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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
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London, Ont., Thursday, November 1.

IS IT ALL A TORY TRAP?

THE WHOLE intention of Union Government has already been destroyed in many places by the determination of Conservative organizations to stand by their party and absolutely disregard the claims of Liberals Unionists.

The latest manifestation of this partisan spirit is in the refusal of the West Lambton Conservative Association to meet with and treat with F. F. Pardee, M.P., who joined the union party and renounced the leadership of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The Conservatives were ready to hail Mr. Pardee's defection as a great victory for union. But when it came time to show real unity of purpose and sincerely advocate the avoidance of an election contest they dismiss their lofty sentiments with a trivial generality to the effect that Mr. Pardee adopted his stand as "a last resort." So the Conservatives adopted A. J. Johnston as a "win-the-war" candidate and entered the fight in direct opposition to the expressed hope of Sir Robert Borden that an effort should be made, when both candidates were for Union Government, to select the sitting member, Joseph E. Armstrong, M.P., was also on the platform, and no report is given that he made any attempt to effect a union of candidates. So that out of union more bitter conflict is certain to spring. The local Conservative paper said Mr. Pardee trod as "stony a path as any to keep faith with his country and his conscience." But is it less stony now than before?

The case is a parallel for the state of affairs in Brant, where Mr. Harold, the Liberal candidate, retired in order to endeavor to bring about a fusion of union interests. The Conservatives made no effort to consider Mr. Harold's position, but proceeded with a straight party convention, resulting in the nomination of Col. Harry Cock-shutt. The result is that a bitter fight between so-called union candidates, a contest that might have been obviated, is necessary. As is usual, the Conservative party is showing itself quite ready to play the role of the well-known spider with the Liberal Unionist cat for the part of the fly.

Ottawa saw a similar state of affairs prevailing. The two Conservative candidates came out as straight party men, wholly disregarding the union movement. The same thing is true of North Oxford, where the Woodstock Sentinel-Review says that E. W. Nesbitt, the retiring member, will, according to J. R. Shafer, the local Conservative boss, be opposed "either or not Lieut. Col. Sutherland, who retired to permit "union" negotiations to proceed, ran against Mr. Nesbitt. It may be safely predicted that where the Liberals retire in favor of the Conservatives there will be no contest between union candidates. But no Conservative candidate will give one inch of partisan advantage. Premier Borden will find his task of designating the Government candidate for the soldier vote a most difficult one.

The action of N. W. Rowell, M.P.P., in entering the Government has been commended as noble by many Conservative papers. But where, oh, where is Mr. Rowell to secure a seat in Ontario? Toronto? No wild rush there to secure for him a safe constituency. The rest of the province is quite as unresponsive. The Conservatives predict an Ontario sweep, but there is not one single seat which the partisans are ready to forego. The latest report is that Hugh Guthrie may be made a judge and Mr. Rowell may run in his place and stand. This would indicate the solid wall of opposition displayed by the Conservative party to Liberal unionists for whom they have shown not one iota of consideration. "You walked into the trap; now get out of it if you can," seems to be the attitude of Ontario Toryism.

ELIMINATING COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

FROM CALGARY comes word that the food controller is about to have issued an order-in-council prohibiting the use of commercial travelers by any firm. Presumably this means only by firms dealing in foodstuffs, as it is hardly likely that Mr. Hanna is going to interfere with the men who sell stoves, hoping by this interference to cut down the price of breakfast foods.

It is estimated that in Western Ontario there are 500 commercial travelers employed by manufacturers and wholesalers of foodstuffs. The rumored new order would mean that each one of these would be deprived of his regular means of earning a living and would have to find employment in some other line for which he had not fitted himself. This would be a tremendous hardship to men who have been trained in and have studied this legitimate and honorable business as their life work. The advantages to accrue to the nation as a whole would have to be absolutely assured and of great value in order to justify such a measure.

Would there follow any appreciable reduction in costs to the consumer? It is extremely doubtful. The proposed order would make inevitable vast and costly changes in organization by all companies concerned. New methods of establishing and continuing connections between the manufacturer and the wholesaler and between the latter and the retailer would have to be devised. There is no doubt as to who would have to pay this price; it would be the consumer, and it is problematical whether he would find his purchases any cheaper because travelers had ceased to travel.

The country storekeeper would be seriously affected by the failure of his favorite "drummer" to show up at his usual times. He looks to this visitor for information on the state of the market, the stocks which can be obtained, the possible

shortages in certain lines and, in fact, for guidance in his purchasing. Without the travelers, he will be compelled either to go to the expense of paying frequent visits to the manufacturing centres or to depend on the long distance telephone. He cannot afford to make these changes and continue to sell on the old margin of profit, and the consumers will have to pay the difference. Moreover, the latter will be very apt to find the storekeeper frequently out of the goods that are required.

It will be strange if Mr. Hanna, who is so afraid of bringing the whole commercial structure of Canada tumbling about his ears if he interferes with the "unnecessary middleman," throws such a destructive monkey-wrench into the machinery as the rumored order would prove.

FORESTS AND FISHERIES.

THE WINDSOR RECORD asks: "Dare we call them our fisheries? Generations come and go and appear to neglect their national heritage. The big men of communities, parading as public servants, land speculators and politicians in search of gold appear mainly interested in such enterprises, while our national resources, in the time of a crisis, are polluted and disgraced."

Continuing, the border newspaper declares that Canada's fisheries have been operated by and for the Americans. All reports indicate that 95 per cent of the catch is exported to the United States and only 5 per cent finds distribution over the Ontario markets.

A man who had been elected to office stated that "These fisheries have always been managed to get votes, and we are not going to be the first to stop it."

It is true that Canada has been very free-handed with its natural resources. Anyone who has worked in the big timber of the north, of Quebec, of British Columbia, with an appreciation of the worth of all the boundless ranges of it, knows the names of many wealthy men that are plastered on idle square miles of majestic trees. Some of these limits were secured for a pittance, probably for nothing, on a basis of securing a few settlers each year. They remain idle for years, and when the country had grown up to them the owners reap a tremendous reward. The timber companies which buy cheaply but work the property as they secure it, are a different kind of proposition. It is the "still claims" that hinder development.

Wealthy men penetrate the woods, ostensibly to hunt or fish. But they bring township maps along, and with a sweep of the blue pencil of influence they encircle a few dozen square miles, and smack their lips. They are hunting financial as well as forest game. They have picked out what they wanted, and the timber deal goes through. Mixed into this practice, undoubtedly, there has been a leaven of development that in frequent instances has resulted in new districts being timbered.

Our conservationists are working nobly. Many of the bald-headed, mangy, timbered-over mountains are being replanted. The hope is that the streams do not dry up before a few years' growth protects them again.

Fisheries is a big problem that has never been adequately handled. If our markets cannot consume our normal fish output, it is quite right to seek markets in the United States. But if the gill-nets are simply cleaning out the lakes, and if there is no real propagation policy with hatcheries at grounds where extensive fishing proceeds, then there is serious danger of other lakes being fished out as Lake Ontario has been.

MANIFESTOES TO THE PEOPLE.

SIR ROBERT BORDEN has issued more manifestoes for support to the Canadian people since an election was certain than during the rest of the time since August, 1914.

HARPING ON THE NAVY BILL.

OUR local contemporary, replying to a question regarding the political outlook for the Senate, says that if Laurier is elected he will no doubt fill the Senate with Liberals "such as destroyed the naval aid bill in 1913 and gave comfort to Germany."

Yet if the present military contribution of Canada to the cause is examined it will be seen that it is shaped upon Laurier policy rather than Borden policy. Sir Robert Borden, after giving his assent to the Laurier bill for a fleet such as made for Australia such a proud name in the beginning of the war, pigeonholed the contracts and brought down a policy of contribution. If the same spirit had been applied to Canada's contribution in the war, the Dominion would have supplied empty uniforms and rifles, but no men to fight. The Laurier naval policy provided for Canadian ships, with Canadian crews, an Emden-catching outfit that would have patrolled the Atlantic. Further than this a great shipbuilding industry would have been developed, such as would have enabled this country to build vessels for ocean trade much earlier than was otherwise possible. It is worthy of note that the training ships secured for the Canadian service did good service in coast patrol and other duty.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

About the only monopoly Germany has left is that of frightfulness.

The Conservatives of Sarnia are playing the party game rather than the Pardee game.

German machine guns, taken by Canadians, now down the Teutons as they charge. That's the first good use made of those guns.

The mayor of Galt has purchased several cars of coal at the mines to supply citizens whose bins are empty. Has London obtained any?

It is inconceivable that German pamphlets can influence Italian soldiers who know what Austria is already suffering because of German domination.

Dr. Robertson, chairman of the central food committee, would take from milling companies all profits over 5½ per cent for war expenses. What would he do with the packing firms?

The Conservatives' idea of carrying out unionism at the elections is simply this: Wherever a Conservative is nominated before a Liberal, he should be given acclamation; wherever a Liberal leads in the time of nomination a Conservative should be put in the field to oppose him. It is nothing to them that the Liberals are as strongly in favor of doing everything possible to win the war as any Conservative, and keener for a real Union or National Government.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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WHAT'S IN A NAME?
By Vincent G. Perry.

The village of Waterville was hardly large enough to support one newspaper, and here it was with two. Fred Burnett, proprietor, managing editor, pressman and compositor of the Echo, and a man of many talents, and down the little room in front of his plant which he called the office, sat at a desk, waiting for the daily mail. He had been waiting a week again, and he was sure that he was sure of it. He had come from the city and looked over the plant of the Echo, a paper that had not been there for ten years, and had decided that it was in good enough shape to put in working order. Not to be beaten in the effort to make himself a regular from his friends, he bought out the plant of the Waterville Advance and moved it to Waterville to the little building, now occupied. In the meantime the Echo office had been sold by a real estate broker in the city, and the publisher, who had bought the plant with the intention of publishing a paper, was now in the eyes of Burnett, the publisher of the Echo, a woman, the niece of the Widow Spurr, of the village.

The idea of publishing a paper was a new one. Nobody could make the Echo plant work, let alone a woman. A woman was a much less known newspaper office, anyway. There was one whom he had ever known who could do the work of two men. Like him, she had been brought up in a newspaper office, and knew the business from A to Z. But there wasn't another woman like her in the village. It was just like this opposition paper. It was just like an unfeeling man to come and make things miserable for her, as if they weren't miserable enough. Why couldn't he stay out? But what good would it have done even if he hadn't come, with a white elephant like the Echo plant? She had been brought up in this question again and again.

If Margaret had belonged to another profession she would have won her newspaper training had fortified her. Just such appointments as this one. Perhaps the plant wasn't as bad as it appeared, she thought, as she started to get things in better shape. As she worked over the type and her mind went back to the city and the life she had led there. It was in fact an occupation to take her mind off the biggest disappointment of her life that made her give up her position on the Times in the city and invest her savings in a country newspaper that proved to be so unprofitable. The winter before she had been introduced to Tommy McKay at the ironworkers' convention. He was representing the Tribune and she was reporting the convention for the Times. Tommy had a pleasant and attractive way, and as they sat side by side, chatting gaily, she couldn't help thinking that perhaps the girl that wrote to her "Advice to the Fair Sex" column were not as silly as she had thought. The next day she saw him in the car and was late. Tommy lent her his notes, so she didn't miss the most important points of the mayor's speech. After that kindness she couldn't very well have refused to go to the theatre that evening. After the theatre they went to a cabaret. He was the brightest boy she had ever met, and his sense of humor appealed to her.

The next summer they had their vacation at the same time. They met again at a seaside resort. The moonlight nights helped a lot, and before they had been there a fortnight they had decided that they couldn't very well get along without another. Their happiness was brought to an abrupt ending when Tommy was sent for to take a position he had applied for in the North. It meant a much larger salary, he explained to Margaret, and would be quite a comfortable one for two. Margaret had had a strenuous, nerve-racking winter; so had been granted a two months' vacation. Tommy promised to write regularly to her beach address. When no letters came the first week, Margaret supposed the position was a little harder than he had anticipated, and she was probably too busy getting things in shape to write letters. She wrote him every day. As the days grew into weeks and no letters came, she realized that he was waiting in vain. It took a long time to become reconciled to the thought that he wasn't going to write and hadn't been sincere. She did not stay out her full time at the seashore, but returned to her work.

Margaret couldn't help running this all over in her mind as she worked. It dawned upon her that she was doing just what she had come to Waterville to avoid. Could she never forget, she wondered! The editor of the Advance stopped in front of the Echo office. The blind was up and the door was partly open, but no one was in view in the office. His opposition had arrived, he thought. He was about to pass on when curiosity roused up within him. It wouldn't be out of place to call on this Miss Spurr. He could find out what she thought of the Echo office. Margaret heard the step in the doorway and turned around. As her eyes met the visitor's, she uttered a little scream and her hand of type fell to the floor.

"Tommy," she gasped, "Tommy McKay!" "Norma, what are you doing here?" he cried in surprise. "Why, I'm the owner of this plant, Margaret Spurr."

"You, Margaret Spurr? Isn't Norma Cousins your right name? Why didn't you answer my letter? Why didn't you tell me that?" "Your letters, Tommy? I never received them. Norma was so excited. 'Tell me did you address them to Norma Cousins?'" "Yes, I thought that was your real name. It is only my pen name, the name under which I wrote for the Times. To think I never told you my right name! But didn't you tell me your letters, Tommy?"

"No, not a letter." Then it dawned upon him. "Did you know my right name isn't Tommy McKay; that is only my pen name, is it? My right name is Fred Burnett!"

"I always thought McKay was your real name. That explained them all to Tommy McKay, care of the Northern Nugget." Margaret was almost overjoyed to speak. "Oh, Tommy, what a little thing! Have been here for two weeks, were engaged and didn't even know one another's names. Fred joined in her laugh."

Two weeks later the Echo and the Advance became one. The rival journalists decided there was enough material in the two plants to make one good one, and after all, one person couldn't run a whole newspaper, even though it was a weekly. So there would be no more mix-ups in names, the first of the first. The Advance had printed at the top of the editorial column in bold type, "Fred Burnett, managing editor; Mrs. Fred Burnett, news editor."

Wait a Minute!

By J. H. F.

We hear that Fred Pardee has had the thorniest road to travel in this Union Government thing. A lot of unionists are taking mighty good care that the thorns are not removed.

This is the season of the year when the automobiles are most desirous of resting on the neck of the chauffeur.

We would have believed to the em-

cority of some Liberal newspapers had they not started quoting scripture so voluminously. The devil has that trick when he is cornered, so we are informed.

According to the Princess Radziwill, the upper classes put the tin in Rasputin. He seemed to get away with a lot of coin.

They have been trying to slip rubber into Germany for dental purposes. What's the use of false teeth for that gang when there is nothing to chew.

It is stated that the Progress is no danger. Some times we wish it were, so the Russians might get busy again.

Guinea pigs would rather die than eat onions, a wise bird says. Oh, well, who wants to be like a guinea pig?

An Ohio pacifist has been horse-whipped by a mob. Sometimes mobs are first-rate things.

Nat Goodwin will have a new play, entitled "Why Marry." Judging from results, Nat should not. The women in the case might have some real information on the subject of matrimony.

German women are giving their hair to the Government for war purposes. Most of them have given their hair.

Fred Pardee will be given an acclamation in West Lambton just as much as Newton W. Rowell will be given a seat in Toronto. Liberals must slough their politics and their seats, apparently.

We like the greater production movement, but we draw the line on making two bunnions grow where one grew before.

German women may give their hair to the Government for war purposes, but what the Allies want is the scalp of the Hohenzollerns and a few gentle like them.

London's pet bear got out the other day. Merely mentioning the fact that the bear is not the only thing that's wild in London.

The cold wave was welcome. We were getting quite weary of the Noah idea.

F. F. Pardee and Angus might join in the chorus and sing, "I don't know where I am going, but I'm on my way."

The C. N. R. price has been cut down to \$10,000,000. Oh, time. We expect that Mackenzie & Mann will simply refuse to

take ten millions for nothing. They earned it, oh, yes, they earned it.

Mrs. Philip Snowden, the pacifist, was almost mobbed in England the other day. Beautiful, but very gabby. Let her hug a Hun.

Sir Sam Hughes dived out on his new party. Sam was always just a squib.

Bits of Byplay
by Luke McLuke
Copyright, 1917.

Advice.
Just bear in mind while on this earth. You can't win by pretensions; And one good action, son, is worth a hundred good intentions.

Paw Knows Everything.
Willie—Paw, what is the difference between a bachelor girl and an old maid?
Paw—About ten years, as a rule, my son.

Wufu!
The great ruby is still missing, but we have located Delosa Pearl in Hilledale, Mich.

Footy!
He surely is a rummy mutt, he speak of ignis-fidee; He always has an edge on, but He never cuts much ice.

The Wise Fool.
"Contentment is better than great wealth," observed the Sage.
"Yes," answered the Fool. "And it is just as hard to get."

Notice!
If a Whistle, the Brooklyn (Ind.) Liverman, will join the Club we will put him on top of our powerhouse.

The Cautious Editor.
It is reported that Ed Lynch has gone to either Waterloo, Chicago or Los Angeles, that he has enlisted in

the navy or aviation corps, or gone to work in a factory, or gone to school.

Mercy.
On horse meat we now eat our fill. For beef costs like the dickens; But we sure hope that sparrows will Not take the place of chickens.

The Limit, Huh!
"That fellow is out for the rocks," said Smith.
"Is he a capitalist?" asked Jones.
"No," replied Smith. "He is a socialist."

The Limit.
A hypocrite is Oswald Pand. A two-faced, cheating sneak; For he prays all day Sunday, and Then goes and preys all week.

Is That So.
Some mad was informs us that every time C. K. Blades of Brookville, Ky., feels dull he comes to Cincinnati and hangs around the Emory Hotel.

Watch Us Grow.
The Roby Sign Company informs us that William Goat and A. Otor are only two of the Club candidates now working for the above firm at Camp Sherman. Others are Will Dry, Geo. B. Jolly and Bura Hamm.

Sure.
A local firm advertised for a young man with some experience in the mechanical department.
Enter the applicant.
Head of the Firm—Do you know how to measure nuts?
Applicant—Sure. You measure them the same as you measure any other person.—L. K. W.

Atta Boy!
Will Butcher runs a Butcher shop in Oklahoma City, Okla.

Read This and Go and Get a Shave.
[Flower, N. Y., Cor. Woman's Home Weekly.]
Sunday morning Lucius Glimmer entered the church here and took his accustomed seat. A few minutes later Mr. and Mrs. Delos Quimby entered and seated themselves beside Glimmer.

During the services Mrs. Quimby observed a peculiar movement in Mr. Glimmer's long reddish beard. A few minutes later she noticed a mouse party emerge from the man's whiskers and quickly withdrew into its "nest."

She told her husband what she had seen, but he only laughed at her assertion. However, during the closing hymn the mouse jumped from Glimmer's beard into the open hymn book he held

in his hands. He quickly brought the covers of the book together, killing the mouse.

Names Is Names.
Dun Working lives at Persia, Ind.
Our Daily Special.
The Coming Man of Yesterday Is Often the Goner of Today.

Luke McLuke Says:
Once upon a time a man tried to manufacture a woman's shoe that was both comfortable and stylish. He started to death.
It sometimes happens that a man will take advice from a fellow whose cigars he wouldn't smoke.
Isn't it strange that a woman's description of a perfect man never fits her husband?
It isn't so hard to get along with your wife if you have sense enough to remind her every few minutes that she knows more than you do.
Time may be money. But most of us would rather give up our time than our money.
No matter how shiftless a man may be, he will always show a disposition to help himself when you put a bottle and a glass in front of him.
A girl of 18 likes to pretend that she knows as much as a widow of 38, and a widow of 38 likes to pretend that she knows as little as a girl of 18.
Mind your own business and keep can tell your critics to go to Hadesport and the world will applaud you.
This would be a wonderful world if it were only as hard to get into debt as it is to get out.
The only time we have ever wanted to be a woman was one red hot night when we saw her take most of her hair off and hang it on the dresser. A man can't do that. He has to sleep with his hair on.
Poor old Ananias made a terrible mistake in being born so many centuries ahead of his time. What a wonderful campaign manager he would have been.
Wouldn't it be fine if you could only create and sustain interest the way a mortgage can?
As a rule a man has so many bills to worry over in this world that he is willing to let his wife do all the worrying about the Hereafter.

ANOTHER \$25,000,000 FOR BRITAIN.
WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.—Another credit of \$25,000,000 extended to Great Britain by the treasury today raised the total credits to the Allies to \$3,131,000,000.

Why We Raise Money by Selling Canada's Victory Bonds

WHY does Canada sell Bonds to help finance this war? Because that is the least burdensome, most expeditious and fairest way of raising money. Canada now has only two ways of raising money for the war:—

First—by taxation.

Second—by borrowing from her people.

IF Canada were to raise by taxation all the money required the economic burden on the people would be unbearable.

So much money is required to carry on Canada's share of the war that to attempt to raise all of it by taxation would be out of the question.

Much of it, therefore, must be borrowed from the people.

Canada asks her people to lend their country money in exchange for Canada's Victory Bonds.

Within the next six weeks the people of Canada will be asked to supply, through the purchase of Canada's Victory Bonds, the money at present required to carry on the war.

And because the purchase of Canada's Victory Bonds is voluntary, the hearts of all the people who buy Canada's Victory Bonds will be even more closely united in support of Canada, backing her up in the war.

The active co-operation of each individual is as necessary to winning the

war as any other one thing because it unites the whole people in patriotic determination.

VICTORY bond financing spreads the repayment of the bonds to the the rising generation and the next generation, so that this generation which is doing all the fighting, suffering most of the privations caused by the war, will not have to do all the paying.

Generations yet unborn will reap the harvest of freedom this generation is fighting for and it is only fair that a portion of the burden of paying the tremendous cost should be borne by the future beneficiaries.

But your money is not tied up. Buying a twenty-year bond does not mean that your money is locked up for that term. You can sell Canada's Victory Bonds at any time.

There will be a market for them every business day in the year. And they will undoubtedly be worth more than their face value after the war.

It is your patriotic privilege to help Canada win the war by loaning her your money through the purchase of Canada's Victory Bonds

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee in co-operation with the Minister of Finance of the Dominion of Canada