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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London Ont., Saturday, April 3.

MUST HELP LENINE.
Lenine's special representative in London has informed the British Government that he will make peace and promise to keep the same in exchange for industrial material that Russia is badly in need of. Cars, engines, agricultural implements especially are what he asks as an exchange for his agreement to put Bolshevism on its good behavior. But how can the British Government or any other Allied country take up negotiations with such a Lenine and Trotsky with their record of treachery, massacre and plunder? How much faith could be placed in agreements signed by men who cold-bloodedly turned over their own people to the Hun and later refusing them representative government by the bayonet, bullet and the torch, compelled them to accept a minority class rule that is more tyrannical than that under the czars? The very man who carries this conciliatory message to the English was expelled by the British Government for his attempt to introduce bloody Bolshevism into the United Kingdom.

The explanation of the brazenness of these political bandits and assassins is easy to understand when the industrial and economic situation in the old world is considered. The fact is that Great Britain greatly needs the vast stores of raw material which Russia is able to supply, and unless Russia gets the assistance she asks in the way of machinery she may collapse and bring such anarchy as will pull down a large section of Europe with her. The Montreal Gazette puts the matter clearly as follows:

If there are withheld, the economic disintegration in Europe will be appalling and irremediable. Similarly, Russia needs manufactured articles in every relation of activity, as, with the imposition of Bolshevism, production came to an end. Great crimes have been committed in the course of human history, and those who committed them, exercising supreme power, have commanded and obtained forgiveness and consolation. Europe did not want to recognize the great Napoleon, the "Corsican bandit," but the day came when kings and emperors were glad to bow to him. Europe was shocked by the "coup d'etat" of Louis Napoleon, and Queen Victoria held back from recognition; but the circumstances of the moment made it desirable to "regularize" the accomplished fact, through official recognition. Without at least economic recognition Russia will crumble to pieces and the reaction upon Europe will be appalling. The Allies may even be driven to political recognition. Murder is called policy when under a successful. The soviet wipes its mouth, says it has not sinned, and asks for admission to the comity of nations. In the history of the world there has been no more heinous crime than this. It is a hateful thing to do and one that holds many perils, but it looks as if there can be no escape from treating with the infamous band that at present controls Russia.

AN INTERESTING PLAY.
The performance of "The Mollusc" at the Grand Opera by clever young amateur players of this city gave the public one of its scarce opportunities to see a good play. The subject matter of "The Mollusc" may not be as timely as it was a few years ago, but there is in the piece considerable of permanent human nature and a dialogue of unusual literary quality and unstrained wit.

The Mollusc is a woman of beauty, charm, abundant health, firmness of will and cunning purpose, who does less and less herself while she utilizes and exploits all around her. She is described as not lazy, for "the lazy go with the tide," but the mollusc clings tenaciously and lets the tide flow over it. The mollusc is not weak, though pretending weakness; she resists and resists till she dominates as a tyrant. In her own way she is as hard to tame as the Shrew. Her father before her was something of a mollusc, but he called it "being a Conservative."

Perhaps the mollusc system of feminine life has rather died down since motor cars, cigarettes for women and votes for women

came in. No longer is the "voice soft and low an excellent thing in woman," let alone invalid-shaming and general mollusc. The thing is to do smashing deeds, not dream them all day long. Life is energized, and now in demonic energies as formerly in the sentiments, the eternal feminine leads us or drags or drags us on. But the mollusc is not dead, only sleepeth and will break out again, a phase of permanent human nature.

We owe the local university and church societies an occasional treat to real dramatic literature. The annual play of the Western University has become a fixture which the war has not shaken, and we are having this year a new departure in the notable production of "The Mollusc" by a single class of the Faculty of Medicine. May such departures multiply and grow into regular events of the calendar of culture. Amateur performers of any intelligence and cultivation will not descend to the slop purveyed by professional entertainers to the mob that seeks only to have its brute senses tickled. Whatever his shortcomings, the cultivated amateur will not be an artistic prostitute. That is left for mercenary professionals who get well paid for it. Our amateur players keep the drama of intelligence and moral decency alive for the better class of public.

EDITORIAL NOTES.
The printer who mistakes set "Dam" Prudery instead of "Dane," wasn't so far wrong at that.

At times it seems as if the peace treaty that ended the greatest war of all time may bring on a greater war.

Hearst hates Herbert Hoover, which is one of the best reasons why our friends across the border should select Hoover as their next president.

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.
[By W. Thompson.]
"In all ages the man whose determinations are swayed by reference to the most distant and has been held to possess the highest intelligence."—Professor William James.

Handicapped by disabilities of blindness and paralysis, so that he had to be almost lifted into the pulpit of the old Queen's Avenue Methodist Church at the London Conference Sabbath service of 1888, which some readers of The Advertiser will recall, Rev. Dr. George Douglas of the Montreal Theological College, with matchless fortitude, achieved a forensic triumph probably unsurpassed in the nervous career of that peerless preacher. In stately and eloquent discourse that no attentive listener could ever forget, he glorified his theme, "The Transcendence of Man," as a being destined to abide and blossom by grace through the ages to come. Disregarding cheap and temporary aspects of life, he lifted his hearers to the conception that "immortality throws open the portals of the vast forever, and puts the crown of deathless destiny upon every human brow."

In an especial manner at this season, when the spring sun quickens a dormant vegetation, we are reminded of the age-long quest of the Rich Young Ruler for eternal life, and this is the supreme gift of Christian faith. To a remarkable degree the overturning and tragic experiences of the world war and after have turned thoughtful minds to the meaning of life and the purpose of existence. Adventurous souls like Sir Oliver Lodge seek to explore what the unseen hath to reveal. It is confessedly a fascinating theme, judged by all that has been said and pondered upon it since the Old and New Testaments charted the way with unerring certitude. With the speed of epidemic influenza, the craze of the Spanish mystery word recently spread across America. But some people had the out-look in their bonnets long ago. Over twenty years since in an American city I came across this device, and saw twitching fingers trying to spell out tidings from departed spirits whose "messages" in purport and vocabulary bore a singular resemblance to the elusive dope ingeniously elaborated and lately handed out to the credulous as Simon-pure and up-to-date disclosure. As the wisest of men once observed, there is nothing new under the sun, and a faith-forsaking fakery for itching ears appears to be no exception. But already the boards are lapsing into dusty junk, and people need but possess their souls in patience to see the spasm abate and witness a return to the security of revealed truth.

Not without cause, perhaps, the church has in the past felt the reproach of placing an undue reliance upon "otherworldliness," but it will hardly be as a voice in the wilderness to say that she now stands in some danger of being enveloped in the eddying swirl of the old and seething cynicism modernized, "Gone with the Wind, this one first." Happily the Gospel makes a balanced provision for both; nor are we left in any haze as to what is first and fundamental. Life is to be considered as a continuity. Personality endures past physical dissolution—humanity believes that whether it be scientifically demonstrated or not. An arrogant self-sufficiency that leaves God out of count, or a shallow and short view of existence expressed in the aphorism "Eat, drink, be merry, and die," never has and never can meet those deeper needs that reassert themselves. To the interrogation, "Can we believe in immortality?" Dr. James H. Snowden of Western Theological Seminary, whose subject was subject from almost every angle, embodies in his non-technical work of literary charm and suggestiveness a satisfying affirmative. From a scientific survey, James J. Billingsley, in a brochure on the subject, deduces the attestation of modern science to the verity of immortality. Reasoning from such data as indestructibility, conservation of energy, spiritual force and conscious personality, the conclusion is reached that the march of ages does not end in a graveyard or a coffin, and that Nature will not abort at the very moment when man appears a little less than divine. Historically considered, one may add, the best ethical results appear to accompany the conviction of immortality.

Granting all the achievements of man in art, literature, science, mechanism and social service, when the brevity of life at last is fairly viewed with its admixtures of toil and respite, joy and sorrow—were that all, it would be difficult to evade the

conclusion that for the multitude the game might hardly be worth the candle. The very incompleteness of this life calls for something better to round it out, "with strength to perfect what it dreamed of here." Scriptural imagery leaves scope for imagination, but music is surely indicated as one of the chief activities of Heaven.

There surely is a living for the future that puts a better contribution into the present, and also satisfies the aspirations of those to whom a purely mystical exaltation may not appeal. It therefore is a wholesome thing to quietly ponder and answer the question, "What preparation of heart and intelligence are being made for the 'incomprehensible inheritance' of conditions, exalted fellowships and achievement of unending futurity?" Having done with the struggle for food, clothes, land and a few dollars, what then? Living obviously needs to be squared with the conviction that death is but an incident of endless existence. As an American professor remarks, people need not become ashamed to speak of Heaven, for it is a reality, not a skeptical of Hell. One day or long each reader of these words will shake off the integument of flesh and blood and nerves composing the temporary outfit, wherever he is, and stand before his Maker and makes expression. Sloughing free from the investiture of clay, reverently may one inquire with what stock-in-trade are we endowed to sink or rise?

Sing for the living who cannot die
Because they know the way
To cross the sea and pierce the sky:
For brass we venture, but souls can fly
Through night to find the day.
Sing for the souls that rise and soar,
Sing for the souls that die no more,
Sing for the everlasting shore
Beyond the restless sea."

From Here and There

DEMOCRACY AND BOLSHIEVISM.
[Montreal Star].
Bolshevism meets hard sledding in democratic countries because the revolutionary thrill is quite familiar to self-governing peoples. Every election campaign is a potential revolution, involving the heroic often in some of its results, yet softened by the common agreement upon methods which avoid the wastage and agony of armed conflict.

Peoples insured to political freedom do not have to turn any sharp corner in order to start the upward march to the ideal state. They are on their way. The gradual elimination of impediments through bloodless processes is a part of their heritage.

Democracy provides revolt against the government with a voice and a vote in Parliament. The system takes care of any spirit of the people with a frank recognition that dissatisfaction must be expected as well as contentment, and that each has its constructive function in progress. The proof of this lies in the recourse to coalition during the war.

Russian Czarism ignored the assistance of the masses and otherwise. The result was the rolling up of centuries of accumulated criticism, left idle and mischievous. Democracies put criticism to work and keep it healthy.

Bolshevism is a gesture of the hopelessness which forbids intelligent action. Democracy is the application of popular intelligence to the problems of government.

THE LOST HAT.
[Carolin Wells].
Seated one day in a hat shop
I was bored and a bit blasé.
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the plumed array.

I know not what I was buying
Or what I was trying on.
But I saw a feathered wonder
Like the hat of a Spanish Don!

'Twas flooded with crimson velvet,
Like the robes of a Arabian queen,
And laved by a feather fancy
With a touch of real Blondine.

It rioted gold and silver,
Like sun overcoming rain;
It seemed the harmonious jumble
Of a genius gone insane.

It linked all perplexed shapings
Into one perfect hat,
And trembled away to a tricorné,
From a sort of a toque or flat.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost hat divine,
That came from the head of an artist,
And sat so well on mine.

It may be that haughty salesgirl
Has sold it to some old hen!
And it may be at somebody's luncheon
I shall see that hat again!

THE GREAT LEVELLER.
[Ottawa Citizen].
Time is the great leveller. Sir James Grant of Ottawa and Judge Alfred William Savary of Annapolis Royal, N. S., are dead. Only one of the three venerable survivors of the first Parliament of Confederation who lived into 1920 is alive today. Sheriff Hagar of L'Orignal, in his 90th year, is now the only one left of those who voted on the measure for the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

THE "DANCE OF LIFE."
Dancing was at fever heat just before the war, and writers who love to philosophize history pointed it out as a symptom of the great conflict to come. Now that the war is over and peace resumed, it is still a symptom, and parallels are sought again in the past. "Diarists writing about the period after the Napoleonic wars allude to the outbreak of the dancing mania," says Philip Gibbs, in the London Chronicle, adding:

"It is perhaps—almost certainly—the reaction of youth against the tragedy of war and the gloom of years when sacrifice was demanded by the gods. It is the dance of life, following the dance of death, and a joyous proclamation of youth's divine rights against unnatural discipline."

"There must be some tremendous law of psychology in this enthusiasm, because it is not restricted to one nation or to one class, but is general, I believe, among all the peoples who were involved in the great conflict, directly or indirectly—that is to say, nearly all the world. Going about Europe in the latter part of last year, and in America, during the first months of it, I tracked the progress of this dancing 'craze' and could not escape from its spheres of influence."

passing died into the distance when a new contingent arrived. These were not dancing, they were talking. Rules were laid down, and they could have understood them every detail of a troupe de fusil; six head for six shots, the did her hair last of all. She knew, M'sungu, the one word she knew, cropped out from their jabber with the rule, and she knew it. What they bore were six wide-beasts, male and female, burfuous of the plains, still slightly grotesque, their horse-like tails trailing like discouraged funeral plumes.

"Oh, White Man," gasped Andrea, covering her eyes, "oh, M'sungu!"

And then it came again, four loads this time, but every one as big as a horse. Eight men strained under each carcass of eland, largest and gentlest of all the hundred varieties of antelope that swarm over the length and breadth of Africa.

Andrea arose, but her knees trembled so that she quickly sat down in one of the wicker chairs, clutching its arm with hands gone white as though all the blood in her body had hidden in the floor. The white man, however, followed by gunbearers, water-boy and low on his back helmet was pulled enough to hide his eyes, sunken and face and his bare arms were streaked with sweat and dust. His shirt and blouse of moisture. He rubbed his face as he made straight for his hut, after he had a pale and a rushed to him off. "You are a murderer," she blazed at she faced him. Her eyes blazed but her lower lip was trembling pitifully.

The man stopped in his tracks and stared at her. Gradually he took in her meaning. "You think I do it for—fun?" he exclaimed.

Already Bathub was pushing a cup of hot tea into his hands. He took it, stirred and drank it without ever taking his eyes from Andrea's face.

"Murderer," she repeated tensely. The man handed back the empty cup,

glanced at his hut and turned his back on it with a sigh. "Come with me," he said.

"I shall never go anywhere with you," replied Andrea.

The man faced her quickly. "You will come with me or be carried. Take your choice."

Their eyes met and held in one of those struggles that measure not so much the contending characters as the strength of the opposing purposes. The man's purpose won out. Andrea dropped her eyes and followed him. He passed swiftly through the cruel and along a well-worn path that led to the fringe of the forest. All along that fringe could be seen the rising blue spirals of smoke from small camp fires. Under an enormous matula tree the smelters were at work, four to each carcass, skinning, cutting, hacking with practised hands. The meat was being piled in heaps and at each heap was stationed a black captain. Under his direction a host of helpers were cutting the flesh into minute portions.

Beyond the limits of the tree's far-reaching branches squatted a black army—men with assegais in their hands, women and children with queer conical baskets on their heads. Their tongues chattered incessantly, but their eyes never wavered in their lustful gaze on the meat. Physically these people were, without exception, a joy to the eye out beyond them, grouped together under another tree and hopelessly staring, was a small band that brought sudden tears to Andrea's eyes. Never before had she seen human bones and skin without flesh, live eyes staring from the skeleton emblem of death.

At last the division of the sanguinary spoil was completed. The well-fed army moved up, each and every man accompanied by woman or child as beast for the small but the assistance of the provided with individual brass checks, which they cast into the baskets at the feet of the captain upon receipt of their portion of meat. At the end, to Andrea's amazement, the tally was exact except that it left the starving group out of the count.

Through it all the white man had stood grimly by, uttering not a word and leaving her to the assistance of her own intelligence. She began to understand; the possessors of the brass checks had worked a joy to the eyes, her eyes lingered pitifully on the starving. She turned to the man with a gesture of pleading—pleading for pardon for herself, mercy for the silent suffering. "What about these?" she asked.

"They will receive a ration of millet," he answered. "Tomorrow the men will crawl to the forests, twice a week they will get meat checks. In a month they

turned to lead the way back to the camp and, once there, promptly disappeared into his hut. Half an hour later Andrea was nervously moving about her room wondering whether to put on her frock or not, when Bathub arrived with a message. Did she wish to dine alone or with M'sungu?

"Tell your master," she answered, "that I will dine with him with pleasure." (To Be Continued.)

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