

Queen's Policy Is Discredited

Peace Through Marriages Has Not Been Realized

Kaiser Is One Of Results

Victoria's Hope of Aiding Empire Through Alliance With Other Royal Households Has Proved Disappointing

"The old Queen's" birthday, sentimentally the real holiday of Canada, since our fathers and grandfathers celebrated it long before there was a Dominion Day, and it seems doubtful if ever Dominion Day will wholly take its place. It is more than the anniversary of the birth of Victoria. It is the day on which we celebrate our connection with the British Empire, rejoicing as a daughter in a great state family. As each year passes fewer Canadians remain who were brought up in reverence and love for the great Queen; already the iconoclasts are at work, pointing out that Queen Victoria, for all her great womanly qualities, followed one policy at least which pointed to disaster, and that the chief work of her son Edward, who ascended the throne, and even before it was in counteracting some of the ill-effects of his mother's policy, which was, in many respects a German policy.

Wells' Proposal

The question is discussed by Judson C. Wells, the London representative of the New York Sun. It was raised sharply by H. G. Wells a short time ago in a letter to the London Times, in which he appeared to argue that the time had come for Great Britain to abandon its present form of government and become a republic. Such a storm of criticism greeted the suggestion that Mr. Wells had to explain that he had no intention whatever of proposing that the British Royal Family should be removed and pensioned. His idea was that those in England of republican sentiments should organize for the purpose of explaining to allied republicans in Europe and America that the great masses of English people, while respecting the Royal family, were as a matter of fact democrats, and had no sympathy with royal families as an institution. Mr. Wells said that the position of the British monarchy is a special and peculiar one; "we have no business to bring it into these matters, and it should be possible to profess and discuss the republican idea freely and fully without implicating the imperial crown."

Royal Family in No Danger

Mr. Wells did not exactly explain how we are to have a republic and retain the Royal family, but this explanation is probably not beyond his ingenuity. His letters were important as showing that hatred for the doctrine of Divine right, detestation of the Kaiser, and disgust with the tender methods that have been adopted toward the king of Greece have not convinced any great number of Englishmen that they would be better with a president than with a king. There is little reason to believe that the present system will not endure indefinitely as long as the kings continue to be men of the stamp of King Edward and King George. The former did a great work for his country in bringing about the Entente with France. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that King George has not been absolutely guided by the advice of his responsible ministers since ascending the throne. If there should inherit the crown some time a strong-minded woman of the type of Queen Victoria the monarchy might be in peril.

German Intermarriage

The policy of Victoria which is now recognized as having been a mistake, if not indeed a dangerous one, was one of marrying her family—daughters, sons, grandsons and grand-daughters, and more remote kindred—to little German princes and princesses. The idea, of which she was not the originator, and which was held by many eminent statesmen, was that by these marriages the interests of Great Britain were fostered. When her daughter was married to a Prussian prince who afterward became the emperor of Germany, she thought that it appeared to be thereby doubly linked to England. When her grandson sat upon the German imperial throne she must have concluded that any possibility of war between the two nations was removed. She cherished this delusion up till the time that the Kaiser sent his famous message to President Kruger. If she clung to it thereafter, affection, and not reason, influenced her.

The Bible's Warning

King Edward did not put much faith in the efficacy of international marriages to prevent war. He realized that when

an English princess, for example, became the queen of another country, and thus took a higher rank, it was to the highest rank that she owed allegiance. Since royalty has fewer prerogatives in England, less power, than in any other monarchy in the world, it is only natural that English princesses should feel, when becoming the consorts of other European kings, that they have substantially improved their positions. We can now look in vain over the courts of Europe for a queen or princess in any of them has been a help to Britain in an hour of trial. All of which recalls the Biblical warning, "Put not your trust in princes," especially in foreign princes.

Leonard Is The Eighth Champion

Hickson Was The First To Possess Title in America; List of Champions

New York, June 6.—Benny Leonard is the eighth lightweight to ascend to clear title to the world's championship. Little attention was paid to the smaller members of the ring brigade until in the early '80's, when Jack McAuliffe, Billy Fraser, George Fullam, and Harry Gilmore and others began to figure as 125 and 135 pounders. There were no recognized lightweight champions of a class in England previous to the '70's, although claims were made by the stars in both countries.

About the first champion in America was Abe Hickson, who claimed the title and defeated Pete McGuire in five rounds at Perryville, Md., in 1868. Hickson retired and the title lapsed. Joe Collyer of England then claimed it. As did Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers of this country. Edwards defeated Collyer and then Chambers and fought for the title in 1912. Chambers winning on a foul in thirty-five rounds. After Chambers retired in 1884 Jack Dempsey became the recognized king of the lightweights, but since he quickly outgrew that class. Jack McAuliffe, in 1885, claimed the title and defended it against all comers. McAuliffe retired undefeated in 1893 and the title was taken up by Kid Lavigne. Lavigne defended the title until 1899, when he lost to Frank Ford in twenty rounds at Buffalo, July 3, 1899.

Joe Gans disposed of Erne and ascended to the title in 1902. Most of the American lightweights drew the color line in preference to meeting the famous Gans. Jimmy Britt took on Erne and won on points. Britt attempted to make weight and Britt claimed the title. He defended it against most of the white lightweights until 1905. Nelson knocked out Britt in the eighteenth round at Colma, Cal.

Nelson then met Gans three times, losing the first time in a foul, after twenty rounds, and knocking out Gans the last two times. Nelson held the title until February 22, 1910, when Ad Wolgast was given the verdict over Nelson after forty rounds of brutal warfare.

Wolgast, who was troubled with broken bones and other ailments, lost his title to Willie Ritchie on a foul in the sixteenth round, November 28, 1912. Ritchie went to London, and on points defeated Welsh, who won on points after twenty rounds.

Since that time Welsh only once has defended his title over a twenty round journey, winning from Charley White of Chicago at Denver last year. Welsh has been an unpopular title holder because of his ring tactics, but he has been a clever one and a boxer who has escaped through many campaigns to escape unscathed. Welsh's ring generalship, his defensive skill and his endurance have kept him a champion until last night when Leonard broke through.

LEONARD AND WHITE MAY BE MATCHED

New York, June 6.—Jack Curley wired from San Francisco yesterday an offer of \$20,000 for a bout between Benny Leonard and Charley White. Curley stated in his wire that he has a place not so far from New York where he will be allowed to conduct a twenty-five round contest to referee's decision. Nate Lewis, for White, said yesterday:

"I hope that Gibson will accept that offer. I didn't want it to appear to be bounding Leonard for a chance at the title, but he will have to meet White eventually, and the sooner the better, for you never can tell what might happen in the sticks. A fourth rater with a good punch might nick Ben on the chin and then our chance would be gone. Gibson can take as much of that \$20,000 as he cares to. All we want is a chance at the title."

USE THE WANT AD. WAY

Joys and Woes Of the Censor

Not So Black As They Are Painted

No Laughs at Lovers

But There Are Some Tall Liars and Some Who Have Many Sweethearts at Home

A Canadian officer in France, in writing to his wife gives the following interesting description of how the censoring of letters is done:

From a Tommy's point of view, a censor is a crab with a blue pencil whose special vocation and delight in life is to make his letters unintelligible. He imagines him sitting down at a table with his pencil and making mockery of his simple sentiments and jibing at his mistakes in English, or cursing his poor orthography. Once in a while he takes a slam at the censor—and then neglects to sign his name.

He is all wrong. Right here where I am, sitting at my desk, I am waiting for other officers (like myself) waiting to go up the line censoring letters. We have many's the laugh, but the laughs are all over the funny things the Tommies write their queer daily experiences, or at the way some of them draw the long bow. The laughs are new to the censoring sentry, expressed, sometimes in very homey fashion, in these letters. Indeed, I have seen more than one censor with his pencil behind his ear, and his hand to his wife and kiddies. Many of these officers have wives and youngsters of their own, and the homely words of the private in the ranks express to hairbreadth their own feelings, and compare up pictures of the dear ones they too have left behind—wives and babies two years for the absent one just as they are. The censoring sentry is a "Tommy" "cove nippers" long for him. It is only a question of circumstance. The old heart cry is there just the same, only one expresses it probably crudely, while the other merely suggests it in his letters.

How in creation could I, for instance, with a wife and three kiddies, laugh at the private whose letter says, "Well, Old Girl, do you still kiss me Tom for me every night? Tell the liddle to hurry up and grow up, as he can take his father's place in the home come home again." Here follows a string of kisses that looks like a working plan of a set of wire entanglements—until you find the crosses drawn by the words "For me Tom" and "For my darling wife!"

Cydonies of Kisses

Some of the letters wind up with a stinging half dozen each, while some contain several orderly rows—twelve to twenty. Others are all the empty space lettered up with crosses. If the women who get these letters were here they would probably be hit by a cyclone of kisses.

Then there is the chap who writes reverently of a baby he has never seen. He doesn't quite know how to talk about a youngster who is a perfect stranger to him.

The next letter you pick up may be from a chap whose wife is a victim of nerves, and he is trying to reassure her. "Keep a stout heart, wife of mine," writes one lad. "Does the name of Boche in the run and you know I never was a good runner, and won't probably be able to catch up with him at all." Says another with a fear-ridden wife: "How can I come to harm with yours and the children's prayers going up every night?"

Believe me, these boys over here think day and night of their beloved ones.

The chaps who send out lying letters are really funny. One Montreal man, in reply to the secretary of a "Soldiers' Comforts Club" who had sent him a parcel, described vividly how his letter was being punctuated by the crash of German shells. He said he was in a dugout writing on the top of his steel helmet. They had been bombarded ceaselessly for a week. The last shell had taken a chunk of the roof, and all that sort of rot. As a matter of fact, this chap had never been within sixty miles of the firing line, and the heavy fire he heard as he wrote came from the ranges beside the camp. If this lad was being shelled when he wrote, it was with pen and shell, or else the Hun has a gun that can heave them sixty miles.

To Five Different Girs

One morning I came across five letters written by a Vancouver lad to five different girs in the same town, all practically duplicates in all but name. He called them all "My Only Darling" and wound up with "Always and ever yours." If these girs ever compare letters, this lad might as well remain over here.

Nine out of ten of the boys are happy and contented, even though they sleep in a tent and get their bully beef and biscuit.

"If you don't like sleeping with some one's knees on your back, you can go upstairs," writes one.

"The dog biscuits and bully beef are

fine," writes another. "If it gets much finer I won't be able to see it at all without my glasses."

There are a lot of "devoted husbands" at this war. About every married man in the bunch seems to sign himself "Your devoted husband." I hope they were all as devoted and loving before "la guerre" and will be afterwards. I hope the boys are very frank in discussing their affairs in these letters, while some are always ambiguous. Frankness pays, because when we find anything that we do not understand we block it out on principle. Besides, we read so many letters that facts frankly stated do not mean anything to us. We are too busy keeping the boys from mentioning names of places, numbers of troops, and their dispositions, or worry about their domestic, social, or amorous affairs. In addition we rarely censor a letter for the old home town or from some one we know.

I have bumped into one or two lovers' codes of letters and numbers. Some lads clumsily try to send through stuff by means of misspelled capitals, or indicate their whereabouts by means of numbers, but these things stick out a mile when you send a letter, and are of course depleted because the whereabouts of one battalion is sometimes of value to the enemy.

THE HISTORY OF H. P.

Every popular commodity has a history of paramount interest to somebody. Here is the history of H. P. Sauce—we think it will interest you.

At Birmingham, England, there is a very large malt vinegar brewery, in fact, the largest in the world, and as malt vinegar is the essential foundation of all high-class sauces, the proprietors of the vinegar brewery are constantly in touch with all kinds of sauces.

Now some time ago, it occurred to them that nearly all the sauces on the market were far too thin and pungent, and too imperfectly blended to be worthy of the name of sauces, and that if a rich sauce, of super-excellent fruit flavor, and thick, and perfectly blended with pure malt vinegar, but not until the new production had touched perfection in flavor, appearance and consistency, was the sauce christened "H. P." (an abbreviation of the name British "House of Parliament") and sent out to make its own way in the world.

H. P. does not separate in the bottle, there is no sediment and it therefore requires no shaking. It is poured on the edge of the plate it can be taken with the most delicate mustard. It possesses a delicious flavor, quite distinctively its own and always leaves a clean, frisky taste in the mouth, instead of the burning and stinging sensation left behind by old-fashioned relishes.

Dr. A. Bostock Hill, M.D., D.P.H.F., I.C., county analyst in analyzing a bottle of H. P. Sauce reports:—"It is made from the best materials, is of pleasing and purest quality, and is every respect a thoroughly good Sauce." Under these exceptionally favorable circumstances, it is small wonder that the history of H. P. is a tale of unqualified progress.

One day in August, 1905 (a writer in the Westminster Gazette informs us) passengers on a cross-Channel steamer were puzzled to see a green banner with a five-pointed star in one quarter extending from the masthead. It was the banner of the Esperantist Congress that had been meeting at Boulogne and Dr. Zanenbo, the inventor of Esperanto—whose death recently occurred—was on board. He was an unassuming little man, but an autocrat in everything concerning his artificial language. I had recently been in a Scandinavian port, where I had heard Norwegian and Swedish sailors talking English fluently, and when I ventured to suggest to him that there was a possibility of English becoming the "world-language," he was not pleased.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient, the inventor of the cure, the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative power that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all druggists, 75c.

"My dear friend, I must ask you to lend me at once a pound. I have left my purse at home, and haven't a farthing in my pocket." "I can't lend you a pound just now, but I can put you in the way of getting the money at once." "You are extremely kind." "Here's twopenny; ride home on the tram and fetch your purse."

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MARGUERITE
THE "3 FOR A QUARTER" CIGAR

Two words across the counter
will assure you a good cigar—
say "Tuckett's Marguerite."

Would Shock Berlin People

Bounteous Supplies of Food in London Sheds in Marked Contrast to Stories Told to Starving Germans.

London, June 7.—Prof. F. Sefton Selmer, an Australian, who left Berlin on May 23, was for the thirteen years preceding, until 1914, English lecturer in the University of Berlin, and was then interned at Ruhleben and released in March, 1915. For two years, therefore, he was able to observe events in Berlin, and finally was allowed to leave the country. He is now in London and is writing a series of articles for the Times. The first article describes the passage to England, his surprise at finding London food shops well filled, and much traffic in the streets. He continues: "What a shock the German public would get if they only knew how often the boats from Holland still cross. When

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Mutt and Jeff—Jeff May Be a Bum Sailor But He's Some Chauffeur

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