

The Real Destroyers of American Neutrality

(New York Herald.)

THE attack made by Germany and her agents and supporters upon the policy this government has followed in maintaining neutrality has been merely a fog to cover up the real activities of Kaiserism. Muentzer, alias Holt, was one thread in a vast fabric. Few Americans can agree with Professor Hugo Munsterberg, Muentzer's associate at Harvard, that the dead dynamiter was acting alone and on his own responsibility.

In his letter to his wife Muentzer spoke of a ship to leave this port on Saturday, which would be lost on the 7th, or five days later. He thought it was the Philadelphia or the "Saxony." This indicates the work of associates. Muentzer knew a ship had been marked for attack; that was all. As a matter of fact, the steamship was the Minnehaha, which cleared on Saturday but did not steam until Sunday. The Minnehaha took fire on the 7th.

With the attack by fire on this ship, carrying no passengers and devoted

Come twenty years—shall you and I
Hear these same babes that shrilly cry
Call, grown to manhood, call once
more

The awful calls of real war?

And shall those tiny, tender limbs,
Grown to great strength for better
deeds,

Lie scattered for the wicked whims
Of some foul beast that on War feeds?

Those little hands that gently cling
Be maimed and shrunken by some
shell?

Those voices that so shrilly sing
Be silenced by the cannon's yell?

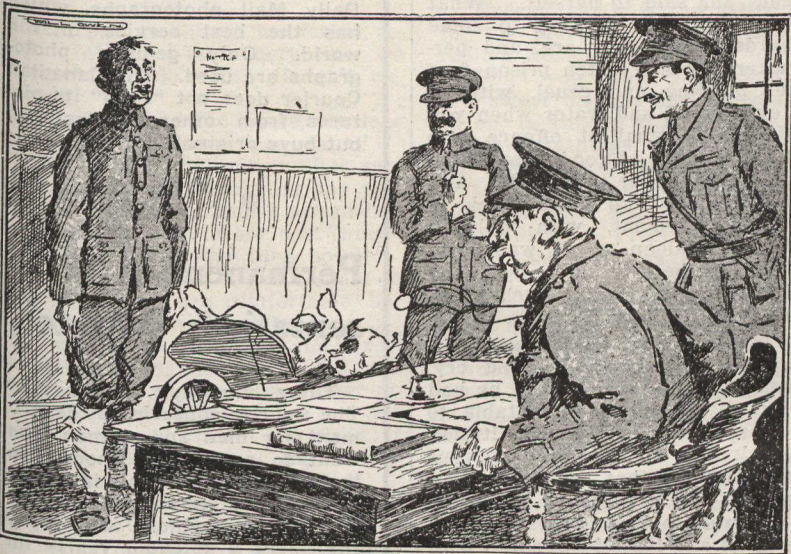
Those eyes so bright, where love
shines now,
Wherein we read the dreams of fame,
Be blinded and the puckered brow
Strive to conceal the socket's shame?

Shall you and I who give our all,
Or what we can, to dam the flood
Of present war, let war befall
Once more the children of our blood?

Let none forget—our politics
Are but an ape's disjointed tricks,
If ever more the war-news greet
The grown-up children from my street.

—London Chronicle.

TOMMY, THE COLONEL AND THE DOG.



Colonel to Tommy, in trouble for bayonetting a dog: "Why didn't you come at him with the butt end of your rifle?"

Tommy: "Why didn't he bite me wiv his tail?"

—Tiddbits.

In Defence of Conscience

THE meanest thing ever said about conscience were the words put into Hamlet's mouth by William Shakespeare: "Thus conscience does make cowards of us all."

This remark has caused many people to believe that conscience was nothing but a coward-maker, and consequently they have refused to have anything to do with it. Never was anything more unjust. Shakespeare's assertion is true only on the assertion that we are all sinners. To be fair, he should have said: "Thus conscience does make cowards of all of us who have sinned or who are about to sin." Then he would have been more in agreement with Solomon, who was wiser, and who said: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as a lion."—Life.

A Long War Ahead

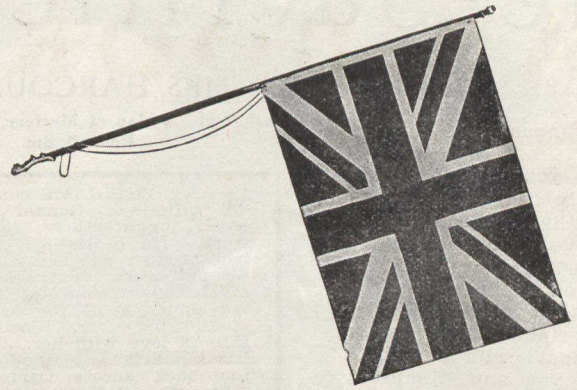
Rudyard Kipling.

Up to the present, as far as we can find out, Germany has suffered some three million casualties. She can suffer another three million, and, for aught we know, another three million after that. We have no reason to believe that she will break up suddenly and dramatically, as a few people still expect. Why should she? She took two generations to prepare herself in every detail and through every fibre of her national being for this war. She is playing for the highest stakes in the world—the dominion of the world. It seems to me that she must either win or bleed to death almost where her lines run to-day. Therefore, we and our allies must continue to pass our children through fire to Moloch until Moloch perish. This, as I can see, is where we stand, and where Germany stands.

The Children in My Street (1915-1935)

By Hardress O'Grady.

Their tramp resounds the livelong day
And all day long their shrill, sweet
cries,
Their "Right about," "Charge," "Hip-
hurray,"
The worker's patient ears surprise.
When storming some rose-hedge re-
doubt,
Some sweet-pea trench, some lily bed,
The martial valour of their shout
Tells that the enemy has fled.
And to and fro, and to and fro
With banners flying, swords un-
sheathed
For mimic death, in gardens go
The gentlest souls that ever breathed.
Still in the star-glow of their eyes
There shines the light of summer
skies,
Still in the loud, stern, martial word
The childish, trustful note is heard.



PATRIOTISM AND FLAGS

go hand in hand. The display of our flag is a patriotic expression.

Do Canadians display their flag enough? THE CANADIAN COURIER thinks not. There can be too much flag waving, but there can also be too little. We believe

A MOVEMENT IN THE RIGHT STEP.

A subscriber from Western Canada, writing to us, ordering a flag, said: "This is a movement in the right step, and is deserving of hearty support throughout the Dominion."

that Canadians have been guilty to a fault of displaying too little the flag we all love so well.

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These flags are Made-in-Canada, and their wearing qualities are guaranteed by THE CANADIAN COURIER. They are cheap enough for the most modest purse and good enough for the wealthiest home.



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Union Jack, 32x48 inches (same flag as above), complete with pole
(6 feet long), halyard and window socket, \$1.45, Mail Post Paid
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Union Jack, 24x36 inches 25 cents, Mail Post Paid

Union Jack, 20x28 inches 20 cents, Mail Post Paid

Set of Allies' Flags, 6 in number, 15x20 inches, 60 cents, Mail Post Paid