

ponent parts does not exist, and will continue to exist for use in pacific industries.

To assess the value of this skill to Canadian industry is a difficult matter—difficult even to great engineers. Over 250,000 workers have become skilled in the art of such processes, and the manipulation of such tools and gauges. It is even more surprising to know that thousands of women have become equally as skilled in this work. Never in the history of the world has there been such an incentive to acquire such skill for a purpose the like of which our civilization need not be ashamed—a purpose that has resulted in an asset which will be of great value in the peaceful commercial industries for the expansion of this great Dominion, after the great conflict ceases.

The mental processes which have been silently at

work developing character while the hands of the workers have been acquiring precision in the use of tools and gauges, are factors in the life of the individual worker which cannot be overlooked. Canada has shown a rare capacity, during this great war, which is comparable in some measure with the vastness of its territory.

But there is another side which is even more important. In this connection I heard an interesting little story from a shell inspector, which merely proves the "moral fibre" referred to by the munitions engineer. One morning, not very long ago, a Canadian mother, while working in one of the big munitions factories, received a telegram which was delivered to her by the foreman. Those of her fellow-workers who were nearest to her ceased their work while she opened the telegram, knowing that

telegrams in war time generally portend news, either bad or good, from the front. The woman read the telegram, and then let it flutter to the floor. Her face turned white, and for a moment, her conferees thought she was about to collapse. One worker stooped and picked up the telegram. It conveyed the news to that mother that her only son had been killed in action. Gentle words of sympathy were poured out from every side, but the mother heeded them not. Instead, she set her face resolutely after the first shock had passed away, and worked with almost supernatural strength. The shell inspector assures me that on that day, the mother produced more shells than on any previous day—spurred on by the news of her son's death, and by the thought that she was aiding in the destruction of the Huns who were responsible for the great tragedy in her life.



THE Hon. Dr. Beland posed for one of these pictures—the other catches a glimpse of him as he feels when he talks to his own. Evidently, there are two Belands—one weighted with the weariness of four years of the Hun's ungraciousness; the other gladdened by the graceful gift of welcome which met him when he mixed again with his people. Both Belands

Les Deux Belands

—and an idea of what the two, merged into one, may find to do.

belong to Canada, and it is the blessed good fortune of the people of this Dominion that in the man himself the two will merge to make an even more forceful personality than belonged to the P. M. G. of the old regime.

The Beland which was shaped in a German prison camp is, for the times just ahead of us, a necessary complement to the Beland of the front benches back of 1911. He knows, from an almost too close observation, the falsity of the phrase that might is right. By comparison he must be aware of the force of tolerance and the spirit that leads to true Democracy. He is a disciple of the new National religion—something high enough above creed and politics to work out Canada's salvation.

The other Beland, the one that went away and came back again, has the natural eloquence and other living attributes of the born leader. He grew while he was away. He is too big to be put behind a bench and the light he should carry would only be hidden under a portfolio. Provincial boundaries are too narrow to limit the



scope of his achievement if he puts out all his effort.

So, again, the two Belands belong to Canada. And, if the promise of his first addresses when he came back to his own forecast anything, the two Belands will be given to Canada, and by the grace of all good things Canada will be greatly benefitted by the gift.

Roosevelt and the Aliens

Editor, Canadian Courier:—

The other day at the Republican State Convention at Saratoga, N. Y., Theodore Roosevelt fiercely attacked and denounced the pro-German and disloyal alien enemies. I can heartily endorse every word he thus uttered; and then he made the following equally patriotic remarks concerning loyal American citizens of German birth or descent, which might well be applied to Canadian citizens of that same class, if we substitute Canada for America and Britishism for Americanism:

"This is one side of Americanism. The other equally important side is to insist that every man who shows himself to be 100 per cent. American, whole-hearted and single-minded in his loyalty to this country, no matter what his birth-place, national origin or creed, be treated as on a full and exact equality with every other good American. The bulk of American citizens in whole or in part of German blood (and I am myself in part of German blood) are absolutely loyal. They have furnished as large and as gallant a proportion of the fighting men of our Army and Navy as any other element; and, of course, it is the fighting men who meet and furnish the highest test of sound American citizenship at this time. Moreover, in civil life they furnish their full proportion of the leaders in the movement to insist upon a unified, an unqualified and an undivided American loyalty to our country. These men are fit to fill every civil and military position in this country from the very highest down. It is not only an outrage, but it is deeply unpatriotic and un-American to discriminate against them in any shape or way. We are all Americans together, and we must neither permit any divided allegiance in our citizenship nor any attempt to divide our citizenship along lines of old-world nationality, nor any attempt to discriminate between or against good Americans because of their national origin."

Col. Roosevelt, be it remembered, has six children, four sons and two daughters; all his sons are on service at the front. They have won special distinction for bravery. Two of them have been wounded and one has paid the supreme sacrifice, word of which was received the day prior to the Colonel's address. Moreover, the wife of one of these young sons is on active service as a Red Cross nurse in France, as is also the younger of Roosevelt's daughters, together with her husband who serves as Surgeon-Major and has been wounded recently. The only one of his children still on this side of the Atlantic is engaged in war work in the U. S. A.

H. V. RIETHDORF.

"Hawk-eye" Andy McKeever

A FEW weeks ago Listowel got lit up in a hurry. A wire came to town warning the crowd that "Andy" McKeever was coming to stay a spell with his home-folks. Bunting blazed out along Main Street, and the brass band hurried down to the depot to blare a welcome to "Andy," known otherwise as "Hawk-Eye" around the hangars of the R. A. F. most places in France; and as Captain Andrew McKeever, D.S.O., M.C., in the War Office records.

As the Flying Corps fellows say it, Andy is a two-seated fighter—"the best in France," writes one of his fellow flyers. King George met Andy first a few minutes after he had shaken hands with Billy Bishop. Both the boys were at Buckingham Palace to get what was coming to them in the way of ribbons and initials for "conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in aerial combat." One of Andy's stunts was tackling nine hostile planes single-handed six miles back of the enemy lines. There were seven scouts and two two-seaters when Andy mixed up in Fritz's circus. He destroyed one of the two-seaters, then turned and shot down two of the five scouts that had dived on his tail. The two other scouts took a flyer at the fray. Andy destroyed one of them and ducked down to within 20 feet of the ground manoeuvring for a hit at the other. He made the six miles back to home in a machine too badly damaged to lift him more than a foot or two above the wire entanglements. The King gave him the D. S. O. for that.

Another time Andy attacked eight Huns single-handed. He destroyed one and drove five others down out of control. The King gave him the M.C. for that. Then he engaged nine enemy scouts in a bunch. He destroyed two, drove down one out of control and dispersed the rest. For that, and for winning out in two other shows when the least odds against him were 5 to 1, they added a bar to his M. C. So far he has downed 35 enemy planes, and hasn't even been scratched himself.

