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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Saturday, June 23.

REAWAKENING NEEDED.

F. F. PARDEE, M.P., asks: "Does the thought ever strike us that very possibly the Canadian people are commencing to take this war as a matter of course? Do we not need an awakening?"

We, as a people, are beginning to take the struggle as a matter of course. It has continued so long that a great many regard the war news, appeals for the Red Cross, etc., with no more interest than they read the doings of the city or township councils. It is a condition that is almost inevitable while we are so far removed from the theatre of war, and unable to realize thoroughly what is being done.

Yet it is a condition that must be fought and overcome. The battle is just as deadly to those on the firing lines as ever; the need of comforts for soldiers, of ammunition, of socks, bandages, medicines is increasing, and the call for more men is urgent. If this lethargy extended to the men at the front, it would mean defeat instead of ultimate victory, but they are as much in earnest today, as keen and as ready to obey orders as they were in 1915, and those at home must renew their enthusiasm, take a deeper interest in every phase of war work and be as ready to spend themselves as are those in France if success is to be assured.

DEVELOPMENT OF NATIONALISM IN QUEBEC.

WHAT point is there in Quebec Nationalism other than secession? But why has this secession spirit sprung up? Did it not become noticeable at the time of the Boer War and the new immigration? The census of 1901 showed a relative gain for Quebec in the population of Canada, as the exodus had depleted the English provinces more, while the birth rate was high in Quebec. The idea had begun to germinate that Quebec might yet dominate Canada, pushing its population northward, eastward and westward into the other provinces. But the British character of Laurier's policy on the one hand, and on the other the alarming extent of the non-French immigration, the filling of the Northwest, the checks imposed in various provinces upon the aggressive and ambitious French movement, and finally the revelation in the census of 1911 that French-Canadians, and their religion too, were definitely losing ground, comparatively speaking, all this turned the idea of domination into one of practical secession, a determination to consider Quebec alone, and to have no part in the British Empire.

The shameful alliance of mouth-patriot Borden in 1911 with the disloyal and virtually secessionist, anti-Laurier French faction greatly strengthened its hold. The admission of its leaders to cabinet positions was an act of treason to Canada and the Empire. It encouraged the Nationalist element to go on and prosper—anything to beat Laurier, the honorable and patriotic leader, our one statesman.

And now there is even open talk of forcible resistance in Quebec to Canadian law. Things will probably not come to that. But such talk is disconcerting, and may be dangerous. When South Carolina talked in 1832 of resisting or "nullifying" a federal law within its borders, the thing passed over without much trouble, but thirty years later there was trouble enough, nullification being the first stage of secession and civil war. We must try to avoid such divisions in Canada while there is plenty of time. The blunders of Bordenism have to be cleaned up.

RAID ESSEN AND KIEL.

OVER a year ago H. G. Wells, the English novelist, suggested that a most effective blow could be dealt Germany if an Allied air raid, on an immense scale, were made on Essen, the home of Krupps, and the Kiel Canal. He advised that 1,000 or more airplanes be used in the raid, and pointed out that the loss, even if half of them were destroyed, would be more than compensated for if the great munition works or the hiding place of the German fleet could be seriously damaged or made useless. Beyond some newspaper comment, little attention was given the idea at that time.

Now a correspondent of an American paper voices a similar suggestion, believing that Germany would soon sue for peace if the plan succeeded.

Time has made the possibilities of this scheme appear greater. From the front all accounts agree that the Allies dominate the air, and have assumed a mastery like that held over the seas. In this they are confirmed by letters written by German soldiers telling their relatives that the Teuton airmen are helpless, and even unable to direct artillery fire. This being so, it would appear a not too difficult matter to organize a raid along the lines mentioned which would have an excellent chance of achieving really big results. Already German warships sheltering at Zeebrugge have been forced out to sea by airplane attacks, and it might be just as easy, if larger numbers were employed, to drive out the greater fleet from Kiel. Once out to sea, the British navy could be trusted to see that the ships did not escape lightly.

At Essen, showers of bombs from some hundreds of airplanes, would reduce the great works to a rubbish pile, and cripple Germany seriously, besides having an unnerving effect on the populace. As Wells pointed out, the loss in life and aircraft, even if unexampled ill-luck attended the raid, would not be as heavy as that frequently sustained in an effort to capture one salient held by the foe, in land fighting; there would not be more than two men to a machine, which would mean 2,000 men and 1,000 airships engaged.

The United States is about to begin building aircraft at the rate of 2,000 a month, and it would not be surprising if this plan has been adopted with some tremendous raids in view. Perhaps we may yet receive word that Essen and Kiel have been shattered like Louvain and Rheims, and that by a few hundreds of intrepid flyers.

CUBA GOT OUR POTATOES.

CANADIANS who have been potato hungry during the past winter or early spring, and who have found the prices too high for them to pay, may console themselves with the thought that their loss has been the Cubans' gain, if they can find any consolation in the fact, for Canadian exports of the tuber to Cuba during the season were more than two and a half times as large as ever before.

This interesting information is contained in the report of J. C. Manzer, Dominion Department of Trade and Commerce representative in Havana. Writing to Ottawa on May 25, he says that the steamer Limon, from Boston, with considerable quantities of Canadian potatoes was being unloaded and that other steamers which were to have left Boston for Havana with Canadian products, mainly potatoes, were just waiting for the end of the strike at the Cuban port. Giving some statistics of the potato imports from Canada, he says there have been received 400,000 packages, which sold in Cuba for over $2,500,000, and that this is the first season the shipments have exceeded $1,000,000 in value. The price paid at Havana for the potatoes was $11 a sack of 180 pounds, or $5.50 for the sack of 90 pounds, which is the size used here.

We have heard contradictory stories, some declaring the potato crop a failure last year and others denying this, and pointing to the large exports as causing the shortage and high price. The evidence from Cuba points to the latter statement as the true one.

TUBERCULOSIS AND WAR.

FAMINE and tuberculosis are said to have carried off hundreds of thousands of Russian prisoners in Germany, who are receiving less than half a pound of bread each day, with some unwholesome potatoes and bad coffee. The two afflictions go hand-in-hand; lack of nutritious food causes the rundown condition of body which throws the door wide open to tuberculosis' attack.

When the results of the terrible world war are tabulated, one of the most disheartening and terrible will be the enormous increase in tuberculous people. In parts of France, in Serbia, in Belgium, Russia, Germany food has been scarce, and of poor quality, and the white plague has worked havoc. Even in the British army, fed and cared for as no army ever was before, the toll has been heavy, so what has it been in other armies?

Not content with permitting the spread of the disease, the Germans are said to have encouraged it, injecting germs into helpless prisoners of war and forcing those whose health was good to eat, to work and to sleep with the infected in order that they might contract it.

Years of labor and thought have been expended in trying to find a cure for the terrible malady, and some measure of success had been attained. Now the disease is more rampant than ever in Europe, and the danger of increase fearful. This is another thought which may lend its horrors to the kaiser's waking moments, if he yet has soul and brain.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Members of parliament are now to have forenoon sittings. They'll soon be doing a real day's work.

Ex-Queen Sophie will have a chance to speak out freely when she reaches Germany, and the Allies' ears will surely burn.

It would be interesting to see the ex-czar placed on trial in Russian courts, but rather like kicking a man when he's down.

The "Knights of Death" are to fight conscription, by armed resistance if other means fail. They should be called the Courters of Death.

Germans declare they are fighting for the freedom of the seas. Judging by reports from the front they will have to fight next for freedom of the skies.

Without conscription, Canada would soon be, apart from the British-born recruits, not much more enthusiastic an assistant of the mother country than the United States.

It seems strange that a decision as to whether the Canadian militia act empowered the Government to send troops abroad was not reached when the act was passed.

The fact that there are 10,000,000,000 men of prime fighting age in the United States probably shocks Bill Hohenzollern as much as it does Pancho Villa.—Quebec Telegraph.

Most people thought there were only 10,000,000, honestly.

What a chance for increasing collections the synod missed by refusing to let women be church wardens! That spring millinery which the bishop fears would have aided in dragging the coin from men's pockets.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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NOTHING FOR YALE.
By Oscar Hobace.

When old Josiah Hardman was sixty years old he became the guardian of little Rose Stevens, who was a distant relative of his. When he died she was nineteen years old. The old man was pretty rich, and most people called him eccentric.

In making his will he proved that they were right. In fact, if they had called him a half fool they would not have been far from the truth.

Old Josiah left his ward half a million dollars. He left his housekeeper, who was also the chaperone, a fifth of that sum. He left three brothers small fortunes each, and then proceeded to reveal his idiocy. He had a nephew named Earl Windham. He had not seen nor directly heard from this nephew in twenty years. He had heard in a roundabout way that Earl lived in Boston and was an oculist and not married yet at the age of twenty-three. He had been told that Mr. Windham was a smart and steady young man, and that was all he had to go on.

The old man was not a matchmaker, but he proceeded to meddle with the business. Whether his ward wanted to marry a man with red hair or black did not make any difference to him. She might marry a man of twenty-five or an old man of seventy, so far as he knew her mind. In his will he left a million dollars to be inherited in this way. If Mr. Earl Windham married Miss Rose Stevens within a year the money was to come to them as a bridal gift. If they did not marry, it was to go to Yale College. That was the up and down of it. The lawyer who drew the will vowed that it could not be broken.

Here was eccentricity with a vengeance. Miss Rose had never seen Earl, and his name had never been mentioned in her hearing, but two or three times. Young Mr. Windham had heard that Rose was the ward of his uncle, but nothing further. He never felt called upon to visit old Josiah, and, consequently, he had never seen the girl.

The young man was in California when he read in a newspaper that his uncle was dead and had left a strange sort of will. His first thought was of defiance. His uncle had no business to leave things in that manner. Mr. Windham wasn't going to permit an uncle or anybody else to bribe him into taking a wife. He was fairly well to do and getting along nicely in his profession, and he said to himself that Yale might get the money and be hanged to it.

Miss Rose felt a spirit of defiance as well. She could live nicely on that half million, and she wasn't going to marry any man for the sake of any more. She had some curiosity about Mr. Windham, but she didn't care much whether she ever saw him or not. She imagined him to have light thin hair, a receding chin, shiny blue eyes and to be a sort of invalid, and her love should not go to any man like that.

Six months of the year had gone by and the young oculist had wrestled many times with himself. Half a million dollars was an enviable sum. It might just happen that old Josiah's ward was a fine girl, and that Earl would lose a good thing if he lost her. Why not at least go east and see her. He could do it without revealing his identity. If he did not like the look of her he could walk off and let the time expire and let Yale get the money. Mr. Windham kept saying to himself that he had no curiosity whatever on the subject, but he felt it a sort of duty to the girl. She ought to know whether that half million dollars was going to Yale or not. She might be fretting and stewing over it, and it was hardly a manly thing to keep her in that situation. Therefore Mr. Windham packed his bag one day and started for the east.

Miss Rose Stevens lived in a fine house in the city. The day of his arrival Mr. Windham went and looked at the house. The exterior pleased his eye, but he did not muster up courage to walk up the steps and ring the bell. He waited until the afternoon of the next day, and then he had a strong inclination to run away before the bell could be answered. It so happened, as it does hoppen in the best of houses at odd times, that the butler had been sent on an errand, and there was no one about to answer the bell except Rose herself. When she opened the door it was to see a fine young man standing there. Mr. Windham had forgotten his card case, but he introduced himself by his proper name, and the girl, who had forgotten about such a name, smiled and said:

"Oh, you've come to inspect the water and gas pipes, have you? They generally send a man here every three months. Come right in, and I will go over the house with you."

"But I am not an inspector," was the confused reply.

"Were you sent to see about the leak in the roof? It ought to have been fixed a week ago."

"I—I don't think I was."

"You didn't want to see Miss Johnson, did you? Because if you do, she has gone out for the day, and you will have to call again. Will you call?"

Mr. Windham felt as if someone had given him knockout drops. The girl before him did not understand. He had pictured her wrongly to himself. He was not agreeably surprised to find her what she was. He hesitated for a moment, and then turned and went slowly down the steps. Before he reached the bottom one she came out and called to him:

"Oh, someone has left our can of ashes right by the steps. It was a careless trick and I shall complain about it. Won't you please move the can a little as you go out?"

Mr. Windham raised his hat and, when he reached the can, he moved it out of the way, and felt so angry and humiliated over things in general that he got out of the neighborhood as soon as possible. He walked around for an hour, and then went back with a card in his hand, and was properly announced.

"Oh, it's you come back, is it?" greeted Rose as he was received. "Why on earth didn't you tell me your name? I guess I didn't hear it correctly. Now, then, Mr. Windham, you have come about that half-million dollars. You have come to look me over. You want to see if I am worth the money?"

"Oh, no," he repliedd.

"Let us be honest," she said. "I have wondered sometimes what sort of looking man you were, and what sort of husband you would make, and you must have wondered more or less about me. Here we are face to face, and now what are we going to do about it?"

"Why—why, I don't think that mon ought to go to Yale," he answered w a woman's blush spreadin all over face.

"You are a very prompt young but I cannot be so prompt. stay around for a week or t here every day—but I warn vance that, if we get that h dollars, half of it goes in th my name."

Mr. Windham followed Ro gestion for a fortnight, and th reason that old Yale got none half-million dollars. It was happy a marriage as if they ha three years deciding it.

MR. ROOT AND RUSSIA.

Mr. Root's in Russia,
Russia's in the air,
Question, doubt and rumor—
Trouble everywhere.

Mr. Root sees Russia—
Knows its acting rough;
Not a bit alarmed, though—
Sure it's got the stuff.

Mr. Root calms Russia;
He's the nation's nurse;
Hears the bear cub bellow—
Says it might be worse.

Mr. Root shows Russia
Simple scope and plan;
Russia needs a wizard—
Mr. Root's the man.

Mr. Root cheers Russia,
Lessens her suspense;
He's "velikolepno"—
Russia for "Immense!"

—B. D. Sull

Wait a Minute!

By J. H. F.

A garbage employee wrote denying that there was any "dusty" maidens at the "insinuator."

* * *

Now that it has been settled that women are people, will somebody please explain why is a suffragette?

* * *

Rev. J. G. Inkster warned against the tyranny of women. It takes a married man to speak feelingly on this subject. Gadzooks, there will be trouble over this.

* * *

Canada could sing that pathetic ballad to Sir Robert Borden, Sam Hughes and others "You Made Me What I am Today, I Hope You're Satisfied."

* * *

The political parties today are showing much catch-as-catch-can spirit. There is little discipline anywhere.

* * *

The hardest lesson in the world to learn is that one is growing old. The conductor tried to play ball the other day, and in his crippled condition he is getting little sympathy from friend wife. Tuff world.

* * *

A member of parliament says in effect that the people cannot be trusted to vote on any issue because of their ignorance. We believe that, or the peepul would never have elected a number of the birds now occupying seats in the House of Commons.

* * *

The Russians are getting down to business about as fast as a hobo hunts for work. Little action, please.

* * *

Ex-King Constantine's favorite ballad these days is "Sympathy." He has to have the German words and music, too.

* * *

Somebody has said that we should eat cetaceans. We don't like the sound of them. May be hash.

* * *

As there is no simple test to distinguish mushrooms from toadstools, we would advise everybody not to monkey with toadstools at all. Simple, is it not?

* * *

A Detroit man wants to marry his mother-in-law. Probably he wants to make it appear certain that he knows his boss when he sees her.

* * *

Whale steak is good to eat, we hear. Let every family grow a small whale in the backyard.

* * *

Women's dresses will have fewer buttons this year. Father is too busy hoeing the garden to be interrupted to do sums on mother's waist.

* * *

"Men seldom sing as they work," says an uplift lady. Nope, they have to work with men. Giddap.

* * *

The King of Greece says he will follow the policies of his revered father. If he keeps that up, the skids are greased for this young person.

* * *

The only sorrow over the dumping of ex-King Constantine was manufactured in Berlin, Germany.

* * *

The sob journalists are doing a lot of stuff regarding the stand of politicians at Ottawa. The weep stuff is all right at a funeral, but it does not get much elsewhere. If they were so interested in principles, why weep over them?

* * *

An Ohio baby is said to have weighed 22½ pounds at its birth. That kid's father who tells the story must be quite an angler.

* * *

For a baby republic, that Russia is the squally thing. Nobody seems to be able to make it behave.

* * *

A New York man shot his wife because she would not give him $6. Probably she deserved to be shot for having such a husband.

* * *

Ex-King Constantine will be able to give some good advice on not marrying all the wife's relations.

* * *

The Germans are said to be preparing some "surprise" inventions. Probably they intend to quit killing women and children.

* * *

The King of Spain is having some trouble with the nation of bull fighters, and it looks as if he might be tossed out of the arena.

* * *

If Sir Robert Borden still wants to decorate folks, he should have Sevigny invested with the Ancient Order of the Fat Head. He's qualified.

* * *

Currie's Canucks will do a little better than the Byng boys, which is doing quite a something.

* * *

Inspector Keenleyside might deliver a lecture on the subject, "Strong Drink Is Raging."

* * *

War may cause a better distribution of money, as some folks believe, the only trouble being that there won't be much money.

* * *

Fighting with gab at Ottawa does not lead one to believe that there is such a crisis as the politicians would have us believe. Less talk, and more "pep" would do all right.

* * *

Let's get together. Plenty of opportunity here for leadership.

WORTHY OF IRON CROSS.

[New York Herald.]

The German who "discovered" the documentary evidence used in the Prussian White Book to prove that Belgians fired on the kaiser's soldiers is a drunkard, a morphine fiend and a moral degenerate, all this being proved in a German court, where he was convicted of extorting $30,000 from the mother of a soldier. In other words, he was a typical product of Prussian Kultur.

NERVES WEAK, HAD HYSTERICS

Orillia Lady Tells of Her Pitiable Conditions When the Nerves Gave Way and She Became Sleepless, Irritable and Excited.

Orillia, Ont., April 6.—There is an abundance of proof found right here in Orillia that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is unrivaled as a means of forming new, rich blood and building up the exhausted nervous system.

At this [illegible] almost everybody [illegible] restorative, tonic [illegible] and [illegible]

HEALTHIEST ONE IN THE FAMILY

No Sign of Dropsy and Kidney Trouble Since Taking "Fruit-a-tives"

HATTIE WARREN.

Port Robinson, Ont., July 8, 1915.

"We have used 'Fruit-a-tives' in our house for over three years and have always found them a good medicine. Our little girl, Hattie, was troubled with Kidney Disease. The doctor said she was threatened with Dropsy. Her limbs and body were all swollen and we began to think she could not live. Finally, we decided to try 'Fruit-a-tives.' She began to show improvement after we had given her a few tablets. In a short time, the swelling had all gone down and her flesh began to look more natural. Now she is the healthiest one in the family and has no signs of the old ailment. We cannot say too much for 'Fruit-a-tives' and would never be without them."

WILLIAM WARREN.

Fifty cents a box, 6 for $2.50; trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

SEA CAPTAIN BELIEVES HE SUNK SUBMARINE

AT ATLANTIC PORT, June 22.—Captain Jesse Foster of Baltimore, commander of an American steamer, reported today that he believed his ship had sunk a U-boat on June 4, when two days out from Liverpool, en route to an Atlantic port.

Beyond this statement the captain would not vouchsafe any information.

N. B. LEGISLATURE PROROGUES.

FREDERICTON, June 22.—The New Brunswick Legislature prorogued this afternoon.

SUFFERED WITH HEART FOR TEN YEARS

Would Nearly Smother.

There is nothing that brings with it such fear of impending death as to wake up in the night with that awful sense of smothering. The uncertain and irregular heart action causes the greatest distress of both mind and body.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are the only remedy that can give prompt relief and effect a complete cure in cases of such severity.

They strengthen and invigorate the heart, so that it beats strong and regular, and tone up the nervous system so that the cause of so much anxiety becomes a thing of the past.

Mrs. M. O. McCready, Wapalla, Sask., writes: "I am not much of a believer in medicines, but I feel that it is only right for me to let you know what your wonderful remedy has done for me, and in a very short time, too. I had suffered terribly with my heart for nearly ten years, could scarcely do any work, and would nearly smother at times. I had many remedies, some only relieving me for a time. I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and felt so much better that I kept on using them, and can truthfully say I feel like a new woman.

"I would advise anyone with heart trouble to use them."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c or three boxes for $1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Company, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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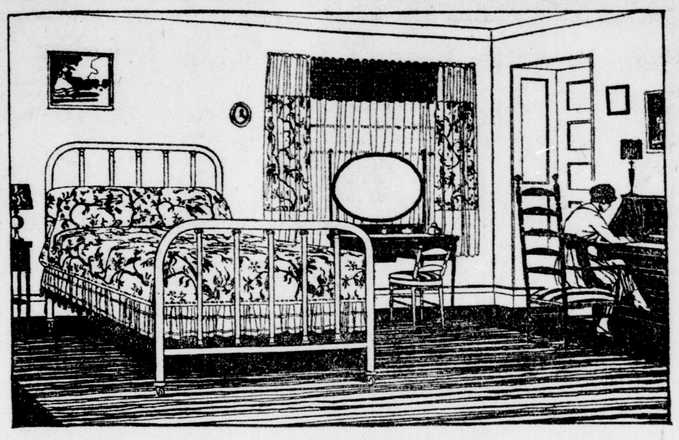

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The complete range of designs in "Ideal" Metal Beds—in four standard sizes—insures all tastes being suited.

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