

London Advertiser

MORNING. NOON. EVENING.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
 Morning Edition. Outside City. By mail. 10c per week. \$2.00 per year.
 Evening Edition. Outside City. By mail. 10c per week. \$2.00 per year.
 City. By mail. 10c per week. \$2.00 per year.
 Telephone Numbers.

3670 Private Branch Exchange.
 Connecting All Departments.
NIGHT CALLS.
 6 a.m. to 3.30 a.m., and holidays.
 3670—Business Department.
 3671—Editors.
 3672—Reporters.
 3673—Job Printing.
 To call night numbers use the word "ONLY" after giving the number.

Entered at London Postoffice for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

TORONTO REPRESENTATIVE:
 F. W. Thompson, 50 Mail Building.
 The London Advertiser Company, Limited.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 28

THE POLISH CLIMATE.

It is generally assumed that the Polish winter may prove destructive to the German armies of the east. There is a sort of supposition that the winter would Warsaw is the city which Napoleon's army experienced in the retreat from Moscow. Some distinctions, however, must be made for accuracy.

A Toronto paper the other day said that as Russian Poland lies between the 50th and 54th parallels of latitude, its climate will be like that of Labrador. But the Encyclopedia Britannica says that Poland lies between the latitudes of 49th and 54th degrees, whereas the mean annual temperature of the Labrador coast is 22 to 23; so much warmer is the Polish winter than the Labrador average for the year round. It is if anything milder than the winter of Western Ontario.

The average time for the earliest frost at Warsaw is given as October 15, and for the latest, March 15. "The snow covering is not very thick," though "the rivers are covered with ice for 2 1/2 to 3 months." The prevailing January wind at Warsaw is southeast, the opposite of our dear old westers. No Poland is not quite Poland. Its air is drier also than that of the Franco-Belgian scene of war.

As for Napoleon's disastrous retreat, his army marched from Moscow to the Niemen, nearly 600 miles, in the two months between October 19 and the middle of December. The route lay along close to the 55th parallel, in a much colder country than Poland, the mean January temperature of Moscow being 12 degrees, or 10 degrees lower than here in London. It is true, "the snows were tardy that autumn," as Professor Fisher says in his life of Napoleon, and it was only the forepart of the season that the grand army had to endure. No doubt January in Western Poland, though milder and less snowy than in Southern Ontario, may be quite as serious a matter as the Lithuanian November. But what wrecked Napoleon's army was not so much snow and frost as hunger, consequent weakness, disease, and the tactics of the pursuing Cossacks.

When at the end of November he reached the Berezina River, after a 400-mile retreat in one month's time, of the 100,000 that had turned back from Moscow only a small fraction remained. The retreat had to be made over the same route by which the enormous host had advanced a few months before, living off the land. There was, accordingly, little now to be got for man or beast on the way back, and it was because weakened by famine and forced marching in the snow that the troops made feeble resistance to cold and disease, and the harassing Russes.

It is not so certain that well-fed and well-clothed German troops, many of them accustomed to the bleak and trying climate of the Baltic provinces or the winters of Bavaria and Silesia, which are about the same as that of Russian Poland, will not fare as well ensconced in trenches or dugouts on the Warfa as the Japs a few years ago in their Manchurian lines. If they are kept well fed and clothed, they may be all right. We can't trust too much to the Polish climate to win the victory. Rather trust the Russians and the Poles themselves to give "the road-log of Europe" his quietus on the eastern frontier.

MR. MECKLE'S LETTER.

A MEMBER of the bar, Mr. C. J. Meckle, B. A., of Chesley, Ont., in a letter to this newspaper, says that what is needed at the present time is proof positive of the alleged atrocities practiced by the men of the Kaiser's army. Mr. Meckle points out that if photographs of the victims were secured and exhibited to the neutral world, "the world will be aroused to a pitch of fury compared with which the present indignation protests are but a gentle murmur." He also states that Canadians of German extraction do not believe the newspaper reports of personal atrocities, if we may use the term as distinguished from the cathedral-destroying and town-burning.

The stories of alleged atrocities have been hard to believe, and, at the same time, as letters making the charges heaped up, hard to disbelieve. We do not think that Canadians wish to stamp as true that the German army has been guilty of the crimes charged, and if such stories as received are the work of insanely mischievous persons, then a great harm has been done to the whole German race, when the whole fair-minded world, including the nations arrayed against Germany, was convinced that blood-and-iron Prussianism was at the roots of the whole monstrous affair. But the Belgian national "atrocity" was such a blow to Germany's good name that the world

was quick to believe the charges of personal outrages. And it will have a task to excuse any act that may be charged against it.

The production of photographic proof has struck many people as necessary to a conviction of the horrible practices alleged. Perhaps there are no photographs. Perhaps Great Britain has them, and still withholds the shocking things from the view of a world that would be aroused to a pitch of fury. Indeed, the war will be a cleaner war and not the filthy thing we have come to believe it. Germany can show that in her perverted philosophy there is an individual code, if not a national one, that the honor of women and the lives of children are sacred to most, if not all, the Kaiser's troops.

These charges have been a terrible ordeal to the residents of German extraction in Canada. Certainly their adopted country has shown its trust and regard for them. It has not suspected them; it has treated them as all other Canadians; it has had sympathy for them and respect for them. Certainly, they are as far removed from evil as the British-born Canadian, and in a study of them and their character one comes to know that their once-removed countrymen must last and first be the victims of a slavish environment and a terrible national perversion, the chains of which, the world knows, THEY THEMSELVES shall yet break.

TO SOLDIERS' WIVES.

A NUMBER of complaints have been made from women throughout Western Ontario that they have never received the Government "separation allowance" that should have been paid them as the result of the departure of their breadwinners to the front as volunteers of the first contingent. A number of these cases have been brought to the attention of The Advertiser. Every wife, who has failed to receive her proper allowance, is advised to communicate with the militia department at once, enclosing her credentials and make a full explanation of the circumstances under which she is entitled to the allowance.

In answer to a query as to what should be done in this regard, The Advertiser's Ottawa correspondent writes as follows:

It is stated here that if any checks for monthly separation allowances have not reached London or district there has been an oversight somewhere that will be corrected as soon as detailed information is received. Throughout Canada every wife, or dependent mother of a private is entitled to a separation allowance of \$20 a month. Dependents of those of higher ranks are paid in proportion up to \$60 a month for wives and dependent mothers of field officers.

The attention of one lady, H. Petrola, and another whose address was not given is called to the above.

SPIES THAT FAILED.

FROM GERMAN comes a story to the effect that the Kaiser has imprisoned, or executed, a number of famous German spies whose false reports largely led him into the present conflict. And it must be confessed he has some reason to be "peevish." It is quite evident that much of the Kaiser's over-confidence in plunging into war was due to the lying of his high-priced spies. That he was deceived as to conditions in other lands is not to be doubted, particularly as to Great Britain. He did not believe England would declare war. Spies in the English Government service, in the labor organizations, in every walk of life, social, commercial and industrial, assured him that a declaration of war on the part of England would bring on internal strife. He was told that John Bull might bluff and bluster, but that he dare not go to war. He was told that great strikes and political dissensions would paralyze the British Government, so that if it was mad enough to take up the Teuton challenge it would be quickly so weakened from within as to prove an easy victim. The spy simply laid before the Kaiser the stuff the Kaiser most relished. It was "easy money," and it appears to have been worked to the limit.

For a decade, France, Russia and Great Britain have been overrun by German spies at enormous expense, and when informed by these experts that the moment is ripe to start some thing, he deliberately brings on war only to find that he has been deceived—well, it is not a situation calculated to improve the Hohenzollern temper. He must feel a good deal like the burglar who, told by a confederate from the inside the right moment to crack a safe, finds himself looking down the barrel of a six-shooter.

STILL A LIVE ISSUE.

COUNT VON BERNSTORFF'S statement that Germany's recent semi-official recognition of the Monroe Doctrine applied only to South America, and that Germany considers herself free to invade Canada, has caused the Detroit Free Press to declare that the Dominion will be to blame should Berlin and Washington be drawn into a controversy.

We are told that our entering the conflict was a mistake, that we should have remained neutral, and that our action may drag the United States into a serious situation. We were under the impression that Canada's loyalty to the Empire was something so big, so obvious, that our taking part in this conflict would never be questioned. To a Canadian, to remain neutral during an Empire crisis such as exists today would be a monstrous thing. That we are not so understood at Detroit, with which Ontario is so closely associated in a score of ways, is something to marvel over. Evidently our loyalty has not been as well advertised in some quarters as it should be, but setting aside the point, with the hope that after this war we will never again be misunderstood, does anybody suppose that Canada's having remained neutral

would have saved us from invasion if the Kaiser was in a position to try it? The fact is that all these semi-official German statements in regard to the Monroe Doctrine have been dashed up largely for Washington consumption. Von Bernstorff declares that Germany subscribes to the Monroe Doctrine only as regards South America, and Central America, and follows this up with a reassuring statement to the effect that Canada is not to be invaded. From here, it looks as if Germany was tactfully telling Uncle Sam that she has neither fear nor regard for the Monroe Doctrine. She retains the privilege of invading Canada, but doesn't intend to. Evidently the Monroe Doctrine is to remain a live issue.

WHISPERING TREASON.

AFTER reading "The Chant of Hate," which appeared in these columns, some time ago, the recent report that German secret agents were suggesting treason against Britain to France are more capable of being regarded as having a reliable source.

Former Premier Georges Clemenceau of France is to be relied upon, Germany has tried the same thing before. In a remarkable article on "The Cause of War," in last week's Saturday Evening Post, Mr. Clemenceau wrote:

"It should be said that the frequent threats against France, and through her against all independent Europe, did not prevent Wilhelm II. from making very friendly overtures, more or less flattering to the French people."

"It was whispered to us: 'If you like, we two can be masters of the world.' But we, who had not the least idea of being masters of the world, remained silent; and our silence was taken with very bad grace. As a matter of fact, the intention was to persuade France to model her conduct on that of Austria after Sadowa. Conquered Austria had been resigned to serve—to serve her conqueror. France would have preferred to disappear from the face of the earth. This indicative of the difference in temper of the two nations."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

King Winter, so to speak, has relaxed the censorship.

In this weather one comes to realize the added discomfort of the Highlander or the Sikh on the European battlefield.

The Germans in Belgium are fighting with desperation as they hear the ominous thunder of Russian cannon to the east.

The Hon. "Shoot Holes" Blondin has been swallowed whole by the Conservative press. The indigestion is yet to come.

If Germany runs short of hot air for its Zepplins a never-ending supply can be secured by tapping the Kaiser's bombast.

It cannot be said that the Austrian verdict, blaming Serbia for the murder of the archduke, was wholly unexpected.

We venture the opinion that a few of our readers down in Zorra brightened up when they read Von Bernstorff's implied threat of invasion.

Count von Bernstorff, commissioned by the Kaiser to keep the Americans in good humor, will soon be the Count of no account across the line.

The Crown Prince is making a desperate attempt to break through the Allies' line at Verdun. Must be going back for a chateau he overlooked burglarizing.

It is said Germany will invade England by means of huge flat-bottomed transport-largers. We suggest a life raft or two just in case of accidents.

Professor Munsterberg says every foot outside of Germany thinks Germany is 200 years behind Western civilization. Some wise men place them 5,000 years behind.

There is a good prospect that the assassin of the Austrian archduke will be executed. Not counting the Kaiser, he's the one man who's got it coming to him.

The German ambassador has said that Germany will not molest the Monroe Doctrine, but let Uncle Sam remember what respect Germany has for a scrap of paper.

The falling of the leaves is a parallel to the harvest of human leaves in the forest, beset by the European cyclone. Some day the trees most lashed will be bare.

SAFE PREDICTION.

[Chicago News.] It is not likely, however, that Europe, which permits the women to do the farm work during the war, will permit them to do a share of the voting after the war.

NOT SO LONG AGO.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.] Many can remember when the rulers of Europe used to greet each other with kisses on each whiskered cheek.

THE LOST MOTHER.

[Diana Royds, in the Bookman.] Renewed, you say, in every breath. She lives where happiest dreams come true.

But were it not the sting of death. If death indeed made all things new? Happy she weaves, with starry strands. Again upon the wrinkled hands. That laid the knitting by the Book! No need of glasses now to see. The farthest star which turns above. But could the old eyes beam on me. Dim eyes whose only light was love. As then she was I seek her now—No halo round the silver hair. No crown upon the patient brow. Only the cap she used to wear. Talk not of her immortal youth. Dearest her placid ease than all. What shining wings could wear, in sooth. The beauty of her faded shawl? Nay, by her portrait kneeling down. One prayer, but one, will I record: No white wings, but the old gray gown. No angel, but a mother, Lord! —Diana Royds, in the Bookman.

---and the Worst Is Yet to Come



German Sergeants Diary Tells of Brutal Officers

[Manchester Guardian.]

Amen.—I have just seen the diary of a German soldier, who describes the feelings of revolt excited by the brutal treatment of the officers. Speaking of his own captain, he says in one place: "I don't know whether I shall stand it no longer and shoot him, or be shot."

The diary was found in one of the battlefields near Amiens. It is that of a sergeant, who describes himself as Albert Meyer, of the Seventh, Sixth Regiment of Infantry, of the Tenth Army Corps.

On August 19 the sergeant writes: "I hope that peace will soon be made. None of us have any wish to submit longer to the terrible service which we are obliged to render." Of Louvain he says:

"At Louvain we were told that the inhabitants treacherously attacked our men, and dug out the eyes of prisoners. Our train was moving slowly along, just outside Louvain, when we were fired upon. Out came our cartridges, and we fired into the houses. We left the houses burning to the right and left. We were again fired upon as we came out, but this time we caught thirty of the snipers and shot them. Two of our companies were sent back to the town. In going through a narrow street they were subjected to a cross-fire. It was then that Lieutenant Dehling, of the Eleventh Company, was shot. Fourteen of our men broke into the houses and killed everyone inside that did not throw up hands at once. We drove out the women on to the station, some of them without any clothes."

The sergeant returns to his difficulties with the officers. The captain is in a murderous humor. He insults and abuses me like a furious lunatic. Two of the men he punished with five days' prison for nothing. One of them did not stand up straight enough when saluting him, and the other had slightly damaged his bicycle during the fighting in Louvain, and had not reported it at once. This is absurd.

On September 4 he writes: "Four hundred prisoners slept near our camp last night. They were snipers, and this morning they were taken out to be looked over. Half of them had yet to be handed out by a Turkish colonel to a British friend of mine, a business man here. This was yesterday. The colonel said: 'We have over 200,000 troops at Adrianople now, and every night 25,000 of them go out into a valley near there with their horses, arms, big guns, etc., and during the night big German airplanes come and take them all off to Germany, where they are fighting side by side with the Germans.' He said also, 'These Germans are doing terrible things to the French army. Nearly every day they load over 70 tons of high explosives on an airship and call for volunteers. These volunteers take the airship over the French troops, coming down near the ground and explode the whole thing, killing thousands of French troops.' This is a colonial mind you. Several banquetts have been held at which Turkish and German officers have celebrated great 'German victories.' Do you get this kind of stuff in your papers? Fortunately we get direct from the British foreign office telegrams daily upon which we can rely."

Startling News Reaches Turks

An American here, having wide interests in the nearer east has just received an illuminating letter from one of his agents in Turkey. Evidently the official who censors war news for the Turkish press has a truly Oriental imagination. The letter says:

"Yesterday, for part of my Turkish lesson with my 'hoda,' we read the morning's Turkish papers. What do you think some of the 'leaders' were? Here are a few samples:

"We made a mistake in a recent issue in giving the number of Russians taken prisoners by the German in a great battle as 25,000. Since then the captives have all been counted and were found to number 67,000.

"Paris is now in a state of terror. The German army, which surrounds the city, is sending up airships dropping terrible bombs among the people." (September 3, 1914.)

"Indignation meetings against England are held all over the United States in favor of Germany."

But the keenest piece of information

Lord Kitchener's Smile

Amesbury, England. What puzzled me, as we were going along the road this morning, was that the car should stop though there was plenty of room to pass the stationary cars in front. We were in the wilds of Salisbury Plain, and in front, drawn up by the side of the road, were four motor cars.

On the right was a detachment of the new army, and, as we approached, a group of officers left the recruits standing stiffly to attention and walked towards the waiting cars.

I expected to go past, but the driver of the car suddenly put the brakes on and pulled up with an alarming jerk. "The chauffeur's 'Nothing.'"

"What is it?" I asked. "Nothing," said the chauffeur, "but we can't give Lord Kitchener our dust."

And there, in khaki, looking very cheerful, chatting to the officers as he strode towards the road, was indeed the Secretary for War. The recruit stood to attention, looking straight ahead, though every man must have felt inclined to turn.

Soon the cars started, and the officers left by the roadside saluted, and in a few moments I was smothered in a cloud of dust. Obviously we had the fastest car, but the chauffeur was persuaded that it would not be by any means correct to pass Lord Kitchener.

So we crawled along behind on a road

the phantom army developed into some thousands of recruits, in all kinds of clothes, standing very stiffly, and doing their best to look perfectly at ease, as if Lord Kitchener were nowhere near. Quickly his lordship walked along the lines, turning every now and then to say something to an officer, and once or twice when he came to a man in a specially bizarre costume he smiled, and said a word or two to the man, and the man looked very shy.

By this time I was beginning to feel that we were occupying a somewhat doubtful position just behind the official cars, and I suggested to the chauffeur that we might be giving a wrong impression, and that it would be better to go on. But nothing would persuade him of the correctness of passing Lord Kitchener's car, even though it stood stationary, on the side of the road. "His lordship will be back in a minute," said this surprising chauffeur, "and we must wait."

"A Sea of Dust." So there we waited while the recruits were hastily inspected, and in a few minutes, at the chauffeur's pleasure, we drove along again through great waves of dust.

When I and the chauffeur and the whole car were powdered white, and I noticed not far from the road, a few men of the new army, I suggested to the chauffeur that we might stop. He consented, and I got out and had a few minutes with the men, and then I saw that they were very cheerful, and one of them said to me: "When the Germans knock up against Kitchener's army they'll catch a worse cold than they've ever caught before."

THE KISS. Through the autumn woods, on a starry night, Jack Frost, the roistering wanton, crept; And there, from the leaves of the dreaming trees, He fiercely stole a kiss, as they slept. And the trees, demure, that had only known The touch of the summer zephyr's lips, At the hurried kiss of the lover bold Blushed fiery red to their very tips. —Temple Thomas.

Roasts retain their natural flavor—bread, cakes, puddings, etc., baked in a

McClary's Pandora

Range always comes fresh and sweet from its perfectly ventilated oven. See the McClary dealer in your town.

MADE IN CANADA

Sold by J. A. Brownlee, 385 Talbot street; J. A. Page, 807 Dundas street; J. H. Bull, Hamilton road and Rectory street.

Next in Importance to Making a Will

The interest of this Company in any estate which it is empowered to administer is strictly impersonal. All things are done with the sole aim of fulfilling its trust with the highest degree of efficiency and faithfulness—in closest conformity with the expressed desires of the testator.

Consult with us regarding the administration of your estate. All information cheerfully furnished free.

THE LONDON & WESTERN TRUSTS CO. LIMITED

382 RICHMOND STREET, LONDON, ONT.

SIR GEO. GIBBONS, K.C., President. JOHN S. MOORE, Manager.



PERRIN'S CHEESE WAFERS

The bit of cheese baked into these crisp biscuits produces a flavor that is as enjoyable as it is unique. For picnic luncheons and al fresco teas nothing could be better.

SEND FOR THE PERRIN "SAMPLER" PACKAGE

It contains many delicious biscuit surprises—and it's yours for 10c. (stamps or coin) and your grocer's name.

Every Package Guaranteed.

D. S. PERRIN & COMPANY LIMITED

LONDON — CANADA

19

Dress in Comfort

You need a good warm room to shave and dress in. A Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater will warm any ordinary room in a few minutes.

The Perfection is portable; you can take it to sitting-room, cellar or attic—any room where extra heat is needed—and it is specially convenient in very cold weather.

The Perfection is economical, too—it burns only when you need it. No coal, no kindling, no dirt, no ashes. Good-looking, easy to clean and rewick.

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATERS

Odorless and smokeless. For sale at hardware and general stores everywhere. Look for the Triangle trademark.

Made in Canada

ROYALITE OIL is best for all uses

THE IMPERIAL OIL CO., Limited

Toronto Quebec Halifax Montreal St. John Winnipeg Vancouver

19

A Woman's Way

Who says a woman's part is only "watch and wait"?

True, a woman cannot shoulder a rifle and go to the front, but there is a way in which she can help and which is just as important. That way is in supporting the prosperity of Canada.

Women do the buying. A million of them in Canada are buying, every day, most of the necessities and luxuries for eight million people, expending and influencing the expenditure of perhaps a billion dollars every year.

At present much of that expenditure goes for imported products.

Suppose it were all switched to Canadian-made goods. Think how many Canadian workmen would be kept busy supplying this enormous demand! Think what it would mean to Canadian industries! Think what an era of prosperity it would create!

This is a woman's way to help. To create prosperity for Canada, to lay forever the spectre of unemployment, to create resources to carry on the war.

It's very easy too, just

Say "Made in Canada"

Every Time You Make A Purchase

COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA

Rich, delicious, pure

Sold Everywhere

249