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THE CANADIAN WAR

PATRIOTISM

UNION

VICTORY

Written and Edited
Without Remuneration

Devoted Entirely to
Propaganda for the War

Circulated Below Cost
All Profits for War Funds

Fourth Number

January 23, 1915

Five Cents

**THE ARTISTS COME IN
 YOU AND YOUR M. P.
 FOR CANADIAN PATRIOTISM
 UP TO THE CANADIAN CLUBS
 AROUND THE CAMP
 UNIVERSITIES AND THE WAR
 HOW THE DEW FALLS
 PICTURES IN THE EXHIBITION
 THE GERMAN-AMERICAN
 WOMEN AND RIFLE CLUBS
 A FINANCIAL STATEMENT**

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DEDICATED

To the women who, having magnified love and duty, that their country's honour may be exalted, await the dread issue with sublime courage; and, by their sacrifice for the Empire, inspire their representatives in the field, and set an example to all who are not privileged to bear arms.

YOU AND YOUR M. P.

YOU think that when the session begins of February 4th it is a Parliamentary affair. It is your affair, very much your affair. The M.P. is only what you have made him.

Within the next few years you will realize the responsibility of making a Member of Parliament much more keenly than you have ever realized it. Everybody is going to understand that the war is politics and politics is the war. The Canadian Parliament has got to deal with a rapidly-falling revenue, with increasing economic distress in the country, and with the necessity for being prepared to enlist, train and dispatch another 100,000 men to fight for national existence on the bloody fields of Europe.

If any Member of Parliament does not measure up to the awful responsibility of his position, the blame for that is not upon him, but on those who made him what he is. When we express distrust of "politics" and of Parliament, we expound our own condemnation.

There is a magnificent opportunity

as well as an appalling danger before the next session of the Canadian Parliament. We are going to show whether we are worthy to be counted among the nations of the earth or whether our international stature is after the meannesses of the partisan politics which have cursed our affairs these many years.

The ex-president of the Winnipeg Canadian Club was loudly applauded when he said that Canadian national defence has been made the football of party politics. What have you to say to the footballers when they resume duty on the fourth of next month—and especially to the particular footballer for whom you voted or whom you voted against three years ago?

When the war session of August, 1914, was impending, there arose from Conservative and Liberal papers all over the country a chorus of appeal to Parliament to say nothing and get it over quickly. That was because there is grievous distrust of the discretion as well as of the patriotism of party politics in Canada. It was a depres-

singly true testimony to the national temper.

Above all times this is the time for illumination and discussion of national affairs. Those who know are beginning to dread what may happen at Ottawa during the next month. They fear that a Parliament which is the product of a low grade of party politics may succumb to the temptation to forget the sublimity of its opportunity and to pay

little heed to the danger that lurks in mere party criticism.

The need of needs in Canada for this year 1915 is men who are big enough for the duty that is cast upon them. Every Member of Parliament needs the support of every constituent in his endeavor to live up to his duty, and that duty is as much up to you as it is to him. How do you regard the situation? What are you going to do about it?

FOR CANADIAN PATRIOTISM

Perils to National Existence That Are in the War; and the Page of History That Can Be Written If All Men of All Parties Unite in the National Service.

BY CIVILIS

This is the second half of an article, the first part of which was a plea for discussion of the war without regard to party political interests, so that unity of action may be achieved in face of the peril of a Prussianization of Canada. It was shown that the Germans would use Canada as a base from which to affect reactionarily the policies of the United States, which, with its forty daily and hundreds of weekly German newspapers, is susceptible to a German propaganda which would seek to be the decisive voting factor in elections. "Civilis" also pointed out that, if the defeat of the Allies seemed imminent, there might arise a demand for an escape from the threatened domination of German ideas and methods in the Dominion.

THE ignoble already suggest that if the last calamity befel the Empire the duty of Canadian self-preservation would be to run up the flag of independence; and cement an unbreakable alliance with the older republic across the line. Safety first, it is said, is the first law of nations, as well as of passengers.

Suppose that law were invoked. We should be of all men the most miserable. It is fitting that rats should leave the sinking ship. We are of another order of nature. The spirit which we have

loved to think of as waiting only to flame into a new immortality is the spirit of old Sir Richard at the close of the fight of the one against the fifty-three:

Sink me the ship, master gunner!
Sink her! Split her in twain
Fall into the hands of God,
Not into the hands of Spain.

Though you may fight to the very last, you cannot blot out millions of non-combatant men and women and children from the earth. The community remains even though its heroes and leaders be slain. Voluntarily to leave parent and partner in the throes of dissolution is only the deed of an Eskimo, who has no medical science; whose hunting ground must be changed speedily unless all are to die. He only meets the inevitable half way. There is no inevitable disaster before us. We may be given the priceless glory of saving the day; if we be wise in time. For us, now is the day of salvation.

Imagine an independence bought at such a price. What would be our position in a Europe that would always love to dwell upon the heroisms which the last noble fight for freedom had uncovered? What would our standing be among our fellow republicans? Unless shame had died utterly from our hearts, we should know ourselves to be the

meanest of mankind; feeding our souls on the husks that the swine did eat.

We should be a mockery to those before whom we had boasted that we were British to the core—to those whose union with us we had left to the unscrupulous purchaser of votes. We should want to seek for hiding places in the valleys, and for solitude among the hills. The contempt of our fellows when we walked abroad would be as nothing to the contempt for ourselves that would drive slumber from the haunted watches. There would be no availing penance for our penitence.

One Simple, Sure Defence.

Against perils like these what is our sure defence? It is national unity in national work for the war. It is the liberation of ourselves from the political apathies which so grievously beset us.

One simple thing, and one only is required to accomplish this. Obtain it; and all the rest will follow as surely as day follows night.

Let the Prime Minister call all men and women to make visible and vocal their union in a crusade for the war; and for the hundred thousand; two hundred thousand men who must battle for us in it. Let that be done, and you shall some day find this page in the history of Canada, as it will be read in the schools, and by hearths that know nothing of mailed fists, and have no dread of such unspeakable crimes as were committed against Belgium:

A PAGE THAT MAY BE.

The war came upon Canada at the end of her first great period of expansion. The pouring of capital into the country had deceived the people into supposing that prosperity could come by other means than by the cultivation of their abundant soil. The disastrous gap between agricultural production and capital obligation was beginning to be realized in shrinking revenues and unemployment, when the storm burst which threatened to wreck Britannic civilization.

This era of economic irresponsibility, which had continued for more than a dozen years, had produced an indiffer-

ence to underlying political essentials; which sapped the virtue of party government and in turn spread distrust of parliamentary institutions among a large and instructed section of the community which scorned to concern itself with elections and public administration. The strain which the war put upon the political reserves of the Dominion at first caused grave disquietude to patriots who had looked anxiously for signs of a recreation of public spirit, similar in quality to what had given to the United States the first of her modern presidents in Woodrow Wilson.

Though there was ungrudging support of the government's proposals for meeting the crisis during the short session of Parliament, the government refrained from openly courting the active co-operation of its customary foes; and of independent men everywhere, in bringing home to the varied peoples within the Dominion the magnitude of the task to which Parliament had committed them.

When Casualty Lists Come.

As was to be expected, a war in which the battlefields were thousands of miles away, at first seemed to appeal to the general body of the people rather as a daily newspaper sensation than as an affair of life and death for their young nation. But with the approach of casualty lists of their own men, the public disposition changed. There was widespread aspiration for a more vigorous devotion of men and money to the cause of liberty. When the Prime Minister, who had been absorbed in administrative duties, sensed the developing attitude of the people, early in 1915, he began a movement for unification, by calling for the aid of all patriotic persons in campaigns, the example for which had been set in Britain, where men of all parties buried their former differences on the same platforms, and strove without ceasing to preserve the Empire.

An amazing change was instantly wrought in the national temper. The first effect was upon the Government itself. It had dreaded; and, in a mea-

sure had been paralyzed by, two potentialities. It feared that Parliament would automatically expire before the end of the war; and that the war taxes it would be compelled to impose would make its party so unpopular that it would be in danger of losing office. These fears had made it consider the advisability of appealing to the country for a renewal of confidence as soon as the first contingent had been despatched to Europe.

This contemplation had injected a dangerous disposition into the more eager partisans on both sides. As soon as the parties sought rather than avoided opportunities of joining together before the whole people, they found that it was impossible to preach unselfish patriotism and practise distrust, and that it was not necessary to fear your fellow-countrymen more than they feared the enemy.

Ahead of Politicians.

It was everywhere remembered that the party leaders in Britain had agreed on special legislation by which there would be no general election there until after the war; that, meantime, all bye elections would be uncontested by the last defeated party; and that every effort would be made to have vacancies filled by outstanding men who might be relied on for vision, expression and action in the recurring crises of the war.

The early stages of the campaign for the war in Canada revealed the predominance of exactly similar conditions from coast to coast. The people were as far ahead of the politicians in patriotism as they had been behind them in electioneering.

The public wanted no election during the war. As soon as this was made plain a similar agreement to that which had dignified politics in London was announced from Ottawa. It was quickly discovered that the country had a reserve of statesmanlike quality on which it might freely draw. An eagerness for public service manifested itself everywhere. Political leaders were developed in places where they had never been sought.

Strong measures for financing the

war were freely discussed, without fear that advocates of them would be made to suffer at the polls, and to endure unsavory campaigns against their personal repute. As soon as dread of one another was eliminated from public men, the Prime Minister's proposals to meet the danger were transformed into an irrevocable pledge that two hundred thousand men should be equipped with all possible speed; and put through outdoor training, in winter, in their own country, so that when they reached the front they would be hardier than those who had been for months in the trenches.

Change Everywhere.

The unity of leaders evoked an undreamed of spirit of sacrifice everywhere. It spread into other departments of public life, besides the direct preparations for warfare. Commissions were appointed with sole regard to the capacity and known public spirit of the appointees, to co-ordinate the economic necessities of the country; to hasten the settlement of vacant lands in the West; to increase the productiveness of large areas in the East which had suffered from rural depopulation; to cut out the superfluities of the cities and to bring national works into harmony with the necessities of the time.

Propaganda for the war led to an understanding of how broad the function of Canada was in winning and steadying republican opinion of the British part in the struggle. Canada saw that she was the natural representative of the Western hemisphere in the fight for liberty for the weak.

Public men, therefore, appealed from time to time in the United States, and Canadian writers obtained access to American periodicals, to the great advantage of the Allies' cause—as was only fully appreciated when the mediatorial influence of the Republic had to be used in the final terms of peace.

So far from Parliament being warned against discussion, it for the first time in its history, discussed national affairs without suspicious concern for pending elections; because it realized that the supreme desire of the nation

was to have it so; and that failure to rise to the patriotism called forth by the war would mean political annihilation for any man who would not learn that the old animosities had passed away.

When peace came, it was found to have been bought at a great price in life and treasure. But it was also seen that a new line of political leadership had been assured; and that men were honorably divided according as they reckoned it wise to regulate the speed with which twentieth century methods of conducting twentieth century national development should replace those which had come down from times which were as primi-

tive in politics as they were in science and in the brotherhood of men.

THE LETTERS OF CIVILIS.

"Civilis," the second part of whose "Canadian Patriotism and the War" precedes this, will write further for THE CANADIAN WAR, under the general title of "The Letters of Civilis." The first will be addressed to Sir Robert Borden. The second addressee will be Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The third will be inscribed to the Leader of the Senate, Mr. Lougheed. The fourth will be directed to "The Average Man."

THE GERMAN - AMERICAN

If an Ideal Antagonistic to the Fundamental Democracy of This Continent is Being Nourished, the Cancer Must Be Extirpated and That Right Speedily.

BY BENJAMIN A. GOULD

CANNOT the leopard change his spots? Is it true that once a German always a German? I cannot believe it. The history of progressive evolution denies it.

There can, of course, be no such thing as a German-American. The term itself is contradictory. America is the antithesis of Germany in all the things that count; in the idealism which is the basis of citizenship, in the freedom which is the perquisite of this idealism.

Germany is the past, the middle ages, paternally administered with all the latest scientific frills, feudalism brought up to date. America is the future; the centuries to come; self-administration and self-government by intelligent units; the opportunity for the individual.

In Germany the citizen exists for the benefit of the State. In America the State exists for the benefit of the citizen. This difference is fundamental. The German idea makes for a more efficient collective organization, and creates a nation without a soul which can terrorize and bully. The Ameri-

can idea makes for the happiness and progress of the units which form the State.

This very difference is the cause of the great emigration from Germany to the United States. It began on a considerable scale in 1848, when the revolution drove many Germans to seek their pursuit of happiness under more favorable skies. The conditions then prevalent compelled them clearly to understand the difference in the lands, and these earlier immigrants knew why they came.

If any question had made it necessary for them to choose whether their loyalty should be given to their new country or to their old one, there would have been no hesitation. They had already chosen definitely between freedom and tyranny, and their regard for Germany was only the natural sentimental regard for the land of their birth and not a loyalty to its political constitution.

The underlying cause of the more recent influx of Germans has been the same. They sought greater freedom and greater individual opportunity.

But later conditions abroad have not been such as to necessitate the clear perception of the difference of ideals as in 1848. Then he who ran might read, but afterward the issues were blurred and clouded, and many who came failed to recognize the real cause of their coming.

They saw, perhaps, only a better chance of prospering and failed to see that this better chance existed because of the difference of national ideals. If these people had to make their choice, they, too, would choose America, but some great necessity will have to arise to compel them to this choice and to crystallize their thought into a discriminating judgment. So long as this necessity for choice can be avoided, it is easier and pleasanter for them to let their sentiment run wild and to shout for Germany.

Can't be American and German.

These people cannot be both Americans and Germans. I believe that nearly all of them are Americans, even though they do not know it and think themselves Germans.

There is of course among them a number of the blatant and the loud-mouthed, who shout for the Kaiser in order to bring personal prominence to themselves or to boom the sale of their papers. They claim to be representative of their fellows, and the falsity of this claim is not made obvious on account of the natural repugnance of the more clear-minded of those of German origin to declare against their native land.

This blatancy also aids to color the views of those who have not the ability to reason and to differentiate, and in this is capable of great harm. The Ridders are from this point of view a real misfortune, not that they can mislead the wise, but that they may deceive the foolish.

Unquestionably there are in the United States a certain number of German spies. The system of espionage has been carried by Germany to such an extent that reports from every country are constantly going to Berlin.

But the fatuous State Department there seems absolutely unable to draw conclusions from the facts laid before it.

Since it has never been allowed in Germany to criticize the Government, that Government believes that in other countries criticism means hatred. It is unable to comprehend that those whom we love we chasten. It fully believed that the British possessions and Dominions overseas would seize the opportunity of the war to throw off what it regards as the British yoke. The loyalty that comes from freedom is a sealed book.

This stupidity at home to a great extent nullifies both the harm and the good that might come from the reports of these spies, for in so far as these reports relate to conditions of opinion Germany cannot understand them, and in so far as they relate to physical conditions of defence and armament they are futile because Germany will never be in a position to wage war on the United States in the United States. The number of these spies is also insignificant in comparison with the number of people of German origin, however large it may be compared with spies of other nations.

Yammerings Should Not Deceive.

The extraordinarily amateurish Government now at Washington does not understand these conditions. One of the reasons why it is so sedulously maintaining the neutrality which patriotic Americans deem selfish and shameful undoubtedly is a fear of the German-born population in the nation. Mr. Wilson is probably above sacrificing the honor of his country for party reasons, and does not guide his actions solely by fear of Germanic votes, but really fears internal rebellion if he takes the stand that the history and ideals of his country demand.

This fear I believe to be entirely unfounded, but it is doubtless one of his excuses for inaction. He ought to recognize that this fear must either have or lack a basis in fact. If the latter, he is building up a bogey-man and is

frightened of shadows; if the former, nothing is more important for the country than that the disease should be diagnosed and the remedy applied as soon as possible.

The greatness of the United States has been due to its power of assimilation, to the fact that at the end of a generation the polyglot immigration that has poured through Ellis Island has become American. I believe that the clarification of thought that a necessity for choice must induce will prove that the German immigration, too, has, with regard to its great mass, become American.

If I am wrong, no price would be too high to pay to extirpate the cancer. America cannot remain America if it tolerates in any considerable part of its population ideals utterly inconsistent with its history and the democracy on which it is founded.

If, of all the peoples to whom the United States has opened its gates, the Germans alone are incapable of becom-

ing Americanized, then immigration laws should be made and enforced which would prevent another German from ever entering the country. That such a state of things exists is inconceivable, and the yammerings of the pro-German organs should deceive no one.

Again I repeat that the German-American is an impossibility. One cannot serve God and Mammon. Until the choice has to be made between the democracy of America and the feudalism of Germany, sentiment and association naturally cause the German-sprung to speak kindly of Germany; once, however, the issue is clear, democracy will, as always, come forth triumphant. Even if there were not a thousand other reasons ranging from bleeding Belgium to the Hague Tribunal why the United States should be aligned with the foes of Kaiserism, this proof of its democracy alone should be compelling. Let us demonstrate that Americans are Americans, no matter under what sky they were born.

Alberta Boy Scouts Give a Lead

ALL who are keenly interested in Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, will be delighted to read the letters hereunder. All the Provincial Secretaries of the Boy Scouts and all the Local Secretaries of the Girl Guides in Canada have received The Canadian War, so that in speaking to your Scout and Guide friends about the Alberta example you know the subject has been officially introduced:

110 25th Avenue W.,

Calgary, Jan. th, 1915.

To the Editors of The Canadian War:

I have pleasure in enclosing you the names and addresses of the Scoutmasters and in some cases the District Commissioners under my jurisdiction in Alberta. Also, I enclose a copy of the letter I think it would be advisable to print and send with the magazines in each case.

After careful consideration, I have

come to the conclusion that we should be able to obtain you quite a large circulation in this Province. Could not some arrangement be made whereby this magazine could only be obtained through the Scout Association?

J. E. BAXTARR,

Organizing Provincial Secretary.,

Copy of Letter to 35 Scoutmasters.

Under separate cover you will receive copies of The Canadian War, sent you on the authority of the Provincial Council by the publishers in Toronto. You are desired to instruct each Scout under your jurisdiction to obtain as many subscribers as possible for this magazine for a period of either three or six months, preferably the latter, at the following rates:

Three months' subscription. . 65c.

Six months' subscription . . \$1.30
 On either of these amounts, half is to be sent to the publishers for the War Fund, viz., 65c.; half of the balance to be retained for Local Troop Funds, viz., 16 1-2c, or 32 1-2c, and the remainder of like amount to be forwarded to me for the Provincial Fund.

The Provincial Council hopes that

every Scout will do his utmost to make the circulation of this Canadian magazine a success, also that every Scoutmaster will loyally supervise their work, keeping a strict account of the cash received and the names and addresses of the local subscribers.

J. E. BAXTARR,
 Provincial Secretary.

CANADIAN CLUBS AND THE FOREIGN-BORN

Future of Canada is With the Immigrant; Old Canadian Stock Must be Unifying Amalgam: Winnipeg Canadian Club Shows Other Clubs Their Urgent Duty.

BY NORMAN LAMBERT

THE other day the Manitoba Free Press received 1,286 essays from Western Canada school children, written on "Why is Canada at War?"—the response to a prize competition of the Free Press. Many of the essays came from the homes of foreigners whose Canadian-born children show an inspiring mental alacrity in grasping the fundamentals of the war.

The six prize essays, while wholly deserving of the distinction which the judges place upon them, were not the most interesting or valuable. To Canada, there is a magnificent significance in the faltering English of the following lines penned by a young Scandinavian boy: "Why is Canada at war?"

For to show her loyalty to Mother
 Briten
 And to free the land from robbers
 And lastly for to free cuntry and
 have their own
 Relegion and to live in Peace with
 her Nabors.
 God Save the King."

Another eloquent bit, selected from the essay of a lad whose origin is obvious, reads, "motherland love is as great, or even greater, than love of the vaterland, and that is why brave men of Canada are going to the war."

A third excerpt, taken from the

manuscript of a foreign fifteen-year-old boy, is worth quoting: "What! says Germany, you went into this war for a broken treaty, a mere scrap of paper? Yes, went into this war for a broken treaty, and our hearts were touched with honor." Where can one find a more apt and meaningful expression of the present world issue than in those poetic words, "and our hearts were touched with honor?"

Such testimonies as these come like a flash of sunlight through the dark cloud of problems which overhangs Canada's horizon. That line of vision has suddenly been widened and made ominously plainer with the declaration of war. The task of assimilating and Canadianizing the foreigner within our gates looms up now through the gloom of that future time when the war shall have ceased, in larger and more serious proportions than have been ever appreciated in the past.

In the West, where the problem has always been vital, owing to the youth of that section of the Dominion and to the relatively large percentage of foreigners in the total population, the immigration of the future is regarded with serious concern for the welfare of the nation. J. S. Woodsworth, of Winnipeg, secretary of the Canadian Welfare League, probably the ablest social worker in this country, presented the problem before the Canadian Club of

his city a few weeks ago with particular force.

"The Immigrant Invasion After the War—Are We Ready For It?" was the title of Mr. Woodsworth's address, and he said, "This war has clearly revealed to us what we had only begun to suspect—that we had in our midst large numbers of undigested aliens who might at any time cause a serious disturbance within our body politic. At election times we have begun to hear of the German vote, of the Ruthenian vote; but we have put aside the whole question as merely a matter of party warfare or election pyrotechnics. But now that the registration of aliens is necessary, now that many Germans and Austrians in Canada are under guard, now that the mayors of some cities are apprehensive of foreign outbreaks—now we begin to realize the seriousness of our problem. The danger now to be guarded against is that a sudden panic may lead us to take extreme positions and thus intensify and perpetuate racial bitterness and animosities."

Do We Begin to Realize?

"What of immigration after the war?" Mr. Woodsworth asks, and then proceeds to discuss the possibilities. Should the Allies be defeated by Germany, Canada's fate would then probably be bound up with that of the United States. If the Allies win, England probably would enjoy a period of rapid trade expansion that would tend to lessen overseas migration from the Motherland.

The farmers of Belgium and France would have little heart to return to their devastated homes and would prefer to start anew in the friendly new land of Canada. Germany, from which country in recent years we have received few immigrants, would need to conserve all her resources and would recall her sons from afar to return to the Vaterland to build up something of Germany's former glory.

From the frontiers of Austria and Russia, from the fragments of older nations, from despoiled fields and war-ravaged villages, from war taxes, Mr. Woodsworth predicts, larger and yet

larger armies of immigrants will apply to Canada for entrance.

This movement of the peoples from south-eastern Europe has, during the last quarter of a century, been slowly gathering momentum, as Mr. Woodsworth points out. First, it was directed toward the United States, which in time enacted strict immigration laws, and the tide turned into more northerly channels—Canada welcomed the central European. While the resultant effect of the war is difficult to determine, an acceleration rather than a recession of the world movement of the people is to be expected.

The Barriers Are Breaking.

War tends to break down national and social barriers, to loosen old associations, and amalgamate the peoples of various races. This war will change the whole economic map of Europe and, to a great extent, will alter the course of the world's trade.

In this vast adjustment, Canada, with its extensively undeveloped and vast store of natural resources, should be in a position to gain. The pertinent question which the speaker in Winnipeg asks is, "Are we ready for more immigrants?" and he adds, "Even without a greatly augmented increase our problem is a serious one. As yet no constructive policy has been adopted for dealing with it in any adequate way."

Immigration statistics show that in the year 1913-1914, while the influx of new citizens from Great Britain was decreased 5.26 per cent., and from the United States 22.54 per cent. below the figures of the previous year, immigration from other countries, chiefly the central European region, was increased by 19.35 per cent.

The trend of the peoples is well defined in those percentages, and Western Canada must bear the brunt of the invasion. The future of the Dominion lies not with native-born Canadians, so far as numbers are concerned, but with our immigrants, possibly our foreign element, for it is quite true that the natural birthrate of Canadian-born children is far below the rate of increase

made by the influx of peoples from other lands.

Canadians must be the amalgam which will bind together the diverse elements within the country. "Western Canada as a race map," to use the expression of Mr. Woodsworth, "looks very like a crazy patchwork quilt." "Europe," he continues, "has been transferred to Canada. Here we have all the divisions of race and language and social customs, and all the inherited animosities of centuries. What Europe has failed to do in a thousand year, Canada must attempt."

What the Canadian Club Does.

Possibly because Winnipeg stands on the threshold of the new Western country and deals first hand with so much raw human material from other parts of the world, the Canadian Club of that city has taken decided steps toward interesting itself in the foreign problem of the West. It has shown that a Canadian Club has other functions than merely providing its members with weekly luncheon addresses.

The Winnipeg Canadian Club is encouraging, by means of prizes, the study of English among our foreign-born citizens who are attending the evening classes conducted by the Winnipeg School Board. Over 800 foreigners are attending these classes in Winnipeg at the present time, and the attendance is subject to a marked annual increase.

In this way, it is hoped that much may be done to combat an unfortunate evil or deficiency in a provincial educational system which seems unable to keep foreign children at school until they have become sufficiently conversant with the English language to understand the character of citizenship in their adopted country.

The foregoing excerpts from the essays in the Manitoba Free Press competition give a hint of the capacity of the foreigners for absorbing Canadian and British principles. But throughout the West a serious dropping-off in the attendance of the foreign nationalities from the earlier grades of public school education has been observed, and

has aroused the minds of leading Western men to the need for immediate remedial action.

Mr. C. W. Rowley, the past president of the Winnipeg Canadian Club, expressing himself to the writer on this question, said just recently, "This is a question that must be taken up and faced fearlessly and courageously, and our club intends to try and do its duty; but we need the support and assistance of all other clubs. The question of the English language has got to be faced here in the West as well as in some parts of the East, and we need the support from there from the proper quarters and by the leaders of thought and by such public bodies as the Canadian Clubs.

"We have no objection to foreign languages being taught in our schools, but they must be taught as we would teach arithmetic and algebra, for an hour each day, and not used as the language of the school, with English taught as a side line."

Up to Them—Right Up!

What of the Canadian Clubs? They represent more than any other organization in Canada a powerful, independent body of public opinion. So far, the vast majority of Canadian Clubs have been passive, inactive forces, as organizations. They have been stimulated by addresses and discussions on national topics from the most qualified and authoritative minds in this and other countries; but they have remained in a state of receptivity.

The time is ripe for positive effort on the part of the Canadian Clubs. Partisan argument has no place at the Canadian Club, but there should be no party politics, and there is none, in the demand for Canadianization, which already has stirred the men of Winnipeg into action. Let the Canadian Clubs be real moulders of public opinion in Canada by reaching the host of working men and wage-earners who are unable either to afford or attend a mid-day luncheon.

The call which has been sounded from the West should resound and be responded to through all Canada.

THE ARTISTS' MAGNIFICENT PATRIOTIC GIFT

The First Exhibition of Pictures Given Outright by the Artists for the Patriotic Fund has been Great Success, and Tour Promises Well.

By M. O. HAMMOND

WHATEVER may be said against the war for the destructive forces it has loosed throughout the world—and the indictment can hardly be overdrawn—there is no doubt it has quickened patriotism, unified warring factions, and inspired deeds of courage and unselfishness. No sooner was war declared than millions of men responded to the call of their country, hundreds of women stirred from their languor and made comforts for the men in the field, and organizations everywhere took measures to bridge gaps and meet the crisis which their particular country had then to face.

Hit the Artists, Too.

Some industries have been stimulated by the world conflict; but many others are suffering from a depression which will not soon disappear. Men and women engaged in the making of luxuries were among the first to suffer. The world was in a state of flux for the time, and necessities had first call. Wheat was more important than pianos, beef was more indispensable than paintings.

In the very beginning of the war men engaged in the arts found their livelihood threatened. Their market was curtailed. Theirs were products that many people thought they could do without. Many an artist in Europe, and even in Canada, has felt the pinch of hard times since the war began.

But artists in Canada, comparing their lot with that of their fellow-Canadians, found that at least they were not wanting in patriotism. If most of them, because of responsibility or age, were not called to the front, they might help in some other way.

The question was discussed, at first informally, and then formally, by the members of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, the senior art

organization of Canada, and it was decided to hold an exhibition of pictures donated by Canadian artists. A canvass of the members showed a general desire to respond to such a scheme. The November meeting decided to get such an exhibition under way, and it has already started on its long journey throughout Eastern Canada and as far west as Winnipeg.

First came the duty of collecting the pictures. So hearty and wholesale was the response to the suggestion of the committee that upwards of eighty paintings and several pieces of sculpture were donated by the leading artists of Canada, one only from each artist. Usually the artist invited the members of the committee to come to his studio and make their own selection. This has resulted in a collection of very high quality. It included some of the best pictures painted and exhibited in the Dominion during the past ten years.

On the Grand Tour.

The pictures were donated outright to the Academy, and they are offered to the highest bidder during the continuance of the exhibition. At each point where the collection is shown, bids will be received from the public and a record kept, and at the conclusion of the itinerary each picture will go to the one making the highest bid, provided it is at all reasonable. Several public-spirited organizations stimulated the interest, and when the exhibition closed on Saturday night bids up to about \$4,000 had been received for about half of the pictures. In addition to the receipts from the sale of the pictures, the National Patriotic Fund will receive the money from admissions and from the sale of the illustrated catalogue.

The exhibition will be shown in Winnipeg, Halifax, St. John, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, London and Hamilton,

and will probably finish up with another week in Toronto.

This is not the place to speak in detail of the pictures themselves. It need only be said that they have been limited in size, that they are uniformly framed, and that in subject and method, as well as in dimensions, the choice has been made with an eye on the needs of an average picture-loving home.

The exhibition has been admirably planned and organized; and when the travelling commissioner, Mr. Herbert S. Palmer, himself a Toronto artist, and accustomed to such work, returns from his long journey, there will be a fine nest-egg in the Patriotic Fund treasury which will bring relief to many families stricken by the ravages of war.

THE ARTISTS COME IN

PEOPLE have written in to ask why the paper does not contain war illustrations. The answer is twofold. This paper was started in faith that a straight appeal to thinking, far-seeing Canadian patriotism would prove that the publisher was wrong who refused to believe that the Canadian people are not sufficiently interested in their own share in the greatest war in history to want worthy literature about it.

When you enter the war illustration field you challenge comparison with established publications with great space and greater resources. To win its way "The Canadian War" must be different from anything offered to the public. It has already proved that it can make a unique appeal to the nation in its most serious crisis, without depicting carnage.

But there is a field in which illustration can serve the double purpose of making the paper attractive and of aiding the war funds. It is in turning to account the idea that produced the Royal Canadian Academy's Exhibition of Pictures, which will be sold entirely for the Patriotic Fund, after they have been shown in the principal cities of Canada; and of which Mr. M. O. Hammond writes elsewhere.

Mr. C. W. Jefferys, President of

the Ontario Society of Artists, will act as Art Editor of "The Canadian War." Arrangements are being made by which several of the best known painters in Canada will paint pictures for "The Canadian War," on subjects suggested by Canada's Part in the War, as treated in these pages. The pictures will be sold, preferably to be placed permanently in public buildings as memorials of the Great War Period. Reproductions of them will be sold as widely as possible; the entire profits will be given to war funds, in keeping with the policy of "The Canadian War."

As a unique illustrative association of the war, the pictures will be photographed as they are being painted, and used in these pages so that the public can see exactly how a work of art grows.

The black and white artists of Canada have desired to aid Patriotic Funds. As it has not been possible to hold a separate Exhibition of their work, their co-operation with "The Canadian War" has been promised; and of their work, which will be reproduced here—including illustrations for our own articles—the originals will be sold for the Funds. In this matter the co-operation of members of the Graphics Arts Club has been secured.

You can subscribe for "The Canadian War" any way you like, single copies, for a month, for three months, for six months. Single copies, 5 cents; 25 cents for five weeks; 65 cents for three months; \$1.25 for six months.

The advertising for subscribers in this number is done for business. Everything relating to war is practical. You are, of course; so take pen and write.

A flame to spread—that is what The Canadian War is intended to be. So pass it on; and tell the other person to do likewise.

UNIVERSITY TEACHING AND THE WAR

Faithlessness of the German Universities to Their Mission to Civilization
Must Not Make Us Distrust All Universities, Which Will Have a
Great Part in the Reconstructions That Must Follow the War.

BY PRESIDENT FALCONER

THE changes that will result from the war it is, of course, impossible to forecast with any accuracy. But there will be a heightened imperial and national spirit. Doubtless that spirit will be so vigorous that it will need to be given new expression. No department of our life will escape its influence, and among other institutions the Universities will emerge different from what they were when we entered the war.

We undertook this war with high purpose. Notwithstanding all that Germany says to the contrary, we believe that British diplomacy has pursued in the past no mean and selfish course; and that it has been true to the character of the people, which in its leading impulses is humane, just and honorable.

Ideals in the Furnace.

We believe in freedom; we hate tyranny; we instinctively desire to give the small nations a chance; and we place agreements and International Law above force. Lord Haldane expressed clearly the British viewpoint in his address during the meetings of the American Bar Association at Montreal in September, 1913, when, using a German word, he said that a sense of propriety of what is decent and fitting was taking hold of the civilized nations, and that the area in which these ideas prevail is being gradually enlarged.

Now that these ideals are flung into the furnace of war, whatever of dross in them there may have been will be burned away, and the true metal will come forth purified and ready to be fashioned into finer instruments of civilization.

When our conviction as to the sacredness of Law has been deepened, the universities will feel the good effects of the purified consciousness; for they are in their widest sense schools of law. They

endeavor, by their method and discipline, to instil into the youth of the land a knowledge of the scope and value of Reason, of the certainty of Cause and Effect, of Mind in all its range as being enthroned above brute Force.

Science is obviously a system of laws more or less understood, and in the evolutionary development of life the stupendous orderliness of external Nature passes in majesty before our contemplation. The various departments of human endeavor, social, economic, political, are found to move according to known standards or laws.

In literature and art there are the canons of taste. Our whole academic procedure assumes that life is orderly and that if we follow Reason as our guide we shall be led into a deeper understanding of its purpose. It is only too well known that the universities fall far short of their ideal, but to have aspired is in itself a measure of attainment.

Force Against Spirituality.

In the renewed nation, therefore, the universities will have to set forth, even more clearly than heretofore, the fundamental principles on account of which we are at war. Law is sacred; moral obligations are in the long run more powerful than cold steel; the invisible ties of honor, the viewless words of an agreement between nations, the understandings entered into by high-minded peoples cannot be snapped asunder by shrapnel.

These unseen cords draw nations together from all round the world to resist any deluded people who have so forgotten their old beliefs as to act on the assumption that force can shatter spiritual realities. This realm of unseen Law the universities must guard. To widen our knowledge of its range is to invade Chaos victoriously. To be civil-

ized is to have escaped from the arbitrary, the quixotic; to have been brought under the dominion of order. Universities help to make this Dominion civilized, a Dominion of order.

There are two interesting passages in the Journals of the late Prince Hohenlohe, Imperial Chancellor of Germany for some years, and personally a man of the finest grain, which set forth the German view of the university that prevailed twenty years ago. In addressing the University of Strassburg, he said: "I can make no better answer to the speech of the Rector than to quote the words of my deceased friend, Dollinger: 'It is not material interests and passions that sway the world and decide the history of humanity, but great thoughts; and here lies the permanent value of the German high schools.'"

Men Who Were Faithless.

And again, at the Prussian Academy of Sciences: "I have grown old in a belief in progress, the continued progress of humanity. I admit that this belief has been somewhat shaken in recent years. The struggle for existence imposed upon us by nature has of recent times assumed a character and direction which reminds us of its conduct in the animal world and gives ground to fear that progress may be rather retrogression. It is encouraging to see so many distinguished representatives of science, and so many heroes of the intellectual battlefield, here assembled, and thence to derive the consoling conviction that there yet remains a sufficiency of intellectual power to confine the threatening wave of material interests within due bounds."

Most of us have been forced to believe that these men of science and the universities of Germany have proved faithless to their task. It is quite probable that their faithlessness may for some time make the world suspicious both as to the value and the integrity of universities in general. Strange, indeed, it is that those centres which have for generations boasted in their "libertas philosophandi," freedom of thought, should have come to be dominated by political ideals which to our mind are

the very antithesis of that freedom in which they boast.

Over a period of years the possessors of chairs of history in these universities have employed their places of vantage, not to investigate impartially the source of history, but to propagate political ideals which were fashioned for them outside the university, and which were imposed upon, not drawn from, history. Not to see things as they actually happened, which was the motto of the great historian, von Ranke, but to survey the past through the glass colored by caste or sectional prepossessions was the set purpose of some of the most striking personalities of the German universities.

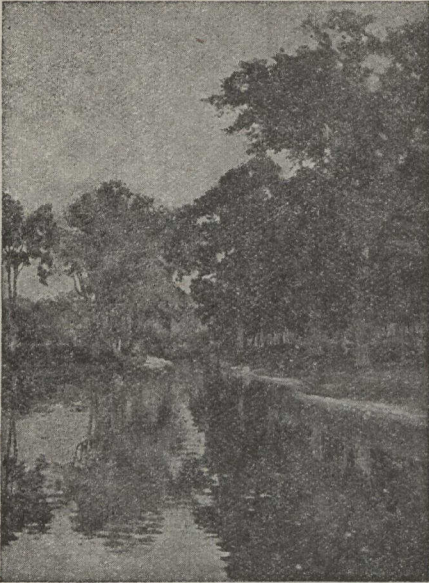
Patriotism Like a Garment.

All this shows how dangerous the virtue of patriotism may become unless, like a garment, it is cleansed by hanging it out now and again in the wind of world-wide ideas, in order that the germs of disease that so easily find a lurking place within its folds may be carried away. Then, fresh and pure, wrapped round the national life, it is not only a cloak to adorn but to comfort those who rejoice in its display.

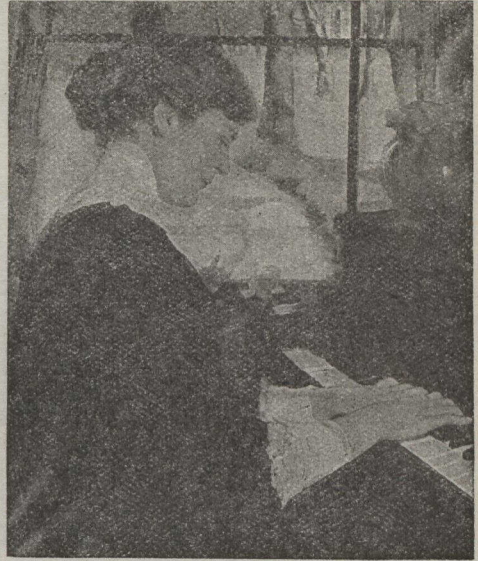
But because a man, an institution, a nation, has been faithless to its trust, we do not therefore say that it has lost its use for ever. And because the German universities have perverted their function, we have no right to lose confidence in other universities. What they have done in Germany shows their power. It is an indication of what a beneficent influence they may become elsewhere if they perform their proper function.

That function is to train the youth in respect for Law, to trace its varied ramifications and to discover constantly new reaches of its operation. In other words, to civilize the mind of man by making him more obedient to Law, the range of which he is slowly tracing out, and the inviolability of which all institutions of learning should teach him to regard.

Do you agree with Peter McArthur? He uses the word "apathy." It is quoted in "The Recruit." Find it; and then write the story of your neighborhood and the war.



LATE AFTERNOON,
Wm. Brymner, P.R.C.A.



SPRING SONG,
Florence Carlyle, A.R.C.A.



GLACIERS OF THE GREAT DIVIDE,
S. M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A.



STEADY AND UNAFRAID,
Robert Harris, C.M.G., R.C.A.



FOR the Royal Canadian Academy Exhibition of pictures which will be sold and the entire receipts given to the Patriotic Fund there was a poster competition which produced much striking work. Here is the winner, one of the most arresting things of its kind that could be devised.

On the next page are four reproductions of pictures in the Exhibition, including one by the president of the Academy, Mr. Brymner. For the benefit of readers who live beyond the range of the peripatetic exhibition, *The Canadian War* will each week devote two pages to reproductions of the pictures which may lead to sales under the rules summarized by Mr. Hammond on another page.

AROUND THE CAMP

Some of the Things Seen and Heard During a Tour of Toronto Exhibition Grounds, Where Five Thousand Soldiers Are Preparing for the Advance on Berlin.

By U. N. C. DUDLEY

SEEING a line of stalwart fellows prone upon the ground, nestling their heads in the snow, you know they are getting ready for Germans, and that you are watching a kindergarten of twentieth century warfare. The bugler lies ten paces behind them, his weapon of sound and fury glistening in the morning air.

A lone civilian comes along, asking your guide for Captain Macdonald. The guide can tell him nothing.

A figure in the snow lifts and turns his head and says: "What do you want him for?" The civilian, with a delightful inconsequence answers: "I want to see him"—as if that were an addition to intelligence. The uplifted head asks:

"Yes, but what do you want to see him ABOUT?" Wherein speaks the standardbearer of Discipline, which is king hereabouts.

Back to '37.

It doesn't matter what the recruit wanted or what the popped-up head answered. I knew the head, though I had only once seen it, in the paper. The guide said: "That's young Lindsey—George Lindsey's son. He is a lieutenant here. Smart fellow!" Lindsey's head resumed its station in the snow to await the cool command for the next advance and the next flop and the next snuggle down into the refreshing drift. We went on.

Perhaps it wasn't fair to Lindsey; but who could help thinking of his great-grandfather and the service he did, and the rebellion he founded, and the devotion he always shewed to the inmost shrine of freedom and liberty, such as Germans can never understand? I say perhaps it wasn't fair to recall the fiery Scot who has been dead these more than fifty years, for young men with commissions are happier thinking of what the future may do with the

names they bear rather than of what the past did for the blood they circulate.

But, still, wasn't it curious that the first head I should be able to recognize in a posture that fairly trumpeted of war and of the defence of freedom which is ennobling the grimmest business that our race has ever seen was a head that linked a controversial Past with a united Present?

It did more—it insured a certain intimate touch to all I saw and heard in the walk through the camp. It was a general survey of the camp rather than an inquisition into what it was, what it did, what it said and what it thought. I may shew you later something of the personal characters that have gone into this foreshadowing of victory, this breathing bulwark of the State which is asked what is its right to raise its head in America and what its impertinent claim to swing its fist in Europe.

To the Guard Room.

The D.A.A. and Q.M.G. who shewed me round might have divined my thought when he suggested we go up to the gate and begin at the beginning. So to the guard room we went, just inside where they take the tickets from you when the Exhibition, the gay, the tearless Exhibition, is on. We found the guard at rest—the resting portion of it, that is.

Two hours on duty and four off for the whole twenty-four is not a bad life in good weather. When the stormy winds do blow, it is also not a bad life—in the guard room. The sergeant was a little fellow with a husky voice. His men were at attention before we reached the door. "Carry on," said the D.A.A. and Q.M.G. cheerily to them. "Don't mind me. I'm only shewing this gentleman through the camp."

There were five men in the detention

(Continued on page 19.)

A FINANCIAL STATEMENT

And a Word of Appreciation

THE editors of The Canadian War are glad to state to-day that there is every indication that the propoganda for the war which they have undertaken will not only prove self-supporting, but seems likely to add materially to patriotic funds when it becomes more widely known.

It is obvious that the first few numbers of a publication could not be self-supporting on any commercial basis—they must leave a considerable financial hole. It seems likely that the receipts for the first four numbers of this paper will just about cover the cost of production—that is, after half the amount sent in to Miss Helen Merrill as subscriptions has been turned over to her for the Belgian Relief Fund of the United Empire Loyalists. Miss Merrill has already received twenty-five dollars as commission for subscriptions addressed to her in response to the advertisement carried in each issue of the paper.

The entire writing and editing of the paper has been done without a cent of remuneration. The editorial expenses have been for printing, stenography, office supplies, and travelling to Montreal and Ottawa to secure co-operation. During the week ending January 9th, correspondence from outside began to develop, so that two stenographers are now employed.

The office space and equipment have been freely given by D. H. Christie & Co., and the United Typewriter Co. have similarly loaned a machine.

The Canadian War, by creating employment, is really aiding war funds to the extent to which it furnishes revenue that would not otherwise be obtainable. Every dollar spent is more valuably spent than if it were donated to an unemployment fund.

For instance, several men and women who had nothing to do have been put to work selling the paper in Toronto. One married man—a painter—who had been out of work for several weeks,

earned \$2.80 on his second day. A girl in four hours' work earned \$1.60 for herself. This beneficent work has only just begun. It means more organization and expense, but it will increase the support The Canadian War will be able to accord to war funds.

The appeal which is made here is on the merits of the publication. Every nickel received is valuable and greatly valued. But the editors rely upon the obvious worth of the work they are attempting to win response from those who read and who will examine the whole plan of The Canadian War.

It is unhappily true that conditions of modern life have bred such a suspicion of everything which professes a desire to serve the public interest without unworthy personal motive that it seems necessary to iterate and reiterate the fact that The Canadian War is just what it professes to be—nothing more, nothing less.

On this account the editors desire particularly to thank those who, from reading what was printed in the first two numbers, have sent money to the office for their own subscriptions and for others. To those who try to render service to their fellows, no satisfaction in life is more precious than the knowledge which sometimes comes from the unknown that ideas and convictions that have been committed to the silent messenger have produced results after their kind. That reward has already come to the women and men who have put their hands to this work; and they send this word of thankful greeting and warm comradeship to all the friends they have not yet seen.

You can subscribe for "The Canadian War" any way you like, single copies, for a month, for three months, for six months. Single copies, 5 cents; 25 cents for five weeks; 65 cents for three months; \$1.25 for six months. 32 Church St., Toronto.

(Continued from page 17.)

room. One per thousand of the camp muster on the morning after holiday leave is a certificate of behavior that would have astonished a colonel of the good old army days when it was expected of a soldier who went off on leave that he would return too obviously the worse for his happiness.

These were five decent-looking fellows, especially the least charming of them. The surroundings of his left eye were a highly-colored reminiscence of a too fervent argument. Of course he laid it off to too much alcohol; the story of which was also in the shrinking glisten of the other eye. You did not feel a bit moral in presence of this tumble from grace—sorry for his predicament, that's all, and certain that he would make the best sort of a recovery.

Limit in Camp and Pulpit.

If you want to think of every soldier of the king as a knight on whose brow an icy virtue is enthroned, you forget that human nature has its limits in a camp as well as in a pulpit, and that the soldier fights for the hearth of the moral imperfectionist as well as for the palace of the bishop. I warrant that this fellow in the detention room will be as doughty a man in the trenches as he was when he received that coloring as the evidence that he gave as good as he got. If we had only perfectionists to fight for us we should feel meaner than we do when we contact with the great material that is covered by these brown uniforms, the high quality of independence that is behind the quick salute which speaks of ranking inferiority to the man to whom it is delivered.

I have shown you a good fellow with a black eye before going farther on the round, because it is the worst there is to shew. It is so trivial that perhaps it had better have been left out of the picture. But, after all, it is so easy to speak well of the fighting man who makes a brave show, whose bearing seems to expound all the attributes of chivalry, and it is so very easy to speak like a Pharisee about the fellows

who make slips with the cup and the lips, that it is worth while remembering that when the shells begin to scream it is on the sinner that we depend as much as on the saint.

Your debt is as great, then, to the fighter who stumbles into the detention room as it is to the gallant who thinks no evil. Get that idea into your head and it has a curious effect on your general attitude to the soldier in the camp. A little human experience that makes you feel kindly to the chap that happens to be in passing disgrace is the right sort of experience to acquire.

Go through this camp or any camp, know that thousands of men in it have answered the call of a patriotism as lofty as any that has ever echoed through the corridors of time, and you can't prevent the feeling that even in their faults, if they have any, they are before us who do not, as yet, bear the honor of our common name to the deadly field.

Sergeant of the Forty-Eighth.

Here, for instance, was a sergeant in the Government Building, where the Forty-eighth Highlanders are billeted. The D.A.A. and Q.M.G. had told me that a thousand men slept in this building where, a few months ago, Minerva and I had picked out lumps of West Indian coral, had examined the cocoa bean, and had seen the dusky weaver of the panama. The bunks are in two stories. The lower is about six inches and the higher about five feet from the concrete floor. The slats, which remind you of a wire mattress, because they are so different, are as soft as boards usually are. On them is a paliasse—they don't call it a mattress, but by the old-fashioned name that suggests a mere palliation of the board. On the pillow, which itself rested on the extra blanket, lay towel, bayonet, and in some cases a cap. At the foot, the soldier's rifle hung from a hook, butt downwards. His equipment was near by, so that if he were called suddenly to put himself in battle array he would be as little delayed as a fireman speeding to a blaze.

In the Forty-eighth section of the

huge dormitory the line of the bunks was as straight as lines can be and the bedding was as neat as if a Sister of Mercy had smoothed it. As we hove in sight, half-a-dozen orderlies who were seated around the stove—a furnace minus the cover—rose, stood at attention, and the sergeant came to where we were and saluted. The D.A.A. and Q.M.G. complimented him on the smartness of his lines and the general appearance of his quarters. Up went the hand. "Thank you very much indeed, sir," said the sergeant.

Observe that recognition of nattiness and the thanks for it. There was no compulsion for the first; there was no demand for the "very much indeed" in the second. They were both of the essence of comradeship, reinforced by discipline. This camp is no combination of Sunday school picnic and teachers' meeting; but unless a sadly too long experience of sizing up things has taught me nothing, there is in this camp, in this demonstration of what a modern, a Canadian soldiery can be and do, a blend of efficient service and essential patriotism such as armies of the olden time knew nothing about.

Beginning to Learn.

The D.A.A. and Q.M.G. partly explained it when giving his own experience of camp life. "I was twelve years in the militia," he said, "but I have got more here in a couple of months than I learned in all the dozen years before the war. We knew nothing, then, compared with what we are just finding out now. This soldiering is a world within itself instead of a rather pleasant appendage to civilian life. Discipline has a totally different meaning from what it did. All this saluting may seem unnecessary and more of a show than anything else. But it isn't. By the way, there is more of it under these conditions than there would be in permanent barracks, where officers and men do not see as much of one another as we have to do here. But the saluting is only part of the routine that prevents slackness, from the top rank to the bottom. You see, a soldier must obey without asking the reason why.

That is of the essence of fighting with masses of men and not because of any love of red tape. If there is to be implicit obedience in the fighting line, there must be implicit obedience in everything that leads up to it. The salute is part of the machinery for acting on the word of command and acting together."

"I don't see any sign that it is an engine of dread or of unworthy servility," I said to the D.A.A. and Q.M.G.

Colonel and Father Too.

"No," he replied. "I think the officer tries to deserve the respect as well as to command the obedience of the men. The commander of a battalion, you know, is everything to his men. He has to command them in the field; but only five per cent. of his attention is given to the actual business of fighting. He has to be their mayor, postmaster, chef, housekeeper, judge—he has to be the father of his men and see that their requirements are met from the rising to the setting of the sun. Indeed, as there are no women in the regiment, I suppose the commanding officer really has to be mother as well as father."

"That," I ventured, "is a mighty good word, for the mental factor has come to play an immensely more important part in military affairs than was ever dreamed of by your fore-runners. You saw what was in the papers lately about sending men home to England from the front as an antidote to homesickness?"

He had, and he said that that was only one of the many proofs of the widening of the military horizon, of the humanizing of the army. We exchanged a few notions as to the possibility of humanizing the whole trade of bloodshed out of existence, but that, we agreed, could not be a practical question till our fellows had had their chance to put the Kaiser where he belongs.

We entered the Industrial Building Number Five, which has become a sports arena, drill hall and church. The splendidly simple pulpit from

(Continued on page 22.)

HOW THE DEW FALLS

Some of the Signs That the Service it Was Hoped to Render is Being Appreciated.

In the second number of The Canadian War, something was said about the dew that had begun to fall on the fleece that had been put out, a la Gideon, to test the depth of Canadian patriotic understanding of the Canadian significance of the war. The dew is falling, and falling well. This is written for your encouragement in making it fall faster.

A Hamilton gentleman, sending \$10 and a list of 20 friends to whom the paper is to go, requested 20 copies to sell singly and enclosed a note to be forwarded to each recipient, urging him to pass each copy to somebody else, as "every Canadian, and especially every young man, should read The Canadian War." Here are other signs that have come in:

Belgian Consul at Vancouver.

I will interest some of the local organizations in taking up the distribution here.

A Toronto Doctor.

I should like to send the very admirable weekly you are issuing to several of my friends.

Mrs. Henry, Orangeville, Ont.

I have just read a copy and was greatly pleased with it; but more so for the object for which it is intended.

Mrs. A. E. Mutch, Stouffville.

The Canadian War, of which I took fifty copies, went rapidly. I was sorry I had not taken one hundred.

Lawyer of London, Ont.

I enclose herein my check for \$5—the amount of which please use in the way you think best to aid your work.

Elmvale Will Spread.

Enclosed my subscription and 25 cents extra for sample copies. I think I can get subscriptions amongst our members.

John A. Cooper, Toronto.

It looks like a good thing. If I can become a subscriber I shall be very glad to do so. In any case, count on

me for my share of financial assistance.

Want It First Minute!

A lady from Hampton Station, N.B., writes: Since sending eight subscriptions half an hour ago, I have got these six to add.

A Hamilton Lady.

Enclosed please find \$10 with best wishes for success. Kindly send to her, for each of 10 weeks, twenty copies for distribution among her friends.

Inquiry from Cookshire, Que.

The magazine should have wide circulation. Have sample copies been sent to other parties in Cookshire besides myself? I will try to make it known and get subscribers.

Suggestion from Hamilton.

The Canadian War would do a great deal of good in the United States. The secretaries of all Canadian Clubs there should be invited to assist in circulating it. (This correspondent subscribed for the paper to go to the editor of the Literary Digest, among others.)

Lady of Beamsville.

I think I can secure quite a number of subscribers for your excellent publication. I have read the articles in the first number with keenest interest, and appreciate the fact that it is just what was needed to arouse the sentiment and sympathy of the Canadian people. Wishing "the newest thing in Canadian journalism" every success.

Lt.-Col. W. N. Ponton, Belleville.

This is a great work—vital and vitalizing. Bring the eternal verities of National Life home to those who would not otherwise think or realize what a factor in the conflict Canada must be—and what a prize she would be to a foreign conqueror—were such a result conceivable. Make it impossible by translating loyalty into the glory and sacrifice of service.

(Continued from page 20.)

which the Bishop of Toronto, the day before, had excelled himself in a sermon on the call of Johsua to fighting leadership, stood in the middle of the arena. Close to it, half-a-dozen tall men were being drilled in bayonet fighting.

It did not strike me as incongruous that this preparation for slaughter should be going on right next to the episcopal pulpit. "Fight the good fight of faith," said the bishop, or words to that effect. "Fight the German with the bayonet," was the answering chorus of the blows that my countrymen aimed at one another, each with its resounding clash of steel.

How to Use the Bayonet.

Probably most people are alike. We suppose, in a vague sort of way, that the soldier is given a bayonet to stick on the end of his rifle for use in an emergency and that the manner of using it is left to chance and primeval instinct, as the peasants tried to use pitchforks at Sedgemoor. Rifle shooting is an affair of practice; for distance lends difficulty to the view. But bayonet charging, from front or rear, we imagine, is an affair of getting your blow in first and getting it in as far as strength and the other fellow will permit. So, of course, it is; but the other fellow cannot be relied upon to take it lying down. So the instructor instructs; and the novices stand up to learn.

They were equipped with dummy rifles; and the bayonets had soft nobs tied on them. Each man wore a wire mask. As far as I could make out, from such a short watching as my guide's time could permit, if you attack, you must expect your opponent to try to ward off your thrust by pushing your weapon aside. What then? If you retire, to get your weapon clear, you are open to his thrust, and are not in good shape to defeat its purpose.

So you must hope that he will be sufficiently off his guard to allow you to smash the butt of your rifle upwards and hit him in the face with it. Get home one good whack with that butt,

and he is at your mercy. What you do if, as he diverts your bayonet, he manages to turn his butt far enough across your body, to prevent you delivering the upward smash, I didn't stay long enough to find out. In bayonet fighting, you perceive, a good deal depends on personal initiative.

You have seen fencers and swordsmen showing their skill in tournaments. It was always a pretty exhibition. But its very skill robbed it of the final suggestion of reality. Only a very few can do stunts for display. There was more grim realism behind these wire masks, worn by men who are practising, not for the auditorium, but for life and death a few weeks away, than there has ever been in any display of mere fence; however marvellous.

Real Thing With Bayonet.

And, I think, the impression was deepened by what was going on in that same building. As we watched the clash and thrust of the bayoneteers the hall shook with the recurrent stamp of three hundred men who were at rifle drill on the other side of the bishop's pulpit. At a speed that nearly put me out of breath they were handling their 8 1-2 lb. Ross rifles, with bayonets fixed, forward, shoulderward, twisting over (to develop wrist suppleness, I suppose), and dropping as if to prod an enemy on the ground; then changing to the other hand, and repeating the operation; and keeping it up as if it were a piece of sheer amusement.

The stamp came when they plunged forward with the stock at shoulder—a rhythmic roar, the more impressive that it came at fairly long intervals. The beat of those manly feet on that board floor had something of remorseless doom about it.

We came out into the sun, and saw several companies at drill—just plain drill it seemed, after the grim bayonetery that we had seen hard by the bishop's pulpit. We passed by the fountain—a mighty different scene from the September day when last I was here. Over by the Administration Building, where General Lessard wielded greater power than President Oliver

and even the press agent of the Big Show ever attempts to use, there was a big van with "Cakes and Pies" printed upon its liberal covering. The commissariat is the defence of the defenders. The spirit may be willing; but if the stomach is weak—woe betide the supply of fervor with which you start upon the long, long road.

The D.A.A. and Q.M.G. took me next to the canteen, for which God and a bevy of ladies are to be praised. Some of them come down at seven in the morning to pour coffee for the boys. It is in the Dairy Building. Instead of cold storage there is good warm cheer; a reading room, bunting with heartening, home-reminding letters on it; and still the greenery and other dressings of Christmas.

Grapefruit in the Canteen.

Maybe, hidden here and there were sprigs of mistletoe, to remind sundry of the boys of what had been and to tease them with visions of what may yet be accomplished. In the reading room the future Lessards were going through the mortalities that beset officers' examinations. Behind the first counter stood a lady with whom the D.A.A. and Q.M.G. shook hands, gallantly, as if she might have been in Government House. Behind a screen was a table spread with bewitching napery; and on a sideboard—or what did efficient duty for a sideboard—a regiment of grapefruit in waiting. This, I was told, by one who knows—the D.A.A. and Q.M.G. was chatting with the lady—was an effect of a drawing towards Sparta for some of the officers who do not agree that the plainest living need be started before—well, you know, what is the use of meeting trouble half way?

Which, being interpreted, means that the allowance of something over a dollar a day for the simple sustenance of the officers had been cut down to the rational frugality of thirty cents per diem—one cute young lieutenant always put the emphasis on the di when he thought of living on ten cents a meal. The order to get into the thirty cent entrenchments had come unex-

pectedly; so that the table behind the screen had come rather suddenly, too; and was only a makeshift, grapefruit and all.

If you are curious about such things, you may care to know that General Lessard, who is an organizer to the last hair of his head, directed that the accounts of all the extra-military bodies which minister to the temporal and spiritual needs of the men inside the camp, be audited by professional auditors, so that all the profits go back to the soldier in some form or other, after the immediate transactions are closed.

Covers For a Thousand.

From the voluntary canteen with its half-hidden grapefruit to the refectory of the twentieth battalion was only a few yards. Covers were laid for a thousand. You know the manner of the lumber camps—graniteware crockery, laid upside down—(that's a double bull, for the ware was white); no tablecloths; serviettes at a distance; impending appetite over all; a kitchen full of a sweet smelling savor; piles of loaves; everything as it should be; with a squad of uniformed servingmen snugly disposed around the stove till the bugle should sound.

Across the way, under the grand stand, we saw the most valuable shooting range that has ever been set up in the western hemisphere. Fifty targets, all in a row. Between each two targets a steel shelter for markers, who can slide the bullet-broken target into safety for repairs, while the other is pushed out for the marksman. Behind the targets a board wall, shot into a hole where the bullseyes are; and behind that a quarter-inch steel wall against which the bullets driven from cartridges that carry little powder flatten and fall harmlessly to the ground.

At first it seemed that perfect French winter conditions had been produced as an aid to accuracy. The building, with the grandstand for a roof, was in a mist, and you could hear water dripping everywhere—it reminded you of a fine winter morning on the Clyde. But the spectacle of a Scotch mist was quite unintentional—the frost above

was melting; that was all; and the realism was endured more than enjoyed. The shooters fire their five shots at the bullseyes; wait for the bugle-call; then drop their rifles and advance to learn their scores. Eight hundred men a day can practice in these miniature ranges, which are more effective than those at Long Branch, for the distances are shorter; and a man who happens to be slow in the uptake about how to hold, to sight and discharge the rifle, can be given all the instruction his head and his country require.

Where Men Are Stalled.

There are to be thirteen hundred horses in the camp, when the tale of cavalry and artillery is completed. We sampled the animals, which were coming in daily, in the stables that are better than anything many of them will occupy when they leave their native land. There were light saddle horses, such as ladies delight in; and the twelve hundred pounders that are for general purposes, where speed and strength are required in combination.

The cavalryman has more to do in camp than the infantryman. His charges have to be fed early and tended late. He swings the fork oftener than he lunges with the bayonet. The artillery was not quite complete as to men, horses or guns. If your mind runs to the ornaments of the bucolic field; and you have been keen on the judging of classy animals in the ring, how do you feel when you know that parks of artillery—guns and carriages—filled the judging arena at Toronto Exhibition?

The supersession of peaceful husbandry by the implements of war in the region of the horse stables, cattle byres, sheep pens and poultry sheds, gave a mighty strange aspect to the whole camp. The horses were the only quadrupeds in the long, low buildings. The cattle barns have been swept and garnished and made as sweet as the new mown hay; and in them men repose in the stalls, though I saw none lying in a manger. The roofed sheep pens have been walled in, and by this time are a dining hall for a thousand.

The hospitals are stalled off; especi-

ally the infectious quarters and the department for blessings like disinfection. In an upper room is a chamber, made of boards with sawdust between, wherein the clothes of such men as have been roughing it overmuch in the far-off woods are put through a steam bath for half an hour, to the end that they may have life less abundantly, and then dried by a fervent heat turned into the same chamber.

The subject of this near-godly process meantime lies in bed, waiting for his only pair; and only everything else. You see a masculine prototype of Psyche ready for the bath—sitting in it, i' faith; said bath being a shallow wooden tub of exceeding usefulness and of no ornamentation. A soldier bathing while his garments are being steamed, even as potatoes are steamed, is one of the aspects of modern warfare that would make Napoleon gasp.

Inoculating Against Typhoid.

In the other hospital—I suppose it might be called the general hospital, where each bed has its own stall—wherein the private is like cathedralled deans and archdeacons, and prebendaries and canons of the church, those doughty soldiers of the Lord—we found Dr. Strathy giving a young giant his third inoculation against typhoid. He was a cheerful young giant. You could not see anything of his flesh, which the doctor reached, below the right shoulder, through the opened shirt. The filling of the needle within the bottle of germs—they looked like so much thick and addled beer; if such stuff can be—the injection of the dose—about five hundred million germs, I believe—and the sterilizing of the needle, combined to make an interesting affair for those of us who looked on.

A hospital is never a cheerful place for one who draws reflectively the fleeting breath of life. Here some of the men looked sick, some were sad, some were positively happy. There was nothing to tell that the comforts of the place were sent by Liberal ladies. It was good to see the men who sat in five dentists' chairs, patients of the white-coated eminent practitioners,

who were on that day's roster from the eighty dentists who have freely given their services that their gallant fellow-citizens may the more thoroughly chaw up the Germans. The Toronto battalions will go into battle the best-teethed soldiers of whom the King may boast in an age of dental progress. Whenever have rosters of dentists so prepared for war? Who, before, has wielded from afar the mouth mirror as an aid to the bayonet?

From dentistry to bakery, whose minister it is, is only a few yards. The smart, precise, stalwart sergeant-major who keeps charge of the men who fill the four big Aldershot-designed ovens which bake the bread for the whole five thousand, exposed an accent that came

thought to become my countrymen in arms.

As the preponderant fighting share of Canada's honor will be carried into the trenches by men who aspirate after the English manner; and as deeds are more eloquent than words; what is an expletive more or less? Possibly the fellows who were footballing in the snow, alongside the deserted switchback, were from across the water. There was not time to inquire, for one's attention was attracted by a string of men coming round the front of the grand stand—men without uniforms and carrying suitcases; all of them as unmilitary-looking as you and the rest of us.

I remarked on the suitcases; and the D.A.A. and Q.M.G. explained that

They Agree About The Canadian War

MAIL AND EMPIRE.



GLOBE.

"The Canadian War" is the title of a weekly publication, issued by a group of Canadian journalists dealing with various phases of the war. . . . As might be expected from such writers, the articles are well written and to the point. "The Canadian War" deserves a wide circulation on account of the cause promoted by its articles and the proceeds of its sale.

Many excellent articles covering a wide range of opinion and dealing with various standpoints from which the war tragedy can be viewed. . . . There is a healthy spirit of patriotism animating every page. Writers and editors receive no remuneration, and the proceeds are to be devoted to the war funds. "The Canadian War" is in every respect worthy of Canadian patronage.

from the same territory as the ovens. Indeed, as the prevailing atmosphere of the camp was of efficiency tempered by optimism, the prevailing accent was British as the lion's mane.

By the grand stand we had overtaken a squad of men carrying canvas shoes, some in bags, some in arms, and some in a long, open box, which did not ride easily on the shoulders of four bearers. I regret to say that one of the company, offering a suggestion for the smoother performance of the common task, used a sanguinary adjective, which it is quite superfluous to repeat—you know it so well. It was not highly proper, and denotes no high order of chivalry. It is not singular to the British; but it is

though they brought suitcases into camp they would carry none out. They arrive civilians with a hundred styles of dress that a hundred civilians affect. They go out in the height of military fashion, equipped and dressed and harnessed as their fellows are. What becomes of the suitcases? I asked the D. A. A. and Q. M. G. They are sent to the places whence they came, the government paying all charges, there to be held for such disposition as their owners choose, or as their friends desire, according to the fortune of war.

It is quite a business—returning civilian clothes to civilian quarters designated by the former wearers of the same. The D. A. A. and Q. M. G. said that

the camp is run on principles of economy with the public money; and that in this matter of the return of outfits, for instance, every effort is made to prevent loss. But all officers are not equally careful about the smaller matters of the day—they think more of the future than of the present; and so lost clothes and lost suitcases have to be compensated for.

Captain's Diplomatic Answer.

The hundred carriers of suitcases, newly from the country, will become an ammunition column—more fateful things than suitcases to carry. As they were from outside this vast metropolis, I asked the D.A.A. and Q.M.G. if any broad distinction is discernible between the city recruit and his comrade from beyond. The captain is a diplomatic sort of gentleman; and truthful withal. Here is his answer: "There is a great difference between the strong man and the athletic man. However strong an untrained man may be when he comes here, he is not much good physically till he has been put through a course of physical training. Standing on his toes, with his arms akimbo, is a liberal education in calisthenics, for lots of the men who come from outside. Perhaps the man from the country is a little slower than the city dweller, simply because his habit of life has been more leisured. Possibly the discipline in the country regiments is not quite so rigid as in the city battalions. In the end, though, I shall not be surprised if the country has the advantage over the city; but whether we shall have anything striking to report when a larger proportion of the enlistment is from the country districts is more than one can predict just now."

We were returning to headquarters, and the clock was getting towards dinner time. The savor from the refectory of the Twentieth Battalion would have told us all that a hungry man with the right to eat needed to know. Beef stew, with lots of potatoes and carrots is exceeding good to one who has been nestling in the snow between whiles of chasing across it and throwing himself headlong to the ground.

At the threshold of headquarters a small, dark man met the D.A.A. and Q.M.G., with a speech in French, which was answered in excellent kind. This man was a Belgian reporting the arrival of three more Belgian reservists to be housed and fed and kept in drilling order at the expense of the Canadian Government till they can take ship for their own smitten land. The three were of the second batch, the first twenty-five having gone forward some time ago.

Towards the Final Test.

Two minutes more and I was trudging out to the gate. The General Superintendent of the Methodist Church of Canada was striding in—remarkable how the men of peace hover around the precincts of war, for they are nearly all born fighting men—the bishop's pulpit, you recall, was next the clashing bayonets. Reflecting on this, I scarcely heard the tread of the first batch of diners, coming across from the Government building. Appetite was honorably written on their healthy fronts. By the time I was at the gate they were probably at the table; and as if to announce that it was high time civilians were off about their business—if they had any—a band of buglers came from the Transportation Building, stood on the steps and trumpeted certain information that was Greek to me. It was the concluding intimation that the soldier, preparing for his vital service to the State lives apart in a world of his own, where discipline is the monarch against whom there is no appeal, and that the place where this rare and splendid mechanism is being perfected is holy ground; for, while life surges and drills for its appointed task, what eye can detect which of these will survive the test, and which names will be written where men shall see them and say: "These died that we might live."

You can subscribe for "The Canadian War" any way you like, single copies, for a month, for three months, for six months. Single copies, 5 cents; 25 cents for five weeks; 65 cents for three months; \$1.25 for six months.

WOMEN AND RIFLE CLUBS

Movement Which is at High Water Mark in the Malay States is Taking Hold in Canada, and Promises Valuable Aids to Patriotism, Union and Victory.

By G. C. MARY WHITE

RIFLE-SHOOTING among women is a comparatively infant industry in Canada. To thousands of women the mere mention of "gun" has meant shivers, and the proximity of a firearm has boded flights into hysteria. For all of which the men have only themselves to blame. Women have been more accustomed to seeing about the house the pink sporting extra, announcing the result of some "ball" game in the United States, than they have been to handling the firearms which should be the familiar plaything of every man and boy.

Here and there a good shot has made a companion of wife or daughter and imparted to her his love of the trigger; but the instances are rare, and the few women who could aim and hit were liable to suffer aspersions on their femininity.

War Changes View.

But a few short weeks changed the attitude of men and women towards a sport which gives poise in peace and provides protection in time of war. Men are realizing that the day may come when the cause of right may demand the service of every able-bodied male to bring about its triumph; and women of vision feel that theirs may be the task of abiding by the stuff and freeing the hands of their mankind that they may go forth to war.

Bodies of women trained to shoot for child and home protection and for self-defence would be not only a fine defiance to hurl in the face of an invading enemy, but also a source of comfort to the men whom duty has called away. Both seem worth while the obliteration of a little prejudice and the expenditure of a little effort.

A sense of this two-fold responsibility has already appealed to many women. Here and there, from coast to coast,

news comes of the formation of women's rifle clubs. Toronto's club, six years old—formed, by the way, to stimulate the flagging interest of the men—meets weekly and has more than a hundred women and girls upon its waiting list. Several of its members have "possibles"—or seven bull's eyes for seven shots—to their credit. Its membership includes all social outlooks, from the devotee of the smart set to the quiet little woman who has three supreme hobbies—husband, home and children.

One of the club's crack shots is Mrs. A. P. Bowes, who lived for some time in Singapore and was president of the club which had Lady Evelyn Young, the Governor's wife, as its most active member. All the Malay States have had flourishing clubs for years, and the "Ladies' Bisley" is a feature of the year's life in that part of the world. Monthly cup competitions between the States keep up the interest also.

An English Bisley Champion.

A member of the Singapore club, Mrs. Willis Douglas, did fine work at Bisley, the famous English range, some little time ago, making a possible at 900 yards. She was then challenged by the range officer, himself a gold medallist, and beat him over the same range.

A few weeks ago this crack woman shot was approached by a committee of Suffragettes, who asked her to undertake the training of a rifle corps organized in their ranks for home defence. Mrs. Douglas, who holds no brief for militant methods, feared that the corps might be used at the close of the war for other than protective purposes, and refused the Suffragettes' request.

Besides the activity of Toronto women, Winnipeg ladies have recently organized a rifle club amid great enthusiasm. Edmonton women are

shooting, and some are making splendid scores. Halifax has a fine club, and from the Western coast comes news of the gathering of groups in various centres for rifle practice.

Kingston, a garrison town from the days of the French regime, speaks not only of reorganizing the Women's Rifle Club, which was composed of the wives and daughters of the permanent force stationed there, but of forming a body on the lines of the Women's Volunteer Corps established in England under Lady Castlereagh.

No better place in Canada could be found for such an experiment. Kingston's women, even those not directly connected with men in any rank or arm

of the service, have been familiar from babyhood with things military and will be prepared to find in such a movement more of discipline than of glory.

How far or how quickly such an idea will catch Canadian women remains to be seen. Whether its development will be needed lies hid in the misty future. But if women are to be called upon to take a share in home defence they may better be prepared with a working knowledge of the loading and cleaning of a rifle and with some skill in firing it. And if no such necessity arises, no girl or woman will be the worse wife or mother for having learnt control of muscle, nerve and temper at the rifle range.

THE HAMAN HATE OF GERMANY

BY BYRON H. STAUFFER

HAVE you ever sensed the hate of Haman? Through the ages it hisses: "Yet all this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king's gate."

Things were coming Haman's way. Honors were falling thick; titles were hooked to his name; he had the chief seat at the council board; his policies were being accepted; he was given a *carte blanche* latitude. Moreover, he had just dined with the king and queen, and had another banquet invitation in his pocket.

British a la Mordecai?

"Yet—" The miserable little word is the fly in the ointment. He suddenly recalls receiving a momentary damper to his vanity. Mordecai, a Jewish official at the king's gate, never acknowledged Haman's greatness. When all others were falling prostrate in humble obsequence, the old Hebrew sat still. Haman hated and feared him.

The German has succumbed to envy. He is rich, yet wretched. Because a national neighbor would not fall prostrate before him the Teuton Haman has been ill at ease. Because another power has more colonies and larger trade,

Germany cannot be content.

The Fatherland has a magnificent domain of noble hills and fertile valleys, of great wheat fields and fruitful vineyards. Yet all this avails the German nothing as long as England and France have so much coast line and Germany so little. Berlin is a magnificent city, true; but what avails that so long as London is larger. Tell the Kaiser that the Rhine is a noble stream and altogether worthy of a great nation, and he will answer, according to the plaint of Bernhardt, "Yet all this availeth me nothing so long as its source is in Switzerland and its mouth in Holland."

Jealous Teutonic Mind.

The German language is a great vehicle of thought. Not so musical perhaps as French or Italian, or even as our English, yet how practical in theology, in science, in medicine. The medical department of Toronto University insists on the students memorizing the German names in anatomy, because the budding physicians will meet these terms not only during their school life, but throughout their whole practice. But the Prussian agitators of the past twenty years have harangued the peo-

ple on the necessity of making German the world speech. Why should English be the language of commerce, they ask, and French the tongue of diplomacy?

Well may the Germans have rejoiced over their nation's progress. The whole world has sent its medical graduates to her universities for a finishing touch in specialist work. The "Made in Germany" legend could be seen on cartons in every city of every continent. The German manufacturer and artisan have alike reaped the legitimate harvests of enterprise and industry. "Yet all this availeth us nothing," cry the writers of the jingo school which has poisoned the Teutonic mind, "as long as Britain is mistress of the seas."

When Dr. Wild Flourished.

Dr. Joseph Wild preached his fantastic doctrine of Anglo-Israelism to a proud congregation. To believe that the British are the lost ten tribes was very comforting to his English parishioners. The people flocked to hear the prophet of Bond Street. His books are still sold in the London bookstalls.

A member of Mr. Gladston's Ministry, hearing Dr. Wild preach on his favorite topic, said: "If we had a hundred Dr. Wilds we could make Britain thrash the world."

There have been scores of German Dr. Wilds, boldly declaring that the Teutonic is the chosen race of God. A Heidelberg author, bearing the English name of Houston Stewart Chamberlain, declares that all really great men have had at least a trace of German blood. Jesus was a German, and His kingdom is coming to Germany, and the prophecy regarding the mountain breaking up the image of the nations and filling the earth has reference to the Fatherland!

This vanity cannot avoid making comparisons. It leads to envy, and envy is the vestibule of hate. Hate is murder in embryo. So Mordecai must be removed; there is not room enough on earth for him and Haman. Britain is the great barrier to German ambition, therefore she must be removed. The Prussian mind figures out, by some strange process, that Britain has been

the cause of Germany's failure to secure colonies.

As a man may mistake ecclesiastical jealousy for Christian zeal, so he may easily mistake hatred for patriotism. Men have thought at various times that Canadian patriotism consisted of making faces across the Niagara gorge. Now, when a spell of real patriotism seizes us, we see Uncle Sam cheering us from across the frontier! Parenthetically, let me say that, with the present grand spectacle of nine-tenths of the American press and people arguing in our favor, the man who next tries to stir up strife or envy between Canada and the United States should be treated as an enemy of both.

So the German nation, seized by an epidemic of world lust, has deliberately whetted her sword against the day when she might remove the barrier from her path.

Haman's plan always fails. The villain miscalculates. Some cog inadvertently slips. The plot miscarries.

As sure as there is a Divine Vengeance It will fall as a boomerang on the Haman hate of Germany.

STOUFFVILLE IS BUSY.

A Stouffville correspondent writes:

In this town we are doing our best for the war, thanks mainly to our women folk. The active workers in the churches took the lead in organization, as they were already accustomed to team work. An efficient organization, the Women's Patriotic League, is actively prosecuting the work, devoting its efforts primarily to the Belgian Relief and Red Cross needs.

The Town Council and Board of Trade are co-operating heartily with the Women's League.

A successful mass meeting of citizens was addressed by Col. Davidson, Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, and Mr. A. D. Bruce. Mr. Frank Yeigh gave also a most delightful and informing illustrated lecture on the war.

A general canvass of the town is still in progress, the results so far being \$700. It is hoped \$1,000 will be gotten by canvass alone. The Women's Institute has also had a flag day with other efforts, which have realized well.

The churches have regularly held successful united prayer meetings for some weeks. It is being realized that the demands arising from the war are only beginning. "The Canadian War" is being circulated.

WHERE AND WHAT IS BELGIUM?

By G. H. LOCKE

BELGIUM is a wedge of territory separating France on the south from Germany on the east. The western boundary is a short strip of coast 42 miles long bordering on the North Sea. To the north lies Holland, the only neighbor of like size, with whom Belgium was associated in the Middle Ages as the famous "Low Countries" of Europe.

The history of this little country has been a varied one. It began its career as a separate nation in 1830, after a short War of Separation to break away from Holland, with whom it had been reunited by the Congress of Vienna, when in 1815 that august body was re-making the map of Europe.

Bound to be Frugal.

The area of 11,373 square miles, with a population of 7,579,000, shows a dense-ly peopled country. To make some comparison with Canada, take eight counties of Ontario: York, Simcoe, Durham, Victoria, Peterboro, Northumberland, Ontario, and Hastings, roughly a square with a side equal to the distance from Toronto to Belleville, and this small section of Ontario represents Belgium. In its place the population of Canada, and we have the corresponding conditions reproduced.

It follows that such a vast population living in such narrow confines must be a frugal people, accustomed to self-denial, skilled in the art of economical living, and masters of the science of extensive industry. Yet, with all their density of population, they are a people who had so ordered their relations with one another, and with their government, that happiness and contentment seemed to dwell with them as with few other peoples; and this in spite of diverse sentiment and diverse tongues.

There are two distinct races in Belgium, the Walloons in the east, and the Flemings in the west. The former speak French and show traces of Spanish blood, while the latter are more akin to the

Germans. Their language is Flemish, which is very like Dutch. The river Meuse is the dividing line between the two peoples, and also marks the change in the surface of the country from the low lying coast and central region to the mountainous district of the Ardennes in the south.

This hard-working, skilful nation had made their country a garden of plenty, agriculturally, as well as famous for its manufactures. Their crops of 1913 show their clever intensive farming: 15,000,000 bushels of wheat represents 37 bushels to the acre. Barley gave a yield of 50 bushels, potatoes 312 bushels to the acre, and the other crops were proportionately high. The eastern part of the country was one vast market garden.

In southern Belgium, with its mineral wealth of coal and iron, are great iron and steel works, the most noted being the Cockerill at Liege, which was the Birmingham of Belgium, as well as the strongest fortress. Near the French frontier are Mons and Charleroi in the centre of a coal mining district.

Famous, Broken Brussels.

Brussels (700,000), the capital of the country, is famous for its manufactures of carpets, lace, bronzes, carriages, and leather goods, and also for its wonderful cathedral, begun in 1220, public buildings and art collections. To the east is Louvain (50,000), the former capital, renowned for its University, the beautiful Church of St. Pierre, and the Hotel de Ville or town hall. North of Brussels is Mechlin or Melines (70,000; almost all the towns have both a Flemish and a French name), the ecclesiastical capital, with the Cathedral of St. Rombold. This city has given its name to Mechlin lace, one of its manufactures.

In Western Belgium are Bruges, Ghent and Ypres (which the English Tommy pronounces "Wi-per"), once famous for their manufacturing and trading in the Middle Ages, when Eng-

land supplied the wool for their looms. Verviers in the south, near Germany, is noted for its woollens.

Antwerp, the second city and the great port of Belgium, is on the river Scheldt near the Dutch frontier. Before the war its exports and imports amounted to about twenty million tons a year, a large part being Germany's foreign trade. Besides its commercial import-

ance, Antwerp is famous for its Cathedral of Notre Dame, the largest and most beautiful Gothic church in Belgium, and its many works of art. Ostend, on the North Sea, was the great watering place of the country. Namur, which has suffered so terribly in the war, was a strong fortress at the confluence of the Sambre and Meuse. These are a few of the most important towns and cities of Bel-

You may help yourself You want to help Belgium You are bound to help Canada

YOU WANT Canada to win the best results out of the calamities of the war. **THE CANADIAN WAR** is published for that end.

YOUR HEART is wrung by the cruelties inflicted by our enemy on the heroic Belgians, millions of whom depend on kindness for food, shelter and raiment. **THE CANADIAN WAR** is a pleader for them.

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THE PRICE for ten numbers is fifty cents. A fifty per cent. commission is usually paid for subscriptions to periodicals. The first subscription agent for **THE CANADIAN WAR** is Miss Helen Merrill, secretary-treasurer of The U.E.L. Belgian Relief Committee, who will turn half of her receipts into the Belgian Relief Fund.

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YOUR FRIENDS will want to feel just as you do about Canada's part in the war and Canada's relation to those who have felt the worst effects of Canada's war. So send them **THE CANADIAN WAR**, one friend, two friends, fifty friends. If you have more dollars than friends, send the dollars and we will see that **THE CANADIAN WAR** is distributed to the value of your subscription, where it will effectively serve the objects we all have at heart.

THESE SERVICES could not be rendered were it not for the co-operation of many forces—the women and men who write **THE CANADIAN WAR**, the printer, and the advertiser. If this comes to you by mail, you owe it to a friend who desired in this way to give you an opportunity for service as well as the pleasure of seeing the newest thing in Canadian journalism.

SEND THE MONEY in any form you please—bills, cheques, orders, stamps, coins—all is blessed that helps us to help the Belgians who are paying the price for placing themselves between the Germans and the British Empire, which the Germans wish most to destroy.

**Remit to Miss Helen Merrill, Belgian Relief,
The Canadian War, 32 Church St., Toronto**

gium whose names have suddenly become familiar to the world.

The Government is a constitutional monarchy: a king and National Assembly of two houses, the Senate and House of Representatives. Every citizen 25 years of age and over has a vote; the voter, 35 years old and paying taxes of 5 fr. (\$1.00), has a second vote. Two extra votes are also given for property qualifications, official status, and University diplomas; but a man may not cast more than three votes. This system has been attacked by the Belgian Socialists, who demand "one man, one vote."

In the light of Belgium's recent achievements, it is interesting to note the remarks of that clear sighted soldier, Julius Caesar, some nineteen hundred years ago. In describing his campaigns against the tribes who inhabited Gaul (modern France and Belgium), he says, "Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres: quarum unam incolunt Belgae. . . . Horum Proximique sunt Germanis, qui trans Rhenum incolunt, quibuscum continenter bellum gerunt." The whole of Gaul is divided into three parts, one of which is inhabited by the Belgae. . . . Of all these peoples the bravest are the Belgae.

AN AMERICAN'S APPEAL

BY CAMPBELL HUMPHREY

THIS is an appeal to you thirty thousand or more Americans in Toronto and to the many others residing throughout Canada.

You are living in a country that is at war, and yet you are as far removed from actual hostilities as are your friends and relations in the United States.

You realize that Great Britain and her allies are spending of their best in blood and wealth for the salvation of the same ideals that America has bled for in the past. You appreciate that Great Britain has taken the lead in the cause of democracy. You know that this fight of the ages will establish whether Governments of the people, by the people and for the people, shall remain the standard of civilization or shall be displaced by militarism and bureaucracy. You feel that if necessary you will take up arms rather than see civilization be turned back a thousand years. You are alive to the fact that no nation can hold a high moral prestige that does not declare itself with regard to Belgium and the abominations now being committed against humanity.

You are witnessing the anachronism of American philanthropists pouring food and money into iron-yoked Belgium and at the same time her conquerors

squeezing out her very life blood.

You are alarmed at the attitude of the self-centered and self-satisfied Administration in Washington and of your President, who, ignoring all the great traditions of the past, is to-day the overzealous guardian of "absolute neutrality"; a neutrality which borders dangerously near friendship to Germany.

You cannot believe that the German American has not been so assimilated that he is quick to judge on which side lies honor, democracy and justice, and that his ideals are American, not German.

You, therefore, must wish that your country were officially, mind, I say officially, standing shoulder to shoulder with Great Britain, but you appreciate that your kinsmen and friends in the United States do not realize these things as you do. It is, therefore, your God-given privilege to spread this gospel of action by the United States, throughout the United States, from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

If you love the country of your birth you will do this.

If you love your brothers and desire peace on earth, good-will to men, you will do this.

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To the Empire

Thousands of our ablest and bravest men are offering their lives in the service of the Empire—an Empire fighting for the maintenance of the highest and noblest ideals of humanity. Your heart is with them. You are loyal.

To the Home

Thousands of men are setting aside an amount annually sufficient to create an estate for the protection of wife and family bound to them by ties of love and duty. This is loyalty.

Thousands of men however, are shamefully neglecting their duty toward those who are forced to depend upon them. They squander yearly for the gratification of their own selfish desires sufficient to secure their wife and family from future wants. Is this loyalty? A thousand times NO!

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