

FOUR

London Advertiser

LONDON, THURSDAY, FEB. 18.

WESTERN ONTARIO AT THE FRONT.

THE 1st Battalion in France. The report from Nantes, which is in the point of a triangle drawn toward the coast, with Paris and Bordeaux as the other corners, told of the accidental death of a Hesperian man who was in one of the Western Ontario units prior to enlistment. The indication from the location of the troops at the time of his death is that the Canadians were landed at a port further south than the usual points of debarkation for the British troops, perhaps Bordeaux, or that the men may be trained in Southern France for some time before being taken to the trenches.

Yet there are positive statements by special correspondents to the effect that the Canadians are either on their way to the trenches or already there. In fact, one special writer to the Toronto Star describes the scene as the Canadians moved through a point at which he was stationed. They were eager to get to the front, and had been riding for two nights. The Canadians have been given fur coats, and were eager for the chance to match marksmanship and wit with the enemy.

Western Ontario has hundreds in France at the present time. They are of the best of the country's manhood, and many of them will have made a sacrifice to liberty before many weeks have passed. The regiment from which the 1st Battalion was drawn were as follows:

1st Hussars (London).
24th Regiment Grey's Horse (Ingersoll).
7th Regiment (Fusiliers, London).
21st Regiment (Oxford Rifles).
22nd Regiment (Oxford Rifles).
23rd Regiment (Northern Pioneer, Farry Sound).
The Kent Regiment.
25th Regiment (St. Thomas).
26th Regiment (Middlesex Light Infantry).
27th (Lambton) Regiment (St. Clair Borderers).
28th (Perth) Regiment.
29th (Waterloo) Regiment.
30th Regiment (Wellington Rifles).
32nd (Bruce) Regiment.
33rd (Huron) Regiment.
7th (Wentworth) Regiment.

USES OF ADVERSITY.

WILL the war help to teach the world a finer discrimination in the values of things? For example, shall we learn that money may be better expended in procuring social advantage than in gratifying individual whims and the love of exclusiveness?

Some have believed in "encouraging art" by surrounding themselves with servants ministering to their aesthetic tastes, by causing numbers of artisans to work for the gratification of individual wealth's desires, by beautifying their homes and grounds. Perhaps a higher way of promoting the beautiful would be to expend one's surplus funds more than formerly upon the schools, universities, playgrounds, libraries, Y. M. C. A.'s and Y. W. C. A.'s, churches, gymnasiums, the city beautiful, public galleries of art and museums, and the various other agencies by which the soul and body of the nation as a whole are rendered more sound, more beautiful and more efficient. Perhaps the war, taken in the right spirit, may help to promote the development of the social consciousness and the social conscience.

A PENSION ABUSE.

THAT a man who has served his country for years, and is compelled to retire on account of illness or the infirmities of old age, should thenceforth receive a pension, is a proposition for which much may be said. But that a man should retire in the full vigor of manhood, and take some other position under the Government, or enter into some other occupation from which he derives as much remuneration as a younger man would receive, and should still continue to draw his pension, is something altogether different.

It appears from the discussion in Parliament the other day that the Hon. Mr. Doherty, of Montreal, came down from the bench some years ago, and in accordance with the law became entitled to, and has received, his annual pension. He went into Parliament, no easy life; then when the Conservative came into power, was made Minister of Justice, not the easiest position in the cabinet. He received \$7,000 as minister; \$15,000 as a member of Parliament; and his pension as a retired judge. Whether that last item be the full allowance to retired judges of \$5,000 a year, or whether it be a smaller sum, is immaterial.

We are not finding any fault with Mr. Doherty. No one blames him for putting in his pocket all the money to which he is legally entitled. Most people would do that, and the exceptions are not many. But while this transaction may be legal, it shows that the law is liable to be abused. The underlying idea of a civil service pension is that the recipient has done all the work he could do for his Government; that he has reached a position in which either from age or illness he is no longer able to make a living; and the country has served to maintain him in comfort, to a greater or less degree, for the balance of his life. But Mr. Doherty declares he was perfectly well when he left the bench. There was no question of his illness at all, and the strenuous labors of his post-judicial life testify to the truth of his statement. This we cannot but consider an abuse of the pension system.

There are a great many people who do not believe in pensions for civil servants. They hold that a man who fills a Government appointment is better off than the ordinary employee of a private business. His work is not as a rule too heavy; his position is reasonably secure for life; he pays commensurately, without any delay or uncertainty; when business is slack he is not at all likely to be thrown out of his job; and he is not docked a week's pay

if he is ill. Such a one, they tell us, is far better able to save something for his old age than the ordinary clerk or mechanic. There are arguments on the other side, and we are not disposed just now to take sides. But it is transactions of the kind to which we have referred; it is these abuses of the superannuation system, which gives the best ground for opposition to the entire scheme, and justifies to a great extent those who think that the civil servant can look after his future just as well as any other person. If we are to have a superannuation law for the Dominion it should be for its legitimate purpose, and should not be so framed as to permit of abuses.

MORE STUPIDITY.

THE latest move of the German-Americans who are striving to drive the people of the United States into active sympathy for Germany, is the formation of a national organization every member of which is pledged to support and vote for candidates who promise to help put through legislation or projects favorable to Germany. The move is just another of the many blunders Germany and her friends have made in their attempt to get and hold American sympathy. In this case it has caused the greatest resentment with the general American public. American ideals, American training, are directly opposed to those of Germany. Nothing could be more hateful to an American than the "Kultur." Any movement aimed to sustain or spread Prussian imperialism, however indirect, is hostile to American sentiment. To the average American the special pleadings of Dr. Dernberg for the Kaiser are abhorrent. He cannot understand why one section of the community should be permitted to violate neutrality. He believes that no American of European extraction should be allowed to make a political issue of old-world grievances. The resentment and annoyance caused by these hypocritical Americans has caused many complaints to be placed before President Wilson. Perhaps the Administration at Washington will presently make an official statement that will show the rest of the world that American sentiment as a whole is hostile to attempts to arouse sympathy for Germany, or for any other belligerent.

Great Britain has been well advised in keeping out of this sort of thing. When the Germans and German-Americans started a platform and political campaign in the United States to win American support, it was proposed in some quarters that the British Government take measures to defend itself against the lying charges and misrepresentations of Bernstorff, Dernberg and their kind. It is now made clear that such an agitation would have been both unnecessary and harmful. The German Government through its specially appointed pleaders, and German-Americans, has failed to make out a case, and has aroused the animosity of the general public of the United States. It is just another case of the Teutonic dunghedness that since the outbreak of the war has so frequently played into the hands of the enemy.

WAR LITERATURE.

A RECENT article in the New York Nation protests that the authors have not risen to the war. "There has been much shouting and exhorting and posturing, but very little poetry; nor are the prose-makers much more successful." They are not "making clear to the world the inner meaning of its experiences."

Similarly, Edmund Gosse, writing in the Edinburgh Review, declares that poets failed at the time to express the significance of the great events in the Napoleonic wars. Waterloo, for example, was too much for Scott and Southey, and it was only after a year that Byron could render in the famous stanzas of Childe Harold the feelings occasioned by the victory. Mr. Gosse says that if the historical records of the great war were to perish, "it would be impossible for posterity to recover a coherent impression of the course of the war from the works of contemporary British poets." This is rather a novel idea of poetry, indeed, that it should form a chronicle of events, contemporary or otherwise! We are told that only when the "emotion" is remembered later in tranquillity can great and adequate expression be produced.

However, there are some exceptions, at least, to this rule, and perhaps this present war has not been even so far beyond barren of results in poetry and prose. Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" is filled with the tone of an instantaneous reaction from the poet's soul upon the news of Balaklava. He did the same sort of thing on a grander scale in his Ode on the burial of the Duke of Wellington. The "emotion" remembered in tranquillity of Southey's "Battle of Blenheim" is same compared with the race and fire of Campbell's "Hohenlinden," "Ye Mariners of England," and the "Battle of the Baltic," all composed in the time of the great war.

Another war song is Byron's "Tales of Greece," inspired by the opening of the Greek struggle for independence. Byron had also his fling at the port-drinking landlords who at home toasted the British armies to victory while they ground more rent out of the tenants and pushed through acts of Parliament for the inclosure of commons. That poem on "Rents," a savage, burning satire, is one of Byron's great efforts, if it was ever an effort for him to do anything.

Burns writing in his last years on phases of the war some stirring lyrics, to which reference was made in these columns the other day. The most startling and tremendous expression of the modern ideas of democracy and peace, "For a' that," was written to show that while a patriot and a volunteer in the home guard, and while disapproving the excesses of the French revolutionists, Burns remained true to his principles of equality and fraternity among all mankind. Cowper could be quoted, gentle as he

was. Milton had a sonnet or two to say in the time of the Civil War. And what of the present? Has anything been said?

In Germany the "Chant of Hate" seems to be ranked among the treasures of their lyric. It certainly seems at least to "make clear to the world the inner meaning" of German intentions towards Great Britain or any other people that may get in their way. In England, Lloyd George's speech has been the literary feature. Kipling and Watson have written some memorable lines, but the speech about pulling down "the road hog of Europe" is one of the world's masterpieces of oratory. That alone will serve to illustrate what the war could call forth from a truly great Britain, a world figure.

AGAINST THE LAWS OF HUMANITY.

THE WAR zone drawn by Germany around Great Britain and Ireland, if enforced, as Germany declares it will be, may bring other neutral nations into the conflict. Germany threatens, after the 18th of February, to destroy any vessels either of the enemy or neutral found within that zone, and without any guarantee for safety of passengers or crew. Inhuman such a threat undoubtedly is, but no more inhuman than the first act of the war, the attack on Belgium. But if in keeping with the first act, it is also proof that no place has yet been found for repentance. They are as murderously inclined now as when the war commenced. The laws of nations are all laws of humanity, and it follows that an act which shocks the public conscience, as this threatened blockade does, is contrary to the principles of civilization. Germany has put itself out of the zone of civilization by its continuous acts of murder and barbarity. The attack on Belgium, strewn the North Sea with mines, dropping bombs on Paris and other places, regardless of the destruction they might cause, and the killing of women and children on the English coast, are samples of inhumanity and barbarity that are revolting.

The result may be to draw more of the now neutral nations into the war. Holland will have a very difficult part to play, if it escapes. The United States would not take kindly to it if Germany sunk one of their ships, and so with all the other nations. The threat may be largely a bluff, thrown out with the desire of obtaining the help of neutral nations to bring about peace. The whole world realizes that the German people are fighting desperately to maintain a form of government, the abolition of which would mean a new world, and a much better one for all Germany. The Allies' success would bring more good to Germany than any other nation engaged in the great war.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

These days it looks as if Great Britain were also ruling the air waves.

Germany shows many symptoms of having reached the dying effort stage.

The Kaiser is wearing an air of deep depression. Perhaps the war bread is getting in its deadly work.

General French praises the "Fats," and he will find that the Eighteenth will carry along the same pace when they reach the front.

Leading British authors are talking of a joint answer to Bernhardt. The best answer to Bernhardt is the daily progress of the war.

Kipling says that if they had had more the British troops could do five miles a day when on the march. Utilize meters to eat up the metres, as it were.

The Turkish minister, Talat Bey, says that Germany was not responsible for Turkey entering the war. Well, he is throwing away an alibi that might come in handy some of these days.

German ferocity is quite capable of sinking a merchant ship of an enemy without inquiring as to what becomes of the crew or passengers, but to do it to a neutral ship is ferocity tinged with madness.

GLEANINGS.

I love the world with all its brave endeavor.
I love its winds, its suns and sands.
But, oh, I love most deeply and forever
The clinging touch of chubby little hands.

Naught but the endless hills dim, far and blue,
And sighing wind, and sailing cloud, and nobody here but you.
—James W. Steel.

WEAKENING.

[Detroit Free Press.]
In some things I am young and spry
There's still some rubber in my step,
Nor would I ever hint that I
Do not possess my old-time pep.
I'm just as keen for honest fun
As what I ever used to be.
And when there's call to be done
It still can safely call on me:
Yet age, beyond the slightest chance
Upon the frame of me is sneaking.
Along about the fifteenth dance
I find that I've begun to weaken.

No grey hair glitters in my head,
No curve has started in my spine,
Each morning when I quit my bed
I feel superbly fit and fine.
Of course, I am no scrobbler.
No strong man in a vaudeville show,
But I have no superfluous fat
And I can take or give a blow.
And yet this is a circumstance
That tells me I am getting grave,
I no more wait dawn's rosy-red-time,
Along about the fifteenth dance
I find that I've begun to waver.

Time was that I could hold the floor
Until the misty break of day,
I was the last one through the door
To start upon the homeward way.
Folks I thought was some disease
That only came to grey, old men
And crippled them below the knees.
But I was young and foolish then.
And now I find whenever I praise
Along about the fifteenth dance
I tell the mist that it's bedtime.

THE ATTACK.

"George!" she cried. "George! Don't shoot!"
She started back and dropped the

DAILY WAR PUZZLE



Convalescent. Find two more wounded men.
ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.—Upside down at left elbow. Upper left corner down at right shoulder.

OUR POETS OF WESTERN ONTARIO

A LION IN THE WAY.

They came out from their close retreat,
The chosen wing of a vaunted fleet,
Expecting that they could repeat,
On helpless babes, their wrath.

And thus the world would be appalled,
The foe in terror be enthralled,
Then suddenly the lookout called,
"A Lion's in the path."

"A Lion! A Lion! What shall we do?
Ach Gott! In Himmel, a Tiger, too,
Turn quickly for they will pursue.
For home, away, away."

They turned away in panic flight,
They had no stomach for the fight,
On babes they could not vent their spite.
"Twas not The Day, The Day."

They said resistance would be vain
Against the Lion and his train.
"We'll never reach our home again
Unless we take great heed."

And so they go in desperate fear,
Calling to crews and engineer.
"The Lion fleet is drawing near,
More speed, more speed, more speed."

The Lion came, with rending roar,
The Tiger, too, did broadside pour.
And some were sunk to rise no more.
Until the Judgment Morn.

And some escaped across their line,
And guarded there by fort and mine.
All further combat did decline;
Objects of deepest scorn.

Back through the hole, their course retrace,
And when they reach their naval base,
Trying to explain their dire disgrace,
They to their rulers say:

"We tried to go, but were beset
By foes, the strongest, fiercest yet,
No babes were killed because we met
A Lion in the way."

Sarnia, Ontario. G. J. A. CRAWFORD.

PRESS COMMENT ON THE WAR

CARLYLE ADMIRE GERMANY, BUT—
[Montreal Daily Mail.]

Thomas Carlyle lived before the days of the Wolff Press Bureau, but, judging from a remark he dropped in conversation with Charles Elliot Norton, the character of the German war news would not have surprised him. "I don't suppose a man was ever more weary of a task than I was of my 'Frederick the Great,'" he told Norton. "It was a good ten years' work, and from the beginning it was vexation of the spirit and weariness of the flesh. It was good hard drudgery—sifting most of a monstrous accumulation of lies—and of the nations the German lies with the most scrupulous and detail."

TREAT PIRATES AS PIRATES.
[New York Herald.]

Germans complain that there is against them a conspiracy of international law and American sentiment. They declare they are being outrageously treated.

There may be some persons who have powder puffed to the floor. A little cloud of pink face powder rose into the air, and they might start back and drop her powder puff.

That face, that leering face looking down on her with its silly grin!

That useless weapon in his hand!

"George!" she cried hysterically. He replied only with a widening of that silly grin, and slowly levelled his weapon.

"George!" she screamed. "Don't shoot!"

She might as well have appealed to a stone wall. Nay, an iron, a brass one!

TURKEY THE BUTTER-IN.

[Toronto Star.]

They say there's a fuss in the Caucasus and the Turk is on the run. For they chivy him forth from south to north, from dawn to set of sun.

Well, we shed no tear, for the tales we hear, at his merited fate we grin.

O'er his plight we gloat—let him be the goal—for he's only a butter-in.

It was not his fight—"tis the truth we write—and his Empire's tale is told.

For his chance he missed when he couldn't resist the clink of German gold.

When the lion and bear his carcass tore, and they nail to the wall the skin, He will learn too late the unpleasant fate of the luckless butter-in.

They will settle the score for evermore, and his bloody rule will end. Too late he'll learn 'twas not wise to turn on Britain, his steadfast friend.

He has had his fun, but his race is run, for the Fates their web they spin.

And destruction waits at his Empire's gates—the fate of the butter-in.

IN HIS OWN COIN.
There is a good story told of a minister visiting a French and military hospital, in which two Part-



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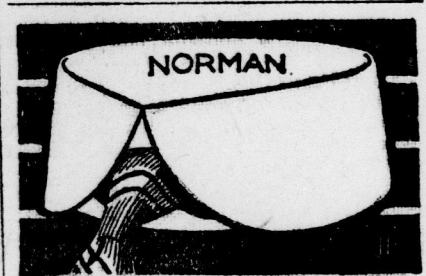
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