."

The Impero denies emphatically that Italy is seeking war, saying "we are a healthy and strong people, who face with equal concern the difficulties of cultivation and the perils of war.

"In any case, we should prefer heroic war to death by suffocation. If to-morrow we should carry out our development in peace and live as equals with all other nations we would be the first to be satisfied.

"Destiny perhaps wills that France's best friends in the future will be those who have violently criticized her in a moment of incomprehension, namely, ourselves."

This viewpoint was strikingly duplicated by M. Barthou, who asserted to-day that France and Italy must drop vague talk about "fraternity," "sister nations," etc., and must be friends on the only possible basis—mutual interests.

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