

London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.
MORNING. NOON. EVENING.
CITY—Delivered, 12c per week.
OUTSIDE CITY BY MAIL—Per year, \$4.00;
six months, \$2.00; three months, \$1.00.
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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Tuesday, Sept. 9.

Germany Still a Menace

It is well that statements like that made by Sir Arthur Currie at the Canadian Club luncheon yesterday be given proper publicity that people will not forget too soon the character of the hydra-headed Hun. "The Germans," said General Currie, "are an unrepentant people, and I believe that there is still a German menace. Ninety per cent of the heads of the Soviet Government of Russia are Germans, and their agents are still active everywhere. There are agents in London, Ontario, whose names I know."

That London, Ontario, a small, placid, inland city, should be the scene of operations of German agents, with the war over, with the attention of everyone centred on the question of reconstruction and visions of many years of peace, is startling information which should sink deeply into the intelligence of her citizens. If the Hun menace is at work in London it is at work all over Canada.

We have had a sample of the operations of the German soviet in Winnipeg. They got well under way before the Government took the proper course to suppress them. How far these operations reached or were designed to reach will not be known to the public until the trial of the leaders, but the assumption may be that they were designed to reach all over Canada, even to London.

At the present time and with smug complacency the Germans are sending literature throughout the world endeavoring to resume the broken trade relations. They do not know that they are outcasts in the eyes of civilized nations. Evidently they still think it is "Deutschland Uber Alles," and that people have forgotten that it was ever otherwise. And people are prone to forget unless their wits are occasionally sharpened by some such thrust as Sir Arthur's. It may be true that Germany cannot pay her indemnities without re-establishing her trade, but the Allies can afford to wait a little longer for the indemnities rather than have German trade agents in every town spreading German soviet propaganda.

Ludendorff, von Tirpitz and the other German military lights are not writing books for consumption in Allied countries without a motive. United States and some Canadian papers are publishing these works in serial form in the belief that they are serving their readers. Offers of the works of both Ludendorff and von Tirpitz came to The Advertiser as to other papers, but their publication was not even considered. Canadians cannot afford yet to have any truck or trade with the Hun.

George Etienne Cartier

In the life story of Sir George Etienne Cartier, a monument to whom was unveiled by cable by King George on Saturday, there is a sharp rebuke for Canadians who today are attempting to promote discord between the two dominant races in the country. Cartier was born in 1814. The war prevented the observance of his centennial at the proper time, but coming five years late it is to be hoped that the event may prove an influence in submerging the evil propaganda which has been conducted against French-Canadians during recent months and which for a time threatened to untie the bonds of confederation for which the broad-mindedness of Cartier was largely responsible.

Cartier was premier of Canada before confederation, leader of the Province of Quebec in confederation and first minister of militia in the united country. His devotion to Canada and the mother country was expressed repeatedly in speeches, excerpts from which are inscribed on the memorial erected on the mountain overlooking Montreal. "We are of different races not for strife, but to work together for the common welfare," appears on the base of the monument. Bronze figures representing the provinces in confederation are linked together by a ribbon bearing the inscription: "The defence of the flag is one of the bases of confederation." At the rear of this group is an extract from a speech delivered in 1867: "Canada must be a country not of license, but of liberty, and all liberties must be protected by the law." On a scroll which the granite figure carries in its hand are the words: "Before all let us be Canadians," the title of a song written by Cartier and sung on the streets of Montreal in 1837.

Cartier sought with all the vigor of mind and body, as did his notable successor, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, to promote a national harmony out of which might grow a great Canadian nation. In ideals and in their efforts to promote them Cartier and Laurier had many points in common. Both were revered by the people of Quebec, among whom they lived, and both sought to use the authority thus conferred upon them to bring about a thorough understanding between that province and the rest of Canada. The rebellion in which Cartier participated was the militant protest against autocracy of a determined man whose life was devoted to the public good. Ten years after this rebellion, when an annexation move was organized because Great Britain abolished colonial preference duties, Cartier was one of the prime movers in issuing an address in reply to the annexation manifesto containing the following:

"Sincerely attached to the institutions which the mother country has acknowledged, and convinced that those institutions suffice through the system of wise and judicious legislation to secure prompt and efficient remedies for all the evils which this province can complain of, we consider

ourselves urgently bound to protest publicly and solemnly against the opinion enunciated in that document."

At a great banquet in Montreal where he spoke on the issue of confederation he uttered words which showed his sublime faith in the fair-mindedness of the people of both Upper and Lower Canada and his willingness to leave all issues to them. He said:

If we present to the legislatures of the provinces and the Imperial Government a project carrying with it the creation of a general government it will be our duty equally to protect all races and to safeguard the interests of each of them. If we succeed we will have done much. I am told that in Lower Canada there exists a strong opposition to this project because the English-speaking population will find itself at the mercy of the French population. Why, I answer, should the English born in Lower Canada yield to such arguments? Let them reflect that if the French have a majority in the Provincial Government, they will in their turn be in a large measure at the mercy of the French population. The French population in confiding their interests to a Federal Government gives proof of confidence in our English fellow-countrymen. Is it too much to ask the English that they should rely on the liberality and the spirit of justice of the French race in the local government? In any case, I do not hesitate to proclaim that I will never suffer as long as I am a minister of the crown an injustice being done under the constitution, or otherwise, to my countrymen, whether English or Catholics.

Without Cartier's influence confederation would have failed. He brought it about by conveying to the people of Quebec his own confidence that they would receive nothing but a square deal from the English-speaking people. Except for the work of a few troublesome agitators and unscrupulous politicians that confidence has not been misplaced. May the unveiling of his memorial revive the spirit of co-operation and good-will to which he pledged himself.

The Smallness of a Big City

The board of aldermen of New York city appropriated \$100,000 to extend a welcome to General Pershing, making a total of \$550,000 expended by the city for the welcome of soldiers.

At the same meeting at which the Pershing appropriation came up the question was introduced of providing funds to entertain the Prince of Wales, and the Republican members of the board entered a strong protest against such action, with the result so far that public funds will not be used in any way for a greeting to His Royal Highness.

The American people would resent being called selfish and narrow-minded, and yet the whole trend of their thought is towards self first. The obstructionist senators at Washington are opposing the league of nations for political purposes. The New York aldermen opposed an appropriation for the Prince of Wales because they feared the votes of the Irish-Americans, and undoubtedly because they wished to make Mayor Hylan's reception a fizzle. There is no pretence on the part of anyone that Hylan loves the Prince of Wales. He was a flat-footed pacifist in his election campaign, supported only by the Hearst papers, and W. R. Hearst, the worst enemy of Britain in the United States, is chairman of the committee appointed to meet the prince. Hylan has undertaken to gain for himself and his boss Hearst such publicity as may be had by having their pictures taken in the act of shaking hands with the heir to the British throne, and as a matter of political business his political opponents must belittle the event.

The United States is a great nation within itself, but it will not be a great nation within the world until its vision is enlarged. The incident in connection with the Prince of Wales is merely an illumination.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A Kansas City judge, after a close-range investigation, has come to the conclusion that spooning in the parks is one of the things which make New York great. Yes, New Yorkers will try anything once.

At a pan-German convention held in Berlin last week the tenor of the speeches was to the effect that the house of Hohenzollern must be returned to power and the territory lost through the war must be regained. Thus are the Germans beaten.

Mr. J. H. Sinclair of Guysboro, speaking in the House of Commons, suggested that the minister of railways be the first profiteer prosecuted. He stated that the Government railways bought codfish at 4 cents a pound and sold it in the dining cars at 65 cents a portion, which cost only 2 cents.

Vancouver has adopted the double shift system in a high school, the hours being from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., because of the lack of accommodations. It will be a marked advancement in the line of thrift when all municipalities realize that the money invested in school buildings must earn returns for a longer period each year.

The Jackson, Mich., man who "discovered" the body of a man twelve feet, seven inches tall, should not have done it. The story of the Cardiff Giant is still making its annual rounds of the newspapers, the giant's picture is still exhibited on the wall of a hall at Cardiff, N. Y., to all who care to pay twenty-five cents admission, and it is too soon to spring another.

A colored speaker addressing an audience of his own complexion in Montreal predicted that the white race would disintegrate, the yellow race would become supreme and pass away, and then the black race would rule the earth, which would be the millennium. Now, that's the very gentleman to consult as to who will represent Canada on the league of nations and what other member of the cabinet will be Canadian minister in London.

The Unionist Government is trusting in many cases to the shortage of the people's memory, but few instances of this are more glaring than is the case of De Witt Foster, the man who bought so many horses for war purposes and could not account fully for the money. It will be remembered that, following an investigation by the public accounts committee, Mr. Foster resigned and dropped out of sight, but J. J. Morrison, secretary of the United Farmers, is credited with finding him through an advertisement which reads: "De Witt Foster, superintendent of resources, Canadian National Railways, Dept. 8645, Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill."

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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WHEN BILLY ITCHED.
By Will T. Ames.

"Sanderson says if you'll draw a diagram of that story on your desk he'll have the new high school cub rewrite it. You're sure going strong with the old man, itchy."

"Oh, you go chase yourself!" Billy Hartbury wasn't very much stronger on repartee than he was in the construction of his laboriously written news stories. But there was considerable feeling in the range that he bent on the grinning Jones, the city hall man. There was no need of Jones piling it on. Billy was sensible enough about his falling, and the blue-penciled note scribbled across the whole first page of the "Itchy" required no interpretation by outsiders.

Hartbury's ink-blot alone would have served to spoil a worse temper than his "Itchy." Somehow suggestive of indifference to the cleanliness next to godliness, of some kind of personal, physical fault, of a stunt origin, it was a device of a name. Billy often thought, to have wished upon a fresh-faced, immaculate, daily bathed boy who had been brought up in a good home and never forgotten the ways thereof!

But one day, in the first weeks of his cubdom, Billy had dug up a peach of a story along the docks about a schooner then in port which turned out to have had a most amazing but authentic history of blockade running, gun smuggling and the like.

Billy wrote the story, and therein he referred to the schooner, interchangeably, as "it" and as "she," just as the words happened to come off his pen.

The copy desk on the Herald was a bit of a joke, and Sanderson, the city editor, was in the midst of a first edition rush, so the story got by as written.

It was an awful mess of pronouns, with its conflicting repetitions of "it" and "she." The staff needed but about forty seconds to evolve "it-she" into "Itchy"—and Billy Hartbury was dubbed. But if Billy's nickname reflected paucity in the use of expression, the reputation he had gained in his two years on the Herald was far from being one for stupidity. He was the paper's very best natural sleuth, a born digger after evasive facts, an engineer gifted with resourcefulness to follow the nearest color of exclusive news back to the mother lode of glorious "scops." The boys in the news room called his bureau use of the President's American, but they took off their hats to him when it came to "getting the stuff."

Having rewritten the story and turned it in to Sanderson, who grunted something to the effect of the rewrite being not quite so horrible, Billy hurried away to his police "beat."

Besides headquarters he had to cover three precincts, and it was half-past nine when he dropped off an east side car in front of the "Herald" stationhouse. Medley, the lieutenant in charge, was questioning a girl as the reporter entered. He was the paper's very best natural sleuth, a born digger after evasive facts, an engineer gifted with resourcefulness to follow the nearest color of exclusive news back to the mother lode of glorious "scops." The boys in the news room called his bureau use of the President's American, but they took off their hats to him when it came to "getting the stuff."

The girl was not an unusual type. Thin, cheaply dressed, of no particular complexion, she seemed a thing as other girls were her uncommonly fine grey eyes and her clean, neatly combed hair, which was almost black. She looked critically worried and harassed.

Billy had a vague impression that he had seen her before—but that generally means that you have just happened to notice the person on a street car.

Presently the lieutenant dismissed the girl, who departed. Billy looked inquiringly at the lieutenant.

"No charge against her; not even a suspect," said the lieutenant. "She's the corner on Grove, came in here and asked me to have a talk with the girl; she lodges over here. Said in a girl's garment shop two weeks ago and hasn't hardly been out of her room since. The old lady thinks she hasn't had anything to eat but crackers and milk this week and she's worried around to ask her to step in here, thinking she might be nutty; but she talks straight enough. Secretive as the devil, though. She's herself Swain. Guess she's got a good education. I didn't get anything out of her."

Billy knew the lieutenant well enough to be sure that he was keeping nothing up his sleeve. It was probably merely a case of a well brought up, but incapable girl, fallen on ill times. He had lost her nerve but not her pride. Young as he was the boy had run across more than one such case in his police station experience.

But as he hopped a car for the fourth precinct, Billy was still thinking about that girl and the haunting resemblance. Ten seconds after that he had hopped off the car again in the middle of the block, and was on his way to Grove street on a run. Billy had remembered something; a newspaper photograph of many weeks ago.

Mrs. Shanahan's was easy to find, and the persuasive Billy induced that reluctant lady to take him up to her lodger's room and introduce him to her in his correct character as a representative of the Herald. The lodger, whom they found sitting at the window of her stuffy room, hadn't a chance to escape the interview. Billy opened up the instant Mrs. Shanahan was gone.

"You are Beatrice O'Brien?" It was a statement, not a question.

The girl looked at Billy stonily.

"For three months the police of the country have been hunting for you, and your stiff-necked father has given you up as dead. Meantime you have been hiding under a disguise that not one woman in 10,000 of your class could successfully assume—that of an ordinary working girl. You could have been working in the settlements and knew them."

Still there was no reply. The girl looked out of the window.

"I know what none of the rest of them know—what you didn't want me to let your father know—that your

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disappearance is due to revulsion over what you thought you had found out about Chester Alling.

"The girl rose from her chair. 'I shall ask you to leave—' she began."

"Presently," interrupted Billy, "But Chester Alling happens to have been my best friend on earth, and I have a duty to perform toward him."

"As a newspaper reporter?" There was no answer in the girl's tone.

"Newspapers be blown. As a man and as a friend. Listen. Alling's father, as you know, was a legal adviser of the American peace conference. He had possession of certain knowledge on the treaty, documentary stuff; it would have been of untold value to a political clique in Washington. It was known that the one person who could steal that information was Chester. They knew he was beyond approach."

"So they plotted to compromise him with that Baroness Coigny, with three or four of her clique of crooked adventurers as witnesses. Then they peddled the news to you, through two hands, secretly. Also they let Chester know that if he would get the documents for them they would swear that the whole business was a rotten lie—as it was. Of course Chester refused—and then you beat it without giving him a chance to talk."

The girl had gone white. "But why didn't somebody—how do I know you are not the liar? You are a newspaper man, are you not? Why didn't you print this story—why didn't anybody?"

"Because it couldn't be proved—legally. They could outswear Alling five or six to one. And besides, the newspaper didn't know it. Haven't you any faith at all? Do you know that Chester

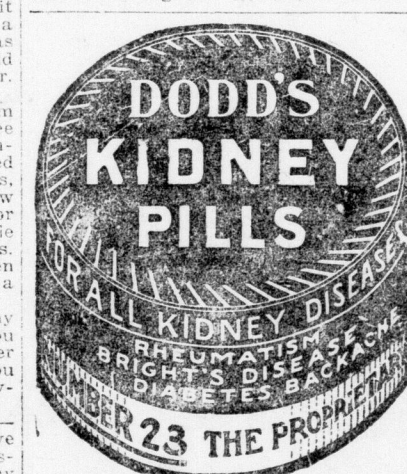
Alling has done absolutely nothing for three months but hunt for you while you have been eating your heart out and ruining your health in this mad escapade of the salts?"

"What—what shall I do?"

"Stay where for one day and let me write to Chester. Will you do that?"

"Yes, oh, yes! It has been awful! Awful!"

Billy sent the wire and then he went back to the office and justified his nickname. He hitched-hitched all over to write the best scoop that ever came into the Herald office. But he didn't. Chester Alling was his best friend.



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