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ing.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, Jan. 23.

WANTED—A VACUUM CLEANER.

THE most expensive domestic regime Canada has ever had seems to be the prospect at Ottawa, unless a wholesale cleaning out of favorites from "soft jobs" is inaugurated. The Advertiser correspondent at Ottawa has briefly given a word picture of the cluttering crowd of office-holders that draw down from \$7,500 to \$5,000 per year. Secretaries and assistant under-secretaries, members pitchforked into "cushy" places that augment their sessional indemnities—it has been an orgy of handing out the spoils of office. Blondin and Sevigny hang to their \$7,500 portfolios, and the other twenty-one of the cabinet are there when pay day comes.

Isn't it about time to get an efficiency expert, a time clock and a vacuum cleaner at Ottawa?

THE BRITISH TEMPEST.

BELIEVING that army officers of high standing have been sacrificed to cover up mistakes made by British politicians, Col. Repington, who has been military critic for the Times, and is considered the most able of critics in the old land, has severed his connection with the Northcliffe organ and has joined the staff of the Morning Post. The fact that he has taken this action immediately after an attack by another Northcliffe paper, the Daily Mail, on the Earl of Derby and Sir William Robertson, is taken to mean that he thoroughly disapproves of the Northcliffe policy, and connects it with the support of certain politicians to the detriment of the army and navy officers.

Col. Repington's arraignment of the Government is severe. He first declares that he resigned on public grounds, and as a protest against intrigues by politicians against the army. He follows this by saying that the Government has lost the confidence of the people, and will wreck the fighting organization if it does not give up hiding the truth from the nation, and that the shifting of responsibility from the politician to the soldier goes on without end.

The occurrences which seem to have brought about the semi-crises in British affairs were the Cambrai retirement by the British, with the loss of many men and guns, and the subsequent inquiry and report on this disaster. The Government authorized a statement clearing the British higher command of all blame. The Daily Mail article, which brought to a head the irritation, asserted that the Government was hushing up the incident under pressure of the general staff, and added that a particular army clique had held supreme military control for two years, during which it had failed to fulfill its promises. The Mail, editorially, demanded the removal of Lord Derby, secretary for war, and Sir William Robertson, chief of the general staff.

Apparently, the Mail's charge is directly in opposition to Col. Repington's beliefs, and it is the attempt by the paper to lay all blame on the general staff instead of on responsible politicians which has caused him to resign his position with the Northcliffe press. To some extent, the statement by Hon. A. Bonar Law that Gen. Smuts prepared a report on the Cambrai affair, which was approved by the cabinet, and was not revised in any way by Earl Derby or any army councillors, and that the decision not to publish the report was taken by the war cabinet, appears to support Col. Repington. It could hardly have been the allegedly powerful military clique which dictated the action of the war cabinet.

British papers not under Northcliffe control, are indignant over the Mail's letter and editorial. One terms them an attempt at "public assassination," and hints that Northcliffe is the tool of a certain politician. Another calls on the Government to prevent the press from making such attacks, and the Morning Post, which Col. Repington has joined, calls the Mail's story a "wild farrago."

What will come from this outburst cannot yet be seen, but there does not seem much general faith in or liking for Lord Northcliffe. It has frequently been hinted that he was totally unfitted for the responsible duties given him by the Government, and that something other than national interests influenced the attitude of his papers. He has been a power in London during the war, of that there is no doubt; but whether for good or evil is not so certain. It may be that more light will be cast on the situation during the next few days.

THE MORALE OF FRANCE.

FRANCE has been more persistent than other Allied nations in requesting the United States to get some of its soldiers to the firing lines at the earliest possible moment. It has appeared, sometimes, as if the French authorities attached more importance to the presence of a few thousand Americans in the war theatre than to all the money and other help the United States could give. The reason for this clamor for men was probably that France knew her people, and realized what an effect the presence of the new allies would have on the army's and nation's morale.

The same feeling was evidenced in August, 1914, when Britain declared herself against Germany. Sir Frederick Smith, English attorney-general, told a Toronto audience of the eagerness shown by France at that time to have British troops cross the Channel immediately. The French ambassador in London said to Sir Edward Grey: "If you can send us nothing else, send us the band of your Grenadier Guards."

France has had a fearful trial. At the beginning she had to face an enemy, already known

to be unscrupulous, which had proven too strong for her in the past. Had it had no fears of the result, the French nation would have been superhuman. Britain's promise was obtained, but the actual sight of British soldiers was required to give confidence. Now, after three years of constant fighting and fearful sacrifice, a new ally joins her, and again the sight of the new friend's uniform is needed to hearten the people. The Americans have arrived in France, and optimism and assurance of victory have increased by leaps and bounds. That intangible morale has received the required stimulant.

BROTHERHOOD OF THE WAGGING JAW.

WE SUPPOSE if two human woodpeckers met on a treeless desert and there was nothing else around to bore them, they would bore one another. And operating with this philosophy a few of the sad wags who drop into the cigar store arranged that Mr. Eight-Day Talker, a native of our city, should make the acquaintance of Mr. Fuller Bunk, who has been most everywhere. The innocent bystanders had suffered long enough. And it was believed when the two conversational gimlets met, the pressure would be relieved. The usual procedure was to jolly the thing along and enjoy a little unconscious comedy, but even the best of plays can become wearisome, especially when it is "Chin Chin," perpetually.

Enter, Mr. Eight-Day Talker. A few bright remarks to the boys, an anecdote or two and then a plunge into the big tank of war speculation, coal supply, village scandal and the high cost of socks. Register joy as Mr. Fuller Bunk comes on the scene. Preliminary flourishes. Bewildered platitudes. They clutch. "I know your boss' brother, Ignatz. He likes Swiss cheese." Is that the kind they make from goat's milk? "No, I should say not. Say, don't you know they make Roquefort cheese from goat's milk?" "Well, I know a man who imports Swiss cheese, and he tells me it's made from goats' milk and that they make the holes by letting the school boys shoot peas through it." "Why you don't know anything about cheese. This old Mr. Roquefort was the guy who discovered goats, because he had consumption, and—"

The first round finds them both out of breath. From the bleachers come words of encouragement. The bell rings again. After a little sparring, they are into a discussion of high art, then quoting personal friends of "Doug" Haig and "Doug" Fairbanks. They know all about classical music and cornmeal mush. If one goes after the food controller, the other supports him. One insists that ex-Mayor Stevenson never had any calamity like the recent storm during his term as mayor, and the other says no, but the new mayor is going to reduce the tax rate. This makes Fuller Bunk snort, and he devotes ten minutes to conducting the city.

It works. When you have been verbally assaulted for years by one of these vocal hold-up men, find him a soulmate, one who pines for a Paradise wherein all listeners shall be tied to posts, and all bores permitted to roam freely, feeding on gushy vocabularies and teeming incident. Then when you have them both primed and ready permit them to "go to it." Give them a month to talk each other to death and be prepared to order a floral wreath in the design of "The Jaws Ajar."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Peat and heat rhyme pretty well, but the connection is not all in the name.

Windsor's magistrate succeeded in taking some of the "tin" out of the Katinka company.

Illinois bank president is indicted for murder. This is unusual, grand larceny being the popular charge.

It must be remembered that the advice given everyone to keep a pig has no reference to those of the blind variety.

Let's hope the airplane bombs smash the Goeben finally. Everyone is tired of that ship popping up at intervals to be damaged.

When coming over the names of war profiteers, do not fail to remember some under-secretaries and deputy under-secretaries in the Government employ.

Sir Edward Carson has resigned his membership in the war cabinet, but the war will continue. Sir Edward has earned the name of In-again-out-again Carson.

The Prussian finance minister who is convinced the United States army cannot cross the ocean is going to learn something, and the lesson will be mighty unpleasant.

Get your exemption papers ready and keep them in your pockets. This will prevent unpleasant experiences in the streets when the militia authorities want to ascertain facts.

DON'T SEEM RIGHT.

[Simcoe Reformer.]

Last Saturday thirty-odd young men left Simcoe for Bradford. They were the first of the new soldiers from this end of Norfolk called out under the militia service act. We are quite agreed with the Windsor Record, which protested against the utter neglect in which that city's quota was permitted to depart for London, unhonored, unsung and unwept, save by a few mothers and dear ones.

Our hearts should be with these boys as much as with the volunteers. The men in the new army have the same feelings as those who enlisted prior to this time. They are still human. They are entitled to share in our sympathies and respect.

It is a pity these boys did not get a hearty send-off. It would have cheered them on their way. It would have established a more cordial feeling towards the new law. One way to bring compulsory military service into disrepute is to eliminate and check public support. If we continue to ignore the draftees we are erecting caste barriers that will later on.

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA.

[Woodstock Sentinel-Review.]

Greetings were recently exchanged between Queen Mary and Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, woman's suffrage leader of New York. "The horrors of war," says Queen Mary, "have taught us to know one another better, and they have strengthened the ties of kinship and mutual sympathy by uniting the women of the English-speaking races heart and hand in the struggle for liberty and civilization." Certainly the women of both Great Britain and America, including Canada, are showing a splendid spirit in the war. They are doing their full share of the work and bearing their full share of the sacrifices.

PRESERVING THE PRUSSIANS.

[Vancouver Sun.]

The paragraphist on the Boston Herald does not often break in a petty, but when he does, it is a sample of terse, virile English, as witness this gem: "Can the Kaiser, Tin the Teut, Pickle the Prussian, Brine the Brute."

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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AMY NAIR SAYS.
By Joan Marsh.

Julius Bates couldn't quite decide, to his own satisfaction whether it was because Ruth Claridge was such an unusually pretty girl, or because she was such an amazingly clever flirt, or because he was so completely fascinated by her, and that before she had been on the list of regular contributors to the small magazine which he was editor for two weeks he had found pretext to take her to luncheon two or three times and once to the theatre. Perhaps it was neither her cleverness nor her prettiness entirely, but the combination of her delightful naivety and lack of sophistication. For though Ruth had quite obviously received in her work she had in the year that she had lived in the big, grimy city, lost very little of the refined candor and childlike enthusiasm that characterized her as a country-bred girl. Surely she must have known the very best of the city—a girl like Ruth could not have lived alone in the city so long without having been rather spoiled by the reminders of the fact—yet when Julius had, rather naively as he thought later, told her she was the prettiest girl he had ever known, she opened her perfectly frank big eyes and said: "I am glad you told me so. I like to be thought pretty and I am glad that you think so." Besides, Ruth never minded Julius. And Julius was just at the old young age when he had convinced himself that flirting was a great waste of time.

She was in large measure still a mystery to him and so he was doubly glad when she asked him to "come to supper" in her small apartment where Julius had been informed she had been living. The supper was set for eight o'clock so that both he and Ruth might dispose of their day's occupation before the little spread.

The apartment proved to be just a well furnished studio—the careful elimination of every accessory or ornament which was not of a distinctly beautiful and the exquisite subordination of tones to the decorative scheme of the whole interior rather than the room as a whole. But there was an air of repose and seclusion about the large room, apparently the living-room, dining-room and bedroom combined—put Julius in an agreeable frame of mind. Ruth, however, was not so easily pleased. She had a room of her own, a room which she had prepared the spread and then she had.

"I thought we could be cooler if we went all alone into the studio," she said. "I don't want to be back till all hours." Then as she led him into the studio he noticed that she had even seen before—surely like conservative street dress when he had seen her before. He could not object to it on the score of modesty for the soft folds of the fabric clung about her throat and well down on her wrists. But could it really be possible—the ample folds of the skirt somehow fell down to her feet in two divisions and were caught at both ankles in a neat metallic and. Even the most innocent, rather more modest Julius had to admit, that the street costume of most young women.

Ruth saw his scrutiny. "Oh, my dress," she said. "Isn't the color lovely? It's real batik—from Ceylon. Amy Nair got it for me. I am glad you like it—Amy Nair says—"

"But I'm not sure I do," stammered Julius, and then as Ruth stooped off and pivoted on her oriental slipper for his inspection he honestly admitted that it was extremely becoming—only hardly conventional.

Then, after supper, Ruth carried off the supper tray and brought back the coffee in a Turkish brass outfit that even Julius was connoisseur enough to admire. From the folds of her remarkable house gown Ruth drew out a little metal cigarette box and opening it deftly with one hand she held it out to her guest.

"There are several other sorts in the large jar on the table," she said. "Personally, I don't care for Turkish." Julius tried to conceal his surprise. He had never even wondered whether he had been associated in his editing did, but even they had never received him alone in their own apartments and then preferred a complete assortment of cigarettes. He felt the suspicion of a frown involuntarily came over his forehead but he fought it back.

They talked about everything that chanced into their heads—more as Julius had talked with some keenly alert, clean-minded young boy of his acquaintance, and as they talked Ruth smoked nonchalantly—not to the least languidly. At ten Julius rose to go. Somewhere in the back of his mind he recalled that he had read that although women who live alone may receive callers unchaperoned, ten. Ruth urged him to stay—still as a young boy would have done when he had not had much conversation rather than as a young woman wishing still further to try her charms on a man whom she knows to be her admirer.

Julius was reluctant. "Don't you think I'd be the conventional thing to do?" if he had let the mammy stay in then he might have prolonged the party—but, you are all alone—"

Ruth shot back a glance of indignation. "I don't care for Turkish," she told him she did not think the speech was worthy of him and Julius admitted that he had been rather clumsy.

"Amy Nair says that no really emancipated people give those foolish conventions a thought, and she says that it is people who invent them and who see evil in something and impose it on the immoral people. And she says that it is our duty as decent people to show people that morality and decency don't depend on a few stupid and antiquated conventions. Amy Nair is as virtuous as my own mother and yet she does things every day that would make people like you condemn her."

Julius tried to make some stand for "self" and mumbled something about "the impossibility of a girl so pretty as Ruth was to live with the freedom of a young bachelor and then Ruth went off again on a spirited defence of Amy Nair and her own position. That's just it. Women have to work in the world and work as hard as men. It's just a worn-out prejudice that insists that a woman may do and certain things a man may do. Why, Amy Nair says that if she had a taste for dressmaking she'd make him a great dress—"

Old ideas about special vocations for men and women are all poppycock and nonsense. I don't see why a man shouldn't do anything that a woman does and surely I don't see why I shouldn't have as many privileges as you."

The conversation drifted back to less heated topics and an hour later when Julius finally left he was in a state of mental confusion. One thing he was sure of, however, and that was that he was completely in love with Ruth and that in spite of the fact that she had yet begun to flirt with him.

Then Julius asked Ruth to supper in his rooms. In the interval they mentioned the subject of their heated discussion. And at half past seven Ruth found herself seated in her bachelor apartment—Julius himself in a daintily flowered dressing gown at the other side of the fender. From the book pocket at the side of his chair he pulled out a ball of yarn and a half-finished soldier's muffler and without comment began to knit—break in a petty, but when he does, it is a sample of terse, virile English, as witness this gem: "Can the Kaiser, Tin the Teut, Pickle the Prussian, Brine the Brute."

he said, so he could give Ruth a sample of his cooking and after supper he donned an apron and cleared away the dishes and remained long enough in the kitchen to tell Ruth that he had been washing the dishes. He noted on that sort of thing, he told her.

At ten Ruth rose to go. "I've been awfully glad to have you here," he told her, making no move to go and don his coat and hat to see her home. "It's so seldom one finds a girl that will come and spend an evening with a man like this. I hope you'll come again."

Ruth paused—said good-bye and started out. A second later she returned. She asked Julius to call a taxi. She said she didn't like to go through the streets alone at that time. Amy Nair says it is rather dangerous for a girl alone. But there were two stars in her eyes as she returned and Julius, with coat and hat on ready to follow her, was quick to see them. He put a protecting arm around her shoulder as they started out together.

"I know you've just been teasing me—I know you don't usually knit or wear a flowered dressing gown," she said. "And I didn't in the least want to come alone to see you, but I didn't want to refuse after all I'd said. Why have you been so kind to me?" "Because I was a little jealous," said Julius. "Jealous of Amy Nair. She's taught you a good deal of good sense and some foolishness. And before she came here, like the frank little girl that she was, had told Julius that she had been in love and had consented to be his wife."

Bits of Buoy
by Luke McLuke
COPYRIGHT, 1917.

Music.
From Ceylon to old Barneget,
You'll find, in every land,
Good music is one language that
We all can understand.

Utopia.
"Where is this place Utopia, any-
way?" asked the Old Fogey.
"Utopia is the place, where wages
go up faster than the cost of living,"
replied the Grouch.

No Joke.
The Kaiser is a fool, by jingo!
Though he's a powerful man,
He'll find that he can't do the things
That an American.

Correct.
"Politeness does not cost anything,"
argued the Philosopher.
"But people are always willing to
pay for it," replied the Walter.

Strange.
These women puzzle me. The dears
live every bit as long as you.
And as yet it takes them forty years
To reach the age of thirty-two.

Paw Knows Everything.
Willie—Paw, is a cynic?
Paw—A cynic is a man who is as
tired of the world as the world is of
him, my son.

You Know Him.
His views with you are always
shared.
He fears they might grow musty if
He didn't always keep them aired.

Meow!
A little girl named her pet kitten
"Santa." When asked why she had
chosen that name, she said, "Be-
cause Santa claws."—El-Jav-F.

The Brute, the Baby Buggy, the
Groggy Mate and the Cub Reporter.
[From a Fremont (Ohio) Newspaper.]
The cub reporter on the part of a hus-
band and father was noticed on West
Napoleon street. The father was ten-
derly pushing the baby in the carriage
small child, accompanied by his wife.
They were en route to their home. The
cub reporter, a good fellow, of a sudden
the brutal husband hailed off and
dealt his wife a hard blow on the head.
She fell backward all sprawling out on
top of a dense rose bush. The husband

tenderly pushed the go-cart along for
a few feet and then noticing that his
mate was still groggy, went back,
picked her up, administered a
lot more cruel slaps and dragged her
home. It was a very brutal scene.

Thank!
Miss Irene Dillard of Lynchburg, Va.,
has discovered an official peace-maker
for the Club. She is Olive Branch of
Beattyville, Ky.

Well, Well!
There is a girl in Durham, N.C., who
has only to follow her own name to
win all of her wagers. She is Nannie
Bet Wright.

The Weaker Sex.
Rags says that a member of the
weaker sex will go down town in zero
weather dressed in a knee-length thin
skirt, cobweb stockings, pumps and a
V-neck lace waist, so she can buy her
husby woolen socks and a muffler, so
he won't catch cold.

Names Is Names.
Will B. Wright lives at Laurens, S.C.

Our Daily Special.
A Man's Idea Of A Square Deal Is
Ninety Per Cent The Best Of It.

Luke McLuke Says
A man never discovers what a Hell
Hound he is nor what an onerous life he
has led until he runs for some political
office.

It makes Father mad all over to have
his son come home from school and ask
him a question in zoography that Father
can't answer.
Some men are so lazy that if they
never reads advertisements in news-
papers.

Sherlock-Manning Piano Company's Clearance Sale of Used Pianos and Organs

THIS UNUSUAL MONEY-SAVING OFFER SHOULD APPEAL TO ALL PROSPECTIVE PURCHASERS.

We have a number of Used Pianos and Organs (taken in trade) that must be disposed of before our annual stocktaking, January 31st. These instruments have been tuned and put in first-class condition. Their cost or former selling price has been lost sight of during this sale, and you can buy a good Piano or Organ now at a phenomenally low price.

NOTE THE FOLLOWING LOW PRICES

- | | |
|---|--|
| No. 1.—Heintzman & Co. Upright Piano, walnut, Boston fall, full length hand-carved music desk, turned pillars, 7-13 octaves, 3 pedals, 4 feet 7 inches high. Price..... | No. 9.—Upright Piano, made by Nordheimer, walnut finish, turned-up fall, fretted front, 2 pedals, 7-13 octaves, 4 feet 9 inches high. Snap at..... |
| \$240.00 | \$200.00 |
| No. 2.—Heintzman & Co. Upright Piano, Boston fall, full length paneled music desk, turned pillars, 7-13 octaves, 2 pedals, 4 feet 5 inches high. Price..... | No. 10.—One Six-Octave Organ, walnut case, turned-up fall, full length music desk, 4 sets reeds, 11 stops, mouseproof, made by Blatchford & Co. Price..... |
| \$215.00 | \$40.00 |
| No. 3.—Mahogany Piano made by Lesage, of Ste. Therese, Que., new, but slightly shopped, Boston fall, full length music desk, 3 pedals, 7-13 octaves, 4 feet 6 inches high. Price..... | No. 11.—Six-Octave Organ, solid walnut case, made by Estey Organ Company, 4 sets reeds, 11 stops, turned-up fall, lamp stands, with low mirror extension top. Price..... |
| \$250.00 | \$65.00 |
| No. 4.—Upright Piano, made by Stuyvesant of New York, ebony finish, 4 feet 4 inches high, turned up fall, round pillars, 2 pedals, 7-13 octaves. Price..... | No. 12.—Square Chickering Piano, rosewood finish, 7 octaves, curved legs, 2 pedals. Price..... |
| \$140.00 | \$85.00 |
| No. 5.—Upright Piano, made by Martin Bros. of New York, ebonyized case, full 7-13 octaves, 3 pedals, mandolin attachment, 4 feet 7 inches high. A snap at..... | No. 13.—Small Stoddard Square, rosewood finish, octagon legs, 7 octaves. Price..... |
| \$150.00 | \$30.00 |
| No. 6.—One Upright Piano, made by Kimball, of Chicago, 4 feet 5 1/2 inches high, full 7-13 octaves overstrung bass, 2 pedals, mahogany finish, with walnut panels, turned-up fall. Price..... | No. 14.—Small Square Piano, rosewood case, octagon legs, made by Hayes & Co. Price..... |
| \$145.00 | \$50.00 |
| No. 7.—Bell Upright Pianette, 6 octaves, dull mahogany finish, 2 pedals, turned-up fall. Price..... | No. 15.—One Upright Sherlock-Manning, 4 feet 4 inches, mahogany satin finish. Has been used less than a year. Is practically as good as new. Three pedals, 7-13 octaves. Worth \$278.00 new \$350.00, will accept..... |
| \$85.00 | \$278.00 |
| No. 8.—Upright Piano, made by Chase Bros., ebony finish, carved square pillars turned-up fall, 7-13 octaves, 4 feet 6 inches high, 2 pedals. Price \$175.00. Has had very little use. Action is as good as new. | |

Very Little Cash Needed

Will accept a small initial payment, and balance weekly or monthly as preferred.

VISIT OUR FACTORY

Take Oxford car out Hamilton road—four minutes' walk from the corner of Hamilton road and Egerton street, or let our victrola auto call for you and drive you to our factory and back. There is no charge. Phone 1078 for appointment. If you can't come personally, write Dept. 15, giving your first and second choice, and stating terms desired.

The Sherlock-Manning Piano Co.
LONDON, CANADA.

For 365 days in the year and 24 hours each day of the 365.

The Advertiser Is Never Out of Touch With World News

Kipling said that the hours of the newspaperman, like the physician, were from 8 a.m. to 8 a.m.

He sleeps, but as he sleeps some other newspaperman is handling his "trick" of the 24 hours. The wire services are perpetual. When the "day wires," which carry the news to the evening editions, have closed, the "night wires" have opened. And every member of the staffs of both editions is on constant call, like the fireman.

The great division between newspapers is the morning and evening fields. Some newspapers watch the world for twelve hours and then suspend for the next twelve. They are out of touch with the world until they get down in the morning or evening and see the editions which they do not publish.

The Advertiser, with three editions daily, is always on the job. The news of the morning and evening is interlaced and valued according to its freshness. The later developments of a "story" which "broke" for the evening papers are quickly in hand over the morning paper wires.

Single-track newspapers have to wait and rub their eyes and wonder what has happened for an hour or so, before they get started on the work of telling their readers what has happened.

The double-track newspaper which nails the "We Never Close" sign to its door has its finger

on the pulse of the world, literally, from 8 a.m. to 8 a.m. Such newspapers Kipling had in mind when he gave expression to his "eternal vigilance" tribute.

Western Ontario gets the full benefit of this all-day, all-night service. It receives the service as fast as the trains can carry it.

And in addition to this, The Advertiser is able to serve to a large extent as the local paper for each locality in its district. Scores of enthusiastic correspondents watch the local happenings, wire in the details, send photographs when possible, and by their efforts keep their home communities in touch with what is going on at their own doorsteps.

The Advertiser serves as the world newspaper, giving all that is best in the news, and by watching the whole of its own field harmonizes in a certain degree the whole community and gives to it a definite Western Ontario interest and influence.

The Advertiser is extending its Western Ontario field. From the Niagara Peninsula, from the north and from the south, come voluntary orders. (One man sent in \$45 worth yesterday from a place which The Advertiser has not before reached.) In four years the circulation has extended into every district reached the same day by trains from London. The cities and towns want The Advertiser. The plucky rural mail carriers take the paper into thousands and thousands of homes, despite wind or rain or blizzard.

Western Ontario is for The Advertiser and The Advertiser is for Western Ontario.