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London, Ont., Thursday, July 12.

Mr. Dewar Again Reveals Shabby Work at Queen's Park

Many papers continue to heap abuse on Hartley Dewar, the new leader of the Ontario Opposition. Give him a chance before criticizing. That is only fair.—Brantford Expositor.

Mr. Hartley Dewar will not ask critics in the Liberal or Conservative camp to withhold their criticisms. If the sticks and stones are found in clusters under his apple tree, he is well aware that many of the missiles in descending have struck the throwers of them.

And at the present time and for some years past Mr. Dewar has been the only man in the Liberal opposition that the present Hearst administration has had reason to fear.

On the nickel issue alone Mr. Dewar, although, as in the liquor bureau "investigation" of a few weeks ago, fighting single-handed, and "repudiated" by the finding of the commission, was the man who cleared up the nickel situation and made it certain that Canadian nickel which was reaching Germany should be controlled, and that the American company which was making an enormous thing out of this tremendously valuable natural resource should pay a fair share of its wealth to the country. Mr. Dewar proved his mettle at the expense of the metal monopoly, and he made many enemies. But the people as a whole were not included. Those who commenced to throw stones were those Toronto dictators who would have permitted the export of nickel to continue, and to reach Germany at a moment when it was perhaps the most vital necessity in connection with the war. Mr. Dewar asked if Canadian nickel should be thrown from German guns at Canadian soldiers, and the resultant scurry to clean up the odious scandal was his full justification, no matter what the official findings of Government-picked commissions.

Mr. Dewar also launched an attack upon the financial dealings of the officers appointed to administer the liquor law. Mr. Ayeart was shown to have been the custodian of a joint account into which detectives paid their fees. He accepted "loans" from this account, and it was stated in evidence that he was to have received a third. The commission exonerated him. His chief assistant was suspended for his acceptance of a portion of the money paid by the Government to "spotters." The last has not been heard of the case of Mr. Ayeart if the temper of Mr. Dewar in the matter may be judged. He may be expected to reopen the matter and bring further facts to light at a convenient season.

These have been the most notable attacks conducted by the member for Northwest Toronto. But during the session recently closed he was the most active man in the Legislature, and punctuated the debate with comments that sailed home with a sting for the "sloppy" and crude work of the Government leaders.

He has shown his wide-awakeness in the public interest in the last few days in connection with the appointment of enumerators for the city of Toronto to prepare lists for the forthcoming liquor referendum. Mr. Dewar has proven conclusively that there was no authority for the enumerators to start work, and his sharp letters to Hon. I. B. Lucas have brought the statement from that individual that "the Government and the Government alone are responsible for the appointment of chief enumerators." The Toronto members were called together, excluding Mr. Dewar, and the latter, as the representative of a Toronto constituency, which had returned him by reversing a Conservative majority of 4,000, demanded to know why the appointment of the enumerators had been made a piece of political jobbery. The attorney-general was backed into a corner, admitting that it was simply an application of the oldtime Tory method of arranging matters to suit themselves. The preparation of the Toronto lists will, therefore, be wholly in the hands of those henchmen who were approved by the Tory members.

Mr. Dewar has them on the hip from the standpoint of illegality and partisanship of the worst kind. He makes the Government look stupid, and he gives the public a warning to watch the lists closely. It is a strange thing, aside from the illegality and small politics, that the Toronto lists should be under way before the lists in the other parts of the province have been touched.

Liberalism should be glad that it has a man devoted to the welfare of the whole people on the job at Ontario. He represents a constituency that is overwhelmingly Conservative. He and the men he will attract to his leadership will win more seats in Toronto and in other cities as well as in the country. Under the leadership of Hartley Dewar and the rejuvenation of the Liberal party, the Hearst Government is doomed.

The New Weapon of Woman

The franchise enactments not only re-establish the former status of the foreign-born Canadian, but give the franchise to women in all provinces that have granted full suffrage.

The war time franchise act was a villainous piece of legislation. It is deserving of this description, not because it placed Germans and Austrians and Turks who might be disloyal beyond the exercise of political power, but because it permitted in Waterloo County the extension of a special dispensation to those Germans who were good Tory Germans. And it was villainous be-

cause it refused the franchise to all loyal Canadian women who, through no fault of their own, had no father, son or husband in the Canadian army. It also provided for Mexican methods in regard to the election list.

It has been wiped from the law books of Canada, the premier evidently being willing, if possible, to make his peace with German and other "enemy aliens" now that the war is over. It gives the franchise to all women who are British subjects and of voting age.

The women will be thinking very deeply about the next government of Canada. They will not be thinking so much of war issues, but rather of those great betrayals that make so onerous the providing of the family table with the necessities of life. They are more close to the profiteering practices that have assailed Canada in her time of misfortune than any man could be.

There will be renewed and crafty efforts to line up the women vote on sectarian and nationality issues. Organizations bearing no outward evidence of their purpose are already under way to herd the woman vote. The gentle sex will reveal its experts of political manipulation, and those women who permit themselves to be wheeled or cajoled into perpetuating the present system at Ottawa are not worthy of their children or of the franchise.

The great new force of the women's vote will be the mightiest influence at the polls during the next election. It has been said that Rome perished after the franchise had been given to women. Let it be said of Canada that she became truly great and truly loyal to the majesty of the people when the women were given the weapon to strike at all the evils that prevail and strangle the nation.

Mercy For the Kaiser!

One could speculate as to the influence of Lord Milner and his followers in the agitation which has cropped up in England against trying the kaiser in London. This element, that prayed for an easy peace, and the perpetuation of the prevailing order in Germany, is anxious to prevent the downfall of hereditary institutions.

It matters not that the shadow of the Tower of London tells an eloquent if tragic story of the trials of despots of the past, whereby the British people won to freedom. The passion for freedom of the British people is perhaps the most divine, most sublime, racial characteristic. It is tolerant and does not exact extreme penalties until the time has come to strike with that judicial deadliness that marks the Anglo-Saxon breed. It is well that the race is long-suffering and patient, but it is certain that the verdicts pronounced by the people have been just and enduring.

So let us think what would be the temper of the British people if some English despot on the throne of the empire had caused half the suffering to his people that has come to the most remote corner of the far-flung chain of colonies, colonies that endure and grow and fight for right and discard tyrants because of the innate justice of the many-blooded British race. Would a king who has slain half the men who have fallen in the allied cause through the willful decree of death be able to keep his head from the noose in England today? Everyone knows that the murder of one of his subjects by a British king would mean his trial and execution.

The kaiser was guilty of "murder most foul." He eagerly would have pressed a button at any moment and slain hundreds of thousands in the name of "Me and Gott." It begins to look as though some of those who bear state office and decorations and edit great newspapers are worthy to be ranked with their royal proteges.

If the British people are too lily-livered or too delicate of feeling to try the kaiser in London and to mete him such justice as is possible, is it not time that our favorite domestic murderers should be turned from the jails and a trophy awarded to the one who can perform a murder as diabolical as any of the million murders of men, women and children of which the kaiser is as guilty as hell!

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Sir Thomas White has had enough. He ranked at the top of the list for brains and working capacity, at any rate.

The lack of water in the Thames makes that stream a noisome thing at some points. It is high time the board of health showed a little activity.

It is to be hoped the crew of that Walkerville whiskey ship all signed the pledge before departing for auld Scotland with enough wet goods to float the Great Eastern.

Woodrow had to cross the water to attend the peace convention, and while he was gone Miss Columbia has been flirting with his rival. The wound stripes of peace-making may win her back to him.

It may have been just as well for the G. W. V. A. to decline an invitation to appear at the Liberal convention. But the veterans' interests should be viewed from the representations made at their annual meeting.

These are the days when mills are built not for the glory of God, but for the worship of Mammon, as much a deity in this country today as the golden images of Old Testament. Styles come and go, but the creed does not change.

The Rotary Club has a motto "He profits most who serves best." By the transposition of one word it may be made to read "He who profits most serves best." It would appear that the Canadian profiteers have adapted the motto to suit their own purposes.

No doubt exists now that the packers and the cold storage men have been falsely accused of putting the jacks under the price of beef. The Guelph correspondent of The Advertiser, whose veracity is above suspicion, sends word that boys in swimming the other day observed the nether end of a shirt disappearing into the front entrance of a nice, old, motherly cow. She had bolted it, buttons and all, of that there was conclusive evidence, and other shirts were also missing from the banks of the swimming hole. No Sherlockian instinct is required to trace the high cost of sirloins and rib roasts to the depleted clotheslines of a thousand back yards. How can beef be low if the bovine appetite runs to linen and lingerie as the special witness for the beef trust might argue?

VERNON McNUTT

By FONTAINE FOX

(Copyright)



Vernon McNutt almost becomes a hero.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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JUNGLE FEVER.

By R. Ray Baker.

An "M. D." was the cause of the rupture in relations. No, it was not a doctor; it was just those two initials. Carrie Crothers wanted to put the letters after her name, and Austin Fredericks strongly opposed. Of course, the right to the initials would involve a course at college; but Carrie was prepared for that. Austin was not prepared. He wanted Carrie to settle down with him, and cook and sweep and do sundry other household duties. Carrie was willing, after she wrestled a career from the world. When she had proved to herself and everybody else that she was capable of making her own way she would be content to give it all up and be plain Mrs. Fredericks, subtracting and discarding the "M. D."

"But that isn't reasonable, Carrie," he protested. "If you're so determined to do something, why don't you be a teacher? That won't take so long, and besides—well, anything but a woman doctor for me." It isn't that long, she thought, but a long shot. Now, women make fine teachers, and I rather admire them, and think they're fine things they are doing in educating the rising generation. Of course, you know I want you to be a good physician or anything like that, but I know your disposition enough to realize that you won't until you learn to be a doctor. Give up this doctor idea. Women doctors are no good.

Carrie took umbrage at his attitude. Women doctors were just as good as men variety, and a lot better in many cases. She was contented, standing her foot and growing red with anger. Did he mean to intimate that she could not be a good physician or anything like that? She chose to be very well, if that was all the faith he had in her. He might as well take his hat and coat and go, and he needn't come back unless it was on her terms. She'd show him whether a woman doctor is successful or not. Maybe some time he'd get down on his knees and beg for the services of a feminine physician.

Austin was desperate. He realized Carrie would not yield a point, and somehow he was bound to advise her for her ambition. "By George," he pondered, "I believe she will do it. But who wants a doctor for a wife? People would pass me on the street and remark to one another, 'That's good! Fredericks' husband.' That's all I would count for, because she'd change her mind and come on up to me, and she'd get her degree. I can do it, that's all. I'll wait a few days and see if she won't change her mind. Although I'm almost certain she'll stick to it." He was hardly prepared for the swiftness with which things developed. His morning paper two days later made public the fact that "Miss Carrie Crothers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Crothers, 333 Jefferson avenue, left last night for Ann Arbor, where she will take a six years' course in the study of medicine at the University of Michigan."

Austin was so dejected that he ate only one of the two delicious lunches furnished him for breakfast at the armchair lunch and drank only half the coffee. He went around in a daze for three days, and was constantly afraid that, in his capacity as assistant teller at the bank, he might be called upon to deliver a lecture, which came as near being a pleading nature as his rather proud spirit would permit.

The answer came the next day on a postcard: "After six years. No, sooner. Wait or not, as you see fit." The reply and the manner of replying aroused Austin's wrath. "She's gone to show me, is she? Very well, I'll show her, too," he whispered venomously to himself, and he went to the bank and rested in drawing out his savings account. He was determined to go away. He had no idea what his destination would be, but it would be somewhere out of the civilized world, where he would try to forget and at the same time give Miss Carrie Crothers a good opportunity to think things over and come to her senses. At the end of a year, he decided, he would come back and see if things were different. It was going to be hard for him, but it would be harder to stay and "take her insults," as he put it in conversation with his aggrieved self.

By chance he picked up a newspaper which announced that Thomas Stevenson, the explorer, was preparing to sail in a week for Africa on a new expedition. Austin's eyes brightened. Here was his chance. He found accompanying Stevenson on the latter's first exploring journey into the African wilds, and he would arrive to the world this time. Invoking the aid of the telegraph, using as the address the name of Stevenson, he wrote to him in New York. Austin ascertained that he would be a welcome addition to the party.

The young man had a week later found the party north of the Transvaal, through which they had passed, and shortly afterward they began exploring in earnest.

Austin understood well before long

that it was a hazardous undertaking, on which he had embarked, for the dangers from both disease and uncivilized natives, especially the bushmen, were many and serious. However, he wanted excitement to occupy his mind.

The expedition continued for months, always heading northward, climbing over mountains and passing through jungle regions. In many places wild beasts were to be reckoned with, and Austin's experience with the elephant and other weapons stood him in good stead.

Stevenson wrote constantly concerning his observations. He said he was in quest of an undiscovered river, hoping to rival Roosevelt's feat in finding the River of Doubt, and he pushed on with few rests.

In the vicinity of the Zambesi River Austin was taken down with jungle fever, and Stevenson reluctantly detailed two of his Zulus to carry him back to the coast. The journey was long and laborious, but it finally was completed and Austin was taken into the care of a hospital English settler in a small colony. Austin was out of his head most of the time, but at rare intervals he came out of the fever and heard snatches of conversation, to which he sometimes replied, usually with an erratic remark.

During one of these near-lucid moments he heard a man's voice, which he recognized as that of Stevenson, and he'd better summon that woman who arrived here last month. They say she's a regular physician, although I've always been skeptical about the ability of a woman M. D. She's the only medic around here, though, so we'll have to have her.

"No woman doctor for mine!" shouted Austin, but, of course, his words bore no weight with the others. After weeks of struggling with the fever, one morning Austin awoke to find himself back in the world. He felt weak, but otherwise no traces of the disease remained with him. He stared round in wonder at the strange walls that surrounded him. Slowly his memory came back; that is the part which dealt with events up to the time the fever had got a strong hold on him.

Strange jabbering noises outside the window at his side attracted his attention, and his eyes encountered a number of half-naked black children engaged in various grotesque forms of play.

"Well, how do you like it?" said a gentle voice at the other side of the bed. "The woman doctor," he thought, recalling the words he had heard while the throes of the fever. Turning his head slowly he looked into the pale blue eyes of Carrie Crothers.

"You!" he ejaculated. He was too astonished to articulate any further for a moment, but mechanically he reached out his hand and took the small one extended toward him. "Then—then you brought me out of this?" he finally said. "You're the doctor?"

She smiled, captured a vagrant strand of brown hair and replied with eyes sparkling in a strange way: "No; the lady doctor is Elsie Shaw, an elderly woman, and she brought you out of this. But of course I helped nurse you when I could find the time. You see I'm pretty busy."

She pointed out the window. "Those black youngsters keep me pretty well occupied," she went on. "You see I'm a teacher in the mission school and they are the rising generation."

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"Newspapers Are the World's Mirror"

Comment, Cleverness and More Verbiage from "Educators or the Common People" in Canada and Other Lands.

WE PASS. [Galt Reporter.] Will any citizen hit by the high prices of food products please tell us why this province should not have a cold storage act to protect the consumer?

THE SENATE. [Kingston Standard.] To talk of abolishing such a glorious body, which adds so greatly to the gaiety of nations, is simply absurd. They should be allowed to live on forever—as some of them seem to be endeavoring to do. It would be a cruel nation that would want to rid itself of the only body of Methuselahs now on exhibition.

PAPER PRICES. [Toronto Star.] While friends of the paper mills were putting on a poor month in Parliament yesterday and accusing the Government of favoring the press in the price-fixing proceedings, Spanish River common was making a new high record on the market, and practically all paper mill stocks have made tremendous gains since the price of \$89 per ton for newsprint was fixed last September.

SAME OLD MISTRESS. The first all-steam vessel which bridged the Atlantic was constructed and owned in Canada and started from here. The first transatlantic steamship line was started in and from Halifax, Nova Scotia, by a Halifax company, with steamships constructed in Great Britain. The second transatlantic steamship line was started and owned in Montreal by Montrealers, with steamships constructed in Great Britain. The first continuous airship flight across the Atlantic was in a British ship of the air, with British aviators. The first dirigible to cross over the sea from shore to shore was built, owned and manned by British aviators. Same old mistress.

STRIKES VERSUS VOTES. [New York Times.] Strikes are not to be approved as a referendum in countries where there is a free and honest ballot. Reasonable combinations of workers for the improvement of working conditions are favored by law and public opinion, but when their procedure is unreasonable and intolerable it should be denounced as such.

A few days ago the people of Pittsburgh filed a suit for \$2,025,000.78 damages against the Amalgamated Association of Street Vendors and Employees. The case is novel in that it demands reparation to the public by a union for damages by the interruption of a public utility by a strike and conduct in support of the strikers' demands, which are not to be justified by the right to improve working conditions.

WHAT THE FRENCH DID NOT DO. [Indianapolis News.] The French may have stoned the Hun delegates, but they didn't kill any babies, they didn't waste the kind of an innocent people, they didn't attack helpless women and children, they didn't resort to barbaric methods of dealing with prisoners. They didn't sink ships with helpless men and women and babies. They may have raised

welts on the heads of two Huns, but they didn't disfigure them for life, they didn't cut off arms and legs, gouge out eyes and maim the defenceless that fell in their hands, they didn't bomb unfortified towns and cities. The French may have bounced a pebble of the squareheads, but they didn't bomb hospitals, they didn't attack the Red Cross, they didn't nail kittens and babies side by side on barn doors.

E-FLAT DOORS CRAPER. [Christian Science Monitor.] Among the many good stories to be found in Mrs. Clement Scott's recently published recollections of her husband is one which relates how Arthur Sullivan and Sir Alexander Mackenzie found a house to which they were invited, but the number of which they had forgotten. Sir Alexander protested that all he knew was that the door-scraper was E flat. So "away they went kicking the door-scraper along the row," until at last Arthur Sullivan exclaimed: "Here we are, this is E flat!" And, writes Mrs. Clement Scott, it was the house right enough. Another story gives a glimpse of Sir Herbert Tree going off to Brighton, and demanding abstractedly at the booking office: "Give me some tickets, please." "What station do you want?" asked the clerk. "What stations have you got?" retorted Tree.



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