

10,000 MILES FROM JELlicOE



The only photograph taken since the war began of the officers and men of H. M. S. Rainbow, stationed at Esquimalt, B.C. Commander Hose is seated in the centre. The photograph was taken especially by Mr. C. H. Lugin, of Victoria, well-known as a writer in both Eastern and Western Canada.

WAR MAKES A NEW ENGLAND

The Mother of Nations is Still in Process of Social Evolution

By JAMES JOHNSTON

PEOPLE who think they believe that England before the war was a tired nation need to be reminded that the mother of nations is still in process of almost primitive evolution. The war has not galvanized a weary people into an outburst of unusual life to be succeeded by national torpor when the war is over. At every great turn in world events England becomes a new nation. The change she is undergoing now is only a phase of the transformation that began within the memory of living men. And the difference between the England of 1914 before the war and the England of the first half of the 19th century during and after the wars with Napoleon is a greater transformation than can be traced in Germany or Russia or France or any of the other nations at war.

What England was during the last great continental war in which she was the leading belligerent against a would-be despot is graphically pictured by Mr. Arthur Mee, in an article in "My Magazine." The picture he draws is one of tremendous gloom, compared to which the worst picture of modern England is a dream of optimism and social evolution. The writer says:

"We talk proudly of how England beat Napoleon

long ago, and how she will beat the imitation Napoleon who stalks across the Belgian wilderness. But how many of us know how England really beat Napoleon? A proud story it is as we read it in the history books; as it will read in the Book of Judgment there is nothing more terrible in the story of the human race.

"Those who have read Mr. Thomas Hardy's great poem on 'The Dynasts' will remember the fear of the English mothers that the Corsican Conqueror lived on human flesh. It was not literally true, but it is morally true that Napoleon consumed the lives of, countless little children in these islands.

"We are not slow, I hope, to realize the amazing effort of the people of those days, who poured out their money for freedom in a way that surprises us even now. But the time came when the burden was too grievous to be borne, and at last the employers complained that the high wages for men and women made it impossible to pay the heavy taxes.

"Then it was that those who should have known better, those who held in their trust the future life of this land, encouraged the manufacturers to use

the children. It seemed, an old writer said, as if there fell upon the manufacturers the terrible words —Take the children. They seemed to fall upon England like the voice of Doom, and the masters listened to them. They took the children. They crammed the factories with machines so close that there was just room for the little bodies to slip in and out of the belts and wheels and spinning shafts. They took them at nine years old, they took them at six, they took them at four; and they kept them in the factories thirteen hours a day. They kept overseers to whip them if, after ten hours of work, their little bodies became drowsy or slow; they kept blacksmiths to rivet and chain them if they tried to run away. They made them clean the machinery while they ate their poor meals of porridge made with water; they made them walk as much as thirty miles a day about their work; they killed and maimed them in thousands; in some factories one child in four was crippled or injured, and few of the younger children lived more than three or four years after entering the mills.

"Down the mines, too, these little children went. How many of us have been into the bowels of the earth? Perhaps we should be afraid to go even