

That Son-in-Law of Pa's



HOBBY NEWS

HOCKEY RECORD
FRIDAY'S RESULTS
O.H.A. Senior, Semi-final
Riversides 18, Kingston 2.

MY ENGLAND!

By William Winter
(In New York Times)

My England! Not my native land
But dear to me as if she were,—
How often have I longed to stand
With those brave hearts who fight for her!

My England! should the hope be crossed
In which she taught the world to strive,
Then all of Virtue would be lost
And naught of Manhood left alive.

Bereft of Fortune, worn with Age,
My life is all I have to give,
But freely would that life engage
For those who die that she may live.

But 'tis not in the Book of Doom
That Justice, Honor, Truth, should fail,
That earth be made a living tomb,
And only Brutal Wrong prevail.

Mother of Freedom! Pledged to Right!
From Honor's path she would not stray,
But, sternly faithful, used her might
To lead mankind the nobler way.

It cannot be the human race,
Long struggling up to Freedom's sun,
Is destined to the abject place
Of vassal to the murd'rous Hun!

Her task was hard, her burden great,
But 'round the world her edict ran,
That reared and ruled a Sovereign State,
Securely, on the Rights of Man.

In ev'ry land that knows the ills
Of Bondage, and has borne its aches,
The deathless pulse of Freedom thrills
And Reason's noble rage awakes.

No vandal foot should tread her land,
No despot hold her realm in awe;
The humblest peasant should command
The shelter of her righteous law.

Sec' splendid Italy advance,
And grimly issuing from his lair,
To grasp the hand of glorious France,
Stalk forth th' intrepid Russian bear!

In vain her lion port was braved!
Her pennant streamed o'er every sea,
And whereso'er her ensign waved
All fetters fell and Man was free

My England!—patient, valiant, true!—
Nor foes without, nor frauds within
Will shake her purpose to subdue
The cohorts of embattled sin:

To-day be all her faults forgot,—
The errors of her nascent prime,
Or wily politician's plot,
Or blunder that was almost crime.

The swinish horde, the gilded beasts,
In whom no touch of ruth survives,
Who ravish women, murder priests,
And strew the sea with infant lives;

To-day, when desperate tyrants strain,—
By Greed, and Fear, and Hate combined,—
To blast her power and rend her reign,—
She fights the fight of all mankind:

The Lords of War, who kill and maim,
Exultant, while their people groan,
Steeping themselves in crime and shame,
To keep a despot on his throne;—

She fights for us,—for this fair clime,
Our home below'd, where freemen dwell,
Columbia, grandest born of Time,
That Teuton malice burns to quell.

That pigmy, to whose 'wildered brain
Himself an Attila appears,
Who takes the name of God in vain,
And drowns the earth in blood and tears!

My England, STRIKE! Droop not, nor pause.
Till triumph on your banners shine!
Then take a grateful world's applause,—
Millions of hearts that beat like mine.

DETROIT AGAIN BEAT
WATERLOO CANADIANS
Detroit, March 4.—Waterloo Canadians were beaten decisively here last night in the second game of their series with Detroit, the score at the end standing 4 to 0.

DATES FIXED FOR ALL
O.H.A. FINAL GAMES
Toronto, March 4.—Dates for the final games in all three series of the Ontario Hockey Association were arranged last night.

THE LIGHT BEER IN THE
LIGHT BOTTLE
—clear as crystal
—sparkles like diamonds
—mild, yet full flavored
—costs about half as much
as the imported beers

O'Keefe's
Pilsener Lager
MAY BE ORDERED AT 25
COLBORNE ST., BRANTFORD.

LABATT'S STOUT
The very best for use in ill-health and convalescence
Awarded Medal and Highest Points in America
at World's Fair, 1893
PURE—SOUND—WHOLESOME
JOHN LABATT, LIMITED, LONDON, CANADA

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Boy Knight Notes
The Boy Knights held their annual birthday celebration on Friday last, the attendance was good.

London 8, Woodstock 2, in Northern Series
London, March 4.—The 71st Battalion of Woodstock played for honors against London Overseas in the Northern Hockey League, senior series, lost out by 8 to 2 in the first match of a home-and-home series last night.

Belleville Goes Into
Finals With Sarinians
Belleville, March 4.—Belleville is in a happy mood for the local inter-mediate series.

Career of Mr. Cheddouil Miyatovich
Mr. Cheddouil Miyatovich has had a distinguished career as diplomat, minister and man of letters.

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SUFFERING OF SERBIAN PEOPLE
IN RETREAT PASSES ALL BELIEF;

RUSSIAN NURSE TELLS THE STORY

Once People and Animals Marched Dur-
the Night in a Snowstorm on the
Edge of a Precipice--Serbian Soldiers
Heroic and Enduring and Grateful
for Little Favors.

(From the "Gazette de Lausanne,"
January 10th, 1916.)

A Russian nurse, who has worked
in Serbia under the Wounded Allies'
Relief Committee and took part in
the retreat of the Serbian army, wrote
the following description of her ex-
periences:

I sent you a card at Bari telling you
I had come back to a world other
than that of the mountains of Mon-
tenegro and Albania. To sleep in a
bed, to eat good, white bread, to
travel in a train all that seems strange
after our terrible retreat.

For a long time I shall not be able
to describe to you all that we suffer-
ed. We were 62 days en route and we
marched for 22 days of the time on
foot across the Serbian mountains.

After all the suffering we at last man-
aged to reach Scutari. Then when the
San Giovanni, an American
sailing ship, which was to take us
with the people of the English, Rus-
sian and French Red Cross, did not
come we had to fear famine. But
provisionally an Italian transport
came and took us on board. After
a rough passage we finally reached
Brindisi. If I feel myself saved, my
heart has stayed behind with the
brave army. Incessantly I think of
the Serbs—of those dear soldiers, so
dirty, so poor, but so dear and so
good. Why did nobody come in time
to help them? I incessantly ask my-
self this.

Do not think that I left my work
for fear of being made prisoner. No;
my profound regret was not to be
able to stay. It was the Serbian
government itself who ordered our
departure. If I can some day resume
my work in the heart of this nation
of heroes, it will be to me a great
honour to do something for them.

I would like to cry out to the
whole world that the Serbs have
suffered a fate they did not deserve,
in fighting all alone against an un-
precedented attack. I was in Belgium
and I saw part of the retreat from
Antwerp. Then I found myself near
the front at Nispor, at Furnas, at
Dunirk. I nursed the Belgian wound-
ed and I admire them. But compared
to their misfortune and their suffer-
ing, the misfortune and the suffering
of the Serbs passes the imagination.
At Kranjevat, for example, we had
none but very grave wounded.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

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Price 10c
Wm. Mulligan, Auctioneer.

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