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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Saturday, July 31.

A CRISIS AT OTTAWA.

The Government's habit of ignoring Parliament is shown by its course in deferring the ministerial changes until the session was over and there was no opportunity for Parliament to consider the new situation. Even during the session the Government ranks had begun to break and some former supporters had gone over to the opposition or the cross benches. What would have happened if during the session the Liberal Unionists had been told that they must follow Meighen instead of Borden? What would have been the effect upon the Ontario Liberal Unionists of the withdrawal of their leader, Mr. Rowell, from the Government? Mr. Rowell's conclusion, as stated in his letter of resignation is "That when a decision should be reached that the work of the Unionist Government as such was finished, and that a new departure should be made by the creation of a new party and the formation of an administration to represent that party, he might fairly ask an honorable discharge.

This means that those Liberal Unionists in Ontario who regarded Mr. Rowell as their leader are also released from their obligation to support the Government and free to take any course they please.

It cannot be said that Mr. Rowell showed any undue haste in making the break. He has, in fact, been criticized for staying in the Gov ernment too long. Be that as it may, now that he has gone, there is no reason for any Liberal Unionist to remain in the ranks of Unionism. In fact Unionism is dead. Mr. Calder is one of those who remain. But a little more than a year ago, Mr. Calder made a statement in the House which logically bound him to resign today. He was talking about Mr. Crerar's resignation, and explaining why he did not follow Mr. Crerar's example. He said:

"Let me, ask the hon. members of this House what would be the consequences if we all followed the course taken by the hon. member for Marquette (Mr. Crerar)? pose the minister of public works (Mr. Carvell), resigned and the president of the privy council (Mr. Rowell), and the acting minister of trade and commerce (Mr. Maclean), and myself and others should resign?"

When Mr. Calder mentioned himself the House expressed skepticism. Hansard says Hon. E. C. Drury, Prime Minister and President of that some honorable members exclaimed "Oh, oh!" But Mr. Calder replied:

"Do not be too sure, my friends. The task of carrying on government in this country and the responsibilities that are thrown upon public men"-before the increase of ministers salaries—"are not so alluring as some hon. gentlemen opposite seem to think.

"I say that if these resignations did take place there would immediately be a political crisis in this country, and one thing, and one thing only could happen-either the prime minister would have to appeal to the country or he would have to advise the governor general to call upon my friend who leads the Opposition to form a Government."

Now all the ministers mentioned by Mr. Calder, except himself have resigned. Sir Robert Borden has resigned, and Sir Thomas White, the minister of finance, has resigned, and General Mewburn, the minister of militia, and Mr. Burrell, the secretary of state. So, according to Mr. Calder's own statement, there is a political crisis and there ought to be a general election or the leader of the Opposition ought to be sent for to form a new Government.

"THE CANADIANS IN FRANCE."

Of the making of books about the war there ciation. appears to be no end and much reading of them has become to many of us a weariness of the flesh. It is said that of all the belligerent nations the Germans alone have still an insatiable craving for war books. Perhaps they alone look forward with eager expectation to another war in which they hope to retrieve their fallen exactly what the idea of a uniform rate (within and wreak a savage revenge upon their foes. But when a new book comes along that is absolutely Canadian from cover to cover our appetite is whetted afresh and we read it with genuine delight. Such a book is "The Power Commission of Ontario. Now, Sir, wherein Canadians in France" by Captain Harwood in real and practical application? If it is right for Steele, M. C., late Headquarters Staff, 2nd Cana- Toronto and all the other municipalities through dian Division. This book will appeal specially the entire hydro-electric system to adopt a uniform to Londoners for the personal reason that the ten years or more, and its simplicity is so valuable vouthful author (now only twenty-two) is a and apparent and practical that it cannot well be so well and favorably known to the reading distribution system. public as Marian Keith.

embellishment, and yet his rectains turning at made possible, and has been permitted to be carried ed, with an office at its side, over the door of which intervals, because of the heroic actions described. The author tells in his prefatory note for the larger purpose of a more general use of that most of the events narrated were enacted in order to give fair treatment to all parts of the under his own personal observation, and he farmers brought to enjoy their share of the gives evidence on every page of being a keen progress of the country, the adoption of a uniform and critical observer. The chapters read like a well-kept journal or the familiar letters to tributed by the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of friends at home of a soldier in action who understood fully the significance of what was paid on an average by all the others, is wrong in happening before his eyes. Here is his account the extreme; but the principle and the application of that glorious encounter of the Princess Pats as we have shown, and practical in every sense. London officer distinguished himself:

"Our casualties were terrible By 7 o'clock that morning a subaltern, Lieut. Niven, was

commanding the battalion. "Another attack, soon after Niven took mmand, was thrust upon the Canadian position. Once more it was flung back, shattered and dismayed by the Patricias, who were by this time in desperate straits. Immediately without any help available, they were assaulted

disappeared in smoke. Every machine gun they possessed was smashed up or buried. With magnificent tenacity the crews kept the guns in action as long as their condition would allow it. And, battered, exhausted, surrounded by heaps of corpses and hideous fragments of human bodies, in the roaring of German guns, the regiment clung grimly to every foot of ground, clung with a determination beyond all praise and would not

This was the terrible situation the Patricias were in when, in the early afterno reinforcements, consisting of some of the Fourth Battalion, the Rifle Brigade, arrived and were pushed into a position on their right

"In a charge of immense vigor the Kaiser's battalion swept down upon a feeble but indomitable force of Canadian and Imperial soldiers, a force which stood almost since its weaker neighbors on either hand had slightly given ground, and could only muster a fire which must have caused the enemy's staff much amusement. The Germans counted upon only numbers. Morale did not enter into his calculations. In this case it was bitter mistake, for the Princess Patricias and their comrades, worn, weak and hard though they were, threw back this third assault with a fury incalculable.

"This was the turning point. From there on the violence of the offensive slackened and the casualties did not mount rapidly. By midnight the battalion was well on its way With two officers in command, Lieut, Niven and Lieut. Papineau, 150 men, of all those who the night before had entered. withdrew from that man-made inferno Death. One hundred and fifty men came forth. The glory of the Princess Patricia's Battalion was assured, its name immortal."

And thus the narrative runs on through 338 pages, a plain, unvarnished tale of heroism of absorbing and compelling interest until that wonderful Armistice Day at Mons, when "the wheel of fate had turned full circle" and "God brought back to Mons, as avengers of the Old Army, the Crusaders from beyond the Atlantic

"Contrary to the expectations of many there was little or no demonstration among the fighters. The emotion felt by officers and was too deep for outward expression. Their thoughts did not turn to flag-wagging, but to Home and Peace and those at home whom they had been spared to see again. And their minds went back over the dreary years to 50,000 comrades who were not so fortunate, from a worldly point of view, and who would never see Home or loved ones any more, but who had died. God bless them! for the freedom of the whole world and for the Canadian Army Corps and its place in his-

'And then, for the hundredth time,-scarcely daring to believe it-they told each other that the menace of death or slavery had gone forever; they had heard the last rifleshot of anger, and had seen the last glare of shellfire along the midnight sky.

We can recommend this book very heartily to all who wish a full, accurate and interesting account of the "Canadians in France."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Ontario-Michigan border is getting more like Ireland every day.

D'Annunzio, who was going to set the world aflame, realizes now that Fiume and fame are not necessarily synonymous terms.

Sir Thomas Lipton says he cannot find off the American coast the "tempestuous seas" the Shamrock likes. Well, there are plenty of it got gradually silted up. troubled waters at home.

FOR UNIFORM RATES.

July 27th, 1920.

the Council of the Province of Ontario: only seasoned with severity of opposition, but is on earth did you get this, Spargo?" unfair in that it is essentially lacking in the principle of truth. It states that "it is improbable that it, this time putting it in his purse." this proposal will be seriously entertained in responsible quarters," and that it "resolves the prolistricts," and "to treat these contracts as scraps of paper would provoke serious litigations, would do so." lestroy all faith in, and ultimately wreck the

novement beyond hope of repair." Now, Sir, we beg to submit that such wildly speculative and untrue statements are unworthy and unbecoming of an important commission that has the responsibility of acting for and on behalf of a great city in a democratic age and in a country such as Canada is at the present time. To resort to the making of such malicious statements is not only an exhibition of weakness on their part, but shows a sad fearfulness on the face of them that indicates that under and beneath these statements to defend a principle that is wrong. That the Toronto Hydro-Electric Commission are permitted to carry on their affairs on a dual principle is shown by the fact that they are obtaining power from or through the operations of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario at a price that is less than the average rate charged to all the other nembers of the Hydro-Electric Municipal Asso-

been from the very beginning of its operations distributing this same power throughout the length and breadth of a large city at a uniform rate, forgetting the distance and cost of wires and other necessary equipment, and making no distinction whatever between those customers that are in close proximity to the receiving station and those the bounds of the Hydro-Electric Municipal Association) stands for; and moreover, it is precisely general distribution is being carried on within the bounds of all the municipalities whose affairs are directed and controlled by the Hydro-Electric does the wrecking principle of uniform rate apply rate, and it works well after a thorough trial for cousin of Mrs. (Rev.) D. C. Macgregor, who is and applied to both phases of the hydro-electric

The fundamental resource of the hydro-electric system in the common waters of the province, Captain Steele makes no attempt at literary which is the heritage of the people, and by their Milcaster's High street. And there, right opposite embellishment, and yet his recital is thrilling at guarantee and assuming of responsibility it was him, he saw an ancient house, old brick, ivy-coverprovince, the rural operations extended, and the

rate will greatly assist to bring about these results The present plan of charging for power dis-Ontario, whereby Toronto and a few other munici palities receive power at less than one-half that of a uniform rate is simplicity itself. It is feasible, at St. Eloi, in March, 1915, in which a gallant Let no one say that it is designated, intended or capable of wrecking the system. Yours very truly, ONTARIO HYDRO POWER UNIFORM RATE

W. S. Bowden, Secretary-Treasurer.

ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME?

[Saskatoon Phoenix.]
Why was it necessary for Mr. Meighen to go outside the Parliament of Canada for two of his new ministers? Wasn't there a single man in the great Union party capable of undertaking the work of a department of state for a month or two? If into it, bestow your heart and your brain upon it. great Union party capable of undertaking the work so, isn't it about time we had a new parliament and so that it shall savor of you-radiate your virtues party to select from?

THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER

A Detective Story by J. S. Fletcher. Copyright 1920, Fred A. Knopf. Copyright, 1920, by the Public Ledger Company.

Through the door by which Spargo had entered few minutes previously, came a man who stood for a moment blinking at the smoke and the lights. He was a tall, elderly man, with a figure and bearing of a soldier ;a big, sweeping moustache stood well out against a square-cut jaw and beneath a prominent nose; a pair of keen blue eyes looked out from beneath a tousled mass of crinkled hair. He wore neither hat nor cap; his attire was a carelessly put on Norfolk suit of brown tweed; he looked halfunkempt, half-groomed. But knotted at the collar of his flannel shirt were the colors of one of the most famous and exclusive cricket clubs in the world, and everybody knew that in his day their

wearer had been a mighty figure in the public eye.
"Hi, Crowfoot!" shouted Starkey above the din and babel. "Crowfoot, Crowfoot! Come over here! There's a chap dying to see you!" "Yes, that's the way to get him, isn't it?" said

Spargo. "Here, I'll get him myself." He went across the room and accosted the old porting journalist. "I want a quiet word with you," he said. "This place is like a pandemonium. Crowfoot led the way into a side alcove and

rdered a drink. "Always is, this time," he said, yawning. "Bu Spargo took a pull at the glass which he had spargo took a pull at the glass which he had trried with him. "I should say," he said, "that you know as much about sporting matters as any nan writing about 'em?"

"Well, I think you might say it with truth," answered Crowfoot. "And old sporting matters?" said Spargo. "Yes, and old sporting matters," replied the other, with a sudden flash of the eye. "Not that they greatly interest the modern generation, you

"Well, there's something that's interesting m greatly just now, anyway," said Spargo. "And I believe it's got to do with old sporting affairs. And I came to you for information about it, believing you to be the only man I know of that could tell "Yes-what is it?" asked Crowfoot.

Spargo drew out an envelope, and took from carefully wrapped up silver ticket. He took off the wrappings and laid the ticket on Crowfoot's outstretched palm.

"Can you tell me what this is?" he asked.

Another sudden flash came into the old sportsman's eyes-he eagerly turned the silver ticket over. "God bless my soul!" he exclaimed. you get this?" 'Never mind just now," replied Spargo. "You

know what it is?"
"Certainly I know what it is! But—Gad! I've "Certainly I know what it is! But—Gad! I've not seen one of these things for Lord know how many years. It makes me feel something like a Feign nothing and love greatly when young 'un again!" said Crowfoot. "Quite a young

"But what is it?" asked Spargo. Crowfoot turned the ticket over, showing the side an which the heraldic device was almost worn

"It's one of the original silver stand tickets of the old racecourse at Market Milcaster," answered Crowfoot. "That's what it is. One of the original silver stand tickets. There are the arms of Market Milcaster, you see nearly work away by Market Nav rather he it yours to promise Milcaster. you see, nearly worn away by much There, on the obverse, is the figure of running horse. Oh, yes, that's what it is! Bless

"Where's Market Milcaster?" inquired Spargo.
Don't know it."

"Market Milcaster," replied Crowfoot, still turns the silver ticket over and over, "is what the pographers call a decayed town in The table of the moon is full. The quiet lake lies listening to I laughter of its dreams.
Lean close against my heart.
Above your head my brooding thoughts shall weave a web ing the silver ticket over and over, "is what the topographers call a decayed town in Elmshire. It has steadily decayed since the river that led to

famous race meeting there in June every year. It's nearly forty years since that meeting fell through. I went to it often when I was a lad—often."

"And you say that's a ticket for the stand?" asked Spargo.

"This is one of fifty silver tickets for the stand?" ing his head gravely. "I canna' tak' em."

whatever you like to c the race committee to fifty burgesses of the town, Dear Sir,—The Toronto Hydro-Electric Commission, in its ninth annual report, has made a notable reference to the subject of a uniform rate for admitted its possessor—for life, mind you—to the tak' two boxes." delivered and sold to the Association of stand, the paddocks, the ring, anywhere. It Municipalities of Ontario. This reference is not gave him a place at the annual race dinner. Where

Spargo took the ticket and carefully rewrapped "I'm awfully obliged to you, Crowfoot," he said. Be we in "The fact is, I can't tell you where I got it just posal into a plan to subsidize consumers in certain now, but I'll promise you that I will tell you, and all about it, too, as soon as my tongue's free to

"Some mystery, eh?" suggested Crowfoot. know everything eventually.'

"Oh, all right, my boy, all right!" said Crowfoot. "Odd how things turn up, isn't it? Now, I'll wager anything that there aren't half a dozen of the solution of that they were taken great care of. I've been in Market Milcaster myself since the races were they have a consciousness that they are attempting given up, and I've seen these tickets carefully framed and hung over mantelpieces-oh, yes!" Spargo caught at a notion.

"How do you get to Market Milcaster?" he

"Paddington," replied Crowfoot. "It's a goodish "I wonder." said Spargo, "if there's any old sporting man there who could remember things-

"Old sporting man!" exclaimed Crowfoot. "Egad!
—but no, he must be dead—anyhow, if he isn't dead he must be a veritable patriarch. Old Ben Quarter—bage, he was an autitoreer in the following the control of the contro page, he was an auctioneer in the town, and a rare sportsman.'

"I may go down there," said Spargo. "I'll see if he's alive. "Then, if you do go down," suggested Crowfoot. 'go to the old Yellow Dragon in the High street, a fine old place. Quarterpage's place of business and his private house were exactly opposite the Dragon. But I'm afraid you'll find him dead—it's five and twenty years since I was in Market Milcaster, and he was an old bird then. Let's see, now.

"Well. I've known men of ninety who were spry enough even in my bit of experience," said Spargo. "I know one now-my own grandfather. "Well the best of thanks, Crowfoot, and I'll tell you all about

Ben Quarterpage is alive. Spargo, he'll be ninety

some day.' "Have another drink," suggested Crowfoot. But Spargo excused himself. He was going back the office, he said; he still had something to do. But next morning, bright and early, he was on the departure platform at Paddington, suitcase in hand and ticket in pocket for Market Milcaster, and in the course of that afternoon he found himself in an old-fashioned bedroom looking out on Market

To Be Continued. THE FARMER.

[The World Spectator, Moosomin.] The farmer has the most sane and natura

ccupation, and ought to find life sweeter, if less highly seasoned, than any other. He alone, strictly How can a man take root Came agonies and thrive without land? He writes his history upon his land, says John

How many ties, how many resources, he hashis friendship with his cattle, his team, his dogs, his trees, the satisfaction in his growing crop, in his improved fields, his intimacy with nature, with birds and beast, and with the quickening elemental Shall it mean nothing but this hour!

forces; his co-operation with the cloud, the sun, the seasons, heat, wind, rain and frost, Nothing will take the various distempers which the city and artificial life breed out of man like farming-like direct and loving contact with the oil. It draws out the poison. It humbles him. teaches him patience and reverence, and restores

youth was passed upon a farm. after your day's work is done.

the proper tone to the system. Blessed is he whose

Poetry and Jest

A NOON SONG.

[Henry Van Dyke.]

There are songs for the morning and songs for the night,

For sunrise and sunset, the stars and But who will give praise to the fullness

of light, And sing us a song of the glory of noon?
Oh, the high noon, and the clear noon,
The noon with golden crest;
When the sky burns and the sun turns
with his face to the way of the west.

How swiftly he rose in the dawn of his strength, How slowly he crept as the morning wore by;
Ah, sleep was the climbing that led him To the heights of his throne in the blue summer sky.

Oh, the long toil, and the slow toil,
The toil that may not rest
Till the sun looks down from his journey's crown, To the wonderful way of the west.

Then a quietness falls over meadow and hill,
The wings of the wind in the forest
are furled;
The river runs softly, the birds are all still.

And the workers are resting all over Oh, the good hour, and the kind hour,

The hours that calm the breast! Little inn half way on the road of the day. Where it follows the turn to the west. There's a plentiful feast in the maple tree snade, The lilt of a song to an old-fashioned

tune; The talk of a friend, and the kiss of a To sweeten the cup that we drink to the roon, Oh, the deep noon, and the full noon, Of all the day the best! When the sky burns, and the sun turns To his home by the way of the west:

ADMONITION. [Kingston Whig.]
Always select a wife at the seashore there you can see what you are get-

BY THE LAKE.

[Ethel Clifford.]

My son, my little son,

We two will rest

Beside the water red in sunset light,

And watch the evening, fade. The lake grow grey.
Until the moon's enchantment fills the

r ticket over.

"Where did Who knows what sombre fate stands near us now. What rich-robed destiny no eye can scan, What scented sandalled Love?

> you love. And having chosen till the end be true, So shall one woman out of all the Keep faith in man by keeping faith in

rather be it yours to promise greatly and your promise keep.

Night comes the moon is full,

SCOTCH, OF COURSE.

"This is one of fifty silver tickets, or passes, or "em." said the drummer, "If "Nonsense," said the drummer, "If

[Esther M. Clark.]
Give me one friend, just one, who meets
The needs of all my varying moods, Se we in noisy city streets. Or in dear Nature's solitudes.

One who can let the work go by, And suffer not a minute's pang; Who'd dare to shock propriety With me, and never care a hang.

know everything eventually."

"Oh, all right, my boy, all right!" said Crowfoot. "Odd how things turn up, isn't it? Now. I'll

One who can share my grief or mirth, And knows my days to praise of curse;
And rate me for just what I'm worth,
And find me still—Oh, not so worse. Give me one friend for peace or war. And I shall hold myself well-blest, And richly compensated for The cussedness of all the rest.

THE USHER'S JOB.

"YOU MUST MEAN MORE." [By Richard Le Gallienne.] must mean more than just

hour,
You perfect thing so subtly fair,
You perfect thing as a flower, Simple and complex as a flower, Wrought with such planetary care; wove the marvel of your hair

How long the sunlight and the sea Wove and rewove this rippling gold To rhythms of eternity;
And many a flashing thing grew old
Waiting this miracle to be;
And painted marvels manifold.

Still with his work unsatisfied, Eager each new effect to try.
The solemn artist cast aside,
Rainbow and shell and butterfly-As some stern blacksmith scatters

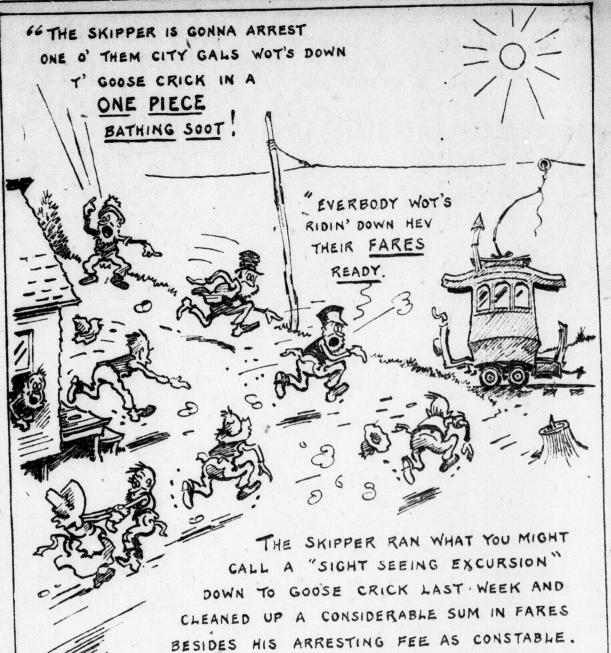
The sparks that from his anvil fly. How many shells, whorl within whorl, Litter the marges of the spheres, With wrack of unregarded pearl, To shape that little thing your ear; Creation, just to make one girl. Hath travailed with exceeding fear

The moonlight of forgotten seas Dwells in your eyes, and The honey of a million bees,
And all the sorrow of all song:
You are the ending of all these,
The world grew old to make

All times have traveled to this rose-And death and April, night and days mbered, unimagined throes, Find in this flower their meeting

Say not that it is all for nought Time brings eternity a flower

GIVING BILL THE LAUGH. [Detroit Free Press.] David Belasco, at a dinner in New ork, found himself seated opposite "Well, Bill." he said, genially, "how's the new show going?" "Only so-so. Dave; only so-se."
"Sorry to hear, that Bill."
"Oh, there's a reason for it. You see, we produced on Friday—an un-



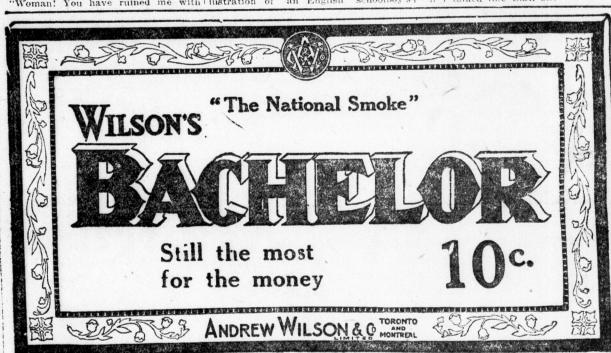
The Tomewille Trolley That Meets all The Trains -

lucky day, you know. Then there was the car strike; that hit us where we lived. An' we'd hardly recovered from lood-bye. I'm going!"

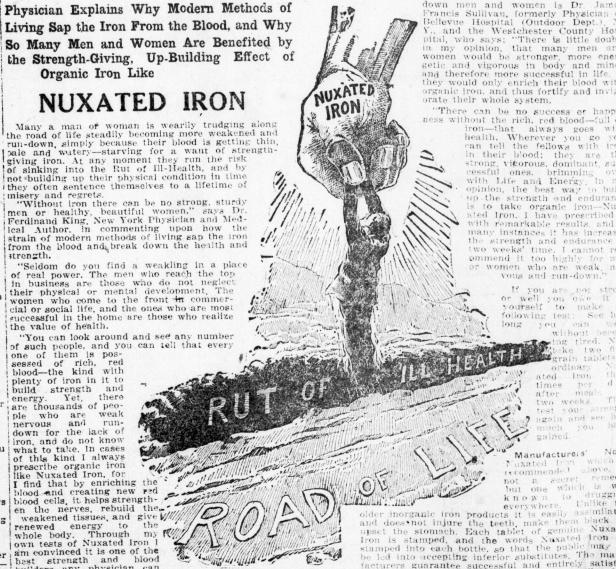
Good-bye. I'm going!"

"Where Piles and penniless. objection to "bookish" language, and his preference for his own vernacular even if it is ungrammatical, is given: "Him and me is next." cries the claiming "To the river!"
"Well, you'll be passing the postcourse, Dave, business always falls off in Lent."

Mr. Belasco gave a laugh.
"Bill," he said, "I'll teil y office. Do you mind posting this let-Bill." he said, "I'll teil you what's trouble with that show of yours. brought it out too soon after the "He and I are next," replies the COOL AND HEARTLESS.
"Woman! You have ruined me with lustration of an English schoolboy's



Are You Sinking Into the Rut of Ill-Health Because Your Blood Is Starving For Iron



Cairneross & Lawrence. Standard Drug, Limited. Taylor Drug Company.