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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Friday, June 27.

A Soldier's Appeal Which Will Receive Approval

To the Editor of The Advertiser:

In order to try and right a misunderstanding which everyone knows exists between the returned soldier and the public I am going to try to explain something of what the returned soldiers desire.

We appreciate the kindness of the different societies and private parties who do so much for us. However, the people I wish to get at are the vast portion of the public who don't know, and never will know what the returned soldier has been through for their sakes. The average imagination will not go that far. A great many possibly forget that a returned soldier can be just as homesick and as lonely as he was in England or France. He does not, however, wear his heart on his sleeve. Does the public know how humdrum and aimless is the existence of the returned soldier in a military hospital? I say emphatically NO. But, you say, "there is the Red Cross and the I. O. D. E. and all the societies for the benefit and care of the soldier, what more does he ask?" Just this—Equality. Did it ever strike the public that it is the patron and not the friend of the returned man? We all know the difference between patronage and friendship. Ask yourself if you would care to be patronized? No; you are a free people; you don't have to accept anybody's patronage, and yet you patronize the very men who fought and won your freedom for you. Your general principle seems to the soldier to be "treat the returned soldier nice, but keep him in his place." Please let us not deny facts. It is so. True there have been and still are soldiers who's idea of playing the game is all crooked (there are civilians of the same calibre, also). The other 99 per cent of returned soldiers are not responsible for that, so why ostracize them, too? Surely the public can take care of itself from this class of men. Please do not treat us as objects of charity and a public charge. We will show you in the future that we are not down and outers by a long shot. In fact we are going to show you that having fought for our country "Over There" we are as much, if not a great deal more, interested in its welfare than the man in the street, and have come back to help run it, and run it right. Only the unsympathetic attitude of the public can encourage any Belshevist tendencies in the heart of the returned man. There is an old saying that:

"When war is declared and danger nigh,
God and the soldier is the cry,
When peace is declared and everything righted
God is forgotten, the soldier slighted."

Dear public, check your tendency to make this saying ring true, and prove to us that it is a lie. It's up to you—every man and woman in the country. Treat us as friends and don't—please don't—patronize us. We have come back here to do our bit, and not to cut up rough. You have your bit to do too just as much as ever. We don't want something for nothing; we want your full confidence and trust in exchange for ours. Come, show us what you can do.

PRIVATE O. F. BIRKETT.

"I" Ward, W. O. M. H., London, Ont., June 26.

Organized Labor Stood Fast For Best Interests of Country

The community at Winnipeg has won its struggle against the One Big Union movement and, at the same time, organized labor of Canada has defeated an attempt to undermine the structure built up by skilled trades in many years of constant and constitutional methods. Disordered violence met organized force in the western city and the latter won after a steady and uncompromising battle with those whose revolutionary ambitions ebbed and flowed according to the fortunes of war.

Organized labor in Canada looked at first with interested eyes upon the sympathetic strike at Winnipeg. Some labor men were perhaps elated with the evidence of strength that was demonstrated. But the sane men of the labor movement, the men who have won much for labor and, best of all, the confidence of the community, regarded the movement with suspicion, if not with contempt and hostility.

One of the officers of the Trades and Labor Council in conversation with The Advertiser at a moment when expectation of victory at Winnipeg might have swayed a less solid character, said that he did not believe the Winnipeg movement could win and he hoped it would not win.

The O. B. U. movement was a challenge to the international unions headed by Sam Gompers in the United States and by Tom Moore in Canada. On both sides of the border the "red" element that found its chance to strike at Winnipeg made an onslaught upon these two leaders, who had repudiated their tearing up of contracts and their launching of class warfare in the hope of bullying the community into a recognition of proletariat domination.

Had the vast majority of labor men in other cities banded with the Winnipeg strikers, no one can tell what the result might have been. As it was the Government was all but helpless in the Winnipeg situation; the local authorities were the men who won the fight, supported by the sane elements in the labor ranks. To have faced a similar situation in a dozen or more Canadian cities would have paralyzed the country.

But labor stood firm. It refused to listen to the pleadings and threats that would have brought a sympathetic strike upon the whole country. And the community should recognize the service performed in the staunch allegiance of the majority of the unions to their international "treaties."

The industrial atmosphere, so far as the east is concerned, becomes clearer each day. Unions are making demands and almost without exception firms are reconciled to the need for increased wages.

But the steady advance of wages, with the rise of those things which wages are used to purchase, is merely a kind of economic merry-go-round. Everything possible must be done at once to readjust prices, to squeeze enormous profits out of the cost of necessities and to end the rule of the profiteer.

Crown Prince Gets Away

It is natural that the reported escape into Germany of the ex-crown prince should be associated with the German Government balking and stalling over the peace treaty signing. Information from all parts of Germany shows the populace bitter over the great humiliation, and there are plenty of German leaders, military and civilian, who would be quick to turn this sentiment into acts that might seriously hamper the Allies.

That Germans at the present moment are in a reckless mood is evidenced by the scuttling of their fleet. Germany's attitude of mind just now resembles that of the man who, doomed to die, is careless as to his behavior, no matter how suicidal that may be. A spectacular defiance of the Allies would appeal irresistibly to many Germans in their present mood. And what better rallying point for the purpose than Frederick William? This foolish, vain young man we think of more as material for caricature and contempt than for heroic roles, but in imperial trappings the German would see in him the old, splendid might and conquest. Republican Germany is not yet so far removed from the spiked helmet and the goose step period that she wouldn't fall in behind a Hohenzollern, especially just now, when she has little more to lose and could embarrass the enemy by a resumption of the war. It would be a mad adventure that Foch would certainly suppress, but meanwhile it might easily cause grave casualties and vast expenditure to the Allies and dangerous divisions at the peace table.

This may not be the explanation of the ex-crown prince's disappearance and the last moment reluctance of Berlin to sign the agreement, but, considered in conjunction with Germany's anger and disappointment, the two incidents are significant.

Reds and Labor Can't Mix

J. B. Clynes, member of the British Commons and one of England's most prominent labor leaders, issues a warning to trades unionists against industrial extremism that might well be pondered by some labor elements in this country. Clynes is alarmed at the movement in some union bodies towards uniting with those who would take a short-cut to reform by the revolutionary method. He recognizes that profound changes in the social, economic and industrial conditions are under way, but warns that only by working through constitutional avenues can these be reached with justice to all. This way is sometimes exasperatingly slow, but only through the ballot and parliamentary procedure may the thought be given these matters that will bring about permanent benefits. Impatience is inclined to see but one side, and hasty action arouses dangerous antagonism.

The country has had a painful demonstration of this fact in the six weeks' industrial struggle at Winnipeg. The "One Big Union" men, with a distinctly revolutionary policy, swept into their ranks temporarily many who ordinarily would have fought along legal, legitimate lines. The rights of the general public were lost sight of in the alluring prospect of a speedy and complete turnover of social and industrial conditions that would place the worker in control of affairs. But the broad masses of the workers in this country, whether unionized or not, are for an orderly progression to better conditions, which provides a square deal for everybody. Explosions such as the west has been experiencing do not provide for this. Organized labor that identifies itself in any way with movements of a "Red" nature cannot hope for success and invites demoralization. Samuel Gompers declares the two should be as far apart as the poles. Clynes takes this same view, and they are right.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Hearst complacency will find a severe test in facing the mental vigor of a Hartley Dewart.

The Ontario Liberal executive is made up of young men. That promises plenty of action.

Holland's allowing the ex-crown prince to escape will doubtless get that nation "in dutch" with the Allies.

Hats off to Hartley Dewart, who won the Liberal leadership in a field of strong contenders, and in a fair fight!

A Paris dispatch says Lord Shaughnessy is slated as first governor-general of the "Irish Dominion." Some C. P. R. efficiency would help the Emerald Isle a lot.

German cabinet members have been receiving threatening letters over the peace treaty signing. They may feel that if they sign the pact they sign their death warrant.

Casabianca might try to stage the burning deck episode again if he got the chance, but at present prices he would never consume peanuts by the peck while the flames around him raged.

The American press is worried over the return to their native land of large numbers of Greeks and Italians. On the other hand this exodus will be an excellent thing for Europe. The new world ideas and ideals these returning thousands will carry will be a fine stabilizing factor, an influence that is badly needed in the old world.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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THE TWO-POUNDER.

By Dora Mollan.

Just below an arched stone bridge, which carries the road over a pebbly brook, the brown waters swirl down among rocks and, spreading out, form an ideally deep and foam-flecked trout pool. It looks a fit spot for a veritable king of trout to hold his solitary court, and there is a tradition in the immediate countryside that some years ago a three-pounder was taken from its waters.

It is this tradition which every year lures to the bank of the beautiful pool ardent anglers who vainly hope that history will repeat itself.

Early on a misty morning in April a young man in mackinaw and soft hat, carrying creel and slender bamboo rod, came down the highway toward the pool. A grey roadster stood on the bridge.

On reaching the first point in the road from which the brook was visible he glanced down, then stood a moment and watched. Evidently what he saw was interesting, but also disappointing, for he continued on, perhaps a mile farther, to the banks of a smaller stream.

The cause of this change in purpose was a slender, girlish figure, clad in a corduroy sport suit, soft velour hat of brilliant green, and long-legged rubber boots.

Standing back from the pool, carefully manipulating a whippy "split" rod, eyes intent on the delicious wriggly worm she was skillfully guiding down the "riffle," the fisher girl did not see the man who stopped a moment on the road above and then passed along out of sight.

On the opposite bank of the brook stood a large tree, whose low-hung branches just cleared a backwater. The slender rod whipped, and by a clever cast the girl placed the lure temptingly in the shadowy spot. A sudden jerk on the line, and it started off down stream! Quickly the girl yielded the slack she held in her left hand, and the reel hummed.

Then a tense moment, as she carefully snubbed the line and held it tentatively taut. With a sudden slight movement of her rod she started to reel in. At this moment a small urchin appeared on the bridge above and stopped to watch. Carefully the girl played her fish. As the line shortened there came a splash and the flash of a mighty tail.

"Gee, but that must be a whopper!" sang out the small boy excitedly. But the girl was thinking hard. Not expecting anything like this, she had neglected to bring a landing net.

The strain on the delicate rod was increasing. It bent nearly double. She did the only thing she could think of in the emergency; walked backward and literally dragged her catch up the shelving shore. Fortunately he was well hooked, and her gear was of the best.

"Oh, golly!" exclaimed a voice close beside; "but ain't he the pippin!"

The girl looked into the freckled face of the small boy. But she was too intent on her task to answer.

With unwinking eyes the urchin watched her as she vainly tried to extract the hook, and finally ended by borrowing his knife and cutting the line. With flushed faces the girl and the small boy, in the freemasonry of Sportsland, examined, admired and exclaimed over the speckled beauty. "Gee! Bet it's big as the only old Peabody caught here. Golly! I'm going now and tell him about it!" And the small boy disappeared.

The fish proving too large for the creel, the girl put it in a knapsack she carried suspended from her shoulder, and, climbing up to the road, unjointing her rod on the way, seated herself in the grey roadster and soon was merely part of a cloud of dust vanishing in the distance.

The small urchin had slowed down to a walk when he met the man in slouch hat and mackinaw returning.

"Say, mister," he said, bursting with importance, "you ought to 'a' seen the pippin the lady just caught in the big pool. This big!" And he measured at least a yard with his grimy hands.

"That so?" said the man. "But you're exaggerating a little, aren't you, sonny?"

"Jest you go there and see it yourself," returned the boy, starting off again on the run. The man quickened his pace, but when he reached the pool no fair angler was in sight.

That evening, seated in the lounge of his club, the sportsman was relating the incident to several companions, who received it with the customary skepticism. One of them laughed. "You didn't fall for that kid's yarn, did you, Hammond? You know the small boy's power of exaggeration."

"Well, it's an accepted fact around here that some unusually big trout for this part of the country have been taken from the Pebbly Brook pool; and I've always put a lot of faith in it." Hammond spoke rather louder than his wont.

A young chap stood in the doorway. At Hammond's words he came forward. "I don't know how you heard about it, for when I came away she was lamenting that she had had no one to talk it over with, but that must be the trout my sister caught today. It weighs just an even two pounds to the hair. I don't know much about fishing, and care less, but Anne is bugs over it."

The group turned to him interestedly, and Hammond asked him several questions, but the boy seemed rather bored by them, and gave very unsatisfactory answers. "I'd give a good deal to see that fish," exclaimed Hammond.

The boy brightened considerably. "Say, I'll call Anne up and introduce you over the phone, and you can go right down. She'll be tickled to pieces to find one who's interested—and then I won't have to go home at 10, as I promised her."

"I'll take you up on that," replied Hammond.

When Billy Crane did return that evening it was considerably after 10, but Trask Hammond and Billy's sister were still poring over catalogues, trying to decide the best place to send the trophy to be mounted. They had already made a date to fish Pebbly Brook together the next day, and overhauled Anne's tackle and put it in readiness for the trip, managing to become very well acquainted in the process.

It was a month later, one evening at sundown, when Anne stood again on the bank of the Pebbly Brook pool, casting her bait under the low-hanging branches of the big tree opposite, and remarked to the man who was standing close by watching her: "It's foolish to try, I know; I probably shall never land a two-pounder out of here again. That was my lucky day."

The man spoke slowly, while the brown swirling waters laughed down over the stones: "That has been the luckiest day in my life, so far. But you can make today the very luckiest ever if you wish."

The girl watched her curling line closely for a moment; then said, archly: "You're too big to go in my creel but so was that two-pounder—and I didn't put it back, did I?"

Reminiscenses of a Field Crop Competition Judge

In July, 1918, when going through the oat crop Melbourne and the United Indian Agricultural Societies at Muncey I found a wonderful response by nature to the appeal of the Union Government for greater production, in the abundant crops of all varieties of grain on every farm.

In a field of oats on Fred Eaton's farm in Ekfrid Township (near the home of the noted farm journalist, Peter McArthur), I was surprised, on examining a place where the crop was of very vigorous growth, to find stalks with three heads. The upper or main head was over ten inches long, with 168 grains. The second came out at the top of the leaf, well developed, six inches long, with 26 grains, and a third head bulging out of the leaf, above the first joint, with a few grains fairly well formed. I afterwards found similar stalks in several fields in the Indian Reserve and in other parts of Ontario.

During the past two years there has been much talk about the letter B on the oat leaf, and now this three-headed oat. What do these freaks in nature indicate? It does not need a Daniel to interpret them, for if we analyze them we shall find they both mean the same.

Some claim the B stands for Borden; others think it looke more like R for Rowell, but the farmer can see only P, very plainly indicating Producer.

In reference to the three-headed oat, the first may be considered the former Borden Government; the second, the followers of Rowell, who, by the way, are not verey many—and both together would represent the present Union Government, which is not a "Fifty-Fifty" as was expected. The third—the farmers' organization, an ever-growing power that will, in the near future, be strong enough to direct the destiny of this great Canada of ours.

"Newspapers Are the World's Mirror"

Comment, Cleverness and Mere Verblage From "Educators or the Common People" in Canada and Other Lands.

RESOURCEFUL.

[Boston Transcript.]

"Jack, I'm going to tear up those new photographs of mine; they look ten years older than I do."

"Nonsense! Put them away until you catch up with them."

UNFAIR DISCRIMINATION IN INDIA.

[London Opinion.]

"WANTED: 2,000 pairs tin BATHING DRAWERS, delivery at Chowpatty Sunday morning. Reply Box 553, Times of India."

Won't the alligators be annoyed!

AN OPTIMIST.

[London Tit-Bits.]

Dauber—I got more than I expected for my last picture.

Friend—Why, I thought your landlord agreed to take it in lieu of next month's rent.

Dauber—Yes, but he raised my rent.

EVERY EXCUSE WORKS ONCE.

[Boston Transcript.]

The hotel manager hopped on a bellhop for whistling in the lobby.

"Don't you know it's against the rules for an employee to whistle while on duty?" he demanded sternly.

"Ain't whistling, sir," protested the boy. "I'm paging Mrs. Blank's dog."

ALMOST UNBEARABLE.

[Algoma Advocate.]

It's a tremendous shock for a country editor to know that someone appreciates his efforts—to get three "new" yearly subscribers within an hour, each and all putting up $1.50 of the "long green" and to hear a farmer say: "I've taken this paper for twenty-eight years, and by golly it's the best paper today—by a mile—that it has ever been." We got it that way Tuesday, and being heir to a torpid liver and a weak heart, and having had our appendix removed three times (at $200 a throw)—well, it was almost more than we could bear. We are better now.

MR. A. R. McMASTER'S SPEECH.

[Toronto Statesman.]

Andrew McMaster has enhanced his reputation considerably by his illuminating and forceful analysis, in a speech that recalled the days of Cartwright. Mr. McMaster lacks Cartwright's gifts of invective and compression, but his analytical powers place him in the front rank of parliamentary debaters. Temperamentally, Mr. McMaster is a mild-mannered speaker who relies upon his persuasive gifts rather than upon the sledge-hammer methods of Cartwright. It was a brilliant effort and put the issues fairly and squarely before the House and the country.

AN UNHAPPY LAND.

[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

All of Europe, when the excitement is over and there is nothing to do but rebuild, is going to be in a frightful plight. The task is colossal and the means are pitifully meagre. There will be immense suffering, intolerable hardship and a disheartening outlook. We cannot realize it on this continent, where there has been little more than an interesting disturbance of ordinary conditions. Appeals to desperation, the cheap remedy of repudiation, revolt against a life sentence in a debtor's prison, will never have seemed so attractive. There is not a nation that can afford to have Germany set the sinister example.

BIRTH OF THE "BOOKIE."

[London Daily Chronicle.]

Professional betting, which some are suggesting should be taxed instead of beer, was apparently a byproduct of the French Revolution, previously to which bets on racehorses were mainly confined to wagers between owners and their friends. It was during the last decade of the 18th century that the first "bookie" known to fame as "Vauxhall" Clarke, came to a bad end—the end of a taut rope. As Mr. Clarke was hanged, not for "welshing," but for highway robbery, the profession, or calling, of yelling "six to four on the "fee-ald," cannot at that time have been a very profitable occupation. Betting to odds with professional bookmakers, then styled "blacklegs," did not become reputable until the thirties of the last century.

SLIGO ELECTION AND ITS POSSIBLE RESULTS.

[Proportional Representation Review.]

The January issue of this quarterly contained a short account of the first municipal P. R. election ever held in the United Kingdom, that of the council of Sligo, Ireland. Even that brief article indicated that the method of selecting a representative body demonstrated in Sligo, might be the salvation of Ireland. Now, we are in a position to give further details in respect to the Sligo election itself and in respect to its possible, yes, its probable, results.

"The number of persons on the register was 3,066, of whom 2,251, or 73 per cent voted; and as a result of the amount of education expended on the election campaign, only 43 papers were spoiled. Of these 24 were attributable to the new system whilst 19 were declared invalid for other reasons, such as 'uncertainty,' 'no official mark,' 'writing,' etc. The percentage of spoiled papers due to the P. R. system was, therefore, just over 1 per cent. The electors, generally speaking, acted on the advice that they should use their privilege of marking additional preferences. A few marked all the sixteen candidates in the order of their choice, many marked as many as twelve, whilst a very large number, probably the majority, marked as many as eight.

"The Sligo elections also showed that illiterates experience very little difficulty in voting under the new system. Of the total of 2,251 votes no fewer than 227, or 10 per cent, were recorded by illiterates."

As most of the voters adhered to municipal party liens the seats obtained by the four municipal parties were proportionate, almost exactly, to the party preferences of the voters as indicated by their first choices. The party classification of the first choices was as follows: Ratepayers' Association, 823; Sinn Fein, 674; Labor, 432; Independents, 279. Seats were obtained by the parties as follows: Ratepayers' Association, 8; Sinn Fein, 7; Labor, 5; Independents, 4.

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for every Sport and Recreation

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See that the name FLEET FOOT is stamped on the sole.

The Best Shoe Stores Sell FLEET FOOT.

DOMINION RUBBER SYSTEM

19

Why You Are Paying War-Prices In Peace Times

The serious concern about the mounting costs of necessities was shown not long ago when twenty-six Democratic members of the Massachusetts Legislature cabled to President Wilson that "The citizens of the United States want you home to help reduce the high cost of living, which we consider far more important than the league of nations."

A man's suit of clothes that cost $15.00 in 1914 costs $26.00 today; shoes that were $9.00 in 1914 cost $15.50 now; a woman's suit that cost $15.00 in 1914 is $24.00 today; every item in both men's and women's wearing apparel has nearly doubled in price, while food, shelter, fuel, heat, and light, have soared to equally high levels. This condition prompts the Detroit News to declare that "what the eating, sleeping and dressing world wants to know is whether the cost of necessities is justified?" The consumer finds it hard to understand, according to the Buffalo Evening News, "why six months after the end of fighting prices, instead of taking a fall, are forever rising."

THE LITERARY DIGEST presents this week in its leading article a comprehensive survey of the elements affecting present living costs; comparative tables showing the difference in prices of many articles in 1914 and today, the opinions of bankers, merchants and manufacturers as to the future outlook, and the observations of editorial writers throughout the country on the situation. This article should be of practical value to every DIGEST reader.

Other striking features in this week's DIGEST are:

What the American Soldier Thinks of the French People

This Article Reflects With Illuminating Detail the Opinion of the American Doughboy as Expressed in Talks With Returning Soldiers, in Soldiers' Letters, etc.

Britain's Clean-Cut Across-the-Atlantic Victory
Union Labor Lets Down the Bars to the Negro
Neutral Friends of Germany
War-Ravaged Poland Reviving
Is France Ruined in Victory?
New Standards for Our Children
New Instruments for Ocean Flight
"Lincoln" Holding the London Theatre World
Protestant Efforts at Reconstructing Europe
Personal Glimpses of Men and Events
Our New Attitude Toward Mexico
The Socialists Become Unsociable and Split Their Party
Czecho-Slovak Land for the Peopl
Below Decks on a U-Boat
Taking Medicine by Inhalation
Changing Airplanes in Mid-Air
College Men in the War
Finland: Its History, People and Internal Politics, with Map
News of Finance and Commerce

Many Interesting Illustrations, Including Humorous Cartoons.

"The Digest" Paves the Way To Prosperity

It goes without saying that you want to succeed in life or, if you are already successful, that you want to make that success greater and more far-reaching. There is no royal road to prosperity, it is reached by all sorts of routes, likely and unlikely, but there is a recipe, which, coupled with plenty of persistent application, is as apt to help you to fortune as anything known to humankind. It may be defined in one word—"education." Now, aside from the college variety, which few of us have had and the rest are too busy to think of, there remains only that obtained from intimate knowledge of men and events. To such knowledge there is no surer, saner guide than THE LITERARY DIGEST, greatest of newsmagazines, the weekly upon which more than a million Americans depend for their information on the live issues of the day. This ever-increasing army represents our best and highest citizenship. Be wise and enlist in it today.

June 28th Number on Sale Today—All News-dealers—10 Cents

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The Literary Digest

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