

London Advertiser

Member Audit Board of Circulation.

MORNING. NOON. EVENING.
CITY—Delivered, 15 cents per week.

OUTSIDE CITY BY MAIL—Per year, \$5.00;
six months, \$2.75; one month, 50 cents.

3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS 3670
Private Branch Exchange
From 10:00 p.m. to 9:00 a.m. and holidays call
3670, Business Department; 3671, Editors;
3672, Reporters; 3673, News Room.

Toronto Representative—F. W. Thompson,
408 Lumsden Building.

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

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Tuesday, August 24.

HASN'T CHANGED HIS MIND.

Addressing an audience at Hamilton Satur-
day, Premier Drury again announced that he
would see to it that the hydro radial project
would be given the closest investigation by the
experts that have been appointed to the task.
It is satisfying to know that the premier has
not been moved from his original intention by
the storm of abuse and threats turned on him
when in the interests of the people he held up
the radial scheme. His stand on this matter
from the beginning has been such as the great
mass of the people of the province approve. Mr.
Drury is simply applying to public business the
same caution and care that would be exercised
in the operation of a private concern. Nobody
can honestly or reasonably object to such a
policy. In carrying it out Mr. Drury is serving
his fellow-citizens well.

MESOPOTAMIA.

Recent statements in the British House of
Commons by Lloyd George, and in the House
of Lords by Earl Curzon, have indicated that
the task Britain has undertaken in Mesopotamia,
under the terms of the peace treaty, is not to
rule the Arabs there as a subject people, but
to render such advice and assistance as will
enable them to stand as a sovereign state, and
to create such material conditions as will
enable that state to flourish.

In the August number of the Nineteenth
Century Hon. W. Ormsby Gore, M. P., contrib-
utes an article on Mesopotamia that, in the
light of recent events, is most illuminating. He
points out that in proportion to the population the
size of the military garrison is not only very
large, but very costly. On the 23rd of June
there were in Mesopotamia, apart from further
forces in Northwest Persia, 9,800 British, 55,500
Indian army troops, and an air force of nearly
1,000 more. The cost of this force falling on
the British taxpayer was over £400,000 a week.
Mr. Gore points out that apart altogether from
the high cost of garrisoning Mesopotamia, about
which there has been much grumbling in Eng-
land, the garrisons themselves create a political
difficulty, particularly in the employment of so
many Indian troops. The Arab and the Indian
entertain for each other a considerable degree
of racial antipathy, their habits and customs
vary widely, and still more serious difficulties
arise when Moslems are policed by Hindus and
Indian Sunnis.

The writer of this article holds that the
political ideal for Mesopotamia will never be
realized until Great Britain withdraws her
Indian troops and raises her policing garrisons
in Mesopotamia itself. The Arabs of the coun-
try have a good military record, and if they
could be enrolled they would find the outlet for
their martial instincts in protecting their own
frontiers and building up the force that they
will have to maintain when they achieve self-
government. The League of Nations has as-
sumed responsibility for the independence of
Mesopotamia, which means that potential
enemies like Russia and Turkey must be
guarded against, but the smaller the alien gar-
rison maintained for this purpose the better.
The British Government has probably had no
alternative to using a large body of native
Indian troops in Mesopotamia, but there is less
excuse for the large proportion of British civil
officials in the country. Lord Curzon stated in
the House of Lords on June 25 that in the civil
administration there were 454 Englishmen and
236 Mesopotamians and Indians, the natives
being entirely in subordinate posts. If Mes-
opotamia is to become a sovereign nation its
people should not be debared from sharing in
the responsibilities of its government. Efficiency
is somewhat less important than that the Mes-
opotamians should learn the arts of adminis-
tration by actual experience.

Mr. Gore lays final emphasis on the point
that the problem of Mesopotamia is really
only part of the wider Arab problem. Unless
the whole Arab world is envisaged a wrong
perspective is obtained. He sees danger in the
specialist adviser, who is only a specialist in
one part of the Arab world. "What is now re-
quired is the wider vision, the keener fore-
sight, and, above all, faith in the peoples, and
in our own capacity to help them."

THE TORRENS SYSTEM.

The Torrens system of land titles, which
has been partly in use in this province, is again
under discussion. It is in use in the North-
west almost universally. It can be introduced
in a new country much more easily than in an
older country. The effect of the system is that
the certificate of the registrar each time a
transfer is made certifies to the title and his
certificate is the equivalent of a crown patent.

It is more expensive in the Northwest than
in Ontario to convey land or to mortgage it.
This is due to the fees charged being larger
than registration fees in Ontario, but can be
remedied by making the government fees as
reasonable as registration fees now are in On-
tario.

The Torrens system keeps the title cleaned
up every time a transfer is made. The certi-
ficate tells the whole story as to the title.

There are comparatively very few bad titles
in Ontario. Years ago we suggested that the
titles of the province could be placed on the
same footing as crown patents without intro-
ducing the Torrens system and at much less

cost than its introduction under the existing
law would render necessary. Our plan would
be to have the Registrar with legal assistance,
examine and certify to every title in his office
and let his certificate be the equivalent of a
crown patent. In many cities and counties the
registrars are quite competent. The present
registrar of London, Mr. Hubert Dignan, can
probably point out every flaw. There are some
parts where a surveyor's services would be re-
quired, as in the Glebe lands lying east of Ade-
laide and south of Dundas. This could be sur-
veyed and a plan made of it so that in future
it would not be necessary to pick out with
doubtful certainty the different pieces.

The registrar of St. Thomas and Elgin, Mr.
James H. Coyne, is an exceptionally able law-
yer and the titles of the county could safely be
left to him. If he needed the assistance of a
surveyor or other legal assistance he could call
it in.

The Torrens system is all right, but in prac-
tice has been made more expensive than nec-
essary. The substitute we offer to the Torrens
system would be quite as satisfactory and less
expensive.

The result would be attained by having the
Registrar, with such assistance as he required,
make plans where necessary and certify the
titles to date. Make that certificate equivalent
to a crown patent. Then let our registration
plan continue and whenever ten registrations
affect any title let the Registrar continue his
search and by his certificate declare the result,
which would be the equivalent again of a crown
patent.

The Torrens system in actual operation
causes more delay and expense than our regis-
tration system, but the objections can be
obviated by starting with a clear title and
continuing our present system, which would be
cleaned up to date every few years as may be
advisable.

One of the chief objections to the Torrens
system in the Northwest is the delay. The
deed or mortgage is left with the registrar. His
office is clogged with work. You are not safe
in acting until you receive his certificate and he
may hold you up a month. Then the registrar's
fees are greater than the registrar's fees under
the Ontario system. What we propose would be
a less expensive substitute and quite equal to
the Torrens system.

PROTECT THE MUSK-OX.

Danish Eskimos from Greenland are reported
killing large numbers of musk-oxen in Elles-
mere Land in the far northern part of Baffin
Bay. As Canada claims this territory there is
some possibility of the Danish Government be-
ing questioned over the matter. A few years
ago the subject would have been considered too
trivial to be taken up diplomatically, but Stef-
ansson's investigations having shown the im-
mense value from a food and clothing stand-
point of the musk-ox, it is necessary that steps
be taken to protect the animal in the interests
of Canadians.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

General Wrangel seems to be putting up a
hot argument.

It looks as if the Polish army would polish
off the Russians.

Word of war from Mesopotamia indicates
that the "old Adam" is loose in the Garden of
Eden.

The Lake Superior tragedy, with its toll of
23 lives, is a bad beginning for the season of
1920. It is rare that there is any great loss of
life on the lakes before the equinoctial storms
of mid-September sweep down and churn the
great fresh-water lakes until their billows are
almost like those of the Atlantic. There have
been seasons when the total loss of life would
be scarcely more than that which came in the
collision of last week off Whitefish Point.

NO MORE TIE-UPS?

The Coal Operators' Association and the Mine
Workers have completed an agreement at Calgary,
to run for two years from March 1. It provides
for a substantial increase in pay, which will
likely work out in an equally substantial in-
crease in the price of coal. However, it holds out a
hope that there will be a breathing spell between
the last strike and the next one, a change that
ought to be as welcome to the mine operators and
the miners as it will be to the public.

HIS REASON SEEMS GOOD.

An Irishman who has arrived at Ottawa says he
intends residing there because he admires a place
"where he will not be shot in cold blood for think-
ing differently from his next door neighbor." It
looks like a sufficiently good reason.

THE NERVE OF SOME PEOPLE.

Announcement that the former crown prince is
eager to emerge from his voluntary exile in Holland
and move to the United States no doubt caused a
rueful expectancy among those who cringe in
fawning servility at mention of the name of
Hohenzollern. True Americans and decent citizens
of German descent who, thank God, constitute 99.9
per cent of the population of the United States,
see red at the suggestion of such a thing. The
anger is only equalled by amazement at the mon-
umental gall of the undean cockatrice whose presence
on the Atlantic seaboard would contaminate the air
beyond the endurance of Americans as far away
as California. The United States is too small for
the former crown prince and even one clean, honest
American. We want neither his presence nor his
memory here. The boot-licking worship and sniveling
homage which our pro-Prussian malcontents
paid the Hohenzollerns during the war was sickening
enough. American stomachs could not stand the
sight of such abashed adoration at close range.

WILL ENFORCE THE LAW.

If the booze fighters and booze sellers of the
United States expected any favors from the Re-
publican nominee in relation to enforcement of the
laws, especially the Volstead act, they must have
been sorely disappointed. Mr. Harding does not
leave them a leg on which to stand. He is for law
enforcement, and his paragon on this point is so
straightforward that it is going to settle wavering
voters in his favor. It is expected, however, that
of Candidate Cox will be equally strong on the
question of law enforcement. And the president-
elect, who wavers on the prohibition question,
which has been settled by a vast majority of the
American people, despite the claims of Governor
Edwards of New Jersey, and the rabid anti-pro-
hibition paper, the New York World, signs its own
defeat at the polls in November. Those in Michigan
who may be anxious to know where Mr. Harding
stands on prohibition, may be interested in his
decision, which follows:

"I believe in law enforcement. If elected I mean
to be a constitutional president, and it is impos-
sible to ignore the constitution, unthinkable to evade
the law, when our every commitment is to orderly
government. People even differ about the wisdom
of the enactment of a law—there is divided opinion
respecting the eighteenth amendment and the laws
enacted to make it operative—but there can be no
difference of opinion about honest law enforce-
ment."

THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER

A Detective Story by J. S. Fletcher.

Copyright 1920, Fred A. Knopf.
Copyright, 1920, by the Public Ledger Company.

"What do you say?" he demanded. "I must hear
a good deal! Put with it, then, man, for heaven's
sake!"

But Spargo shook his head. "Presently,"
he answered. "Not now, Breton. As for your own
I tell you for Miss Aylmore's sake, and your own
the first thing to do is to get on your guardian's
track. We must—must, I say, and at once!"
Breton stood staring at Spargo for a moment as
if he could not credit his own senses. Then he
suddenly motioned Spargo out of the room.

"Come on!" he said. "I know who'll know where
he is, if anybody does."

"Who, then?" asked Spargo, as he hurried out.
"Cardstone," answered Breton grimly. "Card-
stone!"

CHAPTER XXX.

Revelation.
There was as much bright sunshine that morn-
ing in Middle Temple lane as ever manages to get
into it, and some of it was shining in the entry
into which Spargo and Breton presently hurried.
Full of haste as he was, Breton paused at the foot
of the stairs. He looked down at the floor and at
the wall at the side.

"Wasn't there?" he said in a low voice, point-
ing at the place he looked at. "Wasn't it there,
Spargo, that Marbury, or, rather, Maitland, was
found?"

"It was just there," answered Spargo.
"You saw him?"

"I saw him."
"Soon afterward?"

"Immediately after he was found. You know all
that, Breton. Why do you ask now?"
Breton, who was still staring at the place on
which he had fixed his eyes on walking into the
entry, shook his head.

"Don't know," he answered. "I—but come on;
let's see if old Cardstone can tell us anything."

There was another charwoman, armed with pails
and buckets, outside Cardstone's door; into which
she was just fitting a key. It was evident to Spargo
that she knew Breton, for she smiled at him as she
opened the door.

"I don't think Mr. Cardstone'll be in, sir," she
said. "He's generally gone out to breakfast at this
time—him and Mr. Elphick goes together."

"Just see," said Breton. "I want to see if he is
in." The charwoman entered the chambers and
immediately screamed.

"Quite so," remarked Spargo. "That's what I
expected to hear. Cardstone, you see, Breton, is
also off!"

Breton made no reply. He rushed after the char-
woman, with Spargo in close attendance.

"Good God—another!" groaned Breton.
If the confusion in Elphick's room had been bad,
that in Cardstone's chambers was worse. Here again
all the features of the previous scene were repeated.
Drawers had been torn open, papers thrown about;
the hearth was choked with light ashes; everything
was at sixes and sevens. An open door leading into
an inner room showed that Cardstone, like Elphick,
had hastily packed a bag; like Elphick had changed
his clothes, and had thrown his discarded garments
anywhere, into any corner. Spargo began to realize
what had taken place—Elphick, having made his own
preparations for flight, had come to Cardstone, and
had expedited him, and they had fled together. But
—why?

The charwoman sat down in the nearest chair and
began to moan and sob. She rushed after the char-
woman, with Spargo in close attendance.

"I don't know what all this means, Spargo," he
said almost wearily. "I suppose you do. Look
here," he went on, turning to the charwoman, "stop
that row—that'll do no good, you know. I suppose
Mr. Cardstone's gone away in a hurry. You'd
better—what, he's better off, Spargo?"

"Leave things exactly as they are, look up the
chambers, and as you're a friend of Mr. Cardstone's
give you the key," answered Spargo, with a signifi-
cant glance. "Do that now, and let's go—I've some-
thing to do."

Once outside, with the startled charwoman gone
away, Spargo turned to Breton.

"I'll tell you all I know presently, Breton," he
said. "In the meantime I want to find out if the
lodge porter saw Mr. Elphick or Mr. Cardstone
leave. I must know where they've gone—if I can
only find out. I don't suppose they were on foot."

"All right," responded Breton gloomily. "We'll
go and ask. But this is all beyond me. You don't
mean to say—"

"Wait a while," answered Spargo. "One thing
at once," he continued, as they walked up Middle
Temple lane. "This is the first thing. You ask the
porter if he's seen anything of either of them—he
knows you."

The porter, duly interrogated, responded with
alacrity.

"Anything of Mr. Elphick this morning, Mr.
Breton?" he answered. "Certainly, sir. I got a
taxi for Mr. Elphick and Mr. Cardstone early this
morning—soon after seven. Mr. Elphick said they
were going to Paris, and they'd breakfast at Charing
Cross before the train left."

"Say when they'd be back?" asked Breton, with
an assumption of the most casual interest.

"No, sir, Mr. Elphick didn't," answered the
porter. "But I should say they wouldn't be long,
because they'd only got small suitcases with them—
such as they'd put a day or two. He turned away toward
Spargo, who had already moved off. "What next?"
he asked. "Charing Cross, I suppose?"

Spargo smiled and shook his head.

"No," he answered. "I've to use for Charing
Cross. They haven't gone to Paris. That was all
a blind. For the present let's go back to your
chambers. Then I'll talk to you."

Once within Breton's inner room, with the door
closed upon them, Spargo dropped into an easy
chair and looked at the young barrister with earnest
attention.

"Breton," he said, "I believe we're toming in
sight of land. You want to save your prospective
father-in-law, don't you?"

"Of course!" growled Breton. "That goes with-
out saying. But—"

"But you may have to make some sacrifices in
order to do it," said Spargo. "You see—"

"Sacrifices?" exclaimed Breton. "What—"

"You may have to sacrifice some ideas—you may
find that you'll not be able to think as well of some
people in the future as you have thought of them in
the past. For instance, Mr. Elphick."

Breton's face grew dark. "Speak plainly,
Spargo," he said. "It's best with me."

"Very well," replied Spargo. "Mr. Elphick, then,
is in some way connected with this affair."

"I mean the murder. So is Cardstone. Of that
I'm now dead certain. And that's why they're off.
I started Elphick last night. It's evident that he
immediately communicated with Cardstone, and that
they made a rapid exit. Why?"

"Why? That's what I'm asking you! Why? Why?

Poetry and Jest

THEY SAY:
That old maid rush in where widows
fear to tread.
That being honest because "honesty
is the best policy" is rank dishonesty.
Think it over.
That to lift another up you must be
on higher ground yourself.
That haste to get rich keeps many
men poor.

That fast friends are all right only
they should not be too blamed fast.
That some men are born liars, some
acquire the habit, but most of them
simply get married and have it thrust
upon them.

That if a man does not know the
port to which he is steering on the
great sea of life, no wind is ever favor-
able to him.

That because of no fixed purpose in
life few men rise above the level of
mediocrity.

That a man is what he is, not what
men say that he is.

That to neglect opportunity at the
present is to neglect it in the future.
That 12,000,000 Americans have al-
ready pledged to buy no German-made
goods in the future. That's good
goods.

That common sense is the best pro-
ducer of common cents.
That timidity never accomplishes
anything in this world. Do something.
That faith is the malmagery of en-
terprise. Do something.

That to be famous is to be slandered
by people who do not know you.
That "tomorrow" is the day when
idle men work and fools reform.

HIS EXPLANATION.
A Scotchman visiting in America
stood gazing at a fine statue of George
Washington, when an American ap-
proached.

"You saw him?"
Sandy said the American; "a lie never
passed his lips."

"Well," said the Scot, "I pray some
he talked through his nose like the rest
of ye."

WHEN MY SHIPS COME IN.
[Mary Leslie Newton in New York
Times.]
When there came back across the
purple seas
All the fair ships I launched so long
ago.
White-wing'd with dreams (were
that she knew Breton, for she smiled at him as she
opened the door.

Nay, let them go, for all the dreams
are gone.
All the white wings are broken—let
them go!
What should I do with memories
of the dawn
Or the full tide where the young
rivers flow?

Let them all go—the vanished dreams!
But one
Bore a far other freight across the
sea.
Though that old hope that was no
dreamed to be.
Yet, wrecked or broken, may that
ship come home.

ANOTHER VICTIM.
[Birmingham Age-Herald.]
"A new patient arrived this morn-
ing."
"What's his trouble?"
"Over-confidence."

"A couple board told him he was rich,
and he began to scatter checks
around."

The Rose and the Bee.
If I were a bee and you were a rose,
Would you let me in when the gray
wind blows?
Would you hold your petals wide apart,
Would you let me in when the gray
wind blows?

Didn't Need Them.
While a traveler was waiting for an
opportunity to show his samples to a
merchant, a customer came in and
bought a couple of nightshirts. After-
ward a long bank of the knees, said to
the merchant:

"Leave things exactly as they are, look up the
chambers, and as you're a friend of Mr. Cardstone's
give you the key," answered Spargo, with a signifi-
cant glance. "Do that now, and let's go—I've some-
thing to do."

THE PRESENCE IN THE STRIFE.
[Frank L. Stanton.]
There came a presence in the bitter
strife.
Gentle, and sweet, and wise,
And all Love dreamed of that was
bright with life.
He saw in her dear eyes.

All youth returned—all tenderness—all
tears.
When souls were safe from sin;
And winds echoed down forgotten years;
"Heart! Heart!—it might have
been!"

Why should the Fates send—at this
later day,
After life's grief and moan,
Eyes that had been as stars to slay—
Like a red rose might own?

The Pates, revengeful, have no word to
lose.
Where chill the starlight gleams—
It is enough for Love to have his day,
Lost in a world of dreams!

JUST LIKE A MAN.
The Bride—"But why do you look so
blue, dear? You know papa has prom-
ised he'll be here, and I'm sure he
will."

The Groom—"Yes, but I am wonder-
ing what the dickens we shall have to
eat."

AN AUTOIST'S EPITAPH.
Here lies the body of Cassius Gray,
Who died while maintaining the right-
of-way.

He was in the right as he sped along,
But he's as dead as though he'd
been wrong!

UP TO DATE.
"How useless girls are today. I do
not believe you know what needles are
not believe you know what needles are."

"How absurd you are, grandmas,"
protested the girl. "Of course, I know
what needles are for. They're to make
the gramophone play."

FORTUNATE.
[Stella Benson in the Athenaeum.]
I can defy tomorrow!
Never tomorrow shall say to me,
"I passed you by, you did not see!"

For I saw a star fell out of the night,
I fell down that tall blue precipice,
And I had time to lift my eyes and
sigh.

And say "I am not too late
I am not too late."
Ah fortune! beyond desert
For I was friendless yet befriended,
Gave nothing, yet received a gift,
Ah fortune! ah fortune!

For now tomorrow cannot hurt
My heart with talk of things too swift,
With talk of magic I did miss.
For someone cried on me to lift
My eyes to the star before it ended.
Saying, "You are not too late.
You are not too late."

OCCASIONALLY.
[Edinburgh Scotsman.]
"Why not marry," said the benedict
to the woman-hater, "and have a wife
to share your lot for better or for
worse?"

And the disgruntled one growled:
"It sounds all right; but some of these
shareholders blossom into directors."

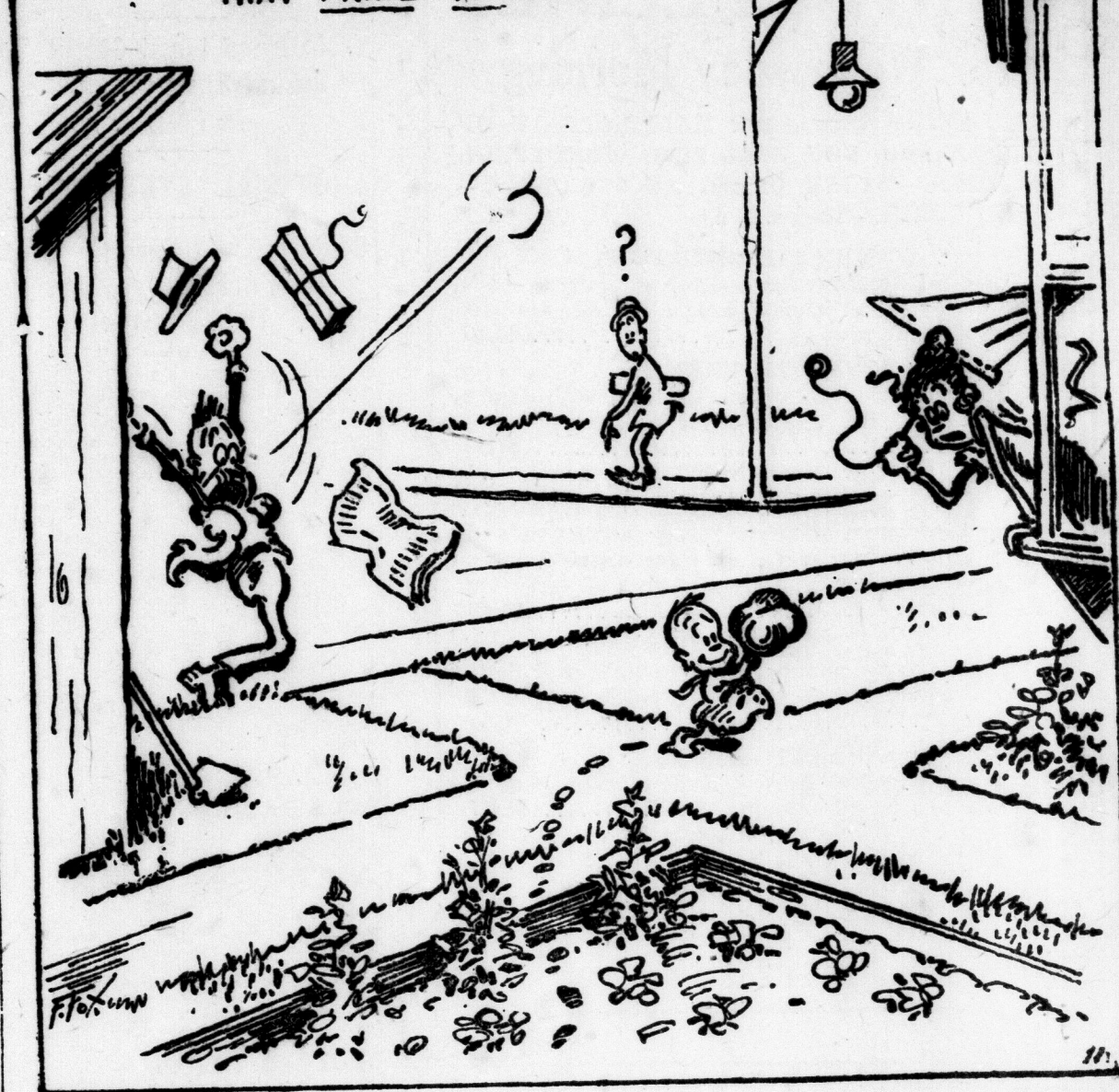
SELF-CONTROL.
Here's to the man who holds his peace
When provocation's strong;
Who shuts his mouth and keeps it shut
When a word would set him wrong;
Who grips his temper, firm and fast,
And says self-control—

Though he's a tempered rose to vent his
wrath,
And silence scars his soul!

Here's to the man who holds his tongue
When you'd like to make him swear;
Who listens to all your stinging words
With a cool, provoking air;
Who keeps his grip on his rising wrath,
When his temper's really bad;
Whose self-control you can't disturb!
Say! Doesn't he make you mad?

HIS PLACE IN THE PARADE.
[Washington Star.]
"Hiram," said Mrs. Cornstossel,

WHEN LITTLE ALBERT TODDLES
INTO DAD'S GARDEN AND PICKS
THAT PRIZE TOMATO.



By FONTAINE FOX

(Copyright.)

A real cough remedy

Don't surrender to an obstinate cough.
There's a remedy that will help you
conquer it—a remedy that speedsily re-
lieves all irritation of the respiratory
organs and gives bodily strength for
permanent cure. Try it—ask your
druggist or dealer for—

Robert's
SYRUP OF
Cod Liver Oil & Tar

Comfort Baby's Skin
With Cuticura Soap
And Fragrant Talcum

The Financing Of Your Telephone Service

THE way in which telephone service has been financed
is a matter of importance to every telephone
subscriber.

If the service has been over-capitalized, then it is burdened
by heavy dividend charges to be paid from rates.