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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,

London, Ont., Tuesday, December 2.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

Mr. Hartley Dewart has a reputation for quearthing improper proceedings. He made the bed of the Seven Sleepers hot for them by his revelation of the nickel traffic in the war. His restless energy usually succeeds in opening up dark places to the light, and certainly the defeat of the late unlamented Government was largely his doing, though he gets no political fruit of

It is a hard thing that another should reap where he has faithfully tilled and sown. It can easily be understood that an able man like Mr. Dewart should smart under the unprecedented conditions which prevent his directly shaping the fortunes of this province. He must feel that he has been somewhat rudely thrust to one side in the very victory which he did so much to win. Is not the platform of the Liberal party nearer to the U. F. O. than is that of Labor? The mayor of Brantford has put his finger on the tariff question as a point of possible vital difference between Labor and the U. F. O., a difference not directly pertinent to Ontarlo politics, but so vital for federal policy that it must make provincial co-operation of farmer and laborite difficult though not impossible. Should not the U. F. O. be cordial to Liberalism. its nearest neighbor in the essentials of politics?

Rather vaguely Mr. Dewart hints at improprieties in Premier Drury's course of cabinet making. This may be chagrin on the Liberal leader's part, and then again there may be fire where there is smoke. The public awaits further developments, clearer statements, trust ing that Mr. Drury will have lived up to his own principles of clean, open politics and the high-minded platform of his party.

THE SOFT COAL STRIKE.

There are indications that the struggle between the miners of the soft coal fields and the United States Government is to be a long drawn backed by public opinion, has acted firmly in its moves to have production of bituminous coal reas complete as when the men walked out sevthey were assured protection, but although they guaranteed this with the entire to go back to the pits. They seem inclined to fight it out, so that presently the contest may one of endurance between the miners and the American industrial world. Half a million men on strike will put a tremendous strain on the financial resources of the union. On the other hand factories and mills closing down by the hundreds, which is likely to be the case within a few weeks' time, may cause pressure to be brought on the Government to make further concession to the miners. Meanwhile the outlook is anything but reassuring for the gen-

The strike order issued by the miners' leaders was declared illegal by the federal court of Indiana, as the United States is technically still at war and strikes are forbidden under a special war legislation. The miners' leaders had thus no alternative but to send out orders calling off the strike, but they out-manoeuvred the Government by neglecting to use official stationery. The miners simply refuse to recognize any order that does not carry the official seal. The injunction restraining the miners' leaders, although supported by the courts, has not ended the trouble as was expected. The Government has taken full control of the mines and troops will be present to prevent interferences wherever production is resumed, but the cannot be driven by the bayonet to dig

It is estimated that the production at present is 35 per cent of normal, which will not be sufficient to keep the industries of the United States and Canada going at normal pace for more than another ten days or two weeks.

THE CATTLE EMBARGO.

The old grievance of the embargo on Cana dian cattle has once more been to the fore and once more has it been decided to maintain the embargo. This time the matter came up in the Lords. The embargo was first established years ago with the object of preventing the contamination of English cattle by diseased animals from this country. This excuse, of course, no longer exists, as the disease has long since disappeared from Canadian herds. Recently there has been a tendency in the United Kingdom to recognize this fact and permit the entry of Canadian cattle, but always a stronger influence has been brought to bear to have the bars kept up. In 1917 the Dominion Government made an attempt to have the bars lowered, and it was then believed that the imperial ministry would acquiesce, but a few days ago Lord Lee, minister of agriculture, explained to the Lords that since 1917 the people of the United Kingdom had, through the shortage of meat brought about by the submarine campaign, become much less addicted to meat as a staple food and that the cattle of the old land were more than sufficient to meet consumption. The real reason then for the embargo on Canadian cattle is protection for the English, Irish and Scotch stock raiser. While there will be disappointment in this country at the retention of the embargo there we are standing for it."

will at least be some satisfaction in knowing that Canadian cattle are now advertised in all the old world markets as having a clean bill of health. This bit of justice, if tardy, is welcome.

GIPSY SMITH'S WORK.

The acid test of the evangelist's preaching rests, of course, in the aftermath. If the converted or regenerated carry on after the spurring influence of the evangelist's magnetic presence has been removed, then there is no question as to his sincerity and the truth of his message. The evangelist "makes good" by what he leaves behind in the souls and minds of men and women. Gipsy Smith will be found to have met this test, we think. He was successful because of the simplicity and straightforwardness with which he delivered his message. He did not resort to fads or frills to push home the message. It stood on its own feet, so to speak. The great crowds that nightly packed the Armories did not go there to be amused or entertained. They were there to be helped. That they were helped, invigorated spiritually, is shown by the thousands who returned a second and a third time. It was not Gipsy Smith so much as what he said that held and gripped his hearers. The meetings were not the emotional debauch that too many evangelical drives consist of. And as a consequence there will not be a reaction that would undo the good work. The benefits of his preaching in this city should be deep seated and lasting, the spiritual stimulation he has brought about steadying in these hours of social and religious unrest.

THE TURK PROBLEM.

Turkey is now the only nation officially at war with the British Empire. This is not because the Turk is holding out for better terms. Turkey today is completely at the mercy of the Allies and must submit to any conditions, but the future status of the Ottoman in Europe must be clearly defined, settled once for all, if there is to be any assurance of peace in the Balkans and the Eastern Mediterranean. It is this difficult problem which is delaying ratification. The main issue is, of course, as to whether the Turk shall be ousted from Europe. Rumania, Serbia, Greece and Bulgaria have already declared officially that they cannot consider the Balkan question settled until the Turk is removed to the other side of the Bosphorus. Turkey on the other hand clings to the little strip she holds in Europe, principally because of religious sentiment, and therein lies a great danger. To see holy Constantinople turned over to the Christian would constitute the crowning insult and debasement to the Turk from Sultan to street beggar. The immediate effect might mean bloody insurrections throughout the entire east. The torch of the Jehad sweeping through India, Persia, Palestine, Egypt, Afghanistan and Beluchistan would bring a period of massacre in which millions would perish, and Britain's hold in eastern lands be terribly shaken. Armenia, out and bitter affair. The U. S. administration, | too, must be looked after in whatever arrange- | jack was a huge fellow, and very strong, and in its ment is made. The United States has been asked to accept the mandate for this stricken nation, but the squabbling Senate makes acceptance remote if not improbable. A firm hand eral weeks ago. The Government evidently was | will have to be employed by somebody in order | an oar and stunned it, and the man was pulled into under the impression that a large number of the to prevent further butcheries, but at the same time Moslem national and religious sentiment most difficult the Allies have faced as it holds the possibility of further warring in the Near

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Also do your Christmas mailing early.

The Pankhursts should take a tip from Lady Astor and "kid" their way into Parliament.

Montreal's milliners threaten to strike, but wouldn't the psychological hour for a milliner's strike he at Easter?

The British are adding greatly to the strength of the police forces in Egypt. A case of more cops for the Copts.

Old London is to give the Prince of Wales a reception, but it will have "to go some" to equal that given by young London.

DOGS FOR CHILDREN.

[New Bedford Standard.] An observation of our friend the Farmer, that "I dunno's I ever heard of a child's gettin' lost that had a dog to play with," merits consideration. Sweeping generalizations are unsafe, but there is no question of the value of a dog as a child's playmate and protector. Some dogs have the runaway instinct themselves. The call of the wild stirs within them -they are vagrants by nature. Such a dog would delight to have human company in a runaway journey, and are not safe companions for children. the right kind of dogs, and there are many of them, who have been brought up with children, are quick to assume the role of guardian. With such a dos no child would ever get lost; indeed, would not be allowed to stray beyond bounds. We have in mind a Great Dane, whose temper was such that although we were acquaintances, we never ventured to enter his domain, if he were around, until he had had time to satisfy himself that we could pass muster. Once satisfied you were approved by the god he called master and goddess he called mistress, he had an embarrassing way of standing on his hind a caress quite likely, if you were not well braced, to companion of the baby of the family-a boy of four or five-who had a predilection for running away When the youngster started, the Great Dane followed; when the child reached the gate the dog block his way, gently but firmly. For anyone to have touched that child when the Dane was near would have cost him his life—un ss he had first shot, and shot to kill. The intelligence of the dog is a source of constant amazement to those wh know him best and love him most; and of his devotion there is, happily, no question. children had dogs as playmates there would be

AMERICA AND SINN FEIN. [Edmonton Journal.]

The other day Senator John Sharpe Williams of Mississippi told Senator Walsh of Massachusetts whose ideas in regard to foreign affairs seem to be dictated wholly by his sympathies with the Sing Feiners, that it would "become him better if he would try to be American for a little by way of a change." Senator Williams is a very exceptional politician, in that he never seems to be afraid to say what the public interests require should be said, regardless of the voting elements which he offends by doing so. In the Vancouver World, Frank Foster of Seattle publishes a letter which he recently received from the senator. This letter states that the Sinn Feiners and German-Americans are doing all that they can to raise jealousy and distrust between the States and Britain. Their hope, he says, "is to bring about a row, and, if possible, a war between the United States and Great Britain to the benefit of both Germany and Ireland, and they seem to think that we Americans

From Here and There

SENTIMENT ASIDE. [Buffalo News.]

I remember, I remember, Oh, so fondly and so well, All the fleeting golden moments When I courted Arabelle.

Every night with moon a-waning, When we walked abroad unseen I remember as distinctly As it were but yestere'en

I remember every Sunday That I used to spend with her-Every path among the flowers Where we used to coo and purr

But I sometimes get to thinking (I'm no sentimental moke), And remember more especial

WHAT DID SHE MEAN? The Woman-I want you to forget that I told ou I didn't mean what I said about not taking back my refusal to change my mind. I've been thinking t over, and I've decided that I was wrong in the The Man-You don't really mean that, do you.

REPUBLICAN JOURNAL'S VIEWS.

[Springfield Union.]
Great Britain has formally guaranteed aid to France if, without provocation, France is again attacked by Germany But the United States. 'champion of humanity, world freedom and justice, brough the autocratic stubbornness of a vain and egotistic executive and the peevishness and perverof an extremely partisan group of senators, withholds a similar guarantee. sacrificed tens of thousands of lives of the bravest and best youth of the land, and more than \$25,000. safety of the world, and then we permit the pettiest motives of selfishness, jealousy and political spite to stand in the way of achieving the object we fought for. Can we, as Americans, face the world without a hot blush of shame at our utter failure to ulfill our just and moral obligations to our allies, and to live up to the lofty sentiments we have been loudly proclaiming for the last two and one-half Have we forgotten the message that came from those who, giving up their lives for that noble now lie beneath the wooden crosses in the blood-stained soil of France and Flanders-

> 'If ye break faith with us who die We shall not sleep though popples blow In Flanders fields"?

SOME FISH STORY.

A sportsman tells of a curious incident. From is story, which appears to be authentic, it appears hat a party of fishermen were out in a boat after gudgeon. One of the men, whose horse had become board but was not fishing. As a penalty for wearing spurs he sat in the bow with his feet hanging ver the side of the skiff.

Soon after his entrance into the boat one of the anglers caught a small gudgeon, which he playfully hung on the horseman's projecting spur. ncident was forgotten, and the gudgeon hung there.

ts tail just touching the water. Suddenly the man gave a cry of astonishment and the others, looking up, saw a large jackfish splashing the water in vigorous fashion. The boat began to rock; the man in the bow lost his balance and tumbled into the lake, where he disappeared

from sight. fish still thrashing the water about his foot, and it struggles for freedom it plunged down toward the bottom of the lake, dragging the man feet foremost after it. His weight, however, was too much fo the fish, and it made small headway,

The fishermen now went to the assistance their companion. One of them struck the jack with the boat and the jackfish dispatched. The big fish had jumped for the gudgeon, fixed its teeth in its on the crane-necked spur.

AN ANCIENT PALACE. [Hamilton Times.]

Just off the Ringstrasse (known as the most picturesque street in the world) lies the Hofburg. or city palace of the ex-Emperor of Austria. Passing through massive Doric columns, which were constructed by Peter von Hobile in 1821-24, admission is gained to the "Place of Heroes." outside th castle ward. A new wing was here added in 1887-94 and visitors frequent this place at noon and at o'clock in the afternoon, when the soldiers change guard, going through drills at the same time, accompanied by a choice band of music.

The inner walls of this portion are of the Renaissance style, by Ohmann and Baumann, completed as late as 1907. Further on toward the eastern side of the grounds is the Heldenplatz, where two exquisite monuments stand, the largest in the capital The largest, on the left, is of Prince Eugene. The base of the statue is of white marble, and the middle section is carved in niches, with four black marble inscribed slabs between. Above is the figure of Prince Eugene on a rearing horse. Beneath are supporting figures of women holding garlands,

with crowns upon their heads. The equestrian monument of Archduke Charles stands opposite. This is a tribute to the man who defeated Napoleon at Aspern, and his dress is strongly significant of that period. A large flag is clenched in the hands of the archduke, and shields and wreaths of iron form a footstool beneath.

A Massive Stoop. Ascending a winding, massive white stoop, the visitor is led to the interior of a section of the palace set aside for visitors. After gaining entrance to the lobby, guards approach with slippers made of carpet material, and each person is expected to protect the floors of the imperial Hofburg by wear-

ing the same over his shees. This large room is rich in simplicity, and lighted by a chandelier of rare value, which drops very low from the ceiling, suspended by bronze chains attached to protruding claws, while the lights of ingular and innumerable electric candles are held in place by the hands of angels. Low chairs in bench orm of rose-colored velvet seats and gilded backs wide folding door we pass into one of the guest

occupied by Maria Theresa, this enchantng spot takes the visitor back many generations, for the old imperial bed is always an object of close scrutiny. The little footstool at its side is floor, with an equal space between the sleene and the canopy overhead. Along the sides and foot are hung heavy red plush curtains, which can be drawn together so as to completely inclose the bed.

Directly adjoining is an antique room with blue and white color scheme. The treasury is open to the public as well on certain visiting days, but that s a story by itself.

The palace was once an old mill, with no special sportance attached to it, and not until 1570 did Maximilian acquire the spot and have a small cast erected thoreupon, at which period it was used as shooting-box for wild deer in the surrounding orest. This castle was destroyed by the Turks in 1683, and was not rebuilt until the year 1700 by Leopold I. From then on it was used as a summer palace. But to Maria Theresa it may claim its present beauty, for she commissioned Pacassi a

guisite palaces possible on this site. There are 1,440 rooms in this palace, 140 kitchens and its courtyard covers 25,000 meters. Two huge columns form the gateway and upon each is a remendous bird. Just beyond, a life-sized lion eposes upon a marble pillar, and white stone arches the entrance. To the westward is the Glorietta, an arched hall with an inclined stairway of 51 meters. It is famous for its mighty attica, or which stand three distinct symbols in bronze.

Next is the Roman ruin, whose origin dates back to 1780. It is characteristic of the Roman conquerors, but is in so dilapidated a condition at the present era that but two or three of the steps leading toward one of the portals remain, the others being nothing but crumbled stone. Perhaps the best preserved part of the ruin is its tall arch. Not far removed is the noted Obelisk, resembling a needle more than most monuments of the kind. Its top is finished in gilt, and the sides bear hieroglyphics of the history of Austria. Near by the glorious Neptune Fountain presents itself, and from Schone

The Advertiser's **Daily Short Story**

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure GOING AT EIGHTEEN-FIFTY.

"Fifteen! Fifteen-do I hear twenty? Fifteen, fifteen-fifteen! Ladies and gentlemen, I have been guilty, I fear, of hany sinful deeds; but it I am forced to sell this picture for fifteen dollars it will be the crowning crime of a long and checkered career. Fitteen—fifteen dollars, you understand, I hope; not fifteen hundred. Isn't there any one in this room who can see twenty dollars' worth of drawing in this little subject, to say nothing of the color? No? Must I be a party to the wickedness of selling this canvas for fifteen dollars? Fifteen, Fifteen, first; fifteen, second; fifteen, third and last—"
"Sixteen!" The voice was small and quavering. It emanated from a young girl standing close by the door. She was not very well dressed. She was pale and looked a little frightened. Bradshaw, the auctioneer, got the fleetpaie and looked a little frightened. Bradshaw, the auctioneer, got the flecting impression that the bidder had more the appearance of one of the struggling young artists who brought their pictures to this lower Fifth avenue auctives.

tion room than of a purchaser. But his business was with the bid, which his practiced ear had not missed. "I'm offered sixteen. Sixteen—do I hear another? Sixteen—" "Eighteen."
This time the voice was masculine.

proffer. She seemed to be more ex-cited than bidders on low-priced paint-ings commonly are—even agitated, the soldier thought.

Before the auctioneer sould more than acknowledge the latest offer the girl bid again. "Eighteen"— her volce broke and she had to begin all over— "Eighteen fifty." The tall young man could see that she was fairly trembling. Obviously the tall young soldier is our hero. Just as obviously the young our hero. Just as obviously the young woman is our heroine. Traditionally the hero sbuld have stopped bidding against the heroine for a picture she so manifestly desired. Nevertheless the auctioneer had reached the gramatic point of "Going at eighteen-fifty" when

"GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT" TO EXPONDED TO THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF

But gentleman in the corner. The cashier will deliver the picture to you, sir."

But the successful bidder did not proceed at once to the cashier's desk. No sooner had the word "sold!"—fate's seal on many a tragedy—been pronounced than the girl, looking strangely relieved for one who apparently had just lost her heart's desire, started the door. By moving varyoung man are through the soldier bossed the proceedings. Eason the while studied his companion to eason the while studied his companion to eason the while studied his companion to eason the while studied his companion. France with the engineers. The white tale of his more than two years in France with the engineers. The white tale of his more than two years in France with the engineers. The white tale of his more than two years in France with the engineers. The white tale of his more than two years in the tale of his more than two years in France with the engineers. The white tale of his more than two years in the tale of his more than two years in France with the engineers. The white tale of his more than two years in France with the engineers. The white tale of his more than two years in France with the engineers. The white tale of his more than two years in France with the engineers. The white tale of his more than two years in France with the engineers. The white tale of his more than two years in France with the engineers. The white tale of his more than two years in France with the engineers. The white tale of his more than two years in France with the original tale of his more than two years in France with the engineers. The white tale of his more than two years in France with the engineers. The white tale of his more than two years in France with the engineers. The white tale of his more than two years in France with the engineers. The white tale of his more than two years in France with the engineers. The white tale of his more than two years in France with the sum years in France with the engineers. The white tale of his more than two years in Fr

gallons of water.

MANUAL COLUMNICA COLUMNICA

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hearty, confident; a new note in the bidding. A hand, lifted easily above several intervening heads, directed the door. By moving very quickly the the attention of the presiding genius young man got there as soon as she to one whose deep tan, erect at did. to one whose deep tan, erect at titude and brand-new clothes and hat stamped him indubitably as a spldier newly discharged. He stood next to the wall. From his place he could see the girl of the sixteen-dollar proffer. She seemed to be more extended to the sixteen-dollar proffer. walt till I make good with this art mill. Then I want to shake hands with you, and everything."

Not until this matter-of-fact greeting had Joy Ballard even glimpsed her rival bidder. Now she suddenly went pale indeed, then pink—tery pink. "Mort!" she gasped. "Mort Eason! Why, I-we—nobody wrote me—oh, dear!"

All at once the girl locked little and not very strong. With quick concern Eason peremptorily ordered a fat man out of his chaif and bestowed Joy in it. "I'll be back in an instant." he told her, and rushed off after his purchase, a tiny bit of woodland done from memory and not done badly. Almost to the concern the concern the statement of the tablecloth with the dull end of her fork till she reached the storta centre in its middle. Then, with a little, shamefaced laugh, she surrendered.

"I suppose I might as well. I am "I suppose I might as well. I am broke, Mort; desperately broke. It's

going to eat."

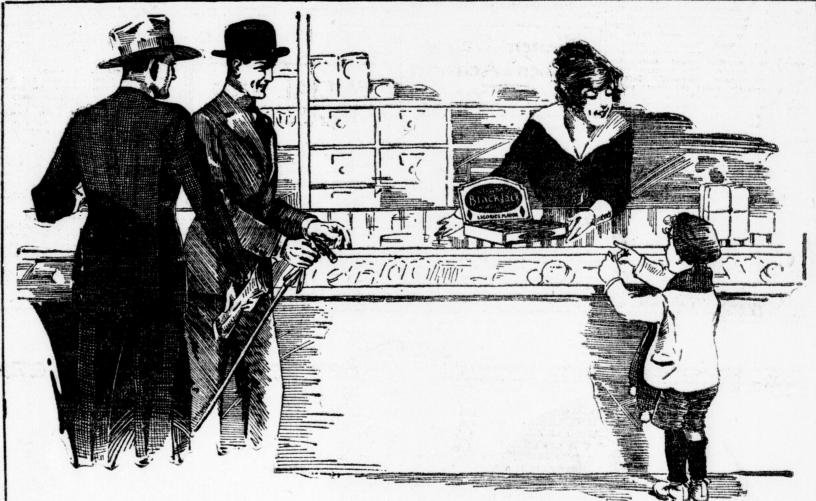
Eat they did, wisely and well, for places. They never bring much—but the soldier bossed the proceedings. Eason the while studied his companion to eat. The auction people charge us to eat. The auction people charge us to eat. lars. I simply had to have fifteen dol-lars tomorrow—my rent—or be put into the street. If the picture had sold for less than nineteen I wouldn't have had enough. They didn't know me at that place; I sent the picture by a girl friend. I took the chance of boosting it. If they had taken my bid I'd have sim-ply had to run. It took me two weeks to do that picture."

A REPORTED TO THE

"Good God! And this is the 'career' you turned me down for! This is the 'art' that wouldn't let you marry me and let me leave you safely provided for when I went over there.

I reckon a nussand won't interfere with your career any more than the landlady and the baker do. Come on, Joy, we've got just time to get to the city hal and organize a license. Then we'll taxt to the Little Church."

Joy wanted to cry, but she didn't she only said, a little tremulously, as the taxi sped down Broadway, "I guest being a poor little fizzle of an artist what recovered from the surprise of the increase of the surprise of the surpri



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