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THE BRITISH ELECTIONS.

LONDON CABLES concede the British elections to Lloyd George by a good majority. It has been evident for some time that the United Kingdom was more than willing to take another chance with the Little Welshman. To the broad masses of the people he appeals as progressive and safe. The extremist and the autocrat have no part in his policies. The empire over, Lloyd George's return to power will be approved, as it means that the post-war cleaning up and the reconstruction tasks will be in the hands of the most capable man in British public life today. His vigor, enthusiasm, courage and executive ability will now be placed in the service of leading England and the world to a happier and healthier existence.

An amazing feature of the elections is the swamping of the Irish Nationalists by the Sinn Feiners. This success of the "Irish republic" party does not brighten the political future for Ireland or England, unless the irreconcilables greatly modify their views. Lloyd George has declared home rule will not be given Ireland until the Irish can agree as to the form it shall take. Nationalist and Ulsterite failed to reach common ground, but the gap between them seems minute compared to the abyss that separates Sinn Feiner and Ulsterite.

It is said the Sinn Feiners hope to coalesce with a section of the Laborites, and furnish a strong opposition to Lloyd George, but Sinn Fein insurrection activities during the war will tend to bar them from the aid of other factions in the Commons.

However, if they have repudiated their expressed intention of remaining away from Westminster, there are rosy promises of parliamentary ructions, verbal and otherwise, that will insure interesting sessions of the new British House.

BIG INTERESTS AND M. P.'S.

HOW CAN a "big interest" hope to control a member of Parliament or a group of members of Parliament? The generality is often uttered that the present Government, for instance, has been dominated by those trusts and combines whose lines of business were frequently depending upon acts of public legislation, and more often the centre of public clamor, which, if responded to, would have meant investigation and attack from the floor of the House. It is an easy thing to make charges against a body of public men in a broad manner of speaking, but unless some evidence is produced the public can scarcely be expected to be swayed against these members, and perhaps, sensing unfairness, may be inclined to give them sympathy and consideration.

On the other hand, how is it possible to secure evidence that control of certain members by those interested in securing negative protection or positive benefits does exist? Ottawa has not been completely purged, of that we may be certain. The place, during and between sessions, is the camping ground of rich men and lobbyists, some there on "legitimate" business, others with motive not quite so pure. There are always "stories" in circulation. They crop out in the press every once in a while, but while some cause the appointment of a royal commission, the result frequently is to be found only by constant searching. What, one might ask as an aside, has become of the report of the Davidson commission, a document that should have been forthcoming as a result of weeks of evidence-taking? The difficulty is in nailing the thing down.

While "win the war" filled the air, it was possible for many kinds of arrangements to proceed. The winning of the election gave the food profiteers a new chance; O'Connor was swept aside; even now the men who control the bulk of our food supplies are clamoring to have their books closed to the public. The high cost of living has never been controlled, not even a respectable attempt being made to have the investigation a broad, Dominion-wide affair; but the municipalities were told to investigate for themselves, as though the high cost of living were a local and municipal matter. How ineffective such a "passing of the buck" has been may be gauged from the fact that so far as can be learned not one city has taken up the work of attempting single-handed to cope with a problem that goes even beyond the Dominion in its ramifications. Some great Canadian food interests have their warehouses in the United States, and food is stored there for shipment into this country. Could any municipality, anxious to investigate the price of bacon, for instance, undertake such a work as would be involved to get at the facts? Mr. O'Connor had the right idea. He went to the books and storages of the companies involved, and he got at the facts in such a manner as to make the country bristle with indignation. But Mr. O'Connor did not long remain on the job, and he alone knows what he suffered before he resigned.

All this may be aside from the question of governmental influence on members of parliament, but if protection seems to be afforded some of those vast industries which stood by the "boys at the front" of the Government benches, it is a fair surmise that other interests which require protection at Ottawa are receiving it. One method by which it has been said certain big concerns are able to keep in touch with certain members is by the generous bestowal of large insurance policies with these members. The latter have a legitimate right to act as the agents of fire insurance companies for instance, and if the companies which wish to maintain a friendly relationship with the members choose to have their vast insurances placed with these agent-members

who shall say they have not the right to do so? While there is a fine-drawn law regarding the receiving of emoluments by members of parliament, it is doubtful if any member could be indicted for the receipt of large insurance premiums from any source, his business being, even though it suddenly became, that of an insurance agent. Some of the larger interests in Canada have plant and equipment which require to be protected by insurance policies running into the millions. The agents' commissions on such policies would represent a considerable sum.

What would the people of Canada think were it discovered that a number of members of parliament were acting as insurance agents and had secured business in large amounts from big companies which have a close relationship to public affairs? Would the people regard this as the transaction of legitimate business or would they think the whole thing had a sinister look, especially if it could be shown that a group of members was sharing in the reasonably substantial benefits that came from a general pooling of an enormous amount of business in favor of the agent-members? It might be interesting at the next session of parliament for some Liberal members to ask just how much insurance was written by members of parliament, from whom the insurance came, when the member became an agent and how long ago, whether since 1917 or before, the business had been given. In justice to the country and to the members who have been mentioned in this connection such a matter should be cleared up at the first opportunity. But there should be no "covering up" in the meantime.

RAISING THE STANDARD.

THE PASSING by the citizens of London of the bylaw to provide \$100,000 for the building of a new medical school in London will mean that the medical department of the university will at once be raised into Class A, which is the highest standard of medical schools on the continent, a place in Canada held only by McGill and Toronto. The additions which were made to the teaching staff some time ago, and the further improvements that were made in equipment, raised the medical school from Class C to Class B, and promptly attracted more students to the city. The raise to Class A will mean still further inducement to students to come to London, and there is no reason why there should not within a few years be from 250 to 300 medical students resident here.

There is good reason for believing that if the city shows its willingness to back the medical school, in addition to enlarged Government grants, the alumni of the medical school will also show their interest by making very marked contributions to the institution. Before the war came on there was a movement in this direction, which would have been carried through but for the change in conditions. The sentiment of the graduates of the institution has not changed, however, and they will be found ready to back the school to the limit.

H. M. C. S. NIOBE.

IT WOULD be interesting to learn what activities were carried on by H. M. C. S. Niobe since war began, it having been announced that the crew of the "Canadian navy" is to be disbanded.

The Niobe is one of the ships secured by the Liberal Government as the nucleus of a Canadian-manned and maintained navy. She had been dismantled before the war began, but when the alarm sounded a crew was assembled and she went into service along the Canadian coasts. She was not immediately sent to Britain as a "contribution," but was used, as was originally intended, to do actual service in Canadian waters, a rather grim commentary on the famous Borden-Bourassa alliance of 1911, when one thinks of the singularly brilliant service rendered by the Australian fleet.

One of the great arguments advanced by the two-headed election party of 1911 was that Canadians could not make sailors. By the same token they could not have made soldiers, and the premier should have sent empty suits and rifles rather than men to the west front. That would have been in line with the Borden naval philosophy of 1911—send suits and let the Mother Country fill 'em, just as the proposal was to send money and let the Mother Country spend it on ships.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

If those Dutch women ever catch Freddie Hohenzollern they might disinfect him with some of that noted cleanser.

Abolish conscription is "Doctor" Lloyd George's prescription for what's troubling the world.

Christobel Pankhurst has been elected to the British Commons. This will give her an opportunity to say things without getting into a jiu-jitsu argument with a cop.

In Minneapolis you can purchase sirloin steak for fifteen cents a pound. In Canada it costs from thirty-five to forty cents. Will somebody please pass the food boss?

One of life's amazing contradictions is the assassination of the president of democratic Portugal, whilst deposed autocrats live comfortably and safely in Swiss and Dutch villas.

Anybody who thinks the middle-aged man is adamant to romance and sentiment should watch him pursue magazine fiction to its far-flung and sirrupy ends amongst the ads in the back pages.

Ottawa's idea of municipal committees, investigating and regulating unfair prices is a fair sample of Union Government wisdom. There may be slight differences in prices between one locality and another, but the cause of unfair and rising prices is no local matter and cannot be locally dealt with. We want a government at Ottawa that will deal with this matter, not avoid it.

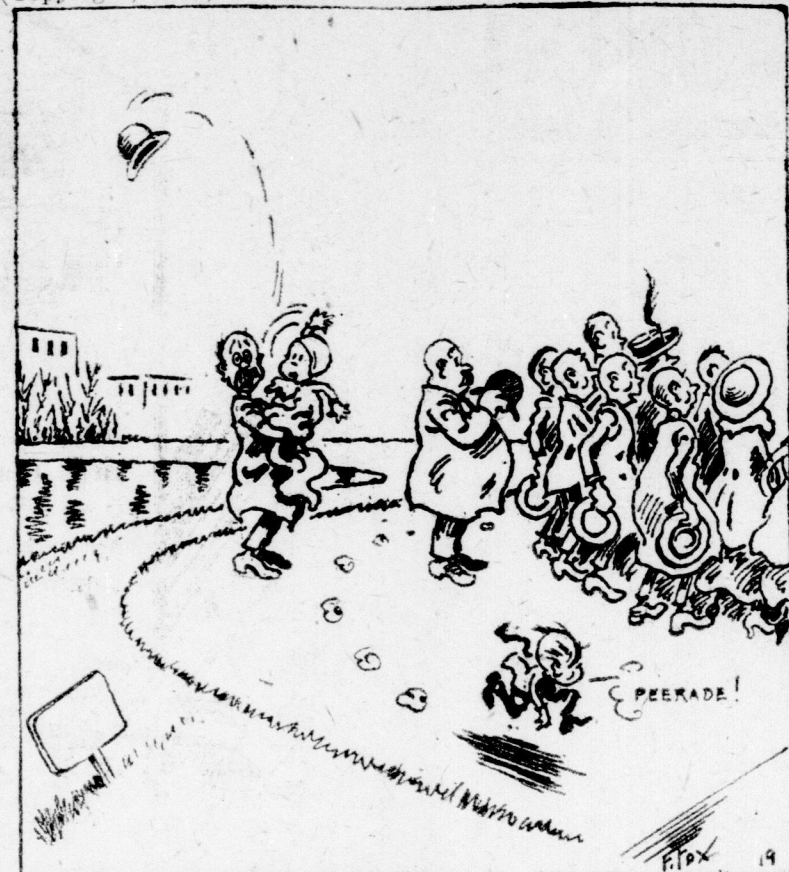
COMMUNION.

You ghosts of those who fell
With hearts still flush'd with the first ecstasies,
Why do you leave your lofty citadels?
Ever your wistful, unapparent eyes
Peer through each darkened doorway, and your hands
Vibrate, intangible,
Hover, and strive to touch us in the street:
Ever the soundless feet
Follow, and leave no trace upon the sands.
Though no dim voices speak,
Forth by your blood and ours, Death can not seal
The faith unfaltering and the primal zeal.
Breathe from your burnished lips upon our clay:
Again that dawn shall break
When Honor handed us her flame-white sword,
And we, with one accord,
Sped to the hills to greet the refugee day.

PATRIOTISM PAYS—SOMETIMES

(Copyright, 1918)

—By FONTAINE FOX



See what happened to Dad for not taking his hat off when the flag went by.

BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE McLUKE

(Copyright, 1918)

Paint.
Before you kiss her lovely cheeks,
"How do I know what time it is?"
Though her complexion may look awry,
It certainly does taste like—the Dickens.

Paw Knows Everything
While—Paw, how does a man tip the scales?
Paw—By dropping a penny in the slot, I suppose, my son.

Ouch!
"No more war planes sail through the sky."
To bomb the Hun," said Brakeman Hums;
"And yet I know full well that I will have to keep on dropping bombs."

Police.
"What time is it when you tip a man 25 cents?" asked the cheerful idiot.
"How do I know what time it is when you tip a man 25 cents?" demanded the boob. "What time is it?"
"A quarter to one," replied the cheerful idiot.

Oh!
A stern old man is Oswald Lurch.
He surely is a solemn look;
He is a pillar of the church.
That's why he wears that stony look.

The Limit.
"Smith is a good deal of a tightwad, isn't he?" asked Brown.
"He certainly is," replied Jones.
"Why, that egg wouldn't express an opinion unless he sent it collect."

You Know Him!
Another boob.
Who gets your goat,
Is he who calls
Your car a "boat."

Things to Worry About.
A drop of water evaporated from the ocean is condensed and returns again in 10 days, but it has to remain in the ocean for 3,460 years before it is evaporated again.

Oh!
"I'm one man who never gets any sympathy when I look down in the mouth," said the tall man.
"What's the matter?" asked the short man. "Are you a pessimist?"
"No," replied the tall man. "I'm a dentist."

Oh, Doc!
Of course it is none of our business, but he decided there was no time like the present.

"Lilith, come here," he called.
The new note of determination in his sudden command started the girl into obeying at once, a thing she was not in the habit of doing.

"At your service, captain," she mocked, saying, soldier fashion, as she slipped into the chair vacated by Nell. "Fudge ready?"

"I don't know a thing about it, and neither do I care a rap!" he answered doggedly. "I came here to see you alone and you deliberately planned this!"

"Leave it like the red, red rose," she sang interrupting him, while she took the spoon from his hand, turned out the blaze and began beating the steaming mass as though her very life depended upon it.

"Well, soon have your sweet teeth, if Lilith will carry it to you!"
She poured the fudge upon a platter and held it out to him in such a half-hearted way.

"May I come in?" he asked, and she answered coyly, waiting him a moment before she turned from the tips of her fingers. And he was going to her now. He had determined to settle the future that very evening, come what may, and he was thinking with honest pride as he walked along, of the comfortable nest in the savings bank which he could offer Lilith. When he was almost in front of the house he heard a sound of laughter and merry-making from within, like a discordant note in the song his heart was singing.

"Mother take it!" he muttered. "Why couldn't she have been alone tonight, of all times?"

"Here he is!" shouted Lilith gayly, answering his ring. "Let's make him stir the fudge!"

He was dragged playfully into the living-room, divested of outer garments and adorned with a huge gingham apron, while Lilith tied under his arms. "Domestic roles are very becoming," she whispered with a blushing smile which set his heart to beating a brisk tattoo. "Here's the spoon, and don't you dare stop beating until I give you permission."

She closed his fingers over the spoon with an affectionate pat, turned from him a trifle higher under the chafing dish, and then left him to play a duet with Hugh Bink. Still John had no thought save that of being in Lilith's home for just one purpose, which he meant to accomplish in spite of visitors.

"Why all this hilarity here this evening?" he inquired casually of Nell Blakesley, who had taken a place beside him at the table.
"Nothing special that I know of," Lilith just telephoned late this afternoon that she thought a chafing dish party would be fun, so we all came over."
Lilith had resorted to her old trick of playing with fire once too often. John was confident she must have known what he was coming for, and, with the courage born of despair,

frightened, pleading what, as usual, he felt before the spell of her wonderful eyes and found himself carrying the candy obediently to the back porch. But a dash of the bracing night air re-established his determination, and he tore off the apron as he strode angrily into the hall. "Must you go, John?" Lilith asked timidly, with a faint note of concern in her voice.

"I shall not stay here and have you mock me for one more second! You knew—you must have known—I was coming here tonight to ask you to be my wife, and you've played with me just as long as you're going to! What's your answer?"

He led her into the vestibule and shut the door, just as the rest of the party adjourned to the back porch to examine the candy, so they were alone.

"Will you marry me?" he went on, taking her face between his hands and raising her eyes to the level of his own. "Answer me—will you?"

A peal of hysterical, mocking laughter was her only reply, and John Lawrence left her, going out without another word. As he walked along the railroad track, taking the short cut home, his heart was heavy. Lilith had deliberately laughed in his face after boldly encouraging him to speak. There was only one other thought in his mind, and that was to get away from her as far and as fast as he could.

He was dimly conscious that the whistle of the night express had sounded around the curve the other side of the bridge, but he was too deeply occupied with his own thoughts to notice the misplaced rail in the track toward which the heavy train was whirling with increasing speed from the down grade behind. He had just time enough to jump aside when the engine crashed through one end of the little bridge and derailed the two or three cars behind it.

Almost instantly the night air was filled with cries of hysterical women, frightened children and the moans of the injured, and John Lawrence, forgetting himself and his troubles, completely rushed forward to offer assistance. In an incredibly short time most of the town had flocked to the scene of the wreck. John worked hard, pulling away pieces of wreckage, putting out fires

which started in many places and carrying the injured to places of safety. With a little child in his arms he was passing beneath the glare of a brakeman's lantern when two hands grasped his arm and a frightened voice cried out: "Thank God, you are safe! I watched you start home this way and I was try to

afraid you might have been killed." He placed the child upon a heap of nearby blankets and gathered the sobbing girl in his arms. "Would you have cared, Lilith?" "I—should—have—died—too!" she whispered. "And, John, dear, I'll never start home this way and I was try to

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