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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Friday, May 30.

The necessities of life must be handled in Canada on a basis of the lowest possible cost to the consumer. Greater production must be stimulated by means of making farming attractive and less marked by drudgery. Community bargaining, as well as collective bargaining, must be arranged by the state, so that excessive charges shall not be taken in the handling of necessities. The force of all honest public opinion is behind any government that will endeavor to prevent profiteering in necessities. We cannot have in Canada a system of social democracy and economic autocracy. The two will not work together.

An Unappreciated Hero

During the searching inquiries and explanations which the Good Book tells us will occur Gabriel's final toot, perhaps it will be clear why the man who is first to wear a hat should be made an object of ridicule, scorn, gibe and jest. Why should the fact that has done his near-Panama be a cause for birth? Why should his appearance with a "lid" customary to the season fetch raucous guffaws from other men and silvery peals from stenographers—silvery, that is, if they are pretty? Here is an engaging mystery that to the best of our knowledge has been carefully avoided by those stupendous intellects given to probing for the why and the wherefore of things. Personally we are inclined to believe that chagrin explains the chorus of derision with which we greet the first straw of the season, vexation at a display of magnificent courage of which we are incapable. We covet this daring spirit, but do not possess it. Hence our irritation and annoyance expressed in the merry, the merciless jibe when the Hawker-like lads do what we would like to, but dare not do, be the first in the office to park a head under a straw hat. Before this medal-pinning era closes let's pin a few decorations on this hero, this blazer of the way, who, along with the swallow and the fly swatter, heads us into the good old summer time.

Our Little Ole Ball Team

London baseball enthusiasts will not deal harshly with the present adverse fortunes of the team that aspires and works hard to bring sporting honors to the Forest City. In the first place, let us look at the difficulties of organizing a baseball team to compete with large United States centres when it seems the unwritten law that we must have American ball players. Semi-professional baseball pays large salaries, especially when supported by huge industrial plants. Some teams ignore salary limits from the start; others start out and work according to the rules. Ball players come to a club with records and references to fill a book. They get into action, and like some vaudeville actors, proclaim they "have something." But when the test comes all they can produce is alibis. They hamper a team and set it back. A manager or the whole club gets the blame, and the public demands better playing. It is reasonable that the public should be given good baseball for its money, but the uncertainties of the game, and the fact that Canadian cities are often afraid of Canadian players or too far from the source of supply makes the fate of a team precarious. The London ball team may struggle to get on its feet for some time to come, but it is almost certain to be reconstructed and get a new start before long. Loyal support in adversity will help the reconstruction, even while fair criticism should be welcomed by the management. And the people of the city are certain to support a team that shows its playing and fighting qualities.

The Surgeon of the People

The men in control of affairs in Canada must, on almost every occasion, receive a jolt that nearly jars them from their seats of rulership before they take any action to cure the troubles that beset the nation. Labor disturbances did not come without fair warning. Winnipeg plunged into its maelstrom of disaffection after long anticipation of the trouble. The usual threats were made, the final word was given, and then the workmen, having declared themselves, held to their pledges and prostrated the whole community. Ottawa did not make an effort to check the labor men in their course. It permitted the community to be delivered over to an administration that approximates "soviet" government, the mails to be stopped, the wires tied up, without one definite step to prevent the great strike. From Winnipeg spread the germs of further turmoil, and the action of the premier, Sir Robert Borden, who may have learned a lesson from the Lloyd George method of conferring with strikers, in asking for a delay of the Toronto strike and securing it, proves that an appeal from Ottawa to Winnipeg at the proper time would have had the effect of checking the movement. The Toronto unions responded to the first appeal from Ottawa to delay the strike. The result of the postponement largely depends upon the uses to which the time is put. It may or may not be effective, but it shows an open road for investigation. The lesson is that Ottawa has an influence in labor troubles that is inherent and natural by reason of the fact that Ottawa is the

seat of government, and the people of Canada are conscious now as they were during the war, that constituted government must have the final authority.

Ottawa has seldom acted in dealing with the vast problems. Commissions almost beyond number have been appointed to deal with the situation, and then problems have been lost sight of. Railways and other affairs have consumed a lot of House of Commons time, while the transcendent questions of the high cost of living and profiteering have received scarcely any attention since the time that W. F. O'Connor went out of office after he had attacked those who were making inordinate profits out of foodstuffs. All the social and economic sores have ulcerated in the meantime because the Government did not use the lance that would have relieved the gathering. If a wound is bound up so that the circulation of the blood is stopped and pure air and sunshine kept from it, that is the time the surgeon looks for gangrene. And as the physical body is affected by the poison so may the body politic be affected by wounds of discontent that are bound up so that festering sets in and creates running sores. Then come eruptions and organic reactions that are distressing and sometimes deadly.

If the surgeon, who in the case of the country is represented by the Government, hears the call of the sufferer in the night and decides merely to turn over until a more comfortable hour has arrived, the patient must continue to suffer. The conscientious surgeon will not stand upon the order of his going. He will face the bitter storm, and despite the call to wait awhile and enjoy the feast that proceeds in some other quarter, he will go forward to look upon the face of the man who is in agony, and then as his skill permits he will set himself to stay the pain and to save the life. It is to the surgeon we look in our anguish as individuals; it is to the surgeon represented in the Dominion Government to whom we must look for an alleviation of the sufferings of the day.

And the Government has the facts upon which to diagnose the case. It has gathered the history of the case, and instead of making use of the information, and adapting the best of its staff to the task that is at hand, it has permitted the facts to be shelved away and the patient to go unattended, until a last-minute call. In a word the Government has kept to its official task of treating those patients who call by the limousine method of transportation. Its surgical office is filled with the great personages who are suffering from financial nerves and hardening of the money arteries. The real sufferers—the people who are not merely hypochondriacs—but bear real wounds—and they include all classes of the community—they can call in vain until the painful duty of hustling out over dusty roads through the moiling crowds to the sickroom, becomes imperative to the dilatory doctor because of the clamor around the office door.

Governments are great as they consider the ailments of the people. Canada's ailments are too well known and too serious to ignore. The time for plain speaking has arrived in the interests of the safety of the community. Every Government force that has a problem must come out and face that problem. Every official must be up and doing for the welfare of the whole community. The days of drifting and "let well enough alone" have brought us to a crisis out of which we will not come by going about and speaking softly while the other fellow is holding a club behind his back. And the first thing to do is to restore men like O'Connor to his place of authority in the control of food prices, and to assure the people that an end has come to the era when the Almighty Dollar sits on high in Canada and commands his subjects with a sway than which no Prussianism has ever been greater.

The Aerial Championship

Congratulations are extended the American navy and Commander Read for having successfully made the air passage between the new and old worlds in a heavier than air machine. The N.C.-4 has still another lap of her voyage to make, but in reaching Lisbon the crossing of the "pond" has been achieved. While the credit for this "triumph," as our cousins over the line are calling it, will stand on the records, the real triumph will be scored when somebody makes the non-stop flight. The American achievement was rendered somewhat tame and uninteresting by the elaborate safeguards surrounding the fliers at every stage. There was little of the awful chance, the gamble with death, which closed about Hawker and Grieve the moment they leaped from that Newfoundland headland.

The success of the American experiment will be recognized more in scientific circles than in the popular mind. Read's feat appeals to the intellect, Hawker's to the imagination. Amundsen will be known as the discoverer of the South Pole, but a greater glory will cling to Scott's name because of the immeasurably greater difficulties he overcame and his tragic death. The real hero of the trans-Atlantic air flight, the real conqueror, will be that bold airman who first makes it in one jump. Whatever nation's colors he will carry, he is the lad the world is waiting to give three rousing cheers. We hope he is a Canuck.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Toronto police had scarcely stopped chucking when Vera "flew the coop."

The Winnipeg strike draws a stage closer to becoming merely an unpleasant page in Canada's history.

The Government will probably get at the high cost of living after it learns a little about altitude flying.

Inventor Scholes is to be known as the "Father of the typewriter," but great honor that it is we believe the average man would prefer being the slave of one.

Germany refuses to surrender the ex-kaiser, but if that party is wise he will insist on it. Some millions of his countrymen are itching to get their hands on the count.

No doubt Hamilton would like to see a general strike at Toronto, as the Ambitious City would then become a filing place for telegrams and press dispatches and would at last be heard of outside Wentworth County.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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IN A CANTEN

By Dorothy Douglas.

"It seems too bad to drag you out, Helen," began Doris Vall, in a coaxing tone, "but you know Tuesday is my day at the canteen."

"Don't mind me, dear," Helen quickly replied. "I'd love to stay here in your room and just read and be lazy. You've entertained me to death since I came here."

The girls were in the grey and rose sitting-room that Doris's mother let her have for her own. They had had their breakfast and were putting on their sports clothes for an hour of golf.

Suddenly Doris looked up from the task of lacing her boots. "I have to—I'll borrow Genevieve's uniform and you shall be a real canteen worker! It'll be lots of fun. Will you?"

Helen demurred. She was not much interested in canteen—at least on this side of the Atlantic Ocean. All that life held of real interest to her at present dwelt in a uniform somewhere in France, and because she and someone had no dependents and had no allotments for the country to pay, she seemed to be one of the chosen few to have to remain on foreign soil. Helen had just heard from him for weeks. The sight of so many who had been fortunate enough to get home would only make her more lonely.

"I really would rather stay at home," Doris said. "Really."

"Oh, that's too poky," Helen said. "We need you. I just happened to remember that Genevieve won't be home till tomorrow, take your uniform, get your place and wear her uniform. It's a duck of a blue overall with black patent belt and white frilly collar and cap."

Helen saw that she would have to go. Perhaps it wouldn't be so bad. "All right, I'll do my best. But don't leave me in the pantries to make salads and don't make me wait on table."

"We'll see about that, dear. You're far too pretty to be poked off in a pantry."

Doris waved off the flattery and donned her hat. "Hurry, Helen, if we're going to have any getting before we go to this canteen place. Work is it, anyway?"

"Oh, across the island a bit—over at Hempstead, near Field 2."

Wherever that may be, mumbled Doris, who came from the middle west, and to whom Long Island meant very little.

At three o'clock the two girls were neatly attired in their blue canteen aprons, and with two other workers, were being directed to the canteen. They closed car to the bungalow on Meadow street, where soldiers and officers found rest and recreation after a day of hard home-cooked meals.

When they stepped into the big lounge Helen could not restrain an exclamation of enthusiasm. "How wonderfully pretty, Doris."

Doris knew that her guest would fall in love with the place once she had been there. "Yes—we think it is most attractive."

"Attractive! I should say it was. I've never seen anything so pretty. It's arranged and so prettily decorated in my life. And every big comfy chair has a table beside it and a drink tray and a light. Isn't the scheme of blue and yellow effective?" And Helen raved on, moving from one to another of the canteen, and exclaiming anew at every turn. From the blue bowls of yellow flowers to the blue and yellow sofa pillows that made the big lounge look invitingly homelike, she was enthusiastic to her utmost.

After a while when the workers had arranged the tables, attended to the cutting of the bread and filling of the water glasses, a stray soldier or two dropped in for an early dinner or a bite of extra food.

Helen worked as if she had been brought up to just this sort of housework and made a charming and deft waitress.

When there was a lull in the work the girls sat together in the pantry and ate a sandwich or folded paper napkins and had a good time together.

"One of my soldiers ate four eggs," laughed Doris.

"And I had a boy who had two plates of that meat pie, and you know how much Elsie puts on for a portion. I nearly passed away when I took his order for a second portion."

"Oh, I hear someone in the officers' room now? Who'll go?"

"You haven't worked so hard," said Doris, pushing her friend forward.

The officers' room was just off the big dining-room and had a door leading directly into the pantry.

Doris, being a regular worker, knew that there came to that room occasionally a fat and grouchy major, who would sit there and wait upon them. They all disliked to wait upon. Therefore, in Helen's ignorance—or innocence—she had taken advantage of her position and the girls were all laughing quietly about it.

Helen was gone so long that they began to wonder what was keeping her. "It must have been the major and he's explaining just how long it took to toast and toast and egg boiled," remarked Doris.

"It's a long time tonight," added another girl.

"Suppose we just happen out that way—and look."

"Let's all go," whispered Doris. "We can pretend we're fixing the tables."

They all started in the direction of the officers' lounge and looked carelessly in.

There was no fat, grouchy major. There was no Helen.

The girls looked at each other. "I certainly heard someone go in there," Doris said.

"And your friend Helen?" questioned one of the girls who had envied the newcomer her prettiness.

"—I can't imagine," began Doris.

"Oh, listen!"

"Yes—I hear voices!" exclaimed two of the girls in unison.

Out on the porch, dimly lit from the yellow lights within, they heard Helen's voice. Then she heard a man speak.

Doris felt it her duty to go to the door. She had hardly expected Helen to break the rule this way.

"Oh—a—Helen," she called, softly.

Just then Helen, blushing and happy, her eyes sparkling like twin stars, her dimples coming and going, appeared in the doorway, arm in arm with a big black-clad captain, with overseas stripes and a wound stripe—and an equally beaming face.

"It's—It's—Bob. Doris—Capt. Robert Haverford, Miss Doris Vall." Helen managed to explain.

Introductions followed, and the captain explained that he had just arrived from France, that he had sent a telegram out to Ohio to inform Helen of his coming, and he had just wandered into this attractive canteen for a bit of supper, being too tired to eat with the fellow officers at camp.

"And the little canteen worker who came to wait on you proved to be your fiancée?" laughed Doris. "It sounds just like a story, and I can't believe it is real. Girls, shall we let Helen eat with him, and we'll all wait on them?"

And Elsie, who had been sitting proud on the extras she added to the plates of the two lovers who had found each other so romantically.

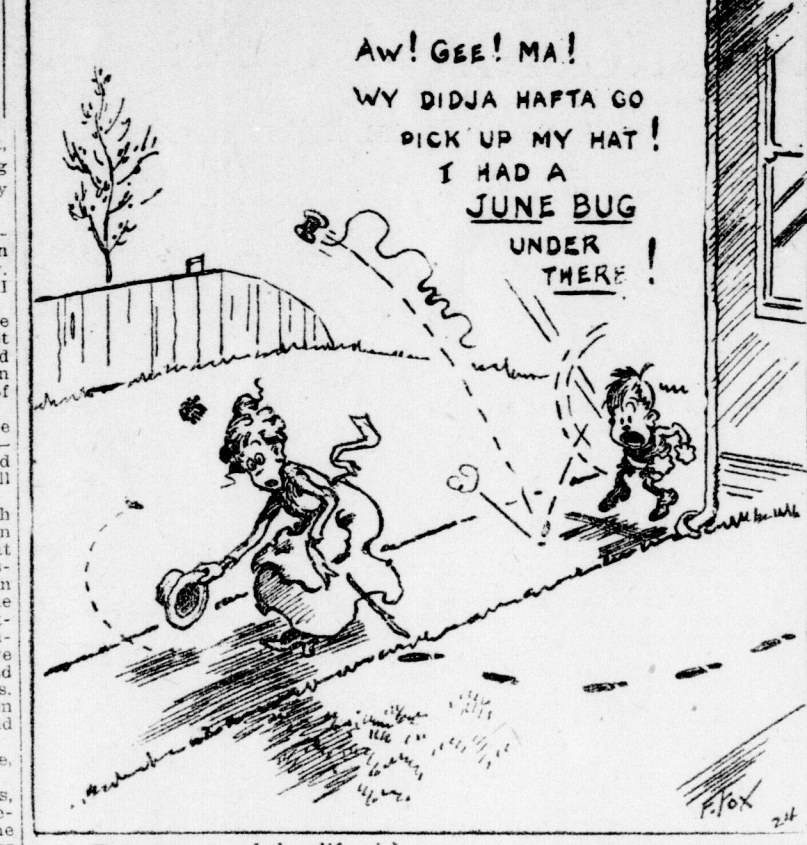
"Faith and beggars, I was young myself once," she said, when they told her.

Poor Ma spends her life picking up things after people, and never gets any credit.

UNAPPRECIATED

By FONTAINE FOX

(Copyright.)



Poor Ma spends her life picking up things after people, and never gets any credit.

"Newspapers Are the World's Mirror"

Comment, Cleverness and Mere Verbiage From "Educators or the Common People" in Canada and Other Lands.

HUNS ADMIT FAILURE.

[Norfolk Virginia Pilot.] Her spokesmen say that Germany cannot fulfill the proposed peace terms. This is the first recorded instance of confessed liability, on the part of the Huns, to do anything.

IN TIME OF PEACE, PREPARE.

[Kingston Whig.] The Hamilton Liberals are now actively reorganizing their party machine in preparation for an election. We feel that the time has hardly come yet for a return to party politics.

THE PRICE HERE IS THE THING.

[Kingston Standard.] "The market in Europe for Canadian foodstuffs will to all appearances be remarkably good for some considerable time to come," says the late Canadian food controller. What the public is interested in is the price of foodstuffs in the market here.

LABOR REPRESENTATION.

[Manitoba Free Press.] Labor should occupy a prominent place in the national councils of the Dominion. No democracy can refuse representation in its legislatures to the working classes, as such.

PITY THE POOR KINGS.

[Kansas City Journal.] The desperate straits of ex-royalty in Europe are intimated in the case of former Emperor Charles, who has taken refuge in a Swiss castle that is occupied by his mother-in-law.

CASE FOR THE S. P. C. C.

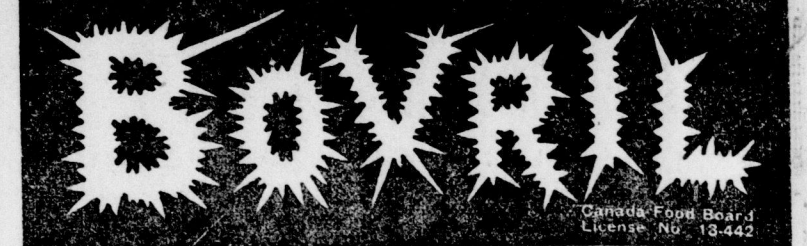
[Washington Star.] "Every now and then somebody tries to send a baby through the postoffice," laughed the clerk. "Heartless parents! Don't they care whether their children are lost or not?"

JUGS, NOT JAGS.

[Concord Monitor.] "Jugs" is the shortest sentence containing all the letters of the English alphabet, and there is no law against liquor-jugs so long as there is no liquor in them.

WELCOMED BY UKRAINIANS.

[Saskatoon Star.] The Ukrainian farmers of Saskatchewan.



wan are taking a kindly interest in the soldier settlement plans, and are prepared to do their part in extending a welcome to new settlers. It is an excellent spirit.

THEY PLAYED HARD.

[Chicago Tribune.] "Mother, I'm so inosensome. I've no one to play with," complained Albert. "Well, go and play with Dickey." "Oh, I played with him this morning, an' I don't believe he's well enough to come out yet."

EXPLAINED.

[Woodstock-Sentinel-Review.] People who are complaining because \$12 was paid for a waste paper basket for an Ottawa cabinet minister forget that there is usually a great deal of waste at Ottawa, and that big baskets are required to take care of it.

ANOTHER REASON.

[Toronto Telegram.] A fair American visitor, a pronounced suffragette, was heard to express the opinion yesterday that a woman ought to revise the world's dictionaries. It may be presumed that this is due to the fact that under "Eve" the dictionary says "See Adam."

HE KNEW.

[Boston Transcript.] Teacher—"Don't you know that punctuation means that you must pause?" Willie—"course I do. An auto driver punctuated his tire in front of our house, Sunday, and he paused for half an hour."

TAKING IT EASY.

[Washington Star.] "Do you find that prohibition has depressed Crimmon Gulch?" No, answered Cactus Joe. "We're more cheerful than usual. Everybody seems to think it's a great joke on all the rest of the boys."



DON'T PAY GARAGE RENT—have your own garage right on your own property. The Pedlar's "Superior" Garage, above illustrated, is our latest design—a neat, good-looking, substantial building, with double front doors and one window. This building is made of standard interlocking sections of galvanized sheet metal on a staunch wooden framework. Easily and quickly erected. Roomy, well lighted, fireproof, weatherproof. It will last for many years, and the first cost is the only cost. When desired, we will handle the erection of our garages complete, including the installation of concrete floors.

The Pedlar People, Limited

Telephone: London 1244. Telephone: Chatham 270. Or write us for Garage Booklet, showing all styles. Head Office and Factories, Oshawa, Ont. Also Metal Ceilings, Roofing, Siding, Eavestroughs, Etc. May 27, 30, June 3, 6, 10, 12, 17, 20

In this Week's "Digest"

A Valuable Colored Map The New Germany

One of the most interesting features in the May 31 issue of The Literary Digest is a full-page colored map showing the new Germany as it will be after the peace treaty is signed, and the old Germany as it was before the war. The map clearly indicates the areas lost by the treaty, those to be awarded by plebiscite, and those to be made international territory. This map will prove invaluable as a present and future source of information and can be cut out and inserted in your encyclopedia, atlas, history, or other reference volume, where it will always be handy as a means of settling doubtful points. There is a wide selection of authoritative, timely, and very interesting news-articles included in this week's Digest, among which are:

- The "Hop" Across the Atlantic
- The Exploit of the American Naval Aviators Considered From All Its Intensely Interesting Angles.
- Transforming Canadian Fighters Into Farmers
- The Peace Treaty's Critics
- War-Risk Insurance and Red Tape
- The Age of the Air Is Here
- New Drinks For Old
- Farming in Spirals
- Candy As a Food
- An American Artist Inspired by Alaska
- A Future Lecture Deluge
- More Light From Korea
- War's Credentials to Missions
- Wilson and Wine
- Lettonia—A Description of the Country and Its People
- To Help "Unchinfy" China
- Radical Shell-fire on Paris
- "William Hohenzollern to the Bar"
- What Is a Normal Individual?
- The New Plant Quarantine
- What Do Fossils Die Of?
- A New-found Portrait of Burns
- Poetry Revived in Kipling
- Stones of Remembrance and Crosses of Sacrifice
- Best of the Current Poetry
- News of Finance and Commerce

A Fine Collection of Half-Tone Illustrations, Maps and Cartoons.

A Word About the Editors of "The Digest"

The editors of most publications come into personal touch with the reading public through special articles, editorials, and so forth, in which they voice their individual views. Not so with THE LITERARY DIGEST, whose editorial policy is strictly impersonal, not a hint of the opinions of its staff on any question appearing in its columns. Nevertheless the editors of THE DIGEST are a very real and powerful influence in the community, because they determine the subject matter of the magazine from week to week and its mode of presentation. Always their study is to be impartial and self-effacing, yet they leave their expert mark on everything that they handle, for they are all proved experts, each in his particular field, whether it be politics, art, science, religion, letters, or what not. They give you of their best, seeking for no acclaim, but constantly striving to present for your consideration all the news in all its bearings. Their quiet work gives THE DIGEST its acknowledged unique distinction.

May 31st Number on Sale Today—All News-dealers—10 Cents

'Tis a Mark of Distinction to Be a Reader of The Literary Digest

The Literary Digest

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY (Publishers of the Famous NEW Standard Dictionary), NEW YORK

A hard cough

that tears you every time it comes, yet persists in coming, usually disappears under the healing power of Robert's Syrup of Cod Liver Oil and Tar. The mucous effect of the oil having been removed, the extractive principles remain to build strength and vitality. Combined with tar this makes a wonderfully powerful corrective for the irritation set up by Coughs, Colds or Bronchitis. Use—

