

civilization is, as we believe, now imperilled, the burden of defending our institutions rests on every citizen.

"Let us have a clear and definite call to serve. I am weary and sick at heart because the trumpet so often sounds an uncertain note. The country will respond to the strongest, boldest, and most definite leadership."

There you have it. "The strongest, boldest, and most definite leadership!" To that the country will respond. And time is of the very essence of this struggle. Time's "terrible scythe" is now making its deadliest swing. Lloyd George warns us that the only way to win this war is to win time. And the only way to win time is not to lose time.

Men in the Government of Canada! Men in the Government of Ontario! Don't help the Kaiser any more. Act, and act in time!

CANADIANS WHO HELP THE KAISER.

No, the chief Canadian helpers of the German Kaiser and his murderous Prussian war-lords are not German-Canadians, or hyphenates of any other alien breed. The most dangerous citizen is not the villain who would put the high explosive under the railway bridge or in the munitions plant. The traitor who most truly deserves the lynx eyes of the Police, the exposure of the Press, and the stern sentence of the Court, is not indeed the loose-mouthed and shallow-headed babbler in the market-place. Traitors of that ilk carry their warning marks on their faces or in their speech or in their names. For them the public make short shrift, and the Judge passes sentence without hesitation or delay.

But the Kaiser's chief helper in Canada, Germany's most useful ally, is always a man of very different air and accent. Quite frequently he is a pious-talking churchman. Oftener still he is an ultra-loyalist. Sometimes he is a millionaire Sir Knight. Once in a while, and most dangerous of all, he is even a sworn adviser of the King.

Premier Lloyd George set down the unmistakable marks of the man who helps the Kaiser, the hallmark of Germany's ally. To his own Welsh folk at Carnarvon last month, and speaking under the stress and passion awakened by the submarine peril in Britain, Lloyd George rang out these bugle-call words, which ought to ring through all Canada, into every Government office, through every Commission, and disturb the mental lethargy and the mechanical fussiness of every Parliament in this whole Dominion:

"Time—time is a hesitating and perplexed neutral. He has not yet decided on which side he is going to swing his terrible scythe. For, at the moment, that scythe is striking both sides with fearful havoc. The hour will come when it will be swung finally on one side or on the other.

"Time is the deadliest of all the neutral powers. Let us see that we enlist him among our allies. The only way to win time is not to lose time. You must not lose time in the Council chamber; you must not lose time in the departments which carry out the decrees of the Council; you must not lose time in the field, in the factory, or in the workshop.

"Whoever tarries when he ought to be active—whether it is a statesman, a soldier, an official, a farmer, a worker, a rich man with his money—is simply helping the enemy to secure the aid of the most powerful factor in the war—time. Act, and act in time. That is our appeal to you."

That challenge goes home to the intelligence and to the conscience of every true Canadian. It misses nobody. With a sureness of touch and a deadliness of thrust it pierces the most callous hide.

And if Lloyd George spared not his own Government and their Council chambers, with what dread words would the Accuser of Canada's dallying and delay assail our souls? Time! Lost Time! Among all the losses and all the wastage of this war there is none so great, none so costly, none so irreparable, as our prodigal waste of Time.

And Canada is wasting time to-day. Talk about recruits! The Prime Minister jauntily pledged a half-million men. Where are they? They might have been enlisted, equipped, drilled, and ready, the whole half-million of them by the voluntary system, fit, eager, pressing for a place in the ranks. And why not? No, it is not the fault of young Canadians, either in Quebec or in the other Provinces. It is plain as the sun in Summer, to all but the political dullards who stood in the way, that had there been reality in the appeal for recruits, imagination, vision, gumption, Quebec would have matched Ontario, and both would have risen, as the best of the West rose, when the bugle sounded. In the light of what ought to have been and what might have been, the leadership from Ottawa has been simply ghastly. The responsible Government, instead of being an inspiration to the military officers and to the civilians, has been doubleminded, weak-minded, a handicap and a hindrance. Blame Sir Sam Hughes? Yes, and he often was to blame. He made mistakes, many mistakes. But, thank Heaven, he made something. His leader and some of his colleagues—at best they blocked the way.

And they are blocking the way still. They have no alternative for conscription, but, with the Militia Act in their hands, they have not the nerve to apply it. And all they need is nerve—nerve, knowledge, and an honest mind.

It is the same with National Service. The clerks in the Government offices have been busy, the printers have been busy, but—well, is there any courage, any dynamic, any real progress in the busy-ness?

Party politics? No, not a whiff of it. Who cares for the fortunes of this party or of that? Who but the mole-eyed grafter and the party-heeler even asks? But with the nation, with the Empire, with the cause of the world's Freedom hanging on the issues of these days of crisis, the soul of Canada, tense and aflame, responds to the earnest and passionate words spoken yesterday afternoon by Archdeacon Cody, at the great and marvellously impressive service at St. Paul's in memory of Canada's heroic dead:

"Our gallant Canadian dead have left their bodies somewhere in France, in a sacred piece of Canada on alien soil. To us they have left the memory of their glory, and the challenge to fill their places in the fighting line. No obligation to serve rested on those men that does not equally rest on us. If this great struggle is vital to the world, if the fortunes of our free Empire and of our humane