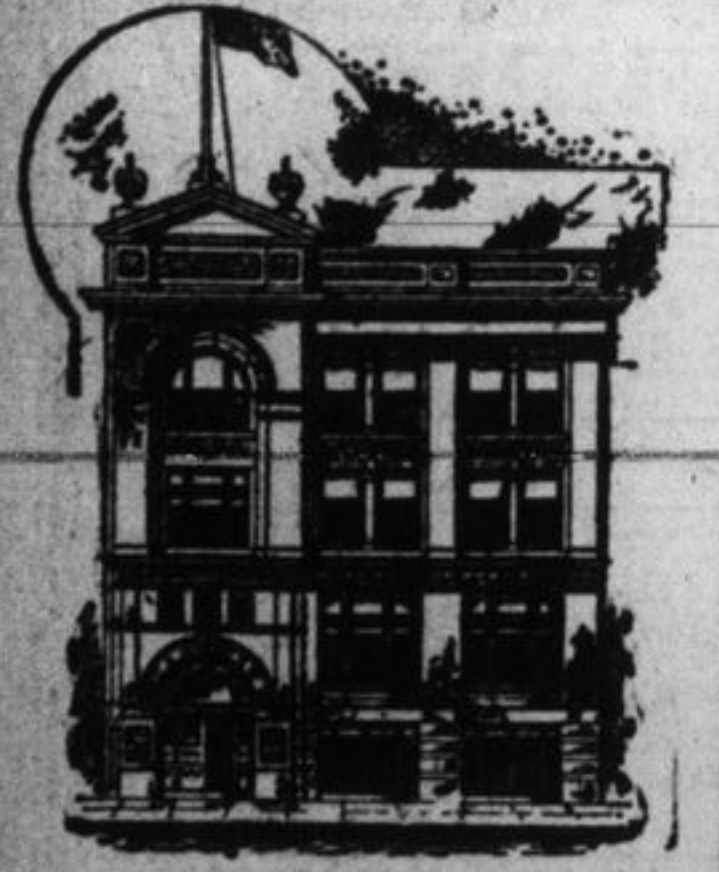


THE BRITISH WHIG 87th YEAR.



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The fad is over. Sell your overalls to a real workman!

There is great anxiety all over the country for rain. It will be a blessing when it comes.

Hats off to those citizens who are donating the memorial windows for the City Hall.

The farmers of the Ontario Government may now go home to a restful fifteen-hour day.

We just imagine what people would say if the premier of Canada were to fall out of a Pullman car window!

Milk drivers are in demand, but the supply is inadequate. But chauffeurs are falling over one another to drive pleasure cars.

Ex-president Taft, in talking of the Republican candidacy, says he is not a dark horse. Correct. He is more like a dark elephant!

The man who married twenty-eight wives in California is claimed to be crazy. How about some of the women who married him?

The Labor Leader says that some people spell it sugar. The trouble is, according to the Leader, that a great many people use loaf sugar.

The scientists are giving up Mars. He won't talk. They are now turning their arts to Venus. She will talk more rapidly and quickly if she hears a man's voice.

The Union government is to emerge into a party under a new name not yet defined. It has been called, and we think unjustifiably, a lot of bad names in the past.

The Toronto Star is right. It says, and we presume it speaks with knowledge, that while patches are honorable they are mostly where people sit down, not where they kneel.

Potatoes are selling in Ste. Agathe, Quebec, at \$3 per bag. In the city of Montreal they are selling from \$7.50 to \$9 per bag. The only trouble is that the people of Montreal do not like it a bit.

The war is over; meanwhile the Bolshevik exchange pleasantries by way of bullets with their friends and neighbors, and the Turks, and Greeks mix things up a little to keep the world from going to sleep.

A car of tombstones, at Tyrone, proved to be full of whiskey, while any temperance orator will tell you that a car of whiskey is full of tombstones.—Philadelphia North American.

When are we going to have a motor-cycle "cop" to catch the speeders? It is all right to say that conscientious citizens will obey the laws, but we are not all conscientious citizens. A motor-cycle would pay for itself in a month in fines.

Britain collected \$340,000,000 in excise duties in 1913. The purpose was to put money into the public treasury, not to keep money in the pockets of the consumers. The purpose of the excise duty levied in the Drayton budget is the same as the purpose of the excise duty levied in Britain.

A woman in California found out that she has three husbands living. Two were supposed to have been killed in the war at different times, but

have turned up sound as a dollar. The last two marriages have been annulled and she has secured a divorce from the first man. Now that June is here the world will very likely hear of her again in the matrimonial field.

THE WAY OF THE BOLSHEVIST.

Little by little the truth is filtering through from Russia, and it reveals Bolshevism in all its hideousness. The horrors, during two years of Lenin-Trotsky supremacy, are proved by the stories of the war refugees who have been shipped to England with the indelible marks of the terror upon them. Russia, says one of them, is ruled by a little clique of some two hundred men. And this is the inauguration of democracy in the empire of the czars! Russia has less freedom to-day than she had before the liberation of the serfs. Trotsky says frankly "free labor can only exist in a capitalistic state." Least there should be any misunderstanding of this axiomatic confession, Mr. Lansbury, who visited Moscow on behalf of the workers of Britain, calmly foreshadows martial law for the workshop as the indispensable condition of progress. "Discipline—iron, rigid discipline of the workers by the workers," will compel every man from 18 to 60 years of age to do his bit. Can't you will be treason to the commonwealth. None will be allowed food who has not worked for it; the slacker will be a deserter and treated as such. That is the inspiring message which Trotsky and Lansbury have for the working men of the world—for democracy in old and new countries alike. Bolshevism, naked and unashamed, revealed for the ugly thing it is, has proved too much for British Internationals, admits the Royal Empire, the journal of the Royal Colonial Institute. They were invited, it adds, to join the Third International as Moscow, and voted against any such commitment by 473 to 206. They realize that any pledge to participate in the Lenin-Trotsky regime means armed revolution. For that few of them are prepared.

THE HEARST PAPERS.

Considerable criticism and indignation has been aroused in Canada by the cartoons and statements published in the Hearst papers derogatory to Britain. This is certainly justified and should have the sympathy of all fair-minded people, not only in Canada but also in the United States. For the preservation of themselves and the Anglo-Saxon race, it is imperative that Great Britain and the United States should keep on terms of mutual friendship and understanding. It goes without any attempt at argument or proof, as the facts are well-known to the world over, that the portrayals in these papers are false, unjust and malicious. Although they are not to be blamed for their policy in the war, considering the uncertainty of conditions and the seriousness of entering the conflict, yet the people of the United States and particularly the newspapers of the country should be the last ones to cast slurs on Britain. Even the most prominent of American men and the American newspapers with the greatest circulations and the most widespread popularity have at different times expressed themselves as feeling some shame for the delay of their country in entering a conflict which was undeniably in the cause of humanity.

One of the cartoons which aroused Canadian and British anger was a portrayal of Uncle Sam saving an ungrateful John Bull from drowning, and was entitled "The Ingrate." The falseness of the idea presented is known to the world over. The British nation could never be accused of any ungratefulness or lack of a broad vision in international affairs by the most venomous of its critics if they wished to retain a semblance of the truth. If there is anything owing to the United States it will be paid in full, and none know it better than the Americans. Whether or not there is strictly anything owing is a matter of debate. It would rather seem that the United States is indebted to the Allied nations for its present security. For the years previous to its entry into the war the United States fattened on the lifeblood of the European countries who were battling in the cause of civilization. It may not be exactly magnanimous to remind Americans of this fact, but neither is it any high motive which prompts the scurrilous accusations of the Hearst papers. These papers should be very careful when using the term "ingrate."

It would now be advisable to consider what Canada and the people of Canada can do to counteract the work of the Hearst publications. Continued buying and reading by Canadians is certainly not going to have the desired result. The course is plain. The Hearst papers must be banned, boycotted, done away with, as far as Canada is concerned. Canada stands to-day as independent as any republic in the world, but she is glorified by the distinction of belonging to the British Empire, the greatest democratic institution in existence. The British Empire gives her life and ensures her safety. Surely Canada is not going to accept slanders of the Empire and ask for more. The Hearst papers must be driven out of this country.

PUBLIC OPINION

Wiser Germans. (Buffalo Courier) Germans, who now average nine and a half hours of work a day, according to a Berlin report, have been asked by Dr. Bernhard Dernberg to add an hour "to save the Fatherland." If the hour is added there will be no doubt about Germany's "coming back."

Not All to the Good. (Toronto Telegram) Every cent added to the premium on the United States dollar is not necessarily a cent added to the prosperity of the United States products. The decline in the purchasing power of non-American money may be a proportionate decline in the whole market price of American products.

More Shocks For Him. (Edmonton Bulletin) A Montreal genius raises the question whether it would be humane to use poison gas against the grasshoppers, because some of the insects might not be killed outright and would suffer. It is to be feared that some farmers down in southern Saskatchewan are not only inhumane enough to take chances on that but are hard-hearted enough to wish that they could see that Montreal gentleman fighting a plague of locusts for his season's crop.

Professional Ethics. (Providence Journal) Could there be a more vivid example of professional honor than that of the French doctor who continued on his way to the bedside of a seriously sick patient after he had been overtaken with the news that his son had met with a most distressing accident. The pathos of the incident is heightened by the fact that the father had learned on his return that the boy had died in his absence.

Canada-East and West

Verandrye. Few of the explorers who penetrated the vast wildernesses of North America in the pioneer days accomplished more valuable work than did Gualtier de Varenne, Sieur de la Verandrye, but few have received less recognition for their explorations than he. He began his career as a young French officer in 1697, while in 1704 he was a dashing figure in the raids of the new world. He took part, too, in military expedition into Newfoundland about 1705. Then for seventeen years following wounds received in the battle of Malplaquet, he was the Governor of Three Rivers, Quebec.

It was while in this position that he heard from Indians who came to sell their furs of the Great West. They came from great distances and penetrated far into the northland in quest of the fur animals. What he heard inspired in him a great ambition to see the lands they visited in their annual hunting trips. He followed the braves to the head of Lake Superior where he heard from the Redskins of a great river flowing west far in the interior. The reports were constant and persistent so he determined to go to Quebec and see if he could persuade the Governor to send him on a tour of the land to cross the grand stream. On the 19th of May, 1713, he signed certain papers with some merchants in the colony by which he secured an outfit for the trip. With Father Messager, a Jesuit priest, he left Fort Michilimackinac on August 26, of that year to cross the grand portage at a point 45 miles farther along the coast than the present Fort William. From this point he was to set inland on a trip never before taken by a white man. His goal was Lake Quinipigon. In the second year of his trip he crossed the Lake of the Woods; on its shores he built Fort St. Charles. Then he descended from Lake of the Woods to the river Winnipeg which he called Maurepas until he reached Lake Winnipeg—the Quinipigon he had sought. He pressed on in his trip naming the Assiniboine river the St. Charles River; to a branch now known as the Souris he gave the name St. Pierre.

Garroters Out of Practice. Madrid, June 2.—Reports received here from Barcelona say that four men who had been condemned to death for the murder of civil guards were executed by firing squads at 6 o'clock yesterday morning. No professional executor could be found to garrote the culprits. They declared that they were out of practice. Therefore soldiers were called upon to carry out the executions.

Ship Oil From Baku. Constantinople, June 2.—The Bolsheviks have shipped 100,000 tons of oil from Baku to Russia by sea. The British and Polish Missions, which were arrested at Baku, are still held prisoners. Little hope is felt that they will be released, as the Bolsheviks refuse to answer wireless messages.

The United States Senate was heckled from the galleries on Tuesday by a dozen women sympathizers with the cause of Irish freedom.

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Rippling Rhymes

BY THE SEA. I'm at La Jolla, by the sea; the view is something fine, with large blue billows rolling free—five thousand miles of brine. The grand old ocean is my lawn, it slopes against my door; no dandelions grow thereon, to make my spirit sore. The water booms into the caves, reminding me of this: I do not have to mow the waves; and such a thought is bliss. I see the billows, high and dark, the endless surge and swell; I see the seals, and hear them bark, as though they'd things to sell. And I could sit and watch the sea one thousand years or two, and every hour 'twould bring to me some message strange and new. It's saving, as it sighs and raves, and murmurs, moans and pleads: "You do not have to mow my waves, or from me dig the weeds." The salt sea sloshes round my coop, and sharks come up and play, and I sit out, upon the stoop, and smile the livelong day. I've always had a lawn to mow, and weeds to dig at night; no sandbars on the ocean grow, to mar my chaste delight. —WALT MASON.

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