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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, Jan. 2.

LONDON CHOSE WELL.

LONDON has spoken, most emphatically, in favor of a business administration of civic affairs and a businessman and financier of proved ability to occupy the mayor's chair. C. R. Somerville has been elected to the highest honor in the gift of the city, in the belief that he was especially able to bring order out of chaos, to reorganize the work of the council and to put London on its feet financially. His record is one of success, his ability is beyond doubt and he is able, having now no other pressing business interests, to devote most of his time to the work which is of supreme importance to the city.

Mr. Somerville's victory is all the more notable because he was not a seeker after office, but was urged by the businessmen to allow his name to go on the ballot. They saw the need of a big man for a big job, and they knew the man who was big enough to handle it. The only difficulty was to get his consent, but having given it Mr. Somerville entered the contest with vigor, and the voters have shown they appreciate the self-sacrifice which he made in allowing himself to be burdened with the cares of responsible office.

The total vote cast for the mayoralty candidates tells a story of awakened interest on the part of the populace in civic affairs. One year ago the total was 7,041 and yesterday it jumped to around 8,450. Among those who filled out their ballots were unusual numbers of women, who are taking their rightful place in elections.

Dr. Stevenson, the retiring mayor, failed to poll half the votes which were given him last year, having only 2,683 against 5,518 in 1917. Allowing for the fact that the total vote was divided among three this year instead of between two as in 1917, this shows a decided loss, the causes for which are various, but one of them is that citizens are averse to having the same mayor for four years, unless he is a man of outstanding ability. Dr. Shaw was a close third.

London is to be congratulated on the choice made. Keen and careful financing is one of the great necessities of the hour, and this is promised. Straightforward, business methods are more than desirable, they are essential, and will be forthcoming. Mayor Somerville is welcome, and should command hearty support from all classes in carrying out his duties.

Voting for the board of control was no easy matter owing to the excellent available timber on the ballot paper. Controller S. Little had undoubted claims to leading the poll, and these were recognized. He has given good service since taking up municipal work, and his business ability has earned him the confidence of the public. Controllers Saunders, Merryfield and Moore have devoted much time and energy to their duties, and have assured themselves of popular support by their marked success in the past.

It is somewhat peculiar that the people who voted in favor of commission government also voted to abolish the board of control, but perhaps they took it for granted that the former would carry, and that in that case the board would be unnecessary.

There is to be little change in the utilities commission. Jared Vining is the new member, and may be expected to render good service. He has said he believed there should be more information handed out to citizens as to the working of the commission, and doubtless will act on his belief

The results of the balloting for aldermen mean that four new faces will be seen around the council board. P. J. Watt, L. S. Holmes and J. J. Harding in Ward 1, and T. R. Watkinson in Ward 3. One former member, W. Wilson, who has been out of harness for a year, returns. There was room for new blood, and possibly these men will fill the want.

James Gray, one of the city's best-known and most popular merchants, achieved something worth while when he, a new man to public life, headed the list in the board of education race. In doing so he beat T. Rowe, last year's chairman, and two other old members, J. S. Barnard and W. N. Manning. With Mr. Gray, two other new members take their place, E. Smith and T. Coleridge. Fresh impetus should be given the work of the board by these newscomers, and educational affairs are likely to receive every attention.

"Yes," was the favorite answer to the by-laws. The majorities were in favor of abolishing the board of control, of taxing all exempted property and of instituting government by commission. There is little doubt that commission management may be made an improvement on the present plan if the form is not too clumsy, and the best men available are chosen as commissioners. It will be no light task to decide on a definite scheme, and many hours will be spent in discussion. Of course, the board of control will go out of existence under the new plan, that is inevitable, but what will take its place is for the future to decide.

In deciding to tax all properties at present exempted, the voters spoke strongly, the majority in favor of this being 3,730. It has been said that such a change only meant different bookkeeping, but it goes farther than that. It guarantees that the institutions worth $20,000 will be taxed on that amount, and that the owners of them will pay it, while the owners of other buildings worth only $1,000 will pay taxes on only that amount instead of all paying alike. It is a business arrangement, and tends to bring up city standards nearer to those of private firms.

The Salvation Army Rescue Home is to have its $5,000 grant, and the Victorian Order of Nurses its $600. That is as it ought to be. It is to be regretted that the grants to the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. have been refused, as both are valuable organizations, and both need all the support they can obtain in a financial way. It is to be hoped that they will not be allowed to suffer for lack of the $1,000 asked.

ECONOMY.

ECONOMIZE! that is the keynote of Finance Minister White's official New Year's statement to the Canadian nation. He appeals for thrift, national and individual, in order that Canada may be able to bear the financial cost of her share of the war without unduly straining her credit. The appeal is, perhaps, more necessary than usual to help bring the people back to normal standards after the season of festivity and gift-making.

But it must be remembered that thrift does not mean miserliness. The kind of economy that counts today is that which forbids the purchasing by the civilian population of goods which are needed for war purposes and of which the supply is limited; which forbids the spending of money on imported articles which are not necessities or which can be obtained from Canadian manufacturers, or the locking up of money in foreign securities.

Money spent on Canadian-made goods which are used only by civilians is not wasted; it may be extravagant in some cases to buy such articles, but the country does not suffer since the cash remains in Canada. To stop all buying except of absolute essentials would spell ruin for some merchants and manufacturers who conduct legitimate and honorable businesses. Had Canadians refused to buy toys for their children at Christmas, it would have been a disaster. Canadian manufacturers have just recently engaged in this line, and are trying to capture the business which was formerly monopolized to a great extent by Germany. Failure to get rid of their products would have been sufficient to deter many of them from carrying on business for another year. The same facts apply in other cases.

Those who have money to spare may continue to spend it, so long as they do so with consideration for the national treasury. Buy nothing for personal use which is needed for the soldiers and sailors; buy nothing of foreign make if it can be done without, and that will mean that Canada's financial situation is secure.

WAR GOVERNMENTS.

PEACE governments and war governments are two vastly different things. As a rule those who compose one of the former variety prove fairly satisfactory so long as they do nothing which is glaringly wrong or injurious; their sins of omission do not weigh very heavily with the voting public. But when a war government is concerned, and especially when the war is of the gigantic proportions and fearful significance of the present one, nations which are alive demand that every office holder be the most efficient it is possible to obtain.

Britain, France and some of the enemy countries have witnessed radical changes since 1914. Men who were looked upon as good old standbys in the past have been given short shrift, and have had to pack their belongings and make way for better men in a hurry; only the best are good enough.

Canada has made changes, and there is little reason to believe that she has reached the end. Others are due at any moment.

Now there is arising a murmur against some of those holding responsible offices at Washington. American writers have been hinting very broadly that certain ones would be more valuable guiding the plow than they are as Government members. They were good enough in peace time, but they are found lacking under the stress of war. The term of "solid ivory" is being applied to several august heads which have been held in respect for some years. The charge is made that there are and have been bungling and wasting of time which are inexcusable in a government which had the opportunities Washington had to profit by the mistakes of others.

In Washington as in London, England, and Paris, France, there are brilliant men in power, but as in the other capitals, there are some who have failed to rise to the occasion. These will almost certainly have to go. The United States has entered this war with a vigor which has surprised the world, and cannot be expected to let her efforts be weakened by inefficent officials. Only the best will be good enough to bring victory, and victory must be won. The old order will change in Washington, and a war government, highly organized, will result, with President Wilson holding the guiding reins.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Lloyd George has secured the freedom of the woman who attempted to kill him. Both gain by his action.

Austria-Hungary has been on that well-known verge of revolt for a long time, but stays there.

A local fuel controller is promised. If he manages to do anything he should be given the Dominion position.

Guatemala with its 300 earthquakes makes an appeal to the average person as a good place to keep away from altogether.

Pan-German press sees Allied victory in the peace negotiations. It will see this more clearly in the war theatres before the end.

Belgium places implicit faith in the Allies' promise that she shall have restoration and indemnification. There can be no acceptance of less than this.

Sir Thomas White condemns all governmental expenditure on public works which can be done without until after the war, but supported the C. N. R. bill. Which does he really mean?

Guatemala's dreadful misfortune would have caused world-wide concern and sympathy in other times, but earthquakes cannot compete with man's ingenuity now in causing loss of life.

Windsor demands fuel, and the controller counters with a request for details, growing very indignant when urged to do something more than ask questions. Some people appear to imagine that this controller and his assistants ought to work for their salaries. Weird notion!

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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ON THE MOUNTAIN.

By Susan E. Clagett.

From the railroad a faint path stretched upward to a cabin high on the mountain above Horseshoe Bend. The same path continued downward to a cluster of houses, broadened into a narrow road, and came to a full stop before a rough porch, upon which several men were seated in varying degrees of comfort.

They were listening to one of their number. He was reading, with a trace of impatience—as if compelling himself to be neighborly when his desire was to hasten away—the market reports, the sporting page and the stock market. But what interested him, the war news, apparently did not hold their attention. They turned deaf ears to news from the front, but were absorbed in the army and navy ball game that had taken place the day before in Philadelphia.

With a sigh of relief, Willy Warren at last folded his paper, wished them good-day and, walking rapidly away, was soon lost to view upon the higher path. As he disappeared from sight the chair of Uncle Johnny Peyton came down on its front legs with a thud, as the old man said, addressing no one in particular:

"'Pears like Billy's mighty low in his mind. He's in a heap of trouble, I'm thinking."

"What sort of trouble, Uncle John," a girl asked casually, as she came through the door of the postoffice and general store.

"Now, Miss Ma'y, y'know he's 'listed an don't know what'll become o' his leedle gal. He's feared he'll have to go 'fore he kin place her."

"I had not heard; but things right themselves in time, and this will be straightened out."

"Maybe, Miss Ma'y, maybe. But y' know Billy's got no one, leastwise down hyar. Thar's an old aunt in Ioway, an I guess he's writ to her, but haint seen fit to answer, so I reckin she's dead. Course, we-alls 'll luk arfter her, but he's riz her diffrunt. She's a pritty leedle gal.

"Billy don't b'long hyar, y'know. He jest come. Something the matter with him. Never hearn tell of his wife. Jest come with thot gal an' she was a baby. Hired thot cabin up yonder an' didn't make friends till the fever tuk we-alls, then he come down an' tuk kyar of Jim," nodding toward a mountaineer setting on the steps, "then he tuk hold o' me. Reckin we'd both be in the bone-yard if he had'n."

"So he made friends after all," said the girl. "I think the child will be taken care of, Uncle Johnny."

"Sure But thot's not the p'int, Miss Ma'y. She's riz diffrunt." His voice took on a wheedling tone. "I jest wonder if you couldn't think up some way to help Billy? He sartinly needs it!"

"That would be unwarrantable interference, Uncle Johnny. I scarcely know Mr. Warren."

"Don't take no stock in sich talk," said Uncle Johnny, reaching for his twist of tobacco and cutting off a piece of goodly size. "When it comes to doin' things, an' thinkin' up things, Miss Ma'y, you're right smart. You did'n know we-uns when you come to the mountains, but you now has us trained to eat from your hand—almost."

She threw back her head and laughed heartily. "'Almost' is well put, Uncle Johnny; but I do not see how I can help you in this."

"'Twon't hurt to think erbout it, anyhow, an' p'haps you'll see light," was his concluding comment, as, with a glance toward the faintly-outlined path she turned from the group and walked away.

She had been on the mountain three years—at first for her health, then because it claimed her. She had heard all about Billy Warren, had occasionally met him, but save for the merest courtesy no word had passed between them. For some reason he had not impressed her pleasantly. This was probably due to the fact that he had made no effort to know better one who had made friends with all the mountain people.

But the talk of old John Peyton, or some sub-conscious sense of trouble in the man himself as he stood silently beside her that morning, waiting for his mail, influenced her in the direction of her walk that afternoon. Yet she was not aware that she had been so influenced until she found herself watching a child dabbling bare feet in the rushing water of a tiny stream, the while she hushed a corncob doll to sleep.

There was no fear in the child's eyes as she raised them to the woman beside her. Instead there was a whispered "hush; you'll wake her. She's been real sick and is just going to sleep."

Mary Hilton dropped upon the ground and in an equally low voice asked what was wrong.

"Daddy's says it's a case of mumps or measles, he's not sure which; but she's been so awfully cross and has tired me so, he says there is no living with either of us."

"Betty, to whom are you talking?" The voice came from the shadow of the cabin.

"A pretty lady, honey."

"Don't tell me fairy tales, child; pretty ladies don't climb the mountain."

"She looks real, daddy. Shall I pinch her and find out?"

"I wouldn't. I'll come and find out for myself." There was a rustle of leaves, and Mary Hilton raised her eyes to Billy Warren's face.

She did not move, and the child, with steadily advancing fingers, again asked: "Shall I pinch her, daddy?"

He did not reply. Instead he drew his hand across his eyes as if uncertain as to the reality. When he did speak his voice was oddly unsteady.

"Thank God! Hereafter I shall always believe in prayer."

Mary looked at him thoughtfully. "You have been praying, and I am an answer to your prayer. In what way especially?"

"You have come."

"You wanted me?"

"Yes."

"Then why did you not come to me?"

"I want help. I could not ask for it unless at a last resort. Offered, it is different."

"And you think I will offer it?"

"Judging from your goodness to the mountain people. You give comfort to them.

"That is different. They are poor. In my limited way, I give help where it is needed. Years ago I took a course of training in an eastern hospital. It has stood me in good stead in my life here. But my work does not approach yours. You are a physician?"

"An army surgeon, retired on account of ill-health, which I have regained on the mountain. You know what that means at this time. I am ordered to Fort Oglethrope by the 15th. That leaves me but two days, and I feared I would have to ask for that which I hope will be offered."

"And that is?"

His gesture toward the child was eloquent. "I am all she has."

"If I do this thing, do you surrender her entirely, or will you claim her upon your return?"

His eyes held hers with an expression quickly veiled. "I will not return."

"I do not quite understand," she replied slowly. "We are strangers. You must have friends who would gladly do this for you."

"Yes, but I would choose you from all the world."

There was a certain controlled emotion in his voice that affected her strangely, and she arose to her feet.

"Again I say that I do not understand."

"That is natural." He walked the length of the level in front of the cabin and back. "Upon the eve of a great upheaval a man can allow himself a certain latitude of expression, especially when he knows it can do no harm," he said gravely. "I do not expect to return. Because I am convinced of this, I can say to you what under other circumstances would be little short of impertinence, for, as you say, we are strangers. But I began to care for you when you first came to the mountain I want you to know this, and to believe it. I could not let you know before. My wife—— I do not wish to speak of her. She is dead, and I offer you no affront when I tell you that I love you. It is because of this I wish to leave Betty in your care."

With troubled eyes Mary looked toward the child. "I did not imagine this."

"How could you? My effort has been to keep you from knowing. Will you do this for me, now that you do know? It will be my comfort when my time comes, 'over there.'" He turned from her, looking out into the limitless space. "It will be my comfort," he repeated.

"Why are you so sure you will not return?"

"There would be no incentive, with Betty cared for."

Then it was that Mary surprised herself by saying deliberately: "Mr. Warren, if I told you that my interest——"

"Interest! I would want something more than interest," he interrupted.

"Would not that do for the present?"

"No. It must be something more definite."

For long she hesitated, then said steadily: "I think it is more than interest. I am not sure. But if an overwhelming anxiety for your safe return is an evidence of a deeper feeling, it is yours."

He took her hand, raising it to his lips. "In that case, Mary Hilton, God willing, I will return to you and Betty.

Bits of Byplay

by Luke McLuke

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Advice.

Love is a game of chance, egad,
You'll find in every land;
Be sure you're a good loser, lad,
Before you take a hand.

Police!

"We'll have to quit giving our complimentary tickets," said the theatrical manager. "The deadhead must go."

"But the deadhead has always been a thing of the passed, hasn't he?" demanded the advance man.

Gosh!

In days of old, when knights were bold,
Book agents were in fettle;
You dassen't kick a man, I'm told,
His pants were made of metal.

Just Like That.

The fat man slipped on the ice on a pavement in Boston, and sat down with a jar. Little Waldo Emerson Beacon, who was passing, could not help laughing at the fat man's accident.

"Laugh, you little monkey laugh!" growled the fat man.

"Sir," replied Waldo, "with reference to my Simian ancestry, I would have you to understand that my family has been out of the trees just as many years as yours has."

Then He'll Hunt a Dictionary.

Don't tell a man he is a fool,
Don't be uncouth, do not be rude;
Just tell him in a manner cool
That he is long on hebetude.

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie—Paw, what is a solon?

Paw—A solon is often a man who uses big words to say small things, my son.

Betcha!

"This would be one fine world," said Mike,
"It surely would be nice
If we just gave assistance, like
We like to give advice."

Notice!

If John Wildig of Rushville, Ind., will report at the club we will hire him to spade up the club garden next spring.

Many Kind Folks.

[Wilmington Journal-Republican.]

Some men are so kind-hearted that they will marry a girl for her money rather than see her remain an unhappy old maid.—Luke McLuke. And now and then one finds a girl yet in her teens so kind-hearted that she will marry some old chucklehead past 70 in order to be nice to him during his declining years, and perhaps give hardly a second thought to the fact that he's got oodles of money.

Well, Well!

We thought he was dead. But we have discovered the old-fashioned man who wears as a watch-charm a basket whittled out of a peach stone. He is tending bar in Cincinnati.

Great Idea!

Doc Lewstader says that in these times when the Government is trying to raise money by every means it might be a good idea to make a woman take out a license and pay her war tax on it when she wants to shoot her husband

Oh!

C. Loot runs a laundry in Clarkdale, Ariz. And we are just thinking what a great help he could be to the German army in France and Belgium.

Accomplished.

There is a bright girl down in Arkansas,
Who can saw more wood than her Markansas;
She can cook, she can plow,
She can milk any cough,
And chaw more tobacco than her Parcanchas. —B. O. N.

Corect.

[Sacramento Bee.]

The man who has a new suit of clothes and a shabby overcoat seldom finds it cold enough to wear an overcoat.—Luke McLuke, Cincinnati Inquirer.

And, vice-versa, Luke, the man who has a new overcoat and a shabby suit believes in a late spring and a cold summer.

Names Is Names.

C. H. Needleman is a tailor in Louisville, Ky.

Our Daily Special.

Don't feather your nests with borrowed plumage.

Luke McLuke Says:

Some men who aspire to great things never get anywhere because they are content to stop at aspiring.

You are going to have a good day if you have as good an appetite for your work as you have for your breakfast.

You may not believe it, but it takes a barber just as long to cut a bald-headed man's hair as it does for him to cut a long-haired man's hair.

A scientist has a sterilizing process whereby all danger is removed when you kiss. But this is a waste of effort. A man expects to take chances when he kisses a girl.

After you have roamed around public places for a while you will notice that the handwriting on the wall usually shows ignorance and bad spelling.

Ever notice how low wages are when you want to work for the other fellow, and how high wages are when you want the other fellow to work for you?

It doesn't matter what town a man hails from, he is willing to bet that his town has the best Fire Department in the country.

Any married woman can tell you that a Brute is a man who won't let his wife and his children impose on him.

A man who is poorly dressed may be rich. But when a woman is poorly dressed she is poor.

This would be a great world if everybody was as pleasant and smiling as the agent who wants to sell you something.

It may seem strange. But it is a fact that the women who do their own housework are not the ones who suffer from nervous breakdowns.

You can't blame a hog for being a hog. But you can blame a man for being that way.

After all, a genius is merely a man who becomes inconsistent to a certain degree.

Modesty may be a maiden's necklace, but necklaces are old-fashioned and are seldom worn with low-cut waists.

Sometimes a man remains happily married because he is a good liar and has no trouble in inventing excuses.

A man will do a lot of things when he thinks no one is watching him that he would be ashamed to do if he thought he was being watched. And this goes for a woman, too.

There are few more painful sights than that of a 200-pound girl who is trying to act cute.

When you propose to a girl she acts just as surprised as if she hadn't known for six months that you were going to propose.

There is sandpaper and gravel in a man's voice when he is speaking to his own wife. But there is oil and velvet in his voice when he is speaking to some other man's wife.

The old-fashioned motherly woman can't help looking indignant when she sees a chicken incubator.

Wait a Minute!

By J. H. F.

Hope the Germans swear off fighting and become more or less respectable persons once more.

* * *

Some folks were pleased last evening. A whole lot of them had the experience. It comes high, but some folks must have it.

* * *

If the fuel controller would control the weather, he might get by on his job without any person making much of a fuss.

* * *

Hockey players at Ottawa had their feet frostbitten the other evening. The spectators also got nipped. And yet some folks figure that the millennium is just across the way.

* * *

An election for the Legislature is promised for June. The poor speech-broken ratepayer has no chance at all any more.

* * *

It makes one feel very joyful when one figures how John M. Godfrey and Arthur Hawkes have won this war.

* * *

"The Last of the Booze Fighters," a pleasing little ditty, is now being composed. Lo, the poor souse is vanishing forever and yet some more.

* * *

Gone will be the bulbous nose, the hob-tailed liver, and the other ailments of the liquor-loving gents. However, folks will continue to find diseases with which to shuffle off this mortal coil.

* * *

The Union Government scrambled the eggs all right, and at Ottawa the bunch is trying to unscramble them. There is a nice little time a-coming before the kinks are all ironed out.

* * *

The hound dog has returned. However, a friend has composed this lay, which will give us some comfort. He's such a soulful sympathizer:

* * *

OH, BOY.

Happy new year, happy new year, we hear on every side,
But how can we be happy when grievous woes betide?
We're weeping and we're greeting, and we're feeling unco bad,
Our stricken J. H. F. has lost the only boy he had.

He left his happy home and may be numbered with the slain,
The folks around devoutly pray he'll ne'er come back again.
J. Harry fed and laundered him to keep him happy,—but
The neighbors had one chorus there, "Oh drat that Fowler mutt."

H. HELPUS.

REDUCTIONS AND ALTERATIONS IN PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE, CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY — EFFECTIVE JANUARY 6, 1918.

The following changes will take place in Canadian Pacific train service in and out of London, January 6, 1918:

Train No. 635, now leaving Toronto at 11:40 p.m. (daily), arriving London at 3:40 a.m., will run daily except Sunday.

Train No. 632, now leaving London at 5 p.m. (daily), for Toronto, will run daily except Sunday.

Train No. 672, leaving Windsor at 1:45 p.m. (daily), for London and intermediate stations, will run daily except Sunday.

Train No. 635, now leaving London at 3:50 a.m. (daily), for Detroit, will run daily except Monday.

For further particulars apply at ticket offices, or H. J. McCallum, city passenger agent, corner Richmond and Dundas streets. 69u

TOO MUCH GOLD AND NOT ENOUGH GOODS TROUBLE OF DUTCH

Big Gold Reserve Useless When Productive Capacity Is Reduced.

THE HAGUE, Dec. 15.—The position of Holland is beginning to show an uncomfortable resemblance to that of Midas, at whose touch everything turned into gold. Instead of the urgently needed goods, more and more gold, not to mention $200,000,000 worth of credit paper, has been sent to Holland by her belligerent neighbors.

This is far more than she can employ, with the result that the gold stocks of the Netherlands Bank have quadrupled since the outbreak of war, amounting now to some $265,000,000. This means that the central bank's directly callable liabilities, in the form of banknotes and current account balances, are backed by gold to the extent of 77 per cent, which compares with only 17 per cent in Germany.

"But of what use our big gold reserves," Hollanders are beginning to ask, "if our productive capacity is being more and more reduced, ever more businesses are being brought to entire or partial standstill for lack of raw materials or coal, workmen dismissed, the supply of foodstuffs cut off, and our colonies, one of the nation's mainstays, likewise hard pressed by the prevailing circumstances?"

World Upside Down.

If he need further evidence that the world has turned upside down, the Hollander may find it in the curious fact that his normally much-coveted gold is declined with thanks in Sweden, whose gold exports to Spain are impossible on account of the obstacles in the way of shipment. The unpicasant result is that the Swedish exchange has risen. Holland's export thither are too small to balance her imports from Sweden. Nothing would appear more logical than to pay in gold for the excess imports, but the Swedish bank refuses to accept it.

From practically the commencement of the war the Swedish Government has taken the standpoint that it wants goods paid for in goods, the population needing foodstuffs and other necessities rather than gold. Hollanders are beginning to keenly feel the strange limitation which has been placed on the powers of gold.

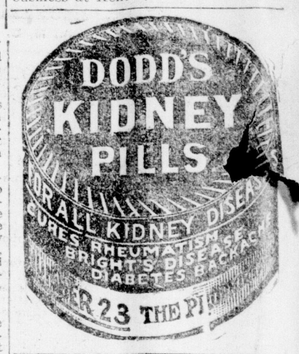
Holland's national debt, which stood at $440,000,000 before the war, has nearly doubled in the past three years. The added burden amounts to date to $326,000,000. It is expected to go on mounting so long as the war continues, and an army of some quarter of a million has to be kept on a war footing as well as big sums spen on the provision of cheap food and other nesessities for the people.

Notice!

R. U. Looney of Waverly, Ohio, has been appointed allenist for the Club.

You Win!

Yes, dear reader, you guessed right. O. Jump is a horse dealer and does business at Kenton, Ohio.



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Send One to the Boy—Keep One at Home!

THE DIARY for recording individual war experiences is the most serviceable book in existence and always will be a most cherished possession.

THE DICTIONARY Self-pronouncing by Sound-spelling Method which exhaustive tests prove so simple that even a child readily acquires French with correct accent.

Bound in Textile Leather, Gold Edges, Gold Stamped, Pocket Size

General Clearing Sale

Coats, Suits, Dresses, Blouses, Furs, Millinery

We are going to make a clean sweep of every article of ready-to-wear in our store. We realize that to clean out our big stock we have to cut prices. It is the policy of this store that no goods should be carried over from one year to another, these laggards must be up and moving; they must get out; pretty quick, too, and to lend them a helping hand on their exit we have quoted them at prices that the manufacturers would absolutely refuse to sell them for; at one-fourth, one-third and one-half the prices they are selling for elsewhere right now. At such reductions they will be bought up in no time, so come early and get your portion before they are all gone.

COATS

In all the different shades, styles and sizes. Stylish to a degree and well made. These coats sell regularly from $15 to $22. Sale price....$9.95, $11.95, $13.95 and up

SALTS' AND LISTER'S PLUSH COATS

Sell regularly at $25 and $27. Sale price $18.95

SILK DRESSES

In Poplin, all shades, styles and sizes. Sell regularly at $15 and $17. To be cleared at $11.95

MESSALINE AND TAFFETA SILK DRESSES.

These dresses sell regularly as high as $18. To clear at .....$8.95, $11.95 and $13.95

SUITS

In blue, black and brown, All-Wool Serges to be cleared out at ..... $9.95, $11.95 and $14.95

In English and French Wool Serges. Worth as high as $22.50. To be cleared at $7.95, $12.50, $12.95, $13.50, $14.95

SILK WAISTS

at ..... $1.89, $2.49 and $2.98

Crepe de Chine Waists, white and pink only $2.49

Others in all shades, which sell regularly at $4.95 and $5.25, for $3.57

Georgette Crepe, in beautiful colors and designs.

Regular $5.25 for $4.25
Regular $5.95 for $4.95
Regular $6.95 for $5.75
Regular $7.50 for $6.25

Our entire stock of beautiful furs, including skins of every variety, and every hat in this store has been reduced considerably. It will pay you to make a visit to this store early in order to obtain a good choice.

London Ready-to-Wear

256 DUNDAS STREET.