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LONDON, MONDAY, MARCH 1.

WHERE IS TODAY'S MILTON?

WHERE is the utterer of golden words who shall send ringing down the grooves of time something of that high spirit which animated England when she went to war in August, 1914—who shall in a golden mean of eternal words fashion out the form of that inward MUST which sent millions of peaceful men to war at the bidding of their souls?

WORRYING OVER ITALY.

DAILY Germany grows more concerned over the possibility of the early entrance of Italy into the war. Prince Von Buelow, who for several months has been in Rome on the special mission of persuading Italy to remain neutral, according to reports from the Italian capital has informed his Government that Italy has already expended \$400,000,000 on war preparations and that a vast majority of the people fully expect that this expenditure will not be wasted. It is said he believes war with Italy inevitable unless Austria can be compelled to return to Italy, Trieste and the district of the Trentino.

THAT RUGGLES STORY.

A STORY just ended in the Saturday Evening Post, while showing the English as being "that sort of thing wouldn't do with us 'people'" is essentially a satire on the American snob who wants to be taken up by the visiting earl or duke. It is a smashing indictment on "being what you ain't." There are plenty of Belknap-Jacksons in this country. We think that stalling Englishmen prefer to see us as we are, rough or cultured, and we prefer to see Englishmen as they are, not trying to be Canadians. We think there are more Canadians trying to look and act and talk like Englishmen than vice versa.

HUGHES STANDS FIRM.

GEN. SAMUEL HUGHES has some mercenary enemies in his own party who are trying to get him out of the Government by hook or crook. Yet on the whole Hughes is the one member of the Government who has stood up and faced criticism like a man, and who has hit straight out, at the graters. A brazen attempt is now being made to throw suspicion upon the general, and the opposition is not the accuser. There is one man who would force the country into an election. He is pulling wires everywhere, and he may pull so hard that Sir Robert Borden will be copied from his seat. Mr. Rogers does not care about the neatness of his execution, but he is determined to execute. He is trying to force Hughes to the front. He is one of the type of politicians who is ready to tell other men to do things for their country, but who does very little himself, except exploit it.

ALL GERMANY'S.

MANY Liberals are twisted about "the emergency" these days, but few have any difficulty in turning the challenge to good advantage. The fact is that ever since the start of the war the emergency has been Germany's. She may claim copyright and patents for the greatest naval dilemma that was ever known in the world's history. Great Britain is "there" in the emergency.

A WINDBAG.

A PERSON called Frank Harris is quoted at great length by the Literary Digest. He is a sort of cosmopolitan, best known as the author of a work on Shakespeare, filled with idiotic trash and nothing more. He is now in the United States, puffing to the Americans, who will read that sort of stuff, his opinion that "England is moribund, but may be saved by defeat." He has a bright idea that Germany should make peace with Russia by leading to her Constantinople and Galicia, and remaining financial aid. Russia would in return let Germany keep Belgium. Then Germany could force France to a peace or better her

ried strategy of the admiralty." His secretary had written before the fight. "We feel that the admiralty should have a better force—but we will cheerfully fight whatever odds we may have to face." Cradock's epitaph he wrote himself: "The navy defends nothing; it attacks." What a glorious bravery was exhibited in the message of the Monmouth to the Glasgow, which escaped, "after about one and a half hours' fighting, the Monmouth caught fire, but fortunately got it under. The Monmouth then reported: 'I am taking water badly forward, engines disabled, and in a sinking condition, but am making toward the enemy TO TRY AND TORPEDO HER!'"

The Heligoland fight was a straight trap set by the British, at which the Germans bit. Two submarines came to the surface, one appearing to be disabled, and the first to rise was being towed by the other. It looked an easy thing to the Germans to get the both. The Germans came out. The "snob" cost of the towing of its mate, and both dove with a saucy flick of their tails. Then it happened. Out of the mist came the destroyer squadron, and the cruiser squadron. Everyone knows the result. It was not all one-sided, either, says the writer. The British had to pay for their victory in smashed-up ships.

One of the thrilling incidents—a regular Jules Verne touch—was when a British boat, which had been sent out to pick up struggling German sailors, came under fire of a German cruiser. A British submarine observed the boat's plight, came to the surface, opened its hatch, took the British crew out of the boat, gave the Germans food and sent them off, then dove. Neuterdahl has not the admiration for submarines that many express. He believes that all the British boats that were torpedoed were "loading." No craft proceeding at a fast rate has been caught. And he says the British submarine will be found the equal, if not the superior of the German when the time comes. He pays tribute to the fine lean, young, daredevil British naval lieutenants, whom he says are the backbone of the navy. He declares it took a "good licking" to the traditions of the great British navy to get the British navy to look to its navy, which, he declares, both as to administration and morale, is in a deplorable condition. He calls on the people of the United States to remove it from politics.

with "some French communes in Lorraine." After that she could easily beat down Great Britain with submarines and airships. Imagine Germany "coding" Constantinople and Galicia, thus turning her only friends, the Austrian and the Turk, into enemies! She would then have to deal single-handed with France, Great Britain, Japan, and probably her quiet allies, as well. Russia at Constantinople finally checkmates the whole German game for exploiting Turkey, for which the Kaiser made the war.

The idea of Germany's placing France with "some communes in Lorraine" is scarcely less brilliant diplomacy. France wants a vote of the people of the rest provinces. She wants Strasbourg.

As for England being moribund, the clinchment is the best proof against that. The navy does not look like degeneracy. The British aviators are the boldest and best in the business. No Germans dare approach British fortifications; evidently they respect the British aerial guns. About the only degenerate in sight is a certain Frank Harris, if he can be classed as a Briton at all. Great Britain has probably tired of him and his works; that he migrates over the sea and takes up his song in New York.

PROTECTION.

MODIFIED and fairly revised protection may be a fine thing for the manufacturer and the country, but what about protection for the workman? There are a few manufacturers who will protect home labor when a chance comes along to rush a contingent of foreign laborers into their plants. Some day the workmen will refuse to be coerced by election day signs on the door, and will demand that for every cent's worth of protection he gives he shall receive a cent's worth in return.

TAX NOTICES.

A LOT of notices to this effect: "Owing to the advance in tariff our prices after such and such a date will be, etc.," are being sent out these days. If you examine the advance in price you find that the manufacturer is not paying much of the tariff by keeping his prices down. Perhaps he cannot afford it all but should he not stand a share of it?

THE HESITATION.

THE Government seems to be hesitating about putting the new tariff into effect. Some of the big tariff must be holding the train. Certainly Mr. Common People is hunched up in the day coach, ready to get a glimpse in his eye. The Pullmans must be drafted before the magnates will climb aboard.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Bob Rogers will have to fix bayonet and charge if he hopes to dislodge Gen. Sam.

The Slav with his rapidly developing democracy rumbles at Constantinople in preference to the autocratic Hun.

Russia has won its spurs and Constantinople and uninterrupted access to the Mediterranean is to be the reward.

The German embassy at Washington seems to have violated Uncle Sam's hospitality by conducting a spy bureau. The Teuton nose is sharper than it seems.

Mianitoka and British Columbia are trying to climb on the water wagon. Ontario has the chance, but the liquor dealers won't let the Government do such a thing.

The Calgary Eye-Opener was not included in the list of party journals that received large contributions from the Government last year. But its class of journal was represented in the list.

Noted suffragist demands that women be permitted to do the same things as men. That's all right, but why did she wait until the fog-end of the furnace-tending season before introducing the subject?

The United States Department of Public Health says that night air is purer and more beneficial than the day variety. This should start an epidemic to the Arctic. Where the nights are six months long.

The Belgian exhibit at the Panama Exposition isn't a large one but it will hold a sentimental interest greater than any other exhibit. It will be visited by all who love the dauntless and that is pretty nearly everybody.

Something got into the chimneys of St. Paul's one day last week, and they crashed out their ringing peals for hours on end. This caused many people to remark that possibly Rheims Cathedral was shelled by the Germans at the justification of a long-suffering French populace.

If those German submarines are not too impatient for results they may be able to sink a few English excursion steamers crowded with holidaying women and children. The "Baby-Killers" have not been living up to their reputation since Beatty chased them home.

Beatty is taking great pains to announce the fact that for some time Germany will concentrate its efforts on the eastern front of the war. This is, of course, intended to create trouble between Russia and her allies. Doubtless it is hoped that it will cause Russia to demand that the British and French do something to relieve the pressure at once. To have the Allies make the grand advance that has been promised before they are fully prepared would no doubt suit Germany at present. The trick will not work, as without doubt Britain, Russia and France are in perfect accord along all lines and carrying out operations on one grand general plan.

DAILY WAR PUZZLE



Soldiers' winter quarters. Find a French and a German soldier. ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE.—Right side down behind King. Upside down in front of King.

Music and Musicians

"And to dance on, when we've lost the music Always made me—and no doubt makes you—sick." —Browning.

The advertiser people have engaged me to conduct a daily musical column for them. "Daily"—Do you grasp it? A daily musical column for London; well, it's up to the musical man and women to provide me with the stuff to write about. Cynthia Grey does the trick here, as you might expect, being able to do it, too. Hamiltonians and Townsholians and other jocular people say that London is so full of retired musicians, too. There's no chance of "that anyhow" of all the retirees that I never ever met, I never knew of one who was able to retire. But who wants to retire? Nobody has any use for retired men now-a-days. The only way to enjoy life is to keep on working until you knock up your heels for the last time. So musical men and women of London, don't let this beastly war knock you into a corner, but keep doing something all the time and then I shall have something to write about. If I can't hold down my job I shall blame you.

The women of the city are doing an excellent work with their music club organization. For the last two years it has met with much better support than in the past. The members, I understand, are divided into active and associate—the active ones are those who can be called upon to appear at the regular recitals, while the associate members take part in the executive work or merely content themselves with paying their fee. To be sure you do not say, my dear Lily, how old you are nor do you state what branch of music you intend to take up, but on general principles I should say just as early as you can get your father to foot the bill.

Should a boy whose voice has broken continue singing lessons? A. L. Decidedly not. You stand a fair chance of ruining your voice completely by continuing your vocal studies at such a time. I shall have more to say on this point in Tuesday's issue.

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

At what age should I take up the study of music? LILY. You do not say, my dear Lily, how old you are nor do you state what branch of music you intend to take up, but on general principles I should say just as early as you can get your father to foot the bill.

REPARATION. [Judge.] Hospital-Nurses—This had you're in was endowed by Mr. Seads, the great philanthropist. Patient—Why it was his auto that banged me up this way?

GIVE IT UP. [Kansas City Journal.] "Then you believe in early marriages?" "Yes. How can a man be any girl's ideal after he gets fat and bald?"

HOPELESS. [Louisville Courier-Journal.] "The Turks never victories." You may kill a regiment of Turks, but nothing can suppress or surpass the single liar who survives.

COMPOSITE GIRL. [Kansas City Journal.] She has her mother's lovely hair. She borrowed it today. Aunt's powder box she found somewhere. And used in lavish way.

Now in her sister's skirt and coat she seems a winsome elf. But little of herself.

OUR POETS OF WESTERN ONTARIO

ETERNAL SPRING.

Trilling from joyous throat. A robin's note. A bluejay on the wing— Promise of spring. Sun tears from skies of heaven. As women shed. 'Tis in strange, mother-fears. For coming years. Fraught with sweet hope again. And mother-pain. Eternal Nature broods In lonely woods. In shrub and tree the thrill Of budding, still: A flower, pink or white. Blooms in the night. Ever from life's winter years. New birth endures. Old Time. Hope's transient gleams. Inspire new dreams. For since the dawn of things. Long, endless springs. We build anew old pain— To fall again! LONDON. VERNIE DEWITT ROWELL, M. A.



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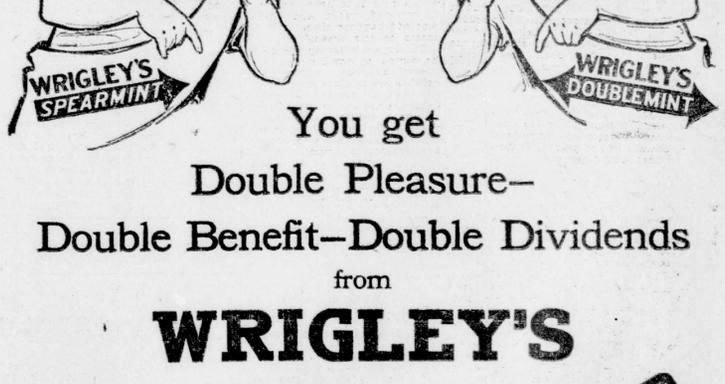
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CRANKY. Some cranks are so ultra-sanitary. HARD WATER. [Montreal Mail.] Aunt Jane—And is the water where you live now hard or soft, dear? Little Niece—I guess it's hard, auntie; 'cause I spattered some on a lamp chimney one night and it broke all to pieces.