

London Advertiser

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THE COMMON CAUSE VS. POLITICS.

THE Borden Government will appeal to the people at the polls on June 28, according to latest information. Despite a preponderance of opinion in both parties against an election while the empire is at war, Sir Robert Borden has allowed the Rogers' influence to sway him and his advisers, and dissolution will in all probability be announced in a matter of hours.

The announcement is probably the most tragic in the history of Canadian politics. It means the plunging of this country into an era of internal strife which will be shameful in the eyes of the mother country and of the world. It means that while Liberal and Conservative are fighting side by side in Belgium and France, Liberal and Conservative will be fighting one another at home. It means the injection of partisan bitterness into a harmonious household that stands ready to meet all outside enemies with a united front.

There is no end to serve save the end of party politics. There are matters certain to develop within the next few months in the internal affairs of this country that will render a further tenure of office difficult for the Conservative party. Hon. Robert Rogers, the crafty ringmaster of the "big show" at Ottawa, realizes that unless a further lease of power is secured at once, there will be no possibility of attaining it later on. Although the Government does not need to appeal to the country until September, 1916, it is lead into the contest by the constant persuasion of Rogers.

The Borden Government knows that Canada today is a house of mourning. The men whose sons are fighting in France do not desire an election, whether they be Grit or Tory. The average man on the street only asks for efficiency and purity in Government in order to cast aside his politics while the war may last. The heart of the country is in Europe with thousands of young men who are shedding their blood.

What possible motive can the Borden Government have for an appeal?

Is it true, as Rogers has claimed, that the country has been clamoring for an election "in tones louder than thunder?" A newspaper poll of mayors of Ontario shows that practically all are absolutely opposed to an election while the war proceeds.

Public meetings have been held to protest against the holding of an election, and private opinion everywhere has denounced the suggestion. And to give an example of many strong editorials in the Conservative press let us print several extracts from the Hamilton Spectator of April 26:

NO GENERAL ELECTION.

Against An Early Election the Scale Kicks the Beam.

For one thing, businessmen want a quiet year. From the dislocation of business inevitably attendant upon so tremendous a struggle, the country has suffered enough. For the fullest utilization of these chances, the business community ought to be undisturbed and undistracted by the clang and clamor of a political battle.

But that is not all, or the worst. An election introduces a line of cleavage between men who should at such a time be toiling with one heart and soul in one common cause. The sons of Liberals are fighting shoulder to shoulder with the sons of Conservatives in France. Why introduce a cross-division among Canadians unanimous in desire and effort to whip the Germans. Even Carson and Redmond were able to drop their home rule feud at the call of the flag.

As an evidence of the independent opinion of the country let us quote an extract from one of many articles printed in Toronto Saturday Night, a paper which has no fears of either party. It says:

No one but a hidebound party man, blinded by self-interest and party feeling can look for this pending election with anything but regret.

For the business community there is McLean's Magazine, which recently said:

There are few businessmen who are not very decidedly opposed to the holding of an election, and many of them have expressed themselves against it.

The Liberal party has no fear of an election. Let that be set down. It must face its opponents sooner or later, and the chance of victory was never greater than now. But Liberalism is not a sordid, power-grabbing doctrine. Liberalism at the present time means fighting Germany and fighting it with the full strength of an undivided country. Liberals by thousands will offer their lives to fight for Canada as the needs grow. They are no cowards.

And if the challenge is to be thrown down, Liberals will show that there are no cowards in politics among them. They regard as their enemies those who seek to plunge this country into the relentless burning issues that must inevitably arise. They will fight for their principles. They will fight to send more men to the aid of the Motherland and they will fight to lower the tariff on British goods while the empire is at war. Rogers has taken up the sword of political conflict. When he hewed his way to power in 1911 there were only 45,461 more voters on the Conservative side than on the Liberal side. There were 624,096 Liberal votes in 1911 as opposed to 669,557 Conservative votes. Liberalism today is united as never before. It resents Rogers'ism and the bludgeoning of Sir Robert Borden into an appeal to the people. The people of Canada will bridge that narrow gulf between the Liberals and power.

THE MYSTERY FLEET.

DR. DERENBERG says of the ships of the British navy that they are useless, and might as well be wrapped up in cotton and placed in the British Museum as curiosities. However, we notice that scores of the German mercantile marine prefer to remain idle in neutral ports, while the Kron Prinz, the last of the Kaiser's raiders, has decided to follow the example of the Ketzl Friedrich and intern for the rest of the war. The Germans, warship and merchant ship, have been swept from the Seven Seas, and when Derenberg talks of an impotent British navy, the world laughs at him. If the British fleet is useless, why don't the Germans come from behind the fortifications of Kiel, release their merchant ships from internment, and secure the precious war material they are so badly lacking in? Or why not strike at Britain's heart by an invasion? The fact of the matter is that the boot is on the other foot. It is the German warships that are useless, with the exception of the submarines, and their efficiency has been greatly reduced. So long as the North Sea fleet is "on the job," and day and night it is always

gales, and running, dodging fights with Zeppelins in fair weather; of marvellous co-operation between hundreds of ships scattered over a thousand miles of water. Meantime we know that it is there, the most efficient armada the world has ever seen, manned from bridge to stokehold, with picketed sailors of the sailor race, and this knowledge will be a valuable asset to us during the trying months ahead, just as it has been during the nine months of war.

A COMMON SORROW.

TRIBUTE to the Canadians that comes from our friends across the line in the form of an editorial in the Buffalo Evening News will not fail to arouse the gratitude of which it is deserving:

Buffalo and the frontier generally has something more than a common interest in the list of Canadian casualties after the battle of Langemark and St. Julien. We are, therefore, something of the thrill of their countrymen across the border when we read the tales of their heroism and gallantry in action.

Buffalonians who have paused in their short automobile journeys and drawn up alongside the road at old Fort Niagara to watch the businesslike Canadians at their game of playing soldier, have difficulty visualizing them in a setting of deadly artillery fire, rushes across fire zones, fierce charges and all the other terrible stage pictures of war.

But that they were the same men who made an imperishable name for the territorials at Langemark and St. Julien—Major Bennett, of Peterborough; Capt. Lockhart-Gordon, of Toronto; and the affable Lieut. Day, of Kingston.

These men were more nearly our brothers than they were kin to the English comrades with whom they fought. Canada will understand when we make her affliction a common sorrow.

UTILIZE THE OFFICERS.

JUST for fun and devilry, the Germans threw a few big shells over into Dunkirk the other day, from a distance of over 23 miles, and quite a number of women, old men and children were killed and wounded. Would it not be a good idea to concentrate a number of German prisoners in places unimportant strategically but liable to these cowardly assaults? Ordinary German prisoners might make no difference to the methods of German warfare, as it may be remembered that when the cathedral of Rheims was shelled, it was serving as a hospital for wounded German prisoners as well as Frenchmen. But it might pay to concentrate large numbers of German officers in such exposed places as the enemy has no right to bombard. The Germans may set small store by their rank and file, but they might be more careful of their officers.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

When Rogers pulls the strings the country must dance.

The "blue" blood of the old world is showing that there's plenty of red in it.

What a fine spectacle for Germany when the Conservatives divide this country against itself.

There is a lot of unrecognized heroism in the world. For instance, getting up at daybreak to roll your lawn.

The Liberals have told the country about soldiers' boots and the country will see them if Sir Robert chooses.

The latest in ladies' shoes button up the back. Will husbands descend to the great humiliation of buttoning them? They will.

Does Bob Rogers fear that disclosure to come would make it impossible for the Borden Government to wait until its term expires?

May Day in Europe was the quietest the anarchists ever put in. No doubt the war has furnished sufficient red confusion, even for them.

Sir Robert Borden will do well to study the figures of the last election in order to see the narrow margin of public sentiment that now holds him in power.

What of Valcartier? Is that vast tract, with which Sam Hughes' friends of the C. N. R. connect exclusively, to be no longer used for the training of troops?

A noted doctor says that it is impossible for hair to turn white in a night. Evidently he is not familiar with the popular novelists, who can do it any old time through "sudden fears."

The discovery of the stump of a petrified tree in British Guiana is held to identify the spot as the Garden of Eden. Germans will, of course, declare this is a snag of British grab.

The work of the Blue Cross Society in securing a considerable sum for ambulance and surgical work among the horses on the battlefield is most commendable. The real British lover a horse and will not see him suffer. He also loves a dog, and many a regiment pins much faith to a canine mascot.

Some of the American journals have taken fright over the statement of Hudson Maxim that shortly after the war is over the United States east of the Alleghenies will be Belgrumized by an invading army. From the term "Belgrumized" we take it he means Germany, so there is nothing to fear, as by the end of this war Germany will be squeezed dry of invasion spirit.

There is much wisdom in this comment from the Washington Times: "The spring drive of the Allies would be much faster if they were using a hired horse." The Allies' horse is their own, while Germany beats its poor dumb animal with a fury that should call for the international humane society. Some day there will be no public opinion that will permit the abuse of "livery" horses, such as the enslaved German saddle,

It's Now Up to Mr. Borden.

DOES HE WANT IT? (Hamilton Times.) If Premier Borden wants peace, all he has to do is to announce that there will be no election.

THE "LEADER" WHO IS LED.

(Montreal Herald-Telegraph.) Sir Robert Borden is said to be generally to be strongly opposed to the discreditable and unpatriotic course of plunging the country into a general election while the war on which the fate of Britain and the empire rests, is raging. If that is so, then the expected announcement of a general election will mean that Sir Robert Borden has been defeated—defeated by Hon. Robert Rogers. This will be an even worse surrender than his notorious surrender

to the Nationalists. At the outset of his premiership they forced him, it will be remembered, to give places to three of their number in his cabinet, and triumphantly announced their names. It is a pity that two days before the cabinet was actually completed:

WILL HE LEAD IT? (Regina Leader.)

An official announcement is due from Premier Borden that there will be no election until after the war. If, instead, an election is ordered an indignity Canadian electorate should arise in its might and sweep from office a government so lost in a sense of public decency and duty as to be responsible for forcing an election while the empire is in peril and our Canadian boys are fighting and dying to preserve the empire.

Ten Minutes With the Short-Story Writers

Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co. THE END OF THE GAME

[By Edward Boltwood.]

Cordis played football late in the eighties, and was probably the first hero of the game to have a national reputation. At any rate, I remember our surprise one morning, twenty years or so ago, when Berril brought to the college eating-club a newspaper with a four-column story on the front page, entitled "Ewan Cordis, America's King of Football."

Everybody around the breakfast-table laughed at the play, except Berril himself. He merely stared at his plate in thoughtful silence; and on the way to class-room Berril spoke about it.

"You don't imagine Cordis is getting a swelled head at last, do you?" he inquired.

"Not him," said Kent; "he's only taking it seriously."

"Well, it's a serious business for a fellow at our age," argued Berril. "Think of it, the country who know about him! No wonder his reputation makes him serious. It's an asset he can put to use, just as he could brains or money."

The manager of the Glee Club had an eye for press notices, and he asked Cordis, who never sang at school, to sing at the Christmas concert. Cordis refused, which he thought was a good sign. It appeared that he had agreed to deliver a speech from a mission board, to young men in New York.

"And yet he knows he can't make a speech to save his neck," complained Kent.

"His name will draw," Berril said. "The sight of him on a missionary platform will do him good. His reputation."

"Oh, his reputation!" snuffed Kent, but he was forced to admit that Ewan might do worse with it.

After he graduated, Cordis selected a job with a Wall street trust company, whose president had been a half-back for the college in pre-choric days.

The president took Cordis often to lunch that summer, and occasionally to Newport for a Sunday. But one autumn evening Ewan dropped in on Berril and said that he had quit the trust company.

"I think, with my—my advantages, I ought to do better than that," explained Cordis.

Berril puffed at his pipe. Excepting for Ewan's wonderful football record, Berril knew that Cordis was endowed with no special advantages of any sort.

"Anything in view?" asked Berril.

"Oh, yes," answered Cordis eagerly. "Senator Paget."

"How?" asked Berril.

"Why, the father of Bud Paget, this year's quarter-back," said Cordis, with some impatience. "The senator wants me to go around with Bud. After our trip is over, he's going to get me a job in the Congressional Library."

Berril had to laugh outright at that. "Good heavens, Ewan! You don't care any more about books than I do about kicking a goal from the field."

"Of course, I don't intend to stay in the library," said Cordis. "But I can land in Washington—with my acquaintance—don't you see? They say that Anable, the old end-rush, is going to be assistant secretary of state, or something. Cordis jumped out of his chair and began to walk up and down the room. "I tell you, Berril," he resumed, "I came out of college with something nobody ever had before, I'm not stuck on myself about it, but it's there—it's my capital. Why shouldn't I put it to work?"

When Cordis returned from abroad, however, another senator had grabbed the Congressional Library job, and Mr. Anable had retired from the department.

"Oh, so Cordis became a writer of sporting news for the Evening Star. A little picture of Cordis was printed every day at the top of his column, and he was thorough in his belief that journalism offered him a useful career.

But when Bud Paget was made manager of one of the big banks, Cordis decided to go to Colorado. We gave him a little dinner on his last night in New York.

It seems as if there's a lot of good fellows who can do out there," he said. "Those mining-hands are a hard bunch. They don't know how to live in the porch where Cordis lived, and right, I guess. But he got up and ate a club for them. Swears he'll name it after me, if I take hold. Says that will make them all want to join."

Kent gave a sarcastic chuckle, but Berril booted him under the table. After Cordis had said good-bye, Kent tried to justify his scorn.

"Poor Ewan," he decided, "is so plagued about about that reputation of his. He ought to get the blamed thing out of his system."

Berril shook his head.

"Cordis has thought from the beginning that his reputation is the essential part of his system," as you call it, Kent. And who taught him? Why, college men, business men, newspaper men, everybody he runs up against. Poor Ewan! Yes, by thunder, that's right!"

goal post. He had not changed much, but almost the first words he spoke were odd.

"Why didn't you balk a minute on giving me a badge," said he, "although I haven't been here for twenty years."

"Well, I should hope they wouldn't," rejoined Berril. "I'm glad to hear of it. Cordis squinted against the chilly wind at our side-line, where jubilant groups of old players were laughing, shouting, hailing one another with mighty handshakes and slapping of backs; and occasionally the crowd on the bleachers would identify a favorite veteran and cheer him until the stands rocked.

"Shan't we go down there with the rest of 'em?" suggested the judge.

"No," said Cordis. "I was a fool to bring his rusty hat on any turning up the collar of his faded overcoat—a solitary, mournful figure. The last time he had left that field hundreds of other men were fighting for the privilege of carrying him.

"Down on his luck!" sighed Berril. "In spite of the excitement of a second half of the game I fear that we both thought more of schemes for helping Cordis than of the score."

He was waiting for us outside the hotel. It wouldn't go to any club or place where we could sit down and talk, so we strolled along a quiet street leading toward the railway station.

"Are you entitled in this part of the country, Ewan?" I hinted, lamely.

"Sure!" He darted a suspicious glance at each of us. "I'm getting a living," he said. "I'm not complain."

"Well, just recollect that we've been here longer than you," said Berril. "If there's anything we can do—or that you can do—to help—"

"Oh, that's all right, thank you," broke in Cordis. "Maybe I expected more of myself. I know I left college with a better chance than the average fellow. I take no credit for that, but I tried to make the most of it. I'm trying now. But—hold on a minute."

We had reached corner where a low stone wall fronted an apartment house, and Ewan leaned against the coping. It was becoming dark. A street light above us sputtered into a glow, and the leafless trees cast a network of shadows on the wet pavement.

"Well, I'm a failure," said Cordis quietly. "I'm down and out. I haven't even tried to pick the work I was best fitted for, and I've worked hard, and I've failed. I'm down and out."

"Oh, not yet!" I faltered, and I saw Berril press Ewan's hand.

"I never had any special head for anything," went on Cordis, giving us a queer impression of talking about somebody else; "but as far as that, I've never had any special head for anything else. I was no worse off than plenty of others who've made good. Something's been the matter—I don't know. I'm sick and tired of it. I'm about ready to—"

"None of that, Ewan," said Berril. "A window was open behind us, and some boys inside were shouting the refrain of a football chorus. Across the street, a little girl stopped on the curb to listen, and she waved a flag of our college colors in time to the music. She was a child of six or seven, and she made a pretty picture, laughing and waving the flag.

"Something's been the matter with me—I don't know what," repeated Cordis.

"I know," said Berril. "We know. I don't believe it's all your fault. Ever since prep school you've been led to believe that your chief asset was—what? A mere boyish bubble of reputation. You've imagined that you could bank on it—yes, that you ought to bank on it. Lord, Ewan! The world has never given you a chance to grow up!"

It seemed as if Cordis was not quite sure what Berril meant. He raised his eyes in a sort of bewildered way, and they glanced to fall on the little girl. She laughed and waved her flag at him, and Cordis nodded mechanically, and waved back at her with his hand. She left the curb and started to cross the asphalt. Perhaps she thought that Ewan was beckoning.

"Oh, see," said Cordis to Berril. "You mean that if I'd never played the game, maybe then—"

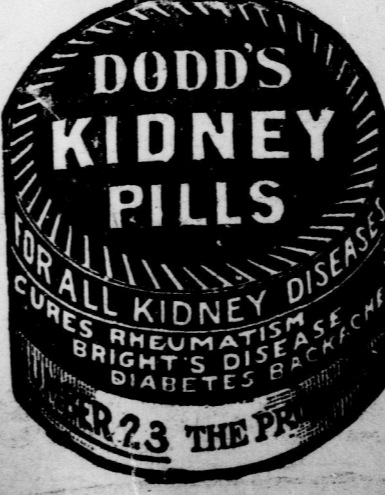
An automobile skidded swiftly around the corner. It was entirely beyond control. In the middle of the street the child halted, bewildered and helpless. Cordis threw himself forward, exactly as he used to go through the line. We remember the sickening uplift of the car, and the mother's scream from the sidewalk, when she caught her child. Ewan's work was strong arms. But after that my own recollection is indistinct.

The murmur of the horrified people in the porch where Cordis lived, the clanging of the ambulance, the set face of the surgeon, the bared heads of the police, even the smile on Ewan's lips, are confused memories. It was a phrase of Berril's which brought me clearly to myself.

"We can't tell," he said softly. "The end of Ewan's game may have been the winning part of it."

FAME AND JOHN BUNNY.

(New York World.) Millions of persons no doubt will mourn the loss of John Bunny to whom the death of a prince or prime minister would be no matter of indifference. A young man named London critic a famous name called him the "most famous man in the world," and the reels upon reels of films that have since then displayed



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