

## London Advertiser

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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,  
LIMITED.  
London, Ont., Monday, April 7.

## We Should Forgive But Not Forget Acts of Huns

Lloyd George has just made an assuring statement to a Parisian newspaper. He denies that there is serious dissension between the British and French governments, and declares that England will stand by France five years hence, or fifty years hence, to fight off a third Hun onslaught. "The wild beast must be mastered" is the way the British premier puts it. Evidently he is not convinced that Germany has learned the lesson thoroughly, that some day the Teutons may attempt a "come-back" militarily. Since the conclusion of the war and throughout the Versailles conferences, Lloyd George and Clemenceau have been closer to the ground than President Wilson, who at times seems to have been moving in cloudland. Whatever the form the peace pact and league of nations constitution will take, Lloyd George's words are an assurance that the security of the two nations will not be sacrificed in any degree.

The scars France carries, the stupendous sacrifices of the Empire, and the multiplied infamies of the Hun's warring on all fronts, we must not too readily forget. There is no desire amongst the Entente nations to cultivate hate. That is too Prussian. But if we keep in mind the detestable barbarisms it will help to keep us on guard. We may be sure the Prussian will systematically recall the profound humiliation and terrific punishment which he is suffering at the hands of the Entente nations long after these brandings have worn off in the sight of the world. It will help to head off any new adventure by the Teutons, keeping us alert against another dreadful conspiracy, if we recall from time to time the sinking of the Lusitania, the myriad atrocities of the submarine campaign, the rape of Belgium, the red slash across Northern France, the whole policy of terrorism deliberately planned and carried out. Lloyd George and Clemenceau have promised a pooling of the entire power and strength of the two nations to "master the beast," and the individual will willingly support this if he will pigeonhole in his mind for ready reference the detestable acts of Prussia in the late war. We should, and in time will, forgive, but it will add to our safety if we do not forget.

## "Oh Look at My Sore Thumb!" Cries Sir Adam

Anyone who has studied the career of Sir Adam Beck must have noted his tendency to attempt to turn to his advantage any and all criticism that may come his way in the natural course of events. The latest incident of this kind is in connection with the complaints of soldiers at Byron Sanatorium, which culminated in a petition, signed by 140 of the men undergoing treatment, asking that the head of the institution be removed in order that the patients might be able to get proper food, which they said they were not receiving.

The Advertiser on many occasions received complaints from Byron Sanatorium as to conditions existing there. These complaints came at different dates, usually when some official had been dismissed or took leave of the institution. Once or twice reporters were sent to the Sanatorium to investigate stories at the request of patients. But while there were certain conditions which might have made a passing newspaper sensation, in the interests of truth and justice the Sanatorium was left to work out its destiny under the sweet will of Sir Adam Beck, unhampered by unfavorable publicity. The Advertiser was extremely careful about printing a line of information that was not supported by some kind of recorded evidence.

When it became known that a petition had been circulated among the patients at the Sanatorium, and when a copy of this petition was furnished to this paper, the petition was printed, but not before a reporter had investigated conditions, and written a statement that erred on the side of mildness. This petition and other statements made by patients were published exactly as a statement concerning Victoria Hospital or any other public institution would have been printed, but with a bias toward mildness, for the very reason that The Advertiser might not be accused of attacking Sir Adam Beck through his institution, which, we have recognized, has performed a great service to the community.

The paper which serves Sir Adam's every desire in London sent a reporter to the Sanatorium following the appearance of The Advertiser's story, evidently in the hope of disproving the statements made. The article which it printed the next morning was certainly not more mild than the original statement; it more than confirmed every word of The Advertiser's article.

The Advertiser later printed statements made by a patient at the Sanatorium that conditions had greatly improved since the petition had been sent in.

But now, with a cry of "I'm hurt," Sir Adam turns from the direct and honest facts of the issue and says it was "a crime" for the newspapers to use conditions at the Sanatorium as a means of attacking him. He knows he can support no such charge by consulting the statements that appeared

in the press. He knows that stories of a far more drastic character might have been printed, and he must know that the only reason these stories were withheld was because there was no desire to make the Sanatorium scandal a personal matter. The object was to improve conditions for the inmates. But he chooses to assume the attitude of a martyr. Sir Adam does not care how many wounds he inflicts, but he declines to forfeit any opportunity to show the public his own sore thumb and to tell about the bad boys who squashed it, when as a matter of fact he might as well admit that he struck it himself while swinging the big stick a little too carelessly.

## Some Week-End Musings

The former Kaiser always was strong for the "overall" thing. Now he has a chance to wear a pair of them, while working on the woodpile like a Dutch uncle.

There's nothing so dead as yesterday's paper, yet as we glanced over the files of the war years the other day we found it a rarely fascinating indulgence. All the grunting work of the world to place in chains that rogue elephant, militarism, screamed or growled or flashed out of the pages. Each phase of the panorama made us feel just a little proud of the everlasting allegiance of the newspaper fraternity to the belief that right would triumph over might. And as one read the letters home and the expressions that came from the hearts of the people, the fine spirit of the community during the war stood out resplendent. However imperfectly, however feebly, those newspapers tell a wonderful human story of bravery and sorrow and sacrifice, and best of all, of bearing with one another and standing together just as though the whole town were on fire. Let's keep that spirit, not so sobbing on each other's necks, nor by conscious demonstration, but by showing some common-sense forbearance—one for all, and all for one.

A little boy with a crippled leg was trying to pull his frail body up the steps of a P. A. Y. E. car on Saturday. Four or five men saw him and started toward him, but the conductor was out of his car and there first to give this Tiny Tim a hoist. Most people love every lonely kid they meet, and a helpless one most of all. But how they dislike to be caught showing their feelings! They'd almost rather be caught doing something wrong than to parade a good impulse.

Every day we look over the editorials that appear in a hundred or more papers, and if there's a touch in any one of them that may have helped someone, we feel that work cannot be measured by a pay envelope for the fellow who wrote it. Every writing worker on a newspaper has a chance to get out of him all the good he has in his system, as well as a lot of the bad. Newspaper folk don't wear the pose of heavy importance now, if they ever did. They feel more and more that they should help people rather than hurt people. It's a humbling life and a happy one; it gives a man or woman a chance to express conceptions of life that crowd all around one, and if one doesn't become cynical or conceited his work will be vital. Being able to live your enthusiasm is like "having something on the ball" in the game of life.

Has anyone failed to notice the brilliancy of the stars during this glorious winter and spring? The clearness of the night air, the sharp, white beams that spring from the heavens, must make almost every chin tilt upward. A good many years ago we came across a verse, and since then we have never failed to try and read something from the skies each night. The verse is as follows:

"Teach me your mood, O patient stars,  
That climb each night the ancient sky,  
Leaving no shade, no space, no scars,  
No trace of age, no fear to die."

There's some sort of serenity about those lines, and, like the verses that many people carry, they are a sort of anchor to windward for a doubtful philosophy.

We have often printed James Whitcomb Riley's verses, best known as "He Is Just Away," and people come into the office for days afterward to clip that poem for the keeping. It is full of sweet solace for anyone. Riley wrote plain songs for the millions, like "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." He must have found a host of friends in the place away up above the altitude records when he died a while ago, even if he was not sufficiently high-browed to catch a place in "The Twentieth Plane." Perhaps "Jim" would just as soon be out of that, chatting with Jojo Miller, who wrote such poetry as this:

"In men whom men condemn as ill  
I find so much of goodness still;  
In men whom men pronounce divine,  
I find so much of sin and blot,  
I hesitate to draw a line  
Between the two where God has none."

He's a Crimean war veteran, and he's such a good friend of someone on this paper that he walked all the way down from the Aged People's Home to tell us about the airplane that passed over the city Saturday. Everyone let him believe that the office hadn't known it, for the thought of a very old man walking a mile or two to report the fastest thing on wings or wheels may be incongruous, but it was not funny. Then he sang, "What Are the Wild Waves Saying?," recited a lot of his own poetry, and told us how he danced one night with Florence Nightingale. (We think that's a real short story, even if it be given without the customary word-wadding.)

**A BOY WHO RODE THE HORSES.**  
Franklin Robinson, America's premier jockey, is dead. Johnny McTaggart has two fractured ribs, and Money and Swedenmann are suffering injuries, as a result of a spill in the sixth race today at Bowie.—An Associated Press Dispatch from Baltimore.

A steed that mounts the rising breeze and wings upon the quivering wave,  
Of motion as "the field" is loosed upon its quest of speed and dash,  
Feels baby knees that urge him on and baby hands his best race crave,  
Feels boyish heels upon his flanks, feels light the urging of the lash.  
Each course he fleetly spurs the track, each mad drive on the heels of death,  
Yet boy nor horse is dulled by fear nor conscious of the nearing gate,  
As spun upon the whirling dial, they play the stakes to the last breath.  
Just puppets in the game of thrills, just marbles on the wheel of fate.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Versailles weather report—Milder, with clearing skies.

Paris cable says that President Wilson's condition is good, but his conditions are bad if we are to believe those Republican senators.

Toronto newspaper boasts that Canada will soon have the world's greatest system of government railways. Yes, a regular elephant on our hands.

President Ebert declares that unless the defeated nations can get an immediate supply of fats there will be further strife. No grease, no peace.

Union Government has urged that, wherever possible, war veterans be appointed to vacant positions, yet in the past month, out of 32 appointments to the Toronto postoffice, only two are discharged soldiers.

## THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY THAT MLEETS ALL THE TRAINS



by FONTAINE FOX.

(Copyright.)

## The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

THE FUTURE MR. TEVIS.

By Zona Frost.

Patience leaned farther over the balustrade, and frankly listened. Not that she had intended to, but when one comes along unexpectedly and hears one's own name used freely and without warrant it is surely human nature to want to know what it is all about. Especially when matters have been at the high point of tension they had at the Quintards'.

Old Miss Rostetter was calling with her married daughter, Miss and Mrs. Tevis, in favor of Patience, or her position in the home of her wealthy aunt. She had her own younger sister to marry off, and the marriageable men in the little summer colony of Larchmont were reduced to the minimum. Archie Tevis was the first prize, and Patience had ignored him, with deliberate intent. Yet now she heard their names coupled in the gossip of old madame, who ruled in an autocratic way over the other fluttering girls and women of the resort.

"Well, I'm in favor of it," she said flatly. Archie's eyes grew wide, and he needs balance and family ties, especially now, when his father is getting younger every day. Have you seen Tooker lately, Mrs. Quintard? He's fifty-four to my certain knowledge, and he looks about forty or thirty. He's on the other side, all through the war, and it agreed with him. He's fit and handsome, and Archie can't hold a candle to him, I think. If I were a girl I'd make a straight play for the colored."

"Is he back?" asked Mrs. Quintard, pleasantly. "I thought he was in Washington." Yes, he's opened up Everglades. Going to make a big stock farm of it. I believe. Crazy over the ruins. After too much years you tell Patience for me to overlook Archie and make Tooker fall in love with her. I'll help all I can."

And here Patience stole back upstairs, along the broad cool corridor to her room, and out on the upper porch. Here she sat in full view from the road, with rose vines and honeysuckles, and when she just as attractive in her white linen smock as she could be, with its knots of black velvet ribbon here and there, and one pretty bow, like a Chipewa maiden's tribal feather, pointing upward from her hair.

Archie and his father rode horseback slowly, while the colonel lectured. "You're pretty, sir, but you've been seen three years younger than you leading their men through hell, sir, and making good on it. You've collected leisure and no definite aim in life, and now I hear you've had a serious love affair with Molly Quintard's niece. Who the devil is she?"

"There she is, dad," drawled Archie, provokingly, but with a twinkle in his eye, as he nodded his head toward Patience on the upper porch. No danger that she would take the trouble to lift her head and speak to him. He felt he was quite safe, and Col. Tevis turned his handsome head toward her, quite as fearlessly as he had ever looked in the face of danger.

Patience had seen them when they first rode down the hill road, but she had read her book deliberately until she felt the gaze of someone. Archie, but a compelling gaze that forced her to meet it. And slowly she bowed her head as the two men raised their eyes to her, but not before she had felt the color rise to her cheeks.

"Up you blame the devil," Archie asked daringly, as he noted his father's silence. "Pretty impressive girl, isn't she?" "Use a different tone," ordered the colonel, with a smile of intention. "If she'll have me, Archie, I'm going to let you take her abroad a year ago with the Leslie Deans, of Louisville. I met her in Paris at one of the Red Cross affairs, and if she's been at all decent to you, sir, I can tell you now it was on account of my daughter. Make up your mind that you are the future Mr. Tevis whenever it pleases her to give you the least encouragement. She's the image of her Aunt Molly at her age, and I never loved any other girl but Molly."

"Why not marry Molly now and leave Patience to me," suggested Archie, savagely.

"Because you're idle and not fit for any job to marry. Go to work and drop this social game here. Archie, and I'll give you a chance to win her from me. Meantime, I give you warning."

The next two hours Larchmont wondered and pondered just what Patience intended doing with the colonel. He had become her most devoted admirer, or as Archie put it more neatly, "Dad's got the inside track." Archie doggedly he had taken up the challenge to make good, but evenings he shared Patience's society with the colonel, and when he groused at his work his father would laugh and tell him to

**DOCTOR PRESCRIBES VINOL**  
For This Weak Nervous Mother, Because He Knows the Formula.  
Jacksonville, Ill.—"I have a twenty-months-old baby and keep house for my little family, but got into a weak, nervous, run-down condition, tired all the time and no ambition. My doctor told me to try Vinol and in a week I felt like a new person. I am now strong again, look after my baby, and do all my housework."—Mrs. G. H. Lamson.  
The reason we recommend Vinol, is because it is a constitutional remedy, containing beef and cod liver peptones, iron and manganese peptones and glycerophosphates, the most successful tonics known.  
For sale by Taylor Drug Company, and at the best drug store in every town and city in the country.

will necessarily bring their attention to the superiority of the work done in his up-to-date barber shop.

**TWEET! TWEET!**  
[Dixie Telegraph.]  
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Birdsong, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Birdsong and Lloyd Birdsong motored to Polo Sunday and spent the day with friends.

**THOSE SUNDAY CARS.**  
[Hamilton Spectator.]  
London is pleading for Sunday street cars to visit Springbank (its reservoir park), involving side trips to its sanatorium and cemetery. In these days of luxury it would seem a pity to deprive its citizens of this most harmless form of Sabbath recreation.

**ONE OF NATURE'S NOBLEMEN.**  
[Card of a Shenandoah, Va., Candidate.]  
For mayor, Fred N. Hackett. The workingman's friend, who at 10 years of age had to go and make his own living in the world—so small he had to climb in the manger to harness the horses, and then go to the field alone to work, all for \$4 per month. A mechanic who knows the needs of the artisan, and for 25 years a traveling salesman, selling goods all over the United States and Canada.

**HIRAM'S TRIBULATIONS.**  
[Hiram, in Bruce Herald.]  
For some time I have been trying an experiment. Every strange place I go to I go to in the evening, lean against a building and wait to see what will happen.  
In Montreal a girl pocket was picked. In Toronto a girl pocket was picked. In Stratford my hat blew off. In Eden Grove I fell asleep and couldn't find my way home in the dark.

**PROBLEM OF CONDUCT.**  
[British Weekly.]  
Waiter Dure proposes to Carol Conpton. Carol thinks she will accept him, but before she decides comes a letter from Waiter's mother, whom she has never met. Mrs. Dure writes: "I must there is some chance of your getting engaged to my Waiter. I think you ought to know that he has a dreadful temper, and sometimes sulks for days at a time. It has made our home very unhappy." Carol has once or twice seen Waiter put out, but she believes that she cares for him.

**WHAT'S THE ANSWER.**  
[Joseph Mercury.]  
"Is our fair city going to the devil?" is the title for a sermon at one of our city churches last evening. That's a question that should give rise to a lot of thought, but, strange to say, will hardly require passing attention. With houses of worship sufficient to accommodate every resident in the city, man, woman and child, it should be a superfluous question to ask, but a peek into any one of them will show only a small sprinkling of men. Perhaps the "Old Boy" is such a polished gentleman nowadays that it's hard to recognize him.

**THE CONSCRIPTION MUDDLE.**  
[Edmonton Bulletin.]  
Conscription was ostensibly intro-

duced in Canada to raise 100,000 men for overseas service. The policy was announced on May 18th, 1917. It was declared by the premier to be a policy of (1) necessity because voluntary enlistments had failed; (2) urgency to raise reinforcements to meet the expected German drive (of March 1918.)

On December 16th, 1918, Gen. McWburn, minister of militia, addressing the Canadian Club of Toronto, said that up to November 15th, eighteen months after the policy of necessity and urgency had been announced there were:

"Obtained under the Military Service Act, or voluntarily reporting within the class called out \$3,555."  
The number of those voluntarily reporting is stated to have been 20,743 so that only 62,612 men were actually drafted.

Gen. McWburn further gave the number:

"On leave without pay under orders in-camp relating to compassionate and hardship cases, or subsequently discharged, 24,933."

Obviously this class of special exemptions did not apply to any considerable degree of the 20,000 men who reported voluntarily, therefore they must be deducted from the 62,000 actually drafted leaving 37,000 drafted men.

But General McWburn gave another class of exemptions as follows:

"Struck off strength and returned to the records of registrars appointed by the military service branch of the War Times Elections Act) or as being of a category which ought to report 16,300."

Deduct 16,000 from the 37,000 drafted men left after the 25,000 special exemptions were given, and the result is 21,000 men actually added to the effective strength of the overseas force figures given out specially by the minister of militia.

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## EMBARRASSMENT, THE RESULT OF COUGH

You've seen it often—just as the singer, preacher or great actor reaches the climax and the audience is keyed up to the highest pitch of anticipation, there comes that uncontrollable cough or sneeze from somewhere in the audience. How embarrassing for the victim who knows that the pleasure of many has been spoiled.

You can avoid being in a similar position by always carrying a box of Dominion C. B. Q. Tablets (in the red box). One or two doses will stop a cold before it gets started, or break up a hard cold in short order. Get a box today. National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.

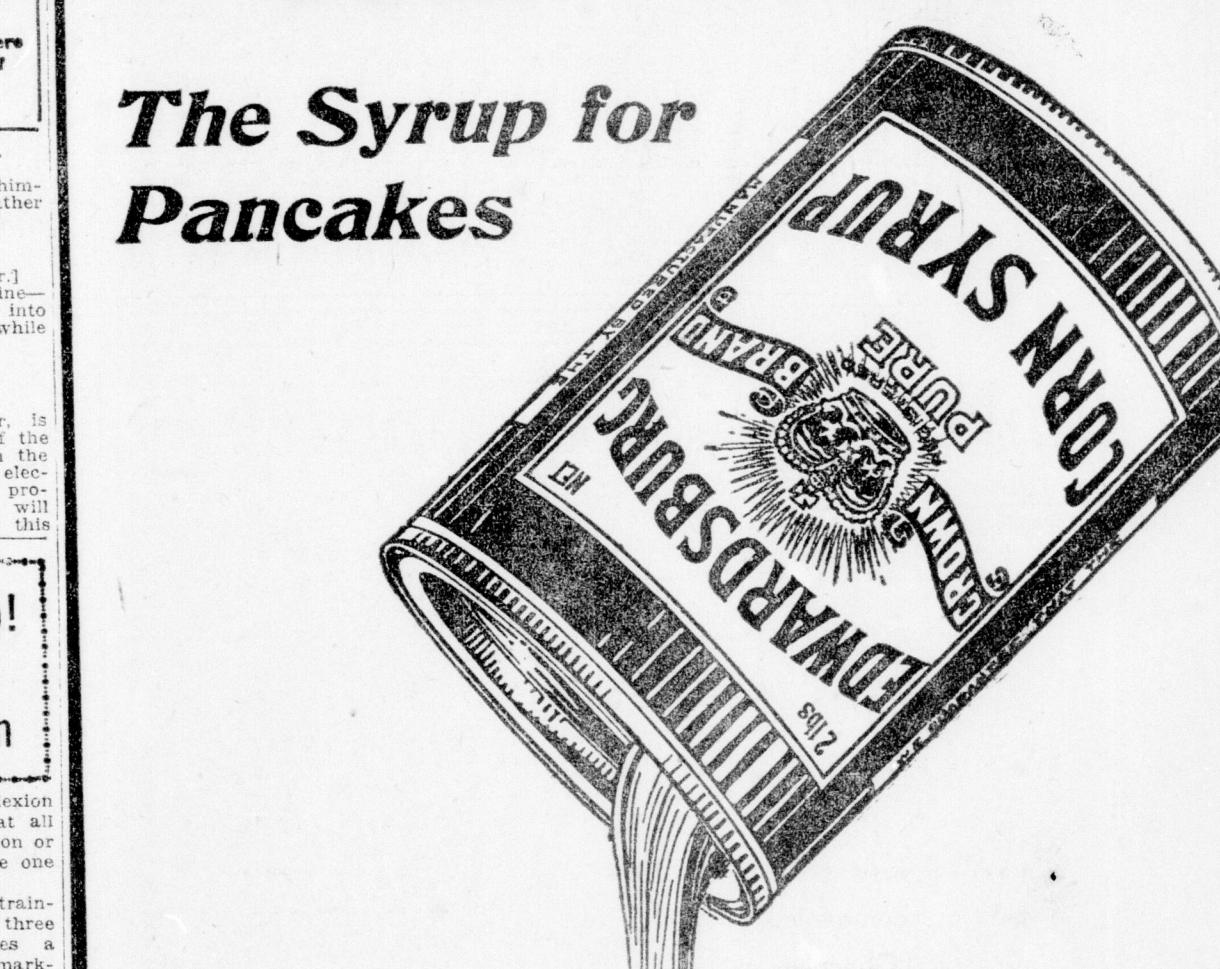
**Stops Headache**  
**Dominion C. B. Q.**  
TABLETS (in the red box)  
Break up Colds and La Grippe in a few hours, 25c.

**BLISS** Native Herb Tablets  
Have you noticed the rosy, healthy complexion of our soldier boys? Their condition is due to outdoor life, plenty of exercise, regular habits and wholesome food. Your responsibilities may not seem to work into your life, but you must have a good way at a machine. A doctor's advice, however, is to take Bliss Native Herb Tablets. They will relieve constipation, remove indigestion, help to purify the blood, and make you feel like a new man. Our money back guarantee in every lot.

**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
ALL KIDNEY DISEASES  
RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, GRAVEL, WATER 23 THE PROPRIETOR

**Cuticura Soap**  
Best for Baby  
For free sample Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Tablets, write: "Cuticura, Dept. E, Boston." All druggists everywhere.

## CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP



**The Syrup for Pancakes**  
A golden stream of Crown Brand Corn Syrup is the most delicious touch you can give to Pancakes!

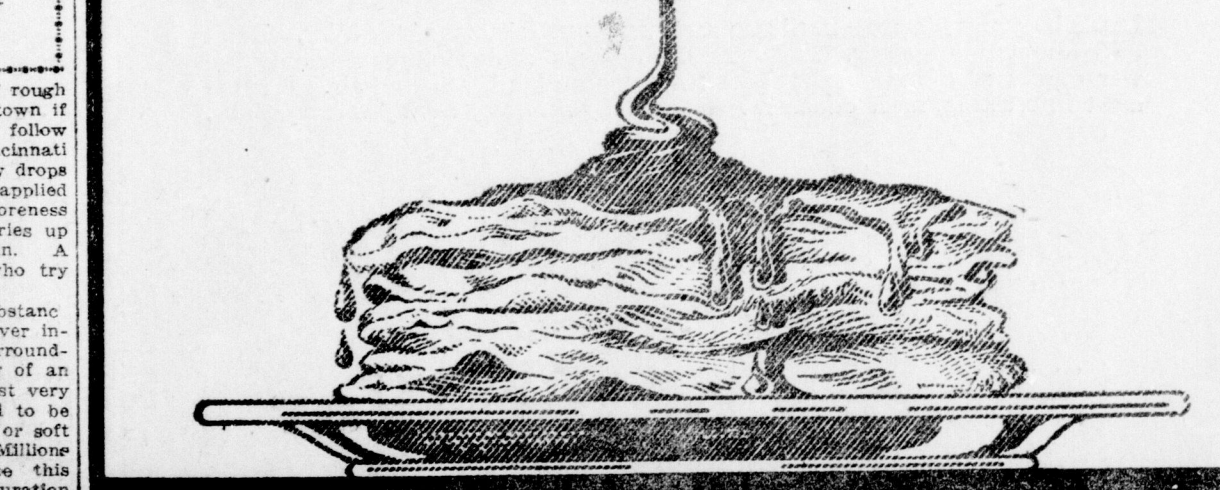
In the Kitchen, there is a constant call for Crown Brand Corn Syrup for making puddings, candies, cakes, etc.

For making Marmalade and other preserves, we recommend our Lily White Corn Syrup.

Sold by Grocers everywhere

In 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins.

**The Canada Starch Co. Limited, Montreal**



**ARTFUL DODGER HAS NO CHANCE**  
Put a few drops on that old touchy corn then lift it out without pain

Ouch ? ? ? ! This kind of rough talk will be heard less here in town if people troubled with corns will follow the simple advice of this Cincinnati authority, who claims that a few drops of a drug called freezezone when applied to a tender, aching corn stops soreness at once, and soon the corn dries up and lifts right out without pain. A delightful surprise awaits all who try this.

He says freezezone is a sticky substance which dries immediately and never inflames or even irritates the surrounding tissue or skin. A quarter of an ounce of freezezone which will cost very little at any drug store, is said to be sufficient to remove every hard or soft corn or callus from one's feet. Millions of Canadian women will welcome this announcement since the inauguration of the high heels.