

London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.

MORNING EDITION. Outside City.
City, 12c per week, By Mail \$6.00 per year.
NOON EDITION. Outside City.
City, 12c per week, By Mail \$6.00 per year.
EVENING EDITION. Outside City.
City, 12c per week, By Mail \$6.00 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, Reporters;
3673, News Room.

Toronto Representative—F. W. Thompson, 67
Mail 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.

THIS LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Monday, July 8.

LABOR'S DISCONTENT.

LABOR OBSERVES some branches of capital amassing huge fortunes from the war, and labor moves restlessly and demands its share. Taxation and scarcity and profiteering send prices soaring to the higher ether, and with advancing prices come new values for human effort. While many men are removed from the ordinary walks of life a few are made secure at home to reap the prosperity that comes in the form of profit or wages. The times are good, so good that people are overindulging. A dollar will not buy as much as it would buy a few years ago, perhaps not more than half, yet people have more of worldly comforts and luxuries than they ever had.

Drastic reforms have occurred. Men have been legislated away from habit. The bars have been closed, and the home and the attractions of wholesome and healthy life have been forced upon the whole community. Some men, unable to curb an appetite, have gone under in the stern march toward the survival of the fit. The world has checked its greatest intemperance, but it has not decreased its disquiet.

One has only to observe the sudden explosion of an industrial bombshell at Ottawa, where a few delegates, representing hundreds of thousands, quietly laid an ultimatum on a table and said "Pay us or the railroads stop!" Should they be denounced as traitors to the nation in time of peril? Hundreds of men leave the city of Toronto to its filth and its fate because they want more pay. More pay! More pay! The cry comes everywhere from the discontent of the masses. Denounce them as traitors? No! They are the men who make the nation. They are the toilers. They cannot fix prices of the things they must buy. They can only fix prices of the pay they must have to buy things. They will demand and they will receive. And they will go on demanding and they will go on receiving. When the Government tells them they are shareholders in the public-owned railways they will demand larger "dividends." The unrest cannot be regulated. Labor holds the whiphand. Discontent seethes through the ranks of men who believe they are the victims of those who amass tremendous fortunes. They find ready precedents for their action. Across the line men are making \$50 a week for rivetting ships. Uncle Sam's pocket is wide open in his enormous enthusiasm to get to the end of the war. He is hoping for a clean up. He has the money and he is ready to spend. Canada has neither the developed resources nor the strong reserve of the United States. We are certain to find, in fact we are finding, that the question of more pay and more discontent will be one of the direct results of American participation. We are going to be made to sit in at Uncle Sam's game. He has ten chips to our one, and he is going to force the "limit" high.

WORD-PAINTING EXTRAORDINARY.

SINGLE REMARKS frequently express the personality of the speaker more clearly and impressively than hour-long addresses. In his cable to the Canadian Press, describing the great gathering of Canadians behind the firing lines in France to celebrate Dominion Day, the correspondent appears to have singled out these sentences spoken by various men with a view to describing them, and his success is outstanding.

First he gives us the words of a famous Polish representative: "Like a scene from ancient Rome." The finest athletes of the Canadian contingent were present, and the mind of the Pole, inclined to dwell on past glories, immediately likened them to the wrestlers, runners and sportsmen of ancient Rome.

"Like Derby Day" is the next quotation, and the picture of a sporting British general is painted as clearly as brush and paint could portray him. Canada's premier, Sir Robert Borden, cautious and studied, not too sure of himself if he attempted anything descriptive, confined his utterance to the stereotyped and altogether unobjectionable "Greatest day of my life."

Hon. J. A. Calder remarked that he had "seen many thousand Canadian gentlemen gathered at one point in France." Agreed; so has every soldier over there.

Hon. Arthur Meighen "could not comment on the program, as he was too busy meeting old friends to witness the sports." There is the real politician speaking, with the typical viewpoint of a gathering as an occasion on which to shake everybody's hand and show himself "a good mixer," not neglecting, of a certainty, to whisper to each and all that only the existence of a Union Government in the Dominion made such a celebration possible. Anyone but a dyed-in-the-wool politician would have watched those sports under such unique conditions if it had cost an arm.

"He was impressed by the wonderful order and conduct of the great assembly." Of whom could this be said? No one should hesitate to answer promptly, Hon. Newton Wesley Rowell. The fact that men who had been facing death in the trenches shortly before were able to throw off dull care and enter heartily into the sports; that they should exhibit such lightness of heart under the shadow of death; that their patriotism which had carried them overseas would not permit any Hun plots to interfere with the celebration of their national holiday; all these passed unnoticed. No one seemed to be drunk or disorderly, no one behaved otherwise than a gentleman, and Mr. Rowell saw nothing to grieve his spirit. He could almost feel repaid for having missed the Methodist conference this year and

be ready to pronounce the benediction on the army.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world, and many varieties were present as spectators at the Canadian field day.

POETS SHOULD CARRY UNION CARDS.

THE POET BILL came into the office the other day and we showed him the forged verses of Rudyard Kipling. We asked him if he had been writing verse and tacking R. K.'s name to it. "Who is this guy Kipling?" asked Bill. So we said he was a brother poet and showed him the following poem which had been perpetrated by some bushwhacker and sent to the London Times:

I can hear the bugle calling
And it don't want me
While the supernation-chap
O' Germany
Is a-fighting for the Kaiser in
his Fatherland;
But our order's for the young 'uns
O' the old Brass-Band.

We were ready in the 'nineties
When the call rang clear
For the yeoman and the gentleman
To volunteer,
Awaiting for the enemy
On nine days' drill;
But the Army wants recruits
Not the old Free-Will.

We can stay a long duration,
Though the doctor said
How "The Office" would be worried when
You drop down dead;
But there'll be a better Judgment for
The Last Relay;
I shall hear the bugle calling,
And I'll march that Day.

The Poet Bill entered his evidence in rebuttal. Pretty poor stuff in his opinion, and it must be tough on Mr. Kipling to have someone sending in forged verses, especially when there was no sense to them. The Poet Bill means to write to Rudyard suggesting a protective organization for the regular poets, a sort of poet's union.

"If everyone carried a card and had to show it before he could have his stuff printed these fakirs would be done away with," was a Bill-ous sentiment with which Ruddy would almost certainly agree.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Boy steals revolver and whiskey at Brantford. There he had the most deadly combination.

It appears that the profits of some boot-leggers are enough to make the old-time hotelkeepers turn green with envy.

The greater the battle, the greater the blow to the losing side. The Allies, therefore, will welcome the coming test.

If, as Frank Simonds says, the only great danger to the Allies lies in listening to peace talk, it may be taken that there is no danger.

"Peaceful Penetration" means, to the German mind, lack of resistance on the part of the smaller people to any outlawry by the penetrators.

German Socialist says a revolution is the duty of the proletariat and, furthermore, it is one of the few duties which may be assumed eagerly before long.

Germany is worrying over the time which will be needed to replenish her livestock. What about the replenishing of her man power? That is still more serious.

There are grounds for deep thankfulness in the fact that all were saved from the stricken transport City of Vienna. That name, by the way, should have been changed earlier.

It is quite likely Kuehlmann tells the truth when he denies any German intention of a campaign against India. That intention did exist, but has been dropped in view of the fact that Germany has more than she can handle on other fronts.

THE LAST MORN.

If the day you lived were your last on earth,
And you knew that you neared the end,
As the hours raced on to the final dark
Oh, what would you do, my friend?
Would you rise at morn with a singing heart,
Or faint with the fear of death?
Would you shout your joy to a weary world
And cheer it with your last breath?

Would you cry for the thrill of one long last burst
In a gayety-crazed, wild throng?
Or call to that host from near and far,
To those you had done some wrong?
And tell them, as over the hill the sun
Was casting its shadowy shroud,
That the lesson of life was only good
If it taught one to love the crowd.

Would you whine for a day to repent, my friend?
Would you plead for another chance?
Would you say that the world had been harsh to you?
Would you blame it on circumstance?
Or stand with breast bared and with shining eyes
And bid them to watch you depart
With no prayer on your lips, nor fear on your brow,
But only a song in your heart?

MUST HAVE BEEN LONG AGO.

[Buffalo News.]

(With humiliation we confess we are the "Ghent of Athens" referred to.)

Gent of Athens, are we part—
Never mind my stolen heart—
Please relieve, though, my distress—
You are standing on my dress!

BRITISH COURAGE WILL NOT LIE DOWN.

[By Horatio Bottomley, Noted London Editor.]

I was never more obstinately, incorrigibly, aggressively hopeful than I am today—never more utterly sanguine of our final triumph. Every instinct of my being tells me in accents of solemn conviction that the Hun is doomed. From the Voeges to the channel let him die his deadly worst! He shall not pass! Let the soil of Flanders be drenched with his blood. Let the fair fields of France be heaved with his slain. He shall not pass! The living ramparts of Freedom shall never fall! Under God, this is my fervent faith.

If it were otherwise I should never again be able to look into the eyes of a British soldier. I should feel that in my heart I had played him false—that, spiritually, I had been guilty of high treason to the great ideals for which he fights as none ever fought before. For it is the simple, quiet, humble, grey heroic Man in Khaki who is the sign and symbol of our salvation. Side by side with his Allies—linked with him in one vast federation of valor—he stands and fights, and falls in such spirit as to encircle the citadel of right with walls of impenetrable steel.

"The sea is England's glory." Aye, and it is more than that—it is her life, her soul, the fibre of her history, the fabric of her future. "Backs to the wall"—to a wall of saprophytic, sunlit brilliance is the beacon of our hope. Try to picture the worst—a German military triumph. What then? What next? A shameful surrender? Cringing subservience? No, no, ten thousand times, no! We should fight on, as we fought Napoleon, on our native element—with or without Allies—much as we appreciate their splendid aid—using every resource of naval warfare, stifling German commerce, prohibiting her use of the seas, never releasing our stranglehold till the Hun was ready to admit that our unchallengeable sea supremacy had cancelled his ascendancy on land, and left him no option but to unclothe his mailed fist and release his military gains.

Does any sane patriot doubt that this would be the course of events? "Surrender" is a word that has no place in the British vocabulary, and, God helping us, it shall not be coined at this crisis of our fate.

TOMBOY TAYLOR - - By Fontaine Fox

(Copyright, 1918.)



This was the day Tomboy Taylor's mother dropped the jar of jelly she was taking to a sick friend.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

THE HIRED MAN.

By Vincent G. Perry.

The labor problem was a serious one. Blanche Drennan was willing to admit it. For over a week she had been trying to obtain help for her father's farm, but without success. She had called on every employment bureau, advertised, interviewed men old and young, but without being able to look at the farm. A few acres of farm did not require more than one man's attention, but it might just as well have required ten. Blanche had well have required ten. Blanche did not want to have to wire her father to return from the rest of the doctor had ordered him to take. He thought the farm was being well taken care of. How was he to know that the man he had left in charge had gone away without even giving Blanche notice. She had managed to keep things from going to pieces for a week, but her strength would hold out, she knew. A girl fresh from college couldn't rough like an ordinary country girl. The farm was her hobby, she loved it more than anything else. Just the same, the country needed all the food the land could produce that year, and Blanche wasn't going to let it go to waste just because her father did not depend upon it. In desperation Blanche inserted another advertisement in the Help Wanted column of the daily paper and went back to her farm to wait results. Just let one man put in an appearance and she would quit this farm until I have persuaded him to stay," she exclaimed, as she glanced at the weeds in the spot at the foot of the house.

The drive from the city had given her an appetite. A sudden craving for hot biscuits took possession of her and for a few minutes her nerves were forgotten as she rolled out dough. She didn't stop at biscuits, either. The very crispest of cookies she knew how to make were turned out next and then she tried her hand at a cake. "Now, if there's only someone to help me eat them," she murmured, regretfully, as she viewed the finished products set out on the table. "Whew, those smell good!" Blanche turned quickly. There stood a young man inhaling the aroma of the cooking. An applicant to her advertisement—she knew it the minute her eyes lighted upon him, and hastened to corral him. A plan had suggested itself to her. "Come right in," she invited, as she threw open the screen door that separated them. "You are just in time for supper."

The young man was arrayed in a linen duster and had to foot over his dust besmeared, but Blanche didn't mind that. He looked strong and able to work; that is what counted with her.

"I won't take me a minute to poach a fresh egg for you and the tea is brewing now. I am so glad to have somebody to help me eat this baking. I bake often. If I had known you were coming I would have baked more. I am a dandy at strawberry short-cake, but we can have those later on." The man was too surprised to speak, but Blanche would not give him an opportunity to get a word in edgewise if he wanted to. Blanche showed him where to wash and placed a chair at the table for him. She poured his tea and waited on him, smiling and talking as sweetly as she could all the time. What hungry man wouldn't do justice to that supper? Blanche waited until he finished the meal before she mentioned the farm. The satisfied sigh he gave as he devoured the tenth biscuit told her that the time was opportune.

"Aren't you glad you came to answer my advertisement?" she said. "You'll really like it here, and the work is light. It is merely gardening you know. Even a city man could do that. The meals you will like, I am sure. They will all be as nice as this one—many of them nicer. This was a nice meal, wasn't it?"

"It certainly was," he answered enthusiastically. That was all the acceptance Blanche required. "Then, come right out, and I will show you where you are to sleep. We have a nice room out in the barn for our help."

The young man tried to offer a word of protest, but Blanche was on her feet, and then followed. It took two weeks to get the little farm back into its original shape. For a day or two the new man, who gave his name as Clifford Towers, was rather awkward at the work, but it did not take him long to grow into the suit of it. It was a great encouragement for Blanche to get good meals ready and then watch the way Clifford enjoyed them. He never failed to compliment her on them, either. He was a very pleasant, kind man, and Blanche wondered what- ever she would do when he left. She just wouldn't think about it, that was all.

"If you can find a weed in that garden or a spot that hasn't been boned over, or killed up, I'll work without wages," Clifford said as he came in one summer two weeks from the day he had arrived.

"It's just fine," Blanche told him gratefully. "I believe I could let you have a holiday."

"I don't want one," he laughed. "I wouldn't miss one of your meals for the world. Let's go for a walk tonight. You don't mind walking with the hired man, do you?"

"As if that would make any difference!" Blanche exclaimed reproachfully. "We will go just as soon as we finish supper."

It was a pretty country, and they found many things of interest on their walk. "There is an automobile in among those trees—a roadster!" Blanche cried as she pointed in the direction of a clump of bushes. "Sure enough it is!" Clifford cried in turn. They hurried to the spot and

looked the car over. Clifford discovered the radiator needed water. Before Blanche could stop him he was on his way to the house, and returned with a pail of water.

"Jump in," he said, as he started the engine. "We will go for a ride."

"But the owner—" Blanche protested.

"I'll know a thing about it," Clifford said with a smile that she couldn't quite understand. She got in the car and it was some time before Blanche had proper control of this one. After a long spin he drove into the gate at Blanche's house.

"I'll get out, and you take it back," Blanche said uneasily. "What if the owner finds out?"

"He has found out now," Clifford smiled. "I am the owner."

"You?" Blanche almost shrieked with surprise.

"Yes. I was stalled out there two weeks ago and came here for water. You employed me before I had a chance to explain."

"A lawyer," he smiled quietly, enjoying her surprise to the utmost.

"That's a dreadful price you're paying for a car," Blanche said, but she wished she knew how to do it, she said at length.

"You'll be going home, the joke has become tiresome to you."

"Now, if there's only right here until your work gets back, I wouldn't miss one of those meals for anything," he answered.

"If you only would stay till father gets back, I'll do anything for you," Blanche said eagerly.

"Will you promise to come back to the city with me—to marry me?"

"That's a bit of a time you set on your work," she smiled, but the accompanying blush gave him hope.

The obstacle.

"I hate an obstacle, by jing!"

Remarkable old Oswald Bray:

"For I have found the doggone thing is always in the way."

Mean Brutel

"A woman is superior to a man," said Mrs. Gabb.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Gabb. "She is superior to a man in the matter of figuring out troubles that will never happen."

Fact.

To fool your wife is mighty hard. It is an awful task, in truth. The reason is, she won't regard an explanation as the truth.

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie—Paw, what is meant by a glutton for punishment?

Paw—A man who marries the second time, my son.

Maw—Willie, you wash your neck and get to bed this minute.

Advice.

You make mistakes, but don't feel bad. Keep hustling with the throng; for, if your heart is right, my lad, your head won't be far wrong.

The Limit.

"Smith is a hard man to please, isn't he?" said Brown.

"Yes," agreed Jones. "Why, that fellow isn't even satisfied with himself."

Savage—German.

Madeline Savage and Daniel German have just been married at Crookville, Ohio.

Same Old Story.

Harry Cain is being tried for the murder of Abel Miller in Iowan County, North Carolina.

Is That So?

Dear Luke.—You claim that V. Re is a short name. What's the matter with A. Short of Kane, is it? If that isn't a short name, what is?—E. V.

Names is Names.

Joy Delight Bliss lives in Kansas City, Mo.

Our Daily Special.

Plain talk usually means unpleasant talk.

Luke McCune Says.

A man is an animal who asks for more than he expects to get and then kicks because he doesn't get all that he asks for.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who used to lose his head playing the shell game when the boys came to town?

It takes a man a long, long time, sometimes as much as 70 years, to discover how unimportant he is.

A corn fed girl reduces by taking a lot of outdoor exercise that makes her Men are so prone to put things off that when you see 1,000 of them in the hurrying throng about 10 of them are

CHAPMAN'S

Remember the Children!



Make them comfortable these hot days. Many lines in this store for the summer holidays in city or country to give them enjoyment and pleasure.

CHILDREN'S WHITE SOCKS, 4½ to 8½, with plain or colored tops. Price, per pair22c, 5 pairs for \$1.00

CHILDREN'S WHITE COTTON STOCKINGS, sizes 5 to 9½, two lines. Per pair30c and 35c

Old plantation make; also "cuties," the very best for wear, double sole, heel and toe.



Girls' Summer Coats

Five only Reefer Coats, blue serge, brass buttons; three only shepherd plaids, ages 4, 5, 6 and 7. To clear\$3.95

Five only light greys, belted coats, button trimmed, nice pockets, regular \$8.50. To clear\$6.95

Five only navy blue serge, with white serge over collar, smart style, pockets, sizes 10, 12 and 14; regular \$10.50. For\$8.95

Five only high shade rose, peccan and sand, prettily trimmed; regular \$12.00. For \$9.95

Girls' Serge Dresses

Eleven only, blue, sizes 4 to 10 years, present price up to \$7.50. July sale price to clear\$4.69

Nine only blue serge, sizes 10 to 12, \$8.00 value. For\$5.95

Big bargains for cool evening wear, boating or motoring.

Children's Bonnets, 15c

Were 75c

Boys' and Girls' Wash Hats

Pique and linen. Special25c each

BOYS' AND GIRLS' WASH HATS AND STRAWS, 15 dozen. To clear59c

See our window for this line.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' STRAW HATS, balance of lines23c each

GIRLS' MILANS in pretty shapes\$1.49

WINDSOR TIES25c, 40c and 75c

BABIES' WHITE WOOL SHAWLS, each\$1.25, \$1.75, \$2.25 and \$2.50

Children's Underwear

Children's Nightdresses, made of nice cambrie, slipover style: 2 to 8 years, 50c; 10 to 16 years65c

Children's White Cambrie Drawers, trimmed with edge of embroidery, 2 to 8 years29c

Children's White Petticoats, trimmed frill embroidery and tuck, with waist attached, 2 to 8 years75c

Children's Corset Waists, strapped and rows of buttons; 1 to 6 years, 35c; 7 to 10 years40c

Children's Lisle Undervests, tape neck, shirt sleeves25c, 35c, 40c, 50c

Lightweight Cotton Vests, shirt sleeves15c, 18c, 20c

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO., 239 to 243 Dundas St.

MIDSUMMER SALE CONTINUED

ADAMS' California Fruit Gum



THE most healthful, wholesome, delightful confection that five cents can buy.

Best of treats for kiddies. Good for grown-ups, too. Eat less and chew more California Fruit Gum, one of the popular ADAMS brands.

Prominently displayed in most stores

Also ADAMS (the original) TUTTI FRUTTI GUM

ADAMS' Pure Chewing Gum

ADAMS' California Fruit Gum

MADE IN CANADA

CANADIAN CHEWING GUM CO. LIMITED

hurry to get ahead and about 990 are hurrying to catch up. Isn't it wonderful how polite a man can be when he wants you to do him a favor? You never hear the man who has made good complaining about this being an unjust world, do you? Any time a married man tells you that he and his wife never fight call

him a fabricator. It is impossible any two normal beings to fight. And a homely girl never troubles convincing herself that way she has classic features. A man always remembers the seldom worries about the big that is lost in speculating.