

the current Christmas issue with its ninety odd pages of seasonable reading for the members of its rapidly growing family. In it Mrs. Nellie McClung, for instance, tells of "Loyalty"—not the flag-wagging hullabalooing sham of the political hustings, but the real thing. Mrs. Plumtre, who of all the noble women workers of Canada has a most intimate knowledge of the Canadian Red Cross, tells, in an interesting article titled "The Fourth Christmas," what the Red Cross is really doing for the lads at the front. H. B. Cowan contributes, for the benefit of our Western friends, a most thorough exposition of the growth of the farmers' movement in Ontario and a dozen other special features are furnished to fill out a sumptuous bill of fare for the literary end of the Yuletide doings of the prairie folk.

Trotsky in Halifax---

LEON TROTSKY, Lenin's monitor, and main-spring of the movement which pushed Krensky from power, was a prisoner in a Halifax internment camp a few months ago. He was arrested by order of the British Government when, on the way from New York to Petrograd, the steamer he was on put in at Halifax harbor to pick up a convoy across the Atlantic. That was last spring, and soon after the revolution in Russia made things safe for Trotsky in his own bailiwick. Before that Trotsky was a political outcast with a price on his head in at least six European capitals. He was sent to Siberia for his part in the 1905 revolution, but escaped and made his way to Vienna. His revolutionary ideas resulted in his banishment from Vienna and he went to Switzerland, where he wrote a book which won him a sentence of six months' imprisonment, which still stands on the charge sheet of the German court which tried him for the offence.

Since the beginning of the war he has been deported in turn from Austria, Switzerland, France, Spain and Portugal. Berlin wanted to put him in jail and Britain kept him on the move. He found refuge at last in New York and an interesting account of his activities there up to the time of the Russian revolution are given in an interview in the New York Post by Alexander Menshoy, who was editor-in-chief of the Russian Socialist paper on which Trotsky worked while in New York:

"Leon Trotsky, who was a native of the southern part of Russia, came here in the last of January of this year," said Menshoy, "to find a refuge. He was barred from France, where his paper had been suppressed, he dared not enter his own country at the time, he had been deported from Spain, and a six months' prison sentence awaited him if he should enter upon German soil. England, like France, was hostile to him, as was Switzerland, where he had expected to go, so the only place left for him was America. After his experiences here and after he had sailed from New York with his friends to join

the revolutionists in Russia last March, he was held up at Halifax at the instance of the British Government, searched and arrested. He was put in an internment camp outside of Halifax. The British Government knew his history pretty well, but he was held on the pretence that he was going back to Russia in the interests of Germany and the old Russian regime. We started here a campaign, and at Petrograd another one was begun by the Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates to have Trotsky released. M. Milyukoff, first Minister of Foreign Affairs after the revolution, cabled to Canada and demanded Trotsky's immediate release. He was released and allowed to proceed."

Bottomley Prophecies Again---

MY recent declaration that in the opinion of everyone at the Front, the enemy will have collapsed in the West by Christmas, and that means the end of the war, has caused quite a hullabaloo, says Horatio Bottomley in John Bull.

Why do I say these things? Let me remind you that I have expressly stated that I claim no special qualification to enable me to form any idea of my own beyond such as is open to every man of ordinary intelligence after seeing things for himself. What I have said I have based upon the opinions of the men who do know—and upon the information they were good enough to give me. To sum it all up once more, it comes to this—that in the West, where the war began, it will end; that in that theatre we have the enemy absolutely beaten; that the German lines are about to break; and that when the debacle sets in—the war is over.

Believe me, they are not laughing, in the Trenches, at the idea of early peace. Within the past few days I have received a letter from a distinguished officer, who is, perhaps, more intimately in touch with the situation in the West than any other man, with the exception of Haig himself. Here is the last paragraph: "I think you will find the war will be over this year." And almost every other letter I get tells the same story. Of course, they may all be wrong. But, please remember, I am but the chronicler and reporter of their views. If I put my money on them, it is because they are the men on the spot, the men who are actually fighting the war. They have no axes to grind—and they don't say to-day the opposite of what they said yesterday. They are neither liars nor lunatics.

No, my friends, I am, if you like, a Jingo—an out-and-out believer in the strong arm of the British Empire, which, despite all her faults and failings, and her politicians, no Power on God's earth, and no combination of Powers, shall ever bring to the ground. So come along, good readers—thumbs up, three cheers for Haig, to Hell with the Kaiser, and to Jericho with the Pessimists! In the words of Smuts, the war is won.

What is the Matter with My Town?

(Concluded from page 17.)

gary. As per usual, craft-unionism, in its blind effort to impede progress, and forgetting that this is the Age of the Machine, hollered its head off.

The business, or professional class, do not seem to be enamored of running this municipality any more. Nor does the working-class seem to thirst for the responsibility. And, as for the old, retired gentleman—not of the curmudgeon class—they positively refuse to have anything at all to do with it—good, bad, or indifferent.

However, the youths who have not yet been called to arms are out assimilating the best knowledge our culture is capable of, and the probabilities are that when they are ready to begin where the fathers left off, Fort William and Port Arthur combined shall be what Nature destined they should become, viz., The Chicago of Canada.

INDUSTRIALIST.

We regret that the Hampton, Ont., letter has to be held over for a later issue.

"PETER," said a grocer to his clerk, "I owe about \$500."

"Yes, sir."

"I have about \$2,000 in the safe, but the shop is empty. I think it is the right time to fail."

"Yes, sir," said the courteous clerk.

"But I want a plausible pretext for my creditors. You have brains, and I wish you'd think the matter over to-night."

The clerk promised to think it over carefully.

On entering the shop next morning the grocer found the safe open, the money gone, and in its place a note which ran as follows: "I have taken the \$2,000, and am off to America. It is the best excuse you can give to your creditors."—Exchange.

The Country Book-store

By Percival B. Walmsley

THE country bookstore is losing business to outsiders—to drug-stores, grocers and even to flour-and-feed men and decorators. That is what I found in Ourville, Can. Probably the conditions there are but an example of what is going on in towns of a similar size (about 2,000 pop.) throughout North America.

Mixed businesses seem the rule in the small town. The butcher is about the only one who keeps to his own proper business. The drygoods store must carry groceries, and the grocer is not happy unless he has a boot department, and so on. The bookseller in Ourville was possibly a jeweler first and a bookseller as an afterthought, judging from his weatherworn painted announcements above his store, on his blinds, etc. He carries on a watch-repairing business by an assistant, just at the back of his right-hand window. Probably the assistant wants plenty of light, and that accounts for the small display of goods in that window. Only the left-hand window shows off his magazines, books and stationery.

If you are a stranger, desiring to buy a book, you will probably step into one or other of the two drug stores. They look more likely to contain what you want. These are the men who carry on a sort of war of attrition against the bookseller. Doctors and lawyers soon get after unqualified practitioners, but perhaps the bookseller is "too proud to fight". Besides there are no booksellers "by examination". Or perhaps his conscience makes a coward of him, and he feels he cannot say much to the poachers who take his business, while he himself is no better than a poacher as regards the watchmaking and jewelry business.

As for the public, it means poor service and disgust, and drives the customer to the distant catalogue house. For naturally the result is that to get what he wants, the customer must hunt through several stores, for what should be only in one store. For



What do they mean by Peace with Restoration?

—Thomas, in Detroit News.