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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London Ont., Saturday, June 1.

BRITAIN'S LATEST SCANDAL.

THERE WILL BE a disposition on the part of all calm, level-headed persons to await further particulars of the alleged wrong-doing of ex-Premier Asquith, Mrs. Asquith, Viscount Haldane, and others, before believing what has been said about them in the trial of Noel Pemberton-Billing, who is charged with libelling Maude Allan, dancer, and J. T. Grein, theatrical manager.

This is not the first time allegations have been made against Mrs. Asquith, and it stands to her credit that in a former case the libeler failed utterly to substantiate his statements; indeed, they were proved absolutely without truth.

Viscount Haldane has been suspected, if not of pro-Germanism, at least of having too much admiration for German efficiency and methods, but it has been supposed, generally, that this friendship for Germany ended with the beginning of the war and consisted merely of sympathy with her standards of scholarship.

Since Mr. Asquith ceased to be premier there have been broad hints thrown out that he was inclined to pacifism and was not so bold and steadfast as when he made the famous declaration that Britain would "never sheathe the sword until Belgium recovers in full measure all, and more than all, that she has sacrificed, until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression, and until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation, and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed." Whether there was reason for the insinuations against him is by no means certain.

Were the assertions made against these persons purely personal, the Empire would be but little interested, but they reflect on the loyalty of the designated ones and, if true, would stamp them as traitors. This fact may call for a strict investigation, especially as it is said that official influence has been used unsparingly to keep the reports from becoming public property. An inquiry appears to be essential; if the charges are false, the establishing of that fact is due to those whose names have been mentioned; if true, the Empire's safety demands that proper measures be taken to prevent harm being done to the cause.

There is always the possibility that the book held in Germany, which is alleged to contain the names of about 47,000 Britishers, in addition to those mentioned, who are held in bondage to Germany through fear of exposure of personal vices, is part of a plot to undermine the morale of Britain and cause division among the Allies. All possibilities must be taken into account by the British authorities and sifted to the bottom. The responsibility is heavy on the Government, and it is to be regretted that this additional burden should have been placed on it at this critical time. Only the fullest light and publicity on everything in connection with the case will satisfy the nation.

THOSE WHISKERS.

IT "GETS THE GOAT" of Sir George E. Foster to see women wearing furs in summer, but he must remember that there are other kinds of hairy throat protection which, to some, look equally foolish in the hot months.

GERMANY'S MUSSULMAN FRIENDSHIP.
THE CENTRAL POWERS have announced that they are in favor of a Mussulman Government for the Crimea, which means placing it under Turkish rule and leaving all Christians at the mercy of the Turks. It also means, of course, German control in the event of the Teutons having their way, since Turkey would never be allowed any great degree of independence.

Is there not, in addition to this, an appeal to India? By declaring in favor of a Mussulman regime for the Crimea, the Teutons are giving the people of that creed recognition never before expressed. All past attempts to appeal to India on Germany's behalf, and they have been numerous, have been failures. It is realized that there is in that great continent a general desire for home rule of a broader and more far-reaching kind than has been granted by Britain and that the lack of this home government has had its influence in holding India back from giving to the cause as generously as lay in her power.

Germany may be advocating Mussulman rule in the Crimea as a promise to India of similar concessions if she will rise up and attempt to throw off the British guardianship. Hun agents may be busy spreading this promise in India now, and pointing to the Crimea as a guarantee of good faith. It may be an indirect bid for India's assistance in this war.

Had the Indians accepted the early German-Turk propaganda that this was a religious war so far as the latter were concerned, there might have been grave danger in the present plan, but Indians refused to take that view, and have remained loyal. There is little likelihood that the Crimean proclamation will affect them in the least.

AN EFFECT OF THE WAR.

"GIPSY" SMITH, the widely-known British evangelist, has been telling Torontonians of the work that goes on in Y. M. C. A. huts behind the firing line in France and, incidentally, he has struck out vigorously at some critics and "reformers." He told his audience of having preached the gospel at one end of a hut and having sold cigarettes to the Tommies at the other. He knew there were some people who

would be shocked and would exclaim: "What! You a messenger of the Lord, serving the boys with cigarettes!"

His answer to these was: "Yes, my saintly friends, and never lost any dignity in doing it. You've preached a religion of words long enough; get off the pedestal and do something."

There is much speculation in these days as to what good results will follow the war, apart from the preservation of world liberty. Is one great effect—broader toleration of the beliefs of others—not already assured? Here is Gypsy Smith, not many years ago holding up smoking as one of the cardinal sins, laying aside his personal prejudice and helping the soldiers to obtain the comforting weed; not long ago "Ralph Connor," temperance writer and preacher and a sworn foe to cigarettes, proclaimed the fact publicly that he personally had found the latter useful in France and would as soon deprive the fighting man of his gun as of his tot of rum when he needed it; Catholic priests on innumerable occasions have made easier the dying hours of Protestant soldiers, and Protestant ministers have performed the same service for Catholics.

Can bigotry and narrow-mindedness thrive after the war as they did before. The answer is given by these changes that have taken place. Less attention is going to be paid to unimportant details in life and more to essentials.

WHY DEPRIVE THE CHILDREN?

BECAUSE THERE IS raging the greatest of all wars, and because the need of economy and thrift in money and foods is being impressed insistently on everyone, it has been decided by London's Board of Education, in agreement with some of the teachers, that there will be no public school picnic at Springbank this year. By this decision, the little ones are deprived of the annual pleasure to which each one of them has looked forward from year to year with excited anticipation, but if it were necessary that all such pleasures be abandoned there would be at least an excuse for the board's decision. The necessity, however, does not seem to exist, and there is a feeling abroad that an unfair trick has been played on the children.

Other annual picnics and banquets are being held as usual, so why should the little ones be selected as the ones to sacrifice? Every day or two announcements are made of organized outings in various parts of the district, and in the city itself banquets are not unknown. At Guelph, on Thursday, the Laymen's Association held its usual banquet in connection with the Methodist conference, a large number being in attendance.

During the early years of the war, it was a recognized principle that children should be shielded from the effects of the strain to the greatest possible extent, no matter how seriously the enjoyments and pleasures of their elders must be curtailed. Unnecessary exchange of gifts among grown-ups at Christmas time was frowned on, but all were agreed that the little tots should have as good a time as could be provided. Has there come a change? Have the older persons grown tired of the burden, and are they shifting it on to the children?

If a picnic for school children is deemed too frivolous for these serious times, let the name be changed; call it a conference, a convention, or one of these weightier names which will cloak the object. At any rate, let the question be reconsidered, and let the outing be held.

A GREAT JOURNALIST.

CANADIAN JOURNALISM loses a conspicuous and creditable ornament in the death of John Ross Robertson, proprietor of the Toronto Evening Telegram. He was a pioneer in his field, having launched and successfully conducted the newspaper which for many years has borne the imprint of his indelible and dynamic personality. Two-fisted vigor and an outspoken fearlessness were the cornerstones of his paper's success, apart from the fact that it developed to a remarkable degree the system of completely "covering" its local field with a fine-tooth comb. A remarkable hold this newspaper secured upon its clientele by means of its classified advertisement department. These built the paper up, held its readers, and until the present day have the front page position of honor. They ironically called the Telegram "the servant girl's paper," and at the same time they realized that this very description acknowledged the newspaper as a great tribute of the people.

Mr. Robertson made the Telegram. Perhaps his great success came to him because he knew his people, and he must have loved them, too. Manifestations of his regard were seen in many spheres. A leading Free Mason, a staunch supporter of clean sport, a veritable father to the Sick Children's Hospital, a man keenly interested in a personal way in those about him and in the younger generation of newspapermen, he is well able to fill a niche in Toronto's hall of fame if not in Canada's. He refused knighthood and other honors, but he did not make any fuss about these natural actions. He was a type of fighting journalist, who knew the human emotions and believed in reaching the people through their good impulses. Most everyone in the land knew "John Ross" or knew of him. He had thousands of friends, and if he had enemies they were the impersonal kind. Through the influence of his newspaper, which was peculiarly himself, he has held Toronto in the hollow of his hand for many years. May he rest in peace as "finis" is written to his honorable career.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Russia has begun telling China what it must do, but it does not follow that China will obey.

Cabinet ministers are great preachers on economy, but have failed to understand the proverb that "example is better than precept."

"Bumper Crops" is becoming a favorite headline now, which is encouraging. If only there is bumper labor supply to handle them, all will be well.

Why should Hon. Albert Seivigny and Joseph Rainville be hunting jobs in Ottawa when there is such need of labor on the farms? There is an opportunity to prove their patriotic intent.

William Proudfoot, M.P.P., says the statements made by his constituents are not worth answering. Is this just the correct attitude for the servant of the public to adopt towards his constituents?

WORTH THE PRICE.

The cost of living may be high, but there are very few who will not admit that it is worth it.

Bits of Buyluk

by Luke McLuke

Copyright, 1917.

The Sport.
To lose his coin the sport is prone,
To risk his coin he's not afraid;
The best of bets which he hath known,
For lack of takers are not made.

Bone-Dry Whiskey.
"Bootlegging must be very profitable in this state," said the man from the west state.
"It is," replied the native of the dry state.
"They ship the whiskey here in coffins, and then the coffins are used by the men who drink the whiskey."

Wuff!
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I am worn out," remarked the rubber.
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Well, Well!

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His wife insisted that he fix
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And then some friend of his sent him
A box of good cigars.

—Greensboro, Ga., Herald-Journal.

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Oh, Joy!

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The trouble with owning a good fountain pen is that it tempts you to write too many letters.

Some men's minds are so small that they regard a nickel in much the same way as an elephant regards a peanut.

Why does a 200-pound teamster always sit on one end of the wagon seat and force it out of plumb, when he could just as well sit in the middle of it?

The more questions you ask the more you will find out that isn't so.

And a dentist is about the only man on earth who could kill the nerve of some people.

There is some class to a small boy. He despises a sofa pillow poodle as much as he loves a common cur who is just plain dog.

When a man spends \$10 in a taffie and wins something worth about a dollar, his friends never get done talking about a lucky cuss he is.

A horse can swear with his ears. But a man being an intelligent animal, has to use his mouth.

A husband can be so homesely that his face hurts him. And he can be so hard up that a dime looks like \$10. But he doesn't come home after midnight without being accused of leading a double life.

A wife has a sneaking suspicion that her husband could thread a needle easily enough if he had to do some mending and she wasn't around. And she is right.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

A BOOST FOR THE Y. M. C. A.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:

Kindly give me a small space to say a few words. I feel it my duty to tell the people of Canada what I know of the work of the Y. M. C. A. during my fifteen months in France.

At Le Havre, which was the Canadian base in 1916, and part of 1917, the Y. M. C. A. was the only place where you could get your English pound notes changed honestly. That is one good point.

You pay two cents a cup for coffee there, and I do know that we got biscuits, cakes and eggs cheaper than in England.

Well, up the line we go with the best of luck and as we stop at the different stations the Y. M. C. A. is there and gives you coffee and writing paper free. About three parts of a canteen full of coffee free and the

sandwiches and biscuits are not so dear as in England, and cigarettes and tobacco were even cheaper. I was sorry to have to spend a couple of francs because of shortage in change. They hardly ever had it. That is the only kick I have against this, to my mind, grand institution.

Why do I call it grand? Come with me to Albert. There was only a small Y. M. C. A. there, but the prices were the same as at the base. Le Havre coffee was given as long as it lasted. Now, come nearer the line in an old dugout that Fritz had left just a few days before. The German bodies had not been buried, and there we got coffee free. When we came down the sunken road near the place where the sugar refinery had been, Bill Nelson, Gikner and myself and others of the stragglers, received two tins full of coffee and two cigarettes each. My! was this not a godsend after drinking out of shell holes with floating bodies in them?

At Bully Grenade, Treves Alley Trench and at Marock we received free coffee and had to find whatever we could to drink out of. Mr. Johnson, who used to drive for McLeod's of this city, was our stretcher-bearer. There was no difference in the price of things, either at the Chaplains or the Salvation Army or the Y. M. C. A. and do they not stick together? Just as man and officer in the trenches.

The Y. M. C. A. has beautiful concerts. Ten days before Vimy the Y. M. C. A. brought soldier artists from England to entertain us.

At Newel St. Vast, which was called the white city, is an old dugout in the trench, the Y. M. C. A. while being shelled all the time, gave coffee free. There is no Newel St. Vast now.

About April 20, 1917, there was a large marquee of the Y. M. C. A. put up right in front of one of our big guns. I remember sleeping very soundly in it, with others, and there was a premature explosion, and the gun was out of action. So was the trench. A piece of shell killed one of our bandmen, and another fellow, who was just telling us of the good time he had had in Blighty, got another piece. So the marquee was shifted about a mile further away.

At the cross-roads there, in a cellar covered with sandbags, is a Y. M. C. A. worker. When we asked him for some coffee he said, "I am sorry, boys, the patrol officer will not let me light a fire until it is dark, for Fritz will see the smoke." We had not so very long to wait, and being tired it did us good, and all the time Fritz was shelling that house by the cross-roads. It needs strong men stay there for our benefit.

Now, we come to the base at Etaples.

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