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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY. LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, July 23.

Bootlegger's Offense Costs Little More Than Veteran's

A returned soldier, after more than four years' service in the front line trenches, was unfortunate enough to be arrested in this city recently, and on searching him at the police station a bottle containing a small amount of whiskey was found on his person. He was fined $200 in police court here, with the option of three months in the county jail, because he was captured with the liquor in his possession.

A colored cook in the employ of the Grand Trunk Railway was taken in tow with 380 sealed bottles of whiskey in his possession, but not before he had battled several minutes with the officer who made the arrest, and had attempted to bribe him with an offer of $100 for his release from custody. For this offence he was fined $500 by Acting Police Magistrate P. H. Bartlett in police court Monday morning, with the option of a four months' term in prison, which he accepted.

According to the standard set by the magistrate in the first case, this confessed bootlegger should have been assessed a fine mounting into several thousands of dollars, with the option of a prison term of from one hundred to three hundred years. It sounds like the ravings of a drug fiend, and yet the facts remain as stated.

The magistrate does not come in for condemnation, because, under the Ontario temperance act, the law sets the minimum penalty at three months, with the optional fine, and he has no alternative when a conviction is registered. The second offender, in addition to the sentence imposed, lost liquor worth $1,600 at his own valuation, or $2,600, according to the price set by the police authorities. This liquor was confiscated by the police.

However, the prisoner pleaded guilty to the charge, and also informed the constable who arrested him, that the liquor, had it not been captured, would have netted him $50 per case. Sympathy for the veteran was accorded by the magistrate in imposing the penalty, and a very severe sentence was promised local bootleggers when captured, at that time. Yet, when this is effected, with 380 bottles of whiskey as evidence of guilt, the penalty imposed exceeds that of the "snort" victim by a paltry $300, or, in terms of time, one month in jail.

It is quite possible, in fact, altogether likely, that the penalty meted out to the colored liquor importer is regarded as severe, but in comparison with that inflicted upon the veteran recently, was mercy, tempered with justice, in the local police court, under the processes of the Ontario temperance act?

Lloyd George's War Work

The peace treaty having passed its third reading in the British Commons by a great majority, the people of the United Kingdom have given their approval to the product of the long and painful toil at Versailles. The acceptance of the agreement is the culmination of Lloyd George's war work. The British premier's bit makes an amazing recital of courage, statesmanship and political acumen. It is not an exaggeration to say that at times Lloyd George held the Empire to its great purpose of crushing despotism by sheer force of his personality. Clemenceau, when dark hours enveloped France, scolded and prodded his countrymen into fresh fervor for the fight, lifting them from the mire to the mountain-top.

Using other methods, but equally successful, was Lloyd George in rallying the British people in those hours when morale was lowered dangerously by repeated disasters. It was on these occasions that Lloyd George's faith, his cheery facing of stupendous tasks, his superhuman overcoming of obstacles, restored to the nation the vigor and confidence that carried it to victory. Destiny may lead Lloyd George to further amazing achievements, but few will surpass his splendid record of the war.

Canada's War History

The time has come when the question may be asked as to what course is being pursued in regard to the preparation of the war history of the Canadian nation since 1914. It is among the most vital problems that could be brought up for discussion at this juncture, although everyone will realize that plans must be gathering which will ultimately bring about a council of the best opinion of the country. Many histories may be written. Every publisher in centres which more and more are producing Canadian history and biography will develop a phase of the share taken by Canada in the war. Each of these histories will contribute to the accumulation that will stack the bookshelves of our libraries, but in the end the demand will come for an authentic history, prepared from official records and containing the whole story of achievement from beginning to end.

It should not be hurried in its workmanship nor lack an effort that will add a fact of importance to the whole recital. It should not be a dry-as-dust sequence of developments, but neither should it be a loosely-knit collection of war stories. It should be a Canadian product, written by Canadians, of Canadians, for Canadians in the centuries to come.

Above all this history must be broadly Canadian in the sense of being non-partisan and not narrowly confined to any theory of empire or nationality. It should be prepared with a regard to the strength of character of the council that will undertake its preparation, and the greatest of Canadians should be called together, great as measured by their cognizance of real Canadian spirit and character.

It will be a thrilling narrative in any event. A recital of the Canadian experience in the war will move the emotions of the world, but the whole story with none of the vital meaning lost will mean a new structure of history that will stand the test of time and influence the future of the people.

Corps, divisional, brigade and battalion records will form a framework upon which to construct the whole broad story of events. The history of units should be undertaken faithfully and carefully for the local library. London and other cities in No. 1 Military District will no doubt undertake this work within the next year, and possibly Western University will have a large share in the compilation of records and narratives.

It is high time that the war story as a whole should be considered, and the country given an early use of the deeds that bore weight vastly out of proportion to mere numbers in the conflict which came to a close with the signing of defeat terms by the German people.

The Shantung Trouble

Fiume and Shantung were the two issues that came closest to wrecking the Peace Conference. After some sensational backing, stalling and filling, Italy compromised over Fiume sufficiently to avert a split. On the other hand, Japan assumed a take-it-or-leave-it stand in regard to Shantung, refusing any compromise. The conference, after some argument, despite refusal by China to sign the peace treaty, conceded Shantung to Japan, explaining that the alternative meant withdrawal of Japan from the league of nations. This, it was maintained, would inevitably lead to a combination of powers opposed to the league, and might bring on another struggle.

It would be foolish to dodge the fact that Japan was in a position to dictate, and took advantage of it to hold up the conference. Japan, with a powerful military organization, was prepared to carry the issue to the point of war. To accept this challenge was impossible, and China was compelled to submit. China calls this a desertion by the powers, without whose support she is helpless. The truth is that the Peace Conference was as helpless as China in the matter of Shantung's disposal. It was painful for China that she should be made the "goat," but that sacrifice was preferable to a situation that might lead to another world convulsion.

Japan has agreed, it is said, to return Shantung to China in time, but the agreement was oral. Great Britain is now seeking to have this promise placed above Japan's signature. Japan may be willing to do this, but may not consent to an Allied setting of the time, and history shows that prolonged occupation usually leads to annexation.

The lesson of the Fiume and Shantung affairs is that the spirit of brotherliness and self-sacrifice, the ideal behind the league of nations, is far from being general enough to make the league a great success from the start. It was a noble conception, but before it can flower perfectly a good deal of selfishness now apparent amongst the members will have to be displaced by selflessness.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"Black" riots at Washington are as deadly as "Red" riots in Europe.

Japan may find that the Allied nations mean to make the "shan't" count in Shantung.

German officers of high command selling information to the Allies proves Germany yellow clear through.

London let slip the chance to have a real peace celebration, and there isn't likely to be a next time.

The Welsh authorities will photograph all bathing girls who wear immodest costumes. A threat or a promise?

"First across the Rockies" will give a Canadian aviator a unique distinction. But there must be other laurels for the boys of the Maple Leaf who cut such a swath in the flying corps.

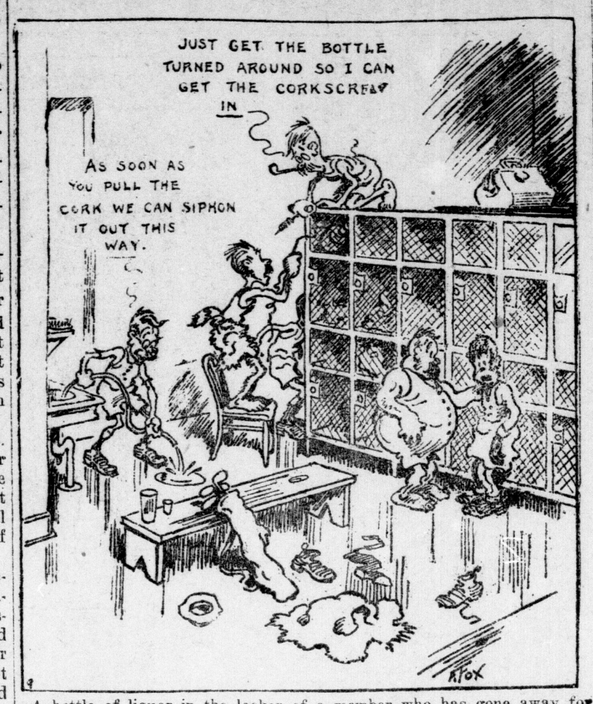
A good stroke of business for the people of London vicinity was accomplished when the steamer Theodore Roosevelt was secured for the Cleveland-Port Stanley run. A convenient boat trip adds the last summer pleasure needed to make London as attractive a place as any on the continent.

There must be somebody making money in the newspaper business. The Buffalo Courier and Enquirer is building a thirty-story home for that newspaper. It will soar 360 feet into the heavens. The column of the building will sweep up twenty-four stories at full dimensions; then above these six more stories will form a graceful pedestal to the lantern and dome. Some newspaper office.—Hamilton Times.

The newspaper, however, will occupy probably one story and the rest of the building will be for offices. It will make a beautiful cut for Mr. Connor's stationery, won't it?

GOLFERS, ATTENTION!

By FONTAINE FOX (Copyright)



A bottle of liquor in the locker of a member who has gone away for the summer.

Galilee Has Conquered Potsdam

"The White Beam of History" Will Light Up the Kaiser's Crimes and Infamies, Which Are His Monument.

Below we print a just, judicial, able, eloquent editorial from "The Edinburgh Scotsman." It was printed the day after the treaty of peace was signed. It contains many comprehensive expressions. It is a splendid summary, and reaches just conclusions such as "Wherever our dead lie they died for the one end—the deliverance of the world's soul." "Today all that power and glory and dominion have passed like the baseless fabric of a dream. The supermen of a year ago have sunk to the lowest depths of humiliation." "Today the man who plunged the world into a bath of blood is left in his exile to contemplate the end of all his crimes. With the rattling sabre he demanded a place in the sun. And he has got it. The white beam of history will light up his infamies and his crimes forever; a dismembered and well-nigh bankrupt Germany with never a foothold left in the sun is his monument."

"Today Galilee has conquered Potsdam. In addition to the antithesis moral values are rightly expressed—these conflicting ideals are finally determined by the peace which was signed on Saturday. For a generation Germany rang with the watchword: World-dominion or downfall, and she has verily secured the downfall. It is hard to believe that a year ago Germany was still hurling calamity on the world. Her legions were across the Marne, only 40 miles short of Paris; the channel ports were still menaced, and our weary troops were holding a swaying line; to the east the vast territories of Russia were bound to her chariot wheels by a shameful and rapacious treaty; while to the southeast the might of the Germanic arms had overwhelmed every opposing force, and reached out to the confines of Persia. The world was invited again and again to look at the map and say whether the kaiser in his shining armor had won! "Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon failed . . . but I shall succeed," declared the kaiser 25 years ago; and it almost looked as if he had. Only a year ago the Huns still discussed the amount of indemnities they would impose on a prostrate world, and they were of one mind; they would "bleed their enemies white." Today all that power and glory and dominion have passed like the baseless fabric of a dream. The supermen of a year ago have sunk to the lowest depths of humiliation. Empires have perished in the past, but they have generally taken centuries to die. Decadence always began at the top, but it was only after many generations that the dry-rot reached the man with the spear. The amazing thing is that in the space of one generation emperor and prince and baron and machine-gunner have crumpled up with one dry-rot. It took centuries for Rome to perish, and the last of the emperors passed with dignity and honor from St. Sophia to a heroic death. Napoleon hurled his armies again and again against his converging foes, conquering and fighting to the last. But the supermen who demanded the whole world for their kultur crumpled up in a day. It was not the ignominy of the terms of the armistice they objected to; it was that they could not get the ignoble peace soon enough. They still whine over the slowness wherewith they secured their shame. They gave over their fleet; they surrendered their armaments; they handed over their shipping; there was no condition too severe for them to submit to so that their territory might escape the devastation they inflicted on Belgium and France. The rapidity with which the devotees of world-domination were transformed into the suppliants for peace at any price made the world uneasy by its glimpse of the depths to which humanity can descend. Today the man who plunged the world into a bath of blood is left in his exile to contemplate the end of all his crimes. With the rattling sabre he demanded a place in the sun. And he has got it. The white beam of history will light up his infamies and his crimes for ever; a dismembered and well-nigh bankrupt Germany, with never a foothold left in the sun, is his monument.

If the rapidity with which the German Empire fell into ruins is unparalleled in history, so also are the crimes out of which the ruin sprang. Empires have always perished with the slow decay of idealism and the weakening of the religious and moral sanctions. The German Empire concentrated into one generation the decadence of centuries, for the German Government willed it so. Every precept and law that stood in the way of a German world-dominion was undermined. The law of love and mercy became the new law—"Become hard, O my brethren, for we are emancipated, and the world belongs to me." It was because the German nation were taught that the highest duty was to make the state supreme, that the German armies set forth on their war of extermination. But every stage in that march was a march towards doom. It was inevitably so because Germany, in defying the moral order of the world, marshaled the moral forces of the world against her. To win a speedy victory Germany trampled on the truth and invaded Belgium. That one crime brought Britain instantly into the war. Without that crime Britain would not have entered the fray at once, or, if it did so, it would not have done so unitedly. The crime by which Germany was to have won doomed her to inevitable defeat. The next stage was the policy of cold-blooded and calculated atrocity by which Germany sought to strike such terror into her foes that they would sue for peace. The kaiser's heart was wrung over the fate of Louvain; but the civilized world set its face like a flint. There began with the destruction of Louvain and Rheims a blockade far more terrible than the blockade of the German ports—even the blockade of the German soul. As crime was added to crime the isolation deepened. When Nurse Cavell was shot, the world experienced that thrill of horror which went through Europe when Napoleon caused the young and innocent Duc d'Enghien, the last of the Conde, to be shot at Vincennes. That a prince of royal blood should be murdered by the Corsican stirred Europe to the depths a century ago; but the horror was even greater when the Red Cross was no longer able to protect a woman against the legionaries of Odin. The thunderbolts of Jove no longer blast the blasphemer, but judgment nevertheless marches to the predestined end. The mind of the criminal becomes darkened, and sagacity departs. But before that tragedy, Germany had, when the Lusitania was torpedoed off Kinsale Head on May 7, 1915, taken the third great step towards her own destruction a step that she completed when, by the policy of unrestricted murder at sea, she arrayed a hundred million Americans against her. On the anniversary of the sinking of the Lusitania the terms of her judgment were handed to Germany. And while the body of Nurse Cavell was borne through England, amid the proud sorrow of a nation, the man who brought a great race so low that they applauded the murder of a woman lay at Amerongen awaiting his final doom. It is a drama of divine judgment, unfolded in the seeing of all the world, whose last scene was enacted on Saturday.

"On such sin
Follows perdition eternal . . . and it has begun."

The inspiration that carried the British Empire through the darkest days cames from those very ideals that Germany trampled under foot. When the days of agony lengthened and calamities befell, the spirit of the nation rose triumphant, because it knew that the battle was not for rights but for the right. It was the knowledge that the forces of justice and righteousness were on their side that sustained our armies abroad and our people at home through four years of missery. It is with proud and thankful hearts that we today think of the men who snatched the world's redemption out of the world's ruin, daring beyond their strength and hazarding against their judgment because their faith was firm that righteousness would prevail. No part of the Empire knows the greatness of the debt we owe our sailors better than we know it here in Scotland. Out of the waters of the Forth and out of Scapa Flow our ships went out day and night ceaselessly; from our ports they went forth to battle, and to them they returned victorious. Under God it is to the sailors we primarily owe the victory. They carried our soldiers on their backs and fed them and us for four years, and allowed no enemy to land on these shores save as prisoners. While Scotland cherishes the ideals of freedom and righteousness, the one generation will tell the other the great story of derring-do, how on the waters of the northern seas the soul of the world was saved; and hearts will kindle as they read how on the day when the German Fleet surrendered in the Forth, every British ship was transformed at sunset into a sanctuary of prayer, while on the admiral's flagship there rose the hymn of triumph, "Praise my soul, the King of Heaven." It is in that spirit that the nation today celebrates the end of the blood and agony. The dead have not died in vain. There is an inscription in an Aegean isle that runs: "Here lies the servant of God, Rupert Brooke, sub-lieutenant in the English navy, who died for the deliverance of Constantinople from the Turk." Wherever our dead lie, they died for the one end—the deliverance of the world's soul. And that end they have accomplished. The story is told how in the days of Julian the Apostate, a judge asked a Christian mockingly: "What is the carpenter's son doing today?" Quick as thought came the answer: "He is making a coffin for your emperor." If our sons and brothers have died by the million, yet not in vain have they died for, dying, they have made a coffin for the world's bloody Caesars. There will be no resurrection hereafter of the belligerent dynast or of the tribal deity. Nothing in the epoch-making treaty of Saturday will make a greater appeal to the heart of the world than the fact that the imperial purple will no longer shield imperial crime, and that justice and judgment will at last be fully vindicated upon the earth.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

ACIDS IN STOMACH CAUSE INDIGESTION

Create Gas, Sourness and Pain —How to Treat.

Medical authorities state that nearly nine-tenths of the cases of stomach trouble, indigestion, sourness, burning, gas, bloating, nausea, etc., are due to an excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach and not as some believe to a lack of digestive juices. The delicate stomach lining is irritated, digestion is delayed and food sours, causing the disagreeable symptoms which every stomach sufferer knows so well.

Artificial digestants are not needed in such cases and may do real harm. Try laying aside all digestive aids and instead get from any druggist a few ounces of Bisurated Magnesia and take a teaspoonful in a quarter glass of water right after eating. This sweetens the stomach, prevents the formation of excess acid and there is no sourness, gas or pain. Bisurated Magnesia (in powder or tablet form—never liquid or milk) is harmless to the stomach, inexpensive to take and is the most efficient form of magnesia for stomach purposes. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no more fear of indigestion.—Advt.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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THE BOUNDARY LINE.

By Abigail Scott.

From the first stone, which lay flush with the highway, the wall ran back to the river road, marking the boundary line between the two farms. Constructed of rough boulders, skillfully fitted, for years it stood, a monument to the feud between the Ashleys and the Raymonds.

Originally the two farms had been one; three hundred acres of woodland and rolling meadows, the property of Henry Ashley and his father before him. Asa, Henry Ashley's son, had grown up with the expectation of inheriting it some day. But the elder Ashley plunged much too heavily one year in backing a colt of his own raising at the neighboring country fair. The pacer lost by a neck; Mr. Ashley was unable to meet his obligations.

Just at this critical juncture John Raymond happened along, bent on the purchase of a farm. Henry Ashley offered him a hundred acres at a reasonable price, but Raymond, after looking carefully over the place, decided that he wanted half the farm or none—and that half with a condition. Ashley accepted that condition.

John Raymond built a house fronting on the highway, as the Ashleys had done, and brought his small daughter and a housekeeper to live in it. Asa Ashley, who lived in his father's home, had a young wife and a small son. Knowing well enough that the blame for the division of the farm rested on his father's passion for racing horses, Asa nevertheless chose to place it on the shoulders of John Raymond. He never returned the latter's greetings, and forbade his wife to visit the new neighbors or his son to speak to the Raymond child.

When in the course of time Asa Ashley came into the shrunken inheritance, his bitterness toward Raymond increased; it reached its apex on the day he learned the nature of the condition on which the land had been purchased. He had not know there was a condition.

Midway on the Ashley half of the farm, about twenty feet from the boundary line, was a never-failing spring. It was one of Asa Ashley's dreams to some time pipe the water from that spring into his house. Therefore it was with incredulous wrath that, one summer day, he spied two men digging on his land while John Raymond stood by, directing the work of running a pipe line from the spring into his own house.

Only kept from some act of violence by Raymond's superior strength, and only convinced to his neighbor's sole right to the waters of the spring and a right of way over the Ashley property by a sight of the deed, Asa's feelings changed from passive dislike to open enmity.

The next day the wall was begun, and Raymond thereafter was forced to be constantly on the alert for acts of petty malignity on the part of his neighbor. Taking no chances, he visited the spring daily.

The children caught the spirit in the air. Annie Raymond's little red tongue always stuck out its full length when Harry Ashley appeared, and the scion of the Ashley family would yell derisively: "Hello, freckle-faced carrot-top!" That secretly Harry greatly admired her mop of red curls Annie did not know.

At seventeen, just after the death of his mother, the boy quarreled with his father and ran away from home. Some time later John Raymond learned from the gossip of the countryside that Harry had shipped in the merchant marine.

The years passed, bringing their eternal changes, but Harry Ashley did not return home. Inseparable from his memory of the old place, however, was a mental picture of an auburn-haired girl, with a very red tongue perpetually thrust out at him.

Then came the great war. Harry Ashley enlisted in the navy and speedily won a commission. During those anxious days, when young Ashley's ship formed a unit in the convoys which traveled back and forth with their dire responsibility of thousands of lives, when he thought of it at all, the old feud seemed very petty indeed.

But he thought much of going back some day—and of th red-haired girl. Then came a cablegram telling of his father's death, at a tense moment when there was scarcely time for a regret that he had never returned hom.

When the armistice was signed Annie Raymond was carrying out her father's last request, that she run the farm to its fullest capacity while the world's need of foodstuffs continued so urgent. Soon afterward she learned from the neighbors that Harry Ashley was coming home, and she wondered what type of man he might have developed into.

A faithful old farm hand met Harry at the station, and on the drive home related all the news of the county. "That Raymond gal's a-running the place now, and she comes over the wall every day, jest like her dad used to." Here the old man chuckled.

"Ain't been enjoyin' their spring water much the last few days, I reckon. There's a bad leak someweres in their pipe, and the water's seepin' off so's they can't find the bust. Got a lot of stock to water too, an' their well's most dry." He chuckled again.

"Haven't you offered Miss Raymond any help?" Harry asked without a smile.

The old man looked at him in astonishment. "Us help a Raymond?" he exclaimed. "Young man, hev you forgot the way your father felt towards them?"

"I haven't forgotten that the world still needs every bit of farm produce it can get," replied Lieut. Ashley.

Starting out to look over the farm, which he hadn't seen since boyhood, Ashley saw two men digging near the spring. He questioned them and received the following answers: No, they hadn't located the leak. Miss Raymond had gone to town for additional help. Yes, they had an extra shovel.

It was luck, of course, that the newcomer hit at once on the spot where the break was. With his help a new piece of pipe was substituted, and on Annie's return from a fruitless search for laborers, she learned the good news.

That afternoon at sunset Annie Raymond approached the boundary wall on her daily visit to the spring. To her surprise she found a break in its solid continuity. There was no barrier in her pathway. A man in the uniform of a naval officer stood near the spring. He came forward with outstretched hand. "Neighbors can't afford the time to nurse grievances now, Miss Raymond." "You're Harry Ashley, of course. Somehow I miss the old greeting. You see the red hair and freckles are still with me."

"Miss Raymond, do you know why I quarreled with my father? I wouldn't allow anyone beside myself to call you 'Redhead.' I'm coming home soon to live on the old place, Annie. Let's start afresh and be good friends." His keen grey eyes looked pleadingly into hers.

Driving by today, you would observe that not a stone of the boundary wall remains. Only a streak of younger, greener grass shows where it stood. Once again there are three hundred acres in the Ashley farm. And Harry Ashley and his auburn-haired wife are prospering.

THE FORWARD-LOOKING MAN

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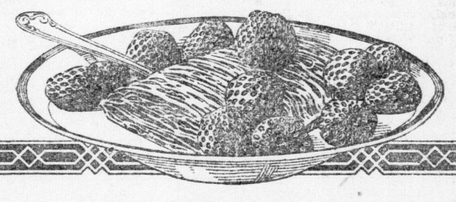

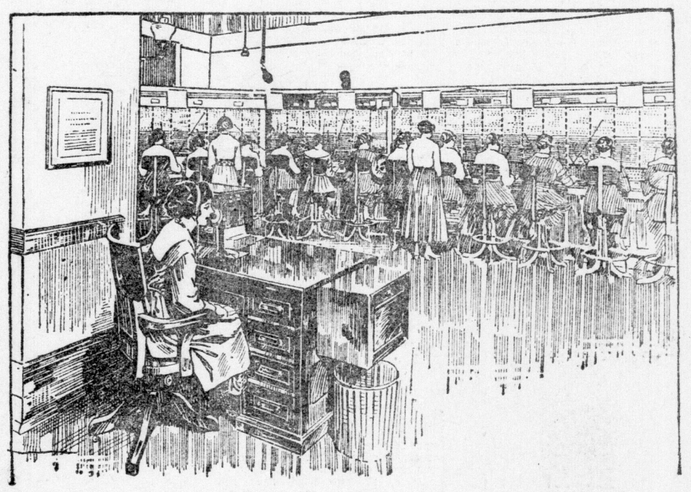

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