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THE LONDON ADVERTISER
COMPANY, LIMITED.
London, Ont., Friday, October 13.

TIME FOR A CHANGE.

HON. GEORGE P. GRAHAM sounded an indignant protest that has been locked in the breasts of many Canadians, when, at the Liberal banquet on Wednesday night, he censured the present premier for the latter's failure to call Sir Wilfrid Laurier into his cabinet for the duration of the war. No Liberal in hearing of Mr. Graham's voice was so poor-spirited as to think that the former minister's protest was born of a desire to acquire place and consideration for the Liberal leader. From a partisan viewpoint the Government, if it were honest and unwilling to play the hole-in-corner game it has played, would have strengthened its hand and lengthened its term of office by inviting Sir Wilfrid to join its ministry. But Premier Borden has none of the size of an Asquith; he could not see that a summons to the best men in the country to serve in his cabinet in war time would have shown capacity and strength. He kept his opportunity as a miser keeps his gold, unwilling that others should assist him and make him appear great and generous.

Surrounded by advisers containing some of the poorest specimens of statesmen that ever formed a cabinet, Rogers, Hughes, Cochrane, Blomfield, Crothers, et al.—he has afforded a spectacle of weakness and inaction, which has been a force for harm at the present time in all parts of the Dominion. In the power of Hughes, with his Camp Borden, his Allison, his bragging and his bullying, permitting Rogers to flaunt his cheap transparent tricks in the face of the public, appointing Nationalists to cabinet rank, permitting Quebec to go unasked for recruits for almost two years, failing to cut off the dragging anchors that have held back the nation, it is time that he should ask the people of Canada in the face of all these and many other disgusting conditions, if they approve of him.

A trace in politics? It requires two to observe a trace. The federalist of the Conservative press have never ceased to deal in treacherous attack. They have attempted to slander every Liberal in public life by methods that will match the methods of the Germans. When the Liberals revealed the extent of rottenness in war contracts, treason of the most despicable character, and indicted upon the showing up of incompetence, they were told to obliterate themselves and hold their tongues. But for the Liberals Canada would still be wallowing in graft and sacrificing the lives of native sons for the enrichment of those in high favor. Pure contracts come to Canada today; Porter, Garland, Folliott and Allison are no more.

The defeat of the present administration is conceded at Ottawa. But why should a government guilty of the squandering of millions be permitted to hold office longer? It is time that the country should express itself against all of the dastardly practices in "tones of thunder."

WHAT HUGHES KNOWS.
RETURNING to Canada in a subdued frame of mind, it would seem apparent that Sir Sam Hughes knows that:
That his bosom friend ex-Cat. J. Wesley Allison was removed in disgrace from the Canadian army and can never again regain his opportunity to make hundreds of thousands of dollars at the expense of the British people.
And this:
That the conditions under which troops were sent to Camp Borden were such as to injure recruiting prospects and to drive thousands of men away from the army and that Hughes' pagans are not tolerated by the Canadian people.

Also this:
That P. B. Carvell, E. P. Kaye to the Canadian people the measure of Sir Sam Hughes and that at the next session the fate of J. Wesley Allison will be recalled for the benefit of the minister of militia.

THE KINGS.

IT HAS BEEN A popular cry with more or less pro-German Americans that the war is the work of "the kings." This superficial view is calculated to go down with the ordinary American Tom, Dick and Harry, who know no more about European affairs than, say, Mr. Ford, whose fate has been taken up more with machinery and money-making than with geography, history and foreign politics.

"Yes," said a naturalized Portuguese-American barber, flourishing his razor, "it's all them — kings doing." "Oh, but," answered his pro-Ally patient, Portugal is in the war, and it was rid of its king years ago."

It is fairly clear that the one sovereign who made the war was his imperial and insane majesty of Germany. He may deny this, but he certainly has never himself accused his cousin, George of England, or his old friend, the Czar, or the last king of France, who died a long time ago, of "attacking" him. Americans who in their simple-mindedness or heartless pro-Germanism affect to fix the responsibility for everything on "the kings" should ask Wilhelm

about it. Neither he nor any of his subjects entertains such a theory. The hate chorus is directed against England, Grey, Churchill, Kitchener, Lloyd George, any despot, well-bred, effective and prominent British subject rather than against king or czar. The Germans know very well that no sovereign other than their own, with the Austrian Emperor as auxiliary, made the war, but while the hyphenates in the United States lend some fostering assistance to the king theory in general, their friends in Europe pretend that the British, French and other nations have "attacked" them. They don't blame "the kings."

It is plain that the people of Great Britain, France and Italy resisted a king's aggression. Many Americans have trouble in ever getting through their heads that George III. does not yet reign in England, that France has forgotten all about kings, and is more democratic than the United States or even Great Britain, and that Italy is virtually a republic. As for Bulgaria, a king there doubtless dragged his people into the war to help the German kings, his friends. But the people of Greece are kept out of the war, where their honor has long called them, by a traitor sovereign. No general theory of a king-made war will stand a moment's investigation, and yet it is true that great masses of the American people still think that but for "the kings" all would be well. The one correction necessary to make to their view is that the Teuton kings with their militarist cliques forced this war on the self-governing nations. Insert in "the kings" the word Teuton and an essentially pro-German lie becomes the truth.

GERMANY'S WEAKNESS.

"What I saw there (at Potsdam) would, if it were known to the German people, shake the very foundation of the empire."

S O SAYS D. THOMAS CURTAIN of Boston, who witnessed the arrival of the shattered Prussian Guard after it had been cut to pieces by the British at Contalmaison. But that little word "if" is the key to Germany's present attitude of faith in her armies.

The Kaiser's hordes may be beaten, they may retreat, they may even flee in disorder, but the people must not know of it, and so long as the knowledge of disasters is kept from the nation at large, so long will confidence remain in ultimate victory.

Nevertheless, the fact that the authorities at Berlin are afraid to have the truth known is one of the most encouraging signs of the times. They realize that the boasted unity of the people depends on success and that the national morale is not strong enough to withstand the shock of reverses.

How different is the spirit of the British. Throughout the long dark days of the winter of 1914 and the whole of 1915, they never faltered and only grumbled when they had reason to suspect that the worst was not being told them. The more serious the news, the more steadfast was the determination to carry the struggle through to a glorious victory. Losses have only spurred on to greater effort, and brutalities in the shape of seppelins raids, have steeled the heart.

In Germany it will not always be possible to conceal the truth, but artistic lying may keep the people in good heart for many months. It matters not the mere fact that it is necessary to hide the reverses from the nation proclaims it unfit and unable to win.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The day of the political grafter is drawing near to a close.

The Allies might next take over the Greek army and ignore Constantinople in future.

Irish Unionists want conscription in Ireland. How would it be to give them their desire in Ulster?

Berlin says the Germans are pursuing the Rumanians. They'll be awfully sorry if they accidentally catch up to them.

Ask and ye shall receive is the British people's message to Asquith when he wants war credits. The sky is the limit.

Sir Sam is losing no time. He has arranged a ceremonial review of Camp Borden troops already. He cannot take a hint.

Notice that Hon. Rupert Guinness takes it for granted Canada will have "her own navy." He does not talk of contributions.

The American public is so inconsiderate, it will keep asking President Wilson to prevent submarine piracy off the coast when he is too busy electioneering.

Who can say there is unity in Germany, when political leaders agree that Britain is the most formidable enemy, and the Kaiser declares she is a mere nothing?

No wonder German Socialists want to know what value was received for forty million marks spent on German propaganda in the American papers. No value; they were easy marks.

It should not be overlooked that Washington protested against British warships patrolling near the American coast, and thus cleared the way, unintentionally, for the German submarines. It looks as if it should be Washington's duty to warn off the subs at the least.

ECONOMY.

"Pop, what do we mean by economy?"

"Spending money in such a way as not to get any fun out of it, my son."

SPOILED EVERYTHING.

Henry—It was a case of love at first sight with me.

Richard—Then why didn't you marry her?

Henry—I saw her again on several occasions.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Her Wedding Day

BY ELIZABETH SHIELDS.

For fifteen minutes Cecilia O'Malley, cashier, had tried to count one package of dimes. She pushed the money aside petulantly and dabbed at her face with a speck of handkerchief, then sent a dimpled smile at Murray Kent, who, seated directly before her, was devouring a 10-cent lunch.

In the crowd of messy laborers and factory hands, eating with hats on, sprawling all over the tables, Murray stood out conspicuously. His fair, wavy hair, tanned skin and slenderly-made body radiated health against the background of unwashed, hopeless faces. He ate his soup quietly, sitting upright. Cecilia thrilled at the sight of him. She noted the easy grace with which he handled a fork.

She looked at him through curled lashes and followed his gaze to his yellow automobile, standing outside. Each day he came in just such splendor, leaving the car to tempt and tantalize her. She wanted to run away from the restaurant, to the Third Avenue restaurant.

The day was uncomfortably hot. Just across the street, beyond the yellow sign, was a strip of green grass and trees.

Elaborately nonchalant, Murray Kent finished his meal and came toward the cash desk. With hands deep in the pockets of his grey flannel suit, he stood feasting his eyes on her alluring little body and flushed face, framed in soft brown hair.

"I shall come back for you later with the car," he said. "It's yours for the afternoon, little bird. You're welcome to everything I own."

"You're always making promises to me," protested Cecilia.

"I'll keep this one," he assured her. "We'll drive up Riverside and pick out a flat right now, sweetheart."

Cecilia smiled uncertainly and slowly withdrew her hand, which she had covered with his. "You're rich," she said. "I wouldn't be good enough for your family, I know."

"If you had the same clothes and setting of the rich girls in town—say, what you are wearing, you all over again. Run away from your job for the afternoon. Come with me in the car, won't you?"

"Yes, when I'm through with the lunch hour crowd," she whispered. She turned on him adoring grey eyes. The mystery of something not understood but divinely thrilling, veiled them and trembled in her voice. Leaning toward Murray she exclaimed: "I have beautiful clothes—I bought a lovely pink gown—all lace and tulle and beads. You said you'd get your dad's box at the opera some night. I bought it for that."

A flush opened the man's temples. Cecilia felt too witless with the heat to reply. Suddenly she demanded: "Did he tell you how he happens to have 'S' on the door of his dad's car? Is his right name is Kent?" She laughed at her own silliness.

Cecilia stopped sorting the blue cash checks. A seriously worried look crept into her eyes.

The hot afternoon droned on. Julia was quietly snoring when Murray drove his yellow car to the restaurant at 4 o'clock. Cecilia jumped in beside him.

They turned into Fifth Avenue, straight up to Central Park, crossing to Riverside drive. They dashed past blocks and blocks of apartment houses, but if Murray remembered anything about locating a flat he was trying to forget it in the speed of the car. Cecilia sat in faithless anticipation till the car slowed down on a rugged road, little more than a lane, leading to a narrow street. Murray leaned forward to lift her from the car and the warmth of his face burned into hers as he whispered: "My, you're pretty!" His lips touched her throat.

"Kiss me, sweetheart," he begged, as he held her.

"No," Cecilia answered sharply. "Take me back to Julia."

He ran his fingers through his half-wild hair and took off his hat. "You don't care for me after all, do you?" Cecilia crouched back afraid, not so much of Murray as of herself. Her face flamed as an overpowering impulse came to put her arms about him and press her lips to his. However, she ventured timidly to say, "We forgot to look at apartments, didn't we?" Murray hit his lips and then sent a dazzling smile at her.

"Why live cooped up in a ten-room flat? Wouldn't you rather have a country house, darling? That's it—we'll live in the country!"

"That would be wonderful," Cecilia tried to adjust her puzzled mind, with the nimbleness of Murray's, to a country house and garden. A mist filled her eyes. Her head slipped to Murray's shoulder as he kissed her and pointed in words a rose-covered cottage on the edge of a stream that they were to occupy as soon as he could find it. The moon was shining on the little strip of park opposite the restaurant when Cecilia crept up the front steps and into the house.

At 5 the next morning Cecilia was out of bed. This was her wedding day. On a card inscribed, "Murray Fraser Kent," was scribbled in lead pencil, "Tomorrow morning at 9."

At 6 o'clock Cecilia was at the cash desk and when at 8 o'clock the restaurant was empty, Cecilia threw aside forever the little black apron she wore and she arranged for the last time the blue cash checks of her lifetime.

Cecilia appeared in her softest little summer dress and a summery hat at 9 o'clock and a happy smile in her eyes. She surveyed the crowded Third Avenue block for Murray's blonde head. The hot sun beat down on the pavements and the summer populace mopped its dripping brow. The hands of the clock outside Kraus's jewelry shop slipped slowly around to 10 o'clock.

Julia Schmitt was busy in the big kitchen when at 11, Cecilia, her face white as the marble table tops, tucked her hat under the cash desk. With trembling fingers she tied the black apron strings about her slim waist.

BRITISH ENGAGE IN BATTLE FOR A NEW POSITION

Attack Heights on Bapaume-Peronne Road.

PROGRESS ALREADY MADE

Enemy Shells Trenches In the Neighborhood of Courcellette.

LONDON, Oct. 12.—The British official communication issued tonight reads: "This afternoon we delivered an attack on the low heights which intervene between our front and the Bapaume-Peronne road. We have already secured successes and captured a number of prisoners during the course of the fighting which still continues."

"During the day the enemy shelled heavily our trenches northeast of Le Sars and north of Courcellette."

"Though the weather is unfavorable for aircraft, there has been bombing activity during the last two days by our aeroplanes against enemy lines of communication, and against the railway and the march. One of our machines has not returned."

French Advance.
PARIS, Oct. 12.—(10:15 p.m.)—The French forces fighting to the north of the Somme River in France made progress today in fighting west of Sully-Saltille, according to the official communication issued tonight. South of the river there was great activity by the artillery of both the French and the Germans.

"The text reads: 'North of the Somme we progressed today by the artillery of both the French and the Germans.'

"In the Vosges by a successful surprise attack we captured eleven prisoners. Our artillery bombarded an asphalted gas manufacturing near Mulhausen, starting a great fire."

SPLENDID RACES ARE FEATURE IN WINGHAM

Largest Crowd in History at Adjoined Event—About 4,000.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

WINGHAM, Oct. 12.—The largest crowd ever seen at Wingham Fair was in attendance today when the adjourned event was concluded. From early in the morning the roads poured in from all directions. As the morning advanced automobiles supplemented the horse-drawn conveyances and the trains added a large quota. It is estimated that upwards of 4,000 people were on the grounds and they came from a radius of 35 miles.

The program was enacted as announced in Thursday morning's Advertiser.

The hotels were all filled, but the accommodation was ample and everybody was satisfied. There were no accidents to mar the day.

The races were the best seen here in many years and the track was in first-class condition. Burnhills of the Lehigh Valley and Kitchener of Wingham were the starting jockeys.

The results:
2:30 Trot or Pace (Hobbies Allowed).
John Boy, A. Miller.....1 1
Doug Davis, J. Litt.....2 2
Billy Dunlop, J. Alton.....3 3
Clintworth Belle, R. Orniston.....4 4
W. J. B. Ormiston.....5 5
2:50 Trot or Pace (Hobbies Barred).
Mac Doyle, A. E. Loutitt.....1 1
Topsy Todd, C. Muldon.....2 2
J. M. P. Corrie.....3 3
Philip Admiral, L. O. Charlesworth.....4 4
Philip Border, P. Scott.....5 5
Miss Sphinx, W. J. Ormiston.....6 6
2:40 Trot.
San Toy, Wm. Holman, Monkton.....1 1
Toddy Doocey, J. W. Pinky, Streator.....2 2
Andy Rodick, A. Rosenberry, Hensall.....3 3
This was the best race of the day.

Brownie, J. Miller.....1 1
Daisy Sidney, W. N. Henry.....2 2
Sailor Boy, J. C. Higgins.....3 3
J. M. P. Corrie.....4 4
The baby contest was won by Mrs. David Findlay's baby.

Wingham citizens band delighted the fair patrons with a lavish program of excellent music.

The concert in the evening drew a capacity house.

SHOCK.
GALT.
Pte. George Rispin.

WOUNDED AND MISSING.
OWEN SOUND.
Gunner W. A. Bishop.

MISSING.
SARNIA.
Pte. Arthur John Allan.
Geo. J. Cooper.

TILLSONBURG.
Pte. Richard Craven.

STRANGE HORSE BREAKS WINGHAM MAN'S LEG

Robert Sturdy Painfully Injured While at Work.


WINGHAM, Oct. 12.—Robert Sturdy, hostler at the Queen's Hotel, suffered a broken leg toward noon today, the result of being kicked by a strange horse which he was attending. The horse belonged to one of the patrons of the fair. Mr. Sturdy's leg was broken below the knee. He is in the hospital.

JUDGE ORDERS REFUND OF POLL TAX MONEY

[Special to The Advertiser.]

INGERSOLL, Oct. 12.—At a sitting of the division court today before His Honor Judge Wallace of Woodstock a case of considerable interest was brought on behalf of a number of foreigners, who a few weeks ago, after they quit working on the streets for McElie & Campaigne, contractors, had their wages garnished for poll tax.

The \$5 and costs in each case were collected. The judge ruled that the proper way to have collected the money was by seizure upon their chattels, and the money will have to be refunded by the municipality to the men, with the costs of the action.



LUSCIOUS the pie that Elizabeth made,
Crisp was the crust and of delicate shade,
Never a flake of it soggy or sour.
Art, a good oven and Purity Flour.

PURITY FLOUR

"MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD"

CLINTON BOY DIES OF PNEUMONIA AT FRONT

[Special to The Advertiser.]

CLINTON, Oct. 12.—D. S. Cluff received the sad news this morning of the death of his son, Pte. George Newman Cluff, who was serving with the 3rd Canadian Divisional Supply Column of the Mechanical Transport, of pneumonia. Pte. Cluff enlisted in Clinton in February of this year, leaving for the front about the middle of April, where he had been in the thick of it most of the time since, but in all his letters home, excepting his last, written September 25, in which he said that for the first time since going overseas he was not feeling as well as usual, he always expressed himself as "never being as well and happy in his life, and proud of the chance to do his bit."

Capt. McTaggart Wounded.
Word was also received that Capt. Broder McTaggart of the 3rd Artillery.

How To Make a Good Hair Tonic at Home

If you have been using hair tonics purchased ready-made at the drug stores, you can probably save some money and get a great deal better results by using the following recipe, which has been remarkably successful in stopping loss of hair and making new hair grow on bald and thin spots. Anyone can easily make it at home. Simply mix 2 oz. of Lavona De Composes with 6 oz. of pure Bay Rum and then add one-half ounce of menthol crystals and a little perfume if desired. The preparation should be well shaken and then allowed to stand a few hours before using. All these ingredients can be obtained from any well-stocked drug store. In applying be sure to not merely wet the hair, but rub the tonic right into the scalp as the ability to grow new hair depends entirely upon its nourishment being absorbed by your hair roots. This preparation has been widely used for years, and is entirely harmless and will not make the hair greasy or sticky. Ladies should be careful not to apply to face or where hair is not desired. G. L. B. Binghamton, N. Y.—Advt.

CUNARD LINE

CANADIAN SERVICE.
MONTREAL TO LONDON
(Via Falmouth.)

From London, From Montreal,
OCT. 14 ASCANIA OCT. 31
CABIN AND THIRD-CLASS.

MONTREAL TO BRISTOL
(Avonmouth Dock.)

From Bristol, From Montreal,
SEPT. 26 FELTRIA OCT. 17
OCT. 3 FOLIO OCT. 24
CABIN PASSENGERS ONLY.

For information apply local ticket agent or The Robert Reford Company, Limited, general agents, 50 King street east, Toronto.

Traction Company

EFFECTIVE SEPTEMBER 17.
To St. Thomas and Port Stanley—7:30 a.m., 9:30, 11:30, 1:30 p.m., 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:15 p.m.

To Tempo, 4:30. To St. Thomas, 6:15 p.m. and 11:15 p.m.

Sunday cars marked with a star.

Word was also received that Capt. Broder McTaggart of the 3rd Artillery.

LONDON AND PORT STANLEY RAILWAY

EFFECTIVE OCTOBER 1.

To Port Stanley: 6:20, 8:20, 10:20 a.m., 12:20, 3:20, 5:20, 7:20, 9:20 p.m.

To St. Thomas: 6:20, 8:20, 10:20, 12:20, 3:20, 5:20, 7:20, 9:20 p.m.

Heavy type denotes no local stops between London and St. Thomas.

*Daily, except Sunday.

Washington-Baltimore

From all points in Ontario through tickets may be secured via Buffalo on

THE WASHINGTON

Nightly through train of sleeping cars and coaches, over Lehigh Valley-Reading-Baltimore-Ohio Railroads.

LEAVE LONDON 2:00 P.M.

The ideal route to the Capital of the United States.


Equally good service in opposite direction.

Lehigh Valley Railroad

"The Route of The Black Diamond"

O.10.13.14.18.24.30.27.14.

A small section of a telephone switchboard, showing the advantage of a pause between the hundreds and the tens in calling a number.



When the Operator Says "One Two-Six Three"

No doubt you have noticed the way the telephone operator repeats numbers. When, for example, you ask for "One Two-Six Three," she repeats "One Two Six Three," pausing just a fraction of a second between the hundreds and the tens.

There's a real reason for this practice:

The switchboard before which the telephone operator sits is honey-combed with tiny holes, each the termination of a subscriber's line. These holes are in sections of one hundred. To locate "1263," the operator first finds the section labelled "12" and then the "63" hole in that section.

Careful tests have proved that this method of repeating numbers tends to prevent mistakes, and, as the operator more readily locates the required number on the switchboard, it helps to speed up your service.

You can help the operator in her efforts to give you quicker service by adopting this new style in calling telephone numbers.

The Bell Telephone Co. OF CANADA.



Don't take a chance.



SEAL BRAND COFFEE

CHASE & SANBORN

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