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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Friday, Dec. 21.

GET TOGETHER FOR QUEBEC.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER will do everything in his power to support the war policy of the Government. He gave this pledge to the people at the close of the campaign, and he will stand fast to his promises. The statements or hints that he will or should be invited to join the Government should not be taken too seriously, because there are men in the Government who went into it for the purpose of ending the power and influence of Laurier. It appears to The Advertiser that there is far more chance of Laurier being willing to throw his weight with the Government than that the Government would invite him to come in. And it is at the same time doubtful that Sir Wilfrid would accept, not on grounds of rock-bound opposition to his detractors, but because he has had a desire to retire, and might prefer to name his man to represent Quebec, and to use every influence to have Quebec put forward its best effort.

There should be a disposition among the new members of Union Government to give Quebec a fair chance. The commander of the Montreal military district after the election paid a heart tribute to the French-Canadian people, and bespoke for them a loyal support of the Government in all war measures. The head of the Liberal organization in Quebec is confident that his province will abide by the decision of the majority. While it may seem peculiar, it is certain that many Unionist newspapers are looking to Sir Wilfrid Laurier to have Quebec respond to the best of its ability.

Nothing should be said or done, no matter how bitter the feeling of the last few weeks, to stir the Quebec trouble. We should forget all about the heated things, and join forces to have unity. Liberals should not sit back and dare the Government to make good, hoping to see it fail, and to run against trouble in Quebec. The fair way and the British way is to strive for harmony, and to secure a willing obedience to the law from coast to coast.

The Maritime Provinces went strongly in favor of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. No one thinks of condemning these people, and no one thinks that they will place anything in the way of the enforcement of the military service act. That is the supreme issue. Now that the people have said the word, conscription is the law irrevocable. Every effort of statesmanship should be put forward by those who have influence to weld Confederation fast. All the leadership Canada has should be given to the issue.

The domestic problems will still be a matter for fair dispute, and the past record of those who rule fair subject for condemnation. But let nothing hamper the war spirit. Let the efforts of the best men in both parties be turned toward the welding of the provinces.

It is appropriate to reproduce at this time from the Canadian Gazette of London, Eng., a rebuke for those newspapers and orators of the other side of the ocean who sought to influence the Canadian decision by appeals to prejudice and passion:

It is bad enough to read in Canadian cablegrams of inflamed political passions in Canada; it is doubly unfortunate when writers in the English press seek to add fuel to the flames from this side of the Atlantic. The Sunday Times publishes an article of a column and a half by Mr. Frederick Grundy which we are sure the editor would not have printed had he himself known more of the facts and realized how much mischief such hectic writing may do to stir up bitterness between the English and French-speaking peoples of Canada. It is not true to describe the representative French-Canadian as "strongly, even violently, anti-British," and to say that the Liberal party "dragged the flag of Canada in the mire both at the time of the Boer war and now" is to use language which might pass on a political platform in Canada, where it could at once be discounted by local knowledge and answered, but is quite out of place in the British press. Harry Lauder has been using Canadian platforms to deride French-Canadians as men of "bastard blood;" he would do well to get back as quickly as possible to the English music hall stage where he is so warmly appreciated. English and French have to live together in Canada, they together form the basis of Canadian nationhood, and the worst service any Canadian or Englishman can do Canada and the Empire is to hinder the appreciation by each of the good qualities of the other. Let us reserve our bombshells for the really contemptible Hun.

THE COMMISSION SCHEME.

CITIZENS will have an opportunity at the municipal elections in January of casting their votes either in approval or disapproval of the principle of civic government by commission. They will not be asked to vote on any particular scheme, but only on the principle as opposed to that in vogue at present.

In relation to the commission plan, however, Controller J. M. Moore has evolved a theory or plan which has aroused some interest, based as it is on the lines adopted in cities of other countries, where success has followed the change. The main feature of the scheme is centralization, and it is designed to bring all spending under the control of the commission or council, consisting of 30 members directly responsible to the people.

Unlike some forms of commission governments, the one proposed by Controller Moore does not provide for salaried officials to manage the city's affairs. His view is that there need be no more salaries paid than at present, possibly fewer, and that better results will be achieved.

A diagram showing the controller's idea and details of its working appear in The Advertiser, and will be understood readily, but, perhaps, what is expected to be the effect is not so apparent. Part of this effect, Mr. Moore believes, will be the elimination of much wasteful expenditure. As the city's affairs are now run, the various spending bodies are given a certain appropriation for the year, and they go ahead and spend that according to their own ideas with little or no consideration of how the other boards are working. The result is frequently overlapping. For instance: it is no uncommon experience in London to see a street mended and put in good repair by the board of works, only to be torn up again a week or two later in order that the utilities board may do some underground work which is necessary. Controller Moore thinks that if these plans were discussed in inter-board or inter-committee meetings it could easily be arranged that the underground work would be done before the streets were put in repair, and the second expense be saved.

Mr. Moore also believes that if his plan were utilized there would be less antagonism between the members of the various committees, as each would understand more clearly the ideals of the others through the personal contact involved. He thinks fewer council meetings would be required, and much time saved the members, and that there would be developed a broader civic spirit.

It cannot truthfully be said that the present system is altogether satisfactory: the question the voters must decide is whether the commission principle promises any improvement. Doubtless there will be those who prefer to stick to the old way, and others will support a change. If the majority desires to try the new plan, it will be undertaken.

LABOR'S CREDITABLE CAMPAIGN.

LONDON'S labor men did not suffer in the eyes of the people in the recent campaign. The union workers acted the part of gentlemen always. They appealed to reason, and brought a notable set of speakers to the city, most to be remembered being President James Watters of the trades congress, who will be heard from in the future of this country.

The farmers and labor stood by the cause of the people in vast numbers. They will control the situation in Canada after the war, when no German menace across the border may be held up as a bogey to frighten the people. Labor and the farmers are using their heads. The manner in which a man had to hustle to get a vote made most people think. They will do a good deal more thinking in the next few weeks. Union Government and the franchise act performed one big service.

BEATING THE SUBMARINES.

THERE are logical reasons given by Arthur Pollen, British naval expert, for his belief that the submarine menace is becoming less serious, and that there is no possibility of the Germans decreasing Allied tonnage to a state which will seriously handicap war efforts.

According to his statement, Britain launched as much tonnage as she lost last month, and the United States has started to launch her vessels in addition to this. The latter will increase production monthly, and if Britain can continue to balance her losses by production, the American vessels will be clear gain, except for those which may be torpedoed.

But, it is just as important as ever that greater success be obtained in destroying the enemy pirates and putting an end to this constant drain. The loss in shipping has been the most serious side of the problem because of the difficulty in replacing it, but there is the other side—the loss of cargoes. Many of these are composed largely of foodstuffs and, in view of the world shortage, this loss is serious. Every cargo of grain or flour or meats or any of the other varieties of food for the Allies which is sent to the bottom is an irreplaceable loss, for every ton is needed.

There is only one way, apart from the prevention of submarine successes, to overcome this difficulty, and that is by increasing production enormously in the coming year. This can be done in Canada, the United States and other friendly countries, if there is a real, earnest effort made to organize the nations for the purpose. This effort must be begun at once, in order that the spring work may be started at the earliest possible moment by every man available. There is no danger of over-production or lack of market. The world is holding out its money for every grain and every root obtainable. If the yields are so great that the price decreases, the consuming public will benefit and the producers will gain in the increased quantities sold.

It is not only in the ship-building yards but also on the farms that the opportunity of beating the submarine lies. Every man who can do a day's work on the land is helping. It is a chance for real patriotic service given to the man who cannot fight or devote himself to building vessels.

EDITORIAL NOTES

As a fuel controller, mild weather is much more efficient than the big-salaried officials.

It seems probable that the greatest battle of the western front is scheduled to be fought this winter.

The German cupboard is becoming bare. City dwellers feel the pinch most, and trouble invariably starts in the cities.

That Christmas dinner still awaits Wilhelm in Paris, but his arrival is delayed. Possibly the Bastile guards will keep it warm for him.

Canada's binder twine supply has been assured as a result of the United States food administration's action. Great the way Canadian controllers are helping the country!

Pictures of Canadian soldiers' polling booths in London, England, show large placards on the walls setting forth Borden's election "literature." Did the Tommies appreciate this sample of "fair play"?

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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LOOKING AT IT LEGALLY.

[By C. B. Lewis.]

Should you imagine that Miss Florence Gale 18 years old, was the first girl that ever fell in love with a dancing master because he was a dancing master, then you are mistaken. They have been doing it ever since there was a dancing master to fall in love with.

Miss Florence was the daughter of a merchant, and ranked well up in the social circles of her town. There had been a private dancing class made up of half a dozen girls and young men, and Professor Paul Revillion had been engaged as director at a high honorarium.

Mind you, he had not been hired, but "engaged." He was not a teacher, but a "director." He wasn't on a salary, like a bookkeeper, but on a honorarium, if you please. His name was not Jim Scott, nor Joe Saunders, but Paul Revellion.

And the professor was nice—very nice. He was nice all over, like a rare, ripe peach. It was noticed even before the first dance was held that he had white teeth and long eyelashes.

The six young men who were to pay their good money for learning the art of dancing looked the professor over, and each and every one determined to kill him as soon as the term of lessons was finished.

The six young women cast sheep's-eyes at him and mentally vowed to fall in love almost at once. It is to the credit of the sex that they kept their word. Yes, within a fortnight, it was apparent to themselves and others that they were learning to love as well as to dance. The young men read the signs aright and gritted their teeth. They could and did "spat" with the foolish damsels, but they couldn't kill the professor until they had had the worth of their money.

So far as having a very serious flirtation, every girl won out. Each one had reasons to believe that she was the chosen one. Each one under the impulse of romance and girlhood silliness, wrote little pink or violet notes, and they were replied to with an outpouring of the heart. The little notes and replies were pretty much alike, but it happened that Miss Gale was more industrious than the others. She wrote two notes to their one.

It therefore logically followed that when the end of the term drew near and Professor Revillion was ready for business, he possessed a package of pink notes signed "Florence" that numbered way up above the half-century mark. It did his heart good as he counted the number written to him by the other maidens.

One day Miss Florence Gale received a note from the professor that set her heart to thumping as it hadn't thumped yet. Some fiend in human form had broken open his trunk at his boarding-house, and among other things stolen was a package of her love notes. The thief had had the audacity to write that he had them, and that he would return them for $200, and not a cent less. If the professor refused to pay the money the letters were to be offered to Mr. Gale at the same price. Mr. Gale was a stern parent.

It was most unfortunate that the professor didn't happen to have $200 in his vest pocket. He could never forgive himself for his carelessness. What would "Dear Florence" do about it? Would she raise the cash or take the consequences? She would be granted three days' grace, and then she was to meet the dancing master at a certain spot at a certain hour and let him know her decision.

"Believe me, my dear one," he wound up with, "I am thinking of suicide as I pen this. If I was not almost sure that you could get the money off your father, I should say farewell to you and send a bullet crashing through my brain."

Miss Florence promptly fainted away, or was going to, when her mother asked her who the letter was from. She therefore decided to lie instead of faint. Her first feeling after mastering the contents of the letter was one of pity for the professor. He was thinking of blowing his head off! Her next feeling was of herself. She could no more raise $200 than she could raise $2,000,000. Had she asked her father for 75 cents he would have wanted an explanation a rod long.

Poor Miss Florence cried all one night and got up in the morning to lie again. She said it was the toothache. She had gone back to bed to cry again, when—she didn't cry. A sudden thought made her sit up. What sort of a man was Professor Revillion to leave a girl to face such a situation alone. He must have a clue to the thief, as he said he had received a letter, but he had not added that he had set the law at work. He had a diamond ring and a diamond pin worth together far more than the $200, but he had not said anything of selling them to get her letters back.

"He can't be what I thought him," mused the girl; and five minutes later she was saying:

"I don't believe he was robbed at all."

If she didn't, then what conclusion must she arrive at? No need of spending much time over the question. Love and romance had been scared away, and common sense had taken their place.

"Why, he wants to hold those letters over me to extort money," was her exclamation.

If there had been no robbery—if the professor had the letters—if he meant extortion, then he had a great advantage and meant to use it. What could be done to stop him?

Beverly Dare was a young man of 25, who had graduated as a lawyer and hung out his shingle in the town. Up to date, he had had but few clients and created no stir. He was spoken of as a nice young man who would make his way, but was not much given to society. Miss Florence Gale had never met him to be introduced. But she went to him for help.

"I want legal advice," she quietly explained.

"Please state your case."

She had been a silly girl. She had been more than that, and as the penalty had found herself at the mercy of a blackmailer. She told all there was to tell, and then handed over the professor's letter.

"Do you want advice as to whether you shall pay the $200 or not?" was asked when the letter had been read.

"I couldn't pay it if I wanted to, and I'm sure I don't want to," she replied.

"Looking at it legally, Professor Revillion can be arrested and punished for extortion."

"And I can be held up to ridicule and scandal."

"Well, your letters would have to be read in court."

"Never."

"Looking at it legally again, Miss Gale, I might try to scare the fellow into giving up your letters. Not too much scare, but just enough."

"I want something worse than a scare."

"I fail to get your idea."

"I want to meet him. I want to be firmly satisfied that he is what I believe him to be. Then I want you to give him a good whaling and take the letters away."

The lawyer turned away to smile, and then turned back to say:

"Miss Gale, looking at it legally, I can't assault and batter a man in the interest of a client."

"Then why not look at it some other way?" she asked.

"As for instance?"

"As Mr. Beverly Dare."

"H'm! I think I could do that. I cannot cite a precedent, but we can make one."

Then came details that were not strictly according to Blackstone, but very interesting, nevertheless, and that night Miss Florence didn't suffer for a moment with the toothache. It was two nights later that she went to her tryst with the professor. He had been awaiting her a quarter of an hour. His anxious inquiry as he ran forward and seized both her hands was:

"Have you got the letters?" she asked.

"Yes—yes!"

"Professor, I cannot get the money!"

"What! But you must! Think what it means to you."

"But you have the letters and can hand them to me right here."

"But my honor is pledged."

"To a robber!"

"See here, you silly kitten, it's $200 for this package or I raise a scandal."

Miss Florence turned her back on the scoundrel just as something lit on him. It rolled him to the ground and toyed and dallied with him. It punched him and it slugged him. It applied epithets to him, and then applied the boot.

It was months and months later when Mr. Beverly Dare said to Miss Florence Gale:

"Looking at it legally, my dear client, I think we ought to be married on Thanksgiving."

And he also won that case.

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

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Advice.

"Be charitable," said old Reed,
"The poor we all should aid;
But when you do a kindly deed
Don't put on a parade."

The Wise Fool.

"The pen is mightier than the sword," quoted the Sage.

"And the hairpin is mightier than either," commented the Fool.

Fact.

"With promises be careful, mind!"
Advised old Mr. Heep;
"The more of them you make, you'll find
The fewer you will keep."

Waiters.

"The service in this place is terrible," said the First Diner.

"Yes," agreed the Second Diner. "The best waiters in this hotel are the guests."

Do Your Bit!

"Your duty don't shirk.
We need," said Bill Nearing,
"A little more work
And a little less cheering."

Gosh!

[Nahomen (Minn.) Pioneer.]

George Nelson came home from North Dakota Wednesday morning. He has been breaking out on the wheat line for the past two months.

No!

A number of boosters have asked if Joe Swallows of Algood, Tenn., can get a job as bartender in the Club.

In Darkest Noo Yawk.

A traveling man tells us that he met a woman in New York City who imagined that her Hudson seal coat was made from the seals captured in the Hudson River.

Our Bonehead Contest.

In hunting for a cell mate for Heiney Zimmermann we have discovered a coal wagon driver in Ironton, Ohio, who thought that the manhole in the street in front of the Masonic Temple was the coal chute leading into the building and who dumped several loads of coal into the manhole before he discovered his mistake.

Well, Well!

We don't know what she is begging for, but we do know that Miss Gertrude Beggs in Minneapolis.

Famous Stakes.

Table.
T-Bone.
Tenderloin.
Tent.
Sweep.
Miss.—Dutch Sablin.

The Great English Game.

Ball Crank says our great American games have nothing on cricket, the great English game. Instead of an umpire, cricket is played with two Humpires. After six balls are bowled the Humpire shouts: "Over!" even though the game has just started. If a batter hits the ball 30 yards the spectators cry: "Well played, sir!" At 4 o'clock the players quit and take tea, while American spectators take a fit.

Strange.

A clever man is Matthew Mee.
He's skilled, and he is bright;
And, though he is left-handed, he
Is sure to do things right.

—Luke McLuke.

Another clever man I know
Is Uncle Ezra Hawks;
He may be hard of hearing, but
He knows when money talks

—Detroit Free Press.

Names Is Names.

Miss America Furst lives in Philadelphia, Penn.

Our Daily Special.

Better to Learn by Doing Than to Learn by Being Done.

Luke McLuke Says.

If it wasn't for the fact that they are anxious to develop a good appetite some men wouldn't take any exercise at all.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who used to devote a portion of Monday and Tuesday to Discussing the Sermon?

A young fellow can get along nicely without a watch until he falls in love and has to have something to carry Her picture in.

We do a lot of bulling about Childhood's Happy days. But how many men would like to go through the monotonous grind of going to school again?

We know a lot of sports who can't understand how a man in a Done Dry State gets any fun out of going fishing.

This is a queer world. We know a cross-eyed man who thinks the funniest thing in the world is a man who is bow-legged.

You can always tell when a girl has new clothes. She can't help acting as if nobody else has.

Why is it that children would rather do an errand for a neighbor for nothing than do an errand for their own parents for a nickel?

And just because a man parts his hair in the middle is no sign that he has a well-balanced head.

Some men are born great and others just roll up their sleeves and wade right into greatness.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who used to carry a snuff box in his vest pocket?

As long as a woman would rather be well dressed than be President we are not going to do much worrying about the political future of this Nation.

A man gets sore if you make remarks about his new clothes. A woman gets sore if you don't.

Men are nearly as vain as women. A middle-aged man who has grey hair always has the alibi that it is premature, and that all of his folks were grey-headed while young.

You may have noticed that the Golden Rule works beautifully when the other fellow is following it.

One way to be popular is to keep busy. If you haven't enough business to keep you busy get busy and make some.

A man thinks that it is big and brave to brag that his wife doesn't care a hang where he goes or what time he gets in. But the fact of the matter is that there is something wrong about a woman who is that kind of a wife.

We have often wondered why female colleges do not organize football teams. Perhaps the reason is because no girl will admit that she is heavy enough for the line.

And what has become of the old-fashioned schoolteacher who used to use a machine strap on the palm of a boy's hand when she whipped him?

Another trouble with this country is that we have too many good orators and not enough good listeners.

Maybe a woman would enjoy better health if she didn't expect a corset to take the place of exercise.

Dogs are a whole lot like men. Ever notice how brave an alley cur gets when he discovers that a bull dog is wearing a muzzle?

Every romantic princess is doomed to disappointment because the mutt she will marry will not display any of the fierce, undying brand of love she sees in the movie fillums.

The reason why some men never tell stories is because they know that as soon as they get through a story you will say: "That reminds me," and you will bore them with some of your stories.

CLEAR YOUR SKIN Of pimples by using Cuticura Soap exclusively and Cuticura Ointment occasionally. They succeed when others fail. Nothing better at any price. Sample of each free with 32-page skin book. Address Cuticura, Dept. S, Boston.

Wait a Minute!

By J. H. F.

Toronto ladies will not pay more than 35 cents a pound for Turkey. It does not look as if many of the girls will have turkey.

* * *

The vote of the women in London was not the silent vote. It was doggone noisy, so to speak.

* * *

We move that Joe Atkinson and J. Ross Robertson and the London Free Press be a committee of three to bring about a better understanding with Quebec.

* * *

The United States club swings on meat barons, we are informed. Making Hamburg steak of them, so to speak.

* * *

The investigation into the sugar trust makes rather sour reading for the gents who pay the shot.

* * *

Eggnogs will not be served in American hotels this Yuletide. All right. Those birds are an ancient memory with the folks over here.

* * *

Whiskey was found in Kansas being shipped with tombstones. That's all right. It has furnished tombstones for a lot of gents.

* * *

An Indiana druggist washes all the pennies he gets. He should give the dollars away to a chap of our disposition, and we would not even dry-clean them. Not a bit.

* * *

The night of the election two youngsters were arguing. One was evidently from a Tory family and the other from a Grit. The latter was getting somewhat the worst of the argument on the results, but he ended it up by saying, "Anyway, we captured Jerusalem." Rather fair.

* * *

This is the fourth day since the kaiser heard the news. What's the delay in quitting this doggone row?

* * *

Mayor Stevenson has 55,000 pounds of fish in storage. The high cost of living is not going to make a sucker of him.

* * *

Old Frank Oliver is sure the die-hard person. He battled to the last ditch, anyway, before he went down.

* * *

The shoes of the near future will be canvas and composition, we hear. All right. That's not news. We have been wearing some of them. They were called leather.

* * *

Let's go! We'll spend another nickel for Christmas.

Names Is Names.

Otto B. Stout lives in Cincinnati.

Our Daily Specia.

Never Contradict a Liar. Give Him a Little Time and He'll Contradict Himself

A CREAMY LOTION MADE WITH LEMONS

Prepare a quarter pint at about the cost of a small jar of common cold cream.

When this home-made lemon lotion is gently massaged into the face, neck, hands and arms daily, the skin naturally should become soft, clear and white, and the complexion dainty and attractive.

What girl or woman hasn't heard of lemon juice to remove complexion blemishes; to bleach the skin and to bring out the roses, the freshness and the hidden beauty? But lemon juice alone is acid, therefore irritating, and should be mixed with orchard white this way. Strain through a fine cloth the juice of two fresh lemons into a bottle containing about three ounces of orchard white, then shake well and you have a whole quarter pint of skin and complexion lotion at about the cost one usually pays for a small jar of ordinary cold cream. Be sure to strain the lemon juice so no pulp gets into the bottle, then this lotion will remain pure and fresh for months. When applied daily to the face, neck, arms and hands it naturally should help to whiten, clear, smoothen and beautify.

Any druggist will supply three ounces of orchard white at very little cost and the grocer has the lemons. In this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion ladies can easily prepare and have an inexpensive toilet aid which perfectly satisfies their natural desire for a beautiful soft skin.

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Entire Block On the Ocean Front. St. Charles Place to New Jersey Ave. Always open. Hot and cold sea water baths, sun parlors. Orchestra. Special fall and winter rates.
NEWLIN HAINES CO.

TractionCompany

Winter services in effect Sunday, September 24.

Fares from London as follows:

To St. Thomas, single 25c; return, 40c.

To Port Stanley, single, 35c; return 50c.

Return tickets good 30 days. Book tickets at lower rates.

LONDON AND PORT STANLEY RAILWAY

Timetable Effective Sept. 20.

TO ST. THOMAS—†5:20, †*6:20, 7:20, *8:20, 9:20, *10:20, 11:20 a.m., 12:20, *1:20, 2:20, *3:20, 4:20, *5:20, 6:20, *7:20, 8:20, 9.20, *10:20, †11:20 p.m.

TO PORT STANLEY—†*6:20, *8:20, *10:20 a.m. *1:20, *3:20, *5:20, *7:20, *10:20 p.m.

†Daily except Sunday. *Limited trains London to St. Thomas.

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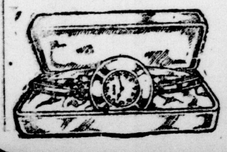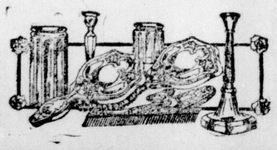
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