

London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.
MORNING EDITION.
City, 12c per week. Outside by Mail, \$4.00 per year.
NOON EDITION.
City, 12c per week. Outside by Mail, \$4.00 per year.

3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS. 3670
Private Branch Exchange, call 2670.
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Business Department, 3671, Editors, 3672, Reporters, 3673, News Room.

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

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.
London, Ont., Friday, Jan. 24.

Canada's War Trade Board to Go On Forever?

The loafing order-in-council has been suspended. But that is not adequate reason for Canada's war trade board to hang on to its comfortable billet long after the American Government has disbanded a similar organization and moved trade restrictions as far as possible.

The Canada war trade board is one of the numerous commissions appointed during the war to do the work that should have been handled by the cabinet ministers. But the cabinet ministers are so busy with elections and "feeling the pulse" of the patient that they had to delegate serious labor to "experts."

The war trade board placed many restrictions on the various exports and imports. It arranged embargoes, and many of these embargoes still exist. Manufacturers say that the reason or excuse for many of the regulations has long since passed. But the war trade board hangs on, despite an announcement some weeks ago that it would be disbanded in a fortnight. Demobilization of such a bureau no doubt involves a tremendous amount of unwinding red tape. It is high time to get the scissors and do some heroic cutting.

Not Flashy, But Steady, Gibsons Are in Demand

Our Own George Gibson—for goodness sake stop calling him "Mooney"—has been selected as the skipper of the Toronto baseball craft during the coming season.

The appointment is another milestone in a career marked with good sportsmanship, ability and manliness. George Gibson has never sought to pose as the popular hero. When he stepped out of the limelight of the big leagues to spend the winter in London he showed himself a good, normal citizen. He held to his home town and his interests here. There has been nothing overly spectacular either in his career or his personal life, but he has calmly filled his job and won to the highest rank in the profession of athletics by cool judgment and consistent playing. He did not fail to leave some records behind him, and he has helped to shape victory in a world's championship. The famous McGraw pays him a warm tribute after his experience with the New York Giants.

London has more than once expressed its admiration of Gibson. It will be pulling for him when he goes to Toronto, firm in the belief that he will win a pennant with a strong team, steadied by his influence and developed by his knowledge of the game. Canadians call for a manly sportsmanship whether in the professional or amateur arena. George Gibson has always measured up, and his friends believe and hope that he is now coming to greater things than ever before in his history.

"Bolshevism" Is Dangerous Word If Not Rightly Used

Unless used with care and judgment "Bolshevism" is a dangerous word. "Bolshevism" in print and speech too often gives a wrong impression. One cause of misunderstanding is that the many fail to distinguish between Bolshevism in the abstract and Bolshevism in the concrete as practiced by Lenin's gang of outthroats, and unfortunately, many speakers and writers do not trouble to explain the difference, with the result that eulogy of the one, which is perfectly legitimate, is considered approval of the other, which cannot be excused. An instance of this, we think, was Rev. Dr. Nelson's references to Bolshevism in an address delivered before the London Presbytery Tuesday night. Dr. Nelson explained that Bolshevism means majority rule for the majority. But why did Dr. Nelson not explain that the Bolshevik rule of Russia today is the rule of a merciless and ferocious minority, not the rule of a majority? The western people are strongly and eternally for majority rule for the majority, but are distinctly hostile to such a hideous mess, masquerading as liberty, as Lenin and Trotsky would cram down the throats of the world willy-nilly. Lenin and Trotsky by force of arms deliberately "dissolved" the first Russian Parliament because it represented a majority of the people. It promised a sane, sober and orderly progression toward reform. That of course could not be tolerated by Lenin and his band of destroyers who were determined on a bloody short cut to power. Lenin substituted the bullet for the ballot which the majority of the Russian people had agreed upon. Bolshevism as it is being interpreted in Russia is simply massed kaiserism and czarism. It is impossible to think that Dr. Nelson believes that decency and happiness can be achieved for the world through the devilish anarchy which the Russian Bolsheviks have launched. That doctrine is the exact antithesis of the ethics to which he subscribed when he was ordained to preach the gospel. Dr. Nelson would have shown himself more in sympathy with the spirit of real liberty had he taken the opportunity to denounce the Russian Terror.

The reverend gentleman tells us Bolshevism

will prevail and that we had better not laugh at it. This is puzzling. Why should we laugh at the prospect of rule by the majority for the majority? That is what the western democracies have tied up to and toward the fullest fruition of which they are steadily progressing. On the other hand there is no need to warn against ridiculing the Bolshevism of Lenin if that is what Dr. Nelson means. It is too serious a menace to supply material for merriment. What the world desires is rule by the majority for the majority, not the tyranny of Russian Bolshevism which has turned large sections of the old world into shambles. "Democracy" is a better and safer word than "Bolshevism" to define the widest and truest freedom while "Bolshevism" continues to be associated with the deplorable methods of the Russian Reds.

Murders By Foreigners Are Becoming Too Common Here

Of eight murderers executed in Canada during the last twelve months, seven were of foreign birth. Three of the slayers were from sections of the Balkans, one from Galicia, two from Armenia and one from Sicily. These facts point to a grave problem that must be met at once. How to keep out this class of immigrant should be given the closest consideration of the immigration authorities in view of an early and large exodus from the old world to the new. Most of these slayers are recently from communities where life is held cheap. An Albanian recently executed for an atrocious murder in this province a few hours before he went to the gallows, laughingly remarked that in his country the taking of life was considered a trifling incident. He was sincere about it, too. The hereditary method of his countrymen of settling their differences has for many centuries been the knife. Family or tribal feuds are a semi-sacred national institution that expresses itself in killings. Murder has been the vogue for too many generations to be dropped from the adult character the moment it comes into contact with surroundings where law and order prevail. Add to this the massacre and rapine, much of it systematic and deliberate, which has been the daily rule throughout the larger parts of the Balkans, European Russia and Asia Minor during the war years, and it is to be expected that newcomers to Canada from these sections will continue to consider murder lightly. This element, too, when hired in large centres furnishes an ideal recruiting ground for those extremists who are attempting by lawlessness and disorder to attain detestable ends. The inspection at our ports will have to be tightened up for the exclusion of the class of foreigner who turns naturally to the knife and revolver from caprice, passion or greed.

Early Peace For Russians Depends On "Red" Leaders

By inviting the various Russian factions to a conference with representatives of the powers associated at the Versailles meeting the decision as to whether Russia is to have peace or further anarchy has been distinctly put "up" to Lenin and Trotsky. The world will now know just how sincere are the Bolshevik leaders as they shout "equality, liberty, fraternity." If they honestly desire real freedom, a square deal for all, they will accept this opportunity to give everybody a hearing. That is the only basis on which stable government can be established in Russia, whether it comes now or after further terror and turbulence. Lenin and Trotsky expected to make swift and full conversion of all peoples to their views. In this they have failed. The Bolshevik demonstration of liberty proved appalling instead of appealing. Lenin requested a seat at the peace conference. The Allies' proposal for a conference of Russian parties is his answer. The Red leaders are told to prove their right to a voice in making over the world by first helping to make over their own country. Should Lenin and Trotsky attend the proposed conference their presence would of course amount to a confession that their extremist policy is wrong, but that fact would win them a measure of the world's confidence despite the black record of the pair.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Perhaps it is a late fall we are experiencing. Amherstburg reports geese flying north. That bird is living up to its name.

All Will Carry Wireless Phones in Near Future.—Headline. No more flirting with Nellie of the switchboard!

Lisbon mobs clamoring for a king shows that the Portuguese revolutionary movement isn't Bolshevik anyway.

Berlin officially "regrets" the killing of Rosa Luxemburg. When does it propose officially to regret the murder of Edith Cavell?

Lord Cecil desires plenty of elasticity for a league of nations. The trouble with that elastic stuff is that it possesses a deadly snap-back.

It will be a difficult task to secure jurors for the ex-kaiser's trial who haven't already formed a definite opinion as to his guilt or innocence.

When she weds Commander Ramsay Princess Patricia will cease being a princess. But no doubt to one person at least she will always be a "queen."

A New York millionaire spent \$75,000 on a dress for his wife. That was a shameful waste of money, but no more reprehensible than the wasting entirely of \$7.50 for purposes of display and vanity.

With imperial Germany going in for republicanism, republican Portugal demanding a monarch, Sinn Feiners demanding separation from Britain, Serbia asking for a period of British administration, and Bolsheviks warring on all kinds of governments, this topsy-turvy world for variety might be compared to a celebrated brand of pickles.

The Advertiser' Daily Short Story

Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
BY ARCHIE CAMERON NEW.

Andy Sobell, property despot at the Olympia, sat in the back alley, his chair tilted against the stage door, puffing contentedly at his old briar pipe. It was Sunday evening and Andy's mood matched nicely the severity of the early twilight peace. And then trouble, in the late form of O'Brien, the orchestra leader, stalked up the alley and confronted Andy.

"What's it mean 'is Sunday night stuff'?" demanded O'Brien, thrusting two pudgy fists into his trousers pockets and glaring at Andy. "I was just taking a nice little snooze, and then you comes an' jabs me and says: 'Mr. For almost five minutes now. Chances are they're all ready, they're that quick. I'll find her music on 't' table near 't' switchboard.'"

Andy exhaled a long cloud from each nostril and grinned.

"Neither," he replied briefly. "Tornado Tassie jes' blew in, with her new act with human faces. Needs special rehearsal."

"Tornado Tassie?" repeated O'Brien, puzzled, scratching his head. "Never heard of her."

"Not under that name 's havent'," explained Andy. "It's Miss Fay St. Jacques and her first time at this theatre-ter. Andy grinned in retrospect. "She's a bear for speed, that's all. But she's mighty nice. You'll like her. Better get a move on. Her company" began here almost five minutes now. Chances are they're all ready, they're that quick. I'll find her music on 't' table near 't' switchboard."

O'Brien opened the door, and at the same time opened the secret of Andy's kindly praise. For he knew Miss St. Jacques had been liberal to the orchestra leader, when he saw a full-set stage, brilliantly illuminated with a lavish waste of food, border and light.

The other chief person in sight was Gregory, his chief violinist, who was poring anxiously at the lobby. He was table, O'Brien took one look, and yelled. "What's that?" he shrieked. "What is this—music or stage directions for a storm scene?"

"It has got a lot of jazz to it," admitted Gregory, scratching his head. "Jazz," echoed O'Brien. "It can't be done—and that's all. Only thing that could play this stuff is an electric fan, or a dynamo. I resign."

"Oh, please don't," O'Brien received another shock, for he suddenly found at his side the daintiest, prettiest little girl he had faced in many months. And her voice was soft and purring, not at all like this—er—music.

"It isn't hard," she assured him, with a smile. "We've danced to it eight times a day often—all the way through. It's a little fast, but—"

"A little fast," gasped O'Brien, clutching at the table for support. "It's too fast for me, Miss Jacks. I can't do it—that's all."

"But I must have some one," she pleaded, in sudden alarm. "The girls are getting ready—and we can't start Wednesday night. I'd pay ex—"

"Begin" yer pardon, boss," Gregory interrupted, to O'Brien. "Maybe, Tripp can do it; he's not working now."

"George Tripp," protestingly. "Bah. Nice a funeral director."

"I think he can do it, though," persisted Gregory. "He's down in the country now—at Bush Falls, thirty-five minutes ride. Got a 'phone, too. Call him up."

"I'll try it," O'Brien reluctantly gave in. "I can do the second violin, but lead—never."

"Get me with you, please," urged the little dancer, her eyes sparkling with new-born hope. "I'm so anxious. Come on," grunted O'Brien, and he led the way graciously through the darkened theatre to the lobby. He soon raised Tripp on the wire and heard his staid, then explained briefly what was wanted.

"Down there—in the bushes?" he was heard to protest, after a few minutes. "I can't do it. A pause. 'But y' haven't seen this score. It looks like 't' dots and dashes of a telegraph message. U—"

"Oh, here, talk to Miss Jacks—she'll arrange."

He handed over the instrument to the girl, who joined him a few minutes later with a rather rueful look.

"He wants me to come up there, or down there, wherever it is," she said. "In that backwoods place and rehearse. I know I'll just do, I defeat the country. You're to come on Tuesday, with the others. I'll just do it. I'll be to-night. Says he'll meet me at the station, and his mother is fixing up the spare room. Ought I to wear—"

"Sure!" came the prompt rejoinder. "If you want to put the act on. But how in 't' dickens he expects 't' play."

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jazz in that jerkwater town gets me, it sure does."

Three young and dainty girls, and five men with the appearance of musicians from the cases that they bore, alighted from the electric train at a little station in the woods and looked about them disjunctly.

"Bush Falls!" echoed the girls in chorus. "Ye gods!"

"Can you direct me to Mr. George Tripp's place?" demanded the leader of the party, a portly, florid individual, of a half-sleepy youth dawdling behind the wheel of a much-used Ford. The youth awoke with a start and surveyed the crowd with interest.

"Be you 't' crowd he's expectin'?" he demanded, and they nodded. "Well, jump right in." The girls gaped, but finally clambered in, and the over-stuffed machine departed for the Tripp place.

Within sight of the big farm house where the haystack and waved frantically to the approaching party.

"Tripp's place?" said O'Brien, in a nasal accent. "An' no wonder, after listenin' for a day to Tripp an' that awful score."

And then the couple in blue overalls and sun beavers ran up to the machine.

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"It's Fay!" screamed the girls in chorus. "It's Tripp!" yelled O'Brien, dumbfounded. "I knew you'd give that idea up, soon's y' saw the score."

"But we haven't!" Fay and George Tripp answered in chorus.

"What?" cried O'Brien. "Y' ye mean you can do that cyclone stuff up here in these peaceful hills? Why, even 't' sun slows up roundin' that curve back yonder?"

"That's the very place to rehearse this stuff," answered Tripp, brightly. "Even Pa—even Miss St. Jacques admits it. Back in town everything's going at top speed. There's too much competition. You can't keep your mind on your number. Up here we've worked it up to perfection. The act's going over big. Come on in." He paused to help the girls off with their wraps and invited them hospitably into a large living room, squared off at one end for a stage, and prepared, evidently, for action.

"And now it's this way," And then as he noted the look that Fay shyly gave Tripp he was sure of it.

others listening raptly over his shoulder, Tripp plunged madly into the wildest, maddest, most symphonic music Bush Falls, O'Brien or even all Broadway had ever heard. And the girls, ready for action, leaped upon the improvised stage and soon were working madly.

For an hour or more they rehearsed, company and orchestra, and then a little motherly woman, whom George introduced as his mother, opened the doors of the dining-room and welcomed them to an old-fashioned country dinner.

O'Brien twenty minutes later, loosening his belt, looked quizzically at Fay St. Jacques, who sat at George Tripp's right at the head of the table, and remarked, sotto voce, to Gregory, "I never heard o' puttin' a wildest an' a sloth in 't' same cage 'r gettin' a funeral marcher 't' play ragtime, but evidently it can be done. An' there's other things besides jerkwater towns an' improves, jazz, evidently—romance, 'r instance."

And then as he noted the look that Fay shyly gave Tripp he was sure of it.

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As the Boys Come Home

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Canada must solve the problem of repatriating her soldier sons who have done their part so valiantly.

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Who mended the soldiers' clothes over there?
Who entertained hundreds of thousands of soldiers and sailors daily at the Huts?
Who helped to keep the soldiers' homes here intact?

Who keeps in touch with the Homecoming soldier?
Who provides the Emergency Homes and the Maternity Homes?
Who has cared for thousands of war widows?
THE SALVATION ARMY
Shall their work stop for lack of funds?

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