

would not go to roost at the appointed time, and the old gander refused to insert his bill into the top feathers of his tail along with the she-geese at dusk. "Course it's the punkin that's doin' it," he admitted. "I'll yank that critter in to-morra."

Long before midnight the house-folks were abed as usual. As the moon mounted to the zenith the beasts of the barnyard slowly converged upon the fence that penned the sacred punkin. Inch by inch they all crept towards the corral like the wedding-march procession in Lohengrin, as though each and every one of them was afraid to get a hoof ahead of any other. Presently, when the last sound of wheels had left the front road and the whole settlement was as quiet as the moon, this whole menagerie of J. Hynes looked over and under and through the five-rail fence of the magnified pumpkin. Complete silence came over all. Once when the few hens, bewildered at being off the roost so late, did a little titivating on the top rail a united look from the cloven-hoof crowd caused them to squat in silence.

For the space of about seven minutes they all conjointly gazed at the gourd, from whose fat sides the lustre of the moon was like the way a hand looks when you rub a match on it in the dark. Paderewski in his most hypnotic moments never produced a silence so marvelously profound. For seven minutes while the ram and the cow ceased chewing the cud these animals forgot the vexing cares of modern life and reverted to the historic silence of the jungle and the plains.

It was quite primeval. People get that way sometimes at plays and concerts and football games.

Pure legend would have stated here that the gourd itself perceiving the spell that was hypnotizing the

animals, of its own accord began to roll from the plank, then mysteriously began to levitate itself into the air, up and up, followed by the marveling gaze of the devotees until it became a speck and lost itself in the plenary vastness of the moon.

But this is a tale, not a legend. By midnight pressure from above and below became too much for the fence, which gave way and suddenly let the animals in. The old mare, fleetest of all, reached the pumpkin first. She leaped over it and kicked as she went. At almost the same moment the ram charging full tilt butted the pumpkin and sent it parabolically after the mare, whose yielding rump broke the force of the blow and caused the gourd to rebound in the onward path of the dehorned cow who got the ball fair in the soft of her nose. Before she had time even to attempt a bite of the pumpkin she felt the impact of the old sow, who with a wild rush among the cow's legs managed to take a sidelong gouge at the pumpkin, which, of course, cavorted to one side and rolled in amongst the gander, the gobbler and the hens, creating fluster worse than any invasion of the hen roost by a fox.

The grand game was now open. Of course the old mare had no desire to bite the gourd. All she wanted was a chance to kick it—once—and let the cloven-hoofs and the poultry loose at the contents so that she might make the rounds while they gorged themselves and bite each one of them in turn.

This amiable desire was frustrated by an unexpected mixing up of motives. When the cow felt the disturbance of the swine at her feet she turned to deliver a grand charge at the offender. But the sow, having been carried past by her own momentum, was not there. In her place came the ram, who, per-

ceiving the foul tactics of the Durham, came with a terrible onrush fair at the midst of the cow's forehead. The meeting of this irresistible force and immovable object caused an echo at the barn. It changed the whole course of the game. The ram backed away shaking his head. The cow was dazed. The sow making a second charge on the pumpkin was suddenly endowed with a broadside kick from the old mare, who immediately thereafter went to leap over the gobbler and the gander, but the hens rose in a cloud of feathers flying in the mare's face; which so diverted her from her course that she came into violent collision with the cow.

This unheralded set-to created a new line-up of forces. While the cow and the mare settled their animosities in a rather uneven contest, the ram managed to run foul of the sow, who, taking advantage of the fact that Billy had no room for a battering-ram charge, made a vicious assault upon the other's wool, then ducked and lifted the ram by sheer power of the neck till he found himself pawing at the moon. As soon as he got to his all fours, the ram cantered away to a corner of the corral to bide his time for a demoralizing bombardment of any beast that would stand still long enough for the purpose.

Meanwhile what of the pumpkin? In the melee it was trampled, butted, kicked, bitten and rolled hither and thither among the contending animals. It was hissed at by the gander, pecked at by the hens and the turkey gobbler, who, at one stage of the game, found it necessary to hoist his fantail and drop his wings in a pompous pretense of standing guard over the poor relic until the noise of the

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CARRY ON GENERAL, CARRY ON

By THE EDITOR

MUCH more is involved in the resignation of Sir Sam Hughes from the Cabinet than the resignation of Sam Hughes.

Let us admit that Sam Hughes—for the moment we may discard the title—did not as Minister of Militia practise team play as he used to do in the days when he was a champion player of the good old national game of Canada, lacrosse. Sam Hughes knows that many a star has been dropped from a lacrosse team before the game because the manager knew he would play to the grandstand and spoil the team play of the game. Sam Hughes was not dropped from the Cabinet team until after the game was more than half over. There were good reasons. When he was picked as Minister of Militia he was known to be the only soldier of organizing war enthusiasm and political experience available for the office. There was need to reorganize our militia. A soldier was best qualified to do it. A mere politician might as well leave it alone. To a great extent some time before the war Col. Hughes did it. He was as near the simulation of a War Minister between 1911 and 1914 as it was possible for a Minister of Militia to be in a time of peace. He could scarcely have worked with more organizing enthusiasm if he had known that in 1914 a Canadian army would be landing in Europe.

Let us give him credit. The Government of Canada knew what kind of man he was before he was given the appointment and returned by his electorate as responsible Minister of Militia. In the three years between 1911 and 1914 the Government knew still better what sort of man Col. Hughes was. And when war broke upon the world they had no intention nor desire to replace Col. Hughes with any man who might be more of a constitutional Minister even if less of a soldier.

For the first few months of the war the cardinal defects of Col. Hughes as a Minister were both recognized and tolerated because the Government and the people knew, as they still know, his prime quality as a man of action and a soldier. The mistakes he made, the indiscretions he committed, his swaggering disregard of official rank, of red tape, sometimes even of his superiors in office, were all of them combined not sufficient to offset his proven value as a man who, in an emergency, was able to rise to a great occasion.

Let us be absolutely fair. Col. Hughes—Brigadier-General, Major-General, Sir Sam, according to the work he did in the first twelve months after the outbreak of war—did not create the response made by this country to the need of the Imperial Army. It was not due either to Col. Hughes' previous organization or his personal influence after the declaration of war that in October, 1914, Canada sent fifty per cent. more soldiers to England than Sir Ian Hamilton had estimated that we could do in the event of war. Col. Hughes was the capable, if somewhat precarious, instrument through which that response became so strenuously effective. And we may still doubt if at that time any other man in Canada could have organized our forces so well during the period when a sudden explosion in Europe was shaking up the War Offices of all the Allied countries. The unkillable energy and reckless daring of a man of action was necessary at that time to give England and the Empire an example of what Canada could do to pull herself together in an emergency. Col. Sam Hughes was that man.

It is quite clear that before the second year of the war the struggle was seen to be of such a character that it demanded the absolutely unanimous and concentrated energy of Cabinet, Parliament and people. The need for united, concerted action was so great that even the team play of a Coalition Cabinet might have been an advantage. It was so undeniably



Let General Hughes continue to serve his country.

imperative that the life of Parliament was extended for a year in order that the efforts of the nation might not be disrupted by a general election. The war struck so deeply at the roots of our national life that the Departments of Trade and Commerce, Railways and Finance were all made part of the machine dominated by the Department of Militia and Defence; and the activities of the Prime Minister were converted from being head of a party and leader of Government into a programme of concentrated action culminating in the Militia Department of Canada and the War Office in London.

Sir Sam Hughes knew this. He knew not only that we were unprepared for war, but how unprepared we were. Mobilization at Valcartier was our first big effort to catch up. That 33,000 men of the first contingent was—a Canadian army; of which we had no previous experience in any war outside of Canada. Not only were

the men Canadians, but their uniforms, boots, kits, rifles, horses, tents, artillery, machine gun batteries and sections, army wagons, trumpets, cook-wagons, engineering outfits, munitions, and a hundred other accessories were to be Canadian, as far as possible made or produced in Canada. Troop trains and transport steamers were Canadian. The money that paid for all these was Canadian. The pay of officers and men was Canadian.

In remembering this we must admit that if ever the Canadian nation undertook a contract bigger than a transcontinental railway it was in undertaking to send an army, of what size no one could foresee, to England for actual war purposes. Experience we had none. Everything had to be created. As the war took hold of England so it made gradually necessary the mobilization of Canadian resources for war purposes. We had no national register, no universal training system, only the feeble beginnings of a shell industry, one rifle factory, and a census that was then four years old. The entire machine was not only Canadian, not only extemporaneous, not only a new experience—but it was absolutely voluntary.

Let it be candidly asked what we could have done in the first six months of war to organize this voluntary war machine without a Canadian man of action at the head of the Militia Department, daring enough to ignore red tape even to the point of becoming occasionally dangerous to the commonwealth? What chance was there that the great organism which began to draw upon the life of this country would not itself become absorbed in the vastly greater organism centreing in England and Europe? There was a chance. General Hughes, more than any other, was the one man who staked everything to get it.

Sir Robert Borden, as head of the Government, was looked to by the King as being responsible for the Militia Department. The people of Canada expected that the Government would conduct the war as a constitutional business. The correspondence between the Premier and Sir Sam Hughes indicates that Cabinet team play for this purpose was not always possible. It is necessary to observe that, as the war grew away from the one-man stage, as it did in England, the Minister of Militia did not relinquish responsibilities which had outgrown him and which belonged to other men. Conditions changed. Gen. Hughes failed to change with them.

Resignation or a change of policy was inevitable. But that does not remove the necessity for using to the full the personality and the genius of Sir Sam Hughes in carrying on the war. A capable successor in office will be found. There will never be, until this war is won at least, any possible substitutes for General Hughes as an individual committed to the interests of his country. With all his faults, we must admit that Sam Hughes is a big, capable Canadian, to whom the interests of Canada are more important than the personal interests of General Hughes. Conservative opinions that condemn Hughes when yesterday they praised him, are dangerous to this country. We shall never make headway as a nation by jumping on a good man just because we happen to think he is down. And we shall make a big national mistake if we imagine that Sam Hughes is anywhere near down and out. He has yet the opportunity of showing this country that Sam Hughes, the Canadian, is a bigger fact than Major-General Sir Sam Hughes, K.C.B. Sam Hughes, the Canadian, said in Toronto the day before his resignation, that he intended to carry on a big work in the further recruiting of Canada's army. The best we can say to the General on behalf of the country is, "CARRY ON, GENERAL, CARRY ON."