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ADVERTISERS, NOTE.
Advertised by A. B. C.
Advertised on request.
London, Ont., Monday, July 11.
THE IRISH TRUCE.
Announced that a truce has been declared
between the forces of the Crown and those of the
Irish republicans in Ireland, and that this will
have effect at noon today, although it is re-
ported that the withdrawal of patrols and the cancel-
ling of military and police measures at the
Irish Republic at that time the cessation of hos-

ilities will all danger of the source of supply becoming
exhausted is entirely obviated.
The great value of the systematic planting of young
trees was fully demonstrated in Scotland during the
late war, when thousands of acres of magnificent
Scots pines were available for the construction of
railway ties and other military works in France and
Belgium. Appropriately enough, the most of these
trees were cut down and sawn up by Canadians. Whole
areas of standing timber were of necessity com-
mandeered by the Government, and the proprietors were
paid good sums for the product. In one instance an
area in the Highlands had been denuded of its trees
to furnish material during the Napoleonic wars, only
a tree being left here and there for self-seeding
purposes. The result was that this forest, the Forest of
Glenmore, sprang up again more vigorous than ever,
and was again cut down for the Great War, almost
exactly a hundred years after its first demolition,
the proprietor receiving for the timber about \$180,000.
There is no reason why Canadian farmers should
not put all their uncultivable land into timber, and
turn them to the best advantage by removing dead
and fallen trees, and otherwise putting to practical
use what knowledge of forestry they have acquired.
The Government is beginning to wake up in this
direction, but much remains to be done before a real
start can be made. One difficulty seems to be to arouse
the farmers to the potential value of their bush acre-
age and to a live interest in the importance of forestry
generally.
A WELTER OF PARTIES.
Parties are in a vaporous state in Great Britain. It
would take a clairvoyant to tell how things will shape
up before the next election. Britons used to laugh at
French politics, the multiplicity of parties and the rise
and fall of ministries like mushrooms, but French
parties, however numerous, are at least defined.
British parties at present are kaleidoscopic.
For example, the co-operative movement seems
struggling to form itself into a political force. There
was recently a co-operative congress, in which three
factions contended whether a separate co-operative
party should be formed, or complete fusion should be
made with Labor, or merely an alliance with official
Labor. No decision was reached, but the third plan
came nearest to winning a majority, and as a num-
ber of co-operative societies have already been af-
filiating locally with Labor, it may be expected that
the movement will in general be a support to the
Labor party in the near future. In one election last
year the so-called Labor candidate was really a co-
operative indolence by Labor. It seems probable that
the Labor party would be greatly benefitted in gen-
eral character by a fusion with Co-operation, as the
former is a producers' party, the latter a consumers'
organization. Still, the way things now are, there
may easily develop two parties, one of producers, and
the other of consumers, not altogether in accord with
each other. Labor itself is much divided into various
factions.
Among the Liberals no unity is perceived. Some
are for Asquith, some with Lloyd George, and others
again are hardly distinguishable from Laborites. As
for the Conservatives, one wing is Free Trade, an-
other Protectionist, and a growing strength is man-
ifested by the so-called Anti-Waste party, ultra-Tories
of peculiarly hard shell, determined to destroy
the whole tendency of Government subventions
to education, agriculture, mining and other
humanitarian objects. They may even attack the old-
age pension system before they are through, or any
of the various subsidies which have as their basis the
taxation of those who have for the benefit of those
who have not. It is clear that this ultra-Tory element
has lately exercised great influence upon or within
the Lloyd George Government, for the withdrawal of
subsidies to agriculture and in the lapse
of the democratic education bill. Another small
branch of Conservatism might be called the Idealists,
including men like the Cecils, some of them a sort
of "Tory democrats." The British woods are full of
a variety of political animals. There are even Re-
publicans like Wells, teasing the Royal Family.
Perhaps the upshot of division and change may be
that a clever manipulator like Lloyd George will be
able to steer along for some time to come on top
of the welter. In some unfathomable way Bismarck
used to manage the legion of German parties and
keep always in power.
EDITORIAL NOTES.
Old Sol will lose his reputation for geniality if it
can be proved that sunburns are proving fatal.
We have received the latest number of the
"Eatonville Gazette," which masquerades under the
name of "National Liberal and Conservative Bulletin."
It seems rather hard that fire chiefs can run their
cars like express trains, and that when mayors put
on a little speed the cop comes along and says
things.
Once the idea gets firmly planted in the minds of
the young that policemen are the real friends of little
boys and girls, there may be no further use for Sun-
day schools.
The conferring of the honorary degree of Doctor
of Laws on Premier Meighen is probably in recogni-
tion of his skill in doctoring the present administra-
tion at Ottawa.
The American steamer Eastern Sword has gone
ashore off Belfast. No one has perished by this
Sword, and it is hoped that the waves may beat it
into a plowshare.
The following headline appeared in an American
contemporary: ACTORHITCHCOCKBANKRUPT. With-
out the explanatory paragraph which followed, this is
about as intelligible as BILSTUMPSHISMARK.
A German named Hanschk has invented a new
helicopter, the latest form of aeroplane, with which
he says he can fly from Europe to New York in one
day. Week-end trips across the Atlantic may soon
become quite popular.
The Six Nations Indians claim that they are allies
of the British Crown and not Canadian subjects. Of
course, one can be an ally of the British Crown and
not be a Canadian subject, but one can't very well
be a Canadian subject and not be an ally of the
British Crown.
The simple life in Victoria Park during hot spells
is likely to become popular now that the police have
offered their protection. Roosts among the tall trees
may be specially reserved, and excellent shower baths
may be had at the fountain. Beds of roses may be
charged for extra.

OTHERS' VIEWS
THE NEED FOR RETRENCHMENT.
[London Daily Mail.]
A wise man and a wise government
retrench when terrific obligations have
been incurred. The British Government
after the Napoleonic war cut down its
expenditure remorselessly and reduced
taxation, and a rapid recovery was the
result. The present British Govern-
ment, under the tenfold heavier burden
left by the Great War, launched out
on every wasteful scheme, gave doles
to everyone who demanded them, and
increased taxation to the breaking point.
The consequences all now see.
THE AMERICAN CREED.
[Detroit News.]
It is still the creed of the American
nation that people are the source of
government; it is the axiom of the
American nation that all peoples are at
bottom eager to live happily and pros-
perously and sanely. You can't compel
a man to think normally, and you can't
compel the instincts of a nation to
conform to your standards; but, in both
cases, you can exemplify, by example
as by persuasion, that the right in-
stincts of tolerance and industry and
good temper bring most quickly the
things for which all men strive. And
that is the peculiar mission with which
the American nation believes itself
identified.
CO-OPERATION IN HUMAN EFFORT
[Westminster Gazette.]
If there is one thing which has been
made clear to us in the past few years
it is that communities and individ-
uals have a capacity for education
far exceeding all national estimates in
the previous years. The enemy endures
for years on a diet which by all scienti-
fic tests is insufficient to support life
for more than a few months; the hun-
ger striker who ought to have died in
three weeks lives on for six or seven;
the nations which are manifestly bank-
rupt carries on with all the appearance
of solvency and even prosperity for an
apparently unlimited time; the com-
munity which ought to have ended in
complete exhaustion at the end of a month,
continues unabated after two months,
and the community which ought to
have been strangled by it is still cheerful
and comparatively indifferent.
ROTARY'S EXPANSION.
[Quebec Telegraph.]
The world convention of Rotarians in
Edinburgh has opened the eyes of the
whole world to the growth and impor-
tance of the movement, to which a splen-
did tribute has just been paid by the
London Times. In speaking of its early
history and expansion, the Times says,
"The first Rotary Club was founded
sixteen years ago in Chicago by
Mr. Paul Harris, a lawyer of that
city; today there are 800, of which 40
are now established in this country."
The members of these clubs meet regu-
larly once a week for luncheon, pri-
marily to give and receive information
on matters connected with their vari-
ous callings. Only one representative of
any given trade or profession—one
banker, for example, or one lawyer or
tailor—can be elected to each separate
club. Their ruling principle or ideal is
that service and not self should be the
motive of all industrial activity. Aris-
ing out of this ideal of service, the
ethical or spiritual inspiration of the
whole movement, there is an active and
practical freemasonry between the mem-
bers, a real spirit of fellowship and co-
operation which aims at placing busi-
ness on a higher level than that which
it too often occupies. Instead of being
looked upon as a mere profit-making
machine, it is regarded and used as a
powerful instrument for rendering ser-
vice to others. That is what the Ro-
tarians set out to do, and it is freely
acknowledged, what has been accom-
plished. The movement is much more widespread
in the United States and Canada than
it is in this country. But the meeting
in Edinburgh can hardly fail to result
in the formation of new British clubs, as
well as in the closer federation of those
already existing in different parts of
the world. Their spirit is so admirable
that the movement is bound to spread.
A world-brotherhood of businessmen
conducted on these lines is a plant that
might well grow into a tree for the heal-
ing of the nations of the world.
It is a credit to our city that Quebec
embraced the principles of Rotary as
early in its history as it did, and that
by the generous support of its fellow-
citizens the local club has been enabled
to accomplish as much as it has in the
way of service.
STATE OF THE PUBLIC MIND.
[Le Devoir.]
It is estimated that over \$1,500,000
was expended on the Dempsey-Carpentier
fight, and that more than \$550,000
in money changed hands in bets on the
result of the bout. Dempsey, on his
side, received \$300,000; Carpentier, \$200,-
000, the organizer of the affair, Richard
Fenwick, more than \$300,000, and the state ab-
sorbed in taxes of all kinds a large slice
of the \$1,500,000. Man at this period of
pretended civilization has maintained
the mentality of former times, and noth-
ing impresses him more than the exhibi-
tion of physical force and agility and
brutal vigor. No orator, no poet, no
writer, no statesman however richly he
may be endowed with talents, could pro-
voke the mass of mankind to such a de-
lirium as that which was manifested
round the boxing-ring on Saturday last.
The prowess of boxers and athletes,
their physical exploits, are considered
before matters of mind and intellect
by the generality of men. They re-
main at heart, in spite of the immense
progress of the nineteenth and twen-
tieth centuries, admirers of brawn and
muscle and material force. After all,
we are not very far from the arenas
and mentality of the Romans of the de-
cadence.
SUNDAY BATHING.
[Kitchener News.]
The question of Sunday bathing at
the beaches at Port Stanley and Sarnia
is responsible for discussions in these
places which, to say the least, do not
contribute to the alleviation of the sum-
mer heat which tourists and holiday
seekers go to these places for. We are
not aware on what grounds the Lord's
Day Alliance or whoever is raising the
objections to Sunday bathing, base these
objections upon, but we do know that
if they should succeed in gaining their
point they would by the enforcement of
their views
weaken the cause they have at heart.
As a Port Stanley pastor has remarked
surely there can be nothing wrong with
people desiring to be "clean, cool and
comfortable" on Sunday.
DENBY AND SIMS.
[Ottawa Journal.]
The majority of fair-speaking Ameri-
can newspapers have recognized in Sec-
retary of the Navy Denby's repudiation
of Admiral Sims as a play to party con-
siderations. Outside of sources of Sinn
Fein sympathy, American opinion seems
to have been recorded in favor of the
admiral. The New York Herald's com-
ment on the repudiation was fairly rep-
resentative of unbiased opinion in the
United States. It said:
"Denby has humiliated Admiral Sims,
but has done him no harm. The admiral's
place in the hearts of the American
people is secure. His place in history is
beyond the reach of political malice. In
the measure in which Denby has re-
buked Admiral Sims, Denby now stands
condemned by the American public opinion."

SPANISH DOUBLOONS
BY CAMILLA KENYON
As the heat increased a voice of lam-
entation broke from Chris. He was dry
—dry enough to drink up the condemn-
ed ocean. No, he didn't want spring
water, which Cookie obviously had
tendered him; he wanted a "drink"—
wouldn't anybody but a fool nigger
know that? There was plenty of the
real stuff aboard the schooner, on the
other side of the—adjective—istand.
Why had they, with incredible lack of
forethought, brought along nothing but
their pocket flasks? Why hadn't they
sent the—adjective—nigger back for
more? Where was the bottle or two that
had been rooted out last night from the
medical stores? Empty? Every last
drop gone down somebody's greedy
gullet? The adjectives came thick and
fast as Chris hurried the bottle into
the bay, where it swam bobbingly
upon the ripples. Capt. Magnus agreed
with the gist of Chris' remarks, but
depreciated, in a truly philosophical
spirit, their unprofitable heat. There
was any liquor so what was the use
of making an adjective row? Hadn't he
endured the equivalent of Chris' pres-
ent sufferings for weeks? He was biding
his time, he was. Plenty of drink lay
undiscovered, plenty of it that makes life
so easy. He bet there wouldn't be
many hit any higher spots than him.
He bet there was one little girl that
would be looked on as lucky, in case
she was a good little girl and encour-
aged him to show his natural kindness.
And I was favored with a blood-curd-
ling leer from across the camp, of
which I had put as much as possible
between myself and the object of my
dream.
But now, like a huge black Gany-
mede, appeared Cookie, bearing cups
and a large stone crock.
"It's suitably am a fact, Mistah Chris,
said Cookie, that Coey is, 'dat
mighty unspurious fluidity 'bout dis
yere spring watah. Down war I is come
from no pussions of de Four Hundred
ain't even 'customed to partake of such
But the sassiest I have been in lately
was dis yere camp ain't de con-
vulsious or dard; ole Cookie had de keep
it dark dat he got his lile drop of com-
fort on de side. Dis yere's only home-
made stuff, sah. Taint nothin' to be
offah to a gennelmun if so be I is got
the makin' of a genuwine old-style
julep what is de beverage of de dust
families. But bein' as it is, it am
mighty coolin', sah, and it got a lile
kick to it—not much, but 'enough
to make a gennelmun feel lak a
one."
Cookie's tones dripped humility and
propitiation. He offered the brimming
cup cringingly to the pale-eyed, reli-
gious Chris, who reached for it with
clarity, drank deep, smacked his lips
meditatively, and after a moment he
passed the cup back.
"Taint no worse," he said approv-
ingly. "Anyhow, it's drink."
Magnus suddenly began to laugh.
"S'elp me, it's the same dope what
laid out the Honorable!" he chortled.
"Here, dardy, let's have a swig of
it!"
Cookie complied, joining respectfully
in the captain's mirth.
"I guess you-all is got stronger haid
den dat young gennelmun!" he remark-
ed. "Dis yere old nigrah has help his-
self mighty freely and dat Probibition-
ist Miss Harding ain't even found it
out. Fac is, I'm perfectly harmless
'cept when de haid is weak!"
False, false Cookie! Black brother
in perfidy to Mr. Tubbs! One friend
the less to be depended on if a chance
for freedom ever came to us! A hot
flush of surprise and anger dyed my
cheeks, and I felt the indignant pang
of faith betrayed. I had been as sure
of Cookie's devotion as of Crusoe's,
which remained the same that the little dog
had not returned to camp since he fled
before the onslaught of the vengeful
captain.
Cookie refilled the pirates' cups, and
set the crock beside them on the
ground.
"In case you gennelmun feels yo'-
selves a lile thirsty later on," he re-
marked. He was retiring, when Capt.
Magnus called to him.
"Blackie, this ain't bad, it's coolin',
but this—a real nice ladylike sort of
drink, I should say. Suppose you take
a swig over to Miss Jinny there with
my compliments—I'm one to always
treat a lady generous if she gives me
half a chance."
Obediently Cookie hastened for an-
other cup, set it on a tray, and ap-
proached me with his old-time ornate
manner. I faced him with a withering
look, but, unimpaired, he bowed, pre-
sented me the cup, and interposing
his bulky person between me and the
deeply-quaffing pirates. At the same
time his voice reached me, pitched in
a low and anxious key.
"Fo' de Lawd's sake, Miss Jinny,
spill it out! It am mighty powerful dope
it done fumented twice as long as
befo—it am bound to give dat trash de
blind-staggahs shot'ly."
Instantly I understood, and a thrill
of relief and of hope inexpressible shot
through me. I raised to the troubled
black face a glance which I trust was
eloquent—it must needs have been to
express the thankfulness I felt. Cookie
responded with a solemn and convulsive
think—and I put the cup to my lips,
and after a brief parade of drinking
passed it back to Cookie, spilling the
contents on the ground en route.
Cookie retired with his tray in the
most impressive cake-walk fashion, and
in passing announced to Capt. Magnus
that "Miss Jinny say she most eul-
tantly am obligated to de gennelmun fo'
de refreshment of dis yere acedious
beverage." Which barefaced mendacity
provoked a loud roar of amusement
from the sentinels, who were still sam-
pling the cooling contents of the stone
crock.
"Learning to like what I do already,
hey?" guffawed the captain, and he
called on Chris to drain another cup
with him to the lady of his choice.
"I have believed since that dragging,
interminable time I I now lived
through, that complete despair, where
you rest quite finally on bedrock and
the nothing to dread in the way of
further troubles, must be a much hap-
pier state than the dreadful one of
oscillating between hope and fear. For
a leaden, dotted eternity, it seemed to
me, I oscillated, longing for, yet dread-
ing, the signs that Cookie's powerful
dope had begun to work upon our
guards—for might not the first symp-
toms be quite different from the anti-
ipated blind-staggahs? Fancy a murder-
ous mania pair reeling about the clearing,
with death-vomiting revolvers and
gleaming knives!
And then suddenly time, which had
dragged so slowly, appeared to gallop,
and the morning to be fleeing past, so
that every wave that broke upon the
beach was the footfalls of the returning
pirates. Long before that thirty, gar-
rulous pair grew still and torpid their
companions were at return—and I saw
Cookie, his stratagem discovered, danc-
ing from a convenient tree.
Gradually the rough, disjointed talk of
the sailors began to lull. Chris' head had
begun to droop. His body, propped
comfortably against a tree, sagged a
little. The hand that held the cup was

So nobody gets anywhere.
Prudent and deliberate judgment
must never be despised. But it never
was meant to be a clog or weight to
keep good men and right measures from
going over the top to victory.
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