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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.
London, Ont., Friday, July 19.

THE COUNTER-STROKE.

THE WAR situation certainly looks good. Positive French gains follow in the wake of equally positive German losses. The Allied commander-in-chief has struck after the exercise of patience and planning, and this, the greatest of Allied counter-offensives ever launched, may presage a general attack to smite the enemy and break up his whole attack. In one section of the front the German appears to have placed his head in a noose and his losses have been tremendous. His farthest advance since Monday has been six miles, and this constitutes a narrow salient, which will be completely in jeopardy should the French stroke carry forward on a scale to be compared with the initial success.

A monster battle is raging. Those who observe its progress from a great distance can judge only by actual results. No conception of Allied or enemy concentration or military expectation can be gained. Foch has never struck a blow blindly, however. His chief resource lies in his restraint and his ability to take punishment and give ground until the enemy has placed himself in a position from which he may be attacked. Marne strategy has its development largely in the fixation of an opponent. Only by the events of the next few days can the importance of the big counter-offensive be judged. Its first impetus has carried it well into the enemy's territory.

THE GATHERING STORM.

THE PROSPECTS of a great strike gather as quietly as the clouds that foreshadow a terrific storm. But the descent of the industrial elements would strike Canada with the force of a hurricane. The Government will be justified, therefore, in retreating to a cyclone cellar. While Ottawa possesses the power to force men to work, and arbitrarily could order all railway employees back to their positions, it is doubtful if such an order would be effective at a time when labor possesses the power to strike industry prone.

While various branches of the railwaymen are taking their votes, they should be reminded, by all agencies that have influence, to meet the Government in spirit of conciliation and fairness. This is not the time to force a strike, and no action should be taken until the last resort of mediation has been reached. At such a time as the present BOTH GOVERNMENT AND MEN SHOULD STRIVE FOR A SOLUTION BY THE APPEAL TO REASON. The country will support a sensible effort to settle the imminent strike, but it will condemn either stupidity in the Government conduct of the case or an attempt to coerce the country by means of threats or the brutal display of force. The railway systems must be kept going.

TWIN HYPOCRITES.

BARON BURLIN, the Austro-Hungarian foreign minister, regards the war as "senseless and purposeless bloodshed," and considers that it might be ended as soon as the Allies again manifest feelings of humanity. "The resolute battle of defence must now be carried on to a good end," he says, "until it brings us the security necessary for our future peaceful existence." He proceeds:

"In so far as they are not aiming at the acquisition of territory, they are fighting against a wind-mill. They are exhausting their strength and ours in order to build on the ruins of civilization a new arrangement of the world, whereas the ideas underlying such an arrangement, which are capable of realization, which also are warmly approved by us, might be realized much more easily and much more completely by the peaceable co-operation of all peoples."

"In spite of all, we look ever more hopefully toward the people now at war with us to see whether at last they have been delivered from the blindness which, after fearful afflictions in four years of war, is driving the world ever farther into that destruction which they can avert if they only will."

After this he declares "the continuance of the war is due exclusively to the one-sided and destructive aims of the enemy, which can only be attained over the ruins of the world."

Count von Hertling, the German imperial chancellor, discloses the "resolute battle of defence" Germany wants. This is what he says as to Belgium:

"It was never our intention to keep Belgium except as a pledge by which to secure Germany against future perils, and until the danger is removed we cannot surrender our pledge."

"In peace we must be guaranteed against Belgium being used for ground on which to deploy military forces, but from the economic standpoint we must have guarantees against being isolated," he said.

"It must be made to the interest of Belgium to secure close economic relations with Germany. Should Germany succeed in attaining such an intimate commercial connection this would bring about a political agreement with Germany in which we should secure the best guarantees against future perils from England and France by way of Belgium."

If they are fighting a "resolute battle of defence" why is Belgium in it at all? They commenced the war by murdering that nation. The first steps towards peace is to get out of Belgium and indemnify it, and the next is to get out of France and indemnify it. What horrid hypocrisy it is to talk about the Allies manifesting "feelings of humanity," or Germany claiming any right whatever over Belgium, or that Germany must continue to hold Belgium to secure Germany against future perils!

Talk of a war of defence by Germany, that commenced the war to conquer and enslave the world, talk of feelings of humanity by a nation that has outraged every feeling of humanity, talk of having security for their future peaceful existence, and blaming the Allies for the continuance of the war is so utterly hypocritical and horrible

that it forces the Allied nations to continue the war until the power to do wrong is taken from them, until they are forced to do right and pay, as far as recompense can be made, for the murders and destruction they have wrought. The world has no security until Germany and Austro-Hungary are beaten thoroughly.

RUMOR.

THIS WAR has produced prophets by the thousand. They have not yet learned how unsafe it is to declare in the voice of authority that such and such a condition of things will come about in such and such a way. The fact is people like to listen to anyone who has something alarming or preposterous to relate: The more utterly absurd the story is, the better they like it. The shrewd prophets, on the other hand, assume the mantle and play the role of the ancient Sibyls. "If this does not happen, something else will," they said in effect, and the fools from emperors and statesmen to the ordinary clowns, who consulted them, went their way rejoicing. They were a cunning brood, these Sibyls, and made themselves both notorious and affluent by pretending to know the fate of individuals as well as states. Assuming the mysterious air necessary to their wretched calling and cloaking themselves with a dignity supposed to be gift of the gods, naturally enough they plied their trade with immense success. When, however, people became wiser and found out how farcical the oracular mutterings of these female prophets were, one more lucrative business came to an end. This has not happened so far in the case of our own prophets simply because people, though wise enough apparently, still have a great regard for the sensational, and look upon the sensation-monger as one who decidedly adds to the hysterical "gaiety of nations."

In the same class with these peddlers in prophecy, but very much worse though in the extent to which they work mischief, are the patry creatures whose imaginations find good in nothing, but evil in all things. These are the rumor-mongers. There are two distinct species of this genus. Some specialize in weaving fairy tales about things, and some about persons. A fire breaks out somewhere and at once the rumor specialist announces that a tremendous conflagration has gutted half the neighborhood. It sounds sensational enough and for this very reason his story is listened to with wide open eyes and gaping mouth, and then passed on for the delectation of others. The other kind of rumorist is more abhorrent still. Try a simple experiment for instance. Walk into a roomful of people and announce something good about a man. Nobody may be expected to pay much attention. Walk into the same room and tell a lurid story about something a man has done, or better, is supposed to have done, and the full attention of the crowd is at once gained. There is probably no truth in the tale or incident connected with the man, but that is of no account. It is more than sufficient that the tale is a pure fabrication or that it is scandalous or even mean.

Could the imaginations of these people only be directed into healthier channels, we might have great novelists, story writers and dramatists. It seems, though, that the causing of mischief appeals more strongly to these twisted and stunted natures. "To the evil, all things are evil," and of course, it is only to be expected that every action of a man or woman is colored for them with soot. They are lacking in charity and their humanity appears to be dead. Ah, well, it is possible that some of them may learn some day that it is better to say nothing than to speak evil dressed up in the guise of sensation.

DEATH OF WILLIAM D. TAYLOR.

THE SUDDEN DEATH this week of William D. Taylor removes one of London's best citizens. He was born in this city sixty-four years ago. There were three brothers, Alex., Bill and Jim, all splendid fellows. Their father died when they were quite young. William and his brothers are first remembered attending the old Gaelic Sunday school that stood where Dr. McCallum's house now stands.

As boy and man, throughout his whole life in London, it can truthfully be said of William D. Taylor, "he wore the white flower of a blameless life." He was always genial, cheerful and kindhearted, and possessed of more than average ability. He never had an enemy.

He never sought public life. His activities outside of his home were confined to the Masonic order, of which he was a thirty-second degree member. Such men are an honor to the order. He was a life-long member of St. Andrew's Church, of which he was for a few years a member of the board of management. His life has been an exemplary one, quiet, useful and good. His personal friendship and kindly greeting will be much missed by a large circle of friends. His widow and daughter and surviving brother will have the heart-felt sympathy of all who knew the late William D. Taylor.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Judging from the number of motor cars that "turn turtle" every day, we should not go short on soup this season.

An Advertiser reader who noticed an illustration of a soldier in France milking a cow writes: "I trust he is handier at fighting than he is at milking (on the wrong side of the cow). Perhaps they milk cows on that side in France, but from the eye of a cow, 'all is not well.'"

No doubt Joseph Armstrong, M.P., will be among the first to step up with the right hand of fellowship when Col. the Hon. Mr. Blondin is appointed to the Senate in order that he may become postmaster-general. Joe has been Canada's near-postoffice boss for a great many years.

HAS BEEN TOLD BEFORE.

[Vancouver Province.]
A Boston man tells of a trip he made on a coastwise steamer to Baltimore when the vessel was wallowing in waves that threatened to engulf her at any moment. Hastily the captain ordered a box of rockets and flares brought to the rail and with his own hands ignited a number of them in the hope that they would be seen and help sent.

Amid a glare of the rockets a tall, austere woman wound her way with difficulty to the rail and addressed the captain thus:

"Captain, I must protest against this darddevilishness. We are now facing death. This is no time for a celebration."

OF A GENERAL NATURE.

[Milwaukee News.]
In the English army there is a General French, a General Scott, a General Irish, General Welsh, General English, and General St. Germain. They will probably have to wait for the Chinese to get a General Yan Koo.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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THE HAND OF FATE.

By Hilda Morris.

It was raining that morning, and a grey pall of ennui seemed to hang over Claisy's empty day that stretched ahead. Of course, she should not have felt bored with so many things to do—dusting, cleaning, sewing, all the tasks demanded by the care of her brother Tom's new house. But she was bored. Girls of twenty-two want more than household tasks to dream of, and more than blank grey landscapes to look out upon.

Tom's house was a new and attractive one, built at the very edge of a new "addition." Blank flats of ghostly streets, designed by white signs bearing grandiose names, stretched about it on all sides. Some day, of course, there would be other bungalows, colorful and bordered with trim lawns. But today—

Claisy stopped to lean upon her broom and wipe away a tear as she gazed out at the new house. She had dreamed of it for so long, and now it was hers. Anything to break the monotony. She strained her eyes to look down the street, but she glanced at it and bordered with trim lawns. But today—

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It like the strong detaining hand of Fate.

Bits of Play by Luke McLuke

You Win.
Ball Crank's idea of an essential occupation is helping to destroy the ordnance and ammunition plants at Essen, Germany.

Play Ball!
The laundress can't play ball, I know. Of this there is no doubt: And yet it is a pleasure, too, to see her line them out.

And Smith, who sings in the octet, Has not a single trace Of baseball knowledge, and yet He's strong at second base.

Hitting It Right.
Dear Luke,—I find this in your column: If you want to make a man popular in a dry town just start a rumor that

he has a Quaff hidden away. And men who haven't spoken to the man for ten years will come around and put him on the back and tell him what a Fine Fellow he is.

Where on earth do you get your ideas? You certainly hit it right in this one, and you sure don't know the amount of laughter you produce. I was just a common dub until two weeks ago, when a friend brought me three quarts of old bourbon, and I happened to tip off a few friends at the Club and let them have a snort. And today I am the most popular cuss in the place. Generals, admirals, bankers, financiers and businessmen who never paid any attention to me before now greet me warmly and stop me to pass the time of day and await an invitation. Keep up the good dope. We are all grinning at this one.—C. R., Norfolk, Va.

Though Ozzie Umph ne'er played a game Of ball, this best of guys Has won a lot of praise and fame Because he awaits out flies.

And Jones, he is an honest man, Now notes his head sad case: To him we now will tie a can For once he stole a base.

There's Mary Jane, the hot cake maid Who cooks one should flatter; She never saw a game e'er played, Yet makes a splendid batter.

San Francisco Call.
Gives the Matter Careful Study. It is always wise and proper to be

careful about buying real estate. One should be assured, however, that a proper purchase or sale is being made after Reasonover has decided the question. He is a Cincinnati real estate agent.

You Know Him.
This Oswald Falls Gives me pain; He always calls A girl a "Jane."

Notice!
If any of the members of the club have a little butter to spare, they should send it to Henry Drybread, in Greeley, Iowa.

Luke McLuke Says:
Don't be sure to meet a chesty man who acts like he had the whole world on his back and was afraid it might slip off. Neither do we. We hope we will never grow so useless that people will say of us: "Oh, he means well, but—"

The hardest thing in the world to do is to keep from gloating when you get an enemy just where you want him. All men are fools. But some men are smarter than others and manage to confine their folly to one fool streak.

We know a man who is such a crab that he spends his evenings going over a dictionary trying to find a mistake in it. Listen to two other fools who are arguing about something and you will get an idea of what a fool you make of yourself when you argue.

When a man's wife finds a couple of expensive tortoise-shell hairpins and a perfumed, lace-edged handkerchief in

his pocket, and he manages to be out of the jam successfully, he imagines that he has the world by the tail.

A neighbor may return everything else that he borrows. But he never thinks of returning a stepladder.

Some women get married so often that they could easily be accused of running a matrimonial agency.

What is the use of wasting time telling a girl that she has tiny feet? She is certain to reply, "Oh, these shoes are a mile too big for me."

It has just about gotten to a point where you would insult a woman if you said that her new dress looked sensible.

The trouble with the Reformer who has a Great Message to Deliver to the People is that he waits to deliver it collect.

We are all willing to sing the praises of Dear Old Mother. And we are all willing to let her do most of the housework.

Some fellows are such natural born money-makers that every time they add two and two together they get five.

The devil has a lot of willing workers on his staff. But he never expects any help from the man who minds his own business.

After some men have been married for six months they get the idea that their wives accept them so they could have a listener who couldn't get away.

You may have noticed that a man is never a great hurry to stop a dog fight when his dog is getting the best of it.

The way that kissing is insatiable. But the only thing a girl ever catches from a kiss is a man.

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