

FOUR

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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.
London, Ont., Tuesday, August 15.

EMPEROR AND KAISER.
COMPARISONS between the Kaiser and Napoleon have frequently been made, and are sometimes interesting at least, if not profitable. It is insulting to old Napoleon to be thus compared, but then he deserved to be insulted. The only regrettable feature of the matter is the compliment to the Hohenzollerns.

The two men had both a lively versatility, with a special penchant for making speeches. At one time in early life Napoleon gathered materials for a history of Corsica and expected to shine in letters. It is a wonder the Kaiser has not written a history of Potsdam or the German barracks, either or both of which may be regarded as his native country. Wilhelm's autobiography, confessions, journals, etc., will be enter- taining literature when they are pub- lished shortly. Both men had notions of utilizing and exploiting religion in statecraft. The Kaiser, however, is much more than Napoleon a hypocrite in this respect.

Both had the most finished military training and pinned their faith particu- larly to artillery. That God is on the side of the big battalions was their firm conviction. It is unnecessary in this con- nection to observe that a considerable difference between the two lies in the circumstance that the one commander stood on his own feet, the other sits up on the Babel Tower of German mili- tarianism, communing with "Gott in Him- mel" and appropriating, not directing, the brains of his officers. The one was thorough in his work, his reading, his thinking, the other is a shallow, super- ficial dilettante prying over, not directing, an engine of efficiency.

The Corsican and the Hohenzollern aimed alike at universal dominion, using for that purpose a great military machine that was ready to hand, and alike found the path obstructed by the British fleet. The battle of Jutland has been a second Trafalgar. As Wellington destroyed French legions in Spain, Haig is bleeding the Hohenzollerns to death on the French and Flemish lines. Two im- portant advantages had Napoleon, first the enmity and war between the United States and Great Britain; and secondly, when the French aggressor was able to revive and exploit a united Italy, drain- ing it of men for his armies, the Kaiser finds a solid and powerful Italy among his foes. An attack on Egypt and thence on India was part of Napoleon's plans, but he came to grief in the same way as the Turks have been punished at Suez.

In love affairs Napoleon seems to have been more reckless. There is no such color in Wilhelm's history, prob- ably, as Josephine or the pretty Polish princess, and some others. But Bonaparte came from the sunny south.

It is as a triumphant hypocrite that the Kaiser today takes the lead. Brought up in and on top of Germany in the last forty years he could be nothing else. Three deep hypocrites have come to be distinctive of Hunland, first the pre- sence that the originally defensive mili- tarianism of Prussia, has continued to be defensive since 1870, second the cry that war is both necessary and right (always supposing that Germany wins), and third, the propaganda that England, the enemy, who has, is envious of Germany who has not (outrageous idea), that Eng- land is fat, helpless, degenerate and ought to be robbed, and that God will help his Germans do it. Here is a robber and perjured nation claiming to be God's own. So the Kaiser showed his cloven foot at the time of the Boer war. Great Britain was much decried in Ger- many, an old historian like Theodor Mommsen joining in the squealing hub- bub; Treitschke was far from being the only one. "Wicked, hypocrite England," bewailed hypocrite Germany. The Kaiser is the greatest bawler of the lot.

Napoleon pretended, of course, to be the liberator, carrying the gospel of equality around Europe. But he really was in a great measure what he claimed to be as the child of the French Revolu- tion. He invaded countries blighted by stupid absolutism and oligarchy, he broke up that lumbering mass, the Holy Roman Empire, he endeavored at least to recreate Poland, wrestling it from Prussian, Russian and Austrian mas- ters, he brought Italy back to life. But Kaiser Wilhelm tries to trample down the democracy of France, Great Britain, and indeed of America, too, while prating of freedom and holiness. He is the arch hypocrite.

The fate of Wilhelm should be savorier than that of the Corsican adventurer. There was excuse for Napoleon. He was of humble origin and achieved greatness, growing gradually intoxicated with success. He arose out of a general tumult, he did not start the fight- ing. But Kaiser Wilhelm coldly and de- liberately planned his assault upon

democracy at home and abroad during years and years of prosperous peace. He and his crew worked and prepared like a gang of devils for the subjugation of the world. Their punishment should be condign.

ONTARIO'S FOREST FIRES.
NO ONE can prove the origin of the Northern Ontario forest fires, but the experts all dwell on the necessity for a change in the practice of settlers burning their own clearing slash. In British Columbia and Quebec no settler is permitted to burn off the timber on his property until he has secured a per- mit which provides for supervision by a fire ranger. In Ontario there is no co- operation between the settler and the forest administration; in fact this prov- ince is far in the rear in the protection of its resources. Fire rangers are given from 500 to 1,000 square miles of territory to patrol, with the result that unless they chance to run into fires they cannot possibly even pretend to be of any service. Before they can reach a sighted fire by canoe or on foot, it has spread beyond control. Settlers start fires without consulting them, and it is difficult to keep track of campers and their fires in so vast a territory. The railways are not compelled to burn off while proceeding through timber lands, as in British Columbia. The province is lagging, and many lives and much wealth is the toll of her lethargy.

THE COUNTY JUDGESHIP.
THE temporary appointment of Mr. J. H. A. Beattie to fill the position of county judge, rendered vacant by the death of the late Judge Edward Elliott, is no doubt due to the inability of the Department of Justice to get in touch with Mr. William Gray. A permanent appointment would have been made if he could have been communicated with. Those whose names have been men- tioned are all competent men. The bar of Middlesex is large enough to make the appointment from among its mem- bers. It will be admitted, too, that the name of no outside member of the bar would be more favorably received than that of the city solicitor of St. Thomas. Mr. Essery has the support of Mr. Gray and the local Conservatives. He has given the city of London good service as mayor and in other capacities. It is largely due to him and the former city engineer, Mr. T. H. Tracy, that London enjoys its splendid Springbank Park. He is a lover of nature. He has had a long experience at the bar, and deserves any promotion that can be given him.

Hume B. Elliot, K.C., would in all probability be a duplicate of his honored father if appointed. Like him, he un- derstands human nature, and possesses a sound common-sense, without which no one can be a satisfactory county judge. He has been regarded as a likely appointment for some years. Police Magistrate Judd has proved his capacity since his appointment as police magistrate. He now occupies a more difficult position than that of county judge. It is a position that grows in importance from year to year. The occupant of the police court bench should be named a judge. The term "magistrate" does not carry with it the dignity it deserves.

William Burton Doherty, city solicitor of St. Thomas, is well qualified in every way. He is thoroughly honorable, able and experienced. It is a good sign when so many good men are available, and as there are other vacancies, perhaps two of them could be selected, one for Middlesex and the other for some other county. No mistake will be made whoever is selected. All are good, competent men, and each, if appointed, maintain the high standard of his predecessors, and satisfactorily administer justice.

SPENDING DAYS.
MONEY SEEMS TO FLOW like water in these days. The five and ten cent pieces are being culti- vated by a dozen different lines of trade that were not organized a dozen years ago. Every one of the six senses is catered to, perhaps most of all those of the eye and the palate. A policy of "enjoy yourself" is quickly turned into "indulge yourself." People in modest circumstances crowd their stands that sell imported pears for five cents a piece. Every corner grocery must have the early products of the south. The new amusement has only to announce itself to be well patron- ized. Every other store is an agent for expensive sweetmeats. Silk stockings are as common as cotton and cashmere. The automobiles seem to multiply like rabbits over- night. Everyone appears to have money and our bank deposits would indicate that we are thrifty. Never- theless, these are the days of ex- travagance. The public is trained to let go easily of its small change. A man requires a financial umbrella to shield him, an anchor to windward that will hold his head up when the storm comes. The smell of "big money" is in the air and free and easy spending is epidemic. It is good to see those who have had little en- joying themselves, but it would be sad to see them suffer for lack of enough if an evil day should come.

EDITORIAL NOTES.
The tangled skein in Manitoba makes a net for the octopus.

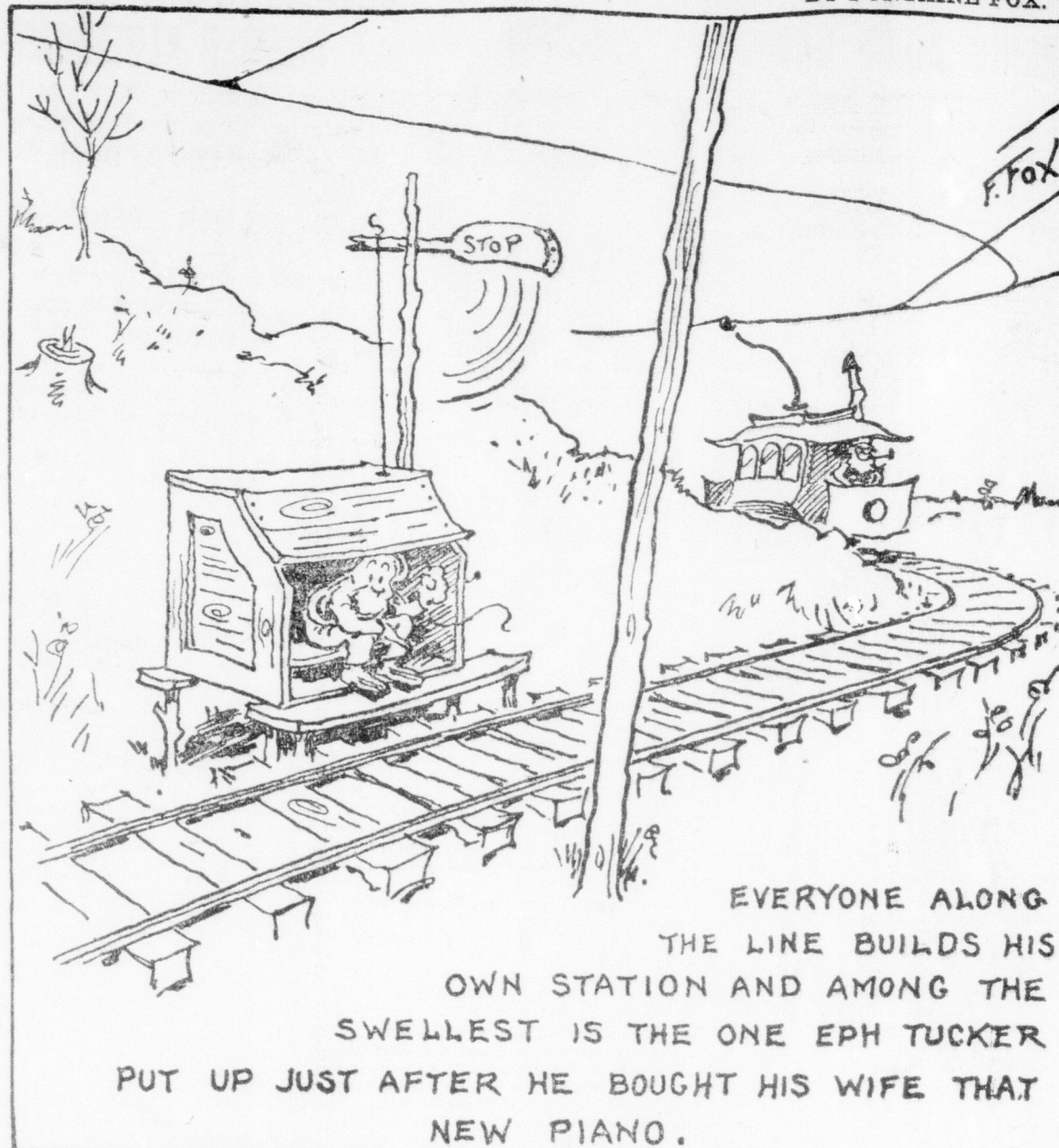
Roosevelt is mentioned as Hughes' prospective secretary of war. That ought to put Hughes in power.

Germany still thinks she is winning. Does not the beheaded serpent switch his tail until the sun goes down?

William Randolph Hearst started a Balkan advance of his own. In order, no doubt, to publish another "over- whelming defeat" of the British. Liebknecht warned Germany Case- ment was a traitor and declared his country should have nothing in com- mon with him. A rebel such as the imprisoned editor is the truest German of them all.

The Toonerville Trolley Which Meets All the Trains

BY FONTAINE FOX.



EVERYONE ALONG
THE LINE BUILDS HIS
OWN STATION AND AMONG THE
SWELLEST IS THE ONE EPH TUCKER
PUT UP JUST AFTER HE BOUGHT HIS WIFE THAT
NEW PIANO.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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The Strawberry Festival

BY EARL REED SILVERS.

Mrs. Sarah McConaughty kept a boarding-house in the heart of the Cats- kills. She was assisted in the various duties of her position by her daughter, Margaret, who had eyes the color of a ripened chestnut and lips as red as the crimson roses which grew in profusion over the rambling front porch. Margaret was as pretty an Irish girl as could be found in a day's journey, and whenever her eyes met those of Walter Blake she became even prettier.

Walter had come to Ferndale in the early summer, and there he had met another Margaret, a Miss Fischer, whose father had been a partner in the firm of which he was now in charge. She was a carefully-prepared vacation clothes with a mark of distinction. She powdered her nose with a puff which she carried in her handkerchief and reddened her lips by the aid of a magic stick which the country girl had once seen on the top of the dresser in her room. Her conversa- tion was savored with a touch of care- less slang. She had admirers by the score, and Walter Blake was one of them. During the first part of his visit, he had followed her around much in the manner of a faithful collie who will not be driven back when his master wants to go somewhere without him.

But one night he had disconsolately watched her drive over the hills with Edgar Nolan, and, turning, had found Margaret McConaughty looking at him with the hint of a twinkle in her eyes. Seized by a sudden impulse, he had asked her to drive with him, and they had gone together to the market in Liberty. On the way, they had passed Margaret Fischer and her companion. The city girl had looked with amaze- ment at her country rival, but when the latter had passed out of sight she had drawn forth her powder puff to tap her nose gently, for she had noted the healthy color of Miss McConaughty's cheeks. The boy had frankly enjoyed himself that night, while as for Mar- garet it became the event by which all other incidents of the summer were measured.

After that, they saw each other fre- quently, but one night when Walter had asked her to go with him to a barn- dance in one of the neighboring hotels she had been forced to refuse because of the stern necessity of helping her mother with the supper dishes. And he had been inclined to argue.

"I don't believe you want to go," he had said.

"But I do," Margaret's eyes had begged for confidence, but Walter had turned away.

"All right," he had announced, "I'll ask Miss Fischer."

Three days had passed since then, and Blake had paid little attention to his country friend. He was continually in the company of his rival, however, and seemed to be perfectly satisfied to listen to trivial talk of Broadway, Mary Pick- ford and Murray's. All of which, with the exception of Mary Pickford, was a mystery to Margaret.

On Saturday evening, however, an hour before the strawberry festival was scheduled to be held in the village church, Walter found Margaret McConaughty sitting on the back porch hulling berries.

"Are you going to the festival to- night?" he asked.

Margaret smiled whimsically.

"I'm going to have a little festival all of my own," she answered. "There are fifteen boxes to be hulled before I go to bed tonight."

"Oh, you don't have to do that, do you?"

"Mother says so."

"But doesn't she know that you might want to go to the church?"

"Yes, she knows that I might want to," Margaret's brown eyes twinkled. "But she also knows that these berries must be fixed tonight."

"Oh, let them go," Walter spoke care- lessly. "We'll get up early in the morn- ing, and I'll help you."

"How early?" She looked at him with amusement.

"About seven o'clock. We can do them easily before breakfast."

"I guess you don't understand coun- try people. I'm downstairs before six every morning."

"What! Before six?"

"Yes, and sometimes earlier." She smiled. "I guess my strawberry festival will be a lonely one, after all."

"But can't you just sneak away and not do them?" He did not understand that Mrs. McConaughty was accustomed to be obeyed.

going to be held right here on the back porch, and the girl I'm going with is Margaret McConaughty."

WAIT A MINUTE!
—By J. H. F.

Peru imports metal beds. We have slept on some that were much like metal, and we would gladly send them to Peru, or anywhere else.

J. Wesley Allison lost his colonelcy, but held the money. The honorary rank was good enough to get him the coin.

Jas. Sutherland, a preacher of Fruitville, Cal., eloped the other day with Mary Ham, aged 75. They can't beat these young folks.

A New Yorker recently ordered that \$10,000 be expended on his funeral. He is now patron saint of the Undertak- ers' Union.

Mark Twain says there are lots of reporters in heaven, according to some spiritualistic folks. Mark was always a funny chap.

There is probably no truth in the story that the shark killed at Oyster Bay was talked to death by T. Roosevelt.

The "We Can't Win" Club has been disbanded, everybody now being as- sured that the Big Win is in sight.

An Ohio politician got a nomination because his nine daughters all worked for him. That's tough on the ordinary man who has not nine daughters to campaign for him.

A little over a year ago it was printed in one of the local papers that it took a fraction of a second to come to London, but we have found out lately that it sometimes takes a fraction of a day. That's not saying anything for hydro.—One Who Slept in a Car.

Bethmann-Hollweg wanted to settle the war on the basis of the map of Europe. The map is being sadly mused up these days, the Germans must figure.

A pedestrian may have rights on the streets, but the worst of it is that the motorists do not know that.

A lot of men are thought to be full of hope, when they are simply full of hop, says a wise bird.

Garlie is said to be as costly as it was two years ago, an expert says. We were hoping that it was more ex- pensive.

A French scientist says that temper- ature controls the birthrate. Have it your own way.

Poet Bill says he had the choice between a canary and two

parachutes, on his guessing con- test. Bill is slightly up in the air, we believe.

A SOLILOQUY.
It is foolishness this talk of auxiliary power.

Do people think we're going to that outlay.

When we have a neighbor and whenever we blow out.

Can tap his line and quickly get away?

Even if that trick failed us, what cause have we to fret?

We will do just as we jolly well think fit.

And if people are not satisfied with the way we proceed,

We'll get legislation which will sanc- tion it.

—THE OLD 'UN.

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Irish Picnic
AUGUST 16
Hourly Service to and from Port Stanley from 7:30 a.m.

London and Port Stanley Railway

New Time Table Effective May 17, 1916.
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Then 11:20 p.m. to St. Thomas only.
Cars leaving after 10:20 p.m. stop only at St. Thomas.
Sunday service commences at 6:20 a.m., commencing June 19, 1916.

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AUSONIA Aug. 31
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MONTREAL TO BRISTOL
(Ayrmouth Dock.)

From Montreal. From Bristol.
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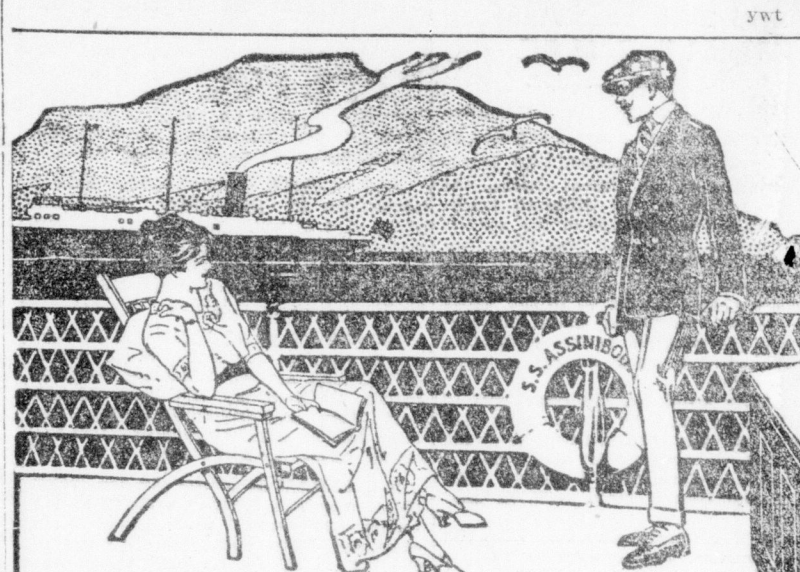
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Pretoria Aug. 12 Glasgow
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Tickets, information and reservations from Local Agent, or W. B. Howard, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ont.

YWT

Farm Laborers

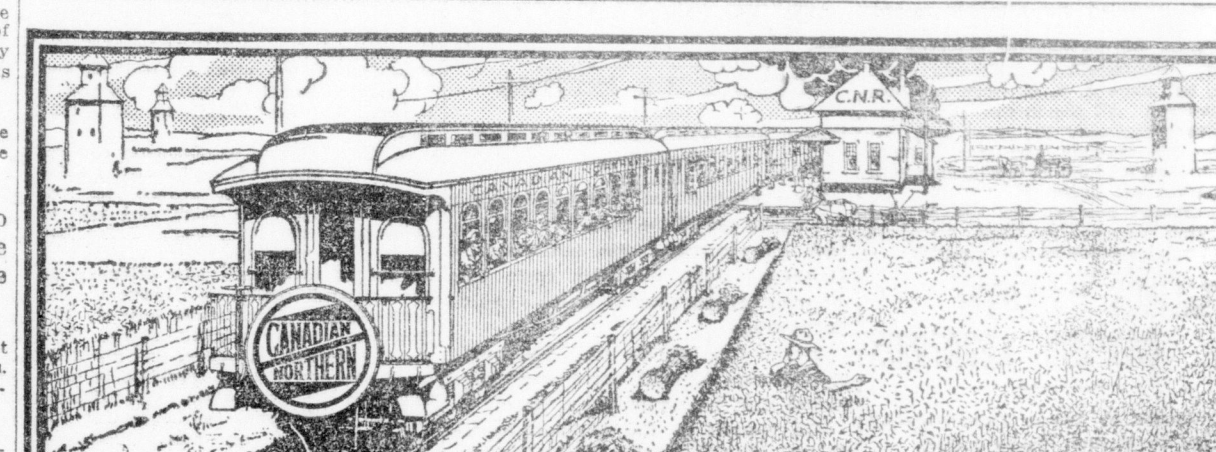
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Going Trip West \$12.00 TO WINNIPEG
Return Trip East \$18.00 FROM WINNIPEG

Going Dates
August 17 and 31
From Toronto Sudbury Line and East, but not including Smith's Falls or Renfrew, also from Main Line East of Sud- bury, but not includ- ing North Bay.

August 19 and September 2
From Toronto, also West and South thereof

Further particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents, or W. B. Howard, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.



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