

London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.

MORNING EDITION.
City, 10c per week. Outside City, 15c per week.
By Mail, \$5.00 per year.
NOON EDITION.
City, 5c per week. Outside City, 10c per week.
By Mail, \$2.50 per year.
EVENING EDITION.
City, 10c per week. Outside City, 15c per week.
By Mail, \$5.00 per year.

3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
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.
CAMP PHONES.
5528
ADVERTISER JOB PRINTING CO., PHONE 247.

Toronto Representative—F. W. Thompson, 57 Mail Building.
U. S. Representatives—New York: Charles H. Eddy Company, Fifth Avenue Building, Room 300; Charles H. Eddy Company, People's Gas Building, Easton; Charles H. Eddy Company, Old South Building.

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

WAR FINANCE.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT, the well-known historian, writing in the "Nineteenth Century and After," on the British Government's policy, says that it "never borrows one pound without making provision for new taxation sufficient to cover both interest and a liberal sinking fund." The revenue for 1915 showed a great increase over that of 1914; and the estimated increased revenue for 1916-1917 over 1915-1916 is about \$850,000,000, nearly \$500,000,000 more than enough to pay the additional interest on the debt.

How is this done? The enormous income taxes, bearing particularly on the wealthy class, and the 50 per cent tax raised to 60 per cent for 1916-1917 on war profits, provide the revenue required. Mr. Marriott, himself a Conservative, declares that even 60 per cent on war profits is too little, and ascribes the industrial unrest of 1915 largely to the discontent of the workmen that they should be asked to sacrifice their union rules except on the condition that the fruits of the sacrifice "should be reaped not by individuals, but by the community." They objected also to a conscription of men without a conscription of incomes. But things are changed under stress of events. Direct taxation, which was only 27 per cent of the whole in 1841, 40 per cent in 1881, 50 in 1901, and 57.5 in 1913, is to be 72 per cent of the whole in the new budget. Nearly the total sum to be provided out of revenue towards the cost of the war is raised from the income taxes alone. The rich pay.

Clearly the financial situation in Great Britain calls for strenuous measures. The debt which was 2½ billions of dollars in 1913, will amount to 13 billions by March, 1917. But does not the situation in Canada call for some radical consideration? A few small tinkering have been made, but in the main we drift.

THE DUKE'S DEPARTURE.

"The Duke of Connaught cannot have been sorry to turn his back upon the somewhat heavily-backed atmosphere of Ottawa, and breathe once again the freer air of the west."

THE ABOVE is from the semi-official Canadian Gazette, published in Old London.

Stories of the duke's retirement from the vice-regal post have been given broad circulation, as well as supposed explanations, but no matter what the unpleasantness may have been, if such there was, the governor-general must be well aware that this country is sadly misrepresented by some of the strutters in high places. We know that the service of the common people of Canada has been a service born of deep love for humanity and the Empire, and that their sacrifice has been made in spite of, rather than because of, some of the so-called leaders of this country.

THE BEAST'S END.

THE MAN who first met a rhinoceros and stayed to give it battle was no doubt killed. But this did not give the rhinoceros domination over the human race. Man met him again and again, but not on the same terms. He made weapons and discovered the vulnerable spots in the armor of the beast. And finally man became master.

Germany, supposed to be human, proved to have all the brute strength and all the lack of moral sense of the rhinoceros, charged down upon humanity, and endeavored to trample under foot all who opposed him. But Germany was held while man shaped his weapons, and calmly devised his plans for mastery over the brute.

Today the beast is being beaten down, and man, with his weapons made for the task, is hacking toward the monster's heart.

LIKE TO LIKE.

BITING satire in the last degree crops out of a letter written to the New York Times. It is suggested by the writer that the only conclusion to be drawn from the coincidental arrival of the Deutschland and the sharks off the Jersey coast is that the sharks may be of European origin. Having been able to make frequent meals of human flesh by following the submarines, they decided that there was no better hunting to be found anywhere than in the path of their big counterparts. The Lusitania, no doubt, made the submarine famous wherever roved the tigers of the deep. Such a banquet of tender women and children!

And when the Deutschland started on a long journey a herd of the original submarine murderers, flicking their fins in admiration of German efficiency, followed in its wake. When they found bathers available in large numbers, the sharks no doubt gave the Deutschland credit, and the only thing New Jersey folk have to be thankful for is that the sharks may be drawn off when the German monster shark returns. The monster-shark

is masquerading as a tame, commercial cod at present. Perhaps its teeth are waiting outside the port. The sharks will not let her out of sight. She may strike an excursion steamer somewhere along the Channel. If there is anything in shark language to express "Hoch der Kaiser," those sinister slayers have already acclaimed him King of Tiger Sharks. They are his little brothers of the submarine.

THE YPRES LINE.

REPLYING to Sir Sam Hughes' criticism of the late Lord Kitchener, shortly after the tragic death of the latter off the Orkney Islands, the semi-official Canadian Gazette of London (England) has the following to say:

"But the British military authorities, who must, of course, be the best and final judges, decided that the salient must be held just as it was, and it stands to Canada's credit, and especially the credit of Gen. Currie's magnificent troops of the 'Old Guard,' that as the result of the operations of June 12-13, and subsequent, and despite as fierce an artillery onslaught as Ypres itself has seen, the Ypres lines stand today, and will, when the time comes, be an essential factor in the next, and, we trust, decisive, stage of operations."

LESSONS TO LEARN.

BEFORE you were forty years of age, you had achieved a position worth \$50,000 a year, and had just put through a \$600,000 deal, would you commit suicide?

You don't know whether or not you would. Quick money, big money, success, don't always take life, but they take something. They chain a man to a treadmill, or give him a golden cord with which to hang himself.

We have never noticed much of this in Canada, because our speed records are slow when measured by American standards.

But if the occupation known as "rich American" "businessman" isn't soon classed as "hazardous" by the insurance companies, we miss our guess.

We do not have much suicide in Canada; most acts of this kind here are properly ascribed to agonizing sickness, first of body, then of mind. The loneliness of the prairies and drink take their toll, but as a nation Canadians are too "average" and too poor to think about suicide.

Also we go slow on divorce, which also reflects a state of mind against destruction.

There is too much divorce and too much suicide "across the line" and Canada, which may have problems just as vast when she has a hundred millions, can draw the lessons of national health as she reads.

ANOTHER PHASE.

THE unusual order for leave of absence for soldiers in training at Camp Borden is at once an acknowledgment of the justice of the protests lodged by the men, and a revelation of the free and easy manner in which a tamed minister of militia alters his course.

There is no doubt that men who have to undergo the hardships and abnormal conditions at Camp Borden are entitled to leave from such a place far more frequently than they would be under the conditions prevailing at London Camp. But when the camp was organized there was no intention of granting leave which gives each soldier practically six days in every four weeks, and the cost to the country, as compared to the cost in such a camp as London, would be enormous. Out of every 28 days each man will have practically 6 days' leave. They are given two days' full leave every two weeks, and it requires at least another day for the journeys to and from the camp. Therefore the services of all the men in camp, more than 30,000, are lost to the camp for six days in a month. Even the benefits in training as first claimed for Borden would not offset the loss of time. While in London the men were content to secure one full day's leave in a month.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Watch this shark scare spread wherever yellow journals are published.

The war-horse comes into his own. No motor car that will leap a trench has yet been invented.

Mr. Hearst doesn't insert the word "overwhelming" in the reports of German defeats. The facts speak for themselves.

The Ross rifle is being discarded in favor of a new Enfield arm. Sir Sam Hughes will discover Gen. Alderson in another plot.

If Camp Borden is Sir Sam Hughes' conception of paradise, we all hope he may have no disappointment when he shuffles off this mortal coil.

To the question, "Who runs Canada, anyway?" one might reply off-hand, "The correspondent of the London Times and the honorary colonels."

I'll not send these men to Kitchen-er's Folly, that Ypres salient. I'll send them to Camp Borden. (Tea stains.)—From diary of Sir Sam, June 1916.

C. B. used to stand for punishment of ordinary calibre. Now it is almost a profane expression, standing for Camp Borden: "Go to C—B—," for example.

"Good luck to the boys of the Alleys!" sang a youth, who might well have been in khaki. No doubt he was cheering on his friends of the bowling alleys.

A DIRECTOR OF RECRUITING.

Although attempts are being made by partisan newspapers of the baser sort to turn Mr. N. W. Rowell's recent address on recruiting into an attack on the Dominion Government, nothing he said warrants that inference. Mr. Rowell spoke evidently with full realization of his responsibility as leader of the King's opposition in the provincial legislature, and his evident desire and intention was to stimulate the Canadian people to maintain worthily their position in the success-

THE PURSUIT OF VILLA

BY FONTAINE FOX



VILLA REACHES A POSITION OF SAFETY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF "THE MOUNTAINS"

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

Unexpected Sunshine

[By Ellice Pyle.]

ful prosecution of the war. Those of his own political persuasion who are using his address for purely partisan purposes are doing Mr. Rowell an injustice and injuring the cause he was ambitious to serve.

The Times is quite in accord with his suggestion that the time has come when the whole recruiting process should be faced and settled by official organization and supervision. That is not a new proposal—many public men and papers on both sides of politics have been urging it for months past.

Now that the first rush of volunteers has been exhausted and the response to the methods hitherto prevailing is becoming more difficult to obtain, the needs of the hour require the adoption of other means. Neither should men be taken from industries that, as Mr. Rowell remarked, are essential to the life of the nation and the proper conduct of the war.

A qualified recruiting process should be able to co-ordinate effort will aid materially in solving the recruiting problem.

ENGLAND, FREE ENGLAND.

A Song of Truth to a Song of Hate. We are branded full by a soul of hate, Stamped, sealed and gowned with offences great.

Of the coward, thief and tyrannic power, That absorbs the earth and doth all devour.

Call the court supreme! We demand our peers!

To the great and wise, peasant, craftsman, sneers, To all patriots strong, to religion pure, Faith, honor and truth and the thrones secure.

Unto you we call, unto you appeal, Are we curse or hope? Now discern or seal!

There is silence vast. We await the sound.

Now the world's soul wakes and doth pour around:

"England, Free England!"

All around the earth are our royal sons,

And our royalist life in its fulness runs;

All the modern world we have mothered free,

As strong as the earth and the boundless seas;

These United States in their flesh and bones,

In her silence feels what she dare disclose.

Now the lion's whelps with a bound and roar

Leap across the sea, guard the door.

From Canadians strong and Australians young,

Now are armies born and around us flung.

From old Indian mounts and from Africa heights

An unkindred kin with their kin united.

Hark again, oh hark! 'Tis a victor's shout,

That rolls o'er the sea and doth gird us round:

"England, Free England!"

We behold the world now anew arise

And a new god reign on the azure skies.

As the Empire stars are eclipsed and shine,

We will take our place or our powers resign.

We will take our fate as the gods decide;

If the gods play just as we will just abide.

But by gods above as by fiends below

We will front the world as a single foe.

Ere the, the goes down by a soldier's staff,

That doth feed its soul on a single hate.

We defy the world with its iron feet

To this freedom tread that doth in us beat!

Oh arise! Arise! A tremendous sound

Calls the nation forth. Will she still be found

"England, Free England!"

When our race is run and our histories close,

When the state goes down to its long repose,

It will be a field, it will be a strife

As wide as the world and as vast as life.

And the latest man, woman, daughter, son,

In that finish fight will be joined as one.

More triumphant than triumphants now,

With the free man's soul and his brandless brow.

All, encircling round our forever Queen,

Will defy the hosts of the vast terrene;

And when down we go, every soul will go.

As our fathers went when they faced the foe,

We'll die with a song and this deathless sound

To the watching worlds that are listening round:

"England, Free England!"

D. C. M.

helped to make up for his rather showy taste in dress.

"Mr. Hartman," he said warmly, "Mrs. Smith has told me all about that harrowing hour and a half in a stuck elevator, and of your lightning trip to the station afterward. Believe me, we appreciate your courtesy to a client in distress. She could never have got the deeds straightened out and made that train without your help, but she's still worrying because you missed a luncheon engagement with a lady who had deserted the train before you could get to a telephone."

"Yes; everybody's noticed it," said Philip, "but neither Elsie nor Fred will tell the cause of it, I understand. Amy Moore, who will rush in where others would fear to tread, sounded them both, but got only an indifferent shrug from Elsie and a grouchy one from Fred."

"I'm inclined to think that Elsie's allowing that old ruse to dance attendance on her is an effect rather than a cause of the quarrel," said Jack.

"Same thing is true of Fred's recent tendency to hit it up a bit more than he ever did before, I fancy," said Philip, with a respectful nod of his head. "It's a shame for two fine people to get in bad with each other that way, but an outsider can't butt in; so here's hoping they'll come to their senses without our aid."

"By George!" exclaimed Jack, a moment later. "The plot thickens, for here come Fred and Amy Moore this minute."

"And if I'm not mistaken that sparkle in Amy's eye means she's got something up her sleeve. It can't be that she has designs on Fred, for she's happily engaged to his brother in Cleveland. She must be trying to annoy Elsie."

"As far as it goes, yes," admitted Elsie, "but you must consider that Amy would not have known the real facts of the case until you told her, and imagine what her feelings would have been if—well—say if she had seen you rushing that handsome woman down a taxi just as she herself came out from a lonely luncheon!"

"There, now," said Amy saucily. "It's enough to make me weep, even then. It's only a make-believe case, but I'm dying to know who the poor girl really was and how she took it."

"Perhaps she was too plucked at first to listen to an explanation," said Elsie promptly, to ward off Amy's further conjecture. "But I'm sure that when she did know all about it she was sorry she had acted childishly."

"You are quite sure, Elsie," asked Fred, as if they were alone. And, indeed, they were practically alone, for Amy and Jack had exchanged knowing glances and had drawn the other two men over to the doorway to see whether the rain was slackening.

"Quite sure, Fred," said Elsie, very softly, "and bless those dear Smiths for making me both sorry and sure."

"Amen," whispered Fred, as they went in answer to Amy's delighted call to come and see the wondrous sunshine that had broken through the clouds.

CURIOSITY LEFT UNSATISFIED. (Deloraine Nam, Times.)

The necessities of time and tide which wait for no man caused us to go up to the postoffice at a late hour the other night. As the street lamps were not lit, we took our electric lantern. The lamp worked all right, but we got an awful shock in one place.

"My son got his face and hands chilled and then they began getting rough and they pained and smarted. His skin was very sore and red and his hands were swollen and inflamed and they cracked badly."

"I got Cuticura Soap and Ointment and before he had finished one cake of Soap and two boxes of Ointment he was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Charles Bowen, R. D. No. 8, Bury, Quebec, December 22, 1915.

Sample Each Free by Mail With 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard: "Cuticura, Dept. J, Boston, U.S.A." Sold throughout the world.

Healed by Cuticura Trial Free

Hands Pained and Cracked Badly

Healed by Cuticura Trial Free

Healed by Cuticura Trial Free

Healed by Cuticura Trial Free

Healed by Cuticura Trial Free

Healed by Cuticura Trial Free

Healed by Cuticura Trial Free

Healed by Cuticura Trial Free

WAIT A MINUTE!

—By J. H. F.

T. Roosevelt wants to go to war, but just as he gets through shouting somebody calls off the war, and there he is—dressed up, and no place to go.

Young Orpet has been acquitted of murdering a high school girl, but as it provided a lot of spicy reading for the folks, the trial can be said to have been a success. Otherwise justice was hardly done.

Freckles are a sign of good health, but the average blonde lady would prefer bad health and no freckles to bubbling good health, and a flock of spots.

One of the grand sights will be when fat men try to wear those new suits with high waist lines. Oh, it will be joyful.

"Get Out and Go Under!" seems to be Germany's favorite hymn just now.

A fireproof celluloid has been invented. Adieu, dear old dynamite collar.

It would seem, however, that Sir Sam Hughes did not need a Dr. Cinnamon to put spice into his speeches.

"Muzzle the dogs," shouts some gent. It would be well to muzzle some people. Give the dog plenty of water, and care, and he will not go crazy with the heat.

These are called dog days, we presume, because everybody is so dog-gone mad at the weather.

"No water in the summer, and no booze in the fall," is a pretty little ditty now being sung by Londoners. Hope somebody does not steal the supply of snowballs next winter.

Speaking of snowballs, would it not be nice to cuddle a pretty little snowball against one's bosom just now.

The Allies are doing things at Sinai. The thunder of some of the prophets of old heard are still there.

We love to read a poem on being kind and sweet and nice, but we do not want to read it this weather. We just want to go some place and grunt a bit.

Villa is not dead yet or as an issue or a human. They will have to come to our suggestion to get that bird, and ship a couple of hundred chorus girls down there to grab him.

"I'm asking a raise," said my pretty stenog.

"For I'm planning a regular spree."

"Very well," was my answer, "I'm never a hog."

And I raised her—right up to my knee.—Williams Purple Cow.

THE SKYLARK PURGE.

"Birds increase during war; France and Belgium forbids hunting; Audubon society reports."

Came angels gathering at heaven's gate, Drawn by a thrilling song divinely sweet.

A burst of melody that rose to greet Above earth's groaning sob and cries of hate.

It was a rapture silenced till of late Men snared him not within his dim retreat.

Holding their killing for each other meet, And on their brothers visiting the fate.

So, mounting on his glad wings in haste, He shook the music forth, that he might give

The joy within his swelling throat release. For war, which laid one-half the world in waste,

And wrought a sadness over all who live, Has strangely given to the skylark peace!

—McLanburgh Wilson, in New York Sun.

Actors belong to the Federation of Labor, but the only persons who work are the people who are compelled to watch and hear the actors.

New Zealand has exported about 1½ million rabbits this year to date, giving that country the jump on all others.

A great racehorse—Peter Mac—is ac-

ing badly because he has corns. Just like a human would do.

Sir Robert Borden will retire, it is rumored. In order, probably, to have some person else fire Sir Sam.

The Germans are afraid of the Turks, thinking that they will quit. The Allies are afraid the Turks will not quit.

A Detroit man who had just put over a \$500,000 deal fell out of a window to his death. Most people would die, if they thought of that much money.

A New York man says that a person can live on 6 cents a day. It is probable that he would have to move out of New York; in fact, move off the earth.

We would not advise taking in the plants to escape the frost. We feel quite sure that there will not be any serious frosts for a day or two.

A moving picture man says that baldheaded men cannot be used in plays. No, you bet not. No baldheaded man wants his thick exposed to the vulgar gaze of a million folks. He's too sensible.

A Pennsylvania man is going to raise a regiment of red-headed men for service in Mexico. They should be all right at scouting work, their illuminating powers being great.

We got a whiff of cool air the other day, and the experience was almost too much for us. We cannot stand such sudden and fearful changes in the temperature.

That man-eating shark playing about the New Jersey coasts must be a fool shark. He has not snared a female in a one-piece bathing suit as yet.

Poet Bill has written another effusion on the weather question, but as we have decided to kill the first individual who mentions the heat, we refuse to print it, and also threaten dire things on any poet who will dare to chronicle it in verse.

Sometimes we do not admire Adam and Eve, considering what we have had to suffer for their alleged indiscretions, but we must say that we do admire their costumes on days like this.