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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Thursday, April 17.

Cabinet For the Empire Should Not Be Cramping

One of the Empire's after-peace tasks that must be approached with tact and delicacy is re-adjustment of the relations between the Mother Country and the Dominions. Lord Milner has announced that the Dominions will never go back to the pre-war status, that there must be evolved an imperial cabinet for peace times that will correspond to the war cabinet.

The Dominions have, of course, won this right by sacrifice and superb participation in the war, and for economic reasons it is well that they have a voice in the administration of the greater empire the war has produced, but so far as Canada is concerned there is a decided sentiment against any new union that involves surrender of the present freedom of action. Canadians will be well satisfied if their part in the management of the Empire's affairs is limited to what concerns Canada directly. A too close co-operation might commit us to responsibilities which we are not yet prepared to shoulder and react to hamper our progress as a nation.

Just now the Entente and American governments are working out a scheme for an association of nations, big and little, which amounts to their assuming the regulation of the rest of the world for a long period. Is Canada prepared to share in the coercion which it is quite likely will have to be applied in sections of Europe from time to time? Decidedly we have no wish to participate in any political matters local to the United Kingdom, Australia, New Zealand or South Africa. We would resent any interference with our domestic affairs. Unless there is a very distinct line drawn as between what is imperial and what Dominion there may be difficulty in avoiding unpleasant friction.

Greater empire advocates argue that the present relations between England and the overseas Dominions is too loose for safety, but should another hour of peril such as we have just come through arise, it will not require any closer union than exists today to bring all parts together again for the common safety. On the other hand an imperial cabinet, control centred at London, might involve us in matters with which we had little sympathy, and a half-hearted support would be a drag. Within limits that will insure our present independence of action Canadians will approve of participation in empire control. Without that we would be dissatisfied, and therefore a hindrance to ourselves and the rest of the members.

League of Nations Pact Appears Worthy of Trial

The official summary of the covenant of the league of nations does not show any great alteration from the outline given some weeks ago by Lord Cecil. Apart from an amendment which specifically exempts the Monroe doctrine from being affected by any conditions of the pact there has been no vital change in the first draft. The main insurance against further war, an association of nations pledged to unite against aggression and compel arbitration before war can be declared, remains unaltered.

For the present the five great powers that won the war, Great Britain, United States, France, Italy and Japan will compose a council which will be in supreme control of the league's affairs. Four other powers will have representatives on the council, and in time the number will be increased. Under the council there will be an assembly made up of three representatives of all member nations which eventually will decide the makeup of the council. Until the world gets back to normal, however, the Allied alliance will continue to hold the balance. In view of the chaos and confusion in Europe it will be generally recognized that any other course would be unsafe for the present.

The covenant is careful not to interfere in the domestic affairs of any member. This will be respected, their personal independence recognized, but all are bound to join hands against an attack of any one member from the outside. All international disputes must go before an arbitration court and war cannot be declared until three months after an award has been made and then it will not be permitted if one of the disputants has accepted the recommendations.

Whatever adverse criticism may be made of the covenant as a whole there are some of its conditions that will be given the widest approval. One of these is the agreement to reduce armaments. Another is the decision to administer the Ottoman territories and German colonies through mandatories acting under a general supervision of the league. The members of the league will also assume responsibilities in regard to labor, the white slave and opium traffic and public health, policies that will have a popular appeal.

It was not to be expected that the conference would produce a flawless constitution on which to base a new world, but as it stands it holds strong guarantees for world peace, and the means of adding greatly to the contentment and health of civilized and uncivilized peoples. There is nothing in the covenant to cramp national aspirations providing these do not menace international

harmony, and, finally, there is sufficient elasticity to permit of revisions as the application of the pact may show these necessary.

What Canada Is Carrying

With its tremendous increase in national debt and annual expenditures, it is imperative that Canada should utilize every resource to develop domestic trade, increase production and capture foreign markets. In five years the net debt of the Dominion has increased from \$335,996,860 to \$1,420,000,000, which means an increase of from \$43.49 to \$160.72 for every man, woman and child in the Dominion. The carrying charges on this debt, including interest and sinking funds, have advanced from \$1.96 per capita in 1913-1914 to an estimated \$12.16 per capita for 1919-1920. During the war expenditure on consolidated fund account has risen from \$127,384,473 to an estimated \$351,785,491 for the current fiscal year. In the same period capital expenditures have jumped from \$37,180,176 to an estimated \$85,893,581, exclusive of war expenditures, which are estimated for the fiscal year 1900-14 Canada borrowed \$2,713,300,000 in excess of revenue for federal, provincial, municipal, industrial and other purposes.

A Miserable Exhibition

After pussy-footing on the question of titles for more than a year, the Government is faced with the problem of voting on a resolution presented by one of its followers.

The Government almost goes down, and there are a number who bolt from the party, while many more, playing the artful dodger, sneak out of the Commons' chamber and will not face their manifest duty.

Titles are condemned in general terms by almost every newspaper and parliamentarian in Canada. But it is evident that another crop of civilian honors is on the way, for the acting premier succeeded in having the question shelved by referring the matter to a committee. Groans will greet the importation into Canada of the next batch of Borden-made knights. The people will not look with favor upon that spectacle paraded in a country that gave its sons for the cause of human equality. The Bolshevik element will issue more of its inflaming propaganda. The crowd at Ottawa will continue to trim on such issues and to handle the affairs of Canada in a miserable fashion of side-stepping and scurrying to the rat-holes of the corridors.

Red Chiefs Falling Out

The old adage, "When thieves fall out honest men get their due," may soon be freshly illustrated by a sensational turn of affairs in Russia. On excellent authority, it is stated the Red leaders are close to a split that may wreck the whole Bolshevik movement. Lenine, it is said, is now convinced that the red revolution cannot be carried across the world, and that the only safe course is to make some pact with the Allied nations. On the other hand, Trotsky and his followers insist that the attempt to sweep the western nations into anarchy's train must be kept up.

According to an American recently returned from Moscow, a dissatisfied peasantry is driving Lenine to cover. The peasants were promised the land in return for their support. Having got it, they discovered the Red leaders wanted it for the "state," and proceeded to take it forcibly. The peasant was told to rob the rich landowner, and now the state is robbing him. Trotsky, too, has aroused hostility amongst the masses of the Bolsheviks, by resorting to conscription to keep his ranks full, but he keeps them fairly well lined up by predicting a return of the old regime should the Bolshevik armies weaken and fall.

Lenine has a black record of treachery, murder and general rascality, but he has always been more amenable to reason, less ruthless and arrogant than Trotsky, whose warped soul and mind appears to be ablaze with hatred for all who do not accept his detestable doctrine. If the Allies would furnish starving Russia with food, as Lenine asks, and at the same time convince the people that there will be no restoration of czarism and no interference from outside, it should be a big step towards orderly government in Russia. If Lenine and Trotsky come to a definite, open division and part company, distasteful as it would be, the Allied governments, by taking sides with the Bolshevik premier might speedily end the power of Trotsky.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The trouble with peace guarantees of the past is that they were guarantee-proof.

Germany is reported dance crazy, but we wager that the goose-step isn't popular.

Amongst those who will strenuously oppose the discarding of a title will be Mr. Jess Willard.

Butter prices have gone so high that we are now convinced the cow did jump over the moon.

After four or five years of army life home-cooking must taste mighty good in the mouths of many men.

The returning soldier may now be paraphrasing the old negro melody like this: "Mothah, mothah, when I die, bury me in apple pie."

It was kind of that escaped murderer to thank everyone through a newspaper. And the confident air of staying "escaped" must indicate a plan.

Germany's president wails that his country's burden is the greatest any nation has had to endure, and at that he has yet to get the full bill from Paris.

Lloyd George wants the meddlers to stand back while the league of nations is being forged. And the triflers know enough to heed that Welshman's warning.

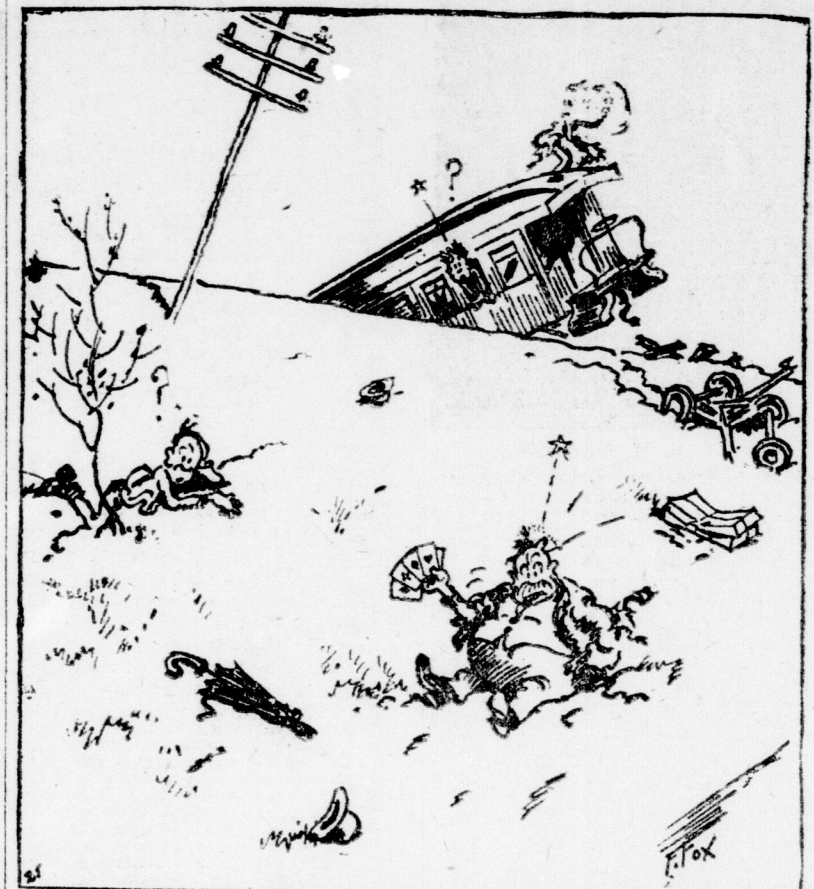
President Wilson sars the peace conference is almost finished. We will feel more assured of it, however, when Mrs. Wilson cables to turn the vacuum cleaner loose in the White House.

Best thing for those escaped Toronto prisoners will be to hang around the city hall if they want to remain free. Then they will simply be mistaken for some of the ward politicians.

A TRAGIC MOMENT

By FONTAINE FOX.

(Copyright.)



Col. Withers is going to sue the R.R. on the strength of those four axes he was holding in the smoker just as the 5:15 was wrecked.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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THE GAME OF LIVING.

By S. B. Hackley.

Robert Bickley paused in his leisurely walk down Broadway street and looked at his watch. He was late for the steps of the church on the corner. He had to get to a minute, he said half aloud, fanning himself slowly with his straw hat. "It doesn't take much exertion in a walk like this, when he's only three days out of the hospital—but it's glorious to be out again," John says. It's pretty quiet on my beat—me for duty in a couple or so days now."

A pretty young girl came out of the church and paused a half moment uncertainly on the upper step. The young man, in his swift, in volume, glance, felt his heart leap. He rose hastily and stopped. She started down the steps, but her eyes were misty from crying, she stumbled and missed a step. Bickley caught her, full in his arms as she fell.

"Thank you—oh, thank you!" she faltered as she stood erect. "I was very awkward."

She passed down the street, but he had been wishing every minute since he raised to him. He looked after her with a strange constriction of the heart.

"That was my girl!" he said to himself as he walked slowly back to his home. "And I don't even know her name or where she is going! I shall find out," he thought. "I shall find out."

A month before, the old insurance man for Hester Moray worked had died—the city was overcrowded with workers—the girl had not found another job. On this morning she shrank from going to the little church she regarded as a place of refuge. It was a big strange one, but in this great church it seemed to the little micrographer every day was "rich in lands and money," there were but two pennies left in her purse, and after Tuesday night, the rent would be up. No money, no work, and nowhere to go.

With despairing bitterness in her soul Hester had risen and slipped out of the church.

"I'll try again tomorrow and Tuesday," she said to herself—"perhaps Wednesday—when?"

Monday and Tuesday were one continuous tramp. She had asked for work at every shop she could go to, but she was turned down everywhere. In the dusk of Wednesday she stood in the lobby of a grand office building resolved to make one last try. "Scenographer wanted," the slip of paper she held in her hand read, "Room 600."

The stylish, elderly man into whose office she was admitted gave her a look at the newcomer, and turned to the six girls waiting to talk with him about the job.

"No use waiting," he flung at them, "can see none of you will do."

With a silent air he sat in a chair for Hester in his inner office and drew his big chair close to his head.

"You'll suit me to a 'T,' duckie," he remarked. "I've been looking for something like you. I can't see with one eye you're a live wire." Stunned, Hester edged her chair away.

"How much does the place pay?" she asked.

"Five dollars a day!"

"But I—can't live on that!"

"Who expects you to, sweetness? A loner like you doesn't have to live on five dollars. Why, you might get as much as twenty a week if we let it off together. That's what my last stenographer got."

He reached over and squeezed her hand. Hester rose her cheeks aflame with helpless wrath.

"That's the least I'll ever receive," she assured herself when she was on the street again, "the very least."

The smell of the baker's shop's fresh rolls quickened her hungry stomach, empty since her breakfast of crumpets. At the foot of the stairs that led to her room she paused tempted to borrow a slice of bread from her landlady, but she clenched her hands and climbed the steps.

"I won't be hungry very long," she thought.

It was close on midnight when she crept out to the park, where the strong tide beat against the sea wall. The night was warm and sultry, but the girl shivered as she crouched on a park bench.

"I've got nobody," she defended herself to conscience; "nobody to care."

But as she spoke, there floated before her excited brain the face of the young man who had saved her from falling at the church steps.

"He'd never hurt a woman," she thought. "The loveliest good-looking fellow I ever saw. I wish I had known him and he had wanted me!"

A clock struck twelve. The young fellow in a policeman's uniform standing on the sea-wall was heading him step behind him. Then a small white figure slipped past him like a bird and flung itself into the washing tide and struck out for the sinking white figure in the sea. He let himself be swept by the wall and John Tweedle another officer, whom his cries had brought, was helping him.

"Let me, Bob; you're not fit to lift her again!" Tweedle remonstrated, as with a prayer in his heart, Bickley bent over the girl.

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