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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, September 6

TWO INSPECTIONS.

"I have not seen you on ceremonial parade. I thought you had enough of ceremonial parades, and I would rather see you at work."

IN these words the Duke of Connaught addressed the officers at Camp Borden on Labor Day, after a tour of inspection all over the huge camp, and by them he expressed the feelings of a real soldier, and won increased respect from his audience. It was his final appearance with the Canadian forces as governor-general, and, therefore, offered every excuse for a full-dress, formal parade, but not caring for pomp and ceremony and considering the feelings of the men in training, the duke did not avail himself of the opportunity.

On reading of this incident, there springs to mind, unbidden, a comparison with an event that occurred at the same place some little time ago. The visitor at that time was not so particular about what the soldiers wanted, but preferred to stage an elaborate review on a roasting-hot day for the sake of gratifying his personal vanity. Of course he was less accustomed to public honors than the duke, and the novelty had not worn off, the soul still craving for "a place in the sun."

But then, everything seems to have been different on Labor Day. The officers were praised for their endeavors to instruct the men to the best of their ability, and for the excellence of this instruction, instead of having to listen to a stream of blistering words attempting to express the inspector's contempt for their efforts. The royal visitor spoke strongly on the great value of discipline, saying "to it we owe everything," and he did not nullify his words by then berating those in command before their inferior officers as has been done in the past.

Altogether, the duke's inspection seems to have been more of a pleasant variation in the day's work than a nerve-racking ordeal, and it is not hard to believe that everyone echoed his regrets that this was his good-bye to "my comrades of the Canadian service."

The people as a whole will regret the departure of his royal highness from the Dominion.

RUMANIA'S ADVANTAGE.

RUMANIA had one great advantage over Austria-Hungary—she knew when war was to be declared and where the first blows were to fall, and of this knowledge she has made the most. In a few days' fighting her forces have advanced into Hungary to a depth of ten to twenty-five miles, capturing important towns and passes.

To score the first smashing blow strengthens any side, and counts heavily in disorganizing the defenders. On this Germany depended to carry her armies through Belgium and on to Paris before the opposition could be thoroughly prepared to resist the assault. The Huns failed, because Belgium gave unexpected trouble, and France and Britain rushed sufficient men to the front, in the valuable breathing space thus allowed, to stem the tide. But, even though it failed in its ultimate object, this early rush enabled the Teutons to occupy much territory from which they have not yet been driven. It was the only really advantageous action they took on the western front.

Unlike the German invasion of Belgium, the Rumanian stroke is fair and legal. Our new allies are breaking no treaty and injuring no neutral, but striking directly at the foe. They have swarmed through the mountain passes, which would have been most effective Hungarian defences had time been allowed the defenders to organize, and thus broken into enemy territory and gained positions of which they will not be easily dispossessed. The Teutons have comparatively few men to spare to check this onslaught, even if they were not coincidentally worried by the Russian advance, and the first success of the invaders is bound to injure the morale of the defending armies.

Every mile that our allies gain in Hungary is of the utmost importance. Hungary is largely an agricultural country, and the army needs all the foodstuffs it can get. Wherever the Rumanians get control, shipments to the enemy forces will be prevented, and the net drawn closer around the Teutons. So far, all the resources of Germany, Turkey, Bulgaria and Austria-Hungary have been at the disposal of the Teutons, together with much from occupied territory. Now a change is coming; the Allies are going to hold the key to some of these granaries, and their enemies are going to feel the pinch. The food problem has already loomed large among the troubles of the foe. With loss of land its solution may become impossible, and in bringing this about Rumania's dash will be an important factor.

EVASIONS.

A RECENT number of the Friends' Intelligencer, an American Quaker journal, replies to some questions asked by a Canadian in regard to its neutral attitude on the war.

The first question was whether Sir Edward Grey was right in insisting that the Austro-Serbian dispute be referred to arbitration. Replying to this and the other questions, the Intelligencer says first that such questions can be answered only by reference to the general history of Europe. It asks why did not great powers insist on the Armenian persecutions some years ago being referred to arbitration, and how about the Boer war in South Africa, the Irish question, or the wars made by Great Britain on China to force Indian opium into Chinese ports? Why should the attack on Serbia be a very special case?

This kind of answering is evasive and superficial. Why should one wrong be tolerated because others have been? Is not the world growing, and rapidly, since the Hague conventions came up and arbitration has been making such rapid progress since 1900?

But all these Armenian, Boer and Chinese parallels are superficial. The Irish and Armenians have been subject peoples for centuries back. The wrong done them began in a different time from the present. It is ridiculous to suggest that Ireland is still being, like Armenians and Poles, ill-treated. As for the Boer and Chinese affairs, there was no chance of a world-war being precipitated by Great Britain's action, whereas a great general conflict was deliberately calculated on by the Teutons in their sudden and ruthless demands upon Serbia. Is there no difference between the nation prosecuting an isolated warfare with a petty people which has since become its conqueror's right hand support in East Africa and the nations which first seized Bosnia, then six years later Serbia, and have blatantly menaced the independence of Europe?

The Intelligencer is anxious to put all parties equally in the wrong for waging war. But the real questions are (1) who attacked the others in this case, and why? (2) Is it right for a nation to defend itself? It makes no difference what happened in 1867 or 1899 or in Ireland in the twelfth century. Those are red-herrings drawn across the track. Good questions for the Intelligencer would be: (1) Which great power has most consistently opposed the idea of arbitration or of reduction of armaments? (2) Which power has broken its Hague and other pledges in the conduct of war?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Germans found it too hot for them in Chilly.

Is it going to be Premier Zaimis who takes the "Con" out of Constantine?

Those German zeppelin crews seem better at observing damage done than causing it.

It used to be considered the depths of poverty to subsist on potatoes. Now it would be wild extravagance.

Frederick Palmer coins a good phrase in "Gen. Foch's steel-throated orators." Their "talk" carries weight.

Berlin admits one zeppelin was "brought to earth." It might have added "another was brought to water."

All metals are being collected by the Viennese authorities except the "brass" of which some of their royalties are made.

Recent German official reports are largely composed of "fighting continues," or "fighting is in progress." Most enlightening!

There is danger that New Yorkers will have to walk on account of a strike of surface lines, but the exercise will do them good.

Ferdinand, the Fox of Bulgaria, spends his nights in a bomb-proof cellar, in fear of aviators' shells. Inspiring spectacle for his forces.

Britain is burying slain members of zeppelin crews with full military honors and will be delighted to extend the same courtesy to thousands of them.

Are medicines liquors? asks an advertisement. A good many people will be more anxious to have liquors recognized as medicines in the coming months.

Small town constables are being instructed to enforce strictly the law against motorists speeding through the streets. Does this law apply to paved city streets? Appearances answer, no.

Whatever the result of the Winnipeg trial of ex-ministers so far as the principals are concerned, the counsel have taken advantage of the opportunity to express some very candid opinions of each other.

Nearly 20,000 prisoners taken by Gen. Brusiloff's army in two days; over 5,000 taken by the French in two days; British advance 800 yards on a two-mile front, taking 800 prisoners. Pretty fair news for one day, pretty fair.

THE PEACE-MAKER.

The Complainant: "You see, your worship, I was a little too happy, as you might say, when I went home, and me wife was ironin'. We had had a word or two in th' mornin', an' so I steps up prepared to make peace. I said, 'Let's forget th' quarrel; we were both wrong.' When what does she do but shove the hot iron against me head."

His Worship: "Trying to smooth it over, of course. You can't blame her for that. Go home both of you."

MADE IT EASY.

A wild-eyed, dishevelled-looking woman burst into the local police station.

"My husband has been threatening to drown himself for some time," she cried hysterically, "and he's been missing now for two days. I want you to have the canal dragged."

"Anything peculiar about him by which he can be recognized, supposing we find a body?" asked the inspector.

The woman hesitated and seemed at a loss for a minute or two. Then a look of relief suddenly overspread her face.

"Why, yes," she exclaimed at last, "he's deaf!"

The Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang Removes a Collar in Which His Favorite Tie Refuses To Slip.

BY FONTAINE FOX

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Tempermental Peggy

By Louise Oliver.

The applause for the great soprano was dying away when Peggy covertly slipped into the sun parlor and drew the curtained French door shut behind her. She had seized the first opportunity to get away from the hot, crowded drawing-room into the inviting cool, green recesses.

But she was disappointed in her search for solitude, for a man instantly rose from the depths of a wicker chair and bowed courteously.

"I beg your pardon," panted Peggy. "I didn't mean to disturb you. I thought the place was untenanted and it looked so cool and tempting from the other room I couldn't resist."

"Don't apologize, please. It's pleasant to be disturbed, sometimes. And it is up to me to eliminate myself from the scenery if you wish to be alone."

"No don't go," she begged and smiled so prettily that Jack Park needed no second invitation to remain. The applause started again and grew so insistent that Peggy held up a hand. "Listen! They want another encore. Aren't they greedy?"

"I wish Gardner would give it to them to keep them quiet," he said.

"I don't believe she will," she answered, setting in a low chair beside a fountain full of goldfish and dabbling her hand in the water. "Sit down and let's talk. This is more fun than their stupid old musicale. I don't care if you are host. You probably are, you appear to be so very much at home."

He came over and sat on an India stool facing her. It was quite half a minute before he answered, for he was stamping on his memory a picture of a fresh-skinned, simply-dressed girl before him, her soft white dress contrasting strongly with the violent stripes of the over-dressed audience beyond, and her hair, soft chestnut brown and drawn back in a loose knot at her neck, fascinated him.

"I am at home, but not host," he answered finally. "I hate musicales, too! I'm Jack Park and have the honor of being Jessie's brother. Jessie is Mrs. Crixton-Payne."

The clamor had died away, discouraged, and now the soft strains of a violin came to them faintly.

"There's Klingler," said Peggy. "He knows how to play. Don't you like him, either?"

He spread his hands deprecatingly. "Don't ask me! I guess I like music all right, but I don't understand it. If he would play 'When It's Apple Blossom Time in Normandy' I'd throw up my hat, and if Gardner would sing 'Mammy's Little Alabama Coon' I'd join in the chorus, but this grand opera stuff is beyond me." He shook his head. "I don't understand how people can lose their heads over music and musicians. They're a queer lot, anyway."

Peggy was laughing. "Your taste isn't bad, only you want to come forward a few years. Your apple blossoms and pickaninnies grew several years ago and in the meantime we have had several very good crops of up-to-date stuff."

"Can you sing?"

"Oh not to speak of! I can a little."

"Will you sing 'Alabama Coon' for me some day?"

"Gladly!" Then, suddenly looking out over the grounds she exclaimed, "Who is that funny fat old man?"

He followed her eyes. "That is, I think, Gardner's business manager."

"Really! What a bore to have to travel around with an uninteresting person like that. I suppose he domineers over her and won't let her eat this, that or the other thing, while he stuffs himself, and makes her walk five miles every day while he rolls around in automobiles and makes her accept engagements which she hates, and insists upon her practicing when she'd rather be out playing tennis and altogether makes himself a general nuisance."

"No doubt!" laughed Jack. "I suppose she detests him."

"Just think!" she went on. "There he is now out there lolling around in that delightful place while his poor opera singer is enduring all kinds of agonies in this hot house."

"Awful!" declared Jack. "Let's go out and give him a punch and dump him into the lake."

Peggy's eyes twinkled. "Gracious! What a hair-trigger disposition you have! Poor little Dutchman!" Then, suddenly jumping up! "But I'll go out with you just for a lark. I feel sort of —I don't know how to explain it exactly—but I'd like to do something awful. I've been shut up pretty much lately working hard. Don't look so surprised, it's true. And I'd like to break loose and do something unconventional."

Jack's eyes kindled. "I get you. I feel the same way myself. Let's sneak out this way. I move we give Herr Dinkelspiel a ducking."

Peggy giggled. "Maybe he'll be gone when we get there!"

Jack held the door and they soon found themselves on the terrace.

"All right, then we'll find something else. Want some chocolates?" He took a box out of his pocket. "I get them for the kids. Jessie doesn't allow them to have any, so I have to smuggle them."

Peggy broke the seal and fished out a walnut. "What an outlaw you are!" she exclaimed admiringly. "I adore any one who has courage to defy the laws and conventions."

Jack bowed appreciatively. "I'll commit a murder instantly. There!" He stepped on an ant. "My reward, please."

Peggy held a chocolate cherry to his lips and he devoured it eagerly.

They came to the end of a pergola and below them spread the lake. On a bench a hundred yards or so away sat the little fat man puffing a cigar. The lake was directly beneath him.

"Sh!" whispered Peggy, drawing back. "Don't let him see us!"

"Shall I?" asked Jack eagerly.

She hesitated, then nodded impulsively. "Yes, yes, it will do him good! I've heard how mean he is to Gardner."

So, tiptoeing through the shrubs, Jack grabbed the bench in both hands, suddenly tilted it toward the water, and—splash! The little man was in.

Jack came back grinning. "He can't drown. It's only four feet deep there. Let's go and tell Gardner. She ought to give us something nice."

Peggy was instantly penitent. "He might catch cold!"

"Cold! Today! About as likely as having a sunstroke in January! See! He's crawling out, cussing like a Chinaman. Come on, let's go over to the summer house and hunt up the kids."

So, leaving their victim to dry out as best he could, they climbed the hill to the little rustic summerhouse, a sort of out-of-door nursery where three children in charge of a nurse were having a glorious time. The baby held its little arms up to Peggy. "You darling," she cried, lifting it. Baby gurgled with delight. Peggy buried her face in the soft little neck. "Let's take her back with us," she begged.

Jack was distributing the candy. "Sure thing!" he cried.

"I'll take good care of her!" smiled Peggy to the nurse as she started down the hill with her burden. "I'll have to hurry," quickening her pace. "—I'm expected at the house. Will you please tell me the time?"

"Four-thirty," he answered, looking at his watch. "Can't you stay just a little longer?" he begged.

"I did intend to, but I've changed my mind. Let's go in and hear the rest of the music. Maybe Gardner will sing something you can understand."

"I doubt it, but I'll go if you do."

"Splendid!" she cried.

"But what shall we do with the baby?"

"Take her along!"

"Just as you say," he agreed doubtfully. "I'll have to go and wash the chocolate off my hands, though. You go in and I'll join you in a minute."

Five minutes later, Jack Park returning through the big hall heard a familiar song, "Mammy's Little Alabama Coon," coming from the crowded drawing-room.

He looked through the door and there beside the piano, her arm thrown around the baby, stood Peggy singing. Her hair curled in pretty confusion, her dress was rumpled, and a smudge of chocolate showed near the dimple in her cheek.

"Hush-a-bye, my lil pickaninny," she sang in a rich, full voice that thrilled Jack to his very toes.

At the end of the hall a little fat man was slipping quietly up the stairs, mopping his face with his handkerchief and muttering things under his breath.

Jack caught up to him. "Who is that singing, do you know?" he demanded.

"Dot iss Madam Gardner, dee greatest soprano in der vorld, young man!" answered his recent victim, "and I think she's lost her senses. Say, dot iss a mighty wet lake out dere! Nicht wahr?"

WAIT A MINUTE!

—By J. H. F.

The Duke of Connaught did not have a review at Camp Borden. Now, had Sir Sam been there—finish the thing yourself.

* * *

The dust was not bad on the streets for an hour or so on Tuesday morning. Some rain fell.

* * *

Constantine must be a concertina, the way the Allies and the Greeks are squeezing him these days.

* * *

There is a shortage of ice-cream sodas in New York, we read, the first intimation that any person drank ice-cream sodas in New York.

* * *

The oysters are said to be a fine crop. However, this does not mean that any soul is going to get a regular oyster for a small figure. The war, or because somebody needs the money, will keep on a-hoisting them up.

* * *

Just ten more days of the luscious and deceitful booze. Then comes the Big Drouth. Oh, well, we have plenty of water at our house.

* * *

A woman in the States is boasting that she never ate an egg. She would be an economical woman to support, that one.

* * *

Admiral Koestner of the German navy admits now that the control of the seas is with the enemy. The German victory (?) at Jutland does not seem to have been such a great success.

* * *

A Buffalo preacher has discovered that moving pictures are more appealing than religious services. Sometimes the former are at least more interesting than some sermons.

* * *

The Kaiser is finding it much more convenient to jump from one battle front to the other nowadays. The distance is getting much shorter.

* * *

Strongsville, Ohio, has celebrated its 100th birthday, about the only way that Strongsville could get in the newspapers.

* * *

The United States has set aside $312,000,000 for a navy, which is peace at rather a lively price, and not much peace at that.

* * *

First Bill Bryan says his ambition was to be a preacher, and now he says it has been to teach boys. Both the church and the boys' schools have been fortunate.

* * *

After looking at some of those alleged prize fights, we have come to the conclusion that Jack the Hugger was the original member of the prize fighters' union.

* * *

WHEN THE GENERAL STAMPED HIS FOOT.

I thought while reading the paper today,
We're not done with the days of romance,
When a leader would wiggle his finger or wink
And whole hordes of retainers would prance,

To do their lord's bidding, what e'er it might be,
Without any question at all;
Who would die in the ditch and their liege lord defend,
Till their backs were flat up to the wall.

For the Mirror of London, describing Sir Sam,
Tells us with amazement profound,
By stating an army came forth in a day,
At the stamp of Sam's foot on the ground.

Sure it did! It was up at a place in the north,
Named, in compliment, for our premier,
That Sam stamped his foot and an army came forth,
That refused to give him one good cheer.

So Sam stamped to the station and onto his car,
His face wore, of dejection, the stamp;
For he'd stamped on the minds of "his boys," for all time,
Weird, sad memories of Borden Camp.

THE OLD 'UN.

* * *

Oysters will be high, financially and otherwise in a short time, we read.

* * *

A customer informs us that there were twenty-one sets of twins at the Irish picnic and only one set at the Labor Day picnic. He thinks the Irish should be handed something for this. All we can say is that there must be flocks of twins somewhere in the world.

* * *

It is not probable that the Duke of Connaught will ask Sir Sam Hughes to meet him at the boat when he lands on the other side.

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SARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND TORONTO.

Arrive from the east—*4:53 a.m., *10.23 a.m., *11:05 a.m., 11:50 a.m., z2:47 p.m., 5:30 p.m., *8:25 p.m., *8:53 p.m., 10:40 p.m.

Arrive from the west—*12:24 a.m., x9:30 a.m., 3:20 a.m., *5:40 a.m., 8:50 a.m., *12:15 p.m., *4:12 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

Depart for the east—*12:20 a.m., *3:25 a.m., *5:45 a.m., 7:25 a.m., 9:00 a.m., x9:35 a.m., *12:20 p.m., 2:00 p.m., *4:25 p.m., *7:08 p.m.

Depart for the west—*4:25 a.m., *5:05 a.m., *7:30 a.m., 10:28 a.m., 11:17 a.m., z2:52 p.m., 5:42 p.m., 9:03 p.m.

LONDON AND WINDSOR.

Arrive—10:23 a.m., *4:00 p.m., *7:05 p.m., 11:05 p.m.

Depart—6:35 a.m., *11:35 a.m., 5:23 p.m., *9:10 p.m.

STRATFORD BRANCH.

Arrive—4:20 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 1:45 p.m., 5:25 p.m., 7:50 p.m., 11:20 p.m.

Depart—*6:05 a.m., 7:20 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 2:45 p.m., 5:00 p.m.

LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE.

Arrive—10:05 a.m., 6:15 p.m.

Depart—8:30 a.m., 4:40 p.m.

Trains marked * run daily. Those not marked, daily except Sunday; z Mondays, Wednesdays, Saturdays; x Tuesdays, Fridays, Sundays.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

Arrive from the east—4:30 a.m. daily, 10:45 a.m. daily, 11:15 a.m. daily, 5:55 p.m. daily except Sunday; 7:15 p.m. daily, 9:50 p.m. daily.

Arrive from the west—5:10 a.m. daily, 1:20 p.m. daily, 7:50 p.m. daily, 8:30 p.m. except Sunday, 1:30 a.m. daily.

Depart for the east—5:20 a.m. daily, 6:30 a.m. daily except Sunday, 9:00 a.m. daily, 1:25 p.m. daily, 5:10 p.m. daily, 7:55 p.m. daily.

Depart for the west—4:43 a.m. daily, 8:00 a.m. daily except Sunday, 11:20 a.m. daily, 7:23 p.m. daily, 10:00 p.m. daily.

Michigan Central.

Trains leave St. Thomas:

For east—*2:38 a.m., *8:33 a.m., 9:35 a.m. (except Monday), *12:40 p.m., ‡3:10 p.m., *7:25 p.m., *9:26 p.m., *10:00 p.m., 11:30 p.m.

For west—*2:53 a.m., *5:51 a.m., *6:23 a.m., ‡7:30 a.m., *11:40 a.m., ‡3:25 p.m., *4:20 p.m., *7:10 p.m., *11:21 p.m.

St. Clair Division—Leave, ‡6:30 a.m., ‡3:15 p.m. Arrive, ‡10:40 a.m., ‡6:40 p.m.

*Daily. ‡Daily except Sunday.

Pere Marquette.

Trains leave St. Thomas (Kains street depot) for Chatham and Walkerville, 7:05 a.m., 5:16 p.m., connecting with L. and P. S. cars leaving London 6:20 a.m.

Trains arrive St. Thomas from west at 11:55 a.m. (noon), 8:50 p.m. connecting with L. and P. S. cars arriving at London 12:48 p.m. and 10:02 p.m.

Traction Company.

London to St. Thomas and Port Stanley—7:30 a.m., 9:30 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 1:30 p.m., and hourly to 7:30 p.m., 9:15 p.m. Last car to St. Thomas only at 11:15 p.m.

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Sept. 13 Sicilian Sept. 30
Lv. Glasgow. Lv. Montreal.
Aug. 26 Carthaginian Sept. 13
Sept. 2 Pretorian Sept. 16

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Summer commutation book between London and Por Stanley. Time limit extended till October 2, 1916.

Sept. 12

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$4.55 Good going Aug. 26th to Sept. 7th. Return Limit: All tickets to be good for return to reach final destination not later than September 13th.

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$2.55 Good Going all Local Trains August 30th and Morning Trains August 31st. Return Limit: All Local Trains until September 1st, 1916, inclusive.
Good Going all Local Trains Sept. 6th and Morning Trains Sept. 7th. Return Limit: All Local Trains until Sept. 8th, 1916, inclusive.

SPECIAL TRAIN SERVICE

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