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THE CANADIAN WAR

PATRIOTISM

UNION

VICTORY

Written and Edited
Without Remuneration

Devoted Entirely to
Propaganda for the War

Circulated Below Cost
All Profits for War Funds

Twelfth Number

March 20, 1915

Five Cents

THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH

THE CALL

BACKWOODSMEN and PIONEERS

CONCERNING SIMILES

**WHERE GERMANY IS
UNCIVILIZED**

THE NEW EMPIRE

(Continued)

**CANADIAN BELGIAN RELIEF
WORK**

PATRIOTISM AND PRODUCTION

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

It is becoming a good Canadian habit for the specialist papers of Toronto to declare native-born to enlist so long as the old

S. Brierley, J. T. Clark, Britton B. Cooke, Benjamin Gould, Katherine Hale, Arthur Hawkes, G. H. Locke, Peter McArthur, Helen Merrill, A. E. S. Smythe, Byron H. Stauffer.

32 Church Street, Toronto

Don't Bother ME About the War: I Have Paid -- .

Yes, of course, you have paid. So have we all. But we are not through paying. Read, and think, and think.

The Minister of Finance says we are only at the beginning of our sacrifices.

So, whatever you have paid (and it may look bigger now than it did when the first tide of generosity invaded your heart), IT HAS ONLY BEEN A PAYMENT ON ACCOUNT.

The war will go on bothering you, whether you want to be bothered about it or not. We are not children, to turn our faces to the wall when the season of trouble strikes. We have paid some: we have got to pay some more.

Heaven alone knows all that is involved in this paying. We know enough to make it most important that all who bear the Canadian name shall get together and stay together, in what we think, as well as in what we do.

Effective doing depends on effective thinking.

We can't see much of one another. We can't even talk to each other over the phone. The Canadian War comes around as a sort of Telephone Thought Exchange.

You can get on to the line for the price of a talk over the wire down town; or in the store at the corner. And one thing about it is that every nickel spent this way goes to create employment that would otherwise have been unemployed.

The Canadian War is the only war publication altogether made in Canada. It is an entirely new industry. The ideas you read are written by writers who are not paid even for the paper they use. They are the contributions of patriotic men and women to the national and imperial cause. They have paid all they can afford. They can't afford to write for nothing; but they are doing it gladly; and you can do it, so long as there is the will in the Canadian people to sustain the service.

So come along now and spread the gospel of Canada. Send in a dollar subscription for yourself and as many more as you would like to feel the way you do about the war, which the keeper of the Canadian War says will demand more and more paying on our part. Something more on account, that's all.

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DEDICATED

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

IS A REACTION POSSIBLE?

By J. F. BENT

THE following, from an experienced observer of the currents of public thought, is printed because it strikes a note which is worthy of deep consideration:

May I ask you to be bold enough to urge your readers to consider an aspect of Canada's war situation which seems to be of cardinal importance, and which may develop a dangerous tendency in the body politic if it be not dealt with speedily? Has it not occurred to you that the war may precipitate the breaking away of Canada from the Motherland? May we not be taking too much for granted when we assume that Canada is heart and soul for participating in the war to the last man and the last dollar, and that nothing can change the disposition with which we went into Armageddon?

It is becoming more common to hear good Canadians say, "Oh let the bronchos do the fighting." High imperialist papers like the Daily News of Toronto declare that appeals to the native-born to enlist are superfluous, so long as the old countryman—the

broncho—is willing to answer the Government's call for men to go to the front. The tone of hyper-fighting journals like the Toronto Telegram is similar. In the Telegram's declarations for Dreadnought gifts to Britain there is nothing about the essential need for putting Canadian men into Canadian defence—there is a quiet assumption that so long as the men are forthcoming it does not matter to how large an extent our native boys stay out of the actual conflict. The fact that when war came His Majesty's Canadian ship Niobe was lying in dock with only nine officers and thirty-four men aboard her has nothing salutary in it for the Telegram.

It is noticeable that the women of Canada are more keenly interested than the men in the war. You have published several letters which show this. I was particularly struck with one in which an account was given of what a small community has done for the war, and which noted that out of fifteen enlisted men from that locality only one was Canadian-born. Some time ago I read an appeal by Colonel

Belcher to the men of Bruce county to enlist—he said that one area with four thousand men in it had not sent a single volunteer.

I venture to submit that it is not enough to say that so long as the Government's call for men is responded to in some part or parts of the country it does not matter where the men come from, or what their racial origin. What could be said of Canadian patriotism if all Canadian soldiers were born off Canadian soil?

Only One Supreme Test.

If the war is to be a unifier of all kinds of Canadians into a solid British nationality it can only be because all kinds of Canadians have contributed their meed to the crowning sacrifice. Look at it how you will, there is only one supreme test in this affair—it is the test of men at the front. We are putting a vast potential spirituality into our future in these winter days. When the toll is recorded, if too large a proportion of the next of kin of killed and wounded is found to be in lands across the sea, we shall be so much less fortified for bearing the load which the war will leave with us long after peace has come. If we bear not in our body, but rather in our pockets, the marks of this suffering we shall be tempted overmuch to turn away from the true nobility of our destiny.

From that logic there is no escape. But more than that—to insist upon the essentiality of the native-born to this fight is not to cast any sort of imputation, because they are not more numerous in the Canadian regiments. It is literally true that thousands who do not intend to cross the seas would leap to the defence of their native shores.

It may be that long removes from contact with fighting has put a peculiar handicap upon this generation, from which only a most intimate crisis would deliver them. But it is safe to declare that we are not less devoted to our native soil than our forbears were. The gravity of the situation lies in another possibility.

It is possible that, whether we like it or not, the Canadian mind has

grown farther away from inherent unity with old-world countries than the utterances of statesmen would lead one to suppose, and that the last man and last dollar idea expressed by men who are in steady contact with London over-represents the spirit-incorporate of Canada. It is even possible to find evidence that the professions of the statesmen have really been ahead of their convictions.

After trouble developed at Valcartier, the Prime Minister spent several days there straightening out difficulties that were caused, it was said, by the too rugged genius of the Minister of Militia. The contingent sailed away about the time the Premier issued a statement as to what the Government intended to do. It was that though the whole of the men assembled at Valcartier went to England, the original intention of making the contingent up to twenty-two thousand men would be adhered to, and that the ten thousand extra would be held as reinforcements, and that when those reinforcements were exhausted they would be made up as required.

More Men Needed.

The plain English of that statement was that the fighting Canadian army for the salvation of the Empire and the preservation of Canadian nationality as a free power within it, would consist of twenty-two thousand men. One is compelled to accept that as the limit of the Government's intention last October. It was only after representations poured in from all over the country that more men were needed, and after Sir Clifford Sifton had publicly declared the necessity for enlarging the programme in presence of the Minister of Finance, that a second contingent was promised by the Government.

It is pertinent to ask why the Government had limited its intention at that time—a time when Mr. Asquith had declared that the imperious urgency was to multiply many times our effective fighting forces. Somewhere there was a willingness to arrive speedily at the last man and the last

dollar. It would also be proper to know what views have been pressed upon the Government as to the relation of the expense of sending men to Europe to the facility with which certain public works can be carried on in these times of restricted borrowing facilities and declining revenues.

The reports that come in from the Patriotism and Production Campaign are not encouraging as to popular devotion to the war—a Conservative M.P. has sneered at it in the House of Commons. In many districts the war is apparently regarded as only secondarily a Canadian war. What will be the logical outcome of such a disposition, when the economic pressure of the war really begins to be felt? It will partake too much of the spirit that seems already to be developing in the United States, thanks to the inherent regard for the dollar and to the pro-German propaganda we are doing nothing to counteract.

Aftermaths of War.

When the Kaiser has been vanquished and Europe has been remapped, the exhaustion caused by the war will be felt in every corner of the Empire, as well as seen in the maimed men who will live as best they may in every hamlet and street. Canada will have her own aftermaths of the war, which will not be as agreeable as some of the prophets predict.

We shall still have the late boom as well as the war to pay for. When that process is at work without the attendant excitement of the war what will be the attitude of the people who already feel that the war rightfully belongs to the bronchos and to the bronchos' countrymen, who have inconsiderately left off pouring their money into our very promising fields of investment?

It is not too much to say that in that testing time the cement on which our Britannic future will depend will be in proportion to the live fighting power that went into the conflict. Indifference to the war, while its appeal to every noble impulse is written in let-

ters of fire across the firmament, may eventuate in a loathing when the bill has to be met, and a determination not to be exposed to the risks of a similar negation of safety first in the future. British connection, the extra-prudent may think, costs too much, and it's too far away, anyhow.

To-day, To-morrow and After.

It has seemed to me from the beginning of the war that the crucial need in this cosmopolitan country is that all our kindreds and tribes and tongues shall be welded into a most conscious whole through an intense realization of what the war means to Canadian nationality. We should have made a religion, a crusade of our patriotism. The mere provision of goods for the wounded and of necessities for the despoiled—the motives for which may be charitable first and patriotic afterwards, should have been so much occasion for preaching the inner verities of the war, and the things it must mean for our future peace and manliness among the nations. Every day that we have put off making united efforts to achieve that end has meant two days lost. The time may be at hand when each further day's delay will mean four days' loss. For people who are indifferent to a war to-day may become very tired of it to-morrow, even when somebody else is fighting in their name. The day after to-morrow the disposition may be forever to put it beyond our sense of responsibility to answer the appeal of the events which made the first days of August, 1914, too memorable in the history of civilization.

P.S.—Since this was ready for the mail I came across an indubitable sign that the unwelcome leaven is at work. Here is a deliverance overheard: "It looks as if the Imperialists will be saying to us, 'As a reward for helping us in this war you shall be asked to take part in further wars.' It seems to me our reward ought to be that never again shall we be expected to take part in any European war. The politics of Europe have been a curse to the world anyway."

WHERE GERMANY IS UNCIVILIZED,

No Nation in the World Has Reached Perfect Civilization, but Germany is, of All Powerful Nations, Furthest in the Rear.

BY BENJAMIN A. GOULD

CIVILIZATION does not consist in knowledge: that is often one of its least important attributes. Neither does it consist in religion or in the much misused term of culture in the sense of what the Romans called the humanities.

It is almost impossible to give to civilization a definition which will not fall short at one point or another; it is inclusive of so much which is ethical, which is scientific, which is governmental, which is artistic, which is social, that to know what the word really means we have to study the history of all that has happened since the birth of man with a view to understanding its bearing upon what man is to-day and what he may become during the development of the future.

Complex and Simple, Too.

A true civilization must be both exceedingly complex and exceedingly simple, however paradoxical this may sound. Its simplicity lies in the fact of its universality, of its catholicity, of the fundamental broadness that must make it applicable to every unit in the body politic. Its complexity lies in the need that it be equal to the assimilation of every discovery and every advance, and that it be able to meet every new condition and new need. It must be above nothing, no matter how small, and beneath nothing, no matter how great.

One of the clearest evidences of civilization is toleration. This presumes a broadmindedness which can eliminate the relative unimportance of personal views wherever these views do not ripen into action prejudicial to the existence and growth of civilization. This toleration applies to many things, social as well as religious.

If the world were truly civilized, it would of necessity mean an end to war, for war would be quite superfluous,

and could accomplish nothing of value. This is the truth underlying Norman Angell's Great Illusion. That war has been brought about by a nation is in itself a proof of the lack of civilization of that nation, and when the methods of carrying on the war are even more barbarous than the fact of its inception, this proof is doubly clear. No matter how the analysis of present European conditions is made, one of the most salient facts that becomes evident is that scientific and educated Germany is fundamentally uncivilized.

In its very derivation, civilization is what pertains to the citizen, and differs but slightly from politics in its broadest meaning. It would therefore seem impossible that in an autocracy, where the citizen as such has but little influence, a true civilization could fructify; and a consideration of history will emphasize this fact. More of the essentials of a true civilization will be found in the town meeting of the New England village, with its unadulterated democracy, than in the scientific complexities of a German militarism.

Cannot Bind the Free.

We look back with horror upon the Inquisition, and regard the acts of a Torquenada in trying to compel a belief in the Roman Church by means of rack and wheel as the acme of barbarism. But wherein does this differ in kind from the acknowledged intention of Germany to spread the virtues of its "Kultur" with fire and sword and to impose them upon unwilling peoples?

The Pilgrim fathers sought the right to worship as they chose, and like the Huguenots of France, were willing to suffer for this fundamental of freedom. Can Germany believe that in this twentieth century those who have been bred to an appreciation of the right of individual choice will be content to have a German system to which

they are antagonistic, thrust upon them, and that a German success, if such a thing were believable, would be more than a temporary lull while the forces of freedom were recruiting themselves for revolution?

No people which has ever ruled itself will be content to be ruled by others, and no people which has known freedom will ever return to bondage. Any attempt to bind a free people is to breed revolution; it is a sowing of the wind from which the whirlwind will inevitably be reaped.

In contrast with this intent to extend by force beliefs and systems upon those unwilling to accept them voluntarily, let us note the toleration of British government since Britain became democratic. It pleases Great Britain to call herself a Christian nation, and she has even dignified a particular creed of Christianity with governmental approval and entitled it the Established Church. But nowhere have other branches of Christianity or other religions more freedom to exist and to proselytize than in Great Britain, and some very respectable drawing-rooms are even open to those monists who believe they have progressed far beyond what Christianity has to offer.

Two Kinds of Toleration.

Much more striking, however, than the religious toleration in Great Britain, where religion matters not a fig, is the British toleration in countries like India, where religion is still a vital and active thing, and may at any moment burst into a devouring flame.

The King chooses to call himself Defender of the Faith, but he proves himself infinitely greater than his title in being a defender of every faith that any of his subjects choose to embrace. Some of the concrete results of religions have been detrimental to orderly government and have had to be suppressed, such, for instance, as the practice of suttee by Hindu widows, but in as far as religious rites have not been inimical to the essentials of government all persons in British territory

are free to believe and to worship as they choose.

This toleration is perhaps the greatest proof that Great Britain is as much entitled to claim to be civilized as any nation to-day existing. With the United States, she shares the most universal freedom of belief, and with the United States she holds the best promise for the future.

Along with religious toleration goes toleration of criticism. This is the greatest safeguard of democracy and of civilization, and the lack of it in Germany is the fundamental cause of her barbarism and of this war. Since the German Empire was erected there has been no free press there, and the lack of it alone has enabled the militaristic powers to deceive the people and to prevent an understanding of democratic ideals which would have made impossible an acceptance of the Philosophy of Force. It is true that in English-speaking countries this freedom has sometimes almost degenerated into license, but it cannot be misused to such an extent that it ceases to be supremely valuable, and to make toward civilization as much as any other one factor.

One Foundation of Civilization.

Civilization presupposes a sanity of vision which will prevent excess even under new and different conditions. Cannibalism is impossible to a civilized people; it is revolting to the conception of the dignity of man upon which every civilization must be based. Equally impossible to a truly civilized people should be terrorism and reprisal, and the fact that in Belgium and Poland, Germany has made use of them, forbids her any right to claim civilization.

Justice is one of the foundations of civilization, and justice rests upon responsibility. To seize hostages and shoot them for the acts of others over which they have no control is an act of injustice entirely incompatible with even a modicum of civilization. Yet Germany admits and glories in this barbarism, and by so doing ranks herself with the Huns and the Visigoths.

Everyone has a bit of the barbarism in him, and civilization is an artificial product. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is human nature, and it is impossible not to expect that those who have suffered from German barbarism will have a strong impulse to retaliate in kind when the opportunity comes. The degree of civilization to which the British nation has attained will largely be measured by the restraint which it shows when it has both opportunity and provocation. I believe that the British armies as a whole will show that they have an understanding of the duties imposed by civilization which will differentiate them sharply from the Teuton war machine.

It is, of course, inconceivable that Great Britain should forget herself to the same extent as Germany, and should commit acts of slaughter and destruction where no military advantage other than terrorism could be gained. On the other hand, vengeance is a very human quality, and however safe German women and children, burgomasters and civilians may be, it will undoubtedly be hard to prevent acts of revenge upon German soldiery. Let those upon whom rests Great Britain's reputation spare no endeavor to keep British hands clean of such acts.

Temptation to Violate Holland.

Civilization is largely an appreciation of the rights of others, and under the breadth of this definition no one could claim that Germany has shown herself civilized. The invasion of Belgium was one of the most uncivilized acts of history, and no sophistry or casuistry can make it other.

The temptation to Great Britain to violate Holland has been enormous, but no one has ever suggested that Great Britain do so. The chances are that Holland herself has reached a state of civilization where she will realize that she is compelled to enter the war against the barbarism of Germany, and that when the time is ripe Holland will invite England to pass through Dutch land to the performance of her great task, but Holland knows well that she

can rely on British civilization, and that until she enters the war her boundaries are safe from British invasion.

Civilization and unselfishness are closely related, and here also we find that Germany fails to measure up to the standard, and that most of the other nations also fail to a lesser degree. The most selfish and most uncivilized of modern national institutions is the custom house, and as might have been expected it has been the most prolific cause of war.

It is possible from a philosophical viewpoint to justify the existence of the custom house only as a convenient means of raising revenue, of taxing the people within a country. When its scope is admittedly extended beyond this, as when protective duties are imposed, it is a national selfishness incompatible with the highest civilization, which should aim to give equal opportunity to all people regardless of national boundaries.

Most Evil of Tariffs.

This conception of civilization may seem Utopian when the development hitherto attained is considered, but it is none the less logically sound. A perfected world-civilization ought to aim at giving no selfish advantages to any one people; this is the root of world democracy, just as national democracy aims at the destruction of selfish privilege within the nation.

The uncivilized and selfish desire to seek special advantages by one nation over other nations, a narrow and egotistic nationalism, is the fundamental cause of all wars, and the custom house is the instrument by which this selfishness is most frequently carried out.

Incidentally, I might mention that from a philosophical standpoint the most evil of all tariffs is the preferential tariff, which seeks not only to create unnatural economic conditions between those within the nation and those without, but further seeks to destroy any fair equality of opportunity for those outside of the nation. This is true in spite of the sentimental and even altruistic arguments which have

often been used to justify a preference and to make it appear as a noble and unselfish action of devotion.

The world still has far to go to reach a real civilization, but the nearer it can come to it the more impossible will war become, and the greater will be the happiness of mankind. Let us imagine what would exist in a completely civilized world. Democracy would be universal, and with it would be universal education. Every people would be governed in units of the size desired by themselves. There would be no incentive to national extension or conquest, because there would be nothing to be gained by it.

The citizens of one nation where population was becoming unduly dense would be free to go to whatsoever other land they wished, there to find democracy and opportunity. With universal democracy there would be no

governmental advantage in colonies or subject territory; with universal free trade there would be no economic advantage in them. Equality of opportunity would create an aristocracy of ability regardless of race, creed or nationality. It would be a world where justice would be more nearly universal than ever before.

There is no nation in the world which yet approaches this ideal of civilization, of supernational civilization, but the evidence shows that Germany is farther from it than any other nation, with the possible exception of those which, like Turkey, are frankly barbarous and anachronistic. We come back again and again to the old thesis that the only thing which can lead to civilization is democracy, and that an autocracy, no matter how sedulously it may ape the appearance of civilization, lacks and must lack its fundamental requirements.

THE NEW EMPIRE

A few of the significances that belong to the Premiership and the Treasury in Britain being in Democratic Hands; and to the unique character of Kitchener's army.

BY ARTHUR HAWKES

IF the war changes things greatly for the Empire the change must first be felt where the preponderant power of the Empire resides. There will be a new Britain.

It would have been so whatever the cause for which the war was waged. But when the issue accepted for the English-speaking world is the freedom of men to govern themselves—the supremacy of the citizen over the soldier, the triumph of democracy, the ramifications of the changes that will follow begin to disclose themselves. Follow a little way the meaning of two facts of extraordinary importance—that Mr. Asquith is Prime Minister and Mr. Lloyd-George is Chancellor of the Exchequer. What does Mr. Asquith signify to democracy in administration? What does Mr. Lloyd-George

mean to democracy in finance?

Everybody knows that Mr. Asquith has been a Prime Minister of singular sagacity and strength, and that his Government has carried the most advanced legislation that has ever been put upon the statute book at Westminster. It has been said that he yielded to Redmond, the Irish firebrand, and Lloyd George the Radical firebrand, merely to hold on to office. There was little in the criticisms. The war has compelled even his enemies to confess that here is a statesman of the very greatest line—that Britain's name was never in safer keeping than in his.

He is strong because he sees, and knows. He is no mere time server of democracy. He is the great example of a superb intellectual driving power,

devoted to the service of the State. He was a Fabian in the earlier days of modern thinking in London. His father was a Congregational minister. He was brought up in a home where a certain social disability was accepted as part of the price of religious independence. He has not remained on the rigid lines of his early training—few men of immense intellectual energy remain where they were put—but he has kept the democratic faith, and has fought a good fight.

There was a notion—it might be called a tradition—that for times of war, for facing the crises that an exalted position among the nations of the earth demanded, Britain must depend on a Government that was inspired by the ancient traditions and led by the habit of mind of the most exclusive aristocracy in the world. It was all very well, personages said, for the common people to invade the outer courts of Westminster, and to discourse of things about which they knew little and cared less; but when it came to the real pinch, blue blood would tell, and once more it would be seen that there was the wisdom of ages in such sayings as

Let arts and commerce,
Laws and learning die
But keep, oh! keep us still
Our old nobility.

Parliament As a Day.

Diplomacy was supposed to be reserved for those whose roots reacted deeper in the past than their vision did into the future. Diplomacy is the laggard among the departments of old-world governments. It has not yet been reduced to the consistency of grape juice, and its high priests do not go into the tents of the yodelers. It keeps its head and guards its customs, and incidentally preserves the State from yielding too readily to modernisms such as the strange idea that the general public has the right to know what is contemplated in its name.

You cannot change all the currents of government in a day or in a year. One Parliament may be only as a day

in the evolution of freedom from the littlenesses which we sometimes dignify with the name of The Past. Mr. Asquith could not, if he would, revise the habits that have grown with the centuries in the chancelleries of Europe. But by something more than a coincidence, his Foreign Minister is grandson of that Grey who, by passing the Reform Bill of 1832, opened wide the gate for the democracy that was to be.

Sir Edward Grey is no blatant revolutionist. He is an ideal Foreign Minister for a democratic Government because, though he never glows, he is a real believer in the democratic impulses which the Asquith Government have translated into Acts of Parliament.

Blend of Genius and Sense.

You may find another sign of the advance which Mr. Asquith's Premiership typifies in the fact that Armageddon found himself as Secretary for War, through a stroke of statesmanship which proved once for all that genius and sound sense may be perfectly blended in the same personality. There had been a virtual mutiny in the army. The passing issues of the Ulster revolt are not at the moment important—the point is that the revolt was stayed by the advent of the most democratic of British Premiers at the War Office, and that when the war came the democrat showed that he knew how to relinquish as well as how to assume. Kitchener went to Whitehall, and a maximum of efficiency under the circumstances was assured.

It is impossible to gauge precisely the temper of the directing machinery which had been established at the War Office as the result of nearly nine years of direction by the most democratic government the United Kingdom has ever known. The war produced a marvellous demonstration. The Empire was in danger. The heart of liberty was open to the assassin. The British army, in all the essentials of efficiency, was shown to have been transformed since the Boer war. It was so transformed by a democratic government

which was supposed to be defective towards the weightier matters of defence.

There has been another remarkable manifestation in the field. The Field Marshal commanding has named in his despatches hundreds, perhaps thousands of the rank and file for distinguished conduct. Wellington never mentioned even non-commissioned officers in his despatches. In modern wars there has been little praise for men, compared with what General French has bestowed. There have been also unprecedented promotions from the ranks.

Beyond all this, in the hour of the Empire's stress, at a time when democracy has come to dominance there has been brought into existence a volunteer host such as the prophets were certain could never be assembled—and it has been for a fight for the liberty that was achieved at the cost of untold sufferings and martyrdoms in less happy times.

Apostles of War.

Be it remembered, that this epoch synchronises with the presence in Parliament of a cohort of labor representatives, of whom things aforetime have been said such as can be uttered of no patriots. What have they done? They have been in the van of apostles of the war. They have called unceasingly for recruits for the defence of all that the nation holds dear. They have insisted that there shall be paid to the flesh and blood of the private men who have gone into the dark valley a nobler consideration than was ever given to their kind before.

The war has put the whole inter-relationship of the citizens of the British Isles into a more elevated perspective. What it will produce during the process of healing after the strife, none can surely prophesy. This is as certain as the sun—that things cannot resume at the exact point where they left off.

That is specially true of the realm of finance, in which perhaps the most sensitive nerve of Government resides.

This time last year it was scarcely discreet to mention Mr. Lloyd-George to some excellent folk in Canada. The Chancellor was provoking a ducal style of speech even among those who received money for investment in Canada which, but for his budgets, would have been retained in the British Isles.

What did the war reveal to an anxious Empire? That in the abused Chancellor there was the equal man for the dread occasion. Mr. Flavelle being witness, there was in him a wondrous combination of genius and courage, which when the whole fabric of commercial intercourse tottered, saved it alive and saved it whole. And the Chancellor—the little Welsh attorney at whom political foes sneered—did for finance what, to judge by the wonder and delight he excited, finance would not have had the courage to do for itself.

Character Annealed in Fire.

Of all the triumphs of democracy in the very seat of aristocracy this perhaps was the most astonishing of all. It suggests a question that is worth asking, even if it be incapable of complete answer. Could such work have been wrought by a Chancellor unless he had been sound in his preceding finance? This quality of rising to an emergency—and the heavier the emergency the higher the rise—is not the freak product of an hour. It is part of a character that has been annealed in the fire.

Finance can never return to the place where it stood on the first of last August. The man in the street is aware that the revolution that occurred then will operate for other purposes than to break the shock of an incalculable war. Everybody was supposed to know that it is credit and not money that runs the world. But everybody did not know it. Most of those who did know, never quite realized the truth.

Behind the great fact that money is only a mere token that certain goods have been exchanged there was a world of discovery for the average man, which was lighted up for him for

the first time at the beginning of the war.

The average man in Britain never goes into a bank. He supposes that a five pound Bank of England note is real money, instead of being only a promise to produce five golden sovereigns when they are asked for. He thought that somehow he was powerless before the mighty bankers whose lordly mein awed him, and whose wealth appalled him.

But under his very eyes, and with the fact confided to him as if he were a great banker himself—as, in sooth he is, for he is the nation—the Government created money—at least it was called money—in ten shilling and one-pound notes, which shopkeepers and banks were bound to accept as if they were solid gold. It was done by a printing machine. It represented nothing more and nothing less than the faith that everybody had that the Government would in fulness of time make good its promise to pay coin for that scrap of paper.

Average Man is Great Bank.

The average man knew that behind that promise was just this and only this—that in the future he and others like him would go on growing crops from the soil, making fluffy cotton into cloth, and turning brown ore into burnished steel. And so, he found out, by demonstration, that the greatest bank in the world is the bank of faith in the average man's willingness to produce goods, and in his ability to continue to deal as justly by his fellows as he has done during the immemorial years.

Do you suppose that the discovery will be lost when peace has been made and the average man begins to make good the wastages of the war?

Some years ago the Government bought out the National Telephone Company, and put the lines of the country under public control as the telegraph wires were. The customary elaborate measures were taken to raise the money for the purpose. When it was suggested that as there was the whole security, of the future, of the

whole British people to depend upon, the Government might as well issue notes promising to pay interest on the purchase and in time pay off the principal, the suggestion was denounced as revolutionary and subversive of every real stability of Governmental, social and commercial life.

What is the essential difference between issuing notes to secure the telephone system, and issuing notes as a war measure? especially when money raised for war purposes is blown away in gunpowder, and the notes that might represent the telephone system are for a permanent revenue-earning project. Questions like this, affecting all the regions of public credit will be asked with increasing insistence after the war.

First Army to Read.

There has never been a great war on the continent of Europe in which the common soldiery could read as the soldiery in this war can. It is sixty years since Britain was at war with an European power. The Crimean war was nearly twenty years before a National Education Act was passed at Westminster. At that time it was customary in most country places of worship to give out the hymns two lines at a time, so that the people who could not read might share in the singing. Thirty years ago in villages within twenty miles of London a daily newspaper was a rarity, and a weekly was a scarcity. The average man had as much idea of what was involved in national finance as he had of the differential calculus. But to-day, the ten shilling note is as common as hay, and he knows that it is just a security on his own industry.

He is aware that what has been done is not due to the bounty of some high and mighty, distant and condescending personage before whom he must comport himself with bated breath and whispering humbleness. He is of the very essence of the nation, mighty for war, indispensable for peace. He understands that even as a man will give all that he hath for his life, he who gives his life for the State has a vaster

claim on the State than he who gives his money. Such knowledge is going to fix absolutely new State values in a hundred different fields when the war drum throbs no longer. It will have an unprecedented force to make it tell.

What would be disclosed if one explored the Cromwellian period for parallels to this peculiar time? Kitchener's army is a new model in many of its distinctions. It will come back from the war to inject an element of practical service into citizenship such as never before has pervaded the Islands. What will its effect in politics be?

When Cromwell had demonstrated what could be done with an army in

which tapsters became captains and which the cavaliers first despised and avoided, it remained a strange power in politics. Without it the Commonwealth could not have been sustained. The event proved that its ideas were too far apart from the spirit of their time. But while its strength, its morale was available for the governance of the State, the name of England, which had sunk into a byword throughout Europe was raised to a glory it had not known since great Eliza's day.

What will it mean to the Empire to have two million citizens in Britain who have learned their politics in the trenches? It is a unique prospect.

(To be resumed.)

CONCERNING SIMILES

BY MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY (JANEY CANUCK)

WE Canadian folk are learning many lessons this wartime: we are unlearning others. For the future, we must relegate to what is known by etymologists as passing English, the words "Dutch treat."

Hitherto, these words have been synonymous for stinginess, and those other traits of like nature which the large-souled man resents. But since the Dutch folk, with unparalleled generosity, have opened their homes and their purses to over a million refugees from Belgium, the words "Dutch treat," as we have used them, have become entirely obsolete. He is an ignorant or malicious man who will continue to use them in their old sense.

And while we are considering the significance of words, it might be well at this time to give some heed to another expression that is equally opprobrious—"French leave." It is an expression which falls too lightly and too frequently from the tip of our tongues and the point of our irresponsible pens.

Our Allies in Europe and our compatriots in Canada are deserving of a simile more truthful and more polite.

Let us drop it overboard before we go any farther.

If from the failure of the faculty of utterance, we Canadians are unable to express our thoughts other than in similes, it would seem more fitting to apply the words "Turkish leave" to a complete evanishment. The words "Prussian treat" could be made to signify any trait, however obnoxious.

In all times, the framing of passing words has had to do with the history of the country: it can hardly be different in our day. It was this fugitive language Byron referred to when he wrote:

"As forests shed their foliage by degrees,
So fade expressions which in season please."

Who can say? Maybe, hereafter, we Canadians will speak of a fine free gift as "a Shaughnessy ship." Indeed, this is easily thinkable. Or it may be we shall say "He is a Gault-giver" when any right, earnest man becomes the top-flower of his country because of his largess wisely bestowed.

I think it will be like this, and may it happen that you will, too, my friend.

THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH

BY HUGH S. EAYRS

“I HAD nothing to do with declaring war!”

We were sitting, a bunch of us, round the fire talking over the day's news from Europe. Batten had been descanting at some length about the apathy that he came up against, the simple indifference up and down the Province on the subject of the war. Batten was a traveller. Two days ago he came home and told us he had enlisted with the third contingent.

“And whatever you chaps think about it,” said he, “I want to tell you that I did so because I felt it my duty. The only thing that troubles me is that I ought to have done so before.”

“Heroics,” muttered Ted, into his pipe, but not so low that Batten had not caught the whisper.

“Heroics nothing,” he said, “Everybody who knows me would accuse me of heroics last of all.

It was true. Batten was a man who rhapsodised over nothing; enthused never. His was the cold and even temperament. Stolid and solid, heroics—of any sort—had no representation in his make-up.

“Heroics nothing,” he said again, “I tell you I think I ought to go. That's all there is to it. So far I haven't done a thing for Canada. So far I haven't lifted a hand. I haven't given a penny piece. This war might never have been raging seven months so far as its effect upon me was concerned. But two or three days ago something woke me up to a sense of responsibility. It was nothing more or less than the sight of a stenographer down in the office crying her eyes out. I asked her why. She picked up a newspaper and pointed to a casualty list. There it was, “Seventeenth Battalion. Death—Morson, Private, Harry B., at Shorncliffe Hospital. Next of kin, Ellen Morson, 75 Wheeler Avenue, Toronto.” That stenographer who was crying was Ellen Morson. The one who had died was her brother.”

Batten paused.

“Did you wipe the maiden's tears away,” asked Ted, with a sneer.

“And it came home to me right there,” went on Batten, ignoring the interpolation, “that that chap Morson had been killed, as tens of thousands had been killed, as tens of thousands more will be killed, to save a country and a people to which I belong. And while fellows like Morson were getting shot up because they were defending me, I was making good money and spending it at the hockey matches and the theatres, and bemoaning the war only because it was responsible for a ten per cent. cut in my salary. But I'm through! From now on, I'm going to do my part. Nothing of heroics in that I think?” and he looked at Ted.

Ted stirred—a trifle uneasily. Apparently he felt the accusation that had not been put in words. Then it was he said the sentence that opens this story. “I had nothing to do with declaring war.”

We were all more or less uncomfortable, and we took what balm we could out of this sophistry of Ted's. Of course we did not have anything to do with declaring war! Possibly if we had—

Batten broke in again.

“I am no recruiting sergeant boys, but your attitude, particularly Ted's,” and he looked at him, “is wrong. Mine was wrong, till a slip of a girl without knowing it made me so ashamed that I have turned myself inside out and reasoned with myself, and scored myself, and finally made myself do something by way of reparation for seven months' indifference. You, Ted, of all people ought not to be so blase over this business. Your Dad—wasn't he a soldier?”

Ted kicked the coals into a blaze and did not answer.

“You have sat around this very fire and told this very bunch of boys—me included—of your Dad's work at

Paardeberg. You have shown us the medals your Dad earned. You have been proud of it. You were never tired of talking of it. Well, your dad is dead now. But supposing he were alive? Do you think he would be sitting by a fire while men were giving their life blood? Do you think he would be talking airily and scornfully about "wiping a maiden's tears away?" Do you? Do you?"

Ted flushed angrily. "Why bring my Pater into this? I said I had nothing to do with declaring war. I haven't. It's not my war! Why should I fling up a good job and a good time, and don khaki and go and get shot up? I had nothing to do with declaring war. It isn't my war," he repeated doggedly. Then, "If you want to go to war, go! No one's stopping you. But don't interfere with other people," and Ted kicked over the chair and stumbled out of the room, white faced and angry because someone had spoken the truth to him.

That was it. He was angry because he knew Batten had spoken the truth. The old French dictum, "Le vrai seul est amiable," isn't universally true. The truth, to Ted, was anything but agreeable.

He went upstairs to his room and locked the door. He got a book and tried to read. But he couldn't read and he threw the book on the floor. He strode to the window and looked out on the street. There were soldiers marching down the road, and he turned away impatient, sullen, angry. Batten was a meddler. What right had he to interfere? Batten wasn't his keeper. Some men couldn't keep their fingers out of other people's pies. Let Batten look after his own business and leave him to look after his.

Ted walked up and down the room. He was an intensely nervous man and his irritability showed itself in queer ways. He went to his dressing table and straightened that up, putting this in its place, and that in its place. He walked over to the book case and tidied that up. And all the time he was pulling this book out and blowing the dust

off that book and levelling the uneven shelves he was muttering to himself, "Interfering meddler," "busybody," and so on.

Then he went to his trunk and unlocked that, still bent, though unconsciously, on finding some action in which to work out his irritation and spleen. He unlocked his trunk and took out the things therein and laid them on the floor. And all the time his mind was busy—busy at the job of casuistry, at the task of stifling the voice of conscience. For he knew in his heart of hearts, that the real ego in him accepted Batten's impeachment. He went on lifting the things out of the trunk.

He came at last to a long garment folded neatly, lying right at the bottom of the trunk. He looked at it, then lifted it out. It was his father's military cloak!

Ted knelt there, the cloak in his hands, thinking. That cloak had been around the shoulders of the first man in all the world to him. He had worn it in India. He had worn it in Africa. Ted fingered it reverently, unfolding it and folding it again. And all the time the still small voice within him was talking. "Your dad never counted the cost. Your dad never hesitated. To your dad the honor of his country was dearer far than wife and children and home, though these things made the world a blessed place to him. Your dad never said, "I had nothing to do with declaring war!" It was enough for him that his King and Country needed him. Your dad never counted the cost. He gave all. He gave his life."

Ted buried his face in the folds of the cloak. The thing became to the boy the habitation of the spirit of his father. Like Caesar's mantle it became a silent counsel, pleading a cause. Ted turned it about, sobbing a while. A line of Kipling's rang through his brain and would not be still—"Who lives if England die? Who dies if England live?"

A long time Ted remained there, his head buried in the folds of the cloak which had re-incarnated, re-vitalized

the dead dad who was gone. It was not for nothing that Ted was on his knees.

Then he rose and striding to the mirror, put the cloak over his shoulders. And he said to his reflection in the mirror, "You have been a cad. But, please God, there is time yet, time to wear this cloak and not disgrace it.

Time to prove yourself, in very truth, the son of your father!"

And he buttoned the cloak about him.

* * *

And that's how one man saw the vision. That's how one man's apathy was dissipated. The mantle of Elijah had descended upon Elisha.

ON SUSPICION

By U. N. C. DUDLEY

MR. GLADSTONE, who spoke from unrivalled experience, used to say that no vice was more harmful to a public man than suspicion. The suspicious man is crippled in all his ways. The country through whose public services suspicion runs is in parlous case. It is better to dwell before a burning, fiery furnace than to be forever in the presence of those to whom suspicion is lord of all.

The world is too serious for an all-confiding trustfulness. It is not philosophy which says of one's goods and a neighbor, "If he has a better right to them than I have, let him take them." But there is a long distance between that and locking food away from the members of one's household. Does anyone suppose that a truly respectable person was ever reared in an atmosphere that vibrates with the constant jingling of keys? How can a devotee of the locked door exhibit any of the beneficences of the open mind?

Most Famous Ambassador.

When you come to think of it, this prodigious war is the world's most colossal warning against the sin of suspicion. In battlefronts and battleships it is saying about the conduct of diplomats what Mr. Gladstone said about politicians who have their day and cease to be. Suspicion, which looks always for a lie from the other man, will soon do a share of lying on its own account. When you have to suspect the other man of lying all the time, one

of you is not worth living with. "I am so glad to talk with you," said a lady to a man of no social grace; "I feel that I can be quite honest."

The most famous of all the ambassadors who served Britain in the nineteenth century was Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who was given burial in the Abbey. He wrought mightily for his country at the Sublime Porte, in days when ambassadors could take more upon themselves than they can when they are at the end of a telegraph wire. His success at Constantinople was regarded as almost weird. He explained it very simply: "I tell the truth, which sets all my colleagues hunting about for some mysterious explanation, as far as they can get from what I have told them."

Whence Disrepute Arises.

Could we stand the summary dismissal of suspicion from Canadian public life? It is not a practical question, for we must retain men to live the public life, at least till there is time for a change. You couldn't build Rome in a day, you couldn't pull it down in a night. The habit of suspecting everybody who takes part in public affairs, a habit which is fairly permeative of all our living, has grown with many years. It cannot be eradicated in a season, even though one should return from the dead to declare its futility. The habit being there, what is to be done about it?

Oh yes! it is there right enough. If you have any doubt about it, go out

and start something which you know is altogether for the public well-being, and the advocacy of which will cost you money, without prospect of return. The first question people will ask will have nothing to do with the merit of the proposition, but will be "What is he after for himself?" They will spend more time in hunting for some discreditable motive in you than would be required to decide on the merits of the case and to get the job done, however strenuous it might be.

It may be that the disrepute that menaces public service comes from the money payment that is made in connection with it. The theory is that a man is not paid for the work he does as a legislator—which is supposed to be more precious than rubies—but is merely an indemnity against the loss he must necessarily suffer through his devotion to the public weal.

Situation at Ottawa.

As money is attached to the office it is assumed that the sordid aspects of money can dictate the service. So the whole company of public spirited people who go into elections are put under suspicion. The point of this discourse is not that nobody deserves to be suspected, but that the presumption that every man deserves to be is a canker, a disease in the body politic.

And yet this habit has a curious fruition, when the suspected individual arrives in high public office. Then we keep silence before him, and suspect ourselves. We fear to say something that will offend the fine susceptibilities of the man we have always distrusted; and we imagine we preserve our interests alive.

Some time ago a man of rare experience in Canadian governments said, "One of the things we have got to kill in this country is the idea that a man does not amount to anything unless he is in office." It was a wise remark. It contains much admonition for every soul who cares for the soul of his country. It shows how careless we have been of the weightier matters of national service.

How does the vice of suspicion work in relation to the war, to union and to patriotism? One of the effects of suspecting everybody in ordinary times—which is often one form of looking at a mental mirror—is that you cannot rise above the suspecting plane when tremendous crises arise to lift men out of themselves. A suspicious man whose house is afire will first of all bethink himself to set somebody to watch the neighbors who come to help save the furniture. In public service suspicion prevents you giving to other citizens who have differed from you about some relatively small affair opportunity to work with you in something that is as vital to them as it is to you, and which as far transcends the things you differed about as the stars transcend the dust.

No Time for Party Quarrels.

That situation pervades Ottawa today. In Britain when the war came the ablest Chancellor of the Exchequer who has ever been at the Treasury at a war crisis, went openly to his opponent and predecessor and said, "Help me to do justice to the greatness of this emergency." He was not governed by suspicion, and he permitted no other person's suspicion govern him. If we had had a similar situation in Ottawa, could we not have had unity in finance as well as absence of hostility in arms? This is no time for party quarrels as to how money should be raised.

Suspicion, suspicion, suspicion. The qualities in our nation which beget mobility in ourselves—why cannot we assume that they will beget equally high characteristics in those whose vision may be more limited or more expansive than our own? There are more honest-minded citizens than of the other kind. That the other kind are over-represented where they should be powerless is only a proof of the might of the suspicion which prevents us seeing clearly and from acting with a single mind. So here's to greater confidence between man and man in time of war, and to greater patriotism for ever after.

BACKWOODSMEN AND PIONEERS

Boy Scouts' Attractive Games and Practices Aim to Inculcate Character,
Which is Essential to Success in Life.

Communicated by J. E. Baxtarr, Provincial Secretary-Treasurer of the
Boy Scouts of Alberta.

Explanatory.

PEOPLE still ask "What is this Boy Scout Movement?" Well, briefly, it is a way of "playing at Backwoodsmen and Pioneers." By its attractiveness boys are led to carry out games and practices which are of special educational value to them.

The aim is to inculcate character, which though essential to success in life, is not taught within the school, and, being a matter largely of environment, is too generally left to chance, often with deplorable results.

The Scout Movement endeavors to supply the required environment and ambitions through those games which lead a boy to become a better man and a good citizen. It applies equally to all classes of boys, whether in town or country.

Prevention Better Than Cure.

"The success of a Nation depends not so much upon its armaments as upon the character of its citizens."

We are numerically a small nation. From a patriotic point of view then it behooves us, if we are to hold our own in the future with those around us, that we should not waste a single man, but that all should be made efficient.

Our worst enemies are not foreigners outside but inefficients inside our country. Then, if we regard the question from a Christian point of view, can we stand by with a clear conscience and see so much waste of human life going on around us, when with a little extra work on our part it might easily be prevented in the next generation?

"Prevention is better than cure." In the Scout Movement we are trying to prevent the present human wastage in the next generation, and to make every single boy into an asset for the nation.

The Scout Law.

The following is what we teach, and how we get the boys to acquire character. In the first place, we make the Scout promise on his honor TO DO HIS BEST to carry out the Scout Law, which is:

1. A Scout's honor is to be trusted.
2. A Scout is loyal.
3. A Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others.
4. A Scout is a friend to all and a brother to every other Scout, no matter to what social class the other belongs.
5. A Scout is courteous.
6. A Scout is a friend to animals.
7. A Scout obeys orders.
8. A Scout smiles and whistles under all difficulties.
9. A Scout is thrifty.
10. A Scout is clean in thought, word and deed.

Then we endeavor to instil the four following attributes:

Attributes.	Adjuncts.	Means by which supplied.
1. Character	i.e., pluck, resourcefulness, responsibility, observation and deduction, sense of duty.	Through practice of seamanship, woodcraft, camping, tracking, pioneering and Scoutcraft.
2. Equipment for making a career.	Hobbies and handiwork.	Practice of hobbies, and qualifying for Proficiency badges.
3. Service for others.	Life saving, first aid.	How to deal with accidents, ambulance, fire brigade, rocket apparatus, etc.
4. Physical health.	Muscular development, personal hygiene, sanitation, food.	Each boy made responsible for his own health and muscular development, outdoor games and exercises.

Reasons Against Military Training.

1. From the educational point of view :

Many churches or parents object to boys being taught soldiering at too early an age.

Military drill, though easy of application, tends to make the boy part of a machine instead of developing his individuality, which is our chief aim. Military discipline is repressive, is a corrective measure imposed on the boy, whereas we desire to develop in him that self-discipline that comes of loyalty and the desire "to play the game."

2. From the military point of view :

Excess of military training on a boy tends to bore him and destroy the ambition to serve when his time comes later. Unless you have especially good instructors, amateur military discipline is apt to spoil the boy for standing the real thing when he goes into the service.

For these reasons military training is not part of our policy, and the parent organization in England, although badly in need of financial help, refused a generous donation from the "Lucas Tooth Fund," as this fund was ostensibly raised for promoting citizenship, primarily through cadet training, and could not conscientiously be used for Scout work.

In the matter of religion we are interdenominational; for the rest we take the boys of every class and treat them all alike; we favor no political party, and we have no irons in the fire, no ulterior motives than to make good citizens.

We also aim to make our training complementary outside the school walls to the scholastic training within the school. We work, therefore, in touch with the educational authorities.

We try to inculcate in the boys those qualities which will be required of them as useful citizens; we do not limit ourselves to the mere academic steps of knowledge. Without specializing we give them the all round foundation of character which will be of equal value to them whatever line of life they adopt.

(To be continued.)

THE CALL

Written by Trooper Horace E. Bray, Jr. (Aged 18 years), of the 7th Canadian Mounted Rifles, Before Enlisting for Service at the Front.

Heirs of a mighty peerage, lords of the future day,
Britain and Greater Britain, this is the part ye play,
Ye are the guards of the morrow, yours is the golden key,
Makers and keepers for ever, O Britons ye shall be.
Now is the task before you, hark to the trumpet that sings,
Enter the lists for your honor—ye are the equals of kings.

Guards of the newer dawning, masters and makers of fate,
Spring to the call of the trumpet, ready, alert and elate,
Britain and Greater Britain! for Europe is writhing in pain
And the night and the darkness and horror are facing the nations again.
But ye shall call back from the terror the world for a newer day;
Britons, the trumpet is calling—gird, gird ye now for the fray.

Peers of a vaster peerage than endless Norman line,
Honor is yours that ever shall white and whiter shine.
He that dies in his duty, his is the pride and the fame,
Ever the deathless honor shall whiten upon his name.
Do ye the deed for the doing, seek not the how or the why,
Spring to the task that awaits you, ready to fight and to die.

Terrible, swift and relentless, wield ye the issues of fate,
Yours is the sword and the armor—armed in the right ye are great.
Not to the strong is the conflict, not to the swift is the race,
But girded with truth and with justice, clad on with mercy and grace.
Go ye forth to the battle, strong in the arm of the Lord,
Armed in the right ye are matchless, sevenfold keen is your sword.

Duty be all of your watchword, and this shall be for a sign,
It shall flood through your veins like a torrent, and sting like a ripe old wine.
Now on the forge of the nations the iron is ready to smite,
Now is the groaning and labor of freedom arising from night.
And ye are the peers of the dawning, knights of the newer day,
Guards of the great to-morrow—this is the part ye play.

And ye of the vaster open, that hold the west in fee,
Now the call of the lion is heard on the land and the sea.
Oh daughter in Britain's household, how shall the answer go back?
For the lion-mother is listening through the storm and the spume and the wrack.
Spring to the call of the homeland, gird ye now for the fray,
Ye are the guards of the morrow, knights of the newer day.

Till ye your lands in the peace time, delve in your hills and your vales,
But the cry of the lion-mother is throbbing adown the gales—
Beat ye your plough to a sword blade, and march to the thundering drum,
And the word shall go over the waters, "Oh lion-mother we come!"
This is the task before you—hark to the trumpet that sings,
Enter the lists for your honor—ye are the equals of kings.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF CANADA

I.

It is Essential to Understand That the Economic Distress of the Dominion is Not Primarily Due to the War—We Must Know How Things Stood Before the Cataclysm.

By J. B. THANE

"The Canadian War" has, from time to time, insisted that the economic distress in Canada is not primarily caused by the war, which only aggravated a situation that was disastrous long before the war was thought of. The diversion of many thousands of men from industry to arms, and the borrowing of immense sums of money from the Imperial Government for war purposes, along with orders for war material from the governments of Britain and the Allies, have, in truth, more or less counter-balanced the immediate disadvantages of the war.

The gap between ordinary and general expenditure revealed by the budget is forcing consideration of the before-the-war situation in Canada, in which there is great danger of mere partisan controversy governing Parliament. It is difficult to discuss that crucial matter without frightening some people into the idea that you are partisan—it is part of the peculiar development of our political thinking which scares good people away from discussing their own affairs, simply because a few party politicians have developed a row about them. If a partisan takes ground, nobody else dare say anything about it except at peril of being smudged with partisanship! That is the way to abdicate your citizenship.

The need for the times is unity, with freedom of discussion in order that the most effective action may be reached and sustained. We are not likely to get much real illumination from those sections of both political parties who refused to face conditions as they were before the war storm broke.

The disposition to blame everything on the war is unwise and unpatriotic. We cannot size up the economic situation developed by the war unless we look frankly at the situation as it was in the middle of last summer. "The Canadian

War," therefore, will publish, in three parts, an article on "The Reconstruction of Canada," which was written last July, and which discusses conditions as they then were. The application of them to the facts of to-day and the certainties of to-morrow will follow duly.

(Written July, 1914.)

BBRITISH people, money and sentiment have been invested in Canada during the last dozen years to an extent that would have been incredible thirty years ago to men who believed they knew thoroughly the possibilities of the country. Some of the people, money and sentiment which have been put into Canada are being lost to Canada and to the investors thereof. The revenue is falling, and the expenses of government have not yet decreased. The end of the process is not in sight.

Few seem to know just what is the matter. To try to throw some light on the probable course of the next few years is no happy task, either from the point of view of Canadian nationality, Britannic Imperialism, or the chances of commerce, wherein dividend is apt to be the king who rules men's minds and enlarges or attenuates their patriotism.

Canada is beginning a course of reconstruction, which will be more interesting, even when it is more painful, than the period of amazing expansion, now at a long halt, which many people mistook for abiding prosperity.

The trouble can be stated so simply that leaders in different walks of life wonder at it because it does not tend to mystify the average man, whether he has placed money or men in Canada. The Dominion has mightily expanded by the spending of borrowed money on all kinds of plant, without the basic

productions of the country increasing in sufficient ratio to meet the capital obligations incurred, which are far wider than they are apprehended to be by many who interpret conditions to those who must take their impressions second hand. Especially is this true of the Parliamentary field. Not a single Canadian statesman has yet had the courage to announce the situation in the hearing of the nation, much less in the hearing of the Empire.

At the opening of the last session of Parliament, Premier Borden assured the House of Commons that in a few months the former financial strength would return. The Minister of Finance, who a year ago declared that he did not see even the sign of a setback to Canadian prosperity, has not uttered a single warning since he took office three years ago of the impending economic crisis to which his attention had been directed, and which it was the duty of the government to provide against by every possible retrenchment and candor.

Courageous Commercial Surgery.

Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof is the maxim which the partisan politician, who flourishes in Ottawa, in high office and in low, is too often able to force upon statesmen. He imagines that if you do not say anything about untoward happenings the people at home and abroad, who are deeply affected by them, will not know that they exist. He supposes that one who openly discusses conditions, which all men privately confess is "knocking" the country—as though the doctor is damaging the reputation of a typhoid patient when he tells him to take no part in business, and to prepare to fight for life.

There is a proper caution in exposing unfavorable conditions which avoids the raising of unnecessary alarm. But there is another and worse danger to be avoided—the danger that belongs to fallacious and wilfully misleading interpretations of events, which can lead only to a continued plunging into methods which have brought about a condition deplored by

all honest men, the remedy for which must lie in as courageous commercial surgery as physical mishap frequently enforces.

The judgment of the financial leader in organic crises is usually inadequate. It is particularly so in the Canadian crisis. It is widely said by many, who are always entitled to a hearing, even when one cannot afford to respect their assertion that Canada has weathered the financial depression with remarkable success. They say that it is a good thing that real estate speculation, with its absurd inflation of prices, has been stayed, and that the country will soon recover its normal tone.

Hunger Compels Stocktaking.

None of the prophets of comfortable things has invited the public to follow the first effects of real estate speculation to their inevitable consequences, which, instead of being confined to or even centred in the present balance sheets of financial institutions and great enterprises like the principal railways, extend into far more immediately human regions, where their results will for some considerable time continue to worsen. The cessation of real estate speculation has left thousands of men without employment, which means that especially in the coming winter there will be tens of thousands of men, women and children without bread and fuel. The economic, social and political effects of such unemployment as the Government Labor Gazette testifies to cannot be overcome by such reassuring phrases as the financiers employ.

Hunger compels a stock-taking which is not completed with the entry, "Check to expansion received and noted; economies effected; all well." The situation is more complex than that, though in its essentials it is poignantly simple.

The reconstruction of economic Canada is all comprised in the facts that belong to a nearly-empty new building in a Western city. The case I am about to describe might belong to most of the cities whose growth has evoked endless panegyrics on the marvellous

enterprise of the citizens, most of whom learned to handle large affairs after they emigrated to the West a few years ago. Names are not mentioned, because to single out a city in that way would seem to give it an undeserved prominence. After this article is read there will be no protest against the facts as they are stated in these pages.

Here is a ten-storey building which was completed in May, 1913. Its interior finish would be magnificent in Wall Street. It cost half a million dollars. Two-thirds of its rooms are unoccupied. The man who erected it was rated as a millionaire. He has compounded his interest in the structure on account of his banking arrangements, for a yearly income of less than twenty-five hundred dollars. In another city you may see the steel skeleton of a ten-storey building, which is as it was left eighteen months ago.

Pile Should Not Have Been.

The pile, whose builder was a millionaire, being superfluous, and other buildings in the city being in kindred case, it is obvious to the most courageous "boomer" that it should not have been erected. The men who raised it, therefore, would not have been employed upon it. What should they have worked on? In that city on nothing. They should not have been there at all. They are economic superfluities which get hungry. For their accommodation houses have been erected, streets have been sewered, schools have been built, street cars have been put in motion, theatres have been provided, houses of prayer have been set up.

Except the sand and water that went into the walls, the whole of the material in the excessive building was hauled in by train. The freight and passenger earnings of the railway, arising out of the construction of that building, were as unjustified as the wages that were paid to the bricklayers and carpenters, and which found their way to the stores and landlords and churches and street cars and city taxes.

The earnings of the Canadian Pacific Railway have dropped an average

of about four hundred thousand dollars a week all this year, compared with those of the first half of 1913. When you look at such a city as that of which I am speaking, you see an enormous freight tonnage, a large proportion of which was carried very long distances. The earnings for that carriage have done their part in sending the prices of railway securities skyward. The falling off of them has played its part in the declines that are troubling thousands of investors in Britain, who depend on their fixed incomes for all the blessings of life.

A responsible spending officer in Toronto city told me not so long ago that as Toronto was not a creature of speculation as sundry Western cities are, this city would feel no prolonged depression, and that a financial authority had assured him that in the autumn financial conditions would be in good shape. I mentioned the unoccupied building of which I have now written.

Hundreds of Radiators.

Yes, he said such extravagance was very foolish, and ought to have stopped long ago. He only stared when it was pointed out to him that in the superfluous buildings were hundreds of radiators, and an enormous heating plant in the basement, all of which were made in Toronto, and that if the men who set up the hot water pipes in the West ought not to have been so employed, the men who made them in Toronto should not have made them, and that their manufacture was only one of innumerable items in the expansion of Canada which had given Toronto its own remarkable rises in house and landed property, and had saddled the city with expenditures out of all proportion to the permanent increases in commerce, which must, in the end, come from the increased production of the soil, on which alone the capital obligations so lavishly incurred could be met.

When you look at the economic condition of Toronto you must examine one of its governing factors, which is Western prosperity. Some years ago several leading Toronto manufac-

turers were good enough to answer an inquiry as to the proportion of their output that goes to the Western market. "About half," was the most common answer. In many lines the proportion is higher.

Of five thousand men in an agricultural implement factory, forty per cent, of whose output goes west of Port Arthur, two thousand are living on the West just as surely as though they were residing in Winnipeg. The goods which they consume in Toronto, and the goods consumed by the tinkers and tailors and candle-stick makers who serve them, are properly chargeable to Western account.

Perpetual Rise Failed.

More than that, Toronto has contributed in cash to the construction of the unnecessary building on the Western plains. The real estate millionaire of to-day, who went West a few years ago with only his hands in his pockets and his nerve in his head, was able to start his building because he had a large sum of cash on hand which he received for town lots, some of them outside town, for which the cash was paid by mechanics and school teachers, and storekeepers and farmers in Ontario.

These purchasers find that the perpetual rise in town lots outside the outskirts did not materialize. They have lots which cannot be sold. Their money has gone into a building which cannot be let. The mechanic in Eastern Canada finds himself working five days a week, and savings which should have carried him over a time of diminished income, have gone into real estate which will furnish him nothing but tax bills and reflections for years to come.

What was the justification for the ten-storey building? The answer to that question contains all the optimism and pessimism which, rightly compounded, will illuminate Canada to-day, and by much tribulation restore and dignify her to-morrow. Last year, at a sitting of the Dominion Grain Commission in that city, the representative of the Board of Trade, support-

ing the case for the erection of a government storage elevator there, said that forty-eight thousand square miles of productive territory, with more than two hundred shipping points, were tributary to the city. He told the broad truth, though not all the territory is exclusively tributary. For instance, points a hundred miles nearer Winnipeg would not transact all their wholesale business through a city that is farther than themselves from the great distributing centre.

Afterwards, when one asked how many people dwelt in the forty-eight thousand square miles, and how much produce was exported from the two hundred shipping points, the answer was that no estimate had been made.

Great Assessment Boast.

The economic fundamental is that the prairie country is one vast farm, actual or potential. There is nothing to support the towns and cities except what they receive for services rendered the farmer. They are as much part of the operating plant of the farm as the horses and ploughs are, and their maintenance is a part of the fixed charge which agriculture has to carry.

It was a proud boast in another Western city in 1913 that the assessment for local taxes had reached eighty million dollars, on a sixty per cent. basis of current value. This took no account of the subdivisions outside the city limits, in which millions of outside money had been "invested."

Eighty millions is sixty per cent. of a hundred and twenty millions. If the owners of all the real estate in the city counted on only a five per cent. yearly return for their values, the interest charge for land and buildings would be six million dollars a year. Though that amount of interest does not actually have to be paid, many "investors" are holding for their unearned increment, and they will have a grudge against the prosperity of the city and the country in which it stands if "values" do not increase so as presently to return very much more than five per cent. per annum for all the time they have held their property. It

is not necessary to estimate the running expenses of the city and its commerce in order to see that a mighty burden has been laid upon the territory from which the city draws its sustenance.

The Board of Trade of that city issued a map showing, as its tributary domain, country within a radius of a hundred miles. Assuming that to be reasonable, and forgetting that within forty miles is another city which makes a somewhat similar claim, and that part of this area was included in the territory claimed by third city, what is the growth of the city compared with the expansion of the farming country without which the city would be an empty sepulchre?

Erected on Imported Money.

Five years ago the city had a population of twelve thousand. To-day it claims forty-five thousand. In that time the production of exportable grain and stock in its territory has not increased fifty per cent. Ultimately, to purchase the goods the city needs, and to provide interest and sinking funds, for instance, on the millions that have been borrowed by the city for public works, and by others for buildings and plants of various descriptions, there is only what remains with the farmer after meeting his primary obligations.

Nobody pretends that the new sections of the city have been erected on anything but imported money. Nobody pretends that production has increased at anything like the speed of the obligations incurred in prospect of increased production. The cardinal mistake of financiers, civic governors, and the mass of business people who see only a persistent prosperity in the lavish spending of money that somebody else has supplied, has been in treating as though it were permanent the essentially transient population that has been brought in to build a city ahead of the requirements of the countryside.

Because there was rapid growth, they reasoned there must continue to be rapid growth. To those who ex-

horted to caution as to the magnitude of borrowings, as against a comparative paucity of production, eminent financiers cried that Canada must for many years continue to be a borrower, that the cities had to be built before we could really develop the marvellous resources that are ours by every right under heaven.

For years the public guides, in Parliament and out, proceeded on the assumption that we had a divine right to borrow, and that the lender would consider it his solemn obligation to lend on demand. Shrewd politicians, who knew more about elections than the inevitabilities of cause and effect, said we needed railroads and more railroads, and then some more railroads.

One Premier's Omission.

They boasted daily that in proportion to population we had more railroads than any other country. They moved heaven and earth and the London money market for cash with which to go on building railroads. The credit of the Dominion and of the provinces was invoked to guarantee the payment of interest on bonds of railways, until railway construction in itself was regarded as the final proof of a prosperity that nothing could wreck.

I have heard a Prime Minister extolling the prospective expenditure on railways in his province as the most wonderful proof of the greatness of the times, and inferentially, of the wisdom of his administration. He said not a word as to the necessity for providing traffic for the lines, and when it was pointed out that a railway is a liability that can only be carried by the population that dwell within its range, the person who had the temerity to utter that simple truth was looked at as if he had promulgated a flagrant political heresy.

The way in which public and private interests have played into each other's hands has been unique in team-work. The statesman seemed to imagine that it was excellent to guarantee a railway if only a promoter would declare the railway would pay. The promoter

apparently needed only to be hopeful that the statesman would guarantee the securities in order to project a line and see the Legislature about the guarantee. A really great railway builder who had an appealing project, since assured of completion, was reminded that the increase of costly roads in empty territory would cause the locomotive to get too far ahead of the

plough, and would cause people to clamber on the locomotive who ought to be guiding the plough, and that the country could not stand triplication of such lines before there was traffic to make a second line pay. "What does that matter," was his confident reply, "as long as the province guarantees the bonds?"

(To be continued.)

Have You Answered the Call?

By **Frederic Fetherstonhaugh.**

What have you done for the Empire!
Have you answered the call?
Do not the deeds of our heroes inspire
Or love you your Country at all?

What have you done for the Homeland!
Is it nothing to you that she call?
Is it nothing to you that our flag stand
The most honored and cherished of all?

What have you done for the free man!
The cause of the downtrodden state
Will you submit to the tyrannous bann
That treachery and greed may dictate?

What have you done for the Saviour!
To wrest from the oppressor the rod,
Are you doing your duty to your neighbor,
Are you doing your duty to God?

Rise in your might ye men of the blood!
The foe shall us never enthrall,
March onward until the sweep of the flood
Spreads the reign of Peace over all.

PATRIOTISM AND PRODUCTION

Is the campaign of the Dominion Department of Agriculture a Failure?
And if it has failed, what is the reason?

BY ALFRED TRENCH

The conversation reported below is printed reluctantly. When a newspaper like the Montreal Star spends money on page advertisements to induce recruiting, and says that it believes "Canada will yet awaken," it is pretty plain that more and more frank discussion of the national situation is needed. There are excellent folk who think you can make a propaganda for the war; and can awaken Canada by prophesying only the smooth things. No revival was ever accomplished in that way. The only thing that is worth asking in connection with such statements as those which follows is, "Are they true?" If they are, then it is most pertinent to inquire what is to be done.

"I WAS never so heart-sick about anything that I have ever tried to do in public service as I am about this war campaign," said one of the most experienced workers in the field.

"I thought the papers say it is going very well."

"You must have been reading," he said, "a paper of the kind that always says that any government work is going fine, never mind what the facts are. Some that support the Government say the campaign is no good—oh, they say all sorts of things about it. The attitude of the farm press has been disappointing—some of it very disappointing. There are editors who write as if the only object of the Government is to drive the farmers to harder work—as if the farmer is not already the most overworked man in the country."

"Do you mean to say that the newspapers have worked against a patriotic measure?" I asked my friend.

"Oh no;" he replied, "I don't want to put it that way. They haven't helped it as they should have done; but they have not set out in a hostile spirit to patriotism—as they understand patriotism. I do think, though, many

of them haven't appreciated what the war means, and demands from patriotic men of every class. If they did they would have done all they could to get the farmers to the conferences, and at least to give a fair and kindly hearing to the speakers."

"There has been no hostility to the speakers?" I said.

"Well, there hasn't and there has," was the reply, given doubtfully. "I have been at meetings to which seventy-five per cent. of the audience came in an obviously hostile spirit. Of course it was because they did not understand the real object of the meeting. They didn't go away hostile, but their original feelings would be shared by those who did not come, and it will take time to eradicate it from the absentees. And by the time it is eradicated it may be too late to achieve the results the campaign was intended to win. Farmers have come to the meeting in the expectation that they would be told to upset all their arrangements for rotation of crops and so forth, in order to grow grain for export for war purposes, and they are not willing to do that."

"My point is that if there had been the right kind of press co-operation in advance, this could have been obviated. What is behind the failure of the press to rise to the occasion I don't know. It seems curious that not one of the Toronto daily papers has sent a man out to follow the campaign so as to give the public an intelligent idea of what is in the wind—how rural opinion is developing about the war. If it was a petty little election they would do it fast enough; but as it only concerns the vitals of Canada's war they seem to have no imagination for that."

My friend was becoming bitter about the vision of newspaper editors, but he feels keenly that, somehow, great opportunities are being missed. I

asked whether his remark about newspapers under-appreciating the war's meaning for Canada should apply to the people in the country, and in the country towns.

"Yes," he said, emphatically, "it does apply to them. There have been two meetings in every place I visited—one in the afternoon to discuss the technical aspects of the campaign—the necessity for making the most of their breeding stock, in face of the appalling destruction of herds through war, which has come upon a decline in the stock population of this continent, and all that sort of thing. The evening meetings have been more for the townspeople, and have been devoted to the specially patriotic aspects of the war. For them there has always been a special speaker, calculated to draw an audience."

"And the audiences have been?" I asked.

"Nearly all disappointing," was the answer. "Why at one town, where a Cabinet Minister was widely advertised, twenty people came to hear him. At another place of thirty-five hundred people I counted thirty-five at the meeting. The fact is the people are indifferent—they do not know that they themselves are at war."

"Have the women come out to the meetings?" said I.

"In some places they have done very well. At others none came at all. Maybe there has been a mistake in the advertising. I don't think women were specially invited and the evening meetings have been advertised as agricultural. It shouldn't be so, but you know the townspeople don't like to be thought of as running after farmers' meetings—not even in places where they derive their whole livelihood from the farmers. The method of calling the meetings may have had something to do with the smallness of the attendance."

"Still," I said, "as the question to be discussed was of Canada's share in the war, you would suppose that the people would be looking for excuses to attend rather than for excuses for stay-

ing away from patriotic meetings?"

"You would think so," he replied, "but the excuse to stay away was effectual. No," he went on, after a pause, "there is something seriously wrong with the popular apprehension about this whole business. One of our fellows, who was at Barrie, told me that the townsfolk got up a smoker for the soldiers who are training there, on the same night as the Patriotism and Production meeting. There were very few people at the P. and P. affair. Next morning, my friend asked a military captain why the two gatherings were not amalgamated. 'Oh,' said the soldier, 'our affair had no connection with yours.' What do you know about that?"

"It's fierce," was all I could say.

"Pretty darned fierce," said he.

"Has there been united co-operation of all sections and parties in the community to do the best for the campaign?" I asked my friend.

He smiled, a little sardonically, I thought, before he responded. "Yes, I guess you might say there has. The advertising has been open to all, and I have seen some Liberal Members of Parliament and the Legislature on the job, in a few places. But I haven't examined into the complexion of all the speakers who were at the evening meetings I have attended. It is just possible that in some places the people got the idea that as the affair was being run by the Dominion Department of Agriculture, and there was nothing said about all sorts of people being invited to work and speak, there was not so much patriotism in it after all. You can't tell what distrustful ideas get abroad, especially in the country."

"Do you think there is the slightest chance for a real understanding by all the people of what we are up against as long as we do not make it so plain that even the dead may know, that every possibility of partisan advantage on one side or the other has been eliminated from every aspect of our war measures?" was the last question I asked my friend.

His answer was rather non-com-

mittal, and perhaps all the more illuminating therefor: "I have had nothing to do with planning the campaign or making any of the arrangements, but I often thought that maybe here was some unnecessary limitation on the vim

with which the patriotism end of it was carried home."

"Do you mean that there hasn't been what the preachers call 'liberty,' I asked.

"I guess you've hit it," he said.

CANADIAN BELGIAN RELIEF WORK

From the Report of the Central Executive Committee at Montreal.

There was some fear of relief ships not being allowed to go to Rotterdam due to the blockade policy inaugurated by the Allies. The Central Executive Committee at Montreal has received, however, no advice regarding this from the London Commission for Relief, but there was in the papers of March 4th, a telegram from The Hague, dated March 3rd, stating that the German Government had on that date informed the American Minister to the Netherlands that arrangements had been made to grant safe passage through the naval war zone to American relief ships bearing supplies for the people of Belgium, and that the German Government will permit relief vessels to pass through the English Channel unmolested and that German submarines have received the requisite order to this effect.

Relief Work Organized.

In September, 1914, the attention of Canada was called to the distress of the Belgian people by a letter addressed by Mr. Lambert Jadot, a prominent Belgian financier residing in Brussels, Belgium, to Mr. H. Prud'Homme, representative in Canada of several Belgian bankers, and the organization of Relief Work was at once decided upon.

Premier Murray, of Nova Scotia, sent an eloquent appeal to the inhabitants of his Province, and the Premier of Quebec, Sir Lomer Gouin, suggested to the Premiers of the Provinces west of Quebec that each Province should contribute to the relief of the Belgians. These appeals were re-

sponded to immediately, and committees for relief were appointed in a few days in every corner of Canada.

A Central Executive Committee was organized in Montreal to receive donations from the people of the Province of Quebec and the Provinces west of Quebec.

The Canadian Railway Companies and the Express Companies consented to carry, free of charge, all donations to the Work, (this favor has now been withdrawn except for clothing, medical and surgical supplies) and in every city the Work received most valuable help from Transfer, Forwarding and Carting Companies, who all agreed to deliver, or carry donations free in their respective towns.

In Montreal six different commercial concerns gave free use of spacious warehouses.

Admiralty Contributes Steamers.

The Maritime Provinces were the first to be ready to ship donations, and the first steamer sailed from Halifax on October 29th, or only a little more than a month after Premier Murray's appeal was launched, with 159 carloads of goods from the Maritime Provinces and twenty carloads from Quebec and Ontario on board.

At the beginning of the Work the Belgians residing in Canada did not realize the splendid generosity of the Canadians, but this generosity has so greatly exceeded their expectations that Canada has won their hearts forever.

So far, the goods sent to Belgium have been shipped in four steamers, contributed by the British Admiralty.

These have sailed from Halifax, and are as follows: Tremorvah, Dorie, Calcutta, Treneglos.

Besides the above, ten shipments have been made by regular liners, nine from Montreal and one from Portland.

The Central Executive committee consigns all the goods to the Belgian Minister at London, who hands them over to the London Commission for Relief in Belgium.

All the goods shipped by Canada were donated or purchased with money donated in Canada; no money came to the Central Executive Committee from the London Commission for Relief in Belgium for the purchase of goods.

Smallest Possible Allowance.

The statement that Belgium stands on the verge of starvation is literally true. By the end of October many Belgian cities had pooled their food, and rich and poor alike were virtually being fed in bread lines. In Liege and Charleroi the authorities were at this time giving out one bun and one bowl of cabbage soup a day to both rich and poor. All Belgium needs food and needs it immediately. The arrival of ships sent from the United States and Canada in the first enthusiasm for Belgian relief probably prevented many deaths from actual starvation, except among the young babies, many of whom perished for lack of milk; but unless the people of the United States and Canada gather food and funds in still greater quantities than heretofore, thousands, and perhaps millions, of Belgians will starve.

According to the best estimates available there are upwards of 7,000,000 Belgian civilians still living in Belgium. Much has been made of the general Belgian emigration before the German advance. Many people believe that the country is virtually stripped of its inhabitants. This is not true. Not more than 1,000,000 Belgians—and probably not so many—have gone to Holland, England and France. The Dutch, the French, and the English are caring for these strangers within their gates. Our concern is with the population which still remains in Belgium.

It will take from 80,000 to 90,000 tons of food a month to feed Belgium this year. This calculation is based upon a ration of ten to twelve ounces of the plainest food a day for each inhabitant remaining in the country. This is probably the smallest allowance on which life can be maintained.

When the necessity in Belgium first became apparent, the American Minister of Brussels obtained permission from the Germans to let a party of Belgians and Americans visit England and lay the case before the neutral countries. The American and Spanish Ambassadors in London, the American Minister at The Hague, and the American and Spanish Ministers in Brussels formed at once the Commission for Relief in Belgium—a strictly neutral body, concerned only with relieving starving non-combatants. The founders of the Commission became its honorary chairmen, while the active direction was placed in the hands of Herbert Clark Hoover, a prominent American resident of London.

Germans Distribute Supplies.

The Commission proceeded at once to get the required permission from the European Governments—England and Holland, in common with other European countries, had passed a military rule forbidding the exportation of food-stuffs under any circumstances; and the belligerents among the Allies have ruled that food-stuffs, consigned to a nation at enmity, are contraband of war, England, however, agreed to give free passage through the North Sea to food consigned by the Commission to Belgium, and Holland agreed to its exportation across the Belgian border.

The Germans officially agreed not to commandeer any supplies sent through the Commission for the relief of Belgian civilians, but on the contrary to assist in their distribution. In spite of occasional newspaper reports, the Germans have kept good faith in this matter. The Commission perfected a thorough shipping organization with headquarters in New York, London, Rotterdam, the various cities of

Belgium, and correspondents all over the world. Our Central Executive Committee are their correspondents for Canada.

The American Consuls in Belgium, together with the Americans still residing in that country, and a thoroughly organized Comité de Secours are the distributing agents of the Commission. All the heads of departments in Europe, in the United States, and in Canada are serving without pay; the salaried employees include only clerks and stenographers.

It is **not true**, that the Germans have been appropriating, to their own military uses, food-stuffs sent by the United States and Canada. The members of the Commission charged with the distribution of relief in Belgium, together with several disinterested investigators who have looked into the question, report that the Germans are facilitating the passage of the barges by which the supplies go down the Belgian canals, are giving every assistance in passing them on to the Belgian people, and have not so far appropriated an ounce of food or a pound of clothing.

Supplies Most Needed.

It is **not true**, as stated in certain press reports, that the Germans are imposing a heavy tax on relief supplies entering Belgium. These supplies go in absolutely free of duty.

It is **not true**, that the wealthier citizens of Belgium, were they so disposed, could buy enough food this winter to feed the Belgian population. There is no money in Belgium. Rich and poor are alike bankrupt.

It is **not true** that the Belgians could earn money to feed themselves "if they would only go back to work." There is no work to do, except perhaps digging trenches and assisting in making military supplies for the conquerors. Being a manufacturing nation, Belgium depends upon imports of raw material and exports of finished material, and upon coal. There are no exports nor imports, and there is no railroad traffic to haul coal to the factories. Existing railroad traffic will scarcely suf-

fice to serve Belgian cities this winter with enough coal to keep the inhabitants from freezing.

The best supplies for Belgium, in the order of utility, are,—unground grain; flour and other bread-stuffs; corn; rice; dried peas; dried beans; condensed milk; dried fish; dried apples; preserved meats, such as canned beef, ham, pork and beans; bacon and lard; cheese, coffee and tea; blankets, clothing, new or second-hand, of every description, under-garments being required more than outer-garments. The Belgians have now both the apparatus and labor for grinding bulk grain into flour. Fresh vegetables and fruits cannot at the present time be transmitted.

How to Remit Donations in Kind.

At present donors of goods should consign all carloads, or important consignments of less than carload lots to Mr. A. S. Barnstead, Secretary, Belgian Relief Fund, Halifax, Nova Scotia, sending however, the bills of lading in duplicate to Mr. H. Prud'homme, Honorary-Treasurer, the Relief Work for the victims of the War in Belgium, 59 St. Peter Street, Room 70, Montreal, P.Q.

Small shipments should be consigned direct to Mr. Prud'homme, 59 St. Peter Street, Room 70, Montreal, charges to collect, and a bill of lading should be mailed to him. Several times a consignment has suffered delay, or the name of the donor has not been recorded, because incomplete information, or no information at all, had been given to the Office of the Central Executive Committee at Montreal.

Effective February 1, 1915, free transportation granted by the railways has been limited to shipments of clothing, medical and surgical supplies, when consigned to authorized officers of our organization. It is now our duty to organize ourselves so that our Relief Work will suffer as little as possible from this step, and, especially, so that the generosity of the donors may not abate. Therefore, we suggest to all west of Montreal, and especially in the provinces west of Ontario, to do all in their power to send, as far as possible,

money instead of goods. Our Purchasing Committee will be able to buy more goods than donators could buy if they had to pay freight for long haulage.

However, no gifts in kind should be allowed to be lost to the Relief Work because the donors do not wish to remit money. We suggest that in such cases, whenever possible, Belgian Consuls and committees induce donors to pay the freight themselves, and if they do not agree to this, rather than lose any donation, to ship "freight to collect." The Central Executive Committee will pay the freight at destination.

How to Remit Money.

Donations in money can be mailed in cheques, simply and best of all to the Central Executive Committee of the Relief Work, Room 70, No. 59 St. Peter Street, Montréal, P.Q., or to Mr. H. Prud'homme, Honorary-Treasurer, at the above address, or to Mr. M. Goor, Consul General for Belgium, 173 Daly Ave., Ottawa, Ont., or to Mr. C. I. de Sola, Consul for Belgium, 20 St. Nicholas Street, Montreal, who will acknowledge receipt.

The kind donors are earnestly requested not to remit bank notes and to make cheques payable to the Relief Work for the Victims of the War in Belgium, and not to any person in particular.

Form of Letter for Forwarding a Donation in Money.

To the Central Executive Committee, Relief Work for the victims of the war in Belgium, Room 70, 59 St. Peter Street, Montreal, P.Q.

In answer to your appeal, I enclose cheque No. for \$ drawn on the Bank of at and payable to your Central Executive Committee.

Express Money Order No. of \$ issued by the office and payable to your Central Executive Committee.

Postal Order No. of \$ issued by the office and payable to your Central Executive Committee.

Postal Money Order No. of \$ issued by the office and

payable to your Central Executive Committee.

Please acknowledge receipt.

(Readable signature and complete address.)

The Central Executive Committee has appointed, under the chairmanship of Mr. R. Dale, late President of the Montreal Board of Trade, a committee, which has charge of all purchases, made with the money collected.

Every donation has been acknowledged by a letter unless name and address of donor was not given. For the same reason it has not been possible to group the gifts in money and in kind of any one organization or person.

Work Was Enormous.

Those who have donated money more than once should consult the three lists of donations in money. These lists of money donations to the Central Executive Committee are absolutely complete. We should like to say the same thing of the lists of carloads donated, but, again, the work of recording these donations has been enormous and has been done by an impromptu staff, and, especially during the first weeks, the shippers were often giving very incomplete information.

The Central Executive Committee has the best will, and the keenest desire to satisfy every contributor. It apologizes for any omissions or inaccuracies in the lists of carloads donated, and will be glad to publish corrected statements if the kind donors will give the required information. It will publish later a list of all committees who have contributed and the names of their members. It requests the committees which have not done so to remit said lists.

It is the ambition of the Central Executive Committee to forward several more steamer-loads from Canada, and they appeal again to the generous people of Canada, to all commercial, banking, trust, insurance and industrial corporations, and to benevolent institutions of Canada—of which there are so many—to churches of all denomina-

tions, schools, colleges, universities, municipalities, boards of trade, clubs, etc., and to all private parties who have not yet donated in money or in kind. They feel that Canada will not fail to continue, as in the past, to contribute generously to the relief of their distressed Belgian brethren.

The Honorary-Treasurer gladly makes use of this opportunity to thank all committees, sub-committees, and all private correspondents for their very courteous and friendly communications and their prompt answers to his inquiries. He wishes to make public that all of the staff of his officers have

assisted him untiringly during the past five months.

Since February 5, when the following statement was prepared, the number of cars of goods on hand for shipment to Belgium has increased from 62 to 98, and the money on hand has increased from \$84,000 to \$146,000. We are in very active negotiation with the London Commission for Relief in Belgium for the supply of a fifth steamer to us. The goods already on hand and the cash in bank are sufficient to complete a steamer-load of 6,000 tons dead-weight, which is the capacity of each of the four steamers which have been shipped so far.

Total Value of Contributions of Canada.

	Shipments By Maritime Prov.	By Prov. of Quebec and west of Quebec.	Total value of steamer.
Tremorvah	\$204,800.00	\$ 70,000.00	\$274,800.00
Dorie	257,900.00	118,000.00	375,900.00
Calcutta	8,500.00	359,000.00	367,500.00
Treneglos	105,500.00	357,000.00	462,500.00
Ten shipments by regular liners. 62 carloads on hand for fifth steamer	30,645.00	30,645.00
Funds available in Montreal for purchase of goods on February 5, 1915	150,000.00	150,000.00
		84,218.00	84,218.00
	\$576,700.00	\$1,168,863.00	\$1,745,563.00
Total of Canadian contributions up to February 5, 1915 ..			\$1,745,563.00

What Do You Think of This Order of Importance ?

BELOW is the reproduction of the centrepiece of the front page of the February Toronto Board of Trade News. The order of importance is interesting when it is remembered that this publication suppressed the fact that a general meeting of the Board unanimously passed a resolution in support of more vigorous recruiting in Ontario.

CANADA'S DUTY—1915.

Conservation and development of her water-power, minerals, forests and fisheries.

- Large increase in farm production.
- Increase in live stock production.
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Mail delivery is not always perfect. Send word to the office in case The Canadian War has not come regularly.

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

CREATING EMPLOYMENT.

"The Canadian War" is creating em-

ployment, not only through the demand for paper and printing which it is developing, but also through its sales department. If you know of any patriotic and business-like person who is in need of something to do, advise them to write to us. We need representatives in every city, town, village, hamlet and post office.

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Some booksellers are already pushing "The Canadian War," giving their profit to local war funds. For such, copies are delivered at 2½c each. "The Canadian War" is a good business proposition for those who may not be interested in propaganda for the war. It is obtainable on the usual terms from the Toronto News Company.

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

32 Church St., Toronto