

MAINLY PERSONAL

Business in Soldiering

GETTING Canadian troops to the front and wounded Canadians back across the Channel again is the particular business of a Montreal soldier. Brig-General John Carson has been a long while soldiering. It was in 1891 that he



Brig-Gen. John Carson, in charge of Canadian troop transports from England.

became lieutenant in the 5th Royal Highlanders of Montreal. And he became Captain, Major, and Lieut-Colonel, all inside of fifteen years. It took him just nineteen years' soldiering to become C. O. of the regiment. Then in 1910 he retired; went back the next year commanding the Grenadier Guards. All this while he was working at insurance as a chief means of livelihood and getting established in various lines of business; not perhaps taking soldiery more to heart than a number of other men who wondered when parade soldiering would become the real thing in this country, but always ready to try out what he knew. As supervisor of Canadian transports, Gen. Carson has a responsible job, which none but a good business head as well as a soldier could do successfully.

Visible and Invisible

PROBABLY the last thing Sir Oliver Lodge expected to do at any time during his remarkable scientific career was to go to war. He is now doing it. He is a member of the Inventions Board, attached to the British Admiralty, which has to do with a great many things visible and invisible concerned with the defence of Great Britain. Sir Oliver Lodge is pretty well known by reputation over here. Most people who know this eminent scientist couldn't tell whether he uses a microscope or an algebraic formula or a test tube. He is a professor of physics, which, in these days, means a great deal more than it did when Sir Oliver began to study science. But his studies of physical life have led him to investigate the spirit world, and it is his knowledge of spiritism that has made him popularly known to many who have not otherwise studied his career. From physics to psychics is only a state of thinking to Sir Oliver Lodge. He believes in communion with spirits. He has made more investigations into this field of psychic research than any other man in England. If Sir Oliver could manage to hold a seance with the shade of Bismarck and of King Edward VII. he might be able to throw a lot of light on the dark places of this war. But his main business now is to help defend Great Britain by helping to devise inventions. And any intelligent spirit knows that to do this nowadays is very largely a matter of studying the invisible whether beneath the top of the sea or up among the clouds.

The Vortex Ring

SIR JOSEPH THOMSON, who stands at the right of Sir Oliver Lodge in the picture on this page, is one of the most eminent practical scientists in the world. He also is a physicist. He has honours and titles and medals from nearly every country in the world where science is known. The fact that he looks like a keen-eyed business man might lead a casual observer to disregard the capacious dome of thought that overtops his spectacles. Behind that frontal arch lurk the secrets of Huxley, Tyndall and many other people who have made practical science the hobby of great Englishmen. It's not so very long ago that England led the world in practical science. Of late years Germany has got ahead of her in the purely diabolical sphere of modern inventions. Sir Joseph Thomson knows as much about physical science as any German professor in the school class of the Kaiser, but he has never imagined that any one nation had a monopoly of modern science, and he has never bothered his head about the precise meaning of "kultur." One of his publications is a treatise on the motion of vortex rings. As a member of the Inventions Board he is quite welcome to expound a scheme of how to get all the German submarines involved in a series of vortex rings that will send them to the bottom of the last spiral convolution of the everlasting sea. The British Admiralty don't tell us much

about what happens to German submarines. But things are happening to these scientific war-sharks, and it is the business of British scientists to see that as much more happens to them as possible.

A Clergyman Novelist

CLERGYMEN who write good novels are said to be about as rare as ministers who preach good sermons. Robert Machray, whose novel, "Sylvia's Secret," begins as a serial in this issue of the Courier, was once a clergyman in the West. He is a nephew of the late Archbishop Machray, under whom he worked in Rupert's Land. He was a Canon in St. John's Cathedral, Winnipeg, and afterwards, when his throat made preaching difficult, he became a professor of history and assistant in English literature in St. John's College in that city. His novels are neither pure literature nor newspaper stories. He has a much better command of the English language than many modern novelists, and pays respect to what may be called art in writing. But he knows pretty well where style has to leave off for the sake of letting in a good story, and that real art in modern literature is a bigger thing than mere style. The novel now running in the Courier was written just before the war.

The Athlete in War

LIEUT.-COL. JAMES GEORGE ROSS, who early this month will arrive in London to join the Canadian troop transport staff of Brig-General Carson, used to be a famous amateur athlete. When he first went into the 5th Royal Highlanders, in Montreal, he was known by description of some sporting writer as "the best man in Canada who ever strapped on a racing shoe." That may be a matter of opinion, but there is no doubt that Col. Ross was always an

BRITISH SCIENTISTS IN THE WAR.



Sir Joseph Thomson and Sir Oliver Lodge, members of the British Admiralty Inventions Board.

athletic soldier. Away back in 1879 he was a member of the Ontario Field Battery. In 1884 he was an officer in Victoria Rifles, Montreal, retiring with rank of Captain. Four years later he joined the 5th Royal Highlanders, and worked his way up till ten years later he was Lieut.-Colonel. Once upon a time he accompanied explorer Lieut. Schwatka into the Yellowstone Park, and according to a newspaper writer of that time was "the only man of the party who came out in as good shape as he went in." Barring the bad language, that description conveys a fair idea of the temperamental qualities of Col. Ross, who, since the war began, has been very active in the formation of active service units in Montreal allotted to the 5th Royal Highlanders in Montreal. His appointment on the staff of Brig-Gen. Carson will enable him to do as much for Canada abroad as he

has done at home to make a thoroughly fine military reputation for himself.

A Canadian's Adventure

A GOOD story of hair-raising adventure is told concerning Lieut. Erskine Ogden, from Toronto, who is one of the despatch riders with the British Army at the front. He is a young man of 23—though he put that unlucky number clean out of the running in the adventure; always an athlete, a crank on bicycle riding, and certainly an expert with the motorcycle. The story goes that he went from his division to Gen. French's headquarters to get a message. The route was a well-known road infested with snipers, who, however, did no damage to the despatch corps on their way into headquarters. On the way out the fun began. Ogden was humming along at a high clip with his messages in his pocket, dodging snipers here and there all the way along. And as any good German sniper knows, it's about as hard to hit a man that goes fifty miles an hour as it is to hit one wild duck on the high wing. He was getting along famously, till suddenly across the road he saw a large tree which, since he passed along to headquarters, had been struck by a shell and smashed fair across the road. He had about four seconds to decide what to do about it. If he dismounted and trailed his motorcycle round the top he would be a sure mark for a sniper. He didn't do it. Fortunately it was only the bushy top that lay across the road; had it been the trunk, however, the story might have been much the same. He took a fraction of a second to make up his mind; the rest of the second he spent opening up the machine. He shut his eyes, chugged his chin on the handlebars, and charged that treetop at sixty miles an hour. By the time he realized that he had done something really strenuous, he was clean through the top and along the clear road on the other side; a trifle scratched but none the worse. And he got his message to the firing line.



Lt.-Col. J. G. Ross, assistant on Canadian troop transports.

An O'Leary Yarn

AT a recent meeting in Albert Hall, London, in the presence of King George and Queen Mary, a poem on Michael O'Leary, V.C., was read by the author, Mr. John McGrath. The first verse of the poem as quoted in a morning paper this week is:

"Kelly and Burke and Shea,
Flannigan, Doolin and Geary,
Very good men in their day,
But nothing to Michael O'Leary."

All the world knows Michael O'Leary, whose single-handed exploit in the German trenches has been immortalized in picture, cable despatch and verse to the great glory of loyal, fighting Ireland in the British Empire. And, of course, more or less legendary stories have been circulated about this remarkable Irishman. As often happens in an Irish story, the improbable and the unexpected sometimes crops out. This story—which has not hitherto been published in Canada at least—was told by a very eminent Irishman. Its character is legendary; but the interest is decidedly human. It is probably quite untrue, and it is told here for the sake of the joke which Irishmen the world over love so dearly.

When O'Leary, after getting his Victoria Cross, was honoured by the corporation and citizens of his home town, he was given a public address. An old woman, a great friend of the family, was present. She listened to the eulogies and looked at all the ceremonial of the grand occasion. Some one said to her:

"Sure, isn't it the grand affair and all?"

The old woman shook her head.

"Yes," she said, "it's a wonderful thing, I'm sure. And it's a grand, good boy is that same Michael. I don't know what he's done, at all, but I know it's a great thing whatever it is, for I know Michael O'Leary. They say he's been in the war. Och! I don't know what the war is all about—but bless you! I do hope that whatever side England is on, she will get the worst of it."

In all probability, no one appreciates the humour of this better than Michael O'Leary.