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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, COMPANY.

London, Ont., Monday, Feb. 25.

THE EFFICIENCY TEST.

AS THE WAR marches on in Europe there is no respite for the men who man the war machine at home. They keep the home wheels turning, and London district has been fortunate in the possession of officers and men at the head of affairs who have handled tens of thousands of men with a minimum of friction. The city council administers the affairs of 60,000 people, but it will be found that the duties involved in the management of the military affairs of such a district as the London district are much more complex. Gen. Shannon has won golden opinion since war began, and he has been surrounded from time to time with a staff of businesslike officers. The non-commissioned officers who have trained the men who marched away to war, and turned out officers by the hundreds, have "proved up" in a gruelling test. The "game" has proceeded with unabating necessity for action. And while many of those in home posts were desirous of the chance to serve at the front, they buckled down to their tasks and gave the British Empire and Canada great service.

PASSING OF RESOLUTIONS.

PASSING resolutions at any and every convention which assemblies has become a habit. It is not considered essential that those voting for or against a motion know anything of the subject, but, frequently, a resolution that has been passed by one organization is forwarded to another with the request that it be indorsed, and this is done, with little or no discussion, as a matter of form. Of course, some resolutions are necessities, but others are mere formalities inserted in the proceedings to round them out properly according to the ideas of those who arrange the program. Hamilton school teachers, in convention, passed resolutions protesting against melodramatic photoplays, comic newspaper supplements and the manufacture and sale of cigarettes. Under which class these resolutions come, necessities or formalities, or whether they form another class readers may judge for themselves. Let the last be dealt with first. There is a greater demand today than ever before for cigarettes. They are one of the great comforts and solaces of the men in the trenches, who emphasize their need of the little soothers in almost every letter. Returned men, privates, officers, doctors and chaplains, indorse them as one of the great needs of the army, and thousands of people at home have overcome their prejudice against them, and are sending them overseas regularly. In the face of these facts, a band of school teachers asks that supplies be summarily cut off. Have these persons studied the pathological effects of cigarette smoke? Are they competent to explain them to the pupils whom they teach or to a committee of legislators appointed to inquire into the results of cigarette smoking? If they are not, their resolution is likely to be considered presumptuous; and the average school teacher is not an expert pathologist.

Comic pictures and photoplay melodrama may have influences on the mind, but what kind of influence is exerted must depend, inevitably, on the individual pictures. There are comic pictures, so-called, which are vulgar and suggestive, but they are not high in favor, and they are not used in many newspapers. There are comic pictures which are harmless but amusing to a great many people, such as those published in The Advertiser, which serve to distract the minds of adults from business cares at the end of the day's work and to brighten the play hours of children. There is, likewise, a wide difference in melodramas.

It is somewhat significant that a special committee was appointed in Hamilton to deal with the question of teachers' salaries. This was too important a matter to be dealt with hastily. Would it not have been better, if action were considered advisable on the other questions mentioned, to attach to them the same importance?

THE MONUMENTS THEY DESIRE.

LEUT.-COL. JOHN McCRAE gave up all, even life itself, for the preservation of liberty on earth and the freeing of Belgium, France and other oppressed lands from the claws of Prussianism. Incidentally, he found time in the midst of his war duties to write one of the most touching and compelling little poems of the war, "In Flanders Fields." Because of his services and, partly, because of the wonderful grip his poem has taken on the hearts of Allied peoples, it is proposed to erect a memorial to his memory, Guelph Canadian Club taking the initiative.

It is fitting that the memory of Col. McCrae and all the other officers and men who have given their lives in the cause be kept green. There are thousands upon thousands of Canadians whose lives and deaths ought never to be forgotten in the Dominion, and when the war is over and the victory won it may be right that monuments be built at various centres to be constant reminders for all that it is to these men and others like them that Canada owes everything she is and has.

At present there is an urgent call for every spare dollar to help in winning the war, in providing Red Cross supplies, in laying up a patriotic fund to amply cover all demands during the year, in feeding the starving of Belgium, occupied France, Serbia and Armenia, and in supplying soldiers on active service with some few of the almost necessary luxuries of life. If Col.

McCrae and his fellow-soldiers could speak from the grave they would not ask that monuments be erected or scholarships founded in their names now; they would beg that everything possible be done for the men in the theatre of war that their existence might be made more bearable and that their every effort might have the fullest support from those at home. Col. McCrae has left his appeal behind and his meaning is clear. In his poem he makes his demand:

"Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The Torch—be yours to hold it high;
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders Fields."

To Canadian Clubs, to the nation and to the whole British Empire, the call comes: Take up the quarrel; hold high the torch. Fight if you are able to endure the hardships; give if you cannot fight; devote all your energies to finishing what they have begun so gloriously. Victory is the memorial they all desired when they laid down their arms and crossed over to the other side. Less enduring and more trivial monuments can wait.

A FATHER "CARRIES ON" AT HOME.

THE appointment of Mr. James Gray, head of Gray's, Limited, to serve as district representative for the Canadian Food Board in its work of securing publicity through all retail merchants, is good news for Western Ontario. No man in the city of London could have been chosen who was more likely to inspire public good-will, and he is also known throughout Western Ontario as one of the foremost merchants. Mr. Gray's abundant good nature and kindness will win friends for the Canadian Food Board wherever he may go. His duties are likely to be somewhat onerous, but he will enlist assistance and support in all quarters for the asking. He will follow practical lines, and he will be certain to carry through all the tasks allotted to him.

Mr. Gray has been for many years one of the leading businessmen of the Forest City, and it is a fine thing to see him stepping into places of public service. Citizens showed their respect for him by placing him at the head of the polls as a school trustee at the elections in January.

Mr. Gray speaks from the heart when he says that he believes the conservation of food will help mightily to win the war. His son, Ronald, gave his life to the cause, and his brother, David, also laid down his life. Another son, Roy, is the commander of a "tank" in France, where he has served almost since the outbreak. Mr. Gray will have the hearty co-operation of his legion of friends, and Western Ontario will certainly be well advised as to the vital necessity of food conservation.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

With Marelli's persistency, a man ought to be able to make good without thieving.

Choice hogs sell at \$20.25 per cwt. "You pig" is fated to become an exclamation of admiration in the near future.

Mild weather has one unpleasant feature: there is too much mention of "Thaw" in the papers, bringing to mind one Harry K.

None of these places which are discussing the establishment of municipal coal yards are holding up London as an example of success in this field.

Eastern Ontario milk producers want more than the fixed price of 21 1/4 cents a pound for the cheese made. Western Ontario farmers will be delighted to support their demands.

It's cruel of the Government to delay announcing its plans (if it has any) for obtaining the seventy odd thousand men required to complete the hundred thousand conscription quota.

Which is the more serious offence—to carry liquor in the pouch or in the bottle? The man who carries it "inside" gets a \$10 fine, while he who carries it in another sort of container must pay \$200.

It's a queer state of things at Ottawa which permits men like Blondin and Sevigny, who are no longer even members of Parliament, to draw cabinet ministers' salaries. Some more of that strange governmental economy.

Latest theory about Germany's plans on the west front is that she is going to win another of her remarkable victories by withdrawing her armies about 25 miles. She will then boast that the Allies failed to prevent this manoeuvre.

WARNING CAME FROM BERLIN, GERMANY.

[Kitchener Telegraph.] Mr. John Rathorn, of the Providence Journal, who has been as much or more to do with the exposing of the German than any other single individual, is now publishing in The World's Work, a number of the experiences he had and the lessons he learned. For instance, passengers on the Lusitania were warned by the German embassy at Washington to remain at home. The Berlin message read as follows:

To Berlin, Foreign Office, 669, (44-W)—We have received from the German embassy at Washington, 173 1/2 2 stop 622 2 4 stop 17 15 stop LIX 1 3 4 5 6.

The decoding key appeared in the words "Welt nineteen-fifteen." "Welt" is the German for World. One of Mr. Rathorn's agents remembered that the New York World Almanac for 1915 was secured, and the figures in the Almanac were found to indicate pages, lines, and words in the line of that publication. A little application made the message to read as follows:

To embassy, Washington.—Warn Lusitania passengers through press not voyage across Atlantic.

THE ANXIOUS DEAD.

[By John McCrae.]

(The following poem, marked strongly by the peculiar genius of the author, was given by him to the Rev. Dr. Christian Guardian, last August, and is published in the second in command at No. 3 McGill University Hospital, France, and only a week or so ago news of his death from pneumonia was cable to his father, Col. McCrae, of Guelph.)

O guns, fall silent till the dead men hear
Above their heads the legions pressing on;
(These fought their fight in time of bitter fear,
And died, not knowing how the day had gone.)

O flashing muzzles, pause and let them see
The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar;
Then let your mighty chorus witness
To them and Caesar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,
That we have seen, and will not turn aside;
That we will onward till we win or fall,
That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day anon
They shall feel earth emerge in silent deep,
Shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet dawn,
And, in content, may turn them to their sleep.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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WINE OF LIFE.

By Catherine Hopson.

"Want a lift?" asked out a cheery voice, as jingling sleigh bells slowed

Amy Davanant, teacher of the Pipe Grove School, stepped aside in the road at the approach of bells, and then

her smooth brow was the futility of the question. Her need of a "lift" was

through fourteen inches of unbroken snow. Besides, she felt plucked that

people in the community, and made no effort to get acquainted since her

"Oh—it's you, Miss Davanant," Alden said when he saw who it was. Then

"I don't wonder you didn't recognize me, I'm so wrapped up in it," she laughed.

"Why in the name of common sense didn't the Perkins take you to school

on a day like this?" she asked, when the jingle of bells began again.

She laughed. "They seldom think it necessary," she said, frowning.

"On a day like this?" she asked, when the jingle of bells began again.

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you that I couldn't drive my horse tonight. He was a shoe going home this noon, and for some reason is terribly lame. I've been working over him—that's why I'm late. I kept hoping he could make it; but he simply can't. However, I'm here with a snow shoe."

"But can we walk over to the Perkins?" she faltered.

"No, but I phoned to Mrs. Tolan; they're the people who live in the cabin just beyond me, you know, and she wants you to stay there tonight. It's three-quarters of a mile from here, but with a snow shovel and a strong right arm, I think we can make it here."

So they started forth. The snow had drifted over the path made by the sleighs earlier in the day, and the shovel was necessarily brought into service the greater part of the way. The late afternoon wind increased in fury, and Amy was obliged to hold her muff against her face to keep it from freezing. Nevertheless, despite their exertions, they found time for merry talk.

"At last they saw shining out before them the welcoming light of the Perkins' cabin. Before ascending the little hill which it stood, they paused to catch their breath."

"I'm mighty glad the storm came to-day and gave me a chance to know you," declared the stern. "I've thought you were a city product who wouldn't care for pioneer life and people—that's why I've avoided you. But you're plucky today!"

"I've been working over my horse since he was a foal, and I'm not going to try and make up for lost time."

"The howl howled, and around them stretched the desolate, snow-covered prairie; but it might have been a rose-garden for what the woman who looked on at them said. They were bright with youth and joy and wine of life."

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