

London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.
MORNING. NOON. EVENING.

CITY—Delivered, 12c per week.

OUTSIDE CITY BY MAIL—Per year, \$4.00;
six months, \$2.00; three months, \$1.00.

3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS 3670

From 10:00 p.m. to 9:00 a.m., and holidays call
2670, Business Department; 7631, Editors; 2672,
Reporters; 2673, News Room.

Toronto Representative—F. W. Thompson, 57
Mail Building.

U. S. Representatives—New York: Charles H.
Eddy Company, Fifth Avenue Building, Chi-
cago; Charles H. Eddy Company, People's Gas
Building, Boston; Charles H. Eddy Company,
Old South Building.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, November 5.

A SISTER NATION.

Speaking before a great audience yesterday at Toronto, the Prince of Wales said: "The dominions are no longer colonies; they are sister nations of the British nation." This is an admirable answer to a certain element at London, of which Lord Milner appears to be spokesman, who are agitating for a closer confederation of the Empire, with more rigid control centred at London. Lord Milner is greatly perturbed over the rapid advance of the dominions from the status of colonies to their present independence. He considers this progress to be too rapid. It is understood that Milner strenuously objected to Canada holding a vote in the League of Nations. It is time Lord Milner and his friends should know definitely and finally that Canada is not going to have her thinking in matters vital to her affairs done by a colonial minister of the British Government. Lord Milner is a man of great mental capacity, and has a distinguished record in public life, but he is of the old imperialist school, and if he could would have the Empire, colonies, dominions and all ruled and run from London. As he cannot have this, he is out for some sort of an imperial parliament. Lord Milner should not worry or fret. The greater the self-government, the greater has been the happiness, contentment and loyalty of the dominions. Our present association with the motherland is the healthiest, cleanest, and safest possible. We have common purposes with England, which is really the only bond that is necessary. A "sister nation," as the prince expresses it, fits the case exactly.

AN ESTIMATE OF MACKENZIE KING.

The Canadian Magazine for November contains an illuminating and sympathetic sketch of the new Liberal leader, Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, from the pen of the editor, Mr. Newton MacTavish. There are few young men in Canada who have been more lauded and more criticized than King in the period that he has been in political life, a very clear indication that he is no mere figure-head nor even has been. Mr. MacTavish thinks that youth has always seemed to be King's greatest foe. "The boy minister" they called him when he entered the Laurier cabinet, but the title would not be applicable today, for the Liberal leader is now 45. Moreover, "by reason of his studies, by reason of his opportunities, by reason of his great endowments, by reason of his unusual experiences," he is well prepared for the work that he lies ahead of him.

Mackenzie King's career has been no ordinary one. He showed an interest in social problems before he was out of college, and that natural bent led him into newspaper work on the Globe, and then on to the University of Chicago and Harvard, where he secured his doctor's degree, and might have remained to become a professor. Instead, he returned to Canada, and undertook for the Government important investigations of industrial conditions that paved the way for his entry into public life as deputy minister and later minister of labor. In 1911 he was withdrawn from this work by the defeat of the Laurier Government, and thereupon entered upon an investigation of industrial conditions the world over for the Rockefeller Foundation. He had been there about a year when the war broke out. Of this period Mr. MacTavish writes:

"Almost immediately he entered upon the most poignant distressful period of his life. He easily could have joined the militia and obtained a comfortable post, for at his age he scarcely would have been permitted to go to the front. Quite apart from that, however, we find a remarkable coincidence. Mackenzie King at this time was engaged, besides his other duties, in obtaining material for his book, which is a study of the life that affect industrial life, and which was undertaken in the same spirit in which the British Government thought well of having a special department established to study the problem of industrial reconstruction. At the same time, Dr. MacDougall King was engaged in writing his book on 'The Battle With Tuberculosis, and How to Win It,' a work that has been taken by both the Canadian and American Governments for use in all their military hospitals. Here, then, were two brothers devoting their splendid energies to the task of ameliorating man's condition in life."

Mr. MacTavish states further that at this time Dr. MacDougall King was a victim of tuberculosis, and had been on his back for two years, during which time and afterwards he and his family were supported in large measure by the brother, Mackenzie King, who, quite apart from his personal affairs, was aiding several of the largest war industries on the continent to adjust their industrial relationships so as to secure continuous and maximum output of essential war materials. To give one instance of the result of a plan drafted by him, each man's output for the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company was greater during the time the United States was at war than at any other coal company in America. During this time there were other demands of a personal character upon him, as Mr. MacTavish points out. His father, who lived in Toronto, had become blind, and the care of him, as well as of the aged mother and a sister also fell upon Mackenzie King. The sister died a year after the war began, increasing the immediate and personal responsibility of Mr. King for his aged parents. A year later the father died, and the mother moved to Ottawa to live with her son. For one year she was ill in bed with a trained nurse in constant attendance, and at the end of that time she, too, died. Thus during the whole of the war period there was this succession of family responsibilities of a distressing character thrown upon Mr. King's shoulders, but all serving perhaps to direct his mind more and more to the

opportunities for service on behalf of suffering humanity.

The selection of Mackenzie King as Liberal leader Mr. MacTavish regards as a logical happening, in view of the long preparation of this man for the responsibilities of public life. Possessed of an engaging personality, with a keen sense of justice and uprightness, an abhorrence of sham and crookedness, a sympathetic outlook on life, a logical mind and all those finer qualities that mark the man, there is no doubt that the new Liberal leader is now entering upon the period of his life in which he will be able to bring into reality those ideals for humanity that have been shaping themselves through the years.

HELP THE Y. W. C. A.

Beginning today, the Young Women's Christian Association of this city starts a three days' campaign for funds to help carry on. There is no welfare organization in London that is more worthy of hearty and substantial assistance than the Y. W. C. A. Within the last few years women have become a vital part of our industrial and commercial life, so much so as to be indispensable to a large degree. It is estimated that at least 60 per cent of the army of women workers has been recruited from the country, the village, and the small town. To them—in most cases coming from home life—living economically and comfortably in the city is a good deal of a problem. Here is where the Y. W. C. A. steps in, providing excellent quarters, the physical welfare so necessary to efficient service—whatever may be one's position—and the wholesome surroundings of home life. That the fine calibre of tens of thousands of youths today is in a large measure due to the training and influences of the Y. M. C. A., nobody will deny. For the sisters of these men the Y. W. C. A. is engaged in the same splendid service. To give the organization financial aid that is urgently needed is good business, quite apart from the moral and religious necessity of such an organization which nobody questions. "Come across" for the Y. W. C. A.

THE FATHER OF THE QUAKERS.

Thomas Carlyle wrote one day, in his quaint but vigorous fashion, the following remarkable words: "The most significant incident in modern history is not the Diet of Worms, still less the battle of Austerlitz, Waterloo, Peterloo, or any other battle, but George Fox making himself a suit of leather. This man, the first of the Quakers, was one of those in whom the divine idea is pleased to manifest itself, and across all the hills of ignorance, shine in awful and unspeakable beauty."

Memorable, also, is the deliverance of Wendell Phillips: "Thee and thou, a broad-brimmed hat, and a plain coat are not George Fox, at least in our country. You will recognize George Fox in him who rises from the lap of artificial life, flings away its softness, and startles you by the sight of a GRAND MAN."

A grand man, indeed, was the founder of the "Society of Friends," commonly called "Quakers."

Born in Leicestershire, England, in 1624, Fox was apprenticed by his father to learn the trade of a shoemaker, but when the prospective cobbler reached the age of 20 something happened that was to "shunt" him off on to an altogether different line.

The young apprentice began to feel that there was "something the matter" with himself. He acted strangely, and was evidently in great distress.

Some thought the young man was going mad, others were of the opinion that he was suffering from some physical ailment. Certain of his friends advised him to "get married," others to "join the army," while others still "thought he would do well to 'smoke tobacco and sing psalms.' A venerable clergyman who was much interested in him begged him to "take physic and have himself bled."

The young man listened to all of them without taking up with any of their prescriptions. He wrestled with himself for three or four years, stood by his guns without calling for reinforcements from any quarter, and finally fought his way to victory.

He announced that he had been made the recipient of a "revelation." God had told him something, and it was for the purpose of making that something known to the world that he began his preaching on that memorable first day of September, 1647.

In 1669 Fox came to America, where he remained until 1673. During this period he visited every section of the country from Massachusetts to Georgia, preaching and exhorting men to "turn from darkness to light," from the slavery of the letter to the glorious freedom of the Spirit.

And what was the character of the "revelation" that came to the man in the suit of leather?

It was none other than this: That God deals at first-hand with his children, and that all divine inspiration is simply a matter of the "Inner Light" which belongs to every man.

Would you know God? Then look WITHIN—and listen.

Read what is written upon your own soul. There is an "inmost centre in us, all truth abides in fullness," and by reference to that centre you may find the light you seek.

Worship? It is purely spiritual—the calm, silent communion of the soul of man with the Infinite Soul.

No ecclesiastical red-tape is required. Closer than the mother is to the child, is God to humanity.

Forms and ceremonies serve but to distract us. Look within and live!

Such, reduced to substance, was the teaching of George Fox.

It is unnecessary to say that the world today can show no finer people than the followers of Fox. Splendid citizens are the Quakers wherever they are found.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Russia is ripe for a bath and a shave.

The Russian Bolsheviks are learning that the Letts are indomitable fighters. They won't let go.

Premier-elect Drury shows signs of having the steady, sure hand that is needed at the throttle of Ontario today.

From Here and There

AFTERMATH—JULY 19.

[Siegfried Sassoon in the London Nation.]
Have you forgotten yet?
For the world's events have rumbled on, since those
gagged days.

Like traffic checked a while at the crossing of city
ways;
And the haunted gap in your mind has filled with
thoughts that flow
Like clouds in the lit heavens of life, and you're a
man relieved to go.

Taking your peaceful share of time, with joy to
spare,
But the past is just the same—and war's bloody
game,
Have you forgotten yet?
Look down, and swear by the slain of the war that
you'll never forget.

Do you remember the dark months you held the
sector at Mametz?
The nights you watched and wired and dug and
piled sandbags on parapets?
Do you remember the rats, and the stench
Of corpses rotting in front of the front-line trench—
And dawn coming, dirty white, and chill with a
hopeless rain?

Do you ever stop and ask, "Is it all going to happen
again?"

Do you remember that hour of din before the
attack—
And the anger, the blind compassion that seized
and shook you then.
As you peered at the doomed and haggard faces of
your men?

Do you remember the stretcher cases lurching back
With dying eyes and lolling heads—those ashen grey
Masks of the lads who once were keen and kind and
gay?

Have you forgotten yet?
Look up, and swear by the green of the spring that
you'll never forget.

THE TWO LANGUAGES.

[Ottawa Journal-Press.]

Rev. Dr. Love of St. Andrew's Church, Quebec, undoubtedly spoke the truth at the Presbyterian Synod the other day when he declared that a better understanding between the two peoples of the races in Canada could best be promoted by encouraging the acquisition by both French and English of a knowledge of each other's language. A better understanding must come from greater mutual knowledge of the life and aims of the two peoples, and that knowledge must come from easier intercourse through the medium of the spoken and written word. There is generally far less ill-feeling and far greater mutual respect and admiration among those of the two races who understand each other's language than among those who do not. And it is a reflection on the English-speaking people of Canada that the percentage who have acquired the French language is much smaller than the percentage of French-Canadians who have learned English. It would be well, as Dr. Love urges, if greater effort were made to have the school children learn both languages as far as possible.

VOX POPULI, VOX DEI?

The following letter appeared in the *Vindicator* of Poland, Ohio. It is from the pen of the Rev. W. H. Wilson, a Baptist minister, and a native of this city. He is a brother of the late Nicholas Wilson.

Is the people's voice the voice of God? Is the democracy of the twentieth century the ideal form of government?

When the news came of the death of Andrew Carnegie I recalled the last view I had of the great philanthropist over ten years ago. It was on the first celebration of Founder's Day by the schools which his large munificence had endowed in Pittsburgh. The doughty little Scotchman was leading the procession, and I was reminded of his remarkable book on "Triumph of Democracy," published some forty years ago. No better proof of his triumph seemed possible than the author himself—born in poverty, a captain of industry, a benefactor to millions of his race.

It was said after his passing away that grief over the awful war had shortened his life. The man who built the Peace Palace could not long survive the calamity that defeated its purpose and shattered his hopes for humanity.

The heir to the throne of the greatest of world empires has been touring the country where the success of popular government has been tested. But he does not pose as a prince. He mingles with the crowd as one of the people. For the day of empire is past; the day of democracy has come. George V., though inheriting the forms of royalty, is no more than a chief magistrate of a free people. It would seem that democracy has triumphed.

What of the future? But peace has not yet come, and no man can tell what a day may bring forth. The world is in a state of flux. What its future may be is a dark problem. Five years of destruction and misery, and yet no assurance of relief! Autocracy has met its doom, but not yet has democracy triumphed. "Our Boys," who dealt the decisive blow, not only proved their morale as fighters, but maintained their morale as men. But the ships which carried home our heroes seem to have brought to our shores, hidden somewhere in the cargo, the bacilli of lawlessness which has plunged the nations of Europe into anarchy. Their deadly work amazes us as we read the daily record of robbery, murder, frauds, strikes, and the "unrest" which tells plainly that the war is not won. It is well that we should stop and think.

There is something in human nature that always lends to extremes. This is more especially true of the crowd and the community. Some great wrong is discovered, some error that needs correction, and there is a rebound that does not stop at the golden mean. We wanted the world freed from despotism and safe for democracy. The need of today is a democracy safe for the world. Democracy breeds demagogues. That is an ill-chosen word. It properly means leaders of the people, but the demagogues, of which we have not a few in Congress, only want to lead men anywhere they are willing to be led by them.

This writer, and there are many who are like him, believes that now as never before men need to lift up their eyes to the Sovereign Ruler, over all nations, and with bowed hearts implore his aid to save the world. Democracy will not save it, apart from God. The rule of righteousness will never come till men recognize a theocracy. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

"Ye are the salt of the earth," said the Christ to his disciples. What does that mean? Nothing else than that the preservative element which can arrest the progress of anarchy and disorder, and bring back society is the church whose disruption gave it this "charge to keep." Mr. Carnegie, who set such a noble example to the possessors of wealth, was an agnostic, and did not place his trust in the latter standpoint of a believer in God and in him who revealed God to man.

The Irish Question.

A great ovation greeted the men who came over the ocean to present the cause of Irish freedom to the citizens of the United States. This is a time for calm reflection and cool judgment. Intelligent men cannot be deceived by rhapsodies deriding the British Government. What might have been said of ours which for eighty years upheld human slavery? All ought to know that British rule has been in the main beneficent and uplifting to the weak races incapable of successful self-government. Missionaries and men of affairs have testified to this from personal knowledge. It is notably true of Egypt and India, despite charges made by some who never saw those countries. It would be true of Ireland if agitators did not stand in the way of reforms.

An Irishman thorough-bred, more so than De Valera, though by accident of birth American, No truer friend have the people of the Great Isle than Lloyd George, just as the laboring class of this country have no better champion than Woodrow Wilson. But in both cases the profilers of help have been rejected. There is something in the air that makes men impatient and distrustful.

But, worse than distrust of men is the turning away from God and his word which we profess to believe and obey. What if we were under the rule of Nero? Yet it was when that tyrant ruled in Rome that the Apostle Paul said: "Put them in mind to be in subjection to rulers." "I exhort that prayers be made for kings and all that are in authority." Under such a government Peter enjoined Christians to "fear God, honor the king."

In the churches prayers are offered for the recovery of the president, who collapsed under a burden such as no man before him has had to carry. We should also make continual prayer for the afflicted world. "From whence cometh my help? My help cometh from the Lord who made heaven and earth." Let the voice of the people be the echo of the voice of God, and his will be done. This is the only panacea for the woes that have come upon us.

W. H. WILSON.



Have You Discovered

the importance of asking for sugar by brand name? Do you realize that to have a sugar which will give unfailing satisfaction in preserving, in baking, and for all sweetening purposes, you should ask for—and insist on getting—**Dominion Crystal Sugar.**

Women who use this brand have found it to be all that a sugar *should* be—pure, sparkling, finely granulated. And it is with satisfaction they realize that this finest of sugar is "Canadian from the ground up." A large part of the output of our three modern refineries is obtained from raw cane sugar—but our pride is in that increasing proportion of our output which is made from Canadian Sugar Beets.

Our whole-hearted effort is directed toward the equitable distribution of our product to the thousands of Canadian grocers who are our customers—in order that *their* customers may have, in their kitchens and on their tables, this sugar they like so well. So we pass up the tempting opportunity of export business, in order to first place at the disposal of Canadian grocers and Canadian homes every available pound of

DOMINION CRYSTAL SUGAR

DOMINION SUGAR COMPANY, Limited
REFINERIES AT WALLACEBURG, CHATHAM AND KITCHENER

The House of Eddy

A Factor in Canadian Life

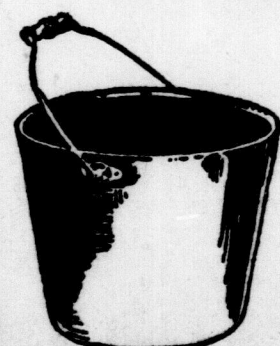
It is probable that not a day goes by in which the House of Eddy does not make life more comfortable and convenient for you. Eddy Products—Eddy Conveniences—are woven into the very fabric of Canadian life. You light the kitchen fire, or the gas-grate of a morning—or perhaps your pipe, and the comfortable glow springs from the end of an Eddy match-stick.



Eddy's Products

are Products of Convenience

Eddy's Indurated Fibreware Pails, Washtubs and Washboards are widely used on the farm and in the cities. Your butter was shipped in an Eddy Butter Tub, which kept it free from taint or odor. Eddy Milk Pails play their part in keeping your supply clean and sweet. Your purchases from the store are sent home in Eddy Paper Bags. It is highly probable that the newspaper you are now reading is printed on paper which was made at Hull—by Eddy.



The E. B. EDDY Co., Limited
Hull - Canada

Matches—Indurated Fibreware—Paper Specialties.

Eddy's Matches
Indurated
Fibreware
Paper and
Paper Specialties
all contribute to
make Canadian
life more conven-
ient. Since 1881
the House of
Eddy has been
bending its ener-
gies toward this
one end.

HEALTH BOARDS WARN OF NEW INFLUENZA DANGER

Ask People To Be Careful, Use Proper
Preventatives, Take Treatment
Promptly—What To Do.

To be prepared for any recurrence of the serious outbreak of influenza and pneumonia that last winter swept over the entire country, taking their toll in thousands of human lives, public health boards everywhere are issuing cautions and instructions to the public not to neglect treatment at the first symptom of a cold and to co-operate with health boards and physicians in stamping out the spread of the disease.

Be on guard, they say, against the first suspicious sign. No disease develops so quickly or spreads so rapidly. The first symptom usually is a sharp rise in temperature to 103 or 104 degrees, headache, pain in the back, throat feeling dry or sore. Unless promptly checked by proper treatment, the best plan is to go to bed and stay there for at least a week, keeping warm to avoid pneumonia, and let the minor ailment run its course and also prevent the spread of the disease to others.

Most of us, in these busy days, cannot afford, if it can be avoided, to lose a week or more of work so it is all the more necessary that at the very first sign of cold, gripe or influenza a counter-acting treatment be resorted to. Probably no better or more effective treatment could be followed at such a time than to get from the nearest drug store a complete Hyomel outfit, consisting of a bottle of the pure Oil of Hyomel and a little vespocket, hard rubber inhalant device into which a few drops of the oil are poured.

Put the inhaler in your mouth and breathe its air deep into the passages of your nose, throat and lungs. Every particle of air that enters your breathing organs will thus be charged with an antiseptic, healing balsam.

You can't do this too often. The Hyomel Inhaler is small and can be conveniently carried in a handbag or in your vespocket. Every half hour or so, throughout the day, take it out and draw a few breaths of its pure healing air into your nose and throat. Relief should come almost instantly as the gripe or influenza symptoms subside, congestion ceases, fever disappears and throat conditions become normal. The outfit is not at all expensive for the rubber inhaler will last a lifetime, while the Oil of Hyomel can be obtained from any corner grocery or drugstore. Lots of people already have a Hyomel Inhaler. Take it out, change it and use it without delay. If you haven't one, get it today.

A few cents spent now may easily prevent serious illness and save you many dollars and help stamp out the spread of the disease.—Advt.

The Best Cough Syrup is Home-made.

Here's an easy way to save \$7, and yet have the best cough remedy you ever tried.

You've probably heard of this well-known plan of making cough syrup at home. But have you ever used it? When you do, you will understand why thousands of families, the world over, feel that they could hardly keep house without it. It's simple and cheap, but the way it takes hold of a cough will give you the idea of its permanent place in your home.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth); then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the bottle. Or, if desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you 16 ounces of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50. It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every passage, loosen a dry, hoarse or tight cough, lifts the phlegm, heals the membranes, and gives almost immediate relief for throat, chest, tickle, hoarseness, croup, bronchitis and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments. To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

CUNARD
ANCHOR
ANCHOR-DONALDSON

REGULAR SERVICES

To Glasgow.
From—
Montreal.....Cassandra.....Nov. 7
Portland.....Saturnia.....Dec. 4
Portland.....Cassandra.....Dec. 12

To Glasgow via Moville.
New York.....Columbia.....Nov. 8
New York.....Columbia.....Dec. 6

To Liverpool.
New York.....Orinda.....Nov. 8
New York.....Orinda.....Nov. 12
New York.....Orinda.....Dec. 6
New York.....Carmania.....Dec. 17

To Plymouth, Cherbourg.
New York.....Caronia.....Nov. 8
New York.....Caronia.....Dec. 12

To Plymouth, Havre, Southampton.
New York.....Royal George.....Nov. 8
New York.....Royal George.....Nov. 12
To Plymouth, Cherbourg, Southampton.
New York.....Mauretania.....Nov. 23
To Plymouth, Havre, London.
New York.....Saxonia.....Nov. 28

To Piræus (Greece).
New York.....Pannonia.....Nov. 19

or rates of passage, freight and further particulars apply to local agents or

THE ROBERT REFORM CO., LTD.
GEN. MANAGERS
50 KING STREET EAST
TORONTO, ONT.

AT YOUR BEST

Keep your body well nourished, it means blood red and pure and efficient, buoyant health. It's logical to protect your strength with

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Its tonic-nourishing virtues impart vigor to every part. You may depend upon the abundant nourishing properties of Scott's to protect strength.

Scott & Borne, Toronto, Ont. 75-14

Horlick's the Original
Malted Milk. Avoid
Imitations and Substitutes