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LONDON, THURSDAY, APRIL 1.

THE ALLIANCE.

MR. HANNA is very indignant at the thought of any alliance between the Government and the liquor trade. When a member suggested it in the Legislature, he insisted on the foul, scandalous slander being withdrawn. And, of course, the member had to withdraw it, after a fashion that indicated he had not changed his mind.

There is a little juggling with words in this matter. In the sense that there was a conference, an agreement, and a written or verbal arrangement between the representatives of the liquor trade and the Government, Mr. Hanna may be quite right. But it is too good a politician for that. But there is such a thing as an alliance in fact, even if not in name, an alliance that may be very effective, even though under no distinct terms of agreement. If, in passing along the street, you see two men fighting, and join in to help one of them belabor the other, you are certainly in alliance with the one you help, even though he be a perfect stranger. Italy might, without any consultation with France or Britain, jump into the European war, and attack Austria. It is not probable, but it could be done. There would be no formal alliance, but it would be a very practical form of alliance notwithstanding.

Two people engaged in the same work are in alliance. If the Conservative Government and the liquor trade have been working in the same direction it is not necessary for any formal agreement to make an alliance out of their mutual transactions. No alliance in any sense, possibly, but a most effective alliance in so far as work and results are concerned.

AUSTRIA'S KINDLER SPIRIT.

THE world has become disgusted with Prussian brutality and atrocity, and innumerable massacres by the Turk long since left that decency without a well wisher where other ally. Austria, there is a kinder sentiment amongst neutrals and the peoples of the allied powers. The world is pretty well convinced that Austria was forced into the conflict by the Berlin bully. It is certain that the people were not in favor of war. Once in it, right or wrong, however, they have shown to much better advantage than the Prussians. They have not claimed and advertised a special partnership with the Almighty, and except in isolated instances, have observed the decencies and courtesies of modern warfare. They have fought valiantly, but without the sickening boast and bombast of Berlin. The Kaiser was able to force Austria into the struggle, but Austria has refused to accept the "kultur" with its ruthlessness and arrogance.

One of the best evidences of this broader and fairer spirit of the Austrians is their denunciation of the "hate" campaign of the war lord. A few weeks ago George Landauer, a noted Austrian author, issued a book on England, which, at once went into a large sale, and the comment of the Austrian and Hungarian press on the work shows clearly that Austria does not approve of the ferocious Prussian campaign of hatred against everything British. The attempt to ridicule British culture and the preaching of hate is declared by the Austrian press to be stupid and absurd, and British Governmental institutions are especially recommended to the study of Continental Europe. True, Austria has reason to think well of England, as that Government for many years has been on unusually good terms with Vienna, but aside from that the Austrians are calm in their judgments and fair minded. To them there is no appeal in the insane yowling of Berlin. They refuse to accept or cultivate the venomous doctrine of the "chant of Hate", and because of it they will have the respect of Great Britain and their friends in the coming humiliation.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

IN submitting the Government's new license law, the Provincial Secretary boasted that he had the endorsement of the public. At the last general election he claims that the voice of the people expressed approval of the Government policy. And, from a superficial point of view, he might seem to be justified. The Liberal policy of the abolition of the bar was apparently condemned; and if Mr. Hanna chooses to accept that as the declaration of the people of Ontario that they do not want the bar abolished throughout the province, we can hardly blame him, from the politician's point of view.

majority for it. True, they have not always had the two-thirds majority with which the Conservative Government has hampered the enforcement of the people's will; but the vote has usually been sufficiently pronounced to indicate what the people wanted. Because they did not vote to abolish the bar at the last provincial election, we still believe that they want it abolished. Then how account for the result of the election? We will give the Conservative temperance voters the benefit of the doubt, and assume that they were sincere. In that case we take it, the voice of the people was not the open bar, but for the closing of the bar by the present Government. They said, in effect, we defeated a Liberal government because it did not move fast enough to keep pace with the temperance sentiment of the country. We put in power a Conservative Government because we expected it to go faster. Now, get a move on. We put you in office to do a certain work; now do it.

If it is not what the voice of the people indicated at the last election, then the Conservative temperance voters are insincere. They prefer a Conservative Government with an open bar rather than a Conservative defeat, and the bar closed.

We believe that the people of Ontario are prepared for the most advanced temperance legislation possible. We believe they want the bar closed, not against soldiers alone, but against civilians of all classes as well. We doubt not that the Government is aware of this fact. And they will try to meet it by the politician's dodge. They decline to take the responsibility of definite action. But, they say, we will transfer the whole business to a commission which we will appoint. If they close the bars, the liquor dealers can blame them. If they fail to do so, the temperance people can blame the same scapegoat. Whatever is done, we did not do it.

GOING THE RIGHT WAY.

TWO matters of great importance are being discussed on the other side of the line. One is to have judges appointed instead of elected. The New York Globe says:

The better part of the bar wishes appointed judges. But they fear that they cannot get the greater part of the people to agree to it. It is proposed to attack the power of the people. For one, The Globe has confidence in the intelligence of the people as to believe that no small majority realize that the present system is essentially anti-democratic, and that far greater good would be secured if judges were named by a government responsible to the people instead of by a Charles F. Murphy, or a Joseph Cassidy, responsible to no one.

But if there are to be appointive judges, and the substance of legitimate popular control is secured, an easier method of getting rid of bad judges must be provided than is furnished by the right to impeach. Impeachment is cumbersome and uncertain. If, then, there is worked out a practicable plan for the displacement of judges found to be unfit, it is proposed to attack the power of the people. For one, The Globe has confidence in the intelligence of the people as to believe that no small majority realize that the present system is essentially anti-democratic, and that far greater good would be secured if judges were named by a government responsible to the people instead of by a Charles F. Murphy, or a Joseph Cassidy, responsible to no one.

The Globe's fears are not well founded, at least so far as Canada's experience with appointed judges goes. If the judges were appointed instead of elected, the special provisions for the displacement of judges found unfit would not be needed. The great responsibility resting on the governor would cause him to appoint the very best men and also cause the very best men to accept. It would be a great advantage and strength in the administration of justice to substitute appointed for elected judges.

The other matter discussed is what is called "trying a case in the newspapers." One judge declared a mistrial because of publications during the trial regarding it. The bar association held a meeting to consider what should be done to abolish the evil. There should be no difficulty in laying down rules that would effectively prevent either side from being injured.

EDITORIAL NOTES.
Try to pronounce Pzansnyez and you will find it as bad as its looks.
French and Joffre must be about fighting, pushing up for the big fighting.
And now Burbank informs us that the onion is a near relative of the lily. But that doesn't improve its odor.

Decreasing the deliberate slaughter at sea of defenceless men, women and children is simply another instance of Berlin's "higher policy" of the war which began with the invasion of neutral Belgium.

The attack on the Dardanelles was part of a general plan of the Allies and was nicely timed. It has released British troops in Egypt, because it put an end to attacks on the Suez Canal. Also it ended the Turkish campaign in the Caucasus, as the troops were hurried to the defence of Anatolia, and this released a Russian army that can be used in Poland.

Unless it was the intention of the British Government to take some radical measures for dealing with the drink evil it is hardly likely that Chancellor Lloyd George would have made his recent sensational statement that liquor was a greater enemy than Germany and Austria. Perhaps the threat of a complete prohibition during the war was made as the basis of a compromise.

CAPTAIN LOXLEY'S LITTLE DOG.

[By the author of "Where's Master?"]

"Captain Loxley's terrier, Bruce, was standing on duty by his side on the forebridge at the last."—One of the survivors of the Formidable.

The following story is published by Hodder & Stoughton, London, New York and Toronto, in book form. The Advertiser believes that it is one of the sidelights of the great war which lifts one from the commonplace of constant death at sea and on land. The story is a touching story of the war.

Little Master's little dog Bruce was fast asleep on a rug in Big Master's cabin.

It was 2 o'clock on New Year's morning. Bruce had a glorious day. As beside Big Master, he had trotted to and fro, up and down the big battleship, inspecting everything, he had been delightfully conscious of a general air of expectancy.

Something was going to happen. For months past, ever since Bruce had said good-bye to Little Master's Mother on the pier at Capt. Loxley's house, he might have with him on the ship at Little, living bit of home—ever since that day he, with all Big Master's merry sailors, had been waiting for a chance to get at the enemy.

"If only he would come out and meet

"Bed-time, Bruce," said Capt. Loxley.

"I don't want to go to bed for a big

Before you turn in, old chap?"

Of course—but there's that bone to

And not a blade of grass you can

Thinking of grass reminds me. I

remember, I once spent a holiday at

where there was a dog and a cat and

crowded with rabbits. I chased them

all day long until I dropped—it makes

me point now to think of my dog and

cat. Sometimes I'd find them in the

garden, a baby thing that could hardly

totter and feel rather ashamed of my-

self, too. But here

These sailors are so painfully tidy;

they are for ever poking into every

corner. They don't seem to understand

a little bit that bones improve the

much with keeping, and that no dog

is quite so happy as when he looks

down his nose and sees a cake of dried

meat. He'll eat it up in a twinkling, and

to of a hidden store. Why, there's not

even enough dust on the Formidable

to bury a fly, and you can't sit down on

the deck and get a dog's head under

your foot. But I don't mind. I'm

used to it. I'll be home in a week, and

see if you've dropped a stray hair

anywhere.

The last time I went ashore I made a

pair of paddling and coddling in

the mud and splashed myself all over

with the stickiest mud. I was

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even when the laugh was against Bruce, and he didn't want it to. He remembered, time before he had quite got his sea-toes, when a bunch of the ship had sent him slithering all across the deck the soup-pots, like men on his first pair of skis. Bruce had hated parquetry—floors—and Big Master had laughed. Bruce looked on all sides, his forehead puckered with anxiety to appreciate the joke, but saw nothing funny anywhere—and yet in spite of himself his tail would wag.

Tonight, however, he shared the fun to the full. "It will positively break off in a minute if I don't stop," he thought and tried to sit on it tight, but—there it goes again, rap, rap, rap, rub, rub, rubbing, faster than ever.

At regular intervals throughout that jolly evening the door opened and a great big New Year's bonfire came from a muffled head, eyes blinking at the cosy, bright, light room, came the report: "All's well, sir."

"Our bonfire's voice would reply: 'We can't keep too sharp a look out. . . . If only we catch sight of them we'll see if we can't give old England a bit of a surprise for a New Year's present.'"

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"I must have been dreaming after all when I thought I heard that danger voice. What a gorgeous spree!" It was a little difficult to keep one's head in it in varying tones. . . . heard it as a puppy when he had frightened Little Master at their first meeting by bounding across the deck. . . . "Play the game, Bruce!" . . . heard it when that orange envelope had arrived at home and Little Master had asked him to write him. . . . "You've got to go home, you really go away when you've only just got home," and Big Master had just answered in the Duty voice: "I'm off!"

Little Master? What was Little Master doing now? In bed and asleep, comfy and warm. How sorry he'd be for his little dog if only he knew how cold he was—and how afraid.

He loved his little dog so. . . . his very precious little dog. . . . "He's a funny little chap, Bruce," said Little Master's mother as she gave him a year-old puppy on his sixth birthday. . . . "You'll be good to him, won't you?" But Peter was scared at his wild and bounding ways, until one day Bruce climbed to the top of the stairs, and then, looking back from the dizzy height to the hall below, cried, and cried, because he was afraid of falling—down, down.

It was then that Peter lifted him in his arms and comforted him, and took away his fear. It was on that day that Peter became "Little Master," and Bruce "Little Master's little dog." The fear of falling was with him. . . . "You'll be good to him, won't you?" But Peter was scared at his wild and bounding ways, until one day Bruce climbed to the top of the stairs, and then, looking back from the dizzy height to the hall below, cried, and cried, because he was afraid of falling—down, down.

And what then? If only Little Master would take him in his arms again. . . . "You'll be good to him, won't you?" But Peter was scared at his wild and bounding ways, until one day Bruce climbed to the top of the stairs, and then, looking back from the dizzy height to the hall below, cried, and cried, because he was afraid of falling—down, down.

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