

HERE IS A FIRST-SIGHT WORD PICTURE OF ENGLAND AND THE WAR.

"For the Lion Had Left a Whelp Wherever His Claw Was Set."

For Twenty-One Months the Allies Have Withstood a Foe Prepared Through Years of Calculation For a War of Conquest

(BY W. A. WILLISON)

LONDON, April 23.—It is a beautiful night, such a night as heralds the coming of Spring. The searchlights are flashing through the London sky, a grim reminder of war in the cool quiet of an English evening when the promise of rain is in the wind and the earth is full of the suggestion of new and green things struggling into bloom. We remember those lines which tell us that "God's in His Heaven," and we would that we could complete the quotation and say that "All's right with the world." But the world is in torment. The evening promise of green things and new life finds as the only response in the hearts of men and women a growing confidence that the armed forces of civilization are approaching nearer to their victory.

For 20 months humanity has been in conflict with a mighty host prepared through years of calculation. Commanding all the war vigor of untrammelled autocracy, that host challenged democracy a year and a half ago, and the nations linked in conflict to determine whether the will to power should prevail over right and whether freedom should perish upon the earth. The storm shook the world. The thunder of great guns, the lightning flash of explosives, the hail of bullets raining over half Europe—these heralded the torrent of destructive forces upon the bulwarks of civilization. The flood was at the full. The storm broke upon Belgium. It wrought havoc upon Flanders and much of France. Not until Paris was nearly overcome by the deluge was the flood stopped. And the slow recession of the tide began, hardly perceptible at first, but increasing as month by month the torrent lost its strength and the power that was ours to conquer the menace grew.

Forces of Humanity Vs. Powers of Destruction

BEATEN back, the forces of the Central Empires swept against Russia and the great North battled as seldom nation battled before until it too stopped the onslaught. The crisis was passed. But the storm did not abate. Gallipoli and the Balkans were yet to come. Only now do we really perceive the first rift in the clouds. The light of the world appears. The storm rages, sullenly, furiously. But the dark night is past. The forces of humanity are slowly wrestling from the powers of destruction that sure victory which shall bring rest to the troubled world.

Half the world is plunged in sorrow and torn in an agony of spirit which we shall not realize until peace comes again to give us time for thought. But in the agony there is a glory touched with the divine. The world will never forget the sacrifices of Belgium, and the splendid heroism which led this little nation to submit to battle single-handed against the most mighty offensive forces ever known. In the dim future, when historians write of the present conflict, their verdict may be that she saved not only France, but Europe, in those first awful days. She had testified, as Serbia has testified, to the worth that is in little nations. That testimony will form one of the great-

est human documents in history. We pay homage to these stricken, ravaged little peoples, who have fought so nobly and died so well, a homage as great as that we give to France and Russia.

France!—we remember the words of a famous General in the Canadian forces, words heard in the gloom as we stood on a hill in Flanders watching the night flares breaking over the opposing lines. He spoke of the great Republic, of the wonderful courage of her mothers and her sons, of her tremendous sacrifices, of her seadiness and her flaming determination that this thing should not be and that her land should be freed, as the world should be freed, from the forces which oppressed her. Indeed, there is glory for all. We think of Russia, fighting for months such battles as history has never known—Russia, lacking ammunition, lacking artillery, lacking everything but courage, sullenly opposing the tremendously efficient and destructive weapons of the enemy. At last the forces of the Entente Powers have overcome the handicap which was theirs. One marvels that it has been overcome, that civilization survived the first onslaughts. But overcome it has been, and we are attaining that necessary co-ordination of Allied resources which is essential to success. Everywhere the tide begins to turn against the Central Empires. Together with the military fetters which we are slowly clinching, we are rivetting economic bands which will further reduce enemy nations to aggressive impotence.

Flaming Determination Of Bleeding France

THE approach of the Allied economic conference in Paris signifies a momentous step in the commercial history of the world—international appreciation of the significant fact that there lies in commercial alliance a potent force nearly as effective for defensive purposes as armed men. Russia is to be assisted in her internal struggle to throw off the commercial domination of Germany, which, by its slow progress of peaceful penetration, has gained such marked ascendancy, in the industrial life of the Northern Empire. France is to be at the economic conference—France and Britain and Russia and Italy and Japan, and probably Belgium and Serbia. Portugal may be there, too. It has taken a long time, but the civilized nations of the world have learned to war properly. They have learned their lesson through adversity. The lesson promises to be well learned.

Twenty months ago the bugles of England were blowing and the cities of the Empire caught up the call till it echoed from Vancouver to Natal, from Sydney to Wellington. The earth was girdled with the sound which called the men of the English-speaking peoples to arms. They came, as there was never a doubt that they would come. South Africa and New Zealand and Australia and Canada gave answer as the men of the breed should answer. "For the lion had left a whelp wherever his claw was set." Great has been the Imperial response. But greater than all has been the answer of Britain. August, 1914, saw the United Kingdom governed by a Ministry able for social achievement, but sadly wanting in those elements which make for successful prosecution of great wars. It is true that, measured by the letter of her agreements, Britain

was prepared. History supplies no finer example of naval excellence than that afforded by the British fleet, which steamed to its war stations with a precision and despatch which will reflect lasting credit upon the Board of Admiralty which controlled it and the seamen who directed it. So with the removal of the first 100,000 to France. Men, munitions, artillery, transports, cavalry, all the military details essential to the equipment and the proper establishment of such an expeditionary force were supplied.

Enervating Influence Of British Pacifism

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, in his history of this first British force, gives us a dramatic picture of the embarkation in the night and tells us with what admirable precision the whole movement of troops was carried out. But beyond the preparedness of the Navy, beyond the despatch of the promised 100,000 to France, there was no war vision in the British Government and no realization of the tremendous nature of the conflict in which the Empire was involved. As with the Government, so with the people. Britain was drugged by materialistic doctrines, weakened by the enervating influence of pacifism. In the pursuit of commercial ideals and the relief of social distress at home she had lost that larger insight which is the safe-

guard of Empires. She was out of touch with the greater realities of world affairs. Her Government had talked of disarmament while Germany prepared. A great leader had preached to the people in the market place and been rejected. It was perhaps no wonder that men feared that the Mother of Empire had grown too old and too tired for the tremendous responsibilities and burdens which were hers. But with the declaration of war there began here in the United Kingdom one of the greatest human spectacles of all time—the aggressive mobilization of Great Britain.

In the months that have gone by our minds have been distracted by particular incidents. We have criticized men and governments. We have seen much to condemn. But weighing the months in the balance of national effort we question if the world has ever witnessed such tremendous achievements. The regular army has given place to Kitchener's, Kitchener's to Derby's, Derby's to the Military Service Act, and to-day the promise is of Universal Military Service. In 20 months Britain has abandoned her long cherished voluntary principle, and not only consented to but demanded compulsory service for single men. In 20 months 4,000,000 men have been trained in arms. Britain has become one of the greatest armament centres of the world. Her munitions output has increased to an undreamed of

extent. Activity in naval yards and dock yards has been unprecedented. Much has been achieved in the air. And with all this the voice of the people demanding greater measures has been insistent. The Liberal Government was found wanting and discarded. Coalition is now facing a situation nearly as critical. It has accomplished immeasurably more than its predecessor, but still it has failed to give national satisfaction. There has been no dominating figure, no one man competent to lead the nation in its greatest crisis. There has been government by many men who studied the temper of the public and followed, rather than directed, national efforts. The land has lacked leadership. Perhaps that is the greatest miracle of all, the miracle of what Britain has done because of the determination that was in her people. No element in the nation has been found wanting. Those in high places have sacrificed their sons and their fortunes, anxious only that they should be worthy of the traditions which are theirs.

Peaceful Pursuits Are Abandoned For the War

ENGLAND has been splendidly patriotic. We have heard a good deal of strikes on the Clyde and unrest in South Wales, but they are as nothing compared to the millions of men who have left the works of peace for other

works on distant fields. In Merthyr Tydvil, as in Labor's acceptance of the Military Service Bill, we have the final answer to those who misrepresented British workmen as indifferent to the national peril. From the mines and the factories, from the schools and the warehouses, from the slums and the universities, from every corner of the British Isles, men of all ranks and all occupations have abandoned peaceful pursuits for the stern work of the sword. File upon file, rank upon rank, company by company, battalion by battalion, brigade by brigade, they have marched to the standards of Britain. Division has succeeded division, corps succeeded corps, army followed upon army, until to-day the Mother Country has under arms 4,000,000 fighting men.

We think the heart of Henley must be very glad. For this is the answer to his question. England still rejoices in a breed of mighty men coming forward one in ten to the sound on her bugles blown. And what of the women at home? It is their glory and pride to give their dearest to service and to hide the agony of their hearts until those who do not appreciate the tragedy of these glorious islands, the tragedy of their rose gardens and their leafy lanes, might not even guess the sorrow that saddens the land. In hospitals and convalescent homes, in munition factories and in the fields, in every occupation that means relief of able-bodied men for active service, as in every undertaking that brings ease to the wounded—the women of Britain are to be found ministering, helping, working for the Empire.

Four Million In Only Twenty Months

REDMOND and Carson work each in their own way for the supreme cause. Scotland vies with England and Glasgow rivals London in recruitment. Wales rejoices in its own Guards. Authors and artists, sportsmen and city men, men of the mine and men of the field, fight with the same high courage. For they have grown "cold to death and dead to pain because of one green winding lane or one blue limpid stream." Four million of them! Think of what it means. Four million in 20 months—200,000 a month, six battalions a day for 600 days. And beyond her men, the country pours out £5,000,000—\$25,000,000—daily for war purposes. That is how the nation fights. Surely it is a Mother Country fit to hold sovereignty over great dominions. We bow the heart and the knee to her, marvelling at her strength, glad for her splendid allegiance to ancient traditions. Her men are great. Their greatness is heard in the very voice of the land itself, which asks only—"Give us leadership. Give us vision. Give us competent government."

We can recall stray lines of a poem which told of the Dominions marshalling to the flag of Empire:

Stir of children marching; beat of hearts that bleed;
Thunder of ten thousand lips:
"O mother! here we come."

Lessons of the Great Conflict Are Born of Blood and Breed, and of the Brotherhood of Brave Men of Brave Women

TEN thousand has given place to hundreds of thousands. South Africa fights on her own field. The

name "Anzac" is blazoned on the records of the race. Canada moves towards her half million armed men. Truly the Dominions have proved their title to their birthright. There is only one vision more glorious than the fact of the present. That is the vision of Empire as it might have been—Empire prepared.

We can see the Whitehall and Downing Street at the menace of war and hear the grave voices of those in authority on August 4th, 1914, calling the rally of Empire. "Canada has her navy on the Pacific and the Atlantic and her troops are ready to sail. Australia and New Zealand guard their Pacific routes and have marshalled their armies. South Africa is moving her forces."—So it might have been and the world would have been saved days of torment and nights of agony. Civilization would have been free from tyranny before now. The hundreds and hundreds of millions which are being spent to-day, and will be spent to-morrow, on destruction would by now have been diverted to social undertakings and to the humane works of peace. We were an Empire without vision. We pay the penalty—a penalty so enormous that the human mind cannot grasp the full horror of the cost. Indeed, we had erred and strayed from our Imperial path and our agony is great upon us. Our only joy is in our race, which has mobilized so mightily, though having no thought for preparation.

Peace and the Future Of British Empire

THERE are still those who talk of constitutional Imperial consolidation as though it were a dream of idealists. Surely we have learned our lesson by now. Surely the time has passed for prattle of autonomy and discussion of incidence of taxation. Peace must witness the calling together of the great figures of Empire to discuss and determine the future Imperial relationship. Downing Street must share its sovereignty and the Dominions must accept their proper share of house that equality of power and equality of sacrifice shall prevail. We govern a quarter of the earth. We have responsibilities towards the dependent nations such as those shared by no other power. Our strength is the surest shield of civilization. We must so direct the future that we shall never again be found wanting. We must have the might to enforce right. We must be armed, not for aggression, but for justice. We have come perilously near to destruction. And the destruction of the British Empire would be one of the most appalling calamities in history. Never again can we permit the indolence which nearly overwhelmed us. We must rebuild the foundation of the Imperial structure. We must rebuild because of the paramount duty which rests upon those of the English tongue to maintain justice on the earth, to protect the defenceless, to establish liberty and law above the individual interests of tyranny and oppression. Our Empire has endured for a thousand years. LET US BUILD FOR ANOTHER THOUSAND.

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