

THE Journal of Commerce

Published Daily by
The Journal of Commerce Publishing Company,
Limited,
35-45 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.
Telephone Main 2562.
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Journal of Commerce Offices:
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Telephone Main 7099.
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Broad Street, Telephone 333 Broad.
London, Eng.—W. E. Dowling, 25 Victoria Street,
Westminster, S.W.

Subscription price, \$2.00 per annum.
Single Copies, One Cent.
Advertising rates on application.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1915.

German Hatred of Britain

When hatred rises to the point of frenzy it has in it something of fear. The strong does not hate the weak as the weak hates the strong. Contempt, if not magnanimity, forbids it. The man who surrenders himself to the blind fury, the mad rage, of ungovernable hatred is a weakling. The strong man curbs his resentment and does not let it get out of hand. If he means to have revenge, he is silent about it.

Frantic hatred, moreover, is never so displayed as when craft finds itself baffled by craft. A man never curses so savagely as when, having set out to cheat his neighbor out of a dollar, the neighbor cheats him of two dollars. There is no howling like the howls of the man who has fallen into the pit he dug for another. Everybody is glad to see the bitter bitten, except the biter himself. His mood is the opposite extreme, of unmitigated complaint.

These two points go far to explain the hatred of England by Germany. Back of all her boasts and threats lies dread. Her teeth crouch in hiding. She knows that her first confident plans have failed. Many of her industries are starving to death for lack of raw material. Her food supply is threatened even if not already scant. All around her is a wall of fire and steel, which she has been unable to break through. She knows that time is against her. The outlook is one she scarcely dare contemplate. Fear is in her heart. And, because she knows that had it not been for British intervention her fleet would already have ravaged the coasts of France, and her armies have invested Paris, she raves against Britain.

Further, she is profoundly convinced that "perfidious Albion" has again outwitted her. Everything has gone differently from what she expected. Belgium resisted. Italy stayed out of the fight. The Triple Entente hung together. Russia was ready. Britain intervened. The Colonies and India proved to be enthusiastically loyal. The United States is manifestly in sympathy with her foes. She blames the guilt of Britain for it all. Even the apparent decadence of the British Empire seems part of the sham. She is wounded in her tenderest part. All her diplomatic scheming, her secret preparations, her masked artifices have been nullified by the diabolical cunning of the British. She hates as a swindler hates when he finds himself swindled by his intended dupe.

These reflections should be consoling to John Bull. He has been often told that he was stupid, and has sometimes suspected it to be true, but he never thought anybody would call him clever.

Anyhow, it is a revelation to the world of the panic which is invading the hearts of the Germans.

Russia's Resources in Men

The Kilkeny cat method of fighting adopted by Germany and Russia in Poland can have but one end, and that is the obliteration of the German army. Although Germany is said to have two million men fighting in Poland, this number will prove totally inadequate to stem the Russian advance. Russia can afford to lose three or four men to Germany's one, and still emerge victorious.

Russia's territory is forty times as large as that of Germany, while her population is over one hundred million greater than that of Germany. In 1912, Germany had a population of 67,000,000, Austria-Hungary one of 52,000,000, while Russia had a population of 170,000,000, or considerably more than the combined population of the two countries. In the fifteen years from 1897 to 1912 the population of Russia increased by 44,000,000, while the combined gain of Germany and Austria-Hungary was only 13,900,000. Russia's excess of births over deaths is 3,000,000 a year, while that of Germany is but 560,000 a year, and that of Austria-Hungary but 420,000 a year. Further, it should be pointed out that Russia is a sparsely settled country, and that she has unlimited opportunities to expand, while both Germany and Austria-Hungary are densely populated. Thus everything points to Russia becoming much stronger than either of the two countries with which she is now at war. As a matter of fact, in population and in natural resources she would eventually win out single-handed against both Germany and Austria-Hungary. With Great Britain, France, Belgium and Serbia in the fight, to say nothing of the 26,000,000 Slavs who are forced to fight in a half-hearted manner on the side of the Austrians, Russia is bound to give a good account of herself in the present struggle.

The France of To-morrow

The France of to-morrow is looming large in the minds of those who have been watching the heroic struggle of this liberty loving people. In a recent issue of Les Annales, emphasis is laid upon the regenerating influence which the "letting hand" of war has laid upon the life of France, especially upon the boulevard life of the capital. The willingness with which the carelessly gay and thoughtless frequenters of the boulevard have accepted the new experience of living the simple life is taken as a sign that France will emerge from the conflict a new and regenerated nation, and that she will put aside the social habits and indulgences which threatened her national life.

A short time ago Paul Bourget, the eminent French writer, made an appeal to his compatriots. He foresees a greater and better France arising as a result of the present soul-stirring conflict—a France who will work out her own redemption and play the physician to her own social weaknesses. He realizes that the highest liberty and the fullest life are found in sacrifice and in obedience to the best national ideals.

"The peace which the Allies will impose upon Germany, Germany will continue to attempt to

violate until she is finally convinced that her desire for a more iron imperialism, and her mad dream of Pan-Germanism, have come to her through a combination of men and circumstances that could never again be reproduced. "That such circumstances and conditions will never arise again presupposes, however, a new France, a vigorous, resolute France, a France with all her energies directed—not towards extension of her borders, for the Rhine marks a national and wise limit for her ambitions, but a France with her energies directed toward her own purification and toward the maintenance of that German mosaic, if one may use the term, that is the natural Germany."

"How clearly we can see that such a France cannot be the France which we knew before 1914. How instinctively we feel that the stretching of the national fiber, which the change implies, lays upon us the necessity of new governmental virtues, a new national discipline, and a new social order, conditions that are not compatible with the fantastic and flimsy ideology of false theorists or the trickeries of the political jugglers."

"This perspective of the future is rigorous and severe. It implies a reform of social and national life; it implies serious thinking and energetic action; in short, it implies the intellectual and moral reform that Renan preached after the days of 1870-71."

"At that time we had not even 'dimly' grasped the fact of the inevitable duel—therefore, we did not subordinate to the duel the things we should have subordinated to it—but the obligations that we have met are those that now stand us in good stead—the obligations to the army and those made to the spirit of sacrifice and obedience. "What is the present value of any other obligation we laid upon ourselves? What have they profited us?"

"We should do well to consider thoughtfully the admonition and precept voiced by Goethe: 'He alone merits liberty and life who earns it each day of his life.'"

The announcement that another \$25,000,000 order for war supplies will shortly be placed in Canada, should help to dispel any lingering traces of pessimism among our manufacturers.

British trade returns show that exports during 1914 decreased \$475,000,000, while imports show a decline of \$355,000,000. For nearly half the year, John Bull has had a big war on his hands, which, combined with the world-wide depression, and his trade returns. It will be found, however, that he will be doing business at the old stand when conditions improve.

Banking appears to be the royal road to titles in Canada. While writers, scientists and captains of industry have secured a fair representation among the titled, the most popular man is the banker. To be a president, general manager or a director of a bank, of course, presupposes prominence in the financial world. The fact remains, however, that there are at the present time seventeen men associated with our banks who possess titles.

In the new agreement pending between the City of Montreal and the Tramways Company, it is to be hoped that arrangements will be made whereby the city will secure a larger percentage of the gross earnings than heretofore. In Toronto, the city received last year \$925,940 as their share of the street railway earnings. Montreal receives but little over half that amount. This is a side of the question which should be carefully investigated by our City Fathers, who our banks who possess titles.

The Chief Dairy Inspector for Eastern Ontario reports that the number of cheese factories in his territory decreased 26 during the year, and now number but 316. There are 33,000 fewer cows than formerly, 2,329 fewer patrons, while the decrease in the amount of cheese manufactured was 9,040,000 lbs. This showing is far from satisfactory, and calls for drastic treatment. Surely at a time when the world is clamoring for foodstuffs and willing to pay exceptionally high prices, there should not be a falling off in the dairy output of a district like Eastern Ontario.

A number of rich society ladies in New York, headed by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, have been protesting against the economies practiced by wealthy people. They point out that wealthy people who stop purchasing goods are doing a real injury to the prosperity of the country. Thousands of rich people have not been affected by the war or by hard times, or if affected have been to such a slight extent as not to warrant any curtailment in their purchases. This advice is good, and should be heeded by all people who have money to spend. By stopping all purchases, or only making those that are absolutely necessary, people bring about the very thing they seek to avoid.

Some of our manufacturers are installing machinery for the manufacture of munitions of war. Within limitations this is wise. There is an urgent demand for such materials at present, and the circumstances under which the orders are given probably justify a considerable outlay in preparations to supply the articles. But it would not be wise to rely on receiving such orders for a long period. The war may come to an end sooner than many expect, and one of the good results of it to be hoped for is that thereafter the world may have assurance of a long peace. The time may not soon come when militarism will entirely cease, but that it may play a much smaller part than hitherto in the world's affairs is devoutly to be wished.

GERMANY'S GREAT FEAT.

The German decoration for valor can scarcely be awarded for the heroism which finds scope in a duel between a dreadnought and a water-borne place. It is awarded for the great feat of crossing the North Sea and escaping in fog or darkness from the pursuit of the British navy. We may remember this when foolish people ask what use is the British navy when a German squadron can cross the North Sea with impunity. The feat of crossing the North Sea ranks so high in our enemy's mind that it is thought worthy of the most distinguished acknowledgment—Westminster Gazette.

AN OBJECTION TO FISH.

"People buy fish less freely than meat, among other reasons because it involves more work and trouble to cook and serve fish. The same remark applies to poultry. You could get a chicken this fall as cheaply as steak, but a woman can fry a steak in five minutes, while it would take her a couple of hours to get a fowl ready for the table.—Toronto World.

THE NEW "TIPPERARY."

Trump, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching; Cheer up, comrades, we will come. And beneath the Union Jack We will drive the Germans back For the safety of our own beloved home. —Boston Globe.

HIS LAST TWO ROUNDS.

"There was a man in the trenches," writes Private R. G. Tipper, of the 3rd Battalion Coldstream Guards, "who had not got a clean sheet; he was always getting into trouble for one thing or another. He got hit in the left arm. He crawled out of the trenches to the nearest field ambulance and had his wound dressed. We advised him to go to the rear; but he refused, and with difficulty made his way back to the firing line. There, despite his wounded arm, he steadily went on firing at the enemy. Some time passed, and he was shot in the right arm. Again he made the difficult and painful journey to the field hospital, and again, with both his arms injured, he stubbornly insisted on crawling back to the trench."

By and by he collapsed, shot clean through the body. Several comrades ran to him and raised him. "You must get back now," they told him. "No," he said, with a white face, "let me be. The blighters have done me in this time." His rifle still rested where he had been firing, supported in its loophole. "Hold me up before you go," he muttered. "I'll give them another round, so help me. Prop me up quick." They knew they could do nothing. They propped him up beside his rifle, and went to the other wounded men. With fumbling hands the dying man pointed his rifle, and let drive two more rounds at the enemy. Then he slipped down dead.

THE NEW "POOR MAN'S CLUB."

Warmth, companionship, the chance to relax, and something going on—these things have often been called the real attractions of the saloon. Then why not get the pleasures without the usual foot rail and cycle of smutty stories, without the ultimate price of jail, hospital, or gutter? That is, why not cut the saloon for the movies? They are doing it in Brooklyn, N.Y., where fifty-three saloons failed last year, while the moving-picture theatres increased in twice the proportion. The notion that the saloon is the only possible "poor man's club" is being impugned by the films. Every new movie show that opens is a new foe to booze. That is why the saloon owner loves the movies as the burglar loves the watchdog.—Colliers.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE NOW AND THEN"

"Did you get any return from your investment?" "Yes, the bank returned the company's check marked 'no funds.'—Buffalo Express.

Lady—"I'm afraid you don't like work, my good man."

Trump—"How kin I, mum? Work's wot killed my pore wife."—Boston Transcript.

English village worthy (discussing possibilities of invasion): "Well, there can't be no battle in these parts, Jarge, for there bain't no field suitable, as you may say; an' Squire, 'e won't lend 'em the use of 'is park.—Punch.

The weather forecaster was making his report. "Indications for the next twenty-four hours," he said, "are cloudy, with slight insurrections in the afternoon; clearing toward night. To-morrow cooler, with growing temperature; probable revolt in the evening."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

James O. Hannay (G. A. Birmingham) quoted one of Charles Lamb's sallies when asked for his favorite story. He wrote: "I give you as the best joke I know, Charles Lamb's reply to a doctor who advised him to go for a walk every morning on an empty stomach: "Whose?" asked Lamb.—Atlanta Journal.

A boy was asked by his Sunday school teacher to write a short essay on Elshia, and this is what he brought next Sunday:

There was a man named Elshia. He had some bears and he lived in a cave. Some boys tormented him. He said: "If you keep on throwing stones at me I'll turn the bears on you and they'll eat you up." And they did, and he did, and the bears did.

"Who is that lady dressed in black, mother?" asked Bobby, as he sat with his mother on a ferry-boat. "That is a Sister of Charity, my boy," replied his mother.

Bobby pondered deeply for a moment, and then he said, "Which is she, mother, Faith or Hope?"—Bazaar.

She went to see the doctor. "I have a terribly tired feeling, doctor," she said. He was a wise doctor. "Let me see your tongue," he said.

A merchant who had been travelling some months was informed upon his return of the death of a valued friend. A few days later he called on the bereaved widow to offer his expressions of sympathy. During the visit he remarked:

"I was a good friend of your late husband. Is there not something of his which I could have as a memento of him?"

She raised to his her velvety brown eyes, which a few moments before were moist with tears, and said:

"How would I do?"

THE ROBIN'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By S. Gertrude Ford.
(From Christmas Millgate Monthly.)
Clash of artillery; clash and clang
Of strife and cry that would not cease!
Yet at my door a Robin sang,
"On earth, peace!"

Though life and drum the carol chid,
Above the war-song's shrill increase
The bird sang as the angels did,
"On earth, peace!"

Alas, the war-wolves prey at will!
From these what rescue, what release?
Clear came the song, persistent still,
"On earth, peace!"

By rock and wind and whirlpool we
Saw in strange seas our Golden Fleece:
O let us seek it till we see!
"On earth, peace!"

Yea, though with Tarshish and with Tyre
We lay, with wrecks of Rome and Greece,
New lands should that old song inspire:
"On earth, peace!"

And dare we dream the dream shall leave
All things, till fallen fortalice
And sheathed sword proclaim to Heaven
"On earth, peace?"

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of "Journal of Commerce," City:

Dear Sir,—Referring to the Mayor's letter anent my remarks at the recent Board of Trade meeting, I beg to enclose you copy of the letter received from His Worship, and my reply thereto, which will, I trust, make it clear that the statements His Worship complained about were made by the Tramway supporters, and not by

Faithfully yours,
WILLIAM JOHNSON.

Montreal, January 5, 1915.

Montreal, 22nd December, 1914.

W. Johnson, Esq., Montreal.

Dear Sir,—The attention of the City Council has been called to a statement alleged to have been made by you at a meeting of the Montreal Board of Trade held on the 16th instant.

In the Star of the following day, this statement is reproduced as follows: "In preparation (for tramway question) is to wait until we have men at the City Hall who have honesty of purpose, and who will treat this matter as it should be treated . . . by men in whom we have absolute confidence. There is no man here ready to stand up and say he is willing to entrust his property to these men; then, why should we, as citizens of Montreal, give them up the property of the City to deal with?"

As this statement was attributed to you by the Star over a week ago, and I have not seen any denial on your part, I take it for granted that you were correctly reported.

These statements are of such a libellous nature as to cause injustice and grave damage to the reputation of the members of the City Council, the members of the Board of Commissioners, and to myself, and I must insist upon a thorough retraction on your part within the next 24 hours, failing which other means will be adopted to vindicate my honor as well as that of the City Council and the Commissioners.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) MEDERIC MARTIN,
Mayor.

COPY.
December 30, 1914.

His Worship, Mayor Martin.

City Hall, Montreal, Que.

Your Worship.—In reply to your esteemed letter of the 22nd, mailed on the 28th, and received this morning, I beg respectfully to state that I did not make the statements you charge me with, but quoted in my speech the statements referred to as having been made by a previous meeting, and published in the Montreal Star, 22nd December.—It is universally agreed that, for Montreal to-day, its municipal ownership is an impossible policy. We lack the cohesive and alert municipal patriotism and watchfulness which would render municipal ownership a wise and prudent course for us. We have municipal ownership of our waterworks to-day—and the result is a precarious supply of water not fit to drink. We all know what would happen if we had municipal ownership of street railways. The cars would be manned by the brothers, cousins, and "heelers" of aldermen, removable for insolence, or ineptness; and the service would be halting, liable to breakdowns, poorly equipped, and thoroughly unprogressive."

Montreal Star, 5th inst.—"If Montreal could depend upon the permanency of an efficient Board of Control, free from aldermanic meddling, civic ownership might be tried, although the frequent collapse of our water supply through aldermanic stupidity is not encouraging for the cause of municipal ownership." Montreal Star, 22nd December.—"It is universally agreed that, for Montreal to-day, its municipal ownership is an impossible policy. We lack the cohesive and alert municipal patriotism and watchfulness which would render municipal ownership a wise and prudent course for us. We have municipal ownership of our waterworks to-day—and the result is a precarious supply of water not fit to drink. We all know what would happen if we had municipal ownership of street railways. The cars would be manned by the brothers, cousins, and "heelers" of aldermen, removable for insolence, or ineptness; and the service would be halting, liable to breakdowns, poorly equipped, and thoroughly unprogressive."

I then asked the meeting if the statements I have quoted were true, and that if the civic administration "lacked the cohesive and alert municipal patriotism and watchfulness required to prevent the cars being manned by the brothers, cousins and "heelers" of aldermen," would any gentleman present, under like conditions, submit his own property, for a thirty years' lease, to the care and judgment of an administration that had been referred to by the press as cited above?

His Worship

Thus you will see that my argument, that municipal ownership being ideal in principle, no criticism of our civic administration should prevent the question being considered on its merits, and the still greater principle that "in the degree that we hold a person in the thought of evil or error to him," and should be recognized that every other interest involved was "hot air" compared to the moral issue involved in this question.

Like produces like the universe through. Every bad thought breeds others, and each of them goes on and on, ever reproducing itself, until our City will be peopled with their offspring, if the seed sown by the opponents of municipal ownership is allowed to ripen.

Many of our people would much rather see the surplus earnings of the tramway spent in educating our people up to a higher conception of their duties as citizens of Montreal who provide the security for the capital required to build and operate it are being captured by the tramway supporters on the platform and in the press."

If the net profits represented only a fair return on the actual capital invested would the desire for a renewal of the franchise be marked by such a disregard of the people's highest interests?

In conclusion, Mr. Mayor, permit me to express the hope that your new year's message to the citizens of Montreal will be based on the determination to give them every opportunity for demonstrating that they possess the ability to administer their tramway service by themselves and for themselves, in such a manner as will make Cleveland look to Montreal for hints, and not Montreal to Cleveland.

I have the honor to remain, dear Sir,

Faithfully Yours,
(Signed) WILLIAM JOHNSON.

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CONTROL OF SEA.

France is paying \$20 a head for good horses in the western states and takes chances on delivery. Germany can't get them with a guarantee of delivery set at \$800. That's what control of the sea means a war.—Hamilton Herald.

The Day's Best Editorial

VIVE LA TOOTHPICK!

Collusion, combine and robbery! The C. P. R. has banished the toothpick from the menu of its dining cars. A prominent official, discussing this momentous denouement says it is done primarily because many of their patrons have complained of the manner in which certain other patrons used their toothpicks and secondarily because the company does not feel called upon to supply toothpicks any more than other brushes or tooth paste, or silk threads, or all other dental accessories. Now why should a public servant like the C. P. R. take such an unreasonable attitude on a matter of such vital importance to the mass of humanity? The only reason is that the dentists of the country are the foremost complainants and they are trying to use the nation's greatest railway as a means of compelling the people to get their teeth filled with gold instead of with food from the C. P. R. dining tables. It is a bad case, surely, of collusion and combine between the C. P. R. and the D. D. S. and a robbery of the rights of every citizen of the great American continent. It is in the world's the travelling plutocrat going to his fellow-travellers know that he has blown himself up in a three-dollar dinner unless he can come back into the car with a stick of C. P. R. timber stuck in the corner of his mouth? How is he going to call the attention of the man across the table in the dining car to the fact of his array of gold instead of nature's gift if he cannot use the tooth pick for a pointer? Even if some people do not know how to use this national weapon in the most genteel manner, who made St. Thomas Shaughnessy the keeper of the public manners? The great mass of toothpick-using humanity should rise up on its hind legs and demand the restoration of the emblem of the timber wealth of the nation—or else for spite go to the jeweller and buy a nice silver toothpick to carry in their vest pocket. Vive la toothpick!—Medicine Hat News.

N.Y. RELAPSED INTO COMPLETE DULLNESS

But Business Only Fell off to Slightly Proportions When Prices Had Declined a Little

ALASKA GOLD SHADED

Northern Pacific on a Few Transactions, Advancing 10 1/4, Compared with 100 at the Opening—Lehigh Valley Stronger.

New York, January 8.—The stock market of was active and strong, with greater breadth of trading than on any other day of late.

There was a large attendance in commission houses and brokers received many inquiries over the phone indicating a re-awakening of public interest which might soon crystallize into an active movement.

United States Steel regained its place above John Steel at the opening. The former opened at 27 1/2, gaining 1/2 over night, while first sale of was at 27 1/2, off 1/2.

Selling ex-dividend Great Northern opened at 27 1/2, gaining 1/2, while Northern Pacific also selling a gain of 1/2, by opening at 100 and divided made gain of 1/2 of a couple of minutes.

The St. Paul was interested in the probable election of the President's address to be delivered at Minneapolis in the course of the day and inclining the belief that it would be re-assuring.

FAIR INVESTMENT DEMAND.

London, January 8.—There is a fair investment demand. Consols are firm at 68 1/2.

American stocks opened firmer and are holding steady following our quotations.

Active American stocks at 1 p.m. New York

Alerts.

Steel 141.50

Union Pacific 114.50

New York Central 112.50