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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Thursday, Dec. 12.

WHAT OF JAPAN?

HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL, presumably speaking officially, says the British delegates to the peace conference intend to demand that conscription be done away with in Europe. But what of Japan and China, where compulsory military service is the law? Whatever the outcome of the Paris meeting it is certain that the Far East will be affected as directly and as vitally as the Near East or any other section of the globe so far as international or world policies and principles are concerned. There can be no more "splendid isolations." Every nation, big or little, must subscribe to the program that is drawn up or the whole scheme will fall through.

But is Japan ready for such a radical departure as the abolition of conscription? In justice to the Japanese it should be recognized that they have earned their right to a dominating position in the Far East. They checked the Russian attempt to enslave China, started the unspokeable degenerate and barbarous Korea on the way to prosperity and decency and aided China in the introduction of progressive methods of business and industry. Their object may have at times appeared entirely selfish, but the fact remains that they have brought considerable order to an area of the globe where chaos and confusion were the rule. The peace conference must recognize all this, and Japan is likely to insist that if the conditions in the Far East are to continue to improve she must maintain a standing army of great strength. But it is not conceivable that Great Britain, France and the United States will disarm, while Japan and probably China, under Japanese supervision, possess a stupendous power to strike. The potentiality, militarily, in the masses of China alone, is tremendous. The Far East is no longer remote. If this human tide were ever loosened against the western world as a trained force an unprepared civilization would be in danger of annihilation. Europe, including the Teuton nations, would probably welcome the chance to do away with conscription. The moment is ideal for that, with armies demobilized and the masses of the people war weary; but Japan may fairly argue that her existence and progress depends on her keeping a firm hand on all and sundry in the northeastern Pacific. The point may create a ticklish issue at the peace conference that will require skill and tact to handle successfully.

THE MARCH OF THE DEAD.

THE KAISER would stand a long time, if he stood until he saw all the dead whose deaths he caused march past. Germany and Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey would furnish millions and the Allied nations millions more. The crown prince says his father, the kaiser, has suffered enough already. How little he has suffered compared with the suffering he has caused.

"In days gone by each citizen had to answer his name to the Burgess Roll. Is it only fancy that still sees, once as each year comes round, our Burgess dead, the wide world over, gathering to answer the old roll amid the silence and the ether?" This is a Scotch idea, but it suggests that a large gathering there would be in France and Belgium amid the silence and the poppies if they gathered to answer the roll call.

"But soft in the silence of sunset and glen, When the sunlight is purpling the heather, I catch the whisper of unseen men And a leesome sound on the hills again, For methinks the dead together."

"Lo! the braes are tuned to a wondrous tread, Yet shadow is never that falleth; And never a heath-flower bows its head Neath the joyous step of the gathering dead O'er the paths where the plover calleth."

CANADA'S GREATEST PRODUCTION.

CANADA is a producing country, and in the reconstruction period after the war this fact will be of great value to Canada and to the world as well. Fortunately it will depend in the future, as in the past, upon individual effort. The war has shown that Canada's greatest production has been its men, or rather its boys. They will return, over three hundred thousand of them, to gain their place in various ordinary occupations of life. They will lay down the sword, and take up the plow or the pen or some tool of useful industry. Militarism has never had a foothold in Canada and no true Canadian has the slightest desire to see it established here.

Life is restless, and changes come with time. Democracy, freedom and humanity have been such talked of since the war began. There is anger that the principles established by the Allied victory may be turned in the wrong direction, if the greatest watchfulness is not exercised. Mrs. Pankhurst on her first visit to London left the impression that she believed all citizens, of any country, could safely be trusted to make the laws, but on her next visit, after she had been in Russia, and knew something of the Bolsheviks, her views had apparently been greatly changed. Democracy is not safe in the hands of the ignorant. One of the most dangerous tendencies today is the apparent tendency towards public ownership and Socialism. The instances of public ownership in Canada that have been disastrous are numerous. The St. Thomas Street Railway, the London and Port Stanley Railway, the Calgary Street Railway, Regina public utilities and numerous other instances in the west. An examination into the various enterprises taken over by the public will show that public ownership has been in most instances a very expensive failure. Public ownership will dwarf and destroy in-

dividuality and if long in force lessen the sturdiness physically and mentally of the people. Public control, but not public ownership, is the true rule.

A MESSAGE TO GREAT BRITAIN.

THE WOMEN'S National Committee of the American Defense Society has issued the following which speaks so powerfully and completely for itself that no comment is necessary:

"Be It Resolved, That Great Britain and the United States shall not be made enemies through German propaganda, Bolshevik sentiments and Sinn-Feiner clowns.

"Together we have fought, together we must go on fighting.

"A seditious press financed by German gold. German goods dumped here via Sweden, Switzerland and Spain.

"Sentimental pacifists who clamor to feed the unrepentant Germans while our Allies are threatened with starvation.

"Let us therefore remember:

"That when the Lusitania was sunk civilian Germany rejoiced.

"That civilian Germany spat upon our men.

"That civilian Germany raped, burned and pillaged.

"Let us remember:

"That the United States was not invaded by the Huns because of Great Britain's fleet.

"Let us remember all this and swear upon the swords which we have drawn in the name of Liberty, that: Our ears shall be deaf, that our eyes shall be blind now and forever to all forms of German propaganda aimed to destroy the friendship and the unity of our two great nations, Great Britain and these United States."

INITIATION ABOLISHED.

THE NEWS comes floating around that the Western medical students have decided to abolish the old custom of hazing the freshman class. For some years there has been a growing feeling, under the surface, among the sensible majority of the students that the custom might be more honored in the breach than in the observance, but a few turbulent spirits would not let the old cat die, and in fact galvanized its remaining life or two each recurrent October into as vicious an activity as ever.

The affair got to be something like a cannibal feast among some less savage South Sea Islanders. They will tell the missionary that they keep up the rite partly to break the monotony of life, for something to do where Nature's Faculty so willingly does all, and partly because of force of habit. "Really they loathe the thing," but can't let go, especially so long as a few reactionaries insist on keeping the pot a-boiling.

The proceedings of the local students were almost incredible to any who had not read of Hun atrocities or seen them vivid in the movies. The three or four upper years fell upon a timorous flock of freshmen, anywhere, in a field or thoroughfare, poured paints of various colors down their necks, dyed their faces like the ancient Britons with woad, or like Senegambians with tar, and shampooed them with glue. The final touch in this depressing process was always to run the clippers zigzag through the hair, and woe betide any incipient moustache. The boys spent long hours, that might have been usefully employed in the laboratory, trying to wash off the applications of undergraduate kultur. Sometimes a despairing water-cureist would get a tip from a sympathetic senior that turpentine was just the thing to take out paint or tar. Turpentine would be tried, with the result of a parboiled skin, a humorous aftermath. Wasn't it jolly? Mothers of victims sometimes tried to redeem the underwear between which and the flesh the paint or tar had flowed and hardened. They reported indifferently of their success.

It is said that the young ladies of the arts department have been taking up this initiation idea in the restless years of the war. Doubtless it was the prospect of votes for women that caused these future leaders of feminine opinion to resolve to prepare themselves seriously for political action by walking like real men. The little freshette who has been made to swallow soap-suds, snuff pepper and smudge her pretty face and hair, will cast off all female flightiness and cast a ballot with as becoming dignity as any Simple Simon of the men.

But, bravo medd! You have broken the chains of custom, a hard thing to do. You have determined that into the new buildings shall not be admitted a bad old atavism. Civilization advances, and "the world do move."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Let us be careful lest the proposed league of nations doesn't become a plague of nations.

That member of the ex-kaiser's retinue who prevented his master's suiciding was too mighty officious.

It's both pathetic and funny the way those English Tory "die hards" cling to the coat tails of Lloyd George.

Foch says he will soon retire to his garden at the foot of the Pyrenees. Here's hoping the roses will bloom for him for a many a long year.

As Mr. Wilson sails through the former sub-zone it is to be hoped he realizes that his immunity from attack is due to Britain's enforcing of the freedom of the seas.

"What security has the United States for the billions of dollars loaned to Great Britain?" asks an anonymous muttonhead of St. Louis. The security of as sublime a courage, as invincible a spirit, as unwavering a faith, and as knightly an example of self-sacrifice as the annals of the human race disclose. Next.—Houston Post.

OUR HEROES.

By Amy Campbell.
Who knows what hours of night their bodies knew— Ere spirits kept their honored trust with prayer— That we should look with reverent eyes and hearts Upon the scars so beautiful they wear?

Daily they walk with us the city street, Whom angels proudly ministered unto, Broken by battle, eyes grown wise with pain, The keepers of a loyalty full true!

You who remember—you who would forget— Hold in your keeping, compensation pure, Given them the honor they have given you; Give them a brotherhood that shall endure!

FAVORED IRELAND.

[New York World.]
Ireland has the same rights and privileges in the British Empire as Scotland and Wales, and, except for local self-government, even more than the great Dominions of Canada and Australia. It has a larger representation in parliament than its population warrants. It enjoys every guarantee of conscience, press and speech which the British constitution affords. In the matter of land tenure its people are favored by the laws to be found in no other country.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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A MAN'S MAN.
By Vincent G. Perry.

Brian Hoone sank into his seat and fanned himself mechanically. Never before had he been under such a nerve strain. His cheeks were burning scarlet and his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth. He had just finished his first speech in public, and he could not remember a word that he had said. He must have said something pleasing to the audience, though, for the applause had not yet died out. Never before had he realized how gawky he was. His red hands appeared more offensive than ever, and he was sure he looked as foolish as he felt in his dress suit. Why hadn't he had sense enough to wear a collar that did not choke him, he wondered wildly. He was making himself more than uncomfortable, but the next speaker made him forget himself for the time.

Clarence Allison, manager of the town's only bank, stepped to the platform and eyed the audience in a patronizing way. He was the one man Brian envied, with his suave, clean-cut, fashion-sheet style. As he started to speak Brian took a deep breath of admiration.

What would he have given to be able to wear a dress suit as well as Allison wore one? Why weren't his hands big and red? Why weren't they white and small like those of the banker? Why did his hair refuse to stay plastered down, and why did every mistake he attempted to grow develop into a hairy brush instead of a silky adornment like the one that adorned Allison's upper lip?

When the speech was ended Brian was almost ready to run from the building. Allison must have shown the audience what a poor speaker Hoone was, since what a poor speaker Hoone was, the comparison would make a laughing-stock of him.

Beulah Ashley, the young principal of the high school, stepped on the platform and smiled winningly about her. Quickly she commenced to speak, outlining her plans for the new high school that she hoped the meeting would decide to build. Simply she chose her words, and beautifully expressed her thoughts. Brian's face glowed with pleasure.

To him she was the cleverest woman in the world—the woman he loved. But even as she spoke he realized that his love was in vain. Clarence Allison was sitting back smiling at her, and Brian could see her smile back.

Just as the applause broke, a shriek came from the back of the hall. "Fire!"

The place was packed to suffocation, and everyone seemed to rise at once. Brian felt the people sweeping past him as he cried out for order. The fighting, whirling crowd pushed its way to the door, and then sprang back as clouds of smoke swept in.

"Sit down!" Brian yelled, but the smoke seemed to choke him, and he realized that he could not be heard above the din. The crowd seemed to realize all at once that their outlet was barred by the fire below, and as one man turned to dash over the platform to the small door at the rear. Brian turned to see Beulah standing as if glued to the floor.

He caught a glance of her just before the crowd closed in on her. That was enough. Like a madman he fought his way through them all and reached her. The smoke was blinding them, but once his arms were about her she seemed to lose all sense of danger.

The quickest escape was by the fanlight in the roof, he knew. There was only one way up, and he took it. Clinging to her with one arm and using the other to pull them up, he started the climb. His muscles responded admirably. He was steady on his feet, and he looked before he had time to realize what it was all about.

"The big elm is the only way down," he announced, "and there is quite a jump to reach it from here. You must trust me to take it with you in my arms."

"My safety is in your arms," she said sweetly, as she tightened her grip upon him. "You have the strength of Hercules."

That was enough. With the same arm about her, he took the jump. Brian reached out and grasped the limb, his muscles cracking under the test. From one limb to another he swung until he reached the ground. Brian was both to take his arm from about Beulah, but the pain in his wrist made it necessary to do so.

He looked at the other bleeding hand and smiled at it for the first time in his life with admiration. It had saved Beulah's life. But had it? That started him laughing from the crowd that started him. Everybody seemed to be enjoying the sight of the smoke and he looked at them in wonder.

"It wasn't a fire at all," one said. "It was just smoke from the furnace. The panic was without foundation."

Brian's cheeks had regained their blush of shame. He turned to make an apology to Beulah, but she had disappeared. She had realized what an idiot he had been, he supposed, so had got out of the way. He had made a show of her as well as himself. Why couldn't he die right there, he asked himself. Would he ever be doing making a fool of himself.

"Here, Brian, here is some water. Let me bathe your wrist." It was Beulah. He turned to her quickly, but the smile on her face was not one of pity. "I have been an idiot. It is not a fire at all," he said honestly. "You must have thought I was crazy."

"I thought nothing of the kind," she answered. "I thought it was a fire, too. Everyone did. If you had not rescued me I would have died of fright. No other man in the world could have done it as you did."

"I was carried away by the panic of it, too," he answered. "I am sure Mr. Allison did not lose his head. That was another chance he had to show his superiority over me."

"He was the one who shrieked 'fire' I saw him leave the room," she replied. "He is not your superior."

"But he is so much my superior in education, socially, and every way." "No, in very few ways," she contradicted. "Do you think education makes anyone happier or better? Education is a necessity in business like Mr. Allison's, just as a strong eye and a clear head are a necessity in yours. The years he spent on education are equal to the years you spent on learning to be one of the town's leading contractors."

"You both can make a good living."

THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR

By FOUNTAINE FOX.

(Copyright, 1918)



The Professor's wife told him to put his hat up in the rack with the bundles so he'd be sure not to leave the bundles on the train.

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