

# London Advertiser

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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,  
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, July 2.

## The Bicycle Race Meet

London demonstrated a real and well-warded interest in the bicycle meeting held under the auspices of the London dealers on the holiday. The classic Dunlop road race was a speed and endurance test that did credit to all starters and attracted the best riders of the country, and the events at Queen's Park brought out one of the largest crowds in the history of bicycle racing.

The bicycle game has a larger place in the business world than ever before and each year the use of the wheel is extended in all Canadian cities and especially in London, where an exceptionally large proportion of the people use the bicycle for business and pleasure. In an age when the world goes on wheels, the self-propelled device that was once the first vehicle to be used for pastime, now has entered into its lasting place as a convenience. The thrifty man who lives some distance from his place of business may not be able to afford a motor car, but he finds the bicycle within reach of a modest income, and not only saves money to the extent of his car fare, but finds the exercise of positive benefit. A bicycle may be an important economic factor in the business of any household. Every place of business has its employees who ride to work, and the schools are lined with wheels. The desire to own a bicycle has been planted in the heart of almost every boy and girl and the business will advance as never before because of the Dominion Day gathering.

Such a meet as yesterday's is certain to arouse interest in the bicycle. It is a medium for the finest kind of sport. A great many wonderful riders were in the city, and in a day were born thousands of prospective lovers of the wheel for its pleasure, convenience and health-giving qualities. Congratulations to the dealers and members of the trade who made the meeting one of the finest sporting events ever held in London!

## Will Knox Drop Fight?

Senator Knox and his followers in the United States Senate, who would destroy or emasculate the League of Nations covenant, dare not ignore the significance in the world relief at the achievement of peace. Peace treaty and league covenant are far from perfect, but it is clear that the peoples of the Allied and associated nations are ready and willing to give the joint pact a trial as it stands.

Senator Knox's first proposal, that the United States refuse ratification unless the covenant was removed would, if carried out, wreck the entire treaty, necessitating another prolonged conference. The danger in such a situation brought former President Taft and Elihu Root into the field and on their advice the anti-leaguers have modified their demands. Now they are prepared to leave the covenant in the peace agreement, but would not have the American people bound to the carrying out of its provisions. As the league could not operate successfully without the fullest support of the United States, and as the nations are distinctly set upon giving the league a trial, we may expect further modifications of the anti-leaguers' demands.

The world has secured peace and possesses what at least appears a promising plan of keeping that peace. The American public, quite as much as any other, is determined to stand by the whole peace treaty if we are to judge by press comments and the resolutions of great representative bodies of the American masses. Perhaps Senator Knox is merely playing politics, but, in any event, he is running counter to the sentiment of his own and other people in his attack on the League of Nations. The great wave of rejoicing that has swept over the world following the signing of peace will hardly fail to impress the shrewd Mr. Knox and his band.

## Did the Soul Force Win?

Most of the rhapsodies over peace were taken out in anticipation. The great peace day was November 11 when the Canadians reached Mons. The Germans threw down their weapons and the cloud lifted, to reveal untold miseries, it is true, but to give the world another chance of redemption. If each person to whom freedom came on that fated autumn morning has not celebrated peace in his heart he will never do it now.

To celebrate peace in the heart was to consecrate life to greater service, and to realize that life's valuation had been newly measured by the pouring in of countless souls. The winning of the

war was a great effort of the soul, no matter what the materialism of the victory may seem to this or that nation. Each soul won the victory that was in the fight and ready to give all to conquer the perversities of civilization. For each of these souls there was the victory achieved in a struggle to defend the faith that has been handed down to the world in the inspired words of the prophets and of the Man of Nazareth. The whole theory of life and the struggles toward a life worth living were wrapped in the issue. It was no lack of might that kept the enemy from his victory. This war was all Germany's, figured out on paper. If the world believes in anything, it should gain from the quiet reflection of what peace means, the rock-bedded conviction that there was a great soul force which won this war. We did not know much before about the power of the soul, but some day a student worthy of the subject may make it a simple proposition for us that the Germans lacked the soul of right in this contest, and that they lost because they lacked it. If we are to regard the winning of the war simply as a proposition of "more men and more guns" or the added force of some group of individuals called a nation, there is not much of a spiritual victory about it. And the winning of a mere physical victory is not to be regarded as a more glorious thing than the winning of the heavyweight championship to be fought by Dempsey and Willard on the Fourth of July.

But if each man can sit down and say to himself that his soul was in the fight, that it was not merely a sporting proposition, a heavyweight battle between nations instead of pugilists, it is about the most wonderful thing that can have happened. It is mysterious and sanctified and worthy of the souls of men—this victory that was the smashing of the great body of Goliath by the unconquerable soul of David. And surely it should be a demonstration of the proposition that if one puts his or her soul into a thing, the right of victory is his or hers, no matter how the physical blows may batter down the body.

## A Flag-Waving Ball Player

If one could conceive of baseball players being used as German propagandists to create dissension between the United States and Canada, there was an incident at Tecumseh Park Monday afternoon that would have strengthened such a theory.

A player on the Bay City team bearing the highly-significant name of Friedmann had been indulging in a cross-fire with some of the spectators, including a number of returned soldiers. These men had not made "we won the war" an issue, but the ball player as he walked toward the stand suddenly pulled an American flag from his pocket and held it up in the faces of the fans. "If it hadn't been for that flag you'd have been over there yet," he said. He followed this up with other remarks and an international argument commenced at once. Several of the soldiers questioned his right to talk about service, and offered to show him some real scars of the war. But he continued to throw his insults at Canadians and Canadian soldiers. It was surprising that a number of his teammates joined in the slur-casting contest and that they were permitted to continue. It was fortunate at the same time that the crowd did not develop any rage over the exhibition of poor sportsmanship. One look at the score card to ascertain the name of the player seemed to make it clear why this flag-waver was at work.

Another phase of the matter was when a young American who fought with the Canadians came down from the upper seats to express his opinion of an American who could be guilty of using the American flag for so cheap an exhibition. He had seen active service in France, and he strongly objected to the false impression of Americans created by a single act in such poor taste. As might have been expected he was wasting his words.

What should have been done to this player was to have him removed from the grounds and charged with disorderly conduct. The American consular representative should have laid the charge to demonstrate that those who resented most of all the display of the poorest kind of patriotism were the American people themselves, who could well pray to be saved from such "friends" as Mr. Friedmann.

It is well that the crowd did not become resentful. It is never a pretty exhibition to see one man or a dozen men "mobbed" by a large number of men. But it is doubtful if a Canadian who had been guilty of a similar act in an American baseball park would have been so fortunate as to escape with a whole hide, and there are few Canadians worthy of the name who would have said he did not receive his deserts.

But surely a baseball club which plays in a league that must exist on the good feeling between the two countries should rid itself of a player who is so unworthy of the flag and the country he pretended to represent. Such conduct should call for action from the head of the league, and the player, who is said to have been guilty of the offence in another Canadian city, should be dismissed from the ranks of organized baseball. He is a dangerous element to the welfare of the league, and to the friendly relations of the two countries.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

If only to absorb the sunshine for a day in the open, the holiday was worth millions to the health of the community.

The German Krupp works is said to have passed into American hands. Peace has its camouflage as well as war.

Our pennant aspirations may have faded out, but there are a good many games left in the locker if the home team keeps its present stride.

Union Government has been asked to resign by Guelph labor men. With a trough just refilled to the brimming point, can they be expected to comply?

## THAT WONDERFUL NEW COP ON THE BEAT



THE GANG  
THOUGHT THE GAME  
WAS ALL UP WHEN  
LEFTY DAVIS BEAMED THE  
NEW COP WITH THAT LINER.

By FONTAINE FOX.

## The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

COUNCIL ROCK.  
By Izola Forrester.

Something had happened to the canoe as they tried to ride the smaller rapids. Creston said afterward he thought some hidden snag had ripped a hole large enough to start a leak, and it had been twilight then, too dark to notice, until they felt the water in the bottom of the canoe.

There had been no real danger, he kept assuring her after he had bled the boat, and they stood on the tall spur of grey rock in the middle of the silent river. They were alone, the two of them, at the cottage by dinner time, and, of course, far away from the others would put out to the rescue in the motor boat.

In the meantime they could build a fire on the rock at a signal, and take things easy. There was nothing to worry about. Dorothy was silent as he talked. She knew how Connie would say she had managed the whole affair cleverly. It had been her mother's plan, and she had married off her four girls to wealthy men. The lovely Warrings, they called them, Evelyn, Winnie, Phyllis and Dorothy, and only the youngest remained.

She wondered if Creston suspected that he had been selected by her mother as the man whom she was to marry. He was so good-looking, and so earnest, and so patient, that she doubted whether he would even care. And yet it seemed as if he had followed them down the coast with deliberate intent in his yacht, and had taken the cottage at Falconer Beach so as to be their next-door neighbor. It was all so businesslike and efficient, and so full of the air of the night before they left for the South as they sat together in her box at the opera.

"Don't let mother persuade you into a marriage like mine, Dot. I have everything—but love or comradeship, I am less to my husband than his Jap butler. I am sure he would rather lose me than Suroki with his knowledge of six-tin drink and artifice. Marry the man you really love." And the worst of it was she had cared for Creston Clay from the first time they had met. It had been at the country club, at tea after a game of golf. Winnie had watched her amiably as they talked, and on the way home she had her car she had said:

"It's just your luck, kiddie, to pick a winner. You've got a real man here. He's worth millions."

Dorothy had felt the chill of disillusion then. Was everything in life touched with gold to make it worth while? She remembered this now, watching him bend over the building of the fire. It was so beautiful on the rock at this hour. The beating of the waves to the low ripple of surf, and a fringe of palm-trees rose in slender, purple silhouette against the sky. Creston came up and stretched out at her feet.

"They'll see that soon," he said. "I only wish you wouldn't don't you. Dot? It's like the islands you read about, isn't it? When I was a youngster dad had a cruise for his seven seas, and I went along. I always liked the islands best, and I wanted one. I know. Now that everything seems to be going, I think I'll take the boat some day and slip away to hunt one."

"Everything going," repeated Dorothy, wonderingly. He nodded happily, looking through half-closed eyelids at the lights on the main shore. You know dad inherited all he had from his father, because Uncle David was supposed to be dead. He had the wanderlust, like I have, and dad's been in America in years. Well, he's turned up, that's all, and of course, I'm rather glad. I'll have enough to keep up the yacht and do what I want. The only thing is," he looked up at her quizzically, "your mother wouldn't give me a ghost of a show now, would she?"

Dorothy started to speak, but he checked her. "Don't say anything to spoil it, Dot. They'll come after you soon enough. Just imagine you're on a little island, this little Council Rock, and we're not going back until we want to. Just suppose you were going to be married tomorrow. Uncle David just reached New York, I heard by wire today. And the yacht's waiting for me. Of course, I would be to go with me. It wouldn't be the regular society honeymoon, would it? I wonder, what you'd say."

Across the bay there came three long, shrill whistles, and the dull throb of a motor boat engine. Dorothy smiled, leaning close to theoulder that she had just been beside her at the proper height. He slipped his coat around her as they waited, and he was Granger, of course. It was his boat.

He would tell Mrs. Waring he would protect Dorothy from Creston's recklessness. And probably Phyllis was along too, with young Randall and Mrs. Astor, who was official chaperon at the beach. They had no chaperon on Council Rock. Creston kept his arm around her at all hazards.

It was so short a time. The news would be in the papers by morning. Dad David Clay had turned up after a twenty years' disappearance, and his fortune would be decent enough, at least, to go fifty-fifty, but not Uncle David. There was just the yacht for Creston, and the call of the islands.

"Listen, dear," he said softly, "it can't make any difference to you, and it would be everything to me if you'd just kiss me once before they come. It would mean that you did care a little bit, and that somebody believed in me, don't you know, and the money makes no difference. Could you, Dot—just once?"

And quite against all the principles of her face to him, the tears wet on her cheeks as she kissed him.

## "Newspapers Are the World's Mirror"

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the war, with its waste of material and energy. But the tariff must contain many duties that are excessive and that lend themselves to artificial inflation of prices and these must be reduced if public opinion is to be satisfied. If the tariff is not to be the centre of agitation it must be freed of such taxes and restrictions as are absolutely unjustifiable.

**BELGIUM'S SERVICE.**  
[Philadelphia Record.]  
But let it be remembered now and always that if Belgium had not sacrificed itself to the continent of Europe, and virtually the world, would have been under the German flag before Christmas, 1914. If Belgium's hopeless resistance had not delayed Germany three weeks, those dinner appointments made by Germans for Paris, August would have been kept, and Russia would then have been overrun before it could mobilize its armies—though it was more expeditious about this than Germany expected—England could not have got its "consumable little army" to France in time to be of any use, and the dream of William II. would have come true.

**MAGISTRATE'S SALARY.**  
[Brantford Expositor.]  
The question of paying Mr. W. C. Livingston, Brantford's police magistrate, a larger salary or permitting him to engage in private practice, has been once more the attention of Brantford aldermen. The whole controversy is a demagogic one on a municipal office. The proper solution of this matter is for the provincial government to pay as well as appoint police magistrates, and thus leave them in a position of independence from outside control which they ought to occupy. No magistrate can be truly independent who has to look to the aldermen for his pay, nor can he be truly independent if he is permitted to accept as clients men who are liable to come before him in his magistracy capacity.

**TALKED SCIENTIFICALLY.**  
The engineer had become tired of the boastful talk he heard from the other engine-drivers at his boarding-house. One evening he began: "This morning I went over to see a new machine we've got at our place, and it's astonishing how it works." "And how does it work?" asked one. "Well," was the reply, "by means of a pedal attachment, a fulcrum lever converts a vertical reciprocating motion into a circular movement. The principal part of the machine is a huge disc that revolves on a vertical plane. Power is applied through the axis of the disc, and work is done on the periphery, and the hardest steel by its impact may be reduced to any shape." "What is this wonderful machine?" asked another. "A grindstone," was the reply.

**JUNE.**  
And what is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever, comes perfect days: Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune. And over it softly her warm ear lays: Whether we look, or whether we listen, We hear his marmur, or see his glimmer: Every clod feels a stir of might, An instinct within it that reaches and towers. And groping blindly above it for light Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers; The flush of life may well be seen Thrilling back over hills and valleys: The cowslip starts in meadows green. The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice. And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean To be some happy creature's palace. The little bird sits at his door in the sun. Aft like a blossom among the leaves, And lets his illumined being ope to them: With the deluge of summer it rejoices.—Lowell.

**A POSER.**  
Daphne and Doris are charming and Best of the maidens I chance to have met. Doris is stately and Daphne petite, Daphne's a blonde type and Doris brunette. When something happens to cause me distress, Doris will comfort and Daphne will tease. Yet to my heart (I am bound to confess) Daphne and Doris hold duplicate keys! When I feel frivolous, Doris seems slow: What I am serious, Daphne's a bore: How in creation shall I ever know Which is the girl that I truly adore? Should I wed Doris, in fashion sedate, I shall be longing for Daphne's gay: If I choose Daphne—ah! I'll lead me a gait! For quiet and Doris I surely will pray.

Pity a lover so sorely perplexed! I've questioned my reason, examined my heart. What is the answer? What shall I do next? I think I'll woo Delia, and get a fresh start!—Dila.

**A LONG WAIT.**  
[Washington Post.]  
Patience on a monument has nothing on former King Constantine, who is still watchfully waiting for brother-in-law Bill Hunzeler to restore him to the throne of Greece.

**CASUALTY OF 1919.**  
[Denver Post.]  
"The ancients disputed how many angels could dance on the point of a needle." "That's nothing. How many could dance on the fourteen points?"

**OUT OF PRACTICE.**  
[London Punch.]  
Officer (on leave)—You'll be glad to have the Billy meeting revived, have the Volunteer Marksmen—Yes; but there'll be some poor scoring. You see, there's been no serious shooting for the last four years.

**EQUALS.**  
[Blighty (London).]  
He—"Your cousin refused to recognize me at the Jazz last night; thinks I'm not the same. I've got to be a 'Ridiculous' Of course you are; why, he's nothing but a conceited idiot."

**THE DELAYS OF DEMOBILIZATION.**  
[London Opinion.]  
"Well, Bill, what are you going to do when you get demobilized?" "Live on me pension, of course." "You don't think yer gonna' get a pension from the army, do yer?" "No, not army—old age pension. I mean."

**SOME TEST.**  
[London Passing Show.]  
She—Of course, I like you! Haven't I loved you six times tonight? He—But I don't see any proof in that! She—You would if you knew how badly you dance!

**A MERE TRIFLE.**  
[The Passing Show (London).]  
"Oh, Charley, have you half-a-minute to spare?" "But only half-a-minute, my dear." "Well, I only want you to explain to me exactly what's meant by the Covenant of the League of Nations."

**CUTTING IT SHORT.**  
[Blighty (London).]  
"Don't be so long-winded in your reports as you have been in the past," said the manager of the "Wild West" railway to his overseer. "Just report the condition of the track as ye find it, and don't put in a lot of needless words that ain't to the point. Write a business letter, not a love-letter."

A few days later the railway line was badly flooded, and the overseer wrote his report to the manager in one line: "Sir—Where the railway was the river is—Yours faithfully."

**RESOURCEFUL BILL.**  
[Chicago News.]  
Capt. Bruce B. Bannister, the humorist of "Old Bill" fame, said at a dinner in Chicago: "Your Australian can't be equalled for resource. I once knew a Sydney man who got lost in the bush with his dog. For three days the unfortunate pair wandered without food. Would the man have to kill and eat the faithful animal? He hated to do so, being a dog lover. Then he had an idea, a wonderful idea that saved two lives. He cut off the dog's tail, roasted it, ate the meat, and gave the bone to the dog."

**TARIFF AND H. C. OF L.**  
[Toronto Star.]  
How far is the high cost of living due to the tariff? An impartial inquiry would probably show that there are other causes, of which, of course, one is

# VETERANS!

Here Is An Opportunity For You to:

- Enter upon a profession which—
  - Is useful.
  - Is pleasant work.
  - Gives you time to yourself.
  - Gives an assured position at an increasing salary.
- Acquire a specialist training free of cost.
- Decide on some definite work.
- Be of service to your country, and fellow-citizens in peace, as you have been in war.

The Ontario Department of Education desires to acquire the services of men who have fought at the front to train as

## Teachers in Ontario Schools

This step is taken in the belief that the educational system, in this manner, can acquire men of such spirit and force that the full benefits of the war experience, and of the sacrifices made, will be the inheritance of the children of the Province.

With this end in view the department has decided to

## PAY THE EXPENSES

of the soldier in training, including tuition, books, traveling expenses and living expenses.

**QUALIFICATIONS.**—1. Applicants must have attended a High School or Collegiate Institute, or have had an education of an equivalent standing, either in Ontario or outside it.—(England, etc.)

2. A certain number of EXPERT MECHANICS in cabinet-making or carpentry will be trained as Instructors in Manual Training.</