

London Advertiser
 Member Audit Bureau of Circulation
 MONDAY. NOON. EVENING.
 CITY—Delivered, 12c per week.
 COUNTRYSIDE CITY BY MAIL—Per year, \$4.00;
 six months, \$2.00; three months, \$1.00.
3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS 3670
 Private Branch Exchange.
 From 10:30 p.m. to 9:00 a.m., and holidays call
 2478, Business Department; 7831, Editors; 3678,
 Reporters; 3672, News Room.
 Toronto Representative—F. W. Thompson, 57
 Mail Building.
 U. S. Representatives—New York: Charles H.
 Eddy Company, Fifth Avenue Building, Chi-
 cago; Charles H. Eddy Company, People's Gas
 Building, Boston; Charles H. Eddy Company,
 Old South Building.
 THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
 LIMITED.
 London, Ont., Wednesday, October 29.

CANADA SPEAKS.

The elections of Monday dispel any doubt that may yet have lingered as to the nation-wide extension of dissatisfaction with Tory Government. Ontario was the last of the provinces to buck off the fossil riders, but she did it with a vengeance. Now after long hesitation the Borden Government has trusted itself to a pronouncement in federal constituencies, and we have seen the answer.

The local Unionist organ affects to see both of the old parties rebuffed on Monday. Those that are fat and sleep o' nights are easily satisfied or consoled. The United Farmers, especially perhaps in the west, are simply ultra-Liberals and will more than support Liberal policies. And it is not men or a party machine but policies that Liberalism always considers first.

The majestic old Montreal Gazette (ultra-Conservative) looks over the situation through its capitalistic spectacles and decides with much head-shaking that the only thing now to save the Unionist Government is to "throw out some more of the weak timber in the cabinet" and "present such a program of conservative measures as are needed to carry the country through the coming years of trial." This is really too delightful a misreading of after-the-war conditions. It hardly seems serious, but then it is the Gazette that speaks. The idea is that more simon-pure old-line Conservatism is what will pacify the angry feelings of the Canadian electorate! Prohibition manoeuvres, the pretence of public ownership, the sham income and war profits taxes and the clumsy bluffs at curbing profiteers, all this quasi-Liberalism should be pruned out and then the country will settle down in peace. The Gazette lives in an old-world dream.

It is plain as daylight that Canada is not disposed to slumber or reaction. The meaning of the U. F. movement everywhere is the return to rock-bottom Liberalism, the interest of the masses before that of the classes, economical administration as against public provision for favorites and hangers-on, nepotism and Family Compact, a revenue tariff supplemented by adequate taxation of wealth and measures to secure equalization of opportunity to all.

Against a tempest of public disapproval and exclamation can it be imagined that the Borden ring will attempt to cling to office for three or two years more? Such a course could hardly be regarded as anything less than a usurpation. It might be very dangerous for the "big interests" which the Unionist Government subserves. The people are simply determined that mills and other things shall be run "for the glory of God," i.e., for the public good, and this will be secured not by the Gazette's plan of stiffer "Conservatism," but by sincere governmental regulation and downward revision of the tariff as demanded by both the Liberal and the U. F. platforms.

A NEW ONE BIG UNION.

Exasperation and fear—exasperation at the crippling of industry by titanic strikes, and fear of what may follow—appear to be driving the American people into a species of one big union that proposes direct action that will be drastic and radical beyond the dreams of the most bolshevistic. President Wilson's ultimatum to the soft coal miners that the strike ordered for November 1 must not take place amounts to a serving of notice that the Government will not hereafter permit the basic industries to be tied up by industrial disputes. The American public recognizes the justice in the demands of the miners for better wages and better conditions, but seems to be determined that disputes over these grievances shall not be allowed to sink the entire nation in industrial anarchy, bankruptcy, physical suffering, and, possibly, civil war. If the bituminous mines of the United States are tied up, in a very short time the railways will cease running, 95 per cent of the country's industries will come to a standstill, and the vast majority of the working population will be left, follows, as sure as darkness follows daylight, cold and starvation and bloody clashes. Hence the American public's demand that the Government operate the railways, the mines, and such industries as are basic. Tens of thousands of trades unionists are opposed to such a strike as this, for labor would be the immediate and greatest sufferer. In his warning to the miners that a strike will be considered illegal, and his announcement that the Government will carry on the production of soft coal, President Wilson is speaking for the American people of all classes, but especially the workers, whether they be organized or not. The great mass of the American people are organizing what amounts to one big union to end what they consider intolerable hold-ups. The whole world will watch with closest attention the outcome of this greatest of all industrial crises in the United States, but especially will Canadians be interested in the outcome because of this country's intimate industrial and commercial relations with the American people.

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN CANADA.

The present year completes the first half century of Canada's westward expansion. The acquisition of the vast territories of the Hudson Bay Company, seven times as great in area as the four confederated provinces in the east, was a bold stroke of national policy considering the small population of the young Dominion of the time, and had the men of the day known

what it was to mean in disturbance and rebellion and bloodshed within the next year their daring would have been still more marked had they undertaken it. It was a surrender on the part of the Hudson Bay Company of an empire which they had long ruled through a handful of officials scattered far and wide at trading posts. When their rule, based on trade, was withdrawn and replaced a cocksure governor, a fire-eating "Conservator of the Peace," who talked of martial law, and blunder after blunder made in dealing with the half-breed settlers, the match was laid that was to bring on the explosion. The Riel rebellion of 1870 and the ghastly murder of Thomas Scott were events that affected Canadian politics for almost a quarter of a century, helped wreck two governments, weakened a third and raised racial and creed bitterness that was long in dying down. It was also responsible for much of the backwardness of the west down to the early nineties.

The events of the early seventies in Canada now seem far away. Politics probably created more bitterness in those days than at any time since and the problems of government were certainly as difficult as they have ever been at a later date. It is a rather remarkable fact that the abilities of Sir John Macdonald shone more brilliantly in the Dominion field after Confederation than had been the case in the provincial field. This is a fact commented upon by Sir Richard Cartwright in his recollections. He thinks that Macdonald showed his greatest capacity for constructive statesmanship in the first decade after Confederation, notwithstanding the Riel troubles and all that grew out of them. The mistakes that were made in connection with Riel were many and the country paid dearly for them. Sir Richard Cartwright said, in his recollections, that the volley that killed Thomas Scott cost Canada first and last one hundred million dollars, besides going near to breaking up the young Confederation and demoralizing politics for a long time.

Now that Manitoba is approaching the semi-centenary of its creation as a province of the Dominion it is inspiring to think of all that has been accomplished in the western country since Canada took over the millions of acres of land that had heretofore been held by the lords of the fur-trading companies and inhabited only by a few thousand Indians and half-breeds. Where Riel and his associates plotted at Fort Garry, there has arisen the great city of Winnipeg, and the plains over which the buffalo roamed now raise grain that helps feed the world. The development of the west is a recent phase of Canadian history, in fact the pushing back of the frontier is still going on and likely to go on for years to come. Looking back the half century to the men who risked so much in taking over this great area we must concede their foresight, their courage and their absolute faith in the country that was to be.

YEARLY COMMUNITY DANCING.

London presented a hitherto unseen picture on Thursday evening last, when, as a finale to the visit of the Prince of Wales, citizens by the hundreds danced to the music of several bands, which were stationed on downtown street corners. It was, apparently, the unanimous opinion of those who took part in or witnessed the festivities that never had community spirit here received a more definite and forceful impetus than that given by this public dancing.

Why should not this gathering of the populace, young and old, be made an annual event? The question was asked by dozens of persons last week, and no good reason was advanced against its perpetuation. The open-air dancing appears to offer a most desirable opportunity for the extension of the social spirit in the city, without encouraging any of the evils that sometimes are associated, by some persons, with dancing. The corners are brightly lighted; there was no sign of rowdiness or license on Thursday and no reason to expect it on future occasions now that the bar is closed forever. Everyone was joyous and, for the moment, care-free, enjoying the companionship of his or her fellow-beings.

Such moments are precious in these days of stress, and when the opportunity for them can be granted so generally, surely the expense and trouble are worth while. Moreover, when professional men and manufacturers and their wives and daughters mingle with the laborer and his family there comes a lessening of those clique lines too often in evidence. Community dancing is democratic and in this day that fact is not to be ignored.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Have you a nice big Victory Bond in your home?

The farmers are doing a lively thrashing business.

The hue and cry is hard on the heels of the Borden Government.

The United States Congress has shattered John Barleycorn's hopes of making another farewell tour.

The small boy pasted a picture of Sir Adam in his scrapbook, observing "so as he won't be forgotten."

The new Liberal leader is showing how little the Government knows about the financial facts of the Grand Trunk deal.

The Kingston Standard has issued a jubilee edition that deals most informally and interestingly with the history of Kingston. The Standard's long and useful record is one that is equaled by few and surpassed by none. Here's hoping that it may have many more years of prosperity and usefulness.

"A BRITISHER."

[Kingston Standard.]

Some time ago there was a discussion as to a name which would describe all the peoples of the British Empire, and "Britisher" was one of the many suggested. Without any particular attention being paid to it, it seems to be winning its way into public favor. As a good instance of this the following words of the Prince of Wales can be taken, spoken at the Toronto Exhibition: "Besides being Canadians, we are all Britisheers, which, for lack of a better expression, means loyalty to the British flag and to British institutions; in other words, citizens of the British Empire. I am a Britisheer through and through, and I know of no place where I could feel prouder to say so than in Toronto." With such an endorsement as this, it is to be hoped that "Britisher" will now be accepted throughout the Empire, and known for what it stands for throughout the world.

From Here and There

Fuller Bunk says: Whenever my wife talks in her sleep I know that she's dreaming that she is at a theatre box party.

THE ENGLISH.

[Grace Agnes Timmerman, in the New York Times.]
 Pent in a sea-girl's tale, there is the soul of the sea—
 Dominant, strong and deep! steady and grave and free.
 Though the murk of their misty skies
 May often dim their eyes,
 They can see to fight in the blackest night
 For the cause of Liberty.

Well for the weal of the world that their will holds
 Like the rock;
 Well for our land at ease when they bore the battle
 Ah, we who dwell in the sun,
 Where the mingling rivers run,
 May serve our race with a lighter grace.
 Yet boast of our parent stock.

Summed by a critic eye, their faults and their
 failings mount;
 (Even may be the score with ours, in the long
 accounting.)
 But they bear the Word of God
 Wherever their foot has trod,
 And they teach the weak of the world to seek
 For wisdom at the fount.

Liberty laughed one day, with Magna Charta sealed,
 Craving the whole wide earth, she claimed her seal.
 And she ruled there from that day
 With a wider, wider sway,
 And her light shone out on the lands about,
 And the world's hope was revealed.

Legion have been her foes, folly and greed and pride,
 Hunger for pomp and power, and a hundred things
 beside,
 But the English, even as we,
 Have striven to be free;
 If they scorn one thing, 'tis the headstrong king
 Who drove us from their side!

Taught by his wild mistake, they have learned their
 lesson well,
 Ask if their rule be light! Their colonies will tell.
 Ask if their cause be loved!
 Africa even has proved!
 Then cast one glance on the fields of France,
 Where the slaughtered Anzacs fell!

That which we love they love; that which they hate
 we hate.
 Weak was the riven tie, but strong is the bond of
 fate,
 And it binds us each to each
 With a tie of common speech,
 And our common ward, where we stand on guard,
 O'er Freedom's vast estate.

\$19,000 FOR HAIG'S CAR.

[London Daily News.]
 Earl Haig's war chariot—the car used by the field marshal on the western front—was, by the order of the minister of munitions, sold at Messrs. Beaufort's auction room, yesterday.
 The first bid was made by Capt. A. G. Miller, of the Guards Club—£2,100.
 The successful bidder was Mr. Walter S. Lutton of Chester Lodge, Althorpe, East Ham, head of a firm of chocolate manufacturers, who purchased the car for £3,750.
 "I have had a race to get here in time," said Mr. Lutton to a Daily Express representative, "but I meant having that car."
 "I shall send it round to towns all over England so that the country may have an opportunity of seeing the famous car in which the field marshal traveled and worked on the western front."
 "As a matter of fact, I was prepared to go anything up to 6,000 guineas for the car."

TAMING WILD CREATURES.

[Frances Pitt in National Review.]
 But with all creatures, whether great or small, lions and tigers trained for exhibition, or tuis and sparrows coming for food at one's window, the principle is the same—namely to reward them with food. Once they find that what they suppose to be their great enemy gives them nicer food than they can get in any other way, they will put their fear on one side and accept the bribe. The trainers of the great carnivora all assert that they can do nothing by intimidation, but marvels with rewards of dainties. How tame the small birds will get everyone who takes the trouble to feed them soon finds out. A suety bone hung to a tree or the creepers by the window will bring all the tit tribe boldly to the house. Grain, bread crumbs and seeds will tempt the finches, blackbirds and thrushes from shyness to boldness, and an assortment of nuts will soon be found by the squirrels if there are any about.
 We may sum up the secret of taming wild creatures in two words: "food and patience." With a plentiful stock of the latter no bird or beast is really untamable, though some are worse than others, but one must remember their inherent wildness, and that to them we human beings stand for the embodiment of death and destruction, so that, however tame and confiding our pet, we cannot afford a thoughtless, hastily action that might revive the natural fear of mankind.

ENGLAND'S WORKERS' RESERVE.

When everybody's somebody,
 Then no one's anybody.

The London Chronicle of October 3 contains the following article showing how the railways were run in the recent great strike:
 Society, one could well believe after a visit to Paddington Station this morning, must have moved from Meville to the G. W. terminus.
 I had an interesting conversation with Lord Portarlington, who I found was busy marshaling the loading party. His lordship was full of cheery words, and declared that the volunteers, who seemed to be nearly all drawn from notabilities, were getting on famously with their work.

What might well be called the "Society" detachment of volunteers appears to have increased considerably in well-known people.

Who's Who Among Workers.

Lord Henley and Lord Annesley have donated the "strike" apron, and the Earl of Alnwick was also present at Paddington yesterday.

Oddly enough, one-half the volunteers did not know who the other notable half were, but it was rumored that the Duke of Wellington had been busy milk portering.

Earl Drogheda, who was Lord Portarlington's comrade in hollands, had left Paddington yesterday for other work.

Several "honourables" have joined the ranks, and colonels and captains are considered comparatively small fry.

I saw Major-General Stuart-Wortley loading up the mails this morning. He was "all out" in his work, as the Americans say, and is attached to the early train. Captain Glibby of the Guards told me the organization of their work was distinctly improving.

Miss Winner as Milk Porter.

One very interesting figure was that of Rev. W. Pollock-Hill, now a G. W. R. porter (labeled and aproned as such), and formerly ex-president of the Oxford University Athletic Club. He told me that he had been an army chaplain in France and Cologne, and was waiting to get out to a post in Egypt, but there was no transport.

"So I'm just doing a little portering," added the reverend gentleman, cutting off a piece of tobacco and placing it in his pipe.

"Most of us find the work all right," he said, "but the fish loads are a slimy job. We are here at 5:30 in the morning, and work in shifts."
 "I have always been used to hard work," he said. "Was an athlete and besetle follower all my life, and can claim to be the only Oxford man who has won the mile and three miles events in the same afternoon. True, the full milk churns make one's back a bit stiff, but I am 52 years of age."
 And, mopping his brow, he trudged off with a huge trolley, piled up with an elderly lady's luggage.

Lady Tennis Champion.

Famous sporting people were interspersed among the gangs of workers. Burton, the cricketer, was hard at it; and then I observed the Hon. H. L. Tennison, the popular Hampshire captain, was respectfully enquiring to the "call" in the crisis.
 Just as I was leaving I met Miss Ryan, the American lady tennis champion, who informed me in her delightful transatlantic accent that she "had just got down to see Lord Portarlington and sign on for duty."
 On the Underground, Sir Richard Cooper, M.P., is in charge of a signal box; Major C. G. Hamilton, M.P., and Mr. Baldwin Raper, M.P., are motormen; and the district volunteers, I am informed, include quite a lot of distinguished Air Force officers. At Liverpool Street Station, the Great Eastern workers include several titled persons, but the Paddington garage can probably claim the most.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure, Newspaper Syndicate.)
 THE IMP OF THE ARROWS.
 By Dora Mollan.

Rodger Cameron placed the last book in the packing box and nailed on the cover. Then he sat and gazed about the little room, which looked bare indeed, stripped of his few personal belongings. It occurred to him just then to wonder exactly how many hours of study and serious thought he had spent in that small block of atmosphere inclosed within four walls, a shock of square of floor space and ditto of ceiling.

In the midst of his musing some perverse imp, whom Cameron, professor of psychology though he was, did not recognize, delved down into the depths of Rodger's orderly mind and dragged into light some lines of verse. The young professor's lips, entirely "on their own," as it were, repeated them aloud:

"Even as a child who on the seashore sits,
 Taking unchallenged all each bright wave brings,
 So let me play awhile with life and time,
 Not thinking of the mystery of things."

Two facts concerning these lines clung to the roots of them in their rude upheaval: That they were by a modern poet, and that they had appeared some time before in a magazine. The name of the magazine and the rest of the poem, if any, refused to be unearthed.

But there were many things to be attended to before the start on the morrow, so the methodical professor put from his mind the truant verse, and for the moment his thoughts dwelt, instead, on the course of study planned for the summer vacation.

But the mischievous imp was not to be gainsaid. He dangled the lines in front of the professor's mind's eye insistently all that day. On the way to the station the wheels of the car beat them out; the railroad train took up the refrain. Then Rodger Cameron did a foolish thing—or perhaps it was a wise one. He compromised with the imp, and you know the old saying about him who makes compromises. Traveling 50 miles out of his way to spend one whole day at a shore resort comprised Rodger's.

That is why we find him number fifteen in a queue of a hundred-odd that stretched from the entrance to the bathhouses far back into the blistering sunlight. He wondered why he had come.

A short man in grey suit and cap, bursting with a sense of his own importance and of great dignity, stood immediately behind Rodger. "I'm tired of standing here," he called out in a tone loud enough to reach the perspiring man who was doing out bathroom keys as rapidly as he could. "I—sa they're returned. I'd like a house, please. I'm—an impressive pause—"My dear."

"You may be Mr. Rockefeller Van-danator for all the difference it makes here!" he barked the red-faced dispenser of the precious bits of brass. "You take your turn or you take nothing."

The grey-suited man stepped out of the line and stalked away, to the frank diversion of the crowd. Cameron glanced around. A girl had advanced into the majestic person's place; a girl whose face was concealed from Rodger by a wide-brimmed white hat. The professor turned back; then a thought occurred to him. It wouldn't hurt more than decent! So he addressed the brim of the white hat: "Won't you let me get your key along with mine? Then you can sit in the shade."

"That's very kind of you," spoke a rippling voice, and the wide-brimmed hat tilted back a little so that Rodger caught a glimpse of mischievous black eyes.

Rodger watched the girl walk over to the pavilion and sit down on a bench. He kept on watching her. Every time he moved up a step she glanced over at him and smiled. It was a winning smile. Rodger was number five in the line now—and wished he were number fifty! Another smile. Only three more smiles coming now—possibly an extra one when he should give her the key. Why he was actually glad he had come!

The end came too soon. The red-faced man handed Cameron two keys. The girl stepped up and took one of them from him, pressing a quarter into his hand. With murmured words of thanks and a mischievous look in her eye she would like to say something more, she vanished toward the group of houses set aside for womenfolk for womenfolk.

Half an hour later Rodger Cameron sat disconsolately on the bench. Waver after wave, bright and sparkling in the morning sun spilled its foam flecked crest at his feet.

"Taking unchallenged all each bright wave brings." The lines ran mockingly. Without his glasses he couldn't recognize his own face, but he knew it. He could be ever expect, then, to find the girl of the rippling voice and the smile? She must have been anyone of the numerous women he had met and passed on his way out to the raft and back; she must be swimming at it somewhere about right now. Fool that he was to ruin his eyes by midnight study, he had been so sure that the girl would be with him, and the waves of waves. What did he know about playing?

A higher wave than usual deposited something animate at his feet. The something stood erect and shook itself. Towering ashion a feminine hand to a comely little red cap. There was a pulling of abbreviated skirts in a place where a voice rippling with laughter. "Not a very dignified approach! That wave caught me napping. Goodness! Isn't it? Makes one glad to be alive. May I sit down here? Really, Prof. Cameron, I'm not at all bold as I seem. I've taught this whole year about the same college with you. Not that you've been at all aware of it. I can't flatter myself by thinking that. I'm Stimson, domestic science."

A sinking feeling smote Rodger right in the pit of the stomach. This rippling something creature had been practically at his elbow all winter! What did fate mean by the girl's that knowledge in his face at this belated day?

"I'm Stimson, domestic science," she said, perhaps giving him another chance?

"Why Miss Stimson—I beg your pardon! And I have been looking everywhere for the girl of the smile—the one I got the key for. It never occurred to me."

Just then the mischievous imp who had brought up the irrelevant verses from the depths of the young professor's memory grinned at Rodger around their edge. Something bulged from his shoulder. It dawned on Rodger that that something was a quiver of arrows!

Service to Merchants and Manufacturers

THE success of a merchant's or manufacturer's business may depend, in a considerable degree, upon the co-operation and service given by his bank.

The Guaranty Trust Company is an organization of forty-one specialized departments rendering service in every branch of financial activity. Such an organization can be of valuable assistance to its customers in many different ways.

In Domestic Business—

We render every commercial banking service; extend credit; pay interest on daily balances and on certificates of deposit; and offer the credit and other facilities afforded by our membership in the Federal Reserve System.

In Foreign Business—

Our Foreign Department offers a direct and comprehensive foreign banking service for trade with all countries.

Our Foreign Trade Bureau furnishes information regarding foreign trade; it helps the merchant and manufacturer to find new markets; furnishes names of buyers and credit data; supplies information regarding export methods, foreign customs tariffs, etc.

We shall be pleased to discuss how the strength and equipment of this Company, and the personal interest taken in our customers' transactions, may be a co-operative force in advancing your business. Our service is available to Canadian clients upon the same basis as to our American customers.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York
 New York London Liverpool Paris Brussels
 Capital and Surplus \$50,000,000 Resources over \$800,000,000

Canadian inquiries may be directed to
Edward N. Wilkes, Correspondent
 711 TEMPLE BUILDING, TORONTO.
Thomas A. Baxter, Manager

A Furnace is Cheap— if it Saves Coal

It's usually too late to think after-year saving that makes the slight extra cost of the Hecla a trifling item.

The time to think is before. The time to ask your neighbors is before. The time to compare one furnace with another is before.

Do that and you will learn that the greatest economy comes from good, well-made furnaces, installed by reliable furnace men.

There are thousands of Canadians who are enthusiastic about the coal-saving features of the Hecla Furnace.

They have learned, just as we have demonstrated, that the Hecla saves fully one-seventh of the coal used by other well-made furnaces.

That is one ton saved out of every seven. To-day, a real economy. A year—

after-year saving that makes the slight extra cost of the Hecla a trifling item.

That remarkable record of the Hecla is due to the steel-ribbed Firepot—an exclusive Hecla feature. This fire-pot has three times the heating surface of the ordinary fire-pot. It is clear to anyone who sees it that it must make big savings in coal.

Guaranteed Heating Plan—No Charge
 Any home-owner who wants advice about a heating system should consult our heating experts.

They will guarantee to make your home cosy—heat every room with moist healthful air, free from every trace of coal gas or dust, and do it economically.

Write for this free service, sending a rough floor plan of your house.

Clare Bros. & Co., Limited
 Preston, Ont.

HECLA MELLOW AIR FURNACE
 FOR COAL OR WOOD

