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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED. London, Ont., Monday, Dec. 4.

THE CABINET CRISIS.

PREMIER ASQUITH has faced and mastered many a crisis since the outbreak of war. He has had the full sympathy of the people of Canada, because they believe him to be inspired for the task he has undertaken. At the same time they realize that the burden he has shouldered have been almost superhuman, and more than this, that to all the load of care has been added the terrible personal burden of sorrow in the death of his beloved son. We have seen so many fathers borne down by the loss of their heirs that it is only natural for us to expect that such a strain might prove too much for even so staunch a character as the premier.

The reasons for the demand made by Lloyd George that the premier should practically abdicate in favor of a new war council are known only in a general way on this side of the water. Magdalen as has been the statesmanship of Mr. Asquith, it is felt by many that he has not been sufficiently a man of action at times when action was needed. He has been of the slower, philosophical turn of mind, and now, when the nation feels that striking swiftly must win the war, and when every available man is required, a more energetic council is demanded, a council quicker to make decisions, and ready to tackle great new tasks with a never-flagging energy.

The changes that occur will no doubt have a bearing on war policy that will be vital. The cry for Lloyd George control is persistent in England, and he would be the premier except in name in case his fight for more vigorous prosecution of the war is won. And as between the two, Asquith and Lloyd George, the choice would almost certainly fall to the human dynamo rather than to the mighty philosopher.

Britain will cast aside her greatest men when it is shown that new policy is required and that other men are more capable of carrying it through. How different is this trait in the British parties to the Canadian practice as at present seen. The best men for the task in the nation, no matter what their previous relation to the parties or the people, are demanded by the people, and the parties recognize public opinion by making lightning changes when the occasion necessitates.

Britain, with changes in navy and war control, is merely striving toward the perfection of its war machines, no matter how much it may hurt to reduce the prestige of those who have carried her through and have given all they had to assist her.

CANADA'S I. W. W. WORKER.

POLITICIANS in a Pacific coast state are said to have been in league with Industrial Workers of the World who recently made an armed attack on police and other citizens.

Politicians in Canada have been in league and must yet be in league with the political I. W. W. men of Quebec province, led by Henri Bourassa. Bourassa has been ousted in 1915 and permitted to eradicate recruiting sentiment in Quebec because he helped the Borden Government to power in 1911.

Gifts to this I. W. W. worker, who strives to blow up the recruiting machinery of Quebec, were cabinet appointments to his leading henchmen and patronage appointments to his lesser servants. He has controlled government policy in Quebec, his paper, Le Devoir, reaching hundreds of thousands and making plain the offence of South of the Sault, Ont., Express, whose paper was suspended because he once said something one thousand times less disastrous to recruiting in English Ontario than Bourassa spouts every day his paper comes out uncensored in French Quebec.

This is no time for fearing to make martyrs of men. No one feared to make a martyr of Smith of the Sault Express. But someone—someone high in authority—is afraid to make an enemy of Bourassa because Bourassa helped him to power and came into Ontario and spoke from the same platform in 1911.

The I. W. W. of Quebec recruiting works under "police protection," while he proceeds to calmly place a bomb under the recruiting machinery, denouncing it so that its output falls 100,000 short of its capacity.

NECESSITIES AND LUXURIES.

EVER notice it's the necessities going up in price that makes the long-suffering consumer hoarse? He will pay without clamor an advance for moving pictures, but not for milk. He will sing low when candy costs more, but raves about coal. The things of luxury, the things that appeal to our sense of indulgence and pleasure, these we spend on without petitions to the government.

It's a big problem in psycho-analysis, but perhaps not so difficult after all. It is not because we realize that we need "pass up" the luxuries at any moment, but the staples of life we must have? Moving pictures, pretty

shoes or neckties, candy and gewgaws are transient things. Bread and coal and meat and milk are the bedrock of existence. One class is a mere flavor the world gives to life, the other is the first debt of the world to us. Be offered an enforced vacation on a desert island, with a choice of oatmeal and a suit of corduroy, or chocolate bonbons and a suit of silk pyjamas, and most of us will not hesitate long. We are most jealous of the essential things of life; the other trifles may do as they please. We are merely silly to fritter away our coin on things that don't mean life or death to us; we are almost criminals if we permit anything we have recognized as a "necessity" to become less accessible. When our old aires went back into the forest for the first time they didn't hunt for sweet berries first; they shot a buck. They didn't carry a box of candied fruits; they carried a sack of flour.

MEN, NOT SHIPS.

IT IS SIGNIFICANT that when Great Britain wanted assistance on the seas in the present war, she sent officers of her navy to Canada asking for MEN, not SHIPS. The policy of Winston Spencer Churchill and Robert Laird Borden provided for ships without men.

CANADA'S GARDINER.

IF WE COULD conceive of a new type of camera, capable of registering, not only the outward appearance, but also the ideals, the work, the mannerisms, the thousand and one little things that go to make the man, and of printing them forth in a character photograph, we might suppose that Augustus Bridle had possessed himself of such a machine, and was showing his results in his "Sons of Canada," recently published by J. M. Dent & Sons, Limited.

Mr. Bridle is well known as one of the editors of the Canadian Courier, and has already taken his place among Canadian literary men. He is not Canadian-born, but claims to be a Canadian, and in choosing his sons of Canada, he does not restrict himself to those actually born within the Dominion, but selects those who have by their united or conflicting efforts built up the Canada of today. He does not portray the "man in the public eye" alone, but gives due place to lesser lives, believing that the work of these "so-called lesser men" of the country has had its full share in building up this modern and very vigorous nation.

The author does not attempt biographies, but merely photographs his subjects, so that we get pictures, not boldly outlined, but wholly impressionistic in style. He introduces us to the men, their vocations and all the long string of avocations which they may have. He approaches his characters in a manner which is unique and varied, and shows a dramatic instinct in the treatment of them, preferring to show us rather than tell us what they are. His sketch is an attempt to reveal the work as well as the character of the man portrayed. He enshrines Sir John Eaton in his main-moisture in Toronto. He introduces Sir Wilfrid Laurier as a second Henry Irving on the stage of Canadian political life. He has thoroughly appreciated the character of Professor Mavor, "who occupies the chair of political economy in the University of Toronto—but occupies himself with almost everything else." He makes a rather ludicrous picture of Henri Bourassa, in the office of Le Devoir. He calls Sir Adam Beck the "Power Boss," and leads him through all the intricacies of the hydro-electric system.

Mr. Bridle might be termed the "Gardiner of Canada." Certainly he has found as many humorous opportunities in the personae of Canadian life, as Gardiner in his world-wide field.

The "Sons of Canada" is a work which should be read by all Canadians. It is exceedingly interesting and instructive, and is bound to be of great value in future years as a record of the work of the true Canadian Nation Builders, for, according to the author himself, it is a description of "not what their fathers were, nor what their sons may be, but what they themselves did with all their might."

The portraits, by F. S. Challenor, also impressionistic in style, harmonize with the rest of the book.

A SLAP THAT HURT.

THE slap at William Randolph Hearst, taken after due provocation by the British Government, is having a serious effect upon the business of his news service across the border. Reports reach Canada to the effect that reputable papers are cancelling their contracts with the Hearst interest. Aside from a few "comic" features, all of the Hearst product is now denied the Canadian papers, which formerly printed his news and boasted about it.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

There is every indication that Christmas trade will be brisker than ever—do your shopping early.

Rumor says that young General Hughes has been given a raise. It is even whispered that this may be a peace offering to Sir Sam.

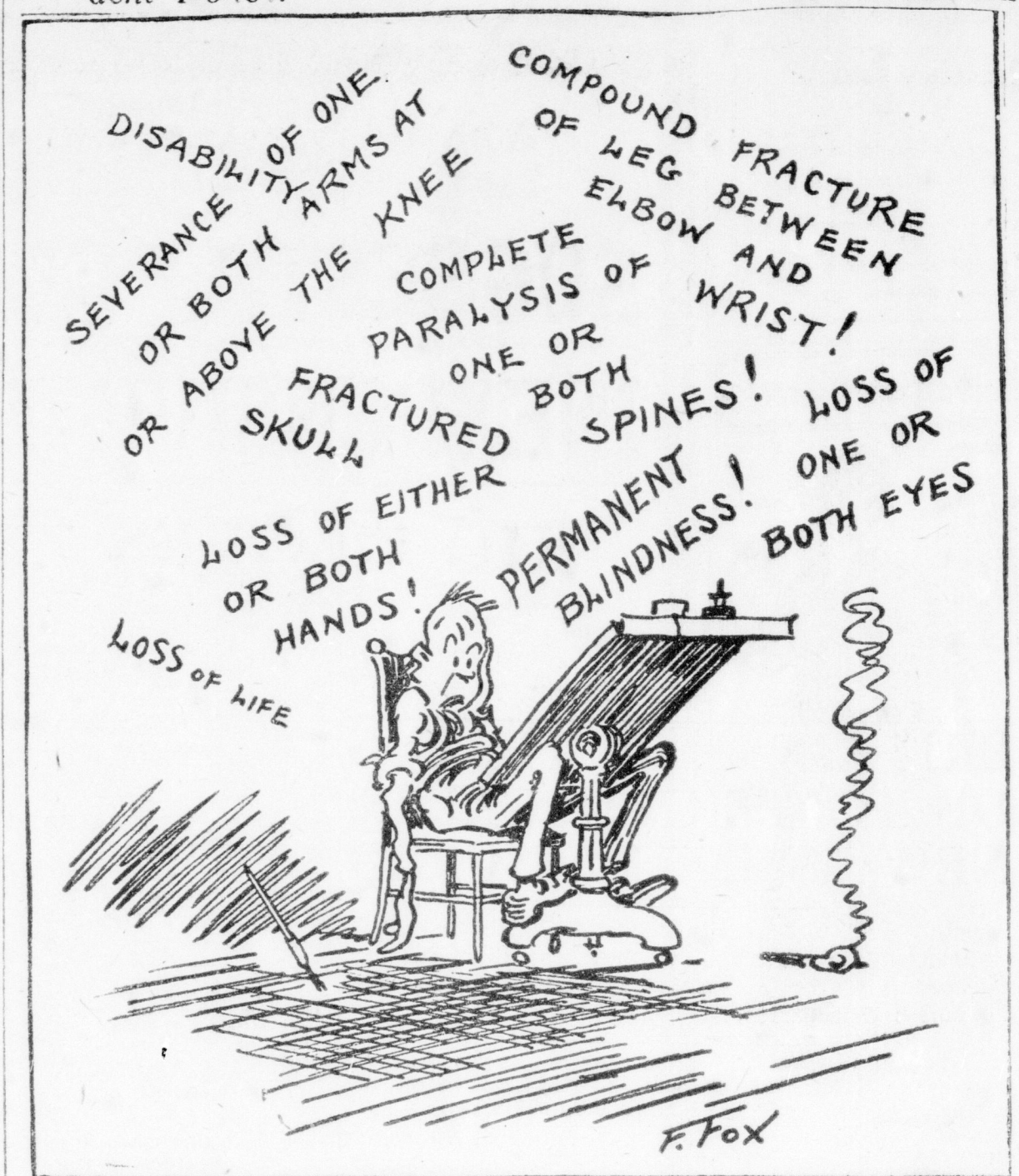
Amundsen proposes to dash to the North Pole in an aeroplane. His next feat will probably be to visit the centre of the earth in a submarine.

It is noticeable that in the recruiting figures published each week for No. 1 Military District, the name of Major Palfour heads the list for securing the greatest number of men.

There is no duty on American slanz, hence we are not stimulated to manufacture a Canadian line of that goods. In a recent article in the Canadian Courier, Archibald MacMechan upbraids Canadians for their laziness in preferring to follow the lead of the United States, rather than exert their own brains. In this connection he makes the following statement: "We are no slanz and uninvincible that we have to borrow even our vulgarity."

Pathetic Figures—A Cartoonist Trying To Work Just After Listening To an Insurance Agent Explain a New Accident Policy.

BY FONTAINE FOX



The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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All in the Family

BY EARL REED SILVERS.

The carriage rounded the last turn and started the long upward climb. On the very peak of the hill the Fernside house stood out clearly against the blue of the late August sky. Lawrence Wellington gazed with interest upon the scene of his future activities. He expected to spend the remainder of August and all of September at the Fernside house, and he was naturally curious as to its charms. Scenically speaking, he had little to complain of. To the left of the hotel stretched a silver lake, bordered by wooded shores. Directly in front of the main building two tennis courts had been laboriously leveled from the side of the hill, and to the right rolled the velvet fairway of what promised to be an excellent golf course.

"The place looks to be just about right," he muttered. "The only question now is the girls."

The carriage drew to a halt, and a colored porter hurried down the steps. "Take the bags," Lawrence commanded. "My trunk is coming later."

The porter, miraculously burdened himself with a suitcase, a golf bag, a tennis racket, and some fishing tackle, and led the way into the hotel. Sitting near the door was a girl. She was very much the same as most of the other girls, who frequent exclusive hotels, but to the new arrival she appeared different. For instance, her eyes reminded him of a crystal pool he had once seen, deep and clear; and her cheeks were the color of sun-kissed apples. Lawrence was particularly fond of apples. As he entered, she looked up casually, and for a moment her glance met his. Suddenly into her eyes came the light of recognition. She rose and stepped toward him, her hand extended.

"How are you, Milton?" Her voice expressed unexpected pleasure and delight. "I had no idea you were coming to Fernside."

Lawrence took the outstretched hand and shook it heartily. If a hint of surprise delight was in his eyes, the girl did not notice it.

"I didn't tell any one I was coming," he said. "It was a sort of surprise."

"Well, I'm glad, anyhow. How long are you going to stay?"

"Until October."

She clasped her hands delightedly. "So am I. I can't think of it."

"It sure is," his voice matched hers in enthusiasm. "What are you going to do this afternoon?"

"Nothing."

"Will you wait until I unpack a bit and then go canoeing with me?" His glance strayed to the shadowed lake. "Why, yes. But I'll have to dress first."

"All right; I'll see you later, then." "I'll be back in twenty minutes."

With a bright smile, she turned and entered the waiting elevator. Lawrence addressed the impassive porter. "Ladies," he said, "I'll give you 50 cents extra if you tell me the name of that young lady."

"She am Miss Marjorie Sherwood," the negro answered, grinning. "She done come from Beach Haven, New Jersey."

"Oh, I remember now!" Lawrence smiled broadly. "Lead the way up to my room, please. I'll be back in twenty minutes."

He was waiting on the porch when Marjorie made her appearance. She was dressed in a white sport costume, with a soft straw hat which drooped like a sunbonnet.

"Was I on time?" she asked gayly.

"Two minutes late," he smiled, and led the way to the spacious bathhouse. When they were well out in the centre of the lake she looked at him with a hint of reproach in her eyes.

"Why didn't you tell me you were coming?" she asked.

"I didn't know it until yesterday," he answered. "And then it was too late."

"Why haven't you answered my letter?"

"What letter?"

Wait a Minute!

By J. H. F.

T. Roosevelt says the American voters are obtuse. The politicians are acute, however.

Pres. Wilson has a new record for his phonograph, "I Love You, California." It is not quite so happy a thing as those 13 votes in the electoral college.

Jack London used to write 1,000 words a day. At that rate he is about 4,000 words a day behind President Wilson.

Kentucky is worried over an ink bill for \$200,000. There seems to be quite a consumption of ink there, writing out the obituary notices of feudists.

Civilized man has lost his power to sleep, a wise bird says, but we know a lot of folks who are sleeping on their jobs.

We read an article on eating butter yesterday. We remember when we used to eat butter. Yep, quite a time ago it was.

Yes, and once upon a time we had three eggs for breakfast. Them was the happy days.

The Belgian women who sew will be deported to Germany. It seems that a lot of Belgian women sew. It's different here, we are informed, which makes it certain that the girls will never be exiled for that. Hooray.

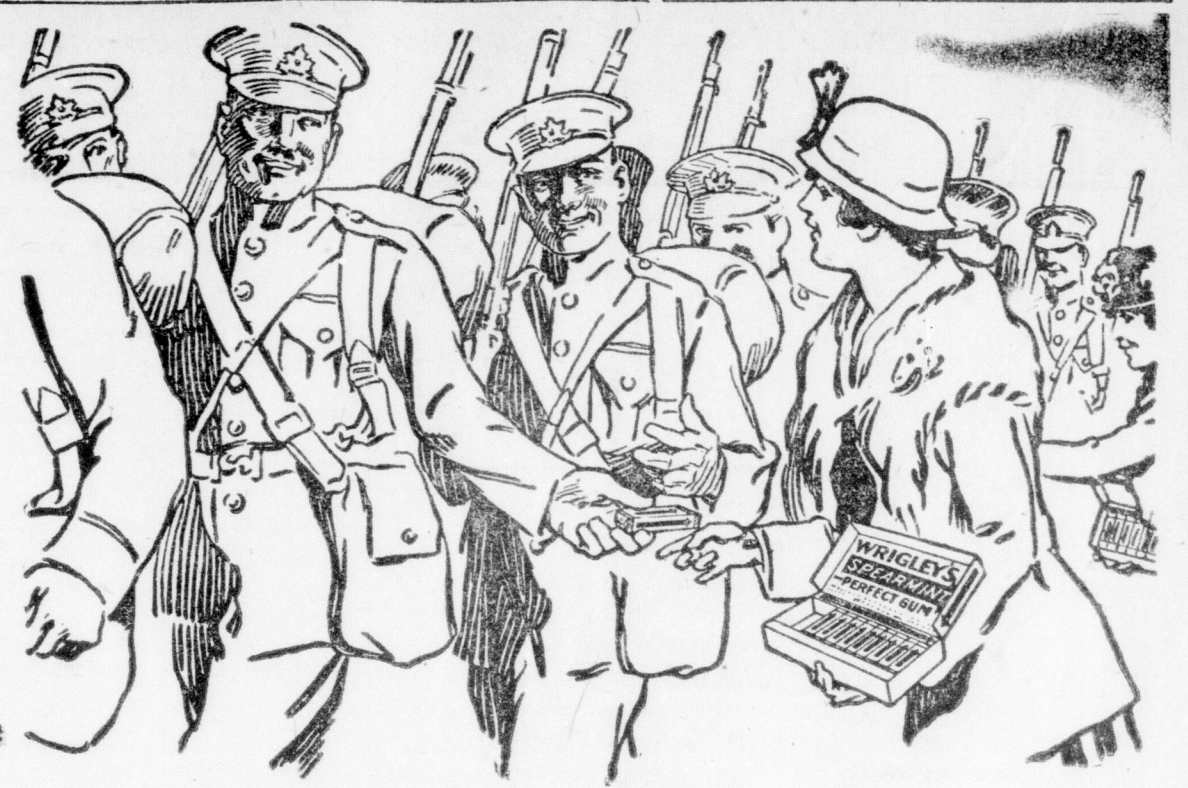
A New York man aged 110 quarrelled with his wife the other day, a little miss of 75. They have kissed and made up. A fierce temper has spoiled many another young man, just as it did this youngster. The boys and girls should be taught to be good.

The hired "diver." The ride out to the farm. The bitter cold. The many stops. The warnings up. The old homestead. The stumbling out. Aunt Jane and Uncle Joe. The pseudo greetings. The musty parlor. The smoky chimney. The ancient bellows. The jovial jests. The hearty handshake. The "Tom and Jerry." The bucolic jests. The announcement of dinner. The tearing in. The long table. The steaming broth. The burnt tongue. The glass of ice water. The codfish balls. The hard cider. The toasted muffins. The burnt ginger-bread. The sizzling turkey. The ceremonious carving. The apple-jack. The preserved persimmons. The pop-overs. The plum pudding. The hearty cause. The mince pie. The nuts and raisins. The blackberry brandy. The cornucopia pipes. The rose-like stogies. The old wheezes. The chorus of chuckles. The antique "gags." The loud guffaws. The reminiscences. The hot toddy. The many glasses. The hazy feeling. The sudden drowsiness. The mumbled "good night." The staggering upstairs. The guest room. The bed.

"—The Thanksgiving," in life.

The war will add religion in Europe, we hear. There will not be so many men to save, however.

Secretary of War Baker, of



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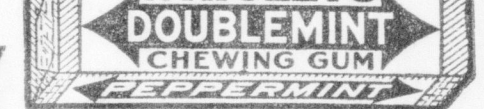
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Kept Right**

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WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM LASTS
MINT-LEAF FLAVOR

Chew It After Every Meal



WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT

Wilson's cabinet, says he will not resign. Well, he ought to be fired anyway. What's the use of a war minister if he shows fight?

A "rassler" got only \$1,000 for an evening's engagement in Chicago. He was peeved because Billy Sunday is out-drawing him.

If the ministers keep on, that heavy-weight fight, pardon the expression, will draw like that celebrated porous plaster.

There is a show called "The Blue Paradise." Paradise would be blue for a lot of us, if a lot of other folks happened to be there.

Cardinal Piffi conducted the funeral services of Emperor Franz Joseph. Say whatever comes into your little mind regarding this.

How is it that a lot of skinny guys get fat jobs? We don't know.

We are preparing to receive a flock of neckties for Christmas which we will immediately pro-

ceeded to wish on some unsuspecting and unfortunate neighbor.

We do not expect to eat turkey this Christmas. We figure that somebody is fixing up a dish of crow for us.

A Battle Creek man had a big truck run over his head, and he only had a headache after it. He must be a relative of the guy that was hit on the head with a big rock falling from ten stories up, who announced that he would get mad if the boys did not stop throwing pebbles on his bean.

Traction Company
EFFECTIVE SEPTEMBER 17.
To St. Thomas and Port Stanley—7:30 a.m., \$9.30, \$11.30, \$13.00 p.m., \$3.30, \$5.30, \$7.30, \$9.15 p.m.

To Tempo, 4:30. To St. Thomas, 6:15 p.m. and 11:15 p.m.

Sunday cars marked with a star (*).

LONDON AND PORT STANLEY RAILWAY
EFFECTIVE OCTOBER 1.
To Port Stanley: 6:20, 8:20, 10:20 a.m., 1:20, 3:20, 5:20, 7:20, 9:20 p.m.
To St. Thomas: 6:20, 8:20, 10:20 a.m., 1:20, 3:20, 5:20, 7:20, 9:20 p.m.

Heavy time denotes no local stops between London and St. Thomas.

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"SCOTIAN"	9 Dec. Glasgow
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SPECIAL Fares now in effect to resorts in Florida, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Louisiana and other Southern States, and to Bermuda and the West Indies.

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For Rates, Reservations, etc., Apply Local Agents, or ALLAN LINE—95 King St. W. I. E. Suckling—1 King St. E. General Agents, Toronto.

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Dec. 30