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**THE FRIGHTFULNESS HERE.**

SUNDAY night's attempt to dynamite the Windsor armories and murder hundreds of sleeping soldiers, and the destruction of a Walkerville plant engaged on war orders for the British Government, was the work of either a crack-brained German sympathizer or agents of the German Government. It is believed that the criminal came from Detroit, where there are many thousands of Germans. That amongst these there might be another such as the dynamiter Horn, who tried to wreck a C. F. R. bridge in Maine, is quite likely. On the other hand we know well that the Kaiser's agents swarm in all countries of the world, and that they should try to spread the "frightfulness" in Canada is quite on the cards, especially as Canada has been so splendidly active in blocking the Hun.

No place is too remote to escape the German espionage system, and there is something of the studied barbarism of the Kaiser's war machine about the baby-killing raids, the "gassing," the submarine piracy and other atrocities.

Whether the criminal was a fanatic or a spy operating from across the border every effort must be made to run him down quickly and as quickly punish. The American Government should, and no doubt will, aid the Canadian authorities to bring the perpetrator of the outrage to justice. There isn't the slightest possibility of the affair becoming an international question. The vast majority of Americans are strongly with Canada in this war and few there are in Detroit, outside the German element, who will not be angered by this cowardly attack on those with whom they are so closely and happily associated.

**CANADA'S TRADE.**

THE commendable plan of the Canadian Manufacturers to seek export business to a greater extent than in the past is likely to have the effect not only of showing what is possible in the foreign market, but also what is possible at home. The manufacturer who is alive to his own interests and those of his country is already figuring upon the possibilities at the close of the war. He is mapping out his campaign for more business, looking into the needs of his plant, studying the possibilities of improving the standard of his product and of his sales methods. He is not going to be satisfied with the share of trade which he has had in the past, because he knows someone is going to get the new business, and that the man first on the ground is likely to succeed.

Whether in the Dominion or in foreign countries, he will find that there are others thinking as he is. He will find, perhaps, that Canadian manufacturers will be handicapped by lack of aggressiveness in the past, or that the money market will be more favorable to some other country. He cannot overlook the fact, however, that Canada has been a heavy importer, and that there is a balance of trade which should be overcome, and that the countries from which we have been buying should listen to our salesmen if we offer them what they want. Neither can he overlook the fact that right at home is a market which he has not filled in the past. He will find that United States manufacturers and those of other countries are working assiduously to capture both Canadian trade and that of the rest of the world, but he will be a poor patriot if he will admit that the workmen and businessmen of the United States, or of any other country, can produce a more desirable article than can those of his own country.

Just where the manufacturers and other producers of Canada stand is shown by the statistics. In the fiscal year just preceding the war the country reached high water mark from the standpoint of trade. Goods worth \$22,561,179 were purchased abroad by Canada, while goods sold to foreign countries were valued at \$478,997,923, leaving a trade balance against the country of more than \$256,000,000. Here, then, is an objective for the Canadian producer—to add \$256,000,000 a year to the value of his exports.

and sold his goods valued at \$200,469,373. Canada's eight million people spent \$50 each in the States, while the hundred million people there spent only \$3 each in Canada. In the same period we sold to the entire British Empire, Canada, products worth \$45,000,000 more than those sold to the States, but we spent with the rest of the British Empire \$258,000,000 less than with the United States.

Canada spent \$14,500,000 with Germany, and Germany spent only \$4,000,000 here; with Austria-Hungary the figures were \$1,773,021 and \$378,824. Our trade with France ranged about the same as that with Germany. Holland was a better sort of customer, as she spent with us two and a half million dollars more than we did with her. Russia sold us half a million dollars' worth of products, and bought almost a million and a half worth. Our trade balance with Belgium was favorable, the imports being \$4,191,126, and exports \$4,819,843. Other countries which bought from us more than they sold us were: Belgium, Denmark, Ecuador, Egypt, French Africa, French West Indies, Hayti, Korea, Norway, Philippine Islands, Porto Rico, Portuguese Africa, Roumania, Alaska, Uruguay, Venezuela.

In the British Empire outside of the United Kingdom, Australia was the most profitable customer. British South Africa was second. Then came Newfoundland, Bermuda, Gibraltar, Malta, British East Africa.

The figures of the department of trade and commerce show that if Canada wants to reduce the balance of trade against her, she must reduce her imports from or extend her exports to the United States, Germany, France, Italy, British East Indies, British Guiana, New Zealand, Cuba, Mexico, Peru, Portugal, San Domingo, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Greece, Brazil, China, Argentine Republic, Austria-Hungary.

**LEMBERG.**  
 UNTIL the war brought it luridly before the world's notice, Lemberg, the capital of Galicia, towards which the Germans are sweeping, drew little attention. Unlike Vienna, Cracow, Trieste, Budapest, sister cities of the Dual Monarchy, Lemberg is of small importance in Austria. Its few manufacturing factories are on the small scale necessary for distribution in the immediate vicinity. But throughout Middle Galicia, which is mainly agricultural, Lemberg does an extensive trade in the commodities of daily life. In this way it serves a vast population of Poles, Austrians, Hungarians, Jews and Germans.

As a centre of ecclesiastical authority and education, however, the Galician capital holds unusual interest. It is the seat of archbishopric of the Roman Catholic, Armenian and Greek churches. Here stands one of the greatest cathedrals of the Greek faith, the splendid monument to his creed erected by Casimir the Great in 1370. The Jews, too, who number two-thirds of the population, have two beautiful synagogues. The buildings of the National University are spacious and thoroughly modern in equipment. In them 2,000 students of both sexes take the course in arts or medicine or applied science under the supervision of 100 instructors. In the suburbs are many palaces of the Austrian and Hungarian nobles, who spend their summers there. Hidden away among the hills in a basin formed by the River Pottava, given over largely to the quiet pursuits of the schools of learning and church administration, Lemberg must feel keenly the rough ways of the war god.

**THE FIRMINESS OF SIR ROBERT.**  
 WHEN the Liberals undertook to pry the lid off the patronage pot where war contracts were simmering, the Government strongly protested that there was nothing inside everybody might not see. When the lid was off, a good many nasty things were found, and the Government admitted the fact. Not only admitted it, but Sir Robert did the proper thing in repudiating some of his followers who were in the mess. He expressed his disapproval of their conduct, and practically read them out of the party.

One of these parties, Mr. Garland, member for Carleton, is asking the indorsement of his party, by being renominated for the position he holds. And he shows the claims he has to their support. A summary in the Ottawa Citizen of an expenditure of over \$100,000 in Government money during two years in his county, and no less than 116 permanent appointments, and 75 temporary appointments. All these jobs went, and all this money went, to the man who voted for Mr. Garland, and supported Sir Robert.

But he had given them no satisfaction. They did not want to know if he had changed his opinion of Mr. Garland; they wanted to know if Mr. Garland still had control of the patronage. He claims that he has, and Sir Robert apparently expressed no opinion as to whether or not it would remain there.

Primarily the question is a local one—Who shall handle the patronage in Carleton? But indirectly it is of some interest outside of that county. By immemorial custom, government patronage in any riding is controlled by the man who was the last Government candidate, whether the successful one or not. So far, the present Government has given no hint that it intends to change the system. But here is a case that will prove embarrassing.

The member has been condemned by the Premier. Will he still retain the patronage? He claims that he does, and his claim is not denied. Has he a vested right that no misconduct—save party disloyalty—can destroy? If his constituents are willing to take chances, and re-elect him, will he still hold the patronage? Sir Robert does not say.

And we can understand it is a difficult question to decide. If the sitting Conservative member does not hold the patronage of a Conservative government, who has any claim to it? To give it to the Conservative Association would not alter the situation, because, if the association secures his election it will show that he is strong enough to be the association for patronage purposes. Whether in name, or in fact, Mr. Garland would seem likely to control the situation, so long as his friends stand by him, simply because there is no other person under the present system who has any rights in the matter. The public? None of the public's business, it seems.

If Sir Robert wants to "stand firm" in this matter we might suggest that here is an opportunity to try an interesting experiment. The inside civil service—that is, the Ottawa service—is supposed to be controlled by a non-partisan commission. The Government has been promising to bring the outside service under the same commission, but has not yet made the attempt. Why not try it here? Carleton is close to Ottawa; in fact, it is all around Ottawa, except on the river side. Why not try the experiment of putting Carleton under the commission? And if it works out all right, the experiment could be extended. Not only the civil service, but all Government patronage might be managed the same way. At least, it might be worth trying. But we have no expectation of any such change. Sir Robert's firmness will scarcely affect the sacred rights of patronage distributors.

**EDITORIAL NOTES.**  
 Larger and larger grow the bites taken by French and Joffre of the German lines.

Professor David Starr Jordan says that it is never honorable to go to war. Assuredly there are times when it is dishonorable not to go to war.

The Kaiser is too busy getting to Lemberg to bother about the reply to the United States note. Mr. Wilson may have to hark back to the sharpness of that first note.

Munich, famous as the home of Germany's champion beer drinkers, is reduced to lemonade as the popular beverage. Which once more recalls Sherman's dictum as to war.

The critical lack of munitions on the part of the Allies better than anything else shows how false is the Prussian contention that the Allies were conspiring to destroy the Huns.

In Russia they are forming a brigade of women to fight in the trenches. They may fight like Amazons there, but they will be just plain women if a thunderstorm or a mouse happens along.

Again, this time through a letter of the Kaiser's, Germany is throwing out the feelers for a peace conference. It is significant that not a single suggestion along that line has been sent out from London, Paris or Petrograd. Despite his claimed defeat of the Russians, the Kaiser knows that he is whipped, and the Allies know that he knows it.

Little Switzerland is in an awkward position, as, now that Italy has entered the conflict, she is cut off from getting supplies. It was from France and Italy that these came principally, and if she makes an arrangement with these two powers, it may bring Germany down upon her. The Swiss may be sorry put to it to continue the admirable neutrality they have shown to date.

**IN NO MOOD FOR ENTERTAINING.**  
 [Exchange.]  
 Mrs. Benham—John, I think there's a man under the bed.  
 Benham—Well, you talk to him and let me sleep.

**ENDLESS TALK.**  
 [Exchange.]  
 "He gave an excellent account of himself in that battle."  
 "I don't know about that, but he has been giving an excellent account of the affair ever since."

**GOING TO THE WAR.**  
 Here, ever since you went abroad, if there be change, no change I see; I only walk our wonted road, The road is only walk'd by me.  
 Yes; I forgot; a change there is— Was it of that you bade me tell? I catch at times at times I miss The slight, the tone, I know so well.  
 Only two months since you stood here? Two shorter months? Than tell me why Voices are harsher than they were, And tears are longer ere they dry,  
 —Walter Savage Landor.

**CONGRATULATIONS.**  
 [Exchange.]  
 "What a beautiful woman!"  
 "I'm glad you think so. That is my wife."  
 "I congratulate you, old man. It must be a pleasure to lose every argument to a woman like that."  
 [Exchange.]  
 "He's a very modest young man."  
 "Very. He hasn't even one of those loud electric horns on his automobile."

**TEN MINUTES With the Short-Story Writers**

[Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co.] ALL FOR HIS BOY.

By C. E. Thompson.  
 Capt. Burke took up the yellow journal, which called his regime "a reign of graft" and "a disgrace to the city."

After reading the big type, he laid aside the newspaper, and took out a black cigar. Then he struck a match, and, lighting it with a gas lighter, steadily watched the flames of light. When the match had burned out, and the smoke was coming in great, blue mouthfuls, he went back to the black type that denounced his "reign of graft."

Burke had the features and the air of a man who had lived a hard life. He was big, with wild, black hair, already grey at the temples, contrasted strongly with his low, white forehead.

He was captain of the newest Tenderloin precinct. He had been on the desk 25 years. His official home was an old, four-story building of brick and stone, like all the others in the long side street, except for two green door-lamps, and a "Half a million" sign.

These words caught his eye, and he let the paper fall into his lap, with no feeling save one of amazement. It was like other attacks on his rule in stone, gone by, winding up with a demand for his official head.

Unless otherwise disposed of, this fortune, at the captain's death, will go to his wife and to his only son, John, now a senior at Yale.

Holding aside his cigar, Burke went over the paragraph a second time, deeply annoyed. It was the first time that any newspaper had spoken of them, he reflected, and there was no need of it. He went back to his cigar with a burning resentment.

away at typewriters—the click of their machines, and the sound of urgent voices—all this activity recalled the second blow they were aiming at him, and filled him with a great fear.

He entered the subway, impatient to get to his office. He had good news, and wanted to make it known.

He pushed open the door, and, turning on the electric light, stood staring at the sight before him. The room was altogether unexpected. The drawers of the bureau were thrown open, and the contents scattered about. On the floor, and on the desk, were clothes, shirts, collars, and ties, shoes, pipes with a package of naccos, cigarettes, and a great number of letters and papers, torn up and thrown into a pile.

She was a picture of gentleness—that is, the gentleness of a broken spirit. Her eyes were red, and the reason was plain. At her feet was the yellow journal, calling out to her in big, black type: "A reign of graft." "A disgrace to the city."

He slowly picked up the newspaper, and put it away, though not without a touch of shame. He was thinking of the words she had once uttered.

"John, my boy," said the father, "you weren't around, were you, the last time these fellows hit me with a brick, were you? You were on the other side, I guess. Anyway, they had the same thing then. They were red, and the reason was plain. At her feet was the yellow journal, calling out to her in big, black type: "A reign of graft." "A disgrace to the city."

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Men's Fine Silk-Finished Caps, in handsome grey shade, 75c, for 50c  
 Ten dozen Men's Best 50c Neckwear, large full shapes, best colors, 3 for \$1  
 Men's \$1.00 Outing Shirts, with attached collar, reversible, white only 49c  
 Boys' Short-Sleeve Jerseys, in blue, plain and red trimmings 19c  
 Men's Cotton Socks, in black and tan shades, Special at 13c

"No—not back to college." "Where has he gone?" he asked, at length.

"He's left the city, James. He didn't know just where he would go—"

Once more sitting in the solitude of his dingy office, he heard the roll-call of the desk lieutenant for the midnight detail, the answers of the men, and the patrolmen marching into the night—men no longer. His heart welled up in him.

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Men's \$1 Soft Collar Shirts  
 A half-dozen smart new patterns, in soft shirts, with separate soft collars; sizes 14½ to 16½. 59c

you to think of; and then some day I shall want you to come out West, both of you, and see what kind of a man I've made of myself—I only hope you'll have reason to be proud of your boy."

Have you ever heard, in the lonesome night, The call of the wind-swept sea, Mighty and strong, the great sea song, Ever pitched in a minor key?

Then surely you know of the sombre things Which God in his wisdom sends To turn men's thoughts in kinder vein, When the day's mad labor ends, —J. Walter Baird, in the Stylus.

Did you attend Miss Serecum's birthday party? "Oh, yes, I was there." "What kind of a time did you have?" "The best ever." "What is your impression of her?" "She's a game loser."

It might please one belligerent if the

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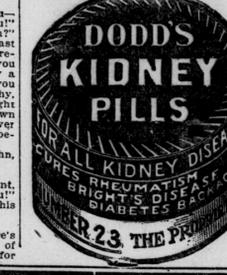
United States would force a way through the blockade, but we are not in the business of helping others to tame their own rattlesnakes.

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 Five dozen White Duck Walking Skirts, high waistline, open down front, with detachable pearl buttons, cut in new flare style. Sale price ..... 96c  
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 One rack of Odd Suits and Separate Coats, in misses' sizes, 14, 16, 18; in colors of tan, grey, brown and checks; regular \$10.00, \$12.50 and \$15.00. To clear at ..... \$4.95  
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 New Voile Dresses in white grounds, with floral designs, in colors of helio, pink and tan; made with folds of goods on skirt; wide girdle, with white embroidered organdy collar, front and cuffs; sizes 16 to 42; a very stylish dress. At only ..... \$4.95

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 Very special—100 yards of Six-Inch Ribbon, in sky, white, red, pink, old rose, navy and black; regular 25c. Sale ..... 15c  
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 Two pieces 3-4 Bleached Tabling, 70 inches wide, ivy pattern, wide borders; regular 60c. Wednesday ..... 49c  
 15 dozen Table Napkins, all pure linen, assorted designs. A snap for Wednesday morning ..... \$1.39 dozen  
 Fancy Curtains Serims, in cream and white, 38 inches. Wednesday morning ..... 6½c yard  
 Ten pieces Bleached Cotton, fine even thread, 35 inches ..... 8½c yard  
 White Rice Cloth, medium weight, 27 inches; regular 25c. Special ..... 10c  
 Three pieces White Spot Muslin, a splendid cloth; regular 12½c. For 10c  
 Special—Ladies' Full-Figure Corsets, with elastic back. Only ..... \$1.75

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 Some more All-Wool Dress Goods Remnants clearing at Half-Price.  
 Six pieces Fancy Silk Crepe, 36 inches wide, in colors of pink, sky, white, black, maize and khaki; regular \$1.00. Wednesday morning only ..... 76c  
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 One piece Black Silk Lace Cloth; regular 85c. Sale ..... 60c  
 36-inch White Washable Habutai Silk, very special quality ..... 60c  
 One piece 38-inch Fancy Black and White Silk; will not out; regular \$1.25. Sale price ..... 98c

**Wednesday Specials for Men and Boys**  
 Men's \$2.00 Combinations, in fine white lisle; all sizes. At ..... 95c  
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 A half-dozen smart new patterns, in soft shirts, with separate soft collars; sizes 14½ to 16½. 59c

**Penman's Best 50c Cashmere Socks**  
 Ten dozen in tan shades only, finest of pure wool, with "Ever Last" heels and toes. Today's value would be really 60c ..... 39c

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