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## A War Cabinet of Five Members and Nationalization of Munitions

CANADA cannot quit. Canada is invaded in the spirit if not the flesh of the Hun hordes that trampled over Belgium, France, Serbia and other lands, slaying and destroying. Canada having entered the war as a force for humanity, must go on and on and on.

This, in brief, was the spirit that actuated a large number of the Liberal editors of Ontario who gathered in Toronto on Thursday and reiterated the stand they have taken for compulsory service and a national government in direction of the affairs of Canada, with any purely party advantage thrown aside until the war is over—and won. These newspapermen pressed the matter home to one another with a fervor born of the truest conviction that this war is a cause of Liberalism, that Canada can and will do more, that a new buckling to for the whole country should be shouted into the ears of the thousands of readers to whom their newspapers address themselves today.

Out of this round table conference of newspaper publishers and editors—there were none others present—came great ideas for Canada in war time, ideas that may have been in circulation, but which find broad expression for the first time now.

The first of these ideas is that Canada should have a war council of small numbers to deal with the great issues of the war and nothing but the war. The selection of these men should be made with an eye single to the pressing home of the cause and the carrying on of war business with broadmindedness and efficiency, with a new rallying of the nation, and an inspired note of high desire from Ottawa. Single minded men who have no connection with ill-gotten war gains, no desire for political place holding, no desire for jobbing out the war as a party affair, should be the men to form this great war cabinet fashioned after the best practice of the home country since the war.

The second big idea to be advanced was that the munitions industry should be nationalized and conscripted as truly as the army at the front. One Liberal editor told of a firm capitalized at \$50,000 which had made in profits the staggering sum of \$4,000,000 since war began, as well as paying its men three, four and five times as much as the private who offers his life at the front. And this man spoke with a rush of patriotic feeling when he demanded that the making of munitions should be taken over by the Government. His words will be echoed all over Canada.

Whether or not an election may be averted still remains with the men of both parties. The Advertiser has believed that national government was the only solution, and it has asserted that this country is due to get off the narrow-gauge of public life and to get on the broad gauge of public service.

There was unanimity of opinion at the meeting, and everyone concerned was able to recite incidents of the need for more men in the fighting line, one lad with no leave for eighteen months, another killed when he was due for promised leave because there was none to relieve him.

The Advertiser is confident that new forces at Ottawa, forces that are dependable and forces that are equal to the size of the task can inspire Canada, can carry on the securing of men as the securing of war funds and patriotic donations has been carried on.

The Borden Government has not been the inspiration behind the conscription measure. It is inspired by the voices of the men in the trenches and by the echo of those voices in the hearts of the people at home. It is the fair way to lead Canada on to victory. It is backed by the Liberal and Conservative members of Ontario, and it has the support of the press of both parties almost to a unit. Is it not possible that the best men of all parties can stand together to form a national administration out of which may be selected five outstanding men of the country to carry through the cause? The winning of the war is too great to be made a party question.

### RUSSIA'S DILEMMA.

FRANK H. SIMONDS, in his weekly war review published elsewhere in this issue of The Advertiser, expresses the belief that the Allies will not gain a military decision unless both Russia and the United States play a big part in the continued prosecution of the war. Of the United States he is certain, but he expresses some doubt as to the ability of Russia to come back.

Mr. Simonds is not a pessimist. He has confidence in the arms of the Allies, but affirms in Russia at the moment throw a discouraging cloud over the war. No one can see many signs of hope in that quarter, unless Kerensky and the loyal elements of the country succeed quickly in restoring the lost morale. The premier, almost single-handed, is proving a veritable Hercules. He is firm where firmness is needed. To rally the troops he has ridden along the line and has suffered wounds. He is dealing with the rebels at Kronstadt in the only way in which they can be dealt with—without mercy. He has ordered his generals in the field to recapture Tampoff, which was evacuated without reason.

Despite all the discordant elements Russia is producing noble men and women, who are proving of invaluable aid to the determined premier and war minister. The story of the valor of the women's legion can hardly fail to send a ringing note of cheer throughout the country. Throwing themselves into the breach made by deserters they faced the shells and bayonets of the Prussians, charged and fired, shamed the white-livered men of their land into returning to the battle, and won the day for the Russian colors. The women fighters in their first engagement captured 102 prisoners, including two officers.

It proved at least a temporary turn in the tide. With the aid and example of the women, the cavalry and artillery

It has been in the training syllabus of instructors and officers in the world war, especially the Canadian soldiers. It has been the keynote of action in many lines of endeavor.

"Pep" may be overdone. Too much of it causes mental sneezes, but what does it all amount for? Isn't it just another word for putting soul or temperament into one's work? It may be a soldier or it may be a singer—and a coal-heaver who has "pep" must have his soul in his work. An exhibition of genuine "pep" is an indication that someone is living, alive, playing the mental man rather than the physical man, being alert to existence because it is good. "Pep" is just about accomplishment, too, for real success does not come without deeper efforts than those of the hand or the rule-ridden brain. "Pep" may mean an unusual speed, but it is not a speed that can be taught, but who wants to travel on stage-coaches or horse-cars, anyway? "Pep" makes a man "him" rather than "it."

### DROWNING AND MEASLES.

LONDON should mark its danger spots along the Thames. It quarantines houses when an attack of measles threatens other children in the community. It employs a force to guard the health of the children from disease, but it has not spent much money to protect the same children from the great disease—DROWNING—which runs through the length of the city. You can save a child from the measles, but—those wonderful pulmonologists haven't brought back many little treasures to their parents, have they? The pulmonologist always comes too late. A sign marked "Danger!" will save many a life.

The city has spent thousands for a bath-house at Port Stanley. What about the children of the poor who cannot get there?

### SAVE THE BOYS.

LONDON SHOULD mark the danger spots in the River Thames, so that every small boy may have a chance to be plunged into some treacherous hole. Any life is a loss, but it seems to most of us that child life is most worth saving. How much is done to save boys from drowning? Scores of them are done to death by the tons of water that crowd in upon their lungs and strangle them once they go beneath the surface.

Let everyone do what he can to save boys from drowning in the summer months. We have just about abolished the fool who rocks the boat and the other one who didn't believe it was so, but we have left the deep death traps of our streams unmarked. Teach the boys where the danger is and they will learn to skate the dangerous parts. They do not skid into a hole in the ice that is marked "Danger." Neither would they throw their lives away by wading into deep holes. Every man who has ever gone to the river should make himself a member of the "Old Swimmer's Hole" Club and thrust himself between the barefoot boy, who has no summer home at the lakeside, with safe, gradually sloping beaches, and the horrible fate that always lurks where waters are deep.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

"Safety first" should be ringing in the ears of every community that has small boys and swimming holes.

What is so distractingly terrible as the sight of a child, carried home drowned to its mother? Everyone can help to stop these irreparable and sickening losses.

Every minister in Western Ontario and every editor could well afford to sound a warning to his people so that they might guard their children and the sons of others.

So many boys have fathers at the war who cannot tell their sons about the dangers of swimming near bad holes that the duty devolves upon others to watch the little fellows.

What can you do to prevent boys from losing their lives in your locality? Will you join The Advertiser in an effort to guard these children who have no other place in which to indulge in one of the healthiest of boyish sports?

### The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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#### THE JAPANESE JUG.

[By Sylvia Turner.]

"But there's no place for it," protested Evelyn. "I am so sick and tired of these baby white elephants that people call wedding gifts I don't know what to do, and it's blue and white. Imagine that with Japanese furniture and dull alert! But I could bring a hundred if I had what that is worth," he said. "You know, Eve, Uncle Barnaby's the queerest old devil I ever met. He lives all alone at Craggy-More, up on the Hudson. His name is Barnaby Wynne-Jones, and he was born in Wales. I haven't seen him since I was in knee breeches. I believe he's a general suspicion that every body is after his money, and that has sort of alienated the family. I bet if I could see my bride he'd be glad that he sent such a gift."

"The dear old thing," Evelyn said, happily. "Let's invite him down for a week. Perhaps he'll take a fancy to you and do something wonderful." The following month Uncle Barnaby arrived. He was a little, light-eyed, old fellow, with a white beard and hair, but nothing escaped his ken. Almost the first thing he spied was the porcelain doll on the pedestal in the sunny dining-room. Evelyn had put tail sprays of flowers around it, and a Japanese print on the wall behind it. The pedestal was of ivory white, after all,

but it really made a very attractive corner.

"Humph!" said the old gentleman. "Looks pretty good, doesn't it?" "We prize it highly," Ben answered reverently. And Eve added: "I've been up to the library and read up all about Japanese and Chinese porcelains."

"You did, did you? Then you probably found out that this is an imitation." The silence in the dining-room for a moment was unbroken. Eve did not dare look at Ben. She was thinking very rapidly. An almost irresistible temptation to laugh stole over her. At least she had kept Ben from buying an expensive pedestal to put the jar on. "Yes," Uncle Barnaby went on pleasantly. "I flatter myself it's one of the best imitations I have ever seen. I had a lot of them made before I started disposing of my collection. I don't suppose you heard, Ben, two of the companies I had stock in went up in smoke, so to speak. I've been riding close to the wind for a good many years. One reason why I came down here was to look around quietly for a little job of some sort. I haven't told anybody else in the family about this, but you've all been a close going sort of way, and you were country-bred, too. I'll tell you, Ben, Chinese porcelains and Japanese are can't satisfy a man when he's homesick."

"The worst of it is," Ben told his wife that night, "you can't tell whether he's joking or in earnest. He's a regular old Ben! Rabbit for cleverness. He's just liable to tell us all that just to see how we'll take it and how we'll treat him. I don't believe he'll ever let me hear of his having a share in anything."

"Don't tell her," advised Ben. "Oh, don't! She'll know; she's a connoisseur on porcelains." The following Saturday Aunt Ruth arrived. She was a stout, middle-aged woman, with a stern, but kindly, expression. She was a recognized authority, because of her own beautiful collection. As Uncle Barnaby turned and saw her, a look of utter amazement spread across his face. "Let's treat him just as if we believed every word he said. There's one comfort, if he's old and broken, now, it doesn't matter. I'm rather sorry I invited Miss Ruthford over for tea to look at my collection."

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