

Germans or Italians speak English as Englishmen speak any of the languages of these nationalities. Lloyd George does not speak French. Premier Clemenceau lived in the United States and speaks English perfectly. President Wilson is not practised in debating grave questions in French, and would prefer English. Sir Robert Borden speaks French, but the other Dominion premiers do not.

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Apparently there will be plenty of subjects for debate when the British Columbia Legislature meets for its next session. What may be called the Findlay fiasco will doubtless be well ventilated. The Point Grey Industrial School and its administration will also afford speakers a text. The P. G. E. Railway will be a thorny topic, while we may be sure that the claims of the returned soldiers will be debated with a vigor which will indicate that cabinet position is no bed of roses.

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This time last year, Vancouver had many farmer visitors from Saskatchewan. They are not so numerous this year, but they are able to hold their own because they did not spend all the money they made in 1917. The year 1917 was very dry, and this year was dry, too, so there was but little moisture in the ground to give the grain a start. Then, as a crowning misfortune, there was a heavy frost on July 23rd, this month having hitherto been counted as the one month in the year that was free from frost. Some large farmers never took their binders out.

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In strong contrast to Albert of Belgium, William the Poltroon awaits his fate in Holland. His defection was no doubt a bitter pill for his misguided people. Among the minor indications of the selfishness of his character were the plentiful stores that were found at Pots-

dam. For though he and his military clique were confident of victory in a few months, Herr Hohenzollern took no chances. For an emperor, William was a first-class grocer.

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Here, as elsewhere, irresponsible agitators are endeavoring to make trouble. They are talking Bolshevism with considerable energy, and a part of the labor element is listening to them open-mouthed. Meanwhile the trouble at the Coughlan shipyards has been an object lesson as to the disabilities inflicted on labor by hot-headed and injudicious leaders. It is no secret that many of the shipyard workers are tired of the tyranny of those who demand their obedience.

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If we are to have here a reconstruction or a series of reconstructions that will overturn previous ideas, well and good so long as law and order are observed. The majority must rule, but it must not tyrannize, nor must it resort to violence. Neither here nor in the United States will mob rule or mob force be permitted. There are many more Canadians who are determined opponents of Bolshevism than promoters of it, and if it comes to a "show-down" this will be abundantly manifest.

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The experiment of appointing a commissioner to disentangle the coil of South Vancouver affairs instead of leaving them in the hands of a municipal council has in some measure justified itself. Commissioner Gillespie's administration has been guided by sound sense, and his effectiveness may be gauged by the opposition to his methods that has shown itself in certain quarters. The feeling is growing that the only way to run a municipality or a province is to conduct the same as if they were the business of a private corporation. —X.

"Out of the dying *Now*, into the yet to be;  
Into the great Unknown enwreathed in mists of Time,  
Moments behind, as leaves stripped from a Winter's tree,  
As stones rolled into the depths by the tread of a mountain climb.  
Yet there is Light ahead; enough for a man to know,  
Not what the journey shall bring, or whether the end is near—  
The pointing of the dial, the path that he must go;  
Enough to guide the footsteps on the hill of the coming year.  
*Onward*; but not alone—the world is not for one—  
Each man helping the rest, in one great army of life—  
Blessings come back to the giver, and actions kindly done  
Uplift the shadows around, and yield us strength for the strife."

—E. COOPER WILLIS.