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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Thursday, December 4,

PROGRESSIVE LIBERALISM.

The progressive ideas of the August Liberal
Convention are being strictly carried out by
the National Liberal Organization Committee
at Ottawa. It is announced that no contribu-
tion to party funds will be accepted if there
are "strings" to it. We are to have clean politics
in Canada if Liberalism has its way.

Who will subscribe, then, if there is to be
"nothing in it?" some of the anxious old hacks
will be asking. Particularly old dyed-in-the-
wool Conservative campaigners will be disposed
to rub their hands and chuckle at the enemy's
foolish innocence. "We expect help from the
tens of thousands who support our principles,
we intend using the funds not for 'campaign-
ing,' but for the spread of the Liberal gospel of
industrial, social and political freedom; we do
not look for the support of special interests and
privileged groups, but the Liberalism of this
new age will unite and harmonize what is best
in the demands of the various elements of our
population, and will thus deserve and win the
support of Canada's rank and file"—that is
what the Liberal leader and his associates say,
and they say it in accents of confidence.

If the old hands laugh for a moment at such
virtuous bearing, they suddenly turn sober at
the thought of what happened to the Hearst
Government and its liquor friends. Money in
plenty was available for their campaign, but the
public is in no humor to be dominated by big
interests and their henchmen. Liberalism at Ottawa,
led by a simple, honest man, perfectly trained
in finance, economics and the school of life,
scorning the dodges of old-line politics, has
caught the trend of these after-the-war times.
It throws over the stale professionalism, the
wire-pulling and place hunting, and thinks to-
day what the old hands will regretfully think
tomorrow. There is no shadow of a doubt that
since the war the general public takes a dif-
ferent attitude towards government. "Our
world has passed away in wanton overthrow,"
signed Kipling. Some of that old "world"
can be dispensed with to our gain, especially the
unchallenged dominance of money in politics.
The public calls now for openness, clean hon-
esty, fair fighting and a square deal for all,
in place of the old underhandedness and Pharisa-
ism. Liberalism is doing its part valiantly to
ring out the old, ring in the new.

WHY GERMANY BALKS.

The German Government refuses to sign the
protocol to the peace pact guaranteeing that
the armistice terms will be put into effect.
This action is just what might have been ex-
pected, following the American Senate's rejection
of the treaty. Germany's main official reason
for refusing to ratify the agreement is that
it cannot be held responsible for the sinkings
at Scapa Flow. The real reason is that the
German Government hopes to secure better
terms through what it believes to be a split
in the Allied ranks. It is known that for
weeks German and political circles at Berlin
have been secretly rejoicing over the Sen-
ate's efforts to "Americanize" the treaty. They
consider it quite likely that the United States,
in the event of President Wilson "pocketing
the pact," will negotiate a separate arrange-
ment. In that case the whole peace business
would be up in the air. The negotiations
would necessarily be prolonged, adding to the
exasperation of the situation. At some points
American conditions would be certain to clash
with those laid down by the Versailles confer-
ence. It is not to be supposed that politics
would not play a part in the matter. The
American pro-German and Irish vote would not
be neglected with a presidential campaign at
hand. If she did not derive any great relief
Germany would, at least, have a magnifi-
cent opportunity to encourage discord be-
tween America and the Entente nations, and
the chance would not be neglected.

It is true that Foch has an army of occupa-
tion a million strong and at any moment the
Allies can apply the blockade in order to en-
force obedience at Berlin, but the United
States is still a member of the Versailles con-
ference. To put on the screws in order to
compel Germany to sign a treaty which the
United States Congress has not ratified, would
be inclined to cause bad feeling between the
Entente cabinets and Washington. This is
what Germany counts on to help evade well-
deserved chastisement. Discord in the ranks
of her enemies is what she has been plotting
and hoping for.

Senator Lodge and his band of treaty-
wreckers appear to have brought about a
touchy situation that might easily explode into
another catastrophe.

EXIT EMMA.

Emma Goldman, anarchy's high priestess
in the United States, is about to return to her
native land, Russia, impelled by Uncle Sam's
boot. Emma's career in the republic specula-
rily illustrates the tolerance and patience of
democracies. For many years she has been ac-
tive in preaching Red revolution in the United
States. She has been directly associated with
outlaws of society who are today serving life
terms for dynamiting and murder. Cologues,
who slew President McKinley, was this
woman's close friend, and his abominable deed
she openly praised. She actively supported
every move for the destruction of constitutional
government. Yet, outside of an occasional
brief visit to some penitentiary or jail, she has

been left free to preach her infamous doctrine.
It was only when she attempted to interfere with
the American people's war preparations that the
patience of the United States Government
came to an end and she was ordered de-
ported.

Emma does not appear to thrill over the pros-
pect of returning to the happy hunting grounds
of the Red where the anarchists never cease
from anarchy, and the decent and liberty-loving
are sent to their rest. She has fought desper-
ately to prevent expulsion. Maybe Emma knows
that while in the new world she is a sort of
Red queen, in Russia she will be outclassed by
those supreme experts in murder and destruc-
tion, Lenin and Trotsky. Emma's most lurid
stunts are dark as the shadows in a coal bin
compared to the doings of the detestable pair
who have prostrated Russia. She is a piker
compared to the Red chiefs who have pulled
down a great nation, foully murdered tens of
thousands and brought misery to millions. In
Russia Emma will be an also ran, a third or
fourth rate to this pair who think nothing of
putting entire cities to the torch, merely to
advertise their coming. Nick and Leon pro-
pose to grab all the limelight in Red Russia and
unless Emma sings low when she gets back
home she may swing high. That's a way the
Bolshevik leaders have of treating possible
rivals or aspirants to leadership. Probably the
real reason behind her unwillingness to de-
part is that she hates to exchange the safety
and comfort of "tyranny" for the peril and
discomfort of "liberty." It is cold in Russia,
and there isn't much to eat or wear. Under
such conditions it would be difficult to enjoy
the glorious industrial and social ruins which
the application of the methods she preaches
has achieved in Russia. America, the "downtrodden"
looks pretty good to Emma just now.

A REAL BIOGRAPHY WE LACK.

The publication in the Century Magazine
of Professor Skelton's "Life and Letters of Sir
Wilfrid Laurier" can hardly fail to suggest to
anyone interested in Canadian political history
the lack of a really great biography of Laurier's
predecessor, Sir John Macdonald. We are not
without biographies of Canada's first premier,
for we have several, but no one can read any of
them without feeling that the real biography
is yet to be written. It is probably true that
not until the present could Macdonald's career
have been dealt with properly, because the
letters and papers of the Canadian statesman
were not available until recently when they
were turned over to the Canadian archives. In-
deed, it is quite possible that some of them may
still be under certain reservation.

Of Macdonald's biographers in the past, Sir
Joseph Pope had best facilities for his work.
As private secretary to Macdonald he secured
the intimate view of his character, which is of
incalculable value to understanding him. But
Pope's large two-volume life practically closes
with the election of 1878, leaving thirteen
most uneventful years unrecorded. A later,
brief account of Macdonald's career by the
same writer, published in the Chronicles of
Canada series, added nothing to our knowledge
of his subject. Earlier lives by Collins and
MacPherson are sometimes valuable for the
documents they reprint, but are too partisan
in character to be satisfying. Parkin's life, in the
Makers of Canada series, while less partisan
in character, nevertheless bears some stamp of
propaganda in its general tone and has a ten-
dency to pass lightly over questionable political
tactics in Macdonald's career.

Fulsome eulogy is the last thing that is
needed in the case of John A. Macdonald. He
lived in a time when politics was far lower in
tone than today, and he did not hesitate to
adopt tactics that would injure his opponents,
however questionable they might be. His gerry-
mander of the Ontario ridings in 1882 was a dis-
graceful piece of business for which there was
no excuse and was described rightfully by an
Opposition paper as "An act to keep the Con-
servative party in power until the next census."
Equally despicable as a piece of political trick-
ery was his Franchise Bill of 1885, which, even
his own best friends found a bitter pill to swal-
low. For the rebellion of 1885 there is abun-
dant evidence that the Government was directly
responsible. In 1879 provision was made by
Parliament for settling the claims of the Sac-
atchewan Metis, but for six years the whole
business was pigeon-holed. Macdonald must
take personal blame for this, because after the
election of 1878 he, himself, took charge of the
department of the interior for a number of
years. Col. George T. Denison in his "Soldier-
ing in Canada" deals cautiously with the in-
action of Ottawa at this time. Warnings came
from every quarter that trouble was brewing,
but the Government was indifferent. Says Col.
Denison:

The whole dispute was mainly about
or 60,000 acres of land in a wilderness of tens
of millions of acres, for which the Govern-
ment was trying to settle. It cost Canada
the lives of two hundred of her people, the
wounding of many others, the expenditure of
about \$6,000,000 in cash, and the loss of time
and business that cannot be estimated.

The whole dispute was mainly about
some red tape regulations as to surveying.
It is not often a country suffers so severely
and so unnecessarily.

These were some of the blemishes on Mac-
donald's career to which the Pacific Scandal
might, of course, be added, and knowledge of
these is quite as essential to an understanding
of his character, and his place in history as know-
ledge of the great constructive work that he did
in bringing about Confederation, building the
Canadian Pacific Railway, settling long-stand-
ing disputes with the United States, and weld-
ing stronger the ties between Canada and the
Motherland. One might wish that the fine judg-
ment, historical insight and literary accom-
plishments of Sir John Willison might be turned
to the writing of a biography of Macdonald.
Sir John Willison has the advantage of having
been a close observer of Macdonald's career
from the early eighties on, and would bring to
a work of this kind certain qualities that per-
haps no other Canadian possesses in like
degree. It would be a worthy work to set along
side the new biography of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

The Prince of Wales is busy telling the
folks at home how he did it.

From Here and There

CRUEL MAN.

[Owen Sound Sun-Times.]
Dora—What shall I sing for you, Jack?
Jack—Have you a song with a refrain?
Dora—Yes.
Jack—Well, then, please refrain.

ABSENT-MINDED.

[London Opinion.]
He—You know I love you. Will you marry me?
She—But, my dear boy, I refused you only a
week ago.
He—Oh, was that you?

EASY!

Elsie—My grandpa has reached the age of 96.
Isn't that wonderful?
Bobbie—Wonderful nothing! Look at the time
it's taken him to do it.

A FAMOUS NAME.

[London Opinion.]
Sir Walter Raleigh, who is searching for the
missing records of several squadrons of the Royal
Flying Corps, has a famous name to live up to.
When he went to Philadelphia, he was to be met
by a professor from the University of Pennsylvania.
This U. of P. professor had never seen
the English scholar, but had obtained a fairly
good description of him. The first man to get off
the train seemed to tally with it—so this is the
conversation that ensued:
"Excuse me, sir, are you Sir Walter Raleigh?"
"No, you fool! I'm Christopher Columbus. Sir
Walter Raleigh is in the smoking-car, playing
checkers with Queen Elizabeth."

THE FUMBLERS.

[New York World.]
Yale lost and Princeton won because of a fumble.
Thus many prizes in life are lost and lost.
The physician and the lawyer profit from the fumbles of
others. In speculation the bull makes on the
fumbles of the bear, and the bear makes a living on
fumbles of the bull. The brothers of Joseph fumbled
and Joseph won an imperishable place in history.
Lot's wife was too curious, fumbled, and was turned
into salt. Nero fumbled and lost his crown. The
fugitive Kaiser fumbled and lost his empire. Life
is a game in which some win and others lose. Some
gain the prize because others fumble. Perhaps the
fumbler is a necessary part of the scheme of things.
Philosophers say evil is necessary, for without evil
there would be no good. Be that as it may, there
is nothing escaping bad in the fumbles of the
world. They merit neither condemnation nor scorn,
provided they fumbled in a good cause. To lose a
battle is no disgrace. He who bravely loses, even
if he fumbles, is none the less a hero. The man
who fumbled at New Haven deserves to be con-
sidered not as a vanquished player, but as one who
fought to his utmost, lost, and yet smiles.

"This easy enough to be smiling
When the world moves along like a song;
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

Yale and Princeton are noted for being good
sports because they are good losers. They cheer
their fumble as they do their best. If the fumbler
who fumbled at New Haven had done their best,
their defeat would be less hard to bear—victory a
less taunting triumph.

HUNTING THE MOOSE.

[Daily Ontario.]
I have seen and hunted moose under many cir-
cumstances and conditions; often have I watched
them when they felt the presence or fear of neither
man nor beast; I have followed and observed them
in the summer months, and in the winter's snows;
I have seen the bull with the hairy tusks of spring
and the gallant antlers of fall, and I have seen
the ungainly mother and her funny
calf, writes William H. Henshaw in his "Portage."
In fact, I have known the noble but
incongruous, the powerful but awkward moose so
long, and under such varying circumstances that to
me he is no longer an animal to seek and kill for
sport, but a sort of balmy, overgrown, over-
muscled freak of a fellow to watch with interest
and amusement. When I first see him each season
I have an instinctive desire to first admire his un-
gaily, foolish, strength, and then walk up to
him like an old country friend, slap him on the
back and say: "How are you, old fellow? I sure
am glad to get back in the country again."
To me the moose is different from any other
animal. In appearance, actions, habits
and food. Compare his appearance. Note the long
but useful upper lip; the long, awkward, but reliable
ears; the humped-up fore-quarters, that make me
sometimes think of a circus artist portending a
combination elephant and donkey. Compare his
actions. What other animal can trot like a Maud S.
through down timber, brule and jackpine, and yet
be a noiseless speed; swim for hours in the
lake, dive to the bottom for food, and walk through
quicksand with a natural desire; is equally at home
on high land and low land, on snow, ice and water.
In open glade and thicket brule; and yet so awk-
ward, bulging, like a fat, fat fellow, in the cold
blooded, skillful, calculating attack of the wolf.
Surely the moose is different. The "last" of a van-
ished type of the distant, misty past. A hold-over
of the Carboniferous age, the last of the
Triassic age. But I like him at any rate, and I
never regret that I killed the first one long
ago. Now I kill him for a useful purpose or
not at all.

Some of my first hunting experiences were with
moose. How well I remembered one frosty morning
in New Brunswick, Hubert Martin was the guide's
name, who hailed me on a springless wagon many
miles above the St. John River, over deep snow banks,
but mostly up creek beds we drove, until, after
several days, we came to the "Portage," and sent
our driver back, while we pitched our tent and ate
our potatoes and butter in great content.
Day after day we waded down stream, never
lifting our feet above the water, to avoid the splash
of a "break water" step. At last "the" morning
came. How fast my heart beat as we cautiously
waded across each river bend and perched down the
next stretch. How fervently I prayed the good God
to bless us. We were rounding the bend. How the
primal instinct came back! There on a low,
gravelly-bare island, unconscious of us, stood the
largest animal to me in the whole world—a veritable
mammoth. The Lord was with me and I feared not.
I could feel Hubert tremble. The shots rang out
on the frosty air. He turned; few faltering steps;
a dead moose; crimson waters; I, the happiest
hunter of hunters.

With true Latin emotions Hubert grasped my
hand, threw up his hat and shouted: "Ain't you
glad! Ain't you glad!" He could not understand my
apparent indifference. True, I felt proud and happy.
A dream had come true. But when I look even now
on that noble head, I feel that same sad desire to
put him back in his "bogen."
The days passed, I had killed "my moose," but I
could not resist that heavenly country of it and
game. With back packs we went to a long-aban-
doned camp to stay two days. There were many
ponds and much "sign." Slowly we walked up an
old tote road. Down we crouched as two moose
came around a bend, cow and calf. The wind in
our faces, we held our breath behind a screen of
moose weeds. Slowly the two moose came down the
road nibbling, unafraid. The calf wandered off the
road, the mother, with proper solicitude, now and
then calling it back. But all is not well. Full well
that cow knows it. Instinctively she feels some-
thing is ahead. She stops and silently looks around.
Perhaps she hears my breath, or my small, odd God
pipe. A warning, authoritative snort; the calf comes
back at once, while the cow drives it ahead as they
slowly but surely leave that country.

Another fall has come, and again I am back in
the New Brunswick woods; this time by canoe to a
chain of lakes that head the Green River and
Rimouski. We cross the little divide with back
packs. Many moose are seen, but not the big bull.
He must be near there, as so many odd God
calves. Pierre knows it. "We go ride; well test;
maybe dusk; bull come to cow. We stop for tea;
no smoke must be there; we break small, dry twigs."
Pierre lays out the fagot pile to start the little
smokeless fire. Is he crazy? Just as the fire catches
he falls on it, puts it out, grabs his gun and jumps
behind a big tree. I do likewise. A "Wuff, wuff!"
very close, as with flashing eyes looms large the
big bull, that misunderstood our cracking of dry
limbs for that tea kettle fire. No other bull could
sneak through the thicket for his harem. "Wuff,
wuff!" again. Two shots. A bull staggered against
a little tree and fell, and again an excited "Latin"
voiced his joy. And so, next day, after a night
under the trees, two happy men staggered camp-
ward, one with huge horns, the other with green
scalp.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure
Newspaper Syndicate.)

DECORATING FOR DAVID.
By Dorothy Douglas.

more swiftly away. When the pink
roses were ordered—then would David
Trevor pass out of her life. Something
strangely compelling had gripped her
heart. She would not allow herself
to realize that out of a whole world
of men she had found only one, and
that she was furnishing an apartment
for that one's wife. The thought sent
the blood from her cheeks and David,
watching her, felt his own heart beat-
ing unsteadily.

He, however, mastered any emotion
that made the earth tremble under his
feet and said quickly, "If you don't
mind and if it wouldn't interfere with
your ideas—could we not have those
four prints you so admired in my
office framed and hung in the dining-
room?"

"I wanted to buy them myself,"
he said softly, "but didn't feel I
should be so extravagant. They would
be just the finishing touch to these
walls."

David's business was the handling
of old English prints, and it pleased
him not a little to know that he could
with complete artistic taste use some
in his own home.

"I'm hoping when the apartment is
finished and I am no longer your
client, that you will come in occasion-
ally and look over my collection. I am

just next door."

"When your wife is back," said Mo-
nica in a curiously hard voice, "you
will not be knowing who is next door
to you—nor caring."

This was the only dangerous bit of
ground she had stepped on during
their acquaintance, and she realized
it the moment the words left her lips.
She laughed quickly, giving him no
time to reply, then went over and let
her fingers run idly over the keys of
the splendid toned grand piano they
had bought together and installed in
the big studio. It was dusk now and
David switched on the light. One of
the exquisite rose shades sent its
charm wandering softly through the
room. Monica continued to play in
order to still the thumping of her
heart. She wanted to gain calm be-
fore again essaying speech.

David came and stood behind her,
looking down at her golden head.

"Now sit in that comfy Chesterfield,"
he commanded gently, as if for many
days he had been picturing her there
and was now actually seeing her.

The color flamed swiftly into Monica's
cheeks—cheeks that had grown too pale
during the strain of David's companion-
ship. "I'm hoping when the apartment is
finished and I am no longer your
client, that you will come in occasion-
ally and look over my collection. I am

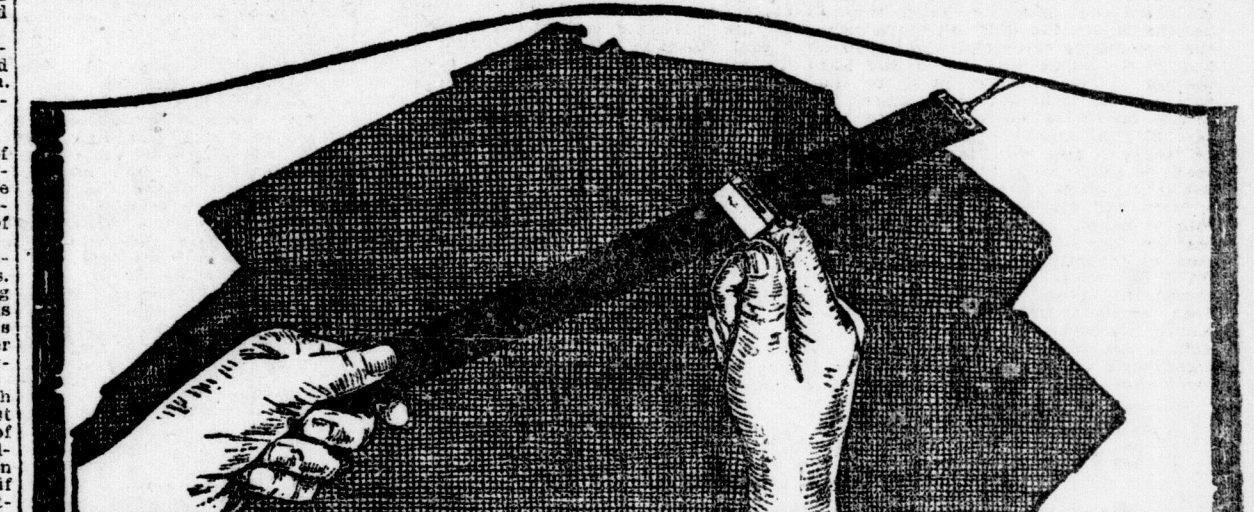
great amount of controlled emotion be-
neath his tones, "If you just had some
sewing—"

"David—don't," she cried swiftly.
"I will," he said and held her close
within his arms. "I have loved you for
ages. I loved your voice over the tele-
phone when I could hear you talking
with upholsterers, rug men, furniture
men and too many times with other
men with whom you made lunch en-
gagements. All this I could easily hear
when our windows were open." David
was speaking swiftly now, for Monica's
hair was brushing his face and her
lips were trembling and he had to hold
her fiercely in order to still the quiv-
ering of her body, "and once I saw you
entering your office. It was that day
I decided to have a wife—I want you
dear, as soon as you can make up
your mind to come."

Monica looked slowly about the won-
derful studio—just the kind of home
she had dreamed of—then back to the
love in David's eyes, just the kind of
eyes she had dreamed of.

"September's only three days off,"
she said, "and I have three estimates
to get out before—"

"Then will my wife come home?"
he asked. "She couldn't help coming even if
she wanted to—David."



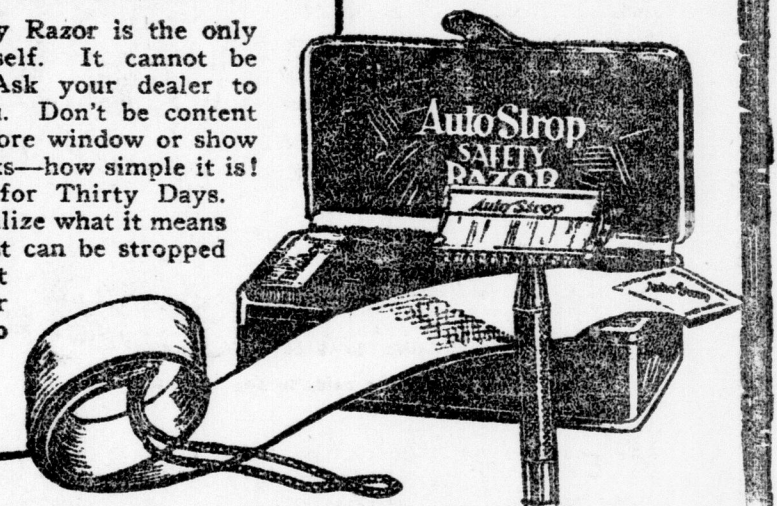
the razor that sharpens itself

"Do you prefer a dull or a sharp razor
for shaving?" That is the simple
question you are called upon to
answer when choosing a safety razor.

Nearly every razor is claimed to have
a sharp edge. How was it obtained?
There is only one process—stropping.
Shaving as it does, day after day, how is a
razor to be kept sharp? Again only one pro-
cess—stropping. Then it is more important
to choose a razor that stropps itself and keeps
itself sharp than merely a razor that may come
to you sharp, but remains so only because it
worries you constantly for new blades.

The AutoStop Safety Razor is the only
razor that stropps itself. It cannot be
stropped wrongly. Ask your dealer to
demonstrate it to you. Don't be content
to look at it in the store window or show
case. See how it works—how simple it is!
If you wish, try it for Thirty Days.
Only then will you realize what it means
to possess a razor that can be stropped
and cleaned without
removing the blade or
taking anything to
pieces.

See the AutoStop
Razor assortment
at any store where
razors are sold.
You will find a
style to suit your
desire. Prices \$5.00
and upwards.



AutoStop Safety Razor

MADE IN CANADA

AutoStop Safety Razor Co., Limited, AutoStop Bldg., Toronto, Canada

Your dealer will gladly demonstrate it to you

FOR SALE BY

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LONDON.

BIONIN

Grippe Tablets

For Colds, Grippe and Influenza

Bionin Grippe Tablets were so remarkably successful during the
influenza epidemic last year. Thousands of boxes were used. And
not one person using Bionin Grippe Tablets as a preventive took in-
fluenza.

Quite often grippe and influenza begin with a slight cold. Don't
take chances with these diseases. At the first sign of a cold take two
Bionin Grippe Tablets. Then follow with one every two hours until
three more have been taken. The pains and aches will disappear.
The cold will be checked.

It is not necessary to stay home when taking Bionin Grippe Tab-
lets. No danger of catching fresh cold. Get a box from the near-
est druggist for 50c. Keep them in the house.

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The First Dose Gives Relief