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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.
London, Ont., Wednesday, Jan. 31.

QUICK ACTION NEEDED.

WITHIN the next three or four months some 12,000 disabled or medically unfit soldiers are expected back in Ontario, and what has been done in preparation for the reception of these men is likely to prove quite inadequate unless the Government at Toronto acts with something more than its usual speed and wisdom.

There are going to be many hospital cases among these 12,000, and where to place them is going to be a problem. London has made application for the location of additional military hospitals here, and a delegation sent to Toronto was received by Premier Hurst and his request promised "most sympathetic consideration," or, what ever the usual words of dismissal from the august presence. Sites have been mentioned as available, and it has been taken for granted, more or less, that hospitals would be built here, but where is the ACTION?

If these men are to be brought in at the rate of 3,000 or 4,000 a month, beginning at once, it is time building was begun; time it was well under way. It will be little use if the sick and wounded can only be met with promises of what is to be done; they require immediate attention, and comfortable quarters, with skilled nursing.

Let the Government turn aside from discussion of what places have the most claim to consideration as locating points, and consider only the rights of the wounded. Then the suitable places which can get ready in the limited time will be chosen and petty bickerings as to the political wisdom of locating here or there will cease. Preparedness for this influx of good Canadians, who have offered their life for their Empire and now need a little in return, is essential, immediately.

CRIMES AND PUNISHMENT.

WITHOUT knowing all the facts in the case, it would be wrong to criticize the sentence of fourteen years in penitentiary imposed, in Montreal, on a man for having stolen a pair of boots, but on the face of it the punishment seems absurdly severe. It is stated in the dispatch that this man had already served 29 terms in jail in the last fifteen years, and in this fact, perhaps, lies the cause for the heavy penalty.

But, presuming the former offences did influence the judge, is there not a saner way of dealing with the case? By his theft of the boots after having served so many sentences, this man proves that imprisonment has no terrors for him and that incarceration absolutely fails to teach the lesson for which it is intended, so far as he is concerned. What use is there, then, in repeating the ineffectual dose?

For fourteen years the public must bear the expense of maintaining the convict, because he stole a pair of boots valued at a few dollars! Today, the people who changed sheep-stealers in the country are regarded with pitying contempt as barbarians, but has the world really advanced so very much?

It is to be feared that, on occasions, judges let their feelings run away with them, and overcome that calm, judicial frame of mind so desirable in an occupant of the bench. They wield a power for good or evil, and the judge who uses it for the former and avoids using it for the latter, is the one really worthy of his trust.

Science has shown that crime is frequently a disease, which may be cured in many cases, by an operation. It is not impossible that an examination by skillful doctors might lay bare the fact that a slight pressure on the brain or some similar disorder was at the root of the Montreal man's actions. If it does, an operation would probably remove it for ever and there would be no need to shut him up for fourteen years. Is it not time that such an examination was required by law when the prisoner is found to be a chronic offender?

LIFE OF SIR CHARLES TUPPER.

THE LIFE OF Sir Charles Tupper by J. W. Longley, published by Morang, Limited, is another contribution to that remarkable historical series, the Makers of Canada. Judge Longley was a close friend and admirer of Sir Charles and often questioned him about various matters while writing his life. In this connection with the fact that the biographer had a thorough knowledge of the public affairs of Nova Scotia, in which the life of Tupper was wrapped up, gives the writer decided authority in his work. It is also noteworthy that the author had already contributed to this series, the life of Joseph Howe, Tupper's great political rival. This shows his versatility and justice of thought.

The volume is brimful of historical happenings, but not to the exclusion of Tupper, whose life might be described as brimful of history-making events. It is the story of the Conservative party at the time of confederation and after, until Tupper's

premiership came to an end. Amid it all, Tupper is portrayed as the impelling force, without whose presence much would have failed. Perhaps too much credit is given to Tupper by his enthusiastic biographer, but if he has exaggerated in some places his exaggeration does not call forth resentment, but rather sympathy, so closely has he wound his life about the hearts of his readers.

The intimate friendship between Sir Charles Tupper and Sir John A. Macdonald is emphasized, but here Tupper is the hero, the man in whom Sir John reposed all his confidence, and from whom he derived his inspiration. There is also prominence given to the political campaigns, of which Tupper's life was so full, and into which he entered with the keenest of pleasure. The character of the man is well drawn, being brought out skillfully in connection with his work.

Tupper's life is a valuable addition to Canadian historical literature, and is a fitting memorial to the man who did so much towards the making of Canadian history.

SYSTEM IN GERMANY.

ALTHOUGH German militarism is of itself abhorrent to the world today, that which made the German militarism campaign possible, that which has been the lesson of the German professor, instilled into the minds of the German student, for half a century, that mighty striving after system, might well be emulated by the lesser nations of modern civilization. It is not right that system should be deflected with hand pointing in the direction of world power, but system apart, system made use of to obviate the possibility of unnecessary disputes in commercial and political life, would prove a blessing rather than a curse.

In Germany system has brought about the union of finance and invention. Scientists find great difficulty in disposing of their inventions in America and in most European countries. The bankers with whom they come in contact are slow to finance, where they are not sure of success, and as mere bankers they are unable to gauge possibilities of an invention. In Germany, however, there are scientists in connection with the banking houses, chemists, physicists and so on. In this way German bankers have expert advice in regard to the advisability of buying, and that is largely why Germany has made so many valuable purchases from inventors who received no encouragement in other countries. Germany is by no means the native land of the greatest scientists, but her scientific system, to entire science without her doors.

German railways and German industry work hand in hand. The railways are under Government control, that is, under the control of committees composed of and elected by men engaged in the various industries of the land. Here in Canada there is constantly trouble between the railways and shippers. There everything runs smoothly, for the railways are the shippers. Germany in this way is able to carry an enormous export and import trade, a large part of which is not due to her own industrial merit.

Employers and employees in Germany use every precaution against fire and accident, for the insurance companies are run under the direction of these employers and employees, and every fire or accident takes money from their own pockets. Men are seldom out of work in Germany, for if they have become members of one of the trade guilds they are insured against unemployment by a body of employers, and begin to receive pay when they are unable to secure work. So it is policy for the employers to see that all are employed if possible.

This gives an idea of what German system means when put to good uses. System is a gift which Germany has bestowed on the world. In spite of all the evil that Germany has perpetrated, in spite of her systematized evil, she has taught a haphazard world the great advantage of system.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The ardent friendship which has sprung up between Mr. Borden and Mr. Bourassa continues to grow.

The food controller denies that England is to be put under a ration system. "A few more square meals for John Bull" is what he should have said.

Gradually the Turk is being driven out of Europe. Every Allied victory emphasizes Turkish Orientalism, and proclaims the Turk more exclusively a man of the east.

The German rafter now that it has been seen on northern waters may collapse into a submarine. In fact it would be wise to examine every whale and porpoise along the Atlantic coast. When dealing with the Prussians always be on duty.

The enterprising persons who are considering the proposal to start a Canadian newspaper in England must be optimistic enough to believe in a protracted war, or in an England which has become Canadian enough to appreciate a real Canadian newspaper.

The fact that before the war Germany was importing food to the value of 40 cents per head and that now for two years that supply has been cut off would alone prove that there must be a great shortage of food in that country. In addition to this labor is scarce.

Germany has sworn to try and sink every ship carrying supplies to England. This is an impossibility, but it is not an impossibility for her to sink some or even many of these ships. Therefore it is the duty of the colonies to produce enough so that in the event of loss by sea there will be still a sufficient quantity of food to reach England and the front.



THE ADVERTISER'S DAILY SHORT STORY

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HATS AND FACES.

(By Earl Reed Silvers.)

Estelle Williams played with an ivory paperweight on the mahogany desk of the writing room.

"Harold Smythe is coming to spend the week-end in Glenwood," she informed Dorothy Hunt. "We're going to give a big dance on Saturday evening."

"You are?" Dorothy showed little interest in the person of Harold Smythe. She had heard so much about him since Estelle's visit to Miami that she had formed an unresonable dislike for him. But her opinions counted little in the Williams household; she was only the orphan daughter of the sister of Mrs. Williams.

Two years before her mother and father had died, leaving practically nothing, and since that time Dorothy had lived with the Williams.

It had been hard for her. Of the same age as Estelle, she was as different from her cousin as black is from white. In the first place, she had big blue eyes, which gave a hint of pathos, and which made the men who looked at them want to protect her from some harm which they felt was impending.

She had skin like the softest velvet and cheeks the color of a pink rose petal. Her neck was of snowy whiteness, and her arms would have made a sculptor long to model them.

Estelle's eyes were colorless, although she considered them hazel. Her skin, in spite of frequent applications of the latest modern appliances, refused to be anything but rough; and her voice, although carefully cultivated, betrayed a harshness that could not be concealed. But her father, a millionaire, and her mother had social aspirations.

There were callers aplenty at the Williams homestead, and seldom a month went by that did not see the big white house alight from top to bottom, with young people dancing merrily in the perfectly appointed ballroom. But always Dorothy had been shifted to the background. The one aim and ambition of Mr. and Mrs. Williams was to find a suitable husband for Estelle.

They had met Harold Smythe at Miami, and Harold had casually mentioned the fact that he intended to come East in the summer. An invitation and acceptance had followed, and the time had finally arrived for the much-anticipated visit.

On Friday morning, Estelle, waiting for the big touring car to carry her to the station to meet the guest, found Dorothy sitting on the front porch.

"Do you want to ride to town?" she asked graciously. "I'm going to meet Harold."

"Yes, I would like to go," Dorothy answered, sitting on the front seat of the car, while Estelle sat in the driver's seat. The former wore a sunbonnet of light straw, which had cost 75 cents, and a silver bracelet which was a wedding gift from her father.

They reached the station just as the train was pulling out. Estelle leaped from the car and greeted a good-looking, well-set-up young man who was standing on the platform. She did not bother to introduce Dorothy, and the latter started off for the ride to the Williams mansion. The girl in the front seat could hear them chatting merrily, and she could see certain incidents that had happened at Miami, reviewed, and events that had taken place since that time.

She liked Harold's voice. "Who is the other girl?" she heard him ask eagerly. "Oh, only my cousin," Estelle had answered carelessly. "She lives with us."

Harold, viewing the cheap sunbonnet, and not seeing the face beneath the hat, changed the subject. Dorothy hated, resented, but did not turn around. She was accustomed to such allusions.

When they had reached the house and alighted from the car, however, Estelle paused a moment to introduce the other girl.

"My cousin, Miss Hunt," she said lightly. "Mother will be here in a minute," she added instantly.

The visitor took Dorothy's hand and gazed into her blue eyes. Then he forgot all about his hostess and everything connected with her.

"I didn't know Estelle had a cousin," he gasped. "Will you be here for the week-end?"

"Yes," The lady addressed smiled at his evident confusion. "Why weren't you down to Miami?" he asked.

"I couldn't get down this winter," she evaded. "I stayed home to help look after the house."

Harold turned to Estelle, who was watching with anxious eyes. "I think that I shall have a wonderful time," he announced. "Things are just fine here." His eyes returned to Dorothy.

Mrs. Williams came forth and met Harold. When the guest had been shown to his room, Estelle called her mother to one side and talked earnestly in guarded tones. Dorothy saw Mrs. Williams nod her head decisively, and then Harold appeared again.

Estelle suggested, "I will show you around."

"That will be fine," He turned to Dorothy. "You're coming, too, aren't you?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I'm too busy," Estelle interposed. "She's sort of a housekeeper here," she added cruelly. "Dorothy's eyes flashed angrily.

"I haven't anything to do," she said rather defiantly. "I'd love to go."

For the remainder of the morning they explored the beautiful estate. But it proved to be a rather trying time for Estelle. Try as she might, she could not secure the visitor's attention. When she reminded him of the beauties of the Italian gardens, he looked at Dorothy's sunbonnet; when she told him of the depth of the shaded lake, he looked into the depths of Dorothy's eyes.

So as they returned to the house, Estelle held a brief consultation with her mother, and at length Mrs. Williams made an announcement.

"The painters are fixing the cottage at Avon," she said to Dorothy, "and I believe that we ought to have someone there to look over the work. So you will go to the shore this afternoon and stay until Monday."

Dorothy nodded; she saw instantly the plan to get rid of her, but she was helpless. So at 2 o'clock she started for the shore.

Then something happened. Just one hour later Harold telephoned to New York, leaving the phone with a most dejected look. He went directly to Mrs. Williams.

"I'm very sorry," he said, "but it will be absolutely necessary for me to go to New York this afternoon. I have just been talking to my father."

"That's all right," he said in vain; and the big touring car took him to the station in time for the 4 o'clock train. While Estelle waited outside, he made his way to the ticket office.

"Give me a single trip ticket to Avon," he said.

Returning to the platform he bade Estelle good-bye with a happy light in his eyes.

We suppose that the men who are paid for cleaning the streets these days get their money from the "slush fund." Farewell!

There's an amusing billiard player in the United States, but what we really are waiting for is a speechless alderman. Can't be done.

When the thaw happened on Monday, a Windsor man, slightly the worse of red eyes, stood at the corner of Richmond and Dundas streets for quite a period. A policeman spied him, and asked what he was doing. "I'm waiting for the last boat," he said. "It leaves from the next corner," declared the policeman as he came along. It's wonderful how water goes to the head.

We're all up in the air about that dog-gone aeroplane factory. Let us pass.

Several boats were quickly launched and filled with scores of men, which were engulfed in the vortex of the sinking steamer. For a time the sea was dotted with struggling men, some of whom were taken into other boats and saved. The remainder could not be rescued.

A half gale was blowing and the weather was intensely dark. Most of the rescued men were only half clad and all of them, especially those who were injured by the explosion, suffered. The greater number of the men they received succor from fishing boats, which also searched long and as thoroughly as possible for survivors in the water and then made for the nearest town, where the sufferers were housed.

This was at a small place, and its few resources limited. Telegrams brought doctors and supplies from a nearby city. About fifty men on board the steamer were wounded, none of them seriously. Several bodies drifted ashore.

Another account of the disaster says that a vain attempt was made to save the ship. The wireless on board the vessel was destroyed by the explosion, but in response to rockets sent up a number of mine-sweepers hastened to assistance. Before twenty miles distant it was a long time before the castaways were rescued. The boats had fared burning, some of the men became entrapped before the mine sweepers arrived, and therefore the boats drifted for a long time in the cold and darkness. One of the boats was not found until seven hours after the Laurentic sank.

HON. A. DE BLAQUIERE DROWNED. MONTREAL, Jan. 30.—Lieut. the Hon. Alan B. De Blaquiere, son of Lord and Lady De Blaquiere, formerly of Montreal, and now of Bath, England, was drowned when M. S. Laurentic was sunk on January 25, according to notification received by Madame George N. Desbarrats, 35 Durocher street, his grandmother, and E. Desbarrats of the Desbarrats Advertising Agency, Limited, his uncle.

WILSON'S SUGGESTIONS ACKNOWLEDGED BY BERLIN. Ideas May Be Made Subject of Further Comment.

BERLIN, via London, Jan. 30.—The Lokai Anzeiger says it understands that the cost and gas supplies of the Reich in a dispatch to Washington the receipt of President Wilson's address to the Senate with regard to peace.

Whether in addition to the message the ideas developed by President Wilson are to be made the subject of further comment or discussion will be made known shortly, says the paper.

SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN PINCHED FOR FUEL. People of Kiel and Larger Towns Warned to Economize.

COPENHAGEN, via London, Jan. 31.—According to the Schleswiger Nachrichten the cost and gas supplies of the province of Schleswig-Holstein is becoming exceedingly scarce. The largest towns, including Kiel, have issued warnings to the public to save to the utmost possible and retire before 9 o'clock. It is expected that street lighting will be completely suspended in a number of towns in February.

BRITAIN HAS DUPLICATED GERMANY'S DANGER ZONE. AMSTERDAM, via London, Jan. 30.—The Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant says it learns from official sources that the zone England has declared dangerous, and of which it has already informed the Dutch Government, is actually, virtually coincides with the zone Germany notified Holland at the beginning of 1915 she would take military measures in, namely, the area within a radius of 100 sea miles, having Heligoland as its centre.

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150 AIRPLANES NEEDED

Five Aerial Squadrons, With 30 Airplanes Each, to Train.

[Special To The Advertiser.] TORONTO, Jan. 30.—A contract was signed today for the establishment at Camp Borden of an aviation school and plant to cost three million dollars. The contract was awarded to Bate McMahon Company of Ottawa, and the plant will be built by Colonel Bob Low, their representative who had charge of the establishment of the Camp Borden, Valcartier and other concentration camps in various parts of the Dominion.

The contract was signed on behalf of the Imperial munitions board by Frank W. Bate, general manager of Canadian Aeroplanes Ltd., which is a Government concern. There will be five aerial squadrons with 30 aeroplanes in each squadron, and all of the aviators to man these aeroplanes will be trained at Camp Borden. The Royal Flying Corps was represented at today's completion of the contract. Within a few minutes after signing the contract on behalf of the Bate McMahon Company he wired Ottawa for the necessary equipment required in the construction work. Frank W. Bate is formerly manager of the Canadian Cartridge Company, Hamilton, Ont., which gave the Government \$750,000 representing that company's profits on war orders.

Several women in their speeches during President Wilson's efforts to bring about peace, and a resolution was adopted in which the women of the belligerent states were urged to tell the world that they desire a cessation of the hostilities.

WOULD PROTECT HYDRO FROM PRIVATE COMPANY. TORONTO, Jan. 30.—At a meeting of the executive of the Ontario Municipal Electric Association today, at which Mayor Church, the president, W. K. Sanderson, vice-president, of St. Thomas, T. J. Hannigan, secretary, of Guelph, and P. E. Yates, of St. Catharines, were present, a unanimous resolution was passed urging the provincial government to apply to Ottawa for legislation to protect the municipalities from invasion by the Toronto-Niagara Power Company.

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