

# London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.

**MORNING EDITION.**  
City, 12c per week. Outside, By Mail, \$4.00 per year.  
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**THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.**  
London, Ont., Wednesday, Nov. 6.

**M.P.'S AND THE VICTORY LOAN.**  
HERE ARE all the great political leaders during the Victory Loan campaign? Where are the elected members who went through the country exhorting the farmers to vote for duty's sake and return them to Parliament? Are they to be found in positions of leadership in the campaign? Not conspicuously so.

One would think if there were any body of men to whom the "putting over" of the Victory Loan should be a first consideration, those men are the members of Parliament. They are not overworked in the country's behalf. It is a long time since they sat through most of last session responding to the whip's instructions to vote for certain orders-in-council. There has been no tremendous work thrown upon their shoulders. But their voices, so loud and so full of urging to duty at the time of the last election, are unheard today except in exceptional cases.

Why are the rural members not spending their time to advance the loan in the ridings from which they come? It is in the country districts that organization of an effective kind is most difficult. The member for the riding is the best-known and "biggest" man in his constituency, or should be. He has organized the riding thoroughly for political purposes. When the votes were needed he had his henchmen in dug-outs at every crossroads, and when meetings were required to advance the interests of his campaign, his district chairmen and secretaries were untiring in their efforts to drum up a big attendance and to set the community throbbing with enthusiasm.

But where are these rural members now? They must be aware of the fact that many of the rural communities are lagging behind in their subscriptions to the Victory Loan. Farmers are being canvassed in a somewhat haphazard way, and the story is being brought to the city that they are refusing in large numbers to take any share of the loan. They have not been assured that the leaders of all political parties are urging that the Victory Loan be subscribed, and they have little leadership from the men who represent them at Ottawa. The men who approach the farmers are frequently paid canvassers from the city organizations, and it is with difficulty that they secure the sympathy of the man on the land.

The farmers of Western Ontario should be the first to subscribe to the loan. They are the owners of the land. The conditions which obtain in the whole country affect the welfare of their calling first of all. They have been prosperous; and they must realize that the Victory Loan is as much a necessary part of prosecuting the war and financing demobilization after the war as the actual participation of the soldiers in the line. The country must have money, and every man, farmer and city dweller alike, should give his money. He is offered a gilt-edged security should greatly increase in value, making the 6 per cent mortgage seem an indifferent investment.

The rural member shows himself a self-seeking politician when he takes no work of leadership in assisting the Victory Loan. His very alary depends upon the success of the campaign. He was very active when votes were the chief objective; but now when his country is needing money instead of his party needing votes he is "resting between sessions" fearful, no doubt, of objecting himself to the influenza germs or of being too many questions regarding the conduct of the Government. By his inaction he stamps himself as a soldier of his party rather than as a soldier of his country.

If Victory Loan is to go over in the country districts, if the farmers are not to be reproached by those more deserving of reproaches, there must be a speeding up of the machine that gathers the dollars in the rural communities. Let the armers respond! We are all pulling together in common cause, and the credit of the country, our own guarantees, stand behind the loan. Not a spirit of grasping for a highly desirable investment, but in the spirit of performing a service to Canada, the Canada of which YOU are citizen, should the country districts roll up their allotments!

Surely the ministers and members of Parliament should be doing more in the Victory Loan campaign. Apart from a stereotyped message or a big "hurrah" at Toronto one week or Sunday the country has had nothing in the way of an inspiring message from the cabinet ministers or the premier himself. At Queen's park, Toronto, a 3-ringed circus was held on the Sabbath Day. Sir Robert Borden was advertised to have three bands, while Mr. Rowell, in a spirit of noble self-sacrifice, contented himself with only two. Step this way ladies and gentlemen! The man who destroyed the demon rum will be found on the left, while the premier, back from his vacation, will be found in the big ring surrounded by massed bandmen! You won't do any business if you haven't got a band, as George Cohan would say, so here's a chance to gather any thousands and stir them up for the Victory Loan, even if the regulations say there shall be public gatherings during the epidemic! And while we do not know how many of the small villages will buy Victory Bonds, it looks like a big shot to the country, and the bands will put the people in a mellow mood for the speeches. Ranging from the premier down, with three bands, cabinet might have been arrayed with valuations musically expressed, until Hon. Tom Crofts was observed, flanked by a tin whistle and bass drum. Of course, the idea of matching music with mightiness was not thus carried out. Mr. Rowell was certainly magnanimous when took one band less than Sir Robert Borden. It is a ripping affair, but it was not a travelling circus, and it closed down after the one Toronto

outburst. The country has been "carrying on" despite the fact that the cabinet suspended operations immediately after the Toronto meeting. The "jazz" band idea was fine, but the hard work of the fellows on the city streets and the crosslines is the thing that is putting over the loan. Quite proper to say that this isn't the affair of the Government, but of the count. Thank God for the country!

## THE KAISER'S TORTURE.

**WILLIAM THE WOULD-BE** Conqueror may survive the war. One cannot predict that the Allies will draw and quarter him or boil him in oil. His life is not forfeit according to the terms so far laid down. Once removed from the throne of Germany, he will probably be ignored.

A man without a country, he is going to be much misunderstood. Something is going to be gnawing at his heart in all the years he may live. He is not simply a sinner who has erred in human frailty. He is a calculating, cold-blooded murderer, one who has betrayed every instinct of decency. The world's people may punish him terribly by passing him by as they would a leper—and one must remember that not even a leper is sufficiently abhorrent a creature by which to measure the Kaiser. The Kaiser and his brood will suffer from a disease of the mind, a slow malady that longs for the compassion denied others. "So writhes the mind remorse has given." In a fearful loneliness of spirit he will wander like a lost spirit until a death more merciful than man has claimed his tortured soul.

## REINCARNATION?

**THE "ALL HIGHEST"** has expressed his intention of deserting his "sorely tried" people and visiting one Baron von Kleist at Chateau Buonas on the Lake of Zug.

Surely Switzerland will rise from her neutral torpor when confronted with so serious a menace to her peaceful civilization, and disallow the symbol of "frightfulness" to crystallize itself in the hearts of her faithful "bourgeoisie."

But perchance Switzerland may do the crystallizing! From Mount Pilatus, the watchdog of Lucerne, one can turn one's eyes eastward, and, passing over Lake Lucerne on beyond the crouching form of the Rigi, view the ribbon-like strip of Lake Zug.

Blessed with the glories of a late autumn day no sight could be more impressive, no sight more conducive to the bringing about of a contrite heart and the resultant confession of its sins against humanity and God.

There it may commune with a nature emblematic of the sixth commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," and ere long the diabolical scales falling from the eyes may reveal the handwriting on the wall, "Thou shalt not covet."

Then, and then only, may he entreat of the Creator, and in the words of the Publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

In the game of war the victor is the umpire.

Victory Bonds will make a rope to make the peace bell peal.

The anthems of the coming Christmas may have a real ring of peace.

Recent triple plays—Wilson to Clemenceau to Lloyd George; Pershing to Foch to Haig.

The Kaiser seems to get more sympathy from the Milners, et al., than from most people in his own country.

Karl Liebknecht is the kind of rebel who cannot be labelled traitor. He went to prison in order that his country might benefit.

Please don't waste apples or vegetables, Mr. Farmer. Any spare produce will be gratefully received by the Soldiers' Aid or the city institutions.

Those brickbat cracksmen who plucked a few diamonds from a Dundas street window Tuesday morning were responding to the impulse to do one's Christmas shopping early.

The army that fought and routed Spanish influenza and saved scores of lives gets no decorations, but men and women alike, they have earned an honored place in the history of the city and province.

London's soldiers staged an enlivening parade last night to advance the interests of the Victory Loan. They gave a touch of the kind of celebration we may expect when German surrender has been received.

## A NEW HYMN OF HATE.

(With Apologies to Herr Ernst Lissauer.)

[London Evening News.]

England, although we have said before  
That our hate for thee is a boundless store,  
There is nothing like making the matter plain.  
So now we propose to say it again.  
Hate of the heart, do you understand?  
Hate of the head and hate of the hand,  
Hate of the sausage and hate of the beer  
(We hope we are making our feelings clear).  
Compared to this hate our hate for France  
Is hardly so much as a circumstance.  
Yes, we will give you our solemn pledge  
That our hate for you is the absolute edge.  
England!

Hate! That's what we are driving at.  
Hate of the dachshund and hate of the cat.  
Hate for a nation that keeps its word.  
A course which is palpably most absurd.  
Hate for the traitors that struck us down  
As we were annexing the Belgian Crown.  
Hate for the curs that espoused the right  
When we had decided they would not fight.  
Hate for the cowards who won't be scared  
By the mighty forces our land prepared.  
Who valued their pride far more than polt.  
Come now, aren't you ashamed of yourself,  
England?

But the thing that worries us all a bit  
Is the fact that hate doesn't score a hit:  
It doesn't appear to make you blench  
Or hustle one Tommy out of his trench.  
Our hate may burn with a steady flame,  
But we don't seem to lick you, all the same!  
And though in our Kaiser's eye there gleams  
A hate that is double-sewn in the seams,  
A hate that is guaranteed the best  
A hate that has burned in a human breast.  
You treat it as if it wasn't there—  
That's why we hate you. You're so unfair,  
England!

## HYPOCRISY THEIR COMMON FACTOR.

(New York Globe.)

Eraberger is a clerical and poses as a highly religious Christian who thinks much of the world to come, while Scheldmann is an agnostic who is concerned only about the materialities of this world. But common hypocrisy level their religious differences. Cleric and agnostic meet on the common ground that deceit is profitable. The two both members of the alleged "popular" government that the Kaiser has drawn out of his hat, constitute a team who pull about equally for Kaiserism.

# BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE MCLUKE

(Copyright, 1918.)

That Fum Staff.

If you have a funny ache,

It's the Flu!

If you're weary when you wake,

It's the Flu!

Is your memory off the track?

Is your liver out of whack?

Are the ridges on your back?

It's the Flu!

Are there spots before your eyes?

It's the Flu!

Are you fatter than some guys?

It's the Flu!

Do your teeth hurt when you bite?

Do you ever have a fright?

Do you want to sleep at night?

It's the Flu!

Are you thirsty when you eat?

It's the Flu!

Have you bunions on your feet?

It's the Flu!

If you feel a little ill,

Send right for Dr. Phil.

He will say, despite his skill:

It's the Flu!

He won't wait to diagnose,

It's the Flu!

Hasn't time to change his clothes,

It's the Flu!

For two weeks he's had no rest,

Has no time to make a test,

So he'll class you with the rest—

It's the Flu!

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie—Paw what is the difference

between plain and simple?

Paw—Well, a man may admit that

he is plain, but he won't admit that

he is simple, my son.

You Know Him.

He is one of those gabby jokes,

A spasm of Oswald Bears;

And he wastes his time telling folks

That they should not waste theirs.

Ouch!

"What is there in this world that

causes as much trouble and misery as

whiskey?" demanded the prohibition-

ist.

"Marriage," replied the rummy.

Finding Them Out.

"Some men are crooked, there's no

doubt."

Remarkable Old Uncle Will.

"And if you want to find them out,

Call on them with a bill."

Notice!

If the smart Aleks in the club will

promise not to turn any mice loose,

Elizabeth May Jump, of Ft. Myers,

Fla., will join the ranks.

Our Joe Miller Contest.

Mike Sullivan claims that the oldest

joke is the one about the fellow who

popular air.

She felt she really ought

to make some arrangements to return

the fare advanced.

"Do you really want to repay me?"

he again interrupted, very excitedly,

as if against his better judgment. And

without giving her an opportunity to

answer: "I've an invitation to a dance

tonight. I should like to know if you

will go with me?"

Madeline looked around the car.

There were no other passengers, and

she laughed out loud. "Sure," she

smiled answered.

The lady had never seemed so short,

and both commented on the fact.

It was just a moment before that the

lady had happened, and here they

were already entering the spacious

foyer from which, in the adjoining

room, the dancing floor was being

kept excellent rhythm with the

opinion, who was not always certain

if he was in two-four or three-

four time. Madeline prouetted around

on tiptoe, her eyes shining with excite-

ment.

The officer watched the pretty girl

admiringly. The opening notes of the

first number startled him from his gaze

and with a guilty look of having been

caught he led her into the hall. And

prayer of gratitude over the poi-

sitive floor Madeline uttered a silent

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practiced medicine with indifferent

success, and then studied law and

practiced it with no better results. A

friend asked this wife, whether he

was a better lawyer than he was a

doctor, and she replied: "Well, all the

lawyers claims that he is a good doc-

tor, and all the doctors claim that he

is a good lawyer."

Great Scheme.

"Don't you heat your street cars in

winter in this town?" asked the

stranger.

"Now," replied the motorman. "The

passengers get hot because we won't

give them any heat."

The Limit.

A careful man is Daniel Dent,

As he paid you a compliment,

He'd ask for a receipt.

—Luke McLuke.

Another careful man that we

Have met is Abner Grote;

If he lent you attention, he

Would want to take your note.

—Newark Advocate