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London, Ont., Friday, Feb. 7.

Team Play in Big League of Nations Is An Example

The greatest demonstration of "team-play" the world has ever known is about to be given by the major nations. In an era filled with superlative things, the dawning of the day that counts for co-operation is the reward of the years of supreme sacrifice and struggle. The results of this spirit of international partnership almost may be counted in advance, for the bonds being welded are to be sealed with the intermingled blood of the nations that stood together to combat the common enemy.

In what degree is it possible for the people within the nations to emulate the "team play" spirit shown by the Allies now meeting in France? Shall the various elements that make up the social and industrial structure commence at once to work at cross purposes? Shall governments be purely political with the spoils allotted to the faithful workers for their own advantage? Shall capital and labor accept peace as a signal for another kind of strife? Shall churches come closer to the people and stand up to the tests that must be their share of the new order? Shall the press be regarded as merely a news-mongering agency or as a great forum for the thought of the people whereby misconception and ignorance may be cleared away?

The Advertiser believes that, if signs may be read even for a few short periods ahead, happier days are coming for the world. There is a fine spirit of striving in all the departments of life, and before this spirit must disappear much of injustice and discord. The search for good in all things will increase, and it will be counted a worthy thing to gain something for the community even at the loss of something for self.

Acid Test For Bolsheviki If They Attend the Conference

The news that the Bolshevik Government is willing to participate in the proposed conference at Prince's Island is distinctly promising, perhaps the first rift in the shadow over Europe, which will expand until the skies are clear. If the report be correct it indicates that things are not going for Lenin and Trotsky as that pair had hoped, and they are now convinced terrorism must be dropped in favor of more moderate measures.

Russian Bolshevism has not swept triumphantly across the world, as its leaders had planned and predicted. It has been promptly checked in Germany and Austria, and has no real footing in countries of the Entente alliance. It has been confined, at least in its extreme type, to Russia, and like a pestilence or conflagration that lacks fresh material to prey upon, is bound to burn itself out. That Lenin and Trotsky are prepared to confer with the other Russian factions where compromise will be the rule is a big step down from their arrogant creed which doesn't recognize that any save its adherents have political rights.

Some of the anti-Bolsheviks will no doubt distrust the pair who have been responsible for so much treachery and savagery, and will be shy of conferring with them. On the other hand, the world could learn once and for all just how sincere are the Bolsheviki in making this offer. If they are planning to use the conference as a medium of fresh devilry the Allied powers will have the approval of the world to "go after them" to the limit. Should they prove to be honestly anxious to restore Russia by legal methods the way is thrown open to end the anarchy which has prostrated Russia and menaced all other peoples. The conference could furnish an acid test for Bolshevism which could not be missed.

Have We a Building Plan For the Dominion of Canada?

In a recent issue of Maclean's Magazine Sir George Bury enters his plea for a Canadian national policy, and comes close to expressing the tactical defects and flaws of our struggle to date somewhere. He shows the hand of the experienced man, attacking the problem as it has appeared to him, an observant railroadman who has been brushing up against the world all his life.

He illustrates his points with hard examples. He tells us, a nation of "boomers," and that term he likens us to the wandering railwayman of much ability, who can always get a position, but who cannot stick at one task for any length of time. He declares that we start things as an old lumberman started a railway, cutting it into the woods before he had surveyed the land. The old lumberman came to an impassable valley and stopped—as did his railway. "It failed," says Sir George, "because it had not been planned properly, or rather, because it had not been planned at all; and what makes me think of it now is the apparent lack of a plan—even a tentative plan—for the building of the Dominion of Canada."

We know we are going somewhere—but do we know where? The former general manager of the C. P. R. is evidently fed up upon speakers who spread themselves about "our glorious destiny," and asks if they know what that destiny is. He declares:

"The country seems to be full of

phrase-making and cloud-snatching, but to be devoid of direction."

He sees European countries as developing through evolution, but points to Canada as "an arbitrary grouping of diversified and often hostile interests under the paper seals of Confederation." The country is essentially an artificially-created country rather than a normal unconscious growth or evolution. It must have, to be "forwarded to its destiny," the abnormal and conscious labors of real nation builders.

But, again, he wants us to ask ourselves if we know what that destiny is. We have a representative at the peace conference, but did he go with any knowledge of what Canada wanted? Or could anyone, could Mr. Rowell, or you, or I, or the Lord's Day Alliance, answer, if Canada were told to choose the best thing for herself? Sir George does not think other nations would be quite so embarrassed, and cites Australia as having a pretty clear and level head, when it comes to saying what she wants from her neighbors. And the other nations at the peace conference know what they are there for. But Canada has no such consciousness of her needs and her destinies.

Sir George suggests that the work is there for the statesmen, but where are the statesmen to express what Canada wants and where she is headed.

In a second phase of his article the railwayman expresses the belief that "we must anchor Canadians in Canada." If we could do that there would be more interest in a plan for Canada's destiny. He cites the Canadian who retires when he has ample funds, and takes his sons to England to live and to be educated; he describes as one of the "most terrible items of export" the hundreds of Canadian young men, trained in Canadian universities, aided by the Canadian taxpayer, who are now working in foreign countries. "We cannot evolve plans for Canada or a Canadian consciousness without anchoring 'the boomer,'" is Sir George's conclusion.

The strongest language of the article comes when the writer deals with the third pivotal thought. He does not think that "morale" is quite right in this country. Here is a paragraph as typical as any other:

"It (morale) cannot be built—let me say at once—so long as we perpetuate injustices and wrongs in our social and economic arrangements. If the railway workers in Canada have a higher industrial morale than the workers in other industries—and within the limits of my experience I think that is the case—it is because they have gradually won better working conditions than in other trades and because the ability to handle men has been recognized by railway executives as a first requisite in certain officials.

"We are all selfish—of course. We must steer our own course toward our own post, else the world would be full of confusion. Capital has too often been absorbed with its own point of view and thereby done itself an injustice. A wise selfishness finds that the fair method pays."

The old methods of handling men were bad, says Sir George. There was supposed to be a time when the "sharp" official was regarded as the successful man, always harsh, maintaining discipline on the German methods, which proved so disastrous to them. But that is the old style, and it has to be rooted out in the nation as in the industries.

"So in national affairs I believe we have got to get down to justice and a square deal for our citizens, high and low, intelligent and less intelligent. The state that allows its weaker people to be maltreated or exploited by the stronger cannot develop a real, lasting, indigenous morale. I believe in labor unions, in the eight-hour day and in fair wages—wages sufficient to buy even the poorest class of worker the necessities, and at least most of the comforts of life."

That sounds like fair doctrine from a great Canadian executive, and in the last paragraph of his notable article we find the same fine spirit. He tells us that

"To build up and maintain the morale of our Canadian people we must have equitable treatment for all citizens. We should be quit of the exploiter of low-class labor and the speculator in the necessities of life. We should see that working conditions for the people are right. Sooner or later we shall thus be enabled to wipe out the 'boomer' tradition in Canada, and create a national consciousness capable of formulating plans for our future as a nation."

Such articles as Sir George Bury writes are calculated to put new energy into those who have been working toward the same ideals he so well expresses for Canada. To become conscious of our destiny there are a few simple rules, which might be summarized thusly, "Play Fair, Be Steady, Be Forehanded."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Allies have so many little nations they scarcely know what to do.

It is perhaps better that all our poppies should be the sweet flowers of rhythm.

McAdoo of the movies certainly hasn't been hired to pose as the Adonis of Filmland, anyway.

What has become of the rear-platform orator since the pay-as-you-enter cars came into general use? No doubt he tells it to his wife, now.

The Canadian soldiers had the chance to spend a considerable time in Germany. But home looked best of all. They were not parade soldiers and when their task was finished they were for a quick passage home.

Paris proposes to placard the houses of food profiteers. That's one thing that will never be the subject of an order-in-council in Canada. It would mean the placarding of too many palaces at Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa.

For sentimental as well as agricultural reasons it would be just as well if those Flanders poppies be barred from Canada. We have associated them, thanks to a great poem, with our splendid dead. Why cheapen them in our thoughts and ad contemplation by familiarity with a "noxious weed"?

THE POWERFUL KATRINKA

(Copyright, 1918.)

—By FONTAINE FOX.



Dad phoned to have the water drained out of the car, but neither mother nor the Powerful Katrinka could find the little tap.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

THE SERVICE GUEST.
By Izola Forrester.

"And I would like to suggest right now, while we are assembled here to honor our brave boys just returned from the front," Mrs. Hampton paused to give full emphasis to her next words, "that we each one take one or more home with us to dinner."

Katherine heard, but made no sign of acquiescence. She had been on the Citizens' League committee of welcome and had worked for two weeks on the program for entertainment, but this was bringing the question of patriotism straight into the privacy of her own home, and she objected.

It happened to be a particular cozy home where she had lived since the death of her father, Mr. Fenway, with Maria, Tupper as housekeeper. Nobody in North Waldo ever spoke of Maria as a servant, although her life had been devoted to service in the doctor's family.

The house stood well back from the sidewalk on upper Main street; a large, old-fashioned house, with a cupola on top and a wide piazza surrounding three sides of its lower floor. The garden was withered and brown now, with patches of snow in the deep hollows around flower beds and shrubbery, but in the spring and summer it was a glory to the eye of the passerby.

And to old-time residents Katherine seemed a part of the garden, somehow, so many seasons had found her there, working here and there over the annuals and perennials, and training the myrtle at the base of the old rock pedestal that marked the grave of her father.

Very few suitors had ever passed up the winding path. There was something frosty in the air the Fenways; something that nipped romance in the bud. As Rodney Allen expressed it, the first and only time he ever asked Katherine to marry him:

"She thinks there's a Fenway with wings right beside St. Peter. I'd like to see the pride taken out of her, all right."

But Katherine went serenely on through her twenties without apparently regretting her position as the prize maiden lady of the little Maine town. She had plenty of money, an assured position, and all she ever left her. Life had run in serene channels until the war flame reached America. Rodney had organized the first volunteer company that went down the coast. She heard he was a captain, and his sisters smiled at her in church in a sort of triumphant way for having missed such a chance.

He was in the hall tonight, decorated and handsome, with one of the Halsey girls beside him. Evelyn, the prettiest one, Katherine heard some one say they were engaged, and suddenly she realized that all of the girls and friends of her own girlhood had some special soldier to welcome and cling to. Her straight, dark hair drew together slightly, and she drew her fur cloak closer around her. It was chilly in the back of the hall. She heard a window close two seats behind her, and glanced back to see who had noticed her discomfort.

He was a stranger to her, a tall, deeply tanned, western type of man, with service bars on his sleeve. Later, as the meeting broke up, she noticed he walked with a limp, and appeared to know nobody there. Their eyes met again, hers with a quick questioning of her duty to him, as the other members of the committee speedily gathered up their guest lists among the boys and went home.

"I'll send your silk flags home tomorrow," Katherine. Mrs. Hampton called as she went out, but under the words Katherine knew there was the censure. As she had done was to furnish silk flags and money for decorations. She turned with a sudden impulse to the stranger, and invited him home to dinner with her.

Maria's eyes opened widely when she was told to set an extra place for a strange man, but, after the first half hour, Katherine began to find her self-consciousness less as she sat at her father's place and told of his experiences at the front. He was just out of the hospital and had come north with the Maine units, because he had friends among them.

"There's no one expecting me specially," he added. "My people are all gone, excepting a sister out in Seattle." And then, how it happened she never knew, but Katherine saw him grow tense and white, and Maria helped, with lift him to the couch in the doctor's old room next the study.

Shell shock and overexertion, young Dr. Morton's verdict was. He must rest and be cheered up before he tried to go on farther.

In the days that followed the full lesson of war came home to Katherine as she took her place as his nurse, and fought to bring him back to the normal. He was Bob Lorimer, she found out, nothing more, but at the end of six weeks, when he was able to leave hospital, she felt as if he had always been a part of her home.

"I suppose it didn't mean anything to you, Miss Fenway, that night," he was telling her. "You just did your duty by a strange soldier, but to me it was handing me back my faith in human nature. I'd said all the time since we landed nobody cared excepting those who really belonged to you, don't you know, and

I hadn't a soul. I don't see how you'll ever get rid of me now." She was pouring his coffee, and met his eyes for one swift second as their hands touched in passing cups, but the undercurrent of appeal in his words sent the color to her face delicately. Maria was singing gospel hymns out in the buttry, and Cheer-Up, the canary over head, was trying wildly to keep up with her. The sunlight poured through the south windows on rows of flowering plants and the pink and white china.

"It will be very lonely without you," she said, softly. "You've made me feel as if I had been given the opportunity to realize a little of what service meant in having you here."

"And nothing more," he urged. "Would you just as soon have taken in one of the others instead of me? I've liked to think that right from the first time we looked at each other you meant to ask me."

His hands had closed over hers, and Katherine felt a relaxing of all the old prejudices as she looked at him laughing.

"Oh, dear, Bob, I've grown accustomed to you here, and I don't know whether I want you to go away or not. It's just like taking the candle in your tent, isn't it? Marie said the first day she saw your pipe on the mantel, you'd stay right along, and now I'd miss it terribly."

Bob took out his record card, which the doctor had filled out daily. He pointed to one line on it. "Quartered indefinitely," he asked, Maria's singing came nearer along the hall, and Katherine merely laid her finger on her lips and nodded assent.

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