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LONDON, TUESDAY, APRIL 27.

A BELCHING DRAGON.

GERMANY signed a solemn compact to maintain the neutrality of Belgium. When military arrogance and national conceit and an obsession grown into the race like a great corrupt cancer came to a supreme understanding, and when the years of devilish planning had been crowned with achievement to the full degree, Germany struck a murderous blow at Belgium and at the world. Children and mothers and homes stood in the path of the green-eyed monster of hate and envy, and monster to the last degree.

The latest machination, as though itself had been tapped, comes in the form of a new foul, suffocating breath from the dragon's diseased vitals.

The gre beches upon Canadians and their British and French world brothers its maddening gases, that madden and stupefy and render helpless. Even to these acknowledged and boasted murderers the world had yet looked hopefully for some sobering return to partial sanity, but in the new method of death-dealing the conviction is only intensified that the German nation cannot be treated with hope for the observance of any pledge. It can never be trusted again by Britain nor by the world. And the world must soon feel bound upon its honor to strike at the bloodguilty runners of the gamut of all crime and all frightfulness.

Canadians today are dying because Germany violated Belgium and sought to strike other nations in the back. They are dying so that little children may be dying so that women may be safe and that aged men may not be made the targets for the bullets of their own countrymen. They are dying so that Armenian women may not have to throw their infants into streams to be drowned rather than to be slain with Turkish swords. They are dying so that my dear shall not become a nationalized German sport, and to end the most appalling, most unthinkable carnage of hell let loose on earth.

WAR AND POLITICS

AT this critical period in the history of the empire, when the pride we feel in the courage and self-denial of our Canadian soldiers on the battlefield is tempered with the sorrow that comes to many bereaved families, and the wearying anxiety of others who wait with dread for news of death or suffering to their loved ones beyond the seas, it does seem criminal to talk of political war at home. When all our thoughts should be given to the world struggle in which Britain and her allies are engaged, when all our energies should be bent towards help for the empire and relief for those who suffer for the empire's sake, to ask the people to take up a bitter political contest, and dissipate their strength and waste their money in elections would seem to be not only the height of folly, but most unpatriotic as well.

Today it would seem that the duty of Canada, and of Canadians is plain. The empire needs all we can give. It needs men not by the hundreds, but by the thousands. The enemy has not reached the end of his resources. He has met with disappointments and losses. His power has been weakened, but he is still strong enough and brave enough to fight. He still has men in reserve, and he still has money and provisions, and still he is prepared to spend and be spent in the desire for victory. The war is not over. The passionate hate of Britain will inspire Germany to still greater efforts.

And the empire must meet the foe with equal strength and courage. An overwhelming force is necessary to win the battle for right and liberty. More men are required and more must go. Many have gone, but not enough. There are still young men, and men in the prime of life, who have no excuse for closing their ears to their country's call except their own indifference to their country's need or their own love of inglorious ease. A cloud of shame will rest over all the future life of the man who shrinks his duty now.

And for those who cannot go to the front the necessity to give aid and to work as great as ever. Men must pay and women must sew and knit. There is no place in Canada for the shirker that stays at home, or the drone that sits at ease.

And in the midst of this pressing demand for united service for the empire and for the Dominion, there are those who cry out for a general election, with all its bitterness, and squabbling, and divisions. Are there enough patriots among the men in power to keep these disturbers of their country in subjection? Time alone will tell whether the forces that work for unity or those that strive for dissension are the stronger. Few in the Liberal

party are calling for a general election, though they are the people who should profit the most by it. They have nothing to lose and much to gain. But they are willing to submit to Conservative rule during the war, rather than see the Dominion split up by a partisan contest. They are ready to accept the challenge if it comes, and will do their full share to place in their own leader's hands the control of the country's affairs, because they believe a change would be the better for us and for the empire. But they are not seeking the contest. They believe that with all the faults and weaknesses of the Government, a wide-spread political war would be worse insofar as it turns the energies of the people from service in the empire's cause to service for political parties. If that evil comes it will be because the Government brings it on for political purposes. The responsibility will rest on the shoulders of Sir Robert Borden and his colleagues, and whatever of harm comes either to the country or to the Government they will bear the blame, and suffer the consequences.

PREPARE.

THE glory of the Canadians' conduct cannot be overestimated, but those of us who are at home must not too much indulge in the sensation of being proud.

The German army has shown that it has strength for many great drives and that it has fresh devices which, though barred by humane nations, it will use to the bitter end.

Preparation for greater demands upon the manhood of this country is the lesson to those at home.

These at the front will be best supported by the knowledge that it is not a spectacle we regard their courage, as our conduct and sacrifice, but as a demonstration of the need of the hour.

THAT "UNIFORMED CROWD."

GEN. Von Hindenberg is said to have remarked that the British army in Flanders and France was nothing more than a uniformed crowd and would be easily whipped. Evidently the "contemptible little army" incident was lost on him. Perhaps he overlooked it, as just about that time he was terribly busy keeping the Russians out of East Prussia. However, it isn't hard to believe that Neuve Chapelle, the battle for Hill No. 60, and the splendid performance of the Canadians at Ypres have caused him to revise his first sneering estimate of the British forces. Had he seen the volunteers fighting resolutely side by side with the regulars he would have taken an entirely different view of that "uniformed crowd." Von Hindenberg's view is of course that of the professional soldier, who believes that it requires years of training to build up a first-class fighting man. That an army of raw recruits could be whipped into a magnificent fighting force in a few months is something the Prussian believes impossible. Therefore to a British volunteer army could whip the picked legions of Germany.

It is strange that Germany has not taken a lesson from war-history, which repeatedly records the triumphs of British volunteer armies. As somebody has pointed out, the world's great conflicts have shown that the man who fights because he wants to is equal to three who fight because they have to. The fighting on the western front has proved gloriously that the "contemptible" and inexperienced British soldier is the equal of any of the British line. If this be true, Germany's pet, and most successful commander, is due for an experience that will shock and jolt out of his system any remnants of contempt he may feel for that "uniformed crowd."

DERNBURG WASTES WORDS.

AFTER all the efforts of German speakers to make the world believe that Great Britain started the war, along comes Dr. Bernhard Dernburg with a speech to the University Club of Brooklyn that almost hints at the truth. "Germany," he says, "must have more territory, so that every German baby shall have as much land to live on, and as much air to breathe, as any baby of the world, even any Russian baby."

Dernburg asserted that he spoke as a member of the councils of Germany when he declared that the only terms on which the Allies could wrest a peace treaty from the Fatherland were as follows:

First—Territorial expansion for Germany.

Second—Free seas.

Third—Free cable communication.

Fourth—Free German wants, and it was for this Austria declared war on little Serbia.

Dernburg is making a series of speeches in the United States in an effort to win American sympathy for Prussianism. He will learn that he has come to the wrong corner of the world. People in America do not understand the necessity of acquiring more territory by inciting world-wide slaughter, and they do not want to understand it. They believe that when a man wants something from his neighbor he should open business negotiations, instead of starting in to exterminate his neighbor's relatives.

If the German people themselves want more land they can find plenty of it in America, and in other parts of the world. Their Prussian leaders would teach them to come around and shoot down the land-owners and take possession. America in common with Britain, objects to this sort of title to property. Many Germans have come to Canada to make their homes, and to live as Canadians. Great Britain or Canada does not object. The ports are open to them, and will continue to be open to them, Canada alone

can accommodate the entire population of the German Empire. Why should Germany wage warfare for more territory? America does not understand. It is the difference in viewpoint between the free citizen and the serf to Kruppism. The war will not end on Dernburg's terms, but on the terms of the Allies, which will relieve the German people from their thrall.

A COSTLY SHELL GAME.

THE cry of all the warring powers for ammunition is not surprising when we learn of the quantity of shells used in a single artillery engagement. All this month there has been the bitterest fighting between the French and German forces around Middel, where Gen. Joffre is endeavoring to drive a wedge through the enemy's lines. A French officer, describing the crisis of one particularly furious three-days' battle, says that the Germans in an effort to secure an important point rained 20,000 shells on a wooded hill covering not more than 500 yards deep and about the same front. The "intensive" shelling of this corner of the battlefield meant that every minute 225 shells were being dropped on the target, the bombardment lasting a little less than two hours. Still another example of the enormous expenditure of ammunition was shown in the terrific bombardment of the German trenches before the storming of Neuve Chapelle. As there were 200 guns engaged in this operation, which lasted longer than the mentioned by the French officer, the amount of shells expended must have been much greater than 20,000. In a single engagement of this war more ammunition has been used than in many great campaigns.

As copper goes into the making of ammunition of all kinds, Germany is unable to stand this stupendous drain as well as the Allies, as she cannot get her supplies from America. On the other hand, the Allies have not only an uninterrupted and speedy communication with the countries which supply the raw material, but are able to place orders with the ammunition manufacturers all over the world. It is not surprising that Bernstorff came close to embroiling his Government with the United States in his desperate efforts to have an embargo placed on the exportation of war supplies to the Allies. It will be starvation of her guns, not her people, that will go a long way towards bringing Germany to her knees.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

There are no Hessians in that "hireling army."

It is significant that most of the peace talk comes from Teutonic sources.

Dr. Dernburg asserts that Germany will never relinquish Belgium. Old stuff, Doc.

Plagues follow war, and the new world will have to declare a blockade against them.

Germany took the initiative in war, but she will not be permitted to do so in regard to peace.

The Germans who tackled that "uniformed crowd" got the surprise of their lives. Evidently an ununiformed crowd.

As the scroll of the war unfolds, Mons, Neuve Chapelle, Hill 60, and Ypres stand out as imperishable records of British valor.

The Turkish journals refer to the Kaiser as His Islamic Majesty. "His Siambangic Majesty" would be more appropriate.

The Canadians' baptism of fire is revealed as one of the most terrific encounters of the whole war, as the dispatches accumulate. When the story is fully told, it will be of great charges and massed attacks and individual fighting and routing of superior forces that will make a man's heart yearn for this land.

The correspondents close to the front relate that the men from the Dominion did everything that was humanly possible and that their fighting caliber has not been over-estimated by their fondest admirers.

WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG.

Over the chimney the night-wind sang.

And chanted a melody no one knew.

And the woman stopped, as her babe she tossed.

And thought of the one she had long since lost.

And said, as her tear-drops back she forced.

"I hate the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang.

And chanted a melody no one knew.

And the children said, as they closer drew.

"'Tis some witch that is cleaving the black night through."

"'Tis a fairy trumpet that just then blew."

And we fear the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang.

And chanted a melody no one knew.

And the man, as he sat on his hearth below.

Said to himself, "It will surely snow.

And fuel is dear, and wages low.

And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang.

And chanted a melody no one knew.

But the poet listened and smiled.

For he was Man and Woman and Child, and Was Man and Woman and Child, and

And said, "It is God's own harmony."

This wind we hear in the chimney."

Canadian Soldier "Knows No Fear"

HE KNOWS NO FEAR.

(Peterborough Examiner.)

"He knows no fear." This is the tribute of Sir John French to the Canadian soldier, according to a letter received from an officer with one of the base hospitals. The letter says that General French has taken Canadians close to his heart because of the spirit they have shown. He believes they show remarkable intuition as to the plans of their officers and a certain individuality that makes them better soldiers than the average.

SACRIFICE AND REWARD.

(Montreal Mail.)

But after the sacrifice comes the reward.

By calling up three numbers unchanged on the telephone. Two of the chambermaids had helped themselves to Mme. Dueroq's private brand of coffee, and finally M. Dueroq had tripped in his haste and utterly ruined a new pair of lavender trousers, to say nothing of causing an ugly bruise on his knee.

Ten Minutes With the Short-Story Writers

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THE YOUNG ARISTIDE

By Montague Glass.

When the family Perrault arrived at the Maison Dueroq, a little flutter ran the length of the staid brownstone residences opposite.

The elder Perrault and his wife descended from the first cab, Leon du Parc, with six valises, and the second, Alexandre Perrault, and a bundle of rug-wrapped umbrellas from the third, the young Aristide Perrault, and his governess, Mile. Estelle Faure, from the fourth.

At the head of the steps stood Dueroq himself, beaming a welcome on the newcomers. He was a stout, middle-aged man, with a friendly expression, and a pair of eyes that seemed to follow you as you went by.

At length his labors were rewarded. It was striking seven as a corpulent policeman turned the corner of Sixth Avenue. In his right hand he held a leather tab which he consulted in comparison with the numbers on the houses. His left hand grasped the lump fingers of a young tired youngster indeed, whose face bore traces of recent tears.

At intervals little choking sobs escaped him, nevertheless, he pressed to his lips a hollow key from which, by the simple process of blowing into it, he produced a melancholy sound. It had all of its old fascination for Dueroq, so much so that they had passed the maison before they were observed by Dueroq.

"Aristide!" he called, almost overcome by joy. And then there came a revulsion. His lavender trousers, his wife's cognac, the fillet de sole Moray, ranged the kitchen on the one hand, and the family Perrault's hebdomadally fifty dollars on the other. The lavender trousers prevailed, and he seized Aristide and shook him until that unfortunate prodigal's teeth fairly rattled in his head.

At length, from sheer exhaustion, Dueroq desisted. Aristide, to whom shaking was a novel form of punishment and unrecognizable as such, deemed the affair a sort of greeting similar to the kisses of his previous life, and, forgoing to weep, picked up his beloved key from the mat where it had fallen.

The officer grinned broadly. "That is the way, kid, I ever see," he said. "For two solid hours he ain't done narythin' but blow into that key."

And as he passed through the block toward Sixth Avenue he was pursued by the clamorous welcome that arose in the Maison Dueroq.

"Aristide!" was the refrain, and again "Aristide!" Aristide!

BABY AND BLOSSOM.

(Florida Times-Union.)

Baby and blossom, and birds singing sweet.

And a thousand white petals.

Down there at your feet.

And you there among them.

"Pardon," she asked, "but has m'sieu seen a little boy?"

M'sieu had seen a little boy, and was surprised upon wheeling around the street to note his absence. They both ran into the hall, and the open street door was eloquent testimony to the manner of Aristide's departure.

"Pardon," m'sieu shrieked in throat-filling tones of hysteria. Instantly the cry was taken up by Mme. Perrault, who appeared in peignoir at the secondary landing, by the elder Perrault, who took the stairs in hasty descent, three at a jump, and later in rapid crescendo by Leon and Alexandre.

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