

Britain has spent \$38,000,000,000 on this War, of which \$7,325,000,000 has been loaned to her allies.

The Englishman has lived on $1\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. of beef (or chicken) per week, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of butter per week, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb sugar per week, and has faced other food restrictions we can hardly imagine. Food costs have increased 110%.

Colossal sums, and at incalculable sacrifice, have been raised for the care of the sick and wounded, for the food and comfort of prisoners and for the benefit and recreation of troops at home and abroad.

And the British birth rate is now greater than the total losses of our men during the whole War. The population has increased during the War years.

Just as England's armies in history put Napoleon Bonaparte in his place, just as her navy in Elizabethan days broke the power of all-conquering Spain, so does she now with her children—the Scotch, the Irish, the Canadians, the Australians, the New Zealanders, the South Africans, and the Indians—and are we not intensely proud to be one of them—with wonderful France, with ravished Belgium, with Italy, and latterly with still another of her offspring, the United States—from the moment she came in, a guarantee of Victory—so does she now help save this world from a greater calamity than any of them—the Kultur of the unspeakable Hun.

Good Old Britian.

