

London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.

MORNING EDITION. Outside City. By Mail.
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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Monday, August 12.

FATE FIGHTS WITH US?

THE MORE certain victory becomes for the Allied arms the more willing are we to consider those great possibilities for disaster which have been present since war began, and which in some manner of providence seem to have been circumvented.

To get back to the first fact whereby the Allies were sustained in the hour of extreme danger, let us remember that but for Belgian fidelity to sacred honor the Germans would most certainly have been in the heart of France. It was the struggle that the little nation of King Albert engaged in during the few early days that gave the French and British a chance to rally to the north to meet the oncoming horde, none too successfully and with enormous losses, but doggedly and with a campaign having its climax of fixation at the Marne and Ypres. How much more wonderful appears the first famous retreat when we have a chance to remember, with immediate danger for the moment laid aside, that for days and weeks the whole fate of the world depended upon the rearguard fighting of the British and French against overwhelming odds.

Then, to turn to another phase, we should scarcely have been able to sustain the cause on land but for the determination of Great Britain to hold fast for her Belgian pledge. While it took years before the full effect of the man-power might of the tight little island and her colonies was felt, yet her entrance served to wipe the German navy off the seas, except for submarine warfare. Without the British sea arm the cause would have been hopeless for the rest of the world.

And while Britain held the seas, the French shed blood to hold the foe. The great offensive at Verdun was the supreme test of the French. The "bled white" fallacy followed that tremendous defeat of the mighty German machine. But even today does France show the pallor of the blood-drained nation?

The Russian strength in the east, undependable though it may have been, was at least a constant menace and in irritant to the Germans. The blundering, clumsy-footed advances and retreats of the Russian armies into and out of Austria were at least distracting things that held up tremendous western offensives which if delivered in the west in 1916 as they have been in 1918 would have been disastrous.

The American entry following the Russian defection was another most logical development in the thesis for Allied good fortune. With Russia gone the problem seemed stupendous. Never were Allied hopes more dark than during the early part of 1917, when the submarine warfare was reaching its zenith, and the German strength was being prepared for a smashing thrust. Delay in the delivery of the German super-attack no doubt saved the day, and when Woodrow Wilson lined up the great republic on the side of democracy, the scales suddenly were borne down again in our favor. Seeming inaction for months was followed by a most dramatic response to the Allied cry "For God's sake send us men!" American manpower commenced to flow overseas in a steady mass, New flesh and blood, new spirit, new morale entered the cause once more. Germany has been checked by some power beyond the control of any nation, call it Providence or the Goddess of Luck.

THE BARNETT LIBRARY.

SCHOLARS and students for generations to come will honor the name of John Davis Barnett, whose magnificent private library of more than 40,000 volumes has been presented to the Western University. Mr. Barnett is a man who has lived with the ambition that he would help to put at the disposal of scholars the means to do research work in Canada, consequently for nearly half a century he has been industriously gathering together in one place rare books that are not easily accessible, together with all the pamphlets and other ephemeral material that is the basis of history. Into his home in Stratford there have come every year scholars and investigators not alone from Canada, but from the United States, so that for a period of years his library has already been fulfilling in a small way the function for which he planned it. Now it is destined to larger use, both as the library of Western University and as a library to which any serious student in Canada may turn.

It will mean much to the faculty of the university. With such facilities at hand the men who have the guidance of the students will be able to develop scholarship as never before. The presence of such a library can scarce fail to stimulate original research. With the Barnett Shakespearean collection in London this city and Western University will become widely known among all students of English literature.

When peace comes again the building schemes of the university will be carried out. One of the first buildings to be erected will be a library as the centre of all university work. May Mr. Barnett be spared to see the day when his gift to learning is housed in a building worthy of the treasures he has brought to London.

THE FLOUR REGULATIONS.

NO DOUBT the food control board is endeavoring to frame rules which will conserve wheat and, at the same time, inconvenience consumers as little as possible, but in its regulations regarding the sale of wheat flour by retailers it seems to have considered the consumers'

convenience even more than the necessity of saving.

The rules say that wheat or standard flour may not be sold to a customer unless he or she purchase, at the same time, substitutes to the extent of at least 25 per cent of the amount of flour bought. Included in these substitutes are rice, tapioca, potatoes, oatmeal and similar foods. If the flour from these products were specified exclusively, the result might be what is wanted, but "flour" is optional; purchasers may take the whole rice, oatmeal, potatoes, etc., with the provision that if potatoes are chosen the same weight of them as of flour must be taken.

Many families use fully as many pounds of potatoes as they do of flour in the week, and these the rules will not affect, unless they are patriotic enough to carry out the spirit of the law voluntarily. Oatmeal and rice are in general use, and it will not require any change in household menus to use one-quarter as much of these as of flour. Or, again, to every four pounds of flour a purchaser may take a quarter of a pound of rice, a quarter of tapioca and a half of oatmeal.

It would seem that dealers in foodstuffs have reason on their side when they declare that the only satisfactory conservation rule would be to have the mixing done by the millers. This would be fair to those who buy bakers' bread and those who bake their own. The present rule not only probably may injure the bakers' trade if home-bakers are permitted to make bread with greater wheat percentage than can be bought from the large manufacturers,

A STRANGE ADVERTISEMENT.

A SPECIAL correspondent of the Toronto Telegram, writing from Ottawa, brings to attention a recent significant advertisement appearing in L'Espresso, a rural newspaper published at Beauveville, in which "draft evaders and others" are invited to join the staff of the Imperial Munitions Board engaged in cutting spruce in the forests of Northern British Columbia. It is promised that safe passage would be provided and all applications were to be addressed to a representative of the board at the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec. After the advertisement had appeared a sensational article appeared in the newspaper of Henri Bourassa, who was no doubt glad to give back some of the sort of material that has been hurled into his editorial sanctum since war began.

Much of the spruce used for the equipping of the aircraft comes from Canada, and the munition board has been directing the work. It is a strange procedure that any agent of the board should have held out this official bait to the draft dodger, and some statement should be forthcoming at once. Just such blunders or tricks as this have done much to make Quebec backwoodsmen doubt the sincerity of the Canadian military policy as applied to them. They were promised exemption, and saw Bourassa proceed to hamper Canada's war efforts year after year. It is not believable that the Imperial Munitions Board itself sanctioned such an appeal. Sir Joseph Flavelle is too astute for that, if nothing else. But some one of the board's agents has adopted this method of securing labor, or the whole thing is a fake. The Telegram remarks that there is reason to believe that no great obstacles were thrown in the way of those who wished to go west and cut spruce. The board should refute the advertisement or deny that its agent caused the strange appeal to be inserted.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A lot of fighting Canadian cavalrymen won their spurs at the first chance.

Toronto wants two hundred more policemen. Chance for a few husky youths who wish to see some real active service?

Someone in Toronto wants the name of Lansdowne avenue changed to Currie avenue. But would Toronto turn down a noble lord even if he is a pacifist?

Canada and Australia are in the fight as pals, not as rivals. Some diplomat must have arranged to have these two great branches of the family smashing through together.

Canada sent some fine horsemen in her cavalry units to the west front. The last big drive has given this country the chance to show her fitness in every arm of the service.

Canada has had scores of strikes and near-strikes this summer. The prevention of strikes is a matter for Hon. T. W. Crothers, just as the prevention of fires is a matter for the fire department. Enough said.

Is it not about time the Canadian newspapers with influence at Ottawa persuaded the authorities to permit the names of units engaged in the fighting to be mentioned? The Americans are doing it every day and nothing is more calculated to keep the home spirit fired.

WHERE'S THEM SHEARS?

"Where's them shears?"
[Troit Times.]
The question I've been asking and repeating it for years. Soon as I reach my desk to work;
And I give my coat a jerk;
The rosette of morning from my nature disappears,
As I rubber 'round the room and ask:
"Where's them shears?"

"Where's them shears?"
Though lots of times I yell it, seems nobody ever hears. I have resolved, time and again,
I'll have to go and buy a chain,
To come and bring them to me, no one ever volunteers,
As I rubber 'round the room and ask,
"Where's them shears?"

"Where's them shears?"
Sometimes I think that really it is music to their ears. But this perhaps is shabby talk,
And I give my coat a jerk;
You have your troubles, too, no doubt, down this vale of tears,
So I suppose I'd better cut it—
"Where's them shears?"

THE SEA MURDER.

[Buffalo Commercial.]
The sinking by a German submarine of the British ship Llandovery Castle was as dirty a piece of business as has soiled the hands of the Germans in this war. That is saying a lot, too.

INNOCENTS ABROAD.

[Ottawa Citizen.]
In Montreal the ambulance was summoned for a man supposed to be dead, but who turned out merely to be asleep. These Toronto folk should always carry their registration cards about with them.

EXPERIENCE VS. THEORY.

[People's Home Journal.]
"Why don't you get out and hustle? Hard work never killed anybody," remarked the philosophical gentleman to whom Erasmus applied for a little charity.
"You're mistaken dar, boss," replied Erasmus: "I've lost four wives dat way."

WAR'S NECESSITIES

(Copyright, 1918.)



Accounting for the mysterious disappearance of every one of the banana men's paper bags.

BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE McLUKE

(Copyright, 1918.)

The Truthful Angler.
The biggest fish he ever caught
Would always write and squirm
And get away. I'll bet he looked
Just like an angle worm.

Another Architectural Marvel.
Fare: Why do you call your horse
Pisa?
Cabby: Because he always looks
As if he is going to fall down but don't.

Bless His Heart!
"Jones seems to be a mighty popular fellow," said Smith.
"He is," replied Brown. "When he looks at another man's virtues he uses a telescope; and when he looks at another man's faults, he reverses the telescope and looks through the other end."

Paw Knows Everything.
Willie—Paw, what is a critical situation?
Paw—The one held by a dramatic editor, my son.

Strange.
"My auto burns the wind," said he,
Speak of Chevrolet, Brown;
And it is very strange to me
Why he buys gasoline.

Mean Brute!
"It is strange to me that more women do not go in for aviation," remarked Mrs. Gabb.
"It is strange," agreed Mr. Gabb. "They all have a tendency to go up in the air on the slightest provocation."

No Joke.
We know that some men wouldn't steal.
They're square, and all the rest of it;
But every man with whom you deal
Is looking for the best of it.

Qualified.
"Have you ever had charge of a Bureau of Information before?" asked the General Manager.
"No," replied the applicant for the position.
"Then what qualifications have you for such a position?" asked the General Manager.
"I am the father of nine boys," replied the applicant.

Makes a Difference.
The world is small if you would dodge
A man to whom some coin is due.
But it's a mighty big place when
You're hunting someone who owes you.

Tragedy.
He thought that she had money
She thought he had some.
They both ate their honey
And then Opium—
—Pardonment.
—Sanatorium.
—Laurium.
—Crematorium.

Yum, Yum!
Gather around, girls, while we introduce you to the firm of Honey & Candy.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story
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TAKING A CHANCE.
By Lincoln Rothblum.
Helen.
"Jiggers, the boss!"
And upon the heels of the whispered warning, Mr. Joseph Q. Hattisbury, heavy-footed and always sober, entered the sanctum of his private office.

The "Q," it must be stated, had been added to his name coincident with his appointment to the vacant presidency of the Consolidated Metals Corporation, marking a very gradual rise from his lowly beginning as errand boy for this same business institution some forty years back. There was about as much logic in his belief that the "Q," which stood for nothing, added a unique dignity to his name, as for his idea, assimilated through the course of his career, that heavy-footed walking was an indication of a "dominant personality." Of course, Mr. Joseph Q. Hattisbury would not have characterized it so, principally for the reason that he seldom knew the meaning of one how to spell words of greater than monosyllabic length.

As the door, studded in letters of warning sign, "Private," banged shut, a small, thin, fellow, with deep-set eyes, a German submarine of a head, and a look up from the large serge over which he was bent, and retrieving the lighted cigarette from his pocket, whistled relievedly. His thinning hair and the tell-tale crow's feet about the eyes seemed to vie oddly with his boyish mannerisms.

"If it hadn't been for your 'jiggers,' Helen, I'd've been caught that time sure." Helen rested her hands, with their network of blue-veined ridges, on the keys of her typewriter. Helen could no longer be called exactly young, but an indelibly happy turn to her lips reflected a never-absent sense of humor. She was conservatively and economically dressed in a dark serge skirt which fourteen years of continuous service, black, low-heeled shoes and a white lawn waist completed the busi-

By Fontaine Fox

employees zealously performing those duties for which he never let them forget he paid them. He trumped noisily over to Helen's desk. Despite her dislike for him, she could never help but feel that he treated her just a little more considerately than he did the others.

"I'd like to see those totals, Bentley," he asked in stentorian tones, and Helen shivered as he leaned his body over her. He did not seem to be paying much attention to the figures as he nervously fingered his watch chain. "Come into my office," he ordered peremptorily.

Fuzzled, he followed him into the room, and Rodney looked up as the door closed with its customary bang. "Helen, where she gets it," he thought. Perhaps Helen was "getting it."

"Miss Bentley, her employer abruptly began. He cleared his throat with a rasping noise and Helen fortified herself for the worst. "I intend to make you my wife."

Helen recoiled. "You've been a good employee for the past ten years," he went on, as if he were merely increasing her salary, "and I don't think you'll waste my money if I marry you."

He paused to cough. "Does the lady suggest the wedding day?" he crossed-examined.

A hot and scathing refusal was on Helen's lips. Oh! The man's audacious arrogance! Was she nothing but another step in his upward progress? Did she have no choice? How long had she been under consideration? Was her position in jeopardy? The questions raced like flashes of lightning through her confused mind. Then, as in a panorama, there passed before her the years of conning hours, the tolling days and the nights without recreation—just work, work and more work—that one might live. The very weakness of her waist seemed to improve purpose from frequent washing of the shiny serge skirt silently pleaded honorable discharge from service.

And here was liberation! Within her grasp was material ease for the rest of her years. Helen hesitated.

"May I have time to think it over, Mr. Hattisbury?" she asked slowly. He seemed puzzled as to what he occasioned consideration. "Yes," he finally answered, "you may have a week."

As Helen returned to her desk, Rodney looked up—and promptly down again. Helen was crying.

In the next succeeding days she was grateful that he did not question her. But Rodney was preoccupied in his own affairs.

It was the afternoon of the fifth day. "Helen," Rodney called abruptly as he heard the last echoing footsteps of their employer down the hall, "will you marry me?"

Helen's hand went to her forehead. Two proposals in one week for a woman who had read her first, eighth birthday without any, were not conducive to calm thinking. Rodney came over to her.

"Listen, Helen, I've been thinking a great deal about what you told me that other day—about making something of myself. You're right. I've been in a rut."

Helen showed her contempt for one side. This was a new Rodney.

"So I went and stuck the six hundred I've saved up in the cutest little delicatessen you ever saw. It's got a lot of stuff on the shelves and cheeses on the counter and cakes in the case and flour in the bin and—"

He ran on excitedly without stopping for breath, as Helen grasped his coat sleeve in the contagious enthusiasm. "There is a good idea. I'll be slow plugging it first, and lots of lots of work, but—it's a go."

He leaned toward her with arms extended. "All it needs—all I need is a partner."

"This is a queer old world in which we get more of our pleasure out of the things that we can't afford."

Many a man who marries a living hell spends the rest of his life hollering at the ceiling and cursing the frame. An ideal husband is one who is afraid of his wife and hasn't the nerve to be anything else.

A smart wife never weeps when her husband breaks his promise. She knows that he will go right ahead and make another.

What has become of the old-fashioned explorer who used to discover the North Pole?

You may not believe it, but many a husband never gets to eat in the dining-room unless his wife has company.

Most of us expect our wives to be better than we expect them to expect us to be.

When you are the guest of an old-fashioned woman and she begins to apologize, because she can't cook anything fit to eat, just tuck your napkin under your chin and prepare for the finest feed you have ever tasted.

If a man could know as much about any one thing as a woman knows about dress he could command a salary of \$100,000 per year.

Unpleasant severity of her costume, revealed only by a small amethyst brooch fastened to the top of her hair.

"Right you are, Rodney," she replied, but her voice did not have its usual buoyancy. The man noticed it. "What's the matter, old scout?" he asked coaxingly, getting up from his chair and proffering a bag of caramels. She refused the confection.

wife—that'll make everything complete. Helen could not speak. Something was choking her.

"I'll be good to you," he pleaded, taking her silence for a refusal. "I'll do all the work. Honest, I will. I just want you to encourage me. Won't you please?" It meant—oh, it meant independence!

Rodney stopped. Helen was crying again. He sat down on her desk and with one hand about her shoulders, he patted her head with the other.

"Jiggers, the boss!" he called as the door opened.

But they weren't in time. Mr. Joseph Q. Hattisbury had seen. He brought one foot down after the other with a ponderous thud. "I cannot give you a week to decide. Choose now."

Helen stopped crying and looked from her opinionated employer to Rodney with his deep-set eyes still pleading his cause. The one held promise of comfort and of submission; the other, work—and independence.

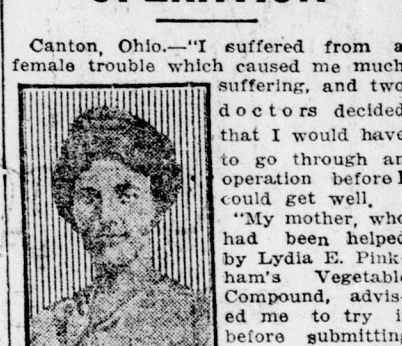
"Oh, I'll take a chance," she said. "I choose the delicatessen."

False Modesty

has led many a suffering person to neglect the treatment of piles. The itching, stinging sensations produce the keenest distress. The thought of a surgical operation brings mental anxiety which undermines the general health.

Relief can always be obtained by the application of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and in most cases persistent treatment brings about complete cure. This ointment is worth trying when you think of the comfort to be obtained.

HOW MRS. BOYD AVOIDED AN OPERATION



Canton, Ohio.—"I suffered from a female trouble which caused me much suffering, and two doctors decided that I would have to go through an operation before I could get well."

"My mother, who had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, advised me to try it before submitting to an operation."

It relieved me from my troubles so I could do my household work without any difficulty. I advise any woman who is afflicted with female troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and it will do as much for them as—Mrs. Maria Boyd, 1421 5th St. N. E., Canton, Ohio.

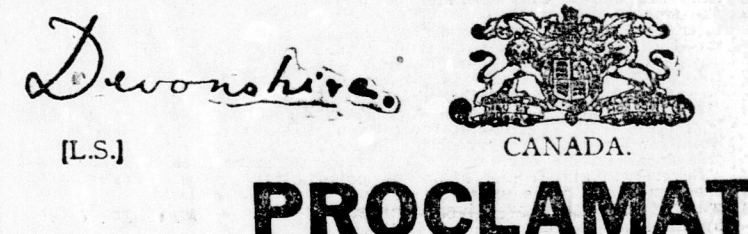
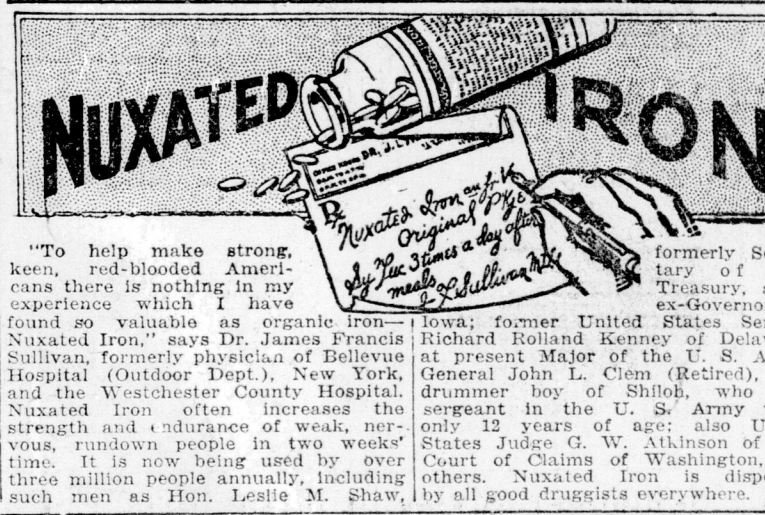
Sometimes there are serious conditions where a hospital operation is the only alternative, but on the other hand so many women have been cured by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after doctors have said that an operation was necessary—every woman who wants to avoid an operation should give it a fair trial before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

If complications exist, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of many years experience is at your service.

CEETEE

UNDERCLOTHING

Guaranteed Not To Shrink.



GEORGE the FIFTH, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, KING, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India.

To all to whom these presents shall come or whom the same may in any wise concern,—GREETING:

A Proclamation of conditional amnesty respecting men belonging to Class 1 under the Military Service Act, 1917, who have disobeyed our Proclamation of 13th October, 1917, or their orders to report for duty, or are deserters or absent without leave from the Canadian Expeditionary Force.

E. L. NEWCOMBE, Deputy Minister of Justice, WHEREAS considerable numbers of men belonging to Class 1 under our Military Service Act, 1917, called out on active service in our Canadian Expeditionary Force for the defence of Canada under our Proclamation of 13th October, 1917, although they have thus become by law soldiers enlisted in the Military Service of Canada.

Have failed to report for duty as lawfully required of them under the said Military Service Act and the regulations thereunder, including the Order in Council duly passed on April 20 last,

Or have deserted, Or absented themselves without leave from our Canadian Expeditionary Force,

And it is represented that the very serious and unfortunate situation in which these men find themselves is due in many cases to the fact that, notwithstanding the information and warning contained in our Proclamation aforesaid, they have misunderstood their duty or obligation, or have been misled by the advice of ill-disposed, disloyal or seditious persons.

AND WHEREAS we desire, if possible, to avoid the infliction of the heavy penalties which the law imposes for the offences of which these soldiers have thus been guilty, and to afford them an opportunity within a limited time to report and make their services available in our Canadian Expeditionary Force as is by law their bounden duty, and as is necessary for the defence of our Dominion of Canada.

NOW KNOW YE that we in the exercise of our powers, and of our good will and pleasure in that behalf, do hereby proclaim and declare and cause to be published and made known THAT THE PENALTIES OF THE LAW WILL NOT BE IMPOSED OR EXACTED against the men who belong to Class 1 under our Military Service Act, 1917, and who have disobeyed our Proclamation aforesaid; or who have received notice to report for duty on a day now past and have failed so to report; or who, having reported and obtained leave of absence, have failed to report at the expiry of their leave, or have become deserters from our Expeditionary Force, PROVIDED THEY REPORT FOR DUTY ON OR BEFORE THE TWENTY FOURTH DAY OF AUGUST 1918.

By Command, Thomas Mulvey, Under-Secretary of State.