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TO STOP FORMING BATTALIONS IS RUMOR

(Montreal Star.)

Although no official statement has been made, it is regarded as certain that no further active service battalions will be formed in Canada. This, it is stated, is because there is a surplus of senior officers overseas. The sending of further battalions would only mean the increase of this surplus. Hereafter, it is understood, reinforcements will be sent across by companies, to fill up the ranks of the units depleted by casualties. Officers holding a higher rank than that of captain are not needed.

Should the war last another year, more active battalions may be formed. At present it is felt that the sending of men into the firing line under inexperienced officers should be avoided by only sending drafts.

The 42nd expect sailing orders soon. Some recruits are coming from Gaspe, the Maritime Provinces and from Ontario. Those wishing to join the Highlanders must apply at once or it will be too late. About 150 men can still be taken.

The 27th French-Canadian Regiment which, though its headquarters are at Quebec, has a recruiting office in the Drill Hall on Craig street, is evidently a popular unit. Not only are the French-Canadians coming in, but the English-speaking men have been attracted. Ten, whose French is acquired and not natural, were sworn in recently, bringing the total up to 75.

WRONG COMPANY

John Findlay, who is making such a success in "The only girl," grows reminiscent of his far-gone—very far-gone—Sunday school days. The teacher was quizzing her class of boys on the strength of their desire for righteousness.

"All those who wish to go to heaven," she said, "please stand." All got to their feet but one small boy.

"Why, Willie," exclaimed the shocked teacher, "do you mean to say that you don't want to go to heaven?"

"No, ma'am," replied Willie, promptly. "Not if that bunch is going." —Young's Magazine.

Private J. B. Rainsford of the 26th Battalion, St. John, arrived here last night to visit his father Henry B. Rainsford who has been ill.

her immense natural resources. We live in amity and friendship with the great American republic. But we want to hand down our great heritage unimpaired to our descendants.

"It has been said that we came to the assistance of the Mother Country, but I say that we are fighting because the British empire is at war, and we are proud and willing to do our share to protect our rights and liberties."

"Canada spoke for herself at Ypres. After all our hopes and fears we knew that Canadians acted as the whole dominion expected and proved themselves worthy of the two great pioneer races from which they sprung. We in Canada also realize and applaud the magnificent bravery of our brethren from the other dominions as well as from India and the crown colonies."

The Hon. G. Perley concluded by quoting a message received from Sir R. Borden:

"Losses sustained by our Canadian troops in the magnificently gallant stand they made in the recent fighting will serve to strengthen if possible, the determination of Canadian people to bring this war to a triumphant conclusion."

looks back at politics over his shoulder. He is as safe to leave behind as Sir George Perley, who is warming a chair for somebody in the high commissioner's office in London. One philosopher can trust another. Sir Robert Borden has the greatest confidence in Sir George Foster.

Meanwhile, practical measures are not neglected. Before Premier Borden went fishing a great howl had come from Toronto against a federal election. It was felt in Ottawa that Toronto, couldn't be well because never before had she said a word against a Conservative government. Past experience was that Toronto would swallow anything so that these signs of a weak stomach were viewed with alarm. Two days after Premier Borden disappeared with rod and reel Bob Rogers was asking Toronto to hold out her tongue and Tom White was feeling her pulse. The consultants foregathered at the King Edward Hotel and the verdict was that Ottawa would have to go slow.

Bob Rogers was particularly alarmed. It seems that Winnipeg and other large cities are developing the same symptoms—violent retching and nausea. In fact, somebody or something threatens to take the Win out of Winnipeg for Bob Rogers and he is in favor of operating on the patient at once.

H.F.G.

LONDON PRAISES CANADIAN TROOPS

London, May 13—At a great gathering in the Guildhall today, over which the prime minister presided, Mr. Bona Law and others set on record "abiding gratitude for the unparalleled services rendered by the overseas dominions in the struggle to maintain the ideal of liberty and justice, which is the common and sacred cause of the Allies."

Acknowledging the resolution on behalf of Canada, Sir George Perley said:

"We have in Canada, as in the other dominions, complete autonomy within our own borders, but we naturally look forward to the day when we shall have a voice in all matters of common interest to the whole of the empire. The announcement that the dominions will be consulted before the terms of peace are arranged produced a splendid impression in Canada. Our people would, no doubt, have been disappointed if such a course were not followed."

"Three days before war was actually declared, Canada offered to send troops and make every necessary sacrifice. Why did we do this? Canada is naturally a peace-loving country, needing all her energies to develop

SIR ROBERT BORDEN AS A DISCIPLE OF ISAAK WALTON

The Premier When He Hiked For the Gattineau Woods
Wanted to Get Away From a Certain Form of
Human Nature—Breezy Letter From
H. F. Gadsby,

(Special Correspondence.)

Ottawa, May 20—Politicians at the capital are much interested in Premier Borden's new way of facing trouble by going fishing. Close observers state that the premier has passed through three stages in his treatment of public affairs and that going fishing is the best one of the three.

Very early in the game, while the premier was still unaccustomed to power, he developed Job's ailment when things went wrong. That is to say, when he got into hot water in the House of Commons he came to a boil. In persons of strong character, like Job and Premier Borden, this is not an affliction so much as a personal expression of indignation at another sore touch from fate, something half way between temper and temperament.

But this phase of statesmanship was soon outgrown and the premier entered upon the next stage of his evolution, which was a certain acrimony of retort when pestered by the opposition. This stage did not last long because the premier is a kindly man, gentle in his nature and regardless of the amenities. Besides anger is a wasting emotion and hard on the constitution, meaning one's own constitution, also the British North America Act.

The third and perfect stage has just been achieved by the premier—he has become a philosopher and his going fishing to escape Bob Rogers' importunities shows it. No one knows just where he caught it but it was probably from studying Marcus Aurelius, who has a lot to say about letting things take their course, and Francis Cochrane, who hasn't a word to say one way or another no matter what happens. Each, in his own fashion, is a typical stoic and when Premier Borden grafts on their example the mellow precepts of Isak Walton's Compleat Angler he has a combination that is hard to beat. Moreover, there is something Napoleonic in this way of handling a problem. It was a maxim with that great commander that almost any letter would answer itself in a month, which is to say that time is the wisest counsellor and turns more hard corners than any premier in the business.

A FISHING TRIP.

Nobody in Ottawa believes it was mere pleasure that took the premier fishing. It was tactics. The premier probably got his hint from the conduct of a famous general in the American Civil War, who took a day off to go fishing when the campaign was at its fiercest. It is not related that the general caught any fish, but he did his fishing where the whole army could see, thus re-establishing the morale of his troops and incidentally thinking out a plan to surround the enemy. The soldiers naturally argued that if the old man could fish, things couldn't be so bad and took heart. Something like this Premier Borden's fishing trip may be expected to do with the panicky fellows on his staff, who see no hope except in an immediate election. Premier Borden's absence gives the cabinet space to reflect, to feel out public opinion and, if necessary, to back up and they can blame it all on the brook trout.

Of course the case of the American general and Premier Borden are not exactly on all fours because the general fished where everybody could see him and the premier does his fishing in absolute privacy, no closer to a telegraph wire, say, than five miles, and only occasionally taking a peep at the Speaker Landry did when he was on strike from the Senate. But the purpose is the same and similar results are anticipated. The best

guessers at Ottawa are of the opinion that the premier buries himself in the wilds of the Gattineau, which are just wild enough to be within reach of the newspapers, if you want to drive for them. Outside of that, however, the premier's retreat is as dark a secret as Moses' grave or Ham Burnham's real thoughts.

It is quite certain that Premier Borden did not go to Kingsmere, although there is a mere there and possibly fish. Kingsmere is only eleven miles from Ottawa as the crow flies and is up in the mountains. Although it is a good place from which to keep tab on Parliament Hill, it is an equally good place for Parliament Hill to keep tab on Kingsmere. A conspicuous figure in public life like Premier Borden could not stand on the ridge of the Laurentian Mountains at Kingsmere and escape notice from the West Block. If Bob Rogers had a hot thought to communicate he would make even less of that eleven miles than the crow does and then Premier Borden's peace of mind would be shattered.

IN THE LOWLANDS.

The weight of evidence is that Premier Borden's hiding place is somewhere in the lowlands, where he can let well enough alone without observation from those who would make it worse by a general election. The call of the wild is, of course, a mere excuse because Bob Rogers and Doctor Reid are calling wildly enough to suit anybody with an ear for that kind of music. Getting next to nature is another pretext that won't wash because there is plenty of nature right at home. Ottawa is now clothed in the beauty of spring. The grass and trees are as green as a newly elected M.P., the skies as blue as Finance Minister's outlook, the mountains as purple as a peroration by R. B. Bennett. The river sparkles like a silver shield and Danny Murphy's barges dance upon the tide. The Rideau Canal has been turned on again. Now that the warm weather has come, the sunsets, always highly successful, can be viewed with comfort. The moonlight is at its old work and the Ottawa poets are tuning up. The Chateau Laurier has spread its awnings and the nicest people in town are taking tea on the terrace. In fact, Ottawa is at her best.

All of which goes to show that it wasn't nature that Premier Borden wanted to get next to but a certain element of human nature that he wanted to dodge when he went fishing. The premier learns from the fish how to run the Dominion of Canada. He takes lessons from their placid disposition, their unblinking outlook on earthly affairs and their occasional eagerness when the bait is big enough for example, when one hundred and fifty million dollars is to be distributed among Conservative patriots with things to sell.

Fishing is part of Premier Borden's philosophy—it is the outward and visible sign of a lot of hard thinking. It will be the premier's fate, as it is every angler's, to have the biggest fish get away, but is his story beside Bob Rogers', who had a general election get away from him after he actually had it on the hook?

A PHILOSOPHER.

Being a philosopher, Premier Borden naturally leaves a philosopher behind him to sit on the M. Sir George Foster is the acting premier. Sir George has passed the dangerous age. No more nests of traitors for him, no more feverish testimonials from Sir Mackenzie Bowell. Sir George is now a philosopher pure and simple. He

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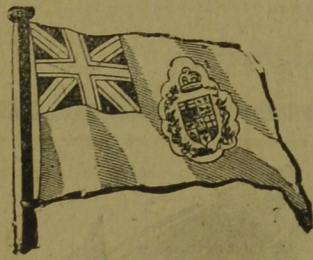
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