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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED
London, Ont., Saturday, August 12.

A GERMAN IN THE WOODPILE.

THE people of Berlin, Ont., have been told that they cannot assume the name of Kitchener because of obscure place on the Pacific coast has already chosen it. This decision comes from the department of the postmaster-general, Hon. T. Chase Casgrain. The claim is that there would be confusion in the handling of mails. Terrible thing that! There are only several hundred postoffices in Canada which have duplicate names. There is another odd hundred or so that share the same name with four or five others. Mr. Casgrain would have done well to consult his own postoffice guide before making the momentous decision and telling the people of Berlin not to be foolish. Here are a few of the places which share their names with other places in Canada:

A—2 Abbotsfords, 3 Abertons, 2 Albany, 2 Albertville, 3 Albions, 2 Alexandria, 2 Allandales, 4 Almas, 2 Amhersts, 2 Ardens, 4 Argyles, 2 Armadales, 4 Armstrongs, 3 Auburns, 2 Avondales, 2 Avons, 2 Avondales, 2 Avonmores, 2 Aylmers.

B—2 Bagots, 4 Balmorals, 2 Barringtons, 1 Barryvale, 1 Barryville, 2 Bass Rivers, 2 Bathas, 2 Bathursts, 2 Bayfields, 3 Baysides, 4 Baywaters, 2 Bayviews, 2 Beacoonsteds, 2 Bear Lakes, 4 Beaumonts, 2 Beausejourns, 2 Beavers, 3 Beaver Lakes, 2 Bedford, 2 Bedford Stations, 2 Beachhills, 2 Beachwoods, 2 Belfast, 3 Bellevilles, 2 Bellevues, 2 Belmonts, 2 Bergens, 2 Bethanys, 2 Benthams, 2 Beverlys, 2 Bismarcks, 3 Black Points, 4 Black Rivers, 4 Black Rocks, 2 Bianches, 2 Blandfords, 2 Bloomfields, 2 Bloomfield Stations, 2 Bloomingtons, 2 Bon Accords, 2 Bouchervilles, 2 Brentwoods, 2 Bridgeports, 2 Bridgetowns, 2 Bridgevilles, 2 Brightons, 3 Bristol, 2 Brookdales, 2 Brookfields, 1 Brooklyn, 2 Brookdales, 2 Brookvilles, 2 Brownsvilles, 2 Buchanans, 2 Burlingtons, 2 Burnside, 2 Buxtons.

C—1 Caldwell, 4 Caledonias, 3 Cambridges, 2 Camerons, 3 Campbelltons, 2 Cannings, 2 Cap Rouges, 2 Cardinals, 2 Carletons, 2 Carlingfords, 2 Carleys, 2 Carnels, 2 Carolines, 2 Carrolls, 2 Cartiers, 2 Cedar Lakes, 2 Chance Harbors, 2 Chaplins, 2 Charlesbourns, 2 Charlesons, 2 Charlottes, 2 Charltons, 2 Charterfords, 2 Chatham, 2 Chelmsfords, 2 Cherryfields, 2 Cherry Valleys, 2 Christinas.

And so on down through the entire directory of postoffices and railway stations in the Dominion of Canada.

Mr. Casgrain, if he cares, will be able to find hundreds of duplicate names, attached to places large and small. Kitchener, B. C., in the Kootenay district, has a population of 75 people. If the inconvenience would be so great why should such a plethora of duplication be permitted to exist? It is rather thin soup, Mr. Postmaster-General.

The fact is that Mr. Weichel, M.P., and Mr. Mills, M.P., do not want the name of Berlin changed. Neither does the pro-German band of that community. The influence of these forces at Ottawa and Toronto has been sufficient to cause both the postmaster-general and the private bills committee to throw barriers in the way of the Name Changers. It is a pleasure to show up the latest subterfuge and to expose the powerful influence of certain base elements in the community.

A MERRY RACE.

THE JUDICIARY is usually beyond reproach in Canada and often glad of the chance to declare itself free of the petty entanglements and unpleasant connections of politics. But before the judiciary reaches that exalted plane from which one may look down upon the local bosses and the members, your judge may have had to climb by the same old ladder that takes up the rest of those who consult the committee on patronage.

There are rare exceptions in the appointments of the Canadian judges. Sometimes men who have not even skirted on the outside edge of politics are made judges because their brothers of the profession recognize their capability, and the big man does not go begging. Often, too, there are men in the running for judgeships, men thoroughly competent, who at the same time realize that without political influence they have not a chance.

The vacancy in the county bench finds three or four leading applicants in the running. Like the legal thoroughbreds they are, each has an "owner" in the shape of a member of parliament behind him. They are groomed for the contest and they are away from the barrier at the present time. Some of them are carrying a good deal of weight, while others who have broken some records in their time may now be a little over in the knees. Those who might win on form may have had a handicap imposed. The other fellow's "owner" may have more or less influence with the department of justice, which makes the decisions. One horse may appear to have won, only to find that he was disqualified by the referee.

dence rule or was bumped coming down the stretch. A dark horse, now showing up in a preliminary trial, may show his tail to the old campaigners.

The judgeship race is not always to the swift. The old stake horse may get it or the portly bay fellow may breeze through. The public is not permitted to stake its money, but it watches the contest. Every once in a while someone "touts" a sure winner. They heard the "tip" from Billy Gray or Frank Glass, both of whom are to be seen at the track with their binoculars, and both of whom have been making occasional trips to the judge's stand.

Now that the decision has been reserved and it appears there are a few more heats to go yet, the race for the ermine becomes more interesting. It is the sport of kings.

"STAYING SANE."

For two years the chief object before the United States, and that, then, that a few other nations went insane.

Bernhardt did not leave the United States out of his calculations for world conquest, and if Britain, France and Russia had "stayed sane" after their sanity had been taken advantage of by the Huns, the United States would have had its own turn. Or suppose the Germans had happened to be Uncle Sam's next door neighbor and wanted to use his country for a roadhouse.

It was not a question of staying sane with the United States; it was a case of "staying safe" with Woodrow Wilson. One does not necessarily become a maniac himself because he uses a club to defend himself from a vicious human brute, or an orang-outang.

"Staying sane" may have been a safe policy at a distance. But very few Americans can "stay safe" today in a country of barbarians with only the American flag to protect them. A German submarine saw the American flag flying from the Gulfport, and then shot the Gulfport full of holes, causing the death of her captain and two other Americans. That's what "staying sane" means in this war.

A CELL ON KINGSTON.

A London, Ont., bartender, Tom Riley by name, was released from Kingston penitentiary by mistake for another Tom Riley, and cannot be coaxed back from the United States. All we can say is that Tom is a particularly successful mixer.—Ottawa Citizen.

Tom was not the bartender. He killed the bartender and got off very easily. Then through a blunder that is blamed by the Kingston authorities on the department of justice Tom was set free before he had served six months of a fifteen years' sentence. It showed that someone ought to get acquainted with the prisoners at Kingston, and that they should be questioned before being let out. No doubt Tom Riley of Kansas showed his surprise when the pardon came. But red tape is mighty and will prevail. It was Tom Riley to be released and they took the first Tom Riley they came to.

Anyone who thinks he can write moving picture scenarios might find the germ of a plot in this case. We here- by contribute a title with the understanding that we receive a part of the royalties—"A Cell on the Penitentiary."

A VITAL QUESTION.

IT WOULD APPEAR that London's best policy for the securing of additional water supply is to secure all those pure supplies within reach of the present pumping station.

It is possible that further supplies of water can be secured in the district adjacent to the present wells, the MacGregor farm supply, if shown to be absolutely pure and continual, would yield a considerable addition, and from the neighborhood of Kilworth (notably Col. Hobbs' property) it is likely that several million gallons could be piped to the Springbank station. The White and other springs to the northeast of the city might prove valuable and if these outlying separate supplies could be brought to the present station by gravitation it is altogether probable that the city would have its supply augmented by at least four million gallons a day.

The first necessity would be to secure reservoir capacity for the additional supply. The Springbank reservoir would serve all demands from that district, but an increase of several million gallons to the capacity of the Horton street plant would be required. Added to this would be the cost of the springs and wells and the cost of piping the supplies to the city. The city is likely to face an expenditure running up to several hundred thousand dollars at once. But all will agree that it must be faced and that it is a much cheaper plan than the building of more pumping stations.

We cannot afford for one moment to permit another summer to approach without having made provision to meet every contingency that may arise, involving the use of large quantities of water. There was sufficient evidence one year ago that our supply was inadequate, and wisdom dictated immediate action, as advised by the general manager of public utilities and The Advertiser. This summer we have gone without lawn service and street watering for some weeks. Lawns have been burned to a crisp and one of the city's chief prizes unnecessarily marred; the dust nuisance has been less serious because of the practice of road rolling, but there was discomfort created in many ways. Greatest of all was the fire peril. When an alarm came in from Hyman's tannery one day last week one of those directly connected with the water supply was on hand. He wore an anxious expression and properly so. He believed there was enough water on hand to

The Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang's Nightshirt Was Put in the Dirty Clothes By Mistake.

BY FONTAINE FOX



light a fire so long as the pumps held out. If Niagara power had failed, however, there would have been a new horror to face. While with Niagara power we have ample pumping energy, without Niagara power the situation at any time would be serious. The question of independent pumping energy is one it is absolutely dangerous to ignore. Purity of water supply we must have at all costs. Never in the city's history has a serious epidemic, or even a mild one for that matter, been traceable to the water supply. Both the spring and well supplies seem to have been absolutely pure and both have more than justified their existence. While the Springbank water is "hard" the wells water is "softer" and the combination appears to be satisfactory. It is difficult to understand why any of the prospective supply should be polluted, yet it is not a question to guess at, and the most exhaustive tests for impurity should be made. Wire-pulling to dispose of supplies should be exposed at once.

The promoters of the defunct "filtration" scheme are again hinting at the need for drinking water from the Thames. It is again proposed that citizens be compelled to fall back upon the Maury scheme and install an expensive plant, discarding all other systems, or at least having another large system installed. The filtration scheme runs a poor last when citizens come to the consideration of water supply. The people have no confidence in it and it will require more strenuous efforts than ever before to foist the "diluted sewage" solution on the ratepayers.

The Utilities Commission appears to have got down to brass tacks on the water question. Let there be no secrecy and let everyone work toward a speedy and sane solution of our most vital civic problem.

750 PER CENT.

THE Montreal Ammunition Company has paid 750 per cent to shareholders, according to the Montreal Gazette, all within the space of considerably less than a year. It is to the credit of this Conservative paper that such profits are called to public attention, and to the credit of such papers as the Ottawa Citizen, another Conservative journal, that the company is told with biting irony to start its meetings with "Old Hundred" and finish them with "Britons Never Shall Be Slaves."

It is likewise to the credit of the Toronto Telegram—until recently regarded as a Conservative paper, but lately read out of the party by our local contemporary—that it said of this sort of profiteers that for them "Peace is Hell."

If the maker of munitions at Montreal should make 750 per cent profits in "considerably less than one year," what profits should the returned soldier get? What profits should the family of the slain Canadian get? What should the Illinois mother of a young American who died with a London battalion while bravely fighting because of his love for humanity get? She has been refused anything but the pensions because she cannot secure impossible affidavits. Meanwhile she and her husband are living in invalidism on the generosity of the corner grocer.

The dividends she drew from her "investment" in the war were 750 per cent suffering and want.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Does the London Electric mean to let hydro get away with it after all? Too proud to fight?

A Hamilton firm gave back \$750,000 of war profits. Would anyone be so bold as to suggest that the Montreal men

who have made 750 per cent should see something suggestive in the figures?

What a gnashing of Wesley Allison's teeth when he sees that 8 per cent going to some other man!

Hon. Robert Rogers called The Advertiser "a caddy to the Toronto Globe." Glad to hand the Globe a club at any time.

Watch your tax bills next year and see whether you are charged for oil or water that you did not get, as you are now charged for house lighting.

As usual Gen. William Randolph Hearst had the great Allied offensive in the Balkans started long before the British generals decided to do so.

The new parliament buildings will no doubt have just a touch of the boldly noble architecture of Manitoba about them. What true sons of the prairies could resist the temptation? The crest should bear that famous Latin motto, which, being translated, means "Go To It, Bob!"

On February 17, 1916, the responsible architects engaged to report on the new parliament buildings stated: "The

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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Jimmy's Preparedness

By Fanny Gray.

Jimmy Benton was usher in the Star theatre. He had been part way through college, and had had to stop because of the necessity to earn more money. The first job he took had been that of elevator boy in a summer hotel, but when the summer came to an end, he found he must try to get something which would give him a few hours of each day for study. A playwright, who had been staying at the hotel and had become interested in the ambitious youth, had spoken a word for him in the Star theatre, and he had made good in his position, so that after two months he had been promoted to be head usher. Thus he could study a part of the time, and so hasten the day for taking up college work again.

There was more than one reason for his application to work and his desire to make something worth while for himself. Louise Drake, an attractive and desirable young girl, who had been his boyhood love, was watching his fight, and he looked forward to the day when he might ask her to marry him.

For a while the work of usher was interesting, and listening to the plays was good fun. But when a decided success settled down for an indefinite run, this became monotonous. Jimmy cast about for some way to pass the time.

One day he discovered that he had heard the star's lines so often that he could anticipate almost every speech. This gave him a thought of something further to do. He would memorize the part.

It was not very difficult, and having mastered it, he turned his attention to the part that interested him most next to that of the star. It was that of a young man who figured rather prominently in the play and was more or less Jimmy's ideal of young manhood. He became so absorbed in it that he frequently found himself standing before his glass, making the gestures to fit the lines as he had seen the actor do. At the end of the third week it seemed to him he must know the play by heart and he began to wish that a new one would come along on which he might exercise his faculties.

One Saturday night, the young actor, a man named Langdon, was taken suddenly ill an hour before the performance. His understudy had been allowed a leave of absence over Sunday, and had just left town. How could the play go on? The man in the box-office, who knew Jimmy and had had many a chat with him about his stunt of learning the different parts, laid a seemingly absurd proposition before the manager and was criticised for his pains.

Twenty minutes later, however, the manager, in desperation, reconsidered and sent for Jimmy. For half an hour

building as it stands today represents an asset in labor and material in position of fully \$2,000,000 that can be re-used." The Hon. Bob scrapped the whole works in a big hurry.

The Advertiser, on asking a question at the city hall, is very coolly told that citizens will pay for street watering whether they got it or not. This is not to be wondered at in view of the precedent established by the floor space arrangement for house lighting.

The Advertiser inquired how many Americans who owned automobiles had houses to live in. The Ottawa Citizen tells us not to be provincial, asking who wants a house to live in these times? Bob Rogers for one, and a ten-million dollar one at that, with no old stuff for the folks to make remarks about.

An automobile manufacturer reports that his product is "99 per cent efficient" and a famous maker of soap tells us his soap is slightly below absolute purity. Both in manufactures and humans it is well to grade yourself slightly below perfection. The Sir Oracle has a difficult time making good.

Dear J. H. F.—Fin Marshall says that if he were running a "Weighted-A-Minute" column in a newspaper, he'd have some nice, fat jokes so new and young there would not be any scales on them.

WILLYUM WORKUM.

We are pleased enough to know that P. Marshall had been appointed inspector of weights and measures without his pals kicking us around like that.

Our idea of a happy home is where a bowler lives, who brings home some cut glass every time he goes away for a tournament.

An American paper is much concerned as to whether or not representatives of the people really do represent. Not a minute. Misrepresent is largely the idea.

It is probable that Diogenes when he started out on his hunt for an honest man must have got mixed up in a controversy about the water supply of Athens. That's some folks' idea of things, anyway.

Villa is a general one minute, a bandit the next, dead the next and a cripple the next. He has more lives than the justly celebrated black cat and more aliases than a peripatetic grass widow.

Life is getting more glorious

CUTICURA FOR SKIN TROUBLES

The Soap to Cleanse Ointment to Heal Nothing better, quicker, safer, surer at any price for skin troubles of young or old that itch, burn, crust, scale, torture or disfigure. Besides, you may try them before you buy them.

Sample Each Free by Mail

With 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard, "Cuticura, Dept. 3M, Boston, U.S.A." Sold throughout the world.

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Let Us Convince You

Let us prove to you tonight that every corn is needless.

Get Blue-jay at your drug store. Apply it in a jiffy. The pain will stop forever. And in 48 hours there will be no corn.

That is due to a chemist who has studied corns for 25 years. He has found a gentle, certain way to end them.

No soreness, no inconvenience. Blue-jay is a wax set in protecting plaster.

Millions of people never have corns, simply because they know Blue-jay. They stop them as soon as they start. But substitutes won't do that.

Blue-jay Ends Corns

15c and 25c at Druggists
BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

every day. We have not read a speech of Sir Sam Hughes in such a long time.

Hope spring eternal in the human breast, but we want a lot of springs of water in London.

"Judge not" is a regular idea in London, as there is no judge.

WHY DON'T THEY CHANGE THE NAME?

Can you tell me, Mr. Editor, what all the powers that be. That the people of a town of no small fame. After carrying a bylaw by a good majority. Can't get such action as will change its name?

The new name that they picked on is one that always will be spoken of with deep respect and pride. For its owner after serving King and country long and well. Was still on active service when he died.

But the rulers at Toronto do not see their way to move. Saying, "We must action in this case delay." "For it would be ultra vires to do anything at all." "While P. M. G. Casgrain is away."

And then they send to Ottawa, which used to be Bytown. Striving to have the matter straightened there. But the wily gent who manage things don't see how they can move. Till Toronto makes the legal points all square.

So between the Local and the Federal Governments.

They toss round the petition like a ball. Always hoping things will happen and matters shape themselves. So that neither crowd will have to move at all.

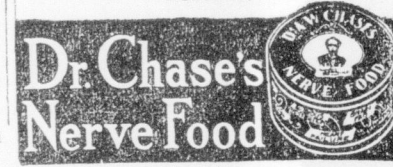
And in the end the fighters who are hoping for no change. Helped by politicians, one could name, will win. And the honored name of Kitchener will be lightly cast aside. And the place still "small to heaven" as Berlin.

THE OLD UN.



Nervous, sick headaches tell of exhausted nerves, and warn you of approaching prostration or paralysis. By enriching the blood Dr. Chase's Nerve Food restores the wasted nerve cells and thoroughly cures headaches, sleeplessness and other nervous disorders.

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ARE STILL DOING DUTY IN THE SHAPE OF

EDDY'S MATCHES

SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO THE FIRST CANADIAN-MADE MATCHES WERE MADE AT HULL BY EDDY AND SINCE THAT TIME FOR MATERIALS AND STRIKING QUALITIES, EDDY'S HAVE BEEN THE ACKNOWLEDGED BEST.

WHEN BUYING MATCHES SPECIFY

EDDY'S

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Here YOU spend the day in a nice cool office, while it's hot as blazes at home.

No wonder your poor wife looks so worn and tired.

Wouldn't you raise a row if someone took your fan away and made you go through the summer without it? Yet—you're allowing HER to swelter away her good looks and good nature all day, then at night expecting to find her as lively and cheerful as ever.

Wake up! Take home a

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today. You'll both be better off with a fan in the house. No more hot, uncomfortable evenings or restless nights. A HYDRO Fan will keep you cool at the little cost of a tenth of a cent an hour.

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