

up to his contract to allow no film versions of Trilby to appear in any city on the Trilby route until after the original play had appeared. Such is the irony of fate; when a copy beats out the original. Something mysterious about these phantom movies. Melancholy to think of it. Never mind—Canada had the honour of opening the second season of the original and paying our respects to a really great Trilby.

\*\*\*

WE often wondered how it was that every issue of Punch seemed so happy in its selection of material and the sort of family, sitting-round-the-fire character of everything in it—even to the whisky ads. Now we understand. According to a representative of the happiest paper in the world who was in Canada a few days ago, it seems that every time Punch gets out a number the entire staff meet for dinner somewhere; over a full meal they discuss what are the features that are to appear the following week. Now, we know some editorial staffs in Canada who, if they did that sort of thing, would leave a bad brown taste in the mouths of most of their readers the following week.

\*\*\*

SARA BERNHARDT will soon be on her way to the United States. The great French actress gave her opinions on the war to an interviewer in Paris. She spoke with great vehemence about the murder of Miss Cavell; letters threatening her life if she came to America she intends to ignore; she is coming whether or no, and intends to keep on glorifying the stage in a country obsessed by the movies. When asked her opinion of film dramas, she said they were good for deaf people, and the war was making a good many people deaf—some of them mentally. The war, she thinks, will help to ennoble the stage.

Last week the great French actress achieved a great triumph in Paris by her appearance in a one-act play, "The Cathedral." Several white-clad figures represented each a famous cathedral destroyed or injured by the Germans in the war. Bernhardt herself represented Strasbourg Cathedral. The imagination of the French temperament may be judged from the words of the despatch: "As emotion took possession of her, her voice rang out with all its old-time vigour, until ending with an appeal to everyone to arms as the country is in danger, it held its own against the full orchestra."

\*\*\*

WHAT the democratic spirit amounts to and is able to accomplish in war is well illustrated by the story published recently in the Winnipeg Telegram of the young western millionaire who enlisted as a private and died on service abroad. Talmage Lawson was a cowboy, son of an Irish Methodist minister who went west in the early days. He was as handy with a horse and a gun as a good carpenter is with his tools. When he found himself a cowboy out of a job he bought a ranch near Calgary. Later, when land began to move in the west, he sold out and bought another near Saskatoon. The land boom made him a millionaire. He used part of his great fortune to buy and establish newspapers. One of his newspaper ventures was the Saskatoon Star, of which he was the owner when he started before the war on a trip round the world.

When the war broke out the cowboy-rancher millionaire was in Egypt. He immediately cancelled the rest of his journey, when he might easily have kept out of reach of the war, and went post haste to London. There he heard that Canada was also at war. He preferred to enlist in Canada. He came back here and enlisted; too late to be with the first contingent. January last found him in Winnipeg with the Saskatoon volunteers. He might have bought a commission. He preferred to go as a private. When he got to the front he found that his platoon was commanded by Lieut. Austen B. Smith, formerly one of his reporters on the Star, and that his sergeant was Joe. B. Shaw, one of his linotype operators on the same paper. Did he buck? No, he had broken too many bucking bronchos for that. The young millionaire saw the humour of the situation and served in the ranks under men who were still drawing pay on his own paper. In the list of casualties from the 28th Battalion, Pte. Lawson was among the dead men. His death as a private and the big life story that preceded it are one of the finest illustrations of what the democratic spirit means in a free country.

\*\*\*

THE Montreal Daily Mail has taken the trouble to compile percentages of recruiting in various Provinces in order to show that the French-Canadian falls far below other people in Canada when it comes to going to war. The figures are quoted as .61 per cent. for Quebec, against 1.44 for Ontario, 2.55 for British Columbia, 2.73 for Alberta, 2.78 for Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and 0.79 for Nova Scotia. Various editors explain the failure of Quebec in the same way, largely attributing it to the unpatriotic efforts of Mr. Henri Bourassa. The Halifax Chronicle explains why the showing of Nova Scotia is so little better than that of Quebec by saying that unemployment in that Province is almost unknown, there are no idle men to recruit from, and that Nova Scotians have enlisted in large numbers

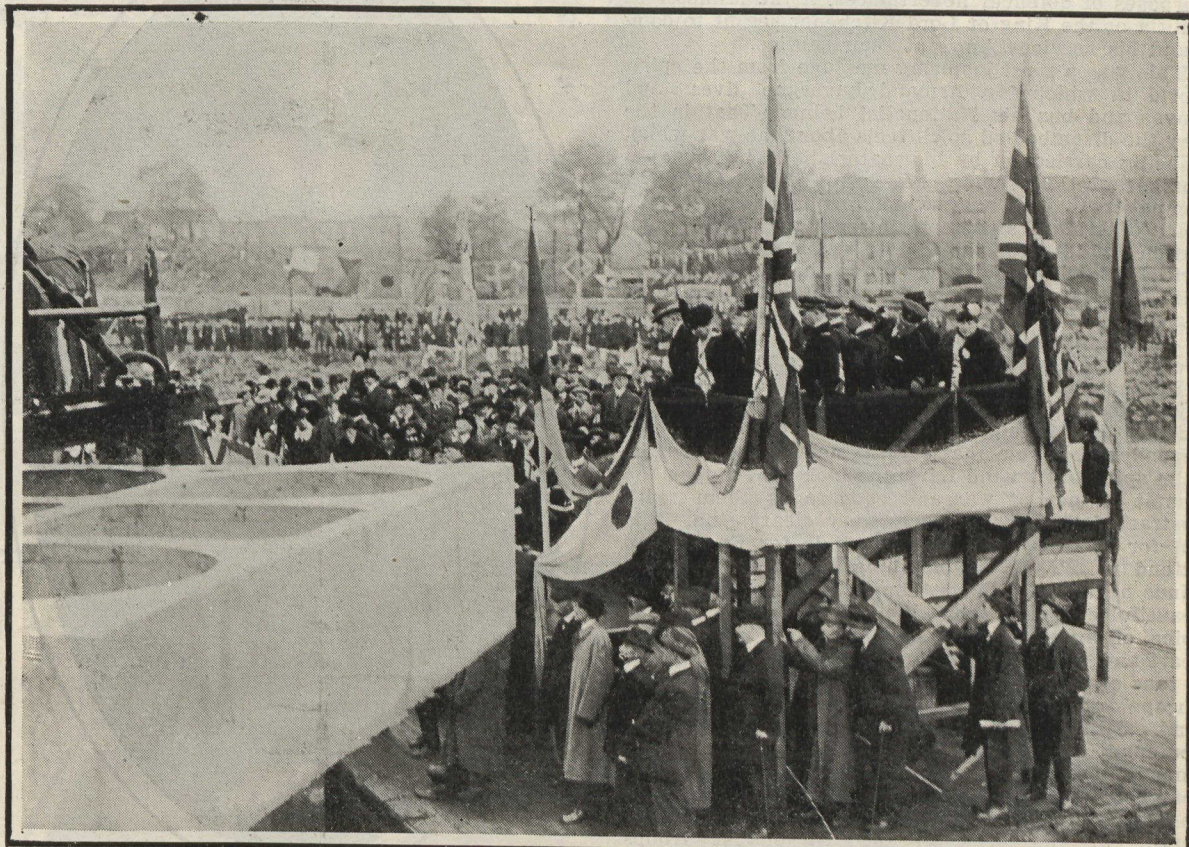
elsewhere. Meanwhile, Quebec seems to occupy the bottom rung of the ladder in spite of the gallant 22nd French-Canadian Regiment at the front.

\*\*\*

WHATEVER may be the various opinions about the mathematical sanity of "the boundless Belloc," there is never any doubt as to his cheerful optimism. His most recent estimate that Germany's offensive can last only three months longer might be multiplied by two without causing any grave alarm among even the most optimistic of Belloc's boundless readers. In fact, most of Hilaire's almost hilarious estimates are capable of being curtailed in the light of experience without leaving the average man sad. Belloc is on the right track most of the time. The only difference between him and

most of the other forecasting experts is that he deals in larger masses of thought. Millions are mere opportunities to Belloc. He seems to dispose of legionary armies as though they were lead soldiers on a chess-board, each man representing an army corps. He is the algebraist of war. They say that what with traveling, lecturing and book-making, the wonder is that he finds time for so many optimistic expositions in land and water and other mediums. His critics allege that his methods are those of an amateur who, with a map or two, a Beedeker and a few army gazettes, is able to cook up the most astounding mathematical legends with which to console the rest of the British Empire. And Belloc has plenty of critics. Still—what would this gigantic war be without the "boundless Belloc"?

## CANADA'S GREATEST CORNER-STONE LAID



Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden, laying the corner-stone of the new ocean terminals at Halifax, Nova Scotia, October 21. The corner-stone, the white object seen in the picture, is one of the concrete blocks of which the new piers will be composed, and is the largest and weightiest corner-stone ever laid in Canada. Each block weighs some thirty-two tons. This concrete block, as seen in the picture, is being lifted off a flat car by an immense and very powerful crane and is then slowly lowered into the water and placed in position by divers. It is estimated that the terminals, when completed, will cost about forty-six million dollars. Much of the prosperity which has attended Halifax since the outbreak of the war is attributed to the employment given and money disbursed by this great undertaking.



The Premier of Canada addressing the people of Halifax on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the new ocean terminals. The picture shows, beside the Premier, Lady Borden, Mrs. Chas. Archibald (a personal friend of Lady Borden and her hostess while in Halifax), Hon. Frank Cochrane, Minister of Railways, Lieut.-Governor MacKeen, and two officers of a French warship. It will be noted that the flags of the Allies form the decorations.