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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Tuesday, Nov. 21.

THE GREAT SLOTH.

OTTAWA seems to move with all the nervous energy of the great sloth. The great sloth is a South American quadruped which walks slowly on the ground. It is quite possible that in his foreign peregrinations in search of audiences, Sir George Foster found the sloth and imported it to Ottawa as a symbol of how the nation should conduct itself. The sloth is safe and sane. If it gets an idea it believes the right thing to do is to become very dull, and go into a state of coma. Obsession to the point of catalepsy is the sloth's idea of figuring out a problem. The sloth that to most animals acts as an invigorator has the effect of an anesthetic upon the sloth. It massages its ideas into its hide and strives to rub out inspiration. Its moodiness is monumental, even taking the form of monomania.

Whatever its mental processes, the sloth has no power to move forward unless someone gives it a start. It gets hold of things like the National Service Commission, and becomes ponderous with ingrown gloom. It may labor to bring forth a mouse of an idea, but if anyone endeavors to speed it up, it groans, and grunts that it is not being given time to think. Everyone gasps when the word "think" is used. Everyone remembers the great trade conference that was arranged for this fall. The sloth is still meeting over that trade conference which was to give Canada the keynote of empire pre-eminence after the great war. The sloth also took up the Canadian nickel problem for solution, and the Germans are running away with the nickel while it moans, and with its huge bulk protects the ugly duckling of Hon. Frank Cochrane.

The sloth ponders and ponders and ponders. Meanwhile it demonstrates a tremendous appetite, and sits blankly as it ruminates. When it moves it "walks slowly on the ground." No one could ever accuse it of soaring into the clear air of determined action. It simply grunts its way through life, and gets anywhere only at the point of many sharp prods.

"THE BEST MAN."

"The London Advertiser says rightly that the 'best man' should be appointed to succeed Sir Sam Hughes, and it nominates as the best man Gen. Lessard. No. The general is a good man. But don't let's have another military man as minister of militia. Let's have a civilian for a change. It should not be impossible to get a civilian of the Lloyd George type to do the Canada work which Lloyd George is doing for Britain."—Hamilton Herald.

Is it not a case of "the best man" no matter whether he is civilian or military officer?

Sir Sam Hughes did not go down before his opponents because he was a military man, but because he was Sir Sam Hughes.

The Advertiser holds no brief for Gen. Lessard, and is free to confess that its opinion of his abilities is a second-hand opinion derived from those who know him, from accounts of his life, and passed on because his appointment is championed by a number of responsible newspapers. He is known as "a reading and thinking soldier." But few people will quarrel so long as Gen. Lessard is given an opportunity commensurate with his abilities. It is not fair to the country that Canada produced a soldier of his reputation, and left him to vegetate at a time when his services were valuable. The worst that the Toronto News can say against him is that he is 66 years of age, and that the war requires young men. If that is the truth, the British people should do some extensive housecleaning. Gen. Lessard is a French-Scottish Canadian, and is said to be gifted with shrewd business sense as well as keen military judgment.

But if the Hamilton Herald has a Canadian Lloyd George in stock, let it try him out. It is a remarkably scarce type, and the only Canadian to whom the appellation has been offered with any degree of sense is Mr. N. W. Rowell, K.C., leader of the Ontario Opposition. He would suit us if the Herald were satisfied.

THE HUN.

A GERMAN WRITER, in Vorwärts,

"The Hun is as follows: The Hun is a German who forgets that countless drops of Hun blood still run in the veins of the Hun. The Hun is not in our."

The "Hun" forgets that it wasn't the British who thus named him, but his dearly beloved kaiser. The name "Hun" is, of course, applied to the enemy not because of an actual descent from the ruthless tribe of ancient Attila, but because of the kaiser's address to his army, in which he urged them to be like Attila and his Huns, because of German officers' instructions to much the same effect, and because of the serve or enthusiastic and thorough execution of their leaders' injunctions by the mass of the German army and their vassal allies. The name once applied was riveted upon the enemy by his

continued brutality and by his compact with the Turks, who are the nearest blood kindred of the ancient Huns and the nearest to them, except the Teutons, in character. By their explicit official attitude and orders, their horrible atrocities and their close implication in the murder of the Armenian nation, the Germans have themselves well earned the sobriquet of "the Huns."

As for Hun blood in the Russians, the truth is that the Russian is part Tartar, as is also the Bulgarian. The Tartar like the Turk is skin to the ancient Hun. The German writer may have in mind the old proverb, "scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar." But there is not much of the Tartar or Hunnish soul in the simple Russian peasant, the main strength of the czar's army. By their fruits ye shall know them, and it is perfectly fair to contrast the names of Nietzsche and Tolstoy as typical products of their respective nations. Some Hun, behold thou art the Hun, O Prussian, whether at Berlin or at Munich or at Buda, self-confessed and world-branded.

Besides, if the ancient Huns were not altogether destroyed, as their name was lost, if any of their blood survives to modern times anywhere in Europe, it is most certainly to be located in the population of Germany or Austria, in which regions the Huns were last heard of and disappeared from the map. It is a fair guess that the Hun can still be seen looking through the stolid features, brightly lit and little pig eyes of the brutes like Hindenburg.

NO DEGENERACY.

IT IS HARD to find any ground in the events of the war for the views of those pessimists who were telling us that the race was degenerating, through living in cities or civilized vices or work being done by machinery. All the peoples engaged in the war, from the Russians and Rumanians, who are rather primitive manual workers, to the highly industrialized British, French and Germans, show an equal vigor. All perform miracles of physical and mental energy. There is no end to the endurance of men in trenches, against the shocks of weather, steel and shell. Cowardice or fear seems unheard of.

As Lloyd George said in a recent speech, "There are so many heroes in this conflict that it is almost impossible in dispatches to enumerate them. There are so many deeds of valor—it is incredible the devotion, the valor, and the endurance of these myriads of gallant men at the front; they have given courage a new meaning. They have given it a new standard, a new rating. We never understood the word before. That is the revelation of this war."

The ethnologist, Professor Keith, says that the men of the British army today are taller, stronger and braver than any generation of their ancestors. It has been found that the athletes of today cannot easily get inside the suits of armor which survive their medieval wearers. Why is it that the men of the 20th century are superior and not inferior to their ancestors in physical strength and prowess?

The truth is that the lightning of work and the living in cities, if these influences are against vigor, are more than made up for by the improvement of morals and hygiene in modern times. Our ancestors did not keep house so well as do their descendants. Filth and plague were the general rule. Every other person had pox marks or the signs of erysipelas, itch, nervous disease, etc. Slow diseases like tuberculosis hardly had time to carry people off, though no doubt they contributed in a quiet way, half unnoticed. The death rate and the sickness rate were like our high cost of living in altitude. Medicine was about on a level with Chinese practice. Surgery was in its infancy. In war, insanitary camps sometimes carried whole armies off with plague, and such sensations were laid to the Lord. No wonder our men are stronger and fitter than in "the brave days of old."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Canada could provide a new recruit for every Belgian forced into slavery.

Germany is now the Simon Legree among nations, in relation to filling every other horrible role.

Thomas Kelly has gone to Stony Mountain Penitentiary. Fitting epitaph for the gravestone of Canadian graft.

That little by-play of the Deutschiand in American waters may prove rather expensive after all. Some American citizens are alive.

War diplomats are puzzled over the fact that von Hindenburg let Monastir get out of his control. Guess he couldn't help it.

You have heard much of late about the high cost of living. Perhaps Sir Sam could give a few pointers on the high cost of dying.

Montreal finds that millions have been wasted on a water scheme, now pronounced a failure. This should be a tightening-up signal for other municipalities.

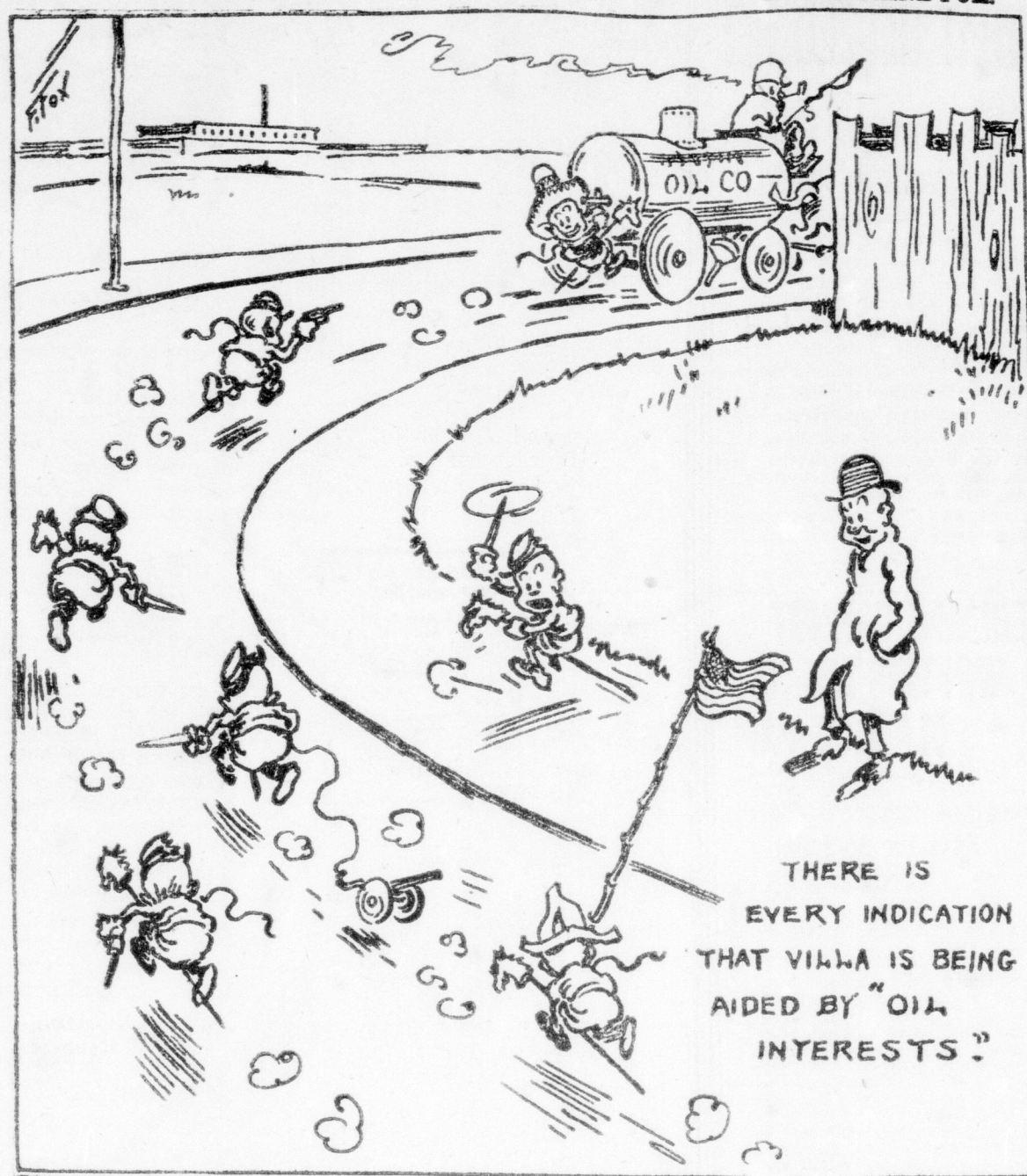
Is there a suggestion in the fact that while Eddie McKay's rings down the "Huns" foremost aviator, America makes the greatest flying record in petticoats?

A population equal to that of the city of London has already been driven into bondage beyond the Rhine. Cuba never suffered under "Butcher" Weller as the Belgians have suffered under "Butcher" von Bissing.

The editor of the Consumers' League talks about standardizing eggs. It might be a good plan to standardize the Conservative party, for then we would be able to detect a bad egg without any unpleasant associations.

THE PURSUIT OF VILLA.

BY FONTAINE FOX.



The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The Missing Letter

BY LOIS PIKE.

Things happened very rapidly in the small old village of Columbus. The first thing that happened to rouse the people was the fact that Miss Ruth White's aunt died in her far-off state and left her a legacy of \$5,000. Miss Ruth was the belle of the village, notwithstanding that her father was a carpenter.

Then it became widely known that Dave Johnson, son of Squire Johnson, had made new proposals of marriage to Miss Ruth—making three in all in one year.

Then Abner Taylor's widow, who had been postmistress for several years, went suddenly blind. She had the legal right to name an assistant and she named Miss Ruth White. The two had been good friends for a long time and the girl took the place of assistant that the widow might hold her place and not come to poverty.

These incidents were gossip for a week or two, and the sleepy old Columbus went to sleep again. The fact that Miss Ruth was at the general delivery window gave Dave Johnson opportunities to see her and speak with her which he had not had before, and there was scarcely a day in the week that he was not at the post-office.

His father, as justice of the peace, received more mail than any five other persons in the village put together, and his son's excuse every time he came in was to his father's mail or letters for him.

As for Ruth, the girl had little to say to him, for she had refused him absolutely, but as a public official she had to treat him with courtesy. She suspected that he was not satisfied with her three answers to his three proposals, but if a fourth answer was required she had determined to make it so decisive that the young man would not reopen the question again.

One day when there was no one in the office but the two he said to her: "Miss Ruth, I love you and am going to have you for a wife. If you keep on refusing me I shall play you some trick to make you wish you had accepted me."

His speech angered the girl, and she gave him back such hot words that he slunk away while she was still talking. He went direct to his father's office and told his parent that the assistant postmistress had vilified the whole family. He told her after he left to get the old man excited and revengeful, and the squire was ready to enter into any plan.

"The idea that you are not good enough for her and her family!" he shouted. "Dave, you have not the best of reputations; but we must go to work to take some of the conceit out of that slip of a girl. She seems to think she runs this whole town, but she won't even run the postoffice when we get through with her. If she thinks of you as she says she does, why do you want to marry her?"

"Hasn't she got \$5,000 in cold cash?" answered Dave. "And don't I want that money to start me in some sort of business?" "I don't care two cents whether she loves me or hates me, but I want to get married to her and get hold of that money."

There was scheming and planning for the next month. The first thing to be done, as father and son looked at it, was to cause the girl to lose her position—and under a cloud of suspicion at that. But no opening kept up with the postoffice and the squire got his mail himself.

One day he entered the office in his pompous way and said to Ruth: "I wish to enter a complaint to the postal authorities, and may turn out to be very serious for you." "Very well," was the reply. "I will take your complaint and forward it. Has there been anything wrong about your mail?"

"Yes, ma'am, there has. A letter containing money addressed to me, and which I believe reached this postoffice all right, has not come to me, and I want to know where the trouble lies."

of the assistant postmistress was very favorable. She had probably made some mistake in boxing the mail. The squire was sent for, and the story told at the village of Milford, had bought a horse of him and had paid all but \$10 of the price. He was to pay that on a certain date, and he was a man whose word was as good as his bond. He surely had mailed the letter, and it ought to have reached the squire next day, but weeks had elapsed and the letter had not yet arrived. He was asked by the inspector if he had telephoned Harkness, and he replied that he had not. He felt so sure that the letter had not yet arrived. He was asked by the inspector if he had telephoned Harkness, and he replied that he had not. He felt so sure that the letter had not yet arrived.

Ruth quietly and calmly protested, and she could do no more. The inspector was about to go across the street and telephone to Harkness himself, when old Uncle Doremus came in with a letter in his hand and exclaimed:

"I am getting to be a damned old fool, and put it in my pocket to take. Dog my cats if I didn't forget all about that letter till just this morning. It wasn't for me anyhow. It was for Squire Johnson here, and it was put in the wrong box."

The squire received and opened the letter. There was no \$10 bill in it. Instead of sending him the money, Mr. Harkness called him a cheat, a liar and a swindler, and said he might sue him, and he was hanged to him. The squire walked out of the postoffice without a word. The inspector said such misdeeds were common, but could be overlooked. Dave Johnson did not appear to renew his proposal, but six months later Miss Ruth received one that she accepted, and the inspector's husband still permits her to act as assistant postmistress.

But the neat ankle girl, with the well-fitted shoe, and the tidy, unwrinkled white spat, I consider, dear Hank, and I'm sure, is a sight that's well worth looking at.

—THE OLD 'UN.

One of our esteemed co-workers had a midnight battle with a vicious and love-destroying porous plaster last night. The thing sneaked up on him during the early hours, and at the switching hour of twelve it started in on its deadly work. It attacked and counter attacked him with itching shells, and had him doing a dance that would make the whirling Dervish look like a demure maid. He swore under his breath, until he had to summon help from Friens Government bough aid of a poker, pried the beast away. Next time he tries a porous plaster, he is going to have it fixed so that it will drop off by pressing a button, or singing a psalm.

—A TOP BOOT.

That particular style of limb wear, 'Twould be better, maybe, if they wore a top boot.

Though that might make them "look a bit queer."

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FATE OF 9,000,000 HELPLESS BELGIANS AROUSES COMMITTEE

Deportations by Germany Causes Great Anxiety.

MEANS SMALL REDUCTION

Only 3 Per Cent Represented, But Relief Workers Fear for Continuance of Work.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—On being asked whether the deportation of workmen from Belgium to Germany would interfere with the work of the American commission for the relief in Belgium, Herbert C. Hoover, chairman of the commission, said today:

"Intrinsically, the removal of even 250,000 workmen from Belgium and Northern France would not materially affect the number of mouths which have to be fed, as this number would diminish the total by only about 3 per cent. The needs of the 9,000,000 or so who remain would not be less than before; and for other reasons their needs present a constantly growing problem."

"There is no deportation of persons directly or indirectly employed in relief work. They are protected by certificates, which are issued by the relief commission. Something like 100,000 of such persons are engaged as members of local committees, in transportation work, or as bakers, millers, etc."

"We have at present no statement to make as to the attitude of the Allied governments towards continuance of relief, or as to the rights and wrongs of the measures taken by the German authorities. We are filled with anxiety, and trust some solution can be found so that the relief work will not be jeopardized, because the welfare of more than 9,000,000 helpless people is at stake."

DEATH OF MCKILLIP PIONEER. SEAFORTH, Nov. 20.—The death of John McKillip, one of the few remaining pioneer settlers of McKillip, occurred at his residence near Seaforth Sunday morning at the age of 85 years.

He lived on the farm he cleared until his death, and was an industrious and esteemed resident of the township. One son, Matthew, and two daughters, whom he lived, and one daughter in Detroit survive.

Cure Children's Colds By External Treatment

Mothers Will Find Nothing So Speedy and Reliable as Old-Time "Nerviline."

It's really a shame to upset a young child's stomach by internal dosing, when external treatment will so promptly break up a cold.

When your boy comes in after play with his feet soaking wet, his throat hoarse and sore, his little chest tight and congested, just apply Nerviline. Give him a vigorous rubbing over his throat, and put lots of Nerviline on his chest and rub it right in. To make Nerviline penetrate more quickly cover his chest and throat with a hot flannel bandage. This treatment WON'T fail. Your boy will be feeling better in half an hour, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing you have ward off perhaps a cold, or gripe, or illness that might have laid him up.

Nerviline is really good for preventing colds and for breaking up a bad one, too. For general family use it cures all sorts of external aches and pains—you simply can't beat it. Try it for ear-ache, toothache, neuralgia, sciatica, lame back, rheumatism, or lumbago. Wherever there is congestion, inflammation or pain, the use of Nerviline will cure mighty quick. The large, 50-cent, family-size bottle is so economical, so useful, it should be in every home. There is also a small, 25-cent size. Dealers anywhere sell Nerviline.

Head Office: Toronto, Can. J. S. HOWELL, Inspector, Merchants Bank, Ltd., 91-y.

By the burning of a certain millionaire's home on Long Island, we may reasonably expect to jump to the conclusion that the H. C. of L. will be further aggravated by a rise in the price of diamond rings, and clothes pins from 10 cents to 15 cents for lots of a dozen.

Six more Americans have been murdered by Mexicans. Billy Hearst will want to call out the American army to stop this thing. Besides his ranch is in danger.

NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY. —White Spats— J. H. F., don't get gay and be carried away. By the crowd who belittle white spats.

For the ladies, hooray! will still have their way. Though faced by a crowd with brick bats.

And, anyway, why should you, Hank, or I. Take exception to what looks so steps lightly by. Since a white-spatted queen, as she is the prettiest sight in the street.

Some, of course, are not built exactly to suit. That particular style of limb wear, 'Twould be better, maybe, if they wore a top boot.

Though that might make them "look a bit queer."

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15 YEARS SUFFERING FROM PILES

MR. J. McEWEEN, of Dundas, Ont., writes:—"For fifteen years I suffered with piles, and could get no permanent cure until I tried Zam-Buk. After having given Zam-Buk a fair trial I found I was getting better; and in the end it cured me completely."

MR. JAMES RUDDY, of Killaloe, Ont., says:—"I suffered greatly from piles. The pain from these, as anyone who suffers from them will know, was at times almost unbearable. I tried first one remedy and then another, but all without effect. The piles still continued as bad as ever. I heard about Zam-Buk and commenced with the treatment. To my great joy, after perseverance I obtained relief from the agonizing pain of the piles. Having been cured by Zam-Buk I heartily recommend the balm to all sufferers from piles."

WHY ZAM-BUK IS SO SUPERIOR.

An eminent scientist said, the other day, that the most wonderful discovery of recent years was the discovery of Zam-Buk. As soon as a single thin layer of Zam-Buk is applied to a wound or a sore, such injury is insured against blood poisoning.

Then again. As soon as Zam-Buk is applied to a sore, or a cut, or to skin disease, it stops the smarting. That is why children are such friends of Zam-Buk. Again. As soon as Zam-Buk is applied to a wound or to a diseased part, the cells beneath the skin's surface are so stimulated that new healthy tissue is quickly formed. The tissue thus formed is worked up to the surface and literally casts off the diseased tissue above it. This is why Zam-Buk cures are permanent.

WHAT ZAM-BUK CURES

For eczema, blood-poisoning, piles, ulcers, sores, abscesses, varicose ulcers, bad leg, cold sores, chapped hands, cuts, burns, bruises and all skin injuries and diseases. Zam-Buk is without equal. 50c. box, all druggists and stores, or post free, Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Reuse imitations.

FREE BOX

Send this coupon, name of doctor, and 1 cent stamp to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for free box. (15c.)

ZAM-BUK

PORTLAND, ME.; HALIFAX, N.S.; LIVERPOOL. Christmas Passenger Sailing. Freight** (Avenmouth) Sailing. Southland .. Dec. 2. **Cornishman .. Dec. 6. Southland .. Dec. 17. **Welshman .. Dec. 19. Cabin & 3rd class only. Rates, Etc., at local railway and S. S. agents. **Company's office, 41 King street east, Toronto.

WHITE STAR DOMINION Line

Head Office: Toronto, Can. J. S. HOWELL, Inspector, Merchants Bank, Ltd., 91-y.

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