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ing.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Saturday, September 14,

THE NEED FOR THRIFT.

THE OCCASION has come for Canadians to be told bluntly that there is definite need for the practice of thrift at the present hour. To the householder who exercises ordinary care and to the man who finds it necessary to spend every cent in order to support his family the appeal will not be required. But to the free spender who believes that he is safe in letting the future care for itself there is good cause to call for a more judicious disposal of his earnings.

Winter brings the call of thrift in any event. More food, more clothing and more fuel are required than in the summer. There are doctors' bills to pay, and in general the cost of living takes an incline toward the peak. Wages have been high, the country's prosperity has been unusual, but the hand-to-mouth policy so many practice will have to be changed, and the desire of saving increased.

Thrift will win the day, and an accumulation of savings will be a national safeguard against serious depression. All the countries at war are practicing thrift, with the possible exception of the United States, beyond any conception the Canadian people have of saving. The best example can be set by the rich, and by the Government, in cutting down the extravagance that continues to go on in many, if not all, branches of public service. Let the people call for high example, and show that in any event they will not injure themselves by emulating the acts of the free spenders and governmental wastrels.

A VALIANT WOMAN.

EMERSON DEFINES civilization as the power of good women, and, surely the civilization of Great Britain is of the purest brand that engenders the existence of a Women's Party fostered by such a character as Emmeline Pankhurst.

Her fame as a militant suffragette, determined to sacrifice personal inclinations and sympathies rather than abate one inch in her battle for sex emancipation, subsides before her glorious devotion to the cause of world liberty. At her best, the freedom-loving British woman turned interest and effort into a wider channel, and years of patient striving, of sternest self-denial, prepared them for the mighty tasks they have shouldered side by side with men.

Have men forsaken home, comfort, business, and estranged themselves from the most sacred personal ties to play the only part a man can play when drums beat and cannons roar? Yes. And have not women yielded to the demands of war wherever the tocsin sounded, from merciful service of knitting and sewing to laborious ploughing and shell-making?

In the figure of Mrs. Pankhurst one sees the spirit incarnate of freedom-loving womanhood. A woman of character so superior that the mind never pretends to efface the heart. Herein lies the secret of power as a positive factor in the advancement of any cause she espouses—sincerity of conviction, tenderness of sympathy and the rarest intuitive faculty.

Convinced of the enormous possibilities that lay in a direct appeal to the womanhood of unstable Russia, Mrs. Pankhurst volunteered to be one of a mission that was to offset the insidious work of certain pacifist labor representatives, well-known in England as peace-at-any-price politicians. She achieved her objective, in that she overrode every obstacle and obtained, not only admission to the country, but audience with the representatives of a shifting governmental system.

With her colleague, Mrs. Pankhurst made direct appeals to the women of the country. But, if civilization of a nation depends upon this power of good women, then has unprincipled Russia no claim to the status of a civilized nation, in that its women are a helpless class.

Just so there is a mighty division between the East and the West. One-half the world remains unprogressive, and under the load of a barbarous cultivation, women there are practically slaves. The other half advances towards freedom and light; the women are loved and honored.

And so Mrs. Pankhurst's work in Russia may yet bear fruit, in providing for the women of that country an incentive to espouse their own cause, to rise in defence of their homes, to protest against lawless strife and sacrilegious enactments.

Some author has written that the woman and the soldier who do not defend the first pass will never defend the last. And so this valiant woman throws the searchlight of her intuition over the horizon of the "home front," and points out where there is especial need of new defences. Her words are timely. Again quoting Emerson, woman is the best index of the coming hour. She calls attention to the responsibility that has devolved upon women in the industrial world; of the need of frequent heartfelt encouragement to those women who have bent to the important work of munitions. They are the soldiers on the home front, she says; help them to fight to the end, and make them feel that upon their good-will and concentrated effort victory depends, as much, even more, than upon the soldier in the trench.

This is the kernel of the message she bears from Great Britain, where labor is troubled and unsettled, across the seas to the younger lands, where all things are working together unto good. Apt words have power to "sauge the tumults of

a troubled mind, and are as balm to festered wounds."

When the men of Israel bowed in helplessness before Pharaoh, two women spurned his edicts and refused his behests. Moses was preserved by a mother and a sister; Esther saved her people from kingly wrath; Judith and Jephthah's daughter, two more illustrious women of ancient days, appeared in time of storm and stress to save a land from peril. Perhaps even yet it may be given to women to forge the chain that shall bind the allied nations in strength and safety to a victorious peace; and surely, in the hour of triumph, woman's voice shall be loudest in the acclaim of joyful thanksgiving ascending to heaven from an emancipated world.

THE GASOLINE RESTRICTION.

(The Christian Science Monitor.)

WHEN THE BRITISH, French and Italian public, and the German and Austrian public, for that matter, learn that such words as "hardship" and "sacrifice" are sometimes used in connection with the request of the United States fuel administration that Sunday pleasure motoring shall be suspended for the time being in the territory east of the Mississippi, in order that the supply of gasoline may be conserved, they will, to say the very least, be surprised, for the time that has elapsed since pleasure motoring in any of those countries, or in any part of Europe, has been permissible, or would have been possible if permissible, has now run into years. Petrol was one of the first commodities removed from general consumption in the countries involved in war four years ago. Long before such removal, restriction and high prices had combined in the United Kingdom, in France and presumably in the central empires and elsewhere on the continent, in neutral as well as in warring countries, practically to eliminate private motoring.

It is right that the rest of the world should know, however, that while war "hardships" and war "sacrifices" are, in any true sense, or relatively speaking, still practically unknown in the United States, and while there are many who will regard the Sunday restriction on motoring as a deprivation, the overwhelming majority of the American people, pleasure automobile owners included, have long been prepared to comply promptly and cheerfully, with any demand for which the exigencies of war may call.

Doubtless there will be some regrets over the loss of the Sunday spin into the country, through the valleys, over the hills and along the seashore, but they will go no deeper and last no longer than have regrets over the curtailment of wheat flour, of sugar, of artificial light, and of other things which, in pre-war times, seemed essential in the daily lives of the multitude. The only time complaint is serious or widespread in the United States, over war restrictions of any kind, is when they are manifestly unnecessary, as, for instance, in the case of coal, a shortage in which would be directly traceable, not to the war, but to incompetence or cupidity.

There are tens of thousands of people who will be excluded from pleasure motoring altogether by the Sunday restriction, because Sunday is their only day of leisure. It should not be impossible, or very difficult, to rectify this inequality. Among the hundreds of thousands who can, and who do, motor for pleasure every day in the working week, enough will, no doubt, be found ready voluntarily to forego one day's recreation, if thereby the stock of gasoline may be conserved so as to permit their neighbors, who are occupied with affairs during the rest of the week, to motor on Sunday. A card permit, or car tag, system which would prevent the restriction from bearing inequitably on any class, could easily be devised and put into operation.

The whole matter is, for the present, left to the civic, patriotic and neighborly spirit of the public east of the Mississippi. Through voluntary co-operation with the Government, and through a workable, friendly understanding among themselves, an arrangement can be made by which an equitable distribution of the pleasures of automobile driving may be made possible. Selfishness has no place in the relationship that should exist between all the people at this time, and there will be less occasion and less excuse than ever for the use of such terms as "hardship" and "sacrifice" if, in the matter of automobile regulation, as in everything else, the spirit of the Golden Rule shall be scrupulously observed.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It was Black Friday for the black-hearted Prussians.

Lloyd George's chill gives the whole allied world the quakes.

His brave American boys presented Gen. Pershing with 12,000 Germans as a birthday gift.

On Pershing's birthday his American boys struck on a new front that made the Hun go reeling back to his native soil. Bravo!

No wonder the G. W. V. A. objects when a man who became a brigadier-general at the front is passed by for a colonel who (with no reflection upon him) has seen no active service since 1914!

Two fine London lads, Sergt. Hudson and Pte. Hopkin, "bunkies" since they enlisted, "went west" within a week of one another. They had a rendezvous in another, more peaceful, realm.

His many old friends in Ontario will be sending their congratulations to Hon. A. G. McKay, minister of education and public health for Alberta, upon his election by acclamation. His greatest usefulness to Canada may be only now commencing.

Col. Bickford, who has held a staff position at Toronto, and has no overseas record in the present war, will command the infantry brigade in the Siberian expedition, while Brigadier-Gen. Swift, who won the D. S. O. at the front, must revert to the rank of colonel to go to Siberia as a battalion commander.

Sir William Mackenzie pays taxes in Toronto on an income of \$225,000. Who says the C. N. R. don't pay!—Ottawa Journal-Press.

And who says it won't pay the biggest dividend it ever paid when Sir Thomas White's check for \$5,500,000 is added to the bank roll?

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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"IN TULIP TIME."
BY GERALD ST. ETIENNE.

There was a ten-mile sweep of even road before him, and Roland Dodd put on every drop of gasoline his engine would take. It was the last ride he would have in his little car for some time, and he was making the best of it. Then, too, every mile brought him nearer his "Tulip Girl." He smiled at the thought of her. He hoped the tulips would still be in bloom, but he expected they would not be. It was four weeks since he had made her acquaintance. Some of her tulips had been at their best then, so it was hardly likely that any would be left. She would be charming without tulips, but just the same he would always picture her before a background of those glorious blossoms. He had never known how beautiful tulips could be until he had seen hers.

As his car stopped in front of the large country home Roland sniffed the fragrance that greeted his nostrils. One glance over the hedge caused him to cry out with joy. The tulips were still blooming, and there, rising her arms with a large bouquet, serenely stood Belle Millard, the "Tulip Girl." "Ho, ho! Tulip Girl!" Roland called out, as he vaulted the hedge. "You didn't think you would see me so soon, did you?"

Belle looked up in surprise, but came forward with a hand of welcome extended, as she recognized him. "To tell the truth, I didn't expect you; but you are welcomed all the same," she said.

"I have come to say good-by," Roland told her. "I am going south to train for the flying corps."

"How splendid and brave of you!" she exclaimed genuinely. "You will make a splendid aviator, I am sure."

"I'll try to make your words come true. But tell me all about the tulips and what you have been doing all this time. I was afraid the tulips would be dead."

"The early ones are, but these are the late ones—the beautiful Darwins. They are the finest variety and last the longest. See these pink Gretchen—just they would, and scented, too. Aren't they wonderful?" he agreed.

One by one he described the different varieties in her seemingly unlimited garden. The mauves, pinks and other delicate shades blended with the reds, purples and even blacks of some of the blooms, as only nature can blend. Belle, too, seemed to be enjoying the story of their glory which had been lost without her. Roland could do nothing but stare at her in front of the Millard home.

He jumped out, brushed the dust from his otherwise immaculate uniform—a faded blue—and walked toward the hedge. One glance caused him to stand still and stare. The tulips were all there, and even the most beautiful picture he had ever seen. It was full. Once more Roland's car stopped in front of the Millard home. He jumped out, brushed the dust from his otherwise immaculate uniform—a faded blue—and walked toward the hedge. One glance caused him to stand still and stare. The tulips were all there, and even the most beautiful picture he had ever seen. It was full. Once more Roland's car stopped in front of the Millard home.

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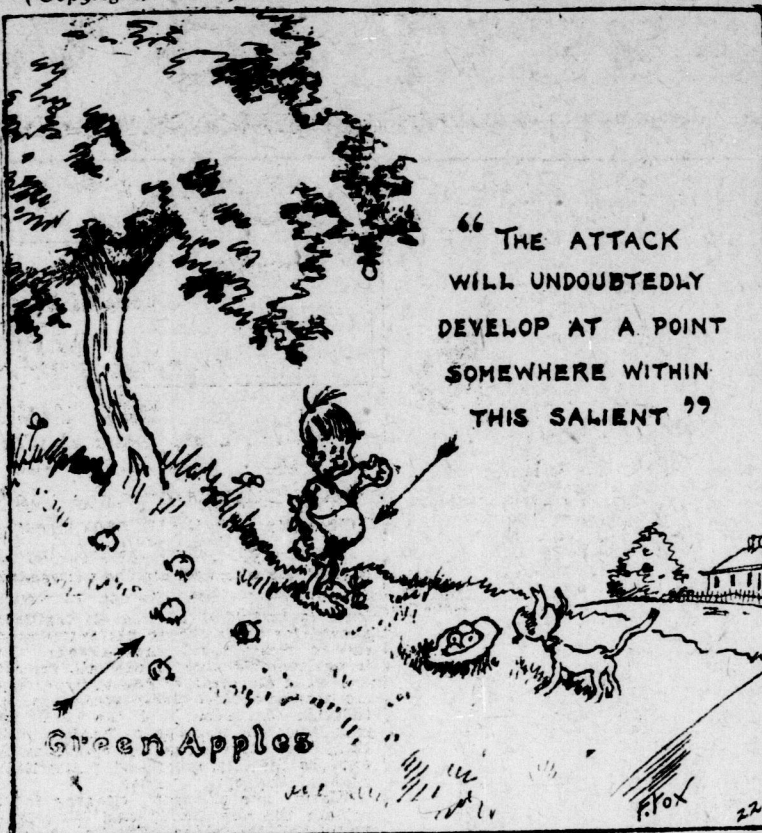
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ILLUSTRATED WAR PHRASE

(Copyright, 1918.)

—By FONTAINE FOX.



"THE ATTACK
WILL UNDOUBTEDLY
DEVELOP AT A POINT
SOMEWHERE WITHIN
THIS SALIENT"

BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE McLUKE

(Copyright, 1918.)

Sic 'Em Boys!
The rat-faced kaiser's losing ground.
With his six rat-faced brats;
And all the rat-faced Huns have found
Our boys are rough on rats.

A Wonder.
"I don't understand this man Smith
at all," said Brown.
"What is the matter with him?"
asked Jones.

"I don't know," replied Brown. "He
passed a dog dead on the street today
and didn't even stop to watch it."

Ouch!
"I could have married scores of
men," said Miss Oldie. "But Papa
wants me to wait a while. He thinks
I am too much of a girl to marry."

Shucks!
"Shucks!" replied Mr. Oldie. "You
won't be childish for ten or fifteen
years yet."

Wares.
"The shoe man calls his shoes his
wares," said Henry Hitt.
"But I have purchased several pairs.
And they don't wear a bit."

Sam Hill.
Who in Sam Hill do you think lives
in Bingham, Ill.? Yes sir, Sam Hill
himself!

Oh!
We all know that Grace before meat
is customary. But what we started to
say was that Grace Grubb lives at
Charleston, Ill.

Tush! Tush!
A Scotchman told D. J. R. that owls
came originally from Scotland, and
when D. J. R. asked him how he made
that out, the Scotchman replied:
"Dinnk ye hear it hoot, mon?"

Quick, Doc!
Maybe he serves tough steaks. Any-
way, A. Toothaker runs the Forest Hill
House in Kennebunkport, Maine.

His Rule.
He's very rich, is Oswald Bann.
His rule of life is grim;
For he lets himself owe no man.
And lets no man owe him.

It's different with the poet.
He lives by other modes;
By need's rule he must owe it.
Until he sells his odes.

Strange!
Now if he was a small town Hick
who was moving to a big city we could
understand it. But Will R. Green is
moving from the big city of Nashvill-
Tenn., to the small town of Martell,
Tenn.

Well, Well!
There is a man in Hadley's Bend,
Tenn., who hands out the right kind of

advice when he gives you his card.
His name is U. R. Good.

Mean Brute!
"My goodness!" exclaimed Mrs.
Gable. "You never can tell what that
woman Mrs. Naylor will do next!"
"Huh," growled Mr. Gable. "You don't
seem to have any trouble in telling
what she did last."

Names Is Names.
Cherry Byrd lives at McCall Creek,
Mississippi.

Our Daily Special.
Alimony Is The Price Of Peace.

Luke McLuke Says.
A woman soon grows tired of being
economical. She discovers that the
more she saves the more her husband
he does when she is working.

When a guilty man hires an attorney
he expects the attorney to prove him
innocent.

An Irishman likes to argue because
seven times out of ten an argument
ends in a fight.

So many little men have big basso
voices that a blind man must get
fooled a good deal of the time.

The doctor has done one big thing. It
has caused us to pay more attention to
sex hygiene and less attention to sex
advertising.

It takes 20 years to make a good
reputation and only 20 minutes to make
a bad one.

You never lose anything by being
obliging. Do a man a favor and he
will remember it long after you have
forgotten it.

You often hear of a man being able
to mortgage his home to buy an auto.
But you never heard of a man who
was able to mortgage his auto to buy
a home.

A man won't believe it, but he works
a lot harder when he is playing than
he does when he is working.

How the heck a trained nurse ever
marries the patient she nursed is more
than we can understand. After a man
has been sick for a few days he looks
like something the cat dragged in.

Men like to talk about the medical
fraternity. But if you are honest you
will have to admit that the old family
doctor is the most faithful friend of
man. He is on the job every hour of
the 24 when needed, and most of the
time he doesn't get ten cents on the
dollar for his loyal services and loving
care.

The sure means of doing this
is with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They
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