

"MOTHERHOOD AND THE WAR"

Subject of Rev. W. G. Clarke's Address on Sunday Last

Clarke introduced his subject ending back by pleasant routes hood days, recalling unauthorizing excursions for which and as Burns puts it— he was "for his pains" the mornin'." "The jewel casket, containing the most precious of all jewels—domestic happiness." "Where you are treated best and you grumble most." "Home is the central telegraph of human love, into which run innumerable wires of affection, many of which, though extending thousands of miles, are never disconnected from the one great terminus." "The centre of our affections, around which our heart's best wishes twine." "I heard the relation of 'Motherhood and the War' put in a striking way in a casual remark by a distinguished citizen of our city, who himself has a boy in the trenches." He was referring to our soldier boys here and yonder. Said he, "If you can keep a boy in touch with the old home, if you can get him often to sit down and write home to mother, if in military parlance you can keep the lines of communication open between a soldier boy and his mother, he is safe." From this inexhaustible base

of supplies there go forward to him constantly reinforcements, munitions and supplies of courage and faith and high resolve that make him into the noble patriot and hero.

The other evening I sat at supper in a country home, somewhat remote from our city. There were father and mother and a fine young lad of perhaps 15 years. The conversation turned on the war and now heroically our Canadian boys were fighting for the old flag. The mother spoke and how much it meant none but a mother can realize. "My boy here is eager to enlist and go to the front, but he's too young to go. Much as I love my boy, yet if he were old enough I would not be able to tell him not to go." That boy had the spirit of the Lancashire lad. The Lancashire lad was 12 years old, he presented himself before the recruiting sergeant and wanted to join the colors. He was much disappointed when the officer told him he was too small and young.

"Can't you give me some job in the army now I am big enough to?" anxiously asked the lad.

"No, I can't, I'm sorry to say," replied the officer.

As the lad turned half resentfully away he said:

"Well don't blame me if the bloom in Germans lick the hull lot on you, that's all."

And the mother has the spirit of our Canadian motherhood everywhere.

Foremost among our women is that noble mother, Mrs. H. D. Warren of Red Gables, Toronto, who on the death of her son, the late Captain Trumbull Warren, of the 48th Highlanders, lost not only her eldest son,

but a loved companion.

With a Spartan calm Mrs. Warren has, since the receipt of the tragic message, continued her untiring work at the Patriotic League, at her own home and Exhibition camp.

In view of the heavy burden of the week's cables, Mrs. Warren gives this message of cheer to the women of Toronto and Canada:

"The great comfort is that we, the mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers, at home in all this dreadful time are fighting with those who are fighting at the front. The greatest solace is work. I would like to repeat the message of President Falconer of Toronto University, 'If Canada and the cause are worth dying for, they are also worth living for.' 'Some of us today feel that life is not worth living, but we must remember that the country and cause for which our sons are dying are worth living for.'"

Through the streets of Toronto last Thursday afternoon was borne the body of another Canadian hero, Capt. R. O. Darling, boon companion of Capt. Warren, both of the 48th Highlanders, both dying the hero's death for King and Country. With muffled drums and skirling bagpipes the stately cortege moved slowly thro' the streets amid the silent homage of a hundred thousand hearts. But all these things presented an indifferent compensation to the sorrowing hearts of the "bairnless mother" and "greeting" brave wife. Their only compensation is in the fact that above even their undying love for the noble fallen is their love of honor and right.

Citizens, fellow-countrymen, this is a war that will put our Canadian en-

FLAG FROM KINGSTON

ATTRACTION IN OLD WESTMINSTER ABBEY IN ENGLAND.

The Canadian Battery Banner in Henry VIII's Chapel—Historic Setting for the Kingston Colors.

Writing from London, Eng., to the Toronto Telegram, Douglas S. Robertson says:

"Its silken folds draped against the delicate bronze grill-work that surrounds the tomb of the Royal founder, the flag of the Kingston Battery of the Canadian artillery is now the centre of attraction in King Henry VIII's chapel, Westminster Abbey. Just behind the high altar rests the regimental banner. And here in this ancient sanctuary, this hallowed shrine of the empire, the banner will be guarded till Canada's sons return from the war."

In the twilight that filters through stained glass and dim old lozenge-shaped panes, the writer stood in this beautiful chapel this morning. Overhead, wrought in stone, sixty feet above the marble floor is that arched roof, whose fairy tracery is the chief glory of the place. All around in the little side chapels lie effigies of the Royal dead, moulded in bronze, carved in ivory-like alabaster. High on a block of marble rests Mary, Queen of Scots. Hard by, aquiline in feature, her long slender hands folded in prayer, lies Margaret Beaufort, mother of Henry VII. Her good deeds live after. After four centuries this queen's bounty is still employed, and every Saturday morning forty old women—just as she had decreed—receive each a gift of a loaf of bread, a piece of meat and twopence.

forces of the country absolutely at their disposal. Even the workmen's representatives in the House of Commons sided with the Government; they deposed their chairman, who was against the war, and joined a movement inaugurated by Lord Kitchener, by means of which an army of millions was to be raised by moral compulsion. This feeling, however, has undergone a great change. An old and trusted leader of the Labour movement, Keir Hardie, will have nothing more to do with Sir Edward Grey's War Policy, while the Independent Labour Party will declare its disapproval of the policy at the next meeting of the Parliamentary representatives of the Labour Party."

Says They are The Very Best

Mr. J. A. Hill Tells What Dodd's Kidney Pills Did For Him

He Suffered For Four Months From Kidney Trouble But Found Quick Relief When He Used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Sixty-Nine Corners, Ont., May 10th Special.—"I know that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the very best of medicines." Such is the statement made by Mr. J. A. Hill, a well known resident of this place.

"I was sick for six months," Mr. Hill continues. "My troubles started from a cold that seemed to settle in my back. My joints were stiff and I had cramps in my muscles, my appetite was fitful and I was heavy and sleepy after meals. I had a bitter taste in my mouth and I was always tired and nervous."

"I used four boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and the great benefit they did me is what makes me say, 'They are the best of medicines.'"

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys, and Mr. Hill's symptoms are the symptoms of kidney disease, consequently he found quick relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills. They always cure kidney disease.

49th Regiment Again Suffers Loss

The second battalion is the heaviest sufferer in the casualty lists published since yesterday. They contain the names of 38 N.C.O.s and men killed. In the list appears the names of:

Sergeant Harry Charles Abland of Belleville

Pte. James Bingham, Frankford

Pte. Sherman Jay Snyder, 1st Regiment, Picton

Pte. Bingham enlisted in the 49th Regiment at Frankford in August last. He was a native of England and worked in the Frankford Canning Factory at the time of his enlistment. He had lived in the village for some years. He boarded at the home of Mrs. Murney.

Corporal Guy Chapman of Napanee, 8th Battalion is among the killed in today's list.

Sergt. Harris Writes

Sergt. Albert E. Harris writes to his parents under date of April 15th. The stamp however is marked April 24th. He says—

"I am still on the instructional staff at Shorncliffe barracks, though how long we will be here is hard to say. The weather is fine here just like June in Canada, also we are enjoying ourselves, teaching the second contingent artillery a thing or two. How long this will last is not certain but it is a certainty that the remainder of the first contingent will be off before many days. We are all quartered in rooms at the A.S.C. barracks but as we have been moved down from Ross to Moore barracks and then back to the A.S.C. barracks in Shorncliffe. I can never give an address that will be sure to find me. At present Sergt. Bick and I are O.K. so you need not worry on that score. We all had an issue of new clothes this week so you see they are looking after us."

"I don't know whether you would know me now or not as I am nearly as broad as I am tall, and as I am wearing a moustache to comply with new army regulations recently issued. We are continually on the qui vive at present on account of Zeppelin air raids taking place in the vicinity, one at Maidstone and another at Canterbury, which is only 30 miles from the barracks."

"I don't know whether I told about my London trip in my last letter or not, anyway I was up there for several days and took in all the sights. We also to Devon again to bring back some surplus kit. I left at my billet last March. On our way down we stopped at Newbury Race Course and saw the races. It is something like the Woodbine track in Toronto. I forgot to mention about getting lost in the tubes or underground railway in London and we travelled about for two hours trying to find Paddington station and we ended miles away at a place called Hammersmith."

"I don't suppose there are many of the lads left that I used to chum with, all moved out somewhere or other. It will be a pretty funny place, Belleville, when I come back. The fellows that I left Belleville with are scattered all over now you know, only four or five of us being in Shorncliffe. The rest are at Tidworth, Canterbury, or scattered throughout half a dozen batteries in France."

Sergeant Harris is now thought to be at the front in France or Belgium with reinforcements since the battle of Langemarck.

A CONTRAST IN TREATMENT OF WAR PRISONERS

As a contrast of the methods followed in the treatment of prisoners of war in England and Germany, the following two paragraphs were recently published in a London paper: From the "Ladies Field," April 3rd.

On Tuesday, March 23rd, the Quorn hunt were at the now much discussed Donington Park, and they held something of a lawn meet for the benefit of the German prisoners who are interned in the beautiful old house. Of course, there was a big crowd of people in motors and on foot, who had taken the opportunity of getting into the park to have a look at the Germans. Captain Forester, who is now hunting the hounds himself on Tuesdays and Saturdays, after he had been into the hall, mounted and brought the hounds close up to the wire entanglements, in order that the German officers might have a better view of the pack.

A little more law than usual was allowed; then the Master raised his cap to the officers, they bowed in return, and a very curious little ceremony was over, and the ordinary business began."

From the Diary of a British Officer, Who is Wounded and a Prisoner in Germany.

Published in London, April 10th...

Our beds are iron cots with dirty straw mattresses, arranged in two tiers around the room. I, myself, occupy an upper berth, and find it a little inconvenient to climb into since I have only one serviceable arm. Only a privileged few amongst us, such as the wounded, have a blanket—and that only by the courtesy of certain English civilians, who share our captivity and have been told off to act as scouts for us (in the "Varsity" sense of that expression). Amongst these is a well-known M.F.H. These unfortunates have not only been employed for weeks in erecting sheds, barbed wire fences, and so forth, but have been set to more menial and degrading tasks, such as cleaning out latrines. Small wonder that, like many of our wounded, who have been so grossly ill-treated, they are consumed with a deadly intensity of hatred, which will go down into the grave with them."

THE KARWATHA LAKES.

The Karwatha Lakes District, to the north of Lindsay and Peterborough comprises some of the most attractive summer resorts in Canada. The Indians call the territory "Bright Waters and Happy Lands." The air is pure and invigorating and there is magnificent sailing, canoeing and fishing, and excellent tourist accommodation. In common with the whole of the Highlands of Ontario, Karwatha Lakes are reached by the Grand Trunk System.

For particulars and illustrated descriptive matter write to, C. E. Hornung, D.P.A., Union Station, Toronto, Ont.

GERMAN VIEW OF BRITISH WAR OPINION

The following is an account of the present situation in England given in a leading article in the "Neue Freie Presse," one of the leading Vienna newspapers, presumably with the intention of heartening the Austrian public: "The war feeling in England seems to have abated very considerably under the pressure of calm reflection on the existing conditions. One of the most important events since the outbreak of the war is the attitude assumed by the Independent Labour Party against the war, in favour of the commencement of peace negotiations and against the Government. A natural reaction has set in among the mass of the British people, which hears only of awful carnage, of unceasing battles, which result in the loss of many lives but lead to no decision. It would be premature to adduce already far-reaching inferences from such facts, but we must not forget that the war was started by a few men who had all of the

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