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

TIME FOR A CHANGE.

HON. GEORGE P. GRAHAM, seated in an indignant protest that has been locked in the Liberal benches at the Liberal banquet of 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 his cabinet in the country to serve in his best men in war time would have shown capacity and strength. He kept his opportunity as a miser. Keeping 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, Blain, 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 cast 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 truce in politics? It requires two to observe a truce. The Ishmaelites 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 well match the methods of the Germans. When the Liberals revealed the extent of rottenness in war contracts, treason of the most despicable character, and insisted 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. Puse contracts come to Canada today: Foster, Gardiner, Follier 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 this:

That his bosom friend ex-Col. 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 induce recruiting prospects and to drive thousands of men away from the army and that Hughes parents are not tolerated by the Canadian people.

Also this:

That P. B. Carvell, K. P., gave to the Canadian people the measure of Sir Sam Hughes and that at the next session the fate of J. Wesley Allison will be decided 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 time 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 not of its king years ago."

It is fairly clear that the one sovereign who made the war was his Imperial and estate 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 Hebertian 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 decent, 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, the Austrian Emperor as auxiliary, made the war, but while the hypocrites 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 Tenth kings with their militarist cliques forced this war on the self-governing nations. Insert in "the kings" the word Tenth 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 zepplin 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 its unit 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.

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

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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 dubbed as, 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 repugnant smells of the Third Avenue restaurant.

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

Elaborately nonchalant, Murray Kent finished his meal and came toward the cash desk. With hands in his pockets today, he came further into the restaurant, till Cecilia clapped her hands in joy.

"In so glad! It's so much nicer not to be rich. I was afraid of that house and garden you talked about."

"There's only two rooms over the garage and gasoline smells are everywhere, but it will be my own home, if you can stand it." He raised her fingers to his lips.

Dejected and miserable, she climbed up on the high stool behind the cash desk. Tense with excitement, Cecilia sat opening packages of money, her grey eyes turned to the street watching automobiles of every color pass by, but no car painted yellow stopped before the door.

"He'll soon be here," she sobbed, as the usual noon-hour rush began. White and forlorn, dumbly she doled out change to the customers.

"Say, Cis, stop day-dreaming," sang the energetic voice of Julia Schmitt. Cecilia's slender fingers grasped blue checks alight, swiftly handing her change. "He was only jollying me." Cecilia bent her head low on the desk. "I didn't understand."

Her eyes bright with unshed tears, Cecilia raised her head and turned to meet the much-battered face and bandaged head of Murray Kent standing hesitatingly in the restaurant door.

She hurriedly turned, her muffled shamefacedly, "Bumped the boss' car into another fellow's and just came from the hospital."

"Your dad's yellow car?" cried Cecilia.

"Let's talk honest, girlie. 'That car belonged to Schaffer, the millionaire. I'm one of the chauffeurs.' He refused to come further into the restaurant, till Cecilia clapped her hands in joy."

"I'm so glad! It's so much nicer not to be rich. I was afraid of that house and garden you talked about."

"There's only two rooms over the garage and gasoline smells are everywhere, but it will be my own home, if you can stand it." He raised her fingers to his lips.

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

Cecilia smiled uncertainly and slowly withdrew her hand, which he had covered with his. "You're rich," she said. "You don't know."

"If you had the same clothes and setting of the rich girls in town—say, what's the use of telling 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 mounted the man's temples. Cecilia opened her box in the summer, but you can wear the dress, girlie. A boyish, impulsive laugh filled the small restaurant. "I'll have Caruso open up for a night on Broadway. His eyes twinkled. Cecilia's lips blushed with the irresponsible gayer of the man's laugh.

"Maybe we'd better go to the movies," she suggested quickly. "I'll go anywhere with you, child. I'm crazy about you."

"I'll return for you at four," he assured her. "I'll be waiting for you at four."

When Murray crawled into the low seat of the car, Julia Schmitt, proprietor, seated herself in the open doorway. "The boiler," she avoided his well-tailored back. "Pays 10 cents for his lunch and spends the afternoon here."

Cecilia felt too wilted with the heat to reply. Suddenly Julia demanded: "Did he tell you how he happens to have 'S' on the door of his dad's car? If his right name is Kent? She laughed at her own shrewdness.

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

The hot afternoon droned on. Julia was quickly 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 looting a flat he was trying to forget it in the speed of the car. Cecilia sat in breathless anticipation till the car slowed down on a rusted road.

Little more than a lane, leading to a narrow passage. 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-witted collar 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 bit his lips and then sent a dazzling smile at her.

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"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 into Murray's shoulder as he kissed her and painted 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 first steps and into the house.

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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 Kranz's jewelry shop slipped slowly toward 10 o'clock.

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