Bolshevist Portraits.

The Russian Foreign Office.

(From the Times.)

VI.

RADEK.

If Tchittcherin and Karachan are nominal superiors, the real virtu- of the Bolshevist trio is Karl Ra k, alias Sobelsohn, the brilliant ader-writer of the official **Izviestia.** Radek's past is shrouded in mys- y. There are strange rumors re- ecting his expulsion from various treme Socialist parties in Poland d in Germany for reasons which ese advocates of the destruction of personal property have been un- le to condone. These stories may libels, but there is doubtless much the unscrupulous adventurer in dek's character. In happier cir- mstances he might possibly have en induced to employ his Machiavel- n talents in a different cause, but day, as a rebel against society, he s sought that refuge and hospital- which the Bolshevists willingly cord, without regard to the past, to men of ability who join their nks.

Of Radek's intellectual brilliance ere can be no doubt. Still in the rly "thirties," he has read vora- usly, and as a student of econom- and of foreign politics he has assed a store of knowledge which n only be described as prodigious. personal appearance he presents almost grotesque figure. A little n, with a huge head, protruding rs, clean-shaven face, with specta- s, and a large mouth with yellow, bacco-stained teeth, from which a ge pipe or cigar is never absent, dek is generally dressed in a aint drab-coloured Norfolk suit th knickers and leggings. As he nts from the Dom Sovietov to his ce, an English cap on his head, pipe puffing fiercely, a revolver apped to his side and a bundle of oks under his arm, he looks like a ss between a bandit and a pro- sor. Indeed, unkind people might ll say that this is the truest de- ription of his character.

Journalist and Diplomat.

If Tchitcherin and Karachan main- n to some extent the artificial rtesies which are common to dip- macy, Radek is frankly pugnacious. Brest he took an impish delight in ffing the smoke of his cheroot into neral Hofman's face, until the Ger- ns objected to the presence of an strian deserter in the Russian dele- tion. A brilliant journalist, with a that knows how to sting, he is author of the series of well- ormed, if maliciously termed, arti- s on foreign affairs which have ap- red in the **Izviestia** under the me of Viator. Himself a past mas- in every form of intrigue, he seeks frenzied joy some new shaft for pen, which will strike gall into heart of his opponent without in- ving a rupture of diplomatic rela- ns. Ambassadors are his game, Foreign Ministers his butts. ring the summer of last year he ely tried the patience of the Ger- n Embassy, which objected more n once to the impudent attacks of assistant Minister who received Kaiser's representatives, and the rnalist who under a thinly-dis- sed pseudonym assailed them in morning newspaper.

adek, too, it was who in July, 8, was sent on that famous trip to Allied Embassies at Vologda. On s mission he was entrusted with delicate task of persuading the ied Ambassadors to come to Mos- , nominally, in order to bring m to a place of safety, but prob- , if the truth were known, in or- to hold them as hostages in the nt of Allied intervention. On this asion he created a sensation by earing before the aged American bassador with his revolver strap- ped to his side. Delicacy, however, is scarcely Radek's forte. His attempt to cajole, threaten, and, finally intimidate the Allied envoys resulted in failure, but his journey provided him with fresh satire for his pen, and in a malicious and highly-coloured account of his "voyage into Arcadia" he poked fun to his heart's content at the somewhat undignified situation of the Allied Embassies in a little country town far removed from the heart of things political.

In politics Radek is hot-headed and impulsive, and it is probably not wrong to presume that he frequently chafes at the restraint which is sometimes placed on his activities by his more cautious colleagues. As a propaganda agent, however, he is probably unrivalled. Few men are more skilled in the art of **suppressio veri** and **suggestio falsi,** and the very accusations which he hurls at the head of all bourgeois Governments might be used, at least equally well, against his own conduct.

Radek's Policy.

A delegate of the Zimmerwald Conference, Radek, nevertheless, was one of those Bolshevists who voted for war at the time of the ratification of the Brest Treaty. Although he is an advocate of extreme measures and supports that section of his party which has been guilty of the worst excesses, Radek was not in favour of the wholesale hole-in-the-corner executions which have been carried out by the extraordinary Commissions. His attitude in this matter was assuredly not inspired by any humanitarian instincts, but was influenced purely by reasons of policy and of class interest. Instead of these mysterious executions in the dark, he proposed a form of terror which should appeal more strongly to the proletariat and which should have for its object the starving and cowing of the bourgeoisie into submission. He propounded his views in a series of articles and speeches in which he declared that "in the winter no bourgeois should have an overcoat until every member of the proletariat had been provided for" and that "everything should be taken away from the bourgeoisie in order that the Red Army might be well fed, well clothed, and well shod." In this point of view he was supported by Lenin.

Starting his career in Russia with considerable disadvantages as an Austrian subject whose knowledge of Russian was far from perfect, Radek has gradually increased his prestige amongst his coleagues, until to-day he stands as one of the most powerful influences inside the Bolshevist party. His present activities should be closely watched, for if, as seems true, he has been released from prison in Berlin, he will undoubtedly play an important part in the further development of the Spartacist movement in Germany. He is one of the few Bolshevists who ever provide Lenin with an original idea.

Nfld. Scotch Cured Herring.

According to advices from Newfoundland received this week the spring fishery has been a failure since the beginning of March. This information comes from one of the large packers, who reports that the fish struck out shortly after the turn of the month and have not been seen along the coast since. The west coast fishery has not been successful, although no definite information as to the pack has been learned here. New lots of Newfoundland Scotch cured herring received this week and earlier in the season are not selling as well as importers had hoped, but there is an improvement noted. According to factors in the trade, sales have been made during the week at $18@20 per barrel for ordinary Scotch cured, while fancy stocks have been bringing as high as $22@24 per barrel. It is known that some are holding for $25@26 per barrel for first quality, and it is understood that sales at these priecs have been made, but not in quantities. The market, considered broadly, is in better shape at present than it has been at any time during the present season, and operators here look for steady improvement as the summer season develops. Since the beginning of the Jewish holidays there has been comparatively little demand, but operators did not expect there would be. They feel, however, that with settled weather there will be a better demand for all manner of pickled fish, especially herring. It is recalled that two years ago there was a phenomenal demand for Scotch cured herring in New York during the entire summer. Some are expecting a recurrence of this in the next few months. The only distressing feature about this is that the general run of quality this year is inferior to any season's fish that have been shipped to New York during the past five years, and New York is a quality market. It is doubtful, indeed, if much of the inferior quality Newfoundland Scotch cured herring now here will find a sale here at all.—N. Y. Fishing Gazette, April 29.

Thomas Atkins, Peacemaker.

(From the Toronto Globe.)

For the preservation of peace the services of that unexcelled fighter, Thomas Atkins, are in steady demand. Fearing troubles similar to those which have shaken Budapest, Vienna, it is officially announced, has said to the British Government, "If you can send 10,000 British troops we can guarantee the situation." It has already been stated publicly that British soldiers are stationed in some parts of the territory to which Italy and the Jugo-Slavs are pressing opposing claims, because the disputants are agreed that British troops alone of the Allied forces are acceptable guardians of the peace. In Germany also British troops are preferred to others as the custodians of the Rhine bridgeheads. If late despatches intimating a suggestion on the part of the German Government that Allied forces maintain order throughout the country are borne out, it is probable that British troops will constitute the bulk of the units sent to the German interior. When it comes to trying to explain the success of Thomas Atkins as a peace delegate in lands where the language is an unknown quantity, and the customs a never-ending source of wonder to him, no one student of the British soldier has been able to satisfy a worldwide curiosity. One searcher after truth has said that the root of the British soldier's success with strange peoples is his sympathy with their misfortune in having been born "foreigners." That view works in different ways sometimes. There is a story of a British regiment visiting a European city near which it was billeted, the captain of every company adjuring the men to set a shining example of good behavior during their leave. Only one man failed to bear the exhortation in mind, and half of the city's police force and an excited mob followed him to the camp, where his captain heard charges that he had beaten many policemen and terrorized whole sections of the population. When the man was called to tell his side of the story he said that the whole trouble had arisen through "one o' those blokes," pointing to a police officer, "insulting the British army by calling me a furriner."

"Well, aren't you?" asked the captain.

"A furriner! Me!" cried the soldier in surprise. "Why, sir, I was born in Manchester."

It is safe to assume that one-half of the success of Thomas Atkins in his dealing with races foreign to his own is his humor. He may, and often does, grouch with persistent and astonishing fluency, but he is a cheerful soul at heart, and sees a silver lining in every cloud. An example of that spirit was shown by the London Fusilier who had an arm shot off and declared as he was carried away to a dressing station, "Henyways, Hi never 'ad no hintentions whatsumever of learnin' th' pianner." For the rest the profound belief of Thomas Atkins in himself and his own ways of doing things carries him far over the other half of the road to success as peacemaker.

"Them That Honor Me."

In the early days of the war Admiral Beatty, an avowed Christian, spoke out emphatically to the effect that Britain needed to humble herself before God and seek a spiritual revival ere she could expect divine intervention to crown her with victory.

Admiral Beatty was then in a subordinate position, but it is significant that when what has been termed "the greatest surrender in history" was made, and the great German fleet yielded to the British on November 21st, that Admiral Beatty had been elevated to the supreme position in the British navy, and to him the great surrender was officially made.

It is worthy of historic record that on the day of the German surrender Admiral Beatty signalled to all the ships of the Grand Fleet as follows:

"It is my intention to hold a service of thanksgiving at 6 p.m. to-day, November 21st, for the victory which Almighty God has vouchsafed to H. M. arms, and every ship is recommended to do the same."

Needless to say the recommendation was carried out.

Other men who were prominent at the beginning of the war faded away, but the man who humbly acknowledged and called others to acknowledge dependence upon God is the only standing figure at the close.—Evangelical Christian.

Soldiers First.

When Major Redman, of Calgary, proposed in the House of Commons at Ottawa, that for at least a year no one but returned soldiers should be allowed to compete in the examination for men employees in the civil service, he took a position which will be found to be popular with the great mass of the people of Canada. It is one, however, that does not find favor with those holding civil service positions and their friends. They raise the point that such a principle could not be applied without injury to the service. This is a reflection on the efficiency of the soldiers. It is one which will not bear examination. It is absurd to contend that out of 400,000 men who are returning to Canada there will not be found a man for every place that is vacant, or for every new position that is created in the civil service. Moreover, it is the duty of the Government to give these men the training to make them efficient, if that is necessary. No injustice would be done to civilians by excluding them from appointments to the service for a year. The men who stayed at home have lived in comfort, if not in luxury, while their fellows endured the tortures of hell, that they might preserve Canada from the domination of the Hun.

The country owes to the men who saved it that they shall have a preference, and, more than that, that they shall have the monopoly, of those easy places which are so largely filled by men who did not hear the call to duty in the crisis through which this country has recently come.

Major Redman's proposal is sound from every standpoint, and it is to be hoped that the House of Commons will take such action when the Civil Service Bill is under discussion as will compel the Commission to find a qualified soldier for every place that is vacant during the next year. There are enough returned soldiers and their friends in the House of Commons to give the strongest support to such a proposal, and it will be nothing more than simple justice to the returned soldier.—The Sentinel.

After Five Years of Heart Trouble

Mrs. Brewer Turned to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Now She Is Telling Her Friends Who Advised Their Use the Good Dodd's Kidney Pill Have Done.

Imrie, Alta., May 6th. (Special).—Advised by her friends to use Dodd's Kidney Pills for heart trouble from which she had suffered for five years, Mrs. Marie Brewer, well-known and highly respected here, is telling how much she benefitted from the treatment.

Heart trouble is nearly always caused by defective kidneys, which fail in their work of straining the impurities out of the blood. The work of the heart is made to hard when it has to propel blood thick with impurities to all parts of the body. The result is, of course, weakness and disease.

That Mrs. Brewer's trouble came from her kidneys is shown by her symptoms. "I suffered from rheumatism, gravel, stiffness of the joints, backache and headache," she states. "My sleep was broken and unfreshing. I was nervous and my limbs rolled. My skin itched and burned night. It was after a doctor had ed to cure me I tried Dodd's Kid- Pills. I must admit they did me lot of good."

Chivalry in the Trenches

How Suffering Tommy, Doomed to Early Death, Attempted to Give His Blanket to Yank Comrade.

"Yank, I'm only twenty-eight, but I'm an old man," said an English Tommy just before we turned into our sleeping rolls on the coldest night that I had experienced. And his awful cough, the result of being gassed early in the war, when they had no masks, added fatal testimony to his statement.

All night long he coughed. About midnight I awoke shivering. From his coughing I knew that he was awake. I said: "Tommy, I never was so cold in my life," and then in a few minutes I was asleep again.

An hour later I was again awakened by his violent coughing. To my surprise I seemed to be warm and wondered if the wind had suddenly changed, but from its constant whistling I knew it had not. I reached out and felt two extra blankets on me. I suspected whence they had come by that violent coughing.

I got up and carried them back to where he lay, saying: "Tommy, did you put these blankets on me?" He replied: "Yes, Yank, you said you were cold."

"But what about you?"

"Oh, me? I'm used to it."

"Well, all I got to say is, thank you; but if you ever do that trick again I'll throw you out of the window in the snow and let you freeze to death." And then I put them back on his shivering, gassed body.—William L. Stidger in Association Men.

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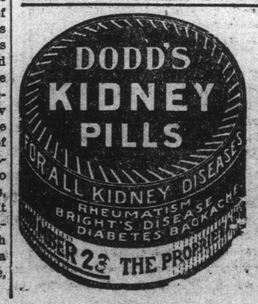

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"Because of the demonstrated efficiency of the first Republic we purchased, we are now using a fleet, including 1½, 2, 3½ and 5 ton, all Republics," say W. E. Osborn Co., large wholesale produce dealers.

"In spite of the severity of service in the oil and gas fields and over difficult country roads, our Republic Trucks have been absolutely trouble-proof," say People's Natural Gas Company.

"Even the additional abuse of war-time driving has had no apparent effect on the Republic Trucks which we have had in operation for three years. They continue to give the most satisfactory service," say Ziegler Lumber Company.

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