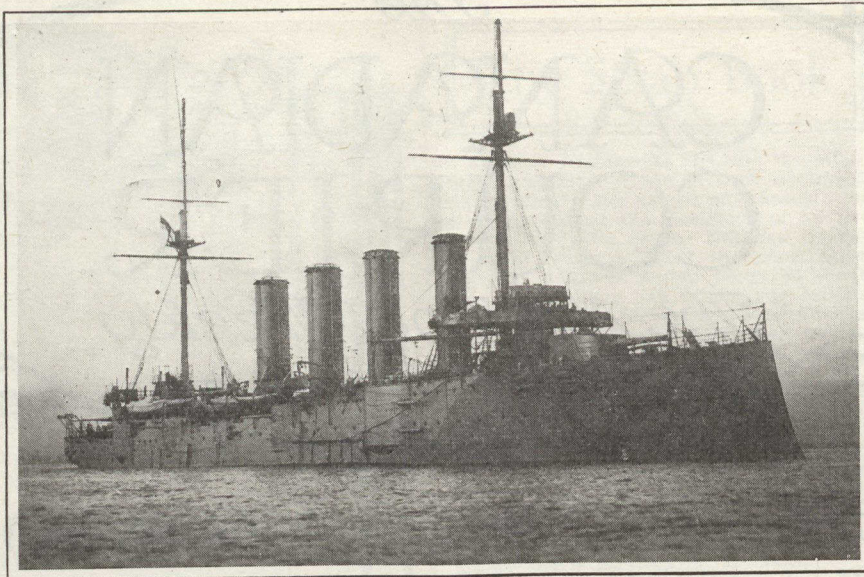


base. The British Government sent out 2,500 people, soldiers and settlers, under Colonel Cornwallis, first Governor of the colony, to lay the early foundations. It was from Halifax that a naval force was sent for the second capture of Louisbourg and for the final attack upon Quebec. During the Revolutionary War, 1776-1783, expeditions were sent thence against Boston and New York. In 1812, it was again the rendezvous for the warships engaged in active operations against the United States. For nearly a century afterwards it was the base of supplies and a harbour of refuge for Britain's North Atlantic squadron. It is one of the most important coaling stations which Great Britain possesses, though the North Atlantic squadron and the British garrison have passed into history, and the whole military and naval equipment is now under the direct control of the Canadian military authorities.

Besides its military and naval history, it has an equally long and important commercial history. From its docks merchant vessels have come and gone



H. M. S. "Good Hope," one of the squadron of cruisers sent to safeguard our Atlantic coast.

for one hundred and fifty years. Its trade has been international—with Europe, the West Indies, and United States ports. To-day, especially during the winter months, the largest Canadian vessels running in the Atlantic make Halifax their first and last port of call. As Canada's foreign trade has grown, Halifax has shared in the development with St. John, Quebec, and Montreal.

Politically, also, the city has had a notable history. Many famous men have lived there. Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, was twice stationed there. Lord Nelson visited it in his wanderings. Prince William Henry, afterwards William IV., knew the harbour well. Sir John Ingles and Sir Fenwick Williams, of Kent, both Nova Scotians, served in the garrison in the later years of their careers. Sir Samuel Cunard, founder of the famous Cunard Line, the first line of steamers to run between Europe and America, got his shipping inspiration in this, his native city. It has produced a long line of famous politicians, statesmen, and churchmen.

The Devil, the Machine and the Deep Sea

The Point of View of an English Journalist

The Temple, London, Fri., Aug. 14th, 1914.

NOT since Napoleonic times has one man earned universal hatred as has Wilhelm II. Like Napoleon, his ambition is insatiable, but there the resemblance ends. Napoleon was the lord of a nation that worshipped him; Wilhelm rules by the whip and there is not infrequent snarling. Napoleon was a master of the art of war; Wilhelm is the hero of dress parades. Because he was a man Napoleon became an Emperor; Wilhelm was born an Emperor and has not yet proved himself a man, but this shallow, shrunken Prussian, rendered savage by a tortured liver and cruel by a withered arm, has revived, in Europe, the belief in a personal devil of tyranny; and the hatred of oppression is fiercer to-day than it was a hundred years ago. Then, it nerved a vanquished Europe to turn and destroy the victor of a hundred battles; still more, now, will it nerve a Europe strengthened by a century of freedom to crush the ornament of a thousand parades.

A phrase commonly used of the German general onset at this time beginning in North Lorraine and Belgium is: "The war machine now moves forward." That is a figurative phrase which in the case of the German army is literally true. The past few days of concentration on Brussels and the accompanying detail attacks have confirmed the striking exemplar of Liege. The one element that influences most suddenly and most vitally the fate of battles is the human element, and that is just what the German army-builders have striven to eliminate. A German regiment on parade gives one the impression of clockwork, only, if I may be forgiven the twist of words, there is no spring in it. A British regiment is as supple and responsive as an intelligent horse under its rider, but German troops are about as manageable as a motor bicycle. Power and speed they have, and on a level and straight course all is well, but in an armed duel in rough country mechanics are of little avail. A German prisoner has summed up the whole situation: "Das ist nicht ein Volkskrieg, das ist ein Offizierkrieg," he says ("this is not a people's war, it is an officers' war"). And with their mechanical military creed, the officers set their machine against men, and the cogs of the wheel are split in pieces—such was Liege, and such, yesterday, was Diest; and all the valley of the Meuse is littered with these offerings to the Mechanical Deity. But there are women and little children who cannot see that these are only little pieces of machinery broken to the greater glory of Wilhelm.

STEAMSHIPS RUN FREELY.

NOW for the deep sea. Little is known about the movements on the waters, but there must be some control of the North Sea in our hands for trade with the Scandinavian countries and Denmark is once more in motion and regular lines of steamships are running, so one may conjecture that the German navy is for the moment bottled up. The "Goeben" and "Breslau" have been cornered at last. The former is of the Dreadnought cruiser type, and the latter is a protected cruiser of the second class. After having sacrificed the merchant traffic of the Mediterranean they were driven to take refuge in the Dardanelles, where by the rules of international law they should be dismantled and interred. But the allies are met with the impudent assertion that Turkey has purchased them. A change of plumage for the German eagle, which may result in Turkey meeting with the usual fate of her kind before Christmas. Bulgaria, it is suggested by observers of Balkan affairs, will be "flung back into the Slav fold" by

By HAROLD TRACY POOLEY

this barefaced action on the part of the Ottoman Empire. That will complete the Balkan chain and render still more important the magnificent deeds of Serbia and fiery little Montenegro against Austria.

SECRECY AND THE STATE OF THE WAR.

THAT no movements are prematurely known speaks very well both for the control of the forces and the reticence of the press. Of the Fleet in the North Sea we know nothing direct, and may only judge of its movements by the effect upon trade in that area—which by the way no one ever calls the German Ocean nowadays. This is, of course, as it should be; premature disclosures can do no good and might produce much harm, so the public must needs have patience and trust to the Admiralty. The War Office, too, has handled its affairs with a like delicacy, and no one of the public hears of the movements of troops. Already a great expeditionary force must be on the Continent, but no sign of its landing has appeared in the English press. And let us say at once that were it not for the admirable reticence of that body, the authorities would not have been able to maintain the silence which is so necessary, and has been, thanks to the press, so complete.

Actual attacks run so far ahead of formal declarations in this international melee, that it is difficult to extricate the "Notes" and "Ultimata" and "Recalls of Ambassadors" from the scramble. Austria is now formally at war with England and France. The Balkan States are all trembling on the brink of something, but what will actually happen there it is difficult to foretell. One's experience of them, however, leads one to be sure of one thing only, that whatever happens it will be the quite unexpected and the entirely impossible. Russia is moving, slow and terrible, toward her western boundaries, and Italy is in a ferment of popular excitement which may at any moment direct her course into an active channel. Should she side with her whilom allies, there will, I am told on competent authority, be great popular anti-Teuton uprisings all over the country. But I cannot think that there is any longer any possibility of Italy joining Germany and Austria. Neutrality is her role as long as she can play it, but if the external pressure becomes too great, she must play her part with the police and aid in bringing the Mad Dog of Europe to the lethal chamber.

Northern France will be the central point of the great attack. As far as can be ascertained the German army corps are being focused upon that part from the east. There is no doubt, of course, that the attack farther south will be a strong effort as well, for the Austrian reinforcements are now in a position to take part in it. Also the fan-shaped arrangement of the advance from central Germany to the frontier allows of a rapid reinforcement by reserves. If Russia can throw her enormous forces forward at an early date, the German principle of reckless sacrifice of men will begin to exhaust her great reservoirs of reinforcement, and then the end will no longer be far off. But Russia moves, of necessity, slowly, and whatever she is doing is kept strictly secret. St. Petersburg is dumb—truly this is not a correspondents' war.

THE PAPER FAMINE.

NOT only are the newspapers deprived of the greater part of their advertisement incomes, but they are unable to enjoy the compensatory advantages to be had by issuing specials and late

specials and war editions and all the usual self-producing four-page extras of journalistic enterprise. Paper is very scarce and supplies must be carefully treated. Even the portly "Times" looks emaciated, and the "Morning Post" is a haggard spectre of eight flimsy pages. Now that Scandinavia is open to us once more, supplies should be more plentiful, but in any event there is a golden opportunity for Canada and Newfoundland to build up a paper market for herself in Great Britain on a larger scale than her present modest supply. By the way, it is odd to read on one's Toronto letters at this time the additional postmark "Peace Year."

MYSTERIOUS LIEGE.

THE fascinating problem of Liege is difficult to keep away from for any time in any discussion of the war. At the present moment the town is occupied by German troops and it is ringed round by a close line of forts—odd little places they are, too, half underground, and walled with six-foot concrete cased in three-inch steel. The forts cannot command the town, but they can, it is to be supposed, prevent the egress of German troops in a body. How, then, did the Germans get in? The puzzle presents all the difficulties of the fully-rigged ship in a narrow necked bottle familiar to all children with sailor friends—and what child has not?

THE DUTY OF THE CITIZEN.

EVERYONE has remarked how wonderfully the people of this country have risen to the occasion and how accurately those who have definite qualifications are finding their proper levels. There has now been established a clearing-house, as it were, to deal with the enormous number of unclassified applications which are now pouring in. The National Service League, inspired by its President, Lord Roberts, and acting in conjunction with the Cavendish Club, is performing this valuable work, and through its means, it is to be hoped an adequate food control will be equipped. I cannot help thinking that this is the vital home question at present, and I have no doubt, with the extraordinary opportunities of selection that the Volunteer Social Service Bureau will have, this equipment will be speedily provided. The behaviour of the people of this country in a time of unparalleled national anxiety is excellent beyond praise, and this spirit of quiet determination and strenuous effort to help in every way, military and civil, prove to the pessimist that these qualities which made Britain great are still present to keep her so.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF WAR.

SOME incidents occur to relieve the gloomy monotony of anxiety that holds the minds of most people at a time like this. The following incident occurred in the setting of wire entanglements in one of the eastern counties (yes, we are even prepared to the extent of entanglements).

A sturdy Territorial was busy unrolling lengths of wire which he straightened and passed to a comrade who was making an ugly-looking cats-cradle of them among the bracken. Suddenly an exclamation from the man at the wire-drum. "Strike me, if that ain't a rum go!" "Wot's the matter, nah, ye're always goin' inter fits over sutthink?" "Blowed if these 'ere wires ain't labelled 'made in Germany'—and so, indeed, they were."

Even in the recesses of terrible tooting the martial spirit animates the British breast; chalked large on a little ironmonger's shop is the legend, "Swords sharpened, Bayonets pointed."