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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, April 30.

Mr. Ayearst "Indiscreet" and Judge Is Lenient

Indiscretion is the worst thing proved against Chief Inspector Ayearst of the Ontario License Department, as a result of the charges made by H. H. Dewart, M. P. P., and investigated by Sir William Meredith as royal commissioner. Thus is the suspension of the chief inspector as a result of the charges likely to be cancelled by his return to his position. That is scarcely the net result of the charges, however, as the chief assistant of Mr. Ayearst was already dismissed for sharing in the receipts of a private detective agency. Mr. Ayearst acted as custodian of other detectives' funds and it was not apparent he secured these profits, although he had borrowed money from the fund.

Mr. Ayearst appears to have been hard up, and he has not yet made up, according to his evidence, some $380, which came out of the detectives' fund which Mr. Ayearst "handled" for his sleuths. It was merely a coincidence, which did not impress the commissioner, that $380 proved to be approximately a third of the fund earned by the two detectives and remaining to Mr. Ayearst's credit in a bank. The fund was frequently drawn upon and many transactions took place between Mr. Ayearst and his detectives, but the attitude of the commissioner toward these transactions was that Mr. Ayearst was unwise to have been a party to them, but his action not culpable.

The decision of the license department toward its chief inspector will, no doubt, be in line with the commissioner's ruling. The members of the board appeared to have faith in Mr. Ayearst, despite the charges. At the same time, knowledge of the manner in which receipts of detectives were handled was disclaimed by the commissioners. It may be that Mr. Ayearst's "indiscretion" will make doubly certain that some more careful method of handling such funds will be undertaken by the Government. Enough has been shown to warrant the dismissal of those involved, as even such a word as "indiscretion" in connection with monies paid to "spotters" does not sound well when applied to officers appointed to enforce the law, a law which throws upon the accused the necessity of proof. Mr. Ayearst, however, has been dealt with very leniently by the commissioner.

A Gallant Officer of 63 Who Fought at the Front

It is to be hoped that when officers returned from overseas service are tendered a banquet during the present week the face of Major Duncan Stuart will be seen and his voice heard. He recently returned to Canada with a record remarkable even in a war that has made many records. In a word, Major Stuart went over the top with his men while in his 63rd year. He has not been interviewed, his photograph has not appeared in the newspapers, nor is it possible to secure from his friends or relatives any narrative of his experiences in France, excepting the bare facts that, after arriving in England with the 135th Battalion, he was transferred to the 38th Battalion, and cast in his lot with the fortunes of that unit while it was engaged in some of the most difficult fighting of the war. It was necessary for him to revert to lower rank in order to reach France, and he spent about two years in France and served in the trenches for a considerable period.

Many men would have regarded themselves as having given a sufficient service to the country when they could present a record in the South African war, which Major Stuart had as commander of B Company, when it went from London. But he returned to London at the time of the organization of the Middlesex County Battalion, and immediately gave his energy and ability to the recruiting of that unit, which attained full strength in a remarkably short period, and was as fine a command as left the London district. Unfortunately, the 135th reached England at the time when it was decided to commence the drafting system of reinforcing units. Major Stuart went to France soon after it was apparent that the battalion was to be disbanded. He was many years beyond the military age, but his spirit for reaching the line could not be daunted by any ordinary difficulties.

It is doubtful if any other Canadian officer of Major Stuart's years did actual fighting with the Canadian infantry, and lived with his men under conditions such as prevailed in trench fighting for a space of many months. It is a story such as makes one thrill with pride in the heroism of a service that naturally attracted the chivalrous young men, but which could scarcely be expected to discover men who were willing to go into battle at sixty as well as to urge the younger men to give their lives. What finer example was ever given to young soldiers than this one? However little he may wish to tell of his service, Major Stuart will be long remembered for what he did in these war years. He should be honored by the city from which he went forth in the two great wars in which Canadians participated. We have given the plumes of gallantry to youth in the war. We should never forget those older veterans who were always eager for the fray when a just cause was to be served and the interests of humanity promoted.

World League Now a Fact

There is distinct promise of world-wide peace in the league of nations covenant which the plenary session of the peace conference has adopted. Only the superficial observer believes that the war god has been stripped of his power for further mischief, but his activities will be greatly restricted and in time destroyed. Certainly the Versailles conference has taken measures that will prevent any new explosion such as the world has just come through.

Under the rules of the league every member is pledged to submit differences to the league council, and in the event of the award being unacceptable, must not go to war for six months. Should decision by sword instead of court be chosen, the nation so acting automatically cuts itself off from economic relations with all others. This last, of course, would make almost impossible the prosecution of a prolonged campaign. Nations that might ignore moral obligations to the race would be in no hurry to place themselves underneath terrific economic pressure. That should be the biggest curb to military adventure, as isolation would mean famine, industrial chaos, social disorder and general ruin.

The constitution is not flawless and in the various countries of the signatories these weaknesses will be enlarged upon for temporary political advantages, but the broad masses of the people will go to the heart of the pact and see there an honest intention and a scheme of practice well worth a trial. The league of nations is a stupendous experiment, a social structure framed to meet a world situation absolutely without precedence. There has been little in the past to use as a guide. Therfore, it will have to be modified from time to time as the applications of its principles direct, but the big, basic immovable fact that the nations have joined hands to build a better world is there. That should make it acceptable to all.

Daylight Saving Discord

The common-sense of daylight saving seems to be that, while one man prefers the "new" time, the man next door to him wishes to operate under the old time. One may find a division of opinion in every place where people work. The only sane method in such a case is to take a vote of the people and to let the majority decide the issue, but Parliament would not do this. The Government would only take a vote if it believed it could spring an election at a certain time and save its own life. So that, in order to placate the farmers, who were clamoring for tariff reform, the members of both sides of the House denied assent to a law making daylight saving universal. The only difference daylight saving possibly could make to the farmers, in the opinion of The Advertiser, was to cause some awkwardness in shipments by railway. The average farmer was not at all concerned with other phases of the change, and the only beneficial effect for the farmer was to have the railway schedules unchanged. So that when, after refusing to adopt the daylight saving scheme as a national standard, the Government or its commission permitted the railways to adapt their schedules to the American system, the Government caused more confusion for the country than if it had enacted a law enforcing daylight saving.

As a consequence, we have a patchwork system, nationally, provincially and locally. Some cities operate under daylight saving, others refuse to make the change, and still more are neither flesh nor fowl. London at the present time is divided on the issue, and not only irritated, but woefully confused. Certain institutions must operate their plants with the railways and a large section of the community is necessarily out of harmony with the other and the final question is whether Canada must be wholly dependent on the laws made at Washington. Is the business between the two countries sufficiently important to adjust our schedules to the American schedules?

During the war it became necessary to reduce the trains on both Canadian and American railway systems. The Canadian connections were radically changed, but the Government let the people bear with this. It seems to be a matter for national adjustment, this question of time, and the country should declare its independence of American railway connections or make it clear to the people that the whole country must change when Uncle Sam consults his ticker and decides to rise an hour earlier in order that he may be happy, healthy and, as he believes, wise.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Just about time for Woodrow to reach for his fountain pen.

As a member of the league of nations Canada may be depended upon to bat 1000.

An exasperating experience, due to the local daylight saving muddle, was that of a man who boiled the eggs on double time.

With thirty women on the German peace delegation the conference will be wise if it houses the visitors at a point remote from Paris' celebrated millinery shops.

Once again Hon. Robert Rogers rises to remark that he has no confidence in the Union Government, which is one of the few good things we have heard said about that Government.

The Daylight-Saving Tangle

Of all the mixed up muddles that we've had since time began,
You will have to hand the biscuit to this Daylight-Saving Plan.
The city council bade us give our clocks a full hour's boost,
But Flanigan rose up and said, "The people rule this roost.
Put back your clocks to normal time, and put them there to stay,"
And the street car men flung high their hats and yelled "Hip, Hip, Hooray."
So there you are, what shall we do? Who's boss, and why, and when?
The old time says it's nine o'clock, the new time says it's ten.
We have had enough of war and strife, so give us, if you can,
A quick and happy ending to this Daylight-Saving Plan.

—FRED YOUNG.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

BORROWED SUNSHINE.

By Dora H. Mollan.

This is a story of two days in the life of Joan Carruthers—two days separated by two weeks. On the first, Joan stood, her face pressed against the window pane, engrossed in her one and only amusement. For when one has risen no farther than salesgirl in a bargain basement in these times of high prices and must live on the proceeds of such daily toil, there is but little left over for extras, and when one spends five evenings every week at school and a sixth and part of Sunday in study, there is little time left over for frivolities, anyway.

Jean was studying stenography as a means to an end; not that she liked it so well, but it stood for shorter hours and more money. Most of the girls in the store had beaux, of course, and went to dances and shows with them—and married them and led lives just like Joan's mother over again, and Joan remembered that only too well.

Now, as it arose like a picture, blotting out for the moment the entrancing one actually before her eyes, the color-note of that old life was a deadly drab. Not one ray of sunshine had penetrated to their dark basement home. Not a single bit of material or spiritual brightness had it contained. Joan's mother had been a little drab wisp of a woman, with all the joy of life knocked out by her drunken, morose husband. Well, she was at rest now; Joan didn't know where the father was, and didn't want to. As she shuddered at the thought of him, the picture changed like a fade-away and the one really before her eyes gained added brilliancy by the contrast.

That scene typified everything Joan's life had lacked and for which she was struggling. Even the one thin, watery beam of sunlight that found its way into her third floor hall room was reflected from the window across the narrow street. The apartment back of those windows over the way, so near in actual distance, was miles removed from the sphere of Joan's life. To look into it was to her, like a peep into fairyland.

There lived a beautiful lady and a wondrous prince, in a country of gorgeous colors—and with one sweep of the blue and orange curtains over those windows all that could be shut from her sight. Joan prayed hard that they might be forgotten tonight, for a third person was present in that room.

This third person, masculine—was by name Strickland—Dr. Stanton Strickland—and by nature endowed with a full share of good looks. Of the first of these facts Joan was ignorant; the second she magnified. To her he looked a Greek god—or a movie star! Joan didn't know, either, that the prince was just plain Mr. Bertram Smith and the beautiful lady his wife and sister to Stanton. Neither did she know the subject under discussion, but she could see by the glow from the orange shaded light—for her own one dim gas jet was out of sight. Also, that before going, the visitor lighted a cigarette and threw the match on a stand close by the window.

But even emptied of its glorified occupants the room fascinated her. She would have one like it some day, if working hard would bring it! How that orange light brightened everything—was reflected everywhere, even on the curtains; on one in particular, the one nearest where the visitor had sat! Joan came to, suddenly, from her dreams, and looked hard at that particular curtain. Suddenly she turned away, opened her door and fairly flew down the two long flights of stairs.

Into the street she sped, and across it. Breathlessly she ran up the stone steps of the house opposite, the house of the reflected sunshine, and pushed and pushed again and again the button of the electric doorbell.

It seemed ages before anyone came, and Joan had time to wonder whether she was doing the right thing. Finally the door was opened by a stupid-looking maid, who fled screaming at the only word of Joan's breathless speech she seemed to grasp. Again Joan ran, this time up two other long flights, into a hall and through it straight into that fairyland she had glimpsed from afar.

But the bad demon whose entrance into this paradise she had witnessed was by this time writhing in long, curling flames up the beautiful curtains. With a fierce, militant resentment against this despoilment of her fairyland, and reckless of the danger in her battle to preserve it barehanded, Joan seized the flaming curtains, tore them from their fastenings, threw them to the floor and cast a heavy rug upon them.

And so, hurrying in to discover the cause of the extraordinary commotion, they found her, just awakening to a realization of her surroundings, and her burned hands.

Dr. Strickland reached Joan just as the pain brought blessed unconsciousness. He carried her to a couch, demanded various articles and skilfully dressed the burns, the while they wondered who she might be and whence she came.

Presently consciousness returned, and though with it returned, too, the agonp of her wounds, Joan struggled to her feet, and with faltering voice started an apology for her intrusion. But strong hands gently pushed her back, and three people voiced gratitude and questions.

Joan tried to explain. "I love sunlight and colors so! Not much of either has ever come my way. All that I get comes from your windows. I was watching; but I'm going to get my own. I'm studying," she began—then stopped short at a twinge of pain and gazed down at the poor bandaged hands. Mrs. Smith caught that look and read it. Impulsively she spoke:

"You're not going to do any studying for a while, nor anything else, but just stay right here and be nursed by me, my dear; and Stanton will come every day to dress your burns."

"I sure will," the latter volunteered; "and perhaps Miss Joan, since she loves color so much, will be willing when she's better to tell me what ones to use in my new offices over among my poor folks on Carmine street."

Joan sat straight up. "Carmine street!" she exclaimed; "I was born there. Oh, doctor, make it bright! Bring some color into their gray lives! Make it—like this!" She looked about her at the room, then sank back with a little moan of pain.

They gave her a sleeping potion and put her to bed. So ended the first day.

The fortnight has passed. The burns are healed, the bandages gone. But on Joan's left hand something has been substituted that binds tighter than any bandage. She stands in a broad ray of sunshine watching Mrs. Smith hang silken curtains of bronze gold hue. Through the door strides—a Greek god? Or could it be a movie star? No; just a big-hearted man who has dedicated his life and knowledge to humanity. He puts an arm around Joan.

"Just see the beautiful sunlight, Stan," she says; "and to think—I'm not away off across the street, looking in, but actually living in it—with you! Oh, Stan, if I can only help you bring it into other people's lives, as you have brought it into mine!"

"I didn't bring it to you, little wife; you flew straight into it—but I'm going to keep you there always."

DON'T USE THE KNIFE

That's the barbarous way of treating corns—dangerous, too—any corn can be removed painlessly by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor in twenty-four hours. Use only Putnam's Extractor, 25c, at all dealers.

Military Ball—A Few Hints.

The arrangements for the Military Ball to be held in the Winter Garden Friday night are almost completed and our only worry is what shall we wear. Hundreds of ladies have purchased New York beads, and now is their chance to display them.

The main thing is to wear beads. Of course, some will wear more than beads, and no matter where you buy them be sure to get that better class. John A. Nash, My Jeweler, sells that better class of beads. His store is 206 Dundas street, "Where Your Will Eventually Buy." b

FEELS BETTER NOW THAN IN 28 YEARS

Sam Hooper Has Gotten Over His Breakdown Through Using Tanlac.

"Tanlac has overcome all my troubles, and I am actually feeling better than I have in twenty-eight years," said Sam Hooper of 56 O'Hara street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

"For the past four or five years," he continued, "I suffered from nervousness and a general rundown condition, and was getting worse all the time. Gas would bloat me up and cause terrible pains all through my sides and stomach; I lost over thirty pounds. I couldn't half sleep and was so weak and wornout that I had to give up work, and just lie around feeling good for nothing.

"Since taking Tanlac I can hardly tell I had stomach trouble at all. My nerves are strong and steady, I sleep fine, and my friends are congratulating me on my wonderful improvement, for Tanlac has about made me over again, and has helped me so wonderfully that I am glad to tell about it."

Tanlac is sold in London by Standard Drug, Limited, and by an established agency in every town.

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A Tea-Pot Test is better than a page of Advertisement.

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Is the Purest & Finest Flavored Tea your money can purchase. 3821

Real Silk

You cannot be too particular when buying silk hosiery. It pays to get Mercury Silk Quality.

The silk is so beautiful, so fine, so lustrous, that you can tell at once that it is extra quality.

The hose are so evenly knitted that there isn't a streak or a rough spot anywhere.

Mercury Silk Hosiery gives satisfaction, as also does Mercury Seamless Fashioned Hosiery in cashmere, mercerized lisle and cotton. All fashionable shades.

Also Men's Half Hose and Children's Hosiery of dependable Mercury quality.

MERCURY MILLS, LIMITED - HAMILTON, CANADA

Mercury Hosiery

and Underwear for men, women and children 103

ARTISTIC LADIES' WEAR CO.

Our Annual **May Suit Sale**

STARTS THURSDAY, MAY 1

OVER 400 WOMEN'S and MISSES' SUITS

REDUCED FOR OUR ANNUAL MAY SUIT SALE AT

$19.75, $22.75, $29.75 and $39.75

Purchases from manufacturers who always dispose of their remaining suit stocks after Easter, together with our own regular stocks, make up this collection of over 400 desirable spring models, which will go on sale tomorrow morning. This is a noteworthy occasion from many standpoints, and coming so early in the season it gives you practically the entire spring and summer to wear these garments. Each garment represents a distinctive style and fashioned with exceeding neatness of high-quality fabrics. They fit perfectly, wear long and are much more attractive than the models offered elsewhere at these prices. There are the most elaborate suits in the selection, made of the finest all-wool men's wear serges, Poiret twills, poplins, gabardines, shepherd plaids and checks, fancy box suits, plain tailor-mades, Balkan blouse effects and vestee model, handsomely lined with the finest of silks.

Together with our May Suit Sale, we are offering a week-end sale of

Fine Serge Dresses at One-Third Off

These dresses are all from our regular stock and are the very finest in style and quality; dresses sold regularly from $25.00 to $50.00; all sizes. Reduced to ..... $17.50 to $33.50

A Special Showing of New Coats and Dolmans at $25 and $37.50

These groups include Dolmans and Coats of Serge, Poplin, Velour and Tricotine. Discriminating women will not need a second invitation to take advantage of this showing. These garments are fashioned in navy, sand, taupe, brown, rose and henna. All sizes.

STORE OPENS TOMORROW AT 9 A.M. COME EARLY FOR BEST SELECTION.

ARTISTIC LADIES' WEAR CO., 211 Dundas St.