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ing.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, September 4,

LET SIR DOUGLAS WRITE IT.

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG paid the finest tribute
that can be written to the Canadians yester-
day when his official report contained the
following:

"Canadian troops showed the greatest
skill and courage in storming the Drocourt-
Queant line. These lines had been perfected
by the enemy in the past eighteen months.
They provided the most formidable obstacle,
as they had been furnished with every device
of modern engineering. The enemy had rein-
forced his defences here to such a degree that
on a front of 8,000 yards no less than eleven
German divisions were identified."

PUSHING THEM BACK.

THE FALL of Lens places an immense advan-
tage with the Allied forces, and coming after
the splendid British-Canadian stroke in
breaking through the Hindenburg line at the
Drocourt-Queant switch makes almost certain that
with constant pressure and further strokes by
Poeh a new line from Lille to Donai to Cambrai
to St. Quentin to Laon must be quickly formed.

The whole of the Hindenburg line would then
be lost to the Germans, and there is imminent
danger to the Huns that beyond its famous bul-
wark of defence is almost certain to come an over-
whelming defeat. The speed with which the
Allied armies are operating, the success at points
strongly or lightly defended, the spirit of victory
which appears to beckon on our fighters and to
fill them with a marvellous stamina are telling
factors in the development of a potential rout for
which history would hold no parallel. Prophecy
has been humbled in this war, but the signs were
never so full of the certainty of speedy German
defeat and an end to the war. The enemy in more
than five weeks of fighting on his own battle-
ground has never been able to get his feet set to
bring a pressure against the Allied forces. One
foot is first forced back, and though the second
sinks itself and attempts to hold on, the toes are
hacked and battered and the other leg subjected
to such a punishment that the big brutal fighter
cannot maintain his balance. The lilliputians
have grown up into a sturdy set of youths, to say
the least. They are hammering the giant from
every side. They have the numerical strength,
they have the guns, the money and the will to
win.

German strategy and German morale have
been put to the great test in the last five weeks.
The strategy was crumpled up and made to seem
a poor thing, as on many other occasions when it
appeared the Hun had the whole world at his feet.
The British and French have shown that they
could fight a wonderful defensive action and
finally check their enemy. The German has yet
to prove that he can retreat without showing a
yellow streak up his back as broad as the River
Rhine.

EVERYBODY GIVE TO THE NAVY.

OUR DEBT to the sea fighters, the men who
man the tramps, the boys in the mosquito
fleets, can only be conceived when one elimi-
nates the spaces that lie between us and the ocean
and lives on the seaboard.

The seaboard of the British Empire is the
line which these sailors hold. Inland cities are
only geographically fortunate if they do not
come in contact with the dangers and disasters
faced by the brave fellows who keep the sea lanes
clear, who hunt the submarines and by dint of the
most constant vigilance, skill, sacrifice and courage
frustrate the sea serpents of the enemy in his
attempts to strangle the free people of the world.

For every day of security, for every Canadian
carried safely to England, for every letter and
every parcel that goes forward, we owe a debt to
the sailors. They are removed from us to such an
extent that a seaman's uniform is a sight on our
streets. They do not receive the same rate of pay
as the soldiers nor are their dependents secure
against financial deprivation in the event of their
death.

It is the bounden duty of Londoners this
week to do something in a substantial way for the
navy. Who has not thanked God and the British
navy for our safety and the world's safety? Talk
is very cheap. The thing to do is to give some-
thing during sailor's week for such a cause. Sit
down quietly for a few moments and take the
navy as a subject for your thoughts. Let the
force of that mighty service to humanity sink in.
And your hand will reach automatically for your
checkbook or your purse. Give much or give a
little, but give something. Let us get over the
top this week and respond with that \$25,000 for
which the Navy League of Canada is making an
appeal! Let the spontaneous generosity of
citizens take the place of organization! Give all
you can!

WALT WHITMAN IN 1918.

BECAUSE WALT WHITMAN wrote some of
his best poetry at a time when the minds
of men were occupied, just as they are to-
day, with war and all its surroundings, it is not
strange to find these verses of civil war times
ringing afresh with new inspiration and new mes-
sage in this our own day of stress and conflict. It
is precisely because of the humanity aspect of this
war, its hopes and its strivings for freedom and
democracy that Walt Whitman is the living appeal to-
day. "How many young men did I find in the
French Ambulance Service during this war in
Belgium or in Macedonia reading Walt Whit-

man's 'Wound Dresser From the Drum Taps'?"
writes Pierre de Lanux in a recently-published
book. "His influence on a few poets is small,
compared to his action on the mentality of the
young in general. It is an immensely renewed
inspiration which he proposes and which is one of
the treasures of our time."

And a tribute not unlike this is brought by
"Medicine and Surgery," which sees in his effect
on youth a breath of preventive medicine. "Walt
Whitman has become today," says this journal,
"a tone of the clearest resonance with mighty re-
verberations which are effecting a complete
change in the youth of France and England."

The civil war brought physical suffering to
Whitman just as it has come to so many in our
own day. It tested his religion and faith, tried
his sanity and his cheerfulness and his charity.
He gave of his best to the relief of wounded and
suffering soldiers and the best came back to him
in widened vision of mankind, of mankind's suf-
ferings, aspirations and hopes. Out of that expe-
rience came some of his noblest verses, the
"Drum Taps" and the poems on the great eman-
cipator that are so deeply spiritual.

John Burroughs saw him in 1863 and he has
written: "The actual scene of this man moving
among the maimed, the pale, the low-spirited, the
near-to-death, can hardly be pictured by any
pen, however expert. His magnetism was in-
credible and exhaustless. The lustreless eye
brightened up at his approach, a bracing air
seemed to fill the wards."

The external details of his daily task the
poet records in one of the "Drum Taps":
"Bearing the bandages, water and sponge,
Straight and swift to my wounded I go,
Where they lie on the ground after the battle
brought in."

To each and all one after another I draw near,
nor one do I miss."

The lesson of the war for Whitman, the
greatest lesson, was that the race could still
sacrifice for its ideals. That, too, has been the
supreme discovery in our own day. "The soldiers
know how to love," he said on one occasion, and
he saw where that spirit lay latent in all hearts
ready to be touched by a world need. He saw
men as brothers all, soldiers all in a field that is
the world, the battle going on every day for the
body and the eternal soul until the times comes
when

"Presently, O soldiers, we too camp in our place
in the bivouac-camps of green,
But we need not provide for outposts, nor word
for the countersign,
Nor drummer to beat the morning drum."

EXCESSIVE SPEECH.

THE ADVERTISER is being accused by the
friends of one alderman who seldom opens
his mouth at a council meeting with crediting
his remarks to another alderman who rarely opens
his mouth. It should be noted London has three
or four silent aldermen, but the others are equal
to the task of making up for the silent ones. The
board of works meeting on Tuesday night was an
evidence of this. On one occasion five aldermen
were talking on different subjects at one time,
while the real subject under consideration was
forgotten. The minutes of the meeting since com-
pleted in the clerk's office state that "no action
was taken" on the matter. The claims of the
different wards on their respective aldermen are
soaring to the top repeatedly of late, even to the
exclusion of matters of paramount importance to
the city at large.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

First through the heart of the Hindenburg
line—Currie of Middlesex and his brave men.

The Provincial Government sets a fine ex-
ample in donating \$100,000 to the Sailors' Fund.

Sir Robert Borden gave his watch to a baby to
chew at Toronto. Is that all he knows about feed-
ing infants?

All sorts of featherweight championships
were decided in London Monday. Two prize
fighters were after one title and at the Labor Day
sports two women in a chicken race disposed of
the feathers of a fowl in short order.

The sympathy of many friends will be ex-
tended to Hon. Rudolph Lemieux in the loss of
his son, Lieut. Lemieux, who fell in recent fight-
ing. The former postmaster-general is one of the
staunchest lieutenants of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Let's hope when peace comes that the Allies
will make a present to France of all war material
that may be converted to the country's peaceful
pursuits, such as barb wire, tractors and even
possibly tanks converted into agricultural imple-
ments.

PATIENCE NECESSARY.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)
We must be patient with Russia. This does not mean
that we must be patient with Russia. The wide dif-
ferences of race and mental methods, have prevented us
from judging properly the good faith and honest pur-
pose of men whom the turbid tide of the Revolution has
from time to time thrown upon the surface. Wise and fair
minds have awaited some supreme test. That test has
now come. The present attitude of the Allies, as expres-
sed by the American Government, by the British expedition
at Archangel, by Japan and in various other ways, is so
transparently, unquestionably sincerely friendly toward the
Russian people and the Russian Revolution that it is no
longer possible for an honest mind to doubt it.

NO END TO GIVING.

(Chicago Tribune.)
Is there no end to giving? There is not—until the great
end. The best line that any advertiser in the United States
ever wrote was the line: "While some one gives his life."
What are you giving? Think a minute.
What are you giving, you who run loose and go about
your virtually undisturbed affairs? What are you giving
when you think a minute of the fellows who fight Germans
and cooties, rats and trench fever, gas and shrapnel, mud
and filth, and endure atrocious suffering or miserable dis-
comfort?

What have you given or what can you give? The de-
mands upon your money do come rapidly. It is the way
they have to come. It represents the pressure which must
be put upon. Even this pressure is an indication of your
own good fortune. You are here, being asked for your
money but not your life.
This is the way in which the loose coin of the nation is
shaken out of its pockets: the fashion in which loose habits
are ironed out and community discipline imposed.

THOSE FRENCH NAMES.

(Hamilton Herald.)
The war-poet who made Joffre rhyme with other did
not reach the limit. The newspaper jester who remarked
"Pop goes the Yeke" has him beaten several kilometres.

SAVING THE HAM.

(Vancouver Province.)
Sandwiches in which gold coins were concealed are
being smuggled into Germany from Holland. In point of
value there is little difference between them and the regular
ham variety.

TOMBOY TAYLOR

By Fontaine Fox

(Copyright, 1918.)



Taylor's mother has sworn that never again will she speak to him who chaperoned the children's hay ride.

BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE McLUKE

(Copyright, 1918.)

Open.
The clumsy hippopotamus
Must be a very honest cuss;
I do not think he could be base,
Because he has an open face.

The Limit.
"Smith is a flimsy fellow, isn't he?"
said Brown.
"He sure is," agreed Jones. "Why?"
"He'd take an oyster's temperature, and
his pulse and look at its tongue before
he'd eat it."

No Joke.
"Easy Come and Easy Go."
The careless fellow chants;
And that's what puts the fringes on
The bottom of his pants.
Atta Boy!
I like the old woodpecker's way.
I'm fond of him, by jing!
He pegs away the living day.
And never tries to sing.

You Win, Jackie.
It's too darn hot to joke or grin.
It's too darn hot to roam;
But it's a darn sight hotter in
The Kaiser's future home.
—Luke McLuke.
It's too darn hot to joke or roam.
It's too darn hot to even grin;
But the Kaiser has no future home,
The devil will not let him in.

He does not want such people there
As the Kaiser of the German nation;
For anyone else he wouldn't care,
But he hates to spoil his reputation.
—J. L. M., on board U. S. A.
—North Dakota.

Mean Brute!
"I wish you wouldn't try to bake,
Dear wife," said Mr. Dervin.
"You claim that this is angel cake,
But it tastes like the devil!"
—Luke McLuke.

His wife responded with some heat,
"You're most extremely rude!
And anything that you might eat,
Would sure be devil's food!"
—Newark Advocate.

The Wise Fool.
"He laughs best who laughs last,"
quoted the Sage.
"Not when you are telling funny sto-
ries to a crowd," commented the Fool.

You Know Him.
A good-for-nothing pest is Bunn.
These are hard words, but they are
true;
He never tells what he has done,
He tells what he INTENDS to do.

Doing Finely.
The Kaiser's head is battered cuss
Is not very, very well;
One million now are prisoners.
A million more have gone to H—
Berlin.

Oh, Joy!
Heavy Lemon, who has a shoe store

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

Copyright, 1918, by the McClure
Newspaper Syndicate.
"SOPHISTICATED BILLY."
By Louise Oliver.

Billy Crawford was tired and wanted
a rest. It had been an intensely busy
winter at the plant, with every wheel
turning and every man working, and
now that the warm, languorous days of
spring had come, he decided that he
needed a vacation.

So he called on Eleanor Gage one
evening to bid her good-bye and to im-
part the news that he was going to New
York "for a time."

"What do you call a 'time,' Billy?"
she asked.

"Well, he answered, with a man-
the-world air, "it means to the sophis-
ticated a round of pleasure. The usual
thing, you know—shows, restaurants,
and so forth. Lots of pretty, well-dressed
women. People you get along well with.
If you're the right sort, and all that,
Dickie Merrick and I usually hang out
together. Dick knows a crowd of people.
I'm to meet him at the Giltmore."

Eleanor counted her stitches before
she answered.
"But just now, Billy, do you think it's
the thing?"

"He regarded her with tolerant amuse-
ment. "I suppose you mean the war,
if you're the right sort, and all that,
Dickie Merrick and I usually hang out
together. Dick knows a crowd of people.
I'm to meet him at the Giltmore."

"The boys in the camps have worked
all winter, too, Billy. And they're not
getting any rest now, or prospect of rest
with France ahead."

He threw away his cigarette impa-

to tell you now that I won't marry you.
You're a snicker."

Billy left at that, crestfallen. He
really hadn't meant to get into it so
deep. Besides, he really did care for
Eleanor's opinion, and he cared for her
a great deal, but he had to confess
that the glamor of his trip ahead
softened the sorrow of losing her very
considerably. Besides, he thought she
might change her mind by the time he
got back.

The next day William R. Seymour
registered at the big metropolitan hotel
and waited for Richard Merrick, who
arrived in the course of a few hours and
proceeded to tell his troubles to his
friend.

"I say, Bill, has your town gone nuts
on the war?"

"I'm hanged if I'm not glad to get
away from Dickie. A fellow can't
buy himself a pack of fags any more
without some Jane piping up and saying,
"Wouldn't you rather invest in a war
savings stamp?" Or some grandmother
poking in with, "Half that young man,
would keep a Belgian child for one day."
I did buy a bond. Now I wish they'd let
me alone."

"Same here," said Billy, gloomily.
Then brightening, "But we're waiting
there, old man. We're here to forget
Leda and all the girls and get something
started."

"The girls" were cousins of Dick's,
very fashionable and up to date.
"All right, I'll ring them now. Say,
Bill, did you ever see so many soldiers
in your life?"

"Never did. Nellie says they don't get
a rest. She ought to come to New York
and find out. I shouldn't mind splurging
round in a uniform myself."

But William's remark had been over-
heard. An old gentleman at the next
table leaned forward. "That young man,
would keep a Belgian child for one day."
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I'll run the car around to the hotel and
pick you up."

The two men looked at each other,
but had nothing to say. Leona Merrick
was very pretty. Of course, they could
not refuse.

That night, tenderly nursing the
blisters on their hands, they got ready
for the theatre. Things were looking
up a bit. The whole jolly crowd was
going, and their jaded spirits revived at
the prospect.

The play was Blanche Bates in "Get-
ting Together," a play for "men to join
the army, an appeal that was an appeal
of old."

"Don't you want to hear Abbe Flynn
tomorrow?" asked Jane Merrick.
"We're all going after surgical dressing
class. They say he is wonderful."

Again Billy and Dick exchanged
glances, and again they accepted.
At the end of a week, after hearing
the Bishop of York, Major Watt and
Anne Morgan, they were ready to go
home. They had changed—not their
opinion of New York but of their own
towns.

When Eleanor opened the door to a
very contrite Billy, he was in uniform.
"I came to ask you to forgive me."

"I say, Bill, has your town gone nuts
on the war?"

"I'm hanged if I'm not glad to get
away from Dickie. A fellow can't
buy himself a pack of fags any more
without some Jane piping up and saying,
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