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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Monday, March 26.

THE NEXT MOVE.

WOULD IT BE surprising to see the Allied army shift the point of its offensive, in case the Germans retreating in the Somme region get firmly settled in a fortified line? It is possible that, while maintaining a defensive on the ground formerly the great German salient, the French and British leaders may suddenly land on the northern and southern wings. The region about Lille is certainly much wanted for its coal, iron and industrial works. Also the French are eager for an advance at the other end over Alsace.

If it be true, what the Germans allege, that the British and French lines pushed forward in front of a shell-torn zone will be inconvenienced in receiving quick supplies, while for a time the new German line will have a comparatively smooth approach from the rear, perhaps the Allied generals may find it advisable to strike at other points until their artillery has again succeeded in smashing up the ground behind the enemy's central front. However, it will probably not be long before our tremendous guns can again at any point required make the enemy's situation extremely uncomfortable. And besides, the land farther north, towards the river mouths, is low, and will be heavy with mud for some time yet; while at the southern end of the battle line Alsace is difficult for other reasons, being rough and mountainous, and solidly held by the Huns. On the whole it seems just as probable that the Allied advance will still be pushed at the centre.

POST-WAR PATRIOTISM.

THE ADVERTISER has pointed out repeatedly the necessity for Canadian manufacturers to prepare for the war after the war, and as peace signs grow more significant the wisdom of keeping this problem of trade in mind becomes more urgent. A writer in the magazine System tells what Germany is doing to recapture her foreign trade. Contrary to the general supposition, all of Germany's efforts are not directed toward making guns and munitions. All the able-bodied men are engaged in the business of war, but those not capable of fighting, the aged and the maimed, as well as women and hundreds of thousands of prisoners of war, are pressed into service under the state paternal system which prevails, preparing articles for export as soon as her ships are released. This work was undertaken at the beginning of the war. A company was formed under Government control to mobilize all the raw material in the country. This is apportioned to the various factories as needed, at an advance of 5 per cent, which takes care of all overhead expenses. Government control of materials, of labor, of transportation, and of factories, insures a production at the lowest possible cost. It is pointed out also that chief attention is directed to articles for export, so that when peace comes many warehouses will be filled with goods which can be transported abroad immediately.

In addition to this, the shipyards have not been devoted entirely to submarines. Twenty-eight large freighters have been turned out, while the submarines are busy whittling down the merchant vessels of the Entente Allies and of neutrals.

There will be need in Canada and in other countries of unprecedented co-operation to offset the designs of Germany. There must be co-operation between labor and capital, and between producer and consumer. The consumer can help by buying "Made-in-Canada" goods when possible. The producer can help by offering the consumer what is wanted, and by doing so at the lowest possible cost. Labor can help by consistently seeking to promote efficiency and production.

If Canadian patriotism does not continue after the war there is sure to be suffering among all classes of people.

"RAYMOND."

SUCH A BOOK as Lodge's "Raymond," a book of interviews with the dead, gives quite a revival to spiritualistic interests. For a long time spiritualism has hovered on the line between science or religion and pure fake. Serious men like Browning made fun of the business, and, generally speaking, sensible people have found in the triviality of spiritualistic messages the sure disproof of genuineness. The reporters of the unseen world, that very special class of personal interviewers, the mediums, have most of them been "shown up" for impositions at one time or another. Their "mystery" may have been hard or easy to pluck out, but it frequently is plucked out.

And is not spiritualism an American product, associated in our minds with a number of "half-baked," fungous systems unnecessary to name, which bear the clear stamp of that "land of the free" where dazed deceivers and deceived see stars and stripes? Level-headed men have commonly placed spiritualism, if they took the trouble to place it at all, a little below theosophy or thereabouts, a little below lunar politics, just about between lunar and lunatic, with a dash of the dollar sign stirred in.

Still, but—there is a but in the matter. Psychical Research, the "high-brow" form of spiritualism in both Britain and the United States, has been making a deal of progress in the last quarter of a century. Poets like Rupert Brooke may echo Browning in making game of the society's "proceedings," and yet the society has on its roll of membership, or associated with its work, some of the greatest names in science and philosophy. It is rather curious that certain eminent poets should have nothing to do with such study, while scientists, keen and hard-headed, Crookes, Lodge, Richet, Morselli, Andrew Lang, or philosophers like Myers, Hyslop and William James, or businessmen like W. T. Stead, the shrewd journalist and social reformer—one easily groups together in one list the living and the dead in this connection—should be deeply interested in the investigation of relations between the natural and spirit worlds. A great difference appears between Sludge and Lodge, as Browning may now recognize "over there."

There has come to be at least a pretty general acceptance of the Psychical Research Society's claim to have substantiated the genuineness of telepathy or mental magnetism. Besides, it is commonly agreed that some connection may subsist between such a phenomenon and hypnotism, about which no scientific doubt remains. Even dreams seem to have regained something of that mystical significance attached to them by primitive thinking. May not the power of the medium to hear the spirit whispers of the "dead," thought leaping out to wed with ghostly thought, be just one of several interlinking mysteries with which our life is woven?

But, again, the objection is that telepathy and hypnotism more likely will not help to explain but to explain away spiritualism. The medium very probably does not read the thought of the dead but of the living consultant or others living. He may also, conceivably, by hypnotic influence impose on even strong, discriminating minds, let alone credulous weaklings. Hindu fakirs, it is said, have long exercised the power of deceiving the cleverest and most skeptical spectators by their conjurations. The fakir may be sublimely ignorant of many things known to his audience, but yet he has his professional skill. So perhaps with the mediums?

Although the triviality or silliness of the "messages" conveyed by them may be excused as due to the meagre educational equipment of those psychically endowed, such an excuse does not altogether cover the grand objection. And if it be urged that the very peculiar machinery of "controls" seems too peculiar to have been faked, yet a study of the various exigencies of the craft may suggest merely rational explanations. Before such a book as "Raymond" we stand indeed amazed, not hostile or derisive, but unconvinced.

THE WONDER OF IT.

FEAR AMONG the peoples of the Allied nations that the Russian overthrow might be accompanied with violent fighting which would sap the eastern giant of his strength seems to have passed like a summer cloud.

The revolution was practically without bloodshed, and with no force unsympathetic to the stroke, save those nobles who knew full well that opposition was out of place. The wonder of the great change will be remarked everywhere as one that caused practically no disorganization, even while millions of men were resisting a foreign enemy.

Those who might have been concerned in a vast railway strike in the United States might have caused more disruption and bloodshed than the statesmen who overthrew the greatest empire of Europe. While Uncle Sam stands ready to call on his sons to strike, it will be well that they are not concerned with quarrels among themselves.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Hindenburg's hike seems to be changing from strategy to tragedy.

Quebec's anti-conscription meetings are likely to prove a boomerang. If they do not it will be up to the Government to explain why.

If, as the news indicates, the Germans are soon to make an onslaught on the Russian lines the world will study with special interest and some trepidation the way in which the newborn democracy acquits itself.

Newfoundland fears German submarines may blockade the coast and bring about a food famine. Such an event would be a catastrophe, and think of the great acclaim with which such a victory would be hailed in Berlin!

Canadians who pass into the United States after May 1 will be called upon to present identification cards. This is one phase of preparedness which Canada might well have put into effect with considerable relief to the border towns.

Their activity in smashing French cities may prove a boomerang to the Huns. These places will cease to be a protection to them if the French and British artillerists decide that nothing is to be gained by sparing what the Hun will destroy any way.

Are we in Canada to develop a heritage of internal hatred from the war? Will we be more bitter politically, racially and perhaps religiously? It is a time for the promotion of amity. If someone must be hated, let it be the Germans rather than our fellow-Canadians.

The occasional appearance of Robert Borden and Robert Rogers together, in particular their joint appearance before the British public, must convince everybody that it is not a case of one indivisible Jekyll and Hyde. Borden and Rogers are two distinct Roberts. It is not Bob, but Bobs they are.

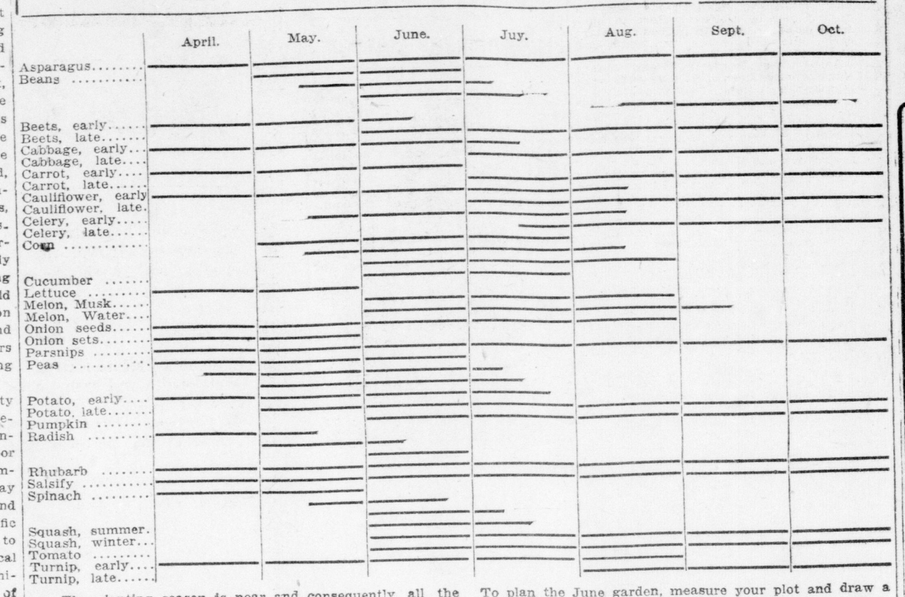
JUST WHAT HE WANTS.

[Montreal Star.]

The kaiser has the United States just now just where he wants it—all fussed up, exports blockaded, racial dissensions developing, and doing absolutely nothing to hinder Germany's war plans. If he can keep the Americans there he certainly will.

The Advertiser's Hint For City Gardeners

Information as to Preparation, Planting and Care of Plants That May Be Grown in Backyards.



The planting season is near and consequently all the backyard gardens should be planned. Perhaps the above chart will help in the planning. Many garden plans have published by various organizations, but usually it is the joy of the individual gardener to plan his own garden, and by bearing in mind a few facts, he can readily do so. The chart shows the length of time each crop occupies the ground, and by observing it closely, intensive gardening may be carried out, a small plot of ground being made to give a very large yield. The width of the month columns on the chart is according to the productivity of that month, July being the most productive month.

It will be readily seen from the chart, that the month of June is the one during which the greatest number of crops are occupying the ground. Therefore plan your June garden, filling up all available space. Watch this plan as you plant the April garden, planting such early crops as lettuce, onion sets, spinach, etc., in the ground, in which you have planned to set out the later crops, such as tomatoes, squash, etc. You will also find that by July and August, other early crops will have been harvested, leaving room for the very late crops, such as celery, turnips, late peas, etc.

To plan the June garden, measure your plot and draw a plan of the same shape, indicating on it, the correct measurements. Then draw in the rows, labelling them cabbage, tomatoes, etc. It is wise, if you have room, to leave a path all around the garden next to the fence, for plants will not grow well if shaded. Any other paths desired should be marked out on the plan. I should suggest the placing of corn or other tall-growing vegetables on the north side of the plot, so that they will not shade the smaller plants. It is also a good plan to keep similar crops (such as root crops of salad crops), together, not only for the sake of uniformity but also for the sake of convenience in cultivating, fertilizing and pest-killing.

It is advisable to reserve a small planting bed, so that seeds requiring transplanting, may be started there. Also it would be very useful in case an early crop should be late in harvesting and the new crop kept off the already occupied ground. In such a case the new crop seeds, might be started in the planting bed at the proper time, and later transplanted. All ground which has been once used should be redug and fertilized before the new crop is put on it.

THE GIRL WITH THE HOE.

THE ADVERTISER'S DAILY SHORT STORY

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

ENEMIES

By Oliver Gray.

Rebecca Deevers looked up from the hot cornmeal she was stirring for the newly-hatched chicks. What was that noise she heard down on the road below the house? She pushed the kettle back on the stove where it couldn't burn and went to the window.

"Get up!" a man yelled to a horse stuck knee-deep in a mud hole. The wheels of the buggy were almost completely submerged, and the whole thing seemed to be settling deeper by the minute.

"Get up, you!" he cried again, this time laying on the whip. "Get up, you blamed fool. What do you s'pose I'm feedin' you for, to get me into a mess like this."

Rebecca's lips straightened as they always did when Al Barker was in sight, and a little spot of red sprang into each cheek. She opened the screen door, went down the back steps, and strode down the hill to the fence.

"What do you mean by abusin' that creature, Al Barker?"

"I'm not abusin' him."

"You are—by word an' deed, an' I'll thank you to stop."

"I don't want none of your thanks, Reba Deevers, an' I'll not stop till I'm good an' ready. He always was a fool an' he could get me out o' this in a jiffy if he had the spunk of a cat."

"Well, you quit hittin' him. I'd like to know who's the fool drivin' along a road like this when the new state highway's open up yonder. It wouldn't 'a' taken you fifteen minutes more to go 'round. No one comes this way any more. What brought you?"

"Tisn't any of your business, Reba."

"Well, don't think I'm carin'. I didn't come down here to inquire for you. I felt sorry for the horse. Now, you take my advice an' leave him be. Ben's gone to town an' taken Pete or they could help, maybe."

But it was her first words that cut. "Well, don't think I drove around this way to see you," he returned, reaching for the whip again; then he thought better of it and dropped his hand.

Rebecca did not reply, but turned and went up the hill, holding her skirt away from the grass still saturated with dew. The spring morning was only a couple of hours old, and the sun was casting long shadows over hill and valley. The air was full of wonderful promise, and Rebecca felt strangely out of tune with her surroundings. To be quarreling on such a heaven-sent day! But what right had Al Barker to stop at her fence and whip a horse? Of course, he'd only hit him a few times, but he knew of old her horror of abusing animals.

She went back to stirring the meal, and when it was cooked she poured the steaming mass into a crock and set the pan in the sink.

"I'll declare, if he isn't there yet! Why doesn't he get out, I wonder? That poor creature might be able to move the buggy without him in it."

Rebecca went about her work and the morning wore away, with Al Barker, buggy, horse and all, still stuck in the mud hole. She was past indignation now and all curiosity. With it soon was a certain compassionate pity that she had thought it impossible for this man of all men.

Years ago they had been sweethearts. But the whole countryside had predicted disaster, knowing the temperaments of the two quick tempers and stubborn unwillingness to acknowledge wrong. They were alike to a "T." So when the break did come neither would admit there had been one. Rebecca settled down to housekeeping for her brother with a sort of cold pride, and Al developed into a taciturn, moody person, attending to his farm and giving his entire attention to accumulating money. He was rich now, it was understood.

The years rolled by slowly. Al and Rebecca had ceased ignoring each other. It was perhaps the better way, for when they did have occasion to talk to each other, it was always a wrangle. Probably they were afraid that that—but we are only guessing. It was their own affair.

Noon approached. "I wish Ben were home today. It's just luck that he had to go and take Pete along, and not a soul here to help. There's one thing sure—he can't starve!"

Contrary to her intention of eating a "piece" herself and taking the extra time in arranging bureau drawers preliminary to house-cleaning, she opened her best spiced pears and hurriedly mixed up some raisin cakes.

"Al used to like spiced pears and raisin cakes better than anything, and he gave me credit for making the best omelet in Beacon County."

Then she made another trip down the hill.

"What are you waiting for?" she demanded. "There won't be a rig come along this way to help you out. They all go by the highway now."

"I'm not botherin' you now, am I? I've been sittin' here all mornin' askin' the horse's pardon!"

"While he's thinkin' about it, you can't starve, an' I've dinner ready. You'd better come up an' eat."

"I don't want anything, thanks."

"I've raisin cakes and spiced pears."

"No, thanks."

"Look here, Al, what's wrong with you? You're actin' like a crazy man!" And then she saw his feet as her eyes travelled appraisingly over him. One was incased in a loose slipper, and above it his ankle was knobby and ridged with bandages under the sock.

"Why—why, you've hurt you foot and can't get out. Why didn't you say so?"

"I don't want sympathy."

"Well, you want your dinner, or I miss my guess, and you're going to have it."

Back up the hill she went, regardless of his protests that he "wouldn't eat if she did bring it."

In a few minutes she returned, bringing a basket and tray laid for a meal. She had gone around by the gate this time, and came as close to the buggy as the mud would permit.

But he didn't move.

"Al Barker, look here. Down in the bottom of my heart I've always known you weren't a fool, and I think you have the same idea about me. But if you don't take this meal I've cooked for you, I will think you're the biggest fool that was ever born."

He reached out grudgingly. "Well, since you've gone to all that trouble."

A really happy flush stole into Rebecca's cheeks. Al watched her sideways as she stooped to arrange the cakes on a plate. Rebecca was still pretty.

"Say, Rebecca," he said awkwardly, "you asked me why I was fool enough to drive around this way in the mud. Just the same reason I've been drivin' by here for five years. Thought I'd see you!"

"Al!" Her hands closed hard and she leaned half eargerly, half dubiously, toward him.

"That's right, Reba. I've been sittin' here all morning trying to convince myself that I wasn't a consarned ass. But I am, and always was. That's what. Do you think you could try and make me over, Reba?"

And when he heard her answer, all the mud and sprained ankles in Beacon County couldn't have kept him from getting out of the buggy.

Wait a Minute!

By J. H. F.

Whom the gods would destroy they first make fat, pens a person to us. Looks as if there is quite a bunch of truth in it.

* * *

Billy Sunday calls on the Lord to beat up the kaiser. However, the work will have to be done by British, French, Canadians, Russians, and some others. The Yankees might take a hand.

* * *

The German emperor is a nervous wreck, we read. Here's hoping that it is true, and that his military machine will follow suit at the earliest possible moment.

* * *

Czar Nicholas kissed all his servants good-bye, and also kissed his job farewell.

* * *

Russia will no longer be a load to the Allies, the Duma reports. It seems that Hindenburg's marvelous strategy in the East was due to an amazing system of plots in the army. There will be no such help on the West front.

* * *

A German deputy says that he would be proud if the thing that happened in Russia had happened in Germany. The light is breaking.

* * *

There is one good thing about spring—the banquet season will end then.

* * *

There are people who resolve to be happy, and take a chance on being good, says a paragrapher. We like happy people.

* * *

The Germans are departing from France, and the British and French are just too tickled for any use to help them on the way. The helping foot is a pretty idea.

* * *

If Hank Ford could co-ordinate his gab with his performance, he would be truly a great man. He talks like Bill Bryan, but works like T. Roosevelt.

* * *

A Springfield, Ill., authority has discovered that poodles were dogs. Great. Thought they were asylums for homeless fleas.

* * *

A Chicago man complains that he discovered about ten pounds of stone in a bushel of potatoes. Poor boob. He evidently wanted the potatoes to eat.

* * *

The American women are enlisting in large numbers for the coming war, but it looks as if the nurses will have few customers, at the rate the gents are signing up.

* * *

Kaiser Wilhelm is passing the order of the Black Eagle around these days in rather a promiscuous fashion. It looks as if decorations from the kaiser will not be so popular in the near future.

* * *

However, if ex-Czar Nick wants the information, Jim Jeffries might give him quite a bit on how not to come back.

* * *

When Mr. Blondin goes to war, Henri Bourassa will be an admiral in the navee.

* * *

"The Chinese do not love us, because they do not know us," wails a German newspaper. They know them too doggone well, that's the reason.

* * *

Dancing is the poetry of motion, but there are a lot of fierce poets.

* * *

THE REPORTER.
(Revised and Abbreviated.)

Fearless and bold, he has an ear for news;
No path too rough, no road too steep for him
If at the end to satisfy his views,
He nabs a "story" full of life and vim.

If there's a rumpus, well, bedad, he's there,
And takes the details with a master hand.
He looks for news and finds it everywhere,
But how he gets it—whihst! It bates the band!

Perhaps a train has left the thrack, yo see,
Or cars o' coal are comin' up the line,
Or some big sport is here, or is to be—
He knows it and he nabs it, rain or shine.

—JACK RILEY.

The Longest Speech

A Man Who "Single-Handed" Talked His Way to Victory in the B. C. Legislature.

(Guelph Mercury.)

A preacher who delivers an hour's sermon nowadays is not in favor. If he can boil his stuff down, and make his points "firstly, secondly, thirdly, and in conclusion," in half an hour, so much the better.

People in British Columbia are fond of telling of the great speech in the Legislature of that province some years ago that for length probably holds the record. The Toronto Star is authority for the following account of it:

Apropos of the recent filibuster in the United States Senate, which killed President Wilson's armed neutrality bill for the time being, it is interesting to recall that the longest speech on record is believed to have been made by Amor de Cosmos in the Legislature of British Columbia, when a measure was pending, the passing of which would take from many settlers their land. De Cosmos was in a hopeless minority. The job had been held back till the eve of the close of the session. Unless legislation was taken before noon, on a given day, the act of confiscation would fall. The day before the expiration of the limitation, De Cosmos got the floor about 10 a.m., and began his speech against the bill. Its friends cared little, for they supposed that by 1 or 2 o'clock he would be through and the bill could be put on its passage. One o'clock came and De Cosmos was speaking still—had not more than entered upon his subject; 2 o'clock he was saying: "In the second place." Three o'clock he produced a fearful bundle of evidence, and insisted on reading it. The majority began to have a suspicion of the truth—he was to speak till next noon and "kill the bill." For a while they made merry over it, but as it came on to dusk they began to get alarmed. They tried interruptions, but soon abandoned them, because each afforded him a chance to digress and gain time. They tried to shout him down, but that gave a breathing space, and finally they settled down to watch the combat between strength of will and weakness of body. They gave no mercy, no adjournment for dinner, no chance to do more than to wet his lips with water, no wandering from his subject. Twilight darkened, the gas was lit, members slipped out to dinners in relays and returned to sleep in squads, but De Cosmos went on. The Speaker, to whom he was addressing himself, was alternately dozing, snoring and trying to look wide awake. Day dawned and the majority went out in squads to wash and breakfast, and the speaker still held on. It cannot be said it was a very logical, eloquent or sustained speech; there were digressions, repetitions also. But still the speaker kept on, and at last noon came to a baffled majority, livid with rage and impotence, and a single man, who was triumphant, though his voice had sunk to a husky whisper, his eyes were almost shut and were bleared and bloodshot, his legs tottered under him, his baked lips were cracked and flaked with blood. De Cosmos had spoken twenty-six hours, and saved the settlers their lands.

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AutoStrop SAFETY Razor

(MADE IN CANADA)

The Razor

The AutoStrop Razor has advantages which will be instantly appreciated by every razor user.

Instead of a blade that grows duller with every shave, the AutoStrop Razor blade grows sharper. Instead of continuous blade buying, the AutoStrop Razor effects a wonderful blade saving.

Instead of the trouble of taking apart after using, the AutoStrop Razor is cleaned and dried without removing a single part—not even the blade.

Yet it is as safe, as simple and as durable as any razor made.

We invite you to borrow and try an AutoStrop Safety Razor.
—All London Dealers.

The Offer

Any man would gladly buy a safety razor with these practical, desirable advantages. Are they real? Do they exist in the AutoStrop Razor? We know they do, but we prefer to let you prove them to your own satisfaction. Go to any razor dealer and *borrow* an AutoStrop Razor. He will require no payment whatever. Take the razor home and use it for thirty days. If you like the razor, keep it and pay the dealer its price, $5.00. Otherwise return it.

If your dealer cannot accommodate you, write us direct.

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AUTOSTROP Safety Razors ARE ALWAYS ON SALE AT CAIRNCROSS'
24c The Dependable Drug Store, 216 Dundas

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We have the stock and will explain the rea sons why this safety razor is the razor you ought to buy.
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March 31

Traction Company
CHANGE OF TIME.
Cars leave London: 6:15, 7:30, 9:00, 11:00 a.m., 1:00, 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:15, 7:00, 9:00, 11:00 p.m.
Sunday cars at 11:00 a.m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 7:00, 9:00 p.m.
Cars at 6:15, 7:30 a.m., 1:30, 6:15 p.m. are accommodation cars only.

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, 10:20 p.m.
So St. Thomas—*5:40, *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.
Heavy type denotes no local stops between London and St. Thomas.
*Daily, except Sunday.