

states—but, oh, the rolling Muscovite hordes!

If the British and the French invaded Germany, they would treat the Germans well. They would be more lenient and more humane than the Germans have been in Belgium. But what Germans fear, is a Russian army, with its sterner bureaucratic methods, and with its lower standard of private rights. A million Russians in Fair Prussia, the central gem of the German diadem, is a tragedy in itself.

Belgium has been torn by shot and shell; her splendid little fighting army, the wonder of the world, has been cut in two; many of her villages have been destroyed and her farm buildings; her fields have been drenched with the blood of citizen and foe—but this is nothing to what will happen in Fair Prussia when the huge Russian army sweeps over it.

Germany's army is wonderful. It can match those of France and Britain combined. In mobility and daring, it stands first in the world. But the finest army the world ever saw must inevitably succumb to the military forces of France, Britain and Russia combined. And in the hour of defeat, if it should come, the Germans tremble most at the price of peace with their Eastern enemy.

The Empire Self-Contained

With Open Trade Routes, Great Britain Can be Well-Fed

NOW that the trade routes are clear for British ships, the problem of Britain's food supply is one that vitally affects this country as well as other food-exporting countries as never before. The normal imports of meat and cereals are enormous. In 1913 Great Britain unloaded on her docks for home consumption 22,831,000 hundred-weight of meat valued at \$330,000,000. This was an increase of \$35,000 over the amount paid for imported meat in 1912. Argentina sent 8,500,000 cwt.; Australia 3,500,000 cwt.; the United States 3,000,000 cwt.; Denmark 2,500,000 cwt., and New Zealand 2,500,000 cwt. Canada's quota in this vast total of meat was almost a negligible quantity. Our exports of meat to England are almost exclusively of pork, bacon and hams. In this class we sent five per cent. of the total amount imported by Great Britain, while the United States from its vast droves of corn-fed hogs sent 41 per cent., Denmark 39 per cent., the Netherlands 10 per cent. and Russia 3 per cent.

More than 27 per cent. of the total imports of meat to Great Britain is supplied by the Dominion; while the home production of meat has increased to about 60 per cent of the total.

Wheat, flour, oats and barley are our principal items in the grand aggregate of keeping England fed. In 1913 the British consumer paid to foreign countries and overseas dominions the price of 122,514,000 cwt., or just about 200,000,000 bushels of wheat. Of this the Empire outside of Great Britain supplied 57,000,000 cwt., or about 110,000,000 bushels. Canada contributed 27,500,000 cwt., or about 45,000,000 bushels. The remainder of the 110,000,000 bushels went from India and Australia. Barley and oats were second in the total of cereal exports from Canada to Great Britain.

From all that can at present be gathered of the state of the crops in Canada it looks as though the amount of wheat exported this year will be rather less than usual, though the straight gift of a million bags of flour from the Canadian Government will make up for much of the decrease, and the gift of Alberta in sending 500,000 bushels of oats will be a good auxiliary to the probable increase in our exports of barley, which is relatively a better crop in Canada this year than wheat. The Ontario Government has donated 250,000 bags of flour as an addition to the million bags given by the Government of Canada.

The Standard of Empire, taking stock of the food situation, discovers that at this crisis of food supplies the Empire is practically self-supporting for all the necessities of life. It says:

"One useful effect of the war will be to show plainly just what products must be produced Overseas to make the Empire entirely self-contained. More butter, bacon, eggs, and meat are required, so that we shall not have to rely upon the United States, Argentina, and the countries of Northern Europe. Thus one more illustration of the superiority of mixed farming over mere wheat-growing has been afforded. The Overseas Empire can supply us with practically all the cheese we require. India and Ceylon are, of course, the main sources of our tea. Coffee, cocoa, and sugar are also produced in great quantities in the tropical portions of the Empire. Our command of the sea enables us to go on sending our manufactured goods to the Dominions and Colonies to pay for our food imports, and by taking advantage of the opportunity to step into the shoes of Germany, whose industrial life must inevitably be strangled by the war and particularly by the operations of our Navy, a large volume of new business should be secured by British firms not alone in the Empire, but in all parts of the world. The Right Hon. Joseph Cook, Prime Minister

of Australia, struck the right note in his advice to his countrymen in the crisis: 'Let us therefore continue to grow commodities and export them to the Old Land, taking in exchange those of her manufactures which we are accustomed to import, manifesting thereby our absolute and unwavering confidence in the result of the great struggle in which the nation is engaged.' If this advice is generally followed the Britannic peoples will emerge from this human upheaval as they did from the Napoleonic wars stronger by reason of having been united by a common danger, and ready to enter upon a period of greater prosperity than any that they have hitherto known.

Music and War

Sidelights on the Grand Opera now Being Staged by the Art Nations of Europe

MUSIC and war have always been closely associated. The present war began in the two great music centres of the world, Berlin and Vienna. Musicians have gone back into the ranks. Fritz Kreisler, the great Hungarian violinist, is with the Austrian cavalry. Walther Kirschbaum, a brilliant young Austrian pianist, for the past two years in Canada, has gone back to the colours as a reservist. Many of the most celebrated singers, players and conductors who next season would have been heard in America are now detained in Europe by the war. Many have rejoined the armies of Germany, Austria and France. Among the absentees thus far are Dr. Karl Muck, specially released by the Kaiser to conduct the Boston Symphony, and Otto Uruck, his Hun-



The Russian "steam roller" is now in full progress towards Berlin. The Russians are marching in three divisions. The north division, having invested Königsberg, is marching on Danzig, and it has beaten back the Germans to Osterode, which is 72 miles from Danzig, and therefore 312 miles from Berlin. The Central Russian line is probably heading for Posen. Posen is 180 miles from Berlin, so that the Russian main line is within 200 miles of Berlin. Another Russian column is heading for Lemberg, Austria, which is, roughly, 690 miles from Berlin.

garian associate; Josef Stranski, conductor of the New York Philharmonic; Gatti-Casazza, musical director of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York—and most of the great artists engaged for the coming season of opera and concert in America.

The European trip of the Mendelssohn Choir is cancelled and the money of the guarantors will be refunded. Dr. Williams, conductor of the Grenadier Guards Band, who were to have played at the Canadian National this year, is with his regiment, or as near it as may be, since the Guards have gone to the front. Among those Frenchmen sure to be on the firing line will be Huberty, the great French basso, heard for two seasons in Canada. And among Canadian singers in Paris when the war broke out was Edmund Burke, formerly of Montreal, who wrote for the Montreal Star a letter descriptive of Paris, in which he has a vividly expert passage on music as affected by the war. He says:

"I was dining with a party of French friends at a cafe on the Gravel boulevard, Saturday night. The orchestra began to play the Russian national anthem, and immediately the diners rose en masse from their tables.

"Some one called for the Marseillaise, and the demonstration was continued with renewed vigour. The crowds on the sidewalks surged into the place, and the waiters and diners were soon jammed together in a solid mass, everyone singing with all his might.

"The familiar measures were still in the air when the opening bar of 'God Save the King' was played.

The Frenchmen knew but a single line—'Dieu Garde le Roi'—and they sang the same phrase throughout the hymn. They sang it again and again.

"I heard the British National Hymn in Westminster at the Coronation of King George, and thought I should never again feel the same emotion the majesty of that selection inspired in me. But in a little French cafe in Paris, I was to feel the full measure of its sublimity. It was a prayer as well as a fraternal homage. England had not even intimated what attitude she could be expected to assume, but the French people seemed to know what could be expected of her in such a crisis.

"The penchant for singing, however, seemed to attach especially to the troops. They have their faces turned toward the sun, and nothing daunts their high spirits. From morning to night they are raising their voices in song. It may be the measures of a patriotic anthem, or the catchy phrases of a ribald ditty.

"In the Avenue du Bois a regiment has just passed. They had been marching for hours in a broiling sun. The heat was terrific, but they seemed to forget all weariness of limb and discomforts of a soldier's life in singing. Of course the Marseillaise was the favourite, with the Chant du Depart a close second. Popular songs were by no means overlooked, and a new one, evidently composed for the occasion, found special favour with soldiers and spectators alike. It has as its subject the Kaiser, and, roughly translated, it might be entitled, 'Bombastic, blustering Bill.'"

What of the Slav?

The Cosmic Irony of Empires

SLAVDOM, vast, somnolent, cold-storing her unreckonable strength these many years since the far-away defeat by Japan, is now in league with the kingdom of the Mikado working the other way round across the meridians of longitude to overrun Germany. It is but a year or so since experts were writing in magazines to prove that the Russian menace to India was the worst bugaboo confronting the British Empire. Now Tommie Atkins in his trench saves his fire and holds fast as far as possible to wait for the sweeping sea of Slav armies that in three main divisions are operating against Germany and Austria.

War makes strange bedfellows. Almost the worst if not the most efficient bureaucracy in the world is up in arms against the most efficient if not the worst; in league with the first Republic of Europe and the greatest democracy in the world, Great Britain and her empire. Such is the cosmic irony of empires.

The northern division of the Russian army operating from the military base, Vilna, close to the borders of Poland, is now in command of eastern Prussia, and pressing hard on Königsberg, which is the capital of East Prussia. The centre division has crossed through Poland, and is now working towards Posen, which is one hundred and fifty miles from Berlin and contains the Fifth German army corps as a garrison. The siege of Posen will become a parallel to that of Liege; perhaps even more stubborn. But it is hoped that before the Kaiser is able to release enough of his disorganizing machine to hurl it back to Berlin and Posen, the Russian reserves, sullen, terrific and implacable, will be around Posen and pressing on to Berlin.

The third division of the Russians is invading Austria, which, having been baffled, if not ultimately beaten by the Serbs, is now treating the anti-Serb campaign as merely a "punitive expedition."

In this gigantic acceleration of the great Russian glacier of hand-grenades and Cossack sabres, machine guns and terrible cavalry, the schedule laid down for the Russian advance by the wise war lords of Berlin has been surprisingly shattered. Berlin must have regarded Russia with considerable contempt as an invading force, even though she knew that as a defense force the Russian army was next to impregnable. England and the other powers have always regarded Russia as a ponderous leviathan of slow speed; but the editor of the London Daily Mail, writing on August 14th, before much was known of the actual mobilization in Russia, had this to say:

"Their movement may best be compared to that of a glacier, slow but sure, and irresistible in its force. The difficulties which they have to surmount are very great. Russia is a country of immense distances. From Kazan, the headquarters of one of the Russian army corps, to the nearest point on the German frontier is a thousand miles. The Russian railway system does not lend itself to a rapid concentration, and the roads are still of a primitive character. The attack on Germany must be delivered through the marshes and mud of Poland—through a region where the provisioning of enormous masses is an exceptionally arduous task. But Russia's allies have absolute confidence in the energy of the Czar's commanders.

"The earliest date at which the main Russian armies can enter Germany has been placed by good French authorities on the twentieth or twenty-first day from the beginning of mobilization. Russia took her first steps to mobilize about July 28, so that on August 17 or 18 her first army, with a strength of