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London, Ont., Monday, Jan. 22.

BEFORE THE WAR.

THE German claim ever since 1914 has been that the aggressive policies of the Entente directed by Lord Grey forced the central powers into war. It is pointed out by German propagandists that Great Britain divided up weak and distracted Persia with Russia, leaving Germany out in the cold by a secret treaty. France's aggressive policy in Morocco was also supported by Great Britain, in exchange for a free hand in Egypt. Thus it is argued that Lord Grey was gradually cementing a virtual alliance which excluded Germany, pursued colonial and commercial aggrandizement and tended to harm or ring the Teutons in.

The answer to this sort of reasoning is that the British Government made the greatest efforts to bring Germany into the Entente, especially between 1911 and 1914. The Baghdad railway question was satisfactorily settled, in part at least, and Grey co-operated in the arrangement of the Balkan Peninsula, the British fleet taking part in the coercion of Montenegro while Russia on her part settled up all her Asiatic difficulties with Germany in the Potsdam agreement. British overtures for naval reductions were, however, repulsed by Germany twice or thrice, and though Grey succeeded in bringing about an apparent cordiality between Berlin and London, so that in July, 1914, Great Britain was the recognized "friend" of Germany, while losing nothing of French or Russian confidence, the German Government's response to such friendship was the war levy of 1915 by which it planned to overthrow France and Russia in 1914. This was what Grey had feared and had to a degree guarded against by the essentially defensive rapprochement to France and Russia. Asked in 1912 why he could not make an entente with Germany, he replied that he was prevented by Germany's behavior as "an aggressive power." It was to meet this hostility eagerly disguised that Grey was so active in cementing a defensive alliance, sacrificing perfumes, it may be, some semblance of local liberties in Persia, but guarding the liberties of humanity against the storm which therefore broke less disastrously in 1914.

BULLY-RAGGING QUEBEC.

WHAT, we wonder, is the object of that section of the Ontario press which seizes upon every opportunity to draw a dividing line between the English-speaking and French-speaking peoples of Canada. Whatever it may be, one thing is certain, the constant pillorying of our neighbors in Quebec has no other effect than to widen the breach already created by the difference in language. The fathers of confederation hoped they had made Canada one. Many newspaper articles of today read as though they aimed at tearing the country asunder again on racial lines. If they hope to help recruiting they should know that pointing the finger of scorn and calling names will not bring co-operation from the normal man. The result indeed might have been disastrous before this were it not for the good sense of the French newspapers which to a large extent disregard the hysterics of their Ontario brethren and leave the habitant in blissful ignorance of their rage. Of course, Quebec has produced Bourassa, Lavergne, and Blondin, but she is not proud of them. Their ambitions are not those of French-Canadian in general. The latter are not Nationalists or Separatists. But bully-ragging will not make them more loyal to Canada and the British Empire. If a spirit of dissension develops in Quebec the Ontario people who prefer mudslinging to hand-shaking will be the cause. They will be proven the real traitors to the country.

ET TU BRUTE?

The London Spectator says: "Sixty-five million bushels of grain are every year being turned into beer, while three hundred and sixty million pounds of sugar—enough to supply every family in the kingdom with forty-five pounds—are used every year by the liquor trade. To put the matter in another way, three million acres of arable land are devoted to the growth of foodstuffs to be converted into alcoholic liquor. These acres would grow enough wheat to keep the whole of London supplied all the year round."

THE GREAT OLD CONSERVATIVE ORGAN

calls upon the Lloyd George Government to deal summarily with this peril. Then somewhat strangely it goes on to say: "We are no teetotal cranks. We do not want to interfere in normal times with people's personal habits—hygienic or non-hygienic. On matters of health let them judge for themselves. All we say is that when it is a question of food shortage, and may be a question of actual starvation, it is madness, it is a crime, for the Government to allow our daily dwindling supplies of wheat and sugar and coal to go in the manufacture and transport of drink, and at the same time to allow the depletion of our man-power caused by the employment of hundreds of thousands of men in making, selling and moving beer who might be doing war work."

The Spectator is clearly right in calling for a closing of the liquor traffic. But why allow in "normal times" either the "non-hygienic habits" of the people? And why should food cost double in peace time what it might if so many million acres of productive land were not wasted on drink? If it is "madness and crime" to allow the depletion of man-power caused by the employment of hundreds of thousands of men in making, selling and moving beer who might be doing war work, it is not even madder and more criminal to allow the depletion of man-power for labor in peace time more useful than war work? The Spectator's method of argument is muddle-headed enough for the symbolic John Bull. It goes on, also, with a sidelong eye at its noble and prelatial readers, to recommend that distillers and brewers put out of normal revenue should be paid by the Government the average interest which they got from their businesses in the three years before the war. The sacred liquor interest! Then the article closes with a final touch of chuckle-head: "As for the brewers, let them brew beers with less than three per cent of alcohol, from hops. Hops, remember, are not a food!" Yes, but how about "the depletion of man-power caused by the employment of men in making, selling and moving" such small beer? It is rather a risky arm, after all, that the Spectator raises against the liquor spectra. It sees the evil, but is paralyzed from striking a full blow. Will Lloyd George do better? At any rate, the world moves on from the old Conservative organ assails Castle Whiskey. The liquor interest may well murmur, Et tu Brute!

BRITAIN'S NEW PROBLEM.

IN SPITE of all warnings that it was unwise in the extreme for wives and families of Canadian soldiers to follow their husbands and fathers overseas, it is estimated there are now over 50,000 of these dependents domiciled in Britain, and their presence there is causing uneasiness.

There are two disquieting views of this situation: First, the fact that it means so many more mouths to feed in the old country at a time when economy in food consumption is essential; second, that the transportation of these people back to Canada at the end of the war will be a problem that steamship companies confess themselves unable to solve.

The question of feeding these wartime visitors is not one which can be dealt with otherwise than by providing them with necessities. This must be done while they remain in Britain. It is not a question of whether each individual is able to pay for her needs; all may be able to do this and still it is a burden because they are consuming food which is required for others and, to an extent, increasing the shortage in shipping facilities.

But it may be possible to take such action as will relieve the whole situation by inducing these visitors to return to Canada and here await the return of their friends. It would, probably, be worth spending a considerable sum of money to accomplish this result, and there are ways which might be worth trying.

These families are, doubtless, widely scattered, and not to be easily reached by meetings called for the purpose of having conditions explained to them. There are, however, other means of impressing upon them the desirability of their return to Canada, and the first of these, and one of the most promising, is that of a newspaper campaign. Advertising was largely instrumental in filling the ranks of the British army; advertising, of the right kind, would help in emptying Britain of her unbidden guests.

In addition to this, it might be possible to extend financial aid to those who find it difficult to pay their passage home. In many cases it could be collected later and, if it were lost to the country, it would be better than leaving present conditions to become more acute.

Now is the time to take action, not when peace is declared, and the rush has begun. Canada will welcome back her own and help them to tide over the days until the soldiers come home.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"When in doubt be 'frightful,'" is the German motto," says the Quebec Telegraph. Rather the German motto, "Be 'frightful' always."

One British soldier is worth three Germans, of course, but don't proclaim this fact to the Germans. It might prove disastrous in the exchange of prisoners.

It is a shame for Mexico to carry on a little war all to itself. Why no join the general whirlpool? Now's the chance, when the German raider is scouting around that vicinity.

The tanks are exerting a great influence. All enterprising communities will soon have their own special variety of tank. The latest is a sort of huge car ferry, which tried to run through the ice from Detroit to Manistiquie.

"What America wants is Lloyd George in England, and T. R. in the U. S. A., and the world can be assured of a proper ending to the war," says a New York paper. Quite right, but we might add "and a strong Government at Ottawa."

Admiral George Dewey, the hero of Manila Bay, greatly honored by the American Republic, at one time a prospective candidate for the presidency, is now but a memory in the hearts of the American people—merely a great naval officer who is no more.

Patronage has always been a drag in political life, but patronage in connection with returned soldiers is unbearable. Men enlist to fight for King and country without regard to party, and the least that those who represent King and country can do, on the soldiers' return, is to treat them as men, and not as partisans.

AN APOSTLE OF PEACE



THE GERMAN WOLF: "I have an honest love of peace. You might even put me at the head of an International Peace Tribunal!" ("We desire to stand at the head of the International League, to punish the breaker of the peace; we wish to co-operate honourably in the establishment of peace guarantees."—Hermann von Rath in the Tag.)

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A Reluctant Cinderella

BY JOHN GREGORY.

"Ella Louise Gilman!" Mrs. Gilman leaned back in her rocker, dropped her sewing on her lap and looked reproachfully at her eldest. "When you think of me, you think of me as your Aunt Adelina! How you can dare to look a gift horse in the face—"

"I'm not," Ella Lou interposed mischievously. "I'm going to look Aunt Adelina square in the face and tell her no, thank you ma'am, not today." "It's pure selfishness. If your father were alive he could influence you, but you never did pay any attention to anything I ever wanted you to do. You're all Gilman."

"Oh, mumsie, don't talk like that," Ella Lou was across the room in an instant with her arms wrapped closely around the small, drooping figure of her invalid mother. "I am a perfect beast to go against you—"

"Don't use such language, dear. You learn it down in that shop, and if you learn to hear you I don't know what she'd say." Ella Lou gave a big, explosive sigh and went back to the supper dishes. Nancy and Dot were at their lessons in the sitting-room, and the boys were in the wood and kindling outdoors. She glanced out of the door to call for a pail of fresh well water. The full winter moon was riding high in a deep blue sky. Up and down the street stood rows of white mill houses, all just alike. Below the railroad tracks was the great cotton mill itself, covering acres of ground in the heart of a little New England village, dominating the whole landscape.

Ella Lou was used to it all. She had been born in the village, had worked in the mill while like most of the young girls, and had graduated into the office now at 48 a week. It wasn't much, but, with what the boys managed to pick up at odd jobs after school, it kept them going. And they were so contented all together before Aunt Adelina's letter had come. She had never seen her mother so roused over anything. Yet it was just an offer to take Ella Lou for the winter, dress her and give her a chance to do better than she could at Millbrook.

After the dishes were finished, Ella Lou slipped into the little parlor and began to play on the organ. Not hymns, but little stray odds and ends of melody that always soothed her in the "Shadow Dance" from "Dinora," the "Traumerei," "Narcissus" and "Love's Old Sweet Song."

All at once there came the sound of an automobile up the hill from the railroad crossing. It turned into the mill house road, and stopped before the Gilman gate. Nancy ran to open the door and stood wide-eyed at the apparition there. It could only be Aunt Adelina. She was stout and rather short, wrapped in furs from head to foot, but rosy and friendly.

"Well, so here you all are!" she cried. "Sue, bless you, I'm glad to be here." She bent tenderly over the invalid in the rocker. "One of your big boys go tell Benson to go back to the hotel and put up there. Isn't it cosy here?"

Ella Lou's brown eyes opened as widely as Nancy's. This was not the Aunt Adelina she had always imagined, the social leader at the state capital, the one rich member of the family. "I thought I'd better come myself," Mrs. Chalmers said. "It was a long time since I had seen you, Sue, not since I left for Europe after Nancy was born, and you have no idea how lonely it is for me in the big house now that Bob has gone. You named one of your boys after him, didn't you? That was nice of you. Somehow, as the years drift over us, we get a perspective on things, and begin to miss what is dearest and most precious. I'm missing companionship and love of those who really belong to me."

Ella Lou went through a curious week. Before she had been with them a day, Aunt Adelina had won over the family. The boys would do anything for her, and Benson took them for long trips up through the hills and down to the shore towns where they had never been before. Nancy and Dot came home after one of these trips with full winter outfits, even to muffs and fur-trimmed coats. And all manner of little new luxuries appeared in the house. But Ella Lou held aloof. At night when her mother told her what a lucky girl she was, and planned her winter ahead, she said little, but there was a very real rebellion in her eyes. It was all very well for them to dispose of her like that, but she'd never leave the family. Why hadn't Aunt Adelina shown this sudden change of heart years ago? Ella Lou knew what the past four years had been like, since her father had died. It would have meant everything, if them then, if she had given over so little of her abundance. It would have kept Ella Lou up at the normal school to finish her teacher's course, lifted the crushing burden from the little sick mother, insured warm clothing and plenty at the white house in the long row above the mill.

Then, too, there was Ted. He worked in the mill, too, Ted with his hopes for their future, and his steady eighteen dollars a week that must expand into so much more before they could think of marrying. Sometimes, as she sat playing on the organ in the dusk, was it fair, this binding down to the big machines of the spirit of youth in the precious golden years when love beckoned and the world was not all trouble and labor? Yet, now, when the door of hope opened for her and she might have walked out freely, she hung back, longing for

Wait a Minute!

By J. H. F.

Some Conservative newspapers are using very strong language and much space to prove that Col. Currie, M.P., was not a coward on the battlefield. Some went even so far as to "think the lady doth protest too much."

If what they say about women is true, to wit, that they are the world's prize gossips, they have every right to vote and go to parliament or congress. These places seem to be quite the fountain of gossip.

A lady writer takes up quite a lot of space to explain what a woman thinks. We can't tell what they are thinking about when they come out onto the streets in such garbs.

Says T. K. H. in the Chicago News—"Too much prosperity. This stop-fod country is likely to develop the pigstye ideal if it gets any more easy money." Quite a hunk of truth for the U. S. A. The same will apply to this country when it gets to that state. The pigstye ideal may be noticed in parts of Canada.

A New York judge has ordered a wife to help her husband wash the dishes. We men will stand up for our rights, by ginger.

Billy Sunday may go to Washington next year. Judging from the yarns told at the leak investigation, Billy has a lot of work cut out for himself.

H. Knut Thaw will get better. If he were sensible he would be dead these many years.

Nina May Dill, Detroit, has been married three times, and is now divorced again. She's continually in a pickle, so to speak.

If automobile owners get any more laws passed to protect themselves, the poor pedestrian will have safety only in the cellar of his own bailiwick, and then he might get smothered by gasoline fumes from the sewers.

There was an agitation some time ago for zones of quiet. There might

be one about the city hall, with considerable benefit to the citizens.

The Detroit auto show is a riot of color, it is said. We are convinced that the giddy hussies are for the purpose of convincing pedestrians who have been run down that they have been struck by lightning.

Some day there will be a strike of baseball fans in the United States. This will help to solve the labor problem.

The Germans plan to smash the west front. Quite an afternoon's job, we aver.

"SHANGHAI BERRIES."

A million Chinese eggs have been landed at Vancouver, B. C., and some are now in Portland. A generation or two ago the funny man who assisted the grocer was prone to call eggs "Shanghai berries," and was more prophetic than humorous.

Jack Riley says we are fond of blank verse. That's right, the only trouble being that we get a lot of blankety-blank verse.

Many a wooden-legged man can deliver a corking good speech.

Things have again reached a crisis between Germany and the United States. It is ever thus. Just one dog-gone crisis after another, and nothing stirring.

Dear J. H. F.—A friend of mine writes to tell me that you are fond of blank verse, but would like it better if it rhymed. So to try to please you I have written a little thing—inclosed herewith—which is what one might term blank verse bordering on rhyme. Hope it suits. Have it is:

A SONG OF WINTER.

I sing a song of winter:
Winter sharp and full of still breezes,
When trees are stark and quiet water
freezes,
When people wish for summer, oh, so much,
Then are a-k-a-tin', hockey-playin', and
such,
Prayin' for frost and th' white-winged
snow,
When in truth, methinks, right well
they know
That the glorious summer, filled with
bird's songs,
Fragrant flowers, sunshine and happy
throngs
Of sweet children, in cobweb garments
clad,
Goin' to picnics, parties and feelin'
glad
Because of summer is much better;
Therefore I sing a song of winter.

—JACK RILEY.

THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR.

(Montreal Star.)

Another world we have, we that have made
Desert and pit and battlefield of earth.
Ravished her treasures, brought from
riches dearth,
Stuffed her fountains, plucked away her
shades;

We that have poisoned with the cities' reek
All her fair rivers, stola the cataraacts'
Trampled in greed her helpless ones
and low,
And in bloodthirstiness have slain her
weak.

Now, in our grasp almost, Thy wind and
clouds,
Thy winged fugitives, Thy snow and
rain,
Sunbeam and starbeam, yea, Thy light-
nings proud,
We have stretched out our hand for,
not in vain,
Seeing what desolation we have made
Or Thy gift—Lord, art Thou not
afraid?

—MARY W. PLUMMER.

—2906

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Time it! In five minutes all stomach distress will go. No indigestion, heartburn, sourness or belching of gas, acid, or eructations of undigested food, no dizziness, bloating, foul breath or headache.

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Over 100,000 Belgian workmen have already been snatched from their homes and taken into slavery in unknown places. The mothers, wives and children who beg for their release are driven back by the Huns in utter despair. Neutral protests have failed to change Germany's inhuman purpose, nor can the Allies free Belgian manhood until the Teutons are crushed.

But we can save the women and children through the neutral Belgian Relief Commission, which is feeding three million of them. We can express our indignation, and our sympathy with our Ally's wrongs, in a practical way, by giving more liberally than ever to the Belgian Relief Fund.

Make this a personal matter! Decide what you can afford to give, and send your subscriptions weekly, monthly or in one lump sum to Local or Provincial Committees, or

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To Templo, 4:30. To St. Thomas, 6:15 p.m. and 11:15 p.m.
Sunday cars marked with a star (*).
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