

## London Advertiser

MORNING. NOON. EVENING.  
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TORONTO REPRESENTATIVE.  
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The London Advertiser Company,  
Limited.

LONDON, FRIDAY, FEB. 5.

### THE HORSE QUESTION.

REPRESENTATIVE horse dealers maintain that Canadian farmers are losing the opportunity to make millions of money, because the Government and the remount commission wish the market solely for the purchase of animals for the Canadian troops. Mr. James McCartney, in an interview with The Advertiser, expressed the case for the dealers, stating that the Imperial and French authorities were anxious to buy horses in Canada, but were prevented from doing so, being compelled to spend their money in the American market. Certainly Canada is getting nothing from the British and French remount officers. Mr. McCartney and other dealers maintain that the opening of the door to the army buyers would not interfere with the purchase of the Canadian mounts, as the outside buyers want a better grade of animal than Sir Adam Beck is securing. Until shut out they paid \$200 and \$175 for horses, while the Canadian price is seldom above \$165. The charge is made that some poor animals have been purchased by incompetent buyers; in fact, several hundred were not fit for shipment from Valcartier.

It is a scandal that poor horses are being secured for the sake of a few dollars. That is worse than cutting out the middleman, whom the British officers seem to think a necessary part of the horse-buying machine. By all means let the outside buyers in, Ontario is full of good horses, especially at this time of the year. The farmer is anxious to sell at a fair price. The dealer gathers the mounts, making a profit, it is true, but at the same time realizing that his horses must be sound, if he is to sell more. It is said that the remount officers during the South African war got fine mounts in Canada. It is true dealers made some money, possibly \$10 on each animal sold, but there were many rejections, and the dealers, even those who have practiced dishonesty, came to know that they would quickly lose their contract if they did not produce good mounts. The officers of the remount department of the British army are also well aware that the stock must be good. The present system of buying horses seems to fall far short of the old system, but aside from that it is folly to keep many high-grade horses in stables when the breeders and dealers across the line are reaping a harvest.

### THE REDMAN BARRED.

IT CANNOT be charged with justice that the mind of the Canadian Indian is "untutored" in regard to military training. General the Hon. Sam Hughes, somewhat of an Indian himself, should permit the Canadian Indian, who has been training for years in the militia and wearing a red coat proudly, to don the khaki, and stand in the trenches, the equal of his white brother and the loyal soldier of His Majesty the King.

As one of the Muncey Indians had said to The Advertiser, there is no more reason for allowing the Hindu to fight for Britain. The loyal Canadian Indian is the original Canadian. Now when he is ready to fight and able to meet every condition of service there is no excuse for not recruiting a regiment from the reserves of this country.

### ITALY READY.

WHEN the hour comes for Italy to leap into the conflict she will be found ready down to the minutest detail. Ever since the hour when war was declared Italy has been priming her "military fist" for the blow, and her war equipment and organization which had become somewhat rusty by the campaign in Tripoli is once more well-oiled and running smoothly. Six months ago Italy was in no shape to go to war. She was short in military supplies of all kinds, ammunition, ordnance, rifles, boots, shoes and uniforms. Today she is ready for a prolonged and fierce campaign.

Since August, Italy has spent a third of a billion dollars on her army and navy, and it has been well spent. A leading British naval authority who has been in close touch with the Italian navy of late, asserts that the Italian fleet now, on both tonnage and gunpower, ranks close to that of France. As for the army, not only has every man of the 1,200,000 in the first and second battle lines been uniformed, shod and armed, but the same conditions apply to the 2,100,000 reserves, and back of them are abundant reserve supplies, such as 20,000,000 pairs of shoes and 1,000,000 tons of wheat. The medical colleges have sent 10,000 doctors and surgeons to the hospital corps, while 8,000 women have volunteered as nurses. Civil engineers by the thousands have responded to the patriotic appeals, and have joined the army engineering corps. Perhaps the most striking evidence of Italy's preparedness for war is shown in the organization of women's brigades to take over the work of the men when they are sent to the front. They are being trained to run trams, clean streets, operate telegraph and telephone, being prepared in

fact to take charge of all the branches of public service.

Decidedly, Italy will be ready when the hour strikes for her entrance into the war. This time Italy is taking no chances. She intends to win. The Government quite properly declares Italy neutral, and that it will remain so, but nobody believes for a moment that she can stand much longer to one side. There is an Austrian-Italian "Alsace-Lorraine," and that is the only way the Italian people want or will tolerate. The Italian nation has been straining at the leash ever since the war opened, and directly or indirectly her lot will be cast with the Allies. And she will prove a powerful and willing ally.

### WAR LOSSES.

FREQUENT guesses have been made as to the losses in the war based on the partial casualty lists that have been published by the different armies from time to time, but at best the figures can only be conjectural. Spenser Wilkinson, the noted British military expert, places the losses of the German armies at 10,000 per day. He believes the Russian losses to be equal to the German, and as he puts the combined losses of the British, Belgian and Austrian at 15,000 per day, the total of daily wastage at all points of the conflict is 35,000, quite a considerable army. At this rate, which is admittedly based on conservative estimates, by next August, the losses by the war will have reached nearly 13,000,000. If the conflict lasts as long as Kitchener has predicted, the wastage in men will approach figures that are almost equal to the population of France. All these figures leave out Turkey, but they are sufficient to show that this war will easily be the most stupendous conflict of all history.

### THE HERALD OF JUSTICE.

IF A COURT comprising the editors of such newspapers and weeklies as the New York Herald, New York World, and Collier's Life had the casting vote on the question of American attitude in the war, the crime against Belgium would not go unprotected. Canadian newspapers, The Advertiser among them, have been accused of "verbal violence" in discussing Prussian treachery and despotism. The New York Herald must be in the same class, for yesterday it added another stinging criticism of "Kultur" to its many ringing declarations in connection with the blowing up of the Canadian Pacific bridge by the German Horn. Coming from a non-participant it is worthy of reprinting for our readers:

"Kultur" is no respecter of neutral nations. After Germany's assumption of the right to ride rough-shod over neutral Belgium, it is not at all surprising that the shallow-brained German calling himself Horn should have assumed it his right to use the United States as a base of operations for crime. "Nor is it surprising, in view of what happened in Belgium, that this man, who proclaims himself a valiant warrior, should regard his dastardly attempt to blow up a railway bridge—thereby endangering the lives of hundreds of innocent travellers—as a 'political' act. 'By no stretch of normal imagination can such an act of vandalism be construed as 'political' or as warfare. It is just a common crime, its perpetrator by his own confession a common criminal. The crime was committed on Canadian soil. It was extrajudicial. No time should be lost in turning the criminal over to the Canadian authorities. 'It is fortunate for Horn that he will be tried before a Canadian court and under Canadian laws, formulated in accordance with Anglo-Saxon traditions. It is more fortunate for him that he is not a Belgian caught in the act of attempting to defend his own home against the German invader. In that case, he would have had no opportunity to go before any court at all.'"

### NOT ST. HELENA.

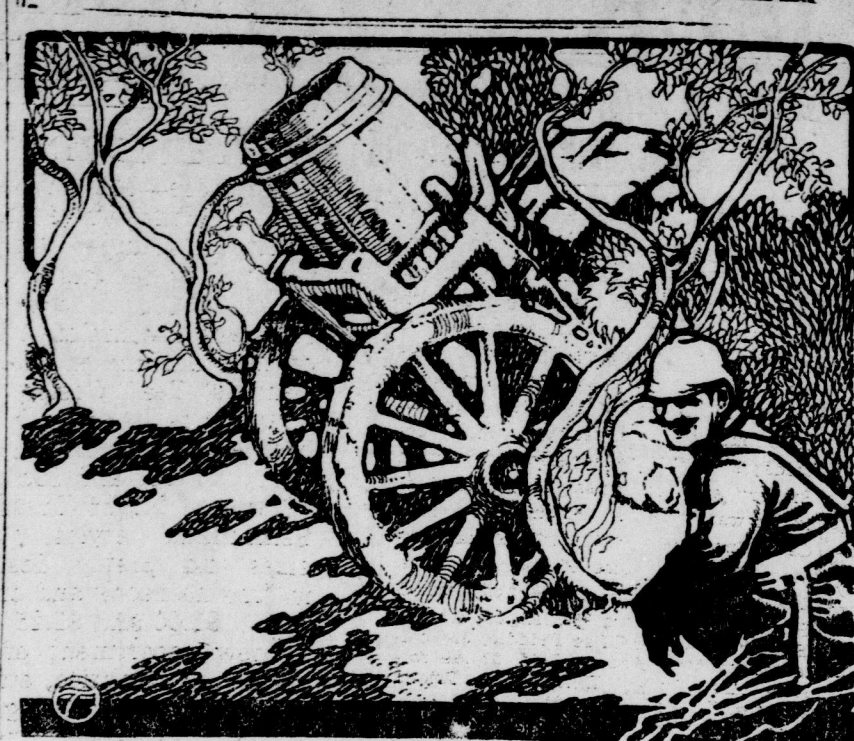
ST. HELENA is perhaps not the logical asylum for the Kaiser and his sons. There was a sort of poetic appropriateness in lodging Napoleon there, which does not apply to Wilhelm II.

For see, it was this way. The age of Napoleon was a very romantic period. For a raved about wild nature, gloomy wildernesses and lonely headlands. They said they hated society, wanted to turn things upside-down, praised the feather head-dresses of our Indians, and took to the tall timbers or desolate rocks. Now, Napoleon was quite a connoisseur in this sort of thing. He spouted the sentiments of these writers in his rhetorical moments. Casalan, whose verses sound like winds whistling in "the far-off Hebrides," or around a cove of St. Helena, sad, lonesome and inhospitable, was a prime favorite of Napoleon. How he must often have smacked his lips approvingly over the solitary walks and musings which his poets praised!

The British Government, which always manages to stumble on to the right thing without intending it, probably because honesty is better policy than craft or sentiment, could not have made a better choice of domicile than the solitary rock in the south Atlantic for a fine, romantic bird like old Nap, the Oceanic specialist. But for Kaiser Bill something else, perhaps, must be selected. He and family are such a social, noisy crew, with not the least taste for lachrymose romance, like Paul and Virginia, or for dear old tales of Robinson Crusoe, or for the poetry of lonely pines and caves where there is no crowd to address or mobilize. The Kaiser's only use for solitude is to have a place to hunt in, with a gang of men to drive the goats forward in a heap. It would be cruelty to animals to shut up Wilhelm and his boys on St. Helena as a Prussian Family Hohenzollern.

What? Then some place in the full glare of publicity is wanted, a plate-glass museum on Piccadilly in Old London, where the Hohenzollerns can see and be seen. For their amusement might be suggested their own moving pictures of the conquest of Belgium, with the faithful sequel, the conquest of Germany. A noise of ordnance

## DAILY WAR PUZZLE



To deceive the airmen. Find two airmen.  
ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE—Left side down at Prince's back. Upside down above arms.

## OUR POETS OF WESTERN ONTARIO

### THE MOTHER.

O England, thou mother of nations,  
O race in the midst of the sea,  
In thy wind-rocked wave-cradled islands  
Free as thy ocean is free;  
Free as the seed it has wafted  
From the north to the southern sea,  
In this thy struggle for freedom  
Thy whole race stands with thee,  
O England, thou mother of nations,  
Enthroned on a rock in the sea!

O England, thou mother of nations,  
"Not for the pride of thy power  
But because thou hast risked thine all again,  
And thy freedom itself thy dower,  
And hast laid it all on the altar  
In this earth's evil hour,  
That the race of men comes forth again  
With Liberty's torch alight  
To set their altar fires ablaze  
And aflame again for the right,  
O England, thou mother of freedom  
In this the whole world's fight!

O England, O lover of conscience!  
O England, thou lover of right!  
Let him pray to the god of battle,  
Call Mars, red-shod, to the fight;  
Let him wage through the blood of his victims,  
Let him glut on the corpses slain,  
Let him fill his brimming goblet  
With the blood of babes again;  
But their angels are pleading in heaven  
Where God never hears in vain,  
For the sons who gave their life to save  
Ere Liberty's self be slain.

O England, O mother of freedom!  
Hear the tramp of the sons of the free!  
From the north to the south, from the east to the west,  
The whole world comes to thee—  
'Tis Liberty's self that leads them  
In this world-wide march of the free,  
With souls aflame, and with hearts afire,  
To live or to die with thee,  
O England, O mother of peoples  
On thy throne on a rock in the sea,  
In thy crowning blow for freedom  
The whole world stands with thee!

Toronto

E. JOHNSON.

eternally shot off would keep the show interesting and prevent the royal carous from going to sleep on the job. We want the Kaiser and his cubs right where they can enjoy themselves, as well as be enjoyed.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mexico hasn't had a new president for a week.

February is rough, but then it is three days shorter than the others.

The ground bear hustled back to his den, but the Russian bear is still out in the open and full of fight.

Everybody should try to live up to the optimistic speech of the Duke of Connaught at the opening of Parliament. It rings of success.

The East Indian is proving his worth on the battlefield. Why not the North American Indian? He'll promise The Hague convention not to carry a scalping knife.

The Siberians are proving themselves the most dashing and dauntless fighters of the Czar's armies. One reason no doubt is that for them the Polish mid-winter has no terrors.

A large number of letters are necessarily withheld from publication because of the press of news at these times. As soon as possible many of these letters will be printed.

Von Hindenberg is great, but Grand Duke Nicholas is greater, as lacking the magnificent transportation system of his rival he has blocked and balked him, meanwhile crumpling up the Austrians.

The Berliner Tageblatt, a leading paper published in the German capital, says: "Contrary to official predictions, it is uncertain whether Germany's hopes will be fulfilled, and she will be victorious. We know the enemy's strength at present, but not his strength in the future."

Quite right, except that there is no uncertainty about the matter. As a whole, the press of Canada has observed the "gentleman's truce." In some cases it has been difficult to draw the distinction as to what may or may not be contentious political matter, but on the whole the best papers of both sides have endeavored to observe an unwritten promise, the most binding among gentlemen, and the most honorable when observed.

IF I WROTE A BOOK,  
(Detroit Free Press.)  
If I were going to write a book,  
I would not seek my plot or know-  
ledge within the laboratory nook  
Of some physicians' college,  
I would not hunt up Latin terms,  
To veil a lot of grim diseases,  
And build my tale around the germs  
However much such writing pleases.  
If I a novel sought to write  
'T would not be of a love illicit,  
No marriage sanctity I'd blight,  
With social details too explicit;  
I'd weave no yarn about a dame  
Whose husband, brutal, grim and  
gruff is,  
I would not touch the free-love  
game.  
However popular that stuff is,  
If I sat down to pen a tale  
I would not give my whole attention  
To things that gentlemen should fail  
In decent company to mention.  
I would not scrawl upon the sheet  
The romance of some gilded dwelling,  
Nor use the gossip of the street,  
However readily it's selling.  
If I sat down to write a book  
I'd choose the simple and the plain  
folk,  
And shun the drunkard and the crook,  
And all the twisted and insane folk.  
A tale of honest things I'd tell  
Of healthy minds by Cupid smitten,  
And even though it didn't sell,  
I'd still be proud of what I'd written.

LULLABY.  
There's a ship that lies in the Port of  
Dreams,  
Till the mystic hours of night;  
With shimmering sails—lights of moon-  
beam trails,  
And 'tis called the good ship  
"Delight."  
It's orders—a croon of a lullaby tune.  
It sails on the ocean "Delight."  
And it floats to the door of "All Fairy  
Land."  
The portals of "Pretty Soon."

Its course is a bend of the rainbow's  
land,  
And its captain is Mother's hand;  
A pilot so dear, there is nothing to fear,  
On the journey to "Sleepy Land."  
The trip is as swift as a bluebird's  
flight,  
And it's as bright as a rainbow's  
rain;  
You must cast away care if you wish to  
so there,  
To that land of the "Pretty Soon."

WORD FROM LOST "IDLER."  
WASHINGTON, Feb. 4.—Two blank-  
ets marked "Idler" washed ashore at  
the Cape Hatteras coastguard station  
were regarded as silent proof that the  
vessel wrecked on Diamond Shoals last  
week was the yacht of that name from  
New York on a cruise to the Pacific,  
and that her captain and crew of twelve  
undoubtedly were lost.

### Sale of Flannelette

This Week.

# CHAPMAN'S

The Popular Store for Everybody.

### Sale White Cottons

Continued.

### House Dresses

Enough to last till

Saturday night ..... 69c

We feel sure we can promise to have plenty of these House Dresses at 69c to meet all demands until Saturday night, anyway. There were a good many to start with, but the price being so very small, a quick sale resulted. The usual price of these dresses is \$1.00. Made of figured flannelette, with round necks and long sleeves. Collars and cuffs are piped with white. Sizes 34 to 42. Bargain price, 69c.

### Mill Ends

WRAPPERS.—Many are rich-colored velours, suitable for kimono, dressing gowns, quilt covers, etc. Worth 20c. Mill-end sale price, per yard, 12½c.

MILL ENDS OF WHITE LAWN.—Victoria, Persian and India Lawns, in fine 20c and 25c qualities. On sale, per yard 12½c.

### Mill Ends of White

Saxony Flannelette

Fine qualities and wide widths; hundreds of useful lengths. Worth 12½c and 15c. On sale, per yard, 8c and 10c.

### White Cottons

Every woman will find use for some of this cotton—pure and clean bleached cotton, heavy enough for pillow cases and general domestic purposes. Our regular price was 12½c. On sale at, per yard, 10c. Ten yards for \$1.00.

### Chintz Comforters

Just a few left; good size; turkey-red colorings ..... \$1.35

SUBSTANTIAL SAVINGS FOR EVERY SHOPPER TODAY AND SATURDAY. We say this in print, and prove it by the goods. From the scores of specials we mention a few specimen items here:

### Cashmere Hose

Another shipment of Women's "Lack Cashmere Hose, perfectly knit, seamless and full-fashioned, reinforced feet; sizes ½ to 10. Special value, per pair, 25c.

### Sweater Coats

13 only Women's Finely-Knit Sweater Coats, pure wool, in grey, fawn and navy; low-neck effects only. Usual prices \$3.00 and \$3.50. On sale, choice, \$1.75.

10 ONLY MEN'S SWEATER COATS AND PULL-OVER SWEATERS, an odd lot. Worth \$1.25. Choice, 75c.

12 ONLY CHILDREN'S SWEATER COATS, fine knit, in white, grey and navy; medium sizes. Were \$1.25, \$1.50. On sale, choice, 98c.

38 ONLY CHILDREN'S SWEATER COATS, in grey, tan and navy, for ages 3 to 10 years. Usual values 75c, 85c and \$1.00. On sale, choice, 59c.

### Children's Drawers

Grey Wool Drawers, heavy and warm, ankle length.  
4 years 8 years 10 years 14 years  
43c 49c 59c 63c

### Handkerchiefs

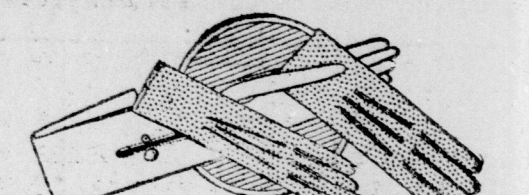
15 dozen Women's Pure Linen Handkerchiefs, embroidered initials, nearly all initials. Regular 20c. On sale at 2 for 25c.

### Women's Pure Linen Handkerchiefs

Quarter-inch hem, hemstitched. Regular 12½c and 15c. On sale at, each, 10c. Or 3 for 25c.

### \$1.00 Bed Spreads 79c

Hemmed ready for use, absolutely free from dressing.



### Women's Lined Suede Gloves

Finest quality suede, lined through with silk; in grey, brown, tan and black; also unlined black suede, sizes 5½ to 7½. Regular \$1.50. Reduced to, per pair, \$1.19.

### 24 PAIRS WOMEN'S LONG LEATHERETTE GLOVES

in grey and chamois shades, medium sizes. Were \$1.00. Marked down to, per pair, 60c.

### FANCY GOODS

15 dozen Cushion Tops; stamped and tinted burlaps, denims and linens. You have paid 25c, 35c and 50c for the same qualities. On sale, choice, 15c.

Sample pieces of Stamped Linen Centrepieces and Traycloths, marquise waists, boudoir caps, etc. On sale today and Saturday at ..... Half Price

### NIGHTGOWNS.

White Cambric Slip-on Nightgowns, yoke and kimono sleeves finished with three rows of lace insertion and edging. Special at ..... 50c

### DOWN COMFORTERS

6 only Pure "Down Comforters, handsome colorings, fillings of pure Arctic down; the most desirable winter bedding, giving warmth without weight; good size. Were \$6.75 and \$7.50. Marked down to ..... \$5.95

## J. H. Chapman & Co., 239, 241, 243 Dundas

### I Cannot Let Him Go

[BY JUDGE BARRON]

Washington Irving, in "The Widow and Her Son," has the following heart-touching words on a mother's love: "There is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to her son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stiffened by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and if misfortune overtake him, he will be the prouder to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him."

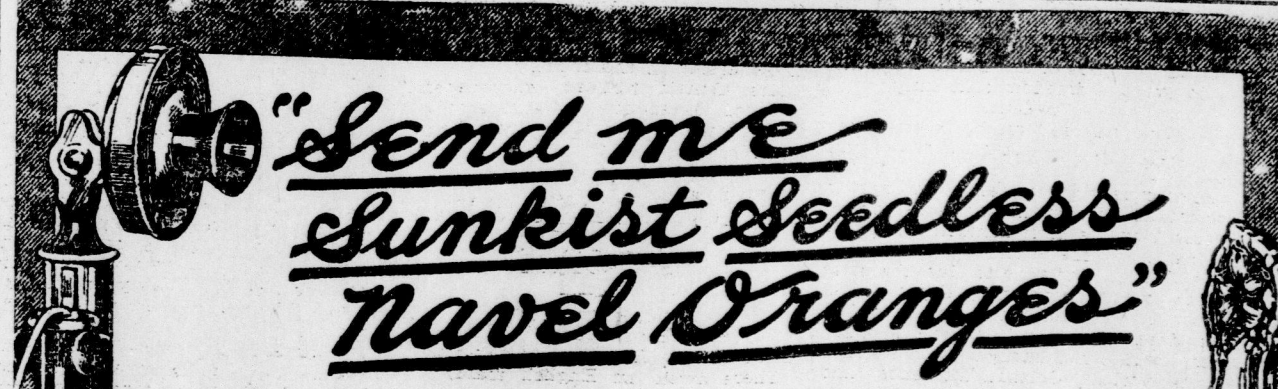
Great as this love undoubtedly is, the heart from whence it springs, sometimes makes mistakes. It hides from itself a still greater love—a love which permits her boy to obey his own instinct of patriotism, and which, though the father's heart is broken, sends him forth with the bugle calls for duty. The inspiration in the words "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori" is stored in her, they find a halting response, because before love of country she puts the safety of the boy. Does she realize her terrible mistake? Does she realize that her love is a love that endures? She knows that "first thought" for him means to her boy? He has a chum. The chum joins and is off to the front. He feels that the chum endorses himself. He hears the words of praise, and sees him honored. His own love of country is just as great. He listens to the call for more men, and is told "the war is not yet won, and it never will be won if all do as he is doing." He wants to go, but his mother holds him back. She always has the same answer: "You are my only boy, I cannot let you go." She checks in him the greatest of all virtues—patriotism, then wonders at his escape. He sees in her a selfish desire to escape the anxiety, which the mother of his chum endures with a smiling pride, which only true loyalty and love of country can ever give. The boy grows silent and unhappy, and yet the mother consoles herself with the words: "He is my only boy, I cannot let him go. She does not know, or if she does she refuses to confess it—that the mother of three, each of whom has gone, has for each as great a love and greater than she for her 'only one.' For each of three the mother's love is eternal, and yet not three eternals equal all to one, but one great eternal love, equal to the other, and equal to all. The 'only boy' begins to suffer. He becomes restive and irritable. He sees an injustice, and it rankles. He becomes morose—grows gloomy, sullen, surly, crabbed, crusty, churlish—then anger moves him at every turn in the 'Scurry of the night' he hears the whispers of 'he air, and they tell him to go.' He seems to see, and thinks he does, the glassy stare of old friends, who remark upon the change—all is different. He avoids them, and they meet him. He is conscious of a 'fear' to meet them. 'Is it fear?' he asks himself. 'Surely not. I once was not afraid.' But it is. He starts in life, but he is timid. Courage deserts.

him, and he fails. Oh! the bitterness of it all—a bitterness the harder to endure, because the mother was to blame. She taught him his first lesson in "fear." Then a day comes and the boy reproaches the mother, and in her sorrow and grief she sees her mistake. But it is too late. Volumina, conversing with her daughter, said: "I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man." "But," replied Virginia, "had he died in the business, madam, how would I have been comforted?" "Then," answers her other, "this good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: Had I a dozen sons—each in my love alike, and none less dear than mine and my good Marcus—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action!"

LIVE FOR TODAY.  
My lute of laughter  
Pipes the best lay  
To him that comes after,  
For I am away;  
Man from the morrow may borrow his  
sorrow,  
I live for today.

## HEADACHY, BILIOUS, STOMACH SOUR? REGULATE YOUR BOWELS! 10 CENTS

You're bilious! You have a throbbing sensation in your head, a bad taste in your mouth, your eyes hurt, your skin is yellow, with dark rings under your eyes, your lips are parched. No wonder you feel ugly, mean and ill-tempered. Your system is full of bile and constipated waste not properly passed off, and what you need is a cleansing up "inside." Don't continue being a bilious, constipated nuisance to yourself and those who love you, and don't resort to harsh physics, that irritate and injure. Remember that your sour, disordered stomach, lazy liver and clogged bowels can be quickly cleaned and regulated by morning with gentle, thorough Cascarets, a 10-cent box will keep your head clear and make you feel cheerful and buoy for months. Get Cascarets now—wake up refreshed—feel like doing a good day's work—make yourself pleasant and useful. Clean up! Cheer up!



Say that over the 'phone to your dealer now. It brings the very finest fruit of its kind—fresh from California, fully ripe, juicy, sweet, firm, tender, delicious—just as it tastes when picked direct from the tree.

## California Sunkist Oranges

Picked Ripe from the Tree—Shipped to All Markets by Fast Freight—Sold by Best Dealers in Your Neighborhood

Try Sunkist Lemons. Juicy, tart, practically seedless. The most attractive looking lemons—sliced, quartered or halved—to serve with fish, meats and tea. Pure Sunkist Lemon juice in place of doubtful vinegar adds a dainty flavor to scores of dishes.

Beautiful Silver Premiums. Save Sunkist Wrappers. Our book tells 110 ways of using oranges and lemons, also how to exchange these wrappers for beautiful Wm. Rogers & Son tableware of pure silver plate. Exclusive design. No advertising. We refund the price you pay to get this silver if not satisfactory in every way. The book pictures the popular pieces. Get your copy now.

California Fruit Growers Exchange  
105 King St., East, Cor. Church, Toronto, Ont.