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London, Ont., Thursday, August 9.

REPRESENT THE PEOPLE.

IN A NATIONAL government, when we get it at Ottawa, there should be adequate representation of Labor, of the farmers and of the common people. Winning the war is the main thing to occupy the Government, but that should be accomplished in a way fair to all classes. Labor is particularly unrepresented in the present cabinet at present.

The time has come in a modern democracy when legislation should be enacted for the people and its industries by men not in immediate touch with the needs. Farmers, workmen and middle-class consumers should be represented directly in the National Government by men of their own ranks. It is not only general intelligence and high education that can legislate properly. Class representation is essential in these times of specialized living and work, as well-to-do philosophers can have little practical insight into the poorer man's problems, or even if they had, they lack the compelling motive to solve them fairly.

It may be that capable leaders or representatives, who are willing to lead and represent, may be none too numerous in our Canadian working population. For one thing the average Canadian is not keen to get his absolute, radical social rights. And again, whereas in Great Britain a powerful Labor party in politics has expanded and directed the energies of the working class, educated their understanding and opinion, and developed some amazing leaders, we have not yet evolved such a party in this country. The Labor party in Great Britain has not only been a direct force for the common people's advancement, but it has perhaps exercised an even greater power in that regard through its success in Liberalizing the Liberals. We do not yet stand where the common people of Great Britain stand, but we ought to make a beginning.

THE OPPRESSED ENGLISH.

ENGLAND oppressed? Such an idea would be met with exclamations of incredulity. If expressed in public, yet Ian Hux, in his latest book, "The Oppressed English," proves that the title is not wholly undeserved, but rather somewhat fitting. The little volume is really a simple, lucid treatment of the Irish question, written by a Scot, giving fair play to the English, and yet treating Ireland with the gentleness which she deserves and needs. But included is a "boost" for England and the English, differentiated from the Scots, the Welsh and the Irish, which will appeal strongly to most of his readers, and, perhaps, stimulate some quiet and overdue thinking.

When blame is to be handed out, the English are almost invariably the recipients. Germany hates "England," not Britain, and so on. But when there is credit to be given, "England" is mentioned but seldom. This fact is pointed out by the author, who reminds his readers that when some important point on the western front is taken, the name of the Canadians, the Scots, or the Welsh figures prominently, if one of them has been largely instrumental in the success. But when an English regiment does a brilliant piece of work, it is hardly ever mentioned; it is just a "British" victory.

Here is a quotation from his dissertation on the Irish question which is delightful:

"Ireland, as ever, has drawn us far from our text.
"But I have said enough to demonstrate to unbiased observers the present deplorable status of that unfortunate country, England. Today her chief offices of state are occupied by Scotsmen of the most ruthless type; Wales supplies her with prime ministers, while Ireland appropriates all her spare cash and calls her a blood-sucker. When the war is over, and the world has leisure to devote itself to certain long-postponed domestic reforms, it is most devoutly to be hoped that the case of that unhappy but not undeserving people, the English, may be taken in hand, and that they be granted some measure, however slight, of political freedom. After that we must do something for Poland."

U. S. AND DARDANELLES.

PROFESSOR L. W. SMITH, writing in the New York Times, discusses the disposition of the Dardanelles after the war. He is not in favor of turning the straits over to Russia, or even to the management of Great Britain, supposing that either of these powers should be willing to undertake the business. He urges that the United States should hold the Dardanelles for the general benefit of all nations.

He admits that this would cost the United States money, but points out that it would be more profitable to hold the Dardanelles than it is to hold the Philippines. Perhaps the Panama

Canal might be compared. There the United States controls a zone for the general commercial benefit of the world. The same thing might be done at the straits of Constantinople.

Professor Smith says:
"So far the United States has not done its share of the world's work in police duty. We have a firm hand and a clear judgment. Only our mother England is as broadly capable in affairs of Government as the United States. . . . We cannot make democracy safe more surely than by planting the American flag at the Dardanelles."

To control that region the United States might seem to violate the Monroe doctrine, which, while excluding European monarchies from expansion in America, renounces any interference by the United States in the affairs of the old world. But the American entrance to the war and the dispatch of American troops to France are due to the fact that there is no longer a division of old and new hemispheres. The world is one and the defence of freedom in America, the object of the Monroe doctrine, can be best secured by the maintenance and extension of freedom everywhere else. The Dardanelles, should the United States be called upon and prepared to take charge there, would be the outpost of American liberties, as well as a stronghold of the world's peace and freedom. As Great Britain has always supported the Monroe doctrine, she would be glad enough also to see the United States in control of Constantinople. Russia seems equally disposed to let another trustworthy party undertake the task. It does not seem very probable that the United States is ready to go so far as Professor Smith suggests.

TWO VIEWS OF BORDEN.

AT ONE moment certain Conservative papers are singing the praises of Sir Robert Borden and his cabinet colleagues as strong, forceful, energetic men, in fact, the only possible leaders for this country at war. The next moment they are singing a different song, insinuating that some moneyed interests have absolute control of the premier, and that the people distrust the Government, and have reason for so doing. This second spasm is intensely sincere, which is, perhaps, more than can be said for the first, and it is caused by the fact that the failure of the Government to act is taking money out of the pockets of these Tory papers, as well as out of those of the Liberal press, and the people at large. For this crime against friends, as well as foes, the Government is pilloried.

What is the occasion of this Conservative burst of indignation and truth-speaking against the idolized party leaders? Nothing more or less than the farcical inquiry into the cost of paper. According to the local Tory paper, than which there is none more ardent in its devotion to the party and its commanders, this inquiry is proceeding at a snail's pace. It asks, "Does the Government fear the papermakers?" Why has it appointed a commission which balks at going the whole distance, when it already had the findings of an experienced officer?

Then comes the direct accusation against the premier, "This (the price fixed by Sir Thomas White) has not satisfied the manufacturers, and they have apparently been able to go over the head of the finance minister, and the result is the inactive commission." Where could they go over the head of the minister but to Sir Robert? He is not named, but the charge is just as definite as if he were. He is accused of being controlled by the manufacturers, who are able, through him, to curb the finance minister.

The newspaper goes on to point out that the Government's attitude is fostering distrust by the people, and giving good ground for the talk about domination by "moneyed interests."

A good deal of this is wonderfully true, but remarkable, coming from a source which is daily informing its readers that Sir Robert Borden, the man accused of being under the thumb of a certain clique, is the one being fit to lead the country wisely and well at this time. He has been held up for worship as the steadfast, upright man whom no interests could reach, and whose one aim in life was to do his utmost for the welfare of the people and the nation.

Which picture of him is true to life? The one painted in glowing colors for party purposes, or the one of more sombre hues, reflecting the bitterness of wounded trust and emptied pockets? Readers can judge.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Sam Slains Parley's position, pay and prodigality.

Could the city council not be spared for a few weeks to help the farmers?

If Mr. Rogers really seems simon pure to them, those seventy Tory members are simple simon purely.

It is suggested that the city go into the pig-raising business, using up the garbage. Sounds suspiciously like "more pork."

Here's luck to the Canadians trying to wrest Lens from the enemy. May they have the honor of finally capturing the town.

Britain has no way of communicating with the German Government, yet her armies are sending constant and most welcome messages.

The Democratic movement in Germany may be slipping backward, but if so the Germans have the consolation of knowing it cannot slip far.

Vienna is really annoyed over China's disposition to join the Allies, and blames it on the Entente, all of which causes great sorrow among the Allies, of course.

Sir Sam Hughes may or may not be right in his estimate of the numbers employed by the Canadian Government in administration overseas. But it is whispered that the numbers are as great, if not greater, than those employed in similar work for the British army.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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A PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZEN.

[By Helen Medley.]

"Who's going to the fair?" Emmett Lane demanded, bursting in upon the Ashtons, his three pretty cousins. A chorus of "Nobody!" answered him—crescendo, ending in a sort of groan.

"Why on earth—" Emmett began. Lois, the eldest Ashton, took the word from his lips, saying: "Just what we want to know—and can't find out. It is that way—dads says we shan't, and there's an end of it. Not the least smidge of a reason why."

"Upon my word!" Emmett ejaculated. Then, wheeling upon Em, the youngest of the trio, with the wickedest flirt: "Confess, miss. What have you been doing to make a perfectly good father act up in this way?"

"Nothing at all. I've had no chance whatever," Em pouted, but the ghost of a smile played about her lips. "Been over at Grandpa Ben's—which is next thing to solitary confinement. So someone I'd almost have had heart failure, even over you."

"Even me? Ingratitude, thy name is Em Ashton!" Emmett cried, laying a hand distractedly to his forehead. All were laughing, even Betty, the staid middle sister. Little he should not giggle: "But I really think you're on

the right trail, Emmett—dad looks at Em so speculatively, as though saying: 'What next?'"

Em giggled harder than anybody. She had to, being perfectly aware of why dad, usually the most tractable of parents, was indeed acting up. The way was a man, as is usual in case of a stern father and a distractingly pretty girl. Squire Ashton disapproved of Barton Clay wholly—from the crown of his handsome head to the soles of his aristocratic feet. Add that the fair was, in effect, Barton Clay—he was president of the association, chief exhibitor, and giver of more than half the prizes—and the mystery ceases to be mysterious. For at 27, Clay was credited with a plentiful crop of wild oats and had been under the principal in several love affairs more or less torrid. One had even gone the length of a breach of promise case; it had been settled out of court by a fond and forgiving mother. Barton had been for fighting it to the end. Mrs. Clay had for once withstood him and robbed her neighbors of much choice gossip.

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Odd the way folk go seethless, meeting and parting all the days of their lives, when all at once the hour strikes for them and the mischief is done. It was so with Barton and Em; he had known her ever since she was born, but had hardly noticed her existence until the era of pigsties, which he had delighted to tweak, and the harvest dance less than six weeks back. Then and there something woke, passed from one to the other, thrilled and bound them, but so quietly that only three were conscious of it—the pair themselves and Em's dragon-father, who was truly dragon-wise with regard to his motherless girls. Barton Clay was a great catch, so great it was in his mind that he meant more than trifling with Em, country-bred and hardly more than a child. Little he should not giggle: "But I really think you're on

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