

## London Advertiser

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THE LONDON ADVERTISER  
COMPANY, LIMITED.  
London, Ont., Tuesday, Nov. 28.

## "THE FIRE RAIDERS."

THE OUTBREAK at Leamington  
of a series of fires, which caused  
severe loss, and set the neighborhood  
in a panic, should serve to arouse the  
province to the need for intelligent and  
far-reaching action to run down those  
responsible for the fires.

That there was a deliberate attempt  
to destroy the thriving Essex town,  
lined by city persons, and with fires  
at such points as would serve as  
leverage to launch a conflagration from  
every corner of the community, is the  
firm conviction of Leamington resi-  
dents with whom The Advertiser dis-  
cussed the outbreak. A high wind was  
blowing, most people were in church,  
and but for the heroic efforts of the  
townspeople the whole place might  
have been laid in ruins. A peculiar  
gas came from the fires, bearing out  
the theory that chemicals have been  
utilized by the "firebugs of Western  
Ontario."

The suspicion that enemies of the  
Canadian people have been responsible  
for the epidemic of fires is becoming  
almost a certainty, after the Leamington  
fires, "spontaneous combustion," the  
cause (or excuse) assigned by investi-  
gators, cannot apply to residences as  
well as barns.

There was a deliberate  
plan behind the Leamington fire,  
and the people of the district have good  
reason to sit up with their shotguns.  
Leamington has been a very active  
recruiting center. Further, it is the home  
of W. T. Gregory, a native of North  
Carolina, who has been most active in  
denouncing the Germans, and in ad-  
vertising the cause of the Allies  
throughout the United States. He has  
received many threatening letters, and  
the fire may be the result of a con-  
spiracy inspired by his activities.

The sending of a party of German agents  
from the Michigan border is a simple  
matter; in fact, Detroit, already known  
as the home of several plotters, is  
probably the point from which the "fire  
raiders" operate, if we are to believe  
that there is more than "spontaneous  
combustion" in the fires.

To destroy valuable property and  
terrorize the people of Western Onta-  
rio is evidently the aim of a thor-  
oughly-organized band. Some of its  
members may even be in our own  
midst, as is suggested by a story from  
"Pillsbury," but the fact remains that  
little is being done to prevent the  
spread of disaster. Meanwhile, every  
citizen should be vigilant and armed.  
There is only one way to meet such  
a foe.

HISTORICALLY WRONG.  
IN THE WINDOW of a local drug store  
is the copy of a painting by F. A.  
Wooden, R.A., entitled "Canadians at  
Ypres," and carrying a sub-title, "They  
saved the situation."

It has been proposed that the Domini-  
on Government purchase the original of  
this picture to hang in the National Art  
Gallery in Ottawa. Before doing so it  
would be well to examine it closely. It  
is found that the only battalion rep-  
resented is the Princess Patricia's Cana-  
dian Light Infantry. Whoever suggested  
that the Government buy the picture  
evidently does not know what the artist  
said apparently does not know that Sir  
John French's report "The Canadians  
saved the situation," had no reference  
whatsoever to the Princess Pats.

The Second Battle of Ypres started  
on the afternoon of April 22, 1915, when  
the Germans opened an intense gas and  
artillery fire on the French and Cana-  
dians in the Ypres salient. At that  
time the Pats were not attached to the  
Canadian Division, but formed part of a  
brigade with the Rifle Brigade and  
King's Royal Rifles in the 28th Division  
of the British Army. This brigade was  
holding a line in the Polygon Wood to  
the south of Hill 60, some miles away  
from the Canadians. The Canadians  
"saved the situation" on the 22nd, 23rd  
and 24th of April when, without re-  
serves, they stood the Germans off until  
reinforcements could arrive.

The Princess Pats did not get into a  
general action until the 6th of May, two  
weeks after the day had been saved.  
It is not intended in any way to dis-  
parage the work of the Princess Pats.  
No finer battalion ever went over the  
parapet. During those days in May  
they withstood a bombardment so in-  
tense that one must look for a parallel  
to the dreadful days of Verdun and the  
Somme. With rapidly-diminishing num-  
bers they threw back attack after  
attack of the Germans. They earned  
glory enough on those few days to  
last them indefinitely.

But why should there be any inclina-  
tion to confer all the glory of all the  
Canadians on one battalion? Why  
ignore the work of such battalions as  
the 18th Canadian Scottish, and 10th  
Battalion? These two units, two thou-  
sand strong, charged, on the night of  
the 32nd of April, on a part of the new  
German line held by no fewer than  
7,000 Germans, repulsed them, and re-  
captured a battery of 45-pounder guns  
which had been lost by the London Ter-  
ritorial. These two battalions were  
supported by only one lonely 18-pounder  
field gun, which unfortunately did more

damage to the Canadians than to the  
enemy. In that charge, 1,400 men were  
killed or wounded in less than 20 min-  
utes. The balances held the captured  
trench until relieved two days later, suf-  
fering considerable casualties in the  
meantime, and undergoing a bombard-  
ment the equal of that endured by the  
Pats.

The achievements of almost any of  
the other Canadian battalions might be  
cited to show that the Pats were not  
the only Canadians in France, and the  
Princess Pats themselves would be the  
first to deny any attempt to falsely  
alloy credit.

The picture is wrong historically, and  
in justice to the men of the first division  
the Government should not spend money  
on it.

## AID FOR THE SAILORS.

THE LONDON COUNCIL has do-  
nated \$3,000 to the British Sail-  
ors' Relief Fund, and a committee has  
been organized to raise \$2,000 more among  
the citizens of London, making in all a  
contribution of \$5,000 from London.  
In other Canadian cities the appeal has  
met with a very liberal response, and  
it is hoped that Londoners will see that  
their duty lies in this direction too,  
making it an easy task for the commit-  
tee to secure the extra \$2,000.

Hitherto there has been no relief  
fund in connection with the navy, and  
yet the brave sailors have been fight-  
ing the enemy on the sea, even as the  
soldiers on the battlefield. We are too  
prone to keep our attention centred on  
the army in France, and to forget that  
out on the deep there is another army  
and that sailors' lives are being offered  
up constantly for liberty and the Em-  
pire. We forget that at home, in Eng-  
land or in Canada, wives and children  
are left in poverty because their pro-  
tectors have either died for us or been  
left to the tender mercies of fate,  
crippled or blind. Every day as the  
German ships become more active, the  
sailor mortality increases. There is a  
call for more sailors even here in our  
midst and with this call comes another  
—the one that we who cannot respond  
to the first must hear—the call for relief.

The British Empire makes it her  
greatest boast that she is "mistress of  
the seas." Since the time of Elizabeth,  
when the stout British sailors drove  
back the Spanish Armada, Britain has  
never ceased to owe her greatness and  
her freedom to her navy.

"Jack Tar" stands out a figure by  
himself, noted for his bold and fear-  
less attitude in the midst of greatest  
danger. Some people might even deem  
him heartless, shockingly devoid of  
feeling.

He doesn't weep over but even sees  
the humorous side of misfortune. If  
you do not choose to help him he will  
not lose courage, but will turn upon  
you a smiling countenance even though  
your neglect is slowly driving him to  
his grave and his family to direst  
poverty. If you do him a service now,  
he will not overwhelm you with protes-  
tations of his gratitude, but that grati-  
tude will show forth in his life, and if  
destiny permit in his further service  
for your country.

CONFIDENCE BETRAYED.  
If in what has been done or in  
what remains to be done there may be  
anything which is in our judgment  
should not be done, or should be  
done differently, we take no ex-  
ception, we offer no criticism, so  
long as there is danger at the front.

THE above statement from a  
speech made by Sir Wilfrid  
Laurier in 1914, is being quoted by Con-  
servative papers in an effort to cast  
reproach upon the Liberal leader.

Surely no self-respecting Canadian  
would have asked Sir Wilfrid Laurier  
to be silent while the Government per-  
mitted such misappropriations of pub-  
lic money as have gone on. The Gov-  
ernment has not on a single occasion  
taken the initiative to punish graters  
and war time profiteers. None of this  
rottenness would have been brought to  
public notice but for the Liberals. Gar-  
land and Foster have still been in  
the drug and horse business; At-  
kinson would have been a Croesus over-  
again; Sir Sam Hughes would have  
been free from criticism; all would  
have been merry as a marriage bell  
with the profiteers.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier expected honesty  
and fair dealing when he offered the  
Government his support. He was  
ready to give way to government policy,  
not to dishonesty. The Government  
did everything possible to alienate this  
support, and no statesman of Laurier's  
calibre could have condoned its actions  
and maintained his place as the leader  
of the Liberal party. Laurier's con-  
fidence and co-operation were be-  
trayed almost as soon as given.

TOPICS OF "TODAY."  
(Today.)

There is a rumor, says the Star, that  
Mr. Winston Churchill will appear in a  
film production. Well, he has had some  
experience in the moving business.  
British armored cars have been hav-  
ing exciting times in the Mush region,  
and it seems just the region where they  
automobile.

Dealing with the Irish motion in the  
House of Commons, a contemporary  
refers to Sir Edward Carson being out  
in the cold. But never fear, he still  
has his Ulster.

NOTE TO KNITTERS.  
(Montreal News.)

The following lines were sent by a  
soldier at the front to a Montreal lady.  
A hint is enough for our Canadian  
knitters.

Thanks, Lady, for the socks. Some fit!  
I used one for a helmet and one for a  
mitt.  
Here's hoping to see you when I've  
done my bit.  
In the meantime, where in Mazes did  
you learn to  
KNIT.

DIPLOMATIC PAPER THAT.  
( Windsor Record.)

The Toronto News devoted five col-  
umns in Tuesday's issue to the editor-  
ial comments of 23 leading newspapers  
in Canada that were wired in and failed  
to give its own opinion on the resigna-  
tion of Sir Sam Hughes as minister of  
militia.

## The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## Beneath the Bonnet

BY DOROTHY DOUGLAS.

When Mary Anne was told that her  
father had accepted the position of  
lodgkeeper out on the Chigwell's es-  
tate she wanted to shout along her de-  
light. Instead, she flung her arms  
around her father's neck and thanked  
him.

"I know you have done it so that I  
could be in the country and paint," she  
told him softly. "I can paint, and the  
point, and paint," she laughed joyfully  
at the prospect, "and between  
doubts I can open the great gates for  
the Chigwell carriages to pass  
through."

The retired officer smiled at his  
daughter's delight. He had realized  
for some months that the roses were  
losing her cheeks and that her paint-  
ing was suffering. She was first and  
foremost a landscape painter, but trips  
to the country for sketching were too  
few. Tom, his son, was unable  
to live in the country because of the  
long hours his position demanded of  
him. Anne had kept the small flat in  
his small family had long been a prob-  
lem to him. The post as lodgkeeper  
had suggested itself when a friend  
had told him of the place at Chigwell  
House.

Mary Anne could not silence the  
scream of delight that burst from her  
lips when Chigwell House lodge first  
dawned upon her vision.

The lodge looked like nothing so much  
as an overhanging basket of trailing vines.  
Up the chimneys, over the doorway and  
all around the windows Virginia creep-  
er and honeysuckle rioted. Beside it  
a small thatched pigeon cote added an  
extra touch of beauty. A number of  
white fantails perched down to see who  
the new lodgkeeper was.

"Isn't it lovely?" questioned Mary  
Anne breathlessly. In her mind she  
was already becoming a great artist—  
famous for the sketches she would  
make of Chigwell House grounds and  
the life around it. "Go to town, Dad, you  
and I," she added.

Major Wells was busy writing a book  
on the "Military Age," and it was  
more often than not Mary Anne who  
ran down to swing open the great gates  
that the carriage might pass through.  
Always she slipped her big blue sun-  
bonnet quickly over her tumbled curls  
and kept her head timidly bent, while  
the carriage drove either into or away  
from the estate. Anne knew  
however, that the master of Chigwell  
was decidedly good to look upon. Had  
she been a portrait painter she would  
have longed to put his strongly modelled  
face down on canvas. As it was, she  
was more than content to sketch from  
the lodge windows, and the canvases  
sent in to him to sell for her  
were little gems of color and treatment.

The little sketches began to sell. One  
or two flattering checks found their  
way from Tom to Mary Anne. He be-  
came quite reasonably proud of his  
artist sister. The major only nodded  
his head in approval. He felt grateful  
for the chance he had got to put her  
into the surroundings necessary for her  
development.

It was in an art shop on Fifth avenue  
that Chigwell caught sight of an ex-  
quisite sketch of the rustic bridge that  
spanned a tiny stream behind the lodge  
gate. There was a bit of the fir grove,  
a small thatched pigeon cote and two  
wonderfully white fantails perched  
gracefully on the rustic bridge.

Chigwell drew a breath of surprise.  
Without stopping to look at anything  
else in the window he went inside.  
There was no doubt in his mind that  
some artist had been trespassing on  
his estate and sketching without per-  
mission. The art dealer brought forth  
the sketch with the pigeons.

"Who is the artist?" he asked casu-  
ally, not wanting to betray his reason  
for inquiry.

Oliver Wilcox, M.P., says that the  
story about nickel escaping is a political  
caricature that will turn out to be a  
chimpanzee. No, in Oliver's language,  
it's a skunk.

The Philippines will have a congress  
of their own shortly. If it is not going  
to be an improvement on the U. S., it  
will be a disaster. No, in Oliver's language,  
it's a skunk.

An eastern golfer dropped  
dead after making a 240-yard  
drive. That's tough. See how  
many years' good boasting he  
could have enjoyed out of that  
smash.

Bill Bryan says he is in politics with  
both feet. That's the way he plays  
it, too.

A man may be what he eats, as an  
expert suggests, and it looks as if a  
lot of men will be the hole in the dough-  
nut, if the price keeps on a-bumping.

Schwab says the wants of any  
reasonable man can be supplied  
on \$12,000 a year. With that,  
he might have an egg every six  
months.

A legless man in Vermont has re-  
cently been married. He has promised  
not to kick his wife in the face.

President Wilson's cold may not have  
been due to the chilly message of con-  
gratulations sent to him by Judge  
Hughes, but it is certain that the  
president's temperature did not rise as  
a result of it.

The jack rabbit may replace  
the turkey on American Thank-  
sgiving menus. It should have a  
prominent place on the American  
coat-of-arms.

With turkey 35 cents a pound, it will  
be hard for our American friends to  
enthusiase this Thanksgiving Day.

Smoked dog fish may taste like smoked  
halibut, but the high cost of living has  
not yet driven us to the dogs.

The Rumanians went into the  
war to get what they could, and

"The pictures are signed 'Mary Anne'  
—that's all. I know nothing about the  
artist. An agent brings them to me.  
I want all I can get of 'Mary Anne's'  
work. They are wholly charming—all  
of them."

Chigwell was puzzled. "When next  
that agent comes in just get his ad-  
dress for me, will you?" he asked.

Mary Anne had been rising with the  
sun. There was a bit of rose arbor  
backed by tall sentinel fir trees that  
in the early mist of morning, was of  
greatly joyousness. Mary Anne suc-  
ceeded in getting that atmosphere of  
mistiness that caressed the flowers and  
the grass and the fir trees down on  
her canvases. She had never specu-  
lated as to what she would do with  
a certain dawn. The sketch was a  
poem in color.

Even untemperamental Tom, quite  
blessed his breath upon seeing it. He  
carried it proudly into the art shop on  
Fifth avenue.

"I've got a peach this time," he said  
with his genial smile.

The art dealer agreed. Later he got  
Tom's address and held the painting  
up to his own hand. He was sure  
he should himself place it in the win-  
dow.

Chigwell was so curiously interested  
in the artist who had trespassed on his  
estate that he dropped in at the shop  
daily. When he saw the glorious little  
ghost rose picture he took it as greedily  
as had the art dealer. He brought  
it, ordered a wonderful frame for it  
and went up to the address given him.  
Tom beamed with brotherly pride  
when questioned by Chigwell about  
Mary Anne.

"She's my sister," he said, "and lives  
out at a place called Chigwell Lodge."  
The name meant nothing to him, for  
John Chigwell had chosen to withhold  
his name.

"That is not possible!" he exclaimed.  
"I know every one in the country."  
"She lives there just the same," said  
Tom.

Chigwell left the flat and Tom Wells  
more mystified than he had been for  
many years. It was not until he re-  
membered the slim figure at the gate  
that it occurred to him that perhaps it  
was the lodgkeeper's wife who painted.  
He had never speculated as to what  
lived under the blue sunbonnet and the  
simple gown of blue gingham. Now he  
pondered.

He stopped when his carriage had  
driven through the gate and knocked  
at the lodge door. Mary Anne hurried  
from her post at the gate and stood  
quietly beside Chigwell.

He gazed under the blue bonnet, and  
hoped his amazement was not too ob-  
vious. The eyes looking out at him  
were wide and misty, and altogether  
wonderful. It was many years since  
Chigwell's breath had been caught so  
suddenly.

"Can I come in?" he asked.

Mary Anne's heart beat in sudden  
fear. Were they to be told to move  
and lose the joys of the country?  
Chigwell had no sooner stepped within  
the cottage than he saw at a glance  
that the blue bonnet girl was the artist.  
Trains of sketches and sketches lent  
delightful confusion to the lodge in-  
terior.

"I did not know until I bought a  
beautiful little landscape today that you  
had an artist—living beside us," Chig-  
well said, expressing himself with a  
smile that quite won Mary Anne's  
heart. The major came in and Chig-  
well extended a hand to him. "I have  
been discovering your daughter's  
genius," he said simply.

After that Mary Anne was asked to  
make various sketches about the lovely  
grounds. An exhibition was held in  
the handsome rooms, whose sufficient  
work had been accomplished. Mary  
Anne soon became known.

Major Wells continues to write with-  
in the lodge and his daughter, still  
in the cottage than he saw at a glance  
that the blue bonnet girl was the artist.  
Trains of sketches and sketches lent  
delightful confusion to the lodge in-  
terior.

Mary Anne still runs out to the gate  
and comes from under the blue bonnet  
toward Chigwell as he enters the gate  
in his carriage. Instead of running  
back to the lodge, however, she is swept  
in beside him and his arm is about her  
as they drive to the big house. He  
has every privilege where Mary Anne  
is concerned.

Why is a murder like a turkey going  
up Richmond street? It is a fowl pro-  
ceeding.

When money talks there are a lot of  
people who have plenty of cents in what  
it says.

The nature of a dog seems far re-  
moved from that of a man, because  
the dog is counted mad when he refuses  
to drink.

While the milkman's price remains so  
high, one might be excused for crying  
over spilled milk.

A friend of ours has wired this to us,  
and we are asked to print it. The thing  
may not be new, but it is good:

WHAT IS A FRIEND.  
A friend is a person who is for you;  
He never investigates you.  
When charges are made against you  
He does not ask you for proof;  
He asks the accuser to clear out.  
He likes you just as you are;  
He does not want to alter you.

He likes your moods and enjoys your  
pessimism as much as your op-  
timism;  
He likes your success, and your failures  
endear you to him the more.  
He wants nothing from you except that  
you be yourself.  
He is the one being with whom you can  
feel safe.

With him you can utter your heart,  
its badness and its goodness.  
You don't have to be careful.  
In his presence you can rest,  
which means you can rest.  
Anybody may stand by you when you  
are right;  
A friend stands by you when you are  
wrong.  
A friend is one who knows all about  
you, yet likes you just the same.

A NEW NAME.  
(Brooklyn Daily Eagle.)  
It is now the House of Peripataphus.  
THE BULLDOG IS OUT.  
(Brooklyn Eagle.)  
The British hope that the Deutsch-  
land's next collision will be with an  
Allied war vessel.

## VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

The Milkman's Side of It.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:  
In reference to the letter of Friday,  
November 24, issue, which "Two Dollars  
a Day" wrote on "The Cost of Living,"  
allow me to put him or her right con-  
cerning the milkmen.

I do not know of a milkman peddling  
a 300-quart route daily. It would be  
more by half than one man could pos-  
sibly peddle by noon. And most peo-  
ple want their milk in good time in the  
morning.

As regards to milkmen making \$15.50 a  
day and more than \$70 a week, it is cer-  
tainly absurd and nonsense, to say the  
least.

The milkman has to pay cash for his  
supply regularly, and when it is due he  
cannot tell the supply man he has coal  
or the rent or other things to pay for.  
The milkman has to wait for his money  
until people see fit to pay whether it is  
one month or six, and lots they never  
get at all.

It used to cost \$1 to shoe a horse;  
now it is \$1.50, and this kind of weather  
they need shoeing every week. Oats  
are \$2.30 a hundredweight, and it takes  
a hundredweight a week for one horse.  
Hay is from \$14 to \$15 a ton. Also re-  
quired for rigs and harness must be con-  
sidered. Bottles are 50c a dozen, and  
bottle caps are a thousand. The tickets

also have to be printed, which cost \$2.50  
a thousand. There are cans and meas-  
ures. So you see, "Two Dollars a Day,"  
the milkmen do not get rich as quickly  
as you thought, or if you still think he  
does, my route is for sale, and now is a  
good chance for you to get rich quick,  
and the best of success to you, and kin-  
dly write and let us know how you pros-  
per. Yours, RETAIL DAIRYMAN,  
London, Nov. 25, 1916.

P. S.—I forgot to mention: I have a  
two hundred dollar assessment every  
year; one hundred for business and one  
hundred for a barn, as well as a license  
to pay.—R. D.

## White Star-Dominion

LINE

XMAS SAILINGS

PORTLAND ME. HALIFAX, N.S. LIVERPOOL, ENG.

TWIN SCREW 12,000 TONS  
ss. "Southland"  
From PORTLAND, Me. From HALIFAX, N.S.  
NOON 4 p.m.  
DEC. 5 DEC. 6

TWIN SCREW 10,000 TONS  
ss. "CANADA"  
From PORTLAND, Me. From HALIFAX, N.S.  
NOON 4 p.m.  
DEC. 16 DEC. 17

Cabin &amp; Third Class

Passengers Only

Cabin Rate from \$55.00

Third Class from \$33.75 According to Destination

For rates and detailed information

apply to local Railway and Steamship

Agent or Company's Office.

H. G. THORLEY, Pass. Agent

41 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

N. 22, 23, 25, 28, 30, D. 2.

## HAS THIS EDITOR BEEN SEARCHED?

[Peterboro Review.]

To the average policeman all values  
may not look alike, but he certainly re-  
gards all with the same suspicion—a  
hiding place for liquid refreshments.

## 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, 9:20 p.m.  
To St. Thomas: 6:20, 8:20, 10:20 a.m.,  
1:20, 3:20, 5:20, 7:20, 9:20 p.m.  
Heavy type denotes no local stops be-  
tween London and St. Thomas.  
\*Daily, except Sunday.

## A NAME THAT STICKS.

[Montreal News.]

Mr. Hartley Dewar's reference to  
"nickel-plated governments" sounds  
like a designation that will stick, if  
his allegations be true.

## Traction Company

EFFECTIVE SEPTEMBER 17.

To St. Thomas and Port Stan-  
ley—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 (\*).

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