

## London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.  
MORNING EDITION.  
City: 12c per week. Outside By Mail: \$4.00 per year.  
NOON EDITION.  
City: 12c per week. Outside By Mail: \$4.00 per year.  
EVENING EDITION.  
City: 12c per week. Outside By Mail: \$4.00 per year.  
3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS. 3670  
Private Branch Exchange.  
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Business Department, 3671, Editors; 3672, Reporters; 3673, News Room.

Toronto Representative—F. W. Thompson, 67  
Mail Building.  
U. S. Representatives—New York: Charles H. Eddy Company, Fifth Avenue Building, Chicago.  
Charles H. Eddy Company, People's Gas Building.  
Boston: Chas. H. Eddy Company, Old South Building.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, Dec. 18.

### THE MONTREAL RIOTS.

THE SINISTER situation in Montreal last week, when widespread rioting and turbulence followed the strike of policemen and firemen, furnished one redeeming incident. When a band of thugs started a wholesale looting of shops the striking constables, headed by the official who has been conducting the strike, at once broke up the mobs and haled thirteen of the leaders to the police cells. This makes it clear that the rioting was neither planned nor approved by the strikers, and despite the exasperation caused by being left unguarded, this act of the men has enlisted public sympathy and support in their demand for better wage and treatment.

For years Canada's metropolis has been grossly misgoverned. A grafting clique plunged the city into the wildest extravagances, using every municipal department for selfish and greedy ends. Promotions in the fire and police forces became largely a matter of purchase or favoritism. Merit had no chance against "pull." The "system" at the city hall, which until the Provincial Government recently intervened, was supreme, drove the civic employees into unionism for their own protection.

It is clear, however, that some safeguards will have to be found against situations similar to that at Montreal. An appalling menace would hang over a municipality if those who guard life and property can at any moment withdraw their protection. Particularly in this case at the present moment when the extreme element of Bolshevism is waiting for just such an opportunity as a strike of a city's guardians would supply. There is a strong sentiment which favors strikes by police and fire departments being made illegal, but perhaps a better way would be to furnish some sort of a standing government commission to which the unions of civil employees would bind themselves to refer all grievances. This arrangement would surely appeal to trade unionists generally. They would be heavy sufferers under a reign of anarchy and chaos, which would certainly develop from a strike such as Montreal has just come through, if prolonged. Unless some arrangement can be reached which absolutely insures a community against being placed at the mercy of mob law it is certain that citizens will be compelled to organize for their own protection. This would be unfortunate, as it would inevitably produce a bitter class feeling that is not wanted in this country.

### ALL WOMEN VOTED.

Le Canada (Lth.) says that all the women will vote in the English elections and not only the relatives of soldiers, as Jordan provided in Canada. Perhaps the fact that practically all Englishmen are relatives of soldiers has something to do with the case.—Toronto News.

THE GREAT shame of the war times election act was not that it disenfranchised men of German birth who may have been a menace to the country, although it will never be forgotten that in Waterloo County special dispensation was granted to Germans who were expected to vote for William Weichel, ex-M.P., Conservative.

The great shame of the war times election act was that it permitted the rank and file of jurgery in the preparation of the lists, and withheld a vote from any women who did not have relatives in the services. Hundreds of women without male relatives to serve or with male relatives who were over age or under age, but who had done the work of good soldiers with knitting wool and needle, were refused a vote and classed with enemy aliens.

The News says that in England practically all Englishwomen are relatives of soldiers, but there must be thousands there who, like their sisters in Canada, had no male relatives to serve. These, unlike Canadian women in a similar position, have cast their votes and are considered quite as patriotic as those women who have relatives in army, navy or some of the other services. England would not have played the game of politics according to the methods so adroitly framed by the two famous Bobs on their memorable journey home together. It would not be considered sportsmanlike to load the dice in such a manner.

### AIM HIGH FOR THE WESTERN.

IF LONDON'S aim is to be realized of building up in this city a university that shall serve all of Western Ontario and in which all of Western Ontario should have a part, unquestionably it must itself lead the way. The opportunity to show faith in its university is offered in the proposal for the building of a new medical school. The value to the community of a university can scarcely be overestimated, and it may be that London will yet find Western its greatest advertisement. In any case the position which has been taken by Western Medical College in Canadian medical education is something that must not be allowed to fall away. The medical department is essentially at a critical period in its history. During the years immediately before the war it had to limit its classes, so many were applying for admission. The war period, of course, had its effect in reducing attendance, but once again the tide has set in, and the prospects are that another year will see the school crowded out. What is the logical course under such circumstances? Shall we turn students away, let them go to Toronto or elsewhere? If the city were to adopt such a course in any other line it would be laughed at. And it would deserve just as great derision if it passed by such an opportunity for academic advancement as the situation offers.

Those who watched the recent severe epidemic in Canada, and who were conversant with what

was done here to combat it, know quite well that to many there came the realization, for the first time, of the high standard of the medical profession in this city, both as to knowledge and earnestness of purpose. It is not too much to say that the presence in London of the medical school has been a big influence in maintaining such high standards. A majority of the doctors are connected in some capacity with the work of the school. Everyone of them is stirred by this connection to keep abreast of the advances in medical science. The fact that the nurses in training in this city also receive their professional instruction largely from men who are connected with the medical school is a big factor in the scientific service they render in the practice of their profession.

If London is recognized as a centre of medical education today it is also recognized as a centre for scientific treatment of disease. Patients from all over Western Ontario, and even further afield, are coming to this city all the time for consultation and treatment. Every step that is taken to advance medical education will likewise increase this city's importance as a centre for the treatment of disease. Establishment of modern laboratories for research work in medicine and surgery similar to those at Johns Hopkins will mean, too, that Canadian doctors may take their graduate work here instead of having to go to foreign countries. There is no excuse for this country being willing to assume intellectual inferiority in the matter of medical education, or in any other line in which facilities for study and research can be provided.

There is no doubt but that such a real step in advance as the building of a medical school will be recognized by the Provincial Government as an indication that this city believes in its university. It is quite well known that the next year or so may bring a very different attitude on the part of the Government towards both Queen's and Western, a change in attitude that will mean much to London if, as a municipality, it can show that it deserves the further recognition. Our own estimate of the university should not be a low one; we can scarcely expect outsiders to place their estimate higher.

### HOLLAND AND THE KAISER.

HOLLAND IS perhaps getting anxious about that province of hers said to be claimed by Belgium. If the stubborn Dutch Government chooses not to give up or send away the Kaiser, the powers represented at the peace conference may presumably come to see the question through Belgian eyes altogether. Also, there will be a disposition in Entente countries to look into Holland's whole course since 1914 with less consideration for her undoubtedly difficult position. Should the Kaiser be permitted to remain in Holland, that could be put down to only one or other of two reasons, either a considerable friendliness of the powers that be at The Hague to the Beast of Berlin, or a secret tip from some quarter in Great Britain or the United States.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

A correspondent informs us that Self is pronounced the same as golf. But how is golf pronounced?

President Wilson refuses to visit Berlin. However, we may expect to see Pershing there some of these days.

New York Hotels to Do Away With Men Waiters.—Headline. That sends another lot of autocrats to the discard.

A scared German is a good German.—Detroit Free Press. And a scared German is a still better one. Treat 'em rough!

A citizen, whose excuse for breaking the speed limit bylaw raised a hearty laugh in court, says he was treated after the Prussian manner. Nonsense! A Prussian court would have fined him for not laughing with it.

### FOOTSTEPS.

(Henry Chappell.)

(The author of the following five poems is the Bath railway poet, whose poem, "The Day," was first published in the Daily Express. "Footsteps" is written in memory of Reginald Mages of Bath, who was killed in action in France.)

Dead son of mine, when first two tiny feet  
With step uneven traced a league-long yard.  
Then in my heart your throne was set complete  
And love about you mounted loyal guard.  
For you I tirelessly wrought, adventured, planned,  
Nor dreamed that I was building on the sand.

Then eager steps a hundred times a day  
Raced up the stair and down and in and out,  
Luring me on to join the boyish play;  
Making me one in prank and merry bout.  
Day was a garden lit by sunny beams,  
And night another day of happy dreams.

With every passing year my burdens fell,  
For you, my son and friend, took up the load.  
Lure came to you, and all the world went well,  
And life stretched out before, a shining road.  
I saw the promise fair of youth unfold,  
And all my harvest ripening to gold.

Then came the call, the parting and the pain,  
When hands alone had voice to say good-bye.  
Now death has trampled down the golden grain,  
And all my palaces in ruins lie.  
O costly haze that sacrifice has won!  
The throne is empty! I have lost my son.

England's glory is, and mine the loss,  
For you, my own, to England, one son more,  
Of legions who for her have borne the cross.  
And I am down on weary hearts and sore.  
I take my cross, and as my head is bowed,  
The parent mourns, the patriot is proud.

Dead son of mine, it may be that you know,  
Grief for my grief, and sorrow for my tears,  
So for your sake the tide shall only flow,  
I lift my head and face the empty years.  
Day with its memories of bitter-sweet,  
Night with its echoes of a soldier's feet.

### THINGS HAD CHANGED.

(Thelma Science Monitor.)

British troops had food for reflection as they made the second landing at Gallipoli, unopposed, on November 9, in circumstances quite different from those of the other landing, more than three years before. First they beheld the mast of the monitor *Raglan* in the waters of Imbros, near the remains of another monitor, the *M-28*. Then they passed the wreck of the submarine *E-18*; farther on, the huge derelict of the Turkish man-of-war *Messudieh*, and after that, one by one, the sunken battleships *Ocean*, *Irresistible*, *Majestic*, *Gellat*, *Tirpach*, and the French *Bouvet*. Finally they came to the V beach, where the River Clyde lay aground. Here they landed to occupy the forts. In accordance with the armistice, and not a gun dealt them entry.

### PITTED TO ANSWER.

(Philadelphia Record.)

"I am as sharp as any of them," continued the crown prince, in his latest talk, "and I pride myself on being a sportsman of the best English type." We leave comment upon that to the English papers. "The armistice terms," he says, in conclusion, "are crushing. To keep kicking the fallen foe is not playing the game." And that remark may be safely left to the Belgian and French papers, which will be able to adduce ample proof that it was, at least, the German game.

## LITTLE WILLIE

(Copyright, 1918.) By FONTAINE FOX.



The soldier who couldn't get his trench helmet off.

## BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE McLUKE

(Copyright, 1918.)

Vale!  
Good-bye, old kaff, old hang-out place.  
Where we were wont to meet;  
You have to go, you've met disgrace.  
You've come down in defeat.  
Four enemies have got you now.  
You had your faults, I know.  
And yet, old hang-out place, somehow  
We hate to see you go.

Where will we go to meet a friend,  
And, o'er a social beer,  
That makes fool dignity unbend,  
Find comradeship and cheer?  
Where will we go to find respite,  
From worry and dull care,  
Where will a fellow go at night?  
And echo answers, "Where?"

Where will we go when you must close  
To make great problems wait?  
To whip all of our country's foes?  
And pennants win each year?  
To fix up politics and things?  
To cuss the doggone Hun?  
To talk of cabbages and kings?  
And regulate the sun?

Good-bye, old kaff, you've had your fling;  
Good-bye, joy-giving dram;  
No more old pals will stand and sing  
With glow, "How Day I Am!"  
You meant good-fellowship to men,  
That's why we heave a sigh:  
A few short months of cheer, and then,  
Good-bye, old kaff, good-bye!

Ho, Hum.  
The little girl that  
Wed last May  
Now starts the furnace  
Every day.

The Wise Fool.  
"There is no effect without a cause,"  
observed the sage.  
"Then why is the clown prince?" demanded the fool.

Tuff!  
Poor henpecked Thompson heaved a sigh,  
And said, "I'm mad by heck!  
Each time my wife buys me a tie,  
I get it in the neck!"

Paw Knows Everything.  
Willie—Paw, what is that flower?  
Paw—A wall flower is bud gone to seed, my son.

You Know Him.  
He always has six sure things when  
You meet him at the track.  
Next down about the seventh race,  
He'll hail you and he'll make a brace.  
And say: "Got any jack?"

A Handkerchief.  
"A handkerchief,"  
Said Oswald Mead,  
"Is what I'd call  
A crying need."

Mercy!  
We are not fond of cursing, but while  
we were in Indianapolis, Ind., we had  
to listen to Adam Request.

Is That So?  
One moment, Bill!  
Here is some news:  
Red liquor will  
Give you the blues.  
—Luke Meluke.

Two seconds, Bill!  
Don't be misled;  
Green Chairmen will  
Make you nose red.  
—Ball Crank.

Watch Us Grow!  
We take great pleasure in announcing  
the fact that a branch of the Names  
to Names Club has been formed at  
New Albany, Ind., with the following  
charter members: Ruby Lipps, C.  
Sparks and Carrie May Hammer.

Things To Worry About.  
A coffee has 15 upper teeth and 23  
lower teeth.

Names Is Names.  
Westminster Abbey is a notary public  
in Kings County, New York.

Another Fake!  
"We have coal enough to last 7,000  
years," says a Missouri editor. He's a

bar. If he had that much coal he  
wouldn't be a poor, but honest, editor.

Our Daily Special.  
It Takes a Smart Man To Conceal  
His Ignorance.

Luke Meluke Says:  
Love is a funny thing. It makes a  
selfish princess think almost as much  
of a young man as she does of her  
self.

And any man can tell you that he  
gives away better advice than he ever  
receives.

The reason why marriage is sup-  
posed to make a couple one is because  
the male end of the sketch is expected  
to receive himself into a cipher.

Why doesn't some underwear man-  
ufacturer be honest enough to show  
pictures of those other-lets under  
suits as they will look hanging on the  
line after the third or fourth washing?

There is no excuse for you being  
burked. A sharper can't cut anything  
unless it is softer than he is.

You can get ten men who are will-  
ing to pass the hat, but it is hard  
to find one man who will put some-  
thing in it.

Nothing makes a husband so highly  
malignant as to have his wife accuse  
him of fooling around with another  
woman when he knows the other  
woman's telephone number  
is in his pocket.

A girl may be too proud to work  
before you get her, but she isn't too  
proud to fight after you get her.

It doesn't take a bridge long to judge  
her husband by the way she acts when  
he can't locate his comb or his collar-  
buttons in the morning.

Turkey ruled a goodly portion of the  
old world, and nation-wide prohibi-  
tion was enforced. And now look at  
the dumb place! There's nothing left  
but the washbone.

If she lives in a tenement, her hair  
is red. But if she lives in an apart-  
ment, her hair is Auburn.

The more of a devil a man is where  
women are concerned, the more of an  
angel he expects his wife to be where  
men are concerned.

There are nearly 10,000 steam laun-  
dries in the United States. But you  
couldn't find one when you look at  
the V-shaped opening at the top of a  
lot of men's vests.

## The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure  
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### A CHANGE OF BOARDING PLACES.

(By S. B. Hackley.)

"Let's go past Miss Cecil's house! O  
Fanny, why not?"

"Palm-bordered Marvin street, in the  
cool dusk, made himself smile at the  
girl that dragged on his long fine hands,  
but he turned back before they reached  
the corner on which was the rental  
office of Cecilia Reeves, the woman  
he loved.

"Was Miss Reeves here just now when  
I came in?" Driscoll asked at dinner.  
"I thought I heard her voice," smiled  
Mrs. Akers, who knew he had heard  
Cecilia's last remark.

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"Gee, you eavesdropper! I don't see  
where you were saying anything bad. Oh, yes,  
Babs, wasn't she?"

As Driscoll lifted the child to her chair  
Mrs. Akers, noting his set lips, felt that  
she had scored. Who was to tell him  
that Cecilia had been speaking of old  
Ned Mount, a destitute cripple who per-  
sisted in keeping his tiny orphaned  
grandchild in dirt and squalor? Not  
she!

That evening when the little girl slept

Driscoll got out that other Barbara's  
picture, a thing he did not often do—  
much as he had loved her—since he had  
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Barbara—I love her! But she doesn't  
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The evening after she saw Driscoll  
turn away from her cage, Cecilia went  
to the theatre with Lucien Glover, a  
faithful admirer whom she particularly  
detested, and sat near Driscoll.

Driscoll, moody and unhappy, pre-  
tended interest in the play, but he had  
but one thought. Glover had no right  
to buy her favorite Richmond roses  
—he himself had done that so long!

Two weeks later came the day of the  
annual rose carnival. Little Babs, wild  
with excitement, went to see the parade  
in the care of Mrs. Akers. That lady,  
engrossed in the conversation of gos-  
sipy friends, gave the restless child but  
scant attention.

Seeing Cecil seated above her, the  
little girl climbed to her and leaned con-  
fidingly against her. Cecil squeezed the  
plump little body to her, and kissed the  
withering little face.

"Fanny won't bring me to see you  
any more," she whispered; "he fink you  
don't like little girls!"

Cecil's heart grew hot. Had Elaine  
Akers put that and other ideas in her  
head?

Little Babs danced away, but in less  
than five minutes Cecil heard her  
scream of terror. She sprang to her  
feet.

"My baby! My baby! Where are  
you?" Then she saw the child—her  
light dress blazing. Somebody had  
dropped a piece of burning paper. A  
mist swam before Cecil's eyes, but she

shook it away and flung her two woolen  
cape around the child.

"It's all out—the little girl isn't hurt!"  
she heard somebody saying. Then  
everything grew dark before her.

The evening Cecil, waited on like a  
queen by her four college girls, frowned  
a little when the doorman rang.

"If it's that Lucien Glover," she told  
them, "tell him I'm asleep, anything—  
only send him away."

But it was Driscoll that came in. He  
started to take her hands, but seeing  
the bandages, turned very white.

Cecil smiled tremulously in his  
troubled face. "Don't feel bad," she told  
him; "my hands are only blistered a  
trifle," the doctor says they'll be healed  
in just a little while. How is my—how  
is Babs?"

"I left her asleep," he answered.  
"She isn't hurt at all. She begged me  
to bring her to you."

"I suppose," she held up her head,  
"you told her I didn't like little girls."  
What have you heard me say, Ned  
Driscoll, to make you think me that  
kind of woman?"

He colored hotly, but he told her, and  
of Mrs. Akers' subsequent remark.  
"She isn't hurt at all. She begged me  
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## The Thrifty Housewife

knows that Comfort Soap  
will save her time, money  
and labor. It has been  
doing this good work for  
25 years.

It saves time. Comfort Soap  
quickly dissolves dirt and  
grease which can then be  
rinsed away in a few minutes.

It saves labor. Cleanses  
clothes with little rubbing—  
Comfort saves the clothes.

It saves money. The Bigger Comfort Bar  
gives you more soap for the money—true  
war time thrift. Ask for it at your grocer's.

Pugsley, Dingman & Co., Limited,  
Toronto

## COMFORT SOAP

home with her, Mrs. Akers was no  
longer Cecil's friend.

Somewhere in the last week she had  
made the impression on Driscoll that  
Cecil didn't like children. He had come  
home a little earlier than usual the even-  
ing before and started to the kitchen.

"I wonder Ned keeps that child since  
his wife died and he has no one to care  
for her," he heard Cecil's soft, clear  
voice, "I am going to try to persuade  
him to let me find a place for her in a  
home!"

Driscoll felt as though something had  
struck him. He turned and went up-  
stairs. She didn't want him to keep  
little Babs—she cared so little for his  
baby she would persuade him to send  
her to a home!

The child dropped the doll Mrs.  
Akers had bought her that day, and  
sprang into his arms. He kissed the  
eager little face over and over.

"Oh, Cecil—did you think that  
you could persuade me to do a con-  
scienceless thing like that?" he thought  
as Babs ran downstairs to tell Mrs.  
Akers "fanny" had come.

Mrs. Akers was already aware of the  
fact. She had heard his step in the  
back hall; she knew he had heard  
Cecil's last remark.

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I came in?" Driscoll asked at dinner.  
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