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C.A.W.A

# THE CANADIAN WAR

PATRIOTISM

UNION

VICTORY

SECOND  
WEEK

JANUARY 2, 1915

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THE LATEST COMMISSION.

RELIEF COMMISSION WORK IN BELGIUM.

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

Peter McArthur, A. E. S. Smythe.

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# THE CANADIAN WAR

PATRIOTISM

UNION

VICTORY

Written and Edited  
Without Remuneration

Devoted Entirely to  
Propaganda for the War

Published Below Cost  
All Profits for War Funds

Second Week—January 2nd, 1915

## 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.

## IDEAS THAT STRIKE

*Views expressed in THE CANADIAN WAR are those only of individual writers. There is no we.*

This is Our War.

It is not safe to assume that it will soon be over.

It seems hardly congruous to wish you a Happy New Year. There mayn't be much happiness, but there can be much greatness.

We want men who go to the front because they want to go. Of that kind invincibles are made. Our ranks are full of them.

We shall need two hundred thousand men. They may be required in larger proportion from the smaller places and from the countryside.

A high official of the British Government reports, after a tour of Europe, that the war is only beginning. The Germans give no sign of exhaustion. Two years is the shortest time within which we may look for peace.

We are getting over the fear of frank discussion in this noble land. Subject to two limitations, these pages are open for free discussion of Canada's share in the war, and all that the war may mean to us.

The first limitation is that as we are in the war just as much as we should be if Germany were destroying Canadian ships in the Bay of Fundy or in Vancouver Harbour, only whole-hearted supporters of the war have access to these pages.

The second is that criticism of what is being done or not done for Canada's war must be constructive. Your contribution will be welcomed if you will indicate a more excellent way. Criticism without construction is like a runner with one leg.

The statement of the Central Executive Committee for Belgian Relief, which comes from Mr. Prudhomme, and is given elsewhere, should be read carefully. It gives a glimpse of the magnitude of the work which the Germans have thrust upon more civilized peoples. Because the Belgians are where our

kindred might have been is treble reason for helping them—and ourselves.

### TO FOLLOW MR. MEIGHEN.

**I**T is a pity that a man of Mr. Meighen's calibre is inside the Government and outside the Cabinet. The capacity to express ideas—which is sometimes denied to men who are able to beget ideas—is so necessary in times like these, that when a member of a Government is discerned who possesses it in large measure his quality must be proclaimed wherever the opportunity arises.

Mr. Meighen's speech in Winnipeg, which is given here verbatim through the patriotism and enterprise of the most practical Canadian Club in the Dominion, has every quality that makes a speech worthy to be magnified. It is terse; it is eloquent; it glows with true feeling, and it strikes a deep, statesman-like note. It is not the speech of one who has yet become a vast man of action—it does not give the complete idea of a figure that swings a creative sledge hammer. It might not be wise to look for that in so junior a supporter of Sir Robert Borden. It is enough now that there is great distinction on the tongue of this Western representative, who went out from St. Marys.

Mr. Meighen limns the magnitude of our task so that it is an unanswerable case for the maximum of national unity, and the minimum of party consideration. He will not travel the country with the same set speech—that is a defect which British statesmen never permit themselves to disclose. He cannot keep silence and continue to do his duty to Canada. In these days speech should be golden, because the people need vision. How shall they see the peaks unless men go forth to show them where the peaks are?

Sir Robert Borden told the reporters in Toronto recently that he had been

too busy to read a newspaper for a couple of weeks. If he would read Mr. Meighen's speech he would see in it an admirable introduction to a declaration by the Prime Minister that it is time for far more than the party truce of which the Liberals plaintively speak.

It is a time for party obliteration, for the heartiest, the maximum co-operation of men and women who are Canadians over all, and who will make of Parliament the platform and the press, the real expression, the high exemplar of a nation in arms, fighting for everything that can make it respected of itself and honored of its neighbors.

### LOOKING SOUTHWARD.

**I**T is proper to ask attention for the discussion of several aspects of the relation of the United States to the Canadian participation in the war, which is contained in the articles elsewhere of Herbert Quick, B. A. Gould, J. B. Thane and Civilis, and in the admirably phrased editorial from the "Mail and Empire."

Herbert Quick is one of the distinctive writers on social subjects which the Middle West has produced. He is of the middle-aged generation that is native of the plains, whose culture is broad and deep, and whose character is changing the face and substance of American politics. His book "On Board the Good Ship Earth" is a notable contribution to the modern discussion of the modern questions which must speedily throw the disgraces which have too much distinguished the politics of this continent into the obscurity which is their only birthright.

Mr. Gould is a Toronto business man, whose allegiance to the United States is the more intense the more his years in Canada increase. He represents several generations of Harvard men who have upheld the rare distinctions of their alma mater. His strong view, strongly held, and strongly expressed,

is that the Republic owes it to its self-respect to join the Allies.

It is given welcome in these pages, not because it is desired vicariously to address remonstrance to our great neighbor, but because this is a place in which all sincerely held views for the triumph of democracy are welcomed.

It is well for the dwellers in the Republic to know the minds of their brethren who stay with us, and who understand how harmonious, in fundamentals, Britannic and American principles are.

There is, of course, no idea of running to Uncle Sam for help, after the manner of an apprehensive old party, whose task is greater than his will, in what the "Mail and Empire" says. Its criticism of President Wilson and Mr. Bryan does not discount materially its obviously sincere regard for the dignity of the United States.

The articles of J. B. Thane and "Civilis" are intended to provoke constructive thinking about Canadian responsibility towards the United States' position. The idea that Canada is the trustee for the Allies in the Western Hemisphere will bear much meditation, and much action.

### THE MONEY SIDE.

THE Canadian War isn't a begging institution; but it cannot exist on the contemplations of those who write it, for no periodical can live on ideas alone. Ideas have to be put on paper, and paper costs money.

Lord Northcliffe, who has made the house of Harmsworth the largest publishing business in the world, delights to tell that the first day on which, as editor and general manager of "Answers," he sat at the receipt of custom, he received sixpence halfpenny. We can beat that.

Before a copy was issued there came a blue card with a twenty-five cent piece

stuck to it—an order for five single copies, from a newspaper man. When such an one offers to pay for a paper, and wants more than one copy, there is something ominous somewhere.

The twenty-five cents was the right sort of omen. An advance copy had been handed to a quiet little fellow who is interested in this sort of thing, and he seems to have passed it over to a friend; for an hour after the arrival of the twenty-five cents, a real subscription of fifty cents for ten numbers was delivered in good coin of the realm.

Next morning more dew fell upon the office. A certain lady, who lives plainly in a high educational world; and who had also seen an advance copy, sent a cheque for three dollars—two subscriptions for friends in the United States, and four for her use at home.

That afternoon an American, on whom also the experiment had been tried, sent a request for two hundred and fifty copies for distribution. He had been forestalled by the secretary of a Women's Canadian Club, who ordered a hundred copies. But even she was not the first, for a banker from Winnipeg had already asked for a supply with which to interest his friends. The colonel of a regiment in Quebec sent for copies to go to his officers—and that was the way things started.

Lord Northcliffe's sixpence halfpenny grew till The Times became a mere incident in the growing. The twenty-five cents stuck on the blue card does not promise that sort of expansion. For The Canadian War is published to render service and not to make money. It needs the money to render the service.

Nothing is easier than to be glad to have stimulating reading, and to assume that somebody else will look after a continued supply. The urgency for you, therefore—you have said to yourself that this Canadian War is a good thing and ought to be largely supported—the urgency for you is to send

along your subscription for yourself and friends; and if you are a manufacturer of goods, or a partner in any business which covers a wide range, to join the advertisers who appreciate a circulation among people who, like yourself, read *The Canadian War*.

### THE LATEST COMMISSION.

A chance to make a record for action in time of war has come to the Ontario Commission on Unemployment, whose appointment was the first act of the reconstructed Cabinet. If the Commission cannot force speedy and widespread action it will miss the first justification of its existence. For the days are cold and short, and there is hunger in many a home, and starving men will not see much salvation in the customary methods of the customary commission.

You cannot help wondering what was the basis of the appointment of a commission of ten to meet a dire emergency—if action is to be dominant over investigation. Large investigating bodies move slowly. If the Ontario Industrial Association that was organized last September has produced such a collection of material as gives clear indications of what must be done, action may follow with unprecedented celerity. But if action is assured, what was the need for a Commission? A Government has always as much power to act as it has the courage to take—especially in war time.

### Cause is Very Simple.

The fact probably is that the Government has not mastered the painfully simple causes of the present distress, not only among the artisan and unskilled sections of the community, but among those to whom manual labor has become more, rather than less, a derogation. It is nearly always true that the simplest things in Government are the most difficult to grasp. Unemployment—such unemployment as now afflicts

Canada—is as simple in its cause as the falling of the rain.

Its war aspect is chiefly notable for the deception that may easily overlie the whole situation. If we tell ourselves that the war is the cause of our major economic afflictions, we say the thing that is not so. We are not patriotic if we give the least countenance to that temptation to unseeing folk to ask why we went into the war.

### Must Not Fear Facts.

We cannot be equal to the demands of a prolonged war, which is going to strain our fortitude and test our statesmanship to the limit of their endurance, if we fear to face the facts we had made for ourselves in the preceding peace. If facing those facts means that persons in authority will be found to have turned blind eyes to them when they were besought to prove them and provide against them, it may be so much the worse for such persons, who do not happen to be the whole nation.

There is too much of the irresponsible Irishman's attitude towards affairs of which unemployment is only one phase—the Irishman, on trial for a trivial offence, who, when the judge, answered his ingenious defence with the remark, "But the facts are against you," gaily said, "Then, so much the worse for the facts."

Make no mistake about it, the war is going to make demand on our economics such as no statesman has yet dared to estimate in the public hearing. We have been told again and again that Canada has wonderfully weathered the financial gales of the past two or three years, and that there is the surest ground for optimism for the immediate future. This is said because financial institutions have helped one another to turn awkward corners.

### Where We Can't Come Back.

Financial institutions are barometers,

and generally pretty good barometers. But the barometer is not the weather. What is the use of telling a workman who has not had a safe job for six months, that the country is all right and is doing splendidly, because nearly all the big financial institutions have managed to keep from the wall? The true financial weather of the country is registered in the average home, rather than in the office where the curtailment of profits by fifty thousand dollars a year postpones the purchase of another limousine.

Unless the basic condition is sound, any amount of staving off crises by financial institutions cannot really save the situation. We were told a year ago, on what most people believed to be high authority, that conditions in a few months would be back to what they were. That was impossible. In a few months they were worse, as anybody could see they were bound to be.

Thousands were out of work in Western cities in midsummer, long before the war was thought of. Why were they workless? The answer is contained in the other question: What was their former employment? They were mainly employed in building buildings and plants for which there was no need.

#### Things That Should Not.

There was absolutely no chance of employment coming back to them after the fashion of one, two, three years ago, unless the amount of building that employed them is resumed. What is the chance of a resumption? Go to any of those cities, and see whether the structures that were heralded as the last proof of the deathless prosperity of the cities in which they stand, are occupied now.

Some of them are not earning enough rent to keep them warm. Street railway systems have had to lay off many

men because the plant was in excess of requirements, even as the building aforesaid was. It is as impossible for those cities now to go back to where they were as it is for a camel to canter through the eye of a needle.

Buildings should not have been built—anybody can see that. The men who were employed in building them should not have been so employed. Where should they have been employed? They should never have seen that city. Then the streets, the houses, the street railways, the schools, the stores, that were built to accommodate the men and their families who should not have been in the city, should not have been built either.

#### It is Not Different.

“Ah!” says the shrewd aspirant for public office, who is impatient that the city of Toronto does not go in for more and more expenditures on public works to keep things going, “but Toronto is not like those Western cities that have been built, like an inverted pyramid, on real estate speculation and constructional inflation. The unemployment here is totally different in cause from the unemployment in a prairie city.” Is it, indeed? It is nothing of the kind. There are differences in degree, but identity in cause—be quite sure about that.

Here is a ten-storey office building in, say, Sashgarry, which even the most inveterate optimist (who thinks bricks and mortar are wealth, whether they earn anything or not), admits should not be there. He also admits that the subsidiary constructions that were the direct result of the putting up of the skyscraper should not be there.

Count the heating apparatus, the furniture, the paint, the hundred and one things that go into those structures. Where did they come from? They came from Ontario, from Toronto, from Chatham. If the building in Sashgarry

should not have been built, the radiators in it should not have been built.

#### Only One Way to Meet Case.

The employment in Toronto of the radiator maker and the transactions in subdivisions and so forth that arose from the expansions of the factories and other concerns that depend on, and are associated with, the spurious, misbegotten expansions of Sashgarry, were just as superfluous in Toronto as the adventures were in Sashgarry which now cause every participator in them to make a wry face when he thinks what a self-fooled complacent he was.

Toronto cannot resume its former degree of employment till Sashgarry gets back, or till there is a genuine development in Ontario production from the soil that will employ the idle hosts which Governments are slow to heed.

We can only meet the vast obligations we have incurred for borrowed capital by more production in the basic industries of the soil. To go on indefinitely borrowing money with which to pay interest is only folly. We have done it till our credit is seriously impaired—this happened before the war.

You cannot make a great showing in increased production from vacant lands in three months. The problems which Sir John Willison's Commission will quickly discover behind the unemployment question, should have been grappled with at least two years ago.

#### Governments Did Not Heed.

The lost time, plus the war, has made it more difficult to handle them, and has, therefore, induced reluctance in a certain order of politician to learn what the problems are.

There would be more hope of Governments taking hold of them in a large, constructive way if they had shown seasonable apprehension of what was coming.

It is too much to expect that strength which was unequal to a situation that

inherited in time of peace, will be more than equal to it when it has become worse during an appalling war. The need for constructive statesmanship to defeat the menace of unemployment was just as plain three years ago to men who were willing to discern the signs of the times, as it is in the dark days which join these gloomy years.

The Governments in Canada were warned in most explicit and most official terms of what was coming, and were besought to get ready against the disaster. Not one of them, so far as any public record can disclose, paid attention to what was pressed upon them.

Three months ago the Ontario Industrial Association was formed of representatives of all kinds of public and semi-public bodies to deal with this very question of unemployment. Mr. McNaught, of the new Commission, was the chief mover in establishing the organization, of which little has since been heard. That the Government has now been induced to take official cognisance of a serious problem, seems to indicate that the Association found that it had approached a task beyond its strength, even if it was within its vision.

#### Sparring for Breath.

Those who looked at the situation with a clear eye were well aware that it would be so. It was vain to try to impart that conception to the Association. An economic revolution in public finance had been obviously accomplished at the outbreak of the war. It was not wise to expect that its pertinence would be seized in Toronto.

The Unemployment Commission may be regarded as a tacit acknowledgment of the Government's unreadiness to say where it stands; and as a confession that it is time to spar for breath. That is all very natural, things being what they are. But if we had had far-seeing, constructive statesmanship in the pre-

ceding years, we should not now dream of asking commissions to investigate unemployment when tens of thousands of the inhabitants of Toronto are in doubt as to how they will survive the winter. The Commission will feel its position keenly, as the latest thing in government.

The situation which the Commission

will hope to cure, is a hindrance to our giving all the devotion to the war that we ought to give. Anything that helps us to realize what the pass is to which we have come is true propaganda for the war. We must march right up to the facts, or we are no soldiers of the King in the fight for supremacy over our own shortcomings.

## REPUBLIC'S CONCERN IN CANADIAN FATE

Canada and United States now on basis of permanent neighborhood;  
higher and broader democracy must come.

BY HERBERT QUICK

**T**HE CANADIAN WAR has a great mission. It may be assumed that the object of the publication is to interpret to the people of Canada this unspeakable world crisis. That being the case, it is well within the bounds of truth to say that the presses of Canada never undertook to put ink to paper for the accomplishment of a greater purpose.

We all need to realize that this war is not merely fighting, bleeding and dying. If that were all, we of the United States might look on with no more complex feeling than pity and regret, and you of Canada might safely add to the moral burden which all civilized men must bear the additional one of considering how many fighting men you ought to furnish, or whether you should furnish any. Mere blind patriotism might safely be your guide, if that were all.

### **Insufferably Obedient.**

But of course there is much more in the crisis than that. There is in it the question of what sort of forces shall rule the world in the future, and by what means those forces shall rule. Shall the great power of the future be the highly organized, highly efficient, insufferably obedient type of Germanic nationality, governed by a close corporation of princes, landlords and captains of industry, wielding world power by

means of an incredible military efficiency; or shall democracy rule?

This is the question on which Canada votes in this war; and unless she votes knowing why, unless the moral and mental conviction accompanies the act, she will receive the maximum of evil from her participation in the war and the minimum of good.

The average man in the United States is in agreement with the best thought of the country on the relations of Canada to the European war. There is an almost universal feeling here that when Canada drew the sword she took a step of the most tremendous importance to the United States.

### **Permanent Neighborhood.**

Very few citizens of the United States can be found who are unaware of the fact that a German victory in the war might establish in Germany a paper title to the sovereignty of Canada — a paper title which Germany might expect to reduce to possession at some time in the future. Very few Americans can be found who are unaware of the fact that no such reduction to possession would be consented to by the United States.

There is an almost universal feeling of regret that the Germans, whom we all admire and to whom many millions of us are even more closely related by

blood than we are to the English, should be placed in the position of having staked her very existence as a nation on the issue of a war in which her complete victory would raise so crucial a problem as the future of Canada.

We feel on this side of the line that our relations with Canada have been worked out to a point of permanent neighborhood, and that we now understand each other. We have several thousand miles of border between the two nations, all unfortified and undefended. The outlet of the Great Lakes passes through Canadian territory and the channels of communication between those lakes are common property. There are some very delicate questions relating to the control of the waters of those lakes, questions of immense commercial importance.

#### **Both Are Non-Military.**

There are only two ways in which such questions can be adjusted. The one way appeals to two unmilitary nations with thousands of miles of undefended border between them, and unrestricted passage back and forth between the nations.

That is the Canadian-American way. It is accomplished through the study of the situation and adjustment on a basis of mutual rights and privileges.

The other way may be best understood by a study of the frontier between Russia and Germany, or between Belgium and France and Germany. It is the sort of international relation which must subsist between "nations in arms."

We do not desire on this side of the line to become a military nation; we do not believe that you on the Canadian side of the line desire to become a military nation, or will ever do so if your future is allowed to develop in the Anglo-Saxon way.

When an American considers Canada in relation to this war, he does not need to be a partisan of either side in order

to feel that a German victory might easily bring the United States face to face with the most fateful situation which she has confronted in half a century. This at bottom is the real reason for that sympathy with the Allies, of which our German friends so bitterly and so naturally complain.

War is a dreadful evil, but  
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out.

#### **Sort of Religious Democracy.**

The hatred of the war between enemies will be an unmixed evil unless its opposite pole appears in better relations between man and man within national boundaries. The German peasant and the German landlord, the English yeoman and the English landlord, fighting side by side in the trenches, ought to achieve a closer approach to brotherhood in a better understanding growing out of companionship in arms. Strong minds turned backward by severed international relations ought to devote themselves to better domestic relations.

Out of consideration of her duty towards the general principle of democracy, it would seem that Canada ought to develop a higher and broader conception of Canadian democracy. We on this side of the line are, some of us hope, developing a sort of religion of democracy.

We have had the benefit of ten or fifteen years of "insurgency," "progressiveism," or whatever one may choose to call it, and the best wish I could express for Canada is that she may make such use of the present crisis as will enable her to pass quickly and prosperously through a similar moral uplift—a passage on which we of the United States now believe ourselves to be embarked, but the end of which is not yet in sight.

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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.

# SHOULD THE UNITED STATES FIGHT

American resident in Canada says the war is for all that has made the Republic a leader in the world.

BY BENJAMIN A. GOULD

**T**HERE are in Canada hundreds of thousands of men who have come from the United States, a part of whom retain their United States citizenship, and a part of whom have been naturalized. Among all those people there is a practical unanimity of opinion upon Canada's course in the war; but the greatest diversity upon the question of the duties of the United States.

With one accord these people agree that this is Canada's war as much as Britain's; that, being a unit of the British Empire, Canada is attacked, and must do her part to the last man and the last dollar needed. Their sympathy with the cause of the Allies is unlimited.

They feel that Germany and what she stands for must be overthrown, and that after the war there will arise a condition of economic demand which will enable Canada to utilize her resources to her lasting profit.

## **Sidestep Statesmanship.**

But, in regard to the inaction of the United States, there is the widest difference of opinion. Many content themselves with a feeling of thankfulness that their native land is neutral; and is not suffering from the war to the same extent as the countries which are actively fighting. It almost seems as if with them the "Safety First" propaganda had become an obsession.

Patriotism with them is the support of their country in whatever stand she is taking, not an insistence that this stand must be right. They think it statesmanship to sidestep responsibility, to dodge the necessity of making a decision which must be fraught with

the hugest consequences, to delay, to postpone, and if possible ultimately to evade the choice.

Such a stand, however natural, is consistent only with a statecraft which neglects modern international duties. It is the viewpoint which one might expect from Venezuela or Ecuador. It is the denial of the White Man's Burden. It is the apotheosis of the individual, the sublimation of the Little and the Small. It is an unacknowledged admission that immediate self-interest must be the governing factor, that to-day's profit and to-day's ease are all-important. It is an absolute denial of the soul of a nation.

## **America is Bunker's Hill.**

There is, however, in Canada, as elsewhere, a large and, I am proud to believe, a rapidly increasing number of Americans who hold very different views. To them the United States is not merely a locality, but an inspiration, an ideal, a history, and if need be a supreme duty. Their country is not a certain number of square miles of more or less fertile land, a certain number of cities and towns, a certain number of industries yielding annually a certain amount of profits.

No, America is Bunker Hill and Valley Forge and the little Continental Congress at Philadelphia; she is Gettysburg and Lookout Mountain and Sheridan's Ride; she is Washington and Lincoln and Clay and Daniel Webster; she is Longfellow and Bret Harte and Huckleberry Finn.

We who feel thus yield to none in our love for our country, but we love her as a living, thinking, growing, eager, err-

ing, inspiring entity, not as mere latitude and longitude or a place in which to make money.

The United States is the nearest thing to the Golden Rule that has yet happened in nations. We shouted "Cuba Libre," and we bled to prove our words. We believe that we should be willing to bleed to prove Belgium a nation, not a road.

### Shouted "Cuba Libre."

At this time and place it were futile to argue about the rights and wrongs of this war. We know that however clouded by pettiness here and obscured by selfishness there the origin of the war may have been, the struggle to-day is to decide whether democracy or feudalism shall prevail in the world. No amount of special pleading can blind us to this fundamental fact. And we Americans who feel as I do, knowing that our land has been dedicated to democracy and has until now been the foremost exponent of democracy in the world, believe that the United States of America ought to be taking a leading part in the defence of that democracy by and for which she lives.

We, therefore, quarrel with President Wilson and his do-nothing policy. We think he has failed the people whom he has been chosen to lead. To him in large measure has the honor of our country been entrusted, but what account can he give of his stewardship? Under our form of government no means is yet provided for obtaining at a crisis like this the judgment of the people, and of necessity on the administration rests the formulating of our national position.

### Value of Self Respect.

We hold that Mr. Wilson, to be true to our history, to our ideals, to the soul of our nation, must cease to preach an unprotesting neutrality which for us may become craven and sordid. We credit him with sincerity, but believe he has been victimized by phrases, and

persuaded by blind and narrow counselors.

No price can be too high to pay for our national self-respect. No danger has for the United States of late years been so great as that in her material prosperity she should lose her idealism. No crises so terrible as the present one has ever arisen. We who love our country for her great-hearted past wish now to see her true to all that is best and noblest in her history.

We are entitled to look to our President to guide us along the paths which our position as one of the leaders of civilization demands that we tread. Instead of this, he is quibbling like a corporation lawyer over niceties of construction and interpretation. He does not see that words are of no consequence at all; that ideas are all-important.

### The Society of Nations.

The United States is in a position to make rather than to interpret international law. She has it in her power to turn the clock of Time forward a century. Should she boldly promulgate the doctrine that no nation can commit national barbarisms without incurring the active intervention of every self-respecting nation, these barbarisms would soon cease.

There would be an end for all time to the wholesale slaughter of civilians, such as took place at Dinant and Tamines; to the murder of women and children by the unannounced bombardment of unfortified places without military significance; to the organized and intended terrorism which seeks to make the lot of the conquered so horrible that no little nation will ever be willing to risk it.

She can above all insist that the punctilious performance by every nation of its international obligations entered into by treaty concerns every member of the society of nations. The credit of the world depends upon the

faith of the nations, and the safety of the world demands that each nation maintain its faith unblemished.

Some say that these views are Utopian. I answer that my country always has been Utopian, and given a fair chance always will be Utopian. We were Utopian when we struggled for our liberties and erected our nation in the image of Freedom; we were Utopian when we decreed that the union of our States was indissoluble and must harbor no slavery within its limits; we were Utopian when we freed Cuba from the tyranny of an unregenerated Spain.

Our people still are Utopian, and need

but a super-Utopian to lead them to heights of Utopianism such as the world has never seen. Now is the time when my country has an opportunity, unselfishly and with firmness, to take a position which will not only end the present war more quickly and with far less loss of life than if she holds aloof, but will establish rules for the conduct of nations which after the war will make the world a better and a safer place for all men to live in. No nation will dare to enter into an unjust war or to wage a war barbarously if she knows that such action will bring upon her the active intervention of the rest of the world.

## NEUTRALITY OR GUILTY KNOWLEDGE

BY THE MAIL AND EMPIRE

**G**ERMANY has committed no act of hostility against the United States. None of the powers with which Germany is at war is in alliance with the United States. Nor is the United States the umpire among the nations. Why, then, President Wilson might ask, should the United States meddle in this war in a way displeasing to Germany? Because, it might be answered, Germany is warring against the sentiments and ideas with which the United States has been most conspicuously identified in world politics. Further, because Germany is trampling under foot an international convention to which the United States is one of the principal signatory parties. Still further, because the United States would soon be put upon its own defence were the unlicensed warfare Germany is now carrying on finally to prevail.

To say that the civilized world looks to the United States to caution Germany against future repetitions of any of the numerous barbarities of which wearers of the Kaiser's uniform have been guilty is not to say either that the United States is regarded as umpire, or that the United States should cease to be neutral. All that is expected of the United States is that at this moment of its greatest oppor-

tunity, in this greatest of world crises, it shall try to live up to the high responsibility, assumed by it and devolved upon it, of a trustee of civilization. While the United States' own Mother Country is fighting in the cause of civilization as she never fought before, the United States itself ought at least to feel bound to protest against any foul play on the part of the common enemy in that titanic and fateful struggle. If the United States had not by historic habit and profession caused itself to be everywhere regarded as the friend of downtrodden peoples, as the protestor against oppression, as the sympathizer and encourager of democracy, and as the promoter of humane practices in war, it would not now have found itself so generally regarded with an air of expectancy. Why did the Belgian commissioners bring to the United States and lay before the Government of that country the awful arraignment of the German army? Because the United States was the most powerful of the onlooking nations, and because it had an established reputation as the friend of the fatherless and widows in their affliction. Why did the Allies draw the attention of the United States to the violations of the rules of war on the part of the enemy? Because

they remembered that the United States was one of the signers of that Hague convention which expressly bars such acts of murder. It has been unofficially suggested that the United States Government should protest to Germany against such disallowed warfare as that of which the German navy was guilty in its attack on defenceless towns on the British coast. But President Wilson and Secretary Bryan do not consider that they have any duty in the premises.

They ought once more to read Bernhardt's book on "Germany's Next War." Britain was to be attacked because she was a dangerous rival of Germany. Twice or thrice in the course of his book Bernhardt remarks that Britain made an irremediable blunder in not supporting

the Southern States in the American Civil War. If Germany were now able to overcome Britain the United States would very soon be regarded as a dangerous rival of Germany's, and then the troubles of our neighbors would begin. Britain is fighting as the champion of everything the United States holds specially dear. When German militarism is utterly destroyed, the United States will be one of the principal heirs of the tremendous benefits of that world service. President Wilson and Secretary Bryan did not rise to the duty and the opportunity the troubles of Mexico brought to them. The world had great expectations from them, and was greatly disappointed. Will they bear the test of this more terrible crisis any better?

## THE MISTAKEN FOREIGN OFFICE

Canadians cannot afford to keep silent in the United States about the justice of the war in which the national life is at stake.

BY J. B. THANE

**W**E suffer in the body politic because we do not SEE. The trouble with too many who serve the public is that their vision is restricted to the things that are at their feet or in their pockets. Of one who is in a high place it was said, "He never sees the peaks."

Canada has a Department of External Affairs, whose secretary seems never to be heard of, and whose work is unknown. Canada has more external affairs now than she ever had. Her measure as a nation is in her conduct towards the great things which are not now computable in gunpowder; but which are in ideas and influences that can only be measured by the years.

What we have done since the war began—that is a fine theme. But the doing is after all in restricted spheres. It is not necessarily a great thing because it makes an imposing sum in arithmetic.

Increase of details is not greatness. Here is a pile of bricks, vast and seemingly uncountable. There is an enormous cornfield, turned over with the precision of a master ploughman. All that was necessary to achieve both these things was to use one simple tool often enough. There is no dazzling constructive genius in making brickyard stock. Mere bigness is only a multiplication of mere littleness.

So, the equipment of many men, vital as it is to the campaign, is in the field of achievement, only a multiplication of detail. We are not entitled to flatter our patriotic souls because we have magnified the preliminaries of war at an unreckoned expense. Ideas, morals, vision, grasp, courage—these are the things that count when the crucial strain is on. We must think, if we would win.

What made the invincible Ironsides? It was their morale. They knew what

they were fighting for; they consecrated their weapons to what they conceived to be a holy cause. They lived in a world which the cavalier could not apprehend.

There is as much room for political superiority in this war as there was for moral superiority in the war that destroyed Charles Stuart. In the unofficial Department of External Affairs there is a peculiar field for the exercise of the genius of Canada. If we do not so exercise it we fail in the primary, the exquisite test of our wisdom in the international arena. If Canada is a nation after the descriptions of Sir Robert Borden and Mr. Balfour, and not a mere dependency, which is partly a vassal and partly a dispenser of favours to a parent state, she must exhibit the dignity of the only power of the Western Hemisphere that is at war.

#### **Do Leaders Lead?**

We are at war for ourselves, and not merely to render aid to some other country, for the disastrous consequences of which we may not be held to account by the enemy. If Britain goes down, we go also—not in precisely the same way, but we go down. We shall be no more a free partner; but a dependent, perhaps on Germany, perhaps on the United States. We are fighting for ourselves. Our future credit, where nation looks upon nation, will depend on whether we acquit ourselves like a nation.

If we have this distinctive place of the only belligerent power in the Western Hemisphere, our major influence must be exercised on this continent. Our identity need not be swallowed up in the world as our soldiers will be swallowed up in the Allied hosts. Our population is approaching to the combined population of Scotland and Ireland. The future may be with us very much more than it is with them. But how does our identity compare with theirs? How much do we SEE of the future that is involved in the present?

We have not had from political leaders much illumination of the deep, the towering things of this war, in which for the first time the New World is sending thousands and thousands of fighting men to compel a new balancing of the old. It is no use condemning politicians for not showing what they may not possess. It is not their fault, but the fault of the system which has produced them, if they appear to discern in the war the limits of a departmental matter, rather than the sure, compelling signs of a new birth of the nation, of a re-making of the political fabric of the world.

The only reason for calling attention to such a situation is that it makes it all the more incumbent on those who see to declare what they see; never mind who may be dumb, or who may be content. in this the time of times, with repeating things that have been thrice told, and that contain no dynamic for the hour.

#### **Canada the Trustee.**

It is our urgent business to understand that, spiritually, Canada is the trustee for the Allies' case in the western world. That dignity will take some living up to. It is an External Affair of the first magnitude, which is all the greater because it is not yet on official responsibility. Because we have no official locus at Washington, the timid shrink from assuming the duty which events and nature and the future have surely cast upon us. Because an official mind says we had better refrain from thinking upon a great question lest our thinking presently compel us into action, is no reason for being bound by the official mind's ineffective dictum.

It is known that certain excellent men have seen that the pro-German propaganda in the United States calls for counteractive efforts from Canada. They thought that such of our men and women who are fitted for the work should appear in the Republic, visibly

and vocally, as well as by the written word, to show to a kindred people how it is that a free nation like ours goes into this bloody fight with a free will and a glad mind, because we want to honour democracy for all time to come.

The need for such work was told to the Foreign Office in London, whence the reply came that the Foreign Office did not think that the time was opportune; and that the Foreign Office would rather that Canadians did not attempt to influence a diplomatic situation.

Whereupon the excellent men aforesaid subsided, because, they say, the Foreign Office attitude creates a delicate situation. The Foreign Office must not be allowed to govern Canada in a matter upon which it has little knowledge and less vision. Diplomatic situations in the United States depend entirely on public opinion; and it is a long way from the British Ambassador in Washington to the country editor in Idaho, who has a very distinct influence on the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations.

### **Our Traditions Alike.**

We owe it to ourselves to disregard the advice of the Foreign Office, because we know and we can see, and because the responsibility for the future relations of the English-speaking peoples who dwell in North America is more in our hands than it is in the hands of the good gentlemen whose present job it is to look after the wolves of northern Europe, while we sustain the vitality of the Britannic relation with our brethren of Northern America.

There are nearly a hundred millions in the United States, whose official language is the language that is spoken in the trenches that the Germans most desire to capture. Of the millions who have descended from Germans a rapidly increasing proportion speaks only the tongue which true Americans speak. The traditions, the literature of the Republic are the traditions of the British

Empire. A preponderance of the American press is heartily with the Allies. It is, therefore, argued that we should not do anything to strengthen so clear, so unbiased a judgment. But we are a nation and a nation at war, and we disgrace ourselves if we are dumb. The way to advise others to ignore you is to ignore yourself.

### **We Are Advantaged.**

To some people it is a "practical" view that we should keep a discreet silence. If it is right for leaders to speak of the extent to which we shall count in the fields of Flanders, it is equally necessary that we count in a field where the German in the United States issues his challenge daily to us. If he should send his periodicals broadcast, we should at least show that we are neither too supercilious nor too dull to recognize his attempt. One of the follies of the political partisan who thinks he is clever is to profess contempt for his antagonist—which is the very quintessence of folly, for you only need to be a trifle better than a fool to beat a fool.

Regard this as a matter of practical politics, and see where we stand. The Germans are trying to capture American public opinion now because they know that peace will have to be made one day. As somebody has said, war always ends in a sort of arbitration. The Russians and Japanese came to terms in the United States.

When this Armageddon is over the United States (assuming the Republic can keep out of the fight) will be the only great power that can be effective mediatorially. The President of the United States will be governed by what he conceives to be public opinion, which will be a multiplication of the country editor in Idaho. In the making of that public opinion we who buy so much from the United States, who afford openings for so many of her ambitious farmers; who have given millions of

our folk to the upbuilding of the Republic; who are more like her in the verve of our people, in the elasticity of our institutions, and in our outlook on life than any of the belligerent powers—we have a peculiar responsibility, as well as a most precious opportunity, in presence of which the Foreign Office is all but impotent.

### **Don't Under-rate Germans.**

Besides, things in politics do not always happen as they seem likely to do when you look at them from the outside. The German Ambassador in Washington is not so eminent a fool as he sometimes looks. The German Embassy is not quite so remote from the Germanic elements in the United States as the British Ambassador is from the Britannic elements. The British Ambassador, who speaks the language of the American people, takes things for granted which the German Ambassador watches with an extremely jealous eye. The activity of Brer Bernstoff just before the November elections had one objective in the German vote. That vote is being used with great cunning in readiness for the next Congress—the Congress will in all probability be an immense factor when the settlement is made in Europe.

When you KNOW that the campaign for Germany in the United States is a clever, a wide, a persistent campaign, you smile at the complacency of the Foreign Office, which is full of European trouble, and need not fear to see Canadians serving the Empire on ground with which they are familiar.

Consider a precedent. The movement of American farmers to Canada has not been too agreeable to certain sections of American business people, who have taken the short view of the prosperity of their own country. Our greater proximity to the North Pole has afforded these economic enemies chances to prejudice the prospective emigrant against Canada.

To be prepared against that sort of fighting, certain public and private authorities have for years kept watch on the American press, to counteract the influence of the libeller, and to secure fair play for Canadian opportunities. Our interest in a sound American public opinion about our participation in the war is greater than anything that has hitherto affected our relations with the Republic. We would not take the Foreign Office opinion about the traducing of our climate in the United States. We need not take the advice of the Foreign Office about the traducing of our cause in the same territory. The people in Britain are not afraid to speak their minds when they conflict with the minds of their own employees, however expert the employees may be. We need new demonstrations of the right and blessedness of open discussion in Canada.

### **Englishmen Who Saw.**

Englishmen who were in the United States at the outbreak of war went home with the advice that Englishmen be sent to the States to preach the justice of the British cause. A slight would be cast upon all Canadians if that work were left to English tongues from England. The Old Land is in the throes of life and death. Her men have not the intimate touch with the American mind that should distinguish all well-informed publicists in the Dominion.

If anybody should represent the Empire among the people of the Republic it is the Canadians. We are at war as much as the European portion of the Empire is. If we do not rise to the duty towards our neighbor, which is vitally a duty towards ourselves, then are we feeble indeed, then is our vision the vision of the bat, and our courage the courage of the spaniel.

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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.

# THE WAR PARTY

BY U. N. C. DUDLEY

THE six boys stood around the piano, their arms across each others' shoulders. Within the half circle stood three girls; and a fourth was playing, with a touch that the boisterousness of the song could not hide, "Long live the King! Don't you hear them cheering?" The six were in uniform. Minerva and I sat by the fire, watching and listening.

Afterwards Minerva told me she had not a serious thought all the evening—she was delighted to see the youngsters having so merry a time. The boys had come from the camp, where the refinements are not always the most refined. They would soon be going to cheerless France. It was good to see them so full of all that youth should revel in—good cheer, sweet company; the will to sing and the sense of freedom which those who cross Minerva's threshold feel as soon as they clasp her hand and read the welcome of her eyes.

I have seen the King go by. I have seen the one-legged veteran at the window; I have seen the graves on the veldt; and have walked where men died; and have rested in the trench whence they sought the lives of others. And when I looked and listened, how could I help asking "Which of them will . . . ?"

When you fall to thinking like that, and you know the kind of stuff of which the boys are made, the uniform becomes the vesture of a new sacrament in patriotism. You wonder how they would have looked if they had come in the clothes in which they had been wont to appear. The linenless collar, the puttee, the shoes that are made for service alone—these things may draw from the more apparent excellence of social convention; but they carry a distinction, a seam of pathos all their own. For where

there has been answer to a call of duty, as we knew there was in these six, there is a dignity that cannot be mistaken.

There is a philosophy of fighting clothes, which one can't stop to discuss just now. It is part of the rythm of the march—that curious harbinger of impending victory and impending death which comes to you as the fellows swing along, with rifle barrels swaying in ominous unison. It is a prophecy of things to come—glorious things; dreadful things.

Hudderson told me the other day that a friend had sent him the helmet of a Belgian who had gone unscathed through all the fierceness of the campaign. Hudderson had given it to a patriotic association, whose officers would auction it as a relic of the war. I thought of the helmet as I watched the boys linked together around the piano. What would these garments become if they should be carried to France, to Belgium, and perhaps to Berlin? And then—suppose that some of them should have to be covered in the ground—on what scene would grim eyes look—eyes of men too well accustomed to the broken sheaves of the Reaper, working pitilessly when all the world should be at peace?

Half an hour before, as the boys had come downstairs with me from the smoke room, they had surprised the four girls tripping into the house, wearing the hats and overcoats which they had purloined from the cloak room, and in which they had made a route march to three of the neighbors, singing "Its a long, long way" as they marched.

The four had been lined up in the hall and put through a saluting drill. I' faith, I never saw a prettier sight; for the girls that live here and near here are good to look upon. It was a piece

of pure jollity, bright as the morning, and innocent as the earliest pipe of wakened birds.

Later, I overheard Ush say that he and the other four would hug the big fellow for bringing them out to enjoy such a break from the rigid round of the camp. "I haven't been home for three years," he said, in partial explanation. The remembrance of the girl-soldiering in the hall will come back more than once to the fighting boys, and also to us. We only wanted to make these fellows who have forsaken all that our name might still be regarded in the world, feel like that—that those for whom they fight wish to minister to them a little, while they prepare for the unseen, deadly road.

They were just boys—I don't think either of them was past twenty-three. This one came from a bank. That one had taught school. We would have been glad to have them at any time. They are in the ranks because they understand. Of course, they did not discourse on the sacrificial relation in which they stand to the rest of us. Life is still pretty much of a humour to all of them. The ebullient jocularly of a camp is not far from them at any time. The solemnity of the times is not very far away either.

Without intention, they gave us glimpses of both. Ush had been named as the traveller of the bunch.

Said Dick, "He is an ex-mariner, for he has been half over the world."

Brey chimed in, "And he is an ex-banker."

Palmer joined the descriptive corps with, "And the next will be ex-it."

Everybody laughed, Ush as much as any. But in a minute a graver note came from the ex-mariner, ex-banker, ex-it.

"I had a letter from my prospective brother-in-law," he said; "and he tells me he has talked with some Northumberland Fusiliers who have come back wounded. They agree that the French

soldier is great when he thinks he is winning; but he is not very good when he has to retreat. I think the difference between them and our fellows is the difference of mental attitude. The Frenchman goes to war prepared to die far France. He thinks it is glorious to fall on the field fighting valorously for her. I dare say it is. But our fellows don't think so much about dying for their country as of making the other fellow do it. They can retreat, because they want a better opportunity to win. Don't you think that is the difference?"

Here, surely was a soldier boy with a thinker in his head. He did not realize that he had illustrated his own philosophy when Palmer had joked about the ex-it. For Ush had said, laughing as he spoke, "Perhaps I shall, but there'll be some other ex-its before I go out."

Maybe they thought the old man sitting by the fire was pretty dull—a good carver of a joint; the father of fine girls and all that; but still rather an uninteresting old codger. They didn't come out to see him anyway. They went out into the night, for the most generous leave comes to an end, and the old man, standing on the steps as they clattered down the walk with apples and candies in their pockets, wondered which of them . . . ?

We loved them all.

### OF THREE DIMENSIONS.

Every other war that has ever been fought has been practically in two dimensions,—on the level, one might say. It has been on the surface of the land or of the sea. But this war, with its aeroplanes, dirigibles, Zeppelins, tunnels, mines, torpedoes and submarines, is being fought not only sideways and forward and back, but up and down as well. It is The War of the Three Dimensions.

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

# HISTORIC FOUNDATION OF THE WAR

There is no room on earth for the German and Britannic Ideal; and Canada had to fight for Imperial existence.

BY. THE HON. ARTHUR MEIGHEN

CANADA has had troubles of her own, a few times. She has been represented in the conflicts of Empire once. But in the sense that war is a challenge of all our strength, a challenge of our right to live and to be free, Canada has never known war before.

Every one of us reads daily the story of slaughter, of carnage unspeakable. We believe that behind the censor and the censor's curtain there lies every form of suffering that flesh is heir to—a scene of horrors and of death, lighted up by heroism, passing in both phases, the compass of words to portray.

We read and we believe; we cannot doubt, but do we know? The civilian of Belgium, who has escaped the assassin, whose fields are ravaged, whose home is wrecked and plundered, whose children are lost in exile or captivity—he can't tell which—perhaps reduced by butchery to mere stumps of humanity, as if murder was not crime enough to satiate the lust of instructed savagery—the civilian of Belgium knows.

The mother in England, who, proud of the son she bore, watches for his face among the thousands of wounded carried back—she knows. The soldier in the trenches knows, but, in the generous ardor of conflict, he knows without fear.

## Root of the Conflict.

One cannot overestimate the horrors of this war. It is the wars of history multiplied together. Why have we a part in it? What if we had kept out? What if we succeed? What should we do? Those are the questions for us—chiefly the last.

Two schools of thought are in conflict. The German school of Nietzsche, of Bismarck, of Treitsche and of Jagow; the British school of Bacon, of Burke, of Pitt, of Canning, of Asquith—yes, of Lincoln and of Wilson. But why are they in conflict? Why can't they live side by side? Because if the first is to

live and spread there is no room on earth for any other. The world is making its choice.

Germany teaches—and when I speak of Germany, I don't mean only the governing class, the autocracy; they are simply the embodiment, the propagators of the faith; their doctrine has burned itself very generally into the German character—Germany teaches the sovereignty of the State in relation to its citizens. With that we have no quarrel. But they push the doctrine farther. Their own state, says Treitsche, must be the supreme and only sovereign of its destiny, and must, for itself, determine its place in the world.

That sovereignty, he asserts, means release at the demand of self-interest from all international obligations. That place in the world means all that the sword can carve. They tell us that to profess otherwise is, in Mr. Asquith's translation, "so much threadbare and nauseating cant."

## Honour No More.

Our answer is simple. No writer in our tongue has expounded such a theory. Why? Because he couldn't get a reader. No statesman has practised such a principle—never, at least, since Warren Hastings was tried for high treason at Westminster.

We can afford to smile at taunts from Berlin; our past is before the world. We have erred at times on the side of aggression, but that has not been the course of our policy. We know that even though the ambition of our leaders might carry us—indeed, has carried us—into error, we know that public opinion, when informed of the facts, will stand for no wrong against another power.

The German school teaches that treaties are of no account if they conflict with state advantage. "Why," says Treitsche, "they are self-imposed.

The state by its own act imposes a restriction on itself. That is all a treaty is. And if the state imposes a restriction, surely the state can remove it."

It is hard to believe that a great nation has brought itself to such a standard. But it has. It means that obligations of honor, as we understand the word, have no meaning in world politics. And still that is the very teaching of Nietzsche, the most popular of their last century philosophers. All the everyday virtues, said he, are only slave morality—good enough for the herd, for those who struggle for existence—but no good and utterly meaningless for the masters, for those who struggle, not for existence, but for power.

That is, such virtues have no place in the code of great nations. Those of the herd, who are fighting to survive—they need pity, and truth, and mercy, and the principles of democracy and Christianity. But democracy and Christianity, he said, are just a form of anarchy—they encourage unstable sentimentality at the expense of disciplined power.

#### **The Blasphemous Creed.**

There are many who attack the dogma of Christianity, but Nietzsche attacked its morality. He denounced it as a religion of pity seeking to preserve the botched, the weak and the degenerate. When Frederick the Great said, a hundred and fifty years ago, "A great nation that has a chance to humble a rival, and does not do so, is a fool," he was only the forerunner of Nietzsche and of Treitsche, the voice crying in the wilderness.

When Bernhardt in cold ink preached the blasphemous creed, "You have heard it said that a good cause will justify even war, but I say that a good war will sanctify any cause," he was only their echo. Hellwig was nothing more than their faithful disciple when he gasped at Britain's fidelity to Belgium, and called the treaty of 1839 a "Scrap of Paper."

The tragedy of it all is that multitudes applauded the one and worshipped the memory of the other. The doctrine spread. The German people saw it applied with success by Frederick the Great and by Bismarck. Silesia, Schles-

wig-Holstein, Alsace and Lorraine were proofs of its soundness, the trophies of the sword wielded by the state in defiance of right. They heard, they saw, and in a great measure they believed.

And with what results—the pan-German league and its dominating influence on German policy. A campaign of education, headed by a united professorate. Their navy league and its propaganda building swiftly a body of public sentiment behind their fast constructed fleet—the most spirited and effective propaganda in the history of nations.

An Emperor threw out the winged phrase, "Our future lies upon the water." "Without the consent of Germany's ruler," said he, "nothing must happen in any part of the world." Another of their famous writers puts it in still bolder form: "The last century saw a German Europe. The next shall see a German world."

#### **German People's Part.**

Where else could such opinions lead? I over-stated not at all when I said there was no room on earth for that ideal and ours to live together. The prosecution of the one means the destruction of the other. The time has come to put in plain words the purpose of that country. It was difficult to be convinced, much more so to convince others, until now. There were always those who affected to know better, who believed in the loyalty of that nation to old standards of rectitude, but their interpretation has been falsified by the event.

There, I conceive, lies the historic foundation of this war. It is a conflict of ideals as inevitable as the laws of life and death. We need to understand that and never forget it; otherwise we cannot know all we are fighting for. We cannot see the bigness of the issue.

Science run mad. "Kulture," as they call it, has developed a cancer in world politics. Success now means its extraction. Defeat, defeat—forgive me for mentioning the word—defeat would mean the desecration of those principles around which our race has rallied in the storms of two thousand years; it would mean the surrender of what to us is the

ark of civilization; it would mean the progressive delivering over of humanity to a new-fangled paganism.

But to know the history which evolved this conflict is not enough. We might have been right through these years, right in the immediate cause. If so, ours is the greater fault. There is wrong somewhere. In the facts that clashed and lit the flame there is wrong somewhere—wrong as monstrous and terrible as the war itself.

You can't have war without wrong. It is the boldest form of wrong; it is the fulfilment of wrong; it is the result of wrong—on one side or on two. Treitsche did not think so. He taught that war was majestic and divine, the great medicine of a sick world. But even Sir Edward Grey could not utter such sentiments before British people and get a hearing.

### We Must Be Right.

Anything that smacks of an excuse—even a good excuse—is not enough. We are wrong, we at least share the wrong if we were not compelled to fight to save our country, to save it from humiliation, to save it from annihilation—the first is the prelude of the second—to save it from dishonor and disgrace—for dishonor is the open door to disintegration and decay.

No great country can survive the loss of the respect of its people. Veneration for the national honor is the binding force of an empire. That is why Britain counts her Dominions in the seven seas. When such was the stake the motherland has never flinched from war, never through a thousand years front on the theatre of world events.

Are we, the generation, to count our fame at a lesser price? Never, never; that is what we said in times of peace. Never, we say now after a trial of war. "Never," in the words of one of our statesmen, spoken some 70 years ago, "never though the country be surrounded with dangers as great as those which threatened her when her American colonies and France and Spain and Holland were leagued against her, and when the armed neutrality of the Baltic disputed

her maritime rights; never, though another Bonaparte should pitch his camp in sight of Dover castle; never till all has been staked and lost; never till the four quarters of the world have been convulsed with the last struggle of the great English people for their place

Was honor at stake for us in this war? It takes some presumption to ask that question in the hearing of intelligent men. Our country had to fight, or prostitute its good faith. What is more, it had to fight or imperil its existence.

Belgium was a flourishing little country, lying in the lap of Europe. Situate like Servia, between the armed camps of three or four great powers, there it lay to part competing ambitions and prevent their clash. Its separate entity and its neutrality were guaranteed by solemn treaty in 1839. Belgium undertook herself to maintain that neutrality with all her strength. Hands off! No passage to belligerents! is an element of neutrality—by The Hague treaty over Germany's seal, by international law, and by common sense. Situate as Belgium was, it became the essence of neutrality. In return each of the five powers gave her the same guarantee. That was a step forward for civilization.

### Last Act in Drama.

It lasted for 75 years, till the 4th of August last. Then it was that Germany played the last act in a twelve-days' drama of crime. That day she trampled her treaty in the mire, and she made the mire first. She plunged her millions into Belgium against a small and guiltless people. That people made their choice. They kept the faith. They stood upon their bond.

But where is Belgium at this hour? A desert of death, drenched in blood and tears. Children will weep and strong men's blood will boil centuries from now over the sufferings of Belgium. She stood upon her bond. Her cry passed to Great Britain. "We have kept the faith," said King Albert, "will you keep yours?"

Britain chose, and all her people chose. "It was only when confronted with a choice between keeping our solemn obli-

gations in the discharge of a binding trust and a shameless subservience to naked force that we threw away the scabbard. We do not repent our decision." So said Asquith, and so says every man who names the name of Britain.

There is not time to enquire into the events that preceded the 4th of August, into the merits of the quarrel of Austria with Servia, and of Germany with Russia and France. The enquiry is important. It would have been a lot more important, though, if Germany had kept her hands off Belgium. When the pro-German looks at that mangled country and tells us what was her offense and why she should be ravished by a giant, when he answers that, we will listen to the rest of his argument. He'll never get to it, but if he does it will not sound much better.

### How Nations Talk.

Here is Austria and Austria's ultimatum, with Germany standing by; over there is Servia and Servia's reply. You have read the documents. You have measured the combatants. And when you see strength and insolence on one side and weakness and humiliation on the other, it is not usually hard to locate right and wrong. Germany said, "Leave the giant and the dwarf alone to fight this out. The giant is my partner."

"Not while I live," said Russia. "Servia must do right; she must atone her wrong, if wrong there be, but she must not be crushed."

Britain took no side. She promised no support. She exhausted every resource to secure conciliation. What, then, is the charge against her? That she should have stood in shining armor beside Germany and threatened Russia with war if she dared protect her little Slav neighbor?

"And because you didn't," says Germany, "we hold you guilty of all this bloodshed—even the butchery of Belgium!" Imagine the apostles of culture solemnly pressing such humbug on the world.

"Oh," they tell us, "we were all the

time exercising mediatory influences with Austria." Were they? Were they? Why, then, don't they publish the messages? Not a line that passed from Berlin to Vienna appears in the German White Book.

While the war lasts let us keep these facts alive and lighted in our minds. Surely if we are men, we need no other incentive. Don't forget the facts of the White Book, and Canadians will do their duty. Certainly Winnipeg will. I haven't the presumption to preach duty here. The best manhood of this city has gone in thousands to the front, and those behind are doing well their part. What a time this is to live through! It seems the focus of both eternities. For the balance of our lives the best measure of our worth will be how we behaved in the war.

### To Ourselves Be True.

We are in the vortex. We are in right, and we are sure to win unless half of us dream we are out. We rely upon ourselves. All soldiers must. We pay our tribute of respect, of gratitude, of confidence to our brave allies, to the historic valor of France, to the resistless zeal of Russia, to the long tried fidelity of Japan and to the deathless glory of Belgian arms. Those allies in Europe have borne the brunt, but our share is growing bigger, and we will keep it growing.

We Britishers rely on the sailors and soldiers of Britain, on the great men who command her forces both on land and sea, and in the halls of state—efficiency at every post. We rely on that unity that has amazed our foes, on the spirit of sacrifice abroad now as never before, that proves the mettle of our people. We rely on the British fleet, the bulwark of our strength. We pin our faith to British pluck.

The foe that faces us is the biggest that ever confronted a nation, or a combination of nations, and we must win or go down. There can be no compromise. A compromise would be a sin against ourselves and our children, against civilization itself. The call is for men and money, but chiefly men. That call is in

the ear of every heir to British liberty. Canada is doing well.

Canada's Government is loaded with unwonted responsibilities. I am not here to extol or to defend it, but if we know our duty we will bend every energy to this struggle. All other functions of Government we must still perform, but this is first. The lives of our sons we hold sacred. Of their wealth we are only trustees. But in this great crisis we can spare neither to achieve success. Before any failure on our part will expose the common cause to peril, we are prepared to bankrupt this country.

It is too soon to try to measure the results of a war like this. Some will weigh the legacy of hatred and recrimination, the load of debt and death, and find even in victory a balance of ill. Others foresee a humanity purged of the demon of militarism, softened by mis-

fortune, purified by suffering, and they find a satisfying preponderance of good.

There can be little advantage in trying to value an unpurchased future. The future will be just what we make it—what we earn. Now is the time for toil, for bloody sweat, for courage and good cheer. It is a time to take inspiration from the memory of our fathers, from the example of our million brothers who line the battle front—a time for each man to judge not his fellow, but to sternly judge himself.

We may pass down through the valley of the shadow. But we battle for the undoubted right—and if we see that might springs to the side of right, for that is our charge, that the world's muscle is behind justice and good faith in a war with selfish aggression—then we can finish well a stupendous work, and count our inheritance in terms more blissful than the past has known.

### THE FIRST NUMBER.

The first number was for Canada and Belgium. Here is a list of the things that were in it:—

Message from the Belgian King.

A Tribute to Belgium.—Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith.

Big and Little Nations.—Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George.

Canadian Women and the War.—Katherine Hale.

Why This is Our War.—James S. Brierley.

Our Case and Our Future.—C. A. Magrath.

The Bugle.—B. A. Gould.

Where a Belgian Saw Christmas.—U. N. C. Dudley.

What the Belgians are Like.—G. C. Mary White.

The Belgium of the Western World.—J. B. Thane.

“As for These Belgians.”—Marjory MacMurchy.

Call for Belgian Orphans.—Helen Merrill.

Two Hundred Thousand.

Canada's Aid to Belgium.

War Funds and War Funds.

The Canadian War and Why.

### THE THIRD NUMBER.

Next week's number of THE CANADIAN WAR won't fall behind the first and second issues. One of the needs of the times is more effective public speaking about the war. We are beginning to get it. Mr. Meighen's great appeal to the Winnipeg Canadian Club is here. Next week THE CANADIAN WAR will print the equally notable speech to the Montreal Canadian Club by Mr. J. S. Brierley.

There will be an illuminating article on Labor and the war, which will discuss manifestoes of the Federation of Trade Unions in Britain, and of the Montreal Trades and Labor Council.

The place of Canadian Clubs in the war will be written, with examples taken specially from Winnipeg

Among other articles will be one by Mr. E. W. Thomson, of Ottawa, who, perhaps, writes more than any other Canadian in the American press about Canada. It will expound the relation of the native-born to the fight.

From U. N. C. Dudley, who promises to be a regular contributor of sketches that strike an intimate note, an article is expected on “The Contingent at Work.”

# CANADIAN PATRIOTISM AND THE WAR

Some perils against which we fight, and a plea for the union of men of all parties and of none against the menace of subjugation.

BY CIVILIS

**L**ET us reason together about our condition. Let us do it as if we were behind the firing line in France; where some of the political issues of Canada are to-day being tested in blood and tried in fire.

Suppose we were in a field hospital and had come from the funeral of a Canadian soldier who had died a mutilated remnant of the man who left home in all the glory of youth. Sitting there, thinking of the anguish that must presently come to his parents and all who loved him; and listening to the sounds of distress in the tent, where other Canadians lay in the last extremity of their manhood, we should reflect that all this came of the action of the Canadian Government, in the creation of which many of us took no active part, because, we said, we were not in the disreputable game of politics.

But, whatever we had said and done in Canada, the terrible majesty of politics, allied as it now is with the awful sobriety of death, would seize our minds in France, as it had never done at home. We should begin to talk with ourselves about the Canadian aspect of the tragedy in whose midst we would be helpless, except to assuage the tiniest portion of the horror of a world in arms.

## Let Us Talk Sense.

The recriminations of partisan newspapers would look piteously small, beside the bloody wreck of France; amid the hideous desecration of Belgium; and by the trains of arriving fighters, eager for the final danger; and the returning trains of men who can fight no more, be they never so eager.

You and I could talk without rancour about how Canada may rise to the dread dignity of her part in this fruition of European political incompetence; which may be purified when the penalties are counted in the heroism of our own flesh

and heritage; and in the graves of those who will never see the harvest of their sacrifice. So, let us try to do it in Canada, as if we were advantaged by the solemn detachment of the stricken field; and as if the spirit of constructive unity had descended upon us. For even our politics may be transfigured, if only we will lift our eyes to the mountain.

Everybody admits that we need a new birth of public life in this great land. Before the war there was little sign that it might come quickly; although there was a fitful stirring here and there. What chance is there of the war achieving it for us, unless we begin to achieve it for ourselves? How can we begin if we allow our minds to be engrossed by what is going on in Europe; if we forget that the war is vitally a matter of our domestic efficiency, patriotism and peace?

## Our Danger More Insidious.

We all want national unity while the conflict rages. We desire a proud conscience when the losses and blessings of the war are counted. We wish to dwell with those who have fought a great fight. Then let us plead each with himself to strive to bring national unity to pass.

Never since history began have the British Islands been as united as they are to-day. A few months ago civil war seemed imminent. Germany counted on it to prevent Britain from keeping her treaty obligations. The unity that has astonished the enemy and has won the applause of the world was achieved in recognition of a danger to the very existence of the United Kingdom and of the Empire whose centre and shrine it is.

The danger of the war to Canada is not quite the same in kind or in degree. But it is more insidious, because the alternative may have a certain seduction

for ignoble minds, which are not unknown among us, and the infectious character of which is seldom understood. It is real enough to produce the same effect upon us if we are moved by the same high impulses which govern our brethren in all the seven seas. So far, it has not produced in us an equivalent unification. If it does not soon do it, we shall have fallen short of the mark we set ourselves in presence of an observing world.

### Newspapers Guard Patriotism.

At the head of a noble appeal in the Montreal Herald by Mr. Brierley, its former editor, was a statement from a London despatch which says that recruiting for the second contingent there is so slow that the authorities are considering a campaign for men. London may be singular; but if so, it is significant that with two daily newspapers that constantly champion the war, such a report should come from there. It is ominous that though both papers are wholly for the war; the spirit of recrimination, over things that happened long before the war, has repeatedly broken loose in them.

In a very living way, the newspapers of a city are the guardians of its patriotism. They can exalt it to a splendid dignity; they can degrade it to intolerable meanness. How can you expect the youth of a city to rise like unselfish patriots if their daily food about the war is seasoned with ugly suggestions that half their countrymen have been essentially traitorous, and are beset by unworthy meditations in very presence of the enemy?

Can recriminations about any unhonoured political past endure if men will set themselves truly to answer the one paramount question which events force upon us? The origin of the war to-day surely amounts to nothing, unless we hold that our going into it was such an offence against national honesty as to merit for ourselves the endless chastisement of the Teuton, who is no respecter of our past and who would fain make our future after his pattern, and not after the things for which the New

World has striven these many generations.

Even as we hope for our brave fellows who go down, that death will be swallowed up in victory; so we must govern ourselves according to our answer to this question: "What would happen if Germany should defeat Britain and Canada?" That is the acid by which to test our patriotism.

An Ontario politician said: "I don't believe in this war, or in any war; and I wouldn't fight unless the Germans trampled on my gladioli beds." Have we not eyes to see that when the Germans are at Louvain and Antwerp and Ostend they are on our gladioli beds? If the Kaiser succeeds we may as well write "Ichabod" over our gates, and break the delusion that we can bequeath to our children names in which they may take an exultant pride. Though at this snug distance we do not feel that we have committed any offence against that Germany whose gentlest emblem is the mailed fist, and whose kindest argument is a blow, Germany doesn't feel that way about us.

### Might Curse God.

If there be one of us who supposes we should not have gone into the war, he surely cannot wish us to be punished for our chivalry by being put under the Kaiser's heel. For such a spirit the only appropriate deed would be to curse God and die. Try to estimate what the penalty will be—the penalty for what we have had the temerity to do, as well as for what Britain has done.

The avowed intention of the enemy is to rob Britain of the overseas dominions which the German mind still believes to be so many colonies which are subject and willing to be subject, to an imperial will. The splendour and freedom of self-government are hidden from the German mind. Just as the ruling classes of Germany, who have exalted the private soldier over the wealth producer, and have greatly exalted the officer over the private; so, if their war is successful they will assume a divine right to expand the quality of tyranny over all men who lose the fight.

If the power of Britain be destroyed, the glory of Canada has departed. Now we are a free, self-governing nation; none daring to make us afraid. Then, if the conqueror have his will, we shall be a vassal state, lifted to the most humiliating eminence that has ever been occupied by any people in this hemisphere. We might be mocked with the device of "independence." The voice might be the voice of Canada; but the hand would be the hand of the oppressor. For those who have supposed that the dollar mark is the infallible sign of effective politics, there would be enough of it and to spare, in tribute paid to the Junker, and exacted to the uttermost farthing.

The process of Germanization would be the more intense because of our nearness to the United States. In Germany's mighty effort to realize world-domination, she would gain something very like a strangle-hold on the future of the United States. The scheme of invasion of the United States, disclosed in one of the books which reveal the strength and brutality of the German menace to the world, was born of an appetite which will not be slaked until it is utterly destroyed.

#### French Would Not Score.

Germany is counting this very day on her children and their allies spreading a deadly infection through this land. She is making vast, costly, and, in part, successful efforts to win the goodwill of our republican neighbor—not merely for the great gain that is in that goodwill to-day or to-morrow; but because the plan of world-domination contemplates a period in which the remaining great English-speaking country shall be taught its place; first as one that speaks the detested tongue that has girdled the world; and second, because its doctrine of democracy continually flouts the sacredness of that divine right of auto-cracy on which alone a world domination may unshakably be built.

With Canada as a base, the Germanization of the United States might be subtly attempted. Unthinkable as the Germanization of Canada seems to us,

it would seem quite feasible to an auto-cracy that had laid Europe at its feet, weltering in its own irredeemable blood. Whatever of Britannic pride had given luster to our growth would now have been eradicated from our breasts. We should be among the fallen, smitten and afflicted. The varieties of our alien population would be counted by the conquerors as a precious asset; and not as our possible aids of a return to the old Britannic status. The French in Quebec would no more frighten them from their effort than the Gallic character of Alsace and Lorraine frightened them forty years ago.

#### Effect in United States.

The magnitude of the economic burdens assumed for railways and other works immediately prior to the war would have to be carried, as well as the imposts of the war itself. The marvelous organizing power and scientific knowledge that have made in one generation the second commercial power in the world, Germany; and has created one of many economic marvels in the sugar beet industry would be turned into Canada—it is only four years since a German came to me with a tempting scheme for settling New Ontario with skilled beet growers.

Enough people would be enriched by the new commercialization to make the submergence of the former patriotism an unformidable undertaking. In the division of ourselves into the kindreds and tribes and tongues for when the Upper Canada Bible Society already prints the Scriptures in over seventy different languages, would be exploited to the maximum.

Where so-called statesmen, through machine political practices, have sought to make unpatriotic partisan votes, the Germans would seek to make aggressive Germans. Their encouragement would come from their knowledge of our inexcusable failure to consolidate these alien elements into a robust, intelligent, well-informed Canadianism. With the stones which, before the war and during the war, we had neglected, they would make reinforcement for the concrete of the

new state. It would not matter whether Canada were called an independent. The Germans would see that in the terms of peace a fair face would be kept on the change; while security would be taken that its heart and brain would be operated from the Fatherland.

And for the effect in the United States. The Edmonton editor who said "We are not Canadians," had many congenial spirits in that country. Does anybody suppose that the intense patriotism for the Fatherland, which the German instils into his children, wherever they are begotten, would not respond to the spectacle of a great Germanic entity being developed on this side of the Great Lakes? It would act like a Friedmann serum on the health of the republic. It would spread subtly, unmistakably, a

fear for the future solidarity of the vast republic, different in manifestation, but of the same essence as the fear which haunted France for forty years; which could not save Belgium; and against which the British Empire had not been proof.

In sum: the vision which seemed to have become a precious reality for the world would have been dissolved. The dominion of the soldier over the citizen would have been established as it had never been before. The Britannic ideals of freedom for every constituent within the congeries of states would have gone down. Militarism would have been triumphant; and Canada would be its kept mistress in the western world; unless the other alternative had happened.

*(To be resumed.)*

## BY HER STRIPES WE ARE HEALED

The tragedy of Belgium, which has suffered for Europe, cannot be described in any terms of a Christian Hell.

By G. K. CHESTERTON

There are certain quite unique and arresting features about the case of Belgium. To begin with, it cannot be too much considered what a daring stroke of statesmanship—far-sighted, perhaps, but of frightful courage—the King of the Belgians ventured in resisting at all. Of that statesmanship we had the whole advantage, and Belgium the whole disadvantage: she saved France, she saved England—herself she could not save.

This is not the case of a little people in Asia or Africa who have no other course but to fight or be exterminated or sold into slavery. The Belgians had another course: they could have looked the other way while the Prussians crossed their country, so to speak, with their boots off. It is quite clear that even the Prussians, at the very beginning, wished to make it easy for them: the first messages from the German diplomatists spoke of respect for independence and sovereignty: the first soldiers from Aix and the Rhineland spoke to the natives of a mere piece of assist-

ance among neighbours. It is true that Germany did not keep it up long.

I do not know what the word "Junker" precisely means—something like "puppy," I imagine—but evidently what the North Prussians call an aristocrat is some sort of allotropic form of what we call a cad. Now the most sacred stamp and seal of the cad is this—that he cannot be courteous, even when he really wants to be.

He says to a country like Holland, "We salute your delightful dykes. Our culture contemplates your pleasing canals. Your army is under the protection of our never-to-be-broken word—and lucky or it, for one Pomeranian Grenadier could kick all your waddling regiments into the Zuyder Zee."

Having put the Dutchman at his ease, the Prussian turns, let us say, to the Switzer and says, "Schiller has written of William Tell. Hoch the Willaim Tell! How fortunate for that hero that he did not have to face the Krupp howitzer with his little bow and arrow! As you are a neutral power, it will be unneces-

sary to exhibit our engines for blowing up the Rigi and removing the Lake of Geneva to the Palmen Garten at Frankfort."

Leaving the Switzer in raptures, he will turn to the philosophic Dane and say, "My own old, humble, and grateful friend! I will protect you. I protected a bit of you just before 1870; and I'll protect a lot more unless you jolly well do as I tell you. Just look at this gun!" Without waiting for the delighted thanks of Denmark, he will turn to the United States and offer not to lay waste the whole of that country; or to Italy, and explain when and why he will not hang the Pope.

### Fountains of Flattery.

It is true, then, that the Prussian style is apt to be awkward, even when the Prussian policy is pacific. I know nothing more characteristic than a phrase which occurred in an excellent German article, an article urging the Germans to abstain from their outrages on ecclesiastic art.

It said especially that a certain mediæval building should be specially sacred because studies were made in it by some German whose name I cannot spell. I know nothing against or about the gentleman, but I think that by the time I had brought myself to act in entire contempt of the House of God and the history of Joan of Arc, the memory of the German gentleman would sit lightly on me. There is this awkwardness in their most well-meaning efforts. They seem incapable even of apologizing without bragging. But though conciliatory attitudes are a great strain on them and are never kept up for long, that should not make us forget what it is due to Belgium to remember—that the first attitude towards Belgium was, in form, conciliatory, and was kept up just long enough to have allowed Belgium to avoid her heroic trial had she chosen.

Fountains of German flattery were doubtless ready to flow for her if she had chosen to facilitate the German plan—however passively and negatively. In a sense she could still have saved her face; but she preferred to save Europe.

She had faith in our policy almost before we had one. She answered for our truth and virtue before we answered ourselves. For one awful hour she found herself alone in Europe; and yet she answered for Europe. And she answered right. In that enormous circle of silence the first shot from Liege was the answer of Christendom. That little country, with its pattern of bright fields as tidy as a chess-board, with its medley of mediæval cities as carved and quaint as the chess-men, found somewhere in itself, and by itself, the voice that is the voice of two thousand years—

Through me no friend shall meet his doom;

Here, while I live, no foe finds room.

It may well be that in the future men may feel little Belgium as a working model of Europe—as Europe is the working model of the world.

### Answer of Christendom.

This Europe of Europe, this real casket of culture, this essence of Roman Empire, this small nation of which the very cities have been nations, this kingdom within kingdom and republic within republic of accumulated politics and history, has been suddenly turned into a desert—a desert where dwell demoniacs.

Of some who have done this work it is seriously not too much to say that they are possessed of devils. They have worked miracles of sacrilege and murder. They have set wandering in the wilderness the whole populations of cities so prosperous and countrysides so settled that the fiend's miracle would have been less if he had set forests and cornfields walking.

No mountain tribe was ever torn up by the Turks and sent adrift to die as this storied and civilized State has been wantonly torn up by its near neighbours. The sufferings of such a race in such a ruin cannot be pictured in terms of any Christian hell: they can be traced in the infernal arabesques of Chinese and Tartar history. There is not a single pang in it that is not too high a price to pay to the Prussians. There is not a pang that Belgium is not paying for our sake: and by her stripes we are healed.

# *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 all subscriptions 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

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.

## OUT IN THE BIG COUNTRY

Something on the welcome given The Canadian War,, and a couple of specimen war stories from an Ontario paper.

**T**HERE was not time, before this number went to press, to size up the extent to which The Canadian War is likely to strike responsive chords all over the country. But there was enough dew on the fleece to encourage the editors more than editors are usually encouraged. It was a good sign that the first acknowledgment of the news that The Canadian War was going to break into the arena came from the Goodfellow Brothers of the Whitby Gazette and Chronicle, promising all the co-operation it is in their power to render. The first marked exchange was the Cornwall Standard, which contained letters from Cornwall men—one in the navy and another on Salisbury Plain.

This characteristic letter came from Blake Duff, editor of the Welland Telegraph, who has a practical and prompt mind:

"Very glad to read the news of The Canadian War. The idea impressed me as being splendid. In the Telegraph of Tuesday morning next I shall give you an article and send a marked copy to the bookstores of this territory.

"If at any time in the future I can assist you in this district, I shall consider it a privilege."

Mr. Duff didn't wait till Tuesday. He had some good front-page war stuff in the current Telegraph, which he marked up and sent along. It is given below, and the first story helps you to get closer to the people from the Balkans, who have supplied Canada with many immigrants, whose children are native-born Canadians, even as ours are.

The second story is the outline of a township's move in patriotism, in which let note be taken of this—that money

that might have been spent on a contentious election, is going to patriotic purposes. Here are the Welland Telegraph stories—the first fruits of The Canadian War's desire to be of service in letting Canadians know what their distant fellows are doing.

### PATRIOTISM OF SERVIA.

**Servian in Canadian Army Write Appeal.**

**"I Call on All Servians in America to Join the Canadian Colors," He Says.**

This is the age of little countries. In the forefront in the admiration and esteem of the world stands Belgium. Side by side with her stands Servia. Torn by two wars, she has just completed the driving of the Austrians from her soil. Compare the size of the two countries, and Servia fighting Austria is like a schoolboy putting his dukes up to a prizefighter. And yet Servia has scored a great victory over Austria. Why?

Because of the Patriotism of the Servian people.

Jack Bugarski, a Welland Servian, who knows conditions at home like a book, accorded The Welland Telegraph an interesting interview on this topic yesterday. Jack, who has proven himself one of the most valuable men on Col. Ptolmey's Welland Canal Guard Staff, was through the last two Servian wars. The Balkan States have been his familiar pathway. He knows the Turk; conditions in Austria has been his study since boyhood.

He showed The Telegraph a leading Croatian paper reporting the visit of King Peter of Servia to the Servian troops on the battlefield. Here is the message of the King:—"Soldiers and

heroes, your old king has come to die with you or to drive the enemy out. If our enemies win they will take an empty country." These are the words of a man seventy years of age. No wonder he is popular with his people.

In times of peace, our informant tells us, he travels about the country as an ordinary business man. Cane in hand, without guard and without attendants, he boards the trains and goes to this town and to that visiting among his people just as a minister might do.

Social conditions in Servia are unusual. The farmer cannot be touched for debt. He has reserved to him his land and buildings, a team of horses, a cow, two sheep, and his farming implements exempt from all levies, even taxes. A portion of every crop has to be placed at all times in the military storehouse and these stores when three years old are sold and the money appropriated by the government. Servia has held its place by the sword. With the Turks on one side of her and Austria on the other it has been a work of necessity to be always prepared for war.

#### **Patriotic Servians.**

Jack Bugarski was in Detroit, when hostilities broke out. He at once sent an offer to Major-General Hughes to bring over 1,500 Servians for enlistment, and actually presented 158 to Col. Wigle at Windsor for drill.

He produced a Servian paper published in Newark, N.J., containing a letter from Melin Lubovevitch, serving under the Canadian colors at Pond Farm Camp, Salisbury. You Canadian men read this from a Servian serving in the Canadian army:

"I am with the Canadian army and I am glad to be in the army because it is a duty for every Servian to fight for their own liberty. If there is no chance for him to go home to Servia it is just as good to join the Canadian Army. They are fighting the same enemy, and when little Belgium is free, Servia will be free too. So I just call to all Servians in America to join Canadian Army as quick as they can. So I wish to see many of you boys with me. If I live after

this war and Leka won't be under the Servian rule or France or England, I will not go back to live at my home. I might come back to live in Canada or to Servia. It will be a shame on the men of my own Province if they do not join the colors."

Simply written though the letter may be, it is as eloquent a call to arms as has been penned.

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#### **BERTIE STARTS WITH \$600.**

#### **Patriotic Fund Has Auspicious Beginning.**

The Bertie Patriotic Association, which was organized on Wednesday night, start off under most promising auspices. Reeve Willson, who occupied the chair, explained that even before organization Bertie had well on to \$600 in sight for the fund. The Township Council, at its statutory meeting on Tuesday, made a vote of \$300 to the fund. The proposal that no elections be held would add another \$100 to the fund. The reeve and members of the council were going to make subscriptions which would amount to from \$50 to \$75. The Lake Erie Excursion Co. and the Ridgeway Milling Co. were each ready to make substantial subscriptions just as soon as the lists were opened. The fund had about \$600 to begin with, and Reeve Willson looked upon this as a very hopeful start.

The inaugural meeting held in the Town Hall, Ridgeway, was largely attended and proved of much interest. Officers were elected as follows:—

Pres.—Dr. Geo. B. Snyder.

1st Vice Pres.—Wm. Robinson.

2nd Vice Pres.—J. R. Phillips, Jr.

Sec'y.-Treas.—W. G. Athoe.

Able addresses were given by Judge Livingstone and T. D. Cowper, on behalf of the fund. Chairman Willson also called on two Fenian Raid veterans, Rev. Thos. Boyd, pastor of the Methodist church, and Major Clark. The pleasure of the evening was greatly added to by the selections of the Ridgeway orchestra and the singing of the boy scouts.

# Work of Belgian Relief Commission

Statement by Central Executive Committee, 59 St. Peter St., Montreal.

**T**HIS Commission was entirely American at the start, but representatives of Italy and Spain have joined. The management of the Commission is in hands of American citizens.

Agencies have been opened: (1) in New York, with object of gathering the purchases and donations in America; and (2) in Rotterdam, with object of distributing the goods in Belgium.

On November 21st, 14,150 tons of foodstuffs had crossed the Belgian frontier for distribution in Belgium. These goods were mainly: 8,200 tons of wheat, 740 tons of flour, 1,000 tons of rice, 360 tons of beans and peas, the balance miscellaneous.

On November 23rd the relief work disposed in Rotterdam of 32,000 tons of foodstuffs, including 6,000 tons of salt bought in Rotterdam, and about 10,000 tons of wheat, which was the wheat evacuated from Antwerp to Holland by the Belgian Government before the German troops entered Antwerp, the balance of 16,000 tons had come from London or from America.

Donations promised on 23rd of November: (1) 12 steamerloads containing donations from United States and Canada, of which the total tonnage is 60,000 tons; (2) besides 18 steamerloads of a total tonnage of about 86,000 tons of foodstuffs coming from the United States, Canada and Spain were promised.

It must be noted that the bulk of the donations coming from the United States and Canada cannot reach Belgium before January. From January, the Commission hopes to be able to introduce in Belgium 90,000 tons of cereals monthly, which are all needed.

## Food Department.

The Central Committee, which has been constituted with the object of helping the poor population of Brussels, has extended its work to the whole of Belgium. For this purpose, it has organized two departments: Food Department and Relief Department.

For this Department the Commission was to obtain from the German authorities, through the Ministers of the United States and of Spain, formal guarantee that the goods imported by the Committee would not be seized. These guarantees have been obtained. It was also to organize the purchasing of goods in foreign countries, to import them in Belgium and distribute them in the provinces.

## German Requisitions.

The Committee has requested the Ministers of the United States and Spain to negotiate from the German authorities the cessation of the requisitions of foodstuffs still remaining in Belgium, or at least the limitation of these requisitions. Partial agreement has already been made with the German authorities for this, in consequence of which the Committee has been able to purchase in the Province of Brabant quantities of wheat which have been employed to feed the population of Brussels. In Hainaut, the German authorities have reserved zones in which they will make no requisitions. A similar agreement for the province of Namur is being negotiated.

## Transportation in Belgium.

The transportation of the goods in the different points in Belgium is a very difficult problem. The central Committee has requested the American and Spanish Ministers to negotiate with the German authorities for transportation over the railways and the canals.

## Relief Department.

For the distribution of the goods the Central Committee has requested the provincial sub-committees to distribute no money, but to organize the distribution in agreement with the communal authorities who pay part of the expenses.

Hereafter is a telegram dated at Rotterdam, addressed by Captain Lucey to Herbert Hoover, President of the Relief Committee:

“As previously advised, have had unusually severe weather last two weeks,

causing intense suffering throughout Belgium—food conditions daily growing worse. Notwithstanding notices to Dutch Press requesting Belgian delegations representing Communes and Provinces they must apply to head of Committee in their provinces or to American Minister, Brussels, they continue coming here with terrible stories of suffering and needs of people. It is impossible to convince these people that now Americans have taken over the feeding of the entire country, food is not forthcoming in sufficient quantities to meet all requirements. Our entire force putting forth every energy and device known to us to distribute supplies already forwarded, but the amount received to date, while seemingly very large, is totally insufficient to even partially supply the necessities of Belgium. Total deliveries to date approximately 20,000 tons; only one week's supply, based on lowest possible allowances on which people can exist. Am making last appeal to you before your departure from London, and would urge and request upon behalf of Belgium civil population, that if the American and other nations are going to even partially relieve suffering and distress of a nation, they must redouble their efforts. We must have a steamship arriving at least every day."

Until November 30th the Distribution Committee had received in Rotterdam 28,052 tons of goods. These include the cargo of the Tremorvah, which sailed from Halifax, and have all been dispatched to Belgium. The cargo for the Tremorvah has been distributed mainly in Brussels and Liege.

The situation in Belgium is extremely serious. The difficulty of the distribution is enormous, since practically all means of transportation are lacking, and all transportation must be done on small lighters. However, the Committee has been able to reach a great number of centres, but it is easy to understand that often the smallest and the most distant places who have suffered most from the German invasion are the most difficult to reach.

An enormous difficulty presently is the question of heating. Although Belgium

possesses numerous and very important coal mines, capable to suffice to all the needs of the population, the disturbance of practically all transportation means, which are used exclusively by the Germans for their troops, has almost stopped the shipping of coal, so that in many towns the provision of coal is absolutely exhausted. The population, therefore, uses kerosene, but the stock will soon be exhausted. There is an agreement between the Allies for the prohibition of the importation of burning oils in Holland.

### BRAVO! NOVA SCOTIA!

Gen. Hughes sends word from Ottawa that 85 per cent. of the Nova Scotia Regiment, the 25th, recruited for the front, were born in the province.



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

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

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

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

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



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