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THE LONDON ADVERTISER
COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Monday, Sept. 18.

HAIG.

PREPARATION is a great thing, but what is preparation without the man to carry it through to achievement? We get very few close-range studies of Sir Douglas Haig; only in the mass of results do we see something of the man who took over command of the army in the field a few brief months ago, and who, since he first showed that his genius was for moving fast forward, has carried on the British army to the greatest triumphs of their kind in the history of the war. He has fought well with iron, but also superbly with men. His blunders seem to have been nil. At times he may have rested on his results, but always reserves were ready and men were pouring into the places most weakened. Now plans have been fast in the making. A picture of the man, however imperfect an impression it may give, shows a craving for action, but also a paradoxical stolidity. His men have fastened an affection, a confidence, upon him that is wonderful to behold. Haig would plunge his horse at any ditch, but first he would know his horse and measure his ditch. He has made a great personal history since the early days of August, and today the British people, watching the hosts of freedom sweep away the Hun over miles of their "impenetrable" front, know that there are at least two geniuses of the field uncovered by the war—Sir Douglas Haig and the new Tommy Atkins. They seem to have spiritualized the task at hand; they move at the enemy as Lloyd George and Kitchener moved at the terrors of disorganization. Haig and his men have crowned the labors of the empire's other great leaders over the seas and at home.

THOMAS MARTINDALE.

His body is being brought out over the trail to Skagway for shipment to his home.

TO THOSE who knew him or had read the books of the late Thomas Martindale, the above sentence from the dispatches describing his death in the northern wilds would seem to be a fitting epitaph. No man loved the great outdoors more, and his unbounded energy and strength are shown by a glance at his age when he died. He was 71 years of age when he came up near Alaska, and so tenacious was his hold on life that he was planning his grand coup of sportsmanship, a trip into the heart of Africa, at the time of his death. That the Grim Reaper came upon him suddenly in his "happy hunting grounds" was in a sense appropriate and perhaps as he would have wished.

As a young Canadian lad who fought his way single-handed to unusual business honors, Mr. Martindale forms a striking and at the same time a simple study. His motto was to work hard, to live clean and to keep up to the times. He was kind-hearted, and took a great delight in serving others by aiding them from his experience and philosophy. In Philadelphia, where his business is probably the first of its kind, he brought his personality to bear upon thousands, and by preaching good living and nature study he formed what might be styled a Martindale "cult." He was gifted in many ways, with shrewdness, humor, warmth of heart and a passion for wholesome, strenuous living. He never forgot his old friends in London and loved the city as his home. He hoped to see the community advance by a more united spirit, and when he met Londoners abroad he did all in his power to reveal to them those things which were best for a city to possess. He lived a life of action, full of interest for himself and those he met. London may well be proud of the words "He was born in London, Ont.," for he did his native city great honor from whatever standpoint his career is considered.

PRO-GERMAN TRICKS.

LOYD GEORGE made no mistake when he said to the Associated Press: "There appears to be a deliberate campaign, set on foot in the United States by German agents, to throw doubt on the good faith of his majesty's government in regard to the use of information obtained through the censorship."

"There, German agents, with those underground methods of working with which we are familiar, appear not to have resuscitated any statement in the House of Commons on August 8, although that statement was fully explained by Lord Robert Cecil, minister of war, on August 9, and most explicit assurances on the same subject were given by him in a later interview on August 25."

All this talk about Britain learning trade secrets from examination of American mail and using them for her own commercial advantage is purely a species of pro-German propaganda, started and kept alive by enemy agents with a view to causing trouble between London and Washington.

Lloyd George and Lord Robert Cecil

have explicitly explained just what was the purpose of such examination and what were its results, and official Washington has no reason to pretend that doubt still exists. Such pretence is German-inspired and quite unworthy of the authorities in a country which should be, and presumably is, friendly to Britain.

For any inconvenience or loss sustained by Americans, grasping and dishonest merchants of the United States are to blame, not the British. Had they been willing to act honorably and keep their word, no losses would have been incurred.

What have they done? They have obtained from Britain concessions enabling them to trade, to a limited extent, with both Germany and other neutrals. On the excuse that certain German goods were purchased prior to the outbreak of the war, Americans have been permitted to get them brought safely through the Allied blockade and landed in the United States. But they say in this a way to make more money and commenced to swear that goods had been purchased before August, 1914, which, in truth, were bought much later. Then Britain had to put a spoke in their wheel and walls fill the air in America.

Selling goods to Germany and sending them, by agreement, via neutral countries, is another of the unlawful acts of which they have been guilty. Caught in the act on several occasions and the goods confiscated, they again howl in agony.

If President Wilson and Secretary Lansing must send notes, they should address them to these unscrupulous, greedy residents of their own country, not to the Allies. Not only are these trying to swindle Britain, but they are trying their utmost to foment trouble between Britain and the United States. Are they doing this in the name of American liberty? Are they patriots? They are not, but simply, as Lloyd George says, German agents endeavoring to make a cat's paw of the American Government. How far they succeed depends upon the common sense of that Government.

LIBERALS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A REPLY in the affirmative may be given a subscriber who asks, "Was British Columbia ever Liberal before?" The coast province had a Liberal government with a fairly strong majority from 1898 until 1902. For the last two years the famous "Joe" Martin was premier, and at the end of that time Col. Edward Prior, a Conservative himself, headed a non-party government, headed a non-party government. This combination fell before Richard McBride (now Sir) in June, 1903, although an election was not held until October, when the Conservatives were returned with 22 seats, as against 17 for the Liberals and two for the Socialists. In 1907 the McBride Government increased its majority, the showing being as follows: Conservatives, 26; Liberals, 13; Socialists, 3. Again in 1909 an appeal on the railway policy brought the Liberals only one seat, and in 1912 not one Liberal was elected.

A free and easy development of the country as undertaken by the gracious, able and tactful Sir Richard kept his Government in power. The people believed in him, Liberal as well as Conservative, and until it was seen what a jobbery had been practised in the name of progress, he was impregnable. It was not that there were no Liberals in British Columbia, as some Toronto contemporaries now aver in the hope of still holding the credit of victory for their party, but that McBride was careful to play up to the Liberals. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier, as premier, made his western tour, Sir Richard accompanied him wherever he went in British Columbia, and in general terms, was not slow to praise the Liberal chief. It was a mastery political move. The Advertiser has personal knowledge of staunch Liberals who voted Conservative because of the adroit Richard's display of size and generosity. In fact, it is probable that government defeat would have been less severe had McBride remained. The people liked him and believed him more sincere against a crowd of political leeches than sinning himself. He was one of the dramatic and forceful figures of Canadian public life a few years ago, a combination of Laurier and MacDonald, and one who threw his shadow over the path of Borden. Today, with even his self-created position gone or going, it looks like oblivion for him. But one cannot withhold a word of admiration for the good qualities of the man who through long held a great majority of the people to his side. Many Liberals of the province stood by him for a period of years.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Watch business in Ontario speed up. That British Columbia soldiers' vote will be worth watching.

Everyone who prayed for cooler weather is about ready to cry enough.

London certainly was jubilant at the funeral rites of the late J. Barleycorn.

They are talking of mild winter suits in the west. "Hope springs eternal."

Eight German princes have been killed during the war. There is no class of men which will be less missed.

Forecast: For Canada—Saturday, mostly clear.

Followed by headaches.

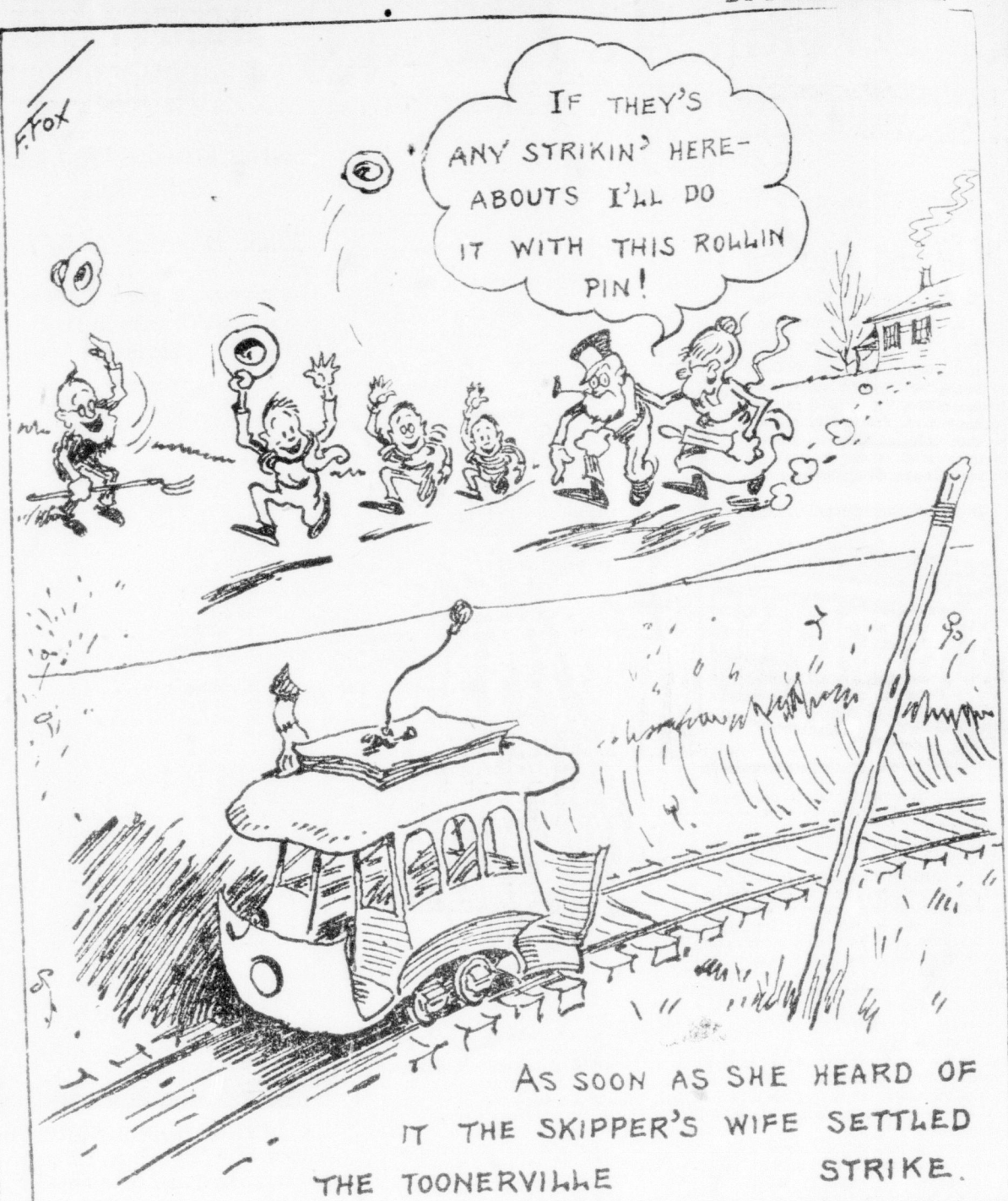
Anyone who could not get a thrill out of Frederick Palmer's dispatches Saturday hasn't one left in his system.

The Saturday evening casualty list proves that Gen. Fizz made a desperate last stand.

"Sober, and glad of it," will be the decision of most men who have been accustomed to their libations.

The Toonerville Trolley Which Meets All the Trains.

BY FONTAINE FOX.



AS SOON AS SHE HEARD OF IT THE SKIPPER'S WIFE SETTLED THE TOONERVILLE STRIKE.

"Much housecleaning remains to be done in the West."—Toronto News. One cannot move in after untidy neighbors without expecting it.

The Toronto News confesses that Sir Robert Borden cares little for cars. Canadians want a leader who cares much.

If successful in extorting a billion franc "loan" from Belgium, Germany will announce it as a subscription to her latest war loan.

Falkenhayn has been given the order of Hohenzollern, which is not nearly so honorable as the order of the broad arrow.

The Kaiser has called his empress to the eastern front, presumably to take a farewell look at some German possessions.

British forces are using armored motor cars which trenches, craters and wire entanglements cannot stop. Germany has no monopoly of inventive genius, and is slower at it.

Boston has word that a German submarine is on her way and a tug has been dispatched to pilot her into harbor. This is certain to be the Bremen, but which Bremen?

Since there will almost certainly be court cases arising from the shutting of a Chatham Township girl in one room for six years, comment is forbidden, but thoughts are permissible.

J. Barleycorn is preparing to wind up the business of all his Canadian branches—Detroit News. For the information of Detroit, it may be stated that there are other provinces than Ontario in Canada.

"A London newspaper says that Ontario Conservatives are urging one language and one flag for the Dominion. What party is advocating two flags?"—Toronto Mail and Empire.

The Mail will find itself read out of the party if it is not more cautious.

The insistence of some Conservative papers in reminding their readers that the prohibition law is only for the duration of the war shows their antipathy to the measure. It is virtually a plea to the gentle with those who are responsible for it upon them, combined with a promise that those who oppose it will be given their chance later.

The demise of J. Barleycorn was largely attended. On Sunday there were many, very many, who were quite glad that he was dead.

Gen. R. E. Morse commanded a large following on the Sabbath. His followers will not be so numerous in the future.

The United States has 114,000 lawyers, some of whom make an honest living out of law.

Some children now may become acquainted with their fathers. The experience ought to do them all good.

We heard one optimist say that the bars would come back. However, after the way the votes went in Ontario and British Columbia, one had better not wager his life's earnings on that say.

Lily Braithwaite Hill says the short skirt is a matchmaker. The average man can at least see what he is getting.

Lil Russell may return to vaudeville this winter. As a matter of fact, Lil has never been more than three blocks away from the show business for 10, these fifty years.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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The Twins

By Fanny Gray.

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Silas was sitting at his solitary supper, when the hired girl had set before him his wife, Mary, and driven over to the next town to stay a day or two and help settle up the affairs of a cousin who had died the week before, leaving twin babies, six months old, and a husband who was a shatterer and a miser. Silas was a quiet, unassuming man, and his wife, Mary, was a kind, unassuming woman. They had been married ten years and had three children, two boys and a girl. The twins were the youngest, and were named after their father and mother. They were both very healthy and happy, and Silas and Mary were very fond of them.

As the days passed, Mary seemed very busy in her home, and Silas observed that she was not exerting herself to find the much-talked-of housekeeper. He was secretly delighted, for the babies were winding themselves around his heart. Often and often he watched Mary as she tended them, and the same thoughts that were in his mind grew up in his. He would like to keep the twins! But what would Mary think?

One evening, after the babies had been put to bed, Silas sat up in bed, and a neighbor ran in for a chat. Naturally, the conversation turned on the wonderful twins, their virtues, and their shortcomings. Their looks and disposition were perfect. Finally, the visitor, who was nothing if not frank, suddenly chirped up: "Suppose you know every body says you're going to adopt those young ones. I told my husband I just don't believe it, and when I came over here I was going to ask you outright. It ain't so, is it?"

There was silence for a moment, then Mary spoke, rather tremblingly at first, but she could scarcely see his face in the gathering darkness. What would he say or do? Had he risked too much? Her heart seemed to stand still. At last he spoke.

"Sure, we're going to keep them. I intended that, right along, after their mother died. But things like that can't be decided offhand. You couldn't hire Mary here to give 'em the same thing, and I don't know if it'll hold."

The gossiping neighbor hurried away to spread the news, and the husband and wife sat alone on the porch. After a little, Silas rose and took her hand to Mary's chair and went around to her. He kissed her face and she smiled at him. He had not been so frequent as usual with them of late thoughts, and desiring the same thing, and had not known it till now.

Meantime, the neighbor, having stopped in at the next house, was saying: "Well, it's good if it's twins. They can each have one to fuss over."

Somebody will have to start an establishment to make glass eyes for the blind pigs.

While many folks stocked up well before the drought, there will not be so much home drinking after all. The women folks control the supply there.

Firewater was not so plentiful on Saturday evening as the fires were in the souls of men Sunday morning.

Premier Hearst furnished the hearse for J. Barleycorn, but the Liberals arranged for the obsequies.

After all the terrible Turkish Bashibazouks have little to show the Germans who invaded Belgium.

Fighting on the Somme has been called the Hughes' movement—it is so offensive.

A wise bird informs us that

keeper and waited for Silas, who was to drive over in the afternoon and see if she was ready to go home. When he came, she somewhat timidly suggested that, as she had been unable to find a responsible person, they should take the babies home with them for a week or so, while she looked around for her leisure. Silas, somewhat astonished and admiring her for her self-sacrifice, agreed to the proposition, only cautioning her not to fatigue herself. And his interest in the twins grew up in his. He watched Mary yoke on the tiny caps and pin the blankets around them, and on the way home he found himself more than once peering over into their little faces.

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WRIGLEYS



Gum-ption!

Do you need a little increased vim in your work? Something to give you a fresh start? Something refreshing and lasting?

A gentle, soothing, tasty "shock absorber" to come between your teeth when you set your jaws for a big task?

Here it is—the best that men, money and machines can make—for your comfort!

Chew it after every meal

Sealed tight—Kept right

Two flavors



Made in Canada

Write Wrigley's, Ltd., Wrigley Bldg., Toronto for the Spearmint's Mother Goose Book.

speaking of the British army, Mr. Balfour said:

"The navy was, no doubt, of all the preparations for war, that which was in the most satisfactory condition. But the navy, when we started, was really quite inadequately supplied with the smaller lighter craft whose necessity has been made increasingly manifest all through this war, and as I think I stated in some of you when you were kind enough to visit me at the admiralty, the growth in our navy which has gone on, and which at this moment is still going on, is something of which I do not believe the general public has the slightest conception."

The "smaller lighter craft" were just what Sir Wilfrid Laurier proposed that this Dominion should supply. "Smaller lighter craft" would have been ready at the outbreak of the war, had not Sir Robert Borden gone back on his adherence to that policy to please his Nationalist friends of Quebec, and made the whole naval question one of party politics. Upon Sir Robert then must fall the blame for Canada's failure in this regard.

INSPECTOR SENTENCED. LONDON, Sept. 15.—London Assizes, an inspector of the army clothing department, was today sentenced to five years' penal servitude. His conviction was on the charge of accepting bribes from contractors to pass their goods, and also of obtaining \$1,400 under false pretences by instigating another man, in the name of a fictitious firm, to make a tender for a supply of razors and knives, less than half of which were alleged to have been delivered to the Government.

THE BATTERY "O. P." The Observation Post (always referred to as the "O. P.") of the field artillery is usually placed as close to the Hun as possible.

Cramped in a crumbling dug-out. Adjoining "No Man's Land." And chilled to the bone I squat at a "phone."

That sits on a sandbag stand. My ticker points to midnight—"I've two more hours to go." And keeping awake would wrest the cue.

From the torture Tantalus knew. 'Tis here the "eyes" of the battery detect the Hun at work; And targets fair we "phone" to where Our eighteen-pounders lurk. Then shots of high-explosive frustrate the plans of Fritz, Who runs to ground as we promptly pound.

When Tommy in the trenches is suffering special "hell" from "chill-bang" mine, and five-point-nine.

"Turnip" and tear-shell; He calls for retaliation. And our waiting gunners know. When we pass that through the devil's due.

Is more than a quid pro quo. It's up to us—the peeping. At Fritz through a periscope; Likewise to go a-dreeping. And out in the darkness grope For the "break" where a bursting "Johnson"

Hotel Astor 2906

Residents of Canada registered at Hotel Astor during the past year.

Single Room, without bath, \$2.00 to \$3.00
Double - \$3.00 to \$4.00
Single Rooms, with bath, \$3.00 to \$6.00
Double - \$4.00 to \$7.00
Parlor, Bedroom and bath, \$10.00 to \$14.00

Times Square

At Broadway, 44th to 45th Streets—the center of New York's social and business activities. In close proximity to all railway terminals.

Has out the telephone wire, whilst the peevish O. C. of the Infantry Bawls for our battery are.

Cramped in a crumbling dug-out. Too near to "No Man's Land." To be without a lingering doubt As to how our "home" would stand A "coal-box" split upon it.

Or a "liquid fire" rain: Hello! hello! Gee whizz! Hello!!! The line is "out" again. —W. D. D., in London Chronicle.

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Traction Company

Change of Time September 17

To St. Thomas and Port Stanley—7:30 a.m., 9:30, 11:30, 1:30 p.m., 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:15 p.m.
To Toronto, 4:30. To St. Thomas, 6:15 p.m. and 11:15 p.m.
Sunday cars marked with a star.

LONDON AND PORT STANLEY RAILWAY

Summer commutation books between London and Port Stanley. Time limit extended till October 10, 1918.

Daily 40c fare extended to Oct. 10.

London and Port Stanley Railway

New Time Table Effective May 17, 1918. TO ST. THOMAS AND PORT STANLEY 5:20 a.m. and hourly thereafter at 23 minutes after the hour until 10:26 p.m. Then 11:20 p.m. to St. Thomas only. Cars leaving after odd hours stop only at St. Thomas.

Sunday service commences at 6:20 a.m., commencing June 13, 1918.

CANADIAN PACIFIC OCEAN SERVICES

ALLAN LINES
Lv. Liverpool. Lv. Montreal. Sept. 8 Corsican Sept. 23
Sept. 22 Scandinavian Oct. 7

ALLAN LINES
Lv. Liverpool. Lv. Montreal. Sept. 13 Sicilian Sept. 30
Lv. Liverpool. Lv. Montreal. Sept. 15 Missanable Sept. 30
Sept. 29 Metagama Oct. 14

For rates, reservations, etc., apply local agents, or
ALLAN LINE
95 King St. West, Toronto.
I. E. SUCKLING
1 King St. East, Toronto.
General Agents
Passports—Application forms furnished on request.

CANADIAN SERVICE
MONTREAL TO LONDON
(Via Falmouth.)
From Montreal. From London.
Sept. 5... Ascania... Sept. 23
Sept. 23... Ausonia... Oct. 12
Sept. 26... Feltria... Oct. 24
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.

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