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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Thursday, July 11.


## COL. "JOE" BOYLE OF THE YUKON.

COL. JOSEPH BOYLE, whose great service in behalf of Rumania was described in an Associated Press dispatch from Paris yesterday morning, can be none other than "Joe" Boyle, son of Charles Boyle, of Woodstock, known in many parts of Canada, like his father, as a famous horseman, Yukon pioneer and all-round Canadian.

Joe Boyle was raised in Woodstock and became known with his sire as a lover of horses and a square man. Along with a partner named Slavin who was well-known to the sporting world, Boyle went to the Yukon at the time of the Klondike stampede. His partner went searching for gold. Boyle secured a portable sawmill and made his fortune in cutting lumber. He has spent many years in the gold country, his interests extending constantly, and when war broke out he was in charge of one of the great gold-mining dredges owned by the Guggenheims. He organized a battery of Yukon men and took them to the front, one of the finest and most effective units ever seen on the west front. Subsequently he was sent into Russia, and it was while there he saved a number of Rumanian deputies who had been exiled to Sebastopol by the Bolsheviki. Boyle pleaded for their freedom, and finally, probably to save their lives, he insisted that he should share their fate and left Odessa for Sebastopol with them on the same boat. A great many people believed Boyle would suffer with the others, but in the end he finally convinced the Russians that the Rumanians were innocent and they were released.

Travelers reaching France from Jassy, the temporary Rumanian capital, say that Joe Boyle has become the popular hero of the Rumanian people. Those who know him well say it was a typical act of a man who is never daunted by difficulties and whose courage and cleverness will win almost any decision for him. In fact, his presence in Russia is regarded by his friends as a good omen for the Allies. Something is almost certain to come of his presence. He is described in the dispatch as "six feet tall, rugged and broad as the country he comes from." He is all of that. He is the kind of big Canadian who should be doing things for his country in a big way, the kind who unfortunately is not often seen in the halls of parliament. When he is a factor in any situation, he makes his presence felt, the kind of man who would carry a message to Garcia, or carry a message to the Russian people, the kind of man about whom other men instinctively rally because he is a rock in a storm, trained in the elementary principles that win the day.

Col. "Joe" Boyle has only just been heard from. Like hundreds of other Canadians, the real men of the country who came from the mines and the forests and the far places as well as the banks and the farms and the factories and the stores, at the call of the great adventure, he has been "there" for his Canada when it needed him. The war has uncovered some wonderful men, Canadians like Currie and Turner and "Foghorn" Macdonald and Boyle, a thousand of them. They are the type of men we require for our big affairs. Let it be hoped that after they have put the last push into the great task overseas they will come to the front rank at home to do the broad-gauged, unifying, constructive work of which Canada stands in crying need. They do not all wear frock coats, but when there is a crisis to weather, a life to be saved, whether of man or country, they stand by as big Joe Boyle stood by the Rumanian leaders when they were in sore straits. Joe Boyle won out as he does always.

## WHAT ABOUT MACHIN'S CHARGES?

WHEN Lieut.-Col. Machin, director of the military service branch of the department of justice, made a bitter attack upon the forces at Ottawa which he charged with holding up the military service act in Quebec and with organizing a cabal against Hon. Mr. Doherty, it was expected that his resignation would be requested in the course of a few days. In the long statement which he gave out he stated that he expected he had forfeited his position. But Hon. Mr. Doherty, who has been acting premier as well as minister of justice for some time, has not disciplined his officer in any way, nor has anyone taken up the cudgels in defence of the militia department. It was the latter department which, Col. Machin said, was aware that there were more than 11,000 eligible men in the Quebec and Montreal districts who had not been called to service because the G. O. C. did not want them called. Machin declared that the department of justice got the men, but that the war office delayed in calling them up. It was implied that certain ministers were interested in desiring that Quebec should not be permitted to make a showing that would bring about an end to prejudiced crossfire and constant strife. To those who were attempting to stir up strife Col. Machin said that they were worse than the Huns.

These statements were not made by any irresponsible schoolboy. They came from the chief officer in the operation of the M. S. A., one who holds a seat as a Conservative member of the Ontario Legislature and who refused a judgeship in order to go overseas in command of the 94th Battalion. He was aware of the natural consequences of his statement when he made it, but he has either been greeted with silent contempt or those whom he attacked have not cared to take up the gauntlet. At any rate he remains at his post. Any other individual or any newspaper which made the same statements as Col. Machin would have been called to strict account. If there is a tittle of truth in his charges there are some ministers at Ottawa guilty of a monstrous crime against the country and the cause. To gratify their own vanity or spiteful feeling they have been preventing men from entering the army. Is the whole thing to rest here, in the hope that the public soon forgets?

## THE NEED TO BUILD UP.

FOUR YEARS of war produces a good many marked changes in the thoughts and habits of a people. The contrast between the viewpoint of four years and that of one year of war is marked. There was an illustration of this at the American Library Association's meeting in Saratoga Springs a few days ago, when American libraries reported a large decrease in the amount of reading during their first year of war, whereas the inspector of libraries for this province, Mr. W. O. Carson, was able to report that Canadians were reading more books in the past year than at any time in their history, and that in addition they were spending a larger amount on the maintenance of their public libraries than in any previous year. It is to be expected that the American libraries, after the first year or two of the war has passed, will find this their experience as well.

It was the bitter experience of the Southern States, at the close of the Civil War, to find themselves without educated young men. Four years of war had closed all their colleges and universities, taken away to the battlefield the whole youth of the confederacy, and those who came back after Appomattox had the bitter experience of finding themselves hewers of wood and drawers of water, while all places of responsibility and honor were falling to the influx from the north. It was recognition of this fact which determined General Lee to spend the rest of his life in helping educate the youth of the South, recognizing full well that until once again trained men were being sent out from among the Southern people that part of the republic must remain crushed and broken. "I have a self-imposed task which I must accomplish," he said. "I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them fall under my standard. I shall devote my life now to training young men to do their duty in life."

As the ambition to make "human virtue equal to human calamity" was Lee's task after years of bitter war, so today there looms up in Canada, as in every other country at war, the necessity of fostering and conserving every agency that makes for the better education and training of the people. There are many things perishing from the earth in this vast conflict, things that have clogged man's upward movement in the past, but alongside of the destruction there is also going on a vast upbuilding and as processes of destruction have become more and more marked in year after year of war, so the necessity for processes of upbuilding have been impressed. It would be blind folly to close schools, colleges and universities in this period, even though attendance be ever so limited. If the aim of the Hun can only tend to set back world civilization by centuries there needs to be opposed to this a determination that even in the fiery days of war there shall be advance in arts, science, knowledge and wisdom as ever in peace days.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Canada's casualty lists are brief these days. There is at least a momentary consolation.

Premier Hearst opened one building and saw a number he closed a couple of years ago.

Repington, Northcliffe, Maurice, Pemberton-Billings, all have made their little ripple in the pool, and passed.

Tax on all luxuries. As usual, Uncle Sam was the first to say it. But we'll join in about thirty minutes late.

Little Billy cannot understand why a shortage of soap in Germany should be regarded as one of the horrors of war.

London's M. O. H. says the iron in the city water is a fine thing. Why not bottle it and break into the patent medicine market?

If the G. N. W. operators had decided to strike yesterday the Government would have understood one of the troubles of playing boss.

A series of frightful railroad wrecks in the last few weeks would indicate that here is one branch of public service where skilled help should be retained even during the war.

Kitchener's "first hundred thousand" within a few months of war's outbreak was a wonderful achievement. Pershing's "first million" after a year's participation, is another exploit that will lead a chapter of war history.

At Brighton, England, Bernard Oppenheimer is spending £100,000 on a scheme for employing disabled soldiers and sailors in the diamond cutting industry. He is working in conjunction with the ministry of pensions and is building a factory capable of employing 1,500 men. A minimum weekly wage of £2 after six weeks' training is agreed upon. The project is an effort to capture this trade from the Germans, who almost monopolized it before the war. Ninety-nine per cent of the diamonds the Germans were cutting came from British possessions.

### DOWN A LITTLE HUMBLE STREET.

Down a little humble street of shadiness and dreams,
I take my way with reverent steps and slow—
For much of life is hidden on that quiet, little street,
Of Love and Sunshine—broken dreams and woe!

The children know my friendly heart and never stop their play,
The aged rest in grave content and prayer—
And windows starred with service leaves tell patient, tender love
For dear ones who are fighting "over there."

And here and there a woman sits at sunset—all alone—
With toiling hands, but eyes that hold no dream,
She lifts no eager face to greet a homeward-hastening step—
Though sunset sheens her hair with golden gleam.

But everywhere are flowers that speak of loving care—
And creeping vines, and things that whisper "Home"—
So much of life is bravely lived along that little street
Where reverently my wand'ring footsteps roam.

—AMY E. CAMPBELL.

### AFTER THE LATEST SINKING.

[Montreal Star.]

Canada has a new score to settle with the blasphemous kaiser, a new reason for pride in the lusty blows struck by her army at the front. "Peace by agreement" means less to Canadians today than ever before, for a new spirit must arise demanding explanation of these bloody crimes in victory.

## VERNON McNUTT - - By Fontaine Fox

(Copyright, 1918.)

One of the worse puns Vernon McNutt ever made.

## The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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### WINTER-KILLED.

By Jane Osborn.

Forty years from now the old residents of Rosevale will still be alluding, no duobt, to "the year the hedges winter-killed." Perhaps by that time there will be a little uncertainty in the minds of some as to just which Good Friday it was that the United States "got into the war," and just how long that war lasted. They will have forgotten that old Peter Conkling—Rosevale's millionaire—didn't subscribe a cent to the Liberty Loan and that Judge Robert Pritchard subscribed ten thousand, and that somebody's neighbor probably poisoned somebody's cat and that the doctor's widow had set her cap most openly for said Peter Conkling. All these things will have been forgotten forty years from now, but not the winter-killing of the hedge. That is the sort of landmark in the flight of time that we somehow always remember even when we forget affairs of larger or more personal interest. "It was the coldest winter on record," some octogenarian will say, "and I remember how the hedge twelve feet high that had been growing ten or a dozen years between Judge Pritchard's place and the old Marden place, was winter-killed, roots and branches."

That this particularly luxurious growth of privet had been entirely blighted as the effect of the unwonted cold weather last winter neither Judge Pritchard nor Hester Marden realized till weeks after the usual time for its buds to be bursting under the warmth of April sunshine. And it was after other Rosevallans, whose less luxurious hedges had also been blighted, had come to the realization that the only thing to do to save what life might remain in the roots of their hedges was to amputate all the dead branches above, that Hester on her side of the thick network of dead twigs and branches and Judge Robert Pritchard hidden on his side, realized one warm spring evening that the old hedge would have to go. The hedge had been planted on the Marden side of the dividing line so it was obviously up to Hester to have it cut down, although its branches had long since spread many feet over into the Pritchard domain. Hester hesitated several days after she had purchased the last pair of hedge-clips in the Rosevale hardware store before giving her order to the gardener by-the-day to begin the amputation. It seemed like desecration to her; she could not make it seem other than unloyal and traitorous to the memory of poor old Aunt Bethiah. Still Aunt Bethiah would not have wanted to let the hedge remain as it was. Hester was sure of it. She planned an over-night trip to the large nearby city for the days when the cutting down operation was to take place and, after having cast a contrite look at the old oil painting of Aunt Bethiah that still hung over the marble mantelpiece in the old "front parlor," made up her mind to give the order.

There would have to be a first time in that unhedged garden, Hester assured herself. Even Aunt Bethiah could not object to her thirty-year-old niece going into her own garden under the circumstances. So as soon as she had eaten her solitary dinner on the day she returned from the city she left the table and descended into the old garden. The sun was still warm and golden, and the wood thrushes somewhere in the Pritchard shrubbery were just beginning their long evening song. Hester tried not to see the change till she was actually in the garden. Then a strange sense of freedom and emancipation, of liberation from long captivity came over her. Already the plants and growing things in her garden had profited by the increase of air and sunshine that the passing of the hedge had allowed. The columbines and tulips were out earlier than usual and it seemed to Hester as if their colors were deeper and gayer than in the old days when they were hedged in by the twelve-foot privet.

And it was as if a new world had been opened and discovered for her when she first permitted her eyes to wander beyond the line where the privet had once been placed, over there in the fairy land of light green leaves and foliage where the wood thrushes sang. She had not seen that realm for ten years, not since the day the high board fence was taken down, and in consequence of that she was hurried away by Aunt Bethiah to be gone until the newly planted privet should have taken its place. Could it be that all these years that fairy land of leaves and blossoms had been there just beyond the privet? Hester was wondering.

And then came the voice of Judge Pritchard, who must have been in his garden behind one of his lilac bushes all the time that she was inspecting her own transformed domain.

Neither Hester nor Robert said anything very profound or clever or worth remembering that evening when they spoke for the first time in ten years. Each had known from the time they knew that the hedge had to go that their speaking would be the inevitable result. Perhaps that is why Hester had felt so especially guilty when she stood before old Aunt Bethiah's picture a few minutes before. The spell cast by Aunt Bethiah was entirely broken when Hester permitted herself to be urged across that old barrier on the excuse of looking at some especially luxurious rose-colored columbines that Judge Pritchard insisted had been vagrants from her garden and had sown themselves a season or so before.

"I knew they were yours," he told her, "and that is why I cherished them so. I had the gardener nurse them like orchids." Hester was leaning over to touch the silky blossoms with her fingers. "I wonder how they dared go through the hedge?" was all she could think of saying, and then her eyes and those of Robert Pritchard met and both knew that the barrier that had gone down with the hedge could never be replaced.

After they had seated themselves on the rustic bench under Judge Pritchard's lilacs, on the excuse of hearing the thrushes' song, Hester volunteered the suggestion that it really seemed only a day since the last time she had sat on the same bench under the lilacs. And then she wondered whether she had said anything that was too disloyal to the memory of Bethiah Marden, the stern old aunt, who had brought her up and left her all her property.

Robert Pritchard answered this by taking Hester's hand in his exactly as he had that last time, ten years before, and that, too, seemed quite natural though Hester blushed quite as if she had been twenty instead of thirty.

"You didn't go away because you wanted to?" he asked.

Hester shook her head.

"Tell me just what happened and then I'll tell you something you perhaps never knew."

Hester had rehearsed the details of just what happened on that memorable occasion so often to herself that the recounting was not difficult. "Well, you see, Aunt Bethiah had ideas of her own about how girls should spend their time and so long as I read poetry and novels and did embroidery in the garden she was satisfied. But when I improved my time talking to you instead, she was distressed. So long as that high board fence was here she was satisfied. I was quite safe in the garden. Then the Neighborhood Association decided to have all fences down, and though Aunt Bethiah fought it, the association had its way. She planted the hedge and took me off for four years in France—she said she had intended to take me, anyway, and perhaps she had. I would have liked going better if it had not seemed like punishment for talking to you those days when the fence was down before we started. It was just about this time of the year, wasn't it?"

"And then by the time we came back the hedge was high enough for a protection, and you had forgotten all about you neighbor and Aunt Bethiah was sure she had done her duty. I think the poor old dear died happier because the hedge was twelve feet high and five feet thick. She used to smile so contentedly when pople told her it was the finest hedge in the state. I really don't know why she should have objected so much to our talking."

"Perhaps I was very much to blame," Robert Pritchard explained. "I was twenty-five then, and went about things differently than I would now. You see I made the Neighborhood Association vote to have the fences taken down. It was my first attempt at civic improvement, and no one but Aunt Bethiah suspected my motive. She called at my office and told me her opinion of me and I got as hot-headed as she was and told her that I wanted to marry you and intended to do it. I'd spent the evening here by the lilacs with you then and I knew my heart. I didn't believe the good lady when she told me that you had told her I annoyed you, and had asked to be taken away, so I can't hold it up against her. I've wanted, though, to hear you say that it wasn't so."

"And I really think Aunt Bethiah liked you all along—do you believe she is so very cross because we are sitting here again under the lilac bush?"

Judge Pritchard would have liked to say just then that he was entirely indifferent as to whether Aunt Bethiah approved or not—but so completely was he concerned with the realization that he had within his reach the love of the woman of his dreams that he had no thoughts for the other woman who had separated them ten years before.

## Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

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**Strange.**

Of course it's different with a man,
But woman's funny, bo.
She's never ten years older than
She was ten years ago.

**Paw Knows Everything.**

Willie—Paw, how long did you know Maw before you married her?

Paw—I didn't know her at all, my son. I only thought I did.

Maw—Willie, you come upstairs with me, and I'll teach you to keep you mouth shut.

**Logic.**

The crook said: "I'm out for the dough,
To live I have to cheat;
For, if a man keeps straight, you know
He can't make both ends meet."

**Such a Langwidge!**

"Some terms we use are strange," said Mose,
"They don't appeal to me;
And the deserving poor are those
Who don't deserve to be."

**The Limit.**

"Smith is a suspicious cuss, isn't he?" said Brown.

"Yes," agreed Jones. "When the scientists in the Greenwich Observatory complete their task of counting the stars, Smith will demand a recount to verify the statement."

**Advice.**

My son, be careful what you do,
And hang on to your roll;
For all the world looks down on you,
When you are in a hole.

**Ho, Hum!**

W. R. Peach lost one of his best milch cows recently, and Charles Martin lost a fine mule colt, and Mr. Key had a calf break its neck last week. Those that have must lose and those that haven't can't.—Rogers (Ark.) Democrat.

**Short and Sweet.**

Fred Fletcher, of Charlotte, N. C., has discovered the town with the shortest name. And we'll make a little bet that it is the shortest. The town is named O. K. and is in South Carolina. If you want to send a letter to the Postmaster in this town, just address it as follows, and he'll get it:

P. M.,
O. K.,
S. C.

**Atta Boy!**

Some men get fresh when they are trying to make a hit with a girl. But Courtright lives in Attica, Ohio.

**Mercy!**

Most every night he beats his wife—
The nasty Mr. Heckers—
And yet there are no sounds of strife;
He beats her playing checkers.
—Luke McLuke.

Every morn she beats her John—
Does Mrs. Manda Hupp—
And yet there's no exploding bomb;
She beats him getting up.
—Warren Tribune.

**Who's Shy?**

William Johnson and May Ante were married in Newport, Ky., last week.

**The Infernal Triangle.**

The Kaiser.
The Hohenzollern Dynasty.
Kultur—Ball Crank.

**Names Is Names.**

Lena Genster Post lives in Washington, D.C.

**Our Daily Special.**

A Woman Never Grows Old. She Merely Catches Up With Her Real Age.

**Luke McLuke Says.**

If experience is as valuable as they say it is, why is it that most every man you meet is willing to swap about $1,000 worth of it for a dollar?

This would be a nicer world if more of us would apply procrastination to the things we should not do at all.

Do your best, my boy. But don't make a failure of yourself by trying to do better than you can.

When you say of a man that he is the sort of fellow who gives more coin to waiters than he gives to his wife, you have said aplenty.

Any husband can tell you that there are exceptions to all rules except those of his wife.

And if a man had to get up early in the morning and go fishing in order to make a living, the betting is that he would hate it.

If fellows would call on girls in the morning before breakfast instead of in the evening after dinner there wouldn't be so many engagements.

Some men imagine that Getting Back to Nature means to sit around the Palm Room in the cellar or a hotel or the Roof Garden on the top of a hotel.


## A Positive Luxury in Infusion

Pure Tea, without admixture . . . of Any Kind, foreign to its growth.

# "SALADA"

has the reputation of nearly a quarter of a century behind every packet sold B437

# FEEL 100% BETTER BY MORNING—TRY IT!

## Get a 10 Cent Box of "Cascarets" for Your Liver and Bowels.

Tonight sure! Remove the liver and bowel poison which is keeping your head dizzy, your tongue coated, breath offensive and stomach sour. Don't stay bilious, sick, headachy, constipated and full of cold. Why don't you get a box of Cascarets from the drug store now? Eat one or two tonight and enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced. You will wake up feeling fit and fine. Cascarets never gripe or bother you all the next day like calomel, salts and pills. They act gently but thoroughly. Mothers should give cross, sick, bilious or feverish children a whole Cascaret any time. They are harmless and children love them.

ASK TO SEE OUR SPECIAL CORSET $1.00 PAIR.

# R. J. YOUNG —& COMPANY—

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERNS ARE THE BEST.

# Money-Saving July Sales

## Sale of Smart New Wash Suits

In Fawn Beach Cloth, with square collar, belted all around, and pockets. Skirt, with high waist line and belt. Regular $7.50. To clear ..... $4.95

20 only Women's Cotton Foulard Dresses, sizes 36 to 42, colors of navy, mid-blue and grey, beautifully made, fancy collars, and vestee fronts, large pearl buttons; overskirt style, $12.50, for $7.95

Women's Tweed Raincoats, splendid quality of dark grey tweed, convertible collar belted style, double stitched seams. Friday and Saturday ..... $8.95

**Full-Bleached Table Damask 75c**

60 per cent linen goods. Designs very special, per yard

Fine Irish Damask, half bleached, pretty designs, cotton warp with linen filling, 66 inches. Wonderful value ..... $1.00

Full Bleached Mercerized Damask, permanent finish, handsome designs, guaranteed a perfect washer ..... $1.25

Just to hand another shipment of MISSES' and WOMEN'S SWEATER COATS, in Silks and Wools.

**Taffeta Silk**

Heavy weight, chiffon finish, fine wearing quality, 36 inches wide, in green, taupe, navy, grey, brown and black. Special, per yard ..... $1.98

Black Paillette Silks, special quality, old dye, yard wide ..... $1.69

Foulard Silks.—A large range of shades and designs, 36 inches wide. ..... $1.50

**BLACK ARMURE.**

All-Wool Dress Goods, fine weave, medium weight, 42 inches. Per yard ..... $2.00

Special showing of Plaid Dress Goods. Just the line for children's summer dresses, 40 inches wide. Special ..... 75c

# THE SUMMER SALE IS ON

## IN THE MEN'S STORE

Hundreds of good chances to save money on just the goods you need for present use—and to buy for next season, when good qualities will be scarcer, and all prices will be tremendously high. Our honest advice is to anticipate for at least a year.

## The Suit Sale---

Buy at least one; if you're wise, two or three. They pay you wonderful dividends.

**$14.75** For splendid Tweed and Worsted Suits, in greys, tans, browns, regular and belted styles, in two and three piece styles.

**$19.75** Splendid Worsteds and Tweeds, in English qualities that will wear, best shades and patterns, belted and regular models.

**$24.75** Identical in cloth quality with the custom tailor $40 suits, fine worsteds and imported tweeds, clever styles, smartest colors and designs.

**$29.75** Finest British Worsteds and Cheviots, in new browns and greys, neat checks and pencil stripes, handmade garments; equal to $50 custom-made suits.

## Boys' Suits at Bargain Prices---

A wonderful lot of splendid greys in tweeds and worsteds, the ideal color for boys' wear. Take advantage of these prices to outfit the boys for fall and next summer.

$6.00 Suits now at...$4.85 $10.00 Suits now at ..$7.95
$7.50 Suits now at...$5.75 $12.00 Suits now at..$8.95
$8.50 Suits now at...$6.75 $15.00 Suits now at $11.45

**SUMMER COMBINATIONS ..$1.39**

Shaw Knit Balbriggan and Porous Knit, all sizes and all styles. Sale price .....$1.39

**SUMMER CAPS ..... 98c**

Eastern and Fraser made, fine tweeds and worsteds, in all colors; values to $2.00. For..98c

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