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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Thursday, April 10.

John Bull's Grand Fleet Given Honorable Discharge

The dispersal of the British Grand Fleet is the laying aside by the Allied alliance of its most powerful and efficient weapon of the war. Back of all the claims as to who or what won the stupendous conflict there always stands this mighty instrument. Without detracting a jot from the gallantry and splendid self-sacrifice shown by the Entente and American armies on a score of fronts, these fine deeds would have been largely impossible had not the Grand Fleet held the command of the seven seas from the hour Germany threw down the gage until the armistice treaty was signed.

The success or failure of the Allied effort to head off Prussianism in the final analysis pivoted on the ability of Jellicoe's ships to keep the Hun fleets bottled up. The world knows how effectively this supreme task was carried out for four years. It insured a steady stream of men, munitions and foodstuffs from the four corners of the globe to the armies of freedom. That and the blockade formed the hub from which the Allies struck until the Hun was prostrate.

Most of the Grand Fleet's part was played in obscurity and silence. The world knew it was there, slowly but quietly strangling the enemy into submission, though, except for one great battle and half a dozen minor engagements, there was nothing spectacular to catch the spotlight. We know, however, that the nature of the task demanded the matchless fearlessness, patience and determination that has marked the British sailors in a score of wars. The Grand Fleet was ready when the call came and the spirit of the men who manned it, from the commander to stoker, was the old unbeatable one that has held the seas free for five hundred years. While that combination exists the empire and liberty-loving races are safe from such as the Hun.

Statement From the Peace Table Would Clear Air

When the peace conference was called the press of the world demanded that fullest publicity be given discussions. Holding that this was impossible the delegates compromised by promising daily statements giving a general idea as to progress of negotiations. This middle course has failed of its purpose. Today, after sitting three months the world knows absolutely nothing as to vital decisions made at Versailles. There is not even an authoritative outline of conclusions reached, major or minor.

It was evident from the beginning that the conference could not throw open its doors to the widest publicity. That would have played into the enemy's hand. On the other hand the official and semi-official announcements have been so meagre of real information, so flimsy and puzzling, that they have produced an exasperation and impatience that has reacted dangerously. Distrust and suspicion have developed, which skilled observers declare is responsible largely for the continued confusion in Central Europe.

Not all of the responsibility for this rests with the peace conference. Paris swarms with special correspondents from all sections of the globe. The majority of these men, stars of journalism, are honestly endeavoring to sift the facts from rumor and sketchy official reports, but a smaller group appears to have seized on the conference's secretiveness as a means of persistently and systematically "knocking" the Versailles gathering.

The lack of definite official information has supplied them with an opportunity to present assumptions that are clearly unfair. With them discussions are invariably "dissensions"; daily they predict certain failure of the efforts to arrange a peace pact and work out a league of nations covenant. Official statements which because of their indefiniteness open up a fine field of speculation are interpreted as concrete evidence that the conference is heading for the rocks.

The heads of the big three, of course, get the heaviest clubbing. Wilson was first to catch it. He was discovered "mulishly" blocking progress with his fourteen points. Clemenceau came next, the world being informed that his stubbornness would wreck the conference. Just now it is Lloyd George who is the great offender. The British premier, we are told on the authority of these "glooms," is deliberately intriguing to paralyze the conference and leave France helpless. In one instance the Little Welshman has been called a pro-German, although from the tone of his dispatches it would be more reasonable to apply the accusation to the man who makes the charge. Perhaps the conference could head off this "evil," as Lloyd George has named it, by giving the press more of its confidence, at the same time guarding against abuse by a measure of censorship.

There is little doubt but that the masses of the Allied nations believe Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Wilson are honestly laboring for the best interests of all, and they have confidence in the ability of these men to work out the best arrangement possible. But the world has been kept in the dark as to what is going on behind the doors at Versailles and it is not unnatural that it should have become impatient and inclined to listen to the calamity squad. A definite, clear statement at this stage might clear the air of a lot of anxiety and some mistrust.

Rogers Would Save Canada ---For Himself and Friends

Hon. Robert Rogers, former minister of public works, was one of the Conservatives "deposed" to make way for Union Government. Since that occasion he has been in semi-eclipse, politically. But from time to time he has come forward to save the old party, whose affairs he considers poorly-controlled unless in the hands of the "old liners." He organized a Victory-of-1911 celebration banquet for Toronto, and it is said that he has been spreading propaganda for many months to bring back the good old days when knighthood and political letters of marque were in flower, but which withered, to bloom on a better day, just after Robert the Bold did yeoman service in the way of a war franchise act for Robert the Unready. Rogers is now at Ottawa in the old war paint sending forth rallying cries to those Unionists who, however much they are dis-spirited as followers of the Borden-Rowell combination, are much more dis-spirited at prospects for a return to conditions existing before the days of the great alliance which Sir Sam and many others say was engineered by Sir Joseph Flavelle. The best they can look forward to is more of Bordenism, even if the Liberals have lost the leadership of Laurier.

Rogers carries the craft of the Conservative party in his inside pocket. He may have stepped aside to save Conservatism from the utter ruin into which it would have plunged but for the Unionist lifeline; but he has no intention of rubbing himself from the front pages or shutting himself out of inner party councils. He is out for all he is worth to re-establish the old line Toryism of pre-coalition days. The Union movement was successful in keeping the fleshpots within reach, and it also kept Sir Robert Borden in the premiership as nothing else could have done. So Rogers goes to Ottawa, talks about "critical times," says the farmers and the manufacturers must be taken care of, does not suggest how it will be done, but sends a trumpet note to the regular Tories to stir themselves. The only way to rescue Canada is to keep Borden, to re-establish Rogers, to kick the Grits from the cabinet, and to put back into force the old regime with all the patronage boys in line, praying perhaps for another war or ten more fat years, with "Bob" saving the country as he saved Manitoba, taking care to save a good juicy slice for anyone who has helped the good work of dumping the Unionists.

Most anything Hon. Robert Rogers may say will be labelled specious by the honest men of both parties. If the Conservative party places its hopes in the reputation of a man who left a trail of corruption wherever he travelled in politics, there can be but little chance that the party will ever recover sufficient strength to regain power in many years. Today it does not claim to be in power. It claims to have lost its identity in the "union" of the two parties but insofar as it is possible the governmental machinery at Ottawa will be used to re-establish Toryism at the earliest possible moment. Rogers is one of those who realizes how dim are the hopes of the Borden party being able to carry either east or west. He would "machine" through another snap victory if possible. His reappearance as a self-appointed dictator of the policies of the Conservative party cannot be very cheering to those who are still adherents of the old faith.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It's a brave debating society that will tackle this tariff issue.

Michigan is not only dry, but withered after that second vote.

Once the unrest of Canada has been cleared away, ahead lies the question of national destiny.

About the only thing Woolworth couldn't sell for a dime was the secret of making millions.

After that splendid display of mercy towards Cotin, "Tiger" will hardly fit Clemenceau.

Returned men say that London looks cleaner than ever before. Now is the time to clean up and paint up.

Of course that Ontario Legislature could not be expected to commit ITSELF in regard to the liquor question.

Sir Thomas White has delayed the budget in such a manner as to cause universal unrest. Hasn't he the nerve to take the jump?

A cabinet shuffle is sure to come at Ottawa with so much distintegration—and an election is the only climax for present dissatisfaction.

Since last September a quarter of a million quarts of whiskey have been "prescribed" in this province. That proves the "flu" epidemic was worse than generally supposed.

F. W. Woolworth was able to take in so many nickles and dimes he became a multimillionaire. He had $50 to start with. What young man will say opportunity is for the rich only?

The folk most directly interested will find little of reform in Dr. Cody's new school regulations. A careful study of them gives no intimation that the strap is to be eliminated.

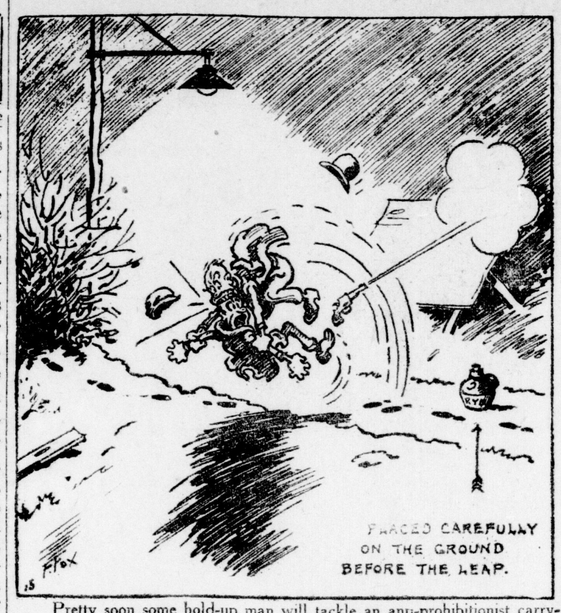
Enough has been divulged to indicate the necessity of the resignation of the Ontario license board. There was altogether too much trust imposed in the hirelings of the administration.

Every 1st Battalion man in No. 1 District should make a point of getting to London when the old unit returns. The people do not overlook the fact that most of the originals are home—or still in France.

Switzerland, of all neutrals, came through the war with less enmity heaped upon her than any other. Switzerland kept a stiff upper lip when the Prussian bully threatened, and played fair with the Allies.

WHEN MAY FIRST COMES AROUND

—By FONTAINE FOX. (Copyright.)



Pretty soon some hold-up man will tackle an anti-prohibitionist carrying home a jug of rare old whiskey.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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THE MAN IN THE PHOTO.
[By R. Ray Baker.]

Hope Sheldon was not a heathen; yet she worshiped an idol. The idol was the photographic likeness of a man. She had the picture but so far as she knew she never had seen the original; he might be dead for all of her knowledge concerning him. Yet to her he embodied all that a man ought to be.

This idol, or ideal, worshiped in secret, prevented Hope from saying the one-syllable word that would have made Henry Wadsworth walk on air, save money, pay an installment on furniture, and hunt a flat.

Hope was fond of Henry. She would have uttered that longed-for word of it had not been for the photograph. She admitted this to herself, but to him she said:

"I can't do it. Please don't ask me again. I have a secret that prevents my accepting you."

That was all the satisfaction he could obtain. Every time he proposed, which was once a week regularly, he got the same story in different words, but with the same meaning. Only once did he fail to get in his weekly proposal, and that was because a railroad wreck delayed his special delivery letter while he was out of the city on business.

But Henry was persistence itself. Nothing daunted him, not even the reference to the "secret." At first he conceived wild thoughts concerning it, and lost many hours of sleep on account of it, but it failed to vanquish him. Instead he came back stronger, with a determination to override her mysterious objections, whatever they might be.

Hope was a sentimentalist. When she was a little girl she got decided notions about princes, and resolved to marry one when she grew up. In her more mature years she still had ambitions to wed a prince. Not the kind they had in Europe before the war; oh no, they were not for Hope. She wanted an American husband, but he must be a "prince of a fellow," and the picture showed her ideal to be the one that filled the bill. She would wait for this prince to put in an appearance come what may, she decided, and if he was dead she would never marry.

The picture came into her possession in a somewhat peculiar manner. When Hope arrived in the city to "stenog" she was obliged to rent a room that was a long way from being desirable, but which was in a respectable neighborhood. In the top dresser drawer was the photograph. She pounced upon it with deep satisfaction, for she recognized the face looking up at her as belonging to the prince of dreams.

The man in the picture was middle-aged, but that did not deter Hope. He had a heavy moustache, but that was no barrier. It was the kindly eyes and the benevolent forehead that caught her fancy. Just what kind of forehead is of the benevolent variety I cannot tell you; but Hope could. She had read up on such things.

Every night that photograph went under her pillow after she had worshiped it with her eyes and perhaps talked to it a little. Yes, she was a foolish little girl, was Hope—foolish along those lines but otherwise very sensible. She did not consider that a man of middle-age with kindly eyes and a benevolent forehead might be married already. He simply couldn't be, according to her.

As time passed and the ideal persisted in refusing to present himself in flesh and blood her determination did not wane; instead, it became stronger. Then a better job permitted her to move into a more comfortable room in a less poverty-stricken part of the city, and that is where the trouble began. That is where she began a fight with herself to avoid faithlessness to her ideal. For across the hall from her in the new place lived Henry Wadsworth, who held some kind of a job at a theatre. He at once fell in love with Hope and launched himself on a program of persistent wooing. She occasionally accepted an invitation to a dance or dinner, but in the main she declined his social attentions, which was the only proper course in line with her refusal of his matrimonial offers.

But Hope wavered several times, in private of course. The urge was very strong and she had to fight to keep from yielding to Henry's persuasions. He never knew this, though. All the battles took place in the privacy of her room, where she would stand the picture against the wash bowl and asserting time and time again that she was "true." We are all deranged more or less on some subject (so the experts say) and that ideal notion was Hope's.

Determination will win almost anything, and at least Henry broke down the big barrier; or, rather, he broke down the barriers guarding the secret, which was the big barrier. It was just after his nineteenth proposal. He kept track of them on a calendar, so he knew just which one it was.

While he was uttering the same words that he had given voice to the week previous, and the week before that, etc., etc., Hope sat in deep thought and heard him through. That was something, for usually she broke into a pretty speech and did not allow him to reach the end of it. This time, when he was through, she said:

"Henry, I'm going to tell you the big secret. It's another man!"

Henry nearly fell off the chair. He had often thought this might be the solution, but the confirmation of his suspicions was startling just the same. He was almost sorry he had learned the secret now, for in a way he would be taking a rather sneaking advantage of an absent rival if he continued his suit. It was all right when he did not know there was "another man," but now it was different.

While he sat mum in a state bordering desperation, Hope went to the dresser and brought forth the picture. She handed it to him, and while he gazed at the face in it with a sort of vindictive gleam in his eyes she told him the story of the photograph. Slowly a smile spread over Henry's face as he listened to the tale of how the ideal came to be, and he bent low over the likeness of his "rival" in order to hide the manifestations of merriment that were taking possession of his countenance.

The next evening, while Hope was busy reading a book, some one knocked at her door.

"Henry again," she decided and went to the door, which she flung open. The man who stood there was an exact replica of the one in the photograph. It was the idol, she could not doubt that. Yes, there were the kindly eyes and benevolent forehead, and the heavy moustache.

In a daze she held the door open and watched the apparation enter, without speaking, and set himself comfortably in a chair.

"Why do you treat me so coldly?" asked the flesh and blood idol. "Haven't you been waiting for me to come?"

She closed the door and stood looking down at him, unable as yet to grasp as a reality the fact that she was gazing upon the living original of the picture that lay in the dresser drawer. Perhaps she was dreaming, she thought, and even looked for a pin with which to prick herself as a test.

Suddenly the strange visitor broke out in laughter, shaking all over and rocking back and forth with his head held in his hands.

What—what are you doing?" Hope managed to inquire, in a rather thin-sounding voice.

"I'm laughing!" he roared, and then behold! Off came the heavy moustache. Out came the man's handkerchief and with it he obliterated various "benevolent" wrinkles from his forehead. The kindly eyes remained, because they were Henry Wadsworth's and his always were that way.

Hope sank weakly into a chair. She was unable to understand whether he was playing a rather crude hoax on her or whether the photograph in her possession actually was one of Henry with the make-up which he had just removed. He evidently divined her thoughts, for he said:

"Don't be angry, Hope. I can't help it. Your idol and I are one and the same. I had it taken when I was playing the title role in 'Miser Moses,' and I left the photograph in my room when I quit living at Mrs. Oleson's place. You evidently were the next occupant of the room and you found the picture. How about it, are you still bent on marrying the picture man or will you have me? Either way, it's Henry Wadsworth that will be the lucky man, because I'm both."

Hope looked meek and submissive, and yet there was a lot of happiness shining from her eyes as she replied:

"I'll take you both then. I've often wished during the last few months that I could do that.

"Newspapers Are the World's Mirror"

Comment, Cleverness and Mere Verbiage From "Educators of the Common People" in Canada and Other Lands.

IN BLUSTERY BROCKVILLE.

Many a snow shovel has had the dust removed from it since last Friday.

GOOSEY GANDER.
[Advertisement in Pickering News.]

"Wanted, two geese, by a farmer who has a gander for sale."

BEWITCHING TOPIC.
[Colpoys Bay Correspondent, Wiarton Echo.]

The topic for next Sunday evening at the church will be "The Young Man's Sweetheart."

DEPRIVED OF HIS POCKET PIECE.
[Washington Post.]

A Washington guy is suing to recover $2,500 worth of whisky. Oh, give the poor fellow back his half-pint!

UNFEELING!

The Southampton Beacon thus refers to an old friend of youth: "Uncle Tom's Cabin played to a fair house here last Saturday night. Little Eva has seen a few springs and summers."

CHURCH TO BLAME.
[Brantford Expositor.]

The scarcity of men for the ministry now is, to some degree, the price churches are being called upon to pay for their insistence that entering the ministry should carry with it a salary that means that the home life of the recipient should of necessity be stinted and the outlook of his family be narrowed.

"DOWNTRODDEN FARMER."
[South Line Cor., Kincardine Review.]

Charles Sheane has delivered two yearling cattle to John Harris last week, for which he received the sum of $210. Charlie, like William Hill, is heading straight for the income tax. Then when the Government gathers in the first instalment they will be ripped up the back for the way they are using the poor downtrodden farmer.

ALL IS PEACE.
[Chicago Tribune.]

Gentle spring is with us all in peace and full of promise, except in Siberia, Poland, Austria, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Dalmatia, Greece, Italy, Rumania, Germany, Russia, Serbia, Bulgaria, Turkey and a few other places. All is green grass and flowers and brawling brooks, and Bolshevists, bombs and blunders. The young man's fancy has been pent up for four years and now it lightly turns to trouble.

IRISH FINANCE.
[Exchange.]

The famous Irish tenor, John McCormack, is quoted in England on an interesting fact about gramophone profits. When a certain company asked him to sing for a record of "Tipperary," he stipulated for a fee of £4,000. The company refused, and instead gave him a percentage on the sales of the records. These sales have so far added up to 2,500,000, netting the singer £50,000.

INVIDIOUS DISTINCTION.
[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

A colored sentinel challenged another colored soldier who seemed to be carrying something inside the lines.

"Who goes there?" he asked.

"Lieutenant with a jug o' gin," was the answer.

"Pass, lieutenant! Halt, gin!" commanded the sentry.

THE ANCIENT OUTLAW.

I never see a threatening trespass sign
But over me there comes a longing great
To make a face at it—and jauntily
Defy the padlocked gate!—

I never see an orchard hanging low
With luscious fruit—but I look through the fence—
And wonder if that farmer keeps a dog—
Then search for self defence!

I never see the youngsters in the sun—
In spring's new days at the old marble game,
But I say, "Mustn't play for keeps"—the while I know,
They'll do it—just the same!

Whene'er I see a lonely vacant house—
With wide inviting glare of window pane,
My fingers twitch in the old wicked way—
And I'm a boy again!

But when my youngsters clamor for old tales
Of what their daddy did when he was young—
I tell them it's too long ago, and that
Their bedtime hour has rung!

—AMY E. CAMPBELL.

THE BEST OF MEN SLIP UP.
[London Chronicle.]

Can anything be done (asks a correspondent) to induce public men using the English tongue to discriminate properly between "will" and "shall?" The confusion of the two words is by far the commonest verbal mistake made by political speakers. Thus in the same day's paper you get Mr. Bonar Law putting to himself the question (in the Shall Germany pay? debate). "Will I get more in a composition than by making the man a bankrupt?" and President Wilson, in his farewell speech at New York, declaring: "If men cannot now, after this bloody sweat, see how to regulate the affairs of the world, we will sink back into a period of struggle without hope." In both cases the element of decision and determination necessary to justify the use of "will" were absent from the speakers' minds.

A CURIOUS DIFFERENCE
[Edmonton Bulletin]

Newspaper comment has thus far been almost unanimous in praising the Dominion Government for having allowed—or forced—the Grand Trunk Pacific to go into the hands of a receiver.

If that was a course proper to pursue in the case of the Grand Trunk Pacific, which represents outstanding obligations of $200,000,000, it surely was an equally proper course to pursue in the case of the Canadian Northern, which represents outstanding securities to the amount of a half billion dollars.

Somewhat curiously, none of the papers which have praised the government for allowing the Grand Trunk to go into the hands of a receiver have suggested that it would have been equally proper to allow the Canadian Northern to take the same course. On the contrary, papers which declared that it would ruin the credit of Canada forever to allow the Canadian Northern to go under a receivership, now express their entire satisfaction with the policy of putting the Grand Trunk Pacific under receivership.

Just why it was necessary, or more in the public interest, that McKenzie and Mann should be bought out, while the English stockholders in another company are squeezed out, is a matter that would stand some explaining.

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"MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD AND BETTER PASTRY"
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NUMBER 23 THE PROPRIETARY

THAT COLD IS DANGEROUS

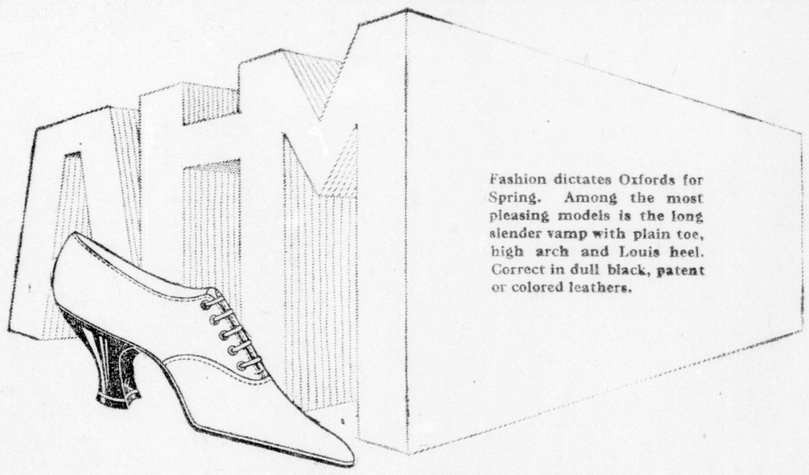
Don't wait Till you are Sorry.

When you feel out of sorts, shivery, headachy, don't wait till you are laid up in bed before you take action to remedy these things. Chilly, achy feelings are Nature's warnings. Get something to clear out your system, cool the blood, exterminate the germs.

There is nothing so quick and reliable as Dominion C. B. Q.—which stands for Cascara Bromide Quinine Tablets. Dominion C. B. Q. cures a cold in a few hours—takes the headache away—makes you feel fit.

Get a box of Dominion C. B. Q. to-day. Keep it on hand. You never know when you might need it. At all druggists, in the Red Box. Made by that well-known and thoroughly reliable firm The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited. 8

DOMINION C.B.Q. TABLETS
Stops HEADACHES, COLDS, LA GRIPPE in a few hours.
(in the red box) 25 cents.



Fashion dictates Oxfords for Spring. Among the most pleasing models is the long slender vamp with plain toe, high arch and Louis heel. Correct in dull black, patent or colored leathers.

An Easter Suggestion

FASHION for women as reflected in the new gowns for spring, strongly suggests the Oxford in footwear as in most proper keeping with style. Oxfords will be more popular this year than in many seasons past.

Most effective in appearance among Oxfords is the long, slender vamp model, with the popular Louis heel. Its effect with the new gowns, either in black or patent leather, is most striking.

As with all of our models, A.H.M. Oxfords combine, with correct style, a capacity for service and an assurance of comfort to the feet—when properly fitted by your dealer.

Our booklet "How to Buy Shoes," is sent gladly without charge to any address in Canada. Please send requests to our home office at Montreal.

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