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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.
London, Ont., Tuesday, June 18.

A TRUE GERMAN PLOT.

DUPLICITY and treachery are Germany's main weapons in this war, and on them the Huns depend. Their armies and great guns are useful and necessary, but only when aided by illegal and inhuman devices are they counted on to be effective.

The Germans' latest scheme is to arrange for an exchange of prisoners with Britain. Besides the hope of getting back their own men to work in the fields and munition plants and possibly to fight, there is the chance of sinking many British ships and murdering the ex-prisoners on their way to Britain. When exchanging, Britain must send to Holland for her men and here the submarines are given a chance. There will be rejoicing in Berlin over every British ship sunk on its way to fetch home the victims of war, but even greater acclamation of the sinking of these vessels on their homeward trip, loaded with human flesh and blood.

What is the use of accumulating evidence to prove that no oath taken by Germany, no guarantee given is of the slightest value while the present regime lasts? Every act committed by Berlin proclaims the fact to the world.

RUSSIA SAVED GERMANY FROM STARVATION.

THE SUFFERING of the Teutons through lack of nourishing foods serves to emphasize the great loss sustained by the Allies when Russia deserted the cause. From Vienna on Thursday came a dispatch saying that city must give up hope of better food conditions during the summer and that "The Ukraine is our only hope for June."

So far as food supplies are concerned, Russia has proved a terrible disappointment to the Teutons. When the Russians had been eliminated as a fighting force, the Teutons believed that they had gained control of almost unlimited foodstuffs and that the only difficulties left to face were those of transportation. Instead of this they found no surplus of wheat or other grains, and what they have obtained has been taken by force. They have stolen all they could, but it has served merely to avert general starvation.

What would have been the condition of Austria, Hungary and Germany without the food from Russia? It is desperate now, and revolts because of the poor quality of eatables have taken place in the navy, but it would have been worse if Russia had stood firm. This is one particular in which the entrance of the United States did not make up for Russia's defection. New tillable lands and thousands of laborers are at Germany's disposal to augment home production, just when her own crops are being injured by frosts and the chance of her being driven to surrender by internal conditions looked brightest to the Allies.

While of little value to the Allies in a military sense, an uprising of the Russians against their oppressors even now would be tremendously advantageous in preventing the exploitation of that country as a ladder for Germany. It is to be feared the new republicans have not the weapons or means to put up a serious military struggle against the Germans, but they could, by refusing to work the fields and rising in districts where it was possible, undo some of the harm they have done the Allies.

CONSIDER THE BOYS.

MOTHERS HAVE been associating with sons since the time of Eve and have been their best friends, but the sad fact remains, that in spite of this long intimacy and experience, mothers do not always understand boys, and this lack of sympathetic understanding causes the children untold agonies.

In Toronto, a father and mother are searching anxiously for their 17-year-old son, who ran away from home because he was forced to wear long trousers to school. The youth dreaded the ridicule which every male has to endure on his first appearance in approved "men's clothes," and rather than face it he slipped quietly away. Had the mother understood and the father been sufficiently interested, they would have let the boy continue in knickerbockers until his friends began to laugh at him for keeping to boys' clothing, when he would have been eager to get the "longs" his parents desired.

Mothers frequently see suits which are uncommon and which appeal to them as "just sweetly charming" for little George, Harold or Willie, and, without consulting the youngster, they buy the clothes and insist upon their being worn. If they could realize the torment the child endures when he has to run the gauntlet of his schoolmates' eyes and remarks, they would hesitate. Granted that the youngster has real red blood, it is certain he will resent the witticisms of his chums, and that actively, and will arrive home with discolored optics and injured nose to the consternation of mother.

Ridicule is the one thing that nine boys out of ten hate worse than anything else. They can stand whippings, detention in school, and all the rest of the penalties of genuine boyhood, but they cannot face being "laughed at" without feeling

the hurt in every nerve of their beings. The effect, too, is lasting; it accounts for much of the shyness and awkwardness so frequently to be seen. Mothers would do well to pay less attention to individuality in boys' clothes, hats, boots and personal appearance in general and shield their young hopefuls from the torments which follow too artistic fancies in these things.

GOLF GAINS IN POPULARITY.

READERS of American magazines and newspapers and those who come in touch personally with Americans, have been struck by the fact that the game of golf is gaining popularity in the United States by leaps and bounds, and is appealing not only to those who are not interested in other outdoor sports, but to the baseball expert, to the football player and to the boxer. The game is gaining a hold approaching that which it possesses in Britain.

What is the cause of this rapid progress made by golf? Has the war anything to do with it?

Unlike such games as baseball, football and others of similar type, golf is a sport in which the "dub" can find as much enjoyment and as much exercise as can the expert. It is not a game for the onlooker or "rooter," but for the player. It is suitable equally for the young man of unbounded vitality and the older man who is inclined to take his pleasures more slowly and sedately; it is a game for everyone, male and female.

Since war disturbed the world, sports have suffered, both in the old land and on this continent. There has been a disposition to look upon attendance at games as contrary to the best interests of the cause, and it may be that this feeling has led people to look around for something which will be recreation and can be justified on the grounds of exercise and health. It is not to be wondered at that golf has appealed to so many.

In times like these men need distraction from business cares and worries and they need physical exercise to keep them in condition. Nowhere better than the golf links can this distraction and exercise be found. With the fresh air, the testing of every muscle of the body, the need of clear eyesight and steadiness, golf offers wonderful possibilities, and the greatest proof of its utility and attractiveness is that few of those who try a few games care to give it up while they can walk and swing a club.

The pity is that there are so few facilities for the average man or woman to learn the game in Canada. The links which do exist are kept rather exclusive, and memberships of clubs are expensive. The Advertiser some time ago advocated municipal links, or, if this is not feasible, perhaps money could be found to establish a course and run it for the multitude on small annual payments. Golf is going to become more popular as time goes on, and London might well take the lead in encouraging it by laying out a course for the benefit of the populace, where all could foregather and enjoy the health-giving outdoor game.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Influenza epidemic has seized Berlin, but La Grippe of the Allies has yet to tighten on the home of Prussianism.

Italians appear to be meeting the Austrian offensive in a spirit of elation and confidence which presages victory.

Gambling is not allowed, but if it were there are many who would place a small bet on Austria suing for peace before 1919 arrives.

"His bones shall rise again," was not written of Tecumseh, but it might have been. They have been rising frequently for many years.

Victoria Park is getting to be too popular with the mosquitoes. Sunday evening they lay in wait by thousands for the bald open-air crowd.

When the women themselves request the banning of the manufacture of fancy woolen apparel of the unnecessary class, it is time the Government took notice.

Keep all raw stuffs in the British Empire for the Allies after the war is the advice given, it being considered that Germany has exhibited too much "raw stuff" during the struggle to permit her any more.

Ingersoll's police chief is demanding that vendors of foodstuffs on the market shall show a license. Does the law cover producers selling their butter and eggs? If so, every farmer in the country will require a license.

Teutonic predictions of victory are all based on the impossibility of sufficient American troops being able to cross the Atlantic. Since there is proof that this "impossibility" does not exist, the rest of the argument is worthless.

If only correspondents in the war zone would agree! One writes that Germany's progress on the offensive has been greater than Hindenburg ever anticipated, and another says "the results are far less than anticipated." Fact is, no one knows just what was expected.

Most honest people will quite agree with the opinion expressed by the Toronto Globe that the selling of a newspaper's editorial columns should be made a punishable offence. Who knows to what influences a purchasable newspaper is susceptible, having in mind the early connections in Canada of Hearst and Company?

GREAT WORKS STANDING IDLE.

[Toronto Star.] It is an extraordinary thing that the Ross rifle factory at Quebec and the \$2,000,000 Transcontinental workshops stand idle at a time when great expenditures are being made all over the continent in erecting precisely similar works.

People everywhere will join with Hon. C. C. Ballantyne in his expression of surprise on seeing such a large and useful premises as the Ross rifle factory idle on visiting Quebec City.

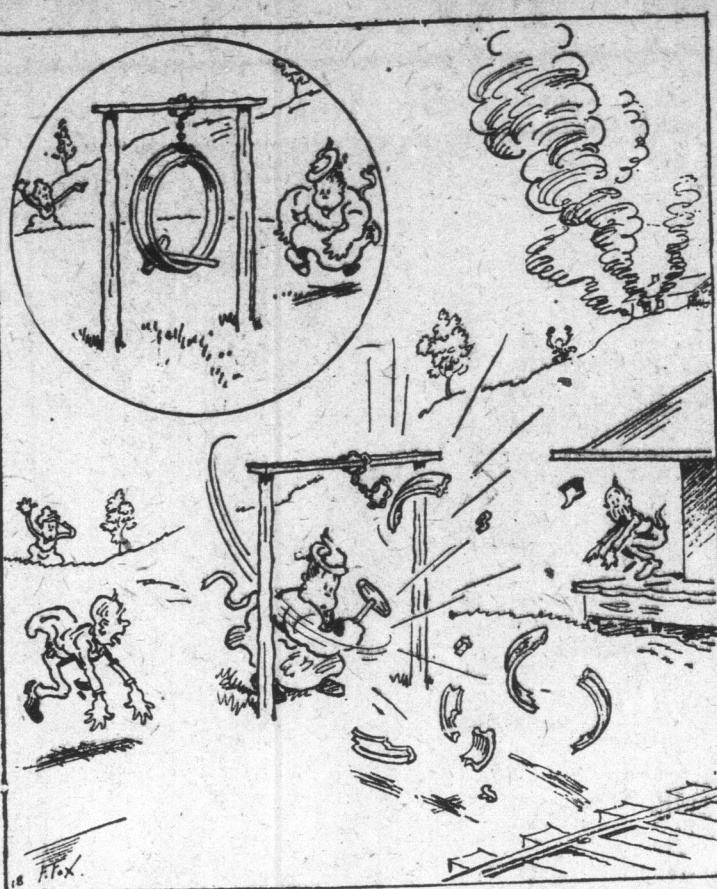
For a long time those works were kept busy manufacturing Ross rifles which were not being used in the war, and when that waste was stopped the whole works were permitted to close down, having nothing to do. The making of rifles serviceable in the war should have begun there at least two years ago.

Hon. C. C. Ballantyne is quoted as having promised that he will urge on the Government the advisability of utilizing the Ross factory and the railway workshops, and unless the new Government can make haste in doing so it will surely be overlooking one of its large responsibilities.

THE POWERFUL KATRINKA

(Copyright, 1918.)

—By FONTAINE FOX.



The Powerful Katrinka happened to be on hand when the call came to sound the village fire gong.

Bits of Byplay

by Luke McLuke

Copyright, 1917.

Paw Knows Everything.
Willie—Paw, what does buying trouble mean?

Paw—Paying two dollars for a marriage license, my son.

Maw—Willie, you get the lawn mower and get to work.

Haw, Haul!
"Shave!" said the Barber as the bald-headed man settled himself in the chair.

"Now," growled the bald-headed man, "I came in here to have my shoes half-soled."

The Winner.
The medal goes
To Oswald Row.
He always knows
When to say: "No."

The Wise Fool.
"You should applaud the man who has done good things," observed the Sage.

"Yes," agreed the Fool. "Unless you happen to be one of them."

Wuff!
He took to drink, did Mr. Drove.
Then in his mouth he put a clove;
And then I heard the durn fool say:
"My! This quite takes my breath away!"

Betcha!
"The cockroach has no kidneys,"
Is Luke McLuke's acclamation;
But little cuss never makes a fuss,
And he gets there just the same.

Are He?
Richard R. Almond is a candidate for
Sheriff of Pulaski County, Tennessee.

Easy Money.
The Doctor bet the Sport a dollar that
the Sport couldn't get a billiard ball in
his mouth.

The Sport won the dollar.
But he had to pay the Doctor five dollars
for taking the ball out.

Famous Tops.
Little bit off the
—Crust.
—Coat.
—Floor.
—sy.
—ballant.
—boot.
—dressing.
—heavy.
—of the morning.
Over the ———— Billy Wood.

No Chance.
"This is a strange old world," said Mr.

Fares.
"In which you learn some brand-new things each day."

You can entertain an angel unaware,
But you can't entertain a bore that way."

Things to Worry About.
There aren't too many pieces of stone in the floor of the Atrium in the West Baden Springs Hotel.

Names Is Names.
Dan D. Legg lives at Pleasant View,
Washington.

Our Daily Special.
Maybe Your Point of View Needs Sharpening.

Luke McLuke Says.
A woman is too much of a diplomat to say that a baby is fat.

Many a girl would never have married what she did if her mother and father hadn't kept on knocking him.

A hustler doesn't worry about the fact that he hasn't any family tree. He goes right ahead and branches out for himself.

One thing a married woman can't understand is why her husband never closes a dresser drawer after he opens it.

Why is it that when a man gets old and retires from business and has nothing to do, he can't possibly sleep later than 5 o'clock in the morning?

A man who holds his cigar in the middle of his mouth instead of in the corner of his mouth has no business smoking. He looks as if he hadn't been properly weaned.

Somewhere in this happy land there may be a man who couldn't tell you what the administration should do right now. But we have never met him.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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FIFTEEN HOURS IN DUNANCE.

By Susan Clagett.

The train for Winchester and points south pulled out on time, although even then the tracks were deep with the snow that had been falling steadily for twenty-four hours. Because of the storm, her friends had endeavored to persuade Louise Cochran to remain in Washington, but she had laughed at their proposal, and had wished them good-bye with apparent light-heartedness. In reality she was apprehensive. She dreaded the day to which she might be subjected. She was in haste to reach Staunton, at which place she would still be twelve hours from home, and the prospect of the long drive over country roads late at night did not appeal to her. But she made herself comfortable.

where, Louise, just further and further from the thing that means everything to me, to both of us. In spite of my bewilderment I know you think you have some good reason for what you have done. Leave the others out of it. Dear, I am very unhappy."

But she harked back to something he had said. "Where did you see me in uniform?" she asked abruptly. "At the station two nights ago." "And you speak to me?" "Unfortunately, I could not. I was with the general." There was an edge to the tone that caught his attention. "That would not be surprising in the crowd."

"You were not in the crowd when I saw you. There were but two, you and I."

He took her hands now and forced her to turn toward him. "You saw me? Did you see who was with me?"

"I saw a woman's head against your shoulder. That was enough."

"Was that why you returned your ring?" "Wouldn't you call it a sufficient reason?" "Appearances are often deceptive," he said slowly. "I thought you trusted me."

"Against the evidence of my own eyes?" "Yes, and because you say that you believe me unworthy of trust." "If conditions were reversed, what would you think?" "That would be an entirely different matter," he returned shortly. "Often situations arise that place a man in a position in which he is forced to do the one thing he loves, and I love you, Louise."

"You will not explain?" "I cannot dear. You must accept my word that there was no disloyalty."

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said: "Sure, if you've quarreled with him, Miss, you'll have to write another. This now belongs to him." I was furious. And I was heartick and started home to have it out with my mother. "That was what I was doing. I was given a week's absence and was on my way home. I have a dandy plan to prevent further complications. What do you say?"

Here the conductor interrupted, looming big in the dim light. "Pretty bad, captain," he said in passing, "fifteen hours of it. But we will be in Winchester soon. They have dug us out from the other side. A terrible storm." "A blessed storm," Robert Lee answered, as his hand sought and held the one deep in the pocket of his coat. "Hah! What?" For a moment the conductor looked his amazement, then a smile of understanding spread over his face as his gaze rested upon the flushed countenance of Louise Cochran. "All in the point of view, captain," he said, as he passed on. "All in the point of view."

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