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THE LONDON ADVERTISER
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London, Ont., Thursday, July 26.

WHY DELAY IT?

THE HOT weather affects many people in many ways. It has caused our local Tory contemporary to break out in a storm of unusual temper. The Government organ accuses the Advertiser of "slandering" and goes on in a tirade of half a column, in the course of which it all but uses the word "traitor" and seeks to show that the Advertiser is swinging around to the cause of "anti-conscription."

This heat-induced brainstorm is all of a carefully defined plan, which has its origin in the coarsest sort of party politics, an attempt to relieve the Conservative party of responsibility on the compulsory service measure. It will be recalled that our contemporary the other day and for several days hinted that conscription would not be placed on the books for the present time, at least not before a determined effort (perhaps in the form of another home defense fiasco) were made to stimulate voluntary enlistment. It has been a case of gradually letting down the stiff front of enforced service, according to historic practice, so that the Conservative party may catch the vote coming both ways, an election having been pronounced inevitable in any event.

The people of Canada expect that conscription was a matter of life and death, a matter of weeks rather than months, even a matter of days. The previous hours flouted by while Laurier dared to ask for a referendum.

Conscription is not on the statute books yet, but it should be made law before an election. A matter so urgent should not await the decision of the people as expressed at the polling booths. Is the Government which claimed courage for itself still wobbling? Instead of passing conscription and putting it into operation, is it to take one great breath of hesitation, and because after the rebuffs of three years the Liberals will not join with the Rogers, Blondin type of politician, decide to put off conscription, and virtually adopt the Laurier attitude of a referendum?

It did not consult Laurier or the Liberals before announcing its policies. But now, having caused a general election, with the inevitable delay, although denying that "tones of thunder" are heard, will it withhold conscription when, according to its pledge, conscription should be placed in speedy operation, as was the case in the United States?

If conscription is to be the issue in the coming election, most certainly it should not be. The Conservative Government may make it the issue by failing to place the law in operation at once.

FINE YOUNG MEN GONE.

DAILY the names of young Londoners are borne to homes of relatives in the fateful messages from the casualty reporting bureau at Ottawa. Within a few days some of the finest of our young citizens have been carried away, laid out in the arms of their manhood with lives full of rich promise and carrying into the world all the hope of parental instruction and affection.

Such names as those of Gordon McIntosh, son of Rev. W. R. McIntosh, pastor of King Street Presbyterian Church, and Leonard Jarvis, son of Chauncey G. Jarvis, barrister, and Douglas Weld, son of John Weld of the Farmer's Advocate, again make it plain that the most representative Canadian families in London have been marked for a sacrifice, usually the first born and sometimes the only son.

Universal sympathy pulses through the community when the names of such young men are in the lists. In the case of the first two mentioned, the supreme sacrifice was made. Douglas Weld is missing and hope is entertained that he may be reported alive.

Gordon McIntosh was a young man universally beloved, who had developed his life in London, where his home and his interests lay, where his friends resided, where his ambitions and his whole future beckoned. He was training himself to be a specialist in languages and would have had a distinguished career. He placed all thought of his career aside and entered the army with a high resolve to do his share for the democracy he had been taught to love. He served for a short time on "The Advertiser" staff and was highly regarded in the community of his father's charge as a beloved friend to all. His "going under" removes one of the fine company of young Londoners who have poured their blood upon the plains of Flanders in a holy cause.

Leonard Jarvis was one of the fine youths of quiet, discerning character from whom a response to the call was inevitable. He, too, had just stepped over the threshold of his profession, and beyond doubt would have won a place of honor at the London bar. His life as it rounded into mature manhood would have been a great asset to the country and to the city. The value of such a life in a strictly economic sense

is difficult to estimate, and in his passing goes a world of fresh ideas, endeavors, possibilities for accomplishment that can never be recovered. Those young men of London who have been lost in the war surely must be the city's dedication to the vast task of continuing the war to its inevitable victory. It is such men as these who must be backed up and Canada will not fail them.

AUTOMOBILE LIGHTS.

THE motor accident at Talbotville on Saturday evening again emphasizes the serious evil of the glaring headlights. Because a London resident was blinded by the lights of another car he ran into a bridge. The accident was a tragedy, and almost a fatality, which could have been prevented by simple obedience to the law. Glaring headlights are not legal, but the authorities appear to wink at their use. They are a positive menace not only to automobile drivers but also to people on foot or in carriages. A farmer driving a horse has no alternative than to get to the side of the road as quickly as possible and wait until the motor with the searchlights has passed. A pedestrian is absolutely blinded, unable to tell whether he is stepping into a ditch or a pool of water.

Nothing tends more to make the motor car unpopular with the average man than to face a pair of these lights approaching at an express train speed. In the interests of the business motor car manufacturers should use "safety first" lighting equipment which has been placed on the market in various forms. The manufacture of the lenses which do not afford protection on the highways should be forbidden by law and the country's authorities should see that the law is enforced.

If the authorities do not act farmers' organizations should take up the matter and make the use of the glaring lights unprofitable for motor owners.

PROHIBITION AND PROHIBITION.

SOME TIME ago the people of Canada were thought grown up enough to be allowed economic independence. But it seems that though capable of self-government and deciding on their own trade or tariff, they are not yet educated enough to be intellectually independent. A brilliantly conducted paper like the London Nation may circulate in Great Britain, but it is barred from Canada, as our minds might be hardly up to it.

Mr. Arthur Mee's "The Fiddlers," similarly, is considered a very dangerous book for the immature, simple-minded Canadians, though it is having an enormous sale in Great Britain.

It is not exactly a matter of morality, though the book assaults the liquor traffic in the mother country. It is not this time the peculiar moral sense of Ottawa that shuts Mr. Mee's book out. The reason why one may be fined \$5,000 or given five years in jail for having the book in one's possession is that we are stamped as incapable of the necessary intellectual discriminations. Nothing can be said against Mr. Mee's intelligence, veracity and logic. He smites the booze industry hip and thigh, as it deserves. He is a writer of great ability and distinction, the conductor of the most brilliant of child's magazines, "My Magazine," as well as editor of "Children's Encyclopedia." So here in Canada we are such infants that not even the children is considered within the range of our comprehension or proper interpretation.

There is a fear at Ottawa, perhaps, that the exposure of drink conditions in Great Britain will do our cause in France no good with the prohibition people in both Canada and the United States. But the sooner the British beaure, peage, trades unions, bishops and general public realize the necessity of stopping the waste of food and shipping in the manufacture and distribution of intoxicants, the better it will be for all alike. With bone-dry prohibition gaining ground everywhere in America, there will be a strong feeling against denying ourselves bread, sugar and such "luxuries" in order that the whisky manufactory may go on in Canada, though it has been stopped in the United States, and that beer-guzzling may go on ad lib. over on the other side of the Atlantic. It is not book prohibition we want, but prohibition of that which Mr. Mee so ably and patriotically assails.

IS IT NOT STRANGE?

IS IT NOT strange that the Borden Government chose Mr. Hanna for food controller when Sir Adam Beck was available? The hero worshipers who sit at the feet of Sir Adam must regard it as almost criminal neglect that "the greatest man in Canada" has not been asked to take a big part in the pressing problems of the time. Since his experience with the purchase of horses, or the non-purchase of them, he has not been asked to serve Ottawa in a manner commensurate with his energy. What's the answer? Does he not control Ottawa as he controls Toronto?

ENGLISH "CORN."

"Give my horse a feed of corn." HIS order is often given to a hostler in England, but it does not mean necessarily that the animal is to have Indian corn or maize. The term "corn" is used to include oats, wheat, barley and other cereals, hence the "corn production" bill which is now before Parliament. Indian corn is grown in only very small quantities in Britain, nearly all of that used being imported.

Publishers of a Montreal paper were unable to obtain newprint to continue publication although they offered spot cash for it. Manufacturers of paper are intimating that they expect the Government to permit them to raise prices again, but this is the first instance on record where a newspaper with adequate cash has been forced out of business.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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THE VICTIM BELOW STAIRS.

By Jane Osborn.

It was with a strong spirit of filial affection, mingled with just a shade of regret, that Baldwin Stone determined to spend the two weeks of his vacation with his mother in her small city apartment. He might have joined one of his partners at the yacht club where there would have been outdoor recreation, self-forgetfulness and feminine society, all of which would have come as part of a welcome change to Baldwin after the confining winter in his law office. But these temptations had been put aside. It had about been determined that he was to go to South America in the autumn, and if he did he might not return home for a year. He wanted a much longer period of leave before he saw the mother again. Hence his determination to spend his entire vacation with her.

After the first statement over seeing this big man-boy of hers there was dinner in the spruce little dining-room, that was cool and airy in spite of the fact that it looked out on the street. The small court of the apartment. Then after dinner, as they lingered for a while over coffee, Baldwin's mother showed a strange preoccupation—traces of which her son had caught before during the forenoon. She had been home, I am worried, Baldwin," she answered, divining his meaning. "It is beginning to get on my nerves. I don't know your knowledge of Spanish is helping me to solve the problem. Of course, I don't allow myself to brood over it, but the strangest way I come up to these windows sometimes. I think it is Spanish, though I cannot tell, but I am sure you could, and we stay here and see if they will begin."

"Cries from the apartment below?" Baldwin was inclined to make light of the matter. "Anything about the superintendent or the police?" "No, nothing," she answered, "but I am sure you will be able to help me solve the problem. Of course, I don't allow myself to brood over it, but the strangest way I come up to these windows sometimes. I think it is Spanish, though I cannot tell, but I am sure you could, and we stay here and see if they will begin."

"But I did ask the elevator man and he looked so strange—at least I thought he did. I asked him who lived in the apartment below and he said, in that drawing voice of his, 'Miss and Mrs. Martin.' I asked him if either of them was ill and he said, 'No, indeed, no. Just that way, and when I told him about the voices he laughed and would not say anything about it. I suppose it is a case—one of those horrible cases where the girl is killed and the man is left to live. But I can't help but think about it.'"

"Don't you remember what the voice said?" "I was wondering," Baldwin interrupted, "there it is, whispered Mrs. Stone and the mother and son were near to the window and listened intently."

"Bueno mucho calor," came the voice in Spanish. "I am very warm, very clear," it felt much worse, a little water, please. A drop of water, I am thirsty," said the voice in the same voiceless, but soul-stirring, woman's voice.

For a little while there was silence, then the gruesome refrain broke out again. Baldwin shuddered and put his hand around his mother's shoulder. "Let's adjourn to the living-room," he said, "and I'll tell you what I think."

"Just that way, and when I told him about the voices he laughed and would not say anything about it. I suppose it is a case—one of those horrible cases where the girl is killed and the man is left to live. But I can't help but think about it.'"

"Well, don't, and don't tell anyone what the voice said. Not even me. I am not sure, but I feel much worse, a little water, please. A drop of water, I am thirsty," said the voice in the same voiceless, but soul-stirring, woman's voice.

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