

THE COURIER

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Saturday, April 6th, 1918.

THE SITUATION.

The Germans have been making some slight progress towards Amiens, but at an appalling cost. While the British have fallen back to a small extent the French lines under great pressure still hold good and by vigorous counter-attacks they have even improved their positions.

GOVERNMENT SHIPBUILDING PROGRAM.

That was an important announcement which Hon. Mr. Ballantyne, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, made in the Dominion House on Thursday, when he announced that the Government had reached the conclusion that "the time was opportune for Canada to embark on the building of steel ships as a national permanent policy."

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE LLOYD GEORGE APPEAL.

Great Britain did not ask Canada to send troops to help her cause in this war. That in the first place was a voluntary act upon the part of loyal men in this Dominion, just as in the case of the South African struggle many years ago.

"The Government of Canada to reinforce its heroic troops in the fullest possible manner and with the least possible delay."

A similar message has been sent to Australia and to the United States.

That men and still more men is the prime need at this time cannot be questioned or else Britain's Premier would not have sent out the S.O.S. call.

Great Britain and the overseas Dominions first of all depended upon voluntary enlistments, but as far as the Old Land and Canada are concerned that has been changed into selective drafts, a camouflage for conscription.

The Military Service Act has been Canada's latest contribution to help matters out and a great many people have gained the idea that it is not achieving the results it should, although the statement of Sir Robert Borden in the House yesterday afternoon will go a great way towards allaying that feeling.

SIDELIGHTS AT OTTAWA

H. F. Gadsby's Weekly Letter From the Capital—Union Government is Indeed That; A Cosmopolitan Cabinet

Ottawa, April 6—Union Government does very well, thank you. It sets along together like a dozen eggs which lie quietly in the basket and will not break unless jarred from the outside.

I speak of the Cabinet of course. The rest of the eggs are comparatively strange to each other yet. When one speaks of a Union Government one is obliged to become anatomical because every Union Government is a freak of nature.

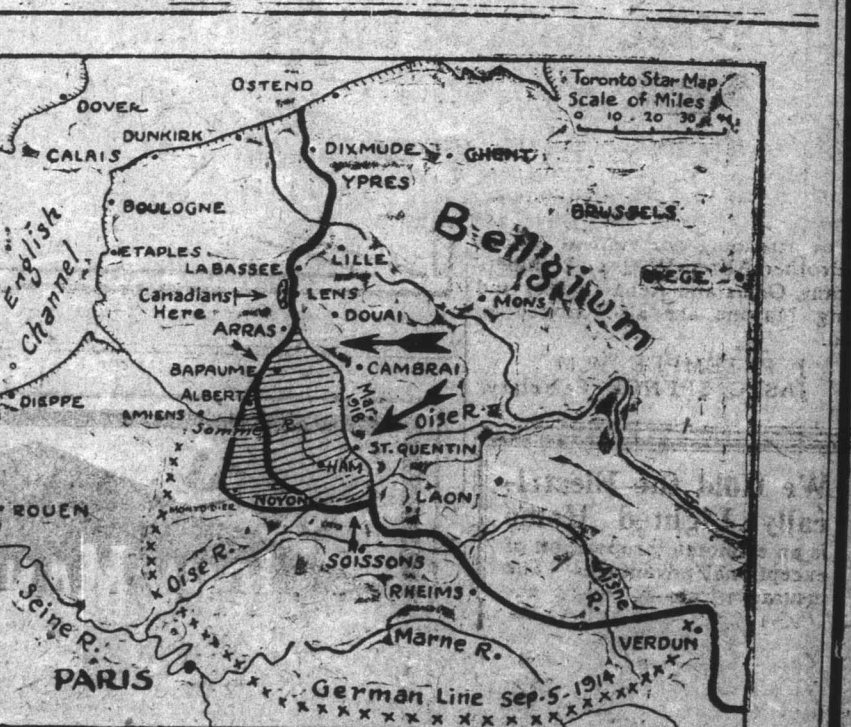
The present Union Government is not that kind of twin. It is a much more viable child because it has only one head, one stomach from which party patronage is abolished, and a plentiful supply of bowels in the shape of the largest majority in the history of Canadian politics. It ought to be able to digest anything.

Union Government as it exists today is a union from the collar up two heads that beat—as usual. What I mean to say is that the party spirit hinders on and prevents a complete fusion. We must go through a great deal more adversity before we really get together.

A concrete example is the party caucus rooms—and the Liberal Unionists who seem to be all dressed up and no place to go. The old Liberal caucus room is as empty as a beggar's pocket.

The crisis is not in the speculative or nebulous realm. It is here right now and the men in power at Ottawa must act accordingly.

Families in the State of Arkansas have returned 2,511,800 pounds of flour to dealers for shipment to the allies in the past two weeks.



BRITISH FORCES TAKE ANOTHER "NIBBLE" The map gives the relation of the gains made by the Germans with the whole allied front. The small arrow indicates the point where the British recaptured the village of Arette. The dotted line shows where the Germans advanced in 1914.



WOULD YOU SMILE? COULD YOU SMILE? If you were a British aviator who had bagged 42 German airmen? If you were a Captain at 20 one of the youngest officers of your rank in the British army? If you had won the D.S.O. and M.C.?

CREAM FOR CATARRH OPENS UP NOSTRILS Tells How To Get Quick Relief from Head-Colds. It's Splendid!

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Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

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The districts are being thoroughly organized and canvassers will start on their work next Monday morning. The movement has the endorsement of everyone who believes in the fulfillment of the Prophecies.

Bazaar!

Will be held in the old Y.M.C.A. Building, the last week in April. Donations may be sent to P. SHEAR, 137 Market St. Telephone 445.

HELP REBUILD THE HOLY CITY

Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS

THE BEST LAID PLANS OFT CHANG AGLEE Chapter XXIII

Neither of us again made any reference to John Kendall's presence at our restaurant dinner. But the next day when Bob came in he remarked:

"I met Miss Warren to-day, and John didn't exaggerate when he said she was clever. I am sure you would enjoy knowing her."

"Where in the world did you meet her?" I asked, surprised. "Oh, John called me up and asked me to drop in at the Publisher's Club for luncheon. Miss Warren was lunching with him, so of course I met and talked to her. She is an unusual woman."

"Instantly I was annoyed. I hated to hear Bob praise another woman; and I was cross that John Kendall should have asked him to meet his friend."

"She is going to review that new book of Kendall's for him," he added.

"The book he had last night?" "Yes, and I am sure you will enjoy reading it when it comes out. It is a most interesting psychological study, as well as a whacking good story."

"I know one thing, Bob, and that is I wish you never had known John Kendall!" I burst out.

"Why, Margaret? What's the matter with Kendall? He's as fine a fellow as you can find. I've known him for years and he's all work, and fully three feet wide. Don't take a dislike to him, Margaret. He is one of my best friends, and I should like you to be friends with him, also."

"I've nothing against him, as a man," I said slowly. "It is only that he takes you from me, interests me in things which hold no appeal for me. That is why I do not like him."

he takes you from me, interests me in things which hold no appeal for me. That is why I do not like him. "You're unreasonable, dear. I told you the other night that I must have some outside interests; that I could not content myself with just sitting down after business hours. Why, dear, I'd go mad!"

"That is—you mean that I am not enough for you, my society does not satisfy you?" "Don't put it that way, dear. We all need something outside of ourselves or we grow narrow and selfish. It is no sign that I do not care for you because I enjoy being with others."

"But it is!" I insisted. "I would not mind if I never saw anyone but you, if you gave me all your time as I am willing to give you mine."

"That isn't love, as you seem to think, Margaret," he returned soberly. "It is a brand of selfishness. But whatever it is you will have to make over your ideas in that direction. You have friends, cultivate them, enjoy them, go where they are, and have them come to you."

"I have invited father and mother to dinner Friday night, and father is planning to have an evening of chess with you."

"You knew I was going. That my plans were all made. You will explain to your people, and make my excuses."

"It was absolutely dumbfounded. His tone as well as his words let me understand that there would be no use in my objecting, yet I made one more attempt."

"It is such a slight to them!" I pleaded, my voice trembling with disappointment.

"I'm sorry if you view it that way, you knew I was going when you invited them."

"I was not at all in-

clined to be jealous; it had never really entered my mind that Bob would give me cause. But I did not like the idea of John Kendall making him a third at his luncheon. What if Miss Warren were clever, it didn't follow that he need ask Bob to help entertain her. I made a remark that if I could I would break up this silly friendship Bob had for John Kendall. One more reason too why I should not give my consent to his going away for the week end.

My plan to keep him at home was simple enough. I had asked father and mother to dinner for Friday evening. Bob was so very fond of mother; he enjoyed playing chess with father too so thoroughly that I figured he would not disappoint them and me by going away.

I said nothing until we were at breakfast Wednesday morning. Bob had been looking up the weather reports and remarked:

"The paper says we are to have pleasant weather the remainder of the week. That's fine!"

"But Bob, if you have reference to your plan to go down on Long Island, you will have to give it up. I have invited father and mother to dinner Friday night, and father is planning to have an evening of chess with you."

"You knew I was going. That my plans were all made. You will explain to your people, and make my excuses."

"It was absolutely dumbfounded. His tone as well as his words let me understand that there would be no use in my objecting, yet I made one more attempt."

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CHILDREN The month ford and Br association was ins, and it the interest amongst the County and The associat three silve school child the best pat lety; one for the best pas same to the ners. Space given free to sation hop accept this o production a

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