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The London Advertiser Company, Limited.  
London, Ont., Saturday, Dec. 9.

## All Liberals Should Strive To Establish National Government For Canada During War Time

**G**RIFT, AND NOTHING BUT GRAFT, led to the changed attitude of the Liberal party toward the present Borden administration. A wartime government with a clean record would have commanded the respect and co-operation of the country and the Liberal party from the moment war was declared, but ever since the hand of the wartime thief was shown, and the present Government refused to condemn him, the Liberal attitude and the attitude of the whole country have been altered. The feelings of every decent Canadian were outraged by the revelations that came to the surface before the present administration had many months of wartime power. The patronage list held supreme. Ottawa became the centre of a horde of hungry graft seekers; the first investigation of contracts resulted in the dismissal of two members of Parliament, although before the Liberals pressed for a hearing, these same two members were defended, and would never have been investigated but for the insistence of the members of the opposition. Archie McCoig, of West Kent, was called a "sniper" when he directed attention to the criminal deals in horses in Nova Scotia in which Foster, M. P., was involved; the notorious Garland, M. P., of drugstore fame, would be in parliament today and probably awarding contracts to his own clerks had it not been for the vigilance of the Liberals; the oily Wesley Allison would be conducting the country's munition business with millions for himself, and a swarm of lesser grafters would be gathered like swelled blue-bottles about the pot.

A Government such as Canada has had since war began could not have held office in Great Britain for one month. Popular revolution would have overthrown such a combination. The British people would not have "stood for it." From the first the British have demanded that there must be honesty and ability at the head of government. Asquith has endeavored to meet the crises which have come upon him. He has just now been compelled to make way for his critics by vacating the premiership, not because the breath of suspicion was ever cast upon him, but because his administration did not seem to contain the united strength of the nation. He could not have existed up to the present time unless his government had accomplished wonderful things. It was difficult to find reasons for his rejection; the British people themselves did not appear to know why he was asked to relinquish the post. But at a time when the Government was blamed directly for no great blunders, when the army was almost a perfect machine, and every effort was being made to win the war, such a man as Asquith had to give way for the general welfare.

How complacent is Canada to submit to the present form of administration in Canada. We do not say this in any spirit of partisanship. We doubt very much if the party system is the proper system for a country during war; no matter how well intentioned a party may be, the considerations of the moment are too great to be delegated to parties. We believe there are great men in the Conservative party essential to the carrying on of the war; we believe there are Conservatives who would fill some positions better than some Liberals. But the great object to be attained is united action. Canada, too, needs a war council of its greatest men. It needs this council at once, for the hardest work of the war is ahead, and work that is harder still will come after the war.

The Advertiser does not believe that coalition would solve the problem. As parties, neither the Liberals or Conservatives have any desire to be associated with one another. As Canadians, the great men of both parties would be willing to work together and to pull together for the common salvation.

The parliamentary session in January will be the regret of all Canadians if some proposals are not made whereby the present Government abdicates in favor of National Government. The Liberals feel it to be their bounden duty to show the country the "inside" of certain other "deals." Such things as will startle the country and probably force the Government to resign are to be expected. Sir Sam Hughes is said to be preparing his "case." The Government will undergo the most strenuous session ever known to Canadian history, unless National Government is proposed and formed without regard to partisan considerations.

As a party the Liberals would not have much to gain if National Government were to be introduced. Liberal leaders would be called in for various posts, but they could not dominate the situation. As a party, Liberals have only to wait and they will be in power automatically, for the present Government cannot stand much longer. But even if the Liberals saw power for the party right at hand, The Advertiser believes they should reject this chance and with all their might work for National Government without regard to party. All good Liberals should be working toward National Government at the present time, and should be ready to meet the Conservative party to discuss a basis for National Government.

Canada needs National Government, with the best men of the whole Dominion called from east and west. The best sentiment in Canada favors such a movement. It is vile that partisanship should hold sway in wartime, a positive crime when the matter is given serious consideration.

## A FIGHT TO A FINISH.

**S**OME VERY worthy people right at home think "it's all up with us." They believe German ascension in the Balkans is strongly convincing of the impregnability of the Kaiser's arms, that the British gains on the Somme have been only a few acres won at tremendous cost, that France is dead white and almost exhausted in man power. They are not merely pessimists. They have given the war some serious study and their honest conclusion is that the sooner peace comes, with the best possible terms made, the better for all of us. They detest the slaughter and would sacrifice national pride to save the men who must fight and suffer in a

hopeless campaign. There is something bravely independent in the attitude of daring to express their most unpopular convictions, but when these despondent folk think themselves representative of the community they are sadly in error. Only a shallow brain will deny that war events are not at a critical period. There is danger. There is a complete danger. There is never a complete certainty of any result in war. Too much stress may be placed on weight of arms and man power, when all history shows that fate has had a great hand in shaping victory, and always toward eventual victory of the just cause. Britain has just had an internal turmoil; Bucharest has fallen; the west

front seems to have again developed a deadlock; winter, with its inevitable slackening of the pace, is almost upon the armies.

Yet while the loosely-jointed empire, and the democratic alliance of nations, seem to have their house in a great disorder, peace talk comes only from Germany. The German press has talked more openly of peace in the last two weeks than ever before. Yesterday's Koenigsche Zeitung hoped that Britain would soon be ready for "an honest peace." Other German papers have been crying for honorable peace, business peace, peace on the lines of national rights, peace without territorial gains. Germany has renounced her boasts of world domination, the Kaiser is very quiet about "Me und Gott," and while she has shattered Rumania, the relative gain is not great. Germany had everything Rumania had to offer until a few months ago, by purchase. Admit now that Hindenburg has regained this by conquest and placed the impulsive little nation "hors de combat," where is the new advantage for Germany? She has lost many men and has extended her front further. Much energy has been required. The Allied situation in the main is not altered.

Lloyd George has just taken supreme charge of the British machine. A few weeks ago he predicted that this fight would go to a "knockout." It is more than possible that for some time he has been fighting a British opinion that said, "It's all up with us," and that was flirting with German peace overtures. If such an element existed, Lloyd George has overcome it. He is going to be in the British corner to direct the heavyweight hereafter. And when he starts in, he will direct all his energy toward bringing the combat to a "finish." The Allied strength has not weakened, as the developments of the next two months are certain to reveal.

## CANADA'S MAGAZINES.

**T**HE ADVERTISER believes that Canadian magazines have made distinct advances since the war began. All of them are quickening to their opportunities, and although it is a long, long way to the point where the influence of the American magazine will be overcome, yet if the good work goes on much will develop toward the establishing of a popular periodical class which can do so much to shape the consciousness of the country. The Advertiser does not deplore the entrance of the "better class of American magazine, although some that are widely read are not fit to be touched with tongs. The conscientious American magazine is a mine of information to the Canadian, and helps to keep him up-to-date as to the progress of society, science and business on this continent. Also there are splendid high-minded men and women, who sound always the keynote of democracy and the good old virtues in new dress, writing the short stories of the United States. (It may be noted that most of them lean toward the British ideals of justice and denounce the German conception).

Among the Canadian magazines the Canadian Courier develops the weekly field along new lines. While it may be just a trifle too self-conscious at times, it is coming into the title of "National Reporter" for Canada. The "Sons of Canada," by Augustus Bridg, is a Courier product that should be the basis of public school instruction. The Courier pages always have something vital to Canadian welfare, and with its editorship in capable hands it would seem that the support of the Canadian people is the only thing it lacks to become a great force for good and for the development of Canadian talent. There are many men in newspaper work in Canada who need only a powerful weekly magazine to develop them as national reporters for Canada as Blythe, Collins, Cobb, the Trivins and many others are national reporters for the United States. Circulation should come to such a publication, and advertising is certain to follow in the wake of popular approval.

Canada has three splendid monthly publications—McLean's, the Canada Monthly and the Canadian Magazine. Each has a distinct individuality, and as editors receive encouragement and the struggle for mere existence ends, these publications will become as vital to Canadian life as McClure's, the American, Everybody's and the Metropolitan are vital to American life. Every Canadian should be a reader of Canadian magazines. Those who are not now will be surprised at the things they may learn about their country, the writing profession, the public, the news dealer and the advertiser should consider it a patriotic duty to give the Canadian magazine its due. They do not ask for patronage on a charitable basis, and they are by no means weak today, but if 25 per cent of the population would endeavor to do its duty by the national magazines they would soon be more powerful and more potent in the life of the nation.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Natural gas everywhere, but nary foot to burn in London.

Time some fathers' clubs were organizing to occupy those fine school auditoriums during the winter nights.

Someone is springing puns about "asquith-drawal" and "asquith" Toronto Telegram pleads guilty to the last count.

Some measure of free trade must be granted in Canada; the protected interests have had things their own way too long.

We suppose that the very wealthy will be able to show Santa Claus in their homes by means of moving pictures.

Mr. Asquith's refusal of an earldom and further honors will not make his name less renowned in the annals of the British Empire.

The regular Toronto Telegram no doubt thinks that the automobile

which bumped Tommy Church should be hanged and quartered.

While there's life there's hope, and all London is hoping that William Gray, M.P., will win his fight against the disease which lays him prone at Victoria Hospital.

Some editors who have been shouting for the introduction of bogus butter in the form of "oleo" would take precious good care to pass the concoction on for somebody else to eat.

The Toronto News has regular fits of joy over the return to its staff of Mr. McConnell, the well-known cartoonist. The News thinks it has put over a great beat on Jack Canuck.

The Farmer's Advocate reminds the Dominion chemist that the hay crop went into the barns "bone dry" this summer. The Advocate does not seem to have much faith in the "spontaneous combustion" theory.

The appointment of Lieut.-Col. Chester McGuffin, M.D., to command a field hospital in France is pleasing to his many old London friends. Dr. McGuffin attracted a large practice in Calgary, and his merit as a war surgeon is now recognized.

It is good news that the idle Canadian officers in England are to be taken care of. It is no fault of their own that they are idle, simply the result of appointing officers who were not regarded as sufficiently experienced to command men at the front, also that battalions are not moving to France as units. Most of these officers will be no doubt be employed in some useful capacity.

It's a mighty good sign for Canadian journalism when the Hamilton Spectator and the Ottawa Citizen, owned by the same people, begin to quarrel over the Dominion cabinet. The Citizen remarked that although a scarcity of ivory was reported, the federal cabinet was still intact. The Spectator takes sarcastic over the "elegant manner in which Canada's executives re-styled as 'bone-heads'."

## Wait a Minute!

By J. H. F.  
The city is doing its fall plowing on the Federal Square. The indications are that there will be a splendid crop of weeds next summer.

Napoleon crossed the Alps. That's nothing. Sir Sam Hughes crossed the International Bridge at Niagara Falls.

They may banish booze from Washington, D. C. They want to make the capital the Ottawa of the United States. It is believed that the banishment of booze will cut down the gab outfit.

London's Federal Square is being plowed and harrowed, presumably to the house, won't you, and talk to Sam? He's all dressed up and sitting on the front porch. Hurry up! Come on, dad.

It would be timely for the manufacturers of fountain pens to send President Wilson a carload as a Christmas gift. He seems to be trying to popularize his weapon.

There is a desire among amateur gardeners to get their flowers in the round. It would seem that spring has come.

Telephone slot machines may be detected a gambling device in Detroit. The slot machine is getting the numbers he pay for.

"City Auditor Dunlop is resigned to his fate," said City Treasurer Bell, last evening. Merry soul is James.

"Where the profits lie," says a head man. The profits don't lie to the chap who gets them. Prophets lie.

An American newspaperman says that this is a perfunctory generation. He must have voted for Hughes.

A Sandusky woman wrecked her automobile trying to save her basket of eggs. She could get another automobile.

Mr. Gadd is business manager of Detroit schools. Hope he's not a gadder.

MAN.

Man is the brute it is so hard to buy for. Man is the beast we must pick out a tie for.

Oh, it is easy to buy for the women, but it's the men that set all our heads swimming! Ribbons and laces And fancy card cases And hair pins and hat pins And sometimes a fan; Girls are all are tickled With junk plain or nickleked, But it's a problem To buy for a man!

Man is the brute we must pick out a shirt for.

Man is the beast we must soon make a sport for.

Anything pleases a girl when she's twenty: Presents for women, the stores have a plenty; Wraps for their shoulders, Hair trysts and holders, And whatnots and jimecracks, And gloves white or tan, Hand-painted china, Will tickle dear Dinah, But it's a problem To buy for a man!

Man is the brute it's so hard to remember. On that glad day toward the end of December;

Man is the plague that sets all of us sighing, Fretting and stewing when time comes for buying.

Gifts without number The store windows lumber That will bring gladness To Mary or Ann, Sister or daughter; But what will a quarter Buy in this town that Will do for a man?

—A. E. Guest in Detroit Free Press.



NECKWEAR—50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50.

MUFFLERS—\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.50.

GLOVES—\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00.

HANDKERCHIEFS (linen)—25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Plain or initialled.

HOSIERY, in fine English cashmere silk and cashmere and all silk, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50.

## HOUSE COATS

The newest designs and most comfortable qualities, \$5.95, \$6.50, \$7.00, \$8, \$10, \$12 and \$15.

The newest ideas in Walking Sticks and Umbrellas, \$2.50 to \$5.00.

## DRESSING GOWNS

of all silk, silk mixtures, all wool and eiderdown, \$5.00 to \$40.00.

The men appreciate the exclusive styles and good qualities of our haberdashery.

**W. F. Boughner**  
392 RICHMOND STREET.

BATH ROBES of wash materials—\$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.50, \$10.00.

PYJAMAS, in cotton, silk and flannel, \$1.50 to \$8.50.

SHIRTS of the prettier class, in silk, Jaeger's fine wool, etc., \$1.50 to \$5.00.

Jaeger's and other imported Wool Coat Sweaters, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.50, \$7.50 and \$8.00, and more.

## The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## The Solicitor

BY LOUISE OLIVER.

Ferdinand Weigel put down the slop pails and turned around.

Carrie, breathless and flushed from running, put her hand to her throat. "Say, dad, you're awful deaf. I've been calling and calling."

"Hey? Well, what is it? Carries want to borrow the mare again?" Ferdinand turned to her, smiling.

"No, dad, it ain't Carries after the mare. It's Sam Karna. He's back from the city and he's soliciting."

"What's that? After something?" "Well, sort of. You come on down to the house, won't you, and talk to Sam? He's all dressed up and sitting on the front porch. Hurry up! Come on, dad."

"All right, I'll be down. Sam those boys they make enough noise to bring on rain. Half the time I can't tell whether it's you or them yelling!"

Carrie laughed. "Well, feed em, dad, and they'll keep quiet. Now you be nice to Sam, won't you?"

"Just like some folks, I should say. Tell Sam to wait. I'll be down."

So Sam waited and was very well content. Carrie brought out doughnuts and cider that matched the rich brown of the woods across the valley. Winter was just over the hill, but was making his last pause before his triumphant entry. It was Indian summer.

"When did you come back to town, Sam? I saw you in her sugar-hat and dress-up apron, was very pretty. Her hair, combed and wavy, touched off a ring of curls and cream that reminded Sam of the big blue dolls in the city windows. Her eyes, and their long, dark lashes, were big and very deep grey. She breathed quickly and had a habit of putting her hand to her throat. Evidently the effort of overtaking her father had been very upsetting.

"I came back last Tuesday. I'm running the campaign."

"Campaign? Oh, are you trying to be elected?"

Sam laughed. "No, it's not politics. I'm an organizer. That's a man who takes charge of things and makes things come that nobody else will bother with. When a town wants a new library or hospital or chamber of commerce building they send for me. Then I roll up my sleeves and go to work. I get a force of people who go around and take subscriptions, divide up into teams and captains, and give banners to the ones who get the most. And we have dinners every day where we meet and report."

"The old town here back his chair, cross with his knees, and fumbled awkwardly for his pipe. "What's the darned thing for?"

"A library for the county. Books, you know. Books." And then Sam gave a

dissertation on the blessings of a library in a tone calculated to waken the nannies in Egypt.

"And he got the hundred."

"There, darn you!" Ferdinand handed over the ink-bespattered check with poor grace. "You're like them hogs out there. Keep at it till you get it."

"Good-bye, Sam," said Carrie, putting her hand to her smooth, snowy throat.

"Good-bye, Carrie," said Sam, and then in a tone which Egyptian nannies could never have heard he leaned forward and said, "I've learned to know what beauty is since I've been away. Carrie, and you're the loveliest thing I've seen in that line ever."

A year passed. The trees across the valley had put on yellow bonnets and red and brown shawls against the rippling night air. But the afternoon Weigel was going for the cows one day when Carrie called. "Oh, oh, dad! The old man turned round."

"No, it isn't Carries, dad. It's Sam Karna. He wants to see you."

"Who?" "Sam Karna."

"Wants me to build another library, does he? Well, tell him to go and talk to the chickens. I'm busy. What's he want?"

"I don't know," Carrie smiled and dimpled. "He said to tell you he's soliciting." Carrie had picked up on her father's since reading books from the library, and she had found out what "soliciting" meant.

"Shakespeare's contemporaries" meant as well as a great many other classics. She had also discovered on her tri-weekly trips that nothing is as becoming to a girl as white-tailored waists and a dark blue serge suit.

At the head of the hill Carrie and her father met Sam, who came up energetic, irresponsible, smiling. He old man had to acknowledge that his visitor was splendid-looking, but he nevertheless retained his scowl.

"How do you do, Mr. Weigel?" said Sam, pleasantly holding out his hand.

"How do?" responded Ferdinand, suspiciously. "What do you want now? Soliciting?" Sam said, "Yes, I am, Mr. Weigel."

"What er, now?" "For Carrie. I want her this time and she seems to think it's all right."

The old man stroked his whiskers and

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## The TRANSCONTINENTAL

Lv. TORONTO 10:45 P.M.

Ar. WINNIPEG 4:30 P.M.

CONNECTING AT WINNIPEG FOR ALL WESTERN CANADA AND PACIFIC COAST PORTS.

Time Table and all information from any Grand Trunk, Canadian Government Railways, or T. & N. O. Railway Agent.