

Review.

If some observant spirit were to glide down on a beam of star-light from the long, cool days of Saturn, what voices would he first distinguish as he entered the outer fringe of sound enveloping the roaring throne of Dis, which men call the Earth? Would it be the wail of the broken and ruined, "Help us up," or the cynical plausibilities of the expert scoundrels, "We are arranging to help you up", or the stern human voice of the half dis-illusioned "Let us up", or the savage roar of the utterly dis-illusioned, "Come down." Coming, were he to halt at that point and go no further, his report of conditions on this planet would be brief and, for all I know, faithful, "Another asteroid rapidly returning to star dust." If he came nearer, with his inexperience of men, to mingle in "confusion worse confounded," he would certainly lose his understanding.

But if our visitant were a shade out of Ur he would, when he had recovered from the shock of finding Babel still extant, with his shrewd knowledge that "every man is a liar", be able to find his way about, betimes. I think I see him, venerable and terrible, taking his stand upon the ruins of some far-famed human structure, which comprehensive and futile, like the League of Nations, was designed to capture the seats of heaven, NOLENS VOLENS his ancient Lord; uttering plain and withering truths long obscured because ill-will possesses the earth; with now a "nunc reges intelligitis," and now a "progenies viperarum."

The Presidential Election in the United States was contested on the League of Nations issue and the result showed that the people would have none of it. The fact was presented to the electorate as a combine of the strong nations of today to throttle the world and make it tributary for ever. The emphasis of the response must have startled even those news agencies which, while the treaty was being held up in the Senate, were carrying stereotype assurance to the world that an overwhelming majority of the American people were in favor of the League.

America is not entirely alone in this scepticism. The war lords generally, wherever the people have had opportunity to

register opinion of them, have not fared any better than Wilson's Manikin. Clemenceau, the Tiger, and Venizelos, the Fox, have both been reprobated. Democracy, in fact, has been rather ungrateful to those who were making the world safe for it. Some even seem to think that Canada is waiting the opportunity to reject her own prophets. In England Lloyd George is still going strong. He has the conceded prerogative of dissociating himself, at will, from precedent acts and utterances. This is called, today, versatility; tomorrow, if he endures, it may even be called detachment. It remains for history, when his star is set, to drop the euphemism. There is no certainty, however, that such a consummation is near at hand for he is capable of throwing British institutions to the wind to launch on the rising tide of Socialism and lead the commonalty who like to be amazed, to some unheard of enlargement of Democracy. He has not yet found the issue that promises security for, though he stands in need of popular backing in his present course, he does not dare to ask it. If Sir George Foster can spare time from honeymooning and the League of Nations to look in at Downing Street, he might suggest an Election Act that would brand with some fearful name, and disfranchise, all who are outraged by his Irish policy.

Which leads us to remark that it is high time there were some general expression of public opinion in Canada upon that same Irish policy. If we are a unit in a comity of nations, or a self-governing nation within the Empire; if we are so tied to England that our money and our men must fight her quarrels we surely have the right and the obligation to register and to urge our views upon the campaign of murder carried on in Ireland by British troops under government sanction.

Lindsay Crawford is making a brave effort to arouse the conscience of Canada to that duty. People who hope to make their own prejudices the law of nations do not wish to hear or to let others hear what he has to say. Crawford is saying from public platforms what he has been saying in the columns of his paper ever since he sundered relations with the Toronto Globe,

when the Globe abandoned Laurier and Liberalism to support Union Government and the Imperialists. If he is going beyond the liberties of a Canadian citizen it is not necessary to suborn ruffians to prohibit him the public forum. The instigators of these disorders know very well that their own loyalty is not to Canada nor to the British Crown, but to the gang of desperate dicers, most of them Canadians with the colonial spirit, who are making the name of Britain a hissing among the nations. They would throw the King overboard now, as cheerfully as their forbears gave Charles to the headsman, if he stood in the way of their schemes of consolidate brigandage which they blanket with the name of Imperial Federation, and which others, from the point of view of the people, have named the Slave State. God save the King from their hands!

As I write, the dispatches from Geneva bring the information that the representatives of the smaller nations have proposed that Volpuk be the language of the Council of the League on the ground that time is being wasted in translating from French to English, from English to French, and from both French and English to the other tongues. It is, I suppose their way of serving notice that they mean to have a hand in the initiation of measures as well as in the voting upon them. But, and this is certainly progressive, they further propose that Volpuk be taught in the schools of the world so that men may league also in language. I hope this proposition goes, for it would be a fine touch of retributive justice to have our Imperialists in Canada, who cannot abide the sweet language of France, compelled to gnaw the arid symbols of Volpuk. However, it was a matter of language that broke the ancient Babel syndicate and this move may dissolve the syndicate of the League of Nations.

