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THE BRAVE AIRMEN.

PERHAPS the most spectacular feat of the war was the bringing down of a great Zeppelin in Belgium by Warneford, of the British air corps. The exploit was a hair-raising and astonishing one. The explosion of the Zeppelin's gas bag caused the aeroplane to turn turtle, and it is estimated that before it was righted it had dropped a full mile. This was a "looming leap" that makes the air acrobatics of the late Lincoln Beachey appear tame. From the beginning of the war the British airmen have displayed alertness and courage that the world had not expected from the British in this branch of warfare. The raids on Cuxhaven and Zebruggen and the interior of Germany were splendidly audacious, and there isn't a doubt but that every man in the British air corps is willing and eager to try and duplicate the achievement of Warneford. One thing that Warneford's feat demonstrated is that the Zeppelin has its match in the faster and smaller aeroplane. The latter, when boldly and skillfully driven, can rise above the dirigible and has the advantage of a huge target at which to hurl its bombs, while in itself it furnishes a poor mark for its big enemy. There will be less anxiety now, we believe, in England over the promised raid of the Zeppelin in force. We may be sure by this time Kitchener has gathered a powerful body of airmen, and Warneford having set the pace, the Kaiser's aerial armada is due for a warm reception.

The tragic end of the Zeppelin will not win much sympathy for its crew. This branch of the Kaiser's army-batteries has in nearly every instance attacked undefended towns and cities, brutal crimes, just as inexcusable as the atrocities practiced on the Belgian civilians, the torpedoing of merchantmen, the shelling of English coast towns by the Kiel naval raiders and the "gassing" in the trenches of Flanders. On the other hand, the Allies airmen have in every raid into Germany over the promised raid of the Zeppelin in force. We may be sure by this time Kitchener has gathered a powerful body of airmen, and Warneford having set the pace, the Kaiser's aerial armada is due for a warm reception.

CLEANSING THE STAGE.

FOLLOWERS and supporters of what is best on the modern stage, the clean, the wholesome, the inspiring, have been pleased to note that of late the salacious and disgusting has fallen into disfavor. The sex drama is no longer a money-maker, the cabaret performance is disappearing and the indecent spectacles which, we formerly counted by the score, have dwindled to the few required to shock the jaded palate of the feverish all nighter of Broadway. This is a good sign but a still better one is that several of the biggest producers and booking agents in America have refused to have anything further to do with the unclean play or act. Notable amongst these is the case of F. F. Albee, head of the United Booking Company, through which the great vaudeville circuits secure their acts. He has just refused to book the appearance of Mrs. Flora Cameron, recently acquitted of a sensational murder charge. Mrs. Cameron is absolutely without theatrical experience. The move to place her on the stage was just another brazen attempt to coin gold out of notoriety, the many cases of which in the last few years have given the stage a bad name. Mr. Albee further informs Mrs. Cameron's agents that acts of that character if offered in the future would be considered an insult. Hats off to Mr. Albee, and may the revolt that he has launched spread until it includes all types of theatrical entertainment.

THE RETIREMENT OF HALDANE.

SOME captious Canadian critics, discussing the recent changes in British which resulted in the formation of a coalition Government, have professed to believe that the retirement of Lord Haldane was due to his German proclivities. He had been, we are told, in attendance for a time at a German university. And before the war broke out he had spoken favorably of the German Kaiser. Therefore, he was more or less pro-German, and public sentiment in Britain demanded his retirement.

But the demand for his retirement does not appear to have been very loud when he was in office. No one seemed to consider him a friend of the enemies of Britain, nor to question his loyalty to his own country. In fact, he seemed to be as popular as any other member of the Government, and much more so than some of them. There is no reason to suppose that any friendly feeling he may have had towards Germany or its former days had any effect on

public sentiment in England either before or since the war.

There are many prominent men in Britain who have attended a German or Austrian university. There are men in Canada—probably some in London—who have gained part if not the whole of their scholastic and professional training in Göttingen or Vienna. But we are not aware that anyone questions their loyalty on that account. A man might be a student of German literature, or science, or art; may indeed have a great admiration for the work of Germans in these branches of learning. But that does not make him an admirer of German militarism, or an apologist for German criminals.

As for any expression of opinion favorable to the Kaiser prior to last July, Lord Haldane had ample justification for anything he may have said. From his accession till 1914 the German Emperor was an avowed advocate of peace. Nearly every other nation went to war during that time, but Germany remained at peace. The Kaiser seemed to be devoting his energies to the development of the industry and commerce of his country. It is true that he was also developing the army and navy. But he persistently declared that was only with a view to the national defence. It was not to the discredit of Lord Haldane if he formed a favorable opinion of the German ruler, or expressed admiration of those qualities of energy and progressiveness which characterized him. Suspicious people had their forebodings, and for some "Collins" and "Urquhart" have been well-founded. But Lord Haldane was not one of the suspicious, and the majority of the people of Britain were as unsuspicious as he was. He and they were unable to realize that the ruler of a civilized and educated people could be lost to all sense of honor, could disregard all the dictates of humanity and could sink to the lowest depths of barbarism. They have found their mistake. But the mistake was no discredit to their judgment under the circumstances. They have had cause to change their views. So have many millions of men in all the neutral countries of the world today.

It is safe to say that Lord Haldane's ante-bellum opinions had nothing to do with his retirement from the British Government. In order to effect the desired coalition it was necessary that nearly half the cabinet should retire. The Lord Chancellor's sense of patriotism was doubtless sufficiently high for him to voluntarily offer himself for the time being, and seek relief from the cares and responsibilities of office.

WHAT RUSSIA NEEDS.

GLANCE at the map of eastern Europe shows that the capture of Lemberg and expulsion of the Russians from Galicia would make Warsaw a difficult task to hold against an onslaught like that of the past month. Lemberg is 100 miles farther east than Warsaw and in fact lies to the east of the whole province of Russian Poland. A straight line drawn from Lemberg to the north to Lemberg runs easterly through a point 60 or 70 miles northeast of Warsaw.

If unable to hold the Polish capital, a city the size of Brussels or larger, a great industrial centre with a population well on to a million, what will the Russians do? Burn the city and retreat, destroying the crops? A German flank advance down the Pruth or the Dniester might even threaten the city of Odessa and the whole wonderful grain region of southwestern Russia. The certain cost and the risks of such a move seem prohibitive, but with Warsaw in their hands the Germans could at least threaten Riga in the north and Kiev in the south; Russia, like Hungary, is a plain.

The more one considers the situation, the more imperatively necessary appears the conquest of the Dardanelles. Rash or not, Churchill saw what was wanted and started in to do it. If the Russians are going to stop the Germans from helping themselves to the Russian crops of 1915, they must have plenty of artillery and ammunition. If on the other hand the Germans rest satisfied before Warsaw and turn Mackenzies' thousands of guns over to the western front for a drive on Calais, the British and French armies will need not only munitions, but perhaps men as well. Instead of a conscription in Great Britain, some of those "inexhaustible reserves" of Russia might be brought over via the Dardanelles and utilized even more advantageously than at home. If the Russians have to wear Germany down, they may at least as well be effected on the soil of Flanders as in the wide plains of western Russia.

The conquest of Gallipoli would have to be followed by the opening of the Bosphorus, which doubtless should be easier, the Russian and allied fleets co-operating at both ends of a strait only half the length of the Dardanelles. Russia has now the control of the Black Sea and would be able to land sufficient forces on the Scutari peninsula along the Bosphorus to assist the fleets in breaking through. Then the isolation of European from Asiatic Turkey should lead quickly to the occupation of Constantinople by Russian inexhaustible reserves and their advance to the aid of Serbia. At present Russia has neither sufficient supplies nor space in which to deploy her strength. It may be a tremendous task to open the straits, but it must be done. Churchill is right.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

There will be no rice-throwing at German weddings this year.

Somebody wants to put a muzzle on mosquitoes, and it would help if a muffer were put on the June bug.

A New York Judge has sentenced a man to be married in 48 hours. That's pretty short notice, but she will be ready, all right.

Vienna and Berlin say they have not yet seriously attempted to stop the Italian invasion. This sort of thing is given out with the object of impressing the onlooker. The Italians would never

be so close to Trent and Trieste as they are if the Austrians could have prevented it.

Defenders of Bryan say he stuck to his guns. His critics think, however, that he should have stuck to Uncle Sam's guns.

Now we know that although Mr. Bryan signed that first note to Germany the hand that penned it was the hand of Woodrow Wilson.

The import and export figures for the British Isles during May were far in excess of those of a year ago. England is growing fatter on the starving-out diet of the German submarines.

The war at the Dardanelles has developed trench fighting much the same as that of France and Flanders, with the natural conditions greatly in favor of the Turk. When the straits are finally forced it will be found that the Allies' achievement at this front of the war will stand high in military history.

The Buffalo Courier says that Tommy Atkins at the opening of the war considered himself the equal of half a dozen Germans, but that since then his arithmetic has been improved in the sad school of experience. "The sad school of experience" has shown that Tommy Atkins is the equal of a dozen Germans, judging by those terrific drives that failed.

BLUEBELLS.

[Teresa Hooley.]
If the angels lean over the bar of heaven, and gaze
Far down in the dreaming spaces of azure sky,
Seems the vision bluer than these wild
hyacinths ways,
Where umbels flicker and purple
shadows lie?
Blue! changing, wonderful, worshipping
through the trees—
A blossoming mist so far as the eye
may reach,
Buttery-haunted, drowsy with hum
of bees
And the wistful crooning of wood
doves, each to each,
Blue! where the young leaves away
in the soft spring wind,
And the little shy ferns uncurl to the
kiss of the sun,
If the angels downward gaze can they
choose but find
That heaven and earth in a bluebell
wood are one?

POSSIBLY.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]
Professor Benson, of California, was a member of a committee of fathers called to study domestic problems. Maybe this time being necessary, when the mothers go to congress.

REPARTÉE.

[New York Evening Sun.]
Answering Mr. Bennett's charge that women are upping, one of the sex poets, "The man tempted us and we did drink." "It's a long, long way back to the Garden of Eden."

DANGEROUS.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]
Alpine climbing has been stopped on account of the war. If any European must climb a dangerous pastime to be happy, he can be accommodated on level grounds.

IT ISN'T YOUR TOWN; IT'S YOU.

[Exchange.]
If you want to live in the kind of a town
Like the kind of a town you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
bag and go on a long long hike;
You'll find out what you left behind,
For there's nothing that's really new,
It's a knock at yourself when you knock
out your town.

IT ISN'T THE TOWN—IT'S YOU.

Real towns are not made by men afraid,
Let somebody else go ahead,
When everyone works and nobody
shirks
You can raise a town from the dead,
And if while you make your personal
stake,
Your neighbors can make one, too,
Your town will be what you want to
see.
It isn't the town—it's you.

FATE.

[Judge.]
For nine-tenths of the world's inhabitants, the line of least resistance, for the remaining one-tenth, industry, perseverance, courage, hope, honesty and all the copybook virtues. If you don't believe it, try it.

AN EXPLANATION AND A HINT.

[Exchange.]
"How do you account for his remarkable success?"
"I don't know, unless it was that he was always too busy on his own work to stop and spend time trying to account for the success of others."

YES, IT SURELY DOES.

[Exchange.]
Why did those old Egyptian kings build pyramids and other things?
Why did they proudly carve or paint
an obelisk with figures quaint?
Why did some Roman monarch raise
a circus in those good old days?
Or keep a poet under hire
to sound a complimentary lyre?
Why did old Caesar late at night
sit up describing every fight?
Or Alexander make that boast?
"The world's not big enough?"
To us who view the modern game,
And see how wealth is wrung from
fame,
The answer need not cause surprise:
It always pays to advertise.

DESCRIBED.

[Exchange.]
"Pa, what is an interesting conversationalist?"
"One who knows all about what's in the books that you've been too lazy or too indifferent to read for yourself, my boy."

HEARD DOWN-TOWN.

[Exchange.]
"S'pose my face is dirty," said the office boy in the elevator. "What business is that of yours? You ain't my father."
"No, but I'm bringing you up," replied the elevator man.

PROFIT IN FRUIT.

[Washington Star.]
"Did anybody out this way make any profit out of fruit last year?"
"Yep," replied former Cornetess. "The man that runs the store. He bought a lot of it already canned and sold it to his agriculturalists."

A SWALLOW.

[Answers.]
Irate Diner—Hey waiter! There's not a drop of red coffee in this mixture.
Fresh Waiter—Some little bird told you, I suppose?
Irate Diner—Yes, a swallow.

WOULD LOSE IT.

[Philadelphia Record.]
Jones—What's the best cure for toothache?
Smith—Walk about half way to the nearest dentist.

TEN MINUTES

With the Short-Story Writers

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BACK FROM THE DEAD.

By K. Errol.

The steamer docked late on Thursday night. I knew Collins' habits well; he would not have changed in a century, much less in the three years that I had been away. So I phoned him at the club, and found him.

"Mr. Collins," I said, "this is Officer Whalen, on night duty. I am speaking from the drug store opposite your offices. I caught a man trying the door. Says he's your bookkeeper. Is it all right?"

Even over the wire I heard him gasp: "True bookkeeper?" Then he steadied himself. "What name does he give?"

"Then it isn't all right," he replied ominously, as if he expected. "Can you hold him? I'll come down."

I temporized. "He's better take him over to the station house," I asked. "You can prefer charges."

"No!" he answered hurriedly. "Just hold him there. I'll be right down, and you won't lose anything by it, officer."

Thanking him, I rang off and strolled across the street to the doorway over which hung the sign: "Collins, Urquhart, Importers." I had waited three years; I could afford to wait twenty minutes longer.

The eighteenth minute had barely elapsed when he arrived in a swift taxi-cab. He sprang out, spoke to the driver, and hurried over to where I was standing in the shadow of the doorway. He was the same old Collins, dapper and fussy.

"That you, officer?" he broke out. "Yes, Mr. Collins," I answered him. "I have the fellow handcuffed inside—he had a key. Is that all right?"

"Yes, yes," he answered hurriedly. "Come in!"
Jerking out a key-ring, he opened the door and let me in. I heard him fumbling for the switch, and presently the lights leaped out.

"Where is he?" he cried, facing me. Not until then did he spot my civilian clothes. With a gasp, he started back.

I gave him no time to think, but stepped forward and gripped his arm with all the power which three years of outdoor living had put into my fingers.

"Didn't expect to see me, Wally, did you?" I asked coolly, dropping the voice of the imaginary Whalen. "Oh, I'm not a ghost, man—I'm real enough! This isn't your conscience giving you a scare."

He gasped like a fish out of water. "John Urquhart!"
"Oh, don't be formal," I said. "You used to call me Jack."

Slowly he was coming back to a realization of his position. His slappy bangs bulged as he made a movement. "Don't do it," I said. "Sit down, old man, and let's talk over old times." I forced him into his desk chair and sat opposite him. "Places to force the door, my revolver. The sight of it froze him."

"Yes, business was bad when I left, all right," I pursued; "but it must have been worse at home. I was nearly into bankruptcy. You have a great business head, Wally, to be able to come back the way you've done."

"What's the game?" he asked. Then, mustering courage: "You've got a nerve to come back. There's still a warrant out for you. You're wanted."

"Go easy, Wally," I said. "You over-looked one bet. I happened to meet Barnes in Switzerland."

He gasped, and he saw that the game was up. "Yes, our old bookkeeper, Barnes," I replied, getting down to business. "I throttled the truth out of him. He was still spending his bit of hush-money—blowing it in like a lord. He told me all about the way he had been making money and the unsuspecting public, and one for the firm—that's yourself—the right one. What have you to say?"

He had nothing. "I'll say it for you," I answered. "You are a swindler, but I could have forgiven that. You're something worse—a man who has sold his soul to the devil for the expense of a partner who was reported to have committed suicide by dropping off a liner. And that I won't forgive you, dog! You've got to pay up. Come across!"

His eyes were bulging with fear as the revolver inched nearer his head. "Good heavens, Jack," he mumbled. "I didn't."

"You did," I interjected. "Don't try to lie out of it. I read the American newspapers at the consulate in London. I swore then I'd get even—and now I'm going to. How much do you steal?"

"Two hundred thousand!" he choked. "You lie!" I cried back, and was near four. Barnes told me everything to save his measly hide. By rights I ought to take it all, but I'll be easier with you than you were with me. Give me two hundred thousand and call it square."

"I will—I will!" he assented, blue with fear.

"One other thing," I added. "Take your pen and write what I tell you." His hand trembled as he wrote, at my dictation, the facts of the case—how, when I was reported lost in London, he had bribed the bookkeeper and laid on the me of the stigma of being an absconder; how he himself was the guilty man; and how John Urquhart's name was rightfully clear. When he had signed it I pocketed the statement, which required no witnesses. Then I turned on him.

"Just forget all about this after ten o'clock tomorrow," I said. "If you don't, I'll hear of it, and I'll come from the ends of the earth to get you. John Urquhart's dead; let him remain so. In his stead lives another and, I hope, a more decent sort of fellow."

I motioned him to get back, and professed him my clear case.

"We've lots of time," I said. "Better make yourself comfortable for the night. The banks don't open till ten."

Revival of Canadian Cheese Trade

[By Professor H. M. Dean, Ontario Agricultural College, in Canadian Countryman.]

Campbellford, May 11.—At today's meeting of the cheese board 440 cheese-makers were boarded; all sold at 13-14 cents.

The foregoing dispatch, clipped from the daily press of May 12, tells the whole story of the revival of the cheese trade in Canada, so far as price goes, and price is a mighty factor in any line of business.

It is not long since cheese sold at twelve cents a pound, and those who were producing milk at a loss. In the early part of the last two seasons, 1913 and 1914, prices were ranging around 12½ cents, which was considered a good price for fodder and fodder-grass stuff. When over six cents per pound is added to the price paid during war years, cheese-makers are really under no consideration two fairly good seasons in the cheese trade. We can readily understand that it has caused a movement among cheese-makers to produce under conditions, and cheese-buyers, such as is unprecedented in the trade. Farmers are securing all the cows possible, in order to send more milk to the factory, consequently the price of cows has advanced markedly this spring, at a time when there is usually a slump.

"The amount of milk available for cheese-making cannot be very great, except it is withdrawn from some other line of dairying, as cheese-makers have been under for three to five years' time. There are, practically, no more cows in Canada this

spring than there were last year when cheese was comparatively low in price, hence production cannot be greatly increased, except, as before stated, at the expense of some other branch of the dairy industry.

In order to understand the drift of the Canadian cheese business, it is necessary to go back to 1880, when our exports of cheese were valued at \$1,000,000. In 1890 they had reached over ninety-four million pounds, worth over nine million dollars. In other words, Canada had more than doubled her exports of cheese during the decade from 1880 to 1890. During the next ten years cheese exports from Canada were valued at \$24,345,000. By 1904 we had reached our maximum in cheese exports. That year we sent, chiefly to Great Britain, 232,980,716 pounds, worth a little over twenty-four million dollars. In the previous year, the production was not so great by about three million pounds, but the total value was \$24,345,000. In 1904, the exports were valued at 190,000,000 pounds less than in 1904, and the value was under nineteen million dollars.

The Cheese Trade Seemed Doomed. Matter had now reached a crisis. It was seen that unless something unusual happened, or extreme measures were taken, the export cheese trade would be a negligible quantity in a short time. Factories that formerly made 50 to 100 tons of cheese in a season, were now closed or were not making half the usual quantity of goods. Men who had invested money in the business or who had spent years in learning the methods of making cheese, saw the business slip away from them, and they were obliged to go elsewhere or take up a new line. The town and city milk and cream trade, together with the creamery and the condenser, got the patronage formerly seen at the cheese factory, and the latter closed its doors or was turned into a creamery.

Now all this has changed. Factories once closed are opening up again. New factories are being rushed to completion, and are ready for the opening of the season. Factories are opening earlier than usual, and everybody is trying to produce as much cheese as possible, while the price is high. What has caused all this change? One word explains it all—WAR.

Cheese is being largely used in the army and navy, and the British Government has been a heavy buyer of Canadian cheese for some time. In fact, Canada has been unable to supply the demand, and large quantities of American cheese are being sent to Europe through Montreal, as well as from American ports. For the time being, the American export cheese trade, which was practically dead, is sharing in the revival started in Canada. So long as the war continues there is likely to be a good demand for Canadian cheese, which will stimulate prices, and it looks as if the cheese farmer in Canada will come into his own during the present year at least.

Back of all this is the fact readily recognized by the belligerent powers, that cheese is a concentrated, healthful food, especially adapted for army purposes, as it is very compact, does not readily spoil, is always ready for eating, requiring no preliminary cooking, and even at the present high prices is the cheapest concentrated food which can be purchased. At 20 cents per pound cheese is worth more than two and a half times as much as meat, and a half cent more food value, as measured by calories (heat units) than does beefsteak at 24 cents per pound. Cheese is relatively much more than meat at present prices. In addition, this fact should be borne in mind—the protein (muscle-forming) material in dairy products, in all probability, has a higher food value than has protein compounds in any other class of foods.

After the War—What? Many are asking the question along several lines. As applied to the export trade is likely to slacken again. It will be imperative for the exhausted countries of Europe to repair their fortunes as rapidly as possible by stimulating home industries and by importing as little as possible, especially of food stuffs. The demand is more likely to

porter. Presently the patience of the attorney gave out.

"Please answer the question," he said. "Why don't you answer the question?"

"I did answer," was the retort of the injured witness. "I shook my head."

"Ten," assented the quick-witted attorney for the defense. "He shook his head, and so did the court reporter, but he doesn't know whether you shook it up and down or sideways."

HYMN OF HATE.

(With No Apologies to Herr Lissauer.)
Carrots or beets we hate them not.
We love them not, we hate them not.
Of all the things that land on our plate
There's only one that we loathe and hate:
We love a hundred, we hate but one,
And that we'll hate till kingdom come.
Sauer Kraut.

It's known to you all, it's known to you all,
Pilgrims on this terrestrial ball;
Full of vinegar in distress,
Come, let us stand in our eating place,
An oath to swear to, face to face:
An oath of bronze no wind can shake,
An oath for all sons-of-guns to take,
We'll never forego our hate:
We love all but a single hate.
We love as one; we hate as one,
And we'll hate that dish if we do it alone.
Sauer Kraut.

Wienerwurst, liverwurst, larger beer,
Many a time hath given us cheer;
Not so bad if made just right:
Bad to take going to bed at night:
Better by far to hum in "The Day."
There won't be the devil to pay.
But you war with a lasting hate:
We'll never forego our hate:
Hate the stomach and hate of the tongue:
Hate of the senses every one:
Hate of millions who've choked it down:
Hate of the country and hate of the town:
We love a thousand; we hate but one,
And that we hate with hate of Hum.
Sauer Kraut.

SEEKING THE RIDE HOME.

[Exchange.]
"I want you to be nice to the Greens tonight."
"Now, why do you insist on that? You know I have no use for either of them."
"I know, but I've just looked over the guests at this party, and the Greens are the only people here who own a car who go home our way."

One of the Big Milk Producers

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