

# London Advertiser

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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Tuesday, March 6.

## MR. BENNETT'S BREAK.

A REMARKABLE series of recruiting advertisements has been appearing in the Toronto press over the name of the Great War Veterans Overseas Company (10th Regiment). It is a striking reply to the "break" made by R. B. Bennett, chief director of national service, when he said, "As for men, there are plenty now in the field to drive the Huns back to Berlin." The Toronto advertisements are to continue for 29 days, to appear in all the daily journals of that city, and this great effort in publicity is to secure 250 men. But despite the danger that the strong appeal may be counterbalanced by such an unguarded statement, it is almost certain that such appeals as are being made to the manhood of the community will not fail of effect in Toronto.

It is quite possible that Mr. Bennett, as has been claimed, was anxious to conserve the manpower of the West for the next big harvest, and that he does not believe that it would be in the best interests of the Dominion to have the husky harvesters of the West taken from their great work of grain-growing. But the statement was made, and the result is to cause long explanation from the Government and amazement among the officers who are constantly appealing for men in every community.

The Hamilton Herald (independent) says that Mr. Bennett's statement is a pathetic absurdity, and quotes Gen. Maurice, chief of the British general staff, as follows:

"I have no patience with the idea that the Germans are at the end of their fighting resources. They are still capable of and will put up a strong fight. From a purely military standpoint, I see no reason why the war should not go through another winter."

The Herald believes that there would be no danger of another winter's fighting were it not for "the foolish and shallow optimism" expressed by Mr. Bennett.

More remarkable was the statement in view of the fact that from certain quarters came the positive prediction that the militia act will be enforced within a short time. Mr. Bennett might have reached the country in his appeal for production by a better choice of words. Now he has practically placed the Government in a position of saying that no more men are required.

## BLOCKADE AND PIRACY.

AN ENGLISH writer doubts the possibility of Germany being starved by the blockade into surrender, pointing out that, for example, the absolute German Government still allows the manufacture of a considerable amount of beer. If the Hun Government had an idea of a real hunger pail, he argues, such use of grain would not be permitted.

Similarly it might be urged that the British Government in permitting even yet a wholesale destruction of grain and sugar for the production of intoxicants, seems to have no real fears of being starved out by the submarine activity. It is doubtful true that the British Government, even since the creation and organization of conscript armies and the coup d'etat of last December, is far from holding such control over private enterprise and conduct as is wielded by the powers at Berlin. But even so, any British Government entertaining fears at all of national famine, would on appraising the nation of the real state of affairs, meet with little opposition in assuming an absolute control of all food material.

Perhaps neither Germany nor Great Britain stands in any great danger of being reduced to a real extremity by hunger. What is going to win the war is a combination of wearing blockade with superior military force. The Allies have the latter, and must crush the enemy in time.

## BELGIAN RELIEF.

ALL doubts as to the work of continuing relief to the women and children of Belgium have been dispersed by the receipt by the Central Belgian Relief Committee in Montreal of an official statement from Mr. Herbert Hoover to the effect that the Belgian Relief Commission has effected an arrangement with the British Government on the one side and the German Government on the other, by which a safe lane has been agreed upon for relief commission ships between this side of the Atlantic and Rotterdam.

This means that sailings for Belgium, under the auspices of the commission, will be immediately resumed. The members of the central committee in Montreal are greatly encouraged by this news, for they are constantly receiving information telling of the increasingly desperate needs of the Belgians.

How the more fortunate people of Canada and other favored countries come to the help of the Belgians by providing money for the dispatch of food during the next month or so will decide the fate of the Belgian nation. These people will be either wiped off the face of the earth by starvation between now and the time that they are

delivered from the invader, or they will be preserved by outside help for the great work of reconstructing their nation.

Canadians have done something towards helping in the relief work, but they have not as a whole done anything like what they could do. The committee asks Canadians to co-operate with them, by sending in subscriptions, no matter how small, no matter how large, for buying food to continue shipments direct from Canada, as in the past, but in still greater volume to meet the greater needs. Subscriptions may be sent to branch committees, or to the Central Belgian Relief Committee, 59 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

## THE USE OF PROFANITY.

COMMENTING on a recent statement made in these columns regarding the use of profanity, the Guelph Mercury sees the habit forming among the youth of the land to such a degree that help from the home seems the only hope. Training that would make every child feel that the use of profanity was to be regarded with dread and horror is urged. To the editor of the Mercury, the words that come from the mouths of mere babes at play is a most unhappy omen. He writes:

The trouble is that the young people of the present generation are hardly shocked at an oath. It does not strike them as an awful thing to hear the name of God. Almighty handed about in some vile mouth. The boys in our schools, even before they reach the higher forms, are given to swearing. One can hear it on the hills where the lads coast, on vacant lots where they gather to play, and even in the little games of marbles.

There is just a good-sized danger, too, that there is a lack of that wholesome Christian home training that would make a child shrink from an oath as he would from a snake. The great trouble is that the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh His name in vain appears to be becoming more and more alienated from the beliefs and customs of our people.

It is not a peculiar, if not an intolerable, position for part of our devout people to be praying for victory while the rest are making blasphemy out of the name of the One to whom their fellows are praying?

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

If the American ship-owners arm their own ships, will Bryan and the pro-Germans raise an objection?

It is announced that the University of Oxford has established the advanced degree of doctor of philosophy. Hitherto Canadians and Americans seeking this degree have generally gone to United States or German universities. Oxford now holds out to such students a most attractive course and degree. German university towns will never again see the crowds of foreign students. They will be left to themselves, and Oxford will be the gainer.

## MARE LIBERUM.

By Henry van Dyke.

You dare to say with perjured lips: "I fight to make the ocean free." You whose black ships of plundered ships bestrewn the bed of every sea. Where German submarines have wrought their horrors! Have you never thought: What you call freedom men call piracy?

Unnumbered ghosts that haunt the wave: Where you have murdered cry you down, And seamen whom you would not save: Weave now in weed-grown depths a crown.

Of shame for your imperious head, A dark memorial of the dead, Women and children whom you left to drown.

Nay, not till thieves are set to guard The gold, and corsairs called to keep O'er peaceful commerce watch and ward.

And wolves to herd the helpless sheep, Shall men and women look to thee, Thou ruthless Old Man of the Sea, To safeguard law and freedom on the deep.

## ENGLAND MAKES BID FOR CAN.

ADA'S PAPER.

As newspaper men, we are rather keenly interested in the movement of the Canadian papermaking industry, which promises to become one of the great basic industries of the United States. We have referred to the matter several times before.

Twenty-five years ago paper exports from Canada were under £100 a year, now they are well over \$4,000,000. But the bulk of it goes to the United States. A United States company has just concluded one of the largest timber-purchasing contracts in the history of Canada, and intends to erect pulp factories and paper mills on a vast scale. Already the Dominion is producing 2,000 tons of newspaper per day, and coming tensions are expected to increase this to about 1,000 tons per day—the rest is wanted, or the greater bulk of it, for the United States.

Why shouldn't British newspapers effect a huge combination, and go to Canada at least for pulp, and possibly for paper? Why depend on Sweden when our own Empire can supply all we want? A great New York newspaper has just purchased 50,000 acres of timber in Quebec Province for the sole purpose of producing the paper it requires, and it would be quite easy for a group of British journals to combine for a similar purpose.

Newspaper proprietors are alleged to be very enterprising individuals—though some recent events have rather shaken our faith. But they should at least be capable of forming a combine to purchase timber and erect pulp mills and papermaking plants in the latter could remain in this country if that were preferred, and so render themselves independent of the foreign producer and of the home manufacturer.

## "IF I WERE A MAN."

If I were a man, in this perilous hour, And my country in danger lay, I would offer my life right willingly, In the hope of avenging "Our Day."

If I were a man! Not a thought of myself.

Nor the loved ones dear to my heart Could turn my eyes from stern duty's call.

Where I'd gladly be doing my part!

If I were a man! At the call of my King.

My dearly loved country and land, How honored I'd feel, in such troublous times.

To have given my heart and my hand!

But I'm only a woman! Alas for me! Still I've given my "better half."

And I'm proud of it, too, with many sighs.

And I try through the tears to laugh!

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## The Advertiser's Hint for City Gardeners.

Information as to Preparation, Planting and Care of Plants That May Be Grown in Backyards.

### DAILY REMINDER.

March 1-15:

1. Plant garden.

2. Plant indoors seed for early cabbage, cauliflower, onions and egg plant.

### ONIONS.

Plant indoors—March 1-15.

Transplant outdoors—As soon as danger of severe frost is past.

Plant seed and set outdoors—April 1.

Plant sets 1/2 to 1 inch.

Plant sets 1 to 1 1/2 inches.

Harvest sets June 1.

Commercial varieties for September 1.

Seed—Southport Yellow Globe, Southport Red Globe, Danvers Yellow Globe, Red Wetherfield, Pickering Silver Skin, Earliest, Green—White Welsh, Egyptian, Transplanted—Preston.

The onion is a native of Central or West Asia, and is adapted to many soils. Sandy or sandy-lean soils have been found to be excellent in the growing of onions, although perhaps the best land for onion-growing in Ontario is the black muck soil of reclaimed swamps. Whatever the soil, it should be rich in vegetable matter and therefore heavy applications of manure should be made annually. Commercial fertilizers are preferable in the case of muck soils. The ground should be also limed every three years to prevent acidity.

In planting the seed the first requirement is good quality seed. It is sown outside in rows 12 to 15 inches apart, enough seed being sown in each foot of ground to insure about 8 or 10 plants. Cover the seeds with from 1/4 to 1/2 inch of earth, according as the soil is heavy or light. This is delicately constructed. Could we rush off rather easily.

"Oh," breathed Adele rapturously, "I have had the most glorious organ installed in the library. You will come up and sing for me, won't you?" She was all eagerness, and Don flushed sensitively, while his dark eyes flashed a look of exquisite expectation at her.

"Sister is a bit daft on music," John Vincent told Polly and I. And I seem to be left out in the cold. However, he added, with a look of keen appreciation at Polly Parker, "I will show you all my patents and inventions while they are packed at the piano."

Polly caught the admonishing glance Adele sent him and laughed quickly. "Never mind, Mr. Vincent," she said, "you can show me any patent that will catch a chicken thief. I will be hugely interested."

"I have a burglar alarm that will catch the best burglar that ever bungled chickens," Vincent told her. "I will show it to you tonight. And now he said, rising, 'We must be off. We have smashed your fence appallingly and made up effort to apologize. I will send a man around this afternoon to mend it.'"

"If we have made friends," Don said quietly. "It's worth the smashing of many fences, isn't it?"

He was a little awkward, and Polly and Vincent exchanged involuntary glances. That a great love affair had sprung up was fully recognized by all at last of the party. Polly did not mind it, and it seemed to her that Adele Vincent would usurp her place in Don's affections. Don would always be her brother, even if love for another woman claimed him.

In the evening Don was fastidious about his necktie and Polly, dressed over the lines of her old-fashioned evening dress of almost a decade, had never looked sweeter or more desirable in a Polaire model, however, and Don told her as much as they walked toward the big house.

It was at the dinner table that Polly opened wide her eyes. She was laughingly held up the drumstick of a chicken. "Donny," she questioned, whose identification mark is that?"

But there was wonderment in her expression. Adele Vincent and her brother, who had been at the small picnic, celluloid ring that circled the drumstick. Polly was exhibiting.

"By Jove, it's one of your six-month Minorca!" Don exclaimed, and cast a curious glance at Polly. How could one of their stolen chickens step upon to be the table of John Vincent?

When the matter had been discussed and pondered over with great interest, Vincent called the cook into the dining-room.

"Ah, don't buy them pullets from me, vegetable man," she told them. "I see that pink ring on the leg and done put it back when it came of the oven, just to see what you all thought about it."

"That vegetable man, Martha, is a chicken thief and has been robbing this young lady's henhouse for many weeks. Next time he comes with pullets to sell you call me."

"Yes, Ah, Ah, Ah!" Martha's beaming face disappeared.

"You told me you would show me a burglar alarm," Polly said laughingly, "but you didn't promise to catch my burglar so easily."

"Extraordinary as the situation is and glad as I am that the thief will be caught, I am sorry," Vincent told her. "I had figured on having to run down to the chicken farm every day or perhaps twice a day to see how the alarm was working, and now—well—I have no excuse."

He gazed blankly at Polly. Don and Adele were completely absorbed in one another as she was arranging for a series of movies at which he was to sing.

"I wonder if one always requires an excuse to go to the movies," Vincent mused. Polly looked into the cheeks of Vincent had been comparing to peach blossoms, so that the situation would not be taken as a reflection upon the nutritive qualities of her meat or its taste. Hippolytus among civilized people comes either from necessity or from the gradual accustoming of the palate to shape that future. Right will triumph over Might, Liberty over Tyranny. We have no doubt of the result or that we shall see it before December next draws to a close."

"Against defeats by Britain, France, and the fact that many have sworn off, so to speak."

Just as we were thinking of the dear fishing days along comes forty million tons of snow. 'Tis a sad world. That groundhog is no fool.

Probably some of our aldermen figured that they would be buried in the big snowstorm, and that was the reason they did not come out to attend to city business.

### ADVICE.

Some day you're bound to leave this world, some day you're sure to die.

Some day your soul will long for rest somewhere beyond the sky. So live this life so when you meet St. Peter he won't frown.

And head you to the chute that bears this caption: "Going Down!"

—Cincinnati Inquirer.

Some day you'll have to quit this world, some day your eyes will close; Some day your soul will seek the land where all is sweet repose; So live this life that when you meet St. Peter he won't frown.

"They need a stoker down below, you get the job today."

—Detroit Free Press.

When Wilson would not fight, the Americans jumped on his collar. Now that he does want to start something they won't let him. Funny little thing, that.

Life expectancy is 30 per cent longer than it used to be in the United States, we read. By keeping out of war, some of them think they will lengthen it.

A gent has asked the rich to eat less food. They don't eat more than common folks—they just pay for more.

If the war teaches farmers to organize properly in tilling the soil and securing crops, something will be accomplished. The day of the slipshod farming is done.

The Thaw family now admit that H. Knut is looney. It has taken them quite a few years, and this lot of money to discover this rather easy thing.

A newspaper person says that Bill Bryan airs his views because they need it. He should use chloride of lime and save a lot of folks trouble.

We still adhere to our original natural gas proposition. Let's capitalize the city council.

Next year we will have to know the difference between an amateur grown potato and the professionally grown spuds. There's room for some intellectual exercise in this.

Les Darcy will have to fight. G. A. He will not be able to display his talents as a pugilist. The world is getting better in spite of the grouches.

President Wilson has been inaugurated for his second term. It is much more satisfactory to have him, than the job than others we know, but he may keep Joseph Daniels. That's tuff!

There is always a fly in the ointment. Women voters may have to tell their right ages. Oh, horrors.

Gaby Dyalas has a hobby for shopping. We read. There are few bargains in men, though.

### IN MEMORIAM.

(In loving memory of William Carmichael Decker, departed December 12, 1916.)

As when the awful majesty of Canada's vast mountain ranges

Quite took away my speech, And thrilled me till my pen no longer served

As servant dutiful unto my soul, So now, my dearest friend, your sudden flight into the other world

Makes words inadequate.

E'en as through Nature's splendours and confidence which it offers for Each hour gave more delight, And spread out wonders new before my

Until the glorious vision filled my soul, So, as I view the quarter century of our comradeship,

In silent strength our mountains stand 'gainst storm,

E'en as you kept pace: And as they still will stand when we are dust,

So you, in other worlds, will still live on.

As you lived here—among the heavenly Performing works of goodness.

God lent you to us but a few short years To teach unselfish deeds

Such as the Master and Himself perform, And though the tears now fill our hearts

With sorrow,

We know thy gentle spirit leads us on To where we hope to meet thee.

—Sarah Lawrence.

### NO RUSH FOR HORSE MEAT.

(Brooklyn Standard Union.)

The opening of the first horse meat shop in this city was not signalled by any rush of residential life. Locality in Manhattan to purchase this food, something entirely new in the metropolis.

But the hesitation of the public to test this form of diet would not be taken as a reflection upon the nutritive qualities of horse meat or its taste. Hippolytus among civilized people comes either from necessity or from the gradual accustoming of the palate to shape that future. Right will triumph over Might, Liberty over Tyranny. We have no doubt of the result or that we shall see it before December next draws to a close."

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