

# London Advertiser

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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,  
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Tuesday, August 7.

## A SOLEMN OCCASION.

TODAY THE FIRST general court-martial called for this district sits to consider the charges of desertion made against two drafted soldiers. The innovation should not be treated lightly and its significance ought to be appreciated by all men in khaki and those who are likely to don the uniform in the future.

It has been usual to try deserters here before district courts-martial, which were not empowered to issue sentences of more than two years' imprisonment. There have been many such trials, and it is apparent that the authorities have decided that the two-year sentence is not a sufficient deterrent. The general court-martial may impose life-imprisonment, or condemn to death, although its sentences must be approved by Ottawa.

What this may mean to the two men who appear today to answer charges is not for others to guess, but the intent to make the punishment more severe for illegally leaving the army or refusing to enter it when called is clear. Desertion is a serious matter in war-time and this fact is going to be impressed on those who have failed to realize it.

It is to be hoped that it will not be found necessary to hold a second general court in London district.

## THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCH.

URING the last four terrible years of war the question has frequently been asked "Has Christianity broken down?" "What will be the future of the church?" In St. John's Presbyterian Church at Port Stanley last Sunday the anniversary services were ably conducted by Rev. Alexander McMillan of Toronto. He is a native of Edinburgh and a specialist on church praise. He has been employed during the past three or four years in perfecting the new hymn book soon to be issued by the Oxford presses for the Presbyterian Church.

In the course of one of his sermons, speaking of Scotland, he pointed out that ninety per cent of the sons of the manse voluntarily enlisted in the Allied cause. The answer to the call had been universal, not only by the sons of the manse, but by all the sons of Scotland. The moderator of the Presbyterian Church had lost four sons in the war and was succeeded by another moderator who had lost two sons, all they had.

His morning service dealt with the church, and in opening, he quoted a definition of the church of God written by one of Scotland's most highly gifted divines, the Rev. Dr. Robertson of Irvine.

"I do believe in one living, broad, Holy, catholic church of God, Where there is neither bond nor free, Bishop, nor priest, nor presbytery; Where, in one church, they all are one, Who one Father, by one Son, Through one spirit, seek in prayer; And it matters nothing where, Whether in a barn of bricks Or in cloistered aisle with crucifix; If only, under the dome of love, High as the blue vault above, Ring the bells, and the bells reply, 'Earth is broad and heaven is high In the church of the Holy Trinity.'"

It is a complete and splendid answer to the questions so often asked during the recent years. It is the spirit that caused millions of the world's bravest and noblest sons to sacrifice their lives, that all in the world worth living for, might be preserved. It is the greatest proof that can be given.

"Ring the bells, and the bells reply, 'Earth is broad, and heaven is high, In the church of the Holy Trinity.'"

At the conclusion of the services Mr. Eastman, the minister of the church, paid a neat compliment to Mr. McMillan for his worthy services, and at the same time informed the congregation that Mr. McMillan's son, a gifted musician, had been a prisoner in Germany during nearly the whole time of the war.

## NEW LIGHT ON OLD "STONEWALL."

"STONEWALL JACKSON" is one of the characters of history in whom interest seems to become greater each year. Before the present upheaval came along to revolutionize war's methods, as it seems to be revolutionizing everything else, the campaigns of the Confederate general, Lee's right hand, were more studied in the military schools of Great Britain than those of any other single commander save Napoleon. And quite apart from technical military interest, there has always been a surprisingly wide, popular interest in the career and character of the man himself. Twenty biographies have been issued in the half-century since his death, innumerable magazine articles have appeared, and still the mystery of the man seems unsolved. A nephew of old "Stonewall," Thomas Jackson Arnold, has just set forth his distinguished relative from a new angle in a volume dealing with the early life and letters of the hero, the part of his life which in earlier biographies had been passed over quickly in order to get at the Civil War period.

Three sides to Jackson's character are emphasized by his nephew—his system of self-discipline, his intense ambition and his deep religious feeling, Jackson not only disciplined himself, but he looked for the same in others. Methodical

habits he regarded as indispensable to usefulness in any field, and certainly his own thirty-nine years crowded into them a full man's life. His ambition underwent a change in the later years. Undoubtedly he started out to distinguish himself and to make a name, but from the opening of the Civil War there was a difference; from then on there was a complete subordination of self to what he regarded as a duty to his Maker whom he served. Jackson and Cromwell have been compared, there was much of likeness in their make-up. Jackson's religious nature shines everywhere throughout his letters as it shone through all his conduct. It is said that his old soldiers had a saying, "When old Jack is praying in his tent shine up your musket and pack your knapsack." Writing to his sister on the eve of hostilities between North and South, he said: "There is one very essential thing to the child of God who would enjoy the comforts of religion, and that is he or she must live in accordance with the law of God, must have no will but His; knowing the path of duty must not hesitate for a moment, but at once walk in it." That might sum up very well the creed of Jackson. There were those who classed him as a bigot or a fanatic. But of bigotry he was entirely free. That he regarded all denominations, Catholic or Protestant, as working for God's glory is clear. For himself he lived his religion every day and every hour of the day. In 1850, when he was 26 years of age, he wrote: "Rather than wilfully violate the known will of God I would forfeit my life. It may seem strange to you, yet nevertheless, such a resolution I have taken, and I will by it abide." And, as his biographer says, no one who knew him will for a moment question that he meant literally what he wrote in the above quotation, for Jackson was the last man to make a careless statement.

There will always be conjecture as to the course of the war had Jackson not been stricken at Chancellorsville in May of 1863. Lee was then at the head of the best armies the South ever put in the field, and in Jackson he had the man who could carry out what he planned. Longstreet lacked the swift and the bold daring that divided the Confederate armies before Hooker, and with the detached portion administered that fearful blow on the right flank that has made Chancellorsville one of the most interesting campaigns of the Civil War. Longstreet was slow two months later at the "high tide" of the war, and possibly even more in 1864, in the wilderness and after, when facing Grant and Sheridan, did Lee feel the loss of Jackson, whom he seemed unable to replace.

It is a curious coincidence that at the death of both Jackson and Lee the same man was in the thoughts of both, A. P. Hill, the dapper little general whom both of them loved. A few minutes before Jackson died he cried out in his delirium, "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action. Pass the infantry to the front rapidly." And then came that last dying utterance so often quoted because so strange from Jackson's lips: "Let us cross over the river and rest in the shade of the trees." So, on Sunday afternoon, May 10, 1863, he crossed over the river and rested in the shade of the tree whose leaf never withers.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Rain, rain, come today,  
Don't get scared and stay away.

Too much politics in Canada, says Dr. Beland. He has not required much time to spot the trouble.

Reports from the west of improved crop conditions are almost as important as the good war news.

Chemin-des-Dames is to see another tremendous struggle apparently, but the Allies took that road once before.

In England left-hand salutes have been abolished, in order to cause Canadian soldiers less inconvenience. Ottawa, please note.

Dr. Michael Clark, M.P., says there is plenty for the Government to do yet towards winning the war. Agreed: Almost as much as when it started out.

Scarborough farmers break into print in Toronto papers by discovering the letters "B. V." on oat leaves, interpreting them as British Victory. Needless to say, Middlesex farmers were a month ahead of them as usual.

The reformation of Britain's House of Lords is beginning! Lady Rhonda has decided to exercise her right to take the seat left vacant by the death of her husband and take part in the deliberations of the Upper Chamber.

## CAN WE CHAIN THE FIRE FIEND?

There are some very interesting and instructive diagrams in a bulletin on forest fires just issued by the forestry branch of the department of the interior. These diagrams show that throughout Canada, whenever the rainfall becomes unusually light, the higher the temperature the greater the danger of fire. The bulletin is entitled "Forest Fires in Canada 1914-16," and the extent of the losses to the nation from this cause makes the publication of particular value. The statement of these losses will aid in arousing Canadians to the need of stopping forest fires and details of statistics will show that forest fires can be stopped, just as surely as losses are kept down by a good fire brigade in a city. With the exception of lightning, all forest fires are started by men, and if men were careful there would be no fires. The success of systematic fire protection measures is shown and the whole bulletin gives much valuable information on this important subject. Copies may be had free on application to the Director of Forestry, Ottawa.

## FAIR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

It seems to me I'd like to go  
Where bells don't ring nor whistles blow,  
Nor clocks don't strike nor gongs don't sound  
But where there's stillness all around!

Not real stillness—just the trees!  
Low whisper of the croon of bees;  
The drowsy tinkling of a rill,  
Or twilight song of whippoorwill.

'T would be a joy could I behold  
The dappled fields of green and gold,  
Or in the cool, sweet clover lie  
And watch the cloud-ships drifting by.

I'd like to find some quaint old boat  
And fold its oars, and with it float  
Along the lily-lake stream  
Where water-lilies drowse and dream.

Sometimes it seems to me I must  
Just quit the city's din and dust,  
For fields of green and skies of blue,  
And say! how does it seem to you?

—NIXON WATERMAN.

## THEY EARNED IT.

(Montreal Gazette).  
By March 31 next Canadian war pensions will have reached the total of \$17,000,000 annually, points out Chairman J. K. L. Ross. The amount is great and will be greater in time, but there will be no objection on the part of the public. The pensions are earned by the men who go to the front.

# BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE McLUKE

(Copyright, 1918.)

Oh, Hellup.  
Lose, lose, lose.  
We'll soon be an also ran.  
For a flock of pitchers  
Who could make the batters fan.

Grubbing for it.  
Gabe—Meyers is in it all over.  
Steve—Yes, and we are all busy  
digging.

Discord.  
The convicts had an orchestra; 'twas  
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They were familiar with the bars, but  
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Mysterious Nine.  
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23948

60984. These figures added make 27  
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53462  
26435

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Figure it out. It's interesting.

Oh, Fudge.  
She worked in a large candy store.  
And as I passed each day,  
I watched her hand the bonbons o'er.  
She has such a sweet weigh.

There Now.  
Sho—Well, anyway you never hear  
of a woman buying gold bricks.  
He—No, they don't mark gold bricks  
down to \$99.98.

Certainty.  
The verdant green and the limpid  
shades  
When wind and water meet:  
The ancient view, and only two  
On the ancient, rustic seat.  
The warbling birds, his tender notes,  
The sound of a kiss or two,  
And the story old has again been told  
As I have no doubt you know.

And passed the first man up;  
We were one ahead, so we had no  
dread.  
We cheered the careless pup,  
The next man's awat went across the  
lot.

The Home Run let in two.  
And the story old has again been told,  
As I have no doubt you know.

## The Union Government

A Letter Published in the Halifax Chronicle, Which Is Worth  
of Consideration From Every Canadian.

The following letter from the Halifax  
Chronicle, written by a man who has  
stood with Liberalism through thick and  
thin, will be read with interest by The  
Advertiser's readers:

THE UNION GOVERNMENT.  
To the Editor of the Chronicle:  
Sir—In your editorial of the 21st  
instant you state that all "true Lib-  
erals" will acknowledge that the  
present Government at Ottawa has  
made "an excellent beginning," and  
that the present standard of the most  
hostile have found foundations.

It is difficult to tell just what is  
the Chronicle's present standard of the  
Liberal. I submit that in this province  
today there is not a Liberal who has  
not caught in the trap so skillfully set  
by Sir Clifford Sifton, Sir William Mac-  
kenzie and other Canadian Northern  
plotters, who is not disgusted with the  
so-called Union Government, and very  
few other Liberals or former conserva-  
tives who are not most man—who are not  
disappointed and disappointed.

You state that the "first" of  
opposition has been still in Parlia-  
ment. You know, as well as I do, why  
it is still in Parliament. It is the  
majority—obtained by deceit and in-  
famous election act—and secondly by  
the rushing of the province of Quebec  
in order that some members of the Gov-  
ernment may get away to London.

You refer to the province of Quebec  
as being well handled. Well handled,  
forsooth! The situation in Quebec has  
been a disaster. The province has been  
ruined. The lives of Canadian soldiers  
have been sacrificed in the capital  
city of the Union. The province has  
been the scene of the most heinous  
acts which have been known in this  
province as the military exemptions act,  
and the Government of the day has  
been the cause of the loss of the  
lives of the province of Quebec.

There are some very interesting and  
instructive diagrams in a bulletin on  
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'T would be a joy could I behold  
The dappled fields of green and gold,  
Or in the cool, sweet clover lie  
And watch the cloud-ships drifting by.

I'd like to find some quaint old boat  
And fold its oars, and with it float  
Along the lily-lake stream  
Where water-lilies drowse and dream.

Sometimes it seems to me I must  
Just quit the city's din and dust,  
For fields of green and skies of blue,  
And say! how does it seem to you?

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Lose, lose, lose.  
We'll soon be an also ran.  
For a flock of pitchers  
Who could make the batters fan.

Grubbing for it.  
Gabe—Meyers is in it all over.  
Steve—Yes, and we are all busy  
digging.

Discord.  
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They were familiar with the bars, but  
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I watched her hand the bonbons o'er.  
She has such a sweet weigh.

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Sho—Well, anyway you never hear  
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