

London Advertiser

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London, Ont., Friday, Jan. 5.

OUR RESOLUTIONS.

DON'T SNEER at, but cheer for the New Year's resolution. The New Year's resolution has almost been joked out of business. The first of the dawning twelfth month is a fine time for some personal stocktaking, but most of us do not look upon it as a distinct milestone in the journey.

A new page in every man's record. "What am I going to write upon it?" is a bromide inquiry, but it should be asked of himself or herself by everyone.

Every man should become a little more of a philosopher as another year of "eternity" reveals to him that his span is brief. He should add up his accomplishments, and sit down with himself for a while. Usually he is trying to get away from himself, but surely he does not think so ill of himself that he cannot be with that most important of all persons for an hour or two.

No man can pray for a greater gift than breadth of mind. If he can strike off the cumbered prejudices that should be all buried in the swamps of ignorance from which they rose in that picturesque but reeking past, he will have given himself something that no one can take from him. He will find that the most "human" living is the living of understanding. He will come to realize that the human machine and the brain that directs it is worth a lot of attention. If he has certain capabilities, he should not be vain; most likely any special talent he may find in his possession was caused by some hard mind work on the part of his ancestors. He should be humble in the face of his talent. It is a great trust. And it can often be aroused when dormant by a magic wand of knowledge, that is found in the best of books.

The New Year resolution may be weak. Yet the mental force toward a better life in some respect must mean that each year the best builders that block the pathway to life as a happy existence and a full existence are pushed a little further away. Each New Year's effort is great in making the world better. Therefore, long live the resolution!

MUD-SLINGING.

I want to thank The Advertiser for the moral tone of your paper, and the absence of mud-slinging and muck-raking from its pages.

THE ABOVE is an extract from the letter of a South London subscriber who is a reader of The Advertiser because it is not a "mud-slinging" paper. While a certain section of the community may like the constant bickerings of two newspapers, there is another section of the community that deprecates such a state of affairs. They recognize it as "small town" journalism and realize the harm that may be done to any city by bitter personalities and a constant "fishwife" cross-fire. The Advertiser has deliberately refrained from entering into disputes that are born merely of personal rancor and a desire to strike a contemporary. In fact, it has borne more than its share of small abuse and deliberate falsifying in silence. A certain newspaper at the present time is spilling for a mud battle, and has aimed its batteries in the general direction of all who do not see eye to eye with its opportunistic policies. If the abuse becomes too vile to bear, The Advertiser has several stock slinging devices which can again be brought to bear. Our contemporary does not like to be reminded that it does not use hydro power, or that it was compelled to relinquish the Hearst news service. No one should get excited about its latest outbreaks. They will pass as others have passed.

But it would be well for the public to discriminate as the reader whose letter quoted above has discriminated between the newspaper that appeals to the prejudice of its readers and one that appeals to their reason. The Advertiser is not "too proud to fight." It is too proud to adopt a certain method of fighting.

WOMEN AS GARDENERS.

IN A LETTER to The Advertiser yesterday, the Women's Gardening Association made public its purpose to establish four community gardens in the city, and also a community shop for the sale of their produce. The object of the association, which is a branch of the Women's Emergency Corps, is to supply food to the fighting men of the country, if not directly, at least indirectly, by supplying enough for home consumption, thereby allowing the big growers to ship their produce overseas. For, as the letter says, "Guns without munitions are no more useless than men without food."

It is their idea to enlist women to do the gardening; women who can by a little sacrifice spare the time. The scheme is splendid and deserves the support of both workers and buyers.

Woman is by nature altruistic, but it has taken a background of war to bring out this characteristic. The stuff, powdered, self-confident woman

(according to pre-war ratings) has been given opportunity to reveal her characteristic woman quality—thought for others. The spirit with which she has accepted the war and war conditions is remarkable. She has stepped into the breach and taken up man's work as if she had been trained to it for generations. Her adaptability is great, her resource is greater, but her love is greatest of all.

In England this is most clearly demonstrated, for England, being nearer the war zone, was first depleted of her manpower, and hence the need for women workers came sooner. The question of food supply was early considered and women of the well-to-do middle class were taught practical gardening at the Glynde College for lady-gardeners, founded by Viscountess Wolsley. Now, 50,000 women in England are registered as women-workers on the land. In this way English women are fulfilling their obligations to the nation.

In Canada every day emphasizes the need for greater production. The Women's Gardening Association has come into being to meet this need. The plans are laid. The material is at hand. Merely workers are wanted. Surely these there will be no lack.

THEIR OWN WORDS.

SOMEONE should make a collection of the famous sayings by eminent men which give away their case, and more than bear out all that the Ally spokesmen urge against Germany. These sayings would fill a large book, and nothing could be more authoritative. Professor Usher made many telling quotations in his book, "Pan-Germanism," published just at the outbreak of the war, and the German diaries collected, assorted, photographed and edited by the French, constitute a great mass of evidence out of the Hun's own mouth. But a more varied and comprehensive collection or selection might be published.

The Kaiser's speech exhorting the soldiers to be Huns would lead off the volume, with a frontispiece of the modern Attila delivering this harangue. Extracts from the official "War Usage," and the military orders so far as accessible, the various declarations before an arbitration, von Bethmann-Hollweg's admission that it was wrong to invade Belgium, the official withdrawal of the book officially issued containing a mountain of lies regarding outrages by Belgians upon their gentle invaders, the officially admitted official falsehoods as to the "victory" of Jutland on May 21 last and so on, make a tidy evidence for conviction of unreliability in word and deed and of a general assault on civilization and law.

Then there are the statements by eminent German writers, their obvious treachery, brutality, presumption and bitter bigotry. We heard lately of a prominent Hamburg mayor denouncing as enemies of God those who opposed the destruction with all imaginable violence and ferocity of British civilians, women and children. Other pastors of all denominations can be similarly cited. The diabolical songs taught to school children, full of inconceivable and incredible coarseness and brutal anger, the misleading newspaper articles, and the general assumption all round that a small state has no rights because right belongs only to power, such material would afford an interesting confession from Germany. And there is plenty, almost too much, of it. To close the book, Treitschke's and Bernhardi's doctrine, that war is a good thing, and that the chief crime of a nation is weakness, would be appropriate.

But, after all, it is actions that speak louder than even such words. Can a nation be stained with greater crime than the deportation of the Belgians or the massacre of almost the whole of the Belgian people?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Much as the Americans are averse to gunpowder, we find it within the precincts of the Senate chamber, and in a most explosive form, too.

Germany is developing misers. Who would have credited her with that? Surely all personal possessions are freely given to the beloved Vaterland.

Teddy Roosevelt is an expert at hunting down big game, and he appears to be very much in earnest as he follows the trail of Wilson and his peace note.

The Regina workmen are above hinting. They simply order the Borden cabinet to get out. Perhaps they realize that some people cannot take a hint.

It is worth while watching Russia these years. It's like watching some captive who is gradually loosening the chains which bind him. One by one the cords of bureaucracy are being broken from about the Russian nation, giving freedom and democracy.

Our enemies are apparently conference-mad. Unable to procure a peace conference, they treat themselves to a little war conference. Of course conferences are a lot pleasanter than battles, especially when you are not sure how you are going to come out in the latter.

MINE-SWEEPERS.

[Sunday Pictorial.]

Night. The darkness of the bay. The little ships of England go. They steer unseen into the dark. Beyond the shore-lights' glow.

Awash with eager form they drive into the salt and stinging breeze. In wake of deadly things that make the slime of underseas.

Into the dark, into the night. The little ships of England steer—The nameless craft that dare to die. The England never hear.

—ERIC CHILMAN.

LAUGH HERE.

[Quebec Herald.]

If Britain had a strong Conservative Government like Canada has it wouldn't have had to be worried over coalitions and political uprisings when the whole strength of the nation should be fixed upon the prosecution of the war.

When the Terrible Tempered Mr. Bangs' Morning Grouch Is More Than Usually Fierce.

BY FONTAINE FOX.—Copyright, 1916, by the Dominion News Bureau, Ltd.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story
(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)A Question of Dress
BY EARL REED SILVERS.

"I wish I could take you over to the show in New York tomorrow night," said Jim Chambers, speaking with the frankness of an engaged young man to his worshipping fiancée. "But I can't. I'm dead broke."

"If you only could," she suggested, "I would wear my green taffeta."

"But I can't," Jim looked on into the distance, pondering over the wiles of fate which had given him a three thousand dollar income and a four thousand dollar acquaintance.

"How much could the horse show cost?" he asked mildly.

"About twenty-five dollars," Edythe looked hopeful.

"Nope! You'd better give up all hope," Jim smiled whimsically at his presumptuous fiancée. "I've got just ten dollars to my name, and that has to last me for three days."

"And my dress is so pretty!" Edythe sighed.

"Well, why not wear it to the club tonight?"

"I can't! It's an afternoon dress."

"What's it like?"

Edythe manifested a slight degree of interest.

"If I let you see a picture of it if you care to," she said, rising. "It's in the April Ladies' Star."

Jim, who had looked at dresses before, finding escape impossible, resigned himself to his fate.

"Here it is," explained Edythe, opening the magazine and indicating one of three young ladies representing the very latest in spring styles. "It's of all silk chiffon. Taffeta. The body of the dress is of taffeta fitted loosely over the hips. The back is made in a separate panel shirred at the waistline and brought around over the shoulders in front in a cash effect. The shirred collar of taffeta silk."

Jim gazed out of the window and wondered if his chum, Dan Chase, was having a good time at the golf club.

"The vest is of chiffon over shadow lace and is trimmed with taffeta buttons," Edythe's voice droned on. "And—well, isn't that strange?"

"Isn't what strange?"

"Why on this very page is the pattern for Doris Howard's evening dress."

Jim's eyes opened wide. A picture of the country club bazaar as his sister had described it flashed before him. He started to say something, checked himself and assumed an attitude of indifference.

"Which one?" he asked.

"The one next to mine. My, but it's pretty."

"So pretty as yours. You have a new hat to go with the dress, haven't you?"

"Yes! Would you like to see it?"

"Sure! I'll be down in a minute."

Edythe hurried upstairs, and as soon as she had disappeared, Jim seized the magazine she had laid on the table and looked long and earnestly at a picture of a dimpled young lady in blue satin, covered with silk net of the same shade. Then, hearing signs of activity from the room above, he hastily drew forth a penknife and cut picture and description of the girl from the printed page. He just managed to thrust the clipping into his pocket and close the magazine before Edythe reappeared, radiant in a new creation of glided straw.

After supper that evening, before he took Edythe to the bazaar at the country club, Jim drew a slip of paper from his pocket and consumed fifteen long minutes in learning, word for word, the detailed description of a certain evening gown. Reaching the club, he wandered around with seeming aimlessness, gradually drawing his companion toward a certain ante-room, over the door of which were emblazoned the words, "The Great Dress Description Contest."

"What's this, I wonder," he said indifferently, having plotted Edythe to the scene of his proposed activity.

"It's a guessing contest," the girl explained. "Doris Howard has on her new evening dress. Any man who thinks he knows anything about dresses is given five minutes in which to write a description of it. The one who writes the best description wins the prize of twenty-five dollars."

"How much does it cost to try?"

"Three dollars."

"I ought to know a lot about dresses, leaving you describe yours all the time," said Jim thoughtfully. "I guess I'll take a chance."

He entered the room and was seated at a table with paper and pencil before him.

"Describe the dress and sign your name to the description," a pleasant voice advised him. "You're given five minutes."

Jim glanced at Doris Howard, who was standing on a slightly-raised platform at the far end of the room. He smiled.

"That dress isn't blue," he muttered. "But I guess she must have just changed the color."

So, smiling confidently, he set to work.

"This beautiful evening gown is of pink satin, silk net of the same shade and maize silk net bordered with gold spangles," he wrote. "The wide girle and pointed skirt sections of satin are mounted over a lining foundation, while the top of the bodice and sleeve sections are of gold net joined with the spangled guilpe. The skirt has a foundation of meshed, finished at the bottom with a flounce of lace."

His description finished, he rejoined Edythe outside.

They wandered about from booth to booth, chatting happily until midnight arrived, when the various prizes were awarded.

"The great dress description contest," the president of the club announced, "drew forth many responses, but by far the best description was given by our well-known fellow-clubman, Mr. Jim Chambers. This effort was a masterpiece."

He paused.

Jim smiled broadly.

"What did I tell you?" he whispered to Edythe. "You can wear your new dress after all."

"But," the president continued, "although Mr. Chambers' description was a wonder, he described the wrong dress. Miss Howard's creation, the ladies in lace and is of deep rose-colored taffeta form in eliminating gold and blue. The dress described by Mr. Chambers was of satin, covered with silk net and bordered with gold spangles. Therefore, while we feel that Mr. Chambers should receive honorable mention, the prize must go to Mr. Harold Janeway, whose description, although less flowery, was more exact."

When he had partly recovered from the shock Jim drew Edythe to one corner of the room.

"Did you tell me this was Doris Howard's dress?" he asked, indicating the crumpled piece of paper he had drawn from his pocket.

Edythe, glancing at it, burst into a stifled giggle. "You foolish, foolish boy," she said, when she could control herself. "That isn't the one; you cut out the wrong picture and description. The right one was on the other side of my dress."

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" Jim looked at the picture of dejection, and the girl placed her hand impulsively on his arm.

"Never mind," she said, softly. "I didn't want to go to the horse show, anyhow."

MEATLESS DAYS IN OLDEN TIMES.
[London Times.]

There is a precedent for a legal enactment for a meatless day. In the middle of the sixteenth century there was a law in this country enforcing abstinence from flesh for political and economic reasons, not only in Lent and on Fridays, but also on Saturdays and Wednesdays. The object was the strengthening of the navy, through the encouragement of the fisheries. Four women who had a meal of meat in the London tavern during Lent, 1563, were put in the stocks all night, and the owner of the tavern was set in the pillory.

LIBERALISM CANNOT DIE.
[Simcoe Reformer.]

German newspapers assert that the eclipse of Asquith means the death of British Liberalism. Liberalism will not die in Britain, nor elsewhere. British Liberalism will come to its own again when Britain is through fighting the devil of Prussian militarism with fire.

gasoline. Now we know why so many automobiles travel such a crooked path.

The American agricultural expert says the nut crop over there was the greatest ever. 1916 was election year, probably explaining the nuts.

There is a real estate operator in Baltimore 97 years old. He does not seem anxious to occupy his mansion in the skies.

A gent says he remembers when eggs were 5 cents a dozen. He must be a first cousin of the late lamented Methusalem.

Houses are built of salt in some parts of Russia. Nice place of residence for fresh guys.

Edgar Guest says he has an unrealized dream that some day he will own a pocketknife that will stay sharp. We have one too. We want a pair of gardeners that will hold up the socks on our voluminous legs, without shutting off the circulation.

Chicago college girls will not cut out the use of slang. They apparently have no desire to resemble ordinary girls.

We saw something about a gent digging up the tooth of a mastodon. The thing is not any bigger than one of our dog-gone molars feels. What an ache.

We recommend tennis on the ice for slackers. They can get regular cold feet that way.

Speed is the thing in flying, says Lieut. Fleming. Pretty good dope for most any calling.

We can hardly write, waiting to hear whether Jos. Armstrong, M. P., has been made postmaster-general. We ain't knocking.

An actress is going to marry a comedian. The joke looks to be on him.

"A megaphonic human donk" says Tom Lawson, speaking of some T. S. senator. Tom is rough on the donkeys.

The Kaiser wants somebody to help him let go this war; like the trishman wanted help to unlodge himself from a wildcat. He started the thing, but the finish is out of his hands.

Traction Company

EFFECTIVE SEPTEMBER

To St. Thomas and

To St. Thomas: 7:30 a.m., 9:30 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 3:30 p.m., 5:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., 9:30 p.m.

To Tempo, 4:30 p.m.

Thomas, 6:15 p.m. and

p.m.

Sunday cars marked with a

LONDON AND

STANLEY RAIL

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To St. Stanley: 6:30 a.m., 8:30 a.m., 10:30 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 2:30 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 6:30 p.m., 8:30 p.m., 10:30 p.m.

Heavy type denotes no local

between London and St. Thomas

Daily, except Sunday.

Home Defence!

Men Wanted for the NAVY

R. N. C. V. R. Atlantic Division

The increased German submarine activities in the North Atlantic call for increased cruiser protection for the shores of Canada and the trade routes. Men up to 45 years of age of previous sea-faring experience will be enrolled at once for the

NORTH ATLANTIC PATROL SERVICE

PAY: Seamen \$1.10 Separation Allowance \$20

Applicants must be of good physique and character and not over 45 years of age.

BOYS TOO

Also a limited number of boys from 15 to 18 years old will be enrolled for the home defence service, receiving pay at the rate of 50c. per day.

Apply to

COMMODORE EMILIUS JARVIS

Naval Recruiting Officer for Ontario

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TORONTO

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Starts Saturday Morning

A dollar-stretching event that's convincing in its entirety because of the genuine reductions on merchandise of unquestionable quality. Literally hundreds of chances to make big savings on the very goods you need now or will need in the immediate future.

48 Men's Fine Winter Overcoats, in many styles in two-way and regular collar models, in greys, browns, tans, etc.; regular up to \$16.50\$9.75

63 Fine Winter Overcoats in swaggar tweeds, wintneys, chinchillas, etc., loose back and form-fitting models and motoring ulsters; regular to \$22.00\$13.75

Clean-up of Fancy Mackinaw Coats in double-breasted style, in greys, browns, reds, tans, etc., smartly made of all-wool cloths; regular to \$10.00\$6.75

65 Men's Smartly-Made Business Suits, in tweeds and worsteds, in dark and medium colors, greys, browns, etc.; regular values to \$15.00\$9.75

Men's and Young Men's Smart Hand-Made Suits from Canada's best makers, in many new and exclusive colors and patterns; regular to \$22.00\$14.75

EXTRA 35 Men's Extra-Quality Pure Wool

Indigo Dyed Blue Serge Suits, absolutely fast color and hand made, smart three button sack coat style; worth today \$26.50. On sale at\$19.75

40 Boys' Splendid Tweed Suits, in natty triple-pleated model, with full bloomer trousers, dark and medium color, hard-wearing tweeds; sizes 26 to 34, and good value up to \$6.95\$4.85

26 Boys' Tweed Overcoats in double-breasted, shawl-collar style, with belted back, two shades in neat overcheck pattern; sizes 29 to 34; regular to \$7.00\$3.98

EXTRA SPECIAL 35 suit lengths from a merchant tailor's

bankrupt stock, in fine West-of-England worsteds and genuine Scotch tweeds, in

qualities practically out of the market now; all old dyes and pure wool; made to measure in first-class manner with try-on, in any sack coat style; worth up to \$30.00. Special for one week\$20.50

SPLENDID FURNISHING BARGAINS

Eight dozen Penman's Ontrocoite Wool

Underwear, sizes 38 to 44 in the lot; worth 90c. For65c

Sixteen dozen Mercury Scotch Knit Fine

Wool Underwear, sizes 36 to 42; worth \$1.50. For99c

Men's Silk-Finish "Non-Scratch" Com-

binations, sizes 36 to 40 only; worth today \$2.75. For\$1.90

Men's "Deacon Made" Grey Flannel

Shirts, with reversible collar, 14 1/2 to 16 1/2. Very special\$1.00

Men's Fine Natural Wool Socks, "Pen

Angle" make, plain and ribbed; worth 45c today. For30c

Men's Overalls in Steiffel, fast color, blue and white stripes; smocks to match; worth \$1.25. For\$1.00

Thirty dozen Men's Black Cashmere

Socks, Canadian made and splendidly finished; sizes 10 to 11. For18c

Six dozen Men's Fine Tweed Winter Caps, with warm fur bands; regular \$1.00. 79c

Clearance of all Fine Silk and Bandanna

Mufflers; regular up to \$2.2599c

EXTRA Forty dozen Full-

Sized Soft Front

Shirts in splendid

washing colors and patterns; shirts

sold all over the country at \$1.00; all

sizes. For65c

Men's Grey and Tan Coat Sweaters, with

collar and pockets; worth \$1.50. For 98c

Clean-up of Men's Neckwear in a wonder-

ful range of colors; regular 25c and 35c. For18c

Eighteen dozen Men's Merino Socks, in

grey and tan shades, good medium weight; regular 20c. For15c

LONDON

LONDON EAST

R. J. Young & Co.

TWO

STORES