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London, Ont., Thursday, Oct. 12.

## The Keynote of a New Liberalism

Sincere Canadians the country over may be thankful for the expression of Liberal policy given last night at one of the most notable gatherings in the history of the country. A company of active Liberals, numbering more than one thousand, heard at the Winter Garden an exposition of the doctrines of the New Liberalism that thrilled them with pride of country, of leadership and of party, while at the same time it sobered them in the conviction of the transcending problems that face the Dominion, and the wonderful future that lies before this nation, a heritage that must not be squandered in patronage, plunder or partisanship, but must advance on the broad outlines of solid Canadianism like a British dreadnaught.

It is trite to allude to the fact that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was never in better form. It has been written a score of times that he "was seen at his best." But who could withhold the thought after hearing him, after marking how under the strain of the conditions that now hold the empire in a grip of stern discipline, his training and temperament have responded to this opportunity to interpret the signs of the times as they apply to Canada and the Liberal party. It was the old statesmanship that has crowned men in both the great political parties, and it was more. It was the casting of a new role for Liberalism, a part to be played in the fight for the further unification of the nation and the empire, and for the doctrine of eternal peace, born of a desire that all men should let into their lives and their relations a full measure of love, mercy and tolerance.

An empire builder in the best sense of the word, a welder of imperial sentiment of a kind that won the heart as well as the body of South Africa, that gave to the nations within the empire the right of decision and self-government, the right of treaty-making and the right of following their own destinies, Sir Wilfrid Laurier brought no message of party strife to the great convention and banquet of the Liberal Club Federation of Ontario. It was a clear, ringing call for the preservation of those British institutions which have been at the root of the cause that stirred the manhood of the empire and are today crushing the brutal militarism of the Germans. The Liberal chieftain, young in mind as the new policies that are to be taken up for the country, presented the figure of peace militant and outraged but undaunted by the pitch thrown upon many years of achievement. His milestones of progressive legislation in the interests of the Dominion would march across the continent. He has attended the funeral of many Canadian and empire hatreds and hostilities. Today he regards the removal of misunderstanding and distrust between the races as the duty of the hour. His eyes look out upon a new era for this country, and he must hear the response to his principles in an expression for Liberalism the country over, and a heart cry from the misgoverned people of Canada to "Bring Laurier back to power."

The best British self-governing freedom had its expression in the sublime eloquence of the statesman last night, as he called upon his auditors to bury their prejudices and set their strength to the winning of the war and the reconstruction that must inevitably come with the close of the war. His broad plea for justice, even to the misguided among the Germans, with stern punishment for the jack-booted Prussian junkies who have shed the blood of the races like water, was Laurier-like. He does not emulate the Prussian in chanting hymns of hate; it is not for him to prescribe tortures for men driven like cattle into an army and filled with the philosophy of brutality. But to the root of the evil he would apply the knife that will eradicate the foul growth upon the body of civilization.

Never was a program of speeches fringed with national and provincial import more wisely balanced. Mr. Rowell's trenchant arraignment of the Ontario Government in its unpatriotic policy toward the nickel question, upon which it was forced to action after the sturdy struggles of the Opposition had caused ministers to put "their ears to the ground," was delivered with a style and vigor that made it second only to the appeal of Sir Wilfrid. The Ontario leader, with justifiable pride, recalled that he declared war on the liquor traffic to a finish while in London in July, 1912. Today he was able to state the victory had been won, and he congratulated the men of both parties for their stand. His effort was masterly.

Premier Norris, of Manitoba, came to the east for his first speech since election, and in a fine practical address sounded the note that found instantaneous response as to the treatment of the battlefield soldiers back from the wars and the defenders of those left on the battle fields. Mr. Norris believes that the private soldier, and the widow of the private soldier, must receive better treatment in the matter of pensions. The Liberals must stand behind this movement in an effort to get justice for the men who went into the ranks and gave up everything to fight for their country. It is the duty of the country and the least that can be done.

Mr. Norris pleaded for a closer harmony between east and west, a doctrine which sounded refreshing in the ears of those who deplore a suggestion of separation which is constantly being aired. He also stands firm in his faith that the west must build up and the east must assist, that the development of the prairies is the destiny of the whole nation. His remarks on his election and the long struggle for honest government proved that Manitoba has a man who will stand by his pledges to give the people honest government.

Hon. George P. Graham made the fighting speech of the evening. It was the note of a Canada outraged in wartime by weak and selfish politicians, who, when they should have sought to unite the parties and the country ignored Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the greatest of all Canadians, who understood the problems of empire better than any other statesman. The government had chosen to select Quebec Nationalists and the results were apparent. Tremendous enthusiasm greeted every speaker. Signal honor was done George S. Gibbons, the new president of the federation, and London's Liberal candidate, and Mr. Conant, the retiring president. The president of the Liberal Club, E. S. Little, was paid a hearty tribute, and mention of the name of "Charley" Hyman—the name bestowed by Sir Wilfrid in a touch of old friendship—brought forth a hearty cheer. It was one great harmonious night of constructive Liberal policy building. Mr. Jacobs, of Montreal, added the touch that flavored the program with wit.

The Liberal Club Federation had its most auspicious meeting in the sessions and banquet of yesterday and last night. The Liberalism of Western Ontario and many other sections was represented by the keen, vigilant and able lieutenants of the party. Distinguished members came to the city and were impressed with the spirit everywhere shown. The meeting was a triumph for the centralization of Liberal effort and opinion and the pronouncement of the New Faith that will carry the present chieftain back to power when the hour has struck.

## A DEVIL'S WORK.

FOR DEVILISHNESS in conception, none of the atrocities committed by the Huns can rival their use of germs and bacilli for the spreading of infectious and deadly diseases among the peoples of enemy nations. In this they have reached the lowest depths to which human beings can sink.

In the playing of non-combatants, the Swedish brutalities towards women and children and the torturing of wounded foes there in, it may be believed, the urging power of a hot, sudden hate, but in this scheme to spread broadcast malignant disease there is nothing but the cold-blooded plan of thinking men who have no heart, no conscience, and no soul, men only fit to exist in Hades.

From hundreds of prisoners of war it has been learned that a determined effort has been made by the Germans to sow the seeds of tuberculosis by injecting the germs into the blood of those enemies captured in warfare or held in Germany since the outbreak of war. Now comes news of the discovery of flagons of "virus" hidden at the legation in Bucharest to be used against the Rumanians if they joined the Allies, only the suddenness of the declaration of war preventing the fulfillment of the plot.

From these acts and preparations, it is evident that the Huns are looking ahead to a day which will follow the end of the present struggle. It is not an attempt to enfeeble the present armies of the Allies, but to weaken the races to which they belong, so that in the future they may lose their virility and strength and become easy prey for the Teutons. It is the most gigantic murder plot the world has ever seen, full of horrors which make the crimes of individual slavers seem humane and kindly by comparison.

The United States, Holland, Scandinavia and Switzerland remain neutral. How dare they risk the overthrow of civilization and the domination of a nation of murderers by such a stand with the proofs before them? It is impossible for them to really sympathize with the Teutons, and self-preservation should force them to hasten the end by throwing all their power on the side of the Entente. Fear can hardly be holding them back, for there is greater danger in standing idle and giving the Teutons a chance to win, than in facing them in battle. Gratitude is unknown in Germany, and the Huns victorious would mean the world enslaved. The governments of the world will gladly lend their aid to the capture of any individual who has murdered another. Can they longer hesitate in helping to end the career of this nation-murderer, Germany?

## U. S. LIVES ENDANGERED.

IN HIS NOTE to Germany on April 18, 1916, President Woodrow Wilson of the United States of America, said:

"Sometimes their passengers and crews have been roughed up, the poor security of being allowed to take to the ship's boats before the ship was sent to the bottom. And that's the United States must consider the sacred and indisputable rights of international law and the recognized dictates of humanity."

The Red Cross liner Stephano, which had many Americans on board, was torpedoed in the Atlantic coast raid of the German submarine. The American passengers were given "the poor security of being allowed to take to the ship's boats." According to American newspapers these Americans were RESCUED by American destroyers. The use of RESCUED makes it apparent that the lives of these Americans were endangered. What has the president now to say about "the sacred rules of international law" and the recognized dictates of humanity?"

The technical question of whether the submarine had the right to enter an American port seems to be beside the question. The demand for action is based in the placing of American citizens in open boats on the high seas, from which they were rescued by ships of the American navy "which reached the scene by putting on top speed."

By sending its destroyers to the rescue of its citizens the American nation has recognized the principle which it is afraid to enforce TO PREVENT MORE AMERICAN LIVES FROM BEING ENDANGERED, not to mention the other races composing the "humanity" thought to be so close to the heart of the schoolmaster-president.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Look out, Germany! President Wilson is getting nearly worried enough to send another note.

Billy Sunday will only shake hands with the converted. Was it the right of the Lord sought out?

A red-blooded man cannot be neutral, says John Stewart of New York. There must be a superabundance of white corpuscles in some nations.

On October 11 Canadians have the privilege of reading the official Eye-witness account of the fighting on September 15. Sir Max is a historian, not a reporter.

No eulogies have been written on the response of Ontario's beekeepers to the request for honey for Northern Ontario fire sufferers. About FIFTY pounds were acknowledged.

The main effect of the German submarine visit to American waters appears to be that it has caused a tremendous amount of visiting among the officials at Washington.

It need not astonish if Hanna, Fyne and Duff do leave the Ontario cabinet. They see the signs and may prefer resigning to being among those removed from office by the people.

No doubt there are many preliminaries to be arranged by the national service commission, but it is to be hoped these will be completed and something done before the war ends.

## WAIT A MINUTE!

However, we do not expect the Allies to be completely defeated now that a German fighting ship has come to America.

The way some Conservative newspapers deal with Bourassa reminds one of the story of the Irishman and the Bear. He prayed like sin for somebody to come, and loosen his hold on the varmint.

If Ford does not believe in contributing to party campaign funds, Hon. "Bob" Rogers would never be fond of Henney.

Life is getting harder every day on the frolicsome person. An Ohio man is going to jail for bouncing a festive pop bottle on an umpire's head.

A Milwaukee man who recently inherited \$800,000, will take up aviation. He's not the only high flier who went up in the air over a legacy.

Bill Sunday will start his drive on the devil in New York on April 1. Make your own comments.

Autos have taken the place of horses in the city streets, but milk still comes from cows, and pork chops from real hogs, says the St. Louis Republican. Speaking of milk, the pumps must be all dried up down there.

## MY TOWN.

I know my town, and I love my town.  
And I want to help it be  
As great a town to every one  
As it seems to be to me.  
I praise my town and I cheer my town,  
And I try to spread its fame;  
And I know what a splendid thing  
It would be to do the same.

I trust my town and I boost my town,  
And I want to do my part  
To make it a town that all may praise.  
From the depths of every heart  
I like my town and I sing my town,  
And I want my town to grow;  
If I knocked my town or blocked my town  
That wouldn't be fair, you know.

I think my town is the very best town  
In all the world—to me;  
Or if it's not, I want to get out  
And try to make it be.  
I talk my town and I preach my town,  
As I think a fellow should  
Who has more at stake than to win or lose.

For the love of the common good,  
I bet on my town, and I bank on my town,  
And I think it fine to feel—  
When you know your town and you love your town—  
That's part of your honest zeal!

I'm proud of my town, I love my town,  
And I want to help it rise—  
And that's the way to help a town—  
Not curse it and despise it!  
—Lunenburg (N. S.) Progress-Enterprise.

A St. Louis man said he did not think a man speaking to him was a reporter because he had \$10. The man had some justification, as this fellow is a funny kind of a reporter to have all that wealth on his person.

Parm Life says the absent-mindedest person they ever heard of was the man who at breakfast, after being out among the chiggers, poured molasses on his ankle, and scratched the pancakes.

A lot of girls have taken up "rascals" to make their muscles supple so they can dance. First thing you know some of these girls will do some work to train them for life.

The male population of the world is falling off, but they are not falling off the water wagon in Ontario.

A Mr. Mackie is speaking against prohibition, we are informed. He would not be meeker than the rest of us, if he could get hold of some tough stuff.

It is quite appropriate that a lady should play the leading part in "The Harp of Life." The girls do most of the harping, as it were.

Detroit is the city where life is worth the flivving, so to speak.

There is a burlesque show called "Hello, Paris." It is probably a farce with Kaiser Wilhelm playing the funny part.

Those St. Thomas youths who took a boy's parts off in revenge for a football defeat should be taken into the woodshed by their fond parents, when the same thing might be done to them, accompanied by the rhythmic movements of a slaph.

The world's series has developed the fact that the squirrels in Boston and Brooklyn are very lucky. Think of the nuts who slough a lot of money to watch the demon athletes.

A flicking is a licking, no matter how it comes, but defeated ball players in a world's series get a lot of saline out of it at that.

The story from Montreal that \$25,000 worth of booze is shipped out of that city daily to Ontario is all right, but it does not mention anything about Hull. Ottawa's bill daily must be quite close to that sum.

Dear J. H. F.: I heard a man say this morning that he came in for the holiday over the (name censored) railway, and the road was so rough he was afraid of using it and put them in his overcoat pocket and waited until he got home before he would use them. He wanted to be sure of his Thanksgiving dinner.

—BILL.

## The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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### More Than a Home

BY KEITH KENYON.

Perry's usual Friday evening call on Miss Lamont had ended for the minutes. "You do not look like yourself tonight," he pronounced meditatively. A faint flush warmed her cheeks. Her emotions were always thus as through a sweet transparency.

"Is your hair?" he said again. "You haven't a crimp or curl. And that dark gown, plain around the neck—you look five years older. I don't like it either."

She spoke her answer firmly, although her redness deepened. "I think Mr. Halden likes it," she said.

"Halden?" he echoed. "Lord! It is for Halden? It disturbs him to see you look so young—is that it? He recalls the days when he was your age—fifty years ago, say—"

"The look in her eyes stopped him. Th. y always chafed, but there was something different in this—something sharper.

"I will not quarrel with you," she said. "I was a fool to let him say that. They were the best of friends. He had lent his influence to secure her the business position which she held with a credit born of efficiency, and she had in return shown him many a tactful, womanly little favor."

"What is it about Halden, then, Julia?" he asked. "What's up?" "I think," she answered. "I ought to dress to please Mr. Halden if I can. He would not like his wife to look much younger than herself."

"His wife?" "He has asked me to marry him, and I have made up my mind that I will. You care for him, don't you?" "I am not afraid to tell you, my friend," she said. "He is not a bad fellow. He has been proved to their own satisfaction that there is in reality no such thing as a perfect man."

"You respect the memory of George Washington, I hope! Heaven! Is that all you have to say, Julia?" "No," she answered him. "It is not. I am not ashamed. I am going to marry Mr. Halden because I—I want a home. I don't want this always."

The room that she had in the house, a conspicuously boarding-house parlor. He murmured, with frowning brows: "No, well?"

"Miss Denton—you met her, you know—has sent for me to come to Boston and take a position her husband has waiting for me. It is a better one than I should have gone—but Mr. Halden," she hesitated, "had spoken."

"You mentioned that," he remarked tartly. "I could go to Boston," she said, "or to London, or Paris, but that would not help me. I should be no nearer a home. I am tired; that is it. I want something that shall have the right to depend on and trust. What it would be to have somebody always to see to checking my trunk and make things with hacking and so on, and ways to pay my street car fare—what it would be!"

He felt baffled. He suffered from an unusual sense of being played upon. "But," he cried with energy, "Halden! If there must be a victim, why of all men Halden?"

"Because he wants to be the victim," she returned. "Probably he thinks he does. Most men have spasms of mental aberration, and this is Halden's. Julia, you would never take advantage of it? Julia, you couldn't?"

He got back his old way with her—which lay between banter and mild bullying—and with it his hold on himself. He warmed to his subject.

"Married?" he said. "Halden married! It's inconceivable. It is appalling. Many thanks."

"Oh, you might not make him much more miserable than any other woman would. But, Julia, do you know how Halden puts in his time?" "He spends some of it—"

"Here, yes; that is a serious symptom of his attack of lunacy, but what is he doing for the rest—I won't undertake to say how many years? Why, lounging around the club and absorbing the news and refreshing liquids; going to an occasional stag dinner, and getting new cures for his gout—or neuralgia; is it? And taking a hand at poker now and then with the boys, and smugling on root gardens and talking stocks and politics. That," Perry said, "is what Halden does, and he's done it till it is a habit with him, like eating and breathing."

It would be a smaller undertaking to throw a steam engine off its track than to shunt Halden off his. And what would it result for Halden? "Misery?"

"He seems willing to risk it," she observed. "Willing? Willing! I tell you it is his loss of mental equilibrium in such cases, there is degeneration of the grey cells in the forefront of the cerebrum, and strange hallucinations are the outcome. Any doctor would make it clear to you. And you would take advantage of it? I cannot credit it."

She threw back her head and laughed. "Don't laugh, I mean it," he said sharply, and for a moment his eyes looked into hers. The long look burned its way through the something that had interposed ever between them—the filmy barrier which their ignorance and their heedlessness had reared.

"Julia," he faltered. The door bell rang.

"Is Mr. Halden," she said, with trembling lips. "Must you go?" "Nine days later, sitting in his office in the heavy gloom and the dullness which for the past week had held him, Perry received a letter. It was from Julia Lamont, and it was brief.

"I am going to Boston this afternoon. Good-bye."

"Good-bye!" he muttered, fiercely scowling. But all his apathy had fled on the instant. She was going to Boston. What did that mean? He sprang to his feet. She was going that afternoon. "She'll take the boat," he hazarded. It was already past 5. He seized his hat and called a taxi which drove him to West Warren street swiftly. She was there.

"I told you good-bye in my note," she remarked.

He saw with joy that her hair was wavy. "I have not come to say good-bye. Where is Halden?" he demanded.

"He is cruising around the lake with Mr. Crane," she answered, "and fishing. He had an attack of neuralgia, and I told him it would do him good to go. I—I thought over what you said, and I saw," she affirmed, not in humility, but in a rigor of pride, "that it is true. It would have been a mistake to let him be so afraid of it. And—I almost think he agreed with me, in his heart. So, after all, I am not going to have a home. I am going to Boston." She smiled bravely.

"Those are misstatements," he answered, "both."

"You will have a home, and you will not go to Boston," he returned; though he spoke to the back of her head, abruptly averted. "As I reckon it, we have been fools for four years, and that is long enough, Julia."

She faced him with valiant resistance. "I won't consider it," she declared. "It is mental aberration."

"If you say so, but it is chronic. It is hopeless."

"I should be cruel to take advantage of a lunatic."

"No, no, you are inhuman to confuse me with Halden, that is all. What are we dawdling here for? Come!"

"I can't," she gasped, "my trunk is on the boat."

"No matter. It is not your trunk," said Perry, with rude and joyous laughter, "that I am going to marry."

"And I?" he answered, "shall always come out ahead in the second round." He defied convention and the cold-hearted onlookers, and put his arm around her.

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