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What Does He Think as He Comes Into Canada?

A reader of a recent editorial regarding the positive influences of daily contact that were factors in shaping the destiny of Canada asked the question of the writer "What should Canada become?" Such a question involves so much that its baffling ramifications had to be dismissed, and the answer given in as many words as the inquiry, "Canada should become Canada!"

The Englishman or Irishman or Scotsman who lands at Halifax from incoming ocean liner may have surveyed his future land with mixed feelings. There were some no doubt who came with the feeling that they already possessed this country. There were others who had already realized that if this new country was not made, it was in the making; it had its own laws, it handled its own affairs without paternal attention or interference, it spent most of its time in driving ahead to attain prosperity as all other countries have done, and it was touched but little by any influences save internal influences and the influences of close environment. In many ways the country was no more affected by the people of European lands than by the people who live in South America. The old countryman, according to his advance understanding of this country, came here to become a Canadian or to remain an old countryman. He was going to think as Canadians thought as much as that was possible, or he was going to think as an old countryman and endeavor to make Canadians think the same way. In either case he found the challenge to adapt himself or to be considered a man apart. In either case he may have met with a good deal of intolerance, that in the rush of development and striving to build gave little consideration to the newcomer. He quickly found, in any event, that the average Canadian had his own conceptions of the system by which this country must advance. No matter what his party, that voter was a lone unit who went in very strongly on class distinction and titles. The installation of a governor-general at Ottawa was a social event for a few and a cause of grumbling among the many, who while no less loyal to British connection considered that Canada had no place for symbolic rulership, and were wholly devoted to the patriotism of the ideal democracy.

The old countryman may have made a quick decision one way or the other. In the one case, he did not profess to like the country from the moment he arrived. He nagged about it; in the other case he said "This is the country I have chosen. I have become a Canadian. I have given up something to become a Canadian. Perhaps I am as good if not a better Canadian than many of those born here." He threw himself into the task that was afforded him, and he took an interest in Canadian institutions. He realized that no matter what his views or his fixed ideas, his children, both the born and the unborn, were certain to become Canadians. They would attend Canadian schools, mingle with Canadian children, read Canadian history (and very little other history) and come in contact with a teaching profession that was a free democracy in itself, less influenced, perhaps, by bigotry or partisanship than any other class in the community, and wholly devoted to the shaping of little models into great citizens. So he worked for those children, for whose sake he had made the great journey.

His type of newcomer brings more of British influence to Canada than anything else. He has come by the thousands. He is the best stock that has been developed, if for no other than breeding purposes. He is necessary to the country if the country is to advance, and the more quickly and the more sympathetically he gets the Canadian understanding of his new homeland the better it will be for him and for his children and for Canada. He will have a large part in shaping its future. The door will always remain open to him, and to his brothers. The "Welcome" sign on the mat may be covered over by the rush of hurrying feet, but it is there, just the same, and it will remain, graven in solid stone, and never obliterated if it may be obscured.

The influence of this newcomer from the old country is going to be the strongest influence toward maintaining British connection for Canada. And it may become as the deeper understanding of the most democratic form of empire sinks into the heart of the British-born that he will have a tremendous power in making Canada more Canadian, in not endeavoring to make it more English in its outlook, nor insisting upon too much of the guidance by the parent of the new home in the western world, nor in succumbing to the glitter of the American blaze of glory, but in striving with all his might to make of this country a distinctive entity, with a high and mighty vision of itself and a harnessed-up unity of effort that will roll over prejudices and make all who are Canadian believe that word in itself is a sufficient identification in the eyes of all men.

The observant old countryman may see too much of the spirit of dependence expressed in this country. He may see the desire to be spoon-fed manifest in many ways. We are intensely protective in some areas and intensely free trade in other areas. We are also gloating over the fact that we are to be given a preference within the empire. He realizes that the people of a growing country need all they can get, but may get too much for their own good. He may conceive a country that will be more for standing on its own feet, less given to asking the bonus or the remit-

tance from the parental store, and at the same time be a greater country within the British Empire by reason of its fearless and unselfish determination to conduct its own business, with favors neither given nor asked, but a four-square bargain for all. In the degree of its dependence upon either the motherland or the United States will it be small; in the degree of its independence of favors from any quarter will it be great. We may succumb to one influence and revert again to the status of a colonial possession; we may succumb to the other and be gobbled up and lost to a national identity. We may remain in the vast partnership of nations vested in the British Empire and grow with no bonds severed to the stature of the stalwart firstborn who has won his way to fame and true destiny; we may continue the friendly relations with our closest neighbor and equal his success upon our own policy of conducting our affairs.

But if we are to become great as Canada, while accepting the logical opportunities of service and growth, we must look more to Canada, give more to Canada, build for Canada and spur the people of Canada to self support and independent action, whether in the building of ships or the invention of new agricultural machinery. We have been known for many things it is true, but we often have gazed over the fence while others developed our richest possessions; we have sent hundreds of thousands of our people to another country while telling the world ours was the best. We have never got at the task of finding out what Canadianism means and what has to be done to achieve real nationhood. And the newcomers must devote themselves with the native-born to the problems under our eyes if the future is to say that the work was worthily done.

The Return From Siberia

The Canadian boys who returned from Siberia did not want any decorations. They went over there expecting to fight and expecting some fighting that was described as "nasty," but they did not function. They had, for the most part, a dreary time of it, and the non-interference policy eventually reached a decision to withdraw the whole force. While the Canadians waited for action, Premier Borden was proposing a conference with the Bolshevik leaders that did not come to anything.

The experience in Vladivostok had little benefit for Canada, and with the signing of the armistice the sentiment of the people was for the withdrawal of the force. It was not a pleasant experience for those who went over, no one went into raptures over life in Siberia, and they are mighty glad to be home, and anxious to get out of their mackinaw coats.

Everyone is glad to see the members of this force returning without casualties. At the same time the disappointment felt by the men is apparent to anyone who comes in contact with them. They are recognized as having played their part, even if it was a rather listless part, in an expedition that certainly was of no moment to Canada, either from the standpoint of setting the world in order or trade expansion. In common with the Americans the Canadian Siberian force is glad to be back where the gloom is not so chunky, to say the least.

As to Drives and Tag Days

From many Canadian cities comes the word that recent efforts in the form of "drives" to secure funds for the furthering of charitable or patriotic work have been marked by failure. While the war progressed the people were willing to give and to sacrifice for every worthy cause; at present they are inclined to ask for a rest before "shelling out" once again by the same methods as became general before the armistice was signed. It was not that people denied the worthiness of the cause for which money was asked, but that the renewal of the financial pressure was not in keeping with the general relaxation.

And it will be well if "drives" and tag days are suspended for a period sufficiently long to permit the public to get the need of the next contribution securely fixed in its mind. It will not be well for great campaigns to be launched for some time to come, or they will be doomed to failure, but once the people have recovered their breath, financially, they will be glad to donate generously toward the cause that aids the suffering or builds the community. Demands on the public purse came thick and fast during the war. Few, if any, failed of their objective while the need of war comforts and relief was present. But with the end of fighting came the word that most of the suffering nations were provided for, that the soldiers needed no more of the usual supplies, and that some of the funds, the patriotic fund, for instance, had large surpluses. It was then that the average man felt that he might devote his surplus cash to some reconstruction of his own, and while wages were high for many people during the war and money was spent freely, there was retrenchment in such matters as the repairing of houses, and the improvement of holdings. It is not that the public has become niggardly. It is to be hoped that the fine spirit of community giving will not be lost. But for a time at least, it would be folly to launch any big campaigns for funds. The people want a few months to catch up.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The west looks to the Mounted Police when in trouble and Winnipeg will be a safer place for their presence.

The mayor of Winnipeg has asked that the minister of labor be sent to the western metropolis at once. But departmental duties seem extremely onerous just now.

After the stunts performed by an aviator over London yesterday, one wonders what the growing generation is going to do without the aerial velocipede.

Winnipeg union waiters will only serve union men who ask for something to eat in restaurants. It might be well to have the nationality of those waiters made public.

An American aviator has accomplished the "long leg" of the Atlantic flight, and it was a pretty piece of work. The Australian and British contestants will attempt one long flight of 2,500 miles, however. They have greater reason for a cautious start.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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DIVORCE, CURED.

By John Gregg.

If ever any woman had cause for a divorce it was Edith—that is how Edith regarded her husband, almost from their neglectful honeymoon, almost from their honeymoon. And quarrels! Well, it was almost more than she could stand. Everything she said she disagreed with. Although she did not think of that part of it. She did not like his relatives, and he hated hers. His sister Arlene had made the second summer of their marriage miserable for Edith, and now Tom had a perfect right to put up with her brother Gerald. Gerald was a good sort, and was a much better brother than Tom's sister-in-law. The last straw came when Tom had refused utterly to publish one of Gerald's stories. Tom was head of a publishing house and could have easily marketed one of Gerald's many literary endeavors, and Edith was quite sure he would have done so had Gerald had any one save her brother. Their quarrel had been long and heated one and that night Edith had cried herself to sleep. In the morning she came down almost ready to forgive, but the first sound that greeted her when she opened her eyes was Tom's back to her. Tom was sitting up writing stories until 2 o'clock in the morning in his house. Tom was saying, "It would be nice if you could do some real work—something that would do some good in the world. At this point Edith blustered in. Few women are beautiful when angry and Edith isn't included in the list. It was terrible, that is all we can say, and we might add that Gerald was the only one of Tom's friends who was creditable. He retreated to his room, leaving Edith blustering and Tom gasping in an endeavor to find some rejoinder to her biting words.

When Gerald came down stairs, two hours later, Edith was still crying. "It's all ended," she sobbed on his shoulder. Tom had telephoned for his lawyer and had arranged for his evening divorce. It is better. At 7 o'clock Edith was in an evening gown, seated in the library waiting for the arrival of the lawyers who had been waiting for her. She was hard to keep back the tears, and as she sat there with just the faintest tears glistening in her eyes she looked like a pretty little disobedient child trying to stick to it that she had not been naughty. At all. She tried to brighten up when Gerald entered. "Read this, Sis, it's my latest story," her brother said as he pushed forward a manuscript to her, and then passed out. It was just like Gerald to give her something to take her mind off her trouble, she reflected, as she tried to open the pages. If Tom had only been more like him!

Divorced! Edith was free. In her hands were the papers that cancelled her marriage certificate. Somehow the feeling of freedom that she had expected did not come over her. It seemed odd to see Tom's hailing a taxi and not offering his arm to assist her in. There he was, going away alone, perhaps she would never see him again, and she had not kissed her good-bye. Of course, he hadn't. He did not have the right to now. It felt funny to be leaving a taxi for herself and the ride home felt horribly lonely.

How wearisome the house was, and how quiet! The servants had all gone away for the day. Where was the large portrait of Tom that had stood in the corner in the library? Of course, he had taken that away. How strange! How strange was the aroma in the den! Flowers were on the table where his pipes had stood and a dish of candies replaced his ash tray. Who had given order for those changes? Why Tom, of course. He was always considerate in little things, for no one knew as he did what pleased her most.

The flowers were violets, too, her favorites. In the excitement she had not noticed that. It was good of Tom to remember them. How could he forget them—how could either of them forget them? Was it not in the wood purple with violets where first they had met? Were they not violets he brought with the plug that sealed their engagement, and had not their wedding bouquet been most of violets? How beautiful had the violets seemed then! What a wonderful day it had been! What a wonderful lover had Tom been! What a wonderful husband had he started out to be! Why had he changed? The question started Edith. The thought that perhaps she had been to blame for the whole thing came to her for the first time.

In a lonely apartment in a large hotel sitting before a fireplace that had not been kindled, not even by his hands, sat Tom, the loneliest man in creation. The day he had lost his dearest possession, the most wonderful little wife in the world, and he had just realized that the whole thing had been his fault.

He had crossed Edith in her every little whim, just as she had crossed him in his, though he should have overlooked that. They had expected too much of each other. They had made life happy one must give in to one's life mate, but neither Edith or Tom had surrendered. Each had insisted on even small points. It was a wonder they had not been divorced before.

What other woman would have put up with him as Edith had done? thought Tom in his lonely apartment. And what other man would have put up with her as Tom had done? thought Edith in the library of the lonely home that was hers by law but belonged to Tom by rights. They had been ideally suited to one another had they only had the power of giving in. Their tastes, their ambitions, their ideals were the same, so why had they not been happy? Thus they both thought. Gone was everything, the ambitions, the ideals, the little children they had dreamed of, and the happy old age they had planned to live together. The hopes of a young lifetime shattered by a decree of a divorce. There was no turning back. Divorced couples are only re-married in stories and moving pictures. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lester were no more. Mrs. Edith Lester and Mr. Thomas Lester survived. The rest of her life would be spent in dreaming of the love and happiness she had cast aside, and his would be spent in lamenting the wife and children that had been denied him.

Oh, Tom, Tom, forgive me, I have all been my fault. Edith jumped to her feet and threw her brother's manuscript to the floor, tottered and almost fell. Tom was right behind her and caught her in his arms. "It isn't true, dear, you are still mine," he cried as he kissed her again and again. "The lawyers haven't come yet, let's start all over again." Gerald's story seemed so real, she sobbed.

"Too real," he laughed, with an effort to shake off the feeling of depression that had crept over him. "He led me in here to read it over your shoulder. He's a clever kid. I think I'll give him that chance he wants in our fiction department." "You darling!" Edith smothered further promises with kisses.

"Newspapers Are the World's Mirror"

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

A FIRE-REFINED PRELATE. [New Haven Journal-Courier.] We hope profoundly that it is true that Cardinal Mercier of Belgium is to visit the United States. His will be such a welcome as to visiting potentate ever had, or any other man of distinction. His reception will be that of a lofty and noble soul, whose saint-hood has been established on earth.

WHAT WE REMEMBER. He died the other day; they said he didn't leave a cent; they said he was worth his salt. They said he didn't leave his wife enough to pay the rent; he hadn't an insurance nor a car nor house nor ring. He didn't own a decent suit nor any single thing. That's counted as a sign with us that he was worth his salt. And yet I'm just athinkin' as we add up his last fault. And say that he was worthless as we place him on the skirts. That he always carried candy in his pocket for the kids. W. J. L.

NEW USE FOR "UNWRITTEN LAW."

[Memphis Commercial-Appeal.] The unwritten law has come to strange uses. Once it was invoked when a man killed another because his home was violated, or because he was slandered to a point where, if he did not resent, he could not hold up his head in a community. The unwritten law has always been invoked to acquit. Now we are to try the Kaiser according to the unwritten law. There is no precedent, but the Kaiser will be tried and convicted under an extra-territorial law, and then, under the same unwritten law, he will probably be pardoned or sent away to an island or confined within certain limits. The trial will serve one purpose. It will create a precedent, and all lawyers, national and international, must have precedents. The Kaiser will be convicted under an extra-territorial law, but so long as the sentence will not be carried out he will not be deprived of any natural right he has. The next time some war lord starts out to whip the rest of the world he will give a lesson, because he knows that if he fails he will be tried, convicted and hanged. The crown prince and future monarch would-be conquerors will then all be on notice.

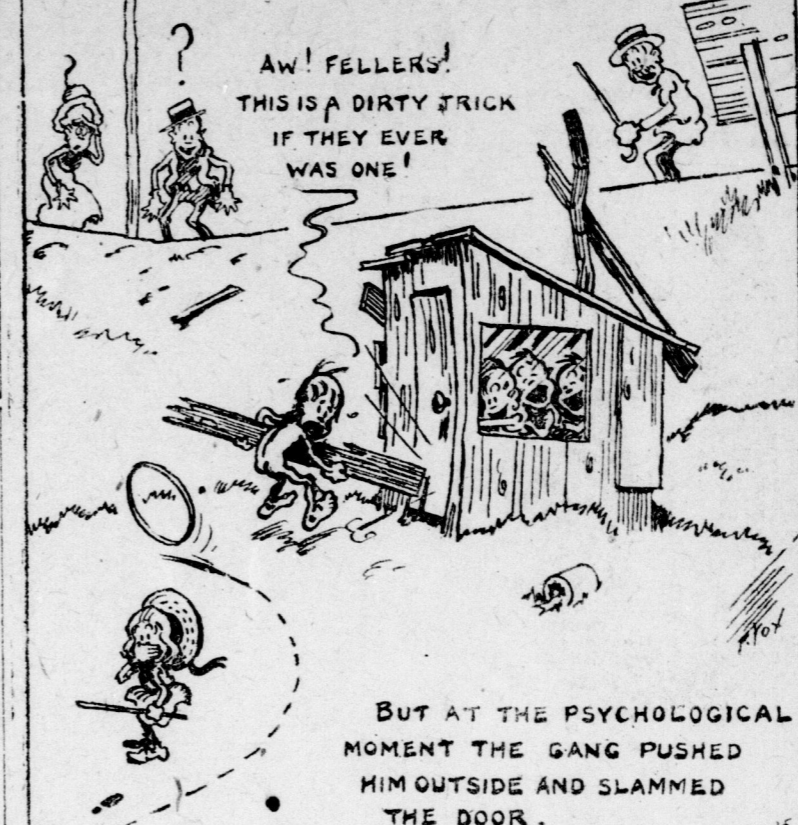
AN ECHO OF THE SUPER-GUN.

[Chicago Evening News.] The Hun 75-mile gun with which

THE GANG PLAY A TRICK

By FONTAINE FOX

(Copyright.)



But at the psychological moment the gang pushed him outside and slammed the door.

Tommy went over to the "club house" to take off that hot underwear his mother wouldn't let him take off at home.

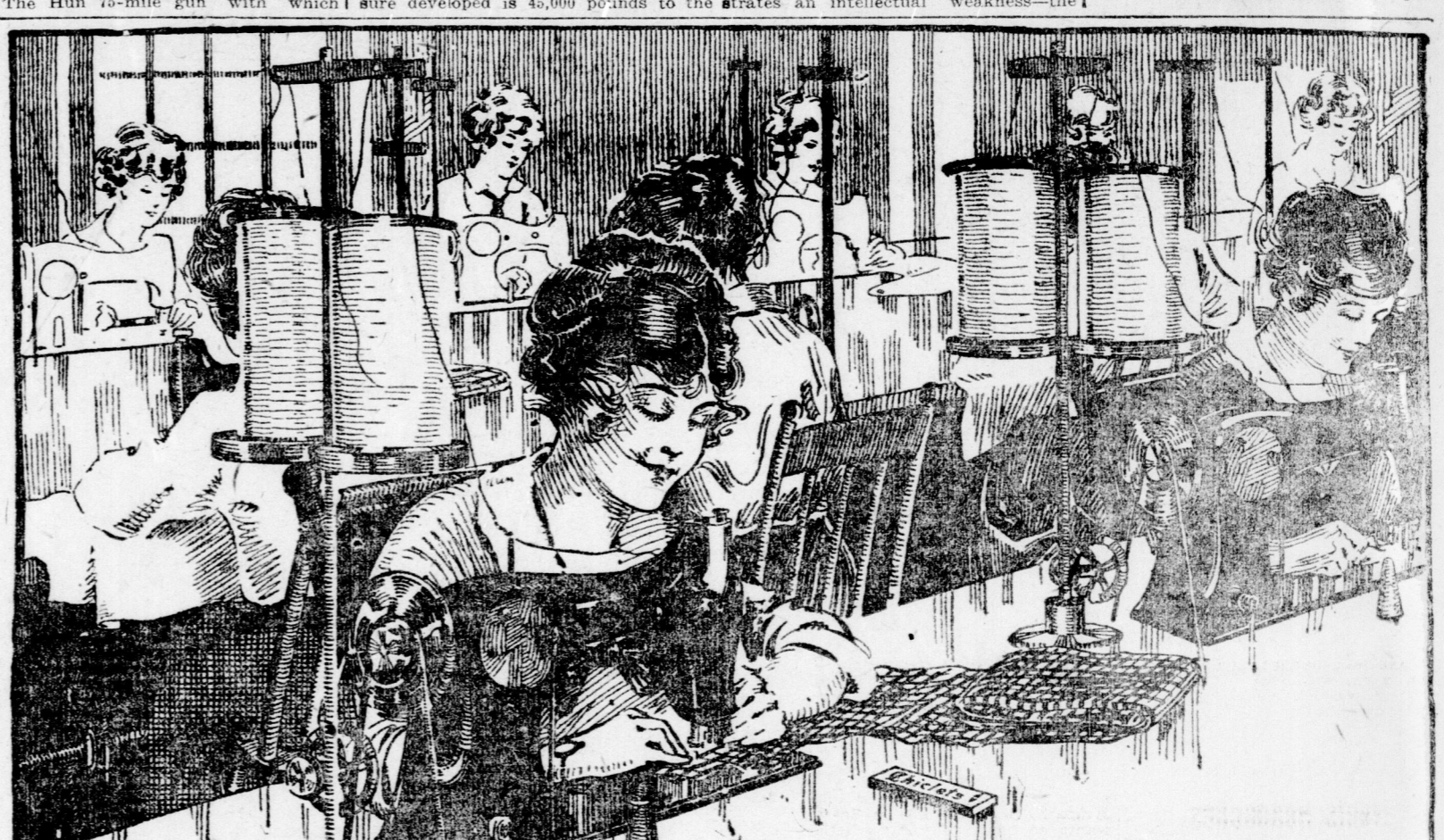
Paris was harassed by doubtless still regarded by many as evidence of the much-advertised German mechanical superiority. Ordnance experts have long been aware of the possibility of such a gun. But they have also been aware of its impracticability owing to a lack of means of controlling its fire effectively, except in such dastardly work as shelling a great city regardless of whom or what was hit. As an object lesson, our ordnance department has designed, without actually building, a super-gun which dwarfs the German machine into insignificance. The data, recently made public through the Scientific American, fairly bewitches the lay mind. The barrel of the gun is 225 feet long, and weighs 325 tons. The projectile is 4000 pounds to the states an intellectual weakness—the

lots of mechanism for mechanism's sake. A complicated or difficult piece of machinery captivates his admiration because it is complicated or difficult, regardless of its practicability. With American genius, simplicity is the desideratum. The mechanism, for instance, of the Browning automatics, whether pistol, rifle or machine gun, is astonishingly simple and practically demountable by the fingers alone. One looks at it and wonders why it wasn't invented half a century since. And right there one unconsciously pays homage to a high tribute.

CONSOLATION. Once I was the catchweights kid and rode the nags of poetry; So I might see on Pease's back we always romped home cozy. I carried weight to check the flight of feet tipped deft with wings, But now I'm fat and can't bring home Peg first in sport of kings. In other words, I fear that I'm a poet. It takes a Clyde to carry me, and then it's quite a feat. And yet we trundle on our road, and if our songs are not gay, And if my verse is corrupt, it seems to be the way. W. J. L.

WELCOMED AT ST. MARYS. ST. MARYS, May 18.—Pte. Hazelton Moore, son of James Moore, Chubb street, arrived home yesterday afternoon, and was given a grand public reception. A parade was headed by the Maxwell Maple Leaf Band, and followed by a large number of citizens. A hall was made at the market building where addresses were given by Mayor Dale, Rev. (Capt.) Masters and Dr. P. T. Campbell. Pte. Moore was adopted by St. Marys Rotary Chapter, I. O. O. F. during his three years' imprisonment in Germany, and that he was on behalf of Runney Chapter that he was given such a grand reception.

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