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CANA

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

Eleventh Number

March 13, 1915

Five Cents

THE NEW EMPIRE
 The Beginning of a Forecast
BRITAIN - AMERICA
A DAUGHTER OF THE EMPIRE
FRANCE
WHAT OF THE NIGHT?
TO A BOARD OF TRADE MEMBER
A SAXON SONG
WHY INDIA IS HEART AND SOUL
IN THE FIGHT
WOMEN'S CLUB TO THE FORE

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Published at 32 Church Street, Toronto

PRACTICAL PATRIOTISM



Thirty members of the agency and clerical staffs of the Sun Life of Canada have volunteered for active service in defence of the Empire.

The Company gladly gives its volunteers liberal guarantees as to salary during period of service and holds the position of each open until his return.

In its corporate capacity the Sun Life of Canada contributed generously to the National Patriotic Fund, a contribution supplemented by a liberal donation from the members of the Head Office Staff.

The "Sunbeam Club," organized among the ladies of the Head Office Staff, are busily sewing and knitting for the Canadian boys at the front.

Ranking, as it does, among the most powerful of Canadian financial institutions, it is fitting that the Sun Life of Canada should thus bear its full share of the burdens of Empire.



SUN LIFE ASSURANCE
COMPANY OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

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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.

A DAUGHTER OF THE EMPIRE

BY NELLIE L. McCLUNG

"HAVE you any chickens?" I asked one of the keepers of the stalls in the North Edmonton farmers' market.

"I have plenty," he answered readily—"but say," he added quickly—"I wish you would buy from the woman over there in that stall at the door. She's come a long way, and she is anxious to get home. She's a young English girl—she's outside now seeing after her pigs, but I'll go for her."

Who'll say that chivalry is dead? This grizzled old homesteader is surely holding up his end of it!

He came back with the young English girl, dressed in a rough serge suit, oppossum furs, and shoe-packs.

"Is it true that you want chickens?" she said.

I declared that it was quite true, although from the moment I saw her I was interested in her far more than in the finest chicken that was ever turned into a pot-pie.

"How far did you come?" I asked.

"Seventy-five miles," she said, "northwest of here—it took us three days."

"Who came with you?" I asked—

she seemed so young to me.

"One of the neighbor's boys," she said, "a lad of eighteen."

"Where are your people?" I asked—the chickens were forgotten by this time.

"My brothers are all in the army," she said steadily, "and I am looking after things myself."

I had almost expressed my sympathy before I noticed the look on her face. So I extended congratulations instead.

"Do you live alone?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, "since my young brother went. Of course it is not so bad—I have the horses and stock to look after, and I have a cat, too."

"I'll take all the chickens!" I said, "and what else have you?"

That's how it happened that she came home with me that night, and I had the great pleasure of entertaining this brave daughter of the Empire, who stays by the stuff while her men-folk go out to fight!

"I would have gone home," she said simply, "if I had been a trained nurse, but I am not, and they do not want women in England now. My sister—who is a nurse—had booked her pas-

sage to Canada when the war broke out, but then she stayed, of course, and is now nursing wounded Belgians in the country house of a friend of ours."

"How many brothers have you?" I asked her.

"I have three," she said, "and they are all in the army now. My eldest brother is at the front, and, of course, we have not heard from him since. He had a very good post in Brazil, but he went home directly war was declared, and he was very fortunate in being taken in at once. My other two brothers, who were on the farm with me, tried to go with the first contingent from Edmonton, but it was so slow here the elder went home at once, and was taken in the cavalry, too. My young brother just went a month ago—"

Then she explained the reason for his delay.

FROM A MONTREAL LADY.

Please renew my subscription to "The Canadian War." I enjoy it immensely, it is sane—so full of the spirit of true patriotism. The need for just such a paper is great, and it should do much good. All honor and success to the loyal men and women who brought it into existence.

I enclose a list of likely subscribers.

"It was the money for the passage home," she said simply. "We had to sell a horse, but we managed it all right, and he fixed up the house for me—it is quite comfortable now—only, of course, things freeze when the fires go out."

(Yes—I know that sort of a house. I can feel its cold draughts blowing over my feet now!)

"Were you never afraid to live alone?" I asked.

"There was nothing else for me to do," she said, after a pause. "You see we have put quite a bit of money into stock, and we would have to sell for very little if we sold now. I have been very glad that I was here to keep things going. A young friend of ours just had to leave his. He divided his stock among the neighbors, and let them take off his crop. He was gone

in three days after he knew war was declared—he had enough money for his passage. Of course, if he comes back the neighbors will give him back his things, and if he doesn't come back, it will not matter to him then. All the young men in our neighborhood have gone—except the lad who came in with me, and he is trying to raise the money for his passage. He is just eighteen," she went on, "and his mother feels pretty badly, but, of course, she is willing. He'll have the money before spring—he is trapping wolves and selling the pelts."

The S.O.S. call of the Empire has surely carried far—and it has not fallen on deaf ears!

The next day, having disposed of all their stuff, she and the boy started back on their seventy-five miles drive. A blinding snowstorm overtook them, and they got off the trail and were lost all afternoon. At twelve o'clock they came to a settler's shanty, and there found a welcome for the night. The next day they set out again, and in three days safely arrived at home!

And yet our Dominion Government, in their kindly fatherly way, refuse to grant homesteads to such women as this. The women may endure all the hardships, the loneliness, the cold, the privations, the labor (against which there is no law), but they cannot have the reward; the free land is not for them, no matter how hard they work.

So this brave girl, and others like her, will go through all the hardships of colonization, but if she wishes to own land she must pay for it. Free land is only for men.

Present ideas are jarring us loose from many of our old ideas and beliefs. One of the oldest and falsest of these is that women are protected, sheltered in the battle of life. Theoretically, they may be. So was Belgium!

Rev. Dr. Carman.

Should be pleased indeed just now to share in the hearty fellowship upholding and setting forth the genuine democracy against which Germany is pouring out her substance and her blood. The United States and the British peoples seem largely at one in their sympathies; happily for mankind.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

SOMETIMES disheartened notes come to the office about the state of public opinion regarding Canada's war. How are we going to sustain the awful burden that is surely coming upon us unless greater inspiration comes from those who should lead the nation to the heights, even to the heights of Golgotha?—that is the gravamen of them all. The only answer is "To each labor, according to his responsibility, and at peace about the rest." The trouble is the extent of the responsibility.

In this place, the governing question is "Is there need for propaganda for the vital things of the war?" If the answer had been "No" "The Canadian War" would not have been born. As it was "Yes," the only thing to do is to make the gospel of the war as effective, as far-seeing and as quick-acting as faith and capacity can achieve.

When Fire Comes.

That one thing we do. The fruit may not speedily appear, and when it does come it may seem all but dead. But there is a latent spirit in our people, and perhaps, when the baptism of fire has fully come, there will be the swelling into life for which anxious women and men yearn.

The "Patriotism and Production" campaign, run by the Dominion Department of Agriculture, whose Minister is an able, a patriotic, an unselfish gentleman, is the only constructive teaching that the Dominion Government is doing for the war. It ought to be only the segment of the circle of propaganda with which the country should have been girdled from the very beginning of the war. From the agricultural campaign distinct news is beginning to filter into the press. And it is not great news.

At some of the meetings the attendance has been woefully disappointing. At others it has been very good. Mr. C. C. James, who is director-general of the campaign, told a Toronto audience that in places quite near each other there were the opposite manifestations of interest. Another speaker, after a

weeks' work in a territory where two meetings a day were held among a population of thirty-three thousand people, reported that he and his colleagues addressed three hundred people.

Said another worker: "You have to go out into the country to learn the real feeling about the war. I met some canvassers who had been getting money for patriotic purposes. They said the women were fine—they were working well. But the men were disappointing. Where they should have got fifty dollars they received five, and mighty hard to get that sometimes. The men say it is all right for the Government to be into the war, and if anybody wants to go to the front, well, he can go, but as for digging up money out of their pockets, that's another story. The fact is, our people do not realize that they—they and not someone else—are at war.

Hockey Not War.

A fourth summed up in this way: "This Province is not at war. It doesn't know anything about it. It is at hockey. Something more is required before it will find out what it is up against."

What does all this mean? First, it means that the last thing to do is to rail at what may look like indifferent people. If a man does not REALIZE that there may be typhoid in the water it is no use abusing him for his ignorance of bacteriology. Doctors don't abuse their patients but get behind diagnosis to causes. If the women are working for war, and the men are regarding it as somebody else's affair—which, broadly, seems to be the case—what is the failing; where shall you look for a remedy?

The principal reason offered for what Peter McArthur has bluntly called apathy is that we have no warlike traditions—we have lost the warrior's scent for the battle from afar. Perhaps the battle is too far for the scent to carry. Thousands of men say that if Canada were to be invaded they would fight to the last pound—and they

surely would. A battle ground three, four thousand miles away—what is it to men who never smelt salt water, and whose attachment to the threatened Motherland has been chiefly nourished on paper and on borrowing facilities?

Why then should they go or be very much concerned about others going? There, right there, you come up against the whole spirituality of this Canadian war; the complete test of our ability to rise to heights we have set ourselves to climb. Right here we need **EYES TO SEE AND A TORCH TO CARRY.**

Very Much Our Affair.

Here is the question, the answer to which covers all our relations to the war: Are the liberties of Canada being fought for on the fields of France and Flanders? If they are not we might have been free from responsibility for joining in the war. If they are, the responsibility is upon us as much as it would be if our own dear land were being despoiled. The responsibility being upon us it is our ruthless duty to carry it, however much the burden bends the body and beats upon the spirit. You cannot honorably make war with one hand and play hockey with the other.

There are two broadly different attitudes that are being shewn towards the war. One is that it is our affair, and an affair of life and death for the Empire of which we are a vital part. The other is that we are helping somebody else, in somebody else's scrap, and that we must do what we can afford, in view of financial obligations already incurred for works still to be built.

It is a sort of contribution to the maintenance of the Britannic church, rather unpleasant, of course, but this is no time to quarrel with orthodoxy. Still it is possible to have too much of a good thing; and there are big works to be kept going, and financing isn't any too easy.

We are cut off from the London money market for all except war materials and pay, and as we are not allowed to go on borrowing in the old

sweet way, you know, endurance of that totally unexpected deprivation is one of our very serious contributions to the war. The war is very important, and all that, but the new Welland Canal must be finished.

That this is not an exaggeration of certain states of mind which are obvious, where they should be hid, is wonderfully illustrated in the February number of the Toronto Board of Trade News. This paper, which is the official organ of the most important commercial body in the British Empire outside the United Kingdom, has twice distinguished itself in its references to war matters.

"Safety First," Before War.

Last September it suppressed a resolution unanimously passed by a general meeting of the Board, intended to promote recruiting, and now it comes out with a front page feature "Canada's Duty, 1915," in which keeping up our part in the fight to redeem civilization is mentioned absolutely last—well after "Safety First."

Plainly, the Intelligence Department of the Toronto Board of Trade regards the war as quite a subsidiary necessity of the times. When the organ of a body of nearly three thousand business men in the most important city of Canada shows its mind in the ways here mentioned it is pretty certain that the temper that is testified to by the Patriotism and Production lectures is more widely diffused than we have liked to think.

The situation needs what, again, Peter McArthur calls "a great awakening." That awakening can only come through those who REALIZE what the war means to Canada; however few, however scattered they may be. For the everlasting honor of our country is involved. The Prime Minister, speaking for us all, in Parliament and out, has said that our part in the war shall be limited only by the need.

Subscribe to-day for **The Canadian War**—Three months, 65 cents; six months, \$1.25. 32 Church St., Toronto.

THE NEW EMPIRE

The First of Several Articles in Which the Factors of Reconstruction,
Brought Into Activity by the War, Will be Discussed.

BY ARTHUR HAWKES

IT is remarkable that when the effect of the war on the future of the Empire is mentioned most of our excellent discussers seem to assume that it is mainly, if not entirely, a question of what part Canada shall play in settling in London the scope of foreign policy and questions of peace and war.

Where shall we be when the peace is discussed? There are visions of the Prime Ministers of Europe waiting for the advent of, say, a gentleman from Manitoba, before they seriously ponder the latest partition of Europe. It is good to nourish a healthy imagination, and to suppose that we shall have a representative in the conference, perhaps on terms with Russia, because we have put troops into the fight.

Sir George Perley's Demand.

Assume that, after the war, wherever the Foreign Secretary and the Premier and the Chancellor are gathered together there will be the representative of Canada, to advise as to what shall be done in foreign affairs, and especially in the pledging of the credit of the Treasury—we who have so efficiently borrowed from that treasury. Lovely realization of an Imperial dream!

It is so very simple, this calling into foreign counsel, of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Newfoundland, South Africa. There will be such a foreign affairs contingent of the truly Imperial Cabinet that the whole parliamentary and governmental and cabinet system will be revised inside out.

A detail has been left out of all this gay picturing of the inter-Britannic glories that are to be.

The acting High Commissioner of Canada, without waiting for the end of the war, demands a place in the Foreign Office of the Empire, on the new ground that Canada, who had no

official say in the outturn of foreign policy six months ago, is putting men into the war, and therefore—well, therefore, and that's all there is to it.

In France, months before the Canadians could arrive, seventy-five thousand brown men were fighting for the defence of Canada against Teutonic subjugation. In East Africa, in Egypt and beyond the Persian Gulf brethren of these brown men were fighting in defence of the Empire. Two million more of their fellows were ready to march in the same great cause. Among the scraps of paper to which the Imperial hand itself was set is one which bears this reference to these same brown men, which "definitely and finally recognized the equality of status, rights, and of duties of the Indian subjects of His Majesty with the British subjects."

Real Parting of the Ways.

Have they also a right, or have they not, to be represented in the peace and in the foreign policies which may once more call them from India's sunny strand to fight with and for their fellow British subjects under the bleak hillsides of Flanders? If the valor of two hundred thousand wins for them a place where the results of their valor are counted, shall they be less free in the Empire than their comrades in arms? If they be on comrades' footing in the halls of peace, where the spirits of all the slain may look down on the reckoning, shall one say to the other on the Pacific coast, "Where I am ye may not come?"

Observe it well—it is easy to say that when the wounds shall have been staunched we must together decide how we shall keep the peace and how we shall make war. It is not so easy to say how it shall be arranged, and what the limitations of power shall be; and who

shall register finally the decrees which may seek to bind free men all over the Empire.

Wherefore—wherefore we are at the parting of the ways, and men in high places will do wisely to wait a little on events, before they make their declarations in the short and sharp accent of Sir George Perley. To him a discreet silence. To us, whose will shall finally decide the matter, to us let utterance be given, so soon as reflection shall have brought forth reflection after its kind.

To begin with, the positive redistribution of power while the war is in its first year, is only so much recreation. One is reminded of the reporter's wife who, as he grabbed his hat, when the fire engine went by, asked, "What time will you be back?"

Two British Empires.

Nobody can predict when the war will be over or what the exhaustion of the combatants will be, or what unexpected factors will come into play in dictating peace. All you can do is to follow the certain trend of events, estimate the inevitable play of human nature when it is in control of certain situations, and prepare for eventualities that will surely have to be reckoned with in the mass, and in the ultimate.

There are two Empires — the one as it really is; the other as you suppose it to be. The first is the more important to the world, though the second be all the world to you. The life work of an Imperialist is to bring his own perspective and action into harmony with the facts. So to do involves jettisoning quite a few notions, and a healthy revision of one's lists of essentials and non-essentials. In the vital sense, that is what thinking imperially means.

The Empire is a collection of free peoples none of whom are compelled to pay tribute to a distant autocrat. The distant rulership is a spiritual fiction more than it is a military fact. The case of India, which has five times as many people as there are in the self-governing countries of the Emperor of

India, is not largely thought of by the Imperialists who flourish on this western theatre of the English-speaking subjects of the king. Of it we shall have to speak more freely when some things about the rest of the Empire have been said.

The best illustration of the difference between the real Empire and the imaginary Empire is afforded by a certain type of Englishman who appears in Canada less frequently than he was wont to do. I can speak the more candidly about him because, having lived in my native country for nearly thirty years and my experience of Canada having begun nearly thirty years ago, I may, perhaps, be said to be a man of two countries.

Notion Which Dies Hard.

The old notion died hard—that a colony existed to be financially exploited by the country from which the colonists went forth. The people who stayed in the old land supposed, through some mental peculiarity which no psychologist has dissected, that the mere fact of staying at home, and permitting some more courageous spirit to tame the wilderness, and create a community, and establish trade, constituted an unmistakable superiority.

That notion developed the natural delusion that the Empire had been made by those who had not stirred from the safe environs of Westminster. It is kin to the delusion that sometimes assails the ten-dollar-a-week clerk in a head office—that, because he is in the head office he is a loftier man than the drummer out on the Western plains whose orders give the clerk his salary. It belongs to the same category as the notion of the man who keeps the door of Westminster that he is the Abbey and that you see it by his sufferance.

It is part of that article of imperial faith, which we now know to have been a more harmful delusion than that the earth was flat; that British people, nurtured in British traditions, and filled with reverence for all that Britain has achieved, and tried in the furnace of founding law-abiding com-

munities where yesterday the barbarian reigned—that such people as these could not be trusted with as much political power as their less adventurous relatives enjoyed who never ventured beyond the Channel.

“What,” wrote Downing Street, in many portentous screeds, “do you mean to say that elected men in the New World shall have the same right to enforce their views upon the Queen’s representative as their countrymen have to compel the Queen herself to receive their views in London? Do you really mean that the peer who speaks for the Queen shall have no more power over you than the Queen had over him when he lived in England? Because if you do, and you are allowed to have your way, know by these presents that the great British Empire, erected during a thousand years on the just principles of freedom, cannot last. Cannot last, do you hear?”

As Late As 1895.

The principle of complete self-government could not be admitted for a moment, because if it were, there would be an end of the Empire through the setting up of petty independent States. Even as late as 1895, Lord Kimberley, who was the last Liberal Foreign Secretary before Sir Edward Grey, said in a despatch, that to admit Canada’s right to make her own trade treaties would predicate the end of the Empire. The event has proved that the old ideas about the foundations of loyalty were altogether mistaken, and that the only sane enduring loyalty must rest upon the liberty of a great community to do what to itself seems best.

Sundry good people imagine that to live in “the colonies” means that you become an Englishman minus. That is why they make such amusing errors in sizing up persons and conditions. They do not understand that the Englishman who knows England; who has learned what it can teach him imperial-ly; who goes to a newer Britain and there participates in the creation of communities out of the wilderness, is not an Englishman minus, but an Englishman PLUS.

When men live such mistakes as that it is no wonder that the Empire seems to them what it is not. They dwell all the time with the subtle idea of domination—personal domination. It is a grievous mistake. The attitude of mind which it expresses lingers more persistently than some of us suppose. It sometimes seems to pervade the English attitude towards Canada’s participation in this war.

“We are so glad you are helping us,” they say, and they mean altogether well. But the point of view is singularly defective. If the member of a firm in Montreal whose headquarters are in Manchester goes to Manchester on the business of the firm, he is not told “We are glad you have come to help us.” He is helping himself—they are members one of another.

We Fight for Ourselves.

There is the sense, of course, in which the fighting is especially local; but the local is swallowed up in the imperial. When a man says “We are fighting to preserve the Empire from destruction,” and then, a minute later, when one of his partners in the Empire comes along with his sword, he says, “You have come to fight for me,” he has missed the true inwardness of the event. He is expressing an old idea of proprietorship of the Empire which the war is sweeping out of the firm.

The war idea that is expressed in Canada is the same—the other way on. We are helping Britain, some people say. It is not the clearest way of looking at it. If Canada is in danger our fight is for Canada first, and let there be no mistake about it. To put it any other way is to exhibit an under-estimation of what the Empire means and what our place in it may be. It is to signify an aloofness and not a spiritual incorporation which will wrestle with principalities and powers.

Suppose the Empire were to go down; and suppose that Canada were to take refuge either in a Germanised independence or in incorporation with the United States, what would the self-respect of the Canadian people amount to? We should be the meanest of man-

kind if we had to feel that we did not what we could and should in the time of testing.

The Englishman who thinks vaguely of some inferior arm of the clan coming into the ring out of admiration for his superior skin is in better case than the Canadian who thinks of himself chiefly as making a contribution to the other fellow's fight.

The Englishman is fighting with all his strength for what we, as well as he, regard as sacred, and the errors of his perspective will correct themselves when the fight is over. But if we go wrong in our apprehension and come short in our action because we did not see enough and did not defeat the disadvantage of remoteness from the

(To be resumed.)

THE TEACHING OF IT ALL IS UNITY, UNITY, UNITY.

(Held over from Budget Article.)

After all this, what is the true teaching of the budget, the gravity of which only emerges when it is probed. It should be a schoolmaster to bring us to undimmed patriotism. The first duty it lays upon the friends of the Opposition is that they shall refrain from insisting that the great gulf that yawns between ordinary expenditure and income is the result of emptying the full treasury left by Mr. Fielding.

The Government is open to criticism because of the way it allowed its hungry friends to pile up expenditures; but the full treasury which Mr. Fielding left was due to excessive borrowing as well as to increased production from Canadian soil. The Liberal party cannot escape responsibility for its own acts. What it must do now is to offer constructive guidance to the country, rather than mere condemnation of the Government for having, seemingly, taken the advice of the Prince Edward Island member who urged it to "dash away and spend the money." If the situation develops into mere party recrimination we shall land into a much worse condition of confusion in the public mind, and essential incom-

petence in plans for a restoration to commercial health—for only incompetence can result from a fall into the old-time recrimination and misrepresentation.

bloody field, we shall have fallen into a place from which no series of events after the war can lift us.

You cannot find your way to any rock on which to found an imperial future by merely walking on a few phrases which have done duty for men who saw less than we do in less strenuous times. You must try to get below, behind things which are happening, to the motive powers which make them happen. On that quest you will come across many considerations that are not published in the limited orthodoxies of the politicians. To refuse to look at new things—well, are the men in the trenches to be the only participants in the war who stride right up to the unexpected—right up?

petence in plans for a restoration to commercial health—for only incompetence can result from a fall into the old-time recrimination and misrepresentation.

The situation calls for unity, not recrimination; candor, not evasion. A united campaign for recruiting such as Mr. Rowell asks for, must include a full explanation of the fiscal burdens which the nation has to carry, with particular reference to the discrepancy between ordinary revenue and expenditure which the war disclosed but did not create, and which the war must not be allowed to cover up.

If the Canadian people are not big enough to be invited to face the truth—well, it is not the people but the leaders of the people of whom miscalculations and fears have to be confessed. If they will only be strong and of a good courage, the people will not lack.

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

At any time reasons for dissolution of the Canadian Parliament may appear. We are spending many millions of money for war purposes, and new phases of the imperial relation have developed. How far may the Government go without consulting the people?—Toronto Daily News.

Britain---America

Britain—America—Earth's greatest names,
The giant Sisters of Humanity;
The first to vindicate and guard man's claims
To Liberty.

A thousand leagues of sea divide them? No!
That ocean is the heart of human-kind
Pulsing with love that, in its ebb and flow
Their lands would bind.

The wavelet-lappings on Old England's shore
And on New England's coast, that never cease,
Are to the Ears of Hope forevermore
Kisses of peace.

And though the angry tempests rise anon,
And the wide sea with wrathful foam is white,
Fear not, the disputation soon is gone,
All's right, all's right!

'Tis but the surface-waves that roar and break
In passing passion; deep on deep below
The tides of peace profound their circuits make
And gently flow.

The silent deeps! One blood, one King-like face,
One mother tongue, one faith, one purpose plain;
Britain—America, one for the race
Till Christ shall reign!

J. W. BENGOUGH.

FRANCE

BY BENJAMIN A. GOULD

THE pathos of incidents caused by the war is often such as to wring the heartstrings, and to double the determination that this war must be the last one ever to take place between great nations. Next to Belgium, the burden of the war has fallen most heavily upon France, and the calm resignation and uncomplaining self-sacrifice with which the people of France have met the calls upon their patriotism serve as an inspiration to those who believe that men and women can rise to heights of unselfishness which shall make war a thing of the past.

Don't Want Militarism.

Ever since 1870 the spectre of Germany militant along the frontier of ravished Alsace-Lorraine has compelled France to a conscription which she did not wish. The French people have no longing for military aggression, and no desire to extend the boundaries of their European domains, other of course than the wish for the home-return of the lost provinces. But they recognized the threat of Germany, and knew that it was necessary for the safety of their land that each son of France should give up to his country two years to be devoted to military training, and that so long as physically able to serve he must remain subject to the call to arms. The patience with which the people accepted this obligation and this national duty is sometimes intensely pathetic.

The announcement that war had been declared found the people unspeakably sad, but unswerving in their determination to meet the crisis. There was no excitement, none of the marching and shouting which we should have expected from a nation which we have always considered as much more mercurial than we.

From the very beginning, the war was accepted as a thing as inevitable as fate, as a thing bigger than all the interests of the individual, as a thing

to which such interests must be subordinated without question. Whatever orders the authorities gave were obeyed unhesitatingly and without criticism, and the bare statement that it was "pour la patrie" justified every sacrifice. The dignity with which the mass of the people accepted their duties under the new conditions imposed by war was as remarkable as it was admirable.

In Paris there was practically no disorder, only an inexpressible unhappiness and sorrow which contrasted strangely with the accustomed gaiety of the city. On the first night of war a few men marched along the boulevards and a few stones were thrown against shops bearing German names, but nothing which could be termed rioting took place. The next day such shops bore placards giving the name of the regiment and the position in it of the owner of the shop, followed by a statement that during his absence the shop was entrusted to the people of Paris. This ended all disorder, the populace accepting the confidence placed in it, and showing itself worthy.

Soldier's Motherless Bairns.

This confidence in the people of France was illustrated by another incident. The call came to one reservist to appear for entrainment for the front at one of the railway stations. This man had just lost his wife, and was left with two children, three years old and one year old. He had no near relatives, and had been taking care of the children himself.

At the appointed time he appeared at the station, carrying the baby and leading the other child. There was the usual crowd of persons present, and the soldier addressing them said:

"My country has called for me, and I am here. But my children, I have no one with whom to leave them. What shall I do with my children?"

A working woman among the spec-

tators stepped forward and said:

"Give them to me, I will take care of them for you until after the war, and in this way I, too, can help la France."

The wonderful thing was that neither thought that there was anything extraordinary in it, and the soldier went to the battle-front sure that this woman whom he had never before seen or heard of would take care of the children and return them to him if he ever came back from the war.

Occurrences like this, of which, did we but know them, thousands have taken place since the war broke out, make us firm believers not only in France but in the men and women who make the world. We cannot but know that in Germany, too, there is the same inherent good in human nature, and that the whole trouble has been caused by the wrong German system which has repressed the people instead of stimulating them to individual progress. It is their misfortune that they have not enjoyed democratic opportunity; it is their fault, to a much smaller degree, that they have not demanded a freedom which they were prevented from learning.

Self-Respect Recovered Now.

France came out of the war of 1870 chastened in spirit and with the consciousness of a great injustice against which she was helpless. The evil of the Second Empire was made clear, and republicanism was born of her very misfortunes. Her people, with a splendid courage, met the financial burdens of that war, and astonished the world by paying off the indemnity imposed by Germany in three years.

But until the present time France has never been able quite to recover her old self-respect; the knowledge that she had been forced to act under compulsion, and had been powerless to prevent the ravishing of Alsace and Lorraine, left her not perhaps embittered, but certainly with a sadness as a nation. Now she has again found her soul, and as a nation can meet any nation as an equal. Her soldiers have met the finest fighting machine in the

world, and have shown not only the old Gallic fury of the charge, but an immoveable firmness and steadfastness in the trying days of retreat and impending disaster. The devotion of the army to its best ideals, even when the prospects were most discouraging, was almost British in its doggedness.

Democracy Strengthened.

France does not seek to gain much materially from this war; her great gain is the moral restoration of her self-respect. The only European territory which she will seek will be her own lost provinces; in money she will not get back more than what was taken from her in 1870 with interest and part of her present war costs; in foreign lands she may strengthen her colonial interests.

But she will gain an added freedom

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

Canada has not yet come anywhere near to doing her duty in this war. Australia, with a population of four millions, already has one hundred and sixty thousand men under training. If Canada did as well as Australia or Great Britain we would now have at least three hundred thousand men bearing arms.—Daily Ontario, Belleville.

for her people; her democracy, which since the Franco-Prussian war, has been largely on trial, will be strengthened and assured; and she will for all time be freed from the fear of an insolent and sneering Germany at her gates. The sacrifices that she has made for her army have justified themselves, but these sacrifices will no longer be necessary. As an outcome of the war military conscription will cease throughout Europe, and the relief will perhaps be more grateful to France than to any other nation. The national qualities of France, the cheerfulness under conditions that would have disheartened many nations, the thrift and the genial kindness that have characterized her, will have an added opportunity for growth and expansion. Vive La France!

WHY INDIA IS HEART AND SOUL WITH GREAT BRITAIN

Ex-member of the Imperial Legislative Council in India, and President, Indian National Congress, 1914, Madras.

BY BHUPENDRANATH BASU

WHY is India heart and soul with Great Britain in the present crisis? The answer is quite plain to the Indian, but probably it will not be so plain to the Englishman who has never been in India, or having been has not come in touch with the heart and soul of India. Alas! all Englishmen, even in India, do not try to do so.

If India was conquered territory in the sense that is usually understood, or if the Indians held the position of a subject nation, the response given by India in the hour of the Empire's need would have been a matter for wonder indeed; but India is not a conquered country, nor are her people a subject population.

British Rule in India.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, the central Moghul authority at Delhi had fallen into complete and irretrievable decay. The Mahratta power which had arisen on its ruins received a stunning blow in the third battle of Panipat. India was divided into a number of small States, held apart by mutual suspicion and jealousy, and not seldom warring against each other. The country had become a prey to anarchy and confusion.

In this state of things, the help of the French or the English trading companies was sought by rival States or harrassed populations. The battle of Plassey, which laid the foundations of British rule in India and gave to the East India Company the revenue administration of Bengal, was undertaken as much on the invitation of the Indian people as of the threatened English settlement at Murshidabad, and fought practically with Indian soldiers.

In the wars that followed, the Government of Great Britain did not sup-

ply a single soldier or spend a single rupee. It was solely with India's money, and mostly with Indian blood, that the British Empire in India was built up and consolidated, and when the Mutiny came in 1857, and British rule in India was nearly shattered, it was again with the help of the Indian princes and people that it was re-established.

Professor Seeley has justly observed that "the expression 'conquest' as applied to the acquisition of sovereignty by the East India Company in India is not merely loose but thoroughly misleading." India has never felt that she was a conquered country, and the Indians do not feel that they are a conquered people.

India's Magna Charta.

But it is not a question of historical deduction or personal feeling. The Charter Act of 1833, one of the early parliamentary statutes dealing with the government of India, "definitely and finally recognized the equality of status, of rights, and of duties of the Indian subjects of his Majesty with the British subjects." But this is not all.

The people of India justly attach very great importance to the Proclamation issued in 1858 by Queen Victoria to the princes, chiefs, and people of India on the occasion of the transfer of the government of India from the East India Company to the British Crown. India was just then emerging from a bloody and terrible struggle. Great as was the occasion, marking a new and important epoch in the history of India, it was rendered doubly memorable by the great Proclamation of Queen Victoria, which has been truly called the Magna Charta of the Indian people.

High statesmanship, bringing the solace of peace to a bleeding people and holding out hopes of a great future, combined with sentiments as lofty as have ever moved humanity, was the predominant feature of this noble message, and it ended with a humble and solemn prayer which went straight into the hearts of an oriental people instinct with the religious spirit.

After announcing a general amnesty, the Proclamation proceeded:

"We desire no extension of Our territorial possessions; and while We will permit no aggression upon Our dominions or Our rights, We shall sanction no encroachment on those of others. We shall respect the rights, dignity and honour of Our Native Princes as Our own.

Their Prosperity Our Strength.

"We hold Ourselves bound to the natives of Our Indian territories by the same obligations of duty which bind Us to all Our other subjects: and those obligations, by the blessing of Almighty God, We shall faithfully and conscientiously fulfil. It is Our earnest desire to stimulate the peaceful industry of India, to promote works of public utility and improvement, and to administer its government for the benefit of all Our subjects resident therein: In their prosperity will be Our strength; in their contentment Our security; and in their gratitude Our best reward. And may the God of all power grant to Us and those in authority under Us strength to carry out these Our wishes for the good of Our people."

This was not a charter of rights wrung from an unwilling Ruler by force or compulsion, but a deliberate declaration of the policy of the British Parliament graciously and aptly conveyed through the lips of a female Sovereign: and it is not a policy which the British nation has repented. On the fiftieth anniversary of the great Proclamation, it was confirmed and ratified by another message from King Edward VII. to the princes, chiefs, and people of India.

However short the actual administration in India may have fallen of this great ideal, the Indian people have always regarded it as the fundamental principle of British rule in India. To them and to their Sovereign it has not been a mere scrap of paper. No attempt has since been made, as was done during the administrations of Wellesley and Dalhousie, to disturb Indian princes in their possessions, and though the princes have sometimes fretted under the interference of an over-meddling British official, they have always found a generous and sympathetic friend and adviser in Viceroys like Lord Minto and Lord Hardinge.

The Spirit in India.

And so far as the people are concerned, there has been on the whole fair progress: education, railways, irrigation, a greatly improved administration of law, a common language as the medium of interchange of thoughts and ideas, a growing spirit of nationality, a common government and common ideals, internal peace and freedom from external aggression, have marked the history of British rule in India during the latter half of the nineteenth century.

In the twentieth century, the reforms associated with the names of the late Earl of Minto and Viscount Morley, though somewhat mutilated in actual operation, and the sympathetic attitude of Lord Hardinge identifying the Government of India with the Indian people on the great question affecting their status as citizens of the British Empire, have drawn the nations, British and Indian, closer together.

There is in India a spirit of frank recognition of the benefits of British rule and of its immense potentialities for good, if carried on under the lead of the British democracy and freed from the trammels of constant tutelage, which certain Anglo-Indian administrators would like to impose upon it. Several generations in India were born and lived during the reign of Queen

Victoria. To her, as their great Queen and Mother, from whom emanated the great charter of their rights and liberties, the Indian people were passionately attached and devoted.

This feeling of personal attachment and devotion has been greatly stimulated and strengthened by the visits to India of members of the Royal Family. They know how to say and to do the right thing at the right moment, and by their inbred courtesy and geniality of manner they have helped to soften the atmosphere of aloofness with which some British officials, under an erroneous sense of dignity and prestige, at times surround themselves.

The visit of the King and Queen, as the visible embodiment of sovereignty, and the generous and noble utterances of the King in his various addresses in India, did much to hearten the people in their faith in the ultimate fulfilment of the great Proclamation of Queen Victoria, for hopes long deferred had made them falter.

Attitude of the People.

The Indian people justly demand a great extension of education among the masses, for it is the foundation of all progress, and the words of the King in his reply to the address of the University of Calcutta have been taken by them as a fresh landmark in the development of education in India. His Majesty said:

"It is my wish that there may be spread over the land a network of schools and colleges, from which will go forth loyal and manly and useful citizens, able to hold their own in the industries and agriculture and all the vocations in life. And it is my wish, too, that the homes of my Indian subjects may be brightened and their labour sweetened by the spread of knowledge with all that follows in its train, a higher level of thought, of comfort, and of health. It is through education that my wish will be fulfilled, and the cause of education in India will ever be close to my heart."

These are precious words to the Indian people as the declaration by the Sovereign of a policy which must be

carried out. Great and far-reaching as have been the benefits of British rule in India, it has not yet risen to the full height of the British people in whose name and on whose behalf it is administered, nor of the people, heirs to an ancient civilization, for whose benefit the great Queen asked Divine help to administer her rule.

Important questions, such as the right to carry arms, to enlist as volunteers, to enter the commissioned ranks of the Army, the recognition of equal citizenship in British colonies, the better administration of justice, a more equitable participation in the government of the country, still await solution, and India has necessarily felt at times sore and heart-sick; but there never has been any desire to break away. India has definitely set herself to forge ahead, and to this end to work in India as well as in England by every constitutional means in her power.

Has Never Doubted.

With sympathetic statesmen like the Marquis of Crewe and Lord Hardinge at the head of affairs, her career may not be very difficult. Some people may have imagined, the Germans amongst others, that the difficult questions of Indian administration would keep England and India apart: and others who realized that the pace of British rule in India has been too slow, too much weighted with caution, have doubted.

This feeling of doubt has been, to some extent, accentuated by the too great prominence that a section of the English press has given to political crimes in India, forgetting that they are attributable to an infinitesimal fraction of its population.

But India has never doubted. Her heart has been wholly with British rule; the foundations of her faith and loyalty have been too well and firmly laid to be lightly disturbed: all that she desires is that British rule in India should be compatible with the self-respect of her people, growing in education, knowledge, and experience; that it should develop into a rule by the people as part of the British Empire, as was foreseen and foretold by

the great statesmen who moulded her destinies in the early part of the nineteenth century. And India has been working towards this goal: she realizes it must be a slow and laborious process.

Then came this great European war, sudden and swift: all doubt, all hesitation, all questions were swept away; there was but one feeling—to stand by England in the hour of danger. The great opportunity for India, in the highest sense, had come: she claimed to hold an equal position with other parts of the Empire—she wanted to prove her title.

The Indian princes are eager to show that they are in fact, as they have been in name, pillars of the Empire; their ancestors had fought as captains and leaders in the army of the Great Moghul, and they are anxious to occupy their old position in the Army of Great

Britain. And the people of India, who have so thoroughly identified themselves with the British people, have come forward, more generously than ever in the past, either in the days of the Hindu or the Moslem, for they had not then realized their power, to offer their services and their resources.

They have through their representatives in council voted out of the revenues of India the whole cost of the Indian expeditionary force; and they are prepared to lay down their lives on the field, so that the old order of things may pass away and a new order be ushered in, based on mutual understanding and confidence and heralding an era brighter and happier than any in the past—the East and the West, India and England, marching onwards in comradeship, united in bonds forged on the field of battle and tempered in their common blood.

FIFTEEN MILES IN 40 BELOW.

Forty to fifty below zero is nothing out of the ordinary where the Clear Water River joins the North Saskatchewan near the old, old fort of the Hudson Bay Company at Rocky Mountain House. In this temperature Mr. Ivey, an American settler in the district, is driving hundreds of miles in a wild country to help out the Canadian Patriotic Fund.

Returning one evening from a patriotic meeting at Leslieville, he learned of a box social being held at Everdell school house, fifteen miles away. After some difficulty Mr. Ivey secured a homesteader from the district who undertook to drive him and his companion up the Clear Water through the dense bush to the scene of festivity. They got lost but finally reached the school at 2.30 a.m., where they found the dance in progress after the social. After refreshments Mr. Ivey and his companion, Mr. Boyce, spoke from 3 a.m. to 4 a.m. Saturday morning on the aims and procedure of the Canadian Patriotic Fund, and brought back with them forty-five dollars, the proceeds of the even-

ing, in aid of the Fund. This is but one instance of the loyal spirit manifested and the evident purpose of the people of Red Deer constituency to take their share of the burden of support of the dependents of those serving at the front.

THE GERMAN WAY.

EXTRACT FROM A PROCLAMATION TO THE MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES OF THE CITY OF LIEGE.

The inhabitants of the Town of Andenne, after having declared their peaceful intentions, have made a surprise attack on our troops.

It is with my consent that the commander-in-chief has ordered the whole town to be burned and that about one hundred people have been shot.

I bring this fact to the knowledge of the City of Liege, so that citizens of Liege may realize the fate with which they are menaced if they adopt a similar attitude.

The General Commanding in Chief,
VON BULOW.

Aug. 22, 1914.

A SAXON SONG

By Rem. A. Johnston, Ossian, Indiana.

THESE are the words of the lords that live in a battle-hewn dwelling-place;
This is the song that is wide as Fate, and deep as the scar of tears;
This is the hymn the Saxons sing, on the sods of each perishing race;
These are the laws that girdle the earth for the Kings of a thousand years!

I.

For our pledges of faith we shall give our lives, that ye taste the draught of the free;
For our gift of blood ye shall drink new wine, fresh distilled from Liberty;
We shall fasten a vice on each sloping head, and mould it fit for a crown;
And then we shall scatter you over the earth, till ye take it and make it your own!

II.

Ye shall people the reaches of the sea; send your blood to the doors of morn;
Ye shall bear the weight of the woes of man, and laugh those woes to scorn;
O'er mountains of pain ye shall fare to your goal, though it lie in Destruction's wake;
By the paths we tread to the levels of death, ye shall go for your brother's sake!

III.

Your children shall call us a blessed name, and by naked words they shall mark
How ye grew to your own by ways unknown while we clove you a path through the dark;
And they shall say to their sons of sons: "Lo, Saxons on land and flood,
Have ruled with a rod, but they taught us God by the strength of their fathers' blood!"

IV.

Oh, Saxon sons, the word is ours! We shall pluck the sword from the deep;
We shall harness heaven and set it to guard our brothers while they shall sleep;
With a tireless arm we shall cradle our babe while we ring an Empire's knell;
Peace is the child of our favored wish, but comes war we shall fight like hell!

V.

For we are born of that blood that burns through royal veins like flame;
And we are known to the brood of the world by the heat of a mighty name;
And we shall reign till we compass peace and freedom all over the earth;
And nations shall curse their lineage and die, but we shall be proud of our birth!

THE FRENCH-CANADIAN ENCLAVE

Dangers That Belong to the Perpetuation of an Enclave Within an Enclave, and the Process by Which Bourassassination is Promulgated.

BY LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAM WOOD.

BUT, if all these things are so, what is the real trouble? I venture to think it can only be explained by borrowing the word *enclave*, and applying it to the Dominion as a whole and to the French-Canadians in particular. An *enclave* properly means an independent state wholly enclosed by the territory of another independent state. Just as Canada has been a sort of *enclave* within the Empire, so the French-Canadians have been a sort of inner *enclave* within the Dominion.

The rest of Canada has flowed round and has enisled them on the soil into which they were deeply rooted before there were Canadians of any other kind. Thus the average French-Canadian voter has never come into direct personal contact with the really crucial questions of defence—at all events, not for a hundred years.

Another Reason Why.

He thinks even less about the needs of the militia than his Anglo-Canadian fellow-subject does—and that, by the bye, is another reason why it will be hard to get trained French-Canadian officers to command large numbers of French-Canadian men. He sees no connection whatever between his own livelihood and the British command of the sea; and he would think it an election dodge if you were to point out that his lumbering and dairying compatriots were dependent on the navy.

As for international affairs and the world-wide struggle for existence, well, they may be all right for those who like them, or for those whose special penitence it is to bear them; but, for himself and his own people, that's none of their business, and "on est bi'n icitte," so let well enough alone—just what a good many Anglo-Canadians have long been saying, and with less excuse.

It is a great mistake to suppose that there is a sort of general Pan-Gallic point of contact with the outside world, and that Frenchmen, Belgians, French-speaking Swiss, and French-Canadians get along together as if they were one. They don't, as a general rule, except on ceremonial occasions.

The French-Canadian has developed into a distinct type, and he is, in certain ways, more British than he knows. This does not imply that, because he is French with a difference, he is not essentially French in race, thought, word, and deed, and that any other conceivable war could make a higher or more intimate appeal to his own better self.

Persuasion From Within.

The knotty, the very knotty, problem is, first, to break down the wholly false frontiers of the general *enclave* which has so long surrounded the Dominion; and, next, to break down the equally false frontiers of the special inner *enclave* which surrounds the mass of French-Canadians. This can be done only by force from without or by persuasion from within.

Force from without is not to be thought of, so far as inter-British relations are concerned. But it certainly would be an effectual means of bursting these bonds if applied by a foreign power, say, in the form of a naval raid on the lower St. Lawrence.

Persuasion from within remains. But it bristles with difficulties. Just as no government of any free country in the world can go too far ahead of the mass-sense of its own electorate, so no French-Canadian patriots can lead the mass of French-Canadians out of that inner *enclave* by waving encouragement from beyond the frontiers of the outer one.

They must go inside, there defeat

the parasites, and then lead their people forth. The line of cleavage in the mass inside will leave very few among the parasites if the work is properly done. But the parasites must be defeated first.

Who are the parasites? They are, ironically enough, the very men who are always using the word themselves about their political opponents. They have, it is true, some right to use it about a good many men of all parties in civic, provincial, and Dominion politics. But, on the question of defence, the beam is in their own eye and the mote in other people's.

Pleasures of Sin.

It is because these parasites are the worst enemies of Canada and of their own great race; it is because I love my native city of Quebec and her proud history; it is because she has borne witness to that "Entente cordiale d'honneur" which united both races in defence of one country under Carleton, and now unites the whole French and British world in defence of general liberty, that I believe our parasites should be smashed forever now. And let us remember that we have parasites who are not French-Canadians, that the moving spirits among their parasites are few, and that the French-Canadian race in itself is as good as any other.

There is nothing to fear from the truth. Therefore let the truth be told. Therefore let the choice be given straightforwardly to the mass of French-Canadians, the choice between the patriot and the parasite, and given by their own leaders, just as ours should be to us. Patriotism means a new way of life for the Dominion, full of hardship and self-sacrifice, but also full of promise for the future.

I do not for one moment deny that the parasites—and by no means all parasites are French-Canadians—I do not for one moment deny that the parasites not only promise the pleasures of sin for a season, but know they can make the promise good—for a season. But are the wages of sin worth the loss of our national soul?

Then let us give our whole-hearted sympathy to those French-Canadian fellow-subjects of our own, who are not only on the patriotic side themselves, but are ready to fight the parasites for the national soul of the great mass of their compatriots—compatriots in the fullest sense of that glorious word.

Nothing more is needed than to get the real truth inside the frontiers of that inner enclave. There is nothing to fear from the truth, once it is really understood by an admirably "compatriotic" people whose greater leaders have always shown equal bravery in bearing the Cross and wielding the sword.

But there is a good deal to fear from parasitic falsehood. No one knows better than the parasites how to take every insidious advantage of the ideas that can be most easily perverted inside of that inner enclave. The cry of Anglicization will be raised at once. It might be raised after an address like this, though I would not Anglicize the French-Canadians if I could.

One New Invention.

Race, religion, politics, education—all will be perverted to ignoble ends for parasitic purposes. But, if the truth is fearlessly told, this perversion will be in vain, for the French-Canadians have their French-Canadian life preserved for them inside the British Empire in a way that would be utterly impossible outside of it. Let us respect, in the spirit as well as in the letter, this French-Canadian life of theirs. Only let them do their share, as we, I hope, shall ours in this great crisis.

French-Canadians volunteering for the front, in numbers proportioned to their strength at home, fighting for all things French and British in the world, and against a tyranny that would blot them out in no time—these men, carrying the French-Canadian atmosphere about with them, would be welcomed and honored wherever they went.

What have the parasites to offer in exchange for this? They have, indeed, one new invention of their own—the parasitic patriot. "The way to be a

French-Canadian patriot is to be a British parasite. Get all you can—give nothing in return.” That, in short, is the practical outcome of all their teaching.

It is no exaggeration to say that every teacher graduating from their school for parasites starts out on his tour of perversion with some such confidential stock of precepts as the following: “Remember that British patriots of all kinds—French-Canadian patriots included—will let us go pretty far without bringing us openly to book, for the sake of showing a united Canadian front to all their enemies—including ourselves.

“Explain privately that ultimate British victory is really desirable, because it means safety for parasites, and that the war really does some good by killing off patriots at the front and giving parasites an extra chance of supplanting them in Canada.

Confuse Issues.

“Confuse all the real issues as much as you can. Mix up educational issues between members of the same communion, though of different tongues, with Dominion, Imperial, and international affairs, and throw so much mud over the whole that some of it is sure to stick.

“Proclaim aloud that you will die for the faith that is in you. But remember how much pleasanter it is to live for the falsehood instead.

“Stab Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the back for starting a Canadian navy, and Sir Robert Borden for trying to add Dreadnoughts to the navy of the Mother Country.

“Accuse this most distinguished French-Canadian of selling his compatriots to the British enemy as ‘conscripts’ for a navy to be used in Africa and other bogey places, and forget—as hard as you can—that in the great world-war of to-day there are no ‘conscripts’ whatever, even for garrison service at home.

“Accuse this most distinguished Anglo-Canadian of trying to sell the whole Dominion for three Dreadnoughts, cash; and forget—as hard as

you can—that the German menace you decried one year became the German Fury of the next.

“Remember that sheep are more easily managed than men, that the double enclave gives you an unusually good chance of proving that fighting men are not required inside of it, and that the guard outside will be provided gratis by others whose business it is.

“Don’t let the people learn the Russian proverb—‘Make yourself a sheep, and you’ll find no lack of wolves’—because that might be a reflection on the leading parasites, from at least two incriminating points of view.

“Say your heart can’t be in any foreign war unless the French are on the British side; and then find out that, when the French actually are on the same side as the British, you can’t fight beside them because they have been cruel to their priests.

“Other Conditions.”

“Ignore, of course, the fact that twenty thousand priests are themselves fighting for France; that this war promises to see the regeneration of religion in France, and that the British are not really fighting for France, but Belgium, where the French language is very strong and the Roman Catholic religion almost universal.

“Always profess your readiness to fight under ‘other conditions’; and take good care that these other conditions change quickly enough to suit the circumstances.

“Be true to no constitution save that of La Belle Bourassie, a country which cannot conscientiously support ‘Great Britain’ because Canada is an ‘irresponsible dependency’; but which, of course, must never become ‘responsible’ if responsibility means any kind of risk.

“Remember that the word Canadian means only French-Canadian, and that all the other present inhabitants of Canada form an army of occupation. (Any allusion to this should always be followed by some reference to the Germans in Belgium.)

“Forget that the French-Canadians have increased forty-fold while living

within the brutal British Empire. Don't go too far in time of danger or your leaders might have to leave you.

"Remember that mountebank heroics are pretty safe beneath the Union Jack, where occasional license is part of the price the stupid British pay for general liberty.

"Lastly, remember that it is always better to be a snake in the grass behind than a lion in the path in front. Then you will indeed be fit to practise the nice black art of Bourrassassination."

Have so many pseudo-patriotic virtues ever been more shamelessly combined with so many genuine parasitic vices? The worst of it is that this poisoned dish is compounded by men whose betters are being shot every day for far less hateful actions. Every German spy takes his life in his hands, and often loses it. The Boer rebels broke their oath; but they at least risked their all to do it. Our parasites remain snug and smug inside their own charmed circle of snivelling virtue and snivelling vice.

Artfully Disguised.

A sympathetic stranger would certainly think that such a degraded and degrading appeal to all the lower side of human nature would be instantly resented as a deadly insult by people whose blood is French, whose liberty is British, and whose honor is derived from both these noble races.

"What?" he would say, "how can any man dare to make such an appeal, however artfully disguised, to a people who have produced British leaders as loyal as General Botha is to-day, to a people who have produced the voyageurs, the *coureurs de bois*, the defenders of Quebec in 1775, and of the frontier in 1812, who venerate the memory of Montcalm and Frontenac, of la Mare Marie de l'Incarnation and the Jesuit missionaries, whose devoted clergy have always professed loyalty to the British Crown, and whose statesmen never tire of lauding the glories of the British Constitution?"

This stranger is right, on the whole.

But the two enclaves must first be reckoned with: the outer enclave surrounding the whole Dominion on questions of defence, and the inner enclave surrounding the French-Canadians.

Each enclave is itself surrounded by a frontier of darkness. Perversion is

THE GERMAN WAY.

LETTER ADDRESSED ON AUG. 27,
1914, BY LIEUT.-GEN. VON
NIEBER TO THE BURGO-
MASTER OF WAVRE.

On Aug. 22, 1914, the general commanding of the 2nd Army, Herr Von Bulow, imposed upon the City of Wavre a war levy of three million francs, to be paid before Sept. 1, as expiation for its unqualifiable behavior (contrary to the law of nations and the usages of war) in making a surprise attack on the German troops.

The general in command of the 2nd Army has just given to the general commanding this station of the 2nd Army the order to send in, without delay, this contribution which it should pay on account of its conduct.

I order and command you to give to the bearer of the present letter the two first instalments—that is to say, two million francs in gold.

Furthermore, I require that you give the bearer a letter duly sealed with the seal of the city, stating that the balance—that is to say, one million francs—will be paid, without fail, on the first of September.

I draw the attention of the city to the fact that in no case can it count on further delay, as the civil population of the city has put itself outside the law of nations by firing on the German soldiers.

The City of Wavre will be burned and destroyed if the levy is not paid in due time, without regard for anyone; the innocent will suffer with the guilty.

in the very air of each. And it cannot be till after the outer barrier is down, and the outer air is cleared, that the French-Canadian patriots will be able to fill the inner enclave of French-Canadian neutrals with the light of patriotic truth.

TO A BOARD OF TRADE MEMBER

BY J. B. THANE

WILL you permit a fellow-member, whose sole-direct advantage from his membership hitherto has been the receipt for his fees, to talk over with you a few aspects of the Board's relation to the war? I shall not trouble you upon the need to redress the balance of business disadvantage which the outbreak inflicted on Canadian commerce and borrowing power. With everything that has been done for the Board I am in complete accord, and I imply no sort of criticism of ourselves. It may be possible for us to add something to the considerations which we have translated into action during the last half year.

The big question that is worth asking to-day is not "how will the war affect my business," but "How does the war affect my country? and how can my business affect the war?"

Business Off Its Beat.

We have not been in the habit of looking at it that way; but it is a most important way. The war has put all business off its accustomed beat. Some it has worsened; some it has improved.

The farmer and those who live only by directly supplying him, are going to be better off, owing to the enhanced price of food. But businesses which do not deal in elementals are suffering, and will suffer more. The people who profit by the war owe it to their country to turn their extra profits into the service of the country.

Men who would desire to get rich at the expense of the endless blood and tears of their fellows must be few and far between. Those who are hit by the war, and are going to be hit more, cannot help giving solemn attention to aspects of trade which they did not trouble about a few months ago.

For instance, the question of public credit has been thrown into some remarkably high lights by the action

taken by governments to preserve the fabric of domestic and international commerce. Some able, patriotic men dread what would happen in Canada if any Government went farther in the direction of issuing paper currency that represents only the public's confidence in its own future ability to produce wealth and to render service.

I am not concerned just now with the merits of their fear; but to-day there came to me a little paper note for ten shillings, declared to be legal tender by the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury in Whitehall.

Revolution in Credit.

The British Government has issued scraps of paper like this, of the total amount of a hundred and eighty million dollars. That spells a revolution in financial method, which will have a vast effect after the war is over. A population all over the world ten times better educated than the population was in any previous war that overspread Europe; which has seen a revolution in credit working under its eyes, and subject to its own ultimate approval at the ballot-box, will not go back to quite the old way of regarding public money and public credit.

From this one must deduce this proposition, that the inter-relation of a man's business by which he makes sustenance for his family, and his business as a member of the State which issues paper money, as the Lords of the Treasury have issued it, gives a new tendency to the action regarding the war which he will be bound to take in both his business capacities.

It is because no man conducts business for himself or by himself that you and I are in the Board of Trade. We can use a power in the Board of Trade which we do not possess as individuals. Write a letter to the Government, on trade, and nobody hears about it. Send

a Board of Trade resolution, and it is news of importance for the papers. The time is ripe to use that power more powerfully than we have used it hitherto in relation to the war.

This is a war by Germany to destroy the world-wide pre-eminence of inter-Britannic trade, and to replace it with German commerce, the creature of the hideous German militarism which has covered himself with deathless infamy in Belgium. In the preservation of that freedom of commerce which is a vital part of our civic and religious liberty, the fighting of the soldier is an incident—a vital incident; but still an incident. The enlistment of the soldier; his equipment, and his sustenance in the war, are very much matters of financial econ-

omy, and very much within the cognizance of a Board of Trade.

In any event the Government is strengthened greatly by the written support of public bodies which have no relation to partisan affairs. It is vitally necessary to sustain the solidarity of the Empire. It can be deepened by every intercommunication of each of its parts, which proves we are of one mind, one action.

The appeal I venture to make to you is, induce the Board to declare its support of the Government in the most courageous economic and military measures, and its determination, as far as in it lies, that Canada shall remain with the rest of the Empire and with the Allies in the fight to the finish with the Terror that has come out of Berlin.

DEVELOP THE PEOPLE

If We Would Think More About the Essentials of National Growth There
Would be a Different Atmosphere About the War.

DR. C. C. JAMES, C.M.G., IN THE TORONTO DAILY NEWS

You have asked my opinion as to "the chief thing to do for Canada when the war is over." At first this question came somewhat as a shock, seeing that Canada, as a country, is just coming into the war—and who can definitely tell what we shall be like or what we shall need most when we have come through this war?

It is well to be optimistic, but it is not well to be overconfident to the extent of becoming indifferent, and this, to my mind, is apt to be a weakness on our part. We should understand that this may be a most serious struggle and a tremendous strain upon our resources.

To my mind the attitude should be, not that we shall win, but that we must win. If that could be instilled into the people of Canada, we would now be breathing a different atmosphere, and very many things that might be mentioned would be speedily changed.

You put the question as to what should be done "after the war," im-

plying that Canada will then be a different Canada from what she was before the war—probably a large number of her soldiers gone, a big war debt to pay, and the ties of Imperial citizenship made stronger. The younger generation will face a new situation. What then should we do? My answer first is that we should begin to take action along certain lines before the war is done.

The thing most needed in this country is to get the people to sit down and do some serious thinking, and if this war forces us to that we shall get some good out of it.

What we need is a new viewpoint. For twenty years or more we have lived and worked as though material resources made a people, and when we did give consideration to our people, it was more or less merely a counting of heads. What we need is to understand that the real Canada is the people and not the country, and that our national energy and our national expenditures

should be used first and foremost for our people. We have talked so much about developing the material assets of this country, that we have largely overlooked the fact that the greatest good, mental, moral and financial, will result from the right development of Canadians. Money intelligently invested in the education, betterment and direction of the people gives the best returns.

For twenty years and more we have been increasing our foreign borrowings to build more railroads than we can feed, to construct more canals than we can use, more wharves than we have ships, more public buildings than our people require, more western city improvements than we could afford, and to launch more speculative undertakings than any sane country should tolerate. And now the war has come and Canada faces a foreign indebtedness of nearly three billion dollars.

Increase Producing Ability.

And what of the people? Have we as yet developed educational systems as efficient as those of other countries? Have we model factory legislation and inspection? Have we perfected any system for caring for the widows and the aged who are left unprovided for? Is it not a fact that we have moved much more rapidly in the direct development of material resources than in the development of our greatest and only really important asset, our people?

We are too closely watching the immigration statistics. We do not need more people to be brought to our country so much as we need to improve the manhood and increase the producing ability of those who are here. We have a campaign on now for increased production, and the key to it is, or should be, to make work more effective. What we need now is national stock-taking. We have largely overlooked that, but the war has brought us to a standstill, and we are face to face with the greatest problem that we have ever known. My answer to your question then is that we should sit down and reason together and prepare plans look-

ing to the care of our people and increasing the efficiency of all classes. If we do that the future Canada is assured.

For a generation the Legislatures and most of the press have shied at direct taxation, and now see where we are. Every Province in Canada is unable to carry on its work efficiently for lack of money. The education and care of the people are entrusted to the Provincial Legislatures, and many of the most important lines of national development are either uncared for entirely or are cramped for lack of money.

Always Lack of Money.

Either the British North America Act should be revised or the Provinces should be courageous enough to raise money by direct taxation. Ontario, for instance, could, without any hardship, raise over \$5,000,000 annually for making the people of this Province more efficient. We have organization and promotion bodies for nearly everything in Canada, except the one thing most needed—the careful study of national growth and development.

THE GERMAN WAY.

SUMMONS TO CAPITULATE.

To the Commander of Termonde, and at the same time, to the Burgomaster of Termonde:

The Germans have taken Termonde. We have placed the heaviest siege artillery all around the town. Still, at the present time, one dares shoot from houses upon German soldiers. The town and the fortress are summoned to hoist immediately the white flag and to stop fighting. If you do not yield to this summons immediately the town will be razed to the ground within a quarter of an hour by a heavy bombardment. All the armed forces of Termonde will immediately lay down their arms at the Porte de Bruxelles (Brussels gate), at the south exit from Termonde. Arms held by the inhabitants will be deposited at the same time at the same place.

The general commanding the German forces before Termonde.

Sept. 4, 1914.

VON BOEHN.

HOW IT GOES IN ALBERTA

FROM Vermilion, in Alberta, comes a lively account of a patriotic concert in aid of the Belgian Relief fund. After a fine programme of singing and other items, including the presentation of representatives of the allied nations with their flags, there was a tableau finale, of which the Chronicler says:

The Tableau was in every sense the crowning effort of the evening, representing Britannia and her Colonies and Dependencies. To Mr. M. A. Brimacombe's resource and energy were mainly due the effective grouping and the efficient rendering of the addresses and the music, the latter being provided by a well-balanced chorus of twelve voices.

"Who Only England Know."

Britannia, represented in stately fashion by Miss Todd, occupied the centre of the picture, robed in red, white and blue, with helmet, shield and trident, and attended by two charming little sailor lads (Bernard and Vincent Berridge), while the chorus was grouped behind. "Rule, Britannia" was sung with enthusiasm and then Britannia made her appeal to the "Winds of the World" to give answer:

"What should they know of England
Who only England know?
What is the Flag of England?
A thing to sell or share?
Where is the Flag of England?
Winds of the World, declare."

At the call of Mother Land came forth successively the Four great Winds, each bearing the Union Jack aloft, each with its message of Britain's Flag, symbol of justice to the oppressed, of refuge for the destitute, of liberty to the slave, or freedom for all and power to enforce its heaven-sent principles, the Flag unfurled in every quarter of the globe. The North Wind, clad in purest white, (Mrs. S. H. Roseborough), told of the Arctic ice, the gleam of Northern lights, and, waving high her banner cried, "Go forth, for it is there." The South Wind, draped in

pale yellow, (Mrs. M. A. Edwards), spoke of the Southern oceans, the lonely isles and Austral continents, and, in her turn, with flag up-lifted, bade us "Go forth, for it is there."

So with the East Wind, in flaming scarlet, (Mrs. Murchie), proclaiming the distant tracts of dreary desert of tropic wealth, and the West Wind, in pale blue drapery, (Miss Longeway), heralding the untold riches, scarcely yet realized, of plain and mountain, stream and forest, beyond Atlantic's waves, each raising Britain's banner to her quarter of the heavens, pointed us for Britain's witness to "Go forth, for it is there."

Maintain the Status.

And as the message from each Wind is thrilled to us the music of a patriotic song takes up the burden and deepens the intensity of our fervor for the Land we love.

As the strains of our Dominion's hymn died away, the opening notes of a familiar air were heard and the "Recessional" was sung impressively, the fitting climax to the evening's theme. Beyond the triumphant tones of "Rule, Britannia," the stirring call of "The Red, White and Blue," the victorious recital of the feats of soldier and sailor of our King, its solemn notes brought us face to face, as oft of yore, with the great truth of what our Country's might is founded, of what our Country's war is being waged to rectify, what our aim and trust must be if we are ever to maintain the glorious status to which our Nation has been called. "Lest we forget, Lest we forget." Be this the still small voice that penetrates and shall outlive the rest.

A pause and then the curtain rose to the final grouping of the figures of both Tableaux: Britannia and her Colonies, France and her lost Provinces, Russia and heroic little Belgium, all united for God and the Right and we rose en masse to sing "God save our gracious King," some of us with full hearts as we thought of gallant little Belgium's heroic resistance, and pitiful plight, of

the brave, devoted soldiers, sailors and non-combatants at the front, carrying on the work which she began, and, above all, of our own beloved Nation and its Emperor-King with its world wide mission to accomplish, and all, as

a sequel to this evening's entertainment, determined more than ever to relax no effort, but to go forward with increasing self-sacrifice to sustain those who have borne and are still bearing the brunt of the war's tragedy.

CALL FOR RECRUITING GROWS

Montreal Star and Toronto Globe Join in Appealing for More Native-born Recruits for the Front.

The Need for Recruits.

(Editorial.)

From most unexpected quarters The Globe has received letters censuring it for pointing out frankly how recruiting is going and how necessary it is that native-born Canadians should wake up to the tremendous importance of the struggle now in progress on the battlefields of Europe. Recruiting has been excellent in the West, good in the larger cities and towns of Ontario, poor in many of the smaller towns, villages, and rural districts of this province, and even more disappointing in Quebec and the East.

The Montreal Star has come out boldly with the call to the native-born to line up, and The Globe welcomes its help in the necessary task of stirring up the Canadian people. It says in part:

"Compare what we are doing with the efforts of our kindred in the British Isles. There they have some forty-five million inhabitants. From these forty-five millions they are planning to secure three million soldiers. Indeed, when we reckon in the regular army and the men performing arduous duty in the navy, they have now three million men with the colors. When their present plans are completed they will have more. Count Canada as possessing eight million people. On the British Island scale—one to every fifteen—we

should have at least a half-million men in uniform. The humiliating fact is that we are now only working up toward our first hundred thousand.

* * * *

"And how many of that hundred thousand are—or will be—Canadian-born? The figures of the first contingent and the 'Princess Pats' were a most disquieting 'cold douch' for our Canadian pride. Here was a case in which we did not hang out the shameful sign, 'No English Need Apply!' The English—the British-born generally—did apply in numbers out of all proportion to their share of our population, and were gratefully accepted. When we read now of daring deeds performed at the front by 'Canadians' we have a disquieting feeling that they may have been done by men not of Canadian birth at all. When we search for the next-of-kin of our 'Canadian' killed and wounded how often do we find them living in some British Island town or hamlet. Lately the Canadian-born have been doing better; but there is still much and insistent room for improvement. Again, it can fairly be pleaded that the native-born Canadian has not been accustomed to think of war as one of the imminent possibilities that menace his country, and something which it is his patriotic duty to face. The European—the British Islander—is much more accustom-

ed to calculating on this danger and this duty. So we might be a bit tardy at first. But by now that excuse is long worn out.

* * * *

“Surely it is time for Canada to come up with contributions worthy of her high spirit and her great abilities—with efforts which will prove that she appreciates how complete will be the catastrophe if the forces of freedom and democracy fail. We have lagged behind the British Islanders long enough. We have permitted the British-born in our midst to bear vicariously our burden to an extent which we will not like to remember when the war is over. Let us throw ourselves heartily and loyally into the fray at last; and let the Canadian-born now flock to the colors in such overwhelming numbers that the Canadian Government will be genuinely embarrassed in preparing them for the front—and the hard-pressed men of the motherland tremendously cheered by our native-born enthusiasm and determination.”

The Press all over Canada ought to be printing similar appeals. To the native-born Canadian the call comes insistently: Your King and country need you—now.

The Enlistment Problem.

To the Editor of The Globe: The Globe should be, and is, commended, and not condemned, for its recent comment on the failure of the Canadian-born to appreciate his duty to the Empire. How anyone can question the aptness of its editorials and the justice of its criticism is inconceivable—a criticism all the more necessary because of the flattering views expressed in England of the way Canadians have responded to the call to arms. Unless we desire to act the hypocrite, and accept a praise to which we are not entitled, then it becomes the duty of the

press to speak out and tell the truth. It is humiliating to a degree to pass by our saloons, billiard parlors, and other such places, and see there the many young men, principally Canadian-born, loafing about, when enlistment would make men of them. This is hardly less humiliating than to see volunteers still don their uniform when occasion offers itself, but who furnish up every possible excuse for not going (except the true one).

Mr. Editor, this is a matter which should be put plainly before the public: Either they should do that which it is supposed they were ready to do when they entered the forces, namely, answer their country's call when it was made, or else cease to appear in a uniform which they discredit. It should be universally understood that to volunteer in time of peace means to “fight in time of war.” If this is not the understanding, then our whole militia force, with all its enormous expenditure, is a laughing farce. After enrollment is not the time to find excuses for not going; and especially not so when the reasons advanced existed before, as well as afterwards.

Mr. Tennant, in the British House of Commons, has recently said: “We want men—more men.” Is the Canadian-born to turn a deaf ear to this appeal? Toronto, Feb. 27. A Canadian.

Leadership Needed.

To the Editor of The Globe: Some newspapers are continually deploring the slow progress of recruiting for the overseas contingents. Apparently the Government is quite satisfied. If not, why does it not bestir itself? The newspapers, instead of railing at the people, should urge the Government to do something effective, that is if it really wants more men. What we want is leadership, and when the Government goes to the trouble of calling for volunteers through advertisements in the public press, and when the M.P.'s conduct recruiting campaigns in their constituencies, then the people will respond readily.

W. T. U.

FOUR NATIONALITIES SPEAK HERE

FOUR of the speeches at The Canadian War International dinner which could not be reported last week are summarised below. They reflect the views of our nationalities—Norwegian, Italian, Austrian and Canadian. They were delivered in the order following:

Children of Scandinavia.

Mr. C. J. Printz said he was very glad to be present as a Canadian citizen from Norway. He was proud of his native country and would always be so. On the map it looks like 30 cents, but what there was of it was very good. He was equally proud of Canada and of the part she was taking in the war. He thought he might say the Scandinavians made good citizens, wherever they went. You very seldom heard of a Norwegian being in the police court, and the children of Scandinavia everywhere were occupying honorable positions. They might notice that he was bragging a little bit, which perhaps was a Norwegian habit, but it was a good idea all the same, to be proud of one's country, its history and its people. He was very grateful for the opportunity of speaking to a meeting which included so many representatives of different countries, and which promised well for the unity of all people in the British Empire and the downfall of German militarism.

Italians Do Not Forget.

M. Catalano very much appreciated the opportunity to say how glad he and his countrymen were to live in freedom and security under the British flag. He could not say quite the same as his friend, Mr. Printz, about the scarcity of Italians in the police court, but they must remember that the Italians were a warm hearted people, and had their faults in that respect as well as their virtues. The audience might be interested to know that some time since in teaching a class of 150 Italian men the point of his pencil broke and not a man in the crowd had a knife with which to sharpen it.

Sympathy of the Italian people with

Britain in her fight was very clear and very strong. They did not forget that when Italy was fighting for her independence and against the yoke of Austria, every sympathy was forthcoming from English statesmen and the English people. It was a great thing for Italy at this time to remember that of all the countries of the world Italy was the only one which had never had any misunderstanding or conflict with England. He hoped that it will always be the case, and that such gatherings as these would go on to make all the people in Canada appreciate more and more the splendid institutions of the British Empire in which they lived.

Five Hundred Austrians Ready.

Mr. Harry Roher said he had come from Lemberg in Austria with his parents when he was 12 years old. He considered it a great honor to be invited in such a meeting to say what he thought about the war. He did not want to say anything against the country where he was born, but everybody knew, and the Jews especially, that there was more freedom in Canada than in Austria.

They were very sorry to see the war, but since it had come, and a German victory would only mean less freedom in Europe and danger to freedom in America, there was no doubt on which side men like himself must be. Whenever the need arose they would see that 500 natives of Austria in Toronto would be willing to go out and fight for Britain side by side with Canadians.

Spiritual Ideals in War.

Miss Constance Boulton said, in part: I am glad to have this opportunity of speaking as a Canadian woman on such a unique occasion. We must, as Canadian men and women, show our devotion to the British Empire by a deeper national responsibility.

War is justified when it is a clashing of ideals. For the man in Canada who goes into war it is part of the immeasurable sacrifice and the greatest contribution that can be made towards

the spiritual progress of the world. And so I say our women must buckle to, and realize that war, in this case, is one we must support and uphold, because there are ideals, spiritual and religious ideals, that we have to fight for. There is such a thing as fighting, and it is possible and suitable that it should be fighting instead of peace in some instances.

We are living under the protection of the British Navy, which is more supreme now than it has ever been before. Every inch of Canadian soil has been defended during the last hundred

years by the British fleet. Canada is protected because of the fleet in the North Sea, towards the maintenance of which Canada has done nothing. Are we forever to take, take, take, and pay nothing in return for that debt?

Every man should be willing to volunteer, whether he is needed or not, and every woman should be willing as some that I have had the privilege of speaking to have said "My boy thinks it is his duty to go, and I shall put no obstacle in his way." This is the spirit we Canadians must live up to in this tremendous issue.

SPIRITUAL ARMY SERVICE CORPS

Illuminating Letter From the Front Which Glorifies Women's Part in the War, and Shows How Candour Casts Out Fear.

THE following letter was sent to the London Times by a lady well known in military circles because, she said, "I feel that it may help some of the many mothers with sons at the front."

"My mother is perfectly wonderful, and if all mothers were like her the fighting value of the soldiers would be so much higher—for she inspires one with confidence. Always cheerful letters, and therefore she must always be deliberately banishing gloomy thoughts, so that I can be absolutely candid when I write home saying what I am doing.

How Fear Breeds.

"I have to censor my men's letters and I find that those who conceal what they are doing because they are afraid of frightening their people get fearful and gloomy letters from home and then write back grousing about the bad conditions here. They are the ones who shirk and do not do their work properly and wholeheartedly because the sword arm is being clutched by craven hands at home.

"If you realise this you will see how tremendously we are controlled from at home. Of course this is probably ap-

plicable more to the Territorials than to the Regulars. Therefore we and you at home react on each other. We either get more cheerful or more gloomy.

"There is no doubt that the conditions of war in this flat, water-logged country are beastly, but a man must be an atheist to deplore the war and see nothing good in it. Either it is all wicked, sordid and useless, in which case we had better commit suicide and chuck it—or, there is a grand cause to be fought for and won, in which case God is behind it.

Think of the Pride.

"And think of the pride with which we all thrill at being chosen to suffer a certain amount of discomfort and risk in order to help forward a battle, the result of which will be felt down the ages in this world, and perhaps—who knows—in many other worlds. Just as a reverse for the Germans in the East reacts definitely here so a reverse for evil in this world may and will react on evil in other fields.

"You angels at home are like a spiritual Army Service Corps. Love and comfort flow out from you to us and keep up the moral, without which an army is more useless than without its food.

WOMEN'S CLUB TO THE FORE

Ottawa Women's Canadian Club Relief Work Has Been of Great value.

One of the first organizations to assume its share of the responsibility thrust upon the people of this country by the outbreak of war, was the Women's Canadian Club, of Ottawa. Early in the conflict, it became apparent that prompt action would have to be taken if effective work was to be accomplished in succoring and relieving the unhappy Belgian people. Almost as soon as the message went forth, the Ottawa Women's Canadian Club inaugurated the Belgian Relief fund, and sent shipment after shipment of necessities for the people of Flanders. Later the club took up the work of local relief and have accomplished equally good results. Another field of activity was the providing of comforts for Ottawa soldiers. The club may well be proud of its record of the last few months.

Belgian Relief.

Since the beginning of the war, the Women's Canadian Club has raised for Belgian relief, \$7,300 in cash. It has also sent 417 large bales of clothing and a vast quantity of food for this particular work. To organize the work and receive donations the club opened a headquarters on Bank street. For the use of the store for this purpose the club is indebted to Mr. A. E. Rae. The Ottawa club also conceived and is carrying out the idea of having coin boxes for Belgian relief and these may now be found in many cities of the Dominion under the local Canadian clubs with central headquarters in Ottawa. Already a handsome sum has been realized.

In the matter of local relief the Women's Canadian Club, of Ottawa, received food and clothing at its headquarters and distributed to the needy of the city. The good work thus begun has now been handed over to the United Relief committee. The club, however, is still giving out sewing and

other work to the unemployed women of the Capital.

The club has also carried out its scheme of sending comforts to the soldiers who enlisted in Ottawa. It has already sent out 385 sets of cholera bands, heavy vests, wristlets and sleeping socks to the men now mobilized at Kingston, Toronto and Montreal. These are appreciated to a greater extent than the public have any idea of.

As illustrating the appreciation of the soldiers who have received these useful gifts, extracts from letters received by Mrs. W. T. Herridge, the president of the club, are given herewith:

Soldiers' Gratitude.

"Dear Friend," writes Private W. J. Purtell, of the field bakery, Exhibition Grounds, Toronto: "I received your lovely gift and I cannot speak too highly, for I think it is very kind of you. It came as a surprise to us. I shall not forget the Women's Club and its gifts. The other boys will write to you soon. We are having a great time down here with the rest of the boys, and we all hope to go away soon to the front and fight for our country and king. We all hope to come back safely to see Ottawa friends. You must excuse me this time, for the bugle is calling me to night duty. I thank you in the name of His Majesty."

Private O. Guenette, of the field bakery, Toronto, writes: "To the members of the Ottawa Ladies' Canadian Club. I received your most welcome and very useful gift with heartfelt thanks for your great kindness and thoughtfulness which I gratefully appreciate. I will find them very useful these cold days, and they will serve to remind me of dear old Ottawa and the ladies of the Ottawa club. I remain yours most thankfully, Pte. Guenette."

From Toronto also writes Private W. Scott: "Dear Friend: I received your gift and think it very kind of you. I shall never forget your kindness. We are having a lovely time down here and I will send one of my photos to the club soon. Private W. Scott."

Much of the success of the Ottawa Women's Canadian Club has been due to the able leadership of Mrs. Herridge, the president. Each member has en-

tered whole heartedly into the spirit of the work, and succeeded in showing how much an organization of its character can accomplish. Since the present season commenced the membership has been continually growing. At that time the membership stood at 558. Today it has 1,148 members, and is numbered amongst the largest Canadian clubs in the Dominion. No other Canadian Club in Canada has excelled this club in labor freely given and in ultimate results.

WOMEN'S VOLUNTEER RESERVE.

Organization Going On In Vancouver,
On the Model of London Force,
Which is Rendering Invaluable Service.

A VANCOUVER correspondent, reading Miss Constance Boulton's article on what women are doing at the front and for defensive purposes in the United Kingdom, sends an account of the Women's Volunteer Reserve, which has been organized in that city by Dr. Ella Scarlett Synge, whose sister, Mrs. Haverfield, inaugurated a similar force in London.

In case of a raid, with the best troops gone to the front, the Town Guard and Veterans would have to defend the city. A body of women suitably trained would be of great value in keeping open the lines of communication, seeing that the men get their food and ammunition, signalling, despatch riding, telegraphy, and such like work.

For all of these classes are being held regularly, the corps having begun with ninety workers. Mr. Ronald Adair, champion ju jitsu wrestler of Australia, his manager, Mr. Hefferman, and Mr. Mason, give instruction in ju jitsu, and Professor Fujita, master in fencing and ju jitsu, takes classes also. Mr. Haddon, graduate in gymnastic work, gives instruction in club swinging. Sergt. Major Cain is the instructor in military, physical and ambulance drill; Messrs. Gwyther and Horse instruct the Volunteer Reserve

in signalling, and the President, Dr. Synge, gives Red Cross lectures once a week. Instructors from the Vancouver Rifle Association take classes in rifle practice, and the members of the Royal Sanitary Institute lecture weekly on field oven construction, field oven baking, camp cooking, sanitation and hygiene. Classes in swimming, fencing, motor car driving and repairing are also held, and lessons in telegraphy and riding may be taken by special arrangement.

AIRCRAFT FUND OPENED.

Thousands of British subjects in all parts of His Majesty's Dominions overseas are proud of the splendid achievements of the British Royal Flying Corps, and have expressed a desire to contribute towards the purchase of an aeroplane or aeroplanes as a gift to the Mother Country.

The Over Seas Club has therefore undertaken to inaugurate an Over Seas Aircraft Fund, for the purpose of presenting to the British Government, for the use of the Royal Flying Corps, several aeroplanes; and it is hoped to present one aeroplane from India, one from Canada, one from South Africa, and so on.

If a certain section of the Empire contributes sufficient funds for an aeroplane the name of the country will be painted on the machine, which will serve as a splendid testimony to the patriotism of the peoples of Greater Britain. In view of the activity of German airmen and the official German statement that the Yarmouth Raid is only the precursor of many such exploits, every aeroplane which we can provide will be needed. The greater the response, the greater the number of aeroplanes which we shall be able to furnish.

The latest type of Vickers's Gun Biplane, complete with gun, costs \$11,250.

NOTICE BOARD

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Subscriptions are received for any period, preferably for 3 months at 65c, and 6 months at \$1.25. Use form at foot of page. Tell us of likely subscribers. Many are doing it.

FOR PATRIOTIC MEETINGS.

Quantities of "The Canadian War" will be delivered for circulation at any gatherings and organizations, or for the general public, at 2½c per copy.

ORGANIZATIONS.

"The Canadian War" is designed to further the work of such organizations as Red Cross Societies, Patriotic Leagues, Daughters of the Empire—anything and everything which is developing Canadian sentiment and support for Canada's war. For subscriptions obtained by or through such organizations we are glad that 50% should go for local funds. The Alberta Boy Scouts are selling the paper in that province on this basis.

CREATING EMPLOYMENT.

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