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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.
London, Ont., Friday, November 2.

A "STOP THIEF" CRY THAT WORKED.

N O LIMIT was placed upon the amount of money that might be spent for C. N. R. stock until from a few newspapers that are still devoted to the interests of the whole people rather than to those of a small clique of capitalists there came a cry of "Stop Thief!"

Then—and how it must have hurt!—the limit was set at ten millions. A matter of seven times as much as London collects annually in taxation may be paid to the C. N. R. stockholders, and the Drayton-Ackworth commission appointed by the Government said the people of Canada should not pay the C. N. R. anything for its stock. But the limit has been dropped from \$60,000,000 to \$10,000,000. There was plainly no intention of making such a reduction when the Government "gagged" the bill through the House. The people of Canada owe it to a few "rabid newspapers" that part of the "swag" was recovered before it went out of sight for all time.

PREMIER BORDEN AS HE WAS AND AS HE IS.

LONDON'S Conservative paper is, for the sake of general party politics, again endorsing Sir Robert Borden and holding him up to public view as the greatest of all Canadian statesmen, standing four-square to all the winds that blow without stain and without sin—a paragon of all the virtues.

Unfortunately, for its purposes, this view does not coincide with that expressed by the same paper on August 6, when the unfitted leader was causing it to be wound in its most tender place—the pocket. At that time the London Free Press was asking: "Does the Government fear the papermakers?" and it was answering its own question by pointing out the "small like pace" with which the inquiry into the cost of paper was progressing and protesting against the Government having "gone back upon the findings of their own experienced officer and placed a lawyer at the head of a commission to conduct a fresh inquiry—an inquiry that balks at going the whole distance." It concluded by warning the Government that public distrust of its desire to deal fairly with consumers was fostered by the way it dallied with the matter and, finally, in a burst of real feeling said: "No wonder there is talk that the Government is dominated by 'moneyed interests.'"

But could all this crime be attributed to Premier Borden, or was he the unwilling tool of the rest of the Government? The Free Press permits no doubt on this question, but places the blame squarely on Sir Robert. It says: "Finance Minister White understood the conditions and took a firm stand at the outset. He fixed the price of paper, allowing to the papermakers a considerable leeway. This has not satisfied the manufacturers, and they have apparently been able to go over the head of the finance minister, and the result is the inactive commission."

To whom could the manufacturers go over Sir Thomas White's head, but to the premier? There was no one else. This man who was "dominated by the moneyed interests" was Sir Robert Borden, according to the Free Press, the leader it now extols as above reproach. How does it square the two views?

EAST MIDDLESEX TORIES REBUKED.

"Those who are prepared to support Union—Government naturally expect that they shall have a voice in the selection of union candidates. Any course which prevents this is liable to provoke discord and undermine unity of effort when it is most needed."—From Premier Borden's latest manifesto.

EAST MIDDLESEX Conservatives stand condemned by their own leader for taking a course calculated "to provoke discord and undermine unity" when they refused to adjourn their convention to allow Liberal delegates to attend, after having deliberately failed to invite any of these to the first meeting. The deliberation of the failure is evident and proved by the subsequent refusal: had it been merely an oversight they would have welcomed the suggestion to make amends.

Their policy has been to force an election on straight party lines, and, at the same time, to claim for their candidate the "win-the-war" "union" titles which they hope to make as effective as the flag-waving and "no truck or trade with the Yankees" cry were in the fall of 1911.

Liberals who favor Union Government "naturally" expect a voice in choosing the candidate. When that voice is refused them, the nominee cannot truthfully be called a "union" candidate. In the case of East Middlesex, can Premier Borden honestly endorse Mr. Glass? If he does, he spurns his own expressed principles and goes back to out-and-out partisanship. If he has the strength which his followers claim for him, he ought to request Mr. Glass to resign and force a new nomination, which supporters of Union Government, irrespective of party, should be invited to attend and at which they should all have equal voice and vote.

East Middlesex Conservatives are not alone in this disregard of the premier's spoken wishes. North Oxford Tories, through their spokesman, J. R. Shaw, have declared that upon no consideration will E. W. Nesbitt be granted election by acclamation, in spite of his prompt support of the military service bill. Brant gives another example

of similar procedure along party lines. Ottawa is in the same boat, along with several other constituencies. Grasping efforts on the part of Conservatives to take advantage of the unity slogan while casting aside its principles are evident in all parts of the country.

It would have been infinitely better to have had the election fought out on straight party lines, without subterfuge or camouflage, and then to have had the victorious party leader select a National Government. There would have been less bitterness than is caused by the deceit practiced by some Conservatives under the present "union" pretence. It would have proved that "unity" was the real desire and not merely a vote-catching election cry. The application of the word to present proceedings is a hollow mockery.

DESECRATE?

A TORONTO CLERGYMAN observed recently to his flock that Halloween ought not to be "desecrated" with dancing and foolish noise. The Saints commemorated all in a body at this time should not be confounded, he may think, with heathen spooks and hob-goblins. There is reason, doubtless, in this contention, and yet the Saints may conceivably like to see their devotees enjoying themselves.

An old mediaeval story of the conversion of a Jew tells at the close how the glad and unusual event was annually celebrated in the town with bells and balls, "dancing and mid-night revel, with feast and high solemnity." Sweet was the memory of that gracious Jew, of whom the story said also that he never backslid, but stood by his new colors till the end. All holy days tend somehow to broaden down to holidays. The more active management of anything drifts easily into the hands of youth, which is more jovial than contemplative.

If our serious critics should have full power as game-controllers, the young people would be reading the golden legend, curled up in chairs and chimney-seats before the fire, instead of romping in the dancing air or dancing in a masquerade or jostling one another in those Halloween sports which are older, some of them, than the Saints themselves. The ideal of individual devotions might be substituted for the social proclivities of youth, and yet the world not be altogether reformed. It may be that our clerical critic would simply postpone the festivities from October 31 to the next evening. There has been much dispute over questions of appropriate days, particularly Saturday and Sunday, and it seems unfortunate that the populace should hit on October 31 for an annual buffoonery when November 1 or 2 would do as well, or infinitely better, the clergyman may say.

Still, what would positively "desecrate" a sacred evening might seem to be rather inappropriate for the ordinary or the worst of days. The instinct of Halloween may, then, be to unload wickedness all in a lump. But is not that a fine, free offering to the powers of goodness? A purgation of evil should be an avenue for grace.

PUGILISTS AND WAR.

NOT LONG AGO there died in a Memphis hospital an Australian pugilist named Les Darcy. He had enlisted in the American aviation corps one month previously, after having been jeered at from all directions and called a "slacker" because he had not enlisted in Australia, whence he came to the United States. The United States would have nothing to do with him because, being physically fit, he had failed to go to the defence of his country.

Now there has come a letter from his mother, bitterly reproaching those who had "led him" and extolling him as a son of whom any parents would be proud and a father to his young brothers and sisters. She claims that Les tried to enlist on three different occasions, and after landing in the United States he kept secret from his family his troubles and always wrote in cheery vein.

Perhaps his mother knows much that was hidden from the world at large, and the pugilist was more hero than slacker. The fact that he joined the aviation corps rather than some less hazardous branch of service seems to deny the cowardice charge.

Commenting on Darcy and his mother's letter, a New York paper points out that although he was hounded for not enlisting, there is no outcry against other British boxers or Americans who have not answered their country's call. It asserts that there has been only one pugilist of note voluntarily recruited in the United States, Joe Welling, and Pete Herman, bantam-weight champion, is in the army, having been drafted and having had his exemption claim refused. Some British fighters are still at large in the U. S. A. and are deaf to the call to arms.

These statements invite investigation, and a glance through the sporting papers is enough to show that there are not only American pugilists continuing to fight for money, but refusing to don their country's uniform, but there are Canadians of like ilk. It is remarkable that these young men can attract audiences in large enough numbers to pay expenses. If Darcy were a "slacker" and not fit to be allowed permission to box, what is to be said of these others? Surely the squared-circle will lose popularity this winter.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

More mutinies in the German army mean less work for the Allies to do.

Christmas seems to be much nearer after the first snow lies on the ground.

The Reichstag majority leaders reject von Hertling, and yet he is appointed, which shows what Germany's parliamentary rule is worth.

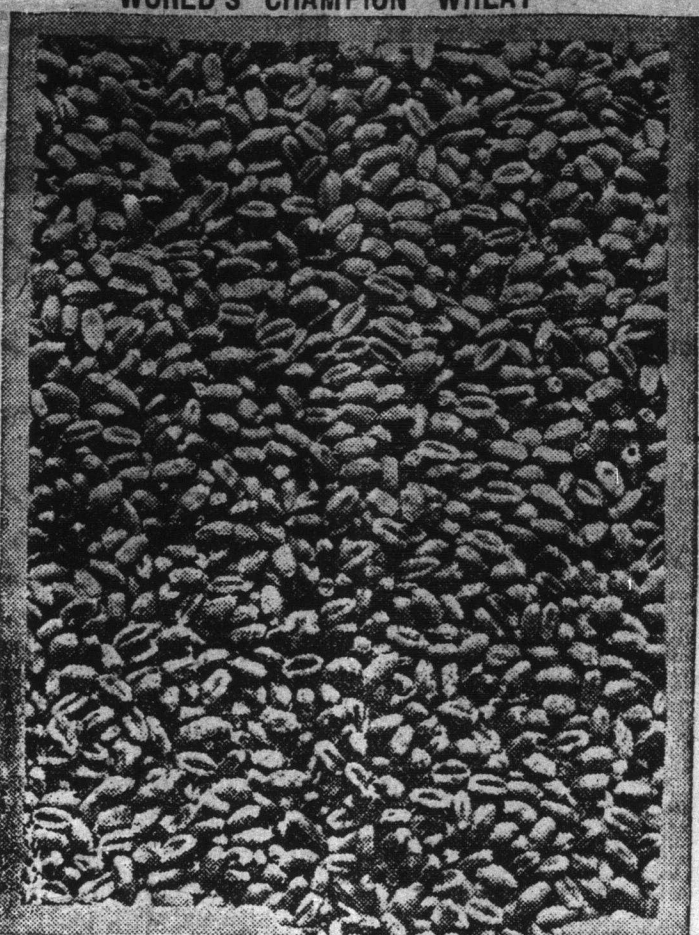
It's all right for the fuel controller to say there is no need to worry about a coal supply, but it does not console those who have empty bins and are having difficulty in securing a supply.

Three years ago at this time Wilhelm was licking his lips in anticipation of the dinner he was going to enjoy in Paris. Now he is getting licked and avoids anticipating the future.

Norway warned Germany a year ago that any new outrage against her merchant ships would be considered a violation of neutrality. The new outrage has been committed. What will Norway do?

How gladly would Germany see the Teuton troops driven out of Italy and deep into Austria if only the Allies would take enough troops and guns from the Western front to allow a German drive there.

WORLD'S CHAMPION WHEAT



Advertiser Illustration.
View of the "Canada Western No. 1," shown by S. Larcombe, Birtle, Man., at the Peoria Exposition. It beat all comers.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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A PEACE OFFERING.

[By Louis Oliver.]

Dr. Wardell and Miss Erminie Gray had long been enemies. The feud had not started over any dispute about territorial boundaries, although their lots adjoined, nor had it been handed down from another generation over a difference in politics, although old Henry Wardell and Elias Gray had never been able to hit it off on the tariff nor the Monroe doctrine.

No; the doctor and Miss Erminie had difference all their own, which started when Miss Erminie was sick one time, and the doctor had insisted on her taking cod-liver oil to build her up, and she had insisted upon refusing it as well as the enigma he prescribed in conjunction with the other. Miss Erminie had always hated eggs, and she couldn't bear milk, and she simply couldn't swallow cod-liver oil.

"You've just got to, Erminie," the doctor had declared. "You're nervous and anemic and everything you ought not to be, and I'm not going to stand by and let you die."

"If I do, it's my own affair," "Not while I'm your doctor."

"I'll die anyway," she had said to take those awful doses I'd be dead in two days. So I'm going to die comfortably."

"No, you're not going to die at all. As long as I'm your doctor you'll have to do as I say."

"And what if I don't?"

"He spread his hands and shrugged slightly."

"You wash your hands of me, I suppose," she had replied.

"What else can I do?"

"Well, there are other doctors in town, Tom Wardwell. You don't have to waste your time on me. Good morning."

"Now, Erminie, I didn't say that. But she would not reply not look at him again, so he picked up his hat and left. Erminie began to pick up suspiciously after that. She put on pounds of flesh, her eyes brightened, the bloom came back to her cheeks, and her lips no longer looked like parchment. But what she kept locked in her closet no one could have told but the local apothecary, and why she suddenly became such a good customer of the Farm and Dairy Produce Company no one knew save Sarah, the maid."

But when she had tonsillitis she sent for old Dr. Bradner. That was the only time she had been really ill in the two years since the trouble. But that was enough.

Dr. Wardwell lifted his hat when brought face to face with his combative neighbor, and Miss Erminie bowed stiffly. But never a word passed between them.

She was away all of the second summer and returned in September. The days were hot and oppressive, and she sat out on the porch a great deal of the time, knitting on grey or khaki-colored yarn, meant for the snappy months ahead when the boys across the water would need them. She had about completed her second set—a sleeveless sweater, a knitted helmet, a scarf and a pair of wristlets. Into the soft, even stitches went many a loving thought of young men she knew who were going away. At the same time her heart beat strongly with true, loyal patriotism and a godspeed for those so manfully doing their duty. She wondered who would wear the things she was making.

The afternoon paper was laid up on the porch, landing at her feet. She stooped eagerly and picked it up, anxiously scanning the headlines. Oh, yes. And then in a section by itself she read: "Noted local physician commissioned to leave for France in four weeks. Dr. Thomas Wardwell called to the colors."

The paper fell at her feet unheeded. Her eyes stared before her into space, her knitting slipped off her knees. She knew now—she knew all along—that she was mean and contemptible and had childishly given way to petty spite, hoping all the time that he would make the overture for peace.

She realized, too, that what she had done had hurt him beyond repair, and yet she had expected him to let the one to bridge the gulf.

And he was going to war—to help save men and souls—out there perhaps in No Man's Land from whence few come back. And she would be left at home to nurse her pitiful spite, how she hated herself.

Just then a paper blew over out of the doctor's yard—a brown wrapping paper, which had come on a postal package. It bore his name, address and cancelled stamps as it lay spread below her. When Miss Erminie suddenly had an inspiration. The last woolen set was just finished, and she determined to leave for France in four weeks. There wasn't much more to the colors.

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London England lives at 1035 Chickamauga avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

The Exception.
"Men all believe in signs," said Hep. "Oh, I don't know," said Eant.
"When all believe in signs, except The signs that read: 'FRESH PAINT.'"

Then it Happened.
"Do you know why they always place such large and heavy monuments over the graves of great men?" asked the dummy, as he placed his glass on the bar.
"No," replied the Barkeeper, and he reached for the bungstarter. "Why is it they do?"
"Because it is hard to keep a good man down," said the dummy, as he headed for the door.

Notice!
One of the Club's staff of task yankers has gone to Philadelphia, Penn., to give relief to Curator Touchaker of the Commercial Museum, in that city.

The Wise Fool.
"A ripe old age is something to be desired," observed the sage.
"Not in an egg," commented the Fool.

An Epitaph.
There was a smart chauffeur, his name was Bill Hole,
He was one of the gamest of men;
He ran his machine up a telegraph
And he never will do it again.

Advice.
"Don't sit around day after day,
And wait for luck," said Clem;
"If you want things to come your way,
You must go after them."

Our Joe Miller Contest.
Frank Green claims that the oldest joke is the one about the Irishman who had a dream that seven was his lucky number, and that seven times seven would be a combination that would win for him every time. The next night he came home and said to his wife: "I had a dream that seven times seven was my lucky number, so I played seven times seven in the lottery, and won here to the \$15,000 I won on my lucky number, 49, which is seven times seven. The Irishman's son, who had just returned from college, spoke up and said: 'Seven times seven is 49. Dad, seven times seven is 49.' 'Shut up, you educated slob,' replied the Irishman. 'With all your education you would have played 49, and you would never have won the money, would you?'"

Strange.
As through this old world a philosopher roams,
He finds many things quite unfair;
While horses have hair, they have not any combs—
While roosters have combs but no hair.
—Luke McLuke.

I pray you, just look at the centipede, too,
Consider its sad plight, I beg;
No garters it has, though of legs quite a few.
—Newark Advocate.

My war-garden squash has a neck, but no head,
My cabbage have heads, but no necks;
And though my potatoes have eyes, it is said,
I wish that they didn't have specs!
—Teddies Robinson in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Names is Names.
B. Rich lives at Independence, Ky.
Those who have nothing to say do most of the talking.
—Luke McLuke Says.

Maybe more of our prayers would be

answered if we would ask for what we need most. Instead of asking for what we want most.

We doubt that St. Peter will hand a very cordial welcome to the long-faced fellow who, when "bonds of duty" keep him busy trying to make others miserable.

The proudest moment in a boy's life is when something happens in his throat and he discovers that he can sing bass. A man can never hope to attract as much attention by wearing a high hat as a woman can by wearing a high skirt.

Do not get the idea into your head that putting on airs will give you a breezy personality.

Any con man can tell you that the biggest sucker on earth is the man who thinks he knows it all.

Our idea of being in hot water is to have a jealous wife and have a habit of talking in your sleep.

Another reason for the high cost of living is that a whole lot of us spend today what we hope to earn tomorrow.

Every small boy believes that he is being deprived of liberties. And when he grows up he never gets the idea out of his head.

Why has become of the old-fashioned girl who used to faint?

If the Globe's editorial writers ever lose their copies of the Scriptures, and the Life of Abraham Lincoln, the editorial page will be absolutely clean as a hound's tooth. Seems to be nothing else but these two works there.

We read with interest the statement of a Conservative newspaper that N. W. Rowell led the Liberals through two elections. If what he did was leading, let's have something different.

Some of the Unionist Liberals who prefer political martyrdom to following the old party will probably get political martyrdom. Nothing like satisfied voters.

Hon. Bob Rogers will not have anything to do with union government. Robert knows how the well-known political wind is blowing.

You can't call an onion a rose, and make it stick. You can't name a hard-shell Tory a Unionist, and make folks believe it. No chance.

A Brooklyn person says the Kaiser will have to eat his own words. Conversation seems to be the regular diet of most Germans, so the Kaiser should not be exempt.

Preacher Arthur Phillips of Beverly, N. J., says Germany has lifted the lid of hell, according to a dispatch. Robert Hubbard said the same thing in 1911, but it takes the news a long time to get to some people.

Nat Willis says that the Y. M. C. A. slogan is, "You Must Come Across." That seems to be the idea behind the local campaign, too.

Guinea pigs don't like onions. Some folks don't like us. Lots prefer corn-beet and cabbage to fried chicken. We don't know what this means, but we are just saying these things. Can't prove anything by us.

Two more constitutions have been

named as the political home of N. W. Rowell. It seems that Russell County is about the only one not named.

It would be a good thing to give some of Canada's first-line warriors a thorough. Make it long, too.

A youngster, seeing a soldier and his bride, asked: "Do all married men get killed?" Quite a thoughtful, slow death, dear child.

The elections are on. Let's go on.

Traction Company
Winter service in effect Sunday, September 24.
Fares from London as follows:
To St. Thomas, single 25c; return, 40c.
To Port Stanley, single, 35c; return, 50c.

Return tickets good 30 days. Book tickets at lower rates.

LONDON AND PORT STANLEY RAILWAY

Timetable Effective September 20.
TO ST. THOMAS—10:30, 11:30, 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 a.m., 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 p.m.
TO PORT STANLEY—10:30, 11:30, 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 p.m.
Daily except Sunday.
*Limited trains, London to St. Thomas.

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The Next Step

THE Proclamation, which issued October 13th, calls for men of Class One to report for service or claim exemption on or before November 10th, 1917. This call includes bachelors and widowers without children (not otherwise excepted) who were 20 years old on the 13th October, 1917, and whose 34th birthday did not occur before January 1st, 1917.

It is pointed out that no man will be called to the colors until about December 10th, by which date it is expected that most, if not all, applications for exemption will have been dealt with. So that, it is obvious no one will gain any advantage by delay in reporting for service or claiming exemption.

Registered Letter

THE REPORT FOR SERVICE or CLAIM FOR EXEMPTION should be made on the forms obtainable at every Post Office in Canada, and handed back to the Postmaster, who will issue an official receipt and will transmit the form itself to the Registrar.

The man reporting for service, or claiming exemption will thereafter be notified by registered letter regarding what is further required of him.

Men who REPORT FOR SERVICE and on whose behalf no claim for exemption is received, will, if not already medically examined, be ordered to attend at the nearest Medical Board Centre for medical examination, and will be furnished with return transportation and also with subsistence.

EACH APPLICANT FOR EXEMPTION will be notified of the number and address of the tribunal by which the application will be considered and the date upon which it will be taken up, and he may thereupon submit in writing to the tribunal the facts upon which reliance is placed to support the application.

While applicants may await the day named in the notice and appear personally before the tribunal, this course is not recommended and will result in serious inconvenience and delay.

Remember all Reports for Service and Claims for Exemption should be made at once but must be made not later than November 10th, 1917.

Issued by
The Military Service Council