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C.A.W.A.
ALL PROFITS FOR WAR FUNDS

THE
CANADA WAR

PATRIOTISM

UNION

VICTORY

Third Number

January 13, 1915

Five Cents

AFTER THE WAR

CANADA MUST HAVE A VOICE—J. S. BRIERLEY

BRITISH TRADE UNION MANIFESTO

LOYALTY THE PRODUCT OF FREEDOM—

BENJAMIN A. GOULD

THE RECRUIT—U. N. C. DUDLEY

THANKS OF A BELGIAN—FATHER PIROT

HOME-SICKNESS AND DE WET—U. N. C. DUDLEY

ISN'T HE LOVELY? —CARTOON

HOW DO YOU TEST YOURSELF?

GERMANIZING AMERICA

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

J. S. Brierley, J. T. Clark, Britton B. Cooke,

Katherine Hale, Arthur Hawkes, G. H. Locke,

Peter McArthur, A. E. S. Smythe.

32 Church Street, Toronto

Are You in Any of These?



A. O. U. W.
Belgian Relief Committee
Board of Trade
Boy Scouts
Business Association
Brotherhood
Canadian Club
Conservative Association
County Association
County Council
Daughters of the Empire
Dominion Alliance
Foresters
Girl Guides
Home Guard
Labor Party
Legislature
Liberal Association
Lord's Day Alliance
Manufacturers' Ass'n.



Minsterial Association
Oddfellows
Overseas Club
Parliament
Patriotic Society
Red Cross Society
Sons of England
Sons of Scotland
Sons of Temperance
St. Andrew's Society
St. George's Society
Suffrage Association
Single Tax Association
Teachers' Association
Town Council
Trade Union
Township Council
W. C. T. U.
Y. M. C. A.
Y. W. C. A.

These and scores of others, are bodies which are intensely concerned in Canada's participation in the War to Redeem Civilization. Every member of every organization needs the sort of war tonic that such reading as this furnishes. The editors of The Canadian War depend on you to see that they get it.

32 Church St., Toronto

THE CANADIAN WAR

PATRIOTISM UNION VICTORY

PUBLISHED AT 32 CHURCH ST., TORONTO

Written and Edited
Without Remuneration

Devoted Entirely to
Propaganda for the War

Published Below Cost
All Profits for War Funds

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January 13th, 1915

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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.

CONSIDER THESE THINGS

QUESTION OF QUESTIONS.

TWO dames, in days when orthodoxy was in flower, were discussing the new doctrine of the larger hope which would remove everlasting torment from the calendar of mercy. It seemed a frightful innovation; so very upsetting to all the ideas about God's love which had descended from ana-baptist days.

"Well, my dear," said the elder, "let us hope it isn't true; and if it should really be true, we must do our best to hush it up."

One feels a little like that after reading the unpleasant sentence from Peter McArthur which Mr. Dudley has used in "The Recruit." It is a disconcerting, even a terrible sentence:—"Even though our national destiny is involved in this war, there seems to be a growing apathy."

Of course, no man can speak for more than the area in which he hears; and it may be that Mr. McArthur is mistaken, anyway. His saying induces a desire to hear from everywhere what the private

and public temper really is. Everything, surely, is comprehensible in the answer to the question, "What is the attitude of young men towards enlisting for the front?"

FOR THE BELGIANS.

THERE is a timely intention to form a Propaganda Committee for Belgian Relief Work in Canada. It was never likely that the rush of money and materials for the stricken people would be maintained in mid-winter at the pace of the early fall, when resentment against the Germans blended so novelly with sympathy for the Belgians.

Certain of the exceedingly prudent sort remind us that we have troubles of our own. It will not help the out-of-work in Ontario to tell him that the Belgians are worse off than he is. But, after all, there is a public purse to which the Ontarian has right of access.

The Belgians have no appeal that the law would enforce—which makes their persistent claim upon our morals all the

stronger. Our aid to them has been pledged by our spokesmen in Britain and at home. They have been despitefully used where we might have been broken.

Their woes cannot be imagined by the most imaginative among us. The best Propaganda Committee ever brought together cannot recite the half of the urgency that cries in the hearing of all just men—which is only the stronger reason for a Propaganda Committee, every member of which might have the tongue of angels and of men, and still fail in the rudiments of the only eloquence that could do justice to the sacrifice that has been taken by the Moloch of Berlin.

THE NEXT SACRIFICE.

WE are only on the threshold of the sacrifices we must be prepared to make in this conflict for our existence and our freedom." So spake Finance Minister White to the Kingston Board of Trade. He told the simple truth, and he might have given a practical, statesmanlike application to it.

He might have said that we must right away sacrifice the idea that we can go through this persistent crisis

A FRIEND OF YOURS DID IT.

If you are one of those to whom The Canadian War has come without any effort on your part, you may know that you owe it to a friend who wants you to subscribe for yourself and others, and so spread the active, constructive sentiment for Canada's war, which is the sole, unpaid business of the publication. This is now the third time your friend has appealed to you. At 32 Church Street, Toronto, we are waiting for your answer.

without members of the Government telling the country openly that men of all parties and of none must get together on the same platforms to destroy

the delusion, which is not dead, that party politics can have any lot in this great matter, and to promote the only kind of union that can insure a magnificent conduct of our part in the war.

It is being noticed that the speeches of statesmen run almost entirely to the discussion of the European aspect of the war. They say little or nothing of its vital bearing on the national temper

CALGARY HERALD SAYS:

A group of well-known and patriotic newspaper writers have started the issue of "The Canadian War." The Herald hopes the new publication will be well received and supported by the people. Its inception is unselfish, its management is able and energetic, and its objects are high. It deserves the best wishes and co-operation of the Canadian reading public, which The Herald hopes it will secure.

and health of Canada. If our existence and freedom are in jeopardy, let us hear more about the interior situations that such awful possibilities involve.

Peter McArthur says we hear so much of patriotism and duty that we are getting benumbed, and that there is a growing apathy about the war. The Prime Minister does not seem to find it necessary to expound the duty of the individual man and woman. His is the exalted departmental attitude — he speaks of the administrative machine in which he is absorbed. He cannot do everything. His Ministers cannot do everything. The Opposition cannot do everything. But what they could do is to get people working together to enlarge the national consciousness of the truth that this war is really and truly a fight by us for our existence and freedom. That means a range, a quality, a persistence of fundamental political preaching—not partisan preaching—for which the enlistment should have been multiplied months ago, and should be undertaken now.

OPPOSITION PERIL.

THERE is not to be an election before the meeting of Parliament, on February 4th. The news was given out just before Sir Robert Borden started for Winnipeg, where the desire for an election had most studiously been nourished.

The Premier does not read newspapers in these much occupied days; so that he can hardly know what is being said about the party truce which is exclusively advertised by the Liberals. He may hear, though, that Opposition leaders like Mr. Graham, who inspires all and writes some of the editorials in the Montreal Herald, openly mourn over their exclusion from consultation with the Government on such questions as war taxation—the sort of consultation which has distinguished the unaffected truce in the United Kingdom.

If Mr. Graham's plaintive regret produces no outward and visible sign of a melting towards the Opposition, he may presently be heard asserting that the Prime Minister's deliverances are more notable for what they leave out than for what they embrace—they certainly do not embrace the Opposition.

But, really, this is no time for even the mildest persiflage; or even for the most innocent silence from the Prime Minister. When war rages and tax bills are bound to rise in Ottawa as fast as the thermometer goes down in Quebec, it is the simplest political wisdom for a Government to confess the existence of a former Opposition and to take away from it the last vestige of an excuse for remembering when it comes back to Ottawa that it is the duty of an Opposition to oppose.

Forgetfulness of the existence of political forces outside the office-holding entourage, which could be utilized for the war, as corresponding political forces in Britain have been used, has been a feature of the national situation since the twenty-second day of August

—which is rather a distant date. It may be a long, long way to union if that aloofness has been calculated.

If you treat an Opposition like an Opposition in a war recess, you unnecessarily tempt it to behave like an Opposition when the recess is over. There are better things to do than to increase temptations to disturbances of the Parliamentary peace. For once the dictates of partisan politics and of pure patriotism are identical. They are to make the Opposition the avowed, the unreserved partner of all that the Government does. As things are, the Opposition is dangerously free, and will need abundant grace from a higher source to save itself from yielding to temptation. For unity's sake may it play the larger part, even if a fully-adorned major-general does sit alluringly across the gangway.

GERMANISING AMERICA?

THE protest of the United States against the conduct of Great Britain towards American commerce, as part of the campaign against contraband of war, does not affect the fundamentals of the Republic's relation to the Allies' cause, though it will influence the feeling of those whose business the war has appreciably damaged. It will also make it a little less difficult for the pro-Germans in the States to defend their side.

There was a sign of what was to come in an article of the Washington Post, which suggested that the British predominance on the water might develop as harmful a militarism as that of Germany on land. Public opinion in the Republic is subject to many cross-currents.

Even if there were not millions of people who originated in Germany and Austria to prejudice the situation, the old touchiness about Britain might be expected to recur here and there without much provocation. One sinner may

destroy much good, and one Britophobe may spread much suspicion.

From the Canadian point of view, the American protest has this constructive worth—it exhibits afresh the wisdom of our doing everything that is possible to spread, across the line, a kindly appreciation of our own part in the war. That is a right and duty devolving upon the only belligerent power in the New World which no entity beyond the sea can vindicate for us; least of all, the Foreign Office, which must needs be the object of any passing irritation of our neighbors.

The war is disclosing to the Americans a political phenomenon for which they were little prepared. It is discovered that the German who, they thought, had become an American, is very much of a German still. The assimilation into American democracy has not been as thorough as was believed.

Germans who fled from the yoke of militarism find themselves championing the cause of the militarists. Blood is thicker than water—it is even thicker than Budweiser. The Germanic ideal is not the Britannic ideal.

The genius of democracy in the United States is essentially the Britanic genius. That is why it is possible for articles like those of Herbert Quick and Benjamin Gould to be written for *The Canadian War*, and for appeals to be made like that of Mr. Campbell Humphrey for American intervention.

The German in the United States has mastered the mechanics of American democracy, but he has not absorbed its spirit.

The very liberty of democracy helps to delay the process of assimilation. Some true democrats would prohibit the publication of newspapers in languages which have no official status in the Republic. The language as a political factor is all but incalculable. At the least, the printed use of an alien tongue accentuates the segregation of

peoples into factions which the more easily become suspicious of and antagonistic to each other. Where there is a constantly-promoted linguistic bond there is an incitement to unified action in special emergencies. If a solid German war vote should develop in the United States it might be used with most fateful results at a critical time.

The war, then, has disclosed the necessity for a new consolidation of the peoples of the United States into a nationality consciously freed from the taint of a Kaiserising militarism. So far as Canadians can do it, we have a defensive interest in promoting that consolidation. Such a work would be outside the present grasp of the Foreign Office.

Few of our own people are yet seized of what it should involve. They know little more than London knows of the entrenchment of German ideas in the United States, through a German press. How widely is it known that there are nearly fifty daily newspapers printed in the United States? There are weeklies by the hundred. The Austrians are strongly represented also.

There is an intensely active German factor in the United States attitude to the war. It is time the Canadian relation to it were appraised and acted upon. For there is much work to do.

SHADOWS OF TO-MORROW.

TWO things in this number deal pertinently with the after-fruits of the war. Mr. Brierley's speech to the Montreal Canadian Club states the claim to a Canadian voice in settling the foreign policy of the Empire, and warns Britain that never again must men in Downing Street have the power to say when Canada shall be at war. The manifesto of the General Federation of Trade Unions of the United Kingdom sets forth the broad lines on which the British labor movement will

want to see the post bellum situation handled.

Both points of view take it for granted that the primary business of all Britons is to end the menace of militarism. Mr. Brierley sees in the war a mighty challenge to a revision of the broad relation of state with state, of nation with nation, in the Empire. The labor men see in it an unanswerable case for a revision of the method of valuing the services rendered the state by the unit of the state, without whom the state could not exist.

Mr. Brierley's speech should provoke healthy discussion. It suggests a constitutional debate of the first magnitude, which may in time effect a new

SUSPICION.

Mr. Gladstone used to say that suspicion is one of the worse vices that can afflict a population. Have you ever realized how it honeycombs public life? Have you ever known a man or a group of men to start anything in relation to public affairs without lots of people asking "What's at the back of this? They must be after something for themselves." Some excellent folk, looking over "The Canadian War," will be as suspicious of it as a fox is of a trap. You, of course, are not like that; but when you hand your copy to another man you might tell him that you have looked it over and don't find anything strange about it—it SEEMS all right; but, of course, you can never tell, etc., etc.

alignment of the schools which tend respectively to centralization and to greater liberty of action within the Britannic bound. At first look, Mr. Brierley's size-up of the position may not seem to have any direct relation to the Old Country trade union manifesto. But it has a great deal to do with it.

The relations between the geographically sundered parts of the Empire will in the end depend on the similarity of their conceptions of social well-being. If we do not approximate more and more to one another's ideas and prac-

tices in the fields of inter-human justice, we shall drift farther apart in the regions where political relations in the mass are determined.

It is as illuminating a thing as you can do to read what the Labor men say about the domestic settlements that will belong to the coming peace. The manifesto may surprise some readers who think that Labor deliverances are bound to be full of sound and fury signifying nothing.

No document has been issued during the war that carries more surely a statesmanlike tone than this deliverance. It justifies the high reputation which the Labor men have made in the House of Commons—a reputation which caused Mr. Balfour to tell the House, a few years ago, that the Labor party had set an example to the other three parties, in dignity and restraint under provocation.

The manifesto upholds Britain's quarrel without reservation. The duty of the times is to offer "the fiercest resistance to the aggressor," and "to insist that the economic and moral disabilities of war should not fall altogether on the shoulders of the poor."

The last time British blood was poured out on European soil was in the Crimea nearly sixty years ago. The government did not then dream of interfering with the price of wheat. There was no limit to the sacred freedom of the seller of a vital commodity. The government was weaker in the presence of the extortioner than it was before Sebastopol. This war, even before it was declared, proclaimed that an economic revolution had occurred—a revolution which is not confined to the mere machinery of credit, but which has set in a new light the economic relation of the fighting man to the State.

This is the last big war in which it will be deemed necessary for so-called charity to come to the aid of those who

depend on the saviours of the State. Of all the anomalies that persist, perhaps this is the most ironical—that the man who risks his life to defend the lives and property of his fellows, is supposed to look for the care of his wife and children to the monetary “charity” of those who would have no property with which to be “charitable” were it not for his willingness to die for his country.

The Labor manifesto is on the surest ground when it says:

The Government has paid for the material things it required for the war, it has extended its financial assistance and credit to banks and private concerns, and it would act illogically if it hesitated to meet the demand for payment for that human element, without which States cannot exist or wars be made. Surely if the human element voluntarily places itself at the service of the State, it is the duty of any Government to pay for this at least as fairly as it paid for its coal and its corn. . . . It is necessary at once to withdraw from the realm of chance and charity the interests of the soldier and his dependents.

There can be no humane negative to this proposition. The Labor movement

in Britain will see that the proposition becomes action. The citizen in arms is no proper object of charity. The change that has occurred is only one of many, which prove that the world has advanced, and is advancing, and will continue to advance.

Diplomacy always lags behind the progress of mankind. We are fighting because men with mediaeval minds have controlled chancelleries in Europe. When diplomats learn that war is a terribly more expensive business than it was in the far-off era when their style of politics came into vogue, there will be an end of one of the worst forms of political lunacy. The man in the ranks is no longer ignorant and blind and dumb.

One does not have to accept the teaching of every Labor leader before assenting to the fundamentals of this manifesto. Neither can one afford to dismiss it as the interesting production of an interesting phase of social unrest. It is a shadow of things to come.

AS AN AID TO PATRIOTISM

EDITORIAL IN THE WELLAND TELEGRAPH

AN announcement has reached the editor's desk that a new Canadian weekly is to be issued, as though we had not enough publications as it is, many of them struggling, some dead and others dying. War time, one would think, would be a mighty bad time to send out a new paper to rap at people's doors.

Yet The Telegraph hopes it will win, knows it ought to win, and believes it will win. Why? Because of the men who are to write the message, and because of what the message is to be.

The weekly is to be known as “The Canadian War.” Its purpose: To treat the Canadian aspects of the war as an aid to the patriotism of our own people, and as a means of explaining especially to our neighbors why we are in the con-

flict for all the present is worth and all the future may disclose. It will strive to promote a healthy Canadian nationality as an increasing power within the Britannic Empire.

Listen! Here is the editorial executive:—J. T. Clark, the genial editorial writer of the Toronto Star; Peter McArthur, the most popular of the special contributors to The Globe; A. E. S. Smythe of the World; Arthur Hawkes, the father of the British born movement; Britton B. Cooke; Katherine Hale, one of the sweetest of Canadian singers, and Helen Merrill.

The paper will be printed for bare cost; editors and contributors are giving their services free. All profits that are made will go to the war funds.

LOYALTY THE PRODUCT OF FREEDOM

Britain's Imperial policy, besides ensuring the fighting co-operation of self-governing Dominions, and marvellous India, justifies optimism for the future of the world.

BY BENJAMIN A. GOULD.

GREAT BRITAIN has an asset greater than all assets of all other nations in the world, an asset that makes it certain that she will win this war. No other nation knew she had it—Germany suspected it least of all—and she herself was not certain she possessed it until she sought to realize upon it and found it worth more than all else she has. Yet this asset has cost her nothing, but has rather paid her rich dividends while she has been acquiring it. It is the unfailing loyalty of all her far-flung peoples.

Once Believed in Burglary.

This loyalty is the by-product of the freedom which Great Britain has consistently given to those under her flag.

Up to about a hundred years ago, England, like the rest of the great colonizing powers, did not know the truth about foreign possessions. She had the false idea that Germany still has and is trying in this war to turn into cash, that foreign countries represent wealth that can be captured and turned to the profit of the conqueror, that a people beaten in war can be exploited and the fruit of their labor used to enrich the victors. She believed as Germany believes to-day in national burglary, in thievery protected by the force of arms from the punishment which overtakes the individual thief when detected.

Two great events in her history served to convince England of her error and to bring to her the knowledge which has been the basis of the present greatness and stability of her Empire. The first and far the most important of these was the revolt of the American colonies. Under the stupid and selfish Georges, their selfish and stupid min-

isters sought to use these colonies as sources of revenue, as taxable properties from which might be derived moneys to help in carrying on the great European wars which she was at the time waging.

She was genuinely and intensely surprised at this revolt. She could not understand the Boston Tea Party. She would not recognize the fact that white men dwelling eighty degrees west are the same as those who dwell at the longitude of Greenwich. She regarded this revolt as one to be put down by force, not as one to be nullified by a change of policy; and considered the retention of these colonies at any rate as trivial in comparison with European successes.

Lesson from India.

She, therefore, felt that she could spare for subduing this revolution only a few troops, and these not her best, many of them being mercenaries; and the defeats they met troubled her not greatly. As a result, she lost forever because of her lack of democratic understanding the country that has become second only to herself in wealth and political importance, and second not even to her as a leader in those demonstrated principles of democracy which are now revolutionizing the older civilizations.

The other great event in recent English history was her experience with the East India Company. Even after she had realized that it was poor business to try to exploit white men under her flag, she none the less thought that it might be done with brown ones. But since the recall of Hastings she has broadened her wisdom as to them also.

As a corollary, she has learned that she loses more than she gains when she tries to exploit those who do not live under her flag. Her future history will never have another opium treaty to chronicle.

Since Great Britain adopted this later policy, she has been consistent in carrying it out. She has determined that all under her flag must be better off and safer for being a part of her empire, and she has sought to link this empire together by ties of interest rather than to hold it together by the broadsides of her fleets.

She has therefore consistently given to each constituent part the greatest measure of self-government for which it has capacity, varying from an administration such as that in India or Egypt, where the object is to build up and benefit the country administered, to the absolute and uncontrolled autonomy of her self-governing Dominions like Canada and Australia.

Even Turbulent Ireland.

Can anyone conceive of a nation built on German ideals giving to a conquered South Africa self-government within a few years of the close of the bitter and costly Boer war, and allowing one of the conquered generals to become the head of this government? Even turbulent Ireland would have had home rule years ago had all of Ireland desired it.

This democracy which Great Britain is now so successfully practising in her Empire abroad has also had a tremendous reflex action at home, and year by year the authority of her sovereigns has been curtailed, one by one the powers and privileges of her peers have been restricted, until to-day it is the man rather than the rank that counts, even as in Belgium, where Albert is the first man, not because he is king, but because he is Albert. The British Tory of to-day is more liberal than the Radical of a generation ago. No other Euro-

pean nation stands to-day for freedom as does Great Britain.

From this freedom has come the loyalty which is bringing the active co-operation of every part of the Empire. This war has proved once and for all that free men will sacrifice everything for their freedom, and will die if need be to maintain the government that has given them that freedom. We knew that white men realized this, and we knew that Canada, Australia and New Zealand would spring forward with serried ranks of sober-minded and earnest soldiery at the call of the Motherland.

But what we did not know was that the other races whose measure of self-government was not so great would likewise have the insight to recognize the fact that this is their war too.

Marvel of India.

The most significant thing which the war has developed in its bearing upon the future of mankind has been the magnificent way in which India has rallied to the flag, and begged that she, too, might have the opportunity to prove her loyalty with her blood and her treasure.

Here is a land which for centuries has been the victim of the feuds and strifes of warring principalities and incompatible beliefs, a land in which the mass of the people have not anything approaching the education of the western civilizations; where the bazaar rumor takes the place of the press, and the word of mullah or yogi has been held the word of God. Yet this India, to us incomprehensible, has comprehended us, and those who in the black year of 1857 sought to kill us, to-day ask nothing better than to die for us.

A half century of unselfishness in administration has bred a loyalty to Great Britain that even religious fanaticisms and the proclamations of Jehads have been unable to overcome. Rajah and Maharajah, Prince and Nizam, have

offered to the great British Raj their lives and their treasure chests; Sikh and Ghurka and Pathan and Hindu plead that they too may bleed in the great cause. Has anything in the history of the world so made for optimism?

There is one further step for the world to take, and I still do not despair of seeing the world take it in this war. This is to appreciate that the thing which earns and secures this deserved loyalty is an idea, not a nation. We see it typified in a nation, but in truth it is a cause common to all true nations. Political divisions of nations are supremely unimportant so long as the idealisms on which they are founded are the same.

The changes of boundaries which will result from this war matter nothing; the changes in the aspirations of peoples are all important. England today happens to typify a democracy for which the world is willing to suffer, but this democracy is inherent in mankind, not in England. This war belongs to every free people and concerns them broadly as much as it concerns England.

Once the people of the United States realize this fact, I believe that nothing will be able to hold them from joining in the struggle. The world requires that the feudalism existing in Germany be destroyed, and to accomplish this destruction is the duty of every free

people. To shirk this duty is pure selfishness.

The end of all great wars can only come when all great nations have a similar idealism, when they recognize that there is a cause greater than nationality to which their loyalties are due. This end of war can never be brought about either by armament or disarmament; only the costliness of war may be varied by this means. Where nations are actuated by this supernational conception of freedom, war becomes futile and preparation for war needless.

It is inconceivable that America and Great Britain should ever again come to blows because both are loyal to the same supernational conception of liberty and of the place of free men in a free world. The lesson that India teaches is that every race has capacity for this conception, and that the time when this supernationalism shall prevail throughout the world is much nearer than those who only see the details of contemporary history and not its broader significance believe possible. Russia, the last land which we could expect to learn the lesson, shows clear signs that she is learning it; Italy shows that she has it almost learned; the pains of defeat will force Germany and Austria to learn it.

To the earnest thinker the future of the world and of the humankind that makes it is brighter than ever before. The federation of the nations is almost in sight.

AN EXAMPLE FOR YOU.

This is a letter from London: "Enclosed is my cheque for \$5, to further the work of The Canadian War."

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

"You have lived up to your promise," writes an eminent public servant about the first number. Send for it.

HOW IT STRIKES WRITERS.

Mrs. Arthur Murphy, President of the Canadian Women's Press Club, writes from Edmonton to the editors:—

"Congratulations on your enterprise and patriotism. I should consider it an honor to be included in the editors' band for THE CANADIAN WAR."

Mrs. Murphy's vivacious books bear the name of "Janey Canuck."

HOMESICKNESS AT THE FRONT

Factor in the trial of endurance in France, which was first recognized in Boer War, and which led to De Wet's greatest stroke against the British.

BY U. N. C. DUDLEY

SOME people have laughed at a cable from London, by way of New York. It says that our fellows at the front are allowed to go home on leave, as an antidote to homesickness, which reduces the efficiency of the army in the field.

Whoever heard of men being taken away from the grim work of war because they were homesick, like a lot of schoolgirls? laughs the cocksure cynic, who has never been to war; who does not understand what mighty forces lie behind homesickness, and who cannot fathom the alliance between the sacredness of home and the grim brutality of organized bloodshed. But these things are of the very essence of warfare, and therefore, of the participation in it of good people who are thousands of miles away from the bursting shells.

Example of South Africa.

We tell the men they are fighting to defend their homes. What man is so likely to fight to the end as the man to whom home, and everything that it holds, is most dear?

To make a happy fireside clime
For weans and wife
Is the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

Homesickness is an honorable estate, as honorable as the holy estate of matrimony, from which it springs. It is not a partner with Fear, but the hand-maiden of Duty. In the lion-hearted it may be the truest badge of his essential nobility. The general in the field, careful only for the efficiency of his fighters, takes note of the contagious character of the affection, because all men are not patterns of intellectual and moral chiv-

ally, when they become inured to the seeking of enemies to slay them.

It is told that the homesickness which overtook some of our men on the illimitable veldt faster than they overtook Botha, De Wet and De La Rey, made them reckless, and sometimes curiously indifferent about their morale. It was impossible to let them go home for an occasional week-end, from far South Africa. Besides, the malady—if such it be—had never before been regarded as a factor in warfare.

Different from Grandfather.

Recognition of it is a sign of the greater humanity that has invaded the minds of men when they are cumbered with the worst relics of barbarism. It is a far cry from the all but indiscriminate flogging for petty offences which disgraced the armies in which our grandfathers served to the granting of leave from France and Belgium because of the danger of nostalgia. But there is more military wisdom in leave such as this than there ever was in the brutalization which was aforesaid regarded as indispensable to a fighting unit that did not receive a commission direct from the King. It is a sequence of the change from two scanty meals a day to a reasonably liberal three.

Perhaps if we could learn the intimate details of soldiering in the long ago, we should discover that ancient generals knew more of the psychology of armies than we suppose they did. If the British generals only discovered the immense factor of homesickness in a campaign when they had been a long time in Africa, they were slower than some of their opponents, who, at the begin-

ning, knew nothing of the arts of war as they were understood in Whitehall.

It is not fashionable just now to speak in praise of General De Wet. But it is true that we owe more to him for the efficiency of the British expeditionary force in France and Belgium than most of us have any idea of. What would have been learned by the red tapers of the War Office, from the Boer war, if it had consisted of the easy march to Pretoria, which they were so mighty certain of fifteen years ago? It was the lessons that Botha, De Wet, and De La Rey gave men like Buller, Roberts and Kitchener that made the modern efficient British army.

After Paardeberg.

De Wet is mentioned here because he, being so much greater than the circumstances from which he sprang, demonstrated the importance of understanding homesickness, of which few of the British leaders had ever heard, and which, so far as is known, is only now set forth for the second time in print.

After Paardeberg—which gave Lord Kitchener a lesson in the futility of a certain style of frontal attack which he should have learned before—there was the advance to Bloemfontein, across the veldt. De Wet became commander of the Free State army when Cronje was captured. De Wet had been sent westward from Ladysmith, where he distinguished himself at Nicholson's Nek, by capturing a thousand soldiers and entraining them under the noses of generals who had not yet begun to find out that they were pitted against a natural military genius.

De Wet was second to Cronje, whose contempt for the rooineks prevented him from treating them seriously, even when Roberts came to retrieve, with many thousands of new men, the blunders of the frontal attack at Magersfontein, which failed to relieve Kimberley. If Cronje had taken De Wet's

advice after Magersfontein, there would have been no Paardeberg.

After Paardeberg the Boers could only delay a little Roberts' advance. They fought well, but they could not go on day and night interminably. Presidents Kruger and Steyn had been in the field, and narrowly escaped capture at Poplar Grove. Kruger went back to Pretoria, and Steyn to Bloemfontein. A council of war at that capital determined to defend the city to the last ounce of resisting power, against the advancing British. When local arrangements had been made, the President and party set out to meet the army and tell General De Wet what was required of him.

Distress of a President.

A few miles out they met a straggler or two, who said they were going to their farms, by the General's permission. "Deserters," said the President and his party.

Presently they met more, who told the same story. "There must be some misunderstanding," said the President and his party.

Half an hour later there came several well-to-do farmers whom the President knew for unimpeachable witnesses. They, too, said General De Wet had told them to go home, and to be at Brandfort, thirty-five miles north of Bloemfontein, in ten days' time.

The President and his party were dumbfounded. They knew De Wet for a leal burgher, and for a new-found military leader, such as they had longed for; but it was, surely, a deadly error—to abandon the capital to the enemy. They resumed the journey, sorrowing, and soon met a stream of disbanded burghers. Their inquiries were now for the whereabouts of the general, who had abandoned the field.

They were the first pursuers of De Wet in the war, who knew what man they were after, for the British had not by this time heard who was their most

cunning adversary. It was two days before President Steyn found the farmer-soldier, at Kroonstad.

The eye witness who is the authority for this narrative says that the meeting was painfully tense, on the President's part, and easy as a market day, on De Wet's side. There was reproach in the President's tone, as he asked the reason for the abandonment of the field to the British.

Boer Who Knew Most.

"President," said De Wet, "you are a boer" (meaning the word as the Dutch use it to signify "farmer") "but I am older than you, and I think I know the boers a little better than you do. I sent the men home because it was the best thing to do. They had been fighting and retreating for many days and nights, till they would soon be able to fight no more. They were becoming discouraged, and they had not seen their wives and children and farms for so long that they could not hold together longer. Roberts has so many men that nothing we could do would hold him back. If I had kept the men at a hopeless job we should have gone to pieces. So I told them to go home, and see to things, and meet me at Brandfort in ten days' time."

"But the city?" said the astounded President. "What is to become of our city, if we don't defend it, general? Have you thought of that?"

"Oh, yes," answered the imperturbable De Wet. "We have saved the city, as well as the men. We could not prevent Roberts taking the city. If he had taken it by first destroying it, we should have had no capital left, and the war would have been over as far as our burghers are concerned. When Roberts has taken possession, and destroyed nothing, he cannot move for weeks, for two reasons. His supplies have got to come up over our railway from Colesberg, and he is going to have an outbreak of typhoid. His men have been

drinking unboiled water from the river where dead horses have lain. When he begins to use the railway, we will do him a great deal more harm than we could have done by defending the city."

"That sounds very well," said the President, "but you have disbanded your army, and you can't do anything without an army, can you?"

"But I shall have an army at Brandfort," replied the easy-going De Wet. "When our men have been home, and seen their families, and have put the farm work in order, they will come back, never fear. It was the only thing to do—to send them home."

Behind the Sickness.

On the appointed day there was an army at Brandfort, one-third bigger than the army which Roberts thought he had finally dispersed between Poplar Grove and Bloemfontein. Those of us who remember, have not forgotten the capture of Dewetsdorp, the disaster at Sanna's Post, the innumerable cutting of communications, and the interminable chase of De Wet.

The point of this resurrected phase of a war that seems so far off to-day is that the resistance of the Orange Free State was insured because an untutored military genius knew what was in and what might come out of homesickness supervening on physical weariness, against which courage cannot be everlastingly proof.

And for our behoof, these thousands of miles from the war, what is there in this doctrine about homesickness reinforced from the African highlands? Just this—that behind the sickness is the home, and that the only abiding glory of the war is the glory that may come from injecting the spirituality of home into the long, long agonies; the pitiless trials of faith, of patience, of endurance, of two o'clock-in-the-morning courage, before and after the excitement of the fateful day.

Such a war as we are in is more than

fighting in the trenches. We say it is democracy against militarism in its most odious form, and so it is. The time when men fought because they were compelled to fight, and were ignorant of the things they fought for, has gone for ever for those who call themselves by the Britannic name.

Our fellows are not all incipient statesmen; but there is a larger proportion of thoroughly informed, sincerely patriotic men among them than have ever fought before in the cockpit of Europe. Their moral sustenance depends, in large measure, on their apprehension of our support in more men, and in everything that can make the return to civil life noble and gratifying to a truly noble mind.

The lover who toils better because he knows his mistress regards his toiling, should have his counterpart in the soldier who fights better because he knows that those who do not hear the boom of destruction, who do not see the sights he hopes they will never see, care infinitely for his well-doing and will honor the men who return as well as those who fall.

It is for us—for you and me—to play worthily that part which alone can make home and the things of home the unconquerable motive power of the man in the field.

PROTEST OF AN AMERICAN.

Editor, THE CANADIAN WAR—

Sir,—The United States has at last seen fit to make a protest. For months we Americans, who think our country still is what her history shows that she has been, have been hoping and expecting that a protest would be made. We looked for a protest against the invasion of Belgium, against the murder of civilians, against the mutilation of children, against the slaughter of women, wounded and prisoners, against reprisals forbidden by the Hague Tribunal, against the bombardment of unfortified towns, against the levying of blackmail on con-

quered cities, against the strewing of floating mines in neutral waters, against the wanton destruction of universities, cathedrals and works of art, against the insolent leaving of Belgium to starve while bleeding her white with extortion, against calculated terrorism, against barbarisms that have made this war hideous beyond any in modern history.

But when the protest came it was in behalf of the copper trust and the beef trust, seeking arrangements by which they could add profits from German trade to the profits they are making from British trade. Let them hunt with the hound and run with the hare, and squeeze a few dollars out of each. Shades of Washington and Lincoln, that a Wilson and a Bryan should be in a position to do this thing! AMERICAN.

SEND FLOUR TO BELGIUM.

THE liberal and enterprising people of St. Thomas have collected and shipped a carload of flour for the relief of starving Belgians. The pressing need of the several millions of Belgians left in their own country is food. Clothing is more easily procurable by the exercise of inventive ingenuity than food is, and it serves its purpose longer than food does. The supply of food from abroad must be kept up for months to come. The Germans may before long be driven out of Belgium and Northern France, but it will take a long time after they are gone to reorganize a devastated and exhausted country. Only after the seed time and harvest of 1915 have come and gone will the Belgian people be in some measure past the need of relief from abroad, and to continue according to their ability their contributions for this purpose would be on the part of the Canadian people a great work of humanity.—*Globe*.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE FOR YOU.

A merchant in Sussex, New Brunswick, who saw Number One, writes: "Please book our order for 25 copies of each issue of The Canadian War till countermanded."

MUST NOT MAKE WAR FOR CANADA

The war has ended the phase of Imperial evolution in which Britain can decide that it is time for Canada to go to war; and will compel united counsel in future.

J. S. BRIERLEY, TO THE MONTREAL CANADIAN CLUB

LET us in this gravest crisis in the history of the race face the truth.

We are not in this war only by reason of Belgium's neutrality having been violated. If, instead of Belgium, the outraged country were in South America, and the aggressor were the United States, would we be at war?

We pledged our support to France on August 2. Belgium was not invaded until the night of August 3-4. We are not in this war because of friendship for France, deep as is that friendship. If France's defeat had meant nothing else we might have kept out. We are not at war because Germany's ideals are distinct from ours. She may philosophize about the natural law in the political world until the cows come home, so long as she does not try to prove, by our destruction, that the stronger are the only ones who should survive.

Germany Would Destroy Us.

No, we are at war in response to the dictates of the primal law of nature, self-preservation. Bleeding, weeping Belgium, to the last syllable of recorded time the shadow athwart the path of Germany, is but the whetstone of our sword, the voice that warns us what our fate will be if we fail.

We are at war because we are at last convinced that Germany aims at the destruction of the British Empire—that organism, according to Bernhardt, that sprawls over a fifth of the globe without the justification afforded by force of arms or culture—after the manner of the German.

We do not require to bring an indictment against the whole German people, or allow the passion of conflict to usurp the place of reason, in order to say with

deep conviction that Germany, by the hands of its military oligarchy and its de-Christianized intellectuals, is challenging our right to be a world-power, and therefore is challenging our life, our liberties, and our ideals. The struggle is one to the death.

This brings us to a phase of the subject very close to us as Canadians. We, in common with the rest of the Empire, have taken up the gauge of battle which says, "Your Empire or ours." In other words, we are saying that, so far as in us lies, this world empire shall be maintained. We are assuming, deliberately and whole-heartedly, the responsibilities of Empire.

When Casualty Lists Come.

Despite the warnings of some good citizens, Canada is plunging into the vortex of European militarism. She is freely, cheerfully, sending her men, not in shiploads, but in Armadas, to fight upon the plains of Europe. There is but one meaning to be drawn; we have pledged our future to the Empire, and are sealing the pledge with the blood of our sons.

When the casualty lists are completed, we will have learned, with many tears, I fear, one of the meanings of national responsibility. Can we then close the book, to open it again at the same chapter when next Great Britain goes forth to war? No. That chapter marks the end of one phase of our life.

The next must tell of how we entered upon the succeeding age in the history of the Dominion. Not again can we let a Grey and an Asquith, unless they be our Grey and our Asquith, send our sons to the field of death. Before this club.

year after year, we have discussed Canada's future,

And heard great argument
About it and about; but evermore
Came out by the same door where
in we went.

Now, war's hand has opened a door for us out of which we will not emerge. We have had in Canada a group of men who looked upon our relationship to the rest of the Empire as a makeshift—a bridge to span the time of the nation's adolescence. In the twinkling of an eye these theories have vanished.

Canada Enters World Council.

Canada stands forth, naked and unashamed, an integral part of the British Empire. The war has changed the whole situation; has altered the very framework of the Empire. Why? For the simple and all-sufficient reason that the nation which wages war must possess the right to make war—unless it be a vassal nation.

This is, I submit, as obvious a proposition as was ever placed before a gathering of free-born men. Taken in conjunction with our participation in this war, it forms a broom which sweeps before it into the dust-heap all the hair-splitting arguments of the school of thought which undertakes to define the exact measure of our indebtedness, material and moral, to the rest of the Empire, and to set bounds to the payments we shall make on account thereof.

It would be wholly inconsistent with our self-respect, and with our manhood to accept the responsibilities of nationhood, even to the mortgaging of our future, and the sacrificing of our men, but decline the vital responsibility that rests upon those who make the war and the peace that will follow it. As the day has passed when we left to Britain the defence of our country, so the day has come when we can no longer leave to her the making of war and peace on our behalf. As one among the nations of the Empire, we must now be called to the Empire's councils.

Let me put the situation in a more concrete form. Can you envisage a Canada through the long years to come, ploughing its fields in bucolic contentment, asking no share in the responsibilities of Empire, but ready at any time on a call from the men of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, to drop the plough handles and rush to arms? You cannot, and I cannot.

Rather can we see, as the logical, the natural, the inevitable, and the desirable destiny for Canada, a people far advanced in the arts of peace; taking high place in the common council of the Empire-nations; doing what it may to preserve the continuity of British history and the perpetuation of British ideals, and taking a wide, intelligent and influential interest in the affairs of the great world.

Let Bourassa Be Still.

One important consequence that must follow the acceptance of the proposition that the war has cleared the atmosphere and defined our destiny is abandonment of the doubt and misgivings of the past, and frank acceptance of the task of making the best of our Empire-membership. There can be no further justification for any of us to declare that we are not Imperialists, and desire only the status quo.

As between independence and imperialism we have definitely chosen the latter. No other interpretation of our course is possible. It cannot be argued that we are in the war for any other reason than the elemental one that we are British, in full communion with the British race the world over, and therefore taking our share of its burdens.

If Mr. Bourassa and Mr. Ewart can find any other good and sufficient reason for our army being on Salisbury Plain, let them declare it, or hereafter hold their peace, for what availeth it for them to prove by all the text books that we are not constitutionally involved in Britain's wars if we are at the moment en-

(Continued on Page 18.)

HOW DO YOU TEST YOUR FIGHTING POWER?

—AND—

What is the War Like Around You?

WE ARE ALL FIGHTING, morally. Even if we are chasing money for money's sake, we cannot get away from our responsibility, any more than a soldier in the trenches can by keeping his head where he cannot see the foe.

WE ARE COMBATANTS as individuals. Nobody can shoulder the personal burden each must bear.

AS COMMUNITIES we are combatants—nobody can really load his civic duty on somebody else.

IF WE ARE HANGING back, our community can't do its part. We are indispensable to it. Money is the least important element in our share of duty.

YOU CAN'T BUY HONOR and self-respect with money. The Government can come along any day and take from you the money it needs—more money than you will ever give away.

NO GOVERNMENT CAN COMPEL you to render free, willing, reasonable, acceptable, sacrificial service—which is what you can give, for yourself, for your community, for your country, for the future of your children's children.

HOW CAN THAT SERVICE be weighed, and gauged, and recorded, where those who come after us can thankfully read it?

ONLY IN THE NUMBER of men we give to the national cause. All else is mint and anise and cumin.

THE PRIME MINISTER SAYS we shall send two hundred thousand men to Europe if they are needed. The only worthy thing for us to do is to assume that they are needed. We may enlist too few. We can't enlist too many.

HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE they will be obtained? In that two hundred thousand what do you figure is the proportion that should be supplied by those who came to Canada from across the seas?

WHEN YOU HAVE FIGURED that up you will recognize a local problem to be solved. And, maybe, the closer you stand up to that problem the bigger it will look.

THIS IS A SERIOUS business—a very serious business; and it is up to you, more than to anybody else in your neighborhood.

WHILE YOU ARE THINKING about it, here are a few questions from the answers to which other questions will spring. If you answer them in writing, you will have indited a valued contribution to "The Canadian War":

(1) **HOW MANY PEOPLE** are there in the territory where your name is known by persons with whom you are not acquainted?

(2) **HOW MANY MEN** in that territory have enlisted for the front?

(3) **AS THE POPULATION** of Canada is, roughly, eight millions, how many on a population basis will be required from the territory in which people know you as a good sort of citizen, by the time the Canadian contingents total two hundred thousand men?

(4) **HOW DO YOU** size up the patriotism of the public man who said, "Recruits? Why we can get all we want. I could get twenty thousand Polaks for the Third Contingent".

(5) **WHAT DO YOU THINK** the noble women deserve who are toiling day in and day out that the men who are fighting for Canada may be comforted in health and may be restored, in disaster?

(6) **WHAT IS YOUR OWN NEXT MOVE** as a fighter for democracy against militarism; as a defender of the Empire against the attempt on its life; as a Canadian who wants his country to keep its head high among the nations of the earth?

CANADA NEEDS YOUR IDEAS AS WELL AS YOUR MONEY

Send Them to The Canadian War to be Passed Along; 32 Church St., Toronto.

gaged in revising our constitution on the basic principle of British solidarity?

It is therefore no slight thing that the war has brought to pass, for many of our national defects in character and ideals are the result of national uncertainty. We have been drifting, varying our course, by occasionally pulling to one side or the other. Now there should be no more drift. We are steering a straight line for the open sea, and the sooner we recognize the fact the better.

It will be soon our duty to decide, not where our future is to be laid, but the character of our relations within the Empire. Are they to be those of a federated Empire, or of an alliance of sister nations? Who can at this juncture say? The one fact that emerges, clear above all the fogs of controversy, is that we must create machinery for inter-imperial discussion and consultation.

Must Have a Voice.

Canada must be consulted, before the Empire goes to war. She must be consulted before the Empire makes peace. She must be consulted upon the Empire's foreign policy; upon all subjects that may, directly, or indirectly, make calls on the defence forces of the Empire.

This is not, on its face, a very serious demand, yet it marks a long advance from 1911, when the Prime Minister of Canada was able to tell the Imperial Conference that the Dominion did not wish to be consulted excepting in regard to purely Canadian subjects. It is a demand, also, that paves the way for the creation of machinery for the better governance of the Empire.

This will not necessarily be the machinery of centralization, nor of that one-time bogey, Downing Street domination. Consultation, frequent and intimate, will require machinery, but it may well be that it will be of a character that will emphasize the national status of the consulting parties. If the consulting

council be the Imperial Conference, it will partake of this character, and out of it who can say what may develop?

If, instead of quadrennial conferences, we have them annually; if the Imperial Defence Committee be made a sub-committee of the conference; if the great Dominions maintain resident ministers in London; if the British Government concedes, as it must, our right to freest and fullest confidence in all matters relating to foreign policy; if all these things come to pass will we not be steadily evolving, from discussion and experience, principles that will govern our relations, and methods and systems for giving effect to those principles?

Doing Things Together.

I am suggesting nothing more than intimate, frequent, and comprehensive consultation; than what Lord Milner calls "doing things together"; but I urge that we in Canada demand this as our due, and that we abandon our traditional policy of negation in favor of all the positive and affirmative action that this policy of consultation implies.

We must abandon our talk of absolute autonomy, for that is but a smooth word for national independence. As an Empire state our exercise of autonomous powers must cease at the point where the interests of the whole Empire become involved. I fear centralization, but not so greatly as I fear disintegration, and if experience proves that we must draw closer in order to exist, so be it.

The men who brought order and power out of chaos by uniting Canada and Australia, and South Africa; the men who appreciate the world tendency towards consolidation of kindred peoples for the furtherance of common objects, need not be frightened at the word centralization when consolidation may in time be shown to be compatible with a large measure of national autonomy, and to imply an extension and a development of our powers as a people. The Anglo-Saxon genius for finding a way is not bankrupt, but

can be depended on to achieve the desired ends without making the Dominions serfs of a centralized bureaucracy.

When this war ends, I know not what Germany's political status will be. I do know that the British Empire will be united as never before. Let us, therefore, proceed calmly and steadily along the path of Empire reconstruction which must be followed as a consequence of our determination that, as it is to be our fate to do and die, so must it be ours also to reason why.

Imperialistic Canadians.

I have always felt, no matter what evidence to the contrary floated to the surface, that the deep current of Canadian sentiment was essentially imperialistic. This war has, I think, proved the truth of such a view. This choice of destiny is one to appeal to us. In the first place we thereby attain to that full expression of national life, now denied to us. Heretofore, having no voice in exterior problems, we have been parochial. Without responsibility, we have lacked the vitalizing principle of national life. If we have in any measure failed to realize that this war is our war, it is due to this condition.

Canada has perhaps felt that this war was the creation of the men of London, Edinburgh and Dublin, not of those of Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg. If we now undertake to form one in an Anglo-Saxon alliance; if we join our sister democracies in a league for mutual aid in well-being, will we not be in the proud position of showing to the world a great experiment in nation-building, a union not based on force, not even on Parliamentary majorities, but on spirit?

The decisions of our Great Council will depend, for their final validity, upon the voluntary action of the allied nations. The responsibility will rest on us of not only deciding what is best for Canada, but of deciding what demands are made upon our honor and our duty by the Empire.

Mutual aid in well-being will, therefore, be not material and physical only. It will also mean aid in all that uplifts men and nations to higher planes; it will mean aid derived from common striving to perpetuate ideals. We are, by our actions, dedicating our country, not to a life of insular development, with interests bound by two oceans, but to the stirring, throbbing life of a world-empire. And why not? Is the making of dollars our ultimate and only end?

The United States thought to isolate itself, but the Philippines, and Porto Rico, Mexico and Cuba, can tell how the effort failed. The world currents yearly grow more intimate, more insistent; and we cannot avoid their influence if we would. Christianity knows no international boundaries, finance knows none, literature, art, science, none; labor organizations know few. The old day of national isolation is passing.

Will Sceptre be Here?

Germany aims to impose, by force, what she considers culture on the world. Why should we, young, confident, vigorous, not feel that we, too, as part of a world-empire, have ideals that we should assist in maintaining and in extending? Lord Rosebery has said, "We have to remember that it is part of our responsibility, and heritage to take care that the world, so far as it can be moulded by us, should receive the Anglo-Saxon and not another character."

That heritage we Canadians are accepting, and are preparing to pay, in France and Belgium, the death duties upon it. We are acting imperially. I am suggesting that we should also think imperially, and forecast our destiny.

Earl Grey prophesied the day when the sceptre of empire would be wielded here in Canada. There he gave, perhaps, too much rein to his imagination. But Britain has poured forth her best to this and other lands. This war will re-

duce still further the average of her people in brain and brawn; for there is but little question that the stay-at-homes are the ineffectives. Throughout England and Scotland the rural population has almost vanished, and it is an open problem as to whether the industrial system of the large centres of urban population has not tended to the deterioration of the race.

Our Canadian people, sprung from the loins of men of enterprise, courage, and self-reliance; blessed with the strength of arm that comes from healthful labor and wholesome food; endowed with the will-power and initiative that opportunity begets, are certainly destined to take a larger and ever larger share in the task of guiding the fortunes of the Empire. Let us equip ourselves for that destiny. Let us widen our horizons. Let us cease to dream of our Canada as a land of per-

petual peace, made such by selfish ignoring of the world around us; by indifference to the Macedonian cry from the Belgiums of the future.

Let us rather bear in mind that a league of the British people, the round globe over, will make for peace, not only within our own boundaries, but throughout the world, and that our influence as Canadians, exercised through so potent an instrument, will justify us to ourselves.

It is a time for the searching of hearts, of both nations and individuals. This world-tragedy, with its demands on the higher and spiritual side of man's life, is calling us as a people to a destiny of self-sacrifice, but also of higher and more noble ends than perhaps we dream of. "Pray God our greatness do not fail, through craven fear of being great."

THE RECRUIT

By U. N. C. DUDLEY

HE had come up from London, on leave for New Year's. Christmas night he was on picket duty, and while we made the best of the chances for jollity (for the whole company of our kin in this city were here), we missed him most of all. We had counted on his being with us, his uniform to give a suggestion of Things As They Are, which is necessary in the remotest places from the apperency of death. If there be not the Undertone of the Menace in all our doings, there is little of the grace of sacrifice, without which we had better be dumb.

But here he was, in the unaccustomed garb of the soldier. The Year had come, in, and we had made the merriest we knew, and had given his chum also what heartiness the house could afford. There was a quiet half hour in the afternoon, and Dave was sitting with me by

the fire—a cheerful blaze such as he had not seen in many days.

We fell to rumination, and then to a spell of reading. Dave has a blessed turn for humor, and he dipped into Punch and Life. I picked up a more sober brand of journalism, and strayed to one of Peter McArthur's country life articles in which he lets us know how much better the sweeping airs of Ekfrid are than the swarming purlieus of New York, where once he loved to be.

Peter was discoursing on the turn of the year, and perforce wrote of war and the things of war, from the point of view of the observer in the country who has also much knowledge of the town. I came upon this sentence, "Even though our national destiny is involved in this war, there seems to be a growing apathy."

The sentence struck me between the eyes, and stopped my reading. I looked at the boy opposite, and began to think of the relation between his uniform and the growing apathy which Peter McArthur reports from the County of Middlesex. I can't show you Middlesex, or tell you whether Peter is right or mistaken. But let me suggest a little of what I saw in the boy, of what I knew of him, and give you a glimpse of the feeling he stirs in me, and leave you to reflect on the chances of a growing apathy among people whom the war touches, as it touched me sitting by the fire on New Year's Day, with a soldier of the King four feet away.

You Challenge a Day.

Will it help us to understand one another to say that I wish I had a boy to give to this fight which is to redeem civilization? Forgive me for believing that if to-day there had been a strapping young fellow, instead of a tiny grave in a distant churchyard, his parents would have been proud of him in uniform. Let that pass with the remark that, so far as it can be, this lad, whose blood is half like mine, is regarded as the special representative of our house in this cruel business, and that, so far as one can reckon the realities, it is a more fearful thing to encourage others to go to the front than it is to go yourself. For, when you think of it, when you try to multiply your own arm a thousandfold, you challenge a day when sorely afflicted women and men, from whom the light has gone, may say to you: "If it had not been for you our boy would have been here, instead of in a nameless grave in some region that we shall never see."

A growing apathy? I had seen Dave look eagerly for the morning paper, to read the news from Europe. I had never before seen him take up the paper with such an air of participation in great events. It gave me a sense of not being in the Affair in which the national

destiny of Canada is involved.

This fresh-faced boy, just turned twenty, who was born soon after his mother returned home from spending Christmas with me at the old folks'—and, sure as time flies, we never spent a Christmas since under the paternal roof, and can never spend another there, for there is paternal roof no more—I say this boy, who has always come to me for ideas about the destiny of the country for which he will fight a good fight, put me below his class when he picked up the paper to get his morning inspiration from the trenches, from the perilous deep, and from the places where he wants to be.

Had Government Job.

What, then, is the measure of my load, heavily handicapped as I know myself to be by this unspeakable crisis, compared with the peril into which he, with open eyes, with clear and decided mind, with a courage which I know will never fail, will lash the horses that draw the gun? If any of us had been told six months ago that Dave would be a driver in the artillery, we should have laughed; for, we should have said, drivers of horses into action are taken from other orders of brains. He belongs to the officers' stratum.

Three months ago he was in the service of Government, with men under him, young as he is, and with fine prospects before him. When he spoke of enlisting, his chief tried to persuade him against it, and held out such temptations as chiefs in peace times may honorably do. But here he is, in a driver's uniform, doing the work of the camp, as every other common soldier does it, knowing that certain of his kin do not think pleasurably of what he has done. We are proud of him, glad for what he has done, thankful to have this place counted as his home, and to keep his things against the day of his return. Just a recruit like thousands of others, but a recruit in whom the

honor of us all may be confided to his latest breath.

He came here a little while after war was declared, talked about it, but said nothing of the chances of himself going into the fight. Soon afterwards he wrote, asking what we thought about his idea of enlisting. He supposed his people would not want him to do it; but what did I think?

The only thing to say was that his decision must be absolutely his own, but that if he joined the army there would be proud people here. The next I heard was from Albinson, who took the severely practical view of the situation.

Urgent Plea of Prudence.

Excellent fellows who wanted to enlist, he said, could not get into the Toronto regiments. They happened to be out of employment, and if they could not be taken, qualified as they were, what was the use of a young fellow, who was rendering excellent service to the state, against the time when the need for more production from the soil would be intensely urgent, going into the army? He would be throwing away his chances of promotion, and after the war might find it difficult to re-enter his chosen line of work as advantageously as he now stood.

A few nights later I was rung out of bed. It was Dave, about to take train for the town where he was in office. Here is the talk over the wire:

"What have you been doing in Toronto?"

"Pat and I have been trying to enlist, all day, but they don't seem to want anybody. We haven't had any luck all day."

"Why didn't you let us know you were in the city, and you should have come out here?"

"I wish we could, but we've been hanging on all day, hoping for a chance. A fellow told us just now that they

have started recruiting for artillery at Guelph, and we're going down there to-morrow to see if there's any luck outside of Toronto."

"So you've made up your mind, then?"

"Sure, that was easy—a lot easier than getting somebody to take us."

"You've considered what Albinson said to you about throwing up your job?"

"Do you think we want only the unemployed in the army?"

Fit As They Are Made.

I could have hugged him over the phone for that Scotch answer. To tell the truth, I couldn't speak very clearly for the next minute. I suppose he thought it was a commonplace sort of talk, but for me it was a moment I would give much to know again. And so he went off to his train.

Two days afterwards word came that Dave was enrolled, and was waiting for mobilization. He had had a letter from home, in which the point of view of employment was laid again before him. The writer was furious at the loafers in Britain who would not rise to their duty.

"That's all right enough, the way he looks at it," wrote Dave; "but if that was the kind on whom the honor of our country depended, I shouldn't want to go."

I was deputed to write for Minerva and the girls, to say just what we thought. That letter brought another with this sentence in it: "I'm so glad you didn't give me any reasons why I shouldn't enlist. Perhaps I have thought of more of them than anybody can tell me—I know what they are exactly. But I've enlisted, and I'm mighty glad of it."

And here he was, this New Year's Day, fit as they are made; a soldier because the true genius of the citizen is in his head and in his blood. And Peter McArthur says that in the coun-

try there seems to be a growing apathy, and that "We have heard so much of duty and patriotism that we are becoming benumbed. . . . We have become hypnotized and impotent by constantly dwelling on the war. . . . There seems to be urgent need of a public awakening of some kind."

Report from the Country.

The telephone rang. It was a lady from a small town a score of miles away, whom I knew for one of the elect women to whom service is as natural as breath, and in whom patriotism is a never-failing spring. When she had told her story, of what had been done for the war, I asked a question or two. There had been a mass meeting to aid the Patriotic and Belgian Relief Funds. Did they have a full house? Oh, no; but the attendance was quite good. Many women at the meeting? Yes, perhaps more than half the audience. Not as many men as turn out to a political meeting at election times? No. Don't the men seem to realize that the war means more to them than any general election in which they turn out to hear fellow citizens abused? Possibly not. How many recruits had gone from the town? The elect lady paused before she said, rather sadly, it seemed: "Hardly any."

I went back to the recruit. He had dropped Life and Punch, and was gazing into the flame, as I parted the curtains. He did not hear me, and I watched him half a minute.

"Hardly any," the elect lady had said, and she was speaking from the country. "A growing apathy. A need for a public awakening"; Peter had written from the country.

STILL ANOTHER EXAMPLE.

"Will you accept \$15 for sending your second number, containing those splendid articles on the American relation to the war to newspapers and readers of opinion in the United States."

Could I become apathetic, when I had abetted my sister's only son into that uniform; when, every time I retire to this study for a session with this typewriter, I am met by the boy's trunk, standing like a sentinel, by the French escritoire that was made two hundred years ago?

Only Living Draft Will Do.

It struck me afresh that the only defence against growing apathy, against the discontents which the increasing tightness that the times surely bring, is the contact with the uniform, the association with the belongings of the boys who have gone; the growing sense of the nearness of the shedding of blood, which cannot be fully achieved until the living draft upon our own resources of affection has been made.

Dave looked up, and before I was again seated he asked, "What effect do you think the rebellion in South Africa is likely to have upon the future of the Empire?"

And so we fell to talking of things which belong to the uniform—great things which, even when they did not entirely sort themselves out in the mind of this recruit, had gone into his dictum over the phone, "Do you think we want only the unemployed in the army?"

Do you not see how much he leaves me to hold in trust for him, while he is away, and how much I must still hold in trust for him if he never comes back, this recruit who represents Minerva and the girls and me? Multiply that sentiment by two hundred thousand, and you will have a sublimely patriotic army, and a Nation that has been born again.

The advertising for subscribers in this number is done for business. Everything relating to war is practical. You are, of course; so take pen and write. The letter box is not far away.

It is hard to realize that Canada is really at war—at the beginning.

THE THANKS OF A BELGIAN

BY FATHER PIROT

AS a Belgian, let me thank all for the deep sympathy shown to Belgium and Belgians since the awful war has set carnage, fire and famine, and every kind of outrage, devastating our beloved, innocent fatherland. It is thus true that Belgium has given the best of her blood. She is still bleeding, and not only her brave sons are fighting the good fight on the battlefields, but our dear people at home, our mothers and sisters left behind among the rude Germans—all of them are invincible because they all know they are wrestling for their country and for the betterment of the world.

Remember Shameless Treason.

And the world over an unequalled compassion and sympathy has shaken all the nations. Canada stands the first by the side of little Belgium bleeding for the world. We know now that nothing shall ever stop the Belgians and the British race loving truly each other, fighting together to the last for the sake of liberty. We know that the world over every man has seen and every man is resenting the injustice and outrages done by a conscienceless nation to a weak little sister they had sworn they would respect and protect against any aggression.

Yes, thank God! help has come to the oppressed; help has come and shall continue to come as long as need be. Germany has betrayed her duties; but the first boom of the German guns over the Muese has echoed sadly even in the coarse heart of far away pagan nations, and I dare say in heaven, too. The Belgians know it. We shall never forget neither the shameless treason of the Germans, nor the less the most kind sympathy of English-speaking nations.

Our eyes fill with tears every time we

read that from the smallest places of this fair country a helping hand, a hearty encouragement has been tendered to us.

Much has been written also in order to induce Belgian refugees to come to Canada, and many a kind English mother has been longing for a Belgian orphan. God bless them for it! But I know Belgium, I know her to be too good, too sweet a mother herself to be able to let her dear little ones slide away from her bosom. And the Belgians at home are so free, so independent and happy that they wonder whether one can find a better place under the sun.

Thousands in Canada.

But the present circumstances will certainly send many of them to Canada and to the United States. Ruins cover our native country. Nobody can guess when better times come, and something has to be done. To these Belgians who are willing to come to our shores, shall not Canada give the aid they deserve so well? The United States have already set afoot a new organization to that effect. No doubt Canada is to do her part also.

There are actually some thousand Belgians in Canada. All of these have relatives in Belgium, in England or Holland, who are only too eager to come, and who would be received with unspeakable joy and cared for without expense to the country. Canada should thus help those to join their relatives amongst us.

After a few weeks I shall myself start for Europe, intending to visit refugees in England and in Holland, and to penetrate into Belgium if I can. I beg the Belgians of Canada, as some have already done, to write me in any language they like, about their relatives

they would like me to visit there, giving me all particulars, so that I can find them and help them as much as I can. My address is "Rev. Father Pirot, Esterhazy, Sask."

I beg to ask also any person who may read this to help me in that connection. I will gratefully receive any plan or scheme one may suggest in behalf of Belgians emigrating to Canada.

Order Now and Order Plenty

The Fourth Number of The Canadian War will contain as its leading feature a big article by U. N. C. Dudley on

Around the Camp

Elsewhere in this issue are two articles by the same writer. His first article for The Canadian War depicted a Belgian farmer returning to his desolated home. His second was a sketch of a party of soldiers enjoying themselves in a Toronto home. His third is a character sketch of a recruit. His fourth tells a remarkable De Wet story which will be new to you, and which shows the writer has been in touch with the heart of things in South Africa.

U. N. C. Dudley's picture of the concentration of five thousand soldiers in the Exhibition camp at Toronto maintains the original quality of his previous work.

You may desire the article to be only the first of a series on the Canadian training camps. If you say so, it may perhaps be arranged.

It would have to depend upon the practical co-operation of the Militia Department, which is vitally interested in having the Canadian people fully informed upon and most warmly affectioned to the way in which their service is being accomplished.

You will want the Fourth Number for yourself, for your friends, and for any soldiers in whom you may be interested.

Order copies from the office, or through your newsdealer. For quantities of fifty and over for distribution we will gladly deliver the Fourth Number to any address in Canada at 2½ cents per copy, cash with order.

THE CANADIAN WAR, 32 Church St., Toronto.

BRITISH TRADE UNIONS AND THE WAR

General Federation manifesto to its members and affiliations in Europe and America, heartily supports war; and demands new statesmanship in dealing with after effects.

IN Germany, Austria, and the neutral States of Europe and America, persistent attempts are being made to misrepresent the attitude of the British Labor movement towards the Government, and towards the crisis through which Europe is passing. Extracts from speeches and cuttings from newspapers are collated, and conclusions drawn which cannot be justified by facts, and which do not represent the real opinion of the British working-class movement.

Under such circumstances, an organization like the General Federation of Trade Unions, which represents, and is to a great extent interested in the financial stability of 1,006,904 Trade Unionists, must remove all doubt concerning its own position and intention.

No Delusions Here.

It is, and always has been, on the side of international as well as industrial peace. It has consistently tried to develop fraternity between peoples of different nationalities: it early identified itself with the international Trade Union movement, attended its congresses, contributed to its upkeep, and endeavored to extend its influence. members, faith in the common interests of working humanity, and determination to advance them, was warm and strong, while the possibility of war was regarded as one regards the shadow of an indescribable catastrophe.

The Federation entertains no delusions concerning the consequences of war, or the share of these which the class it represents will bear, and in placing its position before the world it is actuated only by the desire to prevent misapprehension, and to secure effective national and ordered consideration of all those interests it directly or indirectly represents.

Fully to analyze and discuss the

causes of the war and the responsibility for its outbreak is beyond the intention of the Management Committee. Sufficient for the moment to say that, in the opinion of millions of Trade Unionists, the responsibility for the war does not rest upon the policy or conduct of Great Britain.

This opinion is supported from our own side by documentary evidence, and by the fact of our own unpreparedness, and from the opposing side by the utterances of their soldiers, their statesmen, and their teachers, and by their terrible and immediate capacity for striking effective and terrorizing blows.

What Germans Said.

Of this capacity to strike the Press of the world has, since the beginning of August, borne daily testimony. The intention to strike whenever and wherever opportunity offered has been openly and generally expressed, and was facilitated by the fact that the German Army is, in effect, always mobilized.

The following quotations from German writers represent not merely the opinions of Bernardi and the teachings of Treitschke, but the considered conclusions of the dominant section of their countrymen:—

The idea that the weak nation is to have the same right to live as the powerful and vigorous nations represents a presumptuous encroachment on the natural laws of development.—Von Bernardi.

Our people (the Germans) must learn to see that the maintenance of peace never can or may be the goal of a policy.—Von Bernardi.

Such theories only too clearly disseminate the false and ruinous notion that the maintenance of peace is the ultimate object, or at least the chief duty of our policy. To such views, the offspring of a false humanity, the clear and definite answer must be made that, under certain circumstances, it is not only the right but the moral duty of a statesman to bring about a war.—Von Bernardi.

Of Frederic the Great it is said: "None of the wars which he fought had been forced upon him; none of them did he postpone as

long as possible. He always determined to be the aggressor, to anticipate his opponents, and to secure for himself favourable prospects of success."—Von Bernardi.

The acts of the State cannot be judged by the standard of individual morality. The end-all and be-all of a State is power, and he who is not man enough to look this truth in the face should not meddle in politics.—Treitschke.

It was war which laid the foundation of Prussia's power.—Von Bernardi.

In the business of war men must not regard the massacres, the battles, the burnings, and the marches; they must look at the business of war with the eyes of men. . . . It will be shown that it is a business, divine in itself, and as needful and necessary to the world as eating and drinking or any other work.—Luther.

No comment on these utterances is proposed; their significance is obvious, and their influence has been apparent at Louvain and Rheims. Concerning the preparations for war it is difficult and, perhaps, futile for the non-military mind to speak, but even to the non-military mind the feverish activity of men who during June swarmed and worked like ants on the strategic railways of Germany had a sinister significance, and strengthened the impression that, however peaceful the desires of the German people might be, their masters had already determined on war.

Impossible to Keep Out.

It is obvious that the immediate participation of Britain in the war was neither desired nor expected; her day would gladly have been postponed. Loyalty to herself, to her best traditions, and to her treaty obligations made abstention from the conflict impossible, and to-day her people, especially her workpeople, are determined to support not only the neutrality of heroic Belgium, but the honor of nations and the inviolability of treaties.

Once involved in such a war, the duty of the movement stood out clearly. It became necessary, apart from all personal considerations of friendship, to offer the fiercest resistance to the aggressor, and to make any sacrifice necessary to bring the war to a definite and honorable conclusion, to join with others in making the fullest provision for this policy, to see that the political

circumstances arising were used to develop and broaden national life and outlook, and particularly to insist that the economic and moral disabilities of war should not fall altogether on the shoulders of the poor.

A real love of country inspired the leaders of the people to ask of the manhood they represented the greatest of all sacrifices. In acting so there was no desire to arouse or develop racial animosities; but there was a general determination to prevent in this country the outrages on women and children, and the massacres and burnings which have desolated both Belgium and Northern France.

Most Imperative Problems.

Not less imperative than the problems of national defence are those problems which affect the political and economic life of the State during the war, and which will continue to affect it long after the war is over. The consideration of these does not imply hostility or lack of patriotism; it simply indicates foresight and a desire to turn the extraordinary circumstances of the war to national account.

Some of the problems which affected transport and the public services have been dealt with on communal lines. Under the stress of war, the Government assumed control of the railways and fixed maximum food prices; the impossibilities of years became actualities in an hour when the alternative was national disaster.

The lessons learned in the hour of danger must not be lost, but improved upon, and return to anarchic methods must be strenuously fought. If railways can be nationally and effectively controlled, co-ordinated, and worked under abnormal war conditions, they can be so dealt with under the easier conditions obtaining in times of peace.

War has compelled the Government to give practical effect to the admission, long made verbally, that the State was responsible for the physical efficiency of its units, and measures of relief have been planned. The Management Committee is certain that these measures are altogether inadequate, and cannot

meet the situation. The Management Committee also insists that works of relief must be also works of utility.

Nothing so discourages men as to find that their work is without intrinsic value or use; nothing so infects so-called "relief" with the taint of pauperism. The pamphlet on "Unemployment" published by the Management Committee in 1911 suggests examples of useful and co-ordinated work.

Must Pay for Human Elements.

The Government has paid for the material things it required for the war, it has extended its financial assistance and credit to banks and private concerns, and it would act illogically if it hesitated to meet the demand for payment for that human element, without which States cannot exist or wars be made. Surely if the human element voluntarily places itself at the service of the State, it is the duty of any Government to pay for this at least as fairly as it paid for its coal and its corn.

Great Britain is the richest country on earth, yet she largely depends upon charity for the care and comfort of her discharged soldiers and sailors. The biggest effort yet made in this direction is totally inadequate; even the Prince of Wales' Fund, large as it seems to the thoughtless, can only relieve a tithe of the distress which already exists.

In this war the men at the top of the social scale have given their lives freely, and it would be ungenerous not to give credit for, and express appreciation of, their gallantry and self-sacrifice. The workman, too, at the call of his country has left his job and his home and is doing his share, and doing it voluntarily, but there is a large percentage of the comfortable class whose main contributions during this crisis have been in the nature of criticism and advice.

It is these who must be made to contribute, and to contribute regularly and in proportion to means. If one-half of last year's increased profits upon industry and commerce could be exacted by means of a special income tax the totals of all the voluntary funds would

be instantly eclipsed, and the basis of a practicable fund provided.

It is necessary at once to withdraw from the realm of chance and charity the interests of the soldier and his dependents. For ages writers and poets have joined in singing the praises of soldiers, extolling their sacrifices, and glorifying their prowess. Times have changed, and to-day there is a Labor movement, dissatisfied with mere vocal effort and strong enough, and also wise enough, to see that the soldier receives more than adulation in life and laurels in death.

To leave him or his dependents to the care of charity is unworthy of a great nation. Inquisitorial methods and voluntary effort must give place to specific scales of pay and proper public State control.

Army Must Be Voluntary.

Reform in the Army itself must be pressed, particularly in the direction of increasing allowances and facilitating promotion from the ranks. An immediate minimum of £1 per week is not too much to ask for soldiers or sailors who are wholly or partially disabled by wounds or disease contracted on active service.

There is also need for more humane treatment of the dependents of men who die of disease, similarly contracted, shortly after discharge. The fact that these reforms will cost money should not retard their institution.

We believe in a voluntary Army; we expect it to cost more per head than if it were obtained by conscription; we believe also that the relationship of the Army to the State needs overhauling, and a Royal Commission, including representatives of Labor with personal and first-hand knowledge of Labor conditions and needs should be appointed now.

The co-ordination of existing charities and relief funds is imperative. Already in London much has been done to prevent the waste and overlapping consequent upon the multiplicity of organizations, but much remains to be done, and it will be done better and

more sympathetically if organized Labor co-operates.

Amongst the voluntary associations which may justly demand consideration at the moment the Trade Unions stand pre-eminent. Some have made magnificent efforts to meet the distress consequent upon unemployment, but they cannot indefinitely continue their disbursements. The contributions and benefits were calculated on a peace basis. They never attempted to secure, nor could they have secured had the attempt been made, contributions equal to the requirements developed by a great war.

The collapse of their efforts would mean more than Trade Union humiliation and bankruptcy, it would mean national disaster. Subsidies have already been promised and given. These must be extended and increased, and wherever Trade Unions have securities not easily realizable these should be taken over where request is made, by the State and the unions given the equivalent in cash.

The sickness and disablement which will follow upon the war must disturb the actuarial equilibrium of most approved societies, and these should combine to secure themselves from the disaster which threatens unless the State shoulders at least that part of the burden arising from the war.

In the furtherance of all these objects the Management Committee is prepared to act with all the force and influence at its command, and it invites the co-operation of all persons or organizations who desire to realize the objects set forth. In explaining its position and advancing the claims of the people it wishes to avoid the folly of the Chau-

vinist and the meanness of the merchant who haggles while death waits at the door: it speaks only in the discharge of its duty, and it is certain of the co-operation of those who were responsible for its election.

Whole Duty at Home.

It does not overlook its obligations to the workers in other lands, and it hopes that with the destruction of the Prussian militarist caste, which for 40 years has worked for war, international friendships and efforts may be renewed, but for the moment its whole duty lies at home.

Signed by the Management Committee:—

- J. O'GRADY, M.P. (Chairman), Furnishing Trades Association.
 JOSEPH CROSS, J.P. (Vice-Chairman), Northern Counties Weavers.
 JOHN WARD, M.P. (Treasurer), Navvies, Builders, and General Labourers.
 JAS. CRINON, J. P. (Trustee), Amalgamated Card and Blowing Room Operatives.
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 Councillor IVOR H. GWYNNE, Tin and Sheet Millmen.
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 Councillor T. MALLALIEU, Amalgamated Felt Hatters' Union.
 W. MARSLAND, J.P., Amalgamated Cotton Spinners.
 Councillor A. SHORT, Boilermakers and Iron and Steel Shipbuilders.
 T. F. RICHARDS, Boot and Shoe Operatives.
 JOHN TAYLOR, J.P., Midland Counties Federation.
 W. A. APPLETON, Secretary.

A FOURTH EXAMPLE FOR YOU.

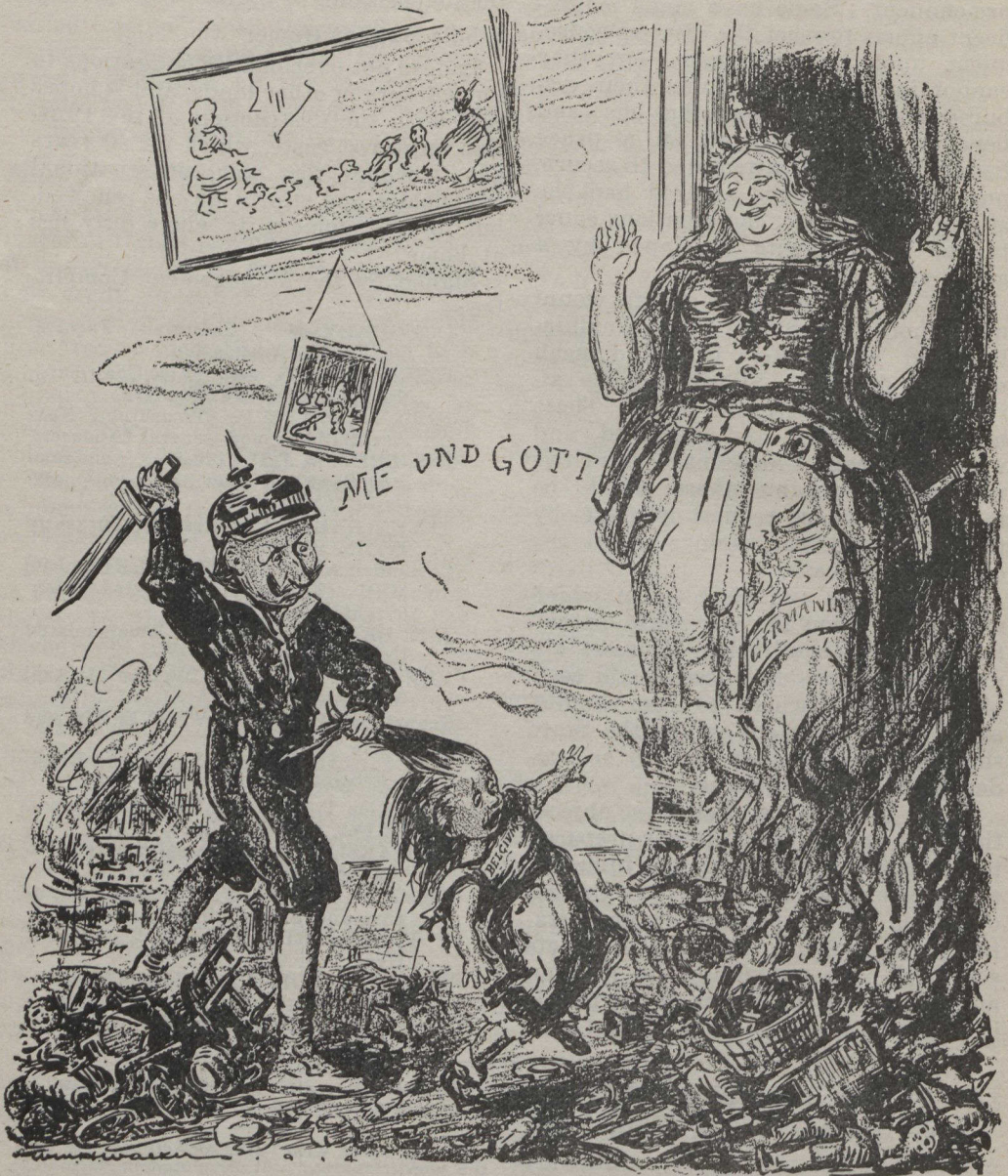
Your specimen copy received. Enclosed is postal note for fifty cents, my subscription. Keep up the good work, you are needed.

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

It is hard to realize that Canada is really at war—at the beginning.

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

The advertising for subscribers in this number is done for business. Everything relating to war is practical. You are, of course; so take pen and write. The letter box is not far away.



ISN'T HE LOVELY?

Taken from Life.

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

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

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

YOUR MIND craves for something more than accounts of bloodshed and chances of military strategy. **THE CANADIAN WAR** is the sum of Canadian discussion of the vital aspects of the war. You need it and it needs you.

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

YOU ARE NOT limited to one subscription, or a thousand subscriptions. You can act as honorary agent exactly as Miss Merrill is doing, and have your name and address in a printed list here.

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

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

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

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

BELGIUM'S APPEAL TO THE WORKER

Call of Montreal Trades and Labour Council for instant aid to Belgian Trade Unionists who have been despoiled of homes and savings by German invaders.

To the Officers and Members of Labor Unions.

Gentlemen and Brothers,—

The Trades and Labor Council of Montreal, wishing to follow up the splendid sentiments expressed by Brothers Sedden and Bellamy, the two delegates from the British Trades and Labor Congress, at the meeting held in St. Joseph's Hall, last November, have decided to make a special call in favor of Belgian Trade Unionists.

You all know that Belgium has given to the world the finest example of faithfulness to its traditional friendship, of loyalty and bravery, and as a result it is now almost entirely in the hands of German soldiers.

Cradle of Great Liberties.

From every part of the world, words of comfort have been dispatched to her, and with a most generous feeling; hands offering relief are extended to those who are in flight or suffering from the invaders.

Belgium was a small, happy country, inviting other great nations around her to share her happiness. Belgium was living in peace and quiet, trusting to the treaties which insured her neutrality.

This country, gifted by a marvellous activity, the cradle of the greatest liberties, felt in honor bound to enact laws for the moral and intellectual uplifting of its workingmen, to improve the conditions of labor for the benefit of the proletariat. And these laws, admired all over the world, have served as a standard to other people who have copied them.

In order to give a stronger impetus to the international labor movement, a large number of Belgian syndicates and labor unions had deposited in England and especially in Germany, considerable

sums of money derived from their relief funds.

What is there left now of this prosperous situation? How have the German plutocrats acknowledged the hospitality which was accorded them?

Families are Starving.

They have burned the cities, shelled the churches, destroyed the crops, ruined the mills and manufactures, robbed the banks and popular savings institutions, killed the women, shot the men, maimed the children. And after having taken possession of considerable funds deposited in Germany by Belgian workers, they have imprisoned the best workers whom they have robbed of their belongings and dragged them as slaves to force them to work and manufacture war material which was intended to aid in the destruction of their country and their families already in a state of starvation.

Brothers and fellow workers, these are the reasons which prompt us to make an appeal to the brotherly spirit which would bind us to this heroic nation.

Shall more than 5,000,000 people be left to perish through starvation after having gone through all the horrors of war?

Subscribe together in the name of your union, subscribe personally as your means allow, in order to help those who are the martyrs of German barbarism, and in this manner, you will be paying homage to the sublime sacrifice of Belgium in offering herself as a victim for the security and the right of all nations to life and liberty.

ALPHONSE VERILLE, M.P., President,
JOS. AINEY, City Commissioner, Vice-
J. T. FOSTER, President,
G. R. BRUNET,
JAMES DRURY,
AUGUSTE BODDARD,
GUS. FRANCO, Secretary-Treasurer.

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From our two stores, situated in Toronto and Winnipeg, we cater to the wants of Canadian people through the medium of our catalogues. In them we offer a voluminous variety of everyday needs and personal requirements, at prices which mean economy for you. A selection that brings to one's notice the world's best products—and the output of our own factories—suited to the especial needs of our patrons in price, quality, and service.

OUR GUARANTEE You run absolutely no risk whatever when you send us your order. In fact your money is not ours unless you are perfectly satisfied with your purchase in every respect. We guarantee absolute satisfaction or your money refunded in full, plus the transportation charges both ways.

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The Royal Military College of Canada

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government Institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact, it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulations of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B.A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of nine and a half months each.

The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College, takes place in May of each year, at the headquarters of the several military divisional areas and districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont., or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

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