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AS THE WAR LOOKS DAY BY DAY

A General View of What the World is Doing and as Far as Possible Why

Not to Forget

NO one should forget why we went to war. The reason was signed by Kaiser Wilhelm in 1907. The Hague Convention in that year decided that—

"Belligerents are forbidden to move troops or convoys of either munitions of war or supplies across the territory of a neutral power."

The Kaiser signed that agreement; so did King Edward and the President of France and the Czar of Russia, or their plenipotentiaries. In 1914 Germany broke the pact. She violated Belgian neutrality by sending an army clean through Belgium, plus convoys of both munitions of war and supplies for this purpose of making war upon France. Great Britain refused to allow it. That meant war. Germany used the club method on a small inoffensive state.

Holland and Belgium were the buffer states between Germany and Great Britain and France. Violation of their neutrality meant ending to their independence. A "scrap of white paper" was all that could possibly deter Germany. Against that scrap of white paper recording his pledged word the Kaiser used Belgium as a back door to enter France. In honour of that white paper and pledged word, Great Britain sent 110,000 troops into Belgium, and is now sending as many more.

Most German autocratic traditions date back to Bismarck. This one was not recognized by the man of "blood and iron." The Kaiser violated not only Belgian neutrality—but his own teacher. In 1870, after Sedan, Bismarck asked permission to transport the German wounded home through Belgium. The Belgians objected. Bismarck acknowledged their right so to do, and took his wounded soldiers home by another route.

Let every Britisher, whether at the heart of Empire or at the outposts, remember—Bismarck and the Kaiser. Eighty-five years the neutrality of Belgium had been respected. When Germany broke her word Great Britain protested. When that had no effect she declared war and backed it up on land and sea.

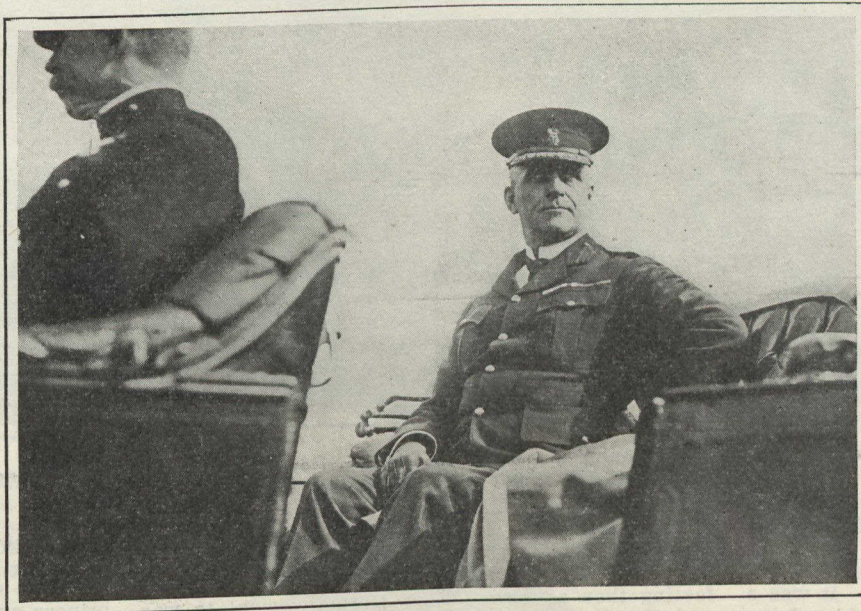
Britain's action has been approved by the world's best public opinion. The action of the maddest monarch since the hermit of St. Helena is universally condemned.

tried out on the fields and forts and fighting armies of France in 1914. England knows it. Most of her lead-

"This war is for us a war of honour, of respect for obligations into which we have entered, and of loyalty

with the formidable might of Prussian autocratic rule. It is our system of civilization and government against theirs. It is our life or theirs."

Winston Churchill was probably thinking at that moment—What is the Home Fleet doing in the North Sea? He recalled Napoleon, alleging that Wilhelm is playing the Napoleonic cards, though as he said the grouping of forces, the circumstances, the occasion, and, above all, the man, are different. He did well to remember the man. In this struggle a Kaiser is nothing; the machine of domination and conquest everything. The machine can produce more Kaisers. The world had but one Napoleon, and he was the living focus of the twenty years' war by which he remade the map of Europe. Napoleon taught war to Bismarck and Von Moltke, who taught the Kaiser. But he created the forces with which he carried it on. Germany evolved the machine that produced the Kaiser. And the Kaiser with that machine is not merely imitating Napoleon. He is going back to Caesar the First, conqueror of France. Rome disposed of Caesar. Europe got rid of Napoleon. Democracy will have to look after the Kaiser.



MINISTER OF MILITIA AT VALCARTIER.

Colonel the Honourable Sam Hughes, the first Canadian Minister of Militia to send abroad a Canadian army at Canada's expense.



KEEPING THE HOME GUARD AT FULL STRENGTH.

As the trains bearing the 48th Highlanders drew out for Valcartier, Col. Currie, commanding officer, bawled back to the officers on the platform: "Fill up the 48th!"

ing statesmen know it. They all know it better now than they did a month ago. The First Lord of the Admiralty knows it. The very day of the naval skirmish at Heligoland Bight he said to an American newspaper man in London:

ality towards friends in desperate need. Now it has become a war of self-preservation. The British democracy, with its limited monarchy, its ancient Parliament, its ardent social and philanthropic dreams, is engaged for good or ill of her people

Our Soldiers

MIDWAY between iron soldier and civilian is the militia man.

From the loose-jointed, shuffling recruit just being harnessed up with his knapsack, to the trim, lithe Colonel in khaki, you saw the whole eager gamut of war as the boys trudged away from city and town to the railway station. Down at the Armouries—just hunching into the togs of war, sliding from company room to quartermaster's, knapsack and haversack, water-bottle and greatcoat, rifle and cartridge belt—these tailor-made khakians smoked their cigarettes as they stood easy, pulled on their pipes and leaned on their guns, looking as though they had just been up at the Y. M. C. A. Hunched on a packing-case a young trooper kept his courage up by piping on a mouth-organ, "Bonnie Dundee."

Companies fall in at the bugle. Tick off the names in the company book—then pocket the book for a few more check-ups at the concentration camp—and heaven knows when it will be needed again.

"Number!"

Down the line the numbers go. Twenty-three's a gap. Skip him and on to the next. Here's hoping that when the lads shuffle back into the Armouries, whenever it is; when the khaki is scuffed, and the knapsacks torn and the water-bottles

Back to Caesar

LONG before the siege of Liege this war began. In 1871, Bismarck and Von Moltke turned from the conquest of France with \$1,000,000,000 of French gold in their chests of war to the building up of the great war machine now being