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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.  
London, Ont., Thursday, Sept. 12.

## SHAUGHNESSY'S VIEWS.

**B**ARON SHAUGHNESSY says that readjustment for Canada after the war will be quick because of the country's resources and her ability to adapt herself to conditions.

The attracting of public attention to the outlook is commendable on the part of the man who had such a role in the construction of the C. P. R. one who saw the vista beyond the lakes where other men saw only the old Canada. No man should be more capable of giving a common-sense opinion on the subject than Baron Shaughnessy.

He would not idly administer tonic tablets unless he was conscious of the signs of the times. He may not even observe these signs except in a general way, but he may feel the suppressed impulses that fill this youthful country. We have been suffering from the high fever of war times, and we have been carried along under the hypodermic of intense patriotism. There must come a period of recovery when the fever has gone down, but just as many men grow stronger as the result of a serious illness, so must Canada soon shake off the momentary depression and weakness, and, finding new strength flooding through young limbs, throw away the invalid's chair and the shrill crutches and rush forward to the old work with an unconquerable spirit to achieve.

Baron Shaughnessy has seen this country pass through seasons of financial dissipation with an inevitable sickness of body and soul. But war has been a season of tremendous stress performed because of principle and sacrifice, rather than from greed and commercialism. The war crisis has tried the soul and the strength of the growing western giant, but just as many boys have gone to the front to return as full-grown men, so must the nation emerge conscious of its strength and determined to attain the destiny that lies on a clearly defined trail.

The country will proceed with the business of getting the soldiers back to Canada in an orderly manner as possible. As the distinguished railroader says, it cannot be done in a few weeks, and the country must prepare itself for the task of re-establishing these men in a sensible manner, without neglect and without forgetting that they are Canadians who wish to make of their home land the best in which to live, not alone for themselves, but for the sturdy future generations that are to follow the people who lived through the years of the great war.

## OUR COUNTRY VISITORS.

**O**NE WHO searched for the proverbial haystack of the alleged jokesmiths on farmers' day at the Western Fair did not get a chance to indulge his doubtful sense of humor. The thousands who flocked to the city were well dressed, upstanding, well-educated people, with no show of ostentation in their clothes or bearing, but with a general air of prosperity and neatness and deportment that would do credit to any gathering of strictly urban folk.

In the days of the long struggle to clear the land, the hard-handed farmer had to bend his back and give little thought to the outer man. He grew a long beard if it suited him, and he was sometimes amazed by the sights of the city, quite as much as the sights of the country may have amazed the ardent city chap. But today the tiller of the soil and his wife have all the advantages of the city dweller. In another ten years it will be a toss-up as to which one has the most real comforts of life. Roadways that will carry motor-car traffic will bring almost every farmer within an hour's ride of city or town, and his relation to the city will be that of the city dweller who hangs on a strap and travels ten miles to and from work, with this difference, that the farmer will not hang on a strap. Nor will he work such long hours. Motorized farm implements will make farm life one of comparative ease, when the old days are considered.

## WESTERN ONTARIO A FLOWERY LAND.

**A** GLIMPSE at the exhibits at the Western Fair, and a mental comparison with the fairs of former years, compels the conclusion that Western Ontario is making splendid advancement. There is no better evidence of refinement than flowers, and the genuine pleasure experienced in looking at the flower exhibits causes one to agree with the poet who said "flowers are God's creatures." The exhibit from St. Thomas was magnificent. The dahlias were particularly fine. An exhibit of very large and beautiful pansies was staged across the aisle from the St. Thomas exhibit. The London exhibit was arranged with the greatest taste, and took the prize, but we do not envy the judges the task of determining between St. Thomas and London which was entitled to first place. It is quite clear Western Ontario can become a flowery land.

## THE VIEWS OF W. H. TAFT.

**W**ILLIAM H. TAFT, former president of the United States, was staying at the Ritz-Carlton at Montreal on his way back from Murray Bay, where he has a summer cottage. When he ascertained that our representative was from London he inquired how his friend Betts was, and referred to the death of Sir George Gibbons. He made inquiry regarding the Gibbons family.

He touched on the war, and expressed the opinion that the splendid part Canada had taken in the conflict had placed this country in a front rank among the nations of the world. Canada and the States now fighting side by side for free-

dom and democracy would be remembered long after the end of the war.

Great Britain, Canada and the United States were closer together than ever. Even Irish-Americans who wanted home rule wanted more that the Germans should be defeated. They desired Irishmen to take their full share in fighting Germany, and securing peace that would mean to all the world so much that was necessary to make life worth living, and secure to all the world the blessings enjoyed so freely on this continent.

Throughout the whole conversation it was evident that ex-President Taft is a true friend of Canada, and sincerely admires the bravery of the Canadian boys. He believes they have won for Canada a foremost place among the nations. He believes it means closer friendship between Canada and his own country, that will never be weakened, and while sincerely regretting the loss of life by the war, such loss of life should be regarded as a glorious privilege.

His own son is at the front.

## NOT IN VAIN.

**A**S THE WAR proceeds, with all its horrors and sacrifices, national and personal, it is becoming more and more evident that such sacrifices will not be in vain. Great Britain and her allies will win. The road to victory may be hard and awful yet. The Hindenburg line is ten miles deep in some places. Simonds in his letters says it can be taken. Poch says he will pursue the foe implacably. Haig says the enemy has shot his bolt. We can have no more reliable evidence. It gives faith and strength to the Allied nations. Believing they can win will enable them to do so.

Canada's part is glorious. It has paid over one hundred dollars per head of its population, and for charity over twelve dollars per head. The financial strength of Canada has proved to be equal to its loyalty. Its boys are equal to the best in the world.

The British Empire is the nucleus of a league of nations. Each of its great colonies is a separate nation, and each responded to the call to as full an extent as if it were in reality a separate, independent nation. Add to these France, Italy, the United States and other Allied nations, and jointly they can "hold the world in awe," and hold the world in peace. The mad man of Europe must first be conquered. The time is approaching when Poch will finish his work. Then the league of nations will make sure that never again will it be necessary for Marshal Poch or any of the great generals, who have fought so grandly for the right, again to take the field for any cause. Peace for all time will be secured.

## AN ALLY OF GERMANY.

**T**HE MONTHLY organ published by the conservation commission makes the following strong appeal to the Canadian people, and it is reprinted at the request of a businessman: Germany has a powerful ally working within the boundaries of Canada. Its operations are very effective. It enters munition plants and causes explosions. It cripples hundreds of factories which are laboring to produce war-time necessities. It waits until the grain in the fields is ripe for harvest, and then destroys it over thousands of acres, or else it bides its time until the harvested crops have been stored in elevators and obliterates them by the hundreds of thousands of bushels. It operates in every city and town and in the country districts. It is unceasing in its activities, working by night as well as by day, and for every hour of the twenty-four. It enters countless homes, bringing devastation and sorrow; and last, but not least, it causes heavy loss of life.

This foe is not an "alien enemy," but comes of good Canadian stock. It is encouraged by millions of people who believe themselves to be patriotic. Without their help, it would soon be overcome. The name of this great enemy is Preventable Fire, and its principal cause is Canadian carelessness.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Broad aisles for all Western Fair buildings are a need which must wait on inevitable expansion.

What do we care for a September shower? was the song of the farmer who visited the exhibition.

The 7th Regiment Band got "soaked" twice yesterday, but no one will blame the Lord's Day Alliance.

No matter what one may think the Fair might be, it must be admitted that the present policy gets the crowds. Not a seat left in the stands yesterday.

It would be well if the committee in charge of the Art Building would arrange for readable tickets showing the names of exhibiting artists on their pictures.

He was a midway speller, and he got into the Art Building by mistake, perhaps. The crowd carried him through, and as he looked at one or two classic sketches he said: "Gee, if we showed them they'd make us cover 'em up."

London's traffic officers deserve all manner of credit for handling the enormous stream of motor traffic which poured along every principal thoroughfare. Any accidents that occurred could not be attributed to lack of care by the men in blue.

Since they heard what the boys in the trenches had to put up with in the way of slush and mud, people are becoming less finicky about a few drops of rain. They are even capable of considering themselves a bit more patriotic to go home with wet feet.

## WILL TURN BOLSHIEVSKI.

To raise the price of a hair cut to a dollar, as is proposed, would throw mankind into a panic. The average man can shave himself, but he would be helpless if he were thrown on his own resources for the rest of his hirsute adornment. Only the Bolsheviks could view the possibility with composure.

## "SOME" DRIVE.

It is all in the way one looks at things. Yesterday the Nugget displayed in its window a war bulletin announcing that the total German casualties were now over six million. "By gosh," said one man, who was studiously reading the bulletins over audibly, "that sure was some drive."

## ORDER REVERSED.

That the war has reversed the order of many things is a fact that must particularly impress the American soldiers in Italy who are now, according to the dispatches, laying railroad tracks in that country. And it cannot be wholly lacking in humor to the Italians who formerly labored in America and are now in the ranks at home and, perhaps, looking on.

## The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.  
"THE AMERICAN PLAN."  
[By Imes MacDonald.]

Freed of his official duties for a few short weeks, Holbrook cast off all responsibility and abandoned himself to the arduous task of enjoying himself. That afternoon he left the resort with his hundreds of bathers behind and strolled far up the broad beach that sloped down from the sea to the foot of a low bluff along which was a row of summer houses. Panama in hand, he breathed deep of the fine sea air and let the brisk breeze blow the warm sunlight through his light hair, pausing before a great log that had been flung high on the shore during some storm. And finally, until a little sigh of content he laid himself down on the sand in the strip of shade cast by the log and dozed off to sleep.

Presently, down the long flight of stone steps that led from one of the houses on the bluff a short distance beyond shaded a bathing suit seeking the deserted beach. The bathing suit in question was rather well filled, and its color of bright blue was startlingly enhanced by the flaming scarlet of the jaunty cap. The young person who occupied the colorful equipment waved her arms joyously at her temporary truce from conventional restraint, and domed from conventional restraint, and raced down the beach.

However, Holbrook missed all of this, for he was peacefully sleeping on the farther side of the log which obstructed the path of the running girl. Without hesitation she leaped high in the air in order to clear the log. Too late she saw with consternation the man who slept in unconsciousness of his fate, and in a frenzy she flung out her feet in an effort to keep from landing on him, thereby positioning her 124 pounds in a sitting position right in the centre of his unprotected chest.

At that inauspicious but identical moment of concussion Holbrook was busily engaged in dreaming himself a dream wherein he had just plowed through Yale's ironclad defence for a five-yard gain, and had just been gassed in a cross between a groan and a curse. "Down, you rummy, down," he cried, "you big cheese!" He moved his arms feebly and then his half-open eyes caught sight of something white and blue-streaked ankles. "Some quarter-back," he murmured, and his bewildered glance moved on, stopping at the wide brown eyes that stared into his from under the scarlet cap.

She said to him, "You're the sand beside him and burst into a torrent of Spanish, contritely patting the place she had just vacated.

"It is with so much regret that I sit on you," she said. "Many times have I jumped over the log, and never before has a man been under where I sit. Your suffering must be of such greatness. I implore that you forgive me."

"It's all right," conceded Holbrook, with a grin. "With a little practice I think I could get used to it." He arose weakly on one elbow and looked up at the comically out of the corner of his eye. Whereat the recent bombardment sat back on her feet and giggled hysterically.

"I think for one long time I have killed you dead," she said. "Many times," she said in English. Then her face flamed with sudden color. "It is not that, but I am not sorry," she bubbled, "but I am so excited for the first time I sit on a man."

By this time Holbrook had gained sufficiently in health to be able to sit up with his legs toward the log, and she sat facing him, every now and then raising up anxiously on her knees to peep over the log toward the house. She chattered and talked half the time, forgetting herself and slipping into Spanish, while Holbrook teased her politely, till finally there came a call from the direction of the house.

Holbrook started to rise, but the girl looked at him protestingly.

"Carmenita," she said, "be repeated. 'It is what you call my auntie,' said the girl demurely, but with sparkling eyes.

"I shall go, but you must not be seen by her. For me to talk to you is terrible," she laughed as she slid over the log, at the same time waving toward the house, and then, looking back over her shoulder, she said to Holbrook, "I am so excited for the first time I sit on a man."

Together the two walked on ahead and just as Holbrook came abreast of the shop the clerk came running out and called after the two who had by this time gone some distance down the street.

"Senorita, your change," called the clerk. "You forgot your change. I dare not leave the shop," he complained to Holbrook.

"I know them," offered Holbrook, "I shall take it to her." And so it happened that Holbrook overtook the man and girl with a quarter and a nickel in his hand.

"The senorita seems to have forgotten her hat in her hand. And then she smiled more broadly than ever as the genial glances of the elderly man engaged his. "Why, it's the ambassador," exclaimed Holbrook. "I'm Holbrook," he said, "under-secretary at the American legation at Rome. You used to be a frequent caller," said the ambassador, extending his hand. "Some five or six years ago, when I was drawing in Washington now."

"Yes, I read of your appointment," said the ambassador, "and your daughter," introduced the diplomat. And Holbrook looked down into the face of the girl who was his sister.

"How is your chest?" she asked naively. "The senior is the man I sit on so abruptly," she explained to her father.

"By Jove," said the ambassador, "Carmenita is by no means a lightweight. You must have been drawing in the woodshed a jolt like that without injury."

"She did make quite an impression on me," the ambassador admitted Holbrook frankly. "She did make quite an impression on me," the ambassador admitted Holbrook frankly. "She did make quite an impression on me," the ambassador admitted Holbrook frankly.

## THE TERRIBLE TEMPERED MR. BANG

Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.  
—By FONTAINE FOX.



The Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang is shooting a little better game of golf these days.

## BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE MCLUKE  
(Copyright, 1918.)

**Aw, Gwan!**  
A jolly blind man is Bill Blind. Said he: "I have few cares. I walk around with ease, but find it hard to get up stairs."

**Then It Happened.**  
"I guess you could," mused the Rummy, as he picked up his change. "You guess you could, what?" demanded the Barkeep, as he grabbed a bottle.

"Why, if an American stutters, I guess you could say that he speaks broken English," replied the Rummy, as he headed for the door.

**Advice.**  
Fair warning I bring. In this song that I sing. It may save you worry and strife; If you have a sweet smile Some female to beguile. My friend, take it home to your wife.

**Paw Knows Everything.**  
Willie—Paw, what is a necessary evil? Paw—An alarm clock, my son.

**Correct.**  
"I am going out into the world to acquire wealth and experience," bragged the Youth.

**Well,** replied the Old Man, "it is a cinch that you'll get the experience."

**First Call.**  
"Cut this out," said Old Man Hurley. "Do your Christmas Shopping early."

**Friends.**  
The man who works his friends is blind. A friend's a friend from West to East; The man who has true friends, you'll find.

**Is he who uses them the least.**  
—Luke McLuke.

**The way to test a friendship true.**  
And know the vital spark's alive, Is when bad luck has come to you. To try to touch him up for five.

**—L. A. Handley, Richmond, Ind.**  
**Atta Boy!**  
On the eve of his journey Over There, John Callahan, Company A, Third Machine, and Twenty-fifth Machine Gun, Camp Mills, Long Island, writes: "We

are going over and get the Huns. Then we are coming back and get the Dicks."

**He Can Sleep Soundly Now.**  
A reader wants to know what has become of the old-fashioned hotel night clerk who used to have to "gun-shoe" around the halls looking for trouble?

**Names is Names.**  
Kate Kant Koo lives in Bangor, Maine.

**Our Daily Special.**  
An Ounce of Prevention Costs Less Than a Pound of Cure.

**Luke McLuke Says.**  
If a girl is pretty enough, she doesn't even need wings on her hat to make a man think she is an angel.

**We are always glad to help out a good cause.** so we will charge nothing for this suggestion: Install a steam calliope in each church and play the hymns on it, and you won't be able to keep the children away from church on Sunday.

**Any self-made man can tell you that there are a heap of tollgates along the road to success.**

**We wish we could get an automobile at the valuation given by the owner to the tax assessor. That is the only way we know of to secure a \$2,000 car for \$200.**

**During the first week that his wife is away a man is never so lonely as his letters indicate. But after that he is telling the truth.**

**The reason why so many men land in the poorhouse is because they never can see it from a distance.**

**One good thing about the present styles is that a woman isn't expected to wear a belt that is smaller around than her neck.**

**A girl may be dead in love when she marries. But later on some other man is liable to come along and bring her back to life.**

**Always remember that a man who is crooked is certain to be in straightened circumstances before long.**

**This soothing ointment heals the irritated skin and keeps it soft and pliable. By its anti-septic influence it prevents the spreading of skin trouble.**

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**When at the Fair Just you hear that Complete Phonograph The BRUNSWICK**

**TAKE A "CASCARET" TONIGHT AND SEE!**

**Spend a Dime! Live Your Liver and Bowels and Feel Fine.**

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**ROYAL YEAST**  
Has been Canada's favorite yeast for over a quarter of a century. Bread baked with Royal Yeast will keep fresh and moist longer than that made with any other, so that a full week's supply can easily be made at one baking, and the last loaf will be just as good as the first.  
MADE IN CANADA  
E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED  
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

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