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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.
London, Ont., Wednesday, September 18.

NATIONALIZATION OF RAILWAYS.

HERE APPEARS to be a disposition on the part of the Government to nationalize all the railways. It will be the greatest error ever committed. Like protection, once introduced, it would be almost an impossibility to abolish it. The true principle is public control, but not public ownership. Recently we have on more than one occasion approved of the views expressed by the head of the Canadian Pacific. He has put the case of the nationalization of railways in a nutshell. He says: "Government ownership of railways implies Government operation, which is akin to political operation, which is destructive financially and morally." Nothing more need be said. The Government of Canada today is not government by the people. The Government should neither buy nor lease the Grand Trunk or the Grand Trunk Pacific until, like Germany, a new franchise act is passed and a new parliament elected under a fair and just franchise.

Government ownership of railways means a reign of fraud and graft, the repeal of all the principles of true democracy. It means the perpetuation of the methods by which the present Government obtained its power.

"DON'T WORRY—YOU'RE LOVINGLY."
THESE WERE the last words in many a young soldier's letter home, when pushing to the front, and soon to go over the top. They were in many instances the last farewell. The nearer the boy approaches the front trenches the nearer he is to the Niagara of blood, the blood of boys, the best blood in the world, flowing constantly for four years over the falls. A generation of the best boys sacrificed to purify the world, to stamp out militarism as slavery was stamped out for ever.

The German river of German blood coming in the opposite direction, kept flowing by the belief that it is fighting a defensive war for the existence of Germany, fed on the vilest lies by the vilest of men. Those who are innocent are much to be pitied, and there must be many of them. They imprisoned Karl Liebknecht, one of the best, at the beginning of the war. How their orators, making speeches in the peace offensive, forget von Bethmann Holweg's admission that the invasion of Belgium was wrong, but that it would be recompensed! How they now blame Belgium is past understanding! But there will be recompense, there will be recompense in full not only to Belgium, but to every other nation to which the brutality of Germany has caused suffering! No nation in the end will benefit as much as Germany itself, which, after the war, must be a republic.

TWO BIG LONDON PROBLEMS.

SOMEONE HAS started the story on its rounds that the ponds at Pond Mills have gone down eight feet because of the water drawn from the Foster wells for the city supply.

An Advertiser representative paid a visit to the ponds the other day, and has only to report that if eight feet of water is missing from the ponds it has been taken from the bottom half of these majestic waters, the upper half remaining in position because of its self-supporting qualities. Probably some scientific quack can explain it on the vacuum theory. No traces are found on the banks of the ponds that the water has been sucked into the maw of the thirsty proletariat. Someone evidently looked at the ponds from the north side when the tide was out.

At the same time one cannot help being struck with the fact that within a few miles of the city lies a large body of water, fed from springs, and perhaps capable of development, with proper methods employed for the cleaning out of accumulated vegetable matter, and care used in the protection of the supply. Another impression is that London will soon be getting into the 100,000 class of cities, and that it will require twice as much water as it now secures, if not more, because the increase of a city adds to water consumption in greater proportion than would be suggested numerically.

At the present time the city secures its water from three sources, Springbank, the Beck wells and the Foster wells. The only method of augmentation under the present disjointed system is to secure further adjuncts, and more completely decentralize the supply. In time the small isolated sources will be exhausted, and even at the present time we have not a sufficient margin of safety for comfort.

The city should begin now to develop a water policy. It should be the concern of all men, rather than any one man or group of men. It should not be loaded with pet schemes or prejudices or politics, but should be the creation of men of foresight, who can visualize the future, and realize what preparedness means at the present time. It should be realized in connection with the water situation that we have several times looked the stable door after the steed had flown. We have had abundant warning, and when a central organization of citizens gets under way to cope with the future of the city and its problems, primary consideration should be given to the securing of an adequate supply of pure water. It is not an overwhelming problem. In almost every direction there are fields of water. The closer to the city the supply, the better for all concerned. But if necessary London should not be afraid of a few miles of pipe line in order to reach a never-failing supply. In suggesting that Pond Mills might be a possibility, The Advertiser must confess that it knows nothing of the quality of the water; it does remember that ice drawn from these ponds was condemned

at one time by the city health authorities. Whether or not the contamination was the result of decayed vegetable matter is not now on record. But it is time that the discussion of an adequate water supply was reopened.

And then the river needs attention of a common sense character. It is nothing now but a bog and a mire, with evil back-pools filled with accumulations of sewage. How much of blame is attributable to London's inefficient disposal system for certain epidemics may not be solved, but it is a conviction of hosts of citizens who possess a degree of self respect that means should be adopted to clean up the river, to rebuild certain dams and to show that the application of ordinary constructive ability can make something of the stream. It must be approached in the spirit of "We Will," not neglected in the customary "We Don't Care" attitude of the average municipality. The "We Will" cities and towns are forging ahead. The "We Don't Care" cities and towns are stagnant places, sometimes ignoring what in an individual would be regarded as the personal niceties. A handsome woman is perhaps less a thing of beauty if she be slovenly than a "plain" woman who is immaculate. So it is with cities. The beauty that nature has given is a pitiable thing, if the municipal finger nails be tipped with ebony rims or the tresses of the damsel hang straggling over her face. The figure of speech is capable of further development, but let it rest there. The fact to be forced home is that the civic house in which we live must be a place of cleanliness.

If there is something noisome under the house send for "The Drain Man." Let him clear away the dead rats. Those who recall "The Drain Man" as a stage character remember it was he who went down into the slime and filth to save the home and to keep other lives filled with sweetness and light. We may not have upon our minds the reproach of positive desire to permit our city to be unclean. Faulty workmanship, neglect, the lack of the close-up view of our needs have caused us to drift. Those things and too much of the "We Don't Care" spirit.

Suppose the Thames were a river in France. Would the men over there stand on the order of their performance? Nothing doing! They would tackle the task and get it done with. There are enemies that threaten life and happiness at home as in France. The spirit of the boys in France would mend all our civic ideals. The time is at hand when the zero hour for action approaches.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"London View Military Hospital"—who committed this atrocity?

"Over There" was a good song ONCE. But has it not accomplished its purpose?

After many years the Don gets his revenge, Spanish influenza having many American camps at its mercy.

"A new and mighty blow" will be the Allied answer to peace proposals. The "Kamerad" cry will fall on deaf ears until the Hun is on his knees.

The campaign of the Knights of Columbus, to provide army huts, is a most commendable movement, and should have the hearty support of all citizens.

Lieut.-Col. Machin, director of military service, who made the famous attack on the "cabal" at Ottawa, has been presented with a silver salver. It pays to shoot holes into certain members of the cabinet.

The New York Herald gave its readers a chance to suggest final disposition of the Bloody Emperor, as a result of which the kaiser forced the suppression of all editions of the paper reaching Sweden. The Herald has received a compliment for which many a newspaper would give its circulation.

MY CITY.

The following poem has been sent to The Advertiser by Thomas Edward Barrett, a former resident of Chatham:

Oh, Chatham! beautiful city, exultate in the "Realms of Nature."
Beneath the maple grandeur flows the mighty Thames.
I hesitate on thy banks, beneath the leafy trees,
Enchanted by the solitude of thy gold and crimson waves,
And within your mighty depths fond memories lie pictured
Memories of a love now gone—and the sadness of my soul
drifts.
Drifts on thy darker waves to some inevitable end.
And the beauty of it all remains to comfort the heart
In all thy living nature, in all thy budding beauty, "I love thee, Chatham!"

And thee, too, lovely Thames,
Thou art my love and pride of old.
Oh, Chatham! quaint city of my youth,
I respect thee, among my treasures dear,
And rank thee foremost for thy beauty with all our cities
far and near.

—T. EDWARD BARRETT.

WHY NOT BUFFALO MEAT?

[Regina Leader.]

Among all the suggestions made to us that we should go back to the food of our forefathers, the pioneers of this great country, the host of food conservators have overlooked buffalo meat. Some lucky specimens of sturdy and fighting men, who were as fine as the wind, were up on buffalo steaks or roasts and there are many living around us today that could furnish up recipes for war-time cook books. If the Canada Food Board desires one, Regina City has a beautifully designed buffalo on its coat of arms that would add quite a charm to a butcher's license receipt.

On the question of supplies, we might keep to home-grown herds. It is almost sure the profiteer will at once corner the market and advance the price out of the clasp of temptations to the poor, and meat is now a luxury, anyway. This will keep down the demand to proper limits. Thus Canada can be its buffalo field. We are led to this conclusion by these few remarks by the fact that the buffalo herd at Wainwright Park has increased by 537 over one year ago, and we now own, as a Dominion, some 2,620 buffalo there. There is also a small collection at Winnipeg. The latter does not at all resemble the totemic animal of the prairies on the Regina coat-of-arms, however, and Winnipeggers might be forgiven if they refused to eat them.

PRESBYTERIANS TO THE FORE.

[London Daily News.]

Have you noticed how large a place the Presbyterians are filling in the direction of the war? Sir Douglas Haig is a Presbyterian, of course, and Marshal Joffre is a member of the Reformed Church of France, which is nearest to the Presbyterian Church. General Pershing and his chief of staff, General Peyton C. March, are Presbyterians, while both President Wilson and Mr. Lansing, the secretary of state, are Presbyterian elders.

THE KISS OF JUDAS.

[London Daily Mail.]

The thing that Herr Bullin and Company are bent upon securing are concessions from the Allies that will enable predatory German trade to rehabilitate itself at their expense. It is only the kiss of Judas that Hamburg would now implant upon Allied checks. It is favorable terms for the import of Allied raw materials, the restoration of the German colonies, and of advantageous trading facilities in our ports and markets, that Hamburg hankers for. Ruin stares German trade in the face if the Allies withhold these concessions. That is why Hamburg is in "alliance" mood.

TOMBOY TAYLOR - - By Fontaine Fox

(Copyright, 1918.)



Two seconds later Tomboy Taylor's mother turned around and then brew coffee all over the landscape.

BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE McLUKE

(Copyright, 1918.)

The Byplay Minstrel.
"Mister Interlocutor, can you tell me what kind of a tree is like the end of a lighted cigar?"
"No, Mr. Bones. I cannot. Will you tell us what kind of tree is like the end of a lighted cigar?"
"A white ash."

"Very good, Mr. Bones. And what have you to say this evening, Mr. Tambor?"
"I'd like you to tell me which side of a jug the handle is on, Mister Interlocutor?"
"I'm sure I do not know, Mr. Tambor. Will you tell us on which side of a jug the handle is located?"

"On the outside."
"That's the pathetic fallacy," September's Here, and Bless My Soul, I Wish I Had Ten Tons of Coal!"

Correct.
Said old Mr. Black,
As he buttered his bread:
"A bone in your back,
Is worth two in your head."

The Sunny Side.
"Too many cooks spoil the broth," growled the pessimist.
"Oh, well," smiled the optimist, "I never did care for broth."

Feet.
The poet's broke, he can't get trust,
For bread he has to scratch;
And he is on his last legs, just
Because his feet don't match.

The Wise Fool.
"Love will enable a couple to live on bread and cheese and kisses," observed the sage.
"Maybe," commented the fool, "if it isn't Limburger cheese."

Oh, Joy!
Oh happy days!
Each low descending sun,
Sees our boys chase
The fast retreating Hun.

Oh, Thank!
The Pentateuch some smite with stones,
Jurassic or Laetentia;
But even the unbeliever owns
Luke's writings are authentic.

Quick, Doc!
I. N. Pans is a Judge in Sevier County, Tenn.

A Rat-Faced Liar.
"The majority of the American troops do not know what they are fighting for."

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story
(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
[By Dorothy Douglas.]

"No," Dawn said softly, with regret in her voice, "I love you as much as I am capable of loving any man, but you have not the right to ask me to give up my friends. It is far better that we consider ourselves free."

Harry Barrington looked back at Dawn with deep pain in his eyes. A pain that was perhaps mine with love, too great a pain to be shared with anyone. He looked at that man who should be in his shirt uniform and he was silent away to fight for America's liberty.

He glanced about the cool, home-like study that was Dawn's home, and realized that when he was in the trenches fighting, his sweetheart would be entertaining other men—that she would be sitting down at the little table dining table—a table over a Dawn-cooked chicken or a rabbit, and giving her rare glances to someone else.

"You know, dear," he replied, trying to persuade her to his viewpoint, "it is not only jealousy—and Lord knows I am that—but it is just common sense. I'm talking. Here you will be while I am away, and though you may be collaborating on stories and working your brain to tatters with Dicky Yane or Ralph Reed, you are still Dawn Conner, and therefore will be tempting both yourself and the other fellow. You can't help flirting," he added.

Dawn blushed, but her eyes were steady, and unyielding. She looked at him with a glance that should have told him that she was as true as steel with all her flirting.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but women have to pass the time when they are alone. I give up all interests and all my friends for the one man who is my life as marrying will ever be—my friends, my lovely steno-graphers, and work in this studio are dear and sincere friends, and another big part of my life and happiness. If you cannot be generous enough to let me have my life and fulfill my ambitions, then I will give up my own, then, dear—we must not marry."

"But Dawn—I love you—I—"
"And I love you," she said unhesitatingly, "but have I ever asked you to put having your lovely steno-graphers in your private room for dictation 'that is in business' he put in quickly."

"And so is mine business," Dawn stated, "but even if my men friends were not working for me, I should still expect to be here and entertaining them in my studio. I want to be trusted by

for—"The German Clown Prince in an A. P. Interview.

"The Clown Prince is a rat-faced liar. Any soldier could tell him that he is fighting to keep the degenerate Hun brutes out of the American homes."

Our Daily Special.
Your Credit Is Never As Good As Money.

Ouch!
"Honesty is the best policy," observed the Millionaire.

"Maybe," replied the Fool. "But just the same, it seems to me that you have done pretty well."

Some Hot!
The star Gamma radiates 560,000 degrees of heat. But right now the kaiser makes Gamma look like an iceberg.

Haw, Haw!
Berlin has been on the spree for a long time, and D. J. R. opines that Berlin is about due for an awful headache.

Yes, You Can Have Him!
Dear Luke: I have located the bird who tucks his wattle into a little muslin sack before he puts it into his pocket. He was on a street car en route from Huntington, W. V., to Ashland, Ky. Any reward?—R. J. Scelman.

Luke McLuke Says
If Nature doesn't make an ass of a man, he is almost certain to chase some woman and let her correct the mistake. The servant girl who knows her place hasn't much difficulty in keeping her place.

You know how often fellows bore you when they talk too much, don't you? Well, now you know how to keep from boring other people.

Some darn fool asks Luke who, in his opinion, is the prettiest girl in Canada. That's easy. The prettiest girl in Canada gets married every day in the year.

You have often met a man who admitted that his boss was paying him more than he was worth, haven't you? Neither have we.

Another thing you may have noticed is that the fact that she has feet that look like gondolas doesn't keep a girl from wearing short skirts.

The kaiser has done one thing, anyway. He has been responsible for about 2,600 brand-new sausages that had to be invented, because our pitiful language could not adequately enable a white man properly to describe the Baby Butcher of Berlin.

You often meet sensible women who admit that their shoes are too small for them, don't you? Neither do we.

Home is a place where a man is treated the best and where he acts meanest.

To man who loves me sufficiently to let me lead my life according to my own nature." She very gently slipped the ring from her engagement finger, and said, "I am not in love with you, and I am not going to marry you. I am sorry I have disappointed you, but I love you too much to do that."

Barrington gazed long and earnestly at Dawn as he took the ring from her. He was on a street car en route from Huntington, W. V., to Ashland, Ky. Any reward?—R. J. Scelman.

"Please try to remember, dear, that I love you too much to do that."

When he had gone Dawn gave way to tears, but after that she braced up and began to readjust her life, and tried not to think of the void that Barrington's going had left.

She was neither the clinging vine variety of womanhood nor yet the independent masculine type. Dawn was merely a very good specimen of feminine loquacity and brains combined. She loved Clark, Barrington as a weaker nature could never hope to love. There were both depth and breadth to her affections, and complete trust.

Dawn continued her writing and she made no change in her manner of living. When Dicky Yane came up and she was carried down into the room, or evening hours, Dawn's clinging disposition was brought out and savory meals were brought out, but the typewriter clicked while rabbit stewed. Dawn and her collared man went out but that was all.

If on rare occasions Dawn was brought face to face with the nature of a man under trying circumstances, she was a flirt, and she knew there was more than a little ground for Barrington's remark. On the whole she knew, however, that her own way of reasoning had been right—her own philosophy was a flirt, and she knew there was more than a little ground for Barrington's remark.

She did not fight attractions in other men. Dawn knew that to live on the surface of love affairs tended to make her work carried down into the room, or evening hours, Dawn's clinging disposition was brought out and savory meals were brought out, but the typewriter clicked while rabbit stewed. Dawn and her collared man went out but that was all.

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