

London Advertiser

LONDON, THURSDAY, FEB. 25.

"THEY ARE IN THE TRENCHES."

MEN of the Forest City and Western Ontario are now believed to be in trenches at the battle-front. Never, perhaps, did the click-click of the Atlantic cable carry a message that struck home with a more anxious appeal, or deeper heart-interest to Londoners and Western Ontario folk, than the few words that yesterday indicated that Londoners are now in the brunt of old Europe's cataclysmic warring of human elements.

Last night, vacant places at London supper-tables riveted with strange hypnotic force the far-off glances of women's and children's eyes that looked at empty chairs and saw, 3,000 miles away, amid the smoke and fire and mud and cold of French and Belgian earthworks, the faces of men they love. Last night, ere lying to sleepless rest and broken dreams, voices of mothers, wives and sisters lingered yet longer over anxious prayers.

And over there in Europe, visions of home and hearth, faces of loved women and the glow of children's eyes came floating through the fog and smoke and damp, across the tense, but undaunted consciousness of London men embattled. Intermittent with the shriek of shells and whirr of bullets, piercing the air like ghostly cries of pain, came the far-distant, strangely subdued, strangely unreal voices of dear ones at home, whether from deep-engraved records of memory or in telepathic rapport, who shall say! Strange how, in moments of wistful reverie, or in times of stress and danger, familiar, oft-heard voices carry suddenly, seemingly out of space, into men's consciousness.

Fighting for empire, fighting for an empire's traditions, chivalry, history, literature, language and achievements, fighting for an empire's destiny yet unfilled; fighting, they believe, and those at home believe, for right and truth and ultimate peace, are noble, daring souls, brave representatives of London's and Western Ontario's youth and manhood.

They are daring death, terrible, agonizing death, gambling their lives, playing the game, offering freely their life blood, life itself, at Fate's behest, to wreak vengeance with Death's own weapons on Death's greatest henchman, War; to punish, but redeem with innocent blood the guilt of creeds which stand for and systems which enforce brute force and tyranny.

"Except there be shedding of blood," says Nature's jungle law, "we cannot rise to better things and purer heights," and fair or not, Nature herself is bound to a strange, seemingly unjust law, that to attain this progress, this redemption of evil or of good outlived, innocent blood must be shed along with guilty blood. And London men, and young men, fathers and sons, are now taking their turn to stand upon the altar where none knows what moment the dice of chance may claim him as the next sacrifice.

THE GROWING TAX BILL.

IN ADDITION to the indirect tax placed upon the country by the Dominion Government, ostensibly to meet war expenses, but actually to meet the rapidly-increasing ordinary expenditures, the Ontario Government now proposes to levy a direct tax of one mill on the dollar on all assessed property in the province. This will augment our annual revenue, it is expected, by about \$1,800,000. So far as increased taxes are necessitated by the present war, everyone will pay the bill cheerfully, or at least, as cheerfully as taxes are paid under any circumstances. And a direct tax on property is probably as reasonable a method as could be devised, unless the British system of taxing land values were adopted. The property tax will bear as evenly on all people as a defective assessment system will permit, nor will the amount payable by any one person be so heavy as to be really burdensome, except in a very few cases.

But, while nobody objects to any additional taxation called for to meet the expenses of the war, criticism will justly arise over the course pursued by both Dominion and Provincial Governments during the last few years in taking advantage of a season of prosperity to increase so enormously the ordinary expenditure. This unjustifiable extravagance on the part of the Dominion was referred to a few days ago. The Ontario Government has been guilty of the same sin. Coming into power with a full treasury, with a revenue equal to all expenditure, and with practically no debt, the present rulers of the province started on a career of extravagance which has doubled the expenses of the country during their administration. Instead of no debt, we now have, according to the public accounts, about \$40,000,000. Out of a total expenditure of some \$20,000,000 last year or four million more than the year before—the Government had to meet some eight million with borrowed money.

Had there been a reasonable economy practiced by the present Conservative Governments, there would not have been so much additional taxation required, and the people would have had more money in their pockets with which to pay it. The Dominion debt could have been largely reduced, and the yearly interest bill, lessened. The province should have had a big surplus, instead of a big deficit. Last year the Provincial Treasurer put on some extra taxation so as to prevent a deficit. But though he raised more money, his expenditures were higher, and the financial conditions worse than he was.

The new treasurer, in his budget speech, admits a deficit of about seven million. But he only keeps it down to that figure by bookkeeping legerdemain. By classing certain receipts as ordinary, and the corresponding expense as extraordinary, he escapes showing a real deficit of something like a million and a quarter. Admitting that half of that was caused by unusual expenses, in the way of patriotic and charitable appropriations incident to the war, there still remains a deficit that would not have existed had our financial transactions been conducted as they would have been by a business corporation. Had our money been saved, instead of being scattered with a lavish hand; had our resources been properly conserved, instead of being wasted, we would not have needed so much additional taxation, and would

have been in better condition to raise all the funds required, and more than the Government proposes to devote to war expenditures.

MR. MACLEAN'S SPEECH.

WHEN is a truce not a truce? Those who read the smashing speech of A. K. MacLean, the Liberal member for Halifax, may be inclined to believe that he smashed the truce as well as the Tories. But when the subject matter and the spirit of the attack are examined, it is seen that it was a question of policy upon which the country must be informed that impelled Mr. MacLean to express his views. Mr. MacLean and most other Liberals object to the Government's putting out its new tariff under the guise of a war tax. They believe and can prove that the revenue is needed almost entirely because of the heavy expenditures incurred before the war started. The same increase would have been necessary whether or not there had been a war. On, at least, the same revenue would have been necessary, and the Government's natural leanings would have sought the increase through additional tariff, which while it does not always bring the revenue directly, does indirectly. Mr. MacLean attacked the increase in the British preferential tariff, a boon to the mother country created by the Liberals. A ringing sentence of the Halifax member was "Is British connection worth nothing to us in the year 1915?" It was worth something during the Laurier Government's term, but now those who re-echo "so much the worse for British connection" are in power.

COMBATING THE SUBMARINE.

BY ITS action in restricting the navigation of the Irish Sea to certain well-defined narrow limits, the British Admiralty indicates one way by which it intends to combat Germany's "paper blockade." Instead of being able to attack merchantmen at widely-separated points as at present, and thus minimizing its chances of being caught by British destroyer or cruiser, the German submarine in future must seek its victims in waters which the British Admiralty will see to it are thoroughly patrolled. The more limited the area for its operations the less effective becomes the submarine. It is the unexpectedness of its attacks that makes it so difficult to cope with. Where it can reasonably be expected to appear a sharp lookout will in most cases insure escape. Unless it can come to the surface frequently, the submarine is absolutely helpless as an offensive instrument. To be compelled to do this in waters that are infested by the swift, sharp-sighted destroyers at once puts a handicap on the submarine. The Kaiser's terrors will now have to hunt in areas where they are certain to receive the warmest kind of reception.

It is seven days since Germany declared a blockade of the British coasts, and the results show clearly the impossibility of Germany cutting off Britain's communications with the rest of the world. In seven days twelve boats of various nationalities have met with disaster, but in two instances, that of the Evelyn and Carib, both flying the American flag, the captains ran foul of mines, having ignored the warnings to keep to certain routes. The Regin, the Belgride and Nordkyn were Norwegian ships. It is not known whether the Regin was sunk by a mine or a submarine, while one re-

port says the Nordkyn sank following a collision. The Belgride was torpedoed by a German submarine in the English Channel, but in spite of it was able to reach port. The only two boats definitely known to have been sent to the bottom by German submarines since February 18 are the Cambank and Downshire, carrying the British flag, the latter a small coaster. Two ships have been reported wrecked off Hastings, but it is not yet known whether torpedoes or mines are responsible.

Balanced against that record, on every day of the seven since the blockade was declared hundreds of merchantmen of all kinds have entered or departed from ports of the British Isles. If the German submarines cannot do better than bring down two or three small craft in a week's time their blockade becomes farcical.

GERMAN-AMERICANS AND GERMAN-GERMANS.

IF the German-Americans want to do a real service to Germany and the world they will give the German-Germans the knowledge of the freedom they themselves enjoy in America.

It is useless for German-Americans like Bartholdi, of St. Louis, to defend the conduct of the Kaiser and Prussianism. The Germans in Germany were brought up to it. They may know better, many of them do, but the iron heel is on their necks. They must themselves be freed. It is all the more culpable when men like Bartholdi who do know better, who live in a clear atmosphere of freedom, where every man has a place in the sunshine of the truest liberty and the highest ideal of loyalty, to attempt to justify the Kaiser and Prussian murder.

The meeting in the Continental Memorial Hall at Washington recently, at the celebration of the birth of George Washington, displayed the highest type of loyalty the world yet knows, reaching out for the time when "man to man the world o'er shall brothers be."

There was no jingoism. The spirit of the meeting was perfect. The best speech was made by the minister of the First Presbyterian Church. As he spoke, you could not help catching the spirit of it, the loyalty to the United States and the fairness and justice desired toward every other nation, great and small. After all, that is where Germany went wrong. Its spirit is contrary to every right feeling of man to man. There can be no doubt of the desire of all leading American statesmen, and all leading men, for peace and for a loyalty that is wider than the boundaries of the nation itself, that desires every good thing for the United States, and that would extend to all the world every blessing it desires for itself.

When the Bartholdis and the Dembergs catch themselves the true spirit of America and transfer it to the Germans in Germany, they will do Germany a service many times better than that which they are now laboring with little success to perform. Let us hope Germany will soon be freed, and its people find a place in the sunshine of true liberty, and that German-Germans may be as truly free as German-Americans.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

That tax on land will make all hands dig.

The cities say married women shall have votes; the Legislature cannot be moved.

The Ontario Government shows signs, at least, of conversion. It is to be a tax on land.

Lloyd George says that its, the pounds that will win this war. The more pounds the more pounding.

These Turks seem to find it as trying crossing the sands of the desert as a band of prospective shrimpers.

A score or more of keen-eyed folk have seen the first robin, but it will be a robin that will see the first worm.

A McGill professor has been asking "Are the Tropics Unhealthy for the Germans?" Let him inquire of the Emmer's captain.

It was a policy of Hon. A. G. MacKay to readjust the succession duties act as a revenue-producer for the province. It is being now made use of.

Is the great Jack Johnson crawling back towards the United States? His occupation seems to be gone in Europe. After all he is not half such a tough as the Kaiser.

Forty Europeans, who succeeded in leaving Baghdad, were not permitted to take their wives. What woman would want to go with that kind of a husband, anyway?

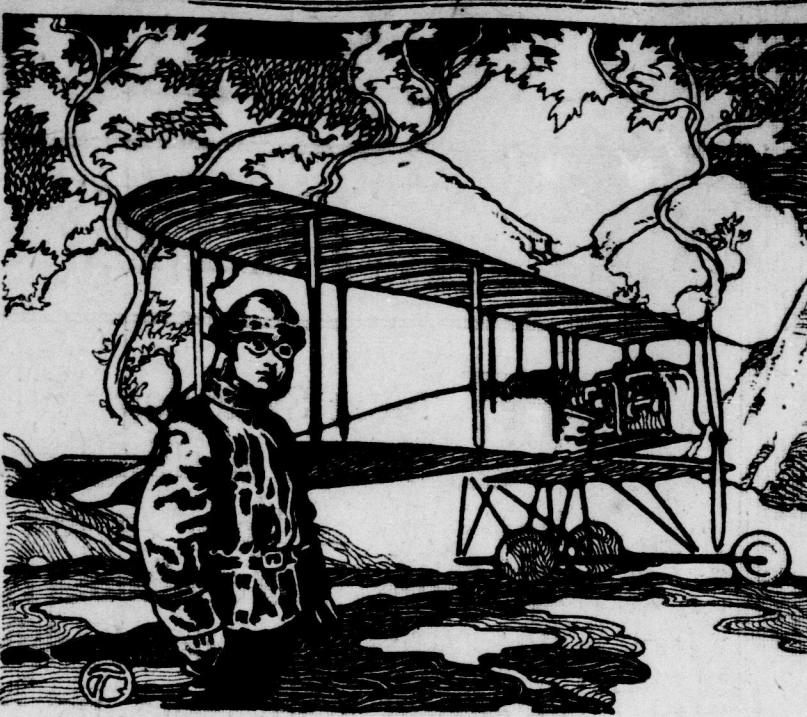
The menace of the German submarine has greatly narrowed the ship routes along the coasts of the British Isles, but this restricted area will be bristling with trouble for the submarine.

The difference between a war made by the British people and one made by the British aristocracy is manifested in the difference between the attitude of popular British authors a hundred years ago and today. Scott was writing old world romances. Byron was "Hours of Idleness." Coleridge, that rare absurdity, "The Ancient Mariner," while British guns were roaring in the Peninsula and at Waterloo. Today, poets and novelists alike are altogether taken up with the war.

ALL THE SYMPTOMS.

[Montreal Herald.] I wouldn't say that winter's gone. Or that we've seen the "end" of snow. I'll keep my heavy flannels on. At least another week or so. I don't expect just yet to see the leaves upon the maple bough. But I do know what troubles me. I've got the lazy fever now. It's much too early, I'll agree, to let the furnace fire go out. Another blizzard there may be. The buds have not begun to sprout. By every calendar and sign, we still have March to face, I vow. Spring fever's six weeks down the line. But, by the powers, I've got it now!

DAILY WAR PUZZLE



A war bird. Find two more birdmen. ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.—Right side down 1. trees. Lower right corner down in front of mill.

OUR POETS OF WESTERN ONTARIO

THE MOTHER.

[AMY CAMPBELL.]

How did she watch the troops go by?
Breaking heart, and tear-dimmed eye,
Proud, with a beautiful saddened pride,
Stepped for a little by his side!

Then with a gloom she could not know
Would be given her, long ago—
Wept in his empty room alone,
Calling and longing for her own.

How did she write him day by day?
Courage and cheer along the way,
And reading her letters through and through,
To see that the glad-note rang full true.

How did she wait for his return?
With firm belief that she would not spurn;
With prayer she had breathed in his busy days
That he might be kept in all his ways!

PRESS COMMENT ON THE WAR

FOOD SUPPLY.

[London News and Leader.]

The Government, we are glad to see, have taken in hand the question of the food supply. They are not neglecting also, we believe, important matters like that of providing for the return of labor to the fields when the war is over and the soldier lays down his rifle, we hope for ever. In the meantime the men who have gone to fight look to the men at home to play their part in the great struggle. We do not think they will look in vain.

LAST RESORT.

[Springfield Republican.]

It is conceivable that under certain circumstances Germany might desire to increase the number of its adversaries. If, for example, it were hard pressed and saw defeat to be inevitable, the Government might feel that it would lessen the humiliation of defeat and

draw the people more tightly together to pick a plausible dispute with all the neutral powers, and thus set up an undeniable "force majeure" to which even a Hohenzollern might with good grace yield his sword.

ASTOUNDED BY SAVAGERY.

[London Express.]

The world—before the war began unacquainted with the teachings of Germany's professors—has been astounded by her savagery and her indifference to the restrictions dictated by decency and honor. Herr Von Bethmann-Hollweg, the German chancellor, is apparently surprised by the general acceptance of his description of the treaty guaranteeing Belgium's independence as "a scrap of paper," as indicative of his country's amazing un-morality, and he has endeavored to explain away the unlucky phrase in an interview with an American press representative.

Tales From Fighting Lines

[London News.]

"Shells fell all round us," said one of the Lion's officers, speaking of the naval battle in the North Sea. "The accuracy of the German fire was marvellous. It was such that our own men need not have been ashamed of it, but, thank God, their ammunition was worse than rotten. Hardly one in ten exploded, or our casualties would have been fifty times worse than they were."

"Soon the Tiger and the Princess Royal drew some of the fire, and what these three vessels did to the Germans with the help of the New Zealand has already been told. In the meanwhile the indomitable, vessel of great speed, but the slowest of this British fleet, was coming up behind."

"Thanks to the keenness of the Black Squad the indomitable travelled at a rate undreamed of by her builders. Realizing that every ounce of steam was required to enable their ship to take its place in the battle line, to a man the stokers of duty clamored for the honor and privilege of going into the stockhold."

"Without waiting to change into their firing rig they swarmed into the hold to help their comrades. They thought they had before them the certain knowledge that there could be no hope for them should disaster overtake their ship. They were wrong. Admiral Beatty made the special signal, "Well done, indomitable stokers!"

The Cuxhaven Raid. Chief Mechanic Budd, who was taken as a mechanic observer by Flight Commander Oliver in his seaplane during the raid on Cuxhaven on Christmas Day, writes home to his parents:

"At daybreak on Christmas morning our machines started away to give the Germans a shock. I was mechanic observer on Flight Commander Oliver's machine. We had a fine time, everyone gave us a warm reception in the shape of bullets, but neither the fleet nor the land batteries managed to find the marks, although they were near enough (when you can hear the bullets whizzing round your vicinity) to consider that it is quite close enough, more so being 800 to 1,000 feet in the air). At all events, we escaped them all, not by ordinary flying though—Oh, no, the pilot was an absolute marvel, he kept bringing the seaplane up and down, right and left, in fact, it was all over the place, and the Germans could not get the range."

Unselfish Heroes.

Professor Pores writes from Russia: "It is wonderful, the self-denying patience of the Russian soldier. A doctor at work here tells me how constantly it is impressed upon him. A man whose chin he has had to remove tied me up, and I am all right." Another, after his leg had been taken off, as soon as he is able to speak, says: "Another, after a fine fight at Kravsky, they gave it to us, but we gave it to them, too." Another, when he is brought in for operation, is only taken up with the thought that he meets in the operating-room an Austrian officer to whom he had attached himself as a guide and friend.



Age is no Bar to efficiency

To a man increasing years bring decreased energy and impaired faculties.

A Life company, however, gains strength with experience, and should have increased success--if its management is alert and able and its organization efficient and aggressive.

The Canada Life in its 68th year

is more keenly alive to its opportunities than ever before. Its management is constantly studying to render increased service to the policyholders.

As a result, the policies issued and paid for in 1914 were greater in number by several hundreds than those of 1913. The amount of surplus earned, over \$1,533,000., was exceeded only once in the company's history. Other features of the year were equally satisfactory.

HERBERT C. COX,

President and General Manager.

The full detailed report will gladly be sent to those desiring it.

H. E. Gates, Manager for Western Ontario, London

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It is absolutely essential to burn everything which has been used in a room or house of infection. You will find our Paper Towels very adaptable for use in the care of the sick, for they are MADE TO BE BURNT. They are most sanitary and economical. Doctor and nurse will appreciate them. Also, they are so absorbent and soft they will not irritate the most sensitive skin. Can be used to take the place of serviettes or dish towels—in fact, there are a hundred and one uses to which they may be put and which you will discover at once, when you begin to use

Eddy's Paper Towels

Made of softest tissue, chemically pure and well crimped.

Mexico City. Probably that's the only way the history classes can keep track of the Mexican presidents and generals.

Resorts—Atlantic City, N. J.

GALEN HALL

HOTEL AND SANATORIUM Atlantic City, N. J. Always open. Always ready. Always cannot be exceeded for comfort or service. A delightful place for winter. Tonic and Curative Bath with trained attendants. F. L. YOUNG, General Manager.

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Each biscuit bears a picture of patriotic interest, such as Canadian Soldiers and troops of the other allied armies, Union Jack, British Bulldog, etc.—10 varieties in all.

Their delicious flavor and golden crispness will give you a new respect for the baker.

Every biscuit guaranteed, at your grocer's.

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With an established reputation for its exclusiveness and high-class patronage. Thoroughly modern and completely equipped. Courtous service. Bathrooms, with hot and cold, fresh and sea water attachment, etc. Magnificent sun parlors and porches overlooking the board walk and ocean. Orchestra of soloists. Always open. Golf privileges. Illustrated booklet.



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