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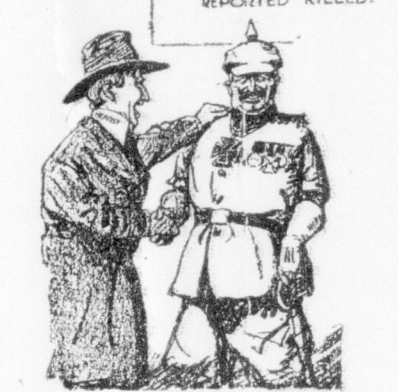
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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED

London, Ont., Monday, August 14.

HEARST AND THE KAISER.

WAR! WAR! WAR!

FIGHT AT CASABLANCA
AMERICAN TROOPS
REPORTED KILLED.

[From the New York World.]

THE above cartoon shows the Kaiser and his American ally, William Randolph Hearst. They are chuckling over the fact that they have forced the United States into war with Mexico, so that the Americans will have no time to bother with German frightfulness.

Hearst is owner of a number of newspapers, in which he supports the Kaiser.

Recently he inserted the word "overwhelming" in a German dispatch describing an alleged British defeat. For this he was called to account in the British House of Commons.

Hearst conducts a news service which he sells to anyone who will buy.

Our local contemporary, the London Free Press, is one of his customers, and while hiding in fear the name of Hearst for instance, it suppressed the news of his castigation in the British House, although it was aware of the fact, it boasts of the news he provides it with.

Why is the Free Press afraid of its connection with Hearst? Is it because it knows him to be pro-German, but does not wish its readers to know? Will it kindly answer this question: "Why do you trade with a man whom his fellow-countrymen and all well-informed Canadians regard as the Kaiser's firm ally and a villainous enemy of the British?"

STRONG IN WORDS.

THE ADVERTISER'S local contemporary is like a man who promises to vote for another man and then slyly enters the voting booth and stabs his trusting friend with a ballot.

It should for Niagara power, but does not use it.

It is loyal with its lips, and disloyal with its pocketbook.

It chants the praises of Sir Adam Beck, but runs its presses with power from "private interests."

It tells people that a few breakdowns are not serious, but takes no chances on breakdowns in its own plant.

It smooths over the troubles others have with Sir Adam's power, but it takes no chances on catching any of those troubles itself.

In the public pulpit of hydro-electric it is a saint, but in the private confines of its own four walls it is another sort of being.

With its words it is a true friend, with its actions it is a false friend. Yet it is the paper of whom Pope might have written, "At every word a reputation dies."

EX-HONORARY COLONEL.

AN HONORARY colonel is a thing cheaply earned and lightly bestowed in Canada, yet it was all this country could take from J. Wesley Allison.

The money he secured could not be taken away. It had already been distributed to others of the game. J. Wesley was the "live-wire" who passed it out as soon as he had taken it from the vest-pocket of John Bull.

And there is apparently no desire to take it away from Allison. He has been receiving "police protection" from Sir Sam Hughes, and it stood him in good stead to the end. But a pickpocket cannot be allowed even by his friends of the police to pose as an advisory member of the force. To save themselves they must throw him over. So, however, does the bankroll come back to the victim.

Apparently the Government did not wish to humiliate Allison. It has stood off action as long as possible. But the thing would not stay pickpocketed. There was an insistent cry that would not down for public denunciation of the minister's comrade. However mild the report of his judges, he was known to the public as a guilty man. He is now shorn of his make-believe spurs. He loses a title that is not valued highly except in the few instances where it has been won by merit. But in so far as possible he is drummed out of Canadian service. He is not

a fit associate for honorary colonels, no matter if he is the ideal of Sir Sam Hughes.

The disgracing of Allison is a credit to those who discovered the real meaning of his connection with war contracts, and who hunted him down and fought him, his gang and his protectors, until they were all practically forced to quit the game. The country is well rid of them. But we have only looked at a few of the apples in the rotten barrel. How many other rotten ones are there? Mr. Kite should continue his search.

SPEED AND ACTION.

THE utilities commission will be responding to the demands of public welfare only when it gets down to business on the water question and brings before the public as speedily as possible the results of its investigations. Meetings should be held every day if necessary. Reports on purity and supply should be on hand within a week. It is not a time for going slowly.

The taking of a vote to supply the amount of money required should not be delayed, either. There is a vital need for securing water at once, and the grass should not be permitted to grow under the feet of those responsible.

READY TO ASK A LIFT.

If the London paper (meaning The Advertiser), chooses to use other power than hydro, it is welcome to do so. Then people's power is good enough for the ordinary mortal.—St. Thomas Journal.

ONLY A FEW DAYS AGO the publisher of the St. Thomas Journal called The Advertiser in frantic long-distance haste to ask this newspaper to furnish it with type because Niagara power was off. The publisher was not at all pleased over the breakdown. The Advertiser's never-failing service would have been good enough for the Journal at that time. Hydro is all right in the Journal's opinion so long as there are good friends nearby to help one out. And any time the Journal's runabout breaks down we will be very glad to stop and give him a lift.

"ZIGGING" AND "ZAGGING"

AFTER HOSTILITIES had been in progress a short time many countries enacted drastic liquor laws. Britain, Russia and France all making intoxicants more difficult of access. Three Canadian provinces practically have wiped out the business.

Premier Hearst refused to be moved for some time. Then he cut down the hours for selling, and this was announced to be as radical as could be expected.

But the "Committee of One Hundred" got busy, asking for the abolition of the bar, but expecting only a plebiscite. The committee got more than it hoped for.

Now, it is apparent that the premier is hedging. He has given his support to a man who stands for the liquor interests. Unless a man can serve two masters the Conservative candidate in South Toronto is flying under false colors, or the Government has decided to renounce its promises and grant some new concession to the liquor men.

First the premier "zigged" and then he "zagged." It is a very useful policy for dodging submarines, but in politics a steady course is necessary. Whatever men think of Rowell, the Liberal leader, they know when he lays out a course he sticks to it. Better to run the risk of striking a reef than never get anywhere.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

No Canadian soldier need salute J. Wesley today.

The other honorary colonels should now breathe easier.

The imitation colonels have been purged of J. Wesley.

The Hearst candidate in South Toronto is no doubt well rehearsed.

Seven hundred and fifty per cent profits on munitions means a lengthier war.

Here's hoping someone sends the postmaster-general a list of places with duplicate names.

Of course, those 750 per cent among munitions makers will be glad to hear that Allison has been shown up.

No doubt it was "dirty politics" in the opinion of the Ottawa Journal to take away Wesley's imitation colonelcy.

The Canadian Courier publishes a picture of a "Northern Ontario problem" that is strongly suggestive of O.M. Bill Miner.

Film scenes of the fires in Northern Ontario would be shown in Canada if we had any moving-picture industry in this country.

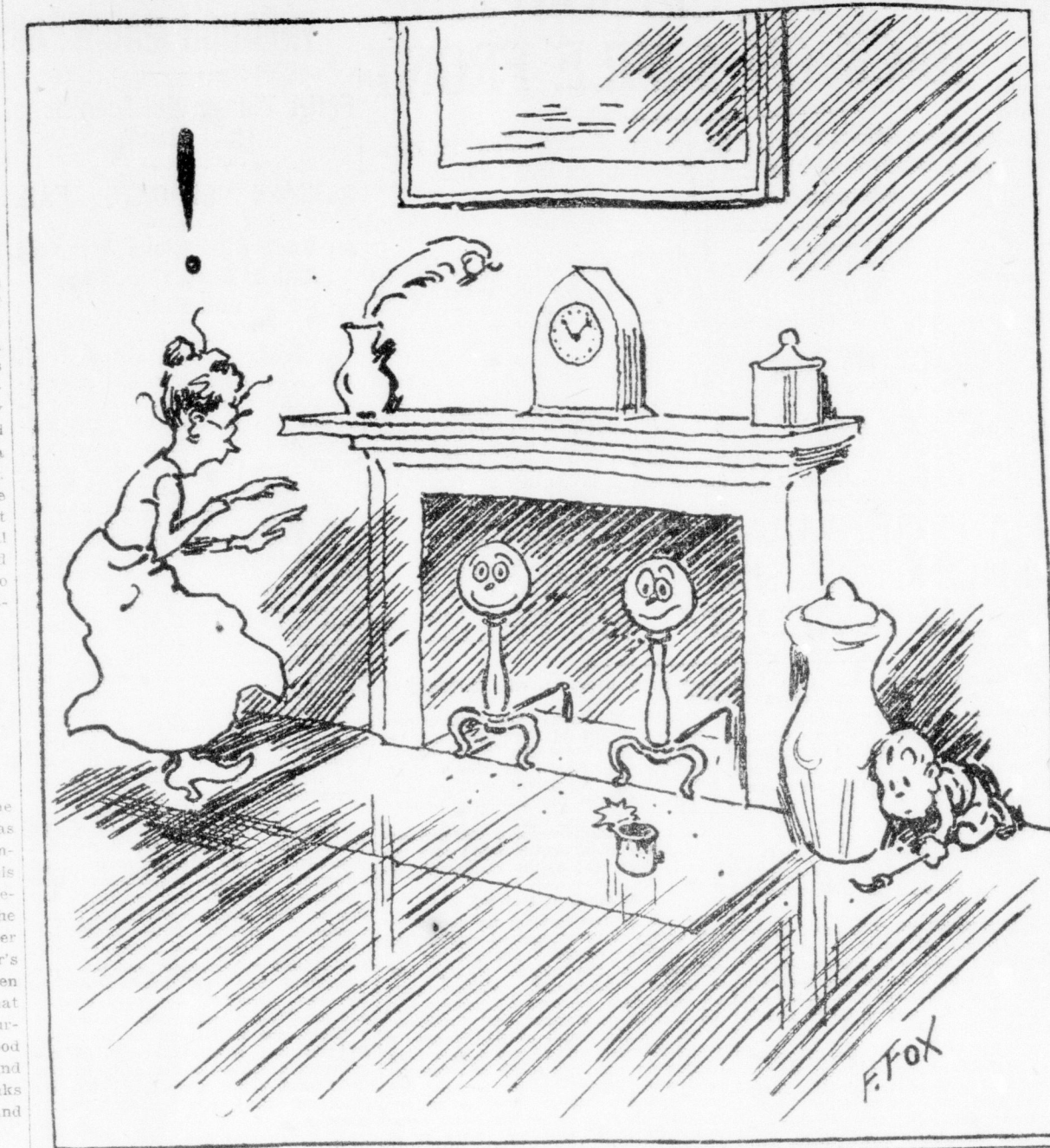
The publication of soldiers' letters complaining about Camp Borden have been a safety-valve to let off steam that would have been dangerous if bottled up.

A subscriber asks if there is such a verb as "enthusie." Preferably not, although it is used. It would be good as good as the noun "sincerity" and say that "a man sincerely" as to manufacture one from the noun "enthusiasm," and say he "enthusies."

"The last leave" as seen in the present visiting of some of the boys of the 15th Battalion in city and country homes, let the mind conjure up an unpainted masterpiece that the canvas of Canadian artists waits for. And, although the hope is futile, let it be prayed that for each of all those brave fellows and for their mothers, wives and all loved ones there will be a sequel. "The Soldier's Return."

Mother's New Andirons Afforded an Artistic Opportunity Which Tommy Simply Could Not Resist.

BY FONTAINE FOX.



The Advertiser's Daily Short Story (Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

Tommy Gives In

By Louise Oliver.

Tommy was rebellious. "Oh, thunder, I don't want to get married," he said. "Mrs. Bolton's lognette went up."

"Oh, well," Tommy hung his head under her austere gaze. "Why does everyone have to pick on a fellow when he is having a good time?"

"Because your father and I know what is best for you. Marry Genevieve and you will be happy. Marry some silly chit without money, brains or breeding and you'll be sorry the rest of your life. You'll see," more tenderly, "we know better than you know yourself, Thomas. Besides, the liked Tommy's growing energy for business."

So Tommy, with bag and gun case, moved out one evening at Danny's cottage and old Martha let him in.

"Bless me, it's the boy, Dan!" Tommy shook hands with the old hunter, who patted his shoulder affectionately with his other gnarled old hand. "We'd sure miss you, Tom, if you didn't come. The woods are thick with game this year, and you're sure to come early."

After supper the men settled down to talk and Martha sat sewing by the fire. Strip after strip she sewed and end, rolling them into a ball for the weaver. "It's for rag rugs for the new lodge up yonder," she explained. "The missus sent me bushels of things to make. I'll go helping." Tommy lit a cigarette and stepped off the porch. The Bolton lodge was on one of the many islands in the chain of Canadian lakes. Boats took the place of automobiles.

Once out of sight Tommy dug down for a leather pocketbook and from the neatly arranged bills and papers he fished a bit of rag. He held it tenderly in the palm of his hand for a minute, smiling reminiscently. It was thin white stuff embroidered in pink and blue daisies, with a delicate tracery of green leaf. The edges were frayed and torn. Scissors had never detached that piece from the original garment. Tommy knew that. He put it back tenderly and went toward the boat landing still dreaming. He wondered where the girl was and who she was—the owner of the dress. He had found her in a boat in a little deserted cove at sunset, her engine gone dead, and there she was waiting patiently for deliverance like a demure little Thumbelina on her water lily leaf.

Tommy had chugged around the corner and stopped. "Hello!" he called. "Hello!" she answered. "What's wrong?" "I don't know."

"Want a lift?" "Yes, indeed." "Then I'm the person you're looking for. But you'll have to get in here. I can't tow you—I've no line."

"Thank you. If you'll put me off at the hotel, I can get my boat in the morning." She stood up and there was a sound of ripping and tearing as one of the flounces caught and held. "Oh, what a rotten shame!" he sympathized, reaching over and trying to help her extricate herself.

"I can't help it and it's too late to say so," she said. "I'm coming with the Merricks and Alice can pin me up some way."

Free at last, she stepped into the seat beside him and Tommy slipped the rag of muslin into a pocket and happily settled himself beside her and turned the boat toward her destination.

"When he lost her! Next day he went to the hotel only to find that the Merricks had departed. He called himself a fool and everything else in the calendar for not finding out her name before."

He continued his search disconsolately for days, each hour thinking of some new charm and almost wearing out his ragged souvenir with looking at it. "She was just the girl for me," he sighed. "Little, pretty, curly hair, peachy lips, teasing eyes, jolly, dandy teeth, and I'll bet she didn't know a Latin grammar from a cook book. I'll bet she doesn't wear awning stripes either. Sweet and pretty and kind of fairy like." And loveliest Tommy would take out the sample again.

Genevieve Sawyer indeed. Days passed, weeks passed, months passed. The Bolttons had closed their

cottage and returned to New York. Tommy had given up loafing and was working hard in his father's bank. From pure weariness and discouragement, he had almost given in about Genevieve Sawyer, although he had never seen her, the family not having come back to the city.

The first of November came. Tommy was getting restless again. "May I have next week off, dad? I think, if you don't mind, I'll go up to Danny's in Maine and shoot a bit."

"Sure, boy, go if you wish," Bolton, senior, was pleased with Tommy these days. He had his heart set on the Sawyer alliance. Besides, he liked Tommy's growing energy for business.

So Tommy, with bag and gun case, moved out one evening at Danny's cottage and old Martha let him in.

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After supper the men settled down to talk and Martha sat sewing by the fire. Strip after strip she sewed and end, rolling them into a ball for the weaver. "It's for rag rugs for the new lodge up yonder," she explained. "The missus sent me bushels of things to make. I'll go helping." Tommy lit a cigarette and stepped off the porch. The Bolton lodge was on one of the many islands in the chain of Canadian lakes. Boats took the place of automobiles.

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ted suicide the other day. He was a good alderman, so more's the pity.

DO YOU THINK I COULD HOLD IT? I am wearying some, for, of course, years will tell; But I still put in good looks of toil. However, if I offered a line, I would not from the offer recoil.

A place where one could sit in a chair, And glance, scorn, at each one who might call, Either that, or by preference, an easier job, Where I'd have to do nothing at all.

On the auditor-treasurehouse of our line, If offered me, I would not frown, Though I'd have to waste force and worry a bit, When trying to hold the chair down.

Sure, the work would be light and one would not require To toil by the light of a lamp; For they'd put on a sheet what they wanted to show, And I'd apply the rubber-stamp.

So it's not work would worry me, but just the thought That Sir Adam when looking things over, Would read, in my eye that we differed in thought, And sling me and the chair through the door.

THE OLD 'UN.

BRITISH PURSUING TURKS

In Touch With Rearguard in Egyptian Campaign.

LONDON, Aug. 13.—The following statement in regard to the Egyptian campaign was given out here officially yesterday.

"Our cavalry is in touch with the enemy's rearguard at Hod-el-Hisha, north of Bir-el-Abd. Our troops have

been active during the day, threaten- ing various points of the enemy's lines.

"Reports show the enemy's casualties have been heavy. There are a considerable number of dead before our front."

ST. MARYS NOTES.

ST. MARYS, Aug. 13.—New oats were brought in to market Saturday and were

day and Monday in Cleveland.

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Corner Dundas and Richmond Streets,
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