

London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.

MORNING EDITION.
City. 10c per week. Outside City. 15c per week.
By Mail. \$5.00 per year. By Mail. \$5.00 per year.

NOON EDITION.
City. 10c per week. Outside City. 15c per week.
By Mail. \$5.00 per year. By Mail. \$5.00 per year.

EVENING EDITION.
City. 10c per week. Outside City. 15c per week.
By Mail. \$5.00 per year. By Mail. \$5.00 per year.

3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
Private Branch Exchange, 1000-1099 p.m. to 3:00 a.m., and holidays, call 2070. Business Department: 3671. Editors: 3672. Reporters: 3673. News Room: 3674. ADVERTISER JOB PRINTING CO. PHONE 247.

Toronto Representative—F. W. Thompson, 57 Mail Building.
U. S. Representatives—New York: Charles H. Eddy Company, Fifth Avenue Building, Chicago: Charles H. Eddy Company, People's Gas Building, Boston: Charles H. Eddy Company, Old South Building.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Friday, May 11.

BLONDISM'S CAMPAIGN.

MAJOR-GEN. LESSARD, Canada's greatest military authority, who was denied a part in the war operations in France by the Government, is showing true Canadian spirit by going to Quebec to help Col. Blondin in his recruiting campaign. Notwithstanding the disturbance of a Montreal meeting caused by rowdies, the campaign with his aid is likely to meet with success. Incidentally, the cause for the lack of enlistments in the lower province has been brought to light. The French-Canadians have not been told of the needs of the country for men. Gen. Lessard has blamed the clergy for not urging their parishioners to enlist, although the higher church authorities have made urgent appeals.

Col. Blondin has previously expressed his sentiments in Quebec, and they were not complimentary to the British flag. Now he is appealing to his French compatriots to enlist to retain Quebec in the federation. It would appear from his remarks that if they do not show their loyalty to the country which has protected them for generations, there is danger of the province losing its status as part of the Dominion. And breaking the confederation, he is quoted as saying, would be to ruin Montreal and turn the St. Lawrence into a "liquid desert." Although it is difficult to understand why the failure of French-Canadians to enlist would break up the confederation, it may be assumed that Blondin, going direct from a cabinet position to make such a speech, knows what he is talking about. To those not in the secrets of the Government, it would seem that failure to enlist would bring about secession.

Perhaps Col. Blondin knows whereof he speaks. The rest of the Dominion would understand him better if he urged the French-Canadians to enlist because of their debt to civilization and their duty to their country.

WHERE DOES THE MONEY GO?

IN A LETTER to The Advertiser Mr. W. H. Porter, of the Farmer's Advocate, makes a spirited and logical defence of the farmer, much maligned these days by some people because of the high prices of foodstuffs. Potatoes, four, five or six dollars a barrel! Who wouldn't be a farmer? Wheat, \$3 a bushel; great day for the farmer! These are not uncommon expressions heard. While undoubtedly a few farmers have held their supplies for high prices, most of them sold out last fall at much lower figures. In fact, there are farmers in Middlesex County whose dinner-tables have not seen potatoes for months, and the farmer is paying the same price as the city man for flour.

Mr. Porter points out that the grain-growers of the west disposed of their wheat last fall at a price ranging from \$1.85 to \$1.50 a bushel. Today wheat is selling at \$3 a bushel. Who is pocketing this 100 per cent difference? In Ontario the most of the potato crop sold at \$2 a bag; in Nova Scotia farmers received 50 and 60 cents per bushel. In New Brunswick 65 cents, and in Prince Edward Island 40 cents. Potatoes are selling today at more than \$4 per bag. Who is pocketing this 100 per cent difference?

There has been a "killing" of prices somewhere. The farmers are not at fault, the retail dealers state that they are not at fault. The railways claim their transportation charges are so low that they cannot live, yet in the course from the producer to the consumer 100 per cent has been added to prices.

This is a matter of much greater importance to the country than the spending of a billion dollars to buy railways which do not pay. When a famine is threatening the world it is much more urgent that a royal commission seek to prevent the Canadian people from being robbed of millions of dollars a year by unscrupulous speculators. The country is awakening to the need of action, and will demand it. The producer, as well as the consumer, is interested in seeing that the country as a whole gets a square deal.

SHORTENING THE WAR.

IN SEVERAL ways the entrance of the United States into the war will help to end it soon. Food and other supplies going to neutral countries, from there to be passed on to Germany, will be strictly controlled at the source, and there will be much less blacking-out work to be done by the British navy. Scores of ships and thousands of men will thus be released from lengthy and irksome routine for more active work against the enemy. More supplies will be available for export to the Allied peoples. Money will be heaped up behind our guns.

Then there comes an end to the talk in various quarters of this war as simply an affair among kings. It becomes so absolutely and glaringly a life and death struggle between a medieval empire and democracy, between a modern edition of Assyria, indeed, and really modern institutions, that even the Germans are becoming keenly aware of the true condition of things. Nothing but the entry of the United

States could have steadied the situation that was so critical in Russia last week.

In another direction, also, good effects are seen. The rebellious or half-rebellious Irish in Ireland have seen the war in a new light. They have seen that this is "England's war," and a quarter of a million of their youth of military age have seen no service at all. Many of the young men have been held back by the village politicians from enlistment, and this went against the grain of a fighting race. The Irish is also the most generous of races, by no means naturally disposed to sit back and let others fight the battle for its liberty against the bloody Hun. Now the young men of Ireland hear that their brothers, the Irish-Americans, are heartily in the fight under the Stars and Stripes. Young Ireland will be eager to join young America, even if still somewhat unaccustomed to England. The London Times suggests that Great Britain should "begin a new chapter in recruiting by encouraging native Irishmen, under Irish leaders (and a green flag if they prefer it), to enroll themselves as a new Irish force for service in the trenches side by side with the emigrants whose appreciation of this great world conflict has been quicker and clearer than their own."

That is getting away from red tape! And as a last result of the American decision, the old enemy of the Irish cause, the London Times, is now ready for home rule in some shape, even ready to salute the green flag! These are results that will not be welcome at Potsdam.

THE WAR'S WHIRLIGIG.

WHEN THE WAR is over and won, people will be looking at themselves in the glass to see how much they have suffered or changed. When John Bull takes a survey of himself he will be shocked at the extent to which his state has been socialized—national shops, mines, railways, and so on, confiscatory taxes on the rich, and the Countess of Warwick calling for nationalization of the land. His first thought may be, perhaps, to change all back again. But he will sigh and shake his head, and with his usual practical judgment, conclude that the old can not be brought back again. For better or for worse, Great Britain has been changed in a twinkling, and can hardly be ever again the same as it was before.

Some years ago, H. G. Wells wrote an agreeable romance about a comet meeting and changing the earth, transforming even human nature to something kinder and better. It was a dream of good that Shelley or Tennyson would have enjoyed. Now the real shock of a horrible war has wrought transformations in Great Britain, Russia, and probably, under the surface, in Germany herself, such as could not have been reasonably expected in a long period. Whether they are all good, who can say? But they have come, and are largely irrevocable. Even here in Rogers-Ridden Canada, in spite of Ottawa, momentous changes have come, and certainly for good in every sense. Prohibition, to the point of prohibited liquor advertisements in some of the provinces, and woman suffrage are two permanent contributions of the war, thus far, to our national life.

HAPPY RUSSIA.

RUSSIAN MUNICIPALITIES are arranging to import boots, shoes and rubbers on a large scale so that their people may get them at reasonable prices. This information is from the Canadian Government agent at Petrograd, who points to the opportunity for Canadian exporters.

Happy Russia, if its civic authorities have so quickly advanced to the point where they can get cheap commodities from a country in which, according to the minister of finance, high prices prevail because of the law of supply and demand. Can the depleted and backward Russia teach the up-to-date Canadian officials a trick or two in regulating prices? Does the Canadian agent at Petrograd know more about prices than his superiors at Ottawa? Or is the prospect of cheap shoes merely a hoax to coax tourists to Russia?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Germans have sunk two more hospital ships, and still talk about "peace with honor."

This oft-repeated promise in Berlin of a speedy victory that never comes will open the people's eyes in time.

Berlin officially denies that an attempt was made to kill the Kaiser. What we are more interested in is why it wasn't attempted.

The ever-present question in the United States: "What shall we do with our ex-presidents?" is solved for the time being at least. Both of them are good recruiting agents.

King Constantine figured it out that if he could get Venizelos killed his own head would rest easier. It was the desperate gamble of a monarch near the end of his rope, and it failed.

Canada's casualties for thirty days almost equalled her enlistments for three months. If wastage were to continue in this proportion it would be easy to figure out how long the war would last.

The materialism of Germany which led to the war has been in some quarters attributed to the advance of modern theology in Hunland. If religion or non-religion had much to do at all with the Kaiser's war-making, it would appear probable that, as Rev. W. J. Knox declared from his pulpit, the real trouble lay in the failure of spiritual leadership on the part of a state church dead in formalism and dogma, while the free-thinking educated classes went after profit and pleasure.

SPRING IS HERE.

[Stratford Beacon.]

Spring is here, and the new. Occasional refreshing showers are helping to start vegetation. We were crumbling at its late advent, but nothing will be gained by that. Now that it is here, we very close make the best use of the opportunity afforded for getting ready to help. "A vegetable garden for every home."

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

ON A STILL HUNT.

By John Montgomery.

It was at the house of a mutual friend in the city that Miss Lena Rives and Mr. Arthur Graves were introduced.

Miss Rives was the daughter of the Widow Rives of the manor house, the Larches, down Long Island way, and Mr. Graves was employed in a bank in the city.

There was talk of this and that, and it finally turned on the country, and Mr. Graves expressed a wish that he might be out among the woods and meadows. He followed that by saying that it would be a delight to see the quail sailing round and round in graceful flights, and the chipmunks springing from tree to tree.

The Widow Rives had occupied the Larches for eight months a year for four years, and yet she could not tell a rabbit from a cat. She had heard of smartwits and maywads and catnip, but she could not tell one from the other. Or what use if she could? The Widow Rives was never discussed in the drawing rooms of the wealthy.

Miss Lena was a little more curious and enterprising than her mother. In time she learned that a quail was not a crow and that a chipmunk was not a rabbit. In fact the farmer's boy who was employed now and then to assist the gardener, told her lots and lots of things about animal and bird and plant life. Some of it she had forgotten by the next day, and some of it she had never heard of.

Miss Lena wasn't perfect. She had the usual number of faults and it was one of those "quail" faults. When young Mr. Graves spoke of the quail sailing round and round and the chipmunks springing from tree to tree he was met with:

"Oh, but you could never have lived in the country."

"And why not?" he asked.

"Because quails fly straight ahead and because chipmunks don't climb trees."

"I think they do."

"You have seen them do it, have you?"

"Miss Rives, I must insist that I am correct about the quails and chipmunks," he firmly said.

"And Mr. Graves, I must insist that you are wrong," she as firmly replied. "That closed the conversation on natural history, but neither one was quite satisfied."

"I don't believe she knows a quail from a goose," she said to herself. "Some weeks later, when Miss Lena went home, she drove over to see the Widow Rives who lived a few miles away. After the greetings the widow said:

"Wasn't it awful?"

"Why, what?"

"The robbery. Didn't your family tell you about it?"

"Not a word. Where was it?"

"Why, my adopted son, Arthur, whom you have never met, went to the city and learned the banking business, and a few days ago he opened a bank at Chester with \$20,000. I contributed half the money."

"And he failed?"

"No, dear. On the night of the opening day it was robbed of every dollar. It comes hard for me to lose my share, but Arthur is just heart-broken. He is without a dollar."

On reaching home after her call Miss Lena asked of the gardener's assistant:

"Boy, when quail are scared up how do they fly?"

"They go away with a buzz-z-z-z!"

"Do they fly high or low?"

"Not over ten feet high and not very far. Lemme show you."

Opposite the Larches was a field of wheat belonging to a farmer. The boy picked up a stone and walked across the road and gave it a fling. It fell among the wheat a hundred feet away, and instantly there arose a flock of a dozen quail and flew straight away and flew low.

"See?" grinned the boy.

"Yes, I see—thanks. I am then to myself."

"If that young Graves was here he'd have to give in or do some awful wriggling to get out of it. How brazen of him to dispute me! I think I will go ahead and solve the chipmunk question now."

Behind the house was a bit of woodland, and the girl was soon there and seated under a tree and watching out for the lively little animals. As soon as the noise of her arrival had been succeeded by silence, two chipmunks began chattering each other across the leaves, and they played for ten minutes before disappearing in a hollow log. When two or three minutes had passed without a reappearance, the watcher mused:

"It must be their home and they may have a little family in there."

As she walked over to the log the chipmunks ran out, but she knelt down, just the same, to have a look. The hollow in the log was stopped up with something, and she put in her hand and pulled out a small leather satchel. It looked as good as new, and its contents were of no great weight. The satchel was securely locked.

"This is funny!" she exclaimed. "Well, I'll take it home and have it opened. I want a chance to tell that smart Mr. Graves that chipmunks don't climb trees and spring from one to the other, but run about on the ground."

No key could be found to fit the satchel, and the lock had to be broken. When it was held up and shaken out tumbled four packages of greenbacks. "Ten thousand dollars!" gasped Miss Lena, as she looked at the figures on the bands.

"Go!" shouted the boy who had stolen the quail.

"Lena, I am going to faint!" warned the mother.

"Say, mother," said the daughter after a moment's thought, "the Chester bank was robbed of just this sum."

"But Chester is twelve miles away."

"That makes no difference. The robbers would want to hide the booty somewhere until the hue and cry had passed."

"And I'll swear that I saw a strange man prowling through the woods one day a few weeks ago," said the gardener.

"I shall drive back to Mrs. Rogers' with the money," said Miss Lena. "You know the bank was started by her adopted son and herself. I think she said something about his being there tonight. He is almost crazy over his loss."

The pony cart was brought around and the drive was made. As the outfit drew up at the gate the widow and a young man came down from the house.

The son was the young Mr. Graves.

the girl had met in the city! The two bowed rather coldly to each other when introduced by the mother.

"Did you forget something when you left here?" asked Mrs. Rogers.

"Oh, no. I came back on an errand. Mr. Graves, your bank at Chester was robbed a few weeks ago."

"Yes," he almost groaned.

"And the robbers have not been caught nor the money recovered?"

"No."

"Could you identify the money?"

"Yes, if the packages had not been broken. There were four of them, of \$2,500 each."

"I think this belongs to you!" she quietly said as she handed over the satchel.

"Upon my soul!" he gasped, as he saw the money. "But how—when—where—did you find it?"

"Mr. Graves, you and I had a dispute in New York some time ago about quails and chipmunks. I want you to call at the Larches and let me prove to you that quails fly low and straight ahead, and that chipmunks prefer hollow logs to standing trees."

And when she had practically demonstrated her assertions, he began calling every few days to beg her pardon, and it looks as if she might be wiser here before he can feel that he has been forgiven.

HENRY'S CHANCE.

[Montreal Herald.]

Henry Ford now has the opportunity to adopt a new motto: "Into the trenches before Christmas."

There must be a dash of color even in war-time when vegetables abound in the gardens. Flowers cheer the heavy heart, and for this reason they should not be omitted altogether. The war forbids great floral displays, but a few flowers are almost a necessity, and being few, they should be properly cared for, so that their quality will make up for lack in numbers. Each gardener has his favorites, and from them he must choose. The following instructions are given for those who would choose sweet peas:

Sweet peas may be grown on any land for they are usually planted in a trench which can be filled with suitable sweet pea soil. The earlier they are planted the better, and for this reason it is a good plan to have the ground prepared in the fall, so that the seeds may be sown as soon as the frost is out of the ground. Dig a trench of at least two feet in depth, even deeper if possible, and into the bottom of this trench put about six inches of manure, and then fill up the whole with loam soil, into which has been worked a little manure

and bone dust. The ground is now ready for sowing the seeds, which may be done as soon as the frost is out of the ground. Exceptional stress should be laid on the early planting of sweet peas, so that the roots will have the chance to grow extensively before the hot weather sets in. Some gardeners sow their sweet peas indoors and transplant them outdoors later, so that they will be sure to have a good start. The seed is sown in rows, two or three seeds to six inches of row, and two inches deep. Later but one of the plants is preserved. Press the earth firmly about the seeds so that they will come quickly in contact with the moisture of the soil. Before the plants have attained any great size, a trellis of some kind for the plants to cling to should be supplied. The most serviceable thing is a wire netting of about six feet in height. Brush is used sometimes, however.

Sweet peas delight in wet weather, and when this cannot be had, they should be watered plentifully, not a sprinkling every day, but a regular drenching two or three times a week. Cut-worms are apt to attack young sweet pea plants, but they can easily be controlled if poisoned bran is

sprinkled around the plants at night. If the plants are troubled with aphids spray them with tobacco water. The only other thing that is essential to a good sweet pea patch is to prevent the formation of pods by keeping the peas cut constantly.

THE GIRL WITH THE HOE.

By using Cuticura Soap exclusively and Cuticura occasionally. Samples of each free with 32-page skin book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. S., Boston.

HAVE SOFT WHITE HANDS

Stop that cough!

don't let it master you, for a continuous cough is dangerous. Attack it with a remedy that will quickly stop irritation of the respiratory organs and at the same time build up the body for permanent resistance. Ask your druggist or dealer for—

Robert's

35¢ Cod Liver Oil & Tar

Abottle

Everyone needs a laxative!

Although the bowels may act regularly each day, the use of physic gets rid of waste matter accumulated during the week.—Dr. Arthur F. Hurtz, of Guy's Hospital, London, England.

FROM the standpoint of injury to one's system, the next thing to total constipation is insufficient bowel activity. Even if the movement is regular, there is very often enough waste entering into the blood to cause a complication of disorders as indicated by dulness of thought, a yellow complexion and a sluggish physical action.

To restore regular and complete bowel activity it is necessary, first of all, to get rid of the impurities remaining in the intestinal tract. A thorough flushing is needed. Pills won't do: for, by weakening the regular processes of evacuation, the system comes to lean on them as on a crutch, and they frequently make constipation chronic.

The reason why RIGA WATER does not do the same thing is because it acts in effect as a flusher, that is to say, it softens the contents of intestines and so encourages normal, healthy bowel movements. It does this, too, without upsetting the digestive processes or forming a habit.

All Druggists carry RIGA WATER and are glad to recommend it.

Riga Purgative Water Co., Montreal

MACLURE & LANGLEY, LIMITED, Toronto.—Ontario Distributors

2

Alkali in Shampoos

Bad For the Hair

If you want to keep your hair looking its best, be careful what you wash it with. Don't use prepared shampoos or anything else, that contains too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it.

The best thing for steady use is just ordinary mulberry cocoanut oil (which is pure and greaseless), and is better than anything else you can use.

One or two teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, lustrous, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get mulberry cocoanut oil at any pharmacy. It's very cheap, and a few ounces will supply every member of the family for months.

The Advertiser's Hint for City Gardeners.

Information As to Preparation, Planting and Care of Plants That May Be Grown in Backyards.

There must be a dash of color even in war-time when vegetables abound in the gardens. Flowers cheer the heavy heart, and for this reason they should not be omitted altogether. The war forbids great floral displays, but a few flowers are almost a necessity, and being few, they should be properly cared for, so that their quality will make up for lack in numbers. Each gardener has his favorites, and from them he must choose. The following instructions are given for those who would choose sweet peas:

Sweet peas may be grown on any land for they are usually planted in a trench which can be filled with suitable sweet pea soil. The earlier they are planted the better, and for this reason it is a good plan to have the ground prepared in the fall, so that the seeds may be sown as soon as the frost is out of the ground. Dig a trench of at least two feet in depth, even deeper if possible, and into the bottom of this trench put about six inches of manure, and then fill up the whole with loam soil, into which has been worked a little manure

and bone dust. The ground is now ready for sowing the seeds, which may be done as soon as the frost is out of the ground. Exceptional stress should be laid on the early planting of sweet peas, so that the roots will have the chance to grow extensively before the hot weather sets in. Some gardeners sow their sweet peas indoors and transplant them outdoors later, so that they will be sure to have a good start. The seed is sown in rows, two or three seeds to six inches of row, and two inches deep. Later but one of the plants is preserved. Press the earth firmly about the seeds so that they will come quickly in contact with the moisture of the soil. Before the plants have attained any great size, a trellis of some kind for the plants to cling to should be supplied. The most serviceable thing is a wire netting of about six feet in height. Brush is used sometimes, however.

Sweet peas delight in wet weather, and when this cannot be had, they should be watered plentifully, not a sprinkling every day, but a regular drenching two or three times a week. Cut-worms are apt to attack young sweet pea plants, but they can easily be controlled if poisoned bran is

sprinkled around the plants at night. If the plants are troubled with aphids spray them with tobacco water. The only other thing that is essential to a good sweet pea patch is to prevent the formation of pods by keeping the peas cut constantly.

THE GIRL WITH THE HOE.

By using Cuticura Soap exclusively and Cuticura occasionally. Samples of each free with 32-page skin book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. S., Boston.

HAVE SOFT WHITE HANDS

Stop that cough!

don't let it master you, for a continuous cough is dangerous. Attack it with a remedy that will quickly stop irritation of the respiratory organs and at the same time build up the body for permanent resistance. Ask your druggist or dealer for—

Robert's

35¢ Cod Liver Oil & Tar

Abottle

Everyone needs a laxative!

Although the bowels may act regularly each day, the use of physic gets rid of waste matter accumulated during the week.—Dr. Arthur F. Hurtz, of Guy's Hospital, London, England.

FROM the standpoint of injury to one's system, the next thing to total constipation is insufficient bowel activity. Even if the movement is regular, there is very often enough waste entering into the blood to cause a complication of disorders as indicated by dulness of thought, a yellow complexion and a sluggish physical action.

To restore regular and complete bowel activity it is necessary, first of all, to get rid of the impurities remaining in the intestinal tract. A thorough flushing is needed. Pills won't do: for, by weakening the regular processes of evacuation, the system comes to lean on them as on a crutch, and they frequently make constipation chronic.

The reason why RIGA WATER does not do the same thing is because it acts in effect as a flusher, that is to say, it softens the contents of intestines and so encourages normal, healthy bowel movements. It does this, too, without upsetting the digestive processes or forming a habit.

All Druggists carry RIGA WATER and are glad to recommend it.

Riga Purgative Water Co., Montreal

MACLURE & LANGLEY, LIMITED, Toronto.—Ontario Distributors

2

Alkali in Shampoos

Bad For the Hair

If you want to keep your hair looking its best, be careful what you wash it with. Don't use prepared shampoos or anything else, that contains too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it.

The best thing for steady use is just ordinary mulberry cocoanut oil (which is pure and greaseless), and is better than anything else you can use.

One or two teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, lustrous, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get mulberry cocoanut oil at any pharmacy. It's very cheap, and a few ounces