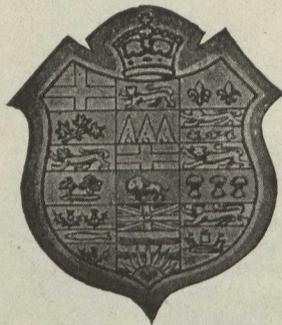


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Submarines and Agriculture

CANADA IS VITALLY interested in the submarine and its effect upon the trade routes that lead to the British islands. Until an answer is found to the submarine, the British people of the United Kingdom will not feel themselves safe in depending upon overseas supplies of food, and desperate efforts will be made to increase the size of the loaf that can be made from home-grown grain. The men responsible for the nation's security are already turning their minds to the ways and means by which the Home-land may secure a greater measure of food independence. Three forms of inducement have been suggested. One form is a duty on imported wheat, which would exclude foreign supplies so long as home prices were, for example, below \$1.35 per bushel. This means a sliding scale, with its attendant opportunities for speculation and a dearer loaf for consumers. Another form is a guarantee of a minimum price for home-grown wheat of, say, \$1.35 per bushel for a fixed period of years. This throws upon the taxpayer an uncertain burden, but leaves the consumer his cheap loaf. The third form is a bounty on each additional acre ploughed, based in the first year in the cost of the operation, say, six to seven dollars, and reduced to two dollars and a half an acre in three succeeding years. This does not regulate the crop to be cultivated, and, except on the added area, leaves the wheat-grower at the mercy of the anticipated slump in prices. At present prices the cost of producing a quarter of

wheat in the Old Country is in the region of 40s. A minimum price of 45s., whether secured by duty or by guarantee, it is thought, would be a reasonable offer.

There are not accurate statistics possible as to the average cost of producing wheat in Canada, and comparison is rendered increasingly difficult by the varying costs of trans-atlantic transportation. It is certain that the difference in costs between producing wheat in Canada and in the United Kingdom are not so great that the Canadian farmer will be able to make his way over tariff walls or press past discriminating bonuses into the Old Country markets. Efforts will doubtless be made after the war to prevent by international arrangement the further use of the submarine in the destruction of commerce. But no matter the assurances given to this end, the people of the United Kingdom will demand an increase of home food supplies, and Canada must regard with anxiety the course of the submarine and its toll upon the commerce of the high seas.

"Join in Fellow Service"

A SPEECH OF SOME importance was made in Montreal at the Monument National last week. It was addressed to French-Canadians. "So long as there are French-Canadian mothers," said the speaker, "their tongue is in no danger of being lost. . . . But . . . I ask you, my compatriots, to leave all other considerations for the supreme task! . . . There is no more potent or more enduring way of cementing the two races in Canada than that way which had wiped out the recollection of centuries of strife between the two mother lands. Seal your appeal to the generosity of your big brother Canadian by service! In fellow-service for a sublime common cause there will be born a spirit of mutual trust, mutual generosity, mutual understanding, and mutual comradeship, which will stand the test of the most acute problems, and give to Canada a united citizenship built upon the best of British traditions. "This, my compatriots, is what I ask—this is the entente cordiale I would have us achieve by service together. I am older than most of you, and am

more than ever convinced that there is no real success but that which is based and has its foundation on right and justice and the generous instincts of the human heart. Let us all unite to allay, and please God to extinguish, the prejudices that pull us apart, and do our utmost like real men and women to bring together the two elements in our country, after the same way in which they were brought together at Westminster Hall in old London. I have had successes and reverses. I trust that successes have not blinded my eyes, nor reverses discouraged me. Let there be no exultation in success and no weakness in reverse. Come, my young compatriots, with these brave young men who offer their service—their lives—that France may live, that Britain may continue her noble and generous rule, and that heroic Belgium may be restored to her standing as a nation!"

This is real Canadianism.

The speaker was Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

"Barren Absolutism"

PARKMAN KNEW his British. When he wrote of the struggle between our ancestors and our one time opponents in North America he might almost have been commenting on the present struggle in Europe.

"This war," he says, "was the strife of a united and concentrated few against a divided and discordant many. It was the strife, too, of the past against the future; of the old against the new; of moral and intellectual torpor against moral and intellectual life; of barren absolutism against a liberty, crude, incoherent, and chaotic, yet full of prolific vitality."

Who Is Bereaved?

OUR MINDS ARE occupied in estimating the effect of the recent sea fight on our naval strength. Our imaginations try to picture the gargantuan conflict. In the very quiet background move figures we are likely to overlook: the figures of men and women curiously poor, curiously rich. "Who dies if England live?" Who is bereaved that loses son, husband, father, lover or brother in such a fight as last week's.

WHEN NELSON LIVED AGAIN

By THE EDITOR

ON May 31, beginning at 3.15 p.m., and on past midnight, the spirit of Nelson was on deck in the North Sea. Trafalgar could have been dropped into the Battle of Jutland as pop-guns fired into a thunderstorm. But Trafalgar was re-enacted in the North Sea with the shade of mighty Nelson reincarnate on the decks, in the great gun-rooms, in the engine-rooms, in the stoke-holes—wherever British seamen strove and sweat in the dark and the heat and the blinding noise to do what Nelson did—his duty. Not a man of all the 5,000 bluejackets who went below knew how many hundred ships were engaged in that fight. Only now land-lubbers begin to realize the enormity of the battle in trying to imagine between 150 and 200 vessels of all sizes, from super-dreadnoughts to submarines, engaged in action—all within 12 hours, from 3.15 p.m. May 31; on till sunset behind the smoky cloud; on into the dusk and the night, when storms broke and lightnings flashed that would have made old Thor with his mighty Scandinavian hammer seem like a baby with a tin drum.

And through three hours of a short northern mid-summer night and into the dawn the spirit of Nelson was on deck—against the spirit of Von Tirpitz. When the fleet of Jellicoe swept the seas of Jutland that morning of June 1, they found not a wrack of the Tirpitz fleet left. Der Tag was not May 31; neither June 1. Der Tag has not dawned yet. It will never dawn. Five thousand British seamen lie in the waters of near-Germany. Fourteen British ships—battle cruisers, light cruisers and destroyers are at the bottom of the North Sea. Miles from them more German ships and as many Germans have found the bottom never to rise again. And the corpses of thousands of brave German seamen are drifting in the undertow among the bodies of the brave men who went out to meet them.

Death so splendid and so terrible as that of sailors in battle knows no distinction in bravery. The cold official report dealing in facts and figures, tons and ships and guns and dead men, makes no attempt to magnify German, or to minimize British losses. It was a real navy that the British cruiser fleet went out to fight; the second greatest navy in the world that for many years has caused the German people to sweat taxes and ask no questions; the navy that was built in order to dispute England's right to

maintain the real freedom of the seven seas—and for no other purpose. With four of the greatest ships of that navy and several others gone below and with a possible eight others bottled up in the coves of Denmark till they come out to fight, the great German navy is now no longer big enough to be more than a few dots on the Kiel Canal and the waters of Heligoland. And the mother of navies is still mistress of the seas. In the name of Nelson and Blake and Fisher and Jellicoe she intends so to remain.

It is now a year and ten months since the British fleet put to the North Sea under Jellicoe with the King's message—"Capture or destroy the enemy." Four times since parts of the fleet have engaged the enemy: at Heligoland Bight when Admiral Beatty became famous; at Cape Coronel in Chili, when the German Pacific squadron sunk three cruisers under Admiral Cradock; at the Falkland Islands in December, 1915, when that German victory was more than avenged; off the Dogger Banks, when a still greater victory was achieved in the greatest running fight on record.

Since the Dogger Bank smash our navy has done little but watch and ward—somewhere in the North Sea. That raid and the one that preceded it, the attack on Scarborough, and the raid a few months ago on Lowestoft proved that the German navy, beaten on the high seas, intended to do something nearer home. Invasions of England were talked about freely—with submarines below and Zeppelins above, a spectacular nightmare. A fleet of barges loaded with Germany army corps was another journalistic pipe-dream. Emplacing 17-inch guns at Calais to shoot across the Channel and to bedevil our troopships was another. Calais is not yet and will not be an emplacement for German siege guns.

What was left for this costly, high-powered product of Von Tirpitz to accomplish? All the pipe-dreams went up in smoke. The high seas were swept of German commerce and German warships—except the Moewe, after the Emden was smashed off the Australian coast. The Kiel Canal and Heligoland began to resemble a huge offering just before a regatta—with a regatta that never came off. The waters were mined and guns of fabulous size were mounted on Heligoland which in a fit of diplomatic good-nature we once ceded to Germany for the protectorate

WOUNDED IN ACTION.



Major-General Mercer, commanding the 3rd Division of Canadians, and Brigadier-General Victor Williams, wounded in the fierce attack on the Canadian front at the Hoge Sector last week. These men paid the price of doing their duty. Gen. Mercer is in hospital at Boulogne. Gen. Williams is reported a prisoner; and the above photograph of him (right) was taken when he was Col. Williams, camp commandant at Valcartier.