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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Thursday, September 7.

WEAK ARGUMENT.

IN refusing the request of the Allies to consider all submarines as war vessels, Washington offers at least one very weak reason. To the contention that it is impossible for warships to distinguish between the armed and unarmed of such craft the United States replies that it is equally difficult to "spot" merchant surface vessels with masked batteries.

In making this answer, the fact that it is a comparatively easy matter to overtake and search surface vessels in order to discover their real nature, is ignored. But it is this fact that makes the firing on such a ship, without search, inexcusable, unless its identity is already known. It is practically impossible to verify suspicions in a similar way when a submarine is concerned, because she can sink from sight and escape. To recognize these craft as merchantmen would be to make them safe from all danger of capture by enemies.

If the United States is seeking an excuse to treat submarines as merchant ships, the reply can be understood. If she is trying to be logical, she fails.

EXCHANGING CIVILIAN PRISONERS.

THAT all civilians interned in Germany and Britain may be released and sent to their own countries, on promise not to serve during the war, is the report from Berlin, and on the face of it such an agreement would seem desirable and humane. But there are certain disquieting features.

In the first place, Britain must have learned by this time to put no dependence on the word of a German, and if she enters into the proposed scheme she must do so with eyes wide open to the probability that every bit man sent back to Germany will be immediately placed in a position where he can best aid the military plans of his ruler, whether it be on the firing line, in a munitions factory or in taking the place of some other man at present engaged in necessary but non-military work. There is not the slightest excuse for trusting to German honor to observe the parole.

But supposing that the word be kept: what kinds of service are to be designated? If only direct fighting service, the parole is useless, as the returned Germans will be just as welcome to work in factories, increasing the output or replacing others who will exchange the machine shop for the trenches.

Germany is almost at an end of her resources in human reserves, and would naturally be agreeable to any proposal which would add to these. It is safe to say that Britain holds many more German civilians than Germany holds of Britons. Therefore, the exchange would mean an increase in the population of Germany and a corresponding strengthening. If these people were only to be sent to their own countries to live, without taking any hand in the struggle, the Kaiser would never give his consent, as it would simply mean more mouths to feed out of sadly short supplies. It is not the comfort and happiness of his subjects abroad that will influence him, but national expediency.

Britain stands to gain nothing from the exchange except the rescue of her unhappy and unfortunate people from the land of the Huns and a decrease in the expense of feeding prisoners. She is not, like Germany, at the end of her resources either in men, money or food and, in a national sense, the returned ones will be of much less value to her than her captives to Germany.

In her case, however, the well-being of the British now in Germany may be expected to weigh heavily. But in this crisis, the nation's needs are of more consequence than the happiness of the comparative few held in Germany. If the exchange means a strengthening of the foe and a prolonging of the war, it would be a serious mistake and injustice to the people at large.

Every Britisher would like to see all his civilian fellow-countrymen out of the enemy's clutches, but if this is to be arranged it might be more satisfactory to make the exchange without giving or exacting any parole. That would leave Britain free to do what Germany would probably do in any case—use the able men to the best advantage. Better still, an equal number could be exchanged on this basis.

A PATRIOTIC DECISION.

BRITISH trades unionists have emphatically refused to meet with workers of the central powers to discuss the labor program until the latter disavow German terrorism and Prussianism, and have unhesitatingly attributed responsibility for the war to the German people, jointly with their rulers. In their refusal to have any friendly dealings with the enemy, the British unionists have the sympathy and support of the nation, and have shown the American delegates that country comes before all other considerations with

them. They have taken a patriotic and entirely praiseworthy stand.

When the people of Germany are jointly blamed for the war, it is not meant that they seemed to bring it about or really desired it; that was left to the military authorities. Their complicity lies in their failure to come out openly and refuse to be parties to such a plot, after their representatives had promised to oppose military ventures by their Government.

There is in the British mind a certain amount of pity for the German people, because they have allowed themselves to be treated as nonentities by their lords and masters, and have become so impressed with their own lack of power that they are willing to go wherever their leaders point! For this reason it has been truthfully said that the war was not against the German nation, but against militarism as represented by the Kaiser and his clique. Against this militarism there is deep hatred, which can only be satisfied with its total elimination, but the hatred does not generally extend to the masses.

But these excuses for the people are not good for application to the army. The horrible atrocities perpetrated on women and children by hundreds in France, Belgium and Serbia were not acts committed under orders, but furies suggested by the individual, diseased minds of the men themselves. They show a spirit of savagery and brutality which is as much in need of eradication as militarism.

They account for the bitterness frequently displayed towards the soldiers by the Allied forces, and have helped condemn the nation in the opinion of the world.

There is something abhorrent to Britishers in the idea of having any friendly dealings with Germans while the atrocities continue; while British prisoners are ill-treated in Germany, and while no objection is raised to the Prussian policy of killing defenceless women and children by zeppelins. Only when these crimes have been expiated and a new code of morality springs to life in Germany can any semblance of friendship be restored.

NEWS AND FAKES.

A STRIKING SAMPLE of the fakes in war news being inflicted on the public by the "special cables," written in New York, appeared yesterday in two separate Toronto papers and one London paper, all of which take the discredited Hearst service.

In an alleged special cable from London these papers printed the following: "The French captured by storm the village of Ommecourt, southeast of Chaulnes, their chief objective," and in order to emphasize this guess added: "This latter town is now in General Foch's grip from three sides and its fall is believed near."

Those who follow the developments of the war closely will quickly see the absurdity of this statement by comparing it with the French official statement, as published in The Advertiser. The official report said:

"We also strengthened our positions north of the river, connecting them with the southern bank and taking the village of Ommecourt, which is entirely in our hands."

To begin with there is a difference in spelling and in the official report the captured town is definitely located on the southern bank of the Somme River. Instead of being southeast of Chaulnes it is about eight miles north of this town. Its capture has nothing to do with the operations about Chaulnes.

The incident illustrates the fact that practically the only reliable war cables published are the official reports, or those written by accredited correspondents such as Frederick Palmer.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Germany denies all food riots in her cities, but that has no bearing on the facts.

Joining the preparedness-for-peace movement, the city council now has paper drinking cups instead of glasses.

It is hardly conceivable the new German war loan is a failure. Cannot the same old paper be kept circulating as usual?

Those who watched Lieut.-Col. Wigle's work with the 18th Battalion will not be surprised at his success as brigade commander.

Explorer Peary and Dr. Cook should have fellow-feeling for each other. Cook's pole and Peary's Crocker Land seem to be both myths.

Constantine has completely recovered his health, but is too sick to give audience to Venizelists. Is the Greek word for sick and scared the same?

For occupying the most uncomfortable position, Bohemia takes first prize. Officially at war with the Allies, the latter have all her sympathy.

Plaintiff in a lawsuit at New Orleans says an engineer stopped his train for two hours in order to go fishing. This is a relief from those noted American hustle stories.

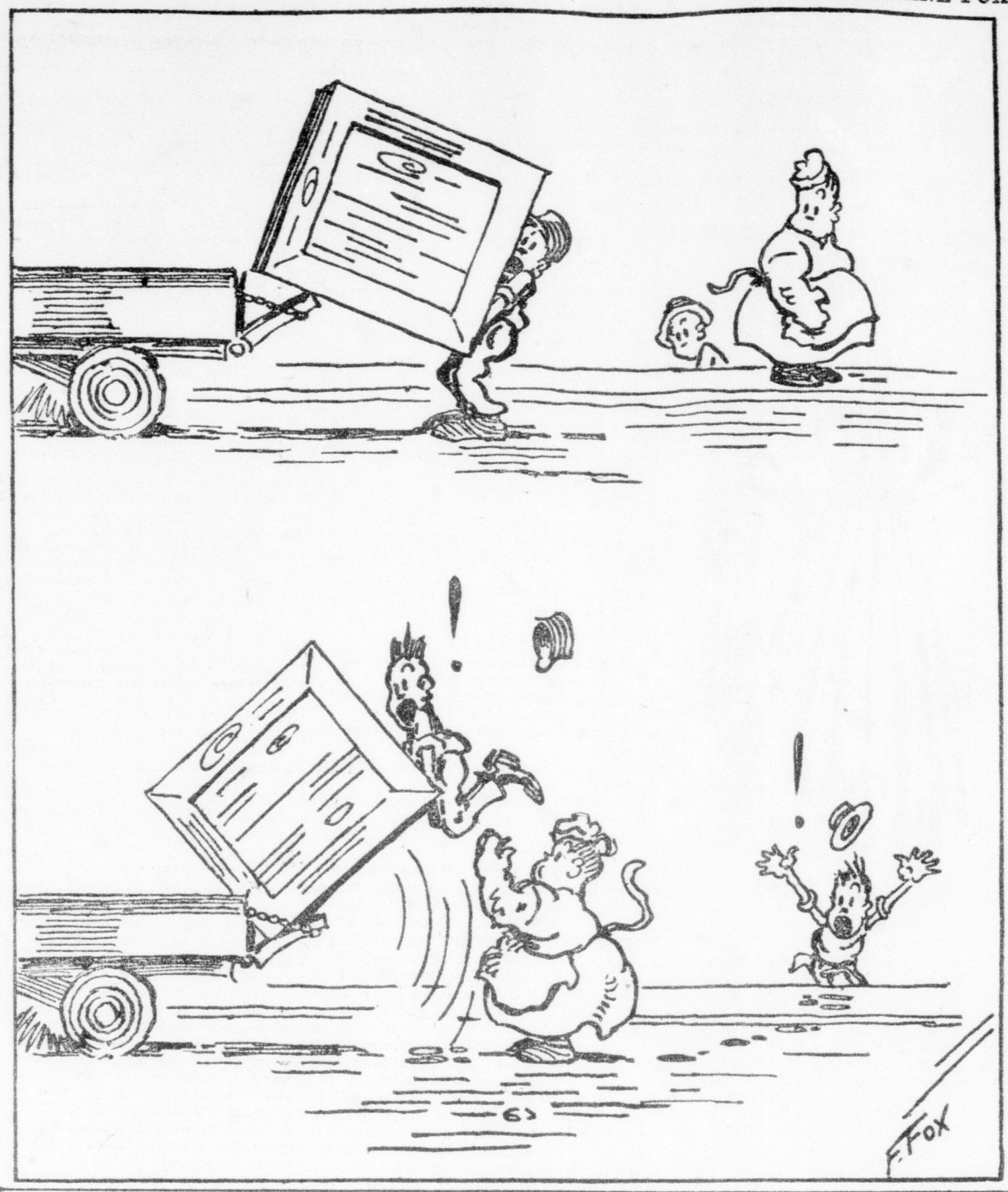
Conservatives plan to bombard Hearst with telegrams protesting against prohibition. Yet the Tory papers will try to identify the Liberals with the liquor party. Actions speak loudly.

Bring forth iron crosses of the highest grade. Shall the heroes of those four German destroyers which escaped destruction by an allied submarine be flight go unrewarded? Perish the thought.

It is rather difficult to see why Sir Richmond Roblin, G. R. Caldwell and J. H. Howden should be heartily congratulated by their counsel and friends on a jury disagreement, if these friends believe them innocent of the charges brought, especially when the jury stood nine for conviction and three for acquittal.

The Powerful Katrinka Happened To Hear the Man Call for Someone To Lend Him a Hand.

BY FONTAINE FOX



The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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Worthy of Remembrance

By Elsie See.

"Talk about the quiet of a village," muttered Larry Elliott, as he sleepily arose on the second morning of his vacation at Angiersville, "but if there's a quiet moment from the time the first robin chirps at daybreak until the village band quits practicing at midnight I haven't been able to locate it."

A few moments later Larry was out for a walk before breakfast. Ignoring the narrow strip of concrete sidewalk, he was swinging along in the middle of the street when he gave a low, indrawn whistle, for coming toward him took one glance at the girl, and then the railroad was a slim girl in a soft white waist and khaki skirt. The tints of her copper-colored hair blended with the brown-colored hair of the girl, and Larry's delighted admiration shone in his frank, brown eyes.

Just then the village quiet was broken by the excited bells of a small boy whose three cows being driven to pasture decided to bolt their keeper's care and dash back to the lot where their lately weaned calves stood bawling. Along the road, just behind the girl, the clumsy animals swung, moaning rumblingly and tossing their heads angrily. The girl turned her head and took one glance at them, but stood motionless with fright. Onward lunged the cows and the small boy continued to yell excitedly. With one hand he took hold of her arm and with the other he waved his Panama hat wildly back and forth in the faces of the bawling cows. The next instant, though, they swerved to either side and went on toward their far-off pasture.

Larry could feel the girl's arm trembling, but he looked at her with such a friendly, amused smile that she laughed.

"Thank you for rescuing me," her voice was a bit tremulous. "I've had a foolish terror of cows all my life, though never before have I had any real reason to fear them."

"Glad to be of service," said Larry, and hoping to prolong the conversation he ventured to add, "For fear the ogres renew the attack at some other point on your journey, won't you let me go along to wave them away again?" He held up his hat threateningly, and both of them laughed.

"Ogres are as nothing to the tongues of village gossip," Sir Knight of the Panama, said the girl demurely. "Oh, bother the tongues and the thousand other things in this burg which won't keep quiet."

"But every moment we stand here makes material for those tongues," said the girl, taking a backward step. "So I must move on. Thank you, again."

"For your sake I'll move on, too, but I can find a way to thank you according to the ethics of the gossips, have I your permission?" Larry's eyes were pleading so earnestly that the girl smiled and pulled a long-suffered sigh from the bunch she carried.

"Yes, and here's a mascot," tossing him the flower. "May it bring you luck!"

Larry returned to his breakfast with a contented smile and a ravenous appetite. As his landlady bustled about the sunny, rag-carpeted dining-room, he longed to ask her about the girl he had met, but knew it would be unwise. He felt that the charming girl was in the sleepy village, but not of it.

"Would that I had been bidden to call upon her instead of upon the prim spinster who runs the boarding school chum," Larry sighed at this thought, but stoically drew from his pocket the note of introduction his grandmother had addressed to Miss Arabella P. Mortimer. He resolved to make the promised call that afternoon so that he might pursue the pleasures of his vacation without qualms of conscience for duties unperformed.

He set out that afternoon expecting to be received in a darkened drawing-room by an oppressively dignified lady, and his expectations were fully realized. Miss Mortimer was just as he had pictured her, even to the way she folded her thin hands across each other in her lap. While listening courteously to her precisely worded remarks and while making adequate if not enthusiastic responses, Larry was

picture to himself the stately social functions which had doubtless taken place within those broad, high-ceiled rooms when Miss Mortimer had been a dimpled girl instead of a wrinkled spinster. Suddenly the middle-aged servant who had admitted Larry reappeared at the doorway with a frightened expression.

"Begging your pardon, Miss Mortimer," began the woman, talking very rapidly, "but Miss Penelope has left from a cherry tree and hurt her ankle most awful!"

"Penelope in a cherry tree!" Miss Mortimer's dismay at such an indication overcame her anxiety about the accident for the moment, and Larry almost laughed as he thought of Miss Penelope as a counterpart of Miss Arabella, and falling from a cherry tree.

"She's sitting on the ground now, holding of her ankle," said the woman, "and yowling she won't come in till you've gone to the Ladies' Aid, but I knew you'd hold me to account if I didn't tell you."

"Very well, Maggie," Miss Mortimer's tone indicated that the servant was dismissed from further obligation.

"Do let me be of service," said Larry eagerly. "I can't assist the lady to the house?"

"You are very kind, Mr. Elliott, and I think we'd better make haste to the orchard," Miss Mortimer led the way out through a French window as she spoke.

As they hurried through the orchard toward the cherry trees along its farthest slope, Larry saw a white-clad woman seated on the ground, holding her left ankle with both hands. A large Lehigh son had hid her face and shoulders so that not until Miss Mortimer's anxious questions caused the wounded Miss Penelope to lift her head did Larry have a thrill as he recognized the girl of his early morning adventure.

"Auntie, I'm sorry to cause you any anxiety," said Penelope.

"But, Neppie, dear, are you badly hurt?"

"I think not, though it does hurt when I try to stand."

Miss Mortimer looked anxiously from her niece to Larry, and remembered that they had not been introduced.

"Mr. Elliott, pardon me for not presenting you to my niece, Miss Penelope, elder; Penelope, Mr. Elliott, the grandson of a dear friend of mine."

"And eager to be of service to a lady in distress," said Larry smilingly.

"A little later, as he was supporting Penelope on her slow journey toward the house and Miss Mortimer went on in advance to prepare a poultice for the injured ankle. Larry took from his pocket the daisy that Penelope had given him that morning.

"This has indeed proved a mascot," he said, "though I'm sorry that both daisy and Penelope have been associated with something disagreeable."

"Isn't it rather that your appearance each time helped me out of a disagreeable situation?"

"It is kind of you to put it that way, but I hope we shall meet under delightful circumstances so often that all disagreeable ones will be forgotten."

Penelope was silent for so long that Larry feared he had been precipitate, but when she spoke very softly, he was reassured.

"I'd rather remember all that has happened today than to forget the delightful part of it," she said.

GOOD IDEA.

Lady—"I'm worried about my complexion, doctor. Look at my face!" Doctor—"You'll have to diet."

Lady—"I never thought of that. What color would suit me best, do you think?"

FAVORS ANTICIPATED.

The minister's daughter was entertaining several of her father's small parishioners.

"Will you have more cake, Polly?" she said.

"No thank you, miss, I'm full," said the girl.

"Then I think you may put some in your pockets."

"They're full, too," said Polly.

sweetheart is the cause of coin distribution. The only chance that is worth while follows a sneeze.

King Constantine's family is against him, with the exception of his wife. She's boss.

The Detroit Free Press has discovered some goodness in J. Bull, Esq. It has taken the light a long time to break in on that sheet.

Billy Sunday is going to tackle New York. He has heard that there are a lot of millionaires there.

An American army man found a rattlesnake in bed beside him the other day. Texas is supposed to be very dry.

O sweet September, thy first breezes bring The dry leaf's rustle, and the squirrel's laughter, and the cool fresh air whence health and vigor spring And promise of exceeding joy hereafter.

—George Arnold.

O sweet September, you're nature's color weaver, You paint the leaves, and with your every breeze, You spread the pollen that brings cured hay fever And does us up till we only live to sneeze!

—H. HELFUS.

THE WORST YET.

The spring was wet, but the summer was dry, And dryer will be the fall, For the greatest dryness ever was known, Is fast approaching us all.

Wherever you go in this land so free, From Ottawa to St. Clair, Some old thirsty souls will the dryness feel, Up to the roots of the hair.

No spirits around in such days as these, Excepting to him who digs, For the sly old nests of bottles and jugs, Or pens of lucky blind rats.

In olden times if we wanted a drink, Supplies were always on hand, Now all that remains of pleasures gone by, Is the long-lived old demand.

JIM SMILLIE.

Business, Ontario.

A customer writes: If Greece wants a place in the sun, does Greece want a grease spot?

Not being up in the cleaning business, we do not know.

Just to interest you, we hear that a photographer has taken pictures of 2,000 snow crystals, no two of which are alike. He will keep on until he gets two humans looking similar.

There is a suggestion that a wine clerks' battalion be organized this fall.

Gen. Smuts has captured Dares-Salaam. We salaam to him.

A friend of President Wilson has died while playing golf. This ought to be an awful warning to men who play golf.

Where is that dear Bremen that was to submarine across the briny deep? We had better cable to Davy Jones' locker.

The British have given a military funeral to the crew of the zepp brought down. That was not their deserts. However, we presume there will be no objections, so long as these kind of funerals are numerous enough.

If Liberal papers are mere scolders, it would appear that they have at least a lot to scold about.

The jury in Manitoba disagreed as to the guilt of Sir Edmund Roblin and the others. However, the verdict of the people shows what the people believe.

A tailor person has warned fat folks against wearing stripes. He probably saw some nice plump lady in one of those awning or candy stripe suits. The latter add much to the gaiety of the nation.

It used to be said that it was easier to get into jail than out, but the person who said that never knew how easy it is for German prisoners to get out of jail at Atlanta, Ga.

An angry cat just beat a tattoo on the nose of our pet dog yesterday afternoon, making him look as if he had run into a flock of shrapnel. His howls could be heard for blocks. Now he lets cats alone. It's a wise dog that knows when to beat a retreat from Pussy.

A guy wants to know whether we should prefer to be buried or cremated. No, we just want to live.

At Seattle the other day an auto knocked a woman through a window. She was first at the bargain counter.

Now that the tennis championship of the United States has been settled the war can proceed.

Judge Hughes says the United States needs a reign of reason. That's the best thing he has ever said. That's about it.

Hand-shaking is said to be a source of disease distribution. Shaking a

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It means that disease will soon attack the lungs. Wheezing is distressing to the sufferer and annoying to his friends. Nothing half so certain in bronchitis and throat trouble as "Cattarrhozone"; it gives instant relief and cures even the worst cases. Bronchitis fairly flows under the magic influence of Cattarrhozone which cures so thoroughly the disease never returns. Other remedies may relieve, but Cattarrhozone cures bronchitis, catarrh, and throat trouble for all time to come. Beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you for genuine Cattarrhozone, which is sold everywhere, large size, containing two months' treatment, costs \$1; small size, 50c; sample size, 25c.

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They know a lot about the deadliest kind of ammunition.

We hope soon to hear the Bulgarians singing in chorus to the Kaiser, "We Left Our Happy Home for You."

With a mob howling about his palace, King Constantine was led to yodel to the Greeks, "You made me love you; I didn't want to do it." His regular love has been for the Germans.

The new dances are graceful, except the waltz.

IS YOUR TONGUE FURRED? HAVE YOU HEADACHE?

How few feel well this time of the year? The whole system needs housecleaning; the blood is impure; it needs enriching. Nothing will do the work more effectively than Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Take them at night and you feel better next morning. They work wonders in the body while you sleep. Being composed of pure vegetable extracts and juices, Dr. Hamilton's Pills are safe for the young and old alike. Try this wonderful family medicine today, it will do you a world of good. Whether for biliousness, headache, lack of appetite or constipation, Dr. Hamilton's Pills will quickly cure. 25c per box at all dealers.

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New Time Table Effective May 17, 1916. To ST. THOMAS AND PORT STANLEY. 6:20 a.m. and hourly thereafter at 20 minutes after the hour until 10:20 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 19, 1916.

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