

TO DOCTORS' WIVES

THE CANADIAN WAR

PATRIOTISM

UNION

VICTORY

Written and Edited
Without Remuneration

Devoted Entirely to
Propaganda for the War

Circulated Below Cost
All Profits for War Funds

Fifth Number

January 30, 1915

Five Cents

Take a Dollar
TO YOUR DOCTOR
Help to Save a Soldier's Life

APPEAL FOR THE RED CROSS

Peter McArthur and
The Native Born

B. A. Gould on
National Honor

Constance Boulton on
Women at the Front

Civilis and
The Prime Minister

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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.

TO DOCTORS' WIVES

HAS it ever struck you that you are closer to the war than any other class of Canadian women, save, perhaps, those whose sons have gone to the front?

Your husband knows more of what this war means than any of his friends—his brother doctors excepted. What your husband may be to the local realization of this war's sufferings, you are also—or you may be.

There is open to you a peculiarly effective form of ministry. This is an appeal to you to intensify your intimate touch with the realities of the war so that it may spread to those around you, to the deepening of the only patriotism worth while—the patriotism that thrives on ever-recurring sacrifice.

The doctor is better acquainted with grief than most people. He says nothing about it to the generality of folk, but sometimes he talks to you. That might be urged as a reason for not bothering you with the pressure of the war that is going to be felt more and more in all our hearts. But you are not of that kind. Your husband is not of that kind.

It is annoying sometimes to be called up in the middle of the night—not to know a good night's rest for weeks at a time. It is especially annoying when people call whose imagination is greater than their ailment. But their excess is taken with the others' necessity, and the doctor doesn't complain and you don't complain. Why? Because behind all his work, and long journeys, and all your waiting, which is also work, there is the sense of service rendered, of pain alleviated, of life given, and mortality preserved.

And now the war has come to enlarge the burden and to cloud the future. What was the first thrilling response it evoked? It wasn't the Government moving in state at Ottawa, calling for men. It was the Red Cross, which is the doctors' badge of war, the nurses' sign of never-ending mercy, the potential redemption of brutality, the flame which bids the doctors' patriotism burn even as the fire which belongs to the cross that is carried by hands that never dip into the streaming blood that they may save it.

For the men who die on the field there is everlasting rest and undying

glory. But for the wounded—ah! there is the blessedness of the arts which your husband practises for the healing of his fellows and yours and ours. It is the doctor at the front who arrests the diabolic hand of war. It is the doctor at home who, more than any other, may keep lambent the patriotic flame. Your partnership with him, therefore, endows you with the best opportunity to be a conductor of what he is and what he knows and what he sees to the country in which he serves.

Probably the First Appeal.

The politicians who control the machinery of nations, and make with it the havoc of bloody war, can never be equal to the emergencies their policies create. This is the first great war in history in which the power of women is recognized in every department of its conduct, except in the actual firing of the guns. Women are doing many things, on which the sustenance of patriotism depends, things which it is quite impossible for men to perform. Their sublime sacrifice, in private endurance and in public toil, has been dimly perceived by the editors of *The Canadian War*, which accounts for the dedication on the preceding page. What women may do for Canada's part in the war is only to be measured by their will and their skill, both of which are immeasurable, in presence of an immeasurable necessity.

This is probably the first time an appeal has been written for the wives of all Canadian doctors, in connection with a national and imperial emergency, or any emergency. It is an appeal for your co-operation on any of the lines which a perusal of this paper will strike you as most suitable for the time you can squeeze into this service.

First of all, the editors will feel thankful to know that each week they may count on your sympathetic reading of what they are sending out, in the hope that it will reach all the people all over the Dominion, to the end that patriotism and union may be nourished, and the assurance of victory made doubly sure. It is vital that peo-

ple everywhere think the same things about the war—it is the only safe assurance that they will unfailingly do the same things, make the same sacrifices during the war, and achieve the same splendors when the battle-flags are furled.

The editors hope that *The Canadian War* will give you the opportunity to look at the waiting-room downstairs from perhaps a new point of view. You have not hitherto thought of it as a place in which you might further the objects for which, in your scanty leisure, you put forth unselfish effort—church and social affairs, for example.

But this war is a matter in which everybody who comes to the doctor is vitally interested, and everybody they know is as vitally interested as you and we, and all whose dear ones have enlisted for the trenches are interested. *The Canadian War* is the most suitable and the most serviceable thing you can put into the waiting-room, and about which you may usefully induce conversation.

See the Bookseller.

Then there are the book-stores, where the proprietors and clerks get into the habit of looking at printed matter as so much printed matter—just that and nothing more. A book-seller cannot read everything that comes to him for sale. Though he makes his living at the business he sometimes sighs Solomon's sigh about the making of many books.

You will probably find that the booksellers in town have had copies of *The Canadian War* which they have thrust in the background, though they have put foreign importations in the forefront.

The bookseller is vitally interested in what is in *The Canadian War* for himself, and for everybody who comes to his store. Already several have offered to sell it, giving the profit to a local war fund. They have volunteered to push it—which is more. One writes that he hopes to sell hundreds. Speaking to the bookseller will help to spread the doctor's influence on local opinion about the war.

The point of these suggestions is that if they are followed many people will know about *The Canadian War*, and will buy it, and in their turn will help to spread the flame which it was founded to kindle and to extend. Other forms of co-operation will occur to you as soon as you think over the principal workers in the patriotic organizations around you.

Especially the Country.

But, after all, it is because you are nearest the doctor that we appeal for your co-operation and for your advice. This, we think, applies especially to those who live in the country. Sometimes, when you talk things over, there is a half-sad regret that you continue to live in the country, because you are away from some of the larger things which make city life so attractive for most of us. The great majority of Canadian doctors' wives have lived at some time in the city.

The writer of this knows the apparent limitations of the country. But the other side is worthy of high remembrance during this war period, especially by the doctor and the doctor's wife. The doctor drives about the country, he meets every class of the people, he knows what they are thinking better than any other man knows it.

Because of that, and because his profession can only be followed by a man with a bright, deep, quick mind, the doctors have provided a larger proportion of public men than any

other profession—except, perhaps, the lawyers, whose business is public advocacy.

The doctor comes home tired, cold, heavy with the endless toil, and what he sometimes feels to be the endless inadequacy of his power to keep pace with the newest discoveries of the most wonderful science in the world. There are so few people with whom he can discuss his work that he lives a life within a life. But the war, which seems only likely to add to his burdens and to yours—may furnish new avenues of friendliness through the doctor's insight into what is going on behind the trenches and in the hospitals.

Comes As Quiet Minister.

The only way to defeat the war as a destroyer of nervous power is to become concerned in aspects of it which lift you out of yourself. Knitting socks for the soldiers is a noble activity. Stripping bandages for the wounded touches the heart, and sets the imagination to work.

But these things cannot occupy all your thought. *The Canadian War* comes once a week as a quiet minister of the patriotism which we all want to magnify. If the editors, by being allowed to come to you and to those with whom you contact, can render a service, however small—as they believe they can—they will be rewarded, especially as they have been told that not one in fifty of the doctors' wives to whom it goes will answer this appeal—which they do not believe.

CREATING EMPLOYMENT.

How "The Canadian War" Helps.

An employer who could do nothing himself sent a down-and-out gentlemanly man to the office of "The Canadian War," hoping he might find something to do. On size-up he was loaned twenty-five cents for a lunch and given a chance to sell the paper. In the afternoon he earned a dollar and a half. See what your subscription is doing?

A flame to spread—that is what *The Canadian War* is intended to be. So pass it on; and tell the other person to do likewise.

ASK YOUR BOOKSELLER

if he is pushing "The Canadian War." It is good business and good patriotism to create and enlarge the demand.

PATRIOTIC SOCIETY MEMBERS.

At your patriotic meetings, concerts, luncheons—wherever two or three are gathered together—sell "The Canadian War" and take subscriptions. Copies and advertising matter supplied. Spread the flame and make fifty per cent. profit for your local funds. Write your requirements to 32 Church Street. We don't insist on cash with order. Most of all, we want to get in touch with you.

PITIFUL STATE OF FRANCE AND BELGIUM

Doctor Who Comes from the Front Tells of the Appalling Needs for Succor of Fighting Men and Those Who Have Been Driven from Home.

THE first living accounts of what the war lust of Germany has inflicted on the peoples who have suffered from its invasions have been heard in Canada from Dr. Brown-Landone, who has been speaking to Canadian Clubs and other organizations in Toronto and elsewhere.

It is impossible now to give his statements in anything like fulness. They have thrilled the audiences who have heard them. They compel the least sensitive to realize how vast is the demand for Canadians to aid the suffering, partly in thanksgiving that though our own freedom is threatened we have been spared all the real horrors of war. Here are a few of the evidences of the price that is being paid for German militarism in territory where the Canadian armies must operate:—

Millions are Hungry.

Bruges, Brussels and Ghent are vacated by the population and occupied by the enemy; Ostend has been shelled; many of the buildings of Malines, Seraing, Tournai, Alost, Mons, Chaleroi, Courtrai, Liege and Louvain are in ashes; they have not homes even for a quarter of their previous population. In Termonde, which on July 23rd, 1914, had a population of forty thousand, there are now only twenty buildings standing.

And in the country there are no homes. Practically every acre which was under cultivation from the east of Belgium to the west, and from the north to the south, has been devastated; only the tiniest strip near Holland and the tiniest strip near Ostend have escaped destruction. For miles and miles there are no farm houses intact; the fields are black; crops have been consumed or burned to the ground; three millions or more people are with-

out homes, and the cold rains falling; four million people are without sufficient clothing and the winter setting in; seven million people are hungry, and little or no food to be had.

Fields of wheat, barley and rye have been consumed or burned; crops of beet roots, sprouts and other edibles have been eaten or destroyed; no bread, no flour, no meat, no milk; only dried peas and beans and often no means of cooking them.

The area over-run by the present war in France almost equals that devastated in Belgium. Fields in north-eastern France have not been completely burned and devastated as have the farms and fields of Belgium; but at least five millions of her people have been driven from their homes; for twelve weeks battles have been fought over her lands; cities have been battered and burnt and rendered uninhabitable.

Houses are Fired.

Lillie, Amiens, Beauvais, Leon, Rheims, Chalons, Mezieres, each centers of industry, have had their factories shelled and their shops destroyed; their buildings have been torn down or burned; their cathedrals stormed, their population forced from their homes, compelled to flee to other departments of France.

Several millions of her people have wandered to other portions of the country to be cared for by the already burdened French nation.

Do not imagine that these women and children are properly housed and properly clothed. Often they left their homes with but a moment's notice. I have seen women and children who were forced from their burning homes at all hours of the night and early morning. Often the houses were fired before they were awakened.

There was no time in which to grab clothing, no time for anything except to save themselves. Thus they often journeyed, hundreds in groups traveling along the country highways without food and without sufficient clothing. I have seen hundreds wandering thus, clad only in the clothes in which they have been sleeping. I have seen an entire hospital with its wounded ordered, on thirty minutes' notice, to take a train for the south.

Not only is southern and western France trying to house these five million French women and children driven from their homes in the north-east, but she is also finding homes for the million Belgian refugees who fled into France.

There are not vacant homes in which these French and Belgian refugees can be housed. It is not an easy problem to furnish homes on a moment's notice for a population greater than that of the entire city of New York and Pittsburgh and Boston, combined.

Germans Leave Their Wounded.

There are no workmen to build new dwellings. The women are occupied. From Brittany to Marseilles they are carrying on the work of a nation of forty millions of people, looking after the affairs of their families, attending to their little ones, and caring for the greatest number of wounded the world had ever known to be congregated on the soil of any one nation.

France is the Hospital of Europe. Public buildings, hotels, private homes, even cottages are converted into hospitals. France has not only her own wounded, she has also the Belgian wounded, the English wounded, and one hundred thousand wounded Germans.

The Germans in retreating have given their attention to their big guns, to their ammunition, to their supplies and the German wounded have for this reason been left behind on the battlefield,—thousands upon thousands of them.

Reports from French and English hospital investigators in France indicate that there are at least one

hundred thousand Germans wounded in that country. These are being taken care of side by side with the English, French and Belgians.

As the extensive fighting has taken place during the forced retreat of the Germans, the wounded French have been left on their own battlefields and not behind the German lines; the Germans thus have few wounded to care for, while the French have almost all their own wounded and most of the English and most of the Belgian, as well as thousands of the German wounded.

The most conservative estimate which I am able to obtain to-day is that there are at least five hundred thousand French wounded alone in France, not counting the Belgians, the English and the Germans.

No Means of Transportation.

England would willingly take care of her own wounded if she could get them to England, she would willingly take the Belgian wounded there; but they cannot be transferred across the channel. Not only are many too seriously wounded to be transferred, but more important still is the fact that transports cannot be had. They are needed to carry food and ammunition for those in the trenches.

Thousands upon thousands of French, Belgian, German and English wounded are left in the northern regions because there are no means of transportation, no possibility of getting them even as far south as Paris.

Do you now understand why there are women and children in France who are still without homes? Five million French women and children from northeastern France to be housed, one million Belgian refugees seeking some place in which to sleep; and thousands upon thousands of wounded soldiers—perhaps hundreds of thousands who must be given beds and cared for.

And the number of the wounded is infinitely greater than we have been allowed to know; Germany is secretly hiding her losses; so is France. One waits long in France to learn even vaguely of the killed and wounded

who have fallen in engagements weeks previously. England is the only country at war that promptly publishes her losses.

It was generally understood during the last two weeks in August that one hundred and fifty thousand English were fighting. In fact, the number was only eighty thousand! **England lost twenty-two thousand out of the eighty thousand, one man out of every four;** and this loss was certainly not greater than the German losses and not twice as great as the average French loss. How great the present losses are, how many thousands upon thousands are killed and wounded we shall never know till long after the war is over.

Though France makes no appeal, I make an appeal to you for France; I make an appeal for her women and children, and I make an appeal for those French who are caring for and feeding the hundreds of thousands of refugee Belgian women and children.

Germany Well Supplied With Food.

And England; England is housing and clothing and feeding thousands, yes, tens of thousands, who have found refuge there, as well as caring for the hundreds of thousands of women and children left destitute by the enlistment of a million men. One relief fund alone amounts to more than eighteen million dollars.

We need millions of suits of clothes for old men and young boys; we need millions of suits of underwear; we need millions of warm dresses for women and children; we need all types of clothing; and we need shoes, shoes, shoes.

There is not only need now, but there will be need for many months, perhaps for a year or two years to come. I do not say this lightly or without due caution. I have talked with people in authority of three of the different nations at war.

I know that Germany is well supplied with food, that she has so changed her crops during the last thirteen years that women can till her fields, that she can yield practically enough wheat and practically enough meat to supply her people year after year without depend-

ing upon imported food products.

Hence we must realize that any demand for help now is not a demand for a contribution to be finished with the donation, it is a demand for organized work which must continue week after week, month after month as long as the need exists.

I appeal to you to help the wounded soldiers, not because Germany, England or France should not care for their own, but because they **cannot!** It is not a question of what France or of any other nation should do. It is a question of what she **can** do.

Do not say that the governments are meeting their own needs; no government, no matter how rich, is able at this time to provide the means of relief necessary to meet the exceptional conditions that exist.

Governments Cannot.

The slaughter in this war is so much greater than was expected, that France as well as all other nations, is unprepared to care for the thousands upon thousands of wounded.

Information has just reached me from physicians and nurses who have been upon the battlefield in north-eastern France, and from other nurses and physicians who are serving in hospitals in Normandy and Brittany and all corroborate the reports which we have been receiving of the terrible conditions found there.

I appeal to you as men, as women, as brothers of humanity to help in collecting every piece of white cloth, every piece of cotton or linen, a piece even as small as a half handkerchief; I appeal for these that they may be prepared as dressings and bandages to be used for those lying with wounds unbound. If you had seen what I have seen, there would be no argument. There would be only one great impulse to begin work not to-morrow morning, but to-night.

Let me again quote from a letter just handed me, written by a lady who is travelling from hospital to hospital in northern France hoping in some way to relieve the great need.

"Our workers have a central 'depot'

of goods in their different 'departments' and visit the different hospitals, question the nurses and doctors, and see the patients; then we distribute only those necessities that are urgently needed **and those that would not be provided by another society or by the Government.**

"For instance, a fortnight ago at Houlgate where I was working, I knew by personal investigation that there were only seventy flannel jackets, thirty-six flannel shirts, and no more socks for the men in seven hundred and fifty beds, there were also only eight bottles of ether left (and more cannot be got in France), very little gauze for dressings, very little absorbent cotton, very little proxide of hydrogen, no more alcohol to be obtained and not much iodine.

"For four hundred and fifty beds in one of the Houlgate hospitals there was not one trained nurse; the nursing being done by amateur ladies, most devoted and some quite skilful, but none able to treat really severe cases of very bad wounds, typhoid, diptheria, gangrene, tetanus, et cetera.

Comtesse in Sorrow and Work.

"Boys of sixteen, girls with hair down their backs, young maids, et cetera, were among the workers.

"In most of the provincial hospitals the doctors and workers are so tremendously busy and have so often vainly tried to get help, nurses and supplies, that they have give it up not knowing where or how their wants are to be met."

"The French are really depriving themselves of every sort of luxury so as to help their wounded to the utmost. I have in front of me the letter of a French comtesse whose husband has been killed at the war (she has three sons fighting and two small ones at home); she had before the war, motor, horses and many servants. She writes as if it was quite natural: 'I rise at 6:15 in the morning to light the fire because it is necessary that I aid in the housework; this is excellent for me and keeps me from thinking too much of our sorrows. I work in the hospitals;

we have six here.'

"This is to show that help cannot come from the French; they have really done their utmost and I have been touched by the simple way in which all classes have combined in great self-sacrifice and devotion; the most delicate women have managed to leave their couches and to give at least some hours of work every day in the hospitals; and many I know have worked from morning to night without missing a day from the beginning of the war.

Some English Testimony.

"Now for direct personal help to the doctors. I interviewed the surgeons; they said their great want was for surgical instruments, which they had not been able to find anywhere in the towns around. They absolutely pounced with delight on those I brought from England."

An English nurse, after visiting one of the impoverished hospitals in northern France, writes: "We were shown the typhoid ward. The room had about nine typhoid cases in it and a more disgusting sight you cannot imagine. The air was absolutely fetid, the floor filthy, slopped over with water or worse. Sheets filthy, one dirty table covered with dirty newspapers on which dishes, cups, drinks and lotions stand higgledypiggledy.

"Bedpan arrangements make one quail. The one old nun in attendance dabbles around emptying things in the pail; she has absolutely no help. She has no time to disinfect or even wash her hands! We asked where bedpans were kept. She said they could not be used as there was no one to help. The patients got up (some have temperatures of 104 degrees, but no one seems to think that matters!) About all that can be done is to give some food to the patients."

Doctor Haden Guest writes: "Usually the English wounded are in ambulance trains with doctors and orderlies but the others are often not so fortunate. Sometimes they are given medical attention and sometimes not. And so they arrive at little railway stations

where they are disembarked, dropped on the platforms.

"In one night perhaps two thousand wounded passed through this station; on one train there were seven hundred. Almost invariably the wounds are foully septic, acute gangrene (necessitating amputation) is common, tetanus is common. There are not

enough doctors, there are not enough nurses. Never, it seems, can there have been in our planet's history a greater human need than now exists. Many wounds are jagged and terrible—men cut, torn and carved into every fantastic possibility of deformity. And there are hundreds of thousands of them."

WHOSE CAUSE IS THIS?

An Appeal for Enlightenment as to What is Going to be Done About Canadian Hospital Service at the Front.

JUST as this number goes to press the following letter is received. It will be dealt with next week:

Cannot The Canadian War take up the matter of the representation of Canadian womanhood in the serious work of the war? All belligerent countries are doing their utmost to meet the need for hospital services at the front and elsewhere, so as to minimise suffering and save life. Canada is a belligerent country. There should be more and more Canadian women in this service. There is a growing fear that the need for them is not yet realised by those in authority.

It is being widely said that although more than two hundred qualified nurses volunteered for service abroad their offer was turned down in such a way as to make them chary of offering to serve their country in future. It is also being said that political influence was apparent in some of the few acceptances from Ottawa.

That may be a relatively small matter; for it is inconceivable that we can go much longer without a great increase in the number of Canadian women who are in the war zone. There is no time to lose. Will not The Canadian War, which strikes such a strong, healthy, and fair patriotic note, let the public know exactly what the situation is?

An employer who could do nothing himself sent a down-and-out gentlemanly man to the office of "The Canadian War," hoping he might find something to do. On size-up he

A PRAYER FOR POLITICS.

O Lord, give us courage always to face the enemy, which is ourselves. Let clear light break upon the work which is very near. Teach us that our country must be our abiding concern; and that Thy pleasure is that in its affairs, we strive to make Thy kingdom come. Shew us that we cannot neglect our civic duty in time of peace without falling short of the heights of patriotism in the dread test of war.

Help us to acquire the discerning mind, and the unfaltering will to do the things we ought to do; for the good name of our country; for the respect of our children; and the gratitude for our deeds which they may cherish when we are no more. Bid us learn, through the suffering of this war, our supreme task in politics; and to do it, without heed to fortune.

While our sons and brethren bear our fate into the appalling field, may we justify their sacrifice for us by devotion to our common citizenship, which is true godliness; and the only comfortable assurance of the life to come. Amen.

was loaned twenty-five cents for a lunch and given a chance to sell the paper. In the afternoon he earned a dollar and a half. See what your subscription is doing?

The Awakening

How like a giant stretching in the sun,
We have slept through the ages ; even we
Whom the gods moulded for a people free,
And made tremendous for the race not run.

See we have slept a magic cycle round,
And in the dream we have imagined much ;
Felt the soft wings of years we did not touch,
Dallied with somnolence that deadens sound.

With untried strength what we have done is done.
The wandering, drowsy brain has vaguely stirred,
As though from out infinitude it heard
A great voice speaking from behind the sun.

Closer and clear the calling, strangely loud,
And the great country, rousing from long sleep
Murmurs to its own soul, as deep to deep
Beckons a day's new dawn, so sure and proud.

These were the visions of a passing night,
Visions now caught in bugle notes of flame,
AND LO, THROUGH STORMS OF WAR WE HEAR OUR NAME
CALLED BY AN ANGEL, TERRIBLE AND BRIGHT.

—KATHERINE HALE

GREAT APPEAL MUST BE IMPERIAL

Native-born Canadians Will Act Instantly if They Are Given Definite Leadership, for National Liberty is in Danger and We Must Fight to the Limit.

By PETER MCARTHUR

IN the pages of *The Canadian War* and in the public press it has been stated with regret that native-born Canadians are not enlisting as they should. Such statistics as are available show that the criticism is well founded—although recent reports indicate an improvement—and as a native-born Canadian who believes that Canada's future is involved in the issue of the war I propose to review the causes of this apathy, and if possible to suggest the remedy.

In my opinion, which is purely personal, and which other native-born Canadians may repudiate, the difficulty is due to two main causes:—lack of understanding of the character of Canadian citizenship by those who are urging enlistment, and a failure on the part of Canadians to realize the imminence of the danger.

The Way of Prostitution.

The ordinary appeals and catch words of loyalty and patriotism will not serve in this crisis. They have been so much cheapened in the trivialities of past political campaigns that now in the hour of need they have lost their force. As one native-born Canadian said to me recently, "We have prostituted our loyalty; and now that we need her we doubt her virtue."

Before the country can be properly aroused we must face existing facts and be guided by their logic. Even the authorized British history taught in our schools tells us that for seventy years "The Canadians were left to solve their problems for themselves." It states further that this isolation has not weakened their loyalty; but the historian might have shown that it has worked a change.

Instead of thinking of themselves as Colonials, Canadians have learned through working out their own

problems to regard themselves as citizens of a free nation within the Empire, and they are loyal to the King as the Over-lord of the Empire.

It was this feeling of Imperial loyalty that became evident when hostilities began. Canadians of all parties supported the Government in supporting the war. Everyone awaited anxiously the call to duty. Then the newspapers began to print, merely as a matter of news in most cases, the campaign of insult that was being carried on in the old land to shame men to the colors.

Some writers were so ill-advised as to adapt this style of campaign to Canada and to hurl insults at Canadians for not enlisting at once. In the rural districts the effect was instantaneous. To the self-respecting Canadian this style of campaign was personally insulting. I heard many denounce it with unmeasured wrath. Others drew back in offended silence.

What Great Appeal Must Be.

This was no way to arouse the loyalty of free citizens of the Empire. Added to this came the announcement from authoritative sources that Canadians must produce food supplies for the war. This campaign has been urged with more insistence than the campaign for enlistment.

As the majority of Canadians in the rural districts are producers it carried weight. None of them could enlist without limiting production to some extent. This campaign has been strengthened by the appeal of the Minister of Finance for more products so as to save the national credit.

These diverse appeals caused uncertainty and hesitation, which undoubtedly affected enlistment. But if we are given definite leadership which will clearly place before Canadians their duty as citizens of the Empire, I

am confident that they will act instantly. No one has yet pointed out the unquestioned path of duty—perhaps because no one knows it. But when the great appeal is made it must be made to free men, and not addressed to dependents or beneficiaries of past bounty. It must be an Imperial call to Imperial citizens.

Consider the character of our native-born Canadian citizenship. There is nothing quite like it in all the world. We have enjoyed freedom past the gift of kings. Of the Canadian it might be asked as of Job: "Hast not Thou made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land."

He Owns No Superior.

Owing to a peculiar political development the native-born Canadian is the most independent man on earth. Until the present time no question of public policy has interfered with him sufficiently to hamper his personal liberty, or to affect injuriously any of his activities. Possibly he does not recognize clearly enough that only under the British flag would his unique independence be possible.

Free born in a free country he owns no man as his superior. The humblest citizen may rise to the highest position in the land. Naturally, this incredible freedom has reacted on the national character.

"You are ruled by a King," said an American to a Canadian.

"Are we?" was the answer. "We have forgotten that we are ruled at all."

The Canadian who made that reply was not a coiner of epigrams and had no desire to be clever. He merely stated a fact.

In London, England, some years ago I saw a group of Englishmen at a club writhing in silent and shame-faced mirth over a picture in "The Sphere," which illustrated an article on our present King's tour through Canada. It showed the then Duke of York in conversation with the engineer of the

train that had carried him across part of the West.

With arms folded on his ample chest, and with shoulders and head thrown back the engineer was talking with his future king. Conscious of his manhood he stood unembarrassed and unrebuked in the presence of royalty. Under the picture the editor had written, "Note the attitude of the engineer!"

To the editor and to the men who were laughing over the picture it seemed incredible that any working man should dare to maintain such an attitude in the presence of royalty. But if they had noted with understanding they would have a better conception of the character of Canadian citizenship.

Who Would Endure Militarism?

How would that Canadian working-man, who stood erect before his future king, endure the humiliating insolence of a Prussian drill sergeant? Would he endure being pushed from the sidewalk by anyone wearing a military uniform, and would he tamely submit to having the military authorities supreme over the civil authority? He would die first.

The source of this Canadian independence and freedom is seldom discussed frankly. To one large class it is the direct gift of the British Government; and constitutes a debt that can never be repaid. To another class it is the result of the fortitude of the liberty-loving men and women who conquered the wilderness and jealously guarded their rights.

The parents of a large mass of Canadian-born citizens came to the country with nothing in their hands. Many of them came to escape oppression. By heroic toil they hewed out homes for themselves in the new land, where their children could enjoy the freedom that was denied to them.

It is not altogether surprising that their children attribute their freedom to the courage and self-sacrifice of such parents. It is no part of my purpose to provoke a controversy on this point. I call attention to it merely so that the appeal for Canadian support of the war may be made broad enough to

arouse all classes without exciting antagonism.

Whatever the source of our liberty it is now threatened with extinction, unless we bestir ourselves. All Canadians recognize, though perhaps somewhat vaguely, their place in the Empire. This Imperial spirit is the one that must be aroused.

No matter what shall be the final form of the triumphant Empire—whether it shall have a central authority issuing commands, or be made up of free nations working in harmony—it must now be united to its farthest borders to face the common danger. Its final form will be a matter for statesmen to work out in times of peace.

At present it is enough to realize that the Empire must stand or fall as a unit, and that no part of it can be permanently subjugated without the subjugation of all. Only by rising to our full stature as citizens of the Empire can we be true to our native land,

and preserve its priceless liberties. All other issues cease to exist in the face of this paramount issue.

Canadians as a rule are opposed to war. They regard it as a cruel, inexcusable crime against civilization. But a war has come which diplomacy was unable to avert. A nation bent on world-conquest threatens the liberties of all the world. We may hate war, but we must fight if we are to live as free men. For Canada there is no escape from the fullest participation in the conflict.

If the Empire should be destroyed Canada would be the logical prize of victorious Germany. We have no right to expect the United States to protect us unless we do all in our power to protect ourselves. Our only safety lies in firmly establishing the Empire which alone makes possible a continuance of the liberties we enjoy. If we do our part we shall have a voice in establishing a peace which will make an end of war.

NATIONAL HONOR

The difference between the spurious and the sublime, which demands that President Wilson shall re-adjust his course, to answer to the self-respect of the Republic.

BY BENJAMIN A. GOULD

There is such a thing as the honor of a nation. It is the only thing that is worth fighting for. It is the only thing that can make future wars unnecessary.

There is no phrase which has been so misused, none which has so frequently been made a cover for greed and aggression. It has been the cloak behind which Junkerism has hidden its ugliness. "Wolf! wolf!" has been shouted so many times that disbelief has become habitual. But the fact remains none the less that wolves do exist, and that the honor of a nation is its most holy heritage.

Every evil cause seeks to bolster itself up with claims of good, and often succeeds in bringing what is really good into disrepute because the falsity

of these claims is not recognized. There never has been a jingoism or a militarism that has not declared itself to be the guardian of national honor.

It is a stock disguise. It has become so common that those who have had the wit to penetrate it, but not the understanding to reason incisively, have come to think that national honor is a mere mask, a tissue to cover national aggression, the time-worn excuse of the national bully.

International treaties of arbitration have habitually excepted subjects of dispute which involve national honor; and many think that this exception has nullified their value because it is often claimed that national honor is involved, when in fact only national

interest or national desire is at stake.

An excellent illustration of this false claim of national honor being involved is given by the recent Vera Cruz incident. Here a government, which was diplomatically unrecognized, and therefore diplomatically non-existent, refused to explode a salute of a certain number of guns in token of respect to the nation which refused to acknowledge the existence of the erring government which refused to fire the guns.

National honor was therefore involved and Vera Cruz had to be seized. But when the government which did not exist diplomatically ceased to exist actually, Vera Cruz was not evacuated. Later, when nothing had been accomplished, and the guns still remained unfired, the troops were withdrawn from Vera Cruz.

Honour Comes from Within.

If this thing were not serious, it would be opera bouffe. Everybody knows that the question of national honor had nothing whatsoever to do with the affair. The United States can continue to exist without inconvenience even if General Huerta does not fire twenty-one guns. It cannot continue to exist if it ceases to be true to itself. It may well be that the United States not only ought to have taken Vera Cruz, but ought to have done a great deal more, but it is ridiculous to cloud the duty with nonsense about its honor being insulted by a lack of guns.

National honor has to do with the conduct of a nation, not with the conduct of other nations toward it. The other idea is that which was at the root of the obsolete duello. If a cad thumbs his nose at a gentleman, the latter is no longer held to be wounded in his honor and obliged to risk his life.

The same thing is equally true of nations. The carrying of chips on national shoulders is out of date, and honor is not injured by the ill-breeding of others. When thus stated in plain words, this proposition seems self-evident; but a failure to recognize it has been the basis of many wars which otherwise would never have been permitted to occur.

Conditions may arise, however, where national honor is involved, where a nation must act to preserve its honor. This honor is not affected by the act of the other nation, but an outside act may be such that the nation damages its honor by not itself acting. A nation's honor is in its own charge and can be affected only by its own acts or failures to act.

The most common instance affecting the honor of a nation is the existence of a condition which requires action for the fulfilment of its obligations. A nation cannot with honor fail in its engagements any more than can a business house. The most solemn undertakings of a nation are those which it voluntarily assumes by its treaties. So long as the obligations of its treaties remain in force any nation loses its honor if it neglects them.

Solemn and Voluntary.

Belgium was in honor bound to resist the German invasion of her frontier. Rather than lose her honor she was willing to suffer the uttermost that can come to any nation. Her action and her sacrifice will forever place her name foremost on the roll of them to whom honor was supreme.

Great Britain was in honor bound to declare war against Germany when Belgium's neutrality was violated, and she has taught the world the value of scraps of paper when they contain a nation's honor.

When the question of the obligation of the United States arose in connection with tolls on the Panama canal, Mr. Wilson very properly realized that the honor of his country demanded that it should do nothing that by any nicety of construction could be held to be contrary to its treaty understandings. Apparently, however, he has never heard of the conventions of the Hague Tribunal, signed by President Roosevelt, or assuredly he must, as to them, also have safeguarded the honor of his country.

There is also a national honor deeper and more fundamental than that which comes from written understandings.

This is the duty of every nation to be true to its history, to its ideals, to the conception of freedom on which it has been erected. Noblesse oblige for a nation, as for a man; and the honor of a United States demands a far higher standard of unselfishness than the honor of San Domingo requires.

It is the duty of every President to guard this unwritten and inherent honor as sedulously as it is to see that his country's treaties are performed. The rank of a nation among its fellows may be judged by the fineness of this unwritten honor, for much must be given by them who possess much. It is the soul of a nation, and the greatness of this soul is shown by its willingness to perform in the concrete what it professes in the abstract.

The American people has a right to look to the President to express the soul of the nation. This nation has been founded on democracy, has bled for democracy, and through democracy has come to its present high estate. It has until now typified democracy to the world.

Now that the deepest and most sacred honor of the nation demands that in the colossal struggle between democracy and absolutism throughout the

world the United States shall make its position clear and unmistakable, Mr. Wilson will not be forgiven for not acting in accordance with the traditions and the nobility of his country.

No fear of the blatant Germans in the land, "vocal out of all proportion to their numbers or their importance," will serve to excuse him. However interesting the game of party politics may be, he has no right at this time, and in this matter, to play it.

I believe the honor of the United States is too great and too sacred a thing to be destroyed by any one man. If it shall happen that the man to whom the honor of the country is chiefly entrusted shall prove unworthy of his stewardship, the action which the honor of the nation demands may be delayed, but cannot be prevented.

The judgment of the people when time has been given for the crystallization of its thought will prove irresistible. Such a condition makes it doubly the duty of the clear-thinking and patriotic to spread the propaganda of national idealism, and to make it evident to the people that the very greatness of the land and its history forbids it to stand aside when all that it holds holy is at stake in the world.

THE LETTERS OF CIVILIS

I.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden, Prime Minister of Canada.

It is not easy to determine whether primarily to address your office or yourself, because of a certain uncertainty as to whether you regard yourself as belonging to the office, or whether the office is an incidental to the expression of yourself. At all events you are Prime Minister of Canada. Those whom you serve are anxious to serve you. They delight to know that their Man is bigger than his job.

Nobody has ever accused you of thinking more highly of yourself than you ought to think. You do not dwell in some far-off region which can only

be approached by particularly selected beings who themselves look down upon the mere average of mankind. At the same time there is reluctance in quiet people to address you on your discharge of the duties which belong to your high estate and vast responsibility.

Fear of frank speech may become an obsession, even in the most courageous peoples. Indeed, fear is one of the most powerful ammunitions in the political armoury. It is something which politicians of the baser sort turn upon those that approach them. It is one of the attributes of other politicians

(Continued from page 15.)

contact takes such a little while, too. Whenever one thinks of a Prime Minister keeping in touch with the public whose confidence he hopes to retain, one pictures a man who makes it his business to read a newspaper at a glance, who extracts the pith from an editorial as easily and speedily as he draws breath.

Things like these are not trivial. They are of the essence of control of a public situation. In sum they make much of the difference between leadership which inspires and leadership which follows public opinion. Old Sir Robert Morier, who died ambassador at Berlin, and who was one of the wisest servants of the Crown, used to say that it is the business of a statesman to be five per cent. ahead of public opinion. It is not demagoguery to know what public opinion is. It is statesmanship to know, partly by faith and partly by information, where it is going to be and to be there before it.

The Plot That Failed.

You are shortly to meet Parliament for the fifth time as Prime Minister. This is no place in which to presume to tender advice to the King's adviser. But, as the humblest of us, when he votes, passes judgment on your acts, it is proper to say how your disclosed attitude to public opinion on a question that is past, strikes one of your ultimate judges.

A strong attempt was made to force a general election last fall. The best of your supporters said privately that such a proceeding would be an outrage on Canadian patriotism, an incitement to disunion, and a pitiful spectacle to present to the alien within our gates and to the observer beyond our borders. The temper of public opinion was dead against the scheme which was hatched in your Cabinet. The Montreal Star denounced it as a grave immorality. The Governor-General was believed to be as much against plunging the country into partisan strife as the Montreal Star was. You were appealed to for guidance. All you said

was, "I cannot say anything about that."

Your admirers—those who had written to you—hoped that you would have put the talk of an election to an ignominious end.

There was no election, but the popular estimation of the episode is not that the Prime Minister killed the possibility of an unworthy appeal as soon as it was broached; but that the promoters of it did not quite succeed.

There has been a death to partyism in Britain. There should be a death to partyism in connection with the war in Canada. The one sure destroyer of that evil can be the Prime Minister. The public begins to think that the killing cannot be done by a policy of "I have nothing to say."

For Your Refreshment.

The administrative burden you have to carry is heavy indeed. But administration is chiefly a question of delegating details to subordinates who are honest, capable and endowed with public spirit. There never need be lack of such in times like this. Neither is there lack of willingness for public service in every community. That Government is a great government which knows how to evoke the maximum of public service from those to whom it does not ordinarily look for friendship.

There seems to be a fear in Ottawa that Canadians of every degree cannot be relied upon to render service regardless of what are called party politics. The atmosphere of Ottawa may conduce to a mean estimate of the capacity for unselfish service in the general public. That is one of the reasons why it is really incumbent upon the Prime Minister to read the newspapers. The heavier the times, the more patent that necessity. The suggestion is offered for your refreshment, and for your continuance in office.

TO SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

The second of The Letters of Civilis will be addressed to the Rt. Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

WOMEN AT THE FRONT

The hospitals that are organized, staffed and financed by women include one which brings the wounded from the firing line.

By CONSTANCE RUDYERD BOULTON

IT seems an awful thing to say that, out of this horror which lies heavily upon the soul of a shuddering world, has arisen a glorious opportunity, which has been seized by that half of the world which does not count, in a way that has justified beyond all controversy a great claim that has been made with a calm and unalterable faith in ultimate victory.

It has been proved that courage, patriotism, resource, generosity, sacrifice belong not alone to those who bear arms unflinchingly into the jaws of death.

It is estimated that nearly three million men have been killed, wounded, or missing in the last five months on the battlefields of Europe. For every one of those three million men there is or has been a mother. Yet we are told when it comes to war and fighting women do not count.

The noblest human virtue.

We are told the mother instinct is the noblest human virtue, the compelling power which glorifies human nature and links it up with the deep things of the spirit.

The mother instinct of the world has been outraged, and from the piteous, prostrate, bleeding heart of woman has been wrung a cry of revolt which will never again be hushed till to the suffering of sacrifice has been added the joy of an intelligent free-will offering of service to the nation.

All the mental, emotional, and physical anguish which is the inevitable portion of women was once accounted as nothing, because women do not give their bodies as food for the devil's hunger of war. In these days an overwhelming record is being made, a vast amount of passionate constructive service, in the midst of destruction, is being accomplished.

Women are showing that duty is to

them the same impelling power that it is to men; the supreme and imperative call to self-sacrifice for the upholding of ideals. With the bitter tears behind their smiling eyes women are bidding their husbands, sons, brothers and sweethearts "Go"—a sublime submission to the only way.

Into that tragic bidding is gathered the heroism which faces the terrible reality of the trenches and the agony of waiting at home. In this infinite sacrifice, made unhesitatingly, uncompainingly, unconditionally by women for the sake of their ideals, for that illusive, heroic thing, love of country and all that it means; in the wonderful constructive service being rendered by British women, in the midst of utter annihilation, is a glorious refutation of the charge that women do not count in world problems.

Only Two Men Here.

The prominent, effective part women are taking in the present Imperial crisis is being emphasized through many important national organizations. The hospital service established by the N. U. W. S. S. of Great Britain, in the war zone, is a striking example of their capacity and resourcefulness.

Of the Stobart Hospital at Antwerp, equipped, maintained, and served entirely by women doctors, nurses and orderlies, the American Consul-General of Belgium has said:

"One of the first buildings to be shelled was that run with such magnificent efficiency by the British women doctors."

The staff of the Stobart Hospital consists of four doctors, twelve trained nurses, and ten orderlies. The only men employed are the treasurer and a mechanic. The systematic arrangement, and absence of noise and confusion are frequently remarked by visitors. The X-ray apparatus of this

hospital is especially accurate and the most modern which can be procured.

The work of Dr. Louisa Garrett Anderson, the Vice-President, is of great interest. She is the daughter of Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M. D., who forty years ago fought for and won the admission of women into the medical profession in England. Dr. Louisa Garrett Anderson has established a splendidly equipped hospital at Wimerceux Works, two miles from the British base at Boulogne, and has won for herself and colleagues the recognition of the War Office for the work of women doctors in war-time. Until now Great Britain alone amongst the allies has refused the help of women surgeons.

This hospital unit was first established in Paris at the beginning of the war. But when the lines of communication were changed part of the staff went to their present quarters, Dr. Flora Murray remaining in charge of the Paris Hospital.

Running Motors Also.

The London "Globe," commenting upon the work of these women, says: "The work being carried out with such remarkable success is admirable testimony to their administrative ability."

The Scottish Federation of the N. U. W. S. S. at a cost of \$30,000 has sent a complete hospital unit to France, which is settled nine miles from Chantilly, in a beautiful country house, obtained through the influence of Madame La Vicomtesse de la Panouse, President of the Red Cross of France. The house is most suitable for the purpose, being commodious and having good drainage, water supply and electric lighting.

The personnel of the unit, under Dr. Ivens, of Liverpool, includes three surgeons, two physicians, and an X-ray operator, ten trained nurses, nearly as many dressers and orderlies, and two cooks—all women. Two motor ambulances and a motor car have been given by three women to serve the hospital.

This unit is acting as a base hospital for the French fighting line from Noyon through Soissons to Rheims. The N. U. W. S. S. has sent two complete hospital units to Servia composed of

women, with the exception of two orderlies.

When it is realized that a very large percentage of the Army Medical Corps officers have been killed and that these women go right up to the firing line to get the wounded it can no longer be denied that women are serving under fire side by side with their comrades in arms.

And Shoeing Horses.

The Women's Emergency Corps, organized by the Actresses Franchise Society, has a membership of 15,000 women, each of whom is expert in some line of useful work. There are licensed drivers of motors, taxi drivers, motorcyclists, women who know everything about a horse, even to the shoeing, and are ready and capable to take charge of the remount department if the men have to go to the front; women gardeners who can instruct other women in the cultivation of the land in place of the men; a corps of signallers, despatch-riders to the government, etc., etc. All these women are pledged to be ready for service at any moment.

Classes have been organized by the N. S. to instruct the soldiers in French with volunteer teachers. Reading rooms have been established all over the country in the vicinity of the camps, besides clubs for the soldiers' wives.

A corps of a thousand police women has been organized by the W. F. L. fully trained in drill, signalling, first-aid, self-defence, procedure and the rules of evidence in police courts, and collecting accurate detailed information as to the locality in which duties are undertaken.

There is also a mounted corps attached to this volunteer force. These women are placed on duty in all public places and also are at the service of recognized social service societies.

It has been emphasized by the promoters of this pioneer work that it has been undertaken in a spirit of earnest endeavor to serve in the present time of national peril with the intention that it shall become a permanent institution with the confidence of the public and the recognition of the Government.

The Women's S. N. Aid Corps, organized by the W. F. L., is using all the recognized outlets for women's energies, and has multiplied them a hundred-fold, finding and creating work for the unemployed, initiating the industry in England of making soft toys, feeding the poor school children, and in every direction providing ways and means for those who need assistance.

The Women's Emergency Corps has been appointed the Government agency to co-operate with the Local Government Board to care for the 29,000 Belgian refugees sent from Holland to England.

Sixty odd years ago Florence Nightingale blazed the way for women to a

vital participation in our National and Imperial life.

Sixty odd years ago the heart of a great woman was stirred with a Christ-like compassion for the suffering of the men who obeyed the call of their country. She braved the cruelty and tyranny of convention, and with a little band of devoted women she opened the way for the women of to-day, who are proving their fitness and their right to stand side by side with the men of their country in its supreme ordeal. Did this great woman, with the courage of a lion and the shrinking tenderness of mother-love, build better than she knew? or had she the divine gift of vision and a splendid confidence in the power of women?

THE SAILOR WHO WOULD MOBILIZE

Talk of a Naval Expert Who Has Fought Apaches, of Whom Bill Flew Was First Afraid and Then Defiant.

By U. N. C. DUDLEY

"**W**OULD I want to go into the trenches?" she said, as if she was going to freeze me. You bet I would. I've been there before, and I didn't get killed. But I'm really a sailor, and I'm humiliated that I'm not with my ship right now. But I'm too old—getting on for sixty—and though I sent in my papers on the first of September, I'm afraid they won't send for me. I've got two automatics in the wardrobe by my bed, loaded for fair, and the cartridge belt is as full as it will hold. We are going to have trouble—I don't know how, or where, or when it will come, but we're going to have it, and I don't give a hoot. Civilian or no civilian, I shall shoot the minute there's anything to shoot at."

Thus spake the old captain—a natural fighting man. He sits in a fine office, telling his underlings whether they are to insist on cash with order for such stuff as books are printed on. I went to make his acquaintance on a matter of credit, and compromised on cash before delivery, with a discount

that made it worth while. He assured me that he is a funny fellow, partly because he says what he thinks, and, I fancy, partly because he does what he says—especially when it comes to shooting. He has fought to kill and has killed, and his point of view has point as well as view.

"I tell you what it is," he said, "our women are the weak spot in this war."

I looked at him, deprecating his present style of funniness. He looked straight back.

"Oh, yes, I know what I am talking about," he said. "Last night at dinner one of them said it was a shame to send good Canadian boys over there to be killed. What had we to do with it, anyway? I asked her, 'What would you feel like if the Germans came here?'"

"Why," she said, 'I'd say, 'Here you are, Mr. German, the city belongs to you.' What else could I do?'"

"I tell you," said the captain, who wishes he was on his ship looking for German submarines, "I tell you I lit into her pretty hot, even if it was in

somebody else's house, and she was one of the prettiest women I have seen in a long time.

"I said, 'Do you know what would happen to you? You'd think to buy comfort by letting the Germans take everything. I'm not saying anything about the patriotism of the sort of surrender you pretend you would make, but of your own safety. Do you know one of the first things that would happen? Along would come some German to your husband, and he'd say, 'Your wife a pretty fine woman. You go away from here and leave her to me,' and before you'd know where you were, my lady," I said to her, speaking quite plain, and before the crowd"—and the captain spoke quite plain before me, too, and wound up with the remark that the pretty lady said nothing when he asked her what she would think if her husband said to the intruder the equivalent of what she had said about the city.

Like the Englishman.

The captain threw himself half-round in his chair, impatient and angry at the recollection of the indifference of the fine woman to the meaning of the German menace to Canada as well as to Europe.

"Tell you what it is," he resumed, "the people of this country haven't begun to wake up to what this war means now, and still less have they any idea of what it is going to mean, win or lose."

I couldn't help replying, "That's exactly why The Canadian War was started, captain. We don't profess to know a tenth of what it involves for this complacent country, but we do know that neither the average man on the street nor the average man in the average government—and we have ten in the Dominion—senses the magnitude of the crisis that faces us."

"Realize?" said he, vehemently, "of course they don't realize. The Canadian is pretty much like the Englishman. The Englishman, you know, always says there is no danger, and that he mustn't be disturbed. He keeps on saying it till he gets a good swift kick

in the stern; then he rises up on his hind legs and does things.

"Besides," he went on, "some people are really afraid to go up to the risk that is facing them."

"Scared?" I interpolated.

"Yes, sir! scared; and some of them scared stiff. They don't know what fighting stuff they've got in them till all at once they understand that if they don't get the other fellow the other fellow'll get them. They're like Billy Flew."

The captain gazed out of the window, and a reminiscent smile flickered round his face. The smile grew into a laugh, as the captain drummed his fingers on the desk. When he turned again it was to say:

"I can see the son of a gun now, scared stiff, down by the sage-bush."

"Where was this, and when," said I.

Flew Behind the Sage-Bush.

"It was in Arizona in 1887. The Apaches had been raiding, and we were sent out to catch or kill them. It was a hot, blazing afternoon, and we had been compelled to take cover in the open behind some little sage-bushes. Doc Cranston was behind one bush, ten paces to my right. Billy Flew was maybe twenty yards on my left. The doc and I were quite safe, for they hadn't seen us. But they had found Billy, and were peppering him for a finish.

"Billy was full length on the ground, snuggling his head into the sand. The bullets were pinging all round him, and he was scared as scared could be. After a while he almost sobbed to us, 'Good-bye, boys; they'll get me right enough!'"

"I tried to steady him, but he was sure they'd get him every shot. And, by gad, they did. A bullet just grazed the calf of his leg—just enough to tingle him up.

"You should have seen Billy. In a second he was up on his elbow, cracking away at the Apaches on the hill. I called to him to lie down, or they would sure get him. As soon as I spoke he was hit in the fleshy part of the

thigh. He rubbed the blood and leaped to his feet.

"Lie down, you damned fool," I roared at him. "They'll get you, sure."

"Not before I get one of them, the sons of bugaboos," yelled he, and with that he stood up straight and pumped away at them as hard as he could go. I called again to him to get down, and when he wouldn't I crawled over and fairly pulled him down.

"Well, in the end, we cleared out of there with nothing worse happening, and Billy got scared no more.

"Over in England two or three Zeppelins throwing bombs on London would do them all the good in the world. Something of the same kind would do wonders for the fighting spirit of our own people. At present we are not even on playing terms with the war."

"What would you do, then?" said I.

"What would I do? I'd put the whole country under martial mobilization inside of twenty-four hours, on the assumption that we are the front instead of being three or four thousand miles from the trouble. How else can you make the public realize what this war means? More and more men are beginning to make money out of it, which tempts them to think it's a pretty fine thing.

"I came down this morning with a man who would have been down and out but for the war. His factory's going night and day, filling orders for

three or four governments. Do you suppose that man realizes that this war is hell economically as well as in its loss of life and destruction of the means of livelihood?

"Then there's another class of people who really think that we ought not to get ready for war. By jiminy, I believe in armament. That's the only way to be safe. Safety first for mine. We have got to put two hundred thousand men over the sea, and if that isn't enough we have got to send more—and then some more.

"The Government, to my way of thinking, aren't alive to the real meaning of the situation. They won't let men enlist in the militia regiments unless they promise to go across the sea if required. That's all wrong. These fellows who have only the beginnings of fighting efficiency within them should be got into the regiments. Get them in; put the uniform on them; let the spirit of the regiment and the sense of discipline get hold of them, and in a little while they will be ready to go anywhere."

"We have got to find substitutes for the bullet that grazed Billy Flew's calf?" said I.

"You bet your life we have," said the captain, as he glanced at a paper brought in by a swift clerk.

"C.O.D.," he said with the decision of the quarter deck to the clerk.

The clerk said, "Certainly, sir," and I took the hint and wrote a little cheque.

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

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

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

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

Effective doing depends on effective thinking.

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

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

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

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

AT THE END OF THE WAR

Forecast and Prophecy About the Re-arrangement of Europe Which Must Be Assured by a Durable Peace, Which Will Preserve Germany While Destroying Feudal Militarism.

BY BENJAMIN A. GOULD

THE time has come to consider what must be done at the end of the war to make peace a lasting one. There is, of course, only one possible outcome to the war which the world can tolerate. Germany and her allies must be compelled to a peace which shall not be threatened by the menace of militarism, and which shall make all Europe free from conscription, as the Americas are free.

When two or three years of the best part of the life of every young Frenchman, German and Russian are no longer required for military service, this relief will go far towards paying the enormous cost of the war. And when the non-productive expenditures on guns, fortresses and navies are lessened by many hundreds of millions of dollars annually, the saving will pay the interest on a huge volume of war bonds. No peace can be economically permitted which does not provide for both of these great reforms.

Fortunate in Sir Edward.

The world is fortunate in having at this time the unselfish and clear-minded services of Sir Edward Grey, for to the world, even in greater degree than to Great Britain, must these services be given. His character and the history of his statesmanship make it clear that he recognizes this world-duty.

Of the great men of to-day—Joffre, the reliable; Kitchener, the organizer; Grand Duke Nicholas, the brilliant; Albert, the inspiration; and Grey, the statesman—Grey is the most valuable and would be the hardest to replace. When Lincoln was murdered, it was truly said that in him the Confederacy lost its greatest friend. Even so, at the end of the war the people of Germany will have in the vision of Sir Edward Grey their greatest asset. There seems little doubt but that he will dominate the making of peace.

By far the most important political event since the outbreak of hostilities was the protocol entered into by Great Britain, France and Russia. This protocol contained two distinct provisions, and in the popular mind the fact that the first was more striking has overshadowed the deeper import of the second.

First, it was provided that no one of the parties to the agreement would make peace without the consent of the other two. This makes it certain that the Triple Entente will win the war. By this the knell of the Kaiser was rung, as the Kaiser himself knows.

Temperance of Wisdom.

Secondly, it was provided that no one of the parties, in making peace, would demand terms not satisfactory to the other two. This makes it certain that the peace will be a lasting one. By this the knell of Kaiserism was rung; but whether the Kaiser himself has the vision to understand it is very doubtful. No greed on the part of any victor shall be allowed to impose conditions so bitter that in the nature of things they can be but temporary. The temperance of concerted wisdom, dominated by the temperance of Grey, will have to prevail.

The world needs Germany and cannot afford to see her destroyed. But this Germany that must be preserved is not the Germany of to-day, but the Germany of to-morrow and to a certain extent of yesterday; not the Germany of the mailed fist and blood and iron, but of thrift and intelligent labor and scientific production; the Germany that helps to live, not that dooms to death.

For a generation it will be difficult to get fair treatment for the people of Germany; and for a generation there will be upon these people a burden of payment which will be hard to bear.

These things are inevitable.

The millions who have suffered deep personal loss from the war, to whom during the war the very name of Germany has been anathema, cannot forget and cannot lightly forgive. There will be a legacy of hatred toward the individual, a failure to recognize that the individual is the victim, not the cause, of conditions which have been insufferable.

Unquestionably Germany, and the feudalism that rules her, was directly responsible for the war; equally unquestionably Germany, once the war was afoot, has been fighting for her very existence as she is now constituted. It is impossible to expect that the mass of her people should differentiate between the false Germany which must cease to exist and the true Germany which is entitled to their loyalty.

Mass Cannot Differentiate.

Every instinct of their nationalism, every impulse of their training, every bar of their national tunes has urged them to support the Government which they have never been allowed to discuss or to criticize as happier peoples have been allowed to criticize freer Governments.

The very qualities of courage and efficiency which will make these Germans valuable to the world, once their point of view ceases to be distorted, have now made them a menace to the world. Only when the outcome of the war is clear to them will they begin to question the leadership which brought it about.

Because for a generation there has been no free press in Germany, Prussianism has been able to make the people see red, and until they cease to see red they cannot be expected to be disloyal to their Kaiser. But once the time comes, as come it must, when defeat and invasion clear their vision and they themselves see the falseness of their gods, then will they also appreciate the value of the political evolution which will entitle them to their place in the society of nations.

This brings us to the consideration

that at the end of the war there will be no problem of what to do with the Kaiser. If he is still living, if neither disease nor suicide nor assassination have already ended his career, nothing must be done which may make of him a legendary martyr.

St. Helena is entirely obsolete. He may be safely left to the people whom he has deceived. To one of his temperament the knowledge of his colossal failure will be far more bitter than any other punishment which a civilized people could inflict upon him.

The inevitable loss of his empire and the end of his dynasty will be the heaviest burden that can be laid upon him.

How Will the Kaiser End?

Personally, I do not expect that he will survive the collapse of his country, but I believe he will meet death at his own hands, if he does not suffer it at the hands of one of his dupes.

What of the territory of the conquered nations? Undoubtedly it will be trimmed to suit newer conditions. France will get back her ravished provinces. Alsace and Lorraine will again be French, and the statue of Strasbourg, in the Place de la Concorde, will doff her mourning. This is all the European territory that France will acquire. It is merely the restoration to the owner of the property stolen forty-four years ago.

But there are other stolen properties which will also have to be restored. Heroic Belgium will arise greater than before, and Aachen will again become Aix-la-Chapelle. Even though the Scandinavian countries shall be able to remain neutral to the end, Denmark will probably get back the Schleswig-Holstein that the great European thief stole from her fifty years ago.

With this restoration will have to be coupled some provision in regard to the Kiel Canal, which shall make it forever neutral and no longer a menace to the world. If, as seems probable, something like a federation be established of the three Scandinavian kingdoms, it is likely that to them, under proper guarantees from all the great

powers, may be entrusted the gates of the Baltic, both through the Cattegat and through the Kiel Canal.

So much for Western Germany. In the east, the old Poland will be re-erected as an autonomous unit in the Russian Empire, and East Prussia, as far as the mouth of the Vistula, will become a part of it. This new Poland will, of course, also comprise Galicia, or the south.

When we come to consider the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the questions of division become much more complicated and difficult. This empire, old and great as it has been, will cease to exist. For many years it has been an unnatural and artificial structure, and it will fall absolutely to pieces. Europe will at last be free of Hapsburgs, as it will be free of Hohenzollerns.

Around the Balkans.

Bukowina will become Russian, Transylvania will go to Roumania. The endeavor must be made to draw the boundaries according to racial populations, so that the units may be as homogeneous as possible. The part of Hungary which is Magyar will probably be made an independent nation—a limited monarchy or a republic.

Bosnia and Herzegovina will, of course, become Servian, with possibly Slavonia, Croatia and Dalmatia. Trieste, with the Trentino, as well as Albania, will be Italian, and the Adriatic will become an Italian lake, with trading rights assured for the seaports of Servia and Montenegro.

All that is Germanic of Austria should become a part of the new Germany. Many districts which are at present not at all German in sympathies are none the less probably racially sufficiently German to be safely constituted into German states. For this is the destiny of Germany, to be a confederation of states, probably republican in form of government, each free and equal and relieved of Prussian domination.

As military disasters twice bred a French republic, so will the downfall of Kaiserism bring about a republican

Germany. It may not follow immediately on the heels of peace, but it is sure to come as a result of the war.

A temporary government made up of duchies and kingdoms may be established, but it will only be to prepare the way for a Vereinigten Staaten von Deutschland. Then and then only will it be safe for the world to forget that the Teuton is a Hun.

Turkey will cease to exist. The time has come for the Sick Man of Europe to die, and his death will extend to Asia also. The Ottoman Empire has long been an anachronism, and now is the time when "Finis" must be written.

A British Caliphate, Perhaps.

The ownership of Constantinople will be the hardest thing to decide. There is no question but that Russia ought to have it. Can Russia be trusted to have it? I believe that this will be the best solution, and that the Dardanelles must be in Russia's immediate charge, under guarantees of perpetual neutrality.

The greater part of what remains of Turkey in Europe will probably go to Bulgaria, including Adrianople. Of Turkey in Asia a strip along the Black Sea from the Caucasus should accompany Russia's ownership of the Straits, so that she shall have land access to the Bosphorus. The rest of Asiatic Turkey might well be erected into a Caliphate, under British protection.

Germany will be stripped of all the foreign possessions which she has so signally failed to administer successfully. The greater part of them will go to Great Britain, not so much because Great Britain needs the colonies as because the colonies need Great Britain.

The Cape to Cairo railroad will be all red. France may receive some additional African territory, as may also Belgium, for whom nothing will be too good; but Africa will become essentially British, except along the Mediterranean.

The German islands in the Pacific will be British. Kiao Chow will be in Japanese possession; but if Japan is as wise as I believe her to be, she will

restore it to China very shortly after the war. Nothing else that she could do would give her such prestige or so entitle her to a place among the leaders of the world.

No other act could so confound those who cry of the Yellow Peril and see Tokio fighting San Francisco. Such unselfishness would repay Japan a hundredfold for what it costs her.

In the matter of money indemnities, the sums which the beaten countries can pay are, of course, limited. Turkey can pay nothing. She is bankrupt and must go through insolvency. The highest amount which can be wrung out of what remains of Germany and Austria-Hungary after the trimmings already mentioned will not exceed ten billions of dollars, and may not be more than half of this.

Not a shilling must come to Great Britain. Her greatness denies that she may take money pay for what she has done.

Belgium must be given all the money needed to restore her so far as money can restore—probably one and a half billion dollars.

France must have back the ransom which Germany robbed her of in 1871, with good heavy interest, and also an indemnity for the destruction of her northern provinces. It may take two and a half or three billion dollars to pay the bill.

Servia and little Montenegro will also have to be paid; perhaps three-quarters of a billion for the former and two hundred and fifty million for the latter.

Russia should be great enough not to demand money, although she could hardly be blamed if she sought to be re-imbursed for part of her outlay and

for the destruction wrought in Poland.

Japan also can show her magnanimity to the world by demanding no money.

There remains the question of armaments. All of the German and Austrian dreadnoughts and ships of the line which have not been transformed into "unter see booten" must go to Britain. The world must trust Britain to guard the routes of trade until there shall be an international navy to do this international job. The history of the last hundred years proves that the world will be safe in so trusting Britain.

The Krupp works must be destroyed, except in so far as they are suited to the needs of peace. Such of the border fortresses as have not been destroyed must be demolished; those of Germany under compulsion; those of the victors voluntarily. The fact that they have proved of little use against modern siege artillery will make the nations more ready to do this.

Finally, the boundaries established must be guaranteed by every great power, each of whom must be bound to prevent with force of arms, if need be, any violation or forcible alteration of frontiers. If every great power is bound by scraps of paper, which will hereafter have more weight than in the past, to protect each guaranteed frontier, even as Great Britain protected Belgium, national usurpation of real estate will cease.

If these things are brought about, as they can be brought about, by the war, it will not have been fought in vain; and Tommy Atkins, Jean Francois and Ivan Ivanovitch will deserve very well of the world for which they have suffered and died. It is chiefly up to Sir Edward Grey to justify their deaths.

L. Goldman, Toronto.

I enclose \$1, being for two subscriptions to your patriotic and excellent publication, which appeals to me as being entitled to the support of every Britisher. With best wishes for the success of every patriotic undertaking

You can subscribe for "The Canadian War" any way you like, single copies, for a month, for three months, for six months. Single copies, 5 cents; 25 cents for five weeks; 65 cents for three months; \$1.25 for six months. 32 Church St., Toronto.

SHALL WE COUNT IN THE PEACE?

Canada, Being a Belligerent, Must Broaden Out, and Consider Whether She Shall Have An Envoy When the Peace is Arranged.

BY MAIN JOHNSON

Substance of an address on "Canada and the Allies" to the Canadian Club of North Bay.

TO look ahead into the future, to make plans for the time to come, does not reduce the efficiency of to-day's work, but rather leads to greater intelligence in the prosecution of the most pressing duties. It is for this reason that even now, when we are in the midst of a serious crisis; and when we must decide what is best to be done every single day; and when, beyond everything, Germany must be beaten, it is nevertheless worth while to consider some of the questions which inevitably will arise in the future.

Many people are wondering what the world will be like when at last the war is over, and are imagining ideal reconstructions of governments and territorial boundaries. The very impulse of this idealism may help to bring to pass some of the good things which now seem but as dreams.

In the same way, it is quite legitimate to ask such a question as this, "Should Canada be represented at the Peace Settlement at the end of the war?" The discussion of such a point should help us realize the fundamental basis of Canada's relations with the rest of the world, and also the real significance of Canada's participation in the world-wide struggle.

Without glorifying war for its own sake, or trying to minimize the awfulness of one of the most terrible things this world knows, there is neither necessity nor reason for utter pessimism. There are at least some good by-products of the war.

For one thing, our people are firm in the belief that Canada is fighting on the side of Right, for the sacredness of the pledged word, for the defence of the weak, and for the perpetuation of the loftiest political and moral ideals of which this world knows. Participa-

tion in such an enterprise, which might almost be called a Holy Crusade, cannot help but have an inspiring and tonic effect on the whole moral fabric of the country.

In the second place, this war means emphatically Canada's broadening out, her definite entrance on the stage of world affairs. In this conflict Canada is associated not only with her colleagues in the British Empire, but with the other allies as well, with France for instance, and with Belgium and Russia. Canada, in fact, is one of the Allies herself. This viewpoint increases our interest in the struggle, deepens our sense of responsibility, and broadens our national horizon.

We are linked up not only with such comparatively old friends as France and Belgium, but we suddenly find ourselves co-operating in the same stupendous enterprise with Russia, one of Canada's next-door-neighbors—by—the—sea, but one in whom our interest hitherto has been slight. Already we are hastening to hear authorities on Russia, such as Professor Mavor, Professor Snow, Mr. Armstrong and Prof. Harper of Chicago University.

We are taking an interest in the simple, Christian-spirited, common people of Russia and in its vivacious middle classes, and at the same time are enlarging our knowledge of Russian art and Russian politics.

Those who favor Canada's recognition in the final Peace Conferences, not merely through the representatives of Great Britain, but by her own individual spokesman, sitting, naturally enough, with similar representatives from the other nations of the British Empire, give as one of their arguments that since Canada really is one of the Allies this participation would officially seal her first-hand interest in the

(Continued on page 32.)

Miss Merrill's Appeal for Belgian Relief

Miss Helen Merrill's thanks to subscribers to The Canadian War, for money received through the paper, and her appeal for further support, was received too late for insertion in this

number.

Half of subscriptions sent to Miss Merrill, c-o The Canadian War, will go to the Belgian Relief Fund of the U. E. Loyalists.

THUNDER BAY AND THE BELGIANS

Report of the Belgian Relief Committee at Fort William from the Belgian Consulate, District of Thunder Bay: John King, Vice-Consul.

One carload of 410 bags of flour, citizens of Fort William and Port Arthur.

One carload of 400 bags of flour, citizens of Fort Frances.

One carload of 400 bags of flour, citizens of Kenora.

Two tons of rice, special donations, citizens of Rosspport.

One hundred and nine cases of goods have been shipped, including special items.

One carload of new clothing, blankets, boots, groceries, etc., donated by Messrs. O'Brien, McDougall & O'Gorman, value, as per invoices, \$3,700.

Four cases of new clothing (men's), shoes, etc., donated by Mr. McDougan, Port Arthur, Ont., and valued at \$1,000, as per invoices.

Twelve cases of new and second-hand clothing and blankets from citizens of Fort Frances, Ont.

Nine cases of clothing, new and second-hand, from citizens of Kenora.

Two cases of clothing, new and second-hand, from citizens of Emo (\$200).

One case of clothing, new and second-hand, from citizens of Keewatin.

One trunk of clothing, new and second-hand, from friends.

Thirty-five pairs new feather pillows, from citizens of Kenora.

Twenty-four cases mostly new and second-hand clothing, blankets, boots and shoes, groceries, etc., from citizens of Fort William and Port Arthur.

Twenty-five complete outfits or layettes for babies, and 25 outfits for mothers, with all necessary articles for the cases. Goods to make layettes were bought with proceeds of series of concerts given by St. Luke's Boys' Club, under the direction of L. W. Hallett, gross receipts being: Fort William, one performance, Orpheum, \$315; Port Arthur, one performance, Lyceum, \$95; Fort Frances, three performances, Opera House, \$300.

Sir William Mackenzie, C.N.R., free transportation of troupe of 24 players, Fort William to Fort Frances and return.

Donation from Municipality of Nepigon, \$25.

Donation from Municipality of Nepigon, \$25.

Donation from Rosspport, for Rice, \$83.60.

Donation from Ignace, by J. Denby, \$14.50.

Proceeds of concert at Keewatin, \$58.

Proceeds of potatoes sold by City of Port Arthur, donated by farmers of district, \$50.45.

Donation from Murillo Methodist Sunday School scholars, \$25.

John King, expenses in connection with transportation of troupe, secretary, etc., \$45.

FROM THE NORTH COUNTRY.

Despite the cosmopolitan character of the population in Northern Ontario and the fact that the ratio of unemployment there is much lower than in the remainder of the province, there has always been a plethora of recruits.

When recruits were called for the second contingent three hundred men mustered from the north at Sudbury. Two hundred of them were sent back home, since only one hundred could be equipped and taken. Many of these men have given up their jobs to go, and when they returned were out of work for some time.

That was not very conducive to recruiting, but if any special appeal were made hundreds more could be obtained at a few hours' notice. When Major Eddie Holland, V.C., sought 45 men for his automobile battery he was flooded with applications from the best youth of the country; and he has sent back to Ottawa 45 of the most hard-bitten, sturdy prospectors the North has produced, known on every trail for the past five years, many of them skilled mechanics and all of them lightning quick in an emergency.

Of these men the great majority have joined from an innate love of strife with man or Nature, and a hatred of the humdrum life to which they are now condemned since their prospecting occupation has gone: but some few have gone from a sense of duty.

(Continued from page 30.)

war and in any settlement which may result.

They say that to play such a role would be good for Canada, as it would develop and emphasize still more, Canada's international responsibilities, a development necessary for her permanent stability and greatness.

Those who do not favor the idea, or who believe it is impracticable, maintain that Canada, with all her courage and good will, cannot have enough fighting men actually on the field of battle to entitle her to be recognized separately at any settlement, and that Canada will have to be content to be represented by Great Britain.

Two Sides are Here.

Others say that, even if Canada should be permitted to have such an envoy, it would not be wise policy to send one, but that for the best interests both of Canada and the Empire at large, it would be preferable to have the appointments made by the British Foreign Office. They claim that the foreign problem of the Empire is, in its essentials, one and indivisible, and that it would be unwise to allow local points of view to interfere with a central opinion expressing the needs of Great Britain and the Empire as a whole.

The contenders on the opposite side of the argument answer that this would be an excellent opportunity to demonstrate the unique character of the British Empire, by having its constituent parts represented each by its own envoy. This would be a convincing example of an empire organization which has proved itself workable and efficient, and yet which at the same time leaves perfect freedom of action and policy if need be, to the nations

forming the Britannic Alliance.

This phase "The Britannic Alliance," is a reminder of the man who has helped to make it current, Richard Jebb. Quite recently this English publicist has advocated the holding of a preliminary conference of the nations of the Empire at which the Dominions could discuss with Great Britain, what stand should be taken at the Peace Settlement.

It is not the intention of the writer to say which of these many views is correct. The question is too fundamental to be settled dogmatically by any one man or any group of opinion. The problem is presented, however, as one which lies at the roots of our foreign relations.

Carry New World Ideal.

Whether or not Canada will be represented in a Peace Conference, this much is sure. Canada has a valuable contribution to make to any discussion on international politics and the relation between men of different nationalities. Not as a neutral, but as one of the belligerents herself, she can bring among the warring nations the New World ideal of Peace, and the New World experiment of a cosmopolitan nationality. Canada within her own borders has, not a few, but thousands of former citizens of the nations at war, on both sides.

Canada, in fact, is herself a world in miniature, and not a very small miniature at that. In such a capacity, she should be able to help materially in the search for a satisfactory and lasting peace. If she does help to do this, either directly or indirectly, then, not by any favoritism, not by any fortune of birth, but from the wisdom gained in the trials of her own experience, she will have performed a real and permanent service for the world.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The illustrations prepared for this number were crowded out to make room for "The Piteous Appeal of France and Belgium." Next week the artists will be in.

You can subscribe for "The Canadian War" any way you like, single copies, for a month, for three months, for six months. Single copies, 5 cents; 25 cents for five weeks; 65 cents for three months; \$1.25 for six months.

Are You in Any of These?



A. O. U. W.

Belgian Relief Committee

Board of Trade

Boy Scouts

Business Association

Brotherhood

Canadian Club

Conservative Association

County Association

County Council

Daughters of the Empire

Dominion Alliance

Foresters

Girl Guides

Home Guard

Labor Party

Legislature

Liberal Association

Lord's Day Alliance

Manufacturers' Ass'n.

Ministerial Association

Oddfellows

Overseas Club

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Patriotic Society

Red Cross Society

Sons of England

Sons of Scotland

Sons of Temperance

St. Andrew's Society

St. George's Society

Suffrage Association

Single Tax Association

Teachers' Association

Town Council

Trade Union

Township Council

W. C. T. U.

Y. M. C. A.

Y. W. C. A.

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

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