

Moreover, it is evident that six hundred men, however gallant, cannot play as large a part in any fight as can fifteen thousand. Not only can the Australians be mentioned freely, but, being twenty-four times as numerous, they ought to be mentioned twenty-four times as often as any individual battalion on their left or right. We can only speak of the Corps to right or left being composed of "English troops" or of "Scottish, Irish, and Welsh units." We are aware that that pleases nobody. But shall we, then, mention all the forty-eight battalions seriatim and make the enemy a present of our whole battle order? Three or four battalions of the forty-eight—one, perhaps, from each Division—can generally be named with safety, and that is what we commonly do. In each section of the battlefield some one battalion has usually signalized itself beyond all others, either by the accident of having the most difficult positions to carry or by some especially brilliant piece of work. We strive to tell the story of that achievement so as to do the least injustice to the forty other battalions, the gallantry of which must go unsung.

SO long as we insist on having tourists instead of turbines at Niagara Falls we are sacrificing something like sixty million horse power for the sake of a scenic asset. The hydro-electric engineers estimate that the tilt in the topography between lakes Erie and Ontario makes it physically possible to develop a maximum of 6,500,000 horse power at the Falls, but international treaties, expressing a public desire that the cascade be preserved as a natural wonder, restricts development to a little over 500,000 horse-power. In dodging these dictums the engineers who were determined to develop a larger percentage of the potential power than the legislative limitations would allow have gone down stream. The latest proposal of the kind is set out in print by Robert G. Skerret, in the Scientific American, and is called the Thomson-Porter Cataract project.

Briefly, the fundamental feature of the project, says Mr. Skerret, is a massive dam arising from the rocky bed of the Niagara River and blocking the gorge from bank to bank at a point a little more than 4½ miles below the famous Cataract and something like 2½ miles south of Lewiston, N.Y., and Queenston, Ontario. By means of this dam the water level would be raised high enough above the present surface of the river to provide an effective head of 90 feet. The local result would be to lower the visible rise of the flanking cliffs by something like one-third, but the new level would merge exactly with the existing water surface at the Falls, and would therefore, in no wise change the scenic conditions there. The existing rapids would, necessarily, be submerged, but the scheme contemplates substitute rapids below the dam that would be equally tumultuous and probably more spectacular.

The hydro-electric installation, that would be made practicable by the building of the proposed dam, would develop quite 2,000,000 horse-power, and one-half of this would be for the United States and the other half for the Dominion of Canada. Assuming a horse-power to call on an average for the consumption of 10 tons of coal a year, the energy so obtained would be equivalent to the conserving of 20,000,000 tons of fuel annually! But apart from that, it would insure an enormous amount of power which would not fall the industrial consumer should miners strike or transportational conditions hamper the prompt or continuous delivery of coal. The state of our railways to-day emphasizes this point.

Influenced by the ensemble of titanic might and the seemingly irresistible sweep of the waters at Niagara Falls and immediately below them, it is no wonder that most people are staggered at the mere suggestion of damming the river. The task might be well nigh impossible of accomplishment but for nature's helping hand. At Foster's Flats, the previously abrupt drop of the wall of the river on the Canadian side is radically altered by a long slope which reaches far out into the water course and narrows the river to a pronounced degree, giving it a maximum depth of 35 feet.

Here it is that Dr. Thomson would rear his dam, and he states positively that it is his opinion as an

engineer that because of the physical conditions mentioned it would be entirely feasible to build more than 50 per cent. of his dam on dry land before interfering at all with the flow of the river. According to his figures, it would cost substantially \$100,000,000, and take three years to rear the dam and to build and equip the associate hydro-electric plants for the development of 2,000,000 horse-power.

WHEN people ask why the Social Democrats are so eager to stage their star performance at Stockholm, the knowing ones point to the name of Hjalmar Branting, who, as "the strong man," is the head-liner on the bill. Branting is the leader of the Social Democrats amongst the Scandinavians and he has a way of prevailing over opposition and pushing his reforms into practice in spite of the radical wing of his own party on the one hand, and the pro-German party on the other. Le Correspondant (Paris), in an appreciative sketch of Branting, after telling of his parentage and education—he was a class-mate at college with the present King—and specialized in mathematics and astronomy at Upsala University—says:

He completely abandoned a scientific career and made his debut in journalism. After a few random articles he became the editor of Tiden (The Times), a small radical journal with socialist tendencies. Thenceforward politics entirely absorbed him. The success he obtained as the director of Tiden was relative. Personally he became more and more socialist—one of the most advanced in Sweden. He soon quitted the Tiden to undertake the control of the Social-Demokraten, the journal founded by Palin, the tailor who founded the Socialist Party in Sweden.

The elections held last September were marked by great bitterness between the conservatives and the social democrats, the latter making use of the Luxemburg documents in the Argentine affair. On September 16 they made a great public demonstration in Stockholm.

Branting and seven other of the most prominent members of the party delivered addresses marked by great violence, affirming in a long resolution adopted with enthusiasm and published later throughout the country, that they were fighting for the objects which, from the beginning of its existence, had been those of the International Social Democracy, against war and militarism, for peace and justice, against secret diplomacy. This manifesto violently attacked Germany and was, in fact, not only a social manifestation, but one in favor of the Allies.

Finally, after long negotiations, a mixed ministry was formed, having as its head a Liberal and composed of seven Liberals and four Social Democrats, including Branting as Minister of Finance.

The closing paragraph gives this portrait of the new minister's physical personality:

Vigorous, with broad and slightly stooping shoulders, with an eye which is piercing and often hard when he is stirred, endowed with a powerful voice which carries clear and vibrant to the last rows of the crowds in big meetings, he is an orator. He speaks almost entirely without notes, and, gifted with an extraordinary memory and strong lungs, enabling him to answer heckling without fatigue, he replies to all his opponents. One of the ministers of the last conservative cabinet called him "an opportunist revolutionary." The phrase is neat and sufficiently exact.

CAMOUFLAGE

Nothing Could Be Safer

A PASSENGER on the Great Kentucky Central Railway said to the conductor:

"Do you use the block system here?"

"No; we ain't got no use for the block system, stranger."

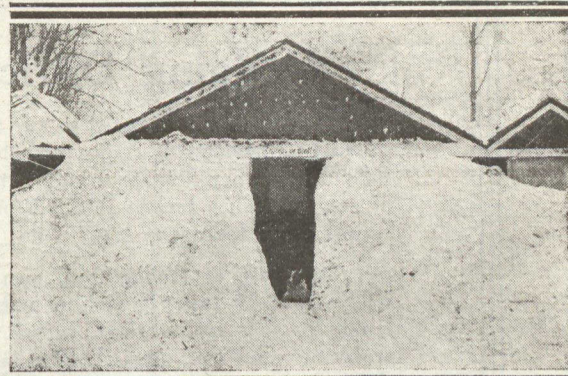
"Oh, I suppose, then, you use electric or pneumatic signaling?"

"No; no use for them, nuther."

"Then you have train dispatchers and run your trains by telegraph?"

"Nope."

"But when you stop between stations you at least go



THE civilized Eskimo who lives in this Balmy Beach igloo has made a tactical mistake. The Eskimo always builds the igloo round himself and digs himself out. This man dug himself in. Note the dog who is put there to keep any more snowflakes from intruding.

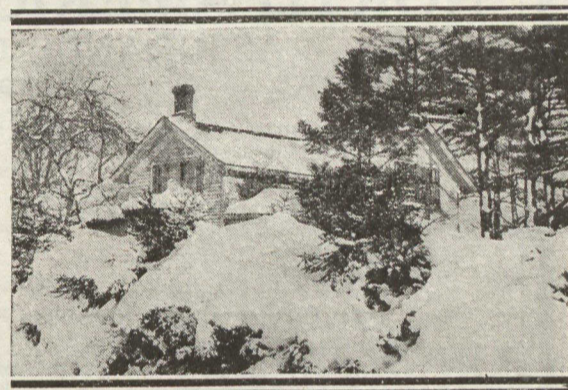
back a hundred yards and flag the rear?"

"Nope, stranger; nope."

"Then," said the passenger, angrily, "all I've got to say is that this road is run in a criminally reckless manner."

The conductor frowned, and taking out a plug of tobacco snapped off a chew viciously.

"Stranger," he said, "if you don't like this line, say so, and I'll stop the train and you can git off and walk. I'm the president of the line and the sole owner. This is the Great Kentucky Central, and, stranger, don't you forgit it. She's seven miles and a half long. She runs from Paint Rock to Nola Chucky. This is the only train that travels on the Great Kentucky Central, and what you hear snortin' ahead is our only engine. We ain't never had a collision. We ain't never had an accident. What's more, we never will. Now, are you satisfied, stranger, or shall I pull the string and let you git out and walk?"



ONCE upon a time, they say, robins nested in those pines and song sparrows clambered through the spruce hedge. But the man who lives in the house sometimes talks in his sleep.

Two—Not of a Kind

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., January 25th, 1918.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

Reading your exceptionally good stories under caption "Camouflage" reminds me of a very funny experience of mine about two weeks ago. For gilding purposes I had occasion to order by phone some chloroform from our druggist, who also handles the Victrola; he also had our order for a new record entitled, "A Little Bit of Heaven." He noticed me passing his store one afternoon, whereupon he came to the door and announced:

"Call in on your way back, there's a bottle of chloroform and a little bit of Heaven waiting for you!"

Wishing the "Courier" and its publishers a prosperous 1918, I am,

Yours very truly,

J. F. MOORE.



WAR has taught us all to be thrifty. The owners of these nice cars thought it would be bad economy to build garages in wartime. So they left the cars outside. When last seen they were snowed in.