

London Advertiser

Published by
THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED,
London, Ontario.

MORNING. EVENING.

3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS 3670
PRIVATE BRANCH EXCHANGE

From 9 p.m. to 8:30 a.m., and holidays, call 76, Business
Department; 78, Editors and Reporters; 1174, Composing
Room; 76, Circulation Department.

ADVERTISING BRANCH OFFICES.
Toronto Office—F. W. Thompson, 100 King street west,
Room 29.

UNITED STATES REPRESENTATIVES
Charles H. Eddy Company.
New York—Fifth Avenue Building.
Chicago—People's Gas Building.
Boston—Old South Building.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
City—Delivered.

15 cents per week; \$3.90 for six months; 65 cents per
month; \$7.80 for one year.

By Mail, Outside City—\$5 per month; \$2.75 for six months;
or 50 cents per month for short-term subscriptions.

To the United States—\$6 per year, \$3.50 for six months,
or 50 cents a month.

Foreign subscriptions, \$13.80 per year.

SUBSCRIBERS, PLEASE NOTE.

All subscriptions are payable in advance and at full price.
Insure safety of your remittance by using postal note, money
order or registered letter. Subscriptions are started only
with current issue. Three days notice required to make
change of address. Be sure to give both old and new
addresses. Renew promptly and sign your name plainly.
Subscriptions are not acknowledged unless
request. Receipt of remittance is shown by your label
being changed inside of six days.

ADVERTISERS, NOTE.

Circulation audited by A. B. C.
Report furnished advertisers on request.

London, Ont., Thursday, Sept. 8.

KEEP ON BUYING!

Just as sure as there is a slump there will be a
revival. Nothing can prevent the world getting back
to normalcy and good times. History records many
depressions, but they have all been comparatively
brief, invariably followed by increased prosperity.
Meanwhile, keep on buying and keep things going.
That is the way to carry on during the hour of indus-
trial and commercial low levels. The fact that the
more we purchase the more manufacturing is required,
with its increasing employment, is so patent that it
seems absurd to mention it. The big financier, the little
storekeeper, the laborer, skilled and unskilled, the
wage-earner and capitalist of every description, are all
essential to one another. Co-operation is the key to
the movement towards better times, which is already
under way in Canada.

A PORTAL OF PEACE.

The "Peace Arch" which has been erected on the
international boundary near Vancouver, to commem-
orate over a hundred years of peace between Canada
and the United States, is claimed to be the first
monument of the kind to be erected in the world.
It is true in the narrow sense, but from time to
time in the history of the world monuments in stone,
one of them of rude construction, it is true, have been
put up as tokens of amity between tribes and nations.
The stately portal just completed near Vancouver is a
veritable "sermon in stone," for concrete is to all
intents and purposes a form of rock. The text of the
sermon is that with three thousand miles of frontier,
no fortifications or defences of any kind have been
necessary for over one hundred years.

Probably the European nations who have for so
many centuries shown their teeth at one another
across the borders of their respective states would
have been better off today could they have afforded
to do without these huge military works, not only
of defence, but of defiance; but autocratic rulers in
their distrust of each other considered such grim toys
necessary to their own safety, if not to that of their
subjects, and so these fortresses have been allowed
to grimly frown upon each other for centuries. Surely
the day is coming when other nations can erect some
token of mutual goodwill such as that which now
rears its stately outlines on the Pacific coast, and tells
the world that not only are Canadians and Americans
"brethren dwelling together in unity," but that they
are "children of a common mother."

At a time when there is such an intense longing
for a lasting peace in the world, the inauguration
of such an outstanding token of concord is more than
usually significant. In the days of ancient Rome the
conquering Caesars erected magnificent triumphal
arches to keep in everlasting remembrance their great
victories, but this arch of peace in a land which the
Caesars never knew is the most triumphant monument
of them all, for it tells of how prejudices and passions
have been conquered to the present good and the
eternal welfare of two great nations of the Anglo-
Saxon race. May the day soon come when the "roof
of the world" will be surmounted by a majestic monu-
ment, before which all the people of the earth will
lay their testimonies of everlasting friendship.

PROGRESS IN CHINA.

In the current issue of the China Review, a copy
of which has been kindly sent us by the secretary of
the Chinese Nationalist League in this city, there
appears an interesting article on the modern aspect
of the country by Dr. Wu Ting-fang, a veteran diplomat
and statesman, a former Chinese minister to the
United States, and at present holding office as minister
of foreign affairs for the constitutional government of
the Republic of China. Dr. Wu, who is known as "the
Grand Old Man of China," is a striking personality,
and his political and economical writings are univer-
sally read. He considers that the internal strife in
China is caused by the march of modernity being op-
posed by the forces of reaction.

Dr. Wu is not alone in his view that the cause of
trouble in the development of a country is the con-
flict between advancement and retrogression, between
selfishness and generous patriotism. We see the same
state of matters in our own country and in any coun-
try where there is a forward movement. As Dr. Wu
points out, "China has long been referred to as the
home of an awakening people, and it is because of that
awakening, by the ready acceptance of new ideas by
some of her enlightened sons, that conflict and inter-
necine war are dividing the country. China is in a
state of transition, is witnessing a struggle between
the new and the old, between enlightened ideas and
ignorance and corruption, between management and
mismanagement. It is an inevitable phase in the
evolution of any people; it is inevitable among even
the most civilized."

As we have said, the same process of evolution is
going on in every country, though not in the same
intensive degree. The period of transition which is
taking place in Canada at the present time may well
be compared to that of China, although, fortunately,
there is an entire absence of that physical strife which
is hindering the forces of progression in the East. For-
tunately, also, Canada will soon have her remedy at
the polls, and the people will raise their voice in de-

manding the removal of those obstacles which impede
the country's prosperity.

Of course, it is now recognized by the Liberal
element in China that if the country is ever going to
take its proper place among the great family of nations
she must reform—must modernize. As Dr. Wu ob-
serves: "She cannot stand still; she must either go
backward or forward." This, again, is perfectly true
of every country and of every individual and of every
project. China is merely seeking to accomplish in a
short space of time what other nations have taken
centuries to accomplish, and have accomplished more
or less by simultaneous and mutual effort.

Dr. Sun Yat-sen, than whom there is no more en-
lightened figure in the field of Chinese reform today,
and who is collaborating with the venerable minister
of foreign affairs, has established in Canton a govern-
ment on democratic lines, and is using every oppor-
tunity of adding the progressive movement by the force
of example. Dr. Wu is convinced that this movement
cannot be stayed, although it may be temporarily em-
barrassed. There is, therefore, every reason to pre-
dict that China will, in the not very distant future,
attain a degree of progress which will give her a place
in the ranks of modern nations consistent with her
ancient greatness and civilization.

THE MAN WITH THE GUN.

Is it not time that something was done to curtail
the facilities which permit all sorts of irresponsible in-
dividuals, men as well as boys, to wander at large on
any day of the week, but particularly on holidays,
with loaded guns in their hands, knowing not or caring
not who or what they are going to shoot, but deter-
mined to have a crack at something, anyway? We
say nothing of the professional desperadoes who prow
about certain districts, seeking whom they may rob
and slay, but we wish to call the attention of the
authorities to the loose manner in which all sundry
can procure firearms, and when so disposed can dis-
charge them within the city limits, as if it were the
most ordinary thing in the world.

The other day a peaceful citizen was calmly perus-
ing the morning newspaper near an open window,
which overlooked the veranda at the side of his house,
when "Bang!" went a shotgun, and almost simul-
taneously with the report a shower of small shot rat-
tled on the veranda and knocked splinters out of one
of the posts. The "sportsman" was a burly individual
of foreign aspect, who stood coolly with his gun in his
hand a few yards from the cottage, apparently un-
der the impression that hunting trips within the city and
on other people's grounds were all right, and that if
any of the citizens got a share of the lead it was
no concern of his. When ordered off under a threat
of invoking the law, the man with the gun walked
away with an injured air, taking with him a painful
little songbird which he had slaughtered.

Apart from the danger of people getting maimed
or blinded by the contents of the guns carried by these
lunatics at large, it is a scandalous thing that the
feathered musicians, upon which so much of the joy
of the summer depends, should be driven from their
haunts by such barbarous practices. The protection
of our wild birds is not only the duty of the people,
but it is the duty of the state, and adequate measures
should be taken to check the indiscriminate use of
guns in this as in still more questionable enterprises.
It should not be sufficient merely for the possessor of
firearms to have a license, but such licenses should not
be granted without due knowledge of the recipient,
and a guarantee that he was going to use the weapon
in a lawful manner.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Premier Meighen has begun his political swan-song.

De Valera says that Britain's offer has a fake label.
So has de Valera.

Toronto now owns its street railway, and London
is going to seize upon the same idea.

The Greeks are expected to capture Angora from
the Turks. That should "get" the Turkish "goat."

The United States having made peace with Ger-
many, no doubt the war can be considered over, over
there.

A young and innocent alligator has been found wan-
dering about the streets of Hamilton. It has been
afforded police protection.

King Coal has received a severe knock in Britain,
and is considerably reduced. Serves him right for
causing so much trouble lately.

Astronomers declare that a second moon recently
discovered appears to serve no purpose. However, it
will give the poets something more to rave about.

Better roads have caused a big increase in the
number of auto tourists, and no doubt the increase in
the number of auto tourists has caused better roads.

Inverness, where the British cabinet is meeting,
has a famous cemetery named Tomnahurich. It is
probably here that de Valera's hopes of a republic
will be buried.

At a riot in Dundee, Scotland, caused by the unem-
ployed, tombstones were hurled at the police. We
now know what Mrs. Malaprop meant by asserting that
obnoxious epitaphs had been thrown at her.

The London Free Press says the tariff is the chief
political issue. The Montreal Star (Conservative)
says the tariff is not the chief issue. Mr. Meighen's
press support seems about as patchwork as his min-
istry and his party.

A STRANGE TREATY.

No pomp, no ceremony, no speech-making marked the
signing of the separate treaty of peace between Germany and
the United States. The plenipotentiaries wrote their names
and got out as quickly as possible. That was seemingly, for
it would have been a net unseemly to invoke the usual formal-
ties and dignities upon the conclusion of a pact that is not
at all the usual thing in treaties, being of so uncommon a
nature that it would be safe to pronounce it unique. This
treaty of itself has no life. It is not viable. Apart from the
Porter resolution and the Treaty of Versailles, it could not
stand for an instant. In fact, its sole independent affirma-
tion is that of the desire to restore friendly relations between
the two countries. Beyond that, it is a parasitic growth upon
the Treaty of Versailles.

It will serve its one primary purpose, that of establishing
peace, and should, therefore, be ratified by the Senate. If
its assertion of rights and benefits under the rejected Treaty
of Versailles is valid, further benefits will accrue under it,
such as the confirmation of our rights in the Island of Yap,
and the right to participate in the work of the reparations
commission, should we so desire. But it is a formless and
incomplete instrument; it must be followed by the formal
treaty of commerce and amity negotiated in the usual manner
and containing a multitude of provisions not inserted in the
agreement signed in Berlin.

OTHERS' NEWS

THE WHISPERING TREES.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

Trees whisper in the summer breeze.
We have all heard them do it. Different
kinds of three have different and char-
acteristic voices. There is a muffled
plaint of the oak, a wintry blast, un-
like the brilliant sigh of the pine. Pine
trees are especially vocal, thanks to
their myriads of needles, which, as the
wind blows, rustle and sweep sweeps
through them. Similar notes are sound-
ed in the winter time by bare twigs and
even branches. Naturally the pine need-
les give a smaller range of high-pitched
notes than do the twigs and branches
of oaks.

Prof. W. J. Humphreys of the United
States Weather Bureau, says that as the
oak leaves rustle in the breeze, the forest
often particularly in a pine forest, in a
leeward valley, one hears a low, sigh-
ing or moaning noise, which, as the
wind blows, rustle and sweep sweeps
through them. The storm wind in winter, when
one is glad to be safe indoors, has many
voices and musical notes. At the height
of its fury it seems actually to howl
about the chimneys and rooftops. These
sounds are due to eddies in the moving
air, attributable to the fact that the
turbulence of the air currents by the edges
of the roof and other obstacles.

CANADA'S WATERWAYS.

(London Morning Post.)

The average Britisher has little idea
of the vastness of Canada, and it would
probably astonish him that it is twice
as large as the area of the Roman
Empire at its greatest extent. The im-
mense size of the country is a very im-
portant factor in the development of
the Dominion. When Lord Emmott
returned from a visit to Canada he told
the Royal Canadian Mounted Police
that he had been impressed by the vastness
of the Dominion was the magnificent water-
ways. "When one stands by the river at
Ottawa," he said, "some hundreds of
miles from the mouth of the St. Law-
rence, and is told that the source of
the river is only a few miles from the
mouth of the river, one is struck by the
fact that the river is a great natural
highway, and that the water system of
Canada is a great natural highway."

THE RAILWAYS' TROUBLES.

(Ottawa Journal.)

All over the world the troubles of the
railways would appear to have had their
foundation in the fact that the rail-
roads are a permanent non-satisfactory
adjustment yet being made. It is appar-
ently an easy thing to bring about an
increase in the scale of pay when ab-
normal conditions lend themselves to the
side of the employees. It is a very dif-
ficult thing to bring about a decrease.
In practice, rather than theory, the law
would appear to be one-sided. At one
event, it compels the employer to yield
immediately to demands, almost invari-
ably with retroactive effect, while it
leaves an open door for the employee to
resist indefinitely a judgment adverse
to labor. The railways are in ad-
vantage in that position today. The same
tribunal which advanced wages, and the finding
of which was instantly given effect by
the railways, has now ordered a cut.
Yet a way has been found under the
law to have the matter held in suspense
pending what may be a tedious arbitra-
tion. And if the ultimate decision should
be favorable to the railways there, will
be no refunds coming to them.

A GRACEFUL TRIBUTE.

(Halifax Chronicle.)

The British Government is paying a
graceful tribute to the American naval
men who perished in the wreck of the
ZR-2, by sending their bodies home on
H. M. S. Dauntless. It is a very grace-
ful and a mark of respect to the dead,
which usually is accorded only to high
officials. But in this case the American
and British naval officers lost their
lives in the discharge of a common duty,
and the dispatch of the Dauntless is
further evidence of the spirit of unity
which brought the men of the two
navies so closely together during the
war and of the comradeship which ani-
mates them today.

ADVERTISING IN THE ORIENT.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

Oriental countries, having awakened
within very recent years to the worth-
whileness of advertising, have adopted
methods of their own which are rather
odd and picturesque. In particular, they
go in for street processions. Enterprising
advertisers in Chinese and Japanese cities organize
parades, with banners and strange de-
vices, such as dragons and other mon-
sters, carried by men or on wagons.
This is real jazz, as applied to pub-
licity work. We have nothing equal
to it in this way. In the Philippines
similar methods are pursued. Not long
ago, in Manila to advertise a new cigar,
there was a very striking procession,
which gigantic walking cigars took part,
accompanied by men carrying large
placards lettered in English and Span-
ish, extolling the product and inviting
the public to try it.

A MILLIONAIRE FLUNKY.

(New York Times.)

James W. Hebron, who was buried
Sunday in Calvary Cemetery, was the
"Jimmy" of the old days at Delmonico's,
reputed to have made a million from
tips given him by friendly magnates
and through his own lively stable busi-
ness that for years had the privileges
of leading hotels and restaurants. Just
now "Jimmy" made is doubtful.
He once put the total at \$350,000.
He was born in Ireland 65 years ago,
and studied for the priesthood. He al-
ways attributed his popularity with Del-
monico patrons to his education, which
enabled him to converse with them. He
went to work first as a doorman at the
famous restaurant in 1877 at \$1 a
day. The big operators of the period,
James R. Keene among them, took a
liking to him, tipped with prodigal hand
and often "put him in with them" in
fruitful speculation. Capital in hand, he
opened his cab business and made a
success of it, adding two more stables
and buying a house at 285 West Seven-
teenth street.

In 1907 his mind gave way and for
four years he was incompetent. A fall
while crossing a railway track restored
his reason and he later brought several
suits for accountings of his property, as-
serting that he had been defrauded. He
was dissipated by mismanagement during
his illness. Three years ago his health
again failed. Recently he had lived with
a daughter at 147 West Sixty-sixth
street.

KEEP GOING.

(Bay City Tribune.)

The wires carry a story of an ex-sol-
dier and his mother who committed
suicide because he could not get a job
and all that was left between them and
starvation was three \$50 Liberty bonds,
which they directed should be used to
bury them. Some people worry more
about a "decent burial" than they worry
about a decent living. Anybody with
pep" would have used those Liberty
bonds to keep going" and taken
chances on finding a job before the
money was all spent.

OUR GREAT-GRANDMOTHERS.

(London Express.)

Sir, A lot has been written lately
about the way girls dress—or (accord-
ing to some writers) undress. I was
reading an old novel yesterday pub-
lished in 1808, in which a Mrs. Jones
gives her views on the dress of the
period. She says: "There are not
many of the young girls nowadays who
can boast of being well-dressed. No
faith, they are all outside show, and
God knows, but little of that, since they
are more than ready to blush for
them every day of my life."

People seem to change but little
after all.

A. M. H.

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

(Copyright, 1921, by The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

THE CRIME OF EUGENE ARAM.

The murder committed by Eugene
Aram—perpetrated in Hood's bal-
lad, "The Dream of Eugene Aram," and
Bulwer Lytton's romance, "Eugene
Aram"—was remarkable not only on
account of the unusual attainments of
the criminal, who was one of the lead-
ing linguists of his time, but also be-
cause of the fact that no evidence of
the crime was adduced for fourteen
years after the crime was committed.

Eugene Aram was a self-taught
genius. He had received only a scanty
education from his parents, but, by dint
of the most persevering energy, he ac-
quired an excellent knowledge of mathe-
matics, and an extensive acquaintance
with Latin and Greek, as well as with
the Hebrew and Chaldean languages.
He taught Latin and writing at a school
in London, and was afterwards employ-
ed as usher and assistant to the Rev.
Anthony Hinton at his boarding school
in Middlesex.

In 1744 Aram murdered Daniel Clarke
and then successfully concealed all
traces of his crime until the accidental
discovery of a skeleton fourteen years
later led to the conclusion that a mur-
der had been committed, in spite of the
fact that it was later found that the
skeleton was not that of Clarke. Aram
was apprehended on suspicion, tried
at York in 1759, and found guilty on
evidence supported by the testimony of
his own wife. Although he counselled
against the case through on every con-
ceivable ground, after conviction Aram
admitted the justice of his sentence and
endeavored to commit suicide by open-
ing an artery in his arm with a razor.
Despite his weakened condition,
he was taken to the gallows in York,
where he was hanged, his body being
later hung in chains in the forest of
Knarborough.

During a portion of the fourteen years
between the murder and its discovery
Aram was employed as an assistant to
Mr. Hinton, who frequently observed that
whenever Aram saw a worm or other
insect in the gravel walks of the
garden, he carefully removed it to a
secure position where it could not pos-
sibly be stepped upon when the mur-
der of Clarke was discovered and Aram

convicted, it occurred to Mrs. Hinton
that the murderer had evidently sup-
posed that he could atone for his crime
by preserving the lives of animals, and
that, by frequently showing mercy and
tenderness to the lower forms of life,
the killing of a man would either be
obliterated or his guilt considerably
lessened.

At length Mr. Hinton discovered that
his assistant was a thief, for, hearing
some persons in the garden early one
morning, the headmaster immediately
investigated, but found only a sack full
of potatoes, which had been abandoned
upon his approach. Thinking that he
had a sufficient clue to detect the thief,
Mr. Hinton caused the sack and its
contents to be exhibited in the neigh-
borhood, and one of the villagers claim-
ed the sack as his own, stating that he
had loaned it to Aram, who boarded at
his house. On this information Aram
was dismissed, particularly as an ex-
amination of his locker at the school
disclosed evidence of many petty thefts
which had been going on over a long
period of time.

In conducting his own defence during
his trial for murder, Aram made a
skillful attack on the fallibility of cir-
cumstantial evidence in general, and
the conclusions to be drawn from it, in
particular, discovery of human bones in
quoting several instances where bones
had been found in caves, and attempt-
ing to prove that the skeleton in St.
Robert's cave was probably that of
some hermit who had taken up his
abode there.

There appears to be little doubt that
he murdered Clarke, for he practically
admitted it, yet no less an authority
than Bulwer Lytton was of the opinion
that he was guilty only of robbery.
Aram was convicted principally on the
evidence of his wife, who appears to
have been a most peculiar person, for
after the execution of her husband she
not only continued to live at Knar-
borough, but visited the forest every
day and picked up the bones as they
dropped, one by one, from her hus-
band's body, while the children assisted
her in her support by taking strangers to
view the tree where their father's re-
mains had been hung.

The author, "And, by the way, could
you advance me ten shillings on account
of my royalties?"

"Oh, I think so. But why do you
want ten shillings?"

"I want to begin filling that long-felt
want you spoke of."

LET ME PLAY FAIR.

(Scottie McKenzie Fraser.)
I do not ask
Glory on the battlefield,
Or to do daring deeds,
To bring renown
In the little things
Let me play fair.
To my fellow man,
Let me be square.
O, Lord,
Let me never be afraid
To tell the truth.

NOMAD.

(Leslie Nelson Jennings.)
Let me delay a moment and look out
Into the morning; let me feel the slow
Dropping of chains, the walls that are
about.
To give me back my freedom! Some
will go
Hurriedly, being flushed, as bondsmen
are,
With the new horizons—but not I!
No need to seek the sea, or travel far
To sip the tempered sweetness of the
sky.

There is a pleasure that we nomads take
In standing long at doors that mark
the brink
Of unforeseen journeys; and we break
Chains with a shy reluctance, link by
link.
Perhaps because of this we love the
spires
Of little towns at twilight, and inn fires.

GRIEF IN CYTHERA.

(Antoine Watteau, died July 18, 1821.
[Francis Bickley.]
But suddenly
Across the sunlit sea a chill wind blows.
The great trees shudder, and murmur
mournfully,
From lawn and sea and sky.

THE BACHELOR WHOMANS HIS LOT.

Any each season.
I'll send to meet him, on the dot,
Paid progeny in numbers not
Exceeding reason.

Or say my clients inspired
To rule this nation,
I'll have the largest crowd desired.
With fervor and affection fired,
Surround the station.

If said that I eliminate
The female tourist,
Ye made from sixty-eight
Believe me I anticipate
Your money's rest.

THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

(Carolyn
Lander flower and roses' breath,
And my heart breathes a sigh for you
Asters have faded and Summer's death
And the kind sky shrouded her all in
blue—
Draped a cloud in her, fold on fold,
Gleamed and showed her with his gold,
And the breeze so sweet,
In the straits still held,
Dropped a kiss it his dead love's feet.
Murmur of bees and rustle of grass,
As it stoops to bend its head,
Letting the ghost of the Summer pass
To the land of the unseen dead,
Her eyes were blue as your eyes are
blue,
And, oh, how my heart has longed for
you.
While earth and sky
So silently, sitting as even I,
Were waiting, sitting as even I,
Whisper of wings in the waning dusk
And my heart still burns for you.
A breath come laden with meadow
musk
And drenched in the meadow dew,
A cold wind catches the darkening air,
My years are empty, my days are bare,
Winter is right,
With its shift and sigh,
And the year's sad as well as I.

NO JOB FOR AN AMATEUR.

(Jim Fun.)
"Can't you make love like some of
the screen heroes?"
"I can't do without disturbing my
pouge, embrace without disarranging
my hair, and draw my head to your
shoulder without leaving powder all
over your coat."

THE BABY.

Who rules the house and all within?
Who often nods a safety pin?
Who makes you glad he's not a twin?
The Baby.

Who wakes at night and wants a jink?
Who robs you of your sleep?
Who from the bottle does not shrink?
The Baby.

Who wakes at 4 a.m. to yowl?
Who when you lift him starts to howl?
Who looks as wise as any owl?
The Baby.

Who can upset your every plan?
Who plainly shows he knows he can?
Who some day will be a horrid man?
The Baby.

THE LONG-FELT WANT.

(Edna St. Vincent Millay.)
"Sit down," said the eminent pub-
lisher to the tattered genius who had
just entered his elaborate sanctum. "I
have read your manuscript, and I think
it is worth publishing. It seems to me
I shall put it in my book and I think
it will sell."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," said

Fades all the gold,
Columbine drops her rose
And hugs her fragile shoulders, feeling
cold
And sad—she knows not why.
Brown Mezzetin
Lays quietly down his ribboned man-
dolin.
From which the last note dies
Unheeded. Even the malicious eyes
Of mocking Harlequin grow wide with
wonder.

The lovers in the groves
Forget their languid loves;
Hands fall asunder,
Or cling more closely than in tender-
ness.
Lips pursed for kissing part in dim dis-
tress.
Vows faint, half-spoken
To silence. Silence reigns . . . and
then is broken
By a voice crying, crying overhead:
"Who dreamed you, he is dead."

For 30 Years

The Standard of Tea Values

"SALADA"
TEA

The finest procurable at any price

SEALED PACKETS ONLY