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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, Dec. 19.

SIR WILFRID AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE smoke of the battle has cleared away, and the prospect is a compromise between the Borden Government and a Liberal Government. There are many good men in the ranks of the Opposition. Western Ontario is sending a full share of good men, Duncan C. Ross, a tried, experienced member, in West Middlesex; Wm. Forrester in South Perth; A. Atkin in South Essex; William C. Kennedy in North Essex; R. E. Trux in South Bruce, and Archie McCoig in Kent. There was a spirit of success in rural Western Ontario. Had it not been for St. Thomas city Hon. T. W. Crothers would have been defeated. The Maritime Provinces did well. Nova Scotia gave 9 out of 16 seats; New Brunswick 4 out of 11 and Prince Edward Island every member, four. Had there been time to instruct the people of the prairie provinces of the West, and British Columbia, the verdict would have been reversed. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's splendid meetings came too late. His brilliant past speaks for him a brilliant future. He would rather be right than be premier. Throughout his whole life all "have heard his challenge, it is just!"

It is a cause for genuine satisfaction to the Liberal party in Canada that their leaders have been men of great ability and high-minded purposes. No country in the world has produced three higher-minded men than Alexander MacKenzie, Scotch; Edward Blake, Irish, and Wilfrid Laurier, French, and all three true Canadian statesmen as well.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier should have been elected premier, but the true knowledge did not reach the West in time. There may be a turn in the wheel, that will bring Carvell, Calder, Fielding and a number of other Liberals, back under his flag. That is where they belong, and where they can do most good, but they may do much good where very much good is needed, in the Union Government. Everyone wants to win the war; no one more earnestly desires to than Sir Wilfrid Laurier. No voice in Canada could more effectively plead for recruits.

"Listen, young heroes, your country is calling! Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true;

Now when the foremost around you are falling, Fill up the ranks that have opened for you."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier will aid the Government by every means in his power to win the war. He has never "feared a foe or failed a friend," and Canada is his friend.

NOW FOR CONSCRIPTION.

THE Canadian people have declared for the enforcement of the conscription act. No matter by what means that verdict was secured, the fact now presented to the country is that a clear mandate has been given to Premier Borden to proceed with his measure for the securing of reinforcements. The people have been told that the men in the trenches have been crying for help, that they must be given help, and that they voted overwhelmingly for Union in the hope of securing that help.

And help they must have. It was on May 18 that Premier Borden announced his stand for conscription. Seven months have passed since that announcement, and no men are in uniform as a result of the law. Farmers have been promised universal exemption, Quebec has not been made to face the task, and the prospect is for the cities and towns of the other provinces to provide the 100,000 men. Figures given out by the military service council go to prove that with farmers exempted, at least one half of this number has not been secured, and perhaps a quarter will not be secured.

Great Britain did not enforce conscription in Ireland. The situation in Quebec is quite as difficult as the Irish situation. The premier faces a task of his own making, and the country, especially Ontario, will look with keen eyes upon the performance of the task.

The premier has decided to take the most precious thing—human life. How far will he conscript the material things in order that life may have its best chance to prevail at the front? Since life is taken, surely profits and pork are not to be protected.

THEY HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY.

HOW will the former Liberals who are now members of the Borden Government acquit themselves? That is a question which is attracting the attention of a good many electors today. If Sir Robert Borden keeps his reiterated promises, they will carry considerable weight in the new cabinet, and will have more than a little influence in directing the policy of the country.

If (how frequently it is necessary to use that word in this connection) they retain any of their Liberal principles, they can demand a reconsideration of the C. N. R. purchase bill, and save the country from the expenditure of many millions of dollars. There is no excuse for neglecting this question now. It has been pleaded that the matter was being ignored because it was unimportant in comparison with the conscription issue, but the latter is settled, presumably, and there is now ample opportunity to take up this and other "unimportant" questions at length and in detail. The wartime election act has fulfilled the cowardly purpose for which it was designed, and may be considered a dead letter.

Soldiers' pensions and pay. That is a subject worthy the consideration of the whole House,

for there can be no doubt that there is room for improvement. Equal pensions for all ranks have been advocated by The Advertiser, and will continue to be urged. The ex-Liberals in the cabinet and in the House have an opportunity to show the high regard and deep affection they have expressed for the men in the ranks by introducing and supporting a motion to have this principle recognized and adopted. If a referendum were held on the question, the result would be certain; there ought to be no hesitation about passing such a law.

As to the pay given soldiers, it is far too small. The constantly rising cost of all necessities makes it almost impossible for a man of no private means to enlist with the certainty that his wife and family will be able to live in comfort. Under conscription there is even more need than ever for an increase. Volunteers had a chance to decide for themselves whether they could enlist and yet provide for their families, and if they could not see their way clear they were not obliged to wear the khaki. But now compulsion is in effect. If the country has the right to take men to fight, the men have an equal right to demand that all danger of their dependents suffering from want be eliminated. They also have the right to demand that the patriotic fund be administered by the Government and given to those for whom it is destined without the objectionable charity tinge which now distinguishes it.

These and many other good works may be undertaken by the ex-Liberals, and will find hearty support from the Opposition side. The whole country will rejoice if the new influence shows good effects, and a large portion of it will feel some surprise.

THE WAR'S OUTLOOK.

FRANK H. SIMONDS predicts that the war will not be ended before 1919, and that Germany's next move will be an attempt to crush France and bring her to that state of weariness which means defeat. He cannot see any possibility of Allied victory until the United States army, at least one million strong, gets to the firing line and throws its weight into the scales. He hopes and believes that Britain and France will withstand the German offensive on the western front, which he takes for granted, until such time as they are enabled to take the offensive with American help.

This is all very plausible, but it is based on the assumption that Italy will follow Russia's example, and will give way before the Teutons, allowing them to inflict a wound through which Italy will bleed to death. The question is whether such an assumption is justified.

Looking on the brighter and quite possible side, Italy may stand firm with the aid she is receiving, and not only stop the Teutonic advance but resume the offensive towards Austria. In that case, Germany's chances of starting a great offensive against the French in the west would be nil. Even with the reserves freed by Russia's defection, she would not have enough men to carry out such a scheme, while her armies were required to bolster up Austria's on the Italian front.

Mr. Simonds may be writing with the object of putting the most serious possibilities fairly before the people of the United States and Canada. He may believe, and not without reason, that there has been too much optimism and too little effort made to provide against the set-backs which may be suffered by the Allies. He prefers to paint a gloomy picture, knowing that this will be more likely to steel the determination of and arouse patriotism and self-sacrifice to the highest pitch in the Anglo-Saxon peoples.

Italy has had her day of indecision, and there is reason to hope that it has ended. The death-dealing German propaganda has been discovered, and is being dealt with in no uncertain way. New spirit has been instilled into the Italians by the arrival of British and French forces, magnificently equipped, to help hold the frontiers, giving proof of the steadfastness and strength of their allies. The spirit of Garibaldi has not died.

Hundreds of thousands of United States troops will be in France early in spring, if they are not there now. Every boatload is an inspiration to the French to hold out with the certain hope of victory ahead. The Americans are no longer strangers on the firing line, and their numbers there must increase steadily. It may be that a decision will not be reached before 1919, but there is no reason to doubt the will-to-win in France, and the ability to hold out against all odds. The French nation, to a man, is aware that it is fighting for its life, and that defeat means slavery. Weariness there is, but not despairing weariness. There is also weariness in Germany, and of a more threatening type. It is not impossible that the Teutonic weariness will cause a decision in 1918.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Sir Newton will be at least as Liberal as Sir Tom White.

Women have cast their first political vote here, yet they appear just as feminine as ever.

John D. Rockefeller's residence has been burned to the ground, but there will be no collection among the neighbors to help him rebuild.

It will be interesting to see how much of the promised exemption policy towards farmers will be carried out now that the election has been won.

The Liberal party has surely got rid of all its convertibles now. There are three ages in the life of Liberalism: Young Liberal, Ripe Liberal, Tory.

There will be soon a new crop of knights in this country. The Borden Government will boost that line of production. Hail, unborn Sirs, still in the womb of time!

The Montreal Gazette says the Union victory was "a great victory against strong odds." Would someone please discover and exhibit a sample of the "odds"?

President Wilson denies having asked ex-Secretary Bryan for his resignation after the notorious Dumba conversation, but he says nothing of having regretted its receipt.

Some Hindus in the United States are complaining that they were sold to the Germans. They have this fact on which they may pride themselves, that there was a demand for them, while Germans could not be given away.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN.
By Susan E. Clagety.

Joshua Chapman thoughtfully turned the envelope in his hand over and over before opening it. It was like other envelopes at intervals during the past months from the woman he expected to marry, and he could recall every word she had written him—meagre words, for her handwriting was large, the correspondence cards she affected were small, and six only had he received during the weeks of her absence. At first he attributed this to want of time. But he felt angry.

There was also a hurt that she could give him so little time as merely to send an address as she moved from place to place. But at last he accepted the situation, and he was glad to hear of joining her and coming to some understanding of this unusual state of affairs, almost on the eve of marriage.

He rejected this, however, feeling sure he would receive an explanation later. He was in this state of mind when he opened the envelope, yet he paused before reading the card. No one would have suspected his emotion, for he had a line telling him he was necessary to the woman who would soon bear his name, and there was a contraction of the heart as he read the words he believed would give him a glimpse of her.

In this he was mistaken. What he read caused him quickly to leave the room. Two hours later he came back, and he had been three weeks upon the way. It would be three weeks before he could see her again, and he had concentrated his mind in an effort to disengage himself from the thought.

"Dear, dear," she had written, "can you come to me at once? I know you will, but six weeks is long to wait. You cannot reach me in less time, and I need you now."

He had heard when he reached Fairbanks increased his anxiety. A fire had burned the hotel three months before, and the hotel was still a ruin. The other inmates, save Harriet Wheeler, were not in the building at the time.

She had arrived at the hotel, and with the trip up the Yukon, had fallen into heavy sleep. She roused later, and not sufficiently to realize that anything was wrong, and for a space quickly watched the little spirals of white drift through the window, steadily wondering what they could be. Suddenly noise and a shout came from the street.

The white whips changed to acid smoke, and brought a realization of her danger.

She sprang to the door and tried to make her way out, but the smoke blinded her. She felt her way, and she at last stumbled into an opening that led outside. There, where should have been safety, she was struck by a falling timber.

She knew little for weeks. When consciousness returned she found herself dependent upon the generosity of the kind-hearted people who had taken her in, her letters and credit gone and all else she had with her. A word at a time, as strength permitted, she had written to Joshua night after night, and now looked down upon her she wondered at the inscrutability of fate and the strength of her own emotions.

"Why didn't you telegraph?" she asked. "I could have been here earlier, and you would have been that much nearer home."

"There is a fine physician here, and he has been most kind. I talked with him before writing. He tells me I will never walk again."

"That is not true. When I get you home."

She interrupted. "We must face the facts, Jo. All that I can hope for is to sit in a chair, and realize what that will mean. I cannot, I will, in time, and it will be hard, but harder than this knowledge that your lives must be led apart. I have tried your patience these past months, but I have been obsessed by the fear that I did not care enough to give up my independence and be happy in so doing. It has taken this to make me know."

"How much I cared!" Her voice faltered. "Do not make it hard for me, Jo. I—I cannot bear that just now."

He covered her restless hand with his. "You always come to me, and I am a woman of unusual intelligence, Harriet. I find that I am mistaken. Your talk is foolish. I have known you restless in our engagement. You were afraid marriage would curtail your various interests, and you would not like you could not escape. That is about it, is it not?"

"Dear, did you ever really think what home meant—home, spelled in big capital letters? That apartment; that room in a hotel. But a home with space about it—with roses, with beds of old-fashioned phlox, with trellises of sweet peas, inside, comfort, not luxury; old-fashioned, with the sun streaming through the windows, the fire in the living-room glowing across the rugs, and the two of us sitting there, contented, happy, and not too long to give it up. The only difference between anticipation and reality is that the scene changes from the living-room to your own. For a little time you will not move about with your usual freedom. That will right itself, and the sooner we get home the sooner you will be better."

"Jo, I tell you, on those rose beds, Harriet!" He paused, then went on in a low tone. "Put the whole of your mind upon my need of you. If I knew you would spend the rest of your life as you are living now, I would give you up. Neither of us has any one but the other. Your money will buy you service, I will not buy what I give you with my whole strength."

Her eyes clouded with tears. "Greatest love hath no man," Jo, dear, but I cannot let you bind yourself to such a life of sacrifice."

"You would do it for me."

The answer was an unhesitating "Yes."

He bent toward her. "I have never held you in my arms, Harriet; you were not approachable, but now that I took you into them now, and I must wait. Neither have I kissed you. That can be remedied, and will give you something to think about, far pleasanter than that tarradiddle of Dr. Marshall's."

"The color flooded her face. 'You wouldn't, I am helpless.'"

"Harriet, I would have said, 'Sitting action to words, he kissed her, not once, but many times, then hastily left the room.'"

But for all his apparent assurance he was troubled. Navigation would soon close, and was imperative they should leave on the next steamer. It was equally imperative that she should marry him, and the only man in town at the time accredited with power to perform the ceremony was a Justice of the peace.

He knew she would object, and to one of less steadfastness of purpose the outlook would have been discouraging as he went to her, his hands full of letters, that for the moment absorbed him, but not to such an extent he did not feel her hand travel down his coat sleeve and come to rest in the broad palm opened to receive it. She spoke impatiently as the letter still claimed him.

"Jo, when does the steamer leave?" He looked up at that. "Tomorrow."

"Could I go?"

"Of course, I would not leave you." She seemed to weigh something in her mind before speaking again, then said wistfully:

"It would be lovely to live in that old-fashioned house and have such a wonderful garden."

"You are going to live there, Harriet. What is more, you are going to walk about that garden with me and see the wonderful things I have arranged with Judge Harris to call this evening and marry us."

"Judge Harris? There is no question of marriage now. If there was, do you think I would consent to be married by any one other than a minister of my own church?"

"As we are situated, there is no help for it," he answered quietly. "You must reach Joshua Hopkins at the earliest moment. Marbury is on the hospital staff, and you cannot be in better hands."

"Jo! Jo! What do you take me for? I must accept this sacrifice, even if I were willing to be married by a Justice of the peace."

"It is something deeper. Be sensible. You cannot travel with me unless you bear my name."

"Sensible! I think I lost my senses last night when you kissed me," he said, and at once kissed her again. "Two years later, Joshua Chapman crossed the plaza of his old-fashioned house in the Green Spring Valley and called his wife through the open door. 'Harriet! Home brought an old friend home to dinner. Come and welcome him.'"

and discovered that Mother had purposely left the pantry door open and a big pan of home-made cookies on the shelf? Then was the happy days. Don't make yourself too common. If the dandelion was as exclusive as the rose, it would be grown in hothouses for corsage bouquets.

A man may not be regular in all of his habits, but he is certain to be regular in the best ones.

It always amazes a pretty man to see what good-looking wives homely men make for themselves.

Man is an ingrate. After he has reached the top he is certain to forget those who held the ladder for him.

An old-fashioned man's idea of a no-count dude is a man who had to have two forks when he eats a meal.

When a man keeps harping on the fact that he is broke but wouldn't accept charity under any circumstances, the chances are that he would grab at a dime if you offered one to him.

Wait a Minute!

By J. H. F.

Have you seen that German invasion from Chicago yet? By golly, this is terrible. We would hate to have the Germans come here, and not see them.

It has been very difficult to hold one's temper during these last distressing days. However, a wallop in time generally saves a life.

We mentioned some time ago that when ministers went into politics, the devil turned his job over to the office boy. Right once, anyway.

If this election had continued much longer, we would have been compelled to publish a church casualty list, including those wounded, gassed, sick, weary, etc.

We voted for Laurier. Somebody had to vote for him.

Now what are we going to get interested in? Oh, yes, who is going to be premier for Russia during the next week? We have forgotten who's on the job now.

At the time of going to press, the Kaiser is still on the job. Gee whizz, and take that Kaiser during the next week? We have forgotten who's on the job now.

Christmas cheer is upon us. That is one reason why most of us can cheer.

Lament of David and other political candidates. "I said in my haste, all men are liars."

Only thing wrong about David's lament, is that a lot of candidates are saying it, not in haste, but in cold blood, very cold indeed.

We suppose everybody will get codices of coal now. It ought to come. We are more than ever cured on

Fact. "When you get in a fight," said Bald. Remember, as you spar. The man you're fighting with is scared as badly as you are."

Mean Brute! The dark-haired Mrs. Smith sniffed suspiciously when her husband came home late one night.

"Do you know that I found a lot of long blonde hairs on the coat of your dress?" she asked sternly.

"Well, what of it?" demanded Mr. Smith. "You were a blonde last summer, weren't you?"

Bless His Heart. A real fine fellow is Bill Platt. The kind of man you're bound to like; He never tells you stories that begin in this way: "Pat and Mike."

Come Right In. [Houston Post.] Luke Molokai is there a place in the club for a chaplain? I. B. Manly is one of Houston's new alcohol dealers and his signature is both a name and an assertion.

Good! El-Jal-Eli says that some folks do not observe Meekness Day. He says he went into a vaudeville house last Tuesday and found the manager serving "hams" to the audience.

Well, Well! The Ill family in Lexington, Ky., has a doctor named Good, but it always pays cash for prescriptions because the drug-gist's name is Will Dunn.

Atchoo! Gester Cole of Greenville, S. C., has enlisted in the navy.

Bless You, My Children! A. Church and Frances Pea and Ima Dunn and Will B. Long have just been married at Johnstown, Penn.

Of Course. A manful young woman named Penn has a room that resembles a den. She knows where to scratch.

When she's lighting a match. She learned how by watching the men. —Cincinnati Inquirer.

Of course, you mean on her feet. Where the match and the shoe leather meet.

(No remarks from the gallery!) On drawing my salary. And have no match-marks on my —Sacramento Bee.

Oh! Juliet has been dead for a long time. But what we started to say was that A. Bomer has a butcher shop at Peebles Corner, Cincinnati.

Names is Names. A. Swindler has a hat store in San Antonio, Texas.

Our Daily Special. Debt Doesn't Look Like Much of a Hole Until You Get Into It.

Luke Molokai Says. It often happens that the man who thinks a street car is good enough for his wife to ride in also thinks that a taxi cab is good enough for his affinity to ride in.

It always makes a man mad when he realizes that his great-grandfather could have purchased the postage block for a dollar and a half and didn't do it.

We have met a lot of men who claimed to be expert judges of whiskey. But we never met one of these expert judges who wasn't willing to drink almost any kind.

Many a man wishes his credit wasn't so good that his wife could go into a store and have it charged.

Some men are kept in institutions provided for that purpose, while others show skill as left-handed pitchers and are permitted to run at large.

We do not know much, but we do know that everybody despises the man who knocks his home town or his wife.

A wife is a wonderful invention. Hold her hands for one hour and she will wipe them off for you during the other 23 hours.

Some women who wear everything else tight at the top get it loose at the matrimonial tie somewhat loosely.

Can you remember when Father used to take you out the kids eating between meals, and you came home from school

CEETEE UNDERCLOTHING
Guaranteed Not To Shrink.
Whenever you sprain your ankle or think of a new kind of **COMPASS OIL** The oil that soothes, strengthens and limbers up the joints.

votes for women. So far as we can find, we have about 3,500 real good reasons in London.

Let's forget. We're trying to, but a lot of persons will not let us. We'll forget, anyway.

ASTHMA COUGHS
WHOPPING COUGH SPASMODIC CROUP BRONCHITIS CATARRH COLDS
Vapo-Cresolene
Est. 1875

A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs. Used with success for 35 years. The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the irritated, inflamed throat, and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene is invaluable to mothers with young children and a town where there is a Vapo-Cresolene Dispensing Machine. Send no postal for a new bottle. Vapo-Cresolene Dispensing Machine. Looming Hills Bldg. Moore.

Easy to Make This Pine Cough Remedy
Thousands of families aware by its prompt results. Inexpensive, and saves about \$2.

You know that pine is used in nearly all prescriptions for coughs and colds. The reason is that pine contains several peculiar elements that have a remarkable effect in soothing and healing the membranes of the throat and chest.

Pine cough syrups are combinations of pine and syrup. The "syrup" is usually plain granulated sugar syrup. Nothing better, but why buy it? You can easily make it yourself in five minutes for \$2.50. It is pure, good and very pleasant—children take it eagerly.

You can feel this take hold of a cough or cold in a way that means business. The cough may be dry, hoarse and tight, or may be persistently loose from the formation of phlegm. The cause is the same—inflamed membranes—and this Pine and syrup combination will stop it—usually in 24 hours or less. Splendid, too, for bronchial asthma, hoarseness, or any ordinary throat ailment.

Pine is a highly concentrated compound of Norway pine extract, famous the world over for its prompt results. Beware of substitutes. Ask your druggist for "25c ounces of Pine" with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

Tractor Company
Winter services in effect Sunday, September 24.
Fares from London as follows:
To St. Thomas, single 25c; return, 40c.
To Port Stanley, single, 35c; return, 50c.
Return tickets good 30 days. Book tickets at lower rates.

LONDON AND PORT STANLEY RAILWAY
Timetable Effective Sept. 23.
TO ST. THOMAS—4:50 a.m., 7:20 a.m., 9:20 a.m., 10:20 a.m., 11:20 a.m., 12:20 p.m., 2:20 p.m., 3:20 p.m., 4:20 p.m., 5:20 p.m., 6:20 p.m., 7:20 p.m., 8:20 p.m., 9:20 p.m., 10:20 p.m., 11:20 p.m.
TO PORT STANLEY—4:50 a.m., 7:20 a.m., 9:20 a.m., 10:20 a.m., 11:20 a.m., 12:20 p.m., 2:20 p.m., 3:20 p.m., 4:20 p.m., 5:20 p.m., 6:20 p.m., 7:20 p.m., 8:20 p.m., 9:20 p.m., 10:20 p.m., 11:20 p.m.

Daily except Sunday. Limited trains London to St. Thomas.

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Dec 23-17

Nujol
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—keen and clean. Get your digestive system in the best working order. Make your habits "regular as clockwork."