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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,  
LIMITED.  
London, Ont., Tuesday, Dec. 3.

# ANOTHER LIBERAL ELECTED.

WILLIAM FRASER, reeve of the township of Morris, was elected to the Provincial Legislature yesterday in North Huron, defeating Dr. Case, the Conservative candidate, and Mr. Spotten, the Independent Conservative. The constituency, long in the Conservative ranks, turned Liberal by a large vote, the fourth of a series of losses which the Hearst Government has suffered.

But one issue was involved, the question as to whether the Ontario Government was worthy of the confidence of the people. Premier Hearst and several members of his cabinet took part in the campaign in behalf of Dr. Case. The vote was made the more emphatic by the fact that the only meetings held were those of the Conservative candidates. Mr. Fraser contented himself with accepting whatever verdict was rendered. He did not seek the office, having announced that if either of the other candidates dropped out he would do likewise and avert a contest.

The result is a high personal tribute to Mr. Fraser as well as a rebuke for an inefficient government. It is further significant in that the successful candidate is a farmer, and that his support came chiefly from farmers who are determined to have a voice in public affairs. It speaks well for the future of democracy in Canada.

# A DANGEROUS BREED

CANADIANS are too inclined to consider the Bolsheviks lightly or not at all. If they give the creature more than a passing thought it is to mentally picture him after the pattern of the cartoons, a bewhiskered, unclean, wild-eyed Russian, torch in one hand, red banner in the other, running amuck. This grotesque individual is so foreign to our daily activities, so absolutely out of focus with our way of looking at things, that we brush aside with impatience any warning that the hideous doctrine of the infamous Lenin may secure a footing in this land of decency and decorum. He is so utterly lawless we think that his injection into Canadian life is impossible. The mistake we make is in always thinking of the Bolsheviks as he appears in the hunting packs which Lenin and Trotsky have turned loose on Europe. We feel quite confident that the police can take care of these physical force extremists should they attempt to introduce murder and sabotage. But there is danger of our overlooking a more harmful element engaged in the spread of Bolshevism. That is the intelligent, often highly-educated apostles of anarchy who by skillful intrigue are endeavoring to enlist representative organizations in their cause. These are the Bolsheviks that must be watched and checked. They are much too wise to openly preach any "wade in blood" policy, although the experience of Europe shows that when they think the hour opportune the ignorant forces of the movement are started on a reign of terror that places no limit to the destruction of life and property. One of the favorite tricks of these agents of a devilish fanaticism is to try and identify labor organizations with their propaganda, and thus cloak themselves with a respectability that will permit them to work amongst the lawless without interference from the authorities. Bolsheviks have nothing in common with unionism in Canada, or for that matter anywhere else, but unless they are closely watched they may, under some camouflage, secure the influence of the decent and law-abiding in the forwarding of their detestable doctrines. The thug can be clubbed into submission, but his brother-murderer the poisoner who, well disguised, plans his crimes in secret is much more difficult to get at and therefore the more dangerous.

# THE FARMERS' PLATFORM.

THE widely-progressive platform decided upon by the farmers of Canada in convention at Winnipeg is a strong vindication of the policy of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal party. Almost from beginning to end the platform of the Canadian Council of Agriculture fits in with the broad enlightened and progressive views of the Liberal leader as repeatedly placed before the people of this country, whether leading his party to the polls or fighting against the forces in Parliament that have been given over to the exploitation of the public. The demand that the reciprocity agreement with the United States of 1911 should be accepted by Canada is a smashing rebuke to the "no truck nor trade with the Yankees" Conservative platform. At that election an unjustifiable use of the flag was made the excuse for the Conservative party to block what sober reflection long since recognized was the sane policy for the country. The resolution passed at Winnipeg is just one more striking indorsement of the wide-visioned Liberal leader.

The stand taken by the farmers approves Sir Wilfrid's British preference, so bitterly opposed by the Conservative party, by calling for a still further reduction. The entire platform is strong for the wholesome and progressive democracy he has so persistently fought for. It calls for the more equal distribution of the nation's resources, a fairer system of taxation, a curbing of combines, and an all-round reduction of the tariff that will benefit the broad masses of the people. The convention has decided against the formation

of a farmers' party and announces that as an organization it will not tie up to any party. But only by the broad Liberalism of Sir Wilfrid Laurier will it find its principles welcomed and entirely at home.

# EXTRAORDINARY TIMES.

WE ARE LIVING in the most extraordinary times the world has ever known. There never was a time when it was so necessary to be cool-headed and play the man as today. If one can judge at the distance we are from the centre of operations, there is no danger in Great Britain, France or America. The war was a terrible one, and those who held their heads when it was raging at its fiercest, when disaster threatened, can be trusted, now that the cloud of war is dispersing, to miss no point. They know their enemy, and know that that enemy, that inflicted on many innocent women and children a merciless death, is now crying out for mercy, not because they have repented, not because they would not have sung their hymn of hate in every land as well as England, but because they failed and desire to avoid punishment for their inhuman crimes. Richard H. Edmonds, editor of the Manufacturers' Record of Baltimore, sums it up as follows:

"The whole German race joyously adopted the teachings of their leaders and joyously entered upon the war, and has upheld in every way possible every crime committed. Some Germans and people of German descent living in America, and even some dishonoring the name of Christ as his professed followers, blatantly boasted of Germany's achievements when it fed to the sharks the bodies of the dying women and children on the Lusitania.

"Shall we have a maudlin sympathy for Pilate, for Judas, for Nero? Compared with their opportunity, their crimes were as nothing compared with the crimes of the whole German people.

"Christ said: 'Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?'

"Shall we presume to be greater lovers of humanity than Christ Himself?"

# EDITORIAL NOTES.

South America is doing its best to get a permanent position on the front page.

One of the Hohenzollern palaces is to be turned into quarters for German "reds." So it will still continue to be a pest house.

Overhearing a telephone conversation broke up a plot to restore the ex-kaiser. After that nobody will object to that listening-in device.

Arthur Henderson tells of the coming "tramp, tramp" of England's laborites to the polls. Also there will be the "swish, swish," of three million skirted voters.

# GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP.

(New York Herald.)  
"It is utterly impossible for a country like ours to manage the railroads without politics," says President Roper, of the Atchafalaya, Topeka and Santa Fe system. Hence his objection to Government ownership, "which would mean the beginning of the end of our republic." Politics and good service certainly are incompatible.

# GIBRALTAR.

(Theodore Chickering Williams.)  
Dost thou, great England, guard thy greatness here By the bold Lion Rock's imperial pride. Only that thy swift merchant ships may ride, Enriching the rich globe, without a fear Of any wrath but heaven's? Dost thou appear These islets in the great world's view? Hast thou defied Navies of many kings and multiplied Thy strongholds in all seas, that year by year For "England's greatness might increase?" Not so, Gibraltar! Let thy fortress stand To keep the oceans free, and hold each land In righteous brotherhood with all, till Peace, At last uplifting her restless leg, Shall bid the nations from their discord cease.

# OUR MEN IN CHINA.

(The North China Star.)  
Soldiers in all armies at all times have been drinking men. There was a time when soldiers in peace measured their prowess by drinking. Ordered by liquor was a method of ascertaining a soldier's capacity for good fellowship. Hard drinking soldiers were, in those far off days, believed to be the best soldiers. The chocolate soldier is an innovation. When Bernard Shaw suggested him the wise ones laughed at the buffoonery. But the chocolate soldier seems to have come to stay and the "choceros" has been scrapped with other antiquities which have not stood the test of this war.

# THE DADDY OF THE RED PATCH.

(The Canadian Machine Gunner.)  
On September 30, 1918, Lieut.-Col. Canon Scott, C.M.G., D.S.O., was wounded. Just a little bald notice, on perusing which the man in the street would probably say, "Nothing in that! All kinds of officers and other ranks were wounded on that day." But then—the man in the street does not know Canon Scott. Ask any woman who is wearing the Red Patch. "Who is Canon Scott?" The universal answer amounts to this: "Canon Scott is the morale of the First Canadian Division." To see the old Canon, with a tin hat, on his head and a cheery smile on his face, jogging along the front line is as good as a rum ration to any of the boys. And now he is wounded, and away off in hospital! Good luck to him, and the best of doctors, for the "Old Red Patch" needs him.

# "THE MYSTERY CROSS."

(Chicago Tribune.)  
The romance of the great war is cropping out. Fiction has nothing stranger, nothing more imaginative, than certain actual occurrences of the war. There is the winning of the "mystery cross" for example. The necessity of war time secrecy having passed, the story is now given in an official statement. It happened nearly two years ago, but secrecy concerning it was maintained until the war was ended. It appears that a clumsy and unsightly 3,000-ton freighter was wrecked in the Irish Sea early in February, 1917, when it was set upon by a hidden German submarine. A hole was knocked in the awkward craft, and presently, as the crew went to the boats, the submarine arose to the surface some 200 yards away. And then that disreputable, wallowing old derelict suddenly awoke. The false hullwarks were dropped, quick firing guns and Maxims roared and rattled, the submarine rolled over and slowly sank, and but two men of her crew were picked up. The bait had caught its prey. Captain Gordon Campbell received the Victoria Cross.

# NOT HIS FAULT.

A man whose every word and action betokened a son of the soil stepped up to the booking office of a provincial railway station. After a cheery "Good mornin' to ye!" he asked the clerk for a ticket to London.  
"You will have a return, won't you?" inquired the clerk.  
"What do you say?"  
"Why, you'll want to come back, won't you?"  
"No, that I shan't; but ye'd better give me a return all the same."  
"But," expostulated the clerk, "if you don't want to come back it's only a waste of money."  
"Look ere, young man," replied the old fellow in a tone of subdued confidence, "business is my business. I shan't want ter come back, but I shall jess as sartilly have to!"

# GERMANY AND SCIENCE.

(Westminster Gazette.)  
I see it is stated that it was a Scotsman who invented "mustard gas," which the Germans have put to such an inhuman use. There is nothing remarkable about that, for inhumanity has gained her reputation as a great scientific nation by appropriating the discoveries of scientists of other nationalities. This is particularly true in chemistry. Not one of the twenty-one laws which govern that science was discovered by a German. In the two centuries during which the foundations of chemistry were being laid, sixty great scientists stand out pre-eminent, and of these sixty only six were Germans. But, as Professor Leitch, of Georgetown University, has recently pointed out, the bulk of scientific literature has been published in Germany, and German editors have consistently boomed as original research work the exploitation by Germans of the discoveries of foreign scientists. "The advances in science made during the war in England, France and the United States," says Professor Leitch, "exceed all that have been accomplished in Germany for over a century."

# The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1918, by The Advertiser.)  
DISCHARGING THE EDITOR.  
By Una Barlow.

It was the third time within two days that Olive Claggett had called in the office of Bennett Stokes, the managing editor, and she was well aware that her resulting feeling of embarrassment was caused by something more than the fact that she had come on an errand, the desired result of which would be most unfavorable to Bennett Stokes.

The "something more" Olive had felt always when in Bennett's presence from the first day she met him. It was this that made her on all occasions go out of her way to avoid him. For Olive Claggett, convinced herself that she had not the slightest desire to fall under the sway of such a man as Bennett might exert over her.

Her newly acquired job as business manager of the Morning Banner was far too important to be imperilled by any such distractions. But now she had come lately in the interests of the Banner—she had been delegated to go by those who she felt had the interests of the Banner most at heart. She had asked for an interview with Mr. Fordyce, the owner of the Banner. But he was away.

"You told me, you know, that you would be able to tell me something definite by the way we were talking with distinctness, trying to avoid the smile that crept into Bennett's grey eyes. 'If he is a man of his word, and won't be, I will find it worth while to go to him. You ought at least to tell me where he is,' mused Bennett, turning over with a tinge of embarrassment some manuscript that lay half read on his editorial desk. 'That would at least seem fair—but the fact is that Fordyce is an old sort of fellow. Hasn't personally visited the office for I'm sure I don't know how long. You ought to write a letter to him, and I'll see that it gets to him.'"

Stokes had already made this suggestion, which had met with Olive's disapproval, but the matter was important. The entire success of the Banner depended on the paper's position before Mr. Fordyce without delay, so with an expression that made it quite apparent she was promising to have the letter ready before the evening was over.

It was a hard letter to write than even Olive had anticipated, but as business manager of a morning paper she had no pressing duties to perform at that time, and while the editorial force and compositors and pressmen were working under the grim concentration necessary to get even so unpretentious a paper out as the Morning Banner, she was rather deliberately composing the important letter.

She waited until the paper was well in the hands of the composing room before she again sought Mr. Stokes in his office. She had thought twice before she had sealed the envelope—and then she had sealed it.

After all, there was no reason why she should leave it open, she was asking Stokes no personal favor in seeing that it was addressed and if he did read it—but something assured her that Mr. Stokes was too honorable for that.

"Won't you wait just two or three minutes—I'll get my desk cleared," he said as she turned to leave the room. "I wish I might walk home with you. It is rather late."  
"Thank you no," Olive said in spite of a desire that was strong within her. "I am going with one of the girls—we are quite used to it, you know."

Bennett waited only till Olive had got half way down the corridor; then he arose quietly, pushed the door part, returned to his desk and deliberately broke open the sealed flap of the letter to Mr. Fordyce.

The proposition was clearly put. It was not Olive's proposition, but one that had been formulated by the entire staff of the Banner, and, of course, Mr. Stokes, who had always failed to attend the weekly meetings of the personnel of the paper. Now, as everyone knew, the Morning Banner had been especially hard hit by the draft.

Composed as it was almost entirely of young college graduates, who sought this way to receive their newspaper apprenticeship, a dozen or so of the most active men in editorial and business had gone into the army with the first call. Results would have been dire indeed had it not been for the women who stepped into the places higher up, calling other women to take their recently abandoned positions.

Olive herself had been right-hand "man" to the business manager, but when she entered she should have swivel chair and had worked with eagerness and complete devotion for the Banner. The editorial staff had been so hard hit that no one remained but Mr. Stokes; all his reporters and assistants, who were trained in the composing room and pressroom suggested that women should take the work. It had been tried successfully by another paper. In fact Olive told Mr. Fordyce in which letter she had investigated this and would guarantee the entire satisfaction of a feminine composing and pressroom. But it had been tried, and it had failed. Bennett would immediately become a paper of nation-wide distinction. Feminists would be eager to do for it, it would be watched and quoted.

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The essential thing to do in all cases where the liver is slow, lazy or torpid, is to stir it up by the use of a medicine that will clear away all the waste and poisonous matter from the system, and prevent as well as cure all the troubles arising from this accumulated mass which has collected in the system.

Keep the bowels open by using Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills and you will have no liver trouble of any kind. They will clear away all the waste and effete matter which has collected and make the liver active and working properly.

Mr. John R. Morrison, Grand River Falls, N. S., writes: "Several months ago I was troubled with a sour stomach, and had specks floating before my eyes. I took five vials of Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills which cured and cleared my blood before any length of time. I told my friends about it and they got some, and they, too, find themselves different since they took them. I recommend your pills very highly."

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and even joked about, but all that would help the circulation and the advertising. Now the only obstacle was Mr. Stokes. If Mr. Fordyce looked favorably on the proposition, would he please discharge the managing editor?

The young woman who was now the city editor was really qualified for the job. The few remaining males who now worked as office boys and shipping clerks could be easily replaced by women and a new era would open for the Banner—the Banner would become famous the world over as a paper run entirely by women.

Bennett Stokes read the letter twice, then he looked intently at the begrimed ceiling of his office and lighted his pipe. Then he laughed a little grimly, replaced the letter in its torn envelope, put it in his pocket and stepped quietly to the door, opened it and looked first to the left and then to the right. At the light he encountered the eyes of Olive would open for the Banner—the "I couldn't help but see she said, 'Mr. Stokes, I didn't believe you were capable of doing such a thing.'"

That with a sudden courageously Bennett blocked the passage as Olive tried to force her way by. "I hope when you are quite through with Mr. Fordyce's letter you will forward it to him." By this time Bennett had two strong hands on Olive's wrists and was guiding her in spite of herself into the room. He closed the door behind them and ordered her rather than asked her to take a chair.

"I'm not going to discuss the letter now," he said. "The idea's a good one, but I'm thinking about something else. Ever since you've been here, Miss Claggett, you have avoided me and have made me feel that you bore me a grudge—and the funny thing is that I've been curiously drawn to you. It's one of those things that a man can't help—that sort of foreboding attraction of a woman. I'm not blaming you—heaven knows you have fought against

extorting it if you ever were aware that you had it. I'm simply asking you to tell me the cause for your antipathy." "But it wasn't my idea to ask for your resignation," Olive said. In spite of herself she felt hot tears welling into her eyes. "I shall miss you very much—more than you can possibly know. I wrote the letter because I was delegated to do so, and I knew my duty was first by the Banner. Besides, there are bigger things for you to do. And then the business manager broke down completely, and burying her face first on the side of Bennett's desk and then, as she gently raised it on the rough exterior of the shoulder of the editorial office coat, she said exactly what she had determined never to admit—that she herself felt a strange and compelling attraction to Bennett.

"And when that sort of attraction is mutual there is only one thing to do," Bennett was saying. "There is no longer any question as to the success of the marriage." There was a knock on the editorial door and the voice of the city editor, suggested as Bennett's successor, called in impatient syllables: "Olive, I thought you were coming."

Olive quickly rose to go, with a look of a guilty schoolgirl.

"But what shall I tell them—about Mr. Fordyce and the letter?"

"Oh, they might as well know," he said. "I'm Mr. Fordyce. Running small town papers is a foolish fad of mine. Yes, tell them they can have it as good luck to them—but they must name a new business manager."

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# THE BEST KIND OF POLICY

Men often ask the question, "Which is the best policy for me? Upon first-class risks it makes no difference to the company. Some writers have argued from a one-sided view, that the less money paid for protection the better; but it all depends upon circumstances. Protection is not like house rent, or like an article that can be worn out and consumed, and leave no future value behind it. Life insurance must inevitably couple the future with the present. A man of limited means and large insurance needs will find the cheapest insurance in a full life participating policy, while the man of larger means or of independent fortune may profitably take the ten, fifteen or twenty payment policies. In the event of early death, the latter will have paid more, but in case of living he will not only pay less in the aggregate, but will experience the satisfaction of having his insurance fully paid up before he is old. It is simply an outworking of the law of average, as the interest equalizes the different propositions.

Notwithstanding the higher cost, the advantages of endowment insurance are distinct and worthy of the most careful consideration.

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# When Our Boys Come Home

Many of them will be tired, nerve-racked, burdened with tragic memories. Men can't stand up for weeks and months against the awful pounding of the west front and come home in right physical or mental condition.

General Shannon says: "People will have to be very considerate and patient with the returned soldiers and help them to get back to normal."

They will still need the attention, the entertainment, the kindness, which during the whole course of the war the Y. M. C. A. has sought to render. And they will look to the Y. M. C. A. for it.

What we have given to the soldiers up to this time, whether in supplies or comforts, was for our defence. We gave to win the war.

What we have now is like extending the warm hand of gratitude, the token of appreciation of their high service.

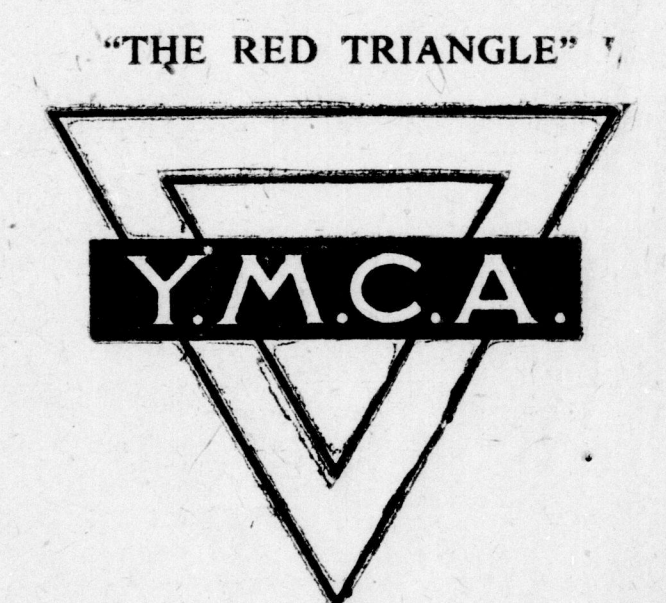
Let the Y. M. C. A. be your representative to put the real friendly feeling into their welcome home to London.

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Joint Campaign---Dec. 3rd, 4th, 5th  
**Y.M.C.A.-Y.W.C.A.--\$30,000**



The Y. M. C. A. extends full membership privileges to soldiers without charge, including gymnasium, showers, plunge, reading-room, free stationery, music. Socials and entertainments are arranged for them, and their needs met in every possible way.

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