

JOKE ON UNCLE JOE

While campaigning in Iowa ex-Speaker Cannon was once inveigled into visiting the public schools of a town where he was billed to speak. In one of the lower grades an ambitious teacher called upon a youthful Demosthenes to entertain the distinguished visitor with an exhibition of amateur oratory. The selection attempted was Byron's "Battle of Waterloo," and just as the boy reached the end of the first paragraph, speaker Cannon gave vent to a violent sneeze. "But, hush! hark!" declaimed the youngster;" a deep sound strikes like a rising knell. Did ye not hear it?"

The visitors smiled, and in a moment the second sneeze—which the Speaker was vainly trying to hold back—came with increased violence.

"But, hark!" bawled the boy, "that heavy sound breaks in once more, and nearer, clearer, deadlier than before! Arm! arm! It is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!"

This was too much, and the laugh that broke from the party swelled to a roar when Uncle Joe chuckled: "Put your weapons, children; I won't shoot any more."

—*The School.*

BRITAIN'S PRICE

(From the Philadelphia Public Ledger).

What the English have done in this war is too recent to need recapitulation. They gradually took over greater and greater sections of the front. They first fought defensive actions with all the dogged courage for which the British are famous—they then created that early turn in the tide which released the series of Allied offensives that finally sent the Germans back to the Hindenburg line—and beyond. They rose to the rank of a full military partner of France—and there is no higher rank.

For all this they paid. There is hardly a home in Great Britain which does not have its unvisited grave in France or Belgium—not a street on which the permanently maimed do not limp to unaccustomed tasks. And the figures show that the percentage of casualties from the mother country exceeds the percentage from the overseas dominions, thus disposing of one of the vilest, meanest, most dastardly lies of the whole satanic German propaganda, which charged that the English were putting their colonials and their allies in the foremost of the battle. Lord Northcliffe estimates their killed alone at 900,000.

Willis—How do you like army life? Quite a number of new turns for a fellow to get used to I suppose.

Gillis—You bet. At night you turn in, and just as you are about to turn over somebody turns up and says: "Turn out."—*Life.*


AMERICA'S GREATEST DANGER

(From an interview in the Churchman with Rev. J. Stuart Holden, of London, two days before he sailed for home).

"America is feeling only a ripple on the surface," he said after a pause. I felt that he didn't want to say it, for fear, perhaps, of being misunderstood by people for whom he had high regard. But I know that he spoke from deep conviction.

"Please don't think that I fail to understand all that you are doing, and all that you will do," he continued. "But the war hasn't really disturbed your living deeply yet. I know how difficult it is for Americans to sense the truth of such words. That is natural. But we have had four years of it. Why, to give you an illustration of what I mean, let me tell you that in my own church I haven't a man left under fifty-one years of age. And then you must remember that, for example, there hasn't been a pleasure car manufactured in England since January, 1915. Not a piano has been made, and I doubt whether any has been sold. You can't buy an ordinary sack suit, such as this I have on. 'I've had this for five years'—and the smile came back as he said it. "We have four million women in war industry. I need not tell you the significance of that.

"While I was in Pittsburg an afternoon paper came out with four-inch headlines, 'Sixteen Americans Killed; Win Great Battle.' Well, our casualty lists are sometimes a hundred thousand a week, and we don't talk of winning battles. The real danger in America, I think, is optimism. I know so well how splendidly your men have fought, and I know how natural your pride in them is, but after all they occupy only a small part of the front, and, as I say, there is danger in talking of winning great battles. This is a very friendly criticism, but I feel that optimism is a danger the people of America cannot be too often warned against."



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