

EDITORIAL COMMENT

PEACE—BUT NOT YET!

As the war continues we may expect that hardships will increase and that sorrows will multiply. The sense of national honor and national self-respect will be lost in the sense of personal loss as we learn of friends and relatives who have sacrificed their lives on the fields of France and Germany. There will be a strong temptation to listen to the cry for peace, and to settle the matter in the easiest and shortest way by an inglorious treaty. This temptation we must withstand by every means in our power. Better sacrifice homes, lands and lives than that we should leave our children to the cruel mercies of a world dominated by the spirit of militarism. There is only one way to deal with the monstrous thing which threatens us, there is only one way to deal with a dragon. The patron saint of Old England has shown us that way, and we can do no better than take courage from his example. There is a time for peace and thanksgiving, and that is when the dragon is dead.

The great Belgian writer, Maeterlink, knows the enemy, and he expresses in no mincing terms his conviction that there is only one way to deal with him. Here is what he says:

"Through the long course of history two distinct will-powers have been noticed that would seem to be the opposed elemental manifestations of the spirit of our globe: the one seeking only evil, injustice, tyranny and suffering, while the other strives for liberty, the right, radiance and joy. These two powers stand once again face to face. Our opportunity is now to annihilate the one that comes from below. Let us know how to be pitiless that we may have no more need for pity. It is a measure of organic defence. It is essential that the modern world should stamp out a poisonous fungus that for half a century had disturbed and polluted its days. The health of our planet is in question. To-morrow the United States of Europe will have to take measures for the convalescence of the earth."

CANADIAN PATRIOTISM

A gentleman came into the office a few days ago, and the burden of his song was the lack of patriotism displayed by Canadians. "Think of it!" he said. "Thirty-two thousand soldiers, and ninety-two per cent of them British born! I wish a dozen bombs would fall upon Toronto and Montreal and wake the people up. They sit down in smug complacency and console themselves with the thought that this is Britain's war and not theirs. With all our flag-flying and our pretensions to loyalty we have only succeeded in sending less than three thousand of our native-born to the front." This and much more he said, and said it so emphatically and so earnestly that there was no time to utter a word of protest or correction. Of course, the figures given are absurd, and even though a great proportion of the contingent consists of those born in the Homeland, that was the most likely thing in the world to happen, and it does not in the least reflect upon the patriotism of the young Canadians.

The volunteer regiments of Canada are largely composed of old country members. They were here without homes, and they joined the militia for comradeship and because in this way they seemed to retain their connection with the companions they

left behind. When the call to arms came what more natural than that most of these young men should welcome an opportunity to rejoin their friends? Many of them were not long enough in the country to have established their interests here, and so it was easy for them to get away. It was otherwise

Before and After

By S. J. Wigley, Edgerton, Alta.

Specially Written for The Western Home Monthly

When I was young—very young, mother used to call
"Sonny will you have some jam? Take it, spoon and all,"
But I found that therein lay
Very nasty powders gray
And at length I learnt to say
"No fear! mother, not to-day."
For I was not a scout

When I was young—very young, I found
a lump of dirt
Mixed it up with water clean—put it in
a squirt.
Walked abroad across the land
Saw the clean clothes drying grand.
Father came with strap in hand—
So excuse me if I stand.
For I was not a scout.

When I was young—very young, I picked
up a pin
Wondered how thick dad's clothes were,
ran the point well in.
Mother took my part I know,
Said to great things I should grow,
That it only went to show
How deep my thoughts lay down below.
Before I was a scout.

When I was young—very young, I longed
to do brave deeds
Took my sister to the pond, pushed her
in the weeds.
Now I will not tell a lie
Filled with terror then was I,
Roused the village with my cry
And to save her did not try.
For I was not a scout.

When I was young—very young, the ice
looked very thick
Went into the middle then—tried it with
a brick.
Mother cried "alas! he's dead!"
For in the mud I stuck my head.
Emptied out I lay in bed
And, I'll not say what father said.
Before I was a scout.

Now I'm old—very old, I'm a big boy
scout.
Do a good turn every day—never wear
clothes out.
Mother's hair's not turning gray
Father wears a smile all day
No more worries now have they.
For I've become a scout.

with most of the Canadians. Enlistment meant the breaking of family ties and the severing of business relations. All married men were not ready for this on the spur of the moment, and the young men, to whom the idea of war was altogether new, could not take in the situation at once.

It is only now, when the seriousness of the war is apparent to the dullest, when its significance to the Empire and to the human race is clearly evident, that the Canadian spirit is beginning to assert itself. The first contingent was but the first; other contingents composed of men who have been awakened out of sleep, who have chosen to

sacrifice lands, gold and life in a great cause, will soon be pressing to the front. Canadians will not be lacking in loyalty. For a hundred years we have been living in peace. We have come to believe that it is not necessary for the world to have war. Nor is it necessary. Yet when war is pressed upon us we shall not be content to fold our hands and watch while others win the victories. Canada is not lacking in patriotism, but it has taken time to awake her. The Minister of Militia says we can raise an army of half a million men. We may not need to do this; but we must not fail to do it if the call for men and arms continues. From every town and hamlet has come the good news that it is easier to raise the second contingent than the first. Young men and old are hurrying to enroll themselves. They are afraid they will be denied the privilege of serving. Not are they offering in haste. They have counted the cost and they have cheerfully volunteered. In a war of this kind a volunteer is worth three conscripts. We are convinced that before this war is ended the name of Canada will be respected by both friend and foe not only because of the numbers of our troops, but because of their bravery and their powers of endurance.

MILITARISM

Have you ever taken time to consider what this militarism is and how it has grown and thrived in Europe? Take young men away from home at the time of life when their characters are just forming, and when they are beginning to feel the promptings and aspirations of young manhood. Deprive them of the association of good mothers and kind sisters. Surround them with all that pertains to slaughter, feed them with tales of conquest, and wrap them around with all the trappings that minister to vanity and pride. Preach to them that there is no glory but through "blood and iron," that there is no law but the law of might. Who can expect that such a training will produce kindhearted, chivalrous noble men, generous and brave? Can it produce other than pride and arrogance, coarseness and cruelty? It is just such a system as prevails in Germany that will end in those unspeakable atrocities with which the war in Belgium has already made us so familiar. "All these beastly iniquities are of the vampire's brood." If there is any one thing for which we might fervently pray, it is that our men may never lose their manliness, their purity and their chivalry, that militarism with its blatant pride shall never rule our land.

THE FARMER'S WIFE

This is the farmer's year. Those in the towns and cities are hard beset; but the owner of broad acres smiles as he contemplates his growing fortunes. No one will grudge him his gain, for by the sweat of his brow he has earned it all. Yet there is on his farm one who deserves more recognition than himself. It is his good-wife—the partner of his joys, perhaps, but most certainly the partner of his sorrows. So in the distribution of the proceeds let the real manager of the house be not forgotten. For every implement to be used in the field let there be purchased a convenience for the home. There is engaged a man to help outside, let there be found a woman to help inside. Real joy in this world comes from work, but not from overwork.