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LONDON, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17.

HOGSHEAD RULE.

THE private bills committee of the Ontario Legislature refused the city of London's request to include in the annual bill from this municipality the bylaw reducing the number of licenses by six.

While the Legislature may plead that it had no authority to pass the bylaw while the petition which brought about the vote on the question was in the courts, the sight of a faction led by one of the "whisky kings" of the province forcing this clause on the bill despite the city's request that it go through, will give the whole country a jar.

The Legislature has let many illegalities slip through in its bills from the city of London. The London and Port Stanley Railway bill could have been thrown out on technicalities had any one chosen to press the issue, but it was allowed to go through without a question.

But this clause to reduce licenses in London strikes at the pocket of members and the friends of members, and if anything possible can be done to serve the liquor interests it will not be left undone.

The alliance of the Ontario Government with the rich liquor party is so strong that it is difficult to touch the one without drawing the full strength of the other. When the liquor party is attacked the Government fights for it, and when the Government is attacked the liquor party rolls up a full number of votes.

We are assured that the cutting out of the clause for reduction will have no effect on the reduction of licenses. Temperance people will know just how far to trust that statement. Why not far to the decision of the courts could not affect the ruling of the Legislature; at least the law passed by the Legislature would be amendable, and it would have facilitated the local determination if the Legislature had put the clause through. The city of London asked for it and was prepared to accept the responsibility.

But though a majority of Londoners have declared for reduction, the Legislature is missing no opportunity for service to the liquor interests. Else why should the Gooderhans and their henchmen line up against the clause?

UNFAIR FIGHTING.

HERMAN RIDDER, one of the Kaiser's band of professional apostles and champions in the United States, says that the sinking of the American ship *Frye* by the Prinz Eitel was justified, because "the weaker party has the right to do the best he can." This argument, while put less brutally, is in a line with the outrageous principles of waging war laid down by Trietach, Bernhardi and the rest. This is a new reason given for outrage, or rather an old excuse put in a new and milder way, as it is the same reason put forward for the murderous war on neutral shipping of the German submarine.

But if it is fair for the weaker of two belligerents to violate the laws of warfare, does not the same thing apply to the stronger? If Ridder's excuse was adopted generally by nations at war, the framing of international rules and regulations for the conduct of conflicts would be a waste of time. Germany, because she is the weaker on the sea, has the right, according to Ridder, to sink merchantmen of any flag, "to do the best she can." Until recently Great Britain and France were the weaker on land, and therefore, from the German standpoint, would have been quite justified in resorting to barbarism comparable to the Prussian outrages on both land and sea. Fortunately for international decency, the Allies have fought fairly, and will continue to do so. There will be no warfare or airship raids on defenceless towns, no submarine attacks on defenceless merchantmen. "The best they can do," so far as the Allies are concerned, will be accomplished without outrage or recourse to the inhuman. This is the only sound principle on which warfare can be conducted by the weak and strong alike.

THE BLOCKADE THAT FAILED.

FROM the beginning it was evident that Germany's submarine blockade could not succeed. By this time it is not conceivable that official Germany believes it possible to cut off the British food supply. The attempt has cost them dearly through the sinking of many of their submarines. As well, their outrageous war on merchantmen opened the door for British reprisals which will shut Germany off completely from the outside world. Germany has failed to make the blockade effective, has failed to "embellish Great Britain with neutral powers and has furnished an excuse for a British blockade that otherwise could not have been brought into play. The whole thing is another instance to show that Germany's wonderful military efficiency

is sadly hampered by inability to see things in the right proportions. That the great "blockade" has failed to terrify shipping away from the coasts of the British Isles is vividly shown by the fact that since the war was started nearly five thousand ships have entered British ports and three thousand have departed. So numerous are the vessels of all types sailing under the British flag that it would take a German submarine fleet several hundred strong to make any impression whatever on the vast quantities of foodstuffs, war machinery, ammunition and raw material that are finding their way to the ports of Great Britain. But at best Germany has not more than a score of submarines big enough to operate far from the base for any length of time, and these are being picked off by the British destroyers. Already a round dozen have fallen a prey to the enemy's destroyers or to some of the numerous accidents their fragility and complicated mechanism render them liable to, and the Kaiser cannot afford to weaken his navy for his last throw when he leaves the shelters of Kiel to fight it out. It would not be surprising if Germany's "paper" blockade were to suddenly peter out.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Talking about blockades, have you ever tried walking around the house in the dark during housecleaning?

"The Germans are beginning to eat straw, and from that it's a quick descent to 'craw,' as a national dish.

Great Britain's financial condition grows stronger every day, which means there will be no lack of the "silver bullets."

If Italy enters the war she will give a good account of herself. There is no better soldier than the Italian. He will enter the conflict full of enthusiasm, full of courage, well disciplined and alert.

Von Bethmann-Hollweg says that Germany will not discuss peace at present. Of course, she won't—she won't get the chance.

The German armies are great at the shuttle game, but some of these days the thread is going to become badly tangled and the machine will buckle.

John D. Rockefeller is said to have accumulated \$600,000,000, but he probably considers his wife's death a loss of treasure immeasurably greater than his vast fortune.

HAPPIEST.

The position of a neutral may not be a happy one, but take one consideration with another, it's a great deal happier than that of any of the belligerents.

NIAGARA.

(Kansas City Journal.) It is a place of rugged rocks and waters bold and brave.

With awe the folks who come in flocks. The same behold.

The stream advances with a rush That ne'er subsides. Thus ceaselessly the waters gush: So do the brides.

FAVORED BY NATURE.

(Philadelphia Ledger.) There is this advantage in being two-faced: you can rest one while you are saying unkind things with the other.

ALL THERE.

"She talks like a book." The position of the plume of her speech is truly wonderful.

THE ROAD TO MAY.

(Folger McKinney, in Smart Set.) When we were young in Eden, Remember how we'd stray From out the April shadows Into the sun of May? Well, every year the Eden That love knew comes again. When May walks down the morning To kiss the lips of men.

The agonies have vanished That plowed the Aegean deep; But still upon the Nilus The oars of Cupid sweep The barge of Cleopatra. Along its pristine way Through dead Egyptian gardens Unto the morn of May!

All things awake and tremble The lark on vernal wing Takes up to God's blue heaven The love that helps him sing; And we are young in Eden As we were yesterday. When through the clouds of April We found the road to May.

CHATTERBOLOGY.

(Washington Post.) Woman is no longer a chattel, declares a defender of the sex. Of course not; but, nevertheless, she still chats.

FADDY.

(Pittsburgh Dispatch.) Chicago reports a raw food fad which taboos cooking and prefers sawdust as a diet. But with the decreasing timber supply, this is not going to reduce the cost of living much.

A PREHISTORIC REMINISCENCE. (Philadelphia Ledger.) When you and I were monkeys, A million years ago, We played upon the treestops On the coast of Borneo.

You chased me through the forest Armed with a flinty rock; You bumped my slanting forehead Till of stars I saw a flock.

At eventide we'd cuddle Mid the dinosaur's wails; And to change the subject We'd hang down by our tails.

These were the happy hours Of pre-Darwinian Jape; When you were but a monkey, And I a simple ape.

WHAT SHE SAID.

(Montreal Herald.) "Hello, that you, dear?"

"Yes, I'm going to bring Green up to supper tonight. We're on the way now."

"For goodness sake, how many times have I told you never to invite your fool friends up here without giving me notice. I haven't a thing in the house. You make me tired. I've been working hard all day and was going to have just a little pick-up lunch tonight, and now you bring Green on me at the last

minute. You must think I like to stand around a hot stove. I'll tell you right now you're not going to get any swell meal tonight. You'll get yesterday's cold lamb and some warmed over potatoes, and if he doesn't like that he can jump it."

"Yes, dear, that's fine. Just the thing. We'll be right up."

"What did she say?"

"She's tickled to death to have you come. Said she'd been wondering why I hadn't brought you up before. Come on."

THE COLONIES.

(By Alexander Louis Fraser.) Thou dear, old mother, still untouched by age, Whose deep, grey eyes survey the long-loved sea, Whose home, the home of Justice, Liberty, Now that against thee enemies do rage, It is no time that trifling deeds engage Thy children's hands—no hour for levity! What child cares not when 'gainst Adversity The long-fought home a cruel fight doth wage?

We tell our children of thy glorious past, Of olden days, when the Kaiser's banner could not afford to weaken his navy for his last throw when he leaves the shelters of Kiel to fight it out. It would not be surprising if Germany's "paper" blockade were to suddenly peter out.

And now we send them forth that who so roads, The annals of these stirring days may know Our mother's kiss upon our brows lies wet, Through arteries of sea her blood flows yet!

PERHAPS.

(Cleveland Leader.) Horace Fletcher tells the Europeans that if they will chew more they will need less food. Perhaps that accounts for the absence of famine signs in Germany.

PRECAUTION.

(Philadelphia Inquirer.) Speaking of fashions, merchant ships would do well to wear hoopskirts this year.

FACT.

(Washington Post.) Short men may make the better soldiers, but the other kind are preferable as customers.

USUALLY.

(Pittsburgh Dispatch.) And now another professor says we sleep too much. Who shall decide when professor disagrees? Well, the ordinary citizen generally does as he pleases, irrespective of the professional opinions.

THE DARDANELLES.

(New York Sun.) I've always longed to view the spot Where bold Leander Braving the wave to Hero's groat, Defying Slander;

Yes, ever since I was a boy, My fancy's beckoned Across the storied plain of Troy That Homer reckoned.

And, oh, to see where Xerxes led His legions fabled; Where Alexander fought and bled, Killed and disbled.

Then next my bark in fancy plies (At dawnning it is) To where enthroned in gold there lies The pearl of cities!

But from the recent news we've had It must be hot there. And I confess I'm rather glad That I'm not there.

MEAN.

(Life.) "Do you remember that I asked to be your valentine and you accepted?" he said.

"Yes," she replied, "and ever since we've been married I've been wondering if it wasn't a comic valentine I got that day."

JOURNEYS AT HOME.

(Woodstock Sentinel-Review.) It is said that five thousand pleasure trips are made every year to New York, Boston or Philadelphia to see the theatres, the stores and the crowds. If the people who go on these trips averaged a hundred dollars a piece, that means five hundred thousand dollars carried out of the country. The suggestion is made that for the present at least this money might be spent in Canada. Canada needs the money, and it would do the people of Canada no harm to get acquainted with the scenic beauty of their own country.

YEARNING FOR UTTERANCE.

Small Frances, aged three, was told that she must not talk at the table—that children must be seen and not heard. One day, a company dinner, her mother noticed the child apparently gasping for breath.

"What is the matter, darling?" "Mudder, my mouf is so full of talk, I can't swallow."

IN THE INTERNATIONAL ZOO.

Some eagles raised a vengeful hue, The Dove prepared for flight, The Bear into a tantrum flew And bristled in his might. The Lion roared—the Cock he crew, And each declared for fight; While lists they chose, the world withdrew, And gripped his scabbard tight.

The dreadnoughts sailed, the airships flew— It was a thrilling sight— The Dove sought refuge in the blue In horror and affright. The Lion, lithe and strong of thigh, Crouched low before the fight. As Cock and Bear, a company drew Around the pit to fight.

Against a neutral neighbor flew An Eagle in his might, In disregard of treaties true, And ev'ry lawful right. He plumed himself to soar right through The children's might stay his flight. But soon his neighbor made him rue Such tactics impolite.

Now, next against the Cock he threw The millions of his might; Zeppelins sailed, and Uhlans flew, Till Paris was in sight. The suddenly he wheeled and flew In frenzy and affright— And Nemesis doth still pursue This Eagle day and night.

This theme my Muse would fain pursue, But I must stay my flight— From day to day there's little new (The censorship is tight). The air with battle-smoke is blue By day as well as night; But, as for news, well, what comes Is garbled, or the fight.

And what is false, and what is true, Or what is wrong, or right, I cannot guess, nor yet can you, Or gain the least insight. The Lion, lithe and strong of thigh, Still crouches by the fight. To deal the foe his Waterloo, Or Armageddon fight.

The world is left with scarce a clue, While nations slay and amite; And grips his helm, and scabbard, too, In readiness for fight; But we shall find, when truth is due, The Lion sitting tight— Lithe of limb and strong of thigh, Still guarding Right 'gainst Might. —Andrew R. Simpson.

London, Ont.

DAILY WAR PUZZLE



German soldier on guard in the snow. Find two more picket men. ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.—Upper right corner down in trees. Upper left corner down between men.

PRESS COMMENT ON THE WAR

THE KAISER'S GAME. (Philadelphia Press.) Germany undertakes to place upon Great Britain the blame for a policy which purports to ignore the rights of neutrals on the high seas.

A NEW DIFFICULTY. (Pail Mail Gazette.) We are rapidly approaching a fresh stage in the process of national armament. So far, the new armies have been filled by those who could be spared from civilian life without any great interference with the essential needs of industry. But that primary supply is becoming exhausted, and large numbers of men are still required. The point must soon be reached where recruiting will have to be accompanied by a careful "underpinning" of these productive enterprises from which the men are withdrawn.

NAVY'S JOB AFTER ALL. (Ottawa Free Press.) It looks as if the British navy was even yet going to have the honor of bringing Germany to her knees. The armies of France, Russia and Britain prevented a quick victory for Germany. The British navy will make the continuance of a long war suicidal.

UNCLE SAM. (Philadelphia Inquirer.) More than one belligerent would like to take this country by the scruff of the neck and chuck it into the fight—on its own side.

THE DARDANELLES. (New York Sun.) I've always longed to view the spot Where bold Leander Braving the wave to Hero's groat, Defying Slander;

Yes, ever since I was a boy, My fancy's beckoned Across the storied plain of Troy That Homer reckoned.

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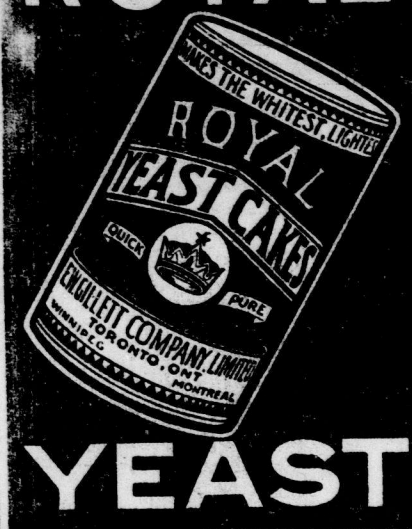
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ROYAL



YEAST

and say: "Keep cool" till the next shell came."

He was just acting the part he thought he ought to act. Human nature does work out under shell fire. Yes, there were lots of funny things. You remember in pictures, and you can't tell how far apart the pictures were or what happened between. Funny—yes, funny, if you could forget some of the pictures.

There was a little girl running in the street and a great crash came around her—and she was gone.—Frederick Palmer in Collier's Weekly.

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HOTEL DENNIS has been long established, is thoroughly modern and has features and attractions not offered by any other hotel on the New Jersey coast.

WALTER J. BUZY.

That unpretentious little ditty, "My Little Grey Home in the West," by Lohr, has become immensely popular. It has even been parodied, a sign usually, however, that the popularity is at its height. Now, what's in it? No one could call it a paragon of musical perfection. As a work of art it is distinctly poor. Lohr never could write a decent accompaniment. He can, however, compose a good tune, and he has done so in this case. He also understands the capabilities of the voice and how to make the most of it. He also writes to the words the right kind of tune. All these he has done in "My Little Grey Home in the West." In addition to these things, however, the words express a very tender bit of human sentiment, and I think it is to this fact, combined with its musical quality, that the song owes its extraordinary popularity.

Answers to Correspondents. Questions sent to this department should be addressed, "Musical Editor, London Advertiser," and must be clear and to the point. They must also be of general musical interest.

Do you think the study of music unfit a boy for a man's work? This is a question I'd like to turn over to the philosophers. Not having one handy, however, I'll ask you one. Do you think that the study of the finest thing in the world would unfit anybody for anything?

In regard to your second question as to the best way of educating the people in your town to a better class of music, I can only say that so far as I know there is only one way, and that is to provide the people with frequent opportunities of hearing good music, both by your own playing and that of your pupils. People get to like good music only by coming into contact with it. The lot of the musical missionary is hard, but console yourself with the thought that you are doing a good service.

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