

## IT NEVER CAN HAPPEN AGAIN

By Julia Dawson.

When I peeped through the vines that straggle across my cottage windows at 8 a.m. and saw two laborers bedecked, not only in their Sunday best, but with red and green streamers fluttering from their hats, I knew that something was up.

There is not often anything up in our village, which is mostly inhabited by folk who are down, and I felt excited. After breakfast, hearing unwonted tramp of feet, I looked out and beheld still other men clad in pompous cloth instead of corduroy going down the lane, trying with more or less success to look as if they didn't know they had gay rosettes in their buttonholes and long streamers of red and green ribbons dangling down their backs. Towards noon, when from the village green there came the jolly noisy sound of drums and trumpets, I sallied out to see.

The village green (which divides the two straggling rows of medieval houses which we call our street, and which swells into a lump in the middle, there to show off the oldest, queerest little house of all), usually given over to the lazy sports of dogs and ducks, was all abustle with people. At least six men in musty uniforms were blowing big noises from brass instruments. These were surrounded by an admiring crowd of more men, 25, per haps, or even 27, middle-aged and old, whose sombre Sunday clothes were all brightened by rosettes and streamers of red and green.

Curious they looked, the old nigh bent double with rheumatism, and not even the youngest able to quite straighten his back. Long years of plowing, sowing, reaping, mowing, and weeding heavy clay soil, not to speak of cattle tending, in all weathers, at all hours, bends backs up more than a bit.

Nor were the red and green ribbons all. Five or six of the gnarled and wrinkled old pairs of hands tremblingly bore aloft what had been most magnificent banners. Most of the mottoes had got obliterated by age. But "Friendship and Unity" and "Peace and Plenty" were easy to read on the two that headed the little procession which moved up the green and into the church.

Looking across the road, adown the long garden to "The Jolly Plowman," I saw one straggler with a banner, "Brotherly Love." The drink he was after did not delay the procession more than a minute.

At a quarter to twelve precisely we were all seated in the quiet church. A strange little company of perhaps 40 all told. But what we lacked in numbers we made up in dignity and determination, and that blissful sense of satisfaction which is only born of the knowledge that one is doing the right thing at the right moment. There had always been a special church service for that club on its club day, and there always would be.

First, the little band of choir boys walked up the aisle in clean white surplices, followed by a large and stately vicar, the immaculate whiteness of whose gown was decorated by a gold embroidered stole.

The men did not turn their heads. They knew he was doing his business, as he had always done it, just as they were doing theirs, and there

was no need to look. By this time a few wives had humbly entered and quietly seated themselves near their men. When the proper prayers were said and psalms sung, the wives were kept busy finding the right places in the prayer books, and putting them into their husbands' hands, pointing out the exact lines with stubby fingers. This the men took as a matter of course, also. But, though their keen eyes would find and follow a lost sheep strangling itself in a brier bush a mile away, they could make nothing of the little fiddling type in the little fiddling prayer books and so they stood or sat patiently till the moment should come when the sermon was done, and they were liberated for the great day in the big field, the merry-go-rounds and the cocoa-nut shies, and the glorious, devil-may-care way in which they would spend all the pennies of the whole shilling they had saved up since last year's club. By George!

The saving of that shilling, which in one or two pockets might have run to eighteen pence, had meant some pinching. Not one of the men had ever earned more than 15 shillings a week, and some were rearing big families on that wage. The "old" men—of 50 and more—got only 12 shillings a week, and worked like slaves all the time.

When psalms, hymns and prayers had all had their turn, the vicar floated gently up into the pulpit like a white balloon. His face was rosy red, without a wrinkle. His bald head shone with righteousness—and soap. The full sleeves of his surplice—which some overworked woman had so beautifully washed and ironed—opened out like wings; and in his exquisitely manicured hands (with pointed and polished nails like claws) he carried his carefully prepared sermon, bound in black morocco and stamped with a golden cross.

Majestically he moved up the steps of his pulpit, and not one of the congregation dared to sit down till he had reached the top of his pedestal, there to stand and preach.

O how he preached! Without moving a muscle of his face, or shifting his hard blue eyes a second from their fixed start on the stony walls (the poor old men and women in the pews were utterly beneath his gaze), he dwelt on the necessity for loving the law of God. It might seem a strange law sometimes, might mean humiliations, hardships, poverty, sickness, scorn, contempt and misery, but it must be loved. When the body was most wounded the soul was most mended. The harder the lot here below on earth, the softer the seat in heaven by and bye. The cross must be carried even to the edge of the grave, and no complaint made. To gain peace in heaven one must have strife on earth.

It was wrong to indulge self. One must not over eat or over drink or over amuse. The cross must be heavy to carry for the crown to be bright to wear. Only by self-denial could anyone reach the road to righteousness.

Thus the priest, who lived in idleness and luxury, spoke to the people who slaved and starved on every day in the year save that one club day.

In the great luxurious vicarage, whose velvet lawns sloped down to



(By Phillips Thompson, Oakville.)  
"Let cowards flinch and traitors sneer,  
We'll keep the Red Flag flying here."

The Czechs, the Slovenes, the Serbo-Croats, and the other non-Teutonic races in Austria are united in a perfect hatred of Germany and the Germans.—Globe.

And these are the people who have been interned, hounded out of their jobs and subjected to persecution as "alien enemies" by Canadian loyalists and super-zealous officials.

Poor Ireland! A perverse and malignant fate has dogged her footsteps for centuries.—Globe.

Yes—a perverse and malignant government!

Pretty soon if the courts keep on sentencing men to imprisonment for being true to their religious faith, the Burwash Jail Farm will become the most important centre of Christian thought and influence in Canada.

The farmers who supported Union Government got what they voted for when their sons were refused exemption. And now the working men are likely to get theirs in the shape of an influx of Chinese labor for which the big corporations have for some time been bringing pressure to bear upon the government. The Edmonton Bulletin says:

Apparently it is not considered unfitting that while Canadian men are fighting overseas to maintain the Canadian standard of life, the protected interests who are grinding the faces of their dependents at home should still further enlarge their dividends by importing Coolie labor and depressing wages.

Some readers have got the impression that I am opposed to the organization of a Canadian Labor Party because I think it would be a mistake for Socialists to fuse with it. Not at all. I would be very glad to see a strong labor party organized even on merely reform lines. But there can be no satisfactory co-operation between men who accept the revolutionary principles of Socialism and those whose aims are limited to lopping off a few branches of the tree of capitalism instead of destroying the system, root and branch. Don't haul down the Red Flag!

The shooting of Edith Cavell, though strictly in accordance with rules of "civilized" warfare, was a brutal, cowardly murder, and was rightly condemned as such by the press of Canada. It has never been

the churchyard, he lived alone, with neither wife nor child, with plenty to gratify his every whim and wish. Yet without a blush, without moving a muscle (if muscles there were), of his red, fat face, he calmly and coldly preached self-denial to those hard-working men and women, living in damp, rotten houses, and feeding and clothing big families, on a week's wages which would not pay for the wine he drank at a single meal.

That was on the 6th of May, 1914, and . . . it never can happen again!

forgotten, and will probably pass into history as an example of German fiendishness. The other day in an obscure corner of a newspaper appeared the following item:

Nantes, France, May 6.—Two women spies, Josephine Alvarez and Victorine Faucher, condemned to death by court martial on Jan. 25th, were executed this morning.

So far as I have seen, not a single Canadian newspaper, preacher, or public speaker has had a word to say in denunciation of this Hun-like action of our chivalrous French allies.

My dog Tony has no more sense than a Hun or a Jingo. He is continually getting into scraps with the other dogs without any apparent reason. I hate to see Tony get the worst of it, but I rather hesitate about asking God to interfere and help him to lick the other dog. I am afraid that God might take it as an insult.

The prostitute press of Canada and the United States blame the Socialists of Germany as being equally guilty with the rest of the people in supporting the Kaiser's war policy. No doubt the Germans are told by their press and public men that the Socialists of England, the United States and Canada are equally opposed to peace negotiations as the governments of their respective countries. The fact is that in all the belligerent countries Socialists have been denied the opportunity of expressing their opinions. Their newspapers have been suppressed, their prominent writers and speakers imprisoned, and their meetings prohibited. And prominence has been given to the utterances of a few renegades once posing as Socialists, who have been bribed or terrorized into howling with the wolves and clamoring for war to the bitter end.

Anyhow, the number of Socialists in Germany has been greatly exaggerated. It has been estimated as high as 4,000,000. That number of votes may have been cast for Socialist candidates but anyone who knows anything of politics can understand how deceptive this mode of reckoning may be. The Socialist vote of Germany, like that of the United States, has been mainly a protest vote cast by people who wished merely to register their dissatisfaction with existing conditions, but with no clear idea of the aims or principles of Socialism. When a real crisis arises these uninstructed, temporary adherents of Socialism are swept away like straws in the torrent of popular agitation. We need not go outside of Toronto for an illustration of how exaggerated ideas as to the number of Socialists get afloat. It is not so many years since some 8,000 votes were cast for a Socialist candidate for the Mayoralty, the late James Lindala, running against an unpopular opponent. Of course, all Socialists understood that this was mainly a protest vote cast by those who had little or no sympathy with Socialism. But no doubt the news went all over the continent that there were 8,000 Socialists in Toronto.

Every reader of this paper should immediately send a contribution to the Bainbridge Defense Fund and also write a letter to the Minister of Justice at Ottawa demanding his immediate release. Send all contributions to H. Perkins, Treasurer of the Bainbridge Defense Fund, 397 Spadina Ave. Toronto, Ont.