

recruits, into a mobilized army division ready to go on the firing line, sans anything that makes him able to hold his own in the actual business of war. Military officers admit that Canada was unprepared to go to war on such short notice. They do not blame the Militia Department for the unpreparedness, whatever they may say as to other phases of the programme. But they do criticize the action of Parliament, which in a time of peace chronically frowned down any extra expenditures on getting ready for war. As Lord Salisbury remarked when he swapped Heligoland to Germany for Zanzibar, people who saw trouble in that might feel like fortifying the moon against a possible invasion from Mars. But there are a lot of enthusiastic people in Canada just now who wish that when Parliament said there was no wolf, there had been enough far-sighted men in the House on either side to see that Canadian regiments were not merely for parade purposes, and that a tall busby, while it looks fine in a church and swinging down the curb, is as absolutely ruled out of this war as a scarlet tunic.

Is the Kaiser Mad?

A Case for Experts

"Is the Kaiser Mad?" asks the Weekly Scotsman, of Edinburgh. The answer was intimated by a clergyman who returned to Canada last week and who was told by Marie Corelli that a surgeon friend of hers had examined the Kaiser and found that he had cancer on the brain. That may be something like the alleged corns on the vocal chords of Caruso—a trifle exaggerated. But if this genius of modern militarism and master of methodical knowledge is mad, it is the madness born of ambition. Napoleon was mad. Wilhelm may aspire to that kind of madness. When he was a lad at school he had a fight with some other young prince or dukelet and got a bloody nose over it.

"There goes the last of my British blood," he exclaimed, as he wiped it away.

Judged from that angle it looks as though Willie Hohenzollern's egomania began before he was able to walk.

Britain's Mine Sweepers

Fighting the Devil With Fire

LAST week the Times' naval correspondent suggested that the Admiralty begin to lay mines to blow up the German mine-layers that have made the North Sea the most dangerous piece of water in the world. Perhaps he knew that a good while ago the Admiralty made sure that Germany would not take her by surprise in the matter of mines. When Reginald McKenna was First Lord of the Admiralty it began to be suspected in England that Germany had no intention of discarding the mine system in naval warfare. The Hague Convention of course prohibited mines just as it did violation of neutrality. But that was only another "scrap of white paper." The admiralty organized a squadron of mine sweepers. Trawlers were put into commission manned by a special section of the Royal Naval Reserve, who are all fishermen and know the North Sea and the habits of a trawler as a child knows its mother. The squadron is manned by 136 officers and 1,136 men. These should be able to lay mines enough to satisfy the Kaiser that the devil must necessarily be fought with fire.

The Colonel Remembers

From 1885 Until Now

WELL does the Canadian Colonel remember when that regiment of his flung itself together in the snow of an early morning of March, 1885, to board a troop train that had to stop for a long ice march before the regiment reached the rails again. That seemed like a trip to the Arctic Sea to settle the hash of a few thousand half-breeds and redskins in the Saskatchewan valley; a time of excitement such as never had been known in the garrison city since the weird days of 1837 and the hand-spike squads.

The Colonel remembers the mustering at the armouries when the Parliament of Canada offered contingents to the South African War. Not a regiment went as it was; not a man was called out as he had been in 1885, but because of a nameless thrill of empire loyalty in young blood, hundreds of Canadians boarded the troop ships for a land which a few years before they had read about for the first time in the stories of Livingstone and

Stanley, explorers. That was an overseas adventure. It struck a young country just beginning to feel that it had a backbone from ocean to ocean, about the time when it was said from a certain pulpit to a soldiers' parade in Toronto, that Canada never would be a nation till it got a baptism of blood somewhere.

So at the Armouries, t'other morning, another bugle stutters from the rear. The ranks came to attention. The bandmaster at the door spoke to the double bass horn. Along the lines went the colonels, inspecting the new khaki-clads. Somebody in the ranks shouted without order,

"Three cheers for Colonel Blank!"

The regiment gave them and a tiger. That Colonel was marching out with his men. At home he may be a millionaire; at the front he's a soldier.

"Quick march!"

Bang! went the band at the door and wheeled. The Colonel and his officers fell in. Company No. 1 wheeled and followed. And as the bandmaster stuck his red tunic into the sunshine where the crowd crammed the boulevards, the Kilties sent up a cheer for the lads marching out, doubled it and waved their caps regardless of discipline.

The crowd on the streets broke into applause.



BELGIAN REFUGEES ARRIVE IN LONDON.

A large number of refugees from Brussels recently arrived in London. This photograph shows a number of the destitute Belgians with their belongings on the streets.

Girls wept a bit. Stragglers along the front lines stepped out to have a last word with the man on the end of the double four. Down past the monument clicked the undulating grey-green line with the patch of scarlet and brass at the head.

Call it duty or fear of public opinion, adventure or patriotism or what you will, there went as free a corps of civilian soldiers as ever followed a band or carried knapsacks on any field. The Colonel knows it. Most of the men were smiling. They knew it was right. They choked down the old home feelings that now and then and for days past had struck them all of a heap.

In that brief, practical parade from the drill hall to the station, those hundreds of young men realized that when a man carries the honours of his regiment on Sunday parade he has no excuse for side-stepping his khaki and rifle and his knapsack in a time of war. Let us say and believe it as we do, that to every man in it from the Colonel down to the raw recruit under his awkward pack, there was at that moment a bigger feeling of what it means to sacrifice the man for the State, than could be found with a moral microscope in any of the iron-clad regiments on the trail of the death's head from the land of the war lords of Europe.

Money Talks

On Both Sides of the Sea

MONEY talks in war more loudly than in peace. Sir William Mulock paid a thousand dollars for a street car ticket and turned the price over to the Patriotic Fund, of which he was chairman for Toronto and York, to the tune of three-

quarters of a million. About the same time Hon. George E. Perley, Acting High Commissioner for Canada, was presiding at a meeting in London to form a Canadian War Contingent Association that expects to look after the Canadian soldier's welfare at the other end as efficiently as the Patriotic Fund looks after his dependents in Canada. The Chairman announced that money had already begun to come in. A Canadian member of parliament had contributed a cheque for \$5,000 to start the movement. That was Sir Edmund Osler. A gentleman in Montreal had promised a check for \$5,000 now and \$2,500 monthly for ten months besides.

At Full Strength

Filling the Army in Behind

WHENEVER you are impatient with the War Office and want to know why Lord Kitchener doesn't land three times as many British troops in France as he has done, bear in mind the actual conditions. Those are intimated in a recent speech of Lord Roberts, in which he said:

"Our soldiers are fighting bravely, but they are lamentably few, and it is the duty of every able-bodied man to see that the army is maintained at its full strength."

Which means that in order not to weaken the army at home just as many men will be sent to the front as are recruited by the War Office. The British army is not an attack army. It is a defence force. On a war footing it numbers 730,000 men, every man of whom would be necessary in case England's navy should be worsted at sea and England invaded by a hostile force. It is a volunteer army just as much as our Canadian militia. It must be maintained at its full strength, if possible, even in war. When 110,000 new men are recruited, a second expeditionary force of that number can be sent away. Meanwhile most of that number have enlisted and a second force has been released.

An Overture Out of Date

A Musical Paradox of 1914

SEVERAL years ago Tchaikowski, the great Russian composer, wrote an overture known to most music lovers as the Overture to 1812. In this remarkable piece of music is portrayed the march of Napoleon to Moscow in that year, the horrors of burning Moscow, the clangour of cathedral bells, the trample of hoofs and the scurrying of affrighted citizens, the blaring tumult of "Le Marseillaise" gradually being overcome by the solemn, sonorous melody of the Russian national anthem, very much as the Pilgrims' Chorus in Tannhauser gradually overcomes the songs of Venusberg and the music of the Furies. The present war makes it certain that there are very few places left in the world where this overture can ever be performed again, except as a musical curiosity. The memory of the Russian march upon Moscow is lost in the march of the Russians upon Berlin, while the allies hold the German hordes from entering Paris.

Churches in War

Steeple for Mounting Air-Guns

CHURCHES in war have a variety of uses. Cromwell stabled his horses in Exeter Cathedral, a practice to which the Cathedral Dean of to-day reverts with inherited indignation. Churches have been used in almost all great wars for hospitals, places of refuge, for housing people whose homes have been destroyed. The Belgians have been using their churches for barracks. It remains for the Germans to make the most ingenious use of the church tower and machine guns are mounted on the roof. At Malines, on the firing line, the German field gunners use the cathedral spire for a target. They probably never hit it, but if they come anywhere near the spire they land their shrapnel where it does as much damage as possible. Later despatches state that the Malines Cathedral is almost in ruins. For a country that produced Martin Luther and the flag motto "Gott Mit Uns," this seems to be a pretty good phase of destructive higher criticism.

At Antwerp the Belgians have picked out the highest cathedral spire and hoisted light-weight automatic guns to the top windows, from which they were able to shoot the fear of Belgium into the raiding Zeppelin which did some fancy manoeuvring up and down the wind to fool the garrison. From the heights of the house of worship the Belgians were able to drive the Zeppelin to safer quarters where it did no damage.