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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.
London, Ont., Friday, June 14.

"This war is not, as in the past, a war merely of opposing armies, but a war of nations, and there is not today a man or woman in the Empire who is not doing something either to help or to hinder the winning of the war. A man of great distinction told me the other day that he estimated the weight of purely military effort at only 25 per cent of the whole, the remaining 75 per cent being, strictly speaking, of a non-military nature, and made up of many elements—agriculture, food, shipping, diplomacy, etc. I think he is probably not far wrong, and when people ask me, as they sometimes do, how the war is getting on, I feel inclined to reply, 'Why ask me? Why not ask yourself and the remainder of the 75 per cent?'"—Sir William Robertson.

EXPLANATION IS NEEDED.

HAVING BROKEN its pledged word to the farmers of the country and having taken their sons into the army or ordered them to report for service, the least the Government can do now is to explain to them and to all whose boys have been called the facts which have caused the reversal of policy.

Sufficient explaining has been done already, some may remark. It has not; for proof inquire of the military authorities at local headquarters and hear some of their stories. Men come up begging that their sons may be given leave of absence for six months or for the future, and point to the inconvenience their going overseas will cause. They are met with the question: "Do you realize what conditions are in Britain and in France?" Some admit they probably do not and one who has been over there tells what he knows. He tells them that in Britain men of 55 years of age are being examined for service and are going, when passed as fit, without a murmur, following their sons. He points out that the Allies are not beating the Germans; that they are barely holding them; that the situation is critical. Not infrequently his stories, true and unvarnished, bring tears to the eyes of his audience and they reply: "If these are facts, give us our sons for a couple of weeks and we will be satisfied."

Why did not the Government, when called on to meet and discuss the question with thousands of farmer delegates, have the sense and courtesy to treat them as local military men treating individual pleaders? Instead of granting a conference, which was nothing less than an insult, and dismissing its masters with a wave of the hand, the Government ought to have prepared for the delegation a suitable reception. It ought to have provided for a commodious meeting-place and it should have listened to all arguments attentively and sympathetically. Then it might have had returned men, who knew conditions overseas, speak to the delegation, dismiss all rumors of slackers in Britain, paint the picture in its true colors, tear aside all veils of secrecy and take into their confidence the men who were there only to do whatever was best for their country and Empire. If convinced of the necessity, Canada's farmers would have gone home and said to their boys: "Go now and enlist. Don't wait for conscription. We realize you needed more over there than here."

This would have been the way to unite the country, to eliminate bad feeling and resentment, and to arouse enthusiasm for the cause. Unity may be the desire of the Government, but if it is there is a painful lack of the knowledge of how to produce it and maintain it. Possibly it is asking too much of the old Tory party that it drop its arrogance and love of bureaucracy, but if it is unable to do so it should step down and give place to others who can and will meet the people as equals in standing, in intelligence and in patriotism.

If the need for men overseas is so great as to justify the calling of food producers to the army, let that need be brought to the attention of everyone by men capable of presenting convincing facts and proofs. Let the members of the Government, accompanied by soldiers who have earned respect by their deeds in France and who will be believed, spend some of their time in meeting farmers and giving them an insight into the true situation. The country can be unified even under Union Government if an earnest effort is made.

WHY NOT CUT PRICES?

SOME MUNITION manufacturers are growing against the high wages paid by the imperial munitions board factories, claiming that the result is disturbing to privately-owned plants. What they desire, apparently is that the board will reduce its wage schedule, and it has been suggested that the managers of these factories be approached with a view to making them see the error of their ways.

Is it not a fact that the blame, if blame there be, is attributable to those who fix the prices for munitions which enable certain manufacturers to pay bigger wages than others, and by doing so, to attract workers from other plants where the prices are not high enough to admit of meeting the advanced wage schedule?

Manufacturers have informed The Advertiser that it is no uncommon thing for the board to pay one firm a certain sum for one kind of shell and double the amount to another firm for a different shell which does not cost a cent more to produce. This favoritism enables the latter firm to offer high wages and draw its workers from the former.

If a standard of wages is desired by the manufacturers, would it not be well to approach

the munitions board with a proposal to cut down the prices paid for shells wherever these permit of more than a fair profit to the manufacturers? After nearly four years of munitions buying the board must be able, if it is willing, to estimate correctly the producing cost of every shell. It would be a simple matter to work it out allowing a certain set wage for every class of labor used and thus establishing a scale. If the making of every kind of shell is made equally profitable, stable wages will follow as a natural result.

LEFT SEVERELY ALONE.

"Of all the troops in the Allied lines, the Boche most dreads the Canadian."—Charles H. Grasty in a cablegram to the New York Times.

"The most formidable weapon of its size on any front."—George Pattullo in the Saturday Night Post.

THE TORONTO STAR selects these two recent statements as practical evidence of the value of men not trained for war, in an emergency such as overwhelmed the world in 1914. The Star gives Sir Sam Hughes credit for having insisted that the Canadians retain their identity and their officers, and more and more we all come to the view that Sir Sam Hughes did practically the whole task of getting the Canadian army on such a basis. Something of his devil-may-care spirit went with the Canadians to France, many thought to their detriment. But for his unfortunate relations with such "friends" as Allison, Sir Sam Hughes would have continued in his position, and would probably have provided a Canadian army of 500,000 without resort to conscription. Today, however, he and all other Canadians may sit back with some satisfaction in the proof of Canadian quality. They may even realize that in all phases of the present offensive the Canadians have been left severely alone. Conditions may quickly reverse this state of affairs, but it is a comforting feeling that memories of Ypres, of Vimy and of other notable fights have put the Hun in the position of "once bitten, twice shy."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Britain's history is glorious for the present-day readers, but how much more so it will be for those of future generations.

What children these Russians are! They still become astonished when the Germans break some more of their promises.

Somehow or other France seems to get along without any titles, and Uncle Sam will get through the war on the same terms.

As one of our droll English friends might remark, the chap who dishes up German press stuff is really a "propagandah."

Gen. Foch is still in the real estate business and selling lots to the Huns at the highest figures ever known to the profession.

Manufacturers are said to be satisfied with the present Government. Naturally, but what of farmers and that greatest of all bodies, consumers?

After three successive years the Methodist conference has managed to get through a session without a disastrous cyclone visiting Western Ontario.

The newest weather indicator is the ladies' fur. When it is being worn it is a sign the temperature is high; when none is to be seen coolness is assured.

Italy may well be thrilled by the exploit of two torpedo boats which sank an Austrian battleship and damaged another. It ranks with the Zeebrugge attack in daring.

German submarine commander tells crews of sunken fishing vessels that Britain will be "starved out." He had better take a trip home and learn a few facts about the situation.

Something momentous in the world's history is going to happen on Canada's registration day, June 22. The answer to that riddle of the ages, "How old is Ann?" will be given to an expectant populace.

It is probable one submarine which has been operating off the American coast is now making for a home port with all speed. It got 80 tons of copper from one vessel, and that is wanted badly in Germany.

A number of writers do not appear to see any difference between titles and distinctions. A preacher or a motorman gets the name to indicate his occupation. A title is usually given to indicate a lack of occupation.

Now what made those assembly delegates think of pork packing and cold storage when discussing possible graft if laymen were allowed to be moderators? It would be easily understood if the Methodist Conference had been considering a similar question.

YOUNG WIDOWS REMARRYING.

(Portland Oregonian.)
One of the unexplained social phenomena arising in England from the war is the noticeable predominance of young widows at the altar. The Pall Mall Gazette has made an analysis of the marriage statistics, and finds that while bachelors, widowers and spinsters show even more than their usual hesitation about seeking mates, widows of marriageable age are coming more and more to the fore. This promises to result in a greater number of "old maids" than ever in the history of the country, for two reasons. There are fewer available husbands, and the widows are cornering the limited supply.

EXACTLY.

(Toronto Star.)
Party Government has been criticized, because its discipline sometimes forces men to vote against their convictions in order to maintain a Government in power or to bring about its defeat. Sir Robert Borden has made it possible to bring exactly the same charge against Union Government.

TWO KINDS OF CONQUEST.

(New York Sun.)
In his report of the sale by the British authorities in Palestine of draught animals captured from the Turks and no longer suitable for army work, the correspondent says:

"The fact that the inhabitants were willing and eager to invest their savings in live stock is most satisfactory evidence of their confidence in the security of the new order."

This means that the people have accepted in good faith General Allenby's proclamation of fairness and justice to inhabitants of the country, and that they have settled down to their better circumstances than existed before the war.

It is a striking contrast to conditions in Belgium, Serbia and other lands devastated and still terrorized by German conquerors.

Bits of Bureaucracy

by Luke McLuke

Copyright, 1917.

Huh!

The bill collector said, "Gee, whizz! 'I'm welcome as a Hun.' And yet you'll find my business is no sooner said than done."

Then it Happened.

"Baggage is a funny thing," mused the rummy, as he took a handful of matches.

"What is so funny about baggage?" demanded the clerk, as he reached for an empty bottle.

"Why, it had to be checked before it will go," replied the rummy, as he headed for the door.

No Joke.

Observed old Mr. Dayby:

"A man can serve two masters, when he has a wife and baby."

Oh!

"Young man, you are a hero," exclaimed the benevolent old gentleman, as he shook hands with the man who had rescued another man who was drowning.

"You risked your life to save that of your companion?"

"Yes, sir," said the hero. "He owes me \$2, and I couldn't stand here and see them two bucks goin' to the bottom of the river, could I?"

At the Ball Game.

The fellow with the megaphone.

Stands up before you and he'll roar: "Batteez take game fer S'nlooy Yzbbk-feymloobh. Ewewmuckkshobhuy. S'mteez Oubgertsopkij n Gfadjkufv."

Then for a score card you will pay. To find out what he tried to say.

Names Is Names.

Ima Deer lives in Indianapolis, Ind.

Our Daily Special.

Contentment and ambition are strangers.

Gosh!

Where the hell are we gonna put Susie Sandbag of Murphysboro, Ill.?

Luke McLuke Says—

You may not believe it. But a man's conversation can be very heavy and yet not carry much weight.

The average man is just a big enough male to prefer getting into a jam to a jam.

And we don't blame him. Give us the great riches and we'll make contentment out of our hand.

Woman is supposed to be weaker than man. But she doesn't live up to the supposition. She is fond of onions.

There may be ideal husbands and ideal wives in this world. But they are never married to each other.

Don't you like to meet the man who takes hold of your hand like that was a wet washrag? Neither do we.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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WANTED A WIFE TO LEAVE

BEHIND HIM.

[By Kitty Parsons.]

Jean Coleman looked up as Thomas Waring came into the office. He was half an hour late and there was something unusual in his manner.

"Miss Coleman," he began abruptly, "I'm going to get married. I'm going to be called in the next draft and I want something to leave behind me—someone, I should say."

The stenographer looked up quickly and smiled slightly.

"Nice for the girl," she remarked noncommittally.

"I realize that, but she doesn't have to do it unless she wants to. I intend to make it perfectly clear. And that's why I came to tell you."

"The matter—your own sensible. I knew you couldn't keep me. I'm going to advertise in a matrimonial journal, and I'd like you to see the applicant I think the best before I accept her—will you?"

It was almost too much, but Jean was equal to the occasion. Her sense of humor asserted itself and she laughed merrily.

"I'll do all I can," she assured him. "Report to me in a week and tell me your progress. Good luck to you. I have to get back to work now so you'd better run along."

Tom Waring went to his own desk and pondered on the possibilities of women. He knew Jean would help him but he did not think she might have been a little more interested and not so amused. Her eyes—wonderful eyes she had, too—had twinkled all the time he talked, and he was really very young. He was also very lonely and his story about wanting someone to leave behind him had been put rather cold-bloodedly because he did not find it easy to say what he meant to Jean. She probably thought him foolish enough already. So he wrote a satisfactory advertisement in his own tentions, put it in the paper, and waited for developments with some consternation.

During the week that followed he had fifty-five applications. Widows, orphans and mothers read the notices, and he was pursued by thin women, fat women, ugly women and foolish women, but none of them was sweet and perfect young creature for whom he longed did not appear. The majority of them were middle-aged and few at all good looking.

Discouraged and tired out, at the end of three days, he dropped into a chair beside Jean Coleman's desk, just after five o'clock. There was no one else in the office.

"Well, what luck?" she asked him cheerfully, noticing his dejected air.

"I'm disgusted—utterly disgusted—I guess I'll never be married. I didn't know there were so many women in this city who wanted husbands. There isn't a single one I could ever learn to love, even if my life depended on it."

"People don't generally have to learn to love," ventured Jean.

"How do you know so much about it, Miss Coleman?"

Jean blushed and began to straighten up her desk.

"I learn a lot by observation, Sir Benedict, and just now I must leave you and go to dinner. Your week isn't up and I told you to come to me at the end of a week and we'd see about the bride. Three days is not half long enough, and now you've started. If you've got to see this matrimonial venture through, just to show it's not all a joke."

Waring agreed grudgingly, and together they left the office, just outside the door.

"Won't you go to dinner with me?" he asked her. "We could go somewhere where they dance if you like."

"It would be great fun if you would!"

For a second Jean seemed to hesitate, and then she replied somewhat briskly:

"I'm sorry, but I have an engagement. You are and see if you've had any more answers and come to me again in four days. Good-night."

Waring felt his spirits sink below zero. "She talked like a doctor applying some awful medicine," he said to himself. "What the deuce was she going to dinner with, anyway?"

When Jean left him she went directly to a nearby lunch counter, where she dined in state with herself. But she did not know that. He was an uneventful and very unpleasant evening by himself and finally came to the conclusion that matrimony was a deep problem to be carefully considered. And he wondered what Jean Coleman knew about being in love, anyway—evidently something.

He determined to see the thing through honestly, however, and wrote to and interviewed a few more applicants. At the end of that time he was sure of two things—he did not want to marry any of the women he had seen, but he did want to marry Jean Coleman. He began to wonder

why he had not found it out before. She probably wouldn't look at him now that he had made such an idiot of himself. He was glad he hadn't told anyone else but her, anyway—he wasn't proud of his venture.

The doorbell rang penetratingly and he groaned hopelessly. Nevertheless he was resigned, and when his landlady, Mrs. Morley, ushered in a veiled, slight little woman in a dark suit, he was prepared for the worst.

"I regret to say I'm no longer in the market," he put in hurriedly, before she had a chance to say anything more.

"Oh, I didn't come to apply," she assured him hastily. "I only came to tell you you're all wrong about getting a wife this way. I thought maybe you didn't have anyone to advise you, and I'm very old"—her voice belied the words—"and I thought I might save you from doing something foolish. Please don't marry, in haste—you'll surely meet someone some day who will make your waiting worth while."

"You're just making yourself love people, you know, even if you are married, and you mustn't make such a dreadful mistake and ruin your life. Even if you are going away, don't jump into marriage hastily—please believe what I say."

In her earnestness and excitement the woman had quite forgotten herself. She was actually pleading with him to save himself and he was listening, fascinated to what she had to say. When she had finished she stood with her hands pressed together, and he could feel that she was looking at him through the still lowered veil. Suddenly she seemed to recall herself and, with a quick movement, walked towards the door, waving sprays after her, and called by the arm.

"Let me go!" she commanded him. "I must go at once. I only came because I thought I might help you—I don't want anyone to see my face."

"I must," he insisted, and before she had a chance to struggle further, he threw the heavy veil back from her hat. Then he stood transfixed.

"Jean!" he cried, and gazed into a flushed and tear-stained face. "I might have known it was you; no one else could be so wonderful," he added, still devouring her with his eyes.

"I never meant you to know," she said, sinking into the first chair. "but I couldn't bear to have you marry one of those applicants—it was too much. I never thought you'd be so rude and lift my veil. It was foolish of me to come—please let me go now."

"Yes, I'm going to take you home, but not until I know who you went out to dinner with on Thursday. I've thought about it ever since."

"No one at all."

"Thank goodness! I want to know if you will go out to dinner with me tomorrow night, and every night after that for the rest of your life? I love you—I have for a long time, but I didn't know it and was coming to tell you about it tomorrow. I've been a fool but I promise to be wiser after this if you'll only take me."

He was kneeling beside her now, and both her hands were in his.

"Oh, I do love you," said Jean softly. "Better than anyone in the world, and if you approve of me really I'll answer your advertisement tonight. You're right sure I'll do."

"So sure that we'll go out now and have our first dinner!"

And together they ran hand in hand down the stairs, laughing as they

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CHAPMAN'S

June--The Month of Roses

ALL NATURE IN BEAUTY AND SPLENDOR. WHY NOT LET US SUPPLY YOU WITH SUMMER DRESS IN ACCORD WITH THESE RESTFUL, REFRESHING DAYS! OUR DEPARTMENTS ARE WELL PROVIDED TO SUPPLY YOUR REQUIREMENTS.

CLEARING SALE OF SPRING COATS

Three only Velour Coats, colors grey and blue, \$33.00. Sale price.....

Three Wool Poplin Coats, black, navy and brown, \$27.50. Sale price.....

Eight French Velour Coats, rose, peacan, green, brown, taupe; regular \$25.00.....

Nine Good Quality Serge Coats, black, navy, green and brown, \$22. Sale price.....

Eleven Donegal Tweed Coats in brown, black and white, \$20.00. Your choice.....

Ten Novelty Cloth Coats, sand, blue and sea green, \$20.00. Sale price.....

Six Navy Serge Reefers, age sizes 4, 5 and 6, regular \$5.00. Sale price.....

Five Black and White Check, age sizes 6, 7 and 8, regular \$5.00. Sale price.....

Five Coats, age sizes 10, 12, and 14, grey only, \$8.50. Sale price.....

Five Coats, navy serge, age sizes 10, 12 and 14, regular \$10.00. Sale price.....

Seven Coats, rose, peacan, sand, navy, age sizes 10, 12, 14, regular \$12 and \$15.....

Six Navy Serge Reefers, age sizes 4, 5 and 6, regular \$5.00. Sale price.....

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