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Liberal Party Meets Needs of the Soldiers

Meeting the needs of the returned man in a practical way at every point has been the aim of the Liberal party in Canada in formulating its "returned soldiers" policy as adopted at the national convention held in Ottawa the beginning of August.

Consciousness of the full extent of the debt owing to the men of Canada who at great cost have purchased the boon of peace and freedom for the nation, as well as for the world, is manifested in the pledge to make, when opportunity is afforded, fittingly generous provision in the way of pensions, both for the men who come back, and the dependents of those who have poured out the "red rich wine" of life.

So far as pensions are concerned, the Liberal platform provides that "such pensions and allowances be granted as shall enable soldiers or their dependents, as the case may be, to maintain a liberal standard of living sufficient to guarantee health, education and all the necessities, comforts and amenities which go to make a standard of life worthy of Canadian citizenship."

Why should the widow and her fatherless children be obliged to give up their home for poorer quarters, and the children be deprived of educational advantages because the head of the household saw his duty and gave his life in his country's service, while the family across the way, in exactly the same circumstances before the war, enjoys increasing prosperity and opportunity, owing to the fact that the provider stayed at home and availed himself of war conditions to better his fortunes?

Such questions as the foregoing could not be side-stepped by men and women of Liberal ideals, holding to the Liberal principle of "the square deal for all citizens of the state, equal rights and opportunities, and no special privileges," when it came to passing upon the question of right in regard to pensions and allowances for returned men and their dependents.

More Morality

The subject of "New Morality" was actually too large to be covered in a half-column yesterday. So here it is continued in our next.

Perhaps the morality of the age might be summed up in "live and let live." Yesterday it was suggested that where the former age emphasized self-control, self-denial, with some distrust of human impulse, the modern ethics call for life and self-transcendence. The natural corollary to living is letting others live and co-operating with them to that effect. There was some excuse for restrictive control of others when you held your own mouth with a curb-bit. If you scorned delights and worked for the night was coming, you felt virtuous in making others do so. The maxim was that only by ruling yourself could you rule others. But the new morality dimly evolving is less concerned about rule than energizing the healthy instincts and attaining generous social ends. Strong drink used to be condemned as a "sinful lust of the flesh." Now it is overriden as an economic obstacle and a social nuisance. It used to be called high life, too much life; now it is seen as devaluing, low, inhuman, impracticable. The old prohibition was restrictive, negative, the new would be realistic and constructive. Formerly it was thought that we should not have too good a time, now people mean to enjoy themselves and not let others be miserable either.

Dean Hole tells a story of a Sunday school teacher who had been explaining to a class the difference between a Christian and a cannibal. "Johnny" then, being questioned, answered that the Christian was one who enjoyed himself and the cannibal one who enjoyed others. Johnny was not far wrong.

Life is always a difficult business of harmonizing opposites or apparent opposites. Self-expression and altruism both make demands. Art can't be altogether crowded away by the needs of missions. How much shall be spent on the home and on dress, how much for general welfare? Enjoyment and sacrifice are two vast and in some degree conflicting ideals. The new morality tries in large, half-conscious fashion to be inclusive and harmonious.

Certainly there was never so much spirit of helpful co-operation before. The war has intensi-

fied that spirit. Experience and education have helped was the ideal of a former generation. We believe in it still, but more than formerly the individual merges himself in great associations for common ends. There is much friction and ill-will, but men are also banded to overcome the selfish egoists who trample on the right. So the age of self-expression, art revival and frank enjoyment is also an age of larger humanity and positive idealism, making immense sacrifices for the general good. It is the age of a new humanism upon which we have already entered. The old humanism was individualistic and intellectual and its "humanities" were studies for the reason, quite compatible with "inhumanity to man." The new humanism is human in the social and practical sense, its humanities consisting in sympathy and mutual help.

Intervention in Mexico

American cavalry seems to have crossed the frontier into Mexico under official orders, in pursuit of the bandits who held American aviators for ransom. Such punitive raids have happened once or twice before in late years, and it is possible that nothing important may grow out of this one. But national indignation is rising against the anarchy that seethes in Mexico and insolently makes free with foreign life and property. It is hard to believe that the present raid will not develop into a resolved effort to pacify the land of chaos.

For many years Mexico has been growing worse and worse. Carranza, the nominal head of the country, controls only a part of it as a sort of head brigand there. In his hatred of Americans he has been eager at all times to help Germany and makes no concealment of his disgust at the Entente victory. The Hun's friends are of his own ilk, Swedish and Dutch junkers, and Mexican brigands. These all stick naturally together.

The various bandit chiefs of Mexico, leading troops of the most mixed character, Indians, half-bloods, outlaws and escaped criminals, fight one another, harry the gentler population and prey on foreign properties. It was proposed at Paris that Mexico should be a mandatory of the United States, but the Americans have been very reluctant, naturally, to interfere with their next-door neighbors, fearing for one thing the jealous temper of all Latin America.

Some objection is being made by French and American writers to a British protectorate over Persia. However the British move in that quarter may appear, it may be pointed out at least that the internal conditions of Persia and Mexico are much alike, bands of brigands everywhere, repressed in Persia mainly by fear of British troops, intertribal civil wars every now and then, stagnation of commerce and a mere pretence of a central government. If the British take Persia in hand, it will at any rate be for Persia's good. The same should be true of Mexico under an American direction. Canadians who have invested money in Mexico or who would like to participate in the development of the country's resources, will welcome with joy an effectual American pacification.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A Montreal paper quotes fresh eggs 12 cents per dozen, but it was 25 years ago.

Gen. Currie has indigestion. And he is only at the beginning of the coast-to-coast festivities. How is H. R. H. the Prince?

Some one wrote a poem on "Stupidity Street." He might have taken a row of Government offices in Toronto or Ottawa as his model.

Millions of marks proposed as a purse for Hohenzollern. Any English or American mob would be glad to give him as many marks of their esteem.

The Prince of Wales having expressed a desire to see the sights the local reception committee should not fail to show him the Grand Trunk station.

The Germans are talking of giving the ex-kaiser 170,000,000 marks. Is it really, as stated, for consolation, or to finance the trial? What else could he and Mrs. Hohenzollern do with so much money in their Dutch or South Sea retirement?

I WANT TO BE A PROFITEER.

I want to be a Profiteer, and with those duffers stand,
I long to be a member of that holy, happy band.

This life "is but a passing show," 'bout 2½ per cent,
"Unhand me gents" and let me be a Profiteering Gent.

I want to be a Profiteer—yellow and stiff with gold,
I want to see the public buy, for I love to see them sold.

Let the Consumers "bark and bite, for 'tis their nature to,"
But let me yell in pure delight and knock 'em black and blue.

The Politicians bow and squirm whenever we appear—
The senate does the elbow-nudge and says "See who is here!"

Commissioners by hundreds swarm and threaten doings dire,
But never a Living Monkey pulls the chestnuts from the fire.

H. BENROD.

PATHETIC FIGURES

By FONTAINE FOX



The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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

RING THREE.

By Will T. Ames.

The telephone in the east room of the Hanford home had been ringing for some time. Miss Hanford, who was writing notes, glanced inquiringly at the instrument. The house was on a party line, to be sure, but she was sure that the caller was not to be thought of; but Eleanor did not remember having heard a "ring-ring" call that year.

"Zing-zing-zing!" zing-zing-zing! clanged the phone. Miss Hanford was wondering, as ten thousand other people have wondered under similar circumstances, whether she shouldn't really answer, on the chance, or whether, having made a mistake, when a man burst into the room.

The man was a total stranger. Eleanor had never seen him before. He was a large man and young, and obviously started in to knock, but he had made his entrance to the house uninvited and without permission of anybody, but now, without the first word of apology and without even glancing at Miss Hanford, he rushed wildly to the telephone, grabbed the receiver and yelled in a lavishly abundant voice, "Hello!"

To Eleanor's ordinary calm eyes his entire demeanor was that of a lunatic, perhaps a dangerous one. Without too much time she shifted her position so that the drawer with the pistol in it was just behind her. The intruder, who had flung himself into the room, stood staring at the telephone table and made it creek alarmingly in doing so, appeared still to be utterly unaware of Miss Hanford's presence.

"Hello! hello!" he bawled, the look of wild anxiety on his countenance becoming more and more desperate as he waited in desperate impatience, a reply that did not come.

Miss Hanford, who was never precipitate, had almost made up her mind to flee and seek the protection of old Mark, the gardener, or Hannah in the kitchen, when a great change came upon the man at the phone. The strained, eager look disappeared, a happy light sprang into his grey eyes, and he smiled broadly. Miss Hanford mentally classified the smile as a grin. "Like a Cheshire cat's," she indignantly concluded.

"Sure, this is Les," the uninvited guest was saying into the phone. "Never so glad to hear a human voice in my life, sweetheart! Don't seem as if I could wait another minute to see you. What's that? Didn't know, but you'd be up on the two-thirty. Yes, gets here at five-twenty. You bet! I'll be here. Good-bye, honey!"

When about half way through this monologue the man twisted about on his chair till he was facing the mistress of the Hanford establishment. Then, still grinning broadly and with the receiver still at his ear, he winked at Eleanor—winked at Miss Eleanor Hanford, if you please! The nerve of him!

Miss Hanford arose, to the full height of her sixty-three inches. She no longer felt any fear of this madman; she was experiencing instead a mighty indignation—nothing—anything—might be forgiven in a mere lunatic; but for a vandal like this to violate her privacy, and worse, to propose to set at defiance all the conventions and safeguards of society—for the purpose of making love over your phone—to some other woman—ugh!

Miss Hanford was all icy calmness as the trespasser, hanging up the receiver, uncoupled his tail length from the trembling window chair and stood erect. She gave him no time for a first word—there is no strategy in that.

"Why," she inquired, "do you know to whom I have the honor of being hostess, and why? There is about this house to give the impression that it is a stranger's home or an office building? I do not think it has ever been regarded as a mere public utility."

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss Hanford—are you not? But when you see the state of that talk—know you are, I am—honestly—awfully sorry to come tearing in that way, but I'll tell you, it was worth it."

"You see, I've had that little bungalow that sets back in the woods a quarter of a mile above here for a week. I've been away for a good while on that little business over across and she's been in California, so we haven't seen each other. She got home to New York yesterday and what she'd heard here on this afternoon's train. There are two trains, you know, and I put in a telephone call for her at New York. After it was in, and I'd waited half an hour, I realized that if I waited any longer I might not meet her. So I started. When the phone man hooked up the bungalow he told me that this big white house and that stone one down below were the only other subscribers on the line. My number was three."

"Just as I was passing here I heard the ring. 'What was I going to do? If I stopped to be polite they'd call me,' said 'Party's hung up, excuse me.' I know it was rotten manners, but you've got to make allowances for a fellow named Grey—Lester Grey! I scribble foolish things that foolish people don't sometimes. I hope you'll pardon my headlong intrusion."

Miss Eleanor Hanford, with all her dignity of position and not a little wealth, was as a matter of fact, just a mere girl. And this big, utterly natural, blundering boy with the marks of overseas still on him, was good to look upon, in spite of the fact that he was a bachelor bungalow that made Eleanor feel a new and different kind of indignation toward him. Away down in her secret heart she knew that it was because there was a sweetheart at all.

"Oh, very well," she laughed—for, of course, under this new circumstance, being a woman, she could no longer show indignation of any sort lest it be construed in a certain way—"If you

your defense on the ground of temporary aberration, there is nothing else to do but pardon you, I suppose." Grey should have gone away then. Of course he should. A young man in his peculiar position, however, being very well, you'd think to get out of the situation without complicating it further. But the more he looked at this machine-like little person the more he didn't want to. The only thing he could think of to say, however, was: "May I bring her to see you, Miss Hanford?"

If looks could kill, Lester Grey should have been at least a serious casualty. "Bring whom, pray, Mr. Grey?" Eleanor inquired childishly with her eyes fixed on a quarter of an inch higher than normal.

"My mother, of course." "Whisper, Secretly! Just between you and me. There was the gladiolus little thrill that ever was, right through the middle of Eleanor's heart, as she said very nearly gasped—"Why, I should be positively delighted."

"NEWSPAPERS ARE
WORLD'S MIRROR"

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

ONE OF THE MYSTERIES.
(Detroit Free Press.)

One of the mysteries of life is how a boorish man can keep right on observing the ways of gentlemen and never acquire any of them for himself.

JUST SO.
(Toronto Star.)

Sooner or later the idea that the high cost of living is something about which nothing can be done, owing to the sacred laws of supply and demand, is one which will have to be abandoned here in Canada.

HOW TO DO IT.
(Orillia Packet.)

Astonishing as it may seem, it is still possible to live on a penny a day. The recipe is an old one, so old, indeed, that it has no doubt been generally forgotten. Here it is: Eat a penny's worth of dried apples for breakfast, drink freely of water at dinner time to swell them, and sup with a friend.

SPENDING, NOT PRODUCING.
(Sinnott Reformer.)

There is sound sense in the remark made by a witness before the Senate food investigating committee at Washington a day or two ago: "The world is on a holiday, and people are spending money like drunkard sailors without producing." That is a more potent cause of the high cost of living than is profiteering.

DEMAND FOR CENT PIECES.
(New York World.)

The fact that the Philadelphia mint has been working overtime to meet the abnormal demand for cent pieces is one of the curious things about the inflated cost of living. Though the cent has lost its old purchasing power it is more useful than ever in paying the odd and uneven sums which represent the cost of an article plus war taxes. The war has made the penny an indispensable coin without necessarily conducing to its popularity.

VICTORY DAY IN DUBLIN.
(Dublin Star.)

There was much foolish talk in Sinn Féin circles about making the day "Victory Day" in Dublin, celebrating her victory over Germany a time of mourning.

PALE-CHEEKED GIRLS,
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Certain Results Guaranteed.

Pale people have pale blood. In other words, the blood is watery and lacks red corpuscles.

The stomach is wrong. Assimilation is poor and food is not changed into blood. Naturally the system is robbed of vitality, lacks strength and reconstructive power.

Don't slip from vigor into weakness. Don't allow the appetite to fail, but instead use Ferrozone.

You're bound to feel rejuvenated and strengthened at once.

Appetite is braced up, digestion is stimulated, cure is imparted to the stomach. Everything you eat is transformed into nutriment that supplies what your thin, weak system needs.

Vital, life-giving blood that makes rosy cheeks and dancing eyes—that's the kind that Ferrozone makes.

The strength and buoyancy that defies depression and tiredness, that's the sort you get with Ferrozone.

Every pale woman can transform her bleached-out appearance with Ferrozone.

Not only will it improve looks and spirits, but by rebuilding all weak, tired organs, Ferrozone establishes a soundness of health that's surprising.

For women and girls who want to feel well, to look well, to be well, and stay well, nothing known in the annals of medicine is so certain as Ferrozone.

Won't you try Ferrozone?

Concentrated cure in tablet form, that's Ferrozone, six per box or six for \$2.50, at all dealers, or direct by mail from The Catarthozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

in Ireland. Here is what a correspondent reports that he saw in Dublin on Saturday: "After having watched 16,000 men march past Lord French, and after the enthusiasm of the second only to those which I witnessed on peace night in Paris, I might have been justified in coming to the conclusion that the Sinn Féin was dead."

Before the Americans commit themselves too far in the De Valera movement, they would better make sure that they know what are the actual sentiments in Ireland.

PROTESTS COME TOO LATE.
(Springfield Republican.)

Japan has now been in actual physical possession of the old German concessions and leaseholds in Shantung Province for nearly five years, and if the League of Nations project is scrapped and we revert to the pre-war conditions and policies, just how are we to get Japan out of Shantung, especially out of Kiau-chau? It was contemplated that the question is decided. Japan was not the original robber in Shantung, nor is the robbery of recent date.

It is twenty-one years old and our government never protested against Germany's seizure, nor has it ever quailed in all parts of the union against food boards and price gougers. The utmost co-operation and aid were shown by all the government authorities, federal and state, and a close net has been drawn about them, so as to exploit the hunger of the people for their monetary emolument. The cold

CAN WE LOOK ON?
(The American administration confidently declares that all profiteering will be eliminated from the United States in two months as the result of the huge campaign now being conducted in all parts of the union against food boards and price gougers. The utmost co-operation and aid were shown by all the government authorities, federal and state, and a close net has been drawn about them, so as to exploit the hunger of the people for their monetary emolument. The cold

storage plants are being turned inside out, and larger stocks of butter, eggs, meat, and other goods are being seized by the authorities. It appears almost certain that profiteering will shortly be a thing of the past in the United States, and prices will once more be normal for the American people.

But what about Canada? Are the people of this Dominion to be forced to sit and see their neighbors relieved of these profiteers while their own shoulders ache on their backs like the Old Man of the Sea? Are Canadians going to see prices fall in the United States, and remain sky-high here, simply because the United States has a vigorous government and Canada has not?

If not, the Canadian people had better bestir themselves.

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