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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Saturday, April 17.

ON THE WAY NORTH.

On the blue waters of Rondeau Bay, fronting Government Park, there are thousands of wild ducks, known as Bluebills, exciting the interest of visitors just now. The snowy white and vivid black of their plumage make so many silver flashes and points of jet in the fitful sunshine of an April morning, as they play in the wind-troubled waters. Courting the crests of white-capped waves, diving and splashing, drifting idly, or gliding swiftly, here and there, in their mated happiness, they rest from their long flight on their way to their nest-homes. Occasionally they lift in flocks, or pairs, or singly, to fly in their swift, strained fashion, only to glide with splash of spray back again into the waiting waters.

The woods of Government Park, edged with golden sands and misted with spring's blue haze, echo the calls of red-winged blackbirds, bluebirds and robins. Soaring close to their water friends are low-flying white gulls, with their beautifully-curved breadth of grey-tipped wings. Recently a flock of white swans was seen in triangular-shaped flight, a method of wild game birds to cut the wind. Reaching the waters of Rondeau Bay, they rested before going their chosen ways.

Sporting in the happy safety of the closed season, the wild ducks are one of the wonderful sights of spring.

THE LESSON OF THE STRIKE.

The American railway strike, which happily appears to be completely broken, was a costly affair, but it has been a good thing for the people of the United States, in that it furnished a spectacular demonstration of the length to which the radical labor elements on this continent are prepared to go. Americans were shown something of this by the miners' and steel strikes, but the attempt to tie up the entire transportation of the United States was a blow at the vitals of organized society that will drive home the public the necessity for swift and smashing repression of the forces of anarchy. Prominent Red leaders, such as Foster, deny having had anything to do with the walkout, but the manner in which the affair was managed makes it clear that system and organization were behind it. It was an organized attempt to keep from the masses of the people the necessities of life. Those who called the strike hoped by general calamity to bring on the "revolution." The solid, common-sense of the majority of the labor men, their loyalty to their brotherhoods and their agreements, their patriotism, and the indignation of the general public, have brought to this bold attempt of the extremists another humiliating defeat. The lesson will not be lost on the honest men who were led astray, or to the need on the part of everybody to exercise the greatest vigilance in connection with these wreckers.

MAKE THE LAZY WORK.

British Columbia is the latest province to join the movement to provide mothers' pensions, a bill having been introduced before the Legislature there providing a fund out of which married women and widows whose maintenance is not secured shall receive as of right a monthly allowance varying with the number of children. With Alberta and Manitoba already covered by similar laws, and Ontario adopting the plan, there is a large section of the Dominion now under social legislation. In an address before a gathering of social workers at Toronto this week Dr. W. A. Riddell of the Ontario Bureau of Labor made the statement that there are 16,000 widows and 9,000 children in Ontario who are in genuine need of state aid. It is not unlikely that the estimate is a conservative one, since there are so many cases where the need is concealed by the mother who suffers privation that no one knows of.

Dr. Riddell is of the opinion that there should be more rigorous laws to compel men to support their families. Anyone who follows the police courts of this or any other city knows that the number of cases of non-support that come to court are few compared with those that are suffered in silence. Our courts might well have greater power in this respect, the right to impose heavier punishment, if necessary, upon the offender, the right in all cases to set a minimum to be paid weekly towards the support of the family. In these days no man who is not incapacitated can plead the lack of employment as a reason for neglecting his family. We had a law during the war that required every man to be at work. It is a pity in some ways that we cannot carry it over into peace days. There are idlers in this city, as in every city, some of them men who have families and who allow their wives to go out to day-work in order to support the home. The soviet government of Russia can teach us one lesson in its law that he who shall not work shall not eat. There is good precedent and authority for that injunction.

Sometimes the criticism is heard that our governments are becoming too paternal, given too much to regulating the life and conduct of the members of society. There is a danger in that direction if the principle is not observed that those who are chiefly to be regulated are the people whose line of conduct is a menace to society. The paternalism that imposed a law during war-time requiring every man to be employed was not directed at the mass of society, but at a few shirkers too lazy to do an honest day's work. We have a large number of such laws on our statute books, but in general they trouble the great bulk of society not at all. For those who are derelicts, the lazy, the criminal, we must always have adequate machinery for our own protection.

INDUSTRIAL COURTS.

[By Mrs. George Pembleton, M. A., late Fellow the Department of Political Economy University of Toronto.]

Every great industrial upheaval which does not end in open revolution is followed by an attempt to establish more effective machinery for conciliation and arbitration in the settlement of industrial disputes. Manitoba has its new joint industrial councils; the state of Kansas, storm centre of the recent coal strike, is experimenting with its court of industrial relations. The national industrial court of Great Britain is now doing very good service. We may soon expect somewhat similar legislation in Spain and Italy, following on the dangerous railway strikes in those countries. Sentiment in favor of arbitration in industrial disputes appears to be growing in Germany.

The conference on labor laws, which opens in Ottawa on April 26, will have before it suggested extensions of the arbitration principle as laid down in the industrial disputes investigation act. How that principle is being applied by legislation in other countries becomes for us, therefore, of prime importance. What are post-war developments?

The crucial point about arbitration laws is how far arbitration is made compulsory. There are three main principles followed:

(a) Compulsory reference of disputes in specified industries to a court of arbitration, and compliance with the court's award made binding, under penalty on the parties concerned. This is the case in the State of Kansas.

(b) Purely voluntary arbitration, as under the British industrial courts act, which became law in November last.

(c) Strikes and lockouts in public utilities made illegal prior to resort to arbitration. This is the principle followed in the industrial disputes act of Canada, and, in a more extended degree, in a bill now before the French Parliament.

In reference to a compulsory arbitration law, which makes the finding of an arbitration court legally binding, there are two contingencies to be considered. If the employers fail to carry out the ruling of the court, then, as a last resort, the government concerned must itself be prepared to carry on the industry. If the workers fail to comply, then government troops will have to protect the property. Both these contingencies arose in connection with the strike in the Kansas coal mines, and the state government of Kansas met them both.

As it now stands, the Kansas arbitration law provides for:

(a) A court consisting of three judges appointed by the governor for three-year terms.

(b) Power being given to the court to make investigations, serve processes, take testimony and adopt rules and regulations governing its own procedure.

(c) Authorization to order any changes necessary in working hours and living conditions, rules and practices, and minimum or standard wages.

Appeal may be taken within ten days to the supreme court, or if, after sixty days' compliance, the order is found to be unsatisfactory, the aggrieved party may apply for modification. The court may act on its own initiative or at the request of an employer or group of employees, or of ten citizen taxpayers in a given community. Where a strike or lockout is declared contrary to an order of the court, the court may open proceedings for taking over the industries affected.

Industries coming under the Kansas law are those connected with the manufacture of food products and clothing, the mining and production of fuel, transportation and all public utilities. Several cases have already been before the court. Three union leaders are now up for sentence before the court for contravening its orders. Few governments, under present industrial conditions, would care to undertake the responsibilities involved in such law. But it at least has the merit of carrying its principle to a logical conclusion.

The British industrial courts act establishes a standing industrial court, to which recourse may be had if both parties to the dispute consent. There may, however, be reference to the court only after all other machinery for conciliation existing in the trade itself—such as joint industrial councils—has failed. The act provides that the court is to consist of persons, some of whom shall be independent; some shall represent labor, some shall represent employers. In addition, there are to be one or more women. All members of the court are appointed by the minister of labor.

In Canada, the industrial disputes investigation act is more widely used than ever. The year ending March 31, 1920, saw more industrial disputes handled under its provisions than any year previous. Seventy-one disputes went to boards of conciliation within the twelve months, and in only three cases was a strike neither averted nor ended. In 22 cases disputes were dealt with by consent which did not fall clearly within the scope of the act. Eight of them were concerned with public utilities, under provincial or municipal control. Others included stockyards, bread companies, packing houses, steel companies.

Certain broad gains are obvious in the course of industrial arbitration in Great Britain, and in varying degrees in the other countries studied—publicity in labor disputes—permanent courts of inquiry and arbitration—full recognition of the rights of workers, organized or otherwise, to lay their case before competent authority. With these will go scientific and detailed study of the cost of living, profits, production costs, and general working conditions.

BRETON LOVE SONG.

[J. Corson Miller.]

The stars dream on, but my Yann's away—
Out on the Northern Sea;
Where they haul in the cod, both night and day,
And the sharp fiord winds blow free.
But Yann will return when the summer is fading
Out on the Northern Sea;
Return to his Moan, who's patiently waiting
Here in Old Brittany,
My hair will I dress in very fine style,
When Yann returns from the sea;
Oh, then will he praise me and tenderly smile,
For Yann loves his mother and me.
And he will return when the summer is fading
Out on the Northern Sea—
Return to his Moan who's watching and waiting
Here in Old Brittany.

From Here and There

AS OLD AS THE HILLS.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Only narrow persons treat the soviet idea as something new. That idea was in the demand for bread and circuses, "panes et circenses," which Rome's most tyrannous emperors found it wisest to satisfy. It was in the whole development of the French Revolution. And, not to be too serious about it, the slaves on plantations that were covered by extension of the Union lines in our Civil War had the central notion pat:

"De oberseer he gib us trouble, an' he dribe us 'roun' a spell;
We lock him up in smokehouse celluh, wif de key t'rowed down de well."

In no age has this spirit been wholly absent or unnoted.

PENSION INCREASES.

[Manitoba Free Press.]

A statement by the British pension board to parliament on December 19 last showed that the Canadian pensions were more liberal than those of any other country. The total disability pension (weekly rate) given by the different countries was: Canada, 47s 11d; Britain, New Zealand and South Africa, 40s; Australia, 30s; France, 37s; Italy, 19s 4d; United States, 28s 10d. The Canadian treatment was reported to be similarly favorable for dependents and partially disabled men. On December 24, however, the United States raised their total disability pension from $365 for a man without dependents, and $910 for a married man with three children, to $960 and $1,250 respectively. And only a few days ago the Australian Government introduced a reparation bill which raises the pensions of totally disabled soldiers from $379.60 for a single man, and $822 for a married man with three children to £4 a week (roughly $1,000 a year), and £6 (roughly $1,500) respectively. Australia's war burden was already very heavy. Her war debt is $1,500,000,000; the new gratuity which she lately gave her soldiers cost $140,000,000, and her pension list was already $15,000,000 a year.

THE LURE OF THE CINEMA.

[London Daily Chronicle.]

What public body thirty years ago ever thought of inquiring into the effects upon the juvenile mind of the cheap illustrated literature which enticed the young in all the small papers shops of the later nineteenth century? And yet what an immense, what an incalculable effect all this literature had upon the minds of those who had been taught to read, but had been taught little beside! And yet we cannot suppose that the lure of the cinema, appealing as it does to the million, satisfying them through a direct appeal to the eye, leaving little, perhaps, to the imagination, but easily, without effort on the part of the spectator, arousing sympathetic excitements or emotions, can have any less effect, good or bad, upon the mind of the democracy.

NOT FOR SALE.

[London Morning Post.]

It will always be for the West Indies and not for the mother country to decide their destiny, for the bond between us is not of constraint and force, but of loyalty and affection. And as long as the West Indies remain true to us England will remain true to them. That is the position, and we are sure our American friends will understand and sympathize with it. We rejoice to hear that the French and British Governments see their way to the repayment of the American loan of a hundred millions by October. That is a courageous and patriotic resolution, but we may safely dismiss the rumor that it will be effected by any such transaction as Mr. Kenyon proposes. The West Indies are not for sale: England may be embarrassed by the war, but not so far as to desire to sell her own flesh and blood.

"CANADA MAKES FARMERS."

[New York Evening Telegram.]

Canada took up the question of soldier settlement of lands more than two years ago. Furthermore, Canada did not confine itself to parliamentary discussion of plans, but proceeded to adopt something practical without delay. As a result more than 1,000,000 acres of free lands have been taken up by returned soldiers. Up to January 17 of this year $55,948,495 had been loaned to soldier settlers, the number of individual loans being 18,548, and the average loan $3,016. Only those who qualify can receive loans, but not one out of four applications is turned down. Nothing better can be done for the returned soldier who has a taste for the outdoors than to back him in a farming venture. If this country could add a few million acres to its farm area, run by men who have proved their patriotism on the battlefield, it would do much to strengthen the country in every way.

CHICKENS COMING HOME.

[Hamilton Spectator.]

It appears that Mr. Colby, the new United States secretary of state, has been in his time a vigorous twister of the Britain's tail, and the gentle Irish-American ladies who are "picketing" the British embassy at Washington have had lurid anti-British sentences from his speeches inscribed on placards which they are displaying. The joke is on Colby in his efforts to suppress the demonstrators.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

[Hamilton Times.]

It is said that the Prince of Wales was granted $125,000 by the British treasury for expenses on his trip to Canada and the United States, and upon arriving home he returned as unused $90,000. Commenting on this, the Buffalo News says: "This is entirely contrary to precedent. He would be ostracised in Washington for that. It simply isn't done in the best political circles. To do a thing like that is to turn one's back on opportunity. The proper caper is to go the limit. To stop short of that is to be denounced as a political heretic—to be proclaimed a piker."

HIGH PRICES IN ENGLAND.

[St. John Standard.]

"Roughly with us in Great Britain and the Japanese, prices are two and a half times higher than before the war; in the United States (though the gold gravitated there) they have doubled, while in Italy and France they have quadrupled." This statement of Mr. Donald McMaster, a Canadian member of the Imperial Parliament, is interesting, because there are still a lot of people in this country who imagine that Canadians stand alone in the matter of high prices, and that if we had free trade as in England prices would come down with a run.

CHINA DISTRUSTS JAPAN.

[Hong Kong Press.]

The very docility of the Chinese does give rise to the apprehension that they might be used by another Asiatic nation to further a scheme of world conquest as great as that of the Prussians. The fear is frequently expressed that Japan, which retains a militarism based on that which has been destroyed in Europe, may so dominate China as to create a hegemony of Asia that would place the destinies of all free nations in the control of the oligarchy which controls the Government of Japan. Japan's accretions of territory, while essential to a virile nation, undoubtedly afford support to those who view Japan's expanding imperialism with suspicion and distrust. Since 1895 she has acquired Formosa, the Liaotung Peninsula, the South Manchurian Railway, established herself in Manchuria, secured huge interests in Shantung, created a sphere of influence in Fukien into which others scarcely dare to enter, besides penetrating peacefully into the Yangtsze Valley and reaching into Mongolia.

THE LEAGUE A NECESSITY.

[Indianapolis News.]

Great Britain has abolished conscription, and will reduce her army, exclusive of her Indian forces, to 220,000 men. The Anglo-French treaty is conditioned on the ratification of the Franco-American treaty. Under these conditions a French army of 1,000,000 men is none too large. We suppose it is too much to hope that our Senate will rise high enough to take a world view of this league question. Yet it is as certain as anything can be that should France again be attacked by Germany we should have to go to war on the side of France. The question is whether we are willing to take such action as shall make such a war impossible. Unless we are, we shall ourselves be compelled to maintain a much larger army and navy than would otherwise be necessary. In other words, we are back just where we were before the war, and all because we have thus far failed or refused to see the change in conditions, and are unable or unwilling to profit by the war's lessons.

WHITE MAN

[By George Agnew Chamberlain.]

To each ten men was allotted a tin of marmalade; to each twenty a box of crackers, a sack of flour, one load of salt and a demijohn of cheap but sound wine. Andrea watched this wholesale depletion of the white man's stores and began to wonder. As she wondered, her heeart went way up and then way down. Was this the beginning of another end? Was she sorry or was she glad? She looked back on the few days of her new life and they seemed already to have stretched into years. She was too young or too careless to have learned that time passes swiftly only to those who are in a rut of daily routine, dragging trabically under the blows of sorrow and almost forgetting entirely when joys are various.

She was astounded to think now how free her mind had grown from worries over the irrevocable; each thing she did had become merely the natural thing as though all actions in that camp were in some manner allied with the plain, straight-forward thoughts and speech of its master. Under the impulse of the sign of a general break-up, she awoke to her old consciousness as though from a long and pleasant trance. Her heart grew heavy within her.

M'sungo was too busy to pay much heed to her, but so greeat was his silent elation when the long strings of bellowing and splashing carriers began to load the barges, heaping each to incredible heights, that she caught it and, unrebuked, passed long hours on the river bank watching black after black plunge waist high into the croc-infested waters.

"Why aren't they afraid?" she asked.

"No reason to be," said M'sungo shortly. "There are only two things that a croc really minds: one is a bullet through the spine and the other is noise."

The day came when the last of the barges, towing a little scow stacked with an overflow remnant of bales, was dispatched and M'sungo could take a long breath and turn his attention to putting the camp in order. This in itself was no small task. All branches, chips, bark, refuse and other rubbish consequent upon the work in the forest was gathered and burned. Then, as squad after squad of laborers left for home and the planting, their grass huts scattered without the limits of the permanent craal, were also set on fire.

"Within a week of the first rains," said M'sungo to a listless Andrea, "the wilderness will have returned altogether to its own to all outward appearance. Three weeks after that, any one penetrating to the clearing we have made will find nothing beyond a flourishing shamba or corn patch, the very natural property of the craal."

Long since, the wounded aeroplane had been wheeled into its hangar, a large shed roughly constructed of corrugated iron. The balling boxes and the rest of the sparse machinery and implements connected with the fiber industry were now greased and stored in this warehouse to be buried later under heaps of corn. At the same time that M'sungo was overseeing these operations, he was occupied with settling his accounts with the long-term workers and in squaring up certain large loose-leaf ledgers to which he attached considerable importance, for they contained the history of a simple but great enterprise. Andrea found this period unusually monotonous. She did her best to keep her spirits up and perhaps would have succeeded had it not been for a rainy day.

There is something about the brazen glare of the tropics that robs life of sharp edges, diminishes the soul from its paramount proportion as the prime factor of existence, and cradles it in the warm embrace of the passing moment. Under a glaring sky all angles of character melt and living is reduced to a sensitive yet unthinking slumberous emotion. But let rain, unceasing rain, beat down from the suddenly overladen heavens for a few hours at a stretch and flesh recedes, the mind awakes, the soul comes into its tortured own. In an hour, almost the twinkling of an eye, the memory of bright skies is blotted out as though forever.

On such a night of downpour Andrea sat in her room, hands crossed upon a discarded book in her lap and eyes widely fixed on some point of focus far beyond the encircling walls of her hut. She was frightened, for her soul had come to talk with her and there was no escape. She could not phone up a taxi and a party of four and go to a show and supper afterwards, thus losing the uninvited guest.

She measured the shallow depths of the widespread illusion to the effect that it is the guilty conscience that lives in terror of meeting face to face its own soul. Nothing could be further from the psychological truth. The guilty conscience thrives and fattens on such encounters, for it finds in them the stimulus of endless contention and the unfailing solace of concentration. Not so the mind unburdened with knowledge of offense; confronted with its idle monitor it can only cry, "What on earth is there to talk about? The sight of you bores me. Please go away."

And Andrea's soul wouldn't go! It sat there, staring vaguely this way and that, and presenting an altogether sorry figure. In the first place, it was rather undersized and distinctly undeveloped; in the second, it was insufficiently clad, even for a spirit, and seemed to shrink and shrivel at the mere thought of getting out into the rain. It realized that she was right; it had nothing whatever to say to her and into its wizened face came a look of self-commiseration at the thought that Andrea was entirely to blame for its own flabbiness. How could a trainer who was never called upon even for a massage treatment be expected to keep in trim?

That look on its face exasperated Andrea. She got up from her chair and undressed rapidly. When it came to putting on here pajamas, hot tears rushed to her eyes. Her heart swelled in hopeless rebellion. She didn't want pajamas tonight. She wanted one of her own dearest nighties; soft crepe de chine with a maidenly narrow border of lace insertion run through with fresh blue baby ribbon! She looked at her cot and rebelled at that, too. She wanted her own bed with its lovely linen, her own room with its curtained windows and its gleam of mahogany and chintz under the dying glow of an open fire!

With a childish gesture of despair, she crept into bed, curled up with her face against the pillow and wept. The more she cried the more it rained; the more it rained, the more she cried. There was no end to that—no end—no — Sleep did its best to take and hold her, but tonight its grip was uncertain and long before morning it saw defeat coming and made a dastardly retreat.

Andrea awoke, not slowly, not swimming up to consciousness through drowsy gradations, but suddenly with a snapping of the eyes wide open on a great emptiness. She was alone, terribly alone, and hopelessly awake. She lay staring up at the uncheerful lantern that she had purposely left burning. Its chimney was smoked. Through its veil the flames stared at her out of a single baleful red eye. Outside, rain still poured.

She decided to cry a little more and found she couldn't. Tears had withdrawn before an ineffectual rage. Her face hardened. Well, if she couldn't cry, something must happen; if not on its own, then it must be forced. She wondered what the white man was doing. Perhaps he was sound asleep; perhaps he was even snoring! What did she know about this man anyway? Was he human? Had he live points of contact or was he an impalpable creation of her sick brain? Perhaps she wasn't here at all! If she screamed, would Aunty Gwen come running in or— Her eyes, following the sequence of her thoughts, fell upon the barred door.

She arose, put on her slippers, and her bathrobe, walked deliberately to the door, grasped the bar with two trembling hands, and threw it up with all her strength. The clang of the far-away gong rang out above the din of the droning rain. Following it instantly came the thud of a falling chair. The door, released, swung slowly open with a long-drawn creak of unoiled hinges. Andrea was suddenly frightened. She shrank back against the wall of the hut, gathered the two loose braids of hair that hung over her shoulders and crushed them to her, as though to smother the loud beating of her heart.

Coming through the covered way she could hear the swift crush of hurrying steps. M'sungo, fully dressed, shot into the centre of her room and whirled. In his hands, held at the hip, finger on trigger, was a villainous sawed-off shotgun. Only his long training to look twice before he fired saved Andrea when his eyes brought him the startling conviction that besides himself she was the only other living thing in the room. She stared at him, wide-eyed and trembling. She saw his figure, keyed to one sort of combat, relax only to grow slowly tense again. He turned, laid the shotgun aside and came toward her with swift sure strides. For an instant his eyes wavered, but as he drew nearer they steadied to transfix and hold her pinned against the wall.

She fet herself struggling as against an unjust accusation. Under her trembling. She saw his figure, keyed to one sort of combat, relax only to grow slowly tense again. He turned, laid the shotgun aside and came toward her with swift sure strides. For an instant his eyes wavered, but as he drew nearer they steadied to transfix and hold her pinned against the wall.

She felt herself struggling as against an unjust accusation. Under her trembling hands, her heart beat with great irregular throbs. A lump rose in her throat and it seemed as though it must strangle her if she did not let it out. In her desperation she hurled herself forward, threw her arms about M'sungo's neck, pressed her face against him and sobbed.

"Oh, White Man," she gasped, "I was so lonely,—I am so lonely!"

The embrace of a woman is one thing; the clinging of a child quite another. The sternness in M'sungo's eyes died suddenly; the hard look in his face faded, vanished and gave place to one of great tenderness. He gathered Andrea up in his arms and carried her quickly through the covered way. He told himself there was very reason to hasten, for he could feel her soft warm body, shaken with sobs, wrapping itself round his heart and crushing it beyond repair. He laid her on the couch in his room, made a nest for her in the many pelts with which it was covered, pillowed her head in a bundle of furs and drew over her a gaily figured sarong.

"You were cold," he said, as he tucked her in; then he knelt beside her, took her hand in both of his, and suddenly laid his face in her open palm, still moist with her tears.

To be continued.

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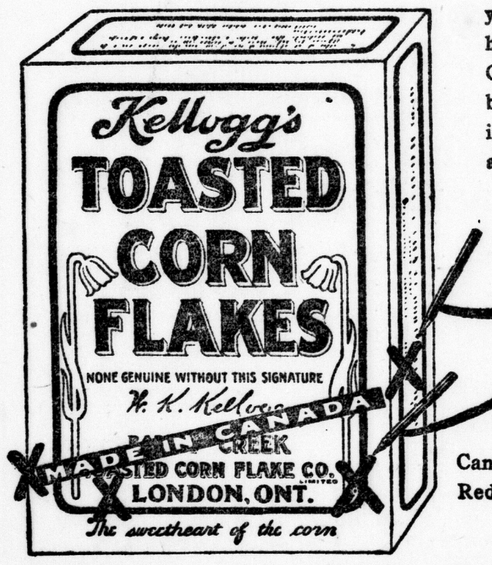

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