

The commissary is well stocked and the chefs have the advantage of knowing just how many are on the train and how much food to prepare for each meal. One table car can seat seventy-two men and six or seven smart waiters can place food satisfactorily before that number of diners at one sitting.

The returned men do not find much evidence of whatever food shortage is prevailing in Canada when journeying on the trains of the Canadian Government Railways. The menu is generously substantial and they are not fussy. After a period of actual service at the front they welcome many food comforts that elsewhere than in Canada are diffi-

cult to obtain. Good bread with plenty of fresh dairy butter, is a real luxury to them. Fresh fish, nicely grilled, fresh eggs and bacon, good roast beef, veal or lamb, cakes, pies, tea and coffee, with plenty of cream and sugar look and taste good after their life in the trenches. And they are homeward bound, on the last stage of the trek to where the "home fires are burning."

"Isn't this a pretty weapon?" remarked an officer, exhibiting a German army officer's automatic pistol which he had just removed from its leathern holster. "No! Don't move! There are no cartridges in it. They are here in this box. Here are the regu-

lar ones; these others are the ones found in the pistol when it was taken from a captured Prussian officer; soft nosed bullets—the magazine full of them. The British officer before whom the Hun was taken just looked at those and then shot the Prussian dead with his own pistol and one of the dum-dums. There was an enquiry of course—but the officer was exonerated."

All through the string of eleven cars went this cycle of anecdote, interspersed here and there with breezy comment and occasional outspoken criticism. What was a long rail journey to them? They were going HOME.

A MORTAR-BOARD MATINEE

ONE convocation is ordinarily as like another as peas are alike in a pod. Churches and plays, creeds and dances, music and books, manners and politics, war and learning—have all changed. Convocation remains the same yesterday, to-day, and it may be forever.

Long ago the Convocation producers must have concluded that the Pageant of Learning, as evolved in the days of Erasmus or whenever it may have been, was incapable of improvement. Academic Belascos may have suggested innovations. The faculty managers were inexorable. In a world of cyclonic change something must be permanent.

However, women changed the great annual pageant in the '90's, merely by insisting on being admitted to it as actors. Since when the supers in dramatis personae have been enlarged to include Bachelors of Agriculture, Dentals, Engineers, Veterinarians, Domestic Scientists, forestry experts and pedagogues. The stage is more crowded. The cast is colossal enough for an Intolerance Film. But the show is essentially the same.

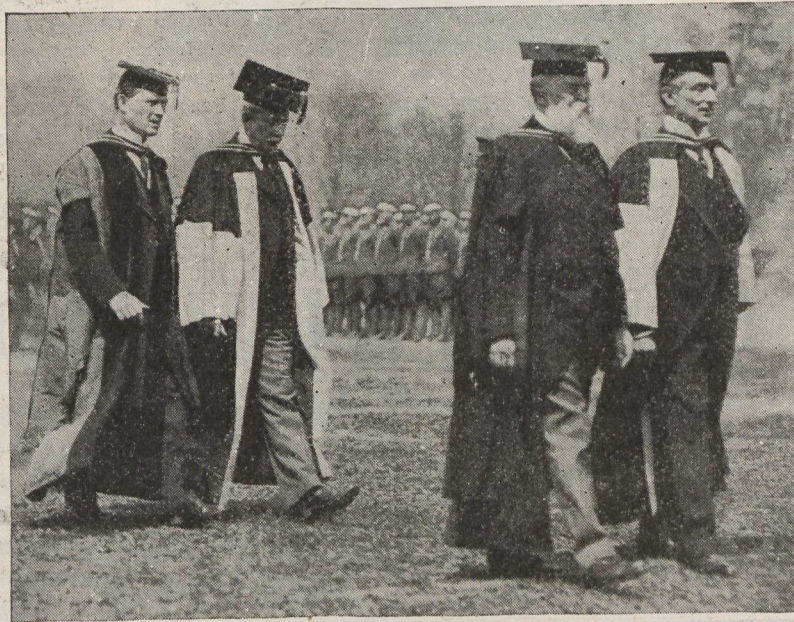
The same pompous procession across the sunlit campus, the maces and the gold-braided Chancellor, the medieval robes and the mortar-boards, and the Latin formulae ending in Convocatio Dimissa Est; the charmed claquers and the sentimental twitterings from the gallery; the high hopes and the illusion that there never was such a convocation as this. Then the stage empties itself into the campus, the pageant of pure learning dissolves into the pile of greystone and the ecclesiastical toggeries are laid away for a year.

And yet the Convocation at Toronto last month was different. The customary sentiment of the occasion gave place to sadness and a grim undercurrent of struggle. Like other great universities in Canada, Toronto has sent thousands of men to war. Near the back of the programme book were the names of those who for all time can only be honored in absentia. They are entitled The Fallen. The list numbered nearly 400. Since Convocation of 1917 the roll-call of the forever absent except in spirit has grown by 139. There was a large patch of khaki in the congregation. Few, so very few, men called to the hood—some of them in khaki.

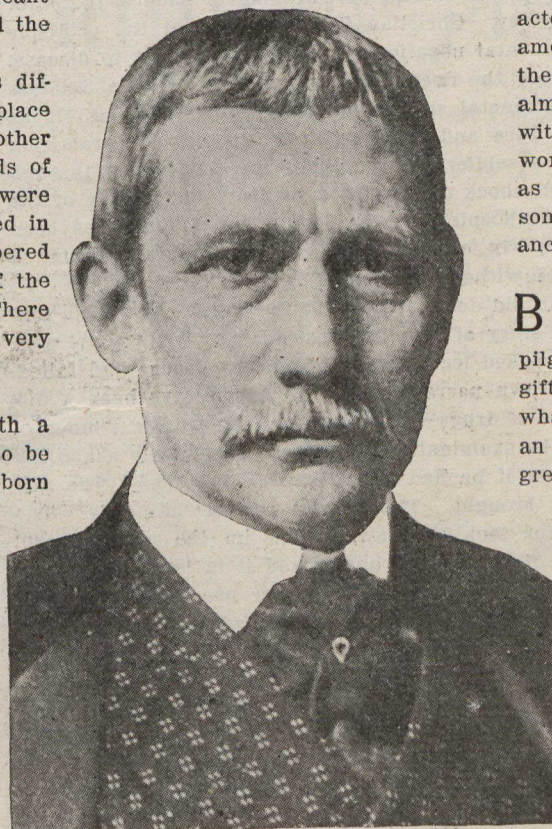
IN the cast were two new actors. One of them with a stage name, Earl of Reading, who in plain life used to be Rufus Isaacs; the other with the homely name he was born to—Elihu Root. Between them these two great jurists just about made a democracy of Convocation. Reading and Root together embody in its highest expression the working-out of the law among more than 500,000,000 people, almost one-third of the world's population, representing most of the peoples of the earth coming from all forms of government known to mankind. In Convocation makeup they were almost as obscure as any of the others on stage. As Lord Chief Justice of England—besides being Ambassador to the United States—Rufus Isaacs is the apex of British law, which is the pillar of British justice, individual liberty and self-government, all that the world is fighting for, to an Empire of 400,000,000 people. Elihu Root, who almost 50 years ago studied law at Osgoode in Toronto, represents the law in its high-

THE two headliners Reading and Root drew a packed house to an Academic Drama. And the queue for Canadian Club Luncheon Tickets was equal to any theatrical line-up in the palmiest days of Henry Irving.

BY THE EDITOR



THE two chief actors are in the motley gowns. The Earl of Reading marches ahead with Sir Edmund Walker, Chairman of the Board of Governors; Elihu Root, behind him with Sir Robert Falconer, University President.



He helped the Earl of Reading rouse an "academic audience" to a pitch of patriotic enthusiasm by talking about democracy.

est application to a nation of 100,000,000.

Put these two into one picture and you have Canada; in one man the symbol of our laws, our political institutions, our ideas of democracy; in the other our commercial and industrial expansion, our way of going at things and our practical outlook. We commend this idea to Mr. Bernard Partridge of Punch.

Reading and Root may have had very little time for what the University calls "The Humanities." But they have surely been busy on the study of mankind.

Reading is the second Lord Chief Justice to speak here. The other was Lord Haldane, almost ten years ago. One recollection distinctly remains of Lord Haldane as he spoke in Montreal. It is one word; a word upon which he played like a pipe of Pan in his effort to make us get the idea that Germany had a social concept for which the English of Chaucer and Shakespeare has no term—Sittlichkeit, the moral sense of a community. What has become of Sittlichkeit; this dove of social well-being whose dovecote was on the Rhine? Lord Reading said nothing about it. No, he talked fighting and democracy. He thrilled at the idea that it is our business to stand nation to nation till we get what is most characteristic of Germany crushed out of business; and whatever it is he did not call it "moral sense."

Reading has a Forbes-Robertson cast of face, the same eagle-eyed distinction, and a voice that would have been a credit to the drama. Rhetorically he might have been an actor. But he lacks the fire. He has not the kind of temperament that suggests incipient neuritis. A man who has worn the mantle of the greatest advocates in English history might almost be a man of passion. He has a vast acquaintance with the human—and the sub-human—side. He knows the workings of British justice, usually as dramatic a business as there is. He knows the vainglorious ambitions that lead some men to common crime, others to the crime of high finance, others to the crime of some politics.

BUT he has kept all these things calmly correlated in a well-ordered ethical brain. He has the patience of a pilgrim and the sincerity of a great priest. He has that rare gift of which Englishmen have a high share, a sense of what he as a man owes to the public weal. Rufus Isaacs is an Englishman. He is also a Jew, as Disraeli, one of the greatest of Englishmen, was a Jew. Whether by birthright or by accident he is an eminent authority on finance. And this in a man of political and juristic eminence is a rare combination.

His speech was not a masterpiece. It was rather ponderously heralded in the customary panegyric that punishes all recipients of degrees "honoris causa." Nobody is better able than Sir Edmund Walker to narrate the outstanding facts of a great man's career while looking him in the face, and at the same time to give them an apt setting for the occasion. But the bare outline of Reading's public achievements and the list of his titles gave him a bad handicap in expression. Yet in the few minutes he spoke he left the impression of a big-brained man who uses his intellect like a searchlight. He disclaimed that he had any message. As Lord Chief Justice and Am-