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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, Feb. 12.

Clean Up China and Stop the Ravages of Pestilences

A group of English and American scientists after prolonged investigation, have discovered that most of the epidemics which from time to time sweep the world, have their origin in China. This presents the Celestial empire in a form of yellow peril much more terrible than we mean by political use of the term. When we consider the hived millions of China, with the national ignorance of the simplest forms of sanitation, it is easy to concur in the declaration of the expert investigators that China is the deadliest of menaces to the health and even the existence of vast numbers of humanity outside her borders. That the world has not suffered more seriously from this evil is due partly to the up-to-date sanitary and hygienic precautions of western peoples and partly to the fact that China has been barred from close intercourse with other nations in any large degree. Now, however, with reconstruction the world over, there is likely to be a letting down of the bars. China will demand, and will have to be conceded, a greater amount of liberty. She is likely to insist upon freedom for her citizens to go where they please. This will throw the world open to attack by pestilence and plague, which are inevitable under such congested and insanitary conditions as exist throughout China, unless measures are taken promptly for a cleaning up that will advance the Chinese and protect others. Here is a subject which might fairly engage the builders of a league of nations, as it so directly affects the entire world-brotherhood we are striving to bring about.

Poles Driving From Poland Hun Robbers of Their Land

Although war has been raging over a large section of Poland for several months the true facts about the situation there are only now beginning to reach the outside world. Most of the information has been reaching us after a sifting at Berlin, Petrograd and Vienna, and has, of course, been colored to fit Teuton or Russian interests. By way of Petrograd we have been told the Bolsheviki are sweeping irresistibly across Poland, and if Berlin was to be believed Germany is hard put to it to cope with the Polish "invasion." Now we know that the gallant little nation beset on two sides is more than holding its own, sharply checking Lenine's Red forces and driving the Germans across the frontiers. The "invasion" over which Germany has been making such a fuss, even to the point of trying to enlist Entente sympathy and aid, is really an expulsion of the Prussian bully, with Poland as the bouncer. Germany is being kicked out of her Polish possessions won by her arrogant arms and held by cruel oppression. Poland in driving the Hun from German-Poland is simply recovering stolen goods. It is peculiarly right and pleasing that Germany is losing her footing in Poland. Russia's hand has been heavy on the Poles for many a year, but that oppression is trifling compared to Germany's systematic persecution which planned to utterly destroy Polish nationalism.

Poland is fighting for her own, the little that she has been able to hold in semi-independence, and the big slices of which she has been robbed by Germany and Austria and Russia. Her courage, tenacity and high spirit under a stress that few other peoples of the old world have experienced, as well as the service she in doing the Entente Alliance, should win her active assistance of the Allied powers and an influential place in the league of nations.

London Ministers Tackling Big Human Problems of Day

In the Saturday edition of The Advertiser, among the many church announcements, were at least a dozen subjects for sermons, which, to say the least, were interesting. They all had to do with real human problems rather than creeds, and the following are typical of the titles selected:

Industrial Democracy
John Barleycorn.
Getting Together.
Essential Christianity.
The Burden of Tomorrow.
A Soldier's Experience.
The Helplessness of Man.
The League of Nations.
Worlds in the Making.
Is the War Ended?
The Man of Today.
Human Ostriches.
The Religion of a Democrat.
The Church On Its Job.

One cannot read that list and get very far away from the one thing for which the church exists—for the human race. Man sticks out all through the range of a dozen sermons over which twelve men have pondered and upon which they have given the best and most intense effort that is in them. We do not mean to sit back and say that the church has not always had as keen an interest in the human element, but it is a commendable thing at a moment when the living world looms before all as a great close-up picture that the ministers are directing an almost united force upon the problems that make for welfare or suffering. They are helping to get us up the hill, not merely telling us how. Man is not an object to be wept over each and every day. He is a fairly able and independent being, who is applying to his own problems a good deal of close analysis, who is making plans for his future and thinking for himself. But there are few who do not appreciate and need practical, common sense assistance.

Neither churches nor newspapers can regulate human opinion and conduct as in the days gone by. Whenever we hear people talk of a newspaper as "a moulder of public opinion" it makes us wonder if being a moulder amounts to much. Being a good mould may be better, and making the metal of good quality may be best. The old-time demagogue of an editor, full of opinions and dogmas, was quite as futile in his advocacy of parties as a minister was futile in his advocacy of creeds who thought himself an ornament of the pulpit when he should have stood in awe of the weapon God has permitted him to hold. To-day the world wants to look behind the position and see the man. The world will not go down on its knees to the man it loves and trusts, but it will lift him on its shoulders so that his voice may be heard. It will not accord him the adulation of the lip, but will show something of common feeling from the heart. Ministers who are first of all men are reaching for their fellowmen as never before. They have to contend with much, but they are becoming their own masters as they prove themselves men of the people.

Newspapers observe that the churches have never been so much in the limelight as today. The sectarian things are built upon buffets. The church for many years and the minister made the mistake, or perhaps were forced into the position of avoiding life's seething turmoil. Churches smart under criticism less today than before. They do not expect to have their backs rubbed all the time. But they do have a normal human expectation of credit for service rendered. And when the ministers of London are tackling the problems of life and smashing into the game that demands their brotherly co-operation as is indicated in the list printed above, there are few fair-minded men, there are few even of "those who came to sneer," but will feel an impulse of gratitude and gladness for the revitalized power of the great religious organizations known broadly as "the church."

Make Germany Pay the Bill Until It Hurts, Says France

The slogan of the French delegates at the peace conference is said to be "Germany must pay until it hurts." It is understood Clemenceau will be relentless when the final debate on the question of damages comes up. The French premier, it is pointed out, has been yielding all along on points such as mandatories and colonies, but it is believed that he will oppose to the limit any attempt to be lenient with Germany in the matter of reparation. It will be difficult to oppose this desire of France, and appear just and fair, should that be the intention of any of the peace delegates.

Financially, apart from Belgium, no nation has suffered so heavily as France. Unless she can get back something approaching her losses she will be perilously close to bankruptcy.

There seems to be an inclination on the part of Mr. Wilson and some other delegates to first find out just what Germany can pay, and adjust the bill to meet those figures. France, however, contends that the whole bill should be presented to Germany, compelling her to acknowledge it. Then if Germany protests that she cannot pay the bill in full the Allies can investigate the sincerity of the claim, and set a sum, and if possible work out some system by which the amount can be increased. What France will say in a sentence is, present a bill to Berlin which covers the whole loss of all nations and put on Berlin the task of providing proof that she cannot meet the obligations in full.

The French plan appears to be a good one. Germany would be much more likely to attempt a reasonable payment when facing the total loss than if presented with a reduced bill based on her capacity to come back industriously. Finally in this form of punishment, as in any other that is handed the Hun, unless it hurts him it will be of no lasting effect. Just as in the physical clash with the Allies he was taught by rough treatment that the theory of might over right doesn't pay, so in the Allies' reparation demands he must be treated harshly until the lesson gets under his skin and sticks.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The ex-kaiser says when next he speaks it will be brief and to the point. Perhaps it will be "Ouch!".

Some objection is made to daylight-saving on the ground that long summer evenings deprive the children of necessary rest. On the other hand it provides lovers with more time for necessary courting.

Germans refused to be convinced that Bolshevism possesses the germ of sane government.

Edison at 72 kicks his fingers. Some at 46 couldn't kick the toe of their boots. Evidently we are as old as we kick.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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THE KITTEN AND THE LINEMAN.

By Barbara Kerr.

"Do be still!" the trouble clerk called out sharply to those around her in the office. "I'm trying to get this message. Someone is crying and I can't make it out." Then to the person at the other end of the line, "Now, please repeat your message."

The clerk listened and her alarm gave way to an amused expression: "Wait a moment. The superintendent is here. You may speak to him." The superintendent took the phone and the girlish voice, now grown calmer, repeated: "My kitten has been up in a big high tree all yesterday and all night—I just cannot stand it any longer. Won't you please send and get him down? Mother will pay you whatever you ask. We're so afraid he will fall and kill himself."

"All right—all right, little girl, don't you worry any more; we'll be right along." Then turning to the trouble crew waiting for orders, he said: "Tom, suppose you take one or two men and go over to the Bradford place on Bayview avenue and get that kid's kitten out of the tree and don't let them pay for it—understand? We don't want to start anything like that." And Tom togged out in a lineman suit, took two men and hastened over to the Bradford place.

The kitten could be seen—an immense fellow he was, a terrified white and yellow ball—in the very top of a huge cottonwood tree and his mistress was vainly trying to coax him to come down. Tom come forward politely and sympathetically, expecting to find a little school-girl. Instead it was Christie Bradford, the young lady of the house. Her eyes were red, her beautiful brown hair was in a braid down her back and she had slipped a big coat over her morning dress. He looked his astonishment; she smiled apologetically and explained: "I haven't slept all night; the poor thing cried so. I thought I couldn't stand it another minute; I was so afraid he'd get so cold that he could not hold on longer and would fall—poor old Dominie."

The ladder was soon in place and Tom, talking reassuringly to Dominie, was just ready to pick him up when the kitten, encouraged by his presence, turned and walked down the tree by himself and was snuggled in Christie's arms. He was truly a beautiful kitten, and of course Tom had to stop a moment and talk about pets and assure Miss Bradford that he could not accept pay for getting Dominie out of trouble.

Soon after this Miss Bradford was returning on the train to college, and as she sat glancing through her magazines a young man stopped by her seat and spoke to her. She didn't recognize him as he was not in lineman garb, and he had to remind her about the kitten, asking if it had given up exploring big trees.

Miss Bradford politely answered him, thanking him for his interest, but she was not friendly; so he moved on. She was much surprised that a telephone lineman could look so handsome and so dressed up in a business suit, but she did not want to encourage any intimacy, so she pretended an absorbing interest in her reading when he was near.

Tom guessed that she did not know him, but was piqued that she did not give him a chance to tell her who he was. But when they changed cars at Buffalo she saw that his luggage was marked T. Carruthers. He was the son of the president of the telephone company.

Of course, on arriving at school she wrote to her chum and casually remarked that Mr. T. Carruthers had gone east on the same train with her, and immediately received a reply lauding Tom and wishing that she, the chum, could have the opportunity to travel in his company. So Christie was quite prepared to be much more sociable when on entering a crowded pullman on her way home for Christmas holidays she was asked to share the seat with Mr. Carruthers, who was returning from New York, where he had been placing some telephone bonds. She dimpled with pleasure and held out her hand, saying: "It is good of you to let me sit with you, and I will share my magazines and bon-bons with you in return."

An ocean-going voyage speeds up acquaintance, as does nothing else under the sun, but a long ride in a pullman is quite next, so before the end of the journey Tom was asking her to attend the Christmas hop with him. "Thank you so much," Christie replied cordially, "but my big brother Jim is to be home and I've promised to devote the party to him. He'll have my program."

"Oh, Jim is an old friend of mine and I'll ask him to waive his rights——"

"No, no, you mustn't do that!" declared Christie seriously. "Jim and I are long-time pals. I couldn't let him think I'd go back on him, ever. I've bought the kind of dress he likes and we are planning to have a gay old time."

Tom was secretly pleased that a girl like Christie Bradford should put loyalty to her brother first. "I'll bet they are great pals," he thought enviously; "I'll have to cultivate old Jim myself."

When he saw Christie, a dream of delight in a filmy, ruffly dancing frock, talking animatedly to Jim, who was proudly filling out her program in a crowd of persistent youths, he hurried forward and joined the throng, to preempt a few dances for himself.

"Oh, I say, Jim, don't leave an old friend out—anyway, I've been promised——"

Christie was pleased at the way Jim received him. "Get a move, get a move, Tommy, boy. But here; you can't take all that's left. Do you think I'm going to drop out of this 'long about the middle?" And after much argument Tom had to be content with three dances.

After the first dance with Christie he had no desire to dance with any other girl, telling her that three dances with the right one were more to be desired than a dozen merely to be dancing.

"And," finished Tom soberly, "I'm coming tomorrow to call on you and Dominie and tell you why—may I? In the meantime you can ask Jim about me. Will you?"

"Oh, you mustn't talk so seriously at a Christmas party. I'll tell Dominie you are coming. Of course, he might be much more interested if he thought you would bring him a catnip mouse."

But the next day when Tom called up to learn when she would be in he was told that Miss Christie was engaged and could see no one. He hung up the phone out of sorts and out of spirits, and getting into his old lineman togs he determined to spend the day inspecting telephone lines.

He was out on a side street where the snow and sleet had done much damage and was just going up a pole when the Bradford car drew up to the curb in front of a veterinary office.

"Why, hello, Tom, called Jim. "Busy? Come over here." Tom was amazed to see Christie in the back of the car, in tears—a basket on her lap.

"Oh, Mr. Carruthers, don't think me a perfect little cry-baby," she implored. "This is the second time you've caught me crying over Dominie. He is dreadfully hurt and we brought him to see what the doctor could do for him." And she handed the basket out to Jim.

"Well, I've got his catnip mouse for him," said Tom, "he can have it while the doctor makes his diagnosis." And gently Tom and Jim took the basket in. But poor Dominie had been shot in the shoulder by some miscreant and all the doctor could do was to administer chloroform.

"Now please don't cry, sis," begged Jim. "Doc will be nice to him and he'll be out of his misery." Tom hastened to add, "And I'll get you another kitten—but poor old Dominie was a good soldier."

Christie smiled appreciatively. "No, I'll not cry any more. It's the suffering that simply breaks me up, you know." She met a pair of eloquent eyes that seemed to be asking, "Well, can't you save a little sympathy for poor Tom?" Indeed, that was what he asked later.

And Christie confessed that she couldn't help loving a man who was so tender-hearted that he could sympathize with her over her pet kitten, adding mischievously, "even if he was only a telephone lineman."

"Newspapers Are the World's Mirror"

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

AMERICAN NEWS.

[Ottawa Journal.]

If one had nothing but American papers to rely on, the conclusion would be come to that peace was being dictated solely by President Wilson.

FAR FROM ETERNAL.

[New York Evening Sun.]

A headline speaks of "The Eternal Cook Problem." But that's just the trouble—so far from being eternal she is the most evanescent of all beings.

NOT NOTICEABLE.

[Kingston Whig.]

The papers are constantly telling of the slumpage in flour, hogs and butter, but the common people don't notice it when they visit the provision stores.

A HARDER TASK.

[Ottawa Journal.]

If our Hon. Mr. Doherty solves the whole peace problem by his House of Representatives for a league of nations, it will be up to him to stop off in Ireland coming home and dictate peace there.

DAYLIGHT SAVING.

[Montreal Herald-Telegram.]

All those who enjoyed and benefited by daylight saving would lift up their voices there would be a great paean of praise, daylight saving from one end of the Dominion to the other, with a few isolated silent spots here and there.

RESPONSIBILITY ON ALL.

[Toronto News.]

The responsibility for making this a good and wealthy land is a joint one. No one class has all the rights. No one class can be satisfied at the expense of any other. The problem of reconstruction is the problem of finding a working basis of agreement between all Canadians.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

[Brantford Expositor.]

Restlessness on the part of the people always follows a great war. This is one of the teachings of history. But history also teaches every great war has meant great, great strides forward in democracy and in better conditions for the workers of the world. As in Napoleon's day, so today.

HUMANE GERMANY.

[Toronto News.]

German diplomats have drafted a plan for a league of nations. They are naturally interested in making international relationships more humane. They have even evinced the deepest sympathy with little peoples. Germany's record in Belgium, in Southwest Africa and in Poland should reassure the less advanced peoples who might under the Berlin plan come under the partial direction of the angelic Prussians.

"A JUST PEACE."

[Philadelphia Record.]

Our former guest, Count von Bernstorff, continues from time to time to explain to the world what Germany would regard as a "just peace." Other German statesmen have done the same thing. Altogether we have a pretty clear idea of what the Germans would regard as a "just peace." It is as far removed as possible from any peace that Germany ever gave a defeated enemy, with the possible exception of Austria, which Bismarck intended to use. It would be more pertinent if these statesmen would explain why Germany should have a different kind of peace from that which it gave France in 1871.

WHAT LIBERALS MUST BE.

[St. Marys Argus.]

During the last few months at certain public gatherings and in certain newspapers the expressions "Liberalism," "Liberal Thought," "The Principles of Liberalism," have appeared quite frequently. We are glad to see this. But after all, what do they signify? There is no virtue in, and nothing is to be gained by, the slavish and oft-repeated reiteration of these words; it matters not how full of meaning they may be. They must be more than mere shibboleths, and the repetition more than the whirlings of a prayer-wheel of a Tibetan lama, or the gyrations of a spinning dervish. Their use must have more meaning than the tithing of mint and anise and cummin of the Scribes and Pharisees, or it is nothing but dead formalism or the beating of tom-toms to goose-step the "faithful" into line. Moreover the "Liberalism" and the "Liberal Thought" of this pious iteration must go beyond the confines of the Liberalism of even Cromwell, or Milton, or Fox, or Russell, or Gladstone, or Bright, or Cobden, or George Brown, or the Manchester School, great and all as it was in its day. Liberalism must grow or it is not Liberalism. Growth is absolutely essential to Liberalism. Liberalism connotes growth. The Liberalism of yesterday cannot be Liberalism today, and the Liberalism of today cannot be Liberalism tomorrow. Liberalism is far more than free trade or even responsible government and government by the people. It is more than any one man or any one institution, or any one platform, or any one party. Liberalism is a principle and a movement that ever and increasingly embodies that which makes or will make for humanity's betterment. So far it has fought for humanity's betterment more particularly along political lines—in fact, it has largely completed that part of its task in some countries—its work in the future is along industrial, economic and religious lines, and along these lines it must take up its burden anew, or cease to be Liberalism. To stand still is not Liberalism, but stagnation and death. Excelsior is ever its motto. The "buying the cheapest and selling in the dearest market," of the industrial side of Liberalism of the Manchester school, was all right in its day, it was a decided advance on the "special privilege" and the cramping restrictions of the imposts and the duties of the days before, but this jungle law in the industrial and economic world must give place to some system more in harmony with the dignity of man and the precepts of the Christian faith. The competition of the Liberalism of the Manchester School must give place to the co-operation of another school, or Liberalism degenerates into a formalism and a shibboleth.

Fagged Out Women Vinol is What You Need

If all the tired, overworked, run-down women in this community could realize how our delicious Vinol, which contains Beef and Cod Liver Peptones, Iron and Manganese Peptonates and Glycerophosphates supplies the vital elements necessary to enrich the blood and create working strength, we wouldn't be able to supply the demand.

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"I live on a farm and keep house for six in my family. I got into a nervous, run-down condition so it seemed as though I would die. A friend advised me to try Vinol. I have been greatly improved by its use and am better and stronger in every way."—Mrs. H. H. Goodwin.

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"I keep house for my family of three, and raise chickens. I had a nervous breakdown, so I was unable to work. The doctor did not seem to help me, and a cousin asked me to try Vinol. It built me up—I now have a good appetite and am well and strong."—Mrs. Loyal Palmer.

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ITS NATIONAL PROGRAMME IS:

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2. To create a good economic understanding between East and West and to show the necessity for industrial stability in order that excessive taxation may not fall upon farmers and workers.
3. To co-operate in movements to increase agricultural production and improve rural conditions.
4. To maintain national credit and to encourage investment in Canada.
5. To stimulate the development of natural resources, to promote the utilization of Canadian raw materials, and to encourage final processes of manufacture in Canada.
6. To develop domestic and foreign trade and to promote necessary industrial organizations.
7. To facilitate the adaptation of war industries to peace conditions and to ensure employment for war veterans and war workers.
8. To improve the relations between capital and labor and to emphasize the advantages of consultation and co-operation.
9. To enourage scientific research in the interests of Canadian producers and manufacturers.
10. To improve the economic and industrial position of women.

The Canada that has been saved by sacrifice and valor must not be destroyed by rash legislation.

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The Canadian Reconstruction Association urges wise and prudent treatment of Reconstruction Problems.

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