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SAFETY FIRST!
 A MEMORABLE pronouncement on
 the relation of the country to a
 man suspected of being an enemy was
 made in Toronto yesterday by Chief
 Justice R. M. Meredith in refusing to
 release on habeas corpus proceedings a
 military prisoner.

In giving his judgment Chief Justice
 Meredith said:

"It should be plain to everyone
 that in the stress and danger to the
 life of any nation at war, the courts
 should be exceedingly careful not to
 hamper the action of those who are
 charged with the safety of the
 nation, careful among other
 things, not to take up the time and
 attention of those who should be
 fighting the enemy in the field, in
 fighting lawsuits in the law courts
 over private rights."

At the time when the prisoner is to
 the benefit of the doubt, and it is
 a time when in all things, great and
 small, the country must have every
 possible advantage, when it must be
 the general safety first in all things
 always, until the final victory is
 won, even though individuals may
 suffer meanwhile. Private wrong
 can be righted then, while final de-
 feat would not only prevent that,
 but bring untold disasters to all."

"Safety First" is the keynote of
 Chief Justice Meredith's judgment. Per-
 haps His Lordship had in mind the
 same thought that has prompted The
 Advertiser to say, "Let none but Cana-
 dians be on guard tonight!"

As has been repeatedly stated in
 these columns the individual has faded
 away in the present situation. He
 must submit, even though he be an in-
 dividual, to the demand of the public
 that there shall not be a chance—
 not one chance even in a million—that
 their interests shall not be safeguarded.

Those who oppose this fair British
 right to pass judgment are opposing the
 right of the people.

The voters of London owe Chief Jus-
 tice Meredith their thanks for con-
 firming the opinion they have already
 expressed on the same principle, and for
 which they have been attacked.

It must be "the general safety first
 in all things always." The sooner this
 principle is accepted the less painful will be
 a situation that has dragged too long and
 caused too much strife because of a
 misguided belief that persecution and
 not justice lay at the roots of the mat-
 ter.

The people of London have given a
 decision. Their verdict has not been
 accompanied by any violent demonstra-
 tion. They have kept their temper
 in face of a persistent and putting op-
 position that must have been irritating
 to them.

Let those who are responsible for
 creating this situation quickly restore
 public confidence and make the people
 of London feel that they are neither
 malignant toward an individual, nor in-
 capable of deciding an issue that is
 plain and simple, as has been so well
 said from the supreme court bench, a
 question of "the general safety first
 in all things always."

THE NAVY SPIRIT.
 A touch of navy spirit we have
 seen nothing better than the fol-
 lowing from the London Nation:

"One realizes the wonderful spirit
 of the navy, not merely in the story
 of the loss of the 'Formidable,'
 but in accounts of the slighter ac-
 cidents of the fleet. The other day,
 for example, the commander of a
 destroyer, rolling heavily in a gale,
 was with her engines disabled, tried
 to lighten the strain by lading out
 oil. The seaman engaged in this
 work was so overworked, and
 was so tired, that he was returning
 to his quarters, when he was sud-
 denly awakened by a returning
 wave. He picked himself up, saluted
 his officer, and said: 'Very
 sorry, sir, lost the bucket.'"

OUR POETS.
 The Advertiser is proud of, and
 grateful to the little family of
 poets who have sprung up to occupy
 occasionally the space on this page en-
 titled "Our Poets of Western Ontario."
 Their contributions are being copied
 extensively.

Did you, gentle reader, get the spirit
 of that soldier song, "The Charge of
 the Princess Pats," from the pen of
 a British reader? There was a swing
 to it, and just enough patriotic fervor,
 and not too much.

Fred Young, a Seventh Regiment
 landsman, has written a number of
 war poems with music and strength
 to them. One of his poems had a fine
 invitation for a march writer to line
 the words with notes—"The Kaiser will
 reach Berlin!"

Frank Brown, of this city, has
 written many poems of rich merit on
 the war. Dr. Henson, of Ingersoll,
 wrote a Rhye vein of sentiment in
 "The Toy Ship." Amy E. Campbell's
 little verses are bright flowers in
 the garden; others have also contrib-
 uted many good things, notably Eric
 Golding, a human writer of power
 and technique.

Some folk think poetry has no place
 in a newspaper; but this is true—there
 are few great poets without the new-
 spaper or other popular journal to
 them a start. Poetry finds no
 in the hurried reader's glance for
 with import; but in the homes,
 evening hour, there is a welcome
 to the poet.

The Advertiser, first
 of the home, tries
 to do it. It is not

all written by geniuses; but there is
 usually a wholesome thought or a good
 quotation in it. Some of it may be
 called commonplace by the critic, but
 what is more commonplace than the
 homely virtues, and can we rub in the
 homely virtues too much?

GERMANY AND ROUMANIA.
 THE MOBILIZATION of the E. A.
 manian army is causing the Kaiser
 a good deal of worry. Perhaps that may
 account in part for the moving of a
 large body of Prussian troops into Hun-
 gary. Also it may be that the German
 Austro combination is preparing for the
 possibility of Italy taking the field at any
 time now. For some reason, not clearly
 explained, it is expected that Rouma-
 nia's participation in the war will
 bring in Italy. Apart from the fact that
 the two nations are sentimentally one,
 because of their common Latin origin,
 there seems no reason why they should
 join hands. It may be that Italy real-
 izes that with Roumania on her hands
 as well as Serbia, Austria could offer
 little resistance to an invasion with the
 object of getting back her lost prov-
 ince.

Germany will do everything to keep
 Roumania out of the fight. Together
 Roumania and Russia would quickly
 roll up what defence the Austrians still
 possess. But she has nothing to hold
 before Roumania in the nature of a
 bribe. Therefore she masses large
 bodies of troops within striking distance
 of the Roumanian border as a threat.
 That such a large body of troops should
 be taken so far from the scene of the
 heaviest fighting indicates how serious
 is the semi-collapse of the armies of
 the Dual Monarchy.

THE NEW WARDEN.
 ALTHOUGH there was a spirited
 contest for the wardenship of
 Middlesex—the proudest position in
 the gift of the banner county—there
 will be no sore feelings because of
 the election of Joan Morgan.

He is a man who has served his
 apprenticeship in public life and in
 business. For many years he was a
 businessman in and out of the county
 as Craig. He has served the county as
 so many of its best men have served it,
 with a knowledge of the needs of the
 people and a desire to advance it.

The county seems to attract many
 good men to its council board. They
 transact large amounts of business at
 a few meetings. They handle the funds
 entrusted to them with care. There are
 few schemes proposed but have the
 merit of hard-headed common sense.
 The new warden should do honor to
 the position.

BAGDAD.
 THE MOST interesting of the mili-
 tary expeditions now afoot is in
 some respects the British march to
 Bagdad. The ancient seat of Haroun-
 al-Raschid is still a considerable
 city between Syria and Persia. It
 is the most famous city of the Mos-
 lem East.

Spreading across the Tigris River
 about five hundred miles from the
 mouth, it stands in the midst of a
 treeless plain, the sepulchre of count-
 less millions of dwellers in that primi-
 tive valley. The advancing Anglo-
 Indian force will walk over the dust
 of empires long since dead and gone.
 Bricks of every age lie beneath and
 above the soil, building brick and, so
 to speak, the libraries of former days,
 for the Chaldees made their pictures
 and their histories on brick.

Going up stream towards Bagdad
 the army passes by Babylon, where
 the tower of Babel still reaches 153
 feet towards the sky covering with its
 solid mass of brick-work a space of
 ground as large as a good-sized block
 between Richmond and Wellington
 streets. The modern town of Hillah,
 with a pauper-population of 30,000, is
 the meagre representation of former
 myriads.

But Bagdad still boasts of 150,000
 living in windowless brick houses,
 in narrow, unpaved, crooked streets, brick
 is the inevitable material in this
 region, building stone being as far away
 as the Armenian Mountains. A mixed
 people it is that inhabits Bagdad, made
 up of Turks and Arabs principally,
 but also of Jews, Armenians, Hindus,
 Persians and Afghans. Not many can
 be descended from conquerors farther
 back than a few centuries ago, so
 many murderous ruffians have
 conquered, ravaged and massacred
 through the region time
 and time again, making pyramids of
 skulls and carrying off the women into
 slavery. The soil should be rich, hav-
 ing been soaked with blood so long, the
 only kind of irrigation understood by
 Turk and Tartar.

It is strange to recall that Haroun-
 al-Raschid, seated at Bagdad, and rul-
 ing, more or less, from Spain to In-
 dia, exchanged presents with Charle-
 magne at Aix-la-Chapelle. They ac-
 tually got along without fighting each
 other for a while, each trusting fer-
 vently, no doubt, in hell fire to settle his
 rival in the next world for his un-
 belief in this. British soldiers will
 wonder at the splendor of Bagdad over
 the capital of civilization, and a Brit-
 ish occupation will give it another
 chance.

HUNS IN A FURY.
 THE ferocity shown by the treat-
 ment of Belgian civilians and the
 air raids on England, the "baby kill-
 ing," and in instances of inhuman
 treatment of prisoners, indicate that
 the Prussian war lords have given
 themselves over completely to try at
 being balked on land and sea. Nothing
 else can explain the unnecessary,
 unfruitful outrages against decency.
 Modern warfare has never been a thing
 of kid gloves, but hitherto the rules,
 written and unwritten, have been fairly
 well observed. Now comes the Hun
 wiping out all civility and fairness,
 as he becomes more barbarous as he
 sees his hopes of triumph vanishing
 on all sides.

The war may drag along for many
 months, but the Kaiser is already whip-
 pled, and nobody knows it as well as the
 Kaiser. He will never reach Paris.

Calais, London, and while the great
 task of driving him from Flanders.
 France and Poland is still before the
 Allies, and will not be accomplished
 except at immense sacrifice, the ul-
 timate outcome of the conflict is not
 in doubt. It is not surprising that the
 war lord, realizing the desperate posi-
 tion into which his mad adventure has
 trapped him, is slashing blindly right
 and left like a savage monster in its
 death throes.

EDITORIAL NOTES.
 Between the bulldog's grip and the
 bear's hug the daschund is due for a
 terrific mauling.

Professor Garner says some day man
 will be able to converse with the ani-
 mal. This will spoil a lot of fine dogs.

It is significant that as soon as the
 Canadians reached the front the folk
 began to predict an early end to the war.

Well, it was probably the last occa-
 sion when thousands of human lives
 were sacrificed to celebrate a
 monarch's birthday.

Besides being a long, long way to
 Paris, the world is now pretty well
 convinced that the Kaiser also took
 the wrong, wrong way.

Diplomatically, the Germans have
 made a sorry spectacle of themselves
 since the war commenced. Repeatedly
 they have used bluster when bluntness
 was required.

The Berlin account of Sunday's naval
 battle makes it read that the British
 turned tail after they had lost a battle
 cruiser and two light ones. The at-
 tempt to make a crushing defeat look
 like a victory indicates the Kaiser's
 fear of his own people when they learn
 the truth. The British admiral has
 never failed to admit defeat and dis-
 aster when met, and its statement can
 be depended upon to be the correct one.

IMITATORS.
 [Detroit Free Press.]
 The dandelion never tries
 To ape the aster's style,
 Nor does it hide in hiding
 And wears a violet's smile.
 It never views the crimson rose
 And quite its mossy bed
 To try to blossom forth with those
 Whose petals all are red.

The gay nasturtium doesn't try
 To ape the hollyhock,
 Nor does the pansy, growing by
 The highway, strive to mock
 The early yellow daffodil
 In stately courage shown.
 Without the least desire to fill
 The station of the rose.

Too often men, though, look about
 To catch another's eye,
 And wish as he wanders out
 Another man to be.
 The actor strives to imitate
 An actor he has seen,
 And authors would perpetuate
 The writers that have been.

Our artists strive what they feel
 To catch another's eye,
 They view some stranger's work as real
 And their's not in the white.
 So each in his goes on his way
 Unhindered, wist and true,
 Endeavouring throughout the day
 Somebody else to be.

Let out your soul unto the sun
 And let it roam to roam,
 And let its roots and fibres run
 Wherever they would roam.
 If you're a violet, do not try
 For perfume or for pet,
 For the rose that's meddling by
 But bravely be yourself.

NATURAL SEQUENCE.
 [Philadelphia Ledger.]
 "He was full of his subject to the
 brim."
 "That's no excuse for talking through
 his hat."

OBNOXIOUS PRESUMPTION.
 [Kansas City Journal.]
 "Why did your sister drop her wel-
 fare work?"
 "While she was out trying to uplift
 her lot, she was of others, and another welfare
 worker came along and tried to uplift
 her children."

MERELY A SUGGESTION.
 [Philadelphia Ledger.]
 The hypnotist had conquered the
 most stubborn of his subjects by the
 power of his will and eye.
 John, meekly remarked his wife,
 "would you mind trying your powers
 on the baby? I can't get him to sleep."

THE P. P. C. L. I.
 Sung to the Tune of the British Grenadier.

You heard of how Canadians
 Have fought for Britain's cause,
 Of how they've done their duty
 In the Empire's foreign wars;
 But of all Canadian Regiments
 The best I can describe
 Without a doubt and out and out
 Is the P. P. C. L. I.

CHORUS.
 We never shall disgrace ourselves,
 We will, if need be, die,
 With a "no surrender" on the lips
 Of the P. P. C. L. I.

We've heard it said on all sides
 Again and yet again,
 That though a new-born Regiment,
 We're a very fine body of men,
 And though we take some credit,
 The bulk of it, say I,
 Belongs to the gallant officers
 Of the P. P. C. L. I.

I know that we can all agree
 That what I say is true,
 We have the best of ships,
 And the best of shippers and of crew,
 For all this fleet of merchantmen
 Have cast an envious eye
 At Captain "I" of the "Royal G"
 And the P. P. C. L. I.

Our Colonel is a soldier
 You don't see every day,
 He knows his job, he trusts his men,
 And he thinks they might want pay;
 We like our pipes, we like our beer,
 And no one can deny
 That a dollar or two is really due
 To the P. P. C. L. I.

We're men of every station,
 It will not be our fault,
 If we don't prove by deeds, not words,
 What we think of Major Gault;
 For he it was who collected us
 And raised the Corps, so we'll try
 To bear the brunt when we get to the front
 With the P. P. C. L. I.

Now, boys, I ask forbearance,
 Let your grumblings be but few,
 We've got a name, let's keep the same,
 And to Princess Pats stay true.
 We only need to bear in mind
 Our charging battle cry,
 "For Country, King, we'll get there and win!"
 Will the P. P. C. L. I.

The above is the fighting song of the Princess Pats. It was composed
 by Private G. D. Legge, one of the members of the regiment. The men
 charge the enemy with the song on their lips.

DAILY WAR PUZZLE



Taking French Peasants to concentration camp. Find
 three more peasants.
 ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.—Right side down behind soldier.
 Upside down behind child.

OUR POETS OF WESTERN ONTARIO

BONNIE DUNDEE.
 There's Bonnie Dundee sounding over the glen,
 There's tramping and marching of bold fighting men,
 There's the clash of the sabre, the touch of the knee,
 And blood's on the tartan of Bonnie Dundee.

There's the shock and the shouting, the parry and thrust,
 When bayonet meets bayonet and win it we must,
 A dash at the trenches and blood flowing free—
 God help the poor laddies frae Bonnie Dundee.

The shrill sounding bugles, the clashing of steel,
 As they 'bove the carnage as backward they reel;
 They rally! they charge as if demons let free,
 And 'tis victory dear bought for the lads o' Dundee.

Aye! Scotland will honor the laddies who fell,
 And Scotland will miss them as they lie in the soil;
 No more in the glen will their music ring free,
 As the peace pipes are skirlin' o' Bonnie Dundee.

Ingersoll, Ont. DR. JAMES HENDERSON.

English Press in the War

GERMANY'S WEAKENED FORCE.
 [London Daily Mail.]
 Every day that postpones a decisive
 encounter adds to the Russian strin-
 gency. We do not, by any means
 undertake it would be sheer insanity
 to do so—the enemy's capacity to en-
 deavour to convince herself that she is
 satisfied with her present situation, mis-
 laid no one, except her own people.

WORTH AN ARMY CORPS TO ALLIES
 [London Press.]
 For thirty years the Teuton has been
 proclaiming his greatness to the world,
 and many of us took him at his own
 valuation. The bulk, foolish living of
 the German newspapers first shook our
 faith. People could not be invincible
 who believed any fabrication that dat-
 ed their vanity, and the continually
 increasing absurdity of the lies is the
 best proof that things are going wor-

se.

THE CRUELTY OF THE WOMEN.
 [Clara H. Davidson, in New York
 Times.]
 They tell us of wars and rumors of
 wars,
 And the orders of kings to their men,
 And little "hey head of the sorrow
 decreed
 By the stroke of a ruler's pen.

And little they care for child and
 for wife,
 When the wife and the child make
 moan,
 While nations fight for their ruler's
 greed
 And the fighter dies alone.

The woman with hair like sunset gold,
 The woman with hair like coal,
 Each of them loved the love of her life,
 The man that was half of her soul.

Aye! you that flatter a ruler's greed,
 And you that fawn at his power,
 And you that fight when there is no
 need—
 You, too, shall come to your hour!

When in woe and wretchedness comes
 that hour,
 Your guilt shall bring your souls bewray,
 And you shall atter your cry for peace
 As we cry for peace this day.

FROM RURAL SANCTUARY
 VENGEANCE ON WHOM?
 [Walker Telescope.]
 Wedding bells are ringing with a
 vengeance, and then some.

A HINT FOR KITCHENER.
 [Gloucester Transcript.]
 Judging from Freddie's debates, Shet-
 land could produce a regiment of gen-
 erals.

JACK FROST VS. THE MOVIES.
 [Port Elen Times.]
 Since the skating rink has been
 opened, the picture show has been
 rather in the background, and now
 the machine and supplies are up for
 sale.

TEN CORDS A DAY.
 [Walker Telescope.]
 Messrs. William and Jack Gillen have
 established a record for woodcutting.
 These two youths, while working at
 their home on the 14th concession of
 Carriek, felled hardwood trees, saved
 them up and split and piled the wood,
 and at the end of ten hours' labor, a
 full day, had a ten-cord pile. Can any
 two men beat that record?

THE BRITISH RAJ EXPANDS
 (Minneapolis Journal.)
 Great Britain has made a strate-
 gic stroke by seizing the head of the Per-
 sian Gulf and the port up the river
 outlet of both the Euphrates and Tigris.
 The movement proceeded from India
 and the force that effected it is par-
 tially of British troops, the remainder
 of the British Isles, the prepared-
 ness of the British Indian Raj is dem-

onstrated by the success of its expedi-
 tion to sea and land within a fortnight
 after the declaration of war by Turkey.

The lower delta of Mesopotamia is
 indeed strategic territory. It commands
 the access to the sea of all that poten-
 tially rich river plain, which is being
 irrigated in accordance with the system
 devised by Sir William Willcocks, the
 ruler of the Assuan dam in upper
 Egypt. The region was one on which
 Germany had her eye, one she planned
 to tap by the Baghdad Railway.

The British Empire, thus, becomes
 mistress of the land route between the
 Mediterranean and India, a route util-
 ized by Alexander of Macedon in his
 invasion of India, the route that once
 made ancient Antioch and more modern
 Aleppo rich and populous. The route
 commenced upon the Syrian coast and
 extended to the sea desert to the Eu-
 phrates, thence down to the Persian
 gulf, whence it takes ship or follows
 the coast eastward to Kermeh, the new
 westernmost port of Hindustan. Some-
 times, of course, a railway from Damas-
 cus or Port Said, or both, will be laid
 over that route, and it is indispensable
 to British interests that the railway
 be in British hands.

The British Indian Raj grows by ac-
 cretions. In our time it has annexed
 Burma, Chitral, Kashmir, Beluchistan,
 Malaya and recently has defined a
 sphere of influence in southern Persia
 along the gulf. Aden is an adminis-
 tration of the Raj and Aden is near
 the southwestern corner of Arabia.

It looks as if all the Persian Gulf
 littoral and all Arabia would come in-
 to the sphere of the Raj eventually. The
 British already have nibbled off the
 four corners of the vast peninsula, at
 Sinai, Aden, Muscat and now the Per-

Was Personally Attended
 by Dr. A. W. Chase

Before He Became Famous as the Author of Dr. Chase's
 Receipt Book.

Here is a letter from an aged gen-
 tleman who consulted Dr. Chase, long
 before his Receipt Book attained a
 world-wide circulation or his fam-
 ous medicines became known to the
 ends of the earth.

"Like most people
 of advanced years
 his kidneys were
 the first organs to
 break down, and
 when doctors failed
 to help him he re-
 membered the phys-
 ician who cured
 him of pleurisy in
 his younger days."

Mr. O. D. Barnes, Mr. O. D. Barnes,
 writes: "About
 fifty years ago, when living in Ann
 Arbor, Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous
 Receipt Book author, was called on to
 treat me for pleurisy. Ever since that

I have used and recommended Dr.
 Chase's Medicines, and have two of his
 Receipt Books in the house."

"Some time ago a cold settled in the
 kidneys, causing backache, frequent
 urination, dizziness, and affected the
 eyesight. My appetite failed and
 I could not sleep nights. Two
 doctors failed to do me any lasting
 good, so I started using Dr. A. W.
 Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Nerve
 Food. The results have been high-
 ly satisfactory to me. Appetite improved,
 I gained in weight, sleep and rest well,
 and feel strong and well. My kidneys
 resumed their natural functions, and I
 believe that my cure was due to Dr.

A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and
 Nerve Food. I am 78 years old, super-
 intend work on my farm, and can turn
 in and do some work myself."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver-Pills. One
 pill a dose, 25 cents a box. All dealers,
 or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited,
 Toronto.

W. K. Kellogg Cereal Co.
 TORONTO

CHAPMAN'S

Continuation of the Three Days' Sale

Until Closing Time Saturday Night

The bargains advertised for today (Friday) and Saturday will be continued until closing time at 10 o'clock Saturday night. A careful reading of these briefly-stated bargains will give you an idea of the savings possible on household needs, wearing apparel and winter comforts. This event hasn't been equalled before this season.

PURE DOWN COMFORTERS
Marked Down to \$7.75
 Just a few left of these
 handsome Pure Down Com-
 forters, offered at the low-
 est price within our remem-
 brance. Sateen covered,
 some with fancy borders,
 good size. Worth up to \$14.
 Choice **\$7.75**

Unbleached Sheeting, plain,
 even round thread, 2 yards
 wide. Regular 25c. Three
 Days' Sale price, per yard.
 **20c**

Flannelette Blankets.
 Were \$1.55, at **\$1.35** pair
 Were \$1.35, at **\$1.10** pair
 The above are bargain
 prices for this sale.

Beardcloth Coatings.
 Plain colors in red, brown
 and grey, 52 inches.