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London, Ont., Wednesday, Dec. 27.

THE ALLIES AND LINCOLN.

THE STORY OF A conference between Jeff Davis and Abraham Lincoln long before the war of the north and south was brought to a close is singularly appropriate to the present situation, with its feelers for peace, and with Germany trying to pose as the magnanimous victor.

The conference between the leader of the confederacy and the leader of the union occupied much time. Davis and Lincoln talked for hours. No decision could be reached. Davis was willing to make certain concessions. Lincoln was obstinate. After much parleying, Lincoln remained silent for a long time. Then he took a bit of paper and scribbled upon it one word. He passed the paper to Davis, and the conference came to an end. The one word was "Union." The war went on for two years more, but in the end the south surrendered on the "terms" laid down on that one bit of paper.

Today the Allies have passed their three words to the Germans. These words "Reparation—Restitution—Security" mean quite as much as Lincoln's "Union." And the war must go on for two years or more, as Lincoln's war went on, until the Germans are prepared to guarantee, with more than a scrap of paper, that the world will be repaid and that the future is safe for women to bear children without fear of having them marched to slaughter.

TEACHING.

A HUMORIST takes the amusing view that "the trouble with" the high school teaching profession is first that young teachers are paid too much, and the older ones too little; secondly, "the peculiar case of access to the job . . . all may walk in."

The second consideration may be summarily dismissed. The job is not easy of access. You have to go through several years of high school and university, and then a melancholy flat, state and partly unprofitable sequel of a year in "pedagogy" before they clap a certificate on you to teach high school. The preparation costs a lot of money.

So, then, are the teachers paid too much at the outset? The comparison is made to bank clerks or business learners; but they don't object to low pay, we are told, because there are rich prizes ahead in the future. But the young teacher, aged 23, gets perhaps the enormous salary of \$1,000 or so for a starter. How much less does the bank clerk get at that age? As for the young teacher, he is likely earning \$1,200 to \$1,500, if he is a good one, and often more. And these men have made no outlay for college education.

The only part of the humorist's contention that will hold water is the incontestable thesis that the older teachers are paid too little. The only little rise possible for the secondary teachers is by a circuit of the province. Starting in a village, the dominie advances to a one-horse town, then to a town of progressive character, then to a place able to sport a street car line, afterwards to a city, and finally perhaps to a principality somewhere or a berth in one of the Toronto colleges, if he has the necessary pull as well as ability. After that there are normal school positions, or a few plums for party workers or Jove's favorites at the Parliament Buildings. To climb the ladder may mean as much or more itinerancy than in the case of a Methodist minister, a long, hard, rolling pilgrimage, in order to advance from an initial \$500 or \$1,000 to something like a giddy \$2,000. And there are often standstills or setbacks.

What is the attraction in all this? Surely not the initial salary—ridiculous! Nor the "ease of access"! Short hours, some small perquisites, or additions for coaching, night school work or departmental examinations, and best of all the three months' holidays out of the year, plus Saturdays—these may be allurements. But the bait that draws many is in the security of the pay, with a want of trust in one's business ability, perhaps, and a liking for books and studies. The prospective teacher thinks also that if he gets tired of the work, or wants something better, he can at any time out loose. Once in harness, he stays in because he likes the associations, or because he hates to take a risk. After all, the life is not so bad, and our secondary teachers are a fine set of men. There is no much great "trouble with the profession" as the humorist seems to imagine, except the low pay of the older members. Hardly any of them can even afford a Ford.

A NAVAL BAINSFATHER.

THE HUMOROUS naval sketches, "Merry Mariners," published by the United Newspapers, Limited, Salisbury Square, London, are the work of Lieut. E. G. O. Beuttler, and justify his claim to the title "The Bainsfather of the Navy." These sketches possess high artistic quality and show a keen appreciation of Jack Tar's character, which is buoyed up by a sense of humor no matter how tragic the situation. That Lieut. Beuttler is a true character reader, and understands the value of situation, is

displayed in the facial expressions and attitudes of the sailors he depicts.

In all his sketches we see the humorous side of human nature, even in the faces of sea fowl and fishes and other animal life, which he sprinkles around profusely. At one time it is the curate in conversation with a bluejacket, who says, "My man, how you must love the sea," to which the bluejacket makes reply, "Blessed! your pardon, your reverence; fishes were made for the sea, and humans for the beach. Now, do I look like a haddock?" Then again it is a gigantic armed lobster, a sea "tank," which bears down upon a boatload of terrified Germans, or a naval airman fishing with a dummy baby as bait to capture a German sub. Another time a naval pilot turns the tables on an officious German officer. He loops the loop, thereby ejecting the same pompous officer into mid-air. A purely comic sketch is that in which the skipper, on being asked if he has anything to report, replies in this manner: "Yeth, I dropped my faith teeth in the thea, and I've been living on thloph ever thint."

Lieut. Beuttler comes of a scholastic family, his father being for many years one of the directors of education of Western Australia. He went to sea as a midship in 1896, and has remained in the navy ever since. As an artist he is untrained, his spontaneity, together with the fact that he is picturing a life which he knows, being the most attractive feature of his work.

The "Merry Mariners" is a book which should be in the possession of everyone as a war memento. Lieut. Beuttler is bound to be a popular artist, for in the words of the preface, "His humorous sidelights on the work of Britain's first line will delight countless thousands, and will gain for him a very high reputation as a humorist."

THE INDUSTRIAL BYLAW.

THE GRANTING of power to an association of businessmen who are investing their own money to guarantee the bonds of certain approved industries were the greatest of London's municipal sins, this community would be close to the ideal.

The scheme out of which comes the Industrial Association guarantee bylaw is vouched for by the Bankers' Association, the Rotary Club, the Trades and Labor Council, Commercial Travelers' Association, the Board of Trade and City Council. It has the spirit of the times in its appeal, and will in all probability be approved by the ratepayers at the municipal election.

London has not experienced the industrial development which should be hers. Industrial commissioners have been secured, but until the present no efficient organization has been formed to provide the industrial commissioner with a very necessary chest of tools. Lacking inducements to offer new industries at a time when all other corporations seemed to have the "give away" privileges, he was like a carpenter without a saw or a real estate agent without land to sell.

Now, when the industrial outlook was never more promising, it is proposed to give the commissioner such an organization as will leave him no excuse for not securing new industries. The advertiser feels certain that hundreds of American factories will be compelled to locate in Canada after the war because of preferential trade among the allied nations, and that London was never more fortunately placed than at the present time to advance her claims for location.

Already a number of industries are being negotiated with in advance of the passing of the plan, and it is definitely known that two large factories will locate in the city if London is in a position to offer certain inducements.

Citizens may be assured of scrupulous care in the examination of the standing of all prospective industries. London does not wish to face the experience of several other Western Ontario municipalities which now have industrial elephants on their hands, and these lessons have undoubtedly had an effect upon those who are promoting the plan. The utmost caution will be brought to bear, and the city will secure industries of the most desirable class.

The advertiser has long urged that the city required an industrial plan, and believes that the present industrial commissioner will build up a record of achievement for the city that will stand comparison with that of any city on the continent.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Santa Claus satisfied everyone except the poor "misérable" who got indigestion.

Acclamations have been popular this year. Is it because the people are of one mind or of no mind?

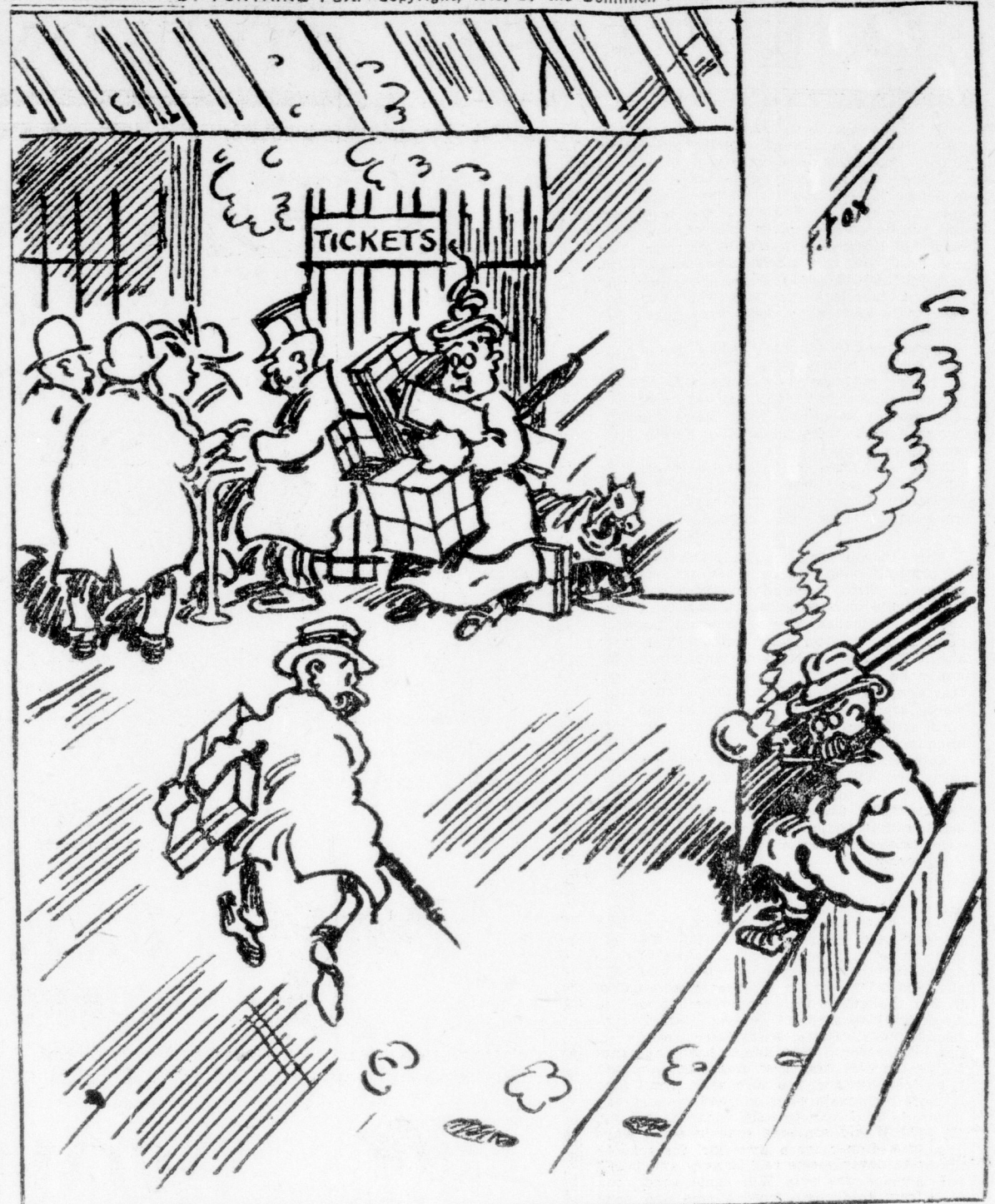
Among the after-the-war revelations we may learn the exact interpretation of President Wilson's note, if it has one.

An American paper states that the United States will be in the war in six months. Don't be too previous, Uncle Sam. The war may last for a long time yet.

The Lucan Sun has the following: "One day this week Mr. George Hodgins (Aunt Ellen's Geo) delivered four Christmas beavers." That's the good old homely way they have of distinguishing a man in the country. In the city they would say: "Old man Jones' kid."

PATHETIC FIGURES—The Tired Commuter Who Finds His Wife Waiting for Him at the 5:15 With a Whole Stack of Bundles.

BY FONTAINE FOX.—Copyright, 1916, by the Dominion News Bureau, Ltd.



The Advertiser's Daily Short Story
(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
King's Rest
By Eleanor Ramsay.

Half-way to Rodney's Tumble it stood, a ramshackle, lopsided claim-staker's shack, half leaning against the mountainside. Old King had lived in it for over thirty-five years.

Jean drew rein in front of it. She was dead tired with the long ride up from Castle Craig. The captain had literally fallen in his tracks as soon as they had reached their own cabin, and Jean had started out to forage. Fresh water was the greatest need, with night coming on, and the river tumbling along somewhere out of sight down in the gulch.

King came out at her hall and stared at her. It had been about a year and ten months since he had seen a woman, at least a real, civilized one like Jean. There was the Indian half-breed woman who came up the trail sometimes, and ahead of her down the trail. When they came to the break in the underbrush he showed her how the ground was all moist and green and where the water for her clear down to the cabin, and they found the captain, general and optimistic, ready to talk his head off over prospects in Lost Horse Gulch. King nodded his head.

"Well, I start out every morning for the old shaft, and each day I think maybe I'll hit it right today. Been doing that for thirty-five years, but that don't rattle me a bit. The gold's here, and the day's got to dawn when some of us find it. Think I've found it. I found it long ago, but the months that followed. Each day the captain would start out for his diggings, and often she saw old King coming along the trail, hearty and optimistic, swinging off his cap to her.

"Maybe it's today, Miss Jean," he'd call. And Jean would smile and wave her hand back. She knew the mining game. Hadn't she been born up in a mining camp eighteen years before, high in the Nevada mountains? Then the captain had struck luck, and they had gone east to live, the baby and the young mother, back to the civilization where they belonged. And after years of comfort and surety the two blows had fallen almost together, the passing of Jean's mother and the crash of the captain's fortune in rash speculation.

"But don't you mind, honey girl," he had said cheerily. "We'll go back to where it grows in the mountains. It had not been hard to take up the claim in Lost Horse Gulch region. There had not been a strike there in the memory of man, but the captain had run across a miner, outworn and bent from the mountains, and had heard from him of the prospects there. He had taken over his cabin and belongings for a nominal sum, and they were fairly settled now, gold hunters and rainbow chasers, as Jean used to think sometimes. Once in a while she wondered why Stanley had never answered her letter, breaking their engagement. It was right, she felt, after the financial crash, not to hold him, but she had thought he might have answered. The surprising part was that, as the months slipped by, her own feelings toward him had changed completely; there was only left the regret that he had not faced the issue with more manliness.

One morning old King stopped with news. His face was aglow with eagerness. "Dave's back home," he announced. "He's my boy, not by any blood ties, but I took him when he was a little shaver after his paw died, and brought him up. He's been away to school, mining school, or school of mines, and he'll be home tomorrow. You folks'll like him."

President Wilson's note on peace. Peace is a gamble, forsooth. The war is the big gamble over there.

These are said to be golden years for Japan. Properly. It's a yellow race.

Cleveland is going to invest \$2,000,000 in a civic market. And pay the same price for turkey.

An American lady wants a divorce because her husband hid the fact that he had a false leg until after their marriage. Wooden head.

A Utah woman of 70 is suing a young chap of 31 for breach of promise. Those kids. They're the limit.

We saw a baby kissing its mother on the street the other day, and if that kid did not have painter's colic, we will set up the cigars. Next.

A dog is a good thing in a house. It gives some excuse for conversation.

Chemistry will abolish old age, it is said, but we thought that dressmakers and milliners are doing the same thing. That's grand, not a flapper.

Chickens come home to roost, but not with poultry so high as it is now.

Adam and Eve in the garden sat; Not a thing to do but to eat and chat; Their lives were a burden to them, at that.

As they sat in the beautiful garden. They lived there one honeymoon beautiful bliss. With little to do but to smile and kiss. And yet there was something they surely did miss.

As they sat in the beautiful garden.

Adam and Eve had been tempted for long. As they listened to birds in a chorus of song.

To taste of the fruit that was said to be wrong.

As they sat in the beautiful garden. Said Adam to Eve, one day, let us go Beyond where the surge of the waters flows.

Beyond where the roses and lilies grow, Not sit in this beautiful garden.

So they entered the world like a dutiful pair, Left behind them forever that garden so fair.

Believing it better that each do their share. Of health-giving sensible labor. So we, as their progeny, e'en unto this day.

Count it a blessing to work and to play, Right glad that we're willing and able to say.

There's nothing like health-giving labor.

—Jack Riley.

WHEN THE MOON WAS NEW. You made a wish with me When the moon was new, Never said a word at all About it coming true!

You looked deeply my eyes. Again the moon was new, And neither of us doubted That our wishes had come true.

AMY E. CAMPBELL.

PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS. Every year it is becoming easier for the liquor interests to compile their business statistics.—Doe Meece Register.

The Entente envoys are said to have reached a full agreement on what King Constantine will agree to.—Philadelphia Record.

Owing to the high cost of living the Pittsburgh storio has been cut an inch. Every cloud has its silver lining.—Boston Transcript.

Broadway objects to the "savings-daylight" plan on the ground that we have too much daylight already.—New York Morning Telegraph.

Let us hope that in Congress the

Tommy Church is mayor of Toronto once more, Toronto always did take its jokes seriously.

There is said to be more exercise in wood chopping than dancing, but who wants exercise either way? We prefer kicking a houn' dog.

The women in Philadelphia want the street railwaymen to chew gum instead of tobacco. Oh, well, a man will do anything in Philadelphia.

A French deputy threw a glass at another deputy. Must have thought it a meeting of the London City Council.

We are fit for murders, stratagems and spoils or anything else this week. Most murderers must be dyspeptics.

Nineteen women have been freed on murder charges by Chicago jurors. Shooting men is less dangerous there than stealing an egg.

The King of Rumania did not eat his Christmas dinner at his own fireside, said fireside being moved daily.

Woman of 105 was the life of a Yuletide party in New York. Most folks only seem that old in New York.

Vice-President Marshall of the United States says he never could see what God aimed at as an aristocrat. For, however, some aristocrats are not God's handiwork—just His jokes.

Now is the time to do your Christmas swapping. We have a perfectly good shirt for exchange. Our neck will go into the bottom, but the collar—whisper softly, father's choking.

Sir Sam Hughes says that the national service scheme is a failure. That's a thimbleful. Sam sometimes speaks the truth.

A doctor says that we should avoid the sneezers. How are we going to tell them until one of the birds fills our eye?

In Spokane, they fine folks for selling recipes for making beer at home. All right; we love that dear old water tap.

A doctor advises women to put love and brains into their coffee as a tobacco cure. But who's going to cure the girls? Pass the chocolate ruse.

Bryan says the Americans worship nine false gods. Wilson is probably about eight of them.

Some big politicians in the know made a fortune apiece by getting advance information on

female of the species will be more effective than the male.—Atlanta Journal.

Germany proposes to enlist the unemployed in the Government service, but the Washington Administration can't see where there's any novelty in that.—Boston Transcript.

THE "QUICK" AND THE "DEAD." "What little boy can tell me the difference between the 'quick' and the 'dead'?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

Willie waved his hand frantically. "Well, Willie?"

"Please, ma'am, the 'quick' are the ones that get out of the way of automobiles; the ones that don't are the 'dead.'"

THE TINO IDEA. [Wall Street Journal.] Maybe the King of Greece has his eye on the Nobel peace prize.

Well-Known Ontario Woman Speaks. Welland, Ont.—"I am most pleased to say that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has proved itself a first-class remedy. I was run down, weak and plaid-on, and I needed a woman's tonic. I have just finished using one bottle. I feel much stronger and better. Can eat better and am less nervous. You may see me at the Welland Dispensary."

Prescription is just the medicine for tired-out, worn-out women. It does wonders for them.—Mrs. George Flanagan, E. Main and State streets, Welland, Ont.

THIS PRESCRIPTION IS FOR YOU. If you suffer from hot flashes or dizziness, fainting spells, hysteria, headache, or nervousness you are not beyond relief.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is directed to the real cause and promptly removes the disease, and thereby brings comfort in the place of prolonged misery.

It has been sold by druggists for nearly 30 years, in fluid form, at \$1.00 per bottle, giving general satisfaction. It can now be had in sugar-coated tablet form. Sold by all medicine dealers or trial box by mail on receipt of 50 cents in stamps.

Every sick woman may consult us by letter, absolutely without charge. Write without fear as without fee, to Faculty of the Invalids' Hotel, Dr. V. M. Pierce, President, 683 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pills are unequalled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, easiest to take. One tiny, sugar-coated pellet a dose. Cure Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious attacks, and all derangement of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

TO STOP BAD COUGH. SOOTHE DRY, IRRITATED THROAT WITH PARLOR SYRUP. THIS OLD-FASHIONED COUGH REMEDY IS BEST.

We are told that the old-time remedy is best. It invariably contains less harmful yet better medicine than those which are in use today. This being so, undoubtedly the following old-fashioned recipe which is quick-acting will be welcomed by many, as there seems to be a dearth of such remedies in the present time. Secure from your druggist 1 ounce Parlor (double strength), take this home and add to it a quarter pint of water and 4 ounces of granulated sugar, stir until dissolved. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day. No more reaching your whole body with a cough. Clogged nostrils should open, all passages of your head should clear and your breathing become easy. Parlor is pleasant to take, easy to prepare and costs little. Every person who has a stubborn cough, hard cold or catarrh in any form should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better.

Dec. 28, 29, 30 and 31, 1916, limited to return not later than Jan. 3, 1917.

Between all Michigan Central stations in Canada from all stations in Canada to Detroit, St. Clair, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, N. Y., and to authorized points on connecting lines in Canada via authorized junction points. No fare to be less than 25c for the round trip for adult or child.

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