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The London Advertiser Company, Limited.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21.

## HOME TO ROOST.

THE contention that the electrified London and Port Stanley Railway would not be permitted to string wires into the station of the Grand Trunk Railway, was made in these columns during the campaign, before a vote was taken on the question. That this contention was sound is proved by the decision of the Dominion Railway Commission, which says:

It has been impossible to arrive at any solution which would permit a rearrangement of existing facilities, the construction of overhead wires which would at all adequately provide for public safety and the regular dispatch of the applicant's business.

Before the vote on the question, Sir Adam Beck stated that the Grand Trunk would permit or force to permit the L. and P. S. R. to string its wires into the station and use the station as a terminal. Sir Adam made many such statements, in fact, and each development in the railway's career serves to bring home to the people the deception practised and the rash promises made in order to induce citizens to vote for a project which they were led to believe would increase taxes and prove a great bonanza in general.

The worst difficulties for the city's line are, unfortunately, to come. The railway commission has suggested that the Grand Trunk give the city an acre of land to Richmond street by deeding over a strip of land said to be worth, at the lowest estimate, \$250,000, and extending from William to Richmond streets. Before such a proceeding was undertaken, however, it would be necessary to have the board's sanction, and it is doubtful if the Grand Trunk would deed away the land which it secured to be used for improvements of its own. The choicest of the land secured by the company would be given to those who are favoring the scheme and the company will give up this land without a struggle.

At that rate the city's railway is still at Burwell street. Should it be able to secure the Grand Trunk's property and run to Richmond street, there are large extra expenditures to be faced for the construction of terminals facilities.

Sir Adam Beck made his promises to the people of London in front-page, eight-column type. But yesterday his reversal of attitude was printed in small type and placed on an inside page.

However, in looking the situation over, the experts have come to the conclusion that it would be dangerous to the traveling public, to bring the electrified lines into the station.

Sir Adam adds that he is confident that if an amicable arrangement between his line and the Grand Trunk cannot be reached, the railway commission would order the company to turn the land over. The Grand Trunk may have something to say about this. It seems scarcely reasonable that with no return to the company the board would force it to give away valuable property secured for the purpose of making improvements.

## WILLING TO BE SHOWN.

FORMER Editor Dingman, of the Stratford Herald, will have no more newspaper controversies to bother himself with. We do not know that his burden will be lighter as vice-chairman of the new provincial license board, but at any rate he will not have to sit up nights thinking up anti-abolish-the-bar arguments, or "come-backs" to the statements of The Advertiser. Perhaps he never needed an on-night to do either, but certainly it must have been his lot to suffer the income of editorial duty. Now he is free to enter his new sphere with a knowledge of his subject, for he has had to come in contact with both sides of it. But just before he passes for all time from the editorial sanctum, it might be well to remind him that even as he passes, he cannot escape the inevitable visitation of an editor's words upon him. For it does appear that before his appointment, Vice-Chairman Dingman did not quite approve of the commission idea at all, and since his appointment he has no criticism to make of it whatever.

When the commission was proposed, Mr. Dingman had the following to say in the editorial columns of his paper: "The proposal of substitution of a provincial license commission for local commissions for every riding we believe is a good one, but it is wise to deliver over to such a commission so much power as a proposed 'license law' so intimate touches the life of the people that we question the wisdom of delivering over to a provincial commission anything so important as the power or other than purely administrative power. But extensive powers of cancellation of licenses, differentiating of hours in various localities for cessation of sale, and transfer to the new commission of pretty much the powers now exercised by the license department are proposed, if we understand the proposition aright. We doubt if it is wise to hand over so much power to any appointed body not directly responsible to the people. The Legislature should continue to make the

laws, and the new commission do only the administering." But his acceptance of the "call" is full of gracious and grateful terms. Mr. Dingman states it as his belief that the temperance issue has now been taken out of politics and seems quite reconciled to a belief in the efficacy of the new "cure." That he is now confident that the commission will be a success and that he will earn the \$6,000 attached to the vice-chairmanship, is to be gleaned from the following:

"The editor of this paper has accepted the offer of the vice-chairmanship of the new provincial license commission, regarding it as a call to high public duty from the Premier of the province. The call has been accepted also in full knowledge of the disposition of the Government on the temperance question, a disposition which calls for no compromise of principles on the part of the men constituting the new board. The work of the board will be difficult and onerous. A new principle in administration was introduced in the act constituting the commission, and it is advisable that it should have a fair trial, and it will certainly be the desire of the new commission to satisfy provincial sentiment."

"The attempt to remove the license administration out of party politics is worth making. It is doing so practically with respect to the asylums and charitable institutions of the province, and this aim is to do the same with the license administration. With this aim in view, extensive and indeed drastic powers have been conferred upon the commission, and upon their exercise, those powers they will be judged, but they should be allowed fair play."

## MR. GLASS' PLEA.

HANSARD, the official journal which reports the debates in the House of Commons, has a reputation for accuracy, but when it quoted S. F. Glass, M.P. for East Middlesex, as saying on April 13: "But I do NOT want to say that every word in that statement, from beginning to end, both in its sentiment and construction, is absolutely false, and Hansard would say that I was not properly quoted," Hansard evidently made a slight error. Mr. Glass did want to say it, and he did say it.

He was referring to a report in The Advertiser of a speech by Mr. F. F. Pardee, made at the East Middlesex nomination convention, when Mr. Glass had been for the welfare of the manufacturer, in defending the Government's tariff discriminating against the British manufacturer.

Mr. Glass takes Hansard as his Bible on House debates, and said that Mr. Pardee's quotation was incorrect both in its sentiment and construction. Hansard, itself, may be allowed to answer, and here is how Hansard quotes Mr. Glass:

"Would it be just to our manufacturers here to propose that they should pay a tax of seven and a half per cent on raw materials and also the manufacturers of England, who have their raw materials free, to send their products here to compete with our labor?"

"If we had taken any action other than that which has been taken, I am sure that we should have been grossly unjust to the manufacturers of this country."

When Mr. Glass talks about the "construction" of his statement, he is merely quibbling over words. When he says that Mr. Pardee misconstrued the sentiment of his speech he is not even plausible.

Hansard shows that Mr. Pardee was right when he said Mr. Glass pleaded for the manufacturers.

## ANOTHER JAP SCARE.

EVER so often a certain section of the American people works itself into a state of hysteria and panic over the Japanese "menace." If they keep at it long enough they run an excellent chance of bringing about a really serious situation between the two countries. The latest excuse for the "yellow peril" press of the United States to get busy is the Turtle Bay incident.

Back in January the Japanese cruiser Asama, one of the fleet seeking out the Germans in the Pacific, went aground off the west coast of Mexico. That it should be a trick, as held by the scaremongers, is ridiculous, as at the time of the accident there was no knowing at what moment the powerful German fleet might appear. Naturally, after the Germans were disposed of, the Japanese Admiralty decided to make an attempt to salvage the Asama, as she was a new and powerful fighter. Consequently a large expedition, consisting of colliers, transports and repair boats, was sent to Turtle Bay to raise the warship and patch her wounds. There was no secrecy about the matter. The Japanese ships moved about openly, intent on the big job.

But the "Jap Menace" crowd smelled a rat. The innocent activities of the Japanese were a cloak to hide an audacious plot to destroy and enslave the American people. They positively asserted that Japan had established a naval base at Turtle Bay, had landed troops and contemplated seizing the Panama Canal at the same time they sent a powerful force to the conquest of California.

The situation was a frightful one, allied with shudders and nightmares. To the great majority of Americans it will supply a momentary laugh, but in this continual harping on Japanese duplicity and untrustworthiness there is a very real danger. It is up to the sane, reasonable American to curb this foolishness and punish a yellow press for being largely responsible for it.

## GERMAN OFFENSIVE.

ONE of the thousand evidences of Germany's offensive intentions in "Wolfsputz" is seen in a comparison of German science and invention with that of Britain, France and Russia. The siege gun, the Zeppelin and the burning spray are German devices. Great Britain, France and Russia share among themselves the honor of developing antiseptic surgery. German invention is destructive, allied science is defensive and protective.

No one need be surprised then, that

one of the great German preachers, Bishop Faulhaber, of Speyer, should speak as he did recently in a Berlin hall. Like scientists like preachers, they are all as harmless and inoffensive as "a nest of vipers," to use Dr. Jordan's phrase for them.

Bishop Faulhaber assured his large and congenial audience that:

"Nowhere do the Gospels say, as the peace propagandists falsely assert, that peace has precedence before war. In the light of the Gospel the fable of the eternal peace appears as a superstition. The Gospel does not dream any world-for-peace dreams—it has in the whole course of the history of the world never represented war as anything but an inevitable fact." The gentle bishop seems to imply in these last words that the Gospel might conceivably speak with one voice at one time and another at another; but the point is that this representative clergyman fairly scorns the world peace propaganda, and the wish being father to the thought, he finds Scripture on the side of war. The Germans were not attacked by Great Britain or Belgium either, though holding their creed of Attila they almost ought to have been, if making war were not such a crime. But Providence has a way of setting the criminal destroyer himself, giving him rope to work out his own destruction. Germany has been growing like a green bay tree in her Gospel of frightfulness, identified by Faulhaber and others of his sort with the Gospel of Christianity. Only utter, crushing defeat will drive out the legion of devils from German science and "religion."

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

London may be not wholly faultless, but our weatherman is a right good sort.

We said summer was just around the corner. Now she appears to have rounded it.

Now if Holland would land a good, swift kick at the German rear with those well-known sabots—

That man has his fortune made who will get those "two ducks and a drake" and exhibit them at the fall fairs.

There is a strong suspicion abroad that Austria is weary of the war and would quit if Berlin would permit it.

The skyscraper straw is to be the fashion for men. Yes—and the higher the skyscraper the more office room for rent.

Talking at a picture show and wearing tight, short skirts with big feet has been placed in the category of mortal sins.

One man on the firing line who is there because he wants to be, is worth half a dozen who are there because they have to be.

If someone could cut off Germany's beer the war would be over, remarks an American writer. It's a frothy brand of courage that beer makes.

The British battleship Samson has been ordered to the eastern Mediterranean. A ship with that name should be used to bombard Gaza, whose gates were carried off by Samson.

It is worthy of note that the majority of the rumors of peace talk originate everywhere save at London, Paris and Petrograd, the only places where they could have any real foundation.

If Neuve Chapelle and Mondy's fighting were merely preliminary smashes, half a dozen Hindenburgs, with a prince or two thrown in for good measure, will be unable to stop French's big army when it gets going at full speed.

The first rise in the price of beer has been made at Berlin and the worthy burghers are indignant. Of course this greatest of their woes will be laid at the door of the British and will inspire a new and horrifying verse for the Chant of Hate.

The Borden Government made the following investments in a selected list of Conservative newspapers during the term of one year:

Montreal Gazette ..... \$153,000  
Winnipeg Telegram ..... 44,000  
St. John Standard ..... 30,000  
L'Evenement ..... 28,000  
La Patrie ..... 23,000  
Motion Times ..... 27,000  
London Free Press ..... 9,148  
Mail and Empire ..... 9,561  
Hamilton Spectator ..... 8,657  
Toronto News ..... 7,657  
Toronto World ..... 6,722  
Toronto Telegram ..... 3,629  
Halifax Herald ..... 7,181  
Fredericton Gleaner ..... 3,434

Total ..... \$261,089

## NO, INDEED.

[Washington Post.]  
"Let the heathen rage," says the good book; but with present attractions in the big civilized tent he couldn't get an audience.

## THE SOOTHASAYER.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]  
The weather soothsayer who predicted last fall that the winter just passed would be the severest in a hundred years, is not saying much just at present. Others may explain for him that he got his prophecy mixed up with European war conditions.

## WHAT'S THE USE.

[A Short Story.]  
A hideous green caterpillar was crawling slowly and lethargically along a spittleweed twig.

Its eyes were pike and without lashes. It had a horrid fuzzy spine running from its yellow ears all the way to its termination. Unusually purple whiskers almost hid its face.

"Never mind," thought the caterpillar, "I know I am ugly and disagreeable now, but wait just wait. Soon I shall weave a cocoon about myself and take a nice long nap, and when I wake the cocoon will open and I shall emerge, a dazzling, beautiful butterfly!" I know the other insects look down on me now, but let them wait, that's all, let them wait!"

And in time, sure enough, the ugly and unhappy caterpillar disappeared inside a smooth cocoon. And then—a bewilderment bugologist enabled the cocoon with a bowl of delight and plunged it in preserving alcohol.

(The end.)

## Ten Minutes With the Short-Story Writers

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## THE UNHAPPY PAIR.

By Edward Bostwood.

Richard is the best washed person I have ever met, excepting myself. It is so easy for any girl to embarrass him, and, of course, especially easy for Mrs. There is a good deal of Richard, and when he is embarrassed he frowns and pinks up and looks perfectly lovely. So I was very much disappointed to see that he didn't pink up at all when I first told him that they had decided on a day to announce our engagement.

By "they" I mean my family—Aunt Justina and Aunt Gertrude and Bees, who have been running Richard's and my engagement ever since he told Aunt Justina that he had to marry me or die.

"Well, let 'em announce it," he said. "What do you care?"

"But you don't see," I exclaimed. "They are going to give an afternoon reception to get and patronize."

"I don't know, Polly," he said. "I noticed by his grammar that he was beginning to be scared."

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with, how did you know I'd take refuge here? I am an ill-mannered—

"No," said I. "And if you are, I am one, too. I ran away. I didn't know where you were."

He stared and smiled slowly; Richard has a heavenly smile, and there is plenty of it. Then he sat down beside me on that beloved rock, and the brook did all the sensible talking that was necessary for quite a while. You can have no idea how quickly the time passed, unless you have sat on a rock under similar circumstances. When the factory whistle sounded, I jumped.

"Six o'clock!" I gasped. "The tea! Come on!"

"It's six-twenty," said Dick, looking at his watch. "There's a church-bell ringing."

"Must be a fire," I said. "In Northover everybody goes to a fire. Dick chuckled.

"That's good," he said. "The reception will be thinned out, sure. Hardly anybody will be left—we can sneak in quietly—and—"

I asked him what kind of a story we could possibly tell Aunt Justina.

"Listen," said Dick. "I'll tell the story and take the entire blame of it, too. I happened along under your window this afternoon and asked you to walk before the reception. You came, I twisted my ankle on a boulder, and that delayed us. Now's the time to go. All right, I guess. But best of all, Polly, we've escaped the reception—escaped the chatter, and the hand-shaking, and the announcement, and everything else that's the biggest luck I ever heard of!"

I was so carried away by this good fortune that I forgot about my locked bedroom door. I said good-bye to the brook, and decided that it was wonderfully poetic for us to have been engaged and announced on exactly the same spot. Richard began to limp so awfully that he put his arm around my shoulders for a crutch. It was pleasant walking that way, and we didn't cut through the hedges, but turned down the lane into the main street. At the corner Dick stopped short and pointed.

"Good gracious!" I screamed.

"The Northover house—Catastrophe! Number One—and the ladder thing—Hercules, Number Two—were in front of our house. The lawn was packed with people, like a circus-ground."

"Harry!" said Dick, grabbing my wrist.

He tore along the sidewalk. It was the quickest cure of a sprained ankle you ever knew. Mr. Mincer, the constable, was sitting on the ladder-truck. When he saw us he shouted and waved his hat and rang the gong. The crowd in the yard yelled and laughed as we raced to our piazza through a little path they made for us.

On the piazza were the chief of the fire department, and the chairman of selectmen, and Sheriff Hoppeck, and ever so many others. The open doors and windows were jammed with the all four were absolutely happy. When we had finished crying we had dinner, and there was a tomato soup.

"Richard," said Dick, "I have a mechanical smile. 'I will give you a recipe.'"

She meant to be pleasant, I knew, but I had a little shiver on my backbone, just the same. I could feel those peevish antries coming at me at every meal.

Almost immediately, too, they began to talk about presents. "Uncle Jerry will probably give you this, if we mean to him, and Cousin Miranda that, and I must suggest to Margaret Tweddie—"

O! They joked me about Dick's letters—the same solemn, dutiful jokes every morning for breakfast. It got on my nerves like anything. I always did hate to be patronized by older people who seemed to imagine they knew more about me than I do.

If I could only have seen Richard right, but his engineering business in New York allowed him to come to Northover very seldom. I don't think that Richard would have been in Northover, excepting me. He once said that Northover is too nosy.

That I should tell myself be bothered so by my dearest family made me ashamed of my bashful disposition. I was so used to being afraid of Northover, over after the engagement was announced.

The night before the announcement reception Richard came and stayed at the Northover Hotel. Our guest-rooms were full of relatives—Uncle Jerry, Uncle Jerry, and Cousin Miranda. Richard was introduced, and pinked up splendidly.

We are a pair of childish fools," said Richard. "That party tomorrow can't last so very long."

"It will last fifty times longer," I said, "than the family introduction did tonight."

"That fresh clerk at the hotel has given me one shot already," growled Dick. "I wanted to punch his face."

In the forenoon the only sign of Richard was an enormous box of roses. I had a terrible fright when it occurred to me that he might be ill, or that he might have a telegram to go to New York. I couldn't eat any lunch, and my backbone shivered without a moment's rest. The afternoon tea was at 5 o'clock, and at 3 I cried and told Aunt Justina that I was going to be down. Aunt Justina looked at me queerly and felt my temples. I didn't know it until afterward, but it seems that my mother's sister used to have hysterics, and once walked in her sleep.

Well, I looked myself in my bedroom and just circled around like a bat. At 5 o'clock Bees knocked on the door to tell me that Richard hadn't come or sent any word. I heard carriages crunching on the driveway, and company voices. For a minute I must have gone crazy with the desire to run, like people in a panic, for when I recovered my senses I was outside of my window on the sloping roof of the side piazza, and I couldn't get back!

I ducked behind the slope of the roof and dropped by a trellis to the ground. My dress was torn, and I was a sight. I scurried through the hedge into the back lane to our pasture. A brook runs across the pasture, and the hedge into a lovely hiding-place under the trees. There is a shaded pool, and a tiny waterfall, and a big flat rock. It is the place where Dick told me how much he loved him. I decided to walk there and tidy myself, and then to go home and trust in Providence.

A man was lying on the rock, smoking a pipe. He jumped up.

"Polly!" he said. "It was Dick."

I hope I shall not again be so mad at anybody as long as I live.

"You are," I said. "I called him. I would have said 'despicable,' but I never could pronounce it."

"I know," said Dick. "I'm a coward. I'm a quitter."

This confession rather took the wind out of my sails. Besides, I had to laugh. Dick looked so ridiculous. He was dressed in a tattered afternoon tea, but his black coat was rumpled, and his shiny silk hat was rolling into the brook.

"Oh, your poor hat!" I said.

Well, he reached for it, and he caught my hand instead of the hat.

"Can you forgive me?" said Dick, sort of trembly.

"No," I said. "I was going to the tea after I'd smoked one pipe. Now did you guess I was here?"

The whole thing was so absurd that I covered my face and shook.

"Lord!" growled Dick. "Don't cry, Polly!"

"I'm not," I said, choking.

"You are," said he. "You have a right to. I'm an ill-mannered idiot and boor. Let's go home and be announced. Look at your dress! All because you had to hunt me up. You

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D. May 20

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