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THE LONDON ADVERTISER
COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, Sept. 20.

CANADIANS ON OFFENSIVE.

AT LAST the Canadians have had an opportunity to take part, as an important factor, in a great ofensiva, and they have more than made good. They have added fresh honors to the glorious name they earned while playing the perhaps more difficult role of defenders of dangerous positions.

Without in any way criticizing Sir Max Aikens' accounts of Canadian activities, one can hardly help wishing Frederick Palmer had been the official observer. He understands the boys so well and his language fits them and their deeds as a glove fits the hand. "No home run was expected from them, but only a sacrifice fly, but they made a home run and brought in all the men on bases." In these few words the whole story is told and even those who are not baseball fans cannot fail to understand.

But even this wonderful achievement, "gained absolutely on time," did not satisfy, for they saw possibilities ahead. To the fact that they were under the command of General Byng must be attributed some of their further success. Had he been a martinet, bound up in red tape, he would have forbidden further advances, but instead he realized that his men had initiative and brains and could be trusted. He encouraged them to strike while the iron was hot and they struck effectively.

Volunteers, offering their lives to protect home and humanity, the Canadians have been itching for a chance to attack and smash the foe. They have bided their time and endured more than tongue can tell in the meanwhile, but now that they have earned their fame in assault, as well as defence, they will be even more valuable and formidable forces. Failure is an unknown word to them and will so remain.

It is typical of the men that the staff lacked word of the success of their movement, until they had swept past their objective and dug themselves in on advanced ground; they put deeds first and reports last. No finer assurance of their morale could be given than the statement of one of them that they were so busy digging themselves in they had not time to send news. "They thought it would be taken for granted that they had not there."

ENCOURAGING BY LIES.

ETHER THE German espionage system has become useless or there is an attempt being made to instill courage into the hearts of the fighting Hun forces by telling them Britain is growing weaker. Only so could these reports be spread that there was hardly a fresh British division left to take up the struggle.

The British Isles are full of well-trained soldiers, Canada is sending across 50,000 before winter sets in and hundreds of thousands of those now in France have never been thrown into the front firing lines.

With 29 of the 35 divisions of Germans brought against the British withdrawn because of exhaustion, it is no wonder that the ones taking their places require some artificial stimulant. But lies cannot help for long. The shock will be all the greater when the truth is realized—that Britain can bring up more fresh divisions now than Germany has for her whole battle front.

INCREASE OF MOTOR CARS.

DURING the week it was no uncommon thing to see one thousand and more cars parked in and around Queen's Park, not to mention the hundreds accommodated in other parts of the city. The increase in numbers of these vehicles was one of the striking features of the fair, and one which has given rise to no small amount of thought.

For years, one of the heaviest arguments against local option or prohibition has been that when liquor licenses were cut off hotels would go out of business and the stabling room for horses, already taxed to capacity on busy days, would be reduced and become far from sufficient. The advent of motor cars in such great numbers has rendered this argument useless. There are no statistics to show what proportion of farmers came to London last week in horse-drawn vehicles, but it is quite safe to say that half came in motor cars or trucks. The need of stabling is growing less and less every year.

The number of these gasoline-driven machines also has a direct bearing on the advisability of building radial lines promiscuously. Not long ago it seemed most desirable that wherever the amount of business warranted lines, these should be constructed, not only for the benefit of the people living along the route but for the sake of the city into which the cars would be turning. It was then fairly easy to estimate the probable traffic on

such lines by the numbers of farms and people who came within touch of the proposed railways, as nearly all could be counted on to utilize the quick transport offered them.

But today a very careful count would have to be made of the automobiles along the route and of the people who were likely to purchase machines in the near future, for owners of cars would give but little business to radial lines. At best the latter would only be available at certain fixed times in the day, while the motor car which stands in its garage is ready at any moment to whirl its owner into the city and back again.

The motor car reached the farmer before the radial lines, and will be difficult to displace in his affections. Of course there will always be some in every community who have not cars, but whether there will be enough of them to assure success to rural radial lines is a question which will have to be satisfactorily answered before the public gives its support to great undertakings.

A QUEEN IN SERVICE.

THERE IS a touching story told by a journalist, Jean de Bonneton, of the finding of ex-Queen Nathalie of Serbia working as a maid in a hospital, after disappearing from her palace at Biarritz. He says the former haughty queen is performing most menial and tiring duties and requests the location of her retreat be kept secret, as she intends to continue her labors until the war ends.

As to the truth of the story, there may be two opinions, but it is not at all improbable. A strong, healthy woman, with deep love of country, she may easily have decided that by humility and hard work she could better overcome her sorrows and losses and aid her people than by seeking refuge in another land and living on the generosity of friends.

With home and position temporarily gone, and little that she could do in exile to alleviate the sufferings of her fellow-Serbs, service in a hospital where she could at least make living or dying more comfortable for the soldiers who came may have seemed her best opportunity. If her strength is sufficient, she will not suffer by the change, and when the war is over her prestige will have increased rather than diminished. Members of Britain's royal family have been acting as waitresses at refreshment stalls for soldiers in London and have endeavored themselves to the nation by such acts.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"Up, Guards, and at 'em!" is still a command to be dreaded by the foe.

To call a man a "tank" may take on a new significance since last week's British offensive.

With beef 44 a pound in Vienna, it is easy to understand there are many meatless days.

The Bulgars have been playing a bold and dangerous game, but King Ferdinand has been keeping far from the danger zone.

It is strange that in spite of so many men injured by bulls attacking them every year, farmers still neglect to use a leading pole instead of a rope.

With the extremely heavy loss in British officers, it does seem positions might be found for all those commissioned Canadians who have failed to get appointments.

British Columbia soldiers overseas are said to have voted in favor of prohibition. That will be a sad blow to those who counted on soldiers' help in reopening Ontario bars.

That Mexican peace conference threatens to share the fate of Ford's memorable effort in Europe. The delegates nearly clash over methods of procedure.

Possibly if the wages of Belgian miners, with the prices they have to pay for necessities, were shown to the workmen who are demanding higher pay in Britain, the latter would withdraw their demands.

Major-General Lesard, C.B.E., is reported to have announced that he hopes to retire to his farm this fall. Without the opportunity for which he is so thoroughly qualified, to lead Canadian forces, he probably considers farming more useful than staying at home soldiering.

LIVING IN THE PAST.

[Ladies' Home Journal.]
It is a sure sign of old age creeping on, say some folks, when the mind insistently turns back and lives in the past. But is it? If that past is pleasant to dwell upon, is it the part of the mind to forget it? Is it not, after all, a pretty sure sign of a life well lived when in later years one likes to go back into the years past, to let the mind dwell on what has gone before, and when one feels that the friends of early years are still the friends of later life? All life is not lived in the present and future, as the young believe. It is natural that youth has this notion, since no background can exist except through experience. It is as we live in the present and future that later gives us a background to look back upon, and it is something deep and fine and vital that turns the mind back upon the retrospect of a life well spent.

EXPERIENCED BOYS.

The teacher was trying to make his pupils understand that all good comes from one source.
As an illustration he told them of building a house and putting water-pipes with taps in all the rooms, these pipes not being connected with the main in the street.
"Suppose I turn on a tap and no water comes, what is the matter?"
He naturally supposed that some of the boys would answer that the water was not turned on at the main; but they didn't. On the contrary, one boy at the foot of the class called out: "You didn't pay your water rate!"

The Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang Decides He Has Listened to That Hawaiian Ukelele Phonograph Record Just About Long Enough.

BY FONTAINE FOX.



The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The Man and the Miracle

BY ALLISON BURR.

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

"Well, I've invited Wilbur Kirk and his mother for the week-end," Mrs. Ames gave her niece a sideways glance. "Yes, Aunt Lucy," answered Nell, without enthusiasm.

"We'll be going back to town week after next, and I wanted to have them so you could meet Mrs. Kirk informally here."

"Yes, Aunt Lucy, I wish I could make you see how impossible it is for me to like Wilbur Kirk in the way you want me to like him."

"And I wish I could make you see that he is far superior to any young man who has paid you marked attention since you came out last fall."

"But, Aunt, even if I saw all the greatness that you seem to see in him, it would make no difference. It will be something more human than such superiority that will win my heart."

"I suppose you've got some romantic notions about 'cavemen' or some such nonsense."

"Not at all, auntie. I like men who are modern and well groomed, but who make no special parade either of their mental, moral or physical superiority, and that lets out Wilbur and the cavemen, too."

Nell's brown eyes brightened mischievously. "And some day I'll present you a nice nephew built along those lines. So don't you worry."

Mrs. Ames shook her well-waved and tightly-netted grey head as Nell, daintily pretty in a white gown and a floppy, rose-crested hat, started down a boardwalk toward the postoffice with a handful of letters to mail.

As Nell came out of the little frame postoffice, she caught the tinkling sound of Hawaiian stringed instruments playing a lilting melody that was soothing to her restless mood. Following the sound, she went down the boardwalk and found that the musicians were stationed in the centre of a large refreshment pavilion which she often patronized.

So many other people had been attracted by the music that nearly all the tables in the place were filled, but the bustling manager found Nell a small table over near a corner of the pavilion where she had a glimpse of the water front. With the menu card in her hand she sat for a moment dreamily listening to the music and watching the frothy little white caps follow one after another to the water's edge. She was thinking that some-where there was just such a man as she had pictured to her aunt, and she was wondering when and where she should meet that man. She had quite forgotten about ordering anything until she became conscious that a man had paused expectantly beside her table.

"Without looking up she gave a careless glance at the menu card, and asked: 'Do you still serve that delicious peach miracle?'"

"I beg your pardon," said a man's full-toned voice, and looking up, she saw, not a waiter as she had expected, but a much-tanned young gentleman in a blue serge suit that covered a well-proportioned figure six feet in height. It was Nell's turn to beg pardon now, and she did it in a state of very pretty embarrassment.

"This seems to be the only seat left," said the young man, indicating the vacant chair at Nell's small table. "Have you any objection to my occupying it?"

"Not at all," said Nell, and she began studiously to scan the menu card.

The hurrying waiters passed easily back and forth among the crowded tables, but one of them with a tray of iced held flat in his upturned hand, looked over his shoulder to catch an order called out by an impatient patron just as he rounded a corner, and the next instant his tray struck the shoulders of the waiter who was leaning forward to take Nell's order.

A ball of well-frozen pink ice cream tumbled from the tray and went rolling across the table straight for Nell's lap. When it was on the very edge of the table and Nell and the waiters were watching it in wide-eyed helplessness the sunburned hand of the tall young man opposite shot across the table and grabbed it so firmly that it became a flattened mass of pink mushiness.

While the penitent waiters replaced the cloth and provided a fingerbowl Nell and the young man laid aside reserve and laughed lightly about the awkward incident.

"A moment ago I asked you whether you served peach miracle," said Nell, "but you've made it very evident now that you can even stop a miracle already in progress."

"Yes, did it look the part?"

"I can't say; it's my first experience with miracles, and I had no idea I could get on with them so well." He was saying to himself that Nell herself was a member of the miracle tribe, and his eyes gave out so much of his thoughts that Nell was glad the waiter reappeared then to finish taking her interrupted order.

She decided afterward that silence would be more embarrassing than conversation, so, as they ate their ices, they chatted and enjoyed the music together.

"That music certainly strikes my ear pleasantly," said the young man, "for I've been four months in a mining camp where a metallic graphophone grinding out ragtime was the only thing that even pretended to be music."

Immediately Nell attributed the sunburn to the outdoor life of a mining engineer and drew a pleasing mental picture of the young man opposite in coroduro and puttees. And, as other women have done, she had jumped to the right conclusion.

"Of course one would miss much in such a life," she said, "yet it must be heavenly to miss many of the complications of a more formal life—I mean the things that are little."

"You're right about that!" His eyes flashed responsively. "My aunt, who kindly assumed charge of me when my parents died, was disappointed that I didn't take to one of the learned professions. Maybe it's my tendency to be little that makes me want to dodge the little lickerings and irritating details of a complex life, but I've found out this, if a fellow can't grow big in an outdoor life he hasn't the capacity for bigness."

Nell was sure now that she had met the man of her dreams and she could have wept because her ice cream was all gone and she had no further excuse for remaining, as the musicians were silent for the moment.

"You shouldn't even think the word 'maybe' when speaking of a man who surmounts miracles." She smiled as she said this and the man smiled back, but back of both smiles was a yearning look that told of regret that the time for parting had come. When they rose from the table Nell extended her hand to the young man as a gentle way of saying that their acquaintance was at an end.

"I shall not forget your coming to my rescue," she said sweetly.

"And I shall not forget you," he said. Her eyes fell before the wistfulness in his and she withdrew her hand and left the place without either of them speaking another word.

When she reached her aunt's cottage Mrs. Ames was enthusiastic over a telephone call just received from Wilbur Kirk saying that he and his mother would motor out that evening instead of waiting until Saturday morning. Nell couldn't even manage a polite interest in Wilbur Kirk now, and throughout that followed, when they sat on the front porch awaiting their guests, she was so silent that Mrs. Ames finally gave up trying to carry on a conversation with her.

Nell, looking at the moonlight on the water, was dreamily going over in her mind every glance of the eyes and every tone of the voice that had come to her that afternoon from the young man who seemed the embodiment of her ideal.

"There they are!" exclaimed Mrs. Ames delightedly, as a car drew up at the curb.

"I'm afraid we're dreadfully late," said Mrs. Kirk, when they were all inside the drawing-room, "but we stopped at the hotel for a little visit

with my nephew, Jack Ainslie, who is just in from South America. Jack insisted upon being a mining engineer instead of a minister or lawyer, as I wanted him to be, and when I see his fine physique and his tremendous manliness I'm glad he had his way about it. By the way, Mrs. Ames, I've asked him to call tomorrow."

"So glad you did," said Mrs. Ames effusively, and Wilbur wondered why Nell turned suddenly to the window just then and gazed outside. He would have wondered even more if he had heard her ecstatically murmuring something about "another miracle."

BREWER ASKED TO BE BURIED IN GERMANY

Lothar Reinhardt of Toronto Leaves Estate of \$223,773.

[Canadian Press.]
Toronto, Sept. 19.—The will of Lothar Reinhardt, the Toronto brewer, has been entered for probate at \$223,773.

Lothar Reinhardt attributed the much of it in Reinhardt brewery and hotel interests. The widow and four children are beneficiaries. One clause in the will directs that he be buried in Germany beside his mother, a provision which is not likely to be carried out at present.

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WAIT A MINUTE!

—By J. H. F.

They tell a story of a Chicago make-up man who put the advertisement for a vacuum cleaner under the cut of a certain politician. He should be decorated for that.

C. C. B., in the Detroit News, pulls this one—rather good, too: The Canadians won't mind the cold—it's so dry.

Those Chicago crooks had beautiful women to decoy the men. They must have imported the ladies, as they certainly could not be native to Chicago.

The soldiers are voting for prohibition. It would seem that a lot of folks figured they would vote for J. Barleycorn. Good-bye, John; you're through for good.

The German western line is said to be unshakable, but it looks to us to be very nervous just now.

We do not know who Hypatia is, but we will go it blind, and bet a perfectly-good quarter that she does not nor would she appear on the street in the uniforms worn by some of the flappers.

We dropped into a bar last evening, and found two bartenders playing solitaire, one at each end, and not a customer in sight. It was not like that in the old days.

It would be a good thing to send over a battalion of officers and see how they would make out, leading each other.

The British are going to fix coal prices. They should import some of the coal barons of the United States who know this game rather well.

A New York man has collected damages from a motorist who splashed dirty water all over him. Motorists will shortly have to take to the woods to escape damages.

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria is looking out of his bombproof cellar for an easy way to beat it to safety.

It would appear that the venture of the sub Deutschland was so successful that Germany will not try it again.

A gent in Los Angeles says that Canadian girls look worried because eligible men have gone to war, many of them never to come back. That is

CUNARD LINE

MONTREAL TO LONDON
(Via Falmouth.)

From Montreal. From London.
Sept. 5. Ascania. Sept. 23.
Sept. 23. AUSONIA. Oct. 12.
CABIN AND THIRD-CLASS.

MONTREAL TO BRISTOL
(Avenmouth Dock.)

From Bristol. From Montreal.
Sept. 26. Feltria. Oct. 12.
Oct. 3. FOLIA. Oct. 24.
CABIN PASSENGERS ONLY.

For information apply local ticket agent, or The Robert Reford Company, Limited, General Agents, 50 King Street East, Toronto.

If He Died—The Business Would Die

How often have you heard some such statement made about a particular business?

It means—that one man, either through technical knowledge, or through his ability as an executive, controls, for the time being, the destiny of the firm. If he died, creditors would become anxious, inquisitive or even troublesome. Many contingencies might arise to threaten the stability of the business.

Unless—his life was insured in favor of the firm.

It is possible to so insure "his" life that the storm can easily be weathered and the business successfully carried on without him.

The matter is very clearly dealt with in a book we have published, entitled "Personality in Business." It would be well worth your while to send for a copy and read it. You may have one for the asking.

THE IMPERIAL LIFE

Assurance Company of Canada

HEAD OFFICE TORONTO

Israel Taylor, Branch Mgr., London, Ont.

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a safe statement to make in California. It might be different here.

Some mummies have been found in Iowa. If this had happened in Indiana we would have come to the conclusion that they were candidates for the U. S. vice-presidency.

The average barroom these days makes a cemetery look like a riot of noise.

"It seems as if I do not want to leave home at night now," said a married man. "I am getting real chummy with my wife."

"I went home without wobbling last evening," said an inveterate sousa. "The youngsters hardly recognized me."

The receipts at one tavern yesterday for the beverages without the kick in them were \$4. That will not lift many mortgages.

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