PRIVATE BRANCE EXCHANGE. 3670 From. 9 p.m. te 6:80 a.m., and holidays, call 76, Business partment: 76, Editors; 73, Reporters; 1174, Composing com; 78, Circulation Department.

ADVERTISING BRANCH OFFICES. Terente Office-F. W. Thompson, 100 King street wes

Room 50.

United States Representatives—New York: Charles H. Eddy Company, Fifth Avenue Building. Chicago: Charles H. Eddy Company, People's Gas Building. Boston: Charles H. Eddy Company, Old South Building.

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Circulation andited by A. B. C. Report furnished advections of

Lendon, Ont., Saturday, May 21.

THE PINDING OF THE CLINICS.

Gibbs, who knows and can interpret as well ther observer the prevailing spirit of the Old writes that the need of England is a spiritual awakening. With proper moral medication he foresees emergence from material struggle, dimness of vision and slack ways of thought and habit. Having the results and lesson of the Great Conflict in mind, it surely to significant that the foremost of war correspondents is not calling for a naval and military program, but a renewal of heart and mind. The New York World, in discussing the unconditional surrender of Germany to the findings of the Reparations Commission, reads it as confession of judgment. This is towards a moral restoration, which, the World asserts, is more essential to Germany than economic rehabilitation. Now, if moral recuperation is to be more than veneer, it presupposes something deeper and more fundamental to eradicate or cleanse the roots of disorder. There must be, as Gir Philip Gibbs discerns, a spiritual quickening. Stripped of mystical phraseology that implies nothing less than the operation of religion which means the recognition by the individual of God and his sovereign claims. That comes of a revelation, and involves obligations not to be evaded. Here exists the essential function of the Christian Church, to declare and exemplify the religion disclosed in The Gospel of The Redeemer, which provides a restoration and a plan that cover all requirements. But these are to be accepted and wrought out, and "there is none other Name under heaven given among men" for effectual deliverance. For the individual or the nation, the provisions of His method and His spirit suffice.

Naturally, then, the question is asked: Is the church rising to the magniture and spirit of her God-given undertaking? In this connection, America was lately honored by a fraternal visit from Bishop Nicholai of Serbia, a recognised leader in the Eastern Catholic which, by the way, like the churches of Bulgaria and Rumania, is autonomous, not owing obedience to the Greek and Russian churches. By his words and visitations, Bishop Nicholai has become widely known throughout Christendom, and is moreover held in high esteem and affection by the people of his own land, whose cause he pleads. In view of the fearful sufferings and losses, tragic beyond words to describe, of Serbia, where the great war flame was kindled, some have wondered that this appeal was not specifically for material aid. His mission has been deeper and broader than that. It was to further that unity which in war-time enabled peoples of different races and creeds to stand together in defence of a common cause. As he sailed away the other day from the United States he left a thrilling message to the Christian Church of America. The world war, a natural child of wicked and Christless conditions the propaganda bureaux of the Allies were suppressed in business, literature and politics, had swallowed up 1.300.000 members of the church in Serbia, and thirty of course, suffered similar treatment, but within a few million of the church militant in Europe. The remnant of these prostrate peoples need

> "Such care as was in Him Who welked in Galilee Reside the silver sea."

but, just as Sir Philip Gabbs and the New York newspaper discern for other lands, the deepest requirements of Serbia are religion and spiritual leadership in order to attain real national rebirth. In the midst of all the black sorrow of Serbia and Europe there breaks through | firm has recently been commissioned to decorate Gijon a ray of hope. Amid the agonised efforts, after peace and clamorous discussions of worldly wiserds, the whisper may yet be heard of the Prince of Peace: "Without Me ye can do nothing." All power is in Him. Man can even make a peace without Him, but it will be a mere armistice and new preparation for another war. He asked that the churches of America speak with one voice, strong as many waters, inspiring conviction in the minds of the leaders of Christian nations. To do this they must awaken to the tremendous disclosure of the hour, and realise that though soldiers in different uniforms, they are all of the same army marching toward the same goal. Aims like the material welfare of one's own denomination getting funds for new church buildings or proselyting in the church of one's neighbor-these are the trilling games of the blind in a night of earthquake. "Let America," he said, "the second home of all nations on earth, not disappoint the expectations of the nations by climbing down to a degenerate program of selfish interests, which ever has made war inevitable." "Brethren," he added, "organize strongly your co-operative brotherhood of churches, and then as one unit make a spiritual pressure upon the leaders of of the country. They pay no attention to anything this immense country, and through them upon the world. but commerce, and forget the peculiar traits of Span-One united voice of all the churches will shake the ish character and of Spanish thought. France is makearth. For it will not be a human voice, but the voice ing a little headway along this line through her univerof Pentecost proclaiming the duty of making Christ sity connections, but the Englishman has no foothold the real ruler of the world."

FALSE PROTECTION.

In his formidable arraignment of the Meighen Gov-King says, Premier Meighen in his budget utterances during the past year. "has not revealed any human feeling or sympathy with the needs of the people of Canada."

So far from attempting a revision of the tariff so consistency found? Certainly not in the Meighen In purple evening, a flute-note Pierces the dusk, and a voice calls, that the masses may be to some extent relieved from | Cabinet.

the burden of the high cost of living, the aim of the Government appears to be to add to this load by taxation which is designed to still further protect the interests of the few. As the Liberal leader suggests, there are sinister influences at work in the shaping of the Government's policy of protection, for it is not protection for those who till the soil and produce the food of the people, nor for those who consume it, but for monopolies and super-organizations.

The canker worm of class interests is eating into the prosperity of the country, and if in the near future it is not controlled the results will be fatal.

The revision of the tariff is a clamant necessity, and in such a revision, as Mr. Mackenzie King points out, due regard must be had to all the industries of the country, and to existing conditions of trade. "In tariff matters we are evolutionists, not revolutionists,"

Development of the natural resources of the country and the building up of industries on this firm foundation is the only logical way to lasting prosperity, not the creation of chimerical enterprises on the treacherous sands of protection. It is only in this way that the confidence of the country can be restored and enduring results attained.

But it is apparently too much to expect that the Meighenites will consider such a policy, owing to the fact that they are pledged to the interests that keep them in power. To use a term employed in the old Scots law: They are "thirled" to protection as they themselves have chosen to define it. A protection which is not constructive, but which is destructive in the highest degree to the general welfare of the

AGRICULTURAL PRICES.

There is something altogether wrong in the present methods of marketing farm produce when there is has become a widespread fallacy that owing to the prices which the consumer has to put up, the farmer is a sort of an agricultural Shylock, who insists upon having a good deal more than his pound of flesh, and that he is all the time turning up gold coins with every movement of his plowshare.

But what are the facts, as revealed in the great difference between the prices that the farmers receive for their dairy products and those which the consumers have to pay? We are told that farmers have been sellmilk at 21/2 cents per quart, while the consumers have to pay 12 cents. True, the price of milk is now quoted in London at a fraction under 11 cents per quart, there are prospects that the retail price may take a still further drop; but the prices paid for butter and Which laves my burning lips like mouncheese are also hitting the farmer hard, and if a remedy not very soon sought he will be forced to adopt the measure which, to their credit, Canadian agriculturists as a class cordially detest-decreased production.

Then, again, cattle are fetching about one-half the price which prevailed a year ago, and although the public is paying pretty much the same price for meat, there is no remedy for the loss sustained by the farmer.

Another serious problem which faces the agriculturist is the high cost of farming machinery. Implements are now two and three times the price that they were three years ago, and the irony of this circumstance lies in the fact that while the farmer is getting lower and lower prices for what he sells, he is paying more and more for what he must of necessity buy.

There is but one solution for this problem. Farmers must find better methods for the marketing of their products. This is a matter to which the departments agriculture might well devote an increased amount of attention, and, if necessary, enter into a complete revision of their programs in order to make effective action possible. If the farmer does not find satisfactory mar

kets the country as a whole will most assuredly suffer As to the prices of farming machinery, any gov mment which has the true interests of the country at heart should see to it that all implements for increas ing the productiveness of the soil shall be placed in the hands of the users at the lowest possible figure.

THE GERMANS IN SPAIN.

The London Times, in a recent issue, contains in teresting information from its Madrid correspondent on the way in which the German trade propaganda is The making headway in Spain. It will be recalled that in Spain shortly after the armistice. That of Germany, months it was as active as ever, though the Allies appear to have taken the Spanish mandate as final Today German agents are busy in a score of ways working to secure a foothold in Spain, which, through its neutrality during the war, stands in a vastly improved financial condition among the nations of Europe. No less than three German newspapers are now publishing Spanish editions; the German school at Madrie is active, and German professors are working their way into the national university. German musicians are prominent at the Madrid Opera House, and a Munich Cathedral. With ease the Germans recently captured a large order for locomotives in Spain, which will establish her within a few months in the Spanish

The correspondent of the London Times devotes considerable attention to the propaganda of the German newspapers published in Spain. He says of one of these papers, the Gaceta:

Germany appears in the pages of the Gaceta unre-pentant and unchanged. The great misfortune, the one regret, is that she did not win the war, but the editor is a better psychologist than most Teutons, for he avoids the blustering language so dear to the Prussian, and in a quiet and insidious way works his tenacious propaganda for German kultur and ideals into every line of the paper. The theme, "42 years of slavery for debt" is exploited to the full, and statistics in France and some vaguely indicated "other coun

The Times draws attention to the manner in which Great Britain and America lose out in Spain by reason of the fact that they have no influence in the culture in Spain except that which he obtains through banking Find the lost rower, nor maidens and financial connections, essential, but not the only means of making an impress upon the country. The German, on the other hand, is exploiting every phase ernment, the Liberal leader, Hon. W. L. Mackenzie of his country's art, music, letters, in order to connect King, demonstrates in the most striking manner that his country and its life with that of Spain. The best the people of Canada are receiving scant consideration proof of the success of his plan is that German export from the present administration. As Mr. Mackenzie trade to Spain has been growing by leaps and bounds

Truth is found at the bottom of a well, but where is

Poetry and Jest

[Lois Whittlesey, in New York Times. Like some swift bird, the river Sweeps by on flashing wings, ta silver breast a-quiver, And this the song it sings: "Hail and farewell!

My wave-beats tell The fleetness of all things

mid the dim blue mountain Hidden my sources be, lung from their rock-bound four I haste to the bluer sea;

Is as my own, Mortal, who heedeth me.

Sun-kissed, wind-tossed, storm-rive Inward I sweep, and on, viewless forces driven

So runs thy life Through peace and strife-Yet neither waits thereon.

'None stays my course, or capture My soul in its ceaseless quest, Still through its rush and raptures Seeking the sea's wide breast; So waiteth thee

Eternity-The ocean of thy rest."

AN EXPLANATION. [Watertown Press.]

Thix wax the laxt editorial in this ixxue to be xet up, and juxt ax the type manipulator attacked it he broke the matrix for a certain letter. It ix not eaxy to xpecify it, but we may xay that it xtandx between r and t in the alphabet. He found an extra x, how ever, xo he xupplied the mixxing letter by making thix ridiculous substitution It ix perhaps fortunate that we have no

ALTAR CUPS OF SPRING [Florence C. White in the May number of The Forum.]

Ye tulips, tremulous with April wine, Ye altar cups of Spring, oblation sweet To reedy-throated thrushes—pilgrims

To make obeisance where the scarlet

Of tender petals promises divine Reviving nectar; from my heart I greet tells the reason, and the machinery, of Your flaming chalices. It is but meet the verse that follows. Poets are seldom To worship humbly at your transient so naive. They lead us to believe-or shrine.

You are the prelude to deep-pulsing June,
To dim Additional and the prelude to deep-pulsing burner force of incident and the pure force of inciden

To dim, delicious dawns, to nights that through a dam. But this young chap Luxuriously burdened with the woe
Of utter loveliness. The fainting noon There is a short series of war poems "The Troubadour in the Trenches"-

made forever consecrate your and a few after-the-war-ones that have Has a bitterly poignant touch. One or two have something of Service's earlier narrative power.

A SAILOR'S WIFE. [Maud Going in Canadian Bookman.] said, "He sailed so long ago; he went so far away: How many hours of loneliness in every sighing of the sea!

said, "The deep is pitiless; its billows Leap o'er the graves of gallant ships that never found their shore." And out of the deep darkness rose the roaring of the sea.

I said, "The ship draws near her port; her brave keel plows the foam. Ah, I have prayed, and God will bring my dear one safely home." on the wind of dawning came the singing of the sea.

THE ROAD WE NEVER TAKE. [Roselle Mercler Montgomery.] travel on the highway every day, And it is hot and hard! I must not

take The little road that tempts me t The highway's dust and duty and to

Adventuring, adown that green, cool way! Perchance it leads to where the fair-

Their revels!-or to some forgotten Where Pan still pipes, and nymphs and dryads play!

Ah! little roads of Life, you bid us

norrow," we make answer, "not highway, we know, wil

And each tomorrow finds us on our oh, we look and long!—and yet, withal, The highway holds us, though the by ways call!

THE AIM OF LIFE.

[Archibald Lampman.] There is a beauty at the goal of life. beauty growing since the world began, ough every age and race, through lapse and strife

Till the great human soul complete her span. Beneath the waves of storm that lash

The currents of blind passion that To listen and keep watch till we dis-

The tide of sovereign truth that guides it all; So to address our spirits to the

height, and so attune them to the valiant That the great light be clearer for

our light,
And the great soul the stronger for To have done this is to have lived though fame Remember us with no familiar name.

> . HYLAS. fBliss Carman.1

Cool were the grey-mottled beaches, Quiet with noon were the fern-beds, Where by the bubbling spring water Tarried young Hylas.

Whistling a song of the rowers, Dipping his jar till it gurgled, Suddenly there the bright naiads Woe for thee, Hylas!)

koked and beheld his fair beauty, Better their well-head, and straightway Exquisite lorging possessed them Only for Hylas.

'Over long," said his companions, 'Tarries young Hylas.'

See from their doorways at twilight

Thenceforth another must labor To the timed thud his rowlock, And only legends keep tally Yet even now, when the springtime Verdures the valley and rain-winds Veyage for lands undiscovered,

s once did Hylas. With a great star on the hill-crest

PERMIP # BIG CANADA by FRANK YEIGH

on a palatial steamer? A city on stilts, judging by the first impression of side-wall's propped up over little canyons among the rocks, and steep streets climbing a mountainside. One has his ups and downs here—physically. When Prince Rupert is one of Canada' newer cities and originally a made-togathered from everywhere for a few years until the big job was done. So Prince Rupert was born as the ter-minus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Rail-way. The man who chose the site had

front, there are boats and craft of all kinds, some filled with Red men, Chinamen, Japan men—and ordinary paleface speakers of the English language and of the Anglo-Saxon race. There's a big shipyard, a bigger drydock, a huge foundry, bulky oil reservoirs, a saw mill or two, and, inclosing the deep blue waters of the harbor, a line of mountains rising in all their dignity enthury the western sky.

the finest, deepest and safest of harbors, in this country of fine, safe and deep harbors. Its nearest neighbors, Vancouver and Victoria, are a thousand off great distances? It is a portal to the Orient as well, a few hundred miles nearer thereto than its southern rivals. The journey to Prince Rupert is great—hundreds of leagues measured off by the train, across prairies, through and over mountains and along the banks of five great rivers. But that's another Little Trip. Here we are in this live, saucy, confident city of the Pacific. Talk about "civic consciousness"—you have it here! It is Prince Rupert—and the rest of British Columbia and the world. It is a hub all by itself, away up west-by-north, next door to Alaska and China. even for a motor ride along some macad-amized streets. You can enjoy the western brand of hospitality that is not confined to Prince Rupert, you can do the theatres, happen along for a lunch-eon of the Canadian Club, go to church. eon of the Canadian Club, go to church, of course, on a Sunday, sleep like a brick after breathing in the ozone of the north and generally have the time of your life. What more would you ask or expect?

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What do you find or see when you reach Prince Rupert, by land, or by the wondrous sea-route of a thousand miles ing waves. But R. W. S. shows a discouple of places. It is true that "any What's In a Book? man can rhyme 'jump' with 'pump,' but it takes a real poet to rhyme 'elephant' By Kathleen K. Bowker. with 'Nebuchadnezzar'!"

conto). It is written in the form

through its strong "personality."

poems-noticeably, "Lucille."

power. I had a really over "Camille." Its ri

Robert W. Service has come to the be careful before he experiments with fore with a new book of verse, "Ballads these idiosyncracles. Certain English versifiers have been known to rhymo "gone" with "forlorn," "wire" with of Bohemian" (Barse & Hopkins, Torhyming narrative of a poor poet's life "far," and get away with it, in their in the Latin Quartier of Paris, with prose interpolations, giving thumbnail Canuck should not attempt to 'sword' chime accurately with 'lowfeels him. It has an appeal of its own, he spoken with two syllables. But 'n of this wish to stencil the lily, and hang earrings on the rose, the volone gives his life betwen poems (which are sandwiched like various caviars beume contains interest, humor, pathos, and plain human nature, liltingly strong together. What more do you want?

Like an oasis in the mental scramb! of life come the books of Archibald Marshall (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Delicious throwbacks to the days of genuine squires, bobbing tenants and heads of families, like placid lakes completely surrounded by a soothing land compos il of quantities of contented servants.

with motor cars and telephones. Almos persuades one that something of the chuckle over "Camille." Its rhymes "The Hall and the Grange" is the ineffectual struggle, for no particula swing along like a boat over the danc- latest of these limpid tales. The story reason, lets her have her divorce. Tor

circles tround the old world dignity of factness of the younger. Both are sin-cerely devoted—both trying to see eye-to-eye with one another—but getting the issue most hopelessly entangled day by day. "I will do this-but no more," suddenly clear that real love sets no

stopping places.

Probably the thing that makes the books so well-beloved is their entire naturalness. Pages and pages of brilliant dialogue-with even the butlers lisping in epigrams—are conspicuous by their absence. There are only as many clever remarks as ordinarily people make in the course of a conver cousin-confidante of Norman (of the grange) asks him if he won't buy her a card-index, to keep tab upon his love affairs (which he always lays at he feet, like a dog with a new bone), so that she won't get her sympathies mixed when he refers back. He chortles over this in real appreciation, and when Pam, encouraged, determines to con-tinue this scintillating repartee. "Don't "Something good is sure to slip out you wait for it." Archibald Marshall never forces the pace, and something good is always coming through. There is a touch of sadness in the book—bu nothing to break hearts about! Read

and enjoy After "The Prairie Mother"-which left little to be desired in the way of wit and wisdom, truth and picturesque ness—"The Wine of Life," by Arthur Stringer (McClelland & Stewart) is a listinct disappointment.

Owen Storrow is a young Canadian sculptor who goes to New York to continue his work. Within a week he has seem to be as contagious as colds) with beautiful girl of Bohemia, whom he finally persuades to marry cherishes that useful theory, that be tween those who love, a mere form makes no difference, and when those cease to love there is no noise or nuis ever, had been properly brought up, which seems to have left him at a distinct disadvantage when chasing the bubbles.

He suffers much for the sake of his art, then decides that he has used the wrong medium of expression, and deerts mud-ple making for ink-slinging. After one fairly successful book and decidedly unsuccessful married life only a complete Philistine, apparently, can possibly achieve the two at the same time), he and his wife migrate to a farm on the shores of Lake Erie, which has been conveniently bequeath ed to Owen by a recently-deceased aunt. There they try to remake their horizon. But it won't work.

Torrie, the wife, goes back to the stage, and helped by a mesmeric man ager, who has never really taken his occult optic "offen" her, she blazes inte fame on Broadway, and Owen, after an

rie, with the longer head-and, possibly. the most experience him that nuisance if he'd taken her ac

Having renounced the mirage of love, Storrow goes back to the farm, and nat-urally finds "batching it" dull, so he engages a young and rather good-look-Ing servant-housekeeper, whom by-and-bye he finds it wisest to wed. And so he settles down-rather in the mannel 'round and round, before he gets his tail

coiled at the exact right angle-to raise And his ex-wife drives by him in a motor, and he, like the plowman, "plods his homeward way," and

splashes him with mud. If this book represents the wine of life, it is another argument in favor of prohibition.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW **ABOUT CANADA?**

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S QUESTIONS.

-Dr. S. N. Robertson is principal the Prince of Wales College and Normal School, P.E.L. of the Order of the British Em-

The new life assurance policies ef-fected in 1919 totalled \$524,543,629. -The senate has ten New Brunswick

The attacks upon frontier settlements in times of peace by the Indians and French was the cause of bitter hatred against New France. Christian Frederic Post was a Moravian missionary to the Indians who aided the English in persuading the Indians to desert

the French at Fort Duquesne, 1788.

The area of Saskatchewan is 254, 700 square miles.

-Halifax is 173 years old.

-Brebeuf was one of the leading
Jesuit missionaries to the Hurons. martyred by the Iroquois.
—In the United States 7,254 miles of railway are Canadian owned.

TODAY'S QUESTIONS 1-What was the last of the Great Lakes-to be thoroughly explored? -What government official is pres-

3-Who is the president of the University of King's College?
4—How many Quebec members has the Senate?

ident of the Royal Military College

5-Where was the early Indian village of Stadacona? -Who was the first governor of Mon. What extent of coast was explored

by the Cabots in their first two voyages to America in 1497-8? 9-Where is the National Gallery of

Canada? 10-How old is Charlottetown P.E.L.

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