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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Monday, March 17.

News From Europe Seems to Promise Clearer Skies

The news from Europe is distinctly more encouraging than for some weeks. Representatives of the Allies at Berlin report the Spartacist revolt officially announced that the peace pact will be signed within three weeks and a flow of food-stuffs has been started into Germany and Central Europe, which will combat the turbulence and lawlessness that threatened to blaze a trail of terror and misery clear across Western Europe. These things should help greatly to restore economic sanity to the world at large and remove an unrest that borders dangerously on disorder in countries hitherto untouched by anarchy. A world back on the job will be too busy to follow the mischief-makers. Grave social problems must be settled, it is true, problems that reach to the roots of national life; but under conditions of normal industrial and commercial activities there will be less temptation to employ violent methods in securing that greater happiness which the masses are determined to achieve.

Much will depend on the conditions of the league of nations which President Wilson says will be a part of the peace agreement. It is certain to be faulty in parts. To imagine it a sort of heaven-made constitution of the millennium is to invite a great disappointment when the detailed covenant is made public. If, however, in the main, broad principles of the pact it is clear that unselfish desire to end strife and promote general happiness is the intention, we believe the people will overlook the weak spots and give it heartiest support at least until it has received a fair trial.

Rolling in Wealth? These Farmers Do Not Say So

The city people certainly harbor a belief that may be born of delusion, that the average farmer with 100 acres is a monarch of all he surveys so far as material comforts and a healthy bank account are concerned. The city man pays high prices for everything that comes from the farm. Of that there can be no doubt. But he sometimes forgets that the country man pays prices equally high for everything that comes from the city.

The Advertiser on Saturday chanced to fall into conversation with three farmers, and ignoring the highfalutin theories of the economists asked them a simple question: "How much money did you make last year?" Each of the three made less than \$500, and that represented wages, interest and a good many other charges. They had lived well, but as one of them said, they did not spend a quarter of what the average city man spent on clothes and amusements and luxuries in the way of reading, insurance and the delectable things that are found in the confectioner's shop. Perhaps they were getting more than before out of their 100-acre places, but they found it difficult to prove the thing to their own satisfaction.

A former member of Parliament who farmed years ago, The Advertiser asked some questions. Could he go back to the farm today and make more money than he had thirty years ago? No, he did not believe he could. He remembered years when he had made \$500 clear, but he had done two men's work to get that far. He said the only farmers who would make "big money" were those who had grown sons and no wages to pay.

It would be interesting to hear from farmers who have studied their own problems. They could do much to correct the impression that high prices have made fortunes for many farmers. They could tell such things for instance, as the fact that a certain essential farm machine that a few years ago cost \$150 now costs more than \$300. And why should the city man, as a general rule, monopolize the newspapers with his "propaganda?"

A Stronger Race, But Not Devoted to Making War

A woman's organization in Brantford, Ont., asked that military training be continued in the city schools after a council composed of men had seen fit to abolish it. This is disappointing when we have been looking to woman suffrage as a means of establishing universal peace.—From the Farmer's Advocate.

It is probable that a certain class of people, those who like the pomp and opportunities for parade of militarism, men and women, will be anxious to perpetuate a compulsory training in Canada. A certain type of officer, who first of all sees a reasonably lucrative position for himself, will be busy in the propaganda for military training. But he will have to face a counter-current of strong opinion that it is time to close up the military shop among officers who have served Canada with great distinction.

Some women are attracted by a uniform, whether it be worn by the doorkeeper of a department store or by a poppinjay social butterfly. They also like to feel the glow that comes from the social page references to the military character of an event. They do not love militarism, because when pursued aggressively it is nothing more than premeditated murder, but they cannot with-

stand the dash and glamor it casts over the scene. Ranged a thousand to one against these advocates of "war for vanity's sake" are those mothers and wives and sisters whose men wore the drab khaki of the private soldier.

Canada will watch carefully for the agitation to make this country sustain a large standing army and to force military service upon the population. For an "unprepared" nation Canada did reasonably well in the last four and a half years. At the same time, war revealed that tens of thousands of Canadians were woefully unfit physically. No one can object to a program that will build a stronger race, and for both sexes physical training in the schools holds benefits and for the country as a whole.

In fact, strictly from the standpoint of health and physical well-being, there are few who would object to laws involving so many hours of extra time devoted by their sons and daughters to physical drill designed to develop upstanding men and women. The collegiate institutes of the cities give attention to this important department, but the public schools have no adequate course of physical drill. An extension of the present system would be a powerful antidote for the bugbear of compulsory military service.

Memorial Halls Will Form Most Fitting Monuments

War memorials to the Canadian soldiers who fell and served in the long-drawn struggle for world democracy will take many forms. But it is to be hoped they will not always take human form and commemorate in cold marble or bronze the deeds that might be made to live through constant association and social contact. Memorials devoted to usefulness should receive first consideration, and for each city and town, and even village, whose sons are now coming from the fields of battle to decide upon the construction of memorial halls appeals to most people as being the finest way of building a symbol to the imperishable fame of the troops sent from Canada. A statue that materializes a noble sentiment of heroism is good to look upon. The South African statue in Victoria Park is one of the best, yet when the spirit of comradeship may be crystallized and kept alive among thousands of men who served side by side, it is infinitely better that they should meet in a hall worthy of their service and the service of those who remain in France. Let memorial halls be built first! The statues will follow as a matter of course.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The lamb turned on the lame March lion yesterday.

The peace delegates have not yet come to blows, anyway.

May Ireland's troubles pass before another Seventeenth has come.

London is expecting several new industries. The Forest City has come out of the industrial woods.

It will not be so very long before the annual airplane shows are being advertised in all the daily newspapers.

The man who attempted to shoot Clemenceau says he would have shot the kaiser with more relish. Someone pass the pickles.

Uncle Sam received nearly \$45,000,000 in license fees from motor trucks. Most of this money is converted into state roads funds.

Uncle Sam, having engaged in the European tussle, can scarcely expect to escape his share of the maintenance of the peace he helped to achieve.

The American marines in Japan may not realize their responsibility, but the little brown man will not take an attack without resenting it.

Every day's delay in bringing home the Canadians means \$500,000 to the country. That was one of the strong points of the speech of Duncan Ross, M.P.

The Canadian Manufacturers sowed the seeds of tariff agitation when they opposed the moderate degree of reform contained in the reciprocity agreement.

One of the best proofs that "honesty is the best policy" is that sooner or later one reads of a forgotten embezzler turning up in some distant police headquarters.

The proposal to place soldiers on small farms after having been given a course of instruction is much ahead of the proposal to have them wrestle with 100 acres of uncleared land.

Col. Peck, V.C., absolved the Canadian command, but did not fail to register his disapproval of a certain British general, who apparently did not want our stalwarts to interfere with his social duties.

The Hamilton Times says that guttersnipe journalism played a big part in the Hamilton radial campaign. More bitterness has been engendered by the railway fight than by any other issue in years.

The home-coming of the Princess Patricia's recalls that these famous troops performed most creditable service from the early days of the war until the last shot had been fired. Their official record will be worth reading.

Hamilton has voted by a large majority in favor of Sir Adam Beck's hydro radial scheme, which in addition to committing the municipality to a liability of more than \$5,000,000, places in the hands of the hydro commission power to control all transportation franchises in the city. Sir Adam was strongly opposed, even by the Dominion Government, but as usual he turned this opposition to his own account and successfully played the role of the people's martyr.

A VISTA OF THE DAYS TO COME.

How dimly must have seen our years,
The sages of the days sped past.
How faintly traced the changes to come.
How feebly sensed the triumph vast.
No mind shall peer beyond its time.
One comes to think, as God unfolds
The roll of things for men to do.
The wonder that the future holds.
We know this simple truth to keep,
That as earth aged the race went on.
That fiddles large and small were solved,
That many seeked the sun shone on.
We know we cannot see what lies
Beyond our day, yet we can feel
The faith that God gives life in trust.
To make our dreams live, great and real.

TOMBOY TAYLOR

By FONTAINE FOX.

(Copyright)



CHUCK ME OUT MY
OLD SHOES, WILL YUH, MA.
THESE NEW ONES HURT
MY FEET.

The ground was a bit too cold and too damp to go barefoot, so she came home on suits.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

LOVE'S SHADOWS
By GRAHAM LINGFIELD.

When the barriers are broken down and we see ourselves as we really are, it is sometimes a humiliating spectacle. This had happened to the masterful man, Mr. Travers, who had for years guarded himself as the hard, cold, analytical business man to whom the sentimental side of life did not appeal. This morning in his private office he was facing bare facts.

Arriving at his office and crossing to hang up his coat—a spot from which a corner of the outer office could be glimpsed—he had seen a sight that had thrown down his barriers of self-deception and shown him an uncompromising truth. It was nothing but a triviality, perhaps, but it was a direct message to clear his mind more than he had done for some time.

Presently he rang the bell and his private secretary stood before him. He did not speak at first, but sat at his desk moving the different objects from place to place. At last he looked up. "Miss Deane," he said, "I wish to speak with all restraint and deference, but I must be frank on this morning. A mere coincidence, I happened to see something take place between you and our Mr. Halliday on which your construction can be put—that you are engaged to him. Of course, that is no concern of mine, but you must realize that during office hours such a condition of affairs cannot exist. We are here for business, pure and simple."

He regarded the girl with stern eyes. "For the general efficiency and discipline of the office," he went on, "kindly see that it does not occur again." He bowed in a grandiose manner to indicate that the interview was at an end and bent over his desk. That matter was disposed of.

The color rose to the face of the girl, and for a moment her eyes regarded him dumbfounded, then without a word she turned and left the room. Alone in his office Henry Travers tried to concentrate his mind on the business in hand, but he felt strangely disturbed. The little incident that had just occurred insisted on occupying his thoughts, try as he might to put it from him.

He was not sure that he had acted rightly. He realized, too, that he had spoken harshly, when he had meant only to be emphatic; where coldness and indifference were intended the throbs of passion had crept into his tones.

In the six months he had been manager of the Hamilton Glove Company he had always found Julia Deane a loyal and dependable lieutenant. He had come to rely on her more than on any other member of his staff. And the quiet, self-assured manner with which she carried out her duties had made a powerful impression on his business sense. But there had been other factors for her. In all his years he had never allowed any lesser consideration to blind the vision of his mental activities.

Now, like a distorting mirror, flashed before his eyes, he saw and recognized the burning face of jealousy and the caustic had entered his being. Gladly would he have fired Halliday, but he could not sink to the humiliation of letting his personal feelings overcome his common-sense.

As he sat at his desk, vainly trying to concentrate on mental things, a knock came at the door. He looked up. The very man who was occupying his thoughts was standing there. As he advanced, Travers noticed the look of boyish gladness on his face, of triumph in his eyes.

The older man stole himself to meet the younger, and he had been a rule of the office for many years that employees should notify the chief in the event of an approved marriage. A tradition only observed. There could be but one reason, then, for that look of supreme happiness on Halliday's face.

"Newspapers Are the World's Mirror"

Comment, Cleverness and More Verbiage From "Educators of the Common People" in Canada and Other Lands.

AMONG THE HELP WANTED.

[Quebec Telegraph.]
Wanted: At Ottawa, a good excuse by westerners for sitting tight on the tariff question. Apply to the janitor, department of agriculture or immigration.

OUR OWN BEER BUTTONS.

(New York Sun.)
No beer, no work;
No work, no money;
No money, no pay;
No pay, no food;
Let's all get mad
and
Starve to death!

GIVING THEM ROPE.

(Montreal Journal of Commerce.)
While the Germans were marching through a Belgian province, they said sneeringly to a farmer sowing seed: "You may sow, but we shall reap." "Well, perhaps you may," was the reply. "I am sowing hemp."

AS TO IMMIGRATION.

(Toronto Star.)
When our own soldiers are provided for we should still exercise discrimination as to the kind of immigration to be encouraged. It is not wise to crowd the cities and towns with people whose experience is not useful in a new country, and whose services, however skilled, are not in great demand.

BOLSHEVISM.

(Philadelphia Record.)
The most autocratic governments are those which have done the most to breed Bolshevism. This disease is worst in Russia, and next after Russia its ravages are most destructive many, where imperialism and militarism prepared all the conditions for it. Bolshevism may be blown into every free country, but they are not likely to rise to a level of political freedom.

HIS PART.

[Answers.]
The young bride was bending over a dry looking volume reading very earnestly.
"What are you reading?" asked a friend.
"It's rather a good book," said the young bride. "It's called 'Advice to the Married.'"

"What advice does it give to wives?"

"I don't know," answered the bride; "I'm reading the advice to husbands."

SIR ADAM'S METHODS.

[Financial Post.]
Evidently Sir Adam Beck is becoming known in Peterboro. The Review says that: "Sir Adam has already established a reputation as a demolisher of private interests. He bought a steam road from London to Port Stanley, rebuilt and electrified it, and operated it as a rival of a private electric road, thus giving excellent service. He cut rates until he had the old line on the rocks. Then he raised his own figures above the record."

THAT ANCIENT RIVALRY.

(Hamilton Times.)
The Toronto Telegram, which daily worships at the shrine of Sir Adam Beck, declares that "Toronto is prepared to be without hydro radicals forever, rather than applaud Sir Adam Beck's tendency to offer Hamilton terms bid for Hamilton's support with advantages which Toronto did not secure and which Hamilton does not deserve."

MEN! MEN!

TRY IT TONIGHT—

FEEL FINE TOMORROW

Simple Way To Get "Pep," To Be Put Right On Your Feet.

When a man has lost ambition to "dig in" and stay at things—when he complains of headache, fullness in the right side, pains in the shoulder blade—it's purely a case of "Liver."

These symptoms invariably indicate a clogged, inactive liver. The body can't get rid of its wastes, and the whole system is half-paralyzed.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills stimulate the liver into activity in one night. Being a mild vegetable laxative they produce results in a few hours. The bilious headache and constipation are cured, spirits rise, complexion clears, animation returns. Nothing in the calendar so efficient for that tired, lazy feeling as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Very mild, don't interfere with work, invariably do lots of good. Try a 25c box, all dealers.

It is not that the Telegram loves Adam Beck. It hates Hamilton more.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S SECRETARY.

[Letter from London.]
Katherine Stevenson, secretary to Lloyd George, lives and works at present in a beautiful house in Paris selected by the British premier for his residence during the peace conference. A recent interviewer said of her: "Miss Stevenson does private and most personal work of the premier, but she seems to have remained calm and unaffected. She looks about twenty-three, and can't be much older, though she was appointed as the premier's secretary early in the war and has kept the post ever since."

INES TO A DISH OF PRUNES.

In days of old
Men's hearts grew cold,
When thou wert placed before them,
And said, "Oh, gee!"
No prunes for me.
Because I just abhor them."

Oh, gentle prune,
Pull many a tune
Has oft been sung to chide thee:
And many a pop,
Thou hast sent and sent,
To censure and deride thee.

It used to be
Men greeted thee
With cold and scornful brow;
But now, when these same gentils
Pay forty cents
Per dish to eat thee now.

MARCH DREAMS.

I am longing for the hillside, and the pastures wide and green,
Where the blossoms of wild berries will very soon be seen,
I am longing to be straying where the road is newly turned,
Where the lambs are blithely getting meals that they have never earned.

I am longing for the orchards, with their blossoms sweet and pink,
I am longing to be out there just to stroll around and think.

I am longing for the open, where there are no whirling wheels,
Where the speckled hen is clucking as she searches for her meals,
Where the long-legged coits are playing while their mothers pull the plow.

When the farmer waxes the offspring of the faithful bride coit,
Where the tollers work till sunset, having started work at dawn,
I am longing to be out there, merely as a looker-on.

I am longing for the freedom that the farmer boy enjoys,
Far from where the crooning tinker mocks the hopes which it de-royes.

Far from all the angry raucous, far from smoke and clanging gongs,
Where no agitators belch, magnifying people's wrongs.
Oh, I long to be there, caring little how the world is run,
Calmly watching other people do the work that must be done.

BEWARE OF GRAFTERS.

[Brooklyn Recorder and Times.]
It is well known that when the C. N. R. was taken over by the Government, certain holders of common stock, who paid nothing for it, made fortunes. Rumor is now persistent that this same group of successful speculators has been doing a little Grand Trunk stock, in the expectation of making another fortune.

These men were for several months in turn conceptionists and non-conceptionists. Unionists and non-Unionists, just as the prospects of the Government purchasing the C. N. R. fluctuated, one thing they did demand, and in this they succeeded, was that the original contract with the C. N. R. should not be insisted on, for under such circumstances their common stock would have no value. They had, of course, the country was robbed of several millions, but they got theirs.

For months these men have been on the job in London, and latest reports indicate that they have secured possession of a nominal price of \$10,000,000. The newspapers controlled by these gentlemen are beginning to strongly urge that the Government purchase the Grand Trunk, which, of course, would mean millions for the buccaners.

If the Grand Trunk be taken over, provision should be made that not one dollar should go to the adventurers who have acquired the stock, with the hope of growing still richer by plundering the public treasury when the road is taken by the Government.

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MALE NATURE AS SHOWN BY A TURKEY GOBBLER

Peter McArthur's "Red Cow"

Something More Than Humorous Animal Sketches.

"The Red Cow" by Peter McArthur. Published by J. M. Dent & Son, Toronto.

Peter McArthur has given to Canadian literature a rare contribution in his book entitled "The Red Cow." The author is a close student of animal psychology as exhibited on the farm, and has the rare gift of recording what he sees in a bright and interesting style. Mr. McArthur's writings, while mostly on serious practical subjects, have a strong leaning to the humorous side of things, and he evidently enjoys in showing the kinship of the animal nature, not excepting man. "The Red Cow," in this sense, shows great selflessness and want of scruple in attaining her ends, a character quite human, but lacking what man has—higher reason and Christianity to guide him, if he will.

In this series of essays, the Red Cow is the special character which binds them together and gives the book its name, but the volume contains other animal characters equally interesting and humorous. The book should find its way into many country and city homes, and be prized by young and old as at least a partial picture of the life led on a farm.

The following extract is typical of the book, and displays to the full the humorously human note which runs through the whole:

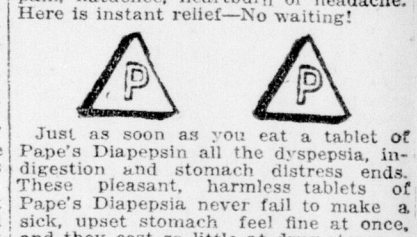
"The old gobbler has become expert at ascending the roof of the stable, and not only does the trick with ease, but puts frills on it. When roosting time comes round each evening, the mother hen and her flock of young gobblers and hens go to their roosts quietly and circumspectly like ordinary folks. The old gobbler, on the contrary, waits around and picks up grains of oats about the stacks, and hunts for crickets, and keeps up an air of being busy until it is almost dark, and the rest of the tribe are settled for the night—or think they are settled for the night. He stretches his neck a few times, first in one direction and then in another, and takes a look at the top of the stable with one eye and then with the other, and at last makes a flying leap from the top of the stable, and lands on the ridge-board. That would be all right if he were satisfied after he roosted there, but he is not. He insists on roosting on the extreme north end of the ridge-board, and he always flies up on the south end. There is no reason why he should not fly up at the north end, but he never does it, and I am inclined to think from watching his actions that he flies up on the south end and purpose."

"Anyway, as soon as he gets up and gets his balance he starts to walk towards the north along the ridge-board, and as soon as he comes to the first of his offspring he gives a sharp peck with his bill, and the youngster gets up squeaking and moves along ahead of him. Presently he has them all huddled on the ridge-board along the north end, and the fun begins. The polite thing for him to do would be to step down on the shingles and walk around them, but does he do it? I should say not. He gives the nearest youngster a vicious peck that makes him jump in the air and land sprawling a few feet down the shingles. In rapid succession he deals with the fourteen youngsters and their mother in the same way, and for a few minutes the roof is covered with squeaking, sprawling, protesting turkeys. As he pecks them out of his way he walks along the ridge-board to his chosen roosting place, and when he finally reaches it, he stretches his neck arrogantly, while the others scramble back to the top and settle down for the night. When the sun comes up, as the old bird settles down also with as much dignity as a dowager who has disturbed a whole lot of people, you needn't tell me that there isn't something human about a gobbler that does such things as that."

STOMACH ACIDITY, INDIGESTION, GAS

Quick! Eat Just One Tablet of Pape's Diapepsin for Instant Relief.

When meals don't fit and you belch gas, acids and undigested food! When you feel lumps of distress in stomach, pain, flatulence, heartburn or headache. Here is instant relief—No waiting!



Just as soon as you eat a tablet of Pape's Diapepsin all the dyspepsia, indigestion and stomach distress ends. These pleasant, harmless tablets of Pape's Diapepsin never fail to make a sick, upset stomach, feel fine at once, and they cost so little at drug stores.

DR. THOMAS' ECLECTIC OIL

A SURE, SAFE AND SIMPLE REMEDY FOR ALL THE COMMON AFFECTIONS OF MAN AND BEAST. ON HAND AS A MORE SERIOUS AFFECTION FOR SUCH AS ARE NOT GETTING BETTER. HAVE IT READY FOR YOU. IT WILL NEED IT.

WRIGLEYS

All three brands sealed in air-tight packages. Easy to find —it is on sale everywhere.

Look for, ask for, be sure to get

WRIGLEYS

The Greatest Name in Goody-Land.

WRIGLEYS
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM LASTS

SEALING TIGHT
WRIGLEYS
DOUBLEMINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT

KEPT RIGHT
WRIGLEYS
JUICY FRUIT
CHEWING GUM
THE FLAVOUR LASTS

MADE IN CANADA

The Flavour Lasts