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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Friday, February 20.

CHURCHILL REBUKED.

The typically rash utterances of Hon. Win-
ston Churchill respecting the ability of labor to
form a government in England should it suc-
ceed to power receive merited rebuke from
the Manchester Guardian, which puts the ques-
tion whether labor would be likely to find a
worse war minister than the present incumbent
of the post. The Guardian asks if any labor
minister of war would do some of the things
that Churchill has done in the last year, back-
firing the wrong horse and pouring 100 millions
of British money through Denikin's sieve, for
instance. So, too, in the matter of housing or
conduct of foreign affairs or Irish chaos, is it
likely, asks the Guardian, that these questions
would be muddled worse by any government
than they have been muddled during the last
year.

Perusal of the English press make it quite
clear that the general opinion of the country
is settled that a new government of some kind
is coming, be it labor or whatever it may, and
whoever may form the new cabinet will find
their first and chief task to straighten out the
mistakes of their predecessors. It may be that
for this first big problem labor is lacking in
men of big intellectual grasp joined with par-
liamentary experience and skill in administra-
tion. Here is where an alliance of some sort
between the Liberal remnant and labor would
result in the formation of a strong parliament-
ary group. It is to be presumed from their
protestations that the Labor party is more in-
tent upon the bringing about of its aims and
ideals than upon merely holding and continu-
ing to hold office. But mere devotion to ideals
will hardly suffice to carry any party very far
if it is so other-worldly as to neglect to keep
its parliamentary machinery in good working
order. Here is where Liberal experience would
count and count strongly.

A Labor government, the Manchester Guardian
points out, would have one asset in its com-
parative freedom from old traditions. Liberal
governments have arrived in England only to
find themselves hedged about by court and
society's atmosphere and no Liberal govern-
ment has ever yet broken with the subtle en-
tanglements that come from these two influ-
ences. Labor could do what no Liberal govern-
ment has yet been able to do in refusing to
accept titles and even refusing to confer them
except for certain well-defined reasons. And
such a course, while it would be highly un-
popular with large and powerful elements,
would nevertheless not be without marked in-
fluence on the policies of the two older parties.

BOOKS ON SPIRITUALISM.

An American spiritualist has brought out a
book in which he narrates that the outbreak
and course of the war were revealed to him
before by an old abbot and the ghost of Augus-
tus Caesar. It is remarkable that the prophecies
now produced after the events, accurate to the
day in the past, should not extend beyond the
date of the book's publication. Let us have a
forecast of 1920. Will there be a Canadian
election? On what date? How many will die
of the flu? Will prices drop?

When a spiritualist is asked about such
points, required to give definite information
from his familiars, he may say that the spirits
themselves don't know everything. If you press
further, wonder why such a parade, then, of
the little useless things they "do know," and
demand something more important than mere
trivialities, the spiritualist puts on a holy air
and rebukes your concern about mundane things
like elections and the cure of diseases, physical
or economic. But you have still an answer to
such cool effrontery: are elections more munda-
ne than pink pyjamas, or less important? In
his "Contact with the Other World" Dr. Hyslop
is solemnly assured of Professor William James
in pink pyjamas, and the ghost of another phil-
osopher comes back to impart the shattering
fact that he once had a yellow trunk.

These are rather debased times after the
war, with debased coinage, debased theatre and
vulgar superstition. No one in his senses and
with any knowledge of history expected war to
be a spiritual uplift. In some ways we are go-
ing up, even morally, because of sheer neces-
sity and momentum. But the revival of spirit-
ualism is a sad sign of the times. It is not a
new thing, any more than witchcraft, clairvoy-
ance and the rest. It is as old and permanent
as the preferences of many for fancy to truth.

Of late there has been a vulgar rush after the
spiritual sensation. And whenever there was a
mob butting ahead in some unconsidered
direction, there you could find Ella Wheeler
Wilcox waving her timbrel in the forefront or
close up. She was the poet of the populace,
sure enough. She "sensed" (as probably she
would say) the spirit craze, publishing a trans-
lation of Leon Denis' "Life and Destiny," and
announcing herself as moved thereby by mes-
sages from her husband in the astral world.
The book will, of course, have a good sale.
Among its "beautiful thoughts" is one from
Jerome de Prague that after death souls will
be able to choose the germ in which they will
become reincarnated, even changing sex, if de-
sired. M. Denis cites as "proof" of reincarna-
tion a story in the London Daily Mail, July,
1903, of a living child who remembered being
assassinated in 1814. It strikes anyone with a

sense of humor as unfathomably funny, but Ella
and her mob lack both humor and grace.

It is rather tragic, however, than humorous
that Sir Oliver Lodge should be mixed up with
a lot of charlatans. Even to bracket him, a
real scientist, with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is
cruel enough. In his asid on spiritualism in
"The Undying Fire," H. G. Wells makes use
of the malice of it. But in the past, strong
minds have often been strangely diverted.
Napier and Newton wrote commentaries on the
Apocalypse, prophesying a speedy end of the
world in their day. John Wesley was a be-
liever in witchcraft and the punishment of it.
If one scientist can today be quoted as a sup-
porter of spiritualism, hundreds could be named
as supporters of atheism or something not
easily distinguishable from it by the simple
mind. But is that a convincing testimonial for
unbelief?

It is notable that much of the opposition to
spiritualism today comes from the orthodox
church people. To them Conan Doyle mainly
addresses his arguments or threats. The
orthodox rationalists, so to speak, are in gen-
eral not taking much trouble to combat what
strikes them as an ignorant craze, any more
than Shakespearean scholars lift a finger
against the Baconian theorists. To the sci-
entist or philosopher spiritualism is interesting
merely as a psychological phenomenon, just as
a person using an out-of-the-way dialect or
peculiar type of slang is an object of curious
and amused study to the philologist. Formerly
orthodoxy was friendly to the occult, so long
as it kept to fairly biblical lines, but perhaps
of late spiritualism has tried to dress up like
liberalism on the one hand or oriental mysti-
cism on the other. Hence it is orthodox
rather than rationalism that takes the front of
battle against the old delusion.

SCHOOL CONSOLIDATION.

A steadily growing agitation to introduce
consolidation, medical and dental, inspection,
and possibly hot lunches in the rural schools
throughout the province is another indication
that the farmer is awakening to the social and
economic needs of his community. These are
but few of the coming changes that promise to
revolutionize the present system of rural edu-
cation which has guided, with little change, the
destinies of the country youth for generations.
With the coming of the consolidated school the
little dingy, one-roomed ancient schoolhouse
with its desks bearing the initials of our fore-
fathers, that nestles at nearly every cross-road,
will pass into history. Instead of a small
school in each section, one roomy, modern
equipped, palatial schoolhouse will educate the
children of four or five combined sections. The
great problem of getting the children from the
outlying districts over the several miles to the
school, would be solved by the operation of
motor-buses and sleighs, by the schoolboards,
over regular routes each day. This plan would
save the children even the present tramp of
often over two miles through deep drifts and
thereby insure more regular attendance.

A great feature of the consolidated system is
the proposition to include in the rural schools,
continuation classes by which the boy or girl
would be enabled to secure higher education
without being forced to leave home or the
farm, and thereby being saved from the great
danger of being weaned from the inherent
love of the farm, by the glamor of a few
years spent in the city. Consolidation would
require fewer teachers, therefore higher sal-
aries could be paid to those required, resulting
in a better class of teachers. By the adoption
of the system two of the greatest problems that
face the nation would be solved to some extent,
the question of keeping the boy on the farm
and the alleviation of the shortage of teachers.
By keeping the boy on the farm production
would be increased and by giving the student a
brighter and better environment his desire to
gain education would be intensified, resulting
in the turning out of trained men. These two
form the greatest need of the country during
its period of reconstruction. Medical and dental
inspection has given such great results in
the town schools and in the few rural districts
where it has been tried that no arguments can
be found against it. The one great difficulty
in conducting it in rural districts—the scattered
schools—would be overcome by consolidation.
Up to the present time the Government has
left consolidation to local option, but it has
promised to increase the grants by one-third
to those schools adopting it.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The British Government announces that it
intends to take no special measures against
foreign agitators. The old land long ago learned
that repression is the most fruitful method of
spreading unrest.

The high rate of exchange is beginning to
react upon American exporters. It is announced
that the export meat trade has ceased. A pretty
good illustration that no nation can long con-
tinue to benefit at the expense of hardship to
the rest of the world.

Inner diplomacy seems to have won again
in the case of the Turk. The barbarians who
perpetrated the most bloody massacres of in-
nocent people in the last hundred years will stay
at the Dardanelles as a concession to France.
The pill is a hard one for British opinion to
swallow.

The Gentlemen of St. Sulpice of Montreal
have given a million dollars towards the re-
building of the University of Montreal, lately
destroyed by fire. The historic order that
originally owned all of the island of Montreal
has through all its history supported every
movement that made for the uplift and better-
ment of the great city where they have their
home.

Hon. Arthur Meighen opens his western
trip at Winnipeg with a declaration that he is
a moderate protectionist, as distinguished, it
may be assumed, from the low tariff United
Farmers, and the high tariff Montreal Gazette-
Parti National party that the apostles of high-
est protection are endeavoring to found. Hon.
Mr. Meighen may talk of himself as a moderate
protectionist, but he will interpret moderate
protection doubtless as a continuance of what
we have today, and there are a good many
people in Canada who would place an altogether
different estimate upon the character of the
tariff as it now stands.

From Here and There

CASTLEBAR.
[Teresa Brayton.]
Beyond the town of Castlebar,
Along the hills that rise,
There is a road that wears
To see before I die;
Oh, wild it is and steep it is,
And drenched with sun and rain,
But I would give the world to go,
To walk that road again.

'Tis many a way my feet have known,
Harder than I have been doing,
With foolish dreams before me,
And with sorrow at my back;
But over all I've heard one call
After my sake and all our sake—
A winding road that leads beyond
The town of Castlebar.

Beyond the town of Castlebar—
'Tis little now to trace—
A whitewashed cabin used to stand
That was my native place;
The winds go wailing round it now,
As though above the dome
And there my Mayo mother laid
Her hands upon my head.

When high Crough Patrick veiled his crest,
And daylight died abroad,
I used to say my prayers by her
Who long has gone to God.
The wild brown waters tumbled down
From rocky heights afar,
And down below we'd see glow
The lights of Castlebar.

O roads that go from Castlebar,
You've led me for a time to gain,
But I am lonely for a road
That's drenched with sun and rain;
And I have heard a voice that said,
Where true fire smoldered red,
And my old mother's hands were laid
Upon her grandson's head.

MENTAL HEALING.
[Montreal Star.]
There are a vast number of ailments caused
by mental worry for which it is absurd to take
only physical pills. Why not try a mental remedy?
"Casting all your anxieties upon God, for he cares
for you." The mind which is stayed upon God will
be kept in perfect peace.

It is well known that many distressing cases of
chronic insanity are caused by persistent ideas
which have dropped into the subconscious region of
the mind of the afflicted, and from this secret
recess affects the whole nervous system. It is
unwise to simply suggest a patient, and
hardly like a parrot upon the words "You are not ill."
What is needed is scientific treatment by one
specially trained in psychology, a skilled physician
or a sympathetic clergyman, who will first win the
confidence of the patient, and by quiet questioning
discover the hidden idea which causes all the
trouble, and then gently eradicate this tyrannical
idea by using a counter-suggestion which will take
its place and banish the disturbing idea from the
mind. We need today, not the bungling attempts of
novices, but the scientific application of the prin-
ciples of psychotherapy.

MARY'S BACKER.
[Harvey's Weekly.]

It was during the last Liberty Bond campaign
in Chicago, and a big audience was addressed by a
big audience. Suddenly everyone began to laugh.
Little Mary blushed, fidgeted, went on with her
talk, but finished as quickly as possible, and re-
joined her friends. "Did I say something awful?"
the little girl asked demurely. "No," Mark Larkin
assured her, "but right in the middle of your
speech a cat walked on to the stage. It
walked up and down behind you, and finally sat
down and listened."

TOO GOOD FOR THEM.
[Scintilla-Review.]

Alfred Noyes, the English poet, says the former
kaiser and his son should not be allowed to live in
luxury while so many of the victims of their iniquity
are paying fifty per cent of their incomes in war
taxes. He would reduce the ex-kaiser's income to
\$5,000 a year, and the king of his son to half that
amount. There are a good many people who would
regard the allowance as extravagant. The cost of
a cheap but respectable burial would be a sufficient
amount to expend on them, in the opinion of many.

BUY IN CANADA.
[Montreal Herald.]

Already the United States has us in its grasp.
Every day it is squeezing us a little tighter.
Already that grasp is becoming a little tighter. Soon
we shall begin to choke.
Is there a remedy? There is. The remedy is
in the hands of the Canadian people. It is to
stop buying and selling American goods. Not
one cent of money should be sent to the United
States except for goods we need, which we cannot
produce. Of course, it is foolish to talk
of cutting off all our imports from the United States.
There are many things which the geographical
position and more highly developed manufacturing
industries of our neighbor make it to our advantage
to buy from him, but let us buy sensibly, and not
in the madly reckless way in which we are now
buying every product in the American market.

We can free ourselves from the strangle-hold
that is on us by buying Canadian goods in prefer-
ence to all others, and speeding up production to
meet the home demand. To talk about our expand-
ing exports is idle if we are exporting commodities
which we ourselves need, and filling up the
shop with goods we cannot produce, and at
staggering added premiums from the United States.
We must support the "Made in Canada" move-
ment, and the "Buy in Canada" movement, every
one of us. Our national existence depends upon it.

IS THE MALE TEACHER DISAPPEARING?
[Kitchener Telegraph.]

Unless some remedy be found it would seem that
the male teacher in Ontario is doomed to disappear.
The report recently issued by Mr. George A. Card,
chief public school inspector for Lincoln County,
makes very interesting reading. There are in all
83 teachers in the rural schools of that county, of
whom only 7 are males, taking urban and rural
schools together, there are 13 male teachers and 102
female teachers in Lincoln County. The maximum
salary for male teachers in the rural schools is
\$1,075, and for female, \$900; the average salary in
rural schools for 1919 was \$895 for male teachers
and \$704 for female teachers. There, doubtless, lies
the explanation for the dearth of male teachers.
For men of education and special training, \$895 is
certainly not a very attractive bait.

NO MORE HOMESICKNESS.
[Hamilton Spectator.]

Signor Marconi declares that last week he spoke
direct by wireless telephone from Queen's Hotel in
Canada, and promises that in the immediate future
it will be possible to speak to friends in the old
land at a cost of 24 cents for one minute. There
will be little reason for homesickness when the
strangers on these shores can call up mother and bid
her good-night.

THE MERRY PRINCE.
[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

Frederick Wilhelm, erstwhile crown prince of the
German Empire, would like to expiate the sins of
his country. At least, he says he would. One has
doubts, however, as to whether he is really credited
to the prince. His concrete, underground, under-
ground post is too well remembered.
Fred's little essay in heroics will, of course, cost
him nothing—not even a hair of his uncrowned
head. He knows, as the world knows, that the
Allies could not undertake to punish him for the
offences of that 200 or so war wasters whose extra-
dition was demanded the other day. It would be
too ridiculous. It would be a tremendous joke, and
the joke would be on us, not on the prince. It
must have been with a chuckle of unrestrained
mirth that he dictated his magnanimous offer to
the president of the United States.
The prince has a sense of humor, anyway. That
is something. We had doubted it. It may be all
right for a crown prince to take himself always
seriously, but it should be different with an ex-
crown prince. The latter should be full of merry
quip and jovial repartee. Fred ought to be the
jolliest figure in all Holland, spreading sunshine
in the land of dikes.

No merrier jest could be imagined than the
prince's offer to surrender himself as a vicarious
sacrifice for the sins of his countrymen. The war
unwounded the prince. Let us recrown him king
of kidders.

LOVE OF THE WILD

BY ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

He hung the instrument up on its
nail and, passing on to the couch, sank
on his knee before it.
"Ma," he said softly, stroking the
heavy brown hair away from the little
woman's forehead, "there's only one
real shadder in all this big bright bush-
world of ours, and God ain't goin' to
let that rest there long. I've watched
shadders long enough to know that they
don't last. When this one passes,
there'll be happy times. You may be
as good as dead, but I miss you up and
around me, so won't you try and get
better for my sake and all our sake."
She caught the rough, strong hand
and held it tight against her face.

"Mac," she whispered, "I'll try even
harder than I have been doing."
He patted her cheek and made to
rise, but she held him.
"An' Mac," she said, a catch in her
voice, "you mustn't worry about me,
or about anything, and you must show
her that it is useless to worry about
losing this bushland. Nobody can steal
it, Mac, believe me, I know."
"Of course you know, ma," he arose
and hastily left the house.
Widow Ross in white apron and bare
arms, was deserting one of the golden
pumpkins on a block of wood outside.
And, it likely lay in the day for his
loggia (tomorrow), she remained as
McTavish passed.
"There'll be a crowd there, I
bet," returned the man, "I've sort of
led 'em all to expect a good feed of
country widdie."
"Oh, you go along, you Marney,"
cried Mrs. Ross, "but she cut into the
pumpkin with renewed vigor, and
started to sing:

"Oh, we'll cross the river of Jordan,
Happy, happy, happy, happy,
Cross the river of Jordan,
Happy in the Lord."

McTavish listened in wonderment,
then with a chuckle made to pass on.
The woman bade him stay a moment.
"I'm not just sure I done right in
dancin' that Scotch four," she faltered.
"Mr. Smythe seems to think dancin'
wrong, same's smokin' and such."

"Humph, well now, it seems as
Smythe's been preachin' quite a lot to
you widdie. See him often?"
"Pretty often," answered the widow
slowly. "He's been over to my place
some three or four times during the
last few days. He's a very nice man,
and a good heart." "It's been awfully
kind of him to come and see me,"
McTavish scratched his head and
frowned.

"Humph," he nodded, "quite so, widdie."
"Mr. Smythe is great at 'tendin'
people to the light," as he puts it.
Smiled the woman, wiping the pumpkin
seeds off her hands against the side of
her apron. "It's been awfully kind of
him, too. He learn me that hymn,
'Cross the River of Jordan,' that I've
just sung."

"Well, widdie," grinned Mr. Mac,
"and I've give up smokin', too," con-
fessed the man, who claimed they even could
hard to do it, but Mr. Smythe says it's
wrong. People, specially women, to
smoke, they say it's a sin for ever-
end days, Daniel."

"Oh, that's so," murmured McTav-
ish, "is that so?"

He picked up a silver and broke it
into small bits.

both team and driver, the hauling of
those heavy logs across rough ground,
to the wide square marked off in the
clearing. The young men left off trim-
ming trees to watch the oxen pull.
There was much excitement when the
rival teams pitted their muscle against
one another. The teams were very
evenly matched, and it is likely the
friendly contest would have ended in
a draw had not a circumstance arisen
to put McTavish's Buck and Bright
away to the fore.

A great basswood log had nosed it-
self deep into a bank of mossy roots,
tendrils, it refused to budge to the re-
peated tugs of Peeler's oxen. Two
other teams tried to break it without
success, and then Big McTavish, spitt-
ing broadly, declared that he would
show them what a real span of oxen
could do when they wanted to. Sure
enough, Buck and Bright, after tre-

Oh, they were a happy crowd, these
young boys and old boys, happy in
the hauling up, the mooring of the
timber, and the laying "true" of the
first logs for the building. They ora-
and all forgot, for the time being, that
among them and stayed, and worked
them up to disquietude. The haul-
ing broadly, declared that he would
show them what a real span of oxen
could do when they wanted to. Sure
enough, Buck and Bright, after tre-

(To Be Continued.)



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TOPICS OF THE DAY

"The flu is not without its good points. One of our leading hospitals has announced that during the epi-
demic no unnecessary operations will be permitted."—Chicago Tribune.

How Labor Plans To Win the Government

Can American Labor elect a Labor Government without the aid of a Labor party? For nothing less
than this, in the opinion of the New York Times (Dem.), is the purpose behind the non-partisan political
campaign of the American Federation of Labor. If the Federation could control the votes of one-third of
its membership "it could dominate the situation," remarks the Baltimore News (Ind.). The Federation's
plan, the Chicago Unionist reminds us, is another application of the methods by which the Anti-Saloon
League won its overwhelming victories after the prohibition party had failed to get political results. In
Congress, Representative Blanton of Texas, characterized the American Federation of Labor prominently
as "the greatest menace ever sounded." For, said Mr. Blanton, "when an organized minority of less than
five per cent of the people can control legislation, and now threaten to elect a Congress of serfs, it is indeed
a national crisis, threatening the institutions of the country." According to the Indianapolis Union, however,
"the American Federation of Labor does not seek to govern; but it is eminently right in taking steps to edu-
cate its members as to which side their political bread is buttered on."

No other subject before the public today bears more importance than that treated in the leading
article in THE LITERARY DIGEST this week, February 21. It presents public opinion, as reflected in the
press of the country, upon the entrance of the American Federation of Labor into the presidential campaign.
Other articles full of interest for the public are:

America's "Blood-Money"

In the Opinions of Some French, Italian, and English Papers. Presented in
This Article, America's Fiscal Predominance in the World Is Due
to the Advantages That the War Threw Into Her Lap

The Exchange Slump and Lower
Prices

Germany's Elusive War-Criminals
How To Keep the Farmer on the Job

Shoe and Clothing Profits
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