CANADIAN COURIER

Published at 181 Simcoe St., Toronto, by the Courier Press, Limited. Subscription Price: Canada and Great Britain, \$2.00 per year; postage to United States, \$1.00 per year; other foreign postage, \$2.00 per year. IMPORTANT: Changes of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must be given. CANCELLATIONS: We find that most of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted in case they fail to remit before expiration. While subscriptions will not be carried in arrears over an extended period, yet unless we are notified to concel, we assume the subscriber wishes the service

Submarined and Sinking

VERY good cause has two sides. Every movement worth while develops its critics. On this page, as a general thing, we print only the compliments or the constructive criticisms concerning ourselves. Now and then, however, it is of quite as much importance to publish a good straight knock. Here is one:

"Creston, B.C., March 10, 1917.

"Dear Courier,—Enclosed find \$1.00 to complete subscription to July, 1917. At expiration of that date kindly cancel my name from list. I regret to inform you that you are submarined and sinking, but without a cargo. At any time you have recovered the old-time buoyance let me know and I will consider the renewal of the sheet.

"Very truly,

S. O. S."

O UTSIDE of that we are probably all right. The writer of this eulogy, it may be remarked, has a good command of picturesque language. He lives in a country where dull language is not tolerated. We are submarined and sinking—and without a cargo. An enemy hath done this. The pirate saw us coming. It was all our own fault. We had no business entering the barred zone. We knew all along just where it was, too. So long as we kept out of those waters we were as safe as a pussy cat in a straw-stack. But in a fit of adventure, and because we didn't care to be told when and where we could navigate our old punt, we entered

The Zone of Increasing Circulation.

T HIS is a dangerous bit of water. We know this because in six weeks' cruising there we picked up a total of just about 6,000 net increase of circulation, allowing for all cancellations and eliminations of non-paid subscriptions, etc. We might have known we would get a torpedo if we didn't make away to the

Safe Water of Just-So Circulation.

B UT having once got the sensation of increasing our list of subscribers by a net increase of about 1,000 a week, we lost our sense of discretion. The torpedo from Creston, B.C., got us fair amidships. We are now rapidly sinking.

A year from date we shall have more evidence to show how, but we have actually sunk. At present, with no cargo to bother us, we merely remind the rest of our readers that we are glad to get both sides of this Courier story. This is a big country. Just at present, since the awakening of Uncle Sam, it's about twice as big in size and twelve times the population as it was a little while ago. The national sentiment of Canada, alluded to in a former issue of this paper, took Canada along a trail of adventure which the arousing national sentiment of the United States is just beginning to follow. We have the lead. We intend to keep it. But we propose to continue taking a lively interest in our American neighbours, partly because they are naturally so interesting a people, because we have several hundred thousands of them in Canada in exchange for the hundreds of thousands of Canadians in the United States—and still more because the Americans take such a deep interest in Canada. The submarine and sinking sheet purposes to demonstrate its interest in the whole of North America, but especially the north part of it, by producing a paper fit to compete on an even keel with any five cents' worth from any post office under the sun.

