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THE LONDON ADVERTISER
COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Friday, Sept. 22.

A WEAK ACT.

HOWEVER laudable in intent the Ontario prohibition act may have been, there is no gainsaying the fact that it is weak and its provisions fail to carry out the prohibiting to the extent that was intended.

The announcement that brewers and distillers in the province may still deliver their products direct to the consumers on orders via points outside the province emphasizes this and proves that little hindrance is put in the way of those who wish to have a steady supply of their favorite brands delivered at their homes.

Perhaps this is no worse than the permission to import from Quebec or other outside points, since it only means that the expense will be slightly less, and it would be unfair to make the income of a man the determining factor in his obtaining liquor or going without it. The whole idea of allowing unlimited importation militates against the object of a prohibition act.

However, the bars are closed, and that means a great decrease in drunkenness and over-indulgence. The man who used to go in for one glass of beer or whisky and then stay for twenty has had his main temptation removed. Even if he has a case or a bottle at home, he is unlikely to indulge in many drinks at a sitting.

AMERICAN RIGHTS.

Our disagreement with Germany was over trade rights, with the freedom of the seas and human lives at stake, while we now are at variance with England over trade rights, with commerce and the rights of the individual at stake. It may be contended that the importance of the one, because human lives were involved, is far greater than the other. But Americans who hold their belief in American rights above their sympathies for either side of the European struggle, place themselves on the solid ground that neither can interfere with our privileges and lawful rights.—Rochester Times.

FROM this it may be assumed that the Rochester Times believes the American people should attach just as much importance to the capture and disciplining of the man who reads another's letter as they do to the capture and punishment of a murderer. Both are offences, and, according to the argument, equally detestable. It is peculiar ethics.

The above quotation is an extract from an editorial which strives to prove that Lloyd George was wrong in declaring that German agents were at the bottom of the protest made by Washington against the alleged unfair use of Britain was making of secrets learned during pursuit of American mails. The Times holds Americans are the ones aroused.

What are these "American rights" which must be held above and of more importance than sympathy for either belligerent side? The right to send into a blockaded country rubber under a deceptive label; the right to swear that goods were purchased on one certain date when they were actually ordered much later; the right to impede Britain's progress by sending material to Germany wherewith to prolong the terrible slaughter, in spite of promises to abstain; in short, the right to grab a few more dollars profit from the bloodshed and misery of nations in an illegal manner?

These "rights" are to be placed above all considerations of humanity, freedom of small nations and world liberty. American interests and safety were placed before all these when Washington determined to stand aside and take no part in the redemption of Belgium from the hands of the cowardly assassin in spite of her official signature to the Hague convention documents. But are Americans now to place even the individual's pocket before national honor?

The "solid ground" of the Times is shifting sand and unsafe for any country or nation which claims to be civilized.

SOLDIERS' COMPLAINTS.

EVERY day or two there are accounts in the press of soldiers being charged with desertion, and in a large proportion of these cases the excuse is given that their wives have not had the separation allowance and were in want, therefore the soldiers had stayed away from camp to make money for their families.

A strict investigation of all these assertions ought to be made. If they are untrue and go uncontradicted the effect on recruiting is bad; if they are true, every case should quickly be righted.

The married soldiers who join the forces are promised personal pay to a stated amount and allowance for their wives at a set rate. This wage is just as much their right as is the weekly envelope of the man in civilian business, and what firm is there which forgets to pay its men at regular times? If there is neglect in sending out separation allowance, it is time some

changes were made in the department concerned, both for the sake of the wives and of the country. New volunteers are not being enrolled so fast that they cannot be listed, with all particulars, without overtaxing the office forces responsible, and there is little excuse for failure to send checks regularly.

If these complaints related to patriotic fund gifts, it would be different; but they concern only the moneys lacking from the Government.

SCANDINAVIA'S POSITION.

SCANDINAVIAN peoples have been warned by their press to expect a tightening of the British supervision of their exports and imports since Rumania joined the Allies, as these countries and Holland are now the only gaps through which Germany can have access to the outer world.

This is a rather misleading way of putting the situation, but contains some truth. It almost seems like an insinuation that Britain will be likely to make trading more difficult for the Scandinavians. That is not so, so long as the trading is legal. Certainly, if goods are known to be reaching the enemy from other lands, it will be less difficult to decide who is acting as procurer and agent, and measures will be promptly taken to put a stop to the practice, but so long as Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Holland "play the game" honestly, they have no reason to fear any trouble from the British navy.

All these countries have vowed the strictest neutrality. All they have to do is to stand by their word and Rumania's entrance will not affect them.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Grease is getting firmer. Colder weather setting in.

Germans base their estimates of Allied losses on what they wish, not what they think or know.

There are long lists of Canadian casualties coming, and every name means a vacancy to be filled.

Talking of patronage, has anyone noticed any Liberal being appointed as license inspector in the shake-up?

Prof. Valentin accuses Von Tirpitz of lying about the successes of submarines. What was he paid for if not to lie?

Billy Sunday is lenient on backsliders, saying they are not all apostates. He was some slider himself at one time.

If the Mexican settlement is to depend on the peace conference, it need not be expected for a considerable time. Norway and Sweden have agreed not to enter the war on opposite sides, and it's pretty sure Norway won't join the Germans.

The Bishop of London pleads for the freeing of the British capitalists from sin. That's about as big a job as whipping the Germans.

Hotelkeepers are talking of employing barmaids to attract custom to their temperance saloons. Success will depend largely on the type of barmaid.

Motorcycle races on short tracks not constructed for such speed events are among the things that Canadians could forego without any great feeling of loss.

Sir Sam Hughes is expected to delay his departure from Europe for another two weeks. Does he really think Canada can escape going to the dogs if he stays away so long?

Paris reports the repulse of Bulgarian attacks on Kaimakalan. Sofia announces the repulse of Serbian attacks on the same point. Now who's holding this height and repulsing everybody?

MAN.

(Edgar Guest, in the Detroit Free Press.)

I've seen the creatures at the zoo, And laughed at funny things they do, I've seen the ostrich hide his head, The lion constraining being fed, I've heard the uncle monarch roar, And watched him pace his little floor, I've studied horses, dogs, and cats, And cows and pigs and even rats, And all are natural in their ways, And free from sham live out their days, And thinking of all creatures queer I'd say that man's the queerest here.

The human animal to me is more a thing of mystery

Than is the spindlenecked giraffe At which we gaze but to laugh, One day all smiles, with courage fine With head erect and eyes that shine, He goes his way; the next he wails And scatters gloom and dismal tales, And in his rage he does more harm Than all the wolves about the farm, He poses, swaggers, boasts and broods, Swayed by his habits and his moods.

One day you'll find a man a man, Serving some high and noble plan, The next he'll be a creature small, Without an aim or plan at all, He'll drink too much, and overeat, Rival the beggar in the street, And following his own desires, Wallow in mud until he mires, Or, puffed with vanity, will try To live a gold and tinsel life, And pose as being what he's not, Thus letting finer virtues rot.

Of all that live by nature's plan The queerest animal is man, He can be gentle, honest, kind, Modest and simple and refined, And often is, and yet at times He stoops to vice and shame and crimes, With all the strength that wisdom brings.

He keeps on doing foolish things And out of temper or in jest Will hurt the ones he loves the best. There is no furred or feathered clan So puzzling as the tribe of man.

WELL NAMED.

They were talking about a promising young man who had failed to make good as a traveling salesman.

The first man said to the other man: "It is queer about the boy. He seemed to be a regular whirlwind. His first trip was a rattling success. And out of town he was a bunch of fool's excuses."

"What was it you called him—a whirlwind?"

"Yes."

"I see. All 'whirl' at the beginning and all 'wind' at the finish."

Jimmy Conceives the Wonderful Idea of Shoving a Stick Into the Wheel of the Scissors Grinder's Machine.

BY FONTAINE FOX.



The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Winifred's Pluck

BY ALLISON BURR.

"It seems too bad," Mrs. Ramsey stopped thoughtfully, but the professor did not even glance up from his writing. "I said, dear, it does seem too bad that we are somewhat bound to take the girl here."

"Not bound, nothing compulsory about it, Betsy," the professor responded cheerfully. His large tortoiseshell spectacles added to his usual look of benign attentiveness. "Hector merely asked if we could take her with us. Find her a good room around at any of the houses. I dare say the Ramsey would take her. I thought it would relieve you."

"Well, it would. She could be a lot of help if she's that kind—willing, I mean. So many girls of her age never even see what's right under their noses to do. She would look after Betty upstairs, and maybe with the ironing and hanging out washday, and I could give her some sewing for the children, but wouldn't trust her with the baby."

"No, no, I wouldn't, if I were you, Betsy," said the professor dryly. "She'll probably have enough to do and keep up with her classes besides."

"It was on account of Everett that I spoke. You see, I feel just a little bit responsible for him. Laura begged me to keep him out of—well, you know what I mean, dear. Not to let him fall in love until he is through college."

"Can't help falling in love at a co-ed place. They all do. The professor's eyes twinkled. "You know, we're a horrible example, Betsy. I'd let them take their proper course. Maybe the girl's ordinary looking. I don't feel as if I could refuse Hector. We were up for years. It means quite a good deal to him, this putting his girl through college. If I could afford it I'd have her here and never ask any return at all."

"Oh, that wouldn't be right. Independence is the first principle of success. Self-reliance and self-respect go hand in hand."

"Doubtless, doubtless." The professor's mind reverted again to his work. "Write to her to come, anyway, Betsy, and don't worry."

Everett came downstairs just as his aunt sealed the letter. He was tall and boyish, with a happy, whimsical expression of perpetual optimism.

"Can I mail that for you, Aunt Betsy?"

"Why—er—yes, I suppose so." It almost seemed to Betsy as if she had purposely and knowingly put him into danger when she even intrusted the letter to him. He was such a clean, frank, splendid boy. And the girl might be anything. She tried to explain her coming.

"She's the daughter of an old classmate of your uncle. He is the head of a mission now in Southern Oklahoma and has a large family. Winifred is the eldest. She wants to work her way through college and we are going to have her live with us. She is to help me somewhat, partially to pay her board."

"Gee, isn't that plucky of her?" After Winifred's arrival that seemed to be his attitude of mind toward her—admiration for her pluck. Life had come along with gifts for Everett ever since he could remember. His mother had plenty of means to put him through college and start him in business later. Now, here was a girl handicapped at every point, winning her own way. He felt himself an idler as the weeks passed by and he saw how she gave Aunt Betsy all the help in her power, suiting herself to the latter's little peculiarities, giving the professor a lift over his essays and lectures, petting four-year-old Betty out of the sulks and still making all her classes.

And the worst of it was, no matter how the other girls tried to smooth it over, she was left out of the smartest frat dances and the best girls' clubs on account of her position at the professor's house. The college was just near enough to New York to have caught a tincture of metropolitan snobbery from it even in little ways, and Winifred took her social hazings with a fine grace.

The event of the early winter season was the A. G. I. s. dance at the fraternity house. The boys were the hosts, and most of the exclusive little frat belonged to the senior year. Only the very pick of the girls were invited, and the boys even held consultations over the lists beforehand. It was Everett who set Winifred's name down as his choice, and he told her of it the day before the committee suggested that he select another girl.

The boy who had told him was a brother of Nan Holland, leader of the New York girls' crowd. Everett remembered he had invited Nan twice before that term. He turned on Ted Holland with steady eyes.

"I'll bring Miss Gray or no girl!" News and gossip travel quickly in small town college circles. Somehow the rumor grew until it reached Mrs. Ramsey's ear and troubled her. It would never do for Everett in his senior year to be absent from the A. G. I. s. dance while for Winifred it really didn't matter, since she never aimed for the social side. She really had too much good sense, Betsy had said.

So now, relying on that good sense, she told Winifred just the way matters stood, and the girl from Oklahoma listened with a little smile as she combed Betty's soft curls over her finger in little close ringlets.

"Why, of course, I understand, Mrs. Ramsey," she said gently. "I'll tell you what we'll do. I have promised one of the girls in my chemistry class to run Sunday with her. She lives at a farm just outside town and I can skate down the river to the place. It will be lots of fun. You can tell Everett."

Mrs. Ramsey never quite forgot the look of the man that came to the door, the face when she told him. He had come home whistling the night of the dance, and he'd been down one of the boy's rooms over a chafing-dish spread, and started up the stairs three steps at a time to dress when she spoke to him.

"I thought it best to try and make her understand how unpleasant the other girls might make it for her if she went," she concluded. "Now, don't be foolish, Everett."

"Foolish," he laughed shortly. "Aunt Betsy, she's going to skate five miles down the river to the Davieses, and every student has been warned against skating on account of the danger. There isn't a soul to hear her if she screams for help. I'm going after her. You'd better tell Uncle Felix, and let him try and get some help after us. We'll need it."

He caught his skates and boots from the hall seat box and was going before she realized it. It seemed miles even to the river. He took the short cut over the hill, put on his boots and struck out along the shore, where the ice seemed thickest.

Pines and oaks lined the hills around. In the moonlight the dried, leathery leaves of the latter looked like frost foliage, he thought. A young moon skimmed the sky low to the south. Back in the town he heard the frat call from back of the boys as they went on to the dance. But before him stretched the ice-covered river like a curving silver road unwinding before him, and no sign of Winifred. As he left the town, behind him began to call her name, the pet name Betty gave her.

"Win! Oh, Win!" And finally he saw her ahead, well out in midstream, skating leisurely with the long, steady glide she had. He caught up with her, thanking heaven she was safe. She turned her head and looked back at him just as the ice cracked under his feet, and he saw the black water surge up between them.

"Don't come near!" he shouted to her, but she already swerved to meet him, and as the great sheet of ice bent down she went with it ahead of him.

The weight of his skates and heavy boots in midstream, skating leisurely with the long, steady glide she had. He caught up with her, thanking heaven she was safe. She turned her head and looked back at him just as the ice cracked under his feet, and he saw the black water surge up between them.

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But she had kept her balance going

more lives than the justly celebrated black cat.

The Old Rascal, a perfectly good Christian gentleman too, is visiting in Chicago, and he pens us this:

To leave this Windy City, For as I "skirt" the crowd, I see they are getting shorter, shorter, I should like to see a report—her, You dear old Shorter—What?

Ain't men the terrible things, though. The old chap must be near where the breezes blow.

Oh, little barroom, don't you cry, You'll be awful quiet, by and by.

We nominate Ty Cobb as the first to hit Billy Sunday's sawdust trail in Detroit. He could do that trick to suit Billy.

"Where are the boys of the Old Brigade," sings the bartender sweetly, as he hands out an ice cream cone to a famished customer.

Barnmaids may come to London. No person will become very affectionate towards them on soda pop.

A lot of men are having teeth treated so they can get a jag of laughing gas.

We saw several young men with feathers in their hats yesterday, and we wondered why murder was so uncommon.

We have not noticed that spiritual jags, as a person once called religious hysteria, have become common since the dry wave.

We met a man who announced that

he was \$3.45 ahead this week, as a result of prohibition. He is thinking of buying furs for the kids.

Elihu Root advises the surplus lawyers in the United States to go to work on short-handed farm. They don't raise bets by law exercises.

Although this is the draft season for baseball, some of them will not be left out in the cold.

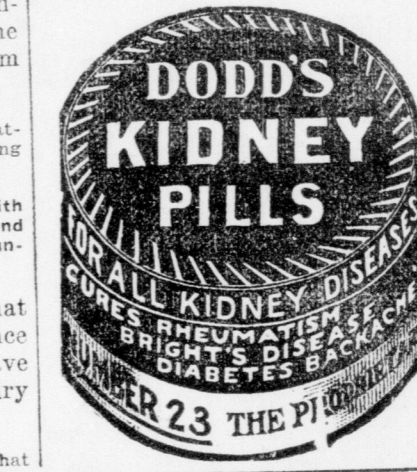
The city council meetings are becoming so respectable that they are hardly worth attending.

The landlord does not fill the flowing bowl any more.

AVERAGE RECOMMENDATION. Mrs. Willis—What is all this political talk about?

Mr. Willis—I'm surprised at your ignorance. They are electing a president, a servant of the people. This platform that you hear about is a list of his recommendations. Would you care to read it?

Mrs. Willis—No, thanks. When you have had as much experience hiring servants as I have, you'll know just



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The first thing you notice about this new Milk Macaroni, is its rich flavor. It is so different from the ordinary imported Macaroni. Catelli's—Catelli's is made only from the famous Semolina flour and milk.—CATELLI'S Milk Macaroni has a richness, a smoothness, a bright clear yellow color, entirely different from the dull insipid unwhitening imported kinds. Catelli's Milk Macaroni is so rich in gluten that it never breaks up in boiling, but retains its form and consistency perfectly. Ask your Grocer. This accounts for its wonderful food value—its flesh and strength building properties. Eat more Macaroni—Our book tells how to prepare it in more than a hundred different styles. Write for a copy—sent free.

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WAIT A MINUTE!

—By J. H. F.

The Detroit News awaits with dread the appearance of a new trench song, which is said to be tragic and profane. It will be something awful if this old lady's feelings are hurt in the slightest.

The gent who wrote the pretty thing, "Half a leg onward," must have been parading London's streets.

The onion crop of California has been cornered. Tears, idle tears, we know now what you mean.

After a visit to the country, and a minute inspection of the corn husks, we rise to prophecy that it will either be a very cold, a very mild or a moderate winter. Take your choice.

A lady says she can look on the girl's gown without turning a hair. They are turning a lot of men's heads, though.

However, it did not need a controversy in the newspapers to call the attention of men that the skirts were short and the shoulders bare.

That eloquent outburst of silence from Sir Sam Hughes is adding much to the happiness of the autumn.

Hon. Bob Rogers is playing a Mmo. Thebes part, and is forecasting events. Play Bob's stuff the other way.

It looks as if Turkey and Bulgaria may eventually be fried in Greece. That is about time.

"Idle Wives" is the name of a movie play. It does not move the wives, though.

There is an argument in some journals as to whether or not the lady is the earliest bird to get up in the morning. We don't know, but we will gamble the family plate on a flock of sparrows that live in our neighborhood.

Doc. Cook says the next dash to the pole will be by air. His dash was by hot air, so to speak.

Every time we see a man with a feather in his hat, we apologize to the women for criticizing their garb.

Villa is so badly wrecked that he has captured a Mexican city. He has

It's Your Place to Wait.

WOULD you call on a busy man at his office, send in your card, and then, when he had indicated that he could see you, keep him waiting while you finished reading an article in a magazine in his outer office?

It is just as important when you telephone that you be ready to talk when your party answers!

It shows consideration for the other person's time. It makes for a more cordial welcome, and it gives you the advantage of having gained good will by your correct telephone practice.

A prompt and courteous greeting at the telephone helps to smooth the way for a successful conversation.

The Bell Telephone Co. OF CANADA.

about how much the average recommendation is worth.

ASTONISHES UNITED STATES. [Detroit News.] Thirteen workers were killed in the Quebec bridge disaster, yet the construction company admits full responsibility and promises to make restitution in so far as it is able. There is little chance that this attitude will be regarded as a precedent for other corporations to follow.

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Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment will help you when all else fails. Nothing better for the skin, sample of each free with 22-page skin book. Address: Cuticura, Boston, U. S. A.

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Daily 40c fare extended to Oct. 10.

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Sunday service commences at 6:20 a.m., commencing June 13, 1916.

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