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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,  
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Tuesday, Dec. 10.

### TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

THE PRESENT rulers at Ottawa have seen fit to frequently trail in behind the Washington Government in matters of war legislation. The habit has not always been to the best advantage of the country, but there will be no quarrel with the Government if it follows the lead of the American Government in the matter of aiding technical education.

A measure is under way in Congress to provide for the appropriation of one hundred millions of dollars for the technical schools of the various states. The Dominion Government could secure no better guarantee for the industrial and commercial future of Canada than by setting aside an adequate sum for the use of the various provinces in technical education.

If the great trade expansion for which we are headed is to amount to anything we must within the next few years supply our factories, mills and shops with thousands of trained workers. Canada will be asked to supply vast markets across both the Atlantic and Pacific, but unless we are prepared to meet this opportunity with an army of skilled producers we will be hopelessly distanced in the fierce competition that is ahead. It has been suggested that the Federal Government appropriate twenty millions for the purpose of technical education, and no better investment could be imagined.

### "AGAIN ONE"—THREE NOTABLE GATHERINGS.

BRITISH DAY in New York will long be remembered for "the good that it has done." Last Sunday was Great Britain's day. It will help to bring about a better feeling, a greater friendship, between the two greatest nations in the world.

"The Old First Presbyterian Church," Founded 1716. "The Sea."

For many years Rev. Dr. Howard Duffield, formerly of Detroit, has been at the head of the old First Presbyterian Church. On Sunday one of the most outstanding and outspoken preachers in New York, Rev. Dr. Hugh Black, delivered a very eloquent sermon on "The Sea." He is as truly Scotch and as loyal to Great Britain as any Scotman that ever fought under the Union Jack, or marched behind the bagpipes. He told of being in London England, when the Lusitania was sunk. A reporter called to interview him. He asked him what he thought of it. He replied, "I think it's damnable." Then he added, "Perhaps for publication you had better say 'dastardly.'" He had not the full facts then, did not know that any lives had been lost, but on the Sunday following he addressed 3,000 people in one of the largest churches. He then had the facts, and referring to the interview, said he would like to take back the word "dastardly" and call it what it was, "damnable." He held that no nation in the world had a right to limit Great Britain on the seas. The seas were to Great Britain what the vast railways of America were to the United States.

Christ had chosen fishermen for His disciples because of the minds fishermen had. The sea produced minds that were impressionable and religious. The sea in normal times was full of danger and suffering. Great Britain had the best sailors in the world, but the Germans knew nothing of the ethics of the sea. He would not allow the German flag to float on any sea in the world until they repented. The British navy had been the salvation of the world. It would be impossible to get British sailors to do the terrible things done by the German sailors. Throughout his address his soul gripped and held his audience. Men like Dr. Hugh Black will do much to educate the people up to a true understanding of what Great Britain means to all the world.

"The Hippodrome"—"Great Public Meeting." This great auditorium was filled to overflowing. The Hon. Alton B. Parker, one time candidate for the presidency, was chairman. He traced the part of Great Britain in the war and gave credit at every point. He referred to the splendid work of Italy, the magnificent work of France, "but the greatest of our Allies was Great Britain, the most powerful nation in the world." David Bishop brought the house down when he sang "When the Boys Come Home."

Another one-time candidate for the presidency, Hon. Charles Evans Hughes, gave unstinted praise to Great Britain, claiming that the war had made Great Britain and the United States one again. He declared, in one of his most eloquent passages, and several times he reached true eloquence, that but for the part Britain had taken in the war, and but for the British navy in transporting troops, after Germany had defeated its opponents in Europe, the United States would have met the fate of Belgium.

Samuel L. Gompers, president of the Labor Union, gave similar testimony and told of his visit to France and the royal treatment he had received from Gen. Haig.

Perhaps the honors of impressive, energetic, enthusiastic eloquence should go to Dr. George E. Vincent, head of the Rockefeller Institute. He gave the credit to Britons of being true sportsmen—they played the game, they were taught in their schools to do so. This fact made them the magnificent soldiers and sailors they were. He contrasted them with the Germans and gave every credit to Great Britain for saving the world from the curse of militarism. Sir Henry Babbington Smith, assistant commissioner British War Mission, appropriate-

ly acknowledged the splendid spirit of the address.

The meeting closed with a tableau: "The Silent Arm of the British Empire," "Landing at Ostend," "Victory," "Rule Britannia," sung by Miss Constance Baffour; "Peace" and "God Save the King," sung by the sailors and marines.

### "Freedom" at the Century Theatre.

Here a play in three acts—"England in the making," "America in the finding," and "America enters the world." Miss Marcia Van Dresser, in splendid voice, played the part of Freedom. The play shows step by step the advance of freedom in the world, and shows that the freedom America has, came from Great Britain, that George Washington was an Englishman, that many of the best Englishmen, like Pitt, were with the American colonies in their struggle for freedom. The war had brought England and America together again. Addresses were delivered by Major George H. Putnam and the Hon. H. Y. Braddon, commissioner for Australia in the United States. Altogether, they were three great notable gatherings that mean in future, whenever Great Britain requires it, the United States will rally to its side as quickly, as loyally and effectively as any of the colonies did, and that, as Judge Hughes put it, they are one again with Great Britain, except politically.

### A PARALLEL.

ALL ALONG through the war comparison has frequently been made with conditions in the American Civil War of the 1860's. The South was like Germany in its oligarchic character. The great planters were the junkers, despising democracy, priding themselves on their military spirit and for years preparing to attack the North. The advantages possessed by Germany as compared with the South were numbers, organization, mechanical skill, utilized instead of despised, as by the planters and scientific education.

The North, like the Allies, fought for great principles of humanity, freedom and truth. The South, like Germany, misused its prisoners. Like Germany it was strictly blockaded and was worn down by attrition of man-power. Till shortly before the end the South maintained an iron resistance, and then in a few short months quickly collapsed, like Germany. Lincoln, like Lloyd George, was constantly pestered by defeatists who wanted a compromise peace on any terms. Neither gave way, but stuck on to the victory peace.

To the credit of the South, on the other hand, it has to be remembered that its armies fought fair, with none of this Hun devilry. Its soldiers were chivalrous and they never gave in until the dreadful march had gone through Georgia. They were brave men, not bullies, they showed no yellow, for it wasn't in them; they uttered no white in defeat, but took their medicine standing up. Those Southern gentlemen fought like heroes, for an antiquated cause, and did not wisely, but too well.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

When will the Government lift the lid off the pantry?

The war has boosted Canada to the billion dollar class.

A world that is safe for democracy will be unsafe for atrocity.

The lesson Germany is learning is that it is safer to be civilized than German.

Brazil is reported mobilizing for war. Let's see, isn't Brazil noted for its nuts?

It is reported the ex-kaiser has sent to Berlin for a dentist. Probably wants a new crown.

Bavarians took 60,000,000 marks from Mackensen because they believed he stole it from Rumania. But, have they sent it back?

There is talk of exiling W. Hohenzollern in the wilds of the East Indies. He could give the jungle people some lessons in ferocity.

Scheidemann thinks the kaiser has been sufficiently punished. But what do the tortured folk of Flanders, France and Serbia think about it?

The Allied armies are now in the country of Grimm's Fairy Tales. And doubtless little Hans and Gretchen are being told the invaders are dragons and monsters in disguise.

U. S. Government probe shows that William Randolph Hearst was "outspokenly on the German side" before the United States entered the war. Yet Canadians continue to read a number of magazines in which he has been directly interested for years.

### THE BRITISH ON THE SEA.

Speaking at the University Club in Brooklyn Saturday night, Louis Tracy pointed out the absurdity of Germany's contention that she had to plot against Great Britain, because Britain controlled the sea. But, Swedish and Norwegian ships, he said, had a tremendous trade by sea, and Holland—she might have added Belgium and Portugal—valuable colonies, but none of them had ever feared Britain's dominion of the seas. None had ever feared that she would deal unfriendly with them, and none had had to form alliances and conspire against her. The difference between Great Britain's control of the sea and Germany's army on land is that nobody had any reason to be afraid of the former. The British fleet is for defensive purposes only. Great Britain is an island, and would have small chance of defence by an army if an enemy invaded her. She must have a great fleet as her only sure protection. She has one, but never has she used it, as Germany would have used it to strangle the trade of other nations. The seas are as free to trade as if Great Britain's navy were the size of Venezuela's. This is why Germany's conception of the "freedom of the seas" in time of peace was always without a grain of foundation. As for war, Britain has used her fleet as fairly and legitimately as in time of peace. Her navy is unsatisfied by any of the atrocities that made the world's blood run cold during the short life of the German navy. Without it we could not have won this war, and despite the temptation to retaliate, the British navy conducted its share of the war as impeccably as if it had been fighting an honorable foe. The British fleet is a protection to the world's trade in time of peace, and a bulwark against assassins in time of war. It is a friend to the trader, but a terror to the pirate, as Germany now knows.

### THE BLIND SOLDIER SPEAKS.

[S. Morgan-Powell.] It may not be the world grows dim, it may not be the sunrise greets Where early roses bend their heads And in the dew the poppy sleeps And o'er the darkling lily-beds The skylark sings his morning hymn— It may not be—it shall not be. For I, who once these beauties knew, Can see no longer where the light Lies low along the garden wall Or glides with a sun's tempered light The tulips' cups, the lilies' tall, Kisses the beds where violets grew And flames in glory on the sea. That rolls in thunder far below. The place where tuber-roses grow Holds all there is in life for me.

By FONTAINE FOX

HENRY PECK

Copyright, 1918)



After poor Henry Peck had finished cleaning out the furnace Mrs. Peck refused to let him wash up in the bathroom.

## BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE McLUKE

(Copyright, 1918.)

The Final Test. It is easy enough to be pleasant. That you have any number of wags.

But the man worth while Is the man who can smile When he hasn't a dime in his clothes.

Then It Happened. "I wonder if you could" mused the Rummy, as he put his empty glass on the bar.

"You wonder if you could what?" demanded the Barkeep, as he grabbed an empty bottle.

"I wonder if you could call a suit of armor an old-fashioned knight dress?" replied the Rummy, as he headed for the door.

Correct. "I've found out one thing," said old Binks.

"And you'll agree with me: A man is seldom what he thinks. His neighbor ought to be."

How Nice! "Smith is certainly a polite man, isn't he?" said Brown.

"Yes," agreed Jones. "No matter how much he dislikes a bill collector, he always invites him to call again."

Ho, Hum! "Dang-dang-dang-dang!" boomed the hall clock, as the hands pointed to four.

"Ah!" sighed the husband who was creeping up the stairs with his shoes in his hand, as he heard his wife stirring upstairs. "Time will tell!"

No Joke. It does not pay you to be meek When dealing with a brother. Forgive him when he smites one cheek, And he will wait the other.

Signs Is Signs. Signs in a Greek shoe shining place in Cincinnati:

"Shoes Polished On the Inside."

Gosh! You may imagine that Hajjoman Saralaneraparian of Boston, Mass., is going home. But his cousin Menad Estaboharakamastakamasian lives in Lowell, Mass.

Our Joe Miller Contest. Lyman J. Davis of Louisville claims that the chief joke is the one about the doctor who was attending to the fishman.

After his fifth call the doctor said to the fishman's wife: "I'm afraid your husband is beyond help. The poor man cannot recover." "Don't you believe it," said the fishman, who overheard the doctor's statement. "I'm his loved one and my marriage!"

He fell asleep at headquarters to begin work on the big drive. "This is our first war, you know," David laughed, as he let her pass through the door.

"And our last—I hope," Gladys remarked.

"At least give it one blue ribbon," David found himself saying as Gladys busied herself arranging tables and chairs as part of her work on the committee on headquarters decorations.

"What for?"

"For giving me the pleasure of seeing you again."

Gladys' pretty white skin warmed perceptibly, and David smiled as he thought he had never seen anything so lovely as her cheeks.

Every day the two had work to do together, and occasionally in the evening Gladys found herself being escorted to or from a Liberty Loan meeting by David Stapleton.

"I've filed my questionnaire," he said to her one night on the way home.

"Your questionnaire?" she asked.

"Yes—I'm in the draft, you know."

"Oh—You thought I was too old—now, confess it!"

Gladys said nothing.

"Didn't you?"

"Perhaps I hadn't thought at all about the draft," she added.

"Are you thinking now?" David asked pointedly.

Gladys nodded.

They drove on in silence. Both were thinking in a new way.

When Gladys stepped out of the cozy little runabout before her own door she seemed to feel ill at ease. She could not explain her mood or less anyone with this man whom she had known always and yet with whom now she seemed to be so strange.

"Don't you want to steal an hour away from your desk at headquarters tomorrow and have lunch with me at a tea-house on the outskirts of the autumn woods?" David asked, detaching Gladys by a very gentle touch on her arm.

Gladys caught her breath—and was almost afraid he could hear her catch it. What was the matter with her, she wondered? Why did the touch of David Stapleton make her heart leap so wildly, and why did his voice sound so low and tender?

After she reached the house she remembered having promised to go with him on the following day. She could have shaken herself for having acted like a girl of sixteen instead of like a woman nearly thirty at the mere invitation to have a bit of lunch with a man whom she had known all her life.

On her desk the following morning she found a note. It told her that the president of the bank had had an accident to his eyes the previous night and would not be in the office that day.

"This is my first experience in this line," Gladys said to him when they came face to face the first morning that

Therefore, that note went on to say, David Stapleton would be unable to leave his desk for so much as a half hour.

Gladys did not know whether she was disappointed or relieved. But there was much work to do; the human tide of patriotic citizens flowed constantly toward her desk all day, and she had no time in which to think of herself.

Not so with the cashier, David Stapleton. His work had become so much a mechanical part of his everyday life that, though his hands were constantly busy, his thoughts were not on Liberty bonds. On bonds they might have been, but—

The telephone rang. "Hello—Mr. Stapleton?"

"Yes—Gladys," he said, recognizing her voice at once.

"Call!" exclaimed David.

"Yes—didn't I tell you the other night that you wouldn't be the only one in France—before long?"

"Go—you did not tell me."

Gladys did not reply. Each held the receiver while no sound came over the wire.

"You didn't Gladys," repeated David.

"I thought I had told you. I shall have to report at once for physical examination. Then come my passports and then—sailing! Won't it be wonderful?"

"Yes—oh, yes. It will be quite wonderful," said David, mechanically.

The world around him had gone suddenly into the shadow—the world that had seemed so sunny, so well worth living in, of late. But—of course he himself would be going if the powers that be would have him and—glad for me," came Gladys' voice across the wire, wistfully.

"Oh, forgive me—of course I'm glad—more glad than I can tell you, but—"

"But what?"

"Good-bye. I'm coming over to your desk," David said, abruptly. Someone had come into his office and he had been forced to speak quite casually.

Gladys understood.

When David approached her her hands were cold. Her cheeks were prettily pink. Her breath came far more quickly than she wanted it to.

"Want to buy a bond?" she asked jokingly. Gladys had a way of jesting when she was playing for time.

"Yes, I want a bond, the maturity of which depends on Fate, Gladys," he said, sitting down across the desk and trying to compel her to look at him. There were no others in the room at the moment, but the place was as public as the whole out-of-doors.

"I wonder if we have that sort," she murmured, looking over her card of instructions.

"I want no other sort," David said firmly. "Gladys, I love you. Do marry me!"

Gladys could not speak. She had lost her power to resist him, and she knew not what to say in acquiescence.

"Won't you, dear? Marry me before you go."

Gladys nodded—a series of little nods, and when she finally looked at him her eyes were full of shiny tears that with difficulty she kept from tumbling foolishly down her cheeks.

Suddenly she brushed them away. She had seen someone coming. "Of course, I will," she said. "You knew it when you asked, didn't you?"



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