

The Weather

When not otherwise designated, it's raining.

The Whizz-Bang

Published Every Little While
Somewhere in Leamington

Motto

The horse that draws
the plow should eat the
corn and fodder.

VOL. 1, NO. 1

LEAMINGTON, ONTARIO

JULY, 1917

Nevermore shall Sir "Wilful" be known as the "White-plumed Orator," but always hereafter as the man who traded the honor and glory won by Canadian soldiers

FOR THE VOTES OF THE SLACKER, THE PACIFIST AND PRO-GERMAN

WHEN THE TROOPS RETURN

Premier Borden's memorable plea for Canadian conscription thundered in a climax of patriotic power when he exclaimed:

"God speed the day when the gallant men who are protecting and defending us will return to the land they love so well!

"If we do not pass this measure, if we do not provide reinforcements, if we do not keep our plighted faith, with what countenance shall we meet them?"

"If what are left of 400,000 such men come back to Canada, with fierce resentment and even rage in their hearts, conscious that they have been deserted and betrayed, how shall we face them when they ask the reason?"

The Premier spoke to a nation that has been watching and worrying over the slackers, and the members of Parliament who are not ashamed to line up with the slackers. He tellingly turned the people's gaze away from these little souls towards the me in the scorched trenches.

And by the same token he turns the gaze of these men in the trenches toward the politicians of Ottawa. Those anti-conscription timeservers, bargaining for votes at the expense of the Empire and civilization, are now watched by eyes that have been strained along the German battle-line.

Those eyes have seen comrades drop writhing under the lung-scorching poison of gas. They have seen their comrades take Vimy ridge, first covering it with corpses and blood. They have seen their friends and brothers laid away in the field cemetery within the Ypres salient—and they now see where the members of Parliament stand.

It will not be forever before those boys stand in Berlin, or wherever Fate decides the German chieftains shall yield their swords. And it will be a short, swift journey from Berlin back to Ontario. In those days the

boys who reckoned with von Hindenburg will reckon with those who would strengthen von Hindenburg by weakening the Canadian force.

Poor little politicians, trading Canada's glory for a few slacker votes! Playing a cheap ward game of politics when civilization is at stake! How much afraid of retirement they are now—but how eagerly they will rush into hiding, into oblivion, when the Khaki Majority comes home!

SELFISH MEN RESPONSIBLE FOR A WAR-TIME ELECTION

"There is only one alternative policy to winning the war, and that is winning elections. That is the only alternative. If we analyze this thing to the bottom we cannot ignore the fact that this election is being forced at this time by the refusal of extension, not with a view to helping on the war for the honor of Canada and the Empire, but with a view of exchanging the people in office for those opposed to them, and with a view to securing the fruits of office. In other words, those who are notoriously doing the least to win the war are forcing this country into the turmoil of a general election, when the world and all that is best in it is being animated by a spirit of service, of sacrifice and unselfishness for the most selfish of reasons—to satisfy petty personal ambitions when the fate of the world is at stake. I, for one, hesitate to stand forth as one of a group of the only selfish men to be found in the British Empire or in the civilized world to-day."—Dr. Michael Clark, Liberal member for Red Deer.

OF COURSE SIR WILFUL WOULDN'T AGREE TO THIS

If it is possible, soon after conscription goes into effect and the manpower is available, those men of Canada's First Division who have been

at the front since March, 1915, should be given a holiday. They should be permitted to return to Canada for a month or two at the Government's expense. Probably the number of men with the First Division before and since those memorable days at Ypres do not exceed a few thousands. The least we can do for them is to give them a rest, but to do this it is necessary to have the reinforcements to take their places at the front. The desirability of extending this recognition to the veterans of Canada's Army should be acknowledged by the Government and should be one of the first fruits of conscription. If a special effort is made, those soldiers of Ypres who are still in the fighting line should be able to spend next Christmas in their homes. There is no doubt that a suggestion of this kind would meet with the cordial approval of Sir Arthur Currie, provided the necessary reinforcements were forthcoming. The survivors of the First Division deserve a rest from their labors and a grateful country should pay this small tribute to their courage, endurance and the manner in which they have shed lustre on the name of Canada.

IN THREE MONTHS

(From the Chicago Herald.)

In three months the United States has authorized the expenditure of \$7,000,000,000, subscribed \$3,000,000,000 to a single bond issue, and lent \$1,300,000,000 to its allies; registered nearly 10,000,000 men of age for service; gathered in volunteers for army and navy; undertaken and carried into effect the rigid and scientific training of 30,000 for officers; transported an army of 20,000 or more 3,000 miles and placed it in France without the loss of a man; put a great fleet in active service; organized food and fuel control, and practically formulated a bill to raise nearly \$2,000,000,000 in one year by taxation.

WHO CAN WRITE

BEST WAR STORY

Wherein an Attempt Is Made to Show Mr. Creel Better Work by Other Swivel Chair War Correspondents.

(George Creel, censor-in-chief of the United States, now admits that the glowing report of the great victory of the American fleet over submarines was written by himself for publication on July Fourth to stir up patriotism. He says it was "elaborated" from "cryptic" reports sent by the commander. Officers of the fleet two days later declared there had been no fight, that no submarines were seen. Secretary Daniels denies this denial, and the denials of Daniels are now being denied by other denials.)

The following story is written to show that others can write just as good copy sitting safely in the office as Mr. Creel can. Anybody can write swell stories when not handicapped by facts.)

SOMEWHERE, SOMEPLACE, SOMEHOW (Not Delayed a Second by Any Censors, Because It Was Never Sent From Any Place)

A terrific battle ensued here yesterday afternoon, with American troops again triumphant.

The battle began when a flock of submarines tried to attack a troop ship. The brave American laddies saw the swarm of submarines surrounding them, and at a signal all dived overboard and attacked the submarines with corkscrews that had once been used for other things in the United States navy.

All the U-boats were nailed in this manner as rapidly as they came to the surface. The German commanders were nonplussed, not to say obfuscated at the Americans' daring. They petulantly demanded what the American soldiers were doing in the water boring holes in their nice new U-boats, and it is reported that several of them got so impertinent that they were beaten up by the brave Yankee lads before they could be placed in irons.

German commanders complain bitterly against the trickery of the Americans. They charge that the troopers have sneaked up on them in the night and painted pictures of warships on the glass of their periscopes and that this has led them repeatedly to run half way round the world in the belief they were chasing an enemy before learning of the dirty trick played on them.

The American troops were able to accomplish these wonders in capturing the whole fleet of submarine vessels because of a wonderful invention of Major Bloodboil, of North Carolina, a close friend of Secretary Daniels, who has given the world a combination flying ship and submarine.

This boat is called the Sea-Gull-Shark. It flies over the water watching, watching, watching for U-boats, and when it sees the shadowy form

of one floating underneath the waves it swoops down on it. By jerking a lever on the downward flight the craft is changed into a submersible and has been known to chase a U-boat thousands of feet under water.

The Sea-Gull-Shark noticed the fleet of U-boats coming, and after sounding the cry of alarm gave chase to one. The brave American troops were in readiness as a result of this warning, and just as the boats came to the surface they dived as one man into the water with their corkscrews in their mouths.

"Make 'em look like Swiss cheese," cried Capt. Harold Hoofinger as he gave the command, for the boring-in tactics.

"But, Cap," spoke up Lieut. Bob Wire, "The Swiss have no navy."

"Neither will Germany have a navy if George Creel's typewriter can last a few days longer," was the gallant response. "Men, you may bore when ready."

The fight was a short and merry one. The enemy, taken completely by surprise, did not understand what it was all about until the water began pouring into their U-boats through the cork screw holes.

"Ah," said Commander Haasenpfeffer of the U-naughty-sixteen. "There must be a leak somewhere."

Capt. Hoofinger, American commander, wired Secretary Daniels at the close of the engagement:

"You may say without fear of successful contradiction that we have bored the enemy and they are ours, in fact they seem insufferably bored."

So complete was the American victory that it is now believed there is not a U-boat left in, under or on the seas. American ingenuity and a twin six typewriter have triumphed.

If Censor George Creel's ribbon doesn't break and the letters stay in place—which they don't do on this machine—the whole war ought to be over in a few days now.

ANONYMOUS

I get some fierce communications about my warlike rhymes; my talks about the scrapping nations, it seems, are simply crimes. "If you're so fond of red disaster, why don't you go and fight, and Europe's plains with carnage plaster?" Thus many people write. And some are men who thus assail me, and some are worthy dames, and in one thing they never fail me—they do not sign their names. I've had a thousand bitter letter's since first this war uprose, from readers who are chronic fretters 'cause we must come to blows. They talk as though they'd like to jail me for boosting warlike games; and in one thing they do not fail me—they never sign their names. Oh, readers of this moral paper, this clean, uplifting sheet, if you don't like my daily caper, jump on me with both feet. But be good sports, and when you're jumping, let me know who you are; it will inspire me when I'm humping to write new songs of war. With caustic words you lam and whale me, as I toil in my hames; and in one thing you never fail me—you do not sign your names.

THE FOURTH OF JULY IN BERLIN

Berlin, July 4.—An enthusiastic celebration of the Fourth of July was held here to-day.

The exercises were opened at dawn with a salute of 21 strafes for England, after which the Committee on Incendiariam burned Uncle Sam in effigy.

One of the most spirited contests was the potato race. The successful contestant was he who could find the potato.

A contest between machine gun squads took place to see which squad could put the most bullets in the Declaration of Independence at a given distance. Other features:

Guessing contest. When will we win the war?

Sack race, in which soldier teams contested to show which could sack a miniature city in quickest time.

Barrel (house) race. (To).
Fireworks display, showing Prussian heaven.

(Note—Owing to the scarcity of fats and oils it was decided not to have the climbing the greased pole contest).

(Note.—For a similar reason and owing to the added fact that one could not be found there was no greased pig chase).

READY—WHEN WANTED

The following stirring prose, poem by W. J. Lampton in the New York Herald, has an inspiring strain, and if it correctly represents the attitude of the male population of the United States foretells a tremendous effort.

Up from the coasts and hills of Maine, where the spruce gum is a source of gain, where the ice crops in the rivers grow and the pine woods' splendor hide in snow—every man is ready! Down in the solemn Everglades in the orange orchards' pleasant shades, by the rivers still and dark and deep, where the lazy alligators sleep—every man is ready! Off in the Texas cotton fields, where the plains stretch out and far away from the dawn to the going down of day—every man is ready! There in the big, strong Keystone State, whose brawn and mettle have made her great, where the sturdy miner and millhand give to labor the heart that makes it live—every man is ready! Out in the blizzardous, cold Northwest, where the zero weather will stand the test, where the tops of the mountains scrape the skies and the wheat fields yield their golden prize—every man is ready! Out on the California strand, where the sun shines soft on a promised land, where the roses bloom and the hillsides laugh with the fruit whose blood the gods may quaff—every man is ready! Still on, to the Puget country, where the mountains loom through the misty air, where the great primeval forests stand as sentinels that guard the land—every man is ready! Up in the fields where the daisies bloom, down in the city's dingiest room, out on the plains or in the hills, deep in the mines or in the mills, from everywhere they're answering strong for right against the Prussian wrong, that every many is ready!

CANADIANS FAVOR

CONSCRIPTION

The Canadian press, outside of the Province of Quebec, strongly supports conscription. Here are the views of some of the papers:

The belief is general that the Government's intention is to go to the country with conscription as its rallying cry—that it never intended to do more than pass the bill and then seek the peoples approval of the measure.—Hamilton Times.

If this war goes on Canada will have not merely compulsory military service, but national service, involving man power, money power, moral power, industrial power and every other kind of power that can be utilized.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

The time for talk has passed. It is time to vote. If the debate were prolonged into midsummer not a vote would be changed. Every member has decided how he will vote, and further talk would be mere waste of time.—Hamilton Herald.

What the country is anxious for now is not speeches but actions. Let Parliament get down to business; let it do what it intends to do, and the country will be glad to take the speech-making for granted.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

What stands in the way of forming a coalition government for the effective enforcement of conscription and of other win-the-war measures? If it is not partyism, what is it? The people have a right to ask and to be satisfactorily answered.—Brantford Expositor.

No matter what mistakes have been made, no matter who has made them; the duty of the hour is to send immediate help to our men on the battlefield. We sent them there, and it is only because of their heroic work since they went that we are privileged to still enjoy our freedom. No delay, even for a referendum, will excuse the Canadian Parliament nor the Canadian people.—Forest Free Press.

It is the essence of reality to say that our armies at the front will be destroyed unless they are reinforced from home, or are protected by the soldiers of other countries which have found neither constitutional nor political difficulties in the way of compulsory service. The proposition before the Canadian Parliament is that the methods which have been adopted by every belligerent nation, save one, shall be resorted to here to secure additional troops for the front.—Manitoba Free Press.

Every reason given by Sir Wilfrid why this measure should not pass without a popular vote applies equally to Great Britain, to the United States and to New Zealand. Great Britain is no more fighting in self-defense than Canada. The conscription measure in Great Britain was

enacted by a parliament which had outlived its constitutional period, and had extended its own lifetime. The British parliamentary period is the same as ours. The present British House of Commons was elected the year before ours. Our conscription bill is a year behind that of Great Britain.—Vancouver News-Advertiser

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE

One chromo of a w.k. ex-premier, slightly soiled. It is now turned to the wall. Would exchange for a photo of the present Prime Minister's office boy, or will sell outright. No fair offer will be refused. Upon second consideration, will state that no offer will be refused.

* * * *

One nicely framed motto, "When England is at war, Canada is at war." While the sentiments are beautiful, the man who uttered them is trying his best to make them meaningless.

* * * *

Another framed motto is offered for the same reason. This one says: "If the war is lost, nothing else on this earth matters."

* * * *

One copy of the life of "Sir Wilful" Laurier bound in sheep (very appropriate binding). Contains some pretty fair reading, having been written previous to 1911. Would exchange for a copy of Dr. Chase's Almanac.

PRAYER

We thank Thee, our Father, that Thou hast enriched our being with those faculties which prompt to noble endeavor. We rejoice in our power, guided by Thy free Spirit, both to overcome evil and to do good. Help us, dear Father, to recognize the great incentives of conscience and of duty, assured that in cheerful conformity thereto we shall find the sweetest zest of life. Increase our faith in Thee, O Lord. Enable us more clearly to realize that in the end truth and right will gain the victory. Thus may we be inspired to live brave, true, and wholesome lives. May we fight the good fight of faith and win the crown of life promised to all those who follow the conquering Christ. This we ask in Jesus' name. Amen.

LARGE SHIPMENT
OF COMFORT BOXES

On June 27th the McGregor Kilty Club, of Leamington, mailed 60 seven-pound comfort boxes to our boys in the trenches. Each box contained socks, tobacco, cigarettes, oxo cubes, maple sugar, chocolates, gum, writing paper and handkerchiefs.

On July 19th, the Young Ladies' Khaki Club also mailed 60 splendid boxes, which were about equally divided between the boys in English hospitals and those in France.

ALL CAN HELP

(By Walt Mason)

I cannot sacrifice a leg, as I'd do with delight; no odds how earnestly I beg, they will not let me fight. "Your are too old," the sergeant cries, "to go across the sea; you have bum ears and misfit eyes, and gout and housemaid's knee. We only want the young and hale to swat the foe in France; you are too fat and halt and stale to do stunts with a lance." I cannot shed my rich red blood beneath a foreign moon; as warrior my name is Mud, for I was born too soon. But there are fifty-seven ways in which a man may aid the lads who fight the Prussian jays, though he can't wield a blade. You do not need a catalogue, those methods to decry; if you're not walking in a fog, they stare you in the eye. Each day I see new ways to help and give Red Bill a slap; and so I do not groan or yelp, that they won't let me scrap. They will not let me bleed to death where roaring armies meet; they say I am too short of breath, and have too many feet. I cannot pile my dead in hills upon a crimson field, but I can help to pay the bills for I am nicely heeled.

SEND MEN!

"It isn't money we want. But we do want men, and we must have them. We must carry a whirlwind of fire among the foe. We must crush the ungrateful rebels who are poundin' the Goddess of Liberty over the head with slung shots, and stabbin' her with stolen knives. We are all in the same boat—if the boat goes down, we go down with her. Hence we must all fight. It ain't no use to talk now about who caused the war. That's played out. The war is upon us—upon us all—and we must all fight. We can't 'reason' the matter with the foe—only with the steel and lead. When in the broad glare of the noonday sun a speckled jackass boldly and maliciously kicks over a peanut-stand, do we reason with him? I guess no. . . . We must save the Union. And don't let us wait to be drafted. The Republic is our mother. For God's sake, don't let us stop to draw lots to see which of us shall go to the rescue of our wounded and bleeding mother. Drive the assassins from her throat—drive them into the sea."—From Artemus Ward's "The Draft in Baldinsville."

ROLL CALL IN WAR GARDEN

Radishes—Gone.
Lettuce—Going.
Peas—Here.
String beans—Present.
Tomatoes—Coming.
Potatoes—Aye, Aye.
Onions—On the job.
Corn—Shooting.
Cabbage—Yea Bo.
Cucumbers—Not yet but soon.

THE WHIZZ-BANG

A newspaper of rapid circulation,
published every now and then in
Leamington, Ont.,

by

**THE WHIZZ-BANG PUBLISHING
COMPANY, UNLIMITED**

ADVERTISING RATES

Marriage notices of slackers \$4.00 per agate line. Notices of dances, bowling tournaments, horse races, baseball and other time and money wasting amusements, are barred until the last Hun croaks. Poems on Spring, Snow and Rain, \$9.00 per verse.

Our columns are open and free to The Daughters of the Empire, Khaki Club, McGregor Kilty Club, Women's Institute, Willing Workers, Little Helpers, the B. Y. P. U and other Patriotic Societies.

Entered at our new Post Office as first-class matter.

We go first-class or not at all.

WM. T. GREGORY,
Director Ammunition Supply Column

We shall never sheathe the sword until Belgium recovers in full measure all, and more than all, that she has sacrificed, until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression, until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation, and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed.—Mr. Asquith.

POLITICS

There isn't going to be any.

POLICY

The policy of The Whizz-Bang will be published from time to time. The first plank in its platform is:

No government job for any unmarried man of military age and physically fit, provided a returned soldier with ability to fill the position can be found. Our motto is:

**"THE HORSE THAT DRAWS
THE PLOW SHOULD EAT THE
FODDER AND THE CORN."**

The Civil Service must be raked "with a fine-tooth comb" and the shirkers must be ousted. While the Government has made some very fair promises, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and we hereby call upon the friends of Canada's 400,000 men in KHAKI to see that "no more slackers are appointed to office." "Our returned men must not be left to the mercy of the political trickster."

A few indefensible appointments have been made in this section. But do not blame the Government at Ottawa.

It is not the man "higher up" that is to blame. It is the man "lower down." "The Ward-Heeling" politician who is paying political debts with "government plums" that right-

fully belong to the men who have been incapacitated in the service of the King.

If a "Whizz-Bang" cannot dislodge the slackers now drawing fat salaries in the Civil Service, we will send along a few "Coal-Boxes," and if nothing happens, then when the boys come home we will shell the "Service" with 42 centimeter guns.

THE CENSOR

This specimen of the Genus Homo has the faculty of making more enemies than anybody outside of Germany.

The Whizz-Bang's mail from the front has recently been mutilated until it resembles a Sunday paper after the youngsters have cut out the KATZENJAMMER Kids and the puppy has chewed it for awhile.

Some times we wish we could take a ride with a real live Censor to a quiet cemetery and then ride back alone.

We imagine if "Old Tenn." should write his famous poem to-day, it would come to us as follows:

The Charge of the

Brigade.

(A point in the Crimea. Delayed by the Censor.)

Cannon (calibre and number not mentioned) to the (for the present the war department does not wish to make known the exact location of the reported engagement.)

Canon (Again neither the calibre or the number is disclosed) to the (this location, also is held secret, "for obvious reasons," officials of the department stated to-day.)

Cannon (Again neither the calibre or the number is disclosed making it clear that the government has no intention of giving into the hands of the enemy any information that might be of benefit to him.)

Volleyed and (further description of the details of the reported engagement are withheld, but it is presumed that "roared" or possibly "thundered" was meant to be implied in the description.)

Into the valley of (where this depression is located cannot be made public at the present time, for reasons which must be apparent to the citizenry.)

Rode the (it appears that here the number of troops engaged in the attack, if such it was, was about to be mentioned. The exact total can only be conjectured at this stage of the campaign.)

ANNOUNCEMENT

The columns of the "Whizz-Bang" will always remain open to the men in khaki and we invite correspondence. Write to us. If you want anything, the "Whizz-Bang" will send it to you. If you are lonely, the "Whizz-Bang" will find a girl to write to you. If you know of a soldier who has no friends, give us his name so that we can place him on the list to receive comfort boxes. Address all correspondence to The Whizz-Bang Publishing Co., Unlimited. Cable Address, "Whizz," Leamington, Ontario.

**DON'T WAIT FOR THE
MEMORIAL SERVICE**

Too many people keep the flowers that they have plucked for the soldier until the memorial service.

Their songs of praise are not heard until the cable brings the sad news, "killed in action."

The mantle of charity does not become public property, until put in use by the minister that conducts "the last sad rites."

If a man has flowers for me, I want them while I am on earth and can smell their fragrance. They will do me no good around the chancel rail. That the grass is kept green around my last resting place will be of little avail to me on the other shore.

Here is the place we all need the smiles; now is the time we all need the flowers and the praise, not over there.

If the fellow who comes around after a German bullet has laid one of our brave lads low and a memorial service is being arranged, to see "if there is any thing he can do," will come around to-morrow, we can tell him how he can be a whole lot of help.

There will be lots of them then, but they are scarce right now.

So let more of us carry our flowers to the living and sing our songs of praise at the dinner table. "Don't wait for the funeral."

EXPLANATION

With this issue of the "Whizz-Bang" just after we had gone to press with the last side, our press kicked up its heels, laid back its ears and squatted. After an hour's investigation, during which time we utterly exhausted our patience and stock of adjectives, we let the force go home and enlisted the aid of John Gray, head machine gun operator of our esteemed contemporary, "The Post and News." We agreed as to what was the matter with it—that is the thingamajig that controls the rod on which are the little doo-dads that grab the sheet and take it down through the dingus, had somewhere slipped a cog, but we couldn't get at it to fix it. So we were forced to avail ourselves of the generosity of Messrs. Lane and Whitwam of the "Post and News" and run the "Whizz-Bang" off on their press. While we were engaged in this Cole Williams examined the press—his eagle eye detected the difficulty, as had ours; his fingers, daintier than ours, were able to slip through and adjust the hookum-snibbys in their rightful position.

We had entirely lost our religion and made business in an astonishing degree for the laundryman, but our press was fixed and if it doesn't balk again the "Whizz-Bang" will be out on time as usual.

We hereby tender our sincere thanks to the Post-News and any old time their Mergenthaler gets red in the face and shows symptoms of "heaves," they are perfectly welcome to use our case of "pi" to set up the paper.

TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE

Good Ship "Liberal" Goes Down in 40 Fathoms of Dishonor.

Internal Explosion—Feared a Complete Wreck.

A special despatch from Ottawa says that his Majesty's ship, "Liberal," heavily loaded with the hopes of millions of consecrated women and men for nation-wide activities to win the war, sailing with fair winds and good prospects to the port of victory, was "sub-marined" yesterday by the Liberal party in caucus assembled. It is now lying on the bottom beneath forty fathoms of shame and dishonor, with one whole side knocked out. It is believed that some of the officers of the crew deserted before it went down. A few win-the-war Liberals, headed by Michael Clark, of Red Deer, are doing their best to save something from the wreck.

It is generally believed here that no power on earth, except the people, can raise the ship.

MARKET REPORT

Hogs—So high that it is a honor to be called a hog.

Potatoes—Best, 5 cents each; medium, 2 for 5 cents; poor, 15 cents a dozen.

Chickens—Very expensive. All kinds. Some more so than others.

June Flies—Thicker than slackers in Quebec. Not wanted at any price.

Fish—All shipped away. We can't even have a smell.

Old Hens—Now scratching for the chicks that will join the Allies in the fall.

Onions—Strong. Breath flavored once for ten cents, or three for a quarter.

Beets—Dead. Plentiful. No demand.

Turnips—Haven't yet turned up. But coming strong.

HELP WANTED—MALE

One hundred thousand able bodied young men to join a touring party soon leaving for Europe. Clothing, board and transportation furnished free and all expenses paid. The party expects to visit Berlin late in the fall and all tourists will tell you that the "fall" in Berlin will be worth seeing.

PRISONER OF WAR

Pte. Andrew Crozier, of Leamington, is now officially reported as being a prisoner of war in Dulmen, Germany. His mother, Mrs. Margaret Crozier, received word to this effect to-day from the International Red Cross Society at Geneva, Switzerland. Pte. Crozier is reported as being well and unharmed. Food and clothing have been dispatched to the prisoner from Geneva, and parcels are being sent from friends in Canada.

FRENCH WAR CRY

"The 'Sammies' are here and all is well,
Over the top and give 'em hell."

EMPHATICAL DENIAL

The report that the "Whizz-Bang" was availing itself of the services of Hearst's International News Service is a perversion of truth that has no counterpart in history. We prefer mental telepathy to the unreliable, maliciously false and damnably treacherous Hearst news service.

For the "Whizz-Bang's" opinion of Hearst see "Watterson on the house of Hapsburg and Hohenzollern." As to the report, we deny the allegation and if the allegator doesn't look sharp there will be a burying in his family and he will ride in the "front wagon."

The "Whizz-Bang" has at its disposal the most complete news-gathering service in the world. Its correspondents inhabit the trenches in Europe, they sail the air from the North to the Baltic Sea; they travel underneath the waves of the ocean, and besides all of this we have a correspondent on Pelee Island. Yes sir, when it comes to news—reliable news—news that is new—pure and undefiled—"The Whizz-Bang" is "there with the bells on."

A LOVELY CHRISTENING

A quartet of newly fledged automobile owners were discussing the relative merits of their various cars and they decided to christen them, each after a president of the United States. One owned a Pacard, one a Cadillac, one an Overland and one a Ford. The first one broke a bottle of happy water over the hood of his car and said: "First on good roads, first on bad roads, I christen thee George Washington." The second man approached his Cadillac, likewise using the festive bottle and striking an imposing attitude he spake: "Quiet and powerful, sturdy and reliable, I christen thee William Taft." The Overland owner disposed of his bottle of headaches and said: "Determination in every line, given to the spirit of get-there without demonstration, I christen thee Woodrow Wilson." The Ford owner picked himself up out of the grass and broke a bottle of pop over his car and said dejectedly, "You rough-riding son of a gun, I christen thee Teddy Roosevelt."

CIRCULATION

The "Whizz-Bang" has the largest and the most rapid circulation in the trenches in France, of any newspaper published in Canada. It finds its way into every dug-out, trench, dressing station, hospital, listening post, rest hut, or hovel in France. It goes to the birdmen who sail the skies and to our sub-marines underneath the waves. Members of Pershing's army are reading the same issue that you now hold in your hand. The French "Poilu," and the British Tommy, are on the mailing list. If you were in Salonika or Albana you would see the "Whizz-Bang." The scarcity of newspaper makes it absolutely necessary to decline for the present all display advertising matter.

FOR SALE MISCELLANEOUS

Lumber. One plank from the Liberal-Conservative platform of 1911. We refer to the one which read, "No truck or trade with the Yankees." Badly warped and slightly weevil eaten. Owners do not desire timber of this nature on the premises at the present time as we have come to the conclusion that it is all right to trade with the Yankees provided we do not allow them to work off any wooden nutmegs, etc., on us.

Booklet. Spirited story of the 241st Canadian Scottish Borderers, entitled, "From Camp to Hammock with the Scottish Borderers," profusely illustrated, Edition DeLuxe. The Government has placed a copy in the Archives of war literature. Apply to Mrs. E. J. Baxter, Windsor, Ontario.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT

There is no better advice in the English language to-day by which to be guided in the present crisis than that.

Don't starve. Don't be hysterical. Eat and use what you need to maintain health.

But don't waste. Don't eat and don't use what you don't need.

Waste not, want not, and win the war.

BADLY CONCEALED MASK

Some people are working overtime splitting hairs on the question of the constitutionality of an extended Parliament in Canada. They rank with the pacifists, the non-combatants, the peace-at-any-price patriots. We should be straining every nerve to win the war. Three months or two months or one month or one week of electioneering humbug would mean raising the white flag for that period. We cannot, and the world cannot, afford to have any one of the pro-Ally combatants playing politics before the enemy is driven across the Rhine.

CANADIAN WAR CRY

We met 'em on the Meuse,
We beat 'em on the Aisne,
We gave 'em hell at New Chapelle
And here we are again."

SOME STATIONARY

Letters are being received from the front which are written on very appropriate letter heads. One received to-day reads as follows:

"On the Somme we gave 'em breakfast,
At Vimy Ridge a dinner served with guns;
We've got a red hot supper waiting
And hell is yearning for the Huns."

A vote for Laurier will make the Kaiser smile.

Marse Henry Watterson says, "To hell with the Hohenzollerns." Wonder where he would consign friends of the Kaiser who reside in Canada.

BANGLETS

Save the waste and win the war.

Laurier's work is finished, and its a damn poor job.

The Emperor of China seems to be another one of the crowned heads who are playing "one night stands."

Germany is still talking about about peace with honor. What the Whizz-Bang wants to know is, who the devil will supply the honor.

Laurier doesn't want the Ross rifle, the Lee-Enfield, the Krag-Jorgensen or the Mauser. Laurier doesn't want any rifle at all.

Cutting the Laurier Pigeon-wing is a very popular figure in the dancing pavilions this season. It is executed thusly: One step forward, two backward, glide and then "side-step."

In the years to come no Canadian will care to be reminded that in The Great War, when men died by tens of thousands for liberty, he was the conscious or unconscious agent of the Kaiser.

Gum-Shoe Bill Stone, Gangrene Marcell, Grape Juice Bryan, Nosir "Wilful," Heinrich Burrowsaw, Mandy Lavergne, Senator Croquette, and Rosika Schwimmer are all in the same boat and pulling the same stroke.

Who can say that conscription is a harsh measure for the belted dandies with low shoes and silk hose, who won't volunteer and won't offer their services for farm help, but whose chief delight is playing pool, shooting craps or wiggling through a turkey trot?

Every German and Austrian in the United States, whether naturalized or not, unless known by years of association to be absolutely loyal, should be treated as a potential spy, says the Providence Journal, and the Journal doesn't know any more about spies than Sir Wilful Laurier does about politics.

Sir Wilful Laurier will live the balance of his natural life upon the reputation of the reputation that "he might have made." "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, it might have been." After he had sounded all the depths and shoals of honor, and trod the paths that might have led to glory, he elected to go down in history "Unhonored, unwept and unsung."

A man who will deliberately sacrifice his country when it's life is in danger, for prospective party gain, will leave a name to stigmatize his children and his children's children unto countless generations, for the history of this war and Canada's part in it, cannot be written without distinguishing statesmen from politi-

cal opportunists. The eyes of Canada are centred upon Ottawa, where disgraceful manoeuvring is going on to win the election.

"Conscription of wealth," which we are now being "fed up" on, is buncombe, pure and simple.

Every war loan floated by the Canadian Government has been heavily over-subscribed without the necessity of calling on the banks to take up the big blocks they have applied for.

To talk about the Government seizure of savings bank deposits is sheer mischievous nonsense, conceived and repeated only to embarrass the government and to create distrust, and promote misunderstanding. It is political clap-trap. Wealth is already being conscripted and new tax measures are being prepared in order that a fair proportion of the cost of the war will be borne by those who are now living, rather than place the entire burden on posterity.

COAL BOXES

Listen. Here is what Dr. Michael Clark, of Red Deer, says:

"Those who are notoriously doing the least to win the war are forcing the country into the turmoil of a general election, when the world and all that is best in it, is being animated by a spirit of service, of sacrifice and unselfishness, for the most selfish reasons—to satisfy petty personal ambitions when the fate of the world is at stake. I for one hesitate to stand forth as one of a group of the only selfish men in the British Empire or in the civilized world to-day."

The Liberal party and its leaders will never outlive the stigma of this indictment. Dr. Clark is no half-way patriot, he has been a strong Liberal all his life, but he wants to "win the war" and he sees that the policy of his party is not a win-the-war policy. He has the vision to see, and he has told why his party wants a war time election.

It is enough to make a wooden Indian shed tears to hear Sir "Wilful" tell of the countless thousands of brave Canadian lads who now lie under the sod in France and Flanders, because "the Ross rifle jammed." He is very solicitous of the kind of rifle that has on more than one occasion "saved the day." While there may be better rifles for general service than the Ross rifle and certainly our boys should have the best, yet we all know that another hundred thousand Canadians armed with even the Ross rifle, would enable many a war-worn and shell-shocked Canadian who has served a thousand days, to be able to get a furlough and visit his family and friends at home. Ross rifle, painted horses, Colonel Allison, conscription of wealth, etc., etc., is the red herring that Sir "Wilful" will drag over the trail in order to justify his vote to deliberately abandon the men in the trenches and say to the world that Canada is the first of the Allied nations to QUIT. And this reminds us that Joe Manley, of Maine,

once said "That God Almighty hates a quitter."

The Liberal party of Canada, as now constituted, are playing the Kaiser's game.

Their vote for a war election is a vote to mark time, a vote to break faith with our soldiers, a vote to withhold reinforcements from the firing line for a few months or a few weeks, while one dangerous element in Canada endeavors by fair means or foul to persuade the people to send no more reinforcements.

It is at the very best estimate, a vote for half measures in a fight where half measures are fatal.

The Liberal ship not only has barnacles on the bottom but there are pirates on board. Doubtlessly they would like to lash Red Michael and his kind to the mast and throw the compass overboard.

The ship is drifting into dangerous waters, and some day the people of this great dominion will make a "Scrap of Paper" of the British North America Act. Then Quebec will have the same privileges, be accorded the same rights and be compelled to obey the same laws that apply to all the other provinces. Sir Wilful and his followers are running for a fall.

MILITARY NOTES

Major Gidley, of the 19th, has been detached from his unit for the period of two months and will be given special duties.

Major Don. C. Morton is at home in Windsor on furlough. The Major is looking fine and will soon be ready to tackle Fritz again.

Captain Chrystal, formerly of the 99th Battalion but more recently of the fighting 18th, is now in a London Hospital suffering from trench feet.

Major Geo. C. King, of the Canadian Scottish Borderers, is now staff officer at the First Canadian Infantry Base Depot, Somewhere in France.

Major Tolmie has now been appointed Paymaster of Field Ambulance Corps of the entire Division and is still "going strong."

Capt. Greisenger, of the 19th, has been decorated with the Military Medal and is still going strong. He is one of the few officers of the old 99th that is still on the firing line.

A recent cablegram states that Colonel McGregor, Major Kenning and Capt. Bartlett, all of the 241st Canadian Scottish Borderers, have been sent over to France with their present rank.

America puts her trust in General Pershing; Britain pins her faith to General Haig; France thinks of General Joffre as the savior of the nation; General Kerniloff is Russia's hope; all true Canadians are proud of our own General Currie, but Sir Wil-

