

London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.

MORNING EDITION.	
City.	Outside City.
12c per week.	By Mail
\$6.00 per year.	\$4.00 per year.
NOON EDITION.	
City.	Outside City.
12c per week.	By Mail
\$6.00 per year.	\$4.00 per year.
EVENING EDITION.	
City.	Outside City.
12c per week.	By Mail
\$6.00 per year.	\$4.00 per year.

3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS. 3670
Private Branch Exchange.
From 10:00 p.m. to 9:00 a.m., and holidays, call 3670.
Business Department: 3671, Editors: 3672, Reports: 3673, News Room.

Toronto Representative—F. W. Thompson, 57
Mall Building.
U. S. Representatives—New York: Charles H.
Eddy Company, Fifth Avenue Building, Chicago:
Charles H. Eddy Company, People's Gas Building.
Boston: Charles H. Eddy Company, Old South Build-
ing.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, June 12.

THEY SEE IT COMING.

FOR THE FIRST TIME there has now become public property a confession by the Teuton rulers that this is a war of monarchy against democracy; it corroborates the Allies' claim that they are waging war for democracy and for all that democracy holds dear.

King Charles of Austria-Hungary wrote to King Ferdinand of Rumania urging him to give up the struggle against the Teutons on the plea that "This is a time when kings must stick together." He warned him of the spread of Socialism and democratic spirit and that only a Teutonic victory could save Austria.

What wonderfully inspiring motive for the starving Austrians, Hungarians and Germans to continue the struggle! Not that they may be free, not they may have better living conditions in the future, not that wrongs may be redressed, but that they may make firm the seats of the mighty and enslave themselves and their descendants forever. Bitter indeed will be the dose they swallow, when they realize that all their shedding of blood, their sacrifice of money and their suffering have been for the benefit of the monarchs under whom they live and labor.

Russia, too, will have to endure the full agony of realizing that she, by deserting the Allies at a critical moment, has aided immeasurably in the entrenching of that system of government which she just succeeded in overthrowing in her own territory. All that she has schemed for and fought for gone, so far as she is concerned; her only hope is in the Allies, whom she left so basely.

Wilhelm, Charles, Ferdinand of Bulgaria and the rest of them see the handwriting on the wall. They know that defeat means the end of their personal sovereignty and the end of the monarchial system in their country. They have not the record of service and devotion to their peoples of Albert of the Belgians, George of Britain or Victor of Italy to sustain them; they have only might which, once departed, leaves them alone, dishonored and in danger.

Ferdinand of Rumania heard the call to selfish interests, wavered and fell. Albert and his fellow-sovereigns refused the bait and are fighting for the people, for democracy and for liberty. Surely the time must come when all peoples will see clearly the issue and refuse to suffer and die for a cause that they detest. That moment is the one dreaded by Charles of Austria and Wilhelm of Germany; they see it approaching.

THE DUKE'S ORDEAL.

THE SOCIETY for the Prevention of Cruelty to Governor-Generals has not yet been organized, but tender-hearted people may launch a movement toward such a consummation when they realize the ordeal through which the Duke of Devonshire and his party have been passing for the last three weeks.

Being the central figure at a public affair is an ordeal for any person. But when from a function in the early morning one is hurried on through a succession of events that comes to an end when day has departed and not before, the torture of being His Majesty's representative in the Dominion of Canada is realized. Multiply this by seventeen, the number of places which the Duke has visited, and some conception of what being vice-regal means comes to the most casual student. Despite the most genial of natures, a man must be worn by the sheer sameness of long addresses (happily they were "cut down" in London) and long queues of those who wish to clasp the hand of a noble lord. The Duke of Devonshire does not give the impression of being bored, however. His interest in each man, woman or child seemed the searching glance of a man who was susceptible to the story written on each face, a man to whom his fellowmen were the proper study of mankind. He eschewed any formality. At several functions in the course of his tour he has predicted the time when class distinctions will be wiped away, and "when we shall be glad to see them wiped away." That is the note in the Duke's speeches which reaches the people. He has said that he is "a plain farmer." His large estates in England have always been open to the people. The round of ceremonies are not so much ceremonies to His Excellency as they are great human spectacles toward which he is never indifferent, and by which he is not jaded. That was our hasty impression of him, at any rate. At the same time it is hardly just to be-function such a good friend as Devonshire appears to have become.

THE GARBAGE FIASCO.

LONDON'S GARBAGE system continues in a state of suspended animation. Meanwhile the accumulation of taxes and household left-overs contribute to the annoyance of householders and the dismay of all who are interested in a city clean as well as beautiful.

The streets and lawns of the city are rarely sights just now. But the backyards of the city are foul with reeking garbage that has been left in heaps since the garbage collectors went out on strike for an increase in wages. The common sense of the matter does not seem to have struck the city council or a sufficient majority to bring about action. The common sense of the matter was to keep the system in operation pending a settlement. One controller made the offer that he would drive a wagon if his confreres would follow suit, and when one considers the outrageous situation that has developed through the council's of capacity to deal with the question, most

citizens will say that it is just about up to the city fathers to man the carts, and to make good in some manner to the citizens who continue to "pay the shot."

For an increase of fifteen cents a day paid to about thirty men, the city of London told these men to get out. A city that has preached the policy of mediation to corporations such as the street railway should be slow to take any step which involved trouble between labor and capital (the corporation in this case taking the role of capital). So far as has been ascertained no effort was made to arbitrate the matter. Instead the city permitted the system to be suspended completely. No real effort was made to keep the wagons going, and sooner or later the city will be compelled to relinquish municipal control of the system, which is shown up, justly or unjustly, as a miserable failure, or to grant the fair demands of the men. The matter has been handled in a manner in no way creditable to the city.

Citizens as a whole are disgusted with the situation; yet public opinion is such an intangible thing in this city that except for criticisms offered by The Advertiser no call has reached the council for a speedy course of action and re-establishment. But as the strike continues and the nuisance of decaying garbage becomes more and more a menace to the health of the community, surely the public will make its wishes known in the matter. That people deserve the sort of government they get, has long been a maxim of public life. And if citizens are ready to put up with such conditions of filth and possible disease as the stoppage of delivery involves perhaps they are not to be sympathized with. The alderman, however, who will take hold of the garbage situation and deal with it in a decisive manner, is certain to win the goodwill of thousands of people.

The Governor-General, with good reason, paid his tributes to the beauties of the city. Wonder what His Excellency would have thought had he been able to see the litter in the city's back yards?

UNFIT, BUT PATRIOTIC.

FOUND UNFIT for military service at the front, although of draft age, James McNair set an excellent example in patriotism to others in similar circumstances when he offered his services at \$1.10 a day for the duration of the war to the registrar at Calgary to release or take the place of some farmer who is able to go overseas. His offer was accepted immediately.

The making of such an offer shows patriotism of an exceptional kind. No man who is able to farm need accept any such wage as \$1.10 a day at this time, especially in the west. Farmers are ready to pay much more than this for efficient help, and it may seem to some that McNair would have been doing just as well for the country had he accepted employment and done his best for some agriculturist who was willing to pay two or three dollars a day.

The young man thought differently. He wanted not only to help production, but to assist recruiting, and, therefore, made it a condition that the man who accepts his offer must go overseas.

Whether his idea is right or whether it would have been better to aid production without sending another man away from the land is a question for individuals to decide for themselves, but there can be no doubt of the excellence of his intentions when he voluntarily accepts such low remuneration.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

To patriotism—\$1,033.33.

Montreal has decided to impose a \$10 tax on bachelors, and the mean brutes will say their state is cheap at the price.

"We believe in victory and nothing but victory," says the London, England, Star. That's the talk, and here's an indorser.

A draft of 400 London, England, policemen have recently left for the front. Let's hope they insist that the Germans "keep back, there."

Hamilton dispatches say that city now has "motor policemen" to catch speeders. Mechanical toys opened up the way to great achievements.

Japan's intervention in Siberia becomes more probable every day. It appears as if one word from the United States would make it certain.

A Dublin priest says Ireland has had many

eras—the Pagan era, the Christian era and now the devil era (De Valera). The last state is the worst.

THE PRESS AND PUBLIC MEN.

Included in a sworn statement of expenses filed by Major Hume Cronyn, elected as a Unionist for London at the recent general election, is a receipted bill from The London Free Press for the sum of \$1,033.33. The bill gives an itemized statement of advertisements inserted, totalling \$486.67, and another item, "Editorials," \$1,033.33.

The Globe does not believe that Major Cronyn made a bargain with The Free Press for its editorial support on a cash basis. The record of The Free Press in supporting the candidate before the question became an issue in party politics makes it reasonably certain that in a general election The Free Press would give support to the candidate standing for Union Government, and would back, without thought of payment, the policy of conscription.

It is deplorable, however, in face of the widespread falsehood that the press of the country was "bought" by The Free Press should present, and Major Cronyn should pay, a bill for editorial matter published in the interest of Major Cronyn during the campaign. The inference that "editorials" were purchasable and were purchased is most reprehensible, and will be keenly resented by the whole press of Canada, which is vitally and properly concerned in the maintenance of its honor and its good name. The Globe is glad to note that Major Cronyn has already made a clear and unequivocal statement to the effect that he never approached The Free Press to say in its editorial columns anything whatsoever. "Not only in no sense did I control these columns," he adds, "but I knew I could not control them. On more than one occasion I would have liked to have had some variation in the editorial view, but I made no suggestion, because I well understood that the editorial management had its own views and held to these." Major Cronyn is an honorable man, held in high esteem, whose word will be accepted. In view of his statement public and press are entitled to an explanation from The Free Press of the amazing inclusion of the item of \$1,033.33 for "editorials" in the bill it prepared, presented, and receipted.

The editorial opinions of the press of Canada are not purchasable. If they were the people would be right in refusing to draw water from poisoned wells. The incident seems to show the need for an amendment to the election act providing that any advertising paid for by a candidate to promote his candidature or place his views before the people shall either be marked "advertisement" or shall be set in advertising type and bear such identification marks as will clearly establish its character as paid matter, and neither a report nor an editorial.

A plainly-worded provision in the law making it an offence for a publisher to accept money for "opinions" favorable to any candidate for public office, or any public cause, would clear the air.

"RAH FOR THE KING."

King George has ordered a \$15 suit of clothes. If his majesty were to come over here in the new togs he would meet numerous chaps who used to be able to buy a suit for \$15, but who now have to pay almost \$20. Clothing is dearer than it used to be.

Bits of Biography

Advice.
For your motto, my son, take the law of the road.
Observe it by day and by night;
Do not grow discouraged, just shoulder your load,
And see that you "Stick To The Right!"

Pollock!
"Should you stick to short words when you are teaching a parrot to talk?" asked the Thin Man.
"Naw," replied the Fat Man. "You should stick to pollywogs!"

As He Goes.
"An auto bought on the installment plan will give more satisfaction," said old Broadway, Indianapolis, has been assigned to Y. M. C. A. work in France.
"For then it is quite clear that every man will know that he is paying as he goes."

The Wise Fool.
"It is better to lead the procession than to follow it," observed the Sage.
"Not if it is a funeral procession," commented the Fool.

Mean Brute.
"It says here that marriage is a preventive against suicide," said Mrs. Gabby, as she looked up from the newspaper she was reading.
"Is that so?" growled Mr. Gabby.
"Well, don't forget that suicide is also a preventive against marriage."

Oh!
Most of our boys over there are after the looter of the enemy. But we started to say that Lee Geer of 2034 Broadway, Indianapolis, has been assigned to Y. M. C. A. work in France.

Tuff!
Before we die, there's just one wish: We'd have of hard old Mistress Fate; 'Tis a sign that she and I are friends. Are just as plentiful as bait.

But down in dear old Georgia, Luke—
The thought of it oft makes us sore—
Your wish would prove an awful joke.
For we can't get our "bait" no more.
—Cedar-town (Ga.) Standard.

Our Joe Miller Contest.
Henry Morganthaler claims that the oldest job in the world is the one of the negro who was praising chicken as a food.
"Chicken is the best accompaniment food there is," said the negro, "you can eat it before it is born, and you can eat it after it is dead."

Names Is Names.
I. M. Quick lives at Oak Hill, Ohio.

Our Daily Special.
A Wise Man Catches His Backbone Every Morning.

Luke McLuke Says.
If a woman rattles the dishes more than usual when she is washing them it is a sign that she and her Friend Husband have had a fuss at the table. This is her way of cussing.

Many a man is so careful of his conscience that he uses it only on Sundays.
One thing Father can't understand is why some doggone strange dude should get the best seat on the porch every night just because Daughter happens to know him.
A man may not be able to find anything else when he is dressing in the morning, but his wife can tell you that he doesn't find it difficult to find fault.

Father's hands are always bungled up. If it isn't spit from the furnace in Winter, it is callouses from the lawn-mower in Summer.
The old-fashioned woman who used to push the baby around in a perambulator to give it an airing now has a daughter who holds the baby in the rear seat and lets her husband push them both around in a motor car.

We are all willing to admit that the Golden Rule is a splendid thing for others to follow.
A woman doesn't detest a man who flatters half as much as she detests a man who doesn't flatter.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story
Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

TOM'S SORT OF GIRL.
[By Jane Osborn.]

"It isn't so much the fact that she's a cabaret singer or even that Tom was deceiving me—but she simply wouldn't be Tom's sort of girl. They'd be sure to be unhappy. This is what Tom had thought better of his sister, said when she first suspected that, while she had told him he was going to marry a kind of girl, as a matter of fact he was going to marry another kind of girl."

The sister's informer was Pete Brevier, one of Tom's old pals from the town where he and the sister had made their home. The young man had made a hurried trip to the big city and there had met Tom and "his sister," and suspecting nothing irregular had come back blurring out to the sister that he had met "Tom and that pretty little cabaret singer that Tom was going to marry."

In the meantime for some weeks Tom's letters to his sister had had occasional references to the stenographer at his office—Miss Remson—whom he hoped some day to make his wife. "I hope you are a little better off than I am because she isn't a girl of leisure," Tom wrote home, knowing perfectly well his sister's ability to sniff out a rumour because she was sure to suit her ideas. Miss Remson is as fine a woman as I ever met. She's a stenographer, but she's a girl of leisure, and so after I did, and though she hasn't had exactly the same education that you have, you are sure to like her."

Tom's sister had thoroughly approved. In fact she was so sure of Tom that she wrote him to call to her "some scatter-brained little girl with her head in her heels." How could she be anything else? Tom was a professional dancer? The sister agreed no time in packing for such a mission, making her husband assure her that he would be quite happy during her absence and going off to the big city to "raise a rumour."

She didn't even wait to see her brother get in about 5 o'clock one evening, telephone to his home and announced, in a voice so cordial that it gave no warning of her suspicion and intention, that she was there.

"Meet you for dinner? Why, of course, I will," Tom Rawden said to the sister over the phone, and then little Miss Remson—Madge Remson—"to have dinner with you?" You won't mind having her, will you?"

"Miss Remson—Madge Remson?" The sister's voice came back in a tone so cordial, "I don't seem to remember Miss Remson."

"I wrote you about her," Tom laughed. "She is working here as a stenographer—that's how I met her and—"

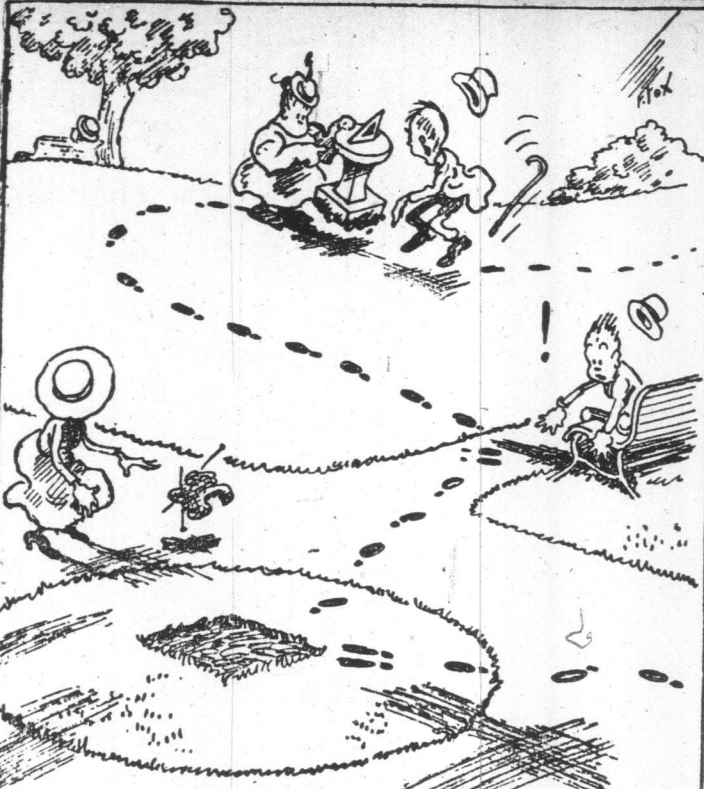
"Oh, the stenographer," purred the sister's voice. "I should be delighted. Where shall I meet you?"

"Madge dines early," said Tom, "so we were figuring on 6 o'clock. I'll come right over to your hotel and she can have time to run home and do up and then meet us at the hotel. We can dine there, and then, anywhere, and that will be more convenient for you."

Madge left early and that gave Tom's

THE POWERFUL KATRINKA

(Copyright, 1918.) —By FONTAINE FOX.



No one seemed to be able to tell the powerful Katrinka what time it was by that sun dial in the park.

sister an opportunity to make the first of the little sisterly speeches that she felt it her duty to deliver.

"She is a perfectly splendid girl," Tom said. "I've known her since she was a child. She will be a credit to the family, and a keen judge of women and I can guarantee that."

"I had hoped you would like her," Tom said. "I'm sure you will. She's a bit in terror of his substantial sister, but I didn't see how you could help liking her, but I never dared hope you would like her as much as that." And, of course, it was not Tom's sister's way to say such nice things without a reason.

"She is a lovely girl, Tom, and not the kind of girl to trifles with," she looked intently at him so as to strike contrition to his heart, but apparently there was no such result.

There were several other meetings between the sister and the fiancee, and on each one the sister was more favorably impressed than on the last. Tom was working harder in his office than he had ever worked before. He told her that he was engaged to be married, and she was inspired, and engaged to Madge. She was inspired enough to make any man do his best, and of this the sister entirely approved. No silly little girl whose head was in her heels could have such an effect on a man, that was certain.

The substantial sister remained in the city two weeks, and no inkling did she get of the cabaret dancer friend of her brother's whom he had once introduced as his fiancee. Well, perhaps he would not force a confidence out of him, but she would not go back home till she had "cinched" the matter with Madge Remson. With this end in view

she urged Tom to make a formal announcement of the engagement. "We had hardly wanted to do that," Tom protested. "A few people know of it, but because Madge is working she doesn't want to wear an engagement ring or have it announced till just before we are married."

"There is no reason why you can't be married in a very little while," said the sister. "In the meantime the very fact that she is working is reason enough why she should have the engagement announced. It is something that is due to every girl who has given her promise to marry. Tom, I really insist that it be announced. I won't go home until you do."

Perhaps this last stipulation had something to do with it, for the next day Tom told his sister that Madge had consented to announce their engagement. In fact, they had gone so far as to send small notes to the various papers making the announcement, and Madge had written to all her close friends telling them of it.

The sister was satisfied and had actually made reservations for her return trip, when she chanced to buy one of the papers to which the announcement had been sent and there espied something that made her immediately countermand her order for the reservations and unpack her bags preparatory to a prolonged stay.

She confronted her brother that evening with a substantial scroll upon her face and a manner of determination. "Now I know," she said. "You have been trifling with that lovely girl. That cabaret dancer that Pete Brevier told me about, and that," said the sister, with a fine crescendo, "that is why

I came all the way from home to see about things. Tom, you are going to marry Madge Remson if I have to make you."

"What made you think that I wasn't?" said Tom, with a placidity that was irritating to the enraged sister.

"This," she said grandly, producing a newspaper folded carefully to show a short engagement announcement. "Young lawyer to wed dancer," she read. "Thomas R. Rawden, one of the promising young lawyers of the firm of Babcock & Parsons, and the clever young dancer, Marcia Daw, have announced their engagement. Marcia Daw is now engaged in classic dancing in the cabaret of the Terrace Garden of the Bancroft Hotel and is regarded as one of the cleverest young dancers in the city. There," cried sister, "isn't that enough?"

"Won't you read all of the announcement?" asked the brother.

"I've read enough," said the sister. "I've read enough," said the sister. "I've read enough," said the sister. "I've read enough," said the sister. "I've read enough," said the sister.

"Then you are going to marry Madge?" insisted the sister, who said with finality, "That is as far as I care to read," but as she spoke, her eyes did run down further on the column.

"In private life," were the words she read there, "Marcia Daw is Miss Madge Remson, a daughter of the late Brad Remson, who was a very successful business man."

"It seems as if I'd have to," said Tom generously, "since you have set your heart on it."

The sister sat speechless. "Why didn't you tell me?" were the words she finally uttered.

"Because I knew your probable prejudice against a girl that made her living dancing. I wanted you to make up your mind first that I should marry Madge, the stenographer, and you know you registered the determination that I should do that, in rather strong terms."

"But why didn't you tell me she was a dancer when you first wrote me?" said Tom.

"Because I didn't know she was," said Tom. "She worked very quietly away at the office, and it was not till I knew her well that she told me. She is a girl of enormous strength and perseverance—it is her example that has set me to working so hard. Tom, I was alone at the office every day from nine till five and then dances from nine till twelve—and she's fresher every morning when she starts in at work than the other girls that have no other work to do."

"Then you are going to marry Madge?" insisted the sister, who said with finality, "That is as far as I care to read," but as she spoke, her eyes did run down further on the column.

"In private life," were the words she read there, "Marcia Daw is Miss Madge Remson, a daughter of the late Brad Remson, who was a very successful business man."

"It seems as if I'd have to," said Tom generously, "since you have set your heart on it."

The sister sat speechless. "Why didn't you tell me?" were the words she finally uttered.

"Because I knew your probable prejudice against a girl that made her living dancing. I wanted you to make up your mind first that I should marry Madge, the stenographer, and you know you registered the determination that I should do that, in rather strong terms."

"But why didn't you tell me she was a dancer when you first wrote me?" said Tom.

"Because I didn't know she was," said Tom. "She worked very quietly away at the office, and it was not till I knew her well that she told me. She is a girl of enormous strength and perseverance—it is her example that has set me to working so hard. Tom, I was alone at the office every day from nine till five and then dances from nine till twelve—and she's fresher every morning when she starts in at work than the other girls that have no other work to do."

"Then you are going to marry Madge?" insisted the sister, who said with finality, "That is as far as I care to read," but as she spoke, her eyes did run down further on the column.

"In private life," were the words she read there, "Marcia Daw is Miss Madge Remson, a daughter of the late Brad Remson, who was a very successful business man."

"It seems as if I'd have to," said Tom generously, "since you have set your heart on it."

The sister sat speechless. "Why didn't you tell me?" were the words she finally uttered.

"Because I knew your probable prejudice against a girl that made her living dancing. I wanted you to make up your mind first that I should marry Madge, the stenographer, and you know you registered the determination that I should do that, in rather strong terms."

"But why didn't you tell me she was a dancer when you first wrote me?" said Tom.

"Because I didn't know she was," said Tom. "She worked very quietly away at the office, and it was not till I knew her well that she told me. She is a girl of enormous strength and perseverance—it is her example that has set me to working so hard. Tom, I was alone at the office every day from nine till five and then dances from nine till twelve—and she's fresher every morning when she starts in at work than the other girls that have no other work to do."

"Then you are going to marry Madge?" insisted the sister, who said with finality, "That is as far as I care to read," but as she spoke, her eyes did run down further on the column.

"In private life," were the words she read there, "Marcia Daw is Miss Madge Remson, a daughter of the late Brad Remson, who was a very successful business man."

"It seems as if I'd have to," said Tom generously, "since you have set your heart on it."

The sister sat speechless. "Why didn't you tell me?" were the words she finally uttered.

"Because I knew your probable prejudice against a girl that made her living dancing. I wanted you to make up your mind first that I should marry Madge, the stenographer, and you know you registered the determination that I should do that, in rather strong terms."

"But why didn't you tell me she was a dancer when you first wrote me?" said Tom.

"Because I didn't know she was," said Tom. "She worked very quietly away at the office, and it was not till I knew her well that she told me. She is a girl of enormous strength and perseverance—it is her example that has set me to working so hard. Tom, I was alone at the office every day from nine till five and then dances from nine till twelve—and she's fresher every morning when she starts in at work than the other girls that have no other work to do."

"Then you are going to marry Madge?" insisted the sister, who said with finality, "That is as far as I care to read," but as she spoke, her eyes did run down further on the column.

"In private life," were the words she read there, "Marcia Daw is Miss Madge Remson, a daughter of the late Brad Remson, who was a very successful business man."

"It seems as if I'd have to," said Tom generously, "since you have set your heart on it."

The sister sat speechless. "Why didn't you tell me?" were the words she finally uttered.

"Because I knew your probable prejudice against a girl that made her living dancing. I wanted you to make up your mind first that I should marry Madge, the stenographer, and you know you registered the determination that I should do that, in rather strong terms."

"But why didn't you tell me she was a dancer when you first wrote me?" said Tom.

"Because I didn't know she was," said Tom. "She worked very quietly away at the office, and it was not till I knew her well that she told me. She is a girl of enormous strength and perseverance—it is her example that has set me to working so hard. Tom, I was alone at the office every day from nine till five and then dances from nine till twelve—and she's fresher every morning when she starts in at work than the other girls that have no other work to do."

"Then you are going to marry Madge?" insisted the sister, who said with finality, "That is as far as I care to read," but as she spoke, her eyes did run down further on the column.

"In private life," were the words she read there, "Marcia Daw is Miss Madge Remson, a daughter of the late Brad Remson, who was a very successful business man."

"It seems as if I'd have to," said Tom generously, "since you have set your heart on it."

The sister sat speechless. "Why didn't you tell me?" were the words she finally uttered.

"Because I knew your probable prejudice against a girl that made her living dancing. I wanted you to make up your mind first that I should marry Madge, the stenographer, and you know you registered the determination that I should do that, in rather strong terms."

"But why didn't you tell me she was a dancer when you first wrote me?"