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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Monday, Feb. 18.

A CONTINENT IN STEP.

IT IS PROBABLY not without premeditation that the old Yankee fighting spirit is being invoked in the United States. A martial enthusiasm such as no other country has known is sweeping the republic to the south of us, and everything centres about the waging of the good fight for democracy. The Canadian who picks up an American newspaper or magazine in these times finds it in one respect a good deal less interesting than before the president's declaration. The press is devoting its space to the making of war—American war. The great domestic problem of the United States is to get men to France, men and supplies, and to build ships to guard the men and guns and ammunition with which to fight. The great army in training touches almost every home in the country with a close-up realization of the war. The decks have been swept clear, and while more space is given to criticism of war administration than ever appeared in the Canadian press, "scandals" being aired freely and much complaining voiced, the big executives and the rank and file seem to be working with full speed to get the country upon a strictly war basis.

The early stages of the war for Canada were marked with something of the same enthusiasm, although perhaps we took our soldiers without so much demonstration. Perhaps we did not demonstrate enough. Perhaps the leaders of the nation didn't rally the nation as it might have been rallied. It is certain that by every means at their disposal the Americans are getting to the emotions of their people.

Take a moving picture film such as "On to Berlin," exhibited at a local theatre last week. In that photoplay an American soldier appeared in the part of a super-war hero. He routed a German army or two and, although this incident was more or less disguised, took a few right-arm jabs at the crown prince, and finally shot the brute after the C. P. had run off with the American heroine. He did all manner of things that men at the front do not do, and probably could not do. His posings and heroics would have made a company of returned soldiers smile. But he stirred a London audience to cheers and whistles and loud hand-clapping in a manner that was never duplicated by a Canadian or English film that has been exhibited here since war began. He had all the women delighted, and the picture was so skillfully arranged as to make plausible even the most improbable features of it. The actor was a splendid athlete, and though it was not war as this war has been fought, it is the kind of war people like to think of Canadian and American boys being engaged in.

War with the music and the pretty girls in nurses' uniforms, war with the shining hero always centre stage, war idealized in the popular conception. If such a picture as this one stirred a Canadian audience that knows just about all there is to know about the glory of war, and the chance for individual "hero" stunts, its effect upon the American people must have been immeasurably greater. And who shall say that such wholesome make-believe is not a good thing to arouse the fighting spirit of a nation in a clean cause? The Americans may be waving the flag, but they are not waving it for political effect. They are waving it as the symbol of the nation, to inspire the manhood of the nation. And the Yankee heartier is affire.

You cannot walk down the street or get within firing distance of a phonograph these days without hearing "Over There" or "The Yanks Are Coming." It is a great thing to say those tunes fall upon receptive ears in the northern half of this continent. We sing and play these Yankee songs as though they were our own, and our drafted men will march to music that had its birth in the brain of George M. Cohan. And they will march more like soldiers for it, with more pride. "The Yanks Are Coming" makes Canada glad. "The Canucks Are Coming," also, more of them, and they never came with more willing feet than to the snappy airs of the Yanks. Down through many years has come "Marching Through Georgia." Our boys have marched to that air in France. It is no longer a borrowed air. Today it may be said that the whole continent marches with buoyant hearts to a common marching music.

A few may be inclined to regard the Yankee pictures and the Yankee tunes with disfavor. But they bid fair to stir the whole continent anew with a desire to see the war through, with a new sense of vigor in the universal desire to defeat the Potsdam madmen, and with a new feeling of brotherhood among the English-speaking peoples and their allies.

CHINESE PHILOSOPHY.

THE Chinese may be regarded as possessed of sufficient meekness to inherit the earth, yet there are paths which they tread quietly to reach their goal. A London officer who has just returned from overseas tells a story which illustrates the temperament of the "peculiar" race, which might have pleased the heart and moved the pen of Bret Harte. A certain encampment of Chinese laborers in France was bombed by German air raiders. Fifty Chinamen were killed or maimed. The London officer who had brought a fresh detachment of Chinese to the camp says that the survivors of the raid said very little. But they were doing a lot of thinking. Nearby was a compound for German prisoners. The Chinamen by means unknown secured a number of Mills grenades, and one night when dusk was falling a medley of cries, groans and explosions came from the German inclosure. When officials

arrived they found more than fifty dead Germans. A Chinaman stood at the side of the inclosure and said to a German inside: "You killed me; me killed you."

BOIL THE CITY WATER.

REASONABLY definite evidence that hundreds of people in London have been infected through the water supply has reached the authorities. Various theories have been advanced as to the cause of the apparent contamination, and it is to be confidently expected that a thorough investigation will reveal the source of infection.

The fact is also before the people that there is every possibility of any infected matter being removed. The epidemic appeared to come coincidentally with the floods of last week.

But the first advice to be given is that all water used for drinking should be boiled before using. This will protect the people and prevent an epidemic.

Not in the memory of middle-aged citizens has London had to reproach itself for its water supply. The trouble will in all probability be found in the after effects of the recent thaws and floods. Citizens should be careful to take the necessary home precautions, and to consult a physician at once upon the appearance of any illness.

WANTED—A MUNICIPAL BUREAU.

THOMAS Adams, the Dominion conservation commission municipal expert, told the rate-payers of London that if the Ontario Government could spend \$118,000 on a Government house they could spend \$100,000 on the establishment of a department of municipal affairs. If the facts were known it would undoubtedly be shown that the fire marshal's office, the committee of organization of resources and the trades and labor branch wasted enough money last year to keep a municipal department going for five years, even allowing for the same extravagance in the matter of clerks as marks the conduct of the departments referred to.

THE YIELD OF RECRUITS.

THE local Unionist organ says:

"Thirty thousand men have been drafted under the military service act. All we would yet have had from a Laurier would be preparation for a fruitless referendum."

And again—
"Mr. J. C. Elliot, M.P.P., West Middlesex, paid a tribute to the forces overseas. But what the forces want is not tributes, but reinforcements. Did Mr. Elliot help send these?"

It is just two months short of a year since Premier Borden introduced his conscription policy, time for almost as many referendums as we have drafted, and as yet Mr. Elliot or no one else has helped send the "necessary" reinforcements. Laurier's referendum could hardly have been more fruitless than the working of the Borden measure to date.

THE PATRONAGE PLEDGES.

MUST Hon. J. A. Calder's pre-election promises, like Premier Borden's, be placed in the same category as the famous Belgian scrap of paper? Mr. Calder said he would resign from the Union Government if patronage were not abolished. Three glaring cases are revealed, in which partisan workers, one of whom is the premier's brother, have been rewarded, but Mr. Calder remains silent.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The United States has appropriated \$277,732,000 for airplane bombs. There is something coming to Fritz.

South African women have been denied the vote. They will doubtless blame Canada for setting the example.

Lord Beaverbrook has been given Sir Edward Carson's cabinet job. Is this a vindication of Sir Sam Hughes?

Conditions at the Sarnia jail are declared bad by an ex-prisoner. Evidently the Burwash prison farm is not the only penal institution that needs investigating.

The legislation so far introduced at the present session of the Legislature would lead to the conclusion that whoever named the Hearst cabinet the "seven sleepers" knew what he was talking about.

It is announced that the Government will register the man power of Canada. Many will recollect that the Government did this once before, and naught came of it. It is to be hoped that the latest project will not be quite such a fizzle.

Hon. W. J. Hanna has resigned his seat in the Ontario cabinet because of the pressure of private interests. Much the same pressure, we presume, that led to his resignation as Dominion food controller. Since he has been minister without portfolio Mr. Hanna has taken little interest in the affairs of the Government, in fact it is doubtful if he attended one single cabinet meeting. Like his food control warnings, his presence in Queen's Park will be little missed.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THROUGH SINGLE.

[Huntington, W. Va., Herald-Dispatch.]
From the actions (they speak plainer than words), appearances, and stories carried by women gossipers, it is reported all over Huntington that I am married and have a family and good-for-nothing husband to support. I deny that report. I am not married and never have been. I am what you would call an "Old Maid" that is a very pretty name, and it is no disgrace and, more than that, I am not ashamed of it. I think it no honor to be married either. If I'd get a man like some women do, I belong to the Methodist Church and I'm a Christian as well as a church member. If I were like some girls I would have been married years ago. I am very well centered at home with my father and mother, if I did chase down at the mission after a "crazy idiot" (there are two sides to everything). I am not engaged either. My father is a hard working, honest and respectable man. He works at the factory. My mother is a good Christian woman, but she is not very strong and cannot get out to go to church very often on account of her health being so bad. MISS HAZEL CASSADY.

NO, NO, NOT THESE.

[Brockville Recorder and Times.]
The Ottawa Citizen remarks that Hon. Arthur Meighen, in a luncheon address to the Dominion Land Surveyors last Thursday, employed the old cliché about "the best is none too good for the returned soldiers." The best apparently does not include such positions as the collectorship of customs at the port of Montreal, or the secretaryship of the war cabinet.

HEART HEART.

[Ridgeway Dominion.]
A snuffed Canada and British connection.

A DANGEROUS THING.

[Funch.]
American Officer (to Sammy, coming over on transport)—"Say, you're wounded already."
Sammy—"That's so. Teddy Roosevelt shook hands with me on the quay."

TO HER

[By Eric Ross Gouding.]
[To my friend Ed.]
I dream'd, in night's mysterious time,
I saw in visions all our future state—
Oh, what a world for you and I, we two.
But now, behold! Too late,
Too late!
Still, dreams and memory bring you over yet
Oh, like the faithful must I weeping wait,
And as we weep lest I, mayhap, forget,
Ideals are! The Real?
Ah, too late,
Too late!

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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TWO BLACK HOGS.

By C. B. Lewis.

James Graham had come to the suburban village of Springharbor in the month of August and hung out his shingle as an attorney-at-law. Clyde Sommers had come to the same village one month later and hung out his shingle as in the same profession. Their offices were not half a block from each other, and as they read each other's signs, a spirit of rivalry was born. With young Graham there was a spirit of envy and aggression with it. He meant, in his own words, to take the other fellow's place in about three months. With Sommers it was a fair spirit of life and let live. They were both well backed financially, and could afford to wait for their first briefs.

It was almost the first week of their coming when they caught sight of Miss Minnie Sherman, of the "Oscar Grove" Manor House, three miles out of town, but it was some time before they realized that they were also rivals in that case. It was by design that Sommers called at the house and made some excuse about an old deed. He talked with the father, and he chatted with the daughter, and he made up his mind that he would win her. Her expressions of him were not very favorable. He was too condescending and too boastful. He seemed to want to elbow in and to crowd others out.

Young Graham came later and there was no reason about it. He was out in his auto, with which he was not very well acquainted, and it went "dead" before the gate of the Manor House. When he had tinkered with it for about ten minutes, Miss Minnie came out to the gate to lend her assistance. There is a bond between two who makes them do this and not always wait for an introduction.

In five minutes the legal machine was all right again, and though but few words had passed, there was a favorable impression on both sides. By and by both young lawyers were callers at the Manor House. This state of affairs had been going on for three months. Mr. Sommers admitted to himself that he was gaining in his object, and it provoked and irritated him. His envy was excited the more, and although he had rights as yet, he had the feeling which jealousy always brings. Neither had had a case yet, and neither could show how smart he was and what his legal standing was to be.

One spring day, when Miss Minnie was driving her auto over a country road, she was well alone, and she was over and over a black hog belonging to a farmer. The farmer was known far and wide for his breeding of autoists, and their vehicles. He came out of his house at the hog's last squeal, and he came with furious language. He was interrupted by the statement that the full value of the hog should be paid, but when it came down to that he wanted about five times as much as the porker was worth. He was told to sue for it, and he went off and sued. That is, he came tramping into the law office of Mr. Sommers and demanded his legal rights. A black hog of his had been run over and sent to eternity without warning, and by the great jumping Jupiter, Miss Minnie Sherman should pay him \$20 for it.

"You said Miss Sherman, did you?" asked the lawyer in anxious tones. "That's what I said and she is the one. She never goes out driving without killing hogs, chickens or calves. I want you to show her no mercy."

The lawyer took the case. He wanted to get even not only with the girl, but with young Graham, who would be employed to defend the case, if any one was. He could defend himself to the girl by saying that a lawyer must take a case when it is offered him. By strange plan of Providence, young Graham went riding on the same day. By a still stranger plan, he ran over a black hog. The fatal accident occurred three miles away, but they were both black hogs. When he knew he had killed a hog, young Graham descended from his vehicle and drew the carcass into the roadside ditch. Then he passed on and thought no more of it until he heard that Miss Minnie Sherman had been summoned into court. He heard of it by her calling at the office, and retaining him for the defence. He hunted up the farmer who owned the hog that he had killed and paid for it, and then had a confidential talk. As a consequence, that farmer was called a hog and the lawyer for the plaintiff had made his opening speech. "What becomes of it?" he asked. "The case has been thrown out of court on the ground that he had run over and killed a black hog himself on that very day. There were black hogs in plenty, but it was impossible that two black hogs should meet their deaths on the same day on the same highway."

Miss Minnie was put on the stand, and she did not have to plead guilty or innocent. In fact, she could not be questioned at all in a legal way. Mr. Graham's witness swore that his black hog had been killed, and that Mr. Graham had come to him in a legal way and paid the damages, and he offered to show the dead body of the hog.

"But, Your Honor," protested Sommers, "the plaintiff in this case had a black hog, too, and he was killed by an auto. What becomes of it?" He did not bring his suit for the other farmer's hog but for his own. There seems to be a queer thing about it. "There goes, indeed," replied His Honor. "He swears he had a black hog killed. He swears, but has not witnesses to corroborate him. The hog might not have been killed. He might have been badly hurt, and he might have been run over again. Was this hog examined by a doctor? Did any doctor pronounce him dead? I shall have to dismiss the case for want of better evidence."

"But, Your Honor," shouted Sommers, "this case has been before you. There was an intention to be fogged. Why don't this court compel my brother to present his case in a legal way?" "Because there is no case!" solemnly replied His Honor.

But there was another case six months later, and Mr. Sherman presented it in such a manner that he won hands down, and soon thereafter Mr. Sommers took down his sign and left the only successful lawyer in the village to enjoy his triumph.

Wait a Minute!

By J. M. F.

Officers who do real fighting in France call the officers who do nothing but parade in England "spare parts." Rather good, that.

The flood was humming while it lasted, and it is a mighty good thing that it did not last long. Looked equally for a spell.

A Mr. Philbin is looking after the coal situation in Michigan. A Philbin probably would be a better person for the job.

The Kaiser may be ailing, but he isn't ailing enough to die. That's what makes us a bit wif.

Trotsky says the war is over, the only trouble about that being the fact that the Germans don't believe it. As

the result, the Huns will proceed to kick the Bolsheviks all over the continent just to prove to them that the war is over. That will not make them mad.

Vernon Castle is dead, and he went out like a man. He danced the dance with death with the same grace and abandon that he two-stepped before the throngs of people who went to see him. Heroic greatness is oftentimes bid in strange places. It had better be said that most men are right—when the big test comes.

In spite of the fact that ice has been as plentiful as "cuties" in a Hun trench, there will probably be an ice famine in August. Little joy bringer, eh?

The town of Rawson, North Dakota, has no saloons, no jail, no lawyers, no doctors, no church, no movies and no pawnshop. However, life in a cemetery is not the most interesting.

The Hun drive may be overdue, but it cannot be long delayed. The Kaiser will have to start something to save the family. The millennium will happen when one of his sons gets killed in war. You don't want to tarry that long, eh?

The ice jam of today certainly did give us cold comfort. There was need of a controller there all right.

An army colonel has sued his wife for divorce on the ground that she has nagged him for 20 years. Plenty of men are not heroes to their wives.

A man who had eaten meat in 40 years has died in Chicago at the age of 109. Probably his relatives wished he had taken ham and eggs occasionally.

Castor oil will win the war, says an expert. Oh, well, we can't rejoice much at the news. We are quite a distance from being a "silly, degenerate it."

Prussia is not all in Germany. Sergt. Varley, who spoke on behalf of labor men in the recent elections, has been sentenced to 28 days in the clink, because he refused to undergo medical treatment. This happened not long ago. And yet they say Canada is such a lovely place.

Port Stanley was almost swept away by the flood. It would be awful if anything happened over well-known bathhouse.

Let's go. Somebody must give us a nickel's worth of coal.

Bits of Byplay
by Luke McLuke
Copyright, 1917

This little rhyme may cause a grin,
That you'll find there's no doubt
That when a man is taken in
He's sure to feel put out.

Ouch!
"Your husband is a well-preserved man, isn't he?" said Mrs. Naybor.
"He ought to be," replied Mrs. Gabb.
"He is picked most of the time."

A Lot.
"I'm careful with coin," said old Wheeler.
"And while you may think this is funny, you'll find a real estate dealer.
And I'll get a lot for my money."

Yum, Yum!
One moment, please, while we inform

you that Ethel Sweet has a candy store in Grand Rapids, Mich.

Paw Knows Everything.
Willie—Paw, what is enuff?
Paw—Enuff is when you are tired of doing nothing and too tired to do anything else, my son.

Oh!
You have often seen yellow bay rum, but if you go to Boswell Crossing, Ga., you can see Pink Landrum.

Huh!
"Isn't it strange that there are no female dinner speakers," said the Bachelor.
"Nothing strange about it," replied the Boreadict. "A woman tells all she knows before dinner is half over."

Our Joe Miller Contest.
Wilmington claims that the oldest joke is the one about the two Irishmen who were in a field when someone hunting in the woods nearby fired a gun, and the bullet passed through

fat's hat. Pat took off the hat and looked at the hole in it, and then said to Mike: "Sagorra, Mike, if I had had my cap on the bullet would have killed me sure."

"My poor crops fill me with alarm," remarked old Farmer Togs.
"I think I'll start a chicken farm, and then I'll have full crops."

Famous Stands.
Grand
Fruit
One-Night
Under
Verdun R. E. Bailey.

Luke McLuke Says.
A man finds out what he wants to know by asking questions. A woman finds out what she wants to know by pretending to have no interest in the matter. Of course, this will make the re-

formers snort, but a real man would not attend a prize fight than an uplift meeting.

Our idea of wasting good space in a newspaper to print pictures of Mr. A. Bravely's Fupp and Mrs. U. Nayked Huzzie in their bathing togs at Palm Beach.

The truth of the matter is that the man who brags down town that he is boss in his home is the same fellow who has to wash the dishes after supper while his wife is dozing up to go to the movie show.

It is none of our business, but any man who likes to quarrel should study law and get paid for it.

There are times when a husband would like to take a wallop at his wife. And it isn't Chivalry that prevents him from doing it; it is fear.

In spite of the fact that he can hear Friend Wife snoring when he is sneaking up the stairs at 2 a.m., Friend Husband knows that the minute Friend Wife hears him entering the room, she will insist that she couldn't sleep a wink until he got home.



Give At Least 10 Days Moving Notice---

THERE is a great scarcity of skilled telephone men through army enlistments.

If you have a telephone and intend moving, we should be notified immediately so that arrangements can be made to move your telephone promptly.

War-time demands have also caused a shortage of all telephone materials. Subscribers are asked to co-operate with us in conserving telephone supplies by ordering only absolutely necessary changes or new installations.

The Bell Telephone Co. of Canada

"Good service . . . our true intent."



HUNT'S DIAMOND FLOUR

GOVERNMENT STANDARD

MAKES ECONOMY A PLEASURE



It complies in every way with the Government requirements, but is so perfectly milled that it is just as easy to use and will fill every baking requirement as perfectly as the regular grade. In fact, several tests have already been made in local bakeries, and absolutely no difference has been detected by the bakers or their patrons.

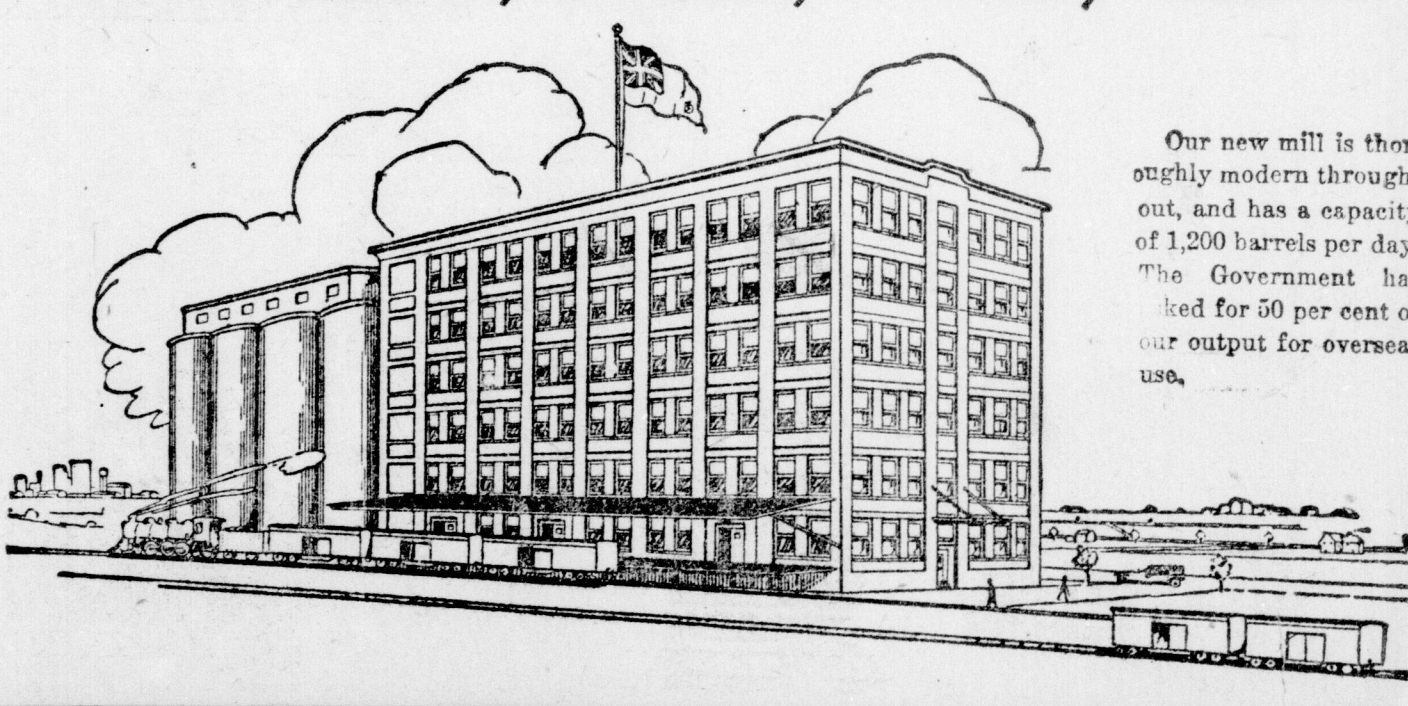
"Diamond" Government-Grade Flour has the distinctive flavor of Canada's finest spring wheat and contains all the vital elements needed for building bone, muscle, blood and sinew. Furthermore this spring wheat flour is more absorbent than other brands and therefore makes more bread.

The housewife who uses Hunt's "Diamond" Government-Standard Flour will find that her bread keeps fresh and moist and retains its sweet, appetizing flavor longer than other bread. She can, therefore, bake a double batch at one time and save the work and fuel expense of several baking days each month.

It is equally good for making light, nutritious cakes and rich, flaky pastry, as for bread, rolls, etc.

Order a sack today. Sold by all good grocers at a price set by the Government.

HUNT BROS., Limited, London, Ontario



Our new mill is thoroughly modern throughout, and has a capacity of 1,200 barrels per day. The Government has asked for 50 per cent of our output for overseas use.