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London, Ont., Saturday, September 11.

FOSTER'S FAILURE.

It is announced that Sir George Foster, minister of trade and commerce in the Meighen Government, is going to take an active part in the East Elgin by-election now pending. Sir George Foster may have ample time to spend in this way, but the Montreal Gazette, one of the stoutest supporters of the Meighen ministry, has pointed out, perhaps unwittingly, where the minister might employ his time to better advantage as far as Canada is concerned.

The Gazette prints a column cable from its special London correspondent describing the almost complete stagnation and lack of business method that prevails in the Canadian trade offices in London, England. According to this correspondent there are no less than three so-called trade offices or missions in London, each independent of the other and none of them doing anything of any account. There is first of all the remnant of the old trade mission. W. C. Noxon, its chairman, receives no salary, but has a living allowance of £2 a day, and its staff has been reduced to two officials and some clerks.

"Executive, it is only a shadow of its former self, and either its powers have been so curtailed or its chairman so limits his interpretation of them that for some months it has been doing, practically speaking, nothing, at a total cost of over \$30,000 a year. As for the deputy high commissioner and the senior trade commissioner's office, they have been run on strictly routine lines, and it is improbable that the canvas of the Canadian business community would elicit any very enthusiastic eulogium of their efforts."

This is a grave indictment coming from a source always friendly to the Government. At a time when the markets of the world are under fierce competition Canada is represented abroad by a staff that neither knows its business nor has any energy if it did know what to do. The Gazette gives an example of the business methods of the London office that is amazing:

One of our trade commissioners in Britain recently stated that though he put through scores of trade inquiries every month, not 1 per cent of them ever led to any business. The reason is that these inquiries are forwarded by mail to the Trade and Commerce Department (at Ottawa), which, in the present state of markets, is quite useless."

We would suggest that the East Elgin electors before whom Sir George Foster appears to sound the praises of the Meighen Government, should gently but firmly insist on knowing how it is that the minister of trade and commerce can spare time for campaigning in a by-election while chaos rules in his department at the capital and in the offices of the department overseas.

LAMBETH CONFERENCE AND WORLD QUESTIONS.

In a former issue a resume was given of the appeal by the recent Anglican conference at Lambeth, England, on the subject of church unity and reunion of Christian bodies. On this and other subjects its conclusions were embodied in eighty resolutions prefaced by an encyclical letter. Christian fellowship among individuals, churches, communities and nations is given as the keynote of the deliverances of these 252 bishops assembled. They took an unequivocal and sound position in support of the essentially Christian basis of the League of Nations, and ask that the Church of Christ with one voice press its support upon the peoples of the world, urging also the admission of Germany and other nations as speedily as conditions make it possible. They ask for resistance to injustice to native races, particularly in regard to such matters as land tenure, forced labor, the trade in intoxicating liquors, the morphia or opium traffic in China and other abuses.

Viewing the world's perplexities and troubles, the work of Christian missions is naturally given pre-eminence. The presentation of Jesus Christ and His redemption to every race and individual is laid upon the church as a normal function never so insistent as today. The report commends giving wide freedom to indigenous workers in developing work in their own countries in accordance with their national character. Protest is recorded against the perpetuation of war-time restrictions upon missionary effort, and since missions should not be at the mercy of political expediency, missionaries are counselled to show no object, motive or thought beyond spreading the Kingdom of Heaven. National selfishness has been persistent and ruthless, but must give way to a brotherhood of redeemed humanity which the church promotes.

Marriage and the family life are dealt with in great candor. It is almost needless to say the bishops reaffirm the traditional position of the church in respect to marriage as a lifelong union involving deliberate self-control with the continuation of the race through the heritage and gift of children. The indissolubility of marriage should secure to children the continued love and care of both parents, and therefore on their behalf it is the states' obvious interest to preserve the strictness of marriage law. The right is asserted of the church to bear witness to the Christian marriage standard and in its own communion to deal with cases which fall within the exception mentioned in the record of the Lord's words in St. Matthew's Gospel. The people are warned against the grave dangers arising from theories and practices hostile to the family, and parents are counselled regarding sound teaching to their children on sex subjects. Co-operation and pressure are

strongly urged in removing various suggestive incentives to social vice.

While the recommendations relating to industry and commerce may be regarded in some quarters as insufficiently advanced, still if the church lives up to the social duty as defined by the bishops there would be little reason for complaint. They ask for the application of the fellowship of good will and co-operation rather than competing in hostility and suspicion. This fellowship will be endangered if those who serve do not share equitably in the results of labor and under such conditions as will tend to elevate human character, which is to be set above dividends and profits. Extravagance and waste are to be avoided, honor and thoroughness in work observed. The prohibition of the sale and manufacture of intoxicating liquors by the will of the people in the United States and their sale in most of the provinces of Canada, is commended to the earnest and sympathetic attention of the Christian Church throughout the world. Members of the church in other countries are urged to support such legislation as will lead to a speedy reduction in the use of intoxicants and the duty is pointed out of combating the evil of intemperance by personal example and willing self-sacrifice.

The report declares for the admission of women into those councils of the church to which men are admitted and on equal terms, but how this is to take effect is left with the synods. The revival of the order of deaconesses is approved, but the further sharing by women of ministry in the wider sense is conservatively hedged. Several modern movements of thought are informatively analyzed and the supreme sufficiency of the revelation of God in Christ Jesus reaffirmed. The church is admonished to faithful observance of prayer, the sacrament of holy communion and the discipline of faith. She is reminded of the true Source of spiritual and bodily healing, comfort and solace, which are the rightful heritage of those who abide in Divine fellowship and to all such the Divine resources are available.

THE LURE OF THE LEAVES.

"What do we with those who grieve them
Over the fever of the mind?
Beauty's followers will leave them
Far behind."

Summer is the time of memory-storing for the winter months. Remembrance of flowers and trees folds itself away in our beauty-loving hearts, and who can measure the wealth it may prove on a day of grey outlook and faltering faith.

Just before they are autumn-touched to sunset shades, and wind-carried to winter sheltering, the leaves take on a preciousness that belongs to all leave-takings. The summer past has been rich in foliage and spring-kept greenness and the trees have been loved to worship. Unstained by dust and safe from parching heat, they have revelled in a season given over to every mood of the mind and sun and rain, and their beauty and luxuriance have won the notice of the most unheeding eyes.

On a windless sunlit day, or an evening of quiet rain, there is a stillness among the leaves that is reflective and reverent. Like so many beautiful hands outspread in benediction, they keep a hushed, listening quiet that penetrates to the source of every discordant thought within us, dispelling our "foolish fears and futile fret," "blurring remembrance and quieting pain," making room for the peace that is the very essence of their stillness. With the coming of occasional little winds, there is a busyness among them, yet every movement is restful. Beautiful aloofness and inviting intimacy blend in their graceful swaying and display a dignity of purpose and a spirit of playful adventure, withal a comradeship with each other, the warmth of which is past naming.

However furious the storms that sweep and the winds that lash, there is a tenacious devotion to every little twig, a clinging tenderness for the black and silver-grey boughs in each frail stem and silken form. The secrets of the dewdrops, of rainbows, of enfolding mists, of wind-whisperings, of singing birds, of stars and the velvet dark, are all too wonderful to yield without a struggle.

For moments all gay and abandoned, come the stray little gipsy breezes and each leaf takes on a mood all its own and dances each its own little interpretation of the joy of the moment. Shaking with laughter at the antics of another, whirling independently in utter yielding to a mood so gay, each little leaf invites its human companions to the carnival of the breezes and bids care be forgotten and love and laughter reign supreme.

But of all happy moods of the leaves there is none so enchanting as that in which they give forth their silken music at the invisible touch of the wind that comes with fairy fingers to play upon their hidden harps. Loving the touch of each other, their swinging melodies blend and unite in whispered notes that are unforgettable and lovely. On an evening of quiet, the "woodnotes of the rain" fill the shadows with a music like that of distant, flute-like singing, sweet and alluring "as swayed by tides of dreaming or bowed by gusts of thought." The moods of the leaves are many and their ministry ever beautiful for seeing eyes and understanding hearts.

WEEDING OUT THE CIVIL SERVICE.

[Toronto Telegram.]

It is announced from Ottawa that there is to be a general weeding out of the civil service throughout Canada. Civil service reform of various kinds has been a convenient political football for generations.

It is now proposed to put into effect the special act which provides for the retirement of employees over 65 years of age.

If the civil service had not been stuffed with so many political hacks there would not be so much necessity for weeding.

There will be little saving to the country in eliminating those over the age limit, unless more care is exercised in making future appointments. There are cases on record where appointments were made to the civil service of men who had been superannuated by other employers.

A regulation limiting the age at which men may enter the service would appear to be more necessary than a retiring age limit.

EXPLODED.

[Halifax Chronicle.]

At least one myth has been pretty effectively exploded. Profiteers will not be able to fool the public any more with tales of shortage of sugar.

DIG.

[Farmers' Advocate.]

Is your farm noted particularly for any one thing? Surely there is one thing it will produce better than any other? If you haven't discovered what it is, dig!

From Here and There

TRYING TO PERPETUATE ITSELF.

[Victoria Times.]
What respect, for example, does the Union Government show for the wishes of the electorate when, although it was elected as a "war government," it seeks to perpetuate itself for several years by the mere expedient of changing leaders? What sort of political breeding, indeed, does this manoeuvre indicate? And Mr. Meighen tells us that "my political party in the world was over better born or better bred than the National Liberal-Conservative party." In any case, we would imagine that so rare a child was entitled to a better name.

NO DOUBT THEY WILL.

[La Presse.]
The women have demonstrated throughout the whole of the long campaign for woman suffrage a tenacity and an ardent alikes remarkable. Now that their desires have been granted, it is to be hoped they will apply an intelligence in exercising their right to vote equal to the passion they showed in their campaign to obtain it.

JOLLY LITTLE CHIPMUNK.

The place the chipmunk fills is small and inconspicuous, but his sylvan chirrup plays a minor strain in the wordless symphony which the slightly blue soul of nature is forever singing in her forests; solemn and consoling to heal earth's scars; jubilant and glad for the free of heart. Inonating ever some clear, sweet note of mystic melody for those who listen, to awaken a dreaming bliss or to thrill an untired fibre into quivering life.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TELEGRAPH.

[Ottawa Journal.]
A Danish scientist, Thorvald Anderson, has invented a process for transmitting photographs by telegraph. He was invited by the London Daily Express to go to London to demonstrate his invention. While he was on the way the editor of that paper sent to Anderson's brother in Copenhagen photographs of the King, Lloyd George and Miss Irene Vanbrough, the actress. The brother then sent the Express three cables in code, which Thorvald translated in the newspaper's dark room, the result being excellent likenesses of the three subjects. The inventor had never heard of Miss Vanbrough, and imagined her photograph to be that of the Princess Mary.

As photographs consist merely of lights and shades, it is, so it seems, merely a matter of the receiver of the wire photograph shading the telegraph blank where it ought to be shaded, and leaving it light where no shading is required. How to do that simple thing has been the trouble up to the present, but the secret of Anderson's success seems to be almost out. The sender of the photograph tell him in code where to put down shades on the blank receiving form. The receiver decipheres the code, throws the shades on the sensitized plate (in the proper place, of course), and there you are. It is now predicted that the exchange of photographs by telegraph is a possibility of the near future.

MAKING THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME.

[Christian Science Monitor.]
Apart from technical legal question, there is common sense in the sentence of the Massachusetts judge who ruled that an ice dealer who had been found guilty a second time of giving short weight should supply ice free for the rest of the summer to the people he had cheated. Not only does it teach the offender a lasting lesson, but it is more satisfactory to the victims than the justice sometimes meted out. The proposal to sentence automobile law-breakers to drive their cars at a speed not above four miles an hour might be worth considering.

PLACING THE BLAME.

[Chicago Herald.]
Listening to the voice of Labor, a stranger might be excused for thinking that the sole aim of the British Government has been to find some excuse or other for declaring war on Soviet Russia. Certainly nobody could be expected to conclude from the attitude of Labor that the very reverse has been the case, and that we have for weeks been doing our best to get Russia to come to terms with her adversary and conclude a lasting peace. Yet such is the fact, and for whatever delay there has been in the opening of negotiations Labor has to blame Russian friends, and not the Allies—least of all the British Government.

MEDIOCRITY AND DEMOCRACY.

[Boston Globe.]
Of course, there is a way of extolling democracy and singing the virtues of the common man which amounts to little more than flattering mediocre people in their mediocrity. Of this believers in democracy must beware. Democracy means a dead level of plenty of things to eat and wear. It means an equal chance for everybody to work his hardest to develop whatever abilities he has. For mediocrity, or the state of being fifth-rate, is not absence of talent. Mediocrity is absence of effort. The only person who is really commonplace is the one who won't try.

HUMAN LIFE NO VALUE.

[Guelph Herald.]
The desire to make money is so strong with bootleggers that they do not consider the value of human life. A lot of the stuff they sell is poison that causes blindness, sickness and death.

A CHANGE OF STYLE.

[Boston Transcript.]
A western organization published a book containing what are said to be messages sent by Colonel Roosevelt from the other world. He is quoted as referring to his departure "from amongst your midst." There will be general agreement that it is unnecessary to read further.

AN OVERWORKED WORD.

[E. W. Howe's Weekly.]
We Americans make too much of the word "PEP." If a man has efficiency and reliability, he does not need "Pep," which is the sort of thing a Y. M. C. A. secretary has when he stands before a tired audience and urges that the second verse be tried again, with more spirit. A good, steady man needs no Pep, nor need he be a Live Wire. The Pep Gentlemen are mainly trying to do things that need not be done. And while I am grumbling, I will confess I do not care for the word "Constructive." All the Pep Gentlemen use it too much, and in it a complete defence for all their mistakes and programs. There was once a monthly publication called Pep. The editor somehow obtained my name, and resolved to adopt constructive measures and force me to subscribe. Every week for a considerable time I received a letter from him, and the Pep talk became as disagreeable to me as the Pep man. It made me so mad that nothing on earth would have induced me to subscribe to the Pep magazine. All Pep measures are annoying to me.

THE TRAFFIC TOLL.

[Montreal Star.]
The huge increase in motoring and the consequent loss of life through accidents has aroused much comment. Secretary Williams of the American National Safety Council points out that three times as many people are now killed in motoring accidents as in all the factories and by the railroads in the country.

The arousing of public opinion against this trend is a slow process and somewhat clumsy at best. A quicker cure seems to lie in regarding loose motoring methods as bad business for the automobile industry. Continuance of the present rate of killing may have its influence upon the market. Swift, certain and heavy punishment by the courts is also due to those who may be found guilty of careless or reckless driving. The foot in the motor car is pointing a loaded gun in the face of the public.

ATHLETICS AND FRIENDLINESS.

[Spokane Spokesman-Review.]
A good means of making boys friends is to have them play together. Men remain boys in their liking for play. Nations are masses of men. Nations that play with one another have an incentive for international friendliness. Olympic games for the world and Anglo-American contests for "America" cups contribute in their degree to the fellowship of people and the peace of man.

INFLUENCE OF POETRY.

[Montreal Gazette.]
Sir William Pierson often expressed his regret that so little poetry was taught in the schools. He recognized that the teaching of poetry would refine and uplift the mind, and spiritualize the whole nature. Such a teaching is especially urgent in a young country in the formative stage when the danger, through individual struggle under forbidding circumstances, of conserving a sordid materialism, is urgent.

Poetry and Jest

THEY ARE CALLING ME "JIM."

[James W. Kelley, Denver, Colorado.]
They are calling me "Jim" at the Rotary Club.
The boys who are friendly and true,
Who hearken with zest to the words
I shall say.
Who have interest in all that I do,
We are brothers and pals on the high-
way of life.
Forgiving each crochets and whims,
They know I am human and likely to err.
The boys who are calling me "Jim."
I am "Jim" in my home to the wife
of my love,
But the wide world is formal and cold,
And my soul cries aloud for the voice of
a friend.
That tone that is purer than gold.
So these Rotary men fill the void in
my heart.
And the tide of despair quickly stems,
I'm no longer alone in the crowd as I
was.
For they're all of them calling me
"Jim."

When I answer to "Jim" at the Rotary
Club,
As some good friend gives me a
hand,
I feel like a mariner on the wide main
When he sees the first glimpse of a
sail.
I must steer a straight course on the
ocean of life,
In the wild gales my sails I must
trim;
In the years that go by I must not
disappoint
Those boys who are calling me
"Jim."

REASONABLE REQUEST.

[Rising Sun, San Francisco.]
Boy Scout (on night guard)—"Halt!
Who comes here?"
"Officer of the Day."
"Advance, Officer of the Day, and
explain what you are doing out at
night."

JOY IN THE YEAR.

[Frank L. Stanton.]
There's joy, my dear, in the noon o'
the year.
When the harvest hints of gold.
And the soft sun streams with its
gleams and dreams
On your beautiful hair unrolled:
There's joy, my dear, for the world is
fair,
And Love is the brightest blossom
there!

There's joy, my dear, in the grey o'
the year.
When the snows are drifting white,
And the cold winds cry to the starless
sky,
And the last rose weeps "Good-
night!"
There's joy, my dear, for the world is
fair,
And Love like a lily is blooming there!

SUPPLICATION NEEDLESS.

[Indianapolis Star.]
"I suppose," said the village deacon
to the minister, "that your constant
prayer is that you may ever remain poor
and humble."
"Well, not exactly," replied the min-
ister. "I pray that I may remain hum-
ble, but my congregation attends to the
other part of it."

IT MIGHT BE WORSE.

[Chicago Herald.]
If everybody's misery was written in
his face,
There'd be but little pleasure here
among the human race.
The glow of cheerful happiness would
fade away and die.
And all the springs of joy and mirth
would soon be running dry.
So don't you grow discouraged then, if
ever you are down and out,
For if you wait a streak of joy will
surely come along.
Don't keep a-moping all the time as
mournful as a hearse.
But gulp your trouble down and say it
might be worse.

MAKING IT FIT.

[London Opinion.]
"Did you hear about the defacement
of Mr. Skinner's tombstone?" asked
Mr. Brown a few days after the funeral
of that eminent captain of industry.
"No, what was it?" inquired his neighbor curiously.
"Someone added the word 'friends'
to the epitaph,"
"What was the epitaph?"
"He did his best."

ANOTHER DAY.

Another day, anew to rise,
To strive to win a worthy friend;
To learn what in each effort lies,
While wondering what will be the end.
Another day our strength to test
With those more strong than that we must
meet,
Resolved to do our very best,
If victory crown us—or defeat.

Another day—what will it add
To those that have their cycles run?
Shall we more happy be, or sad,
Than when across the morning sun?

Another day the world to face,
Between the good and ill to choose;
To be moved up or down a space,
Perhaps to win, perhaps to lose.

Another day to live and hope,
To play the part we think we must,
With inward enemies to cope,
And learn our better selves to trust.

Ah, yes; another day is ours;
It means so little or so much,
According as the passing hour
For right or wrong our fingers touch.

A REAL DIFFERENCE.

"Mama," asked 7-year-old Charles,
who was studying his Bible lesson,
"what is the difference between high
church and low church?"
"I know," exclaimed his little 5-year-
old sister.
"Well, what's the difference?" asked
their mother.
"One says 'Amen,' and the other
says 'Amen,'" she replied.

SEA TWILIGHT.

[Christian Science Monitor.]
The birds are dark against the sunset
sky.
The ocean shines in blue and dappled
gold.
On one bright spire keen light is like
a cry.
But the still woods look strange and
black and old.

A little foam is crisping on the shore;
New colors on the wavering waters
ride.
The birds are flown. Where waves can
reach no more
A broken line marks the departed tide.

REAL CHIVALRY.


[Toronto Mail and Empire.]
At a place "somewhere east of Suva,"
an intoxicated gentleman, after being
ejected from a moving picture theatre,
was discovered on the door step of the
back entrance with a large bouquet in
his arms. A policeman arrested him.
"Did he give any reason for his ex-
traordinary behavior?" asked the
traveller.
"His speech was a bit indistinct, your
honor," answered the policeman, "but
from what I could gather, he was wait-
ing to see Mary Pickford home."

SANCTUARY.

[Una Malleson in Poetry Review.]
Strange fancies haunt me at the even-
tide,
In the last dusky hour before the
night.
Faint, piteous wraiths of lovely things
that died,
And sad, sweet, amorous dreams of
dead delight.

They throng about me as the days
depart,
The tired ghosts of wistful bygone
years,
Pain lifts her head and listens in my
heart
To the slow, bitter fall of useless
tears.

Silent I gaze into Life's hopeless eyes,
While 'round my heart the waiting
shadows creep.
Till Night, O Mother infinitely wise,
Folds me within the tender arms of
sleep.



"Train up a child in the way, he should go" and he will always use a

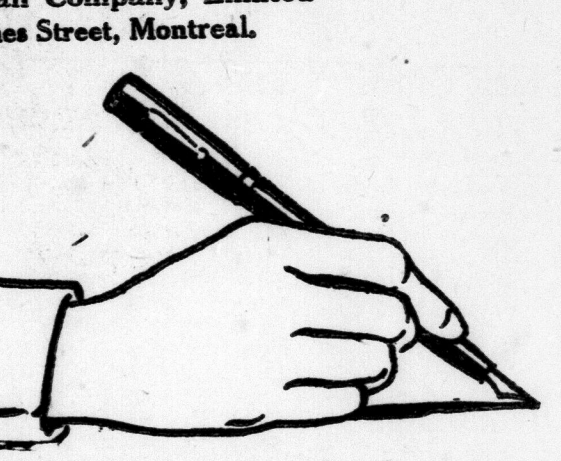
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