

sed it. Russia's countless population makes the forces which she can furnish almost inexhaustible, and the slow moving Russian military machine is steadily equipping them and bringing them forward.

Three million men is a low estimate of the number of new troops which she can furnish in 1915.

In addition to this, there is every prospect that Roumania with half a million effectives, Greece with almost the same number, and Italy with a million and a half of soldiers will be among Germany's foes before next summer. To offset these new foes she can look for no new allies, the best that she can hope for being that German gold can buy Bulgaria's neutrality.

These considerations show that Germany's case is hopeless, and the sooner

she recognizes this fact and sues for peace the less onerous will be the terms. She cannot hope to retain her former place in the world, her colonial dreams must be abandoned, her own territories shorn, her armies disbanded, and her idea of dominating Europe ended forever.

If, in her blind stubbornness, she continues a strife in which ultimate victory is absolutely impossible, if she makes it necessary, as she can, that a vast additional number of lives be sacrificed to force the fortifications on her own soil before the victorious allies can pitch their tents in Berlin, the degradation she will have to suffer will be even more bitter. Then will the voices of her misguided children be raised in even greater lamentation, and the progress of the world purchased at an even greater price.

THE WOMAN IN IT

By U. N. C. DUDLEY

THE Lady poured tea, as ladies do—old MacTaggart with whom I stacked wheat in the Little Saskatchewan Valley, and who was concluding a long bachelorhood, used to say, with a wistful gleam in his eye, that tea always tasted better when it came from a feminine hand.

"Two lumps?" she said.

None was enough, she heard; and that turned conversation to the budget. The Lady remarked that the Minister of Finance, she had just seen in the evening paper, had not raised the tax on sugar or tea—which she said, gaily, would comfort spinsters. I had noticed that whenever she made a bantering remark like that, it was sure to be followed by a penetrating observation—so close do seriousness and pleasantry dwell together.

"Is it not surprising?" she said, "how many people have had their incomes heavily reduced since the war began, and how much they strive to

hide a very creditable fact?"

"It is lucky for some of us," I answered, "that we have any income at all."

Again the eager look that gave a singular mobility to her countenance; again the inquiry that showed an acquisitive mind behind her charm. "I hope that doesn't apply to writers," she said. "Hasn't the war created a great demand for printed matter? I am so ignorant of these things that perhaps I am asking a foolish question."

"There is great demand for printed matter," I replied. "But it has to be written with blood. And that sort of material is not written in Canada. Some of my friends are writing in tears; and there are no cheques for tears in these days. Made-in-Canada literary wares are not in fierce demand. Stories could be told about the balance of supply and demand, but they remain unwritten."