

NOTICE TO PAY

THE

AN AVIATOR'S
STORY

CANADIAN WAR

PATRIOTISM

UN

VICTORY

Written and Edited
Without Remuneration

Devoted Entirely to
Propaganda for the War

Circulated Below Cost
All Profits for War Funds

Ninth Number

February 27, 1915

Five Cents



Published at 32 Church Street, Toronto

Canadian-American Dinner

....

Tuesday, February 23rd, 1915

Seven-thirty

Dunning's Hotel, Toronto

....

To declare the essential unity of democratic ideals in the British Empire and the United States, and to impress upon Canadians and Americans in Canada the duty that rests upon them of making this unity appreciated throughout America, to the end that any differences which may arise between the nations may be amicably settled in accordance with justice and honor, and without undue friction or recrimination.

....

\$1.00 each Ladies and Gentlemen \$1.00 each
(Morning Dress)

*Tickets procurable at The Canadian War,
32 Church St., Toronto, and at Dunning's
Hotel, King St. W., Toronto*

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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.

NOTICE TO PAY

THE Budget recalls a picture of the end of a numerous family's excellent lunch at a hotel. Father was scrutinizing the bill. The family was scrutinizing father, whose mien did not suggest grace after meat. Even the waiter was interested. The notice to pay had more in it than father cared to discuss before the whole family, much as he desired to express his ideas. Notice to pay is a sequence of the enthusiasm for the war which begot innumerable street parades last August.

Only An Instalment.

Finance Minister White stands where the waiter stood; but he has only said, "Would you like to see an instalment of the bill? Can you let me have something on account?" Being asked out loud for something on account the family's attention is likely to be absorbed by that aspect of its situation, rather than by the items which constitute the account.

Most people when they ask your opinion of the budget are thinking only of the new taxes. A war is on, and unaccustomed, direct taxes are proposed which everybody can feel before they are in operation. As the

taxes come after the war we at once call them war taxes, and dwell upon the tremendous sacrifices we are making for the Empire. Discussion turns upon the wisdom of this or that impost as a device for getting the sum the tax is expected to produce.

We forget the fundamental in the detail. From the point of view of nourishing the national spirit for enduring all that the war entails, this is a deceptive mental process. It tends to neglect of the essentials of the situation which belong to every man, woman and child who posts a letter, or buys a railway ticket, or purchases a necessary of life.

Blame It on the War.

It is not fair to say that because none of the new taxes will help pay for the soldiers we send to Europe the taxes are therefore not war taxes at all. If the war had not come the financial situation, grievous as it was, might not have compelled the sort of taxes that now confront us.

But if we are honest—which is the only way to be patriotic—we cannot disregard the fact that the war is being blamed officially and privately for things for which it is not responsible,

"Blame it on the war" may be the expression of a supremely honest man who does not SEE. But it may be the expression of a politician who sees first and last in the national condition a chance for a partisan advantage in a partisan election. Politicians of that kind are in both parties, and they have a measurable influence in the counsels which decide the scope and the guise of the Budget.

Mr. White is a financier of ability, with very clear thinking powers, and an intimate knowledge of the processes of finance. Nobody who knows him has the slightest regard for the occasional aspersion that he is the mere nominee of the "predatory interests," and that he sacrificed his convictions four years ago to his ambition to become Minister of Finance. He persistently refused a seat in the Cabinet. He cleared out of every financial connection which, he thought, might be said to influence his service of the nation.

Not Swift to Take Hints.

He carries certain dejects as well as undoubted advantages of his training. The distinctions of his personal character as well as capacity go into his service of the nation. He knows that statesmanship must be more or less a matter of compromise. The loftiest autocrat in the world is severely limited in having his own way. The difference between absolutely honest and unselfish statesmen is often in the extent to which they will fight for their own views against what looks like effective opposition.

The line between expediency and principle cannot always be sharply drawn. "Not what I would, but what I can," perhaps sums up Mr. White's working maxim of statesmanship. In this, as in all his budgets, he has followed the line of least resistance, and has refrained from speaking to the country with the frankness which the occasion invited. He has left the public to infer, rather than to understand, that much heavier sacrifices will be demanded by the war than he has openly disclosed. He has forgotten that the

general public is not swift to take financial hints.

You come to that conclusion when, having detached the salient points of his budget exposition from the general mass of his case, you search for a key to the whole intent of the speech, a key that will also open the door to the Cabinet compromises from which the speech has been evolved. The governing features of the speech are given here, and discussed in separate distinction. This is done in full recognition of the fact that there is perhaps nothing in which insincerity in political discussion is more often displayed than in the use of quotations.

Sir John Willison not long ago told the Canadian Press Association that not a single leading daily newspaper in Canada could be trusted to quote a political opponent fairly. There are no political opponents of The Canadian War. Quotations in these pages are fair. It is bad journalism as well as bad ethics to misrepresent. Misrepresentation may bolster a case, but cannot strengthen it. The quotations from Mr. White's speech which follow are for elucidation. That the speech is not given verbatim is due to limitations of space, and because it has been fully reported in every part of the country.

WHAT CAUSED THE DEFICIT?

For the whole of the fiscal year ending March 31 next we estimate:

Current expenditure \$140,000,000

Capital and special (other than war) expenditure .. 50,000,000

Total \$190,000,000

The taxpayer is sixty million dollars in the hole, apart from war expenditures, since March 31, 1914. The Minister did not give a hint as to how much of this deficit was assured before the war clouds descended at the end of July. There was then a falling revenue, and it was certain to fall still more for the balance of the year. If we are to blame the deficit on the war we ought to know much it would have been apart from the war. The patriotic reason for that is that if the pub-

lie is led to believe that the war is responsible for things which governments ought to have avoided, the public's estimate of what it will have to bear from our part in the war is falsely based, and its moral power to resist the ravages of war correspondingly lessened—wherein is no comfort for those who do not realize that we are fighting for national survival. There is confusion where there ought to be clarity in the public mind.

ONE DECLINE MAKES MANY.

Our revenue on the present basis being estimated at \$130,000,000, we should have to meet for this year a deficit of ten million dollars on current account plus the entire amount of our capital and special expenditure, a substantial part of which we have in the past been able to defray out of current revenue, a balance only having been provided by borrowing.

The capital and special expenditure has included such things as the cost of the Transcontinental Railway. We used to meet cost of that out of income, mainly from the tariff. But when the borrowed money which produced so large a part of the tariff revenue fell off, AS IT DID BEFORE THE WAR, the capacity to meet capital expenses out of revenue declined. The capacity to meet interest charges on many obligations weakened also. A glance at railway earnings, beginning a year ago, indicates how one decline in revenue makes many, especially when the revenue was largely borrowed—a most deceptive form of "income."

THE PREMIER'S ESTIMATE.

In connection with the war appropriation bill presented by him at the August session the Prime Minister presented an estimate of \$30,000,000, covering expenditure until March 31 next for the mobilization, equipment, transport and maintenance of an overseas contingent of 25,000 men, and pay of detachments of troops on active home service.

Here is the key to the speech, and to the interior statesmanship of which the speech is the expression, and the results of which will, in good time, be

submitted to the judgment of the country. The Minister of Finance, somewhat startlingly, throws the responsibility for the financial war measure of last August on the Prime Minister. This budget speech of Mr. White's was very carefully prepared, on the general principle of safety first. A Minister of Finance is naturally regardless of the safety of the Minister of Finance. He does not say that the Government presented an estimate of an expenditure of thirty millions last August, but that the Premier did. It is well worthy of remembrance, because of what follows, and of what is bound to follow when we have passed the stage of receiving notice merely to pay something on account.

WAS INADEQUATE.

The estimate of expenditure presented in August was, of course, inadequate to meet the enlarged programme, and the special war expenditure during the present fiscal year will probably reach the total amount of the appropriation, viz., \$50,000,000.

Read that twice. "The estimate was, of course, inadequate to meet the enlarged programme." What was the original programme which governed the August War Session? The estimate for eight months of war was for 25,000 men for overseas fighting and detachments—detachments—of troops on active home service. The plain English of that is that the Prime Minister, speaking undoubtedly for the Government, though with the special responsibility which his Minister of Finance carefully displays, in August, 1914, when it was seen that the German rush on Paris would involve a most terrible conflict, the Prime Minister did not intend, during the period ending March 31, 1915, to incur expenditures for more than 25,000 men to fight where the Empire was fighting for its life. The event has proved that the provision contemplated by the Government was forty per cent. too small. Parliament, therefore, was forty per cent. behind in estimating the driving power of Canadian patriotism. The Government's disposition

regarding other things than the size of the army corresponded to their estimate of the most vital need of all.

There is every reason to believe that the Premier, early in the war, failed to carry the Cabinet in his desires to make provision for men and more men. His statement, after Valcartier, that reinforcements would be sent for the twenty-two thousand men called for in the first contingent, undoubtedly reflected the mind of the Government as a whole. Sir Clifford Sifton, in a public speech at Ottawa, with the Finance Minister present, told the Government, with unmistakable meaning, that it ought to declare its determination at once to increase the fighting force to forty thousand.

One of the answers to such appeals was an open move by a section of the Cabinet, as testified to by the Toronto Telegram, to force a general election. An estimated expenditure of thirty millions for a war for our national existence mounted to fifty millions, even with the slowness in calling for further volunteers of which newspapers complained long before 1914 came to an end. It was a remarkable miscalculation. On the Finance Minister's confessions it means that public opinion must not be astonished by further miscalculations.

"SUBBING" FROM MOTHER.

To meet our financial requirements since the August session the following steps have been taken:

We have arranged with the Imperial Government for advances from September until March 31 of £12,000,000, or, say, \$60,000,000, of which we have received to date £8,000,000, or, say, \$40,000,000.

We issued for Dominion purposes Dominion notes to an amount of ten million dollars in excess of the additional issue of \$15,000,000 authorized by Parliament at its last session. For this I am introducing special legislation confirmatory of our action.

We borrowed five million dollars from the Bank of Montreal.

We issued, after the successful flotation of the British war loan, £3,000,000 of six-months Treasury bills, negotiated at $4\frac{1}{2}$ and $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., and maturing in June next.

We sold at a net price of $94\frac{1}{2}$

£1,300,000 of our 1940-60 stock to meet the private requirements of our investing clientele in London.

By these means we have arranged our finances until the end of March of the present fiscal year. At present we have substantial balances to our credit both here and in London.

Total these sums and you get the sixty million dollars' discrepancy between our income and our needs for the ordinary requirements of Government, which were supposed to be provided for by Parliament before war was dreamed of. It is clear, from a little simple addition, that we must get from the Imperial Treasury for the ordinary Government and war needs of this expiring fiscal year, roughly a hundred millions of dollars. Verily we are a borrowing country. For years we have talked as if our huge borrowings were the last proof of continuing certainty of vast revenues, whereas they have been discountings of the future, on which we can only make good by a vastly increasing production from the soil, and not from the bottomless pocket of the lender in Britain, who has now stupendous obligations for war and its attendant drainages, on which he did not count until the early days of last August.

SILENCE THAT SHOULDN'T.

The outstanding feature of the economic effect of the war upon Canada has been the curtailment of our borrowings abroad. Canada has been borrowing at the rate of from two to three hundred million dollars annually for some years past. For the six months preceding the war our loans abroad, and principally in Great Britain, aggregated two hundred million dollars, or over a million dollars a day. These borrowings represented the sale of securities by the Federal and Provincial Governments, by municipalities, and by railway, public utility, industrial and financial corporations. For the most part the purpose of loans so effected was to provide funds for the construction of public undertakings, works and services, railways and industrial and other plants and establishments.

There could not be clearer proof that the "prosperity" which was our never-ending boast during the first decade of this century was largely the re-

sult of piling up capital obligations. Right up to the war the Government acted as if it counted on the continuance of this deceptive method of keeping up appearances, for a deficit of many millions BEYOND THE EXPENDITURE OF FIFTY MILLIONS, WHICH THE PREMIER UNDERESTIMATED BY TWENTY MILLIONS, was certain.

The Government knew that the economic crisis had arrived, which loaded our cities with unemployed before the war was thought of. The Minister of Finance told the country in May, 1913, that there was not a sign of a setback in Canada. A month before that he had been warned that there were fewer producers in the Province of Saskatchewan than there were in 1912. The relief of the Canadian Northern Railway by a gift of fifteen million dollars was known by the Government to be only an instalment of what that railway declared to be necessary to complete the construction programme for which the credit of the Dominion and most of the provinces had been pledged. In face of that, Parliament was assured, a year ago, that in a few months financial conditions would be back to where they had been.

Notice here that the borrowings represent very largely public expenditures which could only be met through the increasing production of territory contributory to the cities and towns in which they were incurred. The unoccupied buildings and portions of buildings in many cities are mute, almost tragic, testimonies to the excessive construction which therefore represents excessive borrowings, and which had already caused certain cities to dip into their sinking funds—before the war.

BORROWING, BORROWING.

The war at once cut off this stream of borrowed money, and only recently have there been evidences of its resumption upon a greatly reduced scale. Until the war is over, and for a considerable period afterwards, it is not probable that monetary conditions will permit of the issue of securities even of the

highest character other than for war purposes in any such volume as that to which we have been accustomed in the past. This interruption of the influx of capital has necessarily meant marked curtailment of expenditure upon undertakings, works and buildings in all parts of Canada, with consequent reaction upon the industries, trades and businesses furnishing material and supplies therefor. The result has been a material slackening of general constructional activity, considerable unemployment and attendant diminished buying power on the part of the community.

The obvious teaching of these facts is that Governments when they borrow money to carry on public works which are ahead of the producing speed of the country only pile the load higher for the near future to carry. Everywhere you turn the fact arises to hit you in the face that it was borrowing and not production that made the "prosperity" that has disappeared.

SAME OLD DODGE.

Our estimates contain no new items, and as to items which they include we shall proceed with works not already under contract only as we feel justified, having regard to the financial situation.

The inference from this, coupled with the fact that there is no effective curtailment in the estimated expenditures, is that works that were put into the estimates while the glorious era of vast borrowings was expected to continue, and to keep the revenues up to the high "prosperity" mark, is that constituencies are still to be told that they may expect this and that and the other Government work to be taken up very soon—the old, old election-eering dodge—which both parties have practised alike, and of which they will not be cured till the average man gets up on his hind legs and shows that he at last understands that you can no more feed a Government dog indefinitely on his tail than you can feed any other kind of dog in that way. In face of the warning, repeated above, about the certainty of a non-resumption of lending by the British investor, why cannot the Minister of Finance, who talks about resolutely facing the situation, strike out of the estimates the public works which he knows perfectly

well are impossible, because of the exceeding onerousness, if not the impossibility, of meeting the obligations that have already been incurred? Everybody knows they are there for use if an election should be precipitated. All that the financial situation justifies is that they be cut out.

GOING DOWN.

With the war still continuing we may expect for next year diminishing imports and consequently reduced revenue as compared with the present year in which there have been four ante-bellum months.

Observe that we are still to have diminishing imports. The estimated decrease must be looked at by the candid citizen in the light of the discrepancy between the estimated war expenditure of thirty million dollars until March 31, 1915, and the actual fifty millions.

WHAT DID JANUARY MEAN?

Upon the present basis of duties of customs and excise we estimate that our revenue from all sources for the coming year would not exceed \$120,000,000.

The Minister estimates a drop of a further ten millions only, on present scale. The drop in January was just about two millions. Now that we are being told that the burdens will increase, are the imports likely to fall off in smaller ratio than they did in the month of January? How far have we been helped to realize the magnitude of the financial burden which an exploded boom and a still exploding war have forced upon us? As the Toronto Globe said: "We have got to pay for a boom and a war at the same time." The country can stand a strong dose of candor.

IS NATION A CHILD?

At the outbreak of the war it would have been premature to have brought forward measures which to-day have been long foreseen by public opinion to be necessary and indeed inevitable. It would also have been most inopportune and expedient, by reason of the profound dislocation and disorganization of business caused by the war, and the shock to financial stability which

the Dominion was so suddenly called upon to withstand.

Here is another glimpse of the key to the interior situation of the Government in the early months of the war. The Minister had just spoken of the wonderful enthusiasm with which we began the war. Now he naively intimates that he was afraid to say last August that we would have to shoulder direct taxations and loads, the magnitude of which he is now beginning to confess. It is the old story—you must not tell the public the truth about its own affairs at a time when it may not be pleasant for it to hear.

It may be that the nation is childish—it may not be. It is scarcely prudent of the Minister of Finance to tell it so, when its sons are being killed in battle. The event always shows that a Government can always afford to be candid with those who create and who can destroy it. The simple truth is that this refraining from warning the public was due to the initial serious miscalculation which solemnly estimated to the nation that thirty millions would carry its part of the war till March 31, 1915—this a few days before Premier Asquith assured the Empire that it would have to multiply many times its effective fighting forces. It is another form of "Blame it on the war."

IS IT WORKS OR WAR?

Dealing with what we may call uncontrollable expenditure, that is to say, expenditure necessary for the conduct of civil government and required to meet interest and other obligations of the Dominion, we cannot look forward to any reduction over the past year. The Dominion has large undertakings under contract for construction. Chief among these may be mentioned terminal and harbor works, and improvements in our larger port cities, the completion of the National Transcontinental Railway and the Quebec Bridge, the Hudson Bay Railway and the Welland Canal.

A very pertinent question will press for answer as time goes on. What is the paramount need this year, and so long as the war lasts—is it public works or the power to make war? Is

it not a reasonable inference from this statement that the Government is more concerned to carry on public works, as to the wisdom of which in the first place there was certain doubt, or is it concerned with multiplying many times our effective fighting forces, both in men and in food? It is our bounden duty to produce more food—the urgency of which is only partially covered by Mr. Burrell's excellent propaganda in the country—a propaganda which ought to have been undertaken years ago, and the necessity for which was repeatedly pressed on the Government immediately after it went into power. Sir George Paish—a reliable testifier—has told us that we have now plant capable of taking care of two or three times our capacity to produce. What is the imperious emergency—public works or war?

WHO PAYS INTEREST?

Our interest charges will, of course, greatly increase from this forward. Our outlay for this year on this account will exceed sixteen millions. In next year's estimates they appear at twenty-one and a half millions. We must also look forward to a large and increasing pension list expenditure.

It is the plain truth that Canada cannot meet all the interest charges that have piled up in the last few years, out of the production that is in sight for the next few years. The Minister of Finance is compelled to admit that, broadly, we have been paying interest out of capital. Every day's evasion of this crucial situation is only so much worsening of the inevitable crisis, war or no war. Let anybody look into the British Columbia situation, for instance, and see the permanent railway obligations that have been assumed, as electioneering devices, the overbuilding of cities, and the slowness to increase production from the soil, and he will know that for years after the war it will be as impossible for that province to recover its financial health as it is to change the multiplication table.

What is the use of mooning along without the courage to declare the

truth? The divine right to borrow, which has been assumed these many years by governments and private undertakings, is still the dominant idea in minds which have not yet been cured of the infatuation that has enriched many individuals, while it has burdened the nation to an extent that no politician has yet had the courage to admit.

Twenty-five years ago there were 380 people in this Dominion to create the traffic for each mile of railway. This year, if our population has increased as much since 1911—four years—as it did in the preceding ten years, we shall have nine million people, and there will be only 250 people to support each mile of railway. Does anybody suppose we have added a million and three-quarters to our population since 1911?

In our greatest grain-producing Province there are to-day four cities with a population of forty thousand more than the surrounding territory can afford to carry; and two more with about five thousand too many. Yet, with this excess there are only a hundred people to create the traffic for each mile of railway. There were twice as many thirty years ago.

\$180,000,000 SHORT.

Assuming that our total cash requirements for all purposes whatsoever, including our war expenditures, will amount during the coming year to over \$300,000,000, while our revenue on the present basis would yield only \$120,000,000, we are faced with the problem of raising by additional taxation and borrowing a sum in excess of \$180,000,000.

The estimate is for a level hundred millions of expenditure on the war. It is not safe to assume that the war will be over before the next fiscal year is out. Mr. Rowell, the Liberal leader in Ontario, who has made the best propagandist speeches for the war, and has urged the necessity for more men, as no other political leader has urged it, points out that to supply as many men in proportion to our population as are enlisting in the Mother Country, we should send over 300,000.

WHEN THE SPRING COMES—AND AFTER

Germany Has Failed to Accomplish Their Design for Swift Crushing of Foes, and Summer Will Increase Forces Against Her, and Demonstrate Her Hopeless Case.

BY BENJAMIN A. GOULD

ALMOST all the progress which Germany has succeeded in making was accomplished during the first six weeks of the war. Since then the Allies have been able to prevent any further considerable invasion of their territory, and in several places German and Austrian land has in turn been invaded.

This initial success emphasizes the advantage of knowing a couple of years in advance the date on which war is to occur. In this instance it gave Germany an advantage which to say the least was not fair play. But the world has come to realize that Fair Play and Kultur (spelled with a K) are not always synonymous.

Caste Feared Socialism.

So many volumes have been written about the responsibility for beginning the war that it is futile to go over the matter again. The impartial world has weighed the matter carefully, and has come to the unbiased conclusion that the fault was Germany's, and that Austria was merely used as a catspaw; that the war was determined upon some time in advance; and that every preparation for it had been made by Germany which could be effected without making clear to other nations that war was intended.

Two governing factors decided the time when war was wanted, as it is now easy to see by looking back. The first of these, which made it necessary for the militaristic oligarchy to bring the war on as soon as possible, was the constant growth of socialism in Germany.

This growth was taking place in spite of the absence of a free press, and was the outlet for the ever-fermenting forces striving for democracy, forces always at work in an autocracy. It was merely another manifestation of

the inherent desires for liberty which was the cause of the German revolution of 1848.

The socialistic movement was beginning to threaten the supremacy of the military clique, and if allowed to continue unchecked might even have become a menace to the whole imperial system of government. The release of Germany from absolutism, which is going to be accomplished through the slaughter and defeat of this war, stood a good chance of being brought about internally by the socialists.

Might Have Been Revolt.

The final overthrow would undoubtedly have been through revolution, and would unquestionably have involved bloodshed, but its cost to Germany in lives would have been a mere nothing in comparison with the losses of the war. There never yet has been an autocracy which had enough patriotism to be willing to sacrifice itself for the sake of the people, and the Junker element did not hesitate to involve the country in war to save their own precious necks and positions.

To be sure, they thought that the outcome of the war would be very different from what it will be, but none the less they knew that it would cost the people heavily. They were well aware that even if their armies were supremely successful the people of the country would get nothing out of it to repay the cost of war; all the advantage in added wealth and power would be absorbed by the Junker leaders.

They realized fully that the call to arms and the pathos of the appeals for the Vaterland would arouse a spirit of patriotism which would for the time being utterly overwhelm the socialists, who had not yet become strong enough to resist such an appeal. They also knew that the longer

such a national call was delayed the more the danger that the socialists would become strong enough to resist it at the outset.

Only a year or two more of the growth of the movement might have made it impossible for the declaration of war to find a unified nation. Already there is evidence that in spite of the military repression of all such outbursts and in spite of the fact that German territory has not yet to any great extent been invaded, there are beginning to be insistent demands for peace from the socialists.

It would not have taken a much longer incubation of socialistic doctrines to have caused these demands to be made before war was actually in full swing, and then where would Junkerism have been? But if the war had been successful throughout and the German armies had dictated terms of peace while in possession of Paris and Warsaw, Junkerism would have been too firmly in the saddle to run any risk of being unhorsed, and the threat of socialism would have been postponed for many a long year.

Did Not Expect Nicholas.

In addition to these internal conditions which urged the bringing on of the war as soon as possible two external influences also forbade delay. One of these was the fact that France, terrorized by the addition of half a million men to the regular German standing army, had decided that it was necessary to increase the term of compulsory military service from two years to three years, and if Germany and France were to fight it was obviously better for the former to have the war take place before this change in the French conscription became effective.

Also it was evident that Russia was rapidly recovering from the loss of military power consequent upon the defeats of 1904 by Japan, and each year of delay in bringing on war meant greater strength for the Russian armies. Germany had no idea that they were anything like as effective as

they have proved, or that a military genius like Grand Duke Nicholas would be in command of them, or that the Russian nation would show a solidarity in favor of war against Germany as striking as its opposition to the Japanese war, but Germany none the less realized that each year of delay made the Russian nut a harder one for the Teutonic hammer to crack.

Against these conditions all calling for the bringing on of the war as soon as possible was one compelling and unavoidable factor which prevented the declaration of war before 1914. This was the fact that the Kiel Canal was not ready until then, and without the Kiel Canal Germany could scarcely hope to be successful against Russia and France at the same time, even if England should remain neutral.

These considerations make it clearer why this war did not occur before 1914 and why it was not postponed until after 1914. The very date is an added proof that this war was desired and brought about by the German military authorities.

Glorious Liege.

In their plan of campaign the Germans made two vital errors, both of them due to the fact that they fail to comprehend the hearts of men. They never thought that Belgium would be heroic, or that in their sweep across that ill-fated land they would encounter more than a merely perfunctory opposition.

The Philosophy of Force, the Sacredness of Might, had for so long been their idol that they could not conceive of a little nation willing to oppose their war machine and to suffer martyrdom for an ideal. Idealism has never gone with the militaristic brand of Kultur, and Germany failed to make any allowance for it.

The delay of two weeks which the glorious defence of Liege imposed upon Germany upset all the plans of Berlin and was the salvation of France, allowing time for the French army to be mobilized and for the little band of British to reach the neighborhood of Mons for their heroic retreat. It also

allowed time for the French to retrieve their original colossal mistake of expecting the real invasion to come through Alsace-Lorraine, and the march through Belgium to be not much more than a demonstration of force.

The French strength was massed along the line from Verdun to Belfort, and but for the delay in Belgium could not have got to the Marne in time. Liege fell, but Paris still is Paris.

The other great mistake of Germany was in underrating the promptness with which England would act. Berlin was probably well aware that the violation of Belgium would be sure ultimately to bring England into the fray, but Berlin undoubtedly counted on England's muddling about for three weeks or a month before she entered the war, by which time all the fat would have been in the fire.

British Dislocated Plans.

One of the reasons for the present bitterness of German hate against the British lies in the fact that all the German plans were dislocated by the quickness of Great Britain's decision. The very attitude of Grey throughout the fateful days from the 23rd of July to the 2nd of August, when he was doing everything in his power to prevent war, probably made Germany all the more sure that he would be slow to enter his country in the war.

The petulant surprise of the German chancellor that Great Britain would undergo the pains of war for her treaty with Belgium, "for a scrap of paper," shows the German inability to understand that a country which uncompromisingly desired and sought peace would none the less unhesitatingly and immediately declare war where the honoring of treaty obligations required it.

This surprise at England's entering the war when she did show the insincerity of the present German claim that this war is one which Great Britain has forced upon Germany from jealousy of the growing German commerce. But then consistency has never been characteristic of the German State Department, as is shown by the six different

official explanations or excuses for the violation of Belgian neutrality, each one of them inconsistent with the others.

The German drive against Paris having been turned back at the critical moment when it appeared as if it would prove successful, and the armies forced back to the Aisne, they proceeded then to entrench themselves and to extend their lines until they reached from the Swiss border to the North Sea.

Tremendous efforts were put forth to advance to Calais and threaten England by holding one side of the channel at its narrowest point, and also to break through in the neighborhood of Soissons and St. Mihiel to renew the drive against Paris. These endeavors proved futile, and no material change in positions has taken place.

Austrian Power Broken.

Both sides have shown wonderful heroism and bravery, and the losses on both sides have been heavy. The Germans have suffered most, both because of their habit of charging in mass formation and because the offensive against entrenchments is always more costly than the defence. At the outset the German artillery held a marked superiority, but this seems to have been entirely overcome and the superiority now appears to be on the side of the Allies.

The marksmanship of the allied infantry has been from the beginning much superior, and in the matter of mobility the network of railways available for both sides has given neither any great advantage. The use of aeroplane scouts has prevented any great surprise by either, as movements of great bodies of troops cannot be concealed from the enemy.

In the Eastern theatre the changes have been much more spectacular than in the West. As a whole, it may be stated that the Austrian armies have proved far inferior to their adversaries, while there has been little to choose between the success of the Germans and the Russians. The one

Austrian deed which stands forth is the heroic defence of Przemyśl, which at the time of writing is still holding out against a Russian siege certain of ultimate success.

In every other great clash the Austrian armies have melted away before Russian attacks, and even little Serbia, by heroic efforts, has driven the invaders from her territory with enormous loss.

As a result, Austrian powers of resistance have been nearly destroyed, and, except where stiffened by the presence of Germans, Austrian troops are able to offer no great opposition to the Russian armies. It would seem fair to prophesy that within a very few months Austria will be as helpless to assist Germany to any great extent as is Turkey, which has yet to score a victory of any account.

Retreat Here, Advance There.

The great advantage which Germany has held over Russia has been the mobility of her troops due to the splendid system of strategic railways along her frontier. The Russians have been able to move only slowly and ponderously, while the Germans have been whirled from one point to another for tremendously concentrated attacks.

The attacks have seldom failed to make progress, but in every case they necessitated the withdrawal of men from some other part of the line. As a result, the retreat of the Russian troops at one point has been accompanied by an advance at another, and the German nimbleness has given more exercise than progress.

Thus the Russian defeat at Tannenberg in the early part of the war was accomplished by the withdrawal of German troops from the west and probably had much to do with the German defeat on the Marne, while the invasion of Galicia went steadily forward. The German drives against Warsaw were accompanied by Russian advances in Bukowina and East Prussia, and now that the latter movement requires German opposition in force, Russia will be able to regain the

ground lost in Poland. The losses of men on both sides have been enormous, but on the whole the German losses have probably been heavier than those of the Russians who opposed them.

The net result of nearly seven months of war has been that the German armies have been able to make no material progress beyond what was accomplished in the first six weeks, that German commerce has been driven from the seas and the German navy weakened much more than the navies of the Allies, and that all around Germany is a throttling and slowly closing line of enemies through which she has been unable to break no matter how spendthrift she has been willing to be of the lives of her soldiers.

Stalemate Must Change.

Were conditions to continue as they are, it might be fairly said that the struggle was a drawn game or a stalemate. But conditions cannot remain as they are. The supremacy of the British fleet is causing economic distress which is certain to have a telling effect in increasing the German agonies. The question of food and war supplies is becoming more and more urgent, and most of all, the shortage of men is what is certain to defeat Germany.

At the very outset, German strength was at its maximum. Her losses have been so huge that she has been able to do little more than replace the men who have been disabled, and as time advances she will scarcely be able to do this. Her adversaries, on the contrary, were weakest at the beginning, and are steadily growing stronger.

The collapse of Austria and Turkey will shortly free all the troops that have been engaged against them for operations against Germany. France has been able not only to make good the losses in her ranks but will be able in the Spring to increase her fighting forces by not less than a million and a half of men.

Great Britain will be able to bring forward about two million new men "when the war begins in May," as Lord Kitchener is said to have expres-

sed it. Russia's countless population makes the forces which she can furnish almost inexhaustible, and the slow moving Russian military machine is steadily equipping them and bringing them forward.

Three million men is a low estimate of the number of new troops which she can furnish in 1915.

In addition to this, there is every prospect that Roumania with half a million effectives, Greece with almost the same number, and Italy with a million and a half of soldiers will be among Germany's foes before next summer. To offset these new foes she can look for no new allies, the best that she can hope for being that German gold can buy Bulgaria's neutrality.

These considerations show that Germany's case is hopeless, and the sooner

she recognizes this fact and sues for peace the less onerous will be the terms. She cannot hope to retain her former place in the world, her colonial dreams must be abandoned, her own territories shorn, her armies disbanded, and her idea of dominating Europe ended forever.

If, in her blind stubbornness, she continues a strife in which ultimate victory is absolutely impossible, if she makes it necessary, as she can, that a vast additional number of lives be sacrificed to force the fortifications on her own soil before the victorious allies can pitch their tents in Berlin, the degradation she will have to suffer will be even more bitter. Then will the voices of her misguided children be raised in even greater lamentation, and the progress of the world purchased at an even greater price.

THE WOMAN IN IT

By U. N. C. DUDLEY

THE Lady poured tea, as ladies do—old MacTaggart with whom I stacked wheat in the Little Saskatchewan Valley, and who was concluding a long bachelorhood, used to say, with a wistful gleam in his eye, that tea always tasted better when it came from a feminine hand.

"Two lumps?" she said.

None was enough, she heard; and that turned conversation to the budget. The Lady remarked that the Minister of Finance, she had just seen in the evening paper, had not raised the tax on sugar or tea—which she said, gaily, would comfort spinsters. I had noticed that whenever she made a bantering remark like that, it was sure to be followed by a penetrating observation—so close do seriousness and pleasantry dwell together.

"Is it not surprising?" she said, "how many people have had their incomes heavily reduced since the war began, and how much they strive to

hide a very creditable fact?"

"It is lucky for some of us," I answered, "that we have any income at all."

Again the eager look that gave a singular mobility to her countenance; again the inquiry that showed an acquisitive mind behind her charm. "I hope that doesn't apply to writers," she said. "Hasn't the war created a great demand for printed matter? I am so ignorant of these things that perhaps I am asking a foolish question."

"There is great demand for printed matter," I replied. "But it has to be written with blood. And that sort of material is not written in Canada. Some of my friends are writing in tears; and there are no cheques for tears in these days. Made-in-Canada literary wares are not in fierce demand. Stories could be told about the balance of supply and demand, but they remain unwritten."

"Oh!" she said, "I am so sorry. I had thought that the war had just thrown our own writers into stress of work. Every piece of news you hear only seems to make this war more terrible. We have been thinking that it would come home most of all when the casualties to our brave boys are listed. But I suppose there are many bitter casualties that we shall never hear of. I have assumed, without taking much trouble to think about it, that other people would be like myself—more or less compelled to economize on things that don't matter very much. Do you know, I have been surprised at the number of things I could do without."

"The war has brought us near the few essentials of existence," I said. "If we were in the devastated countries we should learn how few our necessities really are. The problem with us is to realize and live up to the realities of the war without having to live and sup with them."

"You mean we need a sort of absent treatment of the war?" the lady suggested. Perceive, once more, an uncommon felicity in putting a whole problem into a phrase—a precious gift, which the Lady ought not to be allowed to confine to a personal circle. The remark led to a more or less philosophic discussion of the psychology of warfare at a distance—the phenomena of temperament that discover themselves in a belligerent people who are far remote from the war and from its most serious manifestations.

"A letter to-day," I told her, "from a famous woman writer who lives in a rural community, tells me that her neighbors show little interest in the war. They are working and amusing themselves as usual. The outward and visible signs of being at war are confined to a few women knitting socks for soldiers—most of whom have never seen a soldier in uniform."

"And do you think those people are part of my impression of Canada being like a person walking on the mountain side on a dark, stormy night, unconscious of yawning precipices before her?"

"Precisely," I said.

"They are not to be blamed for not realising," the Lady continued. "It seems to me that the faculty of projection is one of the rarest and most delicate attributes of the human mind. How can you put yourself into another's place, if you have no idea of what that place is like? How can a man who has spent his years in the constant remoteness of the farm get a lively sense of what is going on in Europe, and of the subversion of civilization that is represented in the yoke the Germans are putting upon the Belgians? And if you tell him that if the Germans came to Canada they would do the same thing here—he doesn't suppose that there can be any more hardship in growing crops under German rule than there is under Sir Robert Borden. Why——"

The Lady broke into a little gale of laughter. When it was spent she said:—"How absurd of me to link the good Sir Robert's name with German rule. I have only seen him once, and nobody would wish to couple him with German kultur. How very odd we are becoming in the way we associate totally different things."

"Yes," I said, "quite recently I heard a gracious lady talking of having herself become brutalised,"

Again the silvern laugh, and again a searching question.

"Can you tell me how to make the isolated farmer feel the reality of his danger and the insistence of the call to sacrifice? Do you know anything more important than that—except, of course, the actual sending of men to battle? How can the right ideas about the war be spread in the country places? If you get the country right the town will be sure, to the end, as well as at the beginning."

Observe it again, you who suppose women do not find the essentialities of a great situation—the Lady professing inefficiency in the great art, even when she was showing herself a natural mistress of it; unschooled as she was in the methods of harder, more practised beings who sometimes pass for states-

men. She had deployed a problem—How to make the war a reality to the remotest man from its immediate burdens. Touch him and all else is solved, for you have a nation aflame, consecrate.

"The difficulty, as it seems to me," was the only answer I could make just then, "is that instead of sacrifice, some of our patriots are preaching profits. The farmer is gaining something and is told to expect more from the war. 'You are serving the Empire growing wheat,' he is told; 'grow all the wheat you can and the war will enrich you, and your sons will bide at home.'"

The Lady turned to the newspaper summary of the taxes the Finance Minister had proposed. She glanced down the list, quickly as an old editor reads.

"Why," she said, "there is nothing here that suggests a special contribution from those whom the war enriches. Excuse me a moment while I look again for what the Finance Minister said about the farmer. It looks as though the taxes are to fall on the war-stricken just as much as on the war-enriched. Oh! yes, here it is: 'We believe that the tariff changes we propose will bring great advantage to agriculture.'"

"The Lady stopped and her eyes once more sought the floor. Then she rose, placed the tea-tray on another table, came back to her chair, crossed her hands, faced the window and was silent a minute before she said:

"You can never develop the spirit of sacrifice on that sort of teaching about the war. It is a sin for men to make more money out of their business than they were making before the war. It is worse than usury. The farmers may do it, in spite of themselves. Isn't there some way by which their gains can be turned to account in patriotic service?"

See it again?—this imaginative, eager, sympathetic mind turning to the most practical, most difficult problems of statesmanship which war time throws up—problems which not one-tenth of one per cent. of us men, whose superior

capacity (!) she had so readily confessed, can see of our own volition, and would refuse to see if a Lady were to suggest them. I kept silent, for it found the genius of a problem as surely as the sun finds the morning was working to its logical effect. I waited for more, but the Lady rose once more—I thought it was to dismiss me, and rose also. She spoke, almost sharply.

"Sit down. I have to stand up sometimes, when I try to think." I noticed a curious movement of her right hand—she drummed her fingers one at a time on her dress as the arm hung by her side—it was like a young toiler at lessons making sure of the count in addition. Soon she turned to me again:

"Mr. Dudley," she said, in a voice that was compounded of grief and anger: "I know what is the matter—we are all asleep—asleep over our knitting and our talking of how much we are doing for the war, as if it were a church bazaar. It is all very good in its way, but it is not good enough. What are we thinking? It seems to me we have not begun to think yet. We must SAY things, if we are to DO things. Don't you think we are a tongue-tied lot of people—the women most of all? We give our children to be slain—and who knows what they have cost us?—and then we subside into knitters of socks. It makes me—there. I can't tell you what it makes me want to do, but I shall have to do something."

There was passion now in her tone, and a blazing light in her eyes—an unwanted vibration and a glow which gave a new poise to her head and a new firmness, a new youth to the erect figure.

Daylight was beginning to fail and the Lady was between me and the window, so that her face was in profile, and in shadow. I could not see the refinements of her expression just then, but the slant of the head, a perceptible dilation of the eye—everything about the Lady seemed to be changed from the restrained, inquiring presence into which I had entered three-quarters of an hour before. And while I observed

there came, through memory's gate, another figure I had seen by Westminster Bridge—where Big Ben booms, and the light shines to tell the world

the Mother of Free Parliaments is at work—the figure of Boadicea in the chariot, glorious configuration of widowed motherhood saving the State.

ARMY MEDICAL AUXILIARY

ON September 10, 1914, a few of the wives of the officers of the Army Medical Corps met to talk over the advisability of sending comforts to our men, then at Valcartier. It was decided to organize a society at once, and to include in its membership all the officers' wives and relatives, the nursing sisters, doctors' wives who might care to lend their assistance, and others approved of by the Executive Committee. The following officers were appointed: President, Mrs. J. T. Fotheringham; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. J. A. Roberts, Mrs. C. A. Warren; Treasurer, Mrs. F. W. Marlow; Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Hendry; Convener of Supplies, Mrs. C. J. Currie; Committee, Mesdames R. W. Pentecost, I. A. E. World, Macbeth, V. H. McWilliams, and Miss Yellowlees.

There are in Toronto two field ambulances, one cavalry ambulance, and one clearing hospital, the officers of which are all qualified medical men. The men and non-commissioned officers need no such qualifications, and at the date of our organization five hundred men were at Valcartier, part of these being from Hamilton and the surrounding district.

Through the kindness of the officers of the Toronto A.M.C., sufficient money was provided to enable us to send to these men 1,000 handkerchiefs, 500 cholera belts. Five hundred housewives were also supplied by the North End Red Cross Association.

Since that time, our funds have been augmented by various means, and generous donations have been received from many individual donors and organizations of shirts, socks, scarfs, kit-bags, caps, and so on. As a result, we have provided woollen comforts for twenty-five men sent to Halifax, five men sent with the prisoners to Northern Ontario, and for our men at Salisbury we sent, shortly after Christmas, 108 pairs socks, 132 pairs wristlets, 24 shirts, 48 scarfs, 24 Balaclava caps, 6 pairs knee caps, 36 cholera belts, and 20 packs of cards.

At the present time there are 257 men at the Exhibition in the Field Ambulance, under command of Col. Farmer. Of these, 152 are Toronto men, and arrangements are completed to give each man one shirt, two pairs socks, two handkerchiefs.

Hamilton ladies are providing their quota of 105 with similar articles. We are planning to provide also a large stock of bandages, both straight and triangular, as well as first-aid dressings. Of these, 275 have

already been donated, and 300 tins of Mentholatum have been received from the Mentholatum Co. of Bridgeburg.

To sterilize all of these dressings and bandages is no mean task, but the nurses of Grace Hospital have willingly undertaken to do this for us.

To furnish supplies is not all that this organization has accomplished. The wives and families of the men at the front have been systematically visited, and any needed help or advice given. On Christmas Day a very successful concert, supper and Christmas tree were provided, when the children and mothers were all remembered. The former received some useful article of clothing as well as a top.

That our efforts to keep in touch with the families at home here have been appreciated we know, not only from the kindly way in which our visits are received, but in the letters from the front the husbands express their gratitude. The following extract from a letter by one of the men to his former Officer Commanding in Toronto is very expressive:

"I am taking this liberty of writing to you, as you cannot tell how deeply I am relieved in my mind to know that some of our officers are taking thought for the safety of our wives and children, and we can go about our duties with a clear mind."

The work of the Army Medical Corps appeals very strongly to the sympathy of all, and as a result no request has been made by us that has not been promptly and adequately met.

THE ATLANTIC COAST.

A doctor's letter from the Atlantic seaboard enclosing a subscription for himself and five others, says: "Please discontinue all these subscriptions at the end of the time paid for, as I have sent them in the hope of arousing a better feeling among the recipients, but do not care to undertake it for longer than the 10 weeks. On the other side I have given names and addresses of some friends who might subscribe if the book was brought to their notice."

WHY RECRUITING IS SLOW

Writer, Who Calls Himself "Common Working Lad," Tells of What He Sees, Hears and Thinks About Canada's Part in the War.

RECRUITING officers in the rural districts state that recruits are slow in enlisting for the third Canadian contingent, and that they cannot explain why such a thing should be. There are different reasons why this happens, and I shall try to explain a few of them.

In the first place, the effectiveness of the British navy and its control of the seas makes Canada's shores immune from attack from the enemy's ships. This has created a feeling of security which has led to a far-spread indifference, which hinders recruiting to a very large extent.

Oppresses Meek and Weak.

Canada's sons, therefore, do not ponder nor grasp the true meaning of the war. Not till this righteous war of the Empire comes nearer home to us Canadians, as it has done to Britons, whose unfortified east coast towns and villages were bombarded by the Germans both from sea and air, shall our sons begin to realize that Britain is in a life and death struggle on behalf of the oppressed and of the right—a fight against Prussian militarism that seeks not only to dominate Europe, but the whole world as well; a war for democracy and freedom; a war against the supposed divine right of might; a war that forever shall crush the militarism that seeks to dominate over all other things; and a war against a culture that means the oppression of the meek and the weak.

Once Canada's expeditionary forces get to the firing line, and the Dominion learns from time to time the casualties that happen amongst our brave lads, we shall begin to realize what this war means. In the meantime, that spirit of indifference is too manifest not to be noticeable.

Another reason that holds back recruiting is the far too high tests the recruit has to undergo before being

finally accepted. The standards of enlistment are away above the average, and could be easily lowered without weakening the physical standard of the recruit. There has been an average 50 per cent. rejection of men for the third contingent, owing to small defects, such as bad teeth, bad feet, etc.

The examination of the would-be recruit is far more severe than formerly, because the regimental doctors who pass men in their own towns and villages (men who are afterwards rejected at the various mobilized centres) are held responsible for the men's loss of time, etc. Bad teeth or slightly bad feet should not be taken into consideration in the rejection of men, for as the Irishman said, those particular lads don't want to go to the front to eat or kick the Germans. They want to shoot them, and small minor defects like that are holding back thousands from trying to enlist.

Propaganda Needed.

A regular Dominion-wide propaganda on the righteousness of the Allies in this war, if carried through by our various public men, would, I am sure, bring thousands to arms, and they would, by enlisting, be doing a service to their country, helping to keep it in a place amongst the nations, and they would also feel by doing their little bit that they are helping the Empire vindicate its integrity and its solemn obligations.

It is a fact that 63 per cent. of the first, second and third Canadian contingents are British-born. Some may say, "Well, why should not it be so, for does not this bloody war come nearer home to those lads than to us Canadians? Are their ties not closer knit to Britain than ours, owing to the fact that most of them have their homes and their kith and kin there?"

That is so, but we must not forget

that Great Britain is concerned in a war of wars. A defeat would mean not only the invasion of the tight little island, but a German invasion of Canada from three quarters—east, west and south. As we shudder at the thought of what that means the more detestable it grows.

Instead of the fair Dominion being God's own country, it would become hell upon earth under Prussian rule. So rally to the call, my lads, and help crush this ambitious foe whose Hessian aspiration and ideals are contrary to the ideals of the Empire that we are all proud at this critical time to belong to. Help fight this honorable battle on behalf of Greater Britain, mistress of the seas, the flag that's braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze.

Watched Recruiting.

Coming back to the recruiting done in Canada, I had the privilege, through a soldier friend, of watching some recruits going through the doctor's examination one night in a certain armory. The majority of these recruits were big, strong, husky and well-muscled men—the kind that have made the first and second contingents envied throughout the Dominion and in Britain.

A few had slight defects, and were naturally downhearted when rejected. One little fellow, who knew his short stature would turn him down, stood on his tiptoes when being measured for height. Of course the doctor saw the ruse, and brought the measuring stick down smartly on the little fellow's head, at the same time saying, "Keep your heels on the floor, you little runt." The little fellow, obeying the doctor's command, shrunk fully three inches when his heels touched the floor with a bang.

Another well-built chap was having his lungs tested, the doctor applying a telephonic-looking apparatus to the recruit's chest. First he tried his left side, then his right, and then laughingly said:

"Have you no heart, fellow?"

"Sure," said the man.

"Well," said the doctor, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Have a heart and beat it."

They found out afterwards that his heart was misplaced, it was neither on the right nor on the left, and he must have been a sailor, for they found it "midships." However, as it did not seem to affect the recruit in the least they passed him, and he sure looked pleased.

I noticed one chap pass and repass one of the cards that the doctors use for the eyesight test whilst the doctors were otherwise engaged. This plucky fellow was a little defective in his eyesight and was memorizing the card. He passed the test.

How Glass Eye Saw.

A man who had passed told me, in confidence, that one of his friends, who is now in England with the first contingent, has a left glass eye, and had passed the doctors through pure nerve. When I asked how it was done, my friend told me that in the eyesight test, when his friend had to close his right eye and place his hand over it, he left a space open between his two fingers, and thereby repeated in detail what the doctor pointed to on the card.

That nervy chap's glass eye should come in useful to him, for when he gets to the trenches he can go to sleep with one eye closed and the other open, which is very desirable, especially when there are so many Germans hanging around.

Quite a few were rejected that night I talk about, and the rejected ones were pretty downhearted. They have the consolation that it is far better to try and get rejected than not to try at all.

I approve of having our militia regiments kept up to their full strength during these critical days. Also I heartily endorse the different rifle associations and the Home Guards. God knows we need them all, and they should get the support of not only the Government, but of their various cities as well.

Here in Toronto the Home Guards are very strong. They have been the

means of sending a unit of 100 men for the third contingent overseas—a smart body of men that for training and discipline it would be hard to beat anywhere.

A new regiment has also been formed from the Home Guards. I refer to the 109th King's Own. I would advise every young man, who is unable through one thing or another to go to the front, either to join this particular regiment or connect himself with one of the various rifle associations. By doing so he is not only rendering the state a service, but is at the same time deriving physical benefits.

Newspapers Saved Honor.

In some of the smaller towns the King's uniform has been sneered at occasionally by a thoughtless minority. Show me the man that stoops so low to do so, and I will show you a coward. It takes a man to don the uniform and travel thousands of miles to fight his country's battles. These brave boys, in giving up their farms, businesses, careers and lucrative employment, to get the chance to fight the Empire's foes, are showing their love and devotion for their country and King.

Those hyphenated Germans in the United States have been trying hard, by their underhanded methods, to embroil their adopted country with the Allies. They have resurrected things that have been buried in a hundred years of peace between the British Empire and the United States. Their methods have been far too transparent for the cute Yankees not to see through.

An American remarked lately that the States and Britain might have had their little disputes between themselves, but that is not any of the d—d Germans' business. The Bernstorffs, the Ridders, or the Dernbergs may shout themselves hoarse, but they cannot convince the American people that this war was not premeditated on their part.

The hyphenated Germans threaten Americans who refuse to become pro-German that they shall combine and use the German vote against anything that is detrimental to their race or

creed. That is a direct challenge against the constitution of the States, which may make the American Americans show those Hessians what real Culture is.

Of course the United States Government did not challenge the Kaiser or his Ward Lords for their ruthless devastation of Belgium; the majority of her newspapers and journalists did so, thereby saving the honor of their country. To these American journalists we have much to be thankful for, and we appreciate their sympathetic views.

The Kaiser said that he promised Belgium the fullest compensation for anything that might be commandeered or destroyed on his peaceful journey through that little kingdom on his way to meet the French. How was Belgium to know that these promises would be kept? The Belgians knew well that Germany's word of honor was, like pie-crust—made to be broken. She sacrificed her men and country by placing her soldiers between the German hosts and France, and thereby saved Europe from probable disaster.

Cowards of Rankest Kind.

Germany's word of honor is an illusion. Her bonds were never intended to be kept. Her treaties were mere scraps of paper. She has proven herself the most unscrupulous foe that ever wore a uniform, throwing all ethics of warfare to the winds, and committing barbarities that centuries can never blot out.

Germany proclaims to the world that she will not give up the struggle until not a German soldier is left. They must remember that the Allies intend doing likewise, and shall not bring this war to a close until Prussian militarism is destroyed forever. Her day of reckoning is at hand, and once her poor deluded people, who have been fed up on lies, learn the truth, woe betide the Kaiser and his War Lords.

FROM MUSKOKA.

Because of the reliability of the articles, and the information presented, the distinctively Canadian character of the publication itself, and the patriotic object which its publication seeks to serve, we very heartily commend "The Canadian War."

INDIA'S MESSAGE TO CANADA

BY SUNDAR SINGH

I READ with great interest your excellent article on "India Walks In." Allow me to thank you for the candid statesmanlike view expressed therein. It is a great privilege to meet, now and again, with souls who have such ideals of public duty and public service, which permeate your paper.

It pains us Hindus to go and hear the Imperialists referring to the Empire, its privileges, etc., but never of its duties. In the speeches and writings of the Imperialists, India is ignored.

I have been to meetings of Cabinet Ministers, public men and missionaries who ought to know, but all of whom seem to taboo India and leave the relationship between the Empire and my country alone. If I am not mistaken India is supposed to be the cornerstone of the Imperial fabric.

As it is only by education that we can be of any service to our fellowmen. I thought perhaps some Canadians and others would be interested in the stray thoughts of a Hindu. At the present time, when the whole world is in a flux, and principles are being valued for what they are, I think these thoughts may be of some service.

These musings will be given on a physical plane, but at some other time I will give the inner meanings and spiritual foundations of which these thoughts are only the manifestations to the world without. Suffice it to say that at present, when the great struggle for human liberty is being fought on the battlefields of Europe, and where the Hindus are fighting shoulder to shoulder with Canadians, Australians, and the rest of the Empire as Britishers, the whole question of inter-Imperial relationship assumes a new role.

India can never be what it was before this crucial struggle. The time has gone by when Hindus could be satisfied with high-sounding speeches which broke down in practice. They

served their day. But the questions of the hour are real and they have to be solved as such.

I.

A Hindu who emigrates does so for economic reasons. When the Hindu goes to Canada, Australia or South Africa, it is to improve his condition. You send out missionaries to the Hindus, who learn at their feet of the wonderful lands. The East Indian comes here, maybe for study or labor with the sweat of his brow. But everywhere the sign hangs on the door, "No Hindu need apply."

When a Hindu sees that it gives him a start. To solve this riddle it is necessary to provide enough work in India and that can only be done by protecting the infant industries of our own country.

Some time ago a vote was taken in the Legislative Council of India about levying a duty on foreign goods. The Hindus were unanimous in their voice, but privilege and interest came in. We failed in our attempts to solve our own problems, and it is with a sincere desire that we appeal to Canadians, Australians and other Dominions to allow us to solve this immigration question by giving us free scope.

II.

Hindus have offered their services as volunteers for safeguarding their liberties. With this end in view they desire that full equality and opportunities be given them to use their abilities—in other words, that commissions in the East Indian army be thrown open to Hindus. The Indian National Congress, a body representing the opinion of India, have, at their annual meetings, called attention to this question.

As a result of this war, the men who have shown their devotion will surely be granted the rights to which they are entitled. We hope that the Hindus will not be treated as pariahs in their own country, where Jews, naturalized

Italians, and even Germans get the King's commissions, which are even now refused to the sons of the soil whose only goal is service.

III.

In the Imperial conferences held heretofore India has been represented by a substitute, and not by a Hindu, who alone can voice the desires of India. It is only thus, by cementing mutual fellowships, that the goal of the Imperial Conference can be achieved. It is by full knowledge and understanding of each other's views that the path of service is made clear.

IV.

In short, we desire that the full status of Hindus, as subjects of King George V., be recognized. How would it look for Canada to refuse entrance to her shores to the Hindu who received the Victoria Cross at the hands of

the King the other day? Or further still, would it be fair to shut Canada's gates to the Hindu soldiers who are shedding their very life-blood on the battlefields, not only of Europe, but in Egypt, in Persia, in China and in East Africa, whilst foreigners are given every privilege in this fair Dominion? If they will only be strong and of a good courage, the people will not lack.

To use a colloquial expression, India has "arrived" and "made good" by the sacrifice of her sons, not only in will but in deed. These facts will have to be faced.

And now may the great God lead us all, whether Canadians, Australians, Britishers or Hindus, to serve His purpose in His own way and not to be led by our own blind racial prejudice, passion and expediency. That is the message of India to Canada and the Empire at this critical time.

WHAT DOCTORS ARE DOING

THOUGH there has, so far, been only a small response, numerically, from the 5,000 doctors who received No. 5 of "The Canadian War," with a special letter from the editors inviting co-operation, the specimen paragraphs from letters below show how important the doctor can be in spreading propaganda for the war, when his interest is really aroused.

FROM WESTERN ONTARIO.

The first notable letter was from a doctor in Western Ontario. He sent 16 subscriptions with the autographs of each subscriber upon the forms printed in the paper. He had personally subscribed for himself and for some others in the States. He writes: "If you adopt the suggestion of a Belgian Relief Number, I dare say I can get another good list of subscribers."

[The matter of a special Belgian Number was taken up some time ago with the Belgian Consuls and others interested in the work. Co-operation secured to date has not warranted a definite announcement of the Belgian

Number, but the Editors hope to do this shortly. It can be done if the readers of "The Canadian War" who are working for the Belgians, or are in touch with those who are, send in accounts of what has been done in their localities and offer to dispose of papers so that the propaganda may be advanced.]

SENDS THIRTY-SEVEN.

"I am enclosing \$30.65, with the names of thirty-seven subscribers to The Canadian War. I obtained all these names personally as I came in contact with my friends during my daily work. This is a German centre. Many of our citizens are possessed of as high a type of patriotism as can be found anywhere in Canada. With best wishes for the success of your undertaking."

TWENTY FOR DISTRIBUTION.

"Please find enclosed one dollar, for which you will please send me twenty copies of 'The Canadian War.' I shall try to get these distributed in time for another twenty next week."

FATHER AND AVIATOR SON

Letter Which Tells Thrilling Story of Raid on Zeppelin Shed, and of
Courage and Grief of British People Under Trial.

THROUGH the kindness of Sir Henry Pellatt, the Canadian War publishes extracts from the letter of the father of the Canadian aviator who destroyed a Zeppelin and shed. Minus its intimate family touches, it is a typical reflection of the noble spirit that permeates British life during the appalling crisis in the Empire's existence. Inter alia, the writer says:

We have had an anxious time, and have a long and increasingly anxious time ahead of us, I fear. But as you can imagine, we are very proud. All four boys are doing their duty to their country, and the fifth working hard to be in a position to do his as soon as he is old enough. So far all are well and enjoying it. John, the aviator, had the glorious enterprise you read about, and came home when it was accomplished, with the Legion of Honor from France, and a D.S.O. medal (conferred in the New Year's Day Honor List) from our King.

Dropped Four Bombs.

We had an anxious ten days waiting for that achievement. The flight alone—125 miles each way—was a serious undertaking, and he was sixteen minutes under heavy fire from two shrapnel guns and two machine guns mounted on hills near the Zeppelin shed, while innumerable rifles blazed away all the time.

He flew 4,500 feet high, and dived as nearly perpendicularly as he could to the shed, dropped two bombs at 1,000 feet and two more at 450 feet when he was within two seconds of the roof and was turning to escape. He felt the shock sharply after explosion; was certain it was a complete success, and when he got home he learned from the Admiralty that the newest Zeppelin was destroyed in the building, and the whole of the manufacturing plant in the place shattered.

He got safely back to France over

Lake Constance and right down the Rhine, and landed twenty-five miles from Welfort. The French peasants thought he was a German, and wanted to seize him. He was stamping up and down the field he landed in to try and get warm, and they wouldn't let him get back to his aeroplane where his papers were because they saw his revolver there, too!

However, some soldiers arrived who spoke French instead of patois, and he made it all clear; telephoned for a motor and went back to Welfort with a triumphal escort. The military governor had instant instructions from General Joffre to give the Legion of Honor, and did so with full military ceremony; made an oration, and in the name of France kissed him on both cheeks.

Holds Up Governor.

You can imagine his confusion and astonishment, and he thought at first the old man had fainted and fallen on him, so he seized him to hold him up. After that the enthusiasm was so overpowering he escaped next day and made for home. He is busy now at Dover waiting for German raids there, and will probably fly for the army for a time. But this depends on the naval situation, of course, as he belongs to the Naval Flying Corps.

Gervase got a commission soon after enlisting in the Fife and Forfar Yeomanry; my father served in that regiment many years after he left the regular army. They are now on the Lincolnshire coast waiting for raids there, and got no leave at Christmas at all, so we have not seen him since he enlisted. Philip enlisted with his friend Baring in a bicycle regiment; got a commission and got one for Baring, too, and later got a company, and is a captain at twenty, which is rather satisfactory, with Baring as his subaltern. They were Eton friends and had both soldiered together as boys, and kept it

up in London in spare time. Now, he despairs of the bicycle regiment going abroad; has volunteered for army flying and is at Netherdoor learning. I believe he will make a very good flyer, but only wish it had been begun before.

I dare say you have heard a good deal from England and know pretty well how we take it all. The general attitude is one of unshaken resolution of every class in the country—complete equanimity, and firm determination to see an honorable settlement for Europe—Belgium first—and ourselves and our allies.

The whole work and tone of life is altered to that end. Outwardly, things are perfectly normal. In reality, there is one subject of thought and conversation, and one object of work only. Political controversy, which was acute before, is as dead as the suffragettes. Every home is in anxiety and mourning—but there is no flinching.

My sister's only boy is home, wounded; her only girl, a widow at nineteen. The anxiety for the "missing" is the hardest to bear. We have a very favorite cousin in fear for her husband

since October 31. The American diplomatic and consular service do wonders for us in getting news in difficult circumstances, and have brought relief to many homes. Last week they found a boy, a son of an old friend of mine, missing since October 21, and now allowed to communicate himself.

You can imagine we don't like Germans, but the mad hate of Germans for us finds the English, as usual, mildly surprised.

One story to interest the boys. Two English soldiers were burying the dead when a faint voice in a strong German accent—"Don't bury me—I am alive." "Shovel him in, Bill. These Germans are such d—d liars you can't believe a word they say!" But they picked him up and sent him to a hospital.

Tell the boys to be soldiers or sailors, or anyhow, whatever they do, to train themselves for it in their spare time. Otherwise, when the crisis comes, they will feel as badly as all our young men do who have only begun now to train and prepare. May the crisis never come to them, and yet, who can say it isn't a cleansing fire?

TIME FOR THE AVERAGE MAN

It is high time Mr. Average Man ceased to be frightened from discussing his own vital relation to the war, by the bogey of "politics." He has an unconquerable right to discuss and criticize the acts of his paid servants, without being told that his citizenship is so picayune that he can only be impelled by a sordid, selfish, partisan motive. If Mr. Average Man cannot speak louder than the machine politician, when his own sons are facing death, and when he himself is going to be taxed and taxed again to sustain a life and death struggle, when should he assert himself? and cease to be afraid either of his own voice or the voice of an inferior element in the state?

Canadian national existence is at stake on the battlefields of France and Poland; and in the contests in British seas. By the same token the whole fu-

ture of public service is at stake in every Canadian community. The changes which the war has already caused, are nothing compared to those which it will enforce, and which must be acted upon by Parliament sooner or later. The election of Parliaments is thoroughly a "political" matter. When you see that bloodshed and devastation are instruments in the political changes that are being assured, and that because of bad politics, men whom you know are slain, women whom you know are becoming widows, and children whom you know are becoming fatherless, surely you will realize that the fear of expressing your convictions ought to be the first enemy you should destroy, once and for all, so that partisanship, which is hindering the noblest expression of Canada to-day, may speedily be swallowed up in a patriotism which is more than all.

NOTICE BOARD

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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

FOR PATRIOTIC MEETINGS.

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

ORGANIZATIONS.

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

CREATING EMPLOYMENT.

"The Canadian War" is creating employment, not only through the demand for paper and printing which it is developing,

but also through its sales department. If you know of any patriotic and business-like person who is in need of something to do, advise them to write to us. We need representatives in every city, town, village, hamlet and post office.

BOOKSELLERS.

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

NEWSBOYS.

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

POSTMASTERS.

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

Subscription Form for "The Canadian War"

Please send THE CANADIAN WAR to the undermentioned addresses for.....months 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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For three months 65 cents, for six months \$1.25. Subscriptions for the United States require an additional cent per copy for mailing.

WHAT ABOUT THE CANADIAN MILITIA ?

Bearing of the History of Canadian Warfare in the Present Participation in the Great War.

By. LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAM WOOD.

BUT how about the Canadian Militia? That is something of our very own. Our Militia is a force to which all its members ought to be proud to belong, for it has always done as well as the country allowed it to do. I wish I could say that the country, as a whole, took a proper pride in it. I am afraid I can prove with mathematical exactitude that the country, as a whole, never has taken any really consistent pride in it.

For the last hundred years, the Militia has been the one armed force we have maintained, that the permanent part of it is only a little more than forty years old, that it took thirty years for this permanent force to exceed a single thousand men, and that, with the very recent addition of the Naval Service, the total regular Army and Navy of Canada has never had an established strength equal to one-tenth of one per cent. of our population.

A Twelve Day Average.

Let us return to the Active Militia, pure and simple. What, exactly, is the unit of Canadian national effort put forth on behalf of this Militia? The average strength of the Militia has generally been about one per cent. of the population, more or less—usually less.

That means less than one-twentieth of the abled-bodied males within the militia limits of age. The drill period is twelve days; and though it is longer for mounted corps, and though it is lengthened by individual enthusiasts, it is so much shortened, for all practical purposes, in the case of country corps, by Sundays, by bad weather, and by marching in and out of camp, that the twelve day average will stand fair.

Here's the sum. If you train one-twentieth of your manhood for one-thirtieth of the year, what national effort do you put forth? The answer

is, of course, one-six-hundredth part of the national's year's work, which, allowing for Sundays and holidays, comes to one single half-time day out of the whole three hundred and sixty-five.

This fact alone is quite enough to explain all the militia shortcomings that are so freely criticized by our general public, whenever it is suddenly wakened out of sleep on one of the three hundred and sixty-four non-militia days of our Canadian year. Whose fault is it? Our own.

Just as in the other cases mentioned, so here: no government in a free country can go much beyond the electorate, and no public service, however patriotic its individual members may be, can be much better, as a whole, than the electorate allows it to be.

Militia Has Improved.

The Militia has improved, especially in developing the auxiliary branches of an army. But it is not, and under anything like present conditions it can not, be anything like what it ought to be—an army always in the making. Even an infantry private requires several months of steady training before he is altogether battle-worthy.

Then, as the unit becomes more complex—from the individual man to the company, battalion, brigade, and division—the time and trouble of preparation must correspondingly increase. When artillery, cavalry, engineers, aircraft, army service corps, and all the other indispensable parts of a practical army are added, the difficulties naturally go on increasing too.

The greatest difficulty of all is the officers. When we remember that even after a cadet has passed triumphantly through a three-year course at the Royal Military College, he still requires further training with whatever corps he joins, we can begin to understand

how it is that neither brigades nor divisions—let alone army corps—can take the field for a long time if even a part of their officers are untrained.

Where is the ordinary militia officer to get his practical training? Even if he passes through the regular courses with flying colors how is he to apply his knowledge, especially if he belongs to a country battalion? Each unit, from a section under a sergeant to an army under a Field Marshal commanding-in-chief, must be organized and trained together as such. No separate parts, however good in themselves, will make such a marvellously interdependent whole as an army is, unless they have been put together with infinite care and worked together with consummate skill.

Untrained Patriots.

You can't get much more out of your work than you have put into it. And, as a free people, we have been putting no more than half-a-day's work a year into our Militia for three generations past. And now, when the crisis is upon us, we wonder why the men whose business it was didn't do better. We forget that it is one of the glories and safeguards of freedom that defence is a part of everybody's business, and that the saying "Everybody's business is nobody's business," cannot be applied without disaster.

Nevertheless, whenever we get the chance, instead of setting our own time, money, and—above all—intelligent attention to work, we attack the Militia as if it had suddenly swallowed a double dose of acquired and original sin, and we hug to our bosoms the same old delusions about the untrained patriots who fly to arms and victory, that have been invariably exploded on every possible occasion since the first trained army smashed the first armed mob.

I do not forget the many instances so often cited by way of contradiction—the English yeomen, the American Rangers, and our own Canadian Militia; the Spanish Guerrillas, Garibaldi's our peace Militia is allowed to do in a life-time.

Thousand, Hofer's Tyrolese, and the Francs-tireurs; the Bashi-Bazouks, the Boers, and a hundred more.

Every one of these instances tells in favor of discipline and training. The Boers, for example, were highly trained riders, raiders, skirmishers, and rifle shots. But, by the testimony of their own commanders, they failed egregiously in the higher forms of discipline, training, and organization; and they were beaten in consequence.

On the other hand, it is commonly forgotten, especially by arm-chair critics, that the British Army has had to fight under a greater variety of conditions than any other force in the world—the British Navy by no means excepted—and nearly always against enemies who were necessarily more accustomed to the peculiar local conditions of each particular campaign.

The Canadian Regulars.

Take a concrete instance from our own Canadian history. There is a general impression that militiamen of the kind we have in time of peace to-day did wonders at the front on both sides in the War of 1812. After five years' work on the original documents of that war, I can state positively that no such militiamen ever affected the issue of a single battle, except, indeed, against their own side; and that no appreciable body of such militiamen ever fought in any battle at all, except on the American side. The Imperial regulars were the best force, all round, on either side, as a complete army.

Then, on our side, came the Canadian regulars, six battalions of them. Next to these came the select embodied militia, who were almost the same as regulars, consisting, as they did, either of men continuously under arms, or of those who formed a trained reserve with the colors. Even the non-select embodied militia had often been trained as long as Kitchener's Army before they came under fire; while the sedentary militia, very few of whom got near the firing line, had mostly put in more training before and during the war than

If you want examples on the other side, take the American naval forces in general first, and then their military forces at Chippawa and Washington. The American Government, like many Canadians now, believed in waiting till the time came, and then flying to arms and victory in accordance with the best traditions of pseudo-patriotic bunkum.

They raised what was in those days the enormous total of 700,000 men, for all naval and military services put together. Yet they never got 10,000 men into any one engagement. Their tiny regular navy won undying fame in several frigate duels out at sea, as well as in two annihilating flotilla actions on the Lakes. But this was in spite of Governmental incapacity.

The American seamen had excellent ships and highly trained crews, and they fought far away from political headquarters. When the Shannon fought the Chesapeake the tables were turned because Broke was the best gunnery expert in the British Navy, and because he had brought his crew to the utmost perfection of discipline and training after a continuous commission of seven years.

A Few Dramatic Episodes.

The tables were also turned in the final campaign at sea simply because the well co-ordinated operations of the British Navy made it impossible for any vessel, naval or mercantile, to sail the sea under the Stars and Stripes, precisely in the same way as now, a hundred years later, the sea remains open to British—including Canadian—commerce, while it is absolutely closed to every craft that flies the German flag.

More than five hundred American privateers did next to nothing for their own side, compared with what was done by the less than fifty vessels of the Navy. But then, as now, a few dramatic episodes on one side distracted popular attention from the overwhelming advantages on the other. More is talked about the splendidly gallant and enterprising German Emden and her brilliant raids in one small corner of

the world, than about the British universal network of attack and defence through which German seaborne commerce cannot force a single ship.

Now for the Americans ashore. Throughout the campaigns of 1812 and '13 the American militia had scattered like a flock of sheep at every point of contact; so there was no surprise on either side when they broke and fled in the usual way at Chippawa in 1814, as they were still being marched from civil life to glory without the intervening worries of discipline and training.

But a real surprise was sprung on the British regulars when they were beaten back by American regulars who only outnumbered them three against two. Nor was the mystery explained until it was discovered that these American regulars were the ones who had been the least subjected to political interference and the most carefully trained by professional leaders.

The Blandensburg Races.

The very next month the same lesson was driven home at Washington itself, though in a converse way. Washington was the capital of a country with eight million inhabitants—the same as our own population now. The surrounding military districts had 93,527 militiamen on paper. But of these only 15,000 appeared in arms to resist the advance of 4,000 British regulars.

Of the 15,000 who did turn out only 5,000 actually came into action; and not one single man stayed there after the first exchange of fire. The British general was in a hurry; so he sent 1,500 men straight at the 5,000. When the small advance guard of only 500 British regulars fired a preliminary volley, the 5,000 American militiamen lost 8 killed and 11 wounded, and then ran for dear life in a way which gained this battle an immortality of ridicule under the appropriate name of the Bladensburg Races.

Meanwhile, in another part of the field, 800 well trained Americans—half of them soldiers, half of them sailors—were making as gallant a fight against

the British odds as any one would like to see. After the battle the 4,000 British burnt the whole of the exclusively governmental part of Washington—in justifiable retaliation for the indiscriminate destruction of the old and new capitals of Upper Canada—and then marched back to the fleet, through a district inhabited by 93,527 militiamen, without having so much as a single musket fired at them.

It is only fair to add that the outrageous destruction of Newark, when 400 women and children were turned out into the bitter December cold, was the work of the American militia, not of their regulars; and that the regular American commodore on Lake Ontario did all he could to repair the wanton damage done at York.

The Long and Short of It.

The long and the short of the whole vexed question of militia and regulars is this: that there would never have been any regulars in any army if they hadn't been as much better than militia as any other professionals are better than mere amateurs. We must have amateurs. But the nearer they approximate to regulars the better. Man is so naturally inclined to take the cheap and easy way that he would never have become a professional anything unless the necessity had been plain.

There is a widespread misconception about the nature of Canadian and Imperial defence, and even about defence itself. Some people think that if Canada looks after herself locally she will have done her duty both to the Empire and herself. As all the seas are one, so the defence of the Empire in a great world war is also one. Canada is no more separable from the rest than Wales from England or Ontario from Quebec. "Each for all, and all for each," is the motto. "United we stand, divided we fall," is the warning.

As for the misconception about defence itself, it is almost too absurd for serious discussion. Who ever heard of any man's defending himself by remaining eternally on guard? The best way

to meet attack is to destroy your enemy's means of destroying you.

It is fondly supposed that the "race of armaments" can be stopped by the slackening off of one competitor. That was tried six years ago; but it only encouraged the Germans to make an extra spurt against the British Navy. Sir Edward Grey's recent explanation is the true one: if the leading horse is held back, all the others who are in the running will assuredly strain every nerve to overtake him.

It is equally supposed that people who are not "groaning under the burden of armaments" either won't fight at all or won't fight much. But how about filibustering in pacific China? How about the South American republics? And how about the wars of the United States?

Immediate Readiness to Fight.

Immediate readiness to fight is absolutely essential when your prospective enemy is ready. It certainly was so in the present war. If the British Navy had not been completely ready, before the war broke out at all, the British Empire would have been smashed to atoms.

It is only because the Navy is always ready that new forces like Kitchener's Army can be trained at all.

It is often assumed that armies and navies must be dangerous to liberty. What nonsense!—as if a man's hands were a danger to his head and heart! Soldiers and sailors refer to, and think of, their calling as "the service"; and they actually are "the service" in every country with a free government in which the electors take a real interest. Little politicians may be jealous enough; but war requires the fittest at the top and winning nations see that the fittest get there.

Abraham Lincoln and the elder Pitt, each in his own day, were the personification of free government, and both knew how to make fleets and armies the living instruments of a people's will.

It is often assumed by those who live outside the area of armed competition that war is about to disappear as a fac-

tor in the problems of the world. The F-rays, the newest explosive—annihilite is the latest—and other “horrors of war,” on the one hand, and pacifist ideas of “modern progress” on the other, are supposed to be killing out war.

Perhaps they will. But, in the meantime, we might as well remember one or two facts. The phase of evolution in which war is a determining factor has lasted for many thousands of years. We

are passing through it still. Such persistent universal forces do not generally come to a sudden stop.

There is no instance known to history in which a pent-up, growing, and ambitious people have ever lived beside another people which had plenty of expansion room without there being war between them. There were expert warnings in plenty. But those who didn't wish to hear them stopped their ears.

RECEPTION TO A BELGIAN REFUGEE

How Mons. Victor Yseux Was Welcomed in London. Address in French by Canon Tucker.

BY GRACE BLACKBURN

THOSE who were present at the lecture on “The War and Belgium,” given in London, January 28, under the auspices of the London Arts' Association, by Mons. Victor Yseux, Barrister at Law, Antwerp, and Past President of the Antwerp Bar Association, must have been impressed not only by the quality of Mons. Yseux's discourse, but also by the unique nature of the reception accorded him in this English-speaking city of an English-speaking province of a British dominion. The platform was draped with the Belgian and British flags entwined. That is no new sight in Canada, but it seemed to strike the speaker as a most kindly evidence of sympathy and brotherhood in a mutual effort and a mutual sorrow.

“Homum Fortissimi.”

The proceedings opened with a song to Belgium, the words of which are by a London poet, its music by a London composer, and its rendition that evening by a London singer.

Nothing better, perhaps, in the way of verse has been written in Canada since the war began than the sonnet, “Homum Omnium Fortissimi,” by the Rev. Robert W. Norwood, rector of the Cronyn Memorial Church, London. Indeed, a more thrilling testimony of

the admiration of one nation for another could scarcely be imagined than this which links itself up with the immortal tribute of Caesar.

Nor could there have been found music more sympathetic than that Mr. A. D. Jordan employs in the recitation to which he has set the poem. Mr. Jordan strikes his motif on the words, “Homum Fortissimi,” a heroic theme which he sounds three times in simple unison during the octave of the sonnet, and which he modulates and works up into a musical dithyramb as the sextet proceeds to its passionate patriotic appeal.

An Excellent Impression.

Conjoined to Miss Luta Layman's fine contralto voice and her expressive singing, the song made a most excellent impression, and it is now on the cards that it be published in sheet-music form to be sold for the Belgian Relief Fund.

“Homum Omnium Fortissimi Sunt Belgae.

By Robert W. Norwood.

Homum Fortissimi! Thus Caesar said,
He who had found the ancient Belgians brave;
And still he comes to place upon the grave
Of Louvain and Liege this merited,

Can we give less than what great
 Caesar gave;
 Shall we not rather yield our best to
 save
 Those for whom all these nameless
 Caesars bled!

O, Sons and Daughters of our Country
 Keep inviolate, untarnished England's
 name!

Watch and be ready, nor afraid to leap
 Sudden and terrible, like unleashed
 flame

Upon the foe: Lest ye be forced to join
 Fools of the unlit lamp and ungirt loin.
 Immortal tribute to their mighty dead.

In introducing the speaker of the evening, Canon Tucker, Precentor of St. Paul's Cathedral, addressed to Mons. Yseux, in French, these touching words; words eloquent in their understanding of the horrors through which his beloved Belgium has passed, hopeful for the ultimate future of that country, and eulogistic of him whom Canon Tucker rightly terms the new Bayard—Alfred, King of the Belgians:

ALLOCUTION.

Mons. Yseux—Vous aurez l'obligance, je n'en doute pas, de transmettre, à une occasion favorable, à votre nation et à votre roi, les sentiments sincères et unanimes des citoyens de London, Ontario, qui sont également les sentiments de tous les citoyens de la Puissance du Canada les sentiments sont un mélange de joie, de douleur et d'indignation. Nous sommes profondément indignés à la vue des cruautés et des atrocités commises par une grande nation, censée civilisée et chrétienne, au commencement du vingtième siècle et en présence du monde civilisé. Nous sommes frappés d'une profonde douleur à la rue des outrages et des indignités infligés à une nation paisible, agonisant dans un second Gethsémani et éricifiée sur un second Calvaire, Martyrisée dans ses villes et des campagnes, ses soldats et les citoyens et surtout ses femmes et ses enfants. Et nous nous réjoignons de pouvoir nous unir à la petite nation héroïque dans la grande guerre que se fait aujourd'hui dans les Pays Bas. Nous avons juré de ne jamais remettre

l'épée au fourreau jusqu'à ce que le dernier soldat Prussien soit chassé de la Belgique et jusqu'à ce que la Belgique soit complètement réhabilitée et récompensée de ses sacrifices et ses souffrances. Nous ne parlons pas de vengeance car "la vengeance est à moi" dit dieu. Mais le jour de la revendication viendra assurément. Et quand ce jour glorieux sera arrivé, à la tête de la grande procession triomphale sera la petite nation Belge, petite par l'étendue de son territoire et le nombre de ses habitants, mais grand comme le monde, grande comme l'humanité par son courage, ses sacrifices et ses souffrances. Et au centre de la grande assemblée, quand les pays libres et victorieux seront réunis, au centre des drapeaux troués de batles, au centre des généraux et des amiraux, des princes, des rois et des Empereurs, Bayard, sans peur et sans reproche, qu'il sera la personne héroïque du chevalier on nomme Albert, Roi des Belges.

Indignation: Consolation.

Mr. Yseux:—May I ask you, as soon as a favorable opportunity arises, to convey to your nation and to your King the most sincere and united sympathies of the people of London, Ontario, and this Dominion—sentiments which are at one and same time sentiments of joy, of sorrow and of indignation.

We are deeply and justly indignant at the thought of the cruelties and the atrocities which have been committed in the sight of the whole world by a nation claiming the title Christian and civilized.

We are stirred to deep sorrow at the remembrance of the indignities and the humiliations which have been inflicted on your peace-loving nation; your nation that has agonized in a second Gethsemane and has been crucified on a second Calvary; your nation martyred in its ruined cities, its desolated lands, and more especially in its women and children.

One consolation, however, has been given us, the consolation of uniting our strength in the present war to the strength of the heroic people of the Low Countries.

We have solemnly sworn never to sheath the sword until the last Prussian soldier has been driven out of Belgium; until Belgium has been restored; until Belgium has been recompensed for her sacrifice and for her suffering.

Vengeance is not our word, for "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord"—but we await with impatience the day of retribution, and when that day comes Belgium—"little Belgium"—little in the extent of her territory and the numbers of her people, but large—large as the world in view of her courage, her powers of sacrifice and of suffering—Belgium will lead the triumphal procession of freed and victorious peoples. Then in the midst of the great assembly, under flags that have been torn by shot and shell, in the centre of a glorious company of generals, admirals, princes, kings and emperors, will stand that heroic and chivalrous figure, the modern Bayard, Albert, King of the Belgians, without fear and without reproach.

* * * *

A Heap of Ruins.

The papers have been so filled with the woe, that is, Belgium and the country has been so flooded with pictures of the dreadful events which have transpired, and are still transpiring, in that valiant land of stout hearts and stalwart bodies, that there is little, even for a Belgian, absolutely new to tell.

All this cruelty, all this desolation

has been detailed before with skilled elaboration and piled up circumstance—shattered churches, broken and battered belfries, demolished buildings of all descriptions—the Canadian imagination sees Belgium a heap of ruins in which scarce one stone is left upon another. Dead and wounded men, tortured women, starving children—what day has passed that has not brought with it new horror and added grief!

Belgium Epitomized.

That which Mons. Yseux succeeded in effecting in London, then, was effected not so much by the pictures he showed upon the screen, or by the words of his mouth, eloquent as they were in their broken English, as by the soul of the man himself, a soul brave to face a large audience of foreign people and speak to them in a tongue with which he is imperfectly acquainted: a soul courteous enough and courageous enough to crush down all personal feeling, and so to give a perfectly impassioned account of that which necessarily is the most passionate event of his private career as it is of his nation's history.

To lose everything. To be driven out into exile. And in that exile to be able to gather the threads of a broken life into a firm hand, offering oneself and one's extremity for the benefit of those even worse off than oneself—this is the philosophic, the magnanimous, the dauntless mind. In our midst it epitomised—Belgium!

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