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WAR AND HOME.

THE terrible nature of war is most felt where human life is most sacred—the home. One of the dispatches to the New York Herald describes the mourning in Berlin. Half the city is draped in black. Among the mourners is the former imperial chancellor, whose brother, Count Von Bulow, was killed at Liege.

"The shadow of the calamitous losses is over the entire city," wrote the correspondent. "Princess Von Lippe, at the Hotel Cumberland, received a telegram at Durne one evening informing her that her two sons had fallen at Liege. Forgetting that she was a princess in a public dining room, she sobbed aloud. Only one word passed her lips—'Dead!' Later the princess was informed that her two brothers had been killed at Charleroi."

"In Dorotheen Strasse the general staff has opened an information bureau. Piteous scenes are of hourly occurrence, so much so that Dorotheen Strasse is called the Valley of Tears."

"Despair has seized the city. Unless the general staff can soon announce a great victory and give convincing proof that the news is true, there will emerge from the horrid-stricken depths a revolt such as few nations have known."

Consider how many homes in all the countries of the civilized world are "horror-stricken." Consider Belgium, as innocent of causing the war as Canada, with thousands of homes destroyed by the German soldiers. Consider England—"the stately homes of England"—Scotland, "loved at home, revered abroad"—and Ireland, with hearts as kind as any in the world. They all share a grief as deep as any Berlin will have to bear. France, Russia, Serbia—more than half the civilized world is compelled to join the ranks of the "horror-stricken." The destroying angel is no respecter of nations or homes. "Pale death knocks with equal step at the palace of the rich and the cottage of the poor." In our ordinary life and when its step is hastened by the grim monster war, it strikes out right and left regardless of rich and poor, titled and untitled, guilty or innocent—all share the same fate.

Nowhere has it been suggested that the German people are to blame. It is the system of their Government or the Kaiser that is pointed out as the cause. When the war is over Germany will likely be a republic. The price the world has paid to change Germany's form of Government will be a colossal one, so colossal that the "horror-stricken" world that remains will be compelled to work for years to pay.

CURB THE TONGUE.

THE Minister of Militia has issued a rather lengthy circular defining the regular volunteer force of Canada from charges of cowardice. It seems that some people have been criticizing officers in the force, who they say have been strutting around in time of peace with furs and feathers, but who now that there is a demand for their services at war, are not responding to the call. That criticism of this kind has been uttered is possible, though we have not heard it. And that there may be a few cases in which it is justified is also possible. Very probably there are a few officers in the regular army who are very valiant in peace time, and who would be only too glad to do home duty when they are called to active service.

But we doubt if the number in any case is more than a bare fraction. We have no reason to suppose that there are any of these carpet soldiers around this neighborhood. It is easy for some thoughtless critic, when he sees a volunteer officer in his own locality, to get off a little cheap shot at his expense. But usually he does not know what he is talking about. There may be special reasons why the party criticized did not go to the front. We know of cases where volunteer officers have offered their services, but have been refused, because they have not been up to the mark physically. The medical test for active service is far more rigid than for the ordinary volunteer force in peace time, more rigid than any one knows who has not submitted to it. And there may be other reasons in individual cases—domestic and business—which prevent a man offering for service though he may be exceedingly anxious to do so. It will become those who are not doing anything themselves attempting to criticize others, or casting reflections which, or all they know, may be quite undeserved.

But while we advise all home critics to curb their tongues, there are other people who might take the same advice. The Minister of Militia himself is inclined to talk more than is necessary. We are all political opponents as well as friends, ready to give him

credit for his energy in these dangerous days. He has worked and worked effectively in mobilizing the Canadian troops, and we give him all due praise for it. Lord Kitchener also works well, but he does not talk quite so much. Col. Hughes' defense of our volunteers is all right, though perhaps hardly necessary. Their critics are few and obscure, and do not deserve notice. Thousands of people throughout the country would never have known that anybody was finding fault if the Colonel had not told us.

Further, his advice to anybody criticized to answer his critic by personal assault is not very discreet. That, approximately too nearly to the German military policy—authorizing a soldier to answer an offensive word with a blow. We do not want that sort of thing here. In this special case to which the Colonel refers we do not know the particulars. The criticism offered may have been quite unjust. We will assume that it was. And the assault, being provoked, may have been the natural response of a man justly indignant. Admitting all that, the assault was still an offense against the civil law. And while the Minister of Militia might think it justifiable he is unwise when he condones it in a public utterance, giving the offender his blessing and recommending others to follow his example.

In times like these, it is well for people, both high and low, to curb their tongues, to do their duty faithfully, whether on the field or at home, and say as little about it as possible.

ART TREASURES ARE IMPERILED.

LOVERS of the beautiful tremble when they think of what may happen to the art treasures of Europe through the war. Are palaces, cathedrals, picture galleries to go down before torch and shell as the tide of war sweeps through the ancient cities and towns of Belgium, France and Prussia? Already the historic cathedral and chimneys at Malines have been destroyed, and reports from Louvain, a large part of which was burned by the Prussians, say that buildings, noble of architecture and rich in historic interest, have been razed. The damage to Liege by the German siege guns must have been great and in the art museum are paintings of Rubens, Corot, Daubigny and Manet. In architecture, sculpture and painting there are priceless treasures at Aix, Namur, Chalons and Verdun. Chalons especially is likely to suffer heavily, as it is directly in the road of the German advance and the fiercest. One of the most beautiful Gothic cathedrals of Europe is in Chalons, and the chances of its escaping injury, if not destruction, are very small. Rheims, Amiens and Troyes are also famed for castles, palaces and cathedrals that have figured in song and story, and all are within the fighting zone. The aesthetic as well as the industrial will be dealt a severe blow by the war.

Remember Liege, Paris, and do as well!

"On to Paris" is synonymous with "On to death."

Asquith's call to arms is heard by a united empire.

If the Czar drops the "berg" from Lemberg it will be a cold deal.

With Christmas looming up, the tatting brigade will soon begin to mobilize.

Yes, Alphonse, Hamilton "has 'em" too. We mean airships, of course.

The battlefield has yet to yield a tale of the twentieth century man's cowardice.

A home guard, with every citizen understanding how to use a rifle, is the right idea.

At pessimistic m.m.n.s. remember that Jellicoe, Beatty & Co. are still doing business at the old stand.

New Brunswick has donated potatoes for the British armies. "German tried" should be popular at the front.

Parisian sharpshooters brought down two German aeroplanes. That's a pretty fair bag for so early in the season.

It's up to Pottersburg to show its appreciation of Russia's aid in the war by spelling it "Pottersgrad" hereafter.

Always remember this: The worse defeats suffered by English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh the more terrible becomes their determination.

The Germans are living off the land as they go, and they are doing it so thoroughly that there will be nothing left for the return trip.

The deposed Sultan Hamid of Turkey used to be known as the "Devil's Deputy." Since going into exile his mantle appears to have fallen on another monarch's shoulders.

Dispatches tell of a Boy Scout of Liege who captured eleven German spies, killed one Uhlan and captured another, all the time suffering from a broken arm. Sounds like a Henty book.

Irvin Cobb, the noted American humorist, who is acting as a war correspondent, has been arrested by the Germans. No doubt he sees the fun in the situation, but he should be careful, as many a man has laughed himself to death, and we can't afford to lose Cobb.

King Albert of Belgium once worked as a reporter in Brussels. Perhaps he is Tolstoy's "Man of the North," who will prove the man of destiny in the war, according to the Russian Philosopher, he will be a journalist. Anyway, Albert shows a fancy for a fast fight, and with 200,000 men at his back may turn the tide against the Germans.

--and the Worst Is Yet to Come



St. Wellington

American Reporters Describe Scenes in Germany and France

Women, College Students and Children Gathering Harvest in Germany.
A Night Trip Through the Villages of France—Everyone On the Alert.

BY W. H. NEVISON.
 [Special Correspondence, via Switzerland.]

BERLIN, Aug. 28.—Up and down the pavements and the central garden avenue the Berlin people now pace all day and some of the night. They are far from the favorites, but sometimes one makes a speech.

Every now and then a band of young students and girls go singing down the street waving flags and pushing through the crowd.

They sing Germany's great national songs, "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles." One of the most beautiful Gothic cathedrals of Europe is in Chalons, and the chances of its escaping injury, if not destruction, are very small.

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Wild Scenes in Streets of St. Petersburg When Germany Declared War on Russia

[From London Daily News.]
 [By Denis Garstin.]
 Mr. Garstin, who went to Nijni Novgorod to describe the septennial fair for the Daily News, is the first English correspondent to return with news of the Russian preparations against the early incidents that were associated with the declaration of war in the land of the Czar. He reached London last night, after an exciting thirteen days' journey through Finland, South Lapland, Sweden and Denmark, and he is writing for the Daily News of the stirring scenes that followed the mobilization of the Russian forces.

We were sitting in the correspondent's flat in Petersburg, waiting, as ever, for news. But instead of news we heard only rumors—rumors that the Germans had landed at Libau and were concentrating on Petersburg, that Poland was in the enemy's hands, that England had declared war, and had sunk the German fleet, and that England had backed out of her promises, and that we would have to bear the brunt of our country's secession.

Rafferty, the Petersburg correspondent, has a way of jerking out his sentences like news paragraphs; his wife screams out the big-type headlines; and as Rafferty is one of the most reliable sources of information in Russia, his conversation almost reads like an "inspired" announcement.

"The rate of living increases daily," said his wife. "Although war has only been declared three days," said Rafferty, "the price of food has gone up 25 per cent. The sale of vodka is entirely prohibited, while it is difficult to obtain any form of intoxicant."

"There's the telephone," said his wife, running to it.

"Mob Attacks Embassy," his wife burst in with the news. In a minute or two we had jumped into droshkies and were jolting over the rough, cobbled streets towards St. Isaac's Square.

When we arrived we found the entire square facing the cathedral filled with an immense crowd, all so intently staring at the German embassy that "even a blind man would know which way they're looking," someone said. We arrived during a silence, but soon, as a breaker boomed down an oblique shore, a huge roar rose in the distance and thundered through the crowd. The roar was the only definite thing we had heard for days, and, coming from such a crowd of Slavs, who can give their homes, their peace, their lives, and joyfully, for a cause, we were caught in the swirl of excitement and roared too.

Then we looked to see what had occasioned the outburst. Facing us, in emboldened contrast to the crowd, stood the embassy, a huge building, after the new Buckingham Palace style, but simpler and more severe, crested with a group of enormous statues, representing two horses, with two men standing by them—massive, imposing, and exceedingly ugly. "These figures represent the strength of our Fatherland," someone said. "The year is 1914, and now the Russians, roaring their applause, were all straining a tip-toe towards that statue, howling, mocking, yelling, 'like wolves,' someone said. The year is 1914, and now the Russians, roaring their applause, were all straining a tip-toe towards that statue, howling, mocking, yelling, 'like wolves,' someone said.

Then they told us more about a mysterious German automobile—"152 B.B.," which is said to be dashing through France at night, loaded with a charge of dreadful new explosive, a charge of which would destroy Paris.

At Montreuil the mayor and the village schoolmaster, advancing bravely to our terrifying car, suddenly present revolvers. "Hands up!" is the shout. Up go our hands, while beyond the chain drawn across the street the few remaining inhabitants watch the proceedings with interest. Again the American passport—the blessed talisman carries us past.

The mayor unbends, the revolver disappears, and we hear more of the fearsome 152 B.B., more and more as they stop us at each village.

The mysterious auto is laden with melinite for the destruction of the railway bridges; it is burdened with spies who have killed children; it is anything you like, and the authorities want it. The villagers wait for no instructions.

It occurs to one village that they have a railway. It may only go from the brickworks to a side line, but the railway must be guarded. It is this spirit of initiative which has made France what she is; it is the spirit of national service; which even defeat cannot crush.

Were Gambetta alive today he would have seen the realization of his ideal of a nation in arms, anti-militarists and royalists are flocking to the standard of France.

The miner, the ploughboy, the deputy, the minister—they are all in arms. The women, too, are helping in the preparation of hospitals, in the tending of the children left behind. They are taking the place of the men on the railways in the Government offices.

They are doing it gallantly for France, but in all their activity their minds are waiting—waiting for news from where death and hell reign—the firing line.

They crowd round the Matin offices on the boulevard, they rush for the newspapers, but they learn little. They must wait.

France has made up her mind to wait. She is prepared for reverses in Belgium, for apparent triumphs of the enemy in Russia. She sees victory at the end and is prepared to wait.

What is Kitchener doing? (Detroit Journal.)

What is Great Britain doing? What is Lord Kitchener, the greatest of living soldiers, doing in Great Britain?

If we had to reckon only with the French and German armies we could conclude at once that the French are losing.

If Kitchener really strikes as he struck at Omdurman and in South Africa to save desperate situations, this desperate French situation may be saved.

Kitchener is a man not of words, but of action. A few weeks ago he said vaguely that 2,000,000 men were needed. Since then he has not said a word.

And the London press, who shares Kitchener's secrecy, have said nothing about what is going on in England. Yet Kitchener has been at work.

The Germans will not fret if Kitchener means to wait for Sepoys, who never did and never will make a showing in war against white men.

They will not worry if Kitchener means to wait for the brave but distant Canadians and Australians.

But what if Kitchener means to raise 2,000,000 English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh? What if he should suddenly train this force before the Germans on the fields of France, as suddenly as Marlborough appeared at Blenheim, as suddenly as the cavalry of Napoleon flashed out of the Alpine passes into Italy?

All our reckoning on the war in France is based on the visible German, French, Belgian and British expeditionary factors. The invisible factor is Kitchener.

The unknown quantity is, What is Kitchener doing? Something?

Convoys by Cruisers

A passenger on the Carmania, which reached Fishguard on Thursday night, sends us the following account of the exciting trip:

"We left New York on July 27. It was generally known that the Carmania was carrying nearly three millions sterling in gold for the Bank of England, and though war had not then been declared the possibilities were not absent from our minds. Capt. Barr, the famous Commander of the Cunard fleet, was in charge.

"Three days passed without incident. Then, in longitude 40 degrees west, the news reached us by wireless that we were at war with Germany. There was perturbation and anxiety among us, naturally, especially when the information trickled through that the German cruiser Dresden was coming up from the south in our direction. We were reassured, however, by the news that we were to have a convoy. On the afternoon of August 2 all glasses were turned towards a vessel sighted on the port bow, which, to our great relief, proved to be a British cruiser. She 'talked' at us with her searchlight, the flashes being quite clear, though it was bright afternoon. Presently another of the 'silent, formidable shapes' loomed up, and for the rest of the voyage we had two cruisers for company. By night they followed close behind, the flashlights going incessantly and twinkling comfort to the anxious passengers.

"Lights Out."

"All the next day the two grey monsters kept their silent vigil, and the constant passage of flag and searchlight signals between the vessels was watched with the keenest interest by the passengers. The wireless operators were kept very busy until on the fifth day the order was made by a German cruiser, 'cease working wireless.' The explanation was that messages might be intercepted, and also that from the strength of her signals an enemy vessel would have received material assistance in judging the Carmania's position. Later the same day a rumor spread that possibly an attack would be made by a German cruiser, and the signal was received to screen all lights. The decks were in complete darkness, all windows were screened with heavy tarpaulins, and a faint light was visible from the outside.

The night was misty and damp, extra watches had been stationed, and Capt. Barr with his officers kept the bridge as hour after hour passed. We could see the tops of the masts of one of the cruisers after another.

"Day broke, and we realized that we had managed to elude the enemy. Land was sighted ahead on Thursday, and we passed the Fastnet; but not until the flag which signalled 'Channel clear, no enemy' was seen flying from the station high up on the cliffs, was the tension really relieved."

BOGUS PATRIOTISM.

To the Editor of the Advertiser.—It is to be hoped that Canadian manufacturers and their friends will not be so selfish or so unwise as to seek to take advantage of the present crisis to create a boycott against all foreign goods.

It would seem fairly reasonable and not unjust to boycott German and Austrian goods, at least in so far as so doing we were not doing ourselves the greater injury. But to boycott goods made in Britain, or France, or Belgium, countries which are fighting in our cause and against our enemies, or goods made in the United States, a country in active sympathy with us, this surely would be the height of ingratitude and selfishness. What a fine opinion, to be sure, the British and French, the Belgians and the Americans, would have of us if we adopted these selfish or foolish suggestions! Let us have no more of such talk.

Yours,
 CANADIAN.

What Germany and Austria Have Lost in Canada

[From the Canadian Gazette.]

The boasted export trade of Germany is dead. German or Austrian merchant ships on the high seas have either been captured by British warships or are sheltering where they can. Hence the sale of German and Austrian goods to Canada is cut off, while England's merchant ships are still ploughing the high seas. Here, then, is the chance of the British manufacturer and merchant. Assisted by the British preference in the Canadian tariff he can step in and secure this suspended Continental trade. We give the details:

What German No Longer Sells to Canada.

The Canadian imports from Germany amounted in 1912-13 to \$14,500,000, and included:

Cotton manufactures, \$1,040,000 (including socks and stockings, \$442,000; lace, white or cream colored, \$227,000).
 Drugs, dyes, chemicals, etc., \$750,000 (including aniline and coal-tar dyes, etc., \$225,000).

Earthenware, etc., \$343,000 (including tableware, \$301,000).
 Electric apparatus, \$112,000.
 Fancy goods, \$1,128,000 (including lace, lace collars, etc., \$198,000; toys, \$334,000).

Fur skins, wholly or partially dressed, \$377,000.
 Fur skins, not dressed, \$1,204,000.
 Glass and manufactures of, \$256,000.
 Gloves and mittens, \$330,000.
 Jewellery, \$175,000.
 Iron and steel and manufactures of, \$124,000 (including cutlery, \$400,000; machinery, \$282,000; locomotive and

car wheel tyres, \$326,000; tubing, \$340,000).
 Zinc and manufactures of, \$340,000.
 Lamps, side-lights, head-lights, etc., \$178,000.
 Musical instruments, \$193,000.
 Paints and colors, \$231,000.
 Paper and manufactures of, \$283,000.
 Silk and manufactures of, \$275,000.
 Sugar, \$310,000.
 Tobacco and manufactures, \$186,000.
 Woolen manufactures, \$1,080,000 (knitted goods, including knitted underwear, \$104,000; outside garments for women and children, \$148,000; clothing, \$330,000; fabrics, \$285,000).

What Austrian No Longer Sells to Canada.

The Canadian imports from Austria-Hungary amounted in 1912-13 to \$1,700,000, and included:

Breadstuffs, \$295,000.
 Butters, 76,000.
 Cotton manufactures, 56,000.
 Dyes, chemicals, etc., 74,000.
 Tableware of china, etc., 25,000.
 Electric apparatus, 36,000.
 Fancy goods, 90,000.
 Glass and manufactures of, 53,000.
 Gloves and mittens, 45,000.
 Jewellery, 45,000.
 Iron and steel, and manufactures of, 23,000.
 Lamps, side-lights, head-lights, etc., 145,000.
 Silk fabrics, 174,000.
 Tobacco, pipes, pipe mounts, etc., 153,000.
 Furniture, 23,000.
 Woolen manufactures, 83,000.

Stephens' Ink
 is just as good
 for fountain
 pens as for
 ordinary nibs.

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 W. G. M. SHEPHERD,
 Drummond Building, Montreal,
 Sole Agent for Canada.