

## WE ARE BETTING ON THE LADY



ANYBODY can see at a glance that the lady rolling the huge hogshead is at least one lap ahead of the two soldiers rolling the shell. She smiles because she realizes that she will be there with the barrel before they will arrive with the shell. 'Twas not ever thus with the human race. Man had his day. He is now what the experts call an also-ran. This little woman, all smiles, rolls with consummate ease a barrel four times as big as herself. The soldiers have to use hand-spikes to roll the shell which is not as big as either of them. As a mere matter of detail, of course, the barrel is empty and the shell isn't. Another item is that the metal shell weighs more than both men put together.

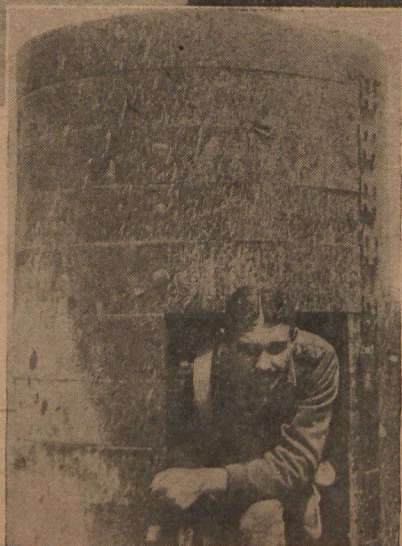
## AN IMITATION AND THE REAL THING



MR. JAMES JOHNSON, at the Oakville, Ont., fair, got first prize for a span of four-year-old oxen which he says can out-haul any team of horses he ever saw, if you give them time enough. The other picture is a new breed of cow which the soldiers are milking on the western front. This species of kine is not Shorthorn nor Jersey. She is known as the Camouflage Cow. Any German scouting-plane telescoping down there beholds an innocent cow peacefully chewing her cud. But that Camouflage cow is standing guard on the roof of a whole battery of guns whose noses are pointing out somewhere else.



THIS Highlander is being made into a soldier, the idea in the Scotch mind being that war is fighting and fighting is man-power, and man-power involves muscle and courage on the open to beat out the enemy. Waugh! Let the Boches come out and fight, and the war will be over by Christmas; would have been over by last Christmas. But—



MR. BOCHE knows this; wherefore in his ground-hog wisdom he digs himself in as he has done ever since he lost the Battle of the Marne. Where he can't dig in, he builds this kind of a thing for an observation tower. This "tank" is built of armour-plate on foundations of concrete. Only a big shell could ever get through its thick hide—its thoroughly German hide.

British North America Act and the Quebec Resolutions upon which the Act was based. They saw in the Constitution of the United States of America a weakness in the relationship between the Federal and State Parliaments and the division of legislative powers, and concluded that the Federal Parliament possessing the greatest powers, consistent with provincial rights, was best fitted to weld a nation from parts. So the Provincial Parliaments were given powers of legislation in local matters and in certain other legislative spheres, which quite properly might have been national, but were made provincial because of guaranteed or existing rights, and the Federal Parliament was given all remaining powers. And herein lies the fundamental distinction between the Constitution of Canada and that of the United States; the latter left the residuum of power with the individual States which remained in reality sovereign. These statesmen of Confederation had seen a few years previously in the causes of the American War of Secession what might in later years conceivably happen in the new Canada, and in drafting their constitution this was guarded against by strengthening the central house. So while the American Constitution was to some extent their guide they avoided its shortcomings.

The dominant idea was, therefore, a strong Federal Parliament, and that this tended to make a constitutionally stronger and more united Canada is generally conceded. Nevertheless, Canadians did not in succeeding years develop a national sentiment such as might reasonably have been expected as a result of having been made, constitutionally at least, one people by national charter under a strong Federal Parliament.

Canada has not as yet been made into a nation, as evidenced by sentiment and spirit. If you doubt the statement, compare for a moment the attitude of the average Canadian towards Canada with that of the average American towards his country, and you will probably conclude that it is justified. The fault does not lie with the statesmen who drafted the constitution and accomplished Confederation; the cause is to be found elsewhere. It may be said that comparison of national sentiment in Canada with national sentiment in the United States is not a fair one, because that country has existed as a confederation and a nation for more than a century and a quarter; but if its history and literature be any criterion, the same national sentiment existed there as far back as the beginning of the 19th century. And this notwithstanding that the sovereign powers remaining with the individual States tended to promote State sentiment rather than national sentiment, and we do find some evidence of this in the causes of the War of Secession. Probably again we are less demonstrative in the exhibition of our love of country than our American cousins. But the United States, with its State sentiments, is some sort of nation. Canada, with its real Federal union, is not—yet.

(To be continued.)

## So She Brought His Soup

By Harry Moore.

THOUGHT she: "Life is just what we make it, and should a waitress by hook or crook become a rich man's wife, it is none of the world's business." Thought he: "Fortune is a queer fish, for I've known an hostler to marry an heiress, and become a real gentleman."

Quite by accident it would seem, though Fate must have had something to do with it, they met in the park one night.

"I'm rich," he said, puffing out his chest—"Millions in the bank, and—"

"I don't want your money," she returned softly—"All I need is a strong man's love. Wealth?" She snapped her fingers contemptuously—"I have too much of it."

He looked from her smooth, soft hands to his hard, rough ones, and plunged.

"I'll marry you, in spite of your money—"

"Not so fast," she interrupted him with a wave of her hand—"Supposing we talk sense. Give away your riches and—I'll accept you."

"Dearie," he exclaimed, boldly—"You're as good as won."

At the dining-room window she stood, thinking to see among the faces of those passing her rich fiancée. How would he arrange the distribution of his wealth? A step behind her, and she turned.

Sitting at the "Farmer's" table was the man she had been looking for.

"Rose," whispered the head waitress in her ear—"Give the new hostler his supper."