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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, May 12.

SENATOR JOHNSON, DEMAGOGUE.

Now that Ottawa is to have an ambassador and diplomatic corps at Washington Canadians will have a more direct interest in the contests for presidential nominations, than has been the case hitherto. Just now there is a triangular fight on for the Republican nomination, General Leonard Wood, Herbert Hoover and Senator Hiram Johnson being the participants. Hoover and Wood are conducting their campaigns in the fair, decent manner that one would expect from men of their distinguished public records. Johnson, on the other hand, is showing himself the cheapest sort of a demagogue, grossly misreading and misrepresenting in order to catch votes. His latest is the statement that he is out to fight and destroy the "British League of Nations." The League of Nations covenant was written into the peace treaty by President Wilson. It is no more British than it is American, French, Italian or Belgian. Johnson is handing out this bunk with the object of securing Sinn Fein and pro-German support. His methods stamp him as unfit to carry the dignity of the high office he covets.

EXIT CARRANZA.

Carranza, in full flight before the Mexican rebel leaders, has dropped into the ex-president class. It may be said of him, as it was of his numerous predecessors, that his disappearance is a good thing. There are few who will regret his departure and especially will his passing be pleasing to the world capitals, for Venustiano was a mischief-maker. More than once within the last three years he has come close to a clash with the British, American and French through unjust treatment of foreigners. His insolent attitude over Washington's protests against the persecution of Americans in Mexico finally drove the United States Government to a threat of war, which was averted only by a backdown at Mexico City. Carranza, too, was undoubtedly connected with a German conspiracy to embarrass and hamper the American Government's war activities.

From its beginning as a republic, Mexico, to use the vernacular of the street, has been out of luck as to its presidents. It is true that until he resigned in 1911 Diaz kept order, but his was an iron rule which permitted of no real liberties for the masses. Ever since his going Mexico has been the scene of turmoil and bloodshed. Madero, who followed Diaz, lasted two years before his assassination by Huerta. Huerta was swept away by the combined forces of Carranza and Villa, but this pair quarreled over the spoils and turned on one another, the mix-up being further complicated by the entrance on the scene of the bandit Zapata, who conquered and held the southern provinces. At the end of 1915 an agreement was made by which Carranza was named president, the great nations concurring. Carranza failed to improve conditions, with the result that there was a fresh explosion, this time in Sonora, with Gen. Obregon heading the revolt. Obregon and his friends have promised an early general election and wide reforms, but this has happened so many times that outsiders will remain skeptical. "Show us," is the attitude towards Mexico of the rest of the world, which would reject more over Carranza's departure if assured that his successor would not be as bad.

THE GRIFFITH PHOTOPLAY.

Art in itself is a great redemptive agency and the sheer abundance of beauty and superlative excellence of a Griffith picture cannot possibly be enjoyed without permanently raising the moral fibre of every spectator in some degree. In the particular Griffith photoplay which is now being shown in this city, ethics unites with aesthetics in doubling the moral value of the production. "Example is better than preachment" is the simple but very deep lesson that "The Idol Dancer" teaches, and it illustrates impressively how one man's spirit of brotherhood regenerated dying souls and won a South Sea island to Christianity, where well-meant but less understanding homilies had signally failed.

Of course, a Griffith photoplay is really a pictorial bible, and if one cares to think very deeply about it, he will readily find more than one philosophical viewpoint represented and more than one religious message conveyed.

From the stern hill of New Hampshire came a loving heart in a body racked by tuberculosis to convert by his heroic self-sacrifice, those who had paid scant attention to his uncle's missionary labors. The regenerative example of sacrifice blends with the aesthetic inspiration of idyllic Hawaiian scenes and the old, sweet, story of human love that leads through "white moonflowers to the Land of Dreams Fulfilled."

Artistically perfect as Griffith photoplays always are, "The Idol Dancer" refines the beauty of tropic flowers and the fragrance of exotic southern seas, colors them with the romance and glamor of great love and great adventure, and presents the whole as a magic incense for the redemption of lost hearts and sin-cursed souls. Coupled with the teaching that practice is better than precept, there is the suggestion that regeneration should begin close at home. The base portly and evil heart of an unscrupulous trader made it very hard work for the missionary to make good Christians out of the dusky natives.

There is a mysterious power about a Griffith photoplay which some critics attribute to

perfected artistry. Free from crude propaganda, or too obvious moral teaching, the unspoken message is vastly more effective than if it had been preached from the house-tops, or blazoned from the billboards, or electric signs. Quiet words sink deepest and remain longer in the hearts of their hearers. Emerson was a great moral influence. Billy Sunday is a great moral influence of a different type. Hundreds of churches, educational and religious organizations, clubs, schools, teachers and evangelists are influenced earnestly at least engaged in the regeneration of the human soul. And one of the redemptive agencies in which one cannot fail to hear the "still small voice" of divine inspiration and purpose, is the Griffith photoplay.

THE MOSES OF THE CONSERVATIVES.

The Conservative pow-wow at Toronto is the latest move of Hon. Robert Rogers, the Moses of the party, to get himself and his friends out of the political Egypt into which they have fallen. Hon. Robert Rogers is not easily discouraged and the way in which he has been working here, there and everywhere in his effort to rehabilitate as dead a political proposition as Canada has ever known, has been little relished by his former friends at Ottawa, who see more likelihood of Union being destroyed than conservatism resurrected. What went on at the Toronto gathering is a sealed book, but judging from the language used about Union Government in the "canned" statement handed out, there must have been remarks in the inner circle of a character to cause tingling of ears at Ottawa. "Ambiguity and vacillation" are the terms applied to the Unionist tactics, while the serious charge is launched that there has been "continuous borrowing with scarcely any provision made for the repayment."

The breach between Rogers and the prime minister is complete—could not, indeed, be otherwise in view of the circumstances under which they parted company. That the western man has been able to keep a considerable following about him, even after his power as a cabinet minister had gone, is an indication that there is a big rift in the Unionist lute, and that harmonious music is no longer possible. There has been an increasing amount of insurgency in the Unionist ranks for a couple of years past and while only a part of this has gone with Rogers, much of it having become more or less politically independent, the main result has been a steady weakening of the Government. There are two or three ministers who are giving little more than lip service at Ottawa. If the time seem propitious they may easily go over to the Rogers-Currie element.

Sir Robert Borden is coming back to Ottawa to face as great a crisis as Unionism has known. All over the country there is the greatest amount of dissatisfaction shown with the record made at Ottawa in the last two years. The returned soldiers here and there all over Canada have called upon the Government to retire. Evidence of lack of real leadership was to be expected in view of the happenings of the last six months, but it is doubtful if any leadership can keep the ship off the rocks now that things have advanced so far.

DEATH OF THE REV. S. H. EASTMAN.

The late Rev. S. H. Eastman was one of the most scholarly men in the Presbyterian Church. For some years he was pastor of St. John's Presbyterian Church at Port Stanley, a position he took largely on account of falling strength. His sermons always had the human touch, and displayed an intimate knowledge of the best literature. He sometimes preached on social subjects, and always took the side of practical common-sense.

His only son, Professor Mack Eastman of Vancouver, was at the front, and it was natural that he should follow war events closely. His references were appropriate and loyal in the best sense of loyalty. He reformed more than once to the part taken by the United States, and deplored the introduction of party politics into so serious a subject.

Mrs. Eastman, who survives him, is the youngest daughter of the late Duncan McGill of Westminster. A son, Duncan McGill, who died soon after being ordained, and Mr. Eastman were friends and fellow-students at Knox College in the seventies. Mr. Eastman also left one daughter, for some time connected with the Western University.

Mr. Eastman retired a few months since, and all who knew him looked forward to several years of useful life. He would have been welcome in any of the Presbyterian pulpits of London. His membership in the Ministerial Alliance would have been a steady influence. He would always be found on the side of right and in favor of all movements that would benefit the moral welfare of the people. The community has lost one of its best citizens, and his widow and family will have the sincere sympathy of all in their irreparable loss.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

As there is not sufficient hydro power to keep the manufacturers going, why the rush to build hydro radials?

The political confusion at Ottawa has been worse confounded by Bob Rogers' reorganization of the Tory party.

The hen-pecked man used to pare the potatoes for dinner. Now the potatoes pare his bankroll, and the slices removed are much thicker than those his wife used to rabe about.

WHAT ARE THE SOUNDS WE HEAR IN A SHELL?

[From the Book of Wonders.]

The sounds we hear in the sea shell are really air waves, or sounds made by air waves, because all sounds are produced by air waves.

The reason you can hear these sounds in a sea shell is because the shell is so constructed that it forms a natural sounding box. The wooden part of a guitar, zither or violin is a sounding box. They have the faculty of picking up sounds and making them stronger. We call them "resonators," because they make sounds resound. The construction of a sea shell makes an almost perfect resonator. A perfect resonator will pick up sounds which the human ear cannot hear at all, and magnify them so that if you hold a resonator to the ear you can hear sounds you could not otherwise hear. Ear trumpets for the deaf are built upon this principle.

Sometimes when you, with your ear alone, think something is absolutely quiet, you can pick up a sea shell and hear sounds in it. But the sea shell will magnify any sound that reaches it.

It would be possible, of course, to take a sea shell to a place where it would be absolutely quiet, and then there would be no sounds.

There are such places, but very few of them. A room can be built which is absolutely sound-proof.

From Here and There

THE TIE THAT BINDS.

[London Morning Post.]
We should work in the country more directly to support and expand the production of the Dominions. We have made a small beginning in imperial preference; but that small beginning has hardly affected them at all. In the long run, it is the economic tie which will decide the fate of empire, and hitherto our statesmen have shown a very imperfect realization of that great truth.

CANADA AND THE WEST INDIES.

[Nassau Guardian.]
Every effort should be made to acquire a steamship service with the view of gradually increasing our trade with Canada to the necessary proportions. One of the best methods of encouraging such trade relations would be the grant of preferential tariff rates on Canadian imports, and the exemption of any export duties on goods shipped to Canada. The adoption of preferential tariffs with Canada and the rest of the Empire is on lines with the policy strongly advocated by the Imperial Government, and which will go far to consolidate those ties of sentiment and trade which were so strongly knit by the war. Fortunately we have the funds which will enable us to embark on such a policy; and we sincerely hope that the Legislature will recognize the tie which will secure to Canada, and the rest of the Empire, the benefits of sending a Bahamian delegate to the coming conference at Ottawa, and will authorize him to say, on behalf of the colony, that reciprocal tariff advantages between Canada and ourselves are only a matter of adjustment and enactment.

BY ORDER OF THE KAISER.

[Joseph Herald.]
It was by Kaiser Wilhelm's personal command, issued January 2, 1917, that the T-boat campaign of ruthlessness which brought the United States into the war was launched. The order bearing his signature was published for the first time in the New York World on Sunday last, together with a long memorandum prepared by Admiral von Holtzendorf, chief of the German admiralty staff, in support of this desperate policy. The copy, which was secured from the files of the German foreign office, reads:

(Strictly Secret.)
General Headquarters.
January 2, 1917.
I order the unrestricted submarine war to be started with full energy on February 1. You must make all necessary preparations immediately, in such a way that this purpose is not prematurely recognized by the enemy and the neutrals. The essential plans of operations are to be submitted to me. A copy of this is to be handed to the Imperial chancellor.

THE OLD VICTORY.

[Westminster Gazette.]
Nelson's famous old flagship is going into dry-dock. I am glad to hear that her stout oak timbers, obtained chiefly from the Kent and Sussex Wealds, are still in good condition, and that she may still have many years ahead. But I never go aboard her without wondering what Nelson would have thought of the change could he have visited a modern battleship. Nelson only 30, 1805, when he joined her from the Amphion, until July 29, 1805, when he landed at Gibraltar, he never set foot ashore. Yet the height of the cabin is only 5 feet 11 inches—a tall man, that, could not stand upright in it. "Always shut up in the Victory's cabin," as he himself wrote, "cannot be very good for the constitution. I think you will find me grown thin, but never mind."

LET THEM DEPART.

[Brantford Expositor.]
It is asked in the Commons if any attempt is being made to retain the Mennonites in Canada. It should not be necessary. No people who, because of religious or racial prejudices, desire special privileges in education and responsibility should be encouraged in this country. If they are not content with Canadian citizenship as applied to others, they should be allowed to depart to some country which would welcome them.

BRITAIN'S CONTROL OF OIL.

[Brantford Expositor.]
Britain now has the control of all the world's visible oil supply other than that in North America. With the British navy formed principally of oil-burning ships, the mistress of the waves is taking no chances of hostile ownership of oil.

STOWAWAYS.

[Hamilton Spectator.]
The high cost of ocean travel is increasing the number of stowaways. Scarcely a ship arrives on this side of the Atlantic that does not contain several unregistered passengers, and the majority of them are Russians and Germans fleeing from their own countries.

A ROYAL RAG-SHOP.

[London Daily Express.]
The Church of St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe, in the City, in which the rector's wife now serves as parish clerk, derives its singular name from a house in Blackfriars bought by Edward III. in 1339, and used as the office of the Master of the Wardrobe and the repository of the royal clothes. In the course of time this house became a perfect museum of the clothes worn by British sovereigns on state occasions. James I. dispersed the royal rag-shop, and after the Great Fire the Wardrobe was removed to the Savoy, and subsequently to Buckingham street, where it remained until its abolition in the eighteenth century.

TRADE AT HOME AND BE HAPPY.

[Border Cities Era.]
A dollar spent out of town is a dollar lost to that town. It goes to build up some other town, being deposited there and kept there.

The money you spend across the river and with Toronto mail order firms detracts from the natural progress of your city.

Be fair to the home manufacturers, contractors and merchants. They have invested their capital here with reasonable expectation of home patronage and a fair profit. Many of them put every cent they make back into their business, adding to stock or improving the premises.

Repeatedly it has been demonstrated that you can buy to advantage in your own city. There is also this fact to consider—and it is important—if the goods are not right you can always go back to the home merchant or dealer for an exchange or adjustment, whereas you have to keep the out-of-town "junk" that you thought was a bargain.

The big mail order catalogues may look pretty, and all that, but their best use is first aid in relieving the fuel situation.

If you appreciate where your bread and butter come from, spend your money at home—where you earn it.

Keep all the money you can circulating in your own locality, and when money gets scarce there will be much more available to you than there would be if you sent your money away from your town or locality.

COLONIES FOR THE HINDUS.

[Vancouver Sun.]
The improved status of India, both as a self-governing country and as a member of the British family of nations, brings the problem of Hindu emigration into imperial importance. South Africa, British Columbia and other "white" portions of the Empire have been unable to solve the difficulties inseparable from Hindu immigration. The obstacles to the admission of Hindus to that full citizenship and in that unlimited degree which the theory of imperial equality would require are insuperable. They arise from racial differences impossible to remove by argument or persuasion.

In so far as Hindu emigration results from a surplus of population in India, there is, however, another solution to the problem. Vast tropical and sub-tropical areas within British control can be thrown open to Hindu emigration under conditions far more favorable to the emigrants and to their enjoyment of full citizenship than those of South Africa. In British Guiana there has been a steady influx of Hindus, and it is now proposed to organize and subsidize its colonization by emigrants from India. This scheme is being considered by the Indian Government, and has already obtained the support of the Government of British Guiana.

In this and similar movements may be found the solution of a difficult problem. Territories of immense value and extent in East Africa, including those taken from Germany in the war, could be far better colonized by Hindu emigrants than by a white population. The provision of adequate outlets for the surplus population of India in this manner will go far to remove the difficulties which have from time to time arisen in the Dominions in connection with Hindu emigration.

Poetry and Jest

THE TRAVELER-HEART.

[Rachel Lindsay.]
I would be one with the dark, dark earth.
Follow the plow with a yoked tread;
I would be part of the Indian corn,
Walking the rows with the plumes overhead.

I would be one with the lavish earth,
Eating the bee-stung apples red;
Walking where lambs walk on the hills,
By oak-grove paths to the pools be led.

I would be one with the dark-bright night,
When sparkling skies and the light-ning wind
Walking on with the vicious wind
By roads whence even the dogs have fled.

I would be one with the sacred earth,
On to the end, till I sleep with the dead.
Terror shall put no spears through me,
Peace shall jewel my shroud instead.

I shall be one with all pit-black things,
Finding the lowest thrust unsaid:
Stars for my pillow there in the gloom—
Oak-roots arching about my head.

Stars, like daisies, shall rise through the earth,
Acorns fall 'round my breast that bleed.
Children shall weave there a flowery chain,
Squirrels on acorn-hearts be fed.

Fruit of the traveler-heart of me,
Fruit of my harvest-songs long sped,
Sweet with the life of my sunburned days,
When the sheaves were ripe and the apples red.

A FASTIDIOUS CUSS.

[Hilbert Miss Herald.]
Bachelor with good home wishes to marry widow with small children preferred. No snuff-dipping or tobacco-chewing women need apply. Address Box 299, Guilford, Miss.

"HE'S MY FRIEND."

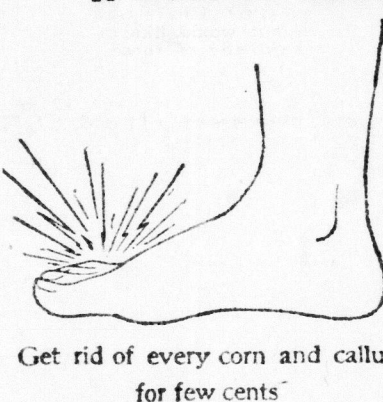
I know he has faults by the million.
But his faults are a portion of him;
I know that his record's vermillion,
And his farm from a sweet seraphim.
But he's always been square with yours truly.
Always ready to give or to lend.
I never make diagrams of him.
No map of his soul have I penned.
For I don't analyze him—I just love him.
Because—well, because he's my friend.

ALWAYS A SILVER LINING.

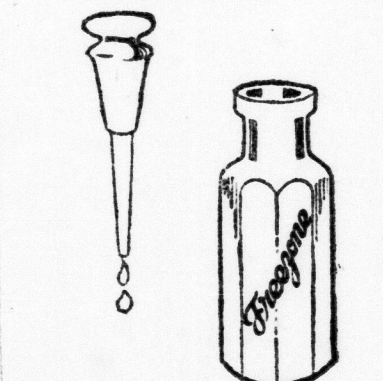
[Washington Star.]
He looks as if he might be a member of the diplomatic corps, but he isn't—being a salesman in a time-honored department house on Seventh street, which in one respect, anyhow, is something equally as good. Also, he has a wife who must be a cheerful-roun type of little woman, when she is in on her husband's morning the order went forth that stores were not to be opened until 10 o'clock, she accepted the new cloud with the buoyancy of one who knows a silver lining when it comes her way. "Why, James," James is the diplomatic-looking husband—"now you can help me with the breakfast dishes, can't you?"
Oh, yes, the silver linings are there, all right—provided we don't concentrate too thoroughly on the cloud side of a situation.

LIFT OFF CORNS

IT DOESN'T HURT



Get rid of every corn and callus for few cents



Drop a little Frezzone on an aching corn. Instantly that corn stops hurting. Then you lift it right out. It doesn't pain one bit. Yes, magic!

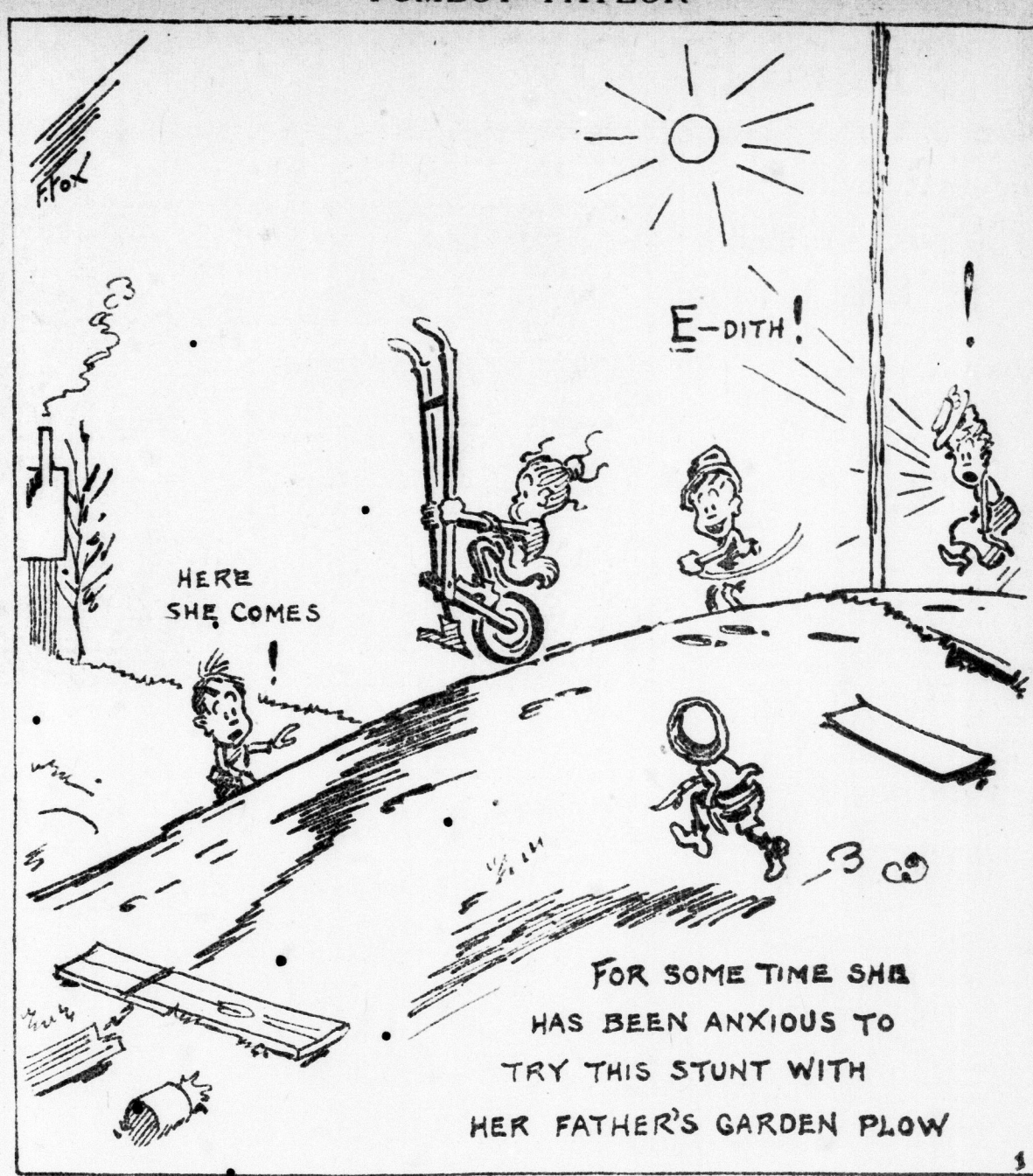
Why wait? Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of Frezzone for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and chafes, without soreness or irritation. Frezzone is the much-talked-of ether discovery of a Cincinnati genius.

IF BACKACHE OR KIDNEYS BOTHER

Eat less meat, also take glass of Sals before eating breakfast.

True acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish, ache, and feel like lumps of lead. The urine becomes cloudy; the bladder is irritated, and you may be obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night. When the kidneys clog you must help them flush off the body's urinous waste or you'll be a real sick person shortly. At first you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, you suffer from backache, sick headache, dizziness, stomach gets sour, tongue coated and you feel rheumatic twinges when the weather is bad.

Eat less meat, drink lots of water; also get from any pharmacist four ounces of Jad Sals; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous Sals is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it is no longer a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness. Jad Sals is inexpensive, cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active. Druggists here say they sell lots of Jad Sals to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.



By FONTAINE FOX

(Copyright.)

Wilson's "The National Smoke"

BACHELOR

Still the most for the money

10c.

ANDREW WILSON & CO. TORONTO MONTREAL

"Just arrived in time, nurse, delay might have lost us our patient. No doctor can afford to take chances with his motor. Imperial Polarine and Imperial Premier Gasoline makes every motor run perfectly. We can always rely on Imperial products."

You Can Depend On It

EVERY drop of Imperial Polarine is 100% lubrication. It spreads a protecting cushion of oil between all wearing parts, making each part function smoothly and reducing wear to a minimum.

It has exactly the right body—forms a perfect piston-to-cylinder seal, maintains compression, conserves power and saves fuel. It does not break down or run thin under extreme heat.

Imperial Polarine burns clean, reduces carbon deposits to a minimum and assures long life, smooth running and reliability to your motor at all times, under all conditions.

There is an Imperial Polarine grade for every motor need, from crank shaft to differential. Consult the Imperial Polarine Chart of Recommendations for the correct grade to use in your car—it is on display wherever Imperial Polarine is sold.

Sold in one and four gallon sealed cans, steel kegs, half-barrels and barrels, by dealers everywhere in Canada. Buy in large containers and save money.

IMPERIAL Polarine

IMPERIAL POLARINE (Light medium body) IMPERIAL POLARINE HEAVY (Medium heavy body) IMPERIAL POLARINE A (Extra heavy body)

A GRADE SPECIALLY SUITED TO YOUR MOTOR

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED

Power - Heat - Light - Lubrication
Branches in all Cities