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London, Ont., Tuesday, Dec. 18.

THE RESULT IN CANADA.

AT THE HOUR OF WRITING it appears that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has not achieved victory, but will have a formidable Opposition following, larger than in the campaign of 1911, when the next Parliament—the thirteenth—is assembled.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier followed the clearly-marked trail of national duty, without swerving to the right or to the left, asking no man's support on selfish grounds, arousing a country from coast to coast, and facing almost single-handed, except for his partially-organized army of followers, the most powerful forces ever brought to bear against a leader in any political campaign.

The opponents of the Liberal party alone can tell to what lengths the machinery at their command was used. The money must have amounted into millions, the voters prevented from exercising their franchise must have been many, and the "adopting" of the soldiers' vote remains to be presented as the final act in a drama that has been sordid and un-Canadian. The winning party may plume itself upon a victory in the name of conservatism; it will never live down those things for which it must reproach itself.

The Unionist party wore two masks. One was the conscription mask, which has been taken on and off, as the occasion demanded. To the farmers the Government appeared in no role of conscriptionist, but to the crowded cities which had given of their teeming thousands to the war, the mask of enforced service was used in an effort to stir the very emotions which its operators sought to quell in other sections of the community.

Then it wore the Liberal mask. The old government willingly damned itself as a weak, corrupt, inefficient regime, in the hope that its new role would be accepted with acclaim. "We are no longer Mr. Hyde; can't you see that we are Dr. Jekyll?" was made the issue. The Government and its host of ambitious followers were all things to all sections of the community. Win, win at any price, but win, was the word passed along, and all the branches of the service were responsive. The party men did their part, the converted newspapers fell in line, the soldier who opposed the Government was dragged, the patriotic impulses of the women voters were capitalized into votes. Quebec, marked from the first to be a target for Ontario, was used to arouse the people. The talk of "menaces" filled the air.

Union government finds the country in a more or less receptive mood, under circumstances when a true verdict could not be recorded. Sir Robert Borden has made his future and his fate. Let him face his problems! Are the statesmen of Great Britain not crying out to Canada for unity? Will the Borden policy of conscription produce the men required as reinforcements? The need is for men. The country is behind the Government in an adequate and determined war policy. When the shouting has died away union government will be faced with the most tremendous responsibility that ever came to a Canadian parliament. Sir Wilfrid Laurier will be found to strengthen the hand of the Government in every act calculated to win the war. He is a greater figure today than he has been at any time since he first entered the Canadian Parliament to serve the whole people.

THE DECISION IN LONDON.

NEVER before did the city of London take an election so seriously, and exercise the franchise more generally than in the contest between Major Hume Cronyn, Unionist candidate, and George S. Gibbons, Labor-Liberal candidate. Extreme pressure was brought to bear by the Unionist side upon every available vote, and an emotional appeal was made to the women voters, as well as to the religious feeling of the people. Coercion of employees was exercised widely, and no opportunity was missed to head off the feeling that burned hot against the corruption of the old regime.

In view of the large vote cast, and the normal Conservative majority in London, Mr. Gibbons made a magnificent showing. His campaign was conducted on a high plane, and he was surrounded by a devoted band of Labor and Liberal workers, who faced every move of the most desperate campaign ever conducted with resolute spirit and determination. There is not a single thing with which to reproach the Gibbons campaign. Liberalism stood beside him with remarkably few defections; Labor must have done nobly in order to overcome the certain lead which the other side claimed. A general women's vote, of which the women were deprived, would have changed the verdict.

The Liberal campaign was laid out upon lines of public service, and a new era for the masses. Mr. Gibbons stood for the enforcement of the conscription act, and properly believed his appeal could be made on the economic conditions of the country and the appeal to reason. He brought Labor to its greatest opportunity in London, and the unity of the two forces will not wane with the years to come.

The Unionist side claimed the vote of the soldiers' relatives from the first, and depended largely upon an appeal to these relatives through women canvassers. The soldiers' relatives were stirred deeply by stories of dire possibilities; their patriotic allowance was to be cut off if Gibbons were elected; the men were to be withdrawn from the front, and by all the signs the Germans were to be allowed to take over Can-

ada. Every attempt to intimidate and to horrify this section of the electorate was made. It was not wholly successful, or the majority would have been much greater.

Liberalism stood to provide a new program for the war and for the country, for the people at home and for the soldiers at the front. The influences against the fight were tremendous, but when the majority of Major Cronyn is compared with that of candidates in other cities, he will be the first to acknowledge that he met a worthy opponent. London was divided on the issues, but the majority was overcome by the emotional appeal that came from every side. Much was to be said for both sides of the case.

Major Cronyn is to be congratulated on the splendid evidence of confidence registered by the people. No citizen has been more generally held in high regard in the years of his association with his fellow-Londoners. The Advertiser believes that the House of Commons will be the better for his presence.

Liberalism and Labor in London are not dismayed. The note has been struck for another day, a better day for the whole people and for these two great parties that work for reform, and are ready to go down to defeat for a good cause.

LIBERALISM PRESERVED IN WESTERN ONTARIO.

IN WESTERN ONTARIO, where the Liberal cause had The Advertiser to carry the news of the Laurier campaign to the reading public, the Liberals were more successful than in any other part of Canada. Seven seats were secured as opposed to fourteen Unionist seats. Had the same proportion held good throughout Ontario the Liberals would have secured nearly 30 seats. The press of Ontario, save for one or two dailies in smaller cities and several valiant weekly papers, gave the cause of Laurier no consideration. His declarations of policy as to the conduct of the war were given little or no mention. Repeatedly The Advertiser sought to have these pronouncements given further circulation, but they were refused. Sir Wilfrid Lord in Ontario through a conspiracy of silence.

Liberalism made a splendid battle in Western Ontario despite all the forces that were thrown against its candidates. The Advertiser has received a support seldom accorded a newspaper that believed the interests of the country were bound up with the fate of Liberalism. The party has been preserved, and Western Ontario has become its home.

NO LIBERAL MONEYBAG.

LIBERALISM in Western Ontario has preserved the party for the English-speaking section of the Canadian people. From this populous section of old-time Reform spirit grew much of the strength that saved Liberalism from perishing. Liberalism has secured new allies, notably among the Labor men, and the future of the country will depend upon the allegiance of Ontario to the principles of democracy.

Liberalism had no "pork barrel," and wanted none. It had no publicity campaign, no billboards. The average Liberal campaign fund was collected by passing the hat among men who had no funds to spare for political purposes, but were ready to make a definite sacrifice for their principles.

PUT NO HOPE IN LIBERAL UNIONISTS.

LIBERALISM will be well advised to put little faith in the possibility of defections among those former members of the party who went over to the Unionist side.

When you begin to calculate upon the possibility of securing their support think of the Liberal-Unionist you know, and calculate whether or not he would relinquish the office he has taken. It is not at all probable that many or any of these Unionists will be found on the side of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

The thing to be watched for is the anticipated and boasted domination of the cabinet by the Liberal infusion.

DR. SILCOX LEAVES.

REV. DR. SILCOX leaves the city today for Montreal, and the best wishes of the populace accompany him to his new home. He has been a great force in building up the First Congregational Church, to which he came three years ago, and his influence, as a minister, has always been exerted to the best interests of his congregation.

When the European war broke out, and Britain took her place alongside France to stem the German rush, the United States remained neutral. Dr. Silcox, then holding an important charge across the border, felt that he must return to Canada, which had joined Britain in the struggle, since every drop of his blood cried out for participation in the great Allied cause. He came to London, not for large salary, but because he saw an opportunity for effective work. He gave his sons up to the country which called them, to fight, and, if need be, to die, and he rejoiced in their spirit and manhood. One of his sons came very near to passing over the eternal threshold, but recovered, and is now doing his bit in France along with his brother.

Sorrow did not pass Dr. Silcox by while in the city. Mrs. Silcox died after an extended illness, during which her friends marvelled at the wonderful will power which appeared to be her only hold on life. In his bereavement, as now in his departure from the city, Dr. Silcox had the sincere sympathy and good wishes of the people.

EDITORIAL NOTES

If only the Bolsheviks knew what they wanted there might be a chance of their getting it.

Russia will permit Britishers to leave the country, but what will they be allowed to take with them?

This is the morning after, and that inevitably means some sore heads. Fortunately, the sickness is not permanent.

The election being over, everyone may feel free to indulge in another guessing contest, subject: What will Russia do?

Col. House says the morale and determination of the Allied people are stronger now than ever before, and he has shown a predilection for truth-telling.

If it is not considered wise to change fuel controllers, it would be a good plan to abolish the office. That would save money, and have no ill-effect on the coal supply.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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THE \$16.45 SUIT.
[By Vincent G. Perry.]

The window of the "Leading Gent's Furnishing Store" of the city presented a display that gladdened the hearts of bargain-hunters. David Laird could not be classed as a bargain-hunter, but just the same he stopped in front of the window and looked over the suits to \$16.45. They looked very well on the dummies and appeared worth the price. It was for a new suit he had come downtown, and these were new suits—so that was all he cared, and he went in to purchase one.

Walter Mitchell, manager of the store and a personal friend of David's, got down from the bargain-hunter, who had been debating for over an hour on which suit would wear longest and which would fade soonest, and made for David. "I want a suit, Walter," Dave announced, after he had been welcomed by Mitchell.

"Come right upstairs to our fitting department. We have some splendid new cloth in, and our tailors can have a suit made up in record time when they know it is for you. You are the best advertisement they have."

Mitchell started to lead the way, but Dave put a restraining hand on his shoulder. "No, Walter, I want a ready-made suit—one of those \$16.45 ones in the window," he said.

"What?" Mitchell asked in surprise. "A sixteen-dollar-fifty suit for you? You're joking."

But Dave assured her he was not. "I've always had a fancy for the best-dressed man at the club, and the most particular about his appearance. I don't care about you appearing in a cheap suit," Mitchell was not quite convinced of Dave's sincerity.

"It won't make any difference to Hester. Why should it? You did not see me at her house last night when you were out of town."

"I didn't think it possible that Hester and you could ever become as friendly as one another as all that. Your little quarrels always seem to patch up quicker and easier than anyone else's."

"Well, there is no sign of this one patching up, and I hope it never does. Hester has gone too far this time. Dave said, decidedly. "How about the suit?"

Dave did not take long in choosing a suit. Almost the first one he looked at fitted him, and he ordered it sent to his apartment. After he had gone out, Mitchell looked at the suit and picked. "Whatever has got into Dave Laird to wear a cheap suit? I don't know. I've heard of him buying a good one on him," he said to himself. "I'll bet this quarrel is the cause of the whole thing."

The idea of the old man in his smart suit appealed to Dave's sense of humor and he laughed for the first time in two days.

Mitchell surmised correctly when he thought Hester was the cause of Dave's cheap purchase. Dave had always had more money than he knew what to do with, and had little idea how to make himself really miserable. Changing his appearance and "going on the rocks," he thought, would be the most terrible thing that could happen to him, and would affect Hester most. But as he sat down and thought it over he crossed his mind that perhaps after all he wasn't reaching the desired end.

"I think I'll be a hermit," he said aloud. Buster, his pet Boston Terrier, came over to him at the sound of his voice. "Nobody loves me now. The crowd licked my hand, and I was consoled. Dave laughed a little more cheerily.

A knock on the door at the foot of his stairs announced the arrival of the suit. Dave opened the parcel and took out the suit. It wasn't so bad, he decided, but it was certainly different from the class of clothes he was accustomed to wearing. What would clothes matter, anyway, when there was no one to care how he looked, and he would give all his money to charities, and be a martyr in the true sense of the word. The more he looked at the suit the more he thought of it cropped up in his mind. It didn't look bad from a distance, but a close inspection, he saw when he tried it on. It wouldn't be likely that Hester would ever get close to him to see its defects. That was the worst of it.

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"Dave dear, I'm sorry. It was all my fault, and I can't do without you. When I said you couldn't come to the party I didn't mean it at all, and I'll be heart-broken if you don't."

Dave glanced at the date hurriedly. It was two days before the party. He hurried to the telephone and was talking to Hester when he had time to think twice.

"Hester, will you never forgive me? I just got your note, you said."

"Just got it now, Dave—how can that be? Why, it was posted two days ago. I can't forgive you. You made me so miserable that my party was a failure. The girls all noticed your absence and whispered about it. You did it just to punish me, didn't you, Dave? There was the same doubtful tone that had been the cause of most of their quarrels, but Dave didn't notice it.

"I'm coming right up," he said, and hung up the receiver before she had an opportunity to refuse him the privilege of seeing her. "I know it all now," were the words she greeted him with after the door had closed. "But how did you get that letter? Did Walter Mitchell find it and give it to you? I gave the note to father's new secretary to post for me. He remembered that he left it in the suit of clothes he was wearing at the time, and has since returned the suit to Mitchell's because it was a poor fit."

"But Walter didn't find it," laughed Dave. "I found it in the pocket of this suit—a \$16.45 one. How do you like it?"

"It's the one dad's secretary had," she gasped. "What in the world are you doing in a \$16.45 suit?"

"Do you think I look terrible in it?" he asked with a smile.

"You look nice in anything," she smiled back. "But I hope they'll take it back, for you look better in your own."

"Well, before I do I think I had better empty my pockets. The first thing I'll take out will be this marriage license. I secured it on the way here. We had better not wait much longer. Goodness knows what our next quarrel will lead to."

She looked over her license, then looked up with a smile and said: "I'm through with quarrels."

Bits of Byplay by Luko McLuko

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No joke. A thin girl's dress deceives you. And the facts, I think, would grieve you. The outside contains more flourishes than the inside contains ounces.

Defined. "What is camouflage, anyway?" asked the Old Fogey.

"Camouflage is the smile a wife wears when her husband spills the gravy all over the tablecloth when they have company to dinner," replied the Grouch.

Mean Brute! When wife tried to learn to bake, Youngbuddy said to Flo:

"What dandy golf balls you could make out of your biscuit dough!"

Correct. "All married men are beasts," snapped Mrs. Gabb.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Gabb. "Beasts of burden."

The Army Mule's Soliloquy. "I've fought man's war for years and years. I've made the horse look sick."

When armies had to move, you'll find: On desert, mountain, or on plain, my strength has never failed.

And I have ploughed on through campaigns when horse and camel failed.

I've never needed coddling, and I've carried gun and pack.

Clear through the hell of warfare and I've always brought them back;

And now they try to tell me that I must take second rank.

To a doggone old steam roller that the Tommies call a "tank."

The Wise Fool. "We should look a misfortune squarely in the face," observed the Sage.

"But suppose the misfortune is that of being cross-eyed?" asked the Fool.

Hoorsay! The Hun we adore.

Is sadder, but wiser; The longer the war.

The shorter the Kaiser.

What? What has become of the old-fashioned man who used to win the Nobel Peace Prize?

Neither Did We. Maybe you know it, and you, that James Blackwell does whitewashing in Zanesville, Ohio?

Society Note. Miss Sallie Blue Dow of Sapulpa, Okla., is now Mrs. Wade Black Owl.

Our Joe Miller Contest. Some claim that the oldest joke is the one about the boy who was very proud of his father, and thought that

his father could whip the world. His father came home one night and was telling his wife that he had had a fight with a drunken loafer that day, and the loafer had struck at him with a club and just grazed his head. "My," said his wife, "the night have knocked your brains out?" Filled with faith in his sire, the boy exclaimed: "Huh! I'll bet they ain't nobody kin knock any brains out of my pa's head!"

Mercy! News item: Mr. Mudd married Miss Maiden.

In days of old, as we are told, For one rebellious butt, Lot's wife was of a sudden turned Into a lump of salt.

The same propensity to change Still runs in woman's blood; For here we have a case as strange— A Maiden turned to Mudd.

—L. and N.

Things to Worry About. Some nightingales sing in the day only.

Names Is Names. C. M. Schott lives at Fort Recovery, Ohio.

Our Daily Special. You can bank on the future, but you can't check against it.

Luko McLuko Says: When we use ourselves as a standard of comparison we discover that other people do not amount to much.

A lot of men are prone to yelp when a newspaper happens to make a misstatement. But we can tell you right here that if you were as careful what you say as the newspapers are, and were correct as often as the newspapers

are, you would be a mighty good citizen.

The reason why a woman likes to brag about her figure being natural is because she has done a lot of lacing and a lot of upholstering to make the thin places look thick and the thick places look thin. And the long places look short and the short places look long.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who used to support her husband with a wash tub?

You can know a girl for ten years, but you can't get acquainted with her until you have been married to her for ten days.

We never could understand why Janus, being a male god, was equipped with two mouths. When a goddess could have used them to better advantage.

It has always seemed strange to us that a little wife can boss a big husband when a big wife can't do it.

The honeymoon is over when he quits shaving every day and she quits hiding her store hair.

A man may be truthful about other things. But you can't trust him when he describes the size of fish and hat-stones.

Did you ever see a drum-major who didn't look and act as if he was the whole band? Neither did we.

Why is it that good habits are harder to form and easier to break than the other kind?

We do not know much, but we do know that when a girl lets you carry her powder rag in your coat-pocket when you are out together you are a goner.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is the remedy you should take. It heals the mucous surface, relieves oppression and tightness of the chest, removes the accumulation of phlegm, quiets the most obstinate and distressing coughs, and secures rest and sleep at night, not only to the sufferer, but to others whose rest would be otherwise broken.

Mrs. Ezekiel Ackers, Lake Pleasant, N. S., writes: "I got wet feet and took an awful cold; could not sleep at night, and would do nothing but cough. My husband got me a bottle of medicine, but it was not worth bringing home. I was going to call the doctor in when a friend asked me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I told her I had little faith in it, but she urged me to get a bottle. I did, and I must say that of all the medicine I ever took, it is the best, and relieved me the quickest of anything I ever saw."

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