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A Thought for the Times

ARTICLE IV.—THE WAR.
I. C. MORRIS.

Let us be loyal to our King,
And to his royal sons,
Hurrah for England's guns!
And let the people shout and sing.

It should be a cause of gratitude that just at this present juncture in our nation's history we have upon the throne a king who has gone through his degrees and who knows his Empire. His training and experience have qualified him for the duties of his office; and his manner of speech is sufficient guarantee that he knows whereof he speaks, and that he really means what he says. We think that all great men should mean what they say, but it appears they do not. Certainly the Emperor of Germany did not mean peace when he spoke of it. By his action the dove of peace has been banished from Europe and the war-dogs have been let loose upon the world. What of the Peace Conference? Is it of no use at this critical time? This time of all times. We noticed that the President of the United States exercised his right in this respect, and offered to mediate, but his offer was not accepted. Was his position then a false one, and is the world only being blind-folded by the creation of a Peace Conference? Is it possible that one man, or one class of men, can embroil the whole world in the horrors of war, and that our Twentieth Century advancement is to be defaced by rivers of blood? Is this all that the world has so far accomplished? Surely there ought to be power enough somewhere, or authority enough in the councils of men to cry halt.

Already a half century of harm has been inflicted, and a million hearts broken, and this sorrow is daily increasing. Markham in his poem: "The man with the hoe" which deals with the oppression of labour says:—

"O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God?
This monstrous thing, distorted and soul-quenched,
How will the future reckon with this man?"

But what answer can the promoters of this war give to an outraged world, and in what light will posterity look upon them? What say they of this breach of the world's peace? How answer they to the wall of Europe's children? How reconcile their impious deeds with the slaughtered hosts of this conflict? When the slaughter is over, who will look the world in the face and say: "I did it!" What indemnity will offset the loss of life, or heal the myriad broken hearts of those that mourn. It can never be done, and those who are responsible will never wash their hands clean of this crime.

The more we look at it the more we see it a crime—a crime as black as any by which the annals of history have been dyed. It is a crime against trade and commerce, against religion and education, against home and

country, or against childhood and innocence. It is a crime against all that the age stands for, and all that we have been taught to hope. It is a crime against the love of womanhood. It is a crime against man, and therefore against God—for man is God's creature; the noblest of our lower creation, and made by Him for his own great glory. When shall we learn this lesson. Perhaps this war may teach it to us.

Longfellow in his poem: "Hiawatha," embodies this same principle where he refers to the Great Spirit whom he calls "Gitchie Moricito, the Mighty." The quotation runs as follows:—

"Mitche Moricito, the mighty,
The creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity;
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling," saying:—

"O my children, my poor children!
Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the great spirit,
From the Master of life who made you."

"I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver."

"Filled the marshes full of wild fowl,
Filled the rivers full of fishes;
Why then are ye not contented?
Why then will ye hunt each other?"

This is the question which we ask: Why hunt, why kill each other? The people don't want it—not even the German people. Why then this war? Simply because somebody, somewhere has said so; and because somebody says so, the whole world suffers. An esteemed friend came into my office a day or two ago, and read for me a poem which he had cut out of a Halifax paper, and I cannot do better than close this chapter with it.

WAR.
"Twelve million men to be marshaled
And murdered, and mangled, and maimed;
Twelve million men, by the stroke of the pen,
To be slaughtered—and no one is shamed."

Mountains of wealth to be wasted,
Oceans of tears to be shed;
Valleys of light to be turned into night,
Rivers of blood to run red.

Thousands of wives to be widowed,
Millions of mothers to mourn,
Thousands in sorrow to wail the to-morrow,
Millions of hearts to be torn.

Thousands of fathers to perish,
Millions of children to moan,
Ages of time to prepare for a crime
That sons can never atone.

Thousands of homes to be shattered,
Millions of prayers to be vain,
Thousands of ways to the glory that pray
In poverty, panic and pain.

Twelve million men in God's image,
Sentenced to shoot and be shot,
Kill and be killed, as a ruler has willed,
For what—for what—for what?"
(Continued.)

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Divorced Life

By Helen Hessong Fuesle

Taking the Love Cure

Marian admitted to herself frankly that she understood this man Calhoun less than any man she had ever met. He was an enigma, a cryptogram. The hard suileness of his countenance, melting now and then into an abrupt and gleaming smile, made her wonder from what curious background of circumstance he had developed. His gray eyes, now inscrutable, now beaming and dancing with their sudden eye-laughter, puzzled her strangely. Now man, now boy, he differed intangibly, indefinitely from other men who had manifested an interest in her. Wonder wove through her mind as to whether he was going to make love to her. She had almost hated herself for the thought; yet what else is a woman to expect in a world, man-made in its civilization from the bottom up, with women constituting its prey, its game, its playing?
When they had boarded the canoe, he paddled moodily for several minutes. Marian made no effort to stir up conversation. The silent river-banks, the serene water, the rhythmic padding of her companion, were pleasantly restful. She was content to dream.
"You say you don't like the Inn?" she asked at length remembering an earlier remark of his.
"Hideously dull," he answered.
"What made you come?" she asked.
"An absurd whim. A piece of crowning folly brought me here," he replied modestly.
"How romantic!" exclaimed Marian. "It isn't often that a man will confess to anything as interesting as that. The very confession is romance in itself."
"Romance," he snarled. "That's the trouble with the world—romance."

Wedding Bells.

A very pretty wedding took place on Sunday night at the R. C. Cathedral, Rev. Father Sheehan officiating, the contracting parties being Mr. John Boone, of this city, to Miss Kitty Power, of Dunville, Placentia. The bride was attired in navy blue with hat to match, while the bridesmaid was dressed in sage blue with hat to match. Mr. Joseph Boone, brother of the groom, was best man, and Miss Annie Power, cousin of the bride, was bridesmaid. The wedding supper was held at the residence of Mrs. Power, George's Street, aunt of the bride, and was kept up till the wee small hours of the morning. Mr. and Mrs. Boone were the recipients of many costly presents.

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Firemen's Meeting.

A meeting of the Firemen's Union was held last night to deal with some members who signed on the Sagons, under wages. It was decided that these men will not be permitted to sign on any other steamer on which Union men are employed, unless they pay the fine imposed for their breach of the rules of the Union.

More Fires.

Fires provoke immediate sympathy for the sufferer and also thankfulness for personal escape. Another thought should be whether one is personally and sufficiently protected. An insurance policy with Percis Johnson would provide for you the desired security and a small expense. Easy to

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