



The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XVIII.

August 21, 1915

No. 12

PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS

Sidelights on What Some People Think the World is Doing

HELIGOLAND Silver Jubilee took place last week. Twenty-five years ago Lord Salisbury ceded Heligoland to the Kaiser in exchange for Zanzibar. And that seventy acres of rock, if it were now a British instead of a German fortress commanding the Kiel Canal, might have done a great deal to win this war or make it impossible.

GERMAN newspapers are condemning the Chant of Hate. Why deprive the Hohenzollerns of their favourite nursery rhyme?

HON. JAMES DUFF thinks Ontario's crops got \$20,000,000 flogged out of them by that storm from the east. That storm must have been made in Germany.

F. D. L. SMITH, traveling correspondent in the West for the Toronto News, estimates this year's crop at a valuation of somewhere round \$400,000,000. Unless he comes home pretty soon we shall have to borrow money in New York to pay for it.

AND now Count Zeppelin makes one more entry in the scrapbook he intends to present to the Kaiser: Killed in England, August 9th: non-combatants; nine women, four children, one man. Gott sei dank!

WILL somebody who understands modern diplomacy find out from Bulgaria what it is she actually wants, from whom she wants it, and under what conditions?

ONCE it was said of old concerning Macedonia, "Come and help us." Now all Macedonia is expected to say is—"Let me know who is to get me and I'll have the flags changed right away."

OUTER iron gates at Parliament Hill, Ottawa, are to be closed at nights. The gates of the treasury are still open to the contractors who have the necessary political pull.

QUITE a number of Canadian villages and townships are still off the recruiting map. Every village with a thousand inhabitants should have twenty recruits. Every township with two thousand people should have forty representatives with the colours. Why not a central recruiting committee to look after the laggard communities?

HAMILTON City Council voted to give twenty-five machine guns. This is much safer than offering twenty-five submarines. The submarines can be bought.

MORE warships for Vera Cruz. Unless Vera stops making trouble over the line fence, Uncle Sam may find it necessary to have her arrested for disturbing what little peace there is left.

IT is not true that the Kaiser's favourite piece of music is "Sing Me To Sleep." He prefers, "Hold the Fort, for I am Coming."

PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG may have known more about what Germany intended to do than anybody else when he ordered the mobilization of the British fleet last summer. But he was not expected to know that in a few months

a German name would be regarded with more suspicion in England than a Zeppelin bomb.

WINSTON CHURCHILL is said to be painting in a farmhouse somewhere on or near the Duchy of Lancaster. Nothing like keeping cool in the midst of danger. But unless he is careful a

some crafty German brains in Holland who would doctor the estimates.

GERMANY is trying to substitute wood pulp for cotton in the making of high explosives, in case cotton should be scarce in the Rhineland this year. Well that's not the first time Germany has tried to substitute wood for something else. Consider her woodenheaded German diplomacy.

WHAT HAS JUST BEEN SAID?



Camping family in Okanagan Valley, B.C., seem to have a pretty good-natured idea of what they think the world is doing.

German spy may locate that farmhouse and bang! goes another work of art.

ALL the little wheat-heads in a thousand million bushel crop in all the Russias are whispering to the breezes—"When will the Dardanelles be open?" And all the little bullets and shells that the Allies don't need on the western front repeat the chorus—"Please open the Dardanelles!"

NOW, if somebody with a head for international mathematics would only figure out just how much cotton Holland really needs to keep sheets on her beds and frocks on her children, Britain might decide to pay Uncle Sam a war price for all the rest of the cotton crop of 1915 just to keep Germany from getting it. But we suspect that there are

TO all those who object to Tag Days, now becoming such a popular fad in this country for war purposes, we hasten to explain that the Tag in this case has no connection with Der Tag. It simply means that wherever you may be from Halifax to Victoria you are—It.

IF soldiers are to be sent out West to help harvest the wheat, it may be necessary to explain to some of them the difference between a pitchfork and a bayonet. The one distinction never to be ignored is—that the man who is loading the wheat doesn't expect to be run through when the sheaf goes up on the wagon.

AMONG all the cheerful crop reports from the West, one melancholy fact has been rigidly suppressed by all the correspondents. We have heard of casual rains and occasional hailstorms and ripening sunlight and rising hopes. But none of the crop experts have as yet said a word about the awful snowstorm that buried the Conservatives on August 6th.

FUNNY how everybody is giving machine-guns when there is none to give. Hundreds of people are offering machine-guns knowing that there are none to offer. Wonderful patriotism this!

FATHER WILLIAM GRAHAM, pastor of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church in Pittsburg, declines to accept a fortune of \$15,000,000, because he is too old and rheumatic to enjoy it. Leave it to the average citizen of Pittsburg if old age and rheumatism are sound reasons why any man shouldn't spend \$15,000,000 before he goes to a world where nobody needs any money.

ALL patriotic Germans may have a chance to drive nails in the big wooden statue of von Hindenburg, to be unveiled in the Sieges Allee in Berlin some time this month. Each nail driven in the statue is to cost the citizen one mark. But there are good citizens in Russia who would be glad of a chance to drive nails in Hindenburg himself at a much higher price.

THOSE German professors who propose to make peace terms for the Allies to accept seem to be strong on revolutionizing geography. One thing certain, the Germans need not ask for any additional concessions in Hades. They have enough of that already.

CANADIAN officers write home letters in envelopes on the back of which is printed a guarantee of the writer that the letter contains nothing but personal and family matters. Have German officers such a self-censorship? In the language of the heroine in G. B. Shaw's Pygmalion, "Not—likely!"

WHEN Gen. Hughes visited Gen. Joffre at French headquarters, did he tell Joffre that he had a lot of good men commanded by incompetent officers. In the words of Shaw's Galatea again—"Not b—y likely!"