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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, August 27.

No Time To Temporarily

In the abstract, at least, most of the people of this and other countries recognize the fact that decreased consumption and greater production are needed to bring economic conditions back to normal. Lloyd George sounded the warning in England and it has been echoed by British labor leaders. To some extent the same sentiment has been expressed in this country, but it has not sunk in, unless it be in the border towns, where a practical demonstration has been given in the depreciation of the value of the Canadian dollar.

Strikes and demands for increased wages are a symptom of unsatisfactory conditions and are by no means a remedy. A 20 per cent reduction in the cost of living is of greater importance than a 20 per cent increase in wages, inasmuch as the purchasing power of the dollar is increased and the country is placed in a much more favorable position for trade purposes. At the present time the cost of living in Canada is higher than in the United States, a state of affairs for which the tariff is largely responsible. A corresponding increase in wages would inevitably raise the cost of production to a point where competition in foreign markets would be practically prohibitive.

What is Canada going to do about it? With the United States taking drastic measures to reduce the cost of living this country is going to be placed at greater disadvantage than ever. Obviously the cost of production per unit must be reduced, either by lowering the general cost or by more intensive production. Either the government must do something or the workingman must, and the workingman is in no mood at present to labor harder for his present wage. Prompt action is necessary to save this country from, it may be, the calamity which Lloyd George foresees in England.

The Treaty Blockers

For over six weeks the United States Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has been "considering" the peace treaty and announces that the hearings will go on indefinitely. It doesn't seem to interest these gentlemen that throughout the world social and industrial unrest is rapidly spreading, a dangerous condition that would certainly be modified if peace became a fact by American acceptance, as acceptance would bring the League of Nations reconstruction forces into play. The committee, carefully selected to prevent a favorable report passing, seems set on defeating and humiliating President Wilson. Compared to such a desirable party triumph a world stewing with misery and discontent to the boiling-over point is a trivial matter with Lodge, Borah and the rest.

In their campaign to belittle Mr. Wilson's work at Paris the committee is proceeding to amazing lengths, going far beyond their original stand for American isolation. Hearings have been promised delegations from Egypt, the Balkans, Ireland and even Scotland, delegations who claim unjust treatment under conditions of the peace pact. It is not conceivable that the Senate committee proposes to revise the entire agreement reached at Versailles. That must be accepted by all the parties to the conference, else fall to pieces. Anybody can see what a catastrophe such failure would precipitate. It must be, then, that Lodge and his aides are simply "carrying on" with a new form of embarrassment, with the object of routing the president. Fortunately, there are signs that the American public is growing impatient at the delay of ratification. That great journal of the people, the New York World, says:

"As the president said in his address to Congress on the high cost of living, we have now neither peace nor war, and there can be no stable basis for reconstruction until peace is a fact. Peace cannot be a fact until the Senate has performed its constitutional functions in respect to the treaty of peace. While this duty is evaded business and government alike are merely speculative."

"Nothing can be expected from Senator Lodge and his obstructionist associates, but there are thirty-nine Republican senators who are not members of the committee on foreign relations, and it is inconceivable that a majority of these senators are blind to their vast public responsibilities at this critical time. It is they who will have to force action if the world is not to drift aimlessly into economic and political chaos."

There is little doubt but that the American nation as a whole is willing to accept the peace treaty as it stands. The masses are prepared to give the League of Nations covenant a trial without wholesale revision or mutilation, and the sooner the Senate committee bows to this wish, dropping obstruction, the better for themselves, their party, their country and the world generally. Nobody seriously believes the Lodge band either plan or wish to wreck the treaty, but they have carried their campaign against Mr. Wilson to a point where it has become an exasperation to American public opinion.

A Hint to Mexico

The American troops in pursuit of Mexican bandits having lost the trail have been ordered to retire across the border. This was what happened on the last occasion, but this time the Americans have the satisfaction of making good to some extent on the "invasion." Four of the brigands have been killed and ten others driven into a trap set by Mexican troops and made prisoners.

When General Pershing was called off the

trail of Villa after the Columbus massacre the American people undoubtedly felt humiliated, although at the time it was the wisest course for Washington to take. Whether German agents were behind the Villa raid or not it was an aggravation that, but for the wise judgment of the American Government, might have brought on war with Mexico at a moment when the United States was preparing to enter the lists against the Teutons. This "back down," as the Mexicans jubilantly called it, developed an insolent attitude toward Washington by Carranza and his crew which should be sharply checked by last week's pursuit of the outlaws. As we measure military operations the affair is a decidedly minor one, but it has demonstrated that the American troops are thoroughly trained and organized and that Uncle Sam is ready to strike swiftly and heavily when necessary. The killing of a few wretched outlaws is nothing, but the display of determination and strength on the part of the Americans should, unless Carranza is hopelessly blind, go a long way toward securing more decent treatment of foreigners in benighted Mexico.

Taxation

The most difficult question legislators have to deal with is taxation. The war has made it more difficult than ever. The man who can point the way to just taxation will benefit the world. An open letter has been addressed to legislators by James R. Brown, president of the Manhattan Single Tax Club. The letter is terse and condensed and contains much food for thought.

Some years ago in London vacant lots were not taxed at all because the town was at a standstill. You could neither sell nor build and rent. There has never been a time when it paid to keep vacant land and there is nothing that eats its head off more rapidly than vacant land.

In the Northwest single tax and part single tax has been introduced by taxing the land at a high percentage of value and the buildings at a lower percentage. It has not been considered successful or desirable. When the check in values came before the war taxes were paid on sums far exceeding the amount at which the property could be sold, and so continue until the present time. In small municipalities it becomes a very important consideration in determining the soundness of their municipal debentures. Another circumstance entering into the question is that a large percentage of the taxpayers in small communities in the northwest are non-residents. In one municipality about five-sixths of the taxes are paid by non-residents.

The unearned increment enters very little into the question of taxation in small communities compared with the progressive parts of large cities, but if the principles on which single tax is based are sound they should apply to small and large alike.

We quote from Mr. Brown's letter:

"As never before the tax question is up clamoring for adjustment."

"Our present tax methods are one grand and monstrous muddle; no business principle, no ethical principle, no economic law has any place in our application of the taxing power."

"Taxation is the collection of payment for public services."

"To tax a man on the value of his house as payment for public services is just like charging a man for a suit of clothes by the value of his auto."

"When a man builds, paints or improves his house he pays for those services to the painter and builder. Why, then, should he be called to pay for those services a second time to the town that did not build or paint, in fact, rendered no service and delivered no goods?"

"To increase a man's assessment merely because he rendered a private service unto himself and, incidentally to the public through improvement to the neighborhood, is, to say the least, unreasonable."

"No part of the tax upon land values can be added to the gross rent. This truth of economics is admitted by all economists, and is perhaps the only fact of economics upon which they all agree."

"The important thing about taxation is its incidence. The precisely opposite effect of taxes upon land value to taxes upon labor or capital value constitutes the great and most vital truth of economics."

"If we do not tax or take land value for social purposes it becomes a premium on idleness or a payment to the speculator to hold land out of use—thereby making land artificially scarce—artificially dear—raising rent—increasing the cost of living and, worst of all, closing the door of opportunity on capital and labor."

"It would bring the economic millennium measurably nearer if every legislator and every voter would learn the following sentences by heart and repeat them to himself until he has thoroughly grasped their tremendous meaning:

"Taxing labor values and failing to tax land values have exactly the same effect, namely, to raise the cost of living and to promote unemployment."

"Taxing land values and untaxing labor values have exactly the same effect, namely, to reduce the cost of living and increase employment of labor and capital."

There is a great deal of food for thought in Mr. Brown's letter. The experiences in the Northwest show that the partial single tax in force there is against vacant lots being held by speculators, although it has not been favorably received. In large cities this would be emphasized. The value of unused lands would become so low it would not pay to hold them. They would eat their heads off quicker than under the present method. Lands would only be bought when intended for use. The municipalities in the northwest would derive no benefit from non-resident owners of vacant lands and the whole burden of debenture debt would fall on the balance of the owners. Speculation in vacant lots would be a lost art.

The tremendous importance of the question becomes more emphatic still when the war has multiplied the taxes so many times. It makes a municipality resemble a joint stock company. They can tax all the lots at such sum as they think prudent, but only those lots that could be used for some practical purpose would contribute to the income of the municipality. The unused lots would have no value until some one wanted to use them.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
A POEM AND A SEQUEL.
By Dora Molan.

When Elise Duane felt anything very deeply she wrote a poem—and sold it. Her verses appeared frequently in a certain popular weekly. Always they attracted notice and often times she was asked the inevitable question, Why didn't she devote all her time to verse? If she could write like that, her path to at least moderate success was assured, and surely it must be less than a year's photography to this question Elise always made the same answer. "But I can't write that way except when I am in a thing intensely, and I don't often."

Back at the beginning of the war, when the first contingent, a battalion of national guard troops, left her home town for camp, Mrs. Duane, accompanied by her small daughter, Alice, was wedged in the wildly enthusiastic though somewhat fearful crowd that made them good-byes.

A few weeks later a poem, signed with her name, was published in the periodical which had printed all her verses and which had a national circulation. It was a simple lament that she had none "near and dear" to offer to her country.

Mrs. Duane received many letters, mostly from women who wished to thank the author of the poem for putting into words thoughts which they had not the gift to define. One, however, was from a man.

He did not praise the poem—simply stated he had read it, and in plain phraseology lifted himself a substitute for a "near and dear" one. "I have a premonition," the man wrote, "that I never saw you before, and I am a firm believer in 'hunches.' I have no family to represent. My name is an honorable one, and I am a man. If you will take it, madam, and will allow me to make over to you my insurance, I set nothing in reserve but that I be not the only one left out when the mail arrives from God's country. We start next week." The letter was signed, "Private John E. Pendleton."

Mrs. Duane pondered many hours over the simple, straightforward letter before she answered. Finally she wrote that she could not accept the name of a man who was an utter stranger to her. Neither would she feel that she had any right to his insurance. If the premonition should come true.

However, if Mr. Pendleton would permit, she and her small daughter would adopt him as their special charge during the war. If he could obtain leave before his regiment left for over there would he come and see them. She signed the letter "Elise and Alice Duane."

The next letter that Mrs. Duane received from Private Pendleton was dated at a nearby training camp. He would have a few hours' leave the following Saturday. Might he come and see them then?

Alice, aged twelve, was delighted when she heard that their soldier was coming to them Saturday.

Saturday noon he came. The little Duane flat was in immaculate order. Alice had helped make it so and from her post by the window called, "Here he comes, mother!" She ran headlong down the stairs to the sound of the bell and appeared holding by the hand a tall soldier.

John Pendleton was not handsome. Elise decided at the first glance, but his face was one to be trusted. Somehow, she did not feel at all embarrassed as she had expected to. After lunch they sat and talked, considerably about his past, but more about the future. And the time passed quickly.

When Pendleton left he stooped and kissed all three living heads with his mother and looking straight into her eyes, told her that he had spent the most enjoyable hours of his life. "I surely will have one more leave, and I'm coming again—may I?"

"Of course," Elise answered. Two days later Elise Duane received another letter from Private Pendleton. He had made his life insurance over to Alice. Surely she could not object to that. Then, too, he had a tiny income. It wasn't much, but it might help out in the days to come, when her business would be sure to suffer.

He had arranged that it be paid to her during his absence, for Mrs. Duane was to remember that even if she refused to bear his name they were still his adopted family, and in view of the premonition, he would feel more comfortable about leaving them. The following Saturday, the letter stated, he was coming again—and it would probably be good-bye.

And over this letter Elise pondered during the intervening days. Had she any right to take this big-hearted man's money? Not, not for herself, surely. But for Alice? Even a "tiny" income would smooth their pathway. And in the event his foreboding proved to be justified—but here, rather to her own surprise, found herself in tears.

That big, fine-natured man would have no one of his own name in the whole world to mourn him—no one who had a right to have a service flag in his honor!

Perhaps it was Alice's remark when her mother told her their soldier was coming to say farewell—"Oh, mother, I like him so! I wish he could be my really daddy!"—that brought Mrs. Duane to her decision: for it transpired that on that last visit she listened to the soldier's plea and became Mrs. John Pendleton.

Immediately after the ceremony the soldier bade his "really" family good-bye, and this time he kissed them both.

Then followed the anxious times that no one has forgotten. Sometimes letters came regularly. Then there were apprehensive weeks when no word was received. The photography business fell off and the small income helped considerably. Daily Alice planned for the time when her daddy should return—and at the thought Elise's heart would beat faster. But it was not until the day ceased to arrive altogether, that the wife owned, even to herself, that she dearly loved her big, generous soldier husband.

Then one day, when Elise was busy in her workshop and the doorbell rang, she sent Alice to answer it. It might be the fateful bit of paper that haunted her dreams, bearing the tragic message that John's "hunch" had come true.

But this could be no telegram, for indistinguishable voices sounded from below. Alice was talking to a man. Did she call to him? No. No. It couldn't be. Mrs. Pendleton trembled, however, as she arose and passed into the stairs, holding by the left hand a tall soldier.

"Elise—my wife!" he cried. Then somehow that left was around her. Feeling her hand on his arm and looking into his eyes, she said, "You see, only part of my hunch was true, dear. Are you glad that the rest has escaped for a time home to my 'really' family?" Alice is, she has told me, the useless sleeve Elise replied: "Somehow, I can't tell you, John, how I feel. I will write it. And now but you shall see the poem."

"NEWSPAPERS ARE WORLD'S MIRROR"

Comment, Cleverness and Mere Verbiage From "Education of the Common People" in Canada and Other Lands.

LIST TO BRANTFORD.

(Brantford Examiner.)
London's Lesser claims a population of 60,000, a reminder, by the way, that the day of a Forty Thousand Brantford seems to be appreciably nearer now than it was a year ago.

WILL HAVE ENOUGH TO PICK FROM.

(Guelph Mercury.)
The battle of the ballot will soon begin, and while there may be

casualties, there'll be some reputations to be made. Between farmers, Labor, Liberal, Tories and Socialists, the voters will have enough to sift through before picking on the best representative for all.

A MONOLOGUE.

(Argonaut.)
[Argonaut.]
Attorney-General Gregory at a dinner recently remarked: "Bore are always talkative. There is no such thing as a silent bore. One of the ilk once said to me at a party, 'Jones isn't very polite. He yawned three times while I was talking to him yesterday.' But maybe he was not yawning, I protested. 'Perhaps he was trying to say something.'"

DAMAGING ADMISSIONS.
[Brantford Examiner.]

Through this illuminating evidence the public is able to judge where the responsibility lies for the high cost of clothing, and it is made pretty clear that it does not lie at the door of the retailer. The admissions made are very damaging, and create a most interesting situation for Parliament, while the proposals are under discussion. Shall the Paton Company and similar concerns which are highly protected by patent rights be allowed to manufacture only for the benefit of their shareholders, without regard either to a suffering public or to the glory of God?

SAVE THE FORESTS.

The present price of lumber is appalling. The more forest fires we have the greater will be the price we shall pay for our homes, and they are costly beyond all reason as it is. As every person must have the shelter of a home of some sort in order to live in this rigorous climate it becomes every person's business to give so much matter of forest fires personal heed and help. This can be done through the polls, so that if the Government is inert enough not to move in this momentous matter the people can exercise their will and have the remedy applied before it is too late.

ATHLETICS VS. GOOSE-STEP.
[Winnipeg Telegram.]

Cricket and football teach a man real self-discipline, and the team-work necessary for victory in these games teach him the value of that comradeship and devotion to a common end in winning victory on the sterner battlefield. British sport has been vindicated by the polls, so that if the Government is inert enough not to move in this momentous matter the people can exercise their will and have the remedy applied before it is too late.

And the time passed quickly.

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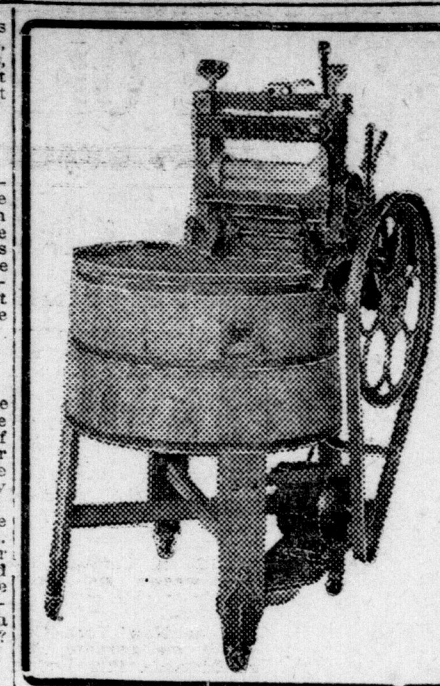
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The Electric Washer Will Do Your Washing for ONE CENT!

You wouldn't do a big washing to EARN a cent, would you? Then why do a big washing to SAVE a cent!

THE ELECTRIC WASHER will do your entire washing every week for ONE CENT—do it far better and quicker than you could possibly do it by any other method.

And it's so simple—just throw the clothes in the soapy water, press the button, and watch the clothes wash themselves.

Come In and Have a Look at Our Special \$80 Washer

See how easy it is to operate. Find out how cheap it is to run—(the current only costs a cent a week). And our easy-payment plan makes it easy to buy one of these washers. All you do is pay a little bit down and a little bit each month—You hardly miss the money.

The Hydro Shop

Phone 7000

Be Sure and See Our Splendid Exhibits at the Western Fair

Main Exhibit in the Wing of the Palace.

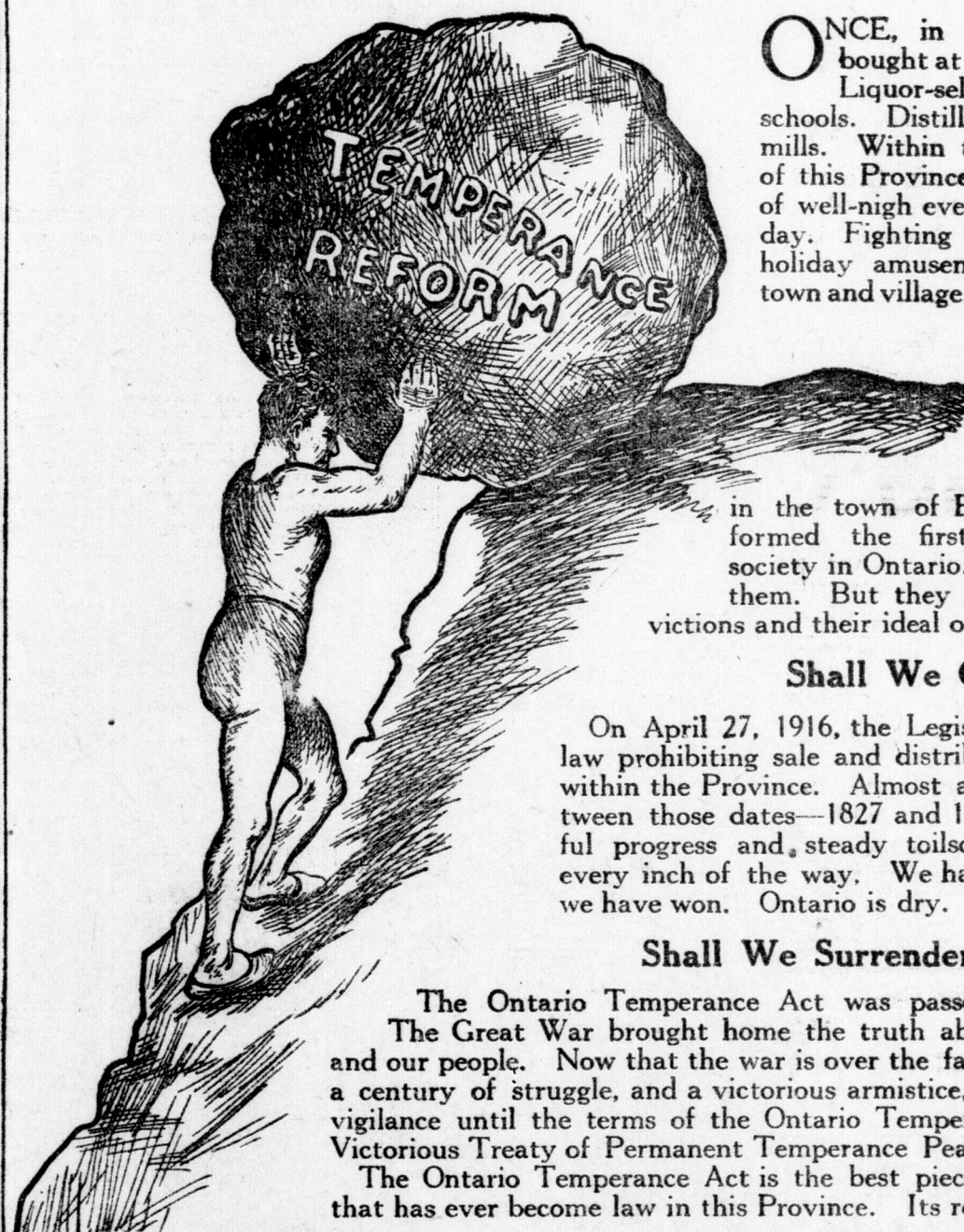
Exhibition of Electric Ranges in the Process Building.

Watch for AUNT JEMIMA!

Taste the delicious pancakes baked by Aunt Jemima herself!

A Century of Temperance Progress is at Stake

THIS advertisement is addressed particularly to friends of organized temperance throughout the Province of Ontario. They have rallied to win many a victory before. They must rally in full strength for the Victory of Victories now, to make The Ontario Temperance Act permanent law.



ONCE, in Ontario, whiskey could be bought at 50 cents a gallon by anybody. Liquor-selling taverns outnumbered the schools. Distilleries outnumbered the grist mills. Within the memory of living citizens of this Province, drunkenness was a feature of well-nigh every fair, and of every election day. Fighting and rioting were common holiday amusements in many an Ontario town and village, in the "good old days."

Shall Ontario go Back?

One day in 1827, just 92 years ago, three brave men in the town of Brockville met together and formed the first pledge-signing temperance society in Ontario. "Milk sops" people called them. But they had courage, they had convictions and their ideal of Temperance has triumphed.

Shall We Give Up?

On April 27, 1916, the Legislature of Ontario enacted a law prohibiting sale and distribution of alcoholic beverages within the Province. Almost a century of struggle lies between those dates—1827 and 1916—a century of slow, painful progress and, steady toilsome climb, fighting, fighting every inch of the way. We have fought the good fight and we have won. Ontario is dry.

Shall We Surrender Now?

The Ontario Temperance Act was passed as a war-time measure. The Great War brought home the truth about liquor to our Legislators and our people. Now that the war is over the facts are still the facts. After a century of struggle, and a victorious armistice, Ontario should not relax her vigilance until the terms of the Ontario Temperance Act are written into a Victorious Treaty of Permanent Temperance Peace!

The Ontario Temperance Act is the best piece of Temperance Legislation that has ever become law in this Province. Its repeal is unthinkable!

"NO!"—FOUR TIMES—"NO!"

ANY one of the proposed amendments that will face you on the ballot paper would spoil the Ontario Temperance Act. It would be a slip down hill after an upward climb of a hundred years. Those who love this Province of Ontario and have put heart and soul into its social progress and achievement will make no mistake. Mark your ballot X, four times in the column headed "No," and herein fail not or, in so far as temperance goes, your ballot is spoiled.

Ontario Referendum Committee

JOHN MACDONALD
Chairman

D. A. DUNLAP
Treasurer

ANDREW S. GRANT
Vice-Chairman and Secretary
(1001 Esplanade Life Bldg., Toronto)