

London Advertiser

MORNING. NOON. EVENING.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Morning Edition. Outside City. By mail, 10c per week. By mail, 50c per year.
Evening Edition. Outside City. By mail, 10c per week. By mail, 50c per year.
Night Edition. Outside City. By mail, 10c per week. By mail, 50c per year.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
Private Branch Exchange.
3670—Business Department.
3671—Editors.
3672—Reporters.
3673—Job Printing Department.
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[Entered at London Postoffice for transmission through the mails as second class matter.]
TORONTO REPRESENTATIVE.
F. W. Thompson, 55 Mail Building.
The London Advertiser Printing Co., Limited.
LONDON, TUESDAY, APRIL 14.

Training camp tours make the fars more eager.

Suppose the south of Ireland were being "coerced."

Don't talk too much about wicked New York. We have our Krafchenkos.

So far there have been no April showers of penitence for Ulster on the part of Mr. Asquith.

The case of the lost Dorothy Arnold bids fair to develop into another Charley Ross mystery.

West London is ready for that break-water any time now; gentlemen of the board of control.

All right, gentlemen, we agree with you that London is the Canadian League champion for 1914.

By the time the spring housecleaning is over there won't be any fight left in belligerent males of Ulster.

It is now proposed to put baseball strikers in jail. That's where the fans would like to see a lot of habitual strikers-out.

Spreadeagleism has broken a wing in the United States and soars no more. The beaver is not a screecher and should stick to construction.

Open the windows and let in the myriad songs of the springtime, slugs the poet. But the trouble is that it lets out a lot of canned music.

Now that the law has taken its course with the actual slayers of Rosenthal, there are a lot of people who would like to see the men behind the gunmen punished.

The Texas fruit crop has been killed. Oh, well, the Niagara crop gets killed half a dozen times each year, and every time it proves to have a felicitous faculty of surviving.

The Federals captured an army of 26,000 yesterday at Buffalo. General James E. Gilmour led the victorious forces. The Nationals and Americans promise to get even.

Mr. Noyes, of the Associated Press, charges that the press of Europe suppresses the horrors of the Balkan war. If the horrors of war were known the glory of it would soon be wiped out.

DO YOUR PART.
ARE you a member of the Y. M. C. A.?

Every young man of London should be able to answer this question in the affirmative. There is no other local institution which offers him the same chance to achieve and maintain good health, moral and physical, and at the same time opens up to him a safe meeting place with life. There is life in a Y. M. C. A., the best kind of life. It is regulated life, life of contact and service and association. It is the life that makes the best of citizens, and its value is beyond figures. Those who have grown away from youthful activities may aid the work of the association by active adult membership. Others who have never been able to break away from the grind may aid the work by maintaining some boy they have never seen. It's a great opportunity for doing the community a good turn, in return for the good turn the Y. M. C. A. does the community. Remove the Y. M. C. A. from the city and it would be a deplorable thing. It is one of the good things that is within everyone's reach. It is almost a duty, almost as much a duty as paying taxes, to support such an institution. The canvass that is to be made in the city next week should have a full-hearted response, and when the time comes for a new building the city should consider it a privilege to rub the Aladdin's lamp which might be the symbol of its collective power, and build the association a palace overnight.

OUR WANDERING WARRIOR.

COLONEL the Hon. Samuel Hughes, military master of the Dominion, is reported to be on the eve of another journey. He is going to take an officer or two, and travel southward to Virginia, there to study the battlefields of the civil war, and gain information which may be of service when war breaks out between Canada and Timbuctoo, or perhaps Germany or the United States. Reports do not go into particulars, so we say whether he travels in his special or otherwise one of his special or otherwise we are informed how many photographers, topographers and photographers he will take with him. And, of course, nobody knows how much of the expenses of the trip will be paid by the country. But that is a matter of no consequence anyway.

We have no doubt our erudite war lord will gather up much useful information from these blood-stained fields in the south. It is true the blood has long since disappeared. The relic hunters have collected all the waste bullets and

broken swords. The fields have been cut up into farms, and the green tobacco leaves wave over the ground once furrowed by the feet of struggling armies. But he has a good imagination, and doubtless, as he gazes from his automobile on the road side, he will see in the air clear pictures of the conflicts of fifty years ago. All this will come in very useful when he is directing operations in the future. Canada will feel safer; our war lord watches over us; and spares no trips in the beautiful spring weather to fit himself for the duties of guardianship.

"THE EASIEST WAY."

THE cheap lives of the gunmen have been paid, and the account is squared as far as it can be squared by justice. Four of the morally misshapen have looked their Maker in the face and heard the final answer to all their perverted philosophies and environment-warped codes. Before they went they left a message for the world, a weak little message, and yet one which comes with a big force to those for whom it was directed.

"Shun evil companions" is the last word the condemned young men had for their companions of the east side. With parents who had done everything to turn their footsteps on the right paths, these boys squirmed at parental advice and sought their own youthful dissolutions. "Easy money" lured them on. The vicious tendencies of the great city reached for them. They became thieves, district runners, drug fiends and murderers. Others of their races have chosen the hard daily fight for existence. These unfortunates took the "easiest way."

THE ANTARCTIC LURE.

WITH Shackleton and others heading for the Antarctic, we shall soon be well supplied with polar information and thrills. The project of crossing the Antarctic continent via the Pole is certainly sensational. Compared with Amundsen's little trip it is like turning somersaults with an aeroplane.

Rich men are sure to be found who will finance their heroes for all sorts of madcap adventures. In ancient Rome they had their charioteers winning victories or broken necks for them in the perilous arena. Today the Derby or motor race is safe and tame by comparison. Why not tomorrow competing teams of dare-devils and dogs in the Frozen Continent, doing strange deeds upon the crevasses under the names of millionaire promoters? It is a sport for the imagination.

Here in Canada we might get more out of Labrador than we do. A Scotch expedition is said to be starting for Baffin's Land after gold—real placer gold. Are the Scotch growing reckless, or is it a sure thing, no sport for sports' sake?

Then there is the interior of Greenland, which looks a better proposition almost every way than a tramp across the South Pole—not so cold, more life, less risk. Ah, there it is, the risk. The Antarctic, awful as it is in its silent, ghastly loneliness, is as dangerous as Himalayan climbing and ballooning put together. There's the sport.

POOR HUNTERS.

(Ottawa Free Press.)
The annual game bag hereafter is to be limited to a hundred fowl. The limit won't need to be raised for some hunters we know.

YELLOW PRESS AND MEXICO.

(San Francisco Star.)
Yes, Hearst is making a lot of noise about Mexico. All of his little savages are "invested" in a Mexican "concession" of a million acres of land. He wants other Americans to go down there and save his land.

SHOPPING.

(Kansas City Journal.)
A lady ambles to a store.
To buy a spoon of thread,
And first she looks at hats galore
Then caring knives and bread.

From there she travels to the alala
Where davenporters are kept.
And then she lingers for awhile
Around the ribbon dept.

She looks at frying pans and lace,
Inspects the latest books,
She prices lotions for her face,
And linen goods and hooks.

And when she's canvassed all the joint,
And clerks are nearly dead,
She brings the matter to the point,
And buys her spoon of thread.

TANGO DEFINED.

(Atlanta Constitution.)
"Dat tango, boss, am sort of a easy motion. Ye jis go a'stealin' along easy like ye didn't have any knee joints and wuz walkin' on eggs that cost forty cents a dozen."

LONG LIFE IN THE DARK.

(New York Times.)
Fanny Crosby, the blind song-writer, has just celebrated her ninety-fourth birthday anniversary. In all she has written more than 6,000 hymns. She has been blind since she was six weeks of age. Between the years 1847-53 she was a teacher of English grammar and American History in New York Institute for the Blind.

A DEVONSHIRE DITTY.

By Alfred Noyes.
In a leafy lane of Devon
There's a garden—then, a gray old
Crumbling wall,
And the wall's the wall of heaven
(Where I hardly care to go),
And there isn't any fery sword at all.

But I never went to heaven,
There was right good reason why,
For they sent a shining angel to me
There.

An angel, down in Devon,
(Clad in muslin, by the bye),
With the halo of the sunshine on her
Hair.

Ah, whatever the darkness covers,
And what'er we sing or say,
Would you climb the wall of heaven
An hour too soon?

If you knew a place for lovers,
Where the apple blossoms stray,
Out of heaven to sway and whisper to
The moon?

When we die—we'll think of Devon,
Where the garden's all aglow,
With the flowers that stray across the
gray old wall;

Then we'll climb it, out of heaven,
From the garden's side, you know,
Struggle over it from heaven
With the apple blossom snow.

Tumble back again to Devon
Laugh and love as long ago,
Where there isn't any fery sword at all.

On the Spur of the Moment

By ROY K. MOULTON.

Opening Our 1914 Campaign.

Now's the time to start the slaughter.

Swat the fly.

Do your duty as you ought'er.

Swat the fly.

For he carries the bacilli.

And if he bites little Willie,

It may turn him stark and chilly.

Swat the fly.

Oh, the summer is not pleasant.

Swat the fly.

With this menace ever present.

Swat the fly.

Oh, he isn't very dainty.

Swat the fly.

And his food is rather tainty.

Swat the fly.

He is full of microbes, ain't he?

Swat the fly.

You can swat 'em with a shingle.

Swat the fly.

Both married ones and single.

Swat the fly.

You can use a patent swatter.

Swat the fly.

Or a broomstick or a blotter.

Swat the fly.

But swat 'em you have got ter.

Swat the fly.

From the Hickeyville Clarion.

Providence is kind to some feller.

It put a wart on Grandpa Perkins' nose

to keep his specs from slipping off.

You kin always tell when a feller

hasn't got, never did have, and never will

have, a lot of money, and that is when

you see him flashin' a roll in a saloon.

There is only one feller in every town

who doesn't know how to run a newspaper,

and that is the editor of it.

Our village school board believes in

higher education, so they are building

the new schoolhouse on top of Lookout

Hill.

Old Pete Hinkle says he is afraid he

is going to die. Well, by hokey, he probably

will. Most everybody does.

If every feller had the shape of a nose

he liked, life would be almost worth liv-

ing in this world.

I see by the papers that a feller down

in New York has been shot in the rotun-

da. If he had been a thin feller, this

wouldn't have happened to him.

Hod Peters stopped drinkin' about two

years ago, and it has changed his ap-

pearance considable. Where he used to

have a bay window he now has an al-

cove.

Signs of the Times.

New York train porter claims to have

travelled more than 2,000,000 miles. How

many apartment houses does he own?

President Yuan of China has fired his

legal adviser. A man in Yuan's position

would rather translate the law to suit

himself.

Affinity Earle is said to be penni-

less in Paris, which is one of the

worst places on earth in which to be

penniless.

Speaking of joint intervention, no po-

lice department ever tried to intervene

in a joint like Mexico.

In union there is strength. Corned beef

and cabbage, for instance.

Medical note says a leg has been grafted

onto a life prisoner in an eastern peni-

tentiary. Why does a life prisoner need

a leg?

The St. Louis man who wants to sell

his son for \$1,000 and his daughter for

\$2,000 possesses at least a small mite of

chivalry.

Time Now.

The red badge of courage, that goes to

the man

Who can stick around home with a

temper unruined.

While his wife tears up all of the things

that she can.

And all of the furniture has been well

shuffled.

A Carnegie medal he surely has

earned.

Who can say "round and help in a

manner well-meaning.

While his wife ties a rag round her

head and he's learned

That she is about to begin her house-

cleaning.

From Western Ontario Press

MIXING THE MAIL.

[East Elgin Reformer.]

A new mail route out of Port Burwell

and coming as far west as Mount Salem

and Grovesend may mix up the mails

considerably. We have not met a far-

mer who likes the change.

A PUZZLER.

[Windsor Record.]

One of the strangest things in this

world is why a woman who can trim

a pencil with a pair of scissors is not

considered competent to vote alongside

of a man who can't bake a better cake

on a hot griddle.

VOLUME OF REGRET.

[Brantford Expositor.]

Mr. Edwards, the Conservative M. P.

for Frontenac, declares that the mem-

bers of the Dominion Prison Commis-

sion, who are paid \$15 per day and ex-

pend, are not worth 15 cents a day.

It would be interesting to have that

gentleman's appraisal of the services

of Messrs. Gutelius and Lynch-Staunton.

AN EXTRAORDINARY ILLUSION.

[Montreal Herald.]

The fact that Bertha Alman ran away

from Montreal to Toronto in the hope of

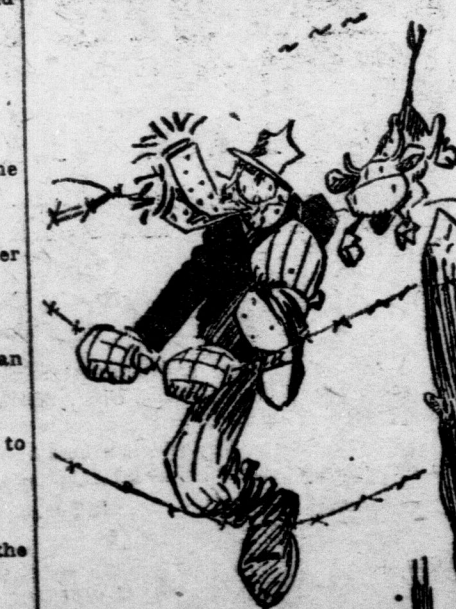
becoming an actress is enough to make

Toronto weep. Where could the child

have got that gay impression of the

Queen City?

ABE MARTIN



The Colonial Bridge Club has bought an adding machine. It seems like a more incompetent machine is the more things he belongs to.

KILLED WHILE GOING FOR MOTHER'S BIBLE

Pathetic Feature of Miss Janet Goodhand's Death—Coming From Watford.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

Watford, April 13.—The funeral of Miss Janet Goodhand, who was killed at the Grand Trunk Railway crossing here on Wednesday evening, was held here this afternoon from the residence of her sister, Mrs. Barber, and was largely attended by sympathetic friends.

Rev. J. W. Pring, pastor of the Methodist Church, of which church deceased was a member, conducted the burial services.

At the time the fatality occurred deceased was on her way to the G. T. R. station for her mother's family Bible, which had been expressed to her from Watford, and which she was desirous to have in her own possession.

LONDONER MADE MANAGER

Fred Larkin Will Have Charge of G.T.R. Lunch Rooms at Hamilton.

Fred Larkin, a former Londoner, has been appointed superintendent of the dining hall at the Grand Trunk station at Hamilton. Mr. Larkin was manager of the lunch counter at the local station of the company several years ago, but later removed to Hamilton. Word of the change reached the G. T. R. station this afternoon.

Mr. Larkin will succeed James Robb who had charge of the company's several dining rooms at the station. Mr. Robb was in charge of the lunch rooms at Windsor station, Montreal. Previously he was in charge of the news stand at Hamilton.

"IMPERIAL CITY" IS SARNIA'S NEW NAME

[Special to The Advertiser.]

Sarnia, April 13.—At a lively meeting of the council tonight Sarnia was re-christened. It will be known henceforth as "The Imperial City" instead of "The Beacon City" as it was recently named by the board of trade.

As a result of disapproval expressed by many citizens over the choice of the board of trade the council took a question up and tonight on motion of Alderman Kirby, seconded by Mayor Dagan, it was decided to select another name.

The mayor proposed "The Imperial City" and this carried by a vote of 13 to 4.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS.

COLONIST FARES AND SETTLERS' TRAINS TO THE WEST.

Those taking advantage of the above excursions should bear in mind the many exclusive features offered by the Canadian Pacific Railway in connection with a trip to the West. It is the only all-Canadian route. Only line operating through trains to Western Canada. No change of depots. Only line operating through standard and tourist sleepers to Winnipeg and Vancouver. All equipment is owned and operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway, affording the highest form of efficiency.

Colonist fares (one way second class) to certain points in Alberta, British Columbia, California, Montana, Oregon, Washington, Arizona, Idaho, etc., in effect daily until April 15th.

Homeseeers' fares will be in effect each Tuesday until October 27, inclusive, and round trip second class tickets will be sold via the Canadian Pacific Railway from Ontario points (Azilda and east) at very low fares; for example, from Toronto, also west and north of Toronto, to Winnipeg and return, \$35; to Edmonton and return, \$42. Other points in proportion. Fares from points east of Toronto, will be slightly higher. Return limit two months.

Each Tuesday until April 28, the Canadian Pacific will run settlers' trains to Winnipeg and West, and for the accommodation of settlers travelling with live stock and effects, a colonist car will be attached to the settlers' effects train.

This car will leave Toronto on regular train at 10:20 p.m., and on arrival at West Toronto, it will be attached to settlers' effects train, as mentioned above.

For those not travelling with live stock and effects, special Colonist cars will be attached to regular trains from Toronto running through to Winnipeg without change. No charge is made for accommodation in colonist cars.

Tourist sleeping cars are also operated on regular trains leaving Toronto 10:20 p.m. daily.