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The London Advertiser Company, Limited.

London, Ont., Friday, Dec. 29.

DOES THE STATE NEED SAVING NOW?

CANADA dabbles with its great problems, its greatest problem, that of securing 500,000 men for the war. Every public position is held by a politician, and the arousing of the country is left to those men who through the very political records they have made must face the public with a realization that they cannot inspire the full confidence of a country which is very sharply divided on political lines and where the balance of power politically is based in a few thousand votes. Without the trappings of party removed, no Canadian, Liberal or Conservative, could lead the Canadian people as they should be led.

Without much urging and with a desire to do the right thing by the country the original British cabinet went in for coalition. It might have fought against coalition and wrecked the empire by its stubbornness. Instead of that it said to the opposition, "Bring us your best men and we will give them their chance." Then after coalition had accomplished great things, Mr. Asquith relinquished the reins of power in a spirit of devotion to the cause and permitted the Government to be nationalized. He might have withstood public opinion, but he chose to place responsibility in the hands that sought it. And he wished his successors well.

If the Asquith Government had, in the first years of the war, conducted itself as the Borden administration has, if it had been guilty of carrying on a war along partisan lines, it would have been chucked into the discard without delay. Yet the Borden administration, with a record that need not be broken into its details because the facts are so outstanding as to be known to everyone, has declined to call in the big men of the country or to consult them as to the conduct of the war. Half-heartedness and weak-kneedness in leadership have been reflected in the response of the country, in the frivolous attitude of a great part of the country toward the war, in the indifference of thousands of those who could well be spared. The clear ringing note for national service is even now lost in the din of party bickering. Scarcely a day passes without its rumor of intrigue and partisan action. Sir Sam Hughes declares that the national service campaign is a joke, and urges the calling up of single men. What man can say him nay when the wastage at the front brings cries from the men in the trenches that they are not being backed up? Premier Borden hastens to assure the labor delegates that they need not fear that conscription lies behind the national service registration movement. He does not even make it plain that the signing of these cards by every male of military age is compulsory. He declares that he would introduce conscription to "save the state," but we all know that this extremity is one born of a remote fear that the Huns might get into our own borders.

Does the state need saving now? That is the question that must be faced by every Canadian. It is not a time to placate labor unions with platitudes in order that THEIR VOTES may not be lost. It is a time to get the Lloyd George spirit of service into the country, and to lay aside the fear of offending electors at the next election. It has been said before in this newspaper that Canada is invaded by the spirit of Prussian militarism, if not by the flesh, and if this be true, is the state, in a spiritual sense, not crying to be "saved" as much as though the spiked helmets were bobbing into every doorway?

If the professions of Sir Robert Borden are to be believed what must we think of his statements to the labor men that conscription would never be introduced unless to "save the state"? He has told us that Canada was with the British, as though the twin were one. Britain is mindful that she must be SAVED. Thanks to the inspired Welshman who is at the helm of the ship, every available man in Britain is doing, or will shortly do his part in "saving the state."

Where does our premier stand, the premier whom we would all support without regard to partisan considerations if he could but show us that he does not fear the labor union vote, the Quebec vote, the Bourassa vote, the farmer vote or any other vote? He makes it clear that there is no fear of conscription now. The state does not need "saving" yet, Canada is separated from Britain by miles of benevolent ocean on which sail hundreds of steel ships, over which flies a flag that means the empire is safe, all the empire is safe, including Canada. We are very thankful for that ocean and those ships. But why are we in the war if we are not in it to save ourselves, using the term to embrace every man who claims the protection of that flag, every man who would tell those who molested him in a foreign land "I am a British subject."

Why wait further and seek to move men by moral suasion or clairvoyance? Why seek to save the state when it is too late, why coerce men into enlisting, when you can approach them manfully and say "This is the system adopted by Lloyd George. We are in this fight, not one quarter or one half as much, but altogether as much as the British?" The recruits will not come through invitation cards. The same "invitations" have been issued in many forms. The time for inspiration except through personal realization of responsibility seems to have past. Oratory doesn't do the trick. Neither do soft words to deputations. If the state needs saving it is now when the gaps in the Canadian divisions are needing men to fill them. Sir Sam Hughes says national registration means wasting eight months. Will the state wait that long to be saved?

A PRINCELY LIAR.

AN interview given to Oswald P. Schutte of the Chicago Daily News, the German commander of all the armies on the Somme front, Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, said:

"Yes, the Australians and Canadians fought much of England's battles here (on the Somme). They fought bravely, but their officers and men lack training. Even at three to one they could not drive back our troops."

paragraph of the interview that the British admit losses of 500,000, and Prince Rupprecht feels that "this estimate is far too low."

Now we know that the Canadian casualties on the Somme were heavy, some 6,000, according to the available figures. They were lighter than the average British loss, however, so that if the British admit losses of 500,000, there must have been a few troops from the old country fighting on the Somme.

As regards the claim that Canadians and Australians "even at three to one" could not drive back the Germans, one has only to consult the records as to the capture of Courcellette by the Canadians and of Moutquet farm by the Australians. It is rather undignified of Rupprecht to indulge in such cheap lying. But he tops it off when he

"regrets very much" that the British, Australians and Canadians were "filled up with whiskey" for the Somme attack. Wonder what he thought they were full of when the Canadians raided his lines north of Arras, in search of Christmas turkey on December 24? Probably dynamite, for they cut one of his battalions to pieces and prevented a lot of Teuton lads from hanging up their socks in the dugout chimney.

CALLS DOWN THE CURSE.

The British League is a curse to the city,"—Ald. Gross, candidate for the Kitchener mayoralty.

THE BRITISH LEAGUE is the organization which seeks to retain Kitchener as a name at a time when other interests are seeking to restore the name Berlin.

Because of their daring to "interfere" the British League is roundly "curst" by Ald. Gross.

It does not seem to matter that the citizens of Kitchener voted for abolition of Berlin, or that the British League comprises the majority of the present city council.

Those who "strafe" the British League are those who call the place in which they reside "Berlin" in spite of all sensible appeal and protest. They seem to be determined that the German capital shall have its Canadian counterpart, and that confusion shall be heaped upon those who fought for Kitchener.

Every week the name "Kitchener" sounds better in the ears of Canadians, and it is to be hoped that before many months it will be accepted and honored by all in the Waterloo city. The pity of the situation is that last summer an opportunity to bury the hatchet was neglected, and that the opponents of change dug it up at the first opportunity, and, with the "soldier vote" removed, brandished it over the heads of the British Leaguers. But they are unmindful of the temper of the community if they believe that the name Kitchener can be "strafed" off the map.

THE PROBLEM REMAINS.

In office, with the responsibility of government on his shoulders, Sir Sam Hughes was not a conscriptionist.

THE ABOVE editorial comment from the Toronto News (Conservative) brings up the question: "Is responsibility to be evaded when a political leader is in office?" As the News' caption of the comment says, "The Problem Remains." Does the News charge Sir Sam Hughes with dodging the issue while in office, and does silence on the part of Sir Sam's erstwhile colleagues mean that they, at present, are dodging the issue? It is quite true that the problem remains. Perhaps if there was a general delivery of the present administration, the members of the cabinet might be prepared to face as individuals the responsibilities they shrink as leaders.

GERMANY'S AWFUL FACTS.

THE GERMANS make a threat or a bluff of taking up an out-and-out submarine warfare again, in spite of the United States. The idea probably is to frighten Great Britain into peace. John Bull is expected to consider that the United States will not stand for anything Germany may do. There are indications, however, that the Washington Government will reach a limit of patience, and that once in the war against Germany it would, like Mr. Britling, "see it through." That is what Germany has to fear, in addition to the overwhelming power of the Entente.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Most of President Wilson's friends seem to be in Germany and Sweden.

The dollar egg is predicted by a London produce dealer. Oh, farmer, spare that hen!

Time is such an unreliable little wretch. Turn your head and he may be up to anything.

Ontario is dry except for the irrigation ditches that flow in from other provinces. The people want to go in for strict dry farming.

"Commission Houses" are next in order to go. Slowly but surely the finger posts are being removed from the path of the drinker.

The summer home of the present minister of militia, located near Lindsay, Ont., was destroyed by fire. And none of us are so low-down as to suspect Sam Hughes.

The peace proposals on the part of the central powers are all very fine. They will have been bottled down to our requirements soon, but can we trust them? That is the rub.

Some Americans are like thermometers. Their spirits rise and fall according to the stock market. With them the stability of the stock market is more important than national honor.

Why does Washington, the neutral, show the greatest excitement when there are happenings in the war zone? Of course, there is always the chance that American gold may be at stake.

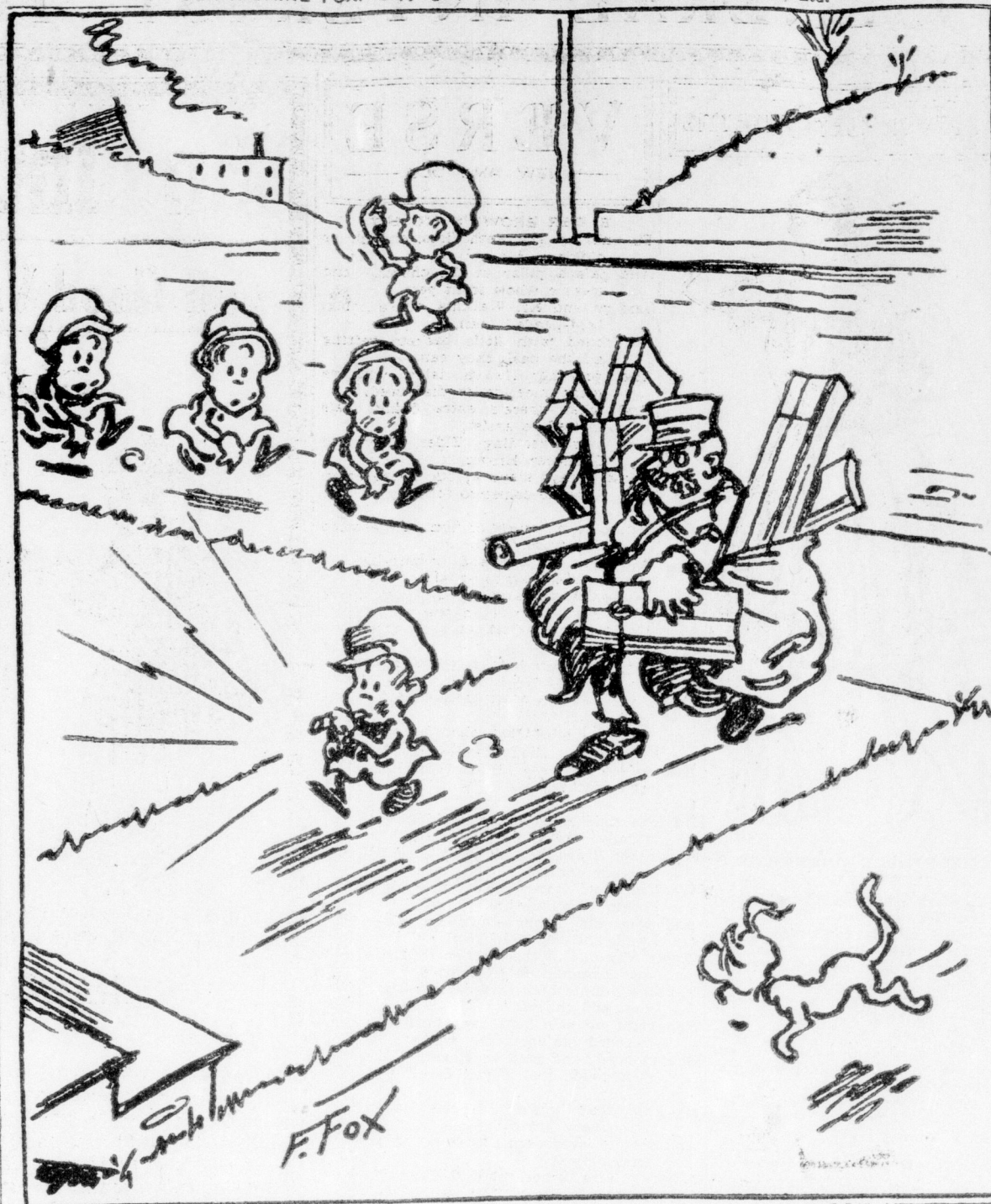
One of the important "Living Buddhas" died recently. His disciple is in search of the boy in whom Buddha now dwells. It is not necessary to look for an incarnated Lucifer. The Kaiser still lives.

Germany guarantees again that Swiss neutrality will be respected. That is because the Swiss are a big trained army in a strong position. Switzerland is not the healthiest road into France, in spite of the bracing climate.

Wilson said before his re-election that "none of the belligerents knew what they were fighting for." Now he says that both sides are fighting for the same concrete objects. There is no consistency between these statements.

Willie Smith Has Hardly Been Speaking to Anyone Since the Day the Postman Let Him Walk Ahead and Blow the Whistle.

BY FONTAINE FOX.—Copyright, 1916, by the Dominion News Bureau, Ltd.



The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The Alderman's O. K.

By Joseph T. Kessel.

Frederick Crandall's friends spoke of him as "the writer," to which he invariably chuckled. "That's what puts grub under my belt."

One summer day, his clear brown eyes shifted their gaze from a litter of papers on the desk before him to an open window, through which a gentle breeze fluttered.

Upon this refreshing zephyr floated the clamorous sounds of an immense steam shovel, gouging into the soft soil of a vacant lot across the street. From near by the squeaky notes of a hand organ, grinding out some popular air, came plainly to his ears. A small street band suddenly rounded an opposite corner and struck up a mournful dirge.

"Burr! Thoughts scattered from Avenue Circle to Southern Cross," he broke out good-naturedly, as he threw both hands upward impatiently and reached for the telephone.

"Thanks very much, Alice," he concluded a moment later. "I'll be down shortly to take out the kiddie."

Within a half-hour he stepped into one of New York's railroad stations. By the hand he led a sturdy boy of seven,

whose radiant face beamed in anticipation of a glorious outing. Two tickets were purchased and they hurried to the nearest gate. The gatekeeper's curt words immediately dampened the holiday spirit.

"Hars up against youngsters leaving town without board of health certificate. It's this infantile paralysis scare," he added.

"Buy, little pard, this is tough luck. Away goes our day in the country, but we'll make it something else. What shall it be?" queried Crandall.

"Zoo," came the eager reply as they turned backward from the gate.

"Zoo it is then—"

Crandall suddenly stopped short. His surprised eyes alighted upon a tall, graceful figure, standing but a few feet distant. A little girl, about Billy's age, affectionately clasped her hand.

A striking resemblance between the child and woman subtly pointed him.

"Betty!" he cried, bounding to her side.

"Fred!" Their hands clasped in a warm pressure.

"The last person in the world I expected to meet here," he cried heartily. "Sit down for a moment and tell me

about yourself and the old folks back at Creston."

Elizabeth Thurston's willing and vivid recital brought back to his memory a complete picture, which flashed through his mind like a moving panorama. The little Ohio village, nestled among the low hills, in which he had grown to manhood passed before him. The bright-faced girl, with whom he had romped in youth, and who now sat by his side, stood out clearly.

He saw all over again how she had blossomed into womanhood and had returned his love. His case had been well pleaded with her father, who refused his consent to their marriage right up to the day Crandall forsaken the little village. Even as if it were yesterday did he remember his last meeting with Betty, and her words, "I must obey father."

Crandall let his gaze shift from Elizabeth Thurston's animated countenance to the little girl nestling in her lap. Betty's eyes in a similar manner fastened themselves upon Billy sitting astride Crandall's knees. An abrupt silence followed her narrative.

"Your husband," he ventured, "in an effort to break the suspense, 'where is—'"

The girl blushed in embarrassment, and gasped: "Husband? Why, I'm married."

"The child, then—"

"He left his sentence unfinished."

"The daughter of my sister Kate, who lives in New Jersey," Betty hastily explained, again glancing at Billy.

"What—oh! he exclaimed, 'allow me to present Master Billy Andrews, my nephew. We figured a glorious day in the country, but had to change our plans.'"

"The merry twinkle which danced in Elizabeth Thurston's brilliant blue eyes equalled that in Frederick Crandall's laughing ones as the two smiled together."

"And Ellen and I cannot go home without a certificate," she returned. "I didn't know it was necessary until we reached the station."

After a moment's thoughtful study his head popped up. "I've an alderman friend," he broke out, "who should help me get those certificates. I'll be at your office within ten minutes."

Crandall's stride was unusually brisk as he stepped into a telephone booth a few minutes later. He was soon in earnest conversation with someone whom he familiarly addressed as "Jack."

"You can arrange it? Billy for you?" There was a moment's silence. "Thanks, Jack," he said delightedly. "I'll be at your office within ten minutes."

Barely had the allotted time elapsed when Alderman John O'Hara grinned at Crandall across his large flat-topped desk.

"I've been thinking a heap about your request since you hung up," he benevolent face became suddenly grave as he continued: "I'm not so sure about that, after all I answered you without thinking. It's against regulations, and I'll have to renege."

"But, say, old man," began Crandall. The Hon. John O'Hara threw up his hand like a policeman stopping traffic, which checked the disapproving nod.

He controlled his laughter with difficulty, and gurgled, "It's all right; that long face of yours convinces me everything is on the level. The papers will be at my house by 12 sharp, and it lacks just one hour," the councilman concluded, patting his friend through the doorway.

"Everything arranged, Betty," said Crandall proudly, when he rejoined her 40 minutes later. "No trouble at all. Mr. O'Hara will have the certificates at his home by noon. It will be necessary for us to go there, as the services of a notary are required, the circumstances being a trifle unusual. Your suitcase, and then we'll start. I've an automobile outside."

"Oh, I'm so glad! You've no idea how I dread this disagreeable red tape," she smilingly replied. The pair of gloves in her lap dropped to the floor as she stood upright. Crandall swooped down upon them and they were quickly thrust in his pocket.

"Must hurry now," he explained. "But 'em on later."

As they settled into the tonneau of the automobile, Frederick Crandall's right hand clodded fondly over her small left hand, toying cautiously with the third finger.

"Right on time," boomed a voice from the topmost step, as the automobile came to a stop in front of the alderman's house.

"It was very kind of you," began Betty. "I—"

My wife and daughter and this gentleman, Mr. Arnold, a notary," he explained by way of introduction. "I know you're in a hurry, so we'll get into action. Had to call in Mr. Arnold, the case being rather out of the ordinary."

Elizabeth and Crandall immediately signed some papers under the direction of the notary, in which Mrs. O'Hara and her daughter inscribed their names as witnesses.

Carefully Councilman O'Hara thumbed the worn pages of a little book until his dancing black eyes focused their gaze upon a deeply underscored paragraph. In a mumbling but rich Irish brogue, which rendered his words entirely unintelligible, he began to read.

Stopping abruptly he cleared his throat and looked squarely at the girl. "Elizabeth Marion Thurston, do you take this man to be your law?"

A nervous "Oh," escaped her, and she quickly jerked her hand from Crandall's.

"Betty," he breathed, his pleading eyes eagerly staring into her flaming countenance. His arm moved slowly until his fingers again covered the withdrawn hand.

Elizabeth's eyes wavered under his direct scrutiny. Looking downward she stared in amazement at a large solitary mole upon her third finger. The Hon. Councilman's reassuring manner.

The girl again looked at the man who held her hand. Searching his anxious eyes to their innermost depths she nearly nodded assent, but when the old alderman immediately proceeded with the ceremony.

Wait a Minute!

By J. H. F.

Edgar A. Guest wrote the last two stanzas of that dear poem on Thursday morning. We failed to give him credit for it.

Our old friend has dug up a bunch of sharp things from many sources, and has forwarded them for the information of the readers of the column.

A western doctor says golf is good for lunatics. Anyhow, there's a lot of them playing it.—Detroit Free Press.

A man can still get a pair of good shoes for \$6, but a woman must pay more, because her shoes come higher.—Houston Post.

The man with wheels in his head wants to watch his machinery.—Dallas News.

Now we must look forward to an eggless Easter. "How to live on forty cents a day." Live on your friends.—Boston Journal.

Gen. von Hindenburg says that "France is dying." But she is keeping up an awful lot of kicking for a dying nation.—Cincinnati Tribune.

The price of microscopes had advanced just as we needed them to inspect the new ten-cent leaves of bread.—Los Angeles Times.

A turkey in the ice-box is worth two in the barnyard, but we doubt if it is worth 27 cents a pound.

A young lady found a diamond ring inside an egg in a Chicago plant the other day. Hens have been yielding diamonds for quite a spell now.

Harvard University has a student with a perfect mind. When he graduates, he will probably drive a street car.

Edison advises young men to work, if they would escape temptation. Yes, that's right, but most folks prefer to be tempted.

Spring dresses will reach to the ankles, a fashion note says. That looks too respectable to be true. Probably the waist line will be moved to the knees.

A newspaper says that there are 72,232 ten-thousand-dollar bills in circulation. Drop in any time tomorrow and have your pick.

Prohibition will take the sunshine from life, says a gink. Booze has turned the sunshine out of many a life.

A four-eyed frog has been captured. That's nothing. Ballyhoo artists at election times have triple tongues.

Old Man Wilson on Wednesday kicked our gladsome springtime into next May, Tuft.

We read some of the stuff exuded by a poet of passion. It drove us into a passion of hate. We wrapped Post Bill to our bosom, and said fervently, "Ain't you a wonder?"

A California judge has ruled that it is not cruelty to slap friend wife's mouth when she talks too much. It certainly is not tough on the wife, although the husband's doctor's bill will be heavy.

Miss Edna Treat of Albany is driving an ambulance in the French army. That looks like a good treat all round.

The gent who said that two could live as cheaply as one never bought turkey at 37 cents a pound. Not by a wishbone.

Citizens grouch because the city is not well governed. You don't let a teamster train a race horse. Nope.

Horses are wonderful. A lot of folks will stand out in the snow at the doorway.

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"That's all right, that's all right; pleased to be able to fix things up," interrupted the good-natured alderman. "What's the use of being an official unless you can help your friends?"

40 below freeze to see them hike around. Can you beat it?

WHO'S TO BLAME? Who's to blame for the rumpus? Now raging like hell let loose? Is it greed, or lust for power, or just A tyrant's lame excuse? For peace by shot and shell To prove that might is always right? Bedad, no man can tell.

Who's to blame for the hundreds Who fall at the battle's front? Is it Kaiser Bill, with his iron will, Or brute-force, force and blun? Of prehistoric man, That comes to light while the nations light And murder all they can?

Who's to blame for the scrimmage In Europe, while children cry For a crust of bread, while a stone instead Is offered ere they die. As if to mock their fate, While mothers pray from day to day For food that comes too late?

Who's to blame for the hatred Of men, who cannot see That the love of God, not an iron rod, Alone brings victory? And lasting peace shall reign When men do right and cease to fight And smother thoughts of gain.

—JACK RILEY.

THE WAR-WORKER, [London Opinion.]

I left her. Just a little bit of stuff— High heels and frills and powdered nose. Good enough For theatres or dances; pretty clothes And rippling hair—but just A playtime girl.

Monday last "Bilgity" saw me back again; Shoulder chipped, and gassed a bit. Not much pain. But wanting peace and rest—Oh! lots of it! Not fooling round—but just One woman's love.

I found her Working in the city every day To let some man away to fight; Not so gay. She seemed—the powder, frills and stuff away, Less pretty, p'raps—but just My real best girl.

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