

# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

**D**OING your bit? That is the question which every Canadian must ask himself at the present time. One man in Toronto started a movement for a provincial committee to provide employment for those thrown out of work by the war. He talked it over for weeks with various people. Then he got a committee together and there was some real agitation. Finally there was a general meeting of men from all over Ontario. Yet at this gathering probably not two per cent. of the men who were present knew who started it. Certainly the man himself did not tell them. But he had done his bit.

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Another man conceived the idea that this would be a good time to start to build a forty-mile, cement roadway between Toronto and Hamilton. This would give employment to 5,000 men for several months and distribute two or three hundred thousand dollars in wages. He dropped his own business for a fortnight and devoted his time and ability to getting the scheme working. He succeeded, and the Ontario Government is naming a commission to supervise the work. This man will not be a member of the commission; his thoughtfulness and sacrifice will be known to less than a score; but he has done his bit.

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An editor got the idea that the farmers of Canada should be persuaded to increase their wheat acreage so as to ensure Great Britain's flour supply. He printed his idea and sent marked copies to certain public men who are too busy to read much. Other editors copied his article. The Conservation Commission issued a circular about it. The wheat acreage will be increased. Perhaps he, too, has done his bit.

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Such instances might be multiplied over and over again. In a great struggle such as the world is now facing there will be many unnamed heroes. Some will lie in unmarked trenches in foreign lands; some will be cradled in Father Neptune's arms; some will

live on in quiet obscurity. Few of them desired fame and none of them asked for it. Every Britisher recognizes, if he is the real thing, that he must do his bit without hesitation and without flourish of trumpets. Few British heroes have been given the Victoria Cross.

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Down at Valcartier there are more than thirty thousand soldiers. Most of them were men who had no excuse to stay away. Some of them had to make sacrifices to get there. But each of them will do his bit, whether it be great or small. Some may do it flippantly or lightly; others may be more earnest minded about it, but each will be doing his duty according to his temperament. But there are many more thousands who are staying at home to do their bit in a humdrum, obscure fashion, and to them be equal honour and glory. Both kinds make up every great nation.

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A few weeks ago, three hundred Hindus were expelled from Vancouver harbour. They were not worthy to be known as Canadian citizens. Last week, Premier Asquith announced at the Guildhall, London, that an army of these despised Hindus was on its way to fight side by side with Canadians and Englishmen against tyranny and oppression. If this incongruity does not strike the people of Vancouver dumb and banish Stevens, M. P., from public life, then Vancouver has no sense of humour.

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Canadian censors have requested that no Canadian newspaper mention the name of a vessel on which Canadian troops shall sail. If, therefore, such information appears in any daily paper, it will be evidence of a lack of patriotism rather than proof of enterprise. The correspondents who told that the Princess Pat's were sailing on the Megantic did that regiment a great wrong.

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Col. Sam Hughes has suggested that anyone who

criticises a militia officer should be rawhided. Why not adopt the German system and use the flat side of the sword? Rawhiding has been confined to prisons and the continent of Africa for nearly a century. The up-to-date military autocracy use the sword-edge or side as suits the civilization of the place where the supposed offence is committed. Colonel Sam will please note that the rawhide went out when Uncle Tom's Cabin came in.

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A much to be commended action on the part of the same gentleman is his appointment of a board of examiners to decide which 500 of the 1,500 officers at Valcartier are best fitted to go in command of the first contingent. This is much better than allowing political influence to decide it, as was the case largely in the South African contingents. Some politicians may be disappointed, but the more numerous such disappointments the better for the reputation of the service. Col. "Sam" Steele and Lieut.-Col. Mercer form the board.

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For the year ending June 30, the government of the Province of Quebec went behind about two and a half millions, all of which was spent on good roads. The expenditure was justified, yet it would have been better had such spending been offset by an increase in revenue. All the governments of Canada have been too much inclined to add to the public debt. Most of them are paying out too much interest and not enough principal. "Pay your way" is a motto which needs greater public support.

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Despite all rumours to the contrary, Turkey and Italy are maintaining their neutrality. Our English correspondent, in his weekly letter, throws a new sidelight on Turkey's juggling with the two German cruisers now in Turkish waters. So far Turkey has behaved well. Italy, on the other hand, frankly and openly regrets she cannot come to Britain's assistance.

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Pope Pius X. is replaced by Pope Benedict XV. The new Pope has two brothers in the Italian navy, and seems to be a man of broad humanitarian sympathies. He assumes his responsibilities at a most trying time in the church's history when, as he says, "Faithful are armed against faithful."

## OUR LONDON LETTER

London, August 21st, 1914.

By HAROLD TRACY POOLEY

**A**S I write, the great trial of strength has begun, and when you read this the issue of the first conflict will probably be known to you. In accordance with the strategic plan contemplated for some days, the Belgians have evacuated Louvain and Brussels and fallen back upon Antwerp, and the solid advance of the German right wing continues against the North of France (as I thought likely in my former letters); unless, indeed, it attempts to make for the Belgian coast line, and thence work southwards against France. This latter would be a dashing adventure, but hardly consistent with German tactics, and carrying the double peril of a delay and the impregnable nature of Antwerp and the coast defences. It is impossible at present to judge the course of the battle, much less its event, but the preparations of the Allies were made with the position in view which has so far actually arisen, and the rapid incursion of the French forces into Alsace and Lorraine seems effectually to check the possibility of the enveloping movement so omnipresent in the plans of the German tactician. Roughly speaking, the line of contact from being north-and-south is turning bodily, as it were, on the axis of Luxembourg, north-west and south-east. Of the movements of our Allies in the east, only two facts are certified, and both are eminently satisfactory. Shabatz was a very decisive victory for Serbia, and the Russians are marching rapidly upon Königsberg in the north. The huge grey cloud is gathering fast round Prussia and over north-eastern Hungary, and every one of the disjointed scraps of information that come to hand points to a vast concerted plan of progress on Berlin. It is of the highest importance that the Russian advance should be of unbroken solidity, for, with the prospect of tremendous activity in the western theatre, and protracted slaughter between forces evenly balanced numerically, it is the function of Russia to fight Germany from the east as a python fights; to crush utterly the German power in every mile she advances before she makes the next step.

### THE RECONSTRUCTION OF POLAND.

**T**O undo a grievous wrong and to make a master-stroke of policy by one and the same act is given to few rulers, but the Czar has seized the opportunity offered to him by gratifying his long-cherished desire to re-create Polish nationality.

If the effect of his manifesto is, as may reasonably be expected, successful, there is immediately to hand the material which after the war may be built into a very stout bulwark against the aggressive ambitions of any European nation. The wrong to Poland has been the common iniquity which held Russia

and the German and Austrian Empires together, but now, in terms of the noblest simplicity Russia offers to put away the evil thing. If the offer of autonomy to Poland is sincere, and there is no reason to doubt it, and the Russian plan is successful, Poland will be a self-governing nation with little more than suzerainty from Russia. In order to reconstruct the country, Prussia will have to be dismembered, and Austria-Hungary despoiled of its eastern and northern territories, a punishment fitting the crime with peculiar aptitude. One does not suggest that there is any ulterior motive in the Czar's suggestion, but it will be the plainest policy for the Allies to bind very strictly the terms of Russia's offer to Poland should the reconstruction be decided on. Poland as an autonomous community would be of the utmost value to the preservation of the peace of Europe. As a subject province of Russia it would be impossible for the Allies in the west to consider her enlargement by the addition of Prussian and Austrian Poland.

### CANADIAN LOYALTY.

**T**HE greatest enthusiasm is felt in England at the magnificent demonstration in the Dominion House of Commons on the 19th, both because of the splendid unanimity of all parties in their patriotic expressions and because of the feeling that behind the expression there lies a practical and determined loyalty which has evinced itself in so many material ways. I do not think that we in the old country could ever have realized, had it not been for this war, the spirit of not only ardent but substantial practical loyalty that animates the Five Free Peoples in so splendid a degree, and especially Canada has surpassed in its ready and enthusiastic aid the beliefs of the most fervent optimist of the Britannic Alliance.

### THE PRIZE COURTS—THE TWO GOEBENS.

**T**HE very name "Prize Court" smacks of the Spanish Main, of gay adventuring in days long past with a good round sum in doubloons to top off the voyage. But the courts are with us again in modern guise; we are told in the "Times" that they are in "the High Court of Justice; Probate, Admiralty and Divorce Division. Telephone, Holborn 6700"—Shades of Neptune; a prize court with a telephone number! As well picture Drake with a Marconi installation, or good Queen Bess launching one of the stout Devonian's scallawag privateers by means of an electric switch. Among the prizes notified in the papers—and there is a good long list—I notice one called the "Goeben," which naturally brings to mind the other "Goeben" that with the

"Breslau" chose the better part of valour and faded imperceptibly into the Dardanelles. The calmness with which the Government here took the impudent assertion from Turkey that she had bought the two ships of war is explained. At the head of the Turkish navy is Rear-Admiral Limpus, "lent by the British Government." He is a determined person, and it is a saying among the people who have served with him, "Limpus will know what to do," so we may rest content that in this case Limpus will know what is to be done, and Brer Turkey Buzzard will—have to do it.

### THE ARMY IN FRANCE.

**O**UR gallant Allies across the Channel look upon the name of Sir John French as one of good omen, and the British soldiers who are in France have been treated with an abounding enthusiasm wherever they have been. It is only within this week that we have heard of the arrival of our troops in France. But it is a significant fact that no dates are mentioned in any of the reports of their arrival, and, of course, no mention of their destination at the front. It may safely be assumed that they were at their stations long before the news of their passage over the Channel was announced in our papers. Such is the admirable secrecy which has covered all the British movements both military and naval since the beginning of the war. I am told that the Highland regiments find special favour in the eyes of feminine France, and that the attention they receive would embarrass anybody but a British soldier. Even the shopkeepers join in the general demonstrations, and one very happy story is told of a Highlander buying a large quantity of fruit in Boulogne, and being waved aside courteously when he took out his "pooch." "Pay me when you come back," said the shopkeeper, "in marks." Which, of course, are coins obtainable only in the Happy Fatherland.

### TRAITORS—VOLUNTARY AND INVOLUNTARY.

**T**HE usual accompaniment of war is a series of spy scares, and we are not without them here. To ask for a "lager" in a thoughtless moment would endanger you if a fresh and zealous special constable were near. A curious sidelight upon German methods—quantity, not quality, is the motto of their Intelligence (?) Bureau—is thrown by a recent police court case in Liverpool. A young Englishman, fired by spy stories of the shilling shockers, has for some twelve months been forwarding information about the Mersey to Germany, obtained from no more mysterious source than Whitaker and the Harbour Board publications. For this he has received a thin but grateful dribble of guineas from Berlin.

(Continued on page 17.)