

the canvassers representing the treasury department. If there is any criticism to be made of former methods this would apply likewise to the coming campaign, for the signs all point to a continuation of the same arguments and methods to induce the public to take up the bonds. And "The Citizen" thinks that in the past there has been rather too much of an appeal to the material advantages of the bonds, and too little to the patriotic and sentimental side of the Canadian people. The average canvasser cannot be expected to be possessed of oratorical powers sufficient to make an individual appeal to each prospective subscriber, but the leaders, the chief speakers and the administration heads should not miss the opportunity of impressing upon the people of Canada the part played by the men who have faced death for an ideal in foreign lands, and of detailing the agony and heroism of the British and Canadian troops who have helped save the world for those who are to come after them. We are of opinion that a few passages from such an author as John Masefield would do more for the cause than all the calculations and enumerations of saved farthings and fractions of farthings that could ever be marshalled by the most skilled accountant in the country. Read, in language whose simplicity is its greatest charm, what Masefield says of the British troops who went to Belgium:

"St. George did not go out against the dragon like that divine calm youth in Carpaccio's picture, nor like that divine calm man in Donatello's statue. He went out, I think, after some taste of defeat, knowing that it was going to be bad, and that the dragon would breathe fire, and that very likely his spear would break and that he wouldn't see his children again, and people would call him a fool. He went out, I think, as the battalions of our men went out, a little trembling and a little sick and not knowing much about it, except that it had to be done, and then stood up to the dragon in the mud of that far land, and waited for him to come on."

"I know my nation's faults as well as I know my own. They are the faults of a set and a system. They are faults of head, not faults of heart. When I think of those faults I think of a long graveyard in France, a hundred miles long, where simple, good, kind, ignorant Englishmen by the thousand and the hundred thousand lie in every attitude of rest and agony, for ever and for ever. They did not know where Belgium is, nor what Germany is, nor even what England is. They were told that a great country had taken a little country by the throat, and that it was up to them to help, and they went out by the hundred and the hundred thousand and the million, on that word alone, and they stayed there, in the mud, to help that little country, till they were killed."

The story of world sacrifice is told in these few lines. What audience, what reader, can hear them unmoved? "When I think of those faults I think of a long graveyard in France, a hundred miles long, where simple, good, kind, ignorant Englishmen by the thousand and the hundred thousand lie in every attitude of rest and agony, for ever and for ever and for ever." That sentence should be at the head of every appeal for war bonds, for it tells, too, the story of our Canadian lads, who

faced poison gas and the horrors of Ypres with their British comrades. And Masefield, in another thrilling recital of the Somme battle, gives the following description, which brings home to us as never before the terrible picture of battle:

"I cannot tell you how bitter and bloody the fighting in that battle was. The fight for Delville Wood lasted for nearly two months, and in those two months 400 shells fell every minute on Delville Wood, and not less than 300,000 men were killed and wounded there. That wood during the battle was a scene of death, bloodshed, and smash such as cannot be imagined. You walked on the bones and the flesh of men and on fresh blood dripping out of stretchers. By the side of the track was a poor starved cat eating the brain of a man."

"In High Wood they fought till the rags and bones of dead men hung from the wrecks of the trees. In Pozieres, men lived for days and nights under a never-ceasing barrage designed to blow them off the ridge which they had won. They were buried and unburied and reburied by shells. There were 20,000 casualties on that ghastly table, and the shell-shock cases leaped and shook and twittered in every clearing station."

"Twenty thousand men were killed and wounded in the taking of a nest of machine guns in the subterranean fort of Mouquet Farm. Our men went down into the shafts of that fort and fought in the darkness underground till the passage was all seamed with bullets."

"We lost half a million men in that great battle, and we had our reward. For in the winter of 1917, in the winter night, a great and shattering barrage raged up along the front. It was the barrage which covered the attack on Miramont, and drove the enemy from the Anere Valley. The next day came the news that Serre had fallen, and we went up and stood in Serre. And Gommecourt fell, and the rain of shells ceased upon Loupart and La Barque, and the news ran along like wildfire that the enemy was going back."

What, alongside such language as this, are figures and appeals to the material side of war bonds? Why not discard altogether the tactics and practices of the counting house, so foreign to such a cause as that in which we are engaged to the death, and stand upon the higher platform of patriotism?

### Our Annual Ash Heap

AT a time when the nation is urging the people to practice thrift little or no effort is being made to effect a saving in the matter of fire losses. Canada's annual fire loss, according to a compilation made by the Conservation Commission, is \$2.73 per capita, this figure being the largest of any civilized nation in the world. The Commission further points out that over 70 per cent of fires which occur in the country are due to carelessness, faulty building construction, arson and lack of proper fire prevention laws.

In the years to come, Canada is going to require many million dollars to pay the in-

terest on her national debt, while scores of additional millions will be required to finance our needed improvements. While this money is so urgently needed it looks like poor business to go on burning up from twenty to twenty-five million dollars of created wealth each year. It is not so very long ago that the total revenue of the Federal Government did not exceed our present annual fire loss. Despite the fact that such a large proportion of these losses are preventable we do little or nothing to lessen them.

In this respect much could be done by an educational campaign and still more through compulsory legislation making individuals responsible for their own carelessness.

In Europe the first person that calls upon a man who has a fire is a policeman. In this country we merely shrug our shoulders, ask if we were insured and on receiving an affirmative answer, simply say, that "the loss is covered by insurance." We seem to forget that in the last analysis the public must pay. Insurance companies are not in the business for their health, and if their losses are excessive, they simply increase their rates, thereby putting an additional tax on the public. Certainly something must be done to lessen our fire loss. Between careless agents who insure indiscriminately and often times over insure, and the careless citizen who allows fires to break out on his property, the whole country is being penalized. It was bad enough in times of peace, but today when every dollar is needed it is an inexcusable crime.

### The Un-Gallant Uncle Sam

UNCLE Sam is not the gallant, chivalrous, courtly old knight that the world thought him to be. A few days ago this chin-whiskered old gentleman, through his Senate, lowered himself in the eyes of the feminine world. Some months ago the House of Representatives passed an act favouring Women's Suffrage. Now the Senate, after a week of bitter debate, and in spite of all the influence that the fair sex could wield, and even in spite of the pleadings of President Wilson, have rejected the advances of the fair ladies, and have thrown out the suffrage bill.

A possible explanation of the fault may be found in the fact that the senators as a rule belong to the sere and withered age. Perhaps it is too much to expect the icy hearts of men with snows of winter on their heads to melt before the blandishments and smiles of suffragettes. Perhaps the fair sex were to blame. It may possibly be that they sent the old-time typical suffragette with the hatchet face and the stern and forbidding manner to plead their cause, when they should have sent a conductorette or a farmerette in their latest and most becoming costumes. We are satisfied that if the stern senators had been approached by the right ladies in the proper manner that they would have yielded with all the grace and courtliness of cavaliers of the old school. We do not believe that Uncle Sam is the hard-hearted wretch he is pictured by the ladies, but that he was asked for something at a non-propitious time. Had the dear ladies made him comfortable with smoking jacket, pipe and slippers, they could have had anything they asked.

The vice-chancellor was a beggarly creature, attached to the military domination of Germany. He was a Saxon, and in such a position, he knew, he would be under guard, and his formulae would be liable to be taken.

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