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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.
London, Ont., Monday, November 5.

SIR WILFRID'S MANIFESTO.
IN HIS MANIFESTO to the Canadian people Sir Wilfrid Laurier declares that if elected to Parliament he will provide the men, money and resources necessary to the winning of the war. He goes further than the Government in many respects, making those engaged in the fighting of the war the nation's first consideration. He offers something better than has been offered. The Advertiser believes that, viewed from his past record, Sir Wilfrid Laurier would make good his pledges.

Sir Wilfrid's statement is a broad policy, looking to the unity of this country in wartime, and dealing fearlessly with every vital issue that concerns the people as a whole. It is the real meat of definite policy as compared with the oft-rattled dry bones of off-repeated promises. It is the rallying cry for a united Canada that should with renewed strength guard its heritage abroad and at home as well. This great manifesto should be digested by the people, considered as a whole, and Sir Wilfrid given the faith of the nation as to his sincerity, a sincerity shown by his record, both before and since the war began.

Sir Wilfrid declares that he will accord first place to the soldier and the sailor. They would be first to secure support from his government. Such a policy, he believes, would bring forth all the men needed to fight the country's battles.

He also pledges himself to a national government, made up of the most able men of the nation, men who have organizing ability and are not politicians first.

Sir Wilfrid's pronouncement on the whole, is the most advanced and most admirable piece of statesmanship ever brought before the Canadian people. It echoes with the pulse throbs of a nation indignant over the wrongs that have been perpetrated, in the name of patriotism, certain in the knowledge that every war profiteer and every grafter in the country is aligned with the present Government and definitely aligned against Sir Wilfrid.

Instead of the empty platitudes and revarnished promises of the recent manifestos issued by the premier of Canada, Sir Wilfrid takes definite ground on the tariff, proposing that the duties on farm implements and other farm essentials be abolished, that the excess war duties imposed on goods entering Canada, in the case of countries other than Great Britain, 7½ per cent increase, and in the case of Great Britain, 5 per cent increase, be done away with, and that the revenue necessary to win the war be secured out of the profits of those who secured war contracts and made fabulous sums.

Sir Wilfrid cuts straight at the high cost of living. He declares that if elected he will take drastic steps to bring under government control all food-producing factories, so that food may be sold at a fixed price under control of the government. Thus he would break the hold of the food combines upon the Canadian people at one stroke. He will not hesitate to act where Borden and his appointees have quibbled, even after the organization of the new cabinet.

The Liberal leader declares that "A first duty of my administration would be to insure to the country, which pays for the war supplies, the excess of exorbitant profit being realized by the profiteers." This would mean that neither Canada, the mother country nor any of her allies would be robbed by those who contributed such scandals as the Allison case to the records of the country. It would also insure a firm hand on the operations of Sir Joseph Flavelle and the other food barons.

Dealing with the railway situation Sir Wilfrid brands the attempt of the Government to award an enormous sum to the stockholders of the C. N. R. for stock that is not worth a cent, as a transaction which should be brought back to Parliament for reconsideration. And it may be counted upon, that Sir Wilfrid, if elected, would endeavor to prevent a dollar of these ill-gotten gains from remaining in the pockets of the wealthy Toronto clique which used its influence to dominate the Government, and which still stands in favor with leaders of the present Government.

In the first place, relief for the country as a whole, in the second, relief for the common working people by the control of foodstuffs, in the third place the control of excess profits for the country. Thus Sir Wilfrid meets every great domestic need of the people in definite terms, and in a manner to arouse for him a tremendous support, in view of the total lack of explicit policy on the part of the Union Government.

A REAL VICTORY.
BRITAIN'S navy has struck again, and as a result eleven armed German naval vessels are destroyed, including one auxiliary cruiser. This has been accomplished without loss to the British forces operating in the Cattegat, according to dispatches at the time of writing.

There is real satisfaction to be derived from a victory of this kind, a satisfaction that the Germans cannot experience in sinking merchantmen and commerce ships. These eleven vessels were all warships, on active war service, fair game for any enemy fleet, and were attacked and sunk near their own home ports.

There has been complaint made in Britain, whether justified or not, that the British navy has not been acting up to its own record; not that the crews have not played the game as heroically or more heroically than their predecessors, but that those at the head of admiralty affairs have not sought out the enemy as of yore, but have waited for him to appear. This Cattegat action should quieten some of the criticism. Presumably the action was fought by British destroyers, since it would seem worse than foolhardy to send battleships into the narrow passages of the Cattegat. The attacking force, far from its own base, practically challenged the German navy concentrated in the Baltic. It sailed into the jaws of death, dealt its heavy blow to the enemy ships encountered and steamed home triumphantly.

Success having attended this raid, the British public will be eager for more similar adventures. If these are undertaken, it is not to be expected that they will all end without loss to the attackers. If the fight is to be carried to the enemy, the cost will have to be paid. But Britons have faith in their navy to achieve its aims and in its readiness to venture wherever ordered.

ENLIGHTENED SELF-INTEREST.
IN HIS ARTICLE on German affairs in Friday's Advertiser, Mr. A. J. Dawson says that "a German professor recently admitted in Sweden that the people of Germany no longer pretend to any great interest in principles, ideals, ethics, or the right and wrong of any given course, but are concerned only with the material prospects of success or failure, gain or loss, relief or further suffering, which any act or policy may contain." Candid confession being good for the soul, there is hope for that professor, and if the German people are giving up their hypocritical pretences, perhaps they may yet be saved.

It does not seem, however, that official Germany has any idea of abandoning the pious and ethical attitudinizing which nauseates the world and perhaps now Germany itself. From the imperial blackguard at Potsdam down to his meanest spy or poisoner or American agent, the chorus of hypocrisy keeps up as lively as ever. It is the latest development of German music, this mock-oratorio of sacred words, religious accent and psalmlike mixture of exultation and menace, led by the All-Highest with blood-and-iron baton and crooked eye.

Mr. Dawson proceeds to say that "it has always been characteristic of German speakers, writers and thinkers, of the German nation as a whole, to judge of other individuals and peoples entirely by themselves. That single characteristic is more than any other responsible for the various tragicomic collapses of German diplomacy." There must be great truth in this. A nation which cynically ignores the very existence of a distinction between right and wrong, and grime as its rulers pretend such a distinction in their own favor, must of necessity fail to understand the character of peoples who still believe more or less in ethical standards. The German misunderstanding of England showed itself at the outset of the war, when von Bethmann-Hollweg said in sneering astonishment, "What would you fight for a scrap of paper?" and again, when Germans generally expressed their confidence that Great Britain would not fight if it did not "pay," or would not fight longer than suited her shopkeepers. It is the Germans themselves who are "the shopkeepers of Europe," whatever may have been the case in Napoleon's day.

The fact is that understanding of anything or anybody depends on some degree of sympathy or disinterestedness, as does also the sense of right and wrong. The theory advanced in some philosophies that virtue is fundamentally an enlightened self-interest will never cover all the facts of life. There is this truth in it, that altruism and self-interest are parallel. But they are not the same thing in motive, and they do not lead to the same effects. Germany will find out, however, that a consideration for the rights of others must run parallel with the securing of her own advantage. Her theory has been that what was good for the German nation would be good for the world. It would be good for Germany sneaks to rule, and it would, therefore, be equally good for the world to be ruled by German sneaks and liars. But we see how this theory of kultur works out.

A GOOD APPOINTMENT.
THE appointment of Major E. N. Lewis, K.C., of Goderich, as junior judge of the county of Huron will be received with pleasure by the bar of Western Ontario; by the older members of the bar on account of his father, the late Ira Lewis, county crown attorney of Huron, and by the younger members of the bar on his own account.

Judge Lewis will bring to the performance of his duties all the necessary qualities, a good natural disposition, sound common-sense, extensive legal knowledge and experience. We wish him many years of usefulness in the high position to which he has been appointed, and the best of health.

EDITORIAL NOTES.
Seems as if a new curse might be in use here soon: Go to Burwash.

Even the white mice are being conscripted in the United States. Kiel has a monopoly of the "rats."

Newfoundland is becoming more favorable to uniting with Canada. That would be a worthwhile union.

Sir Robert Borden's election manifesto is declared to have fallen flat, but as a matter of fact it was flat from its birth.

The latest German move in the west was not a strategic retreat, but a "systematic withdrawal." It matters little so long as the enemy proceeds backward.

Brazil is really in the war. Government troops are being used to curb the Germans who are making trouble, and how serious the actions are is not known.

If the weather has been as bad in Flanders as here at home throughout the past month, it is a wonder the Allies have been able to advance at all, let alone take over 20,000 German prisoners.

What constitutes unionism? Borden and the Toronto Mail and Empire are at odds. The latter declares a true unionist must endorse the C. N. R. purchase bill, and the former picks P. F. Pardee as a unionist minister.

Bits of Byplay
by Luke McLuke
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So Do We!
"About three thousand eggs a day,"
"The busy queen bee lays," says Ben;
"I wish that I could find a way
To cross the queen bee and the hen."

The Wise Fool.
"The pen is mightier than the sword,"
quoted the Sage.
"Yes," agreed the Fool, "when it comes to getting a man in trouble."

Wuff!
A colonel once sharpened his sword,
And as a tin flapper he bowed,
Said he, "I'm a hard work,
And I sweat like a Turk,
But I'll bet I'll bust up this darn sword."

Poor Old Paw.
Willie—Paw, my son, what is it
Willie—When a millionaire is bragging about his wealth, could you say that he talks in money syllables?
Paw—You better go to bed, young man.

Ouch!
He certainly fears married strife,
Does Bachelor Bill Bingle;
He has a single aim in life,
And that is to remain single.

Some Different.
"Lightning never strikes twice in the same place," said the Old Fogey.
"Well, what of it?" demanded the Grouch.
"Nothing," replied the Old Fogey.
"Only it is so different from a labor union, isn't it?"

You Know Him.
He hates to part with coin, does Glade,
He is a miser, you might say;
He surely calls a spade a spade
When he has to dig up.

A Gent's Reminder.
(Taylorville Breeze).
D. E. Bulgit, the morician, has presented a handsome fern, which ornamented his front window, to St. Vincent Hospital.

Oh, Joy!
Oma Skillet, of Cincinnati, has offered to lend it to the Club chef.

Notice!
The clubrooms have been pretty chilly since cold weather arrived. Therefore we have fired the old junior and senior, of Columbus, Ohio, to fill the position.

Another Hick.
Who makes me rave
Is he so sane?
"I would have gave,"
—B. E. R.

Watch Us Grow!
The Springfield (Gov. branch) of the club has admitted George Steakakes, a cook, of North High street; Carrie Seeds, of North Limestone street, and Will Kidder, of East High street.

Gosh!
We know lots of men who are getting along without arms, and some who get along without legs. But what we started to say was that N. O. Head is in the insurance business at Clearwater, S. C.

Foosy!
The barefoot dancer I prefer.
This secret I'll impart:
For I have found that she puts her whole sole into her art.
—Luke McLuke.

Bare-throated girls I do not like.
This secret I'll impart:
Beneath a shivering wishbone they can't keep a good secret.
—Mamie Commercial Appeal.

Famous Beds.
Oyster.
Grass.
Ocean.
Liver.
Feather.
Twin.
— of Roses.
— of Rock.
— of Ring.
— of Sals.
—Charles Cornelius.

The Limit.
I think Oswald Flap
Is the fool of creation.
For he'd sprinkle salt
On the tail of temptation.
—Luke McLuke.

He isn't a patch.
To Orlando McDabble:
For he'll strike a match
To go looking for trouble.
—Newark Advocate.

How About Him?
We hate to bar anyone from the club, but we are a little bit leary about admitting B. A. Grump, of Globe, N. C.

Names Is Names.
O. K. Rush lives at Kingsland, Texas.
Our Daily Special.
Have More Confidence in Yourself and Less in Others.

Luke McLuke Says.
A man often thinks what a lot of things he would do for the poor with his money if he didn't need it for himself.

One reason why we would like to be a millionaire is because we could dress as we do please and we wouldn't be forced to keep up appearances.
If a man was as careful of his health as a woman is of her complexion, most of the doctors would starve to death.

There are a whole lot of hustlers running around today who would have been dead long ago only they made up their minds they were too busy to die.
It is a good thing for the entire

FACE COVERED WITH PIMPLES ASHAMED TO GO OUT

Many an otherwise beautiful and attractive face is sadly marred by unsightly pimples, blotches, flesh worms and various other blood diseases.

Their presence is a source of embarrassment to the afflicted, as well as pain and regret to their friends.

Many a cheek and brow cast in the mold of beauty have been sadly defaced, their attractiveness lost and their possessor rendered unhappy for years.

Why, then, consent to rest under this cloud of embarrassment?

There is an effective remedy for all these defects.

world that only one man in a million is taken at his own valuation.

If a man feels sick after he has had eleven drinks of tamarack and eaten a piece of tree lunch cheese, he always blames it on the cheese.

After you meet some men you get the idea that compulsory agencies wouldn't be such a bad thing after all. Many a patriot who used to eat a course dinner is now doing his bit by eating a course dinner.

When you have any trouble finding friends who will supply the matches.

Some men are always hunting for jobs because they let the great issues of the day interfere with their work.

It is a pretty dumb man who doesn't know enough poetry to be able to misquote something now and then.

If the faults you see in other people were not as much like your own, maybe you wouldn't recognize them so easily.

If you want to sell advice, take up some profession. If you want to buy advice get married.

Wait a Minute!
By J. H. F.

Milk and cream have joined that army of things that used to be edible, but which now have become bris-a-brac.

Kerensky says that Russia is tired of war. A lot of folks are weary of Russia's way of making war.

Hay is \$450 a ton in Norway, we hear. Nebuchadnezzar would have had a rough time in Norway.

The West Lambert Conservatives seem to be suffering from too much Johnson. His friends say that he is not going to pass up a mortal clinch for anybody.

Now that Leashback has been captured, it is up to Sir Robert Borden to announce that he has also captured Dan with a neat little ten million-dollar package.

The Globe says N. W. Rowell will go far. Said a faithful, he will go a long distance, but down to the bottom.

If some of these guys could capitalize the milky way, they would get swell dividends with the present price of the lactical fluid, whatever that means.

The rushing Russians seem to be running around in a circle these days.

Many are called these days, but few get to the recruiting station.

The British are on their way to Jerusalem. The Turks will toss bombs in their way, not palm branches.

The news that Russia has quit is not new. She has been in that condition for a couple of a long time.

If Lather were to come back today, we wonder how he would like Germany. Interesting, but gets one nowhere.

A gent has discovered why wood warps. He might as well explain why sapsheads have warped views.

We read a social service man's description of human derelicts, and he says many of them are water-logged. Change, brother, change. Boose-logged, not water.

We may have venison to eat by and bye. Yes, it will be juicy and buy. Somebody send us a nice juicy bear steak and we'll be happy.

In union there is strength, shouts a certain newspaper. Strength is what they need to bolster up the decrepit machinery that will up wrecked the country.

It seems that Miss Thompson cannot purge herself of contempt. At that, a life sentence is the only sentence commensurate with some folks' contempt of some courts.

N. W. Rowell spoke at some length of his leadership in Ontario at Hamilton the other day. His leadership simply led to the great outdoors.

An eastern paper has a story of a snake swallowing a golf ball. When the golfer tells the story, he will point out that it was a perfect drive. Snakes are handy to blame for foibles.

An Ohio man has been arrested for threatening Bill Bryan, probably because he did not go through with his threats.

New Yorkers are eating whale meat.

The burg was always the place to have a whole of a time.

Let's go. We have to pick parsnips.

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TO ST. THOMAS—10:20, 1:20, 7:20, 8:20, 9:20, 10:20, 11:20 a.m., 12:20, 1:20, 2:20, 3:20, 4:20, 5:20, 6:20, 7:20, 8:20, 9:20, 10:20, 11:20 p.m.
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Limited trains, London to St. Thomas.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
Double Track
All the Way
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Are you doing your full share in winning the war?

BETWEEN you and your conscience the answer to that question must be made. No one but you can answer it.

Every day you see the men who have done their share—you see the empty sleeve, the tucked up trouser leg—and the cheery smile.

In quiet sanitarium and hospital are those whom the furies of bursting shells and hellish drum fire, and the wearing hardships in miry trenches have shattered in nerve and broken in body.

These men have sacrificed.

AND more than thirty thousand Canadian soldiers sleep beneath wooden crosses in France.

What have those men fought and sacrificed and died for?

Have their sacrifices been worth while? Are you—we—worth their sacrifices? What are you—each of us—doing to prove our worth?

What kind of support are we giving to the ideals these men have bled and died for?

Ask yourself those questions—it is you who must answer them. In the years to come, it will be your conscience that will tell you whether or not you failed in your duty in the greatest crisis in human history;

—whether or not you neglected the most sacred demand humanity and your God have made upon you.

The liberty that Canada's men have fought for; the freedom they have died for, is a gift to you, to each of us.

The country—this Canada of ours—in defense of which those men have given all, suffered all and died, is yours and the heritage of your children.

Are you doing your duty by this country, the ideals of which have been made precious beyond price by the blood and the lives of Canada's men?

WE cannot all go into the trenches. But there is a share, a duty, that each one, every one of us must do in winning the war.

Each individual Canadian must save and pay, work and lend to his last ounce of strength and his last penny before he can truthfully say: "In this at least I have done my share."

ON November 12 Canada's Victory Bonds will be offered for sale as the means of raising more money with which to fight and win the war.

Canada does not say "give the money." She asks her people to save and stint and sacrifice so that they will have the money to lend and so help to fight and to win the war.

Canada makes a plain business proposition to her people—she will repay the loan with good interest.

Buying Victory Bonds to the limit of his or her ability is the service every Canadian can now render to Canada.

Canada's Victory Bonds are the means provided by which you can do your present share in winning the war.

They will be on sale November 12. Get ready to buy them.

"Canada's Victory Loan All About It"

is the title of a pamphlet that should be in the hands of every man and woman in the country.

Mail this coupon at once and get your copy

Chairman, Provincial Committee, Canada's Victory Loan, Toronto.

Kindly send me a copy of pamphlet entitled:—"Canada's Victory Loan, all about it."

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