Condon Advertiser

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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Thursday, Dec. 18.

CONSCRIPTION NOT WANTED.

Under pressure, doubtless, from the Union abinet at Ottawa, Major-Gen. Mewburn has hastened to deny the report that he is calling for a measure of conscription for the permanent force and militia in Canada. The result is that the military enthusiasts who hastened to commend his view are left rather flat on their backs. If there is one thing that the Unionist eabinet will not place in its platform at the present time it is conscription for the militia, or for the permanent force, either, for that matter. It is a world weary of militarism that is starting out now on the task of rebuilding what war-mad militarists have broken down. Neither Canada, nor any other civilized country, for that matter, is in the mood just now to

give any encouragement to anything that might It is only a few days ago Ottawa reported that the estimates for the militia department for next year would be \$25,000,000. The report was officially denied, but there is little doubt that the military bureaucracy at Ottawa are after this amount, or more, if they can get it. To do what? To maintain the militia, we are told, and to give the young men of Canada proper physical training. If one may judge by the character of militia expenditure in 1914, and before, the share that was devoted to actual militia training and the physical improvement of young Canada show up rather slimly beside the amount spent on maintaining a vastly over-manned department at Ottawa, with inspectors, deputy inspectors and deputy-deputy inspectors for this, that and everything the country over, traveling in style, and all landing pickings in the shape of allowances for house, for fuel, for clothing, for horse-keep, and what not; not to mention such extravagances as the building of political drill halls at cross-corners, and the sending of de luxe parties of officers on joy-rides to Europe. Canada is pretty familiar with the militia department and its ways. The era of Sam Hughes was a heyday for the honorary colonels and their lesser lights, and before the department of today gets any \$25,000,000 there

At the present time a young man, sick and under doctor's care, lies in London jail. What is his offence? Simply that he neglected, or was according to his own statement, to comply with a red-tape technicality of some military martinets. That young man served his country, offered his life, if need be, on Flanders fields, but he will probably spend this Christmas in a county jail, where he will have time to consider carefully the ideals for which he went to war, and may also compare a Christmas in jail with a Christmas in the trenches. The Great War Veterans' Association have taken up this case, as they have had occasion to take up other cases of somewhat similar character before this, and they may be counted upon to see this thing through. One can hardly think that any officer who himself saw France would be responsible for this kind of military justice. and local officers, to their credit, asked the court to be lenient. But the young man is still in jail while Ottawa thinks it over. Most of us assoclate this sort of thing with Germany and its Zabern incidents. We rather prided ourselves, too, that it was to wipe out this kind of thing that we entered the war freely and of our own volition. To have the same thing arising in our own land is rather a shock.

Canada is no pacifist country. We do not have to tell others what we did in the war. We do not claim to have won it, do not even say very often what share we think we had in winning it. We prefer to let others make that estimate. And just because we are that kind of a people, and because we honor every man who fought or served, but refuse absolutely to deliver ourselves up to any military autocrats or bureaucrats, we will have something to say about what the measure of our service in the future shall be, who shall dictate it, and what its character shall be.

THE HEALTH OF THE SOUL. Sanitation has grown in a few years from a fad to a science. Precautions that are common today in every civilized home used to be considered as the absurd requirements of foolish old men. The compound microscope has assembled the facts concerning preventible disease. The practical test given to modern medicine by the Japanese in the war with Russia is impressive. The abolition of yellow fever in Panama was corroborative. The testimony of santtary practice in the great war was convincing. Enteric and tetanus, the former terrors of warfare, are definitely conquered. Experiment has proved in both war and peace that life in the open air is both salutary and wholesome. The hygiene of the body has become of commanding

There is also a hygiene of the mind. Educationists have discovered by experiment and investigation that some forms of teaching are unwholesome. The rise of cold intellectualism to a position of dominance was a disaster for Germany and a curse to the world. Much learning, in conjunction with lack of character, has been proven more dangerous than the typhoidbearing fly or the poisonous mosquito. On the other hand, the superficial education that makes sentimental, unreal novel the book of the year is causing real alarm to the leaders of the

importance.

people. Some day our education may be revised

in the light of scientific mental hygiene. There is a hygiene of the soul. Just as physical hygiene has one object, to adjust the human body to harmonize with the laws of life, so physical sanitation must seek to adjust the soul to the spiritual laws of God. The world has abundant proof of the dangers of insanitary soul-life. The man who knowingly chooses to perform a wrong action, or to accept a low ideal, is destroying himself and endangering the soul as surely as the man who drinks sewage-laden water or who denies the existence of ptomaines. The insanitary soul is even worse than the insanitary mind. Ignorance is less mischievous than crime. Sentimentality is less dangerous than irreverence. Thousands of folk who are deeply concerned about their bodily health live continually in the fetil atmosphere of moral corruption. Some learned persons talk very lightly of national and individual sin. They even question the existence of sin. Perhaps, also, squinting personages may yet be found who deny the existence of typhoid fever or the efficacy of the serum treatment for its preven

The Christian church preaches the gospe of soul-sanitation. It is time for the people of Canada to overlook the health of the personality Is it wise to care for the mortal body and neglect the morsel of immortality that dwells

GEN. PERSHING REPORTS.

Americans who have put an over-emphasis on America's contribution to the triumph should of American troops in France. They would be greatly enlightened as to who won the war The nearest Pershing comes to claiming the supreme honor for his fighters is his statement that American troops arrived in time to shatter the Huns' last drive. Undoubtedly the fine dash of the American soldier helped throw back the spectacular, but from end to end of the long can take credit for the victory beyond that of any other. Combined under the incomparable Foch they swept back the German line. The glory is shared by all.

NO WET SPELL FOR SAM.

Some millions of Americans have been disappointed by the decision of the United States supreme court that war-fime prohibition is constitutional. It was expected that judgment would be for the "wets," which would have thrown the bars open until January 17, when constitutional prohibition goes into effect. Only by ratificaion of the peace treaty between now and Januand as Congress will adjourn for the holidays liquor, it is said, 10,000 freight cars would be required to move it to the Atlantic seaboard This could not be done without seriously hammanufacturer and dealer took a

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Do Christmas shopping early and avoid Limited, Woodstock, publisher, Christmas scrambling later.

There was no truth in the report that the world was to come to an end yesterday.

The powers say the Turks cannot be wined out, but surely a sufficiently high wall can be constructed to keep them permanently confined.

AN ONTARIO BEAUTY SPOT.

[Durham Chronicle.] In a county noted for its scenic beauty, pictursque waterfalls, crystal streamlets and unpolluted ivers, the Rocky Saugeen, where it crosses the Barafraxa road, has few peers. And the leading feature of the place is the romantic Rocky Saugeen Park, owned by Mr. George Shier, whose love of nature and his artistic taste in developing this beauty spot, has done much to develop and enhance what was primevally a place richly endowed. The park consists of nine acres of ground covered with rare clumps of twiggy cedars in places, while in others they rear their graceful heads from 50 to 60 feet almost limbless, and straight as an Indian arrow. A silvery streamlet, spanned by many rustic bridges, meanders through the park and falls in a series of cascades into a little cove on the river's bank. The owner has a varied flower garden in an open glade, while "lovers' paths" radiate in every direction. Tents group around the central home, which has a history all by itself, being the first schoool house erected in Durham, 75 years ago. t is filled to overflowing with all necessary camp-ng utensits and odd-looking specimens; but the arest item is a fossilized human face. The foreead is high, the face oblong. We think it must have belonged to some politician, as one eye is half. losed, the other wide awake; one ear closed, the other intently open; the lips apart, the tongue thrust out, as if it was a long time between drinks. Some think the features bear a striking resemblance to the late Andy Kelly, owing largely to the shape of the nasal organ. With the old grist mill a short distance down the stream, and the power house of the furniture company just above the park, they all combine to make a spot of more than ordinary

SYMPATHY. [Eila Wheeler Wilcox.]

Is the way hard and thorny, oh, my brother? Do tempests heat, and adverse wild winds blow? And are you spent, and broken at each nightfall, Yet with each morn you rise and onward go? Brother, I know, I know! I, too, have journeyed so

Is your heart mad with longing, oh, my slister? Are all great passions in your breast aglow? Does the white wonder of your own soul blind

And are you torn with rapture and with woe?

I, too, have suffered so.

Is the road filled with snare and quicksand, Do pitfalls lie where roses seem to grow?

And have you sometimes stumbled in the dark-And are you bruised and scarred by many a

Pilgrim, I know, I know! I. too, have stimbled so.

Sister, I know, I know

you send out rebellious cry, and question, As mocking hours pass silently and slow? Does your insistent wherefore bring no answer, While stars wax pale with watching, and drop

too, have questioned so But now, I know, I know!

To toil, to strive, to err, to cry, to grow,
To love through all—this is the way to know.

From Here and There

CHRISTMAS CANADIAN.

The Christmas issue of The Canadian Magazine is attractive in cover and contents, this publication being the first to secure the rights of publishing the names and verse of the prizewinners in the "Christ as Poet" national literary competition. is a new and appealing subject in an article from the pen of Dr. J. D. Logan. The illustrations, always choice, are very beautifully chosen and reproduced in this issue.

REGRETS.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.] Life's poetry is turned to prose Since those old days, my dear; withered is the red, red rose You gave me yesteryear.

All tarnished is the little ring. And e'en the lock of hair Is now a dull and dusty thing That once was gold and fair.

Tis natural it should be so. And wherefore should we weep? That poetry was rot, you know, That rose was very cheap;

The ring was only plated brass, And that same shining tress You could replace today, my lass, For eighty cents or less.

Unalterably true; But, oh, we must confess with pain That it was phony, too! IT WAS EVER THUS.

The boat drifted out on the sunlit sea. The ma and the maiden were silent and a little sad. His "Dearest." he breathed softly, "will you float th me always—down the stream of life?"

"The same as now?" she whispered, The same as now," he said. He was rowing, doing all the hard work; sh

ENGLAND GOES ON.

[New York Sun.] There is no wild excitement in London over the change situation, with the American dollar at a nigh premium. There is no program in London to the pound sterling against the law of There is no ballucination in London as o what will turn the adverse exchange rate. There is no doubt that it will turn when the time comes

Steady old England, tried in a thousand finanand economic tests, as tried on a thousands battlefields, knows that every day British exports only because they are being brought in to be manuprices than the imported material cost. England exports on credit, the date of settlement draws earer every day. England knows that when he ocean freight bills, her interest charges, her diviabroad have risen, as they are rising rapidly, to a England knows that then the pound sterling will

rise, perhaps soor more swiftly than it fell.

And England, wise old trader, knows that with the world over than this country can with the dollar the main chance, England, the veteran, imperturbably watches the exchange rates and sells the

ROD AND GUN.

Away down on the storm-swept coast of Nova Scotla lives Bonnycastle Dale, the well-known story of how he spent one Christmas Day water life of the Gulf of Georgia. Other interesting North," by Robert E. Hewes; "The Propagation of Brook Trout," by John W. Titcomb. In addition to these splendid features Rod and Gun in Canada for December contains the usual high-class fishing. uns and trap line departments. W. J. Taylor

TO WIGGINS.

[Lenore S. Hanford.] 'E was only a dog after all," they said, 'And dogs 'ave no souls, that's sure." But the world seems a pretty poor place Since they carried 'im in 'ere dead.

For trench mud or wet or cold:
'E was my dog, and I'd give my right 'and

'Is little war jacket is stiff with blood, The blood of a dyin' man, 'Is eyes, O 'is beautiful friendly eyes Is stopped up with ooze and mud

'E'd keep 'is 'ead in the fiercest fight, When the shells flew thick as fleas; And many's the lad that 'as owed 'im 'is life On No Man's Land at night.

And now that 'e's dead as 'e'll ever be, I've a 'ope in my 'eart that's strong, That when it comes my turn to go over West,

My Pal will be waitin' for me.

[Manchester Guardian.] The Cumberland vicar who protests with very good sense against the throwing of confetti at weddings, protests in point of fact against a usage that nowadays is little more than an example of the kind of practical joke that delights in making people uncomfortable, like an apple-pie bed or a bowl of water poised on the top of a door. If, as he asserts, there are people so stupid as to throw it before the bride and bridegroom have entered the church, then the believers in this particular piece of exuberance have done more than made an unseemly mess within the four walls that presumably they have every reason to respect and hold sacred. They have also managed to divest their amusement of its last shred of national significance. The original English custom was to cast wheat upon the head of the bride in her return from the church, as a happy omen of abundance in all good things. Herrick, who never missed anything from his garland of the fragrant traditions of the England that he knew, refers to this example of them when he tells the bride how

Some repeat Your praise and bless you, sprinkling you with

For a later day, when unmilled wheat would be a rarity in most households, rice furnished a not particularly appropriate substitute. Later still the confetti of the French carnival ousted the rice, though in point of any real meaning the onlookers might just as reasonably have insisted on the bride's wearing a false nose. The present usage provides an example of an old English marriage custom degraded almost out of recognition. There are many others that have perished completely, and one or two that have no recognizable standing at Some years ago a rope stretched across the road by which the bridal party returned from church dragged the driver of the first motor car out of his seat, and there was a sequel in an action for assault in the police court. The stretchers of the rope defended themselves on the ground that "it was an old custom." Very properly the plea went for nothing, for it was observed that nobody else had ever heard of such a custom, and that, if It did exist, it must have dated from a period when the essential difference between a marriage and a funeral was imperfectly apprehended. It would be hard for anyone to defend confetti-throwing with much more success. The wedding guests no longer parcel out the bride's garters between them, nor do they wear bridal favors of ribbons in their hats for a week or two after the ceremony. Is there anything more to be said in favor of confettithrowing as an omen of plenty-unless, of course anyone is so extravagant as to manufacture privately by slicing up treasury notes?

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

BLUFFING. By Vincent G. Perry.

Life is made up of bluffs and love is the biggest bluff of all."

Terrance Conway, artist, threw the paper aside and fairly snorted with indignation. For a man with an artistic temperament, Terrance Conway could

"Why in heaven's name do news-papers use gaif like that?" he ex-claimed, angrily. "Every day the writer of that column comes out with some If that column comes out with some ridiculous epigram on life that is nothing but a bare-faced lie. Life isn't a bluff and love—real love—is the direct opposite to bluff. An epigram like that might pass down to posterity just as did that other fool epigram on love did. The ldiot who wrote True love never The idiot who wrote 'True love never ans smooth' was just as crazy as this liotic newspaper writer. Love is the truest and the smoothest thing in the world, there's an epigram for you, Mr. Newspaperman, and if you were here I would punch it into your empty head." He had taken up the news-paper again and was yelling right into

Up to that time Conway had no reason to believe that love was anything but smooth and true. It had broken in on him so unexpectedly, he was too

charms were many. Love came as a matter of course. He had not stopped to think who she was, or where she came from: he had told her all about his love and they had become engaged and were happy in the thought of what they were to each other. Certainly, up to that time, their love had run smooth first rough spot was reached. Tremu-lously and breathlessly, Beatrice unfolded a confession. She was not a real model at all. In reality she was a daughter of an old and stately family and she had posed as a model just in the spirit of adventure. Her love for Terrance would never be coun-

tenanced by her family, she felt sure of it. What was she to do? Terrance told her what to do. He told her family where to go. His out-But I owe a debt to my family," she

pleaded. "We are rich in blood, but poor otherwise. I must marry a mil-lioneire and save the family from ever-

tone was harsher than she had ever heard it.

"No, no, love to me is everything; but it is my family. I must consider them."

In vain did he plead. She left in tears, and he sank in a chair and wished he was not time for that. As they walked, the thinking it was not time for that. As they walked, the thinking it was not time for that. As they walked, the thinking it was not time for that. and he sank in a chair and wished he could cry also. For a long, long time he sat there, his mind working in revolutions. Suddenly it stopped upon her brain did all the thinking. It was she who remembered that a license would have to be purchased before they could be married.

\$100,000 IN BILLS TAKEN LAST NIGHT FROM SUBURBAN BANK

In glaring type these headlines read the story of the daring robbery by one lone bandit, a terrible thought entered her mind. What if Terrance had fess brokenly. committed that robbery in order to get the wealth she had made him believe was necessary for the man she didn't think it was real, so I tried that married to have. They were on his track with bloodhounds. It was terrible, the thought made her shudder. She threw the paper aside in an effort to dispel the suggestion, but it was not so easily dispelled. After nearly an ing by

but smooth and true.

In on him so unexpectedly, he was too enamored with it to stop to analyze it.

A year before he had not known, or believed, in the existence of such a thing; but even that was before he had met, or known the existence of Beatrice Flanders.

From the very first time he saw Beatrice, he knew she was different beatrice, he could not stand to the pointed to the story.

The beatrice of such as the door tha the suspense longer. With a shaking hand she turned the knob and opened the door quickly, just in time to see Terrance shove something under the cloth on the table. But she had been too quick for him. A number of bills were spread out on the table, and a closer glance told her their denomination—Thousand dollar bills! Terrance Conway was a thief! It had been all through her! Her soul revolted against the injustice of the whole thing, and with a little plaintiff cry she ran to his arms.

Terrance was convulsed with laughter. He opened the club bag and took out one of the bills.

"I painted these and was going to use them to try and make you believe I was rich," he explained. "This story says that the bills stolen from the bank were of a small denomination."

"It has all been a bluff—we have both been bluffing," she gasped, as it suddenly dawned upon her.

"Life is a bluff and love is the biggest bluff of all," Terrance found himself repeating.

> come. It is all my fault and I will see you through. Oh, hurry, hurry!" she cried excitedly.
> "But dear—" he began to remon-

must go before they come. Oh please hurry," she implored. We can be married before we catch the train, but there is no time for anything else."

The mention of marriage had the desired effect. In less than a minute he had a girly hor rested. He was about had a club bag tacked. He was about

to close it when Beatrice intercepted.
Quickly she gathered the bills on the
table into her hands and placed them
in the club bag.

"We must not leave these behind
for evidence," she said, as she closed
the bear. "We say destroy them after

Five minutes before the train for the East was scheduled to pull out, they boarded it, "happily married." It was a horrible five minutes for Beatrice In glaring type these headlines caught Beatrice's eyes the moment she picked up the morning paper. As she picked up the morning paper. As she Not until they were many miles from the city could Beatrice trust herself to

"Our engagement had come in such a matter of fact way and everything had been running so smoothly I just sooner than told it. Oh, why did you believe it, and why did you do such

self repeating. love never runs smooth.

"And yet, love is the truest and the

We have many new "His Master's Voice" Records, which voice the Christmas spirit. Stop in any time and we will play these Records for you, as well as any others. Records make splendid Christmas with the control of the Christmas gifts. Mason Limited, 248 Dundas street.

CAN MAKE HERSELF PRETTY AND ATTRACTIVE

Some Wholesome Truths That Every Girl Should Think About.

Probably you know just such a girl. Perhaps she is sixteen-good : look she reflects the graces and charm that give promise of happiness to herself and others. But she is not strong. The color in her cheeks, once so rosy, has faded away-her eyes are listless-the buoyancy of spirit and vigor she once possessed are sadly lacking. Parents, friends, this girl needs Ferrozone-needs it that her blood may be renewedneeds it to restore the nerve force that growth, study and the development of her fresh youth have exhausted. This girl will become a queen with Ferroa silly thing as to rob that bank? It is all my fault." She was really crying by this time.
"Rob the bank!" he exclaimed incredulously. "What are you talking the spirits. In Ferrozone every girl finds. strength-then she can do things. In Terrozone there is endurance-that drives away morning tiredness and languor. For the girl or woman that wants happy, healthy, winning-who values rosy cheeks, laughing eyes and abundant good spirits, nothing can com-He opened the club bag and took pare with Ferrozone; 50c per box, or six for \$2.50. Get it today from any Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont

London & Port Stanley Railway

Time Table Effective Septemb Time Table Effective September 8, To St. Thomas—†4:40, †*6:20, 7:20, *8:20, 9:20, *10:20, 11:20 a.m., *12:20, *1:20, 2:20, *3.20, 4:20, *5:20, 6:20, *7:20, 8:20, 9:20, *10:20, †11:20 p.m.
To Port Stanley—†*6:20, *8:20, *10:20, 8:20, 9:20, *10:20, †11:20 p.m. To Port Stanley—†*6:20, *8:20 *1:20, *3:20, *5:20, *7:20, *10:20



Stockings for cold weather

Buster Brown Stockings will lighten the clothing bill this winter. They are sensible, closely-knit stockings, that will amply protect your boy against the cold, yet can be bought much more reasonably than other winter stockings.

Buster Brown Stockings wear longer-require less mending, too. They're knitted with three-ply heels and toes, and double-ply legs and feet. They give extra wear—they're shaped to fit—and they hold their color.

Get Buster Brown Stockings for your boy or boys this winter. They will lower the clothing account, especially if your family is large.

Ask for Buster Brown durable hosiery—the economical kind.

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