

ment. Lese majest is a crime which is punished by Bolshevik dictators. They exercise their authority with the utmost ruthlessness in order that they may inspire a fear that will make those whom they seek to control, subservient to their wishes and command.

No Britisher and no American will permit himself to be tyrannized over by long-haired, bespectacled fanatics, claiming to be the intellectuals of the proletariat and who believe that the millennium can be brought about by walking on corpses and wading through rivers of blood that flows from the body of the despoiled, oppressed and brow beaten workers of the world.

The British Empire has always been the cradle of liberty. It will continue to remain such. Its political maxims were religiously adopted by those who sought to obtain freedom for the lands in which they dwelt and were oppressed. This, for the moment is forgotten by the very men who would decout it a great victory if they could smash the British Empire as they have destroyed the land of the Czar's.

Our returned soldiers are the sons, brothers, husbands, and fathers of British women. In the anarchy that results from the overturning of society it is the women who suffer most from such conditions, as they do in time of war.

The men who have fought and have been privileged to return, have a claim upon their fellow citizens. The Government recognizes this claim. It will undoubtedly endeavour to the utmost that its resources will permit, render what assistance it can to the returned soldier in order to show its appreciation of the sacrifice he made and his willingness to die to save the world.

The returned soldier, the saviour of civilization, has nothing in common with the Bolshevik. They are poles apart. They are mutually antagonistic. The one sought to construct, to save, the other to destroy and impoverish. The brave men who went over to Flanders and came back are entitled to ask that their future be bright with promise. They have earned it. They deserve it. They will get it—but only so long as they cooperate with their law abiding fellow citizens who advocate an increased production that will permit a distribution of the good

things of life that will verily make it worth living. The social ghoul, with a devilish leer on his hideous countenance, with matted hair, blood-shot eyes, and wolf like teeth ready to sink into the vitals of society and humanity, is death to all the best hopes of mankind.

The returned soldier and his patriotic fellow citizens embody within themselves that humanity called the Christ, that if properly directed, can redeem the world.

A Train Hog.

An officer returning from leave by the last westward bound train from Paddington, was disappointed to find almost every compartment full up. At last he succeeded in finding what appeared to be a vacant seat, but on entering the compartment he found that in the corner of the seat was a small attaché case. He looked at the sour-faced man on the opposite seat interrogatively.

"Is that your bag, sir?"

"No—er—it's my friends. He's buying some magazines."

"Very well," said the officer; "I'm afraid I must stand as there are no vacant seats anywhere."

His resolution to stay seemed to cause the man a certain amount of embarrassment. The minutes flew by, and still the alleged missing man did not appear. The officer began to get suspicious.

"It's getting on time—your friend will miss it if he's not careful."

"Yes," said the man hesitatingly, "it—it looks like it, doesn't it?"

The whistle blew and the train began to move out of the station. The officer looked out of the window and then at the man.

"He's—lost it," stammered the latter.

Without a word the officer suddenly grabbed the attaché case and hurled it out on to the platform.

"What did you do that for?" cried the man indignantly.

"Well," was the suave reply, "if your friend has lost his train there's no reason why he should lose his luggage as well."

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