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CANADA'S DIVISIONS.

THIS NORTHERN LAND of sturdy people, hard wheat and rugged tasks may not have had the "melting pot" problem of its big neighbor to the south, but we have a problem that presents almost as great difficulties—and sooner or later we shall have to be a crucible for a mixture of strange races. What sort of molds are we preparing for the influx of adaptable metal?

What one has in mind are the great four divisions of geography and mental attitude in Canada. First are the Maritime Provinces, from which have come some of the finest intellectual types the nation has produced, a land of sturdy occupations, yet quickly becoming, as it leaves the sea, a pastoral country of contentment, as much concerned with essential democracy as modern improvements, and conducting affairs and politics somewhat on old-fashioned lines, with nothing of the crude strain of latter-day efficient idealism, but working on the homely virtue and sound basic principle idea.

Then is a solid, French Quebec, fenced off, misunderstood, as well as misunderstanding, filled with a volatile, electric spirit which rarely finds expression in terms of broad Canadianism, because it is seldom called to the platform to speak with a mind upon broadened national issues. Quebec is picturesque, rather than practical, yet filled with latent spirit and potentialities that should ripen into a rich fruitage for the whole nation. With the deepening of the St. Lawrence its chief city may become the chief port of America.

Ontario, hard-headed in rural and urban parts, producing intensified and successful concerns, great in finance, great in production, great in egoism, great in loyalty, great in prejudice and insularity, Ontario is a rugged, central key-stone province, which often finds it hard to believe that there is any more to Canada. Toronto is most often the voice of Ontario, a city of magic growth in industry, finance and education.

A veritable ocean of rock separates Ontario from the west. It might well be thought of as a solid wall of rock that will forever remain as a barrier to a common effort. The west is eager and quick, chance-taking and courageous, full of those who dare much and live dangerously, but force ahead in practical experiment, which may be a blunder if it loses, and a howling victory if it wins. The west in a minute would tear up conditions Ontario would regard as sacred institutions. The west will test men quickly and harshly and "throw them down" without a moment's thought; Ontario will follow the man if he belongs to the right lodge or can create idolatry by means of mock heroics and constant appearance.

There are four distinct attitudes of mind in Canada. No man coming with the policies and practicalities of one division can give Canada a leadership that will bring about a common purpose and consciousness. It is the rare man with vision broad enough to fuse the whole into a working entity that Canada will always need. The man to bring this country into a close harmony of effort, in which the musicians will all be playing "O Canada," must be no provincial product. "O Canada" must know and see and feel the country's aspirations and merge them into a policy that will give to us such eras of pulling-together force for a common purpose as animated the nation during certain fifteen years.

"MIDNIGHT FRIENDS."

A MAN LIVES in London who saw long service at the front, and left the trenches when the Germans "got" him. He is one who despises the tinsel show of life, and the plated ware that passes for honor or sincerity or friendship. Although his mental equipment is such as to bring him out in bold relief from the crowd, he prefers to make his deposits in the bank of good-will rather than to concern himself with a whirligig race for dollars. He lives his life vitally, indulges his soul in the "good-to-be-alive" doctrine, and thanks God every day that he was able to serve in the war and to stand with his feet upon ground hallowed in the cause of human brotherhood.

He has not a battalion of friends, not real friends. (Robert Louis Stevenson says that anyone who has a round dozen real friends is rich beyond dreams of avarice.) But the soldier who served his country and who continues to serve his brothers knows what he means when he calls these few real friends his "midnight friends." If you are one of his "midnight friends" he would literally plunge into hell for you, if it meant the saving of your life. You could have his coat or his hopes of salvation—and he wouldn't ask why you needed his friendship, or how you got your self into a hole.

If you wear his proud title of "midnight friend" you know that you are elected to wear a character that makes the same demands as the bond of comradeship that he gives. When asked what he meant when he talked about his chosen friends, he said:

"Well, there are plenty of people who would give their home or their desk or their work for you, but there are mighty few who would be up at midnight in response to your call and dash into the cold dark to find you, and spend the whole night searching and finding you, like a sheep, greet you with a glad 'Hello!' and put your feet in the path that leads to home. These are my 'midnight friends,' and the man

who has even one of them is richer in life than any millionaire."

A REMARKABLE RECORD.

There is no evidence that enemy submarines ever received information of the departure of shipping from a British port.—From the Report of the Chief of British Secret Service.

THE BRITISH ISLES were full of Germans upon the outbreak of war. Stories of the use of signals and wireless apparatus were widely circulated, and many scares were abroad as to the destruction of fleets and property by means of collusion with the enemy from within the country. It was known that a rigid censorship dammed the avenues of information, and it was suspected that many acts of violence were perpetrated behind the veil, and much information of service to the Germans was being sent from England.

But the statement of the head of the British Secret Service as to the failure of the Huns to sink one ship by means of information secured in the British Isles is as reliable as it is remarkable. It is possible that the term "British" is meant to include Canadian ports, and none of the intimations of the Dominion censor would indicate that any tragedy ever occurred through a leakage of information from this country. How far the German spy system extended in this country remains to be shown, but universal and early precautions were effective. The United States was for a long period the haven of the secret agent, who got "tips" to Germany, and later on Mexico and South America were the scenes of operations. Perhaps, after all, the enemy was too crafty to play overmuch with the British buzz-saw.

A WORD TO THE RESTAURANTS.

THE FOOD CONTROLLER some weeks ago removed the restrictions upon the serving of sugar in restaurants, but many restaurants have not yet given the public the advantage of the lifting of the ban. They continue to dole out the sweetening in minute quantities, and see to it that no profusion of leaves or no overflowing bowl appears on the counter. In other words, they are going to continue the food controller's regulations because it pays, and the public does not make any complaint.

The same applies, and will apply, to other commodities upon which regulations were placed during the war. The removal of the curtailment has not been marked either by an increase in portions or a use of those articles upon which there is less profit. This does not apply to all restaurants, but there are many which reduced the quantity and quality of their meals under restriction, and, in addition, increased prices, and which continue to serve thin soup and thin slices.

Sooner or later there will be a demand for more and better foods in the restaurants. A wholesome meal is worth paying for, and the matter of price does not enter into the question so much as the desire to satisfy the inner man with nourishing and palatable victuals. The feeding of the public more and more becomes a matter demanding regulation. It was, shown by certain investigations that during the war some restaurants made profits of more than 500 per cent by an extreme observance of regulations and a determination to give as little as possible for the money. It is not believed that any London restaurants made any such profits, but the proprietor who realizes that the public is anxious for a return to better catering will be the first to reap the benefit. Certainly the effort made to continue the restrictions upon sugar looks like small business.

"PADDY'S" NEW PIECE

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI, he of the massive "mop" and the acrobatic digits, the world's champion piano player, passionate Pole, is reported president of the new Poland. Perhaps this is just a bit of skillful press agenting for another "farewell tour." If, however, Ignace intends running the scales of justice for his people instead of running the scales for enraptured Americans it is worth noting that there are notable precedents to sanction his act. He will not be the first head of a state devoted to Orpheus. Nero fiddled and recent Babylonian excavations show that when in his cups Alexander bewailed Macedonian ragtime. And didn't W. Hohenzollern once ruthlessly perpetrate a symphony and conduct an orchestra? Maybe Ignace with his matchless art could "soothe the savage breasts" of those Bolshevik packs which are sweeping across his country towards Western Europe. Which moves us to nominate Chauncey Olcott for the presidency of that "Irish Republic." Some "sweet singing" might mellow the present raging Sinn Feiner.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Anyone who complains of a little frigidity now is no fit subject of this banana belt.

Lloyd George has served notice on all parties that he sits at the head of the table—and does the carving.

The Bolsheviks can never maintain a permanent power, simply because insanity won't work out as a regular trade.

The Northland investigation shows how sensitive a government may become to complaints when there is political discontent in the land.

The departure of Mr. John Foot for Winnipeg will be generally regretted. He is the type of man who gave vigor to London's aspirations and worked for all good movements.

The Brantford Courier, recently absorbed by the Expositor of the same city, is another example of a good newspaper driven to the wall by oppressive prices. Each newspaper that gives up the ghost means the loss of a certain medium of thought and a substantial industry as well. Something has ruined many newspapers. What was the influence? No publisher who has to pay the bills will require two guesses. And does the Government realize how the press as a whole has struggled to keep its head above the water that sweeps from certain heavy stock issues?

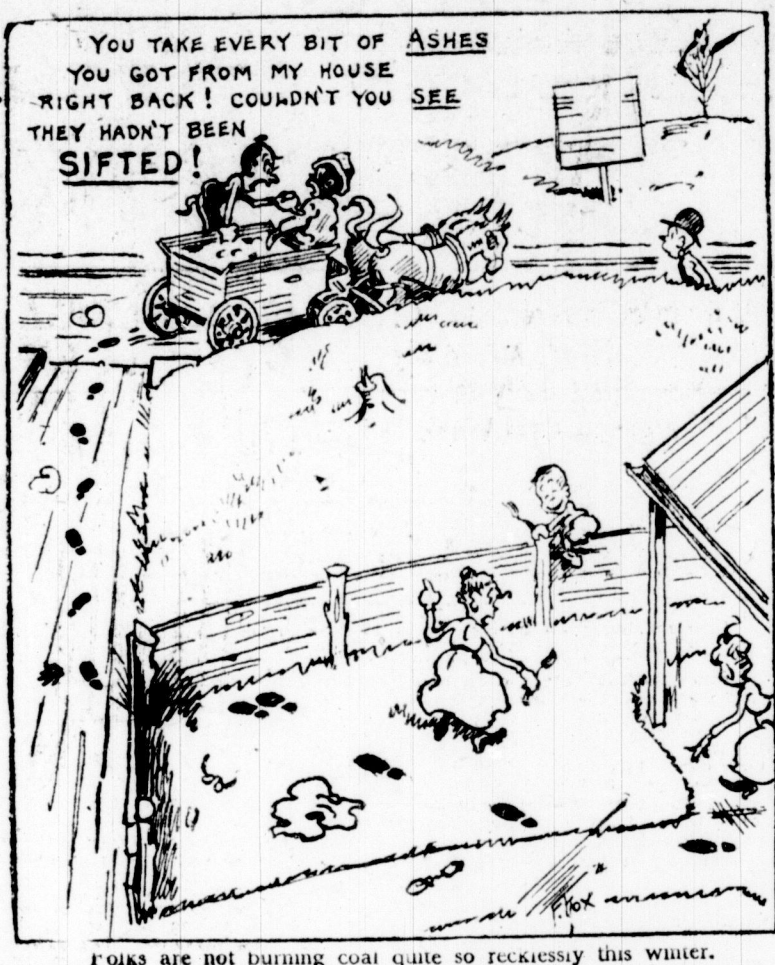
IN AMPLE TIME.

[Exchange.]
Mrs. Gotham—Were you late for church today?
Mr. Gotham—Not too late.
"What do you mean by not too late?"
"I missed the sermon, but I was in on the collection."

STOP THIEF

By Fontaine Fox

(Copyright, 1918.)



Folks are not burning coal quite so recklessly this winter.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

"MATRICULANTS" REJOINDER.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:

Some letters have a purpose, and others have none. My letter appearing in your issue of December 30, had a purpose. That purpose was to elicit the views of one engaged in the training of stenographers and bookkeepers. As you are no doubt aware, my effort was highly successful, and the views were those anticipated.

I wonder if my esteemed teacher of commercial department work realized that one of the greatest obstacles to the progress of a man seeking promotion to higher position and salary is his own ignorance of conditions in the world of business.

Some inexperienced men fail to realize that business is competition, struggle, battle—fail to realize that it is a game for high stakes payable in cold cash. The dollar is the goal of business. In this interesting game of getting the dollar, salaried men are paid in direct proportion to their abilities in getting the dollar, and on no other basis. They are not paid high salaries merely because they are "nice fellows," or because they are "willing workers," or because they have been with the firm a long while (so has the janitor), but because the firm makes a big profit on them.

In reducing expenses, the very first thing the manufacturer or the dealer thinks of is to cut the salaries of the "help."

Therefore the salaries of clerks, bookkeepers, correspondents, stenographers, foremen, mechanics, laborers, etc., are cut to the very lowest limit. If these people could possibly get on less money and still do the work, their employers would force them to do so. Employers can get all they want of this kind of "help" for a "song," because there are thousands of men willing to work for nearly any price.

Training holds good, is "cashable" in every station of work, high or low. The salaries of trained workmen and mechanics are guarded against reduction to an extent by their training. Not so, except a man who has learned the trade can do the work. If it were not for this one fact, the formation of labor unions would be useless, because when a strike occurred there would be thousands of men ready to take their places.

Some say "You can't keep a good man down." Those people are fools—might as well say you can't keep an innocent man in jail. If the innocent man in jail cannot prove his innocence he is kept there; and if a man of ability cannot prove he has ability that are going to keep him down, and we know that there are thousands of good men who are down.

Even the daily newspapers prove this. It is only too often we come across an ad. such as "SITUATION WANTED AS RIGHT-HAND MAN OF 28 years; 10 years' business training as accountant, correspondent and bookkeeper; initial salary secondary consideration. Box 54."

After ten long years of routine work he is still looking for some of the same thing. The prospect of the man who sticks to clerical work are not very brilliant.

Playing for promotion is the cheapest game in the world. There are thousands of chances for gain, and there are thousands of chances for loss. In fact, 75 men out of every 100 fail to win.

These are facts. Mr. Commercial Department Teacher, and facts are stranger than fiction. This is because the most wonderful thing in the world is life itself.

Now, then, what can account for the large number of men who fail to win? Nothing other than the training they have received.

Captains of industry may be born, but they come in on the ground floor, very often as the office boy. That is all right, my dear commercialist—experience is a good teacher, but it changes

like a specialist.
"One 1918 graduate is earning \$1100 this year. What would a truly great student do?" The man who fears he will do more than his salary calls for will never have much salary to call for."For in commercial life only the strong win." I certainly agree with you here. One man takes his work as a stone around his neck, and sinks to failure. Another takes it as a stepping-stone, and mounts to success. Sincerely,
MATRICULANT OF 1917.
London, Ont., January 1, 1919.

BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE MCLUKE

(Copyright, 1918.)

The Poker Player.

He's a fellow to be dreaded.

He's a cuss we had to greet;

If he loses he's hot-headed;

If he wins he gets cold feet.

Maw Knows a Few Things.

Willie—Paw, what is meant by re-

verting to type?

Maw—That's what a man does when

his wife is out of town, my son.

Paw—Willie you got to bed and keep

your trap shut.

Fact.

"The poor are often lazy men,"

Remarked old Uncle Brockets;

"For you can't climb a ladder when

Your hands are in your pockets."

Ouch!

"The world is full of poetry," sighed

the poet, as he handed an effusion to

the editor.

"I don't know anything about the

world," growled the editor. "But I

know that the wastebasket is."

Bang!

For heat he now has no desire,

Poor Oswald Green!

He tried to start the furnace fire

With gasoline.

How Death Was Caused.

"We were beginning to believe that

the "Fluey" was the only cause of

death in our fair land, but the editor

of a monthly bulletin of Vital Statistics

finds the following in reports of causes

of death sent to him:

"Died suddenly, nothing serious."

"Went to bed feeling well, but woke

up dead."

"Patient should not have died, as he

fully recovered from his sickness."

"The cause of death was his mother

died in infancy."

"Don't know cause of death. He died

without the aid of a physician."

"Kicked by horse shed on left kidney."

"Died from blow on head with axe."

Contributory cause was another man's

wife."

"Deceased died from blood-poisoning

caused by broken ankle when an auto-

mobile struck him between the lamp

and the radiator."

Oh!

"What the Hek are pointed remarks,

anyway?" demanded the Boob.

"Why, they are the kind of remarks

you make when you sit down on a pin,"

replied the Cheerful Idiot.

A Bird of a Town.

Three neighbor families living in

Goshen are named Sparrow, Pigeon and

Crow.

Ho Hum!

And where can Clyde Byrum in Cin-

cinnati when the state goes dry?

Mercy!

Did you know that you can C. Edwin

Steele in Boston, Mass.?

In the First Family.

Old Eve was lucky, there's no doubt;

No matter what she'd try to make,

Old Adam couldn't brag about

The bread that Mother used to bake.

—Luke McLuke.

He may have liked the things to eat

That Eve prepared, but it is plain

Domestic bliss was not complete.

For both of them I hear, ruled Cain.

—Newark Advocate.

Names Is Names.

Curvy Goose lives in Pittsburg, Penn.

Our Daily Special.

You Are Losing Time When You Are

Finding Fault.

Luke McLuke Says.

Any husband can tell you that the

reason a rich man is rich is because

when a wife knows that she can afford

to buy things she doesn't want them.

When a fat woman tries to get kit-

tenish she should be reminded that an



'Give to me that I may help!'

The Red Cross appeal for funds will be made next week. Money is urgently needed to carry on the work in Canada among the sick and wounded who are practically at our doors. The men are used to all the comforts and kindness showered upon them by the Red Cross overseas. Are we going to desert them when they return?

It is our duty and our pleasure to show our appreciation in some way, and the Red Cross is the channel. This inspiring message must be the resolve of us all, collectively and as individuals:

Until the last Canadian soldier, who offered himself as a barrier between us and destruction, is discharged from hospital, we must march forward steadily under the banner of the Red Cross.

COL. NOEL MARSHALL

(In Telegram to the London Branch, Canadian Red Cross.)

The Red Cross has undertaken to systematize the work within Canada, so as to be, in fact as well as in name, the auxiliary of Army Medical Service in Canada as it is overseas.

The Red Cross stands ready to meet all emergencies, and in civil as well as military life, plays its noble part wholeheartedly. This was amply evidenced in the height of the Spanish Influenza epidemic, when, appealed to by the Board of Health, the Red Cross responded to the call for help and supplied bedding, clothing, medical supplies and willing workers.

Resolve to CARRY ON in your giving, that the Red Cross may CARRY ON in its healing. Give without stint, without hesitation, without unworthy quibbling—give as the boys did who saved us all.

CANADIAN RED CROSS

\$75,000 Needed, Jan. 7, 8 and 9

WILL YOU HELP?



Try Freezone! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without one particle of pain, soreness or irritation. Freezone is the mysterious ether discovery of a noted Cincinnati chemist. Great!