ADDRESSES
DELIVERED BEFORE
THE CANADIAN CLUB
OF MONTREAL

SEASON
1915-1916

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PREFACE

ALTHOUGH practically all the addresses in this volume are of necessity on the subject of the war, a glance at the list of titles is sufficient evidence of the many-sided interest of the past session.

Our speakers have dealt little with the causes of the war. Most of them are closely concerned, personally and nationally, in its record from day to day. From first-hand glimpses of its realities, heroic or sordid, from intimate revelations of the heart of one or another of our allies, our speakers have ranged through some of the urgent problems raised by the war, to some hints of policy which may lead to wise reconstruction.

Behind them all, through very different personalities, glows the certainty of the righteousness of our cause and its ultimate triumph. And all of them, in very different ways, strengthened our undying resolve first to win, and then from victory to draw some profit not unworthy of its cost.

J. A. DALE.

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Eleventh Annual Report of the Canadian Club of Montreal

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MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—

I have the honour to present the Eleventh Annual Report of the Club.

The membership of the Club now stands at seventeen hundred and seven, of whom, so far as can be ascertained, one hundred and thirty-five are on Active Service.

The average attendance of members at luncheons was three hundred and seventy-three—a slight decrease from last year's average of three hundred and ninety-one, but easily explainable.

Twenty regular meetings were held during the year. The subjects of the addresses were all but one the present War in its various aspects. So far as it was possible speakers were obtained to deal with the situations of the various Allied Countries engaged.

In advance of the regular Season the Club gave its auspices to a public meeting on the anniversary of the declaration of War. The meeting was to have been held under the auspices of the McGill Graduates' Society acting on behalf of The Central Committee for National Patriotic Organizations. The Executive of that Society being dispersed at the time the Canadian Club was appealed to to take up the work of organizing the meeting and providing the speakers. It was very fortunate in obtaining as speakers the present Sir Thos. White and the Hon. R. Lemieux, to whom the Club has been more than once indebted, and the meeting that was addressed by them was probably one of the largest public meetings ever held in the Dominion.

Recognition should here be given to the Grenadier Guards Band, whose services were given for half the usual charge.

Reference may be made to the fact that for the first time ordinary meetings of the Club have been addressed by ladies, to the Club's great appreciation.

The Club records its great appreciation for the help given by the General Secretary at Ottawa, as well as by the Ottawa Canadian Club, which has so often co-operated with us.

The whole respectfully submitted.

WARWICK CHIPMAN,
Honorary Secretary.

Officers and Executive Committee of the Canadian Club of Montreal

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(Tuesday, November 2nd, 1915)

CANADIAN TRADE AND FINANCE DURING THE WAR

By THE HON. SIR W. T. WHITE

I ESTEEM it a very great honor to be present at your opening luncheon. The Prime Minister would have been glad to accept the invitation which was extended to him, but it seemed at the time that his engagements would not permit. I desire to assure you that men in public life appreciate very highly the Canadian Club as a means or agency not only for informing, but for forming and testing public opinion throughout Canada. Personally I cannot conceive of a more representative audience than I have before me to-day.

By the choice of your Committee, I am to speak on the subject of Canadian Trade and Commerce during the War. It is a formidable subject. If I attempted to deal with it exhaustively I feel sure that more than the subject would be exhausted before I concluded, so I shall deal only with certain of its outstanding and salient aspects. Adopting a figure of speech, I shall keep to the plains and the mountains and the rivers, and shall not descend into the valleys and glens, nor explore the rivulets and creeks.

Now, there are certain aspects of the economic condition of Canada at the date of the outbreak of the war to which I desire at the outset to direct specially your attention, because they are basic and fundamental to what I have to say upon this subject. You will remember that about a year ago, when I had the honor to address you, I referred to the fact that Canada had been a borrowing country. I told you that, for the six months preceding the outbreak of the war, Canada, and by Canada I do

not mean the Dominion Government, but Canada as a whole, had been borrowing at the rate of about one million dollars per day. Canada borrowed in international markets about two hundred million dollars for the six months immediately preceding August of last year. Prior to that Canada had been borrowing at the rate of two or three hundred million dollars per year, principally in the London market. The proceeds of those loans had gone into the construction of railway and other enterprises throughout Canada, and had furnished the money for the capital expenditures of Governments, Dominion, Provincial and Municipal. I said then, as I say now, that there is nothing objectionable in borrowing, provided the borrowing is for productive purposes. If a manufacturer borrows a large sum of money and establishes with it a plant which will earn him not only interest on the money but a margin, he has gained by his borrowing and, therefore, in so far as the borrowing to which I have referred was productive in character, in so far as it added to the productivity of the Dominion, to that extent it was not detrimental, but fruitful, and in the interest of the Dominion.

There is another matter to which I next desire to draw your attention, and that is the so-called adverse balance of trade which Canada had experienced for some years prior to the outbreak of the war. For the fiscal year of 1913, Canada's so-called adverse balance of trade was about three hundred million dollars. For the fiscal year of 1914, it was one hundred and eighty million dollars, and for the six months ended September 30, 1914, that is to say, at the end of the month immediately following the outbreak of the war, the adverse trade balance of Canada was forty-five million dollars. Now, there is another matter usually overlooked in considering the question of Canada's external indebtedness, and that is an invisible but a very important factor—the interest which Canada as a nation owes, and is obliged to pay annually upon her past indebtedness. That annual interest has been computed at from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and forty million dollars per annum; so that you will bear in mind that in addition to the trade balance—the adverse trade balance to which I have referred—there was an invisible balance against Canada to the amount of, say, one hundred and forty million dollars. Then, at the time of the outbreak of the war, there were many short-date obligations maturing in London

—obligations of Governments, Dominion, Provincial and Municipal, and of railway and other corporations. You may remember that from 1913 onward, because this war was casting its shadow before, interest rates had stiffened, and it was difficult to issue permanent loans. The result was a great deal of short-date borrowing, and Canada at the outbreak of the war found herself in the position of having many short-date obligations maturing in London for which those who originally issued them had intended to provide by funding operations.

That, in a general way, Mr. President, was the position of Canada on the occasion of the outbreak of the war. Now, you will gather from the statement which I have made that there was a very heavy trade balance against Canada, greatly increased by this invisible factor of interest, and that Canada was confronted also with large obligations maturing abroad.

If the war had not broken out, the situation would have been taken care of by the issue of further loans. I told you before that the way we met our borrowings in London in the past was by fresh borrowing, that is to say, when a note came due we renewed the note. Of course it did not quite take that form, because for the purpose of dealing with the matter of international balances you take into consideration fresh borrowing for all purposes; but, generally speaking, the way Canada took care of her heavy adverse balances during the past few years was by issuing loans, or put it in a way better understood, by the selling of securities. If we sell commodities to the amount of our imports there is no adverse balance of trade against us, but if our exports fall very short, as I have shown they did, of our imports, then the way to offset the adverse trade balance is to effect loans. Take, for instance, the Anglo-French loan recently floated in New York. The object of that loan was to redress to a certain extent the adverse balance of trade existing against Great Britain and Europe. Great Britain and Europe could not hope to sell commodities to the United States to the extent necessary to redress the balance of trade, therefore, the next best thing was to sell securities. When the war broke out Canada's borrowings in London, upon which she would ordinarily have relied to redress the adverse trade balance and take care of the obligations to which I have referred, were automatically cut off. The British Government promptly took possession

of the London market. Permission was given to issue some Treasury bills and effect some renewals, but, generally speaking, Canada was deprived of her financial mainstay. Therefore, we had to meet the situation which I have described in other ways. Now, I am sure it is a subject-matter of congratulation to you all, as Canadians, that the situation has been met, and that after one year of war Canada's economic condition, her financial and commercial condition, is better than it was at the outbreak of the war. How has that been accomplished? There were many agencies at work. I shall touch on a few only. In the first place, the public, understanding the necessity, commenced to economize. When you economize, you do two things, you consume less yourself and you have more to sell to others. Our imports began to diminish, and our exports to increase, as a result of economy continued throughout the year by the Canadian people. Then the instinct of the Canadian people was also sound in this, that they realized that the way to meet the situation was by increased production. You will remember last year I gave you a slogan here, which I repeat now; it was "Production, production and again production." By the way, the press passed it on to the west that I had given as a slogan, "Protection, protection and again protection." What I said was "Production, production and again production," and I asked the people of Canada to sow, plant and raise everything they could in order that we might greatly increase our exports. The people did it, and this year Canada has the greatest crop, by far, in all her history. I believe it is a conservative estimate to say that Canada's agricultural production this year is at least two hundred million dollars more valuable than it was the year before. That is real wealth, not book values, real wealth taken from the soil, which is the source of all wealth.

I have stated that by economy on the part of the people our exports have increased and our imports diminished. We have greatly added to our exports by increased production, and this is still going on most satisfactorily. In addition to that we have received from the Imperial and other allied Governments large orders in Canada for supplies of all kinds, and for shells and other munitions of war. You saw a statement the other day given out by Mr. Thomas, in which he said that orders to the amount of some five hundred million dollars were being placed

in Canada for munitions. We have recently been paying out over twenty million dollars a month for munitions, that is at the rate of two hundred and fifty million dollars per year, and according to the statement this is to be increased. All that production will enter into the figures of our exports for the coming year, so now you will see what has happened and is happening, in connection with the trade situation. The annual adverse trade balance to which I have referred has not only been wiped out, but at the present time the trade balance is favorable to Canada. Remember my statement, that for the six months ended September 30, 1914, the adverse trade balance was forty-five million dollars. I informed myself as to the figures before leaving Ottawa, for the six months of the present year, ended on September 30, 1915, and instead of an unfavorable balance of forty-five million dollars as in 1914, there was a favorable trade balance of sixty-four millions for the six months ended September 30, 1915, or one hundred million dollars to the good in one year.

Now, while that process went on, and has been going on most satisfactorily, so far as that aspect of our trade is concerned, the process was not rapid enough to have prevented the necessity for gold exports to pay the adverse balance existing against us from time to time during the first year of the war, and to pay the invisible balance to which I referred of interest owing by the Dominion of Canada upon its past indebtedness. The question then arises, how was it that Canada was not obliged to export gold. With the adverse balance which existed, and with this one hundred and forty million dollars which had to be paid for past indebtedness, how is it that Canada did not lose her gold? because as a matter of fact Canada has not lost her gold, but has increased her gold. That is a very gratifying statement to those who realize the significance of the matter of gold conservation. There were several ways by which gold exports were avoided. In the first place we redressed the balance of trade to the extent that we borrowed outside of the Dominion of Canada. I pointed out to you that you can redress the balance of trade by increasing your exports, or if you cannot do that, by selling your securities abroad. You remember that there was very considerable Canadian borrowing during the early part, and in fact during the whole of the first year of the war, in the United States.

Municipalities, provinces and some corporations were able to sell their securities in the United States to a very large aggregate amount. To the extent that those securities were sold outside of Canada, to that extent the adverse trade balance was redressed. The Dominion Government was a heavy borrower last year. I saw that with regard to these factors I have mentioned, if gold exports from Canada were to be avoided, the Dominion should borrow as much money as it could outside of the Dominion of Canada. That was, I believe, an absolutely sound policy. We had not only the situation which I have described to meet, the question of the redressing of Canada's adverse trade balance, but we also had to make provision to meet the duty which devolved upon us as a member of the Empire to provide the war expenditure that would enable Canada to do her duty in the mighty conflict confronting the Empire. From the beginning there was no question that Canada would do her very utmost. No question arose as to the cost; it was no time to count the cost in dollars and cents when the ideals for which the British Empire has stood, and always will stand, were at stake. The Government and people of Canada were at one in this, that to the extent of our power Canada should put forth her best efforts, and should raise, equip and send forward her sons to do their part with the other nations of the Empire in the great struggle for the freedom of the world. Therefore, the Dominion Government borrowed large sums of money outside of Canada. It was perfectly clear that if the Dominion Government had attempted to borrow within Canada the money required for raising and maintaining and sending forward our troops, and had refrained from borrowing outside, two things would have happened. In the first place gold exports could not have been avoided, as they were; and in the second place, the army which Canada would have sent forward would have been much smaller than has been the case. Therefore, the policy was perfectly clear that the Dominion Government should borrow, in the circumstances, outside of Canada, as much money as was needed for its purposes; in order that to that extent it might redress the trade balance, and meet, nationally speaking, the obligations to which I have referred, and find the expenditure for the sending forward of Canada's army. Since the war broke out, the Dominion of Canada has borrowed no less a total than one

hundred and ninety-eight million dollars in Great Britain and the United States. And what has been the effect of this policy? Gold exports have been avoided; our gold supplies have been conserved, because by selling securities outside we have helped to redress the trade balance and furnish the money which was necessary to take care of these maturing interest obligations. I am speaking now from the standpoint of exchange. I do not mean that the money was appropriated to the payment of any specific interest or obligation. It will probably surprise you to learn that out of over one hundred and fifteen million dollars borrowed up to September last from the Imperial treasury for the purpose of carrying on this war, approximately one hundred million dollars of the amount has been spent here in Canada. Speaking from the standpoint of exchange, if we borrowed the money outside of Canada it would have little effect upon the exchange situation to which I have referred. As a result of the borrowings I have mentioned, and the fact that so large a portion was spent in Canada, the trade balance has been redressed, gold exports have been avoided, and I may tell you that to-day the Dominion Government and the banks of Canada have gold reserves exceeding by over twenty-five million dollars the gold reserves which Canada had at the outset of the war.

At the outbreak of the war Canada undertook to raise, equip and send forward twenty thousand men; and the men came, inspired by the loftiest patriotism, from all parts of the Dominion, to Valcartier. When the troop ships sailed there were no less than 33,000 Canadians on board.

We have been a non-military nation, utterly unprepared for war, and at the time it seemed to me that Canada was making a considerable effort in sending thirty-three thousand men to the front, and doing it so expeditiously. We had no adequate conception of our own strength, or of the desperate character of the struggle in which the world was engaged; but when the 33,000 men grew to 50,000, and the 50,000 to 100,000, and the 100,000 to 150,000 men, and now to 170,000 men under arms, and the call has gone out for 250,000 men, we began to realize the power of Canada, and the magnitude of the struggle in which we are participating as belligerents.

I repeat that Canada has never counted the cost, and will never count the cost of sending forth men, and if I refer to the

cost it is only for the purpose of bringing before you the financial situation, and the measures necessary to meet it, with respect to which I have an announcement to make to-day. I have always thought that I would much rather make announcements to Canadian Clubs than to Parliament, because there is no opposition in the Canadian Clubs. It would be an ideal way for Ministers to present their measures. It would be an ideal way from the standpoint of the Government. Whether it would be ideal from the public standpoint is another matter.

It costs Canada, because we are a democracy, and we are tender, and rightly tender, towards our soldiers, a great deal more per man than it does the European nations, to place the flower of the youth of this country in the battle line; and so it should. I never see them drilling, parading, marching, without feeling that there is a "Canadianism" in their faces, a quality of high intelligence and patriotism, that is most inspiring. I do not believe that this world can show a finer body of men, men of finer mental and moral quality than those men who are going forward to do their duty in the cause of Canada and the Empire.

You can estimate one thousand dollars per man to raise, drill, equip and maintain—a thousand dollars per man per annum for Canadian citizen soldiers. The expenditure, therefore, which Canada had to face for sending forward 33,000 men is $33,000,000 per annum; for sending 150,000 men, $150,000,000 per annum; and now with the call that has gone forth, we may look forward to an expenditure of from $200,000,000 to $250,000,000 per annum for the 250,000 soldiers who will be under arms. As I stated to you, on account of the adverse balance of trade and the obligations of Canada maturing abroad, and the invisible balance I have referred to of interest payments, it was indispensably necessary that Canada should borrow not only for her capital expenditure, but for her war expenditure, outside of Canada, until the situation should have changed. I informed you that the situation had changed, and instead of Canada having an adverse trade balance, she now has a favorable one. The time has now come when Canadians—and I know the people will nobly respond to the call—when Canadians, in addition to sending forward the men, should endeavor to provide the Government with a portion of the money represented by our war expenditure. We should do that from a spirit of national pride, that Canada

can not only send men, but can raise money as well; we not only have the men, but we have the money and the wealth and the resources behind us. Then, there is a further question, a business question. The exchange situation has radically and profoundly changed since last year. Last year the exchanges were all in favor of Great Britain, and if you were paying money in London, you had to pay a heavy premium. That is now changed, and if you want to bring money out of London, you get only about $4.60 for what is the equivalent of $4.86 and two-thirds, or a difference of 5%. Supposing I have balances in London. The question is, how am I going to get them out to Canada, because our war expenditures are principally in Canada. Only by paying as high as 5%, and exchange has gone up more than 5% during the past year. That is to say, for five million dollars I would have to pay $250,000 to bring the money out here. Therefore, it is desirable that Canadians should bear a part, not by any means the whole, but a part of our war expenditures in Canada, and therefore I announced a short time ago that the Dominion Government would bring on a Canadian patriotic domestic war loan, to which the people of Canada would be asked to contribute. In other words, I have borrowed outside to date, until the situation is completely restored, and then I ask the people of Canada to help by subscribing to a Canadian national war loan. It is my intention, therefore, and this is the important announcement that I desire to make to-day, to bring on a Canadian domestic war loan about the end of the present month. Its terms will be reasonably attractive, and I have in mind at present the principle of instalment payments, and I ask the business institutions of Canada, and the people of Canada, to prepare themselves to do their share in participating in this loan, when it is officially announced. I mean officially announced as to terms and as to price, and let me say this: the amount, price and terms of the loan will, necessarily and properly, not be made public until the prospectus is published. Any statement as to the amount of the loan, as to the terms of payment, or as to the price, unless officially announced by the Dominion Government, is premature, unauthorized and wholly conjectural. I may say that His Royal Highness the Governor-General, who has always taken a deep interest in Canada's finance—as indeed in all our affairs—has most graciously expressed

his desire to subscribe to this loan, and his name will head the list.

Now, Mr. President, the economic outlook for Canada is excellent. No question arises in my mind as to the improvement in general business throughout Canada, with the crops we have, and the manufacturing activity everywhere manifest. The financing of the war will devolve upon the Government, and therefore, for the reasons that I have given, I propose to ask the Canadian people to assist us to some extent, and as I stated, I know they will nobly respond. This war may last a considerable time. I do not think my opinion on that point is more valuable than yours, and therefore I shall hazard no guess; but I think it well on general principles to be prepared for a prolonged struggle, and if it should terminate in a shorter period, we shall be agreeably surprised. If we calculate that the struggle may be long, then we shall take well in advance those measures which are necessary in order that we may continue to do our part, as the great struggle continues and develops. For the people of Canada I say the duty is still—because modern war is made not only with men and with munitions, but also with money and resources—for all those who cannot go to the front to put forth their best efforts to increase the production and wealth of the country; because this war, in my opinion, is going to be won by superior resources, and the superior resources are unquestionably on the side of the allies. Apart from the question of financing the huge sums which we must find to do our part in this war—apart from that, Canada, if she increases her production proportionately to what she has done this year, will be able easily to sustain the burden of the war. If she can finance, and she can, then the question which arises is that of paying the rapidly increasing interest on an expanding public debt; but when you set off against the interest payments an increased production of one, two or three hundred million dollars per year, the economic position becomes clear. If on the one hand you produce, say, three hundred million dollars of new wealth, and on the other hand you pay out fifteen million dollars in interest, I do not need to tell you, as business men, of the advantage, and how the country is going to get on. You will get on well, because you are increasing your production to such an extent; so that for those who do not go to the front, I would

say, give to all the causes, the Patriotic Fund, the Red Cross, all the others, continually give, patriotically and generously, and on an increasing scale, because our army is increasing, and above all, work, produce more, in order that the country may continue to grow stronger for whatever lies before it. I believe the people of Canada will do that, and therefore, that we shall continue to do our share, and more than our share—this is no time to consider shares; we must put forth the maximum effort.

Just a few words about the war itself. I did not believe when the war broke out that it would be a short war, although, as I said, I do not think anybody's opinion on that point is of very much value. The factors entering into the problem are too numerous for any human mind to grasp, and make an inference that would be sound, or hazard a guess that would be likely to be realized. I believe it will be a fairly long war, because under conditions of modern warfare it is not possible to bring off those decisive engagements which used to decide the fate of an army or an empire. Here we have war on an unprecedented scale. Twenty-five million men or more under arms in Europe, in lines extending from the North Sea to Switzerland; from the Baltic Sea down beyond the Carpathians, locked in a death grapple. I believe that the war will be determined by a wearing-down process, by the process of attrition, and that the belligerents having the greatest resources in men, in munitions and in wealth will win. The Allies are superior in resources to the enemy, and I believe that in time, by a slow and remorseless process of attrition, that they will gradually wear them down. We see it now only from one side. From the very beginning Germany has seemed to me to be like a great fortress from which she makes sallies, but she is and has been under siege from the beginning, is really on the defensive, and will be until the end; and if we keep on, as we shall keep on, there is only one end in view. Germany must collapse.

Britain's part in the war has been a great and noble and, to me, a most wonderful part. I doubt if it is realized what a part Great Britain played in this war, and how she has upheld all her ancient traditions, those traditions under which she became the world's champion against tyranny in Europe. Great Britain has stood forth again in the part of saving the world, because the British fleet since the outbreak of this war has verily saved the

world. We take it all as a matter of course. The seven seas are clear of enemy ships of the second naval power in the world, the second naval power with her ships blockaded in the Kiel Canal, unable to venture out; twenty-five enemy cruisers intended to destroy British commerce at the outset of the war, and not one of them that has not been sunk or interned.

Let us not overlook our Allies. The battle of the Marne was the greatest battle ever fought in the history of the world, under one of the greatest commanders that history has ever known, General Joffre; nor do I know of greater qualities of mind, of military skill, of profound strategy, than those displayed by the Commander-in-Chief of the allied forces, the great forces of France, the small but wonderfully valiant and powerful army of England, when he ordered his forces to retreat and to continue to retreat to the confines of Paris, and then taking his stand with a fresh army on his left and on his centre, said: "This is the time to take the offensive, and every Frenchman must advance or die where he stands," and the French and the English did advance, under their great chief, and in the four days' battle that followed they defeated the Germans, and Germany has been on the defensive ever since. Mr. Chairman, I say that Great Britain's exploits in this war have been in accordance with the highest traditions of her great and glorious history. In clearing the seas the British navy has again saved the world; and as to the army which she has organized, and the Dominions of the Empire have organized, instead of being critical, I say that to me it is a most marvellous thing that Britain has been able to organize and equip an army of three million men. You cannot expect men to perform miracles, to improvise armies, and yet it seems to me that is precisely what has been done. The British authorities have raised a great army, a splendid fighting organization. They have really wrought a miracle. Remember Great Britain never expected to put an army of more than 200,000 men into Europe. Their plants, their arsenals were all equipped on that scale, and here, in one year, they have been able to raise and equip an army of three million men. To me it is a most wonderful performance.

Now, I am frankly an optimist with regard to this war. My heart is saddened by the carnage, but I never allow myself to doubt the result. It is not an empty optimism, but an optimism

founded, to me, upon the plainest consideration of reason and of fact. This war, as I have said, will be won by attrition, and it will, therefore, be won by the belligerent having the greatest resources. We have the greatest resources, and we have the will to persist. I have a profound belief, an invincible confidence, an almost religious faith in the high destiny of the British Empire, and in addition to the material considerations which would be a basis for the faith that is in me—the immense resources of the allies, the far-reaching power of Great Britain, speaking from the standpoint of material strength—there is another and a higher reason why I believe that we shall emerge from this conflict victorious. It is this: that the British Empire, to say nothing of the other nations, and I should like to say much for them, stands for certain ideals with which I do not believe this world is ready to part, and therefore the moral forces of the universe are fighting on the side of the allies. Some people may say, but how long can they hold out? The answer is that they can hold out a great deal longer than the enemy.

Mr. President, the way may be long, it may be arduous, but there can be only one ending to this war, and I think that the statesmen of the allied powers, the statesmen of Russia and of France and of Italy and Japan, the statesmen of England and the statesmen of the Dominions as participants in this war, will see to it that the conflict is not a draw. This war, Mr. President, must be fought to a finish. If not it will be renewed again at intervals over this century. Diplomacy will not lose what has been won by the sword, and the allies will not hold their hands nor conclude any peace that does not involve the utter destruction of the Prussian oligarchy, and the militarism which is its expression.

(November 15, 1915)

LABOR AND THE WAR

By PROF. HAROLD J. LASKI

A PERSON, England, is fighting another person, Germany. What do we mean by England? What is the main dream which animates us in this hour? Surely if the dream is anything it is to make that person, England, a unity, to make it one and indivisible. The person, England, that is fighting, is one to which all of us are attached. It is composed of a variety of classes—working men, employers, parasites and others. This nation to which we belong finds itself fundamentally at a disharmony. It finds that what the nation means to the employing classes it does not mean to the working classes, and accordingly certain accusations of a lack of patriotism are quite freely bandied about in one part of the community and another against the working classes as misunderstanding the fundamentals of the situation. Now to me that is a very interesting accusation. It is an accusation that, with your permission, I propose to examine in some of its essentials. I want, first of all, to ask a plain question. In time of peace can it be laid down as a fundamental proposition that the interests of capital are the interests of labor? Does anyone who attempts to read, who can understand the industrial situation, not merely in Great Britain but in any part of the world, does anyone who can view the industrial situation, pretend for a single moment that capital and labor, in times of peace, are themselves in harmony? As a matter of fact, is not the disharmony between them the one fact of which we have evidence at the present time ? We are at war, and the existence of the nation is threatened. It should be realized by statesmen that the one problem that confronts them, if they are to get a harmonious nation, is to take

out from amongst us the seeds of discord, to unite capital and labor. What has been done to that end?

We have had, as I have said, a vehement outcry against labor. It has been said that the workers have been drinking. The ingenious Mr. Lloyd George has been very happily at work in a variety of ways in regard to that particular accusation. It is of the greater interest because it has been denied by Mr. Asquith in a speech at Newcastle. Between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith it is not for humble people like myself to make a choice. I leave it to the abler intellects who adorn the press of Lord Northcliffe. But the thing that has to be borne in mind when anyone tries to understand and explain these accusations against labor is one quite definite fact, and that is, that while the price index of the Board of Trade that represents the cost of living, in July, 1914, was 100, in 1915 it was 132. That is to say, that the cost of living of the working classes in Great Britain had increased one-third. Now you know as well as I know that in Great Britain, in normal times, one-third of the population live on the verge of starvation—not a happy condition for any great nation to enjoy, if enjoy it can; and it seems to me that if you want to bind the working classes to the state in the time of crisis, the one thing you have to assure to them is a reasonable standard of living, to assure them the means to maintain themselves in a condition of physiological efficiency. Assuming therefore that the cost of living has increased, one thing that you must do if you want to go forward as a unit is so to increase the wage that you pay to your workers as to make them able to meet the changed conditions on equal terms. Now what has been done to that end? They have in some industries been given about 1% of the profits that have been made by the great employers out of this war. Take the great railway companies in England, for example. When the workers on the average need eight shillings more per week they give them three shillings, and expect them to be satisfied with the new condition of affairs. The tramway workers in London go on strike. The London County Council assume the right to dictate to these men how they shall enlist, when they shall enlist and the terms upon which they shall enlist. Do you imagine for a single moment that any great employer would consent to be dictated to as to the terms on which he shall enlist? You have a political democracy in England. It is useless to attempt to

make the working classes support the state in the same sense as the employing classes are willing to support the state, unless you make that state one and indivisible, by making it the organ of the working classes as you have made it the organ of the employers.

Let us take this accusation of drink. Where is the drinking found, and who are the accusers? The accusers are certain Government factory inspectors, certain employers, and Mr. Lloyd George. With Mr. Lloyd George I have dealt so far as any one can deal with that gentleman. With the employers I would only point out that if you had to draw up a brief in defense of Great Britain's conduct in this war you would not ask Admiral von Tirpitz to give you the facts, and in the same way, if you want to draw up a brief in relation to the working classes it is not to the employers, at present their natural enemies, that you would go for information. A report of the Government Factory Inspector for the Clyde District states that there has been no increase in drinking from the beginning of the war. What is more interesting than that fact is that when in order to stop the supposed increase of drinking, the valiant Mr. Lloyd George undertakes a crusade against the liquor interests, one snap of the brewers' fingers is enough to send him scurrying helter-skelter back to Downing Street. A courageous individual indeed! What interests me still more is the condition of things in the shipyards. You may not know that the boiler-maker when engaged in his operations, at the end of a day's work is likely to get wet through, so that when he returns home the essential thing is that provision shall be made for him to dry himself, so as not to have to go wet through to his home. You would think that the employer, interested in keeping him in a state of physiological efficiency, would provide some kind of bathroom in which it would be possible for him to wash and dry himself. The bathroom that is at the disposal of the boiler maker until just previous to the war, was the nearest public house. Now you throw that responsibility on the worker. You give him the choice of possible pneumonia on the one hand and beer and a fire by which to dry himself on the other. Personally I should make the choice of the public house and beer. I think most of us are human enough to do the same.

Another thing that stands out in the situation is this. Mr. Asquith asks the trade unions, the employees, to put on one side their regulations for the course of the war. This is an important

request, because those regulations represent the work of one hundred years fighting on the part of the trade unions. It is therefore necessary to give the trade unions guarantees that at the end of the war you will put back into operation the thing for which they have fought and worked. What are the guarantees that are offered. The word of Mr. Lloyd George, an agreement signed by certain employers in certain industries who belong to an employers' organization. Now when the distress comes after the war the employers state that they are in no position, because of the condition of their industry, to resume work on the ordinary terms, what is to be done? Can you not picture a deputation of trade unionists going to Mr. Lloyd George, and that gentleman, with his usual ease, throwing up his hands and asking: "But what can I do? Of course there were guarantees and I will do the best I can, but you must be patient," and meantime, the employing class will take advantage, as always they do take advantage of the condition in which the workers will stand after the war.

Then take the employment of women and children. Now all of you who know anything of the condition of industries in Great Britain will be aware that women and children are used systematically in Great Britain to help the employer to compete in the open market. Since the commencement of this war a great deal has been done to replace the men who have gone to the front by women and even by children. It does not matter that our future is threatened, that those children will be uneducated, undeveloped people, and therefore unable to become responsible members of the state. What does matter is that labor shall be as cheap as possible; but labor so bought cheap is labor indeed bought dear. But what we have to consider is not the condition of the working classes now but their condition, as responsible citizens, now and henceforth. If you make an industry dependent on the employment of cheap labor, you make it parasitic, you make the laboring classes pay the piper for your capitalists. If the capitalist is unable, without cheap labor, to compete outside the greater part of the community in which he lives, he should make the sacrifice, not the laboring classes. It is a difficult thing no doubt for the capitalist to sacrifice a profit of five, six, twenty-five thousand dollars per year, but it is a much more difficult thing to sacrifice threepence a day out of an average wage of 23 to 25

shillings a week. Threepence to a working man means far more than five pounds to a rich man. I wish that the Minister of Munitions for Great Britain would try to bear that in mind.

You remember that the thing to do in a great war is to make labor feel your good will. You have got to make labor believe that you have at heart the same interests as they have, you have got to make the working people realize that the England you envision is the one they envision. There does not seem to me evidence that that thing has been done. Take for example the matter of relief to dependents of the soldiers who have gone to the front. It is said by Mr. Lloyd George that everything has been done for the soldiers and the wives of the soldiers, that could be reasonably expected. A happy statement, characteristic of his light-heartedness. What did happen? As a matter of fact at the beginning of the war, did the Government take over, as it should have taken over, the work of providing for the dependents of the soldiers? No. It creates a thing called the Prince of Wales fund, towards which charitably disposed people can contribute if they choose. It does not get to work until the distress has been acute. Then it lends about half its funds to Canada, a strange way of relieving the distress among the dependents of its soldiers, and finally winds up by a vast series of charity mongers prying into the houses of the poor, asking the most absurd questions and laying down the most unfeasible rules of conduct, and then wondering why resentment is shown and why there are protests of the most vehement kind. Do you not understand that the laboring classes are also men and women, characterized as much as we are by the ordinary foibles of humanity? Mr. Lloyd George does not seem to think so. He seems to think that by Welsh witchery he can make them turn to do what he wills. Then when you pass an Act of Parliament, called the Munitions Act, forbidding strikes, and Welsh miners go on strike, he throws up his hands and says they lack patriotism. When an average dividend of between 20 and 30% is being made by the coal owners of South Wales and when an average wage is being made by the worker that does not begin to cope with the conditions of life in South Wales for the miners, I say that strike is natural and justifiable, and is made in the interests of the community. It is not the working classes that must retrench. They have not got sufficient income to re-

trench, and to ask them to do so is a travesty on the facts you have to confront.

Let us turn to another and even more important point of view. The whole trend of trade unionism in the last thirty-five years has been to demand, in industry, a share of control. They say to the employers of labor that they do not own industry. That industry is not run for the benefit of the few. It is a certain phase of national activity by which a nation gets its livelihood. From the workers' standpoint your interest in industry is a sort of trusteeship which you must hold for the nation as a whole. You are not there for what you can put into your pocket. If I went into the question of the way in which munitions have been turned out in Great Britain, and it is no happier story in Canada, if you went into this question since the beginning of the war you would find man after man stating that he was doing it as a matter of "hard and cold business." This term was used by a leader of Canadian finance. The interests of the nation are at stake. The manufacturers of munitions do it as a matter of hard, cold business. How is it possible for the working class to believe that his interest in this war is the same as that of his employer? Does it not look to him as though the state is an engine to be manipulated at the will of the employing class? It seems to me that unless the state keeps a tight hand on the condition of industry that state of mind must occur. And then, at a certain point in the history of the war retired colonels on half pay begin to write to the papers, (usually the grandmother of our ancestral ideas, the Spectator, and other such periodicals), to the effect that if labor wont work it must be forced to work; that there must be conscription. We must have a conscript army, five million or seven millions big. Haven't these gentlemen any imagination? They evidently don't stop to consider how industry can be carried on if you draw five or seven millions of men from their specified work, from the manufacture of products, of the things which keep the country going, and they find to their amazement that the Annual Congress of Miners expressed their determination to oppose conscription if it is put into force. May I remind you of a little incident which took place in the history of British politics before August 1914, when the British Army refused, in terms of one of its most distinguished members, to do "the dirty work of the Liberal cabinet in regard to Ulster"? It has not refused to do

the equally "dirty work" of shooting down miners in Tonypandy. I can see no difference between strikers and the men of Ulster, and I say that the treatment meted out by the army to one must be meted out to the other if democracy is to mean anything at all. You would use the army in time of strike at the call of the capitalist, and your working man sees and he draws his own conconclusion—the inevitable conclusion that the army is a tool in the hands of the governing classes. He does not belong to the governing classes, and in a war he concludes that he is merely playing the game of the great capitalists, that in taking part in the war he gives them a superior weapon to make use of against his class at the close of the war.

Surely it is a bigger and a better thing to regard the workers as part of the nation. You want to take them into partnership. You want to show them that you understand that they have to share in the gain as well as the toil, and only under those conditions can the world become fair. You must realize that they are a part of the nation as well as yourselves; that they are animated by the same hopes, desires and ambitions as you are. The outlook in Great Britain in regard to labor seems to me as serious as it can well be. You must inevitably face the fact that there is going to be acute distress at the end of the war. What steps is the Government going to take to meet this? It is summed up in the admirable aphorism: "Cultivate the faculty of patient expectancy." And your workers will say: "We have cultivated that faculty so long that we have got tired of it." They will ask that labor shall no longer be regarded as a commodity, the cheapest in the game. They ask that beneath the laborer you see the human being, that beneath the laborer you see a palpitating soul that can be made use of in the community. What I object to is the talk that the laboring classes differ fundamentally from ourselves. You remember what Richard Baxter said when he saw a beggar on the street? "There, but for the grace of God, goes Richard Baxter." Surely it is well to bear in mind when you examine the careers of our Canadian millionaires, for instance, and study their lives, that it might well be said of the workers, "There, but for the grace of God and possibly a little influence at Ottawa, goes one of our Canadian millionaires." Take the working man into your confidence. While we have a political democracy in England and Canada we must have an industrial democracy as well.

Now we have an oligarchy of a few great men who control the whole of our industry. They control it ably, I grant you. They are men whom I would like to see in the service of the state, but that does not mean that they shall take the state and use it as a juggler would use balls. It means that you have got to go to the trade unions and recognize that they, with you, must run industry, and only on those terms and under those conditions can you make England stand as a unit against Germany. This I know, as everyone knows who has come into touch with the leaders of trade unionism in different parts of the Empire. You can then envision a world not unlike the world that one of the greatest of the men of the Nineteenth Century envisioned, I mean William Morris, you can then envision a world in which the distinction between capital and labor will have fallen on one side, a world in which harmony has become real.

Let me add one last word that seems to me the keynote on which we have to explain much of the present discontent.

A great labor leader dies, Mr. Keir Hardie, a man who has striven to do his best in the political life of his time. A great Canadian newspaper discusses the life of that man. It calls him rude, uncultivated, unpopular, mentions a lack of respect for him in the House of Commons, that the Government contemplated his arrest, and so forth. Every word is a lie. What is the working man to think of the esteem in which you hold him if that is the way you talk about one of his leaders? When he thinks that for the whole twelve months after the outbreak of the war he was confined to a bed of sickness and made no pronouncement, what do you imagine he thinks about this organ of the employing classes? Is this an honest thing to do? Cannot you understand why they are not one with the state? The laboring classes may be very stupid and blind to their own interests, they do not see as far as the employer sees; but I remember those words, those wonderful words of Sir Harry Vane on the scaffold, 250 years ago. "The people of to-day are asleep. When they wake they will be hungry." What will you give them when that hour dawns?

Surely if you go to them with hands outstretched and ask them for whatever they can give, and give them what they want in return, surely this will make for a bigger, finer and better England than even the England of which most of us have dreamed.

(November 22nd, 1915)

IRELAND'S ATTITUDE TO THE WAR

By PROF. HERBERT L. STEWART
(of Dalhousie)

I HAVE to thank you in no mere formal sense for the honor of this invitation. Since I came to Canada about a year and a half ago I have been much impressed by many things, but very especially by two. The first is the radiant hospitality which is everywhere shown to the stranger within your gates. Everyone understands that it is no small wrench for an Irishman to leave his native heath. His feelings at such a time have been immortalised by Thomas Campbell in lines of incomparable pathos, and those who have met with men of my race in any quarter of the globe agree that the poet has not exaggerated. But I found that the emigrant to Canada meets with a kindness to which I can pay no higher tribute than by calling it an "Irish Welcome", a welcome which makes him feel very quickly as one of yourselves, proud of his new citizenship, eager to enter into the common life, absorb the common traditions, share the common destiny of the Dominion. And the second thing that I have noticed is that here, more than anywhere else that I have lived, there is a general, an organised, and a sedulously fostered interest in debating public affairs. That I take to be an extremely good sign in a democratic community. Democracy has been nowhere better defined than in the old phrase "government by discussion." Without free discussion free institutions must fail; with it one dare not set a limit to what they may accomplish. In Canada, so far as I have been able to judge, a ready ear is lent to those who have, or believe that they have, anything to say. I sometimes feel that your patience towards speakers is even a little excessive. The worst thing about a good listener is that he stimulates the garrulous talker. But

even though there may be a touch of that curiosity in which they of old asked "What will this babbler say?"—at all events it is a fault that leans to virtue's side. Generous, eager, tolerant debate is the very lifeblood of a great community like ours.

Unfortunately, there is still only one public question around which we can allow our thoughts to revolve. Let me speak to you for a few minutes about one aspect of the war in which I feel a deep personal concern, because it touches the honor of that country which I have so recently left that I must still think of it as home.

What has Ireland's attitude been? What is her attitude at present to the war that is being waged in Europe? These questions are actually being treated in some quarters as if they were controversial. If the truth were realized every note of controversy would be drowned in thankfulness. But despite every assurance which Irish leaders have given, it is still being argued by a few that that country has not borne and is not willing to bear her due part of the tragic burden laid upon the Empire. We are told by omniscient prints from the other side of the Detroit that she is still divided into two hostile sections, whose co-operation has been effected only in name; that the party called Ulsterites has responded with alacrity to the call for recruits, while the larger party called Nationalists remains disloyal or apathetic, is furnishing only an insignificant handful of volunteers, and still cherishes the antipathy towards things British which it pretended a year ago to have laid aside. You will indulge me, I am sure, in just a few words of personal explanation which may make clear to you any title I may have to speak on the subject. I am an Ulster Protestant, but I am in complete sympathy with the long struggle that has been sustained by the mass of my fellow-Irishmen to secure the right of self-government. I have spent nearly all my life in the heart of the most Unionist part of Ulster, and if I have not caught the spirit of that district it has not been for want of hearing, from my childhood, the most copious exposition and the most rhetorical appeals. On the other hand I may claim, I think, to appreciate the spirit and temper of those in the south who, despite my natural sectarian prejudice, have convinced me of the reasonableness of their position. Let me say, then, that so far from finding Nationalism in any way inconsistent with imperial loyalty at this crisis, I should look upon any Nationalist who hesitated

or temporised as false to the deepest principles which his leaders have taught him to cherish.

I shall begin with a few hard facts which in a case like this should outweigh many pages of eloquence. Within the last few weeks the War Office has given us certain figures on the subject of recruiting.* Ireland has, roughly, 650,000 men eligible for military service. This estimate, I may point out, takes no account of those who might be medically rejected. There are,—or rather there were—some 650,000, fit and unfit, of the specified age. Out of these 650,000, 132,000 are to-day serving with the colors. Now I very much doubt whether England, Scotland or Wales could show a better proportion, for you must remember three things when attempting to understand this situation. All over the United Kingdom recruits have been obtained in a very much greater ratio from the large cities than from the country districts. It is right that it should be so. The farming class is the very last, excepting only the workers on munitions, which at such a time as this we could advantageously deflect from its regular employment. Consequently recruiting amongst the farmers was at first officially discouraged. Now something like 90% of the people of England are engaged in industry, while only 35% of the people of Ireland are—their occupation is agriculture. In the second place a quite exceptional proportion of Irishmen are invariably found in the ranks of the regular army or reserve during times of peace. This clearly narrows the area from which fresh recruits can be obtained to meet a special emergency, but you will not suggest that a race is shown to be disloyal by the readiness with which it enlists at all times in the service of the King. And the third thing we must remember is this. What the cause is I do not pretend to guess, but we have excellent authority for saying that something like 50% of those who actually offered themselves for service were rejected by the War Office. Whether the medical standard in Ireland was artificially high or whether the physique of my town-dwelling countrymen was unusually low I cannot tell. The facts are as stated, and observe that if you take account of these rejections, something like one in three of the eligible men within military age are found to have been willing for service.

*The figures of Irish recruiting given in this address are such as were available at the date (22nd November, 1915) on which it was delivered. They have since then been largely increased.

At all events Irishmen have the satisfaction of knowing that their patriotism is appreciated by the best of all judges. A few weeks ago, Lord Kitchener, wrote that Ireland is entitled to a full share of credit for the exploits on the field and that her response to the appeal for men has been "magnificent."

The force of these considerations is confirmed when we look at certain facts of the present recruiting campaign. Out of 82,000 fresh volunteers we are told that some 37,000 are Protestant while not more than 45,000 are Catholic, and those who draw inferences from statistics printed in the newspapers have not been slow to assure us that this shows proportionately a much more fervent patriotism in one creed than in another. It is taken for granted that the religious division corresponds accurately to the political division. It corresponds much more significantly to the division between the industrial and agricultural classes, for the so-called Ulsterites happen to be massed in cities and large towns while the Nationalists are to a great extent located in rural Ireland. If you concentrate your attention on towns with a population of 5,000 and upwards what do you find? That, although the proportion of catholics to protestants in Ireland is three to one, the proportion in these towns is barely three to two.

Now ought the farmer, who in many cases, in most cases, is almost single handed on his holding, ought he to have abandoned this very essential work? Do you find this being done by the farmers of Alberta and Manitoba or of any of the great grain-growing parts of Canada? Have we not been told that patriotism means production and that the man holding the plough is serving his country just as much as the man wearing the uniform? At all events the reasons that have weighed with the southern agriculturists have weighed equally with the agriculturists of the north! Any Irish newspaper will tell you, sometimes as a reproach, sometimes as a fact, that the farming class has come forward in small numbers. It is inevitable, however, that that part of Ireland which is predominantly agricultural, should appear at an unfair disadvantage in the statistical tables of volunteers. Moreover, if you look at the southern towns, intensely Redmondite in politics, I venture to say there are some which came very near to winning the blue ribbon for enlistment against all competitors in the Empire. Take Wexford for instance. The population is something like 12,000 or under that. 2,000 volunteers have gone from Wexford.

I think there must be very few people left except the maimed, the halt and the blind. Clonmel, in the heart of Nationalist Tipperary has got a record not much less creditable than Wexford. Dublin, so Nationalist in its politics that a Unionist candidate would be very slow to challenge an election, has recently added to its contribution five battalions of Fusiliers. Mr. Redmond can boast that his own constituency of Waterford is unsurpassed in its contribution. And Cork, so-called rebel Cork,—well, he will be a bold man who will speak of "rebel" Cork again.

Now you are probably aware that within the last sixty years Ireland has lost four million people by emigration. She has been well called "a country bleeding to death." Of those who since—let us say—1895 left her shores through lack of employment or lack of prospect, a very large proportion are now of military age. Many people speak of these emigrants as going forth with hatred of England in their breasts. About the state of mind with which they left I offer no opinion; I am concerned with their state of mind to-day. At all events there is no doubt about this, that the great majority of them belonged to the party of Mr. Redmond. Many of them went to Liverpool, to Glasgow, to Dundee, or to similar large cities in Great Britain. Ask any Unionist candidate there how he judges these men's politics; he will tell you that he expects them to vote *en masse* as Mr. Redmond and Mr. O'Connor direct. How do they stand in the matter of volunteering? We find that no fewer than 115,000 Irish, living in Great Britain, have joined the colors. And if we take into account those of Irish extraction who have gone to the front from the dominions overseas, we get a grand total of at least three hundred thousand of Irish blood who are staking their lives for the Empire to-day. Mr. William Redmond puts it as high as four hundred thousand. Now nothing is more distasteful than to begin to classify these brave men upon the basis of that opinion regarding domestic politics which they may hold in time of peace. Such differences are buried in a blessed oblivion so far as those in the Flemish trenches are concerned. It is unfortunate that they are not so buried for those party critics who remain at home, apparently in order that the correspondence columns of the press may not lack material. But I think I have said enough to show that any attempt to monopolize loyalty by one section as against another finds no support in the recruiting statistics.

Mr. Redmond's salutary influence has not been limited to providing actual recruits. He has given, indeed, his own son to the King's service, and perhaps a man's sincerity after that requires no fuller attestation. But he has exerted himself. in other ways which have meant a great deal to our cause That invaluable authority—the tourist—comes back from Connemara or Donegal and tells us that little enthusiasm is being shown by most of the people with whom he has conversed. But he omits to tell us that there is not an elected body, rural council, urban council, poor-law board or city corporation, from Antrim to Cork, which has not declared itself in emphatic terms on the British side. There has, indeed, been here and there a meeting of discontented Laborites, and there has been here and there a newspaper which the Government had to suppress, as they suppressed the Unionist *Globe* in London the other day. But to anyone who knows as I do the utter insignificance of the men whose names are trumpeted as chiefs of Irish sedition, the interest they sometimes attract would be comic if it were not exasperating. Believe me, Sir Roger Casement has about the same weight with the Irish people at home as he had with those Irish prisoners in Berlin whom he urged to renounce their allegiance, and from whom he was with difficulty rescued by the bayonets of Prussian Guards. He and his like, so far from being spokesmen of Nationalism, have been for years among those leaders of faction by whom the Irish Parliamentary party has been incessantly troubled.

But perhaps the most powerful service which Mr. Redmond has rendered to the Empire remains to be noticed. How much has it meant to us in this struggle that ninety per cent of the Irish in the United States are on our side! Think of the problem of munitions. Think of those days in which no man could feel sure how far the German-American influence might tell upon President Wilson. Think of what the reinforcement of Count Bernstorff and Dr. Dernburg at the hands of a hostile and highly organized Irish party might have effected. The reconciliation of the Irish at home has deprived Germany of one priceless weapon on which she assuredly counted among the Irish abroad.

And now, having made clear some facts about what has been done, I come to the question of motive. It is a pity that this too should have been raised; so far as I am aware no slur upon the

motives which actuate the Ulstermen has ever been cast from the National side. I hold in my hand the *Irish Independent*—by far the most influential of the Nationalist newspapers. It contains a speech by Mr. Redmond. An interrupter is reported as asking—evidently to raise a sneer, "What about Carson's army?" Mr. Redmond replies, "Pray do not introduce those topics. But I will answer that question. Carson's army is at the front at the present moment. I am certain they will acquit themselves like brave Irishmen, and my only hope is that they may find themselves fighting shoulder to shoulder with their Nationalist and Catholic fellow-countrymen." That is the attitude of every Home Ruler worthy of the name. We give all honor to the brave men of the north, who have come forward in such magnificent numbers, and impelled, we doubt not, by the highest purpose. How they feel towards us just now we neither know nor care. Our thoughts follow them all alike to the trenches, in the sure confidence that they will do their duty, and in the earnest hope for their glorious return. But we are told that so far as the south is concerned there is some dishonorable *arrière penseé*, some cunning opportunism, that the Nationalist wants Home Rule and thinks it good policy to win English gratitude, or again that he is fighting not for England, but for his co-religionists in Belgium and in France.

Now it requires a very ardent opportunism indeed to make men offer their lives. You remember the American who argued against life insurance on the ground that it was "a game which one must die in order to win." Policy will make you intrigue, it will make you agitate, it will make you affect sentiments that are insincere; but it will stop a long way short of the final sacrifice. Moreover, an unworthy motive should not be alleged when an obvious and a noble motive is staring you in the face. Of those general considerations about justice, about public law, about fidelity to treaties I shall say only this, that they are just as potent on one side of the Channel as on the other. But I can discern at least two special motives, rooted in the very heart of Irish Nationalism, motives which belong to the Nationalist in a way which they do not belong to the Unionist, motives which must call and which have called the Nationalist to the standard of the Allies.

The first of these is, if you will, a sentimental motive; but remember I am speaking of Celts, Celts whose life is governed

by the imagination quite as much as it is governed by the reason. The Nationalist thinks of that small people, hemmed in by gigantic neighbors, forced to rely for its very existence upon another's good faith, a peace-loving people, industrious, aiming at no aggression, cherishing the memory of its past, anxious only to be left alone as it keeps its own ways, develops its own life, pursues its own ideals. He thinks of the overmastering empire on its border line, an empire that believes in nothing but force, that is bound by no promise and reverences no law. He sees the weaker mercilessly assailed, yet heroically defending its nationhood. And his thought goes back to the blood-stained past of his own country; he recalls her indomitable spirit, how against enormous odds and through incessant suffering Ireland saved alive her national soul. In the garrison that held Liége he sees the spiritual kinsmen of those who were cut to pieces at Vinegar Hill; in King Albert he salutes another Sarsfield; in the Belgian people, preferring death to dishonor, he recognizes the same quenchless nationality for which Irish patriots have labored, minstrels have sung, and martyrs have died.

Let me remind you that this is not the first occasion when, on the stricken battlefields of the Continent, Irish chivalry has gone forth in a similar cause. It is not the first time that in a quarrel not their own my countrymen have tried conclusions with Prussian barbarity

As Frederick the Great pursued that system of conscienceless aggression which his successors have so faithfully maintained it was a volunteer Irish Brigade which formed the flower of the arm that resisted him. "A wall of red bricks," Frederick called them when he had proved their mettle on the plain of Rosbach. And when the French king complained of their turbulence in time of peace, exclaiming "My Irish troops give more trouble than all the rest of my army." their pert colonel replied: "Sire, your Majesty's enemies say just the same." Was it an idle fancy which made a Nationalist speaker some months ago bid his audience bethink themselves of the great days of the old brigade, and feel that the tramp of the Irish regiments is heard with delight by the spirits of those heroic ancestors whose bones lie whitening beneath their feet? And the other reason which makes Nationalism vibrate to the call is the thought that Great Britain which, in the old dark days of long ago, days that we so gladly forget, had to

be looked upon as the foe of our national spirit, has now become that spirit's liberator and champion. Even twenty years ago, Ireland would not have dreamed of doing as she has done to-day, In the times of coercion, in the times of distrust, in the times when British leaders preached Imperialism towards Ireland which differed very little from the Imperialism of Prussia towards the Poles, then indeed the sinister principle was held "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity." Contrast that dictum of O'Connell with Mr. Redmond's ringing appeal for volunteers, and you have an object lesson in the science of government. You have the same in South Africa, where the gift of Home Rule has made General Botha's commandoes fight not against us but for us. "England," said Mr. Redmond, "has kept faith with us; it is for us to keep faith with her." The Home Rule Act of 1914 has become a veritable covenant of union. In the strength of that Great Britain can look the whole world in the face and declare that her zeal for small peoples has given its pledge of genuineness at home. The touch of generosity has been answered with a whole heart.

Gentlemen, Ireland, like every other part of the Empire, has many a nerve yet to brace, and many a sinew yet to strain. It is to her credit, I think, that volunteering has steadily increased in volume as the urgency of the case has become better realized. The sad cortège of the Lusitania's dead, which passed through the streets of Queenstown was the most effective recruiting appeal ever addressed to an Irish audience. Whatever a slanderous tongue may insinuate, the heart of that romantic country still beats true to every call that comes in the sacred cause of mercy and freedom. But, while we are confident that she will do a great deal more, we, to whom Ireland's name is precious, feel proud that she has already done so much. We are proud to know that in the greatest struggle that has ever been joined for the liberties of the world, men of Irish birth or blood have been judged worthy of high places in direction and in command. We are proud of Sir John French, and Sir David Beatty, and Sir Bryan Mahon, and many others whose names will live forever in the record of this thrilling time. We lay the wreath of his country's admiration on the grave of the great Field Marshal, among the first to bid the Empire gird up its loins for the fight that had to come, and who died—as he would, I am sure have wished—within

sound of the guns, bidding the regiments he had so often led to prove again worthy of their traditions and of their cause. We are proud no less of the humble rank and file, who have gone from the shipyards of Belfast, from the factories of Dublin, from the white homesteads of Connaught and Munster. And we are proud most of all of those who lie buried on the plains of France or Belgium, in a grave that has no name and no monument, but who are themselves the memorial of an Irish chivalry that never failed and an Irish courage that never faltered. The whole British brotherhood has given and is giving of its best; let us trust that in those differences which must arise in time of peace we shall never weaken the bond that has been forged in the ordeal of war, but that we shall keep in the days to come that breadth of mind, that singleness of purpose, that charity of spirit, in which our heroes stood by one another in the days that are gone."

(November 29th, 1915)

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN CONNECTION WITH THE WAR

By THE HON. R. H. BRAND

WHEN I got the invitation to speak to the Canadian Club here, I determined to accept it, because I think that the more mutual understanding there is between England and Canada at this moment the better. Besides, if any Englishman comes out from England and thinks that perhaps he appreciates what is happening in England a little more vividly than can be done in Canada, it is his duty to hand on that information and knowledge to Canada, so that people here may know what is happening there, and that both countries together can work together to prosecute the war with the greatest energy. I would like also to state, as I am out here (I came out with Mr. Hichens) to do some work in regard to munitions, that all the opinions I express to-day on the financial situation are purely personal and not official in any way.

I think the best way I can begin is by giving you a few figures. Some of the figures I shall give no doubt you know, but they are worth while repeating. We have already raised by loan in England, by treasury bills and loans of one kind or another, about six thousand million dollars up to date. Our daily expenditure now is at the rate of twenty-five million dollars a day more or less, and that means an annual expenditure of nine thousand million dollars a year. Our normal revenue is about a thousand million dollars a year, and we have now further taxation imposed upon us, which when it comes into full force is I believe estimated

just to double our revenue; that is, to produce another thousand million dollars a year. That means that we shall have two thousand million dollars to meet an expenditure of nine thousand million dollars, and the balance, seven thousand million dollars we have got to raise by loan in one way or another. These figures are very easy to roll off and it is almost impossible when you get used to them to realize how stupendous they are. But I can put the thing one or two ways which will bring home to you the terrific amount of debt we are creating in England. Canada has just raised a domestic war loan, which I believe has been a great success, for fifty million dollars. That would last in England now just forty-eight hours at our present rate of expenditure, Canada has about eight million people and Great Britain about forty-eight million. On the basis of population and if you were assumed to be as rich per head as we are, you would be lending annually about eleven hundred and fifty million dollars, or just your present loan of fifty million dollars about every sixteen days. I can put it another way. Statisticians usually state that England's national income, that is of the people not the Government, is about eleven thousand million dollars. The Government's expenditure alone is nine thousand million dollars. Therefore the Government as you will see is spending practically at the rate of our whole national income. You will understand that with figures like these it is very difficult to raise the money and pursue always the soundest financial policy. Our difficulties in England are added to when you realize that we have to find an enormous amount of money for our allies. The amount we are raising for our allies is about equal to keeping three million men in the field, and you can realize how this adds to our burdens. The question is how long and whether we can continue this rate of expenditure absolutely indefinitely. You often hear it said that this war is a war of exhaustion and that the strongest nation in the matter of resources will win, and on the other hand you often hear it said that no nation has been stopped from fighting by the need of money. There is some truth in both of these assertions, and the real truth seems to me that it is not money, but the actual things that you produce in your country that sees you through; because you do not make war with bank notes or bank deposits but with shells, guns, food and clothes and everything that we use. The nation that can produce within its own borders everything

that it wants not only in connection with the war but for its civil population, that nation would never have to stop fighting because it cannot find money, as long as it believes in its Government and will take its Government's I.O.U.'s. The Government will either pay this way for supplies or will take them, and the war will go on. You can see this through all of history. Take the French Revolution or the Civil War in the United States or the peculiar instance lately in Mexico. They went on for a good long time without very much money. Some statesman has said, I think it was Bismarck, "If you find me the printing press I will find you the money." That really is the condition in England and in all the belligerent countries to-day. But there is a considerable difference between the country that is self-sufficing and the country that is not. If you go to buy things abroad you have to pay for those things and your printing press is no good there. You have to pay for them in actual goods, in things of real value, either by way of securities, exports, gold or something. The British treasury bill which is very useful to get things in England is not good outside of England; therefore in England if we have a huge foreign expenditure to meet we have to consider very seriously how to meet it. In normal times our annual production is estimated to be eleven thousand million dollars and we annually consume nine thousand million and we have something over. The war changes your national income and consumption in a very remarkable way. First of all you have three million men who are the chief wealth producers, under arms and not producing anything at all; and although we have made up in lots of ways by the employment of women and boys we have not quite caught up. Perhaps our production of wealth is reduced say to ten thousand million dollars, or by ten per cent. Then the wealth we are producing is something different in kind to a great extent, because we have turned on fifty per cent. or more of our productive capacity to the making of munitions of war of all kinds. Let us say we are producing, I don't know what out of our total expenditure for munitions, but I will take a shot at it and say five thousand million dollars. That leaves a balance of production of wealth of five thousand million dollars, which is all that we have to meet the whole of the needs of our people, which in ordinary years amount to nine thousand million dollars. We are therefore short of actual goods, wealth produced, if I am right,

about four million dollars, and we have either to go short or make it up. I think it is no wonder, seeing this is so, that prices are rapidly going up, and at the same time we find it very difficult to cut down our expenses. This shortage can only be made up by producing a great deal more, which is very difficult; or by economizing a great deal, cutting down our consumption; or out of our capital. As to our capital, you can only live on your capital in this way to the extent that it is liquid, and you can consume it. First of all you can stop spending anything on what might be called the upkeep of your natural resources. We have been in the habit of spending about a thousand million dollars per year in this way. You can stop that and save that money, but you cannot go on very long in this way because you will stop production altogether. Apart from that you can only meet this shortage either by selling all your foreign securities or by sending out your gold or lastly by borrowing. That brings me to the question of England's foreign indebtedness, which is by far the most important problem facing us at this time, and one to which I really wish to call your special attention. I shall give you a few figures again just to show you the size of the problem.

We in England, can import about 750 million dollars more than we export; and in addition to that we can lend to Canada and other nations about a thousand million dollars a year. We can do that because in addition to our exports we have what is called our invisible exports; that is, the interest we receive on our huge foreign investment, the fares which we charge other nations for carrying their goods on our ships, our banking and other commissions, etc. Those are generally estimated to amount to seventeen hundred and fifty million dollars, and by this method we make both ends meet. The situation is quite different now. Our imports are exceeding our exports, owing to the fact that we cannot produce enough, the men being at war, under arms or making munitions. Our imports are exceeding our exports by something like two thousand millions per year instead of seven hundred and fifty million. That figure as far as I can make out does not include any purchases through the British Government itself or the Governments of the Allies, and I have only the slightest idea what they are; but let me assume that Great Britain is buying from foreign nations say one thousand

million dollars a year, two hundred million sterling. That is only a shot at the figure. Then she is lending also to foreign nations, as far as that figure is known, over four hundred million sterling. That means that her total excess over her exports is something in the neighborhood of five thousand million dollars. You can deduct from that the figure I gave you of interest on foreign investment, freight, banking commissions, etc., which possibly this year is more than it was last, say two thousand million dollars, and that leaves a shortage, if I am anything like right, from the normal balance sheet of about three thousand million dollars which somehow we have to meet. Well, as I said before you can only meet that out of your capital. There is nothing else for you to meet it out of, and your capital you can only use to the extent it is liquid and to the extent securities are saleable to other nations. This is the way we have been meeting our enormous foreign indebtedness for the last fifteen months. We have been meeting it somehow and we shall go on meeting it somehow. We shall have to sell our foreign securities. We are also, as you are no doubt aware, sending out a large amount of gold; and if we cannot meet this condition any other way we shall have to go to the United States or anybody else that will lend us money and borrow.

This situation of course lays great burdens on the British people, because not only are they getting rid of their capital, but the result of course is to send exchanges against them and make them pay more for everything they import. Prices have gone up about thirty or forty per cent. and that is a great additional burden. If we are to keep within bounds and keep prices down, the result must be that we shall have to purchase as little as possible from outside England; we must make ourselves as absolutely self-sufficing as we can. This applies not only to England but to France, Russia, Italy, Greece if she comes into the war, and all the other allies, and if we buy abroad we must buy from the people who will lend us money, because we have to get supplies of munitions and that will be the easiest way of getting them.

You may think from what I have said to-day that I have ignored the fact that it is not Great Britain that is at war, it is the British Empire, and that there is no other State in the world, except possibly the United States, which has anything like the

material resources and wealth to conduct a war of this kind thus far. We can find within the British Empire everything we want, and the potential resources at any rate of the British Empire are inexhaustible, and if we can only direct those resourecs to the war there is no reason why we should not go on indefinitely. But there are difficulties in the way. It is not as if the wealth of the British Empire were in a central reservoir out of which the British Government could draw all it needs. There is Canada, Australia, England, and all the other component parts of the Empire whose Governments must pump the wealth out of that reservoir and use it for the purposes of the war. The British Government buys from its own country practically on credit. It either takes the money out of your pocket by taxation or it makes you lend what you have left, and in that way it really buys all these goods on credit. When it goes outside it has to buy for cash and that cash has to be found somehow. That really brings me to the last section of what I want to say, which is whether or not Canada can possibly do anything to help, so far as finance is concerned, and in referring to that question as an Englishman I naturally cannot express any definite opinion. I have only a sort of speaking acquaintance with Canadian finance, and I really have not any adequate knowledge of the burdens in the way of expenditures which Canada has incurred or is going to incur in the course of the next year. I quite realize what Canada's difficulties are. In the first place she is not like Great Britain; she has not a great source of wealth in her foreign investments, which are very large in the case of Great Britain. She is a debtor country and not a creditor, and she has to find a large sum of interest every year to pay on her debts. Her expenditure is growing rapidly owing to the war and she has to meet next year a very heavy expenditure to pay for all the men she is sending over to fight for the Empire in France. In the third place, one quite realizes that Canada's wealth is not liquid to nearly the same extent as Great Britain's wealth is. In an old country we have within our boundaries a great deal more of liquid wealth than in Canada where everybody puts their money in some development or other, and lastly and very important it is, you have not been able yet to develop a sort of machinery of credit which we have in England to anything like the same extent. You have not a Central Reserve Bank or discount market or Treasury Bill system. I happened to see

in the Times yesterday that for the last week Great Britain had raised 150 million dollars in treasury bills. That is quite impossible here. We, in England, now have a system by which you can take a very large amount out of the pockets of the people without their knowing anything about it. In Canada that is not so and that makes a great deal of difference. The Government has got to get cash as it goes along, but there is an encouraging side to the picture, too, because as I understand there has been a great change in Canada's position in the last two years. She has changed over from being a debtor nation to being a creditor nation. She has now quite a considerable balance in her favor in her foreign trade, and therefore she is in a much better financial position now than she was even a year ago. Unlike England, which is dissipating her liquid capital, and necessarily so, Canada is increasing hers, and I think that Canada has even greater wealth than her people suppose. I felt quite sure from my experience in England that this domestic war loan would be a tremendous success but I met some people who were somewhat doubtful. I gather that it has been a success, and Canadians did, as Englishmen did, respond when the nation asked for their money. I have been studying the bank deposits of this country, and bank deposits are not a bad indication of wealth, and I notice that the bank deposits of Canada are now twelve hundred million dollars as against in Great Britain something like five thousand million dollars, therefore your deposits are one-fourth or one-fifth of ours. In view of all this, it may be possible for the financial brains of Canada to devise some way, only within her means, of assisting in the direction of paying for supplies which England gets from Canada, whatever they are, by advancing us credit temporarily. Canada has already been entering upon new financial fields with her domestic loans, and all the belligerents have experienced that lending money grows easier and easier as they go along. In England we started with a loan of three hundred and fifty millions and now we think nothing of six hundred millions sterling, and Germany thinks nothing of three thousand millions of dollars; and now that Canada has started she may find the same thing in her case, that it will become easier. I see in the papers today that a meeting of bankers is to be held in this city and I hope the matter will be fully considered there. I think that Canada is exceptionally favored in having a Finance

Minister who is thoroughly acquainted with the questions of International finance and international banking and foreign exchange. They are not so very easy to understand sometimes. Even in banking circles I have met people who did not thoroughly understand these questions. Now I know the matter is going to be taken up here, and I am sure that England is going to receive from Canada whatever help Canada can consistently give, considering her large burdens. Therefore, I think we can all face the future with optimism, because, as I have said, the resources of the British Empire are absolutely inexhaustible. Therefore, I am certain that however it is done, some means will be found of bringing these resources into play towards the actual consummation of victory. I think that nothing is more important than that every Englishman and every Canadian should make those resources as great as possible, that we should produce as much as we possibly can of wealth and have the least possible consumption, the greatest possible saving, so that the resources that remain over after we have provided for our own wants shall be as large as possible to help our friends in the trenches.

(Monday, December 6th, 1915)

EXPERIENCES AT THE FRONT

By BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. S. MEIGHEN

I CERTAINLY never dreamed that I would ever be called upon to address this Club, for the reason which I suppose is the reason I have been called to address you to-day, having been on active service. If anybody had predicted such a thing a couple of years ago I would have thought they were lunatics. But fate plays strange tricks sometimes. My good second in command, Colonel Burland, whom you probably all know, and myself, we used to sit and talk it over sometimes, overseas, and think of the strange turn of events that led the two of us, representing the two most peaceable trades in the world, flour milling and paper manufacturing, to be away over across the ocean in France, trying to kill as many Germans as possible. However, there we were, and if that is the reason I have been called to address you here to-day, or whatever the reason may be, I am very glad to be here and address this Club.

What I propose to do is to try and give you a little idea of the life led on the other side by the First Canadian Division after we arrived in France. I will pass over in silence Salisbury Plains. When we first arrived in France the order was first an inspection, or usually two or three, by some of the big generals, from Sir John French down; and they must have been pleased with our looks because we had not been there more than a week before they sent us into the trenches. Sir John French when he inspected the Third Brigade said: "Well, if you can fight as well as you look I am sorry for the Germans." We were all certainly in the pink of condition physically. After these inspections they put us into the trenches. At first we went in with some British troops, alternately; one round for us, one for them, and so forth. They

went on duty for three or four days and then we went on duty for the same length of time; and our trench duty must have pleased them too, because a week later we were sent in on our own, going in at a place called Fleurbaix, near Neuve Chapelle. We had all thought that we had a pretty good mental idea of what trenches looked like before we went to France, but I venture to say that not one man in a hundred had really got any true idea of what they were. We imagined a hole in the ground where we could get down. It was not so at this place. The front line trench is built up of sand bags, that is strong jute bags filled with earth and piled up to a height usually seven feet, so that the men inside will be safe, when standing upright, from bullets. The thickness is such that a rifle bullet is not supposed to penetrate. However, that is not always the case. The top row was not always bullet-proof and we lost a number of men in that way. In front of these trenches were the famous barbed wire entanglements of which you have all heard so much, and I venture to say that if it had not been for these barbed wire entanglements in front of the German trenches we would have been across the Rhine by this time. It is simply murder and it cannot be done, to send men across these entanglements until they have been dealt with. They thought of giving us some wire cutters, but that was useless. Then they took up the idea of hammering it with shells, and that is effective. It knocks the wire to pieces and it is no obstacle after that, the men can get over easily. From these front line trenches of course we have to do a certain amount of shooting, and so there are loopholes in these trenches and we fire through those. Those loopholes are of course very necessary. A man cannot get up and look over the parapet and then fire. If he did two or three times would finish him, although some bold spirits would sometimes take a chance when the officers were not looking and fire over the parapet. Night is the dangerous time in the trenches; at least it always feels that way, although it really is not so, because since the introduction of gas the Germans never attack at night. At night they cannot see what the gas is doing or where it is going. However, in order to guard against surprise at night we had what are called flarers. This is like a sky-rocket and is fired up in the air where it remains for some little time, sending out a strong white light which lights up the surrounding country. When one of these flarers was sent up, anybody who

had gone out in front of the trenches had to stand still and make the Germans think he was the trunk of a tree, or else lie down as quickly as possible, or attempt to get back to the trench. Some of us got down very flat. How did men get out in front of the trenches? Well, every night, at a certain hour, we sent out patrols. The men were asked to volunteer for this service, and I may say that we never had any lack of volunteers. These men would get out and crawl along as close as they could get to the German trenches, listening there and getting all the information they could. Of course the Germans did the same to us. The two patrol parties were very careful how they got on with each other, because if they saw one another and raised an alarm there would be small chance of either of them getting home again. I am sure there must have been many times when they passed pretty close, but they left one another severely alone. These patrols sometimes did very good work and brought us in some very valuable information. I heard of one or two occasions where men even got under the wire, getting right up to the German trench and throwing bombs in.

Another instrument we had in the trenches of which you have no doubt heard much was the periscope. This was an arrangement of mirrors, set at such an angle that you could put it up at the top of the trench and see what was going on outside. This would be most useful in civil life, I should think, as it is in military life!

Of course you will understand that the front line trench was really not accessible in daylight. The Germans very often had their trenches at a higher elevation than ours and men moving out of the front line trench could be plainly seen by them and fired on. So we had to have communication trenches stretching back from the front line. These communicating trenches ran zigzag. The reason for this was that if the trench had run back in a straight line from the front line trench, and if there had been a German sniper who could see down that trench, it could not be used; but when the trench ran zigzag, the men going through would be out of the range of vision and gun after the first curve was passed, just taking an occasional risk. These communication trenches ran back as far as necessary until we got behind some shelter that shut us off completely from the view of the enemy, then we went about our business. The communication trench

was not built above ground. I should have explained that the front line trench was built above ground because in Flanders if you dig down a foot you strike water and a front line trench dug in that way would have been almost impossible from the standpoint of health and even comparative comfort. But the communication trenches were dug and they usually filled with water a foot deep, so you had to splash through as best you could. There was only a short distance between the two front line trenches, ours and the enemy's. The closest I saw was at St. Julien, where it was only thirty yards. If you measure off thirty yards on the ground and look at it it does not seem very far. Sometimes it was fifty, seventy-five, and the greatest distance was four hundred yards.

The system of feeding the men in the trenches was very good indeed. The rations were brought in at night in wagons stopping a few miles behind the lines, coming as close as they could with safety, and when they got to a point that was no longer safe the rations were unloaded there and parties from the trenches went down and carried them back. This was all done at night. Water had to be brought in in the same way. The water question over there was a serious one because the water was not fit to drink and we had to get chlorinated water brought from a distance back and passed by the Sanitary Officer. The mail was also delivered at night with the rations and it was quite wonderful to read the Montreal Star, or Herald, or Gazette, there, with the Germans a few yards distance, standing up in the trenches on watch. One officer received a registered letter in the trenches but he could not go on a spree with it as there was positively no way of spending money. Too much praise cannot be given to the Army Postal Service, and the Army Service Corps for the way they handled supplies, and any of you who are sending anything of the sort to the men at the front can be quite sure that they will get there safely. I can tell you too that anything you may send them is very much appreciated, especially cigarettes and tobacco, in spite of the good ladies who do not approve of such things.

The feature of communication was also wonderfully handled by means of the telephone. Each company commander had a telephone in his private quarters to the battalion headquarters, which might be, two, three or five hundred yards behind. From

the battalion headquarters the telephone communication reached back to the brigade headquarters, and from that to the divisional headquarters, where the officer in charge could hear in five minutes, anything that was happening at the Canadian front. It was impossible to use the flag system, because as soon as a man showed himself the Germans would make a target of him.

The tour of duty in the trenches was three or four days. That was the average length of time you stayed in the trenches. We were never sorry when the time came for us to get out, except in one case when the trenches were so comfortable that the officers and men would much rather have stayed there. However, another regiment wanted to get possession so we had to move. Behind that particular line of trenches was a tremendous big brewery or distillery which had been abandoned and was not working. That explains something.

After we left the trenches we went back in to what are called billets. The system is this: they take a certain area and allot it to a regiment. It may be a village or several big farms. The houses are divided up among the companies of the regiment. The men get the outbuildings, stables, etc., and the officers usually get a room or two in the houses. You just take possession. The poor people have to give it up to you, they are obliged to take you in. There is usually plenty of clean straw available and the men are very comfortable. When the billets were a good distance behind the firing line the roofs were usually intact, but sometimes when the billets were closer to the firing line the roofs had been destroyed and then the question was one purely of good luck as to whether the weather would be good or not. I remember one billet in particular that was anything but comfortable. The roofs of the houses had caved in, and all the surrounding area having been abandoned, the glass was out of the windows. We found some straw in a corner of one house and we did the best with that; but some infernal artilleryman had put his battery right outside our windows (we were close to the firing line) and took a fancy to get a whack at the Germans every little while, and we could not get any sleep. These poor people in the billets have had soldiers forced on them for the last sixteen months and cannot call their homes their own. I would just like to have Canadians imagine what they would feel like if you had to give up your houses in Westmount or St. Lambert say to the

Germans or French or any soldier who came along, get out of your rooms and let them do as they please. You could not protest. You would not like it very much, I imagine. These poor people have had this for sixteen months. They get paid for it. They get the really magnificent sum of one cent a day per man, and I think the officers pay 2 cents, although why the officers should pay more I don't know. Of course they do not have to furnish anything in the way of food, simply shelter as it were. In some cases the people were exceedingly nice. In one billet they gave us good clean sheets and bedding, and this was an experience we had not had for some time.

The men have a good time in the billets. We cut down the duties as far as we possibly can and give them as much rest and time for amusement as is possible. They amuse themselves with football and swimming, and they have introduced into Flanders the famous American game of baseball. They also took up some of the local sports so to speak. One of the chief of the local amusements there is something forbidden by law in this country—cock fighting. Over there the law is much more advanced than here and they allow that sort of thing. I remember hearing an amusing incident in connection with this sport. We are told that the first thing to do when we get into a tight corner is to dig ourselves in, that is, dig a hole in the ground and take shelter there. Well, two of our companies were having a cock fight and one of the birds was getting the worst of it. He ran away to one corner of the ring, or whatever they call it, and began excitedly scratching up the earth, and one of the wags of the company shouted: "Look, he's digging himself in." The men did not have too bad a time on the whole. The worst feature was this. We would be sent into billets five or ten miles behind the firing line, and perhaps not have half an hour there before a message would arrive ordering us to be ready to move at five minutes' notice. That state of suspense was often kept up the whole time we were in that particular billet. It did not give your nerves much rest.

The food the men got was excellent, quite good enough for anybody. The officers and men lived on the same food, and there was plenty of it and it was good.

I would like to say a few words about the Army Medical service over there. It could not have been better. The way the

men were looked after and treated from the moment they were wounded until they were sent to the hospitals in England was simply splendid. You know wounded men could not be taken out of the trenches in daylight and they would often have to lie ten or twelve hours in the trenches with wounds. When a man is wounded the wound has to be dressed immediately because the soil is so full of germs over there that it is necessary to disinfect at once, so when a man was wounded a first aid dressing was immediately applied and then they waited until night, and the pain the men endured was rather terrible, but they stood it very bravely. At night they were carried out by the stretcher bearers to the Field Hospital Dressing Station. Their wounds were there looked at and if necessary the dressing altered, and then the motor ambulance took them back to the Clearing Houses where the cases were divided into the more serious and the slight cases, one sent to one hospital one to another. The men were looked after most magnificently, and too much cannot be said in praise of the doctors who looked after them. The first V.C. to be given to a Canadian officer, if not to a doctor of the whole Imperial Army in France, was given to Dr. Scrimger, of my battalion. I would also like to tell you that the first special conduct medal was won by a stretcher bearer of my battalion, Private Drake. The thing for which he got the medal was this. One of our men wandered out behind the trench line. The Germans shot him when they saw him. Drake went out to get him. He also was shot, but he crawled on his hands and knees to him and stayed there and helped him until some of our fellows could get out and bring them both in.

It might be of interest to tell you something about some of the battles, so-called, although a modern battle and one of long ago are two entirely different things. The battle of Neuve Chapelle was the first we saw there. The Canadian Division was right alongside, about 1½ miles from Neuve Chapelle. In spite of what you have heard over here, the very sensational account of the Canadians taking part in that battle, no Canadian fired a rifle shot or used a bayonet, and this I can vouch for. My battalion was the nearest of all to the battle, and although we had orders to take part in it under certain circumstances we never got nearer than that. I know that one Canadian private had filled a correspondent full of rubbish about how the Canadians

had bayoneted so many Germans, and so forth. Well, we saw the artillery beginning their fire. Three hundred and fifty guns were concentrated on the village of Neuve Chapelle. It was something terrible to see these bursting shells over the village. Another officer and myself climbed up a hay rick to get a good view of events and we had only been there a few minutes when we felt some bullets whizzing around us and we both made for the ladder. I think the other officer fell down first and I fell on top of him. When we got to the bottom we crawled away, and we did not attempt to get any better view again.

At that battle the forward gain was, I think, 1,200 yards, and the frontage was 2,500 yards. That cost 20,000 lives. I do not know what the proportion of officers and men was, but that was the total casualties. The reason was this. It was a breakdown of communication. The whole thing was to be run on a scheduled time. The front line assault was timed for a certain hour and it was figured that it would take say fifteen minutes to carry that line; say the first at 10:00, the second at 10:15 and so on, until they got their objective. The trouble was at a certain time the artillery was to fire on the first line and then lift to the second, and so on. The whole distance was carried in about fifteen minutes, instead of the time calculated. The officers could not get communication back to the artillery and they were firing on their own infantry all the time. This sort of thing is hard to avoid, and that was the real cause of the failure of that attack, because it did not result in what was aimed for. The wires were broken and nobody knew what was going on at the front. However, it gave the Germans a shake-up anyway. I have here the original order that was sent to me, commanding the 14th Battalion, and it gives you an idea of the form of an order for an assault. The space we would have had to cross, if we had had to make it, was about 400 yards, which is as I stated before the greatest distance I have ever seen between the two trenches.

The barbed wire had not been cut, and they had given us wire cutters. The German trenches were full of machine guns and I do not think 25% of the men would have come back alive. However, we were not called upon to move, and I felt rather thankful we were not.

The next big battle in which the Canadian division took part was the battle of St. Julien, and that was "some show." When

we took over the trenches of St. Julien from the French Army the Third Brigade was put in first, and my own battalion on the left of the Third Brigade, next to the French troops. I had a French Canadian company in my battalion (and a very good one, too), and the commanding officer, General Alderson, wanted them to be next to the French troops because they were French speaking. After a few days in there we were relieved by the Thirteenth Battalion and the next day the big battle began. One of my companies stayed up with the Thirteenth as an extra support. You have all heard the details of the battle. You know that the Germans used gases for the first time. It was on the 14th and 13th Battalions that the first attack was concentrated, and they stopped the first German rush. The Germans nearly pulled off a very big thing there. They wanted to capture the Canadian division if they could and they nearly did it. They got as far as a line of about 700 men, the last thing between them and the town they wanted, but when they got to the general headquarters line they were met by machine gun and rifle fire and they seemed a little timid about coming on. If they had known how few troops were there they would have rushed down re-inforcements and have made short work of it. However, they went back again. The casualties, as you know, among Canadians in that fight was tremendous. The late Captain Williamson had charge of a machine gun there, and he saw two German companies coming across the open. He was off from the trenches with a small company of men, but so hidden that the Germans did not know he was there. His men caught these two companies without their having any chance of taking cover; one of the men of Captain Williamson's company who escaped said he does not think that twenty of those two German companies got away alive. He had his men hammer away at them and simply wiped them out. That gives you an idea of the power of a machine gun. After that battle we were brought back and then came the gas attack I have told you about. The Germans were across the country about 1,200 yards away from us and at the right of my battalion was the Essex Regiment. About four o'clock we saw a tremendous cloud of yellow-green smoke coming towards us. This was the famous gas. We got on our respirators and got ready for it. It reached the Essex trenches first, and they had to retire. They could not stand it because their respirators were not as good as what they supply

now. Luckily for us behind us was the Third Battalion, with four of the famous French guns you have heard of. This is the best gun in the world. They were telephoned to about this attack and in half a minute they had the range, they lined the whole ridge with shrapnel, and no German ever got over it, and the gas was blown away by the wind and everything was over. You can fire twenty-five shots a minute with that gun.

We had a little excitement, too, one day, with a German aeroplane. He kept coming down closer and closer and finally, thinking we were asleep, he came down within rifle range. We had five hundred rifles and they let fly at him and they got him. He fell, unfortunately, on his own lines, but the men cheered very heartily when they saw him come down. That is one branch of the service where undoubtedly we have the German beaten, the aeroplane service.

The next battle we got into was the one at Festubert. We had got reinforcements from the English and soon got orders to march. We were to make an attack across ground which had already been looked over by the Guards Brigade. The order was to attack at five o'clock in the afternoon. We had not seen the ground before and I am sorry to say that the staff officers who were to act as our guides did not apparently know much about the ground. They said we would not meet with any opposition, but we soon found out the inaccuracy of that statement. The Fourteenth and Sixteenth made the attack the first day. They started out about five in the afternoon and were at it all that night and at five the next morning we had got up about five or six hundred yards, and then the Coldstream Guards were ordered to reinforce us. In the first part of the attack we lost three officers and seventy-five men, and the next few days, sitting in the trenches, we lost one hundred men from trench firing. We had no means of stopping the German fire and we had to stay there and run our chances. One shell burst in No. 4 Company and killed seven men and wounded three. I think in the fighting during the next two or three days the casualties were something like 10,000 men. A Company of Scots Guards was lost in this attack, and a little extract from an English paper says:

> "A great white grave stands in memory of a company of Scots Guards and two of their officers, who died with the proud boast that they had never lost a trench in this war."

One of those officers was a young man known to a great many of you, the late Denys Stephenson.

At this same battle a little bugler belonging to my battalion, coming from Ottawa, did a wonderful thing. He had never been in that country before and the night of the first attack he came back to quarters twice, a distance of six or eight hundred yards, in the dark, over a very bad bit of the country, to bring up stretcher bearers from the front with wounded men. I was glad to see in a paper the other day that he is going to get the Distinguished Conduct Medal. That boy is only fourteen years of age, and will be the youngest D. C. M. in the British Empire. In the three days we were sitting in the trenches at this same place we buried 250 British and 175 Germans and we could not begin to bury all those that lay dead around us.

You have heard, too, a great deal about the German atrocities. In the same neighborhood we came across a case which I know to be authentic because I personally saw it and I can vouch for it. We found the body of a Canadian officer who had been strangled. He had a rope around his neck, his hands were tied behind his back and his clothing was torn. He was strangled, because there was no wound on the body. They had cut off all his badges except one star on the sleeve. What happened we can only conjecture. We have no means of finding out, but possibly he resisted. That is an authentic case, gentlemen.

Just before I left France, Kitchener's Army was beginning to arrive and the little we saw of them convinced us they were a very fine lot indeed. And what I have heard since leads me to say that they are apparently going along well in the game, a credit to themselves and the Empire.

I should like in connection with that to read you a little story. Two officers were talking over army matters in the trenches one night and one officer said to the other: "This is a rum profession." And the other asked: "In what way?" "Well, who takes about nine-tenths of the risk in this game, and who does really all the work in the army? The private. This is the problem. The farther away you remove the British soldier from the risk of personal injury the more you pay him. The private marches and fights like a hero. The motor ambulance driver gets around like a lord, with little risk, the Army Service Corps driver and the staff officers have a minimum of risk and are

compensated by extra cash. Now why?" The other officer said: "Well, probably those officers would be glad to be in the trenches, perhaps they would sooner be here." The other said: "Well, I have never seen any of the staff officers coming in at four o'clock in the morning. If ever I do meet one I shall say: "There goes a Sahib and a soldier and take off my hat to him." The other said: "Well, get ready now." Two figures in uniform of staff officers were visible picking their way along the trenches. One of the officers was burly and middle-aged and did not appear to enjoy bending double. The other was slight and very young, and once or twice he glanced over his shoulder and addressed the other smilingly. The pair advanced and straightened their backs. The two officers, noticing the uniforms of the pair who were advancing saluted. The pair saluted in return. The officer who had made the boast did not take off his hat. Instead when the two men got close, he suddenly stood at attention and held that position until they had disappeared. The younger of the two was the Prince of Wales.

Now, gentlemen, you have heard a good many things about the army in France one way or another, and you have heard it said that there was a great deal of discontent amongst the laboring classes in England. I would like just to ask one question in that connection. Why, if that is true, are there two million British workmen in the ranks of the British army in France to-day? I had the pleasure of hearing Ben Tillett in London, one of the most rabid socialists and labor leaders just a few years ago. He was a typical example of the socialist and laborite of that time. He was sent to France by the British Government to have a look around the trenches and he could not say enough in praise of the British army and its officers, from the Prince of Wales down. This is the best answer we can give to the statements of some ill-informed gentlemen who tell you that the labor element in England is not loyal. It is absolute nonsense. They are as loyal as anybody else. Now I would just like to say a few words as to the general situation of the war. Personally I feel a great deal more cheerful now than I did six months ago. I think we have them all right. But there is one danger, perhaps even a greater danger than the Germans, and it is this: there is going to be a whole lot of mealy-mouthed humanitarians who will insist upon a rotten peace. They want to give the Germans the best of it, and we are

not going to let them do it if we can help it. It is really astonishing how men of very high position, who are supposed to know better, can go astray. We have two notable examples in Dr. Lyttelton, of Eton, and the Archbishop of York. The latter says he met the German Emperor somewhere and he has a sacred memory of him. Dr. Lyttelton says we must not humiliate the Germans. He also suggests that we should give up Gibraltar in order not to injure their feelings, although what connection Gibraltar has to their wounded feelings I do not know. I don't think there are many of you gentlemen who would agree with that sort of nonsense. There is another thing to be considered too. Gentlemen, there will be three or four million British soldiers who have been in the field who, when they come back, will not lie down and let such gentlemen as I have named have their way. These soldiers are going to have some say. They have stood in the trenches and have seen their dearest friends shot down around them. We are going to say how Germany shall be treated. There is no government in England or Canada who could stand against the votes of those soldiers when they come back.

In conclusion, I will read you another extract which I think sums up the thing pretty well. It was written by an Englishman whose name I have forgotten:

"After the war there will be peace. This we know. On which side victory will alight it is superfluous to hazard a guess. But there will be a change of heart. When we lay down our arms we shall not easily tolerate the selfishness of politicians. After the war England will cherish an army of three million men, who have looked with clear, unflinching eyes upon death, and we shall know the philanthropic state for the fraud that she is by those who have learned to rely on their own force. And for the rest, it is for us to await the end of a triumphant war."

(December 13th, 1915)

INDIA'S SHARE IN THE WAR

By MR. RUSTOM RUSTOMJEE
(Editor of the Oriental Review)

"BREATHES there a man with soul so dead," who is not thrilled with enthusiasm at the spectacle of the unity and determination of the whole British Empire to wipe out of existence once and for all the curse of militarism which has threatened the peace of Europe the last forty years, and to establish peace, and the permanent existence of the small nations of Europe through all the ages to come? Gentlemen, never did I feel so proud of the British Empire as I feel now in these days of distress and disaster. A great American is reported to have cried out at the time of the American Revolution: "Give me liberty or give me death." It seems to me, gentlemen, that the whole British Empire, with one voice and one heart has cried out: "Give me liberty or give me death." For it is more glorious to die the death of the righteous and faithful, fighting the battle of the weak against the strong, than to live a life of ignominy, shame and cowardice, the life that shirks the duty of fulfilling promises once given and honor once pledged. The almost prophetic words of the late Professor Cramb, uttered a few years before the outbreak of this war, ring in my ears. "Faithful to her past in conflict for this high cause if Great Britain fall she will fall as a hero, doing something memorable."

I am also proud of my country, India, and the part she is playing in this crisis of the world's history. She is fighting the battle of the weak nations of the earth in Mesopotamia, in Egypt, in East Africa, in France and in Flanders. But that is not enough. Behind the ranks of one of the finest armies the world has ever known stands India to a man, and she will stand there until the

enemies of civilization and of liberty are beaten to death. I think I am not betraying any official secrets when I state that we have sent to all the theatres of war nearly 250,000 troops from India and we can, gentlemen, we can send millions of men and tons of gold, if Great Britain can train and equip our men, utilize our means and accept our sacrifices on the altar of duty and humanity.

Before proceeding with my subject, let me just say a few words about the section of the community to which I have the honor to belong, the Parsees of India. When I had the privilege of having a talk with Colonel Roosevelt, he cracked us up the to seventh heaven, and then turned round to me and said: "Rustomjee, I have a fault to find with the Parsees of India. They don't fight, they are cowards." I said to the ex-President of the United States: "Do you know the reason why not a single Parsee is returned as a soldier in the census reports of India?" He said: "It must be the foolish reason of their considering fire to be sacred." But that was not the full reason. The Parsees are a peace-loving people, immersed in commercial and industrial pursuits. Even in self-defense they have not taken up arms against their enemies since the Persian enemy was defeated in 670. But what has happened now? At the outbreak of the hostilities in Europe we organized a corps of Parsee volunteers, who are now fighting side by side with the Canadian volunteers.

To enable you to understand the present attitude of the Princes and peoples of India, let me very briefly describe to you the political position of the peoples of India before the storm burst in Europe.

Being a continent with a variegated population numbering more than 350 millions of people, with divers forms of government, one cannot deal with India as a political entity. It is composed of several sets of peoples with different ideas, ideals, aspirations and ambitions. First of all come the 700 Indian Princes who rule over, some quite independently, some otherwise, more than 65 millions of people. Gentlemen, they have never swerved to the right or left from their devotion and loyalty to the British crown ever since its power was consolidated in 1857. The next important factor in the Indian population is the seething mass of Indian agriculturists, numbering more than 200 millions of people. Their loyalty has been proverbial. In fact

most of them are so ignorant that they do not know or care to know who governs them, and as long as their governors are kind and sympathetic, and lift the tax when a bad season comes, they do not trouble their heads with what at best is a very complex problem. The 72 millions of Mohammedans form the third important element in the Indian population. All through the period of stress and storm through which India was passing a few years ago, when the clouds were in the skies and electricity in the atmosphere, when sedition and anarchy were rife, not a single Mohammedan was found guilty of disloyalty to the British crown. But I believe that the most important constituent of the Indian population is the rapidly growing number of educated Indians. They are divided now into two parties, the Constitutionalists and the Extremists or Nationalists. The former are strong, influential and great in numbers. The first article of their creed is that they believe in the permanence and consolidation of British sovereignty in India, and their programme of work is the gradual improvement of the British administration of the country and greater and greater employment of the sons of the soil in the executive work of the administration. Sir (to Sir William Peterson) your brother was a great friend of these Constitutionalists, of this party to which I have the honor to belong. In season and out of season he advocated our cause, often much to his own detriment. The Extremists form a microscopic minority. They are clamoring for home rule for India. Like the grasshopper that makes more noise than the stalwart cattle grazing in silence, so this party is a noisy one and people have thought that the whole country was in a state of discontent and disaffection. These Extremists are led by a very remarkable man, Mr. Tilak, who has been said by the London Times to be the father of political unrest in India. Mr. Tilak's hostilities to the British administration of the country assumed such alarming proportions that the Government was compelled to invite him to be the guest of His Majesty in one of the Forts in Burma, and ticket of leave was only granted him a few weeks before the war broke out. This was the political position of the Princes and people of India before the bolt from the blue was launched by Germany upon Europe.

Gentlemen, to be loyal to the British Government of India was one thing; to be enthusiastic in support of Great Britain's

cause in Europe was quite another. How do I account for the splendid enthusiasm, the magnificent response, the sacrifices of men and money which India has made and is willing to make to uphold and maintain the honor, the integrity, and the dignity of the British Empire? Here also different sets of motives have actuated different kinds of people. The Princes of India knew at the outbreak of hostilities that the peace, the security and integrity of their states was secured to them by British authority; and in the united determination of the sovereigns and peoples of Great Britain and the Dominions to stand by their obligations to Belgium, no matter at what sacrifice, the rulers of India saw yet further guarantee of the maintenance of the integrity of their own states. This was the motive that actuated the Princes of India to make any sacrifice to uphold and maintain the British Empire, and great are the sacrifices the Princes of India are making on the battlefields of France and Flanders. One hundred and twenty Indian Princes or their sons, among them an old nobleman of 70 years of age, Sir Pertab Singh, with his young nephew, a mere lad of sixteen, are fighting on the battlefields of France or the other theatres of war. The teeming masses of Indians realize that the downfall of the British Empire would bring about the restoration of chaos and anarchy, famine and disease which devastated the land before the British power was established in the country. Never should it be forgotten that before the flag of England was unfurled in India, within a single generation, one hundred dynasties grew up, flourished, decayed, were forgotten. Every adventurer who could muster a troup of horse aspired to a throne. Every palace in the country was the scene of conspiracy and revolution. The people were ground down from within by the oppressors and from without by invaders, by the robber from without, and by the robber from within. All the evils of despotism and all the evils of anarchy pressed down upon that miserable race. They knew nothing of government but its intolerable oppression. Disease and famine were everywhere along the banks of their redundant rivers. That was the condition of India prior to the establishment of the British power in that country. What is the condition now? If I were to describe fully what Great Britain has done in India the Canadian Club of Montreal would have to provide you gentlemen with a dinner and supper and you would all have to

sing with me: "We wont go home till morning." You know the monument erected in St. Paul's Cathedral to Wren has the words: *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*—"If you seek his monument, look around." That is the sum total of the noble work performed by the British people, by Great Britain in India, and it can be described in this way, using the classical words of the American Constitution: Great Britain has "established justice and sure domestic tranquility, provided for the common defense, promoted the general welfare, and secured the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

These things are described in hundreds of excellent books: and thousands of much more excellent articles in the Advocate of India from the pen of my late beloved teacher, Dr. Peter Peterson; but there are other things not quite so well described, not quite so well known in other parts of the world. What are the civil rights of an Indian who is a subject of the British Crown? Though he comes to Great Britain he does not need to be naturalized. He is already a citizen of the British Empire. All he has to do is to acquire the necessary qualifications to vote in the Municipal and Parliamentary elections of Great Britain. He can sit, he has sat in the House of Commons, he can enter British universities. He can be appointed, he has been appointed a member of the Council of the Secretary of State for India, at Whitehall. He can sit, he has sat on the Privy Council of Great Britain. His rights in the colonies, or in what are called the Overseas Dominions, are a different matter, and a subject upon which I shall not now touch. All I wish to say is that a large number, a vast majority of educated Indians realize the difficulties that confront the British administrators of the Colonies. They realize fully the impossibility of assimilation, sociological, biological, economic and religious, of any large number of East Indians into the body politic of the Overseas Dominions; but I do not despair. I believe that after the war a solution will be found, can be found and must be found. I believe, I have faith in the wisdom, experience, judgment, sympathy and fair play of the British administrators all over the world, and I can safely leave the destiny of India and Indian immigrants to the Overseas Dominions in their hands. In the meantime I would ask you, I would beg of you not to judge India, the silent and much maligned India, the new India, the loyal India, the great India, the India of history, by a few who

have sold their birthright for a mess of pottage to the enemies of civilization, liberty and progress, and who are trying to stir up bad blood between the citizens of British India and the Britons overseas. In spite of the proclamation of the so-called Holy War by the Caliph of Turkey, the Mohammedans of India have rallied around the flag of Great Britain. Gentlemen, the Mohammedans of India have brains that think and hearts that feel. They know well that as long as the Union Jack flies over India they are free to enjoy the blessings of liberty and freedom of worship, but that if ever it is furled they are liable to be swamped by the teeming millions of Hindus of India.

Just one word about the old Sultan of Turkey and the Young Turks. The Old Abdul Hamid was a better statesman than the Young Turks, to whom is now committed the destiny of the Ottoman Empire. The old Sultan ever dangled the sword before the eyes of the Christian nations of Europe, but he never unsheathed it, knowing well that it would prove a rusty instrument for his purpose. The Young Turks unsheathed it, and the worst fears of the old Sultan have been realized. The Holy War has turned out to be a miserable fiasco. Not a single Mohammedan in the Empires of Great Britain, France or Russia has rallied around the flag of the Caliph of Bagdad. The educated people of India believe that this war is a conflict between two ideals, the ideal of autocracy and the ideal of democracy. They believe that this awful struggle which is often regarded as one between oligarchical Germany and democratic England, is really a struggle between a self-constituted State and a God-made people; and that all principles, all morals, both major and minor, are being weighed in the balance. But what constitutes a State? "Men who their duties know and know their rights, and knowing them maintain." So sang the poet of England, and so believe the Indian people. But what says Germany? This: "States do not rise out of people's sovereignty. They are created against the will of the people. The State is the power of the stronger race to establish itself."

The Extremists, the Seditionists, the so-called Anarchists of India, have also buried the hatchet. The speech delivered by Mr. Tilak at the outbreak of the war thrilled India through and through. It is a long speech and I will not quote it, but let me

just quote the words of another great Nationalist, the so-called uncrowned King of India. He said:

"We may have our differences with the Government, and what people have not? but in the presence of the common enemy, Germany or any other power, we sink our differences, we forget our little quarrels and offer all that we possess in the defense of the Empire to which we belong and with which the future of our people is bound up."

Just one question—a question which has been asked me for the last two years, ever since I arrived in this country. What is to be the future of India?

Gentlemen, when I arrived in this country one of the leading newspapers in New York City said that a Pharisee had come from India to preach his religion. The cultured ladies of Boston thought I was a fortune-teller. Then at Yarmouth, N.S., I was held up as a Turkish spy. No one has called me a prophet and I have never ventured to prophesy. I believe there is a Divinity that shapes our ends, "rough hew them as we will." If the question Quo Vadis? were asked a French, Italian, Russian, even a German Imperialist, he would not find it more difficult to answer than the ancient Roman did; his intention was to civilize his alien subjects but in no way to relax his hold on them. What would the reply be of the British Imperialist? He would be puzzled to find an answer. He is aware that he is struggling to maintain two ideals which are apt to be mutually destructive—good government, which connotes the continuance of his own supremacy, and the ideal of self-government, which connotes the discontinuance of his own supreme position, or the partial discontinuance of it. Moreover he is aware that the Empire must rest on one of two bases: an extensive military occupation, or on the broad principle of national self-government under the benevolent hegemony of Great Britain. Therefore, in the fullness of time when the people of India are ready and fit to govern themselves, and I think that day is far away, they will be given that privilege. I wish I had time to describe some of the efforts, earnest, continuous efforts, Great Britain has made to educate the peoples of India to govern themselves, but I have no time. I wish I had time to describe the far-reaching reforms introduced in India by Lord Morley, when he was appointed Secretary of State. But I say in the fullness of time India will be given that privilege. Then will come the time

when there will be a real, a truly real Imperial Federation, because without India there can be no real British Empire, I maintain; there will be Imperial Federation, and Canadians will sit side by side with the Sikhs, the Australians with the Parsees, the Scotch with the Boers, the English with the Irish. There will be the true Imperial Federation, managing the affairs of the Empire; for the local affairs will be managed by local Parliaments.

Gentlemen, I have a higher vision, a greater hope for the future of India. If the British Empire were to end to-morrow, I do not think that Great Britain need be ashamed of its epitaph. It has done its duty to India and has justified its mission to mankind. But it is not going to end. It is not a moribund organism, it is not suffering from fatty degeneration of the heart. It is still in its youth and has in it the vitality of an inexhaustible purpose. I am not a pessimist in the matter. I do not believe that Great Britain's work is done or is drawing to a close. I do not believe that Great Britain has built a mere fragile framework between the East and the West, Europe and America, which Asia, Europe or America will presently sweep away. This is not so, gentlemen. On the contrary as the years roll on her call to duty seems more clear, her work more magnificent, her goal more sublime. Let no man cherish the craven fear that those who created the British Empire cannot retain it. That is not my reading of history. That is not my forecast of the future. To me the message is carved in granite, it is hewn in the rock of doom, that Great Britain's work is righteousness and that it will endure.

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart,
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
A humble and a contrite heart.

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

(December 20th, 1915)

A GLIMPSE OF THE WAR

By MAJOR THE REV. DR. BRUCE TAYLOR

I REGARD this splendid audience to be a token of the interest, not in me specially, but in the regiment I am proud to represent. You have already in Montreal so many men who have been through the very thick of it, who have taken part in great efforts. You have General Meighen, who has left behind him a splendid name. I do not wonder that he is recruiting this new battalion with ease, seeing that it is known he is going to lead it. You have Colonel Barré, who carries on him the mark of the soldier's wounds. You have many men from the ranks in Montreal here, who could tell you about the splendid things done, say by the machine guns at Ypres, lads who perhaps cannot express themselves, and tell of the great things they have done. But a man like myself, a non-combatant, can only tell you a few odds and ends of the things about which he happens to know.

It is difficult to realize here that we are at war. There is so little in the life that indicates it. I suppose taxation is beginning to show it. I imagine that your wives' housekeeping books show more effect than your own everyday life. The life in the streets still follows its uninterrupted trend. But London is dark. Aberdeen is darkest of all, whether from Scotch economy I know not. On the other side, too, you never go anywhere but you find the whole country is an armed camp. You never strike the sea coast anywhere but you are struck by the vigilance of the navy in some form or another. I used to spend many a morning upon the cliffs between Folkestone and Dover, lying there over the edge with a good pair of field glasses, looking at what was going on. Two submarines are always cruising up and down the line that indicates the net, stretching across to the French coast. You

saw the aeroplanes constantly moving about, because the aeroplanes starting for the front take their point of departure from there. There were also airships. We have three that accompany the mail steamer back and forth from Folkestone to Boulogne. All this made you really feel that England was at war; whereas here, apart from the fact that so many of your boys have left, the real stress of it is hardly visible to you.

It was my good fortune to be associated with a regiment officered by men all of whom I imagine are known to you here, many of whom I have seen here at the Canadian Club. There was Royal Ewing, he is one of the subalterns: Colonel Cantlie is the Commanding Officer: Bartlett McLennan is second in command—those of you who know him know that he gives life to everything he is connected with: Hartland McDougall was the paymaster. Like me he was idle. Not quite as idle, but nearly so. In France nobody got any pay; that is we could all draw up to a certain limited amount, but anyway there was nothing in France to spend the money on. We were a long way from the centers of civilization, and we even got a two ounce tobacco ration a week, so McDougall had nothing better to do than make fun of the rest of us, which he promptly did in his inimitable way. Then there was Herbert Molson, whom of course you know, and we are very proud of him. He has that splendid faculty of handling other men without letting them know he is handling them. The control of a big business is as good a training for this war game as any a man can get. Then we had Norsworthy, the brother of E. C. Norsworthy. I wonder if I ever came across a man who had a greater power for hard work. He would rise at 5:30 in the morning and get to bed at 11 o'clock at night, just then coming out of the orderly room. There were so many others —I should have made a list of their names—Stanley Coristine, Hugh Walkem, Kenneth Strachan, Hugh Mathewson—of whom Montreal may very well be proud. These were some of the men in my regiment. We were in Canada, so to speak, all the time. In Shorncliffe the only troops were Canadian troops. There are various explanations for that. There had been British troops there but they were not there when we were. I expect there were differences arising between the Tommies as to the scale of pay, and anyway if it came to standing drinks the Canadian had it every time. Then, too, when we were at the front in Belgium, we

had Canadians to the right of us and Canadians to the left of us. The only ones that were not Canadians were the aviation corps and the men who brought forward the heavy naval guns at the dead of night, fired and vanished away. It was our good fortune in the 42nd to be let down extremely easy in our work. We went over there to Belgium as Corps troops. I do not think we knew what that meant, and many of them do not know now. The 42nd was a very good battalion (naturally I say so!) and the 49th, from Edmonton, was another very fine battalion, also the Royal Canadian Regiment, and these three regiments were in Shorncliffe ready for immediate service. I think it was considered that they were too good to be broken up as reinforcements, and so we were kept together. They sent us to Belgium to dig trenches, keep open lines of communication, and so forth. I understand that those three regiments are to be formed into a new brigade—and they are certainly going to make a very fine brigade—combined with the Princess Patricias. No doubt we are going to hear all manner of good things about them.

We went into the trenches under the tutelage of our own first battalion, the 13th, which was an immense advantage. The 42nd were wise enough to know they knew very little, and when they got to the front they were wise enough to "let on" they did not know anything. They were thoroughly schooled by their elders in the service and were shown all the routine and the knack of trench warfare. There is a vast deal that the men who have been in the trenches can teach those who have not. There is this new musketry practice, which is not the individual firing of guns, but of a rifle battery, aiming not at a particular mark, but at a particular area pointed out to them by the director of the firing. You may come out all right on the rifle ranges, but it is a different thing to hold your rifle when the Fritzes are in front of you. And there are many other things that only experience can teach. It is all very well to teach a bunch of men the composition of a bomb, that it is made in a certain way and that it will explode in a certain time, that when you take the pin out it will last 4½ seconds; but you only learn by experience that very often so near are the enemy trenches you have to hold it in your hand two seconds in order that it shall reach its mark. These are the things that you do not learn in a training school, and indeed one could not but feel how great was the contrast

between the regiments who now go to the front and the lot of those who had the first heavy end of the attack. Think of the first expeditionary force, men rushed to the front, and set down there in the face of an overwhelming and prepared enemy. These are the heroes of the war. We found their graves everywhere. In every corner of a field—"so and so Morris and his orderly fell together"— we found the traces of them everywhere, grewsome enough traces sometimes. It was hardly possible to dig anywhere between the two lines there without coming across the traces of that initial fight.

It is strange that the side of war that was always before us was the domestic side. You seemed to lose interest in the larger aspect of the war when you were responsible for a certain number of yards of line. We used to get our mail every day, and the newspapers came only one day late. The headlines were glanced at and the newspapers laid aside. We had lost all interest, somehow, in the major movements of the war. We became purely parochial. It was an extremely interesting thing to watch oneself beginning to think solely and simply in terms of one's own battalion, to feel merely a member of a battalion holding a particular few hundred yards of front.

One's first experience under fire, especially for a middle-aged family man like myself, is a nerve-racking thing. One Sunday afternoon I got taken in by Captain Scrimger V.C. Everybody talks about Scrimger. If he got the V.C. it was only after he had deserved it many times. There is no fear in him, and I began to think that if you go with a V.C. you have to live up to him. It was like belonging to the Mount Royal Club. It is no place for me because I cannot keep the pace going. Well, we went out this Sunday afternoon and rode as far as was safe, then we got off our horses and went in through a communication trench, seven or eight feet deep, lined on the bottom with wood that is facetiously called a bath mat. We walked along this thing for a mile or so, the trench constantly changing direction, so that if fire is directed along it the damage will be only local. Every now and then we would come out into the open and along by the farms. The farms have very descriptive names generally. There is Ration Farm, which needs no explanation, and perhaps Stinking Farm needs even less; and then we got along to the headquarters of the 13th Battalion where we found Colonel Loomis, Victor Bu-

chanan, and "Deacon" Smith, called Deacon because he has a broad Scotch accent, which is thought to be connected with Presbyterianism in some way. Then, after we had been introduced to this dugout, with its sloping roof all sand bags and very much exposed, we moved over down past the reserve trenches to the front line trenches where we met a lot of old friends; Dr. Stewart Ramsay, Hutton Crowdy, Gilbert McGibbon, and a great many more. By the way, while I am talking about that let me say a word about Hutton Crowdy and his lamented death. I think in Montreal a wrong impression has got abroad that Curry, Crowdy and Seccombe were going out of their way, taking unnecessary risks; that somehow or other their deaths were unnecessary ones. That is not the case, except in so far as every man's death might have been avoided if he had only done something else. All afternoon the Germans had been sending in a lot of trench-mortar bombs, not nice things at all. They are eight-inch high explosive shells; you can see them from the start of their journey, and you watch them like a catch in the deep field at cricket, only in this case your object is to get out of the way. These shells had been coming in all afternoon and bursting about twenty yards beyond the front line trench, but finally one fell straight upon a dug-out in which four men were resting. They began to dig the men out and three of those men were got out alive. That dug-out was just to the right of the 13th lines, but there is no distinct demarcation between one line and another. If something happens at the end of one line it is obvious that the next line has to come along and lend a hand. These three officers had gone down to see if they could be of any use in this place and while they were there another bomb burst right in the midst of them. Curry was killed outright. Crowdy was not even knocked senseless. He seemed to be wounded in the side, but it turned out that his most serious injury was in the back. There was great difficulty in carrying out a man so tall and heavy as he was through the communication trenches, and his men, who absolutely worshipped the ground he trod upon, carried him out over-land, taking great risks; they got him to the ambulance, but when the surgeon saw him he was already passing away. Seccombe died next morning. You may say it was unnecessary. If they had stayed in their dug-out it would not have happened, but it was not Crowdy's way to stay safe in a case like that. War is not a game where a man can always count

the chances, and indeed the less he thinks of the possibilities the better he is as a soldier. But Crowdy left behind him the name of a man who feared nothing, and whenever we went into the 13th we found he was the man who knew the whole matter of trench warfare from one end of the alphabet to the other.

Now shell fire is quite another matter from small arm fire. I doubt if anybody ever gets used to shell fire. It is not pleasant. We were in billets in a village that was being pretty constantly shelled. One Friday afternoon we got 38 eight-inch high explosive shells coming in, and I shall not break my heart if I never hear another. You hear them five or six seconds away and they come screeching along and you always think they are being aimed at your head, and then they burst probably a quarter of a mile away. If they burst anywhere in your neighborhood the chances are considerable that you get a pretty good wound. There are two classes of wounds over there—Blighties, which are wounds which take you back to England, and Boulognies, which only take you to Boulogne, where you can look across at the English Coast. We had the idea that the German front line trench was held by a very few men and a great many machine guns, and one or two things have been done to put that belief to the test. You may have noticed in the third week of November an account of an expedition which got into the front line trenches and got out twelve Germans. That was accomplished by Canadians. It was rehearsed carefully for about a fortnight and every one of the fifty men in the little company knew exactly what he was going to do. All that afternoon there was a steady bombardment of the German front line and reserve trenches, and at the hour of seven the bombardment continued but opened out a bit and those men cut two tracks right through the German wire and came back again. The bombardment went on again and at 11 o'clock it again opened out and this party of fifty men went out to do the work they had prepared for. The Captain in charge got through or over the German front line trench at the point where he knew the sentry was. The German was sheltering under some corrugated iron and the Captain jumped on top of him, and before the sentry could get out there was not anything worth while left of him. The men got over the parapet, spread out on either side, some going along the two communicating trenches. Of course the trench lines are well known to both sides thanks to the maps

made by the men in the aeroplanes. The men spread out, throwing bombs as they went, and they came out with thirteen prisoners in a quarter of an hour. General French's report said twelve prisoners. The discrepancy is this. When they were getting over one of the prisoners wanted to argue the point, so they left him behind.

Now when you read in the official reports that it has been "a quiet night upon the Western front" I just wish some of you could see what is meant by that. The fact is that the noise is always going on. It is not a question of noise and silence, but only a question of more or less. There are periods in the day—the dusk and the dawn,—when the firing on both sides reaches its maximum, but the thing is always going on. The artillery is always firing and, by the way, for every shell the Germans sent into us, our artillery is giving four back anyway. Whatever may have been the case at one time, there is no lack of munitions along that front now, and I believe also that the life of the guns is proving to be a much longer thing than they anticipated at the beginning of the war. I suppose the gun is not so accurate as when new but the guns are in use far longer than the artillery experts believed possible, as a matter of theory. This firing, as I said, is going on all the time, and when you are in the front line trenches the screech of your own shells is terrific. We were at least 130 yards away from the German trenches but when you sat listening to those things it did not seem to leave much of a margin for error. As soon as dusk falls the flares go up and the German's are better than ours. These things go shooting up into the air and hang there before they drop and for eight or nine seconds they light up the whole vicinity. The machine guns come only in bursts, but nothing I think gets on one's nerves so much as that. The noise is so metallic, so stern, so absolutely unrelenting. You always picture to yourself some group of men dropping down in the mud while those wretched things pump lead into them.

Might I say just a word or two from the point of view of my own utter ignorance, with regard to what seems to be the future of this war. Nobody who is in a position to judge has any idea that even yet, after these fifteen or sixteen months of it, it is going to be a short war. I think the estimate of Lord Kitchener of a three years' war is not far from the truth, and the longer the war goes on the better for us in the long run. I am not oblivious of the enor-

mous cost of the war, the way in which the generations to come will be weighted by this incubus of debt, and the losses that you are suffering in those whom you love best; but at the same time, a mere military victory is never going to dispose of the German question. What we want to do with Germany is to keep her at it until she is absolutely exhausted. Those advances that have been made on the Western front cannot be said to have been unqualified successes. Neuve Chapelle was a most tremendous fight and the losses were appalling and the gain not great. In the battle of Loos on the 25th of September our casualties amounted to something like 60,000. It was the greatest battle in the world's history, and after all what was gained was another salient, and you understand that with such a salient open to attack from three sides, an advance along a few miles creating this sort of a post to hold is not much gain. There must be an advance, if it is to be a gain, all along the line, and the losses would be appalling to think of.

There is another thing I wish to say, and that is with regard to the futility of criticism concerning our leaders. We just used to swear when the *Times* and the *Daily Mail* came in. It is sickening the depression that these newspapers leave you with. They are doing an infinite dis-service to our country. It does not need Lord Northcliffe and the men associated with him to point out to the men at the head of things if things are wrong when they are wrong. These men know perfectly. It is quite possible that things are not all that they might have been, but in this world of humanity nothing ever is as it might be. In a nation that was not primarily a military nation, a nation that never dreamed of this war—but some people will say it ought to have dreamed. We ought to have done lots of things, and we only discovered these things too late. It is no use calling men down for not having done something that an unprecedented condition of affairs has shown us to be wise. Nor do I know anything about the Dardanelles expedition, but it seems to me a very important factor in the case that the same kind of element that made Germany disregard her treaty obligations has affected Greece, and the Allies have had to guard against the possibility of those self-same Greek troops turning into a menace. That could not have been anticipated. Whenever I used to see the London papers I remembered Gladstone's feeling that the Liberal Party

was misrepresented by the London Press. You never get to the banking center of the world without getting the dominant element Conservative. The financial element is always so, and naturally so. Gladstone said the London Press,—the Press quoted abroad—was the Press that misrepresented England; because the foreign countries did not know what the local papers were saying, did not know what those big provincial papers were saying. And so we feel that England is being misrepresented by those big London newspapers.

But beyond those matters there is the question of the Divine governance. You and I believe, whatever be the particular form of creed that we hold, that God is for us and God guards the right, and in the face of all this trial and sorrow and distress that we have been subjected to, and in the face of those horrible things that some of us have had to look upon, we still believe—the Germans call upon the same God, I know they do—we still believe that we stand for righteousness and for truth, for the liberties of the small peoples. We stand for that, and that is not going to be beaten.

(January 10th, 1916)

EMPLOYMENT OF ARTILLERY

By LT.-COL. J. J. CREELMAN

THE subject is a technical one but I wish to keep away from statistics and technical terms. The name itself implies the different uses to which artillery is put during various phases of military operations, in the attack, in the defense, the rear guard actions, advance guard actions, attacking or defending rivers, woods, etc. That is the full meaning of the expression, the employment of artillery: but I do not propose to deal with all that.

The artillery in Canada before the war was a branch of the service pretty well known to itself but not known to anybody else. We had our own practice camps at Deseronto and Petawawa, apart from what one officer said was the contaminating influence of some of the other branches of the service. We had to be and were exclusive. War came and the infantry, cavalry and other branches of the service had to accept us for protective if for no other purposes. We had to go along as part of a complete division; and the work which has been done, not only by the British but by the Canadian artillery, with very little publicity, has been all right.

The infantry division, as you know, consists of probably eighteen thousand odd troops. Of these 4,000 are artillery, so that the artillery in an infantry division are practically between 20 and 25% of the total. Artillery organized on a war basis had never been perfected in Canada during peace times. In Britain a few brigades were kept up to war strength, but the war strength found itself in India in a condition of constant preparedness for war. Out there all the brigades are maintained at war strength.

The divisional artillery consists of headquarters, 3 18-pounder brigades, one brigade of howitzers, one brigade of four gun

batteries and the divisional ammunition column. Before the war one battalion of heavy artillery was included in the divisional arrangement. The circumstances have been such that the heavy guns are no longer divisional matters; they are army matters and one battalion or twenty are sent here, there or the next place when needed. The divisional artillery on the march occupy nearly six miles of road. One brigade would extend along Sherbrooke from considerably east of Bleury to a point considerably west of Guy. In addition to the divisional artillery there are at the front various sizes of guns in ever increasing numbers. When the first division went to France on the 14th of February last year large guns were more to be noticed by their absence. Now every hedge and every house has some kind of a gun, large or small, either in it or behind it. There are all sizes of guns from the 13-inch pounder up to the 12-inch howitzer and 12-inch naval guns which fire a distance of over twenty miles; and later on larger guns may be heard of.

The object of the artillery is to protect the infantry. The infantry cannot get along without us and we cannot get along without them. We are inter-dependent—but our main purpose is to protect them, and we have to conceal and protect ourselves to the best of our ability. Some of the present Canadian brigades have been for six months where they are now and have not had to do any forced marching, which means that in spite of the German aeroplanes they have not been able to pick the location of at least fourteen out of sixteen Canadian batteries. Concealment is perfected in a hundred different ways. The object is to make ourselves inconspicuous, to fit into the background of the adjoining country, to have a battery look like a hedge, or anything at all, so that aeroplanes will not see the guns and spies are not likely to stumble across them.

The front formerly held by one division might be said to be anywhere from three to five miles, sometimes for defensive purposes we get down to two or three divisions to one mile. Occasionally the five mile limit of front may be extended, but normally, in a quiescent period such as the last six months, the divisional front will run from three to five miles. The infantry of the division consists of three brigades, two battalions of these three brigades are constantly in action. Each battalion is supported by two batteries of artillery. The artillery brigade

co-operates with the infantry, generally. It is considered good form to exchange lunches and dinners and cigars and any other supplies that may come with these meals, with the view to the better discussing of the situation and to consider any improvements which either the gunner or the footman may want. The batteries normally are anywhere from one to two miles behind the infantry, dependent very largely upon the lay of the land, and, of course, somewhat upon the available concealment and protection afforded. The battery is connected by telephone with its Forward Observation Officer, who is either in our own infantry trenches or on rising ground behind them. He is connected by telephone with his battery, with the front line trenches and with the infantry battalion commander and with brigade headquarters. The wires are not only duplicated but triplicated. Some of the wires are underground and some are overhead. The exact location of the laying of these wires is left pretty much to the men in charge. They are the men who have to repair them and keep them going under fire, and they are allowed a free hand, pretty generally, and they are laid where they can repair them naturally with the least possible risk and in the shortest time. Under present conditions, each artillery brigade operates a telephone system of approximately thirty telephones, always in use, night and day. At each phone someone is supposed to answer in one second or quicker. There are one hundred miles of telephone in constant use for internal purposes only. Behind us are other telephones connecting divisions with corps, and so forth. Telephones of course sometimes bring about what I might call peculiar circumstances. On one front where we were there was so much wire around and so many barbed wire fences that the induction was very serious in wet weather. One telephone sergeant in disgust wanted to see who he could make connection with by connecting his phone with a barbed wire gate, and the first man he got was way up in the air in an observation balloon. He tried again another intersection of the barbed wire and spoke to a hospital with which we were not supposed to be connected. The second night before the second battle of Ypres, I listened to a gramophone concert going on in one of the front trenches, and probably dozens of people all over that part of the front were listening to the same strains as they came through our wires by induction.

The war has naturally developed new methods of ranging targets and new methods of observing fire. The intelligence system of the British army to-day is in such a condition that we get really up-to-date news of practically everything that is going on behind the enemy's lines. We have our circular letters come around each day, sometimes twice a day, giving information, sometimes marked secret and confidential, but a great deal of it is not, telling us matters which have been discovered in some way as to what is going on behind the German front. A week before the battle of Ypres we knew that gas was going to be employed, but not much reliance was put on the statement, and in any event no one was able to take precautions knowing nothing of what the gas would be. When the original gas attack started, on the evening of the 22nd, it was about a mile and a half due north of my own brigade headquarters. We smelt it and it made our eyes water, and a short time afterwards some Canadian Highlanders were seen to be off their heads, they were waving their rifles in the air and all that sort of thing. Several of them were disarmed for purposes of self-protection—the men were crazy, and the Germans themselves have since said that had they had the remotest idea that the gas was going to be as successful they would have had more troops and have got through. The British have used gas of another nature, with very successful results, and I know that experiments are going on all the time with the effect of various gases on the enemy and the best methods are adopted to keep these gases from affecting our own personnel.

The maps which the intelligence department give us are so complete that an expert gunner ought to be able, within one or two shots, to hit a ten yard square anythere within range of his own guns. The guns themselves have lasted longer than anyone, even in the ordnance branch, could have imagined. Some of the 18-pounder guns have fired 15,000 rounds and are in exactly the same condition as when they were made. A great deal has been said in the press and elsewhere about shortage of ammunition. In my own experience there has never been any shortage for defensive purposes. We always had enough to keep the Germans from getting through, but for a long time we did not have quite enough to start successful offensive operations. Now, however, during the last two months, the situation has completely changed and instead of having to send an explanation in writing as to

how I expended one more round than I had been allowed, the note I receive is something like this: "It is noted that out of your allowance of last week you failed to fire so much and so much. Please explain." The rule to-day is that apart altogether from our own minor offensive operations which are intended to keep the enemy guessing, over and above that we have instructions that if the enemy has the temerity or is rude enough to throw shells into our front, they are at once replied to two to one, and they are sent in very quickly, so that he can have no doubt as to why he is getting it back. Through our own observation system we learn what shells the Germans are using, and if they use larger shells we at once telephone and give them a little larger than they sent in to us, and if they keep it up we give them a general assortment of shells. During the period that ammunition was not as plentiful as now, the word "retaliation" was used. When shells would fall into the infantry trenches they would request us to retaliate. The infantry never need now to request. We do it automatically, two out for one in, plus some for good weight. The observation is done, as I mentioned before, very largely by the forward observation officer who is in a position where he can see the effect of his own shells on the enemy's front. On many occasions we have to fire well over the enemy into places where we can observe the effect of our own guns. If possible, we get aeroplanes to do the observation work and they send us messages by wireless giving the results of the fall of the shells and the corrections are made accordingly. At night, or in the daytime if aeroplanes are not available, firing is done by the map, and as I said, a battery commander, knowing his own guns, knowing the temperature, etc., ought to be able, with good ammunition, to hit a ten yard square within the range of his own guns, and it is done every day by practically every battery.

The condition of life among the artillerymen is one I may say of considerable comfort. Apart from our work we do not get the excessive discomfort that the infantry get in the front trenches. But they are in them four days and then in brigade for four days and then in divisional reserve for four days. During those four days they get their baths and banquets, clean their clothes, etc. They have nothing to do but rest up and thoroughly enjoy themselves. The artillery, although living much more comfortably, amid more comfortable surroundings, are always on

duty. There has not been a minute since last June that a single battery of the Canadian division has been out of action. They are always on duty and knowing that we have to adopt measures to remember it.

The quality of the ammunition which is now coming forward from Canada—we had a lot come from the United States and now we have it from Canada—is just as good as anything that has been made on the other side; and a battery commander of experience, knowing the class of shell he is firing, and seeing any one series carried out with any class of shell, can do just as effective work with shells made in Canada and the United States as anywhere else in the Empire. Naturally there is a small mechanical error in the construction of shells and fuses, but I personally have not noticed any increase in the mechanical error in the shells coming forward to-day to what we had last February when we first went out.

The Canadian artillery have very frequently of late been used for training purposes. That is, we have had officers from newly formed British divisions and brigades sent out to us for instruction, so we accept that as a compliment and we try to give them at least as good instruction as we got from the British brigades before we first went into action. I know that two of the battery commanders of my brigade, one, Major Hanson, of Westmount, and the other, Major McLeod, of Sydney, since deceased, on two different occasions have been called before British Generals and personally thanked for their services when covering British troops.

Those at the front appreciate to the very utmost the good work which is being done in Canada in the way of raising battalion after battalion, and we look forward to seeing them out there. The 42nd, which arrived a few weeks before I left on leave, is undoubtedly a magnificent battalion, and from what I have seen of the battalions now being raised in Montreal I think the new battalions will continue to keep up the record and repeat the performances of the first Canadian Infantry which went out.

From an artillery point of view it has always been a pleasure to support the Canadian infantry, and we have always lived on the most cordial terms with them.

The food out there is of the very best, and with proper cooking the men get as good as they were ever accustomed to at

home or in their clubs, if not better. The former C.P.R. dining car chef who cooks my meals leaves nothing to be desired.

The clothing and supplies of all kinds are of the very best. There may be a shortage in Canada or Britain but in the firing line the men are given everything they want—in fact they ask you to take more, and we would if we could carry it.

The medical services cannot be too highly spoken of. The work of the Canadian corps and their men out there is worthy of the highest recognition. I had the personal experience of being "evacuated" through medical channels, and although not altogether comfortable it was a most interesting experience.

The postal department is the best thing and possibly the greatest wonder out there. During the third day of the battle of Ypres, the hottest day I experienced out there, although we did not have any food we had a bag of mail come up.

I do not intend to make a recruiting speech and I do not in any way wish to refer to that subject—that is for others. We did our recruiting originally when we first went away, and subsequent recruiting should be done by other speakers, and I have had to say no to many requests to come and make recruiting speeches while on leave. I am sailing next Saturday to go back and I shall go back and tell those whom I know out there of the very excellent conditions in Canada—not making a report, simply telling them that things are going along here swimmingly, that recruits are coming along quickly, that there is no scarcity of men, and that the 500,000 spoken of will be raised even if the country to the south of us has to be to a very large extent depopulated!

(January 17th, 1916)

THE PLIGHT OF MONTENEGRO

By CAPTAIN A. V. SEFEROVITCH
Consul-General of Montenegro, New York

I AM not an orator, and as a Montenegrin always is, I am a silent man. This is a national characteristic of every Montenegrin. I am a patriot, and although not an orator, the plight of my country, and the horrors through which my country has passed and is passing, has made of me a speaker.

I am very glad to know English. I am very happy indeed; because without that language I would be unable to serve my country as I serve her to-day. I have known English people for years; I have always admired them, and for the love I have for them I have studied the language.

Now, I am going to give you a little of the history of Montenegro. Montenegrins are Serbians. We are of the purest Serbian blood. The first Serbians made an invasion from the north, from Russia. We are Russian. The Serbians were farmers, as they are to this day. When they settled in the Balkans in the 7th Century they founded an Empire, but the last Emperor, Lazare, having lost in 1389 a battle with the Turks, Serbia became a Kingdom, and it has been periodically invaded by the Turks. When the Serbians first settled they went south as far as Albania; and they founded the colony Zeta in the valley of a little river. Now Zeta has always been independent, up to this day. Zeta is the little country that is now Montenegro. Later on, when the Turks in a second invasion, placed Serbia under their yoke, many more Serbians came down the mountains to the north of Montenegro and they settled there, and a dynasty was formed under a Bishop, the dynasty coming from the bishops. Like the Scotch people we were divided into clans. Every tribe had its chief, very similar

to the Scotch clans. We also have a sword dance and use the bagpipes, like them; but our bagpipe is not as large as theirs, as we are a much smaller nation!

For five and a half centuries we have checked the Turkish invasion. The Hapsburgs of to-day owe their crown to the Slav who protected them from the Turks; but the Hapsburgs have never been faithful to the Slav as you know very well. The Montenegrins have always defeated the Turks so that they never reached our mountains; they broke at the foot of the mountains and none of them returned to tell the tale.

Montenegrins have been proud of themselves, proud of their country although small, and of their ruler. They have always been faithful to their ruler. Our King, whom we address as 'thou' not 'you,' walks in the streets among the people. He knows all the clans and all the people who have been with him at war against the Turks. He has a very fine memory. Our nation differs from the Serbian in this, that still in our mountains you find to-day the real type of the old Serb; because we have not had the Turkish invasion nor the Huns at the time of the Hungarian invasion, and we have conserved the true Serbian type of our ancestors.

As national characteristics we have this. We are quiet, we do not speak much. We think. We have poets amongst our poor peasants. The shepherds are poets. Although the shepherd knows how to read and write just a little, he is incapable of writing verses; yet he can make verses. We are not as musical as the Serbs and this they say is on account of our high mountains. They say the altitude spoils the musical taste, although I don't know about that. Anyone who is working in a skyscraper in New York must lose the taste of music, if that is so. Montenegrins are very poetical and the first poet is our King. They say our people are so poetical that when our children cry they cry in poetry.

Now, on account of the constant invasion of both Serbia and Montenegro, printing has never developed, so the history of our country is in the mouths of the rhapsodists. These are all respectable men and they travel from village to village with nothing with them but a piece of bread or bacon and a little instrument that looks like a mandolin, with one string, on which the rhapsodist plays and sings his rhapsody. It is a primitive instrument, but

the man who is telling a piece of poetry or history makes up a suitable accompaniment to add to the effect of his story or whatever it is. Our rhapsodists have always kept alive among the people the spirit of patriotism and this is why we respect them. They do not need a home or food. They find it wherever they go. Hospitality is one of the main points in the make-up of our people. A traveller knocks at the door, walks in, sits down and eats. No questions asked. Now, gentlemen, the Montenegrins, as I said, are poets. Besides this they are warriors, and every man, in time of peace, is shooting. That is the main occupation. The Montenegrins are not very fond of jokes, of silly jokes. They do not like those jokes of the traveller variety. They are serious, they are silent people. There are no drunkards in our country as far as I know. Drinking is a shame. Drinking even on Christmas Day would not be allowed much and Christmas is one of the biggest days we have as holidays go. They are great smokers, and just now I feel as though I were in Montenegro! The Montenegrins are very fond of coffee, smoking and thinking. That is all they do. In time of war our women carry ammunition. They do all the Red Cross work. They accompany the men to the firing line and now I am thinking with sadness of how many of them have been killed. They have done their duty by their country.

The Montenegrins have a great inclination to travel and this is why we find them all over the world. As the country is poor—we have no industries, little agriculture—we have no other means of living but to emigrate. This is why you find in the United States nearly 20% of our men before the war, working in the mines. The Montenegrin considers himself a soldier and he would not work at anything that would not keep up this reputation. For instance, he would not do street cleaning, he would not be a waiter in a restaurant, and so forth. He works in the mines where nobody sees him.

In the past wars every Montenegrin was proud of the number of Turks he could kill and many of them used to bring the heads to show them to his masters, but often, while carrying the heads, they used to be captured, and so the King, the Prince then, said to them: "It is not necessary to bring the heads. Just bring me the noses." So, instead of carrying the big head, they used to carry the noses in the pockets of their trousers.

The Montenegrins in this war—they have not fought, like in the other wars for any acquisition of territory, although hunger is at our gates. We fight for the freedom of those who have been under the Austrian-Hungarian yoke. We have an ideal. We could not live without it. Our first ideal which made us go against the Turk was the Cross. We fight for the Cross. We consider ourselves the best Christians in that country. We are all Christians —belonging to the Greek Oriental Church. We used to have connection with Constantinople. Now we have our own archbishop. We have some Roman Catholics and some Mohammedans, and this is all that we have as religions, but every religion is respected. We make no difference, no division.

We have been and are the most advanced people in the Balkan States in culture, in writing and reading. We have the highest percentage among the Balkan States in these subjects.

As to cruelties perpetrated in this war upon the peaceful population. The Montenegrin and Serbian have a belief that if you dishonor any woman in a decent house you wont have any luck in the world, and the first shot is fired on the person who has perpetrated such a crime. For instance, a girl before marriage is collecting her dowry. It is put in a box. She is preparing everything that she can to give as a present to her future husband. There are presents for him that she is working herself. Needlework. A nice shirt with embroidery. Socks especially, and she puts them in a nice box. Any soldier touching a dowry of a girl would also have bad luck. A Serbian officer ordered his soldiers to take everything they could find in a certain house, and the soldiers refused to obey. They said, although you are an officer, our principles of religion will not let us touch a woman or anything belonging to her dowry. This prevents the people from perpetrating crimes, they are religious. We believe in God and fear God.

The Serbians and Montenegrins are big-hearted people, hospitable and not brutes, like those we are fighting. Very little has been known of Montenegro. In my travels I met an English lady who asked me what nationality I was and I told her Montenegrin, and she said: "Well, you are not black!" I said: "No, we wash our faces well." She was surprised!

The Montenegrin used not, unfortunately, to treat his wife on the same footing of equality as we see to-day. 'First comes the

man,' he would say, 'then you. Take off my slippers, light my pipe.' She had to attend to her husband as she does to her children. The woman would walk on the street behind the husband. He would carry a stick, and if the woman came a little nearer he used to push the stick back under his arm and jab at her. However, it was no wonder we had this point of view as we were in touch with the Turk and we were copying a little of the civilization of that barbarian. If they were ill-treating so many wives it seemed easy for us to ill-treat one. Those mothers of ours, who have produced such good fighters! To them we owe very much. To them we owe everything we have. They were badly treated, yes, but they are now on the same footing as we are. Civilization has been introduced into our country too. They have fought side by side with our men, up on the rocks where only the goat can reach. They have carried ammunition and food and given consolation to those who were dying. "No Admittance" was written on the big tent, in English, the hospital tent. But at certain hours the Montenegrin women went there and said: "I want to see my son," and they went in, notwithstanding the "No Admittance." We love our sons and our families. The Montenegrin is jealous of his family. The principal crime in our country is killing in self-defense. That is the only crime I know of in my country. In the prisons you won't find many persons, and if you ask a prisoner why he is there, he will say he committed a crime in self-defense. He will never tell you for stealing. They are ashamed of that.

The Serbians are up and down. When in great joy they are bright and gay, when sad they are in the depths. Although of the Serbian race we keep more on the same level all the time.

Now, gentlemen, you know a little bit about the character of my little country. Of its bravery you have read perhaps more than I. We have been victorious for five and a half centuries and now we have lost our biggest stronghold, like the Rock of Gibraltar—Lovcen. Where the thrush used to be heard from dell to dell, where the little streams used to run, sweetly whispering the songs of our language, there, to-day, is the barbarian; he has reached the top. We, worn-out in a war of four years, have lost half of our youth. Ten thousand are lying around the mountain out of five divisions. Another ten thousand have fallen in the trenches, fighting against the Bulgarians. In order to help our

brothers, the Serbians, we made a march of 260 miles, doing about 40 miles a day, and when we reached there, worn-out, sick, exhausted, they told us to stop. But we refused, we went straight up in the trenches and dislodged those barbarians and we killed them, and we found our death too. Only a few of our people came back. But the victory was won for the Serbians. When they charge the enemy they never use bayonets, they take out their revolvers. We had 35,000 Montenegrins in America. About twenty thousand reached the battle line, carrying revolvers, and through the kindness of the United States Secret Service nobody was touched. The Serbians used to dig trenches for our people. They would not bother with trenches themselves. They exposed themselves in front of the enemy and this is how they died, like the Roman soldiers under Justinian, hit through the front, not through the back.

Speaking of the trenches, I have the other day come across a book, "Life in the Trenches," which spoke so well of the life there, the English soldier getting chocolates from his sweetheart and so on. The Montenegrins have very few sweethearts. We have no drawingrooms, no curtains to hide ourselves. We marry very young. Life in the Montenegrin trenches has been a very sad life, especially during this last war. There is no Montenegrin who has been in the trenches who has not got rheumatism and to heal them we have no medicine, no doctors, we cannot buy medicine, everything is taken up and we come the last. I am told that the men heat two pieces of stone by rubbing them together until a spark comes and wrap them around with clothes binding them to the knee and this is how they try to alleviate their pain in the trenches. Sad things come to my attention through a doctor who used to be attached to our service there. Such are the conditions in Montenegro. We have no chocolates, because chocolates do not make good soldiers. Good soldiers are made from onions and brown bread. The Montenegrins have a digestion that will digest anything. Our principal diet is brown bread, corn meal mush, onions, cabbages and potatoes. The life there has been a frugal one. All the time we are either expecting or are actually ravaged by famine, and Russia has always helped us and sent us grain. Bread is the cry, bread and nothing else. We could not live without bread; and if you think that the Montenegrins wanted to take Scutari just in order to

win a battle you are mistaken. The reason is that it is located near the lake and around the lake is the most fertile part and they wanted to have a granary.

If Lovcen has been lost, that is the backbone of Serbia, and we have lost everything. You do not know the position. It is stronger than Gibraltar, and we have lost it. Why? Because we were worn out by hunger, we had no clothes, in the trenches we had five thousand men against twenty or thirty thousand Austrians, bombarding two fortresses on the top of the mountains. If our cannons had not been worn out from four years' use they would never have reached us there. We would have shot down every man we could reach.

Now comes the question of an armistice. Never believe that our king will make a separate peace. We Montenegrins have sworn faithfulness to the Holy Ghost—we fight for the Cross. We do not like to have the Turks back again, nor the thick-lipped Bulgarians, nor the Teutons, populating our mountains. They drove us back, but we are coming back like the tide, back again. We have another hope and object, to keep Scutari. If they take Scutari they take Montenegro. If we get some help from our allies we can keep them back and perhaps sweep them from their position and the victory will give us back Lovcen and final victory. England is not beaten, France is not beaten, nor is Russia yet. Unfortunately, the Albanians in the north are a little bit hostile to our cause, because the Austrians have spent lots of money to arm the Albanians, but those are only intrigues. In the center of Albania is Essaad Pasha, and the King of Montenegro is friendly to this Pasha. Our King amongst the Albanians has a good name and perhaps that may help us, that the Albanians may not be hostile to our poor refugees.

Concerning the cruelties perpetrated by the Austrian-Hungarians on our poor population. Let me illustrate this. An old woman is left in the village and the gendarmes of Franz Joseph come and ask her, "Where is your son?" She says: "He has run away." They put her on a post, like a pillory, strip her, assault her, and then set fire to her little house so she can see the destruction of her home. Is this worthy of a civilized nation? It is a shame. I have, gentlemen, over a hundred pictures, and most of them are showing the cruelties of the Austrians. If you see them you will be amazed. I cannot look at them without

tears. Children two years of age, women, old men, all massacred together, and I have a picture of the major of the Austrian Army who massacred those people.

Our great saying is "Nothing without God," and knowing that the Bible says that the anger of God is slow but is sure, we know that those barbarians will have to pay.

To-day, I am making an appeal that you all here, all Canadians, should unite without distinction of race and religion, one and in unison. That will give you the strength to fight. The Canadian battalions who have been in the trenches have fought the enemy and have been an honor to their country. Only a few of them have been there but more are going and may God bless those who will go afterwards and destroy the work of the devil so well represented in Wilhelm the Second. The Canadians at the front have a great task, a noble task, that history will never forget. Nor will history forget the Canadians. Some of them have lost their lives just at the gates of my country, having been drowned. The boat went down with all the supplies, 60,000 bags of flour which I had collected and which would have saved the lives of so many families. There were five hundred soldiers on board and only two hundred have been saved. I am a father. I have a son at war. He may be killed or wounded, I don't know. I cannot go myself, but I serve my country, I do my best. May the Lord bless my son. I cannot do more. I wish I had fifteen or twenty sons. The Germans have increased their population by white slavery, and all kinds of criminal and immoral things. We have increased our population by morality, by marriage, and every good man has fifteen or twelve children; and why are we so strong and tough? Because we have fought the land which is rocky and barren, our women were able to resist anything. Your forefathers came to this country, the pioneers, and worked their way through the forest with the utmost difficulty, and out of their hard muscles were born sons with harder muscles. You Canadians are a healthy race, a healthy nation. Your cities are very small, you are in touch with nature and in touch with God and that gives you a big heart. I rely on that big heart, gentlemen, that you will make any sacrifice for your cause. I say to all Canadians in general, unite and fight to the end. I think that after May we will win a victory. The operation of the war in Spring is very difficult. The snow will be melting on the dear

Lovcen we have lost, and it will bring down in streams the blood of my brothers who died there on the height. I wish to see the Spring over. Our soldiers won't have a very good time of it then. Encourage your men to save the country from our common enemy! And now, gentlemen, I will close this address with something in French—Aux armes, Canadiens!

(Friday, January 21st, 1916)

THE CANADIAN PATRIOTIC FUND

1. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL
2. SIR HERBERT AMES

1. FIELD MARSHAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

I AM indeed very grateful to you for having given me another opportunity of speaking before you on behalf of the Canadian Patriotic Fund; because, as your President reminded you to-day, it was here that this Fund was launched. It was here that you gentlemen determined to support my endeavors in starting a fund which would combine all that was best, all that was necessary, not only for the wives and children of Canadian soldiers but also for those of British reservists and the reservists of our allies. Gentlemen, since then we have honestly carried out those intentions, and I think that those who take an interest in the Canadian Patriotic Fund will feel that every cent they have subscribed has been honestly spent. Everybody connected with the fund has had but one object and that object to do his utmost to take his part in this great war. Many of them have gone to the front and have distinguished themselves and brought honor to the name of their country, but others who have been unable to go to the front have, I am happy to think, recognized that in this Canadian Patriotic Fund they have been able to do their bit towards alleviating the horrors connected with a war like the great one with which we are now engaged.

Gentlemen, from the first it has been the object of those connected with the Executive of this Fund to make it a national one, national in every way, so that it should interest all classes of

Canadians, We have tried to get everybody to recognize that in subscribing to this Fund they were doing a great action, not only for Canada, not only for our allies, but I venture to think for the world. You have set an example by the generous manner in which this Fund has been supported from the Atlantic to the Pacific; you have set an example of patriotic and generous feeling which I am sure has done much to raise the character of the Canadian. There has been inculcated in all the idea that we have to help others and that the little we could save, be it big or small, went with the object of showing that we wished to be one with those who have done so much to maintain the honor, the integrity and the freedom of their country.

Gentlemen, we are now about to enter into a very important campaign in response to my appeal of the 1st of January. This campaign is not only being made in Montreal but it is being made in every other city of the Dominion; and I think that there is a friendly rivalry throughout all our great cities in the success which is going to attend the campaign. Gentlemen, we have made very complete arrangements. We have tried to bring in all ranks, all creeds, all nationalities, with one common object, of helping this fund. What I hope is that a great and lasting success will meet the efforts made by Canadians from one end to the other. You are aware that at this moment we are looking after the families of thirty thousand soldiers. This month we are spending $540,000. You must remember that this large amount of money will not go on decreasing. We have recently increased the number of our Contingents up to 500,000 men. That will mean that we will have a very largely increased number of families to look after. Therefore whatever you are able to give will be well spent. Whatever we do not spend will be ready to be spent when the time comes.

Gentlemen, it is great cities like Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver and others that are able to help us out in looking after the families of those who often come in large numbers from the smallest and least populous parts of Canada. Were it not for the system we have of lumping the whole sum together and giving where it is required, we should not be able to carry out with fairness our present system, which we honestly believe is for the benefit of all families and moreover a great help to recruiting. It makes those who are not certain whether they can afford to

leave their families, and are therefore doubtful of enlisting, feel confident that those families will be well supported so that they will be able to lead decent lives, and that those who remain behind will look after them.

Gentlemen, may I say how very grateful I am to the men in large businesses like the C.P.R. and other railways, in the many large factories and munition works in this city who are giving so generously and who have responded so well, giving one day's pay a quarter to the Fund during the war. It is this spirit that exists throughout the country that is the happy side of this sad and serious war. I cannot help thinking that the generosity, the kindly thought of others that we meet with on all sides, is a positive benefit to the Dominion and that it will raise people's ideas beyond their own little circle, in the interest of and in the helpfulness towards others.

Gentlemen, I have touched very lightly only on the different subjects connected with this Fund, but I am to be followed by Sir Herbert Ames, to whom the country is so deeply indebted for the splendid manner in which he has carried out his very onerous duties of Secretary. He will give you many details that I have not tried to present to you.

I wish, gentlemen, again to thank you for giving me this opportunity of meeting you, and of assuring you how much I appreciate your efforts and your support. The great efforts and endeavors that are being made by all classes of the great city of Montreal and the Province of Quebec to help our Fund are most gratifying, and I wish every success to the great campaign that is about to open.

II. SIR HERBERT AMES

Standing here as I do to-day it is difficult for me to say whether I am more proud of the fact that I am Chairman of the Montreal Patriotic Fund Committee or Honorary Secretary of the National Fund. The former position has always been a source of great pride to me, in the knowledge that Montreal was so admirably responding to every appeal to her; and in the second capacity it has been a privilege and a pleasure to work as Secretary on a Committee of which His Royal Highness has been the Chairman. Let me respectfully and humbly add, it will be a long time before the people of Canada realize just how much the leadership

of His Royal Highness, as Chairman of the Canadian Patriotic Fund Committee, has meant to the success of this work. We have never had a meeting of the National Executive at which he has not presided, and our meetings have been regularly carried on about once a month, and his sympathy and close touch with the whole work has been for the rest of us an inspiration on every occasion. As the Chairman has said, about fifteen months ago, at an occasion similar to this one, held in this same room, an appeal was made which was based upon the conviction that the duty of those who stayed at home was to care for those who went to the front. On this occasion, as we again come before you, that idea has been crystallized into action. Fifteen months ago an organization was formed here and elsewhere, and now, although we still feel that the idea contains in it an appeal that none of you will fail to meet, still to-day we have not only an idea but a record to present to you.

The Canadian Patriotic Fund here and elsewhere has now been in operation for fifteen months. Its books are open, its methods under review and every criticism or question that may be asked will be cheerfully met and regularly dealt with. It is on that record that we are making a second appeal to the people of Canada. We say: you did well before, we want you to do better now. Here in the city of Montreal, in Toronto, Ottawa, Vancouver and a number of other places this month these appeals will be made, and we feel sure they will be generously responded to. Now we get our money from business men for the most part, from just such gatherings as I face from this table to-day. Business men do not generally stop to argue or discuss a proposition before they act. They ask a few questions and if they are satisfactorily answered they are prepared to respond generously, and in the twenty minutes I have allotted to me to-day I am going to try to deal with five or six questions which a business man will put when you ask him to subscribe again.

The first question is this: What use have you made of the money I already gave you? In reply to that we simply say: come up to the Drummond Building at any time and see our work in daily operation. I have the opportunity of travelling all through Canada for the Patriotic Fund, from Halifax to Vancouver, meeting and talking with Committees, and I can say with complete honesty that nowhere in this wide Dominion will

you find a more careful, more assiduous, a more sympathetic and efficient Committee, composed of men and women administering relief, than you will find here in the City of Montreal. I want to bear testimony to the Committee over which Clarence F. Smith presides. He has never been absent from his post since the war broke out; and I want to bear testimony to that magnificent army of women, under the generalship of Miss Helen Reid. We are sending disciplined regiments to the front; but if you want to find a disciplined regiment of women, each one efficient, performing her part, each one knowing just what her duty is and lending her best endeavor to the fulfilment of it, let me refer you to the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Montreal Patriotic Fund.

During the fifteen months gone by over six thousand families have come to the Fund for assistance, and no one was turned away empty handed. At the present time nearly five hundred families are regularly helped, about ten thousand individuals in Montreal look to the Patriotic Fund to make for them the difference between bare existence and decent, comfortable living.

The next question that might be asked would be this: Have you spent all the money that we gave you before ? Now I have been cautioned to approach that question rather carefully. I do not feel that there is any need of attempting to hide any facts or figures in connection with the Canadian Patriotic Fund. We have not. If we had it would all have had to be spent right here in Montreal. About two-thirds of the money raised here a year ago and contributed during the past ten or fifteen months has been spent in Montreal and the balance has gone into the common purse. His Royal Highness has touched upon the basic principle, and it is this: Canada has one army and only one. She has one flag, one fleet, one force, one Fund and only one, and we appeal to every Canadian, from one end of the Dominion to the other, every man who stays at home, and we say to them: Give all you can, give till you feel it, till it is some sacrifice commensurate with the sacrifice of the man who has gone to the front to fight for you and put it in the common purse, so that we will be able to say to every soldier's wife from coast to coast, "as long as there is a dollar in that common purse you will be looked after." Now you are big enough to know that this is fair and right. You know that the man on the firing line, wherever he comes from,

is fighting your battle and that his wife, wherever she is, deserves to be helped, so when I tell you that the various Provinces of the Dominion have not sent the same number of men and have therefore not all the same burden to carry, you will realize the fairness of it. Alberta has sent one man to twenty-three of its population. We have British Columbia doing nearly the same. We are sending one in eighty-five of our population from this Province If each Province undertook to carry its own burden, the burden on Quebec would be sixty cents per capita, on Alberta $2.00 per capita. Are you going to penalize patriotism? Are you going to say to places sending a large number of men that they must pay twice as much as you? Is that fair? So we say to the Province of Quebec: double that sixty and make it $1.20 a head and we say to Alberta: you may overdraw on us every month as long as you bear your fair share of the common loan; and we have given Alberta $400,000 of the money raised elsewhere in Canada.

Now the next question that you business men put to those who come to see you is: What are your needs? I can imagine by this time the cheque book is out and it is just a matter of how much. Not in figures of Montreal, not in figures of the Province of Quebec, but in figures of this Dominion-wide movement, we want nine million dollars and we are going to get nine million dollars. Yesterday a message came from our Treasurer over the telephone saying: "We have, to-day, passed the seven million mark in cash received at Ottawa." "Good," I said, "this time next year, if the war lasts that long, it will be the seventeen million mark."

We have called 220,000 men to the colors. We are adding 15,000 or 20,000 every month. We are using to-day $540,000 per month. By the spring that will be three quarters of a million per month. The nine millions will be required; and it is most necessary for us to make, all along the line, one strong, great, united effort to provide, as early in this year as we can, for our requirements of 1916.

Sometimes I am asked about administration expenses. Probably that question would not be asked here in Montreal, but yesterday a statement was put in my hands by our Treasurer, so wonderful, that I must present it to you. The banks give us 4% interest on our balances, which is very good of them, and in the first sixteen months of the Fund, all the expenses connected

with the campaigns, all the expenses connected with the administration of relief, all the expenses of the check and audit system, for the Head Office and all the branches, just about equalled our bank interest.

Now the next question when we talk large figures like this is: How do you expect to get it? and there are some who are saying: "You will never get it from the Canadian public. They are getting weary of giving. Every Fund is asking for more and more money. You will have to fall back on the Government in order to carry it on." I do not believe that. The Patriotic Fund was started in the first place as a stay-at-homes' Fund. It was started by those who felt they had to pay ransom for the privilege of being fought for, and who were willing to make some sacrifice commensurate with the sacrifice made by the men going to the front. There is no talk of conscription in Canada. Why ask the Dominion Government to raise, by taxation, the money required for patriotic purposes such as ours? We are not going to appeal to the Government to carry it through. We do not think we need to. We do not believe we have begun to exhaust the willingness of the people of Canada to give generously. We think that instead of thinking of a gift to our fund as a favor, you should regard it as a favor being offered to you. We are giving you an opportunity. When this war broke out there were hundreds, thousands of men in Canada, whose one great sorrow was that years, or ill-health, or business ties that could not be broken, or family reasons held them here when they wanted to go to the front. Those men want to do their bit too. They do not want simply to stand and see the procession go by. They want to feel they are doing their bit. They can do their bit to some extent by making some sacrifice to the Canadian Patriotic Fund.

Now no doubt you are at the stage where you are ready to say: what is our share ? Our share is this. If you divide nine million dollars among the people of Canada it comes to about $1.20 per head, and if you calculate out the population of the Province of Quebec it would come to about two and a half million dollars as their share. Is it too much to ask that this Province should line up with the rest of Canada ? The great City of Montreal will lead off, but they certainly expect that all the rest of the Province will follow and you may have the satisfaction of

feeling that as a Province as well as as a city we are bearing our full share. The Province of Quebec and this old City of Montreal contains a mixed population. There are those of us who speak of the 'old country,' those of us who speak of 'la patrie.' Both of those nations are to-day fighting for their existence and to lose that fight would be the annihilation of both and of ourselves as well. We have regiments going from this city, English regiments, French regiments and mixed regiments, and so the casualty lists come in with the names mixed in the same way and the common blood is shed in the common cause. Come up to the Patriotic Fund Office and you will find ladies, French and English, seeing each other for the first time, learning to respect and honor each other, and doing their common work together. Next week we are not going to have French Committees and English Committees and Jewish Committees, we are going to have French and English working together with Jewish citizens sprinkled through them all, and we are going to make a common gift with no analysis in it, and with a magnificent object in view; with such union on the part of our great mixed people, that I am sure this thing will be carried through to a great success. Then this bi-lingual, I might say multilingual city will hold its place among the generous municipalities of the Dominion.

I want you sometime or other, not all together please, to come up to the Drummond Building and see how the Patriotic Fund is carried on. I will take the chance that if you spend half an hour there you will be perfectly willing to give three or four days next week to the hardest kind of work and give us as much as you can spare. If you come to any of our patriotic committees what will you see ? You will see a man and a woman come in together. The man comes up and says: "Where is the Patriotic Fund Secretary ?" and they bring the two of them to the Secretary, and the man says: "Mr. Secretary, I am thinking of enlisting. My wife, Mary, has a little family of children. What will you do for Mary if I enlist ?" Now that is a perfectly right and honest and reasonable question. There is a man who feels the call of two duties, the call of country and at the same time the duty to provide for the wife and family that God gave him. Can he do both ? Yes. You make it possible for him to do both. We say to Tom: "The Government will give you a separation allowance of $20.00 a month. You will send her

back a part of your pay, and if that is not sufficient the Patriotic Fund will come to your assistance and will give you so much and so much for Mary and the children." and Tom looks at Mary and says: "Can you run your house on that ?" And she says: "Yes, Tom." Tom puts down his name and the next day he is in khaki, a soldier of the King, with his face toward the East, going to the seat of war; and Mary goes back home and takes up her life with her children. Now there is not so much as a scrap of paper as far as a contract is concerned. No one could imagine two people staking their lives on such intangible evidence, and yet Tom goes to the front feeling perfectly satisfied that Mary will be taken care of, and she feels the same. Why ? On the word of the Secretary ? No, but because the Secretary knows that behind him is the National Patriotic Fund, and behind the National Patriotic Fund stand the eight million people of Canada, who will see that that Fund never goes down until it is no longer needed.

(*January 31st, 1916*)

RUSSIA AND HER COMMERCIAL FUTURE WITH REFERENCE TO THE WEST

By DR. J. D. PRINCE
(Of Columbia University, New York)

IT was Kipling who said that a Russian is a fine fellow until he tucks his shirt in, by which he meant that as long as the Russian was content to remain semi-Oriental and not put on Western airs he was all right, but as soon as he tried to Westernize himself he became rather unbearable.

In the few minutes allotted to me to-day I want to just try to show you that the Russian has been somewhat misunderstood. Of all the nationalities which have of late years thronged the immigration bureaus on this side of the Atlantic, the Slavs are perhaps the least known, and, consequently, the least understood, both in Canada and the United States. In fact a large part of this confusion has arisen from the incorrect application of the doubtful adjective "Slav" to the Slovaks of northern Hungary, who have ignorantly arrogated to themselves the sole right to be called Slavs. The term "Slav" is scientifically applied to the following races and tribes, among all of whom dialects belonging to the Slavonic branch of the Indo-Germanic family of languages are in use: viz., the Russians, who must be subdivided into Great Russians, White Russians and Little Russians, or Ukrainians; the Poles of Russia, Germany and Austria, corresponding with the tripartite division of the former kingdom of Poland among these three governments; the Slovaks, who extend across the northern border of Hungary from the Little Russian language line on the east to the Bohemian or Czech border on the west; the Bohemians

(Czechs), who embrace also the Moravian population to the south of them, both of which tribes speak a distinctly western Slavonic idiom; the Serbs and Croats on the south who differ from each other only in that they write their common speech, the Serbs in the Cyrillic (Russian) alphabet, and the Croats in the Latin letters; finally, the Bulgarians, traitors to the common Slavonic ideal in the present war, who speak a bastard Slavonic and whose dialects extend not only through political Bulgaria, but also through a large part of Macedonia. To the Serbs must be added the brave tribe of Montenegrins and also the Slovenes, who inhabit the district just behind Trieste; and, strangely enough, the little racial island of Wends in Prussia and Saxony, who, although separated by centuries of isolation from their southern Slavonic cousins, still use a distinctly Serbo-Slavonic form of speech.

The Russians alone of this great family were able to found a permanent empire, partly because of their early isolation from the rest of Europe, and partly because they have always had in themselves a certain inherent strength which seems to be largely lacking in all the other Slavonic tribes, except the Serbs. The Russians began their political life with a great number of independent principalities, some of which, notably, Novgorod the Great, were really mercantile republics after the style of mediaeval Venice. After the great invasion of the Tatar "Golden Horde," tribute was laid on all these local governments by the Tatar Grand Khan, and the Prince of Moscow succeeded in getting himself named as the tax collector for the Tatars. This naturally gave the Muscovites a dominant position among the other early Russian political divisions, so that when the Tatars gradually broke up as a power and withdrew their baneful influence, Moscow was able to proclaim herself the leading Russian state. Unfortunately for democratic ideals, but perhaps fortunately for subsequent Russia, Moscow was never a republic, but had always based her governmental principles on autocratic ideals. This was the spirit of force and conquest which led to the subjugation of one Russian principality after another, until finally, we find a united Muscovite autocracy governing most of what is now European Russia. The Muscovite Grand-Prince styled himself first Tsar and later Imperator, following the extinct Byzantine model, and thus we get Russia as she exists to-day—a great centralized monarchy,

admirably organized on bureaucratic principles imported and developed by Peter the Great. Although Canadians and Americans may be inclined to look askance on this autocratic ideal, it was none the less the one which made Russia, while she was yet in the making, a possible working force. This will be all the more readily understood, if we realize that even to-day, the population of Russia is probably the most mixed in the world. Even in Petrograd, it is usual to hear the Finnish language in the streets along with the official Great Russian. Turkish and Mongol-speaking Tatars of every sort, wild Siberian tribes not as yet scientifically classified, the bewildering varieties of the Caucasus, where it is not certain just how many languages are spoken—all those over and above the three linguistic divisions of Russian mentioned before, Great, White and Little, are only some of the cosmopolitan difficulties with which the Russian Government has had to contend. In spite of these apparently almost insuperable obstacles, Russia has succeeded in establishing the Great Russian language as the idiom of education and in impressing on her varied subjects the feeling that they are Russian first of all, in spite of linguistic and religious differences. That the Russification of Russia has been a success is demonstrated by the general willingness to fight the German on the part of every kind of Russian subject, who in the present war have been glad to lay aside all sectional differences and to forget even religious disagreements. Such an attitude is all the more remarkable, if we recall that only a few years ago, Russia echoed with seditious cries, not only from the non-Russian speaking peoples, who were insisting on maintaining their languages and customs intact from Great Russian interference, but also from Great Russian political idealists, who, largely stimulated by the visionary works of Leo Tolstoy, were trying to overthrow the centralized government and establish some kind of dreamers' Utopia. All these separatist theories have vanished in the face of the great danger to the entire country. "Holy Russia" stands to-day for the first time in her history a united bulwark against the alien Teuton hosts.

The basic reason for this unexpected spirit of union lies in the fact that almost unknown to the outer world, Russia has been systematically engaged in modernizing herself ever since the days of Peter the Great; and it is instructive to note that this modernization has proceeded, not as the wild dreamers hoped, from

below upward, but conversely. The Government released the peasant serf from the land, where he was bound in former days to serve the noble proprietor. The next step was to release the same peasant from his obligations of holding land in common and to raise him gradually to the status of individual proprietorship. Simultaneously with this improvement, fostered by the Government, has come the reform in agricultural methods. Modern agricultural implements have been imported and their use taught by trained Government teachers. Factories have been established all over the country. In short, the empire has been gradually developed from a semi-Oriental culture to a modern western civilization which has naturally called forth a new energy from the Russian people and, what is most important for Canada and the States, new demands from Russia on the outside world.

I will not weary you with elaborate statistics as to the size of Russia which you can obtain equally well from the excellent article on that country in the last edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Your own Professor Mavor's admirable and epoch-making work on Economic Russia will also give you very satisfactory detailed material on the immense value of the great empire as an ever expanding field for trade. I will merely point out in this connection that, along with the immense development of European Russia, must be reckoned the Government's plans to develop the incalculably valuable tracts in Siberia and to open up the as yet virgin resources of that territory to world commerce.

The Russian Government, following the suggestion of Nansen, has begun to develop the possibilities of sea-trade on the north by shipping butter, hemp and wheat, and other Siberian products through the Kara sea. Last October, two steamers with large cargoes arrived at Grimsby, in England, from the mouths of the Yenesei and Ob rivers via this route. The Russians are using aeroplanes to inspect the condition of the ice and guide the course of vessels by wireless telegraphy. Both the ships mentioned were piloted in this manner safely through the straits and the usually dangerous northern ocean. In addition to this, the Russian Government has almost completed a new line of railway from Petrograd to the new port of Alexandrovsk, which is practically ice-free all the year round, thus improving on the facilities of Archangel, where for several months all sea-commerce is at a standstill, owing to the Arctic ice-floes.

No one need fear that the result of the present war is going to injure Russia. In the first place, there is too much Russia! An empire covering over one-seventh of the land surface of the globe and with a population of 163,778,800 as shown by the 1910 census. cannot suffer much from any war of aggression, especially if we recall that with England's aid in arms and munitions, the Russian people are going to be well able to put up a gallant and effectual resistance, which, in my opinion, can end only with the ultimate ejection of the invader.

Up to now, the difficulty with all foreign trade with Russia has been that a very large part of it has been carried on chiefly through German middlemen, who have taken advantage of the necessity of transhipment of many goods on non-Russian territory, owing to lack of sufficient direct sea communication, to make money both at the expense of the seller and the customer. Of course, since the breaking out of hostilities, all this German brokerage has ceased and it must be the task of both the great countries on this side of the water to see to it that it does not recommence when the war is over. I take it for granted that the interest of Canada in Russia and conversely is more than the sentimental tie of international alliance which binds together the two countries at the present moment. Commerce is the life of the world and all lasting interest and even fellowship is based upon mutual trade or the possibility thereof. Nor should we look upon this view as smacking too much of harsh materialism, for, after all, mutual trade means only mutual benefit, and from such inter-relationship comes the inevitable sequence of respect and friendship. Your point of view, therefore, with regard to Russia, should embody the query as to how Canada's trade with Russia can be increased.

Following this line of thought, it behoves us to inquire first as to what the trade between Canada and Russia has been hitherto; that is, before the war put a stop to most of it. I find from the Russian official reports that between the years 1906–1913, that is, until just before the outbreak of the war, the exportation of Canadian products into Russia was exactly double that of the five years preceding 1906, amounting during the period I mention to $1,263,000 in the year 1909, which increased to $2,145,000 in 1913. In fact, in 1913, we find $3,067,000 worth of exports and imports totalling about 3% of the entire export and import

trade of Canada. During 1913, the chief exports from Canada to Russia consisted of wheat products ($281,987); fish, ($1,620); metals and minerals ($1,858,707), and of raw timber and wooden objects, we find the small total of only $2,408. From Russia to Canada, on the other hand, the exportations make a rather strange showing, as we find among the chief products flax ($24,-852), and furs ($313,116), duty free, and $15,001 worth of dutiable furs; fibre, hay and straw ($3,920), duty free; hides and skins ($543,218); food products ($975); tobacco ($190); vegetables, some timber and small quantities of wool and woollen manufactures.

What strikes the student of this little list is the almost total absence of manufactured articles among the exports of both countries. In such a land as yours where a new industrialism is rising and in such an industrially expanding country as Russia more attention should be paid to the development and mutual exchange of manufactures. Looking at the list just cited, it seems almost as if the trade hitherto has been a mere fortuitous interchange and it is very evident that a great development is possible on both sides. Of course, I am aware, as that able authority Sir Edward Walker, President of your Bank of Commerce has recently pointed out, that, if Canada were at the present moment a neutral nation, as is the United States, she would be coining money by her exports to the warring powers. You are of course not neutral, but are aiding with your best blood and some of your most precious lives in the struggle for fair and free international relations, without which the world must subside again into the deadly lethargy of mediaevalism.

But you must none the less look to the commercial future of your country and there is no more promising field for mutual trade than Russia is going to be after the war. The far-seeing men in the States have already begun to realize this fact, and such financiers as Mr. Vanderlip, of the National City Bank of New York, have taken steps to foster a direct trade relation between Russia and the United States. The Boston Industrial Development Board has recently issued a most valuable pamphlet on Russian Trade and New England, which points out the way to encourage a broader commercial intercourse between America and Russia. Mr. Vanderlip has established classes in the Russian language in his bank, to enable young men to interest themselves

practically in Russian business. Columbia University has just founded a Slavonic Department, of which I happen to be the head, the main object of which is to encourage Americans to learn Russian and Russian History and economics. One of the first needs for Canada, as for us in the States, must be to send trained personal investigators to study the present conditions in Russia. The Germans did this long ago and in consequence have enjoyed many years of uninterrupted profitable trade with Russia. There is no use in sending men who cannot speak Russian. Here again the Germans showed their wisdom, for in no language in the world are there so excellent and so scientifically arranged grammars of Russian as we find in German. There is not as yet a single decent grammar of Russian in our tongue, so that we are practically forced in New York to take on only students who can read either German or French. Your first care in Canada should be to establish in your universities or if not in all, certainly in at least two such institutions, departments where your young men can familiarize themselves with the intricacies of the Russian language, both from the grammatical and from the conversational point of view. Russian is not like some other languages. One cannot learn to talk and write in it without a thorough comprehension of its very complicated grammatical system. With a force of men trained in this way Canada would be in a position to avoid all foreign agents and middlemen and to establish her own system of credit. The Russians like some other European nations are accustomed to operate on long credits and they are inclined to resent the usual American demand for "spot cash." Furthermore, Russians are not as their enemies would make them out generically dishonest. On the contrary, experience has shown that their responsible business men always pay in full. We may be certain that this is the case as otherwise the Germans would long ago have ceased dealing with them. But the German export trade to Russia before the war amounted to the immense sum of £60,000,000 annually and this is only the beginning of future demands for foreign goods. M. Sergei Sazonoff the well known Russian Foreign Minister pointed out in his statement to the London Times of September 15th, 1914, the following salient features of future trade in Russia: "The ground has been broken by Germany and these enormous markets for machinery, chemicals and all sorts of manufactured products are now suddenly cut off

from the avenues through which they have been supplied. It has been said in the Maxims of Pascal that to govern is to foresee. This is not only true of politics and affairs of Government, but applies as well to trade relations. It is that country which foresees the situation commercially in Russia that will reap the enormous benefits that these markets now offer."

Russia needs countless things which Canada could manufacture and send her. For example, there is a great demand for small wares such as pencils, pens, penholders, clocks and watches. She needs marine motors; nets and tackle; manufacturing machines of all sorts, and many other such articles too numerous to mention. She requires also tin, iron and other metals as her own mining resources have not yet been properly developed. This demand Canada has already in some sort discovered as indicated by the list which I just read to you. It is not only sheet or pig metal that is needed. They want boiler iron, roofing, babbiting, nails, screws, etc., and thousands of similar products. In other words here we have an immense country cut off from her chief source of supply—Germany—crying out to you and to us across the line to feed her with the necessities of civilization.

In view of this great opportunity why does not Canada ask for a commercial attaché in Montreal to be associated under the jurisdiction of your able Consul-General M. Likhatscheff? M. Medzikhovsky, our commercial attaché at the Russian Embassy at Washington has been always ready to point out to various American trade centres the most efficient methods of establishing direct commercial intercourse with Russia. He has always furnished statistics on demand and in short acts as a general bureau of commercial information for the benefit of the growing trade between the States and Russia. If anything like a real trade relationship were to be established between Canada and Russia such an official would be of the greatest possible value to you. In the meanwhile, the Russian industrial and commercial authorities in Petrograd stand ready to tell you their immediate necessities. The Russian Chamber of Export is inviting all non-Teutonic countries to engage in mutual trade. The Minister of Commerce and Industry stands also ready to give all information in his power.

Here is a new field open to your great country and the time to take advantage of it is NOW. The two keys to the situation

are (1) information and (2) credit, both of which are yours for the asking. Canada can certainly undertake this new departure and not only increase her own producing capacity, but cement relations with a noble ally who is giving her life blood in the interests of our common humanity.

(February 7, 1916)

TECHNICAL EDUCATION AND OUR RETURNING SOLDIERS

By F. H. SEXTON
Director of Technical Education, Nova Scotia

MONTREAL has done wonderfully in sending recruits. You have responded nobly to every call that has been made upon you for the Patriotic Fund, Red Cross, etc. To-day I want to take you a little farther into the duties which this great struggle has thrust upon the nation of Canada.

Our men have gone forth to the battlefields of France and have won there lasting fame in defeating a portion of the very flower of the German army. In the mighty movements that are destined to take place before the year has waned our Canadian soldiers are going to vindicate our faith in them again and again and again. But every battle that we have, every day of fighting in the slimy ooze of the trenches, means a harvest of death and of broken men. To-day I want to talk to you, if I may, about what ought to be done with these broken men who come back to Canada unfit for further military duty. This is a very delicate and complicated task. Not only is it so for an old-established nation like England, but more so for a young, fresh, vigorous nation like Canada.

The arrangements now in connection with wounded soldiers run something like this. The men reported in the casualty lists go back to the hospitals and convalescent homes in England. They are kept there until they have reached the stage of physical fitness which will enable them to stand the ocean voyage, and then those men unfit for further military duty are returned to St. John, N.B. At St. John they are met by representatives of the Military Hospitals Commission. If they belong to the Mari-

time Provinces they are dealt with at that place; if elsewhere they are sent to Quebec. After a man is as physically fit as nursing —the highest nursing and medical skill—can make him he is given a certificate, reports for a suit of civilian clothes, he is given a certain amount of pay from the Department of Militia and Defence, so that he can take a few weeks to adjust himself to civil life and find employment. Co-operating with the Military Hospitals Commission, each province has established a central commission which has undertaken to find employment for the returned soldier. These committees or commissions have been established by the various provincial governments and all the expense of the committees is being borne by those same governments. The man who is not fit to go back to work is sent to one of the various convalescent homes which the public-spirited men and women of Canada have furnished to the Hospitals Commission, and there he spends a period of time in being nursed back to that degree of physical fitness which the highest nursing and medical skill can provide for him. When he has reached that stage he is discharged in the same way and employment is found for him. There are a certain number of these men who have returned to Canada and are being nursed in our nursing homes, who will not be able to go out and find employment in those vocations which they followed prior to enlistment. Some of our soldiers have gone blind, others are maimed in other ways. The statistics from the British Army during about six months show that one-twelfth of the wounded had their sight seriously impaired, that one-seventh of them had lost a hand, an arm, a leg, or more than one of these appendages. One-fourth of them were maimed in the head, arm, hand or leg, so that their motor flexibility had been interfered with. One per cent of them were insane, six per cent had contracted tuberculosis. With such disabilities a man has got to be adjusted into our intricate industrial and social mechanism in some such place where he can be of some use. If he cannot follow his old vocation he must be trained by the methods of technical education so much developed during the last thirty or forty years, so that he may find some place where he can render such service as will earn him an independent living, and maintain his self-respect as a citizen. This is the problem upon which I wish to place emphasis to-day. Perhaps I can illustrate it to you better by telling you what some of the nations at war have done

in this respect. I will take Germany first. Like most of the information we have on the internal condition of Germany, this information I give to you is more or less unreliable. Germany, however, with the same efficiency that characterized her when she went to work in a malevolent and vicious way to overcome her neighbors, in a benevolent way has done much for the soldiers. Months before the war she contracted with the private institutions in Germany caring for the crippled and deformed children, to the end that these institutions might care for the crippled and deformed soldiers as soon as they were produced by battle. When the war broke out and the great stream of wounded men came back to Germany the children were placed in other quarters and the men were accommodated in the main institutions. The underlying principle upon which Germany has provided for her men is that every man should be fit to go back into the vocation in which he was formerly employed. To that end they have invented ingenious adaptations of artificial arms which will hold knives, forks and hammers and other tools which the men need in pursuing their vocations. At the present time the German soldier is proud to show an artificial arm or leg exposed to view, and to say and show what a sacrifice he has made for his country. This phase will soon pass, however, as the tide of sentiment subsides in Germany as in the rest of the world, and the soldier will be very glad to get an artificial arm or leg to look as much like his own as he can possibly find. There has been a sort of exercise established for the leg or arm which results in the crippled being able very soon to use a flexible motion. In Germany 54 schools provide for this kind of treatment.

Let us look at Belgium, poor ravaged Belgium. When the gallant little Belgian army was forced down into the southwest corner of their Kingdom, when they did not have enough money to purchase pure water filters for the army, they established two large schools for the crippled and deformed Belgian soldiers. They had had experience in this line, because at Antwerp, Brussels and Charlevoix they had carried on colleges for the training of men who were maimed and crippled in industrial life. Some of those teachers were refugees in France and they were engaged to teach the crippled Belgian soldiers. They therefore could take up this work and with less difficulty than other nations who had had no previous experience in this line. Eight or nine different

trades are taught, one being adapted to the capacity of a maimed man and the other to a blind man, and so on.

The first schools in France of this kind were at Lyons, the second city in France. This movement was brought about more or less by the refugees from Belgium, who taught in the schools I have mentioned. In France they established one school three months after the war broke out for men who had been crippled in the arms, and another school for those who had been crippled in the legs. They taught them separate vocations adapted to the different degree of disability. In the one where men had been crippled in the arms stenography, typewriting, book-keeping, and so on. In the one where men had been crippled in the legs, shoe-making, book-binding and custom tailoring. A visitor from America once went to visit one of these schools and as he entered the door he heard a burst of song and he said to the director: "This is rather gay for such an institution, isn't it?" "No, monsieur," said the man, "That is the French temperament. They cannot be sad about anything very long." But the men are far from gay when they are brought in. They are brought in from the hospitals where they have received some treatment and they are just like vegetables. The hideous sights they have seen, the nerve-racking experience they have gone through, the disagreeable life in the trenches, poor food, vermin, and fighting, fighting for weeks, has really brought them down to the stage of nervous prostration. When their families come to see them they do not respond at all at first. They just lie or sit. It takes two, three or four weeks before they get back to their normal state of mind, but after that they grow gay, their self-confidence reawakens, the teachers help them by the most delicate kind of praise to regain confidence in themselves and to try to train themselves so that they will be able to take up an independent life and earn wages and be self-supporting citizens in the future. One man in this school was wounded in the trenches—shrapnel had practically blown away the top part of both legs. He stood there three days with the water up above his waist, almost to his shoulders. He did not dare to drink the water and only had a few drops of water from the canteen of one of his comrades who had died in the trench. Both his legs had to be amputated. He came to the school and learned custom tailoring, and there he sat on a table sewing away. A visitor asked him if it was not very awkward not having

his legs, but he responded: "No, it is much better so. I do not lose time crossing and uncrossing the legs." That is an example of the indomitable spirit, the hopefulness of the Frenchman that no nation can ever conquer.

There are in France about twenty schools now of this kind. They have a special institution in Paris where they train the blinded soldiers. This has accommodation for about three hundred men and is about two-thirds full. They teach vocations which are especially adapted to blind men and you would be amazed to see the ramifications of industry into which blind men with ambition and courage can fit and win a respectable living. In England they have not done so much. England was as unprepared for this kind of business as it was for the business of war. I do not think it is anywhere more evident that they did not expect this tremendous struggle than in the hospital arrangements. I think it proves that England was acting in good faith and expected a long era of peace. In England they have just passed legislation providing for a new administration of the money handed over to the Royal Patriotic Fund; until this was done they could not do very much about providing for disabled soldiers, but in London they are doing the finest work for blind soldiers or sailors that is done in the world. Under the leadership of C. Arthur Pearson, a blind man himself, they are providing new avenues by which he can take his place in the world. I will just indicate a few lines that are taught. They teach carpentry. I can vouch for the fact that they are especially competent because we have a young man in Nova Scotia who was a teacher in one of our technical schools: he taught electricity and electrical machinery. His eyes were blown out by a premature explosion, and while recovering physically he made a mission set of dining room furniture in oak which would do credit to any man with sight who was in the trade of cabinet-making. They teach them telephone operating, and after a blind man has got a vision in his mind of the telephone board at which he sits he makes practically no mistakes in the connections for the various calls. They teach them poultry raising, bee keeping. They also teach them massage, and they say that a blind man as a masseur is much superior to the man who has his sight, because of the great development of the delicacy of touch of a blind man. You will be surprised when I tell you that they are teaching them not only

stenography and typewriting by a system of their own, but also teaching some blind men to be submarine divers. This would look like the last occupation a blind man can possibly be placed in, but it is true that the submarine diver has to go more by means of feeling than sight. When he is in the water he cannot see far, his motions at the bottom stir up the mud and further cloud the vision. It is desirable that he should have a good deal of mechanical training before taking up this profession, so that he will be used to construction and know how to work under the water. These are some of the things they are teaching at this institute for blind sailors and soldiers, the accommodation at the present time being 130 men and eight officers; I believe some of our Canadians are receiving instruction at that institution. That gives you a very broad and imperfect view of the things that have been accomplished by this method by which artificial arms and legs, by special exercises, are made to perform the work of healthy arms and legs. In this respect we have just started in Canada. The Military Hospitals Commission has said that it considers itself liable for the training of such disabled soldiers who come back who have been hurt in some way, so that they cannot take up their previous occupations. I believe at the meeting of the Hospitals Commission here in Montreal on Saturday last they decided to open immediately some national institution for the two hundred men who are in the convalescent hospitals here. The plan is to draw them out, see what they would be most fitted to do and then train them in fitness for that occupation. I have treated this question on the humanitarian side. That is, we care so much about these fellows who have gone out to fight, bleed and die for us if necessary, that we want to see that they have everything in the world done for them that it is possible to do. But there is an economic aspect too, which is very important and may be interesting to you as business men. We all know the orgy of pension expenditure in the United States. I will just point out a few significant facts about that, because dinners and figures do not digest very well, so you will have to rely on me for the basis on which I mention these statements. In the Civil War, 51 years ago, they started a generous pension scheme based on the number of men they expected to put in the field. Now using the same basis, if no more of our men were wounded or disabled than were theirs in the Civil War and we pursued the same attitude,

five years from this date we would be paying five millions of dollars per year in pensions. Fifty years from now we would be paying thirty millions. In the Civil War you will note they had no such means at their disposal in the way of systems of technical education to try and train disabled men for wage earning occupations. The United States at the present time is paying pensions to 471 widows of soldiers who fought in the war of 1812, the last survivor of that war died in 1905. The pension expenditure is 180 million dollars per year there and nearly a million people are receiving pensions from the government. If you people and the rest of Canada wish to go into this on that scale very well and good. If you want to save money and also help the soldier himself make a decent respectable living, helping him to be a self-respecting citizen, a man who can look other men in the face and feel that he has done his duty towards his country in fighting and is still doing his duty in some productive effort, then you will follow the plan that has been adopted by both our allies and our antagonist.

Such a policy in regard to the instruction of our disabled soldiers and such a policy in regard to finding employment for them and pensioning them is a different departure from what Canada has done in the past. I happened to look over the statistics in regard to those who have been crippled and maimed in industry and for the period of the war, and I find that we have killed six or seven hundred men in industry and crippled three or four thousand of them. We have paid no special attention to adjusting them in industry. It is simply because we are having an outburst of altruism that we are regarding the soldier in this way. If we find technical education is so good for the soldier we may see light enough to know that we ought to have a system of technical training for those disabled in industry, and for the boys and girls growing up through our public schools.

I have about two minutes left and I just want to emphasize both the humanitarian and economic aspects of this question. For one million dollars in training we can save four or five in pensions. We not only save it out of our revenue so that it can be applied to other useful expenditures, but we will not sap the decent respectability of Canadian citizens by charity from the public purse. This war has greatly changed our attitude in Canada. I believe that some of the by-products of the war in charitable feeling towards others and wishing to minister to others not so fortunate

as ourselves may pay some tithe of the agony and suffering and expense of the war. We have thought very hard in Canada about what it is to be a democracy or a republic, and I believe we realize it much better than in the great Republic to the south of us. I believe we have come to the conclusion that a democracy does not exist for conquest or fame or even for the accumulation of material wealth but that it exists for the best welfare of all individuals that compose it. I believe we have come to the idea of liberty, personal liberty, in such a way that we want it accorded to everybody else as well as to claim it ourselves. I think our ideal of the state is not one that is self-centred and vainglorious like that of the central empires, but one that is sober and benevolent. We have come to the conclusion, also, that as long as human nature is of the same stuff as is shown at the present time, we cannot have peace, much as we desire it, simply by sitting down and wishing for it. There is a price that we must pay for existing as a commonwealth. That price is that we must be willing to fight for it and if need be die for it.

(February 14th, 1916)

AMERICAN FEELING IN THE WAR

By DR. LOUIS LIVINGSTON SEAMAN

I AM very happy to be here among the friends of the brave Canadian boys whom you have sent to the front, and who, with their forebears, like my own, have not been "too proud to fight" for the privilege of existing.

I first saw those boys down on Salisbury Plain where they were being trained in the very early days of the war. The second occasion, was when they were acting as the guard of honour to the late Lord Roberts, that grand old hero, as they passed along Trafalgar Square, along the Thames Embankment, taking him to his last resting place in St. Paul's. Later on I saw them at the front in various places, and those whom I saw were mostly in the hospital wards, and I can tell you that you will never have occasion to blush for the actions of those fellows at the front.

I understood to-day that I was to tell you something of my own personal experiences in the early days of the war. On the day England declared war I was in the Catskills enjoying a holiday, but the day after I was aboard ship going to the front, with Brussels as the objective point. My wife accompanied me. She had been on several similar expeditions with me on the occasion of the Russo-Japanese war, the Boxer war, the South African war, and so on, and so she was quite at home. Just as we were getting into Brussels a bridge in front of us was blown up and we were obliged to take a circuitous route, and so we saw something of what actually occurred. We did not accompany the newspaper representatives who were in Brussels, bottled up there, seeing just what the Germans permitted them to see and nothing more, but we were on the outside, fortunately. We spent two weeks in Ghent and that vicinity and then we went on to Antwerp. I

wish I had time to tell you something of the incidents of Ghent, and I could narrate horrors that would make you wish you had never been born if you had to endure anything like it. It was monstrous. We reached Antwerp at last and here again we met with horrors unspeakable. I am seasoned in war and I know what occurs in war. I was prepared for some pretty nasty things. I knew that war was no pink tea, as the distinguished President of the United States says. We reached Antwerp one day and the morning after, at one o'clock, there visited that place a representative of the ruling element of central Europe in the form of a Zep. and there was perpetrated an act that will go down in history as one of the blackest marks on the escutcheon of a race. From that Zep. there dropped nine different bombs, directly around the palace where the Queen and her three children were sleeping, at one o'clock in the morning. One of those bombs burst near the cathedral to the right of the palace and only three hundred yards away from it. It did very little damage, but the second one dropped a little to the left, the third still further to the left, going around in a circle, passed through the roof of a house, killing two servant girls, one of whom was just about to become a mother, and another one fell just to the left of the palace. The next one fell in the garden of old St. Elizabeth hospital, and the houses in the block rocked from their foundations. It shook the crucifix off the wall just over a young sick child who was sleeping and nearly killed it. It killed three people who were around the hospital at the time. All this indicated that the idea was the destruction of the palace and the queen and her children who were there asleep. There has never been in history such a despicable attempt at murder as that was, and they call that war. That ended my neutrality. I suppose many of you have read Dante and you know in the 9th canto of the Inferno, he describes a certain place which is just under the 9th pit of Hades, a sub-cellar, which he reserves for neutrals.

The next morning I called on the staff officers of the Belgian Army. The head officer was a friend of mine and had taken me around in his car to points I wished to go, and I sent this telegram to the President of the United States, after it had been vised by the Belgian staff, so that they knew what I said was true:

"My dear Mr. President: Unless the barbarism of the German Kaiser ceases the civilization of Europe will be set back

a century. The rules of the Hague have been ignored. Innocent women and children have been bayoneted, old men shot, the Red Cross ambulance and White Flag fired on. Wounded men have been brained with rifle butts or bayoneted. Villages of non-combatants have been burned and historic monuments desecrated. This morning bombs dropped from a Zep. in an attempt to assassinate the royal family, killed eleven citizens and desperately wounded many more. As Vice-President of the Peace and Arbitration Society of the United States I implore you to back American protests so vigorously that German vandalism must cease, and the general peace of the world made possible."

Every word in that despatch has been verified and more than verified by that indictment which Lord Bryce submitted to Parliament. If the President of the United States had at that time sent such a protest, couched in terms so vigorous that it would have informed the German Kaiser and all the rest of the world, that America stood for certain ideals, as it does stand, it would have produced a great moral effect. It would have shown that we had some ideals that we proposed to stand up for and protect. It would have done much more. I do not believe after that there would have been any Lusitania. His failure to do it has humbled America in the estimation of the world more that it is supposed possible any single individual by any single act could humble a whole nation. There is no question about it gentlemen. We are absolutely isolated. We have not a friend left. I have been round this world twelve times and I know the sentiment pretty well and I know what I am talking about in that respect. If the President had acted at that time he would have made friends not only with the Allies but with all the decency there is in the world of all nations. But the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde racket that he has played for the last year has sickened the country and I think they are beginning to wake up to an appreciation of it.

Now I saw certain things at Antwerp that might interest you; one shows the hypocrisy of the attitude which Germany has taken in regard to the causes of the war. For the two years prior to the beginning of that war Germany had obtained a privilege from the Belgian Government to erect little stands or posts at the corner of every crossing of the roads in Belgium and on these posts they erected little sign boards and had posted there various

advertisements. It was supposed to be for advertising purposes, and they put up little bills advertising their shoes or their agricultural implements or furniture or something of that character. When the war broke out it was instantly noticed that these things disappeared and underneath these advertising notices, or where they used to be were imbedded little notices at each crossing, so many miles to Paris, so many miles to Antwerp in this direction, to Ghent in that direction, so that all a soldier had to do or an officer, when he was travelling through the country was to get to a cross road and he knew his bearings at once. That was two years ago. Another thing they did was this. About the same time they sent around Belgium drummers who attempted to sell things to the peasants. They attempted to sell agricultural implements. They would say: "We want you to try this new device." The peasant would say: "We don't want new implements. We are satisfied with what we have. Our grandfathers and our fathers used them before us and they are quite satisfactory." The drummer would then say: "You just try it. I will come back next year and if you don't want it you don't need to pay for it. But just make yourself at home with it and try it." So the peasant would take it. The following year the drummer would come along again with some other tool and attempt to make the same sort of a sale and if the farmer chanced to have used the first one he would collect his pay. As soon as the war broke out those same men, who were all soldiers or spies, came to those same homes, to those same peasants, and they knew just how many boys, children, or people there were. They were thoroughly familiar with the whole country and they took the young fellows and drove them back to use as laborers, or took them prisoners; and the women—well we won't say how they treated the women—, and that went on all through the country. Their whole idea was to terrorize the Belgians, so humiliate and whip them that they would submit without further resistance. That is their policy.

Now since 1870 it has chanced that the German army has never tasted what they call, and what they pride themselves on, the baptism of fire, except on two occasions, and I chanced to have been present on both those occasions. One was in the Boxer War, in Pekin, in 1900. The war of 1870 was forty-five years ago, and allowing for the fact that they had to be a certain age before serving, the men in that war would be too old to serve in this war.

Bismarck said to his men at the time of the 1870 war, when he was sending them to the French frontier: "Leave to a nation that you conquer naught but their eyes with which to see and to weep." When they went to Pekin they had practically the same instructions from the Kaiser. He ordered them to behave like Huns. Well, as they were Huns they had no difficulty in doing it. I happened to be present in that little affair and as you know how the war ended I will not go into that. There was no more fight in the Chinese than in a rabbit. They undertook to fight us with bows and arrows, stink pots and things of that kind. They had no idea of fighting whatsoever. They are a nation of peaceful people. China is the only country in the world where there are no policemen. They knew nothing about the game of fighting and Pekin fell and that ended the war. Well, the German army arrived there and they did not have enough transport accommodation with them to get them up to Pekin. They had to be helped up from headquarters. However, they finally arrived on the scene long after they were at all necessary. It took them all summer to slobber over their friends and kiss them good-bye. Well, after they arrived on the scene of action they began a system of expeditions. They would send an expedition out to each little village—in China the people are not settled like they are in this country, they all live in little places surrounded by a wall, and these little villages are scattered all over the country, about five miles apart; and they live in this way for self-protection. Well this expedition would come to such a village, and would demand to see the head man, the Mayor of the place. He would be called out, and the spokesman of the expedition would say: "Now we want an indemnity of ten or fifty thousand yen." They demanded as much as they thought they could squeeze out of the people; and the mayor would say: "Why, that much money is not to be found in this whole town." Then the spokesman of the expedition would respond: "To-morrow at ten o'clock we come. See that this is ready for us." And to-morrow they would come and if that money was not ready, God help that town. They would turn those fellows in there and they would burn and loot and rape and finish it. That was the end of that town, and that went on through China, and many a man knows about it. Some of the German soldiers told it when they got home and they were silenced for it; but some of us know about it. That was the

first baptism of fire this army had. They learned their lesson there very well, the same lesson as they practiced on Belgium. Then in East Africa was the second time they had a taste of the baptism of fire. I was going down there to study the sleeping sickness, and there chanced to be on board the same steamer an individual whose name you can surmise, as he was the German Ambassador in charge of colonial affairs down there. We reached my objective point on a very stormy morning. No other passengers went ashore except this gentleman and myself. A representative of the German Empire there met him. They were awaiting his arrival to see what his ruling would be on a certain question. They had arrested 108 chiefs and leading men of the town who had been guilty of refusing to pay the hut tax. As these poor beggars had lived down in Africa for some million years or more in happiness and content under their mango trees and they did not have to pay a tax of twenty marks, about a pound sterling, for the privilege of existing, they did not see why they should pay it now, and they undertook to rebel, and their medicine men and chiefs told them that the guns of the Germans shot nothing but water and they did not need to be afraid of them. Twenty marks does not seem much, but when you consider that they were put in the cotton fields to work from daylight to dark and their pay was about a halfpenny a day, you can imagine what time it took to gather one thousand half-pennies to make up that pound sterling. They did not care to live under those circumstances. Well, 108 of them were taken prisoners, the chiefs and the finest men of the tribe, magnificent specimens of human beings, and the medicine men, and so on, and they were locked up to await the arrival of this genius of the German Empire. It shows the methods they have of colonization and proves what capable statesmen they are when a German cannot go down there now without a guard. The people are decimated. Well, the verdict of this worthy was that these men should be executed. I chanced to see this crowd going down to the prison and I followed with my little kodak, as I had nothing better to do, and they strung these fellows up on their mango trees, and then they sent for their wives and little ones, and the rest of the town to come down to see the sight; and as the people were congregated, wailing and crying at the loss and the fate of their dead ones, they called out the soldiers and ordered them to blow the people to pieces with their rifles; and

they proceeded to fill them full of lead. That was their second baptism of fire, and the third was when they executed Belgium. It is not necessary to go further.

Gentlemen: I say I saw a good deal of your boys at the front. With Mr. Henry James, Mr. Richard Norton and some other gentlemen, I helped to organize the Anglo-American ambulance which served at the front and we had the run of the lines for a considerable stretch and I naturally saw a good deal of the horrors that went on. We had sixty odd ambulances there, most of them manned by Americans or Englishmen, gentlemen who gave their own cars and services free. It was at a time in the early stages of the war before the Royal Army Medical Corps and the British Army Medical Corps were able to meet these situations which were the result of an unforeseen emergency. For instance we received 22,000 wounded from the Battle of the Marne. Paris would not admit a single man at that time because they feared Paris would fall. There were over 50,000 empty beds in Paris waiting to receive the wounded, but the authorities refused admission excepting to those who needed instantaneous operation or were threatened with death. These poor fellows came down from the front line, as I say. The war came with such suddenness that the French or English authorities were not ready to meet this emergency. All the transport was required to move new men into the trenches and the wounded were left to die. Those men lay there, many of them, forty-eight hours without a drink of water. Think of it, after having been ripped to pieces with shrapnel, to lie there on the field without so much as a drink. When they came to us many of them were just ready to die. We took them from the train and we were only allowed to keep them twelve hours. We put them in cots, gave them beef tea or something stimulating, wrapped them up in blankets and then put them back again and sent them to the south of France where they could get regular hospital treatment, and their places were immediately taken by others pouring in. Every tenth or twelfth man we took out of the train dead. The country in which they were fighting has been under the highest cultivation and the ground is swarming with bacteria, so that a wound became infected very quickly, and the consequence was that all these cases were septic; which shows the need of first aid dressing. I was all through the Russo-Japanese war, where the Japanese every man of them, was trained so in the use of his first aid packet

that he had with him that the instant he was injured and before—they always knew when a battle was imminent—(they are the cleanest people in the world, they take a bath every day) the day before the fight they would scrub themselves so that they were almost ready for an operation, so thoroughly were they cleansed, and when they were wounded they instantly applied a little boracic acid, or whatever they happened to have in their packet, which was not nearly as good as the one we supply to-day to our soldiers in this war, and then the first aid dressing. If a soldier was too badly wounded to do this for himself a pal did it for him, because they were so thoroughly trained in it that it took them no time. They were just as thoroughly trained in the use of the first aid packet as in the use of their rifles, and the consequence was that they sent sixty per cent of their men back to the colors without their having entered a hospital at all. Anybody else could do this just as easily as they did if they took the same trouble. The same thing might have been done with all those poor fellows of ours. These Japanese I speak of, of course some of them were badly injured, but when they were taken to the hospital from the front and the bandage was removed it was found that healing was going on so well, the wound was so clean and healthy, that they were sent to quarters for a week or two, or say a month, and then back to the colors they went without having to lay up in hospital at all. It shows the great need of early treatment. However, it is marvellous how healthy the men now are in the trenches, notwithstanding the horrors and discomfort through which they have passed. Many of them are in better physical condition than when at home doing some work in a counting room or elsewhere.

I might speak too of the bravery of some of these fellows, especially the Indians. When they first came out from India, after they had been six weeks in transit, they were given about that length of time to become acclimated before being sent to the trenches, and on one occasion a number of officers came to their commanding officer and their spokesman said: "How many of us do you think will return to India after this war is over?" The commanding officer said: "I cannot tell you that." "Well," they said, "ten thousand of us?" He said: "I don't know." "Well, five thousand of us. Will five thousand return?" "That I cannot say." "Well do you think five of us will go home."

"Yes," he said, "I will see that five of you return." "That will do," they said, "They'll tell the tale."

I do not know whether you realize what havoc one of these rapid fire guns can do. I had a boy in my ward in the hospital. He was only about 19½ years old, but he chanced to have his gun in such a position at a little place up country as to command the road. A German detachment filed into this town and came up the narrow street, which had no sidewalks, and he got his gun at just the right angle, and as they were marching up the street as he was behind a tree they could not see him. He waited until he got them just where he wanted them and then he proceeded to hand it to them, and in less than one minute he had killed 67 and had taken 123 prisoners. He mowed them down just like grain before a reaping machine. They shot at him and pinked him through the arm, but when they saw their men falling on all sides they threw down their guns and threw up their arms and stood there and he held them until help came and they were marched to prison. The Belgian king came down to the hospital and he pinned on that boy's breast three medals, one of gold and one of silver and one of bronze, and that youngster was the most popular fellow in Belgium at that time. So much for a rapid fire gun.

I have mentioned the spy system the Germans conducted. I want to tell you another thing that happened in Antwerp. In the very early days of the war the authorities found that news was constantly leaking out, and no one seemed to know how at headquarters, and they suspected a certain man there who was very rich and who had a large furniture store just outside of the precincts. They sent men there to watch him and they could find nothing. They suspected that there must be some wireless apparatus there and they even made a second search and found nothing, and still the news kept leaking out. They put up a fake despatch and found that that was passed through and this man was one of the only three who knew of this despatch. They were absolutely sure of their man but they wanted to prove it, and they sent men and had this place thoroughly searched again. They finally discovered a secret passage leading to another passage that lead out to where there was an illuminated sign, and inside of one of the lights they discovered a wireless plant. This gentleman was there at the time and there were three soldiers also. They asked him what he had to say. He had nothing to say, so

they stood him up on the front steps of his establishment and blew his head off. That is the way of war.

It might interest you to know how one of these modern battlefields looks. I chanced to be sent out to inspect some hospitals on one occasion and an English gentleman who had two sons in the war was assigned to me as a chauffeur, and after doing this work we thought in returning that we would run up to see Rheims. He said it was only a question of a few miles and we could make it in an hour; we had not proceeded more than fifteen miles before we found that we were getting into hot water. Shells were going right over our heads and falling in fields a few hundred yards to the right. We thought it was time to get a move on, and we sped along, when suddenly we found the shells were rushing over from another direction and our roadway was the centre of the line, and then a sentinel came out and arrested us. From this point while these shells were bursting and during what developed afterwards to be one of the hottest scraps of the day, from our point of vantage there was only one sign of life to be seen anywhere. All the pageants of war you see, all the pictures of battlefields, all the usual things were absent. The scene was peaceful as any Corot painting or any beautiful painting you ever saw. The only life that was in evidence in that whole scene of battle was one lone woman in the distance with a little boy leading a stallion. Yet there were tens of thousands of men buried in the trenches just near us, all out of sight, and the artillery was hidden in the woods and copses. They were plowing a field and getting ready for next year's crop. It was a scene I shall never forget. This day afterwards proved to have marked one of the nastiest fights of the war. It was so entirely different from the warfare of former times. It goes to show that this sort of thing will keep on developing until there will be no more war on the ground, it will all be conducted in the air. Of this we saw something—we saw the aeroplanes moving around in circles, directing the fire. They were constantly going back to the front, back and forth, all during the time of that fight. The only thing you could see was in the air. It was so entirely different from anything I had ever seen before in actual war.

Now whether this war is simply a mark of barbarism, the only thing I am afraid of is that peace will come too soon. They have got to be licked so thoroughly that this thing can never be

repeated. The one thing that must fire the soldier to continue to the end, is well expressed in the last line of a piece of doggerel I know which concludes by saying: "We're carrying civilization to the people on the Rhine."

(*February 21, 1916*)

A NATIONAL PARLIAMENT—A NEW BASIS OF REPRESENTATION

By JOHN H. HUMPHREYS
(General Secretary of the Proportional Representation Society.)

I AM deeply sensible of the honor of being your guest here to-day, and I thank the committee of the club very warmly for giving me an opportunity of speaking a word or two upon this question, to which your late Governor-General, Earl Grey, has directed attention on more than one occasion. This electoral reform has received, in increasing measure, the active advocacy of many distinguished British Parliamentarians, and during the recent discussion of the Home Rule Bill received approbation by large majorities both of the Imperial House of Commons and the House of Lords. Need I assure you that I do not suggest any diversion of any energy from the main task of to-day? The great conflict, however, in which we are engaged, has evoked a spirit of intense devotion to national and Imperial welfare in the broadest sense. That spirit, if informed by knowledge aided by a clear vision of the means by which real advances can be made, should carry forward our local, national and Imperial institutions to a higher plane of development. The greatest of British institutions is Parliament. Before the war there were many murmurings of dissatisfaction with the way Parliament was working. During the war doubts have been expressed as to whether any representative government can be efficient; yet we can conceive of no institution which can replace Parliament, and one of the most remarkable facts disclosed so far during the present war is this, that there has been no serious suggestion of any turning back upon the principle of self-government. British nations will continue to work out their destinies through Parliament; and these murmurings of dissatisfaction, these doubts as to efficiency, are

but challenges to us citizens from whom Parliament springs, to prove that we are fully worthy of self-government, that we are capable of restoring in full measure the prestige of Parliament.

Now, what is Parliament? Our great writers all agree that it is nothing if it is not the nation in council. Edmund Burke declared that "the spirit, the essence of the House of Commons consists in its being the expressed opinion of the nation." Mr. Asquith, who chooses his words with care, has declared on more than one occasion that "it was infinitely to the advantage of the House of Commons, if it was to be a real reflection of the national mind, that there should be no substantial portion of the King's subjects which would not find there representation"; and he has gone on to say that such complete representation made democratic government not only safer and more free but more stable. Mr. Balfour has given expression in other words to the same idea. But when we contemplate the composition of the Parliaments of the Dominions, when we compare their composition with these conceptions of what Parliament should be as outlined by our distinguished statesmen, we find that they fall short, materially fall short, of the ideal presented to us. Representation in the Parliament of the United Kingdom is grossly incomplete. Let me give you one example. The Conservatives in Scotland number more than a quarter of a million. At the elections in January, 1910, they obtained nine representatives. In each case victory was won by so small a margin that a slight displacement of votes would have deprived the whole of that large body of citizens of any hearing in Parliament. The Parliament of South Africa is similarly incomplete. The British in the Orange River Free State number something over thirty per cent. They returned but one representative to the last South African Parliament. I have just come from Australia and have been struck with similar cases of disfranchisement on a large scale. In one general election eighteen senators were to be chosen. Every senator returned was a member of the Labor Party. The City of Adelaide is represented to-day in the local legislature of South Australia by fifteen members of the Labor Party. The rest of the community, numbering forty per cent, have no one to speak for them in that body. Coming to Canada I notice that in the election of 1904, eighteen Liberals were sent by Nova Scotia to represent that Province in the Dominion Parliament: the minority was unrepresented.

At this moment the legislature of British Columbia contains no representatives of the Liberal Party, and yet 37% of the electors voted for Liberal candidates in the last elections. What is the result of this gross incompleteness of representation, examples of which are to be found in every Parliament of the British Dominions? Parliament tends to cease to be a national institution in the true sense of the term. I was very much struck with what was said to me when I was at Bloemfontein by the Clerk to the House of Assembly of the Legislature of the Orange Free State. It was the custom of the House to give an account of the proceedings of the session in their various constituencies. The British ignored these meetings, because to them the Parliament was an institution in which they had neither part nor lot, and when I came through British Columbia I could not help but feel that many Liberals were looking upon the legislature not as a provincial institution, but as something which was the exclusive possession of their political opponents. When disfranchisement persists over long periods the injustice is keenly resented by those who are thus deprived of the political rights to which they are entitled.

I was present when a deputation of Irishmen waited on Mr. Asquith while the Home Rule Bill was under discussion, and I recall the bitterness with which one of the deputation, Professor Culverwell of Trinity College, Dublin, complained that although he, an intelligent citizen taking a keen interest in the affairs of his country, had had a vote for thirty years, he had had no opportunity, during the whole of that period, of taking part in the selection of a representative.

When Parliaments cease to be national then what emanates from Parliament ceases to be national also. Whether it be justified or not there is an impression in many parts of Canada that those constituencies which return supporters of the Government receive more favorable consideration in the appropriation of public monies than those which return members of the Opposition. But I do not want to deal with this question in any small way. We have been driven to thinking at this time in a large way. There is a movement afoot for strengthening the unity of the British Dominions. Some hope that the day may come when Canadians, Australians, South Africans and Britishers shall be members of one State, owing allegiance to the same sovereign Parliament. But whether Imperial unity comes in that

form or in another, it is very desirable that there should be as much national unity within each part of the British Dominions as possible; for unification of the parts is almost essential to complete unity, and our electoral system, by exaggerating political differences is a stumbling block to unity. Let me explain by taking some concrete examples. The United Kingdom is not yet completely unified. Ireland still blocks the way. We have to find a solution to those differences between north and south which still exist. Thirty years ago some distinguished Irishmen tried to obtain for Ireland a true system of representation. They failed. What has been the result? Since that time there has existed within the British House of Commons a political brick wall between north and south; for the whole of that time the minority in the north and the minority in the south has been without representation. Had there been true representation those differences would not have disappeared, but we should have seen them in their true proportions. Moreover, those forces which have worked for reconciliation would have had continuous representation, and would have gathered strength. South Africa, although under one Parliament, is not yet completely unified. The Orange River Free State elects a solid block of representatives opposed to racial union. There are no such problems in Australia, but I could not help feeling that the increasing tendency toward the monopoly of political representation by one class will make more difficult of solution those industrial problems which must be solved if there is to be true national unity. You in Canada certainly have racial and religious problems, and the exaggeration of your political differences, of the differences between Provinces, may make the solution of those problems more difficult. In any case, a statesman aiming at the complete unification of Canada would deplore anything that would tend to exaggerate those differences. Yet in many of your Parliaments, differences between Ontario and Quebec have been grossly exaggerated. Take the election of 1908. In that election some 115,000 votes were recorded for Conservatives in the province of Quebec. These returned but 11 representatives and more than half of them by majorities of less than 100. Each Conservative member represented 10,500 votes. In that same election the Liberals secured 54 representatives for 162,000 votes, an average of 3,000 electors per member. In Ontario the Liberals suffer a similar

injustice, and the political differences between the two provinces have tended to be exaggerated in Parliament after Parliament. I venture to suggest that it would be of material advantage if the political differences between Ontario and Quebec were represented in Parliament in their true proportions. Although these differences would not disappear, we should be able to deal with them perhaps more easily than when presented in an exaggerated form.

There has been a tendency on the part of many men fully qualified to render service in Parliament and Council to the nation, to withdraw from public life. No self-governing nation can afford to let those men withdraw from public life. Upon those men rests the duty, the supreme duty of making the council the most efficient instrument of Government possible. But our electoral machinery provides some excuse for their withdrawal. The would-be candidate finds that he must obtain a majority of votes, and the processes through which he must proceed to obtain that majority renders the task of entering into an electoral contest most repellent to many of those whom we would like to see serve us. All these evils to which I have referred and many others which I have not touched upon to-day, can be removed by introducing election based on a new system of representation. Hitherto only the majority within each electoral district is entitled to a hearing. The minority, large or small, have no influence in determining the composition of Parliament. The new principle is that all classes of citizens are entitled to representation in proportion to their strength. All classes of citizens are entitled to be brought into relation with the Parliament and council which speaks in their name, and proportional representation can be secured by a simple change in the method of election. This change has three aspects.

In the first place it is necessary to group together our single member districts into larger electoral areas returning five, six, seven or more members, in proportion to its population. By electing several members at a time it becomes possible to apportion representation between the majority and the minority.

Having grouped electorates, the proposal is that each elector in these enlarged constituencies shall have but one vote. There may be five, six, seven or more members to be elected, but each elector is to have but one vote. Consider the effect of that change. We may make it clear by taking a very simple example. Suppose

in one of these new districts five members are to be elected and five thousand electors record their votes. Each elector will have but one vote, 5,000 votes will be recorded, and it will follow that if any candidate obtains one-fifth of the votes he must be one of the five returned, for you can only form five groups of one-fifth each out of a total of five thousand, or in other words, one-fifth of the community can obtain one-fifth of the representation. That is a very simple change, but its consequences are enormous. It removes from those men who are needed in the service of our country the excuse that present conditions make it impossible for them to stand, because they would only have to obtain the support say of one-fifth of the electorate, and not of the majority. Their position in Parliament would depend upon their retaining the confidence of those who have voted for them at first, and not depend upon a small group of voters who may vote against them in default of the candidate's pledge to do their bidding. Just one illustration of how it will affect British municipal conditions. Just before the war there was a municipal election in Manchester. Two or three of the best councillors lost their seats in ward elections. One of them had devoted the whole of his life to the Art, Museum and Science Departments. But good administrators must nearly always in the course of their work offend some small section of the electors: he was beaten by a few votes. His inclination was to retire completely from public life. Under a rational system of representation he would have retained his position so long as he retained the confidence of the men who put him there. The new system would encourage the candidacy of good men because it gives a reasonable security of tenure.

But we must introduce a third change in the plan of one vote to one man in a constituency returning several members. This change secures minority representation: but, for the purpose of insuring a fair representation of the minority and majority, the vote must be transferable. The transfer will be under the control of the elector who records the vote. Why do we need a transferable vote? The elector going into the polling booth to record his vote (by placing the figure 1 against the name of his favorite) will not know how the voting has gone. If the elector knew that the man for whom he was voting had already obtained one thousand votes, and was sure of election, he would say to himself: I will give my vote to some other candidate whom I know will

support the policy of my favorite. The transferable vote enables him to use his voting power to the fullest advantage: to act as if he knew the result of the election. It enables him to put the figure 1. against the name of his favorite, the figure 2. against his second choice and the figure 3. against his third. These expressions of preference serve as instructions to the returning officer to transfer all votes given in excess, to the second choice of the electors who have voted for the successful candidate. In this way votes given in excess are not wasted. The transferable vote meets another contingency. Two or more candidates may be standing for one party, which may only have enough votes to secure one representative. Suppose there are two candidates of one party, and one gets six hundred votes and the other 400 votes: a thousand votes are requisite to secure representaton. Instead of a seat being lost to the party through the splitting of the vote, the candidate at the bottom of the poll would be declared defeated, and the votes given to him carried forward to the second choice. The returning officer, again acting under the authority of the electors, transfers the votes until a sufficient number is concentrated on one candidate. The party secures representation to which it is entitled, and secures as representative the candidate whom it prefers. In this way the returning officer, always acting upon instructions given, builds up groups of equal size, each large constituency becomes represented fairly, and Parliament becomes fairly and fully representative of the nation.

This is not a theoretical proposition. It is one that has been put to the test both in Parliamentary and municipal elections. It is in force for Parliamentary elections in Tasmania. It has been used in the municipal elections of Johannesburg, and for the Senate of South Africa. The New South Wales Government has just placed upon the table of Parliament a bill providing for its use in the elections of greater Sydney, and last but not least the United Kingdom expressed its approval of this method when the constitution of the proposed Irish Parliament was under consideration. It is spreading to Canada. The citizens of Ottawa recently expressed their approval of its use in the election of their Board of Control. The Municipal Council of Calgary is asking for powers to make use of the system. I just put this question to you: the legislature of Quebec has been considering the municipal administration of Montreal. Has anyone suggested that what is

desired is a council fully and completely representative of all the citizens of Montreal? A system of election is required by which some of its citizens may say to themselves, "we are determined to make Montreal one of the finest, one of the best governed cities in the world." This system of election will give assurance to such men, that if they retain the confidence of the quota of voters who first put them in, they will remain on that council to carry forward their work to completion. Or take another point of view. The late Mr. F. D. Monk suggested at one time that the whole Island of Montreal might be one constituency for elections to the legislature and to Parliament. He recommended it on these grounds; that at present there were a good many demands for public works of a small kind, when what was wanted was the consideration of the needs of the city of Montreal as a whole; and I venture to suggest that the members for these enlarged districts would take a wider view of the requirements of the city than is possible for a representative who, to retain his seat, must place first the needs of his ward. Or take national considerations, when questions of race, of religion come up for discussion, Would it not be an advantage to Canada if the differences between Ontario and Quebec, between Alberta and British Columbia, were presented in Parliament in a form completely free from exaggeration? And then take the larger question of our Imperial unity. Perhaps some day a convention may be called together to consider means by which a suitable scheme can be worked out. On what lines should that convention be formed? The representation of only one party from each of the Dominions, or a convention in which all large sections of the community are represented? Certain it is that the success of the convention of South Africa which gave birth to its constitution owed its success in no small measure to this fact, that it was fully and fairly representative of all sections of the community.

I have put forward several points for your consideration. From my own point of view, believing that we are going to be victorious in this war, I am of the opinion that we cannot celebrate that victory more fittingly than by carrying forward to a higher stage of development our local, Imperial and national institutions. We have inherited Parliament from our forefathers. We owe the privileges of government under which we live to-day to their efforts. It falls upon us of this present generation to complete

their labors, to see to it that Parliament does not fail in prestige, to see to it that our municipal councils challenge comparison with any in the world. I can think of no higher work to which those of you who have leisure, who are not directly associated with the conduct of this great struggle, can give your attention at the present time than this question of the strengthening of those representative institutions on the efficient working of which depends the future of all parts of the British Dominions and of the Empire itself.

(*February 28th, 1916*)

IS WAR CURELESS?

By RABBI STEPHEN S. WISE
of New York

I WONDER whether I may address you as I addressed the Canadian Club of Toronto a year ago. When I addressed them, moved as I was, as Mr. President and fellow-neutrals. I say fellow-neutrals because you are just as neutral in this war as I am; and I, although not a Briton nor the son of a Briton, am just as neutral as you are. In fact I have been saying for some time that I would be very glad to escape for a little while in any event from my own country in order to go to your country. Now, normally, when Americans reach Canada in fugitive fashion it is for private reasons. I have come here for a time for public reasons, or on public grounds, and I am very glad for a little while to be in a place where an American may be unneutral and at the same time speak out the deepest convictions of his heart. For while I am or hope I am, a loyal American, and while I recognize and accept cheerfully the leadership of the President of the United States, it is nice to get away for a time and to be free to be just myself and to tell you exactly what I think. I do not, on the other hand, feel that I have escaped to a foreign land, because we never think of Canada as a foreign country. We have not quite decided whether to lick you or swallow you, ultimately, although the wise among us are agreed that you are too tough to lick and too indigestible to swallow; and we have decided that in the interests of progress we ought to be able to live together, side by side as comrades and friends. I do not feel that I am in an alien country, for I remember that fine word of Mark Twain, speaking some years ago in London, when he said: "Whenever I stand under the folds of the British flag I never think of myself as an alien, because

where the British flag is an American is at home." And I do not quite feel like that negro gentleman in America, who at the outset of the war was very much disturbed about its outcome. He thought it was going to be a simple, easy and almost immediate triumph for the central powers, and he said to one of his friends: "Now, Sam, just think for a moment of what those German submaroons are doing. Some day they will come over to this country, destroy New York, and go up the Hudson River and the Mississippi and the Missouri River and the Columbia River," and he said to his friend: "You can be a neutrality if you like, but ah'm a German." Now, I am neither a neutrality nor a German, but a pro-ally American. I want to tell you what perhaps you do not adequately know, that there are millions and millions of my fellow-Americans who are just as truly pro-ally as is the speaker of the moment, but unlike the speaker they are voiceless. You must not judge American sentiment by the volume and vociferousness of Teutonic noises. The American people are a little like the British, if you will pardon my presumption; the Americans are a little like the British in that we are not saying a great deal, we are not indulging in brag and bluster; but we believe in a certain thing as you do and we are satisfied that you are going to see that thing done and see it done right and see it done well. I venture to say to-day that the heart of the American people, the hearts of the greatest number of the American people, are absolutely with Great Britain, with France and with Belgium in this world war.

I do not know whether you realize, gentlemen, that you represent the most popular thing that has ever come out of Canada, in America—the Canadian Club. Whatever else we may think about Canada, Americans, save for myself, are unanimous about the merits of that one thing. I have been wondering a little about Canada these days, wondering about the Canadian people, how they are made up. I presume you are not all of English stock. There must be some Scotch, some Irish, some Welsh; or I should say some Scots and some other Britons here, for whenever I come to one of the great British Dominions I find it settled by the Scots of whom I dared to say at a meeting once (and I am still alive to tell the story) the "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled, and have been bleeding the rest of the world ever since." Whenever I think of the Scotch I am reminded of

a poor Englishman, found sitting around one day, upon the Thames Embankment, very disconsolate. When someone stopped to comfort and cheer him up, he answered: "What do you expect of me, my dear man? Of course I am unhappy. Of course I cannot make a living. How would you expect me to? I buy from the Scotch and I sell to the Jews." Now the fact is, speaking for my people, I want you to know there are three places on earth where a Jew cannot make a living. One is in that Yankee Caledonia, known as New England, the next is that Oriental Scotland known as China, and the third is Scotland itself.

I wonder if I ought to tell you that not very long ago I was in England. I hope to be free to go there soon again. I am getting homesick for England, I confess, I so love it. We went over to London for some days, and I had the pleasure of meeting some of the members of the English Cabinet, in whose pay of course I have been ever since. That is what some of the newspapers in New York would announce to-morrow if they heard of my speech. One of the members of the Cabinet invited Mrs. Wise and myself to have tea with him on the terrace and he told us the story of some American women he had lately entertained at tea. He asked them: "How do you like the Thames?" and what do you think these young women said? They did not come from New York, they came from Missouri. They said: "Well, it is a nice little river, but you ought to see the Mississippi and the Missouri." and the minister said: "Yes, the Mississippi is a fine river, but the Thames is liquid history." One of the young Missouri ladies answered: "Why, there is not enough water in the Thames River to serve as a gargle for one of the mouths of the Mississippi."

I am a little afraid to tell stories when I stand before Britons. I have had some disastrous experiences in London. I wonder whether I ought to invite another such now. About five years ago I was crossing over to London. It was this month of the year just before Washington's birthday, and a rather heavy storm arose, and a woman sitting next to us on the deck turned to her little boy and said: "Now, Jim, we are going to have a bad storm. Go right below to our stateroom and take you clothes off and get into your little pyjamas, and go to bed." About half an hour later she went down to see if the boy was properly in bed and came up to us in great excitement. The little lad was in bed wrapped up in an American flag, and when she asked: "My

boy, why have you wrapped yourself in this flag?" he said: "Mother dear, you said yourself there is going to be an awful storm, and I thought the ship might go down to the bottom, and it is a German ship, and I want God to know that I am an American." But telling that story in England I had to say of course that it was an English ship, and that the little boy had said: "I don't want God to think that I am an Englishman." I apologized and tried to soothe the savagely ruffled breasts before me, by adding: "Of course, all Americans feel as I do, that if I weren't an American I should want to be an Englishman." Immediately after the dinner an English gentleman came to me and said: "Of course Dr. Wise, if you were not an American you would want to be an Englishman, but a true Englishman if he could not be an Englishman would not want to be alive at all." This reminds me of another Englishman of whom Mr. Zangwill told. Israel Zangwill, a great Jew and a great Briton, came to this country a few years ago. While here he heard an expression that amused him immensely and he used it very often. Somebody said: "The blessed fool; it would have been money in his pocket never to have been born." He found that expression so delightful that he used it at an English dinner, and one of the diners said: "Mr. Zangwill have you thought of this, that if the man had never been born he would never have had a pocket?"

I wonder whether I may tell you of another Rabbi who came pretty near being in a hard place. The story is told in New York of an Irishman who was very ill, stricken with that dread disease, smallpox. One night he said to his wife: "Bridget dear, I want to have the last rites of the church at once; send for a Jewish Rabbi." Bridget said: "If you want the last rites you shall have them, but you don't want a Jewish Rabbi. You want the priest." "No," says Pat, "I want a Jewish Rabbi. Do you think I want our priest to get the smallpox?"

Now, gentlemen whenever I, a Jew and a Rabbi, face a company of Christians, I wonder what it is that I am going to catch; but I know what it is that you are going to catch before I shall have done, because I am going to rely upon the fact that you are Britons and that a Briton likes to hear another man speak his own mind. Whether you like it or not I am going to speak my mind. I am going to flatter you, as Dante once said, by indulging in true speaking. I want to tell you this afternoon

why I believe that war is not cureless and what are the things that are going to come into life in order not only to end this war, but in order to end war; for I believe as well as hope that this war may be the last of the great wars of history, and unless it is to be that then this war will not have been worth while. Unless, in other words, after its end, under the leadership of Great Britain and the United States there may be such a re-organization of the world's international affairs as will make war almost impossible in the world.

In the first place, we have got to have an end of the old secret, stealthy, underground diplomacy, that has been responsible for so much of the warring of the nations for centuries. Now I use the term secret, underground diplomacy. Shall I give you a definition of it? I quote the word of Lord Morley, or John Morley as we still love to think of him, who in a recent collection of his essays quoted Bismarck. Now you and I may not quite accept the Prussian point of view with regard to Bismarck. We may not quite set him up on the pinnacle they do, but we are agreed that he was thoroughly conversant with the ways of diplomacy. Now Bismarck defined diplomacy as the art of passing bad money. Underground diplomacy is very much more than that and it is graver than that, infinitely disastrous in its consequences. The old diplomacy has been in effect a denial of the validity of the moral law as binding upon nations in their relations to each other; and I tell you that great as is my land and great as is your Empire and mighty for the hour (and only for the hour) as is the German Empire, no power on earth is great enough to invalidate the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. "Thou shalt not covet. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not murder," is just as binding upon great powers as upon the least and the humblest of individuals.

I am not prepared to say, that this war could have been averted. Seeing that some of the powers of Europe were determined that it should come I can hardly say that, but I ask you what might not have been the effect if between the 24th day of July, 1914, and the second day of August, 1914, the peoples of Serbia, of Germany, of Austria, of Russia, of England, of France and of Belgium had known what was happening hour after hour in the chancelleries of their capitals. Who knows, but realizing that day after day and hour after hour they were being pushed

nearer and nearer to the abyss which should plunge them into the hell of war, the peoples of European nations might have averted the war which the peoples did not will? War is of the people, as you know to your bitterness, and it is by the people, but rarely for the people. A war for the people was fought half a century ago in my country, the Civil War, which liberated one race and brought together two races; yet I say that war is of the people and by the people, but rarely for the people. Let me give you an illustration of what I mean. This is the 28th day of February. Suppose on the 28th day of February, 1914, David Lloyd George had made this proposal: "That Great Britain, in conjunction with all the other great powers of Europe, Italy, Austria, France, Germany, Russia, expend annually for a term of ten years the sum of $500,000,000, in order to end the crime of poverty, in order to drain the morasses of destitution,—to use his own words—"to wage a war upon poverty." What would have been the response even of your own England? They would have ridiculed him out of politics; his great career would have been ended. "How can we find 500,000,000 dollars in ten years?" they would have said, "it is an unthinkable sum for such a purpose," and that would have been the response of Europe. What is being expended to-day? You know what the war bill is. According to the most modest estimate the war bill of Europe to-day is nearly $75,000,000 every day. Let us cut that figure down. Let us say it is $50,000,000 every day, and it is much more than that; that means one billion of dollars every twenty days, five billions of dollars in one hundred days. So great Britain and the other powers of Europe can expend upon the prosecution of this war, which has got to be fought through now, in one hundred days, in one-third of the year, what might have been asked for for the good of all the peoples of Europe and their answer would have been no. The powers of Europe have money in order to prosecute a war, to slay and to destroy, but no money to serve the well-being of the people of their lands; in any event not in the enormous proportions in which that money is being expended upon the prosecution of the war to-day.

Now, gentlemen, I am going to come to another point, and I ask you to remember that I am a defenceless American. If anything happened to me as a result of what I shall say please remember that one widow and two orphan children will be

breadless. Please bear with me, and understand too that I rely upon the British sense of fair play to carry me through.

We are never going to have an end of war until women have a share in government. Here is a war in the world which involves two thirds of the people, a war in which at least two millions of men have already been slain, five millions have been wounded and two to three millions are captives, and we don't know how long this will keep up. Do you think it fair and just and decent that all this should be and not one woman have been asked whether war should be? I know what is in your minds. Women do not go to war; they are not fighting and dying and perishing in the trenches. No. But I want you British gentlemen to understand one thing, that the first and the last and the most terrible cost of war is not borne by men, but by women, for after all you men know pretty well what war is. You at least have one crowded, glorious hour of strife, but women have none of that. They only have the pain and the loss and the sorrow and the agony. Half a century from to-day there will be armies of women still living widowed and reft by this cruel war of all which makes life worth living.

There are three attitudes on the part of the world of womanhood toward war. It was generally understood that their duty consisted in bearing children and bearing children and bearing children so that they might send them forth to war and to die, to slay and be slain. Sixty years ago a great English woman began a second stage in the history of woman, when she, Florence Nightingale by name, went to the battlefields of the Crimea in order to bring to the men there, wounded and maimed, the healing of a woman's help, and the magic touch of a woman's sympathy. The third great stage in the history of woman's attitude is about to dawn. It won't be easy to make you gentlemen understand it because you are British and therefore fundamentally conservative, but somebody has got to say it to you and I might as well be that somebody. The next great stage in the history of woman's attitude toward war is going to be just this, that the women of the European lands are going to arise and say: We are satisfied to be the mothers of men. We are ready to be, as women have ever been, ready to go down into the depths of agony in order to give life to a child and a child to life, but we will refuse to be the mothers of men unless, humanly speaking, we can be sure that our sons

will be permitted to live, and not be fed to the cannon's mouth by the order of kings, and czars and emperors and rulers. I do not mean, gentlemen, that war is never defensible. If I were a Briton, as I am an American, I would want to be in this war and I should want my boy to go to this war. Great Britain is, in my own judgment, fighting for the cause of liberty. Great Britain is standing like a rock for the cause of democracy as against the cause of autocratic militarism in the world. English navalism has never reached the power that German militarism has, for as long as British men live British men will never subordinate civil power to military power. The British will always be masters of their armies. But I say again to you men that women have the right to say: We will not be the mothers of men if we are to bear them only that they may be fed to the cannon's mouth. About a year ago a young lady of my congregation came up to me and said: "Dr. Wise, isn't it perfectly beautiful to think how romantic are the European countries?" I had not noticed that these countries were particularly romantic now and I said so, and she said: "Why, have you not heard about war brides and war marriages? Of course after a man reaches middle age it is hard for him to perceive romance." That little girl really imagined that war brides and war marriages meant romance. When such things are encouraged and sanctioned by the churches and the nations what does that mean? That the churches and the powers of Europe are inflicting the last and grearest disgrace on woman. They are converting them into human breeding machines in order that by a higher birthrate they may neutralize the deathrate. Women want to be the mothers of men, but they are not and will not always be satisfied to be breeding machines. I am not asking for the vote for women. Heaven forefend! I am asking for so much more. I am asking for a share in the government. I am not asking for a share in government for the other half of the race, but for the mother half of the race. We men have not gotten along so well and so gloriously that we can afford to dispense with woman's help, without the mother conception and the mother understanding and the mother pity and the mother love. I ask for women a share in the government of the world.

Now for my third point. We are never going to have an end of war in the world as long as you and I believe in that lie which must have been born in hell: "If you want peace prepare for

war." I speak with feeling about that, because we in America are passing through a critical time. We are not situated as you are. The United States of America is an island, half of an island, the bigger half of an island; but we are not like that tight little island with its tight little islanders from which you or your fathers have come. The way it is put is this: we must in America prepare for war as the only way of ensuring peace. That is what Europeans have been told for the past forty years and I have heard Americans stupid enough to say, what a pity this war had to come because the Archduke of Austria was assassinated, as though any such excuse were needed for war. You know that one of the reasons for this war is because Europe has been an armed camp for the last forty years, because no concerted move has been made by the powers, led by Grear Britain, to stop the piling up of armaments, to stop the burdening of the peoples of Europe. Now when a great American, or at least one of the foremost Americans, one of the best-loved Americans, Colonel Roosevelt, says that we must have a great army in my country and a great navy, because we are situated exactly like Belgium, we begin to ask questions. Have you ever considered how closely parallel is the position of the United States to that of Belgium? For one thing the United States of America, to say nothing about you, have a little river to the East known as the Atlantic brook, and we have a fair sized stream to the west known as the Pacific ocean, and we are reasonably sure, and reasonably secure. If you believe certain of our American gentlemen, Mr. Hearst and Mr. Hobson, some day New York will wake up and we will find a German fleet of submersible battleships (if they only were) in the East River and a fleet of Japanese battleships in the North River or the Hudson River and then what will we poor New Yorkers do? We would have to dim the lights of Broadway. Can you think of any more tragic thing in the life of New York? Now we have had one hundred and one years of peace with Canada, haven't we? Why? Someone has answered because we speak the same language, but we don't. You in Canada speak English, when you speak at all, and we in New York, for example, speak an Indian dialect known as Manhattanese. So we do not speak the same language at all. We have had no war with Canada for 101 years—I have not told my fellow-Americans what in my heart I believe, that you are afraid of being licked—but do you know why? Because we have not been

ready for it. Because we have never thought of war as a way out. That is why. We have had rather critical times. Some of us remember that Saturday afternoon about twenty-five years ago when things trembled in the balance, and if it had not been for Britain war might have come between Britain and the United States because of an unhappy error in diplomacy. Do you know why we have had no war? We have had no war with Great Britain for 101 years and we are not going to have war with Great Britain, I can prophesy that much, for another thousand years. Every war is cruel and devilish, but a war between Great Britain and the United States would be a fratricidal war. It is not worth talking about, it is so far beyond the realm of possibility. As I said before, the answer to the question, why have we not had war with Great Britain is this, that we have not been ready for it. We have had no forts on the Canadian-American frontier, no battleships on the St. Lawrence, Lakes Erie and Ontario. Suppose, gentlemen, on the Great Lakes now you had battleships named in the modest British manner, the Unconquerable, the Invincible, the Indomitable, the Irresistible, and so on and we on our side had a lot of battleships. We should not have named them in this way, we should give them simple, plain American names such as Killemquick, Eatemalive, and so on. Suppose we had two great fleets of battleships facing each other for one hundred years and more, gentlemen, we should have had war long before this. Some diplomat would have dragged us into war if it had been at all possible. But we have gotten along for a hundred years without a fort, without a battleship in those waters, and we are going on and on and on for another thousand years; and war shall never be dreamed of between your Dominion and our own Republic.

What about the Southern and Central American Republics? We have not had a war with them for one hundred years or more. You can't count that little skirmish in Mexico about seventy years ago. That little war in 1840 was something like those little engagements in which Great Britain was involved in her earlier days. That was not a war at all. Our little difference with Mexico was an act of purely Christian charity on our part, that is all. We found Mexico over-burdened with territory that she could not control. We relieved her of a part of that territory and took over the burden. If we had waited until now it would have been

too late. The trouble is that some Empires on earth are centuries too late, but they don't know it. And so we have had no war and we are going to have no war with the central and southern American Republics, because we of the American Republic are beginning to understand that even though the Latin races of the central and southern American Republics are a poor inferior lot of dagoes as compared with us, to say nothing of you, still they have the right to live. Speaking earnestly to you, gentlemen, we of America, of the Great Republic, are beginning to understand, that the Latin Republics have just the same right to live that we have. When Admiral Peary dared to say a year ago that he wanted the American flag to fly over every bit of soil in the western world, I said that that man is not fit to wear the uniform of an American officer. I would rather have my country go down in shame, than raise her flag over one foot of soil in the western world which is not rightfully her own. That is how I feel about the American Republic. And more than that. What about Japan? We are warned against Japan all the time. There is danger of war with Japan. I think we are going to have war with Japan, unless we learn one thing—it will not be easy—to treat Japan as if we were gentlemen, as if we Americans were gentlemen. Not as if the Japanese were gentlemen, but as if we were gentlemen. The Japanese people will not forever endure the insults which we have heaped upon her head. Japan represents a great, proud, splendid people, and my people have got to learn to treat Japan with respect, otherwise war will come and war ought to come with Japan.

I'll tell you another reason why I do not want my people now to go in for a great army and a great navy. When peace comes at last, as come it must, and God grant it soon, I want America to go into the peace negotiations as the one great neutral power of earth, with hands clean and undefiled. If we build a great army and a great navy, what right will we have to plead for the disarmament of the world? I want my country, by your side, to throw its weight in the balance in favor of peace, and not of the continuance of the crushing and insupportable burden of war armaments. That is why to-day I am against a great army and against a great navy. I think it would be a violation of American tradition. If, Heaven forefend, victory come in another way, it may become necessary for us to have a great army and a

great navy; but I do not believe it will, and feeling as I do and hoping as I do and praying as I do for the triumph of the allied powers, it will not be necessary for us, as a power, to go into the mad scramble for armaments, to become a great armed power.

There is one thing more. You may not agree with me again, but I have to say it to you. We are not going to have an end of war until the whole world learns, what Great Britain has recently become almost big enough to understand. We are not going to have an end of war until the powers of earth understand that there is room and need on earth for every variety of race, for every variety of faith, for every diversity of spirit and nation; in other words, there is just as much need in the world for little Serbia as for mighty Germany, and I consider the resurrection and the saving of Belgium to be as important to the moral welfare of the human race, as the maintenance of the British Empire itself. The Powers have got to understand that no power is great enough to rule the world. I am speaking of the things that make war, for wars are not made by armies, wars are waged by armies but made by the feelings of human hearts. I think Great Britain has set a wonderful example in the world in that her horizon has been as wide as her Empire and her tolerance as broad as her lands and seas. She does not try to make every man cease to be what he is in order to become a Briton. Britain expects that every man shall be himself and then be a Briton. You do not ask the Jews to cease to be Jews, the peoples of the Empire to cease to be that which they are. In your worldwide fraternal grasp you take in the peoples and the races and the faiths, and while preserving an outward unity you leave them to form their spiritual unity, and that spiritual unity is the glory of your Empire.

Why do I feel so deeply about this? Let me tell you an incident. A little more than a couple of years ago Mrs. Wise and myself went to Palestine and we went on to Bethlehem. We wanted to look upon the shrine where your Lord and Master, as you name him, was given to life and immortality. We sought to enter through a little, narrow portal that leads to the chapel, the Chapel of the Holy Mother, and at the door I noticed two priests, one a Roman Catholic priest and the other a Greek Catholic Priest. Now I wish you might have seen these two Christian priests. It was three days before Easter, and they were looking at each other in such a way that I thought, how they love

each other! I never saw men face each other with the hatred that was in the hearts and faces of those two Christian priests. An Arab with whom I was conversing said to me: "Jesus Christ must have left Bethlehem long ago." About twenty feet away I noticed a company of Turkish soldiers. I asked, what are the Turkish soldiers doing here? Gentlemen, what do you think? The answer was that during the Easter festival it is always necessary to have Turkish soldiers on the spot in order to prevent these Roman and Greek Catholic priests from killing one another. A few years before the time of which I speak a Roman Catholic priest had been slain because he dared to touch a lamp belonging to the Greek Catholic communion.

The next day we journeyed on to Jericho. I have often been invited to go there but it was the first time I went. We came to Jericho and we reached the Jordan. We looked upon the beauties of the Dead Sea. When we got to the river Jordan what do you think I wanted to do? It was a very warm day. I did not want to take a bath, but to dip my hands into the waters of the river. I noticed around me some Russian peasants; but I thought no more about them and paid no more attention to them than they did to me. I took off my coat and rolled up my sleeves and was about to dip my hands into the river, when a Russian peasant woman of about eighty years began muttering and coming towards me. I asked my guide what the matter was with the dear old lady, and what do you think she wanted? She said: "Jew, what are you doing with your Jewish hands in my Christian river?" Here was I, a Jew and a Rabbi, come back after nineteen hundred years of Christless exile, to the lands of my fathers, and about to dip my hands in the river in which my great grandfathers had been accustomed to bathe before her great grandfathers ever took a bath in their lives. Now perhaps I was a better Christian than she was, for she did not love me, or she seemed not to. I have never been loved in that way before. I am afraid she swore at me. I blessed her and I forgave her. I remembered the word of the Psalmist: "Let them curse, but do thou bless," and I blessed her and I bless her memory if she be gone; but I tell you now, gentlemen and Britons, we are never going to have an end of war in the world as long as there be in the hearts of men the spirit that moved that woman to address me as she did. We have got to get the old hatreds, the old prejudices, the old bitternesses, the inveterate

animosity out of our souls. Then and only then we shall have an end of war. I think of that Russian woman because there is a heavy burden upon the souls of some of my people. I am asked again and again, "Dr. Wise, how can you proclaim that you favor the allies and the victory of their cause, knowing as you do how your people are suffering at the hands of Russia?" I think the important thing in the world to-day is that Britain win this war regardless of every other consideration; and then, I have faith that Britain and France together will move Russia, (as they ought to move, otherwise every profession of theirs is a lie) to be just at least to her subject peoples, so that there be an end in the Russian Empire of the wrong and the shame of inequality and injustice and oppression and cruelty. I have such faith in the British Empire that I believe this war is going to mean, under the hegemony of Britain, the end of wrong against the lesser races, the lesser faiths on earth. I believe, and therefore I am with and for Great Britain and her allies, that the end of the war is going to mean the end of much of the wrong and injustice and shame that have defaced the earth for century after century. I want Great Britain to triumph, but I want Great Britain to be greatest in the hour of her triumph. Not to be great in demanding vengeance, not great in dismembering peoples and Empires, but greater than she has ever been before, with the aid of her allies and the spiritual co-operation of the American Republic, in bringing about a reign of peace and justice and honor among the nations of the world. May that end come soon and may God in his mercy and power speed them.

(*March 9th, 1916*)

PRUSSIAN DIPLOMACY

By DR. C. W. COLBY

DR. Colby began by defining the subject and stating his intention to describe the circumstances under which Great Britain came to have France, Russia, Japan and Italy as allies in the present war. He dwelt upon the advantage which Germany enjoyed at the outset of the Kaiser's reign, through possessing three great diplomatic assets; namely, the Triple Alliance, the traditional antagonism between England and Russia, and the bad feeling which had come to exist between England and France over the British occupation of Egypt.

What use did William II make of these advantages which had been bequeathed him by Bismarck? His first step was to suffer Russia to drift away into an alliance with France—an association which might have been prevented, if the Kaiser had been willing to renew the secret reinsurance treaty of 1884 with Russia. In consequence of Germany's neglect to maintain a friendship with Russia, together with her alliance with Austria, Alexander III formed the entente of 1891 which was celebrated by the reception of the French fleet at Cronstadt.

Even so, the Kaiser had not alienated Russia completely, since fortune gave him another chance to re-establish the old bond which had existed between William I of Prussia and the Tsar Alexander II.

This opportunity came in 1894 with the accession of Nicholas II, who, at the outset of his reign, felt a warm admiration for the talents and versatility of his first cousin, the German Emperor. During the first eighteen months which followed the accession of the Tsar, Germany began to play with fire by entering upon a

This report is from the Montreal Star.

line of action which has since led her into open antagonism with both England and Russia. The year 1895 witnessed the active prosecution of German intrigues in the Transvaal, and the commencement of that co-operation with Russia in the Far East, which was to react so disastrously upon Russia, thereby weakening the connection between the Tsar and the Kaiser which could have been maintained if the German Government had acted with greater sincerity.

The Kruger telegram and the commencement of German activities at Constantinople were the first fruits of the policy inaugurated by Germany in 1895. The Germans wished to side-track Russia in Manchuria, in order that she might mortgage her resources for the prosecution of adventures on the shores of the Pacific. Meanwhile, deflected thus from the Balkans and Constantinople, she would be unable to interfere with German projects to secure Asiatic Turkey. From the outset the clearest objectives of the Pan-German League were to destroy the maritime ascendency of Great Britain, and to give Germany control of an unbroken territory from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf.

The speaker devoted considerable attention to the work which was done at Constantinople by Marschall von Bieberstein, the ablest statesman Germany has produced since the fall of Bismarck. Simultaneously with the efforts of Baron Marschall at Constantinople went on the prosecution of designs in the Far East, ending in the German acquisition of Kiao-Chau as part of the same operation whereby Russia secured Port Arthur. 1898 was taken as marking the high point reached by William II. At that date all his diplomatic plans seemed to be progressing as well as possible. Germany had secured Kiao-Chau, the Kaiser was on the best of terms with Abdul-Hamid, France was distracted by the Dreyfus case, and at the same moment seemed on the verge of war with England over Fashoda.

Then, through over-confidence, began that series of mistakes which ended in the consolidation of the Triple Entente. The beginning of German blunders is to be associated with that outbreak of Anglophobia in Germany which occurred during the autumn of 1899. The British reverses in South Africa kindled the resolve of the Pan-Germans to challenge Britain's naval supremacy without further loss of time. Instead of cajoling England by fair words until France had been overthrown, the Germans announced

their great Navy Bill on the day after the battle of Magersfontein. By this act they antagonized France no less than Great Britain, for by doubling their fleet they menaced the security of that colonial empire which ever since the Franco-German War, has come to mean so much to the French people. Even as early as the Fashoda incident of 1898, Delcassé had desired to establish friendly relations with England. This disposition was still further encouraged by the German Navy Bill of 1900.

In 1902 Germany's chickens came home to roost in the alliance between England and Japan, which was a result of the loss of Port Arthur. The treaty between England and Japan had an extremely important effect on the relations between France and England—Delcassé feared that France as the ally of Russia might be drawn into a war with England, the ally of Japan. On the eve of war between Japan and Russia, alarmed at this prospect, Delcassé hastened negotiations with England and arranged the famous visit of King Edward VII. on May 1, 1903. In 1904, the year of the Russo-Japanese war, England and France had already settled their differences over Siam, Newfoundland, Egypt, Morocco. In other words, the entente cordiale had come into being as a result of the suspicion France and England felt regarding Germany's motives in doubling her navy.

Dr. Colby also touched upon the features of the Anglo-Russian treaty regarding Persia, Afghanistan and Tibet. Here, he alleged the conviction had grown up in the mind of the Russian Government that Germany was not sincere in encouraging Russian adventures in Manchuria. After the disastrous war with Japan, Russia turned her eyes towards Constantinople and found Germany there.

Summing up, the speaker said: "The root of the trouble was Germany's plot against modern civilization—her effort to substitute her own priority by brute force for that co-operation which is the keynote of modern life. But having made this fatal error in the choice of her objective and ambition, she technically overplayed her hand and arrayed three great powers against her by attempting to outwit Russia, to browbeat France, and to act as though the British Empire had feet of clay."

(*March 20th, 1916*)

ITALY'S POSITION IN THE WAR

By DR. BRUNO ROSELLI

WHEN the lust for power of the Central Empires sprang this conflict upon an unprepared world, Italy found herself in the most puzzling, the most difficult situation of any of the countries now fighting, or any of the countries which are still trying to preserve neutrality in this world conflict. Italy's position at that time was that of an ally of Austria-Hungary and Germany, and that of a friend of both England and France. You may remember that at the time of the conference which was held only a few years ago, Italy stood by France because France stood by what was right, and not by Germany, in spite of the constant recriminations of that country or their ally, Austria-Hungary. I will illustrate the more human phase of the situation by telling you that a naval officer, whose name I am not at liberty to mention, but who was very close to me indeed and who is fighting now in this war, told me several months before clouds were massing upon the political horizon, that it would be perfectly idle for Italy ever to try to fight England; that his own men would not consent to shoot upon an English man-of-war. Now, the reasons for this are very complicated. It can be explained in a great many ways. I have no time to deal with it fully, but the fact remains that this officer, who knew his men, knew that that was the case. And you must not ascribe this to lack of military discipline; for the Italy who has fought such good fights does not lack discipline, that discipline which has made Italy the trusted and valued friend and the much feared enemy. It merely means, that Italy knew that England, throughout her history, has stood for right; and on the contrary only a chain of circumstances still

compelled Italy to feel herself bound by that terrible treaty of the Triple Alliance. I was in Italy when the Triple Alliance treaty was renewed for the last time in its increasingly inglorious history, and I recall how the people received this news. It was a case of universal consternation, a blow, a bolt from the blue, for the treaty was not due for several months. It had to be renewed several months before it fell due for the simple reason that the government did not dare to wait for the appointed time, lest the renewal of the treaty should find Italy in the throes of a revolution. Why did the government then renew this treaty? It had to be renewed because it was a matter of absolute necessity. There was no way out of it. It had been made first thirty-five years before, but the Germany of the 20th of May, 1880, was not the Germany of the 30th July, 1914, and the change in the attitude of Germany during this thirty-five years had been constantly and steadily becoming obnoxious to the Italians. Conditions had become such that the Triple Alliance constituted merely a protectorate, with Germany as the protecting country, Italy as the protected. How could Italy free herself from it? It was a situation of unusual complication and difficulty, and only the impossible could save her. But the impossible happened when, at the end of July, 1914, Austria-Hungary disregarded the wording as well as the spirit of the Triple-Alliance Treaty, sent against Serbia the most shameful ultimatum which a self-respecting or independent country ever dared address to another independent country. This ultimatum did not find Italy altogether unaware, and this explains the situation of Italy at the beginning of the world conflict. In the terms of the Triple Alliance Treaty, which have only lately and but as yet incompletely come to be known to the rank and file of the Italian people, to which I claim to belong, it was made quite clear that any one of the contracting parties which wished to initiate any hostile steps in the Balkan Peninsula must notify the other contracting parties not only before such steps were brought about but actually before they were completely planned, and Austria forgot it. The foundation of that Treaty she forgot, as she said. Then of course when Serbia answered, and the other lands of Europe could not, in self-respect, be deaf to the appeal coming from Serbia, then Germany and Austria told Italy to come forward and help them. Help them, why? The third of the articles of the Triple Alliance

said that Italy was to help Austria-Hungary and Germany in case either one or both of these countries were attacked. Austria-Hungary and Germany are still claiming that the Russian bear and the English lion sprang on them unprepared, and of course as a natural result the word "traitor" was hurled at Italy. It is still the word which the Italian boys hear in the trenches on the Alps hurled at them from the opposing forces a few feet away, hurled at Italy, the country which was betrayed most shamefully by Austria-Hungary and Germany at the time of the Tripoli expedition. You remember the great opposition which came from the allies of Italy, from Austria-Hungary and Germany, the opposition which stiffened Turkey so that a war ensued, a war which drained Italy of her resources in men and money. This was the result of the alliance of Italy with Austria-Hungary and Germany, and now after what they did they dare hurl the word "traitor" at Italy. Italy answered in the only way it was dignified and self-respecting to answer, by declining to accept the shameful offer of territory, which included much more than has been acquired with patient and persistent effort on the part of the Italian troops since, which shows an unusual amount of heroism on the part of Italy. I am not here to remind you of conditions as they are now in the Alps, and just a few words will suffice. Let me quote from a letter of a friend of mine now fighting on the Isonzo front. He wrote to me the other day and this will give you an idea of the situation: "We tied ropes around our waists, ten of us to a rope and then with all the paraphernalia used by the Alpine guides in summer we scaled under concentrated fire." I will omit the details of what happened to the wounded and dead in that terrible scaling, but the fact remains that the conditions there are not equalled on any of the fronts in the present world war, and that Italy dared do all this in spite of the fact that she was practically offered all she wanted. She dared refuse the territory she was coveting for the simple reason that it would have come to her indelibly marked with the stigma of dishonour, for the simple reason that she never would have dared tell her sons in future generations how this territory was acquired. But if the officers and soldiers of the Italians think of this point it must be an awful thought that they are sacrificing men by the hundred thousand for what as a matter of graft, as a matter of blackmail, by eleventh hour concessions of Austria,

they could have had. This is what justifies the word heroism which I like to repeat once more.

What has been Italy's action in the war since the 23rd of May, 1915, after what is usually referred to as the Passion Week, the week of the final negotiations between Italy and her ex-allies? This has been a big chapter in the military history of Italy. Why is it that Italy has not yet succeeded in taking those two cities which she has been trying for for the last two months? Modern man knows little about mountains. We build our cities on the plain. We build railroads which enable us to go from one of these cities on the plain to another of these cities on the plain, either avoiding these mountains or passing under these mountains. Very few of us unfortunately know much about mountains anyway and certainly very few of us know anything about mountain fighting. Did you not see in yesterday's communication that the Italians had taken some territory at an altitude of 2,300 odd meters up in the air? This is practically 7,500 feet, and the boys who are storming those positions are from the sunny slopes, from Vesuvius; they never saw snow or ice except as a background for their beautiful mountains, they never set their feet on snow or ice, and now they are fighting at an altitude of 7,500 feet. This is the position of Italy at present, merely because she would not accept, under any circumstances, peace unaccompanied by honor.

The position of Italy at present in other ways is good. The financial, the military and the moral position of Italy is good. Let us not try to deny in any way her power by expecting her to do things which perhaps it is not wise she should do as yet. I have come to a very delicate part of my address, to the reason why Italy has not as yet declared war against Germany. It is a point on which I desire to be very plain indeed, at the same time I desire to offend nobody. The reasons are many, but this reminds me of a gentleman friend of mine who was in the habit of answering, whenever he was asked why such a thing was so, "Oh, there are a thousand reasons," and he was broken of that habit by a gentleman saying to him one day, "I beg your pardon, sir. Will you kindly keep your nine hundred and ninety-nine and give me one good reason?" I am going to give you three good reasons and after you have heard them you will realize why it is by far best for the allies that Italy has not as yet declared war against Germany. The reasons are as I care to divide them—

one, strategic; two, psychological; three, diplomatic. The strategic reason, gentlemen, is easily explained by a brief description of the position of the Italian-Austrian border. This border is like a gigantic S. Do you realize that in this enormous indentation of the country the Austrians are able, or were at the beginning of the war to hurl troops as far down as the Po Valley? The gate of Italy was open at the beginning of the war, and this point lay only twenty-five miles from the Venetian lagoons. It means that a terrific drive such as Austria-Hungary and Germany combined might have undertaken at the start would have been able to sweep down on the Po Valley and shut off from all communication the Venetian regions where two-thirds of the Italian troops were located, and that over a million men of the Italian army would now be in a concentration camp in Austria-Hungary. Would it be good for the allies if such a thing happened? I leave that to you. Why is not Austria doing the same thing now? Because she cannot. Austria and Germany have not that half a million men to spare which alone would have been able to accomplish that terrible deed. Austria has her hands full without Italy and she cannot concentrate half a million men there, and in fact as conditions are now it would require something more like one million men for this advance into the Po Valley. With every day that passes it is less and less impossible for Italy to find herself at war with Germany. So much for the strategic reason.

But there is a psychological reason which some of you who are conversant with Italian conditions may be able to realize; it is the fact that the Italians hate the Austrians. The hatred which has swept all over Italy toward Austria is absurd, but inborn. There is not one Italian out of one hundred thousand who has anything but unkindly feeling toward Austria. This is something which has always existed, left over from the centuries of persecution which are behind. I will not discuss the reason for it. The same is not altogether the case with regard to Germany. I do not mean to say that the Italians are kindly disposed to Germany, but the percentage of people who hate Germany is not as great as the percentage of people who hate Austria. That is an instinct. You do not have to think about it, it just comes natural to us, it is in our blood. In Italy the people might say that one per cent of the things that were done by Germany might after

all not be so bad; but not one Italian will ever admit that one of the things ever done or thought of by Austria was ever to any extent good. This hatred rises occasionally to absurd heights. I have known of people being socially ostracized for the simple reason that they dared say that such and such a phase of the Austrian Government was well conducted. This state of affairs is not the same with Germany. There are a great many Italians with German wives. A great many of them are in the navy and in the army. In a great many parts of Italy where blood is somewhat mixed, especially in Lombardy and Milan, there are a large number of Italians with German names, descendants of Germans, who will not relish killing their uncles and cousins in war. There are a large number of Italians with German connections. German gold has undoubtedly worked its way by devious methods into the pockets of a great many Italians. Italian scientists and bookworms have been dazzled for two generations by the chemical discoveries of Germany or by what the Germans call their "Kultur." The result is that the psychological situation would by no means be improved in case the war spread directly to Italy and Germany, in case Italy should take the initiative and declare war against Germany.

The diplomatic situation is of the gravest importance; it has not as yet appeared quite fully on this side of the Atlantic. The less said about it the better and the more delicately handled the subject, the better. I will remind you of the fact that by Italy's entrance into the hostilities a country to the north of Italy found herself completely shut off from any communication with the sea. That country, gentlemen, is a confederation, and the word confederation will explain to you why the difficulties there are very great indeed. The people of Switzerland are not amalgamated, they are confederated. The result is that as soon as some of the countries involved in this general conflagration had not dealt with much skill and delicacy and openness with that confederation, the Swiss turned toward those countries with which they are kin of race and blood. German Switzerland sympathized openly with Germany, and French and Italian Switzerland sympathized quite openly with the Allies. Let me remind you of the fact that German Switzerland means now 70% of the population of the Confederation. This ought to open the eyes of some people who say: "What is the use? They cannot

fight because their racial strains are mixed." They are not. I would like to call your attention to this problem, which I shall not attempt to solve, but put before you as a dilemma. Suppose the Italians were at war with Germany. Germany would then immediately ask Switzerland to allow free passage of her troops through the territory of the Confederation, and the dilemma presented is this: Would the Swiss, in view of the preponderance of the German element allow the German troops to sweep through the undefended passage of the Alps? This is a much more serious problem then some of you may imagine. There is not one fortress on the Italian-Swiss frontier. The City of Milan is only 35 minutes by train from the unprotected Swiss frontier. These things are very serious indeed. Switzerland might find herself either actually or apparently compelled to yield to the request of Germany made many months ago now to Belgium. "Give us right-of-way." Could Switzerland resist? She could not be expected to resist. How could Italy find perhaps two million more troops to put on that frontier against a country toward which she has never dreamed of having ever to turn with guns and shot and shell?

Now these three points which I have tried to bring before you are very serious indeed. The border between Italy and Switzerland does not allow of any leakages. In other words, we know that the fact that Italy is not fighting Germany directly does not mean that she gives any help in any way to that powerful country of the north. But the point is—is it wise for Italy to take the initiative, is it wise on her own account, and on account of the general position of all the Allies? That is the answer which I have to give to things which have been spread abroad too freely about Italy by poisoned opinion on the American Continent. Italy is not trying to have a little war of her own, and is not trying to look for the right moment to sign a separate peace with Austria, and the proof of this is given by the fact that in December last she pledged herself by the Declaration of London, not to conclude a separate peace. If that is not conclusive I do not know what is. I should like to have you gentlemen act as ambassadors of this good word to many people who look with suspicion upon the position of Italy. A future soldier of Italy tells you that Italy will not go back on her pledged word.

Another point you undoubtedly wish to have explained by me is the position of Italy with regard to the evacuation of Serbia and

Montenegro. You have heard a great deal about this, and too often the statement has been made that Italy is opposed to Serbia and Montenegro because of their aspirations in the Adriatic, and that she was glad that Germany and Austria-Hungary were doing what she herself did not dare do toward Serbia and Montenegro. This malicious accusation has been spread in spite of the fact that Italy has shown a remarkable leniency toward those Balkan countries who are not yet aware that occasionally dreams are not realities, and that it is impossible to grow by doubling your territory every year, and that it is better to wait until a district has been actually incorporated into your rightfully owned domain before trying to spread over more ground. This matter is a matter of great importance for Italy because Serbia shortly after she entered the war proposed to the more powerful members of the allied powers the request that she be granted the Eastern shore of the Adriatic, practically all of what Italy wanted. Italy has not taken up this which might have appeared almost as a challenge. She has dealt most leniently with countries who do not realize that dreams of expansion have to be considered in the light of good fellowship among nations, Italy would have liked to help Serbia and Montenegro, but the fact remains that she could not do it. It is very easy to take a map of Serbia and Montenegro and say; Well, there is this strip, this straight line from the Adriatic Coast to Belgrade, only about 250 or 300 miles long. Italy might have sent 300,000 men, figure about 15 miles a day and they would be there ready to oppose Austria and Germany. I do not know what you think Albania is. I wonder how many of you can give the names of half a dozen rivers and mountains in Albania. Albania has never even been mapped. Central Africa is better known, for we know just about in what direction the rivers and mountains of Central Africa are situated, but we do not know anything about Albania in this respect, and that is the situation. You have heard, gentlemen, a short time ago of the Serbian army retreating through mountain passes where only one man at a time could pass through. Will you kindly tell me how the large guns which Italy would have had to send to oppose the great Austrian-German howitzers could have been sent through those impassable and unmapped mountains? Italy could not do that. It was an impossibility. All we could do was to use our fleets to the best advantage and try, as soon as the Serbians and Mon-

tenegrins came down, to help them with stores and provisions and medicine and nurses and transportation to the South Coast of Italy, and that is what she has done and more than that she absolutely could not do. She might have tried to, perhaps, in case the other Allied powers on the Eastern part of the Balkan Peninsula had waked up in time and moved forward toward Vardar River in such a way as to effect a junction of forces with the Italians proceeding not north but east.

Now the Allies have made one tremendous mistake, all of them, as far as I can tell. They have not worked in unison, not worked together in the Balkans. Each country has had its own policy there. The ambassadors and diplomats of Russia and England and France and Italy have all been continuing their policies which were settled upon previous to the spread of this great world war. The only way to fight successfully in the Balkans would have been by a junction of forces not only military but diplomatic. You would not have had to see such a tragic thing as the Dardanelles expedition or the advance upon the Vardar River, which was only the beginning of a hasty retreat upon Salonica, if the Allies had all planned together their campaign, diplomatic as well as military in the Balkans. It is to the credit of Italy that she has been fighting for a general Balkan understanding for months and months and her scheme has finally come to a successful conclusion, for in Paris three weeks ago a Central Bureau of the Allied Powers was appointed which is going to settle this spring the general diplomatic and military situation in the Balkans.

I want, before I close, to try to explain to you why Italy is trying so hard to keep the Port of Avlona and has apparently abandoned the rest of Albania to her fate. What is Italy's policy with regard to Albania? There are two things said in this respect; one is that Italy covets Albania, the other is that Italy is going very soon to withdraw from the entire Albania seacoast. The third theory which tries to unify these two is rather a cynical theory, that both the previous theories are correct and that Italy expects the other Allies to act as catspaws. Let me explain to you that Italy does not want Albania any more than England, which holds Gibraltar, wants Spain. Valona (or Avlona) is the Gibraltar of the Adriatic. Italy must hold Valona at any cost, just as England must hold Gibraltar at any cost. The position

is just exactly the same. The rest of Albania, Italy does not want. I refer you to the Green Book published by the Italian Foreign Minister at the beginning of the Italian-Austrian war, and it will show you that during those terrible months of negotiation between Austria and Italy a perpetual exchange of compliments took place between Austrian and Italian diplomats with regard to the request to kindly take Albania. Said Austria: "Will you not take all you want in the territory of Albania?" to which Italy replied: "My dear friend Austria, I really cannot take away from you something which is so dear to your heart." That is exactly the gist of the whole thing. Nobody wants Albania. It is a hornets' nest, where the people are used to living in small villages on the top of mountains and dropping stones or shooting on anybody who comes in sight. No map makers have ever been able to advance very far into the country, because of the strange viewpoint of the people, to shoot first and then investigate. Such a territory is not particularly welcome to Italy. She does not want this land, but the Port of Valona is not thirty-five miles from the heel of the Italian boot, from the South Coast of Italy, only thirty-five miles to that Adriatic sea-coast of Italy which she must hold. If she adopted any other policy Italy might write the word "finis" on the future of the Adriatic Sea so far as she is concerned. Now why did she go so far into Albania if she only wanted Valona? Not for her own sake, but for Serbia's sake. She sacrificed her own troops on that expedition in order that she might protect the retreat of the brave Serbian army; and in spite of all that, all over this continent in editorials you will see that Italy retreated because she wants to have her own side of the Adriatic and to get Albania from the powers who will get it by diplomatic instead of by military means. It is a very serious situation indeed to find that if something can be said in the newspapers on both sides of the border against the diplomatic attitude of Italy, something not altogether to her credit, it should be welcomed by a large percentage of the people. You and I, British and Italian are fighting together and we have to stand by each other, and the fact that Italy is not fighting Germany and the mass of the British troops are now fighting Germany, does not take away from the importance of the fact that Italy is fighting for our composite good. That is the fact, and it is no child's play. I saw the other day in the *New Republic* the statement that Italy is fighting a sort of

operetta war, that they are losing something about what the American Railroads are losing in men in a year, 50,000 men a year. I may say that Italy might perhaps have answered to this by publishing her losses, but she, together with France, believes that it is not good for Latin countries to know too much about the actual losses in men. It is a policy which has its drawbacks, but is good in some ways. Here, though, the editorial was wrong. Her losses are terrific and it is no use minimizing them. On every front occasionally there has been some lull in the fighting, but on this, the most difficult front, there has been steady fighting ever since the 23rd of May, 1915.

Summing up, then, the position of Italy, it may be reviewed as follows:

Italy will not want Albania.

She will want Valona at the end of the war.

She will try to push towards Trieste just as fast as circumstances will permit.

She will press north from Verona in such a way that she may be able to look without fear at the future position of the world relations.

(*March 27th, 1916*)

ENGLISH WOMEN'S WORK FOR THE WAR

By THE HONORABLE MRS. BERTRAND RUSSELL

I ESTEEM it a very great honor to be here to-day and to have been asked to come back to Montreal. I came here ten days ago to address The Women's Canadian Club, and I had no idea before that I should have the pleasure of coming back again. It feels like being at home again to be here. I am an American by birth and education, and an Englishwoman by marriage and residence of many, many years; and although I have enjoyed being in the United States and seeing how very friendly they are to England and the Allies, still it was not quite the same as in England, for they are not at war. They are most generous in helping all the relief causes, but their outlook on life has not been changed as ours has been changed by this war. This war has just made everything seem different to you as well as to us in England; and I think perhaps it has been one means of bringing England and Canada closer together. I had an illustration of that when a very delightful Canadian boy landed in my back garden in an American aeroplane the other day and I at once adopted him! When I go back I shall tell him that I have been to his country and have made the acquaintance of so many of his compatriots.

English women are doing all they possibly can to look after your boys that you have sent over there to fight for the Empire. I think they feel even more tender toward them than toward their own, because they have no mother there; the women know the mother is here waiting, anxious, unhappy, and that the boy needs a mother to help him and look after him.

The things I said the other day about women's work I said to women; but it is just as important to say them to men, because this war has shown us one thing, that there are no women's

questions and no men's questions that are distinct from each other—that all men and all women are citizens together and that when our country is at stake everything that affects the man affects the woman, and everything that affects the woman affects the man also. It has been rather a surprise that this war is different from other wars. It is not a question only of fighting men in the field, it is a question of the whole nation, the women behind the trenches at home as well as the men in the trenches. We have had to mobilize all our women. You have done it here as well. English statesmen are constantly saying that this war could not be carried on another day without the help of the women at home. Now, as I say, this came as a surprise. The Society which I represent, The National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies,—I am afraid you will be disappointed that I have never broken a window and never been to prison,—was working along before the war to help suffrage, to help our country in that way. Then war broke out. We had always said that if ever there was a war it would throw back our chances, because the men would be the people of supreme interest and importance. Now it seems to have worked exactly the other way. More than ever before England has had need of her women. Women can organize, nurse, be doctors, do all the work that is necessary to make munitions. More than ever before they are wanted. What a great many years of quiet and unquiet agitation failed to do in England has been done by military necessity and economic necessity. The women have been needed to help as nurses, that was always recognized. Florence Nightingale made a magnificent fight for that years ago in the Crimea; but now they are wanted as doctors, as chauffeurs, as orderlies, as sanitary officers, as transport workers; they have to make the munitions, the provisions, the clothing. They have been obliged to come out for military and economic necessity. England is spending enormous sums every day, and buying a great deal from other countries, from Canada, from the colonies, from the United States; and those goods have to be paid for. England has not got the ready cash to pay for them, but she has to pay with other goods, so the women must make the goods with which they can pay for the goods that come into the country; and so economic necessity has forced the women even further into the labor market. This only illustrates the special point that we well-behaved suffragists were

always making, that the vote was not an end in itself but only a means to an end, that our end was to serve our country, and until we were full citizens we could not serve it to the best of our ability. As long as women were cramped in the labor market, as long as they were cramped in their professional life, they could not do the best with their abilities. Now the country needs everybody to do the best with their abilities. It does not want to put a highly educated woman to scrubbing floors and making dresses. It wants to use the brains, the talent and the endowment of that woman for the very best advantage of the community, and we felt that until we were full citizens we could not help our country as we wanted to do. Now the Government did not quite see this at first. We all love the English Government, but we must admit that sometimes it is a little slow perhaps, and the English Government has been so accustomed to telling us that women's place was the home that it could not turn right around and say: hurry out of your homes and help your country. So when the war broke out they mobilized the men but they did not mobilize the women at first. Of course it did not very much matter, for the women mobilized themselves. Those first anxious days, every woman was saying: What can I do to help? We could not then take the men's places. There was a prejudice against us, the War Office did not want us. Women were not well received by the War Office, so we could not at first take the work of the men who had gone away to fight, and so we at once began working for the soldiers and for the wounded. Never shall I forget the first train with the Red Cross on it, that came through my little country village with the wounded. Every woman there felt she must do something and we all started to make war clothes, and fortunately most women were trained in that way and most women were able to make shirts that the soldiers could wear. Then there was all the Red Cross mobilization, and the Government accepted the nurses—that fight had been won—and they were part of the military organization and in ten days something over three thousand nurses were ready to be at their posts. Then the Queen felt that she would organize women and she enlarged the borders of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild; they have spent something like a million dollars since the war began, and have distributed about a million garments to soldiers and sailors—Canadian soldiers as well. Then she organized a women's

unemployment fund. Most of the women in the luxury trades were thrown out of work in August and there seemed to be no opening for them. Queen Mary, with great good sense, formed a Committee of ladies, women of leisure and working women who knew the ground and they organized an Employment Bureau to handle the unemployed women of the country. I cannot tell you the number of industries opened, but their one aim was to train the women as well as give them employment, to see that a girl, untrained and getting the wages of an unskilled worker, with no hope of being anything but the "bottom dog", should be trained to be efficient. When the call came last Spring, when the labor market was enlarged and women asked to go into the munition factories, here were these women ready to be efficient workers, so that their status has really been raised by what seemed to be a great calamity in the labor market. Then the women started Emergency Corps. This is very convenient. If you have any job you want done and don't want to do yourself, the Women's Emergency Corps would undertake it and they are ready to provide anything or do anything. A number of clever women of leisure give their time and energy to this sort of work. Then came the Belgian refugees. That was very much women's work.

I think Englishmen did not quite understand the Belgians at first. They thought they would all talk English and they did not understand their domestic life. A great many of our women knew French and the languages of the Belgians and you had to be very discreet in the way you arranged for them to pay family visits. They don't like to go alone or with one other, they like to go eight, ten or twelve together and pay a visit. All this required a good deal of woman's tact and insight to find out, and so provide homes for the Belgians. Our suffrage women instituted a system, receiving the Belgians in London when they came in hundreds and thousands, conducting them to shelters, visiting them, card cataloguing them, which was a most important part of the procedure, so that families who had become separated could find each other; and that system, when it became too big a task for voluntary workers was adopted by the Government.

Then the women doctors mobilized themselves. There again the War Office was not quite ready for their help, so they offered themselves to the French and Serbian governments and were most gratefully received. One doctor in particular, Doctor

Louisa Garrett Anderson was so successful at Claridge's Hotel in Paris that the War Office—it is very sensible and does not mind going back on what it said—sent over a distinguished officer of the Red Cross to ask her to come back to London and open a military hospital for British Tommies.

Then we were very anxious that women should become civil servants. Custom does not allow them to become so. There are a great many young men in the civil service who ought to be out fighting for their country, but there are no young men to take their places. But there are plenty of clever young women, plenty of graduates of colleges, who would be very successful in that work, and the Government will I think overcome that prejudice and admit women as civil servants.

Then we are very anxious to have women policemen. You will understand that during a war a great many young men are taken from their homes, from their wives, sisters, are sent out to a strange town, and there are a good many girls hanging about, and it is very important to protect young men and girls. Many exaggerated things have been said about their behaviour. They are exaggerated on the whole, for those young people have behaved very well and are a great credit to England; but still we had women who went as voluntary police workers to be near the camps and watch over these young people. Motherly women with a knowledge of the world went to take care of them. They ought to be recognized by the Government and paid salaries and be a permanent part of our police system. We ought to have mature, sensible women to look after the girls and boys of the country.

We are very anxious to get women into banks. We thought it would be very nice to cash our cheques with a lady, but we only got them in as clerks. They thought it was very dangerous to have women behind the counter. It might upset their idea of finance, so we have not any women cashiers as yet, but we shall have them, because the men will have to fight.

The women are needed in agriculture. At first the farmers were very conservative and did not want them at all but now they are beginning to clamor for them and we have thousands of women in agriculture. Just recently there was a call for 200,000 women to go on the land and work while the men are away.

Then there are the women who are wanted in thrift work. If England is to win, women must economize, they must put their

money in the war loan and free the person they would have employed if they were not economizing and so have another servant to work for the country, and women all over are being asked to form committees to take up this work.

But the work which I take a special interest in and always have done, is the care of the babies. My suffrage society has done a great deal to care for the babies of England All over the country we have been building up milk depots, baby clinics, schools for mothers, to give working class women the kind of help and education in nursery lore that better class women can afford to get in their own homes. When the war broke out this was of course doubly important. We feel, well we cannot help losing men on the battlefields, but we can save the babies born at home. Every hour England and Canada and the colonies are losing ten brave men on the battlefields, and numberless ones wounded and missing and maimed. At home in that same hour ninety-seven babies are born and twelve of those babies die. We feel we must make great efforts to keep them alive, and because it is my special interest I have been trying to find out the conditions here and the statistics over here. They are having a baby campaign in the United States and I have been hearing something about the work in Montreal, and I am glad to know that you have taken up the milk depot and that you have appointed doctors and competent nurses to advise the mothers and look after the babies. But dear friends, you have a long way to go yet. Your infant mortality is terribly high. In England we have one baby dying in eight. In Montreal you have one baby in five. You cannot afford to lose one baby in five when you are losing so many of your best young men over there in Europe, and you must do something. Citizens, you will have to work together, men as well as women—they say it is woman's work; then the men will have to pay for it, if women do the work—and I feel we must all do something to stem this awful mortality. In New Zealand where they have a magnificent system, they only lose one baby in twenty. That is better than England. We lose one in eight, but you are losing one in five. But you are much better than you were four years ago, when you lost one in four, so it shows you have done good work; but you have a great deal of work to do to catch up to New Zealand.

Now our societies have done a great deal of humanitarian work. There is not time to tell you all about that. You have an Irish girl coming, Miss Bourke, in a few weeks, who will tell you about the hospital work. I want to tell you about a special piece of baby work that English women have taken up, because babies are my specialties. We have done a great deal for the soldiers in Serbia and France and for the refugees, and then we heard of the terrible need of the Polish people. You realize what happened in Poland last Summer. In that whole stretch of Russian Poland which lies near Germany the people were asked to leave their country and their homes and move into Russia under whose government they were. Now there were many reasons for this great trek. One was the Russian Government was not prepared to meet the onslaught and they were afraid to leave the old people, women and children to an invading German army; and there was the further strategic reason that it was better that the Germans should find an empty country, nobody to work for them, no cattle, nothing that they could requisition. So the order was given and last summer the great trek began. Out of Poland into Russia hundreds, thousands, finally millions of people came. In England we only had 220,000 Belgians and we thought that we had a great many to deal with, but Russia has had four millions of these people to look after. They came on along the bare and desolate roads, because Russia is not thickly populated just there, and at first all went well. Russia did its best to receive them and we do not know yet what magnificent work the Russian democracy has done in this war. The Municipal Councils which seemed to have so little power and life, organized themselves and have done magnificent work for the wounded. Now they organized to receive these poor victims of the war, and at first they were successful, but as they came and came and came,—living in the woods, camping out at night, eating up everything on the way because with Russian peasants hospitality is a religion and they gave them everything,—it was impossible to deal with them adequately. Along all the roads the children, the women and the old people were dying, and everywhere they put up white crosses to remind the passerby to pray for the souls of the departed. The Ways of the White Cross, those roads were called. The suffering was terrible. The old people got bronchitis, the children died of pneumonia, and the

suffering was most terrible. Families got separated, children were lost, drowned, the babies died of colic, and the suffering was awful; we felt as English women we must care for those poor refugees, the women and children. We heard they were living in huts eight square feet to a family, where the mother would be confined and no proper attendance given her, and where every baby that was born died. So we sent to Russia and said we could provide them with skilled doctors and nurses. They have not enough in Russia. Many of the nurses have gone mad from the strain and the doctors are terribly overworked; and they telegraphed the need was urgent, would we send out these workers? We had not a penny, we had spent everything on something else; but we managed, however, to raise $15,000 and we sent off a complete maternity hospital unit and now they are working in Petrograd and with the entire approval of the Russian Government. We have been asked to do another thing. All these numberless lost babies; Russia does not know what to do with them. The Countess Tolstoy had one hundred babies sent to her the other week, and nobody knows who or what they are, where they come from. Their parents have either died or are missing. One little baby was found half frozen on the banks of the River Dwina and they named it Dwina and nobody will ever know who she is or where she came from. If we can get the money—and we want our friends everywhere to help us—we are sending it over to open homes for these babies.

Now that suffering has been awful, and sometimes I say to myself, they suffered so horribly, perhaps they had better have stayed behind, but on Saturday I met an American Polish lady who told me that when the great trek came her husband wanted her to leave with their three children, but the little boys had typhoid and she had to stay in her little Polish town. Her house was occupied by a well-known German general and the treatment of that lady, a fine looking, splendid, intelligent woman, was simply awful. She was shut up in one room, was given almost no food; from being confined in one room her little girl took typhoid fever; a prisoner was killed in front of her door, she was not allowed to cover his face, and the body was left there for a week. Finally because she had influence she was sent out into Germany and in a German railway station the women of the town came and spat in her face and on her children. I cannot

tell you what happened to the children's nurse, a girl of sixteen, who stayed behind to look after the children. No doubt she is dead now, and I hope she is. Every woman left behind in the country, this woman tells me, would certainly commit suicide. That is what the refugees had to endure when they stayed.

But we can do something for those who have escaped and I should like to appeal to you, if you have given your last cent, give me your last dollar. The ladies here have very kindly found a lady, Mrs. Pitcher, who will receive all contributions. Papers will be given you at the door telling you about the work, and if you would rather give me cash than send a cheque I should be perfectly delighted.

(*April 10th, 1916.*)

WITH THE CANADIAN BOYS OVERSEAS

By THE REV. GEORGE ADAM

WHEN war was declared, I happened to be crossing the ocean on the *Cedric* and we got some unwelcome attention; your fogs of Nova Scotia covered us and permitted us to make Halifax in safety, for which we were very grateful indeed. I was delighted to see at Halifax the enthusiasm with which the Canadians entered the war. The whole population seemed to be interested and anxious about the war business. I was walking down behind a regiment of your Kilties, and beside me, following the band, was a little black boy, walking all straightened up like a soldier. I was rather surprised to see a black boy, just a child, walking in this way, and I said to him: "Are you a British boy?" and he said "Yes sir, sure. I'm Scotch." Of course I doubted it, and I asked him his name. He said it was MacLeod!

Well, it really was wonderful to see how the people enthused over the war and how anxious they really were to give a good send-off to the boys away up there, and right through the Dominion of Canada the same thing happened, as you know only too well. You know on the other side we were not quite sure about Canada. We always knew that Canada was filled with hard-headed business men who were out for business all the time, and some of our great political men felt that if there was going to be any real association between Canada and the Old Country it would have to be paid for. All that has been falsified, and Canada has responded with absolute magnificence to the unspoken call of the Motherland in the time of her distress. We are very, very pleased, over on the other side, with Canada's attitude, with

Canada's gifts of men and material and money. But when you think of it it could hardly be otherwise, because most of you men have sacred places over in the Old World, in France, in Scotland, in England, in Ireland and in Wales; there are shrines dear to all your hearts, where your mothers and your grandmothers were bred and born and married. Even the grandsons and the great-grandsons of the old land have heard the great story of that wonderful old place—that wonderful, wet, weary old place—and even with all its disabilities and disadvantages it has got into the texture of your Dominion life, and you have expressed this feeling as never before in the history of the world, during these last two years. There is not a man or a woman, there is not a boy or a girl over on the other side but loves Canada and adores her soldier sons. My own little boys, three of them, they get dressed up as soldiers and kill a whole lot of Germans. They tie up the Kaiser into all kinds of knots. But when they get dressed up as soldiers they are always Canadian soldiers. I have a good many Canadian soldiers come about my house and that accounts for a little of it. But the witness they have given to the grandeur and the strength and the patriotism of this great Dominion has inspired the imagination and gripped the heart of every man and woman in our land. There is no man more welcome in our homes than your boys, and everything has been done, that can be done, by the people, to make them comfortable. Their homes have been open, their gifts poured out, and you fathers who have your boys out there know that what I am saying is true. But not only did the people open their homes and the women their hearts, but the men in the high places and our King delight to honor them, and I can never forget Queen Mary going down to Salisbury to a review of your first Contingent, getting out of her car and walking more than ankle deep in mud, giving a word of encouragement and gratitude, up and down the line, and the enthusiasm of your soldiers on that muddy old plain when Queen Mary honored them. In your hospitals, too, our people are all the time giving gifts of flowers and fruits and kind words, just to make things as pleasant and happy and as good as they possibly can.

Now just before I came away I was in the House of Commons seeing some of the members of our Coalition Government and of the British Parliament, and I can assure you that when they

knew I was coming over here to Canada just to talk about the soldiers and our debt to Canada, they said: "Be sure you give them all praise, because they deserve it. Give it to them because the bonds of Empire have been made now so strong that nothing in the world can ever break them."

Your men's experience on Salisbury Plain was a tragic experience. We were not a warlike people, not prepared for war, and our War Office was up to the eyes in all kinds of activities. It was impossible to make just the right arrangements and the most comfortable ones. The Canadians were sent to the historic British camping ground. There *was* mud! I had to be dug out twice myself. Well, of course they told you about it, didn't they? You heard all about it. Well, the thing that surprises me is this, that the tale of that terrible and tragic experience was told all over Canada—not grumblingly, but in a humorous way, in real good part. It is surprising that notwithstanding these stories your young fellows should keep on coming and your army should reach the enormous dimensions to which it has risen to-day. It is to the everlasting credit of Canadian youth and the Canadian fathers and mothers who aided and encouraged the fine flower of their youth, to throw itself into the breach for liberty and Empire.

Now the conditions of life in England are not the conditions of life in Canada. The weather is not so good in England, I believe. I have been told that here the weather is excellent. You get a good deal of sunshine and it is very seldom wet under foot. I am hoping that some day I may experience your climatic delights. We suffer by comparison on the other side. I remember one of your soldiers saying to me at Salisbury: "I say, there is one thing I can't quite figure out: why all your people don't get hold of all your boats and take everybody on them and send them over to Canada where they can live, and let the bally Germans come over here and get drowned for good and all." Well, the conditions of life are not so good over there. Of course England is a wet country—we have no prohibition— the Old Country specific for wet outside is wet inside. Out of the kindness of their hearts for Canadians they occasionally take them in out of the wet and give them a wet. Well, that is not to the good of the Canadian boy. Canada has not thriven on anything like that. It has thriven on good honest business and clean living, and when

your boys get over there there are many terrible temptations which spring out of the conditions themselves; temptations to drink, to get on the loose. They are away from home, away from fathers' and mothers' care and religious influences, from the holding hand of love itself, and occasionally things happen over there that are to the disadvantage of your boys. It is a great pity. We are all sorry for it, and the Government, as far as it can, has done its best to safeguard their interests, but we cannot take away the liberty from the people. We are fighting for liberty. Some people would be far better without liberty but liberty cannot be denied to them; and the result is that the conditions of life and the temptations of life are enormous for your boys coming from your country districts; your strong, full-blooded, brown-faced Canadian workers, and things have not gone as well as we should have liked them to have gone. But life among the Canadian soldiers would have been one colossal tragedy from beginning to end if it had not been for the enterprise of the Y. M. C. A. of Canada. Now I do not want there to be any misunderstanding at all. I am not a Y. M. C. A. man. I never had any use for it at all. Mr. Birrell, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, hit the situation off very excellently one day. He was talking to Major Birks and myself and he said: "The Y. M. C. A. always seemed to be an institution financed by maiden ladies," and that is the fact of the matter. We always looked upon it as a thing that bred namby-pamby, milk-and-water sort of people, and of course a man who played a good deal of football in his youth and never said no to a fight if there was a decent chance to get home, had no use for an Association that attracted and held and bred people of that type. But the Y. M. C. A. from the beginning stood for an idea, and that idea was the protection of the life of the young man in the cities. Now that idea has widened and grown. The Y. M. C. A. has stuck through to its idea, and when war broke out there was no other organization possible that could step in and help out the Government in their social and moral care of the soldiers but this Y. M. C. A. The Church was unable to do it. There is a whole lot the Church is unable to do, and that was one of the great things that they failed even to attempt to tackle. The Y. M. C. A. was weak in numbers and finances, suffering from the disadvantage of a public opinion more in its disfavor than for it; yet it went in to care for the men, and glor-

iously they have done it. Not only have they served our men well, but the old British Association has served your men well too. Think of it. This organization has become one of the most effective instruments in the whole social order, because it unifies under its roof every kind and condition of religious, moral and social element. The Y. M. C. A. here is just one great, united social enterprise for the well-being of the whole community. Our Association had no such condition, and yet we were able to help your men when they came over. General Hughes, a man of wonderful insight, prepared the way for the Y. M. C. A. operation in the first place, I think, by giving official place and official power to Y. M. C. A. Secretaries as officers in the Canadian army, whose duties were the careful looking after of just this important business. Those men went over there without any equipment, without any huts or arrangements made for them, but they were immediately received by the British Association and equipment put at their disposal and great use has been made of it.

I wish to God you might drop over there some dark, dreary night—there are no lights over there now. The camps are just one muddy, murky expanse of living men, with no arrangements made for their comfort beyond ordinary military requirements, and apart from what the Y. M. C. A. is able to give them these men are absolutely stranded in the mud and darkness. I submit to you that this is a great thing. Mr. Asquith says it is the greatest thing in Europe to-day. Mr. Lloyd George says it is impossible to say anything too good regarding the Y. M. C. A. enterprise and work, because its work has been beyond praise. It has entered into the whole texture of our soldiers' lives and made them better and greater soldiers by its operation. If you could come with me some night down to Shorncliffe in the early part of the night there you will see the soldiers leave their huts and go to the Y. M. C. A. hut to write their letters. There is always ink and writing paper and envelopes there, and the hut is made comfortable—as far as anything can be made comfortable for a Canadian without steamheat. But it is made as comfortable as we poor benighted people over there can make it, and there are calls to all the soldiers to mail that letter home. All the time this domestic note is struck to these men, and I can tell you that millions of letters to Canada from those boys would never have been written at all had it not

been for the Y. M. C. A. organization. That is a contribution to your domestic life if you like. Your know what your fathers' hearts would have felt, what the mothers would have experienced, what the wives would have suffered, if weeks on end had gone past without a letter coming from the trenches, the weeks of worry, the nights of weariness and distress, the fear that untold dangers had gripped and carried off that loved life. There has been a whole mass of worry, a whole volume of tears saved to Canadian men and women by just this organization.

But there is more than that; much more than that. This organization has stood between your sons and moral death. You know what I mean. Some of your man's hearts are aching because some of your sons are in a certain type of hospital. There would have been many more, God knows and I know too, had it not been for the Y. M. C. A., its officers, and all that it stands for; if those men had been robbed of the counsel and comradeship and the patient endeavors to save their souls alive. If it had not been for all this Canada would have had to pay even a more bitter and deeper price for her loyalty than she has up to now. I tell you, men of the Canadian Club, thank God for a man like Gerald Birks, a man of a strong heart. I was afraid when I saw him first that he had a weak body. I felt that he could not stand the rigors of the work he had taken voluntarily upon his shoulders. He saw the need and God has given him the strength, Providence has come to his aid. He has done a great work for Britain and for Canada too. You are business men and you may not be interested in this matter from the religious side; but there is the military side of efficiency, and there is the problem too, when the men come back. You know as well as I do that for every man who goes into hospital the army is weakened. For every man who is occupying a bed, for every man demanding attention of doctors and nurses, the whole strength of the British army is weakened in the face of a relentless foe. Our power of resistance, our power of offensive is weakened by every man laid aside; and if we can protect the boy, save him from temptation and from the contagion that is going round, we are doing a great deal to maintain the complete vitality and effectiveness of our army. And there is that important question, when the men come back. They are not all coming back. Some have gone down the pathway of death. Canada has taken her place in the Empire with her blood. The

glory of that shed blood can never fade from the memory and never cease to adorn the pages of our Empire's history. Canadian courage, Canadian perseverance and Canadian death have become immortal. Your wounded men will come back, your men who are maimed and blind and shattered, and you will honor them and you will maintain them and make their lives not only comfortable but happy, I know you will; and the Canadian soldier knows too that you will. The married ones know, that if they come back minus legs or arms or eyes, not able to provide for their wives and children, you will. But, sirs, what about the men who come back to impoverish the blood of your Canadian stock? What about the men who come back to vitiate the moral grandeur of your Canadian race? These are serious things. They are not little matters; not things that can be approached as a mere piece of sentiment. These are vital things. Your blood and your virtue is your life, and the Y. M. C. A. has stood almost in the place of God protecting these. It has been a noble service, a service that deserves of you the best that you can give. This whole movement, this whole organization must take a foremost place in your heart. You must open your heart to it, you dare not hold back, or your conscience will condemn you in the years that are coming. For every case of transmitted evil that comes before your view you will condemn yourself if you do not give your interest, your praise, your gifts to the consolidating of this great work. Men, I know your heart is in this business because your sons are in the war. Will you follow your heart in this matter? Follow your heart and you follow the right. Follow the right and you will link yourself with God in one of the greatest things that has ever happened.

(April 17th, 1916)

SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITALS IN FRANCE AND SERBIA

By MISS KATHLEEN BURKE

ALTHOUGH these hospitals are always known as the Scottish Women's Hospitals for Foreign Service, this should be explained. A Committee of Scotch women first organized them, and as Scotland has the knack of holding on tightly to anything it may acquire, the hospitals will go down in history as the Scottish Women's Hospitals. As a matter of fact the workers were drawn from all over Britain—we even had some fine girls from overseas with us. One doctor, who is a member of our staff at Salonika, is Dr. Honoria Kerr, of Toronto.

The National Union of Women's Suffrage, with that splendid spirit of patriotism which animates every man, woman and child in Britain, drew on its funds and founded the first Hospital Units. It was no longer a case of politics, it was simply a case of serving humanity and serving it to the best possible advantage. Now we have anti-suffragists and suffragists sitting side by side on our Committees, realizing that this is a time for organized effort on the part of women for the benefit of humanity and the alleviation of suffering.

The first hospital unit was offered to Britain, but Britain at that time had all the help that she required, and it was our own Government that suggested to us that we should go to the help of the nations needing assistance. We had heard much of the plight of Serbia. France said but little, but those of us who loved her realized that her very silence told us all that we required to know.

We first worked in Belgium and stayed with the Belgian army at Calais during the outbreak of typhus, and the head of this unit, Dr. Alice Hutchinson, worked later in Serbia.

Each unit consists of from seven to eight doctors, about forty nurses, twenty to thirty orderlies, bacteriologists, X Ray experts, sanitary inspectors, cooks, etc., etc. When I speak of a unit of the Scottish Women's Hospitals, I want you to draw one mental picture, which is that from the head surgeon down to the last little rosy cheeked orderly, each unit is staffed entirely by women. The units were formed in this way not with any advanced feminist idea, but in order to utilize to the utmost all the skill, science and devotion of the women of Britain.

The first of our Serbian Units arrived at its headquarters at Kraguejvatz in January, 1915. But before I commence to speak of our work amongst the Serbians, I would like to endeavor to win from you a little sympathy for that stricken people. Serbia is a little land, but oh! at the present time she is so desolate. Serbia is now under the heel of a Christian invader as five hundred years ago she was overrun by the Islamic and Asiatic hordes. During the dark and starless winter nights of her slavery she dreamed of only two summers, the summer of her past glory and of her future freedom to come. She regained that freedom at a price that only those who have studied Serbian history can realize, and when recently she was asked to accept the humiliating terms of a powerful and arrogant foe, she took up the gauntlet and flung it in the face of her enemy. Nobody realized better than Serbia how slender were her resources, nobody better realized than Serbia the price that she would have to pay in blood and in tears for her daring, but she never hesitated. Old King Peter of Serbia, placing himself at the head of his troops, called them to him and said to them, "Men of Serbia, I am an old man, and because of my age I release you from your oaths to me. But there is one thing that is ever young, ever green, ever growing, your motherland of Serbia. To her you owe allegiance through all eternity, go forward and fight for her." And they went. They realized that it was far better for them to perish in honour than live in dishonour, and so, taking no heed of the cost, they plunged into the fray.

The present condition of Serbia is apparent to every seeing eye and to every feeling heart; but this is but one chapter in the tragedy of Serbian History. Yet as the last chapter of the greatest tragedy of all the world was not death, but resurrection, so we must look forward to the resurrection of Serbia in her former

splendour, realizing that she has won it. We have heard much of Serbian aspirations and of "Greater Serbia" but she will never be greater than she is now in the hour of her supreme desolation.

Those who knew Serbia well realized that she could not hold out long with the resources at her disposal, and so we organised our units without delay and sent help to her. When our first unit arrived in Serbia there was only one other foreign unit working there—Lady Paget's—and when I tell you that we had the only X Ray apparatus in the whole country, you will understand to what a state of necessity Serbia had been reduced.

The wounded were sent in to us from sixty and sometimes seventy miles away. Of course that sounds nothing to us with our idea of distance and rapid transit; but what one must bear in mind is that those wounded came to us on bullock wagons over the rough and rocky roads and that those wagons never travel at a greater speed than a mile to a mile and a quarter an hour. Imagine the condition of the men by the time they reached us.

The Serbian Government at once placed us in charge of 500 men. We pointed out to the authorities that we could not nurse this number of men satisfactorily in the building at our disposal; so they gave us six inns in the town, and into these six inns we moved about 250 of the convalescent patients, men who required the attention of the doctors only once a day. They were fed from the main hospital and waited on by the Austrian prisoner orderlies. It was our girls who went into the town, whitewashed the inns, cleared them of vermin and prepared them for the patients.

The Austrian prisoner orderlies rendered us a great deal of assistance in the hospitals. When the Serbians flung the Austrians over the frontier for the second time, they took between 60,000 and 70,000 Austrian prisoners. Two thirds of these men were entirely pro-Serb in sympathy (being themselves of Slav origin) The Serbians placed no guards over them, left them to wander around the towns at their own free will, and when I tell you that the Serbian mothers would give their children to the Austrian prisoners to mind whilst they went to work in the fields, and that at one time the only armed man in our hospital was an Austrian prisoner orderly, you will realize that no one feared them. One would see them at night sitting around the camp fires, holding the hands of the wounded Serbians, calling them their brothers,

and singing the songs of Serbia. I feel that when the record of the war is being prepared, when we are making up our balance sheet of good and evil, we must remember to the credit of these men that they did their best even at the time of the typhus epidemic.

It was after we had been in Serbia for six weeks that the real trouble came to our notice, i.e., the outbreak of typhus which swept like a flame across the whole land. The Serbians maintained an almost Spartan silence on the outbreak, they feared that Austria would hear of it and attack them, and had Austria attacked them at that time, they could not have put up the splendid resistance that they put up later. We managed to get a telegram through the censor which read as follows:—"Dire necessity, send ten more fever nurses." Now in our first Serbian unit there were no fever nurses, so we hoped that Scotland would realize that when we asked for ten more of something that we had not got, that there was grave danger to face. Scotland grasped the situation, sent out at once seven more doctors and forty fever nurses and so the second unit of the Scottish Women was formed in Serbia and stationed at Mladanavatz.

The third unit, for Serbia continued to appeal for help and through the generosity of the British public we were able to extend our work, was stationed at Lazaravatz where we had a military hospital of 300 beds, and the fourth unit went to Valejvo. Those who knew Austria in peace times would find it difficult to understand the total breakdown of the Austrian Red Cross Service; when the Austrians were driven out of Valejvo they left 2500 dead and dying behind them without a single doctor to wait on them. Twelve Serbian doctors went into the town and six of the men laid down their lives. It was into this disease stricken, famine stricken land, that the fourth unit of the Scottish women went.

It was no longer a question of housing the women in buildings. In practically every building there were dead bodies, so we sent the hospital out under canvas and the girls pitched their tents on the hillsides. The fresh air was also of great benefit to the men, and when I tell you that in the Serbian typhus hospitals in the town the percentage of mortality was as high as 85% (I pray you not to think that I state this in any spirit of criticism, the Serbians did their best, but one cannot carry on work without

the bare necessities) and that in our tent hospital we were able to reduce the mortality to 12%, you will see what fresh air, efficient nursing and science meant in the care of the sick and wounded.

Because I speak with so much enthusiasm of our tent hospitals, I do not want you to imagine they were perfect paradises. Our doctors, waxing poetical, would sometimes write home describing how the "smoke of their camp-fires blended with the gray haze of the hills" and that "the tents were like great white birds winging their way under the trees." Very charming on paper. What we do know is that the girls were up all night hanging on to the tent poles to prevent them from collapsing over the patients, and that the most dignified of our doctors, with her hair streaming down her back, her eyes full of sand and her hands blistered, would spend hours grasping a rope to prevent the tent from blowing away, since Serbia is a land of sudden storms. However, there were days of peace, when one would see the men lying in their little beds, each with his little red blanket and at night by his bedside a small red lamp—those patient, all enduring men of Serbia, never complaining, only asking how soon they could go "Kod Kuche" which is the Serbian for "Home." I can assure you that they were not the only ones who thought of home. Often our women seeing far beyond the tents, far beyond the hills of Serbia, would go back in spirit to their native land, and it is very much to the credit of the Serbians that not one of those girls ever asked to return and that now after the great invasion, all those who have come out of Serbia are asking to go back to serve the Serbian people. There must be something very fine and very noble in a race of peasant men that can so command the respect of our British women.

However, there is just one thing in Serbia on which no reliance can be placed and that is statistics. Serbia is a country which has always been obliged to fight for its existence (it has had three wars in the last five years) and consequently the only people who count in Serbia are the fighting men. Hence when the Serbians prepare statistics they never by any chance include any man over sixty nor women or children. We felt that something must be done for the women and children, so we attached dispensaries to each of our units where the women and children could come for treatment. At first they were shy, only one or two drifted in, but finally we would sometimes have sixty or seventy a day

coming to us. You would see the Austrian prisoner orderlies marching up and down with a baby on each arm, waiting until the mother had come out from consultation.

Because I speak so well of these prisoners, please do not think that they were always angels. Sometimes they gave us a great deal of trouble. One of our doctors had a Viennese Professor as orderly. One day she called him and enquired what was wrong with her bath water that morning. "I don't know, Fräulein, but I'll find out," he replied. Presently he returned stating "Really I don't dare to tell you about that bath water, Fräulein." "Come, come," said the doctor, "it can't be as bad as all that. What did happen?" "Well," he replied, "I went into the camp kitchen this morning and there were two cauldrons on the fire, one was your hot water and the other was the camp soup, and oh! Fräulein, you had the camp soup." This was only one little incident in camp life, and perhaps it helped the girls to bear the sadness and monotony.

Seven of our girls laid down their lives in Serbia. The first to die was Madge Neil Fraser, the international girl golf champion, and the second was Nurse Jordan. For Nurse Jordan I would claim a place in the hearts of the women of all the world, since heroism has no nationality. Dr. Elizabeth Ross, a woman missionary in Persia, came into Serbia and was placed in charge of a Serbian fever hospital of 1,000 beds at Nish. She had only a young Austrian prisoner doctor to help her. She fell ill of typhus and appealed to us for help, and Nurse Jordan volunteered to go to her assistance. To realize what that meant you want to know what the typhus hospital was like. It was situated in an old tobacco factory, no room higher than twelve feet, just slits in the wall for air, on the floor straw on which the men flung themselves down in their filthy uniforms, whilst around the wall men sat on stone benches in that state of torpor which is part of the typhus, watching. They were just watching for one of their comrades to die in order that they might take his place on the straw. It was into that hospital that Nurse Jordan went of her own free will, realizing what she was facing in an endeavor to save the life of her own countrywoman, and it was there that Nurse Jordan and Dr. Ross died.

At the time of the great invasion, two of our units remained in Serbia to care for the Serbians, facing the unknown enemy,

never flinching, only desiring to serve that little Serbian people until the bitter end. Two of the units came out of the country with the retreating army and the refugees. These units established dressing stations all along the route, and at one time they had as many as 1500 men pass through their hands in three days. Some of our girls were even seen to be dressing the wounds of the Serbians as they retreated across the passes.

I would wish to tell you just one incident of the great retreat. The Serbian Government knew it was threatened that an attempt would be made to exterminate the Serbian people, and with this in mind, the mothers of Serbia were asked to make a sacrifice. They were asked to give over their sons into the care of the military, and these poor little men of eight years of age, sometimes under, were marched in bands of 300, 400, and 500, over the pasess out of Serbia. Whilst crossing the Ipek, 7,000 feet above the sea level, where every breath of air that one drew was like so many sharp particles of steel cutting into the lungs, two of our women became separated from their own unit and joined another British unit. They passed a band of 300 of these miserable little lads, all in rags, their little faces lined with tears, each grasping in his hand a grubby biscuit he did not dare to eat, since he feared it might be the last food he would see, and they passed on. As night was falling they went to the head of the British unit and said "We think we would like to stay here and join our own people." He replied, "That is not a good excuse, you do not know if you will ever join your own people, you must tell me why you really want to remain." "Well," they said, "we cannot bear to see all those children without any woman with them, and we are going back to them." They returned to the boys and had the happiness of bringing them out of Serbia and down to the coast. We do not know the names of those two nurses, but when later we are making our records, I feel sure that all the world will be proud of those two mothers of three hundred boys.

We went to the help of the Serbian people because politically we felt that the Allies owed them a debt of gratitude. Serbia was the Belgium of the east; and she helped the Allies to gain all that they needed—time. Putting aside all question of gratitude, we owed them a debt of humanity. It is so easy for us in the splendor of our years of peace, with the opportunities that we have had to study and perfect our knowledge of science, to stand and say

that we are a great people, and that they are a small and ignorant race. They have had no chance to study, for hundreds of years they have fought, daily, nay, hourly, for their bare existance as a nation. It was for us, who had had the necessary opportunity, to go to them and whole-heartedly offer them such knowledge, and science as we had acquired. They are an ignorant people. Sometimes their ignorance would be humorous, but more often it is serious. I remember one man had a very suspicious bulge under his pillow, we had to investigate it finally, and discovered he had a little roast sucking pig tucked away that his wife had brought in over a week ago, and that he was keeping until he felt well enough to eat it. That is the funny side of their lack of knowledge, but there is the danger of the spread of disease through their very ignorance. For instance every Serbian soldier is allowed, by law, a loaf of bread. We found that the Serbian women were coming in from the villages, buying the bread from the soldiers and taking it out to their children. In other words, they were taking the bread from under the pillows of the typhus patients and giving it to their children to eat.

The Serbians possess a wonderful imagination. If directed into proper channels, it should produce for the world, poets, musicians and inventors. I remember hearing two dirty, trench-stained Serbian soldiers sitting talking at a railway station. One said to the other: "Do you know how this war started? Well, the Sultan of Turkey took a sack of rice and sent it as a gift to our King Peter. King Peter looked at it, and then he went out into his garden and picked a little bag of red pepper. You see the Sultan, by that gift, said to our Peter: 'My army is as numerous as the grains of rice in this sack,' and our Peter, with his gift, replied, 'My army may not be numerous, but it is mighty hot stuff." This just illustrates their fertile imagination, it is found in the highest and the lowest in the land, and if one adds to this their glorious patriotism, it makes them a people worth saving.

When the guns boomed over Belgrade, we had to tie the frightfully wounded men in their beds to prevent them answering to the call of the cannon. Many of them escaped and fell fainting across the threshold of the hospital, and even now when Serbia is down and out, Pashich, the great Prime Minister speaking recently in Paris, said that "the bell had not yet tolled for the passing of Serbia."

We are still able to serve the Serbian people. We had a fifth unit prepared and felt it very hard that it should be held up at Salonika at the time of the great invasion of Serbia. However, it was really all for the best since it was this unit that the French and Serbian authorities took and placed on the Island of Corsica. The strongest of our girls travelled to and fro on the warships, fetching the refugees, and when I left England we had already 6,000 refugees under our medical care on the Island of Corsica.

Serbia is only one branch of our work. There is yet another which is perhaps even a little nearer and a little dearer to us, since it has been rightly said that everyone has two countries, his own, and France. We realized the burden that France was bearing silently, and we went to her help, even before she asked us. The French are known as a talkative people, but when France talks, it is just so much dust that she casts in the eyes of inquisitive inquirers, and faced with serious problems, she maintains the dignity of silence.

It may seem strange to you that as a daughter of Britain, I speak so little of my motherland. No one is expected to speak of the work of Britain, but deep in its heart the world knew that Britain would mother not only her own people, but also her Allies. So if I say little of Britain believe me, behind me stands the pride of race and the feeling that my own people hold and will maintain a high place in the respect of the whole human race.

France accepted at once one of our units, and we have some three hundred Frenchmen under our care at the Abbaye de Royaumont. Royaumont is some thirty miles behind the firing line, so close that when the wind is in the north and the cannon boom, all the nightingales wake in the woods of Compiègne and around Chantilly and sing.

At first France was a little chary of the women surgeons. She sent us only what the military authorities call "petits blessés," fingers and toes to amputate. We protested, pointing out that the hospital had cost over £5,000 to equip and that if it could not be put to better use, it might be moved elsewhere. Two great surgeons came from Paris, watched the women operate, and within half-an-hour, we had permission from the military commander to go to the railway station and pick our wounded. It was the greatest compliment that could be paid us since it meant that we

were allowed to choose the most serious cases. The girl chauffeuses go twice and three times a day to the station, and we seldom have a vacant bed in the hospital.

Because I spoke so much of the hardships of the girls in Serbia, please do not think that it was easy for the girls in France. Royaumont is an old 12th century Abbey. The wounded came to us before we had beds on which to place them. The girls went out into the village and begged, borrowed or stole mattresses. It was the girls who went into the forest, cut down the trees, and dragged in the logs, piling them up in the centre of the great stone walled rooms, and making a fire. It was the girls who, under the direction of a one-legged electrician, installed the electric light; and they even installed the water in the Abbey.

The second of our units with France was stationed at Troyes. It was a mobile base hospital under canvas. The French authorities sent it out with the expeditionary forces to Salonika. It went with the French forces into Serbia, remained at Gevgheli until the building in which it was then housed was in flames, and it is now with the French forces at Salonika.

From long association we have learned to love our French patients and love them dearly. We are all women in the hospitals and the men might take advantage of this fact to show lack of discipline, but we have never had to complain of any of our men. These soldiers of France may some of them have been just rough peasants, eating, drinking, sleeping, even having thoughts not akin to knighthood, but now through the ordeal of blood and fire each one of them has won his spurs, and come out a chivalrous knight, and they bring their chivalry right into the hospitals with them.

When new wounded are brought in and the lights are low in the hospital wards, cautiously watching if the nurse is looking (luckily nurses have a way of not seeing everything), one of the convalescents will creep from his bed to the side of the new arrival and ask the inevitable question, "D'où viens tu?" "I come from Toulouse," replies the man. "Ah!" says the enquirer, "My wife's grandmother had a cousin who lived near Toulouse." That is quite sufficient basis for a friendship, and one sees the convalescent sitting by the bedside of his new comrade, holding the man's hands whilst his wounds are being dressed, telling him he knows of the pain, that he too has suffered, and that soon all will be well.

Lions to fight, ever ready to answer to the call of the defence of their country, yet these men of France are tender and gentle. In one hospital there is a baby. One of the soldiers passing through a bombarded village saw the little body lying in the mud, and although he believed the child to be dead, he stooped and picked it up. At the evacuating station the baby and the soldier were sent down to the hospital together. Our doctors operated on the baby, took a piece of shrapnel from its back, and now it is well and strong, and lord, master, and king of all that it surveys. When it wakes in the morning it calls "papa" and twenty fathers answer to its call. All the pent up love and affection of the men for their own little ones, from whom they have been absent for so long, they lavish on the tiny stranger. But all his affection and his whole heart belongs to the rough miner soldier who brought him in. As the shadows fall, one sees the man walking up and down the ward with the child in his arms, crooning the Marseillaise until the tired little eyes close. He has obtained permission from the authorities to adopt the child and he remarks humorously, "It is so convenient, Mademoiselle, to have a family without the trouble of being married." Yet what we must remember is that the rough soldier, himself blinded with blood and mud, stumbling along to safety, yet had time to stop and pick that little flower of France and save it from being crushed beneath the cannon wheels, and we can only hope that the child will grow up to his eternal honor and the glory of France.

These men are so great in their heroism and yet one hears so little of it. Those who have medals are almost ashamed since they know that nearly all of their comrades merit them. It is even difficult to be a hero to one's own family. One of our men had been in a trench during a grenade attack. One of the grenades struck the parapet and rebounded amongst the soldiers. With that rapidity of thought, which is part of the French character, he sat on the grenade and extinguished it. For this he was decorated and he wrote home to tell his wife. I saw him sitting up in bed gloomily reading her reply. I enquired why he looked so glum and he said, "Well, Mademoiselle, I wrote to tell my wife of my honour and see what she says: My dear Jules, we are not surprised you got a medal for sitting on a hand-grenade; we have never known you to do anything else but sit down at home."

May I take you with me for just a moment into the trenches? As from the most fertile soil there sometimes springs a tree in which the birds make their home and pour forth their souls in song and beneath whose boughs humanity finds shelter and shade from the glare of the sun, so there is developing from war, a glorious spirit of tolerance that later will benefit mankind,—the tolerance that is beating down and wearing away all social, racial and religious hatred or misunderstanding.

I remember kneeling once by the side of a dying French soldier who was being attended by a famous young Mahommedan surgeon. The man's mind was wandering and seeing a woman by him, he talked to me as his betrothed, "This war cannot last always, petite, and when it is over we'll buy a pig and a cow, and we'll go to the Curé, won't we, beloved?" Then in a lucid moment he realized he was dying, and he commenced to pray "Our Father," but the poor tired brain could remember nothing more. He turned to me to continue, but I could not longer trust myself to speak, and it was the Mahommedan who took up the prayer and continued it, whilst the soldier followed with his lips until he passed away into the valley of shadow. I think this story is only equalled in its broad tolerance by that of the Rabbi Bloch, of Lyons, who was shot at the battle of the Aisne whilst holding a crucifix to the lips of a dying Christian soldier.

Those men of France, lions in their bravery, spend most of their time off duty thinking of their homes, reading and re-reading the letters from their dear ones, and scribbling epistle after epistle. There are few of them lonely, since those who have not families to write to them receive either letters or parcels from "Godmothers" who have adopted them. I remember seeing one man writing page after page. I suggested to him, smiling, that he must have a particularly charming Godmother. "Mademoiselle" he replied, I have no time for a Godmother, since I am myself a Godfather." He then explained that far away in his village there was a young assistant in his shop, "and God knows the boy loves France, but both his lungs are touched and so they won't take him. So I write and tell him that the good God has given me strength for two, that I fight for him and for me, and that we are doing well for France." I went back in imagination to the village, I could see the glint in the boy's eye, realize how the blood pulsed quicker through his veins as he read not the singular "I," but the plural

"*We* are doing well for France." For one glorious moment he was part of the hosts of France, and in spirit serving his Motherland. It is that spirit of the French nation that their enemies will never understand.

I speak much to you of the men of France, but the women also have earned and command our respect. Those splendid peasant women, who even in peace times worked, and now carry a double burden on their shoulders. The middle class women are endeavoring to keep together the little business built up by the men with years of toil. The noblewomen of France, who in past years could not be seen before noon, since Miladi was at her toilette, and who can be seen now, their hands scratched and bleeding, kneeling on the floors of the hospitals, scrubbing, proud and happy to take their part in national service.

Because these women of France have sent their men forth to die, eyes dry, with stiff lips and heads erect, do not think that they do not mourn for them. When night casts her kindly mantle of darkness, when they are hidden from the world, it is then that the proud heads drop and are bent on their arms as the women cry out in the bitterness of their soul for the men who have gone from them. Yet they realize that behind them stands the greatest mother of all, Mother France. France who sees coming towards her from her frontiers line on line of ambulances, each laden with its gray faced, suffering burden of humanity, yet watches along the routes her sons going forth in thousands, laughter in their eyes, songs on their lips, ready and willing to die for her. France drawing her blood-stained, mud-stained rags around her—yet what matters the outer raiment, since behind it shines forth her glorious exultant soul, and she lifts up her head and rejoices that when she appealed, man, woman and child, the nation, answered to her call?

And above her sons waves triumphant the flag of France, red, white and blue,—our own national colors. The red of the flag of France is a deeper hue than in times of peace, since it is dyed with the blood of her sons, blood with which a new history of France is being written, volume on volume, page after page of deeds of heroism, some completed and signed, others where the pen has dropped from the faltering hand, and posterity must needs finish. The white of the flag of France, not quite so white as in times of peace, since thousands of her sons have taken it

in their hands and pressed it to their lips, before they went forward to die for it, yet without stain, since in all the record of the war there is no blot on the escutcheon of France. And the blue of the flag of France, true blue, torn and tattered with the marks of the bullets and the shrapnel, yet unfurling proudly in the breeze, whilst the holes are patched by the blue of the sky, since surely heaven stands behind the flag of France.

I pray you to lend me for just a moment your eyes, your ears, and your hearts. Your eyes, that seeing far past me, you may behold the women of Serbia as we last saw them, their gay clothes sodden with wet, trudging across the mountain passes, cold and starving—taking their little ones and thrusting them into the arms of the wounded passing in the bullock wagons—realizing that they could not hope to reach safety, yet hoping that the little ones might be saved for Mother Serbia. And the women of France, toiling and turning their unshed tears to smiles of encouragement to urge their men to even greater deeds of heroism.

Your ears, that you may hear the cries of the children. What matters it that 4,000 miles separate you? Let distance not lessen the sound of their voices or the insistence of their appeal.

Your hearts, that for a brief period they may beat in perfect harmony with the stricken people of France and Serbia, and that you may desire to show them practical sympathy.

Not so long ago a child, I plead with you for the children; now a woman, I plead with you for the women. I ask nothing for the men, but I pray you to give to the women what is to them the greatest gift in all the world—the gift of the lives of their men.

(*May 22nd, 1916*)

WITH THE HARVARD SURGICAL UNIT AT THE FRONT

By DR. W. T. GRENFELL

NOBODY who has been in Flanders or in the Canadian hospitals or in the trenches but must feel that the world as well as the Empire owes a great debt to all Canadians. Part of it is due to the Canadian Clubs for stimulating a spirit of self-sacrifice throughout the Dominion. The main fighting line for the future righteousness and future peace of the world is not limited to the men who are brave enough to face the hardships of actual warfare. Nobody knows better than I do that the war is not won entirely in the trenches, but that it is the spiritual backing of the older men at home, and the way in which the country is made worthy of the sacrifice that these men are making, the supreme sacrifice of their lives, that is one of the very large factors which is going to win this war. I am more qualified to speak about the surgical end of this affair in Europe than any other, so I will speak about that first. The first thing I was interested in during my stay in London was the history of the Royal Army Medical Corps. There has never been a war before this one in which the wounded man really had any rights. That is to say, the picking up of the wounded, and the provision made for him, and the equipment of the hospitals was all largely left to voluntary endeavor. Not only the ordinary layman, but even the surgeons, like some of us at the base who saw so much of the Red Cross and its splendid ambulances, and who received so often the benefits of its splendid experience and stores, thought that the Red Cross was a very large body responsible for picking up the wounded on the field and that there was a little thing

called the Royal Army Medical Corps attached to it. The history of the Medical Corps has never been written up, and its work has not received much publicity.

When I wrote an article in the Times about it I got letters from all over everywhere saying they had no notion as to what care was being taken of the wounded. Those who have brothers, sons and husbands at the front ought at least to know something of the really magnificent detailed work that is being done, and the fact that the care of our loved ones is no longer left to the volunteer units that may or may not thoroughly provide for all their needs. The fact is—I do not think many people understand this, I did not—that the Red Cross, so far as the British Army in Flanders is concerned, is the one and only channel through which all voluntary gifts can be given to the Army Medical Corps; but the nation has realized, as the Canadians have done, by attaching to their army corps a regular Army Medical unit, that the voluntary system must give way more and more to a regular government one. I do not think anyone realizes this fact either—I did not until I saw the working out of it in the General Headquarters—that every detail of the sickness and disease and wounds of the men can be told you in half a minute by very elaborate and graphic charts kept every day by a competent staff of men in the Army General Headquarters. If you want to know where your brother is and you know he has been in a certain section, unless he has been lost they can tell you instantly his whereabouts. If you want to know what is the proportion of wounds of the leg to wounds in the head they will tell you in a second. If you want to know what the percentage is of wasting diseases they will tell you, and if you want to know what the relation of wounds is to sickness, etc., you will find that also immediately set out in colors on the wall. The system is so good that although the force there is about one million and a half men, if there is one case of typhoid anywhere on the front, that case would be reported to Headquarters the same night and the next morning an inquiry and a water examination made; that case of typhoid would be put down to the Medical Officer in that district, and he would be held responsible for it; you would have someone to blame and someone to punish if it spread. That is a very desirable thing, because if you have scattered units on the voluntary basis it would not be at all likely that you

would ever be able to find anybody, and this danger is accentuated when a man for various reasons wishes to escape further service. Not only is this Headquarters in touch with all the army and with all the officers directly through these various centralized media, but it also has a special secret service of its own, so that they could tell when there was among the enemy diseases like dysentery, typhoid, cholera, etc., so that they can rush to the front the remedies needed in case of contagion. Such a thing as trench feet, which at the beginning of the war was a very real factor in the waste of the army, is now actually considered a misdemeanor. If you have soldiers down with trench feet now you have to give some good explanation of the cause of it; either you have the excuse of particularly long and arduous fighting with no time to fulfil the prophylactic regulations, or you are punished or reprimanded for the thing having happened. The prophylactic measures I am not going into. It is all a perfectly splendid thing for the physical welfare of the men. You have to remember that a great many men who went out there in quite feeble or doubtful health are putting on weight; and what with the wet weather and the consequent shrinking of clothes and the increasing weight of the men, many of them cannot get into their uniforms. I saw lots of them. One of the wounded men who came into the hospital was a boy who had been in my employ some years ago as an office boy. He came in to my office with the anemic face of the East end of London. He has been in the trenches since the beginning of the war, and when I saw him with a German souvenir in his leg, he looked the picture of health. He was a great big strong giant of a man. You have the figures I have no doubt in connection with diseases among the men; and when you think of typhoid in the Boer War, something like 10.5 per cent, and the percentage at the present time and for a long time back, which is under 1 per cent, you will see what an enormous advance has been made in methods. That is not because from any point of view the trenches are particularly healthy, but because everything has been so admirably handled. When the British took over the French lines there were 600 Frenchmen and an immense number of Belgians down with typhoid, and now the place is all cleared up and they have not a case in that series of trenches. To make matters short, in spite of typhoid, trench feet and pneumonia, the actual health of the

army at the present time is such that it is just exactly twice as good as if those men were living in their own homes in England and Canada. That does not come of haphazard work, but of splendid personal work and organized work. And then there is another thing that struck me. All the way from the Coast to where we joined the French, the sewage and sanitation arrangements have been entirely taken over by the Army Medical Corps; and I saw the most heroic people outside the trenches doing things that would appal most of us. One time we were crossing the fields just behind the trenches, within fire. We came to a thing that looked like an enormous haystack, but which on closer observation turned out to be socks, pants and vests and things full of vermin, etc., and they had been piled up there in the mud and snow just like so much refuse. On top was two or three inches of snow, and blood everywhere, and then there was a thing that looked like a building and from it steam was coming. out When I went in—you could hardly see yourself for steam—there were three hundred women in it tackling that terrible enemy which poured in at one end. That is heroic, I say. Just close to the line of course the necessity for bathing men becomes very imperative. It is bad enough to stay in a small hole all day long, but when some men have the itch it is simply impossible to sit still, and baths are required. I went to visit an old factory which seemed to have been a dyeing place or something of that kind and in that place were hundreds of Tommies being bathed. They were really being washed in batches of 150 at a time and when I looked at these splendidly developed, fine-looking men, dancing around there just like Spartans, I never saw anything that made me realize the horror of tearing men's bodies to pieces as that did. They were giving 2,000 baths a day there. I have seen many happy men in different walks of life and places of the earth but I have never seen a happier lot of men than those Tommies who had been bathed and relieved and were going back into the trenches again.

They are not overlooking economy over there. Sometimes we are blamed for over-elaborate equipment. I remember the first operation I did in Labrador; I could not persuade the patient to have an anesthetic, and I had to operate on the woman with five men sitting on her to keep her down. She got well all right, which is more than I had the right to expect. But the Army Medical Corps stations have really developed into all sorts of

wonderful things, and even the Field Ambulances have developed far ahead of what they used to be. Nothing impressed me more with the absolute knowledge that we have the Germans beaten over there, than the fact that the very Field Ambulances have become permanent hospitals. They have to advance when we advance, but they don't have to retire now; so they are built with permanent sides and have nurses in them. On many occasions we had the advantage of having men with through and through wounds on the operating table within an hour or two; you could hardly do much better in Montreal. So that men's chances of getting well from abdominal wounds are very greatly improved. Indeed the dictum of the Boer War is entirely reversed. They said at the end of that, that the abdominal cases you operated on died and those you left alone got well. (They said out in Labrador that before we went there people died natural deaths!) There was one surgeon out at the front who was an Irishman. His versatility was simply wonderful. He had first of all his hospital and all his stretch of beds made in such a way that he could move them in a minute, then he had a compartment where Tommy's rifle was cleaned and refilled, his kit cleaned out, the clothes washed and put back again, and in the next was a place where his underclothing was given him when he was renewed and came out again and wanted it. In the next place there was a huge affair built up of old gasoline tins and all the garbage of that station was being burned there; and even the cans were not wasted, because these were thrown into another place where he was making all sorts of things like candle holders and a thousand useful things. So that even if he left the furniture and linen and silver behind him the Germans would not get very much. But the time for speaking about that has gone by.

I would like to speak of another thing from the point of view I look at life. The time has come when the army as a fighting factor has ceased to believe that to make a man conscientious it is necessary to dope him with alcohol or anything else. I had the joy of seeing at the General Headquarters a large notice on the wall, very thickly surrounded with black, which read: "Sacred to the memory of the Rum ration. Died on June 1, 1915. Lost but not forgotten." Nothing made me prouder than to feel that the West is going to give a chance to this great Dominion to see what men can do without drink. The same chance will come to

Newfoundland on the first of next January,—and the total prohibition of alcohol as a temptation to those who go out on the ships will be a great blessing to this country also.

It is a significant point that the spiritual side of man is being considered as the real factor which makes men brave. I had the pleasure to see a Y.M.C.A. worker in khaki uniform for the first time in Canadian history. I do not want the Y.M.C.A. to go into khaki, but I do feel the recognition of the value of the spiritual side of men, the men who are taking their lives in their hands, men dying for a high moral principle, men whom we are asking to die in our places that this country may be free and great and worth dying for in the future, I had the opportunity to look into the eyes of a dying man, a man whose eyes told me he understood that he had no more chance to see those he loved, that he would never again look upon his home and children, never hear the voices of those he loved, whose life was dear to him as ours is to us. What could you say that would give such a man any comfort? You could only say: "Thank God, you did your bit." And I have seen a beautiful look of joy light up the faces of such men. We ought to do all we can to light the way of these men. This has been recognized for the first time in this war, and nowhere more than in the Canadian units. I was in many of them and you will see the same if you ever go—that the men are going into war knowing they are Crusaders, and this is as it should be, for they are Crusaders.

One word more. I have lived among the fishermen, and I am going back among them. I have thought many times that perhaps the centre of the war is the centre of the world, but I believe, like many here, that I have good reason for not being at the war; for I am sure that you would be in the trenches over there if there were not some better reason why you should be here. People often ask me why people live in Labrador. Why do they not live elsewhere where conditions are better? This same question was asked thirty years ago. Here were twenty thousand men cruising at sea among the fisheries, bringing in ten million sterling a year for England. and not a thing done for them, There was not a doctor at sea; there was nobody who could help them in case of trouble, they were being exploited by the saloons on land and at sea every schooner was a grog ship. Land sharks were watching at every place where they landed and got their

pay. People used to say of these fishermen that they were a drunken, degenerate, illiterate lot; but I would like to know what the British expeditionary forces have to say now, when those trawlers have done so much to make it possible to have a British expeditionary force at all: while our great, silent navy is doing all that the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race has made it do through the ages, and is giving us the pathway of the seas that we may keep them open for every man.

In Labrador we are not a large number of people, but when you come to man a crew you do not want a large number of people; you want a small number of very effective people, that is the kind of men we have out there, men bred in the harder parts of the world, living close to nature. They are brave and strong, they see straight and they have a simple, loving, hospitable nature,—a nature not confined to any one particular calling, but one of the natural heritages of men who live on the sea. My hope is, not to get men in great aggregations in cities and so deprive the world of the things of the sea, but to develop and help the men who are living a big natural life away from the grind of the cities, and to develop Labrador as far as it is possible to do so. We have been trying for years to put reindeer in that country but have failed because we have not had the money. They have had marvellous success in Alaska, but we have had so many other things to do that this we have failed in. We should have been a great meat-producing country and we ought to have been able to send to the war to-day a tremendous amount of meat if the country had had its rights. There are many, many other things that need to be done down there, all worth doing because in doing them you are helping to produce men of the class who made the Anglo-Saxon race originally, and could maintain its best traditions. When you think that little Newfoundland has given 1,500 of its men to the navy and 2,000 to the trenches I think you will realize that this is a great proportion, and a worthy contribution to the Empire in its need.

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