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PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS

Sidelights on What Some People Think the World is Doing

JOHAN RUSSELL, a young Canadian artist, has painted a life-size portrait of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, which is now at the Canadian National Exhibition and will afterwards go to Quebec to be hung in the Parliament Buildings. It is the sternest portrait the ex-Premier and great French-Canadian leader ever had. It is as iron as Cromwell. Not a suspicion of a smile, no geniality, no bonhomie, no Latin oratory, no Latin grace or any touch of the chevalier; none of the qualities which most people recognize in Laurier. Why this iron hand without the velvet glove? The answer is—Sir Wilfrid wanted it that way; because he wanted posterity to know him as a ruler of men rather than a leader. He was a ruler. But the world at large will never believe that he ruled by behaving like Cromwell or the Kaiser.

RUSSIA'S wheat crop was estimated by our friend, Mr. Newspaper Heading, last week, as 2,000,000,000 bushels. The fact that the news item made it quite clear that the wheat crop is 571,000,000 bushels merely involves a process in mental arithmetic. And we are all used to big figures nowadays. Millions have become commonplace; whether it's bushels or dollars or people killed, wounded and missing.

PEGOUD and Warneford are both dead. France and England have lost the two most brilliant air-men ever known. From their dizzy seats in the clouds, or above them, these flying-men kept eyes and dropped bombs on the German hosts. We read of no such flying men in Germany. Before the war, von Buelow bombastically said in his book, Imperial Germany, that the Germans were lords of the air. He was referring to Zeppelins. But the Teuton may have his Zeppelins, so long as we have the greatest air-men in the world.

THAT little nation, Roumania, seems to realize the national principle behind this war. One of the little nations, she refuses to let Germany pass through with arms and reinforcements for the Turk. Roumania has the spirit of Belgium. She is another little nation. The Kaiser tries to scare Roumania by threatening to keep Roumanian wheat out of Germany. Roumania will produce this year 109,000,000 bushels of wheat. If Germany doesn't want that wheat worse than Roumania wants to sell it, we might as well conclude that German insanity has invaded even the German stomach.

OVER \$200,000,000 in gold has been shipped from the banks of the Allies to the United States since the war began. American financiers blandly expect the United States to become the gold centre of the world. No wonder Bryan is against the war. He became a public figure by attacking the gold-bugs in 1896. With a few hundred tons of foreign gold in the bank vaults of the United States it is about time for Bryan to revive that epigram of his—"You cannot crucify mankind on a cross of gold."

ONCE more we are into the time of the golden-rod and the purple aster, the golden-glowing pumpkin and the ripening peach, the crackling evening fire and the tickets for the play. We have had a middling villainous summer in some parts of Canada. We expect the fall to be a dream of delight. Now that September has come in all her traditional splendour, we pause to reflect. A year ago we had an idea that if the war lasted till another September, at so many millions a day, most of us would be down at the heel and out at the elbow. But this September there is more visible wealth in production from

the land in this country and the world over than ever before. And we are one year closer to the righteous end of the war, which for righteousness' sake against Moloch from Berlin, has been doing its best to impoverish the world.

WHEN von Tirpitz becomes a white-whiskered old man of the sea, toddling on a stout stick, and Zeppelin sits in his armchair seeing airships in the smoke, and Herr Bethmann-Hollweg draws near to the land which cannot be hacked through by German armies—where in the roll-call of

the aristocracy in the German army is now practically wiped out, and that the fighting force of Germany is now a democracy. It is now in order for the Fatherland paper to retort that one Essen is worth a hundred Birminghams, that England has fallen back on the married men for renewing her army, and that if the German army is democratic it means that the nation has become the army. There is an end to most things. Even the war will end some time. But the arguments about the war will probably occupy a good part of eternity.

CURING a wounded heart has been accomplished in the case of a young sergeant in the French army. Was young Alphonse rejected by his sweetheart when the war broke out and did he find another? Or did he make a goddess of his country as the librettist did of Paris in the opera Louise, and resolve to have nothing more to do with women? None of these. The true answer is heartlessly given by a writer in the Revue Scientifique, who says:

"The soldier was struck by a fragment of a hand grenade, which, passing through the diaphragm, the pericardium and the whole thickness of the cardiac muscle, penetrated into the cavity of the heart." The surgeon took it out four months afterwards. Thus does a scientific war play hob with romance.

TENSION is said to be relieved at Washington because Germany has made an apparent crawl-down over the submarine issue. Promises are made to not to sink merchantmen without searching them—and so forth. Horse laughs in Berlin. "Good bamboozling," chuckles the Kaiser to the Foreign Office. "Makes them think we are afraid. Primps their pride. Washington swells up. We concede. They demand. So—presently watch Washington get peremptory with England over the cotton question. Mein Gott! but we must have that cotton, and copper. And all the while the War Lord knows that his submarine blockade of England was defeated by the English before he wrote that accommodating reply to the United States.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN of Lloyd George have been regarded by some people as unpatriotic because twice during war time they struck for better conditions in the mines. They have been accused of trying to catch the Government when it was in a pinch. But they are back at work now, and there are 200,000 miners in Wales fighting for their country in the caves of coal, who feel just like one miner did when he said: "I am not unpatriotic. I have had two sons at the front; one of them killed. I am willing to serve the country, but I will not slave overtime and seven days a week to increase the profits of a blasted, blood-sucking Board of Directors."

HERE is a story which illuminates the German character in war time: "A manufacturer in Hamburg, who had been tremendously busy from the very beginning of the war putting on the market all sorts of possible and impossible contrivances for the use of the active defenders of the Fatherland, lately sent to the proper military experts in Berlin a model of a bullet-proof waistcoat, out of which he hoped to make a fortune.

"The War Office's Department of Tests returned the model with the following communication:

"Your alleged bullet-proof waistcoat was submitted to proof under musketry fire. We recommend that you use your best efforts to place a supply of these waistcoats abroad in one or more of the countries now at war with Germany."

This is one of the true stories that never happened, because it illustrates a principle popularly believed.

LE PETIT POODLE THE PIG.



Mlle. Delysia, a French Revue actress, who has a farm in England, evidently believes that nothing is too good for the pretty little poodle-dog pig.

men who might have made the world happier and better will the Kaiser Wilhelm be? When the once proud Emperor beholds his country swarming with men on crutches and wooden legs, will he find any Wagner able to usher him to the gates of Valhalla? Poor devil!

T. FISHER UNWIN, the London publisher, in a letter printed in the New York Times, points out that the Allies are successfully competing with Germany in producing munitions, that the great bulk of married Englishmen are now enlisted, that