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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Tuesday, August 22.

SOUTHWEST TORONTO.

A NOTHER Liberal has been returned to the Legislature by the election of Hartley H. Dewar, K.C., to succeed the late Hon. J. J. Foy in Southwest Toronto. In 1914 Mr. Foy carried the seat by a majority of approximately 3,700 votes. No other candidate, either Conservative or Liberal, in the province, was returned by such an overwhelming vote. By the election of Mr. Dewar the seat becomes Liberal by a majority of 600.

The campaign was marked by several notable features. There were four candidates, the only one of whom took a stand on the temperance question being the Socialist Scotsman Conner. Mr. Dewar avoided the issue, and for that reason received support from neither the Globe nor the Star. Gordon Waldron was a candidate as an Independent Liberal, and was strongly supported by Sir Alan Aylesworth, who repudiated the Globe as a Liberal organ, declaring that it no longer represented Liberal principles, but had become a newspaper of facts. James A. Norris was the Government candidate, and made his fight squarely on the liquor question, promising to use his influence to secure an amendment to the prohibition bill, at least in favor of wine and beer licenses.

Mr. Norris was endorsed throughout by the Government. Attorney-General Lucas told the constituents that the prohibition bill could be amended at the next session of the Legislature, and according to press reports, said the bill, for which he and his Government were sponsor, was not legal. Southwest Toronto is credited with being the strongest liquor riding in the province, and Mr. Lucas left no effort to appeal to the liquor vote.

Mr. Dewar fought for the seat on the liquor question and hydro. He accused the premier and minister of lands, forests and mines of being in league with the liquor trust. He offered to withdraw from the race if Sir Adam Beck would take the platform in behalf of the Government candidate. Sir Adam did not see fit to save the seat for the Conservatives.

Altogether it was a peculiar election campaign, which turned over the strongest Conservative riding in the province. As was the case after the North Perth election the Conservative press will probably say it is further evidence that the Liberal party is in league with the liquor interests. Yet the fact remains that the liquor interests were promised everything possible by the Government to support Norris, whereas there was nothing to hope for from a minority member.

The point is that there is a tremendous revision of feeling against the Conservatives, and the strong antipathy aroused in Toronto against Sir Sam Hughes was not without its significance in the result. The people of the country have been disgusted with the weakness of the present provincial administration, which has veered with every wind, and not even the powerful ward system organization founded by the late Beattie Nesbitt, and perpetuated and improved for many years, was sufficient to withstand the avalanche. The liquor question, hydro-electric and nickel all affected some Conservative voters.

It was an undeniable verdict against the party which has been solidly entrenched for many years, and so great was the reversal of opinion that it reached down into the inner canyons of the Conservative party of Ontario and of Canada. Toronto was not so hardened politically that it could look with favor upon the misdeeds of J. Wesley Allison & Co.

THE PURCHASE OF CITY SUPPLIES.

THE CITY may not require city manager government in all its phases, but so far as the purchasing is concerned it would be well for the financial health of the community if some official could be intrusted with the buying of all supplies.

As has been pointed out before, the city of Dayton, because of its centralized management, was able to purchase a supply of gasoline sufficient for several years at 9 cents a gallon. Dayton's purchasing agent was watching the market.

London has never been able to make a gasoline contract at anything but the highest price. Recently the fire department had to pay 31 cents a gallon for its supply. There are several

other departments which use gasoline in large quantities.

The same lack of system affects road oiling, although not in the same way. At this late day in the summer oil is still being placed on the streets of London, after residents of those localities have had to put up with the dust of the dry period and go without the relief of street watering at the same time. Just when they were consoling themselves with the somewhat doubtful "savings," the oil tank comes along and smears its load all over the street, at least three months late. These taxpayers will have to pay the shot, although they got practically no service, and were subject to discomfort during almost the entire summer. The cause is said to be a failure to secure delivery of oil, although the city is understood to have paid a high price for the year's supply.

Proper purchasing methods would have secured oil at the proper season and had it in ample quantities ready for the spring oiling. It is to be hoped that the summer's supply will be secured in time for next year, and that there will be no red tape in the way. If the present system is followed it will be necessary to wait until next year's estimates are prepared and the appropriation made before oil and other supplies can be secured.

London might do well to buy in the open market, disregarding tenders. It is quite possible that the city is in the hands of an "oil ring" at the present time. At any rate the hand-to-mouth method of purchase does not effect economy or satisfaction for the city.

STILL SILENT. SOME time ago The Advertiser called attention to a vicious, and apparently intentionally insulting article which appeared in the July number of the Woman's Home Companion. A very insipid screed on "Preparedness" contained a "warning" obviously to relieve its vaguity, the writer cautioning Americans of the danger of invasion "from the north." He considered that his country was likely to be attacked from that quarter, and added that the homes of Americans would be visited by a scourge at least as bad as Belgium suffered. The only conclusion to be drawn was that the writer expected that Canadians would strike at the United States and would commit atrocities after the German fashion.

A marked copy of The Advertiser's editorial reference to the article was sent two months ago to the editor of the Woman's Home Companion. The editor's reply was printed. The editor of the Woman's Home Companion apparently is content to spread abroad the ill-spirited and unfriendly observation that Canadians are a race of brutal degenerates, second only to the Germans, ready to pounce upon his little country of 100,000,000. Such ranting rant can have no serious effect on the relations of the countries, but it may affect the sales of the Woman's Home Companion. Let us hope it will, not because we wish that Journal ill, but to show that Canadians have no taste for such ridiculous twaddle.

OUR DEFILED RIVER.

THE Thames and its beauties are little appreciated in London. The banks are at once, in some places, the abiding place of dumps and shacks, and the repository for dead dogs and tin cans.

Worse than all this city which believes itself a clean city, permits raw sewage to enter the river in large quantities. If that is not "fouling our own nest" what is it?

And the stream is so horribly polluted as to make a canoe ride lose all its charm, and a bath in the stream, simply a plunge into a cesspool.

The river might be the finest site for homes and parks in the land. But who wants to live within a mile of it now?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Who killed cock robin?

Back to the days of Lount and Bert-

ram!

"The cord is frayed, and the cruise is dry."

If the Gibraltar of Toryism has fallen what about the weaker outpost?

South Toronto was not much concerned with the usual corporation lawyer cry.

"Back to Liberalism" is a far cry for Toronto, so far back that few can remember.

Premier Hearst, in hearing the news overseas, no doubt naturally inclined toward a bomb-proof shelter.

The bilingual issue was trotted out by the Toronto News. The people were looking for bigger game.

Peel-Perth—South Toronto—the Government has had three strikes and is out, with every kind of ball offered.

Our local contemporary recently suggested that the Government should open a few seats. How does the sample suit?

Lloyd George says we shall soon extract the kernel from the German nut. The crown prince will be offended at this personal reference.

Waldron appealed for the liquor vote. Conner was an out-and-out prohibitionist. South Toronto had more faith in Dewar because he ran simply as a Liberal.

Lloyd George has a penchant for choosing the happy phrase. His "silver bullets" inspired industry, and now he sees "the nippers" gripping—we will soon hear the crack—and then to extract the kernel.

The Toonerville Trolley Which Meets All the Trains.

BY FONTAINE FOX.



THE SKIPPER MEZ TH' GOUT AGIN.

EVEN WHEN HE HAS AN ATTACK OF THE GOUT THE SKIPPER CONTINUES TO RUN THE CAR JUST THE SAME.

THE ADVERTISER'S DAILY SHORT STORY

(Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

Mysterious Neighbour

By Louise Oliver.

"Mrs. Green, what does Mr. Davis do for a living?"

"Why, I don't know, Miss Wilson. He's just so nice his niceness seems to cover everything, and if I ever was curious about it I got over it long ago. Some folks have enough money without working."

"Yes, I know, but it seems so queer—the way he lives, I mean. Out all night, or at least until 2 and 3 o'clock, and being any old time at all. My room is next to his and I can hear him come in."

"After you've been in New York awhile you'll get used to that. Why, the cabarets don't get a good start until midnight. Don't worry about the second-floor front, Miss Wilson. Never had a better-paying boarder, and always a month in advance and a kind word and a smile at that. Sometimes I don't see him for a week at a time. He comes and he goes, but he doesn't bother anyone."

Winifred dropped the argument without giving her real reasons for inquiring. She, too, liked her merry, happy-go-lucky neighbor, and she was afraid of doing him an injustice.

"Here's my money for next week, Mrs. Green. Those were nice melons we had for breakfast!" And putting on her sailor hat, she started for the office.

It had happened this way: The night before, while getting ready to go to bed, she found her typewriter had locked. She tried to fix it, but things went wrong, and before she knew it the whole affair was out of commission.

"Oh, pshaw!" she cried, pushing and tugging this way and that. "What ails that typewriter? It's broken!"

Just then she heard a step in the hall. "There's Mr. Davis. I wonder if he can do anything?"

She flew to her door and opened it. "Mr. Davis!" she called. But he had entered his own room and was just shutting the door.

"Yes," he answered, instantly opening it again. "What can I do for you, Miss Wilson?"

And while Winifred was trying to explain her predicament, she was also trying hard not to betray the fact that she saw an automatic gun and some lever-looking instruments that he was in the act of transferring from his pocket to a table near the door.

"Certainly I'll come. I'm a regular Mr. Fixit. I was just thinking of hanging out a shingle. 'Typewriters Repaired While You Wait.'"

Winifred laughed—but she saw him throw a newspaper carelessly over the edge of the table and kick a black bag from view with his foot.

He was as good as his word, though, and the typewriter was soon put into working trim again. When the door had closed, Winifred looked at the blank panels with her heart beating high and her cheeks strangely flushed.

Was this stranger a wizard? Had he bewitched her? His voice! His laugh! His eyes! She went back to her work, but her fingers seemed stiff and awkward and the words wouldn't come right.

Had she known it Ed Davis, too, was looking back at the panels as though trying to conjure up another picture of her gray blue eyes, sweet, serious smile and color that came and went provokingly. Then his own eyes became serious as he thought of what she might have seen when she called him.

"Miss Wilson," called Carpenter next day. "here's a card to the bride. Panlston wedding. Suppose you go up there today and write things up. It's to be out of doors at four, so go early and do the grounds first. Later, get a list of the presents—better still, see them for yourself and describe them, who they're from and so on. Give it a column."

So Winifred, in a dark blue silk suit and hat, took a train for Hampton Hill that beautiful afternoon in early fall. The trees were turning russet, red and gold, but the sky was as blue as June and the air warm and spring-like.

Arrived at Valmonda, the home of the Prides, Winifred was given the permission of her hostess to wander where she would. Lists of the guests were provided her, names of decorators, and so on. Pavilions had been built on the lawn, tables put up around fountains and a wonderful arch of flowers and vines erected for the ceremony. Such a fairyland!

Winifred was lost in the wonder of

everything when she came face to face with Mr. Davis.

"You here?" she cried in surprise, not able to keep the amazement and pleasure out of her voice.

He looked nonplussed for an instant, then smiled quickly. "Why not? Every one's here! You, too!"

"So am I, but keep it quiet," he whispered.

She looked at his faultless cutaway, every detail of his attire. She could not understand this man. There was something to be explained. But she talked animatedly with him for several minutes, not divulging her perplexity in the least.

That was the day the pearl collar was stolen, a gift from the Vincents to the bride.

Winifred, opening the paper to see her own account of the wedding next morning, read the great headlines with dismay. She had left with her precious information and lists before the thing happened. She remembered seeing the collar in its case with the other things, while two detectives dressed as footmen stood guard.

She let the paper fall to the floor and tried to collect her confused thoughts. Davis had come in about 4 o'clock and she had heard him up and down the rest of the night. He had gone out early again without retiring. What had been his business at the wedding?

She must let someone of her suspicions. It was her duty! And then came the thought of his merry laugh, the wonderful caress of his voice, and his splendid eyes. She could not do it!

Dazed, she made her way along crowded streets to the office. She heard a boy cry, "The Fall Collar Found! Bravos to Detective Davis!"

And there on the first page was a full-face cut of her neighbor. "Thank heaven!" she breathed, crushing the paper to her breast. "I understand now."

That night Winifred knocked timidly at her neighbor's door. He opened it and bowed.

"Blessed typewriter—it's broken again!"

"No," said Winifred, keeping in the shadow of the stairs to hide her burning face. "I came to congratulate you. I've been finding out all day what a wonderful person you are. And I've been taught at home when one has such wicked thoughts he ought to confess. I have been thinking awful things about you. I saw the gun and things and when the necklace was stolen—" She did not finish.

"Hush, child! Everyone thinks things about me," he said kindly. "I'm used to it. Get your hat and we'll go for some ice cream. I've got something important to tell you. Something no one else must hear. You'll come, won't you?"

"Yes, indeed," she answered happily. "I just feel like celebrating."

Five thousand towns have started and finished a clean-up and paint-up week. It would not be a bad thing if it should happen to this London.

"Cyclone" Davis, the shirtless senator from Texas, has been defeated. He will probably wear shirts now.

Two men, 75 years of age, fought a duel in Indiana over a girl they both loved when they were young. Not all the boobies are in their early twenties.

Anna Held will stay in the movies because she cannot sing. Inasmuch as Anna never could sing much, we wonder a trifle at the excuse.

An Englishman says that garlic will cure the whooping cough. It's a dead case between the cure and the disease.

We heard a youngster singing on Sunday, "By Cool Si-loam's Shady Rills," and we went into the house and hopped into the bath tub.

It is all right to sing about those shady rills, but we could not get to

them, and it made us just to peevish for most any use.

Being a husband is said to be the finest job in the world, but at the same time, some husbands have bum jobs at that.

The old problem, "Why does a hen cross the road?" has a new version. The traffic cops say that young ladies break the traffic regulations more than any other class, and they have propounded it "Why do the chickens cross the road so?"

A Toronto paper says that a young girl found Toronto a haven. However, she did not say it was heaven.

Oil on the streets now will settle the winter's dust all right.

Three weeks from Saturday, we enter on an era of drought. A lot of folks are doing their September shopping early.

Emperor Franz Josef of Austria was seized with a chill when inspecting his troops. The soldiers would be satisfied with just a chill.

A soldier's life is sometimes far from happy. Imagine a bunch having to stand at attention for half an hour in a broiling sun having to listen to a speech. Nice work!

There is a threatened pickle famine in the U. S. A. However, the wife generally has a rod in pickle.

"I'm only a weed in a garden," sings a poetess. We hope she is a ragweed.

Cleveland promises special cars on its railway for love-makers. We presume they will not have springs or anything of that sort.

The Board of Trade may go to Camp Borden, probably to see the graveyard of their hopes, coin, and Sir Sam Hughes' promises.

No tennis player could be half so vicious as some pictures of him would make him appear. They're nice quiet birds.

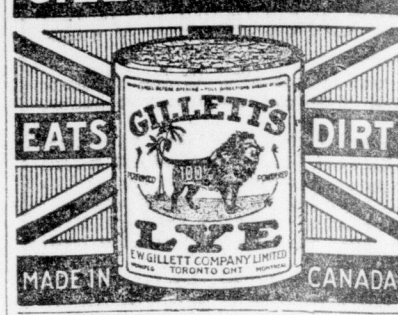
We gather that the real reason Mooney Gibson was not given his unconditional release by Pittsburgh is that the club needs the money.

THE LISTENERS. That is a moving picture that Lucas has drawn. Of himself and Ferguson upon the ground. Their ears spread out about them and securely weighted down. That they might catch and analyze each sound. I hope these men have picked a place that's very far removed from where the spirit of progress runs her day. Or when she comes along to where their ears are spread. She'll mistake their broad expanse for a speedway.

Perhaps the Ontario Government, hearing of that ear stunt. Will order experts quickly to be sent. To spread the ears of Lucas and Ferguson on poles. And erect a really first-class "listening tent."

—THE OLD 'UN. The drone among the bees is like a lot of human drones—merely the father of a large family.

A suggestive card was received on a recent birthday. Flowered fields, a

GILLET'S LYE

fence with a stile, and a church in the distance. The lines began: "Here lies your path, your birthright, marks the stile, etc." finishing. "And may flowers of hope lead all your footsteps home." It suggests the last birthday's past, and ere another the churchyard dormitory will get me for a sleeper. Flowery hope, eh? —MIKE.

Somebody says, says he, forget the heat, but how can we forget it when we are floating away on a river of perspiration, alas sweat.

We like the Atlantic Ocean. It keeps us such a distance away from Sir Sam and his speeches.

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