

Thuotoscope

Richelieu St.

SATURDAY

Anita Stewart in

"DARING OF DIANA"

SUNDAY AND MONDAY

Pauline Frederick in

"LA TOSKA"

Luke and Big V Comedy.

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY

George Beban in

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duced the total output of the first year of war. The new national projectile factories in 1917 had a total length of over fifteen miles of an average breadth of forty feet, with more than ten thousand machine tools driven by seventeen miles of shafting with an energy of twenty-five thousand horse-power and a weekly output of over ten thousand tons weight of projectiles. The increase of output continues steadily and shows no sign of reaching its limits. What is more, Britain is so instinctively true to her history that in all planning of new arsenals the thought of turning them into productive industrial centres, when war is over and peace returns, is held steadily in mind.

Women To The Fore.

We reach perhaps the deepest and most difficult of all elements in the British transformation when we discover that of the five hundred different processes in munition work upon which women are engaged some three hundred and fifty had never been performed by a woman before 1915. The significance there lies, not primarily in the swift training of women to these difficult technical tasks, nor in their readiness to undertake the work. It lies in the fact that the millions of men who through decades of travail have built up a trade union system in defence of their own rights, have surrendered their hardly won positions for the purposes and for the period of the War. It is a corporate and deliberate sacrifice on a national scale. And without that sacrifice the whole Alliance would inevitably have been defeated in the War. We owe a debt of honour to those men which must be recognised in action after the War.

We had before us this task, "to improvise the impossible." The miracle is not that we made a score of blunders, but that the impossible came true, the incredible happened. England became a new people, just because "England to herself was true."

What Is Britain Doing?

So when men ask "What is Britain doing in the War?" we ask from the bottom of our hearts, "What is she not doing?" A nation wedded to peace, a people that never wished for or expected war with Germany—a country not invaded, and sheltered by an invincible fleet—a land with an immemorial tradition against compulsory military service, materially wealthy, with everything to

lose and little enough to gain—what has she done?

Her Fleet, with a vastly increased strength, and its 'personnel' increased from 136,000 before the War to something approaching 400,000, has swept the seas free of the enemy on the surface, and is in incessant war upon her foe beneath the sea. Her Fleet and her heroic Merchant Service have borne year in, year out, from the ends of the earth to her Allies and herself, the supplies without which Germany would have triumphed before the Christmas of 1914.

By July, 1915, two million men had voluntarily enlisted. Britain, at length, surrendered her birth-right of freedom, and accepted compulsory service. To-day her armies hold the foe in three continents and on six fronts, and are co-operating with her Allies on two others. Her guns confront the enemy on the whole vast steel circuit of this colossal siege. Her tens of thousands lie in their graves from the Tigris, the Aegean and the Zambesi, to the Somme, the Aisne and the Yser, and still the dreadful daily toll of life is taken.

Her women have flung aside without a thought all the happy pre-occupations of peace, and have given themselves without stint to ungrudging and brilliantly successful labour, while their hearts are broken by the loss of the men who have made their world.

She has poured out her wealth for the allied effort by thousands of millions. She has drawn her products from every habitable place on earth, and thrown them into the pool.

She has indeed flung into the breach for the freedom of the world, not her possessions simply, but herself, her immemorial heritage, her treasured citizenship, the commonwealth of nations that constitute her empire—her heart and mind and soul!

(To be continued.)

A man named Dodgin had recently been appointed foreman in a brickyard, but his name was not known to all the employes. One day while on his round he came across two men sitting in a corner smoking, and stopped near them.

"Who are you?" asked one of them.

"I'm Dodgin, the new foreman," he replied.

"So are we," replied the other workers. "Sit down and have a smoke."

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