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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Friday, Sept. 19.

THE LARGER PROBLEM.

If the industrial conference at Ottawa adjourns without discussing and reaching conclusions as to the best methods of paying the country's war debt and bringing the Canadian dollar back to par in the United States it will overlook one of the points of greatest value to both capital and labor. The minimum wage, hours of labor, proper working conditions, and the arrangement of a common meeting ground for employer and employee where differences of all kinds may be amicably adjusted, are important subjects, a sympathetic understanding of which will work wonders toward improving the welfare of the country. The settlement of those questions will not only be of immense value to the employee, but will be of equal value to the employer, provided the terms of settlement result in a reasonably permanent degree of harmony along industrial lines.

But it will not be enough for labor and capital to compose their own differences. There is still the other class who represent neither labor nor capital, but who are a large body of consumers of the product of labor and capital. Unless their interests are protected neither labor nor capital will progress, and to protect their interests the industrial welfare of the country as a unit must be considered. Capital can easily increase wages, shorten the workday and provide ideal working conditions at the expense of increased price for the product. But if the product becomes more expensive who will be the gainer? The man who gets the increased wage will be obliged to pay the additional dollar or two for his own product, and the man who gets no increased wage will not be able to buy it; so that, with the demand falling off there will be less employment for labor. True, this condition might be alleviated to some extent by the standardization of wages, salaries and hours of labor for all classes of work, but even such a radical and altogether improbable move as this would touch only one phase of the situation.

For true prosperity a country must look beyond her own borders. Canada cannot pay her debts simply by consuming her own products. She must sell to others and bring foreign money into the country. Before the war Great Britain was the financial centre of the world, because she was able to undersell her competitors in foreign markets. The flow of money was toward Old London. Today the United States is the financial centre, and its able to compete successfully with both Great Britain and Canada in foreign markets. Under these conditions how is Canada or Great Britain going to pay the enormous debt which each of them owes in the States?

Unless some means is found of paying this debt neither labor nor capital, nor anyone else in Canada will experience permanent prosperity. This is one big question which the industrial conference should consider. Obviously there are two ways of solving the problem. One is by underselling the United States both in her own and other markets, and the other is by ceasing purchases in the States and raising, by means of taxes or otherwise, the money necessary to pay the debts. To undersell the States labor and capital must agree upon a scale of wages and production that will make the unit cost lower than the unit cost in the neighboring country; either wages must be lower or production become more intensive. At the present time, by reason of the extensive production in the States, the unit cost is lower there than in England or Canada.

If Canada could reduce her imports from the States to a minimum she could do so best by entering into some arrangement by which the resources of the entire British Empire would be pooled, with the object of increasing the production and trade of the empire as a unit. A movement to bring this about has already been inaugurated in England by the organization of the Britannic Industrial Alliance. It would be a very radical step for Canada, whose labor unions are affiliated with those of the States, but it may yet become necessary. It would mean that Canada would be obliged to change the entire trend of trade and possibly pay more for her imports in the interests of the empire. It would mean empire trade unions and empire manufacturers' Associations, and that the relations existing between employer and employee in this country would be regulated by the relations existing in other parts of the empire, rather than in the States.

It is a question involving both of the parties in conference at Ottawa so seriously that it should have their earnest consideration.

THE DARING D'ANNUNZIO.

The seizure by the Italian soldier-poet, D'Annunzio, at the head of 10,000 irregular Italian troops, of Fiume, is quite in character. D'Annunzio has always loved and sought the limelight. In his poems, novels and plays it has largely been his audacity which caught and held the amazed attention of the world. In personal affairs he has frequently started and offended by dramatic statements and acts, which, while interestingly bold, could not be approved where chivalry or decency prevails. Of this nature were his many romantic escapades in the capitals of Europe, and his administration that he courted the great Duse for literary purposes, deliberately jilting her when this had been accomplished. This last is said to have driven the famous actress into retirement, which by many will be considered sufficient reason why D'Annunzio should be generally denounced and punished. However, in the face of heroic service to mankind, physical

cal courage and achievement cover a multitude of sins, and there is no question but that D'Annunzio possesses these martial qualities in abundance. His record as an infantryman, and later as an airman, shows him splendidly daring, careless as to his own safety. It would be like D'Annunzio to court a spectacular death, one that would grip the world's attention and admiration. Perishing for his beloved Italy would appeal to D'Annunzio, but he would see to it that it was done in a setting that would arouse astonishment and applause.

Whether or not it was this desire to pose in the high lights which largely prompted the raid on Fiume, the adventure holds possibilities of grave danger to Italy and the allied and associated nations. The supreme council at Paris dropped the situation with a promptness and speed that are suspicious, "passing the buck" to Rome by deciding the crisis was purely internal. The truth is the council recognizes that D'Annunzio's audacious act is approved by the vast majority of the Italian people. "Italian aspirations" has long been a living virile national spirit which has been suddenly projected into activity by the passing of the Dual Monarchy. D'Annunzio has given this spirit passionate and dramatic utterance, and the Italian masses will not willingly witness his being compelled to surrender. Fiume has been "made" by Italians, who compose more than two-thirds of its population, and its possession is necessary to the fullest control of the Adriatic, upon which Italy has set her heart. It will require considerable tact on the part of the Italian Government to sidetrack the real desire of the Italian people for what it considers legitimate expansion, but this must be done if the pledges given at Versailles are to be lived up to. D'Annunzio's motives in occupying Fiume may be patriotic or merely a wish to achieve some new star-like publicity, or both, but in any event he has "spilled the beans," and produced a ticklish situation that is certain to exist long after he has passed along to some new hazard of fortune.

Possibly the whole spectacular and dangerous business will convince Senator Lodge and his band of obstructionists of the need for a league of nations empowered and equipped to handle just such a crisis and for which the present covenant provides. In that case D'Annunzio, the erratic, vain and foolishly brave, will be entitled to a vote of thanks for his exhibition of recklessness in leading rebellion.

THE I. C. R. HOLD-UP.

The looting of the express car safe of the I. C. R. crack train, near Quebec, by masked bandits to the tune of \$75,000 is exasperating if entertaining. Canadians have frequently boasted of their immunity to this sort of brigandage, which is as widespread in the States today as in those gloomy times of Jesse James. We have prided ourselves on possessing some superior type of law and order which had the bad man so scared that he long ago passed up Canada as a ground for operations. The truth probably is that train hold-ups are more frequent across the border because of the vastly greater number of trains open to attack and their proximity to large cities where the criminal finds an ideal hiding place, as well as a channel to spend the money. If the isolated, wild spot in which to hold up and rob express cars appealed to the professional bandit, Canada would furnish a matchless hunting ground. Our railways traverse the original wildernesses at scores of points. But it is this very isolation which makes travelling in Canada safe, so far as train robberies are concerned. The Jesse James of today would be raiding Canadian trains as audaciously and frequently as he does American trains were it not for the necessity of getting away with the loot through swamp, forest or mountain trail. That went in the olden days when the bandit frequently was a hard-riding frontiersman; today he requires besides cool daring and a gun, a high powered automobile and good roads to carry him swiftly to the safety of congested populations.

The robbing of the Ocean Limited should shock the railways, the authorities and the public generally into greater vigilance. In all parts of the States and especially in the cities, hold raids on trains, banks and persons have become of daily occurrence. The pursuit of the Lewis desperadoes should not be dropped until they are captured and sharply punished. That will at least help head off this dangerous type of criminal, who may be tempted by our rapidly growing cities and communities to transfer some of his activities to this side of the line.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Italy proposes to starve out D'Annunzio. Have they forgotten that poets thrive on hunger?

The sensational robbery of the Ocean Limited near Quebec is a case of wild west ways way down east.

The Sinn Feiners have made it plain that they do not want Home Rule, which is probably the chief reason they haven't got it.

Possibly Premier Hearst has decided not to set the date for the provincial election until the spirits move him. It cannot be possible he is going to wait until the referendum removes the spirits.

Twenty-five public schools in an Indiana township are closed because the trustees refuse to engage union teachers, and the pupils are reported to be holding daily mass meetings to encourage the trustees.

Rupert Hughes, the American novelist, complains that he cannot recognize characters of his favored tales after they have been transferred to the screen. Perhaps it is because the censor insists upon their being respectable.

It does not speak well for Canada's conservation methods that the Fraser River in British Columbia, whence come the famous Sockeye salmon, is practically fished out, and the stories of pulling the fish out of this river with the crook of a cane have passed into ancient history. The condition of the Fraser River is merely a sample of what is occurring everywhere in the waters of the country. The rivers are not being restocked properly and the game laws are not being enforced properly. The chief slaughter of game fish takes place during the closed season.

From Here and There

A DOG'S WAR SERVICE.

[London Times.]
The National Canine Defence League has awarded its silver medal to "Bobs," a fox terrier, for saving the lives of the serving circumstances, which, for obvious reasons, have not been disclosed hitherto.

On December 25, 1917, H. M. S. Tornado was patrolling with several other destroyers, off the Dutch coast, when she was attacked by two German submarines, one on each side of her; both fired, and unfortunately both torpedoes reached their objective. She sank in a few minutes, and only two officers and eight men were able to get into the "Carley" floats. One of the survivors, Petty Officer James Ireland, noticed the ship's mascot, "Bobs," swimming by the boat, and he managed to get him up on the deck. After being adrift for four hours the survivors were quite exhausted.

H. M. S. Radiant, one of the destroyers, was on the point of returning after a fruitless search in the darkness, when one of her crew was attracted by the persistent barking of the dog. A boat was lowered and proceeded in the direction of the sound, and eventually found the survivors, half frozen and unconscious.

BRITAIN'S LATEST STEEL ENTERPRISE.

Conspicuous enterprise has been shown during recent years in developing the Jurassic ironstone deposits which are abundant in Great Britain. The ore is "lean," as they contain only 25 per cent of iron on the average, but by the free use of labor-saving appliances they were worked very cheaply. While the output of the London mines was less than four tons per shift, where hand labor was employed, it rose to over fifteen tons where mechanical excavators were used under favorable conditions. Containing a large proportion of sulphur and phosphorus, the ore required special metallurgical treatment in basic-lined steel furnaces. They also required large supplies of limestone for fluxing the ore in the blast furnaces; and these supplies were obtained from new quarries opened up in Great Britain. It was believed that the working of such low-grade Jurassic deposits is destined to play a large part in the future of British iron production. The works have been planned on the most modern lines, with by-product coke ovens, blast furnaces, steel works and rolling mills all on the same site. When the extensions now under way are completed, the output of British iron and steel will be greatly augmented.

ELECTRIFYING WHEAT.

[Toronto Globe.]
An interesting experiment on the effect of electrifying wheat before sowing it has been carried on since last November in Kent, England. The wheat which was so treated showed a marked difference, according to the London Times, being much the more vigorous in growth and habit, and promising, so far as the experts present were able to judge, a yield of at least 20 per cent higher than that of the untreated plot. There were evident signs of rust, too, in the untreated crop, and it was a significant fact that the other plot was, at an early stage of the present season, entirely free from this disease. Nothing is said, however, about the relative costs.

RAPID SHIP REPAIRS.

Particulars are now available of some extraordinarily rapid repairs carried out by British shipbuilders after naval action. H. M. S. Lion, Admiral Beatty's flagship, was seriously damaged in the Dogger Bank fight, and about 1,500 square feet of plating had to be repaired under water. Four coffer dams were built, lowered into the water, and the more vigorous in growth and habit, and promising, so far as the experts present were able to judge, a yield of at least 20 per cent higher than that of the untreated plot. There were evident signs of rust, too, in the untreated crop, and it was a significant fact that the other plot was, at an early stage of the present season, entirely free from this disease. Nothing is said, however, about the relative costs.

THE COST OF STRIKES.

[Canadian Reconstruction Press Service.]
Taking the average wage at \$3 per day, strikes have cost the workers of Canada \$4,500,000 in the last eighteen years and a half, or an average of approximately \$2,425,000 a year. A revised summary of industrial disputes from January 1, 1901, to June 30, 1919, as issued by the department of labor at Ottawa, shows that there were 2,127 disputes during the period, involving 420,235 employees, and there was a time loss of no less than 14,937,229 working days. Between January 1 and June 30, 1919, there were 150 disputes involving 105,026 employees, and a loss of 2,118,379 working days. During this six-month period the average wage would not be less than \$3.50 a day at a conservative estimate, so that the monetary loss to the employees directly involved was at least \$7,500,000. Scores of millions of dollars would be required to meet the indirect cost of these strikes. In some cases, as in Winnipeg, there has been marked dislocation of general industrial life, loss of output to factories affected by the disputes, loss to general commercial interests through cessation of orders, and loss to the community through business stagnation.

THE BEAR'S HAVING INSTINCT.

[The Outlook.]
Bears, like pigeons and cats, have an instinct for "homeing," it seems. In his book on "The Grizzly," Mr. E. A. Mille quotes this story about a pet bear: "He had been teased by a visiting ranchman. When the ranchman had been reassured and revived, it was decided that the bear must be 'lost.' He was led two hundred miles from the ranch and bidden to go his way. His return to the ranch preceded that of his keeper by eight hours. He was led (from Wyoming) to the mountains of Idaho, and the duration of his return journey was probably the minimum record for that course. Finally two admirers conducted him to Oregon, and there parted with him forever."

Mr. Mille gives the grizzly a good character, saying that he rarely attacks man. When brought to bay, however, he is a courageous fighter. "This incident is cited in proof: A grizzly was chased by dogs and hunters into a box canyon. The bear fought the dogs with coolness and resource, while the hunters waited for a chance to shoot. When the dogs attacked him from behind or at the side, he brushed them off without turning his eyes from the front. At a favorable moment he charged, scattering the dogs and killing two of them, disabling two horses, breaking a man's arm, and making good his escape before the demoralized party could fire a shot."

THE FARMER.

[The farmer has been the object of many columns of defence in prose form lately, but the poetical appeal in his behalf has been somewhat rare. So here goes a poem by a young lady in fiction.]
[Irene L. Elliott.]

Up and down the field he goes,
"Patience" is his motto;
You'd never think he knew enough
To run his brand new auto.

Day after day he works away
With fresh ambition fired;
To see him work you'd never think
He ever did get tired.

His crops are always marked O. K.,
His stock is always plump;
He never seems to care a pin
When taters are a slump.

In town they say he's heartless,
Because he rots them so;
By asking such high prices—
But he really ain't, you know.

He goes to town on market days
And wears a sunny smile;
'Tis a shame the way they soak him
When he goes to buy a pile!

You can always tell a farmer,
Walking down the street;
By the hayseeds in his whiskers
And the mud upon his feet.

You can also tell a farmer,
When you need a helping hand,
For he won't go by and leave you
If you're stuck upon the strand.

So let us have more patience
When the farmers come to town;
It really ain't their fault, you know,
That prices are not down.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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IN DAYS TO COME.

By Dora Mollan.

Mary Flarity's thoughts were on the substance of the note rather than its form when she wrote the date, April 22, 1930. It did occur to her that it was not strictly necessary to date a note to one's own father informing him of one's intended elopement when one purposes to depart from the ancestral roof-tree that very day, and the enlightening communication was bound to be found soon after. But it was down, and time was precious.

Her plane was waiting. The head mechanic of the Flarity hangar had finished overhauling it not an hour ago, assuring Mary that, with her driving, he would back it to outfly any machine her father owned.

Mary had answered, "Keep mum on that score to dad, Oscar," at the same time slipping him a trifling tip of fifty.

The note finished, Mary secured it to the cushion on her dressing table with a pin, as has been the custom of eloping maidens since time immemorial. Next she climbed into a suit of fur-lined leather, which caused her to look exactly like a brownie, packed a rather small trunk with garments of sheer silken texture and looked for the last time on her luxurious room.

For Mary was under no delusions as to what her father's attitude would be toward this step she was about to take. His wealth was great, his social position unquestioned. He had always been kind to her and she loved him. It was only a matter of loving Adrien Longfellow more—much more, she felt—than she loved Adrien that she was entirely willing to give up all the luxury to which she had been born, to live in poverty and social ostracism with the man of her choice.

With a sigh at the unpreventable perversities of life, Mary walked out of the Flarity mansion, stepped into her plane and flew straight for the college town where Adrien, uniform and inheritance of his father's temperament, and nothing else, drew his meager salary for the only toil for which he was fitted. Adrien was waiting at the appointed spot. It was his unlikeliness to the young men of her own set that had attracted Mary in the first place. They were big and strong; Adrien was undersized. They talked to her only of sport, social matters and money; how much they earned in how few hours a day. Adrien could talk with a hundred subjects; books and flowers, music

and the great outdoors.

But this man chosen from outside her own world by Mary to be her husband possessed a fine sense of humor. He felt it his duty to inquire for the last time whether she fully realized what she was giving up for his sake. "My dear," he questioned, "have you thought that we won't be able to keep this place for more than a day, and the wings of the artificial bird which bore them so swiftly aloft? My salary couldn't stand the hangar fee, to say nothing of the upkeep. I did hope we might have one of the four-hour servants, but alas," Adrien paused to sigh, "I read only this morning that they are striking for more pay and fewer working hours."

Just at that moment Mary turned into a much-traveled air-lane and carefully guided her plane in and out among the traffic. "Don't worry, Adrien; my grandmother did her own housework when she was first married; and what one woman has done, another can. The only thing that bothers me now is that something may happen to delay us and give father a chance to put some obstacle in our way. She's doing two hundred miles an hour now and I'll keep her there till we get out of the crowd; after that the sky is the limit."

Mr. Flarity arrived home that evening during an interval between the departure of the fourth relay of servants and the arrival of the fifth. It was when the latter had been on duty an hour that one of the maids brought Mary's note to him. She had discovered it while preparing Mary's room for the night.

What he read sent Mr. Flarity flying literally. He took his fastest plane and even had the forethought to carry along two bags of gold with which to bribe the air-traffic cops or pay fines, as the need might be. Mary's plane was distinctive, it bore her private emblem. Its course

was not hard to trace, but the gold bag was nearly depleted when Mr. Flarity alighted in front of a roadside inn somewhere in the northern part of Alaska. "No," his clerk informed him, "there is nobody by the name of Flarity registered here. Yes; there is a Mr. Longfellow—and a Mrs."

Mary was not one bit surprised when her father was announced, and remarked to the husband of her choice that they had best have him up and get it over with. "I know just what he will say, Adrien dear, and I know he won't rest till he does say it. Let's be kind to him and give him his chance now."

Mr. Flarity's face was purple with anger added to high blood. "How dare you—you—shrimp!" he bellowed, as soon as he faced the guilty pair. "You little whippersnapper son of a common ordi-

nary college president, and nothing but a humble professor yourself, to criticize my daughter!—the daughter of a master plumber before him? You who toil five hours a day for your bread and butter, and she could have married a carpenter with the social standing and unlimited means of his kind! It's my money you've after, you swine! But you get none of it, either of you, after bringing this disgrace upon my family name!"

Adrien was mute; he had no case to plead. Mary, though, decided that her forbearance had lasted long enough. "Father," she interrupted, "I've married a man of humble station and on secure birth. He tells four hours it is true, for his petty recompense. But he'll spend his evenings at home—he belongs to no union!"

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