had better come and look for me.'

yard, the pack following him, and, seating himself on a bench, called the dogs in close beside him.

"Boys," he said, and his voice was

not quite steady, "some people would think me either a fool or a crazy man

if they saw me out here saying good-bye to you. But some people don't know dogs. I do. We've been good friends, old chaps, haven't we? There,

Jep, it's just like you to speak first," as the old dog lifted his head and whined, "but I guess you voice the sentiment of the whole pack." The colonel glanced about him. "For the first time in a long while," he said, "I'm going on a journey without tak-

first time in a long while," he said, "I'm going on a journey without tak-

ing any of you along. I wish I didn't have to go, but go I must. If I come back we'll have many a good chase together. And if I don't—"

"Your 'orse, sir," cried Dick from

Ten minutes later the colonel rode

the trail once again.

It was just coming noon when he drew rein before Smythe's store at

Bridgetown and sent a hello out upor

the air. The new spring day was still misty with sweet-smelling for. The wind blew from the south soft and refreshing. Mr. Smythe opened the

door and, seeing who his visitor was, came forward with an exclamation of

"I'll dismount, but I'll stable my own

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day, eat it, but flush your kidneys with

ity who tells us that meat forms uric

acid which almost paralyzes the kidneys

in their efforts to expel it from the

weaken, then you suffer with a dull

misery in the kidney region, sharp pains

in the back or sick headaches, dizzi-

ness, your stomach sours, tongue is

coated and when the weather is bad

you have rheumatic twinges. The urine

gets cloudy, full of sediment. the chan-

els often get sore and irritated, oblig-

ing you to seek relief two or three times

To neutralize these irritating acids, to

cleanse the kidneys and flush off the

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grapes and lemon juice, combined with

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ure, and makes a delightful effervescent

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during the night.

bladder weakness.

lithia-water drink.

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salts occasionally, says a noted author-

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MEAT CAUSE OF

the gate.

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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY. LIMITED.

London, Ont., Saturday, March 13.

THE SPECTATOR AND LLOYD GEORGE. London Spectator (Conservative) Mr. Lloyd George as the man mainly responsible for "Great Britain's unpreparedness" in 1914, and in a measure for the war Je was "Mr. Winston Churchill's principal opponent" in naval preparation, and then he led the wing of the Asquith ministry which opposed the entrance of Britain into the continental war until Belgium was invaded.

"It is quite possible," says the Spectator, "that if, the moment Austria threatened Serbla, we had instantly warned Germany that if war took place we should immediately come to the aid of France and Russia the German emperor would not have dared to provoke the contest." This is rather absurd: remember the "contemptibles." The Spectator holds that Britain was morally bound to stand by France against an attack by Germany, quite apart from the violation of Belgium. The Spectator is full of respect for the old secret diplomacy and its power to bind the nation, full of the old Tory doctrine of balance of power, and a strong believer in everlasting armament.

The truth is that France could be expected to take care of herself against a German attack upon her own frontier. The plunge through Belgium forced France to defend, with British aid, a line twice the length of the Franco-German boundary. It had been reckoned also that if the Germans attacked through Belgium, the Belgian army and fortresses could hold them until both French and British forces came to the rescue; but they were reckoning without the new Austro-German siege guns. Great Britain had really no proper business in the conflict until Belgium was violated. Then she had three reasons for fighting, (1) sympathy and honorable obligation to the Belgians. (2) the far greater peril of France, which involved Britain's own security, (3) the specific danger to England in a Teutonic occupation of the coast from Boulogne to Bremen; even Holland this pirate maritime dominion right opposite Dover. With a united cry the British people and all their overseas brothers jumped to the side of Belgium and France against the power which was now unmasked as the assailant of the world's civilization, morality, law and honor

And Lloyd George was not behindhand. The Spectator quotes him against himself as saying in 1914 that he "would not have been a party to a declaration of war had Belgium not been invaded." The Spectator says that "he was too late in realizing that when Germany declared war on France and Russia there was neither honor nor safety for us except in going to the eld of those who later became our allies." This is not true. Mr. Lloyd George and the great majority of the British people, at home and overseas, took action at precisely the right moment and put themselves in the right against the transgressor.

As for the "unpreparedness" of Great Britain in 1914, for which Lloyd George is mainly blamed by the Spectator, that is another fiction. The British navy was never before in such splendid condition, though of course perfection is an impossibility in human affairs. It did its work. The expeditionary force of both professional troops and territorials was far the finest and largest army ever sent out of England, and the quickness and smoothness of its dispatch to Flanders was a wonder. If there was unpreparedness it was in France, whose troops still wore red breeches when the war opened,-a straw which showed the way the wind blew in French affairs. The French artillery used lately in the Balkans had excelled the German artillery used by the Turks, and no one expected that the German armies would so easily crush in the French defences. The secret of the early reverses was of course the

guns in general, which France had little to match. Hence the quick traversing of Belgium and the outflanking of the French, which necessitated British aid on a scale that could not have been reasonably expected.

When the Spectator again quotes Lloyd George against himself from the ante-bellum days, that British armaments should be curtailed, as "if we went on spending and swelling their strength, we should wantonly provoke other nations," the charge is a boomerang. It was lucky for Britain that in the evil hour her exchequer was rich in the silver bullets that did as much as anything to win the war .- And who was the chancellor of the exchequer in those last years before the test?

SAFE AND SANE.

British labor refuses to see Red is the great fact to be adduced from the overwhelming vote against the use of direct action to compel the Government to carry out the Sankey commission's recommendation that the mines be nationalized. The great mass of the workers have decided to stick with constitutional methods in the effort to secure better conditions. The vote against a general strike was a rebuff to Smillie, Hodges, Snowden and the rest of the extremists, from which they will not readily recover. The trades unionists have been steadily securing more and more influence in Parliament, and at the present hour appear to be close to assuming the dominating part in the administration of national affairs. By resorting to revolutionary methods they would have sacrificed this chance, for a general strike throughout the United Kingdom would unquestionably have brought on bloody strife that would in the long run have ended disastrously for the forces of trades unionism, and lost them the consideration and confidence they are now receiving from the general public. British traditions of democracy have been once more spectacularly vindicated by the refusal of labor to adopt the policy of direct action.

LIBERAL REPRESENTATION ON THE HYDRO BOARD.

H. H. Dewart, the Liberal leader in the Provincial Legislature, has demanded that a Liberal be appointed on the Ontario Hydro Commission. He claims that Beck is a Conservative and Col. Carmichael is a member of the United Farmers' party. He therefore asks for the appointment of a Liberal.

It is all wrong. It started wrong. The contention was that the commission would take hydro out of politics. Of course, it failed to do so in the slightest degree. Nothing is more in politics than hydro in the most undesirable sense. Hydro power has been a political power with a vengeance! It is a great power for good. rightly directed, and can be a greater power for there as other departments of the Ontario Government have been ever since Confederation. were no extras, and the country got the full (already largely pro-German) would be part of the only department honestly and capably administered continuously since Confederation. be made the most of. It should be brought into politics and made a department of Government. In that way it will be a much greater power for good, and all its objectionable features will be abolished.

Responsible government was only obtained after a fight extending over years, and should not be lightly held. The Hydro Commission as it exists is an anomaly, an excrescence, but it does not realize it, and instead desires to treat the Government as such and dictate to the Government. It is dangerous, and should be destroyed. Mr. Dewart's suggestion is all right as far as it goes, but it falls far short of the action necessary.

> "INDUSTRY AND HUMANITY." ARTICLE NO. 16. COMPETITION.

"The war has shown us that no longer can any man live to himself alone, or any

The Monroe doctrine was based on the belief that America could live for itself, and it is quite evident that many Americans still believe that they can live to themselves, and therefore they oppose becoming a party to the League of Nations. They are mistaken. The world is one today, and it may be in the history of the future America may need the help of the old flag. The heart of America is all right, and its best citizens are pro-British. They believe that

"England's heart is sound enough; And-though the skies be dark. Though winds be loud and waves be rough-Safe as Noah's ark."

The best men in both countries believe noth-

and America. Mackenzie King says:

"Appreciation by Labor of the fact that the forces of competition against which Capital has to contend operate on a world scale, and appreciation by Capital of the fact that the forces of competition against which Labor has to contend, also operate on a world scale, would materially further mutual recognition of common as contrasted with opposed interests: and aid in an understanding, by each of the parties, of the difficulties with which the other is beset. Such an outook would go a long way toward the solution of the differences that arise. Like appreciation by nations of the nature and magnitude of forces of which all are obliged to take would tend toward wider symaccount pathy and understanding, and clearer discernment of the common enemies of mankind. in industrial and international relations, recognition of like difficulties and uncertainties will do more than anything else to promote the spirit of co-operation and constructive goodwill by which alone estrangements and antagonisms are to be overcome."

From Here and There

THE PRICE OF EMPIRE. [Saturday Evening Post.] The astounding fact is that today the Union Jack flies over more than one-quarter of the land area of the globe. One has heard in addition the claim that "Britannia rules the waves."

I spent a week last September in Devon, in the southwest of England, making headqarters at a village inn high up on the wild and desolate country of Dartmoor. Walking one day down a long sunken road, we came finally to a tiny and ancient village

There was a little public house in which the oak table and benches were black and battered with centuries of use, and a village church the stenework of which would indicate it might date back almost to Norman times. Under a huge yew tree in the old churchyard

stood a new tombstone in the form of a truncated pyramid. On one side of it was cut: "Thomas late Sergeant-Major Royal Artillery," who died in November, 1918, aged 78. On the three other sides were recorded the deaths of the old man's four sons. One had been killed in China some years ago. The three others had fallen in The dates of their deaths marked the progress of the war.

They were all men past the first flush of youth. One had fallen in 1916; one the next year, and the last, a man in his late fortles, had been killed in action in October, less than a month before the

It was no strain on the imagination to picture the paternal veteran of earlier wars standing shock after shock, until, when his last son was killed in Flanders, he, too, gave up the fight. There in that remote and forgotten village

churchyard was written in little for the casual stranger the whole story of the price of empire. Reading it, one realized that what one may call British boastfulness—if he wishes—is based on a solid and sombre foundation of fact.

JOHN BULL NO QUITTER.

Many American papers are making a great fuss over the fact that the United States loaned \$9,450,-000,000 to the Allies during the past five years They are hailing this achievement as an unparal leled feat in finance and are claiming that they

are the world's greatest credit nation. We admit that nine and a half billions is pretty tidy sum, but Uncle Sam must not run away with the idea that he is the whole show. There is sturdy old John Bull, for instance. John go into the fighting game right at the drop of the hat, put an unheard-of number of men into the field swept the Germans from the high seas, supplied his allies with foodstuffs, munitions and moneykept this up for three long years while Uncle Sam hesitated-but while considering whether it "to be or not to be," managed to grow rich out of war debts.

Great Britain, while a borrower in the United States to the extent of \$4,210,000,000, loaned over twice that sum, or \$8.700,000,000, to the Allies. That does not look as if Old Japan was a down-Street was about to go into liquidation.

bearing the burdens of a war-wearied and warwrecked world. He fought with his back to the wall for years putting every ounce of effort into the struggle, and now, when it is all over, he is feeding half of Europe from his meagre stores and policing half of the rest of the wrld. He is a weary Titan, but he is no quitter.

> THE TURKISH HAVEN. [Chicago Tribune.]

Until the Turks were beaten, Turkish control was in Berlin, and the outlawed rulers of Turkey, such as Talaat Pasha, Enver Pasha, etc., remained there or escaped to Berlin. The Turkish conspiracy tit there. Thus India, Asia Minor and North Africa can be kept in threatening unrest with religior and politics, making all territories hot with

IN PRAISE OF THE "TRAVELER! [London Daily Express.]

To argue that it is opposed to the cause of true religion to interfere with the British Sunday is profoundly to mistake both the elements of true religion and the moral force of a tedious Sabba-tarianism strangely distorted from the teachings Christ. Religion is not really a Sunday suit. religion is to play its high part in our modern life, the churches must rescue its spiritual and vitalizing truth from the drab indifferentism in which convention and hypocrisy have swamped it. The British Sunday is a deadening sham. neither fills the churches nor empties the soul of wickedness. Sunday games in the parks would be healthy, wise and democratic. They ought to be

POLITICIANS WILL REMAIN.

Various publications, the Saturday Evening Post, Life, the New York World, are vigorously denouncing politicians and all their works. They desire to take the government away from all politicians whatsoever at the next election. Of course, It does us good occasionally to free our minds that way. But when we get back to earth we know there have got to be politicians, and will be. Politics is the science of government, and politicians are the men who apply the science, more or less successfully, to the practical business of governing, The big thing is not to get rid of them, but to surprise of the German siege guns, their heavy | ing would insure the peace of the world so | induce the right sort of men to become politicians.

moaning through the bare trees. Very just how greatly they had erred. And often his thoughts would stray away he intended to show them that he had back to the far-away days when he the law behind him. If they refused

"It do not, sir. You surely are 'ell, you have something?"

Dick would grin foolishly and shake his head.
"I'm thinkin', sir, as I don't know hanythink t' say, sir," he would remark. "I like t' 'ear you talk about what you know to be a fact, sir, an' beggin' your pardon, prefer t' listen, sir."
"You are, sir."
"And you think they'll find it out—you do, don't you?"
"It's awful to have only a thick-skulled tartar, sir. They'll wish th' 'eavens would arise to trouble him. But many and many nights these would fall and cover 'em, sir, I'm thoughts would arise to trouble him. But many and many nights these would fall and cover 'em, sir, I'm thinkin'."
Dick would grin foolishly and shake his head.
"I'm thinkin', sir, as I don't know hanythink t' say, sir," he would remark for that big halry McTavish, or match fo

At such times Dick would listen attentively and vouchsafe no remark.

Experience had taught him that silence was solden. The Colonel would shake his head, relight his pipe, and go on.

The manufacture of my hounds. They claim I would remark they were, before allowing anybody else to run into danger.

I know they never did like me on actions of my hounds. They claim I would remark the would shake hear thereof the portrait on the wife of murant. And after his dream hem who had broken the law. They well knew that he, Colonel Hallibut, arise and stand before the portrait on the wall. All men have their little that he could not fulfill. As for their flower gardens of memory—Colonel Hallibut, it is lay away back among the far hills.

"If she only had not gone," he would murant. "If she only had not gone, he would murant. "If she only had not gone, he would murant. "If she only had not gone, he would murant. "If she only had not gone, he would murant." If she only had not gone, he would murant. "If she only had not gone, he would murant. "If she only had not gone, he would murant." If she only had not gone, he would not fulfill. As for their flower gardens of memory—Colonel Hallibut, says a drive all stand before the portrait on the wall. All men have their little that he could not fulfill. As for their flower gardens of memory—Colonel Hallibut, says a drive all stand before the portrait on the would awaken slowly, and sighing.

The would awake

now. Fact is, I'm going down to have it out with those murderers in Bush-whackers' Place. I'm going alone, but I'm going loaded for trouble. I'll take my pistols and the double-barreled rifle. If I don't come back in two days you had better come and look for me."

"How are you. Colonel Hallibut?" he

"Sprague, you old beggar, you're glad it's spring, aren't you? Hello, Nell, what are you doing away from your puppies at this time of day? Poor old Jep—come on, old chap. Ha, ha, he's a good-for-nothing old codger, he is."

He walked over to the course of the He walked over to the corner of the

"How are you, Colonel Hallibut?" he "Lor'!" breathed Dick, starting.
"There, now, you needn't get scared."
laughed the colonel. "I'm going out at least not in the flesh," rejoined the now to say good-bye to the dogs. Get Tom out as soon as you can."

"How are you, Colonel Hallibut?" he said.
"Why, I hardly expected to see you, laughed the colonel, ignoring the hand. "Haven't found that six hundred in any of your

"How are you, Colonel Hallibut?" he

Tom out as soon as you can."

Hallibut walked to the dog kennels.
Yelps and whines besought him as he passed along, but his head was bowed and he did not call out, as was his friends. Instead, he bent and patted each of those wistfulfaced brutes that nosed and rubbed against him, speaking to each in an undertone of forced joility.

Tom out as soon as you can."

Found that six hundred in any of your pockets, I suppose?"

Watson started.

"I have not," he answered sullenly, a slow flush dyeing his face. "I don't hope to, either. You know, of course, that the Bushwhackers stole the money."

"So you said in your touching letter," replied the colonel, "but I expert you to respect you to rever cent of it.

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LOVE OF THE WILD BY ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE. Dack to the lar-away days when he roamed the hills and valleys of the land where he had held and lost his happiness. As he dreamed, his head would motion that would speedily make them. He did not believe for a moment that bend lower on his breast and his hand would unconsciously tighten on the arm of his chair. And after his dream who had broken the law. They he would awaken slowly, and sighing well knew that he Colonel Hellihot.

out just what they were, before allowing anybody else to run into danger. I know they never did like me on account of my hounds. They claim I slaughtered the deer and fox, and I thought it policy to keep out of their That's the kind of rubbish I get when way. I have nothing in common with to their timber I naturally thought that to the better than I could deal with how well they've succeeded. Watson has been nearly killed and robbed of its hundred dollars. At least he says man? Does it?—answer me, sir,"

Dick would grin foolishly and shake

Jana tell her what I intend to with those bushwhackers. He wouldn't with those bushwhackers. He wouldn't for if only I had gone with her. Dear little Phoebe, my heart gets hungry for you, and now I can only lead you along in the old paths of fancy, girl."

And the pictured face would grow wistful and he would whisper:

The part you knew and owned of their man is all right, girl. I'm not such a bad chap; I'm a big bluff, just a big bluff, i remember, dear, even though the joy of memory is painful. Glimpses at hough I was a kind-hearted gentleman. He's little Phoebe, my heart gets hungry for you, and now I can only lead you along in the old paths of fancy, girl."

And the pictured face would grow wishing the tothink that he was afraid.

All night long to think that he was afraid.

All night long to the rain, anticipating that of which the elements had deprived him bad chap; I'm a big bluff, just a big bluff, i remember, dear, even though the joy of memory is painful. Glimpses at hough I was a kind-hearted gentleman. He's little Phoebe, my heart gets hungry for you, and now I can only lead you along in the old paths of fancy, girl.

The part you knew and owned of or for three long months. As the night was a depart of the rain, anticipating that of which the elements had deprived him bad chap; I'm a big bluff, just a bi

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