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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,  
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Monday, Jan. 20.

## THE RENEWED ARMISTICE

UNDER ADVICE of Foch the Allies have added some stiff conditions before consenting to the renewal of the armistice. Always reliable is the little French marshal. From time to time as we wonder whether Germany is not planning an early resumption of the war it is reassuring to learn that the generalissimo is keeping close watch on developments across the Rhine. His insistence that Germany shall carry out at once the terms of the armistice and the stiffening of those terms indicates that there was something to the reports that Germany was planning a military comeback. The discovery that many submarines had not been surrendered and that the surrender of aeroplanes and rolling stock had been deliberately delayed, coupled with the fact that Hindenburg still has an effective army of several millions at his disposal, could only point to a hope at Berlin that a sudden blow at the rapidly demobilizing Allies might at least force better conditions. Foch now threatens a resumption of the invasion if the Allied demands are not carried out promptly and completely.

Amongst the new penalties imposed on the Huns is the surrender of 50,000 agricultural implements. That is one punishment that will meet with general approval in the Allied world. The French peasant-farmer suffered terribly at the invaders' hands. Ludendorff's destroyers spared neither crop nor instruments of tillage. Everything was carried away or rendered useless. Foch in this instance has in a mild degree made the punishment fit the crime. His action in regard to the armistice is a notice that the Allies are not to be trifled with, that Germany must pay to the full. There is to be none of the letting down that fat-headed pacifism would have. Foch, knowing his German, realizes that he has to be "treated rough." That is jarring to Lord Milner, but reassuring to the rest of us.

## POT-HUNTING.

THE TORONTO TELEGRAM, which slams everything Tory between sessions and sticks like glue when election time is near, has been doing some pot-hunting in the plush-lined cover at Ottawa. The marksman the Telegram has sent out is not after big game, but he is doing effective work among the smaller fry of office holders. These birds usually nest in security from a charge of editorial buckshot because they do not bulk large in the individual. But when bagged and presented to view as a collection they show a formidable weight and indicate just how much treasury corn they get away with. The Telegram first deals with the repatriation and employment commission, headed by H. J. Daly, whom it styles one of the Government's "funds" with more on his hands in the way of private business than a government director should have, even though he is doing the work without salary. The Telegram recognizes, however, that there are plenty of others available to do the work for Mr. Daly. There are five of the others at least, and one of them receives \$550 a month, while four get \$300 a month. These are full-time and part-time officials, and there are more on the salary list. In fact the payroll for last year ran up to \$75,000.

Repatriation and re-employment are most necessary undertakings, and should be properly organized by the Government. The only question is whether money is being handled in a manner to create certain lucrative positions, such as Ottawa has been so free in handing out. The Telegram believes that the era of easy-going extravagance has permeated the place, and that anyone who cannot secure "something soft" is without a friend. The great value of publicity has been the means of establishing an army of press agents in the various ministries and bureaus, with the premier in charge of a special editor accompanying him on his British visit, and every minister establishing himself in the hearts of the people, by the medium of the printed word. The "bright young man" who has had publicity experience should not fail to land a \$4,000 position.

## WHAT'S WRONG WITH BOLSHIEVISM.

APPARENTLY all is not going well with the Bolshevik. Danish dispatches state that Lenin and Trotsky have requested a place at the peace table, in exchange for which they will drop their world-wide propaganda. If correct, that is a strong indication that anarchy is petering out. As with kaiserism and czarism when they were going strong, so with Bolshevism there is no desire to compromise, no recognition of any other point of view. The Russian Reds have been as arrogant and intolerant as was the Potsdam crew before it was hammered into seeking a bargain peace. When Lenin substitutes "request" for "demand" it is clear enough he is contracting frigid extremities. And it is not difficult to explain this climb-down. Bolshevism, like any other plague, is lost unless it spreads swiftly and with great virulence. Once a pestilence collides with a solid resistance or has to cope with a strong counter-offensive it goes under. The Red leaders had builded on hopes that have been very far from realized. They had caught the world off its guard, they believed, the nations reeling, sick and debilitated from the struggle, ripe for the dreadful infection with which they proposed to inoculate civilization. They expected to make easy conquest of Ger-

many, Austria, Rumania and Poland. From there the Allied armies would be speedily won over and disintegrated, anarchy would seize France and England and leap across the seas to the conquest of the Americas.

Instead of this triumphant march what have we? The collapse of the Spartacan movement appears to have pretty well cleared Germany of Bolshevism. Austria is getting on her feet without resorting to mob law, Rumania is standing fast for legal, sane government, the moderate Poles are holding their own against Lenin's forces, France is compactly and solidly facing the new attempt at tyranny just as she did the old, while the British people with the ballot handed the Bolsheviks the mightiest swat they have yet had. Overseas the prospect is no brighter. The United States is rapidly curbing the strong-arm friends of the Red Terror and in South America the movement has made no progress beyond some legitimate if exasperating strikes. Decidedly, at the present moment the outlook is not the happiest for the Bolsheviks. There are signs too that they are quarrelling amongst themselves. That is the way of the wolf-pack when prey grows scarce. Perhaps the speediest deliverance from these pests will be their devouring of one another.

It is certain that the conference will not permit the attendance of the rogues who first of all plotted with the Huns to overthrow the Allies, later betrayed their own country to the enemy, and who at present are attempting to introduce conditions more intolerable than Germany intended to impose on the world had she won the war. What the Allies fought for and what the peace conference hopes to achieve have nothing in common with the ideas and doctrines of Lenin and Trotsky. That pair cannot be met half way. Concessions to them would be confession of weakness that would tend to encourage fresh atrocities.

## DO MANUFACTURERS WANT FREE TRADE?

CONSIDERABLE discussion has been raised in Toronto by a special dispatch from Ottawa suggesting that certain manufacturers have been converted to the idea of free trade between Canada and the United States because this would give them a much larger market for their products. The dispatch reads in part:

"Conversation with a number of manufacturers, as they come and go in the capital, shows this question being raised with interesting frequency—why should Canadian industry be limited to a market of seven million people? Why shouldn't it have a try at the States, with its additional hundred million?"

"These men realize that to secure access to the American market, the Canadian market would have to be thrown open to competition from the South. This prospect isn't the bogey it was before the war. Canadian industry, in a supreme emergency, surprised even itself by its flexibility and efficiency. With such qualities, why should it fear American competition, or at any rate, why shouldn't it face this competition for the sake of the tremendous new and contiguous market which would be opened up?"

"At present, it is only the larger manufacturers whose thoughts are even turning in this direction, but it is predicted that smaller men, too, will see that the new system ultimately would benefit them."

"One powerful argument against free trade in North America is the temporary dislocation which almost certainly would ensue, and which, it is feared, would ruin smaller Canadian firms."

"If this first period could be passed safely, the net result, it is claimed, would be of very great advantage to the country and to all those engaged in its business, manufacturing or commercial."

"It is not only that Canadians then would have a market of 110,000,000 on this continent instead of 7,000,000. American manufacturers also would be attracted to the southern fringe of Canada which offers water powers and other natural inducements, and which has the additional lure of being a comparatively virgin field. They could supply New Orleans and San Francisco from Welland as well as from Buffalo. Now, from Welland, they would only supply Canada."

"Under free trade, after the preliminary time of adjustment, its advocates claim that the southern belt of Canada would become as thickly populated as the northern section of the States, and that the general prosperity of the country would be increased tremendously."

"This is not a practical issue today, but its appearance, even as a possibility, in the mind of certain ambitious Canadian manufacturers, may be the germ of an idea that will grow."

Naturally Toronto attaches a good deal of mystery to this dispatch. This mystery is deepened by the fact that nobody knows where the present Cabinet stands in relation to the tariff. The manufacturing interests will certainly strongly oppose any reduction of the tariff, but will they be strong enough to stand against the growing demand for lower tariffs from the combined land and farming classes? The subject will possibly be among the first to come up for discussion when Parliament opens.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Each sunny day drives the fuel pessimist to cover.

Bryan says that prohibition will bring more sunshine to the United States. Also more "moonshine."

Buying tickets for Florida while June holds the winter in her grip is like carrying coals to Newcastle.

W. Hohenzollern has litchy sensations running up and down his back. Perhaps a few stray "cooties" are being worn by Bill to prove his conversion to democracy.

Foch could have gone forward and slaughtered Germany, but he would not throw away the life of one of his own men merely to gratify a wanton desire to kill. Human being first and soldier second—how great a man!

"Bob" Watt, the first London boy to be taken prisoner, is reported safe in England. Wounded at St. Julien, he has been in a German camp for more than three years. Life will be like a resurrection, and he will find a warm welcome to his native city.

## "Newspapers Are the World's Mirror"

Comment, Cleverness and Mere Verbiage From "Educators of the Common People" in Canada and Other Lands.

ONE GOOD RESULT.  
[New York Sun.]  
The only blessing of a revolution and an extreme Socialist Government seems to be that in Berlin tipping has been absolutely banned.

INCOME TAX.  
[Edinburgh Herald.]  
Changes in the Dominion Government income tax measure will, it is expected, double revenue from that source. Also there is reason to believe that this new form of taxation will be made permanent. One thing is certain. Such a tax will have a tendency to make careless electors sit up and take notice of what is happening down at Ottawa.

RESCUE THE ENGLISH.  
[New York Sun.]  
Self-determination is a grand idea, which should be extended to the English people. They might, if they could, wish to break loose from the British Empire where Welshmen and Scotsmen and Australians and Irishmen and South Africans and Canadians and New Zealanders and so forth have charge of so many things. A movement for the rescue of the oppressed and downtrodden English is in order.

A LARGE PROPHECY.  
[Edmonton Journal.]  
In an address in Winnipeg the other day Sir James Aikens, lieutenant-governor of Manitoba, made the prophecy that some day the largest city in the province would be the shore of Hudson Bay. To hasten this day he urged the early completion of the Hudson Bay Railway, which he believed would prove a great success.

CO-PARTNERS.  
[Toronto Telegram.]  
Voting for women because of her sex is an absurdity equalled only by the absurdity of voting for a man because of his sex. The editor won't see anyone without first knowing his name and learning his business.

It's about some manuscripts," interrupted the newcomer, in an agitated, impatient, eager way. The boy went on talking nonsense, the self-confessed writer suffering acute torture and waiting for seconds that seemed ages.

"You see, Bud," now a little more amiably disposed, once the speaker's laughter of the caller had vanished, "I almost got canned once for lettin' in a crazy poet that thought he was the craziest of the world, before the boss could decide whether he (the latter) was in or out."

"May I be the editor-in-chief?" anew demanded the eager frantic writer. "Give me your card," repeated the grumpy and heartless urchin. "Confound it!" ejaculated the young man. "Again I hint." His voice was spiced with path, sorrow and despair. Then he drew a deep breath and straightened himself out, ignoring the boy's reply, he muttered determinedly, half to his listener and half to himself: "I'll see him somehow!"

With this pithy resolution in mind he hastened out of the untidy hall, into the elevator, down into the dirty street, and in a few more minutes found himself on Times square, deliberating by what subway he might get farthest away from what in his opinion were narrow-minded, hated, exclusive journalists, who set their watches in person at office boys out to hinder young talent like himself from proving their "art."

But where? Never-ending traffic blackened in streams down the streets, and nudging people flocked and crowded the sidewalks. He glanced at the peaceful green of the square; even there were people. After a half-dozen moments he had offered to shine his boots for a "jitney" he managed to make his way to one of the distinguished company, consisting of resting businessmen, habitual "air brothers" and ordinary loafers—an ideal atmosphere, exactly the kind for a temperamental tramp or poet.

From above towered in midst of other skyscrapers, the redoubtable Singer building. The youth gazed at the leftness. His eyes blinked in the blinding radiance of the glaring sun, and he shrugged his shoulders in absolute disgust.

"You are an ass!" he exclaimed. "Yes, Bill Wilkins, you're an ass. You thought you'd be rich some day, but you're not. You thought you'd have the price of a Singer here, but you won't. You haven't even got a girl. You're no good—absolutely no good!"

With this harsh scolding opinion of himself he succeeded in somewhat depressing his spirits. In a frenzy, suddenly he snatched a large envelope from an inside coat pocket, and tore it to shreds. He felt that in doing this he had wreaked a horrible vengeance upon the world—and, really, he felt mean with it.

He dug his hands deep in his pockets and continued brooding. "You boob!" he wanted romance, and now you've got it. You left a good home and a swell girl—and got dishonored for it. Now she's going to marry a Hindu! You thought you'd become a wonder in New York. You went your last ten bucks for a type-writer. Now the landlady's tired you out into the street. Bill Wilkins, I tell you, you're an ass!"

Downheartedness his only sense of feeling. Bill's mind soon became exalted with all he sorrowed and pined over his hard luck. His worries had prevented him from sleeping well nights, and he had not eaten just as much as his young and ravenous appetite required. Then, too, he felt weak and tired. Before long slumber welcomed his disconcerted mind.

Sweet dreams came to him, as they come to all the crestfallen, weary and sad. He dreamed that he was home, and the Singer millions his. And the Hindu, too, had not won his sweetheart, but had gone to where he belonged, in the East. His first and childhood love was his wife. Once more he was rich and charming, songs of love to the girl who had been his inspiration and caused him to come to the great, writhing babel and strive against fate. He had reached his goal, realized his ambition. Love had triumphed with him; it had made him and the mate whom he so fondly adored happy. But the last of his beautiful vision did not last long.

He was soon awakened by a sharp stinging rap on the skin-thick sole of his shoe. His beautiful vision vanished. The blood no longer tingled in intoxicated fascination in his veins; it boiled in increased passion at his indulgence in allowing himself to doze away, and thus bring him into the clutches of the law.

He endeavored to collect his senses and try and elude duress at the hands of the being who disturbed his nap. He stirred himself and yawned for time. Something flapped noisily against his nose, muttered with the sleep organs of vision, wondering what it might be. The sunlight was very strong, but he succeeded in making out an inscription—it was his name.

He had to blink several times before he could really see. Of Sol's canescence hurt his sensitive sight. Now he read it in the spell-bound, incredulous wonder and astonishment. Evidently he did not believe what he saw, for he rubbed his eyes and pinched himself to ascertain that he was not "seeing things" in a trance.

Another sharp wallop greeted his surprise. He turned up his eyes to the unknown bystander, who held up his finger.

"Wake up sleepy post—I've decided to take you back. I guess I was wrong."

His surprise was even greater when he discovered that the imaginary minion was his staid and bigoted father, who always loved to have his own way. He beheld the second person. He wished to speak, but his tongue became paralyzed. "Dadling" was all he could say.

The girl's buxom countenance became suffused in red. She attempted to hide her deep emotion by saying: "The 'Courier' will publish in book form the 'scrips—the, er, very personal and friendly verses that you wrote to me from the time we were children."

"They are your property," interposed honest Bill.

"No, they're yours," argued the just girl. "You wrote them. And this is the

## The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.  
By H. B. Knight.

"Yes, that's right; I want to see the editor in chief of the Courier, and want to see him quick!"

To the utter amazement of the little boy in knickerbockers who sat in the hallway leading to the editorial office of the giant publishing house a tall and lean visitor, with a general dapper appearance, made the above remark in an indifferent and even bored sort of tone.

In a second the office boy was on his feet, and not carelessly leaning back in his chair, with his feet upon the much worn and misused, varnish-scratched table, as though his only concern and ambition were to shirk and kill time. His head gleamed respectfully said the fawning youngster.

The lanky newcomer looked surprised. "Card?" he queried, unbelievably. "No card! Tell the editor-in-chief that a gentleman wishes to see him—and hurry! There's no use in my giving you any card; the editor doesn't know me, anyway."

Reminded by the visitor's impetuosity, the boy looked him over from head to foot. How neat and clean-cut was his mien! But a closer observation revealed that his patrician appearance was artificial. His clothes were of expensive texture, indeed, but shiny spots about the knees betrayed their years of wear. His shoes were genuine patent leather, but so much worn that wrinkles showed even in the profusely colored tan; and the soles seemed thinner than paper. To crown it all, linen and hose were the familiar unattractive shade, and transparency common to all cheap wear; and the flowing "stik" tie came direct from the "window of a ten-cent store."

Calculating on the "value for gold" standard, the first interested urban, and even servile boy now appeared disgruntled. For a moment he revered the commanding stranger. Now he thought different.

"What d'ya think you are?" scoffed the little ruffian; "man or half a man?" The editor won't see anyone without first knowin' his name and learnin' his business."

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