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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, June 25.


## Can the Robbers Get Away With Their Loads of Loot?

The great betrayal of the people of Canada while this country was at war has been established out of the mouths of the betrayers.

The existence has been proven of a coterie of great companies with interwoven interests which have preyed upon the people of Canada with all the cold calculation of the boa constrictor that fastens its folds about the helpless antelope.

Profits almost beyond disposal have been heaped up by these companies. Prices have soared to levels never reached before, and the smug gentlemen from their board rooms with their tongues in their cheeks, have told the dear public that it hurt them to charge so much money, but there was no other way.

The people were warned of the influences that stood behind the present administration at Ottawa. The case of Sir Joseph Flavelle, one of our most sanctimonious public benefactors, according to his chief apologist, Hon. N. W. Rowell, was almost in itself sufficient to thwart the effort to form the last government. But whatever the offence of Sir Joseph Flavelle in taking, according to Mr. O'Connor, 81 per cent profits, he is now washed almost if not quite as white as the snow he sings about on Sunday by the statements made before the cost of living committee indicating other profits all the way from 50 per cent (in which Premier Borden shared) up to 300 per cent for the textile monopolists. But because the past government had much to answer for, and did not choose to be displaced, and because the profiteers were with the Unionist movement, the crowd that is shown to have been like one big family of wartime profiteers, went back to power.

Canada today, as a result of the Unionist movement, has a press that regards the present revelations with more or less complacency. A local Conservative newspaper hides the evidence of the flour milling profits on its inside pages. It is the same newspaper that sold its editorials for $1,000 in the last campaign. It is serving the profiteers, its friends, by this course, and many of its readers will never know that there was a high cost of living committee in existence, which will be highly pleasing to the 300 per centers and to Sir Robert Borden with his 50 per cent cold storage profits.

The press of Canada today should be demanding the resignation of the present Government, which was aware of and permitted, and members of which shared in these tremendous benefits from the war situation. No such government is fit to sit at Ottawa to represent the people, and while Great Britain can face the disturbance of an election on the eve of peace, there is no excuse in the world that should permit the gangsters now in control to hold office one minute beyond the necessary time.

Every honest man in the House of Commons should bolt from the present administration if he is worthy of the name of representative of the people. In the face of the evidence of such vicious profiteering the country should be given the chance to send to the councils of rulership the men pledged to a new order. From every pulpit, from every editorial desk should come the demand that the country be purged of its crimson sin, the sin that is so cold-blooded as to snatch food from the mouths of children. No cry of starvation could have moved these profiteering gentlemen from the course they had set for themselves. They did not build their temples for the glory of God or for the service of God's people, but for the selfish enrichment of themselves to the last dollar that could be filched from the pockets of the people. Their's was not a religion for the glory of God. They were the kind of smug gentlemen most active in churches, smug and Bible-quoting, praying in public and psalm singing, but their hearts were withered like dried fruit. There was nothing of love in their religion, nothing of pity, nothing of service. They were and are the money changers in the temple, snatching for gold while the blood of the nation spurted out as the blood of Jesus Christ spurted out long before in the hope that men might be free of the cruelties that self-loving and gold-worshipping and creed-driving had imposed on humanity.

These men are without love of their fellowmen. They are without love of their country. They are the arch hypocrites of the nation, and they have been the givers of the Judas kiss. Shall they continue to be free and continue to count their gains because they are "respectable."

The profiteering chamber has been opened to the public. The door has been broken down by the force of public opinion and the ugliest things ever conceived have been shown to the people.

What shall the people do? Go about complacently after the reaction has worn off, and the usual dust cloud thrown up in the eyes of the masses, or demand that the new order must come to Canada, not the order of revolution, but the order of the Golden Rule and the end to the era of plundering. Shall the people be headed off and made to believe that because so many "respectable" people appear to be in league with the gang of grafters it cannot be as bad as it seems? Let the people give their answer.

Men from any party who are trustworthy and who have the courage to serve the people must go to Ottawa. Excess profits must be wrested away from the men who took them. The temple must be cleared of the money changers, who now have protection from all constituted authorities.

## London Has Strong Appeal As Place in Which to Live

References recently made in these columns to the apparent lack of results in the campaign to secure new industries for London will bear some qualification in view of facts that have been made known.

It is quite apparent that the industrial department is now engaged in work the character of which must necessarily be withheld from publication until negotiations have been carried on by stages of development to their logical conclusion. Several new industries in addition to the Republic Truck Company, will come to London within a short time, but the question of securing property is an important one that is now receiving consideration. The city voted a sum of money at the last municipal election for this purpose, but great care has to be exercised in the selection of property to be designated as an industrial area. Difference of opinion is bound to occur, and those concerned with the direction of industries must be consulted. London already has several substantial industries to add to her after-the-war list. One of these gives a substantial and established mill to the city and in another case a knitting concern has purchased the property it rented at one time as an experiment. They stay and succeed when they come to London.

Within a short time the city will have several most desirable new industries. The thorough work of the industrial department, will, The Advertiser believes, reap that sort of industrial harvest, which will mean more to the city than a lot of bluff and bluster might have accomplished. The determination of the city to foster those industries which have grown in the city, and to "sell" the city to new prospects of the proper kind will in the end build the right kind of community and establish the certain progress to which the city is justly entitled.

At such a season of the year, London may well lay its claims on the desk of any investor who has in his mind the modern conception of giving ideal living conditions to those who must be the human machines of his business. The city of London is a great summer park, rarely equalled on the continent for sunshine and atmospheric qualities. It has, besides its natural attractions, all the desirable characteristics of a large city. It has no mad notion of growing into an overgrown, stumbling industrial colossus. It will have in mind first of all the making of a city fit to live in, physically, morally, mentally. It is destined to become a good university city. It has ample spaces within its borders, and north, south, east and west, the same kind of country for future expansion. Comfort and beauty are not everything; we often let them obsess us to the point of becoming mere creatures of comfort and beautiful environment. But London has these and everything else to attract the desirable kind of citizens. It is the good citizen we want and the right kind of industry, founded on the proper policy, will bring him to share our future and our fortunes. We are not strong on "booms" and real estate boosters. But we have a solid community that at the same time is vitally alive.

## Quebec Stands By Gouin

The return to power of the Gouin Liberal Government in Quebec is only what could have been expected, so admirably has Sir Lomer's administration watched, safeguarded and advanced the interests of the people. His former strength was 75 Liberals to six Conservatives. Today the Liberals have 70 to nine Conservatives and two Laborites. The cut in Gouin's majority is too slight to carry any significance. The losses were due to local issues, no controversy of a province-wide nature figuring in the campaign. Quebec is content to be led by a Government whose record of reform and progress has never been surpassed and seldom equalled. Quebec's prosperity and general contentment provides a powerful stabilizer in these hours of discontent and disorder. Under the wise rulership of Sir Lomer his province will weather the tempest in good style and continue to set the pace for the rest of the country in expansion along every line that touches the public interest.

## Save a Dog Or Just Kill Him?

A small bullterrier was unfortunate enough to stray across Richmond street yesterday morning, at the same instant that a large touring car glided smoothly along the pavement. The auto struck the animal and both wheels passed over the small body. The terrier rolled over twice, gasped a few times and then silently entered the happy hunting grounds. Although the driver saw the victim before the impact, there was no warning to save a life, nor were the brakes applied, the driver speeding along heedless of the death stroke inflicted by his action.

A very small mongrel pup strolled casually on to the street car tracks on Central avenue, near Maitland street, early last Saturday evening and playfully gambolled on the death strip, heedless of an approaching Normal car. However, the motorman on car number 158 noticed the little fellow on the tracks, a few paces distant, and, quickly applying his brakes and sounding his gong, he brought his car to a stop, when the wheels were within one foot of crushing out the dog's life. The pup, suddenly realizing his danger, then scurried to safety and the loving arms of his three-year-old owner, who stood at the curb with bated breath, powerless to avoid what seemed inevitable.

Both events were trivial to the ordinary bystander, but they furnished food for thought to the student of psychology. Of the two drivers, which one would you prefer for a neighbor?

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Northcliffe has been suffering from a deep-seated affection—not for Lloyd George.

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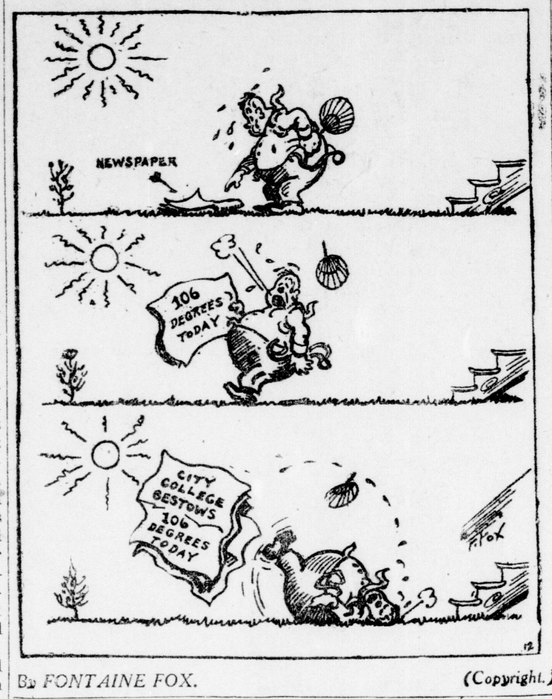
Considering that they look upon treaties as mere scraps of paper, those Germans are making a lot of fuss over signing the peace pact.

## HE DIDN'T WAIT TO READ THE FIRST PART




By FONTAINE FOX. (Copyright.)

## The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

UNCLE JAKE'S BEST JOKE.

By Jane Osborn.

Maud pouted—not the piquant, arch pout of her courtship days, but the spoiled-child pout that she dared to indulge in now that she was really truly married to the embodiment, in her eyes, of all masculine charms and virtues—Rodney Blaine.

"I think you are a mean old thing," she announced with some heat. "To have to have him along with us. He'll just spoil everything. It isn't that I don't like him, but he is such a dreadful joker."

The joker referred to was none other than Rodney's uncle, Jacob Blaine, a slightly built but erect old gentleman, who at three score and five had given up business and determined to lead the rest of his days in the open. If he had none of the crotchets which are sometimes ascribed to those of advancing years he had some of the foibles that had been characteristic of his boyhood. Nothing pleased him better than a practical joke, though his jokes were always of a kindly nature and, so far as anyone knew, they had never caused anyone real discomfort.

But Maud took herself, and above all else took Rodney, amazingly seriously. Now that summer had come, the Rooney Baines had made arrangements to depart from the city for the woods, where Rodney owned a small mountain cabin.

He had just announced his intention of encouraging Uncle Jake to occupy a smaller cabin not many rods from theirs which he would make the headquarters for his fishing and outing trips; and he would share the company of his nephew and niece in many of his hours of inactivity.

"Well, my dear," Rodney assured his wife, "it isn't at all as if he were critical or intended to interfere with you in any way. There is no one else he likes so well as you—and me. He's the best sport in the world and what if he does pull off a practical joke once in a while?—I rather like his joking."

"Like his joking!" echoed Maud, and her eyes snapped fire as much as eyes as blue as hers ever could snap fire.

"And besides," said Rodney, as he went on inspecting the fishing paraphernalia that he had recently purchased as preliminary to the vacation in the woods, "besides, uncle has willed everything he has to us. That shows that he is devoted to us."

Maud at this accused her husband of being mercenary, though had anyone else made this accusation she would have raged indeed.

The result was that Uncle Jake went with the Rodney Blaines; and this was not because Rodney acted contrary to his wife's pleadings, but because after having protested and pouted she assured her husband that he was right as in all other cases, and that she was sorry that she had shown such prejudice and would try to feel as strong attachment for Uncle Jake as did her husband.

Then she regretted her good nature. First, he disguised as possible game warden and called at the cabin one day when Rodney was not at home and informed Maud that her husband had been violating the game law and would have to serve a life imprisonment. Maud, in spite of her ardent suffrage principles, was quite ignorant of the law and before she recognized Uncle Jake in the heavily false-bearded person, she had offered him her entire worldly wealth if he would go away and say nothing to the authorities concerning Rodney's guilt.

Then on the day that she went fishing with him he contrived to have her hook attach itself to a little package that he had brought with him to the brook and which proved, after Maud had excitedly angled for five minutes, to contain a can of sardines—a delicacy for which she had a decided aversion and of which Rodney and Uncle Jake, not knowing this, had set in a large supply.

Mild and even stupid jokes both of these—yet Maud allowed herself to be annoyed by them.

"He's a dear in many ways," she told Rodney, the evening after the sardine episode, "but so long as he jokes I cannot stand him."

"I wasn't going to tell you," Rodney replied, "but you see it is just because Uncle Jake does joke that I'm so attached to him. If he hadn't been a joker, you'd now be Mrs. Somebody else and I'd be a disconsolate old bachelor."

It was in midsummer and Maud—the eighteen-year-old Maud who pouted very archly then and still wore her curls merely tied in the back of her neck instead of in the present psyche—was four or five hundred miles away from Rodney, who was working in the city in the office of Uncle Jake who had not yet found occasion to retire.

Rodney had danced with Maud and sent flowers to Maud on occasions, just as a dozen others had done, and as he had done to a dozen or so besides. Of course he thought she was pretty, and when there were other men trying to put their names on her dance order Rodney was always as eager as the others.

But it had never occurred to him that he might want to marry her. In fact, Rodney—in spite of twenty-five years—had never thought very much about wanting to marry anybody.

But Maud at eighteen had definitely made up her mind, that lurked somewhere beneath those soft brown curls, that she did want to marry, and that she wanted to marry Rodney Blaine, though she would have died rather than to have let anyone suspect this.

She had convinced herself—and at eighteen one convinces oneself of such matters quite easily—that there was no hope. She had smiled and pouted as archly for Rodney as she had for Tom and Bill and Walter, and Tom and Bill and Walter had all in their own way let Maud know that they found her distracting, and that they dreamed of no greater happiness than to be her slaves for life.

But Rodney had made no such protestations and, though he always asked for dances when he was about, he managed to dance with other pretty girls if she refused him.

Maud had thought it all out in her eighteen-year-old mind. She was quite sure that the case was hopeless and that she herself had arrived at the place where she must decide between a life of resigned spinsterdom or the alternative of marrying the man she merely liked.

This was Walter. Walter who had come up to her mother's country place to press his suit with considerable persistence. Maud had assured Walter that she didn't really love him, but had fibbed in saying that she loved no one else.

Then she thought it over quite definitely and decided that, as she was neither musical, artistic nor literary, and had no sisters or brothers to whose children she might devote herself, she had better be married, if only for a home and to have someone manage her affairs. If Walter asked her again before he went back to the city she had determined to accept him.

Then came the special messenger from the postoffice, ten miles away bringing that ten-pound box of the choicest candy that the most expensive candy shop in the city had for sale.

Maud opened it, and out dropped a card that simply bore the engraved name of Rodney Blaine. That changed everything. Walter went back to the city unrewarded for his trip, incidentally asking another girl to be his wife, and was accepted.

The same locomotive that bore him back to the city and away from Maud, carried a letter from Maud to Rodney, that showed between the lines that she had been thinking as much of him as the candy showed that he had been thinking of her. Incidentally, the next mail carried an invitation from Maud's mother to Rodney to spend part of his vacation at their cabin, and—well, it was then that Rodney discovered what he had been too stupid to guess before, that Maud really was the most charming girl of his acquaintance and the one he had been in love with from the first.

"It was Uncle Jake that sent that candy," Rodney told Maud. "He was in one of his joking moods and he took your name because it was the first one he came across in my address book; then he got hold of a card of mine and off went the candy. You see I had always loved you, Maud, but I didn't know I had a ghost of a chance. I thought you were all in favor of that Walter Bates. So if it hadn't been for Uncle Jake's tendency to joke I never would have had the nerve to ask you. I never could have guessed how things were."

Maud was in a reminiscent mood, that brought to her lips a pout that was arch and piquant. "I'm sorry I said what I did about him. Really I think he's a dear and I really didn't mind a bit about the sardines."

## "Newspapers Are the World's Mirror"

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

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT.

[Buffalo Express.]

Ontario is to have another election on the prohibition question next fall, and it may vote for wetness. Nobody needs to be told what that would mean for the thirsty of Buffalo.

TRAVEL IN STYLE NOW.

[Fergus News-Record.]

A band of gypsies passed through town on Tuesday afternoon in a large touring car and traveling in style. They stopped over long enough for the women to go around town claiming to tell fortunes.

THE WORKER'S RIGHT.

[Woodstock Sentinel-Review.]

What the worker is beginning to demand, and what, it seems, he has a right to demand, is that he shall receive sufficient return for his labor to enable him to live decently and provide for his old age.

IN "SUCKER SEASON."

[Port Hope Guide.]

Beaverton has had one Chinaman, and he is closing his laundry and leaving the town. During the sucker season nearly every Beavertonian is his own laundryman, and the Talbot river his washtub.

WAR-MAD.

[Buffalo Courier.]

Prince Lichnowski thinks that the ex-kaiser's insanity was responsible for starting the war. Were all the other German officials and the German people afflicted the same way They seemed to be equally eager for it.

THE SENATE.

[Brantford Expositor.]

It is unthinkable that the people of Canada will continue to submit to have their expressed will overruled by a body of irresponsible men, who are for the most part incapable of interpreting the true spirit of public opinion.

FOOD TRUST.

[Kingston Standard.]

The public will expect the commission inquiring into the high cost of living to discover whether there are food trusts in Canada or not. The general opinion is that there are, and that they are along the lines of similar trusts in the United States.

REAL BREEDERS OF RADICALISM.

[Kingston Standard.]

The Pattons with their callousness and their indifference to the public and the interests of the public—the Pattons who put profits first and God and the Public last—are the real breeders of the Radicalism and Socialism that we now see in the land.

TROUBLE BRUIN IN MONO.

[Orangeville Banner.]

Mono Centre neighborhood is excited over a bear which has been seen no less than three times on Herman Forsythe's and the Nathan Jackson farms near Rocktown. It is thought to be a female and has cubs. A party was organized to go gunning for bruin yesterday afternoon.

A PLEA FOR THE EDITORS.

[Harriston Review.]

Is it not about time that country editors were striking for an eight-hour day with double pay for overtime, a minimum income of $5 per day, the payment of all arrears of subscriptions by the state, old age pension or a retiring allowance, two months' holidays each year with double pay and free transportation, and a compensation for voluntary idleness, and a participation in other people's profits? Everybody else is doing it.

DO YOU READ ITALIAN?

[New York Globe.]

Some exquisite verses by Marinetti, a futurist, are published in an anthology of contemporary Italian poetry. Take these lines, untranslated, from "The Woman Dozing Amid War Communications":

uauauauauarliiiiii
uauauauaraaaaaAA
mararooooooooo
mararirraaaaaaaAAAAR

Not less beautiful is the charming couplet:

paaaaaaaaaaal
yluuuurrrrrrr

ST. ELOI TOWER.

Ancient pile of weather-beaten stone,
Outstanding landmark, all alone;
Victim of Germany's colossal hate,
Serene and calm, you accept your fate.
In 1870 the Prussians first came,
Mutilating your ancient, noble frame;
You were left, the landscape there to mar,
Until the dawn of this great war.
Four years almost have passed away,
Looking to the Bosche, you seem to say:
There's only a skeleton left of me.
But I stand always for the world to see.
Generations may come to view this pile
And see the result of German guile;
May it teach them that war is a madman's pleasure,
And that peace is a pearl they should always treasure.

FRANK ALACK.

Written in France in March, 1918.

St. Eloi Tower is an old monastery, or the remains of one, just behind Vimy Ridge.

MARGARINE IN BRITAIN.

[Brockville Recorder.]

Very remarkable progress has been made by the margarine industry of the United Kingdom, the production now being three times what it was before the war, and the country rendered entirely independent of foreign imports, according to the London Economist. Hitherto the margarine supply was furnished partly by home production, and partly by margarine imported from Holland principally, the former being slightly the larger quantity. The war, with its consequent diminution of the butter supply, caused greater reliance to be placed upon the substitute, and great efforts were made in the United Kingdom to increase production, in which respect we were specially favored by having at our command plentiful supplies of oil, nuts, etc., grown within the British Empire, and formerly absorbed by Germany. Existing firms extended their works, and others built new factories, and month by month output increased, until now there is ample margarine for all our home requirements, and to spare. The following table shows how home production has increased and imports from abroad have decreased in the past few years. Margarine (not including oleomargarine) U. K. home production and net imports:

| | Home production. tons. | Net Imports, tons. |
|---|---|---|
| 1913 | 83,775 | 75,506 |
| 1914 | 89,860 | 76,023 |
| 1915 | 110,700 | 102,457 |
| 1916 | 128,900 | 137,172 |
| 1917 | 185,330 | 90,390 |
| 1918 | 285,000 | 15,130 |

The imports last year were confined to the first three months, since when there have been no imports of margarine into this country at all. If compound lard, which is also being manufactured for cooking purposes, were included in last year's home production, the total output would be considerably over 300,000 tons. A very satisfactory feature is the great improvement in quality and the economy of production, which warrant the belief that the British margarine industry is now in a sufficiently strong position to hold its own against all comers in the home market, and to make a bid for the export trade which seems likely to develop when the restriction on overseas trade are removed.

## Food For Thought At Provincial Convention

RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT.

What is responsible government? Clearly, in a representative system, if the leading legislative and administrative element in the parliamentary body does not act in accordance with the requirements and permanent interests of the commonwealth they are dismissed from office, and those in accord with the thought and opinion of the qualified people govern in their stead. Responsible government means the continued confidence, therefore, of the people in the administration appointed to carry on the work of government.

Hydro power benefits should be obtained without importing elements into its administration that strike at the very foundation of our system of government and political connection. It is administered by a commission, and one result of that has been the British North America Act has been violated. Such a crime could not have been committed if the city of London's railway business had been publicly considered in the usual way by the department of government responsible for its administration. The question, in its financial results will not down, and the city of London or the province of Ontario will have to face the deficit. But the question is straight up to the province. Why cannot its action in every department be carried on under the British North America Act? If this is to be violated at pleasure, responsible government is at an end if the people tamely acquiesce in the breach of the great contract that made confederation of the Dominion of Canada possible, and this Liberal convention ought to pronounce upon this with no uncertain voice if the spirit of their fathers in the cause of constitutional liberty is alive in them.

MONEY BYLAWS.

The voting power on these when submitted to the ratepayers requires to be amended.

The security that lies behind such vote is the material property of the city.

From the nature of the case money bylaws do not come home to the average voter in the way elections involving choice of persons do, and those interested therefore in procuring the passage of such bylaws have a great advantage, as a vote of a nominal majority may be got when the great material interest that gives such a vote its value is practically unrepresented. Two-thirds of the ratepayers at least should be required to vote in favor of such money bylaws.

Corporate property should have the privilege of being represented in proportion to its value by its representative official ascertained at assessment. Such properties contribute very largely indeed to the security of the repayment of the moneys raised by such bylaws, and ought to have a voting power on them in proportion to taxation.

Public expenditures to be paid out of current taxation have a constant tendency to increase. It therefore is absolutely required that the creation of permanent or long period financial burdens get the greatest safeguarding possible.

## MEDICINES USED BY MONKS

It is claimed that monks of ancient days knew of more than three hundred species of medicinal plants used in general for medicines by these religious orders. While centuries have passed, with all the advance made in medical science, many of our most successful remedies are today made from the roots and herbs of the field, like that good, old-fashioned remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which for more than forty years has been relieving women from some of the worst forms of female ills, and is now considered the standard remedy.


Used in Millions of Tea-Pots Daily

Its Intrinsic goodness in Tea Quality - makes it the most Economical in Use - -

B577

"SALADA"



# VETERANS!

## Here Is An Opportunity For You to:

(a) Enter upon a profession which—
1. Is useful.
2. Is pleasant work.
3. Gives you time to yourself.
4. Gives an assured position at an increasing salary.

(b) Acquire a specialist training free of cost.

(c) Decide on some definite work.

(d) Be of service to your country, and fellow-citizens in peace, as you have been in war.

The Ontario Department of Education desires to acquire the services of men who have fought at the front to train as

## Teachers in Ontario Schools

This step is taken in the belief that the educational system, in this manner, can acquire men of such spirit and force that the full benefits of the war experience, and of the sacrifices made, will be the inheritance of the children of the Province.

With this end in view the department has decided to

## PAY THE EXPENSES

of the soldier in training, including tuition, books, traveling expenses and living expenses.

QUALIFICATIONS.—1. Applicants must have attended a High School or Collegiate Institute, or have had an education of an equivalent standing, either in Ontario or outside it—(England, etc.)

2. A certain number of EXPERT MECHANICS in cabinet-making or carpentry will be trained as Instructors in Manual Training.

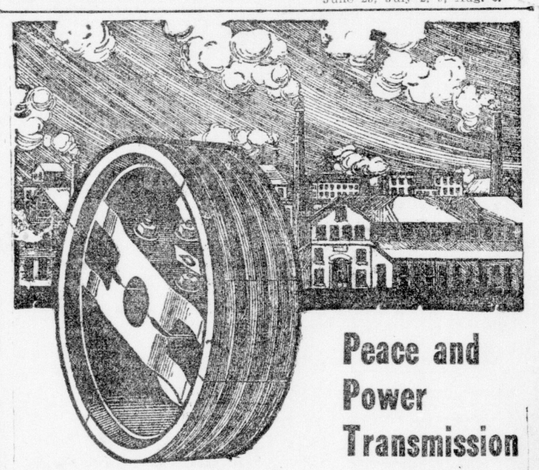
PROCEDURE.—If outside of Toronto, write to address below for fuller information, and an application form. Arrangements will be made for a personal interview to discuss your individual case.

If in Toronto, call at address below between 10 a.m. and 12 noon any morning, bringing with you your discharge certificate.

W. ERIC HARRIS, B.A.,
The Department of Education,
46 Richmond Street West,
Toronto, Ontario.

June 25, July 2, 9, Aug. 6.





Peace and Power Transmission

Imagination is not stirred by pulleys or shafting, yet human life, from the cradle to the grave, depends for a great deal of its comfort upon their efficiency.

Grain Elevators, Railroad Shops, Machine Shops, Coal Mines, Laundries, Bakeries, Dairies, Furniture Factories, Auto Factories—every business that consumes power must have the things we manufacture.

Judge, then, how industry would be paralyzed if Dodge Service failed. A Power Transmission Machinery Plant is not created over night. The human element, which takes years to train, is a tremendous factor in its success.

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We are helping many firms to solve this problem. Let us assist you.

War's demands made us efficient; and at that we were by no means slothful. But industrial competition makes us keener. Test us with your next order.

DODGE

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The London Engine Supplies Co., Limited.
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Stockers for London and District.



REGAL FREE RUNNING Table Salt

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"Regal" is the ideal salt for table use. It never cakes, and is unaffected by changes in the weather.

Free running at all times and in all places.

The Canadian Salt Co., Ltd.

190

The Handy Little Spout lets the Salt run out.

Made in Canada.