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London, Ont., Monday, Feb. 17.

Liberalism's Chivalrous Chief Lies at the Door of Death

News of the critical illness of Sir Wilfrid Laurier comes to all his friends and followers as a severe shock. With tens of thousands of others in the nation, they will send up a prayer that he may survive the sudden stroke which came to him after more than forty years of strenuous living in the public affairs of Canada.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has occupied the principal position in Canadian Liberalism for a long period. His integrity and ability lifted him to a position of fame and honor, but it is doubtful if any other man by reason of his high place in affairs has become the target for such severe and unwarranted attack as this fine Canadian. The purity of his noble record and the serenity of his unblemished character have placed him on a pedestal, however, with the unprejudiced people of Canada. All his life has been a struggle to maintain a human machine powerful enough to support him in his great tasks, and he has been active in the fighting ranks of his party during the most critical periods of its history. It may be destiny has written that he must retire from active political life. It may be that the Liberal party must take final leave of its beloved leader. But it can never be that his memory will not be a living influence and inspiration for Liberalism and for the highest conception of Canadianism.

While life remains there will be hope that Sir Wilfrid Laurier may be spared to bestow upon Canada the benefit of his rich experience and his philosophic temperament. He has lived gladly and vitally; as a political leader he has lived dangerously; he has never let expediency become twisted into a party "principle"; he has faced, and will face, the inevitable with that same high courage and chivalry which have marked his life each day he lived.

Extreme Methods Not Wanted By the Workers of Canada

At Saturday night's rally in the Auditorium to hear discussed the economic issues of the day, it was demonstrated that if industrial unrest in this country culminates in serious disturbance the blame cannot be laid at the door of organized labor. President Tom Moore of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress made it clear that his organization, the most powerful of its kind in the Dominion, was for the co-operation of all classes to solve Canada's economic problems, and that unconstitutional methods would not be tolerated. This is reassuring, and augurs well for the successful meeting of tasks of reconstruction which are certain to develop some friction between employer and employee. A spirit of give-and-take, a working together for a common benefit is, of course, the only path to industrial and economic accord and harmony which we must possess if the nation is to remain stable and progress. That this has always been the spirit of organized labor is well known to those who are in touch with it, but by skillful propaganda a dangerous radical element, extremists who preach physical force, succeeded in creating an impression that some of its "Red" ideas were acceptable to the decent labor bodies of Canada. The whole tenor of Saturday's gathering, a distinctly representative body of London's trade unionists, was for an orderly constitutional progression towards that fuller life which labor the world over is determined to achieve. Bolshevism has no place in the aspirations and plans of Canadian labor, was clearly the most vital message which President Moore had for his fellow workers and the public.

Suspicion Is a Busy Member of the "Blue Devil" Tribe

Suspicion may be born in an infinitesimal bacterial group. How quickly these virulent germs, like those of jealousy, grow beyond microscopic size and become destructive to the finer feelings of self-respect. How simply the human mind is tricked into going about looking for stilettoes in every hand, for masked envy or hatred in the glances of friends, and malice and venom in the chance words that fly like arrows to pierce the one to whom they are attracted by a feeling of over-sensitive distrust.

Is it not all a matter of distrust in ourselves? If we go about expecting that people are thinking unkind and unfair thoughts of us, are we not the accusers of ourselves? Do we not feel ourselves capable of being thought of as we believe they have thought of us?

A chance remark is heard in a shop or an office or at some social affair. It fits a condition that may apply to anyone. The supersensitive and suspicious person fits the idle remark to his own mental shape. It hurts him deeply. He is certain and uncertain. He cannot face his accuser and demand the truth, for he would quickly realize that he appeared a fool in demanding explanations for all the vagaries that assail his vanity. So he goes his miserable way, trusting no one, losing faith in himself, never quite getting the confidence of the brothers he cannot trust. He is to be pitied. He is a little sufferer with the victim of jealousy or morbid introspection or all the other members of the tribe known to each and all of us, and classified in a general way as "blue devils." It is these inward, secret enemies of character that make us "blue." They are not such a formidable troupe, these indigo imps. If we will face ourselves in the mirror of

candor we can classify them without great difficulty.

Suspicion is one of the ugliest of these tiny, but relentless assassins. Can he be defeated and cast out? Is there a simple remedy? Surely. Believe in yourself. Wear a tough armor for the daggers that seem to be cast about. Believe in people as you learn to believe in yourself. You will discover that very few people are trying to "knife" you and you will learn to know the whistle of the weapon when it is cast at you.

City Should Have Voice as to Phone Rate Increases

Why should a municipality have no direct authority over such a public service as the Bell Telephone Company? Why should rates for local service be established by an Ottawa commission rather than by the London City Council? Is it any less reasonable to say that the London Street Railway should go to the Dominion Railway Board to secure an increase in its fares? One corporation carries the bodies of citizens; the other carries their voices.

It is true that the city was permitted to file its complaint against the increased rates of the Bell Company, but the company did not find it necessary to make any application whatsoever to the city council, and further than to receive general consideration along with the claims of many other municipalities the city had no voice in the matter of rates. Beyond this the city has no chance under the present procedure to exact certain returns for any increase that might be granted. The company makes a national bid for increases, and however definite and just may be the objections of the municipalities, they have no legal machinery with which to examine the case locally and to meet the arguments of the highly-experted telephone company.

For instance, before London was ordered by an Ottawa tribunal to increase its payments for telephone service the whole local case should have been examined expertly and the city's side of the argument put together in some form different to the haphazard case prepared on a last-minute call. It is no more fair to refuse the street railway an increase than to silence while the Bell Company exacts its advance.

The Bell Telephone Company is probably the luckiest corporation in Canada in many respects. There is no doubt that it affords great convenience and strives for good service, but at the same time it is a natural monopoly which controls the field with as little agitation and public complaint as is possible. It does not come often into public limelight, but it is certain that it gives very little to the country for what amounts to an exclusive franchise. It has many arguments in favor of securing increased rates, but it is doubtful if the public's side of the case has been examined any more than superficially. The present instance proves that the telephone company is most favored in having no contract in London, no street or pole rental to pay, no free phones to provide, and no direct responsibility to the community it serves and which it proposes to mulct for a large percentage of increase.

Allies Abandon Russia to Work Out Her Own Destiny

It has been increasingly evident for some time that the Allied decision to withdraw from Russia and leave that country to work out its own salvation is the only logical and safe course. Amazing as it may seem, the Russian people as a whole appear willing to accept the Bolsheviks' slay-and-loom policy. It is gathering adherents by the tens of thousands daily in all parts of Russia, and is today the only government in that country that can be called representative. If large sections of Russia prefer a tyrannous Red rule to a moderate system of real democracy, the Allies cannot but accept that view. Instead of the early collapse expected, the Bolsheviks are gathering strength. Further intervention, as Lloyd George points out, would mean a new war, this time between Russia and the Entente powers, with possibilities of other powers becoming involved to the point of another world-convulsion.

The success of Lenin and Trotsky appears to be due to a skillful use of terrorism and license. Terrorism is used unsparsingly where the slightest hostility appears, and reaches every class, from the peasant to the prince; license to rob their wealthier neighbors appeals to a half-starved and long-persecuted lower class irresistibly. That the Allies should ask for a conference with these destroyers amounts to seeking a compromise with anarchy, but that is less dreadful than the other alternative, plunging the nations into a new struggle that would cost millions of lives. And in time Bolshevism will burn itself out. We have an almost perfect parallel to the French revolution in the present Russian situation. Lenin and Trotsky are a Robespierre and a Marat leading a mob partly composed of rogues and partly composed of the misguided or the terrorized. There will assuredly be a reaction in Russia that will sweep away detestable Bolshevism just as the French masses, sickening of bloody excesses which brought no easement of their condition destroyed their leaders and established reasonable government. The widespread dense ignorance in Russia may give the Bolsheviks a prolonged stretch of power, but it is inevitable that they shall fall. Russia is in for a harsh experience, but that at present appears to be the only path by which she can reach the light. Save by offering to act as arbiters the Allies cannot help her further as intervention now would be interference.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

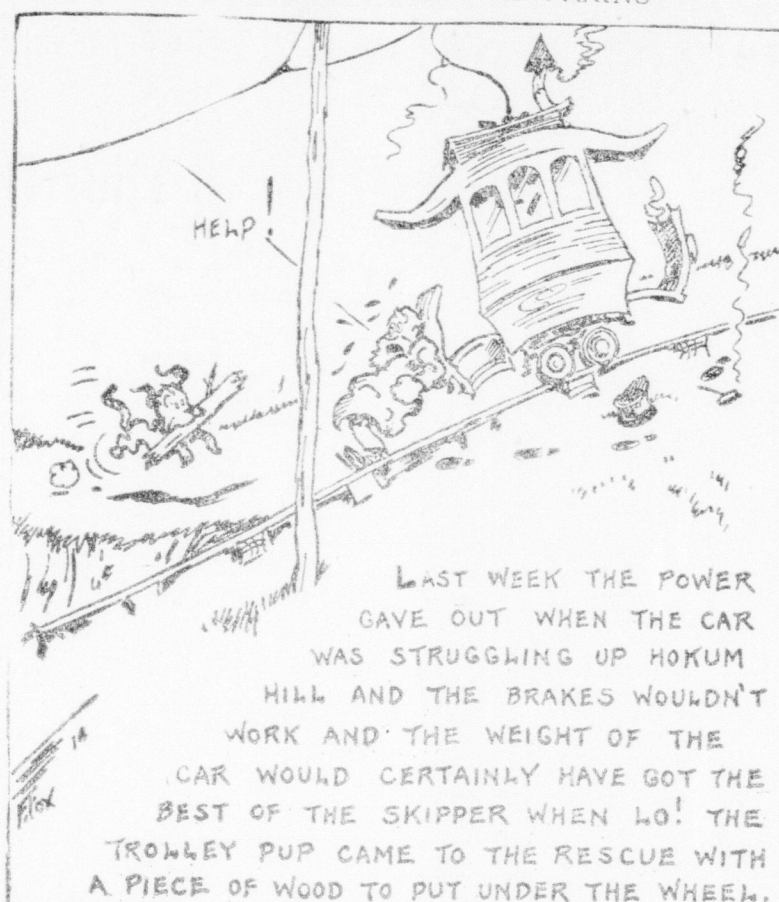
Everybody hopes the league of nations' constitution will prove a hardy one.

Ludendorff is writing a text book on war. He should base it on the text, "They shall not pass!"

As we understand it, the league of nations says anybody who tries to scrap a treaty will invite a scarp.

The American Customs Tailors Association has decided that the well-dressed man should have a suit for every month. We have it.

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY THAT MEETS ALL THE TRAINS



(Copyright, 1919.) —By FONTAINE FOX.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
A TONSORIAL GENIUS.
By Gerald St. Etienne.

There it was again! Mildred looked up to her door and opened it quietly. The soft strains of the violin descended from the room above—rich, soothing notes, forming the most beautiful music she had ever heard. The violin was in the hands of a genius—some undiscovered wonder—Mildred felt sure, and Mildred Cushing, prima donna, was naturally a judge of music. With the soft strains of the violin descended from the room above—rich, soothing notes, forming the most beautiful music she had ever heard. The violin was in the hands of a genius—some undiscovered wonder—Mildred felt sure, and Mildred Cushing, prima donna, was naturally a judge of music. With the soft strains of the violin descended from the room above—rich, soothing notes, forming the most beautiful music she had ever heard. The violin was in the hands of a genius—some undiscovered wonder—Mildred felt sure, and Mildred Cushing, prima donna, was naturally a judge of music. 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