

## London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.  
MORNING. NOON. EVENING.

CITY—Delivered, 12c per week.  
OUTSIDE CITY BY MAIL—Per year, \$4.00; six months, \$2.00; three months, \$1.00.

3670 Private Branch Exchange. 3670  
From 10:00 p.m. to 9:00 a.m., and holidays, call 3670.  
Business Department: 3671, Editors: 3672, Reporters: 3673, News Room.

Toronto Representative—F. W. Thompson, 57  
Mail Building.  
U. S. Representatives—New York: Charles H. Eddy Company, Fifth Avenue Building. Chicago: Charles H. Eddy Company, People's Gas Building. Boston: Charles H. Eddy Company, Old South Building.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,  
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Thursday, Feb. 6.

### "I Was Out of Prison and He Comforted Me"

A touselled old sinner came out of a certain county jail. He was followed by a colored man. The first relic was a sort of aged boy who just hadn't ever found the way to behave himself, like so many other "criminals" who never grow up. The old man was without a home, without a friend, without a prospect.

Nobody was waiting to help him along the few remaining miles of life's stony pathway. But the second man who followed him out of the jail caught up to him, and asked him whether he was bound and where he "was going to eat." The old man looked about rather helplessly and said: "I ain't got no place to go."

Then the colored man said to him, "You come along home with me, dad, if you don't mind comin' with a colored feller."

The old man went along, and has been cared for some weeks by his dusky Good Samaritan. It's rather a squalid, shabby sort of a place, but the latch hung out for the friendless old sinner, and we think that colored man will be in line when the Lord decides to "make up His jewels."

### Group of Big Powers Best to Manage League of Nations

The peace conference's framing of a league of nations has narrowed to the discussion as to what powers shall take over the executive work of the organization. Who is going to have the responsibility of seeing that peace is kept hereafter, and of settling differences that may arise between the members. Are the small powers to sit on the board of management, or is that task to be delegated solely to Great Britain, United States, France, Italy and Japan?

The ideal arrangement would, of course, call for everybody's participation in the running of a society of nations. Unless that is the ultimate object of the Paris meeting, the whole business will have to be gone over again, but for a time it may not be to the best interests of all that everybody should have a say in piloting the new world ship of state. Gallantly, as Serbia, Rumania and Greece have aided in the defeat of Prussian tyranny, that does not mean that they are competent to share responsibility under the new order of things.

The bitter racial jealousies of Southeastern Europe, especially of the Balkans, have not been eradicated by the war. On the contrary, the outcome has exaggerated these antagonisms. Already there is a scrambling for spoils; to get even for old scores seems to be the dominant motive at Bucharest, Budapest, Belgrade and Athens. To place these small nations on a board of executive of the league at present would be to invite constant intrigue and conspiracy that would imperil harmony and hamper the carrying out of the conference's program.

Much safer appears to be the alternative, a managing group composed of the big fellows. With their military and naval strength they are in a position to keep the turbulent within bounds and see that the decisions of arbitration tribunals are enforced.

### Canada Can Be an Exception in Warfare of "the Classes"

Is Canadian labor to let a look of distrust creep into its eyes, there to be frozen into a glare of hatred for capital? And is capital to regard labor with the bitter aversion and detestation that grows from the seed of fear?

The Advertiser cannot believe that this new country is to be cursed with a violent outbreak of class warfare, born of prejudice and intolerance, when the middle ground of harmony is an inviting field that waits only the harrows of common sense and mutual sharing.

Capital and labor are interdependent. Capital's machines would go rusty and fall to pieces were it not for the hands of labor; and the hands of labor would be idle were it not for the machines capital has built up. For many years we have never had serious industrial warfare in Canada; our labor troubles have been a series of local disturbances, from which both sides of the wage-earning problem have learned something. There are today wild-eyed agitators among laboring men; there are also capitalists of the medieval type who would grind the last ounce of strength from their men. But they are relics of another

day. They have not seen the light. They have no true spirit of Canadianism, which at least in its ideals builds for universal prosperity and happiness. They are foreigners to our national intention, just as are those who seek to perpetuate bigotry and stir up strife at a time when men come closer to one another.

But it is not all clear sky that shows on the industrial horizon today. There are a few storm clouds in the sky that might produce lightning, and there are some ominous blurs in the barometer.

The bitterness comes when intolerance is on one or both sides of the argument. The reasonable capitalist cannot make headway against the unrelenting foe of private enterprise. The reasonable labor man cannot submit to the terms of the capitalist who regards him as a thing of flesh and blood to be worked at full capacity, a sort of soulless automaton who has no claim to more than he can wrest from his employer.

When the bigotry of one side or another has forced an issue, not only the immediate sufferers are affected, but the whole community is injured. Capital has its organizations; labor cannot be denied. Capital strikes with all its power for the things it desires. Labor has as much right as capital to its organizations and its common efforts. Labor will act in future with a greater show of its power than ever before.

But Canadian labor, as it exists today, is composed of men who have been trained in principles at least as worthy as those set up by capital. It is asking more than ever before, and it is receiving higher wages. And it cannot be denied when it asks the chance to meet capital to discuss those questions which are not alone the concern of capital, but equally the concern of the men who man the plant.

Before this The Advertiser has urged that London's Chamber of Commerce should regard as not the least among its duties the appointment of a committee having to do with the maintenance of harmonious industrial conditions in this city. It is not wholly the idea of The Advertiser, but a conclusion reached after a consideration of certain phases of the labor situation existing in the city at the present time. The Chamber of Commerce will do a great service if it can bring together the employer and the employee and to guard against future troubles. Labor is willing. What does capital say?

### Stars in Their Course Point Direct to Creator

Outside a limited circle of astronomy students and "fans," for even the cold science of the stars has its devotees as enthusiastic as those who follow the stars of the diamond, the passing of Professor Pickering of Harvard, noted astronomer, will receive little notice. Yet he gave to the world conceptions of nature's majesty and might which have led us a little nearer to a realization of the full splendor of the divine plan. A large part of his maturity was spent in charting the skies and giving to the world findings which, while they overcome us with their stupendousness, impress us with their reflection of the Creator.

Professor Pickering demonstrated that vast sidereal systems are born, operated and pass away in perfect harmony with an Intelligence immeasurably beyond the understanding of the human mind. He has shown that there is nothing haphazard in the wheeling of the worlds through space. That knowledge should steady our faith and hope when they are reeling under affliction or doubt. For a correction of our instability we must draw from the stability and immutability of nature as well as its beauty, and nothing so surely supplies this as contemplation of the heavens by night. The stars, like roses, sunsets and storms, are matchless guides to communion with the Supreme Being, especially when we learn from men such as Professor Pickering that besides their beauty and mystery they evidence a divine harmony and purpose.

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

To rush to Russia, or not to rush, appears to be one of the big problems of the peace conference.

Labor will ask Government to stiffen beer.—Headline. In other words to replace near-beer with beer-beer.

Lenine now says that he will stake all on a great conference. Hitherto he has been staking all on a great confusion.

British medical officers have isolated the "flu" bacilli. And now, will somebody please isolate Lenine and Trotsky?

If the Allied forces in Northern Russia continue to retire, it is to be hoped the ice will hold good when they reach the sea.

Ebert repeats that old stuff to the effect that all Germany desired was more sunlight. Wasn't it the spotlight they were after?

Sir Lomer Gouin may go from provincial to federal politics. That would be a distinct loss to Quebec, but a great gain to Canada.

An army dentist has made a discovery that will save babies from teething ills. Perhaps this will influence a lot of bachelors to wed.

Germans are waiting that the ex-kaiser has been punished enough. It seems to the rest of us that is one good thing which can't be overdone.

### The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)  
CANDY GIRL.  
By R. R. Baker.

The Mutual Consolation Club was in session. The members, four in number, were seated around a table. The reason for the Mutual Consolation Club, Mattie was the "candy girl" of Aberville, and the most sought swimmer in the matrimonial sea. She was the "candy girl" in two respects. She was declared to be the sweetest and the most beautiful girl in the most elusive belle that ever wrung a man's heart.

Her abode was on Turnip Hill, but Mattie spent little time there. She was not a social creature. She came to work and she did it before a high clock and a proportionately high stool in the business office of the Don Ton Candy Factory.

Mattie had rejected the four most desirable young men in the village. They were desirable by their own admission, and they had bank books to prove it. The bank books, however, had proved of no more avail in the wooing of Mattie than a man's money.

Each member of the club had spent money like sand in the desert in his campaign to make Mattie his wife. She accepted all the attention until they wearied her, and then she calmly and scornfully rejected them by another means. The collective rejection was as follows:

"You go about trying to win a girl's affections just as a boiler-maker would operate a typewriter. Think I'd marry a man with no more initiative than you? I should say not, emphatically. I want a husband who can think for himself and then, the fellow who thinks up something new in the way of courting a girl is the one that catches me. See?"

Then the Mutual Consolation Club came into being. Each of the four discovered simultaneously that the others were after the fair Mattie. It happened that the club met at the top of Turnip Hill.

Tom Grayson was peering over a long box of roses, Fred Hooper was lugging a chafing dish he had procured from a Chicago mail order house, Sam Green was puffing under the weight of a table lamp, while Albert Terry looked sheepish, because all he had to offer to the god of love was tickets to the county fair, and they didn't make much of a showing in his vest pocket.

They compared notes and were about to draw lots to decide a coin to decide which of them should have the honor of keeping his engagement for the evening with the idol of their hearts when the idol in question appeared on the porch and delivered the extemporaneous address quoted above.

Thereupon the bridesseekers adjourned to the insurance office of Sam Upkins, at the foot of Turnip Hill, and the roses were put to repose in the garbage can, while the chafing dish came into use as an ash tray; the lamp fulfilled its mission by dispelling the gloom which was fast gathering in the room and its radiance, and the fair tickets were utilized to carry her from the one match which the club had voted to accept to the cigars which furnished the ashes that were deposited in the chafing dish.

By mutual consent each of the four accepted all the attentions until they desired detailed his journey along the brink of matrimony in quest of a place to plunge in. Each had undergone the same experiences, invested in the same presents for the elusive Mattie and met the same rebuffs.

Under the constituted presidency of Mr. Terry the club thereupon took upon itself the task of discovering a key to the padlock on Mattie Melvode's heart.

She wants some one who has initiative, genius—some one who has an idea," said Mr. Terry, addressing his fellow members. "Thereupon, it behooves us to colligate our brains and come up with a novel way to her affections. When we have come upon a scheme that looks feasible, we will hold a lottery and the lucky man will be allowed to try, without interference from the rest, to win the prize on Turnip Hill. If the scheme fails, we will try another, using the lottery again. That way the chances of us will encroach on the preserve of the other, and one of us ought to make our dream of happiness come true. Collaboration—that's it."

The club adjourned to the next day, when each of the members was to submit his plan for the capitulation of Mattie Melvode.

Promptly at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, Messrs. Grayson, Hooper, Upkins and Terry assembled in the insurance office. Each of them looked expectant, for having failed to evolve an idea of his own, each expected the other to be the other plans submitted.

When the session was called to order and the deplorable situation was known, four bright smiles turned to four dejected frowns, and four pipes were lighted and eight feet deposited on the mahogany table.

"What's to be done?" inquired President Terry.

"Have none of us an initiative? Are we going to let this girl escape marriage with one of the four most desirable men in the village? Are we going to let her wear her life away, her beauty and charms unappreciated, in that sordid candy factory?"

The other three drew long and gurgling on their pipes and wreathed themselves in smoke and said nothing.

Finally Mr. Grayson reached out and plucked the Aberville Weekly "Times" from the table.

"I tell you, I'm about ready to give up," he announced, and to prove he had lost interest in love, he opened the paper and began scrutinizing it with an air of absorbed interest.

The others smoked on in silence, which was broken suddenly by Mr. Grayson, whose feet hit the floor with a resounding bang, and who rose clutching the newspaper with one hand and his hair with the other.

"Listen to this, would you?" he fairly shouted. They withdrew their feet from the table and pushed back their chairs, all with due deliberation, for the Mutual Consolation Club was a more or less deliberative body. Nevertheless, they were startled and somewhat mentally deranged through grief.

"Just listen to this," the excited Grayson repeated. "Mr. and Mrs. George Melvode of Turnip Hill announce the engagement of their daughter, Mattie to Mr. Hiram Slocum, of Green Creek. Here it is, right here in the society column."

The quartet joined in a prolonged groan, which was followed by another excited action on the part of Mr. Gray-

son, who suddenly pointed out the window at a lanky figure, carrying a small package under his arm, sauntering up the hill, in the village? Are we going to let her wear her life away, her beauty and charms unappreciated, in that sordid candy factory?"

The other three drew long and gurgling on their pipes and wreathed themselves in smoke and said nothing.

Finally Mr. Grayson reached out and plucked the Aberville Weekly "Times" from the table.

"I tell you, I'm about ready to give up," he announced, and to prove he had lost interest in love, he opened the paper and began scrutinizing it with an air of absorbed interest.

The others smoked on in silence, which was broken suddenly by Mr. Grayson, whose feet hit the floor with a resounding bang, and who rose clutching the newspaper with one hand and his hair with the other.

"Listen to this, would you?" he fairly shouted. They withdrew their feet from the table and pushed back their chairs, all with due deliberation, for the Mutual Consolation Club was a more or less deliberative body. Nevertheless, they were startled and somewhat mentally deranged through grief.

"Just listen to this," the excited Grayson repeated. "Mr. and Mrs. George Melvode of Turnip Hill announce the engagement of their daughter, Mattie to Mr. Hiram Slocum, of Green Creek. Here it is, right here in the society column."

The quartet joined in a prolonged groan, which was followed by another excited action on the part of Mr. Gray-

son, who suddenly pointed out the window at a lanky figure, carrying a small package under his arm, sauntering up the hill, in the village? Are we going to let her wear her life away, her beauty and charms unappreciated, in that sordid candy factory?"

The other three drew long and gurgling on their pipes and wreathed themselves in smoke and said nothing.

Finally Mr. Grayson reached out and plucked the Aberville Weekly "Times" from the table.

"I tell you, I'm about ready to give up," he announced, and to prove he had lost interest in love, he opened the paper and began scrutinizing it with an air of absorbed interest.

The others smoked on in silence, which was broken suddenly by Mr. Grayson, whose feet hit the floor with a resounding bang, and who rose clutching the newspaper with one hand and his hair with the other.

"Listen to this, would you?" he fairly shouted. They withdrew their feet from the table and pushed back their chairs, all with due deliberation, for the Mutual Consolation Club was a more or less deliberative body. Nevertheless, they were startled and somewhat mentally deranged through grief.

"Just listen to this," the excited Grayson repeated. "Mr. and Mrs. George Melvode of Turnip Hill announce the engagement of their daughter, Mattie to Mr. Hiram Slocum, of Green Creek. Here it is, right here in the society column."

The quartet joined in a prolonged groan, which was followed by another excited action on the part of Mr. Gray-

son, who suddenly pointed out the window at a lanky figure, carrying a small package under his arm, sauntering up the hill, in the village? Are we going to let her wear her life away, her beauty and charms unappreciated, in that sordid candy factory?"

The other three drew long and gurgling on their pipes and wreathed themselves in smoke and said nothing.

Finally Mr. Grayson reached out and plucked the Aberville Weekly "Times" from the table.

"I tell you, I'm about ready to give up," he announced, and to prove he had lost interest in love, he opened the paper and began scrutinizing it with an air of absorbed interest.

The others smoked on in silence, which was broken suddenly by Mr. Grayson, whose feet hit the floor with a resounding bang, and who rose clutching the newspaper with one hand and his hair with the other.

"Listen to this, would you?" he fairly shouted. They withdrew their feet from the table and pushed back their chairs, all with due deliberation, for the Mutual Consolation Club was a more or less deliberative body. Nevertheless, they were startled and somewhat mentally deranged through grief.

"Just listen to this," the excited Grayson repeated. "Mr. and Mrs. George Melvode of Turnip Hill announce the engagement of their daughter, Mattie to Mr. Hiram Slocum, of Green Creek. Here it is, right here in the society column."

The quartet joined in a prolonged groan, which was followed by another excited action on the part of Mr. Gray-

son, who suddenly pointed out the window at a lanky figure, carrying a small package under his arm, sauntering up the hill, in the village? Are we going to let her wear her life away, her beauty and charms unappreciated, in that sordid candy factory?"

The other three drew long and gurgling on their pipes and wreathed themselves in smoke and said nothing.

Finally Mr. Grayson reached out and plucked the Aberville Weekly "Times" from the table.

"I tell you, I'm about ready to give up," he announced, and to prove he had lost interest in love, he opened the paper and began scrutinizing it with an air of absorbed interest.

The others smoked on in silence, which was broken suddenly by Mr. Grayson, whose feet hit the floor with a resounding bang, and who rose clutching the newspaper with one hand and his hair with the other.

"Listen to this, would you?" he fairly shouted. They withdrew their feet from the table and pushed back their chairs, all with due deliberation, for the Mutual Consolation Club was a more or less deliberative body. Nevertheless, they were startled and somewhat mentally deranged through grief.

"Just listen to this," the excited Grayson repeated. "Mr. and Mrs. George Melvode of Turnip Hill announce the engagement of their daughter, Mattie to Mr. Hiram Slocum, of Green Creek. Here it is, right here in the society column."

The quartet joined in a prolonged groan, which was followed by another excited action on the part of Mr. Gray-

### The DIET During and After INFLUENZA

The Old Reliable  
Round Package

Horlick's  
Malted Milk

Very Nutritious, Digestible

The REAL Food-Drink, instantly prepared,  
Made by the ORIGINAL Horlick process and  
from carefully selected materials.

Used successfully over 1/4 century.  
Endorsed by physicians everywhere.

Ask for Horlick's The Original  
and get Horlick's The Original

Thus Avoiding Imitations

Canada Food Board License No. 14-35.

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk

Horlick's Malted Milk