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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Tuesday, Jan. 29.

PRODUCTION QUESTION PRESSING.

GREATER production was given a place in the discussions of Elgin County Council which has just concluded its January session, and as a result a petition is being sent to the Government asking that tractors be supplied free for the use of the county, and that tile, when over 12 inches in size, be also given without charge. This, the councillors think, would help to reduce the cost of living.

There will be two opinions on the advisability of granting the council's request, but there will be nothing but approval of bringing the production question before these boards so largely composed of agriculturists. The pity is that it was not given a prominent place in the December sessions.

Theories are being advanced in all parts of the country for increasing the supply of labor, and thus helping to make the production of 1918 greater than Canada has ever experienced. Some of these schemes are feasible and others are of doubtful value, but it is high time that some of them were accepted and put into operation if they are going to be of any use this year.

Spring may be early or it may be late, but it is almost certain that it will be here before full preparations have been made for its reception. What arrangements have been made to secure assistance from the cities for the farmers? Has there been any real organization of labor resources so that when the land is ready for the workers the workers will be ready to take up the labor? The assistance given by school boys last year is said to have been valuable; has an extension of this plan of service been decided upon for this year?

There is so much to be done and so little time to do it all, that immediate action is absolutely necessary. Conferences which meet and adjourn without actually doing anything just represent so much time wasted. It was natural to expect that the Governments would have given some lead this year, but nothing is forthcoming from them, so the people must act.

The suggestion has been made, and may be worth taking up, that all city men, capable of helping on the farm in any capacity, in their holidays, notify the Ontario Labor Bureau of the time at which they intend to take their vacation, the extent of it, the kind of work with which they are familiar (if any) and their readiness to give their services in the cause of production. If farmers would hand in estimates of the times they will require extra help for two or three weeks, the work and the volunteer might be brought together.

It cannot be too strongly impressed on everyone concerned that action must be taken now, and not put off until the work is waiting and the plows are idle for lack of hands to guide them.

LORD RHONDDA AND MR. HANNA.

IT IS EASY to criticize without discrimination, but it is, inversely, difficult to criticize with fairness. The Conservative press in taking its farewell of Mr. Hanna as food controller has taken advantage of the opportunity to say that Mr. Hanna has come in for much undeserved criticism.

The best these papers are able to do for Mr. Hanna is to damn him with faint praise, and they find an answer in the morning dispatches of Monday. In an address to the farmers of Monmouthshire Saturday, Lord Rhondda, British food controller, stated that he had reduced the price of thirteen out of twenty-one articles of prime necessity.

Mr. Hanna was supposed to be the same sort of food controller as Lord Rhondda. He has not reduced the price of any commodity of prime necessity, and prices have steadily increased since his appointment. Their records stand, and form the basis of fair criticism.

BRITAIN'S REVOLUTION.

BRITISH labor is unanimous in desiring to see control of the Government pass into its hands, but it will not countenance a revolution, in the generally accepted sense of that word. There is every expectation that a general election will be held in the old land within a few months, and many believe that power will pass to a united Liberal-Labor party, with the Laborites holding the balance. If this eventuates the "revolution" will have become an accomplished fact without any of the horrors and bloodshed which have been looked upon as inseparable from revolutions. It will have been brought about along constitutional lines.

Arthur Henderson, head of the Labor party, echoed the sentiment of the great majority of workers in Britain when he said: "Revolution is a word of evil omen, and no responsible person can contemplate such a possibility without horror; especially are such prospects wholly without appeal to the British people."

There has been, in Canada, considerable whispering about the possibility of a revolution in Britain. Some who have spent a few months in the old country have returned, and expressed the opinion that there was a definite movement towards such an end. They have confided this view to their friends, who, in turn, have passed it on until it became generally known. To those who have spent many years of their lives in Britain, such talk has always appeared to be merely the foolish vaporings of those who have ambitions to be considered authorities on affairs of Britain after a cursory visit to the islands. That such an idea could gain ground in Britain seemed an impossibility.

What was there to cause a bloody revolt? Not hatred of mass for class. There was envy and there was a strong belief that the landed classes who owned and kept in idleness large tracts of good land should be made to give them up to production. To a very great extent this has been done without difficulty. There were wrongs to be righted, but in recent years there has been evidenced a desire on the part of Parliament to act on behalf of the masses without waiting to be forced. Hatred did not, and we believe does not exist.

Desperation must be felt before an armed revolution takes place, and there was no desperation in Britain. The laboring classes have not been beaten and whipped and treated as dogs as they were in Russia. They have not had their share, perhaps, of the good things of life, and have not wielded the power to which their numbers and the value of their labors entitled them, but they have been gaining steadily, and have been able to see ahead the time when they should possess their full rights.

Revolution in Britain would be a world calamity, and is unthinkable. To believe in such a possibility is to think of the laboring classes as an irresponsible, brainless mob, and to think that is to confess an entire ignorance of Britain and her people.

GERMANY'S STACKED CARDS.

PLAYING with stacked cards is the Germans' idea of cleverness and brilliancy, and nowhere has this fact been better illustrated than in their arrangements for permitting the peoples of Courland, Poland and Lithunania "self-determination."

It was at first believed that the Teutonic plan was to hold a referendum of the peoples while they were under the German military's thumb. This was bad enough, since it was to be expected that by threats of dire punishment and all kinds of horrors the people would be induced to express their preference for Germany as a protector. But it was not quite certain enough for the Huns. They had discovered that bullying did not always work satisfactorily, Belgium having given them a lesson in this respect.

Another scheme was prepared, which eliminated all element of chance. Self-determination was to be permitted, but the method of expressing choice was picked by the Huns. The peoples were not to vote on it, but the representative bodies and leaders of public opinion were to make this decision. As these representative bodies were principally composed of men selected by the German administration, the result was not in doubt.

Possibly the German mind cannot fathom the distaste of the Allies for such deceit and trickery. It probably seems to the Teutons that this is the most any people could desire. They cannot bring themselves to believe that the common people have any rights when these rights are opposed to Prussianism. This is one of the lessons the Germans will have to learn before long.

THE RETURNED MAN'S JOB.

THE problem of the returned soldier and his return to employment has now had sufficient time to become acute. Despite stories of prosperity and the lack of men, despite the shortage of able-bodied men which was prophesied as a result of the military service act, many men who did long "tricks" in the front line, who were wounded and who have been discharged after long convalescence, are finding it next to impossible to secure work.

Within the last two days The Advertiser has been in communication with two of these men. Both of them served at the front and were invalided home. They both have qualifications for clerical positions, and do not fall into the classification of "unskilled labor" by any means. They have been searching high and low for places, and they have not been successful. The Soldiers' Aid Commission has no positions to offer, and wherever they sought a position they have found no vacancy. They might have taken a course in mechanics, but they considered themselves trained men, and were anxious to be employed at the work for which they had been educated. At the present time they are living at the expense of relatives or on the money which they saved. Their pensions would not keep them alive. All they ask, and they appear to be sincere in their desire to secure any kind of work they are capable of performing, is for a chance to get into some office. The positions they held before the war are not now available, and it would surprise some to learn the names of their former employers.

It is not reasonable to expect the Government to provide a perfectly-fitting position for each returned soldier. Nor can the Soldiers' Aid Commissions supply these positions. But a more definite policy and a more definite treatment of the problem is undeniably necessary.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"Strafing" England is said to be unpopular in Germany now. Too much like scrapping with a buzz-saw.

Norfolk County women are accused of taking part in the distribution and collecting of election bribes. Keen students of politics!

There's always something to be thankful for; on Sunday night the cause for thanksgiving was that heavy snow did not accompany the wind storm.

"Support the boys at the front," was the Government's cry. Judging by its actions it ought to have added: "And ignore them when they return."

The order issued that all coal cars must be unloaded promptly seems about as necessary as an order to people to get the most they can for their money.

Austria and Germany are not on the best of terms with each other, and it is an old saying that "when thieves fall out honest men get their dues."

When Prof. McCready pronounced in favor of one large school to serve half a dozen communities instead of several one-teacher schools, he perhaps neglected the transportation difficulties. Even under the present plan many children have to attend a school two miles from home.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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TAG DAY.

By Vincent G. Perry.

Ralph Cooke started from his boarding-house with a self-satisfied smile on his face, for the day was the one, on which he was to have an opportunity to make a good resolution, and if there was one thing Ralph enjoyed more than making a resolution it was keeping one. He would show them at the bank that public opinion could not down his convictions. They had laughed at him when he had condemned tag days as fruitless nuisances, and had dared him to let one pass without being tagged. The dare had made him resolve never to buy another tag; not that he begrudged the small coin donated in return for the little bits of cardboard, was it was the principle of it he did not like.

"I always make contributions to the Red Cross and other patriotic funds in lump sums," he had told them at the office, "and I'm not going to be pestered at every street corner on every Saturday of the year to buy a tag. I call it next thing to begging, and think the taggers could be far more good home, knitting."

He could not find any of the others to agree with him, but this only strengthened him in his resolve to refuse tags from that day on.

He had walked well into the heart of the business section of the city before he was accosted by one of the taggers. "Buy a tag! Buy a tag!" was the cry he heard, and he saw a box shoved invitingly in front of him. He looked into the face of the young woman before him, refusal on his lips, but it changed to an exclamation of surprise.

"Peggy Wensley!" he cried "Whatever are you doing here?"

"Ralph—Ralph Cooke!" Her surprise was as great as his, and she almost embraced him with joy. "To think that I should meet you way out here, and I haven't seen you for four years."

"Five," he corrected. "It is five years since I was transferred from the bank at home. I am accountant now, and am getting on splendidly. How has the world been using you? Very well, if appearance are anything to go by."

They talked for nearly half an hour. She told him she was living in the city and gave him her address, with an invitation to call the next evening. This was more than he had expected, for although he had been close friends—more than friends—they had parted on unfriendly terms. Why? Neither could remember. As he was leaving she remembered the mission she was fulfilling that day.

"You haven't bought a tag," she smiled, as she tied one on the lapped of his coat.

"I was so delighted to meet you I didn't think of it," he said, as he slipped a coin—the largest piece of silver he had—in her box.

As he hurried to the bank his thoughts were on the girl he had just left. She was more beautiful than when he had last seen her, and although he had only spoken to her for that brief time, he wondered how he could have forgotten her so easily. She was different from other girls—the only girl for him, after all!

He entered the bank fifteen minutes late. The others had been waiting in the expectation of some fun, and when he arrived they were not disappointed. Sure enough, he had bought a tag, and for once his resolution had been in vain. By the time the news had been passed from one desk to another an audible titter swept the office, and it did not escape Ralph. He realized the cause of their merriment and tried to pass it off, but finally had to acknowledge that the joke was on him.

"I meant it when I said I wouldn't buy another tag, and I wouldn't have bought this one today if a girl from my home town hadn't been the one to tag me. I hadn't seen her for five years, and I couldn't very well refuse, for she had invited me to call on her," he explained.

"A romance—eh!" laughed one of the boys.

"No, she's married," announced one of the stenographers. "Today was Married Ladies' tag day.

"She is not married," Ralph contradicted. "She wasn't when I saw her last. Who said today was Married Ladies' tag day?"

"It's in the morning papers," the girl said. "I'll read it to you." She secured the paper and read: "The Married Ladies' Red Cross Club will do the tagging today. The matrons announce their intention of surpassing the work of the single sisters, who usually conduct tag day."

Ralph was silent for some time. He had not thought of Peggy as married; but, of course, she must be—that was why she had come to live here. It was odd, though, her inviting him to call; but it was only because he was an old friend. She had forgotten him, as he had thought he had forgotten her. What an idiot he had been not to have written her! It was his own fault that another man had married her; he couldn't blame the other man. He wondered if she was happy, and a hundred other things about her—all day.

Sunday! Her face never left him, and the thought that he had lost her made him uneasy. He hated the thought of calling on her in the evening, for it would only make him feel worse if she was unhappy. But then he was anxious to meet the man whom she had found attractive. He would be handsoms and tall, for Peggy always had a preference for tall men, and she was such a pretty girl that none but a handsome man would dare ask her to marry him. It was because he was so homely that she had found it easy to forget.

Shortly after seven Ralph rang the doorbell at the address Peggy had given him. It was an early hour, but a married woman would not mind that. Peggy answered the door herself, for which he was thankful, for he would not have known what to do if her husband had come.

She was the same old Peggy—married life had not changed her a bit. She talked and laughed over old things, but he did not forget his nervousness. The sound of a child's cry from somewhere in the house set him on edge. So there was a baby! An hour passed, but her husband did not put in an appearance nor had Peggy mentioned his name. Brides always talk about their husbands—happy brides always do. She must be unhappy, he decided.

"Are you happy in your new life, Peggy," he ventured.

"My new life! What do you mean?"

"I mean your husband. Is he good to you?"

"My husband?" she exclaimed with a laugh. "Who said I had a husband?"

"Nobody." He gave a sign of relief. There was some mistake. "But yesterday was Married Ladies' tag day."

"Of course, it was, and I was taking my sister's place. She was to go out tagging, but was ill. She has the finest husband and dearest baby. They have gone to church, and baby is upstairs with its nurse. They will be here soon, and then you can see the baby. I wish they would come."

"I don't want them to come yet awhile," he said. "There are lots of things you and I haven't talked about yet—things that we both remember and that are dear to us, because we saw them together. I am going to come often, and can see the baby any time."

"It was to talk over these things that I invited you here," she smiled. "I wanted to see if you had really forgotten them, and the way you acted at first made me think you had. But you haven't, have you?"

"No, I haven't. We must never forget them. We must remember every little thing, and every little promise—one promise—especially, mustn't we?"

"I have always remembered and always will," was the answer that filled his heart with a joy he had thought two hours before was lost to him forever.

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

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Fact.

The average man's a foolish jay,
He's in a jam, much to his sorrow;
For he will run in debt today
For what he can't pay for tomorrow.

Fooey!

An egotist is Oswald Blow,
As chesty as you'll find;
But, while his head is swelled, we know
He hasn't a broad mind.

Huh!

"The Greeks have a wonderful history," remarked the Professor.

"That's right," agreed the Rounder. "Just look at the progress they have made since they quit art and literature and went into the candy business."

Police.

When you are in Ironton, Ohio, you can always get a shot in the arm at Needles Cafe.

You Know Them.

Some useless dubs live in this land,
This I am here to tell;
The doggone fools do nothing, and
Don't even do that well.

Poor Old Paw.

Willie—Paw?

Paw—Yes, my son. What is it?

Willie—Could you say that a man is bedridden when he has a nightmare?

Paw—You had better not open your mouth again tonight, young man.

Wuxtree

[Adamsville (Tenn.) Enterprise.]

My Pea Huller is in first-class order.

—Guy Combs.

They Haven't Anything On Us.

The Needmore Coal Company is located in Chattanooga, Tenn.

Oh, Joy!

There may be some notaries public who are crooked. But there is one in Oklahoma City, Okla., whose name is Martha Straight.

Little Tragedies.

A MAN jumped off the top of a skyscraper to see if his new-fangled parachute would work.

It wouldn't.

—Luke McLuke.

A MAN teased his bulldog to see if it was as vicious as it looked.

It was.

—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Our Joe Miller Contest.

Bill Harlow claims that the oldest joke is the one about the little girl whose teacher asked her what an average was. "An average is what a hen lays her eggs on," replied the little girl. "How do you make that out?" asked the teacher. "Why," replied the little girl, "it says in the book that a hen lays 200 eggs a year on an average."

Notice!

Any church in need of good missionaries can find the Scattergood brothers at Mansfield, Ohio.

Names is Names.

B. A. Pancake lives at Middleport, Ohio.

Our Daily Special.

It Takes Strength To Admit A Weakness.

Luke McLuke Says

A man seldom thinks seriously of marriage until some girl has landed him and it is too late.

There is a man in every neighborhood who makes the neighbor women indignant and wonder if his wife is ever going to get her eyes open.

Some girls are so prudish that they act as if it would be terribly improper to die and go to Heaven without a chaperon.

A woman's vision is good enough to notice that her husband needs a shave, but it is seldom good enough to notice that she has too much paint on her own face.

The world is too apt to estimate a man's character by his nose and by his clothes.

A man knows that calling another man a liar is a mighty poor argument. But he gets a heap of satisfaction out of it just the same.

There was a time when you went to a dancing school to learn the steps. But nowadays you go there to learn the holds.

One of the most wonderful things in the world is the loyal and unchanging fidelity with which a hen will nurse an old door knob.

About the time a boy gets so big that he doesn't have to explain to his mother why he was out late he gets married and has to explain to his wife.

We never take much stock in the Christianity of the man who got religion from a traveling evangelist when the local preacher couldn't make him behave.

To a busy man it sure seems as if boys, bankers and schoolteachers get all the holidays.

There are all kinds of prohibitionists, including the man who has the beer wagon drive up to his house after dark.

There never was a mouse that could scare a girl who knows that she has holes in her stockings.

Wait a Minute!

By J. H. F.

Surely no Unionist candidate would bribe the electors to support so idealistic a platform as that laid down at the recent elections. Surely not, when such high-minded, patriotic souls offered themselves quivering sacrifices for the people. Surely not, once more! And yet Bill Charlton is said to have paid out several copecs for votes.

* * *

This January as an exhibit of perversity is surely in a class by itself. It is enough to make the wildcat wild.

* * *

A doctor tells girls to dress warmer and keep well. This is likely to be the signal to slough some more things.

* * *

Where is the old-fashioned child who used to sing, "Father, dear father, come home with me now; the clock in the steeple strikes twelve."

* * *

A wild-eyed gent was heard reciting, "The Beautiful Snow Is Falling," but the keeper got him back in the cage before an enraged populace separated him from his life.

* * *

If the United States could separate Austria from the well-known Huns, the finish of the Hohenzollerns could not long be delayed. As Marse Henry Watterson so poetically says, "To hell with the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs."

* * *

There is unrest in Germany, probably many realizing that they will shortly have an awful long rest unless they do something.

* * *

"The wind, she blow lak hurricane; bimeby she blow some more," seems to be the chronic condition of this beautiful January time.

* * *

The folks are eating wolfhounds in Denmark. A nice fat bulldog steak would be better, although the hounds should be strong for soup. Pass the canine hash.

* * *

Four Indians were killed by drinking wood alcohol. Nothing like getting the right stuff to do a neat job.

* * *

So ladies are accused of selling their votes in Norfolk County at the recent elections. These girls do pick up the fine points of the political game in rapid style.

* * *

The Hawaiian volcanoes are active. Hope they get some of those ukelele thumpers. Volcanoes should have some uses.

* * *

One of the horrors of this war is going to be the million books that a lot of fellows are going to write after it is done.

* * *

The Finnish state is sending out ultimatums to Russia. It cannot see its finish monkeying with such birds.

* * *

If the Austrian army is in as bad a state of collapse as Russia's army, the world's best in collapse has been seen.

TractionCompany

On and after Monday, January 14th, cars leave London week days only.

Cars marked with a star (*) run through to Port Stanley.

*6.10, 7.30, 10.00 a.m., *1.00, 1.30, *3.15, *5.15, 6.15, 8.30, 10.30 p.m.

LONDON AND PORT STANLEY RAILWAY

Timetable Effective Sept. 26.

TO ST. THOMAS—†5:20, †*6:20, 7:20, *8:20, 9:20, *10:20, 11:20 a.m., 12:20, *1:20, 2:20, *3:20, 4:20, *5:20, 6:20, *7:20, 8:20, 9 20, *10:20, †11:20 p.m.

TO PORT STANLEY—†*6:20, *8:20, *10:20 a.m. *1:20, *3:20, *5:20, *7:20, *10:20 p.m.

†Daily except Sunday. *Limited trains London to St. Thomas.

CUNARD LINE

PASSENGER SERVICE BETWEEN HALIFAX AND BRISTOL

Money remittances made by mail or cable. Apply to Local Agents or The Robert Reford Company, Limited, General Agents, 50 King street east, Toronto, Ont. F. 23.

War Flour Good Flour

By Caro M. Brown

Chemist—Lake of the Woods Milling Company Limited

IN the interest of food conservation, it has been proved most economical to insist upon a standard loaf of bread from all bake-shops, and this is only possible when a standard flour is manufactured. In order to effect this standardization of flour all over Canada, the Government requires that the mills make not less than 74 per cent flour from wheat, that is 74 pounds of War Flour is to be made from 100 pounds of wheat. This is only very slightly more than most mills are already extracting.

Not "Graham" Flour

The slight increase of flour extracted will be true flour, and not bran or dust. Formerly this slight amount of flour had been allowed to go into the feeds for animal consumption, but when every grain of wheat counts as it does now, this is too extravagant a practice. There need be no apprehension as to the quality of Government Regulation flour. It is NOT to be "Graham," nor even so-called "Whole-wheat" flour, and it is NOT flour mixed with Bran and Shorts. It will be simply pure flour as taken from the wheat berry, purified and sifted exactly as in the past; but, instead of several grades, such as FIVE ROSES, HARVEST QUEEN, LAKEWOODS, etc., being separated, all the flour will be blended together and only one brand will be on the market.

Colour More Creamy

The War Flour will not have quite the white colour of FIVE ROSES, but for all practical uses it will give identical results in baking. Flavour, texture, general appearance and nutritive value will not be impaired in any way.

Excellent Baking Results

Foreseeing that some regulation of this sort was imminent, we have been trying out in our Laboratory recipes for Bread, Cakes and Pastry, using the new "War Flour," our idea being to ascertain if any modification of present methods should be adopted. There need be no fear that the new flour will make unpalatable bread, cake or pastry. We were more than pleased with the results, and found that for bread no variation seemed to be necessary.

Some Suggestions for Housewives

In making pie crust and puff paste, we have obtained the best results by using very slightly less water than with FIVE ROSES. The crust was flaky, crisp and well-flavoured. For cake, we followed exactly the same recipe in using FIVE ROSES and the War Flour; the cake from the War Flour was equal to that from FIVE ROSES in lightness and texture, was excellent in flavour and of a rich, creamy colour.

As the War Flour will be rich in gluten, care should be taken in making baking-powder biscuit and pastry not to work it or handle it any more than is absolutely necessary, as this toughens the gluten, resulting in a texture less tender and flaky. It will require a little study and ingenuity on the part of each housewife to adapt her favourite recipe to this flour, but the little time given to this will be more than repaid by the results obtained.

Lake of the Woods Milling Company Limited

Makers of Five Roses Flour

Montreal :: Winnipeg

FIVE ROSES IN KHAKI.—To conserve wheat so essential to the Allied Cause, your favourite brand is now being milled according to Government Regulations. But the name "FIVE ROSES" which, for over a quarter century, has been a positive assurance of quality is still your protection. Users of "FIVE ROSES Government Grade" Flour are assured of the best available flour under all conditions. Fortunate possessors of the famous FIVE ROSES Cook Book can bake with the new FIVE ROSES with practically no change in their present recipes and in the certainty of excellent baking results.