

FOUR

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The London Advertiser Company,
Limited.
LONDON, MONDAY, JAN. 11.

THE BRITISH REPLY.

AS WAS expected, the reply of Great Britain to the note of the United States in regard to the searching of American cargoes, and the interference with American commerce, is a quiet, firm, but entirely courteous, presentation of the British side of the case. The British Government maintains that the actions in stopping American ships and searching for contraband have been justified. There has been nothing improper, nothing unfair, and it is pointed out that there are a number of instances in which the inconveniences and losses have been greatly exaggerated. In regard to copper, which the American note specifically claimed was being prevented from reaching neutral purchasers, Sir Edward Grey says that the British Government has undoubtedly proof that many consignments of metal to Sweden are regarded as cotton, the fact that Great Britain has declared that it will not be declared contraband, has caused shipments of copper disguised as cotton. The result is that many ships have been detained to permit of the careful search that is necessary under these circumstances. The British reply, however, explicitly declares that His Majesty's Government stands ready to make redress for loss due to legitimate cargoes being detained. Throughout the reply the friendliest spirit is in evidence; a feeling that will prevail in the further discussion of the issues raised in detail.

THE NEW ENTENTE.

NOTHING very definite has come out as to the entente of Sweden, Norway and Denmark. Many close observers and students of things Scandinavian profess to see nothing more in it than the healing of an old sore between Sweden and Norway, Denmark coming in to round out the feeling of good fellowship amongst the Scandinavian races. The world at large, however, will be inclined to believe that there is more to the understanding than this, in fact that between the three nations there is a pact to stand by one another in case of German aggression. The fate of poor Belgium at the hands of German "kultur" is an object lesson that we may be sure has not been lost on the little Scandinavian peoples. Berlin as usual blundered, as she has blundered repeatedly, in dealing with her little neighbors. In her customary arrogant way she informed Norway and Sweden that no criticism of German methods would be permitted in the press. Also, protests over the crippling of the Swedish and Norwegian merchant marine were brushed aside by Berlin. In fact all through, instead of fostering good feeling, the Germans have acted in a manner that has brought on them a hearty if silent hatred. The new entente is just another evidence of how lacking in statecraft and diplomacy are the Kaiser and his war-lords.

TRANS-CAUCASIA.

THE "warfare" in Caucasian brings memories of former struggles in that region. Kars, the objective of the Turkish army crushed at Sarikamish, is a strongly fortified city of 25,000, which has figured prominently in several Russo-Turkish wars. In 1828 the place was captured by the Russians, but given back to Turkey. During the Crimean war occurred the glorious defense of Kars by the British and Turkish garrisons. Finally, in 1877, it was taken by the Russians, and at the peace of 1878 the whole province of Kars, embracing over 7,000 square miles, with a population now of some 400,000, was ceded to Russia to become a portion of the Government of Caucasus. Kars is in the extreme northeast of the ancient territory of Armenia, nearly in the same latitude as London, Ontario. A little to the south, within the Turkish border, is Mount Ararat, climbed in ancient times by Noah and family, more recently by Lord Bryce. (See his interesting travel book, "Transcaucasia and Ararat.") The climate of this plateau country is rather like that of Western Canada in summer, and like Western Ontario in winter, with more snow in the upper mountain passes. It is a grim region for a January campaign. Just to the northeast of Kars lies the fair province of Georgia. The Armenian and Georgian peoples are both "Caucasian," but opposite in appearance. All the peoples of this mountainous region are large, tall and strong. But, while the Armenians are of dark or yellow complexion, with straight black hair and rather low foreheads, the Georgian women are famous for their blonde beauty, and their men are splendid fellows. Georgia is a country with great resources, a long history and a rich literature. From the time of Alexander the Great down to the sixteenth century A.D., some 1800 years, the land was under its own kings, who often repulsed the Black Sea to the Caspian. Since the Russians reached them from the Turks and Persians the

people have again prospered, and there is at present a great revival of poetry and general literature. Tiflis, the capital, is a fine city of 200,000, famous for its metal workers, which Enver Bey proposed to occupy. The old capital, Imitket, must have been abandoned because even the Georgians might weary of pronouncing the name.

The Circassians, what there are left of them here, dwell towards the Black Sea. In the main Caucasian range northwest of Georgia. This people resembles the Georgian, but the nobility are Mohammedans, and whereas the Georgians have accepted Russian rule since the beginning of the nineteenth century in preference to that of the Turks, the Circassians long held out in their rocky fastnesses against the Czar, and when their resistance was at last broken, the bulk of them migrated into Asia Minor, some of them to Bulgaria.

The combatants in this region of mountain, forest, icy torrent and rigorous winter will have small leisure to admire the grand, romantic scenery. Shelley's curious, youthful poem, "Alastor," takes up some of its wild aspects in brilliant fashion. The tragic end of his absurd hero multiply it a hundred thousand times to realize the horror of the human loss now rolling in the savage solitudes of the little Caucasus on the confines of Armenia.

A SELF-REMADE MAN.

A FEW weeks ago a fine specimen of manhood shook the dust of Kingston penitentiary and returned to his boyhood's home in London. He had been in and out of jails and penitentiaries for many years.

Soon after arriving in London he came to The Advertiser office, and after a brief conversation, he sat at a table and wrote a letter to the editor which told how the prison system had taken him as a boy of 9 years; it had made him a human being in the world's desire for the good of humanity. He admitted that he had preyed on society, but he claimed that society had animalized him, when it might have made him a man. Only when the little spark of faith left in him burned up his doubts was he able to pull himself out of the hard road and devote his attention to the remaking of himself.

He came out of prison resolved to do right, but in front of him he visualized a precipice of prejudice. Thanks to a few good men at the Y. M. C. A., he was caught before this bitter sense of being beaten down every time he rose to his feet overcame him, and sent him back to the "trade" the state had taught him.

Yesterday he stood upon Dundas street and told a newspaperman that when the sun rose today he expected to enlist in the third army of Canada. He was fine in his great strength (a 200-pounder), and one felt that he would be a fine anchor sergeant for any company captain to have in a tight place.

This self-made man goes forth on a great mission for humanity. He offers the life his own efforts restored to him to the service of his country. He is ready to give that life in a good cause. He has a wholesome mind and a faith in God and in the creature whom God made in his image.

He offers himself to his fellow-men with the great heart of a boy. When he comes back he will feel that he has earned the right to take the position in the community to which his brains and strength entitle him.

TWO DAYS.

IN THE space between Saturday, August 1, 1914, and Tuesday, August 3, 1914, British sentiment underwent the most complete change in the history of the nation.

On Saturday the British nation was set against war. Its interest in the Serbian-Austrian trouble was not a heart interest, and there was a determination to keep out of the fight, so long as there was no direct involvement.

On Tuesday the German army entered Belgium, and the British Empire, seethed with righteous anger. In an optimistic message to the Methodist Times of England, Mr. Lloyd George, chancellor of the British exchequer, supplied the true thought on the tremendous revolution of opinion in the following words:

"When did a heathen empire embark on a great war, impelled by such purely chivalrous motives as those which have driven Britain and her dominions into this war? On the Saturday after war had actually been declared on the continent, a poll of electors of Great Britain would have shown 55 per cent against embroiling this country in hostilities. Powerful city financiers, whom it was my duty to interview on this Saturday on the financial situation, ended the conference with an earnest hope that Britain would keep out of it."

"A poll on the following Tuesday would have resulted in a vote of 35 per cent in favor of war; and the city interests which knew that our participation in a great European war would mean heavy loss, and might bring ruin on them, and were, therefore, unanimously opposed to war, by Tuesday were quite as unanimously in favor of it. What had happened? The revolution in public sentiment was attributable entirely to an attack made by Germany on a small and unprotected country, which had done her no wrong; and which Britain was not prepared to do for interests, political and commercial, she readily tasked to help the weak and helpless. Hard-headed financiers and businessmen swept aside the prospect of personal loss, and even ruin. The pagan world can produce no precedent for such a national upheaval of compassion."

"The incident has but one meaning, and it is worth emphasizing it now, when we are any to dwell on the mere savagery of war. The Christian gospel has effected a secure lodgment in the terrain of the human heart."

The violation of Belgian neutrality was the transcendent act that plunged the British people almost to a man into the European struggle. Without this betrayal of the honor of Christian nations, the British people, as Mr. Lloyd George says, would have been against entering the war merely for political or commercial advantage. Those who

say that Great Britain would have been in this war for any other reason than the protection of her own shores, or the weaker nation she had sworn to protect, use a logic in favor of warfare that stimulates the German claim that this is a war of selfishness and aggrandizement, or that it would have been if such a splendid chance for advancing an excuse had not been given.

ROUMANIA AND ITALY.

IT SEEMS most probable that within a few weeks both Roumania and Italy will be participants in the great war. Italy already has 1,000,000 men ready for instant action, and Roumania will have her mobilization under way within a few days. When they declare war, the end of the great conflict should be in sight. Austria is pretty well whipped now, but when Serbia, Russia, Italy and Roumania begin to close in on her, the dual monarchy will be brought to her knees. The quarrel of Italy and Roumania is directly with Austria. Italy wants back the provinces taken from her in the last war with Austria. Roumania is determined to have Transylvania, which is governed by Hungary, but the natives of which are 90 per cent Roumanian. So keen is Roumania for this that she has surrendered to Bulgaria the strip of land taken from the latter at the conclusion of the last Balkan war. Russia also probably had a hand in this action, which removes the menace of an attack from Bulgaria, and closes the last door through which Germany hoped to swing a part of the Balkans against the Allies.

Still another way in which the entrance of Italy and Roumania into the struggle will add the Allies will be the release of a large section of the powerful British and French fleets at present operating in the Mediterranean, for action in the North Sea, as the Italian fleet is well able to look after the Austrian fleet in the Adriatic. The blockade of Kiel would be so lightened that "baby-killing" raids and submarine dashes would be prevented. In the interests of an early peace it is to be hoped that Italy and Roumania will soon declare themselves actively with the Allies.

GERMAN "KULTUR."

A STRIKING illustration of dishonesty in German officialdom has been brought to public notice by a writer on the New York Nation, which implicates Count von Bernstorff, the German ambassador at Washington. As reviewed by the Literary Digest, the circumstances were that the German count delivered an oration before the American Academy of Political and Social Science on the development of Germany. The oration was copyrighted by the Academy and given to the world in the deluxe edition. Now, to the mortification of the Academy, it is shown that the German ambassador plagiarized paragraph after paragraph, even to whole pages from Dawson's "Modern Germany" without so much as a word of acknowledgment as to the sources. Even worse than the theft and the deception practised upon the Academy is the use that the ambassador made of the stolen property. W. H. Dawson, the author of the plagiarized book, on having his attention drawn to the circumstance confirmed the unacknowledged appropriation that has been made of his labors and adds:

"Not only does the count annex passages containing statements of fact, but he even puts forward as his own, my argued opinions upon various questions of German domestic politics. In other cases, he first uses my words and then substitutes his own conclusions for mine."

When the Prussian war-lords appropriated the soil and property of the Belgians to their own use they excused or defended the robbery on the ground of military necessity. It will be interesting to hear on what ground the German ambassador defends his appropriation of his fellow author's work. The Academy of Political Science is, of course, not blamed for publishing and copyrighting the paper, but it does not do the members any credit that none of them detected the deception that the German ambassador was practising upon them.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Canadians first in the third contingent.

It's a long, long way to the next holiday.

Switzerland might be described as a highland surrounded by war.

Evidently Przemyśl intends to hang out while there is a consonant left.

Roumania and Italy are clamoring to get into the conflict. Always room for one more.

If any other nation decides to issue a book on the war, about the only shade left for them is crushed straberry.

The mean-spirited newspaper and the mean-spirited politician are strangely out of harmony with public sentiment these days.

Christophel Fankhuster says that she is now ready to go to war for England. She should be sent to the trenches, as it is only there they have the hand-to-hand struggles for which Christie is famous.

The Advertiser wishes it were clever enough to allude to Britain's recent protectorate over Egypt as the finding of "Moses in the John Bull-Rushes" by Pharaoh. But a British paper thought of it first.

The employees of the C. P. R. have taxed themselves \$1 each, and raised \$141,000 to aid the Government in transporting troops. After that nobody can accuse Canadians of indifference in regard to the war.

The German general, Von Hindenburg, told the Associated Press correspondent he was not so much interested in the skyscrapers of New York as in the Yosemite Valley, the Grand Canyon, and other places of scenic grandeur—places of strategic value in time of war, as it were.

DAILY WAR PUZZLE



Canadian Highlander. Find a Frenchman and a German. ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE.—Upside down in front of soldier. Right side down in front of spy.

OUR POETS OF WESTERN ONTARIO

IN YOUTH.

[AMY E. CAMPBELL.]

Before I told her of my love,
Why, she was awful shy.
Her cheeks would turn the nicest red,
If I could catch her eye.
She'd shake her curls around her eyes,
And peek through them at me—
And if she caught me looking back,
She never seemed to see!

When we went skating on the pond,
She'd sneak away to skitch,
I had to hurry to catch up,
For she could go so quick!
And when I'd holler—"Wait for me!"
She'd only turn and smile,
And keep me chasing 'round and 'round,
For mebbe half a mile.

But since I told her up my love
She's changed as she can be,
She never colors up a bit
Nor seems afraid to see!
But looks square back just every time
And gives her head a toss—
That sets her curls all bobbin' good
And acts like she's the boss.

She smiles at all the other boys
And skates with ev'ry one,
And mebbe gives the just one turn
When every one is done;
And walks home with the other girls
As if I wasn't there—
As if I give her cap a pull
She says—"Don't rough my hair!"

But still she said that she loved me
And seemed just awful glad,
When I up and kissed her, why,
She said she wasn't mad.
But, say, I liked her far the best
When she was shy with me;
I'd like to see her blush again
And tend she didn't see.

I wish I hadn't just let on
That I liked her a bit—
But let her just keep believin' shy,
And havin' up a fit
Whenever I looked up at her,
And peekin' through her curls.
But after all I guess that's just
A silly way with girls.

When They Took the Trenches

"The brigadier-general . . . desires specially to commend the fine soldier-like spirit of the First Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, which, advancing steadily under heavy shell and rifle fire, and aided by its machine guns, was enabled to form up within a comparatively short distance of the enemy's trenches. Fixing bayonets, the battalion then charged, carried the trenches, and occupied them. . . . The brigadier-general congratulates himself on having in his brigade a battalion, which, after marching the whole of the previous night without food or rest, was able to maintain its position by the determination and self-sacrifice displayed in this action."

The charge that was the subject of Brigadier-General Bullfinch's praise took place in the neighborhood of Bixschote, October 23, and is thus described by an officer of the battalion now at home, wounded: "We had been going up for nearly three hours. The sun was well up, and I for one was feeling uncomfortable, hot and thirsty. We were now in a nasty corner, all lying as flat as pancakes. No one could move a head without a hail of bullets coming over him. Any further advance at the moment seemed impossible. We had only a wire, and made-up hedge in front, and were losing men every minute. I ordered them to 'dig in and sit tight.'"

"After an hour of this sort of thing, fighting going on on our right, shells bursting all round, and occasionally men being hit, it struck me that something had to be done. A general check all along the line appeared to have taken place. I divided the command under me between two subalterns, and made a bolt for it to a farmhouse some 200 yards away on my right rear, and thence to some haystacks, where I found some of our officers and men collected. A conference of officers decided that the movement on the left was necessary to change the situation. I therefore rejoined my men, and we began to push forward. By 3 p.m. we had about one hundred yards in fifteen minutes. The enemy's fire had undoubtedly slackened. We got across an open field and a portion of the orchard with only a few casualties, and things at once seemed to look more hopeful."

The Moment Arrives.
"When the majority of our little force had been established in this forward position, and the commanding officer in the rear saw that we had arrived there with less loss than was expected, other stray sections were pushed up, including a machine gun. We opened fire at about 350 yards' range, when suddenly, to my joy, I saw three or four Germans leap from a trench somewhat on the flank of where we were firing at, and make a bolt to some farm buildings in their rear. Soon others could be seen making desperate efforts to get away, but they were nearly all shot down. "The information soon spread that the enemy was retreating, and looked as if they had had enough of it. Poor

ranks some of the most elegant and fascinating women in London society. "No, the militant is not like Mrs. Blane, who said to her daughter one day."

"I am certainly easy on shoes. Look at this pair of elastic sides, I've worn them three years, and they're still as good as new. I'm easy on clothes, too. There's my tweed—just as fresh as the day I bought it, seven years ago. And hats, gloves, stockings; in fact, I'm easy on everything."

"Except father, eh?" said the daughter.
DOWN CELLAR.
[Grand Rapids Press.]
When I was little, 'most as you, I was a scary little feller,
The scariest thing I had to do
Was go down in the cellar
When company come or folk run in,
The wiggins or Chappies,
And 'pa'd allow
It's time to git some apples."

The bogies stood at guard and watched
The Northern Spy an' Farrells.
An' grinnin' banishes all was crotched
A-straddle on 'em, 'lowing
The dip would snuff, an' gusts of wind
Come sighin' through the winders—
My heart would jump
With all such a bump,
'Twould almost bust to flinders!

'Twas then the banishes joined all
An' danced about an' 'biled
I had no doubt but they would maul
Me if they could but find me!
'Twas good to hear, about that time,
With me all fixin' to beller,
My pa declare:
'There's nothin' there
Would hurt a little feller!"

BE BRAVE.

[Chicago News.]
We cannot all be heroes, but we can keep our sidewalks free from snow whether the law compels us to do so or not.

G. T. R. TRAIN CHANGES

New Time-Table To Go Into Effect on January 17.

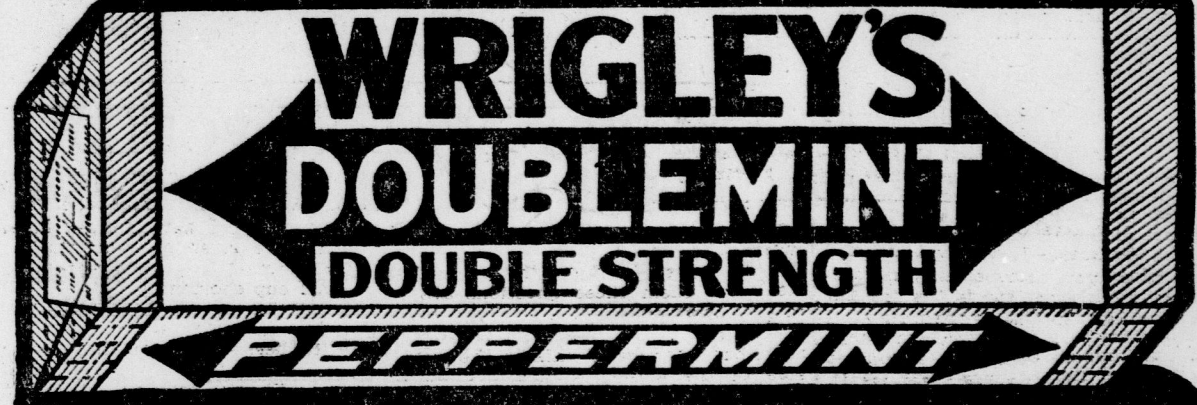
Train No. 4, now leaving London at 3:48 a.m. daily for Hamilton, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and New York, will leave at 6:11 a.m.

Train No. 7, now leaving London at 4:52 a.m. daily for Detroit and Chicago, will leave at 5:20 a.m.

Train No. 28, now leaving London at 6:00 a.m. daily for Stratford, Berlin, Guelph and Toronto, will leave at 6:05 a.m.

Train No. 166, now leaving London at 7:15 a.m. and arriving at Stratford at 8:19 a.m., and train No. 173, now leaving Stratford 4:40 p.m. and arriving London 5:33 p.m., will be discontinued.

And train No. 168, now leaving London at 10 a.m. and arriving Stratford 11:15 a.m., and train No. 29, now leaving Stratford 3:10 a.m. and arriving London 4:20 a.m., will be discontinued.
Passengers from stations St. Marys Junction and east, and north of Stratford, may use train No. 23 from Stratford at 4:30 p.m. to Lacan Crossing, then train No. 164, arriving London 6:10 p.m. daily, except Sunday, instead of direct line via St. Marys.



"Pep-Peppermint"

Stutter when you say it and get in two "Peps"—for this is double strength Peppermint chewing gum—lots of Pep! It's like a Peppermint Lozenge with a long lease of life—it l-a-s-t-s!

You'll get joy supreme from



Made in Canada by the Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co. Ltd. 7 Scott Street, Toronto, manufacturers of the famous



Sold around the world.

gives you the flavor of spicy, fresh mint leaves.

has the delicious flavor of Peppermint—double strength.

Take your choice—both are smooth-chewing and savory—long-lasting pleasure and benefit at very small cost: 5 cents.

See how much better you will feel when you "chew it after every meal."