THE POLICY FOR ALL TRUE CANADIANS: TO WORK OR TO WAR

BASEBALL
VANCOUVER-Home Schedule
In Northwestern League 1917
Butte, June 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23.
Spokane, June 25, 26, 27, 28.
Tacoma, June 29, 30, July 2, 3.
Seattle, July 6, 7.

The Standard.

BASEBALL
VANCOUVER—Home Schedule
In Northwestern League for 1917
Tacoma, July 11, 12, 13, 14.
Seattle, July 18, 19, 20, 21.
Tacoma, Aug 8, 9, 10, 11.
Great Falls, Aug. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18.
Spokane, Aug. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25.
Tacoma, Aug. 29, 30, 31, Sept 1.

Vol. VI., No. 3—Established 1911. VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1917 Price Five Cents

Burnaby Plans to Borrow Money To Help Out Moving Picture Promoters

ONE of the most unusual and startling promotions ever undertaken in the Province where the wild-catters have in years past enjoyed a wide range is the scheme whereby the people of Burnaby are being gulled into subsidizing a moving picture concern, the assets of which consist largely of filmy plans.

Financial men will be shocked to hear that Burnaby has already practically closed with the concern calling itsef the Dominion Film Corporation, whereby it promises to pay large sums to the promoters.

Assuming that the "picture corporation" is bona fide, it would indeed be poor business at this time to lend any public aid to the undertaking. This is a time when luxuries are to be laid aside and every cent and every particle of energy devoted to conserving our resources and building up production and aiding generally in defence of the country.

BURNABY PROPOSES IN WAR TIMES TO GO INTO THE MONEY MARKETS AND MORTGAGE ITSELF TO RAISE THOUSANDS TO HAND OVER TO A BUNCH OF PROMOTERS WHO, EVEN IF THEIR DESIGNS WERE LEGITIMATE, WOULD AT BEST PRODUCE A QUANTITY OF PICTURE FILMS FOR PURPOSES OF ENTERTAINMENT AND AMUSEMENT!

The whole enterprise looks decidedly irregular. It is up to the people of Burnaby to consider well the advice of their reeve before going forward with this experiment which if carried through will hold the municipality up as a joke in the eyes of the financial world.

Motion picture experts will laugh at the nerve and audacity of the promoters of this "Dominion film corporation." This week they are advertising in the Burnaby paper for several hundred people to work at their "studio." "Experience is not necessary!" they declare in large type. Wages from $1.50 to $5.00 a day.

WE SAY THAT THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS BEING INSERTED AS A BAIT TO LURE THE CONFIDING COUNCILLORS OF BURNABY TO GIVE THE BYLAW WHICH WILL LET THE PROMOTERS INTO THE MUNICIPAL TREASURY A THIRD READING AT THE MEETING MONDAY OF THE COUNCIL AT EDMONDS.

We reprint herewith the advertisement which we believe marks the whole transaction as being most irregular.

As the by-law will receive its third reading next Monday, it is expected the company will begin laying out the plant before the end of June, when all plans and surveys will have been completed.

Available Positions—Those who desire to apply for same should address the company at its present executive offices, 411-12-13 Orpheum Building, stating age, qualifications, and salary desired.

Business department—Secretary, private secretary, purchasing agent, cost accountant, five stenographers.

Grounds department—Superintendent of grounds, receiving and stores clerks, manager construction department, carpenters, laborers, gardener, officer.

Producing department—Five assistant camera men, head property man and assistants, twenty old people (both sexes), twenty-five young people (both sexes), twenty-five middle-aged people (both sexes), stage carpenters, property man and assistants, papier-mache maker, location man, art director (man with architectural experience), employment manager, four scenic artist apprentices.

Wardrobe department—Designer and assistants, four seamstresses, two apprentices, presser and cleaner.

Sale and Advertising department—Office sales manager, advertising manager and designer.

Laboratory department—Five apprentices, film manager, advertising manager and designer.

Laboratory department—Five apprentices, film printers (girls), assemblers (girls), cutters (girls), shipping clerk, motion picture operator, assistant developer.

Miscellaneous—Watchman, janitor, head stable man, extra help.

Regarding Experience—To fill any of the above positions motion picture experience is not absolutely necessary, with the exception of the head property man, head stage carpenters and motion picture operator.

In applying for acting positions, applicants must send a photo and give a full description of themselves.

In addition to the above, the company will have places for a goodly number of Burnaby beautiful girls. If they have beauty, grace and what is known as personality, and photograph well, this is a chance for the girls.

The only preference given will be to shareholders; otherwise Burnaby will have first chance. Those waiting employment should send in their applications at once as the company will be largely a co-operative one. It is not unlikely that all the heads of departments will be expected to have some interest in the company.

Also employment will be given to about 300 extra people, including men, women and children, at salaries ranging from $1.50 to $5 a day.

THIS FILM PROMOTION SEEMS TO THE STANDARD TO BE A STRAIGHT FRAME UP TO SECURE SOME EASY MONEY AT THE EXPENSE OF THE PUBLIC. IF THE BURNABY COUNCIL GIVES THE BY-LAW THE THIRD READING MONDAY THEY WILL HAVE WISHED A PROJECT UPON THAT SPLENDID AND WELL GOVERNED MUNICIPALITY WHICH THE PEOPLE IN FUTURE YEARS WILL REGRET. THEY WILL HAVE GREATLY INJURED THE CREDIT AND STANDING OF BURNABY AND WILL LATER FIND TO THEIR SORROW THAT THEY HAVE BEEN MADE DUPES OF BY A GANG OF CLEVER PROMOTERS.

Of course there's no rush about it, but still some people are beginnig to wonder when we will learn about the wonderful windfall the four patriotic funds are to receive from the War Dance and Carnival. It's almost a month since the affair closed, and a financial statement would seem to be in order.

Pro-Germans Fostering Spirit of Anti-conscription in Vancouver

THE strength of the opposition in Vancouver to the conscription of Canada's man power has been an unpleasant revelation to the citizens at large. Not many of us would have believed that over two thousand men and women could be found here who would hoot and jeer at crippled returned soldiers, and taunt them with "having got what they went after," who would heap insult upon insult on "the flag that braved a thousand years, the battle and the breeze." But it has happened, to the lasting shame of Vancouver.

In no other country in the world would a gathering such as was held in the Labor Temple on Sunday have been tolerated, not even in those countries where the right of free speech is recognized, for when free speech passes the bounds of decency and becomes seditious language, the protecting arm of the law is necessarily withdrawn, and the man who gives voice to disloyal sentiments must face the consequences.

Hundreds of the men in the Labor Temple expressed their willingness to live under German rule. The worst fate we could wish them is that their desire may be gratified, that they may have a taste of the Prussian domination they so admire.

Not only were a majority of the rabid Socialists at the meeting Pro-Germans, but some of the speakers were almost certainly of Teutonic extraction. One individual in particular started off his red-rag speech with a fine Irish brogue, but the Emerald flavor wore out as he became more and more excited in denouncing the infamy of fighting for the preservation of civilization, and by the time he finished his speech was as gutteral as that of any other subject of Wilhelm.

But he got away with it. And it is said there are still scores of scheming Germans and Austrians enjoying British liberty in Vancouver, and hundreds in British Columbia. So much for the crying injustice of British rule these men are blaring about.

An analysis of the make-up of these anti-conscription gatherings would be interesting. Undoubtedly the main spirits, even among the Socialists, would be found to be the pro-German element made up largely of Norwiegans, Swedes and Danes, who have been hostile to the cause of the allies ever since the war started, and who in spite of innumerable overt acts against their countries by the Central Powers, have hardened their hearts to the cry of humanity, all because of the riches which the war was bringing to their national coffers; they were willing to sacrifice their national honor on the altar of Mammon.

The American undesirables, self-styled the Industrial Workers of the World, are always present in large numbers. Wherever there's trouble there's I.W.W.'s. They have no respect for any law but their own desires, which is that others should toil and they should reap. To them discord and strife is as the breath of life; the rottener the cause the greater the support it may expect from this rabble.

A third element comes from the mother country, from the ranks of the Sinn Feiners, from the remnant of malcontent Scotchmen brooding over the wrongs of their ancestors, from the slums of the big English cities, men, who, in other lands, would be anarchists and criminals, because of their ingrained hatred of the "master class," and their obsession by one dominant idea of injustice.

The women must also be considered, for they turn out in large numbers. Some are of the emotional type, fearing death or damage to their loved ones more than disaster to their nation; some are of the religious type, believing literally in the commandment "Thou Shalt Not Kill," under all circumstances, and others again are of the selfish type which believes that the war is none of their business.

Akin to this last class of women are a number of Canadian men who are convinced that they need not concern themselves with the defence of the Empire. Many of these men are intelligent, but hopelessly biassed in their viewpoint. They believe that only men who are willing to fight should be sent to France, forgetting that the volunteer went long ago, and has been fighting our battles for months or years. They think conscription should not be introduced without a referendum, forgetting that the Canadian soldiers who have fallen on the field of battle cannot vote, though it is their cry for reinforcements that has at last stirred a lethargic government to tardy action. They think that Canada should not fight unless attacked, not realizing that the frontier of Canada is that wavering first line of trenches in France and Flanders. They think Canada has done enough; Enough! When every nation (except the colonies) engaged in the grim struggle long ago conscripted its entire man power, when Germany is still fighting on the soil of France and Belgium, when the German fleet is still intact, when airship raids on undefended English towns, with the murdering of nearly a hundred women and children, are being resumed, when the Belgium nation is in slavery, when Russia is on the verge of throwing up the sponge, when France and Britain are in dire need of foodstuffs, when Germany has a million more men in the fighting line than she had a year ago—is this a time to say Canada has done enough?

They would, they say, fight if Canada were attacked. But how could Canada be attacked? To attack Canada would require a successful sortie from the Kiel canal by the German navy, and the transporting of German troops across the Atlantic. But for the silent day and night watchfulness of the British navy in keeping the enemy bottled up Canada would long since have been attacked, and what chance would we have had of beating off the invader. The Jack Tars of the fleet do not question or parley and say "We will defend Britain, and let Canada look after itself." They watch unceasingly in the interests of the Empire, irrespective of different opinions regarding political or religious creeds. Therefore, it seems logical that if the British sailor risks his life to defend Canada, the Canadian should be willing to shoulder a rifle to defend Britain. It is only fair after all.

In fairness to the majority of the anti-conscriptionists, it must be admitted that it is not cowardice that keeps them away from the battlefield. It is a perverted principle. They allow themselves to be swayed by class demagogues, by local issues, or by racial feelings. A few may oppose conscription because they are afraid of being called upon to don the khaki, but they are in the minority. The average man does not fear death. Why should he; it is certain; it is, as Frohman said when he stood on the deck of the sinking Lusitania "the most wonderful adventure in life."

Selfishness, not fear, is back of the anti-conscription movement. "Let George Do It."

Charges Against Fire Chief Carlisle Turned Out to Be Merely a Damp Squib

IN the interests of harmony in the Vancouver fire department, Capt. R. H. Forsyth, chief engineer and for many years connected with the brigade, was summarily dismissed by the civic fire and police committee on Wednesday. A couple of days earlier Forsyth had been suspended by Fire Chief Carlisle, pending an investigation which the engineer had asked into a number of charges he brought against the chief.

Instead of being prepared to go ahead with his charges when the committee met, Forsyth sent in a very tame letter mentioning that the acts complained of were several years old; that his witnesses were out of the city; that he had no money to engage a lawyer to conduct his case, and therefore felt it his duty to make a complete withdrawal.

So the squib fizzed out. Another scandal didn't materialize. It proved to be another case of a subordinate with a grouch against his chief, and trying to stick a knife into his back to get even.

Forsyth, apparently, has been the chronic grouser of the fire department for the past eight or ten years. He has never been satisfied with his job, and has done his best to spread trouble among the other men by ventilating real and imaginary grievances. A fireman's life is not a happy one at the best, and they have plenty to put up with without having to everlastingly endure the presence of Old Man Grouch in their midst.

The fire chief did a wise thing when he suspended Forsyth, but the action was unduly delayed. When a man is dissatisfied with his boss, his job and his pay, and hasn't got sense enough to quit and hunt up a more congenial occupation, it's up to the employer to put the boots to him.

There are a few more Forsyths in the fire department, and a few in the police force, who should be given the option of getting reconciled to conditions or shedding their uniforms in double-quick time. There are better men always ready to step into their shoes.

Ladies Should Tend to Their Knitting And Leave Stockmen Run the Range

WHEN the good ladies who make up the organization known as the Imperial Daughters of the Empire undertake to express their views on whether stockmen should or should not market veal calves and lambs, they are talking through their chapeaux. Even the fact that the United Stockmen of America recently urged the government not to pass such ridiculous legislation didn't faze the ladies; of course they understand the stock business better than the stock men. Here's the veal and lamb problem in a nutshell: ninety per cent. of this young stock is killed because otherwise it would die of starvation, or be brought up by the farmer at a serious loss. There's a limit to what can be done on a farm in the way of production, and not all the conventional conversation in the world can change that.

Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper on a public platform advocating conscription is as a red rag to a bull to the Labor men and Socialist. Since the eminent lawyer undertook—for a fat legal fee—to enfranchise the Japanese residents of British Columbia, he hasn't had a friend among the working class, and it is as well to recognize the fact. The horny-handed son of toil has not the fine legal balance necessary to look at this Japanese question from an altruistic standpoint; to him it is a sordid matter of bread and butter.

If the habitant of Quebec threatened civil war at the prospect of conscription, you may thank the members of Borden's government therefore.

Probably the people of Quebec said to themselves "Men who profit on the blood spilt by our countrymen are not fit to direct us as to our duty."

Our government has surely given these simple people a great deal of excuse for uttering such words.

To us who read the daily newspapers, who are informed upon world events, who have the benefit of the best that civilization has to offer * * * * we can figure out our duty in this war from a better point of vantage. We can see that a blow to the security of the liberties of small nations in Europe is also a blow to our own security.

In the Justice Galt report on the Manitoba scandals, made public this week, the dishonorable Robber Rogers is once again peppered with verbal buckshot, but it hasn't the slightest effect on the minister. Outside of calling Rogers a thief, crook, political assassin, hold-up man and traitor, Mr. Galt doesn't say anything really nasty about Bob.

Germany Would Make Short Shift of Anti-Conscriptionists and Seditionists

IN Germany every able-bodied man has to serve a term of years in the army. They have conscription.

Also, Germany has the largest percentage of Socialists among its population of any country in the world.

Socialists are opposed to compulsary military service. When the first rumors of a possible war rumbled through the world we heard of how the German Socialists would refuse to take up arms against their French, Russian and English comrades. They would be shot on their doorsteps first. Never, never would they obey an order to fire on the enemy. And a lot more of this guff.

What happened? Well, a cartoon published in The Bystander in September, 1914, and widely copied, expressed it very thoroughly. It showed, in parallel pictures, a Socialist meeting with the members wildly denouncing the idea of war, and vowing never to bend beneath the Prussian military yoke; the other picture showed the same greasy Germans, all in uniform, goose-stepping it towards the front, prodded along with bayonets and swords, and singing "Gott Straffe Eingland."

Germany gave these raving Socialists a chance to make good their boast that they would refuse to fight, but there was no argument. They were, figuratively speaking, lined up against a wall, and given the choice of stepping into a uniform or stopping a bullet. There was no idle discussion. It was Fight or Fall.

Under German rule, a military cordon would have been placed around the anti-conscriptionist meetings here this week, and every man of military age within the lines marched off to barracks and conscripted for immediate service. Not only would they have been made to fight, but they would have been given a steady place in the front lines—where the Prussian now keeps Belgian prisoners of war. G

Truly, the tolerance of the Briton passeth all understanding.

Our Russian Ally Gone to Seed; Patched-up Peace With Turkey May Result

UNLESS a Cromwell arises phoenix-like from the ashes of revolution, Russia can no longer be counted upon as an effective ally in this war. The country as a political unit has already passed into a state of disintegration, helped along no doubt by the ever-present pro-German propagandists. The former strong men of the Duma and of the army are one by one resigning their posts, and committees of workmen and soldiers are attempting to run the country. Army commanders are warned by these committees that they must not deal harshly with soldiers who persist in fraternizing with the enemy, and Socialists are discussing the probabilities and the possibilities of a separate peace. So sure are the Germans that Russia no longer possesses an effective war machine, that enemy troops are being withdrawn, corps upon corps, from the eastern front, and shipped on to the west to reinforce the Hindenburg line. At the moment it is not probable that Germany has more than a fringe of her former effective force facing the disintegrating Russian armies.

That Russia will receive no more financial aid from the allies so long as this condition of affairs lasts is a matter of course, and it is far from likely that Japan, the present chief source of army supplies, will continue to manufacture and ship, with Russia's credit down to a low ebb, no funds in sight, and revolution rampant. The United States, under ordinary conditions, was prepared to furnish large sums for war purposes, but with no surety that the money would be used for the purposes intended, it is far from likely that there will be any forthcoming.

At this writing it is stated that Turkey seeks a separate peace with Russia, offering as a basis the opening of the Dardanelles to Russian vessels of all classes. This may be only a rumor, but some such patched-up peace between the two countries is not unlikely, and it would well serve Germany's ends, and lead to some peaceful arrangements between the Russians and themselves. The seriousness of such an arrangement arises from the fact that all thought of starving Germany and Austria would disappear with the opening to them of the Russian grain market, provided there is a surplus over and above the latter country's own demands. The one consoling feature is that should this calamitous condition continue in Russia, and go from bad to worse, as seems likely, with an upheaval of the entire country, and the internal strife which is sure to follow, production would no doubt be very much curtailed. Indeed, if Russia, in its present chaotic state, raises food sufficient to keep the wolf from the door, it will be fortunate. As it now looks, Russia in this war is a thing of the past, unless, as said before, a Moses can be found who can lead them out of their wilderness of internal strife and away from their present ill-starred course.—Toronto Saturday Night.

WE wish to congratulate the Liberals of Cariboo upon their selection of Raymond Leighton, Savona, as standard bearer in the forthcoming Federal elections. Raymond Leighton is a returned soldier and a clean, progressive young man. Opposed to him will likely be J. T. Robinson, of Kamloops, an honorary captain, whose part in the present day war was to draw down a good salary for wearing his uniform on a political tour of the great Cariboo district. We are delighted to see that questions have been asked on the floor of the House at Ottawa regarding the mail contracts held by "Cap" Robinson—contracts which net him immense profits. The Standard was the medium through which public attention was drawn to Robinson's hold on the Federal Treasury.

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Press Comments on Conscription in Canada

The Labor View

Conscription! Meaning, of course, conscription of men, has been on the lips of every man in the Labor world, organized and unorganized alike, for the past week. This because the federal government is likely to attempt to railroad through some edict or other of the kind, without as much as consulting the electorate. Nor has there been as much as mention made of any effort to conscript the collectively-used wealth of the country. Naturally there are many misgivings and utter lack of confidence in a government that has no mandate from the electors. Under such circumstances if an attempt is made to force conscription of man-power alone upon the country, there is going to be a lively time—and it will not be confined exclusively to the workers.

A good deal has been said since the outbreak of the war about fighting for democracy. It has been more than suggested that Canada is a democracy. But if the word has any meaning whatever, then the action of Premier Borden is most assuredly conclusive evidence that he holds contrary opinions. Otherwise the edict of "selective conscription" would never have been pronounced.

It is self evident that the premier has listened to the siren-voiced gentry of Downing street, who, playing upon his vanity, actuated him to ignore the fact that Canada is presumably at least a self-governing unit, possessing a constitution. Hence the procedure adopted would tend to the assumption that Sir Robert Borden considers the time ripe to pull down the old sign of democracy from the deliberative assemblies and instal in its place the discarded escutcheon of Nicholas Romanoff.

In a democracy a question of such vital importance as compulsory enlistment should be submitted to those who are factors in the struggle. Otherwise the much-mouthed word is a misnomer, void of any real meaning.

If Premier Borden does not, nor will not, give the electorate an opportunity of saying whether it has any confidence in his government or policies or not, then perhaps the sooner it is made plain the better.

Organized labor will then know exactly what to expect and what to do. —B. C. Federationist.

All American Men

War soon taught the Americans to admire Canadians and Canadians to despise Americans. While we were saying, "How gallantly the Canadians have gone in!" they were saying "How cowardly of the Americans to stay out!" We are in, now—in up to the hilt—and it is America, not Canada, that has dared to adopt selective conscription from the outset. It has taken our example, plus attendance at the Imperial Conference in London, to make Premier Sir Robert Borden propose selective conscription for Canada. It would have come, of course, without Sir Robert's assistance, for Canada has reached the end of her volunteer resources. After sending 326,000 men abroad, with 100,000 more in training at home, she finds recruiting at a standstill, although anywhere from 50,000 to 100,000 recruits are needed to repair wastage.—Chicago Tribune

A Logical Conclusion

Conscription has been accepted by the people in this part of Canada as the logical and necessary step which the sitaution calls for. There are different degrees of enthusiasm in the matter, but there is hardly any open dissent. The only discordant note struck has been by the small section of our population who call for conscription of wealth before conscription of men. With such men it is idle to argue. They will continue objecting to whatever is done by this, or any other government, as long as a mysterious Providence permits them to walk the earth. What would happen if they were placed in control of human affairs is being exemplified just now in Petrograd.—Winnipeg Telegram.

It Had to Come

It had to come. The only question was when. Premier Borden comes back from London filled with the conviction that now's the day and now's the hour. And probably ere this he has imparted to Sir Wilfrid Laurier enough of the confidential information gained by him in London to secure his cordial assent. There is a remarkable parallel between Borden's course regarding conscription and that of Wilson concerning the entry of America into the war. In each case there was seeming obtuseness and lethargy, but in each case action was taken the moment the whole country was prepared for it. Each ruler now has a unanimous nation behind them.—Hamilton Spectator.

In Memoriam

— George Taggart —

Address given at Funeral Services held in Robertson Presbyterian Church, Grandview, Vancouver, B. C., May 26, 1917.

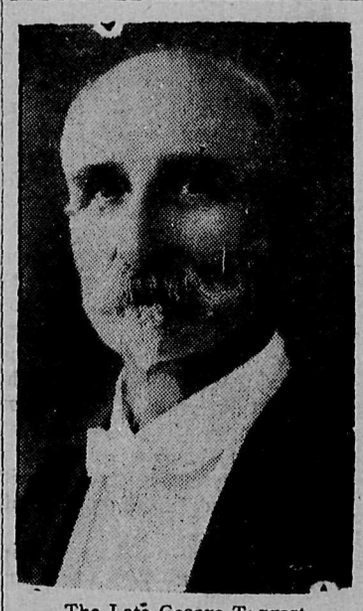
(By Rev. Richmond Craig)

In this hour of sorrow, when we are met here to weep with those who weep, and lament the loss of a loved one, we can turn our thoughts to no grander passage than that contained in John's Gospel, the fourteenth chapter and the first verse. **Let not your heart be troubled. You believe in God believe also in Me.**

The scene is a memorable one in the life of our Lord and Saviour. It was enacted in the upper room in Jerusalem, the evening prior to the betrayal. The minds of the disciples were disturbed at the thought of losing the friendship and company of one whom they had learned to love. They had reached the parting of the ways, and the realization of many of their great expectations was not likely to occur. They could not understand the references to the ignominous death on the cross. This man was a paradox to them. They had heard his call, and had followed him, for three interesting and eventful years. But alas! they were now in sore straights.

"The light of their lives was fading,
Their eyes with tears were dim.
Their rugged hearts were shaken,
At the thought of losing Him."

But His great loving heart grasped the situation, and although the burden of His Passion was upon Him,



The Late George Taggart

in unselfishness and love, He sought to comfort and console them. "**Let not your heart be troubled,**" said the Supreme Comforter of Humanity. "**Ye believe in God, believe also in Me.**"

All are subject to trials

Now the people of God, even the most devoted, are subject to perplexities and troubles. Their anxieties, however, are somewhat different from those of the disciples, but they are no less real. For this reason our Christianity must be of a practical nature. We must derive help therefrom, for religion is not a didactic thing that words can give and silence withhold. It is a spirit, a life, an inspiration, a spontaneous union with God, and a contagious glory from soul to soul.

Our trials come in many ways. We have bodily afflictions; our plans in business fail. Old age overtakes us and our homes are darkened by bereavements and sorrow. But through all these our trust in Christ has taught us that through grace our afflictions are sanctified to us. God shines brightest when burnished, and stars are more lustrous in the darkness of night. We can commune with God in the blackest hour of gloom, and the richest blessings of the new covenant are oftentimes sanctified afflictions.

"Trials must and will befall,
But with humble faith to see
Love, inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me."

The Assurances of Faith

Look then at the advice our Savior gives for times like these: **Ye believe in God:** In Him as the creator and preserver of the universe: In Him and in all His power and majesty and might as King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Ye believe that He had ordered all things right. Then, "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right."

"Believe also in Me" for I and my Father are one—all things whatsoever He doeth are made known to me. Believe in the Divinity and Authority of My Mission, and in my kind and constant care "I will not leave you comfortless."

And so Christ speaks with great assurance to us here today, and asks us to trust Him with our trials and sorrows. He asks us to have Faith in His mediating life, love, and death, and to put our greatest trust in the power of His Resurrection for that is the joy note of the Christian religion. He has burst the bonds of death, for has He not said, "**I am the Resurrection and the Life**" and his promises stand sure for ever."**In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you. I will not leave you comfortless." Come unto Me all ye that weary, and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.**

Let not your heart be troubled,
Though you stand by an open grave.
In the hour of deep bereavement,
Be confident and brave.

Let not your heart be troubled
At the thought of the vast unknown;
Through the door at the end of the journey,
Ye shall not pass alone.

For He who died to save us,
Will come again at the last;
And He will stay beside you,
Till death itself is past.

Why We Mourn

It is in these words that we who are met here today wish to express our sympathy with, and sorrow for, the relatives and relations of him whose tragic demise we mourn with great and overwhelming grief.

Since the happening of this sad event that has overshadowed us all with a deep pall-like gloom, much has been written concerning the career of our departed friend. The main facts concerning his life have been well told.

He was born in New Jersey 67 years ago, and lived in the North of Ireland until he was 14 years of age, when he came to Glasgow where he remained for almost 50 years. He occupied the highest places in civic life, and was an honored citizen and burger of no mean city.

He was a familiar figure in the east end of the city of Glasgow and had the distinction of representing his ward in the city council and magistracy for nine years.

Six years ago he came to this last West and during that time his name has become an almost household one in our western city and life.

One Man in a Generation

George Taggart was one man of a generation. A character that cannot be duplicated. One of those men who stand alone. The passion of his life long connection with all that was purest and best in the development of this science, that his memory will remain fresh with us, and the fragrance of his life will sweeten for many of us the rest of life's highway, that we may, in God's good providence, yet have to travel.

A Great Choirmaster

Mr. Taggart was a choirmaster of international reputation, and his name and fame are inseparable from such aggregations as the Glasgow Select Choir, The Scottish Philharmonic Society and the Western Triple Choir of our own city. As a church choir leader he had few equals For 27 years he was organist and choir master in John St. parish church, Glasgow—without money and without price. He loved the work and gloried in the service of praise. He sings today the triumphant Hallelujah chorus of the redeemed in glory.

A Genial Soul

His characteristics were many. A loving father; a devoted husband; sincere friend; loyal and unselfish citizen, and patriot, are terms that might well be used in paying tribute to the memory of our translated brother, fellow-worker and friend. But these words fail to convey the true impress of his great character. He was all these and yet far more.

His courtesy and urbanity of manner gained for him an entrance into all hearts and lives. His geniality of temperament and his native humor endeared him to all who were privileged to call him friend.

Always busy, always happy, he made the very most of a great life. The shadows passed quickly over him and the sun shone out in full strength, and his loving nature reflected with ample contrast and perspective, the beauty of the full-orbed life.

Made His Contribution

Every man receives an opportunity in the world to make his contribution to the world's good. Some men never realize their opportunity. We cannot say that of George Taggart. Through the avenue of music, he made his contribution and his reputation is empire wide. We shall lay his body to rest today and the place that knew his well known and familiar figure will know it no more for ever. But his spirit will ever live. It goes marching on, for it cannot die. Through his distinguished family and through the many institutions with which he was associated, he being dead will ever speak. To all eternity the influence of life is felt, and until the day breaks and the shadows fall away, his contribution to the world's good will bear fruit. His epitah might well be "He left the world better than he found it. He hath done what he could to sweeten life and brighten its scenes. What within it was dark, he helped to illumine, what was low he strove to raise and support.

His life had many compensations. He was spared to a good age and was active and vigorous. He had been blessed with a family that has gladdened a father's heart. His home was his castle, and love was the septre. His domestic felicity was beautiful and gracious. His joys and sorrows were borne with grace and affection by her who over 40 years ago promised to be true unto death. That time has now come and we are here to met to offer, in the name of our Loving Lord and Master, our sympathy and communion in the hour of bitter parting. We rejoice in the memory of the departed, and give thanks to a Kind Father for his life and work here below, and we implore the aid of the power in which he so securely trusted, for his relict and her family in this lone hour.

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee." Cast thy burden on the Lord and He shall sustain thee and strengthen thee and keep thee.

Nor can we forget the members who are not here today. We especially remember the soldier lad overseas and shall pray that grace will be given him from on High to bear this terrible blow. May they all seek that resignation and comfort found in the promises of our Master, and may their hopes be that

"When on earth they breathe no more,
The prayers oft mixed with tears before;
They'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done."

Death Does Not End All

And as we look for the last time into the face of our beloved friend, let us remember that death does not end all. In our Father's House are many Mansions. And with the solemn warning of a sudden death fresh in our hearts, let us take heed to ourselves, for, in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh. And thus trusting in Him who is faithful, and who has promised, let us take leave of him whom we all so sadly mourn.

"Thy day has come, not gone.
Thy sun has risen, not set.
Thy life is now beyond
The reach of Death and Change.
Not ended—but begun.
O! Noble Soul! O! Gentle Heart!
Hail! and Farewell.

When the City Woman Advises the Farmer's Wife

Farmers' Wives Are Told Fruit Can Be Canned, Vegetables Raised and Money Saved by Not Buying Fine Clothes.

Yes, That's the Kind of Advice We Get From Office Girls Who Do Not Know a Potato Ricer From a Soap Shaver.

With the farm women of this country lies the sacred charge of preserving their nation in its hours of peril.

The farm woman shares with her farmer-husband his solemn responsibility. On farmers' wives and daughters, in large measure, rests the fate of the war and the fate of the nations. The farmer must raise grain and tilled crops and live stock.

You, the farmer's wife, helped by your daughter, while your husband and son tend the fields, can produce and preserve the world's supply of vegetables, poultry and eggs. YYou can also guard the world supplies by economizing in food and clothing.

Produce vegetables in such abundance as never before. From your garden, be ready to supply, not only your family, but the world. Till every available square foot of ground. Prepare the seed bed with utmost care. Plant only what you know you can grow. Make successive plantings to keep up 100 per cent. production. Even July is not too late to set out many vegetables. Make every seed produce by spraying for insects, treating for disease, killing every weed. The children will help.

Produce poultry and eggs in record-breaking quantities, as substitutes for meat. When prices of mutton, beef, pork, become prohibitive, Europe and America will depend on your flock for a share of its protein food.

Preserve surplus supplies; vegetables and fruits can be preserved by canning. Use pressure cooker and new, quick, sure cold pack method. Dry and salt such supplies as cannot be canned. Store root crops carefully. Meats can be preserved by canning and salting.

Eggs can be preserved by liquid glass method. Begin now, while eggs are plentiful, to preserve for next winter's scarcity.

Use the world's supplies cautiously. Thrift counts. Save every possible bit of food stuffs. If you don't need it someone else does. Health and strength of your family can be kept at highest efficiency by foods which the body needs, not by careless groupings of food at each meal.

When apples, small fruits and vegetables are rotting faster than you can care for them, call up the ladies' aid society in the neighboring town and offer your surplus to those who will come to gather them.

When the decreasing wool supplies and other textiles of the world are low next winter, economize in making or buying every garment.

The only thing I can do is to write, and to me it seems the height of presumption to preach thrift to farm women. The one class of Canadian women who know the meaning of the word and practice it in all its moods and tenses are farm women, and for the government or any of its menials, to preach thrift to farmers' wives seems to me little short of an insult.

What is the use of urging farm women to make gardens and can their surplus? Don't they wear themselves out doing that, even in times of plenty? Why tell them to use milk and eggs because meat is high, when fresh meat is always a scarce article about the farm home, due to the distance from market Why advise eggless cakes, with eggs in May to economize on butter, with butter at 45 cents retail. Why advise them at the price it is now? Why advise the women to wear last years's suit this year, when a large part of them have done that for five years back, and a certain smaller per cent for ten or more? Why? But why go on with it? Haven't you read it and heard it, dear women, until you are heartsick of the idea of economy, and filled with a mad desire to go out and plunge into all manner of wild extravagances, even to $12 white top shoes? I have, and some day, very soon, too, I'm going to show my feelings in the matter by treating the family to a three-inch porterhouse steak, flanked with mashed potatoes, and garnished with stuffed, hothouse tomatoes.

The trouble with the thrift talk is that it is always read only by the conscientious women, who know the whole thing by heart and are earnestly striving to do their best. The sort of women who really need it never read it. They are buried in the fashion pages. If a woman is inclined to be thrifty and conscientious, she doesn't need anyone to tell her how. She finds her own ways, fitted to her own needs. If she is not so inclined no amount of "canned" advice sent out by the government, nor real fresh matter written in an office by some girl who doesn't know a potato ricer from a soup shaver is going to make her see the error of her ways.

The only thing I see for th average working woman to help is just keep on the even tenor of her way. Her "bit" seems to me to be the same old "bit" she has been doing for ages, just to serve at home cheerfully, conscientiously, hopefully. It's our war, but we can't fight. Our part is simply clean living, and doing our bit at home, away back out of the limelight.

LIVESTOCK ON CREDIT

Saskatchewan Sells Livestock to Farmers on Credit

Three years ago the Saskatchewan Legislature passed a law providing for the expenditure of $500,000 in purchasing livestock to be sold on credit terms to farmers. Up to date 1,834 head of cattle, including 235 pure-bred bulls, have already been sold, as well as 5,257 sheep. The classes of stock supplied consist of pure-bred bulls of the right type and of suitable age for breeding, grade cows of popular breeds, pure-bred boars and rams and grade sows and ewes. The terms of payment are that purchasers able to pay cash are required to do so, and that all purchasers must pay at least 25 per cent. cash. Unpaid balances are payable terest at six per cent. Up to $400 in one or two instalments, with inworth of stock can be bought by paying one-quarter cash, and up to $1,000 worth can be bought by paying one-half cash. All bona-fide farmers in Saskatchewan who are members of any agricultural society, grain growers' association, or co-operative association are eligible to thus receive assistance. During the fall season when stock shipments from the prairies are most numerous, the department maintains an experienced cattleman in Winnipeg to make purchases.

ILLUSTRATION FARMS

Farming With the Government as a Partner

Illustration work in crop production and cultural methods is being carried on in the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan by the Department of Agriculture of the Dominion government, and some very interesting results are expected this year.

The co-operation of farmers owning or operating land favorably situated for the carrying on of such work is secured, the farmer putting under the direction of an officer of the Dominion Experimental farm system a part of his farm having a good wide frontage on a well-traveled highway, each field having the same frontage along the same highway so that the crops and cultivation are unavoidably in evidence to the casual traveler and easily inspected by the interested visitor.

The first year the department furnishes the seed necessary to sow such of the fields as it is decided to put under crop that year. In subsequent years the farmers saves enough of the best of the crops grown on these fields to do the necessary seeding. This, of course providing the grain produced is satisfactory as to purity and germinative power.

All cultural and harvesting operations in connection with these fields, including the plowing, harrowing, sowing and threshing of the grain, are done by the farmer. All the above work is done in exactly such a way and at exactly such a time as directed by the Dominion experimental farms system. The farmer keeps a record of the amount of time taken to perform the different operations on each field and the grain harvested is threshed separately so that the exact yield of each field is known.

The records of the work and of the crops resulting together with brief notes made by the farmer each week, are duly entered on blank forms provided for the purpose and each week the farmer mails to the Central Experimental farm at Ottawa, a form filled out with particulars as to the work done, general weather conditions and crop progress.

In this way the farmers of various districts of the two provinces will be apprised of the results and the best way to operate their farms to obtain these results.

The customers keep the grocers in business, but the latter are not inclined to give them much credit—not more than 30 days.

* * *

The Russians seems to have secured a laying strain of the Austrian prisoners. They have laid 1200 miles of new railroad.

A Thrilling Love Story in the days of 1776

FIFE AND DRUM

Will Run 12 Consecutive Weeks In The Standard

CHAPTER I

In the year of grace 1774, a climbing sun glowed above His Majesty's Colony of Virginia. It drank the opal mists of the marshes, flecked the fields into shadow-haunted cloth-of-gold, and so unrolled over the old "middle plantation,"—where, a roud century before, Bacon and his men had taken the oath against England,—a drowsing, yellow mid-May afternoon.

Two quickened rivers, like silver girdles unclasped, wound through the lowandl, from where phantom-far lay the shadows of pines against the color-washed line of sky, sharp-edged and black, in gigantic pointed fronds. The rivers rolled broadly to the sea, holding between them a green valley sweet with the warm perfumes of leaf and flower, and this valley folded to its heart Williamsburg, the gay little capital.

The teal and mallard that winged over from New York to James looked down thereon and saw a single broad thoroughfare shaded by poplars and mulberries, with William and Mary College at one end and the new capitol at the other. Straggling streets of wide-porched houses bordered with gardens debouched upon this; and spreading away in all directions, like gathere ribbons—by league-long plantation and through broken forest—went tawny, twisting roads.

Along one of these roads, by clumps of rustling laurel, came a great coach with green body and brown cloth, bearing the arms of the Tillotsons of Gladden Hall. A black body-servant rode behind it a-horseback.

The coach, which rolled thumping and swinging ponderously where the way was rugged, pleasantly and very lightly where the road was smooth, held and matron and a slender girl. The latter was of that age when nature paints with her richest brush. Her hair was a wave of russet lights, with shadows of warmer brown. Her face, rose-stained, was the texture of a rose. Her mouth, below serious eyes of blended blue, gave a touch of wilfulness. If there was intentness on the brow, so was there languor in the lips, red, half-ripe, the upper short and curved to smile. She was all raptures—all sapphire and rose-gold, against the dark cushion.

Both, as they rode, were silent, looking out through either wide window upon the warm, scent-steeped glimpses of the way. All along were waving reaches of wheat, where the poppy flung its wrinkled splash of red, or acres of young growing tobacco, wherein sweating slaves toiled listlessly, their songs woven with the undertone of the sluggish stream, slashed by reviling oaths and whip-crackings of a bearish overseer. At the dusty edges of the road thistle and wild honeysuckle scrambled for their breath, and cowslips went spinning yellow ribbons. It was a slumberous land, swathed in a tremulous haze of heat and a wash of sun.

"Anne," said the matron at length, withdrawing her gaze from the window.

"Yes, aunt Mildred."

"Do you intend to treat that boy badly?"

The girl was silent, gazing across the fields, watching the birds' slender flashings in the olive hollows.

"You haven't answered my question."

"What question?"

"Do you intend to treat that boy badly?"

"What boy?" inquired Anne with a sweetness that boded other things.

"Francis Byrd."

"I intend to treat him as I always have. No better, no worse."

"The world has changed since my time," reflected Mrs. Tillotson. "Maids deemed themselves lucky to have one gallant and wasted small time in wedding. Last winter I thought it had been Captain Jarrat. Now he is left for Molly Byrd to make eyes at—the way that woman acts! So I suppose it will be with Francis."

"Let them cease arranging things for me, then," cried Anne. "I will not be put up and bargained for. I will be the subject of no family councils. I will wed when and whom I please."

Her aunt looked a bit startled at the outburst.

"Of course, of course," she assented mildly. "But you don't please You're eighteen—two years older than I was when I married your uncle. Francis Byrd of Westover is the pick of them all."

"He is a mere boy." Anne's tone held a growing impatience.

"He is not too young," went on Mrs. Tillotson, "to take stock of all you say. But remember, dear, that he is to wear the royal colors now. 'Tis all well enough for you and me to be open Whigs—we don't have to do any oath-taking, and they don't hang us. But king's men can not be so free of tongue."

"You'll stay to supper, of course," asked Betsy, linking an arm in Anne's. Brother Frank will fetch you home."

"Not today."

"Mother will want to tell you about Frank's royal commission," pursued Betsy. "Come in for a moment. Do."

But the mistress of Westover was otherwise occupied. In fact, the girls entered the wide, cool hall to find a storm lowering.

Mrs. Byrd was not only young, pretty, a second wife, and the possessor of a husband who was one of the governor's council, but she was conscious of all these things.

Her husband did not remember as often as did she that the gay colonel, his father, had been bosom friend of the learned Charles Boyle in England and a Fellow of the Royal Society. She reminded him frequently of the fact that the old wit had been a scholar and had left to Westover, where he lay under a monument in the garden, the best private library in the Colonies, not even excepting that of Mr. John Bordley of Maryland,—and a garret full of writings. His portait hung there—a face as clear and as beautiful as a woman's, framed in a curling peruke of the time of Queen Anne.

As for the present master of Westover, much to her irritation, he cared little more for sight of St. James than for the heaped-up manuscripts in the garret. He contented himself with sitting in the council chamber at Williamsburg and riding after foxes at Westover, when his gout let him.

Now Mrs. Byrd, consciously impressive, leaned against the white paneling in a posture which showed her plump figure to advantage.

"'Tis high time," she wassaying, settling the yellow point de Venise at her throat, "that Francis be spoken to about it. (Come in, Anne.)"

The colonel, bowing as gallantly to Anne as his gouty leg propped on a chair would permit, shifted his powdered wig in some discomfort.

"Frank will get no harm from Patrick Henry," he said. "He is too sensible."

"Mayhap you call it no harm, sir," persisted Mrs. Byrd, "to see your son—you a member of the council—hobbing with that shiftless wag. Sooth, then, I do The malt-bugs of the tavern are his betters. (No, dont go, Anne') Francis is daft about him, sir. And the boy's royal commission just come. Oh, 'tis too bad"

Colonel Byrd straightened his ruffles carefully.

"You go to the ball, of course, Anne?" he asked.

But his wife was not to be shut off "Small preferment," the lady went on, "will Francis get from Lord Dunmore if he continues. The governor keeps himself informed. Every one knows that Patrick Henry is the very front of all these rebel doings! (Yes, you need give me no look, Anne. 'Tis the word I meant to use. Rebel doings! Rebel doings!) And for my son—a Willing—to—"

"Zounds! Your son is a Byrd, ma'am!" This from the colonel.

"For my son to associate with a low country demagogue, half the time dressed in buckskins like that shabby burgess from Louisa County you brought to dinner last week, and to go to his crazy meetings at the Raleigh! I thought his stay abroad would have weaned Frank of that. That and the commission. But no! He comes home talking the gibberish of that mealy-mouthed Charles Fox that he learned in his dreadful London club. I look yet to see him put off his king's uniform and disgrace us all."

"Pshaw!" said Colonel Byrd, nevertheless uneasily. "Frank's all right. The young blade will take to the army like a duck to the water. Zooks! There is no harm in the Apollo Room. Jefferson is steady enough, and he is ever there."

"Tom Jefferson!" ejaculated the lady. Think you he is much better? A free-thinker! He and Henry are pitch and toss. La! A squeak of a fiddle, and both of them will dance Jefferson used to be gay enough with it at Governor Fauquier's musickings. Everybody knows he spends half his time when he is in Williamsburg at the rooms of that papist actor Alberti, and so does Henry. I marvel if Francis does not know him, too."

The colonel sighed. If the truth must be told, the same uneasiness was in his soul. But, being masculine, he did not admit it to his wife.

"I'll lay a crown you'll dance with Master Henry tomorrow night, Anne," volunteered Betsy wickedly.

Anne was looking through the large window, sashed with crystal glass, and there were little blue sparke snapping in her eyes. She made no reply, but under her skirt-edge, her red slipper, like a burnished tongue, went tapping the polished floor.

"I should thnik, Anne," remarked Mrs. Byrd, with acidity, toying with a rose-jar from which the Duke of Cumberland had once plucked a bud, "that you would have more regard for your bringing up. I never had to be reminded of mine."

Mrs. Byrd never looked younger or more handsome than when remembering this. In her soul the soothing and ever-present consciousness of being born a Willing of Philadelphia was emablmed like a fly in amber. If she could have had her way, she would have had the master of Westover dining at four, like the Cadwaladers and Shippens and the rest of the Church of England set there.

"A Tillotson," she continued raptly "dancing at the burgesses' ball with the husband of a tavern girl!"

Anne turned, her eyes glowing the color of burning brandy.

"And why not?" she cried. "Why not? Mr. Henry is a burgess of Virginia!"

"Aye, a burgess—from the woods! A lick-dish for the country votes!"

"Molly!" Her husband's tone was gathering remonstrance.

"He is a gentleman!" Anne flared, with wrathdark eyes. "A courteous, honorable gentleman! And he has more in his head than any four of them together."

"Hightytighty!" exclaimed Mrs. Byrd. "More rebellion, you mean! I should think so."

Looking, Betsy felt a strange wonder. She did not always understand the other. "Why like you Master Henry as you do, Anne?" she asked curiously.

"Because," cried Anne hotly, "he is a man——a man—not a gallant. He has something more to do than the wits of the Raleigh Tavern or the Jenny Jessamys of the Assemblies. He knows no fine speeches! He spends no hours twirling a love-lock nor leather-biting over dolorous sonnets, nor petting his ruffles, nor dicing in the Apollo Room! Oh, I grow sick of the macaronis and their silken compliments and dress-swords, all as nice as nanny-hens! And the verses they write in the Gazette! 'Tis mawkish! What do they do? What do they know? The breed of a bird. The latest fashion of pinch-beck shoe-buckles from Annapolis."

Mrs. Byrd sniffed.

"A pity he married the tavern-keeper's daughter!" she said. "You might have had him and his buckskin breeches!"

Betsy laughed at this. "Bless me!" she sighed. "What a blow that had been for Captain Jarrat!" Then, repenting, she ran after Anne as she swept grandly out and threw an arm around her neck.

"Don't be angry, dear," she said. "And you are, I shall feel all to blame!"

Paulina was still at the gate. "Haste!" she called under her breath Here comes Mr. Jefferson."

"Lack," said Betsy. "Speak of the dev—I mean—there is Mr. Henry with him."

"I marvel Mr. Jefferson likes him!" quoth Anne, a gentle sarcasm ruffling her anger.

Mistress Byrd did not note the tone. "Aye," she responded, "so do I. He has a tongue, though. Father says it has made more trouble for the colony than all the exclusion acts put together. He looks a very uncouth creature!" she added. "See that moth-eaten hunting cap. And those horrid leather clothes!" This was in a low tone, for the approaching men were come within ear-shot and were even then doffing head-gear to them.

The two were vastly dissimilar. One, the younger, was clad in dark velvet, wore lace and a sword. His fine face was pale with the look of the scholar. The other, walking by his side, with saddle-bags over his arm thrust through the bridle of a lean roan nag, wore hunting dress with a small cap. He looked to be turned thirty-five. His face was keen and sallow, with Roman profile, and his eyes were deep-set under overhanging brows. For the rest, he moved his spare body awkwardly, shoulders, as one at happier ease in slouchily, with a rawboned stoop of the woods than the street. Both bowed gravely as they came up, the face of the horseman searching the group and brightening suddenly with a flash of smile at sight of Anne.

He passed on, but the younger turned back, nothing loath for a moment of chat.

"Gossiping of the ball tomorrow, I'll swear!" he laughed. "Are the furbelows all chose?"

"Tell us, Mr. Jefferson," cried Betsy Byrd. "Have you seen the new-come beauties? They say Lady Dunmore is lovelier than her daughters."

"I have been away for a fortnight," he answered, "and can not say. I would I could say 'aye,'" he added humorously; "'twould relieve much anxiety."

"'Tis the dreadful uncertainness of you masculine lovers," Anne countered archly, "that keeps us poor maids in terror."

"'Tis said," put in Paulina, "that his Excellency will publish a new code for the palace etiquette. Think of it! Just like a real court! There is to be a chamberlain, and all gentlemen are to unbonnet before the portraits of the king and queen!"

The young man looked dark. "Would he kept to his court etiquette!" he exclaimed. "See you the green yonder?"

All turned their gaze toward the lower end of the street where sat the new two-storied Capitol with its tall cupola and clock. Generally there were to be seen burgesses, singly or in couples, passing in or out. Now the space before it was covered with knots of men, talking, gesticulating, walking from group to group. One could almost imagine an accompanying hum, like the sound of a distant bee swarm. As they gazed, the knots separated and moved slowly toward one of the side doors.

"They enter the left," said Anne. "'Tis not the usual sitting of the House, then. Has the governor summoned them to the council chamber? And for what?"

"For what?" repeated Jefferson wrathfully. "For the Resolves printed today in the Gazette appointing a day of prayer and fasting because of the shutting of the port of Boston. His Excellency—I had like to have said 'His Majesty'—is in a fine rage. The Virginians are in no mood to bear more flouting. One can scarce say what will befall if he dissolve them!"

There was well-nigh a wail at this. "Oh!" moaned Mistress Byrd. "Then there will be no ball!"

Jefferson smiled, but a spot of tempestuous red burned Anne's cheek as she flung up her head. "If the governor clapped all save ten of Virginia's burgesses into the prison yonder," she said slowly, "the ten would give his lady the ball of welcome. They are Virginians."

"See!" said Jefferson. "He is coming."

At the end of the broad reach which spitted Duke of Gloucester street midway, nearly opposite them, stood the palace, brick-red, greened with creepers, lifting its tall lantern above gardens laid in the Italian fashion in shapes of stars and horseshoes. Now its front sprang suddenly into action. A great chariot, very splendid, with vice-regal trappings of gilt and leather, whired up at the steps, and two figures entered it. The vermilion-liveried outriders broke into a gallop; and the team of six milk-white horses wound through the many-acred grounds sown with silver grass and studded with mulberry and catalpa trunks like gnarled, one-legged dancers, and swept at a smart trot into Duke of Gloucester street.

His Excellency, Lord Dunmore, red and thick-necked, with Captain Foy, his cold-featured aide, beside him, rode to the Capitol.

The splendid chariot, brought from London to awe the Virginians, went at speed along a way suddenly grown a-bustle. The unwonted summons to the council chamber had gone abroad and Williamsburg, full to the brim with rich panters from the valeys of the Potomac, the Rappahannock and the James, now at their town houses with their families for court season, were come forth to wait and to speculate upon the royal governor's wrath. The road was filling with coaches-and-fours bearing the nabobs and their dames, and with sparkish young gentlemen passing on dancing nags. The pave of old Bruton church, wherein of a Sunday sat His Excellency in his pew under the canopy, was bright with maids in satin and lace, with beaux showing silken calves and powdered wigs, and with students in collegiate gabardines of a sobriety by no means ever fitting their habits.

Stout old Governor Botetourt had got many a cheer in the old days as he rode by in his fine chariot. He was popular, and departed this life in the odor of liking, to receive a statute on William and Mary common. But for the new governor, John Murray, Earl of Dunmore, there had come to be many a wry look. He had learned Toryism under Lord Bute, as had the king, and nature had made him a Scotch barbarian to begin with. Diplomacy to him meant the heavy hand, and charity was as far as religion.

He rode along this afternoon scowling, abrupt and imperious as usual, and now with an extra set to his heavy lantern-jaw that bodded no good.

Beaming adoration was in the low curtsy that Mistress Byrd swept him as he whirled past with unseeing eyes and at the sight Anne's mouth took on little lines of impatience.

"I shall drive to the green," she said, springing into the seat. "The Capitol, Rashleigh" she cried to the coachman, and waved good by to the group.

"Anne grows a worse Whig every day!" pouted Mistress Byrd in a pet. "La, I think the governor is monstrous fine. I am going to wear my celestial blue satin tomorrow night and a white satin petticoat!"

Many a gallant bowed low from the pave as the beauty of Williamsburg went by.

"'Slife!" protested young Brooke to Francis Byrd as he petted his lace 'neath the leaden bust of Sir Walter at the Raleigh's entrance. "She would dazzle St. James. Even the Du Barry was a stick to her! By the Lord, they should send her to London!" He prided himself upon his foreign travel.

Byrd flushed angrily. It was not to his pleasure to hear her name coupled with such. Nor did it sit well upon the tongue of this dissipated fop. He choked the word that rose to his lips, however, and turned away lokking longingly after the girl that rode by.

The chariot bearing Anne wheeled near the debtors' prison, abreast of the new Capitol whose wide wings spread out like a great letter H. Scarcely had it pulled up when the west door opened harshly and poured forth again the towering burgesses.

They came out under the sparse trees(through which gleamed the sky-blue as sword-blades—quietly and in orderly groups, but with brows knit, fingers clenched and smoldering anger in their faces.

In the groups one might have seen many conditions. There was a sprinkling of homespun and buckskin, men from the shadow of the Blue Ridge, and from the great district of West Augusta stretching far to the Mississippi; and with these, rich planters from the tidewater and bay counties and the big rivers, clad in foreign fabrics, with ample wigs, swords and coked hats, or the conical head-covering then coming to vogue in England. But save a few on whose faces sat a smirk of Tory smugness, all wore the same deadly look of anger and concern.

Anne leaned forward and watched the crowd with tiny cores of fire in her eyes. Broken bits of conversation were wafted to her.

"I had loked to see better things of Dunmore, but 'tis all of a piece. We, burgesses of Virginia! Wagged at, like so many school children, i' faith, and sent home with a flea in the ear! 'Tis unbearable."

"'Better things of Dunmore!" A plague on him! Cry 'God Save the King' and give the devil the colony!"

Such sullen growlings betokening storm, and then smug ones, passing with snuff-taking and derisive shrugs of shoulders:

"Henry is mad. You heard what he said at Colonel Samuel Overton's the other day. 'Independence!' 'Our Declaration!' 'Aid from Louis the Sixteenth!' He is mad as a March hare! Treason forsooth? 'Tis matter for a leech! As if we had discipline, ships of war, or money. I tell you, he will embroil us all with such clatter. The governor would be perfecty justified in * * *" So they passed on.

A smile, quizzically disapproving, but wondrous kind, wreathed the corners of the watcher's mouth as a tall, splendid old man, with aquiline nose and sharp, gray eyes, came down the street, leaning on the arm of a negro body-servant. Three-score years and ten he had passed—one saw that by the lines in his face—and his frame was big and wide. He was gaunt, rawboned and sour-faced, and plainly though richly dressed, wearing a large jewel.

The girl's eyes rested smilingly on the coked-hat, the grizzled wig, the antique coat, with its square-cut lapels and shoulders rounded after a fashion of twenty years before and then softly and lovingly on the rugged, masterful face, every whit patrician.

All her life she had loved this man—the old baron of Greenway Court. He had carried her at her christening. As she saw him now, coming slowly but erect, bowing to salutations by the way, she hought again on what he must have looked in his youth, before the French war, when he had strayed from a London world of fashion, with a heart sore by reason of a jilting, they said, to bury himself in the shadows of the Blue Ridge. He had dreamed of building himself a great manor-house with ten thousand acres, calling it Greenway Court, and there living solitary. But a rough hunting-lodge on a spur of the mountain near Winchester was all that ever came of it.

The girl watched him as he approached, stopping now and again for a word. Each pause made him look more hot and angry, and seeing, she shook her head as if she chid some naughty child.

As he neared her, speaking with one of the more richly dressed burgesses, his bottled wrath burst out in a flood. He raised his thorn stick and shook it at the building, choking with rage.

"Meet at the Raleigh, gadzooks!" he shouted. "Whose pelting is this? Patrick Henry's, aigh? I thought as much! A deer stalker!" he cried, tattooing with his cane. "A good-for-naught bartender! Why, he used to bring me my ale when I passed Hanover Court House. A coarse, dancing, fiddling, wrench-chucking vagabone, I tell you! His father, the justice, is a good, sober country gentleman, but little the son takes after him. Come-day-go-day-God-send-Sunday! He must marry the tavern-keeper's daughter!"

"My Lord!" Anne's voice rose sweet and clear.

"And now because he mouths treason as bold as brass, and because he wins a dirty damage case against tuppenny parsons, he sits in the Burgesses and rides with gentlemen.

"Lord Fairfax!' She was standing upright in the coach.

"Virginia is in a pretty case, to take up any leather-breeched Tom, Dick or Harry, wagging his jaw.

"Lord Fairfax!"

"About the king's business."

"I wait for you to ride with me."

The old man half-turned, choked, shook his cane again in the air; then, seeing the girl, made her as slow and courtly a bow as if he were in an assembly. Then he climbed into the chariot and sat down.

"Go and wait at the tavern, Joe." Anne said to his servant.

The baron took Anne's slender cool hand in his huge, bony, trembling one, and they rode silently.

As he had stormed—this big, irascible, loyal-hearted subject of a bad king—she had seemed to see in contrast Henry's sharp, sallow, good-humored, sun-burned face, those gray black cavernous eyes with the fire behind them. And at that moment a touch of prophecy came to her This old man represented the masterfulness of birth, the pride of power, the dogged faith that is splendid but will not reason. In Henry was the new spirit of the new land, eager, thoughtful, patient, indomitable—waiting, but open-eyed. And if she had no answer for this staunch old man, it was not because she knew none.

After a while the fury had burned itself out in that worn frame. "'Tis naught I care for the rest of them, my dear, he said, "but my boy Washington is in with their dammed treason, and the Whigs will ruin him!"

CHAPTER II

On the south bank of the Pamunkey river near Studley one summer afternoon, two men sprawled in the slashes by a leaf-mottled pool sucked in from the river. Freshlcut fishing poles lay at their feet, and in a near basket, on a bed of green leaves, glinted and flopped a dozen lean carp and spotte trout.

One of the fisherman, Francis Byrd lay with his youthful face upturned, watching the wooly clouds like sheep dusty and driven, huddling in the blue. His companion was older. He was clad in a coarse cloth coat stained with the chase, greasy buckskin breeches and leggings for boots. He had a lean sallow face with high cheek bones, set off by a white linen cap, under the edges of which stuck a fringe of sand-colored hair, and he was sunk in that profound contemplation affected by a green lizard in the sun.

Finally the sallow-faced man gave a mighty yawn and sat up with dead leaf-wisps clinging to his coat.

"On such a day as this," he vowed, "'twere a sin against the Almighty not to go a-fishing!"

The other two sent a twig skirling into the dropped tangles of grape-vine, where wood-birds fluttered with quick, noisy strokes. He had this day been relearning old woodlore: how in bush-angling the sun must strike the face lest the shadow fright the fish; how the carp would rise best to a swan's head; how the trout was keenest under the smother of a smart, foamy fall. For in these things, as in others clacked less loudly at the Raleigh Tavern in Williamsburg, his companion of this day was deeply versed.

Virginians, old and young, were for the most part loyal in liking to the new soil—this, although they turned their fond eyes to the old family manors. The planters still sent their sons to Eton and Oxford to be educated, and spoke of England as "home"; but these sons, meanwhile, fruit of the new soil, followed the yelping, blooded packs of England boasting valiantly of their own bow-legged dew-lapped mongrel of beagle and fox-hound. They threshed sunny, fenced coverts longing for a thigh-deep Potomac marsh with a bleak wind whipping the sedge. They rode of a smart day on Rotten Row, wishing it were Bruton pave in Williamsburg. And they wrote Gree verses with dainty colonial gloves tucked with their brocaded waistcoats, dreaming of York-town wharf again.

Byrd was no exception to the rule. Now, lying in the sunlight, he sighed from sheer delight.

"Mr. Henry," he cried, pulling a long breath, "I never was so glad of anything in all my life as to be home again!"

Henry smiled. "Are you longing for an Indian fight?"

The young man's face clouded suddenly. "I don't mean the commission," he said. "'Twas mother's doing; she asked it of the governor. I wish she hadn't. I intend to resign it after this one campaign," he went on. Then I thought I would study law. I don't want to be a ne'er-do-well."

His companion pulled his chin.

"The law is a long wrestle," he said, chewing a grass blade. "And I were you, I would keep the commission. 'Tis easy enoogh to resign it. If Virginia needs you, she will be glad of such a training. You are young yet. I didn't study law till I was twenty-four. A ne'er-do-well! Why, lad, I had that name flung at me for ten years, and there are a plenty who will have it so still. Sooner or later we find ourselves, and then 'tis plain sailing. What think you of me for a farmer?"

The look on the other's face made him laugh again mellowly.

"Oh, and I was one," he declared. "I raised by oats and drove in the cows with the rest of them. 'Tis curious how we are made in this world. Square pegs and round holes everywhere when a plenty of us, by the body of God! might be king's ministers. Here am I, for instance. Think you I was cut out for the law-courts? You should ask my father-in-law at the tavern."

"Tell me?" Byrd's face held an eager, smiling interest.

"When I was fifteen,' went on Henry, "I had no more bent to the statutes than a cat for lace-making. Only give me a gun, and I was as happy as a pig in muck. My father leaned toward trade for me—mayhap because he himself was a scholar. For he liked naught better than to argue the doctrine of eternal punishishment with Colonel Bland on the Greek text, and he could draw a map better than a weir.'

"I have seen his plate of Virginia," the other broke in. "'Tis in the library at Westover. Lord Fairfax said once 'twas the best in the colonies."

"I'll warrant he said no good of me though!" smiled Henry. "Well, my father—for there were nine of us, no modest number i' faith—set my brother William and me up in stock. William took to it like a duck to dough, but the ledgers might go hang ofr all of me. I could no more collect an account than beg for a parish. I went hunting while the fat burned, and made friends and debts faster than a living. You may believe a twelve-month put an end to that.

"Then 'twas farming for a season or two, a forced sale and a store again. I was two years at that, and at the end my cash sales footed up a matter of thirty-nine pounds and six shillings—about enough to buy a gig. And here I was, twenty-three years old, penniless and with a big family, and good for naught in the world but to fling a fish-cord or rub a fiddle-bow."

"And they called you ne'er-do-well!" said Byrd, under his breath.

"There was luck in it," Henry continued. "Fate said I shouldn't farm. Fate said I shouldn't trade. Here is where a friend comes in. Captain Dandridge, who married Governor Spotwood's daughter, was a true and sincere friend of mine if ever a man had one.

"Up anchor and clear the shoals, Patrick," says he to me, 'and steer for the general court,' and straightway packed me off with a 'Coke upon Littleton' and a 'Digest of the Virginia Acts.'

"I thought it over a while. As for study, I'd as lief slept with a wet dog But marry, there was naught else in sight, so I pulled a long face and laid my nose for the law-books.

"They were as dry as the prophet's bones, God knows, and I snored over them for a full six weeks. Then, thinking I knew all the law in the colonies, I rode to Williamsburg for a license."

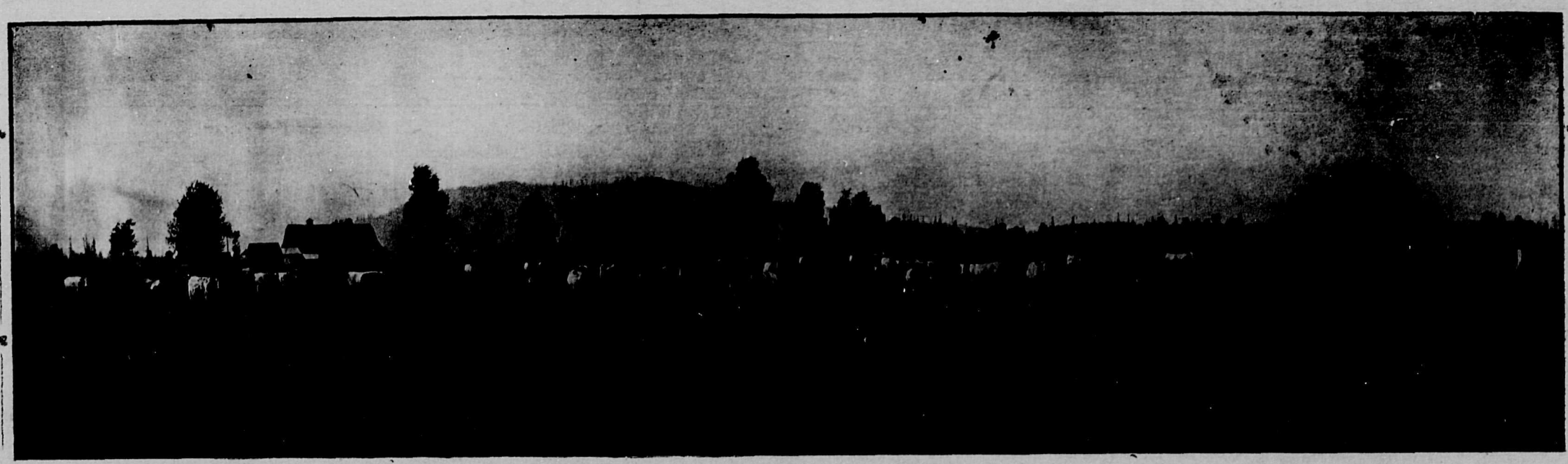
Henry laughed outright. "Six weeks!" he cried.

Henry relaxed in a pickle-dry smile. "Twere as well as six years to me," he said. "The Lord male me no dammed scholar. I wager the examiners knew not what to make of me, for I probably had less in my crop than any they ever seen. There was Mr. Robert Nicholas, and Mr. Wythe, and the two Randolphs, John and Peyton. I knew no one of them from Adam.

"Faith," says Mr. Wythe, the first I went to, 'I like your assurance, but sign I will not. Not though you ask me till doomsday!" Mr. Nicholas was as bad.

"Then it was Mr. John Randolph. He sniffed elegantly at my country clothes, and bombarded me with the common law. Before long he had me in an argument overstrong for a hot day. My pleas were not in any of the books either.

(Continued in next issue)



Cattle enjoying life in the good old summer time on a Fertile Fraser Valley Farm.

NEED TECHNICAL MINING BROKERS

Industry Will Benefit Immensely When Men Conversant With Mining Resources Sell Stock

The public with money to invest is in the market buying the god mining stocks. Every day sees hundreds of new investors and speculators becoming interested in these securities. And considering the wonderful earnings of producing companies and the sensational advances scored in the markets by these shares, there is little wonder that mining holds a greater attraction for investors, big and little, than any other class of securities. That envy loves a shining mark is evidenced by the attacks made from time to time on the newly formed mining companies by the selfish press of the ultra-conservative financial interests.

We of the West know that every mine was once a prospect until the ground is proved by development. Utica Copper, now earning a net profit in excess of $30,000,000 a year, was, only a few years ago, the rankest kind of a prospect. The same applies to many other big dividend-payers. But money and brains have made it the talk of the nation in investment circles and they are distributing their earnings in the form of dividends among the thousands of far-seeing investors in this country and abroad.

The Record recently told of the entrance of a prominent mining engineer into the ranks of the brokerage fraternity. He no doubt feels that his knowledge of mining will prove a great factor for success in his broadened field. The super-critical editors of the technical mining press will no doubt suffer a shock upon learning that one of the prominent members of the engineering profession has become a promoter of mining enterprises. As a matter of fact the mining business as a whole would be greatly benefitted if more engineers would take up the study of mining finance and in this way broaden the scope of their operations.

Another passing event which shows the way the investment winds are blowing is found in the fact that some of the prominent bond houses have been compelled to take cognizance of the wide-spread interest in the mining issues. We find the quotation sheets of the bond houses of greater interest since they began printing the market quotations on the more important mining stocks. This shows the trend of investments into those newer money making issues and away from the small interest bearing mortgages.

The metals continue to hold the new record prices recently attained and there is every indication that these prices will further advance as the full extent of the needs of the world for metals are known. Petroleum products are growing in demand and there promises to be a sharp advance in prices of these products. Every condition is favorable for steadily increasing earnings from mining, and the intelligent investing public is fully aware of this condition Hence the demand for good mining shares. —Denver, Col., Mining Record.

Barless Hotels Pay

The liquor interests have been striving very hard to create the impression that the closing of certain hotels in Toronto, Ont., is the direct result of prohibition. An experienced hotel man of tht city has just written to one of the local newspapers, saying that prohibition has had nothing to do with the case. Better management, he insists, is the great need of the hotel business in Toronto, and he adds: "There is absolutely no reason why a barless hotel should not pay. Barless hotels will pay. They are paying." The traveling public has lost interest in the bar, he declares: it has not lost interest in good service.—Christian Science Monitor.

Ioco and Sunnyside Notes

A road leading from the track is now under construction. This will enable visitors to view the works of The Imeprial Oil company without trespassing. A large number of launch and picnic parties were here on the holiday last week.

Sunnyside schol held a whist drive and dance last Saturday evening. A large number turned out and a handsome sum was realized. Much credit was due to the trustees, under whose management this affair was given. They expect to use the proceeds to improve the school, which has been built and paid for by subscription of the homesteaders.

Crawford's general store has been remodeled lately and made a good deal larger.

Among the visitors to Sunnyside over the week end were Mr. and Mrs. E. [illegible] and Miss Gillis, being the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Giles Johnson.

Will Hold First Tag Day

Owing to curtailment of funds, the Municipal Council of South Vancouver, have found it necessary to cut the annual grant of the Victorian Order of Nurses in half this year. The Order in planning to raise funds to carry on the work with, decided to hold a tag day and in this manner everyone would be able to contribute something. They will be on hand early next Saturday morning with a band of willing workers and feel that the public will give them good support. The arrangements are in charge of a capable committee.

The customers keep the grocers in business, but the latter are not inclined to give them much credit—not more than 30 days.

* * *

The Russians seems to have secured a laying strain of the Austrian prisoners. They have laid 1200 miles of new railroad.

Reasons For Slow Response To American Call To Arms

During First Six Weeks After Declaration of Hostilities, Only 70,000 Men Volunteered for Active Service—Waited for Coming Into Force of Selective Draft Measure, Says Detroit Saturday Night.

In six weeks after the declaration of war against Germany, about 70,000 men have volunteered for service in the regular army of the United States, and perhaps half as many more for the navy, the marine corps and the national guard.

I do not wish to guess how many were enlisted in the northern states during the first six weeks of the civil war, but when ten weeks had elapsed after the fall of Fort Sumter, there were 275,000 volunteers in arms to put down the rebellion—and this from a population of about 20,000,000 as compared to our 100,000,000 today. Is it any wonder that civil war veterans and others are frequently charging the country with a decline in patriotism, and a falling away from the spirit that enabled Lincoln to save the Union?

But there is no use in becoming hectic and pessimistic. There are reasons for the failure of the country to respond as it did in '61—reasons which neither can or should be ignored.

First, we must take into consideration the fact that the passage of some sort of a draft law was practically a certainty ever since the decision to enter the war was made. This undoubtedly caused many eligible young men to wait, particularly as they felt that volunteering early would only mean extra weeks in barracks or training camp. Some, too, having noted the experience of England, decided not to offer themselves to bear the burden which they felt should be shared by all.

But there were other, more fundamental reasons, many of which have been scarcely mentioned, or which have been ignored altogether by those who have discussed the situation. Perhaps the weightiest of these was the fact that American soil was not threatened, and a large part of the people, not appreciating what the possible defeat of the entente powers might mean to the world, did not even see that the country was in actual danger. If a German army had been landed on our coast, there is no doubt that men would have volunteered by millions—though to be sure it would have done little good, if the invaders had been in great force.

For years before the civil war, the country had been torn with the discussion of the slavery question. There was no backwoods hamlet that had not fiercely argued the pros and cons of abolition and secession and compromise. It was an irrepressible conflict, and the country knew it. The country has not realized until within the past few weeks—if it thoroughly realizes it even now—that this present struggle is another irrepressible conflict, which could not be avoided, and which must be fought out just as the issues between the north and south were fought out a century ago.

It is true that actual war came as a surprise to many in both sections of the country in 1861, but the state of public opinion all over the land was such that volunteers came fast, both for the federal armies and for the confederacy. The latter had probably as many men in the field six weeks after Sumter as the mobile regular army can claim today.

The lack of enthusiasm that has handicapped recruiting the past eight weeks is due in part to the fact that public opinion had not gotten past the stage of thinking peace. A little more than three months before the declaration, our president was sending notes to the belligerents regarding a possible ending of the strife, and talking about the necessity of peace without victory. Granting that he was right in making that last effort to end the conflict, the country did not follow him in his altered position of April 1. He could not, last December, say to us: "We will make one more effort for peace, and if that fails, we must fight." Some few perceived that such was the case, but they were few.

It is altogether likely that we should have come to blows with Germany in the end anyhow, possibly just as soon if there had been no expose of the Zimmerman plot for a Mexican-Japanese attack on us, but it is undeniably true that the good fortune which placed the evidence of that piece of Teutonic "diplomacy" in President Wilson's hands manufactured at least 50 per cent. of the war sentiment which existed in the United States when the chief executive went before congress and asked it to declare the existence of a state of war. Without that piece of luck if we were in the war today, we would not be half as much in earnest as we are, and there would possibly be a Mexican-German army ready to attack us from the south.

No one who has heard the pleas of the pacifists these past few months can deny that this cult has something to do with the scarcity of volunteers. For years we were fed with the doctrine—which many very sane and sensible folk, now ardent patriots, were inclined to regard with much seriousness—that the day of wars was past, and that there would never be another great world-struggle. This naturally drew thoughts from possible dangers to the nation to the consideration of other problems, and doubtless had its influence in preventing some from altering their viewpoint when the black clouds gathered and broke. They at once made up their minds, without looking into causes or purposes, that this was a wicked war, for which all alike were responsible, and it has taken most of the time elapsing from August, 1914, until now to show them that they were wrong.

Then there are the didn't-raise-my-boy-to-be-a-soldier people, many of whom are socialists or internationalists, so-called, who have not so far awakened to the fact that the milenium is not with us as yet.

To those we may add such other contributory considerations as the presence of a pro-German element, including both aliens and citizens; the fact that we no longer, as in 1898, look upon war as a picnic and volunteer in a holiday sort of spirit; and that we have a very much larger urban population and a much smaller frontier population, proportionately, than in 1861, both facts which examination of history shows us do not tend to an increase of warlike spirit.

There is another phase of the enlisting which is worrying some people—namely, that the east is not "doing its bit" as well as the west, and this in spite of the supposed fact that it was the east that wanted the war. This is just as susceptible of explanation as the condition described above.

First, let us remark that there was a misconception as to the feeling in the two sections as to the desirability of war. It is true that the greater amount of war talk, and the greater pressure for our putting up a strong front to Germany, came from the east. It came from what may be termed the intellectual class and the newspapers. Pro-Germans and congressional demagogues asserted that Wall street was behind it all, but while some men who have offices in Wall street were undeniably outspoken on that side, they were far from the only ones. College professors, ministers, writers, professional men of all kinds led the way in demanding action, and the press, whose editors for the most part belong to the same general class, took the same attitude. Many men of like stamp in the west did the same, but in lesser degree.

The masses in the west, composed on the whole, of a more purely native and more homogeneous population than the rank and file in the east did not understand the situation at first, but when the president took his stand against Germany, they were patriotic, as the west always has been. The heterogeneous population of cities like New York and Boston could hardly be expected to be keen for war on Germany. It wasn't keen for it. The Gotham East Side had been as little or less affected by the pleas of men like Co. Roosevelt, Elihu Root, ex-President Taft, James M. Beck and Joseph H. Choate as was the middle west.

So it was hardly seemly, two months ago, for the east to sneer that the west was asleep on the war, for excepting a comparatively small part of the population the east was as indifferent as the west. Neither is it exactly fitting now for the west to complain that the east is not living up to itstalk of a few weeks ago. But for the alarm sounded by eastern men, the west would still be snoring. Neither section was all-wise or all-seeing. The thing for each to do now is to think of its own shortcomings, try to overcome them, and quit criticizing the other.—Detroit Saturday Night.

THE NEW ATTORNEY-GENERAL AND MINISTER OF LABOR

Vancouver is loyal to Farris!
We know he is cautious and cool;
The henchman who hounds him and harass
Respect him as he does the Rule.

In law, he is clear and he's able;
To Labor, both faithful and fair;
We trust he will clean up the stable
And give Vice and Graftdom a scare

Prepared from the cradle for honors
With modesty, patience and truth;
He faces his foes and the fawners
With all of the courage of youth.

And Wisdom has settled upon him,
And justice is aye by his side,
To guide and direct and sustain him,
Which none but a fool would deride

So give him support in his efforts
For strenuous days are ahead;
This city is lucky to have him,—
A Government Gain, be it said.

V. VIDETTE.

The Pacifist's Place in History

The pacifists and Socialists have won a secure place in history whatever may happen later in the war. It will be recorded of them that they prolonged the war at a time when it was measurably near its end. That this was not their intention makes no difference; history takes account of results, chiefly. It is of no use for a man to plead before the bar of history that his intentions were good History will record that it was the pacifists and socialists who stretched the war over to 1918, and will ignore their plea that they didn't mean to.—Montreal Gazette.

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Milady's Gossip

(BY "LAURINA")

Last week I listened to fifteen hundred fresh young voices singing part songs, and choruses, by some of our best composers, and singing them with interest, understanding and taste, and such a splendid enthusiasm that one could not listen unmoved. Without doubt, this training of the children of Vancouver to sing correctly, and the introduction of music into the regular school curriculum, is one of the finest pieces of work that could be undertaken; and one that should receive the most generous support and encouragement of the public, that the "Annual Song Festival" may each year increase the number of its prizes and competitions, thereby stimulationg the children to wholesome rivalry and good work.

Song is the natural expression of childhood, spontaneous song, the most beautiful of all, because it springs straight from pure gaiety of heart and care free exuberance of spirit.

Children's voices possess a peculiar flute-like quality, high pitched, and of what one can only describe as a shrill sweetness, free from any emotions, or depths of expression belonging to maturer years; and it is the very absence of these, and the absolute purity that appeals, and makes young voices so peculiarly adapted to sacred and church music.

Musical authorities disagree regarding the advisabiltiy of early training in singing, that is individual training, not chorus work, and, I think, the great majority of teachers are inclined to side with Manuel Garcia, who firmly held, that it was "most detrimental and that many voices were ruined thereby." At the same time there are often exceptional cases where a young voice will hold sufficient volume and intensity to warrant vocal instruction, and even to make good use of it musically, as a soloist in children's choirs. There are many instances among our greatest singers, of training having commenced at a very early age, and of much benefit having been derived therefrom, but the teacher has always been a wise and competent one, holding the future welfare of the voice at heart, and using every care to avoid the slightest possible misuse or strain.

It is of course quite possible to strain the vocal chords in chorus work, but is not probable where children are concerned, as they sing with a more natural freedom.

Music is an art, and the art which makes the widest appeal of any, and the natural function of art is to enable and uplift the spirit; while science used in conjunction with art, teaches self control and artistic restraint, quickens the intelligence and elevates the taste. Thus it follows, that the wide spread teaching of music,—good music—in our schools, can only be provocative of the best results, by moulding the spirit and finer lines, by installing poetry and mind of the coming generation on idealism into its daily life, thereby working towards the one great object—the benefit of the nation.

This splendid country of ours, as yet so young, and so crude, is sadly in need of more poetry in the daily life of its people.

Which of our great writers is it, that said so truly, "Man's education begins at his birth." The early years of a child's life are by far the most impressionable ones, the effects of the environments and atmosphere by which they are surrounded, will be everlasting, so, it stands to reason, that the child in the curriculum of whose school work a proper understanding of and regard for good music has been included, will in later years still retain judgment and good taste, as well as an educated ear. So we shall be preparing a generation of singers who are at once good musicians, a result greatly to be desired.

Children engaged in choral work under a competent instructor gain a right understanding and appreciation of rythm, correct phrasing and intonation, and these three things form a solid foundation for future correct singing, either in solo or choral work. Children, too, being naturally intuitive will frequently acquire unconsciously a wonderful forward production of tone, which is never lost when the voice changes and develops.

Another excellent result attained from the regular musical tuition of young people is an inclination to moderate the voice musically in speaking, and that is a habit the importance of which cannot be overlooked in this country, where harsh and strident voices predominate.

In very early times schools of music and singing were attached to the churches, and cathedrals in France and Italy, where children musically inclined were kept, and received what in those days was a complete musical education, either instrumental or vocal, at the expense of church or state, at the same time supplying the music for the services. The male voices for the operatic stage were almost entirely recruited from amongst former pupils of these schools, which proves that in those days the benefits of early training were considered to be of value.

Although in that long ago time the musical instruction received was very immature, one great and good purpose was served by spreading broadcast throughout the land a certain degree of excellence in musical taste, thus adding to the future cultivation and refinement of the nation.

Taking this as an illustration of what was accomplished in those early days, how much better, surely, ought the result to be in this country today, where our young voices can be under the control of those who are fully able to give them the best in musical instruction.

So let us see to it that we give the movement our heartiest assistance and encouragement, for how do we know how many embryo prima donnas, tenors and bassos there may be developing in our midst; and Canada in the future will wish to add her quota of famous names to the world of art, in common with other countries.

* * *

I am told that American women in many cases have already commenced "doing their bit;" girls, who a short time ago, gave their time almost wholly to motoring, shopping, tea dances and the like, are now walking the furrows, sowing the seeds, guiding the plough, and tending the fowls and live stock of the farms. Others again are already "on the job" in the towns as porters, postmen, traffic police, messengers, and elevator operators. It was also whispered by a mere male that some of them look simply "stunning" in their uniforms. Women are proving their mettle everywhere, good luck to them!

At the same time Dame Fashion is not being utterly neglected, and pushed to the wall; she still, and always will hold certain sway over the feminine heart.

We can imagine those tired working women removing their uniforms of an evening when the hours of toil are over, and replacing them with dainty and facinating rest gowns, or evening frocks, all the more delightful, and soft of shade and texture, to sufficiently contrast with the dark and useful work dress of the day time.

What can be more seductive than the loose gown of crepe de chene, Georgette crepe, onion or soft satin, with its long shoulder sash with lovely tied beaded ends and general air of comfort and "floppiness." One I saw this week was of crepe de chene in the most delicate shade of buttercup yellow, and it had a little short coatee of coarse creamy lace held together at the bust with a posy of little silk flowers which shaded into mauve, pink and blue. It was absolutely chic and most becoming.

Weddings, too, are still much to the fore, and how we women do glory in the prospect of a wedding. I inspected a bridal gown the other day which was really a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." It was of the richest white satin, with embroideries here and there, worked in silver, while the whole was clouded in exquisite filmy lace; the bodice was a little cross over affair of lace and chiffon, and silver threads. The veil was arranged under a Juliette cape, also silver worked, and coquettishly placed with little tufts of orange blossom. The tiny maids who were to carry the ends of the veil were to be dressed in the quaintest high waisted lingere frocks, trimmed with bands of Irish lace, and the little poke bonnets of shell pink straw to be worn with these frocks were trimmed with a band of the same lace and bunches of pink and blue buds.

The bridesmaids gowns were of chiffon, very soft and full and cloudy, three were in shell pink and three in palest azure, with touches of beaded work in blue, pink and green at the front of the bodice, and beaded girdles to match, picturesquely drooping black hats lined underneath the brim with pink or blue respectively were to be worn with them.

Included in the trousseau were many useful garments, amongst them plenty of shirt waists, hem-stitched and tucked, of habutai silk, and of handkerchief linen. There was also a very smart and practical little frock made with a pleated skirt and shirtwaist of soft washing satin, with which was worn a sports hat of the large sailor order.

Another straight lined coat frock was of putty colored gabardine, lightly embroidered and braided about the bodice with navy blue, while a chiffon sash of the same shade as the dress, with tasseled ends, was crossed in front and tied in a loose knot at the back. To complete this toilette was worn a hat rather large of brim, covered with pretty colored crepe de chene, lined underneath with navy, with a narrow band of velvet and small bunch of silver leaves as trimming.

In the matter of hosiery this little bride was very decided, for nothing would she have but plain silk stockings in black, white and colors to correspond with her gowns. Some had nicely worked clocks but no more, for as she confided, nothing makes a woman's ankle look so thick and unshapely as a plaid, striped around, or much patterned stocking; and I quite agree with her.

* * *

Cheerfulness

Perhaps there is a little danger lest in the desire of economy and the many anxieties of our time, mothers may cause needless trouble to the young people and distress to themselves.

There is a world of wisdom as well as of comfort in the advice of Herbert Hoover to the American consumer, "That he eat plenty, but wisely, and waste nothing." There is no need, at all events, that the spectre of Want should be allowed to sit at the children's table. Vegetables are growing in the gardens and potatoes in the fields. In some back yards the chirp of chickens is to be heard. What if we who are older know that meat and flour are dear and potatoes out of reach, give the family all we can, and if the dishes are cheaper than formerly, let there be plenty of what there is.

Stinting too often leads to greediness instead of economy. We should not burden the young people unnecessarily. There are sorrows that some of them must and should share, but for the time being let them be as free from care as may be. It will be better for older people, too, if they try very hard to obey the injunction to take no thought for tomorrow. The load will not be borne the more easily when it reaches our shoulders because we have spent our strength in planning how we are to carry it.

At any rate, the children have a right to happiness, and if we watch them we will see that happiness depends more upon the love and sympathy and cheerfulness of fathers and mothers than upon nice dishes and fine clothes. Let them have plenty of what there is and with sunshine within and without they will thrive.

* * *

A Popular Patriotic Song

The well known song which has been sung at so many patriotic concerts in all parts of the world, "Your King and Country Want You" was written especially for the London Daily Mail by the late Mr. Paul Rubens. The proceeds of the sale of this song have been donated to patriotic purposes, and the music publishers, Messrs. Chappell & Co., have forwarded altogether about $28,159 to Queen Mary's "Work for Women" Fund.

Mr. Paul Rubens, music composer and dramatic author, was engaged to be married to Miss Phyllis Dare, the very beautiful and favorite musical comedy actress, but the marriage was abandoned owing to his ill-health; he suffered from lung trouble

Miss Phyliss Dare benefits jointly with his nephew under the terms of his will. He left about $140,640.

* * *

Conservation of Child Life

Lady Forbes-Robertson, wife of the famous actor, Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson, and one of the most beautiful women in England, is devoting part of her time and energies to the question of the conservation of child life.

No one can say that this is not woman's work, yet it cannot be confined merely to the home; it means agitation for government action, and education of public opinion. In a recent article to The London Chronicle, Lady Forbes-Robertson says:

"We are losing more babies, potential citizens for the Empire, than we are losing fighting men, even though this is acknowledged to be the biggest and most dreadful war the world has known.

"Women are not encouraged to know much about government departments, and so many women do not know what I have recently learned, that the public health is in the hands of fourteen or more government departments. The result is a muddle, each department guards its rights and resents encroachments, and there being no central authority each goes its own way. I think if the women of Britain knew that it was for lack of co-ordination among fourteen departments we suffered so much in health matters and lose so many little lives they would set about educating public opinion."

Lord Rhonda, president of the Local Government Board, urges a Health Ministry which will knit together all departments.

In British Columbia medical inspection in public schools is proving of great value in checking preventable diseases, and preserving the general health of children. The Victorian Order of Nurses keeps an eye on the babies, and at times has instituted a milk depot where needy mothers could obtain a daily supply for young or delicate children. The Victorian Order of Nurses was very greatly to the fore in Toronto where investigations brought forth alarming information as to the high rate of infant mortality in the Dominion. A national Baby Week will be held in London July 1 to 7, when there will be lectures and exhibitions to inform the public, and particularly the mother or potential mother of every class about things she should know.

* * *

Legal Status of Women

Recent amendments to the municipal elections act remove the disability of women to sit for civic offices, which mean that they are now eligible for mayor, reeve and alderman. They may also qualify as "householder" by paying a tax of $2 if paying no property tax, and enjoy the municipal franchise which was hitherto confined to property owners as far as women were concerned. Women will find it advantageous to keep themselves posted on changes and new laws relative to the legal status of women and children. Many a woman has been "bluffed" because she did not know the law was on her side.

The Equal Guardianship Law passed at the recent session of the provincial legislature means a great step forward. For years women have been urging this reform and for years the question, like many others, was shelved, the government not having "time" to take it up seriously. Like woman suffrage, suggestions relative to the legal status of women were openly considered a real joke by the last Conservative government. It was only reasonable to suppose that a party which had woman suffrage on its platform for years, and carried out its pledge at the first opportunity, would pass further legislation along these lines where it was plainly in the best interests of the people to do so. Now that the exigencies of railway contracts and other feverish schemes of the Bowser government, are in abeyance, some much needed legislation in the interests of the people may have a chance.

Hit Both Ways

Shirkers who try to cross the international border now that conscription has been ordered, will find themselves in trouble on both sides of the line.—Calgary Herald.

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LEGAL NOTICES

IN THE MATTER OF THE "BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES' ACT," AND AMENDMENTS THERETO:

TAKE NOTICE that a special general meeting of the British Columbia Loggers' Association will be held at 822 Rogers Building, Vancouver, B. C., on Tuesday, the 29th day of May, 1917, at 7:30 p.m., for the purpose of considering and, if deemed advisable, passing the following resolution:

That the British Columbia Loggers' Association hereby abandon the objects of the Association as set out in Clause 2 of the declaration filed on the 2nd day of May, 1907, and adopt the following in lieu thereof:

1. To promote the interests and welfare of the Province of British Columbia in respect of the Logging Industry;

2. To bring together the persons interested in the Logging business as set out in the Bylaws, as eligible for membership;

3. To consider ways and means for the betterment of their condition and for the promotion of their business and the Logging Business generally in British Columbia;

4. To make such arrangements as the Association shall deem expedient with similar Societies or Associations within or outside the limits of British Columbia for the interchange of information relative to the Logging Industry;

5. To regulate as nearly as may be practicable, and as may be properly and legally done the output of Forest Products, to conform to the demands and requirements of the Manufacturers;

6. To devise ways and means, if possible, conjointly with the Manufacturers and others, whereby uniformity in the classification and scale of logs, spars, piles, bolts and timber may be established and maintained;

7. To use every effort to secure, as far as may be properly and legally done, a uniform schedule of prices for said Forest Products;

8. To provide ways and means for raising the necessary money to pay and defray expenses incurred in carrying out the objects of this Association;

9. To maintain an office in the City of Vancouver for the collection of information relative to the Industry and for the general benefit of the Association;

10. To promote legislation for the betterment of conditions in the Logging Industry, and to use all proper means to prevent the passage of legislation inimical to same;

11. To promote co-operation between the Loggers and the Manufacturers of lumber;

12. To promote the sale of wood products, and to discourage the use of substitutes therefor.

DATED at Vancouver, B. C., the 3rd day of April, 1917.

W. B. W. ARMSTRONG,
Secretary.
5-55

TIMBER SALE X 938

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the Minister of Lands not later than noon on the 1st day of June, 1917, for the purchase of License X 938, to cut 972,000 feet of Cedar, Hemlock and Balsam on an area adjoining Lot 774, Broughton Island, Range 1, Coast District.

One (1) year will be allowed for removal of timber.

Further particulars of the Chief Forester, Victoria, B. C., or District Forester, Vancouver, B. C.

LAND REGISTRY ACT

IN THE MATTER of Application No. 31388 'I' and

IN THE MATTER of the title to Lot 17, North of 3-4 Block "B" and South 1-2 Block "C," District Lot 704, Map No. 1960.

WHEREAS application has been made for a Certificate of Indefeasible Title to the above mentioned lands in the name of William John Adair:

AND WHEREAS on investigating the title it appears that you were the holder of a right to purchase the said lands, under an unregistered Agreement for Sale, dated 2nd February, 1910:

NOW THEREFORE, I hereby give you notice that it is my intention at the expiration of fourteen (14) days from the service on you of this notice (which may be effected by publication in "The Standard" for 5 consecutive issues), to effect registration in pursuance of the said application, free from the above mentioned Agreement for Sale, unless you take and prosecute the proper proceedings to establish your claim, if any, to said lands, or to prevent such proposed action on my part.

Dated at the Land Registry Office, Vancouver, B. C., this 12th day of April, A.D., 1917.

ARTHUR G. SMITH,
District Registrar.

To: Joseph S. Merson.
5w—1

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Eliminate Fire Waste

Enormous waste through fires is mentioned by the Fire Marshal of Ontario as one thing that might be eliminated to a large extent now that attention is being directed as never before to the need for greater production and preservation. He says that the waste of the province from these causes for the first three months of 1917 amounts to $3,321,931. In 1916 it amounted in round figures to $12,000,000. If the waste is not stopped the year 1917 threatens to be as disastrous as its predecessor.

The unfortunate part, he adds, is that the waste comes largely from the destruction of field products in barns, elevators and warehouses, or in canning factories, cereal mills, and other places where the raw product is being turned into food for our own needs and for the armies of the allies. Many fires could be avoided by a little care and thought. By way of example reference is made to barn fires. Last year in Ontario alone over 600 barns were destroyed, involving a loss of more than $1,000,000, of which $600,000 was on produce, implements and live stock. If by a little care we can save one-half this loss we should be doing the equivalent of that much extra production, and who is there among us who is not prepared to do his "bit" on this line?

Three very simple suggestions are thrown out: (1, Install lightning rods on barns and save fires from lightning. (2) The crops should not be put in until it is certain they have been properly cured. (3) Ventilate the barn so that gases will be carried off.

What Germans Are Losing By the War

Twenty years ago the German Emperor invented the metaphor of "the mailed fist" to express a possible menace to the decrepit Chinese Empire, and now a sweep of that fist has wrecked the whole apparatus of "Kultur" laboriously raised in China meanwhile. The submarine blockade has constrained China to follow the government at Washington in its formal protest, and German obstinancy and ruthlessness have enabled the Entente Powers to win over the Chinese Republic. The actiue propoganda carried on by the German Embassy and the hundreds of Germans in the Chinese service has failed completely, and the republic has accepted from the Entente Powers the offers of tariff revision and of suspension of the payments of the Boxer indemnities, which it rejected when Germany made them in the autumn of 1915. The hesitation of the Chinese President has been overcome by the pressure of his ministers, and both houses of the legislature declared, by overwhelming majorities, for war with Germany some time ago. Recently the German minister at Pekin and the German consular staff received their passports; and, as in the United States, so in China, the final plunge is only delayed until public opinion in the interior is sufficiently informed to enable it to give emphatic support to the action of the Central government. And so Berlin has closed another of the most hopeful fields for the perfectly legitimate expansion of German influence and trade.

A few figures will best exhibit the magnitude of the present and prospective loss. Of the twenty-six railway or other loans contracted since 1894 by or on account of successive Chinese governments, German banks or investors are concerned conjointly with those of Entente countries in six, and with Austria-Hungary in one—the so-called "gunboat loan" of 1913. Besides this, one loan is exclusively German—the Arnhold Karberg loan of 1895—but of this only some £70,000 is now outstanding. Interest on the German portions of all these debts is now suspended till after the war, and even then it may possibly be held in pledge for German indemnities in respect of damage suffered by China in the submarine blockade. The ten ships now in Chinese ports, including a North-German Lloyd and a Hamburg-American liner, with others of smaller tonnage, together with three Austrian liners, will probably be treated as prizes of war; but all that is only a very small part of the German loss. The Shantung Railway, with its capital of £2,700,000, running from Tsingato in the Kiao-Chao Protectorate, to Tsinanfu, the capital of Shantung, is a German enterprise: it has a branch to the mining districts, which are being exploited by a German company; and new lines, representing a capital of £3,500,000, are under construction connecting it with the Tientsin-Pukow Railway, also mainly a German enterprise. All these lines will now pass out of German control, probably for ever. The Deutsch-Asiatische Bank, with its six branches in Chinese commercial centres and a capital of about £1,000,000, will presumably be wound up. In 1913 Germany stood fourth on the list of foreign countries doing business in China, with 273 firms and 3,013 residents. The British firms and residents were respectively 584 and 8,914, after 83 years of British trade unrestricted by the old East India Company's monoply; and Great Britain was only surpassed in the number of its firms in China—though probably not in their importance—by Russia and Japan. In foreign commerce German trade ranked relatiyely low, but was growing fast. The value of Chinese imports into Germany had risen in the four years, 1910-13, according to the German official figures, from £4,730,000 to £6,525,000; that of German exports to China from £3,325,000 to £6,145,000. In that time the German exports of indigo and of aniline dyes had nearly tripled (an unfortunate increase for Chinese textile art); so roughly had those of steel and iron and of cotton goods. They was a heavily subsidized German line of mail steamers to China, with four lines more or less regular of freighters and a number of steam services between Chinese ports and on inland waters were in German hands. German merchants liyed in concessions of their own at Shanghai, Hankow and Tientsin, and in "international" concessions, with other foreign residents, in various other tretay ports. In the German sphere of influence, Tsingtao, the chief port of the Kiao-Chao Protectorate, represented a total capital, invested by the German government and private interests, of some £10,000,000; the German residents numbered 1,500; it had, like Copenhagen, a duty-free area, so that it served as a port of trans-shipment for foreign goods, and a high authority, H. B. Morse, has stated that the general management was much more business-like and less bureaucratic than in the other foreign possessions of Germany. The Proctectorate had become a summer resort for Europeans, and a refuge for Chinese magnates in fear of the effects of the revolution.

A German author described it in 1913 as serving partly as a naval station, partly as a base for the display in China of German methods of town planning, administration, education and civilization in general. It possessed a model German first-grade school, or "gymnasium" of the most modern type, with European pupils as well as Chinese. At Shanghai German enterprise had provided schools of medicine and engineering, with a school of European languages preparatory for them. Elsewhere German influence has been promoted by elementary and secondary mission schools, Protestant and Catholic, though they are far fewer than those established by missionaries from Great Britain and the United States. Finally, the Deutsch-Chinasicher Verband founded in Berlin before the war, started a monthly periodical two years ago, the "China-Archiv," devoted not to Chinese art or scholarship but to the dissemination of very practical information about Chinese politics and trade. All these perfectly legitimate efforts to develop Chinese resources and German interest in them are now cut short almost beyond the possibility of resumption by the stupid and brutal ruthlessness of the German government in the English channel and the Atlantic. No wonder that the "Vorwarts" and the "Frankfurter Zeitung" always strong for different reasons, in their economic information, are alarmed at the prospect for German commerce. When Germany intervened in Venezuela the German community there resented her interference by refusing to join in the Kaiser's birthday festivities on board the German warships. What must the peaceable and enlightened German merchants in China be thinking of the Kaiser now?

As things stand, those merchants are turning over their business to neutrals, and the German Legation guard at Pekin has been replaced by Dutch troops. Germany has estranged the last important Power ruling one of the most economic regions prospectively, that might have taken her side.—The London Economist.

War Loans

War loans of the six chief European belligerents, according to latest figures available to Federal Reserve Board, aggregate approximately $53,113,000,000.

Loans of Great Britain, France, Russia and Italy, are placed at about $36,300,000.000; those of Germany and Austria-Hungary, not including sixth German loan, reported to have yielded about $3,000,000,000 at $18,800,000,000.

The board's monthly bulletin gives the various loans as follows: Great Britain to March 31 last, $18,805,000,000; France to February 28, $10,500,000,000; Russia to December 31, $7,896,000,000; Italy to December 31, $2,525,000,000; Austria to December 11, $5,880,000,000; Hungary $1,730,000,000.

Totals include advances made by United Kingdom and France to smaller countries allied with them. No figures are available showing additional amounts received through domestic loans in smaller countries, such as Roumania, Servia, Belgium and Bulgaria.

Figures for Germany and Austria apparently are exclusive of advances to Turkey and Bulgaria, regarding which no official information has been published. Neither do the figures include considerable amounts raised through loans by British dominions and colonies.

The Hope of the Country

The Ways and Means Committee at Washington received the following telegram from a banker who had been invited to a conference, but who could not attend on account of sickness::

"Can't you make it clear to your associates that industrial and financial expansion and not contraction must fight this war for democracy and civilization. We have at least $150,000,000,000 of property, which is more than any other nation, and greater than the wealth of Germany and Austria combined.

"For the first year we can give only moral and financial support and mobilize men and money.

"When you take the individual, you leave his house, his trade and his tools, so that he may return to them. You take his daily labors and war may take his life; but you don't dynamite his house behind him. You may take liberally of the daily return of capital, but don't dynamite the capital.

"You can assess $2,000,000,000 a year taxes and so conduct the war as to add $50,000,000,000 of capital, or you can raise a smaller amount in a way to destroy $50,000,000,000 of capital. The hope of the country is in an expanded and non contracted capital account."

Cost of Getting News

It cost the Associated Press, serving over 1,000 daily and Sunday newspapers, $3,199,781 to present the world's events during the busiest news year on record—1916. Although handling much a greater volume than ever before the cost of operating the service of the world's greatest news association was cut down by a reduction in telegraph rates.

Cable tolls were a very heavy item of expense not only for the 'A. P." but for other news gathering organizations and newspapers with their own correspondents abroad.

News services were opened up during the year whereby American news will be served direct to nwspapers in South American countries and through which papers in the United States may receive happenings from Argentine and Brazil direct instead of through London as heretofore.

Arrangements were also made for sending American news direct to the Far East rather than having a European version of our affairs served to the Chinese and Japanese newspaper readers.

Canada's Shipbuilding

Incomplete statistics show that more than one hundred vessels are now on the stocks of Canadian shipyards in various stages of construction. The vessels run from the 250-ton schooner to the 6,000-ton ocean going ship. Sailing vessels predominate, and all the yards of the Maritime provinces on the Atlantic side, and of British Columbia on the Pacific side of the Dominion, are humming with industry. Never before, since the steamer supplanted the windjammer, has so much capital been employed in Canadian shipbuilding.

NEVER yet heard man or woman much abused that I was not inclined to think the better of them, and to transfer any suspicion or dislike to the person who appeared to take delight in pointing out the defects of a fellow-creature.—*Jane Porter.*

British Trade Figures

The British Board of Trade for April shows that imports increased £8,869,000. Grain, meat and non-dutiable food increased £11,000,000, and cotton £2,000,000, but owing to restrictions on the importation of non-essentials there was a decrease of nearly £5,000,000 in manufactured articles. The falling off was mainly in food and manufactured articles.

German Light Not Hid Under Bushel

"MODEST" IDEAS OF TEUTON WRITERS AND SPEAKERS SHOWN IN REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF QUOTATIONS, MADE BY A DANISH PROFESSOR.

The following are extracts from sermons, poems, speeches and articles by preachers, professors and prophets of Germany collected by Dr. J. P. Bang, professor of theology in the University of Copenhagen, and published by him under the title "Hurrah and Hallelujah."

From an article by Prof. Adolf Lasson:

The feeling which goads on our enemies against us is this: We cannot measure ourselves against these Germans, they are better men than we. That is why our foes fight against us; it is base envy and infamous cupidity; but it is our mission not only to demonstrate our superiority, but also to prepare the empire of the future, German superiority, where German nature and culture, unassailed and unassailable, can make room for itself in the world and serve as an example.

From a poem by Fritz Phillippi:

Formerly German thought was shut up in her corner, but now the world shall have its coat cut according to German measure, and as far as our swords flash and German blood flows, the circle of the earth shall come under the tutelage of German activity.

From a poem by a German pastor, Dietrich Vorwerk:

My German people, even if thy road be strewn with thorns and beset by enemies, press onward, full of defiance and confidence. The heavenly ladder is still standing. Thou and thy God, ye are the majority.

From a "battle prayer" by the same writer:

Thou who dwellest high above Cherubim, Seraphim and Zeppelins in Thy heaven, Thou who art enthroned as a God of thunder in the midst of lightning from the clouds, and lightning from sword and cannon, send thunder, lightning, hail and tempest hurling upon our enemy, bestow upon us his banners, hurl him down into the dark burial pits.

From a "war sermon" by Pastor H. Francke:

One thing, I think, is clear! God must stand on our side. We fight for right and truth, for Kultur, and civilization, and human progress, and true Christianity, against untruthfulness and hypocrisy and falseness, and un-Kultur and barbarism and brutality All human blessings, ay and humanity itself, stand under the protection of our bright weapons.

From another sermon by the same writer:

Germany is precisely—who would venture to deny it—the representative of the highest morality, of the purest humanity, of the most chastened Christianity. He, therefore, who fights for its maintenance, its victory, fights for the highest blessings of humanity itself, and for human progress. Its defeat, its decline, would mean a falling back to the worst barbarism.

From another sermon by the same pastor:

But have not the other nations, our enemies, done the same? Have not their great men all, with solemn gestures, invoked the "Lord of Hosts" and prayed for victory? Certainly—all except the Yellow Japs—our noblest enemies, who are heathens and have acted accordingly—they are all Christians in name. But we know that the name matters nothing, and that gestures matter nothing; if these things are all they are but froth and fraud. * * * Is the living God, the God whom one can only have and understand in the spirit of Jesus Christ, is He the God of those others? No, they serve at best Satan, the father of lies!

From a sermon by Pastor Lehman of Hamberge:

Thus we say: Is it not true? Germany has not made war for unclean, immoral motives! I look upon it as absolutely the deepest feature of German character, this passionate love of right, of justice, of morality. This is something which the other nations have not. Germany may be vanquished, it may be crushed to earth, but it can never side with wrong and infamy.

From another sermon by the same:

Ay, verily, God as the last, the deepest, the inmost foundation of our soul, as the purity and truth of our feelings, as the righteousness and honesty of our actions, as the moral necessity of our struggle, that God, as in this war only we Germans can possess Him, that German God is our best and strongest help

The concluding words of Lehmann's book of sermons

The nature of Germanism is one with the nature of Christianity. Thus we sum up our longing. Oh that the German God may permeate the world; oh that eternal victory may blossom before the God of the German soul.

From a book, "Six War Sermons,' by Carl Konig:

We Germans did not will the war, but we did will and were bound to have freedom. And because they would not let us have it, it was God's will that we should will the war. And thus we carry on the war in God's cause, in the cause of mankind, in the cause of liberty, in the cause of our great, dear fatherland.

The bread of bitterness is the food on which men grow to their fullest stature; the waters of bitterness are the debateable ford through which they reach the shores of wisdom; the ashes boldly grasped and eaten without faltering are the price that must be paid for the golden fruit of knowledge.—*Ouida.*

Always do the very best you can.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Strict law is often great injustice.—*Cicero.*

EDITORIAL OPINIONS

The Nation

The ban placed by the British authorities on the transmission abroad of the London Nation has called forth very widespread condemnation and by no means confined to quarters in which the Nation's criticisms of men and things are approved. Mr. Massingham, the editor of that journal, in writing of the incident, said: "Mr. Lloyd George's government has now added British Liberalism to the list of prohibited exports." The London Chronicle, which has itself joined in the condemnation of the action taken, has published a semi-official statement which reads quite strange. "The government," the Chronicle was authorized to say, "have had nothing whatever to do with this insensate prohibition. The responsibility for it belongs to the intelligence department of the War Office. Neither the cabinet nor the propaganda department of the Foreign Office appears to have been consulted or informed on the subject." From other sources it has been learned that the Army Council ordered the prohibition, because it had learned that enemy papers had quoted from the Nation. The reason given is an extraordinary one, in view of the freedom which was long permitted to the Northcliffe press to indulge in criticisms of the Asquith cabinet, which naturally enough were reproduced in German papers. More remarkable is the apparent distinction which has been drawn, in the semi-official explanation, between the "Government" and the "War Office." If under the new order of things departments are to be permitted to take important steps without the authority of responsible officials, and if the cabinet is to be allowed to disassociate itself from the action taken, it is time for a revival of something like responsible government in Great Britain.

Eat Less and Do More

A fat nation is no good. Lean nations accomplish things. Courage is not fat bellied. Intellect cannot be fat headed. The otiose life finds place in the adipose body.

We should eat less and think more, have smalled girth and larger chests, less on the hips and more on the thorax, have fewer potatoes at dinner and more books after dinner, more exercise and less chewing.

A strong person can subsist on a little oatmeal and philosophy and outwalk, outtalk, outthink, and in every way outdo the person who travels the long route from soup to nuts and goes to sleep afterwards as an anaconda full of sheep or monkeys might.

Life is a lean affair of hungry appetites and ambitions. They are best kept hungry. Then they stimulate to earnest performance. The fat bellied man does nothing but eat and sleep.. We cannot support Esau any longer. The god of the American nation is not its belly. It is a god of muscle, with strong lines in its visage and determination in its body expression.

The regeneration of the American nation begins at the dinner table. We need stoutness in soul not stoutness in fat. Eat less and do more. Grow more above the neck and less below the stomach.

Dinner table reform will preserve the food supply, preserve the morale, help the national courage, and put things over.—Chicago Tribune.

The Prohibition Drive

There appears to be popular agreement on the point that the United States government has power to order the closing of the retail drinking places of the country as a war measure. It is generally admitted also that the United States has the power to close the distilleries and the breweries.

Aside from the harm the liquor traffic is doing the country as a demoralizing influence, it is eating into the food supply at a rate that is little appreciated by the public. Of the grain raised in the United States last year, 118,000,000 bushels went into drink rather than into food. From the statistics prepared by those who have carried on an investigation into the subject, it is shown that the distillers of the nation are turning into spirits every year 32,000,000 bushels of corn, 3,000,000 bushels of rye, and 5,000,000 bushels of wheat, oats and other grain, while the breweries consume 10,000,000 bushels of corn, 37,500,000 bushels of barley and 12,000,000 bushels of rice. To the grain used in the manufacture of liquors, 116,000 bushels of wheat, oats and other grain while hops must be added. It may be held that all of these would not enter into the food supply, but at least the labor employed in producing them would do so. Moreover, it is thoroughly established that liquor is the worst foe of human energy, and the greatest deterrent to activity, and consequently to industry, of which there is today any knowledge.

All efforts to compromise with the liquor traffic have proved futile in peace; compromise would be still more certain to fail in war, when only positive policies count and win.

Patriotism and Production

The Toronto Globe concludes a strong article on the necessity of increased production in Canada to meet the critical situation brought about by the German submarine campaign in words that will well bear repetition. The Globe says:

"It is inconceivable that there exists any Canadian who fails fully to comprehend the magnitude and deep significance of this war. Yet it is to be feared there are some to whom the sanguinary battles and long lists of casualties are but items of news, read without serious reflection as to their import to this and succeeding generations. Millions of men are contending for the mastery in a succession of battles such as the world has never before witnessed, and yet there are arm-chair onlookers who fail to grasp the fact that it is not a physical struggle for military supremacy only, but that behind all this carnage and suffering the motive must be sought in the war of ideals that made this military conflict inevitable, and which precludes the possibility of peace until the enemy of human freedom is utterly crushed. There are two sides only in this war. The man who in his heart hates Prussianism and desires the triumph of the Allied cause will not stop to count the cost or calculate how much he can afford to do to bring about victory. There will be no escape from the judgment of posterity for the man who in this world struggle sits down to calculate how he can benefit by the war. The Vice-president of the United States, Thomas Riley Marshall, says there are only two grades of citizens—those who want to know how the war may enable their country to help them, and those who want to know how the war may enable them to help their country. Patriotism and production are twin engines of war, powerful in the day of battle. Who will sit down to count the cost when the Empire calls for food? Who so poor in spirit as to barter Freedom in the market-place, or so lacking in patriotism and the instincts of humanity as to remain untouched by the spectacle of a world-famine"

South American View

An interesting comment on President Wilson's "peace without victory" message appears in El Mercurio of Valparaiso, Chile, issue of March 25, in special correspondence from Paris, dated Jan. 25. This correspondence analyzes the President's message minutely and critically, but, on the whole, in a not unfrienly manner. Its general trend can be gathered from the section dealing with the Monroe Doctrine, which, translated from the Spanish, reads as follows:

"The President of the United States asks all nations to accept the Monroe Doctrine, the elastic and admirable doctrine of Monroe, which increases or decreases, narrows or widens in accordance with the interests of the moment, one of the most comfortable and useful doctrines that was ever invented in a world much given to the manufacture of theories and standards of talking.

"The Monroe Doctrine began by being simply an affirmation that the American continent declined to be used as a field for European colonies, and therefore that the republics organized in it should be forever independent without allowing any portion of their territory to be taken for new European colonies.

"Later this other construction was given, that the United States was under obligation to exercise over the people of America a kind of police duty with a view to prevent their failing to meet their proper obligations and their submitting to misgovernment in any way that could justify or be a pretext for European intervention.

"Now President Wilson amplifies this, converts it into a kind of royal ordinance in which the old formula 'America for Americans' is to signify that no country ought to interfere in the affairs of any other country, nor make alliances, nor annex any territory, nor intervene in any way in the life of another people whether they be great or small, well advanced or of primitive development. "Let no nation," says the President, "attempt to impose its policy upon others, but let each people be free to fix its own policy for itself, select its own way of development, and this without any hindrance, molestation or intimidation, so that it may advance from small things to things that are great and powerful."

"This Monroe Doctrine is new, it is distinct from that which was formulated by the President who gave it his name, it is unlike that which we knew in America when there was so much talk in Washington about the 'big stick,' it is very different from that which was applied to Porto Rico and to Panama, and from that held recently by American statesmen who subjected Chili to the humiliation of the Baltimore case and the Alsop reclamation. In truth, this new and sagacious Monroe Doctrine is the same thing that has recently been called respect for the idea of nationality, for which the Allies are fighting."

America Day

Describing "America" Day in London, one writer tells how every one was "introduced to 'The Star Spangled Banner.'" It was played, he says, during the afternoon at the Carlton Hotel, but it was not only Englishmen who did not identify it. There were some Americans who had to be told, but all stood up when they knew it. Ignorance of the tune of national songs is not common, but ignorance of the words seems to be a national, or, rather, an international failing. How many Englishmen, for instance, know with certainty any more than the first verse of "God Save the King," or "Rule Britannia"? How many Scotsmen know all the words of "Auld Lang Syne," and how many Irishmen the words of St. 'Patrick's Day"? It is questionable whether even the most devoted Frenchman could sing the "Marseillaise" through without hesitating."—Christian-Science Monitor.

The Kaiser's Sermonette

The "Kreuz Zeitung," the organ of the Prussian military caste, publishes every Saturday a sermonette of an exalted pietist type, which is supposed to represent the ideas of the court and especially the emperor and empress. The following sentences conclude a discourse on "God's Hour," the words of the text being, My time has not yet come, but your time is always ready:

"We are now in the midst of a most serious time. The unrestricted U-boat war has begun. Daily thousands of tons of shipping and munitions and food are being sunk. At the front our armies are in feverish activity. The decision draws near. The whole world holds its breath. When, where will the decisive blow fall?

"And what shall we do? We must not be impatient, there must be no despair. We must have confidence in our tried army leaders. Above all we must raise our eyes and hearts to the Leader of Battles, the King of all Kings.

"From the watches on the walls must now sound forth the cry: Congregations of prayer consecrate yourselves! Raise aloft holy hands! Consecrate your members! Our prayer must be that the great hour of decision shall be God's hour for our beloved German nation."

Show the Real Sentiment

Five hundred Passamaquoddy Indians, led by Chief Peter Neptune, have enlisted at Eastport, Me., to fight for Uncle Sam. The real American sentiment is appropriately displayed by these real Americans.—New York Sun.

The Late Mr. Choate

"Ambassador" Choate, as the noted American will be known to many throughout history, is held in the kindliest remembrance because of his good understanding of the British and Canadian, as well as his own people. He was a man who soared high above the pettiness of party, and while there were elements in the United States and Canada whose aim in life, from different angles, seemed to be the estrangement of the two peoples destined to live on this continent until old Gabriel blows his trumpet, Mr. Choate's great good humor and noble diplomacy helped to impress on the world that the real Americans and the real Britishers and Canadians really had a common cause in the world. Mr. Choate was one of the national figures of the republic and his re-meeting with that noble patriot and genius statesman, Mr. A. J. Balfour, was one of the highest pleasures in the closing hours of his life.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Liquor Question in Scotland

A Sunday has been fixed in Scotland on which date all are asked to preach a special war time Prohibition sermon.

The Churches' Joint Committee on Temperance representing twelve denominations have issued an appeal in which the solemn urgency of the hour is laid upon the Church. Part of it reads: "The Churches' Joint Committee on Temperance has again had under consideration the present grave situation of the country, and the duty laid upon the church to strike a clear and decisive note, and to take a worthy part in the nation's deliverance from the great moral evils that have impaired her efficiency, delayed her triumph, and still tarnish her name and imperil her place and power."

The appeal says further: "The church, by rallying her people, by reiterating as with one voice her loud and imperative demand, and by confronting parliament and the nation with the spectacle of her solid and unflinching resolution, can greatly hasten the advent of Prohibition. At the same time she will, as is her bounden duty, have called upon the nation to purge away its offence and so to stand clear before God and the world in this supreme and unparalleled crisis of the nation's fortunes."

Confirm Their Contention

American grain must not be used for the manufacture of intoxicants after Sept. , which will confirm St. Louis and Milwaukee in their original contention that the United States should never have entered the war.—Mail and Empire.

Dear Luxuries

The world has just now far less need of luxuries than of necessaries, and no person can be criticizedd who denies himself the one in order to give the other to people in need.—Rochester Post-Express.

Roads Before Land

As an exhibition of crass thickheadness and mismanagement certain conditions in Cowichan are hard to beat. The Empire is at war. Appeals are being made for still greater production. Starvation menaces the world.

Seedtime has been delayed at least a month yet, just at the time when teams and men are needed on the land, the few there are left in the district, are being chiefly employed in road repair work. The provincial government, the municipal council and the city council are all in the same boat in this matter.—Cowichan Leader.

Not Saying Anything

In the first flush of her enthusiasm Russia probably thinks that republics always work perfectly and we're not going to say anything.—Ohio State Journal.

Canada's War Efforts

Writing in World's Work, Burton J. Hendrick, a noted American journalist, has this to say of Canada's effort in the war:

"But, properly to appreciate the magnitude of this effort, let us seek comparisons that will bring it nearer home. The continental population of the United States—exclusive of dependencies—is about 13 times as large as that of Canada; if we therefore, multiply all these items (figures of Canada's participation in the war) we shall have the magnitude of Canada's performance, measured in terms of our own capacity. That is, if we should do no more than Canada has done, we should enlist 5,000,000 men, send overseas 3,640,000, of whom 2,275,000 would have already seen service at the front. We should constantly keep in the firing line 52 divisions, or about 1,000,000 soldiers. Our casualties would have reached, up to date, 910,000, and nearly 200,000 Americans would have sacrificed their lives. Certainly, if the United States could show any such record as this, we should probably think that we had made a solid contribution to represent precisely what Canada has done."

The writer might have gone further and added that in order to equal Canada's record, the United States also would have to vote $11,700,000,000 for war purposes—Canada having voted $900,000,000.

When Canadian people study these figures, when they read the tributes of profund admiration of what this country has done in the war by the people of the United States and the motherland, is it any wonder that they grow sick and tired of the small politicians who are forever belittling their own people and the government?

H. G. Wells Starts Something By Suggestion

H. G. Wells started something when he advocated, at the time of the Russian revolutionary outbreak, the formation of Republican societies in Great Britain. He has been so accustomed to get away with popular suggestions that he was startled at the storm this proposal aroused. He has been on this occasion roasted to a crisp brown, and has finally hunted cover in the explanation that he desired to promote republican principles in Greece and other countries outside Great Britain.

And it is not surprising that Mr. Wells found that he had started rather more than he could finish when he suggested a Republican propaganda in Great Britain. While nominally a monarchy Great Britain really has a more democratic form of government than the United States, the greatest of republics. Its government is more responsive to the will of the people, which is the very essence of democratic rule, than is that of the United States. The king wields no autocratic power; even the prime minister of Great Britain is less autocratic in his power than is the president of the United States.

The people of Great Britain and the peoples of the dominions overseas are quite content with their present form of government. They know that to change to another form, whether called republican or any other name that sounds as sweet, could not mean any gain in democracy and might involve a loss.—Nelson Daily News.

America's Unnecessary Waste

A waste of $700,000,000 annually, the Department of Agriculture states from studies made in the various American cities, is due to the parade of generosity and openhandedness that America thinks necessary in spreading its lavish table. The feeling is that it shows niggardliness to reckon too closely in the matter of food and that it is the thing to provide more food on the table than can possibly be eaten. Tables are supposed to "groan" with unnecessary abundance in order to show the generous spirit of the host or of the family. The "tightwad" in food is looked down upon, as well as the "tightwad" in monetary expenditure. Generations of abundance have inculcated this freehandedness in the American spirit. The same feeling has been shown in hotels, dining cars and restaurants. The patron must be served with much more than he can eat. The secretary appeals for a change of this foolish American habit because of the stress of war and the famine now threatening other less favored lands. Should the war end this spring or summer, the demand for food for the starving would become greater than at present, for then it would be possible to get across the water and into the hands of those who so bitterly need it.

Stop unnecessary food waste.—Minneapolis Journal.

"A Time Will Come."

Mr. Balfour to the house of commons, in 1896:

"To us the idea of war with the United States carries with it something of the unnatural horror of a civil war. War with any nation is a contingency to be avoided at almost any cost except the cost of honor, but war with the United States appears to have an added horror of its own, born of the fact that those with whom we should be fighting are our own flesh and blood, speaking our own language, having our own civilization. I feel that the pride of the race to which we belong is a pride which includes every English-speaking country in the world. We may be taxed with being idealists and dreamers in this matter. I would rather be an idealist and dreamer; and I look forward with confidence to the time when our ideals will have become real and our dreams will be embodied in actual political fact. It can not but be that those whose national roots go down into the same past as our own, who share our language, our literature, our laws, our religion, everything that makes a nation great, and who share in substance our institutions, it can not but be that a time will come when they will feel that they and we have a common duty to perform, a common office to fulfill among the nations of the world."

Brewers and Politics

In the United States court at Pittsburgh 33 Pennsylvania brewers have been fined $50,000 in all for misuses of money in the congressional election of 1914. On a similar charge the United States Brewers Association has been fined $10,000—the maximum amount possible under the Federal law. The charge under which these brewers were punished was that they raised and spent a fund exceeding $1,000,000 to influence the election of a United States senator and 36 members of the lower house of Congress. The whole thing is staggering. There was an attempt to debauch the electorate of a great Commonwealth, to buy seats in the halls of Congress and to pervert to selfish and sordid purposes the government of the nation. It was not only done in violation of law, but it is destructive of representative government. The United States attorney charged in court that these brewers boasted in their circulars of their ability to poison the ranks of organized labor through labor unions, to kill at one session of Congress 200 bills inimical to the liquor interests and to capture entire states at elections. Many times the Journal has pointed out that it is not the liquor traffic in itself, but the social and political crimes of those engaged in it, which lead to the rapid enactment of prohibitory laws all over the country. People resent government by brewer and distiller.—Minneapolis Journal.

Back to the Local Gristmill

The higher prices that now prevail for breadstuff will call our attention to the way we sell our grain and buy meal and flour for the bread supply of the farm. In doing this we have sold at wholesale and bought at retail prices with all of the necessary and perhaps some unnecessary expense added. In time of war when a large per cent of the people are withdrawn from the trade as well as from farms it would be advisable to encourage customs mills. A good gristmill should be located in every communtiy. If possible there should be a roller mill in every small town where wheat is raised in the surrounding country. This gives farmers who raise wheat and corn a chance to have their own grain ground, thus encouraging economy and thrift. There are many farmers who could well afford to own gristmills. They have tractors and gas engines. They have live stock to feed and find it economical to grind feed and pump water. Small mills are now cheap and convenient for feed grinding as for meal, hominy, etc., suitable for the family table. As a general rule clean, freshly ground grain makes finer bread than that milled by larger commercial mills. There is a better chance to have the grain clean, sound and in the proper state of maturity when one sends his own grain to mill and gets his own meal and flour than in buying breadstuff.

How He Views It

"A gilded hell," "the most pernicious influence in Canada," and a "curse and insult to God," are expressions used by the Rev. J. W. Aikens in the Metropolitan church, Toronto, to describe the racetrack.—Belleville Intelligencer.

Trumps

During the growing season spades will be trumps in this town.—Hamilton Herald.

To the Bush League

Some of these days the kaiser may send Hindenburg to the bench or back to the bush league.—Hamilton Times.

Will Look Better

The boy doing his bit on a farm plot will look better than if yelling himself hoarse at a baseball game or some other athetic contest.—Peterboro Review.

The Explanation

That tired, pained expression to be seen on your neighbor's face caused by severe muscular suffering is the result of over exertion in the garden —Brantford Expositor.

Do They Not?

Over a million and a half of Belgian children are slowly wasting away for want of food. A half million Armenians are on the verge of starvation. Do the misfortunes of these unhappy people not appeal for help?—Kingston Whig.

Our System Wrong

The British government raised $2,865,000,000 by taxation in the past twelve months. The greater part of it came from profits and dividends. The greater part of Canada's national revenue is taken from wages.—Toronto Globe.

Promises Are Costly

A breach of promise suit for $1,000,000 has been started in New York. Promises seem to be about as expensive as everything else these days, whether one lives up to them or not. —Providence Journal.

Superfluities

The Sun
Ukeleles
Food hogs
Stray dogs
Spring poetry
Street parades
Pinchback suits
Hawaiian music
Twenty-year-ago columns
Mayor McBeath's stool pigeons
Academic home rule discussions
Old timers with long memories
Evangelistic soul stirring campaigns

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We make no discrimination between Union Workmen and those who are not members of labor organizations; no questions are asked in this regard and either class can obtain employment with us. The importance of this work in the war programme can be better realized when it is remembered that England and Canada do not conscript shipyard employees, this class of labor being exempt under the selective features of the Conscript Acts.

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Keep Industrial Worker at Home

One of the difficult points local boards will have to decide upon will be respecting the local usefulness of many a young man, who would otherwise make a good soldier. If a man is performing some good service in the industrial or agricultural life of the community, the board would frequently be called upon by parents and employers to exempt such men from the service. Boards would require to be made up of men of good judgment, men of good standing, in a community over which a local board had control.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

Sought Aid From Heavens In Selling Mining Stock

Harry Musclow, Astrologer and "iDscoverer" of Mines of Fabulous Wealth, Lands in City Jail—With Associates Said to Have Collected $50,000 From Credulous Believers in Ancient Art.

**There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."**

Shakespeare's Hamlet

Superstition is natural to men, and takes refuge, when we imagine we have rooted it out, in the strangest nooks and corners, from which it issues at once, when it thinks itself in anyway secure.—Goethe.

One of the most extraordinary stories of charlatanism in the history of Canada is now being aired in the police courts of this city. Under the prosaic charge of "conspiracy to defraud," J. A. Muir is held under $15,000 bond, while Harry Musclow, or Muscalo, is also under arrest, having been captured after a spectacular chase at Horseshoe Bay by Detectives Crewe and Imlah, who ran down Musclow's power boat with the more powerful police patrol.

Musclow is said to be of German descent.

These two men, with another whose name has not yet been openly mentioned in police circles, are believed to have collected around $50,000 from gullible persons who believed that Musclow could discover gold deposits by the aid of astrology

In this enlightened age, over two hundred men and women of apparently average intelligence, have handed over sums varying from $100 to $5000 to these "promoters" for the privilege of being let in on the ground floor of a proposition that was given the earmarks of success by a favorable juxtaposition of the planets!

Not only that, but it has taken nearly two years for the victims to wake up and demand an accounting. Up to a few days ago all the contributors were being "stalled along" with prolix arguments about planetary influences.

How the Game Was Worked

A few years ago Musclow was engaged in the real estate business in Vancouver. He made considerable money, and was at one time said to be worth over $200,000, mostly in improved real estate, part of which was one of the theatres in Vancouver. When real estate quieted down, Musclow turned his attention to the occult sciences, presumably to keep his mind off other troubles. In a few months he became the leader of a little coterie of astrologers and others who believed in supernatural influences.

Some years ago Musclow came into the limelight for a brief period when he informed Mayor Baxter, then running for re-election against L. D. Taylor, that he would be successful in the contest. Musclow told Mr. Baxter that for months he had been watching the courses of two stars, Baldarshin and Salhmar, the first influencing Baxter and the other guiding the destinies of his opponent. Baldarshin, having jockeyed into a favorable celestial position, bets placed on Trueman S. would be just like getting money from home. And so it proved, for that year Louis D. Taylor was beaten, and Musclow's reputation as a prophet began to be recognized.

One day Musclow suddenly disappeared. Two months later he returned to Vancouver with a small bag of nuggets and gold dust, which he had picked up, he said, at a place revealed to him by celestial indications. The gold was shown, on the quiet, to a few friends of the seer, who were also told (in confidence, of course,) of the great wealth which awaited those who would develop the deposits fortuitously discovered by heavenly assistance. Stock was not being offered for sale. But, as a special favor to a friend, if said friend had a couple of hundred dollars in cash, he might be let in on the ground floor and given a chance to share in the profits. But it had to very clearly understod that no certificates were being issued, no books kept, no accounting of any kind to be given. Such mercenary adjuncts to the transaction would nullify the beneficient influence of the Sun, and disaster would follow. The samples were shown to only a favored few; most of the "shareholders" had to go into the thing on "faith."

Money Buried at Night

About two hundred Vancouver people bit at this, to the tune of possibly $50,000. All the money had to be paid in cash—no cheques or notes. Direct transactions with a bank would be fatal; the money received could not even be put in a safety deposit vault until such time as the cash was required. It had to be buried somewhere in the hills at dead of night.

The auriferous deposits were said to be on three creeks, and to be able to yield returns of $10 per day per man. An experienced miner named Cameron, who knows the coast line thoroughly, has long been a thorn in the flesh of Musclow, by ridiculing the possibility of the existence, unknown to prospectors, of such a place.

Not only did Musclow get the money, but he got men to work for him, for nothing, on the strength of his astrologic talk. One man, Arthur Blackhall, not only put in all his own and his son's money, but also over six months hard work for the promoter. A young man named Chapman left a $100 a month job with the C. P. R. early in January to be ready to go out and work on the claims which he and his father had subscribed for. But of course, he could not go until the signs were right—and they never came right. Finally this young man became suspicious, talked the scheme over with his father at some length, and they decided to withdraw their money. The younger man called at Musclow's office in the North West Trust Building and demanded his own money back. It was handed to him without much demur. Then he was given a line of talk about his folly in breaking away from a sure thing, just on the eve of realization of great riches. Chapman was decidedly impressed, but he could not re-invest his money. That would break the charm. Sorrowfully he went home and urged his father not to withdraw from the syndicate, as he felt 'there must be something in it after all.'

In the Hills, Far Away

Until caught at Horse Shoe Bay by detectives, Musclow had been away from Vancouver for a considerable time. He was supposed by his associates to be somewhere in the hills, not more than seventy-five miles from this city, presumably close to the coast line. Prior to his disappearance he made frequent trips in his launch, usually taking enough supplies for three weeks. He was often accompanied by his son, Clarence, but no one else has even been given a hint of the whereabouts of the treasure. The son, it would seem, has played only a silent part in the proceedings. He has been very close-mouthed when questioned by those who were getting uneasy.

Musclow, his wife and family of young children, made their home in Mount Pleasant.

Astrology Very Ancient

In using astrology as a bait for getting money out of the superstitious, the ex-real estate agent was not experimenting along new lines. Historians say that this pseudo-science is older than the bible. There is no certainty as to its origin, but it is probable that the Babylonians were among the first to raise it to a position of importance. The Chaldeans were also conversant with astrology, and from these countries it became widespread in Greece, Rome, India, China, Egypt and Persia.

Records dating as far back as 3000 B. C., show that in those days astrology was considered an art or science capable of revealing the fate and future of human beings from indications given by the position of the sun, moon and planets. It was sometimes called astromancy, or judicial astrology—a study of the influence of stars on human destiny.

The Greeks brought the scope of astrology in connection with all known sciences, botany, chemistry, zoology, minearlogy, anatomy and medicine.

With these ancient facts Mr. Musclow was thoroughly familiar, and he frequently explained to his contributors that "he could see nothing incongruous with the laws of nature in the theory that the sun, moon, and stars, influenced men's physical bodies and conditions, seeing that man is made up of a physical part of the earth."

Metallaurgy of the Planets

Elaborating on this theory, Vancouver's eminent financier would point out that the several heavenly bodies had certain well defined influences on different metals. For instance he was more intimately concerned with the Sun, for it had control over gold, with which he was particularly interested. The moon was concerned with silver, while Jupiter dealt with electrons, Saturn had to do with lead, Venus with copper and Mercury with quicksilver.

Mr. Musclow also had the nine planets classified as good, bad and neutral. In the first class he placed the Sun, Moon, Jupiter and Venus. The bad planets were Uranus, Saturn and Mars. (In these days few have a good word to say for the latter, anyway). Old Father Neptune, god of the seas, and Mercury, of the winged feet, were benevolently neutral, "too proud to interfere.

In these classifications of the celestial bodies, the financiar claimed to have the guidance of such famous ancient astrologers as Zorcaster, Tycho, Brahe, Gassendi and Kepler, and, in more recent times, of Raphael and Mms. de Thebes.

Staking on Sun's Day

One curious angle of the locating scheme was that, to secure to the full the co-operation of the Sun, the staking had to be done on a Sunday. Just how this would square with the legal requirements of the province does not seem to have troubled Mr. Musclow. Presumably the recording papers could be made to read satisfactorily to the mining recorder; it would not be the first time a prospector had staked on the Sabbath day by error, and not suffered cancellation because of the slip.

Now that he has fallen foul of the law because of his dabbling in "the predictive art," Mr. Musclow may find comfort in reasoning that he is not the first astrologer to be "misunderstood." He probably anticipates celestial assistance in this day of trial, for he no doubt remembers how the Book of Judas tells, in the Song of Deborah and Barak, how "stars in their courses fought against Sisera." If against Sisera, why not also against his enemies, who have not patience to wait a propitous time for a return of their investment multiplied manifold.

While somewhere in the hills seventy-five miles from Vancouver, wielding hammer, pick and shovel, Musclow could appreciate to the full the definition of the spirits of the Sun, which are under the north wind; their sign causes a profuse perspiration upon the invocator." Particularly at high noon, with the thermometer 87 in the shade, and no shade.

From Poetry to Astrology

Friends of the missing man say that his attention to astrology was first attracted by the frequent references to the art in the works of the old English poets, with which Musclow is familiar. Milton speaks often on planetary influences, while Shakespeare in "King Lear" has representatives of the old and the new faith in Glocester and Edmund. The faith of the English people in astrology hardly waned until the biting sarcasm of Dean Swift made it a laughing stock in 1708, when he published his famous squib "Prediction for the year 1708, by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.," when he pointed out the vagueness and absurdities of the philomaths.

Those fortune tellers who were fined a few weeks ago, and ordered out of town, got the wrong tip from the planets when they drifted back to their old business stands. They've been arrested again.

WOMEN FARMERS ARE PESSIMISTIC

Blames Railroads, Commission Men and Inefficient Help for Poor Showing Made on Land

New York, N. Y.—Terminal markets, where producers can ship their produce, be it little or much, to a responsible official who will remit direct to the farmer, and government ownership of railroads, will do more to save wasted produce than all the help now being offered by philanthropically disposed individuals, according to Mrs. Harriette M. Johnstone-Wood, a lawyer and farmer.

Mrs. Johnstone-Wood, who owns and manages a farm of 100 acres at Hector, N. Y., in a statement given to this bureau, points out some salient features of the food situation from the farmer's viewpoint.

"Last year," she says, "the railroads sometimes took 50 and 60 per cent of my produce, and when I consigned it the commission men got the balance. So that we fruit growers decided to let fruit rot rather than consign it, as in many instances we did not get our basket money back.

"Just now I can get no potatoes, and I can get no experienced help. I have even applied to the prisons. A friend sent me a man; he came before I arrived and ran me in debt $100 and nearly killed my white mules and horses. Inexperienced help cannot possibly earn their board.

"An uncle of mine, a Civil War veteran, said: 'It's all well enough for President Wilson and some of the others to advise the farmers to plant the fence corners, but who is to work them? They might better sent untrained men to war than inexperienced men to the farmers.' And he has had experience both as a soldier and a farmer, and knows.

"Many farmers here cannot pay the high wages demanded by farm help and they will not hire them. They say: 'We will do what we can and let the rest go.' Farming is too speculative to justify the expenditure of much money on help and seed. Last year the crops here were a failure; too much wet weather. Potatoes were planted twice, also other garden stuff and the farmers got nothing. Those who had hired help were in debt at the end of the year. Farmers will not mortgage their farms to pay the help, so through this section, at least, they are not taking advantage of the offer by the banks to lend them money. They know their notes may be unsecured, their farms are good for the loans.

"In the present crisis the women of the rural districts are proving a great help to the farmers in advising them what to do. And, as a woman who knows the farm businesss, I am convinced that the two things needed most of all are terminal markets and government-owned railroads. And in addition to these things, nobody should forget that experienced help absolutely essential to the farmer."

Otherwise Useless Sacrifice

All the sacrifices Canada has made, all the treasure Canada has spent, all the lives of her young men Canada has offered, count for nothing unless Canada carries on. The day has come when the ranks are no longer filled with volunteers, and in that same day Canada, with the rest of the Allies, faces severity of warfare never before equalled. Germany has put forth and is putting forth mighty efforts. Germany has drawn upon every man capable of bearing arms. Young and old, beardless boys and men past middle-age, all have been thrown into the balance. The Allies must have men, and more men, to make victory sure. Unless victory is made sure, Canada and all the Allies will have sacrificed men and treasure in vain. It were better had France, and Belgium, and Russia, and Britain, and Canada, and Italy, and the United States, all come tamely and quietly under the Prussian yoke. —Saskatoon Daily Star.

Great Britain's New Food Rules

Restrictions Welcomed in General— Reduce Consumption of Food, and Allow More Variety

London, Eng.—The general opinion expressed at the inauguration of the new food regulations is one of satisfaction. It is believed that whilst achieving the desired result of reducing the consumption of meat, bread and sugar, they will, at the same time, allow greater variety of dishes and freedom of choice than the former regulations now commonly known as the Runciman regulations, by which the number of courses was limited but not the amount of food consumed.

There must be one meatless day in every week, Tuesday in London, and Wednesday in the provinces, and potatoes may only be served on that day and on Fridays. A definite portion is not allocated to each person, but the caterers must keep within the ration allowance in bulk in proportion to the number of meals served. A representative of one of the large restaurant concerns in Glasgow is reported to have stated that his firm was making an experiment during the first few days of the regulations, keeping careful tables of the food used, in order to ascertain the average per customer with a view to issuing cards later setting out what customers can have in the various classes of business.

One marked result of the new regulations is the disappearance of the big chops and steaks, and with the reduction in size has come, in most cases, a reduction in price. A large variety of dishes prepared with fish, eggs, cheese and vegetables were available in the restaurants to supplement or take the place of the small meat allowance, and requests for more meat were practically unheard. The first meatless day, which produced an enormous demand for fish, also passed off with very few complaints. Fish dealers stated that a novel situation had, on the whole, been satisfactorily met. One is reported to have said, "It was an experiment. We could hardly gauge the volume of business; but, luckily there were decent suplies at hand, and there was a fair choice of medium priced fish."

More important, however, than the reduction of meat consumption is that of bread, and the public is finding more difficulty in adjusting itself to this necessary restriction. In many restaurants the practice of placing baskets of bread on the tables has been done away with, that the management may be able to keep a check upon the rationing. Although two ounces of bread at each meal seems to most people a very small portion, under the new regulations they may use substitutes which are not included in the rations, as there is now no limit to the number of courses allowed. With regard to potatoes, it is found that rice, which is a popular substitute, can be served in such a variety of ways that the desire for potatoes will probably diminish.

A number of ordinary teashops and small restaurants have contracted out of the new order under the exemption granted to places where "No meal is served costing more than 1s 3d." In these restaurants the menus were apparently unchanged, and the various meat dishes unreduced in quantity. The opinion has, however, been expressed that since it is the purpose of the Food Controller to insure a reduction in the consumption of certain foods, if restaurants are all to alter their tariff in order to escape the rationing, it will defeat the object of the order.

The following reports, published by the Daily Chronicle, are only typical of those received from a number of well-known restaurants in London after the first week-day on which the new order has been enforced: :

The Ritz—Entriely satisfactory. Increased consumption of fish, vegetables, etc., more than counterbalanced by the real saving in more essential things, and also in the increased opportunities for using up everything

Romano's—Great satisfaction with diversified menu and a distinct saving in bread and meat. Two meatless days might produce better results.

Regent Palace—Runciman plan economized in unessential things; the economy is now in the things that matter. Customers are glad to get back to lighter and more varied courses, and in making these we can better use up the food.

The King and Queen have set a fine lead to the nation in their observance of the food regulations. It has been officially stated that realizing the urgent need for economy in food and particularly in breadstuffs, they and their household and servants have adopted the scale of national rations since early in February. The Lord Mayor of London also has adopted the voluntary rations for himself and his family and staff at the Mansion House; and the Kitchen Committee of the House of Commons, in response to a letter from Lord Devenport, have decided that they will come under the new regulations applying to hotels and restaurants.

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