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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Saturday, September 7.

SIR ROBERT AND THE GERMANS.

THE TORONTO TELEGRAM is taking violent exception to the speech of Premier Borden in which he is reported to have said:

"There is no desire to crush or humiliate the German people, but they have permitted their rulers to brand them as false, brutal and barbarous; they must prove themselves regenerate before they can be received again on equal terms within the world's commonwealth of decent nations."

The Toronto paper wants to know who told Sir Robert Borden that "there is no desire to crush or humiliate the German people." It cannot understand why such a "twaddle of arguments" should come from the lips of the chief executive of the Canadian people. To the Telegram is no doubt suggested the theory that Sir Robert has been dabbling with the Lansdowne school of war philosophy while in England. It does not counsel that the premier should come forward and say that the German people should be crushed and humiliated, but prefers that he should keep off the subject altogether. There is something in such a contention. No one believes that the British or French or Americans have any desire to crush or humiliate the Germans simply through a spirit of wanton cruelty or from the desire to see them suffer. But most of the Allied people are conscious of what their fate might be were Germany in a position to crush or humiliate the nations upon which she set her dogs of war. They wish to see Germany crushed and humiliated to such an extent as is necessary to remove from the German philosophy that virus of hatred which has poisoned her people, and made of them individually and collectively a race of brutes. The premier need not make any plea for them, because even today with the prospect of defeat before them they have lost none of their arrogance and treachery. They are the mad dogs of Europe and to discuss the crushing or humiliation of persons affected with moral rabies is to think of taming a boar-constrictor or a rhinoceros with a song. Let those means which are necessary to save the world be taken with the German people.

THE KING'S DEMOCRACY.

HIS MAJESTY King George V. has dethroned himself. In other words he has become one of his own people. While he has stepped from that high dignity which hedges a monarch, he has become enshrined in the hearts of those who do him homage as a man.

His majesty is reported to have used the word "pop" the other day in describing the quality which had been added to the fighting spirit of the French and British by the introduction of the Americans. No lesser authorities than some of the Canadian editors who toured Europe, enflamed by members of the printing trades, are vouching for the king's use of this American slang, and American newspapers are seizing upon it eagerly to place the indelible mark of the democrat upon the hereditary ruler of the British people.

While such a man occupies the throne of Britain one approaches the subject of the future of kings gingerly (that being the word to use, since his majesty indulges in spicy talk) yet we venture the opinion that if one could sit down over tea and muffins with the man who is seldom on the throne and is much among the people, the king would be the first to approach the subject with frankness and with an honest reading of the signs. His majesty would no doubt point out, in the first place, that no one could conceive of his being obsessed with the obsolete theory of the divine right of monarchs to rule so many thousands or millions of other people. That point being disposed of, we believe King George would give some attention to the royal perverts who happen to be his cousins through no fault of his own. He would make it clear that while he lived no branch of any English line should become entangled by matrimonial alliance with anything having a trace of the blood of the unspeakable Hohenzollerns and the detestable Hapsburgs. They and all their family connections and all their neutral admirers can be chalked off the list of future prospects as the mates of wholesome English princes and princesses. (When horse trainers discover that a certain sire has been breeding colts that turn out to be rogues they speedily exterminate the line, and the taint soon is eliminated; otherwise, it is said, all horses would soon become savage or weaklings.)

Having disposed of the royal blacklist, King George might turn to the available monarchical lines left in stock. They have been fast dying out. There are only a few of them left at the present time, and most of them lack the "pop," as his majesty might say, to hold down a king's job. And decadent lines will not soon be revived, as witness the Romanoffs, and later on, witness a few more, having in mind the thrones of Greece and Bulgaria. In a philosophical mood, King George would consider this phase of the question. He would see that in a generation or two the laws of nature would work havoc with the intermarried lines left available as being undamaged goods, as

distinguished from damaged goods of the H. and H. variety.

If Mr. H. G. Wells should happen in, the king might go into further phases of the question, but enough would have passed to show that this question of hereditary monarchs was not one that the British people need be very gravely concerned about. He might reveal that his life as he lived it now was the life for him. He was moving among the people he loved, without ceremonial robes and without making any great palaver. He was going to the front and chatting with the Tommies of his heart and mixing in with the sailors of the fleet. He was playing the part of a king in the most kingly way, for it has been said "there is nothing more kingly than kindness."

He has talked with the Canadians, with the Australians, with the men from countries washed by every tide that flows. He knows the full, free democracy that exists among the British people. He knows the prejudice against any system of monarchy which holds the menace of producing another Wilhelm of Hohenzollern. Out of his true nature, this English king has come down among his people to play the man. His example will be fraught with great results over which anyone may speculate.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF OUR FINANCE.

RECORD That Is a Promise," is the expressive title of a pamphlet issued by the Guaranty Trust Company of New York dealing with the economic effects of the war in Canada, and indicating what the future may bring forth. It is pointed out that Canada has hardly come to the point yet of considering the after-war period apart from the present; not that she is blundering into the future, but rather that the things she must do now and the things she may do hereafter are so interwoven that economic developments come without any sort of formula for attaining them.

The publishers of this pamphlet are naturally interested in the Dominion's financial record and their judgment upon the stability of the country is favorable. While the net debt of the country has increased from \$335,996,850 in March, 1914, to \$1,010,780,470 in March, 1918, the point that strikes an American observer is that 75 per cent of this represents the savings of men and women who believe in Canada's ability to pay. This is contrasted with the fact that in the first year of the war there would probably have been hesitation in issuing a \$50,000,000 loan except for the existence of surplus funds in the country. As a matter of fact, two separate loans of \$100,000,000 each were floated in the States in 1915 and 1916, while in March, 1917, a loan of \$150,000,000 was contracted in the American market. These were all issued below par and with interest at 5 per cent. Yet, in November, 1917, when the entry of the United States had contracted all her money markets so far as foreign securities were concerned the Canadian people themselves took up \$418,000,000 of their Victory Loan issued at par. Meanwhile loans totalling \$198,000,000 had been made from Great Britain and the United States, and \$12,000,000 worth of war savings certificates disposed of. "In other words the patriotic fervor of Canada was equal to an aggravated demand, and without thinking of it in that way her people suddenly discovered themselves financially competent."

That Canada may share largely in the foreign trade of the world after the war is the belief of the writer of this pamphlet. Canada, he points out, is much in the position of many other countries which never realized the value of their natural resources until a world-wide shortage of raw material and manufactured articles brought the Dominion into international trade on a large scale, created new commercial routes to our very shores and brought forth golden visions of the future. If Canada is to retain her share of the newly-acquired business of war times she must not only enlarge and improve enterprises upon which she has recently embarked, but must also develop more efficiently certain advantages which war conditions and the prospect of an extended period of competition have emphasized.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Hindenburg line is a frayed affair that may snap at any moment the load increases.

A firm advertises as "the greatest cleaners and dyers" on earth. Isn't that usurping the title of the west front Allies?

While motor cars shuttle through the streets in hundreds the majority of children play on the pavements unharmed. Which goes to prove that even a toddling baby is conscious of the first law of nature.

The crop of preserves in the average cellar will be far from normal. Sugar costs money and the scarcity makes it difficult to buy it in any amount. The processes of saving fruit by dehydration should be demonstrated for the public.

If those who handle foodstuffs of any kind would consider what an influence publicity might be in saving them from serious trouble when they find it necessary to discard spoiled foods, they would call up the newspapers each week and inform them as to the amount of food thrown out and the reason for disposing of it. In this manner the public would be fully informed in the matter, and the companies would be saved from the shock of revelation when quantities of food are destroyed. Such information as has reached the public recently is almost certain to do the firms concerned considerable harm, whether justly or unjustly.

BRITAIN'S WAR WORK.

[Buffalo Commercial.]

Something of Great Britain's effort may be realized in the statement by Premier Lloyd George that if the United States called out as many soldiers proportionately as Great Britain has, an army of 15,000,000 men would take the field.

PRACTICAL RESULTS.

[Springfield Republican.]

Practical results of the Allied military successes and the reversal of fortune on the western front may be seen in the changing attitude of the small neutrals, which have so long been tortured by uncertainty as to which side would prove finally victorious.

RECIPROCITY.

[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

Kaiser Wilhelm has the Spanish influenza. It would be an act in the return courtesy of royalty for King Alfonso to contract a case of German measles. As Kaiser Karl said, "We kings must sit together."

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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"WHEN FANNY CANNED."
BY JANE OSBORN.

When Eaton Watts had come to the quaint old eastern manufacturing town to have a hand in the construction of government aeroplanes he looked upon an unusual note that he carried from his aunt in the west as one of his most prized possessions. Eastern girls, especially girls of the more aristocratic sort in an old town like Dayton, were amazingly aloof, the aunt told him. Unloved was a fact of introduction to mere fact that he had a well-paying job and was a well built and apparently eligible male would serve as no sort of wedge. Especially now that many of these eastern towns were filled with men in uniform and men doing rather big things in the war industries, it would be all-important to carry an introduction. The east was not like the west, said the aunt, who had lived on the Atlantic coast for a few weeks and felt, therefore, qualified to pass generalizations. It was cold, formal, unapproachable, and nice young men who, in the young girls of the town, were ignored and even snubbed by eastern girls. It was the better sort of eastern girls—because of their class, their reticence, and exclusiveness. After making this clear the aunt had given Eaton Watts a letter of introduction to Fanny Shaw, who, as good luck would have it, lived in Dayton. The aunt had met her once on a trip to the Pacific coast and had, through her own confidence, and hence her friendship.

With this note Eaton felt armed for any emergency. He had the entire contents of the worth-while families. He could neither be snubbed nor neglected. He had never felt especially the need of feminine society before, but with his new life in the east, the gloomy picture of the snubbing and neglect so often suffered by western boys at the hands of eastern maids he felt that such treatment would be insufferable.

He wasted no time in finding the house where he lived. It was a small, two-story house, with a porch, when the great war plane, where he was engaged, closed for a half holiday. He pulled the old-fashioned bell on the still old-fashioned Shaw door, and then followed the door into a hall. He rang again in the back of the house. He rang again and then came footsteps. Some one paused at the door, and then the door opened slowly. It was not a hospitable welcome, but then the letter had not been presented. The purple-stained, blue-tinged figure was in fact Fanny herself. She asked him to sit in the living room, she read the letter, touching the white sheets gingerly with nails and small fingers that were blacked and purpled. There was a streak of berry juice across her cheek that contrasted vividly with the rose leaf hue of her slightly flushed skin.

"I'm delighted to see you, Mr. Watts," she said, pushing her stained fingers into the pockets of her work apron and then taking them out to fold over a breadth of this apron, so that she might hide one of the most vivid of her berry stains. "I'm glad you came, but I'll have to excuse myself today. I'm up to my ears in canning. There are two crates of berries, and the syrup is boiling now. I do hope you will come and see us again and that there is something we can do to help you make yourself comfortable here in Dayton."

She explained briefly that she was doing all sorts of canning, preserving and drying fruits and vegetables, and she regarded it her patriotic duty. She was in fact canning for her own household—herself and two brothers—and her sister and her sister's husband and child. That meant that she had two sugar allotments—in all fifty pounds, and she was also canning with corn syrup and drying lots of things with sugar at all. Whenever she found that there was a surplus supply of fruit or vegetables on the market she bought them. That is what Hoover wanted us to do, to make use of perishable fruits and vegetables. It was her work of patriotism, and she had to do it all alone, because there were no many war workers in Dayton that all the servants had been tempted to go into factories. Except for a woman by the day, not in the least dependable and decidedly temperamental, she had to do all the work that she had formerly had done by two well-trained maids.

Then Fanny excused herself, asking Eaton to be sure and come back for dinner the next day, Sunday. She had to hurry to the kitchen then as she smelled the berry juice. And Eaton had at least expected an hour's bantering by the side of a pretty girl. Saturday wasn't made for girls like Fanny—for she was really attractive beneath the berry juice—to poke in the house over canning kettles in the west things wouldn't be managed like that.

The next day's dinner proved something of a consolation, and it was really a delicious meal. Eaton, much to Fanny's surprise, stayed at home and himself. But she still seemed preoccupied, and when Eaton took her shake hands with her on leaving she held her hand back. "It is all berry stains. They won't come off," she said. "Promise not to look at it, and I'll shake it." He didn't look, but he felt the small, shapely smooth and lovely it that fingers so smooth and lovely should be so disfigured by hard work.

Sometimes Fanny was generous and gave him long hours of her society, but often on Saturday she was working over the canning kettles. She told him that the farmers often had a surplus of fruits and vegetables on that day and she couldn't let them stand till Monday. At present this everlasting work of canning with a certain degree of excitement—almost a patriotic ecstasy. To her it was not simply storing up good things for her family to eat. It was working to serve her country and to show her loyalty to Mr. Hoover. Quite clearly Mr. Hoover was her patron saint.

Toward the close of the summer, with the coming of the harvest moon, it became clear to Eaton Watts that with all her faults and the faults of eastern girls in general, he would have to marry Fanny, or prove himself a very miserable man in failure to do so. He was not versed in love-making, still he had his own ideas about how those things ought to be approached. There were certain accessories of a proposal, certain approaches that seemed especially appropriate, and there was a moon now and there was a meandering little river at Dayton and Eaton had taken a canoe for the remainder of the season. Yes, he had always dreamed of wedding the one woman in the world in August under a harvest moon. There was a more primitive, more insistent, he assured himself, about this sort of love-making than there could be about the conventional spring-time proposals.

But Eaton reckoned without the knowledge that peaches ripen in August as well as love's young men in this way. He had forgotten that in the vicinity of Dayton the second crop of rhubarb comes under a harvest moon, that corn melons then, and that for the canner days are not long enough, but even evenings must be spent over the canning kettle and the drying frames. Occasionally, to be sure, he had appointments under the August moon with Fanny. He had always loved her, and she loved him, but the important business of the day. She told him just how many jars of every kind of berry jam and jam were on her shelves. She asked him questions relating to the chemistry involved in the operation, and one night she led him down cellar by the light of a candle to show the

rows of good things on the shelves in the store cupboard. Eaton, turning away from the shelves and looking straight into her eager face, as she counted the jars, seized the candle from her hands, and holding it in one hand, clasped her fingers in his to kiss them back, however. "Peaches stain my fingers so," she said. "I don't want you to see them." Then he bent the candle out and held her there in the dark. Kissing the warm little hands that were rough and bruised and stained and tired of their long task. "I can't see him a little as they groped their way up the stairs, and then went right on estimating the number of jars that she still had to do before the season was over. It would have been even a little more encouraging if she had resented his love-making. As it was, she only seemed preoccupied. When he left that night he asked her whether she would marry him, not as he had intended to, under the harvest moon, floating down the silvery stream, but abruptly on the stairs, and then went right on estimating the number of jars that she still had to do before the season was over. It would have been even a little more encouraging if she had resented his love-making. As it was, she only seemed preoccupied. When he left that night he asked her whether she would marry him, not as he had intended to, under the harvest moon, floating down the silvery stream, but abruptly on the stairs, and then went right on estimating the number of jars that she still had to do before the season was over. It would have been even a little more encouraging if she had resented his love-making. As it was, she only seemed preoccupied. 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