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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, June 26.

COL. MACHIN'S CHARGES.

"There is evidence that a powerful cabal exists at Ottawa against the minister of justice, which showed its hand last week in the disgraceful and brutal raid on the Jesuit College of Guelph. The greatest menace to the Province of Ontario is the Methodist Church, which seems to make us in Ontario the most hypocritical body or class of people in the Dominion of Canada."—Lieut-Col. Machin, director of the military service act branch of the ministry of justice.

DID THE colonel's condemnation of the Methodist Church in Ontario come by itself, it would not be more worthy of consideration or discussion than the opinion expressed by any man on the street; it would be interpreted as sectarian bitterness to be passed by without notice. Coming as it does in direct connection with the charge of a cabal at Ottawa and specifying Ontario as the one province in which the influence is malignant, there is reason to look for some explanation of the outburst. The Methodist Church of Canada is not mentioned, therefore it is natural to look for something in this province which does not exist in the others. At once it seems probable that Col. Machin is hitting not at the church itself, but at certain outstanding members and that he, being in an official position to learn facts, sees with a clearness impossible to outsiders, the direct connection between this Methodist influence and the Ottawa cabal.

It is patent to all that the Methodist Church of Ontario is represented powerfully in the Government and among those who appear to wield an immense influence over the Government. There are cabinet ministers and heads of huge industries who make capital of their Methodism and who lose no opportunity of identifying themselves publicly with the work of the church, either by speechifying or assisting financially. To such an extent have they affiliated themselves with the church that, in many quarters, they are better known in this connection than the clerical leaders. Moreover, Col. Machin says this Methodist "Church" is what "seems to make us in Ontario the most hypocritical body or class." This reference to hypocrisy is illuminating and makes it more probable that he speaks of representatives, not the church itself.

When Col. Machin charges a cabal against the minister of justice he speaks with inside knowledge. If he is stating what is untrue, he ought to be called to account and asked to prove his assertion before the nation. If his charge cannot be denied successfully there is an urgent call for full investigation of conditions. This "Union" Government existing with the heads of one or more departments plotting the overthrow of another! What a mockery this would be! The Borden Government must clear itself or be discredited. Formed on the promise to show a united cabinet and country to the world, Col. Machin asserts it is divided in itself. There never has been more pressing need for full, open and complete investigation.

SINN FEINERS GIVE PROOF.

SINN FEINERS are going to do what the British Government failed to do—satisfy everyone that the arrest of those accused of conspiring with the enemy was justified and in the best interests of the empire. In spite of all statements to this effect by Government representatives, there were some persons in England as well as in Ireland who demanded proof of the offences charged and were inclined, lacking this proof, to look with suspicion on the Government's action.

The seizure of 40,000 rounds of ammunition in Dublin, which is described as an incident in an attempt to smuggle arms and ammunition into Ireland on a large scale, will convince any skeptic who is open to reason that there was need for determined action by the authorities in Ireland, especially when seizures of smaller quantities were made in other parts of Erin and the consignee is known as the brother of one of the arrested and interned Sinn Feiners.

It may be maintained by bigots that even these discoveries of Sinn Fein activities do not prove conspiracy with Germany. There is little possibility of this cargo of war material having left an English or Scottish port, and there is every probability that it came from German agents in some other country.

That part, however, is not important. Any plot which has as its object an armed attack on British authority in Ireland is pro-German and calculated to hinder the Allies' prosecution of the war against the Teutons. Every Sinn Feiner, however ignorant, realizes that the killing or wounding of one British soldier or working civilian is giving direct aid to the enemy and if he countenances such an act he is a pro-German and conspiring with Germany.

It is to be hoped that the senders of the munitions as well as the receiver and distributors will be taken and put where they can do no further harm, for with some of these ring-leaders out of the way the Sinn Fein movement may fall to the ground and sanity return to the more light-headed portion of the Irish.

PITY THESE CHILDREN.

EVERY SUNDAY certain houses in Vienna are visited by a little boy and a little girl who knock timidly at the door and ask in weak, tired voices: "Please give us one small piece of bread." They will refuse money if it is offered, but beg for what they consider their lawful right. Other children visit other houses; all are pale and thin as shadows and have the same request to make.

The heart which does not have some pity to spare for these, the children of our enemies, is adamant indeed. Pity them by all means, shed tears over their terrible plight if nature so decrees; such pity will do no harm to the Allied cause and will benefit those who feel for the unfortunates.

For these, as for the children of France, of Belgium, of Serbia, the Allies are fighting. How can their misery be ended most quickly without death providing the way? We cannot aid them directly with food and clothing, even if the laws permitted, for to do so would be to ease the burden of our grown-up foes and lengthen the war; it would mean more of such boys and girls in the months to come. There are two ways of hastening the end of starvation for them: One is German victory, and the other Allied victory. The former spells equal suffering or worse for countless babies in France, in Italy; yes, in Britain, and perhaps Canada. The latter means relief for all. The Teutons would not try to help the little ones of a defeated nation, but would rather stand by and enjoy their sufferings; the Allies could not bear to see the young of their beaten foes hungry for one moment longer than is unavoidable.

The Allies are fighting the cause of these children of Austria and of Germany. The way to show pity and sympathy for these shadow-thin waifs is to do everything possible to back up the men who are fighting their battle and to prevent the war lasting one day longer than necessity compels.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Austrian Wurm finds it hard to turn, but there's no doubt he will squirm.

The art of selecting a scape-goat has not been lost, but its practice does not add to reputation.

It would be worth while to see Col. Roosevelt's first smile on reading of honors conferred on his sons in France.

Gen. Diaz is quoted as speaking of the Teutons as the "eternal enemy"; probably it is a misprint for "infernal."

Lieut.-Col. H. A. Machin is one man who is not afraid of his job. This much may be counted to him for righteousness.

Germany is paying interest on her war loans by adding it to the principal. Debtors the world over would like to work that game with the assurance that the principal would not have to be paid.

Kuehlmann now finds Russia to blame for the war, with Britain only showing "some dark pages" on her part. By and bye he will get around the circle and discover that Germany is the culprit.

Germany will not guarantee immunity of Russian shipping in the White Sea, which is remarkable. Knowing Germany, one would expect her to guarantee it for the sake of getting more opportunities to torpedo ships.

It having been explained that the engineer whose train crashed into the circus train and killed scores was asleep, the next thing is to find out what caused him to fall asleep. The blame may not be his entirely or even partially.

There's tragedy in the fact that a little boy sold a sack of rags in which was hidden a roll of bills worth $40 to a peddler for 5 cents. There's promise for the business future of the boy when he could get 5 cents for rags which the dealer himself sold later for 6 cents.

TALES TOLD TO CIVILIANS—THE FLY.

[Punch.]

Have I been at the Front!—O Lor!
Was I over the bags?—You bet.
They tell me I won the mouldy war
At the Battle of Nouvilette;
The Bombs was terrible thick
And the shells was mountain-high,
And many a Bosch went back to Base,
But I can't say much about about what took place,
For I had a fly in my eye.

We were just getting up to Fritz
When the horrible thing occurred,
And bang in my eye the blighter sits,
The size of a well-fed bird;
"Come on," the Officer says;
I says to him, "By-and-by!"
It's all very well to say 'Come on!'
I would if my arms and legs were gone,
But I've got a fly in my eye."

Have you been on a bicycle, Sir,
And copped it proper the same,
When the world was only a misty blur
And your eye like a red-hot flame,
So that you wept great tears,
So that you longed to die?
Well, think what it is when there happens to be
A battle you specially came to see,
And then get a fly in your eye.

They say as there ain't no doubt
What I ought to have gone and done—
Turned my upper lid inside out
And over the under one;
But I tell you the bombs was thick,
And never a man said "Hi!
Just monkey about with your upper lid!"
So I blew my nose and I wept, I did,
And I still had a fly in my eye.

And then, Sir, I just went mad,
I groped for my trusty hype,
And I laid about like a Tyneside lad
With a good blind circular swipe;
They tell me I killed ten Huns
And laid out Corporal Fry;
The Huns they took to their heels and fled,
And even the Company wished me dead,
And I still had a fly in my eye.

I fell on my poor old face,
I lay in a hole and swore;
And now they call me a shell-shock case
And tell me I won the War;
They gave me the D. C. M.,
And that's why I seem so shy,
But this is the truth I've told to you,
And you never can tell what a man won't do
With a darned great fly in his eye.

THE ULTRA—IMPOSSIBLE.

"Now, Thomas," said the foreman of the construction gang to a green hand who had just been put on the job, "keep your eyes open. When you see a train coming, throw your tools and jump off the tracks. Run like blazes!"

"Sure!" said Thomas, and began to swing his pick.

In a few minutes the express came whirling along. Thomas threw down his pick and started up the track ahead of the train as fast as he could. The train overtook him and tossed him into a ditch. Badly shaken up, he was taken to the hospital, where the foreman visited him.

"You blithering idiot!" said the foreman. "Didn't I tell you to take care and get out of the way? Why didn't you run up the side of the hill?"

"Up the side of the hill, is it, sor?" said Thomas through his bandages on his face. "Up the side of the hill? By the powers, I cannot bate it on the level, let alone runnin' up hill!"

HOPE IT IS CONTAGIOUS

(Copyright, 1918.) —By FONTAINE FOX.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones in the husband and wife tournament decided they ight win if they could keep from scrapping.

Bits of Byplay by Luke McLuke

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The Wise Fool.

"A dollar in a savings bank is worth two hidden under a mattress," observed the Sage.

"Yes, in 33 years," commented the Fool.

Correct.

Said modest Miss Meek,
To the rounder, Bill Blose;
"A blush on the cheek
Is worth two on the nose."

Toot! Toot!

In the Irish section of town in Xenia, Ohio, nobody bothers about a clock. Everybody knows the time by the coming and going of the many railroad trains, and the whistle is as good as any alarm clock. A Cincinnati man says that he and a friend called on two pretty girls one night who lived in the Irish section of town, and the time passed merrily until they heard the hoarse whistle of a locomotive in the distance. A few moments later the father of the girls stuck his head in the door and said:

"Maggie, tell them young min it is time they be goin' home. Here comes Number Two."

Fact.

"This is a paradox, by jing,
But it is true," said Hutt;
"Your mouth is your best opening
If you can keep it shut."

How They Love One Another!

"You wouldn't think that there is actually ten years' difference between my husband's age and mine, would you?" said Mrs. Bragg.

"No," replied Mrs. Catt sweetly. "Why, you look every bit as young as he does."

Bless You, My Children.

Hilda Grodotsky and Frank Herweh were married in Cincinnati recently. Here's hoping that Hilda will always have Herweh.

Betcha.

Hollie Hawk of Pomeroy, Ohio, wants to know if we will let him flourish in the club's garden.

The Shortest Name.

We think we have discovered the man with the shortest name in the world. He is V. Re, and he has a fruit store on Broadway, in Cincinnati. Can you beat it?

Our Daily Special.

Squawking about your burden won't lighten it.

Luke McLuke Says.

When you are holding down a seat in a crowded street car and the other fellow gets on with his girl and she has to stand, you can't see any reason why you should give up your seat. But when the other fellow is holding down a seat in a crowded street car, and you get on with your girl and she has to stand, you can't see any reason why the other fellow shouldn't give up his seat except that he is an eight-cylinder skunk and a wall-eyed hog.

We are naturally so lazy that almost every house clock is kept a little fast to induce us to hurry.

An insect often matures in 30 minutes. But a human often doesn't mature in 30 years.

A pessimist is grouchy because a letter doesn't contain a check. An optimist is happy because a letter doesn't contain a bill.

Another reason why we have no use for a hypocrite is because he wants the rest of us to be better than he is.

A Pennsylvania woman wants a divorce because she says her husband does not know how to kiss. How does she know he doesn't know how to kiss?

It doesn't require much politeness to ask a man how he feels. But it sure requires a heap of it to stand and listen patiently long enough for him to tell you.

The tired businessman may imagine that he is a busy person. But if he wants to know what a busy person looks like, let him get a glimpse of a woman with four small kids and two big grips running to catch a street car.

Some men run away from Temptation. And others get out a search warrant for it.

The reason why a man gets so mad when he is stung in a get-something-for-nothing transaction is because he expected to sting the other fellow.

Cures a Cold Quick as Wink!

Easy as Rolling Off a Log to Stop a Cough or Cold With Catarrhozone.

No more medicine for the stomach—that isn't where your cold is lodged. Just breathe in the healing vapor of Catarrhozone—a soothing, healing medication that acts instantly. Colds, sore throat and catarrh fairly flee before Catarrhozone.

Every spot that is congested is heated, irritation is soothed away, phlegm and secretions are cleaned out, and all symptoms of cold and catarrh are cured. Nothing so quick, so sure, so pleasant as Catarrhozone. Beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you for genuine Catarrhozone. All dealers sell Catarrhozone, large size, which lasts two months, price $1; small size, 50c; sample size, 25c.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

A PRESENT FOR STEPHEN.

[By Louise Oliver.]

The lieutenant picked up a thin tin pipe out of the basket and held it up with a smile.

"I haven't seen one since I was ten years old. It's a bean shooter. Isn't it?"

Jane laughed delightedly. "Yes, it is. Do you think a small boy would like it?"

"If he doesn't, he isn't human I should say."

"There's only one trouble about that, though," went on Jane more soberly. "I never thought until after I had bought it, that his mother is in very modest circumstances, and buying beans for a small boy to shoot into peoples' eyes might not happen to be the way she would choose to spend her money."

They were sitting on a fallen log in a maple grove beside the road. Overhead the birds were chirping and fluttering in ecstasy, for the day was one of nature's rarest, the kind she flings before the eyes of a winter-worn world to rekindle hope and faith in better things to come. It was early spring, but already there were signs that one young man's fancy had turned lightly to thoughts of—very great admiration at least for the girl beside him.

In front of them on the road stood a car, Jane's, that had stopped for repair. Just as it happened, the lieutenant had come along and offered to help mend the perforated tire.

Jane had accepted gratefully and now the car stood again ready for action, to use a military phrase.

There was really no reason why she shouldn't have gone ahead on her errand, but, when even the birds were fussily choosing their mates, and the long day was theirs, why shouldn't they rest a few minutes on the log and talk awhile?

"It's a birthday basket I'm taking to a little friend of my mother's." Jane explained, dumping the things out on the ground. "I wish you knew my mother," she went on. "If you did you would appreciate these things. The dear soul was born without any sense of humor at all, and Dad and I nearly have fits about her. Every May she's been sending some poor little fellow out this road a birthday present, and she always chooses the awfulest things for him. One year it was ear muffs and mittens she'd got at a sale. She said his mother could keep them in moth balls till the next winter. And once she sent six bottles of sarsaparilla, for she said all children needed a blood purifier in the spring and no doubt his mother was too poor to buy him any. She's sent everything from the life of Shakespeare to Gibbon's Rome in the reading line, and once when she couldn't think of anything useful for him she sent a bolt of sheeting for his mother."

"Evidently she has a sense of values," laughed the lieutenant.

"You're right there," nodded Jane. "Well, anyway, she was too busy to attend to it this year with all her war work, and had a notion to let it go, but I thought it was a good chance to make up to the little fellow for all his years of disappointment, so I offered to take the burden of shopping and delivery off her shoulders. And here I am!"

"Blessed person! And how old is your little boy?"

"Bless your heart, I don't know," said Jane. "And I doubt if mother does, either. The little fellow was a protege of Aunt Mary, who died. And all we know is that mother was to send a birthday present to Stephen Hampton every year on the 10th of May."

"But perhaps——" the lieutenant stopped. "You're right. There isn't a doubt in the world that your visitation will make up for all his former troubles."

"Well, there's the bean shooter, and here's a bag of marbles—nearly all glassies, too—and a top, and a mouth-organ, a baseball and some peanuts and bananas."

"Bully for you! He's a funny boy if he can't have a perpetual birthday all summer."

Jane put her treasures back into the basket. "I must be going," she said, rising quickly. "It is getting very late. My boy won't have any birthday present at all if I stay here any longer."

"That's so!" he agreed reluctantly. "But won't you let me go with you?"

Jane considered a moment, then looked up into his steady grey eyes. "Mother's very touchy about my talking to strangers, and the sky's been our only introduction—that and the car. But she's dotty on uniforms—a soldier to her is a combination of martyr and saint—so I guess you may come and see Stephen get his presents. Do you happen to know where the Hamptons live?"

"Yes. I'll take you there if you really don't mind my going."

Before long they turned into the driveway of a very pretentious country house. Jane was startled.

"Where are we going?"

"To the Hamptons."

"Why—I don't understand. Surely they can't live here. I thought they were poor."

"They used to be, but somebody left them some money. But surely that doesn't make any difference, does it? They're the same people, not changed a bit, and boys are the same the world over."

"That's true," answered Jane, a bit dubiously.

"And I do think you'll miss something if you don't know Mrs. Hampton. She's the finest woman I know."

They had come to the door now. "All right," said Jane, stepping out of the car. "But I was thinking of the sarsaparilla."

In the big sunny living-room Jane was to discover something. The photograph in a silver frame on the reading table and that of a little boy on the wall were evidently the same person, and encountering the eyes of the officer, she realized that he was the original of both.

As this information conveyed itself to her brain, and the consciousness of a fearful blunder was sending the very blood to her cheeks, Mrs. Hampton came in. Jane waited for no introduction. "I've made a terrible mistake," she cried, pointing to the basket. "I've come to give your little boy his birthday present, and even ear muffs and sarsaparilla would be better than the stuff I have brought."

Then suddenly she laughed uncontrollably. "Oh, wait till I tell Dad. Won't he just die, though. Bean shooters, marbles, peanuts! Oh, my! For an army officer, too!"

"Dearie," said Mrs. Hampton, "don't feel distressed about it. Your mother has always kindly remembered Steve, but she never came out to see us, and I think she lost track of time. We always made good use of the things she sent, and saw that someone got them, but we never liked to hurt her by explaining."

"Feel distressed! Oh, goodness! I don't feel distressed! I think it's a splendid joke."

Mother and son nodded at each other and smiled. If there was anything in the world they admired, it was a sense of humor.

"Besides," said Stephen, "it's the best birthday I've ever had. I'm going to give your mother a special note of thanks for sending me the nicest present in the world."

And the grey eyes were too full of meaning for Jane to question what he meant.

"That's true, dear," said Mrs. Hampton, smiling. "He's carried your picture since you were a little girl with curls. He said you looked so jolly."

Jane smiled gratefully and held out her hand.

"That's splendid of you. Suppose you go back home with me and show mother how little Stephen has grown up," she said.

"I'd love to," he answered, "and incidentally I'll mention to her a real birthday present I want some time."

But Jane, flushing, had nothing to answer to this.

CHILD GETS SICK, CROSS, FEVERISH IF CONSTIPATED

Look at tongue! Then give fruit laxative for stomach, liver, bowels.

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm children and they love it.

Mother! Your child isn't naturally cross and peevish. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign the little stomach, liver and bowels needs a cleansing at once.

When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, remember, a gentle liver and bowel cleansing should always be the first treatment given.

Nothing equals "California Syrup of Figs" for children's ills; give a teaspoonful, and in a few hours all the foul waste, sour bile and fermenting food which is clogged in the bowels passes out of the system, and you have a well and playful child again. All children love this harmless, delicious "fruit laxative," and it never fails to effect a good "inside" cleansing. Directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are plainly on the bottle.

Keep it handy in your home. A little given today saves a sick child tomorrow, but get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."

Use Cuticura Soap To Clear Your Skin

All druggists; Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. E, Boston."

BEAUTY'S AID

Woman may keep her face free from pimples, brighten her eyes and purify the blood by occasionally using BEECHAM'S PILLS

In boxes with full directions, 25c.

CANADA

While the War Lasts Registration is to be Continuous

PERSONS ATTAINING AGE OF SIXTEEN

THE Registration Regulations provide that every resident of Canada, male or female, British or alien, who shall after June 22nd, 1918, attain his or her 16th birthday, shall within 30 days of said birthday attend at one of the post-offices and answer the questions upon the registration card. The postmaster will issue an interim receipt, which for 60 days will have the force of a registration certificate. The regular certificate will be issued from Ottawa and mailed to the registrant at the address given on the card.

THOSE DISCHARGED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

While persons upon active service with any of His Majesty's naval or military forces (commissioned nurses included) are not required to register, they must do so within 30 days of the time they cease to be on active service. The procedure of registration in their cases is the same as above.

THOSE WHO FAIL TO REGISTER ON JUNE 22ND.

Any person who by reason of illness, accident, absence from the country, or other sufficient cause beyond his or her control, was prevented from registering on June 22nd, must register with a postmaster as soon as reasonably possible. Upon attending for registration, each such person must truthfully declare to the reason for failure to register upon the day appointed.

PENALTIES PROVIDED

Any person required to register as above, who without lawful excuse fails to do so, is liable to a fine not exceeding $100, imprisonment for a period not exceeding one month, and a further penalty of $10 for each day he or she continues to be unregistered after the day when he or she should have registered.

NOTICE OF MARRIAGE

Any person registered, who afterwards marries, must within 14 days notify the Central Registrar, Ottawa, of the date of the marriage, and the name and place of residence of the party he or she has married. In sending this notice the serial number of each registrant should be quoted. The penalty for non-compliance is a fine not exceeding $50.

NOTICE OF CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Any person registered who afterwards changes his or her place of residence or postal address must notify the Central Registrar, Ottawa, of the address to which he or she has removed, quoting at the same time his or her serial number. The penalty for non-compliance is a fine not exceeding $50.

LOST OR WORN-OUT CERTIFICATES

Any person whose registration certificate has been lost, destroyed, worn-out or defaced may, upon establishing that fact to the satisfaction of the Central Registrar, Ottawa, obtain a new certificate. Every application for a new certificate should state the registrant's serial number.

All registrants likely to be affected by above regulations are recommended to clip and file this announcement for future reference as it will not appear again.

Issued by authority of

Canada Registration Board

8