

## London Advertiser

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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Tuesday, November 25.

### AU REVOIR.

The Prince of Wales having finished his tour of the Dominion and paid a brief visit to the United States, has returned to Halifax and within a few hours will sail for home. The tour has been in every way a distinguished success. Not once has there been an incident that even bordered on the unpleasant. In all sections of the country from coast to coast the prince's personality won him instantly the affection of the people. His tact, humor and amiability carried all before him. His popularity with Canadians and such Americans as he met is unquestioned and can never be shaken. We hope that the trip will prove as profitable to Prince Edward as it has been pleasant to the citizens of Canada. And some day soon will he please return? Au Revoir.

### CHANGE AND LIGHT.

It takes a change of government to bring out information from the dark corners of the house of rule. Rev. Dr. McTavish gives the censors' story of the fate of some cinema shows, that when rejected by the censors they sometimes got passed by the "Appeal Board." In the Government's employ, the censors did not choose to reveal this interesting fact so long as Hearst, McGarry, Lucas & Co. dozed in Queen's Park. Suddenly, however, on the exit of the old gang, behold the light.

In answer to it comes another flash from another quarter. One signing himself "For Clean Shows" writes to the Toronto Globe that there were appeals also against the passing of certain films by the censors and in "scores of cases" (the exact number not, however, stated) the Appeal Board vetoed the censors' permit. So the pot seems to be rattling at the kettle. But the main point is that a change of government turns a light on all sorts of dark places.

Dr. McTavish thinks that some clerk in the treasury department may have been the actual Appeal Board. Because of the profits accruing from the shows, people may be malicious enough to suspect the movie promoters as not above using "influence" on clerks and others with a little brief authority. It might be better to have no board of appeal at all if some minor official, unknown and comparatively irresponsible, were to have things practically in his hands at times. "For Clean Shows," however, assures us that the Appeal Board is not a parcel of clerks. Well, then, who are or were they, in name and de facto? It will be interesting to have the public curiosity gratified on such matters. The change of government stirs up the subject.

One is reminded of the startling revelations that came from Petrograd just after the czar's regime was overthrown. In regard to the secret and imperialistic treaties, by which France, Italy and Russia were to have made rich hauls of territory without any consent of the populations involved. The more light Mr. Drury throws on the cobwebby offices at Queen's Park, the more Ontario will rejoice at the change.

### THE CAILLAUX TRIAL.

France is about to have another of those monumental state trials which seem to come upon her periodically and of which the most famous in the past was the Dreyfus case. In January next, Joseph Caillaux, ex-premier of France, will be arraigned on a charge of having given assistance to the enemy during the war. A charge so grave, directed against a personage so outstanding in the affairs of his country makes a combination that will attract interest the world over. The charges that have been made against the ex-premier are stated to be based upon documents that were found in his private safe, and also upon his connections with other individuals who have already been convicted of treasonable actions during the war. It is charged that during the war Caillaux spoke against the Allies in both Italy and South America, that he was in communication with Germany regarding terms of peace, and intended to form a government to rule France if these plans should succeed. It will also be charged that even before the war he sought an alliance with Germany and after hostilities had opened still held to the belief that this policy was right.

Caillaux has been under arrest now for nearly two years, during which time the case against him has been in the course of preparation. He will be tried by the Senate of France, which for the time being will be turned into a supreme court of justice, as the House of Lords in England or the Senate of the United States in certain circumstances might be turned into a high court. The long delay between arrest and trial, which would be unusual in Great Britain with its habeas corpus, is not at all unusual in France, where in criminal cases a special magistrate prepares the case for the jury and may take his own time in doing it. In the present case the special judge of instruction takes its own time in dealing with the evidence that is to come before the Senate as a whole.

The sessions of this supreme court are to be secret, but it will unquestionably be one of the most sensational trials that the world has known, so intricate are the questions involved and the issues that are to the front. It is rather interesting to note that while the French military element clamored to have the

itself the right to conduct this most important case.

### EDUCATION, TRUE AND FALSE.

War is a great disorganizer, and, worse still, a notorious demoralizer. From the beginning wars have been followed by a marked decline in morals and a corresponding increase in both theoretical and practical materialism. This being so, no one should feel the least bit of surprise over the fact that the world is experiencing a marked revival of wrong-doing, a quite noticeable quickening of the old animal impulses.

This renaissance of evil is most properly receiving the attention of leading men and women in all directions, and college presidents, churchmen, the heads of the great associations of women, and moralists in general, are found to be practically united upon the idea that the remedy for the evil in question is to be found in EDUCATION.

Bolshevism and anarchy, wrong thinking and crooked living in general; are, these leaders say, to be cured by education, education and still more education.

But there is education and education—the education that is real, and the education that is false. Of the false kind of education we have had more than enough. In fact, it is just that type of education that is solely responsible for the condition of things we are now deploring and trying to remedy.

What is education? The word education comes, of course, from the Latin *educare*, which means to "draw out." Education is, therefore, the DRAWING OUT of the faculties or capabilities of the mind. Perfectly correct is the definition of education as given by Joseph Alden: "The mind is educated when its powers are developed (drawn out) and disciplined so that it can perform its appropriate work," that is, shall be able to think logically and to reason well, and, as the result of it all, to be prepared to distinguish between truth and falsehood, both theoretical and practical.

Such is the real education. But we have not had that sort of education. Throughout the centuries, and all over the so-called civilized world, we have had too much education that dwarfs and suppresses, instead of the education that draws out and develops.

Students along all the avenues of investigation have invariably been met at every turn, not by the invitation to grow, but by the command not to grow. They have been repressed, checked, discouraged, whenever they would attempt to find the real truth, regardless of the consequences; instead of being encouraged to proceed upon the principle of the ancient injunction: "Know the TRUTH, and the truth shall make you free;" and that other old word: "Let JUSTICE be done, though the heavens fall."

The "teachers" have begun their business with certain cut-and-dried THEORIES, and the facts have been made to fit the theories, not the theories the facts. If in the light of the facts the theories were seen to be absolutely false, they turned their backs on the facts.

Human beings naturally love truth and right, and if the germs of this love with which they are born are properly cultivated and nurtured, they grow up to correct thinking and living as naturally as the rosebush grows up to its roses.

By all means let us have education, as much of it as we can get, the more the better, since it is impossible to have too much of it, but in the light of the degrading and bitter experience of the past ages, let it be the real education, the education that shall call forth the natural latent possibilities of the mind and heart and moral nature; that shall strengthen the inherent manhood and womanhood of the race, that shall have for its aim the making of real men and women rather than mere puppets, or at least, mere parrots, understanding no great truths, feeling no great enthusiasms, but just repeating the inanities that have been taught them by the "authorities."

Instead of idle theories in morals and politics, let us get down to reality, to plain common sense, and simple truth, and the right that is, and always has been, as clear as the day; and on these things let us rear the kind of education that will put a new face on the world, and a new worth and gladness in the experience of all mankind.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

Old King Coal seems to be a stingy old soul.

Count Czernin believes it was pigs that started the war. Human or four-footed?

Big business on the part of both capital and labor is what is needed more than anything else at the present time.

Many American industrial plants are closing down because of the soft coal strike. That means that fellow-workers of the miners are to be the greatest sufferers.

### QUEBEC'S "WHITE COAL" HERITAGE.

Montreal is now using in the vicinity of 250,000 electrical horse power. She obtains her power from four sources of supply, one as far away as one hundred miles. When one thinks that all this wonderful development of "white coal" has been developed and brought to this large state of consumption in one city of the Dominion within a very short period of years, one can form some conception of what is in store for the future. This is only one of many reasons why we think our Provincial Government should follow in the wake of their efficient public work, as exemplified in the building of the Gouin Dam on the St. Maurice River. In harnessing one of our largest provincial water powers, an undertaking, by the way, which would probably take two or three years to complete, it would sell power to all the leading power companies as it now disposes of timber lands. It would be a master stroke of public government work and retain for all future generations our great natural water power heritage. If started now it would be an aid to the existing electrical companies in furnishing them with additional power in large quantities, at a possibly lower cost than by building extensions to their present plants, or harnessing new powers. With such an extensive development there is not the least doubt that the province would find an enormous demand for its power in the many industrial centres of the New England States. With coal at its present price, and very little prospect of its being lowered, electrical power has the supreme advantage in the fact that once the transmission lines are erected, the number of men required to

## From Here and There

Fuller Bunk says: The other day I heard of a fellow who fell into a fortune so hard that he went straight through it.

### FALLING ASLEEP.

[Slept in Sasseon in the London Nation.] Voices moving about in the quiet house: Thud of feet and a muffled shutting of doors: Everyone yawning. Only the clocks are alert.

Out in the night there's autumn-smelling gloom Crowded with whispering trees—looming of oaks That roared in wild, wet gales; across the park The hollies' reds like lonely bells; And I know that the clouds are moving across the moon.

The low, red, rising moon.

Now herons call And wrangle by their pool; and hooting owls Sail from the wood across pale stalks of wheat.

Waiting for sleep, I drift from thoughts like these; And where today was dreamlike, built my dreams. Music . . . there was a bright white room below. And someone singing a song about a soldier— One heard two others, and soon the song.

Will be last night; but now the beauty swings Across my brain, ghost of remembered chords Which still can make such radiance in my dream That I can watch the marching of my soldiers, And count their faces; faces, sunlit faces.

Falling asleep . . . the herons and the hounds . . . September in the darkness, and the world I've known; all fading past me into peace.

### THE OLD CLOCK.

[London Chronicle.] He stands in the hall, such a steady, respectable, comfortable-looking old fellow, that our visitors all fall in love with him at first sight. In these days of funny little alarm clocks, rushing ahead in a breakneck, "don't-stop-me-for-goodness-sake" sort of way, our old friend comes as a reminder of more spacious, leisurely times. He beats out the seconds in a measured, solemn fashion, refusing to be hurried, and yet settling all in no less sure and certainly in a more reliable manner than any of our flighty youngsters.

The old clockmaker whose name stands on the dial truly builds well. From that timeless shore of bliss, to which we hope he has gone, perhaps he views with satisfaction the creature of his hands, still telling off the little minutes and hours by which we measure our lives.

In the dead of night, when the house is still, after the fashion of the day, the "tick, tick" of the old clock is a mighty comfortable thing. His voice always seems to be saying "I'm here—don't fear" and I verily believe he has a kindly care over us during the hours of darkness.

### HUMOR IS DEATHLESS.

[Boston Herald.] Capt. John Codman of Boston and the Seven Seas mourned in his charming old age the death of romance when sails began to vanish from the ocean, but Kipling lived to sing the romance of steam navigation. So humor who saw humor triumphed over the world war, began to wonder whether it can outlive the turmoil of what we now call peace; but humor, like romance, whether of sea or shore, is deathless.

Many of those who are furnished with much of the world's fun are just now too intensely preoccupied with problems of life and death to be witty in themselves or the cause of wit in others.

As Lincoln said, however, "we cannot fight always," with words or with weapons, and the humorists, where they often do, are graver than usual, and as to the Italians, they are reported as ready to leave a land where wine is a forbidden beverage.

### A MIGHTY TERMINAL.

[Montreal Herald.] When completed the Federal Government's plans for the new ocean terminals at Halifax will provide the berthing accommodation for 27 large liners. The landing quay, which is 2,000 feet long, and one pier which is 1,250 feet long and 350 feet wide, have been constructed, and the program calls for four more piers of the same dimensions, with 350-foot basins between. Owing to war, construction work was discontinued.

The ocean terminals will eventually occupy one mile and a half of the water front at the southern end of the city, and within twenty minutes steaming of the Atlantic. The basins will have a depth alongside the piers of 45 feet at low water, ordinary spring tides.

The bulkhead landing quay runs nearly parallel to the harbor line, and the southern end forms a side of the basin on the northern side of No. 1 pier, and in addition to landing berths gives a berth over 1,200 feet in length. On this quay a granite building 800 feet long will be erected, and used for immigration purposes. Near this building the new pier will be on the same level as the landing deck of a large Atlantic liner. The cost of the building will be \$2,000,000, and the appointments will be in keeping with the national character of the enterprise.

The idea of creating a stately vestibule worthy of the coming greatness of the country. Baggage and express will be handled under the main concourse. Each of the piers will have four sheds, with tracks on either side, and eight interior tracks. A huge grain elevator with adequate conveyor system will also be built.

The whole ocean terminal system is connected with the national railway system by a cutting which traverses the western section of the city nearly parallel with the Northwest Arm, and meeting with the main line of railway at Fairview, near Bedford Basin. At this point a terminal pier is being constructed a mile and a half long by 300 feet wide, with standing room for 2,000 cars.

Unique Construction. The construction of the bulkhead landing quay and pier walls marked a new departure in wharf building on this continent. Over nearly all the site, at varying depths, runs a rock formation, and any kind of piling construction was out of the question. So the walls were built of cellular concrete blocks, like huge honeycombs, laid one upon the other. These blocks are 31 feet by 32 feet, with a height of 4 feet 1½ inches, and they weigh about 64 tons each.

In order to prepare the foundations, huge diving bells were used. After the diving bells had worked down to rock bottom, concrete bases were constructed, and on to these the cellular blocks were placed, being lowered by a powerful crane, which moved along on the blocks already laid. Some of the cells in these blocks were filled with concrete and others with rubble, after they had been reared to the desired height. Each stack of blocks cemented together by the concrete poured into the cells forms a unit, and it is believed this construction will stand extremes of weather without cracking—which happens frequently when quay walls are built in solid masses in Canada.

The old piers in the north end of the city, and also those in Richmond, will continue to be used, the latter for bulk freight, mostly lumber.

First Concrete Structure. The north end pier gives ten berths, a new pier having been erected in 1915. This is a concrete structure, erected on reinforced concrete piles, and is the first of its kind built in Eastern Canada. It is 700 feet long by 345 feet wide, and has a two-story concrete shed, with two railway tracks inside and one on either side without. The lower story has two freight platforms 90 feet wide, the entire length of the pier; the upper story is fitted for the accommodation of immigrants.

## The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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A HORSE AND BUGGY.

By R. Ray Baker.

Kenneth Phillips frowned when he

saw the long, grey touring car come to

a stop on the other side of the street.

The frown deepened when he saw Harold Briggsworth step out disgracefully and jauntily mount the steps of the

Harmon residence, showing a driving glove gently against his leg. Kenneth's

frown remained for ten minutes, then it changed to a savage scowl, and he hit the rubber of the pencil he had been grinding between his teeth. The scowl

was accounted for by the fact that Miss Matilda Harmon came tripping

down the steps with Mr. Briggsworth, and both of them got into the car and

drove away.

Kenneth was seated in his office, which was nothing more or less than a

room in his paternal domicile. From the window he had a good view of Matilda's

home, and he told himself it gave him

inspiration.

"The young man was called a dreamer

by many of the citizens of Cedar

Spring, who had an idea of what he

was trying to do, but were dubious

concerning his ability to do it. By a

larger percentage of the population he

was dubbed shiftless.

He had been a dreamer, and among

them he numbered Matilda Harmon, al-

though he winced at applying the word

"friend" to her, expressed sympathy

with his purpose, and although they did

not always have faith in his future,

they professed to, and gave him what

encouragement they could. Mostly this

encouragement consisted of praising

his poems. More often than not the

magazine editors did not concur in the

friends' verdict, for most of the manu-

scripts "came back" accompanied by

little printed slips which expressed re-

jects, and informed the poet that "re-

jection does not imply lack of merit."

Occasionally, however, this send-out

and get-back machinery got jammed,

and a check would be forthcoming in-

stead of the poem and printed slip.

Kenneth winced at calling Matilda

"friend," because he had ambitions

which called for more intimate and un-

dearline terms. In fact, that ambition

was linked inseparably with his poetic

aspirations. That was why he chose the

window overlooking her home at which

to do his writing.

However, the disadvantages of work-

ing at that window were more plenti-

ful than the advantages. It seemed

that every time he looked across the

street for inspiration he got, instead, a

view of some big automobile taking one

of Matilda's numerous suitors to her

abode.

"I haven't a chance in the world," he

said repeatedly during periods of sad

soliloquy. "All those fellows are rich

and have machines, and what kind of a

show have my horse and buggy against

such odds?"

"But I'll own a big machine, too, some

day," he would add savagely, and then

his typewriter would rattle steadily for

an hour or so, and soon Kenneth would

dash out of the house with a long en-

velope in his hand.

Matilda and Kenneth were born on

opposite sides of the same street. Ken-

neth still lived in the house where he

first opened his eyes on the world, while

Matilda's parents had torn down their

old residence and erected in its place a

modern dwelling that could lay claim to

being a veritable mansion. This hap-

pened three years ago, when Mr. Har-

mon reaped a harvest of several hun-

dred thousand dollars from an invest-

ment in the automobile industry.

This, of course, projected the Har-

mons into a new social plane, and Ma-

tilda, who possessed exceedingly notice-

able physical and personality

charms, became the target of a never-

ceasing bombardment of matrimonial

candidates.

Still, Kenneth was not left entirely in

the cold. The childhood romance con-

tinued, in so far as outward appearances

were concerned, and Matilda did not

forget him in the least.

She accepted his intentions the same

as she always had; whenever he asked

for an evening with her she acquies-

ced; nevertheless, Kenneth felt that

they were separated by a wide gulf—the

gulf of wealth and social position.

She used to go riding with him in his

buggy, but of late he had not been able

to summon the courage to suggest such

an excursion—not with all those big

automobiles lying in wait for Matilda.

"I'll work my head off and get a car

larger than any of them," he would

mutter frequently to himself, as he

worked into the late hours of the night

in an endeavor to make good this

threat.

A big rift was made in the clouds

when a reputable publishing concern

wrote Kenneth a letter suggesting that

he submit some poems with a view to

publication in book form. Kenneth at

once made his name to the printer and

worked for three weeks with scarcely

any intermission.

During that time he did not see Ma-