

## London Advertiser

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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,  
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Saturday, Dec. 1.

The Advertiser believes in, and always has believed in, equal pensions for officers and men and an increase in the separation allowance that will give the family of a soldier a decent chance to combat the high-cost-of-living wolf at the home door.

### THE PEOPLE OF CANADA ARE BETTER THAN ITS GOVERNMENT.

THIS month, the 17th of December, will prove that the people of Canada are better than its Government. Those who passed the franchise act forsook every principle of honor. They will find that the people realize and resent its injustice. The people want honesty in government first.

The members of Parliament in the past have from time to time placed acts on the statute book to prevent corruption at elections. If fraudulent methods were adopted the election would be set aside, and the perpetrators of the fraud were liable to punishment, but in this instance the perpetrators of the fraud have gone above the heads of the electors, and instead of trusting to the old retail methods of fraud, every constituency for itself, each riding to handle its own reptile fund, they make assurance doubly sure by an act depriving those entitled to vote of their votes wholesale. Each constituency can still deal in fraud, by retail, but the Government itself, lest the retail methods should not prove safe, came to the rescue with the franchise act, the wholesale fraud act.

The people want honesty in public life, and if they understand the act, will resent it at the polls, and prove that the public conscience is better and more sensitive, than the conscience of the Government.

The Liberals and all honest electors, must not only cut through the ordinary barbed wire frauds in each constituency, but also plunge through the poisonous gas of the franchise act. On the 17th of December there will be proof that the people of Canada are better than its Government.

### THE CONFEDERATION PRECEDENT.

THE Liberals who have joined Sir Robert Borden's Government are appealing to the precedent which, they say, may be found in George Brown's conduct at Confederation. The cases are not analogous. Brown did not undertake to serve under John A. Macdonald in order to carry out Macdonald's policy. He united with him to carry out the policy he had himself initiated in the old Canadian Parliament, and which Macdonald had voted against a short time before. The latter was opposed to a federal union of the British-American provinces. But when he found himself in a tight place, and facing a deadlock, he agreed to Brown's policy.

But Brown did not enter into a Macdonald ministry, even to carry out his own policy. Sir Etienne P. Tache was premier. And when Tache died, and the governor was going to call in Macdonald to take his place, Brown absolutely refused; and they compromised on Sir Narcisse Beaulieu, a nominal Conservative, but certainly not a militant one. And even that much of a union was more than Brown approved. He wished to remain out, and give Macdonald his support as the leader of the Reform party. But his own political friends urged him to take office as a proof to the people of the other provinces that the Reform party of old Canada was in sympathy with the movement.

When Confederation was accomplished, political conditions were uncertain; a new country had been formed; representatives were coming from all four provinces to the new parliament. And when Macdonald was asked to form the first Confederation Government, Brown, as the real author of Confederation, could not avoid taking office, as a mark of good faith, if nothing else. But he got out of it as soon as he consistently could.

The Conservatized Liberals of today have taken office under the leadership of the Conservative premier. They have gone into his Government to carry out his policies. Not only conscription, of which they approve, but the war franchise act and the C. N. R. act, which they strongly condemned. And they would appeal to George Brown! It is enough to make that sturdy Reformer turn over in his grave.

### FORGET, OR REMEMBER?

FORGET. That is the prayer the Borden candidate, wherever he is found, makes to the electorate. It is the supplication of the Borden press.

REMEMBER. That is the appeal and advice of the Liberal candidate and the Liberal press.

FORGET, say Borden and his followers, the graft, profiteering, trickery, intrigue, mismanagement, obstruction of recruiting and the handing over of the people to the moneyed interests. To the soldier, they say FORGET the past, the injustices, the favoritism, the Ross rifle and the poor equipment. To both they say REMEMBER only that we promise speedy reinforcement of the men at the front without bothering to consult the people, and do not estimate the worth of this

promise by that of others we have made. Concentrate your mental powers on forgetting.

REMEMBER, says Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberals, everything. REMEMBER not only the past of the Borden Government but our past. REMEMBER all the Conservatives would have you FORGET and anything they ask you to recall. Put no trust in FORGETFULNESS but all in REMEMBRANCE. REMEMBER what we have done, how we have fought the schemes which were planned to rob Canadians of their right, the franchise. REMEMBER that we exposed, for the nation's sake, the rottenness of the Borden Administration and forced some improvement. REMEMBER Sir Wilfrid's past promises and how faithfully he kept them. REMEMBER his steadfastness and firmness and compare them with the spinelessness and wabbling of Premier Borden. REMEMBER 1911 and the Nationalist-Conservative coalition. REMEMBER Borden's first cabinet. REMEMBER Sir Wilfrid has promised Canada's ultimate effort to win the war and take care of the soldiers and their dependents. FORGET nothing.

In which man can the Canadian voter trust, the one who asks his support based on FORGETFULNESS, or the one who seeks it based on REMEMBRANCE. Which plea would succeed if the pleader were a businessman seeking renewal of a loan or the employee asking a continuation of his term of engagement?

The new Borden Government is not dead and gone, as Conservatives would have the people believe; it has only changed some articles of its attire and touched up its complexion. The same old features are prominent: Sir Robert, Sir George E., Sir Thomas and, in the background, Sir Joseph. The alterations have been made only to induce forgetfulness.

Will Canadians FORGET or REMEMBER?

Would you vote for any man or set of men who would sell out the country to a crew of profiteering leeches? These pirates have dominated and will continue to dominate Borden.

### RUSSIA'S STRUGGLE.

RUSSIA, most unhappy country, is struggling for progress and towards a civilization she has not yet known; indeed, in some things, she is aiming at a goal far in advance of that reached in Britain, Canada or any other country. That she has chosen the wrong path in allowing the Bolsheviks to gain power and to betray her to the Teutons is patent to all onlookers, but the probable explanation is that she is in such a hurry for internal reforms that she cannot realize the necessity of dealing with external dangers first.

Dispatches state that a law has been drafted which will entitle each member of a family to the use of a whole room, and will order that those persons who now inhabit insanitary dwellings or lodgings shall be moved to rooms in the houses of the wealthy. All furnished rooms in hotels, under this law, will be taken over by the Workmen's Councils to be used as the Hotel Employees' Union shall decide.

This is an attempt to do away, at one blow, with the terrible conditions under which some of the poorest classes in the cities live. It has in it the germ of that democracy which was intended to be the distinguishing mark of the new Russia, after Nicholas was dethroned. It is an effort to raise the moral, mental and physical status of the masses by placing them in a cleaner, sweeter and healthier environment, and has as its ultimate aim the proper housing and feeding of the poorest individual in the land; a utopian state not reached in any land under the sun.

Does not the framing of such a law give the key to the Russian situation? Beaten, terrorized and treated with less consideration than the beasts of the field, the Russian masses have longed for freedom and real life. The overthrow of the monarchy seemed to make this possible, and in a moment the necessity of beating Germany and thus insuring the national freedom was forgotten or gave way to the desire to establish individual liberty.

The Russians have failed to grasp the fact that all internal improvements will go for naught if Germany is victorious; that the first step towards liberty must be the defeat of the Teutons. In this failure they have the companionship of the German people. The latter are howling for reforms, but cannot understand that the surest and safest way to obtain them is to make peace and accept the Allies' terms. They, like the Russians, are unable to take the broader view. Time will show both their error.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

If Sweden has any sense she will keep clear altogether of the Russo-German separate peace movement. She is not above suspicion of partisanship.

Political weather forecast: From December 1 to 17, stormy; December 18 some depression, but continued bright sunshine for the country as a whole.

Mennonites, religious objectors to combatant service, are trying to do their bit in Southern Manitoba by giving the Government \$1,000,000 without interest. Their example might be followed in some parts of Ontario.

Sir William Hearst and Hon. N. W. Rowell are to stump the province together. The prophecy of the lion and the lamb lying down side by side in friendship is not quite applicable. Rather it is a case of the sheep and the goat.

Wonder if that New Yorker who refuses to exchange his American citizenship for a British baronetcy, but accepts the estate that goes with the title, would have refused if the choice had been between accepting both or neither.

It passes the comprehension of a certain newspaper in this city that The Advertiser could refuse to publish an election document when advertising rates were offered for its insertion. It cannot understand that some newspapers will not agree to be bought.

If Sir Robert Borden believes 100,000 men will be all that are needed to reinforce Canada's troops until the end of the war, what objection can he have to the candidature of George S. Gibbons? The point of difference between their policies is only that Gibbons stands for justice to the people and Borden for service to the moneyed interests.

### You Must All Hang Together or You'll All Hang Separately



Advertiser Illustrations

### The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.  
IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR CUTIE.  
(By Vincent G. Perry.)

Harry Knowles undid the parcel with unwilling fingers. The handwritten address on the outside told him what it contained. He had hoped Madeline wouldn't take their little quarrel so seriously. He had meant to write her an apology; now it was too late. One by one he lifted the carefully-wrapped articles from the parcel. He could tell without removing the tissue paper wrapping what each little parcel contained.

The little square box he knew held the ring that had sealed their betrothal—at least they thought it had then. There was the little cameo brooch he had given her the first Christmas, when his salary had been small; and there was the necklace and the amethyst ring he had given her on her birthday. The last little parcel he held to his ear, and the ticking sound startled him. It was the engraved wrist watch that had made her so happy the Christmas before. They were all there—every present he had given her. He thought, "No; there was one that wasn't there! But he couldn't expect her to send Cutie back—Cutie, the Boston terrier pup he had bought her that summer. Cutie wasn't a regular present, and besides, she was too much of the little fellow to part with him."

But Harry didn't reckon with Madeline's pride. As much as she loved Cutie, she couldn't keep him because Harry had given him to her. It hurt more to part with the little dog than with any of the other presents, and after the expression took him away the flood of tears that she had kept back so long broke forth. Harry gasped when he saw what the dressmaker had for him. It certainly must be all right. Madeline now, he thought. To think that she would send Cutie back! There was nothing to do but accept him.

When Harry was transferred a little later to a bank in the west there was only one thing that troubled him—what would he do with Cutie? The little dog had meant much to him in the lonely days he had spent in the east, off with Madeline, and he had become quite attached to it. The idea of parting with it, Harry wouldn't even think of it. There wouldn't be any place to keep the dog when he arrived in the west, and the season out here was just what he needed. He thought of that he wouldn't have been so hasty in applying for a transfer; but at that time he knew only his own mind, and that was to get far enough away from the east to forget. At the last moment he thought of sending Cutie to his sister in the country. He would be well taken care of and safe from harm there, he was sure.

The first letter Harry got from his sister after his arrival in the west was that Cutie had been stolen. How it happened the sister wasn't sure, but the villagers blamed it on a gypsy band that had been seen in the neighborhood. He wired notices to all the village papers in the vicinity of the village in which his sister lived, but without result. He wondered if Madeline had stolen it, but dispelled that thought from his mind. Madeline wouldn't stoop to a thing like that.

The west didn't prove such a balm to the wound as Harry had hoped, and finally he decided to go home again. As the train came to the station he was returning to the east, he saw a dog running to the east toward the station he knew so well, he found himself wondering if he would meet Madeline, and how she would receive him. Maybe she would listen to an apology now. He could give her back all his presents—all except Cutie. That settled it; she wouldn't have Cutie any longer. He knew that his hands and would have passed the station if the conductor hadn't aroused him.

Although he had been in the city nearly a week, Harry could not muster enough courage to call Madeline by telephone. A vaudeville performance appealed to him more than anything else, and he went to a very lonely and tiresome evening. The performance was dull, until near the end an animal act was staged. Harry sat bolt upright as he caught sight of a familiar little object on the stage. It was the same walk and the same little wag of the tail; the markings were just the same and the color exactly the same. There wasn't two dogs in all the world with a bark like that! It was Cutie! What had happened? He couldn't hardly restrain himself when he saw the little dog cower before the brutal-looking trainer. To see the police, he thought, would be the best plan, and he hurried from the theatre.

He tried not to be excited as he explained to the sergeant at the police station. "Have you any way of identifying him as the dog you had stolen?" asked the sergeant. Harry thought for a minute. There was only one person in the city beside himself who could identify the dog, but he couldn't possibly ask her. It looked as if Cutie was lost to him for good. But rather than let the dog be in the hands of that man any longer he would call Madeline and ask her to come to the station house. Perhaps she wouldn't mind when she knew it was for Cutie. "They don't answer the phone," the operator told him after he had spent nearly ten minutes at the telephone. He hung up the receiver with a sigh, wheeled around and faced—Madeline! She was standing in the doorway at him in wonder. As she recovered herself she dropped her eyes quickly. "This young woman has lost a dog and claims that a performer has it at the Lyric theatre," the chief of police said. "She says the dog would know her, but has no other means of identifying it."

"Yes, I have," Madeline interrupted. "This is a—this young man knows Cutie. He can identify it. Please, Harry, dear! She was so excited that she did not realize what she was saying."

"The sergeant was amused. 'This young man is also making claim to a dog at the Lyric; the same dog, most likely. You see, we both have a very strong claim to it.' The two were talking at once."

"Well, you see, it is your dog. We are to be married—I mean, we were to be married. Oh, what am I saying? Harry, why can't you explain? I'm so excited and nervous!" Madeline was almost crying. "If you will send an officer to the theatre with us, we will assure you the dog doesn't belong to the man that has it, at any rate," he said. "We can decide claim to it."

The chief agreed. At the theatre the trainer claimed that he had bought the dog from a stranger, but when Harry slipped him twenty-five dollars he didn't run the risk of an investigation and handed the dog over.

"If it was a good performer, I would not let you have it for a thousand," he said. "But it was too old when I got it to teach it new tricks."

"It is dreadfully late for you to be out alone, Madeline. Do you mind if I go home with you?" Harry asked. "You might lose Cutie, too," he added. "There was a tremor in her voice."

"No, he isn't! I was just keeping him for you, Madeline. Don't let our silly little quarrel come between you and Cutie. He thinks too much of you for that. So do I."

They did not speak again until they reached her home. They had been thinking a lot.

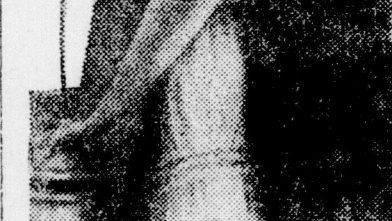
"Now promise me, Harry, you will come to see Cutie tomorrow night," he said. "But it was too old when I started down the walk after taking half an hour at the door."

"You bet I will," he called back.

GIRLS! LOTS OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR

25-Cent Bottle of 'Danderine' Makes Hair Thick, Glossy and Wavy.

Removes All Dandruff, Stops Itching Scalp and Falling Hair.



To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine. It is easy and inexpensive to have nice, soft hair and lots of it. Just get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine. It costs but a few cents. It is a hair restorer and within ten minutes there will see new hair—fine and downy at first, but after two weeks, when you will see no hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp—Danderine, we believe, the only sure hair grower, destroyer of dandruff and cure for itchy scalp, and it never fails to stop falling hair at once.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this.

## MAUDE HAD MANY OF KITCHENER'S ABILITIES

[Literary Digest.]

Bagdad is a long, long way from Belgium, and it is much easier to form an idea of General Haig or General Petain, because we see so many photographs of them and read so many stories about them, but in General Sir Stanley Maude England had another general about whom a legend is said to be growing up very like the one which haloed Kitchen-er's name.

The Kitchen-er comparison suggests itself because of the striking parallel between the Bagdad campaign and Kitchen-er's Nile campaign to Omdurman and thence to Khartoum. As was Kitchen-er, so Maude was faced by the problem of advancing into a desert country along a river which must furnish his line of communication. As Kitchen-er, he had to create transport, hospitals, housing, sanitation, and water supply for his troops. As Kitchen-er, he was obliged to rely for munitions and supplies upon bases far over seas, with the additional menace of a hostile sea power to entangle the situation. As Kitchen-er, finally, he had to contend with an alien climate, in which white troops could work only during the cool months of the year. And Maude's solution of his diverse problems was startlingly like Kitchen-er's, says a contributor to the New York Evening Post, who procured his information from Mr. Arthur T. Clark, a Y. M. C. A. worker with the British forces in Mesopotamia. Mr. Clark's story is the first detailed account of the six-month offensive campaign which resulted in the recapture of

Kut-el-Amara and the taking of Bagdad, the re-establishment of British prestige in the East, and the defeat of the German threat at India. General Maude's army numbered 300,000 men, combatants and noncombatants, and before he advanced a foot he had every contingency provided for and every precaution taken against failure. As Kitchen-er, he had the strength of the man sure of himself, the ability to bide his own time, to keep his own counsel, to drive men unmercifully, and yet to inspire all about him with his own indomitable spirit, according to Mr. Clark, who says:

The Tommies adored him. They just worshipped him, the way they did Kitchen-er, and I dare say a legend is growing up around his name, exactly as one did around Kitchen-er's. When General Maude passes by everything Tommy stands so stiff and salutes so earnestly that he quivers all over. They do it, I suppose, because they feel deeply about it, and that is the only way he can show him how they feel. He is a very silent man, with wonderful face, clean cut and very strong. He drives his staff terribly, and when an officer makes a blunder the general is very severe to him. I can tell you. They are all afraid of him, the officers, I mean. But at the same time they have implicit confidence in him. One day in Bagdad he came into the Y. M. C. A. to see what we were doing. I happened to be there alone, and he asked me to take him around. He wanted to see everything, the servants' quarters, the kitchens, the ice cream freezer, the entertainment facilities—everything. He went over to them himself. He didn't say much except to ask questions. And he didn't offend anyone. That is his way. If a thing is all right, well and good. You have done your duty, he tells you so, and he tells it in a way you won't forget.

## The Menace of Bordenism

[From Toronto Globe of Monday, April 23, 1917.]

The spirit of Bordenism is the spirit of faction and disunion. Leadership in these perilous times should transcend all considerations of party, and by its lofty appeals to the sentiment of patriotism, by its wide vision and masculine grasp of affairs, and by its broad and tolerant sympathies attract to the side of the Government and to the service of the nation the enthusiastic and loyal support of every citizen. Bordenism has been tried and found wanting.

The leadership of Sir Robert Borden during the past two years has been lacking in the masculine qualities of statesmanship that are indispensable to the successful prosecution of war abroad and to the same and practical conduct of affairs at home. Shortcomings and unavoidable blunders might be forgiven any government suddenly brought face to face with unprecedented conditions of war, but the offences of the Borden Cabinet smelt to Heaven and strike at the foundations of national character. They sap and undermine the codes of honor and standards of public decency to which ministers of the crown are expected to conform and by which their public conduct is judged. Doubly heinous are the sins of the Borden Government in the light of the great issues in this war, issues that distinguish between right and wrong and that raise an insuperable moral barrier between Canada and the Prussian foe. While Canadian troops are facing death that British ideals may prevail throughout the Dominion, the prime minister, Sir Robert Borden, shows his contempt for the sacredness of the British flag by flouting with popular applause the British Empire in the conduct of his government. Borden and Rogerism! In days when Canada is making tremendous sacrifices, Sir Robert Borden flouts honor and decency in public life and humiliates his country by sailing to England in the company of a minister who is placed outside the pale by the findings of the Galt Commission. Under Sir Robert Borden's leadership, or lack of leadership, the country has drifted from its safe moorings. No one can say what the future may bring forth. Bordenism has failed Canada in days of war; it is an untried guide for the country in the present days of peace that lie immediately ahead. Bordenism has failed not only as an instrument of war, but also as an instrument of reconstruction after the war. The first step toward any successful plan of national reconstruction is the creation of a national atmosphere, in which all who love their country and desire to serve her may be gathered behind a common flag, a common cause, a common menace to national unity. Throughout the election campaign of 1911 and during the intervening period it has been a disintegrating influence in the life of Canada and a serious weakness to the Empire. Instead of consolidating the forces of the nation, Bordenism has intensified party divisions and encouraged the growth of discord and faction. Signs are not wanting that, in sheer desperation, the Bordenites intend to resort to the rusty weapons of the moral assassin. Chief among these is the cry of disloyalty against all who condemn the hopeless incompetence and inefficiency of the Borden Government in the conduct of the war, and its lack of foresight and preparedness in dealing with the problems that are arising out of the war. The Liberals of Canada are not unaccustomed to the cry of disloyalty, by which the Tories always seek to hide the poverty of their arguments and their lack of vision. It is the sacrifices it entails on all classes in the community make Liberals less prone than formerly to tolerate the dangerous firebrands who serve the cause of Bordenism by defaming the character of loyal Liberals. The arrogant pretensions of Tories who boast a monopoly of the civic virtues and who parade their loyalty to the throne with offensive vulgarity might be laughed at by Liberals were it not part of the systematic propaganda on which Bordenism and Quebec Nationalism floated into office in 1911, and by means of which the same unholy alliance, with its unwary record of the past five years, hopes to speak to the people and influence during the coming period of reconstruction.

One of the Bordenite firebrands is Col. John A. Currie, M.P., who spends his leisure moments fighting over again the much-debated battle of St. Julien. Others less fortunate than Col. Currie shoulder their crucifixes when telling the tale. Col. Currie's record of the fight does not lose in the constant telling. But it is not Col. Currie's reiterated defence of his leadership at St. Julien with which the Globe is concerned. It is no exaggeration to say that in no other belligerent country would the victory of the Allies in the past five years have been so quickly and so completely forgotten as in Canada. Col. Currie's record of the fight does not lose in the constant telling. But it is not Col. Currie's reiterated defence of his leadership at St. Julien with which the Globe is concerned. It is no exaggeration to say that in no other belligerent country would the victory of the Allies in the past five years have been so quickly and so completely forgotten as in Canada. Col. 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