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The Canadian West



Our Ideal:

Social Betterment, Educational Enlightenment,
the Upbuilding—in City and Church and State
—of Christian Government, and the Develop-
ment of Spiritual Life

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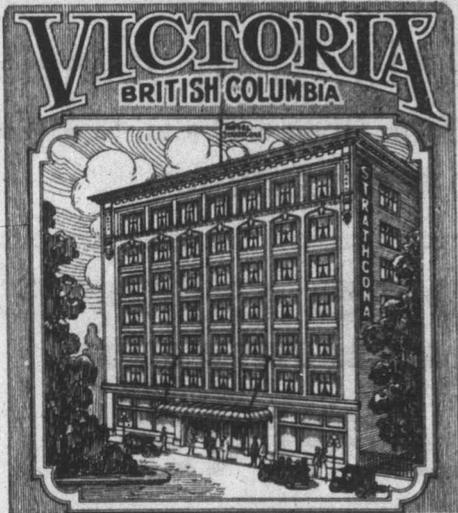
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D. A. CHALMERS, Managing Editor PUBLISHED IN VANCOUVER, B. C.
SUPPORTING SOCIAL BETTERMENT, EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS, AND RELIGIOUS
LIFE. INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS.

Vol. XII

NOVEMBER, 1917

No. 3

An Appeal

Upon the fields of Flanders, and the Plains of Italy,
Brothers! at this dire moment there is waged titanic strife,
Nearly every stream in Europe now runs red unto the sea
From hills, war-tramped, where Freedom is sore struggling for
her life.

And we were happy, happy lads at home but yesterday
With bat and ball, with oar and rod, with song and feast and
mirth;
War's challenge made us men at once, and broke the charm of Play,
And here we'll die ere Freedom shall be driven from the Earth.

Ah! some will see the fourth Yule-tide dawn to the roar of guns;
For those who lie 'neath folded hills we cannot wait to weep;
And we—Freedom's last citadel—must face the furious Huns,
And on the frontiers of the world appointed vigils keep.

Then Brothers! can you wonder that in mud and rain we ask,
When, in the lull of firing, we wipe our smoky brow;
"O! where in all the future will you find a grander task,
Where will a year of man's short life count more than here and
now?"

—Alexander Louis Fraser,
Westminster Manse, Smith's Falls, Ontario

Political Religion the Enemy of Freedom

The lengths to which British leaders have gone to establish friendly relations with the American people have often disgusted the people of this country who knew that to go cap in hand seeking favor could only result in adding contempt to hostility. It is a curious and astonishing fact that even now when the two nations are in the fighting line together the government of the United States must walk very circumspectly in its dealings with Great Britain on account of a powerful political element in the former country whose hatred of the British almost exceeds their patriotism. It was, therefore, a daring proceeding even for the publishers of a magazine to present to the American people such a fine and timely piece of voluntary propaganda as is the current issue of the "World's Work" magazine. Practically the whole number is devoted to an appreciation of Great Britain and the various writers bear testimony to the fair, tolerant and just spirit which marks the dealings of the British in their own government, in international relations, and in their control of subject races

It is a welcome change from the persistent misrepresentations and unfair attacks on Britain which has been an established custom of an influential part of the American press.

Significant hints are given in certain articles of the magazine mentioned as to the source of the unnatural divisions between Great Britain and the United States, and there is the reference to Quebec and Ireland quoted below, which is mentioned in view of the light it throws on the paradoxical relations existing between the great republic and our mother country.

"British rule exists in every climate and on every continent. It has been generally successful everywhere but in two instances. It has not been successful in making the Catholic part of Ireland happy, and it has not succeeded in amalgamating the Catholic part of Canada—the French Canadians. British rule has gotten along well with practically every race and religion and sect except in the two places in the British Empire where there is a solid body of people who owe allegiance to Rome."

Elsewhere in the magazine is published the message of an Irish-American who urged the German Government to send over their Zeppelins to bombard the British countryside to ensure the success of the Irish "revolution" in the downtrodden section of that country which is suffering from war prosperity. (It should be remembered that this involved the slaughter of British women and children.)

The same influences which encourage the tribe of Cohalan to maintain and widen the breach between Britain and the States are hindering the efforts of the Allies elsewhere, and it is time to throw the white light of publicity on the activities of the agents of political religion, whose malevolent neutrality has been of great service to the enemy. Political religion was never a friend to liberty, and recent events prove conclusively that the heart of Rome is not with the Allies, and that its influence should be calculated as an enemy force. The initial defeat of the Italian army was accomplished as much by treachery as by force of arms, and a contributing factor was the secret influence of political religion. A curious combination of circumstances preceded this tremendous attempt to obtain a military decision. The Peace Note from the Vatican coincided with the sudden appearance of the Catholic leader Erzberger in a new role as peace leader, while the Catholic party in the Reichstag asserted itself and made earnest profession of its desire for an immediate peace. King Charles of Austria posed as a democratic and pacifist monarch, but is now as belligerent as Reventlow himself, and made indecent haste to have himself proclaimed "Catholic" monarch of the "Catholic" state of Poland, when the victory which drove back the Italians into their own country was assured.

After all this camouflage, the regular order of procedure following a Teutonic peace move took its course. There was the tremendous attempt, already mentioned, to obtain a military decision. Now such a drive as was made on the Italians is not a matter of a few days preparation. It involves months of work to conceive, prepare and deliver, and its success was worked for as earnestly in the kingdom of Italy as on the Austrian side of the Alps.

Let that faithful child of Rome, Austria, conquer Italy, and the ancient power of Rome would again be restored, as was hinted in the reply of the Central Powers. The weak interference on behalf of Belgium serves to show that not only the free peoples of the British

Empire and liberty-loving France, but even the weaker elements of their own church would be cheerfully sacrificed for the restoration of temporal power.

If, therefore, political religion is amongst the forces which must be destroyed before liberty can be finally secured, let the alignment of forces be made at once, and the fight conducted in the open and finished once and for all.

It is time now to meet every falsehood propagated from such sources with the cold truth. It is time to expose the sloppy cant about "the downtrodden people of Ireland" and the maudlin claim of "martyrdom" for the men who trapped and cold-bloodedly murdered those soldier lads from the Midlands of England who were the good-natured keepers of order in Dublin. These boys were well behaved and kindly disposed. It was not in them to be the instruments of tyranny, and those who treacherously slew them are not worthy of being regarded as knights of white soul who died for a sacred cause.

It remains only to emphasise that the question is not a matter of religious difference, unless the evil political intrigue must be accepted as an essential part of the creed of Rome.

And nothing but honor can be rendered to those gallant and loyal souls who professed the Catholic faith and have died in the great battle against Autocracy and its evil ideas.—B. M. T.

Notes and Comments

By the REV. R. G. MacBETH, M. A.

CANADIAN CLUB SPEAKERS

Friday and Monday are not far apart, so that the Vancouver Canadian Club did itself credit by furnishing a record gathering on these two days to hear Ralph Connor and Dr. George R. Parkin. Ralph Connor's wide reputation heretofore has rested mainly on his popular books on phases of Western life, but the Great War has so taken hold of his heart and his emotions that he gave the club an address of great vividness and power. His subject afforded abundant scope for the literary touch inherited from his mother, and the mystic Highland fire which is a legacy from the father's side of the house. To some who heard Ralph Connor on all occasions here it seemed that he might have sounded the evangelistic note more clearly in certain of his addresses, but perhaps he would explain his mildness on that point by saying that others could do that equally well, but that he, on account of the experiences through which he had passed, had to emphasise the tremendous nature of the crisis now facing the Empire and the world.

Dr. George R. Parkin, who spoke on Monday, is a Canadian, but has the unique distinction of having given to such mighty men as Asquith and Milner, new visions of a federated British Empire. His address was the dispassionate analysis of the world situation so as to bring into prominence the responsibilities of the British people. With the ease born of constant experience through world-wide travel and close intimacy with famous world-leaders, he imparted to his audience much of his own consuming earnestness for the triumph of the highest British ideals.

THE QUEBEC SITUATION

One of the most masterly and delicate passages in Dr. Parkin's address was his study of the situation of the Province of Quebec in regard to enlistment. He counselled patience with the masses of the French-Canadian people, who had a great many fine traits of character, but who were not informed on public affairs. Their education was limited and their reading meagre. If they knew that the rights and liberties they enjoy were secured to them by treaty arrangement between Britain and their motherland of France, they would not hesitate to defend these to the uttermost. Therefore those who keep these people in ignorance of public affairs have the greater sin. The coincidence contained in the fact that Quebec is the most exclusively Catholic province in Canada, and at the same time the farthest behind in voluntary enlistment requires some special explanation in view of the fact that people of that faith in some other lands are fighting with great valor. Who is responsible for the Quebec situation?

A CANADIAN INVENTION

A lady from Paris, Ontario, visiting in one of the Western States some years ago, was asked by one of the kind of people who suppose that Canada was a sort of outlandish place, "Have you telephones in Canada?" She replied that Canada not only had telephones but that the telephone was invented in Canada, and that the first spoken message ever transmitted was from the neighboring city of Brantford, where Dr. Bell, the inventor, lived, to her home town of Paris seven miles away. This was politely disputed, and perhaps the lady was suspected of consciously or unconsciously making a mistake. But this fact as to the invention and use of the telephone has been confirmed by the inventor himself, who though resident for some years in the States, came back recently to Brantford to be present at the unveiling of a monument erected by the citizens in commemoration of the inventor and the invention. Incidentally we might say that Brantford did well to build the monument during Dr. Bell's life-time. This is far ahead of putting a wreath on his coffin. During the celebration in Brantford the great inventor related his early struggles and told how he had driven over to Paris and had heard there first of all with distinctness messages spoken in Brantford. He recognized the voice of his father at the Brantford end of the wire although he had not expected him to speak over it. "We had won the victory," says Dr. Bell. Not long afterwards he left for the States, where capital was more readily available. When in a pastorate in Paris years afterwards I knew an old gentleman of somewhat ample means who had been offered a third interest in the invention for a thousand dollars. But he declined to invest on the ground that "the thing was only a toy." A third interest for that amount would probably have established a world's record in remunerative investments.

DOMINION ELECTIONS

Canada is now in the throes of an election for representation in the House of Commons at Ottawa. The Senate is not an elective body, and is generally regarded as harmless, but in reality is possessed of powers which under certain conditions might be a menace to the principles of true democracy. It is to the credit of Senators, however, to say that they understand the genius of Canada and seldom offend by doing anything radical. Democracy, of course, can run wild as

it has done in Russia, but Canada is not Russia, and ought to be able to elect her own rulers in representative assemblies. That may come some day. In the meantime the main duty for Canada is to stand unitedly against militarism as incarnated in Prussian junkerdom. Once that task is finished in the annihilation of the doctrine of brute force as worthy to control the world, we can clean up some of the matters here that must not be allowed to get a foothold in a new country.

THE BIBLE IN SCHOOLS

There is much controversy in the papers in regard to the Bible in the public schools. There is room for wide discussion of the subject. But it is interesting to recall that Huxley, the high priest of agnosticism, once frankly stated that in some way he could not very well define, the stability of the British Empire was bound up with its attitude towards the Book. And so he would advocate the use of it in schools. It seems strange that children should be barred by the State from school study of a literature before which all other writing pales into insignificance.

Rudyard Kipling: A Lecture

By R. W. DOUGLAS

Someone has said that Kipling cannot be classed with any writer of his own age or of any literary age in the past. His tremendous strength, his creative faculty, even his mannerisms are his own, and while his style has been often imitated, he seems to have copied nobody. He is today the greatest—much the greatest—figure in contemporary literature. It is true that during the last few years prior to the great war, there was some talk, here and there, about the dwindling popularity of the author of "Plain Tales From the Hills." It was to ascertain the truth concerning this that a certain journal, a little while ago, requested its readers to name their favorite living poets. The result was astonishing and sufficiently set the matter at rest. Kipling headed the list with 22,630 votes, and his nearest competitor only received 5,598 votes, and only three others received more than a thousand. In any case the overwhelming majority for Kipling in this referendum is indisputable, and it shows that among people who are so far interested in literature as to take the trouble to register their preference he can easily maintain his position. It is not hard, indeed, to understand why this should be so,—Kipling had written with splendid enthusiasm and great exuberance of strength about the big things in life. His graphic power enabled his readers to realize the life led by real men. His pages were filled with the language used by soldiers, New England fishermen, men of the navy, gentlemen rovers, Canadian troopers, Australians, and all the members of that legion that never was "listed." Kipling marks in a measure the beginning of a new era, since his success in introducing the private soldier, with his simple philosophy and complex personality, did much to broaden the popular taste, and made people bolder, and more independent in their literary likes and dislikes. It can be said that the age needed such a man. So sweeping was his triumph, that even among those people who professed nothing but contempt for everything but the most abstruse in poetry, it was permitted to extol fearlessly the ringing verses of the Bard of Empire. Perhaps it was ow-

ing to the possession of a spice of the Rabelaisian spirit which helped to give him his vogue. In every age when art has a strong accent, when it displays vigour, inventive power, originality, you can trace part of it back to Rabelais. And yet Kipling was no copyist. How inviolate he keeps his own characteristics and power.

He undoubtedly moved more people than any other living poet, and it cannot be denied that he wrought a great change in the literary spirit of the age. George Gissing, the English novelist, noted it and wrote in the "Whirlpool": "It's the voice of reaction. Millions of men, natural men, revolting against the softness and sweetness of civilization—men all over the world, hardly knowing what they want, and what they don't want." But he was wrong, they knew, but it was something that Gissing had little sympathy for. They revolted less against the mild and gentle life than against the unwholesome and effeminate life.

Mr. Kipling did this great thing for literature. He expressed emotion in language which was as far as possible removed from the language of decadency, and he taught the world that there were certain profound manly feelings which might be explained without the preliminary unmaning of aestheticism, and his distinction lies in the fact that he uttered them with vehemence and intensity. In Kipling's mind poetry was not an effeminate, weak-minded, sentimental pursuit, as some people considered it to be, but rather it reflected the lusty vigor of ordinary life, an intense feeling for sheer beauty, a vivid sense for men and things. The sound ideas underlying the revolt are set out by Kipling in his story "The Light that Failed," and wrought into the fabric of his great romance "Kim"—which is a story realistic in form but romantic in spirit. There are brief and exquisite prose sketches in "Kim," rarely excelled in the whole range of English literature. It is the best of his long works. In that remarkable work one gets glimpses of all India in black and white. Kim is a street Arab from Lahore, derelict child of an Irish soldier; an alert precocious little vagabond, whose apprenticeship to the secret service gives him a unique education in the shady walks of Anglo-Indian life. His journeys through India as the disciple of an old Lama brings before the reader a rich panorama of the multifarious life of the country.

But Kipling does not shine as a writer of long stories; not one of his longer novels has any real plot to hold the reader's attention. In the domain of the short story he is easily the first great creative artist among modern writers.

The first ten years of his literary activity was given over to a wonderful reproduction of East Indian life as seen through sympathetic English eyes. Born in Bombay in 1865, he absorbed Hindustanee from his native nurse, and he saw the native as he really is, without the guard which is habitually put up against the alien. The son of John Lockwood Kipling, professor of architectural sculpture in the British School of Art at Bombay, and of a sister of Lady Burne-Jones, it was not strange that this boy should have developed strong powers of magnetism or that his mind should have sought relief in literary expression. His school days were spent at Westward Ho, in Devon, where, though he failed to distinguish himself in his studies, he established a reputation as a clear writer of verse and prose. At seventeen young Kipling returned to India, where he secured a position on the "Civil and Military Gazette," of Lahore. After five years work on this paper, writing short stories and poems and descriptive sketches,

he was transferred to the "Allahabad Pioneer," one of the most important of the Anglo-Indian journals. For this paper he wrote many verses and sketches, and also served as special correspondent in various parts of India. It was in 1889 that the "Pioneer" sent him on a tour of the world, and he wrote the series of letters afterwards reprinted under the title "From Sea to Sea." Kipling journeyed through America and reached London in September, 1889, and after several months of discouragement he finally induced a large publishing house to bring out "Plain Tales from the Hills." This work was instantly successful, and the author rapidly leaped into fame. He married a sister of Walcott Balestier, a brilliant young American, and after Balestier's death he moved to his wife's old home in Brattleboro', Vermont, where he built a fine country house; but constant trouble with a young brother of his wife probably caused him to abandon their home and return to England. There he has remained ever since, partly at Rottingdean, in Surrey, and in the adjoining county, Sussex. Kipling's private life is not a matter of public interest, and no real biography has yet been written of him. His career began at an extremely early age, and he has led a life since of extraordinary vicissitude, as a journalist, as a war correspondent, and as a civilian in the wake of an army. An insatiable curiosity has led him to shrink from no experience that might help to solve the strange riddles of Oriental existence; and he is distinguished from other active, adventurous and inquisitive persons in that his capacious memory retains every impression that it captures.

An authority states that in reading Kipling it is best to begin with some of the tales written in his early life, for these he has never surpassed in vigor and interest. Take, for instance, "Without Benefit of Clergy," "The Man Who Was," "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," "The Man Who Would be King," and "Beyond the Pale." These stories all deal with Anglo-Indian life, two with the British soldier, and the others with episodes in the lives of British officials and others. "The Man Who Would be King" is regarded by some as Kipling's finest story of Anglo-Indian life. It is the story of the fatal ambition of Daniel Dravot, told by the man who accompanied him into the wildest part of Afghanistan. Daniel made the natives believe that he was a god, and he could have ruled them as a king had he not foolishly become enamored of a native beauty. This girl was prompted by a native soothsayer to bite Dravot in order to decide whether he was a god or merely human. The blood that she drew on his neck was ample proof of his spurious claims, and the two adventurers were chased for miles through a wild country. When captured Daniel is forced to walk upon a bridge, the ropes of which are then cut, and his body is hurled hundreds of feet down upon the rocks. The story of the survivor, who escaped after crucifixion, is one of the ghastliest tales in all literature.

Other stories of Indian life Kipling has written are scarcely inferior to "The Man Who Would be King" in strange, uncanny power. One of the weirdest relates the adventures of an army officer who fell into the place where those who have been legally declared dead, but who have recovered, pass their lives. As a picture of hell upon earth it has never been surpassed. "William the Conqueror" is a love story, but it has a terrible background of grim work during the famine year. "Soldier's Three" was published in 1888-89. This volume is perhaps the most famous of all Kipling's literary work, and deservedly so. It consists of lively episodes in the Indian life of three British soldiers,

a lovable Irishman of humorous tongue—the immortal Mulvaney; a phlegmatic Yorkshireman named Learoyd; and Ortheris, a peppery cockney. These men are comrades and fast friends, and their characters are as clearly differentiated as, and their adventures more interesting, than Dumas' "Three Musketeers." Each man keeps to his native vernacular and the barrack-room talk is faithfully re-produced. They stand shoulder to shoulder in many perils and adventures, and the sum total forms a wonderfully realistic presentation of soldier life in India. So far good, but the half has not been told. Mulvaney is Kipling's greatest creation; he is the greatest Irishman in literature, Lever and Lover notwithstanding—an unmistakable Irishman. How fascinating he is with all his contrasts of nature; his blackguardism, his chivalry, his gallantry, his folly, his wisdom, his never-failing humor, and his ever-lurking melancholy. Richard Le Galliene says that someone should make a "Book of Wisdom" from the sayings of Terence Mulvaney. It would take a high place in such literature.

Mulvaney's is that effortless life which belongs to all really great and vital creations in fiction. It is Kipling's greatest achievement in prose. All of the human wit and pathos are concerned with the general heart of mankind. It is futile and stupid to find fault with his style. I acknowledge the broken and jagged sentences here and there, the occasional cheap irony of the satires on society, the crudity of a young writer in some of his earlier stories. But this said the major fact remains that Kipling captures his readers; very few can remain indifferent to his charm. As Gosse truly says, he plays upon a strange and seductive pipe and we follow him like children. We want to hear more and more. We wish to wander down all those by-paths that we have seen disappear in the brushwood. If we lay very still and low by the watch-fire, in the hollow of Ortheris's greatcoat, one might learn more and more of the inextinguishable sorrows of Mulvaney. One might be told more and more of what happened, out of the moonlight, in the blackness of Amir Nath's Gully. We want to know how the palanquin came into Dearsley's possession, and what became of Kheni Singh, and whether the seal-cutter did really die in the House of Suddhoo. We want to know who it is who dances in the Halli-Hukk, and how, and why, and where. We want to know too, what happened at Jagadhri, when the Death Bull was painted. And finally we want to know all the things that Kipling does not like to tell—to see the devils of the East, rioting as the stallions riot in spring. It is the strength of this story-teller that he re-awakens in us the primitive emotions of curiosity, mystery and romance in action. He is the master of a terrible and fascinating peep-show, and we crowd around him begging for "just one more look." When a writer excites and tantalizes us in this way it seems more than idle to criticise and condemn his style. Let pedants say then, as some of them do, that Kipling has no style; yet if so, how shall we characterize such passages as this, frequent enough among his more exotic stories?:

"Come back with me to the north and be among men once more. Come back when this matter is accomplished and I call for thee. The bloom of the peach orchards is upon all the valley, and here is only dust and a great stink. There is a pleasant wind among the mulberry trees, and the streams are bright with snow water, and the caravans go up and the caravans go down, and a hundred fires sparkle in the gut of the pass, and tent peg answers hammer-nose, and pony squeals to pony across the drift-smoke of the evening. It is good

in the north now. Come back with me. Let us return to our own people. Come"

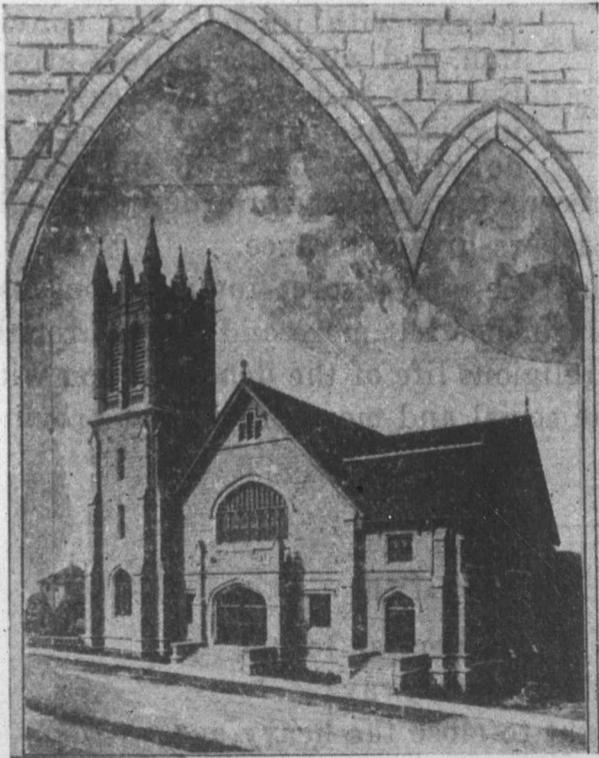
(To be continued.)

Noteworthy Services at an Anniversary

STIMULATING CONGREGATIONAL LIFE

The method followed in celebrating the anniversary of St. John's Presbyterian Church, Vancouver, may be commended to the attention of the ministers and people of all the churches. A week of special services was arranged and an evening was given to each of the several organizations: the Young People had an evening "At Home"; the women in the Ladies' Aid, Missionary Societies, and Red Cross organizations respectively met to interchange views at an "Informal Reception"; and the men of the congregation also had an evening to themselves. The choir was responsible for a special musical service, and for the programme of a congregational "Social" (without refreshments).

The Rev. A. E. Hetherington, of Trinity Methodist Church, took part in the Sunday services. A mass meeting on the anniversary Sunday afternoon was made a feature of the occasion, when Dr. W. H. Smith gave an address on "The Menace of Peace: the Spiritual Imperative for Victory." From the outlines of that address published in the daily press, even those who did not hear it could gather that the whole was well worthy of reproduction.



St. John's Presbyterian Church, Vancouver, B.C.

make an effort along financial lines which promises to be encouragingly successful in its results, and to make for that condition of efficiency in which it is more desirable that church organizations should be maintained.

Stuated at the corner of Broughton and Comox streets, St. John's is not so likely to be reckoned a central city church; yet it is within ten minutes walk of Granville street, and only a few blocks distant from the Robson and Davie car lines.

The official management of this congregation numbers on its Board and Session many men well-known in the community, and otherwise outstanding in connection with business and public service. It is interesting to know that, thanks to the enterprise and hard work of several of these men, the congregation has recently been led to



Photo by Geo. T. Wadds, Vancouver

Rev. W. H. SMITH, B.D., Ph.D.,
Minister of St. John's Presbyterian
Church, Vancouver

The recent mention of Dr. Smith's name in connection with the vacancy at Knox Church, Calgary, was not necessary to bring him into prominence in Vancouver, as during the past sixteen months he has become well-known through his work as minister of that large west end congregation. Dr. Smith cannot be accused of preaching any objectionable "new theology," but still less can it be fairly said that he fails to apply Christianity to the needs of the day and hour. His summing up of the present situation, when he closed the discussion on the subject of "The Relation of the Church to Capital and Labour," revealed him as an earnest student of social and economic questions, and a fearless advocate of the "square deal" to all concerned.

The minister of St. John's is a speaker of the type whose delivery at times suggests that more concern is given to the thought than to the form of expression. He speaks with fluency and conviction, and without apparent effort. But if it be true that "easy reading is hard writing," it can no doubt also be said that much

study and careful preparation precede the sequence of ordered thought to which such preachers and teachers give utterance.

As an expositor of Christian truth, and a force for righteousness, Dr. Smith is likely to make his influence felt more and more throughout the years, not merely in the religious life of the denomination with which he is connected, but in the social and moral, civic and provincial life of British Columbia.

TEACH ME TO LIVE

Teach me to live! 'Tis easier far to die,
Gently and silently to pass away;
On earth's' long night to close the heavy eye,
And waken in the glorious realm of day.

Teach me that harder lesson—how to live,
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life;
Arm me to conflict now, fresh vigor give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

Election Literature is common as Victory Bonds. But what would YOU say—readers, “gentle, simple, or learned”—if YOU were given a page in which to invite men and women voters to

Vote for H. H. STEVENS

on 17th December?

Speaking not as Party politicians, but as independent citizens, would not ninety-nine per cent. of you, in plain words,

EMPHASIZE THAT

This Is No Time For Argument

Settlement of minor matters of domestic difference can well wait till after the Empire and her Allies have for all time settled Kaiserism and “Kultur.”

“Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't, that th' opposed may beware of thee.”

Good policy and good principle, you'll agree: But the British Empire and her Allies have even better. They are fighting for Right against Might; Freedom against Tyranny; Civilization and Christian Democracy against Feudalism, Autocracy, Militarism, and that Insanity of Vanity personified, Kaiser Wilhelm, with his colleagues and counsellors.

“Now's the day, and Now's the hour,”
Damn for aye the Tyrant's pow'r!—

Vote for the Union Government

and back up the Boys at the Front. Prove in action the promise in the anthem “O Canada”:

“At Britain's side, whate'er betide, unflinchingly we'll stand.”

**VOTE for H. H. STEVENS, UNION, and a FIGHT to
a FINISH!**

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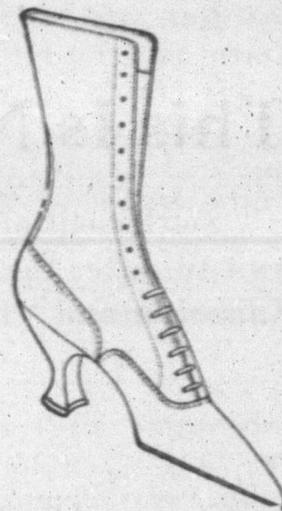
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