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LEST WE FORGET THE UN- BOASTING ENGLISH.

Some time ago there appeared in the Philadelphia Public Ledger a remarkable editorial, "Lest We Forget the Unboasting English"—reprinted below. To many Canadians it seemed curious, even in a country that produces such sane war editorials as the New York Times, the Springfield Republican, the San Francisco Argonaut and the North American Review, that a paper like the Public Ledger should publish so broadminded and even generous an estimate of the British nation:

We must not let our delight in the astonishing achievements of our boys, bearing themselves like veterans on the bloodiest battlefields in history and against the most intensively trained troops even sent into action, blind us to the other "big things" that have been and are being done in this tremendous tournament of the nations. Even in our appraisal of the great deeds of our allies we have naturally dwelt chiefly upon the unexpected and gloriously bizarre—the slaying of the Goliaths by the daring Davids. We have not stopped to comment on the solidity of Mont Blanc.

But it is, after all, on the solidity of the Mont Blancs that we build. We all knew the stuff of which Old England was made. What she has done in this war—quietly, unboastingly, as is her wont—has surprised no one who knew English character, English stamina and English history. Imaginative writers have mentioned various moments at which the blundering bully of Berlin lost the war and his chance to conquer and enslave the world; but those who take long views of things and recognize the primal forces which have shaped the destiny of nations since the disintegration of the Roman Empire will agree that the doom of Germany's despotic ambition was sealed on the day that Britain's councillors wheeled that nation into line with the forces of freedom.

If the Kaiser possessed prescience or had read his history he must have shivered—as tradition says we do if some one steps on our grave—when he knew for certain that his spies had lied and that the stubborn, stick-to-it, bulldog British had decided to live or die with the French.

The British have a bad record for an ambitious despot to face. They brought Philip of Spain to his knees—they curbed the power of Louis the Great of France—

they grappled with the mighty Napoleon and never let go.

So they entered upon the task of bringing down—to paraphrase Kipling—the Beast that walked like a Man. They were under obligation to send some 80,000 soldiers to help the French. The Kaiser, measuring their honor by his own, thought they would perfunctorily and literally redeem this pledge, and let it go at that. Hence his remark about their "contemptible little army." The fact is that Great Britain alone has sent on land and sea a total of six and a quarter millions. Her Empire has added two and a quarter millions more to this. Over eight millions instead of eighty thousand—a hundred in place of one. That is the British way. When we send fifteen millions we will have done as well—but not till then.

England was no more a military nation than America when the war began. She learned to fight by fighting—and dying. We are profiting to-day by her tragic experiences. Thousands of American lads will come home to us alive and whole because thousands of our blood-brothers from the British Isles have been killed and mutilated—and have taught us how to escape. Britain made her armies while France and her own navy held the gap, and then she poured them into France and Flanders by the million to fight back the eruption of Cave Men that threatened civilization.

What the English have done in this war is too recent to need recapitulation. They gradually took over greater and greater sections of the front. They first fought defensive actions with all the dogged courage for which the British are famous—then they created that early turn in the tide which released the series of allied offensives that finally sent the Germans back to the Hindenburg line—and beyond. They rose to the rank of a full military partner of France—and there is no higher rank.

For all this they paid. There is hardly a home in Great Britain which does not have its unvisited grave in France or Belgium—not a street on which the permanently maimed do not limp to unaccustomed tasks. And the figures show that the percentage of casualties from the Mother Country exceeds the percentage from the overseas Dominions, thus disposing of one of the vilest, meanest, most dastardly lies of the whole Satanic German propaganda which charged that the English were putting their Colonials and their allies in the

forefront of the battle. Lord Northcliffe estimates their killed alone at 900,000!

England's contributions outside the Western front have been worthy of a great nation, even if they stood alone. Her navy has kept the seas free for the commerce and the troop transports of the allied world. It has bottled up the German navy from the first. Her ships have coaled, fed and munitioned the Italians—for a time fed and munitioned the French—brought legions and food supplies from the Seven Seas. We are proud of our own swift shipment of troops to the firing line during the days of the soul-shaking danger this last summer; but well over half of them went in British bottoms convoyed by British warships.

Then where have not the British fought? The Suez was in danger. It was the British that protected it. There were German naval stations in the Pacific. The British mopped them up. Russia asked help by way of the Dardanelles. The British tried to give it. Intervention was needed on the Tigris. The British supplied it. The British were at Saloniki. British ships were in the Adriatic. The British Colonial troops freed Africa from the Germans. British diplomacy steadied the Moslem world when the Turkish Sultan and his Sheik-ul-Islam proclaimed a holy war. The British to-day are moving south from Archangel and are at Vladivostok.

British financed the allied nations till we came in to share the titanic task. Her industries have clothed, munitioned and supplied them in various vital ways. The Germans say that she has "prolonged the war." By that they mean that she has kept up the fighting spirit of the allies and supported their morale. The Briton is a dour fighter, and knows no end to a struggle save victory or death. He never fights a limited liability war—he goes in with his whole soul. The day that British Khaki appeared upon the battlefields of France it was decreed that there could be but one of two ends to this conflict—the collapse of the British Empire or the final failure of Germany's dream of world-conquest.

But no one, save the German Intelligence Department, has known or ever will know half of what Britain has done. When it comes to self-laudation the British are the poorest advertisers the world has ever seen.

Why is a ship always polite?—Because she advances with a bow.