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THE LONDON ADVERTISER
COMPANY, LIMITED.
London, Ont., Saturday, October 23.

The hearts of Londoners will be with the members of the 142nd Battalion in their long absence from the city. There is no finer sentiment to be expressed than "Good-bye, Good Luck, God Bless You." The battalion carries with it the hope and love of many homes; its efficiency has been unquestioned, and it has had the loyal good wishes of every citizen. The battalion should carry with it the thought of a generous, whole-hearted admiration from the city whose name it proudly bears.

ELIMINATE WASTE.

ONE THING THAT the war may teach us is to save. In our prosperity we have been wasteful in many ways. As Mr. A. G. Gardner of the London Daily News says, "we have learned many lessons in these days, but the greatest lesson of all is the part which the community has to play in controlling its own destiny. We cannot leave the boys to come home to the old selfish, unregulated, haphazard and wasteful world."

We have wasted labor and time, many of our people were idle, while Germans were bending all their energies to conquest, making war in peace time. We have had too many non-contributing "rich men, paupers, beggar men, thieves" in the Empire and its politics. We have wasted land through senseless speculation, protective tariffs, incompetent farming and sheer indolence. Food has been wasted in incalculable quantities. There was a picture in last week's Literary Digest of striking dairyman dumping out whole cans of milk from a non-striker's wagon! Was there no other way of persuading the non-striker of the justice of their cause?

Great waste has been occasioned by misadministration and manipulation of railways. An English economist estimates that Great Britain loses a million pounds a day, or one-fifth of the current cost of the war from that cause. Human life is allowed to be sacrificed to a hideous degree at level crossings in town and country, in employments extremely detrimental to health, and in inadequate provision for motherhood and childhood. We shall have to tackle a gigantic program of social and economic reform all over the Empire, if we mean to hold up our end against the systematic Hun.

AN OBSOLETE SYSTEM.

THE METHOD OF raising battalions which has been in vogue in Canada practically since the outbreak of war has served its purpose and should, in the opinion of practical military men, be discontinued.

The method, the outcome of an emergency, bore all the marks of unpreparedness. It was, briefly, as follows: A battalion was authorized and numbered and a commanding officer was appointed. He was instructed to "get the men" and was from then on forgotten. He was entrusted with the duty of choosing his officers and raising more than one thousand men by any means which his ingenuity should suggest. He was asked financially to the smallest extent possible. The result was that he and whatever officers he chose were forced to spend at least the first three months in speaking at public meetings to secure recruits and soliciting financial aid from various civic bodies.

Apart from the ignominy of asking men to do their duty, it was quite impossible to pay any attention to the primary business for which the unit was raised, that of preparing itself for service in the firing line. In addition to too many cases politics played an important role, and commanding officers quite unfit to lead men into battle were chosen. The cost was immoderate and not properly distributed. One hundred thousand dollars was a not unusual initial expenditure, a large part of which was born by a limited section of the people.

Many months ago, both in Canada and in England, the possibility of recruiting by means of depot battalions or depot regiments was discussed. In each of the ten military districts in Canada a battalion staff composed of capable officers, who had seen service in France should be formed. This staff would be distinct from the district administering staff and would have charge only of the actual training of the men. Men enlisting would be attached to this depot battalion. As no inexperienced officer over the rank of lieutenant is permitted to go to France only subalterns would be trained with the depot battalion. They would receive the benefit of the experience of the trained staff who would in a very short time become experts.

The establishment of the battalion might be extended to include almost any number of men, and arrangements might be made to give junior officers actual

experience in the handling of large bodies of men without necessarily increasing their rank and consequently their pay and expenses to the people. As the men became sufficiently trained they could be shipped overseas in drafts of 500 or 1,000 men, as they were required. The principle of enlisting men for definite battalions now at the front could be worked in. No man would hesitate to join a unit the officers of which were known to be extremely capable.

Such a battalion would have only one set of books which would materially simplify the administration of the Ordnance, A. S. C., Pay and Record, and all other departments. Promotion in the army in France would come from the ranks or the lower grades of officers, according to merit and length of service. As no senior officers would be created in Canada a source of heavy expense would be eliminated. No officer whose political, but not military qualifications were obvious would receive an appointment, to the detriment of recruiting.

BOYS AND POETRY.

HERE IS A fascinating little article in the current University Magazine on the work of an English teacher in developing the poetical talent among the boys of his school. A number of quotations are given to show what boys from ten to fourteen years old accomplished. In a way it is quite amazing, and one almost suspects the teacher of turning some of the tricks, but that his own reputation as a poet is nothing much, and the main effects of the boys' work are rather too simple to have been calculated by any untrained adult mind.

Certain ballads done by boys of ten may raise a doubt whether the naïveté of expression is due to imitation of the poems read by the young composers, or to the same youthfulness of spirit which animates the old English and Scottish ballads. It is probably no news that children, like primitive people, have poetry in their ideas and sometimes in their speech. Why should it not be cultivated along with prose composition in the schools?

In one of Richard Middleton's stories a small boy in the wood exclaims, "All the wasted moonlight, the grass is quite wet with it." We can easily believe a child said that, and perhaps have heard such speeches. The very actions of childhood are poetry. "Ever finding, never seeking," said Coleridge of the child, and does not art aim to seem as uncalculated as the feats of children? It is the child temper that gets into not only heaven, but poetry to the length of its utterances.

LAURIER'S PACIFICISM.

At London, Ont., last week, Sir Wilfrid Laurier made a partisan speech, in which he declared that he is a pacifist, and warned his hearers against the dangers of militarism. In such language that the Conservative papers declare that Britain's present state of militarism is the worst kind of militarism in Sir Wilfrid's estimation. One wonders if Sir Wilfrid would head a peace party in Canada, and how much of a following he would have. —Buffalo Express.

ONE NEED NOT WORRY about Sir Wilfrid Laurier leading a "peace party," if by that term is meant a party that would seek to end this war with the Germans defeated. The Advertiser ventures to say that Sir Wilfrid Laurier would be for fighting the Germans to the last ditch long after many ardent so-called militarists had thrown up their hands in surrender.

This is a war of "pacifists" against "militarists." It is the war of peace, armed in desperation to guard her honor from the brute. It is the war of Lloyd George, humanitarianism against Hohenzollern barbarism. The Canadians in the trenches are men who are fighting to maintain peace, and they will not see peace crushed underfoot while life is in them.

Laurier head a peace party to plead with the Hun? One might as well declare that Premier Asquith would quit tomorrow, saying that he preferred the domination of Prussia to the sending of more men to the front. Asquith and Lloyd George and Grey are all pacifists. They are against the principle of aggressive warfare. Laurier is of that same school—the Liberal school, which has saved the Empire and the colonies on more occasions than one.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Horses are a drug on the market. Canada might have sold hundreds of thousands to the Allies.

Despite the madness of his detractors Sir Wilfrid Laurier's sentiment: "Faith is better than doubt, and love is better than hate," has already had a great influence upon the country.

The Toronto News pays an unconscious tribute to the Laurier brand of national wisdom when it relates that the Niobe is laid up because of her strenuous work in coast service, and the Rainbow is still doing valiant service.

A prominent Western Ontario professional man closes a letter to The Advertiser with the following sentence: "Is it not pitiable we have to depend upon British and Australian ships for protection of our coasts, especially now, when the Hun submarine is active?"

The local branch of the Army Dental Corps has performed more than 20,000 operations in eight months. Good teeth are an important factor in the beating of the Germans. And many a man who would fearlessly face the Hun bayonet has quailed before the drill of the army dentist.

The action of the Grand Trunk Railway in presenting all employees of long service with annual passes shows the changing sentiment of corporations and the men who labor for them. Better understanding has been brought about by the devoted work

For Several Days the Gang Have Been Taking Advantage of the Fact That Tony Stops There Every Noon To Read His Newspaper.

BY FONTAINE FOX



The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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Old Nick's Legacy

By Mabel S. Merrill.

Because he is a total failure and a blot on the fair name of a hardworking family, I give and bequeath to my nephew, Nicholas Wye, nothing but the shop in the orchard and the contents of the safe.

Nicholas Wye, better known as Old Nick, though he was neither old nor malicious, sat on the orchard wall and looked thoughtfully at the little weather-beaten building which was his sole share in the goodly estates belonging to the Wye homestead on the hill. Then he looked down at the newspaper in his hand with its black headline. The editor of the Bownville Herald had thought old man Wye's will was a humorous document that he had made a front-page story about Old Nick and his legacy.

Nick crumpled the paper and tried to cram it into his pocket as a light step came down the road. He knew it was Florio Hanson coming home from her room at the little old school house down the lane. Nick always happened to be around somewhere when Florio came along, although he seldom ventured to speak to her. The village teacher, through the clear front window in his hand to the homestead on the hill, had made a bid for her favor with his fine old house.

To Nick's surprise, Florio stopped to-day and spoke to him. She had a copy of the Herald in her hand, and her eyes were sparkling indignantly. "It's a shame, Mr. Wye," she declared. "That editor ought to be prosecuted for libel. He said I was a fool, I forgot he is dead. Well, anyway, I—we all know you're not a blot and a total failure."

"Well, you see that was Uncle Zeb's way of looking at it," explained Nick good-naturedly. "All the Wyes had worked like time and saved every cent till I came along. Used up all the family ginger so there didn't seem to be any left for me. I've had to hunt and fish and loaf enough to make up for all this misdeed."

"What a fine old house on her way, he got off the wall and gravely inspected the shop, the only piece of property he had ever owned. It was a rough, solid little building, its two rooms well lighted by big windows, for Uncle Zeb had used it for a paint shop. It was empty save for a heap of rubbish in one corner.

"Now, if he'd left me a little something to begin the world on how'd he know but I'd reform?" mused Nicholas, pulling over the heap. "Hello, what's this?"

It was a substantial keg of white paint, with a smaller one of green resting atop of it. Old Nick was a humorist in his way and his eyes began to twinkle as he examined this find.

"Maybe Uncle Zeb did better by me than he thought," chuckled the new owner of the property. "I might sell this, but on the whole I believe I'll make some use of it myself. Used to like to paint—and, anyway, it'll be a job to work at while Shon's going by." The capitalized pronoun stood for the mistress in his thoughts.

The next afternoon when Florio passed she stared in amazement. In this shady orchard corner, the little building, painted clean white with a small stripe of dark green for a finish, looked like the fairy house she had sometimes seen in her dreams when of men of the stamp of Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King.

"Devermore is pleased at the prospect for cleaner politics in Canada. There is and has been room"—Farmers' Advocate.

The Advertiser believes that the career of the crooked politician has run its course, and that the "old gang" has received its death blow in recent contests. The survivors may prepare for the worst.

Quite a few mothers have come into the Advertiser office to tell about the deaths of their sons at the front. And every one of them bearing it bravely, certain that beyond the gates their beloved awaited them, after having consecrated their lives to the protection of the weak.

"Let it pass while it's a-cavortin'! An' a-shikin' an' a-morin'—if it only keeps a-travellin' on its beat!"

We print that poem on the

WAIT A MINUTE!

—By J. H. F.

If a man can live 200 years on a diet of bananas only, would he not be in constant danger of the gurgles, those foreboding quadrupeds, so to speak?

Synthetic milk is being made from peanuts, we read. Next thing we know they will be having a goosd shed tears.

Several Michigan men were fined \$10 for carelessly shooting a man to death. The deceased could not have been much of a man, on that reckoning.

Billy Sunday has something to learn regarding protracted meetings from some of our civic bodies. A number of long distance talking records have been smashed of late.

A New York woman has just been awarded \$35,000 a year alimony. She should be able to have a flivver out of that, and a few regular meals.

Villa is said to be growing whiskers. The influence of Judge Hughes is spreading far afield.

"Are Red Stockings Dangerous?" asks a Journal. Sure, if you stop to look at them on the roadway.

Paris experts say that American fashions are indecent. Truth seems to travel very slowly.

France completely fooled the Germans at Verdun. We expect to hear a howl from Germany about this barbarity.

Super-love grows only in America, we read. We cannot get the idea very clearly, but it looks that super-love comes only with the big bank roll.

An uplift lady tells the girls that to succeed in business, they must banish all thoughts of love and marriage. Just the same as telling a mule not to bray.

We hear that beauty is fading as a result of the war. It seems that the manufacture of cosmetics is at a standstill.

We saw a picture of an actress who wore, but it looks like a skirt about four feet short. Pretty.

Asked about the presidential race, we find that Hughes will win, provided that Wilson does not get more votes. That's our best.

THE LOCOMOTIVE.
How I used to dread the rattle
And the way it scared the cattle
When the locomotive rushed around the curves!

An' the bell that kep' a-ringin'
An' the whistle willy singin'—
They were somethin' irritatin' to the nerves!

But since they got me thinkin'
Of a transportation shrinkin'
Till the bread an' ham an' eggs might all be shy,

All the steam an' smoke ascendin'
Look like couches soft, extendin'
For the use of little angels in the sky.

Now I listen for the rattle.
It's as sweet as children's prattle.
An' the whistle's like a shout of glorious cheer.

Sett my nile with pleasure boundin'
An' its silence now and then is fraught with fear.

Let it pass while it's a-cavortin'
An' a-shikin' an' a-morin'—
If it only keeps a-travellin' on its beat!

We print that poem on the



CANADIAN TRIBUTES TO OXO CUBES

The following letters have been received from Canadians who have proved the great value of OXO during the War.

OXO Cubes are handy for emergencies. They need no cooking or special preparation. An OXO Cube in a cup of hot water and a few biscuits makes a light meal which sustains for hours, while for enriching and improving stews and other dishes, OXO Cubes are simply wonderful.

In the home OXO Cubes are remarkable economisers, and in many little ways they save dollars a year.

From one of the 1st Infantry Brigade.

"We have completed a trip in the trenches which has been one of the coldest this winter, in fact, one night we had zero weather. Just before going into the trenches I received a parcel which contained some OXO Cubes, and I can assure you I was very thankful. It was a real treat to get off sentry duty and make a cup of OXO, as it warms one up and helps to keep one fit. It only takes a few minutes to make a hot cup of good OXO."

From one of the 24th Canadians.

"I was out with a barbed wire party last night, and when I got back a parcel was waiting. Every item was a winner. The OXO was great; just try it about 2:30 some cold nasty morning after being out nearly six hours."

Territorial Service Gazette, March 25th, 1916.

A Cube to a Cup

Tins of 4, 10, 50 and 100 Cubes.

England
The WHITE STAR DOMINION
MONTREAL — QUEBEC — LIVERPOOL
PASSENGER FREIGHT (Yankee)
Northland Nov. 18
Cornishman Oct. 24
Rein etc. at head by, and S.S. agent, company's office
41 KING STREET E. KING ED. HOTEL TORONTO, ONT.

The TRANSCONTINENTAL
Lv. TORONTO 10:45 P.M. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
Ar. WINNIPEG 4:30 P.M. Thursday, Saturday and Monday.
CONNECTING AT WINNIPEG FOR ALL WESTERN CANADA AND PACIFIC COAST PORTS.
Time Table and all information from any Grand Trunk, Canadian Government Railways, or T. & N. O. Railway Agent. law-T-31

Your morning cup of coffee should be appetizing and brightening

Rideau Hall Coffee

is just such a coffee because it is ground from choice whole beans with all their original, true, coffee flavor. All this original goodness is sealed up in the tins.

Why not try this fine coffee?

Pound tins 45c
Smaller tins 25c
Tins only

Gorman, Eckert & Co., Limited
London and Winnipeg

railway for the consolation of a lot of folks, who live on Stanley, Pall Mall, York, Piccadilly, Central avenue and other streets.

We feel sure that they will be tickled to death over the little thing. They speak feelingly of locomotives over there.

Draperies Curtains

At least once a year your draperies and curtains will require to be dyed or cleaned.
This can be attended to most satisfactorily and with the minimum of trouble and expense by having us do the work.
New trimmings supplied if required.
Estimates gladly given; write or telephone about this helpful household service.

PARKER'S DYE WORKS LIMITED
475 RICHMOND STREET,
LONDON, ONT.

OAKLEY'S

(LIMITED)
EMERY CLOTH, GLASS, FLINT AND GARNET PAPERS
IN SHEETS AND ROLLS

Genuine Emery
"Wellington" Knife Polish,
SILVERSMITHS' SOAP
PLATE POWDER, ETC.

WELLINGTON MILLS, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Traction Company

EFFECTIVE SEPTEMBER 17.
To St. Thomas and Port Stanley—7:30 a.m., 9:30, 11:30, 1:30 p.m., 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:15 p.m.
To Tempo, 4:30. To St. Thomas, 6:15 p.m. and 11:15 p.m.
Sunday cars marked with a star.

LONDON AND PORT STANLEY RAILWAY

EFFECTIVE OCTOBER 1.
To Port Stanley: 6:20, 8:20, 10:20 a.m., 1:20, 3:20, 5:20, 7:20, 10:20 p.m.
To St. Thomas: 6:20, 8:20, 10:20 a.m., 1:20, 3:20, 5:20, 7:20, 10:20 p.m.
Heavy type denotes no local stops between London and St. Thomas.
Daily, except Sunday.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

General Change of Time

WILL TAKE PLACE
OCTOBER Twenty Ninth,
Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen.

PARTICULARS FROM CANADIAN PACIFIC AGENTS

Homesekers' Excursions

Round trip tickets to points in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, via North Bay, Chatham, and Transcontinental Railway, or via Chicago, St. Paul or Duluth, on sale each Tuesday until Oct. 31, inclusive, at low rates.

Through Tourist Sleeping Cars to WINNIPEG on above dates, leaving Toronto 10:45 p.m.; no change of cars, via Transcontinental Route.
RETURN LIMIT TWO MONTHS.
Exclusive of date of sale. Final return limit on all tickets, Dec. 31.
Berth reservations and full particulars at all Grand Trunk ticket offices, or write C. E. Horning, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ont.

R. E. RUSE, C. P. and T. "Clock" Corner. Phone 56.

ALLAN LINE

From Montreal To:
Scotland.....Nov. 4 Glasgow
London.....Nov. 11 London
Scandinavian.....Nov. 11 Liverpool
Sicilian.....Nov. 16 London
Pretorian.....Nov. 19 Glasgow
Gramplan.....Nov. 25 Liverpool
Steamers on London Service carry cabin passengers only.
For full information apply local agents or

ALLAN LINE
95 King St. West, Toronto.

CUNARD LINE

CANADIAN SERVICE.
MONTREAL TO LONDON
(Via Falmouth.)
From Montreal. From London.
OCT. 14 ASCANIA OCT. 31
CABIN AND THIRD-CLASS.

MONTREAL TO BRISTOL
(Avonmouth Dock.)
From Montreal. From Montreal.
OCT. 3 FOLIA OCT. 29
CABIN PASSENGERS ONLY.
For further information apply Local Ticket Agents, or The Robert Reford Company, Limited, General Agents,
50 King Street East, Toronto.