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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.
London, Ont., Thursday, June 27.

WHINING FOR NEGOTIATIONS.

NO LONGER does Richard von Kuehlmann, German foreign secretary, expect or hope for peace through the "good German sword"; he is convinced that the weapons of war available to Germany will not succeed in beating down the defenses of the Allies and making of them defeated nations. He says: "In view of the magnitude of this war and the numbers of powers, including those from overseas, that are engaged, its end can hardly be expected through purely military decisions alone and without recourse to diplomatic negotiations."

In stating this point of view, Kuehlmann would have it accepted as fact that neither side can reach its objective through force of arms. The Allies are not willing to agree with this, but go only so far as to say Germany cannot reach her goal. Naturally, Kuehlmann could not admit the possibility of unconditional Teutonic defeat, but Germans know that there is a probability that he who seeks to rule by the sword shall perish by the sword.

In negotiations there is one essential which Kuehlmann recognizes and emphasizes and here lies the greatest stumbling block. He says: "Once the moment arrives, when I care not to prophesy, that the nations which are at present locked in battle will exchange peace views, one of the preliminary conditions must be certain degrees of mutual confidence in each other's HONESTY and CHIVALRY."

After what has occurred in Belgium and France and by air raids on England, there can be no belief in German chivalry, because it has been proved non-existent. It is useless to reiterate the proofs since they are fresh in the mind of everyone. Honesty! We have only to look at Russia, where Germany has offered her latest opportunity to exhibit any shred of honesty left in her, to find that this quality is as extinct as chivalry in the official Teutonic make up.

It has been said, time and again, that negotiations can be conducted only with a new German Government which speaks for and with the full authority of the German people and is able to give acceptable pledges of its good faith and power to carry out any agreement which may be reached. This condition still remains.

There is at the beginning of Kuehlmann's speech to the Reichstag, a peculiar admission that the German Government did start the war, although in the same breath he accuses Russia of doing so. He combines this admission with an insinuation, probably unintentional, that the kaiser and his government are not responsible for their actions. He says: "I do not believe any responsible man in Germany, not even the emperor or the members of the Imperial Government, even for a moment, believed they could win the domination of Europe by starting the war," and from this goes on to show what Germany's hopes and desires embody.

ENGINEERS HONORED.

APRAISEWORTHY practice has been inaugurated by the C. P. R. in naming after engineers with long and meritorious records the engines these men still preside over. The driver of an engine follows a hazardous and most responsible calling. He is more than a driver and much of an expert mechanic. He has always been close to the heart of the public, and there must be merited self-satisfaction in decorations such as have been received by George Blencoe of this city, whose picture appears in The Advertiser.

HONESTY, THE BEST POLICY.

IF THERE is any position, anywhere, which required the utmost integrity possible to humanity, the broadest mind, the clearest judgment and the spirit of fairplay intensified, it is that of a high military authority who holds the fate of subordinates in his hands. Lucky, indeed, is the country in which men who maintain such standards hold the reins of power.

In almost all lines of business or endeavor, the harshly or unfairly-treated man has an opportunity to appeal judgments by his immediate superiors and to obtain justice, whether at the hands of those higher up or by the action of his fellow-employees, but in the army no such chance exists. Every war that has been fought has produced its quota of instances in which officers have been removed from commands or transferred to other posts, not because they have failed, but because the choice lay between this action and disciplining of someone higher in rank. It is a custom of the world to demand someone's head for every mishap, but it is not always the blame-worthy head which falls into the basket. Nevertheless with the facts not open to the public, it is generally sufficient and satisfying that punishment is inflicted and when this has been done "the tumult and the shouting" die down.

"Honesty is the best policy." It is an old maxim, the pet of those who have succeeded, who quote it with gusto whenever their success is mentioned. None has been bold enough to say that honesty brings the best material results in this world. The individual who is honest has a store of happiness locked up in his own consciousness, into which others cannot break and which they cannot steal, but he has not invariably the biggest bank balance, the most property or the largest share of the world's applause and appreciation. If the field marshal, the general, the admiral or the head of a military or naval department were honest enough to confess his faults always and take the consequences he would stand

high in his own opinion and in the opinion of some others, but he would not, under present conditions, hold his position, and he knows it. When the choice comes to him between confessing his sins or mistakes and blaming them on someone who has no "come-back," there is grave danger that he will embrace the alternative which leaves him untouched.

Honesty is the best policy. Some day the world, cleansed and purified, will realize it and demand it as a sine quo non in those who are placed in high authority. Today there is much discouragement for those who adopt the proverb for their personal guidance, but their justification will come in time.

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

A. CROSS, a farmer residing near Brantford, was fined \$500 for stating that "we had just as well be under Prussian rule as under Canadian." He also stated that the Government had created exemptions granted to farmers before election as a "scrap of paper."

Concerning the decision The Advertiser would say:

(Censorship regulations framed by Union Government prevent it from being printed.)

Concerning the Government which thus protects itself from criticism we would add:

(Ditto regulations framed by ditto Government prevent this also from being printed.)

It's a shame to waste so much white space to indicate that one dare not discuss such a matter as the fining of the Tuela Heights farmer. But it may make the matter plain to our readers, even though it is quite dangerous to go thus far. Incidentally, this is one of the easiest ways to write editorials.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Why pick on Nicky?

Knocks at Union Government are now quoted at \$500. Cheap or dear?

Austria has a new premier, but that won't feed the hungry. What she wants is a new alliance.

Hon. T. W. Crothers is now engaged in telling employers how to avoid labor troubles. Is this a "useful occupation" for him?

When a man is prohibited by regulation from stating his side of the case, the tendency of the public is to say he has "been made the goat."

That Piave River is too neutral altogether, first hindering the Austrians and then the Italians. Maybe it's always on the side of the under dog.

Nicholas Romanoff is still in the land of the living, it is said, despite the story of his murder. It would seem wanton slaughter to kill one who is now so harmless.

Editor of Forest Free Press will not be permitted to speak up in meeting, which will cause him to pass a resolution of censure upon the brethren who have locked up his favorite pastime, Free Speech.

Of course the Union Government is not Prussian. It is the most gentle and moderate and tolerant organization that ever drew breath or a big cheque. And when a man is fined \$500 for calling it things, surely statements like the above in praise of it should cash in for at least a C. M. G.

LIVING WITH ONE'S SELF.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.) The tiresomeness of the close companionship of one's better nature and one's inferior nature has oppressed many pilgrims making the journey through this world. Repeatedly the higher is mortified by the lower, the angel in us is defeated by the brute, we pass from soaring to groveling. The philosopher tells us a man is entitled to be judged by what he is at his best—how often are we at our best? How long do we remain on the lofty plane of the spiritual and breathe rarefied air that tops the mount of vision? Most of the time we wander in the pestilential miasma of the valley of the shadow or the valley of decision.

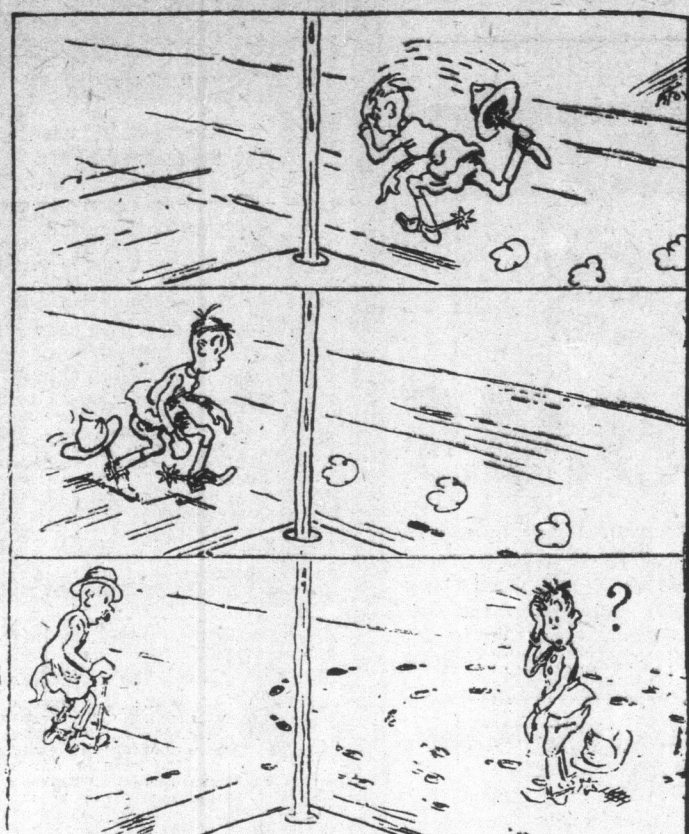
We may travel to the far ends of the earth. We cannot shake off this incubus nor divorce ourselves from this millstone of self. We must be friends with the creature or life becomes intolerable and we dwell in hell-torment unceasing. Repeatedly we long to travel back to the point where we were when we departed from the right way. If only we could reverse the action whereby we made blatant and ignominious asses of ourselves! But we have said the words we now regret, and we cannot unsay them. We have done the deed and it is past amendment. We are not dealing with a future, but with a past fatality—something that has occurred, irremediably.

It does no good to call a halt for morbid introspection, for a self-accusatory perambulation. However heavy be the heart in us, we must go on. We must turn our faces resolutely from old darkness to new light, away from evanescence to the morning star. Life still is ours to live it. "Every sunrise spells a fresh and fragrant opportunity. The one thing plentiful is God's forgiveness, after man's clemency is exhausted or disgusted.

In the new effort to which we must brace our being we must first come to an understanding with this recalcitrant unruly self of ours. We must teach him that he cannot have his own way, unless his way is right. We must make no unworthy compromise, yet where we cannot force him we may persuade and lead him. We spend much time on diplomacy with strangers. We devote much effort to taking the point of view of those with whom we have dealings, social or commercial. Is it not worth while to become thoroughly acquainted with this treacherous, elusive, sly entity that dwells in our own bodies, that it may be persuaded to play fair with us, to stand by us, to befriend us? We cannot afford to have an unrelenting trickster who betrays and who brings to ruin every happy dream and every holy aspiration. We cannot hope for success in the noblest reading of that term till we have made soul and body join hands and forces and work together for our good, for the help of those who toil and travail and for the sake of all this needy and suffering world of ours.

VERNON McNUTT - By Fontaine Fox

(Copyright, 1918.)



Right away Vernon McNutt goes and loses his new service hat.

Bits of Buylay

Copyright, 1917.

Glad Tidings.
Oh perfect bliss! Oh joy indeed!
To pick the paper up and read:
His forces charge again in vain,
One hundred thousand Germans slain.

The Wise Fool.
"It doesn't cost anything to think,"
observed the Sage.
"It does if you think out loud," commented the Fool.

Why?
This is a grouchy world. Ah me!
A fellow seldom laughs:
Why don't we wear the smile that we
Use in our photographs?

Huh!
"Woman is taking man's place since
we entered this war," said the Old
Man.
"Yes," agreed the Grouch. "First
thing you know she'll want the front
seat on the motorcycle."

Strange.
This is a queer world, that's true.
It makes a fellow frown:
For while Misfortune sticks to you,
Miss Fortune turns you down.

Paw Knows Everything.
"William—Paw, do a man hurt himself
when he drops into poetry?"
Paw—No, my son. But he hurts other
people.

Atta Boy!
Don't waste your time in vain regret,
And grey hairs do not hurry:
Just do the best you can, and let
The other fellow worry.

Almost as Old as Gus Silk.
[Greenboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.]
"I've seen where a Mississippian man
claims to be 115 years old. Jay Luke
McLukie, here is your oldest jockey."

No Joke.
"The proverb does not touch some
men."
Observed old Mr. Dybb:
"A man can serve two masters, when
He has a wife and a baby."

Oh, Joy!
[Mercuryville Banner.]
As a result of eating pickled eggs
Fred Hartman and his brother are ill.
They have been pickled since last November.

Our Joe Miller Contest.
Charles B. Roaford, the manager of
the West Baden Springs Hotel, claims
that the oldest joke is the one about the
school teacher who had to teach the
elementary mathematics into the class.
"Now, children," she said, "think care-
fully before you reply. Which would you
rather have: Three bags with two
apples in each bag, or two bags with
three apples in each bag?"

"Three bags with two apples in each
bag," replied the class dumbly, while the
rest of the class still debated.
"And why?" demanded the teacher.
"Because there would be one more
bag to bust," replied the practical
dunce.

Bang!
Yea, soak him with a mighty blow,
And soak him plenty when you do:
I mean the man who wants to know
If it is hot enough for you.

Black his eye and spoil his phiz.
Best him up, pull out his hair:
I mean the doggone pest who says,
"It's the humidity in the air."

Names Is Names.
Cook Quayle lives in Rex, Nevada.

Our Daily Special.
A fresh youth develops into a
spoiled man.

Luke McLukie Says:
When a man gets old enough to know
things he is too old to go around boast-
ing about it.

Another reason why we have so
many divorces is because a woman
puts in too much time managing her
husband and not enough time manag-
ing her kitchen.

We are too apt to judge the value
of women and paintings by the beauty
of the frame.

One of the best bets we can think of
right now is that you are not going
to benefit your health much by drink-
ing to the other fellow's health.

Somehow or other, the peaches you
find on roof gardens seem to require a
lot of irrigation.

And they do get suffrage, some
dames will drive up to the voting
place on election day and demand that
the ballot and ballot-box be
brought out to them.

The man who has a habit of taking
a snorter for an eye-opener in the
morning never sleeps very late.

One nice thing about a heathen is
that he doesn't care a howl in Hal-
fax what church you belong to.

It might jar a man's teeth if the
sewing club his wife belongs to enjoys
about the same kind of stories he hears
from his friends in a kaff, but it is a
fact.

What has become of the old-fash-
ioned way of using a pocket watch?
And sharpened?
Our idea of a mean cuss is the fel-
low who first characterized the activi-
ties of a doctor as "practice."

Some men spend half the year sigh-
ing for summer and the other half
sighing for winter.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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FOR THE LOVE OF PETE.
By Ives MacDonald.

Mabel Wells was as winsome as twenty, as buxom as thirty, and as wise as forty, and yet she was none the wiser. A woman would have said she was thirty-five—a man, twenty-five, but as a matter of fact she was none of these either. She was entirely twenty-eight, admitted every year, month and day of it, and smiled when she did so, serenely and brightly, whether you looked skeptical or doubtful.

In her graver moments, or hours, I should say, Mabel was private secretary to the Honorable Peter Hobb, one time senator in the legislature of the great state of Ohio, and for all time the richest man in Wellington. The Honorable Peter Hobb, although only forty-one, was also the most dignified man north of the equator and south of the north pole. He radiated dignity—he oozed it. He lifted his hat with the same precise lift every time he met a woman of his acquaintance, and bowed his head at just the right angle, with never a variation, and during the four years in which Mabel had been his secretary he had never treated her other than as a duchess and a diplomat's ball, with all the courtesy of a Chinese mandarin.

And yet notwithstanding all of this perfection of treatment on the part of her employer, Mabel had disgraced herself. She had checked the dignified hand that fed her, as it were she had—but what's the use?

When a friendly, hero-ic—and here I'm not sort of a girl, as was Mabel Wells, had come up in the office of her employer, shoved back the chair from her desk, slams a book down on the paper-topped table, and bang and yells out in disgusted tones like the face of a dignified man like the Honorable Peter Hobb—"for the love of Pete! you make me sick," and then marches out of his office in the middle of the afternoon and doesn't come back the next morning, you may know that something would be liable to happen.

"I just couldn't stand it," she told her mother that night. "He just lets that nephew of his work him to a standstill. He'll ruin the same old thing. He's a youngster to be ruined that way. The ideal man with all his brains coming in every month and getting bigger all the time, and as never says a word."

"But Mabel, just think what you said, his name is Peter, dear, and you said, 'for the love of Pete.' He'll think you're a nut, just think what you said, you're tired."

"I don't care if I am," said Mabel, spunkily. "The nerve of him asking me if I'd take Billy Hobb in hand and marry him just to make him behave—ever supposing I could!"

But Mabel's voice was as calm as a kitten's slumber as she answered the telephone at ten-thirty the next morning, and I regret to say that she slipped her hand over the transmitter and giggled when she heard the voice of her employer on the wire.

"Oh, yes," blithely.
"Well—er—you were late—and I—er thought you might be ill."

"I thought I was tired," said Mabel. "Tired? Oh, no, and you see, I don't seem to find anything this morning. If you could arrange to get over as soon as possible, Miss Wells, I would appreciate it."

Thirty minutes later Mabel entered the office and picked up her work. There was a pile of bills to be checked off, and checks to write for each bill, besides a dozen letters to be typed, and one of the letters was to Billy Hobb. The letter was of Mabel's own composition, and it was to the point.

"My Dear Boy—Needless to say, I'm covering your accounts as usual. Also I'm sending you check for a hundred, which will be enough and more to get you home. I'm expecting you to begin work at the plant on the first of the month."

"As you know, if you had dis- played any particular talent in any line at all I would be glad to extend you my present arrangement to that end, but such has not been the case. As far as I can see, your only talent lies in spending money and feeding chickens."

"I want to have a good time myself one of these days, and I'm ever to have it, you've got to be able to take things in hand here. In order to do that, you've got to get in now."

"Your Affectionate Uncle." The Honorable Peter Hobb, over the cheeks hurriedly and signed them, but he signed the letters without looking at them. At the time he signed, he smiled demurely as she placed them in the mail.

Peter Hobb had ignored the surprising flattery of his secretary, and the days passed in the same old way, the stiff formality and rigid courtesy of her long-time superior again got to her, and she decided to stand it for four years, and one afternoon she got frantic enough to fly.

"If I don't only sometimes," she thought to herself, "or kick over the waste basket. If he'd only let go of himself once in a while, he'd be able to take things in hand here. In order to do that, you've got to get in now."

And a smile trickled the corner of her mouth, and when a woman smokes to herself she plans something, and when a woman is planning something, look out!

What! Just that afternoon, the Honorable Peter Hobb, following his usual custom, arose from his desk and bowed to her stiffly.

"Good-night, Miss Wells," he said gravely, just as he had done every work-day night for four long years.

"Good-night, Peter. You stiff thing," laughed Mabel Wells, as she vanished through the door.

And he stood there in perplexed wonderment, gazing at the door that slammed behind her, until a grin slowly spread over his sober face.

"Funny thing—a woman!" is what Mabel thought. "It had to do with what his private secretary might be expected to do under a given circumstance. Take kissing, for example. But during the next afternoon, the Honorable Peter Hobb was out and his wayward nephew strolled into his uncle's private office.

"Hello, fair one!" he greeted Mabel familiarly.

"I'm glad you're here, Billy," said Mabel. "Do you know that your uncle's been trying to get me to marry you?"

"He's laughing. What do you think of that?"

"Honestly?" grinned Billy. "I always was a lucky guy." And forthwith he reached out and caught Mabel by the forearms.

"Behave yourself, Billy," she was laughing when the door opened and Peter Hobb entered.

"Look here, Bill," he said grimly. "You must hug my private secretary, kindly arrange to do it after office hours."

"Don't be foolish, Peter," said Mabel demurely. "He wasn't hugging me at all. He was only trying to get me to marry you."

"I am perfectly able to take care of myself as well as the proprieties of the office, thank you. Now, Billy," she said, squinting up her fine

Only Fine, Flavours Teas are used to produce the famous

"SALADA"

blends. Every leaf is fresh, fragrant full of its natural deliciousness. Sold in sealed packets only.

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eyes and facing the nephew determin- edly. "It's time you were helping your Uncle Peter. You will report to the foreman of the shipping department at eight o'clock tomorrow morning. Sal- ada, sixty dollars to start—a month, that is. And no fooling, understand."

"Yours truly, Boss," laughed Billy, as he bowed low before going out the door.

For a moment the Honorable Peter Hobb started at his secretary in amaze- ment, and then at his utter awe had written to his nephew, the one he had signed without reading.

"He's a good boy," she smiled, "only you were spoiling him. Peter."

But Peter Hobb waved the subject of his nephew impatiently, and stood over his small secretary stiffly.

"A—while ago you know," he was saying awkwardly. "I was—I guess I was jealous of the new, Mabel dear, I—"

"I knew, Peter, I—I knew you were," said Mabel Wells, shyly.

While from the door, where Billy Hobb had returned to enter his uncle's head for the last word, came a stern voice:

"Look here, aunt! If you must kiss my private uncle, kindly arrange to do it after office hours."

And some such arrangements were subsequently made.

Only Two Shopping Days Before the Holiday

And to finish one of the best Junes in our history we are offering special values in every department. Come early and avoid the rush.



Big Clearing Sale of All New Millinery

White, black and colors, to be sold regardless of cost; the greatest bargains of the season. Do not fail to see them.

Special Sale of Silk Poplin Washing Skirts

In navy, copen, sand, grey, fawn, green and black, made with high waist and belt, beautifully embroidered, 24 to 28 band \$5.95

Misses' White Voile Dresses, sizes 16, 18 and 20, in over- skirt style; waist, collar and overskirt of allover embroi- dery, voile silk girdle. Special \$4.95

Holiday Wash Skirts, in white, pique, satin, drill, Bedford cord, also Fancy Sport Skirts, in white and linen shades \$1.98

Black Taffeta Silk

Heavy quality, Lyons dye, chiffon finish, 36 inches wide \$1.69
Habutai Wash Silk, cor- rect weight, 36 inches. Per yard 59c
Silk Poplin, fine weave, bright finish, 36 inches, in shades of grey, black, green, brown and navy. Regular \$1.75. For \$1.25

LADIES' SILK HOSE.

In white, black, grey, green and navy, all sizes, extra quality \$1.00
Radium Silk Hose, in black, emerald, pongee, navy, pink, sizes 8½, 9, 9½. Per pair \$1.75
Ladies' White Cotton Vests, no sleeves and short sleeves. 19c, 26c, 35c, 50c
Ladies' Combinations, very fine quality, short sleeves and no sleeves. Three Specials 75c, 85c, \$1

Full Bleached Tablings

70 inches wide, 60 per cent linen, floral de- signs. This is old stock. Per yard 89c
15 only Full Bleached Tablecloths, loom damask, 54x54, hemmed \$1.15

AN ELEGANT RANGE OF WHITE BATH TOWELS.

In British and American makes, extra qual- ity and specially priced at .25c, 35c, 50c, 65c
Five pieces Art Sateen, in stripe and floral designs. These goods are scarce and the present price very high. Special 25c

Smart Holiday Outfits For Men and Boys

There's more reason than ever for celebrating this year, and with the values here now it'll have still a further reason for celebration. Smart outfits now at, in many cases, 20 per cent less than wholesale prices of today. Choose early, please—it will be better for both of us.

MEN'S UNUSUAL SUITS OF FINE WORSTED. SPECIAL AT \$19.75

Another lot ready for this week of these Fine Worsted Suits. Splendid greys in neat checks, overplaids and stripes and pick-and-pick patterns; imported cloths that will wear and give real service; regular sack and belted models, in all sizes 35 to 44. Many men are buying two and three of these suits.

MEN'S HIGH-GRADE "SEMI-READY" AND "JOHNSTON MADE" SUITS AT \$22 to \$35

The finest imported fabrics in fine worsteds and Donegal tweeds and soft pure wool cheviots, hand-tailored in the smartest of this season's plain and belted models; qualities that won't be had at any price a little later on; all sizes 34 to 44.

HOLIDAY PANAMAS, \$3.50

Smart up-to-the-minute styles, in Alpine and crush shapes, with black or fancy colored bands, genuine im- ported qualities at an un- usual price.

SILK CAPS, SPECIAL, \$1.50

Many new and handsome patterns in checks and plaids in these fine Silk Caps; greys and other colors; all sizes, men's and boys'.

SUMMER UNDERWEAR.

Combinations in balbriggan, lisle, mesh, nainsook and silk, long or short sleeves or drawers \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.50,