

London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.

MORNING. NOON. EVENING.
CITY—Delivered, 12c per week.

OUTSIDE CITY BY MAIL—Per year, \$4.00;
six months, \$2.00; three months, \$1.00.

3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS 3670
Private Branch Exchange.

From 10:00 p.m. to 9:00 a.m., and holidays call
3670, Business Department; 7621, Editors; 3672,
Reporters; 3673, News Room.

Toronto Representative—F. W. Thompson, 57
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cago: Charles H. Eddy Company, People's Gas
Building, Boston: Charles H. Eddy Company,
Old South Building.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Tuesday, October 28.

AT THE CAPITAL.

There isn't a doubt now but that the Borden
Unionist Government despairs of being returned
to power at the end of the two more years of
rule which it has unjustly forced upon the
country, if it be able to hold the reins that long.
Every province in the Dominion has turned out
the Government's friends, replacing Conserva-
tive ministries with Liberal ones, the Grand
Trunk deal is widely unpopular, and the entire
country is impatient and exasperated with the
failure of Ottawa to energetically tackle the
many great problems of reconstruction.

Sir Robert Borden and his colleagues see
in all this the decree of political death, but
they will avoid the issue of the ballot until the
last moment, and continue to jam through legisla-
tion that will pile up our already stupendous
national debt. It is an infamous thing that a
war time government, one that won to power
by an illegal election measure, should continue
its rule without an expression of opinion by the
electorate, but the crowd at Ottawa have al-
ways taken a "public be damned" attitude and
it is not surprising that they have determined
to carry on, impudently ignoring the opinion and
desires of the Canadian masses, so plainly ex-
pressed in recent political events. It will be
the new Liberal leader's difficult but patriotic
task to fight and check the reactionary adminis-
tration at Ottawa, and he and his colleagues
in the House should have the expressed sup-
port of every citizen who wants honest and
progressive leadership in the country's affairs.

AU REVOIR.

When our prince gets home to Windsor and
tells the royal parents all about it, what details
will shine up brightest in his relation? The
general impression of his whirlwind tour
through Canada will have preceded him in news-
papers and letters. He could not help having a
good time, being himself human, sunny, dashing
and sympathetic. We get pretty much what we
give forth. It would be a pleasure to the people
of each Canadian city visited, could they be as-
sured that some particular of Prince Edward's
stay with them remained freshly cherished in
his memory.

A picture in The Advertiser the other day
showing the prince and Mayor Somerville to-
gether has been much commented on. There
are two princes of good fellows, the genial youn-
ger-appearing and the good beloved true Cana-
dian gentleman who has presided over the af-
fairs of this city now nearly two years. It is not
easy to suppose that in the prince's many man-
sions of memory, among pretty girls, gracious
matrons, brave men and agricultural, profes-
sional or merchant leaders in this Canada, there
will not be commodiously established for a long
time the mayor of London. For the prince and
Mr. Somerville to meet must have been an un-
affected pleasure to both men. In not many
cities would the honors be done as simply and
naturally as here.

Doubtless now and then a prince has the
experience of the king in the old play, who said
that for his visits sometimes duty was
"stretched and coned with cruel pain." He
had been where "good clerks purposed to greet
him with premeditated welcomes, but shivered
and looked pale, made periods in the midst of
sentences, throttled their practiced accent in
their fears, and in conclusion dumbly broke off,
not paying him a welcome." Like that king,
Prince Edward has "out of a silence picked a
welcome, and in the modesty of fearful duty
read as much as from the rattling tongue of
sassy and audacious eloquence." But, come to
think of it, there has been no "silence" any-
where in Canada, whatever may be the case in
other lands of the empire. And with a prince so
affable, off-hand and democratic, an improve-
ment even upon his grandfather, it was almost
impossible for any reception committee not to
feel easy. We want him here again as often
as he can make the trip, and hope that he will
keep in mind so many little endearing touches
of Canadian town and country as will keep tag-
ging at his heartstrings all the time. May it be
with him as with Kipling's soldier called always
"back to Mandalay," only let him be sure to heed
the call.

A GOOD SERVANT WANTED.

Laments have been heard in some quarters,
both in and out of London, for the defeat of
hydro's chief. But there is a sort of diminuendo
in these plaints. A feeling probably grows
through the minds of Sir Adam's own followers
that adversity is good medicine for the auto-
cratic tendency, particularly in a free country.
Despotism even of the most paternal kind
is an anachronism in the twentieth century.
The "good master" idea is out of date. Demo-
cracy is government by as well as for the people
is the reasonable modern ideal of intelligent
men. We don't want a "good master" in On-
tario. We want good servants in our public
life.

BRITAIN'S DEBT OUR ASSET.

Some details of the present financial rela-
tions between Canada and Great Britain were
furnished by the famous Canadian banker Sir
Edmund Walker at a Victory Loan meeting in
Toronto recently. Sir Edmund warned can-
vassers for the 1919 loan that they would meet
certain pessimistic individuals who would criti-
cize the credits extended to Great Britain for
the purchase of Canadian products on the
ground that the motherland would never pay

her debts. But he, with the knowledge of an
expert, dismissed these fears. The Canadian
Government has already advanced \$300,000,000
of the proceeds of past Victory Loans to Great
Britain, every dollar of which has been spent in
Canada. But Canadian bankers who are not
moved by sentiment in their investments, (and
would be in danger of going to jail if they were),
have also advanced a sum equalling two-thirds
of that amount.

Though Great Britain is not as yet in a posi-
tion to pay cash for what she buys from us,
there is no doubt in the mind of Sir Edmund
Walker, or that of any other eminent banker of
Britain's absolute solvency, and the ultimate
return of London to her former position as finan-
cial centre of the world. Britain's debt to
Canada is therefore a safe asset which will
serve as an offset to Canada's indebtedness to her
bond-investors, apart from the guarantee pro-
vided by her own immense resources. The reason
is therefore clear, why experts regard 1919
Victory Bonds as an ideal investment for every-
body.

GOOD WORK OF THE O. T. A.

There are many instances to show that the
administration of the Ontario temperance act
has been faulty, and there is little doubt but
that the Hearty Government at times abused it
for party purposes, but above and beyond all
these things remains the fact that the act has
accomplished great good for the province dur-
ing the last three years. Take the jail statistics
of Ontario for instance. Since the act has been
put into force commitments have been reduced
one-third, covering all kinds of crimes. In 1915
there were 6,235 of these commitments; in 1918
they totalled 2,595. Another vivid illustration
of the good effects of the act is to be found in
the statement recently issued by the secretary
of the Toronto House of Industry. He furnishes
some striking comparisons of poverty during
27 years of "wet" and three years of "dry." In
the "dry" period application for relief dropped
from over 6,000 in 1915 to a few score this year.

The act is far from being a perfect one. It
is even grotesque in some of its provisions, but
that in the main it has been good for this pro-
vince, adding to its health and happiness, cannot
be denied. Those who pessimistically point to
a certain amount of dishonesty, sneakiness and
law-breaking that has followed the application
of the act will, if they are fair, admit that these
undesirable conditions are greatly overbalanced
by the good that has been done.

Cold, hard figures prove that this is so.
And the act can be amended to provide a more
efficient carrying out of its conditions than is
the case at present, and that will remove the
unpleasant illegalities that have developed.
The new Legislature.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

If the plan to float the Lusitania is success-
ful, once a year the great liner should make a
tour of German ports. It might thus serve as a
warning to any who would bring back the old
"Lusitania" rule to Germany.

England is drawing near the nationalization
of its coal industry, and the strike of half a
million soft coal miners in the United States,
which is called for November 1, may force
Uncle Sam to take over the control, if not the
ownership, of the mines. The widespread suf-
fering that is certain to follow will wring from
the American people a demand that this basic
industry be removed from the control of those
who can bring in such an intolerable situation
as threatens this entire continent.

TRIBUTE TO A NOBLE CITY.

[Boston Transcript.]

The award of the Croix de Guerre by President
Poincaré to the city of Paris will thrill all France.
Paris, the many-sided capital of the country, re-
presents in herself all the qualities of superb heroism
that has made the name of France immortal in
the history of human freedom. To the Parisians,
their city is invested with a personality and a soul
that is deathless. It is that personality, and that
soul, which President Poincaré honored, when he
pinned the Croix de Guerre on the cushion which
bore the arms of the city of Paris. Similarly, "La
France" to Frenchmen represents something more
personal, more readily capable of inspiring eternal
allegiance than our idea of a government or nation.
"La France" is the symbol and personification of
the idea, in the plastic sense, of all the heritage of
tradition, thought and achievement of the nation
which during the last five years has stood as the
first line of defence for civilization. The French
conception of their cities and provinces is practically
non-existent in the United States. It is similar
in many respects, to the love and pride of the
ancient Greeks for their city-states. The French-
man regards Paris with much the same feeling that
Thucydides, in his history, displayed for
Athens, "the School of Hellas." Such love of city
is born of long attachment and deep-rooted admi-
ration for its deeds of the past. The great majority
of Frenchmen still live in the house in which they
were born. In America it is not often easy to find
a man who lives in his native town, much less in
the ancestral home. This difference in habits of
life explains the absence in America of the fixed
attachments which the French have for their native
town or department. Eventually, in the course of
centuries we may regard our cities with the same
fondness which the French bestow on Paris, Orleans
or Nancy. For the present, however, the patriotism
which comes from a passionate love for the ideals
and the principles which lay behind the magic
name "America."

THE PASSING OF THE RED TROUSERS.

[Manchester Guardian.]

The red trousers of the French army are to be
no more. There is a political and economical tragedy
about it with which very few people are familiar.
The originator of the red trousers was Napoleon,
who was prompted in his "reform" by a desire to
help the native cultivation of madder root—at that
time and for many centuries previously the chief
source of red color throughout the world—against
the Dutch and Italian rivals. As a result the in-
dustry expanded considerably, and some fifty years
ago was worth nearly £2,000,000 per annum. But
then came the Graebe-Liebermann discovery of the
alizarine dyes, and in less than ten years, between
1870 and 1875, the production of madder root
shrank from 25,000 to 500 tons, and then it
disappeared. This was a great German victory.
Nevertheless the army trousers continued to be dyed
red, only this time the dyes had to be imported
from Germany. This was certainly a great humili-
ation for the French, but it evidently required a
great war to put an end to it.

THE CIVILIZING CIGARETTE.

[London Daily Express.]

Taking cigarette smoking as a standard of
civilization, the savages of British East Africa are
fast catching us up. A few years ago the natives
were content with crude raw tobacco mixed with
all sorts of things. Now they are smoking cigarettes
at the rate of 25,000,000 a month. An official of the
British-American Tobacco Company told me that
the Kavirondas, a tribe on the shores of Lake
Victoria Nyanza, and one of the proudest, most
moral and most naked in Africa, have an improved
method of smoking. "We packed our cigarettes in
boxes of four," he said, "because the Kavirondas
smoke four at a time, putting one in each corner
of the mouth, and one in each nostril."

From Here and There

Fuller Bank says: A woman buys her husband a
knot necktie just to show her authority.

WHAT DOES A FELLER SAY THEN?

[Charles T. Schermerhorn.]

When the minister comes
To your house,
To make you and the wife a
Little call,
And the conversation gets to be
About prohibition,
And the minister remarks
How thankful he feels
That so many homes have been freed
From the curse of beer and whiskey,
And you say "Yes, indeed,"
And keep nodding your head,
Agreeing with him heartily
In all that he says;
And then your little son
Comes in
While the minister is there,
Carrying a pint bottle,
And says,
"Look, Pa, a bottle of the
Home brew broke—"
LISTEN HERE—
WHAT DOES A FELLER SAY THEN?

NOTHING LIKE ADVERTISING.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

Bankers in conference have decided that it is
a good thing to advertise in newspapers. Of course
it is always wise to tell your own story
than to trust the telling of it to another. Banks
and railroads have come in for so much abuse and
misrepresentation that those who say a good word
for them put themselves under suspicion. There
is nothing like talking straight and backing up what
is said with facts and figures.

JUGO-SLAV NOT A RACE.

[Manchester Guardian.]

With all the advice that has been given upon
the future policy of the Jugo-Slavs, little has been
said to identify them among the peoples of Europe.
The name "Jugo-Slav" still suggests to many a
tribe, and a particular tribe, and in a
strictness there is no such thing as a Jugo-Slav.
There are Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, and a mem-
ber of any of these races, all of whom speak the
same language, with variations, and are now of the
same nationality, would be just as pleased to be
called a Jugo-Slav as a Scotman or an Irishman
would be if a man of the continent described him
conveniently as English. The parallel between the
peoples of Greater Serbia—among whom the Serbs
are the major group—and those of Great Britain
may be carried farther. There is a religious ques-
tion among the Jugo-Slavs, which has on occasion
been stressed by the intriguing imperialist politicians
on the borders who have been anxious to prevent
national unity, the Serbs being of the Greek or
Orthodox Church, and the Croats and Slovenes of
the Roman Church. There are no more than twelve
millions of them altogether, but the territory of the
new nation is larger than that of Great Britain.

OUR COUSINS AND EMPIRE TIES.

[Western Mail, Australia.]

Although doubtless there are very many good
Australians who view with disfavor any closer
organic union with the motherland, yet, as a rule,
exists, the great bulk of informed opinion views some
sort of representation in imperial councils as essen-
tial to the preservation of empire unity and empire
safety. We cannot be in and out of the empire
if at the same time. Sooner or later the choice
will have to be made. A neutral position without
complete independence is out of the question. And
if we are to be in the empire, for cogent reasons it
is necessary to continue what we had hoped and be-
lieved had become the settled policy of the Com-
monwealth in the matter of compulsory military
training for home defence.

THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY.

[Westminster Gazette.]

The presentation of the freedom of the city
which was made to Lord Alarby yesterday is a
custom that takes us back many hundreds of years.
The right to confer the freedom was the gift of the
city of common council as far back as 1486. Seven
years later it was ordained that freedom of the city
were to buy their goods only of other freemen, and
it was enacted in the reign of Philip and Mary that
freemen should not employ non-freemen to work
at any handicraft, and the freemen were, in fact,
at one time an officer called the "foreign
taker," who had the power of seizing all goods of
persons not "free," which were exposed for sale
within the city. It was a man taking up the freedom
"proved his right and title to trade with men good
and true." The privileges of a freeman were highly
prized, and records of the city courts tell the story
of a man whose freedom was withdrawn, and the
ground that it was obtained by fraud, and he was
taxed thereafter "as a foreigner." Another free-
man had his privileges forfeited because he "became
an adherent of the enemies of the city." All per-
sons not free of the city were called "foreigners" or
"strangers," as was originally the case in ancient
Rome. The quaint privileges of the freedom of the
city also included the "right to hunt in Middlesex,"
which I fear would be of little use now.

COLONIAL GUARDS.

[Manchester Guardian.]

Some weeks back there was considerable talk
about the addition to the Brigade of Guards of
battalion, or regiment even, of Colonial Guards. It
was thought by those who canvassed the scheme
that the creation of such a regiment in London
would have been fitting recognition of the fine
services which the overseas contingents rendered
during the war. On sentimental grounds the sug-
gestion had everything to recommend it, but I hear
that when it came to the formulation of a working
arrangement the difficulties were at once apparent.
In the first place, several of the overseas dominions
pointed out that they could hardly be expected
furnish a fund for the upkeep of the upkeep of an
imperial unit, however much they might sympathize
with the scheme. It was impossible to expect them
to muster formations which they did not control.
The question of pay and allowances also presented
difficulties, as it would be impossible to have in one
command units that were not paid the same rates
of working pay. The overseas dominions could not
take any responsibility for the enlistment of men
for a service they did not administer, and it was
doubtful if a scheme which did not find equal effort
on the part of the many dominion governments
concerned could be a success. It is possible that
a way out may be found by the attainment of
recognized Anzac, South Africa nor Canadian units
for a tour of overseas service in the mother country,
but this again presents many difficulties.

VICTORIOUS SOLDIERS.

[Moncton Transcript.]

Within the memory of the present generation
Toronto the election yesterday did that which it
without parallel. It turned upon its record of piling
up Tory majorities by the thousands, and actually
elected five straight Liberals among its representa-
tives. Two of these successful candidates, by the
way, were returned soldiers, one of them with a
wooden leg. This he would give a sounding blow
as an answer to the Tory argument that he was
only a tin soldier. He swore that the leg was
wood, and with his wood he was honorably in a
military distinction, he stumped the Tory can-
didate. Lieut.-Col. Cooper was abused because he
supported the Liberal party. He manfully defended
his support of the Liberal party, and carried a
Toronto Tory constituency.

NORA MAY FRENCH IN MEMORIAM.

[Ladies' Globe, Cann. Ansley's.]

I am not bitter for myself alone;
But for those others who go stumbling out
Before their time, those fervid ones devout
Whose jewels unto men are naught but stone.
Their days defeated, slacken in a groan
And meet the dark, knowing the masked rout
Was rendered vain by life's unreasoned snout:
Doubting that time may for their blood atone.
Not for myself shed I the heavy tear:
But for my sister gasping in the dust,
Her meaning vague, her self-appointed bier
Crying "O sister!" She who carried song,
Gave it by pang to breathe its holy trust,
And heard it silenced by the cursing throng.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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DAVE'S HANDICAP.

By Izola Forrester.

Connie held her breath to catch the
words over the party wire. It had not
been her fault, unconsciously eaves-
dropping on David. She had picked
up the receiver to call a number and
the very sound of his voice had made
her hesitate and listen when she found
he was talking to Hardy Goodwin.

"I'll be able to meet it next month,
surely, Hardy, if you can hold it over
until then. No, not the principal, but
I can swing the interest."

Then came Hardy's voice, curt and
businesslike. He was very sorry, but
he had a good buyer for the Ashley
place, and the firm would not allow
him to let the mortgage go for a
matter of sentiment. Besides, Dave
had given his word he would meet it
the 15th.

"But my mother has been very ill,
you know that, didn't you? I've had
to pay for nurses and the hospital bill
besides. I could not foresee that."

Hardy hung up softly and stood mo-
tionless, staring out of the window
at the row of maples that served as
a screen before the house. She had
wondered why Dave had not asked her
to marry him, and now she knew. It
was his mother and the burden of debt
on them.

Her hands clinched as she thought
of Dave's dream of the mortgage
and put them out of the old Ashley
place, Hardy, who had gone to school
with both the boys and had been Hardy's
troubled mother. She crossed
quickly to her desk and picked up
Hardy's letter that had come that
morning, asking her to go to the yacht
races across the Sound. He would sail
his own, the Reminder, he told her.
Did she remember why he had named
it that?

Connie bit her lip. It had been a
little boy and girl joke between them
ever since she had turned him away
for Dave, and was to remind her of
being like Hardy.

Then she thought of Dave, big,
curly haired, blue eyed, with a smile
that lit up his face. He had been
accepted as legal tender. Ever since
his father's death and Hal's he had
kept up the home for Mrs. Ashley.
Connie often stopped her runaway
before the lovely old-fashioned garden
which she had, and sometimes take
her for a drive.

She had not been strong since the
doctor's death, and Connie often
thought she was like one of her own
fragrant, gay lilacs slender and white
and fragile. She shut her eyes tightly
at the thought of her living in one of
the boarding houses down along River
street after half a lifetime in the
turreted old Ashley home. Then she
stayed that crossed the end of the
house.

"Love me dad," she asked, as she
always did before she "landed," as the
head of the house expressed it. She
perched on the arm of the chair and
rumpled his hair thoughtfully.
"How much?" frowned Mr. Wade.
"Don't try to mollycoddle me, Connie,
when you want something. I know
you."

"All right then. Strictly business."
Connie sat down in front of him seri-
ously, and he laughed. "If you like
now, dad, truly. Do you like Dave
Ashley?"

"Like him, yes, but with limita-
tions," his grey eyes twinkling. "I
don't want him in the family, but I
like him."

Connie's eyes never wavered as she
looked at him.
"How much money did Grandmother
Walton leave me?"

"About ten thousand. It's gone over
the now, of course, compound interest since
you were five, and I have to leave him
and father, Con? He slipped his arm
around her tenderly.

"No, of course not. I wouldn't marry
even Dave if you said no, flatly, but
you wouldn't." Connie added confident-
ly, "but if I really wanted him, I don't
worry, dad; he hasn't asked me, and
he won't, not with the handicap he's
under. I want you to be his god-
father and take over the Ashley
mortgage with my money, and not let
him know who he is. Hardy's going
to foreclose, with Mrs. Ashley just home
from the hospital."

Mr. Wade stared back at her sud-
denly alert and aroused. The Ashley
had been neighbors for years and the
doctor on a close friend. He rose and
took down his hat from the old ante-
loper on the wall. Connie never
spoke as he swung out of the door like
a boy and down the walk to the
street.

She saw him turn at the corner on
the way down, and then dropped in
the willow chair by the desk, and let
her hand on it. Even if he did help on
the mortgage, she knew it would not
put Dave on his feet, nor lift the
burden between them. It would only
tide him over until he could get a start.
She sat in the study until it was almost

"My Back Is So Bad"

PAINS in the small of the
back, lumbago, rheuma-
tism, pains in the limbs all tell
of defective kidneys.

Poisons are being left in the
blood which cause pains and aches.

The kidneys, liver and bowels
must be aroused to action by such
treatment as Dr. Chase's Kidney-
Liver Pills.

There is no time for delay when
the kidneys go wrong, for such de-
velopments as hardening of the ar-
teries and Bright's disease are the
natural result.

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all
dealers, or Edmundson, Bates & Co., Ltd.,
Toronto.

Dr. Chase's
Kidney Liver Pills

Bovrilise your cookery



Bovril gives richness and flavour to
soups, gravies, and all made dishes. When
you are cooking, keep the bottle where
you can see it. Bovril not only makes
the dish more enjoyable, but also gives it
additional food value.

The body-building power of Bovril has been
proved by independent scientific investigation
to be from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

Use Bovril in your cookery

BOVRIL

Overdoing

How Women Break Down

Owing to the modern manner of living and the nervous
haste of every woman to accomplish just so much each day,
they overdo, and as a consequence develop ailments peculiar
to their sex, as is indicated by backache, headache, nervous-
ness, the blues, displacements and weakness.

Women who find themselves
in this condition should slow
down, and depend upon
that good old fashioned root
and herb remedy, Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound, to restore them to
health and strength, for there
is no other remedy known
that so quickly restores a
healthy, normal condition.

Here is the Story of a Most Remarkable Recovery

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was run down
and nervous, could not rest at night, and
was more tired in the morning than when
I went to bed. I have two children, the
youngest three months old, and it was
drudgery to care for them as I felt so
irritable and generally worn out. From
lack of rest and appetite my baby did
not get enough nourishment from me, so
I started to give him two bottle feedings
a day. After taking three bottles of
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound I felt like a new woman,
full of life and energy. It is a
pleasure to care for my children
and I am very happy with them
and feel fine. I nurse my
baby exclusively again, and
can't say too much for
your medicine."

Mrs. A. L. MILLER,
2633 East 24th St.

Surely this
proves the
curative
value of

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., LYNN, MASS.