

A VISION OF GREAT BRITAIN WHEN COLONIZATION IS GONE, THE NEXT BOMBING RAID

(A Vision by John Collier)

Is it possible that I may meet you one evening on the Embankment and coming softly up in my bare feet behind you, watch you drag in your line and kill you for the fish you have caught?

I assure you I should have to be extremely hungry to do so. But before many years have passed. I may be extremely hungry.

Or is it possible that you and your tow-haired wife, living with a dozen similar savages, in the cellars of what was once some pleasant country house, may get wind of the little hidden settlement I and my friends have made, somewhere in the forests of Surrey or Metro-land.

Ruin For Victors And Vanquished
Our half-grown potatoes may be more precious than nuggets of gold would be.

I imagine you lying hid in the fringes of the quiet wood, waiting your moment to raid and ravage.

For the sake of this poor addition to your rat's-flesh diet, you may kill us all, or leave us starving with no choice but to raid and ruin in our turn.

Perhaps you would father die than descend to this? That is an excellent sentiment; you will probably have many opportunities of doing so.

It seems there can be no forces so cataclysmic, no train of chances extraordinary enough, to bring England to this state and in a few years.

Nevertheless the forces are now ready in our midst, and perhaps famine has as much chance of devouring us as an outsider has of winning the Grand National.

He is a very bold or a very blind

man who holds that there is not at least a fifty-fifty chance of an important war in Europe during the next ten years.

Modern wars, of which that of 1914-1918 was the first, differ from all previous wars in two fundamental respects. In the ancient wars, where there were Indies to be won, ruin fell only on the vanquished.

In the last, the victors tasted it; in the next, there will be still less difference between victory and defeat. In the old days also, it was the cautious nation that decided on neutrality; perhaps soon there will be no nation bold enough to remain neutral.

It scarcely matters which Powers begin, or who wins the first round. Each will devastate the other. The destructiveness of armaments has increased, not ten-fold, but a hundred-fold since 1918.

Chemical warfare and air warfare were in the puffing Billy stage then. Air blockade, it seems, differs from submarine blockade in being effective. That means famine for most nations, and for us more than any.

Britain—World's Battlefield

Everyone knows that the next aerial bombing raid will kill hundreds for every one killed in the old raids. The experts know how many perish if gas bombs are used.

They know, too, something of the possibilities of disease bombs. But even they cannot estimate what panics might follow, or what might happen in those panics. Put not your trust in treaties; even we have never yet seen a really desperate nation at war.

The first combatants will be ruined.

What will happen in England?

It scarcely matters how long we manage to withhold, nor what side we take when we first enter. Sides will change too rapidly. Only one thing is certain; that in an air war involving America and Europe, we shall be the bone of contention, the Hill 60 of the future.

The first step would be declaration of war, the second civil war, and the third invasion. We should then become the world's battlefield for a time. It need be only for a short time.

Trade would cease at once. So would all our over-seas supplies. Our own countryside would be reduced to a No Man's Land.

Forty million people living in No Man's Land! We would not live long. In writing "Tom's A-Cold", a tale of the primitive life we may be leading in fifty years or less, I felt only one sentence was needed to explain how things had come to such a pass.

Millions can die of plagues and famine as quickly as can one.

Famine—And Then Plague

I can imagine the scene when the contending Powers, are at last exhausted, and withdraw. Outside, the world war would have entered its last phase: a chaos of migrant populations, moving like locusts to wherever rumor spoke of food.

There the last embers of war would flicker up again; but it would be a war of rabies; the armament factories would have ceased when food supplies withered away. There would be nothing here to attract raiders then. We should be left at peace!

Here would be all our millions with very nearly no food at all. The next harvest, even if it could be prepared for, must be months before it comes. No conceivable organization could offer one tenth of the chance of survival that a strong gang would have who could manage to seize and hold

MACKENZIE KING SAYS THAT THE AIMS OF THE WOODSWORTH GROUP ARE REVOLUTIONARY

Winnipeg July 22—Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, Dominion Liberal leader, last night pronounced erroneous the Co-Operative Commonwealth Federations contention that "state control of everything" will result in liberty.

Speaking at a dinner given in his honor, the former Premier declared that the aims of the C. C. F. were revolutionary. He did not use the word "revolutionary" as indicating violence, he said, but while the C.C.F. leaders might not have in mind any violence, Mr. King asked his audience how it would attain its ends save by use of force.

State control of industry and finance inevitably meant that individuals much accept the decisions of those in power as to where they would park, what they could do, and how and when when could do it. A force would inevitably grow up to see that the will of those in authority was carried out, he asserted.

Draws Contrast

The Liberal leader contrasted the attitude of the C.C.F. with that assumed by the Progressive Party when it came into being.

He had always felt that the Progressive movement was not antagonistic to Liberalism, he said, and he had been able, after a time in many cases,

enough to keep them alive for a year.

During the first few weeks nine-tenths of the population would die. They would leave a heritage of plagues, which would decimate the survivors.

And these survivors would soon be faced by the necessity of sowing and planting for the future. They would come out of their cellars and begin a little emergency farming.

The motor-tractor would lie rusting; there would be no petrol. Nor would there be any horses for the plough. Nor, among these surviving gangs, would there be many who knew even the elements of agriculture. Their crops would be pitiful emergency crops, sown on unclean land, likely to fail.

If they failed only one measure would remain; to raid someone, who who has had better luck. If the crops succeeded, there would always be the danger of raids. And always the advantage would lie with the attackers.

Back To Bows And Arrows

A few people, who might have the double luck of surviving the first year and knowing country matters very well indeed, might adopt a different and more hopeful course.

They could take to the wildest parts and live at first as hunters. If they could hold on till death had quieted the country again, their chances would become quite good.

Plenty of rats and rabbits would have escaped the starving hordes of townspeople who would have died in fewer weeks than the trapper's art can be learned in.

There would be small birds left, and the migrant duck and plover, and fish in the streams, and hedge fruits and fungi, and gleamings from the ruins of the old world; hives bees gone wild, corn soft-sown in the fallow fields, vegetables in the ruined gardens.

As the first large gangs killed one another, or starved in their despairing inefficiency, these other survivors might grow stronger, and warily increase their cultivation. They might laugh and sing again.

They would have no ammunition for their guns, no clothes but what skins they could prepare themselves. A new sort of savage, they would use the bow and spear, dread the wild dog, hold salt more valuable than gold—and perhaps read Shakespeare to their children.

Round them, sapping forests would spring up, and swamp water would turn the undrained fields to be primeval bog again.

They would stand on the hills and look over the catacomb ruins of cities and remember. What they would remember would most likely be the fate of you and me and ninety nine out of every hundred people we know.

IS IT POSSIBLE?

IS IT POSSIBLE TO AVERT IT?

in the country to present to the people a plan which it claimed would lead to a haven of safety and comfort. But the effect of the plan would be to place the people under the direction of some dictator or dictators, he said. He contrasted the Liberal attitude which, he said, was one of the greatest to the individual provided he or she accepted general rules drafted for the benefit of all.

Liberals, declared the Dominion leader, must constitute themselves missionaries to combat the false ideas which were being spread. "You can't combat false ideas today by leaving them to breed and grow," he said. This was not a time for petty bickering over minor differences within the party. The Liberal Party stood not for any particular section or any special plan "but for the whole people and the common good." Canada was facing the great human problem—the problem of life itself.

Rats Invade Cabin On Mountain Top

Portland, Ore., July 20—Rats have scaled Mount Hood, and Ray Lewis, forest fire lookout on the summit, has asked for poison. The summit is snow-clad the year round.

Men in the U. S. Biological Survey Office here said it was the first time they had heard of rats invading a cabin at an elevation of more than 11,000 feet.

Are You Among Those Who Say "I never read Advertisements"

TO SAY "I never read advertisements" would be much like saying, "I never use soap" or "I never read newspapers," or "No one can teach me anything," or "I know everything."

Many good—but not very wise persons seem to think that all advertisements are just the vainglorious braggings of those who publish them—designed to part fools and their money. The truth is that most advertisements are incitements to their readers to do or be or buy or use something for their immediate or prospective advantage. Advertisers, to be successful and to live long, have to offer something of value or of desire—something really wanted or needed by the public. Advertisers, to live long, must not cheat the expectations or confidence of those who buy what they offer or propose.

Here are some questions to be answered by those who say "I never read advertisements"—

- 1.—What alarm clock would you buy if you needed one?
- 2.—What camera would you buy, for your own use, or to give to a son or daughter?
- 3.—What motor car possesses your favor?
- 4.—What face cream or shaving soap or cream, or tooth paste did you use today?
- 5.—What laundry soap (or flakes) is in your kitchen right now?
- 6.—What brand of tobacco would you buy if you were a user?
- 7.—The watch on your wrist—what name does it bear?
- 8.—What theatre is presenting the best program?
- 9.—Your life insurance policy—what company issued it?
- 10.—The ginger ale which you serve to guests—what brand is it?
- 11.—The tea which you buy regularly—what brand is it?
- 12.—The baked beans and the tomato catsup now on your pantry shelves—what brands are they?

YOU SEE! Whether or not you consciously or habitually read advertisements, you buy, by preference, what advertisements have recommended to your confidence and what experience has proven to be satisfactory.

The things which we DON'T buy and which have a sickish life, are those which are not advertised, and which try to ride onto public favor on the backs of well-advertised products.

It is to one's discredit to say, "I never read advertisements"

THE DAILY MAIL with its large quality circulation is a first-class advertising medium!

MARITIME Firemen's Tournament FREDERICTON, N. B. JULY 25 - 26 - 27

FIREMEN'S PARADE, TORCHLIGHT PARADE, DECORATED FLOAT AND POLIMORPHIUM PARADE, CARNIVALS and STREET DANCING, WATER SPORTS, TWO DAYS' HORSE RACING, BASEBALL, BAND CONCERTS, COMMUNITY SHOPPING and TREASURE HUNT and GRAND DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS THURSDAY NIGHT!

SPECIAL RATES ON C.P.R. and C.N.R. FROM ALL POINTS. CASH PRIZES FOR DECORATED FLOATS and STORE FRONTS. FIVE BANDS IN ATTENDANCE. NEARLY 1,000 FIREMEN EXPECTED TO BE HERE.

PROGRAM

MONDAY, JULY 24th

12.00 Noon—Registration starts at Headquarters for those coming in early.
9.00 p.m.—Free Street Dance in front of Headquarters. Band in Attendance. Lights out at 1.00 a.m.

TUESDAY, JULY 25th

7.00 a.m.—Opening of Maritime Firemen's Tournament with a Bang! Abbeys and ?
8.00 a.m.—Registration Booth Opens at Headquarters.
10.00 a.m.—All Bands, Firemen and Decorated pieces of Apparatus gather at Canadian Legion Grounds for Firemen's Formal Parade.
11.00 a.m.—Parade will move off and finish at Parliament Square.
11.45 a.m.—Civic Welcome to Visiting Firemen and Friends at Parliament Square.
2.00 p.m.—Horse Racing at Trotting Park... Ball Games... Community Shopping and Treasure Hunt will be in full swing. Band Concerts along Queen Street.
5.00 p.m.—All Captains and Managers of Sport Teams meet at City Hall to draw for position in Firemen's Sports.
8.00 p.m.—Carnival and Band Concerts at Parliament Square... Street Dance and Vaudeville, arranged by members of Kiwanis Club of Lindsay, Ont., on good-will tour of Maritime Provinces.
9.30 p.m.—All Firemen and Bands will gather at Canadian Legion Grounds for Torchlight Parade. Finish at Parliament Square, where Dance and Carnival will be going full swing.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26th

7.30 a.m.—More Noise! More Abbeys and ?
10.00 a.m.—Commercial Decorated Float and Polimorphium Parade. More Shopping and Treasure Hunt. Novelties. Visit all of the Shops as you might have a lucky ticket.
1.30 p.m.—Firemen's Sports at College Field or University of New Brunswick Field.
7.30 p.m.—Presentation of Prizes at City Hall steps. Carnival and Street Dancing at Parliament Square. Band Concerts, etc.
8.30 p.m.—Boxing at Arctic Rink, Five Bouts.
12.00 Midnight—Night Shirt and Pajama Parade, or what have you. Men Only.

THURSDAY, JULY 27th

8.00 a.m.—Not so much noise... plenty of Abbeys and ?
Plenty of time to go strong for the Shopping and Treasure Hunt. A chance to see our city and get a rest.
1.30 p.m.—Water Sports on the beautiful water front of the Automobile and Boat Club. If you think you are a mermaid or a Neptune this is your chance to show it.
7.30 p.m.—Carnival and Dance at Automobile and Boat Club House. Band Concerts on Land and Sea and to finish up our Tournament a wonderful display of Fireworks on the water in front of the Automobile & Boat Club, when darkness permits. This will last for about one hour and is being arranged by the T. W. Hand Fireworks Co., of Toronto.

Visitors wishing information about lodging, enquire at Tournament Headquarters, York Street, (near King)