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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, October 18.

THE BRITISH RED CROSS.

LONDON last year contributed \$71,000 to the British Red Cross, and the demand comes again. It is a demand upon our consciences which cannot be denied. It is a privilege for the stay-at-homes to participate in the great struggle to the extent of a few dollars.

Dollars seem to be paltry things at the present hour, yet when spent in the service of mankind, to end the suffering of war, not only temporarily, but for all time, a dollar takes unto itself a soul when spent in such a divine mission.

Seventy-one thousand dollars was London's offering of practical sympathy last year. Why not aim this year for one hundred thousand? It would mean only \$2 for each inhabitant, and surely the rich can shoulder the burden of the poor and make their contributions greater than ever this year.

London's contribution of last year may have saved a thousand lives. The benefit cannot be calculated, but the deed will find place on the imperishable rolls on which all good deeds are inscribed.

A PUBLIC FORUM NEEDED.

LONDON IS much the poorer for lack of a public hall capable of accommodating several thousands of people. At the present time there is no building suitable for large gatherings, such as conventions and political meetings; there is no place where citizens can speak to thousands of fellow citizens and be heard. The city cannot offer free use of a spacious hall to delegates, nor the further facilities that would be provided with such a convention hall. There is no common social centre for the city, and as a result there is no development of civic spirit through the attraction that an imposing and at the same time home-like structure would cause.

The city council is in the mood for building dance halls and restaurants at Port Stanley, and for further expenditures on the railway to the lake. But life is not all serious; it is the fitting that the playful side of human nature should be developed. It is a harmful thing if it is over-developed and a reproach in wartime. Can the men who propose these things have closest to their hearts the first cause of all? London may be giving up too much to the playful, and not giving enough serious consideration to the serious problems of city government.

The Advertiser believes that a great public forum, free to all citizens for all legitimate purposes, would have a quickening effect on the public opinion of the city. The radicals would be attracted and the students of municipal economics would be given an opportunity to expound their theories. The press would do its part. The building would have a broadening influence upon a community that has had few unifying experiences in the last few years.

The public forum made many nations great. It adds to the might of Britain that the oratory of Hyde Park is a safety valve in a great capital. The forum is the antithesis of provincialism and can be made so attractive that it would be a new spring of life to the community. Even if the economy of such a measure were questioned it could be justified on the ground of wartime expenditure. London has no hall for large gatherings who might hear recruiting speeches. There is no structure which in itself will attract citizens to a public meeting.

In arguing for the general necessity of a public hall, The Advertiser has a case in point. Some time ago this newspaper planned to bring to London Mr. Frank Robertson, famous as the greatest "travelogue" man in the world. He has been giving his lectures to thousands of people in Ottawa and Toronto at a nominal charge of ten cents. The Advertiser was to promote the lectures, but was not to receive one cent in return, merely "putting on" the lectures in a spirit of goodwill to the community. Mr. Robertson gave London a date for several weeks. His lectures were to deal with the British Empire, and that they would have been a treat is indicated by the hundreds of thousands who have swarmed to hear him in the other Canadian cities. Mr. Robertson came to London and with Advertiser representatives looked over all the available halls in London. He was reluctantly forced to abandon the London date because the city could not offer a suitable hall, and Toronto is getting him during the time that London was to have had him.

The Federal Square is the natural location for such a building, and the objection would not involve a large outlay, according to architects, not more than \$100,000, in these days of doling out money for dance halls would not be extraordinary, and would be of

great service to the city from the standpoint of assisting the war cause and bringing citizens in general to a better understanding of their problems and finances, as well as adequately housing the many conventions which reach the city in the course of a year. The Advertiser commends the idea to public-spirited men, and trusts that the present council may see fit to initiate the scheme. It would add more than a record of bricks and mortar to its reputation.

LATIN FOLLY.

A SPANISH PROVERB has it that "A fool unless he knows Latin is never a great fool." This does not mean that if a fool knows Latin on top of his folly he is necessarily to be distinguished as a great fool, but of course such is the comic insinuation. It is not intended, perhaps, that to know Latin makes a man a great fool, but that it makes a fool great in his line is quite suggested. He will labor greatly, notably in his vocation.

Is the saying true? We may grant that there is usually some truth in proverbs and this is a proverb that fascinatingly invites inquiry. We need not take the phrase "knows Latin" too strictly; probably all that is meant is "has a smattering of Latin," though a fairly complete knowledge of that heroic language may also be included in the required qualification. Given a fool who knows or can say some Latin, is he the great fool above all fools?

Perhaps our ancient saw that there's no fool like an old fool has some relationship to the Spanish proverb. Wisdom gone wrong is the height of folly, as "lilies that foster smell far worse than weeds." Especially the affectation of wisdom or knowledge, the ostentation of it sets a finish on folly. One who takes himself so seriously as to indulge in Latin must be a choice fool, in the eyes of the vulgar at least, and their opinion counts in the general reckoning.

King James I. of England made a royal fool of himself when he published pedantic treatises on subjects ranging from smoking to his own "divine right." He was something of a "sophomore" as they call the second year men in a college, with reference to their supposed "wise folly." In Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," one of the conspirators remarks contemptuously of Cicero's bearing on a critical occasion, that "he spoke Greek." Greek was to a Roman what Latin is to the Spaniard, a language for show. It is notorious that "book-learned" men are easily led by the nose and childishly open to deception. They are said to be sad fools, though wise in their own opinion.

To take a natural born fool and teach him Latin is like putting a minister's gown on a monkey; you only make him a more ridiculous and obvious monkey. But still he will amuse the world. He will help on gaiety. Fools, even with Latin, have their place and function, as at medieval courts. And the Latin-learned say it is hard to come at, fenced against insult, if a fool must be answered according to his folly. Not everyone can give him Latin back.

OPPOSING FORCES.

"CANADIANS ALL!" is the slogan of a party of Ontario businessmen which has recently invaded Quebec, on invitation, in order to develop greater friendship and better understanding between the French and English races in Quebec and Ontario. The slogan is good and the mission is even better. Close connection and intercourse between the people of the two provinces will do more to banish the so-called Nationalism of Bourassa and to instill real national feeling than all the legislative measures available.

What a pity, though, that while these men are trying to cement together the two races, a certain portion of the Ontario press should be acting as an opposing force and endeavoring with all its might to sever the existing ties and render the growth of others impossible. These raving party organs have not the broad vision of the businessmen; they cannot see beyond party politics and, recognizing the danger to the Conservatives of the close alliance with Bourassa and his fellow Nationalists, they would now try to mend matters by inciting hatred between the races.

The missionary party of businessmen would do well, on returning from Quebec, to pay visits to the offices of some of these traitorous and self-seeking Tory papers, and see if a few converts to the cause cannot there be obtained.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

After British Red Cross day—why not a day for the Belgians?

The railway strike fever was not long in getting across the border.

The casualties are horrible to contemplate; the domination of the Hun would be more horrible.

Why not let Greece stew and send that great Saloniki army to the aid of a real friend, Rumania?

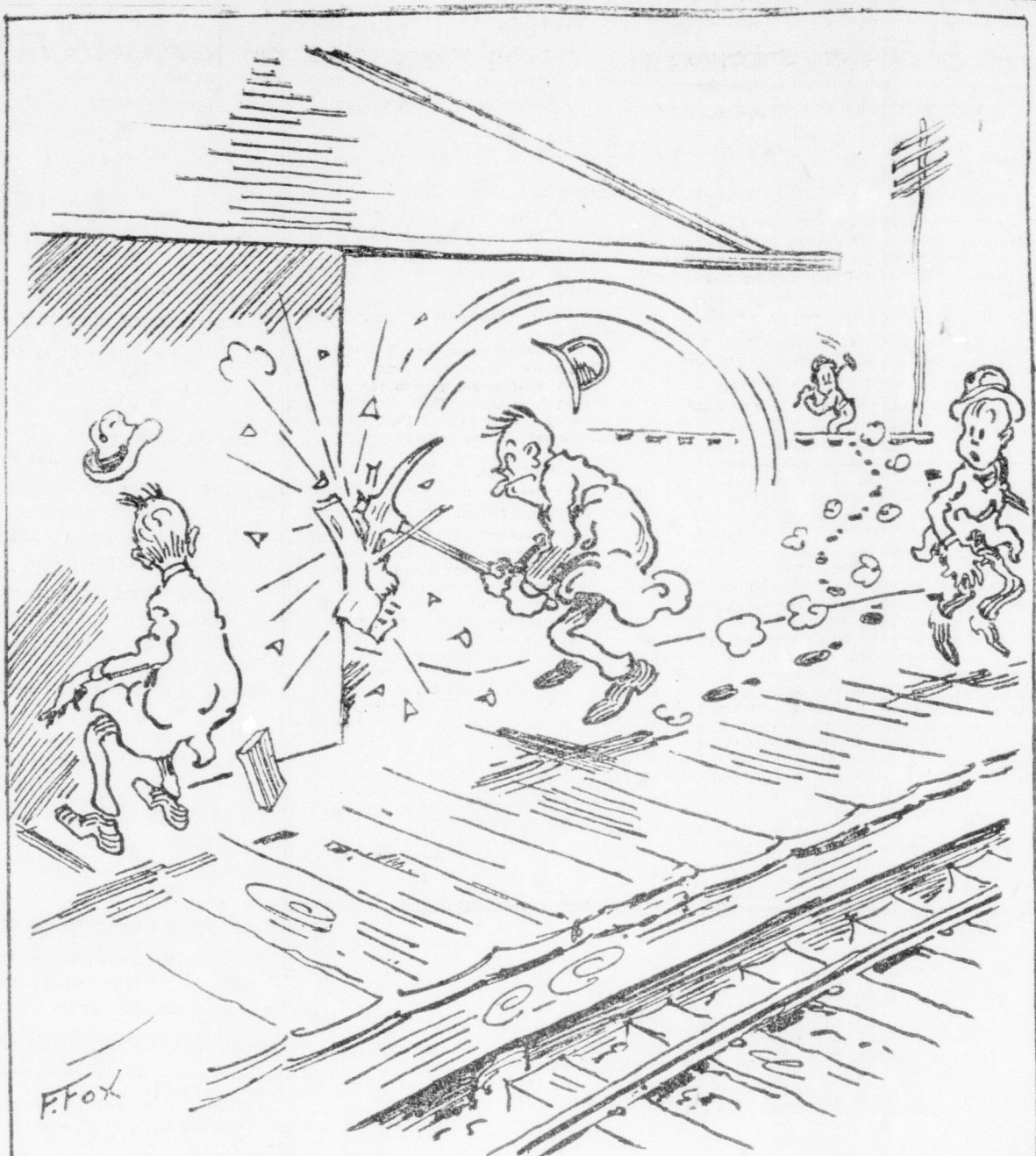
The American Anglicans will eliminate the "Amen" at the end of hymns. Labor-saving devices are being taken up by everyone.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Sees not some noble Belgian slaughtered by the Hun.

The retirement of Hon. Walter Scott as premier of Saskatchewan becomes necessary through failing health. Midwestern County will pay homage to the name of a native son who has honored his county and his country.

The Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang Fixes the Slot Machine Which Refused to Operate.

BY FONTAINE FOX



The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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The Professor's Proposal

By J. Lendrum King.

A vague, indefinable air of depression, quite out of keeping with the usual vivacious repartee, hung over the dinner table at which were seated Heloise Rider, her son Herman, a professor in the academy, and Leonore Claymore, their guest since the sudden death of her father, a month previous. Mrs. Rider seemed to be studying the others, for her gaze wandered from one face to the other. The professor's attention seemed centred upon his cigar. Leonore played with her dessert, tasting, but not eating it.

"The professor cleared his throat, and for the third time during the meal asked the girl on what train she was leaving. Her answer was, invariably, 'seven-fifty in the morning.' The professor coughed, and, raising, went to the library to finish his cigar alone. Leonore looked up to find Mrs. Rider regarding her intently.

"Why don't you put off going until next week?" asked the elderly woman, laying a kindly hand on the girl's arm.

"You are so kind, Mrs. Rider," answered the girl, "and I should so like to remain with you. I don't want to go to Aunt Elmeda's, but really I cannot impose upon you any longer."

The old lady patted her arm reassuringly. "This is your home as long as you want to make it such," she said. "Your mother and I were fast friends, and her daughter is my friend, too. Besides, I must confess to being a little selfish. I want you for myself. You make an old woman very happy."

Together they rose from the table to join Herman in the library. Mrs. Rider put her arm about the shoulders of the girl, driving her close to her. Suddenly she put her lips close to her ear.

"I wish you were my daughter, child," she whispered. "I never had one, Herman—"

"But I have a reason!" she stopped suddenly, her eyes upon the crimson face beside her.

Herman switched on the lights as they entered, and pulled forward a chair for his mother. They sat silent, all thinking of the one thing—that Leonore was about to leave them. She had been with them but a short time, but she had brought a marked change in the home. She had brought a richness, a fullness to them that hitherto mother and son had never known.

No one appreciated the change more than Herman. Most of his time he spent with his books, but he was glad to see the social activities about him. True, he had won his reward, for he was already pointed out as a man who had achieved things in the world of letters, but in the last month he had found a new happiness wholly unconnected with his work.

What would life be like when she had gone away? He tried vainly to think of something to say to offer some new argument, hitherto unthought of, that might induce her to remain.

The girl broke his train of thought by rising abruptly. "I have some packing to do," she said, and left the room hastily.

"I wish she would stay," said Mrs. Rider, when she was out of hearing.

"So do I," seconded the professor. "Can't you induce her to remain?"

"No," she seems to think that she should go," answered his mother dolefully. "You know, her father, before his death, arranged that she should live with her aunt, and, of course, the aunt is very anxious to have her. I have a suspicion that she means to marry her to that worthless son of hers. He is willing, if only to get the money the girl has. It would be a shame to have that happen."

"I wish you would marry her," said Mrs. Rider, who continued hesitatingly. "She is the only girl I know whom I would like to have for a daughter."

A hopeless smile flitted across the young man's face. "It would be willing, mother," he answered, "but I am not the sort of a man a girl like that marries. She is young and full of

WAIT A MINUTE!

—By J. H. F.

A casket company has assigned. This seems to be good news to a lot of prospective customers.

The Government wants Sir Wilfrid Laurier to serve on the National Service Commission, from which Sir Thos. Tait resigned. Sir Thomas knew the uselessness of the thing, and Sir Robert and his associates want to tie Sir Wilfrid up to something foreordained to failure. Pretty little idea.

F. B. McCurdy is going to relieve Sir Sam of a lot of work. We were hoping that he would relieve him of the necessity of talking.

They're on the Run.
From Camp Borden.
—Songs by Sir Sam.

The city council finished before midnight on Monday last. It was not enough before the witching hour to disgrace them, though.

Judging from the results of the St. Thomas-London Collegiate football game, the Londoners stole the signals, and about everything else the Saints had.

R. B. Bennett, M.P., has received an appointment. Now altogether on his favorite hymn: "Where the Wild Breezes Blow." It's the best thing he does.

The father of American golf is dead. In this case, a man's sins live after him.

The Democrats claim that Judge Hughes is an echo of the past, but they are apparently afraid that he will be mistaken for the real voice.

The story of "The Iron Woman" refers presumably to her jaw.

A scientist says a little boy looking at Japanese dolls will grow up and want to marry Japanese women.

GLASS OF SALTS
CLEANS KIDNEYS

If your Back hurts or Bladder bothers you, drink lots of water.

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore, don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salt which removes the body's urinous waste and stimulates the function of the kidneys to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys will act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent grape and lemon juice, which everyone should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this, also keep up the water drinking, and no urine will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.

Probably they will kiss a cow by gazing on pictures of calves.

Americans love only dollars, says an expert. It must be said that they do a deal of loving.

The dry wave continues, but it is rumored that some children have more clothes than they used to have.

Reports say that Michigan will go dry in November. It will soon be popular to ship men east of Suez, where there ain't no ten commandments, and a man can raise a thirst.

It is wise to strike when the iron is hot, but it is bad business to strike when the public is cold.

There is a lot of discussion as to whether or not the word obey should be left in the marriage ceremony. It would be nearer the truth, and satisfy all parties, if the men promised to do the obeying. They do, as a rule anyway.

Now that Bat Nelson is to have his face made over, some person should remodel Sir Sam Hughes' vocabulary.

Canadian fish will be sent to the Canadians at the front. Some of the men have been made suckers of.

Vernon Castle has won fame as an aviator. Some dancers are human after all.

Judging from press reports, some of the battalions from Camp Borden will have to have at least 11 lives to spend the winter in all the places selected for them.

The aldermen sat by candle light on Monday evening for some time. That was not the only time they have been in the dark.

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Oct. 25 .. Scythian	Nov. 11
Oct. 31 .. Ionian	Nov. 18
Nov. 1 .. Corinthian	Nov. 25
Lv. Glasgow	Lv. Montreal
Oct. 4 .. Pretorian	Oct. 20
Oct. 21 .. Scotian	Nov. 4
Nov. 3 .. Pretorian	Nov. 19
Nov. 11 .. Scotian	Nov. 25

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

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To St. Thomas: *5:20, *6:20, *7:20, 8:20, 9:20, 10:20, 11:20 a.m., 12:20, 1:20, 2:20, 3:20, 4:20, 5:20, 6:20, 7:20, 8:20, 9:20, 10:20, 11:20 p.m.

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

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