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London, Ont., Thursday, Nov. 9.

AN UNUSUAL ELECTION.

THE SLOWNESS of the return of the United States presidential candidate has a simple explanation. In ordinary elections the margin of victory is usually so large as to give certain indications soon after the polls close as to which candidate has won. But in the contest just closed Wilson and Hughes have been so evenly matched, and the people so evenly divided, that it has been necessary to consider almost every vote before a decision has been given. The cities usually give an overwhelming majority one way or the other, but in the present election the result, at least so far as time was concerned, depended upon the slower rural vote, which is always quite as slow.

In some states the rural vote is inaccessible; in others much time is taken by the clerks. Some are said to "shut up shop" at 5 o'clock and go home, owing to the established precedent of leaving the ballots to be counted next day.

The sudden rise of Wilson showed that the announced election of Hughes was the most premature guesswork. The "barometer" states theory was upset in several instances.

EXIT HEARST.

THE LONG-DEFERRED has at last happened. The ugly mess of about fifteen journals known as Hearst's have been barred from Canada.

When a few weeks ago the British Government expelled the Hearst News Service from London, for flagrant falsifications, it was inevitable that this service and the papers bound up with it should soon be shut out of Canada. In spite of the manifestly hostile activity of Hearst's press, several Canadian newspapers, including the local Conservative organ, used its telegraph service. Common decency, let alone patriotism, not being sufficient to wean away some people from the lies and blackguardism of this daily, imported trickle of Anglophobic print, the Canadian Government has had to bring down the official axe and make an end of Hearst and his works in this country.

Even apart from the war and British ties, the Hearst brand of newspaper has no right to live in a decent Canada. It is a blot on journalism, impairing the reputation of the newspaper everywhere it goes. A newspaper's business is to print the truth. The Hearst papers dish up lies, unpleasantness and filth, and their tone is low class. Decent people in the United States will not have Hearst papers in their homes. Their very name, so often The American, is a slander on the nation as a whole. Vulgar and vile at all times, the Hearst papers are, besides that, particularly repulsive in these days of stress, as anti-British and anti-human. We are well rid of this speaking hyena.

MIKE TANCERADE.

WHY SHOULD MIKE Tancerade, a hapless immigrant who became crazed with drink and slew his fellowman, be hanged until he is dead, while Tom Riley, a Missouri boy, who also while drunk killed a citizen, walks about his home town in a distant state a free man?

Canadian justice must not tamper with the scales she holds, alike for British-born foreigners and American citizens. The crime of Tancerade was no worse than that of Riley, and if the one escaped with his life, the other must benefit by an immutable precedent. Far better would it be that capital punishment be banished than that one man should go free while another is choked to death.

Tancerade should be punished, not freed. Some of these foreign gunmen need a stern lesson, but first of all they need to be educated. They must be made to know that they must come to be Canadians and forswear the carrying of knives and revolvers. They must be helped by society, for with liquor on their brains these primitive children become as madmen. Judge and jury have done their part: did the country which adopted Mike Tancerade do its part? Unless Canada has done her part she has no right to take his life and give life back to Tom Riley.

ASIA MINOR.

A RUSSIAN review contains an article setting forth some of the ideas among Russian Liberals respecting the settlement of Asia Minor. It is clear that this region is marked out as a sphere of Russian influence. Annexation and incorporation with Russia are not proposed, even for Armenia, but paramount influence is demanded, and apparently also a political and military administration of the northern coast and east of the Sea of Marmora.

As regards Greek claims on the Asia Minor coast, it is argued that a Greek control there would be exploited pettily for the interest of small Greek traders, and would be a nuisance to Russia and others. The trade of Saloniki is said

to have greatly fallen off under Greek occupation, though how it could have held its own since 1913 is hard to imagine. However, Greece has behaved in no way to arouse consideration for her ambitions. Russia owes her nothing. "Not a yard of Asiatic territory must belong to the Greeks."

Armenia is to have autonomy under Russian protection. The people will be guaranteed order and peace, and their various elements harmonized so far as may be, under the Russian power operating like that of Great Britain on a larger scale in India.

The various other parts of Turkey in Asia, once rid of the Turkish overseers, will be handled according to their varying circumstances. The provinces with a purely Turkish population which has been there for centuries will form a state of five or six million people, mainly agricultural. This may be left to govern itself. But the thoughtful Russians are insisting that in the government of the country by the natives, no foreign instructors be admitted except with Russia's permission. "It goes without saying that this consent will always be given to our faithful allies, and that no German will ever obtain it." These are pleasing words, at least. Further, any industrial concessions, trade and railway, must be subject to Russia's approval. Though it is argued that a customs union with Russia is out of the question "at present," as such a union would be irksome to the inhabitants of Asia Minor, while by exclusion of capital, skill and goods from other countries, Russia would not for a long time be able to gain anything herself. Russians should trust more to geographical position, the privileges of their language and their general influence, to promote their business interests.

It is urged that the Russian language shall have everywhere legal rights, and the hope is expressed that that language, with Russian literature and science, the Russian culture, so to speak, may play a unifying role in the polyglot population of the land. Natives will be encouraged to attend Russian schools and universities.

Altogether it is clear that educated Liberals in Russia, not to speak of the Government's intentions, have settled on claiming for their country a paramount position in the old dominion of Turkey in Asia, comparable to that of Great Britain in India, as a pacificator, civilizer and director. Not much, however, is said about Syria, Palestine and Mesopotamia. Here, it is felt, perhaps, is ground debatable or to be assigned to Great Britain, along with Southern Persia, already in their sphere of influence. As for any violation of the nationality principle, that hardly comes into question in most of Asia Minor, any more than in India, so miscellaneous is the congeries of peoples. The section reserved for an autonomous Turkish state would exemplify an essential regard for the rights of peoples, so far as is possible in such a territory.

PRIMOGENITURE.

SOME interesting figures published in the Literary Digest, from investigations made at the Genealogical Record Office at Washington, go to show that first-born children have the best chance to live to old age. At the same time, it also appears that longevity occurs more often in large families. Only children have, then, no particular reason for rejoicing. Just why should an eldest-born be more likely to live to advanced age? It is pointed out that there is also a greater mortality among them, and their health in early years is commonly below par. The high percentage of longevity is attributed largely to the fact that the feeble individuals are thus weeded out, but this does not strike one as a satisfactory explanation. Another explanation, that older children show in general a greater variability than others, may have something in it. At any rate the first-born may all hope and pray for a number of children to be added unto the family. It may divide up the parental estate, but years are better than wealth.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Did you forget the boat that reaches Belgium in time for Christmas?

In this election Canadians were about "neutral," even in our thoughts.

The wet chorus will now rise and sing in mournful numbers, "Oh, Michigan!"

Woodrow has had the watchfullest waiting of his career in the past 28 hours.

Let us all rise and with one accord sing, "Get the Hearse for Willie Hearst."

London people have just talked the telephone company into adding another story to its building.

We have just discovered the original Boob family. They took all the straw votes on the Wilson-Hughes election.

The friends of Major Hugh Niven may now congratulate him upon his latest wound. Cupid was the marksman.

If, as alleged in a letter to The Advertiser, there are pro-Germans in London, the authorities should not be left in ignorance.

Each American party had so many cans of concentrated joy, which they opened periodically in order to clear off recurring gloom.

The death of Lieut. Eyre Dann came as a sudden blow to the legions of friends this young young Irish lad made while in London.

The Advertiser is confident that its former sporting editor, Lieut. Bert Perry, who has joined the Royal Aviation Corps, will come through with flying colors.

The Baby Told the Powerful Katrinka That You Should Knock Your Opponent's Croquet Ball as Far as You Could

BY FONTAINE FOX



The Advertiser's Daily Short Story
(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Mr. Merwin Protests"

BY LOUISE OLIVER.

"A youngster like that has no business to be teaching school," Mr. Merwin, known familiarly to the mystic circle of his underlings as "Billy," looked after Margaret Baker, who was on her way to her classroom humming a little tune, jingling her keys and thinking, "Billy's a pill. He's the kind that thinks that the meanest, scrawniest, stupidest man in the world is better than the finest woman ever made." "She looks pale," Billy continued to himself. "Not enough sleep. Her idea of living is to work for enough money to buy satins and slippers so she can go to a dance every night weekdays, and spend Saturdays in a beauty parlor. Not that she needs it," he added grudgingly. "She's the prettiest girl I ever saw. When I was a kid, though, teachers all wore spectacles and black silk aprons. Which wasn't true, Billy. There was a kid a ridiculously few years before; as a matter of fact, this was his first year out of college. Margaret worked hard all day, her contagious enthusiasm never waning. She explained how to get two-thirds of ten with as much interest as she told the daily fairy story; she took off heart-broken Rachel Zugschmidt's ink-splattered dress, draped Rachel modestly in the roller towel, and put the ruin to soak in sour milk, with as much patience as she sang "Merry Sunshine." A great many things went to make up Margaret's day.

Mr. Merwin gave a few instructions to his assistant, reprimanded three delinquent pupils, interviewed the truant officer, spent ten minutes in each of the second-floor rooms, and the rest of the time talked to directors who happened in. At 4:15 he locked his desk and went to play tennis. A full day for him!

Until now there has been no story, but we know that Billy disapproved of Margaret—and thought she was pretty. We know, too, that Margaret disapproved of Billy, or rather resented him, but she in turn thought that it was a shame that such splendid broad shoulders were wasted on a school principal. "I wish," growled Billy that night as he unlocked his own door and switched on the light, "that the people upstairs would keep quiet tonight and let me sleep. That baby has cried for three days, and that woman has walked the floor over my head until I'm nearly crazy. When I rented this place I was told no children, were allowed, I'll go out and have a cigar on the back porch and look at the stars awhile. Maybe they'll get settled before I turn in."

He thought of a number of things as he smoked. How he had planned to be an engineer when he went to college, and how he had been compelled to postpone his plan; how his chum, Jack Emery, had gone on and finished, and of the time Jack's sister had visited him. Margaret Baker looked something like her, he thought. Then he thought of the men he had just left, and of their game of whist. "If Alex hadn't led that spade and compelled me to trump and break up my heart suit, we'd have taken the extra trick. Another thing, I forgot the leads when Alex's wife came in at that time. She has a mouth like Margaret Baker. Talks like her, too, a little." In fact, all roads in his brain seemed to lead to Margaret. His cigar went out. He tossed it impatiently into the brickyard beneath, and got up. "Guess I'll go in." But he didn't go in. He put his foot on the rail and hugged his knee and looked at the stars and thought of Jack's sister and Mrs. Alex's mouth.

There was a sudden crash.

A dish of china or glass whizzed past his head and smashed on the floor. Billy looked at it. "What a mess," he said. "What on earth do they leave their meals outside for to ruin other people's clothes? That's the same bunch that walks a baby all night. I think this is a pretty good time to tell them what I think of them. I'll go right up as I am and make them help me clean it off."

Dripping with indignation, he knocked impatiently on the door above, through which infantile walls were coming, and almost instantly it opened.

"I would like you to see the damage you've done," he said. "Margaret—Miss Baker!" he exclaimed. "I didn't know you lived here. I came up to tell you that something fell off your back and onto mine. And you go to bed and get some sleep. Go on now. Do as I tell you. No, don't go either. There's something more I may as well tell you now as have it burn a hole in my brain. I love you, Margaret. I never knew it was in me to adore anyone as I do you. That's all. I had to say it. Please forgive me; I know how you despise me. Now get the baby and I'll go."

But outside the door with his squirming burden he heard his name called softly. "Billy!" came through the keyhole faintly. "Oh, Billy!" "Yes," he turned as though to go back. "I love you, Billy," said the voice. And Mr. Merwin, woman-hater, nearly dropped the baby.

Dandruff Soon Ruins the Hair

Girls—if you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair to be all the more admired, get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't. It doesn't do much good to try to brush or wash it out. The only sure way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips. By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging, if the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive, and four ounces is all you will need, no matter how much dandruff you have. This simple remedy never fails.—Adv.

WAIT A MINUTE!

—By J. H. F.

With half a dozen more states going dry, the thirsty soul will soon be like Kipling's Tommy:

"Ship me some when east of Suez, Where the best is as the worst, And there ain't no Ten Commandments, And a man can raise a thirst."

East of Suez looks about the only location for the thirsty souls.

The new American dime is said to be a work of art. The main question is how much it will buy.

The country feels like we do all the time—there is a scarcity of coal.

A New York woman has been allowed \$250 a week alimony for shoe money. She should be given \$1,000 a month to feed the canary. And yet she was given the divorce.

The 149th Battalion, many of whom come from Sarnia and vicinity, entered into the spirit of the elections in Michigan on Wednesday. The band in parading through the streets, played "The Old Oaken Bucket. Merry!"

It is stated that we placed Birmingham in Alberta, not Alabama. The inspired composers had a rough voyage with that one all right.

Windsor and Sarnia will not have the attractiveness they once had for thirsty souls. Michigan has gone dry.

A gentleman named Sleeper has been elected governor of Michigan. He is no relation to the Seven Sleepers in the Provincial Legislature.

The presidency was a horse race all right. No gambler can say that he had anything but a regular run for his money.

Peeling potatoes is a crime in Germany now. Eating potatoes will soon be the same.

Folks are trying to have laws passed to make father behave himself. The women folks never get tired picking on father.

The bubonic red nose, the universal badge of booze, will soon be as extinct as the dodo, we hear. The light of a lot of folks' lives will thus be extinguished.

Some folks want to eliminate Santa Claus because he is German in origin. The spirit is not German, and that's the real difference.

Michigan has gone dry, and so will a lot more states, and countries. The sellers of liquor have nobody to blame but themselves.

If the soldiers cultivate a taste for liquor in the trenches, as some folks declare, what are they going to do with it when they get back home?

The Hughes-Wilson scramble reminded one of the Gathore-Stevenson mix-up. It was hard for some time to figure who was it, or vice versa, as the case may be.

You saw that our best little correspondent, John Noble, was back the other day. He is a wonder, and writes great stuff. In addition, he is one of life's rare souls. Good old John.

The horse that leads to the quarter pole does not always win. It's the bird that gets his nose under the wire first.

The trotting horse expert is going to see a dance some of these days. He

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Double \$3.50 and \$4.00
Single Rooms, with bath \$3.50 to \$6.00
Double \$4.50 to \$7.00
Parlor, Bedroom and bath \$10.00 to \$14.00

At Broadway, 44th to 45th Streets—the center of New York's social and business activities. In close proximity to all railway terminals.

knows something about galls, and may tell us about the various kinds.

Something seems to have delayed the promotion of Col. James L. Hughes to the rank of general following his great speech praising Brother Sam.

Hash is some dish these days. We discovered a piece of meat in one the other day. Vulgar display of wealth.

The Germans is dun At old Verdun —Lyrie by Jimmy Hughes.

As the audit of the L. and P. S. appears favorable on the surface to the commissioners, we expect them to say the Big Stick did the work.

We dearly love to see women wear muffs with sport clothes. It makes the girls look just too daring for anything.

In the winter, we expect to see some of them wearing dancing pumps, and a Pavlova costume.

A singer said her voice sounded so uncanny coming from a phonograph. That's the way the boss' voice used to sound in the dim distant past when Friend Hubby was ambling home at 3 a.m.

Accidents of birth are a fine argument in politics, provided and understood all the other fellows have the accidents.

It is denied that the song of the C. P. R. men is: Strike, strike, making hay. We will strike some other day.

From Montreal. To: Scotland, Nov. 10 Glasgow; Scandinavian, Nov. 11 Liverpool; Ionian, Nov. 12 London; Sicilian, Nov. 19 London; Pretorian, Nov. 23 Glasgow; Gramplan, Nov. 25 Liverpool.

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