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London, Ont., Tuesday, July 2.

GERMAN MORALE INFERIOR.

EVIDENTLY morale among prisoners of war is just as essential as among those soldiers in the trenches and in reserve who form the fighting armies.

This intangible quality long has been recognized as essential in the fighting forces, those possessing it in the highest degree being most steadfast, courageous and optimistic. Now it appears that those whose morale vanishes when they are captured by the enemy are as dangerous to their nation, if not more dangerous, than those who falter when on the battlefield. Gen. von Ludendorff, Germany's real military leader, bitterly reproaches some of his men who have been taken by the Allies for betraying his plans and thus helping materially to defeat them. In an order to the German army, containing these reproaches, he says that the men who divulged the plans for the German attack between Soissons and Rheims in May and those for the assault between Montdidier and Noyon on June 9 cost their country thousands of lives and endangered the Teuton cause. He warns all ranks to maintain silence when taken prisoner, and adds that failure to do so may "cause gravest prejudices to the whole nation."

The fact, then, is established that Germans taken prisoner either have not the courage to conduct themselves as soldiers or have not the desire. It may be that they take a delight in assisting in the destruction of the army leaders under whom they have been slaves and believe that they will be given special treatment by their captors if they talk. At any rate, talk they do, and, apparently, to good purpose.

On the other hand there is no hint that Allied soldiers have given the enemy any information. In spite of the brutal treatment given them, they refuse to bid for anything better by betraying their comrades, and defy the German authorities. They keep up their morale under the worst possible conditions.

The difference lies in the race and in the cause. The British and French naturally are more intelligent and more patriotic, and will suffer gladly for their country. Added to this, they have the greatest cause of all time to fight for and this is an incentive to keep up the struggle even when unarmored. Ludendorff confesses his men the inferiors of the Allies.

PROPERTY OWNERS HARD HIT.

PROPERTY OWNERS who complain about high taxes and other expenses might take some consolation from the fact that 75 per cent of tenants in Paris have paid no rent since the outbreak of war. Many women, owners of blocks of valuable buildings, have been working as scrub women for 7 cents an hour in order to keep themselves in food. High taxes would seem a joke to these people.

CHAMPAGNE WON OUT.

THERE ARE TIMES and occasions when water will not take the place of champagne, although as a thirst-quencher it undoubtedly is superior. One such occasion arose in Toronto on Saturday when the wooden steamer "War Ontario" was launched. The officials of the Imperial munitions board had suggested that the bottle of champagne used, according to time-honored custom, to christen a vessel, be dispensed with and a bottle of aqua pura be used in its place, and this idea had been accepted with good grace by the builders, but there was another voice to be heard.

Sailors and vesselmen united in protesting loudly against this tempting of fate. They argued that such a prohibition christening would bring a streak of bad luck to the vessel and intimidated, further, that there would be great difficulty in obtaining a crew to work the new ship if the bottle of fizz were omitted from the christening ceremony. This put a different complexion on the matter altogether, and the sailors won the day. Lady Hearst, who performed the ceremony, not being averse to handling the dangerous stuff.

Superstition dies hard and cannot be ignored with impunity. Sailors are no cowards; either on the seas or the Great Lakes there is no room for any but brave men. Nevertheless they have their traditions and they object to departing from them. The superstition may be all nonsense, but, they ask, why take chances? Perhaps they are right in avoiding even the suspicion of unnecessary danger.

Reports do not announce who provided the bottle of champagne, but there does not seem to have been any difficulty in obtaining it.

DIED IN HIS ENEMY'S HOUSE.

WHAT A SENSE of the fitness of things was possessed by that old horse which, knowing instinctively that its days on earth were ended, wandered into a city garage, backed apologetically down the basement stairs and fell in the coal bin, to arise no more! Symbolic and prophetic!

When motor cars and tractors had forced their way to popularity the cry arose: "The day of the horse is ended; soon it will be as extinct as the dodo." The cry was premature and the horse has continued to hold a certain place in the affections of humanity and in industrial utility, but there was basis for the belief expressed, and year by year man's best friend is being ousted from his old positions to be replaced by the gasoline-driven machine.

Perhaps the horse has even more intelligence than is credited to it. If it has and can trace back from results to causes, one can imagine this ven-

erable specimen of the race, which chose such a dramatic setting for its final gasps, meditating on the changes and deciding on its last act.

"I am one of those animals on whom man has depended largely for his livelihood since early ages. By my labors his fields have been tilled, his harvests gathered, his produce taken to market, his own foods drawn from the towns and cities and his family transported from place to place. Whatever there has been to do, I have done loyally, faithfully and cheerfully. All I have asked in payment is my board and lodging; a good warm stable, with a small portion of the hay and oats I have helped to produce for my meals. I have been honored, fondled and petted and have grown old and grey in the service. At least I expected a protected and comfortable old age and deathbed."

"What have I had for my loyalty? Used to the limit of my strength and endurance while I could work, I am now turned out, thin and hungry to forage for food and die on the roadside. The stable that once was mine now houses a motor car; a thing of metal, without feeling, which has taken my place. I and my brothers are cast aside, past services forgotten, in favor of these man-made machines whose only virtue lies in their speed. My death lies at their door; as a protest I will die in one of their palatial homes and thus show humanity that we realize our finish and are able to place the blame where it belongs."

Would it comfort the old fellow if he could know that his usefulness does not end with death? That his body as fertilizer will continue to help the production of foods? Would he be glad to know that his hide is more valuable today than his whole living, breathing being was a week ago? Perhaps it is better he is spared this knowledge.

WANTON MURDER.

Frustration of the German submarine has caused the enemy to commit one more of his devilish outrages upon humanity. A hospital ship carrying medical officers, men and nurses was ruthlessly sunk, with a brutal intention evident of drowning helpless human beings.

All has been said of these acts of filthy frightfulness that can be said. The world will never treat with a nation of super-savages whose acts make those who must fight against them take a firmer grip upon the sword with which the brutes must be laid low.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The first of July was an ideal fall day.

Fanatics spoil reform work, says Toronto's M. O. H., and he has Russia to point out as an example.

The late Cecil Rhodes is being given great credit for outwitting the kaiser, but surely that was not one of his greatest achievements.

During the last few summers it has seemed impossible to get rain unaccompanied by thunderstorms, and this summer is following the same path.

How could those Quebec men speak of "Unionist liars"? What grounds can they have for doubting the absolute truthfulness of the Union Government?

Iron discipline is reported to be failing in the German army, proving that the blood and iron policy has its weak link.

An American citizen is said to have produced a fuelless energy producer which will supply all the energy the world needs. Just at this time almost everyone could do with an injection.

Wonder how Hon. Messrs. Borden, Rowell and Co. will be able to sit at the same table as the non-conscriptivist South African and Australian imperial delegates without thinking that German gold is at the bottom of the whole thing?

When Germany drops pamphlets in the American trenches telling of air raids on United States cities, she is wasting money and effort. If they were believed they would act as special incentives to the soldiers to batter down the kaiser's forces.

Testimony to the good behavior of Canadian troops overseas continues to pour in, but the best proof after all is the magnificent work they have accomplished. Could this have been done by men weakened by excessive drinking of liquor or other debauchery?

HOW CANADA VIEWS TITLES.

[Farmer's Advocate.]

The announcement which the prime minister had intended to make to the imperial council concerning titles does not give voice to the opinions held generally in Canada. Nor does it express the views of the members of the House of Commons. Ignoring the incident in the House on May 21, when Unionist members felt obliged to vote for the Government's amendment in order not to embarrass the cabinet after Sir Robert Borden declared that he would consider a vote of confidence, we can truthfully say that Canada is fed up on titles and desires no more of them. The plain and common names such as Gladstone, Asquith, Lloyd George and even those of lesser lights carry with them a refreshing atmosphere which suggests brilliant intellect and noble achievement. Lloyd George's elevation from the environments of a cobbler's shop to the highest position in the nation which can be occupied by any man outside of a certain lineage, and his great world influence can never be made more illustrious by any honor the throne can confer. This is not written in any spirit of disloyalty, but recognition on the part of one's fellowman is what really does lasting honor to the name of those who prove themselves great. If one does not distinguish himself in any work which benefits his country a title will no longer delude the people, and the camouflage must be altered. For some reason or other a title suggests wealth and influence to the simple and democratic Canadian mind. Perhaps this is unfortunate, but titles are becoming common here, and reports come from across the seas, where knightdom has long been in flower, that distinction does not constitute the only claim to such preferment. Riches themselves no longer bring glory to him who has accumulated them, and a title added does not increase one's popularity.

It is reported that the list of birthday honors, which will be announced here this week, will not contain the names of any Canadians who are recipients of hereditary titles, and those conferred will probably be in recognition of valiant service on the battlefield. However, the feeling is that all should be abolished, and surely at the next session of parliament an opportunity will be given for a free expression of opinion without linking the matter up with any vote of confidence or something else as unimportant to the citizens of this country who elected a Government to carry out the wishes of the Canadian people.

MORE FOR M. AND M.

[Toronto Telegram.]

The Government announces that two million dollars will be spent on building branches for the Canadian Northern in the west.

Is the Canadian Northern still under control of Mackenzie & Mann?

Canada should pay off her nation builders. The price fixed by the board of arbitration may appear exorbitant, but it is not growing any smaller as the summer advances.

Canada wants to be assured that Mackenzie & Mann have handed over the C. N. R. to the people, and that the present arrangements are not merely another method of handing over more of the public's cash to Mackenzie & Mann.

PATHETIC FIGURES

By Fontaine Fox



THE SHARPSHOOTER WHO HAD CREEPT AROUND UNTIL HE COULD FIRE RIGHT DOWN THE ENEMY'S TRENCH AND THEN ALONG CAME THE ASH MAN!

(Copyright, 1918.)

A mighty crowd of men, all ages, colors and of various states of servitude, seethed, surged and jostled each other in the bed of Pelham street, their faces all turned towards Marks' auction stables, and their eyes impatiently fixed on a large, red stand to the left of the open concourse. There were those bent on grim bargaining, and many of these were now turning into the street from the large concourse, to swell the larger throng of those gathered from mere curiosity, to see and not to buy.

And now the stellar attraction, a stalwart athlete, whose muscles of iron were almost visible through the blue suit that he wore, emerged from the stable offices, accompanied by a purplish, rotund individual, whom many recognized as Marks. But everyone present, doctors, lawyers, merchants and chiefs, soldiers in uniform, and bums without them, knew the other and proclaimed the fact as they surged again towards the red stand.

"Jack Bedford," "Yes, you Jack," "Oh, you big boy," and the like rang out, as the former well-known light-weight champion of the ring, stepped forward, his smiling acknowledgment to the crowd. But Marks knew what he was there for, and stepped promptly to the front of the stand, while Bedford lightly bowed and made a dash for it, and immediately swallowed up in a circle of admiring fans.

"Gentle, y' see, what yer 'ere for," he announced, cryptically. "Jack Bedford, former champion light-weight, and late of Bothroy's circus, has brought his entire string of horses here to be sold. I'm member, these are prime stock, no platers!"

"One hundred," sang out a short, fat man, with a whip in his hand, as the big bay mare trotted in front of the stand, and Marks glared at the bidder scornfully.

"We're not sellin' th' hoofs," he barked out. "This 'ere animal goes in one piece. Gentle, y' see, no platers!"

"Hundred twenty-five," thanked, sir. Now fifty, ataboy! Now seventy-five! I'm member, these are prime stock, no platers!"

The man nodded grimly and went to the front of the stand, where he was soon engaged in "boosting the bidding."

Meanwhile, one of the hostlers, standing at the entrance to the stables, felt a timid touch on his sleeve, turned with a growl, and looked down at the lips of his mouth opened slowly. For facing him was a dainty little miss, whose brown curls danced becomingly under a smart little hat, and whose saucy, bright eyes shone on him appealingly.

"Beg pardon, miss," he said, doffing his cap. "What'd y' say?"

"May I go in there?" she asked, in a low tone, at marked variance with the shouts in the street. She pointed to the stables, packed with Bedford's horses.

"Sorry, miss," was the apologetic answer. "It's against th' rules, but wuz-allowed in before the sale, but not now. 'Foud get hurt. Th' boss won't let it."

"Oh, no," she spoke up, brightly. "I wouldn't get hurt. I'm used to horses. Besides, I know 'em all—every one in there."

"He'll be wavered, she pressed a 'clinchin' into his palm. "I'll bet you I won't get hurt," she told him, and rubbed his head against her shoulder, the hostler looked on in amazement.

"Why, miss, he knows you!" "Certainly he does!" came her happy answer. "We were chums for a whole year, weren't we, Freckles?" Then she turned to the hostler. "Are you going to sell him—too?"

CHAPMAN'S TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY SELLING

Store Closed Wed. Afternoon as Usual

July Clearance Sale Begins Today

And every day this month. We are determined not to carry any summer goods over. All to be cleared at inducing prices. Look for the quotations on styles of the hour at the lowest prices of the season.

Ladies' Waists

4 dozen White Organdie or Voile Waists, just in, sizes 36 to 44. Regular \$1.25, to clear at98c

4 dozen assorted White and Colored Waists, this season's goods; sizes 36 to 44. Value \$1.25 and \$1.50, to clear at89c

Ladies' Wash Silk Gloves

LADIES' HEAVY TIPPED SILK GLOVES, Kayser make, white or black, sizes 6, 6½, 7, 7½, 8, 8½; regular \$1.00. On sale79c

ALSO WHITE OR BLACK, all sizes, regular \$1.25. Price98c

Ladies' Gloss'o Hose

LADIES' GLASS'O HOSE, splendid substitute for silk, lovely sheer hose in white only, 8½ to 10, regular 50c goods, about 20 dozen for clearing40c pair

LADIES' LISLE HOSE, perfect fitting, in white or black.35c pair, 3 pairs for 95c

Double sole, heel and toe. They give satisfaction in wear and washing.

Children's White Socks

Stripe top and plain, 4½ to 8½, about ten dozen. Price22c pair, 5 pairs for \$1.00

BORDERED TABLECLOTHS, 70x90, assorted designs, some of the old stock; worth today \$4.00\$2.75

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