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THE LONDON ADVERTISER

COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Tuesday, June 27.

THE LATE DR. JAMES.

It is certain that the memory and

example of the late Dr. C. C.

James, Dominion commissioner of agri-

culture, will have a lasting influence

upon the country as a whole. He was

one of those exceptional men who are

too big to be considered from a party

standpoint, and he found favor in the

eyes of all parties, his advice being

acted upon by every government.

He was intrusted with the serious duties

attaching to the greatest business of

this country.

The district agricultural representa-

tive, who travels among the farmers

and goes out into their fields and orch-

ards and stables with them, spreading

the best doctrine and studying the

needs of his parish, is a living monu-

ment to Dr. James. It was the latter

who brought about the system which

provides for the appointment of rep-

resentatives, and there can be no doubt

that they have had a beneficial influ-

ence wherever they have worked.

The Advertiser treasures a letter from

Dr. James, in which he com-

mended the "Stay in Ontario" cam-

paign inaugurated by this newspaper.

Though his vision took in the whole

country, he realized that Ontario's

problems were the most complex. His

heart was sore over the depopulation

of the big brother of the provinces, and

he encouraged any movement which

meant that Ontario would be farmed as

meat to be farmed. He wanted to see

millions of new farmers in this pro-

vince, and it is certain that his efforts

will do much towards the reawakening

he regarded as so vital.

It may be said of him simply that he

was one of the finest Canadians.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

AN ENGLISH writer says, in refer-

ence to indiscriminate abuse of

the Germans: "How they would have

been denounced if the greatest of their

poets had made a comic hero and a joy

forever out of such a drunken old liar,

coward and fornicator as Falstaff."

That is, we should have been stamp-

ing him as the German type, gross,

mean and sensual.

Shakespeare's Falstaff is not to be

dismissed in so sweeping a phrase. He

is not a liar, more than most men, but

an artist in comic fiction of no ordinary

merit. His "lies" are "palpable," as

Prince Hal called them, not meant to

deceive anybody. His story of the men

in buckram is no more a "lie" than

Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog."

As for Falstaff's cowardice, his be-

havior is rather to be characterized in

his own words, "discretion, the better

part of valor." To call Falstaff a liar

and coward is old-maidish. If he were

a liar he might have passed for a Ger-

man, except for his wit.

Compared with German soldiers in

Belgium and Poland, Falstaff, the cam-

paigner, shows up as quite a gentle-

man of refinement. Another way of

appreciating his gentility is to compare

him with the heroes of Rabelais, or in

the would-be humorous literature of

Germany in Shakespeare's time. If any

German poet had been man enough

to create such a character, we should

probably have regarded it as a highly

idealized portrait of the German army

officer.

"DRY" SIGNS.

PRETTY soon, it would seem, the

brewers' big horses will be haul-

ing loads of "soft stuff" around the

country, and the jolly, paunchy driver

will no longer strain at the rope that

lets the "quarters" and "halves" down

into the innkeeper's cellar. A Toronto

brewery is advertising ginger ale! The

white flag is flying to the breeze and

the great headache factory is wonder-

ing what it may do with its vats and

colds and loads of barrels and bottles.

Certainly considerable quantities

will go eastward and westward, and

overseas trade may be developed by

Ontario breweries, but the single fact

of one of the largest breweries plung-

ing into the soft drink business, indi-

cates that it is upon the tendency to-

ward abstemiousness that even the

makers of ales and beers are counting

most. These men are essentially busi-

nessmen who wish to pay dividends

from their plant, and their recogni-

tion of the force of public opinion is

to their credit. They must realize that

when the beer discontinue the sale of

liquor in September it will be for all

time. Take the average drinker away

from his favorite tipple for a few

weeks and he will not take any posi-

tive action to get it back again. The

average drinker is not likely to suf-

fer in health through having his "booze

cut off." Unless he has made of

whiskey his food as well as his drink

he will not require close attention fol-

lowing the change.

It is true, however, that for some

men who have been drinking to ex-

cess, the sudden stoppage of the bottle

will be a serious matter. They should

prepare themselves now for the day

when there shall be no more of their

favorite stimulant at hand, for if

they continue their excesses until

the end, for them is misery, broken

health and perhaps insanity.

Physicians are certain to have some

serious cases, and the authorities will

do well to assist these men in every

possible way.

The experience of Winnipeg is to

be taken as a criterion, the police will

have little to do. Mostly the police

are the guardians of that portion of

the public which becomes inebriated.

Winnipeg has had few men in its po-

lice since the bars closed. A re-

porter of one of the city's dailies re-

cently wrote:

There appears to be no sign of

caprice in the state of affairs at the

police stations. With the dis-

continuation of the sale of liquor,

as it is gratifying to all concerned

appears to have been permanently

founded. Last night there was not

a single person in the cells waiting

for trial, not a single sore head or

anxious mind, and for once the

building was clear of the innocent

victim falling at the officers on

account of "rank injustice," so

common during the reign of King

Alcohol; screaming "drunkards"

and the curses of half-crazed

male inebriates are heard no more,

and the officers on duty almost

imagine they are in their own quiet

homes.

So the bars will sell the ginger

ale of the regenerated breweries, per-

haps maintaining the old label and

going to the men who gather at the bar

the feeling that while it's a strange

kind of wine in the old bottles, it's

much better for them and their fam-

ilies and all concerned.

THE AMERICAN BIT.

IN AN interview with the Canadian

Gazette in London, England, Pres-

ident Arthur Sifton of Alberta disposes

of the "singular fallacious" prophe-

cies that the influx of settlers from the

United States meant the "American-

ization" of the west. More than half

of the settlers in Alberta had come

from the States, yet that province was

men to fight, and had already put 33,-

000 men into khaki. The inference is

that many of these "Canadian" soldiers

are American settlers, who embraced

the laws and the ideals of Canada

when they crossed the border. All

honor to them!

By the same token, Canada can

never be too thankful to those young

Americans who have flocked across to

regiments organizing in Ontario since

the war began. They number several

thousands, and native-born Ontario

residents, when throwing censure upon

Quebec, might remember that without

the British-born and the Americans

who "signed up," the showing of this

province might not be a thing of

what is too vain. Thousands and

thousands of the best of our native

sons have gone. There are many thou-

sands without insurmountable barriers

in the path to the recruiting office

who might well follow their example,

rather than talk of what Quebec has

done or failed to do.

HOME SONGS.

THE Germans boast of their music

and of their song literature. A

perusal of O. B. Powell's collection of

German songs (publ. Blackie & Sons,

1906) suggests the reflection that there

is a want of the songs of home and

domestic affections characteristic of

English, Scottish and Irish song.

Indeed, no other language has a word

corresponding to our English "home."

The word is the outcome of a national

condition, and the possession of the

word reacts to deepen the national

character reflected in the word. Prob-

ably the best-known song in English

is "Home, Sweet Home," and our

colored friends in the United States have

caught our spirit with our language,

singing of home on the Suwanee

River, or in old Kentucky.

Our religious lyric turns often to

heaven as the "home" of the soul.

What other tongue has such a word

for heaven? What other soldiers than

ours think of home as they battle

for it, and go "Home" when a bullet

brings the dark over their eyes? Home

is the mightiest word in our language,

as it is our unique possession. It means

what is best in this world to us and the

wonder mansion to which we grope

through the portals of death.

To the nationalized German the Vater-

land as a whole is all in all. It is

the counterpart of our family castle,

the home. And where we think of

mother as the angel of the house, the

German lifts up his rant for the kaiser

as the presiding genius of the Vater-

land. We can't help thinking that

while the spirit of our family house-

hold is pure, the national household

of Germany is haunted by an unclean

devil with his legion of attendants and

black dogs.

The German songs are all of this

Vaterland and its kaiser, its sword and

harness, or of beer and wine and

women, travel and romantic nature,

war and hunting. There is nothing like

Burns' song of democracy, "For a'

That," or his "Auld Lang Syne," or

"Annie Laurie," and "The Land of the

Leal," are not in the German line, and

we have not heard of anything like

the now famous "Keep the Home Fires

Burning" being sung in the Hun

trenches.

Home, family ties, old friends, these

are themes that we love. Sentimental,

perhaps, our songs may be. "Home,

Sweet Home" has been denounced as

an assault and battery on the feelings.

But the Anglo-Saxon race makes no

pretences in this matter. Our country

verily is a land of homes.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Galt councillors decide to save their

faces rather than daylight.

It would be an insult to bring a

peace message from Germany to the

United States in a submarine.

Cabbage and grass sausages will now

tickle the German palate. Der fader-

land is becoming a poor boarding-

house.

N. W. Rowell asks for a director

of recruiting. Does the Government not

take the initiative in any recruiting

question?

Austrians stop long enough in their

flight to explain they are not scared,

but have simply found better positions

further in the rear.

Our column says that "The Russians,

just to show what two-fisted persons

they are, kicked a few holes in Kaiser

Bill's fleet the other day." The Bear's

paw or fist has a kick in it like a hind-