

## THE ADVERTISER

H. G. HARRIS  
Editor and Publisher.

## DON'T MISS THE POINT

There is a man in this part of the world who represents, to our thinking, a pretty good average of human nature. Whenever the preacher in his church delivers a very hot sermon against some special kind of sin, this man gets enthusiastic and goes around to the vestry to tell the preacher what a fine sermon it was. Then goes home and repeats it to his brother, and they talk over the points and the people the sermon hit the hardest. But this particular man never sees when the sermon hits him.

Early next month the biggest public campaign ever put on in Canada will be opened to get subscriptions for the fourth Canadian war loan, the Victory Loan. The thing people in this district must bear in mind is: that the appeals are directed to each and every one of them. It is not merely the well-off men and women who are being asked to invest. It is everybody. The little sermons which will be "preached" in the advertising should not be taken as hints to the well-to-do people only. Every man and woman should watch for these advertisements and start now to gather up the necessary money to buy either a fifty or a hundred or five hundred or a thousand dollar bond. In the United States there were about 4 subscribers to the first American loan out of every 100 persons. They only received \$1.2 p. c. In Canada for the last war loan there were only about 41,000 subscribers or say 4 in every 700. Yet in Canada the interest was much higher—on the Victory Bonds that will probably be issued to yield about \$1.2 p. c.

The first thing anyone should do, in our opinion, is to get rid of the idea that there is any sacrifice involved in investing in this loan. It is true that the patriotic spirit is appealed to and it is equally true that a great and generous response is expected on that ground. But the new war loan is a straightaway business proposition: safe, profitable pressed, to "do away with the middle-man." Such goals may be partially achieved. How or how little can be done will be made known to the public from time to time as I find necessary. But however great may be the hardship of present food prices, however popular would be the movement to have the government sell fish or any other commodity at cost, however overburdened Canada may be with the class of people known as middlemen—radical measures cannot be promised, except upon such terms as I have just indicated.

I must remind those Canadians who are perhaps unaware of the facts, that seven main factors may be said to govern the present prices of food:

First: the disproportion between demand and supply, consumption and production: food cannot be cheap while there is such a growing disparity between the numbers of producers and the numbers of consumers.

Second: unrestrained competition between great foreign buyers of food-stuffs in our markets.

Third: unequal distribution of the available supplies, being unavailable in one province being unavailable for provinces in which were shortages.

Fourth: the food speculator.

Fifth: the greedy middleman.

Sixth: the superfluous, unnecessary and inefficient middleman.

And seventh: the waster.

The first of those is a word condition and can be affected by the efforts of one food controller in a short period of time. The second has been corrected by the creation of central buying officers for the entente powers. The third is being overcome by close co-operation with the railway companies. The fourth is vigilantly guarded against. The fifth is being checked as rapidly as our committees and staff can gather correct information as to costs, and device remedies and penalties. The seventh we are hoping to eliminate by appeal and by education.

But the sixth, the superfluous, unnecessary and inefficient middleman, whose presence in the community is one of the most serious economic wastes of the day, whose low standards of efficiency set the standards of the whole community—beyond any but the mildest powers of the Food Controller. This, one of the most serious aggravations of the high-price situa-

tion should own one of these new bonds, and not only that, but should help to show others the worth of these bonds by recommending them; everywhere. The readers of this paper are among the most thrifty, prosperous and public spirited in the Dominion. When the subscriptions to the Victory Loan are added up from the various districts and sub-districts we expect them to show that this part of the great Dominion has been true to its traditions and just to its opportunities.

CAPTAIN C. O. ALLEN IN  
HUN PRISON CAMP

Two letters were received here Thursday from a prison camp in Brandenburg, forty miles from Berlin. They are from Captain C. O. Allen, of the steamer Strathcona, of the Canada Steamship Lines, which was sunk by a submarine early last spring.

The letters, which bear the stamp of the German censor, are remarkable for the statements which that official has allowed to pass. The Captain is allowed to go into the town once a week to do some shopping. "If I had a cart load of canned stuff," he says "there would not be much left in the country which I could not buy even at the enhanced prices of everything."

Another statement is, "I am looking to hungry stomachs, not big guns to bring the end. Another winter campaign would be too great a strain on humanity."

In the camp at Brandenburg from 40 to 600 parcels of food arrive daily for the prisoners, and they have a good variety. The letter is dated August 15. —Halifax Chronicle.

## SUBMARINE TOLL FOR THE WEEK

LONDON, October 24.—An increase in the loss of British merchantmen thru mines or submarines is noted in the Admiralty report for the current week. Seventeen vessels over 1600 tons and eight under 1600 tons were sunk. In the previous week 12 British merchant vessels over 1600 tons, 6 under that tonnage, and one fishing vessel were sunk.

MISS PARKER BRIDE  
OF JOHN HODGE

A very pretty, busy Canadian city and town, was and still is dependent for its wages upon the movement of farm goods to the city and city goods to the farm, and all the over-specialized, over-elaborated, processes which a luxurious civilization imagines are necessary to its happiness.

While the average consumer in our cities is giving vent to his resentment against the middlemen in general and against the big middlemen (the packing and distributing corporations, for example), in particular, he overlooks two vital facts: first, that he himself is probably a middleman of the least essential and least efficient sort and dependent for his living upon the continuance of an effete economic condition; and, second, that any government regulation tending by radical means to reduce the middlemen's "spread" or marginal profit, tends to wipe out the unnecessary and inefficient middlemen and to make still richer the big middlemen and his corporation. I do not say this is just. I only point out that it is true and that so long as it is true the food controller cannot "cut prices," or "wipe out the middlemen," or "sell goods at cost."

The Food Controller knows, for example, that cod steaks can be sold at a profit by certain large retail organizations in Toronto at fourteen cents a pound. It would seem to be in the immediate interests of the Toronto householder to direct that fourteen cents be the maximum retail price for cod steaks in Toronto. But indirectly such an order would ruin the very man it aimed to benefit. For such legislation, directed against one class of trade, could not consistently be denied against other classes of trade. It would force out of the business not only the ordinary dealers in cod steaks but, to be consistent—all small dealers. The small milk dealer must then be asked to operate on as small a "spread" as the large milk concern—a thing he cannot do owing to his smaller volume of turnover. The ordinary butcher would then have to give way to the department store butcher, the modest bakery to the large bread factory, and the little grocer to the big one.

There has not, been, and there will not be, an instant's hesitation to bring to bear all the powers of the Food Controller against any producer or middleman whom we find in our present investigations to be making an

solemnized Thursday afternoon at 1.30 Ogdan Street, was united in marriage to John A. Hodge.

The wedding took place at the home of the bride's uncle, Fred Meek, 1732 Race Street, and was witnessed by about 13 relatives and friends.

Rev. A. H. C. Morse of the First Baptist church officiated, using the ring ceremony.

The bride was attended by Miss Nellie Metcalf as maid of honor, and little Minna Manley was flower girl, while Master Rupert Meek, Jr., acted as ring bearer.

George F. Hudson attended Mr. Hodge as best man.

The bride was attired in a suit of burgundy with a hat of white velour, and wore a corsage bouquet of white bride's roses and gardenias.

Lohengrin's wedding march was played by Mrs. Clara H. Van Buren, assisted by Miss Ruby Beal on the violin. After the ceremony, refreshments were served and the newly wedded pair departed on a brief honeymoon trip to Colorado Springs and Glenwood Springs.

The young people have resided in the city for several years and have a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

Mr. Hodge holds a responsible position with the Denver & Rio Grande railroad. They will be at home after Nov. 1 at 1250 Ogdan Street.—Denver Post.

Mrs. Annie Meek Parker lived in Canning and went to Denver four years ago where she and her daughter have since resided. Miss Parker is a niece of C. H. Meek, Canning. She was a stenographer in Halifax before going to Calgary five years ago.

Dr. Morse is a Nova Scotian, a graduate of Acadia and a cousin of T. H. Morse, Berwick.

## REV. THOMAS SPURGEON DEAD

LONDON, Oct. 21.—The Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, former pastor of the Metropolitan tabernacle died here Saturday. The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon was born in 1836, the son of Charles H. Spurgeon, the famous English Baptist preacher.

interfered with owing to the tabernacle of butter, those who seek public favor by crying out against middlemen, those who—by the way—decline to co-operate with the Food Controller because he cannot lend his office for the promotion of this or that propaganda, study for a moment the complexity of connection and cross-connection in the economic fabric. Let them observe not just the first, but the second and third effects of the legislation they ask.

It may be said by the hasty that the Food Controller is defending the big interests, or that he condones a condition in society which, at the same time, he blames for causing high prices. But it is not so necessary that he should be proven free of prejudice and disinterested as it is important for Canadians to realize the truth of their condition. The thoughtful, the public-spirited and the just-minded men and women who constitute the great bulk of our country's population will be quick to understand me when I say that the Food Controller will be among the first to welcome any reduction of the cost of our middleman system, if and when the Canadian people show that they understand the price and are ready to pay it—to accept temporarily, ruin to every city and town in the country.

## BIG RED CROSS CAMPAIGN

Toronto, Oct. 20.—The four days Red Cross campaign closed last night with a grand total of \$823,974.16. There are still some thousands of promised dollars to come in.

## 20 BIG STEEL SHIPS IN FRANCE

Washington, Oct. 20.—To meet France's urgent shipping needs the board has ordered twenty steel ships of from 3,500 to 6,000 gross tonnage, each turned over, under charter to the French government.

## A TALE OF A SHIRT

The logic of a certain Mrs. Murphy is not likely to be disputed: As she stood gloomily in the back door, a friend of her sleeping husband leaned over the fence and hailed her loudly.

"Good morin', Mrs. Murphy, and is Pat at home, sure?"

"Sure, where are you eyes, Dennis Diddy? Isn't that his shirt fornest ye hangin' on the line?"



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## "THE MAN IN THE TRENCH."

(By James Benard Fagan.)

Can you not hear me, young men in the street?

Is it nothing to you who pass by, . . . Who down the dim-lit ways in thousand rooms?

From here watch you, through the driving sleet,

Under the evening sky, Hurrying home.

Home!—how the word sounds like a bell—

I wonder can you know, as I know well,

That in this trench Of death and stench

I stand between your home and hell.

I am the roof that shields you from the weather,

I am the gate that keeps the brigand back,

When pillage, fire, and murder come together,

I am the wall that saves your home from sack.

Man! when you look upon the girl you prize,

Can you imagine horror in those eyes?

You have not seen, you cannot understand,

This trench is England, all this ruined land

Is where you wander, street, or field, or strand,

Save for God's grace, and for the guns that rest

Upon this dripping wudbank of the west.

Our blood has stained your threshold—will you strain

Your soul, give nothing and take all our gain?

Why did I come? I ask not, nor repent;

Something blazed up inside me, and I went.

The khaki fringe is frayed, and a rent

Needs men—needs, men and I am almost spent.

Night, and the "ready" . . . so sleep well my friend.

The guns again are going . . . I must stick it to the end.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria

ed up two hours by a boat from one of the other sunken steamers.

It is reported from Utvar that seventeen men from a British destroyer arrived there at three o'clock in the morning Friday. It was at this port that a Norwegian torpedo boat touched with thirty-seven survivors from various sunken steamers.

LONDON Oct. 22.—The British destroyer Mary Rose fought single-handed against the German cruisers in the convey action in the North Sea according to a story ascribed to a British officer rescued off Bergen, and transmitted by the Christianian correspondent of the Times. The other destroyer, which should have been present, never appeared, and it is thought likely that it was destroyed at the beginning of the action.

After fighting heroically for half an hour, during which she was subjected to the most terrific concentric fire, the Mary Rose sank. The members of the crew were found clinging to buoys and rescued.

The correspondent says that the reports of the butchery of the crews of the merchantmen pass description. Two women on one ship waved a piece of white cloth, which was perfectly visible. They were silenced by a volley from the German cruisers.

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