

London Advertiser

LONDON, TUESDAY, MAY 4.

ROGERS' "FRIGHTFULNESS."

HON. Robert Rogers, with his clay-cold, grasping hands, has set to work to manipulate this country's patriotic sentiment in order that his machine element of politicians may dominate Canada.

The man who rose as a mechanical master of the foreign vote in Manitoba, who "machined" his way into power, and the survival of whose shameful system was all but swept away in the last election in the western province, and even now is under the investigation of a royal commission, is chosen to endeavor to force Canada into the belief that there should be an election. In a shallow speech, vile with invective and iniquitous because of the hypocrite's lips that uttered it, he assails the Liberals as though THEY had been guilty of graft in war contracts, and foreshadows an early dissolution. He attacks the Liberal press, calling prominent papers "degenerate" and "grafting," with the guilty knowledge that his own Winnipeg Telegram profited to the extent of \$40,000 "graft" in one single year. He denounces those who denounced the scandals of Garland and Foster, and says that Premier Borden's service to the country means nothing "to a certain horde of designing Grit grafters and simpletons." The inference is that the Liberals are jealous of the chance now in the hands of Conservatives to enrich themselves and which chance seems to have been rather generally accepted. Rogers would tighten his hold on the patronage.

For abusiveness and for a keynote to a campaign of "frightfulness," the Prussian manifesto, delivered not, mark you, by the Premier, but by this crafty machine politician, there is no parallel in Canadian public life for the statement of Rogers. He calls down heaven as his witness (in a manner that savors of another "bulldozing" ruler's divine invocation) that he does not desire an election. He denies that he makes a virtue of his own necessity. He is simply and vulgarly sounding a call for the mud-slinging batteries—the Billingsgate press that has fattened with him and by him to an extent never heard of before. (The papers of the Rogers school last year received \$200,000 in acknowledged cash). His speech is a renunciation of the doctrine of unity in Canada. The campaign forecast is a species of Prussianism which one is almost forced to believe was never launched willingly by Canada's Premier.

Rogers rattles the bones of the emergency (an emergency that has been safely locked in the Kiel Canal for almost a year), and does not mention that the Laurier navy today would have been sharing the victories of Australia and the Motherland.

The Liberal party may congratulate itself for its enemies of the Rogers type. He is desecrating the sanctity of this country's solemn feelings. He parades his vulgar electioneering without a fine emotion and his coarse invective will be a nauseating dish for Canadians whose hearts are in France. What a spectacle that this politician, whose name is a national suspicion, should be chosen to tell Liberals of their loyalty at an hour when his fellow-members of Parliament are in disgrace! He opens a reeking well of bitterness and it will be fitting if the Government that chooses him for its ambassador should perish in the fumes.

LIBERALS!

LIBERALS! The Advertiser publishes the Montreal speech of Hon. Robert Rogers, believing that if a campaign must be fought, this insulating document will arouse as never before every Liberal in Canada from coast to coast.

In this machine politician—the man who gave Manitoba its present reputation—to be permitted to throw a slur at the Imperialism of Laurier and the sound, practical patriotism of Liberalism—the patriotism that created the British preference?

Liberalism does not ask an election. Only the Prussian philosophy of Rogers wants it. He thinks Liberalism is "unprepared" as others thought of other things. A militant Liberalism aroused to resent the cowardly insinuations of a Rogers is always prepared.

ENCOURAGING BRITISH TRADE.

DISPATCHES from Ottawa report on the authority of Mr. Griffith, secretary of the Canadian High Commission, that an industrial league has been formed in Britain for the purpose of encouraging trade between people at home and the overseas dominions. Mr. Griffith says that it has already commenced operations by asking Canadian manufacturers for quotations on cloth and other army supplies. The members of the league bind themselves always to ask for, and other things being equal, to purchase goods produced or manufactured at home or in the colonies.

This will, of course, be very gratifying to Canadians who are seeking larger markets for their goods; but, will doubtless be highly approved by the pocket patriots of the Dominion. It is not expected, however, that there will be any similar league formed here for the purpose of purchasing goods from Britain. Canadian consumers are, of course, interested in getting goods from Britain at reasonable prices. But our consumers do not organize and form leagues in their own interests like manufacturers do. And these latter are not at all anxious to have British goods come into this country and compete with native products. Our loyalty does not act that way. We try to discourage British trade by raising the tax on British goods.

One would really suppose that British trade did need a little encouragement. For the twelve months ending last February, our total trade with the Mother Country amounted to \$289,278,000, a decrease of about \$70,000,000 as compared with the previous year. Of course, the war is responsible for some diminution in the amount of our imports; on the other hand, it has not been bad for our exports. Cloth and leather goods, munitions of war, horses, etc., have been in demand and have been shipped in great quantities to the seat of war. Canada's exports to Britain have not been in such small quantities after all. And now they seem to have started an organization in the latter country to encourage the purchasing of more goods from Canada. Encouragement on one side; discouragement on the other.

The excuse given by the Government for raising the duty on British imports

is that we need a greater revenue to meet the war expenses. But taxing British goods will not raise more money. Under ordinary circumstances, imports from Britain to Canada are at a disadvantage as compared with those from the United States. There is not only the matter of distance, and that necessarily hampers trade, but there is besides, the unquestioned fact that our people are becoming more and more accustomed to American styles and methods in the manufacture of goods of all descriptions, and like them. That may be in poor taste; it may be unpatriotic; call it anything you like. But the fact remains, and flag-flapping will not alter natural conditions. If there is practical legislation, then flag-flapping may help; not otherwise.

The present Government fought the last election on the trade basis. They were going to stop this disloyal trade with the Yankees; but they have not done it, while our trade with Britain last year fell off \$70,000,000, our trade with the United States increased by \$200,000,000. What are they going to do about it? Raise the tax on American goods? That would seem to be the logical conclusion. That would have helped to increase our trade with Britain; and we would raise more revenue in that way. But that is not the Government method. Let these people in Britain, they say, form leagues to buy goods from Canada; that is patriotic. But we will put a little extra tax on British goods. We will encourage the idea of selling Canadian goods in Britain, but we will keep out British goods from Canada as far as we can.

JEWS AT THE FRONT.

IT HAS been stated that about 10,000 Jews are at the front serving in the British armies. For a people not generally regarded as military, though the descendants of men like Joshua and the Maccabees, this is a very good representation in the field. There are only about 250,000 Jews in the British Isles as against 3,000,000 in Austria and Germany. If Canada were proportionately represented in the war, we should have about 300,000 men at the front.

The Jews, it goes without saying, are a peculiar people. In ancient times they were patriotic and somewhat bellicose, always intensely and even narrowly national. Some advance the view that the development of a fanatical nationalism as well as of a subtle, comprehensive and masterly business organization in Germany is in no small measure due to the strong leaven of Judaism among the leading spirits of that country.

The middle ages cramped the Jew and made of him a money and interest-calculating machine, as far as was possible. But in modern times, enlarged opportunities brought out rather unsuspected faculties. The Jew showed himself suddenly a musician, or a painter, and in Hefke the ancient poetry of the race came to life again. Law and politics claimed Hebrew recruits. They are thick in the British Parliament. The Jew went on to develop romantic and social tastes, intermarried with "the old nobility," bought up old castles to live in, hunting lodges in England, deer runs in Scotland. He became a

sportsman, learning to shoot and ride even in America, to play baseball. And now he has advanced from hunting to war, blending his Oriental pride and enthusiasm with the stern endurance of the Britons among whom he has lived. He may have some doubts about the Czar. A local Jewish citizen is said to have remarked, on being told of the Czar's proposals for better treatment of his race: "Oh, yes, he make von toubent promises." But, at any rate, he hates the Kaiser as Moses and Miriam hated the Pharaoh. The spirit of David and Saul and Jonathan was never dead, but slept awhile.

BIG WAR CONTRACTS.

VERY significant in several ways was the announcement at New York that the British Government had contracted for a supply of war material calling for an expenditure of \$55,000,000. Then this there could be few better indications that Great Britain intends to see the fight through to a finish. These contracts are said to be the biggest of their kind ever placed, and the \$55,000,000 does not cover all, as the British Government engages to shoulder the expenses of the additions to the plants required for the filling of this record order. Kitchener wants the best he can get, all he can get of it, and he wants it as quickly as he can get it. Therefore no expenditure is too vast.

Also those persons who charge that Great Britain is not doing her full share of the fighting, that the brunt of it has fallen on Russia and France, should be impressed with the fact that of that \$55,000,000, \$50,000,000 goes for a million rifles for the Russian army. Leaving aside the tremendous part played by the British army, John Bull with his gold has been playing a vital, if not spectacular part, by dipping liberally into his coffers to help Russia and Belgium conduct their ends of the campaign, and to retain the friendship of Roumania. Lastly this backing of Russia's bill for arms disposes of the rumors that Russia was about to repudiate her pact with the Allies and make peace with Germany on her own account.

BERNSTORFF IMPENITENT.

MR. BRYAN's reprimand of Von Bernstorff seems to have failed of its purpose. It will be recalled that the German ambassador charged the United States Government with violation of neutrality in not stopping the exportation of arms to the Allies, at the same time advising the American people to condemn the Wilson Administration through the polls. For this the Washington Government rapped Von Bernstorff over the knuckles. He was told mildly, but in a manner that could not be misunderstood, that he had better not do it again. But he has. Again he has ignored the American Government in the most insulting fashion.

The German embassy is publishing paid advertisements warning Americans bound for Europe not to take passage on ships belonging to the Allies. This is a case of deliberately going over the head of the Government, dealing directly with the American people. Through no channels save the diplomatic should such a warning be made. The only procedure allowable in a case of this kind would be a note to the Government at Washington. The German Government, however, for without doubt Bernstorff is behind Bernstorff—with impudence that would be amazing if it came from any but German sources, brushes aside all diplomatic dignity and decorum. It is simply another case of ignoring the head of the American nation and telling the American public what it should do to fall in with German plans.

The statement of a German embassy official, that the object of the warning is to clear the Germans should any Americans perish by the sinking of a British vessel, will not be acceptable to the United States Government. The American Government does not recognize the right of Germany to murder United States citizens on the high seas. This was made clear long ago, and Germany is well aware of it. The one explanation for Bernstorff's latest impudence is that he is again trying to drive the American people—this time by fear—to compel their Government to accede to the German demands. Will he be given his walking ticket this time?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Rogers campaign of "frightfulness" has commenced.

Bob Rogers—the man who hoisted the political "Jolly Roger" in Canada.

Some of our editorial paragraphs are wonderfully brave—in our paragraphs.

Two grandsons of Charles Dickens are giving the Germans the "Dickens" in Flanders.

There is a common enemy abroad just now. Beware April's reaction that breeds pneumonia.

Burbank has succeeded in growing a seedless apple. And now will he please try his hand at a bugless raspberry.

We may be certain that the 2,000 Canadians reported prisoners never quit until the last cartridge had been used.

The Rogers machine is reported to be well lubricated. Most of the pocket patriots have no doubt contributed by this time.

Von Tirpitz says his ships could not find the British fleet. Von Tirpitz must have had a shower of horsehoes at his birth.

Lieut.-Col. Becher is the first London officer to be "mentioned in dispatches." London men and officers share in the honor paid him.

A striking proof of the steady advance of the French is the throwing of shells into Metz. The Hun's line is bending, and any time it may break.

The Conservatives say that the two political parties of Great Britain. In Canada Liberal advice was neither solicited nor appreciated.

It is a good sign that Russia has

Election Fight Out of Place.

NOT AFRAID OF IT.

[Hamilton Times.] The Liberals do not object to an election because they are afraid of it. They object to it just as they object to Dr. Bernburg's activities in the interests of Germany.

BALLOTS NOT UNIFYING.

[Guelph Mercury.] Does the Borden Government want to split the Canada in the trenches into political camps? A ballot paper was never known to be a unifying force.

POLITICIANS, READ THIS!

[Winnipeg Tribune.] We commend to those party politicians who would plunge Canada into the rancor, spite, name-calling and general all-round viciousness of a general election, the following extract from a letter written by one of our soldiers at the front:

"What you see in the papers about the Germans being short of ammunition is all rot. The people who write such stuff would have changed their opinion had they been here at Neuve Chapelle last week. For food, the troops have plenty and to spare. I've seen proof of that right here in the trenches."

granted permission for the use of the Polish language in the schools of Poland. Politically, like the Jew, the Pole is going to benefit by the great war.

The Toronto Telegram, ultra-Conservative, says: "Canadians should not be asked to go to the polls in the crisis of a war when their hearts are anxious and their minds are troubled."

Premier Asquith has just captured the long-distance premiership contest since the reform act, having been in the saddle since April 8, 1908. And no other Premier ever put through as much legislation for the masses as Herbert Asquith.

Ex-Premier Flemming of New Brunswick, was found guilty of accepting money from a Government contractor. But Flemming is now a Conservative candidate for the Dominion house. What avails it to pick out some "rotten apples" if others are to be put in?

If Britain had no other menace than the German naval scare, there would not be a war, for, comparatively speaking, the German navy has been locked in the Kiel Canal. It has never been able to commit an act that warranted a dreadnought "emergency," but it has been proved to have warranted a Canadian cruiser "emergency."

MUFFLED DRUMS.

[Washington Post.] Both of them died in France. Stemming the foe's advance. They went from their father's door one day. Though each was sent on a separate way. Yet now they meet in the selfsame land. That holds them, hand in hand.

Lowly their couch and lone. Where death his vigil keeps. As on their mother's breast years ago. Each in the same soil sleeps. Golden hair, young eyes of blue. How soon dark night came over you—both of them died in France. Stemming the foe's advance.

Both in the hour of death. Longed for their mother's hand. What good is the iron cross she wears. That sears her breast like a brand. When they have died in far-away France. Stemming the foe's advance?

QUALIFIED.

[London Answers.] A Lancashire man in London wishing to join the London Scottish was met with the nationality problem and admitted he was not a Scotchman. The recruiting officer was willing to stretch a point or two if possible, so he asked the Lancastrian: "Have you any relations or property in Scotland?" "No," said the reply. "You are quite sure?" "How on a bit," said the recruit, as a light came into his eyes. "By gum, I've forgotten for a minute. A few pairs of trousers bein' cleaned at Perth dye works."

PEARLS.

[Amy E. Campbell.] I am gathering pearls in the world's great sea. Some that were cast aside. Some that others have overlooked. Some carried by the tide.

I keep these treasures in my heart. Carefully stored away. And I count them over happily. When comes a weary day.

My gems bring comfort no one knows. And gladness without end; And when I name them, I record Each new-found one a friend.

SOURCE OF INSPIRATION.

[Washington Star.] "How did that dramatic critic come to write such an unqualified roast of our new play?" exclaimed the manager. "Maybe," remarked the author, "the overheard some of the things you said to me about it."

THE GREATEST GIFT.

[Southern Woman's Magazine.] Sometimes, when I am very, very weary, I think I'd like to lie, with heaven's grace, Where the cheery river winds, and smiles, and beckons. With its bright, brown water running o'er my dreams. Oh, I hear in fancy the calling of the waves. And I see the river's edge of foamy lace.

And sometimes I like the quiet forest better. With no sound except the dropping of the leaves; With the smell of blossoms, and of woody dampness, And the faint, far ripeness of the distant sheaves.

Then I pray, "God, let me lie with in that forest." And the dream of my aching heart relieves.

But again when days and nights press close with anguish. Till there lies no vine between the worst and best.

Wiser grown, I know that neither wood nor river Holds for me the gift that heaven knows most blest.

For I know, because hope lies for better morrows, 'Tis not death I crave, but only love and rest.

The German soldiers are neither men nor infants, and they are in good condition. The country should understand that it is life or death for us as a nation, and make every effort to help us. Guns, big guns, and play just as they want, we want, or the war will last for years."

What would this man say if some Canadian Government official posed a ballot box under his nose, and told him that the people of Canada were fighting a Grit and Tory election, instead of fighting for the country? If he used language not usually found in print, in referring to Canadian politicians, who would blame him?

The soldier adds: "On Friday, the 12th, we lay on a roadway four long hours, cramped and not daring to move an inch. 'Jack Johnsons' came over us at the rate of eleven a minute, which is a very rapid firing for shells of that size."

If the hawks of bill boxes should by any chance be called upon to tell us the truth, we should expect to hear of an increase in the casualty list among the non-combatants, and no one will be disposed to blame our soldiers, and the fact that they stand a certain measure of provocation and annoyance.

TALES FROM THE TRENCHES

SINGER'S TRICK.

A Black Watch Territorial writes: Our peaceful farm and bright little estaminet are a welcome haven after the Hades of the far-flung battle line.

Our battalion left here on Tuesday, March 23, and a couple of double companies entered the trenches that night after a march of some nine miles. The night still last night there was a lull in our part of the line, both of infantry and artillery. Snipers, those deadly experts in the art of attrition, were specially harassing at one point—the point near which I happened to be stationed with half a dozen others. We were acting as a picket in a trench running at right angles from the main British line, which is there less than seventy yards from the Germans. Just in front of their line stood a partly demolished house in which a party of enemy snipers had hidden themselves.

Night after night and day after day for their fire, until it was decided to shell the house with mortars. A hail of lyddite and shrapnel was hurled into it bringing the remnants of roof and portions of the walls clattering earthwards. But next night fires flashed and spat from it just as before; the snipers had not been dislodged. They sniped away frequently all next day, shooting one poor fellow through the head; but as darkness fell their activities ceased. Soon our sentries reported that a working party was engaged behind the house. They could be seen throwing bricks to one another. Listening hard we could hear a harshly whispered word of command. But never a British rifle spoke till at a signal a star shell was fired into the air.

A Ruse That Failed. Then the enemy party, caught just as they were leaving for their own lines again got a stiff dose of "ten rounds rapid." They dropped the tools and ran, but not all of them got back. Morning broke at 4:30—a magnificent spring morn, heralded by a lark—to reveal the dead Germans and our inert figure in grey-blue uniform tied with rope to the house. We were rather puzzled at first, but when a shot struck the head and it fell forward on the chest like a bag of bricks, we saw the ruse. It was a dummy figure, placed there to draw our fire so that the snipers might tick off our men as they aimed.

We learned from a newspaper specially printed and published in Lille for the German army that the enemy might attempt an attack on April 1 to celebrate Bismarck's birth. The writer, a Prussian general, reminds his countrymen of their great soldier statesman and exhorts them with characteristic grandiloquence to make a special effort to celebrate Bismarck's birth by a great victory over the British. The article is entitled "Fire," and is a hysterical paraphrase of the Hymn of Hate, "God Punish England," an oft-repeated exhortation, while the "Kultur" of the Germans is kept well to the fore. A copy of the paper containing this article was found on a captured Hun. Reading such an effort makes one wonder whether Germany has not gone mad with chagrin at the defeat of her aims.

All sorts of dodges are still indulged in by the Germans to shoot our men treacherously. An old and favorite trick which we saw worked is to signal with a spade the effect of the British fire—a "bull" or a "nail" as the case may be. While one man signals his neighbor pots at the heads which may be raised above the British parapets to see the waving spade.

THE OPERA ARTIST.

Last night, just before we were relieved, a German at a point about 75 yards distant started a stirring song which rang out with remarkable effect on the night air. It sounded like a piece from an opera, for there were some interpolations of dramatic recitation. His voice sounded as rich and sonorous as it was powerful, and not a few of the listeners in our trench wondered whether he had better the ears of crowded opera house before the war.

Why did he sing now? Through sheer good spirits? No. He sang to detract our attention from the battalion which was entering at the time to relieve them—to give the impression of absolute inactivity. We tumbled to the scheme and "applauded" the song with rapid machine gun fire sent over among the German ranks. The song stopped short.

During our spell I had more than one opportunity of visiting the trenches occupied by the enemy before the Neuve Chapelle fight. In most parts they are scarcely recognizable as trenches, so great was the effect of our bombardment on the 10th. Whole traverses have been blown in, and there are few dug-outs that have not been wrecked. One, an officers', stood intact; and on entering I was amazed at the comfort of the place. A little table stood in the centre (the dug-out was fifteen feet square), and beside it were four wicker-covered chairs. Along one side were two bunks made of boards, one above the other. In one corner stood nine empty champagne bottles. It is astounding to see how many of these and wine bottles are littered over the ground we gained recently. Empty lager beer bottles are very rare, which seems to suggest that the enemy has become a convert to the pillaged and more refined drinks of France. In every village and town here occupied for any time by them you may hear the same story of ransacking estaminets and wine-cellar.

It will be some days yet before all the Germans killed on the 10th are buried, although burying parties of the British risk themselves every night at the sad work. Dozens of German rifles, bayonets, and equipments lie strewn about, but few helmets are left.

They never lie long untouched, these precious souvenirs.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

An interesting letter has been received in Selkirk from Sergeant Ebene Johnston, 7th Battery, Canadian Artillery, describing the work of the telephone men at the front. The letter is as follows:

Our observing station at present is only about 400 yards from the German trenches, and we can only get in to the place while it is dark, as the Germans are too close and always keep a sharp lookout. Last Wednesday morning about one o'clock we started to get a start from the observing station to the place where we had been afraid that some one had been tapping in on our wire listening to the messages. Some of the boys started laying the wire from the battery end, while I went forward with one chap to get a start from the observing station to get the most dangerous part laid before daylight. It was a wee bit risky, and we heard several bullets whistle over our heads. At one place where the Germans have a Maxim gun trained on the road, we had to "stop" when one of the lights landed near us, and they let the gun rip on a few rounds. We were in between two fires, and got our share of bursting shells. At one place a shell burst just behind us, and the fuse cap flew past my head and landed about four yards in front of me. I happened to be trying to wriggle through a barbed wire en-

tanglement protecting one of our reserve trenches at the time, and got a bit of a fright.

"I've only had a glimpse of a couple of Germans as yet; I hope we get on the move soon though, and get the beggars on the move towards their beloved Fatherland. Our battery is doing splendid work. Only this afternoon we fired at a house 1,000 yards away, where it was thought troops were billeted, and out of eleven shots we had six hits. Not bad, eh?"

FOOLISH.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch.] The old expression for foolishness is that of the person who quarrels with his bread and butter. But is he quite for spring. Tonic and curative baths, with trained attendants. F. L. YOUNG, General Manager.

Resorts—Atlantic City, N.J.

as much of a donkey as the warring government that orders ships sunk bearing food and clothes to the contending nation?

FANCY!

Gripe juice after all may not be the official administration tippie. One rancies that the president drinks tea.

Resorts—Atlantic City, N.J.

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