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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, October 4.

MORE AUSTRALIAN SHIPS.

THE SHIPS OF Australia's navy have been keeping up their signal service in the war. Not only has the original navy done its fair share in maintaining British traditions on the water (see German cruiser Emden), but at the present time the Australian people are adding to their navy. New war vessels are being constructed and manned in AUSTRALIA. If the great test comes, Australia will have a larger home-made, home-manned, colonial fleet to stand up beside the grand fleet and do its bit.

Canada might have been in the same position but for the narrow and bitterly partisan stand taken by the present government, a government which, while it professed loyalty, had brought the "nefarious" Bourassa to its colors by promising that nothing should offend Quebec. Well knowing that the Liberal element in Canada, whether found in Senate or elsewhere, would not submit to the tearing down of the fine naval structure for which the foundations had been laid by Laurier, and for which splendid young Canadians were in training, the Conservatives launched their contribution policy. That was Bourassa's return for services rendered. Another added payment has been the appointment to positions of trust of Bourassa's close friends, brother Nationalists and lieutenants. Today Bourassa strikes at Laurier as the foe to his nationalism. He knows that he has Borden "where he wants him," tied in the net of the 1911 compromise. Bourassa knows too much for Borden, and he dictates to Borden how Quebec shall be conducted by the Conservative party.

No one intimates the premier is disloyal. He is "spineless," however. Every day new proof comes to the people. They await his decision as to Sir Sam Hughes at the present time. Will he rebuke the man because of whose friendship a "foxy" promoter was able to secure a vast sum of money, and who was thrown out of the Canadian army because of the friendship bestowed by Canada's minister of militia? Forced by the good men of his own party to cast out the villain in the piece, the premier is faced with the greater duty of relieving the country of the Hughes incubus. He must also strike down the serpent of Bourassism in Quebec. He permits a Canadian editor to be jailed for seditious statements in a province where his statements can bring him only the most severe censure, while in Quebec, where such treason as Bourassa broods has an effect, this raving lunatic against justice and right for smaller nations, to be found the atmosphere with protected disloyalty. It is on the same plane with the barring of British labor papers from Canada, and the free entrance of the Heazlet German papers.

Bourassa was the master of the naval situation. He exhibited his cunning at that time, and today he sows the seeds of discord without a word to check him. The reason he continues to do so is that the premier dare not check him. That is why Australia stands supreme among the colonies for her naval service. That is why Australian cruisers convey our soldiers to Europe, and protect our shores. That is why Quebec's services has been shamed in the sight of the world.

SWEDISH NEUTRALITY.

SWEDEN'S CONCEPTION of impartial neutrality does not meet with the approval of the Entente Allies, and it is little wonder when that "neutrality" consists in part of allowing German submarines to prowler her territorial waters at will, because Germany has some "merchant" submarines, while any other undersea craft is to be attacked at sight. Her other offense is that she has closed the Baltic to allied vessels, while throwing open a protected route to the Germans.

In replying to protests against these measures, the Swedish Government is barely courteous, and assumes an attitude of lofty independence which her position does not justify.

However, the first difficulty is easily removed without resort to force or even diplomacy. Britain can build one or two merchant submarines and make a trip which will then put her on the same footing as Germany and entitle her to the same privileges.

The Baltic Sea route is a more difficult problem, and it may be that Sweden will have to be shown that her command of the Baltic, unviciously abused, leads her into grave troubles in other waters. Her import and export trade is largely carried on under allied sanction, and may be considerably curtailed, without any illegal acts, by the Allies. She cannot be allowed to act as Germany's ally without incurring the enmity of the Entente.

Sweden's hatred of Russia is well known. Any partiality shown the Teuton side is not caused by friendship for the central powers, but by this hate of

one of the allies. Yet Sweden will surely not commit national suicide by deliberately inviting trouble with Britain and France.

GIVE US NAMES.

WHEN "MIKE" O'LEARY wiped out a German machine gun crew and earned the Victoria Cross, his name stood forth in every newspaper, and no secret was made of his identity. Why then does Canada's official eyewitness fail to disclose the name of the Eastern Ontario corporal who is credited with annihilating a party of 22 armed Germans? If Sir Max Aitken knows the story to be true, he surely knows the name, and Canadians are anxious to share the knowledge.

There is a vagueness about the eyewitness' dispatches which is tantalizing and, apparently, unnecessary. It cannot be that the desire is to keep away from the enemy all clues to the battalions engaged, for the publication of the hero's name would tell no more than the names of casualties.

Canada looks to its eyewitness to give a history of her soldiers' part in the great struggle which is authoritative and as reliable as the British official reports. She wants no fanciful tales invented by him, other correspondents providing these in plenty. But when he has something remarkable to tell, something which all other correspondents have missed, she does want all possible details. She has waited long for his account of the Corcoran fight, and it must be admitted it is rather disappointing.

LOOSENING UP.

LONDON, a city of 60,000 souls, has subscribed at least one million and a half of the Canadian war loan. But before the Canadian war loan was announced the same population had taken up probably two millions of the Anglo-French bonds. One firm has stated to The Advertiser that in the district it has disposed of one million and a half dollars worth of Anglo-French bonds, and as a basis for calculation this would indicate the total suggested, assuming that other financial concerns were also in the competition.

This is simply wonderful. A community that has given of its resources with a free hand since the war began in such a manner as to surprise itself, has faced heavy taxation both of property and income, has had to bear up under the most heavy cost of living ever known, is yet able to invest for patriotism and profit millions that few people could conceive of.

The great benefit is the "loosening up" that the war has caused. Money has been made to flow where it was for years stagnant. After-war enterprises are certain to benefit, and London, long chary on investment in home industries, will adopt a policy that will mean certain advancement. The city is discovering its consciousness, just as the nation is, and when the "Advance" is sounded there will be more inspired dollars at work than ever before.

A DISTURBING REPORT.

KENT COUNTY police are said to be investigating a report made by a lady that she heard three Detroit Germans on a train between Chatham and Windsor, discussing a plot to destroy three Canadian canning factories in the county. The men are said to have talked in German, a language understood by the lady.

Whether such a plot exists or the lady was mistaken in the interpretation of the conversation she heard are questions still to be cleared up, but how comes it that three aliens can converse in German on a train in Canada and still escape arrest?

Did the lady point out the suspected ones to the police on arrival at Chatham? Was any attempt made to detain the men until an inquiry could be held? Or, were they simply allowed to proceed on their way?

These are questions to which answers should be forthcoming. Residents of neighboring counties strongly suspect that the mysterious burning of barns is to be attributed to enemy activities, and do not hesitate to express their suspicions. Surely it is worth while to maintain a very strict supervision of all foreigners moving about in border localities.

In any of the countries at war, strangers speaking an enemy language openly could not travel a mile without arrest. Canada has equal need to be careful.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Greek cabinets get no chance to become office-work and state.

The Huns are using naval men on the Somme front, having no use for them in their proper places.

Germans are expecting an attack on the Belgian coast, but won't be disappointed if it does not come.

Bandits are threatening Vera Cruz. The United States had better keep on with its preparedness program.

President Wilson is to get Henry Ford's moral support, but not his financial. Henry seems to be more careful about risking the latter.

"Pervy civilized nation is morally forced to protest against the violation of Belgium."—Roosevelt. Does Candidate Hughes echo this sentiment?

Toronto magistrates have taken to sending intoxicated automobile drivers to jail for a week, which will rid the people of a danger for seven days anyway.

Monday was von Hindenburg's birthday, and the allied presents to him were: an advance by British and French on the Somme; a Russian advance toward Lemberg; a British and Serbian advance in Macedonia; and the invasion of Bulgaria by the Rumanians. Generosity there.

About This Time of Year Suburbanites Are Doing Everything They Can to Keep the Cook From Going Back to Town

BY FONTAINE FOX.



WAIT A MINUTE!
—By J. H. F.

Fashion notes say that women's hats will have next to nothing on them, and some next to nothing in them. The price will be about the same, however.

A writer has learned that a woman can have a bank account. If the girl did not have the facility of looking after a bank account, a lot of birds would be without clothes.

The Italian Government recently seized 10,000,000 eggs stored by speculators. Other governments might do the same, and it would be quite a humanitarian trick.

Oil can be extracted from sea weed, but that does not reduce the price of gasoline one cent.

Having learned that the submarine Bremen is in about 4,887 different locations, we have come to the conclusion that the vessel must be some huster, to say the least of it.

An old man, a very respectable chap he is too, a good friend, wires this, and we want to say that our friendship is suffering an awful strain just now—That was not corporal punishment of which Colonel Graham was guilty, he says, but sergeant punishment. And yet they hang for murder.

We have heard of the seven wise men of Greece, but after looking the list over very carefully we cannot find the name of King Constantine.

Preserving eggs is easy, we read, but keeping them from blowing up in the peaceful precincts of the home is not so easy.

We don't know why anybody would go to see "A Pair of Silk Stockings" when there are so many on parade every afternoon.

Probably the best way for President Wilson to get a good licking is to take the advice of a lot of campaign managers on this side of the border.

Judge Hughes is going to the world's series. He probably wants to see how it looks to be a regular hero.

After Monday night's session of the city council, we think the aldermen should discuss, "Do angels weep?" Everybody else does.

We hope that no person will announce that the killing of those Detroit people was a judgment for attending Billy Sunday's meeting.

Our judgment is that the only person who can talk an alderman to death is another alderman.

Our idea of a poor business outlook is to own any kind of a license to sell liquor in the province of Ontario.

You have got to hand it to Sir Max Aitken. Capturing or killing a score of Germans is a moral clinch for a Canuck. First thing we know one of the Westerners will walk behind the German lines, grab the Kaiser and his staff, and parade them back to the British headquarters.

The grave diggers have won a strike in New York. They buried the bosses, we presume.

Where are the persons who predicted that the war would be over this fall? It will be a few days yet before the Huns are properly whipped, and it's coming.

A rule, 1,000 years old has been found in Colorado, but on investigation it was found not to be Bill Bryan.

It looks as if the prohibition wave will be a good thing for the London and Port Stanley. There will be fewer soused persons to throw off.

"Oh, no, I'm not, Will. But you're always so good-natured and you don't seem to understand. I'm worn out, I guess, and I can't help it, but I'm tired of being poor."

A shadow crossed his face. "So am I, dear! It is tough I lost that money on Petrolina. I thought you could get some things if we cleared up a dividend." He fished in his pocket for a letter. "I found this in the mail box. It's from Tompkins. Wants more money, I suppose, but I'm going to tell him to let the old stuff go. I've sent too much good money after bad."

He slit the envelope and read rapidly. Lillian, watching his face, saw him change expression.

"What is it?" she cried.

"Petrolina's taken a turn. We've cleared up \$10,000, mumsy! That's a pretty good start on the right road, eh?"

"Will! I—I can't believe it!"

"Read it for yourself!"

Traction Company

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September 17

To St. Thomas and Port Stanley—
7:30 a.m., *9:30, *11:30, *1:30 p.m., *3:30, *5:30, *7:30, *9:15 p.m.
To Toronto, *4:30 To St. Thomas, 6:15 p.m. and 11:15 p.m.
Sunday cars marked with a star.

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EFFECTIVE OCTOBER 1.
To Port Stanley: 6:20, 8:20, 10:20 a.m., 1:20, 3:20, 5:20, 7:20, 9:20 p.m.
To St. Thomas: *6:20, *8:20, 7:30, 8:20, 9:20, 10:20, 11:20 a.m., 12:20, 1:20, 2:30, 3:20, 4:20, 5:20, 6:20, 7:20, 8:20, 9:20, 10:20, *11:20 p.m.
Heavy type denotes no local stops between London and St. Thomas.
*Daily, except Sunday. tf

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MONTREAL TO BRISTOL

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From Bristol. From Montreal.
SEPT. 26 ... FELTRIA ... OCT. 17
Oct. 3 ... Felia ... Oct. 24
CABIN PASSENGERS ONLY.

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"Husbands and cooks, husbands and cooks," she said. "When a girl marries she loses her looks."

The victrola next door called the sentiment of the window just as Lillian Farrell tied a checked apron over her afternoon dress and started downstairs for the kitchen. She had come home from a party and there was no time to change. William would be home soon with his dinner.

"That's as true as the Bible," she agreed, for things had gone wrong all day and instead of the bridge game soothing her ruffled spirits it had made things worse. She had always envied Madeline Dempster her well-ordered house, clothes and servants, but she had gone prepared to ignore the difference in their circumstances and to have a good time.

"The girls are always nice to me anyway, even if I do wear last season's clothes, so I'll be reasonable and forget my troubles," she resolved.

But almost every one there had a new dress, rich new satin or silk, city made. Instantly, she had felt frumpy. Her dark blue robe, made at home to begin with, had never done anything to her. She had answered a purpose. She knew it lacked dash and made her look old—because it was made too young for her. And looking around the room at the carefully massaged faces, powdered hands that bore burdens of gems, she felt that every line in her face was an inch deep, her hair thin and badly done, and her hands red and raw from dishwashing. They seemed to protrude ignominiously from sleeves that had always been an inch too short.

So her resolve had been short-lived. It had been impossible to keep a brave front when every fibre in her was protesting at her lot. She complained of a headache, played badly and left as early as she could.

She went down to the kitchen with the victrola screaming after her, "Husbands and cooks, husbands and cooks," and she lost her looks.

"Not a woman there had to go home and get her own dinner! It doesn't seem fair. William doesn't seem to realize that he is 35 and should have made some money by this time. He's as happy as a pig in a summer day, in spite of the fact that his one and only venture in stocks has cleaned him out of almost every cent he had—all we've worked for and saved since we were married. Men make me tired!"

She banged the kettle of potatoes on the stove, lit the broiler for the steak and fixed some cheese balls for salad.

"I hate this old kitchen. I hate this old house, and my old clothes, and I hate—William! Yes, I do. He's getting fat and bald and he never keeps his trousers creased any more, they're always bagging at the knee, and he doesn't do anything but read the paper or go to sleep in his chair, and he never seems to think I need a thing. Yes, I hate, hate, hate him! There he is now!"

The front door shut and William called back, "Hello mumsy. I had never had any children, but he had adopted the pet name long ago.

"Hello," she answered dully, clearing the coffee, with cold water.

He came to the door. "Any news?"

"No," she didn't look up.

He crossed the kitchen and kissed her on the cheek.

"Were you out, hon?"

"Yes."

"To the bridge party?"

"Yes."

"Have a good time?"

"No."

"No? What's the matter, girlie—one of your headaches again?"

"A little bit."

"Too bad. You'll feel better maybe when you get your dinner. Let the dishes go."

"That's no help. They have to be done in the morning."

"That's so. Well, dear, I'm sorry. If things are ready I'll wash up and be down in a jiffy."

As he took his good-natured bulk out of the kitchen Lillian wiped an indignant tear from the corner of her eye and began "lifting" the dinner. It doesn't do any good to tell him I'm tired of being poor. He never seems to understand anyway. As long as he

She took the letter with shaking fingers. William went around and bent over her chair. "Now you can have all the pretty things you want. I'm just going to give it all to you and let you get everything your poor little heart has been craving."

"And you too, Will. Think of the things you can get!"

"Me? Oh, I don't need anything. I've got you, mumsy. I'm satisfied!"

DUCKWORTH SENTENCED.

ORANGEVILLE, Oct. 3.—Twenty

years in Kingston penitentiary was the sentence imposed at the assizes this afternoon by Chief Justice Falconbridge on Thomas Duckworth, who pleaded guilty to manslaughter in connection with the death of his brother-in-law, Harry Strutt, near Grand Valley, on Nov. 2 last.

COULDN'T BE RUDE.

"Are you in love with young Smith?"

"In love? I despise him!"

"But I saw him kiss you good-night."

"Oh, I couldn't be rude."



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Shoe Polishes
Are easy to use—just apply the paste and rub. Liquid is not necessary. They produce a brilliant lasting shine and are adapted for use by all the family—children as well as grown ups. No acid—will not crack the leather.

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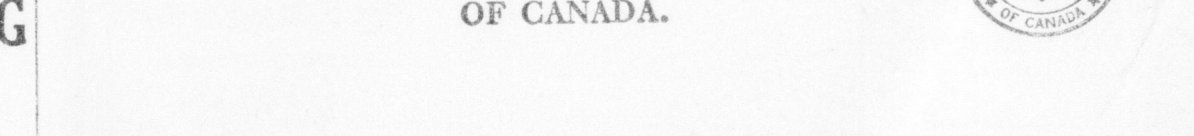
WOULD you call on a busy man at his office, send in your card, and then, when he had indicated that he could see you, keep him waiting while you finished reading an article in a magazine in his outer office?

It is just as important when you telephone that you be ready to talk when your party answers!

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A prompt and courteous greeting at the telephone helps to smooth the way for a successful conversation.

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Don't let it spoil your life. Don't let it ruin your chances.

Consider This.
Dyspepsia means that your stomach has lost tone and cannot properly deal with food. If you take digestives such as pepsin, you don't help your stomach; you only enable it to shirk its work. It will go on shirking. Stimulants on the other hand, whip up the digestive organs and end by exhausting them. You can't cure yourself that way.

Real cure consists in strengthening the digestive organs, and that you do when you take Dr. Cassell's Tablets. These Tablets (the most popular of all British remedies) restore the digestive organs by increasing the vital force of the system. Their power to increase vitality is phenomenal. That is why they are so sure, not only in dyspepsia but in all run-down conditions. Try them and see. You will be astonished at their efficacy.

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