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London, Ont., Wednesday, June 19.

ABOLISHING PATRONAGE.

TORONTO UNIONIST papers which supported and urged most strenuously the appointment of W. E. Lemon to the postmastership of the Queen City are at ease. After serving for 36 years in the postoffice, the last few years as assistant postmaster, Mr. Lemon has reached the top of the ladder.

The struggle has been full of humor for the onlooker. The Union Government had pledged itself to abolish patronage in the civil service, and along came this vacancy in a lucrative position. Fear entered the hearts of Unionist editors, and, taking no chances, they proceeded to "boost" the claims of Mr. Lemon. Every day and two paniclest the Government should neglect its duty by appointing a political favorite instead of promoting the assistant showed itself, and every pressure possible was brought to bear upon it. It was reminded of its promise, was told that the nation was watching Toronto postoffice as an indication of the Government's sincerity, and was warned not to let anything induce it to miss the opportunity of "proving" its good intentions.

Now Mr. Lemon has been installed and some of the papers having breathed a tremendous sigh of relief and relaxed after the strain, are pointing with pride to their postoffice, and one proclaims: "The Government gave gratifying evidence of the sincerity of its determination to banish the spoils system from the outside civil service."

If the same amount of pressure is required in each case which comes up, in order to make the Government continue to give this "gratifying evidence," the fight against the spoils system is going to be a long and arduous struggle on the part of the people.

THE PRUSSIAN ARGUMENT.

WHILE THE CIVILIZED world is at war with Prussianism; while every right-thinking man or woman is denouncing the atrocities committed by Germans in their attempt to reach their goal, as, for instance, the bombing of hospitals, the slaughter of non-combatants and the working to death of prisoners in salt mines and in branches of war endeavor, it is repellent to read in some papers the statement that the military service act is justified because it has brought to the army over 70,000 men.

There is no intention to find fault with the act or its operation. It is the law of the land, and anything which would tend to encourage opposition to it or to interfere with its success is a crime, and rightly so; it must be obeyed in the letter and in the spirit.

The argument, however, that the accomplishment of a purpose justifies any means is abhorrent to Canadians; it breathes the spirit of Prussianism. So said the Germans when they overran Belgium, when they made "peace" with Russia in order to gain control of the Ukraine, when, by hoisting the white flag, they induced British soldiers to expose themselves to rifle fire and shot them down. "We know this is wrong," said the Huns, "but it succeeded and that justified it."

The means must justify themselves if they are to be indorsed by popular feeling and are to be weighed in the balance and found not wanting. Germany has conscripted the women and children of conquered territory to slave for her, and they have done what was required, but there is no justification. The M. S. A. was the means used to raise an army of 100,000 men. Its justification lay in the fact that it was believed by its supporters to be the best and fairest way of obtaining the necessary forces, and more advantageous to the nation, the empire and the cause of humanity than any other plan discussed, while doing deliberate injury to none. It might have been an utter failure and yet justifiable.

PENALIZING BAD MEMORIES.

PHIBBEAS WAYBRANT, who was arrested on the ferry dock because he had no papers, produced his discharge papers in court. He was fined \$5 and costs. —Sarnia Dispatch.

Surely there is something wrong in the law that authorizes a magistrate to inflict a fine on a veteran whose only offence is that he neglected to carry his discharge papers in the pockets of the suit he happened to be wearing at the moment of his arrest. Is it not quite sufficient punishment for the offence to be arrested, taken to the cells and detained there until the necessary document is obtained from home or wherever it may be?

There is no logical objection to the police taking in charge any man apparently of military age who is not able to show proof that he is entitled to walk the streets in civilian clothes; this is the only way of making certain that he is not ignoring the call to service which has come to him and without something of the kind the M. S. A. would become a farce.

Forgetfulness, however, is not unknown, even among magistrates, police and cabinet ministers, and mistakes are made very easily. The married man may have half a dozen copies of his certificate and carry one in every suit, but discharge papers, exemptions, etc., are not made out in duplicate and triplicate, therefore he who depends on them to keep him out of trouble must take care to have them moved from one suit to another as he changes his clothes. If the Sarnia example is followed, those who lay off their waistcoats on a hot day and leave the papers in them, or take a walk on a hot evening minus the coat in which the precious documents repose, will have to pay at least \$5 for the "crime," and the penalty may be \$50.

If the purpose of this provision is to make

those arrested help pay the expense of the police force, it would be better to see that those who are willfully ignoring the law pay the costs, not the men whose only fault is temporary forgetfulness.

WHY DID HE DO IT?

THE SELF-DESTRUCTION of a young drafted man, who used a rope to hang himself at Carling's Heights, is at once distressing and perplexing. Naturally one comes to the conclusion that the soldier who was taken into the army against his will feared death on the trip overseas or on the firing line. He conjured up horrors that haunted his sleepless hours, visualized death creeping upon him, and to escape the torture he strangled himself, a worse fate, perhaps, than any that could have befallen him while on war service. Hanging and drowning may be something alike in physical sensation because strangulation occurs in both, but in drowning the sense of suffocation must come more softly than when the weight of a man's body is supported by his neck. Drowning has often been described as a slow falling into unconsciousness after the early struggles have ceased. Hanging involves a cruel physical punishment.

Comparing the death of a man by hanging and his probable experience on the firing line, the chances are that he would find the stamina to endure through the hardships of service in the trenches and that in the event of being killed his death would occur so quickly as to be almost painless. Wounded men are oftentimes drawn through agonies that cannot be described, yet, thanks to the blessings of modern surgery and nursing, the suffering of many severe cases is greatly alleviated.

The poor helpless soul who ends his own life is perhaps most in fear of appearing to be a coward before his fellow-men. He thinks that when his time comes to face the hurricane of warfare, when the German is scattering his venom everywhere, he will not be able to make even a show of courage, and he imagines how horrible it would be to fail before his comrades. He thinks that he has not the courage to meet the ordeal, and he goes off and hangs himself. Some perverted kind of pluck or nerve must be required to end one's life, but the man who is willing to go to his death may feel that if he is to do this desperate thing, there will be no others there to taunt him for his cowardice. He will be alone with his fate.

Yet such a theory may be wholly at fault. Some personal trouble may have brought an overwhelming grief upon the man, or it may have been that through sheer loneliness and strangeness he became depressed. Boys from the country may find the new order difficult to fit in with their old style of living. For this reason, and for many others, comradeship and sports and games and social life should be developed as much as possible in the big camp this summer. Lieut.-Col. Brown has shown his appreciation of this side of the camp life by encouraging in every manner possible the sporting activities of the men in training.

Fine teams have been organized and the drafted man will have a veritable picnic so far as good wholesome fun is concerned. He should feel that the people of London are his friends, that their homes are open to him, and that those in charge are conscious of his human need of pleasure and companionship.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Austrian money values are dropping so fast it will soon be necessary to pay a bonus in order to dispose of it.

Doubtless the motor car dealers will experience a great rush of business now that garbage collectors have been given an increase in pay, making an income of \$3 a day.

London school children must be buying Victory Bonds, otherwise they would have made a better showing in March and April than an average of eleven cents in the Penny Bank.

Herr Balin says Germany cannot fight for freedom of the seas and simultaneously place a barrier before Central Europe. Why not? It's no more inconsistent than are her other actions.

Ottawa advises that Canada is likely to follow the United States in fixing all food prices. Now look out for that disintegration of the whole economic and social fabric of the country as prophesied by Hon. W. J. Hanna.

Secretary Baker's hint that those Americans from Teutonic countries who still prefer the land of their birth and its ideals may be returned to their homelands after the war is likely to cause some quick changes of opinion.

The death of Mr. D. H. Howden, for many years one of the city's prominent wholesalers, removes a leading businessman and sterling citizen. The suddenness with which his demise came was shocking to a large circle of friends, and in the business community of Western Ontario there will be general regret. Mr. Howden was a quiet man who devoted his life to the constructive work of developing a commercial house, and he has built well. While a man with no taste for public affairs he was keenly interested in the welfare of the community.

FLOWERS IN WAR TIME.

(Evelyn Hulbert.)
Flowers in war time need not, need they say?
Yet why does a smile brighten up the day?
Why do the faces of your children sweet
Give you fresh courage the whole world to meet?

Flowers in war time, a waste, did you say?
Why does love linger, as day fades away?
Why do the sun have a setting of gold,
Dew sparkle at morn and rosebuds unfold?

A white lily bloom in hospital ward,
Fertile like incense, the fragrance of a friend,
By sufferer's couch, forgotten was pain,
Peace came to the heart, bringing faith again.

Faith in the godlike, purged from earth's mire,
Beckoning the soul, tried off as by fire,
New life and beauty the soldier lad sees,
Angels shape the petals for such as these.

Flowers in war time, like stars in the night,
Thro' dark may enshroud, they shed forth their light,
Ministering spirits, scattering the gloom,
God give the increase, let us spare the room.

HINDERBURG'S NICKNAME.

(Christian Science Monitor.)
Lieut.-Gen. Quartermaster von Ludendorff is undoubtedly today the Germans' trump card. He is the Socialist leader, is reported to have said in the Reichstag, recently: "The truth, gentlemen, is that Count von Hertling is only a sign which covers the real, powerful military party; the real ruler is von Ludendorff." Von Hindenburg relies upon him to a large extent, and the Kaiser's are said to have nicknamed him Field Marshal "Was-sagst du?" This is the result of his answering questions so frequently by turning to von Ludendorff and saying, "What do you say?" The cognomen, one can be assured, is not at all relished by the idol of the German nation.

Bits of Luck

Copyright, 1917, by Police.

The sick pickpocket's name was Pick. Old Mr. Pocket was a hick. So Pick picked Pocket's pocket when Old Pocket argued with some men. They picked up Pick and on the docket The charge read, "Pick picked Pocket's pocket."

The Wise Fool.
"A rolling stone gathers no moss," quoted the Sage.
"May not," commented the Fool.
"But it is likely to become a pretty smooth article."

Huh!
"When Friend Wife nags," said hen-pecked Barks.
"I feel that I may be at fault;
When she makes peppy remarks,
I take them with a grain of salt."

Maw Knows a Few Things.
Willie, why do women cry at a wedding?
"Maw—Because they have been married themselves, my son."
"Paw—You better keep your mouth shut, young man."

Bang!
There was a rum in our town.
There was a hick not there now.
One day he whistled, "Wacht Am."
And then it happened—Zow!

Things That Never Happen.
"When I was in your town about five years ago I borrowed ten bucks from you, old man. Here's the ten bucks I paid you back. I told you I'd be back, and I did, and I cured me."
"That's a great system you gave me for beating the old man."
"I haven't lost a bit since I started using it."
"I was in a dry town in a prohibition state last week, and do you know I couldn't get a bottle of whiskey in the place."
"I walked down town this morning and I met a dozen people I knew, and not one of them said, 'Paw morning!'"
"Here's that umbrella I borrowed from you yesterday, old man. Much obliged."

Advice.
"Take this advice and don't be dumb; You'll find it is good dope," said "Don't sit and take things as they come, Get up and go after them."

Notice!
Now that you are fixing up the lawn and making it look as pretty as possible, we desire to notify you that you can find Green and Haight, and Adams Streets, Toronto, Ohio.

Givemell!
The big Hun drive has fallen flat. The German leader has been shot. The Kaiser started something that Old General Foch will finish.
—Luke McLuke.

Our heart is with you, General Foch; But just to help you lick the boche. Here is our legal tender.
—Newark Advocate.

Our Joe Miller Contest.
Brett claims that the oldest joke is the one about the lady who hired a Swedish servant. The lady happened to mention the fact that her son was in Yale, and the Swede girl patted her on the back in sympathy and said: "I know yooest how you feel. My brother he ban in yall, too."

Names Is Names.
Garner Flesch lives at Liberty, Ind.
Our Daily Special.
Small Talk Begets Big Scandals.

Luke McLuke Says.
The world may not always admit that you are self-made. But it will not admit that you make mistakes. And you may have noticed that there is nothing half-made about a girl when she starts to raise a crop of freckles.

We know a lot of people who won't be happy when they get to Heaven unless they can go somewhere else during the summer months.

After you have gone over the bumps for a half century you will discover that the man who keeps his promises doesn't promise much.

No matter what a woman's age may be, bear in mind the fact that she isn't supposed to look it.

A fat woman certainly gets a lot of consolation out of referring to the other kind as "skinny."

The average mother can tell you that a father has too much patience with fish and not enough patience with children. Somehow or other the fool insurance companies never do much worrying when a graduate starts out to set the world on fire.

New hats and new husbands soon lose their novelty with some women in this world.

Never thank a man in advance for his assistance. The besting is about 40 to 1 that you won't get it.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story
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THE EMPTY HOUSE.

[By Fannie Barnett Linsky.]

The little brown car had swung with a humming sound down the smooth road, and its sole occupant was sitting with her hands in her lap, looking dreamily at the landscape and the rows of houses that they passed. Many a one passing by on the sidewalk might have envied the lovely young woman who sat there, so slender and aristocratic. In the little brown car, but she herself never realized the consciousness of the looks, whether envious or admiring, that were cast in her direction.

If, as the poets say, "the eyes are mirrors of the soul," then it was very apparent that Elaine Hargrave was not happy, for the sad, far-away expression on her face, told its own story.

As the machine turned the corner of the street, however, she began to take more interest in her surroundings, and she watched carefully the houses she passed.

Suddenly she leaned forward and spoke to the chauffeur.
"Stop, Jacques," she commanded sharply, "at the house 'To Let'."

The brakes ground sharply, and Elaine stepped out at once. She looked again, and drew in her breath quickly. A wave of crimson flooded her face. The chauffeur wondered at the sudden order, for they were already late for dinner, and he did not think that his mistress could possibly want to look at this empty house.

The glory of a perfect spring day was over, all the out-of-doors. It seemed a day to tempt anyone to remain in the open, and drink in the full beauty of the beautiful nature, but evidently this did not attract the girl, for she mounted the steps of the house once.

She looked around at Jacques after she had rung the bell. "Wait till I come out," she said.

A slowly-looking woman suddenly appeared in response to her ring. She was a dusty-looking woman, and the house was, and quite as dejected-looking; but Elaine scarcely saw her as she spoke:

"I want to see the house," said the girl. "I suppose I can go in?"

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY

THAT MEETS ALL THE TRAINS

"I'M GONNA GIVE YOU BOYS TALK MY NEXT TRIP TO NEW THEM CROSS-TIES BACK IN PLACE!"



THE SKIPPER DOESN'T MIND A TIE OR SO MISSING HERE AND THERE BUT BY GEORGE FOUR OR FIVE IS A DIFFERENT MATTER.

(Copyright, 1918.)

—By FONTAINE FOX.

Elaine went through the passage and glided upstairs like a ghost. The woman promptly returning to the lower regions, whence she had come. Lighting the dirty candle from a gas-lamp burning in the passageway, Elaine went from one room to another with quivering, nervous haste. Her face was quite colorless, but her eyes burned with a feverish light that gave her seem very different from the brilliant lady of fashion that most people knew as Elaine Hargrave. Here was but a girl, and a face to face with memory, a memory that was still alive after three years of bitter struggle—the struggle of trying to forget.

For today was the third anniversary of what was to have been Elaine Hargrave's wedding day, but that wedding never took place, and on the third anniversary of the far-away corners of the world, the girl had become possessed with the desire to see the place that once she had expected to call "home."

It happened for a moment in her fitting from room to room, and looked about her. Here, but three short years ago, she had been a girl, a girl who was happy, bright, and here she had left the man she loved after her bitter quarrel. She had not let her heart be broken, because he would not countenance the ways of her "set." How empty and false the life before her! Elaine, dear, just as he had come bitterly to realize, set as in her heart of hearts, she had come to realize that the most man who would not bow down to them.

How empty was her heart as well! She could see him plainly, if she shut her eyes for a moment, as he stood before her that day so long ago to mention the fact that her son was in Yale, and the Swede girl patted her on the back in sympathy and said: "I know yooest how you feel. My brother he ban in yall, too."

She was in his arms, sobbing; out the words she could not speak, and his arms were around her as he murmured: "It's for you to forgive me, dearest. My little girl! And I thought that you did not care!"

She clung to him, even as he held her, as he kissed up and brow and hair. "We can't be apart," he said, "I will never let her go again. My dearest," he whispered, "not for long will it be the Empty House."

Elaine's eyes were opened now, but, of course, it was far too late to give in and acknowledge herself in the wrong. Three years of time had rolled on between them, the bar of passionate words on either side keeping them apart.

She started once more on her pilgrimage through the rooms. First, the dining-room, with the familiar pattern which she herself had selected. He had not been so well-off then, and had insisted upon living in the style that his own earnings would entitle them to—but he had worked hard to give her as many as possible of the luxuries that she had been accustomed to.

"So small a thing to mean so large a loss," murmured the girl to herself. She had read those words somewhere, and now they came into her mind. She stood for a time, looking on through the clouded windows. Great tears welled up in her eyes and poured down over her face—as if the barriers were suddenly let down to allow the tide of memory to flow in and engulf her. She sank down on her knees, all un mindful of the dusty floor.

She had never allowed herself to think in this way before, but the spirit of love seemed to have come back to the dusty little room from which she had flown three years before. For her time passed unheeded.

Darkness fell. Outside, Jacques felt very cross, but the idea of anyone spending so much time looking at an empty house! He folded his arms and went half asleep. Down in the basement, the caretaker, having finished her supper, came in, and forgetting all about her visitor, or thinking that she had surely gone away long ago, closed the door and went to bed.

And Elaine dreamed on—for how long she knew not. But suddenly she awoke with a start to find that it had grown very dark outside, and that there were footprints coming through the hall. There came the sound of a voice that seemed familiar.

"Told the light low there, please. I wish to see all the rooms. There, thank you; that's better."

Elaine had crept to the door, and was listening with a white face. She had a glimpse of the two men as they passed the door. One, evidently the night watchman, holding the lamp, and the other, the man she had sent away three years before.

"So he, too, has not forgotten," thought Elaine, bitterly.

She wondered if she should speak—though her presence should—each time she tried to her courage failed her. She looked again. Yes, there he was! Standing in front of the open fireplace. Once more she was through the open door. "How changed he was," she said to herself. "How much older and graver."

Her face was still wet with the traces of her recent tears, but she did not even know it as she went up and tapped gently on the wall between the two rooms. He turned round suddenly

FOUR COLLECTORS WORKING TODAY FOR GARBAGE DEPT.

Engineer Hopes to Secure Others at Once.

INQUIRY MOTION STANDS

Suggestion for Investigation Never Voted On Monday Night.

Four garbage collectors were at work Tuesday. City Engineer H. A. Brazier expects that others will return to their carts when they learn that the council granted their request for a wage increase. He does not anticipate trouble in getting them to replace those who do not return. The fact that there was a strike kept other workers from applying for a job.

During the presentation of motions at Monday night's council meeting, Ald. F. R. Watkinson presented one, duly seconded, that there should be a complete investigation into the garbage department. He named five on the committee, four members of No. 1 committee and one of No. 2.

The garbage department is under No. 2 committee. A general hubbub ensued over this suggestion of No. 2 committee. There is also a special garbage committee, also felt uneasy. There was also a motion that the control of the garbage department should not transpire, but it was voted down. This was a little piece of sarcasm. "Let them make a mess of it also," said Ald. O. C. Keene, chairman of No. 2 committee.

Chairman of No. 2 Committee. There was another motion that Ald. Watkinson should be added to the special garbage committee in an advisory capacity. This was voted down. The original motion for a complete investigation into the department was never disposed of. It still stands, but was not voted on.

However, the special garbage committee will tackle the job. It has already scheduled a meeting for Friday night. There is, however, this danger: This committee believes it was making a great improvement in the garbage collection system, and the members of the council agreed that there are many things about the garbage department which will bear looking into.

Costs of feeding the horses as revealed by The Advertiser has occasioned a great deal of comment about the city. In 1917, it cost 45 cents to feed a horse, and this April it had mounted to 60 cents a day, while the price of feed increased but little during that time. It seems evident that there is a considerable waste or careless feeding.

The increased cost of feeding the horses is more than \$5 a day. The cause of the strike hurs him and all the look into the cost of feeding the horses will bring about a saving of this amount of money.

Man Has Difficult Task to Prove His Marriage.

Monday City Clerk S. Baker's staff took in \$35 in fees for issuing marriage and birth certificates. This means that 140 certificates were issued. More applications were sent to Toronto to be filled out and returned.

Among the applicants was a man married in 1873, who found out that his wife is still alive. His wife is alive and so is the minister who married them. His marriage certificate was destroyed by fire. He is facing a difficult task to prove that he was ever married. He will now seek for two reputable witnesses who can swear that they saw his marriage certificate.

EXPECT CHEAPER BERRIES

Bigger Crop This Year Than at This Time in 1917.

The strawberry crop is much larger this year than it was in 1917. At this time last year very few home-grown strawberries were being offered on the local market, but this year they are very plentiful.

A large quantity of berries was offered Tuesday by the vegetable and fruit growers. The weather is ideal for the berry crop, and the price is expected to be much lower in a few days.



Tastes So Good! And It's Nourishing Too

EVERY pound of H.A. Brand Oleomargarine contains nutritious Oleo Oil of the highest grade, and a big percentage of the finest Creamery Butter, churned in rich pasteurized milk.

It is hard to believe that anything so good to eat can be so economical.

Use it in your kitchen as well as on your table.

Pride in cooking to-day, means making good things with economy from foods which are plentiful. Those housewives who have tried it for cooking cannot help telling their friends of the good results.

H.A. Brand Oleomargarine is manufactured under the eyes of Canadian Government Inspectors. It costs at least one-third less than butter.

Think what you can save by using it.

At your grocer's and butcher's.

H.A. BRAND

OLEOMARGARINE

THE HARRIS ABATTOIR COMPANY, LIMITED

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