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"THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED."

London, Ont., Monday, Feb. 3.

Will Anyone Hold Him Back If He Threatens to Quit?

The Middlesex County Council has gone on record for the abolition of titles. The decision was unanimous. While the council is perfectly candid in electing its warden each year according to the political support of aspirants to the office, it is significant that on such a question there was not a voice raised to defend the bestowal of knighthoods and baronetcies, as Sir Robert Borden defended them to the point of threatening to resign at the last session. Liberal and Conservative farmers were a unit in expressing the general aversion of a democratic people to the empty favors of royalty bestowed frequently upon politicians and plutocrats, and seldom given for any service other than monetary or partisan service to a party.

It is doubtful if Canada has ever knighted anyone save a popular politician or a straight materialist. And all the popular politicians are not in the parties. They frequently are found crowding in the limelight in some role that gives them a bubble reputation. The materialists are usually great trust makers or railway builders. Canada also knights its servants in other roles so long as their party service is unimpeachable. It seldom considers Canadian poet or student as worthy of distinction. It does not offer its baubles to a labor man or a farmer or a good man who is doing something quietly but serving mankind rather than his political masters.

Titles are a noisome thing to all worthy of the name of Canadian. One can work into a fine rage about them, but it is not worth the trouble when the county councils are supplying the solid condemnation of the community. The city councils might follow suit and make it plain that the issue cannot be shelved or dodged at Ottawa. If Sir Robert Borden again should threaten to resign because of attacks on titles no one should hold him back. It might be an easy way out for Sir Robert, to resign and to pick out one of the gaudiest outfits in the showcase for himself. He has such a fine pair of calves.

Do Not Take the Easier Way; That Way Is Demoralizing

The police of Dawson City have just ordered a notorious gambler to leave town or spend six months in jail. Leaving Dawson City at this season means a five-hundred-mile hike to the nearest town over a blizzard and wolf-infested mountain and forest trail with a mean temperature of fifty below, yet without hesitation he chose this alternative. Instead of the easier he selected the icier way to expiate his sin. For him the cool of the arctic is more pleasing than an arctic "cooler."

Whatever his rascality may have been there is an attraction in this man. He has high courage, a good measure of dauntlessness. To him freedom out in the "big freeze" is preferable to the humiliating and cramping, if safe, cell. For him dangerous strenuousness rather than enervating idleness, action rather than stagnation, although he would probably express the feeling simply as a desire to keep out of jail. This is the sort of stuff of which V. C. men are made, and the others who drive through terrifying obstacles to success.

With most of us the reason for non-success is that we select the easier way. We dodge and evade the harsh task or duty, taking the sheltered and comfortable path. Our comings and goings and doings generally are under the direction of others just as in the case of the jailed. We lose the fine freedom of those who strike out for themselves, taking a chance of perishing in the adventure, but at least having a glorious experience. Shock troops are as necessary to the armies of peace as to the armies of war. They break the way. The feather-bed brigades are never called upon for that job. Thus many of us miss large-sized slices of glory as well as other more material gain. Theodore Roosevelt loved a combat for its own sake. When he couldn't pull off a fight with some boss or other pernicious influence he would pit himself against the most savage forms of nature. He went looking for trouble not because he was quarrelsome, but because he early discovered that only the truest, most enjoyable living was to be had in ceaseless activity that would not flinch at or sidestep the most daunting obstacle.

Mister Gambler's decision would have appealed powerfully to the great Rough Rider. We hope he wins through and if he does will Mr. Robert Service please write a poem about it? It would furnish fine reading for Young Canada.

Workers of United Kingdom Are Not Strong For the Reds

Alarming as are the strike disturbances in Belfast and Glasgow there are some reassuring and encouraging features. Whatever may be the further development up to date there has not been much for our red flag friends to cheer over.

As an instance of this take the great Belfast walkout. If the Bolsheviks have had a hand in this affair it has not worked out according to their usual schedule. Bolshevism if in control would have forcibly taken over all financial and industrial concerns, systematically looted and disfranchised the middle classes, and deliberately

precipitated civil conflict with the object of furnishing an excuse for their killings.

Instead of the bloody chaos they had hoped for we have a committee of the strikers taking control of Belfast and rigidly enforcing an orderly carrying on of the strike. Windows have been smashed and there have been some isolated looting and vandalism, but these are accompaniments of all strikes on a large scale.

At Glasgow, too, the Bolsheviks have been disappointed. The union leaders and the great majority of the rank and file have had nothing to do with the turbulence of the last week, and without their support Bolshevism can make little permanent headway. The agents of Russian anarchy and their deluded disciples in the United Kingdom have reckoned without the British passion for a decent, orderly securing of reform.

The British laboring classes are determined that they shall hereafter share more equally the advantages that have been largely the exclusive lot of privilege, but they propose to secure it by legitimate means, by co-operating with all other classes, not by seeking their destruction. That was the meaning of the recent electoral vote, when less than ten per cent of the candidates elected were of the extreme socialist element. At the polls it was made clear that parliamentary progression towards better conditions is the popular method of the Britisher, and that he wants nothing of the physical force doctrine of Lenin and Trotzky.

An American correspondent cabling of the Glasgow and Belfast rioting announces that the great social revolution of the British Empire has commenced. If he had been familiar with British political history in the slightest degree he would know that the social revolution of the United Kingdom has been progressing for years in the gradual but certain passing of power to the hands of the people and the steady betterment of conditions which follows.

The Britisher as he compares this orderly advance with the misery that has followed Bolshevistic revolution cannot but decide that his way is the better one. The present exasperating troubles may spread to some extent, but it will not reach the stage of civil strife which would ensue were an attempt made to wipe out the present social structure by violent, illegal methods.

Public Should Not Be Given Merely Hole in the Doughnut

The Ottawa Journal, apropos of nothing but an ill-tempered mood, refers to The London Advertiser as "an uncompromising enemy of public ownership." We suppose The Advertiser knows as much about the matter as anyone else, and that some categorical statements will be necessary to refute such a claim. Here are the statements:

1. The Advertiser is neither an "uncompromising enemy" nor an enemy of any sort of the principle of public ownership.
2. The Advertiser believes that all natural monopolies should be controlled by the people. Street railway and telephone systems, lighting and gas and water supply companies might well be regarded as in this class.
3. The Advertiser believes that public ownership should be subject to the closest scrutiny and that financial and political control should be rendered impossible.
4. The Advertiser believes that the people should not be saddled with "enterprises" which failed under private ownership and made to give enormous sums to those who exploited the country and finally made the country pay the Bill—and the Dan, too.
5. The Advertiser believes, with the United Farmers, that when the country is offered a system it should see that it is paying for the doughnut and not for the hole.
6. The Advertiser believes that British or other capital invested in railway enterprises should be entitled to fair treatment and not be confiscated by the country.
7. The Advertiser believes that the country should not engage itself in the business of ruining institutions which have been built up in good faith and by honest methods.
8. The Advertiser believes that the great danger in public ownership lies in the creation of a political machine and the sinking of vast amounts of money in order to make an appearance of success which does not legitimately exist.
9. The Advertiser believes that such enterprises as the railways may be saddled on the country and prove to be ruinous unless the greatest skill of management and financing, removed from political influence, is practiced.
10. The Advertiser believes that apart from the natural monopolies there are other greater monopolies, by means of which prices are controlled, which are greater evils than the public service corporations. "Public ownership" may not be possible with these industries, but public control is highly necessary.

There are many other points which might be enumerated. London, for instance, in a short time will come to consider questions of public ownership. It should commence with those natural monopolies which provide service or commodities of the same order as streets and water and the various other institutions such as schools or hospitals.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A lot of scum is coming to the surface of the world's melting pot.

Nat Goodwin's fame will rest on a fifty-fifty basis, fifty for his matrimonial record and fifty for the merriment his genius invoked.

Twenty thousand dollars has just been paid for a painting. Such incidents tend to further inflame the desires of the turbulent to paint the world red.

Bernstorff says he agrees with many of the peace conference's proposals. That being the case it might be well for the delegates to go all over them again.

An American admiral calls the Versailles meeting a sewing circle. Well, you cannot beat a sewing circle for complete and thorough discussion of a subject.

Arnold Bennett says he cannot imagine any plainer speaking than has taken place at the Paris peace table. That shows he knows nothing of General Sam Hughes.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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THE STORY LADY.
By Claude Holden.

"Where did we leave off last time?
Oh, yes; well, Weenie Weenie saw the old witch coming, and hid in the trunk of the giant oak." A buzz sounded and Loretta had to break in on her story to give someone a connection, but she started in again almost immediately.

It was an odd thing to be telling stories to a little boy who had never even known, but Loretta did not let that interfere with her telling powers. She was a switchboard operator in the Robert's Big Stores. About five Saturday nights, before she had heard a little voice over the wire say:

"Please tell me a story, Miss Telephone Girl. There is nobody to tell Sonny Boy stories on Saturday nights when daddy isn't here."

It was the appeal in the little voice that got around Loretta's heart strings, so she started in telling him the stories she had told her own brother when he was that small—the brother that was now overseas fighting for his country. Interruptions were many, but Sonny Boy did not seem to mind them.

"Please tell me more," he would say when she finished one story, so soon Loretta had to resort to her imagination to find stories to tell him. It was by accident that he got her connection the first night, but she arranged with the central operators to put him on her line when he asked for the Story Lady. That was the name she told him to call her.

Once when her voice had grown tired Loretta asked Sonny Boy something about himself.

"I live with my daddy," he answered to her request for his father's name. "We're lonely, daddy and me. I haven't any mamma now. Daddy tells me stories every night, but Saturday nights, then he's away, but I like your stories, too."

"But your daddy doesn't know anything about me," Loretta had said in panic.

"Oh, yes, he does; I've told him about your stories. He knows the story of the Princess and the Roses, the bestest story. He tells it to me sometimes, too. He's going to find you and bring you to be my mamma. Where do you live, Story Lady, and why can't you talk to me other nights but Saturdays?"

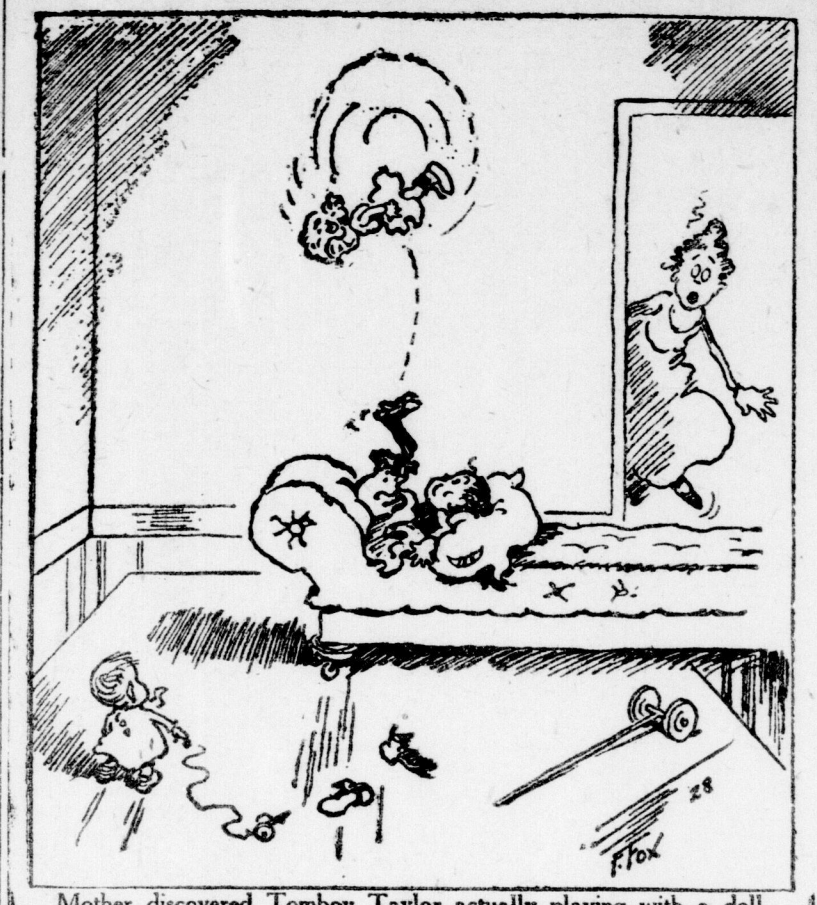
"I am only here Saturday nights," she had answered.

"That's the nights daddy's away,"

TOMBOY TAYLOR

(Copyright, 1918.)

By Fontaine Fox



Mother discovered Tomboy Taylor actually playing with a doll.

he'll never find you." There had been a little pitiful note in the child's tone when he said this that touched Loretta. It dwelt with her and she thought of it often. She wondered if Sonny Boy's father would ever find her. Of course, she could find out who he was through the central operator, but she preferred to leave him remain a mystery. Somehow she felt like the princess who would not seek a prince, but love would bring the right one to her some day who would carry her off to the Land of Roses. She had waited so long for just such a prince herself, it seemed he would never come.

During the week Loretta planned new stories for Sonny Boy's Saturday night. She was too conscientious to

neglect her work, but Forbes, the head floorwalker, took special note of the faraway look on her face, and remembered that he had a daughter at home who could do switchboard work, with the result that one pay day a note was inclosed in Loretta's envelope informing her that her services were dispensed with. She realized that Forbes was to blame for it, but was too proud to ask for an explanation.

To lose her position just at that season, when everything was dull, was particularly trying, but Loretta had a few dollars laid aside and tried to look upon the cheerful side of it. It meant that her stories to Sonny Boy would have to cease, the dream of his big broad-shouldered father and the home

that needed a loving hand would have to fade forever. The thought of that was hardest of all to bear.

"Positions were few and far between," she found, but at last one came her way and a recommendation was asked the superintendent at Robert's for one, but remembered Mr. Roberts just in time. She had never spoken to him personally, but he had always been very nice over the wire. His voice had told her that he was a kind man and would treat her fairly. He had had experience with her in a business way to be able to recommend her for this other position, too. It was Saturday night—he would be in his office.

Loretta dodged past Forbes as she went through the store and up the stairs that led to the office. Mr. Forbes was in his private office. The waiting-room was brilliantly lighted. Coming out of a dark corridor into it Loretta felt for the time being as if blinded by the light.

There was a little boy of about five years huddled in the corner—a lonely looking little fellow just like Sonny Boy.

"Mam's came before he finished the story of the Princess and the Roses," a little voice sobbed. It was Sonny Boy. Loretta recognized his voice. She forgot everything else but the yearning that had been in her heart for months, as she took the little fellow in her arms. "Where did he leave off?" she asked as she brushed aside the tears.

Sonny Boy knew her at once. "Just where the prince was climbing the tower," he answered, after he had kissed her in delight. Loretta picked up the thread of the story and went on. Her voice raised just a trifle as she neared the end. "And the prince said, 'Now, I have found you!'" She paused a moment for breath.

"And will take you to the Land of Roses," finished a strange voice. Unseen, the private office door had opened and Mr. Roberts had entered. Loretta realized it for the first time. He was Sonny Boy's daddy.

"This is my Story Lady," Sonny Boy said in pride. "Isn't she pretty, daddy?"

No wonder Loretta stammered over the reason for her visit.

"I won't recommend you for that position," Mr. Roberts said when she had finished, and then when he saw her face fall, added, with a smile: "Because I have a much better one to offer you. What would you say to being Story Lady in the department I am going to open for the care of the children who come with their mothers who shop here? You will have complete charge of it all."

Sonny Boy looked on while she expressed her thanks for the kind offer and vowed the willingness to accept the position. "I thought you were going to bring my Story Lady home for my mamma," he interrupted.

"Hush!" his father said, in con-

fusion, while Loretta tried to blush. Just as she was leaving, her face radiant with the prospect before her, she heard his father whisper, "Not now, Sonny, be patient for just a while."

"Just a while," she repeated to herself. "Dreams do come true, sometimes." And so hers did.

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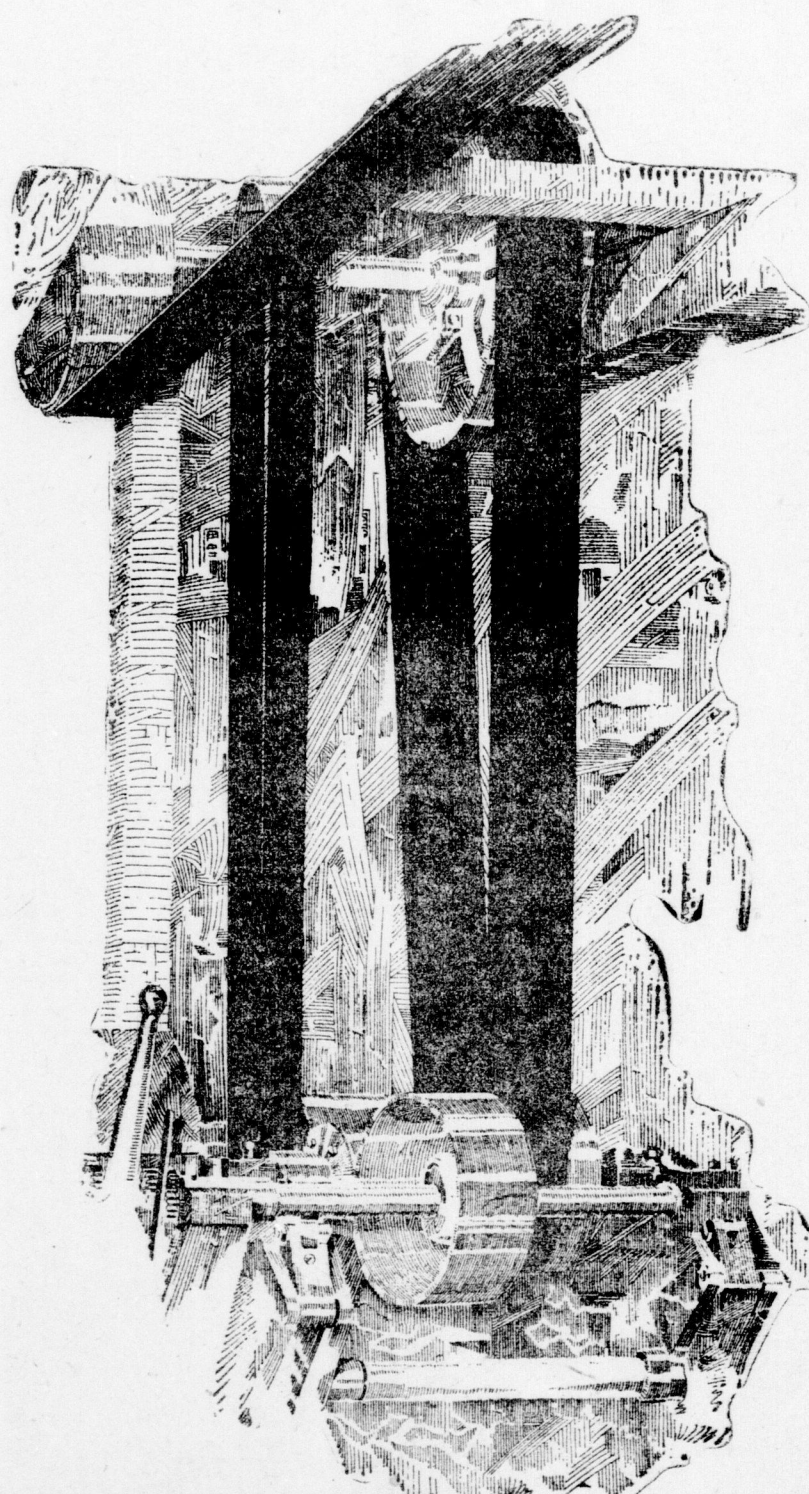
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Overcoming a Belt Difficulty with Extra Power

Price is not always the measure of a belt's ability. Several times we have prescribed Goodyear Extra Power Belting for drives where the highest-priced belts have failed—and Extra Power has made good.

The machine illustrated here is in the plant of the Pacific Coast Pipe Company, of Vancouver. The overhead belt is an 8 inch x 5 ply, Extra Power. The middle belt is a 4 inch x 4 ply, Extra Power. The end belt is an 8 inch x 5 ply, Extra Power.



Note especially the middle belt. This belt runs free until the carriage reaches the end of the track. Then it is brought into service by throwing a heavy idler against the belt.

Heavy belts of other types snapped at this work, but Goodyear Extra Power has given every satisfaction. Mr. C. J. Haley, the Superintendent, writes, mentioning several kinds of high-grade belting that had failed. He goes on to say:—

"We are highly gratified over the success we have attained in the service given by your Extra Power.

"Our special machinery is so constructed that certain belt lives present an annoying problem. We could not get reasonable service from the belting referred to, due to slippage, and the consequent heat and belt destruction.

"That we are satisfied with Extra Power is evident in the fact that, since it has solved our difficulty, our entire plant is equipped with this very satisfactory form of transmission."

You will be interested in the reasons that have induced many plants to standardize on Goodyear Extra Power. You will be interested in the difficult drives Goodyear Extra Power has conquered. A belting man trained by Goodyear will bring you these facts, and he will offer his advice on your own drives. No obligation. Phone, wire or write the nearest branch.

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