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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
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London, Ont., Saturday, May 4.

PROSPERITY AND DISCONTENT.

"NEVER WAS IRELAND so prosperous as it is today; never was Ireland more discontented and dissatisfied." These are the words of a newspaper correspondent, and it may be that in them lies a clue to the cause of the present distressing position in which Ireland stands in the eyes of the world; for there is no doubt that the Green Isle of Erin never held a less exalted place in world-wide opinion than she does now.

Ireland has not always been a prosperous country; far from it. She has known famine and want and has suffered many injustices. During recent years the injustices have disappeared, in great part if not entirely, and the future gleamed with a hitherto unknown brightness. There was a definite promise of home rule which pleased the great majority of the people, and there was already an increasing prosperity which made life better worth the living.

Then came the outbreak of war and the consequent unsettled conditions. Home rule was delayed, and Ireland had reason to dread delays. However, many of her sons voluntarily enlisted and laid aside all differences to be decided after the more pressing business of defeating Germany should have been concluded. Those who remained behind were the older ones and the less patriotic young men. These gained in material possessions by reason of the war and have been living a life of luxury, pleasant as it is unusual. Now comes the threat of conscription with the leaving behind of the newly-found affluence, and the spirit rebels. The Sinn Féin organization has shown increased strength since 1914, and has appeared to the masses to be gaining the upper hand over the British Government, being permitted to talk and behave in a disloyal way without much effective interference. The idea may have become general that adherence to this cause would guarantee Ireland against conscription and would insure her home rule of the most liberal kind. The result is unrest and discontent with conditions as they promise to be under the present regime.

There is an inclination among some English papers and writers to lay the blame for the trouble on Premier Lloyd George. This is illogical; at worst he has failed to accomplish what others despaired of doing. He may have, and doubtless has, made mistakes in his dealings with Ireland, but no one should question the difficulty of his task or his good intentions. Perhaps had Ireland been less prosperous during the war, she would have been more ready to sacrifice in order that it should be ended.

NO HOMEMADE CANDIES.

CANADIANS are permitted to purchase candies at stores and eat them without let or hindrance. They may pay any price they choose and, if they so desire, may feast upon the dollar or two-dollar-a-pound varieties. They may NOT make any candies in their own homes for private consumption. That is the law, under the latest order of the Canada Food Board.

It is hardly probable that anyone would deny that pure, wholesome candy can be made at home more cheaply than it can be purchased at stores, and it is a fact that economy is being preached every day, yet here is a law directly forbidding the practice of thrift in the home. What sense is there in the regulation, what chance of its being enforced? If the manufacture of candy is to be permitted at all, surely there should be no interference with those who cannot afford to buy them, but are able to make a little at home, while those who can spare the money for store delicacies go unrestricted.

A LAW UNTO ITSELF.

ONE CANNOT go far in city or country in these times when men speak from the heart without hearing criticism of the Government. Farmers are especially bitter in their denunciation of what they regard as a gross breach of faith in the sudden cancellation of exemption. They claim to be less injured in the loss of the immunity granted them as a class than by the practical loss of crops which they were preparing in order to make good on the direct appeal from the Mother Country to save the situation.

Very many of these farmers, at the same time, must be frank enough to acknowledge that their votes did much to help elect the present Government. They responded to the spurious promises of exemption, and placed in power a Government that has entrenched itself from criticism, and in short become a law unto itself. The spirit of conscription, the whole idea of enforced service, may be invoked at any time. Promises and past conditions do not matter. A politician may excuse the bending or breaking of pledges by almost any subterfuge. There is no clear mandate for a Government that was elected to be autocratic, to eliminate opposition and to move in the very opposite direction from compromise. The idea becomes prevalent that edict and order must be passed without discussion, and a minister has only to ask to secure any dictatorial law. The Opposition is not sufficiently represented to put up a fight.

Once upon a time it was the custom in Toronto to permit the election of a minority member. The city was so overwhelmingly Conservative that it was impossible for a Liberal to be elected. It was finally decided to permit one member to be elected by the minority vote. If this plan held good in Ontario today the Liberals would have an adequate representation in the House of Com-

mons. As it is, they have only a handful of members, by no means representative of the number of voters who marked their ballots for Liberal candidates.

The tendency at Ottawa is to ignore the criticism of French members and to regard the English representation as unimportant and not worthy of consideration. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the few English members could not be equal to the task, from a physical standpoint, of meeting the complete force of the Government in a crisis such as was precipitated during the famous naval debate. Therefore, in theory, the scheme hatched in Toronto late in 1917 has been productive in a large degree of government without criticism. The only man who can criticize with good grace is the man who voted against the Government. The show of "independence" by such members as S. Frank Glass, while creditable to the man who at least makes a show to have the Government keep its pledges, is the tolerated burning of a little red fire to convince the great public that the Union Government is not altogether a hole-in-corner affair. But no one in the Government is very much disturbed over such views as those expressed by Mr. Glass.

TRAFFIC BYLAWS.

WHILE the city council committee is devoting its attention to street and traffic bylaws, it may be well to point out that some laws already exist which are not enforced in this city. Under statute, automobiles and other vehicles are not permitted to pass standing street cars, headed in the same direction, on the wrong side. This law is more honored in the breach than in the observance here, and it is remarkable that there have not been many serious accidents as a result. Day after day, an observer may see the law ignored as calmly as if it did not exist, and it is time its existence was impressed on some of the hurrying motorists.

In several large cities and towns there is a bylaw which makes it necessary for all automobiles and carriages approaching a corner where a traffic policeman is on duty to come to a full stop before crossing. The advantage of such a provision here will not be doubted by those pedestrians who have reason to cross the streets at the corner of Richmond and Dundas frequently. It is no unusual thing to see cars cross at that point without diminishing their 12 or 15 mile an hour speed, honking wildly as they go. Fortunately, no deaths have been caused here at this point, but narrow escapes are numerous, and the time to enact preventive bylaws is before the accidents occur.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

If titles were granted by popular vote, how many ballots would be cast for Joseph Wesley Flavelle?

Austrian militarists may soon discover that a hungry man is an angry man, and a starving woman a fury.

Some Government members of the committee of agriculture have proved that women have not a monopoly of mind-changing.

"A true German peace" is a favorite phrase in Germany and means one like that existing with Russia, which allows the Huns to make rapid progress in war.

The thief who struck a Toronto bank teller several times over the head with a "billy" and "half stunned him," must have been an amateur in the use of the weapon.

Virginian cigarettes are to jump 100 per cent in price. Search the new taxation proposals for justification; the needle in the haystack proposition is comparatively simple.

The Grimsby Independent is to be commended for its efforts toward promoting greater production, but it looks like campaigning a bit strongly to run a black line "Raise a Pig" between a marriage and a birth notice.

AFTER SUNSET.

[George Hazard Conkling, in Century Magazine.]
I have an understanding with the hills
At evening, when the slanted radiance fills
Their hollows, and the great winds let them be,
And they are quiet and look down at me.
Oh, then I see the patience in their eyes
Of the centuries that made them wise.
They lend me hoarded memory, and I learn
Their thoughts of granite and their whims of fern,
And why a dream of forests must endure
Though every tree be slain; and how the pure,
Lavish beauty has a word so brief,
A flower can say it, or a shaken leaf.
But few may ever share it in a song,
Though for the quest a life is not too long.
When the blue hills grow tender, when they pull
The twilight close with gesture beautiful,
And shadows are their garments, and the air
Deepens, and the wild veers in at prayer,
Their arms are around me, and I know
That somehow I shall follow when you go
To the still land beyond the evening star,
Where everlasting hills and valleys are,
And silence may not hurt us any more,
And terror shall be past, and grief and war.

CONSIDERABLE ROOKIE.

[Received at the Fort Riley Base Hospital.]
Dear Doctor! I wish that you Wood please make a good thorough examination of my son, Claude W. Delaney who is a private in company 36 15th Depot Brigade my son is a invalid he has got the consumption he had a hemorrhage During the last 6 months and he is ruptured also he has heart trouble also and he has spinal trouble also and he is crippled in one leg also and he has a fractured skull on top of his head the boy has crazy spells at times now please Watch him close He generally tries to hang himself the boy never has been able to do any hard work or lift anything he has no strength now please examine him the first thing that you do please examine him soon as possible please let me know soon as you examine him now please do this On the square for me.

TRAITORS THREE.

[Clement Wood, in Life.]
Judas and Arnold and Kaiser Bill
Sat and talked on a brimstone hill,
"I," said Judas, "I sold my Lord
To murderers for a cash reward."

"And I," said Arnold, "betrayed my men;
Everyone talked of my deed then."

The Kaiser spoke, "Why, boys, I broke
A sacred treaty with peaceful folk;

"Betrayed them, man and woman and child,
To be shot and massacred and defiled."

"The remnant I work in armament town
At shells to shoot their brothers down."

An envious thrill through the dead hearts flew,
"What a traitor you are!" said the other two.

WONDER WHAT HE MEANS, HECTOR?

[Pictorbo Review.]
The insane man at London is not by any means the first individual who, under the delusion that he was a skillful surgeon, has brought death to his victims.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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POINSETTIA'S PICKPOCKET
By Ives Macdonald.

With perhaps a dozen or fifteen others, Dunton sought shelter from the sudden downpour in the entrance of a building on Broadway. The entrance was not large and it was filled to capacity, but Dunton had not noticed his fellow-refugees, particularly small, he felt a hand on his arm and a strange low voice addressed him confidentially.

"I hate publicity, so if you will just be kind enough to return my purse I shall ignore the fact that you took it."

With a hot feeling of surprised anger Dunton looked down into a calm pair of grey eyes. Instinctively he slipped both hands into the pockets of his light overcoat, and to his consternation the fingers of his right hand closed over a strange folded purse.

"But—but," he protested, withdrawing the purse slowly from his pocket. "I didn't take your purse! Really, I don't know it got there."

"Please don't try to explain," she said stiffly. Then impulsively, "You're too nice-looking to be just a common crook. Here, if you need money, take this. It will keep you going until you get a nice honest job." And she flipped open the purse and drew therefrom a new \$20 note.

For a moment Dunton stood there, stupidly gazing after the splashing car, and then looked around sheepishly, but no one seemed to have noticed the incident. He puzzled over the thing angrily on his way home, but could make nothing of it whatever. It was possible that someone had taken her purse and then, fearing detection, had slipped it into his pocket. That must have been it, yet why had she selected him as the likeliest-looking person to have done so?

Not a hour later, an episode on Broadway, a certain young woman stood before her dressing table, and she slipped down to the phone and called a certain number. Then waited demurely.

"Hello, this is Dunton," came his well-bred voice.

"Hello, pickpocket," she laughed into the phone.

"I beg your pardon—A pickpocket is never dignified."

Dunton grinned in spite of himself. "And who might you be?"

"I? Oh, I might be almost anyone, but I'm not. I'm Poinsettia," repeated Dunton, vaguely. But he was speaking into a telephone, for she had hung up.

When Dunton, dressed as a Portuguese pirate, arrived at the Morton's masque, that night, the dancing had been under way for some time.

"The Poinsettia must be some professional dancer. Dunton heard some one behind him say, 'I've never seen anything like her in our set. She's great!'"

Dunton's glance swept the floor where a crimson flash swirled on a yellow background. There was a slapping of hands, and the other dancers fell back and left the floor to those who were receiving the applause.

The girl was dressed in a shimmering gown of scarlet silk and flung over a yellow satin underslip, and she danced with a perfect perfection and suppleness that was startling.

"Ah," murmured Dunton, "Poinsettia!" And he stepped through the fringe of people on the edge of the ballroom with a determined air.

Everyone thought it was arranged—a bit of entertainment as it were. Even the Spanish grandee who danced with Poinsettia glanced his part, for he swung his fair partner behind him, and drew his rapier.

Dunton knew him in a minute. It was Perla, with whom he'd crossed foils at the club many times. Poinsettia hovered about them as they circled there, the ring of their blades swinging in time with the music. Then suddenly the grandee slipped on the polished floor. Dunton leaped over his prostrate form, swung the surprised Poinsettia over his shoulder and sped into the conservatory and out to the balcony beyond. Here he hid her down from his shoulder and smuggled her into his arms, sitting the while against the balcony rail.

She said not a word, so he stripped the mask over her forehead and looked deep into her grey eyes. She protested, "You—you wouldn't," she protested, struggling a bit when she saw his intention in his eyes.

"Oh, wouldn't I?" chuckled Dunton. "Do you suppose a man who would steal a purse would miss a chance to steal a kiss?"

"Let me go, pirate, dear," she insisted. "My aunt is fuzzy about who kissed me—and I think she's on your trail."

Dunton released her swiftly. For so long a time had he been dodging ants and mammas bent on garnering his scalp for matrimony that he had lost touch with the real world. Poinsettia had signed out of his arms and danced back into the house. Nor, try as he would, could he get within reach of her alluring, elusive self again that evening.

At 11 the next morning, Poinsettia turned reluctantly to the phone and reached for the telephone.

"It's Mr. Dunton, miss," said the maid.

"Goodness," thought Poinsettia. "It took seven years to get that man started, and now I suppose I'll take the rest of my natural life to get him stopped. Men are a contrary."

"Oh—Mr. Dunton? Let me see—did I meet you last night at the Mortons?"

His answer must have been an important one.

"You seem to be in such a hurry, Mr. Dunton, are you not just getting up. Would you mind calling me tomorrow, or—the day after?" And she hung up with a little laugh.

An hour later she had just finished dressing when her aunt entered, a little breathlessly.

"Do hurry, like a good girl," she begged. "Wilbert Dunton is waiting downstairs—says he's expecting him."

"Expecting him! That robber? The ideal? Seven years ago he stole my purse—last night he stole my will, any way he kissed me against my will. Now what does he want?" she leaned over and looked into the glass, giving her hair a pat. "Will I do?" she asked brightly, twirling around on her toes.

And then she tripped down the stairs demurely as her aunt smiled approval.

"Poinsettia!" Dunton caught her as she tried to elude him.

"Pirate!" said Poinsettia, with back flung head and wide eyes full of mystery.

And five minutes later Poinsettia's head appeared by the door, pretending not to see them.

"Young people are so—so elemental," she murmured, "so elemental."



New Gillette Sets For the Boys in Khaki

EVER since the beginning of the war the Gillette Safety Razor in civilian dress—has served our Canadian troops with distinction "dispatches", no less sincere because they are private and personal. They have made such a record that each and every American soldier is being equipped with a Safety Razor.

Overseas. The Gillette "Standard", "Pocket Edition" and "Combination Sets" have played their parts so well that they have been mentioned in thousands of "dispatches", no less sincere because they are private and personal. They have made such a record that each and every American soldier is being equipped with a Safety Razor.

But some of our fighting men have never yet owned a Gillette—and others have lost the Gillettes they had. For them we have designed the new and distinctly Military Sets here illustrated—two Khaki Sets and the handsome "Canadian Service Set."

Each of these Military Gillettes has its special advantages—all of them are sensible, serviceable and thoroughly practical. Look in the windows for the store-cards showing them—then step inside and see the Sets themselves. You know someone who would more than appreciate one of these new Military Sets.

The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada Limited,

Office and Factory: 65-73 St. Alexander St., Montreal.

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Bits of Byplay by Luko McLuke

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Everybody. They can't get through to reach the sea. The Hun beasts have no chance to swim. Let's keep on buying bonds, so we can drive them back into Berlin.

Paw Knows Everything. Willie-Paw, what is wisdom? Paw—Wisdom is knowing when to quit, my son.

You Know Him. He surely is a gabby stiff. He's funny as a crutch. And he would say a lot more if he didn't talk so much.

The Wise Fool. "A noted scientist claims that there will be no poverty 500 years from now," observed the sage. "Well," commented the fool, "it is a cinch these won't be any for us."

Up and Down. A funny man is Oswald Breeze, and he needs a protector. For, first he runs up hills, then he's run down by a collector.

Then It Happened. "That's funny," said the rummy, as he took a handful of matches. "What's funny?" demanded the bar-keep, as he watched the rummy. "Well, I look better without glasses, but I see better with them," replied the rummy as he headed for the door.

No Joke. Luke McLuke says that a husband can get up and get his own breakfast once in nine years if he has to, but his reaction will be loud about it twice a day for three years afterwards; and a woman can carry out the ashes once in nine years when her husband is called away in a hurry and forgets to empty the buckets, but he hears about it for the next five winters every time the subject of coal, furnace or ashes comes up, and one or the other of these subjects is always up.

Oh! Some Missouri towns are quiet, peaceful places. But you can find a Racket in Benton County.

Well, Well! Some men lack on the title "Esq." when writing other men's names. But there is a preacher in Cooperstown, N.Y., who writes it after his own name. His name is Rev. Frank S. Quyer.

Tender Spots. "All men have tender spots," said Bart. "This is the truth, I know; And, if it isn't in his heart, it may be in his toe."

—Luke McLuke. And likewise men have hardened spots. Or so oftentimes it's a matter of the heart. And if it isn't in his heart, it may be in his head.

—Walton, Ga., Tribune. Suitable. If we were J. S. Suts, the Fort Wayne (Ind.) editor we would advertise thusly: No Jay Suts at J. Suts, Suts Suts Suts.

Ouch! The barber I used to shave. I think he is a mutt; For first he goes and cuts my hide, And then he hides my cut.

Located. What has become of the old-fashioned girl who wore the Merry Widow hat? G. W. A. claims that she is now married, and is chief yeoman in a kitchen.

Our Daily Special. Life is just as monotonous as you let the prohibitionists make it for you.

Luke McLuke Says. Of course, it is none of our business. But we are here to announce that the man who marries money certainly earns it.

Some men go to church on Sunday. And other men regard the day as a holiday.

What has become of the old-fashioned lad who put on his liver pad, his electric belt, and his chest protector when he dressed in the morning? If you want to find out just what a



The Best Insurance You Can Put on Your Buildings

is the protection that good paint guarantees. Fire Insurance does not prevent fire—it only partly reimburses you for loss sustained, should fire destroy your property.

Fire may never happen.

On the other hand, the use of good paint actually prevents a loss from decay which is not just a possibility, but an absolute certainty. The destructive effects of weather, upon buildings that lack proper paint protection, go on every second of the day and night.

MARTIN-SENOUR "100% PURE" PAINT

is the greatest known protector of all building material against time and weather, because it is made only of pure White Lead, Pure Zinc Oxide, and Pure Linseed Oil.

You would not think of letting your Fire Insurance Policies lapse in order to save the yearly premiums. It would be even poorer economy to let your Paint Protection Policy lapse by neglecting to repaint your increasingly valuable buildings this season.

When you do paint use Martin Senour "100% Pure" Paint. It spreads easier, covers more surface, and protects longer than most other makes.

Ask for copies of "Farmer's Color Set" and "Town and Country Homes". Many good painting hints in each.

CHOWN HARDWARE CO., J. A. PAGE,
J. G. STEELE & CO.,
LONDON.

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much time to dolling up Friend Hus band can't keep his eyes off the other woman. Even when a husband likes his wife is too selfish to enjoy waiting on her. But when a wife likes her husband she loves to wait on him. Watch two boys playing with a wagon and you will notice that the biggest boy does the riding, while the smaller boy is the horse. And men are only grown-up boys. A young man never appreciates his friends because he has not yet learned how hard it is to make friends and how easy it is to make enemies. When a bunch of women are discussing something dreadful that some other woman has done they all talk at once so that a fool man can't understand what they are saying.