



The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XVIII.

October 9th, 1915

No. 19

PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS

Sidelights on What Some People Think the World is Doing

FALL fairs are with us again. Blessed are the people that can go to the fall fair, and much to be pitied for a season are those who have no such thing. Harvest is the greatest product of the earth. A prize pumpkin and a patchwork quilt are among the great art-works of nature and of people. The fall wheat is sown. The corn is ready to shuck. The strawstacks stand up fresh behind the barns with splashes of chaff on the roofs. The farmer's wife has bottled her catsup and done down her peaches. The hogs and the chickens and the turkeys are abroad in the stubble fields picking up the last heads of wheat left by the reaper. The woodpile once more comes in for overhauling. The cider barrel begins to gurgle. The apples are picked. And the first faint tinge of autumn colour comes on the thin straggled lines of the distant bush. Then let us all, or as many as possible, tog up and go to the fall fair—for it is the place where everybody forgets his own failures in observing the beauty or other people's efforts.

HOUSTON STEWART CHAMBERLAIN is a remarkable case for students of international pathology. H. S. C. used to be an Englishman. Some years ago he became infected with a notion—somewhat shared by such eclectic Englishmen as Lord Haldane—that Germany was the only land on earth where the soul of man could find free expression. This clever and captious Briton fell an easy prey to the Germanic illusion. He married a daughter of Richard Wagner, the man who used great music to illustrate the fact that German supermen are the key-keepers of the great halls of Valhalla. No doubt Frau Chamberlain shared her eminent father's hallucination. No doubt she succeeded in warping the anxious soul of the searcher after pure truth, Herr Chamberlain. Now Herr H. S. C. has become a rabid anti-Briton. He has written a book called "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," of which the Kaiser alone is said to have ordered 80,000 copies. Good business for Herr H. S. C. No English monarch would ever have bought 80,000 copies of a work vilifying Germany. Now along comes the North American Review with an article by Herr Chamberlain in which that acrobatic renegade tears to tatters his native land. He says that the social fabric of England has been "seduced into a devotion to war, trade and piracy," and that "all culture—religion, education, art, law, social customs—must, if it is to penetrate the entire nation, have as its postulate a unity among the people so that the humblest people may share it. It is needless to point out how fully this condition is fulfilled in Germany. In England we find nothing of the sort." That is, of course, since Mr. Chamberlain left England. Had he stayed there and married an Englishwoman he would probably now be ventilating the horrors of German culture. Some men are born to be renegades. Chamberlain is the case of a good egg gone rotten; and the better the original egg the rottener it gets when it becomes a renegade.

A REPORT of the dedication of the new Knox College, at Toronto, printed in the Toronto Globe, speaking of the military noises on the campus mingling with the voices of the speakers within, said, "The apparently incongruous juxtaposition of these two elements in human nature clashing upon this occasion must have struck many of those who sat in the silence of Knox College, surrounded by the latest and most beautiful expression of mediaeval art." That reporter must have been studying for the Presbyterian ministry.

SOME people persistently believe—and the belief has again been recently reiterated in print—that at the retreat from Mons angels appeared over the British troops. Those angels are believed

to have been responsible for the safe retreat day after day before the attempted march upon Paris and before the German rout at the Marne. Many stories have been told by survivors of that retreat circumstantiating the apparition of angels. One of these is told by a lance corporal now in an English hospital, who says that in the retreat at Mons he saw in mid-air a strange light which became brighter until he could make out three shapes, "one in the

ANOTHER ARMY EXPERT



This is not a Nova Scotia horse getting his age limit determined by his teeth, but a real war horse at the front getting his teeth filed so that he can enjoy his meals better.

centre having what looked like outspread wings; the other two were not so large, but were quite plainly distinct from the centre one. They appeared to have a long, loose-hanging garment of a golden tint, and they were above the German line facing us." Other stories more or less vaguely corroborate this. Some people call them mere hallucinations. But suppose they were; why should not the hallucination itself be regarded as a reality? Whenever a body of men, or even one man, is able to perceive by any kind of sense, sixth or otherwise, apparitions that have shape, action and colour, those apparitions

are to all intents and purposes as real to that man or body of men as though they could be tested by weight or substance. Their value is determined by their influence. If British troops are not supposed to believe in angels, why should any troops or anybody credit the apparition of a flying machine? A biplane is not merely a mechanism that goes up and comes down with the expenditure of gasoline. It is an apparition that has a sensible effect on those who behold it, quite apart from the scouting it does, the intelligence it conveys or the bombs it may drop on the lines of the enemy. And unless in this super-scientific war men are permitted to believe also in the supernatural, we shall be a long while knocking that German idea of super-men out of the heads of the Kaiser nation.

SIR SAM HUGHES is credited with not favouring conscription. The proof is in a speech made by him at Merivale, a suburb of Ottawa, last week, when he said that during the Napoleonic Wars recruiting was very slow, until—"finally Bobbie Burns came to the rescue, the democratic bard, the people's idol. He published his famous poem, "The Soldier's Return," and the ranks of the British army were filled as if by magic." The General recited the poem to prove that war does not dull a man's taste for literature. When Lord Kitchener finds this out, he may say to Sir Sam, as the General said to Col. Carrick—"Remember, you are a soldier."

AT last accounts an army of seven men were working on the site of the new Union Station in Toronto. They were clearing away debris left there by the great fire of 1904. If it takes proportionately as long to rebuild after the devastation of war, Europe should be rebuilt in time for the latter part of the millennium.

MONARCHIES, thrones and courtly pageants may be swept away by the democracy of war, but there still remains one ceremonial that no revolution can destroy. An example of this survival of a picturesque mediaeval usage was seen in Canada last week. Mace, and brodered gowns and mortarboards, wisdom and solemnity swept up the aisle in a stately procession to the music of a pipe organ. Latin was spoke. The last words were "Convocatio dimissa est." It was the special convocation of the University of Toronto to confer degrees upon notable citizens of the United States. It was the same then as it might have been five hundred years ago; the same now as it may be a thousand years hence.

DEAR Mr. Ford: You are the most marvelous man of your age. The age belongs to you. The United States has a president, but you are its dictator. You are much more interesting than John D., and a far more brilliant man than Andrew. You are not only a sworn pacifist, but you prevent employees in your factories from enlisting, you have set aside \$10,000,000 to help banish war, you would have soldiers branded as murderers; and you now threaten banks with the loss of your business if they should subscribe to the Allies' loan. You have struck a new note. You are the living example of the ridicule that a man may come to have heaped upon himself when he uses his big profits to exalt his own personality through the medium of the press. In fact, you are so everlastingly humane in your campaign against war and soldiers and human misery sent upon us by Mars, that we expect the next Ford car model will have a device making it absolutely impossible for the car to kill, maim or injure any man, woman or child, even when struck at full speed. Pray go on, Mr. Ford—until the walls of the Ford factories become the gates of heaven.