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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 11, 1916.

THE WESTERN FAIR.

WESTERN FAIR is now in full swing, and thousands of visitors will come here in the next few days to admire the exhibits, compare them, take in the sights and learn, learn, learn.

An exhibition such as is offered at Queen's Park this year is one of the pleasantest forms of education that can be had. It is a fair to realize that it is even more educational than entertaining. To the farmer who inspects the exhibits of horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, grain and vegetable products and machinery, contentment with poor stock, mediocre grain crops and broken-down implements is no longer possible.

Dairy exhibits have much the same effect on the producer whose methods are old-fashioned and whose products will not stand comparison with these show samples. Needlework, in fact, every really good exhibit, has its effect.

For this education, London's Fair cannot be excelled. The highest class is shown in every department, and manufacturers vie with one another in exhibiting wares which are almost perfect. Every facility is given visitors to see things to the best advantage, they are the honored guests of exhibitors as well as of directors while on the grounds, and every corner holds something to add to the knowledge of the seeker.

Readers who noted the history of London's Fair as published in Saturday's Advertiser cannot fail to marvel at the progress made as they view the scene in Queen's Park today and think of the first fair in 1858. In this development, men of outstanding ability have played big parts, often getting little but criticism for their trouble; but results have been won and Western Ontario benefits from their endeavors.

To the city itself, the Fair is a most important annual event, and deserving of every support. Few if any of the thousands who flock in fall to leave at least some dollars in the pockets of merchants, and the aggregate of money spent here by non-residents during the week is no small factor in determining the success attained by many businesses.

Some show of interest by businessmen and householders in the way of decorations would be welcome this week, but so far little has been done. It is London's big week of the year, and a generous display of flags and bunting, especially in wartime, would brighten the city and create a favorable impression among visitors. It is not too late. The biggest days are yet to come, and much could be done in 24 hours.

THE GAME'S DECAY.

HAVE YOU NOTICED the absence of cricket from the Ontario sports of 1916? In years past the game has limped along, kept alive by the large boarding schools, now and then spurred up under the stimulus of international matches and fresh arrivals of English experts, but always in some distress. Partial eclipse was chronic and it seems now to have become almost total. The war has played its part in this as in other matters.

For some years, even in England, there have been signs of flagging over cricket. Kipling, the poet of the millipede, was not after cricket's scalp particularly when he ridiculed the flannelled fool at the wicket and the muddled oaf at the goal, who preferred sports to that "lordlike life on earth," military service. But still, "fool" was a clearer word than "oaf" and alliterating with "flannelled" carried the phrase home to stick.

Then there has been talk of speeding up the game. Beyond question popular interest in Great Britain has been aroused immensely and progressively more by soccer football. Cricket is voted slow by the big British crowds. Attendance may be a poor standard by which to judge a sport, but still it has to figure.

In his new book on Rudyard Kipling, Mr. R. T. Hopkins goes farther than the militarist poet himself. Kipling represents his Stalky and Company as sticking out against school games, but Mr. Hopkins, himself educated in an English public school, says that "we all know that fifty per cent of any school hold the same views on the national sport" as Kipling's schoolboy heroes, and that "Kipling knows this and knows, too, why many boys profess an enthusiasm for cricket which is far from their hearts. Mr. Hopkins' explanation of his unpopularity with some of the masters throws much light on one side of the question: 'If we attended the matches and yelled 'well hit, sir,' and said 'yes, sir' and 'no, sir,' and 'O sir, and 'please, sir,' like a lot of fifty fags, Hefty (a master) 'ud think no end of us.'"

Well, cricket may be a little slow, and yet it is a dear old game. Probably any game might be found to be unpopular with fifty per cent of a school, especially if compulsory. Variety and option at any rate are advisable. How popular are lacrosse, tennis and football in this city of London?

don and many other towns of Western Ontario? The pity is that both in school days and afterwards our children and adults, those at any rate not engaged in some physically active occupation, are not organized to play one game or another, or to take some form of physical training suited to their needs and likes. Organization for a professional character we have too much of, but general organization for play or exercise is wanted.

We should be a happier country, stronger, livelier and fitter, and vastly more socialized, if a scheme of general physical relaxation and improvement were carried into effect. Some people imagine themselves much revived by motoring about in fresh air. How about fanning yourself on the lawn? Motoring is all right for some things.

A great deal of the physical flabbiness and disinclination to exercise is due to one's not always having the companion or set of companions to play or exercise with. Organization which has flagged in voluntary hands might very well be applied to games and exercises by the state or municipality. Municipal playgrounds are often successful, but they need vigorous management, persistence, regularity and some measure of compulsion on those to be trained.

TEUTON MISFORTUNES.

ONE DAY'S rejoicing is about all the Teutons could manage over the capture of Dobruja from the Rumanians; now has come the news of the Russians and Rumanians driving out the invaders, and a day of lamentation might be proclaimed in Berlin.

As to the sorrow and disappointment of the Huns, the Rumanians have made further progress in Transylvania, and, most disheartening of all, the British have occupied the whole of Ginchy village, together with considerable adjacent territory.

Around Ginchy has been fought one of the most desperate battles of the war. Britain needed the village to complete her domination of the district; the Germans clung to it in desperation, and fought bitterly from house to house. The value of the gain is two-fold: the worth of the village as a strategic position and the blow delivered to German morale. Once again it has been proved that the foe can be driven out, no matter how strong their position or how urgent the need of sticking. The lesson will not be forgotten when it comes to attacking the Rhine forts.

DE WET REDEEMED.

BY coming into court at Bloemfontein and giving evidence against two South African Nationalists charged with high treason, Gen. De Wet has proved himself a loyal Britisher at last, and has amply justified the leniency shown him by the British Government when he was convicted of a similar crime to that for which these two men are on trial.

Gen. De Wet was sentenced to pay a fine of \$10,000, and spend six years in prison, but was freed after a comparatively short time. This treatment, properly coupled with the fact that he now sees how wrong is Germany's cause and how mistaken was his effort to assist it, has apparently had its desired effect in bringing him into the fold to join the other boys who are proud today to be fighting under the Union Jack.

The two accused men, Van der Merwe and Schonenk, are said to have approached a number of Boer leaders, including De Wet, with a scheme to foment another uprising. The general says they told him that large stores of rifles were available, and that certain other generals would lead the revolt.

It is altogether likely that there are large stores of munitions hidden in the country, by German agents, and that trouble could be caused were it not for the loyalty of the majority of Boers. This loyalty has emerged from hatred and distrust because of the treatment accorded them by Britain, and is of the kind that no German persuasion will affect.

The African war is drawing to a close, and there are said to be plenty of men on the ground to strike the finishing blow at the Germans. Had this not been the case, the world might easily have witnessed the striking spectacle of Gen. De Wet offering his service to the British to help capture Germany's last colony.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

That killed pipe band at the 24th Battalion should tour through the Zorras.

Hungarians have lost all hope. Soon they will have lost all Hungary.

Von Hindenburg may change his mind about the most important war theatre after his visit to the western front.

Wilson will fight for women's suffrage, he promises. Not "too proud" when the struggle is for office.

During the past week many Western Ontario boys have been accused of thefts. They must have been reading reports about war profiteers.

Huns are ordered out of Greece, and German orders Greeks out of their own town. Constantine has led his country into a pretty muddle.

Rumor has it that Britain is to have Heiligland as part of her peace terms. It should never have passed from British hands.

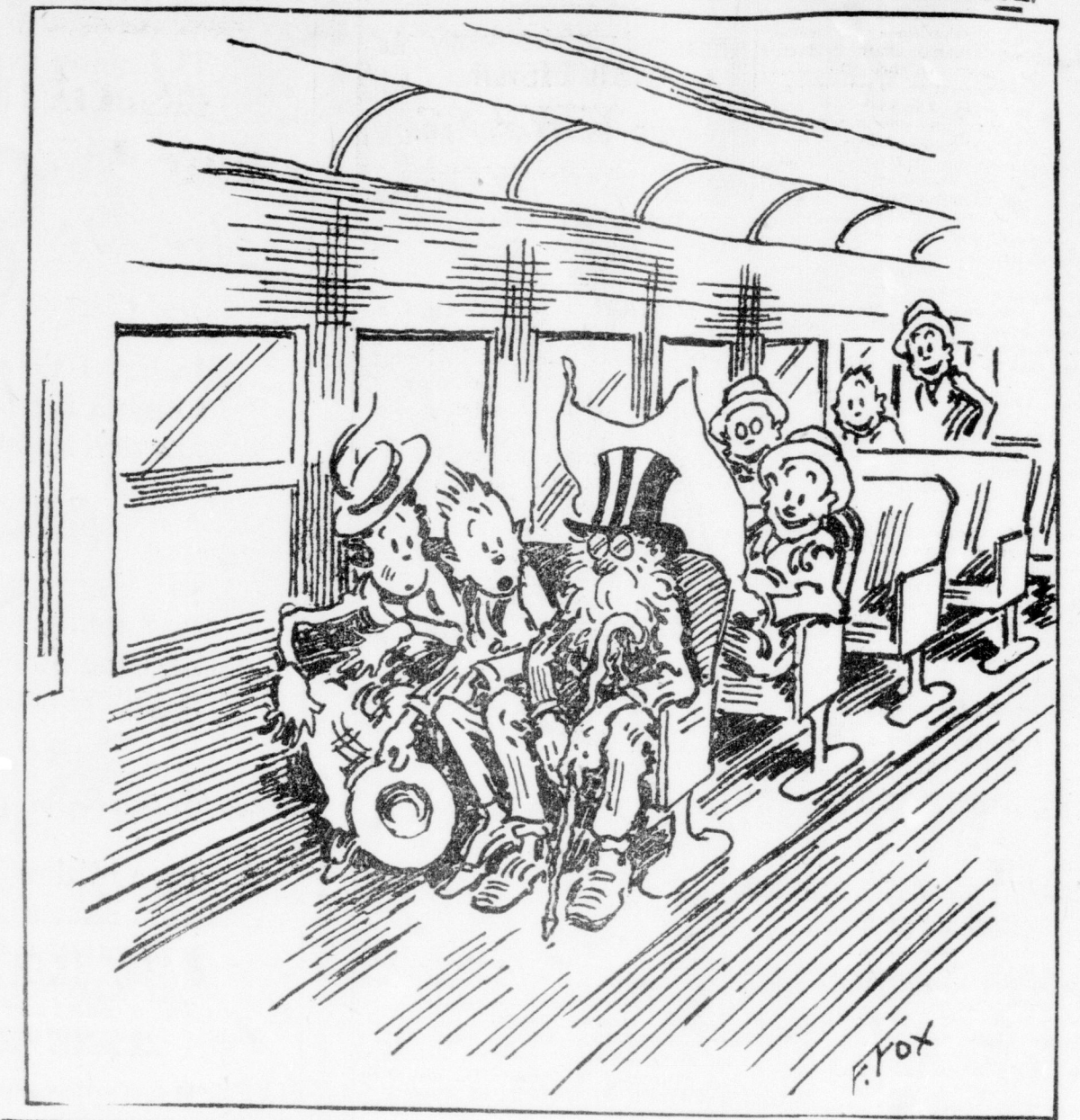
The Dutch are having good sport shooting at German aeroplanes. It discourages aviators from "losing their way."

Canadian artillery work seems no whit behind that of the professional soldiers. The boys of the maple leaf learn fast.

Beard Esquimos were seen by members of the Chipman expedition to the Arctic Circle. More expeditions may be expected to set out after this confirmation of the news. Blondes are ever attractive.

If the Young Man Hadn't Crowded Over So Close to His Sweetheart the Nearsighted Old Gent Would Never Have Made Such a Mistake.

BY FONTAINE FOX.



The Log Cabin as Cradle of Genius

(New York Herald's report of President Wilson's address in accepting the Lincoln homestead in Kentucky in behalf of the nation.)

"How eloquent this little house within the shrine is of the vigor of democracy," exclaimed the president as he spoke of Lincoln as exemplifying the American spirit which does not limit the great men of the nation by the accident of birth.

"Nature pays no tribute to aristocracy," he continued. "Genius is not snob. It does not run after titles or prefer the high circles of society. It pays no special tribute to universities or learned societies or conventional standards of greatness, but serenely chooses its own comrades, its own haunts, its own cradle even, and its own life of adventure and training."

"Here is proof of it. This little hut was the cradle of one of the great sons of men, a man of singular, delightful, vital genius, who presently emerged upon the great stage of the nation's history, gaunt, shy, ungainly, but dominant and majestic, a natural ruler of men, himself inevitably the central figure of the great plot."

"No man can explain this, but every man can see how it demonstrates the vigor of democracy, where every door is open, in every hamlet and countryside, in city and wilderness alike, for the ruler to emerge when he will and claim his leadership in the free life. Such are the authentic proofs of the validity and vitality of democracy."

The president declared that in a society otherwise ordered than our own Lincoln would not have been likely to have found himself in the path of fame and power. "In this place," he continued, "it is right that we should remind ourselves of the solid and striking facts upon which our faith in democracy is founded."

His Life Natural Sequence.

Here Lincoln had his beginnings. Here the end and consummation of the great life seem remote and a bit incredible. And yet there was no break anywhere between beginning and end, no lack of natural sequence anywhere. Nothing really incredible happened.

"It seems to me that in the case of a man—I would rather say of a spirit-like Lincoln—the question where he was of little significance, that it is always what he was that really arrests our thought and takes hold of our imagination. It is the spirit always which is sovereign."

"Lincoln, like the rest of us, was put through the discipline of the world—a very rough and exacting discipline for him—but his spirit got only its schooling there. It did not derive its character or its vision from the experiences which brought it to its full revelation. The test of every American must be, ways he, not where he is, but what he is. That also is of the essence of this place, is the moral of which this place is most gravely expressive."

"We would like to think of men like Lincoln and Washington as typical Americans, but no man can be typical who is so unusual as these great men were. It was typical of American life that it should produce such men with supreme indifference to the manner in which it produced them, and as readily here in this hut as amidst the little circle of cultivated gentlemen to whom and for whom Lincoln and Washington were typical Americans in the use they made of their genius. But there will be few such men at best, and we will not look into the mystery of how and why they come. We will only keep the door open for them always, and a hearty welcome—after we have recognized them."

Lincoln's Lonely Spirit.

President Wilson declared he had the impression that Lincoln was a lonely spirit which comprehended men without fully communing with them, which dwelt apart and saw its visions of duty where no man looked on. "There is a very holy and very terrible isolation," he said, "for the conscience of every man who seeks to reach the destiny in his hands, for others as well as for the man himself, for a nation as well as for individuals. That lonely search of the spirit for the right perhaps no man can keep the strange child of the cabin company with invisible things, was born into no intimacy but that of its own silently assembling and deploying thoughts."

I have come here today not to utter a eulogy on Lincoln; he stands in need of none, but to endeavor to interpret the meaning of his birth and origin. Is not this an altar upon which we may forever keep alive the vestal fire of

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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Alt Nuremburg
BY ELLIS BROWNE.

Professor Feldman brought his chimney car to a standstill before the door of the inn. Alt Nuremburg, with its concrete block towers and spiked iron-bound oaken gates, announced hospitably on a board outside that it served food and soft drinks. Another placard pictured an amber brown mug covered with a generous froth that poured more strongly with haste, he was soon inside the garden waiting to be served at a little white-clothed iron table near a vine-covered wall.

The thought of dinner and evening brought a flush of happiness, for he had kept his car seaward for four hun- dred miles because Betty Pershing was at Ocean Point with her family. An invitation from Mrs. Pershing one day when summer outings were being discussed was not to be overlooked.

"You must come to Ocean Point when the weather is better," she had insisted. "The golf course there is perfect and the sailing is fine."

"Yes, indeed, Feldman," agreed Tom Pershing, joyfully on the day when he had all hollow there if you did trim me today. Better run down."

"And I've got a new launch," put in Jack Pershing, eagerly. "We can have a bully time, professor. I'll take you crabbing, too!"

"Thank you, I go," he had smiled appreciatively. "You certainly offer inducements. And you, Miss Betty? Have I your approval?"

"Certainly, professor. I was just wondering how we could get along through the summer without you!" Betty answered, brightly.

"The die is cast, I go," he announced gratefully. "What have I done to be so fortunate? I assure you I shall do my best to be useful. I shall stock up on fresh new jokes for rainy days, and make proteges of all the old ladies and 'be' stopped. He had caught Betty's eye and hers dropped in pretty confusion, for his eyes were saying only too plainly that she was the cause of his gratitude. Her father's friend had never told her that he loved her, but she had guessed it.

So the Pershings had gone and the professor had followed, and now the sea roaring in his ears made him realize that Betty was less than a mile away and that he could see her in three, two—perhaps one hour.

Two men came in, sat down and rapped sharply on their table. A waiter, dressed in a tuxedo, came and took the orders. The professor changed his mind and ordered orangeade. After all Alt Nuremburg wasn't Heidelberg and he was no longer a German student. Those were good old days, though. That was where he had met Tom Pershing twenty years ago. Now he was nearly 40. Heidelberg! How far away—how long ago! Heidelberg was a pretty little Elbe, flaxen haired and demure! That had been quite an affair. When he came to America he told her he would make his fortune and return when he was rich.

A shadow crossed his face. That had bothered him for years until he had heard that she was married. But he had never verified the rumor. He finished his sandwich and got up to go. More people had come in and a little orchestra had come from somewhere and started to play. The tune

of right and service and enlightened purpose. The commands of democracy are as imperative as its privileges and opportunities, and its compulsion is upon us. It will be great and lift a great light for the guidance of the nations only if we are great and carry that light high for the guidance of our own feet. We are not worthy to stand unless we are not ready to be in deed and in truth real democrats and servants of mankind, ready to give our very lives for the freedom and justice and spiritual exaltation of the great nation which shelters and nurtures us."

WAIT A MINUTE!

—By J. H. F.

A Detroit gentleman committed suicide just before he was to be married. There's one girl who had a lucky escape.

Correspondents will not be allowed to go to either the east or west German fronts. There seems to be no chance for making a fine parade for the news men these days. The staffs are too busy.

A Belgian scientist says that yawning is beneficial to the health. We would be vulgarly healthy if we had to listen long to certain folks.

It was probably not a newspaper joke that caused that Philadelphia girl to laugh herself to death.

They have quitting bees at Rye, New York. Rye does make one queer, at that.

Here's a story from London, England: James Rice, of the Highland Light Infantry, married Sarah Ann Sago. Now he has applied for an increase! Allowance because of the birth of Tapioca Rice. Oh, citizens!

Compromise is said to be the secret of success in marriage. It looks as if it is the real thing in all branches of life.

The trouble with auto racing is simply this: The present crop may be killed off in a season or so, but there is one born every minute.

It looks as if summer is still lingering in the lap of autumn.

The Germans may be on the run on the west front, but their speed is not so fast as it will be shortly. It's coming.

Sound can wreck all New York's skyscrapers, says an expert. Better keep Bill Bryan and Billy Sunday out of New York.

There is probably no connection between the visit of "Chin Chin," to Detroit, and the coming of Billy Sunday.

"The Velvet Touch" is a movie thing. It is a companion piece to "The Joy Mitt."

A skunk attacked some girl soldiers in Wisconsin. They were retreated.

A Chicago man shot himself with a policeman's pistol. Some

A PIMPLY FACE OR POOR COMPLEXION QUICKLY RESTORED

Thousands of young men and women would be handsome and attractive were it not for unsightly pimples, blackheads, and rough uneven skin. Custom seems to recommend lotions and salves but unfortunately their effect is but temporary. These disfiguring blemishes do not originate in the skin—their birth in every case goes further back, to the blood, which must be cleansed of humors before the pimples depart for good.

A physician who has made a careful study of such cases, says that the quickest cure comes from a blood-building medicine like Ferrozone. The minute Ferrozone strikes the blood its good work begins. Poisons and foul matter are expelled. Every trace of humor is driven out, and the whole life current is supplied with nutriment and health-giving qualities. You can always tell a Ferrozone complexion when you see it—the cheeks are clear and rosy, no signs of sallowness—the eyes are bright and expressive because rich, red blood is circulating through the system. Every carrying health, energy and strength with it. Not only will all skin eruptions disappear, but an increase in vitality, an all-round improvement will be apparent. No rebuilding tonic could be more efficient. Get Ferrozone today—Good for young and old, for well folks and sick ones, too. 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or direct by mail from The Catarhazone Co., Kingston, Ont.

"How long have you been in America?" "Sixteen years." "Heaven! And I not to know it. Where have you been?" "In New York most of the time." "What—heavily—what did you come for?" He dreaded her answer. She laughed. "I had to. My husband came."

"So you are married!" with relief. "Sure I am. Fritz and I are doing fine. We have a cafe in Jersey City and come here in summer. This is a good money-maker. We have five strong boys who will soon be old enough to earn something, too. This place pays well. Come in some night after seven and see what crowds we have. But tell me about yourself. You're a fine-looking man, Emmet. No one would think you were a day over thirty. Are you married, and are you making plenty of money?"

She leaned over the table and scanned him closely for earmarks of prosperity. There was no diamond in his tie and none on his hands. She shook her head. "You must do better and get rich. Come and talk to my Fritz. Maybe he can put you in the way of something!"

Elsie, with her dreamy blue eyes and cheeks of roses and cream, had no soul above the silver quarters that fell into Fritz's money-box. He understood now why he had not gone back to her. He thought of sensitive high-strung Betty, her dark understanding eyes and her quick sympathetic smile. He got up and held out his hand.

"No, thank you, Elsie! There are other things beside money, but I will come and see you again. I'm not married yet, but wish me luck. Elsie, I'm going to ask her to marry me. That's good, Emmet. I do wish you luck. But hurry up and get rich. America is a great country," as she shook her hand warmly and hurried away.

"And they say Americans are mercenary," he exclaimed as he started the engine. "Betty, dear, be kind!"

From Montreal, Sept. 23

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times policemen's pistols will shoot.

We hear that the sympathy of the United States is going against the Allies. Perfectly terrible! The United States will have to answer another note about this.

A gent wireless this to us: A Sunday school teacher was taking up a collection for a very laudable purpose, and asked the children to bring donations. She requested, on the day that they were to deposit their pennies, to recite a passage of scripture in the act. A little girl did so, and repeated: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." The second lady of the class, with his face covered with taffy, put his money in the box and said: "A fool and his money are soon parted." Everybody was right.

We heard a person say, "I am unaccustomed to presiding over a public meeting." We decided he was right in a minute.

The Fair is on. The decorations on London's streets are largely conspicuous by not being present. It is a wonder.

Traction Company

WESTERN FAIR.

Reduced fares to London September 8 to 16. Return limit September 20. HOURLY SERVICE and extra cars St. Thomas to London Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Sept. 16.

London & Pt. Stanley Ry.

Reduced Fares To London

ACCOUNT WESTERN FAIR.

Good going Sept. 8 to 15, inclusive. Return limit Sept. 15, 1916.

During Fair week extra trains, stopping only at Glenworth and Westminster, will be run between London and St. Thomas leaving five minutes ahead of the regular trains. S. 15.

London and Port Stanley Railway

New Time Table Effective May 17, 1916. To ST. THOMAS and PORT STANLEY

5:20 a.m. and hourly thereafter at 20 minutes after the hour until 10:20 p.m.

Yrs. 11:20 a.m., 7:10 p.m., 11:21 p.m. Cars leaving after odd hours stop at St. Thomas.

Sunday service commences at 6:20 a.m., commencing June 19, 1916.

London and Port Stanley Railway

Summer commutation books between London and Port Stanley. Time limit extended till October 2, 1916. Sept. 13

Canadian Pacific

"Queen City Special"

The Convenient Toronto Train

Leaves London 8:00 a.m. daily

Leaves Woodstock 9:20 a.m. daily

Leaves Galt 10:20 a.m. daily

Arrives Toronto 12:15 noon daily

CANADIAN PACIFIC STANDARD EQUIPMENT INCLUDING PARLOR CAR.

Particulars from H. J. McCallum, City Passenger Agent; or W. B. Howard, D. P. A., Toronto.

48-11

KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

2 IN 1

SHOE POLISHES

For all the family—children as well as grown-ups. They combine liquid and paste in a paste form. Are very easy to apply without soiling the hands and clothes and with a few vigorous rubs produce a brilliant lasting waterproof shine.

They are easiest to use and the use of just a brush or cloth will bring back the luster to the dusty, damp shoes without fresh application of the polish.

They contain no acid and will not crack the leather.

BLACK-WHITE-TAN 10¢

F. F. DALLEY CO. OF CANADA, LTD., HAMILTON, CANADA