

London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.
MORNING EDITION.
City, 10c per week.
By Mail, \$3.00 per year.
Outside City, 15c per week.
By Mail, \$4.50 per year.

NOON EDITION.
\$3.00 per year by mail.

EVENING EDITION.
City, 10c per week.
By Mail, \$3.00 per year.
Outside City, 15c per week.
By Mail, \$4.50 per year.

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ing.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.
London, Ont., Saturday, Jan. 12.

THE WISH IS FATHER TO THE THOUGHT.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER has been consigned to political oblivion on many occasions by the Conservative press. Whenever the Liberal chieftain sees fit to hold a conference with his supporters, the certainty is expressed that he has at last out the painter. The wish is father to the thought, on each of these occasions, and nothing more strongly indicates the unshaken strength of Laurier than the eagerness with which his newspaper enemies seize upon his every movement as an indication of retirement. They hope that he will retire, for they fear him. They may believe that the power of suggestion will eventually work their will, but Sir Wilfrid will continue to disappoint them, because, to judge from his appearance and from his virility in the last campaign, the grand old man was never more fit to lead, never more needed as leader, than at the present time.

The fogs and gases of the recent campaign must blow away before the clear ventilation of public affairs at the next session. The public will wish to see where the country stands as to war policy and domestic welfare, and it will be Sir Wilfrid Laurier who will reveal this to them. He is just as strong, just as commanding a figure in Canada's public life today as any other man. His very merit of honor and the consistency of his lofty statesmanship will stand the test; his health will stand the strain and he will be found at the helm for many years to come, and with many of his old lieutenants again glad to serve beneath his banner.

THE OFFENCE OF MR. KING.

Present hopes of assuming leadership of the Laurierites having vanished, Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King had better return to the Rockefeller foundation. Financially, it is as solid as a rock.—Hamilton Spectator.

SO FAR AS The Advertiser has been able to ascertain there has never been any intention of offering the leadership of the Liberal party to Mr. King, and there is one strong reason before all others. The Liberal party has a leader who will continue to lead the Liberal party, and who now, of all times, will be found desirous of continuing that leadership. His name is Wilfrid Laurier, and he was premier of Canada for fifteen years. He leads a great solid section of the Canadian people, and he is the one statesman who continues to hold Canada above the cheap provinciality expressed in the above paragraph from the Hamilton Spectator.

The Spectator indulges in its stock-in-trade sneer at the expense of Mr. King on this occasion. Mr. King's sin, it appears, was to engage in work as a sociological expert on behalf of the Rockefeller foundation. He investigated certain disputes between the miners employed by Rockefeller interests and the bosses. He is credited with having brought John D. Rockefeller Jun. to a realization of the need for first-hand contact with his employees, and his services have done much toward the amelioration of working conditions in the mining and other trades. That he was employed by the Rockefeller is no more to his discredit than the investigations of Dr. Alexis Carrel under Rockefeller auspices were discreditable to that famous expert. Mr. King has not been a money seeker, but rather a scientific adjuster of social conditions. His work found warm commendation in the United States, but at home he is subjected to the characteristic prejudice that is certain to be heaped upon Canadians who essay to break new ground and to do deeper than has been the pleasure of the rut-stuck cross-roads commentators.

Such young men as Mr. King are regarded as either lunatics or dangerous experimenters by a certain kind of standard Canadian. Their reward for research and study, for the reaching out toward a better state for mankind, is to be discouraged, to be the objects of suspicions and to suffer from all the smug self-satisfaction that can never see beyond Fort Erie, and would not dare cast eyes across the Detroit River. Yet the same types of Canadians reap rich success in other lands; they ask many treatment and they can find it. They ask a fair chance at home, but often they are subjected to the sort of hatred that delights in the thrusts such as the Hamilton Spectator launches at Mr. King.

THE MUD-SLINGERS.

G RANTLAND RICE, an American sportsman and soldier, who contributes articles daily to The Advertiser's sporting pages, tells of hearing a company commander say that he could not understand the attitude adopted by many persons who took it for granted that a man who left home, wife and family to fight for the Allies was either foolish or unhappy in his home life. The commander, speaking of his own experience in making the decision, said: "It was the greatest sacrifice either I or my wife ever had to make."

Canada is not altogether lacking in people ready to make similar remarks about those who have gone overseas to face death or mutilation for the great cause. A soldier's name is mentioned, and someone remarks that he left his family to go to war. "Yes," chimes in another, "but don't you think his wife was glad to be rid of him? She is really better off without him, and finds it easier than before to keep her children and herself properly clothed and fed." To the credit of Canadians, such a remark is always

resented by the audience, but mud of such a kind has been flung.

Do those who make such remarks ever stop to wonder if they would feel relieved should their dear ones go to the firing line? If they do think, do they come to the conclusion that better financial circumstances would more than offset the loss? Do they even try to do justice to the man himself who has gone? He was not exchanging his lot for an easier one.

Note the people who make disparaging statements about any of those over there, and search the nominal rolls of battalions and batteries for names of their near kindred. None will be found. It is he or she who has not given and would, therefore, minimize the value of others' gifts, who has so much to say.

The man who gives up home-life, no matter how lowly, to lie in the mud of trenches, to face poison gas, liquid fire, shells, bullets and bayonets, and, perhaps, to be driven insane by the continuous roar of guns was not choosing the easier life, nor was he tempted by the money he would receive. The woman who let him go, in the great majority of cases, would exchange one hundred times her allowance and her comforts to have him back.

A LAWYER'S TACTICS.

DISGUISED as approval of the Press Association for its action in dropping out of the inquiry into the cost of newspaper at an early stage in the proceedings held before Commissioner Pringle, because of conditions encountered, an effort has been made by counsel for the paper manufacturers to poison the minds of the commissioner and Mr. Clarkson against publishers.

This is the only construction which can be placed upon the speech of the manufacturers' counsel, G. H. Montgomery, K. C., in which he drew Mr. Pringle's attention to the action of the papers' counsel and said it had been followed by a series of unfair articles attacking the commissioner and Mr. Clarkson, attacks which he hoped Mr. Pringle had ignored. The lawyer added that the Press Association evidently intended to make its fight out of court, and did not regard the investigation as of much moment. "It would be fairer to you and fairer to us if they would play the game and fight in the open," he is reported to have said.

There are other words in which the counsel could have conveyed the same meaning, such as these: Mr. Commissioner, before you draw your conclusions from what you have heard at this inquiry, I would like to point out to you that my clients, the paper manufacturers, and I have treated you as if we considered you the most important person on earth and as if there could be no greater intellect and no broader or fairer mind procured to judge of this question. This, I beg you to believe, correctly, reflects our feelings towards you. We believe you a Daniel come to judgment. On the other hand, the Press Association and its counsel have treated you almost with contempt. They have dared to insinuate that you, as commissioner, were not at all that could be desired, and they appear to think that there may be better judgment to be found elsewhere. In the face of these facts, can you hesitate about which side deserves your deepest sympathy and the benefit of all doubts? Remember, when making your report, that we have supported you and these others have attacked you. You are deciding between friends and enemies.

Is this legal procedure in Canadian courts? Has the counsel's speech any bearing on the question of what newspaper should cost the publishers? Or, was it the plea of a counsel who fears his evidence and arguments are too weak and seeks to bolster them up by a personal appeal to the judge? His attitude is no compliment to Commissioner Pringle.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

What have the Pankhursts left to live for now? Possibly a woman prime minister will be their next aim.

A New York doctor says that sugar is a harmful drug. Evidently the recent shortage was a blessing in disguise.

War may be what Sherman is supposed to have said, but what about civil life with three elections in a few months?

The German who says "we shall not leave the field of battle except with honor" will never leave it under that condition.

A good many of those papers which had no use for Sir Wilfrid Laurier during the election campaign are impressed now by his value to the country.

Pan-Germans are said to be in panic, fearing the masses will demand peace on the basis offered by the Allies, and the masses are in panic fearing the pan-Germans will refuse the terms. Nice country in which to live!

In the course of an editorial reference to a number of city officials of bygone days, no mention was made, through an oversight, of the fine men who have protected London's property as chiefs of the fire department. Among these were Thomas Wastie, John A. Roe and Lawrence Clark, as well as the present able incumbent, John Aitken.

The William Davies Company made 80 per cent profits last year, and yet 200 of their workers in Toronto have been forced to strike to secure proper working conditions and a living wage. It is rather ironical that these men are employed in the post-curing department, where the cream for the top of the company's other large profits is produced.

Drafted men are said to be the lightest-hearted, most cheerful crowd which ever came to the city. It is not unlikely that this fact explains why they did not enlist voluntarily. Many, perhaps, did not take life seriously enough to make the great decision for themselves, while others were held back by efforts of friends, and are glad to be freed to join the colors.

Sir Sam Hughes has declared that pressure from Toronto manufacturers, brought to bear on Sir Thomas White and Premier Borden, was responsible for the let-up in recruiting in 1916. They did not want more men sent to France in 1916, so it is hardly likely that they want any sent in 1918. Has this fact anything to do with the Government's refusal to announce the number of men being drafted?

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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CLARK, ALIAS CLARK.
By Dorothy Douglas.

She had had two manuscripts returned that morning from magazine editors. She had had a letter from the publisher of the book she was writing. She had had a letter from the publisher of the book she was writing.

"Not a seal, the house," the box office man informed her. "Nine was disappointed. She glanced through the cast of characters for 'A Night and a Day' posted in front of the Theatre and noticed the name A. G. Clark. 'I'm sure he must be Galvin Clark. Isn't that lawyer's daughter and ask him to tea in the studio.'"

Meantime, Nina purchased a seat for the Saturday matinee and sat in the box office man's office. He was over-landed by the theatre, and his limited allowance for amusements.

When A. G. Clark made his appearance, Nina gasped. She knew but one compellingly different.

"Isn't that perfectly A. G. Clark?" she found herself smiling slyly in spite of the tremor in her hand.

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butler in Toronto. It seems that regular thieves know what is precious.

Joe Flavell's post-curing lads in the Davies Packing Company went out on strike. Their terrible, don't they know that it is their patriotic duty to work for Joseph Flavell, when everybody in Canada is doing the same?

Russia and Bulgaria have signed peace terms, dispatches say. We wonder when they ever did any fighting, and why.

One of the... Nina has written a book. Will somebody kindly write that a bird's obituary? That would be interesting to most folks.

A New York doctor says that sugar is a harmful drug. Next thing we know some physician will say that him and eggs are as deadly as the nicotine. What would folks do without the dear doctors?

We are waiting for some gink to speculate in early spring. He will be killed by the spring does not live up to specifications.

"Keep on sawing wood," says the Detroit Free Press. Is there a wood? There will be no circuses in 1918, and why.

HIS CHILD KILLED BY GERMAN AIRMEN, BRITISH OFFICER SLAYS EIGHT BOCHES WITH STICK

WITH THE BRITISH ARMIES IN FRANCE Jan. 7.—The full story of the heroism of a British captain who was so moved with hatred of the Germans for crippling his child with a bomb that he attacked and killed eight of them is told in a story which is being published in the London Advertiser.

When the Germans delivered their tremendous assault against Masnières and Maroing during their general offensive on November 30, those two towns were the scene of a desperate battle. The fighting in the town was so fierce that the British troops were forced to fall back.

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account of railway troubles. Life is getting harder for father every day.

It is refreshing to read some of the journals which fairly oozed out hatred during the elections, telling how really much they love the French-Canadians. Merry, is it not?

What with closing churches, theatres, movies and dark nights on the streets, the only thing a rent can do any more is to play trolley-winks in the cellar while the furnace by candle-light. Oh, well, ain't half bad.

Old King Coal is a merry old soul, but we can beat him if any person can be discovered to exploit the rich regions of huffs and huzzes at close quarters, and when the coal shortage.

We sometimes envy Fuzzy Wuzzy and Gummy Dhim and other gents, whose uniform consisted largely of an imaginary line about the equator. That is, during the coal shortage.

Getting a substitute to go to war is all right, but it looks as if the visible supply of substitutes will soon be run out.

Blow, blow, you winter wind! You're more unkind since the coal dealers won't give us coal.

Two Sure Rules.
The finest way you know to add to your collection of enemies is to butt in when other folks are holding a conversation.—Luke McLuke.

Some girls in London, Ohio, can do things that Louise Cant.

The Annals of an Absconder.
Period I.—So short.
Period II.—So long.—El-Jay-El.

Wuff!
"While Darwin I can't understand, I've doped this out," said Rousey; "A man springs from a monkey, and a girl springs from a mouse."
—Luke McLuke.

"Another thing I note, by heck," said Adoniram Harniss; "Though she's not of the fighting sex, a girl will spring to arms."
—Newark Advocate.

Our Joe Miller Contest.
Charley Maley claims that the oldest joke is the one about the two men who met and were talking over old times. "What has become of Smith?" asked one man. "He's serving a life term in the penitentiary," said the other man. "What did he do?" asked the first man. "He left his wife with out visible means of support," said the second man. "But a man can't be sentenced to life imprisonment for leaving his wife without visible means of support," argued the first man. "How did it happen?" "He threw her out of a third-story window," replied the second man.

A Good Bet.
While we do not know the gentleman, who are willing to bet that Oscar B. Ware, the Loveland (Ohio) engineer, is a believer in the Safety First propaganda.

Names Is Names.
Will Fite lives at New Richmond, Ohio.

Our Daily Special.
The Silent Vote Makes the Biggest Noise.

Luke McLuke Says.
Why is it that the man with the worst judgment is always the most willing to bet on it.

Of course it is none of our business. But our idea is that there is enough simp spelling in this country right now without teaching it.

Many a man would have been single today if his wife's parents had not insisted on telling their daughter that he was a horse thief and a porch climber when he was courting her.

Funny how many married basos there are in the hair, and how many married tenors there are in the homes. There are mighty few people who

There is a beauty specialist who advertises that three days of her treat-

Of course.
"To keep a pledge is not much fun, and when," said Mr. Hood, "you make resolutions, son, I want you to make good."

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