

CANADA MUST AID ALLIES WITH FOOD AND MORE FOOD

Cannot Follow the Lead of Sir Clifford Sifton and at the Same Time do This--
Western Magnate was a Blind Leader of the Blind in 1911--Lord Rhondda says the Allies Rely on the Whole Hearted Cooperation of Canada.

(Liberal Monthly.)

"We have enlisted over 420,000 men and sent 320,000 overseas. The casualty list—including men who recovered and are sent back to the front—is less than 100,000. Canada, therefore, should have 140,000 men still available for the firing line. Where are these missing 140,000 men? What calamity has deprived Canada of their services at a time when the cry is raised that there is a shortage of men for enlistment at the front? Sir Clifford is not a novice at figures as his vast wealth proves. As a self-elected war leader and adviser to the Canadian Senate why does he hide from Canada the whereabouts of her missing divisions? It must be a big hole that hides 140,000 men from view!"

The Biggest Show.

"An Associated Press cablegram from Bramshott dated April 20th last throws some light on the mission of Canada's lost divisions. The report stated:

Bramshott Camp, England,

April 20th, 1917.

The biggest "show" staged in Eng-

land during the war was put on here the other day in honor of the Canadian Premier, Sir Robert Borden, by thousands of his fellow countrymen in khaki. It included an exhibition of all phases of training by infantry and artillery, gas-helmet drills, bayonet practice, trench fighting, bombing, signalling, and ended with a review of about 50,000 troops. The bad weather kept the airplanes away, but there were plenty of good sized bombs to represent the noise of howitzers.

The "show" was the nearest thing to a good-sized battle that can be staged without a real enemy. It was daily practice on a larger scale in honor of the Canadian statesman. The men never call it a battle! They always refer to this business of modern warfare as a "show." Sir Robert remarked at the end that it was the best "show" of its kind he had ever witnessed.

The exhibition closed on a great plain where the Premier reviewed the troops and pinned medals on five privates for bravery during the battle of the Somme.

"Borden's 'biggest show on earth' is only equalled by Sir Clifford Sifton's biggest game of bluff at Ottawa. If men are so badly needed at the

front why are they held in England to provide the Borden and Perleys with guards of honor and sham fights and reviews? Kaiser William can't be beaten by sham battles fought at Bramshott!"

"By the delicate process of eliminating Borden and Laurier, Conservatism and Liberalism, Sir Clifford in his letter to Senator Bostock said as modestly as it was possible for him to say it—'Here am I, the heaven-sent savior of Canada in her hour of peril!' But somehow that modest offer of his services as leader of a non-partisan government fell upon deaf and ungrateful ears!"

"Leaders are men who lead. Sir Clifford was a blind leader of the blind when in 1911 he endeavored to destroy the agricultural interests of Canada on which the Allies now so largely depend for food supplies. Even now he talks of the necessity of new guns and munitions, at a time when Lord Rhondda, the British Food Controller, on July 23rd, 1917, in a message to Canada's Food Controller, urges the pressing primary importance of food. This is Lord Rhondda's message.

Lord Rhondda's Message.

We look to the resources of Canada, and to the indomitable energy of Canadians, for an answer that will shatter Germany's threat of starvation. In normal times the Mother Country is dependent on your Dominion for a large part of its food supplies. War has increased that dependence to such an extent that it is now vital for the United Kingdom and the Allies in Europe to obtain from Canada foodstuffs in far larger quantities than under peace conditions. That must necessarily entail effort and far-reaching economy, with their attendant sacrifices on the part of Canadians.

I know that, like ourselves at home, the pick of your manhood have gone and are going, to take their splendid share in the front line of battle, and that, therefore, you are faced with the difficulty of a supply of labor. I also realize that an increased export of food supplies must entail diversion of effort from other enterprise, yet I am

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convinced that the people of Canada will surmount all obstacles, and that the harvest, as far as human labor can achieve, will be a striking demonstration of Canada's efficiency and determination. The willingness of the Canadian people to permit control of their products for purposes of winning the war is naturally welcomed by all the Allies, as tending to increase the supply and to regulate prices. The certainty that we can rely on your whole-hearted co-operation, not only

in utilizing every ounce of national energy to increase production, but in equitable adjustment of prices, gives me the greatest encouragement. I most heartily wish you every success in your all-important work.—Lord Rhondda's statement.

"Who is the best judge of the requirements of the Allies—Sir Clifford

Sifton or Lord Rhondda, who is the trusted Food Controller of Great Britain? Canada cannot follow the lead of Sir Clifford and at the same time aid the Allies as Lord Rhondda asks Canada to aid them. 'Food—more Food!' is the call of the Allies who recognize that this country has already sent 'the pick of her manhood' to fight side by side with the Allied troops."

A mortgage for \$6000 given by John Dougherty in 1837 to James Buchanan who afterward became President of the United States, was satisfied by order of Court. This unsatisfied mortgage on a farm in Manheim Township Penn., was recently discovered in a transfer of the property, no interest was paid for three quarters of a century, and no claim was ever made by the Buchanan heirs, and the presumption is that the mortgage was paid shortly after it was given.

THERE MUST BE A HOODOO WITH SOME CLOTHES

That is Why Your Hat Blows
Off and the Colors in Your
Sweater Won't Run if
You Want To.

(Chicago News.)

"We have just received some very nice shirts," said the genial clothing man. "You'd better come in and see them."

"Not at this writing," replied the young man who carried a crutch. "I've made several purchases in your store recently and every one was hoodooed. It would take a year to tell all the grief they caused me."

"I bought a new hat a week or two ago, and on my way home it blew off my head and I went sprinting in pursuit. I was so absorbed in the pleasures of the chase that I didn't notice a big eight cylinder car until it was on top of me. One of my legs got wound around the off hind wheel and that's why you see me struggling along with a crutch."

"That was too bad," sympathized the clothier, "but you can't hold the hat responsible for such an accident. Better charge it up to the wind."

"If that was all I wouldn't say you sell hoodooed goods," said the young man. "About two months ago I told you I was going to visit my uncle in the country and you said I ought to wear a sweater. A nice red sweater would make a great hit in the rural districts, you assured me. So I bought one, and it was so red it looked like a house afire. When I got to my uncle's the sweater seemed to make quite an impression and I was pleased."

"After supper they all went out to milk the cows and I strolled along so they wouldn't get lonesome. I was standing by the side of a large maroon cow my uncle was milking when something hit me in the small of the back and the next thing I knew I was stretched out on a pile of hay and my cousins were pouring ice water over me. I learned afterward that a big bull took offense at the color of my sweater and tried to push me off the landscape. I have had a lame back ever since."

"You certainly were unfortunate," observed the clothier, "but you should have known better than to go near a bull when you were wearing a red garment. The sweater wasn't responsible."

"Maybe not," agreed the young man "but there have been too many such coincidences. I was very anxious to fight for my country when this war broke loose and tried to enlist. Just before that I bought a suit of your blue serge and looked quite princely in it. I got caught in a rain storm and the color in that cloth soaked down through my shirt into my skin so my body was a rich blue."

"When I came up for a physical examination the doctor looked at me in disgust and said it was pure insolence on my part to apply for examination. He said I had been dead for at least thirty-six hours and mortification had set and the best thing I could do was to see an undertaker at once. He wouldn't listen to a word of explanation and I was fired out and people point the finger of scorn at me, calling me a slacker."

"You never bought such a suit in my store," protested the merchant, warmly. "The colors in my goods don't run. But if you will step in and see the—"

"Not this trip. I bought one of your high priced silk shirts in the summer and then went to see my girl who is bubbling over with patriotism, and she attached the can to me at once. She said she'd never be the bride of a man who squandered money for silk shirts when all our spare change is needed to prosecute the war. Oh, there's a hoodoo on everything you sell."

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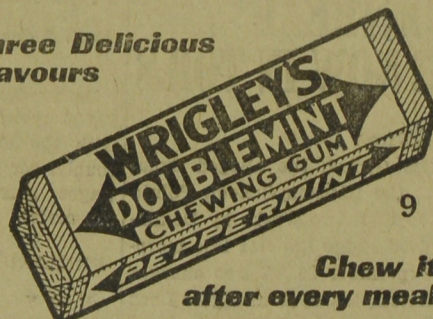
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