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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Thursday, Jan. 2.

Hope is the boy, a blind, headlong, pleasant fellow, good to chase swallows with the salt; Faith is the grave, experienced, yet smiling man. Hope lives on ignorance; open-eyed Faith is built upon a knowledge of our life, of the tyranny of circumstance and the frailty of human resolution. Hope looks for unqualified success; but Faith counts certainly on failure and takes honorable defeat to be a form of victory. Hope is a kind old pagan; but Faith grew up in Christian days and early learnt humility. In the one temper, a man is indignant that he cannot spring up in a clap to heights of elegance and virtue; in the other, out of a sense of his infirmities, he is filled with a confidence because a year has come and gone, and he has still preserved some rags of honor.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE CIVIC VOTE.

THOSE WHO WERE willing to regard the welfare of the city as worth a wetting (and they were undoubtedly those who have a real conception of the duties of citizenship) did well by their fellow Londoners who stayed at home. The mayoralty acclamation, placing the reins again in the capable hands of Mayor C. R. Somerville, detracted from the interest in the race, as did the acclamations tendered Commissioners F. G. Mitchell and T. W. MacFarland and Chairman W. M. Gartshore for the utilities commission and hospital trust, respectively, all of whom have won the confidence of the electors. As far as excitement went, it was the tamest contest in many years, but by no means the least important so far as results are considered.

The passing of the Medical School bylaw was of paramount importance as a test of civic loyalty toward the Western University as a whole. It was a generous and ambitious action on the part of citizens to recognize the claims and advantages of the university by making possible the construction of a building of ample proportions and modern facilities, which will attract many more students by reason of the physical improvement of an institution that already has achieved a proud record.

The industrial bylaw gives practical expression to the city's desire to construct factories and to encourage the enterprise of her own citizens and those who are seeking location in a city ideally provided with advantages for the manufacturer. The greatest care is required in the carrying out of an industrial policy, but the crystallized sagacity and experience of the Chamber of Commerce should ensure a safe, sane and at the same time progressive program.

Commission government was given the approval of citizens as an improvement over the present system. The credit for advancing this new plan for civic government will be given abundantly to ex-Controller John M. Moore, who formulated and sponsored the bylaw. Of the first importance in the new system is the concentration of municipal spending under one authority. This does not involve the removal of men at present identified with various spending bodies, although it will involve a decrease in numbers on some boards. A candidate will be able to declare himself as an aspirant for a certain department, but he will also act with the whole commission. It brings each spending body directly under the jurisdiction of the men elected to levy and collect taxes. Furthermore it should make for coordination of energy and effort in the various departments.

Heartiest congratulations are to be extended to the three women candidates for the board of education. They achieved positive victories in a strong field and have a clear mandate for an active participation in the city's school affairs. Capable male trustees will be their partners in conducting school affairs. It was gratifying to observe the fine vote given Mr. W. T. Strong, who has for years given his services in the interest of education.

The council will present four new faces, but ex-Controller Little is a graduate from the defunct board of control. It was significant that of the four aldermen who come into the council with or without experience, three lead the polls in their wards. The other aldermen are well deserving of the trust again imposed in them. London showed its faith in London yesterday and if the vote was small the good sense exhibited was in unusual proportion.

FRANCE MUST BE SAFE.

THE WHOLE Allied and neutral world will sympathize with Clemenceau, Pichon and the other French leaders in their passionate demand that France be absolutely safeguarded against a repetition of the Prussian assault. None of the great powers which fought the Huns have suffered as terribly as France. That gallant nation will carry the scars of her splendid fight for life, and freedom for many generations. One of Prussia's main objects in bringing on the war was to wipe out France. To that end systematic savagery was turned loose. France was to be not only defeated in a military sense, but crushed in spirit. There was to be no chance of a "come-back." Carefully deliberated ruthlessness was used against the French to a greater degree than with others. So thorough was this intention in its application that nothing was too minute, too sacred or too great to escape. The Hun destroyers wrecked cathedrals and cowsheds with the single purpose of prostrating France in all her activities beyond the possibility of recovery.

It is estimated that 80 per cent of the devastation and destruction created by the Germans was unnecessary as a military agency. The Potsdam gang were out to destroy the republic, to slay France. The defeat of French armies was to be incidental to the supreme purpose of stripping France to the bone, "bleeding her white."

Clemenceau's fiery sentences in which he calls upon the Allied nations to make impossible a renewal of the crime appear to place him is opposition to what are believed to be the views of Mr. Wilson. The French premier wants "a balance of power"; the American president, it is understood, is determined upon a league or society of nations, which is also clearly the stand taken by Lloyd George. But it is not conceivable that President Wilson is for any arrangement that will leave loopholes for another adventure of kultur. He has publicly stated that he and the British premier are in complete accord over peace plans, and as Lloyd George has made it clear above all things that Germany is to be made incapable of further mischief, we may be sure that France will be protected in a manner to meet her peculiar position. Whatever may be the details of Mr. Wilson's program, British and American sentiment will insist they include an assurance of protection for the nation which held and turned back the first terrible onslaught of the Hun and saved civilization.

A RAID ON DIAMONDS.

SOME "GREAT diamond robberies" have been pulled off in the big cities during the last few weeks. In fact the series of gem thefts moved with clockwork regularity at almost the same time in Montreal, New York and Chicago. Some ambitious and skillful gang of crooks appears to have laid plans with all the care and cunning usually associated with them by the writers of crime-as-she-isn't-done. This time the actual deeds almost measured up to the fiction, although the bewitching and virtuous female accomplices of Leroy Scott, Edwin Lefevre or Clarence Budington Kelland have yet to appear on the stage.

In all instances the thieves, or shopbreakers as they would technically be termed, made their assaults upon the premises of wholesale diamond brokers rather than jewelry stores, and in each case the simplicity of the task and the ease with which it was accomplished made it plain that someone in crookdom had an inspiration when he varied the usual procedure and sent his hunters out for new game that was always waiting to be caught, but had never before been tracked. Banks and jewelers and other firms handling valuables in coin or jewels have been pretty well worn out as prospects. But the obscure broker who carried a tremendous stock of diamonds and did not come at all in touch with the public was able to put his treasure in an ordinary safe and go home secure in the thought that the cracksmen had overlooked him, until—well someone saw how easy the thing could be done, the international spirit inspiring the operators to "touch" Canada in the course of their travels. In the three places probably $200,000 worth of diamonds and other gems were scooped into club bags.

While ways that are dark are ever to be condemned there is a lesson for everyone in the doubtful enterprise of these big-stake thieves. Right beside us may be the opportunity for which we have waited many years. It may not be yawning open for us on the main street, but in some accessible if less apparent location. The men who perverted their "hunches" to the ways of crime merely used their brains to find a new pathway to ill-gotten gains. The diamonds of real opportunity await the plucking of the honest man as well as real gems await the crook.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Disease and epidemics are two enemies with whom we should never arrange an armistice.

Perhaps Wilson and Clemenceau could settle their clash over the basis of peace by resorting to the well known "fifty-fifty."

By destroying monuments dedicated to dead heroes of their own race the Sinn Feiners are only adding to their sins.

Criminals are already beginning to use the aeroplane for their nefarious purposes. The aerial age is not going to be entirely uplifting.

The sad tragedy of the British elections was the wiping out of the Irish Nationalist party, the medium through which Parnell and Redmond so valiantly advanced the cause of home rule.

The incarceration of Arthur Skidmore, at Stratford, for carrying a Socialist paper printed seven months before the Government prohibited its circulation, had assumed the proportions of a national scandal when the Government took fright and released him.

THE MAN WHO FAILED.

[Munich Post.]

We are rid at last of the imperial obsession. Wilhelm II. as a people's kaiser presents a picture that can only be thinkable as a caricature. During his thirty years' reign he had obstinately stood for principles that are utterly incompatible with the spirit of a democratic government. It was, therefore, not to be expected that even under the stress of events a man so imbued with reactionary ideas could abandon them as we discard an old coat of which we are tired. Let Wilhelm of Hohenzollern retire to some quiet island in the Pacific Ocean and become a peaceful local cocoanut planter under the aegis of the English Government, which he belittled so much to his own people. It would be a picturesque revenge of dynasty. We, at all events, desire no more of him.

THE MAN OF SPUNK.

[Gait Reporter.]

The world has no use for a moral coward, a man lacking in self-assertion and a man of inaction, but it stands at attention before the courageous man, the man who asserts his authority and personality and the man who gets things done.

THE PROPAGANDIST.

[Detroit Journal.]

John D. Rockefeller has sworn off $5,000,000 of the $10,000,000 which he was assessed for personal taxation.—News item.

Among those who are engaged in spreading the Bolshevist sentiment through the United States, count Uncle John D. first.

SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.]

A well-known Englishman was calling on an editor when he rose abruptly and said: "But I must not further occupy the time of a busy man."

"Not at all," exclaimed the editor, "I am always pleased——"

"Oh, I was referring to myself," was the placid rejoinder.

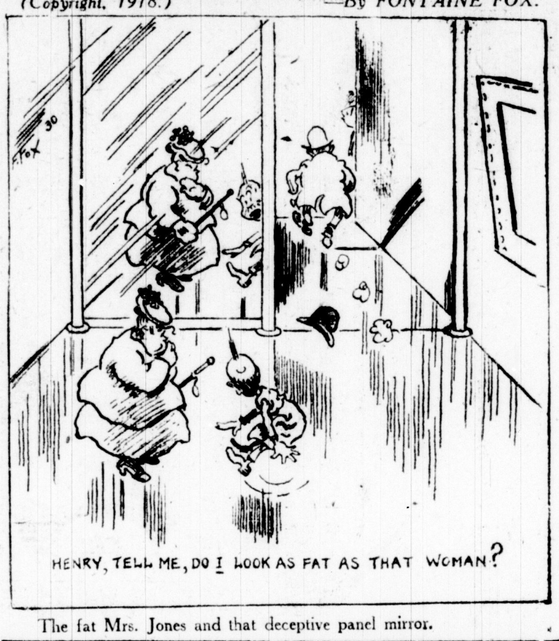
MAY YET SEE CANADA AN "ADJUNCT."

[Buffalo Express.]

The United Farmers of Ontario have adopted resolutions to the effect that they will not now be satisfied with the reciprocity of 1911, but wish complete free trade with the United States. Former President Taft may well begin to feel vindicated.

QUANTITATIVE ANALYSIS

(Copyright, 1918.) —By FONTAINE FOX.



The fat Mrs. Jones and that deceptive panel mirror.

BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE McLUKE

(Copyright, 1918.)

Queer Weather.

This doggone weather can't be beat.
It makes a fellow scold;
One day you have the prickly heat,
Next day you have a cold.

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie—Paw, what is the breath of suspicion?

Paw—The one that has cloves on it, my son.

Correct.

Where'er you go, from West to East,
You'll find, from coast to coast,
It is the lad who knows the least
Who tries to tell the most.

Oh, Joy!

"At that, a pessimist has something on an optimist," remarked the Old Fogy.

"What's that?" asked the Grouch.

"Why, his gas bill is always smaller than he expected it to be," replied the Old Fogy.

Making His Mark.

You can't do very much with talk
For boys just love to lark;
But give a boy a piece of chalk,
And he will make his mark.

Ouch!

"I gave my fiance a great surprise for Christmas," said Miss Peace.

"What did you do?" asked Miss Cattt.

"Tell him your real age!"

Haw, Haw!

A tough old bird was dying and his wife sent out for a preacher. The preacher came and said to the dying sinner:

"You had better renounce the devil, my friend."

"Renounce the devil!" exclaimed the dying man. "Why, I ain't in a position to make any enemies right now."

Shame.

When Mary starts to board a car
Just see how brazen bad men are;
Why don't they turn their heads, I beg;
Why should they look at Mary's hat?

But why attribute motives base
To men, and give them such a slam?
For surely it is oft the case
The spectacle's not worth a glance.

—Newark Advocate.

An Irish Bull.

A reader wants to know what is meant by an Irish bull. Well, here's an example:

An Irishman got off a train to buy something, and the train started away before he reached it. The Irishman chased the train down the platform and yelled:

"Hould on, there! Ye've got a passenger on board that's left behind!"

You Win!

The man who is riding 60 miles per hour in a big machine is no happier than the man who is riding 30 miles per hour in a flivver, because the man in the flivver thinks he is going 60.—E. L. B.

Is That So?

If you are going to Helen Hunter you do not have to go past Lexington. She teaches in the public schools in that city, and hails from Nicholasville, Ky.

What's the Fare To Jacksonville?

Iva Love is employed in the Government powder plant at Jacksonville, Tennessee.

That Lullaby.

Ed. M. Baird of Mt. Juliet claims that we are wrong about the old Virginia lullaby we printed some time ago. He says the original version, as sung by his old "Black Mammy," was like this:

A little ole man came riding by,
Sez I: "Little man, your hoss will die!"
"Well, of he dies I'll tan his skin,
An' if he live I'll ride him agin."
For old Virginny never tires.

What, Only Eighteen of 'Em!

[Biggsville (Ill.) Clipper.]

A daughter was born, the 18th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Rankin, south of town.

Names Is Names.

Lowe Ball lives at Meeds, Cal.

Our Daily Special.

If I Wasn't For The Dressing, Some Salads And Some Girls Wouldn't Amount To Much.

Luke McLuke Says

We do not know a helluva lot. But we do know that Hard Work is as big a factor as Religion in keeping a man out of trouble.

The old-fashioned man who paid as he went seems to have gone out of fashion about the time the bustle did.

Lots of men tell no lie when they say they are following a profession. They not only follow it; they have a tough time keeping up with it.

We once knew a man who was so long admiring his lucky Rabbit Foot that he fell into an open coal hole and was killed.

Fortune is on the job about one minute every 24 hours. But misfortune is on the job all the time.

A woman always examines a phoney 35-cent piece before she will accept it, but she never thinks of examining a phoney man until after she has hooked up with him.

Ever notice that on the mornings you do not have to go to work you wake up early and can't get to sleep again, and that on the mornings you must go to work you have an awful time getting awake?

Never compliment a princess on her small feet. If you do you are sure to learn that the shoes she is wearing are a mile too big for her.

The reason the rest of the kisses do not taste as good as the first one is because the first one was so hard to get.

White always looks good on a woman. But when a man wears it he always looks like he was peddling something.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A FORTUNATE FANCY.

[By Imes MacDonald.]

Martin Brown was in no way a remarkable man except in the matter of elephants, and of elephants he had what was in all probability the largest single collection in the world. Please do not mistake this assertion. His elephants were not alive, not real elephants you know, but images, modeled and carved.

His small studio apartment was full of ivory elephants, some of them no larger than a watch charm; bronze elephants, porcelain, plaster and wooden elephants; some of which he himself had carved, for Martin Brown was no mean craftsman—a sort of jack-of-all-trades person, with a fancy for elephants.

The elephant is a large animal; ever, so is the subject of the elephant. For years he had studied them, their habits, their relations, their mental developments, their physical structure, their evolution. He had a friendly intimacy with every elephant in New York, and whenever he visited the zoos the keepers allowed him the freedom of the place.

The affection of an elephant may seem a ludicrous thing but to see those great beasts touching him caressingly and feeling him over with their delicate trunks was not a funny thing at all. It stirred one with wonder at the man and the mysterious bond which existed between them.

At the library the attendants called Martin Brown "the Elephant Man," and he was a familiar personality to them all. Whenever anything new came in that even so much as mentioned elephants, it was always called to his attention.

This had been the rule with but one exception. For more than a year past in several of the magazines there had been occurring a most interesting type of black and white drawings which featured the elephant in strange and peculiar phases, and in most unusual surroundings. There were sad elephants, coy ones, comical, rollicking, devil-may-care elephants, abandoned and dignified elephants.

They strolled or danced along the streets, they looked curiously over garden walls, into or out of unexpected doorways, strolled up or down the steps of sunken gardens, sometimes in the most delightful company of dancing girls or nymphs in silhouette.

And when Martin Brown first saw those drawings he laughed and hunted eagerly for more. He found them, quite a few of them, signed modestly in the corner, "S. B." He called the attention of one of the librarians whom he had known for several years and asked her if she knew anything of the artist. She did! The artist was a girl who came there and pored over elephant books and made quantities of sketches.

"What kind of girl?" asked Martha Brown.

"Rather young and sort of attractive," reluctantly admitted the librarian, who was neither. "Why, here she comes now," she added in surprise, and his glance followed hers as a tall, slim girl came toward them.

"Miss Barstow," said the librarian, stopping the girl with a gesture toward Martin Brown, "this is the elephant man, Martin Brown."

Brown looked into a pair of sad grey eyes that were frankly wide and curious. He could not understand why those eyes were sad, for there was a hint of humor in the curves of her mouth, and her drawings sparkled with fun.

"I've often wondered about you, Elephant Man," said Sara Barstow, with an open-eyed smile.

It was but natural that they should become friends, they had so much in common. At his insistent invitation she visited his studio from time to time and studied and sketched his elephants, and he gave her of his lore and such a companionship as she had never before known except in the timidity of her dreams.

Brown did not know, but that was the reason for the sadness in her eyes, the loneliness of a shy but courageous spirit fighting upward in the contentious competition of remorseless Manhattan. But as she reveled in the joy of her association with Brown the look of sadness lifted from her eyes and they began to reflect the dancing lights of her natural spontaneous nature that had always revealed itself in the humorous quirk of her flexible mouth and the jolly elephants which cavorted engagingly when depicted by the genius of her drawing.

Together they went to the various zoos and one after another she met the friends of his fancy. The keepers stared in surprise to see their temperamental and sometimes erratic charges instantly accepted this slim girl with the same affectionate fellowship that they always displayed for Brown himself.

Gently they slipped inquisitive, caressing trunks down over her thin-clad shoulders, curling them about her with disconcerting ardor. But Sara Barstow was unafraid—delighted to feel that they trusted and loved her even as they did Brown.

There was but one exception in this attitude toward Sara Barstow among the elephants of New York, and that exception was Minerva, the mightiest beast of them all. Minerva had been caught in her native Africa in her early girlhood and brought to New York. For years there had been no indication that she had resented this interruption to her jungle career, but Minerva was of the species feminine, and the female of the species has its own peculiarities, as almost every one and Rudyard Kipling can swear to.

The day Martin Brown and Sara visited Minerva, Minerva seemed not at all her own sweet self. True she squealed delightedly at the sight of Brown and reached toward him engagingly with her trunk, but after they had exchanged greetings and Sara advanced to be introduced Minerva disgraced herself.

Sara was a woman. Even Minerva could see that—and she was instantly jealous. Her little eyes reddend with hate and suspicion as Sara stepped fearlessly forward and stood there talking softly as she gently patted Minerva's swinging trunk with her soft slim hand. But when Minerva slipped her trunk about Sara's shoulders much as the others had done, she snorted angrily and there was no flexible gentleness as the powerful grip of her trunk became crushingly rigid.

Sara was a brave girl and she made no sound; but she glanced appealingly at Martin Brown, only to see that he was midway in his frantic leap to her rescue. Sternly he spoke to the infuriated beast which was just beginning to swing the girl from the ground; swiftly with the mighty grip of his left hand he caught hold of the sensitive tip of Minerva's trunk, at the same time plying the goad relentlessly behind the great distended ear. For an instant Minerva wavered, then yielded to the pain of her punishment and the fearless anger of Martin Brown, and with little cowed whines she relented and relinquished her hold on Sara Barstow.

There was a strange look in the eyes of Martin Brown that afternoon as they were on their way back to Sara's apartment, and Sara herself was strangely silent.

"There was really no danger," he tried to assure here as he was leaving.

"I know better," she contradicted, and then shuddered a bit. "She would have killed me horribly, Martin, if you hadn't saved me." Brown would have laughed the matter off and turned away, but her slim hands were on his breast, and somehow he found her in his arms. "It was worth it, Elephant Man," she murmured, "just to see that look in your eyes."

And Martin Brown smiled down into her serious glance. "As an elephant fancier I seem to be a fortunate wife hunter," he said.

FREE TURKEY DINNER FOR 430 SOLDIERS ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

Many Returned Men Entertained at Salvation Army Buildings.

New Year's was a most busy and enjoyable day at the Salvation Army Hostel, where 430 soldiers and returned men were given a good turkey dinner. Commencing in good time, the men were ready in line for the turkey dinner. The Salvation lassie was ready to wait on the boys, ably assisted by six Red Cross workers.

Sharp at 11 a.m. commenced one of the best-served dinners in the city, and the boys did it full justice. The spirit of the boys was good, and all received the best possible attention.

In both the usual dining-room and the special one prepared for the day, Col. J. Rawling and Dr. H. A. Knowles were present to keep up the high spirit of the boys.

After dinner was well cleared away, as many of the boys as possible gathered in the reception room. Many enjoyed a game of billiards, while in the stairway for the best part of the afternoon, when a good program was put on. Bright singing and piano selections were part of the fun. Col. Rawling, Dr. Knowles and Rev. H. B. Ashby spoke.

Expressions of appreciation by the boys were numerous, and thanks was extended for the wonderful day they had spent at the hostel.

The climax of the day was a free enjoyable evening of music, songs, recitations, pictures and special items at the Salvation Army Citadel. It was well attended and fully enjoyed by the boys, even some who returned from the front on last night's train being present, and stayed at the hostel over the night. Dr. Knowles was the chairman of the evening, and some who assisted were: Miss Edith Maitland, elocutionist; Pte. Wright, pianist; Miss Jean Maitland, soloist, and Adjutant Ritchie, soloist.

SUCCESS OF MEDICAL SCHOOL BYLAW AN EPOCH IN HISTORY

Dean McCallum, M.D., Says Nothing But Good Can Result.

Dr. H. A. McCallum, dean of the Medical School, was highly delighted over the large majority of 1,761 with which the bylaw for $100,000 to erect a new medical school building was passed by the electors yesterday.

"It is the beginning of a greater London," Dr. McCallum stated to The Advertiser last night. "The university charter is easily worth $1,300,000 as an investment to the city, the grant from the Ontario Government of $65,000 figuring out on a 5 per cent interest basis.

"The result shows that the citizens were aroused to the importance of having London a medical and surgical centre," continued Dr. McCallum. "Further, the press of the city took a lofty stand in supporting the bylaw with all its might.

"The passing of the bylaw may be classed as an epoch in the history of the city. Nothing but great good can come from it."

BRANTFORD SAPPER DIES IN THIS CITY

The death of James Jenkins occurred on Wednesday at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. David Smith, 62 Dillabough street. He was a sapper in the Canadian Engineers and served eighteen months in France, returning last July, broken in health. He had been an invalid since. He was a native of Devonshire, England, and formerly resided in Brantford, where his wife died twelve years ago.

He is survived by his daughter, Mrs. David Smith; one brother, William Jenkins of this city, and two sisters, Mrs. Mary Northcott of this city and Mrs. Elizabeth Brooks of New York. The funeral will be held from his daughter's residence on Friday. Services will be conducted at 10:30 a.m. by Rev. Geo. McKinley, pastor of Hyatt Avenue Methodist Church. The body will be taken to Brantford on the 12:30 G. T. R. train, and interment will be made in Mount Hope Cemetery upon arrival of train. The funeral will be of a military nature.

TURNBERRY TP. NOMINATIONS.

WINGHAM, Jan. 1.—Turnberry Township: For reeve, Arthur Wheeler and James Moffatt; councillors, John Moffatt, James Porter, James Scott, John Smith and W. A. Mines.

BURIED AT WINGHAM.

WINGHAM, Jan. 1.—The funeral took place here of Sarah Harris, relict of the late Thomas Hill, who died in London in her 84th year. Mrs. Hill was one of the early pioneers of the district. Her husband was a local preacher for the Methodist Church. Frank Hill, merchant, of town, is a son.

PRISONERS MAIMED SELVES TO ESCAPE HEART-BREAKING TOIL UNDER GERMAN MASTERS

Member of Party of Returned Men Reaching City New Year's Day Tells of Hun Fiendishness — Warm Reception Given Here.

A party of several hundred returned soldiers bound for points in the London military district, who reached Canada on board the Carmania on Monday morning last, were able, with very few exceptions, to be with their relatives on the first day of a new year. The train on which they traveled from Halifax reached London about 7:30 last evening, but nearly all of the men whose homes were not actually in London detrained before reaching the city, or else went on to points west in the same train, and only about half a hundred alighted here. Of this number 31 were London boys, and of the remainder the majority were bound for Sarnia or intermediate points, and left on a later train in time to be home the same night.

A tremendous crowd thronged the station as the train bearing the returned drew in, and it was with some difficulty that soldiers detailed for the purpose were able to keep clear a gangway through which the men could pass from the train to the automobiles which were in waiting to take them to Princess avenue school.

As each car was filled, it left for the school without waiting for the others which were to follow.

Band on Job.

The band of the C. G. R. was again on hand to cheer the boys with music, and a guard of honor was provided by the same unit.

At the school the usual routine of speechmaking was deleted, as the men were all anxious to get away to their homes as quickly as possible, and left individually, as they finished eating the good things which had been provided. Through the kindness of the Red Cross Society these included such luxuries as pie and ice cream, apples and bananas, and the same organization was responsible for the fact that the tables were covered with clean, white tablecloths.

Three of the members of the Red Cross—Mrs. C. R. Somerville, Mrs. R. W. Travers and Mrs. Slater—all of whom have been very active in caring for returned men, were present, and helped to wait on the hungry boys and to chat quietly with them as they entered or left the room.

The party included an unusually large proportion of Original 1st and other early battalion men. Most of those who got off the train here carried wound stripes, some of them as many as three of them, and quite a few bore on their tunics the coveted military medal ribbon.

Prisoner Thirty Months.

At least one of the men, also, had been a prisoner of war, and he probably holds the record among those who have been repatriated in this district up to the present, with thirty months of life among the gentle Huns. His name is Charles Porter, and he hails from Windsor. He enlisted with the 33rd Battalion and went to France in April, 1916, with the 4th C. M. R. He was at the front less than two months before he was captured. This occurred during a battle in the Ypres salient when the Canadians holding that part of the line were driven back by the Germans. It took the boys from Canada eleven days to regain the position, and by that time only 48 were left of the original 1,100 comprising the unit.

Pte. Porter was wounded by a rifle bullet, and lay in the trenches taken by the Germans until they in their turn were driven back from them, when he was taken back with them. By the time the wound in his leg had become so bad that for some time it was thought that he would die. However, he recovered after spending four and a half months in a German hospital, and from that time until the signing of the armistice, according to his own story, he worked like a slave.

From Camp to Camp.

From camp to camp he was sent, and wherever he was the Germans saw to it that he and his fellow-prisoners had little respite from work. For eighteen months he worked in a coal mine, and the conditions were so terrible, he said, that many of the men deliberately maimed themselves, preferring to lose the use of a limb and risk punishment by the Germans than to continue the heart-breaking toil. From there Pte. Porter went to a steel works, where he found conditions even worse.

"We were practically starved, and would have been quite starved had it not been for the parcels we received through the Canadian Red Cross. We were all so weak from malnutrition that we could hardly drag ourselves along sometimes, but the Germans made any man who had not a limb off at least do a full man's work. If we went to the doctors their invariable order was 'arbeit,' which means work. If any of us hesitated before obeying the order of one of the soldiers put over us we were battered with a rifle butt, and often sent to the hospital for two or three days at a time."

The returned man, in spite of the hardships which he suffered at the hands of the Huns, was inclined to be more than fair in recording their treatment of him. "If a man always did what he was told promptly," he said, "he was treated fairly well. If a man tried to escape he was punished with a rifle butt. I had the experience twice, and one man who made the second attempt with me made a third, and this time a successful one, the next day after he had had a clubbing. He wanted me to go with him, but I had had enough."

Many English Died.

During the time that he was at the steel works, between June and August of the present year, Pte. Porter said, no less than 79 English prisoners of war died and were buried. Their comrades in the camp erected a monument to their memory at a cost of 3,000 marks, and the Germans promised to let them take a photograph of it, but they did not keep their promise.

Pte. William D. Thompson, who at the time war was declared was working for the Canadian Cereal Milling Company in this city, went overseas with the first battalion, and has spent three years and seven months in France and Flanders. In that time he has been wounded twice, and has won the military medal for conspicuous gallantry. His first wound was a slight one and only kept him out of the line for a month. The second was received at Passchendaele on October 1 last, only six weeks before the armistice was signed. It was in this battle that he performed the deed of heroism which earned for him his decoration. Just what that deed was The Advertiser was unable to learn. "I don't know why they gave it to me," he said in reply to a question. "It probably gives the reason in my papers, but I have never looked at them to see."

Another M. M. winner with whom The Advertiser representative chatted was Pte. Alex. Uhalik, a citizen of the United States of Polish parentage who has served in France with the Canadian forces for twenty-six months. He was decorated for bringing in a German machine gun at the battle of Amiens on August 9 of this year. The way he explained the circumstance was that he "went out into no-man's land to get some souvenirs to bring home, and I saw a German machine gun and brought it along too. The Germans who had been using it ran away." He refused to admit that any action of his caused the Boches to remember an important engagement elsewhere. He was wounded on August 26, and had previously been gassed.

Among the Londoners who were of the party were Corporals W. J. Byrne and Charles Hanks, both of whom went overseas with the 142nd Battalion, and both of whom have been wounded while serving at the front. Byrne is a South African veteran. Hanks, in addition to his wound stripe, has brought back with him several medals which he won in England for boxing.

Corporal Raymond Moulden was another London boy with the party. He went overseas with the 18th Battalion, and spent twelve months in France. He was wounded on September 15, 1916, and since that time until he sailed for Canada, has been instructing in musketry at various camps in England.

Pte. Garfield Shoebottom and Driver Lawrence Shortt went to England with the Canadian Engineers and a draft from the 63rd Battery respectively. Both were invalided with trench fever. Pte. Sam Welch, although he enlisted in Moose Jaw, is a London boy, and intends to remain in this city now that he is back. He spent eighteen months in France, with the 49th Battalion and was wounded three times. The first and last wounds were "Blighties," but the second only caused his retirement behind the lines for a few weeks. J. W. Barnard, also a Londoner, enlisted with the 135th Battalion, and went to England with that unit. He was transferred to another battalion and sent to France shortly afterwards, and was wounded near Monchy last August.

All the boys in the party spoke exceedingly well of their treatment aboard the Carmania. The quarters were somewhat crowded, they said, but noone objected particularly to that, and the food provided was very good. The only real hardship suffered during the voyage was due to a shortage of cigarettes. The canteen ran out of stock only two or three days after leaving England, and for the rest of the trip the returning men had to do without smokes.

FATHER OF "GOVT. BY COMMISSION" SCHEME PLEASED AT RESULT

J. M. Moore Glad Londoners Supported Plan—Previous Vote Adds Weight.

That London has cause to be thankful on account of the carrying of the plebiscite on the commission form of government, is the opinion of J. M. Moore.

"The results are gratifying, and I hope the new council will at its earliest convenience place the matter before the Legislature for ratification," said Mr. Moore, when told of the result of the voting.

"It shows that the citizens of London are alive to the many good points of government embodied in the bylaw as submitted. While the vote was small this year, there were nearly 5,000 citizens last year voted in favor of the adoption of some form of commission government," he continued.

Mr. Moore stated that this fact taken in conjunction with the vote this year, will have some weight with the Legislature in its decision.

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