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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Monday, April 23.

THE FLAG.

WE WONDER how many who daily look upon "the meteor flag of England," floating on public buildings, an emblem of freedom and unity, know much about how it came into being through the length of centuries. The "Union Jack" of ours always comes into the greatest evidence somehow, when

"Bastard freedom waves
Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves,"
and, after the "fustian flag" of a "bastard freedom" has been supplanted by itself, men seem to forget. This, we suppose, is only to be expected of a race not given over-much to great display, flag-waving or hysterical nonsense of that sort. We know, nevertheless, that:

"Never the lotos closes, never the wild-fowl wake,
But a soul goes out on the east wind that died
for England's sake—
Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or maid—
Because on the bones of the English the English flag is stayed."

The history of this wonderful flag contains within its folds the separate histories of the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick. The cross of St. George has been the national emblem of England "since 1194, after the third great crusade, when the troops of Richard Coeur de Lion won a gallant victory near the grotto, where the great Christian hero, St. George, redeemed the king's daughter out of the jaws of a dreadful dragon." Another story has it that "the wearied soldiers at the siege of Antioch, suddenly saw a company of heavenly soldiers descend from the mountains to succor them, St. George being one of the leaders." This emblem of St. George, a Greek cross of the national color red, has been that of England ever since.

The cross of St. Andrew, the national emblem of Scotland, is older yet. "According to tradition, the saint, deeming it far too great an honor to be crucified as was his Lord, gained from his persecutors the concession to this variation, namely, a saltire instead of a Latin cross. After his martyrdom his remains were preserved as relics, and a Greek monk, having been warned in a vision to carry these away in a ship, was wrecked on the shores of Caedonia—Scotland—about A. D. 370. Here he was given land on which to build a church to enshrine the relics. It was to this church, the legend says, after a great victory, that Achaicus, King of the Scots, went barefoot and vowed to accept the saint's cross as the national emblem, A. D. 987."

It is not quite clear how the saltire cross of red on the Irish emblem became associated with St. Patrick. There are legends, of course, dating back as far as 411. In all probability the cross was derived from the sacred monogram of Constantine the Great, where the X or chi is the initial letter of the Greek for Christ. Under this emperor the Christians were rescued from persecution in Britain and, in all probability became associated with St. Patrick owing to his labors in Ireland.

A concise, illustrated story of our flag has been written by Charles P. Band and Emilie L. Stovel, and issued from the publishing house of "The Munson Book Co., Limited." It would be money well spent to buy this little book and learn something more about

"The meteor flag of England" which
"Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of Peace return."

GERMANY WONDERING.

VILE THOUGH the German people have proved themselves in this war, and impossible as it is to find excuses for their treatment of prisoners, wounded and unwounded, it may yet be said of them that they have been deceived as to the cause and purpose of the war Germany is waging, and that, possibly, great masses of them believe, as Wilhelm tells them, that they are struggling against national extermination.

A young German officer captured by the British at Villers-Bretonneux, when asked as to what he thought was the reason for the whole civilized world being opposed to his country, replied: "That is what we should like to know," and added that his people now were giving much thought to that very question and others of similar nature.

If Canada suddenly found herself at war with the United States, by declaration of her Government, and if she were told, authoritatively, that an attack had been made on the Dominion by American forces and that only the united effort of the nation could stave off defeat and annexation, her people would rise and fight to the death. If, again, by reason of the suppression or distortion of all news from across the line, they were prevented from discovering that their own Government was entirely to blame and that the United States had only fought to protect herself, they would keep up the struggle; but what a change would take place when the truth became known! Just as soon as the deception was laid bare, the nation's wrath would turn upon its own government and it would be wiped out of existence.

It is not too optimistic to hope that something of this kind may occur in Germany. The very bestiality and brutality shown by the people are a threat of the fearful danger the Prussian Government faces. If the masses of Germany are really deceived by the words of their kaiser, chancellor and militarists, and are beginning only now to question their truth, there is hope, and the

more thorough the deception has been the more bitter and revengeful will be the fruits of awakening.

BOMBARDMENT.

IF YOU DON'T like the way the affairs of YOUR country are conducted, write YOUR protest to YOUR member of Parliament. He is supposed to represent YOU. See to it that he represents no one else.

A WORD FOR MR. GLASS.

THE ADVERTISER feels impelled to acknowledge the independent spirit shown by S. Frank Glass, M. P. for East Middlesex, in making a strong protest to the Government over the recent cancellation of all exemptions.

When, during the election campaign, Mr. Glass practically promised the farmers of his constituency that their sons would be exempted, The Advertiser was not slow to criticize him for this stand. He had no business to make such promises, but he made them, as did the famous Oliver Hezlewood. Mr. Hezlewood has disappeared from the political theatre. Mr. Glass is still the central figure, at least to his own farmer constituents, to whom he made his veritable promises.

Their boys must go to the front, exemption or no exemption. This, they are told, is because the great smash has come, the great smash for which conscription was required, and which demanded men quite as much, if not more quickly at election time than now. Then there was the chance to get men in the harness of war for the fight. Today the immediate chance has gone. But they had their "scraps of paper" from Mr. Glass, and though his fellow-members may cry expediency, he asks, in effect, why so expedient now, when another kind of expediency—straight party expediency—was the great thing before last December 17?

Mr. Glass does not protest as an Opposition member might. But he uses strong words, condemning the Government for breaking its word and condemning them for taking men whom they have vowed were needed to produce food. Mr. Glass sees his trust in the Government shattered, just as his promises to the farmers have been shattered. We are glad to see that he had the courage to show that if it is not now political trickery that calls the farmers' sons, it was political trickery which granted them fake exemptions last December.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Another "registration" or two should surely win the war.

Hold your horses, gentlemen! The new street cars are coming.

With all his faults, the kaiser is the greatest salesman of Allied securities on earth.

Winter has passed, but a few "snowbirds" may be seen on Dundas street almost any time.

What has become of the o. f. gentleman who used to boast of buying a buffalo robe for \$6?

"They shall not pass." "We must not fail." Gompers' message is on a level with the French declaration.

Sir Collingwood Schreiber left only \$100,000. What did they mean by knighting a man with that paltry pile?

Wealth is not to be considered as an excuse for unemployment, which removes some of the attractiveness of money.

Someone kindly page Mr. Oliver Hezlewood. A lot of Western Ontario farmers would like to meet him on the old swamp road.

Some hints must have reached the Lord Mayor of Dublin as to American opinion, as he has decided not to take his trip across the Atlantic.

Not a dozen people in London know the identity of Cynthia Grey, but a good many score of lonely soldiers overseas will never forget the name.

Some men deserve the V. C. for valor at the front, and then there is the hero who dares to come home to dinner during the housecleaning season.

Holland is tottering on that well-known verge of war, and probabilities are that she will follow the almost-universal example and fall into the maelstrom.

A woman speaker bemoans the fact that "Canada has no great men." Tut, madame, likewise fish! There are hundreds of them—we have heard it from their own lips.

If Gen. Schulze is telling the truth when he says Germany's losses have been only 2,000,000 men, there must be a lot of Germans under sod and in hospitals who should be fighting.

It's beginning to dawn! S. F. Glass, M. P., correctly sizes up the Government's position regarding greater production when he says: "This standing around is not worth a tinker's damn. What we want is action and not promises."

Do they suffer? Good God! Take a knife and rip your hand, or sear your arm with white-hot lead! Tear off some flesh and bare the nerves. Or rip a blade right through your vitals. Do they suffer? Oh, idle question! Go get a nurse and doctor for your stomach ache!

A BUG HOUSE STORY.

"The way Germany prepared for a generation for this war was positively uncanny," said a congressman. "Yes, Germany's forty years of minute war preparation is as uncanny as the story of the potato bugs."

"On autumn evening a group of Minnesota farmers sat around the fire in the general store and complained of the potato bugs' ravages."

"The pests ate my whole potato crop in two weeks," said one farmer.

"They ate my crop in two days," said a second farmer, "and then they roosted on the trees to see if I'd plant more."

"A drummer for a seed house cleared his throat. 'Gentle,' he said, 'all that's very remarkable. Let me tell you though, what I saw in our own store. I saw a couple of potato bugs examining the books about a week before planting time to see who had bought seed.'"

TOO MANY ENCORES.

"Dar ain' much encouragement," said Uncle Eben, "in forgivin' an enemy who starts stumpin' else every time you forgive 'em."

THE EVER-PRESENT SHADOW.

The bride and groom received congratulations standing in the shadow of a large wedding "bill." Of course, the society reporter wrote "bill," but the composer unwittingly stated the cold truth.

Bits of Buyluk

Copyright, 1917.

Marriage.
"You're married now," said Uncle Bill.
"And you'll obey a woman's don't."
"You're up against a woman's will,
And up against a woman's won't."

Strange.
"I wish you would drop around and see what ails my wife," said the man who had taken his second venture in matrimony.
"What seems to be wrong with her?" asked the doctor.

Advice.
Have faith in all humanity.
And something more we'll ask of you;
See that you give humanity
A chance to have some faith in you.

Paw Knows Everything.
Willie—Paw, what is the floating vote?
Paw—The vote that drifts to the side that offers the most coin, my son.

"My wife's bad-tempered," said old Tope.
"And I can't help out mind it;
Next time she loses it, I hope
That she will never find it."

Ouch!
"You are not married, are you?" asked Miss Wallflower.
"No," replied Mr. Scribbler. "I have always believed that married life would disturb my literary labors."
"And what do you write that married life would destroy inspirations?" asked Miss Wallflower.
"Love stories," replied Mr. Scribbler.

Foey!
She's stuck on clothes, is Mrs. Pratt.
In fact, I do believe,
When she's not talking through her hat,
She's laughing in her sleeve.

No Joke.
The ladies say they would not be beautiful without face powder. But D. J. K. claims that they would certainly shine if they didn't use it.

Oh!
January is the longest month in the year when we have weather like we had

last January. But what we started to say was that January Short lives at Hamilton.

Learn One New Thing Each Day.
A human being has only one-fifth the energy of a yeast cake.

Be Keerful.
Just keep 'em on a while yet, men.
If you'd avoid a cough,
The time is fast approaching when
We all can take 'em off.

One day it was exceedingly hard
To keep 'em on, I know;
The very next, though, we were jarred
By that deep fall of snow.

Ho, Hum!
Henry Barrell had a bar on Bar street in Fort Wayne, Ind. Now the bar is empty and the bar is dry.

Our Daily Special.
Breaking even won't get you anywhere.

Luke McLuke Says.
About two months from now a man will be wondering why he ever imagined that he needed vest pockets.

It isn't a cheerful thing to say, but it is a fact that a bad conscience doesn't hurt a man as much as a bad corn.

The hardest thing the average woman has to do is to act perfectly natural.

When a nice quiet place this world would be if people limited their conversation to matters whereof they knew what they were talking about.

Another reason why you shouldn't speak ill of your neighbors is because they probably know as much about you as you do about them.

If a woman has unlimited credit she will admit that money is not necessary to matrimonial happiness.

When a woman discovers that a gown doesn't match her complexion she proceeds to change the complexion.

The man who keeps his promises never has much trouble in keeping his friends.

There are all sorts of male animals in this world, including the man who would rather get married than work for a living.

Some men are such natural-born spenders that their salaries were increased \$10 per week every week for a year they wouldn't have a cent more on December 31 than they had on January 1.

In all your wanderings did you ever

meet a concited man who admitted it? Neither did we.

Man is a strange animal. He never appreciates his health until he gets sick.

The season is approaching when the treasurer in heaven who will never get around nicely without a hat.

We know a lot of old crabs who are making desperate efforts to lay up cover the lye in it.



They're delighted with it!

Our war-time plan of giving a bigger Comfort bar without premiums has made a big "hit". The new Comfort Soap bar is rejoicing the hearts of womenkind all over the country.

COMFORT SOAP

The factories who made premiums are nearly all making war supplies and the premiums we could still buy would not be good enough for you. But we are giving you full value in the bigger Comfort bar.

Use Comfort Soap—the bigger, economical, high-quality bar.

PUGSLEY, DINGMAN & CO., LIMITED, TORONTO



Superlative Tribute

Here in Toronto we have files filled with enthusiastic letters from users of Extra Power Belting.

There are hundreds of these letters, each conveying its separate and particular note of approval. Some of them are brisk, brief, factful; some fairly glow with admiration for the belting they praise.

We have chosen one of these—because no word of ours could be stronger—and because it yet represents consensus of opinion on Extra Power Belting.

This letter was written by Mr. W. B. Rea, of the Swan River Milling Co.

It is expert testimony, for Mr. Rea says, "I have been using different kinds of belting for the last twenty years."

It is testimony backed by knowledge—for over a year this flour mill has been "fully equipped with Extra Power Belting on all drives."

Mr. Rea continues, "To date have had no trouble of any kind. All

my belts are in first-class shape and show very little sign of wear."

"Extra Power Belting grips the pulleys. I have had no trouble from slipping. I am getting the full value of my power plant. There has been so little stretch to these belts that it is not worth mentioning. I am entirely satisfied, and can highly recommend Extra Power for any work. When equipping my mill with Extra Power I wanted the best belting procurable. I am satisfied that I got it."

"I have been using different kinds of belting for the last twenty years, but Extra Power is the best I have had."

There can be no higher praise. There can be no surer guide for you in the selection of belting for your plant than this.

Goodyear belting men are industrially trained. They may quickly solve problems that puzzle you. It costs nothing to talk to them. Write or telephone the nearest Goodyear branch.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., of Canada, Limited

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