

THE CANADIAN WAR

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To the women who, having magnified love and duty, that their country's honour may be exalted, await the dread issue with sublime courage; and, by their sacrifice for the Empire, inspire their representatives in the field, and set an example to all who are not privileged to bear arms.

WHERE ARE YOU?

IT is being apprehended that the temper of the country is under-constructed, under-seized of the magnitude of the business to which it has put its hand. We have talked of what we are doing. Some have imagined that money and bandages and sweaters were the major offerings of our patriotism. These things are magnificent, but they are not war. The women have led the men in toil that the terrors of the field may be mitigated. But the men have not risen as they should have risen. It is given to some to SEE, and to act on what they see. It is time to devote more attention to what we must DO than we give to explanations as to what we haven't done.

The Toronto Daily News confesses that recruiting for the third contingent in the rural districts is disappointing, and that there is a feeling that the country is not throwing its whole weight into the war. Of certain rich men, the Daily News says that they have failed their country and the Empire. In line with this complaint is a paragraph from a letter in the Globe: There are many things to do for the Empire at this time, and young Cana-

dians can be depended upon to do their share. But it is necessary to teach the thoughtless ones their duty. They do not realize their position, as these two instances which came to the writer's notice shows:—In Guelph two strapping young Canadians met, and one accosted the other with: "Hello, Bert! Going to the hockey match Friday night?" "Naw, I haven't the price." "Well, why don't you enlist?" "Not for mine; let them Bronchos go to the front." In Windsor the writer entered a store and asked for the proprietor. "He has gone to the front," said the chief clerk, an athletic young fellow. "Good for him!" was the visitor's response. "Not on your life," sneered the clerk; "he should be kicked for going."

Many of us are still afraid to discuss the realities of our case. That is largely because we have been so long in the bondage of political partisanship which thinketh much evil that we have not realized that this war is set to make an end of what is ignoble—and God knows there is vastly too much of it—in our public life.

Here is a letter from a business man