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THE LONDON ADVERTISER
COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Thursday, Nov. 16.

APPOINT THE BEST MAN.

IT IS TO BE Hon. Mr. Kemp or
Gen. Lessard as minister of mili-
tary.

The first-named is a manufacturer
whose business has been handling war
contracts; the second is regarded, and
no doubt with justification, as the
foremost colonial soldier in the Em-
pire.

The Government may choose Lessard,
believing that it may save itself, and
have a capable man as successor to
Sir Sam Hughes. If the Government
chooses Gen. Lessard it will be in a
spirit of making reparation for the
petty treatment accorded that soldier
by Sir Sam Hughes. It will also show
a desire to seek the man for the place,
rather than the place for the man.

Gen. Lessard, compared with Mr.
Kemp, would seem to leave no question
as to the proper choice.

The Advertiser knows that it speaks
for all Liberals when it declares that
the great party which it represents as
a Western Ontario newspaper wishes
to see the Government choose the best
man for the place, no matter what
political advantage may accrue to that
Government.

STRANGE—THESE FIRES.

SCORES AND SCORES of fires have
occurred in many counties of West-
ern Ontario since harvest time. The
latest outbreaks have been in several
parts of Oxford County, and the people
of the communities concerned are strong
in the belief that firebugs, and in all
probability firebugs financed and di-
rected by the German central organization
across the border, have been guilty of
causing the fires. The presence of met-
allic objects in the ruins of several
buildings has been unexplained, as have
been explosions, and it is strongly the
belief of some people in Oxford County
that German agents who enter the
country of motor car radioactivity (a good
thing if it does not lead to abuses) have
set incendiary bombs equipped with
time fuses in the barns.

The Advertiser has reported upwards
of sixty fires to farmers' barns, and in
the majority of cases the cause has
never been explained. Strangers have
been seen in many places where fires
have occurred, but, of course, strangers
are always in the country. A system
of passports may yet be necessary.

Some time after the first few fires,
The Advertiser issued a warning to all
farmers to be on the look-out for
suspicious characters. That warning
must be sounded again, and in louder
tones. The farmers and police authori-
ties of every community should be on
the qui vive, and the provincial police
should give the most active co-opera-
tion. The man who establishes the
cause of these fires will be doing his
country and his neighbors a great ser-
vice.

CANADA'S OPPORTUNITY.

ONE OF THE MOST serious finan-
cial results of the war has been the
cost of newspaper. English papers
contemplate raising the price. All over
America the problem is serious. This
applies to both Canada and the United
States.

In this connection, it has been claimed
that the pulp woods of Canada are
practically inexhaustible. They repro-
duce themselves every ten years. It is
also claimed that Canada can supply the
world with newspaper.

Canada should not neglect this oppor-
tunity. It is a world-wide one. It is
a question the Government should care-
fully consider, and adopt the course
that will bring the greatest benefit to
Canada.

HOLD TO THE HOME TOWN!

WHY DO THE EDUCATED, enter-
prising, young men and women
of Canada leave their home towns and
cities to seek a living in the larger cities
of Canada and the United States? This
is a question which often bothers the
minds of citizens, and yet one which is
never practically answered. If the
migrating youth were asked such a
question, he would have his answer
ready. "There is nothing for me here."
And the citizen, if he is inactive and
lacks civic vision, would agree with him.
Why will you let the best blood of your
community strengthen the stream in
other channels? There is something for
them here, if you will only point it out.
Convince them that they will make the
most of their lives in their home town,
and tell them that their duty lies there,
but pronounce the word duty gently, so
that it does not antagonize.

This same question has been distur-
bing the men of Milford, New Hampshire,
but with this difference: they felt that
the problem must be faced and started
an active campaign against the depletion
of their best resources. At the instiga-
tion of P. R. Woodman of the Milford
Board of Trade, a committee was formed
to counsel the young people, then gradu-
ating from their schools, and to show them
what splendid business opportuni-
ties were available in their home town
of Milford. The result was that, al-
though a large percentage had been

contemplating work in a foreign field,
everyone of the Milford young people
then in college, decided to remain in
Milford.

Why could we not apply the "Milford
Idea" in some Canadian communities?
Small cities and towns are retarded by
the lack of a vigorous manhood and wo-
manhood, while the large cities are con-
gested by the constant inflow of human-
ity. Then, too, the energetic youth of
the small town is often stunted amid
the strenuous life of the city, and that
energy which could have accomplished
much in the small community is lost
to the world entirely.

Country communities are crying out
for leaders, and yet every year numbers
of men and women who might take this
leadership upon themselves leave the
community. Humanity is so constituted
that the majority of men are unable to
accomplish their maximum work, unless
under the impelling influence of a lead-
er. The Government has realized the
need of such leadership and spends
thousands of dollars every year to edu-
cate the best of its youth, at but a
nominal cost to them. It is therefore
the duty of these young people to pay
back to the country what they owe, by
devoting their lives to leadership in
their own district, and it is your duty
to keep them there.

How are you to do this? Haphazard
advice is all very well, but youth will
not pay any attention to it. Age has
ever been giving advice to youth and
youth has always scorned it. Organize
your advisers. Let the young men see
that you mean what you are talking
about. Try the "Milford Idea" and see
how it works.

The problem is serious enough to
challenge all your civic loyalty. Re-
member that to help build up your own
community, when you feel that you could
do better abroad, is the highest form of
patriotism.

INEVITABLE.

IT IS inevitable that Canadians will
soon protest against the tariff
arrangement that permits certain
Canadian natural products to enter the
United States free of duty, while this
country maintains a high tariff against
the goods of other countries.

This is one of the lean years, accord-
ing to farmers, and as a result 50 cents
per dozen for eggs and \$2.50 per bag
for potatoes was asked in London on
Saturday. Many housewives were ob-
served returning with baskets empty
of anything but the cheapest vegeta-
bles. They were depriving themselves
of some of the necessities of life.

When such a condition of affairs
confronts a country, it is the duty of a
government to face it, and not only to
face it, but to devise means of meeting
the crisis.

Both farmers and city people are
entitled to special tariff concessions at
the present time.

THE RUSE OF A CROOK.

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a
burglar attempting to force en-
trance to a house. The owner of the
house happened to be returning from a
trip and arrived home late. As he saw
the burglar opening his jimmy beneath
a window frame, the honest citizen
made a rush for the crook. The crook
saw him coming and they grappled.

As they struggled, the crook saw a
policeman running toward them. Quick
witted, as he saw the net of the law
suspended above him, he cried: "Police!
Police!" The excited policeman reached
for the honest citizen, and despite the
protests of the latter, took him in
charge. The crook believed that he
could make his escape. And in the hub-
bub the honest man was getting the
worst of it. But just then another offi-
cer arrived, and before the crook could
get out of the way, he was nabbed. He
was recognized as a notorious charac-
ter. Shortly after he received his pun-
ishment.

Is there a parallel for the case of the
crook who directed the police against the
honest man in a recent incident in
Canada?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Dame Nature has now garbed her
feet in white, the prevailing fashion.

Sir Sam Hughes will have his
chance to repay the treachery he al-
leges is his portion at the next session
of Parliament.

Sir Sam may call the numerous
Hughes family to vote against the
Government—which would be like nam-
ing the day of the funeral.

"Russia is impotent," says a Ger-
man general. These diagnoses have
usually been followed by the patient
getting up and handing the specialist
an awful wallop.

Sir Sam Hughes no longer matters
in the military concerns of the coun-
try; no matter what the cause of his
dismissal, his successor should be the
great question of the hour.

"I have closed my eyes to the petty
intrigues and ambitions all about me,"
said Sir Sam Hughes. Closing one's
eyes when the Rogers crowd is active
is not the better part of valor.

A wonderful expression of Liberal
sentiment was heard at the West Elgin
convention at Dutton yesterday. Never
before in the history of their country
have such men who gathered yester-
day, many of them with sons in the
trenches, felt the need for manning the
trenches at home, and holding them
against those who by their incompetence
or indulgences would destroy the
country from within.

"You take exception to the gen-
eral character and tone of the let-
ter," said Sir Robert, each one's
manner is his own. It might be well
if we could all possess your soft
mannerism, but I am very much
afraid, judging by all periods of his-
tory, that human liberty and human
progress would not make much ad-
vance, as they never had made much
advances, under such diplomatic forms
and utterances."—Sir Sam Hughes' last
letter to Sir Robert Borden.

Sir Sam appears to believe that we
have "pussfooters" among our Cana-
dian leaders.

The Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang Let His Regular Train Go By Just To See if Mrs. Bang Wouldn't Make a Bee Line For Town With the \$100 He'd Just Given Her

BY FONTAINE FOX



The Advertiser's Daily Short Story
(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Off the Coast
BY SUSAN E. CLAGETT.

Just why Lavinia Payton was de-
termined to carry out her plan in the
face of angry opposition she could not
have told. Probably it was due to the
opposition. But this last idea, sad-
discovery, whatever her friends were
minded to call it, passed anything that
had gone before.

Yet it was a very simple thing she
proposed to do—merely to shun the
beaten path that led toward White Sul-
phur Springs and go anywhere that
would take her away from the life her
people had led for generations and ex-
posed her to live. White Sulphur or
Saragatoga during the summer, Rich-
mond and Washington during the winter
months, with frequent trips to New
York.

When asked where she was going she
shook her head with a smile. "I have
no definite plan," she replied. "But far
back in the recesses of her brain was
a very positive idea. She was going
somewhere by water and alone. She
longed for Portugal or the fjords of
Norway, but she sailed on a steamer for
the fjords of Newfoundland, the
Norway of America."

The walk to Signal or Cabot's Tower,
is not one to take alone. It is long. It
is steep. The road follows the shore
until it begins to ascend and is lonely.
When steamers come there is always a
sprinkling of people, mostly driving
toward the tower, where there is a
magnificent view of the harbor and
ocean. This and much more was told
in the booklet Lavinia had learned by
heart. But there was one grave omi-
nion. Indeed, two. The wind, the sea,
the other, mist. What was for
in the city was a fine rain higher up,
and the wind was a gale.

She had felt wind before, but never
like this. It whipped her wet skirt
about her until she thought she would
never move again. She tried to loosen
them as she stumbled along the rocky
path, her breath coming and going in
gasp. Ahead was the tower, gray and
sombre, built to defy the elements.
She saw a little group of people stand-
ing in an angle of the granite mass, one
figure apart from the others and near-
er to her. Then everything was blank.
She was conscious only of blind terror
as the wind caught and whirled her
about. For a space, eternity seemed
her, then the awfulness of the wind
subsided and she found herself clinging
desperately to the gray sleeve of an
ulster.

"What made you attempt that alone?"
the man said roughly, giving her a
little shake as he let her go. But Lavi-
nia had no mind to be let go and
clung to the arm that was half with-
drawn.

"Don't dare to faint," the voice went
on sharply. "Didn't you know Signal
Hill was no place for a woman unless
she had a man with her?"

"I don't know. The book said walk,
so I walked."

"Why didn't you bring some one with
you?"

"I am alone."

"Surely you made friends coming up
on the steamer?"

"No. That was just what I wanted
to get away from everybody."

"Well, you missed it by the fraction
of a second. Another such gust and
you would have got away from every-
body. I caught you just in time."

He left her in the angle of the wall
and stepped forward, a tall, broad-
shouldered, athletic-looking man with
keen blue eyes and a determined
mouth.

"Come," he said, extending his hand.
"You must see the view before we go."

"Come." This time the word was im-
patient. "If we are to make Quidi
Vidi, we must be off."

"But I am not going to Quidi Vidi!"

"Yes, you are. The village is my
objective point."

"It is not mine."

"See here!" For the first time she
saw his face and it was filled with
anger. "Do you think I am going to
give up my trip because you are ob-
stinately determined to go back the
way you came?"

WAIT A MINUTE!

—By J. H. F.

Sir Sam Hughes may be dismissed, but
he will not stay silent. The country is
going to be full of conversations shortly.

An Atlantic City policeman was laid
off for 30 days for going to sleep during
one of Vice-President Marshall's
speeches. The man was jobless, but
he has an awful lot of sense.

A snake crawled out of a beer
leg in a Pennsylvania town the
other evening and broke up a
party. It looks as if the snake
got in bad company.

TO OUR DANCE HALL BRIGADE.
You giddy boys who frequent our dance
halls night by night,
Who are not too proud to fox trot, but
who are "too proud to fight,"
Must have souls so small they'd rattle
in the tiniest peanut shell.
Or you'd blush and seek seclusion in
the bottom of some well.

Do you ever stop to think of chums
with whom you used to play,
Who have gone across the water to take
part in the fray?
Large-hearted boys, with good red
blood, ready to do or die,
That their kin may live in safety, the
good old flag still fly?

The boys there in the trenches, who
send to you the call:
"Come on across and help us; you are
wanted, one and all."
Leave dancing and frivolity, let trifling
matters go;
Shoulder to shoulder stand with us and
help drive back the foe.

"You are needed. Ranks are thinning,
one by one we're 'going west.'
But we have done our duty, and we
can calmly rest.
While you who stop your ears, and
refuse to hear the call,
Your portion will be nothing short of
wormwood and of gall."

"Though you live to be a hundred,
people will have in mind
That you shirked and passed up duty,
and put higher things behind;
And if—which God forbid—you slackers
lose for us the fight,
You will 'goose step' and not 'fox
trot,' and serve you blamed well
right."

"Get up and get a move on; this is no
time to lay low;
When you're asked to put on khaki,
answer cheerily, 'Right-O!'
And you'll know the joy of living, and
the pride of being brave,
When you stand beside the boys who
went our liberties to save."

THE OLD UN.

November 13, 1916.

There was a superstition that New
York controlled the presidential elec-
tion. The folks there have now quite
recovered from it.

Sir Sam says he is going into politics.
He is always adding something to the
gayety of life.

The birds who declared that
Sir Sam was positively the great-
est thing Canada has yet pro-

duced will now start in chanting
the divinity of his successor.

The Serbs are sure putting a stir in
Monastir. They are coming back,
We are off to the country, to pursue
the festive rabbit, and hear some
speeches. Pardon our abrupt leaving.

It is stated that 5,000 hotel cooks in
New York will go on strike. Hope so.
Probably the folks will then be able to
get something good to eat at a regular
rate.

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This is the Reason it must be BOVRIL

Bovril is the food proved by
independent scientific investigation,
carried out by some of the best-
known physiologists of the day,
to have a Body-Building Power
of from 10 to 20 times the
amount taken.



It takes a joint of Beef
to make a Bottle of
BOVRIL

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We have made special arrange-
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England, half a dozen (6) 4-oz.
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Bovril post free to any Canadian

Soldier in England or with the Ex-
peditionary Forces.
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and cheap way of sending Bovril
to your friends.

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