

6011A/59/C
CANA

NEXT WEEK : INDIA WALKS IN

THE CANADIAN WAR

PATRIOTISM

UNION

VICTORY

Written and Edited
Without Remuneration

Devoted Entirely to
Propaganda for the War

Circulated Below Cost
All Profits for War Funds

Sixth Number

February 6, 1915

Five Cents

AROUND THE CAMP

ILLUSTRATED

SOAP-BOX PATRIOTISM

TO SIR WILFRID LAURIER

What the United States Should Do

WHERE ARE YOU

United States Friendship

J. A. Stewart, New York

Our Partnership with Britain

Constance R. Boulton

What the War Means

to Russia

B. A. Gould

Thanks and Appeal

for the Belgians

Helen Merrill

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DEDICATED

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

WHERE ARE YOU?

IT is being apprehended that the temper of the country is under-constructed, under-seized of the magnitude of the business to which it has put its hand. We have talked of what we are doing. Some have imagined that money and bandages and sweaters were the major offerings of our patriotism. These things are magnificent, but they are not war. The women have led the men in toil that the terrors of the field may be mitigated. But the men have not risen as they should have risen. It is given to some to SEE, and to act on what they see. It is time to devote more attention to what we must DO than we give to explanations as to what we haven't done.

The Toronto Daily News confesses that recruiting for the third contingent in the rural districts is disappointing, and that there is a feeling that the country is not throwing its whole weight into the war. Of certain rich men, the Daily News says that they have failed their country and the Empire. In line with this complaint is a paragraph from a letter in the Globe: There are many things to do for the Empire at this time, and young Cana-

dians can be depended upon to do their share. But it is necessary to teach the thoughtless ones their duty. They do not realize their position, as these two instances which came to the writer's notice shows:—In Guelph two strapping young Canadians met, and one accosted the other with: "Hello, Bert! Going to the hockey match Friday night?" "Naw, I haven't the price." "Well, why don't you enlist?" "Not for mine; let them Bronchos go to the front." 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."

Many of us are still afraid to discuss the realities of our case. That is largely because we have been so long in the bondage of political partisanship which thinketh much evil that we have not realized that this war is set to make an end of what is ignoble—and God knows there is vastly too much of it—in our public life.

Here is a letter from a business man

who says he gets all he wants about the war from the telegraphic news from Europe. He has no glimmering yet that it is his bounden duty as a Canadian citizen to think and to read what this war means for Canada in Canada. He is a reader of distant war news—as a Patagonian might be.

Here is another from a millionaire Senator. He takes time, brains and his secretary's time to tell The Canadian War that there are so many publications that he cannot give time to Canada's relation to her own fight. His time is worth dollars an hour, judged by his known income. He consumed about five dollars' worth of his energy and the cost of his secretarial labor in explaining why he could not entertain the suggestion that he should spend fifty cents on the spread of Canadian propaganda for Canada's war.

Right Sort of Doctor.

Here is a letter from a sincerely patriotic lady, enclosing a subscription. She says that she saw a name on The Canada War which made her fear that perhaps it was going to be "political in the end," and so she did not trouble to examine it till the third number came, and then she made herself read it; and now she wants it for two friends in the United States besides herself.

Here is a letter from a doctor enclosing six months' subscription, with a note saying that he is paying the editors no compliment, for the article by B. A. Gould on National Honor is worth ten times the money. It is worth stating in this place that Mr. Gould is an American resident of Canada who, believing heart and soul in our cause, has been of more practical assistance in this work than any of the Canadians who, like the Senator of assured eminence, have been given an opportunity to cooperate in a piece of essentially patriotic, vitally Canadian work.

In letters which declare a lack of vision, and letters that show that the fire of patriotism glows, even when it is overlaid by venerable ideas of what is political and what is patriotic, you have the case for propaganda for the war.

We need sympathetic touch with people like the cordial doctor, for he will want to spread the warmth. We need equally to get into touch with evasionists, like the Senator and the business man, who, at present, will take costly time of theirs and yours to tell you why they won't do anything to deepen sentiment for the war.

Perhaps our greatest national enemy in these days is the strange orthodoxy of partisanship which has been allowed to permeate even our purest living. Take the good lady who dreads something "political." What is "political"? The whole war is political. It is the fruit of bad politics. Politics is the science of government. The good lady would not refuse to speak to the Prime Minister or read what he says about the war on the ground that he is "political." And yet, what else is he? What else can he be?

The truth is that we have allowed our standard of working patriotism (which is politics) to fall so low that we assume that whatever touches the government is something to be avoided by high-minded people as though it were the pestilence that walketh in darkness—until it gets into office, and then we tremble before it, and fear to speak our minds.

Calls This "Disunion"!

Heaven knows there is reason enough to dread what may happen because of this "political" orthodoxy under which we make it a business to impute hideous motives to our fellow-citizens. The signs are ominous. For a small one, take a comment on an article that appeared here. The Canadian War stands for union, in which public men of all parties will be as united openly and vocally as public men in Britain are, in propaganda for the war and in counsel for its most efficient prosecution.

From that desire and from the expression of it there can be no deviation if patriotism is to be served. Party division and party exclusiveness now is a sin. It will scarcely be believed, but the advocacy of union here is denounced in a daily newspaper as dis-

union. An ulterior motive is discovered and a stigma sought to be attached to a plea that is as innocent as mortal thing can be.

It is hopeless to expect that good men who have been nourished many years in what has passed for "politics" in a country that deserves a public life above reproach, shall be transformed into angels of patriotic light, as suddenly as the darkness of war covers the sky. This is as true of partisans on one side as on the other. The man who knows nothing but what are called machine politics, who sees in "the game" the material advantage of one gang of workers over another, is no guide for a time like this. If we cannot get practical ideals of public service at work we are undone indeed.

Professor Wrong is Right.

Parliament is sitting again. The session will impose a strain on the Opposition which it may not resist. The temptation to go bull-headed at the Militia Department is great. Professor Wrong suggested in a recent speech that the Government be secured in office for at least a year after the war, without an election, but that it be criticized, as a matter of course. That is excellent counsel. There ought to be a definitive truce to partisan warfare and a refusal to contemplate an election as a means of party gain. We are a pretty poor lot of Britons if we cannot raise our party level as high as it has been raised in London and in counties where the baby killers have been at work.

In the present suspicious temper of the party press there is especial need for restraint. The Toronto Globe, pleading once more against an election, says that some Liberals would welcome a fight because hard times hurt a Government, and a cry of "Laurier and a return to prosperity" would be a most effective slogan.

If the Liberal party went into an election with such a slogan, it would de-

serve every evil that could overtake it. Such a slogan would be a shameless prostitution of the facts and of the known limitations of political action. The prosperity about which there was so much vanity was a prosperity in which the business of spending borrowed money outran the increase of production which alone can earn interest on the borrowed money.

The Globe has warned the country that railways that were established by the Liberal Government will, for a period, fail to earn their bond interest. If, in these searching times, a Liberal party cannot offer the country clear apprehensions of Liberal principles, the sure promise of a brand of statesmanship infinitely superior to that which animates the kind of Liberal to whom the Globe alludes, it cannot succeed in winning the respect, much less the toil of Liberal-minded men. The Liberal party needs several convictions, as well as the power to state them in a convincing way.

There is immense necessity for the country to understand thoroughly that the ordinary canons of expediency which have governed the political parties in years ago no more fit the opening of 1915 than a banana leaf would clothe a Chesterfield Inlet Eskimo. It is bare justice to say that Mr. Rowell has in his speeches shown more realization of what we are up against than any other political leader who has recently spoken. His speech at Hamilton, in which he appealed for more and more recruits, and called for united campaigns for them similar to what they have had and still have in the Old Land, displayed more statesmanship and patriotism, more of the essence of unity and of the promise of victory than anything that has been uttered in Ontario for many days. His responsibility for striving for unity is no whit greater than that of every other man, each in his own sphere.

In relation to that—WHERE ARE YOU?

A SPIRITUAL PARTNERSHIP

In Fighting With Britain to Uphold the Honour of the Plighted Word,
Canada Achieves the Glory of Immeasurable Sacrifice.

By CONSTANCE RUDYERD BOULTON

IF ever there was a clarion call to Canadian men and women to bury their real or apparent differences of opinion, surely the present national and imperial crisis is a justification for such an appeal. Unity, one of the fundamental principles involved in this struggle, should be so overwhelming and so universal as to swamp all contentious theories and arguments.

Yet there is evidence that we cannot present that splendid unity of purpose and action in Canada, which is so imperative, if we are to apply the maximum of the driving force towards the ultimate results we are aiming at in this world struggle.

A section of public opinion which is unwilling to give up pre-conceived theories which have been suddenly destroyed in the flame of reality. The advocates of militarism and pacifism, universalism and nationalism are still contending with the energy of a tug-of-war. It is not an edifying spectacle.

In this time of national trial a jarring note is struck when the remark is made, "You militarists want war"—when a man says to a woman, whose only son has gone to the front, both mother and son believing it to be a clear question of duty, "Every man who goes to the front is a brute."

Nobody Loves War.

Numbers of people assert loudly that it does not matter who began the war, the warring parties are all equally guilty, and all are equally mystified in pushing this deadly struggle to the bitter end. Again, it is said that war, no matter under what circumstances it is undertaken, is opposed to all spiritual progress.

Such an attitude of mind proves a curious confusion of ideas and an unwarranted ignorance and indifference to the actual facts. There is no justification whatever in the accusation that

a sane and reasonable national defence desire war and the tyranny known to us as German militarism.

On the contrary, it is for the purpose of upholding the dignity of national life and the cherishing of those ideals which the nation proclaims as their own that men and women recognize the necessity of an adequate defence policy. That war is opposed to spiritual progress is an argument which at once confounds its advocates. It immediately exalts the material above the spiritual and is against all the teaching of the prophets. A man may lose his life to gain his own soul. The upholding of honor and good faith, even at the cost of precious life and much suffering, is a priceless gift to the world and to the cause of spiritual progress.

Greater love hath no man than that he lay down his life for his friend. Nations and individuals are exemplifying that spiritual truth to-day to an extent which has never been known in the history of the world.

Britain could have played the part of the callous coward, of the false friend, and stayed absolutely outside of this bitter struggle. With equanimity she could have stood by while all the treaties of the Hague concerning international law, to which she had subscribed, were torn to shreds, saying, "War is a wicked thing; I will not shed blood for scraps of paper."

Contribution to Spiritual Advance.

England could have hugged herself tight within the shores of her Island kingdom, deeply concerned for the safety of her national skin, the preservation of her precious shillings and pence. But the nation of shopkeepers rose to heights sublime. Loyalty to a friend and national honor have been exalted above the advantage of material security. Things spiritual have been for all

time proved worthy the sacrifice of priceless blood and treasure.

That is the contribution which to-day the British Empire is making towards the spiritual advancement of the world. We in Canada, if we would be truly worthy of a place as partner in that wonderful galaxy of nations known as the British Empire, must recognize that honor, friendship, freedom and

courage are things which pertain to the spirit, and by our gift of life and treasure for the safeguarding of those qualities of the spirit we become definitely associated with the future spiritual life of the world. And all the wisdom of the ages, all the theories and dreams of philosophers poets and saints fade into futility and insignificance before the glory of that immeasurable sacrifice.

THE JOYFUL SIDE OF THE WAR

How Social Barriers Are Broken Down in England and France.

BY ALICE B. SCHUYLER.

THERE is a joyful side, incongruous as it may seem, to this awful war, and I think it is evidenced in the spirit of the people.

In England, for the moment, all barriers of class are broken, in the common desire of each to do his best possible to help in the pushing from behind that which is necessary to help our brave ones at the front.

When one enters a railway carriage now-a-days, one finds, instead of being treated as an unwelcome intruder, there is an instantaneous moving up to make room, and before many miles have been travelled, you find yourself in close and interested conversation with your neighbor. If, as often happens, each has dear ones in the fighting line, there is almost a spirit of relationship existing by the time the destination is reached.

In a hospital, where I was doing my small "possible," one of the kitchen maids who worked from 8 a.m. till 8 p.m. at the hardest kind of work, was a woman who never in her life before, probably, had peeled a potato, and yet she looked happy as well as tired when the motor came for her in the evening.

It is the same thing in France.

An old bachelor in Paris, rather a crusty, unamiable person, who had never put himself out very much for any one, found that he was beyond the desirable age to fight, and for a few

weeks he was fearfully miserable. Then, all at once, as Paris began to have the Belgian refugees to care for, he realized that he had a bath room and a kitchen, and could dispense hospitality on his own account. When last I heard, he was spending his whole time walking from his apartment near the Park Monceau to the Cirque d'Hiver, and bringing the Belgians up in twos and fours, where they could have a hot bath and a meal. And in the giving, I am told, he was growing "young and handsome."

These are only two examples of hundreds that might be given, and while I have not the slightest desire to preach, it does seem that if we each and all dwelt less on the horrors, of which God knows there are so many, and considered a little more the splendid sacrifices and the beautiful things that are being done everywhere, we should be less unhappy.

* * *

[Mrs. Schuyler, who is one of the daughters of Mr. Justice Britton, of Toronto, has been working, both in Paris and in England, among the wounded and for the troops. She has great skill as a masseuse and has devoted this to the cause. Associated with Mrs. Schuyler is Miss Elsie Montizambert, the youngest daughter of the late Colonel Montizambert, a well-known Canadian soldier of his day.]

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

THE evening and the morning were the second day at the camp. The Australian this time was also with the D.A.A. and Q.M.G.—the Australian puts the free swing of the antipodean uplands into his drawing, as you can see. The Australian has also been a dragoon, and has forgotten more about military ways than I shall ever know.

Returning to headquarters after a midnight prowling of the frontier where sentries walk, something was said about the barrack-room lawyer—a gentleman of valor of whom remarks may be added hereafter. Earlier in the evening I had heard for the first time, from a colonel, of the barrack-room lawyer, and out in the snow he intruded again.

Discipline Comes Back.

The D.A.A. and Q.M.G. mentioned him. The Australian illustrated him, out there in the snow, with his mouth. He stood at attention to say quickly, complainingly, with a tone commingled of resentment and triumph—the express reflection of the barrack-room lawyer: “Beg pa’d’n, sir, but you can’t give me more than seven days C.B. f’ that, sir?”

Observe how the Case for Discipline always comes back, whenever you touch military affairs. The barrack, the camp, the parade ground, headquarters, are all subject to the rule of Rules. Some of the rules can only be learned by breaking them. The art of doing it, acquired with a certain elusive skill by the barrack-room lawyer, is a little more dangerous than the like art which, in a legislature, may develop a great Parliamentarian out of quite indifferent material. Seven days C.B. is not so heavy a punishment as it sounds; but still, it is irksome enough. It is bad enough to be confined to the house for

mumps, but to be shut up in barracks with fatigue duties and dirty work generally to do, is galling to a man’s pride—especially if he be a barrack-room lawyer, skilled and hardened in the niceties of His Majesty’s Army Regulations, by a protracted, well-thought-out, calculated evasion of as many as lend themselves to that fascinating, most illuminating of the auxiliary arts of jurisprudence. There are few barrack-room lawyers in the Exhibition camp.

Mighty Excellent Discipline.

One sinner destroyeth much good. One ingenious avoider of duty in a company will spread his quality as a rotting apple spreads itself through a barrel. Discipline is kept up, not against the man who doesn’t need it, but as a defence of that man against his fellow who does.

Discipline is a mighty excellent thing. You need have no hesitation in recommending it—to other people. Let your respect increase, therefore, for the high-spirited man who brings himself cheerfully to the yoke of obedience because, so doing, his country may be served. The indifferent creature, and natural-born evasionist who drifts into a regiment, is to be congratulated because something will pull him up, and perhaps keep him up.

But the other fellow, the man who turns as naturally towards efficiency—take off your hat to him, and thank the Lord that it is to him, and to such as him, that your own honor as a free citizen has been confided, for the yoke is not easy, and his burden is not light.

Accept, if you will, a few impressions that persist after this evening and morning of the second day at the Exhibition Camp—the impressions, I mean, that come of this seeming subjection of Freedom to Rule as you tramp

around with the D.A.A. and Q.M.G. and the Australian Who Knows.

In the Manufacturers' Building, where, as tired feet perambulate the aisles, the pianola is heard, lovely dresses are seen, and seductive samples are tasted, there are this day a million rounds of ammunition—enough to slay all the human beings in Canada if they were conveniently placed. Day and

"Sentry," said the D.A.A. and Q.M.G., with exceeding politeness.

"Yessir," said the stiff figure.

"Why didn't you challenge us as we approached?"

"I don't challenge anybody after ten o'clock at night, sir."

"Well, but think a little, sentry," said the D.A.A. and Q.M.G., after the manner of a grieved father. "Use your



Arms and The Man—A
Movement in Musical
Drill.

night two sentries march across the eastern front of the building, between it and the Press Building. Why there are no sentries at the western end I have not inquired, though I suppose it is because the western doors are barricaded.

Sentries Who Didn't.

A little before midnight we went to see the sentries. The first stood at attention, facing east, as we approached from the north. We walked right up to him. He was silent as wet gunpowder.

brains, you know. You are guarding this building. Three men approach you. You don't know who they are, and you don't ask. What is to prevent these two gentlemen"—he motioned towards the Australian and U. N. C. Dudley, who, together are twelve feet high and weigh something over four hundred pounds—"what is to prevent these two gentlemen knocking you down whilst I am talking to you?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You must not allow anybody to ap-

proach nearer than twenty-five yards without a challenge."

"Yessir."

"And as you say 'Halt! who goes there?' you must bring your rifle to the charge to receive the visitor. There must be no exception to this. Do you understand, sentry?"

"Yessir."

"Is this your first time on sentry go?"

"Second, sir."

"Well, now, remember next time, will you?"

"Yessir."

We passed on, and the sentry saluted, as sentries do, by bringing the disengaged hand with a slap over to his sloped rifle.

By a singular mischance, the second sentry was mum as the first, as we approached. The lecture was repeated. We advanced fifty yards towards the lake and then faced about.

This time it was, "Haltwhogoes-there?" and the rifle came down to the charge, and three men stood still as convicted burglars.

"Friend," said the Deputy Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster-General.

Sentry Who Did.

"Advance, friend," said the sentry, and the D.A.A. and Q.M.G. advanced accordingly to the poised bayonet, and discoursed with the subordinate whose command he had obeyed.

"Advance one!" called the sentry, and one of us advanced. In a few seconds "Advance one!" he called again, and the Australian advanced and the manoeuvre was complete—the only military operation in which this one was ever engaged.

"I was through here one very dark night," said the D.A.A. and Q.M.G., "and came very nearly being run through. Perhaps I was woolgathering; but, anyway, I didn't see the sentry, and by Jove! I was all but on to his weapon; and he was ready for execution.

"You've been at this job before?" I said to him. "Where did you learn your business?"

"In the Philippines," he said."

It was a pretty cold night. The Exhibition is a mighty sight more comfortable place than the Ypres Canal, but there are better outings at this time of year than lugging a nine-pound rifle back and forth, outside that million rounds of ammunition, and in sight of buildings which luckier beings than yourself enter with sublime assurance of comfort announced by every crinkle of their clothes.

A sentry may, with good face, be sorry for himself. The two raw lads whose passing failure is here noted, were green and insufficiently instructed. They stood up well under an ordeal which made me feel that I had no business to see it. They were good honest lads, learning their great business, and getting experience on the way to perfection.

Of course, they might have been reported and their little failings inquired into by the colonel. They were instructed and left alone.

General Gordon to W. T. Stead.

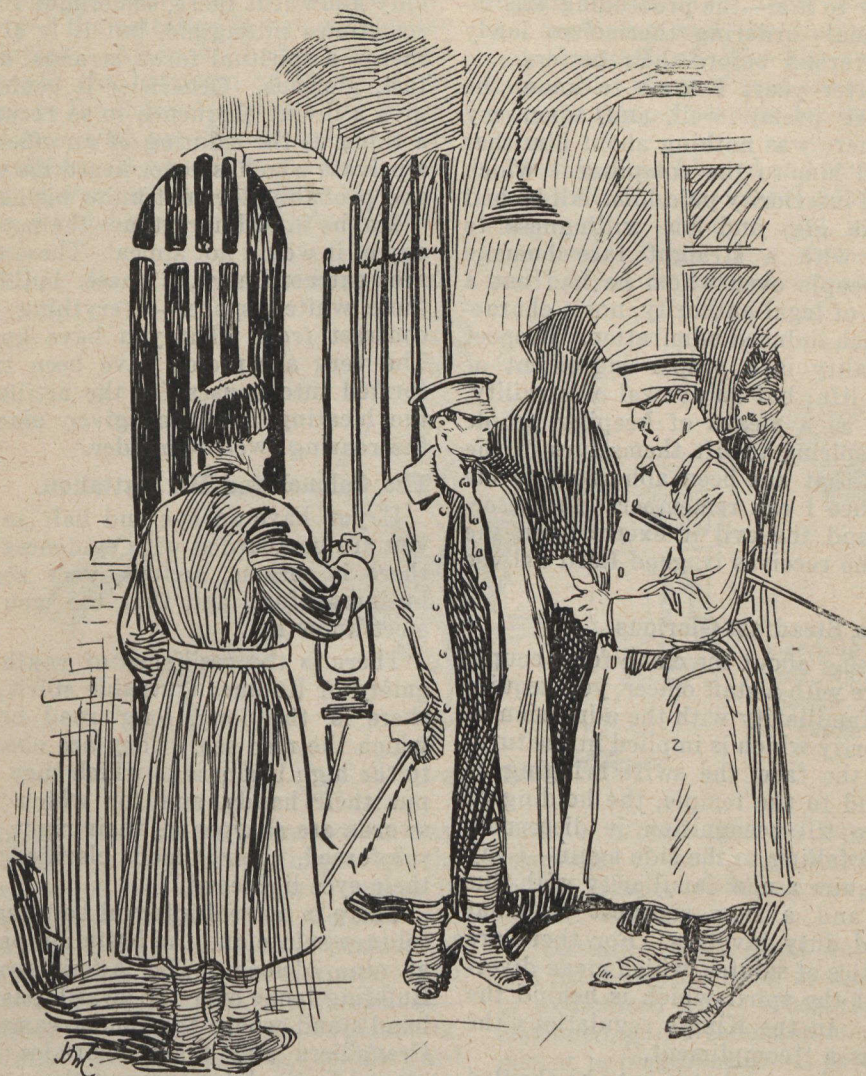
If you please, I am reminded here of General Gordon and W. T. Stead. Many years ago, though quite new at the special correspondent game, I was sent by The Manchester Guardian on a tour which brought me into close and persistent contact with Mr. Stead, who was a journalist indeed. At Carlisle one night I confided to Mr. Stead an intention to write a character sketch of him.

"That's all right," said he, "and don't be afraid to tell what you know. Did I ever tell you what General Gordon said when I left him just as he was starting for the Soudan? In those days (in 1884) English journalism was purely formal, and no newspaper interview with a famous man had ever been published. General Gordon knew what I was going to do, and as I left, he said, 'Mind, whatever you say about me, don't praise me, don't praise me. The inferior never praises the superior officer.'"

The D.A.A. and Q.M.G. is a staff officer. He has, I believe, a general

oversight of camp administration, under the Assistant Adjutant-General, who is Colonel Elliot. Everything is his business. The opening for domination, for

with a pen at the midnight episode nearby a million rounds of ammunition. I shall remember it, as well as I remember the twinkle in Stead's eye in the



The Camp Sergeant-Major examining passes

the spirit of the martinet, is there; but Captain Osborne seizes no opportunities of that kind. He believes in discipline as a means to an end. He speaks of his admonition to the sentry as instructional. I am mistaken if the blend of courtesy with strength had any conscious relation to the presence of a man

hotel at Carlisle, as he repeated Chinese Gordon's injunction to the first journalist of his time.

But let us come back to this question of submission to discipline, because it permeates every department of an army's work—in faith, it IS the army.

In childhood I used to see people within forty miles of Westminster Abbey walk into the gutter as the gig of a squirelet approached, and touch their caps deferentially to him—the proceeding was injunctive—ordering themselves lowly and reverend before their betters.

In after years I came to know the squirelet pretty well, and, upon my soul, there was nothing about him that entitled him to the compliment which implied inferiority paid him. All he had was his gig, and his willingness to accept with a straight face homage from people over whom he had not a vestige of legal authority, nor a character which induced admiration. Respect for quality is a proper ingredient of human life; but an avowal of servility, merely as a means of keeping people from aspiring to lift themselves in the world—that has been abhorrent to me ever since I can remember. From servility and the evil it exerts upon the man who receives it, good Lord deliver us.

Strange, Steadfast Glorious.

Walking about the camp for a couple of hours with a staff officer, you acquire a new familiarity with the admission of superiority which is implied in the turning of the face, the swift bringing of the hand to the temple, the holding of it there till recognition is discerned, and the falling to the side again—I say you acquire a new familiarity with this thing, and a new signpost to what national duty involves. For there are diversities of salutes, which mean diversities of the spirit which is behind the salutes. In the King's regulations the salute is a "compliment."

Do you know what it is to be thrilled by the acclamations of a concourse of people freely offered to a man who strikes their imagination and touches their gratitude? I mean thrilled—not merely excited—the sensation that goes down your spine and out to your finger tips—the mingling of emotions which, in their sum, tell you how much vaster is man than the beast of the field?

Well, I have had that in observing some of the saluting of sundry of my

fellow citizens in the Exhibition Camp by Lake Ontario. There is something transcendent about this place, this experience, which I cannot describe. I only know it is there, sometimes visible, sometimes intangible, but it is always there—a spiritual force, strange, steadfast, glorious. Otherwise it could not give a divine eloquence to so recurrent a thing as the saluting of an officer by a private who has never heard his voice, and probably does not know his name.

Maybe in ordinary times the psychology of it would not appeal. These times are extraordinary. These buildings, these whited spaces—everything is in contrast from what you have known. The very sheepfolds have been transformed into houses for the artillery—the bleating lamb has given place to the roaring twelve-pounder.

The Colonel and His Battalion.

If you have an eye and half an ear, you are bombarded with evidences that there is serious, serious, very serious business afoot, and that the men you meet know it.

There is the resilience of youth, the gaiety of its unconquerable spirit; but there is the long, long road before, which the men see. They are obedient to the high business to which they have put their hands, and for which their swords are sharpened, their right arms reinforced, their blood clarified, and their eyes lightened.

There is no real interval between the solitary salute and the battalion parade at nine o'clock. The Administration Building looks over the sward, past the band-stand where the Coldstreams, the Grenadiers and their comrades have played in the later summer time. Now it is white as snow can make it. At nine o'clock the regiments, whose chief is Colonel Allan, had been brought to their marks and dossed there, silhouetted against the snow.

The Colonel stood in front of them, a dignified figure, in his long overcoat, with the handle of his sword showing in front of the left pocket. Captains and lieutenants bustled up and down the lines seeing that everything was as

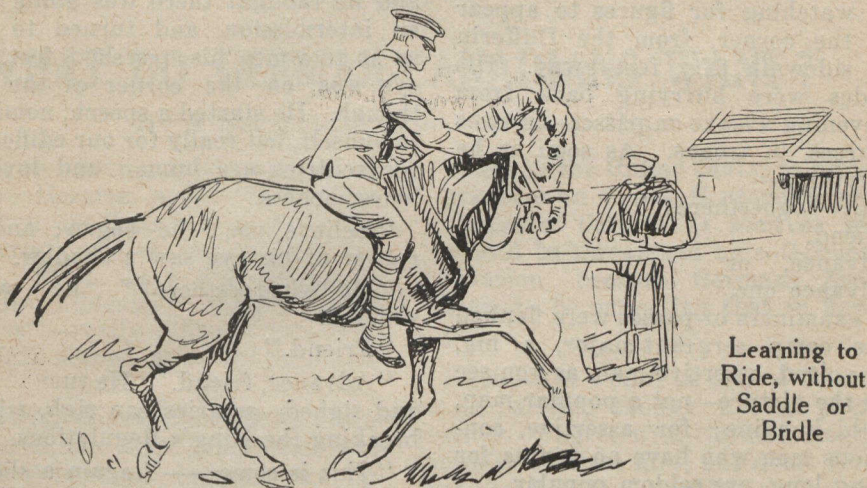
it should be. As they passed officially from one to another, their naked swords were carried point upward, in the right hand.

Presently there ran up the lane that divided the battalion in two, a deer-like adjutant. After he had turned and brought the battalion to attention, he came to the Colonel, and at a few paces' distance, with upraised sword, he made his report. It was all very precise, very formal, very noble indeed. A thousand men stood by, in an attitude of readiness.

When the Colonel transferred his at-

the cycle of A.D. Massey-Harris. Coming down the field of ripened wheat, you hear the rustle-swish of the heads and straw as they are gathered into the row from which the sheaves are made—rhythm and strength, labor and plenty, the beginning and the ending of life and the staff of life—the sweat, the pathos, the glory of seed time and harvest, the Reaper reaping for the harvest home.

That is what I heard and saw and felt and exulted in, as Colonel Allan's voice rang out in confident and inspiring command. There they were—a thousand bayonets turned towards Lake



Learning to Ride, without Saddle or Bridle

tention from his adjutant to his battalion, I got a new glimpse of the majesty of mankind when it moves in disciplined unison. The Colonel put the men through the simple business of sloping arms two or three times. You know, or can imagine, the movement—raising the long rifle, with its gleaming, pointed steel, throwing it forward across the body, raising and clapping it down on the shoulder.

A thousand bayoneted rifles cleaving the air, a thousand descents upon a thousand shoulders, a thousand hands brought smartly down to the right side—these things make a noise in the eager morning air. What is it like?

Well, you are old enough to remember when the grain was cradled before

Ontario, whose expanse supplied the assurance of infinitude which belongs to the Reaper swinging his relentless Scythe.

“Battalion” is a great word—try it. and listen in your mind to the tramping of undaunted feet. When the word is clarioned, and a thousand men move as one, it is magnificent. It is obedience, discipline, victory.

And so they marched away, each company getting its orders as its turn came to follow the band. And as they marched, what do you think was the eloquent symbol of the purpose of their marching in all this heartening panoply of war? It was the presence, in the rear, of half a dozen recruits without uniforms, carrying their rifles as if to

the manner born. It isn't a mere military formation that is being perfected, but a fighting power that is being welded into a Scythe of the Reaper, in whose hands are the issues of our National Life.

Sergeant-Major in Excelsis.

Turn again from the imposing mass and the gay infection of the band to the sentry and what belongs to his duty, and let the Australian help you better than I can. He has drawn part of the scene at the Dufferin Gate which we watched for a quarter of an hour. A dozen paces behind the man with the lantern stood the sentry, straight and eager, watching for figures to appear round the corner, from the Dufferin Street sidewalk fifty feet away. His comrades were hurrying back from their evening's leave on passes—in twos and threes, in troops. As soon as he saw anything—

“Haltwhogoesthere?”

“Friend.”

“Advance,” or

“Advance one.”

The examiners of passes were flanked by the camp sergeant-major, a big, strong-voiced, assertive man, as you see him in the picture—not a popular man, I should imagine; for assertive, conscientious men who have no genius for suffering long, are seldom popular.

This one has brought his vigor, insistence, his faith in military orthodoxy from a distant land. The impression he gives is, I think, that it is he who is ordained to inject sense and obedience into the inexperienced men for whom he is responsible. If I have seized it right, the whole attitude of the D.A.A. and Q.M.R. (not forgetting Chinese Gordon's injunction) is that behind him there is a great big Reason, as well as a big Rule. He does not stir resentment when he instructs.

To this sentry at the Gate, also, he spoke an enlightening word.

“Sentry,” he said, “when your man has answered ‘Friend,’ you should say ‘Advance, Friend.’ Acknowledge his friendliness.”

“Yessir,” and “Advance, Friend” it was.

There was discussion about passes for sergeants, which we did not overhear. We were watching the returning stream, some with parcels that looked non-military enough, but betokened friends, lovers and countrymen in the city from which we seemed so far away.

Not All Glory to Command.

We were also heedful of the smart sentry. All is not glory that resounds with the word of insistent order. You can have too much of a good thing, as this commanding figure knows. They had kept him busy for quite a while, and he thought there was going to be an intermission, and turned to walk so as to warm his overshod feet. His eye was on the corner of the wall, though. He started a speech, nominally to himself, but really for our edification, for sentries are human and love not lonesomeness.

“Believe me,” he began; and the corner of his eye saw a shadow.

“Haltwhogoesthere?” he almost shouted.

“Friend.”

“Advance, friend.” He turned and sighed—sentries can sigh, without breaking the King's Regulations.

“This is some——” again a shadow, and again. “Haltwhogoesthere?” and the answer and the halt and the authority to move.

This time the deliverance was concluded to the very human accompaniment of a yawn: “Believe me, this is SOME job.”

We believed.

* * *

I tried to reflect the grim reality that permeates this business, by telling of the rifle carriers in civilian attire in the rear of the Nineteenth Battalion. You cannot escape it; no, not when a sentry in mock distress, objurgates his job. While we were taking in the reception of soldiers with passes, a dozen civilians had come down Dufferin Street, in charge of a sergeant, and had entered within the gates. They stood there awhile, and I noticed him. One par-

ticularly remains in my memory—a short, dark man, without an overcoat, his head covered by a cap of European design. I could see his eyes—dark, lustrous, sad, inquiring. Another quality was in them—a haunted look; as if something had overtaken or soon would seize him. It was not fear, nor hesitation, but a Presence, an obligation, an endurance, a hope, and perhaps a despair.

“Oh, yes,” said the D.A.A. and Q. M.G., “those are the Belgian reservists who came in an hour ago. I had to send them out for supper, and now they are

coming in to stay till we can forward them to the front. They are coming all the time.”

Yes, indeed, it is Belgium that haunts the world.

The remainder of U. N. C. Dudley's second article, “Around the Camp,” will appear next week. It sketches such features of the Exhibition concentration as the Soldiers' Picture Show, the Rialto, Mounting the Guard, Physical Drill, the Best Cook in Camp, the Artillery and Mounted Rifles, Minus Puttees, and the Last Post.

WHAT DO GERMAN-CANADIANS WANT ?

BY A SUBSCRIBER WHO WANTS TO HELP

MY own view as to the attitude of the German population in this town to Canada's part in the war, corresponds to the general impression. First, there is a small minority of educated Canadian-born “Germans”—really Canadians—who are in full accord with British-Canadians.

A majority of the uneducated Canadian-born of the older generation, who still call themselves German, are opposed to Canada taking part in the war. They have been fed up on the pan-German propaganda carried on by German ministers and German newspapers during the past fifteen or twenty years, and do not know any better.

Then there is a considerable number of naturalized citizens of German birth, who have received the virus into their constitution in childhood, and have not since been able to break the spell. They are violently pro-German. But a saving remnant of these have seen the light through Socialism, and are pro-British.

One or two are suspected of having met Bernhardt, and adopted his proposition and acted as his agents. To my mind, there is reason to believe that Bernhardt's plan was to induce the two million German

voters in the United States to bring pressure on the U. S. Government to annex Canada as soon as we should be threatened by a German invasion, because Germans here seem to be expecting that to happen.

I believe it would be fair to class me as a pacifist, though not a passive resister. I agree with Norman Angell's views to the last line; but don't forget that that last line was that, under present conditions, he would not advise Britain to build one ship the less.

I believe that war among civilized (Christian) nations to-day is a deleterious survival of the past, that had its necessary place only in the more primitive stages of social development. Most of my people were Quakers; but none the less, if not all the more, I am a warm supporter of the fight against the Kaiser.

Have you considered placing “The Canadian War” in the library; the boys' clubs, and in the rooms of the boy scouts and girl guides? I forgot to say the schools are pretty thoroughly Canadian, which shows what education will do; and there are a large number of Catholic Germans here who are mostly pro-British.

UNITED STATES FRIENDSHIP IS SURE

No Alien Element, Segregating Itself from the Spirit of American Laws,
Speech and Institutions Which Are Essentially British Can Ever
Alienate American Sympathy from the Closest Relationships
with Canadian Ideals, in Peace and War.

By JOHN A. STEWART.

Mr. J. A. Stewart, of New York, the writer of this article, is Chairman of the American Peace Centenary Committee. He is a well-known business man, whose time is now mostly taken up in trying to combine into an association of friendship the English-speaking nations of the world; as affording a condition precedent to a better understanding among all nations. He is President of the Republican League of Clubs of the State of New York and President of the International League for Highway Improvement. His grandfather founded the little hamlet of Stewarton, where his father was born under the British flag, afterwards resuming the citizenship of the United States.

OF all Peoples on earth, not even excepting those of our own blood and language in Britain, the Canadians rank first in the esteem of Americans, and in consideration of every phase of human association. For it has been given to us, to the one as much as to the other, as an obligation from all all-wise Providence, to guard the Western gate of civilization, and here to work out, together and collectively, our own moral, intellectual and economic salvation, to the glory of God and the welfare of all humankind.

Hardest Work in World.

Upon this continent democracy shall find its ultimate expression, and two Peoples be raised up who shall be as one in their regard of liberty, justice and equal opportunity for all, in love of home, in sense of universal obligation, and in the spirit of neighborliness.

Many words have been written in respect of American-Canadian relations; and much has been written since the war which shows immaturity of thought and lack of understanding of American-Canadian nature, of the amenities of international intercourse, of the moods and considerations which

move us in our outgoings and incomings, both as nations and as neighbors.

It is the hardest work in the world for men of two countries to deal justly and honestly one with the other. Personal interests, ambitions and considerations of individuals and nations, pique, inherited prejudices and traditional prepossessions, business and social rivalry, and the weakness inherent in constitutional free speech and free press, tend, at times, to weaken good will at some points along our line of contact; but all the while experience is teaching us to be patient, to practice forbearance—to be neighborly.

Fools' Wisdom.

We are two Peoples striving to accomplish the same thing, with practically the same outlook on life, animated with the same hopes and fears, inspirations and ambitions; striving against each other in trade; rivals, for reasons perfectly logical, in politics, but also in the higher sense, in ideas and ideals, as well.

In the minds even of the wisest statesmen, as well as in the attempted thought of petty politicians, it is sometimes regarded, foolishly and fatuously, as an essential national policy to pin-prick and to create distrust, ill feeling, and, at times, anger.

Any deliberate political or social policy which regards the studied cultivation of ill-will and unfriendliness as necessary in the development of nations and of peoples, shows the men who initiate it and the people who give support to it to be fools, and their wisdom only the rankest folly. Just at this present moment a widespread and deliberate attempt is being made to embroil America with the British Empire, in which some men, who are unfortun-

ately in positions of temporary leadership in both parties are participating, in order to catch the so-called foreign vote. This silly and seditious plot will not succeed.

It is hard, indeed, to be just, even with our friends. It is impossible never to be unwise. It is human in individuals as well as in governments and statesmen at times to thrust forbearance and common sense aside, prompted by an unhealthy physical or mental liver, and indulge in foolishness; much easier, indeed, than to be just, to be forbearing, to try with all our might to put ourselves in the other man's place, and to look at questions from his point of view before giving final decision as to insistence upon the logic and justice of our own viewpoint.

Quarrelled, But Friends.

Hence the United States and Canada have at times quarrelled over questions which, as between individuals, would have been settled amicably and without heat; and have at times shown the most commendable degree of forbearance from anger and expression of unjust suspicion. The great difficulty is in arriving at just points of view each with the other because of natural differences due to environment, in the development of those processes of consideration which we call Public Opinion, often mistakenly.

It is the unfortunate fact that the great bulk of matter that is printed in each country relating to the other country—and this comment includes Great Britain—is the result, not of careful thought, of study, of knowledge, of intelligent comprehension and appreciation, but the outpourings and outgivings of immature and superficial mentalities.

The great bulk of expression of ill-will emanating from either side of the border, or the Atlantic, is based upon hearsay, and, in thousands of instances, not even remotely upon any related fact. It would be well for both of us if a Board of Censors could blue pencil the lies and misstatements from expressions printed and written, leaving for

our enlightening the residuum of fact and truth.

Fundamentally, people who use the same language think alike and reach the same conclusions; although their reasoning processes may be very different. No matter by what devious course either of us may reach a final conclusion as regards constructive governmental or social or economic policy, it will be finally found that on the part of those belonging to either nation there is the same application of the same outstanding principles which underlie democracy.

In Category By Ourselves.

Therefore, it is not to be wondered at that, consciously, as well as subconsciously, Americans place Canada and the Canadians in a category all by themselves, as regards international relationship. However we may regard other Peoples, we regard Canadians as particularly and peculiarly of our own race and our own type.

No matter how much the surface of things may be stirred as that process of assimilation goes on in either country, transforming in one, or two, or four, or five, or more generations into good Americans and good Canadians men of every blood and every clime who migrate to our respective countries, seeking that fullness of life and in pursuit of that happiness and equal opportunity which is denied them at home, the depths of our racial and institutional alikeness are calm, untroubled and unchanged.

It is natural that in this time of war, which will bring mourning to many a Canadian and American home, there exists on the part of Americans, seldom expressed because taken as a matter of course, the thought that whatever danger may menace Canada, originating within the normal course and experience of her people, and not willfully engendered on her part, is a danger which equally menaces us.

Canadians must remember, as they look across the border, that under the American form of government, which is based upon free speech and a liberty

which is, unhappily, by many regarded as license, a point of view acquiesced in by only too many politicians, alien groups exist whose sentiment is easily stirred and storms provoked which seem to be much more dangerous than they really are. For, after all, no matter what may be said or done by any element in the population, America is still America in language, law and all our institutions.

We are the resultant evolution of the hundreds of thousands of men and women who, from the beginning of the sixteenth century on for two hundred and twenty years, migrated from the British Isles—in their nativity English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish, with a small admixture of Huguenot, German and Swedish—who, during the years prior to 1789, were transformed from an English colonial population into that American people the genius of whose nativity still persists, and to whose ideas and ideals all living here, alien and native alike, must in the end conform. American institutions are an evolutionary development of the Magna Charta, and on them we, as a nation and a people, are as strongly founded as are the eternal hills upon their primeval granite.

Nativity Still Persists.

We are a forbearing people, kindly, charitable and patient, but all too prone to look with contempt, and unrebuked, upon the futile efforts to change us into something that we are not and never can be made to be; and to make us conform to the spirit of ideals and practices which are utterly alien to our nature.

We are a nation of 97,000,000 of people, of whom several millions hardly regard themselves as Americans, characterizing themselves as "hyphenated" Americans; who owe a divided allegiance, and who are the product of natural inclination plus persistent foreign effort to cultivate, aided by willing agents and tools living here, professional hyphenates, we might call them, for ulterior purposes, alien centers in the midst of a friendly and long-suffering people.

This aim and purpose cannot be effected. Popular fear, then just anger and condemnation will cause a gradual extinguishing of these abortive efforts, either through a voluntary acquiescence in the educational process of assimilation, or through the rougher means of united national action at the polls and in the halls of legislation.

Aliens Cannot Alienate.

The status of America, socially and institutionally, is fixed. It will be modified slightly from within as well as from without in the course of natural evolutionary processes; but, fundamentally the American institution will endure in language, in law, and in the spirit of our common race. No power on earth can prevent this.

It is as natural that Canada should have our social good will, as that two neighbors should live together in a countryside in peace and amity. Quarrel we are bound to; but, if we deal justly with one another, no other effect can come from such differences as are bound to occur except in the end to make our friendship all the firmer.

No thought of political expedience, no alien sentiment nor influence can or shall swerve the American population of the United States, which in thought, deed and number and ultimate and determining influence, constitute the vast bulk of our population, from whole-hearted adherence to a policy which will tie Canada and the Canadians to us by bonds of friendship and good understanding.

We are divided by a boundary line wholly political in its nature, which is protected along its entire length solely by the good will and friendship of our common citizenship, and which, for one hundred years, has been defended on neither side by ship of war, nor fortress, nor soldier.

Literally, millions of Canadians have, in the last two generations and a half, identified themselves with America and American citizenship; hundreds of thousands of Americans have absorbed themselves within the citizenship of the Dominion.

The unity and friendship existing between the United States and Canada cannot be characterized more forcibly or be more clearly brought out than by using the memorable words of Chief Justice W. M. Howell, of Winnipeg, in a speech last summer at Mackinac Island, Michigan, at a meeting of the International Conference with reference to the Century of Peace, Judge Alton B. Parker, of New York, presiding:

Chief Justice of Manitoba.

"I tell you, gentlemen, you who do not understand the law; the laws of the United States and the laws of Canada are more alike than the faces of the

American people and the Canadian people. There is absolutely no difference. A judgment given by Mr. Justice Day" (who was present) "or any other member of the Supreme Court of the United States in Washington, I would follow in my court just as quickly as I would a decision of the House of Lords."

Our inter-relation should follow in letter and in spirit the injunction "And thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"; for the United States and Canada progress along parallel lines to meet a common destiny, no matter what that destiny may be.

DUTY OF THE UNITED STATES

An American Sets Forth What His Country Ought to Have Done and Still Ought to Do.

THAT The Canadian War is doing good in exciting discussion, is shown by the following letters, the first from a well-known American residing in Ottawa, to one of our contributing editors, an American living in Toronto, and the latter's reply:

LETTER TO MR. GOULD.

Ottawa, January 15, 1915.

Mr. B. A. Gould,
Toronto.

Thank you for the three magazines which you have sent me. I have read with considerable interest the articles in which you so eloquently plead for the entry of the United States into the war on the side of the Allies.

It would interest me very much if you will take the time to drop me a line and state just how you think the United States should take part, what direction the participation should take, and what you assume the results would be. I shall then be ready to argue the matter out with you when next we meet.

I believe that in theory I go even farther than you do in respect to national obligation in such cases, but do not quite understand the facts in

the same light as you, and certainly do not see the opportunity quite as clearly.

MR. GOULD'S REPLY.

Toronto, January 19, 1915.

To _____
Ottawa.

I am glad so far as I am able to put into words what I think our country ought to do. This will necessarily involve a consideration of the alteration of conditions due to the failure of the United States to act heretofore, and how far it is possible, in my estimation, to remedy the evil already done to its prestige and its honor.

At the very outbreak of hostilities, or even before, at the time when war seemed imminent, I think that the State Department ought to have sent an identical note to each of the powers involved, calling their attention to the fact that the United States was a signatory to the conventions of the Hague Tribunal of 1908, and as such signatory would expect each warring power in conducting hostilities to abide strictly by the rules therein set forth; and further stating that the note of the United

States was based not only on its technical obligations as aforesaid, but much more broadly and fundamentally upon its position as one of the great powers, believing that modern civilization, if unable to prevent war, should do all in its power to mitigate its horrors, and to spare, so far as might be, blameless non-combatants from its rigors.

Such a note would have placed the United States in a position wherein any authenticated instance of the violation of the adopted rules of warfare, or of inhumanity or barbarism, could properly have been brought to its attention and made the basis of an emphatic protest addressed to the offending power.

Protest Likely Heeded.

It is most unlikely that such protest would have remained unheeded, as no nation would have been willing to incur the odium of the adverse judgment of the greatest of the non-combatant nations, or to run the risk of having the immense resources of the United States in money, supplies and equipment, besides an efficient navy and enormous possibilities in men, enlisted actively against it.

Such a course would in all probability have resulted in allowing the United States to maintain an honorable neutrality throughout the war, have prevented such reversions to barbarism as took place in many Belgian towns, and in the Austrian invasion of Servia, have preserved from destruction Louvain, Malines and the Cathedral of Rheims; have stopped the baby-killing expedition to Scarborough and the reckless strewing of floating mines in neutral waters; have forbidden reprisals and the levying of ransom on captured cities; have made impossible other atrocities too numerous to mention here, and in other ways have greatly minimized the misery resulting from the war.

It would also have given the United States a status that would have naturally made it a dominant factor at the making of peace, and would have given it enormous weight and influence in securing at that time essential ameliora-

tions of international compacts, the value of which to the progress of civilization cannot be overstated.

This position not having been taken by the United States at the beginning of the war, I believe that the moment that the government became cognizant of the commission by any belligerent of barbarisms or atrocities, it should have investigated them, and, if substantiated, should have made them the basis of a vigorous protest.

Such a protest would have lacked much of the force which it would have carried if a note or declaration of position, as previously mentioned, had been delivered, but it nevertheless would undoubtedly have had great effect and would have accomplished much in lightening the burden of sorrow which the war has caused.

Hitherto Signally Failed.

It would also have made such a protest as the commercial one recently made to Great Britain far more suitable, and would have relieved the United States from the accusation of caring only for its pocket-book. Whether or not this last protest was justified is of comparatively little importance; it is supremely unfortunate that action should have been taken which can make it possible for the United States to appear to the world as negligent of high ideals and deaf to the calls of humanity, but insistent on the full money payment to which it is entitled.

At this point I think I should call your attention to the fact that the position of the United States should not in any way depend upon whether under a technical examination the obligations of the Hague Tribunal agreement should be held to be in effect or not. The United States signed them in the belief that they would be in effect, and certainly should not seek to avoid its duties thereunder on a technicality.

The need now is for a statesman, not for a corporation lawyer skilled in evading legal responsibility, and statesmanship should be based upon the requirements of humanity and civiliza-

tion, a foundation much broader than the Hague conventions, which sought merely to reduce to the concrete of definite regulation some of the abstractions of international ideals.

The government of the United States having, as I believe, hitherto signally failed to take the action due, not only to the world, but to itself, the only way to recover its prestige, and to make effective the power for good inherent in the nation, is to take action which will probably cause it to cease to be neutral. The opportunity for honorable and useful neutrality has been lost.

Attitude to Declare.

I believe that the State Department should publicly notify the governments of Great Britain, France, Russia, Serbia, Montenegro and Japan that the course of events has been such as to convince the United States that its own safety and the survival in the world of the principles of democracy, upon which the nation has been founded, and which is its most sacred heritage, require that the result of the war should be a defeat of Germany, Austria and Turkey; that the admitted breach of national guaranty shown by the invasion of Belgium makes it of vital import to all nations who themselves believe in maintaining the sanctity of such guaranties, that this breach bring punishment and the re-establishment of the obligation of such guaranties; that the militaristic system commonly known as Prussianism has shown itself to be a menace to the world and can no longer be tolerated; that the safety of small and unoffending nations must be assured; that at the end of the war international agreements should be made looking to a large decrease in armaments; and that in order to promote the accomplishment of these ends which it thinks so important, the United States is prepared to lend the allied belligerents its moral and financial support, and to agree so far as possible to prevent any of its citizens from aiding the German alliance.

Such a communication would under

ordinary circumstances at once call forth a declaration of war from Germany, and probably even under the conditions of approaching exhaustion there prevalent, would lead to such a declaration. It would then be for the United States to decide whether it would actively proceed to create forces suitable for use on the European terrain, or whether, like Japan since the fall of Tsing Tau, it would content itself with passive belligerency.

In either case it would have re-established its prestige and put itself into a position where, at the end of the war, it could exercise an enormous influence in making conditions of international agreement which would be of supreme effect in advancing civilization and promoting the safety and happiness of mankind.

Even If There Were Revolt.

The one valid argument against such action by the United States seems to me to be the fear that such a course might to a great extent destroy its ability to mitigate the suffering in Belgium. But this drawback is insignificant in comparison to the good which can be accomplished for the world and for future generations. American charity in Belgium may be administered by Dutch hands.

Many people fear that any such action on the part of the United States would be followed by revolt and sedition among those of German birth within its borders. I do not believe it; but even if it were so, I believe that such revolt could be put down with far less harm to the nation than is coming from an attitude inconsistent with the ideals and the history of our past, and the doctrines of democracy upon which our country has been founded.

We are too intelligent a people to fail to recognize that this war is essentially a conflict to decide whether democracy or autocracy shall prevail in the world, and we have a paramount duty to ourselves, to our conception of freedom, to the world of which we form a part, to do the utmost in our power to promote

for the great mass of humankind the principles in which we believe.

We know that a victory by Germany and the success in Europe of the Philosophy of Force would necessarily mean war at no distant time between Germany and America, and that this war would be much harder for us to conduct successfully at a time when Germany had beaten down the other opposition to her and could devote all her strength to crushing America.

There is no use in blinding ourselves to the fact that the Allies are fighting the battle of America just as much fundamentally as they are fighting their

own, and the dignity and generosity of the American people makes it unfitting in the highest degree that we should be guilty of the selfishness of doing nothing to assist those who are in reality fighting for us and all that we hold holy.

If we do our part in bearing the burden which German militarism has imposed upon the world, we may be instrumental in bringing about the enormous advance in world conditions which must be made to result from this war. Then truly at every place and at every time may each of us be proud to say: "Civis Americanus sum."

BENJAMIN A. GOULD.

Subscription Form for "The Canadian War"

Please send THE CANADIAN WAR to the undermentioned addresses formonths for which I enclose \$..... In the second column are the names of friends who, I think would be likely to subscribe.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Subscriptions are received for any period, preferably for 3 months at 65c, and 6 months at \$1.25. Use form on previous 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.

AN EXAMPLE FOR YOU.

Windsor, Ont.
Enclosed find order for two dollars (\$2.00), for which kindly send me forty copies of "The Canadian War" for January 30th. I want it to distribute among the members of our Patriotic Society, which meets February 2nd, so if you will kindly send as soon as possible, you will greatly oblige.

(Mrs.) A. L. WILKINSON,
Secretary.

Eighty copies have been sent Mrs. Wilkinson.

THE NEED FOR MORE NURSES.

Since the letter calling attention to the small number of Canadian nurses who had been allowed to go to the front was printed last week, claims have been made that the nursing and hospital force from Canada is

Stouffville Women's Patriotic League.

The fifty copies sold rapidly and I was sorry we did not ask for a hundred.

THE LETTERS OF CIVILIS

II.

To the Rt. Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, Leader of the Liberal Party.

YOU are the pathetic figure in the national life. Some of your friends and opponents might be pathetic too if they were not mediocre. You could not be mediocre if you tried.

Every heart knoweth its own bitterness. These friends and opponents of yours scarcely know that, sometimes, you envy their mediocrity, because you tire of the isolation which an amazing mental agility ensures.

There is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon. The orbitary colleagues who have served you have their glory, though few inquire what it is. They are not aloof from the rest, as you are. The rest is not interested in them. You are interested in them, so far as they fit into your scheme.

Faithful Wound of Friend.

One factor in the unparalleled distinction which you have achieved in Britannic history is that, against your own inner judgment, you have frequently convinced men that they did fit into your scheme of things. An admirer was explaining you. "Sir Wilfrid," he said, "often does the opposite of what somebody who has seen him believed he promised to do; but you may be sure the old man did not promise—the other party only assumed that he did."

In a club smoking room a group compiled lists of great Canadians. Your name was in all but one. The good Liberal who omitted explained "He's too much of an opportunist."

A third, who knows the inside of politics pretty well, made this remark: "He governed for fifteen years a country he did not know."

Things like these help to account for the pathos of your position. Your age and the condition of Canada complete the explanation. You are not responsible for your age, marvellously as you carry it. You have a peculiar relation

to the condition of Canada, and are big enough to welcome a little thinking aloud about it; though the difference between your point of view and that of younger men may not be attractive to a statesman who is in his seventy-fourth year.

The war dominates everything, except those partisans who imagine they are politicians, and who still suppose that the war has been invented to bless their manipulations. They dwell among the receptacles for war's by-products. Some of them sit behind you in the House of Commons. Some cheer the Prime Minister. You and the Prime Minister both give more consideration to this element in the body politic than it deserves. The place for it is the kennel.

Certain Unwritten Code.

The friend who said you governed for fifteen years a country you did not know did not mean merely that your Quebec position prevented you thoroughly understanding such a complexity as Ontario. Nor did he recall that you have never seen the West except through the haze which surrounds a picturesque, eloquent party leader on tour. He meant that forty years of the atmosphere of political Ottawa almost inevitably prevents appreciation of the new, freshening ideas which from time to time flow through the national, subconscious mind, and presently bring forth fruit after their kind.

There has grown up a certain unwritten code of "political" behaviour; a certain method of reading the signs of the times, whose relation to the year 1915 is very similar to those of last year's bird's nest. The war is sounding the knell of the ancient school of the political prophets. The war is for Free Democracy against Autocratic Militarism. The changes in political method which the war will force, even in Can-

ada, cannot be set out with architectural precision. But they will be vital, and democracy will have to carry into peaceful controversy the motive powers which are going to give it everlasting victory in war.

There will be awakenings in Canada of which many complacent gentry of Ottawa have as much apprehension as they have of the nebular hypothesis.

To those changes yours is the pathetic outlook of a man of seventy-four, of a leader of a party which missed, in prolonged office, the glorious function which should belong to its name, and which, in Opposition, seems as yet to be without a recuperative genius. You look around and say: "Yet a little while and——."

Old Idea About Parties.

The Liberal party was decimated three years ago. It is assumed by many people that parties in Canada can only recover strength through the obvious decay of virtue in their opponents. It is almost a cardinal article of political faith that ideas count for nothing in Canada party politics. Certainly, men of ideas are suspected when they are not barred.

There is a struggle between the Ins and the Outs, and when the Ins are sufficiently rotten the Outs take possession of the cellar. So what's the use of discussing ideas? That doctrine will never bring the Liberal party to power in the twentieth century. A generation is arising which will give no allegiance to a party which is not very different from the party which went out of office in October, 1911. It will insist on a party with convictions, with views which contemplate something more than the next turn in the road.

The future of such a party demands that now, this very day, the period after the war shall be apprehended. The working future of a 1915 patriotic look-out must cover a pretty long period. How does that affect you? Pathetically.

Prime Duty of Liberalism.

Very pathetically, because, answering to the atmosphere of Ottawa, the Lib-

eral party in office forgot the prime duty of Liberalism—the duty which, having been performed in Britain by a Liberal party, found the Empire, when fateful war came, under the direction of a Government of unexampled strength, after a long period of office. That duty is the propagation of Liberal principles in the country while Liberal principles are being translated into statutes in Parliament.

Those who profess to know, assert that during your Premiership you avowed the view that the sole great business of a government was administration. It was a deadly blunder, natural enough during a giddy material expansion, about which a politician might be excused for imagining that his relation to it was that of Chanticleer to the dawn. How damaging that notion was anybody can see who observes the condition into which the party fell immediately it lost the butter and buttress of office.

Attitude Does Not Cover Case.

This simple fact intensifies the lone pathos of your position—that none of those who went out of office with you has touched the public imagination as a man of new ideas, of intense convictions, of creative force, of driving power. The lamentation of sincere Liberals is, "We have no men; we have no men."

Free from the cares of administration, what was the function of the Opposition in a war in which it endorsed the Government? You decided on a policy of watchful waiting. You have given Parliamentary support; you have declared a truce to partisan strife; you have spoken wholly for the war. What more could you do?

The attitude has been correct. It is not always enough to be correct. You may say that, since Parliament rose, five months ago, neither the Premier nor any of his Cabinet has uttered a syllable of recognition of the existence of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition, nor a syllable of desire for open co-operation such as has distinguished every section of party politicians in Britain and

in every part of the Empire, Canada singularly excepted.

But the attitude of "No responsibility" does not cover the situation. In times like these no government in a free country can set a bound to the reflections or the patriotic actions of the citizens. With us, reflection is a partner of action. What has been the paramount need in Canada—in this country which is vitally belligerent, though it is thousands of miles from the streaming blood? Primarily, of course, it is men in high places who are big enough, in character as well as in capacity, to give the country leadership in the direst emergency that may arise. But it is vain to expect that illimitable asset unless there are the elements which produce and sustain leaders for difficult places.

Absence of Strife Isn't Union.

We have despised politics and reviled politicians till the wonder is that we have any men who deserve to stand well among the elect of the earth. We may evolve new political character from the excursions and alarms which wait for us. Meantime, it is our bounden duty to know, so far as study and insight can tell us, what the interior conditions of our body politic are. We must appreciate our whole relation to the war, so far as it can be apprehended by worthy men with honest, fearless vision.

Observant, trusty men like Peter McArthur, who dwell in the country, report there is a growing apathy towards the war, even though our national existence is at stake on the battlefields of Belgium, France and Poland.

We need a positive, fusing union for the war, not a mere absence of party hostility. We cannot go through a prolonged crisis, in which expenditures pile up and revenues disappear; in which is always present the danger of disaffection from the polyglot character of our population; in which the weaknesses which we have allowed to permeate and fester in our political life are bound to work towards their baleful

ends; in which the courage, foresight, restraint and boldness of statesmanship will be tested and strained to the uttermost—we cannot sustain these things with the endurance of good soldiers if nothing better is given us than the husks on which the partisanship of Ottawa have been fed.

Nothing good will come if the Opposition you lead waits only for the Government to make mistakes—and hopes the mistakes will be made. "Playing politics" at any time is an offence against decent service of the country which nourishes the players. In these days the game has little repute and less utility. Any who attempt to play it will win an everlasting shame.

Must Change from 1911.

The country's confidence is small that the Liberal party is as willing to support the Government as thoroughly as the Opposition has supported the Government in Britain.

That is partly because, under your reign, the Liberal party so failed to propagate Liberal principles that even after passing through nearly half of its fourth year of Opposition it still shows no sign of recovering strength and has to confess that, after six full months of war, it has not projected into the national consciousness a single suggestion of new force for patriotism, union or victory.

It is not too much to say that your lieutenants give the impression that they suppose Canada is politically compounded as it was when their party assumed office in 1896. No notion could be farther from statesmanship. One fact will prove it. Canadian voters' lists carry nearly two hundred thousand names whose owners came from Britain—they are of those who have furnished about seventy per cent. of the first and second contingents for the war.

You have mourned over the loss of Old Country Liberals to your party. You must know that your party can not hope to win Ontario so long as these men are against you. Do you think they will come to you before a better understanding of their political genius

is shown than was demonstrated in 1911? On how many of those who were Liberals in Britain can you count?

It is scarcely wise to tell them that their native Liberalism is so weak that it can stand neither your faith nor your accent. An Old Country Liberal looks for Liberalism in a Liberal party; and the farther he goes the more he looks for. So far, he does not detect its over-

whelming presence in your entourage, and he turns sadly away.

And you are past seventy-three. It is not sufficient that your eye be undimmed if you discern no Joshua. Of every species of pathos this is the most pathetic—to be alone in a splendid, regretful eminence; to be politically childless.

Verily, there is no heart but knoweth its own bitterness.

SOAP-BOX PATRIOTISM

EDITORIAL IN THE DAILY ONTARIO, BELLEVILLE

ONE of the largest of the incorporated villages of the Belleville section has so far contributed a total of only four volunteers for the three overseas' contingents. And yet if anyone were to state publicly that the people of this particular village were not as loyal to the Empire and as true to British connection as they should be, he would be called a malicious slanderer and a purveyor of defamatory libels.

The Sons of Rest.

During the period of the South African war, we remember an organization at the village of Moira that was known locally as "The Sons of Rest" or "The Soap-Box Club." It was the custom for the members to hold sessions every week-night at the only departmental store that the village contained, and conduct nightly debates. Prior to the war, questions of sociology, economics, scientific agriculture, higher criticism and advanced ethics were discussed with such positiveness, assurance, dialectic and argumentative skill as would have made some of the older statesmen and philosophers turn an emerald hue from jealousy.

The South African war came along, and we recall with what contemptuous criticism the Soap-box Club assailed the blundering of Buller and the other British leaders in the early stages of the war. The success of Roberts and Sir John French at Paardeberg was con-

ceded, but the failure of capture De Wet and Delarey and the slow progress made in rounding up Botha's commandoes called for much sharp criticism.

One other thing we noticed—the Soap-box Club furnished no volunteers for the war. They thought they had done their duty to the Empire by telling how the enemy might be more speedily destroyed. They discharged their obligations by contributing two and a half years of TALK.

Two and a Half Years of Talk.

We fear there is too much of this Soap-box brand of patriotism in Canada at the present crisis. The following stanzas which appeared a few days ago in the Elm Grove correspondence of The Allison Herald would go to prove that others outside of Hastings county are prone to indulge in war behind a thousand leagues of ocean, and a safe barricade of soap-boxes:—

Elm Grove will soon be famous,
I'll have you understand;
We have the finest lot of lads
That ever stepped this land.
And if you don't believe me
Some night down here just drop
And see the boys a-drilling
In Tommy Dawes's shop.

They are drilling steady every night,
Good boys, and staunch and true,
Waiting at their country's call
To do their duty too.

For if the Germans get to know,
I'm sure the war they'll stop
Before the boys get after them
From Tommy Dawes's shop.

They kill the generals every night,
The Kaiser and his son,
They even bring the Zeppelins down
With one old rusty gun;
And the punishment they put them to
The authorities should stop.
I do believe they are burying them
'Neath Tommy Dawes's shop.

The contingent at Elm Grove is doing just as effective work towards defeating the Germans as some of the communities in the region about the Bay of Quinte. Frankford, Marmora, and a number of other centers have responded nobly to the Empire's call for men. But we regret, at the same time, to be compelled to admit that right here in this district where we boast our United Empire Loyalist ancestry and our readiness to prove ourselves worthy of such an ancestry there have been many neighborhoods, hamlets and villages, that have contributed not one, single, native-born Canadian son to fight the enemies of our nation.

Flag-flapping Loyalty?

Is Bay of Quinte loyalty, after all, only a cheap, counterfeit sentiment that manifests itself in frantic flag-flapping at election time, perfervid Twelfth of July orations, parading of brilliantly uniformed men to religious services, soap-box debates about the incapacity of our military leaders, and then, when danger actually threatens, the cyclone cellar for ours?

In Belleville, as elsewhere, the work of recruiting has been hampered by the unwillingness of relatives to give their consent to those who would volunteer their services. The reluctance of father or mother to part with a son, for the terribly uncertain hazard of war, is quite natural. But these parents should reflect that unless we have defenders our homes might become as the homes of Belgium.

The present war is not a contest to enhance our national glory or prestige, but a fight for our national existence

and for all that we hold dear, whether in the nation, the community, or the home. Therefore, though family affection instinctively prompts us to hold those who are dear to us back from the immediate peril of war, there is a higher ideal and a nobler duty that calls for the subversion of self and the supreme sacrifice, it may be, of life itself.

The Fight for National Existence.

We all abhor the evils and the perils of war, but dishonorable peace is far less to be desired than is battling for a just cause. England fighting for a scrap of paper is vastly more heroic than would be England sitting down in ignoble sloth, indifferent to her pledged word or her national honor. The clang of swords is infinitely to be preferred to the clanking of chains. Eddie O'Flynn and Dick Ponton at Salisbury Plain give a finer expression to concrete loyalty than they could have done in a century of service in the routine of a law office in Belleville. They could have found excuses, but their patriotism was not of the parade and the mess-room, but twenty-four carats fine.

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.

This war is not likely to be ended soon. It is going to be a tremendously costly thing to defeat Germany on the defence. The past month of aggressive tactics in Flanders and France have demonstrated that the present allied forces are totally inadequate to make any real impression on the German lines. The Empire needs men and more men. Let us hope that Canada, the Bay of Quinte district and the city of Belleville will respond to this third call for volunteers in a manner that will show that our patriotism is deep-based on patriotic deeds and not on empty words.

WHAT THE WAR MEANS TO RUSSIA

Why it is An Inspiration to Have Autocratic Russia Fighting With the Democracies of France and England.

By BENJAMIN A. GOULD

RUSSIA, dark and terrible, eager and striving, poetic and fanciful, degraded and sordid, Russia, the land of contrasts and contradictions, of wonderful possibilities, of awful failures, of the knout and the fervor of aspiration, of black bread and music, quick with the longing for freedom, heavy with the burden of tyranny—what will the war do to Russia?

Is it not an awful thing, say many people, that England and France, who represent the farthest advance in European civilization, should be fighting alongside of Russia the medieval? I say no, it is not awful; it is splendid, it is glorious, it is inspiring. In the spirit that makes this alliance possible lies the hope of the world. It typifies the future of mankind. It is a beacon-light for generations still unborn. It is the justification of humanity.

King Edward's Great Service.

King Edward the Seventh was worth a century to the world, the world that he saved. His few years of reign, during which nothing of moment happened, were none the less salvation. If he, not only the First Gentleman, but also the First Diplomat of Europe, had not had the vision to create the Triple Entente, nothing could have prevented Germany from imposing her will upon all of Europe.

Once the doctrine of physical superiority had made Europe a vassal to Berlin, America would have had but short shrift. There is no question but what ultimately the principles of democracy would have come forth triumphant, even if this calamity had overtaken mankind, but the victory of democracy would have had to be accomplished by the tedious processes of evolution within a world dominated by absolutism.

Revolution would have had to be en-

gendered and ripened before it could hope to overcome the inertia of the conditions existing. The change would have had to come from within, and in spite of an autocracy doing all in its power to stifle it.

In other words, the whole world would have been in the position in which Russia now is, except that it would not have had the assistance and inspiration from without which is now coming to Russia, and would have lacked the pressure from without which is now so markedly influencing the Government of Russia.

America Helped Europe.

It is conservative to say that it would have taken the world a hundred years to reach the point at which the end of this war will find it, and this saving of a hundred years in its history the world owes to Edward the Seventh.

Example is of the same effect with nations as with men. The example of a successful democracy in America was the incentive to the success of democracy in Europe.

The downfall and ruin which is coming to absolutism in Germany will be an example to other autocracies which will make them mend their ways.

The Romanoffs have never been fools, and they will mark the exit of Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns from the European stage with an understanding eye. The success of the French and British democracies will teach a lesson to all who are not involved in the German crash. And since in addition to example there is association with victorious democracy, the influence on Russia will be enormous.

This generality can be fairly deduced from history and its truth emphasized by this war, that the world can afford to trust democracies but cannot afford to

trust autocracies. People in the mass are not subject to the same influences that succeed in corrupting the individual.

This is the first time that Russia has ever been in decent company. The cave man has been asked out to dinner, and is looking for his evening clothes. His manners and his morals will both be permanently benefitted by his association. He is going to take excellent care that his behavior is such that he will be asked again.

The influence of London and Paris on Petrograd is going to be of supreme importance. Russia realizes that her association with France and Britain places her in a position in the world which she has never before held.

Russia the Self-Contained.

She is of all the nations the most self-contained, and hitherto has been content to go strictly her own way and work out her own salvation. Her contact with other nations has been altogether along her own frontiers, and her lust of conquest has been purely for contiguous expansion of her already enormous bulk.

She has taken less part than any other great power in international politics, asking only to be let alone. The time for this isolation has come to an end, and Russia recognizes this fact. She must henceforth take her place among the nations as a member of their society, and must lay aside the role of a recluse.

It is, therefore, of great moment that in making her national friendships she should associate herself with those who are leading progress rather than with those who hinder it, and her fortune in her allies is of happy augury not only for herself but for the world.

A Russia not supremely influenced by the restraint of France and Britain and victorious under her old regime, might prove almost as great a menace to the world as Germany has been. But her victories will not have been gained by German methods or by her old methods, but by the granting of a nearer approach to democracy within her own

borders, and the adoption in her foreign policies of French and British guidance.

Russia was overwhelmingly defeated by Japan in a war wherein the mass of her people could hope for an amelioration of their lot only if Russia lost. That war was not a war of the people, but a war of the existing Grand Ducal Cabal. Had it been successful it would have served merely to confirm the system of absolutism prevailing. The cause of democracy needed Russia's defeat in 1904 just as it needs her success in 1915.

Out of her Japanese defeat came the reorganization which made possible the Russia of to-day. That defeat spelled clearly the lesson that official corruption and a sneering disregard of the needs of the mass of the people means ruin. It emphasized the fact that the strength of a nation lies in the strength of her people, not in the strength of her rulers.

Autocracy's Democratic War.

Strong and wise rulers may make effective the strength of the people, as weak and foolish ones may nullify it, but without this strength behind the government, government is powerless. The war that Russia is now fighting is a war of her people, not of her rulers, and we see the apparent anomaly of a democratic war being waged by autocratic Russia.

The powers that be in Russia know that this is a democratic war, and they have with extraordinary courage made a complete volte-face, and are carrying it on as a democratic war. The leaven that began its fermentation in 1904 is leavening the lump.

In view of the long tradition of Russian absolutism, it is wonderful that Petrograd should show both the discernment and conviction necessary to carry out the present reforms, and to make this struggle one of the people and for the people.

We cannot, of course, tell how far this discernment and conviction has been instigated by Grey and the foreign influence, but no matter whence comes the impulse for the change, the full

credit for it must be given to the dynasty and its advisers.

The world is beginning to revise its earlier judgment of the Tsar, and to-day is attributing to Nicholas and his advisers qualities and vision far in advance of what it ascribed to him five years or even one year ago. Great events and great needs often produce great men and great wisdom. Out of the life-throes of America rose Lincoln; out of the life-struggle of Europe are rising Nicholas the Tsar and Nicholas the Grand Duke.

The cause of democracy required that the bureaucratic war of 1904 should be lost by Russia, and through its loss democracy gained the first indications of a real parliament, as shown by the Douma, the first symptoms of an economic freedom, as evinced by the admitted efficacy of organized and concerted industrial strikes, and the first flickering light of religious toleration.

Uniting the Empire.

Democracy now requires that the present war should be won, because it is democratic in its nature, and the success of Russian arms will gain for the Russian people an improvement in conditions that will for the first time permit the development of which they are capable.

The writing has appeared on the wall, and the rulers have had the wit to understand it and the faith to act upon it. Mene, mene, tekell, upharsin has not been wasted upon them, and great will be their reward.

The Russian Empire, like the British Empire, is being unified by this war, but whereas the unification of the British Empire has been lateral, has been the bringing into closer communion of many widely separated parts, the unification of Russia has been vertical, the bringing together of different and hitherto antagonistic strata of its society.

The Little Father is to-day closer to the Moujik than ever before. Nihilism, socialism, industrialism, sabotage are being merged in Russianism, and when,

after the war, they again break forth, it will be with a much diminished virulence. The blood which is being drained into the watersheds of the Vistula is cementing Russia into a national entity deserving of the loyalty which its previous history forbade.

The Government of Russia is recognizing these altered conditions with a splendid courage and a clairvoyant insight. It is taking no half measures. It appreciates as never before that it must look to the welfare of its people, and in the crisis it is showing an unselfishness entirely unparalleled in the annals of autocracy.

Greatest Prohibition Stroke.

When before, for example, has such a government, at a time when revenue was needed urgently and insistently, voluntarily given up an assured profit of many hundreds of millions of roubles annually? Yet this is what Russia is doing to-day in cancelling its vodka monopoly and forbidding at an hour's notice all alcohol to nearly two hundred millions of people.

Those who have done this, who have forbidden it not only to the moujiks but to themselves as well, are the drunken Grand Dukes, the aristocracy hitherto the most debauched and dissipated of Europe. There is no question but what the sacrifice will be repaid unto Russia a hundredfold, but who would have dared to expect it from the quarters whence it came? It is one of the marvels of this marvellous war, and shows the unsuspected instruments which democracy adapts to its purposes.

The influence of the company which Russia is keeping is shown in the ukase in regard to Poland. The promise is made that Poland shall again become a self-governed unit, although still remaining a part of the Russian Empire. This is a clearly British conception, a Canada, an Australia. No other empire has ever done it, but it has been proved that it works.

British influence will make it impossible that this promise shall not be ear-

ried out at the end of the war, and the Polish pride that his hitherto threatened the Russian Empire will become one of its firmest supports.

With self-government in Poland, self-government in Finland will necessarily come, and the fears of Sweden will be forever allayed. It is a true statesmanship that can turn a danger into a protection and a succor, even as in modern therapy the disease itself furnishes the immunizing serum. It is a clear demonstration that democratic understanding can come even to a proverbial autocracy.

There is also evidence that the other great blot upon Russia's escutcheon will be cleansed by this war, and that the persecution of the Jews will cease. The government, instead of fostering, will subdue the anti-Jewish riots, and without government instigation and toleration such demonstrations will at first merely smolder and will finally be extinguished. Prejudice will, of course, continue for much longer, but even it will gradually lessen with the cessation of political disability. It means the liberation of a race within a nation.

Russia must find other revenue to make up for what she has given up from the vodka monopoly. In order to afford this greater revenue there must be increased economic prosperity to support added taxation. That this prosperity will come is certain. The greater efficiency of a populace free from the curse of vodka can pay the vodka profits twice over, and still have a huge profit for itself.

The increase of unity in the nation will also have a definite effect in improving its industrial capacity. The certainty that hereafter Russian trade can pass freely from the Euxine to the Mediterranean will stimulate it greatly.

Russian finance need worry only about the immediate present; later she can count on a revenue far greater than she was receiving before she surrendered the perquisites from her vodka.

Therefore, I say that it is a glorious and inspiring thing that Russia should be fighting at the side of Britain and of

France. She is being born again, her trammelled soul is being freed, and in the aid and the example of her allies she finds her hope of liberty.

Not only for themselves has their democracy justified itself, but it has proved itself the hope of others struggling through a great darkness toward the light. It is proof of the brotherhood which is the crown of true democracy, and France and Britain are honored in the fact that it is to them that Russia looks for help in this time of her great awakening.

Miss Violet Elliott, Toronto.

The paper is certainly good value.

Ottawa Responds.

I enclose \$1 for 20 copies. I wish to distribute them in the West.

W. T. Noble, Rossclair, Muskoka.

We need rousing. Wishing your work much success.

J. H. Woods, Secretary, Belgian Relief Committee, Calgary.

Think we can do some business here if you will kindly send sample copies.

C. S. Creed, Fredericton, N.B.

Please find enclosed six cents for the first weekly edition of your splendid paper. I trust that it will prove an unqualified success. I would very much like to have future numbers.

From Sussex, N.B.

Please book our order for 25 copies, and continue to send this number each week until further advised.

A Hespeler Lady.

Please send me 20 copies. I wish to put them on sale with our bookseller here. I want to show my own copy about.

THE CANADIAN WAR AND THE BELGIANS

Miss Merrill's Thanks for Subscription Commissions, and Appeal for Further Aid for the Stricken People.

This will acknowledge receipt, on behalf of the Belgian Relief Committee of the U. E. Loyalists, of \$50, commission on subscriptions to "The Canadian War." Please accept congratulations on the success of the publication which cannot fail to interest everyone.

The response not only from Toronto and Ontario, but from many points in Canada and the United States, to the call of the United Empire Loyalists' Belgian Relief Committee, has been remarkably generous. Money has been freely given, not only from personal accounts in sums ranging to \$125.00, but various means have been taken advantage of to raise large sums, such as the collection by the Patriotic Fund, Brampton, of \$1,641 from the public schools in that town and vicinity; bazaars given by even small children, one by a little boy aged 6, the proceeds of which was \$10; another collection of \$148 by the Thamesville Herald; \$100 from the Women's Institute, Merrickville, and large amounts from other branches of the Institute; Ladies' Schools, such as Branksome Hall, \$40; the Canada Lawn Bowling Club, \$25; employees Hydro-Electric Power Co., \$63; schools in Toronto and the province, such as Jesse Ketchum school children, \$25; parlor concerts, sums collected by banks; patriotic concerts, as at Stayner, \$111; Sunday schools; residence of the Conservatory of Music, \$30; "The Belgian Nurse," Massey Hall, \$45; Ladies' Orange Lodge, Laura, Sask., \$40; American Aid Association, \$50; I.O.O.F., Loyal Lord Stanley Lodge, \$25; Children's Concert, College of Music, \$50; Waterdown High School, \$39; Prince Edward County, patriotic entertainments, \$94.65; J. P. Buschlen's World War Poems, percentage on sale, \$68.25; Military Aid Association, \$25, etc., etc.

Many interesting letters also have been received, including one containing a cheque for \$25 from Mrs. Fox, Redlands, Cal. Mrs. Fox voices the popular sentiment when she writes: "We are indeed in Belgium's debt. Our greatest effort can never repay her."

Beautiful Belgium, devastated and depopulated, how best can we assist her? The most interesting chapters, the saddest perhaps in the world's history, are the records of refugees. Descendants of United Empire Loyalists there are to-day who trace their ancestry not only to refugees of the American Revolution, but more remotely to French Huguenots driven from France to England and America; to the Puritans of New England, and to the followers of William, Prince of Orange. Those who claim kinship with refugees such as these can best sympathize with the Belgians.

In the case nearer home, that of the Loyalists, the trail of the Revolution is visible still. Last spring I spent a day in a locality originally settled by U. E. Loyalists. Many of their descendants live on the lands of their forefathers, and several of the early homes remain.

Representatives there are amongst them of once wealthy families, who have never retrieved the fortunes lost in the war. Meagre always are their worldly possessions, and as one notes their simple homes, their honest faces traced by care, and their struggle, generation after generation, against poverty, one can but drop a bitter tear, and pass on, to grow more cheerful, perchance, recollecting the crown of glory which ever distinguishes loyalty to king and country.

Once beautiful Belgium,—it is true our greatest efforts can never repay her. Repatriation in time will take place. Germany must provide for that. In the meantime Canada's duty is to assist in clothing and feeding those who will one day wander back to start life over again in her cities and on her farms.

HELEN M. MERRILL,
Hon. Sec. Treas.

U.E.L. Belgian Relief Committee.

Contributions of money are earnestly requested for the Belgians. Fifty per cent. of subscriptions to "The Canadian War" received, marked "For Belgian Relief," will go to the Belgian Fund.

THE COMMISSION FOR RELIEF THE NEED.

Belgium is fundamentally an industrial country, five-sixths of her population being dependent upon mining, manufacturing and allied industries. The food supply depends on imports paid for by the export of the products of this labor. In round figures the average normal monthly consumption of cereal food-stuffs totals approximately 270,000 tons, of which 230,000 is imported and 40,000 in produced in the country itself.

Since the middle of August the levies of the occupying army, the consumption of the population and the cessation of imports has produced a virtual exhaustion of cereal food-stuffs. There is a certain quantity of fresh meat and vegetables still in the country calculated to last for a further 90 days.

Investigation by the Commission show clearly that the absolute minimum imports on which the population can subsist, supplemented by the food in the country, is 80,000 tons

of cereals per month. In addition, salt and other condiments are necessary. This provides less than one-third of a soldier's ration for each individual. The purchase of this quantity of food-stuff involves a monthly outlay of about one million pounds; sea and land transportation costs an additional £225,000 per month, making a total monthly expenditure of £1,225,000.

HISTORICAL.

When the impending exhaustion of food-stuffs became evident in Belgium, it was determined to seek an understanding with the various belligerent Governments, whereby imports could be arranged. This understanding was negotiated by the Ambassadors and Ministers of the American and Spanish Governments with the respective countries.

ORGANIZATION.

In order to procure and distribute the food-stuffs to the civil population, two organizations have been created:

(a) The Commission for Relief in Belgium, with headquarters in London.

(b) The Comite National de Secours et d'Alimentation, with headquarters in Brussels.

The functions of the Commission are:

(1) to secure food-stuffs from any quarter, supplies being procured by

(a) Gifts from various independent organizations and institutions.

(b) Gifts from local committees appointed by this Commission.

(c) Direct contributions of food or money from firms and individuals.

(d) Purchase by this commission.

(2) To provide transportation from any centre into Belgium. For this purpose the Commission has been provided with £600,000 through guarantees entered upon by Belgian individuals and banks, for chartering ships and to provide railway and other transportation.

THIRTY-TWO STEAMERS.

On December 15th the Commission had 32 ocean-going vessels in its transportation service. It had a working arrangement with practically every American and Canadian railway, and controls a large fleet of barges and other means of transportation in Holland and Belgium.

(3) The funds of the commission have been provided by—

(a) The Comite National de Secours et d'Alimentation.

(b) The Belgian Relief Fund and other contributions.

(c) A subsidy from the British Government.

(d) Direct individual subscriptions.

(4) The Commission guards the food supplies throughout the belligerent areas. The supplies are transported to the head and various branch offices of the Commission for distribution.

(5) As military necessity impedes the cir-

ulation of the Belgian people throughout Belgium, the Commission provides communion between different centres.

The head office of the Comite is in Brussels, with sub-committees in each of the provinces. These provincial sub-committees carry out the details of distribution through the various communes. Each communal government embraces in normal times a relieving officer and also a medical officer. In the distribution of food advantage has been taken of the communal organizations.

The Comite is provisioning the entire civil population, divided into:—

(a) The absolutely destitute.

(b) The workpeople of small means.

(c) The middle and upper classes.

The organization in Brussels, which has been duplicated throughout the entire country, is as follows:—

FOR THE DESTITUTE.

Each destitute person is examined by the Communal officers. If the case warrants he is given a free non-transferable ticket for a definite ration twice daily at the Communal canteens.

The workpeople of small means pay for their ticket. They receive the same ration as the destitute. The cost of these rations is about 9 francs per month. It consists of 300 grammes of bread, a portion of potatoes, a small amount of coffee, salt and a litre of soup containing vegetables and a lump of meat.

Supplementary to the canteens for adults are those devoted to children under three years of age. A child receives one of five different kinds of tickets, according to the decision of the Communal doctor. These tickets call for a certain proportion of milk, cocoa, and other nourishing food adapted to the child's requirements. Children between three and twelve years of age receive their rations at the schools.

PEOPLE WHO CAN BUY.

The middle and upper classes are able to purchase food, but must buy the bread from the Communes. The Communes sell flour to the bakers, the list of the bakers' customers having been approved by the Communal officers, and the amount of bread which the bakers can deliver is fixed.

A small profit is secured from the sale of flour. The Communes pay the Comite three francs per month on all tickets issued. The object of requiring this amount is to guarantee free tickets. The Communes thus receive all bread stuffs from the Comite and also are in case of need given advances by way of loan by the Comite with which to purchase the supplementary provision required for the canteens. It is estimated that the revenue from these sales and royalties will amount to something like one-half the value of the food stuffs imported by the Commission for Relief in Belgium.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Effective doing depends on effective thinking.

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

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

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

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

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