

THE WOMAN
IN IT

THE

TO AMERICANS
IN CANADA

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

Eighth Number

February 20, 1915

Five Cents



WHAT WILL THE SCOUT PAINT ?

ANSWER NEXT WEEK

Published at 32 Church Street, Toronto

PRACTICAL PATRIOTISM



Thirty members of the agency and clerical staffs of the Sun Life of Canada have volunteered for active service in defence of the Empire.

The Company gladly gives its volunteers liberal guarantees as to salary during period of service and holds the position of each open until his return.

In its corporate capacity the Sun Life of Canada contributed generously to the National Patriotic Fund, a contribution supplemented by a liberal donation from the members of the Head Office Staff.

The "Sunbeam Club," organized among the ladies of the Head Office Staff, are busily sewing and knitting for the Canadian boys at the front.

Ranking, as it does, among the most powerful of Canadian financial institutions, it is fitting that the Sun Life of Canada should thus bear its full share of the burdens of Empire.



**SUN LIFE ASSURANCE
COMPANY OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL**

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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.

FEARS THAT BESET

MOST of us are afraid of ideas. In England we shed a disdainful smile upon the way our kinsfolk cling to old-fashioned ways of doing things. Some of us, who do not go to England, are like the farmer in Simcoe who asked if they have electric light in London—we little know how much we tell about ourselves when we assume things about distant people.

Every new idea that has worked itself into action that has benefited mankind has been denounced and opposed. The person who expressed the idea has been cold-shouldered by excellent folk, who presumed to judge what they would not take the trouble to understand.

All of which comes of fear. We fear ideas as our ancestors feared the thunder, believing it to be more dreadful than the lightning. It takes more courage for some of us to face a new idea than it does to fight an old enemy.

That is particularly true of our public relationships. We start out with a set of beliefs which we have accepted as we accept the hair on our heads. Without waiting to apply to them the same free, reasoning faculty that we use over the purchase of a garment, we remain in bondage to Things of the

Past when they ought to be our servants.

A lady who has for years served the Empire and Canada to the limit of her realized power (she has capacities of whose existence she is not yet aware) said with tearful grief, "I can't be a Grit, no, I can't be a Grit; but I can't be a Conservative as long as Sam Hughes is Minister of Militia."

Honest, candid, troubled soul. She is a prisoner to somebody else's ancient and worthy ideas. Who will suggest to her that it is quite good enough to be a Canadian, without troubling about labels which don't label, or about Sam Hughes, who may be Minister of Militia, but who certainly is not potent enough to determine the political destiny of such a fine character as this sincerely patriotic political fledgling. Examine her case, thinking of her as, say, Mrs. Gordon.

Mrs. Gordon has a son at the front. Like certain others, she thinks the Minister of Militia is a harmful servant of Canada. For the moment, that is an unimportant question, for the Minister's responsibility is swallowed up in the responsibility of the Prime Minister, who puts him and who keeps him where he is. The Minister of Militia is

a big detail in military administration, and The Canadian War is not worrying about military details, except as they demonstrate civic efficiency.

But Mrs. Gordon thinks the general should not be Minister of Militia. Because the head of the Conservative party—the Prime Minister—does not remove him, Mrs. Gordon cannot be a

BOY SCOUTS OF HIGH RIVER.

An excellent opportunity provides itself for those who would be patriotic (we are all patriotic), the scouts have been asked on account of the Patriotic Fund, to canvass a publication entitled "The Canadian War." It is an interesting little book and will appeal to all High Riverites. It is issued weekly. Twenty-five per cent. of all monies collected will go to the Provincial Treasurer of the Boy Scouts Association, 25 per cent. to the local troop, and 50 per cent. to Patriotic Fund. Subscribers will have the book delivered weekly by the Boy Scouts. Kindly put your hand in your pocket.—High River, Alta., Times.

Conservative. What can she be, then? The only working alternative, as she sees it, is to become what she calls a Grit—and that can never, never be, for she was brought up to believe that Grits are born bad and grow worse. The Jews, you remember, had no dealings with the Samaritans.

Plainly, Mrs. Gordon is measuring the conduct of the nation's business, not by the needs of this present great crisis, but by the names which men called themselves when she was a girl, in regard to controversies which have about as much to do with national conditions in February, 1915, as Sisera had to do with Joffre.

What is a Grit? What has that name to do with this year of grace? What can give it the least significance to a young man who has just become a voter? What is a Conservative? What great divergence in national policies marks the sections of the nation which govern themselves by political names?

We cling to old names largely because we hate to look at unfamiliar

things. "Grit" belongs to the George Brown phase of Liberalism. But the controversies that raged round a statesman who has been in the tomb for more than thirty years are not effective against Germany.

On the other side, the Macdonald tradition, fine as it is, cannot meet the conditions of 1915. No living man under forty-five years of age had the right to vote when Sir John's last election was fought. There are over a quarter of a million voters in Canada who were not born or had never seen Canada during Sir John Macdonald's premiership.

Men's fear to say what they think about the policies of public servants, who would not be where they are if ordinary people had not put them there, is one of the phenomena of twentieth century Canada. It derives partly

REAL JOY IN IT.

By far the finest enterprise proceeding direct from the Patriotic Fund enthusiasm, is the publication, "The Canadian War." In this publication the best Canadian writers of the day are contributing their best thoughts and information on the many phases of the world struggle into which Canada has thrown her national fate and fortune. The writers seem all to be inspired with the faith that, out of the great crisis, Canada will emerge with a new and sturdy national sentiment, in the moulding of which they are doing their part. We believe that every Canadian will find real joy in the perusal of the pages of this little booklet, bringing him as it does into intimate touch with those of his fellow countrymen who do the thinking. We would recommend every reader to send a dollar subscription to the "Canadian War." — Estevan, Sask., Mercury.

from the dread that you can't express regret for your friends without aiding your foes. The dilemma ought not to be a governing factor in war time. If we cannot assume that none are for the party but all are for the state, when the very foundations of our freedom are assailed, then are we of all men, of all women, the most miserable.

AMERICANS IN CANADA

The Duty to Spread the Knowledge of What Great Britain Stands for is Theirs.

By BENJAMIN A. GOULD

ARE we Americans who live in Canada doing our full duty? Have we not a moral obligation which we are not entirely performing?

It is impossible to imagine any American who lives in Canada being a partisan of Germany. We are too close to things. We understand the Canadian people too well; we see too clearly what they are fighting for; we know from our own experiences too unquestionably that many of the German accusations against Great Britain are lies.

We live in a country as free as our own; we are under laws made by the people and for the people; we have found here a people like our own in language and education, in religion and aspirations, in all that goes to give character to a nation. We have practical experience of the fact that the "colonies" of Great Britain are not "subjugated," but that they enjoy a system of democratic government that differs in no fundamental essential from our own.

No Tyranny Under Union Jack.

We have found that the pursuit of happiness can be carried on by us in exactly the same way, and under the same conditions, whether we are living North or South of the political boundary which runs across the continent. We realize that we are not living under a tyranny or a despotism when the flag which floats over our heads is the Union Jack instead of the Stars and Stripes under which we were born and which we love.

I hold no brief for England. I know well that much of her history in the more distant past has been entirely inconsistent with the ideals of an American. But I also know that the England of to-day is not the England against which we fought in 1776.

I know that much of her territory was acquired by methods of aggrand-

izement which differ in no essential from those which Germany is to-day endeavoring to utilize. But I also know that the English world is to-day democratic and sane, as the United States is democratic and sane.

The British imperialism, against which the American Colonies revolted, is to-day a name, not a fact, and is no more like Napoleonic imperialism or Russian imperialism or German imperialism than is the democracy of our own republic.

With a Travelled Eye.

The pioneer in modern democracy was of course the United States, but during the last fifty years the British Empire has made a successful test of inherent democracy which has been even wider and more convincing than our own in that it has been applied to peoples more varied in race and character, and living under conditions of surroundings, climates and influences more widely differing.

Perhaps a little personal testimony may be permitted. It has been my good fortune to travel widely, and I am familiar with most of the countries of Europe and Asia, as well as North and South America. I have also the advantage of speaking, more or less incorrectly, German, French, Spanish and Italian, as well as of having picked up enough Japanese and Hindustani to get along with.

Whenever, during the last twenty-five years, I have come to a British port, I have had a feeling of being at home, of safety, and sanity, and civilization, which cannot be explained by the mere accident of language. In Hong Kong or Calcutta, in Vancouver or London, I have found the same underlying spirit of freedom, of self-reliance and self-respect which we have been wont to associate with our own country.

Democracy is a system of thought even more than a system of government, and everywhere under the British flag, as far as my experience goes, the people are thinking democratically.

I am emphasizing these facts to show that whatever anti-British feeling exists in the United States is not justified by what Great Britain is to-day. Present conditions count, not those that prevailed a hundred years ago. The old pastime of twisting the lion's tail has to a great extent gone out of fashion, but there is still left enough of the desire to do so to make it our duty, so far as we can, to counteract it.

School Histories to Blame.

This old anti-British feeling in the United States is in a way quite natural. Aside from our civil war, the only important wars we have waged have been against England, and our heroes have been those who fought "the hated Redcoats." Our school histories have done much to continue this hostile sentiment, and have led to the general idea that Great Britain was our natural foe.

The earlier British policy of hogging everything on which she could lay her hands has caused in us a hazy impression that this national selfishness is still continuing. In addition to this, there has been an immigration of Irish, violently opposed to Great Britain, who have had a political influence far greater than their numbers warranted, and this, too, has tended unduly to color opinion.

We Americans who live in Canada know well that however justifiable these sentiments may have been a couple of generations ago, they are no longer justifiable. We know that not only is the British Empire not decadent, but that on the contrary it has advanced in the last fifty years to an appreciation of democracy which closely parallels our own.

We are convinced from history and experience that a true democracy is the one safeguard of the world, and that this true democracy is found to a greater extent under the flags of the two

great English-speaking nations than elsewhere in the world.

With these convictions, is it not the duty of every one of us to give to our friends in the United States the result of our experiences of living in Canada? We cannot too often impress upon them that to-day the British people have the same ideals and the same conception of freedom as we ourselves.

The things they are fighting for are the same things which we hold most sacred. In carrying on war they are governed by the same underlying principles of honor and fair play in which we believe. Their ways are our ways, and their standards are our standards, just as their language is the same as our language. They do not spell Culture with a K any more than we.

Von Bernstoff's Ways.

There is no question but what Germany is carrying on in the United States an active propaganda seeking to turn American sympathies to the German side; and there is little doubt but what this is being financed direct from Berlin. If we Americans were not a patient people, we would not have put up with the activities of the Munsterburgs, Ridders and Dernburgs.

Von Bernstoff's vaporings we should have had to stand unless we desired to request Germany to recall him and send someone with a better balanced tongue to take his place. The height of German insolence has been reached when, under this instigation of Kaiserism, the Germanic voters are being organized into a political party threatening political extinction to those who are unwilling to aid the German side.

The apparent fact that this pro-German campaign is proving futile does not relieve us Americans from doing all in our power to make it fall. None of the Allies have thought it wise to establish a bureau in the United States for disseminating partisan literature, but have relied on the good sense of the American people to make a just decision as to where culpability for the war lies, and as to which side their sympathies

should be extended. This makes it all the more incumbent upon us Americans in Canada, who have greater opportunities for judging than those in the United States, to spare no pains or trouble in circulating our views and our sympathies as widely as possible.

Each one of us may be able to reach and to influence only a few persons across the border; but these people in their turn may influence others. We are convinced that all that is needed to bring others into our way of thinking about the great issues of the war is to have them know the truth and think clearly about it.

Let each one of us, to the best of his ability, undertake to bring this knowledge and this clarity of thought to friends and relations across the border in whatever way seems most effective. Let us not tire of writing them letters, and sending them papers and pamphlets.

Spread the Propaganda.

This very "Canadian War," which a few unselfish men and women are publishing, without hope of profit, for the good which it can do, will be of value. I know of several people whose views have been changed by the articles it contains, and I believe that each American in Canada can do good by sending copies to as many friends in the United States as possible.

This spreading of the propaganda of the underlying democracy of this war among any people in the United States who may be inclined to hold aloof from partisanship, and to regard the war as something which concerns them not at all, is a way in which each of us may serve our country and our world. The issues at stake are so vital to civilization that we should neglect nothing, no matter how small, and shrink at nothing, no matter how great, to aid in the great cause.

One evident object of the pro-German campaign is to irritate the American people against the Allies, and to cause as much friction as possible. Nothing would please Germany more than

to bring about a rupture of friendly relations between the United States and Great Britain.

Vaporings For The Deaf.

Even the absurd attempt to blow up an international bridge and claim that this was "an act of war" is merely a crude endeavor to embroil the two nations. As one has often said before, it is inconceivable that these two nations, sharing the same language, underlying democratic government, institutions and

TEN SHILLINGS HERE.

Thanks for sending "The Canadian War." I have been reading the two numbers with great interest. Enclosed is a Ten Shilling Treasury note, so that I may have each issue for the present. A good deal of the stuff is particularly timely and thought provoking, and one can but hope that it will have the very wide circulation that its importance and quality deserve.

I take special note of a sentence in No. 3: "Diplomacy always tags behind the progress of mankind. We are fighting because men with mediaeval minds have controlled chancelleries in Europe." I think the feeling that diplomacy as we have it is a very dangerous blend of Annanias, and the mole (as someone has put it) is rapidly growing, and that the whole thing will have to be overhauled.

I think the recruiting here at home is very fine. In the town to-day it is soldiers, soldiers everywhere. And on the whole a fine lot they are. There are but few young single men left. And it is not because of unemployment.—Letter from Kent, England.

ideals, should ever have a difference which cannot be adjusted amicably; but it is none the less the duty of each of us to use his influence to make this impossibility doubly impossible.

War between such nations can never result except from a complete misunderstanding of each other; we who are of one and in the other can do much to make Great Britain understood in the United States. Then the vaporings of the pro-German agitators will indeed fall upon deaf ears.

THE WOMAN IN IT

By U. N. C. DUDLEY

WOULD Mr. Dudley think it too much for a lonely woman to ask if he could spare time to see her in connection with some of the things he has written about the war, and which make her wish to ask his advice?

That is the gist of an all too short letter which took me on Thursday afternoon to a house on the edge of the city, which I may not describe or whose occupant I may not name. It is not customary with me to receive calls like this, but the note was—well, you can hear its undertone easily enough.

The Lady was of average size, with wavy, silvered hair. Her face was younger than her hair, because her soul is alive and her heart is warm. Her eyes—you cannot describe the eyes of a Lady who has had people at her feet ever since she could scamper, and who has lived the life of love and sorrow that comes to a widow whose only surviving children are marching into battle.

You never saw a combination of Beauty and Sorrow which did not have in it also a most blessed cheerfulness, which most of the time screens the sorrow. The Lady had all three, which, put together, make Charm—not the mere effort to be “nice,” which is the echoing cymbal of convention, but the charm that comes from character unscoured by the stress of life or by the illusion of disillusion.

Of course the Lady said things about the kindness of a busy man and all that, but she soon came to the point, which was the war, and what it means. She was so kind as to say that I could help her appreciate what it would mean to Canada, which was beginning to trouble her.

“With my two brave boys in the army,” she said, “I used to lie awake at night and picture all sorts of dreadful things that may happen to them”—and she paused, while a singular light came into the eyes that were look-

ing at something I might not see—“and sometimes,” she said slowly, “I think of the dreadful things they may be compelled to make others suffer.”

Ah! here, thought I, is the mother’s finest heart; the woman’s most exquisite dread; the angel’s most piercing insight into the things which war may make of men in whom chivalry may be overthrown, and before whom reeking blood may become a ghastly incense.

The Lady thought she was coming to me for aid. I smiled inwardly, as I recognized how great the debt on the other side would be before I left her house. What I said to her is of no consequence, but I shall take leave to set down, as nearly as a faithful memory can do it, some of what the Lady said, and leave you to sense the sacramental quality in her words; the inspiration, the warning of her spirit—the spirit of a woman in distress; a woman who has already made in her perceptions the last great sacrifice; a woman to whom is coming the only Vision that abides; a woman who, though she knows it not, has the power to create, to move and to lead great armies of the mind.

“I am in much perplexity,” the Lady said, “because sometimes I wonder whether my mind is working in the right direction, and I am almost afraid to let myself think. When the war came it was not hard for me to decide that if my boys wanted to go I would not put the smallest obstacle in their way. You see, their father was a public-spirited man, and my father had been a soldier in his young days, and I have taken some part in Imperial work—only a very little, of course, but I really tried to live up to my light before the war.

“So when the boys came to me together I was proud of their patriotism, as I knew their father would have been. Though it wasn’t hard for me to decide to let them go, it was ter-

rible when the time came, and I spent many hours wondering how it will end for my family happiness.” She paused and broke away from the thread of her talk.

“I’m afraid you will think it strange of me, talking to you like this,” she said, with a deprecating gesture, “but I am sure, from what I have read, that you will understand. This war seems to be opening up ways in which we may be frank and honest with people whom we know to be travelling along the same wonderful road on which we find ourselves. Am I not right?”

I said the war was making deep changes in our intercourse with one another, and that frankness was one of the choicest aids to meeting a crisis that the human character could develop, and that if she were inclined to speak freely, I should count it an honor to hear. The Lady resumed:

“From so much thinking about my boys’ danger, and the possibilities of their never returning”—again she stopped, and there was a glint in her sombre eyes that a stone could not mistake—“I have come into a peculiar calm about their fate. I know they will not fail in their duty, whatever it be. I know that I cannot affect what happens to them. They are all the world to me, but they are out of my keeping, and I have ceased to worry. Perhaps, for me, the bitterness of death has already passed, as it does, you know, through a merciful balm in nature and in Providence.”

The Lady looked at me for acquiescence—it is remarkable how the deeps are comprehended where there is readiness to perceive. I bowed and she went on:

“I am not anxious any more about what is going on in Europe, and I do not fret about the danger to the Empire. When I found those feelings slipping away I dreaded that I was becoming indifferent about the war, and that already I had become brutalized.”

I could not help smiling at the idea of this gracious, pleading presence becoming brutalized. The Lady saw the smile, divined the idea that evoked it, and laughed a silvery bar.

“Oh, I know what you think, but women with grey hair can become brutalized,” she said.

I raised a hand in mild deprecation. “Oh, yes,” she persisted, “women do not sometimes call one another cats for nothing. We are not angels, but human beings like the rest of you, with a feline capacity you refuse to acknowledge.”

The Lady fell into the more serious mood. “What I want to express is that the war has ceased to be for me the intensely personal matter that it used to be. My boys are part of a vast Something which I can’t quite describe—like waves in the ocean. I am part of it, too, and it is because I want to find out what that part is that I am talking this way.”

The Lady paused again, waiting for some reply, but I could only offer a silent, almost a strained attention for what she would say next—this woman whose mind towards her flesh and blood the war had so marvellously renewed. “My boys have become like waves in the ocean.” What a simile; what a revelation! More followed:

“It seems to me that Canada is like a person walking on a mountain side on a very dark and stormy night, not knowing how serious the storm is, or how many the precipices that yawn before her unsuspecting feet. Just how much that impression means I cannot tell. But it deepens every week and seems likely to fill as much of my mind as the earlier feeling about my boys, and the terrible events in Europe and on the sea. When I try to analyze it I have none too clear an idea of what I mean by Canada. I don’t know what Canada is, but I know it is more and more perplexing than I ever supposed it to be.”

“May I ask how much of Canada you know?” said I.

“Oh,” was the answer, “I have never been farther west than Muskoka; I have seen as much of Quebec as three trips to Europe have permitted me to see, but when I try to visualize what the parts of my own country are like, which I have never seen, I am frightfully at a loss.”

"When you think of Canada," I ventured, "do you think spiritually of as much of it as you knew when you were a girl at home? The additions of population which does not speak English as its mother tongue—you have thought of them as immigrants and strangers, but not as partners in everything that you inherited from your soldier father?"

The Lady did not answer for perhaps half a minute. She gazed at the carpet. Then she raised her head sharply—I thought there was a toss of disdain in the movement at first, but the notion was wrong.

"Mr. Dudley," she said, "that has never struck me before. But what are you leading up to? There must be something behind that way of putting it. Do please tell me what it is."

"It was quite a chance shot," I answered. "May I ask why you have regarded yourself as a Canadian?"

"Because I was born in Canada, of course," the Lady replied.

"And your father, too?"

"No, he came from Shropshire, not far from the Wrekin, which I love almost as much as if I had been born there myself."

"And what was your father's chief attachment to Canada? Did he think more of the little place by the Wrekin, which he left, than he did of the place in which he was going to leave his family? Were not his Canadian-born children, and the certainty that they would influence Canadian life to all generations, more to him than the remembrance of his forbears in the Welsh marches?"

"Surely," was all the Lady said.

"And do you not rejoice that your boys are giving all they are to Canada, first of all, and that when the fight is over, they will some day have children of their own, and you picture yourself as a joyful grandmother, proud to have them ask you about the time their father went to the war?"

She smiled across to me, and I was sorry to see another mist in her eyes. "Why, you seem to know exactly what a mother of soldiers feels. You must have a son at the front, too."

It was necessary to confess that ours are all girls, and that there is a soldier—but that is neither here nor there. I tried to explain what was in the back of my mind:

"Though you have regarded the foreign-born immigrant as always a foreigner, have you ever realized that his children are just as much native-born Canadians as you and your boys at the front are, that their interest in what follows the war is just as vital as yours and mine, and that they are some of the ingredients which make up your impression of Canada wandering at night in the storm on the mountain side?"

"You mean that all these foreigners are one with us in all this fight, and that we have got to make their relation to it identical with our own?" said the Lady, leaning forward, eagerly, in her chair.

"Something like that," I said, "only when you begin to think the position out for yourself you will get a much clearer recognition of its dangers and its possible glories than you can ever get from anything you will hear."

"Please don't talk like that," the Lady said. "You wouldn't if you knew how ignorant and helpless women feel when they see these immense things, which it seems so natural for men to deal with. What are we to do?—that is what I want to know, and I can't seem to find out. Of course, there are knitting, and bandages, and sweaters, and comforts for the men. I don't know how it is, but somehow I have begun to lose interest in that work. The spirit of sacrifice and help is in it, and we need more of that. I have done what I could, but after all, what is the use of me spending a couple of days knitting a muffler when there is abundant machinery that can knit it in half an hour?"

"Is there not something I can do which nobody else could do quite as well? That is what I am trying to find out, and where I thought you could help me. I feel like a person in prison. I don't care what it is, but it seems to me there MUST be something that women like me can do for their coun-

try besides knit and sew. Will you excuse me a minute? My maids are both out.

And the Lady left me.

It was good hearing—this aspiration to add ACTION to beauty and charm. I had not come out to set a Patriot to

work, but only to get an idea of what a lonesome woman was like. She was gone for two or three minutes. When she brought in a tea tray I was glad to have had time to think of how to meet this Unexpected Demand.

(To be resumed.)

CANADA'S HUNDRED YEARS OF WARFARE

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

BY LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAM WOOD.

IN view of the constant progress which those four steps imply, and of the many acts of patriotic service done, why must war still be called the neglected factor in our problems for a hundred years?

To understand how this strange thing can be, we must consider something ever stranger—our unique position as a self-governing Dominion within an Empire whose Mother Country gives her children the maximum enjoyment of all the freedom that is possible in combination with the absolute minimum of freedom's responsibilities and risks. So far as defence is concerned, we could not possibly get more or be obliged to give less.

Full Protection Everywhere.

We Canadians are so free that we ourselves hardly understand how free we are. Our freedom is certainly greater than the average American thinks possible. How many people across the line fully realize that, in this stupendous war, where all things British are at stake, we need not arm one single man except of our own free will?

More than this, we could claim, and we would receive, full protection as British subjects everywhere, even if we did not arm one single man at home—let alone our sending contingents to the front. We are so free, that we could change our destiny to-morrow, if we wished to.

This question of our destiny brings

us straight to the point. We can have annexation, independence, or two kinds of British partnership, just as we please. There seems to be only one real objection to annexation, that it means the complete obliteration of Canadian life—the rest are not worth mentioning.

Again, there is one purely practical objection to perfect independence—the difficulty of holding the area of Europe with the population of London in face of a land-hungry world of eighteen hundred million people.

A Compromise?

Of the two kinds of British partnership, which are we to have—that of the patriot, or that of the parasite? Or must we compromise between the two?

Let me state the facts. Let us be fair to ourselves by bearing constantly in mind that no other people in the world has ever been more insidiously tempted to drift down to ultimate destruction with the parasitic stream. With the British navy on one side and the Monroe Doctrine on the other, we could go on talking for a few years yet.

The Monroe Doctrine is a particularly fascinating topic for the parasitic mind. But great, good, and friendly as the United States may be, they are a foreign power, and would be perfectly right to refuse protection except on their own terms.

How foreign they are now we hardly realize. A hundred years ago the British and the American were nearly of

the same blood. Now they are not. More than half of all American citizens now have at least one-half or more foreign blood in their veins. The only foreign blood they have not got is French, which we in Canada have in every member of more than a quarter of our total population.

Just as the New World congratulates itself that it is not as Old Worlds are, so we Canadians constantly proclaim that we are living the natural life of man in this free land, where the cardinal virtues grow from seed of our own planting, especially virtues of the anti-military type.

Then, in sharp, unfavorable contrast, we look half in pity, half in contempt, at the wretchedly artificial life led by the antiquated fossils of naval and military Europe. But the exact, unpleasant, disconcerting, and—I must insist—patriotic truth is quite the reverse of this.

Our Anti-Military Virtues.

It is the European British who are living the natural life, amid the ceaseless struggle for existence. It is we Canadians who, in this particular question of defence, have been living the sheltered, artificial life so long that we have come to take it as the just reward of our anti-military virtues.

Of course, I do not mean to say that we, as a whole people, ever consciously give it this precise and antithetical form. But I do maintain that the general idea of it is subconsciously abroad in the popular mind, and "that many of our public men 'voice the sentiments' of many a public meeting in this perverting way when they certainly ought to know better."

I do not forget the many other questions, besides defence, which are held to account for things as they are.

The Mother Country has made plenty of mistakes—what country has not? We Canadians find our own histories most exasperating reading whenever they refer to boundary lines—nor is our exasperation to be wondered at, so long as our histories continue to be written without full knowledge of the treaties

and other circumstances determining the action of the Mother Country.

Dealing with Facts.

I don't forget the errors of a Colonial Office that has somehow contrived to manage the greatest colonial empire ever known. I very well remember sundry untoward dispatches and all the stings that ingenuity can extract from the private letters of certain public men; also that Disraeli once referred to "our wretched colonies"; also that the young Queen Victoria fell a little short of King Solomon in some of her earlier remarks on Canadian affairs; also that the question has been asked whether

REJUVENATING PATRIOTISM.

"The Canadian War" is not issued for gain, its contributors are furnishing their "copy" free, it is being published below cost and the profits, over and above necessary running expenses, are to be donated to the various war funds.

With such aims, if patriotism counts for anything, The Canadian War should succeed. It has among its contributors some of the best writers in Canada, and its distribution among Canadians, old and young, at this history making time will do much towards the rejuvenating of a patriotism that had become apathetic, and of binding the Dominion with real bonds of love, loyalty and affection to the Empire.—Charlottetown Guardian.

so-and-so was a "real" bishop, colonel, or "honorable," as the case might be, or "only a colonial what-you-may-call-it"; also that we have no class of Canadians corresponding to the "fool Englishman"; also that Englishmen do speak English with an English accent, etc., etc., etc.

Moreover, I quite agree that the development of our resources really is a very imperative affair for us, when our population is the same as Greater London's and our area equals that of Europe. I would be among the last to yield one inch on questions of Canadian rights, Canadian glories, or Canadian love of country. But to see things as

they really are, one must deal with certain facts which are not generally known, and which are still less generally understood.

Let us take one searching glance at the navy, another at the army, a third at our own militia, and the last at the present war.

First, the navy. From the day Wolfe fell victorious on the Plains of Abraham to the day Canada first recognized that naval affairs were worth at least a debate was exactly a hundred and fifty years. During that time the Americans would twice have conquered Canada if it had not been for British sea-power, which had to face nearly all the naval world in arms on the first occasion, and fight Napoleon as well as the States on the second.

Canada In Fourth Place.

During that time there were several foreign wars which would have involved the British Empire if there had been no irresistible British navy. During that time there was a great European war which never spread to the oversea dominions because of the British navy.

During that time Canada rose to the fourth place among all the shipping countries in the world. And during the whole of that same time Canada neither did anything for her own defence at sea nor gave anything to the Mother Country for it—not a ship, not a dollar, not a man.

I do not wish even to hint at which naval policy is the right one. There is a good deal to be said on both sides. But I do wish to point out that, among all the self-governing Dominions, Canada is last, and a very long way last, in actual achievement. The real trouble is not that one party or policy is right and the other wrong, but that no effective policy of any kind was ever put in force. Who's to blame? All of us!

No party-government in a free country can go far beyond the mass-sense of its party. Nor, in the same way, can the Government and Opposition together go far beyond the mass-sense of the whole electorate. In 1909 the whole

electorate were not in earnest, not really interested, not anything like even half-educated on this vital question.

That is why our national education on naval defence has to begin in the middle of a war. That is why we are so lamentably last. Newfoundland gave men, though the navy paid for them. South Africa gave money. New Zealand contributed a Dreadnought. Australia had a navy of her own.

We, halting between two opinions, behind which there was no compelling national desire, have produced a next-to-nothing navy after five years' talk; while during the hundred and fifty years before, we produced nothing at all—not a ship, not a dollar, not a man.

All in the Day's Work.

Secondly, the army. British wars are all amphibious. The army and navy are only two parts of one whole. The sums spent by the Imperial Government on fortifying Canada amount to a good deal over five hundred million dollars. At the end of most final reports there is a note saying that the Royal Engineer officer-in-charge takes pleasure in reporting that, owing to economies effected in construction, there would be a saving to the public of so many thousand pounds.

These economies were not effected at the expense of efficiency; nor did they mean that Colonel Smith, R.E., would be given a bonus, or praised in the press, as he would have been had he been something in civic, provincial or Dominion politics. No, it was all in the common day's work for him to be more careful of public money than of his own.

Do we think quite enough of what the British soldier means to Canada? Of later years we have paid much more attention to his real and supposed defects than to his solid virtues. The "Ha! Ha! Hussars!" are quite too absurd, of course, for this practical New World—till we remember that Sir John French is one of them, and that there are many other Cavalry officers now carrying on, with consummate ability, a "business proposition" requiring

more skill, and implying infinitely greater personal self-sacrifice, than is required from many a real live, hustling, smart Canadian.

This Hussar, like practically all great fighting men, wields the pen to good effect as well as the sword. A classic instance of the same truth—and one that is apter still for Canada—is furnished by Wolfe. When his dispatches were first published, Charles Townshend declared that Wolfe himself could not have written them (a very common form of declaration, made about most great commanders, from Julius Caesar down). "Of course, my brother wrote them. He's in public life at home."

But when Wolfe died, and George Townshend's own dispatches were found to be far inferior, a well-known wag went up to Charles and said, "Look here, Charles, if your brother wrote Wolfe's dispatches, who the devil wrote your brother's?"

The Imperial Garrison.

Most of the Viceroy's throughout the British Empire have been soldiers, and most of them have been successful viceroys in peace as well as war. Murray and Carleton are only two of many. The fact that both are held in peculiar honor by the French-Canadians to the present day is an instructive fact.

Perhaps the mere fact that Murray and Carleton were soldiers appealed to French-Canadian confidence; for the French soldiers had nearly always been conspicuously better men than the civilian officials of New France. Montcalm was as different from a guardian of the public purse like Bigot as any Colonel Smith, R.E., from any Canadian counterpart of the notorious Mr. Boodle.

Then, again, the French-Canadians had a good deal of soldier blood in their own veins; which reminds us that the early Anglo-Canadians were often soldiers too, that the U. E. Loyalists were also famous as a fighting stock, and that these three stocks together helped to save the country in the War of 'Twelve.

We owe far more than we commonly recognize to the United Service of the

British arms by land and sea. Let us put the debt into dollars. There is the fortification item of five hundred millions to begin with. I am not giving there figures with full warrant from the original expense accounts now in the Dominion Archives.

The next item is the Imperial garrison in peace and war. That means a force varying from as low as fifteen hundred to as much as nearly thirty thousand, but with a normal average, for many years, of over five thousand.

Selfish Mother Country?

The third item is the cost of that part of the Navy which more especially guarded Canada in peace and war—though the whole Navy has always been on perpetual guard at all times, a thing we often forget. Taking the same period, from 1759 to 1909, the total cost of all three items together amounts to very much more than two thousand millions.

"The Human Side" is the title of the first Canadian war book. It is by U. N. C. Dudley, and is issued by The Canadian War. Order to-day; 35 cents paper cover, 75 cents cloth.

"Well, what of it," say the carping critics, "the Mother Country did it to please herself, and aggrandize her Empire, and get her money back in trade," and so on and so on. It does seem a little strange that the greatest, freest and most successful Empire the world has ever seen should have been built up by a purely selfish, domineering Mother Country. But what a satisfaction it must be to those who take this view to gloat over the adverse balance still standing against the Mother Country on every item of her long expenditure—men, money, ships, forts, tariffs, and the toll of human lives.

However, the point is that we could not be sitting here as Anglo-Canadians to-day, and the French-Canadians could not now be living a French-Canadian life, unless the Mother Country's strong right arm had been protecting us all through.

THE LETTERS OF CIVILIS

IV.

To the Average Man, Who is the Mightiest Force in the Country.

TO THE READER.

Please read this on his behalf and pass to him when you meet. It may be best to ask him to read it for somebody else, and hand it on. No mirror was ever made that would take an image of the average man.

THOUGH you have never seen yourself, you are the mightiest force in the country. We who talk about the average man mean somebody who is less than we are; for we admit there are degrees of mental strength, and civic character. The phrase stands for a principle—the same wonderful principle that invented rule by a majority; which has begotten machine politics; which in its turn has afflicted us with most of the evils that make public life a reproach, and public service a purgatory.

Don't be a Gramophone.

The average man, therefore, can cure the ills that are in the body politic if he is so minded. But what is the use of talking about curing ills in the body politic, when we are at war; when we don't know what the body politic is going to be; when we can't tell whether we are going to be Prussianised, or soldierised or mesmerised? We have a JOB to do, and it is SOME JOB, as the sentry at Dufferin gate said the other night. Let us get the job done; and keep the talk till afterwards.

If this is the attitude of the average man it is the result of letting somebody else do his thinking for him. When you talk under those conditions you suggest a gramophone more than you suggest the mightiest force in the world. Sure, we have got to get the job done; and get it done right. But let us see what the job is, and then how we can do our share of it; and only our share, for a man with a whole street car full of people to hear his views about the way the Kaiser is managing his forces can't

perform the British end of the job and the Kaiser's too.

Our end of the job, if we are staying in Canada is predominantly a Canadian affair. Kitchener and Joffre and French and Asquith and Lloyd George, with winsome Winston thrown in, are responsible for the European end of the job. At present the big fellows over there seem to be big enough for the big jobs.

The fellows we are sending across are going to keep up their end, even to the silent grave. Them we know, and their job they know. Blessed be God, they will not fail; we know they will not fail.

First and Most Vital.

We can discuss with propriety the general progress of the campaigns on land and afloat. But our discussion can only be more of self-entertainment than of practical utility to the men in the field and to those who are going into the field. That is our recreation, our irresponsible privilege. What then is our JOB?

Well, the first and most vital part of it is to sustain the man who fights our battles in every way that we can sustain him. We have to feed, clothe, arm and officer him to the maximum of efficiency. If we fail in that we are more guilty than the sentinel who, through fatigue, falls asleep at his post.

The penalty for the slumbering sentry is death for himself, and ignominy for his family. What should be the penalty for us if, being in comfort ourselves, we fail to furnish our brethren with the necessities for their noble part?

One of the distinctions of modern life is that it takes a different view of the relative enormity of crimes from what our fathers did. Your grandfather lived when a British subject could be

hanged for any one of a hundred and sixty crimes. The change in jurisprudence has a certain counterpart in military and naval life. I remember when there was flogging in the British Army for what we now regard as trivial offences. A soldier's breakfast in those times consisted of his morning ablutions and a smoke.

The supplying of commodities, out of which contractors made unholy profits, was considered as part of the ordinary chances of the war game. Things are different now. The Canadian private soldier is getting more than a dollar a day. He is treated as he must be if his respect for his chiefs and his devotion to his country are to be retained.

The Contractor's Master.

The keeping of things up to that standard is the average man's job. You may never see an army contractor; but the contractor knows that you are his master any time you choose to exert your authority. He knows you very seldom realise your strength. Sometimes he is a crook. He laughs at you and robs you. He laughs at the soldiers and breaks their health. Death laughs with him. A profane man said the other day that Hell sizzles with molten gold that came from ghoulish war contractors.

What do you feel about it? It is very much up to you. One of many reasons why it is up to you is that there are a lot of fellows who would like you to understand that your own business is none of your d—d business. Oh, yes, they do; though they don't talk that way in your presence. When you are not around, they smile at your innocence in believing what they say to your face. Let me prove what I say.

Millions of us in this country have to pay for everything the soldiers use. As we have to foot the bill we have as much right to know what goes into the goods that go into the bill as we would if we went into a factory with the money in our pockets and an order in our hands. Now, if we went into a factory in that way, there isn't a manufac-

turer who would not treat us with the greatest personal respect. He would assume that we were after value for money, and he would not dare to attempt to cheat us under our very noses.

But that is not the way the crooked-minded man who gets into Government contracts behaves. If he puts out bad stuff it is because he is confident he can make his big profit and risk nothing worse than a little grumbling that he can afford to despise. He knows there are men in politics who can be induced to connive at almost anything. If he has contributed heavily to the funds of one or both parties he feels almost as safe as the keeper of a Chicago bagnio who has paid for police protection. You are the man he ought to be afraid of, but if he feels reasonably safe with a sufficiently numerous body of men around the Government Buildings, he will take big chances on you not worrying him.

Minister is Zealous Champion.

Now and then a zealous champion of your rights, like the Minister of Militia, says that the contractor who has supplied boots for the Canadian soldiers, which go to pieces and cause sickness, ought to be shot. But who is going to shoot the contractor, if the people, like the Minister, who know him, fear to tell his name?

It is impossible to bring home a sense of his crime to the only part of him that will feel it—his pocket—by a general refusal to buy his goods in the ordinary market. Names that may be personally well known in Government circles are concealed from you because those who could make them known think more of the chances of you keeping quiet than they do of the chances of your insisting that contractors be honest.

All of this comes from the mistaken ideas and mistaken practices about what is called "politics." Everybody knows that the average man is the governor of the country so far as he chooses to make his will known through the ballot-box. But, by a strange development of public thinking, a dis-

credit has been thrown upon most things that relate to the ballot-box, which works in many curious ways.

You hear that this or that reputable man will not go into politics because of the misrepresentation and abuse that will be heaped upon him. In political meetings you hear the other side denounced in language that is obviously insincere. If it were sincere, the men who denounce one another could not tolerate one another's company after the meeting. The disgust with "politics" (which is not really politics at all) is deepened by every new suggestion of unsavoury motives that is made about every effort at rendering public service.

Part of The Game.

This sort of thing makes the sensitive citizen, who does care for the repute of his community and his country, avoid active public service, or take shelter in organizations that are not "political." It has another singular effect—it makes organizations which, generally, have nothing to do with politics afraid to take action on national affairs for fear their action will be construed as "political." Do you not see, Mr. Average Man, that you and the organizations are jockeyed into playing the game of the undesirable partisan when you and they leave to him the conduct of things for which he is not morally equal?

He is willing to endure all your criticism, and will sometimes echo your lament over the disrepute of politics, so long as you are content to let him run things, and to behave yourself as though there is a great gulf fixed between politics and patriotism.

He even delights to agree with you that there should be no politics in the fulfilling of Canada's duty to the war. That means that everybody who ventures to express an unselfish candid opinion about some phase of the nation's duty, which is not a mere "ditto" to what some person in office has said, is to be denounced as "partisan." See the game? Whichever way things go,

those who do not choose to leave everything to the partisan party man are to be "put in wrong."

Wealthy Man's Mistake.

Not long ago a wealthy man who thinks he is a great patriot, said he never bothered about reckless public expenditures, because they were mere matters of money; but when it came to patriotism he thought it was time to assert himself. He forgot that if you are too indifferent towards public money to care who spends it, the spending will fall into the hands of people who are indifferent how it is spent as long as the

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

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

spending brings advantage to them; and that if the reckless class of citizen be all-powerful in the spending of money, you will some day find that the most vital matters of patriotism, questions of life and death, are at the disposal of the wrong sort of people.

It would make you laugh, if it were not so serious, when you read that the war should be kept "out of politics." You might as well say that an umbrella should be kept out of the rain. The war is the direct result of bad politics, and of the survival in European chancelleries of the idea that politics is a matter of militarism, of readiness to strike, of willingness to destroy.

A FLAME TO SPREAD AND YOU CAN BE A SPREADER

Like the rest of us, you have often said, "The people of Canada haven't begun to realize what this war means to them."

You have said that. What has the remark meant to you? Have **YOU** begun to realize what your own duty to it is?

Ask two or three questions—for instance, What have you done? You have **PAID**—sure you have. But paying in money isn't paying with life. The Government can take more money from you than you will ever give freely to the war.

Have you **THOUGHT**? How much time have you given to your duty and privilege as a citizen towards this war, which is to decide the very existence of free Canadian citizenship?

Have you **SAID**? Don't be fooled into supposing that sound speech about the war is wasted. The people who decry speaking usually say nothing worth hearing. How can you act or get anybody else to act unless you talk? and talk wisely?

Have you **READ**? Not merely Bernhardt, or Asquith, or Grey, or somebody who knows nothing about Canada and the War. What have you read about Canada's part in the war, and **ABOUT YOUR PART IN CANADA'S PART** in the War? Your children and your children's children will want to know all this.

Do you know that, though your country is expecting to send two hundred thousand men to fight in Europe, **OF WHOM THOUSANDS WILL NEVER COME BACK** (as you have so often said, it is time we began to realize what this war means), and though there have been sold in Canada thousands and thousands of books and pamphlets devoted to the war, which pamphlets and books have all originated abroad, and none of them have even referred to Canada's part in the war; not a single Canadian publisher has had the courage to

produce and at a risk a little money on pushing into circulation a single publication dealing with Canada's relation—**YOUR RELATION**—to the greatest war in the history of the world—the war which you rightly say we haven't really begun to realize—**DO, YOU KNOW THAT?**—not one; not a single publication dealing with the part which eight million British subjects are taking in a most costly war—costly soon in their own blood and tears.

Do you know that one of the biggest publishing houses in Toronto—Imperialist Toronto—refused even to read any manuscripts from well-known writers which it could have had free of cost, because they said the Canadian people—people exactly like you—care so little about their own war that they will not read enough to pay for the printing?

That is a fact, and it is one of the facts which are behind your own comment that the Canadian people have not begun to realize that they are really at war, and are exposed to the physical perils of war as well as to the loss of their political freedom. Let that fact heat your skin till it makes your blood boil, as it has made other people's blood boil.

It was left to a body of newspaper writers to produce a publication to prove whether the big publisher, whose boast it is that he knows more about the quality of the Canadian public—that is, about you who read this—than anybody else who comes in contact with the Canadian mind, was libelling his countrymen and women.

That publication is *The Canadian War*. It is a five-cent weekly. Those who write and edit it do not get a cent for all their labor.

It is intended to do for practical Canadian patriotism in Canada what innumerable pamphlets and public meetings have set out to do for practical British

patriotism in Britain. It is worth more than the money on its merits as a publication—its readers being witness. You ought to see it, and digest it, to judge its value. You can subscribe for yourself and your friends for any period—three months, six months, any period which, at five cents a week, fits a coin or a bill. You can get copies for distribution at half-price. It is a flame to spread, and you can be a spreader.

You spend money on a patriotic concert—it is good; very good. You might not go if it were not for a patriotic object. But inasmuch as you do go you get your money's worth of entertainment. Those who sing have the satisfaction of helping a great cause. You are doubly blessed.

It is about the same with subscriptions to *The Canadian War*. You get more than your money's worth in the magazine. Nothing dealing exclusively with the war, that is published at the same price, gives anything like the same amount of matter—to say nothing of the quality of the work of some of the best-known journalists in Canada.

Pamphlets which have been imported from Britain and sold extensively do not contain half as much material as that of *The Canadian War*, and not a line of it is Canadian. *The Canadian War* is the only war publication made in Canada.

In your subscription you give also to the War, for all profits remaining after the cost of production and distribution go to War Funds.

You also create employment for people who would otherwise be without it. *The Canadian War* is already furnishing constant employment, through printing and selling, for twenty-five people. You are not helping a commercial enterprise, but you are helping your own Canadian citizenship. Nothing else offers so much opportunity for national service over so wide a range at so small a cost as this same paper, and the editors know that they are on sure ground when they invite your cordial co-operation in this work.

You Will Find A Subscription Form On The Notice Board---Page 27

OPTIMISM

The Peoples of the World Are Willing to Incur Danger and Suffer Death for a Vision and an Ideal.

BY BENJAMIN A. GOULD

I AM an optimist, intensely and constitutionally. If I were not, I do not think that life would be worth while. This war, hideous as it is, serves only to double my optimism. The lessons it teaches are not those of incidental reversions to barbarism, but of the progress of the great majority of the world far beyond its earlier barbarism.

Science is evolution, and evolution is merely another name for optimism. The laws of the universe have been unchanged for all time, but the capacity for utilizing these laws by mankind has come with the evolution of mankind.

More Growth, Greater Opportunity.

The advance of mankind has not been only along the lines of an understanding of the laws of science as applicable to mankind, but also and even more importantly of an understanding of mankind itself, its purposes and its possibilities, its ability to command nature and to create for itself a continued growth and an increased opportunity.

To-day we recognize as never before the happiness that comes from service, the only true happiness, I believe, that exists. It matters not wherein this service lies, whether it be by king or by farm hand. All true service brings accomplishment, and the pride of accomplishment is the greatest happiness which human hearts can know.

The toymaker who has builded a Noah's Ark, the engineer who has builded a mighty dam, the Napoleon who has builded an empire, for each the pride of accomplishment is the same, however different the means to bring it about.

This ambition to do is the mainspring of the world that drives it steadily on. With maturity of thought this ambition is more and more directed into lines of usefulness, and more and more

serves to accelerate the progress of the world. But sometimes this ambition is warped and distorted, and instead of making for progress makes for retrogression. Then it has to be curbed and halted by the wiser part of the world, and the good there is in it, the possibility of advance contained in its vital force, redirected and made to serve a useful purpose.

There is no nation to-day which has more of the vital desire to accomplish than Germany, no nation which can do more to serve the world if its energy be directed aright. I do not hate the Germans; in many ways I admire them more than any people, but I do intensely hate the perversion that has misdirected their splendid energy until it is an evil, not a service.

Straighten Out German Mind.

Evolution alone is as apt to work downward as upward; it is only when evolution is coupled with selection that it means progress. The power of selection is what Germany lacks to direct her progress upward; and the sane part of the world must compel Germany to reorganize so that this vital energy shall become an asset of the world instead of a liability. Like the elemental forces, this human dynamic force must be guided and controlled until it shall construct, not destroy.

The present demand of the world is for service that shall straighten out the twisted German mind, and undo the evil of years of false philosophy and unworthy ambitions. The great mass of the German people has never been allowed to criticize or to reason about things governmental, but has been fed upon militaristic ideals and promised riches and comfort from military successes.

When war came, they were told that the time had come to profit from the years of preparation, and that national solidarity would make invincible the

German Empire. They were told that defeat was impossible, and that it was the duty of Germany to impose upon the world the German system, the superiority of which had for so long been dinned into their ears.

When the times comes, as it must within a few months, when the falsity of these statements becomes apparent to the German people, when the country is invaded and the impotence of the authorities to prevent it is evident, there will be an awakening and an upheaval among the people which will mean the destruction of Prussianism and the birth of a real Germany.

Once the idols of a people are overthrown, none are so quick to see the feet of clay as those who used to worship. Heavy as has been the burden which Prussiaism has laid upon the rest of the world, it is the German people themselves who have felt its weight the most, and who will gain the most from being freed from it. When this fact is brought home to them, they will themselves insist upon the regeneration of their nation.

World-Service, Fire and Sword.

This world-service of recreating Germany has got to be done with fire and sword. The cancer of militarism has eaten so deeply into the German body politic that no remedies milder than laying knife to the root of the evil will avail. It is therefore the duty of every man of every nation which has undertaken this world duty to give himself up whole-heartedly to this service. Let him be very sure that from the pride of accomplishment of this service will come to him greater happiness than he has ever known.

The hugeness of these present times is creating vision in the minds of men, vision of a world speeding ever onward and upward to nobler ideals and loftier conceptions. We glory as never before in being a part of this world, and we rejoice in being an active unit in the movement of civilization. We feel the exhilaration of being in great things and of great things, and the personal share that each of us is taking thrills us as never before with an apprecia-

tion of the bigness of humanity.

What do we care for the fatigues and the discomforts of our training, of the dangers and sufferings and wounds and even deaths of our battle lines, compared with the pride of seeing our duty clearly and doing it steadfastly and unselfishly? Life and the world we live in has become for us immeasurably bigger because of the vision that has come to us, and the pettinesses that used to loom so large now count as nothing.

Why should I not be optimistic? I see around me everywhere men aroused to a splendid realization of duty who of old seemed to have no thought or soul above the sordid commonplaces of life. I see sacrifices and sorrows borne willingly and uncomplainingly for the sake of an ideal. I see courage and bravery intelligently used and taken as a matter of course.

Men Find Their Souls.

I see women holding back their tears lest they should even for a moment unnerve the husbands and sons whom they are sending into danger and perhaps to death. I see whole nations laying aside small and unworthy things and accepting the obligations of their nationhood. More than ever do I believe in the men who make the world.

Most of all, I see the whole world sane and uncorrupted. In vain for years has Germany sought by specious argument and cynical promise to spread its doctrine of the Philosophy of Force. The world has listened and turned away absolutely unconvinced. To-day Germany and what she stands for has no friend in the world aside from Austria, her catspaw, who already in bitterness is bemoaning her subservience, and Turkey, the barbarous, who is finding that German gold is of a verity only dross.

Everywhere have the peoples of the world had the vision to see that freedom could not exist if German aggression should be triumphant, and everywhere have these peoples lent their aid and their sympathy to the cause of liberty. There is no neutral people in the world, even those whose governments

have taken no official stand, having made it very clear to which side go out their hopes for success. Should the present allied forces prove unequal to the task, these other nations would undertake the duty.

Again, almost the whole world believes that out of this war permanent good can come, and that no such wars between great nations can in the future take place. It believes that international questions can be settled by means more civilized than blood and slaughter, and that there will be no

need of such armaments as have in the past overburdened the world. It is only among the few who are partisans of Germany that I hear the pessimistic belief that war must always be and that it is inherent in humankind.

The world is awake and the world is sane. There has come to the peoples of the world vision of a future brighter than any they have ever before dared to conceive, and for this vision they are willing to suffer and to die. Why, indeed, should I not be an optimist?

A MESSAGE TO THE FARMERS OF CANADA

By the Hon. Martin Burrell, Minister of Agriculture.

APPROXIMATELY twenty million men have been mobilized in Europe. A large proportion of these have been withdrawn from the farms of the countries at war. Even in neutral countries large numbers of food producers have been called from the land to be ready for emergencies.

It is difficult for us to realize what will be the effect on food production through the withdrawal of several million men from all the great agricultural countries of Europe. These millions cease to be producers, they have become consumers—worse still, they have become destroyers of food.

Good Results Coming.

While we all deplore this war, we believe that the present crisis will be productive of good results toward Canada. Business men and the rank and file are uniting in showing their heroism in every way. They are animated with a spirit of loyalty and devotion which will result in the building up of a greater Canada, a greater expansion of manufacturing industries and the development of a new field for our commercial activities.

Should the war continue into the summer of this year the food production in Europe cannot approach that of normal years. Looking at the situation in even its most favorable light there

will be a demand for food that the world will find great difficulty in supplying. Canada is responding promptly to the call of the Motherland for men and equipment. Britain needs more than men, she must have food—food this year and food next year.

We are sending of our surplus now. We should prepare for a larger surplus this year and next year. The Government is strongly impressed with the desirability of increasing the crop acreage in Canada. The Canadian farmer, earnestly bending all his energies to increase the food supply for the Britisher at home and the British soldiers at the front, is doing his share in this gigantic struggle of the Empire.

Keep Live Stock.

I would urge the farmers to do their share in helping to assist the people of Great Britain, who for many years have borne the burden of a heavy tax for the maintenance of a great navy, in preventing them from suffering want or privation.

Do not sacrifice your live stock during the war crisis. If farmers ignore this warning the day will come when they will regret having depleted their breeding stock through lack of patriotism to Canada.

Apart from the practical certainty that wheat and other foods this year

will yield large financial returns to the producers, there is the great fact that the Canadian farmers who, by extra effort, enlarge their wheat and other

field crops and increase their live stock products, will be doing the best thing possible to strengthen the Empire in its day of trial.

CANADIAN WAR DINNER.

Arrangements are being made by "The Canadian War" for a dinner on February 22, Washington's birthday, at which the speakers will give expression to the essential unity between the fundamentals of democracy as it exists in North America, and the free-

resident in Canada will be presented by Mr. B. A. Gould, of whose articles in "The Canadian War" the press has said that they are among the most searching that have been printed in any country. All information will be sent on application to "The Canadian War," 32 Church St., Toronto.

THE B. D. S. A. S.

Bobcaygeon is doing what she can to help.

They have here a society called the Bobcaygeon and District Soldiers' Aid Society formed by the villages and all the school districts in the vicinity—the badge is a

WORKING BOY WRITES Editors of "The Canadian War."

Enclosed find a patriotic letter written by a common working lad, and although it does not attain the high standard set by the various talented contributors to your much-needed publication, still it's straight from the heart, which should tend to make up for its other defects. Trusting you will insert it in one of your numbers. I may state that I was one of the first to offer my services to go and do my part for my country, but was rejected. However, I am doing my little bit otherwise. Your noble work is highly appreciated by your numerous Dominion-wide readers, and may "The Canadian War" live long to carry out the grand work it is doing.

Yours sincerely,
William McKenzie Bissett.
151 Lisgar St. S., Parkdale.

Mr. Bissett's article on Recruiting will be printed next week.—
Editors.

FROM A FAMOUS WOMAN.

As for the community (Ontario) where I live I cannot see that the war has had any effect on it whatever. The people here are chiefly farmer people, who pursue the calm and even tenor of their customary work and amusements as usual, and take no special interest in the war. As far as anything I've heard or seen here goes, there might be no war. Some of the women are knitting socks for the soldiers—that is all the difference.

Union Jack, made into a maple leaf, with the letters B. D. S. A. S., across it England and Canada.

They have raised in one way and another something well over \$1,000, donating most of it to different funds, besides which a large box of socks was sent to Salisbury Plain, and lately a box went to the Belgian Relief. Mostly articles of clothing; and a box of hospital supplies has been sent to the Red Cross Society.

The society has a store every Saturday afternoon where home-made cooking—pies, buns, bread, jam and vegetables, fruit, grains—are sold, each district taking turns in supplying the store for their week. Everybody who possibly can is knitting, and each week they give a carnival to add to the funds.

dom from military despotism for which the Allies are fighting.

Readers of "The Canadian War"—men and women alike—are heartily invited to attend the dinner and bring their friends. Communications from those who may not be able to come will be welcomed.

The point of view of the American

CONSIDER THE EMPIRE'S FUTURE

By JAMES S. BRIERLEY

SIR Clifford Sifton, in a remarkably able and striking speech before the Montreal Canadian Club, brought his hearers face to face with one of the difficulties that beset the subject of the future relations of the parts of the Empire one with the other—and then, to the disappointment of all, left them there. He placed over against the demand of Sir Robert Borden and Hon. C. J. Doherty for a re-arrangement of those relations the assertions of Mr. Asquith and Sir Frederick Pollock that Britain cannot share her foreign policy with the Dominions. One remark, in its implication was decidedly cryptic. It was to the effect that Canada, having seen fit to take part in European wars, might reasonably expect European nations to ask her, when emergencies arise in the future, what course she proposes to follow. She can be asked such a question only if she is considered an independent nation, and, what is more, she can answer it only if she be such a nation.

How to Hold Together.

The subject must be considered and discussed by every good citizen. Do not let us get into the habit of speaking of the problem as a struggle between the forces of centralization and liberty—between Imperial Federation and national autonomy. Such characterizations tend to throw us into opposing camps at once, whereas the subject, in its widest form, is one upon which we may all find room to stand.

The underlying question, I venture to submit, is: what course should we follow to hold the Empire together? This presupposes that we are determined that Canada shall remain in the British Empire. That granted, it surely follows that we approach the further question of method with earnestness, with sympathy, and with a desire to find common ground.

The surprising feature of the situa-

tion is that so large a body of Canadian public opinion seems to consider that neither change no evolution is necessary or desirable. The fact should surely be obvious to every discerning eye that this war has made change imperative. It has developed the fact that other people are making war for us; that we are not self-governing; that we are not free agents.

It is no answer to say that we voluntarily sent our troops to Europe. Being what we are, we will always send troops to Britain's wars—be they justifiable or unjustifiable. Being what we are, our abstention from sending troops to France would not save Halifax from bombardment if the German fleet could get within range of that Canadian city.

Lack Full National Life.

The war has shown that we lack full national life. Sir Clifford Sifton has pointed out that another result of the war which impels to change in our relations with the Empire may be the demand of the nations to know where we stand; are they to deal with us, a potential military power of no mean strength, as an entity or as part of a world Empire? Changes are inevitable. Let us welcome them as part of the process of our evolution as a people.

"Le Canada," in a recent article, presents a largely-accepted view when it says that the war has demonstrated the value and strength of the present relationship. "The Liberal doctrine" (again, I beg, let us not make this a party question), it declares, "is that each of the Dominions should be allowed to develop itself freely, without being forced to submit to the will of a majority from outside. Thus each of them may help the British Empire freely and of good-will when there is need."

How much farther can Canada develop her self-governing powers without taking on herself the ultimate power of declaring war and making peace?

If she is to be a self-governing nation she must assume that power in one or two forms—either as an independent nation or as a nation in alliance with other nations, in which alliance her voice would be potent in proportion to the strength, in men, materials and brains, which she would bring to the common cause.

Now, if alliance it is to be, let us consider, from this time on, how best to make that alliance truly effective.

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

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

Don't let us draw Imperial Federation, like the proverbial red herring, across the path every time the subject of Empire relations is brought to the front. Don't let us talk of dictation by a majority outside our country when no Imperial statesman dreams of such dictation, and when we are helpless to prevent the Dominion from being plunged into war at the dictation of men in Britain over whom we have no control.

Choice Between Two.

Sir Clifford made clear—clearer, I think, than any other Canadian speaker has made it—the gravity of the danger that threatens the Empire and threatens the world's freedom. By so doing, he emphasized the necessity for abandoning the policy of drift, and for following a course that will ensure the Empire against aggression in the future.

This means consultation, understanding in regard to matters of common interest, guarantees of unity of action in times of stress. It implies, probably, division of responsibility. It implies, certainly, standardization of armaments and agreement as to naval and military strategy.

We are working out a problem the answer to which may yet prove to be

one of Britain's greatest contributions to the welfare of civilization. The growth of world-Empires, if based on the free action of nations in alliance, may yet prove the door through which world-peace will enter. Already, in the British Empire, we have a guarantee to more than one-fifth of the human race that war will not come to them from any part of that Empire. Our problem then is a world-problem as well as an Empire one, and it behooves us to face without hesitation every factor that complicates it.

For Unity of Action.

It may well be that the part of wisdom at this time will be to undertake nothing further than an extension of the system of consultation by conference, of the habit of doing things together. The closer we draw in this way the clearer will the new step appear. We can afford to move slowly, but what I should like to see is all Canada moving steadily and unitedly towards the Empire—not marking time.

As a nation we should, I submit, fol-

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

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

low two courses: We should approach the consideration of our Imperial relations convinced that they are to be part and parcel of our national life, and therefore to be sympathetically treated, and, in the second place, we should content ourselves at the outset with insuring, through mutual confidence and discussion, unity of action on all matters of actual or possible common interest, leaving to the future the far more intricate and dangerous problem of government through an Imperial representative body.

WHY "THE CANADIAN WAR"

TWO differing comments arrive from Ottawa. One is complimentary. The other says that certain excellent people have refused to read "The Canadian War" because of its title. Therefore a word about the name of a publication whose object is not to entertain, amuse, instruct or edify its readers, but to MOVE them to move others.

What other name would serve this

The publisher who declared that Canadians cannot produce anything about the war that Canadians will buy enough of to pay for the cost of printing, is going to have his estimate of patriotism tested—as the back cover shows.

purpose? Consider a few suggestions that were made.

One was "Our War." "Our War" reminds you of "Our Dumb Friends." "Our" is an excellent word for a publication that inculcates tenderness towards animals, but it was felt that it is not a strong enough partner for such a word as "War."

A second was "Canada and the War." Good in its way, but surely it is the subject for a speech, not a name for a recurring publication. "Canada and the War" has been and is the title of more addresses than any other. The addresses need not be hackneyed, but the title is.

Try it on yourself and visualize its repetition week after week on the cover of a publication that wants to have some "punch" in it.

An alternative that has been offered is "Canada's Part in the War." Again an acceptable title for an article, book or speech. But it is explanatory, didactic, professional—not dynamic, or at least, not dynamic enough.

The fourth name offered is "The British War." It is impossible for abundant reasons. The war is essentially a British war—the fate of the Empire hangs upon it. We are in the war because we are British—and that, says an earnest friend, is why it should be

"The British War." Let us see.

How can any feasible publication in Canada cover the war in its British aspects—either as to the British Islands or the British Empire? To do it would require a capital outlay and a publication which would be possible only to one of the many rich men who, Sir John Willison says, have failed their country and the Empire. The editors could not wait for such.

If there is need in Canada for propaganda for the war—belief in which is the foundation for "The Canadian War"—it is because the crucialities of the war are remote from us, because we have not and do not REALIZE what the war means to Canada. The President of a County Patriotic Association, lamenting the slow giving of the farmers, said: "The best thing that could happen here would be a few German bombs on prosperous farmers' silos." Exactly.

As the bombs don't fall, how can you bring the war HOME—close home—by a publication whose very name would suggest something remote? The Department of Trade and Commerce issued a book, the title of which is "The German War." Could anything more beautifully suggest remoteness?

"The Human Side" is the title of the first Canadian war book. It is by U. N. C. Dudley, and is issued by The Canadian War. Order to-day; 35 cents paper cover, 75 cents cloth.

A splendid article by J. S. Brierley, in the first number of this periodical, was headed: "This is OUR War." The burden of it was that Canada, Canada, Canada is at war—not kindly helping somebody else out of a hole. It was aimed at the temper which is reflected in the saying that now and then is heard, "Let the Britishers do their own fighting."

Canada, being at war, is exposed to such devastations as have been wreaked on Belgium and France, and are being attempted on the United Kingdom. If a German army were marching from

Montreal to Ottawa nobody would object to the operations being described as a Canadian war. Our geography, not our nationality, is saving us the visible horrors of bloodshed and destruction of cities. We need to put into our part in the fight the qualities that should form to it if the vandal were in the St. Lawrence Valley. How can that be done if in our propaganda we use names that suggest distance?

There is another and a double-barrelled reason for "The Canadian War," which has to do with the foreign population within Canada, and the foreign country alongside Canada. A great business man lately estimated there are a million people in Canada who see no reason for Canada's share in the war. In the republic a great propaganda is going on to induce the American people to believe that Britain's part in this war is against the fundamentals of democracy as it has developed on this continent.

This publication was launched in the hope that it might help the actual and prospective Canadian citizen, whose language and traditions are not those of Canada or of Britain, to realize that all the future of their descendants is bound up in the success of Canada's part in the war. If, to them, it be not veritably a Canadian war the danger is grievous indeed that they may become a disintegrating instead of a solidifying element in the national life.

If the idea should spread in the United States that Canada is in this war merely as an appendage of Britain, rather than as a young nation which is determined, at all costs, to vindicate democracy against Prussian militarism, the repute of Canada to-day will irreparably suffer, and her

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

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

future influence in the world be sadly impaired.

Canada is at war. The war, therefore, is a Canadian war. Until further light is vouchsafed "The Canadian War" will remain as the title of a publication, whose only reason for existence is that Britannic union, patriotism and victory may be served.

They Agree About The Canadian War

MAIL AND EMPIRE.



GLOBE.

"The Canadian War" is the title of a weekly publication, issued by a group of Canadian journalists dealing with various phases of the war. . . . As might be expected from such writers, the articles are well written and to the point. "The Canadian War" deserves a wide circulation on account of the cause promoted by its articles and the proceeds of its sale.

Many excellent articles covering a wide range of opinion and dealing with various standpoints from which the war tragedy can be viewed. . . . There is a healthy spirit of patriotism animating every page. Writers and editors receive no remuneration, and the proceeds are to be devoted to the war funds. "The Canadian War" is in every respect worthy of Canadian patronage.

To A People At War

I.

THE nursling Hate you nourish in your streets,
The bitter Word you fondle on your lips,
The Rage of shallow love you consecrate,
These will not guard your grey, sea-smothered ships.

The baleful gaze you turn in prayer aloft,
The fist you clench against the tender sky,
Your boastful vaunt that is but weakness stripped;
By such you will not teach your sons to die.

II.

But if, grim eyed, a man must leave his farm,
Because he must, and not because he would,
If, sobbing-glad, his wife must watch him go
Down the white road, and turn, and name life good;

If with high brow and each clear ideal set
Fronting his face and beating in his eyes,
The clerk his desk forsakes, takes up his gun,
Happy if his blood helps scrawl SACRIFICE;

If out of city mansion, country lane,
Untired of life, loving it through and through,
Sobered, your sons their abdication make,
Passionate their spiritual armor to endue;

O if you see it thus, and feel the power
Of God's own might thrill in your steady veins;
Standing or going, if you know as His
Your drab, hard Task of Glory, then He reigns

And owns a People still for His strong Care;
Then a deep Love, a wise, a sad and sure,
Shall hush your crowds; while Resolution high
Guards well your arms till Peace be made secure.

—ARTHUR L. PHELPS.

NOTICE BOARD

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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

FOR PATRIOTIC MEETINGS.

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

ORGANIZATIONS.

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

CREATING EMPLOYMENT.

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

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

BOOKSELLERS.

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

NEWSBOYS.

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

POSTMASTERS.

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

Subscription Form for "The Canadian War"

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

READERS PAID FOR

POSSIBLE SUBSCRIBERS

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For three months 65 cents, for six months \$1.25. Subscriptions for the United States require an additional cent per copy for mailing.

CANADA AND THE LITTLE CANADIANS

By E. A. TAYLOR

IS not Canada too large a country for little Canadians? The question arises out of a speech by Mr. Bourassa on January 14th, at the Monument Nationale in Montreal: "Why does Nationalism always seem to mean devotion to a small nation—never to a large one? Are large nations—with the true spirit that makes a nation—an impossibility?"

I am a Canadian, having an English father, and a mother of old France's Norman blood. I do not know the French tongue, but I have always kept a feeling of kinship with France, and have believed that it was England's three invasions by French blood that saved her from the Teuton lack of initiative, which has produced the present German poise of the "Solemn Cad." Even a small sense of humor holds a man back from many crimes as well as blunders. He may not fear hell, but he does fear making a fool of himself.

French Invasion of England.

England's first French invasion was of the sword—the Norman Conquest—and when England had time to mix this new blood with her own, she emerged from a tangle of squabbling Saxon states, with no sense of common nationalism, into the England that was one of the powers of young Europe.

The second incoming of French blood was when France, in an insane moment, exiled the flower of her middle class. The French brains that had invented the working in velvets, and silk and linen, came into England, and as this blood was absorbed into the English, England turned from a sheep country, importing the goods made from her own wool, into the land of factories, and grew rich on the trade of the world.

Also it was when Saxon strength was fired by the infusion of French initiative, quickness of invention, and restless energy, that England's great colonial expansion began.

The third French invasion was at the time of the French Revolution. Exactly how that is responsible for the changes in English thought during this last century, it is rather too soon to say. I think this will be found, like the others, to have given England the French quickness to grasp an idea, or an opportunity, while the dominate blood of the Saxon guarded her from the French weaknesses—fickleness without reason, and excess.

This, I see, would make England (Britain, if you like) the one perfect nation of the world, which would not suit Mr. Bourassa at all. He tells us that the English yoke is no less heavy than a German yoke would be. Probably not, but we are not under an English yoke (yokes and flags are different things), and we would be under a German one, if our flag were changed. Germany has never trusted a colony, even of her own blood, with the Home Rule which Canada has.

A People Shut In?

It was a white day to me when I knew of the entente cordiale, for I had always believed England closer kin to France than to any other nation in Europe. But I suppose my interest in this would have branded me as a false Canadian in Mr. Bourassa's eyes. He would have me indifferent to anything outside Canada. He would have us a people shut in, living for ourselves alone, and walled from outer world thought, by having a language used by us alone.

"We would be a free and peaceful people," he said, "having nothing to do with battles that are not Canada's battles. Let Canada devote her energies to strengthening herself, and to developing her resources, without sacrificing her sons far from her own shores."

Frankly, I admire Mr. Bourassa's language, and I think his ideals ideal, but, alas, the world has not got up to

the date of them.

When I heard of Norway's nationalism being recognized to such an extent that she could separate herself from Sweden without a blow.

When I heard of England's offering Ireland Home Rule, I thought the day was near when all the world would be one brotherhood of little states, each preserving and developing its own individuality, yet confederate with all the others in the keeping of peace. Then, I thought the day might come in a hundred years, now—since the rape of Belgium—I have put it off for a thousand.

I gather that Mr. Bourassa thinks the use of the English language in even the larger part of Canada, shows a cringing of spirit to the dominancy of England—a consenting to be slaves to her greed of commercialism. I prefer the English language as a literary and business convenience, and I think the language a man uses does not affect his spirit. If Canada is free souled, she will remain so, though speaking English entirely. If she has the soul of a slave, she will sink to one, though she used only Etruscan.

Nothing to Fight For.

Now, is large Canada fighting her battles when she sends her contingents to Europe?—I know little Canada has nothing to fight for there. If Canada had stayed where she was a century ago, she might have pleased Mr. Bourassa. Then she was two small colonies of Upper and Lower Canada, not loving each other, a people very few in numbers, living mainly on what they grew and made themselves, with behind them a vast unknown land peopled by Indians and a few fur-traders.

That Canada was little, and could live within herself. But, for better or worse, we grew. We built our railways across a continent. We peopled our west, till to-day men say there are five great wheat lands—Russia and France in the Old world, the Argentine, United States, and Canada in the New—and the world's bread growers belong to the world—not to themselves alone.

If we kept to Mr. Bourassa's "single aim of maintaining our own enjoyment," as a nation quite independent of England, "let her fight her own battles," how long, think you, could we ensure all other nations "maintaining" non-interference with us?

How Long Would We Be Safe?

In Asia, as well as Europe, men are land-hungry. They have not the spirit of the pioneer—the world's road-makers. They hunger for countries with

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

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

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

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

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

room in them, but with roads all made, and soil for planting, especially wheat. If we will not help England, will England always be ready to help us? If we were not under her shield, how long, think you, before from East and West, the wolves of the world would be upon us?

It is a cruel, wolf-hearted law, that it is not enough for a people to harm no one, and help themselves. But thus Belgium did, and to-day her soul is torn

out of her because a neighbor nation said: "I acknowledge no pledge binding. I own no law, save that of the heaviest hand."

If this war can end in a stalemate—in Germany even holding a part of Belgium—the coalfields and iron mines, that she needs to develop German greatness (?), then the wolf spirit shall move in all the waiting nations, and who is it the wolf spares when he goes out for prey—his fellow wolf, who he knows has teeth, or the sheep who has none for fight?

Mexico and Peru.

Four hundred years ago there were two dominant nations in the Americas—Mexico on the north continent, Peru in the south. They were Europe's equals in art and science, and, according to what we are told, Peru has solved many of the land and labor problems better than any of our governments of to-day. Each was master in a continent, and so wholly sufficient was each for themselves, that they hardly seemed to know of each other's existence. They worked in gold, and soft things of peace, forgetting weapons of war, till men came from the Europe they had never heard of—men mad-hungry for gold and land.

We call the Americas the New World. We say that it has no blood-stained history like Europe. Do we forget the breaking and spoiling of the men who loved peace, and had only gold and glass in their hands, by the men who fought with iron? Europe has no tragedies deeper than the emptying of the old-time nations of America of all their glory.

To-day our new world is brimmed again with life and empire. We have tamed the wild lands with good roads, we have mines and wheat; and in East and West envious eyes are upon us, only asking have we teeth? South America, United States—and Canada, all may be Mexico and Peru again.

Mr. Bourassa is not correct in asking the question—should Canada fight now or no? It should be—Canada must fight.

The question is—when shall she fight? and where?

Australia, rightly or wrongly, believes Japan watches her with wolf eyes, and she trusts to make her invasion by anyone, at any date, unlikely, by showing her teeth—in battleships and fighting men—and choosing they should fight her battles "far from her own shore."

Mr. Bourassa would have a little

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

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

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

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

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

peaceful Canada, "capable in itself of repulsing attacks from the exterior," he says. In other words, instead of choosing to fight to-day and in Europe, we should wait till the day the foe wished to fight us, and then have our battles beside our children's cradles, beside the desecrated shrines of our God.

God save Canada from her little Canadians!

BLAME IT ON THE WAR

THE war is the universal whipping boy. If business is bad, blame it on the war. If men are out of work, blame it on the war. If there are political clouds in the sky, blame them on the war. If the dividend checks have stopped coming the way they used to come, blame it on the war. If the city has held up its great programme of new works, blame it on the war.

The war is the most useful thing that has ever happened as an aid to seeing things as they are not. The war has untold sins and wickednesses to answer for; but it has not created commercial and political astigmatism where there was previously no trace of the malady. Long before the war we were expert in the art of looking for light under the bed. With straight faces we listened to eminent leaders of commerce and of politics saying that, after all, the war in the Balkans was the real reason for the halt in Canadian expansion.

They had about exhausted that ingenious stunt, and had begun to admit that possibly there was something in the assertions of men who had no bonds to sell that the root of the trouble was not the too small supply of available money in Europe, but the too small supply of commodities produced by the fundamental industries of Canada.

They were timidly beginning to confess that neither country nor man can go on borrowing money with which to pay the interest on the preceding borrowing. They could actually see that if there were big, new, empty buildings in boostful cities, the men who had been employed to erect them couldn't come back to their former state of employment. It was becoming almost obvious to even the shrewdest real estate operators, when they looked around very carefully, that the people who had supplied the money to put up unoccupied buildings would not repeat the performance indefinitely, and that the Balkan

war had been over quite a while.

Then our own war came, and what was the use of telling the whole truth when shells were bursting so that nobody could hear it, even if you did tell it? Who wanted ante-war economics when there was the exhilaration of killing the Kaiser with your mouth; the sheer happiness of telling the Government to go ahead and spend all the money that a swift-acting department could call for?

Still, the facts were there, entrenched and unassailable. There were stoppages in house-building as soon as the stringency of the war was realised. That stoppage was due to the reefing of the sails of credit, from which there was abundant need long before the fourth of August. The momentum of inflowing money continued to be felt by bankers as well as builders who did not realise that the greater includes the less. In Toronto itself big floor spaces were only partially occupied, even when the foundations of bigger buildings nearby were only half finished. But the bigger buildings went up—buildings that should never have been begun, if the indubitable needs of the city only were considered. The miscalculation was essentially the same as when an effort was made to buy the Street Railway, on a report that assumed a continuation of a high ratio of growth of the city, which events had demonstrated to be illusory long before the fourth of August.

But, as the unnecessary big building was going on, though in diminished quantity, the unnecessary small building continued to go on too. There was said to be a house famine in Toronto. There was, in the sense that people cannot get houses at rents that suited their incomes. But there were more houses than there were tenants for, months before the war.

The inevitable crisis of striking a balance between our borrowings and the

production from the soil, from which alone, in the end, the interest on the borrowings could be paid, had begun to strike, and the blows were painful enough to the families whose incomes had ceased.

We depend ultimately upon the farmer. That is as true as the multiplication table. How has the war affected the farmer? He is better off. Everybody who lives by supplying his needs—his needs, remember—is getting as good orders as before the war. The factories that were making goods to be consumed in Canada were in poor shape before the war, because the excessive flow of borrowings had slackened.

DIFFICULT—THE REASON WHY.

There isn't much apparent difference between the excellent man who fails to rise to the height of a great emergency and the man who rises to it as naturally as he goes to breakfast—but it is all the difference. The one talks about the difficulty of the situation; the other overcomes it.

The difference is not merely a difference in courage—it goes deeper than that. It is in the capacity instinctively to apprehend the essentials of the situation.

The other day a high-minded public man who has been mayor of his city was talking with a friend about the war and its effect on Canada. The friend said we must make it the occasion for welding our polyglot peoples together. "Yes," said the ex-mayor, "but it is a very difficult job, and anybody who tries to touch it may fail." The friend answered, "That's why it has got to be touched."

Again, a leader of public men was asked whether Canada should not regard herself as the trustee for the Allies' cause in this hemisphere, and particularly so to defeat the German propaganda in the United States.

Those that are busy with war orders are diffusing a prosperity that the war has brought more than they are suffering from what the war has taken away—they really have something which they can blame upon the war.

The mistake of blaming everything on the war is that it helps to put our relation to the war into a blurred focus. If we do not see clearly we cannot act finely. It is high time that we had from statesmen and leaders of every sort, the clearest, most courageous expositions of what the economic relation of this Dominion is to this war, and to the Future which it will compel us to face.

"We have thought of that," he answered, "but the Foreign Office would rather we didn't tackle it; and it is a delicate matter anyhow."

Quite so, and therefore Canada, which contacts the United States on a million nerves, is to be quiescent because the Foreign Office, which knows nothing of the United States compared with what we know and live, drops a word on the way; and it is a delicate matter!

Observe the point where the excellent minds of these excellent men stop short—they do not grasp the simple fundamental that as the whole war is a difficult, a tremendous matter, men who have any capacity to lead other men must handle the difficult matters as if they were the everyday things. The analogy with the surgeon is almost perfect. He does not refuse because the case is difficult or even because it is desperate. Pray heaven for the nerve of the surgeon in national affairs.

WHAT IS HE PAINTING?

The picture which the Scout is seen painting on the front cover will be reproduced in "The Canadian War" next week. If you, or any of your young folks have a turn for drawing, it will be good fun to set down your idea of what is coming, and send it in to the office. Try it now.

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