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THE LONDON ADVERTISER
COMPANY, LIMITED.
London, Ont., Friday, October 20.

THE WATER SUPPLY.

THIS REMOVAL to Camp Borden of a great number of 10,000 soldiers encamped in London during the early part of the summer, in one sense was providential.

These soldiers would have made demands upon the water supply which could not have been met, and the city would have faced a condition causing not only inconvenience, but serious suffering.

The man or men who have controlled water affairs in London were warned of the serious shortage in 1915, but nothing was done to prevent the serious situation of 1916. A policy of "put your head in the sand" was advanced. To hint at the necessity for increased supply was to "knock" the city.

The shortage still exists, and investigations are proceeding towards augmentation of the supply. Various schemes are under consideration, among them the McGregor supply, which lies near the Wharfedale road, and south of Brick street.

The purity of this supply has been established to the satisfaction of a majority of the commissioners. Extensive analyses have been made, and the final test showed that five out of six wells were free from colic bacilli, while the sixth showed a trace, not greater than is found in most drinking supplies. A purchasable quantity is admitted by the engineer.

Opposition to the wells scheme has developed in some quarters, which has a strong flavor of personal antagonism.

Surely this question can be settled on its merits. An additional supply is required at once. The whole matter of the McGregor wells is to be submitted to arbitration. Purity and quantity must be proven beyond doubt. Price must be argued and established. It may be considered advisable to pay for the water at so much per million gallons, so that if the supply should not be permanent the city will not have paid heavily for it.

In the meantime, if drillers discover an adequate supply closer to the Horton street pumping plant than the McGregor field, the scheme for the purchase of the latter could be abandoned. The first consideration is that the water question should be settled on its merits; otherwise the Advertiser makes the prediction that next summer will see the question unsettled and the use of water seriously curtailed.

VETERANS OF THE SCHOOLS.

SOME FOOD for the mental appetite is furnished in the annual report of the board of education, which has just come to hand. It is presented in admirable fashion, with a care in analysis that presents all the facts of the school life from a psychological standpoint as well as that of finances. The health of children, why they failed (as few did), the care of their teeth as an influence in improving their minds, the need for teachers to improve upon the elementary knowledge given by normal schools, the cost of educating a child—all these matters and more are dealt with most intelligently. The volume is well worth careful perusal of the taxpayer who believes the extension of education under present-day methods is "faddish." He will realize that results count, and results are shown for the schools of London in 1915.

The period of service of teachers in the city schools is a striking chapter of the report. More than a dozen have given the city 30 or more years of their lives. Some of them must have shaped to some extent the course in life of at least a thousand pupils. Forty-four teachers have been teaching in the London schools for 20 years or longer, but under 30 years, eighteen have put in at least 15 years, and 76 have been ten years at blackboard and desk. Long, faithful service is the reward of the teacher, but who can say that teachers have not had a life full of interest and influence. They have moulded many a character, and launched many a career on its chosen path. They are always trying to do the right thing at any rate. They wish to see their boys and girls become strong, capable men and women, and once the guiding period has passed it must be with a pure heart interest that they see all the little ships set sail. They see some astounding results. The bright boy often plays out. The dullard becomes a business genius. Some follow the tendencies shown in early life, while others don't seem to turn out according to expectations.

Many are lost to their old teachers. Who can tell where all his classmates have gone? Take any list of thirty or forty boys and girls who attended school in London, give them fifteen or twenty years to find the particular hill they must climb, and how many of them are left in London? Usually

they are scattered to all corners of the globe, perhaps a majority reaching the United States, compelling Canada to recruit fresh citizen material that comes to us very often with the body of a man but the brain of a child. The great pity of Canada is that she does not hold her own sons and daughters as good as the best on earth, and made so to a great extent by the careful attention of the school teachers, who remain in the service while generations pass. All honor to them! Let them preach a "Stay in Canada" propaganda while they teach the young ideas.

COURTESY REPAYED.

WASHINGTON does not feel called upon to make any public statement on the raid of the German submarine U-53, but will probably supply Britain with information if requested. Under these circumstances it might be well for Britain to make the request and ask particularly as to the truth of the report that commanders of American destroyers were told by the submarine captain to clear out of the way until he torpedoed the merchant vessels, and obeyed. If they did this it was directly aiding and abetting the raider, and as unfriendly an act as could be imagined, short of lending torpedoes for the purpose.

One thing is certain: Britain need no longer consider American feeling with regard to having her warships "hovering" near United States territorial waters. It may be irritating, but then Britishers feel slightly annoyed at the venture of the "U" boat and the facilities afforded the Hun. The warships were withdrawn from patrol duty merely as an act of courtesy, and not because there was a suspicion of illegality in their manoeuvres. The result was that the way was left open for such enterprises as that of the submarine. The least Washington could have done, in return for the consideration shown by Britain, was to prevent news of marine movements reaching the submarine crew and hamper her piracy efforts in any practicable way.

The truth appears to be that the United States Government feels fairly secure against trouble with Britain, but fears that if Germany is antagonized war may be declared, since another foe more or less can hardly make any difference to the beaten Teutons. Truly a manly attitude.

1915—ROGERS—1916.

IN AN INTERVIEW at Toronto Wednesday Hon. Robert Rogers declared that the Government would not consider the holding of an election, and that it is "just going ahead with its business."

On May 3, 1915, in a speech before the Montreal Conservative Club, Hon. Mr. Rogers sounded the keynote for a Conservative campaign, declaring that an election must be held. He was certain that the country was calling for an election "in tones of thunder." He characterized Liberals as a horde of "graffers and simpletons," and slandered the clergy with the statement that they were "simple-minded" enough to believe the Liberals.

He changed "minister of elections" appears before the country. The Government has no intention of calling an election; there are no "tones of thunder" in the air, unless they be the voice of an outraged Canada, calling for the rightful punishment of Hughes, Allison, Rogers & Co.

In May, 1915, the tenor of Mr. Rogers' complaint was that the Opposition was hampering the Government, and that the Liberal Senate was in the way. The Opposition will not be less vigorous at the next session than in 1915. Yet Mr. Rogers has changed his opinion. Isn't his conversion a wonderful thing? He is doing his best to avoid an appeal to the people. Why? His astuteness seems to have been reformed since his coarse blunder of 1915.

And what a pretty figure is the Hon. Robert Rogers! How proud Canada must be to have men of his calibre in the seats of the mighty! Fresh from a return to his beloved Manitoba, the scene of his triumphs, he stands as one who, from the mire of Roblinism, shook his fist at a judge of his own choosing, and screamed: "You're a grafter!" He has been trying to dodge the net that has been swung toward him several times. Up to the present he has been successful in avoiding it. Meanwhile the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

British soldiers must do without taxes. However, there is no scarcity of taxes.

British soldiers always had pity on the beaten. That's why Bowser was given some votes.

It's to be hoped prices of necessities drop before the Government gets busy, else some may starve.

Von Vistinghoff is going to the German embassy at Washington. We know what Ve Think of him.

Bob Rogers has his face set against a general election at present. Who can blame him? He wants longer political life.

Norwegians are left by Huns to perish of cold after their ships are sunk. Does Washington consider them neutrals?

The state department at Washington announces it is making a study of the whole submarine situation. Substitute "political" for "submarine."

Perhaps Anglican bishops would look more favorably on equal rights for women if they had guarantees that this would not result in women bishops.

THE SAFEST WAY.

"I suppose you are now studying to please your constituents," replied Senator Sorghum. "You can't please everybody my study just now is to find out which element of my constituency it is safest to offend."

When the Family Moved Down Into the Next Block the Powerful Katrinka Carried the Last Load Herself.

BY FONTAINE FOX



The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The Beginning and the End

By Susan E. Clagett.

"When did it begin?"

The girl upon the lower step hugged her knees as she looked reflectively across the hills to the forest beyond. Then she turned her eyes to the face of the older woman.

"I don't know. It just came."

"It sometimes does come just like that, all in a moment, but I didn't know there was a young man within a thousand miles of this place."

"I know you would think it odd to hear of one in this remote spot, yet I have never regarded the place in that light. It is quiet, however, and I have often longed for something interesting to come into my life. Of course, with a young girl the most interesting thing is that of form of amusement in which young men have a part, and the young man here is Uncle Henry, who owns to 60 and is 50, if he's a day, and Mr. Hamilton, a widower, who is crippled with rheumatism and has asthma, and Mr. Alden, who is old and deaf."

"Of course, it is none of the three."

"Scarcely," Rachel Warren answered with a certain degree of indignation. "I said truly I do not know when it began. Really, there was no beginning. The nearest I can come to it is that subconsciously I must have retained a memory of him. We met two summers ago on that northern trip. You know that I was sick and rather unhappy, and had no wish to make friends, no heart to talk, but in some way he interested me. It was rather a long time, and after two days of fog I was a little glad to have someone take the vacant chair next to mine. It had been empty until then. In fact, there were very few people on deck the first three days out."

"I think he must have felt a little as I did—averse to making acquaintances for he would sit near me for hours, saying only a word now and then. But he was congenial, and I missed him if he did not come to my corner for companionship."

"There must have been something uncommon about him, judging from that remark. You are a little standoffish in regard to making acquaintances."

"There was." The girl laughed in evident amusement. "It was his length. I had never seen anyone quite so long. She rose to her feet. 'Imagine contrast. I came about to his elbow."

"We took a good many little trips together after we landed and came to know each other fairly well. Indeed, there were many interesting places I would never have seen if he had not taken me. It sounds absurd, I suppose, but I could not overcome my Southern training and would have passed by many places, show places, really, rather than have visited them alone. For ten days or more, we saw each other every day, but upon my return home he slipped from my memory. I found my life too full of duties even to recall the enchanting days of that first trip away from home. Then all at once I remembered."

"I had gone to my morning's work with my soul in revolt. I fairly loathed my duties. I was tired—tired from a constant striving to do cheerfully what I hate to do with every fibre of my being. I remember I had cakes for breakfast that morning and with each cake I turned on the griddle I added one thousand years to my life. As there were seven I would soon have rivalled Methuselah, but that my inner consciousness took a series of somersaults, and I found myself standing upon the deck of the old Trinidad as she plowed through the Gulf of St. Lawrence."

"A far reach, from my kitchen stove to the moonlit sea and the northern lights on that distant night, but it sufficed to change my mood. Buckwheat cakes and sausage are good, and, especially when you watch it with an agreeable companion, and that companion a man, the other is most satisfying for an early breakfast."

"However, my mental gymnastics

served a good purpose. Life had been trying all through the week. For days I had been prickled until I felt as full of holes as an old pin cushion. It is the tiny stabs from unexpected sources that make life hard. There are strength and endurance for the big issues, but the little things end by rasping raw nerves. Then is the time for me to get into the open if I can. It is not always possible. But I did get away from this house for a little while. Just a walk to the mail box and back, but it was far enough away for the rapid walk to send the blood tingling through my veins and change my viewpoint of life."

"I think, perhaps, the letter I found there helped as much as the crisp air to change the current of my thoughts. It was from the man of whom I am speaking. He had never written to me before and the letter was the most, friendliest little note. Remember, Harriet, I had not thought of the man for two years. Can you explain the coincidence? Was it telepathy?"

"I cannot say," Harriet answered slowly, "there are so many things that are unexplainable, that seem mysterious, yet have a vital effect upon one's life. The only thing one can do is to accept them without explanation."

"That is true, but one cannot help wondering. Was it his thought of me after the letter was mailed, his abiding thought that made me so completely forget my daily surroundings and stand with him on the deck of that old steamer? Be that as it may, there was nothing in the letter to suggest a return trip. He merely inquired, 'Could he call? He was coming to Washington, and would like to meet me again.'"

"Glad as I was to hear from him again, my first impulse was to find some excuse to prevent his coming. I didn't have a decent dress to my name. I cannot keep up with styles and have little use for up-to-date clothes. I am a little ashamed of myself as I look back upon that moment of hesitancy. But nevertheless I wrote and told him to come."

"He did not wait for my reply," Harriet. He came the following day and found me in a faded calico dress in the depths of a sunbonnet. I was in the garden gathering beans for dinner and did not see him until I heard a voice that made me jump to my feet. What do

you think that man did? He put his hand under my chin, lifted up my face and kissed me.

"Of course, by all the conventions and modesty and outraged feeling, I should have recoiled that kiss. I did nothing of the kind. I merely stared up into his face. Then, before I realized what I was doing, I buried my face against his coat sleeve."

"So you see, Harriet, the great event bore down upon me without beginning or end. It had to be, and was."

"That was the beginning and the end of my courtship. Afterward, when I was alone, I felt so ashamed. And I was tortured by doubt. I had never thought love could come all in a moment. I was overwhelmed and afraid. So afraid it might not be true. But when I told him my fears a little later I knew that I had been making a mountain out of a molehill."

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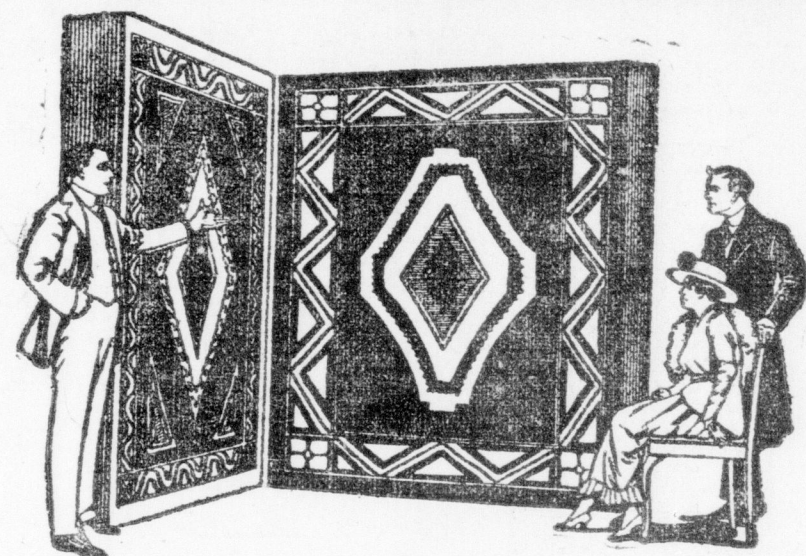
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Couldn't stump Kenny. An Irish waiter named Kenny was noted for his wit and ready answers. A party of gentlemen who were staying at the hotel heard of Kenny's wit, and one of them made a bet that he

would say something that Kenny couldn't answer at once. A bottle of champagne was ordered, and the one who had made the bet took hold of the bottle and commenced to open it. The cork came out with

a bang and flew into Kenny's mouth. "Ah," said he, "that is not the way to cork!" Kenny took the cork out of his mouth and replied: "No, but it's the way to 'kill-Kenny'."

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Diners to match, upholstered in best leather; regular \$22.50. Reduced to \$18.00.

SUITE No. 2

Buffet, 48 inches long, in fumed oak; regular \$25.00. Reduced to \$20.00.
Extension Table, 40-inch top, six-foot extension, fumed oak; regular \$16.50. Reduced to \$12.50.
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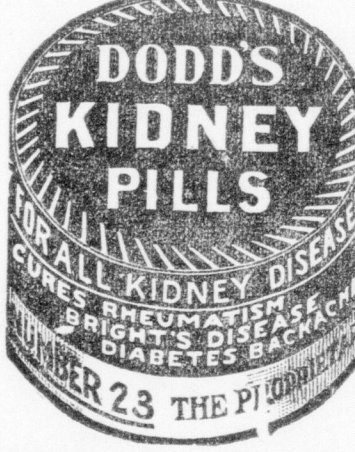
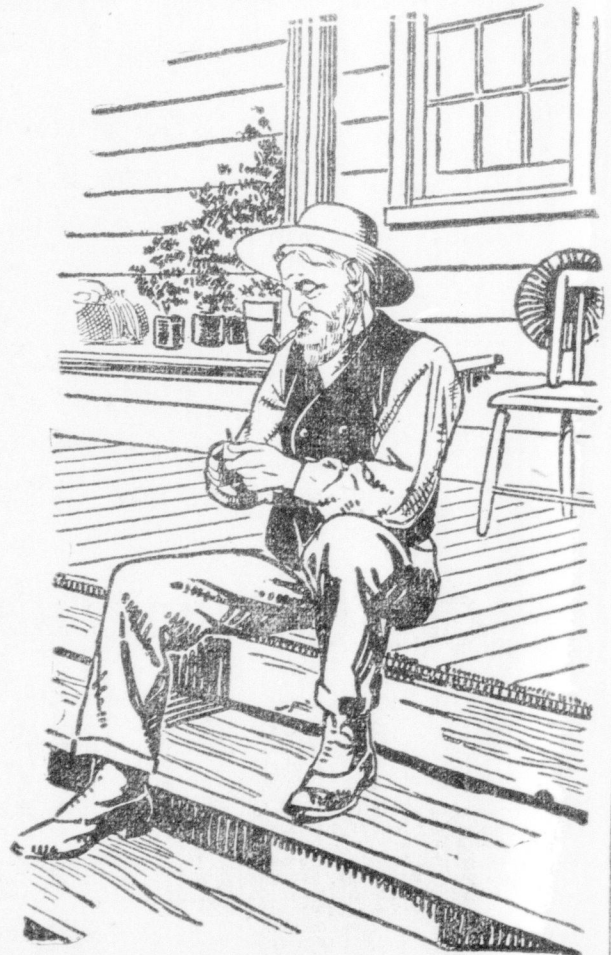
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Sunday cars marked with a star.

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EFFECTIVE OCTOBER 1.

To Port Stanley: 6:20, 8:20, 10:20 a.m., 1:20, 3:20, 5:20, 7:20, 9:20 p.m.
To St. Thomas: *5:20, *6:20, 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.
Heavy type denotes no local stops between London and St. Thomas.
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