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London, Ont., Saturday, February 14.

CHANGE POLICY TOWARDS RUSSIA.

In the British Commons, Thursday, Premier Lloyd George made the official announcement that the Government had decided to adopt a new policy towards the soviet government of Russia. He frankly admitted that the attitude hitherto maintained had turned out a stupendous mistake. Along with the Supreme Council, he was now convinced that Russia could only be brought to a state of peace and sanity by removing the blockade and opening up trade with Russia.

That the Bolsheviks could not be defeated by arms has been amply proven by the tremendously costly experiment of the last two years. All the anti-Bolshevik chiefs have been crushed by the forces of Lenin and Trotsky, who have succeeded in rallying the greater part of Russia under their banner, apparently by an appeal for a united front against interference in Russian affairs from outside. Whatever may be the Allied Governments' opinion of Bolshevism, and however much the spread of their doctrine of disorder and discontent may be feared, there does not seem any other way out of the muddle. Presumably it is the intention of the Entente Governments to officially recognize the soviet government, as Lenin has said that only in that way can trade and commercial relations with Russia be resumed. It has been stated that in return for this recognition Lenin has promised to discontinue Bolshevik propaganda in other countries, but little dependence is to be placed in any signed agreement of Lenin and Trotsky. Probably Lloyd George and his colleagues of the Supreme Council believe that resumption of trade will mean a Russia too busy to bother seriously about missionary work in other lands.

COMMUNITY HALLS NEEDED.

Each year finds Western Ontario forging ahead as the premier farming section of the province. Each year finds the farms and agricultural exhibitions being strained for room wherein to place the greatly increased number of exhibitors. The crying need of a proper building to house the healthy, growing Lambton County Winter Fair was demonstrated in Petrolia this week. The highly creditable corn show was held in the town hall, the poultry show was crowded into two flats of an empty drygoods store, while the animals that were to be sold in the live stock sale were housed in a rickety shed through the kindness of a Petrolia firm. And then there wasn't enough room for all the animals.

A good two-story building that would have ample accommodation for the poultry fanciers, the corn growers and the live stock breeders would undoubtedly be an incentive not only to better and more high-class farm products, but to greater production as well. The Chamber of Commerce of Petrolia and the different farmer organizations are out to get a good building for their fair, which at other times can be used as a community hall for the entire district. It is only through personal contact which can be brought about by various educational and social events that the farmer and his city brother can get each other's viewpoint on questions that affect them both vitally.

In the larger cities this would be almost impossible, but in the smaller towns community halls that would do for all and bring urban and rural dwellers together would certainly go much towards dispelling the hostility that has existed, more or less, for many years between the average farmer and the city man.

The community hall as proposed in Petrolia deserves the support of the Drury Government. It will be of real benefit to farmer and citizen alike and will be money well spent.

WINTER COLOR.

"Oh, wind that blusters and wind that blows,
What color under your footstep glows;
Beauty you summon from winter's snows,
And you are the pathway that leads to the rose."

And thus we perhaps give an occasional thought to the winds and snows of winter. We have come to think of the shut-in season as colorless and uninteresting in the out-of-doors and pass unheeding the brave little bits of brightness that remain, never dreaming of "warming ourselves at the coals of the sun's dying fire" which, though lacking its brilliant plumage, still gayly flaunts its flowers of deeper wine. Out in the sleeping gardens and parks on a misty day there is a silvery blue over leafless shrubbery that is beautiful to discover and in long lines on the city streets, and in irregular woodland settings there are grey tree-trunks, luminous and silver-sheened, lovelier, perhaps, than their branches and twigs of brown.

The beeches and oaks, busily whispering in the sheltered wood places by means of the persistent little leaves that cling to twig-fingers, are set proudly dreaming when the sun falls tenderly on their brave bronze foliage and lights here and there a stiff little fold into golden glints of remembered autumns. Lichen moss, delicate silver work of frosted beauty, clings here and there, and in sheltered nooks undisturbed by snow there are vivid green moss patches on old stumps. On the low-set tangled twigs of hawthorns there are occasional crimson gleams of fruit left by the birds for a needy day. The trailing bridal wreath wistfully keeps

brown seeds of remembered blossoms close by drooping poplars with beautifully mottled trunks of white and black.

The evergreens, so faithful in their beauty, are at their best in the grey months, and was there ever such flash of glory among them as the crimson of the cardinal, or such blue as the touches in the plumage of the bluejay; such delicate shading as the blue-grey of the nut-hatch, and such vivid black as the crown of the chickadee. Perhaps the least noticed, but none the less lovely to discerning eyes are the withered stems and blades of rushes and weeds in marshlands with their delicate tints of pale gold. All these quiet bits of color have new value as we watch for them in unexpected places on days of grey or gold—

"So shall our hearts grow tender as we dream,
So shall our souls reach God's finger-mark."

INADEQUATE SALARIES.

A layman writes as follows concerning the state of the clergymen's stipends throughout Canada:

The man who has the care of our souls, who ministers to us in spiritual things, who leads us in the service of our Lord and Master, is doing work of a kind to which it is impossible to attach a money value. If he is to devote himself to spiritual things rather than to "serve tables," the comfortable and adequate maintenance of himself and his family should be so amply provided for that he would not be compelled to live in constant worry over material needs or suffer from the embarrassments and mortifications which necessarily are the products of insufficient means.

We expect a clergyman to be well-informed, to maintain a proper appearance, to be hospitable and to set an example in giving. Our sense of justice, our affection for those who minister to us, our consciousness that no earthly reward is commensurate with the sacrifice which they have made of their lives, all conspire to make us feel that the time has come when the neglect of her ministry should no longer be one of the things for which the church is reproached.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Forward the Forward Movement.

A physician says some people cannot get the flu. However, there are plenty of other afflictions just as bad.

The Hungarian dollar is valued at 250 crowns today. And there are a lot of crowns in Europe today that are not worth a dollar.

The ex-crown prince of Germany is still talking of sacrificing himself for the other German criminals. The Detroit Free Press points out that all he needs to do is walk across the frontier of France. A case of show up or shut up.

"THERE IS A RIVER."

(Boston Herald.)

In the Church's Call campaign of the Episcopal Church, the first essential for attaining the large practical objectives, in the words of the lay chairman, Judge Parker, is "the refreshment of religious life in the heart of every church-goer." Other forward moving churches heretofore have named as their first prerequisite precisely what is thus happily expressed.

This is simply recognizing that to open up clogged springs is the only way to secure overflowing streams. Active participation in community needs, generous giving to religious and philanthropic causes, social justice in private and public action—all such outpourings of goodness must come from renewing the sources of personal religious life in the minds and hearts of individual men and women.

How shall this be accomplished? Primarily by resolute effort on the part of heroic souls, as it has been done in many a former time of catalysis in human life, when God became vague and religion seemed vain. "Act, then, though God were, and thou shalt know God is," were the words Lord Henry Somerset heard sounding in her distraught heart, and obeyed to the empowering of her life. This is typical of numerous personal winners of the life with God regained in times like ours.

"There is a river," sang one of old in a psalm reverberating with the roar of troubled times, with war abroad, in those words he showed the heroic mood now necessary. Most of the great cities of history have had such "a very present help" as a river is—Babylon its Euphrates, Nineveh its Tigris, Damascus its Beus, Alexandria its Nile, Rome its Tiber, Constantinople its Bosphorus (really like a vast river between seas), Vienna its Danube, Paris its Seine, London its Thames, New York its Hudson. Rivers have been the makers and maintainers of cities.

But Athens, some four miles from sea waters, had only small streams beside it among its hills; yet Athens was the world's chief city of the mind. And Jerusalem, the world's spiritual capital, river it had none. From its rocky hillsides, twenty miles from the sea, it looked down on only the trestle brook of the Kidron and the mill of Sion, which a man easily steps over. But, there is a river, the Jerusalem psalmist sings: "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God." This is his answer to the tumult of the world. "God is in the midst of her; God will help her."

It required a positive mind, a resolute heroism of spirit, so say "There is a river" in such conditions. It requires the same to make God a blessed reality in conditions like those in which we are living. But such a thinker as John Fluke, reasoning from the vast catastrophic processes of evolution in nature, reached a conclusion warranting such a spiritual adventurism. He wrote it in these words: "The everlasting source of phenomena is none other than the infinite power that makes for righteousness. Thou cannot not by searching find the gates of hell shall not prevail."

IS THE VILLAGE GROCERY DOOMED?

[Hamilton Times.]
If one may accept the report of a Canadian merchant in Ontario, says the Christian Science Monitor, a change is there under way that will materially affect community life in the near future. Within a short time, according to this observer, all rural trading will be done in the cities, and the village general store will practically vanish. He is not alone in his opinion, for several hundred farmers were recently interrogated on the subject, and their replies indicate that they were, on an average, about 34 miles from home to do their buying. Only about a quarter of the men and women purchased clothing in the home village. The automobile, it is of course, responsible, combined with the prosperity of the farmers; but the number of automobiles owned by farmers is steadily increasing, and the prosperity of the farmers seems likely to diminish, in its time the village store has been a picturesque but necessary market place, but it will hardly be kept for its picturesqueness. If a new order of rural life makes it unnecessary, notwithstanding all this, we do not think that the village store will disappear. The postoffice will still be harbored in it, and there are many little things that the villagers will need when they want them, even if the farmers should send their orders to the big city, or drive in their automobile. What Canada wants to see is the drift to the city stop. There is room for all in the community.

NO PLACE IN CANADA.

[Brandon Expositor.]
Judging from numbers, the convention of the One Big Union, assembled in Winnipeg, is not a great success. Twenty-four delegates were enrolled from all over the country. The solid judgment of organized labor in Canada has condemned this spurious and revolutionary element, and it is doomed to failure. They complain that the international unions have fought them bitterly. And so they should, for there is no place in Canada for the advocates of Bolshevism.

From Here and There

STRETCHING THE DOLLAR.

(A Strictly Scientific Disquisition.)

[Maurice Morris.]
An economic expert in a talk and tasty collar.

Was lecturing the other night on "how to stretch the dollar," though, as I conceive, is just so much material—

If overstretched "would thin out, lapsing into the ethereal."

("Ethereal," as here employed, connotes impossibility—

Which makes my point extremely clear without undue verbosity.)

Another point—though lack of space compels me but to skim it—

The stretching would be circumscribed by its elastic limit.

If in one's efforts that should be exceeded it would tear it.

And in the state of feeling now, I'm sure no one could bear it.

I think I've said enough to show that there is grave objection

To stretching the poor tortured thing. If not, there's this reflection.

FREEDOM AND LICENSE.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Freedom unrestrained by law is anarchy, and it is against anarchy and good judgment that this act is aimed. Freedom of speech and of the press is restrained, and has always been restrained by responsibility for the abuse of freedom. The penalties for abuse are not specific restrictions. We do not permit a man, either by oral or written speech, to destroy the reputation of another. Advocacy of the destruction of our system of government by physical force, or of physical violence to promote revolution is a gross abuse of the freedom of speech and of the press, and if we protect individuals from that abuse shall we deny ourselves the right to protect our governmental institutions and our liberties by the application of law?

WHAT THE EYES TELL.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

If you would guess something of the real nature of anyone, then study the eyes.

The eyes should be distant from one another the fourth of an eye. If they are wide apart it is a sign of slowness of understanding; if nearer together, of shyness.

Dark, sparkling eyes, with a serious mouth, show taste, refinement and good judgment.

Another touch of these same qualities is to have the eyelids sharply cut, shading at least half the upper part of the eye.

Half-closed eyes betoken natural shyness, but a lack of real sincerity.

Persons of ability and prudence usually have slow-moving eyes. They very often possess grey eyes.

Blue eyes are a sign of being of an enthusiastic turn of mind.

Brown eyes show a kindly disposition, while black ones signify a rash and impetuous one.

Eyes with long, curved and thick lids that cover half the pupil, invariably show a person of talent.

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.

[St. Thomas Journal.]

Influenza is contracted in only one way, and that is by coming into personal contact with somebody who has it. It cannot be carried by a third person, on the clothes or in any other fashion.

You can't get it second-hand. It can't float down the street to you. But if you shake hands and talk with somebody who has it, the germs are likely to find their way to you before they have been killed by exposure to the air.

Another danger is the most dangerous thing that can be met. And this is only dangerous when near at hand.

INDISPUTABLE PROOF.

[St. Thomas Journal.]

A druggist was boasting in the company of his friends of his well-assorted stock-in-trade. There isn't a drug missing," he said, "not even of the most uncommon sort."

"Come, now," said one of the bystanders, by way of a joke, "I'm sure you don't keep spirits of contradiction, as well stocked as you are."

"Why not?" said the druggist, not in the least unamused. "You shall see for yourself." So saying, he left the room, and returned leading his wife by the hand.

WHERE DO THE TEARS GO?

[From the Book of Wonders.]

Let me show you. Look right down at the inner corner of the eyelid, where you will see a little hole. That is where the tears get out of the eye, when they have washed your eyeball clean. Where do they go then? Did you ever notice how your eyes cry you have to blow your nose? The reason for that is that when the tears go through the little hole they run down into the nose. This making of tears and winking goes on all the time, while you are awake, and after they wash your eye off they go out through this little hole. But when you cry you make more tears come than you need, so many, in fact, that they cannot all get away through this little hole, and as there is no place to keep them inside the eye, they simply spill themselves over the edge of your lower eyelid and run down your cheek.

THE EMBARGO ON CANADIAN CATTLE.

[Quebec Telegraph.]

It is reassuring to know that there is a revival on the part of Canada of the claim for the abolition of the embargo on the exportation of Canadian cattle in England, and that there is much feeling on account of the British Government's failure to fulfill assurances said to have been given to the Canadian Government some time ago. It is pointed out that at the time of the recent conference the subject was considered, and that a resolution calling for the abolition of the embargo was supported by the British ministers present.

Thus, it is claimed, committed the government to the repeal of the regulation, and the failure to act accordingly is regarded as a breach of faith. There is ground for the complaint. The British ministers at the conference joined in a resolution for repeal of the regulation. The Canadians were justified in expecting that the embargo would be removed. It is evident, however, that those British ministers were not well informed in the history of the question. They were not aware of the fact that there had been arrayed against Canada's request. Many a time the reasons for the abolition of the embargo seemed so conclusive that its removal appeared certain; but whenever the matter came to closer quarters, the British department of agriculture set its face against the proposal. The truth undoubtedly is as represented by the Journal of Commerce, "that the stories about the need of the embargo to guard against the introduction of cattle disease have no real foundation. It is not the cattle disease, but the competition of the English and Irish farmers that stands in the way. The embargo is really a protective measure that shut out Canadian competition. It is a case in which England has a protectionist policy, but does not wish to admit it."

"SERVICE."

[Hamilton Spectator.]

"Service" is the magic talisman capable of composing all our social difficulties and of bringing about the reign of happiness on earth. "Service" sums up all creeds, includes all "isms," reconciles all differences. It is the one great specific which can never fail.

But it is necessary to have a just understanding of what is meant by service. There is a certain kind of service which are mere officiousness; but true service is never that. It is a state of mind, a settled mental attitude, which rises spontaneously from a regenerated heart. So long as self rules, harmony is impossible. Banish self and the spirit of service enters of its own accord.

"Service" is the creed preached day in and day out to millions of Christians in hundreds of thousands of churches throughout the world. But comparatively few take the lesson to heart. Christianity is nothing more than obliteration of self. Until mankind re-learns the lesson as it was understood by the first disciples, there is no hope of adjusting the conflicting claims and interests which harass this complex civilization of ours. Capital and labor can find in service the one thing needed for their salvation. It is a common meeting-ground for all classes and for all creeds and for all temperaments. For what service but an instinctive regard for the claims of others? Let this spirit prevail in all walks of life, and the millennium is here.

LOVE OF THE WILD

BY ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

"I'm hanged if I know what he's driving at," he mused. "Apparently he thinks I want to wipe the Bushwhackers off the map." Along he said: "Who sent you here, my good man?"

Noah did not answer. He was looking into the coal-burner. He was looking at the coal-burner. He was looking at the coal-burner.

"Bushwhacker know big man would steal bush," he said at length. "They no want big man there. Noah no want see big man steal good friend home. Big man no come; no send other man. Gloss big man friend."

Once more Colonel Hallbut looked puzzled. "I'm hanged if I understand what he means," he muttered. "A little girl of the wild that looks like you."

"Big man no send vessel," went on the Indian. "Bushwhacker no want 'um. Scare duck plenty had. Noah come tell big man no send."

"Ah," exclaimed Hallbut. "I'm beginning to see light. They sent you over to tell me I mustn't send my schooner up the creek, eh?"

Noah knew Bushwhacker shoot when big man come take timber. Big man no come; no send agent again. "The Colonel arose and paced up and down the room."

"What do you think of all this, Phoebe, girl?" turning to the picture, he said. "I think of those impudent Bushwhackers?"

The aged Indian had risen and was wrapping his blanket about him. "Noah," said Hallbut, "the Bushwhackers haven't any particular use for me, I understand. It's pretty near between us. But I'm going to send my vessel up that creek just the same. I'm willing to promise you that same I won't do the Bushwhackers any harm until they try to do me harm. They threaten to burn my schooner, and maybe they will. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to send that schooner around the Point and into the bay soon, and want you to meet her at the narrow, and act as watchman aboard her. If you don't want the Bushwhackers to come to any harm, you must see that my vessel is not burned. I believe you are honest, and I will test you. Well, what do you say, Noah?"

Noah pointed once more to the portrait. "You do much for her?" he asked simply.

The big man started. Then he smiled and said gently: "Old man, God only knows how much I would do—if I could learn to read and write."

"Noah will meet big man vessel," said the Indian holding out his hand. "After the strange messenger had crossed the wide room, pondering deeply upon what he had learned, he stopped at last before the portrait on the wall."

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Noah as he came around the corner of the house. "Well, well, Chief," he cried, "I thought maybe you was on the war-path. Ain't seen you here for days. Come along in and get some supper." "Good," grunted the old man, and followed McTavish into the kitchen. Gloss laid the cloth for the visitor's supper. Her eyes brightened and her red lips smiled when the old man turned his wrinkled face toward her. "Noah," she said, "you mustn't stay away from Gloss so long again. It's heap lonely without you here." Noah's eyes flashed at the words, and he spoke, using only the mellowest words of the English tongue, as was his custom.

"Gloss, Gloss, no lonely where wild world be. Gloss speak to make Injun heart glad; now Injun speak to make wild-bird sing. Big water," pointing southward, "big forest," sweeping his arms about, "all stay same. No change. Good, much good. Noah, he know." Granny McTavish, coming from the bedroom, caught the words of the Indian.

"Rest, Noah," she smiled, "there'll be na' change teel God wulls, and na' he na' will it true lang." "Right, you young boy," said Noah. "Tell 'um Noah say it."

The old lady held up her hands. "There's na' change teel God wulls, and na' he na' will it true lang." "Right, you young boy," said Noah. "Tell 'um Noah say it."

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