

London Advertiser
MORNING, NOON, EVENING.
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10c per week. \$2.00 per year.
\$5.00 per year. By mail.
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Evening Edition. \$2.00 per year.
By mail.
10c per week. \$2.00 per year.
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[Entered at London Postoffice for
transmission through the mails as
second-class matter.]

TORONTO REPRESENTATIVE:
E. W. Thompson, 55 Mail Building.
The London Advertiser Company,
Limited.

LONDON, MONDAY, DEC. 7.

WESTERN U. CHAMPIONS.

THE triumph of the Western University rugby team in winning the junior championship of Canada made a great day for the game in this city, for the fans of London, and for the Western University. It was a decisive victory, one of the most convincing orders, ever a fast, well-trained team with years of football tradition behind it. No doubt can be entertained that, as the sporting editor of a Toronto paper put it, these Western University men are "some juniors." In fact the terrific team power exhibited on Saturday by Dr. Stephens' aggregation left an almost awestricken impression upon their opponents and the spectators that our London fourteen would be an ugly nut for any senior team to crack.

The O.A.C. boys fought with pluck and grim tenacity until towards the end of the third quarter the collapse came to overmastered strength and nerves. They knew the game, played it well, dead game and gentlemen through and through. It was clean, square play on both sides, though the O. A. C. boys will never forget so grueling a battle. It is regrettable that so many of their number were rendered hors de combat but the O. A. C. captain said after the game that he had no complaint to make of Western's tactics, except that they were superior tactics backed with greater power.

There is no question but that the local success, attained after many years of failure, while due in part to the accumulated experience of several members of the team, must be mainly ascribed to the generalship of Manager Stephens. This is the second championship for the year of 1914 secured by Western University teams under his direction. The whole city and the university are under a great debt to Dr. Stephens for the devoted work in the cause of college and general athletics.

Of the rugby team itself it is hard to speak except in superlatives. It is in concerted action, obligation rather than display of the individual as such, team organization and efficiency, a thorough preparedness that the German might envy, a settled and absolute confidence in the leader and in victory under him, a splendid morale, that the Western U. champions of 1914 are particularly distinguished. Still we must pay tribute to the running and goal-kicking of Smith, the sure work of Edwards, McKay, Little and Wright; the "booting" of Ross, the line effectiveness of Dr. Stephens himself, Kenny, Chatto and Steele, the amazing tackling of Doupe, the plunging of Duffield and Rowan, and the gigantic prowess of Fitzgerald and the veteran Sage.

The sensational success of Western University athletics in the past year or two has become a matter of note to the whole province. From some place out in nowhere Dr. Stephens has brought his alma mater right on to the great "white way" of intercollegiate sport. The prospects for hockey and basketball are most brilliant. It is for this city and the Ontario Government to support and encourage to the limit the great movement now inaugurated by a disinterested enthusiast for physical education in the Western University.

London is proud of the boys who have brought home the golden fleece. They are a band of gentlemen; quiet, unadorned, a chosen corps of real winners. Rugby football, indeed, with all its dangers, does tend to develop men in self-control, co-operation and general soundness of character. The better the players, the better the men. So hail to the champions of 1914.

BRITAIN'S EFFORTS.

A READER of The Advertiser recently asked for several selections from the British White papers to indicate that Sir Edward Grey earnestly sought for peace while Germany was preparing for war and endeavored to effect a compromise on the signature of Belgian neutrality by all the powers.

The entire White Paper might be given as a proof of the sincere and untiring efforts of the British foreign secretary to maintain peace, but there are one or two short, striking passages to be found which bring the facts home more strongly perhaps than the correspondence taken as a whole.

Night and day, ceaselessly, Sir Edward Grey wrote dispatches not only to his ambassadors in Germany but to the ambassadors of every other power concerned. He was willing to make concessions to Germany and Austria beyond the point to which he believed Serbia was compelled to come. He suggested that Britain would see to it that if Germany were agreeable Serbia would make full amends to Austria to any extent that would not jeopardize Serbian sovereignty and Serbian integrity, and that in the event of Russia refusing to agree to such a bargain, that the four powers, would undertake settlement. Sir Edward wrote:

"I suggested to the German ambassador this morning that if Germany could get any reasonable proposal put forward which made

it clear that Germany and Austria were striving to preserve European peace, and that Russia and France would be unreasonable if they rejected it, Britain would support it. A St. Petersburg and Paris and go the length of saying that if Russia and France would not accept it, His Majesty's Government would have nothing more to do with the consequences; but otherwise I told the German ambassador that if France became involved we would be drawn in."

Can it be said that France or Russia felt sure of the support of Britain? The foregoing proves that Britain was anxious to work the snail out with Germany and to reject anything unreasonable whether advanced by members of the entente or not.

Three days before the war the Russian and French Governments were endeavoring to ascertain what Britain would do. Neither felt sure. Neither did Austria and Germany. Yet the Germans are ready to call it a plot of long standing as soon as an excuse becomes hard to find.

Even after Sir Edward Grey had rejected Germany's proposal that Britain should overlook the invasion of Belgium, he was anxious for peace, despite the insult. He instructed his ambassador to tell Germany:

"One way of maintaining good relations between England and Germany is that they should continue to work together to preserve the peace of Europe. If we succeed in the object, the mutual relations of Germany and England will, I believe, be, ipso facto, improved and strengthened. For that object, His Majesty's Government will work in that way with all sincerity and good will."

All this time Germany was urging Austria into the fight. She must have been, for Austria would never have tackled Russia single-handed. Yet Germany claims that Britain endeavored to entice Russia to make war on Germany.

In the same dispatch he emphasized Britain's desire for peace by adding: "And I will say this: If the peace of Europe can be preserved and the present crisis safely passed my own endeavor will be to promote some arrangement by which Germany could be a party, by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia and ourselves, jointly or separately."

Was Britain the aggressive, grasping bully Germany has pictured?

ITALY'S NEUTRALITY.

THE scenes at the opening of the Italian Parliament indicate that the Italian Government may have difficulty in remaining neutral. The sentiment of the country appears to be in favor of war, and the administration may have to abandon its announced policy of staying strictly outside the conflict. Perhaps the most significant occurrence in the Deputies was the cry, "Viva Trieste," raised at the moment the premier was referring to Italy's aspirations. Towards Trieste, which is Austrian, the Italian feels as the Frenchman does about Alsace-Lorraine. For Italy's honor, it must be recovered some day, and the present situation seems to furnish an admirable opportunity.

Still another significant incident was the request of a deputy (which was wildly cheered), that greetings be sent "heroic and unfortunate Belgium." As the premier expressed it, Italy will maintain an "armed and watchful neutrality," but if she does take the field there is every indication that the Allies will not have to worry.

RENNENKAMPF'S DISMISSAL.

THE world was somewhat surprised to learn that Gen. Rennenkampf had been deposed from the command of the Russian armies in East Prussia. He was the one Russian commander who performed brilliantly during the war with Japan, and in military circles the world over was recognized as a strategist of exceptional ability. The incident illustrates how uncertain are the ways of modern warfare. Rennenkampf appears to have been dismissed because he was an hour late in carrying out his part of a monster plan to corner the German army.

His past record, no matter how brilliant, fails to save the general who slips up at the critical moment. There is too much at stake to run the chance of it happening a second time. Rennenkampf was a bit too slow, and steps down and out. Von Kluck, in the plunge towards Paris, was a bit too fast—that is, too fast for the Crown Prince, who wasn't fast enough, and Von Kluck goes into eclipse. Rennenkampf was the most dashing of Russian generals when the war opened, a popular idol, before him an opportunity for achieving undying fame. Today he is superceded by men unknown to the world at large. And these new men, too, let them but make one serious error, and they will step down and out, reputation blasted. The race for military glory is a good deal of a gamble. The general who "makes good" is the general who "delivers the goods."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Western! Western! Rahl! Rahl! Rahl!

The "Aggies" proved that they were no "Lizzies."

London Junior captured the Junior championship.

The Kaiser is finding it a long, long way to Petrograd, and up-grade, at that.

At last London has developed a real college spirit through the agency of clean, manly athletics.

The Kaiser is looking for "a spot in the sun." Well, he has it. It's a soft one and the son is the Crown Prince.

Here's hoping you have a chance to use one of those lovely guest towels every other girl is working this Christmas.

The war puzzles running on this page are not a circumstance to the

puzzle confronting the German army in Russia.

For a people who have the reputation of being exceptionally good mixers, the Americans are a long time getting into the European mix-up.

Goddess Inspiration has stopped at the doors of few poets during the war. She called on Kipling once, and then lost his address, apparently.

It is to be regretted that the Grand Trunk freight sheds were destroyed by fire, but just think if it had been the station—but the thought is too awful.

With the death of William MacGarvey in Austria, there passed a man who carried Canada's name to a European throne and was able to uncover the riches of nature in a foreign land.

Old Man Krupp wouldn't speak to a soul in Hades for an hour. Finally, he confided to his boon companion, Bluebeard, that Satan had refused to let him drop a few bombs into the lower tiers of Gehennah.

"We walked from Rome to London"—Extract from a letter. If the party who wrote that will tell the Kaiser how he tramped the last fifty miles or so, he can be sure of winning an iron cross and Wilhelm's eternal gratitude.

Just as with individuals, nations can receive too much aid and comfort for their own good. If Canada were to rely upon the American nation for military assistance against the Germans, she would surrender the right to look after herself.

POSSIBLY.

[Washington Herald.]
And yet it may have been good luck and not good judgment that caused our ancestors to leave Europe.

SAD.

[Washington Herald.]
Belgium's way is as hard as if she had been the chief of transgressors.

DO IT NOW.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]
If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing, be like him, or if you love him, tell him now.

Don't withhold your approbation till the person makes oration
As he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow;

For, no matter how you about it, he won't really care about it;

He won't know how many teardrops you have shed;

If you think some praise is due him, now's the time to slip it to him;

For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

More than fame and more than money is the comment kind and sunny
And the hearty warm approval of a friend.

For it gives to life a savor, and it makes you stronger, braver,
And it gives you heart and spirit to the end.

If he earns your praise—bestow it; if you like him, let him know it;
Let the words of true encouragement be said.

Do not wait till life is over and he's underneath the clover,
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead!

QUITE TRUE.

[Kansas City Journal.]
"Machinery" excels in many points. The mousetrap has more patience than the cat."

"Yes?"
"And while the horse stands fire admirably, the automobile does so even better."

NARROW IT DOWN.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.]
"Yes, we lost all our baggage abroad. It was piled high on the plaza before Cologne Cathedral the last we saw of it."

"How much baggage?"
"Why, one trunk."

"What was in it?"
"Nothing. We emptied it before we left it. But it was a perfectly good trunk."

GAUL'S GETHEMANE.

[Morgan Cook, in Philadelphia Press.]
"Midst waste and want, war-war and torn,
Steel-scarred, and racked, poor Belgium lies;
Her folk by foe made gaunt, forlorn,
In voice of agony for help she cries."

Man-made Gethemane, she gave
Her all, nor shrunk at sacrifice;
Not cast in mold of craven slave,
She dared, and bared her breast, nor asked the price.

A staggering mound of misery,
In Christ's name now she pleads for bread;

Wear victim of war's wizardry,
Tear-dimmed, she sees Starvation's ghostly tread.

Of your great plenty help to fan
The flick'ring breath of life still there;
In God's name, and, as man to man,
Help now some fellow creature's cross to bear.

BEYOND DISPUTE.

[Boston Transcript.]
"Which bullet do you consider the deadliest?"
"The one that hits."

OVERHEARD.

[Judge.]
"You are the first girl I have kissed"—he began passionately.
"Oh, George!" she cried ecstatically.
"—today," said George.

PISCATORIAL POESY.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]
The submarine I do not like.
Its teeth are long and sharp;
It swims about the North Sea vast
Just like a German carp.

[Detroit Free Press.]
Would you take a million dollars for the baby at your knee?
Would you take a million dollars for the kisses he bestows?
Would you trade the look of gladness that at night is yours to see
For the coins of gold and silver that your wealthiest neighbor knows?

Would you give the sweet contentment of your little home today
And the laughter and the sunshine and gladness of it all
For the mansion of a Croesus where no little children play
And no little sticky fingers ever mark the papered wall?

Would you take from her the pleasure of her partnership with you
And leave her sitting lonely in a house of discontent?

Would you rob her life of all that makes it worth while if you knew
That a million dollars, some day, in your pocketbook it meant?

Well, those that make the millions, and those that reap the gold,
Are often very hungry for the joys that you possess,
And in bitter sacrifices are their tales of fortune told,
And in old age they are wishing they had strived a little less.



The heir to the German throne. Find the Kaiser and an Austrian.

ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE.—Upper left corner down, face in soldier's back. Upside down near gun.

OUR POETS OF WESTERN ONTARIO

THE GREAT NECESSITY

[BY ERIC ROSS GOULDING.]

Ah, what are faith and hope, O God,
To me who long for love?

How lone the world which I have trod,
How dark the sky above!

Oh, is there not in all this earth
One heart to beat and throb,
To teach me things of greater worth
And stay the aching sob?

How dull the earth, the sky above,
How sadly have I trod!
Oh, faith and hope are mine, but love—
Ah, where is love, my God?

O God, my hope were greater far
If I might only love;
My faith would shine as yon bright star
Among the worlds above.

Oh, is there not in this vast world
A love to mate my own?
Oh, must I stand on orphaned soil,
Forlorn and alone?

My hope would reach beyond, above
That splendid gleaming star;
My faith would be complete if love
Might guide me near and far!

Tales From the Trenches, Bluffing the Germans

[London News.]

"A great game of bluff" is described by Lance-Corp. H. R. Gibson, of the Second Border Regiment, in a letter to his brother at Dorking. The letter runs:

"It may surprise a lot of people to know that the division has never been in France, but in Belgium all the time, playing a great game of bluff, which was dangerous, but successful. We first came into action near —, which we defended and held, while five divisions of Belgian troops rested and refitted, taking four days. Then came our great game of bluff. On the evening of the fourth day in the trenches we were relieved by the French marines, everything being done openly, so that it could be seen that the British retired to the outskirts of —."

"As soon as darkness fell we manned all the roads to guard against a rush, while the French retired from the trenches through us. The Germans started shelling the empty trenches for four hours, but we were leaving the town before they found out their mistake, not losing a man. We did a forced night march, and kept them on the go after us for four days. All the time this was drawing the German troops from Antwerp. Then came our dangerous move, as we were between the Germans from Antwerp and Von Kluck's army, which was being driven towards us by Gen. French."

"The Germans must have thought us stronger than we were, as they could have wiped it out. Anyhow we got to —, entrenched and held it for eight days before the first division got through to our relief. Here the fighting was terrible. One corps lost 700 men, and the Guards and the Gordons also suffered heavily. We were relieved just in the nick of time."

"Our corps had 402 men and 3 officers left to go into action on the 24th. The Black Watch, Guards, Welsh, and Gloucesters were being hard pressed, and we were ordered to support them. On going forward through — we got shelled, and our fellows were dropping all ways. Our colonel, Lieut.-Colonel L. J. Wood, was wounded here, my only thought was to get at them. Then they ran, and we were ordered to hold fast and go no farther."

"While waiting a shell burst just behind me, killing one officer and ten men and wounding five. I got a shrapnel bullet. It travelled about 15 inches and hit my hip-bone from where it was taken. The minutes after being hit I remembered no more. It's not war, but murder."

Charge of Footballers.

Another soldier at the front writes: "Those who condemn football would not say a word against the game if they had seen and heard what I have in passing to and from the trenches and firing line. The grim horror of war is relieved by the football instinct of many of our soldiers."

"When the Royal Highlanders were

ordered to charge in an engagement they jumped out of the trenches, and might have been kicking off a cup tie final. They commenced to shout 'On the ball, Highlanders!' and 'Mark your men!' They continued yelling to one another until they had driven the Germans back. 'Mark your men!' they said loudly as they can. Who can say 'Mark your men!' did not have a stimulating effect upon the Highlanders?"

"The French soldiers cannot understand the sangfroid of the British troops. One day at Bethune the Frenchmen had a game of football, and the game a German aeroplane came over and dropped a few bombs, but no one was injured."

"The game was stopped, and there was a rush for the rifles. They fired, but did not win the aeroplane, and a French machine gun was brought into action. It brought her down, and the game was continued. The Frenchmen cheered the players, and one of them said to me: 'You English are very very understandable. Fancy playing football when German bombs are dropping from the skies!'—From Sapper George Comber, R.E., son of a Redhill tradesman, to his home."

To Men at Home.

"You people at home ought to know the truth, and that is what heroes our men are who are fighting day and night in the trenches. From the papers you would think it was all 'jolly.' Just see a lot fresh out of the trenches, and you will know that they have been through. I can imagine many a staff businessman reading some of the stuff printed, and saying, 'Oh, the are doing all right; there is nothing to worry, and with this comforting thought going placidly about his daily job till he reads the evening papers, says more stuff and says, 'Oh, things all right. No for dinner.' Whereas every man in England ought to either be training or enlisting to see that every able-bodied man joins either the old army or the new."

"It is not giving anything away to say that if you would replace the men in the trenches by trained, fresh troops, the original poor beggars would have a decent rest. Therefore, it behooves you all to see that in a reasonable time there are waves upon waves of fresh troops rolling into France."

"All the news I can give you is that the British army is sticking it like men, and proving once again that there is no one for grit and pluck like the Britisher, and that he is never beat. The Indian army is following their splendid example."—From one of the headquarters staff of the Indian army expeditionary force to a lady friend at Mundesley.

A Brave Male.

"For some reason we had to evacuate a village, where I must not say. On our retirement the Germans occupied it, but we were strong enough to retake it in an hour's time. While we were away the Germans asked the maire our strength, and whether we were cavalry or not. He refused to say."

"The Germans tied him to the rails of the churchyard, and all the villagers around, and then, because he would not tell them, shot him brutally in the presence of all. We arrived too late to save him, but we avenged his death when we did come into action."

—From Lance-Corporal H. Wheelodon.

—and the Worst Is Yet to Come

[Boston Transcript.]

"Which bullet do you consider the deadliest?"
"The one that hits."

OVERHEARD.

[Judge.]
"You are the first girl I have kissed"—he began passionately.
"Oh, George!" she cried ecstatically.
"—today," said George.

PISCATORIAL POESY.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]
The submarine I do not like.
Its teeth are long and sharp;
It swims about the North Sea vast
Just like a German carp.

[Detroit Free Press.]
Would you take a million dollars for the baby at your knee?
Would you take a million dollars for the kisses he bestows?
Would you trade the look of gladness that at night is yours to see
For the coins of gold and silver that your wealthiest neighbor knows?

Would you give the sweet contentment of your little home today
And the laughter and the sunshine and gladness of it all
For the mansion of a Croesus where no little children play
And no little sticky fingers ever mark the papered wall?

Would you take from her the pleasure of her partnership with you
And leave her sitting lonely in a house of discontent?

Would you rob her life of all that makes it worth while if you knew
That a million dollars, some day, in your pocketbook it meant?

Well, those that make the millions, and those that reap the gold,
Are often very hungry for the joys that you possess,
And in bitter sacrifices are their tales of fortune told,
And in old age they are wishing they had strived a little less.

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