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NEXT WEEK

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THE WOMAN
IN IT

CANADIAN WAR

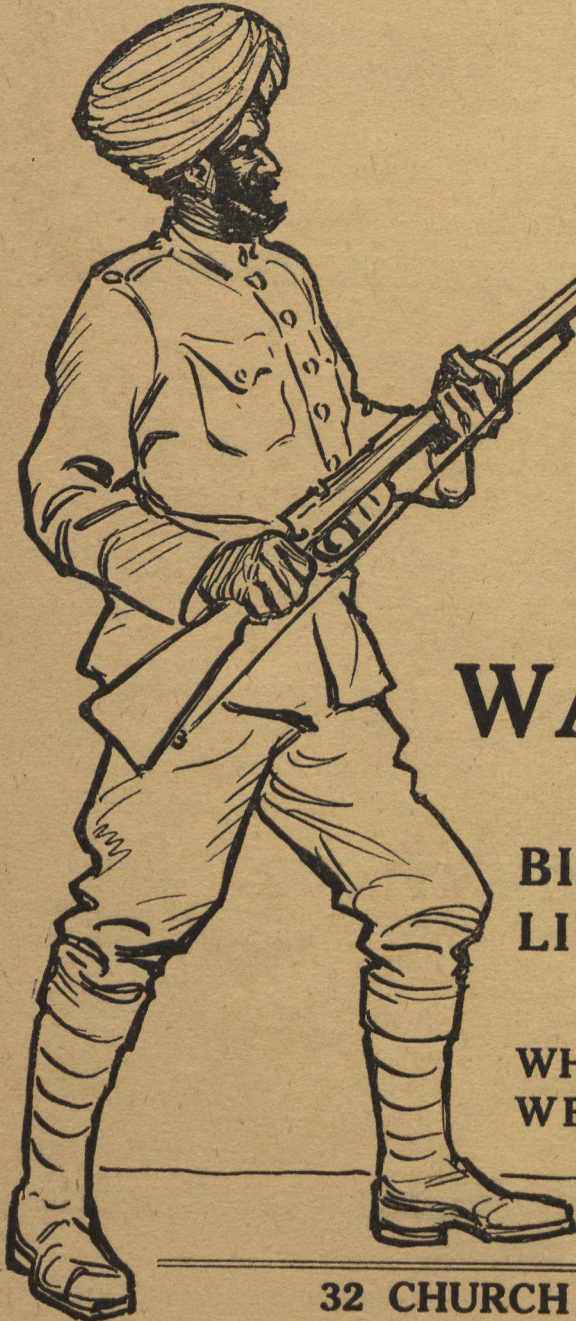
PATRIOTISM

UNION

VICTORY

No.
7

FIVE
CENTS



AROUND
THE CAMP
(Illustrated)

INDIA
WALKS IN

BIG WORLD AND
LITTLE NATIONS

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WERE AT HALIFAX

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THE CANADIAN WAR

PATRIOTISM UNION VICTORY
PUBLISHED AT 32 CHURCH ST., TORONTO

Written and Edited
Without Remuneration

Devoted Entirely to
Propaganda for the War

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Seventh Number

February 13th, 1915

Five Cents

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.

AWAKE THOU

YOUR attention is earnestly invited to the Straws In the Wind that are scattered in this, the seventh number of "The Canadian War," and your action upon them is respectfully urged. Together they prove, more than anything that has been written in these pages, the crucial need for a Canada-wide propaganda for the war—for union and patriotism and victory. Particularly your most serious regard is besought for the dicta of the Toronto Daily News, which is the doughtiest supporter of the Dominion Government, and the editor of which is correspondent of the London Times, and there-

has pledged shall be limited only by the need. The Daily News says we do not realize the gravity of our case; that many—not a few, but many—rich men have failed their country; and that there is a feeling, which it does not dis-

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

I should guess there are a million people in Canada who have no interest in our helping Britain in the war.—A leading wholesale merchant to The Canadian War.

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

Many of our rich men have so far failed their country and the Empire—a country and an Empire to which they owe all their possessions.—Toronto Daily News.

fore the most influential conductor of Canadian sentiment to the rest of the Empire and to the belligerent world.

"The Canadian War" exists for the sole purpose of promoting unity in action among Canadians for Canada's part in the war, which the Prime Minister

pute, that the country has not yet thrown its whole weight into the fight.

How can these solemn confessions be changed into the sublimities of sacrifice? The only way is by men who might otherwise be tempted into re-primination getting together in constructive work and keeping in it, to the exclusion of every sordid interest and suspicion of partisanship. It is being done in Britain. It has not been attempted in Canada. In August Premier Asquith called upon people of every shade of opinion to get together to promote the mustering of the greatest English-speaking army ever put into the field. He himself went out to lead the

recruiting sergeants. Everywhere old-time political opponents stood together on the same platforms—Liberal, Tory, Labor, Nationalist, Socialist.

It is the simple truth that nothing of the kind has been done in Canada.

A great business man, spoken to about the need for a recruiting campaign in Canada, raised two objections—first that the War Office had not asked for a quarter of a million men, and, secondly, that the equipment and maintenance of so many would cost an enormous amount of money.

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

There is a feeling that the country is not throwing its whole weight into the war.—Toronto Daily News.

Two things are to be said about those two objections. In the first place, if we have to be told how many men we shall enlist and equip, our glory has departed. The Premier of Britain told us the imperious duty was to multiply many times our effective fighting force. There need be no limit on our enlistment. The longer it takes men to train for the front the more the need to enlist them quickly.

In the second place, the money cost is serious. Of course it is. But so is the

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

Though our national existence is involved there is a growing apathy about the war.—Peter McArthur.

Premier's pledge—that what we shall do shall be limited only by the need—and Premier Asquith told us months ago that the need is to multiply many times.

But it is noticeable that the objection to a demand for a quarter of a million men is urged to the exclusion of a fact that is of cardinal importance—a fact to which Straws In the Wind bear only too eloquent testimony—the enlistment for the third contingent, to which the country is committed, is not satisfactory. We need not bother our heads about a quar-

ter of a million men. **What is the matter with the third contingent?**

Various causes are assigned for the disappointment of the Government organs; various reasons are given why the men don't or won't enlist. Will somebody who knows tell us why we don't get together to explain to our young fellows why they should enlist?

It is a fair question, an inevitable question—What is the reason for deaf

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

Your sample copy received. It was certainly a splendid number. On the last page you ask: Are you in any of these? You then submit a list; among others are Sons of England, Sons of Scotland, St. Andrew's Society, St. George's Society. Now why not include St. Patrick's Society? I belong to such a society here, and am its past president.

We are glad to vouch for the loyalty and patriotism of members of the other societies, and at the same time to avow that they are not one whit more loyal or patriotic than our members. I would like to think that this was an oversight, but I cannot truthfully say that I do.

There are many men who are earnestly striving for the success of the great cause yet are determined to cling to their petty prejudices to the last. I believe one of the greatest benefits that will accrue to our country from this war will be the sweeping away of the barriers which prejudice and distrust have built up amongst our people.—From a soldier with an Irish name.

. . . . The omission of the St. Patrick's Society was quite an oversight. No doubt others should have been included.

ears being turned to the appeals that have been made, publicly and privately, to the Government to inaugurate campaigns for unifying, organizing, and expressing national sentiment for the war? That question is only inevitable so long as no move for united propaganda is made. Let the move be made, and everybody will be too thankful to want to ask why it was delayed.

IT IS TIME WE ALL WOKE UP.

CONSIDER INDIA.

Probably the most arresting article that has appeared in these pages is the conversation of K. S. Akali, the Hindu, whose exposition of the situation developed in India by the war strikes like a flashlight upon the future of inter-Imperial relations.

It was already clear that the relation of India to the rest of us could never again be what it was before India's sons died for the Empire on European soil. But it is one thing to discern the shadow of coming events, and quite another to have the event literally walk in upon you before you have even had the chance to discuss its probability with your most familiar friend.

Before the war, when the extreme autonomist debated the future position of Canada within the Empire, he used to ask "what about India? Do you think we should assume any responsibility for its administration? If a revolt against the domination of a foreign race should occur would you want Canadians to go there to shoot down Hindus for wanting to control the country in which they have lived for thousands of years?"

Any answer that was given to awkward questions like these did not contemplate the shedding of Hindu

blood within a hundred miles of London to preserve the Britannic Empire from destruction. Verily, the Kaiser has forced us to the mirror of a new Imperialism.

"We are in India, we say, for India's good. That can be said without too nauseating a phariseism. We are not perfect and have ceased to profess that we are. But we have been better than any conquerors who have preceded us. Our service to civilization in India means that the more good we have done the shorter the time in which our governance will be required. The Hindu with the trained mind knows this, and his trained mind has to be reckoned with. Home Rule for India within the Empire—how does it look alongside Home Rule for Canada within the Empire? and Home Rule for British Columbia within Canada?"

The conversation with K. S. Akali happened several weeks ago. Since it was written the disclosure has been made that two hundred thousand Indian troops are fighting for the Empire outside India, instead of seventy thousand. You cannot escape the recognition that the case presented by the quiet Indian who walked in has become stronger since he walked out.

These are times indeed.

TO A DAUGHTER OF THE EMPIRE

I ONCE made the mistake of saying, "If I were a woman, I think I'd—" The young person to whom a suggestion was about to be offered, nipped it right there. It has never reappeared.

I may not be more ignorant of the feminine genius than when, twenty years ago, I assumed responsibilities I was poorly fitted to discharge; but I feel more ignorant. The ways of women are past finding out. The most that one can hope to do is to suggest what you might think and feel and do if you were a man trying to answer to the spirit of the I.O.D.E.

Some men say the I.O.D.E. is mainly

a social affair, in which devotion to the Empire is an auxiliary to feathers. Do not complain of that sort of misapprehension of Chapters' service of the Empire. It is never worth while getting very much worked up because somebody measures you with his own yardstick.

It is as true as six o'clock that men who say that about the I.O.D.E. say precisely the same sort of thing about the public service of other men. They say of almost any man who works publicly for his country or for the Empire, "Oh, he's after something for himself. There is none unselfish; no, not one."

Nothing is more eloquent of a low

standard of public life, of a de-graded valuation of citizenship than a common attitude of suspicion of the motives of those who venture into what is called "politics." "Politics" is one of the noble words in the English language which is grossly abused. It means all that government means, and therefore includes all that patriotism can stand for. But we have come to suppose that it means chiefly the mere manipulations of mean-minded citizens who see in public service so much opportunity for private benefit, which compels them to discredit in public every decent quality in those who venture to differ from them in opinion, or in the mere mechanics of patriotism.

Really, I think if I were a member of a lodge of Sons of the Empire, with a masculine equivalent of the constitution of which you are so proud, the first thing I would want to grasp, and keep on grasping is this—that an Empire such as that which has achieved as much for mankind as the British Empire, must have a rare and splendid genius for evoking the undying loyalty of all its children, and that I would look for loyalty more earnestly than for disloyalty, because I would remember that nearly all the great servants of the Empire have at some time or other been distrusted and reviled by small people who could not SEE. Patriotism is greater when it knowingly risks the passing mood of unpopularity than it is when it swims along with the shouting multitude.

One meaning of that is that we should not be afraid of ideas in the Empire, and especially of ideas with which our parents did not happen to be familiar. It is not a crime to be original. We at least might be as good as the Athenians who spent a good deal of time hearing about some new thing.

Every move within the Empire which has contributed to its expansion and its magnificent freedom has been opposed by many who thought they were specially set to keep the Empire from stumbling. There is all the difference in the world between the mother who surrounds her daughter

with fears and prohibitions, the origin and purpose of which she will not disclose, and the mother who treats her girl as a sentient being with intelligence enough to apprehend, and character enough to conquer the dangers into which she may walk with a free will, and a clean mind.

No parent can develop a worthy family on fear. No Empire can strengthen its bonds in the twentieth century by being afraid that its people

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

On receiving the first copy of "The Canadian War" I was so very pleased and thankful that such a most needed and patriotic magazine had been started. Not by any means the first time Toronto has led the way to larger and better things.

Had I been able to do so, I would at once have sent a cheque of value to help on such a truly needed work. As it was, I canvassed somewhat, going to interview those who, being at the head of large business firms in this great, wealthy, but not fully awakened (even yet) city, had influence. I found — most unsympathetic. He refused to even LOOK at a copy, but I think he was shamed into saying I could bring it to his book department manager's notice. HE has promised to try to advance the circulation.

Mr. — was interested, and has spoken to HIS manager of book department, whom I have also seen, and who has assured me he will press the sale. Others of much influence I have also interviewed.

Accept the whole-souled thanks of a loyal-hearted daughter of Canada for the patriotic unselfishness that has given us such an ably-conducted magazine.—A lady in Montreal.

will think for themselves and will dare measures that are as different from those of the eighteenth century as the electric light is from the penny dip.

Courage to face the unexpected; to examine the unfamiliar; to think constructively; to act for yourself; to believe in the things that have made the Empire—courage is one of the greatest imperialities that can be nourished wherever citizenship is lived. Be not afraid of yourself, O! sister.

BROTHER JOHN.

INDIA WALKS IN

The Record of an Illuminating Conversation With a Hindu Who, Unexpectedly Dropped Into the Office and Put the Relation of India to Canada's War Into a "Made in Canada" Focus.

By U. N. C. DUDLEY

INDIA walked in. Not the India you read of in missionary literature; but a browned white man, whose features a belted earl might envy, and the liquid light of whose eyes might move a southern belle to jealousy. If there is anything in omens think of this, as a harbinger of the time when our ideas of realignment within the Empire will be revised by events—that the Hindu was the first man who came to the office of The Canadian War as a result of what he had heard upon the street.

When I was told that he was there, asking only for the paper, it was a second's idea to ask for his closer presence. As he came there was nothing different from what one would have expected from a governor's aide, except the swarthy skin.

Who Was Embarrassed?

That is not quite correct, either, for governor's aides have a knack of quiet aggressiveness which you do not mistake for deference. The Hindu has a quiet deference that is too shrewd to be aggressive. The soft light of his dark eyes may seem to shadow some of the languor of the East; but there is always a keen, not to say inscrutable mind behind those eyes with which you cannot keep pace if you should chance to nod.

India walked in, with his bowler hat in hand, a comfortable looking scarf around his neck, rubbers on his feet. His handshake was neither intimate in grasp nor warm in temperature. India was on guard—almost meekly; quite politely; but still on guard.

Among the people who drove Hindus from their shores with the aid of a warship threateningly riding at anchor and then escorting the intrusive steamer out to sea as a policeman escorts a suspect from the course, it is not wise, perhaps, to assume that every

man one meets is willing to accord unrestricted freedom of speech to a Hindu; or to exhibit any sympathy for the point of view of a representative of three hundred millions of the most law-abiding subjects of the Emperor of India, who is also King of Canada.

Though I had talked with Hindus before, there was some embarrassment on my side, for with those steady eyes looking at me, and that skin which spoke eloquently of the fellow-citizenship with the three hundred millions who have sent their warriors to stand and fall beside my kith and kin in the Channel littoral, I felt like a man on trial.

Of Ranjitsinhji.

Though he said not a word about it, I knew he was here to learn what Canadians were saying about a Canadian war in which his fellows were in the trenches months before the Canadians reached the fighting line. I knew just a little that was at the back of his mind, as he sat there waiting for me to break the ice, and to give him an idea of where he might expect to find me—a receptive, a supercilious, an ignorant, a prejudiced or a fair-minded Briton, with whom he could use the word Empire without fear and without reproach.

I had read, a few moments before, in the Toronto Daily News a Willisonian sentence: "The war is driving the policies of racial domination and forcible assimilation into moral bankruptcy." It was written against the idea of Deutschland Uber Alles. But there is a racial domination in India; and, so far as the Hindus know Canada, there is a racial domination in Canada. When it comes back for reconsideration, it will not wear quite the same aspect as it did last July.

His name, he told me, was Akali.

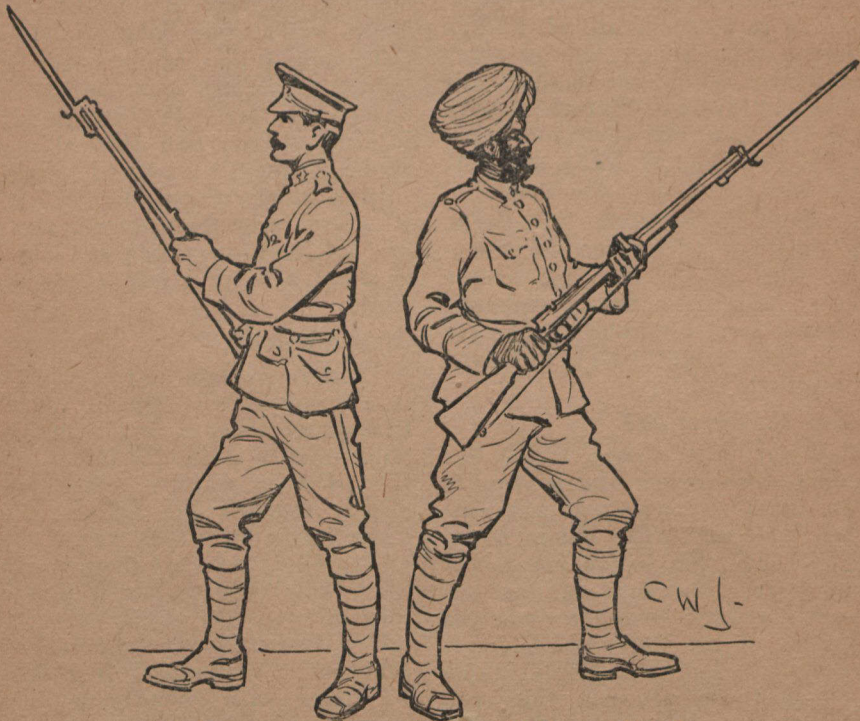
Two separate words? I asked. No, one word. What initial might I use? Oh, he said, "K. S." would do. I was tempted to ask what K. S. stood for; but inquisitiveness is a sin. There came to mind the picture of the lithest figure that has stood before the wickets at the Oval and Old Trafford in a generation; the figure of the idol of the crowd—you know him for Ranjitsinhji.

The initials before his name were K. S. And, if I be not mistaken they

"One of those Sikhs," he said, "showed me a letter from his father in the north of India, telling him that as part of the army had gone to France he must come home to resume his place in the ranks as a guard against the fierce men in the Afghan country, who might attack the Empire at any time."

"And did the Vancouver Sikh go?" I asked.

K. S. Akali smiled, and his white teeth, symmetrical as a dove's eye,



To-day—and to-morrow "Come On."

stood for Kumar Shri, which being interpreted means a prince of no inferior degree. That same great cricketer is now the ruler of his principality under the endless sun of the wondrous land whence K. S. Akali had come into the office of The Canadian War.

K. S. Akali had been a month in Toronto, he said. He was in Vancouver two months ago. How were things there? Very quiet. How were the Hindus of the coast getting along? The same as the other people—very little to do.

gleamed pleasantly, as he saw that I comprehended the idea—I had almost said the remonstrance—that was behind his passing story. "I don't know," he said.

In that answer there was the tone of one who should ask, "Do you not think it strange that there should be difficulty in the movement of a subject of the King within the Empire, when he is liable to be moved anywhere for the defence of the Empire?"

But Akali uttered nothing that could repel the most self-satisfied Bri-

tish racialist. The East is very shrewd as well as very gentle in its deportment.

I asked him if he knew Dr. Sundar Singh, with whom I discussed immigration some years ago.

"Oh, yes," was the answer. "He is in Toronto now. Would you like him to call upon you?"

No American drummer could be quicker to seize an opening to push his goods than K. S. Akali was to secure India's story a hearing. But K. S. Akali was not aggressive; oh, dear no. The idea struck me that the Hindus who have borne the heat of their race's toil for recognition as free and unsuspected units within the Empire, are all in the same devoted company. I tried another question upon K. S. Akali. "I met one of your countrymen in Johannesburg a dozen years ago," I said; "you may possibly know him?"

He looked at me as though he read my thoughts.

"It was Mr. Gandhi, a very clever barrister," I said.

"Oh, yes," very quietly.

Gandhi for the Empire.

"He had great trouble in Africa," I said. "He had hard fighting to be allowed to practise at the Natal Bar, and won out because he was a barrister of Lincoln's Inn. I believe he has been in jail since then?"

"Several times," said K. S. Akali, gently.

"I was very much struck with his ability, and his devotion to his people," said I. "He was in South Africa entirely because he wanted to serve them."

"Quite so. You know they were not allowed to walk on the sidewalk there," said K. S. Akali, as quietly as before, "and Mr. Gandhi, the barrister of Lincoln's Inn, had to get a permit before he was safe from arrest for committing that offence." This without a trace of feeling. The East is calm, restrained.

"I wonder if he is in Africa now?" I hazarded.

"He is in London," replied K. S. Akali.

"Has he abandoned Africa?" I enquired.

"Oh, no. He was getting ready to return to Africa when the war broke out. He changed his plans and organized a corps of Indian medical students for the front in France. He is keeping up the organization from London now."

Once more, you see a man who has been sentenced for "sedition," working by the trenches where the fate of the Empire is being decided, long, long before any of the men who have sent him to prison could even reach the country in which the fight is being waged. Was there ever anything like this British Empire, this problem of the brown man whose civilization was venerable before ours began to be?

I went back to the talk with Gandhi in his little office in Johannesburg in the spring of 1903, and recalled how dispassionately he talked of the grievances of his brethren; this Cambridge graduate; this gold medalist; this barrister of Lincoln's Inn, whom the barristers of Natal had tried to keep from the presence of His Majesty's judges, but who would have been welcomed by the Privy Council.

Never the Same Again.

Gandhi was a little man, as so many heroic defenders of the weak are. He spoke with philosophic calm, in exquisite English that was only made more fascinating by a fluttering hesitancy of his lips as he articulated it. And here in this steam-heated office in the Northern zone, 10,000 miles from the Transvaal, was another Hindu, equally dispassionate, equally certain of the ground on which he stood; and, though not so rich in his English, or so clear in his enunciation—he said "hab" for "have"—obviously a man of richer culture and far wider experience than many who suppose they can dismiss the Hindu relation to the rest of the Imperial brood by a mass meeting on the Pacific coast.

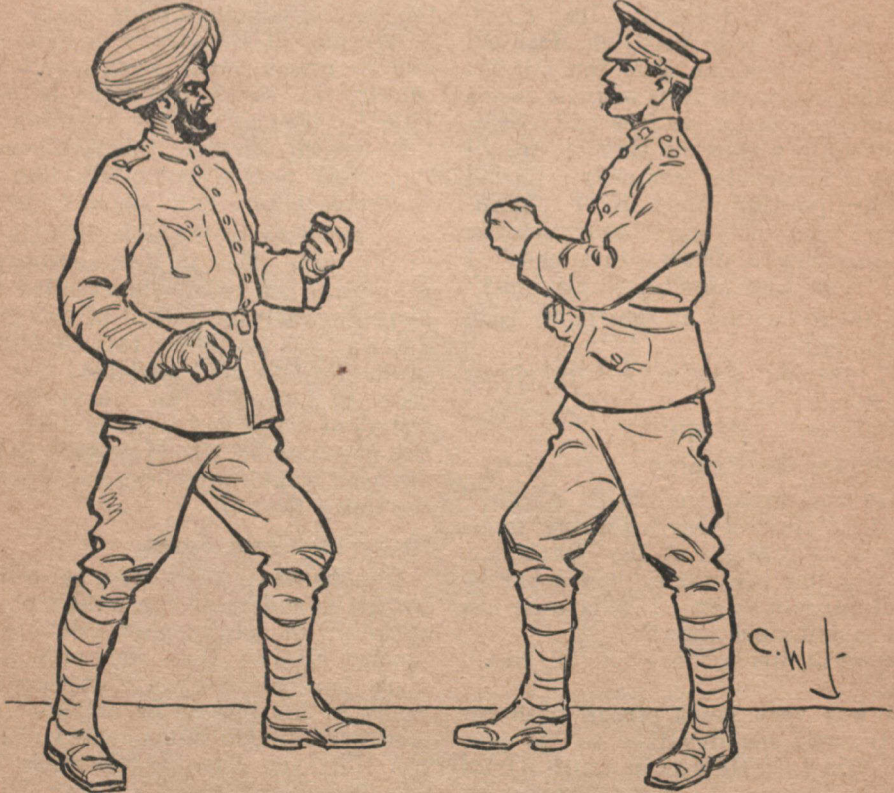
The talk of K. S. Akali flowed more easily when he found that I could appreciate Gandhi, and when I asked how he sensed the changes which the

war would make in India, his reply was full enough for any average comprehension. Listen to it:

"The question can never be quite the same again. At present a missionary, a historian, a professor, cannot lawfully land in Canada without humiliation. All we have asked is that we should be treated as if we were in the Empire. The Chinaman, the Japanese, the man from the heart of Africa who own no allegiance to the

always had a great respect for Mahomedan powers outside of India—the Persian and Turkish influences that are not India at all. The Hindus have said to them, 'This is your country; you ought to love India more than anything else in the world. But when you put some outside power first you are a Mahomedan before you are an Indian; and that is not for the best good of India?'

"Some fear was expressed that the



Before the War. "Keep Out."

King, can get into Canada more easily than one of the Sikhs who are dying for the Empire in France. Those questions will stand over till Germany is beaten. The beginning of the war made a great change in India itself, which you can judge for yourself if you will read some of the newspapers I will gladly bring to you.

"We have sixty million Mahomedans in India, who have not got along very well with the Hindus. They have

Mahomedans in India would want to side with the Turks who are fighting against the Empire. They will not. Already before the war leaders of the Mahomedans were doing things that they did not use to do, and they would say, 'Well, if I am a Mahomedan, the things I do are allowed to the Mahomedans.' The war has united the Mahomedans and the Hindus as they were never united. They see that by fighting for the Empire they can do

more to win their own place in it than by fighting among themselves. The presence of seventy thousand Indian troops in France will do more for India than anything that has ever happened."

"More than could be accomplished by seventy thousand Indian troops fighting in India?" I ventured.

K. S. Akali smiled his quiet smile, as he said, "Exactly."

Then he went on: "You must know that the national problems of India are economic, as they are everywhere."

I assented; for this was an old preachment with me, even in the days of Canada's unexampled "prosperity."

Made in India Idea.

"The economic problems developed two parties in India, one of which became extreme and was called seditious. It was not sedition, but the crushing out of Indian industries by the British policy that made the bitterness."

"Still," I ventured, "is not there a good deal of sentiment of 'India for the Indians'?"

"Certainly," admitted K. S. Akali, his quiet smile reappearing, "and I have heard something of 'Canada for the Canadians.' When men believe that a political policy is driving millions of people to starvation, do you wonder if they become extreme, and talk as if there is need to change the politicians as well as the policies? In Canada you have elections to decide what in India can only be impressed upon the governing powers by other forms of agitation."

It seemed likely that K. S. Akali would presently land in the company of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association; and sure enough he did. I almost expected him to produce from an Indian paper a 'Made in India' advertisement. But he contented himself with stating more of his facts and leaving me to draw the conclusions.

"The Germans have been sending enormous quantities of goods into India free of duty. So have the Austrians. After the war there will be no more of that. We need protection from goods that come in and crush our

industries, as they have been crushed for many years. How can our people, who cannot equip themselves with all that the German mills have, compete against all the best machineries in the world? So their industries have had to go to the wall. Though our population has increased fifty millions in fifty years, we are less able to support ourselves than we were before I was born. We need protection from the Germans."

"You want to apply to your ancient industries the policy that we applied to our infant industries?" I suggested.

Again the quiet smile, and again the "Exactly."

Prove Loyalty and Then—?

"But you see," K. S. Akali went on, and you will observe how effectively he had set his facts in array, "they could not very well give us a duty against German goods unless some duty were put on the cotton goods of Lancashire, which have destroyed the cotton industry in India. But the war will put that in a different light. We shall have to state the claim for the protection of our own industries somewhat as you have enforced your claim to fiscal independence. Is not that fair?"

How could a denial of such logic be made? I didn't try to make it, but asked another question: "How has the war affected the extreme economists and the moderates?"

"The leader of the extremists," K. S. Akali answered, "has joined with the leaders of the moderates, who used to counsel patience. He says: 'This is the last and greatest opportunity to prove our loyalty to the Empire, while we contend for our own economic freedom. Let us all join together for the duty of the war, and by uniting together for the war we shall be able to unite after the war to obtain what India must have if she is to prosper as a part of the Empire, instead of being pushed steadily toward economic disaster.'"

It seemed that K. S. Akali had given me enough for one day's rumination, and I let him go, with this summing up

of what he had said: "What you tell me then, is that India has a two-fold problem—politico-religious and economic. The first is by way of being solved because the war has already developed an unexpected national unity in which Mahomedans as well as Hindus will agree to put India first.

"The second and more pressing, purely economic, problem has been hurried towards solution by the war which, through sending Indian soldiers to Europe, has united the opposing factions of Hindu opinion in a Made-in-India policy, which will win because the union of India with the rest of the Empire, having been sealed by the

shedding of Hindu blood in Europe to preserve the Empire's existence, ensures an advance towards the sort of Home Rule for India that we have in Canada? Is that your position?"

"Precisely," said K. S. Akali. This time his very quiet smile was followed by an equally quiet bow. He left with me the same impression with which I left Gandhi in faraway Johannesburg—that the Hindus are a somewhat clever people.

I forgot to say that K. S. Akali mentioned that his brother went to France among the seventy thousand, and that he doesn't know whether he has been killed for the Empire's sake.

THE BIG WORLD AND THE LITTLE NATIONS

The World Needs Them and the World Must Assure Them Safety and Opportunity.

BY BENJAMIN A. GOULD

IN a truly civilized world, bulk should no more be needful to the safety of a nation than to the safety of a man. In early times a man had to depend on his strength and his fleetness to save him from physical disaster. The rule of the strong prevailed, and the hard doctrine of the survival of the fittest demanded bone and muscle in plenty.

Assure Little Nation's Safety.

To-day in civilized lands the five-footer is as safe as he who tops six feet unless he unwisely seeks to engage in bar-room brawls or commingle with thugs. The things that, owing to his size, the big man only can accomplish are not those which are worth the most. Brawn alone is worth only a very few dollars a day; there is no limit to the value of brains.

This war is going far to assure to the little nations their safety, and in this regard to civilize the world. The little nation that behaves itself as it should will have little to fear, and the rules which will be established for the conduct of little nations will make

them much less likely to offend than in the past. Example, counsel, protection and the great influence of unified international opinion will all make towards increasing wisdom and restraint.

Coalition, Safe and Free.

The British Empire is really not much more than a coalition of little nations under the protection and guidance of a collective Empire which guarantees them freedom and safety. Canada is a little nation. Australia and New Zealand are little nations. Each is free, each is safe, because each has behind its freedom and its safety the Empire of which it is a part.

After this war has brought about new standards of national obligation, the other little nations will be free and safe because their freedom and their safety will be guaranteed by the world of which they are a part. No big bully nation will ever again dare to attempt to walk over the well-behaved little nation as Germany has trampled upon Belgium.

The freedom of little nations within

an empire has worked well and justified itself; the freedom of little nations within a world has worked well and justified itself; it is only a step to have the world guarantee the latter as the Empire guarantees the former.

No great nation is injured by the progress and prosperity of a little one. The old idea that there could be only so much wealth, and that the more A has the less there is left for B is entirely exploded. We now know that the more wealth A produces the better not only for A but for B as well, who must profit by A's prosperity. Modern transportation and commercial interchange deny absolutely the old idea of national selfishness.

Britain Suffers Too.

Great Britain knows this, and for many years has consistently practised this selfish altruism of endeavoring herself to prosper in the prosperity of others. As an example, Norway has prospered, and has built up a commerce that per capita is considerably greater than the commerce of Great Britain herself. This has been made possible by the safety of the sea routes which Great Britain has maintained and has paid for.

Yet Great Britain does not grudge Norway her commerce, but like every nation that has to do with Norway has benefited by it. English tonnage and German tonnage competed, but until Germany put herself outside the pale of nations her ships were protected by the British fleet. Both countries profited by the added world wealth arising from the building of the German merchant ships. No nation except Germany herself is to-day suffering as much as Great Britain from the lack of merchant tonnage due to the necessity of forbidding the sea to German vessels.

In peace, the prosperity of one nation makes in a lesser degree for the prosperity of all. In exactly the same way in this war, in order to inflict a greater injury upon Germany, it has been necessary for Great Britain to inflict a lesser injury upon herself, and deprive herself of the German ship-

ping, the carrying power of which she so urgently needs.

The same thing will be true when the hugely populous nations of Asia produce in proportion to the resources of the land and the number of the people. Europe will benefit from the added trade far more than she will suffer from the added competition.

Fiction of Yellow Peril.

The yellow peril is a fiction more airy than a summer cloud. There will always be work for every pair of hands to do in the world. The hardships which come from unemployment do not come from lack of labor or from overplus of laborers, but only from a breakdown of the insufficiently organized systems of bringing the two together and financing them.

Some of the little nations have been an inspiration to the world. Switzerland has a people as rugged as her own mountains and a history as noble as her own scenery. Belgium to-day has written her name in letters of gold across the scroll of time, and has made for herself a glory and a fame that shall endure so long as the deeds of men are chronicled.

Better for Germany, with all her science and all she has accomplished, that she were sunk to the bottom of the sea, because unborn generations and future cycles of mankind will see in her the black and guilty cause of Belgium's noble sacrifice. Better for the Kaiser that he had never been, because of the infamy which shall forever cling to his name for what he has done to Belgium.

And even as Belgium shall be exalted in the hearts of men, and shall serve to inspire and enoble those who come hereafter, so shall the very name of the Germany of William the Second be loathed and abhorred. Liege shall rank with Thermopylae and Albert with William Tell, while the name of Hohenzollern shall be cursed with that of Attila and Borgia.

Other little nations have shown and are showing flashes of nobility. See the splendid bravery of Servia, clouded as is her good name with plot, in-

trigue and murder. She shows that the substance is there that can be wrought into free and noble people. Greece herself may again be worthy of her past, and a new Acropolis be the crown of a new Athens.

The little mercenary nations, seeking ever payment in lands and moneys, the Bulgarias and the Roumanias, may themselves become the mothers of lofty tradition, as is Montenegro. Such huge emotions, such overwhelming experiences as the world to-day knows may engender unsuspected noblenesses.

Little Nations to be Born.

Other little nations will be born of this war, and must be guarded and guided until they, too, have justified themselves. A new Hungary, free and proud in her race and the history of her sons, will take her place among her equals. Out of the reek and stench of the Ottoman Empire will arise new nations, an Armenia at liberty to worship the God of her choice, a Syria through whose lighted paths the feet of pilgrims may in safety pass to the waters of the Sea of Galilee, to the Temple of Jerusalem and to Mecca.

These little nations, the new and the old, those who have already proved

themselves and those who under the happier auspices of the future shall have ample opportunity to prove themselves, must all be guaranteed and protected in their rights by the new big world.

World Peace Must Come.

Hereafter they need not look for help only to the particular power within whose sphere of influence they may happen to be, but may rest sure that it is the part of the world as a whole to see that they are not wronged. And even as they will be protected against others, others will be protected against them. Frontiers, as established after this war, must be inviolable and alterable only voluntarily.

After this war there can and must come a world peace guaranteed by every great power and agreed to by every little one. The cloud that has hung over the Balkans must be forever dispelled. No sneering Germany may ever again make a mock of littleness or tear her international scraps of papers to shreds. What will be practically a Constitution of the World must be drawn up. Thus only may the devastated cities and the rows of nameless graves be justified.

WHEN THE GERMANS WERE AT HALIFAX

At the Time of Agadir There Was Danger of Bombardment—And at Victoria Last Year the Japs Saved the Situation.

BY CONSTANCE RUDYERD BOUTON

AT the time of the Agadir crisis a German warship was reported a few miles off Halifax harbor. Diplomacy or expediency, or both, had been responsible for a peaceful settlement of the European dispute. A day or two afterwards German officers received the hospitality of Halifax, and the city became en fete in honor of the distinguished foreigners. The mystery of the strangers' sudden presence eventually became clear to those "in the know." The story is that simultaneously with the appearance of a German warship off Halifax a squadron of the

British navy had received orders to proceed to the North Sea to engage the German ships as soon as they were sighted. A fog arose, which concealed the fleets from each other and delayed the fatal encounter, during which the British admiral received instructions to return to port. By just so little a thing as a fog did Halifax escape bombardment three years ago.

Does this episode bring home to Canadians the relation between Canada, three thousand miles away, and the silent, watchful, patient guardian fleet in the North Sea?

During the past few months Victoria, B.C., has been tense with anxiety. Victoria, set like a precious jewel in the circle of the eternal hills, the emerald sea flashing at her feet, and the glittering snows mantling her shoulders with a robe of spotless purity—Victoria, the beautiful, has the dubious distinction of being regarded as a "fortified town" because it has the misfortune to possess some ancient, useless guns.

They Manned the Useless Guns.

A few men and women, alive to their peril from German ships without and German spies within, made maps of the surrounding country, so that in the event of an attack the women and children could be immediately removed to places of safety. Suddenly one day the glasses revealed the dull grey hull of an unknown warship emerge from the mists of the sea and steal silently up the lovely bay. The brave men of Victoria manned their useless guns and awaited the fateful moment. Breathlessly they watched. Then the flag of the incoming vessel broke out and the tumultuous shout, "A ship from Japan!" changed to a groan of stinging shame that Canadians owed their protection on the British Columbia coast to Orientals. The two submarines that had been bought by the Canadian Government from Chili were at that time without ammunition.

The Sydney of Australia has given her quota to the redeeming of British prestige and control in the Pacific. A New Zealand battleship shares the glory of the North Sea victories. Where are our Canadian ships? Where is the justification of Canadian nationhood and our boasted independence? Where now oh! noble representatives of our electorate, is the emergency about which you cavilled for three months of the country's and Empire's precious time?

Oh! yes, we are loyal! Who can doubt it when they hear us sing "Tipperary," "God Save the King," and cheer lustily over the victories of the British soldier and the British taxpayer, and the gallant deeds of the Sydney and the New Zealand.

We are splendid at cheering, and the safer we are and the more comfortable and secure we feel the louder we cheer.

True, thirty thousand of our dearest and best have gone. God bless them all! We have given a lot of our superfluous money and food. Do our duties and obligations end there?

Nineteen millions of men are in active service, or engaged in military activity of Europe. Civilization, which has been centuries in the building; freedom, for which our forefathers gave their precious blood, are in danger of ruthless destruction; and still Canada is looking on, happy, secure, and comfortable. Is there a man in the country who can look on at this world tragedy unmoved? Can he resist the glorious call to a share in upholding British honor, British freedom, and British ideals?

Can Man or Woman Be Unmoved?

The existence of Britain, the existence of Canada, the existence of the Empire, is at stake. Is there a Canadian-born or adopted who can leave this greatest call of all the centuries to be answered by the other man? Is there a woman in Canada so dead to the passion, enthusiasm, and inspiration of this dread hour that every nerve of her being does not thrill in response to the call of country and empire?

The heart of every woman should pulse with joy that she has father, brother, husband, son, or sweetheart for whom she can buckle on the sword of honor, that he may take his place by the side of the noble Belgian King and his heroic people and fight, side by side, with the sons of our beloved motherland.

However our political parties may have failed in vision, failed to grasp the great emergency, we, as a people, must rise as a single, united force and prove our right to the splendid heritage our forebears won for us by their grit and loyalty. We cannot afford to fall behind in the great race. We must share the opportunity of winning for the world a larger measure of freedom than the world has ever known, and of ful-

filling the destiny marked out for the British peoples.

Then, and then only, will we retrieve the enervation of a century, repay the debt of an irresponsible, care-free past,

win the proud title of nationhood, and a co-operation in that great imperial family which will hold a beneficent control in the final settlement of the world's peace.

A CANADIAN BISHOP'S MERCY

By G. C. M. WHITE

AS most Canadians know, old Fort Henry, Kingston, long in disuse as a fortress, has been turned into a military prison for German and Austrian suspects. All the comforts and consideration which Britain tries, where possible, to give her prisoners of war, have been theirs, and spiritual assistance, under the oversight of the Bishop of Kingston, has also been freely offered.

But it remained for His Lordship, out of a large charity, to give them the highest privilege of Christmas Day. Going over between services, and taking with him the Fair Linen used in his Cathedral Church of St. George the Martyr (the Garrison Church from the earliest days of British rule in Canada), and a silver chalice, given by some American friends to the Rev. Henry Wilson, a former curate, Bishop Bidwell set up a small altar, in a small room, and spread the Christmas feast.

He expected that ten or twelve might avail themselves of the Holy Sacrament, but ninety men pressed forward, and so crowded was the congregation that the communicants were compelled

to receive the Elements standing.

The Bishop celebrated according to the Lutheran rite, and in the German tongue; and ninety of the Empire's enemies realized that morning that Christmas goodwill is more than a name to England's church, and that her Bishops are shepherds whose joy it is to feed a scattered flock.

Few heard of the Bishop's kindness, a kindness made all the more touching when it is known that his brother, an officer in an English regiment, has been at the front from the outbreak of the war, and that another member of his family was one of the first to fall in action.

The incident is only now given to the light because the knowledge of such things is ennobling to our people, and an inspiration to the best. It is but one of many high lights that have been thrown on the British spirit in this, the nation's greatest and most grievous war. It is by such deeds of mercy, far from sight and sound of carnage, as well as by the immortal heroisms of the battlefield, that the national character is revealed.

YOU WHO READ MAY HELP.

Right near you are people who want new opportunities of serving Canada, the Empire, and sufferers by the war. Many young folks wish to work to the limit of their power. Advise them to become agents for THE CANADIAN WAR, and join the editors who are gladly giving their time and work for the cause.

There are three ways of doing it:—

FIRST, obtain subscriptions after the manner described on page twenty-three.

SECOND, sell single copies of THE CANADIAN WAR, giving the profit to one of the local war funds.

THIRD, induce other people—stores as well as individuals and organizations to take up the campaign.

CANADA'S HUNDRED YEARS OF WARFARE

First Part of the Substance of An Address to the Canadian Club of Toronto on Canada's Relation to the Military Necessities of the Empire.

BY LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAM WOOD.

The most thorough public discussion of Canada's military situation has come from Col. Wood, of Quebec, who threw it into striking historical perspective in an address to the Toronto Canadian Club. His address has been expanded somewhat, and the incidental allusions of an after-luncheon deliverance subtracted, to make five articles.

FOR many years I have been investigating the naval and military history of Canada from original sources. I have also made a special study of the problems of defence today. And so, simply by force of circumstances, I happen to be in touch with the main factor of the problem now before us. We have failed to reckon with the full influence of this factor for a hundred years; and our present naval and military shortcomings are simply the inevitable result of our own neglect.

Canadian, Through and Through.

I approach this burning question not as a critical outsider but as a Canadian through and through. I propose to tell the disconcerting truth with a plainness of speech which would be impossible for a professional soldier, for an old-countryman, or, perhaps, for a man who had no French blood in his veins. Far from being a professional soldier, I am a professional author and a Canadian ex-militiaman; and far from being an old-countryman, I am Canadian-born, of the third generation, and with half my blood entirely foreign—one quarter Yankee and one quarter French. Moreover, in all questions of defence, I don't care one snap for any kind of party politics.

War is part of that natural struggle for existence and for a favouring environment which not only goes back to the very origin of life but persists to the present day among all successive

forms of it, from the single plant or animal to the greatest empires of the human race.

No immemorial and universal factor is likely to come to a full stop within one generation. Yet we went on as if this stop was coming, though the greatest war the world has ever seen was being brought about by a specific natural cause which has never once failed to bring war in the past.

The Germans, newly formed into a powerful empire, and growing fast in population, wealth, ambition and the natural desire for a favouring environment, could hardly be expected to resign themselves to an ever-dwindling future by remaining pent up within the narrow limits of their European lands. They had no place in the whole wide world, outside of their own narrow country, where they could bring up German children under the German flag.

Sure to Produce War.

The Russian and British Empires have enormous lands for whites to grow in. The Russians still seek the sea instinctively. The centre of gravity of their population is moving steadily south to the sea and the sun, for generation after generation. The British have land, sea and sun, all together: The Germans have narrow lands and narrow seas at home, with no 'place in the sun' elsewhere.

No instance is known to history in which such different conditions have long existed side by side without a war. The war had to come, sooner or later. Fortunately for us the Germans have forced it on us with a sheer stupidity of statecraft that is enough to make Bismarck turn in his grave, as well as with a fiendishness of action that has put them beyond the pale of civilized respect.

If they had been less stupid and more humane our own case might well have been much worse than it is. Say what we will, our Empire is the greatest of all barriers to German growth—and no living thing on earth has ever yet been stunted by a rival without a fight.

Does this inevitable rivalry make us wrong? Not at all. We have grown as the Germans wish to grow. We must be judged, not by our mere growth in itself, any more than they should be by theirs, but rather by the use we make of it.

We, like them, are body, soul, and spirit in our imperial life. We both have religion and morality to reckon with. We both were born a natural body. We both should strive towards being raised a spiritual body. We both live in one eternal flux between co-operation and competition.

The world being what it is, we both have a perfect right to be as patriotic as we choose. Only, patriotism ought to be the most nearly perfect blend of the national body, soul, and spirit—that is, of the struggle for existence touched to higher ends by religion and morality—and the Germans do not regard the higher ends in their attacks; while we do in our defence.

Certain Pacifistries.

The best nations have always been the most patriotic. A patriot nation must always draw the sword whenever its honour is involved, as our Empire's honour is in maintaining Belgian independence. Force in itself is a neutral thing. Only the use to which man puts it makes it right or wrong.

We, of late, in this New World, have been so attentive to certain pacifistic sophistries that we sometimes forget that those who fail to use force in the service of right are, of necessity, by their mere abstention, sharing the sin of those who use it in the service of wrong. We were coming to think that this New World was a particularly righteous place, and that we, of course, were a particularly righteous people, because we had no great standing armies and no great recent wars.

But, while pluming ourselves with all this self-sufficient righteousness, we forget the following cogent facts:— That there was still plenty of room to grow in the New World, that this room was won by war, that every New World state has been involved in war repeatedly in spite of having room to grow, and that the two Americas have no great standing armies simply because they are not at present within the area of intensest competition. You can't make morality out of mere geography.

Any way we put it, the best nations are the patriotic nations, those who neither exaggerate the factor of war in the world's problems, nor yet neglect it, but simply face it bravely and well; not like the bully, to whom force is a god, nor like the pacifist, to whom force is a devil, but like all greatest men, to whom force is an instrument of right or wrong, according to the use of it.

Force the Foundation.

And if this be true of nations, what praise can be too high for the actual defenders of a righteous cause, for men whose discipline is founded on self-sacrifice, whose training makes them fittest for the service of the rest, and whose whole ideal exalts the profession of arms—body, soul, and spirit—into a true vocation of unsurpassable nobility?

Those who would wrest Holy Writ to our country's sure destruction forget, with singular convenience, that Christ Himself used force to scourge the temple money lenders and overthrow their tables, and that neither He nor His disciples ever condemned the soldiers for being soldiers—quite the contrary.

They also most conveniently forget that all civilized justice rests on a foundation of force, and that criminals would defy it if it was not enforced by the police, behind whom stand the army, navy, and Militia. Moreover, they forget that the greater arts have never flourished in any nation that was not great in arms, and that the trite saying, "The pen is mightier than the

sword," seeks to establish an opposition which does not exist in fact. It would be far truer to say that mighty pens praise righteous swords, as Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior" has shown so excellently well.

Take the eight chief literatures, those of the Hebrews, of Greece, Rome, Italy, England, Spain, France, Germany; choose out their very greatest writers, with whom we New World people have no one to compare—the Bibliists first, then Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Moliere, Goethe—and you will find no single word in contradiction of the convincing and exalting truth that mighty pens praise righteous swords.

Let us leave the consideration of war in general for its particular application as the neglected factor in our Canadian problems for a hundred years. It is only during the last hundred years that war has been a really Canadian problem at all. Up to the close of the War of 1812 Canada had no wars of her own and she played no Canadian part in wars elsewhere. She was merely an object of contention between French, American and British rivals.

The final possession of Canada having been settled, an absolutely different

war period began with the Canadian Rebellion of 1837 and ended with the North-West Rebellion of 1885. These little wars, like the first Riel Rebellion and the two Fenian Raids, were purely internal and not much more than glorified police work on a national scale. All but the last, moreover, were fought with the help of Imperial forces.

The South-African war constituted a third period, which was quite as distinct from the second as the second from the first. It meant that Canada was taking her first step, as a self-governing Dominion, on to the scene of Imperial action overseas.

A fourth period, completely different from the other three, has now begun with the sending of Canadian contingents to join the other British and allied forces in any part of the beligerent world.

Thus, by four successive steps, Canada has grown up (first) from being a mere pawn in the game of war between three great outside powers, (second), to taking over the management of her own internal wars, (thirdly), to playing her part with the rest in the Empire overseas, and (fourth), to being one of the British belligerents in the Great World War of to-day.

THE LETTERS OF CIVILIS

III.

To the Hon. J. A. Loughheed, Government Leader in the Senate.

YOU are one of the youngest men and oldest members of the Senate. For a quarter of a century you have watched the procession of the Elder Brethren, in their halting-place, on the way to the endless bourne.

You were a young portent out of the Foothills, when you came, in 1889. Calgary then was pervaded by cowboys, remittance men and Paddy Nolan. Now it is the metropolitan city that longs for the Prosperity That Was. During all that transformation you have been the honorable Senator.

By a process of natural attrition, the crowd of his henchmen among whom

Sir John placed you, dwindled to a handful, and you became the leader of a forlorn minority, which regarded, with the sadness of deferred hope, the Leader in the Commons whose chances of sweeping the country so magically improved in the summer of 1911.

You still lead a minority. But the undertaker, of whom Sir George Ross joked so grimly in his last speech, is your ally. He, at least, is on the Conservative side in these grievous times. You can only contemplate his recurring advent to the Chamber with a sombre resignation.

You sorrow, but not as those who

have no hope. When this minority shall have put on the garb of a majority—ah! Providence is kind, for It calls good men to swell the great majority above; and It helps to create a small, but sufficient, majority here below. Soon the rear guard of the Grits will cease from troubling and the haven will be in sight.

The theory on which it was begotten is that the Senate restrains a youthful and ebullient Commons. In time of war, what is the function of the venerable body which you may dominate as well as lead? Are you set for restraint, or are you intended for a spur? You are called to be both.

Time to Seize the Public Ear.

George the Third, who was a politician of singular merit as well as of singular obstinacy, used to say that any man was good enough for any job he could get. Any Senate is good enough for any service it can render the nation. Its constitutional limitations are not as serious as they seem, when it comes to generating steam for national action. The defect in such circumstances is more likely to be a defect of warmth within the boiler, than in the construction of the boiler. Senates are not naturally inclined to boil.

But what can the Senate do? That depends on what the Senate can think. As a man thinketh in his heart so is he. It is a cruel libel to say that the Senate doesn't think, but mumbles. It has only one member in the Cabinet, who is yourself. But it has the ear of the country to whatever extent it is capable of seizing the ear.

Is it too much to hope that you will cause a magnificent offset to the impression of partisanship which went forth when the majority referred the Naval Aid Bill to the country? That majority has been sadly reduced since the naval stress went by, and there is no hankering after recalcitrance in the chastened remnant of the once invulnerable host. Try them with a little real statesmanship to cheer their declining days.

You like, sometimes, to think that the Senate is a sort of understudy of the House of Lords. It is against the British statute for a member of the

Upper House to interfere in elections. Sometimes it is better to honor a constitutional fiction in the observance instead of in the breach. Elections do not promote unity. This Dominion needs unity, and needs it sorely. It would need it if our people were of one origin and one political and religious tendency. We need it trebly when we reflect that thousands and thousands of our citizens came from countries with which we are at war.

How can we achieve the only union that is worth while unless the Government welcomes to open co-operation with it every section of the community that is for the war? Why should we not have a co-operation that is at least as frank and cordial as the union that has destroyed party strife in the Old Land? The Senate knows that there has been and is an attempt in certain papers of the blinder sort to rule out of public respect those who believed, and said that the Government could not meet the German menace by disbanding naval crews and laying up Canadian ships of war.

Case of the Niobe.

Nobody wants to revive naval controversies when the enemy is killing British women and children and murdering crews of merchantmen. There is the less reason for it when one reflects that His Majesty's Canadian Ship Niobe, in active service on the high seas, was helpless and unmanned in dock when the war broke out; the Canadian Government, which had owed her for three years had to scour the far Pacific for a crew, which had to be taken from other British vessels and carried by train across the continent.

Let an end be put to the policy of irritation which friends of the Government have thoughtlessly followed. Let the Senate give a patriotic lead in counselling unity in patriotism. How great the opportunity, how deep the need, anybody can see, when he reads of the disappointing enlistment for the third contingent. The Senate has the noblest chance it ever had. If it cares to take it, the Government leader in the Senate can become the real leader in the Government.

PEACE MUST MEAN PEACE

A Premature Ending to the War Would be the Greatest Catastrophe
Which Could Befall Mankind.

BY BENJAMIN A. GOULD

THE world cannot afford to have peace before conditions are ripe to make peace permanent. Today the greatest enemies of mankind are those who seek an immediate peace.

I do not believe that there exists anyone who more deeply desires peace than I, but I trust that it will not come until the toll which the world has paid and is paying has justified itself in the outcome. No intelligent person can think that a peace brought about now would or could be permanent.

It would merely serve to make what has already happened futile. We cannot afford to have the lives which have been lost wasted, but they must serve to rebuild a better world than the one for which they were sacrificed. Then truly it may be said that these countless brave and splendid men have not died in vain.

Must Not Have Stalemate.

Some writers, from whom greater insight might have been expected, have dared to wish that the outcome of the war might be what they call a stalemate, that neither side should gain a decisive victory. They do not realize that this would mean the whole thing would have to be done over again, and the opportunity to advance the world a hundred years in a twelve-month would have been lost.

This advance in civilization will no doubt have cost largely in suffering, misery and all that is the base and ignoble accompaniment of war, but the major part of this cost has already been paid, and the world cannot permit that this payment shall accomplish nothing.

I earnestly believe that it would be better for the world to have Germany and all the abominations which she stands for in this war supremely victorious than to have the outcome nugatory. In such an event the thought

that this war has evoked and its lessons of the necessity for democratic advance would be such that world-revolution would be inevitable, and the destruction of absolutism would come from within at a cost in human unhappiness probably far less than in the new struggle between the present systems which a failure of decision would make certain.

It cannot be denied that a system which makes a war like the present one possible can no longer be tolerated. The twentieth century might as well be the dark ages if such a thing as is now going on could ever happen again. A catastrophe as horrible as this must carry in its very horrors the lesson of how a repetition of it may be avoided for all future time, else optimism is dead, progress a lie and evolution a fraud and a snare. It is an insult to human intelligence to say that no remedy can be found for such wars between such nations.

Must Learn from Horrors.

I assert boldly that the remedy has been found and the greater part of the civilized world is already free from the danger of great war except with the other part. The remedy is democracy, and the safety of the democratic part of the world demands that the other part must be made immune to the war-fever.

Even as a community must protect its enlightened members by enforcing on the ignorant and the stupid regulations which shall prevent epidemic, so must the world take steps which shall make it impossible for autocratic selfishness or ambition to endanger the whole structure of civilization.

The burden of militarism and all the countless evils which follow in its train is inherent in absolutism, and is adopted by democracies only as a defence against autocratic aggression. France has been compelled to con-

scription, but unquestionably against her will, by the active fear of imperial and militaristic Germany at her borders. It will be a glad day for France when this incubus of fear, only too well founded as the event has proved, is forever lifted from her shoulders.

This optimism for the future does not mean that after this conflict all war forever will cease, but it does mean that war between the great powers who have attained the highest achievements of civilization will be at an end. The small and backward nations will undoubtedly require compulsion as heretofore, and military forces sufficient to compel them will be necessary.

Gauge of Police Force.

These forces will be on a very different scale from those which for a generation have made of Europe an armed camp, and their duties will be essentially those of an international police. No community, however advanced, is free from sporadic instances of criminality, and every community requires a police force sufficient to cope with it.

The progress of a community is pretty accurately measured by the proportion of its population required for this policing, which in a country like the United States is only a fraction of what was needed a few centuries ago, even though life and liberty are incomparably more secure. In like manner, as the constituent nations of the world advance in democratic understanding the percentage of the population of the world needed for its armies will rapidly decrease.

The test of democracy lies not in the nominal form of a government but in the spirit that underlies it. Thus Mexico, under Diaz, was nominally a republic, but actually an autocratic dictatorship, and that unhappy land is to-day reaping the bitter harvest sowed by that absolutism.

On the other hand, monarchical Britain is truly a democracy, and becoming more and more so with each succeeding year. Names matter nothing. The same terminology is used for the Empire of the Guelphs as for the Em-

pire of the Hohenzollerns, but the things themselves are as far apart as daylight and darkness.

Democracy means education, and in this lies its hope and its worth, but education does not always mean democracy. There may be a narrow and intensive education adapted only to effect a specialized value of the individual and not incompatible with the worst features of paternalism.

This is better illustrated by Germany than by any other example. To deny German education would be to limit the word to a very constricted definition, although I am by no means sure that it ought not to be so delimited. True, education has a breadth of understanding which means wisdom and is essentially democratic; a narrow education may mean only knowledge and be the best foundation on which to erect absolutism.

"Forbidden" is the Watchword.

Verboten is the watchword of Germany, but verboten by whom? If the edict is the result of the collective wisdom of a thinking people, it means freedom; if it is an expression of the will of an oligarchy, no matter how intelligent, it may mean only the efficiency of trained and specialized units, an efficiency which may in its very excellence be supremely dangerous. A democratic efficiency is almost the summum bonum of humanity; an autocratic efficiency may be the curse of the world.

Even after a democratic government has been established, considerable time may be required to bring the true fruits of democracy in the broad education which alone assures continuance of democracy. This time will vary according to the capacity of the people, and we shall doubtless see in Germany a much quicker attainment of real democracy than in many less intelligent lands where opportunity has been greater. This direct democratization of Germany and Austria and the tremendous impulse toward underlying democratic principles in Russia will be the gain of the world from the war.

Nothing is more difficult to arrive at

than a comparative estimate of world-values, and it is hard to say that the world-advance will be worth the world-sacrifice of the war. It is clear, however, that the war and its consequent misery having occurred, the world must so far as may be get value for what it has paid, and cannot afford to have the huge expenditure wasted.

Peace Would be Evil Now.

Peace and its blessings require that the conditions which have brought war must cease, and peace cannot be accepted by any intelligent lover of peace until autocratic militarism is destroyed. No half-measures will serve. It was an unspeakable crime to bring on this war; it would be a crime even greater to stop it now before it has purged the world of the system which caused it.

If it be true as has been stated that any neutral nations are endeavoring to bring about peace at this time without an acknowledged defeat of what Germany stands for, they are attempting a most evil thing. Fortunately, there is no danger of their success, as the capable hands of Sir Edward Grey have the matter well under control.

The pacifists and the peace societies will find in the final outcome of this war their aspirations nearer to becoming facts than anyone a year ago would have dared to prophesy. The Hague Tribunal will stand forth doubly important, its greatest injury having come from the house of those who claim to be its friends in the failure of the United States to regard it as more than a midsummer night's dream.

War Help Pacifists Later.

It is the fashion now to laugh at Norman Angell, yet nine-tenths of his conclusions are true and by this war are proved to be true. It is clear that even if Germany should win, her victory will be Dead Sea fruit in her mouth.

Those who believe in the future of the world and love their fellow-men cannot allow this war to be stopped before it has run its allotted course. The surgeon's knife has been laid to the cancer of the world, and the operation must now be carried through and the cancer extirpated. The menace of organized forces of millions of men, trained and equipped for aggression and foreign conquest, must no longer exist in the world.

THE WAR AND THE BETTER WAY

By E. T. EEDE

CRITICISM to be useful must be constructive." Bearing this excellent motto in mind, what can be said on the all-absorbing topic of the times?

The Kaiser has said that for twenty odd years he sought only peace, and we may take him at his word, for he is at least sincere. How is it, then, that he has found, not peace, but the most awful war in history?

The answer is plain. Truth is always simple; so simple that earth's great ones often reject it. It must be that he has not sought it aright; he has asked amiss. For this conclusion there is the very highest authority.

Has he not, indeed, asked in the very spirit of selfishness; in pride, vainglory and ambition, rather than in self-denial and benevolence? In his own words, he sought a peace in which "nothing could happen in any part of the world without the German Kaiser's consent."

Had he not been blinded by that spirit of darkness that he taught the Germans that "might is right," he might have discovered his error by simply putting that speech into the Russian Czar's mouth, remembering that the Master said, "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

And when he found, not peace, but

war, he did the most natural thing in the world, he threw all the blame on somebody else, even on his country's oldest and best friend. Was that quite fair to the old friend? Was it? And yet for no better reason he would destroy the British Empire, make Britain a vassal state, and give the Dominions as spoils of war to his Lords to be by them exploited for all time to come.

It is true there are in Canada, and the United States, which would ultimately share Canada's fate, a considerable number of German citizens who would, under the proposed new regime, be admitted to the privileged class, and who, with the incoming officials from the old land, would form the ruling caste.

Germans in Canada and the U. S.

For them the change would mean wealth, rank, power and pleasure, and all that men most covet. And they, perhaps out of gratitude for anticipated favors, are carrying on quite an extensive campaign in the Kaiser's behalf. But for the honest citizens of this country who now, both own the land and govern it, it would mean work, work, work; a little for themselves and much for his Lordship, with no voice in the government, and hats off to your master, or a smash on the head with the flat of a sabre.

This is no fancy picture or figure of rhetoric, but an actual sketch from life in Alsace-Lorraine.

It therefore behooves us who may be pacifists first and Canadians after, or who may naturally hesitate through sympathy for the good-hearted and long-deluded people of Europe, to ponder these things well, to use our own judgment, and stand by our own Government in this the gravest crisis in our history.

And if any of us are partisans first and patriots after, a fault so natural to youth, so disgraceful to maturity, and always injurious to the country, let us rid ourselves of that "vestige of ancient vice" also.

For if any come short of their whole

duty at this time, future generations will not rise up and call them blessed; rather shall children's children remember them with shame and humiliation.

Nations, like individuals, learn by experience; and Germany having pursued a wrong course to the fatal end, may well conclude that a course guided by directly opposite principles would have led to the desired goal.

Nations Learn by Experience.

Four years ago Germany stood almost at the pinnacle of national glory. France had yielded to the inevitable; Russia had bowed to her will; and Great Britain was holding out the olive branch, eager to return to the old friendly status. If Germany had then been led by the highest wisdom, and had sought peace and leadership on altruistic and unselfish lines, the Kaiser might well have said to his few unwilling subjects: "Here, you stubborn and unreasonable provinces, I grant you your freedom. You were much better to stay with us; but if you will join any other state, go and God bless you: it is only what we would ask for ourselves."

The public opinion of an admiring world would have acclaimed the noble Emperor, and he would have found peace and that "place in the sun" which all the force of materialism and all the hate of hell cannot give him.

And if the Kaiser's heart is sore to-day, surely it is because he has harkened to the words of demented philosophers, and the advice of unsocial despots, and turned away from the Master, whom they have despised and rejected.

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

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

NOTICE BOARD

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

FOR PATRIOTIC MEETINGS.

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

ORGANIZATIONS.

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

CREATING EMPLOYMENT.

"The Canadian War" is creating employment, 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.

BOOKSELLERS.

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.

NEWSBOYS.

Toronto newsboys are selling "The Canadian War" and giving their profit of 2c per copy to war funds. Here is an example for newsboys in other towns.

POSTMASTERS.

Every Post Office should display a card of "The Canadian War." It will make a new, definite and constructively patriotic subject of conversation. Suggest to your Postmaster that he write—or write for him.

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AROUND THE CAMP

Some Sidelights That Are Thrown on Discipline When You Tour the Exhibition Grounds in Daylight and Dark; and a Suggestion Here and There of the Seriousness of it All.

BY U. N. C. DUDLEY

“IS the band frozen, Sergeant Clark?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Then the guard will go alone.”

“Yes, sir.”

The adjutant had inspected the guard, which had marched from somewhere in the region of the Poultry Building, to headquarters, where, alongside the band, it had awaited the colonel or other officer who should examine its quality. The sergeant-major brought his men to the exact spot by a series of orders that suggested right-angle alignment along the length of a corkscrew, so precise were his directions. The guard was famous neither for height nor beauty—it was just a fair average of the camp; for no H.R.H. was expected, and the ceremonial was ordinary routine.

Thorough is the Word.

You have seen exalted personages “inspecting” guards of honor and such like, and you have a generally vague idea that a work-a-day inspection by a work-a-day officer is the same casual affair. Not so. The adjutant, thin and lithe and wiry as they are made, really inspects, with the sergeant-major in respectful attendance. He looks over the men’s clothes as if he had made them. He passes from one to the other like a master tailor searching for models.

The inspection cannot be finished in one round, or in two. The adjutant steps to the front of the two ranks, and with a direct solemnity which an arch-deacon might covet, directs them to prepare for inspection of arms. They hold their rifles so that the breeches, the magazines and the bores can be examined minutely. Half of them are looked into minutely, certified as correct, by a dignified silence, and in a little while

everything is ready for the band—and the band is friz. So the guard marches to Dufferin Gate to the music of its own overshoes.

For twenty-four hours the guard is on duty—in sections of four—two hours on and four off. The formal transfer of authority and of gear is a twenty minutes’ affair—so its details cannot be set forth here. Everything is important—the utensils are separately confided to the new guard; the names, numbers and delinquencies of the prisoners particularly set forth, and the cautionary advices to sentries enumerated—indeed, every apparent triviality which you or I would want to take for granted, is attended to with the certainty of a court of justice, and the ceremonial of saluting thrown in. It is good that so it should be.

More Particularity.

Observe, for the eleventh time, how the Case for Discipline comes back. The guard is changed to-day, to-morrow next day, next week, next month, with what looks like an excessive regard for punctilio. But there comes a day when the alertness of the guard, in the field, is literally a matter of life and death for thousands of men who depend on its vigilance.

The moving and saluting, deputing and receiving at Dufferin Gate are only so many of the ingredients which together make up a premium of insurance against disaster.

That is why the band comes out—when it isn’t frozen—to give dignity to the assumption of responsibility for order and respect upon the threshold of the camp.

If you still think there is an unnecessary heed for things which don’t count in this military conduct, try to visualize the work I am trying to describe, and

to tune your ear afresh to the possibilities of the English language—the most glorious instrument of majesty in all the world—and speak, out loud—right out loud, with as much significance as you can command—say “Sergeant of the Guard.”

There is impressiveness, of course, in mere numbers, and in the panoplies with which the military art is often surmounted. Perhaps the soldier's life would not attract so many if a certain pomp of appearing well before the

You get your answer when you see fifty fellows mincing around in a circle, with arms akimbo, and feet a-two-step; and a very smart sergeant-major in the midst of the caps and over-clothes they have discarded, doing likewise, what time he calls, “One, two, three, four.” War and two-steps in overshoes do not seem close affinities, but they are members one of another.

“Ho! patriots,” the sentinel of the Breed may call, “the Hun is upon the shore of the lov'd Motherland, and he



“Under his regulation coat he is free to wear what will keep him warmer than his regulation shirt will do.”

multitude were not associated with it. In itself, perhaps, discipline is no Beauty Unadorned. But it develops a beauty all its own—physical training, to the end that hardness may be acquired and endured, is a military culture in itself—a vastly more vital thing than it seems. A soldier has to march over hard roads, across ploughed fields, through paved streets. What can he have to do with such things as dancing academies teach? Is a soldier a Miss Nancy?

seeks thy kindred to slay them, even the women and children.”

And the patriot answers, “So let it be, till I finish this two-step, and till the band has played for the fourth exercise.”

Sounds queer? But it is true; and wise as true. This two-step, this lying on the back and throwing the feet high towards heaven; this vaulting over barriers—all these things are part of Counting the Cost, of emulating that king who did not lightly send two score

against four score thousand. An hour of physical drill in the morning is a rare transformer—it can create an efficient fighting man out of a human ox.

There is all the difference between a strong man and an athlete—the difference between a good dray horse and a superb steeplechaser. Strength alone won't climb a wall or mount a horse. The muscles of mankind are many and various, and the soldier in these days mustn't be a stranger to the use of them all. You need muscle as well as morale to resist the Evil One who cometh out of Berlin.

We were in the Machinery Hall, as well as the Industrial Building, Number 5, to see the physical work. You know the place—the great oblong shed, of the earlier Exhibition period, with its squared timber pillars and its square windows and shafts and pulleys and oil-splashed floor. It was full of men divested of coats and caps, and as we entered, exercising with their rifles as the band played the tune of what Lloyd George calls the greatest fighting song in the world—"Men of Harlech."

Inspiring, Perspiring.

A rifle weighs nearly nine pounds—a trifle till you have to swing it about, and swing your body at the same time, first to the right, then to the left, then backward, then forward, then up, then down, then over your head, then down to your feet, then behind your neck, then on tiptoe as you reach towards the sky, then on tiptoe as you stoop till you almost sit upon the floor. When you have done these things as fast as the men of Harlech marched, with their flimsy little bows and arrows, you will know that there is perspiration as well as poetry of motion when your King and country get you.

It was all very inspiring, as well as perspiring. Sergeant-Major Whitten stood above the regiments half-way down the hall and shouted his orders—clear voice, stimulating earnestness, contagious confidence; a blend of competence and discipline. Bare-headed, with his coat off, the soldier looks almost as ordinary as the rest of us, even

with his rifle in hand. Under his regulation coat he is free to wear what will keep him warmer than his regulation shirt will do.

Sport from Orillia.

It was the nineteenth battalion in Machinery Hall—the boys from the smaller places. If I could go up Lake Couchiching way, I would inquire for the identity of a red-headed fellow who has turned his feet from the goal to the trench—a fellow, one would say, who never tires, who keeps at his job till there is no job left; a red-headed fellow who wore the blue and white sweater with "Orillia" blazoned across the chest. May his example be multiplied!

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

Volunteering in Ottawa for the Ottawa regiments to go in the third Canadian contingent is none too rapid. Two hundred have come forward in a couple of weeks. Five hundred and fifty are wanted. Meanwhile thousands of our youths attend hockey matches and patronize vaudeville and the movies. Audiences composed largely of young men are able even to give considerable applause in our theatres to songs which proclaim how much nicer it is to stay at home than go for a soldier and risk being shot. That happened, for instance, in the Dominion Theatre Saturday evening. In Britain such songs would, we imagine, be hissed off the stage. In Germany, of course, the vocalist would be put in jail.—The Ottawa Journal.

The new Industrial Building, without an impeding pillar in all its noble floor, is drill hall, theatre and church. Six days a week they push the bishop's pulpit aside as if it were a piece of stage scenery. Among other things which usurp the episcopal interest are basket ball goals. But on the night of our call the whole place was dark, for a picture show—the biggest movie theatre I have ever entered.

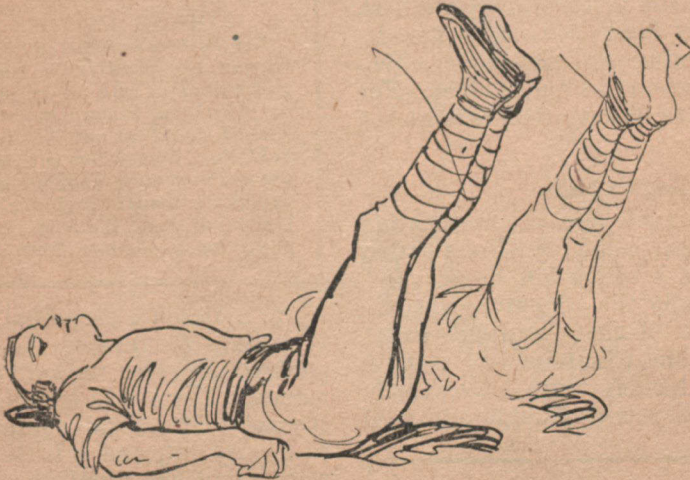
At first you could see nothing but the light leaking from the operating chamber, and a changing mist on the screen. The audience of about two thousand men was at the far end. The film was the Destruction of Pompeii. I had seen

it elsewhere, so that the picture which nobody had come to see was more interesting—and it was like one of Whistler's famous pictures, the details of which you must paint in your own mind.

We stood on the edge of the ring, which surrounded the seated multitude. Besides the picture on the screen, this is what we saw: A mass of dark, capped figures on the floor, illuminated here and there and now and then by a match struck for pipe or cigarette, and giving a weird suggestion of safe and restful bivouac. It was faintly moonlight outside, and the frosted windows—dozens and dozens of arched eyes it seemed—

We stayed to watch the British pictures, and disappointed were we. We had been shown German artillery, described as the most efficient in the world. Wait till we see our own, we said, and the men will cheer. Our own came last. They were good, but not half of what we wanted them to be. There was cheering, of course, and as much as the film deserved. But there was more disappointment.

Nobody was to blame. They were star attractions; but they were American attractions, designed for American audiences in which the German element, it would seem, must be respected. It is galling to be dependent on alien



"This lying on the back, and throwing the feet towards heaven."

and the frosted skylights conspired to tell me I was in a cathedral of Mars; a vast nave wherein uncounted warriors had sought a temporary sanctuary.

As that idea came, there was a stirring among the warriors, as if the quality of their rest had been changed—as indeed it was. The fictitious fall of Pompeii gave place to the real demonstrations of war in Europe. We saw the living powers of Austria, of Servia, of Montenegro, of Russia, of Germany, of France, of Belgium and of Britain—naval, military, aerial. Solomon in all his glory, Napoleon in all his conquests, never saw what these average soldiers saw and understood.

sources for such aids to Britannic patriotism as these. The assurances of the American caterers were better than their performances—wherein was a lesson learned and acted upon, that very night.

There was humour in the reception of some of the Austrian and German scenes; but once in a while a growl went up—an ominous, almost an ugly growl it was; and you listened instinctively for the bulldog snap, and the hard, relentless breathing that says the grip is to the finish—sure.

We found an indignant lady in the canteen, right after the show—one of the ladies who have endowed the camp

with all that belongs to grace and motherliness, and to the kindness that never fails. She had been to the pictures, and—well, I am glad to say her language was quite as proper as her sentiments and almost as strong.

We met her in the centre aisle of the Dairy Building, betwixt the refreshment counters and the rest and writing room. Soldiers came and went; some of them with great chunks of pie which they ate as they walked. Busy, comradey, relaxed—a gay atmosphere, with the genius of a wise womanhood presiding over it. Back from where the good lady partially expressed her feelings about the percentage of Rule Britannia in the pictures, was the desk of the Penny Bank, with an eager depositor claiming the assiduous attention of an accountant and a teller. For me, henceforth, the canteen became the Rialto.

Unpuzzling Regulations.

When you have seen the men eating pie, you are prepared for officers eating hot dog. As I had a hot dog myself, I don't see why the adventure need be kept a secret. Ours is a citizen army, and dignity and discipline can stand a modicum of homely truth. Everybody knows that officers get hungry and need

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

In Windsor the writer entered a store and asked for the proprietor. "He has gone to the front," said the chief clerk, an athletic young fellow. "Good for him!" was the visitor's response. "Not on your life!" sneered the clerk. "He should be kicked for going."—Letter to the Globe.

a little breakaway. Sometimes officers are promoted and excuses arise for innocent departure from the rigid requirements of Duty. So we saw the chiefs of a battalion with their puttees off, and joined in their feast.

It was a love feast. We talked shop—which shows it was not merely a social affair. We did not kill the Germans with our mouths. There are

things of more immediate concern at the Exhibition, for life there is one serious preparation after another.

I found the colonel helping one of his majors to unpuzzle a problem in horses, harness and wagons, which was concealed in the regulations from Ottawa. A battalion needs so many draft horses for hauling equipment, so many swifter animals for communications, and a variety of gears too numerous to mention. At the bases there must be details to replace casualties.

Father of His Family.

Altogether, when you remember that a battalion is a good-sized country

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

The British-born hired men who have flooded the country in the past few years have caused an irritation that is very serious, though the matter is so absurd that I do not like to refer to it publicly. Discussion will tend to clear the air and raise people's minds above the petty issues that are influencing them and lead them to recognize the great issue.—Letter from a farmer.

town, living in a perpetual moving day, you begin to glimpse the immense organization which its active service demands. There was trouble making up the total of animal equipment, owing to a misprint, and a little difficulty in reconciling the numbers of auxiliaries required for the base and their counterparts at the front. This discrepancy was more apparent than real when it was found that one man does clerical work for both sections of the battalion, and is counted twice. In horses and harness, where there was question as to the precise quantities provided for, the colonel practised the maxim, "When in doubt, ask for more."

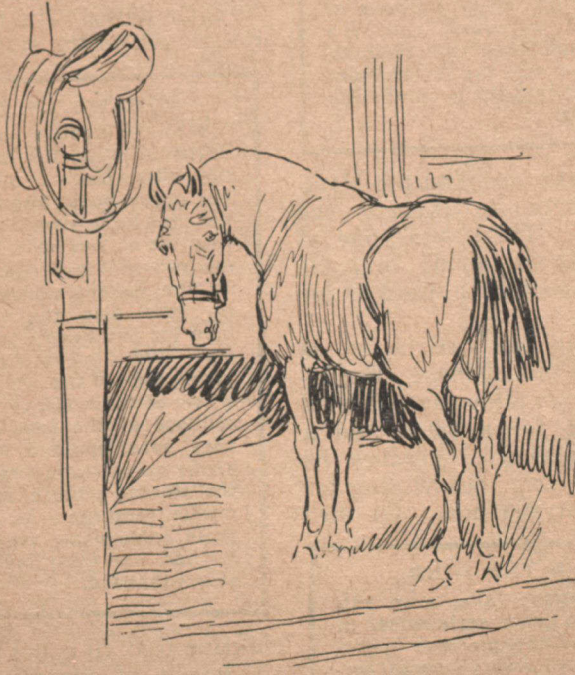
The colonel, off duty, is just a human father of his official family. I suppose all the colonels of the camp have been civilians first and soldiers next. They certainly have not the high and mighty distance of colonels we used to know in the long ago. They talk just like men. They are putting the same efficiency and everyday gumption into

their soldiering that they have put into life elsewhere.

A camp is a camp. The officers wear collars the color of their coats. Their quarters are plainly furnished. They sleep in sheetless beds, consume simple rations, and—well you would think they are working by the piece. In the apartment where hot-dog was dispensed we ate, and smoked, and talked, around the stove. I heard of the barrack-room lawyer for the first time, and of the skill that is developed by meeting him where he is on the de-

any other notion than to do their work becomingly, to deserve the respect of those to whom they give orders.

They learn that you can only get the best out of men by giving the best that is in you. The best chance I had of observing this maxim in operation was in the Exhibition sheep pens, where Capt. Morrison of the artillery was getting his quarters into shape. The captain is a South African veteran—I think he was mentioned in despatches. He has prospected the Northern woods and rocks for eight years, so that what



“What the mischief do you suppose I am here for?”

fensive. Other things I heard which it would be quite seemly but not appropriate to repeat. All things conspired to pass a very pleasant hour in the midst of all the promise of war and the blessings of peace.

Writers who have been with the German army tell of the insufferable self-exaltation of the junior officer. Youth in any kind of authority is apt to get swelled head. When it deals with subordinates it cannot always resist a temptation to show that it is on top. But I don't think that even the junior officers at the Exhibition have

he does not know about making the best of conditions is not worth knowing. We found him watching physical drill in an alleyway between the hospital and his quarters.

The captain, who was specially selected to have charge of the Eaton battery, has done his best to get skilled craftsmen. The carpentering and electric wiring and other mechanical work was done by the soldiers. The officers are going to be in the same building with the men—usually an undesirable arrangement, for familiarity breeds, you know. But between the wooden walls

of their apartment and the men's quarters the store-room is an effective barrier to sound.

The Cook Who Can.

Mindful of experience of veldt and bush, Captain Morrison was swift to tell us that he had the best cook in camp and straightway took us to him. The cook was a very tall, brainy-looking young chap, who had spent years

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

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

in the United States army on the Mexican border, where he learned the tricks of his art. There was none of the Aldershot accent about him—he was as full of respect for himself as for his superior.

He manipulates the rations so as to make the most out of them. For instance, there was an allowance of dried peaches sufficient for a smell and a taste. Trading beans for peaches, he got enough fruit for a real helping for each of his seventy-six men. By such

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

The general public fails, even yet, fully to grasp the grave seriousness of the situation, and the glorious opportunity for national and personal service now facing our people.—Toronto Daily News.

honorable and capable juggling he puts on meals that astonish you when you know that it is done on an allowance of thirty cents per day per man.

We drank the cook's health in bowls of coffee, whose excellent taste was made more excellent still by powdered milk. So that between evaporated peaches and evaporated milk and a cook who knows, the artillerymen are in good case.

The riding school for the Mounted Rifles, who are in their military in-

fancy, was in front of the grandstand, on which signallers were flapping their orders. There were 1,400 horses in camp—more than were originally expected, and more than there was equipment for. Jovial recruits were careering round the race track with uncertain seats on bare backs, and as much control over their steeds as a stable halter would permit.

Riders Who Can't.

The riding was of all sorts and sizes. Several men hardly knew how they got up. One had not the faintest idea how he came down. His horse went scamp-ering back to the stable, and he sat re-

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

While Kingston has probably done better in proportion to population than any other place in the Dominion, and her proud boast has always been that her men have always been on the firing line, we do not have to go any farther away than the Kingston district itself to find equally disquieting conditions, for here, also, the work of enlisting men for the third contingent has been slow and almost discouraging. The young men of the city and district—not a few of them out of work—praise the soldiers of the second contingent as they pass, applaud when the bands strike up patriotic airs, and cheer when the moving picture shows present patriotic features. But there it ends; their enthusiasm will carry them no farther, nor their loyalty.—The Kingston Standard.

flecting that all is not snow that bumps. A friend of his who had descended without losing contact with the halter was trying to mount again. The Australian has mercifully refrained from depicting his frantic efforts to remount. Horses do not live long, they say, where shrapnel is abundant, and there was, of course, a certain sorrow in watching these animals; some of whose unshod feet told us that they came from the peaceful, profound countryside.

In Colonel Chadwick's orderly room, where, by the way, 600 pairs of socks were piled—the gift of a Toronto lady—and in the stables, there was abundant pride in the general quality of the mounts, and especially in some of the

more distinguished. Here was one, for instance, who knew nothing but races before he became a soldier. They used to think he was unmanageable. He is now acquainted with the need for Discipline, though there is a suggestion of regret in his mien, as he turns his head to look at you, as if to say, "What the mischief do you suppose I am here for?"

For the Last Post.

Of course, the horses don't know what to make of it all. The case for discipline is softened for them by the excellence of their quarters, abundance of company and regularity of attention. Some of the chargers don't relish having to listen to the band—it's their unaccustomed nerves and not the music or the melody-freezing frost that's at fault. The rattle of a gun-carriage makes him think there is something wrong with the load, and the

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

Don't you think we are doing all we can AFFORD?—Toronto business man to one of the contributing editors.

bugle note takes some understanding in a horse.

That same bugle is too eloquent for most of us. We have heard some of its discourse on steamers, at meal times, and there are suggestions of familiarity about the reveille which invades the D. A. A. and Q. M. G.'s bedroom at six o'clock to let you know how sleepy you are. The Last Post, which puts the camp to slumber, at the witching hour of ten, has an eloquence all its own.

I waited for it at an open upstairs window, hard by the Dufferin Gate. Why should it call to mind the lover and his lass standing by the wicket gate, in the fragrant lane, under the careless, unobserving moon? I suppose because there is always a sweet sorrow about love's last good-night; and because this camp is one of the outward and visible signs of an inward and permeating devotion. Behind the Regulation is a Reason, and behind the Reason there is an Obedience to Honour and Love.

So the Last Post announced its leave for the rest that belongs to the soldier who marches, and swings his rifle above his head, and renews his legs with the two-step, and drills in the snow. Some of its notes are quick and sharp—like the peremptory warning of the girl that it is time to be gone.

Searching, Searching.

Then it falls into a half-pleading strain, and while the calls linger with the bugler, reluctant it would seem to go out to the cold, responseless expanse



Take up thy bed and walk.

of Ontario, automobile lights flash into your vision, as these monster eyes of the night turn and turn again to make the exit for the seemingly indifferent city.

The Last Post searched your heart; the speeding auto seemed to be searching the earth for hidden foes. The only answer you could give was silence; and the Camp—the Camp fell to slumber as it had done every night for months. And the sentries paced their lonely ground; and presently, from far down where the Midway customarily flaunts its blare, a voice is heard,

"Haltwhogoesthere!"

A FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Further to the general financial statement that was given in No. Three of "The Canadian War," the following will show where the publication stands up to the fifth number:

"The Canadian War" was launched on certain promises of financial support and advertising from gentlemen who believed it could serve the national cause. Those promises warranted the issuing of the magazine in a cover. The printing was, therefore, more expensive than was at first contemplated.

To be effective, also, more than a local distribution was necessary, which involved considerable expense. Of each of the first three numbers 10,000 were printed. Of No. Four 15,000 were sent out, and of No. Five 20,000 were issued from the press. The expenses of producing and distributing these 65,000 copies has been \$1,721.37.

As stated in every copy of "The Canadian War," it is written and edited without remuneration. Not one cent has gone, directly or indirectly, for editorial or general management of the propaganda. Those who know anything about the issuing of literature know that expenses in connection with distribution must be considerable. "The Canadian War" was offered the use of a large mailing list of the leading financial and commercial names in the country, and the first issues were sent to 6,000 addresses so furnished, to 800 newspapers in Canada, and to about 1,000 persons known to have shown an interest in patriotic work.

Since then 4,000 of the persons whose names were supplied by a financial house received a copy of No. 4, with a special letter inviting their practical co-operation in deepening national sentiment for the war. A very small percentage of these have responded.

Of No. 5, which contained a special article, "To Doctors' Wives," 5,000 copies were sent to doctors, each with a special letter. Up to Tuesday, Feb. 2, about twenty doctors had replied. The expense incurred for these special distributions has, of course, been heavy, and the results are not to be measured entirely by replies forwarded to the office. The demand is, no doubt, being created through local booksellers; but it takes time to learn the effect of this.

Through the ordinary wholesale channels, after the first week, something over 4,200 copies per week have been sent out, on sale or return. A few booksellers have offered to sell without profit to themselves, and a thousand have been individually offered the special terms on sales for the benefit of local war funds. Toronto newsboys have offered to sell "The Canadian War," giving the whole

of their profit of two cents per copy to the Belgian Relief Fund.

The Alberta Boy Scouts, on request of their provincial council, are selling "The Canadian War," giving half the gross receipts to local funds. It is not yet possible to know exactly how the sales are going in Alberta.

Much has been done to organize sales in Toronto and outside. In the city employment has been found for several people. Every cent that has gone into the production of the paper has created entirely new employment. The work that has been done is well worth while from that point of view alone. The letters of appreciation that have been received show that it is only a question of ability to cover the ground, and "The Canadian War" will render notable service throughout Canada, as well as earn money for the funds.

Several people have, quite properly, asked how the profits are to be ascertained and allocated, and by whom. The fact that the names of well-known journalists are on every copy of "The Canadian War" is not offered as the last proof that their word can be unquestionably accepted.

It may be well to state that those who offered the initial financial support declined a suggestion that a representative of a bank should be asked to act as treasurer. Books are being kept exactly as though "The Canadian War" were a commercial enterprise; so that every nickel will be accounted for. If the responses to direct letters had been say, one in five, we could already have divided several hundred dollars between the various war funds. As it is, "The Canadian War" has turned over \$56.55 to the Belgian Relief Committee of the U. E. Loyalists, being 50 per cent. of all subscriptions sent to Miss Helen Merrill.

The position at this going to press is as follows:

Income.	
From donations, subscriptions, advertising, and sales	\$1,283 18
Due on advertising and donation account	315 00
Due on sales: Wholesale agents and Alberta Boy Scouts (estimate) ...	150 00
	\$1,748 18
Expenditures.	
Printing and distributing, office and organizing expenses, including \$56.55 to Miss Merrill	\$1,215 77
Accounts owing	505 60
Balance on hand	36 81
	\$1,748 18

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