

# London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.

Morning Edition. City. 10c per week. 30c per year. Outside City. 15c per week. 45c per year. Evening Edition. City. 10c per week. 30c per year. Outside City. 15c per week. 45c per year. Noon Edition. 3c per year by mail.

## TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

3670—Private Branch Exchange, Connecting All Departments. From 10 p.m. to 3:30 a.m., and holidays, call 3670—Business Department. 3671—Editors. Toronto Representative—F. W. Thompson, 57 Mall Building. U. S. Representatives—New York, Chas. H. Eddy Co., Fifth Ave. Bldg.; Chicago, Chas. H. Eddy Co., People's Gas Bldg.; Boston, Chas. H. Eddy Co., Old South Bldg.

The London Advertiser Company, Limited.

London, Ont., Wednesday, Dec. 6.

## A GREAT WAR FIGURE PASSES.

A DESPOTIC RULE such as the Emperor of Germany maintains can be sure of itself up to the point of popular revolution. A democratic rule such as the British empire maintains is mercurial and feels the effect of warm winds and cold almost instantaneously. In these times of political cyclone, blizzard and typhoon, when life or death may hang on the pen point of a statesman, how can any single personality stand up before the elements when he bears in relation to his people only the strength of a citizen, only the power of a single unit among millions of units?

The man on horseback in the Allied camps is a rare figure. Only the stern military system of France keeps the great Joffre in his saddle. Premiers and state leaders of all other Allied countries, save shattered Belgium, have been swept into the vortex. Asquith has maintained that rare balance since war began, chaining the lightning of Lloyd George and the other fiery spirits until now, but eventually falling before the constant demand for action and a single merged individuality of force for the empire and the cause.

For Asquith his retirement cannot be figured as defeat. How typically he maintained the calm philosophy and dogged persistence of the race, Anglo-Saxon in his contempt for rude procedure and cleaving to his faith in the measured way. Tomorrow the empire may weep for his return. The Celtic fires that have made his cool logic fade, as the chill of a room before the warmth of a grate fire, will now be put to the grim test of supreme leadership. The spirits of impulse and rapid movement are to hold the stage. Until now they have not had to hold supreme control. How will they measure up to the titanic task? Can they mix their abilities and characters into the one great chemical that will react for victory? Have they more skill than this master chemist who has just been deposed, who has presided at the crucible for so long?

The prosecution of the war must go on with the spurt of a relay team which has been given a new runner. The strength of Lloyd George has counted in every task to which it has been applied. He has always, through their days of tremendous upheavals in state reforms, had the fatherly philosophical premier at his hand. They have worked wonders together. Lloyd George seems the inspired youth; Asquith the great, sympathetic judge.

Many must have misgivings in the change. The loss of such a man means that he takes something that cannot be given by anyone else, yet his work, like Kitchener's, has been the foundation builder of the war machine. He may have been a master builder of the great machine, but others may operate it to greater advantage. The voice of Britain is certain to be heard; all other changes seem to have wrought for more certain progress toward triumph. The new cabinet comes untied for its tasks in one sense, yet fully equipped in another. It will succeed if it is able to replace the leadership that Asquith gave. His retirement is one of the most dramatic incidents of the war, almost as effacing as the death of the soldier who went down off the Orkneys. The premier was great enough in the final test to sacrifice himself to the strong demands of those he knew were necessary for the war council. He might have held out and won; he chose to place the task in other hands when the crisis came. The world will acclaim that his retirement from the premiership came after he had established himself as one of the foremost figures in the history of the empire.

## DO IT NOW!

THE ADVERTISER has received a number of letters appealing for an early closing of London stores during the Christmas season. Some of the remarks regarding wages paid are unnecessarily overdrawn, as the well-being of those who work in London stores is established by their appearance, if by nothing else. We do not believe many clerks could be found to leave, even privately, that they were ill-treated. Most of them would say they were well treated.

The fact remains that it lies in the power of the public to relieve the strain and long hours of the Christmas season for proprietor and clerk together by shopping in daylight hours. The old slogan, "Do your shopping early!" should be ringing in the ears of everyone. A little kindness and a little foresight will relieve both buyer and seller of unnecessary labor, fatigue and crowding. Christmas shopping should be spread over a whole month, rather than a few days of frantic rushing. And the brisk trade reported in London indicates that the public is buying earlier.

## HOW THE HOTELS ARE DOING.

THE ADVERTISER hears good reports of the manner in which hotelkeepers in Western Ontario are conducting their places of "entertainment for man and beast" since the prohibitive laws came into existence. They are giving good meals and beds as well as improving their places. Lodging and feeding the tired traveler have become the primary departments of their calling; formerly the bar occupied the greatest attention of many. Commercial men declare that many hotelkeepers are satisfied with the change, and are making a moderate competence, without the annoyance and almost certain unpleasantness attached to the sale of liquor.

The hotelkeepers are adapting themselves to conditions without any urging from the highly-salaried commission which still remains in office. They are making the most of their opportunities, and it is fair to point out that few hotelkeepers have been charged with breaches of the liquor act; they have not sought to breed the "blind pig" and they do not seek to disrupt prohibitive enactments by harboring bottle-workers.

Many, no doubt, find it difficult to make both ends meet; that was inevitable, when so drastic an act came

into force. Opportunities, however, are almost certain to become upon, if a man with a clean, well-appointed house keeps his eyes open. Many points in Western Ontario could be developed as summer resorts. Most of the cities and towns are convenient to lake or river, and an attractive hotel, with a home-like atmosphere and a good reputation for wholesome food, if properly advertised, is almost certain to attract vacation patronage. Good fishing is to be had in many quarters, and this is always a magnet for the American who comes north in summer.

Many hotels are also adjacent to good mineral springs. For instance, some London up-town hotel could make a reputation for itself by piping to its premises the sulphur water which flows about along the river. Such a hotel, if given national and international publicity, would, under enterprising management, be almost certain to succeed. The medicinal value of the sulphur water found here is established.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Do your Christmas shopping now!

The great Tosti has sung his final, throbbing "Good-bye."

David Lloyd George is a little man who usually gets his way.

Why is the appointment of London's police magistrate held up so long?

It may be shown that there is little reason to "Beware the Greek when he comes bearing weapons."

Hints of great events that will "make Germany happy for Christmas" must foretell some new form of murder.

Many a Christmas wreath in a London home will be hung in the spirit of a memorial to a lost one in Europe.

Can the excessive joy promised for the Hun Christmas be the eating of the kaiser's dinner in Paris? He would be ready to boast of his ability to do it.

It would be playing good cricket to offer the mayoralty for next year by acclamation to Lieut.-Col. W. M. Gartshore, a most worthy citizen, who was tied for the honor this year with Mayor H. A. Stevenson.

The death of Lieut. Bart Cottam is a severe shock to all who knew the fine youth. It seemed that he was walking about only yesterday, then came the dread tidings of another brilliant life snuffed out painlessly and in a spirit of glorious sacrifice.

## The Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang Asks Mrs. Bang Where She Got That Turkey.

BY FONTAINE FOX



## The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## The Heirloom Ring

By Helen Merritt.

It was a great disappointment to Frank Lloyd to be obliged to leave Linville with his love for Amy Baker undeclared. But the summons home was imperative. "Your father is seriously ill. Come at once," it said. There was a short, sharp struggle in Frank's mind between love and duty, but memories of his father's years of devotion conquered.

The thought of leaving Amy without a farewell letter and a registered package. Both were in the same handwriting, and, after considering for a moment, she opened the letter first. "My Dear Little Amy," it began. "The sudden and serious illness of my father has called me away from Linville. For reasons which I am sure you must guess, I hate to go, but the call is urgent, for my father has been until recently nearest to my heart. I am sending by this mail my ring, a family heirloom. If the love you must know I feel for you is returned, will you wear the ring until I can replace it with another? When I return, which will be as speedily as possible, if I find this ring on your hand I shall know that my dearest honor is to be realized. Your devoted lover, "Frank."

Shyly and reverently Amy drew the curious and valuable ring from its box. For severely a moment did she consider before slipping it on her finger. She kissed it there with a fervor which brought hot blushes to her face, despite the fact that there was no one to see. Ever since Frank had arrived at the home of her friends, the Deans, to spend the summer with his college chum, Geoffrey, he had occupied first place in her heart, and while she had hoped that her love was reciprocal, she had lacked definite assurance until the present moment. Small wonder that her eyes glowed and that she resolved firmly that the treasured ring should never leave her finger until Frank himself removed it. He had not asked her to write, so she kept her secret treasured in her own heart and went around outwardly the same, but inwardly the happiest girl in the world.

Into the perfect bliss came trouble swift and unexpected. The blow fell on a day when Harold, Amy's youngest brother, burst into her room with a face on which horror and despair were jointly pictured. It was the old story of a young man, tempted to gamble, "borrowing" the funds of the institution which employed and trusted him, until the small speculations could be no longer concealed.

Amy listened, white faced, to the pitiful recital. "It will kill father and mother if you are arrested for stealing," she said stonily.

Harold flung himself at her feet, clasping her knees. "They mustn't know, sister," he implored. "Help me to raise the money and restore it and I will promise never to gamble again."

So Amy's few good jewels were taken from their hiding place, and Harold, chastened and subdued, set out to raise money on them to make good his deficiency before it should be discovered. But the most he could raise fell far short of the sum total he needed, and, with despair at his heart, he wended his way back to where his sister tremulously awaited him. "It's no use, little sister," he said. "I shall have to pay the penalty. I can't get near enough on your little trinkets."

Amy bowed her head on her hands, and as she did so her brow touched the betrothal ring on her finger. She looked at it dazedly. It was a valuable ring. It would keep her brother from prison, and her father and mother from the knowledge that

the son in whom they took so much pride was a criminal. For only a second she hesitated, then drawing the ring from her finger she handed it to Harold. "Take it," she said. "It is worth a great deal of money."

Then bursting into tears she turned away from Harold's grateful thanks and sought refuge alone, where she could weep out her heart at the loss of her treasure. Frank returned unannounced to Linville and went straight to Amy's house. Lights shone from the windows, and as he drew near he could see Amy at the piano. Startled, he gazed at her. One of his closest rivals was bending over her in an attitude of devotion—and Frank's ring was not on her hand.

Seeing, but unseen, he decided that his cause was hopeless, and went as quietly as he had come. Love was not for him. Henceforth he would be a lonely, busy man, attending to big business interests and allowing no woman to fill his mind.

Six months later Frank was called to a city a short distance from Linville. Seeking shelter from a sudden shower in a pawnbroker's doorway he glanced curiously at the window display. To his unbounded astonishment he saw his own ring.

He rushed into the shop and asked to see the ring. His judicious questioning brought out the fact that a young man, who, the pawnbroker remembered, had seemed in great distress, had brought in the ring and other jewelry. From his description Frank had no doubt that Harold had pawned the ring, although examination of the pawnbroker's records gave an entirely different name.

Without loss of time Frank hastened to Linville. He would see Harold and demand the truth. Perhaps—and at the thought his pulses bounded—there was some reason besides indifference for Amy's failure to wear his ring. He reached the small town at noon, and almost the first person he met was Harold hastening to lunch.

Frank went straight to the point, and Harold, after being convinced that there was a vital reason for the searching questions, broke down and admitted that Amy had pawned her jewels to raise money for him. Then, in answer to Frank's eager questions, he said sadly:

"Amy has changed greatly. Whether it was because of my wrongdoing or not I don't know, but from the day she knew of it her health and spirits failed. So it happened that when Frank, eager and ardent, entered the Baker drawing-room, it was a frail shadow of the former blooming girl that turned a languid head to see who was coming. A few minutes later, however, the pale cheeks had taken on a hue of health, the languidness had disappeared, and a new and more beautiful Amy received Frank's betrothal kiss, so long delayed and so ardently desired."

Amy listened, white faced, to the pitiful recital. "It will kill father and mother if you are arrested for stealing," she said stonily.

Harold flung himself at her feet, clasping her knees. "They mustn't know, sister," he implored. "Help me to raise the money and restore it and I will promise never to gamble again."

## Wait a Minute!

By J. H. F.

Boxes of food are to be placed in the Michigan north woods for hunters who get lost. It might be a good thing to furnish each individual hunter with a guide, nurse, physician, a tank and a few other things of like nature.

The gent who wrote about "confusion worse confounded" must have been a regular attendant at city council meetings.

A lot of men learn their religion as they get their college

degrees—by the correspondence system.

The Germans are now eating smoked whale. The dish of crow is being prepared for the Kaiser.

In spite of its moniker, there is no rest in Bucharest.

Yesterday was our birthday. Now, boys, altogether: "Darling, I am Growing Old." Hooray.

POEMS FROM THE FRONT.

Once in a while I read a little ditty That draws from me my sympathy and pity For those dear chaps who tread the muddy trench To try the swaggers from the Huns to wrench.

But why in thunder, while they take repose, They write in verse instead of honest prose. I cannot understand. 'Twould better be In straight-laced prose than would-be poetry.

Of all the poems I've glanced at from the front— Excuse me if I seem a little blunt— The number drops perhaps to two or three That could be classed as really poetry. I lack the nerve the German blood to spill.

But either I or honest poet Bill Should cross the pond and land "Somewhere in France." To write for Tommy, while we'd take the chance Of being killed, bedad, by friend or foe,

While trying hard to make the measures flow. I know by writing this I take a chance, For really Bill may be "Somewhere in France."

—JACK RILEY.

We like Shriners very much. A smile is worth a lot these days—in fact, any day. A lot of folks don't know that. We do not know much about the other world, but we do know that a little bit of fun, a lot of good fellowship and kindness, are worth while. We are not going to wait until we are ferried across the Styx to have our joy. A number of things about which we get headaches and generate bitterness don't amount to much.

The ministers imagine prize-fighters really fight. That's the funny part of it. They don't. Anybody who has seen them will swear to that.

We have been warned against cash-

ing checks for unknown persons. It is sometimes quite as dangerous to cash them for known persons.

Serbia did not amount to much some

CUNARD LINE

CANADIAN SERVICE.

HALIFAX-LONDON

PASSENGER SERVICE

From London. From Halifax.

DEC. 2 ... ASCANIA ... DEC. 25

DEC. 16 ... AUSONIA ... JAN. 4

CABIN AND THIRD-CLASS.

For information apply Local Ticket Agent or The Robert Reford Company, Limited, General Agents, 50 King Street East, Toronto.

DEC. 30

CANADIAN PACIFIC OCEAN SERVICES LIMITED.

MANAGED BY AGENTS

MISSANABIE

SAT., DEC. 9

ALLAN LINES.

Lv. Liverpool. Lv. St. John.

Dec. 1 Scandinavian. Dec. 16

Lv. London. Lv. St. John.

Nov. 23 Corinthian. Dec. 13

Lv. Glasgow. Lv. St. John.

Nov. 25 Scotian. Dec. 9

CAN. PACIFIC LINES.

Lv. Liverpool. Lv. St. John.

Nov. 25 Missanabie. Dec. 9

For Rates, Reservations, etc., Apply Local Agents, or

ALLAN LINE—95 King St. W.

I. E. SUTCLIFF—1 King St. E.

General Agents, Toronto.

PASSPORTS.

Application Forms Fur-

nished to Passen-

gers on request.

2xt 1f

time ago, but she's a healthy, growing youngster right now. Some lady soon

The Russell Sage foundation has discovered that whipping is good for children. That explains much of our goodness.

Traction Company

EFFECTIVE SEPTEMBER 17.

To St. Thomas and Port Stanley—7:30 a.m., \*9:30, \*11:30,

\*1:30 p.m., \*3:30, \*5:30, \*7:30,

\*9:15 p.m.

To Tempo, 4:30. To St. Thomas, 6:15 p.m. and 11:15 p.m.

Sunday cars marked with a star (\*).

LONDON AND PORT STANLEY RAILWAY

EFFECTIVE OCTOBER 1.

To Port Stanley: 6:20, 8:20, 10:20 a.m.,

1:20, 3:20, 5:20, 7:20, 10:20 p.m.

To St. Thomas: \*5:20, \*6:20, 7:20, 8:20,

9:20, 10:20, 11:20 a.m., 12:20, 1:20, 2:20,

3:20, 4:20, 5:20, 6:20, 7:20, 8:20, 9:20,

10:20, \*11:20 p.m.

Heavy type denotes no local stops between London and St. Thomas.

\*Daily, except Sunday.

Grand Trunk Railway System

Winter Tours

SPECIAL Fares

now in effect

to resorts in Florida,

Georgia, North and

South Carolina,

Louisiana and other Southern

States, and to Bermuda and the West Indies.

Return Limit May 31st, 1917

STOP-OVER ALLOWED

R. E. RUSE,

C. P. and T. A., "Clock"

Corner, Phone 80.

261f 27v

## CROWN LIFE

Crown Life Policies are the best incentives to-

ward systematic saving—not selfish, miserly

saving, but saving that takes thought of others

as well as yourself.

Let us send you some fresh insurance facts

CROWN LIFE INSURANCE CO., TORONTO

Agents wanted in unrepresented districts

## Munitions or Lives?

There is a splendid way in which YOU can help to save Canadian soldiers' lives.

Give them enough munitions to smash the enemy's trenches so thoroughly that when the "advance" is ordered our boys may go forward with minimum loss of life.

More and more munitions are needed as the enemy is beaten back to his lair.

## Every Shell is a Life Saver

MARK H. IRISH,  
Director of Munitions Labor,  
National Service Board,  
Canada.

Saxol Salve  
CURES SKIN AFFECTIONS  
One package proves it. Sold and guaranteed by above Vinol druggist.