

That Son-in-Law of Pa's



HOCKEY RECORD

FRIDAY'S RESULTS

O.H.A. Senior, Semi-final
Riversides 18, Kingston 2.
Riversides win round by 25 goals and meet Berlin in finals.

Intermediate Semi-final
Belleville 13, Midland 1.
Belleville wins round by six goals and will meet Sarnia in finals.

Northern League, Senior, Semi-final
Wartown 13, Midway 4.

Group.

London Overseas 8, Woodstock 7.

MANITOBA LEAGUE, Final

61st Battalion 5, Victoria 3.

EXHIBITION.

Detroit 4, Waterloo 0.

Portland 6, All Stars 5.

Hamilton K.C. 6, Parry Sound 2.

Riverdale 5, 2nd Battalion 4.

GAMES SATURDAY

National Association—Quebec at Toronto; Canadiens at Wanderers.

Detroit Again Beat

Waterloo Canadians

Detroit, March 4.—The first inter-

national tour of ladies' hockey teams is now being arranged by Manager E. N. Runions of Cornwall, who will take two teams of best available female talent to Cleveland about the middle of the month.

If arrangements of a financial nature can be made satisfactorily the tour-ists will play in Toronto and Ottawa on their return.

Riversides in Final

With Berlin Seniors

Toronto, March 4.—It's Riversides and Berlin for it. The senior cham-

pionship of the O.H.A. will be de-

termined in home-and-home games, Wednesday night and back in Berlin on the following Monday.

Riversides beat Kingston Frontenacs 18 to 2 last night.

The Frontenacs had Jack Gooch back on the defence, but the injured foot, which kept him out of the first game, prevented him from showing his best form.

Norman Milan played the rover position for the visitors. He is a junior, but he showed senior form. Cook started in goal for the Frontenacs, but he had a bad out over his left eye from the game in Kingston, and retired at the end of the first period.

He was succeeded by Walsh, under the rule which permits a goal-tender to be substituted in the event of injuries.

The score by periods was: 5 to 0, 9 to 0 and 19 to 2. The Frontenacs were totally outclassed from end to end.

Belleville Goes Into

Finals With Sarnians

Belleville, March 4.—Belleville is in a happy mood for the local inter-

mediate series in the O.H.A. finals. Last night they played Midland in the second of home-and-home games in the semi-finals, and although Midland started the game with a six-goal lead, the locals ran up a 13 to 1 score, and thus won the round by six goals.

Midland showed plenty of speed, but the strong back-checking of the Belleville forwards, backed up by splendid defence work, did not give them very much chance. The Midland defence played good hockey, especially McDonald in goal. The locals played up to their best form, and under these conditions Midland could not cope with them.

The youthful Conley, in the Belleville goal, did very little to do, but what he had handled like a veteran Bill Symons, on the defence, lived up to his reputation. He is one of the best in the O. H. A. He plays clean hockey, and although he has plenty of weight does not use it very often. Aside from McDonald in goal, Beatty on

the defence was the best of the visitors. His rushes were hard to stop, and his defensive work was excellent. This is the first year since 1900 that a Belleville team has reached the O. H. A. finals in any of the series.

London 8, Woodstock 2, in Northern Senior

London, March 4.—The 71st Bat-

talion of Woodstock, trying for hon-ors 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.

The 71st was in fine fettle and the battle developed into one of the fast-

est shooting sessions that has been seen here this year. London's defence was impregnable, however, and even Woodstock's Verduin, cannonading measures were without avail. Hager-

man and Ritchie were the best men of London Overseas, the work of the former being particularly brilliant.

Career of Mr. Cheddouil

Miyatovich.

Mr. Cheddouil Miyatovich has had a distinguished career as diplomat,

minister and man of letters. He was quite a young man when he represented Serbia at the International Conference on the Black Sea and Danube in London.

After the war between Serbia and Bulgaria in 1885, he, as Serbian Minister in London, was called upon to negotiate peace between his country and Bulgaria, and he signed then that unique document in diplomatic history, consisting only of one single article, declaring "that the peace between Serbia and Bulgaria is established." He served his country as Minister of Foreign Affairs and Serbian Minister in Roumania, Holland and Turkey, as well as to England, and in 1899, he represented Serbia at the first International Peace Conference at the Hague. In 1901 he was made a member of the Upper House or Senate of Serbia.

The transport of grain from Rou-

mania to Austria and Germany has commenced, according to a Berlin despatch.

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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!

Bereft by 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.

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.

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.

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.

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

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

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:

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

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.

Boy Knight Notes

The Boy Knights held their annual birthday celebration on Friday last, the attendance was good. Some excellent pictures were shown of war scenes, also of former camp scenes, at the conclusion of which tasty refreshments were served. Arthur Chrysler kindly loaned his machine for the evening.

The men held a meeting on Sunday at 4:30.

The Mother's Guild are actively engaged in keeping up their good work. Target work was good during the week. Alfred Teague for the juniors and H. C. L. George Linn for the seniors, making high scores.

The attendance at parade on Tuesday evening was large, and splendid work was done.

The annual inspection will be held very early this year so every member should make it a point to be present at all parades. All equipment that is out, should be returned to stores immediately. In this work every member can assist.

Our active service section is keeping up their work and are quite busy making themselves fit for business.

A report cabled from London to the effect that the office of High Commissioner for Canada has been accepted by Sir Geo. Perley, the acting High Commissioner, is denied officially.

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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 experiences:

I sent you a card at Bari telling you I had come back to a world other than that of the mountains of Montenegro 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 suffered. We were 62 days en route and we marched for 32 days of the time on foot, across the Sanjak of Novibazar in New Serbia, across unimaginable mountain paths. If anyone had prophesied to me that I should undertake and come through such a journey, I should never have believed it—and yet I managed it.

The road from Ipek to Podgarica was a real calvary. We travelled by a narrow, slanting path at the edge of a deep precipice in the middle of the night in a snow storm. It was intensely cold. Our mission marched huddled together. We were surrounded by mules and horses who pushed against us, and yet we were able to light a fire in that inhospitable place overhadowed as we were by wild mountains, cruel and implacable towards these poor human beings and animals at their feet. There were some days on which we walked fourteen hours without stopping or eating. That it did not kill me is what I cannot understand.

And how admirable was the attitude of the Serbian soldiers, those heroes. Sometimes I had to dress the wounds of men who had marched ten and of men who had without their wounds having any attention, without even having bread to put in their mouths. Would you believe that these brave men thanked me with smiles, and said how sad they were to see a woman obliged to march as they were, if you had seen it all for yourself.

If you had seen it all for yourself, you would understand my bitterness and grief as a Russian woman that neither Russia nor any other country did anything in time to help this people of heroes. My poor intelligence refuses to understand this.

I shall never forget the departure from Mitrovitz—the snow, the icy cold, the white road covered with dead bodies of horses and cattle. Close by the unhappy Serbian soldiers were eating raw cabbage and seeking bones in rubbish heaps. One of them burst into tears when a bit of maize bread was given to him, which he could not eat because it was frozen

too hard. And the dear good ones—how they suffered and what work they did. In my pity I confuse animals and men in thinking of what they endured.

In Albania, the Mussulman Arnauts leagued themselves together against us. A Serbian doctor, whom I know was killed by them, and I saw a poor little English nurse martyred by them and suffering a martyrdom.

And all the time we were fleeing before the Bulgarians, leaving a place two hours before they entered. In addition to that, aeroplanes circled above our heads and dropped bombs upon us. In crossing rivers swollen by torrential rains we had sometimes to march up to our knees in water, and when further on we found a stable; what a delight to enter it and stretch ourselves out near the warm animals. What a drama! All was—

my life.

After all the suffering we at last managed to reach Scutari. Then when the San Giovanni de Media, an American sailing ship, which was to take us with the people of the English, Russian and French Red Cross, did not arrive, I felt 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 myself 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 unprecedented attack. I was in Belgium and I saw part of the retreat from Antwerp. Then I found myself near the front at Neuport, at Furnes, at Dunkirk, I nursed the Belgian wounded and I admire them. But compared to their misfortune and their suffering, the misfortune and the suffering of the Serbs passes the imagination. At Kranjevat, for example, we had none but very gravely wounded.