

all we were justified in catching. There would be no sport in taking more.

So the canoes were brought alongside the launch again. The Piscatorial Doubters no longer unbelievers in Timagami's possibilities, again boarded the St. Lawrence. A few minutes brought us back to our noonday camping spot, and here we landed to count our spoils.

THERE in the afternoon sun, for it was not yet five o'clock, we sat for our pictures with our fish. Oderick, with his brown, bare arms, squatting in the front row, his hat pushed back and his curly locks falling over his forehead, a studied look on his mobile face, as much as to say, "I reckon I taught those Toronto guys something of fishing in Timagami." There they hung in the sunlight sixteen small-mouthed black bass, and twelve beautiful pickerel (*Stizostedion Vitreum*), weighing just under the round 100 pounds.

The evening shadows began to lengthen, and in the golden glow we sat under the trees while Oderick and Jim skinned enough pickerel and bass for our even-

ing meal. Again we ate with no apparent thought of the bacon and eggs, and pork and beans we had devoured just four short hours before.

Too soon it was all over. We had said good-bye to Burnt Island and the South-West Arm. We were all again on the St. Lawrence, the engine purring again its comfortable tune, the islands were slipping past into the haze of approaching nightfall. A silence fell on all. We seemed to be watching the crystal globules shaken from the bow waves to scurry away over the polished surface of the water as the prow of the St. Lawrence cut the crystal sheet and ploughed her way onward to Bear Island and to Walsh's—Walsh's, with the roaring hearth-fire of odorous tamarack, the cosy arm-chairs, the comforting pipe, the downy soft pillows after the arduous day, and the sleep of the just which followed hours of invigoration in the inspiring air of Timagami. Here, chained in slumber, we will leave our readers hoping that they, too, may come to peerless Timagami and be convinced there are still fish to be caught in the North-land. And there are casual moments when it is all of fishing—to fish.

COULD UNCLE SAM FIGHT?

By THE MONOCLE MAN

I CAN never quite make out whether the Canadian journalists who go out of their way to argue that the United States should not enter this war—usually on the ground that the Americans are more help to us while neutral—are engaged in a patriotic effort to make an inevitable evil look like a benefit, or if they really believe the awful nonsense they write. Of course, we all know that the Americans are not going into this war. Under the present leadership it is very hard to conceive of any affront which would drag them in. The deliberately premeditated and advertised murder of over a hundred of their own people by a German war vessel having failed to even create a possible presumption that they might fight, my imagination recoils from trying to conjecture what would make them fight. So I suppose it is quite arguable that we Canadians should endeavour to pretend that we do not want them to fight—"sour grapes," and that sort of thing. And if some of my fellow journalists are taking this attitude for these patriotic reasons, far be it from me to spoil their fine line of—well, call it what you like.

BUT whisper!—come over here where they can't hear us! What do you think of the compliment to Uncle Sam in saying that, if he went to war on our side, he'd help the Germans? What do you think of the common-sense of it? Some tell us that we need American munitions of war so much that it would hurt us to have them monopolized by the American armies. But the American armies would only use them to shoot at the Germans; and are we prepared to say that the fine professional army of the United States—what there is of it—would not do as much damage to the Germans with such of their own shells as they used, as our boys would do with the same shells? The shells would fly over to the German trenches in any case. Aren't we willing to have them sent in that direction by American instead of Canadian soldiers? Moreover, it is notorious that the American output of ammunition is by no means as large as it could be. Some hitherto "pacifist" factories in the United States were brought into the great game by the American horror over the sinking of the "Lusitania." Would not an American declaration of war bring in a lot more? I think it very likely that the Allies would actually get more war material from the United States after the Americans had entered the war than they do now; and that we should have the American army firing shells into the bargain.

OTHERS say that it would be better for the United States to hit Germany a rude slap on the wrist by cutting off all commercial and financial relations with her, than to actually go to war with her. The former course would make it clear to Germany how thoroughly President Wilson and the American people disapproved of her conduct. Its advocates can imagine cowed and cringing Germany, appalled at this terrible indictment of her methods of war and crawling to the knees of Uncle Sam in abject contrition, crying—"Oh, do not turn your face away from us! Do not hide your smile! Do not withhold the light of your countenance—or the shine of your golden dollars!" Well, these people have more imagination than I have. Somehow I do not quite see Germany engaged in that form of "knee drill." But, in any case, would not this measure of stern disapproval, and all this severance of commercial and financial relations, be included in a declaration of actual war? It usually is, you know. Nations seldom lend money to or trade freely with or highly approve of their belligerent enemies.

THERE is another idea held apparently in some quarters, that this policy of so cruelly "cutting" Germany might be continued after the war until the repenting Germans had got rid of their "Prussian military despotism" and had returned to civilized ideals and a spirit of international good will. The United States is invited to lead off in this policy, to rally other neutral nations to it, and eventually to establish a great international ostracism against any Power which keeps up a menacing military force. As to whether this be practical or not, we realize the futility of trying to discuss with the people who advance it. They simply assert its entire practicability in the face of all human experience; and even in face of the kindred fact that they thought it

quite practicable to substitute arbitration for war years ago, and sternly chided those of us who insisted that a great European War had not yet become an impossibility—to say nothing of a practical certainty. Undismayed by this mistake, they bob up serenely again and confidently assume the easy possibility of an international co-operation of which there are no signs and which the present war surely stamps as a Utopian dream.

HOWEVER, let us waive the point of practicability. If it is practicable, why could it not follow American intervention in the war quite as easily as American neutrality? Would the fact that it had been necessary to shed American blood in order to help capture and muzzle the Mad Dog of Europe render the American people any less inclined to make the very real sacrifices in trade and finance implied by a policy of rigid non-intercourse with some hundred millions of industrial and commercial workers in the midst of Europe? I imagine that the Americans would sternly set themselves to such a task with very much more determination after a bloody war than they would if they had remained spectators and lost no sons except by the chance blows of blind submarines.

My point is that every one of these methods by which a neutral United States does or could assist the Allies or injure the Germans, would be quite as effective at least if the Americans went to war; and would in most cases be very much more effective and more likely to be carried through.

THE case stands this way—If the Americans declare war, they will certainly employ every weapon against Germany which they would use if they stopped short of war but assumed an attitude of lofty contempt and severed relations. Moreover, they would employ several other weapons, such as a good navy, a small but effective and easily increased army, and a determination to make the victory of the Allies crushing. Yet there are people who argue that we will be better off if the United States only hits half as hard as she can. It is an exceedingly good thing that this theory has not been accepted by any of the original Allies—or by Italy.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

THE GREAT EXAMPLE OF O'LEARY

Drawn by F. Matania, for the London Sphere, from a personal description by a Sergeant of the Irish Guards



The Lance-Corporal of the Irish Guards, single-handed against a German machine-gun squad, last February. Reported killed in action last week.

ONLY a few of the many stories of individual heroism among British soldiers have got into print. Thousands will never be told. The heroism of Langemarck was British, even while it was Canadian. And the heroism of here and there a soldier or officer whose work managed to struggle into print always sticks out humanly big on the mass of machine-made details of war. The gallant story of Michael O'Leary who for a short time was a Canadian, a mounted policeman on the prairies. O'Leary is dead. Three months before he quit he became famous in the trenches as the Lance-Corporal who last February got the Victoria Cross and his sergeant stripes for a deed of remarkable heroism. No. 1 Company of the Irish Guards at Cuinchy went pell-mell for some German trenches. O'Leary outpaced his comrades and made for himself a target of a machine-gun squad. Before the gunners had time to swing the gun against the charging company O'Leary picked off the five with his rifle. Leaving them to be looked after by his mates, he made a sprint for the second barricade, where he shot three more Germans, took two prisoners and came walking back with them as though he had just been on a picnic. Every dead O'Leary is a bad enemy to the Germans, because of the example to living O'Learys.

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