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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

> London, Ont., Wednesday, July 21. OLD WORLD UNWISDOM.

The snarling of old line Conservative journals in England over the changes of the time is as good as a comic paper. A little while ago the Saturday Review was predicting the downfall of English civilization because of the disappearance of servants, and the decline of respect for "superiors." A financial writer in the Spectator

says that

Businessmen are sick to death of a policy of bribing (out of the exchequer) the masses to keep them in good humor, instead of the country being governed on sound and just lines. They are sick of it for two reasons: In the first place, experience from 1909 (the year of the Lloyd George budget) down to the present time, has shown that that policy, stead of allaying unrest and promoting good feeling amongst the entire community, has had exactly the opposite effect. Strikes were never so prolific (sic), while the worker is restricting production and keeping up prices. And businessmen are sick of this policy of weakness and bribery for another reason, namely, because they know the end of the

So, according to this Tory malcontent, or nalignant," as the Cromwellians once called the people's enemy, keeping the masses in good humor only puts them in bad humor. What has been this reprehensible "bribery"? Old age pensions, which no Tory dares openly and explicitly to attack; national insurance, no longer decried, though at first the workingmen themselves were not altogether pleased; the various budgets, which have progressively placed taxation on the shoulders capable of bearing it; the bread sold at less than cost to the whole public. Some of the opponents of this "bread dole" declare that it was such maladministration that caused Rome to fall, If it did, Rome was 600 years falling after the cheap bread distributions to the citizen body were begun by Caius Gracchus.

The Tory critic holds that the country should he means is, of course, that property should be protected as the privilege of a few, while the lives and happiness of the many have less claim. That is everlastingly the Tory view. We of the war, but not fired on perhaps because the French expected yet to have possession of the works themselves. It is stated by various those works at Briey would have dealt a heavy blow to the German war system and shortened the war. As it was, French lives are charged to have been sacrificed that the steel works might be saved for capital. Safety first-for property-is the rule in France as in other countries, even though the above particular charge may have nothing in it.

To promote "good feeling amongst the entire community" is the Spectator man's ideal. It is worthy object. But it is pathetic that anyone now should suppose goodwill still attainable by a return to old caste and privilege. It will never be possible again in Great Britain for large capitalists to enjoy comparative immunity from taxation. The sensible element among them have cheerfully resigned themselves to what is really a rational compromise between the old regime and communism, in yielding up annually a good fraction of their income to the state. They no longer as a class cry out against the new taxation of the last decade as "confiscation." They are at least resigned. It is to be expected that a democratic parliament at Ottawa will soon do something to put taxation in this country on a modern footing, and we shall not call it "bribery of the masses."

RIVER VS. SPRING.

With prolonged tests of river water in progress at the north branch of the Thames, and the likelihood of an official analysis being made within a few days, citizens in general are waiting anxiously to see whether there is really a possibility of the hitherto pure drinking supply of the city being threatened from this that the average Londoner will have grave

Commissioner F. G. Mitchell has taken a decided stand against increased drinking supplies being obtained in this way, and there is no doubt that he is heartily indorsed by the majority of the citizens. He claims that the possibilities of obtaining spring water on property already owned by the city and from other spring land between here and Komoka, have not nearly been exhausted, and urges that every effort be made to augment the supply from these sources. The comparatively slight cost of obtaining river water may be urged as one of the reasons for using it, but if by the adoption of this plan the citizen loses the sense of security which he has in the purity of the present supply it is doubtful whether it would be true economy. Even daily tests of the water obtained from this source would not satisfy entirely his apprehensions.

The outlook is hopeful, however, as every indication points to the continued use of spring water. Reluctance to announce the results of the first analysis of river water indicated that it was not satisfactory. The Utilities Commission is preparing to drill for either spring or well water in the vicinity of the Coves, and, finally, no enthusiastic advocates of the river water plan have appeared, while the opposition

to it has been pronounced. The other members of the Utilities Commis-

sion, while not so decided in their opposition to the plan, have done anything but support it. The purity of London's drinking water is a proverb throughout the Dominion, and the citizens will stand behind their representatives who intend to keep it pure.

EDITORIAL NOTES. The only difference between an evening dress

and a bathing suit nowadays is about \$130.

From the number of murders committed in reland one would be led to believe that an attempt was being made to change the Emerald Isle to a bloodstone.

From Here and There

WHY FEAR AN INVESTIGATION? [Farmers' Sun.]

It seems hard to understand why Sir Adam Beck n particular, and the radial advocates in general, should have such an aversion to a thorough inquire into the feasibility of the whole radial project. If it is all they claim it to be, there will be a measure of satisfaction in knowing that their judgment was sound. If it is found to be faulty and ill-advised, it is better to know it now than after a score or two score millions have been expended upon the under-

The chairman of the Hydro Commission is be-The chairman of the Hydro Commission is becoming a very severe critic of the Government, a coming a very severe critic of the Government, a thour ago, Mr. Spargo," he said. "He thinks he can be the form our hearth; the said that as he couldn't wait, perhaps you'd step the earth. a cabinet minister fails to agree with his associates, he said that as he couldn't wait, perhaps he is expected to resign. A deputy minister or the head of a commission may disagree with the Government that employs him, but cannot make the fight a political one while in the pay of the Govern-ment. If Sir Adam Beck cannot submit to discipline, or resents criticism, let him resign. Then he can attack his late employer all he likes. His present

course is not an honorable one. The press of the province who claim that Beck can do no wrong take his side and severely score the Government for interference. They are charged with being new-comers, and as such as ignorant of the real facts. These critics forget that oftentimes an onlooker can see moves on a chess or checker poard that the players have missed. A new director added to a board brings a new viewpoint and adds strength. The Government is fresh from the people, and has the farmer's viewpoint. May not the prime movers in the hydro-radial project be so close up have lost the proper perspective? They may have been so carried away with the one big idea that they cannot see any but their own side of the case. The new-comersdespised Government-may have a new viewpoint, may have seen difficulties or developments or phases that the others have missed. Is there anything wrong in taking time to look at every side of the Frankly, we cannot see where such a policy is anti-hydro, anti-radial, anti-Beck or antianything else. It's good business and sound common No man buildeth a house without first counting the cost."

And this question of cost is a mighty serious one The Province of Ontario is not in any position, financially, to lightly assume another fifty or hundred millions of indebtedness. In addition to however, there is another and a peculiarly difficult problem to solve. This province has a large mileage of publicly-owned railroads, and it seems like the height of folly to build more state-owned roads to compete with those we already own-and upon

which we pay annual deficits. The Toronto Globe make a big claim that radials would act as feeders to the steam roads. We admit that they would if they ran at right angles or nearly so, but how much of a feeder would a radial be that paralleled a steam road? Would the Toronto Eastern be "governed on sound and just lines." What act as a feeder to the steam roads two miles or each side of it? It is supposed to be built midway etween the C. N. R. and the G. T. R .- two of our own roads. Where will it get traffic except at the expense of the two existing roads? Beck says it will take business from the other roads; the Globe says not. The following extract from Beck's report hear lately of German steel works at Briey to the Government makes the claim that the Toronto within range of big French guns during years Eastern Railway would take traffic from steam

"Owing to the physical characteristics of the district, the Grand Trunk Railway runs about two miles south of Whitby, Oshawa and Bowmanville, while the Canadian Northern is generally speaking, about the same distance

"These three towns are developing industries of importance; especially is this true of Oshawa, which is now the largest shipping

point between Toronto and Montreal. "With an hourly passenger service on a line of this nature, the traffic would naturally go the electric line on account of the frequency of service, just in the same manner as the olitan division of the Toronto and York Radial Company eliminated the passenger service on the Grand Trunk between Toronto and towns as far north as Newmarket

Beck does not look upon his road as a feeder, bu as a competitor—one that would take traffic from existing roads-two of which we happen to own. Would any sane businessman who owned two factories making hats or shoe build a third factory to compete with these, when neither was making C. N. R. and the G. T. R. went behind to the tune of \$47,000,000, and yet some people think we ought to parallel these roads with another line and make the deflicit twice as large as formerly.

The more sensible thing to do is to electrify existing roads, if we have so much power that we don't know where to place it. But the province is short of power. At the present time there are industries in this province requiring over 35,000-In addition to that, thousands horse-power. all up and down the country are crying for power that would in some measure relieve their acute labor shortage. They are told that there is no more available until the Chippawa plant is These industries and farm receive consideration before a lot of radials are built and supplied with power. Further, there are grave doubts in the minds of many about the place of the radial. Will not the motor truck and the passenger car, running on good roads which we are

think so mestion, so many things requiring consideration and sober second thought, that the Farmers' Sun is convinced that the Drury Government is doing the wise and same thing in thoroughly investigating before going any further. Beck may be right and the Government wrong. If they are, we know that quarter. Whatever the analysis prove to be, they are courageous enough to admit they were in after even weeks of pumping, there is no doubt error. To charge them now with being anti-public ownership or under the dominance of the vested interests, or even with being anti-radial, is unapprehensions about the use of even one drop of warranted. Papers like the Globe and the Telegram who say that the Government is condemning the before he is tried are speaking falsely When the personnel of the commission is an will be found to consist of men above The Government is simply anxious to safeguard the finances and credit of this province whose guardians they are. In taking this courageou of public ownership and of the public itself.

A FRANK REPLY.

[Hamilton Spectator.] According to a correspondent of the Sun and when asked if he did not think the American peop would believe the Allies were giving way consider ably before the Germans, replied, rather warmly Perhaps they will take that way in America, but want you to tell your people this for me: If the Americans were here with us, things might be ntirely different. But they have left us; they are out of it. They are not giving us any help at all now to solve these problems. If they were, they would have some right to talk." Frankness was ever one of the doughty little Welshman's most refreshing characteristics.

ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD.

The world is always new and fresh if we will There are those who draw long faces, but it s at least something to the good that more of our people are taking pleasanter holidays than ever were taken before. An early spring has given us a supreme chance at this date to "annihilate all that's a green thought is good for all of us against the return of a work-a-day world. The roads are good, the country is fair, and leisure increases. If these are not good enough grounds for indulgence in the holiday spirit, then England was never merry.

TEMPLE MURDER THE TRAVELERS.

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

"Then you missed one of the finest opportunities heard of," he said, half sneeringly.

night have heard such a story-He paused, as if it were not worth while to continue, and turned to Rathbury, who was regarding

"Look here, Rathbury," he said. "Is it possible to get that box opened?" "It'll have to be opened," answered Rathbury, sing. "It's got ot be opened. It probably con-

tains the clue we want. I'm going to ask Mr.
Myerst here to go with me just now to take the first steps about having it opened. I shall have to get an order. We may get the matter through today, but at any rate we'll have it done tomorrow

"Can you arrange for me to be present when that comes off?" asked Spargo. "You can—certain.? That's all right, Rathbury. Now I'm off, and you'll ring me up or come around if you hear anything, and I'll do the same by you."

And boys God had made to be men who were not.

Because of the duty that someone forgot.

And without further word Spargo went quickly away, and just as quickly returned to the Watch. office. There the assistant, who had been told man office. There the assistant, whis new crusade, off to wait upon his orders during this new crusade, "This gentleman came in to see you about an

he said that as he couldn't wait, perhaps you'd step Spargo took the card and read: "Mr. James Criedir, Dealer in Philatelic Rarities, 2021 Strand." Spargo put the card in his waistcoat pocket and went out again, wondering why Mr. Jan could not, would not, or did not call himself a lealer in rare postage stamps, and so use plain English. He went up Fleet street and soon found the shop indicated on the card, and his first glance at its exterior showed that whatever business migh have been done by Mr. Criedir in the past at tha establishment there was to be none done there in the future by him, for there were newly printed

bills in the window announcing that the place was to let. And inside he found a short, portly, elderly man who was superintending the packing up and cause the secretary of war removal of the last of his stock. He turned a bright, inquiring eye on the "Mr. Criedir?" said Spargo

"Mr. Spargo of the Watchman. You called on Mr. Criedir opened the door of a tiny apartment the rear of the very little shop and motioned

"The same sir," answered the philatelist, "You

his caller to enter. He followed him in and care-"Glad to see you, Mr. Spargo," he said genially. "Take a seat, sir—I'm all in confusion here—giving up business, you see. Yes, I called on you. I think, having read the Watchman's account of that Marbury affair, and having seen the murdered man's tograph in your columns, that I can give you bit of information.

'Material?" asked Spargo tersely. Mr. Criedir cocked one of his bright eyes at his visitor. He coughed dryly.

said. "I should say, considering everything, was material. Well, it's this: I kept open esterday—everything as usual, you know—i the window and so on—so that snybody s passing would naturally have thought that ness was going on, though as a matter of retiring—retired," added Mr. Criedir with "last night. Now—but won't you take at I've got to take the construction of the construction That's for you to decide, when you've heard he said. "I should say, considering everything. that it was material. Well, it's this: I kept open until yesterday-everything as usual you knowwho was passing would naturally have thought that fact I'm retiring-retired." added Mr. Criedir with down what I've got to tell you?' "I am taking it down," answered Spargo. "Every

word—in my head."

Mr. Criedir laughed and rubbed his hands. "Oh!" he said. "Ah, well in my young days journalists used to pull out pencil and notebook at the first opportunity. But you modern young

"Just so." agreed Spargo. "This information "Well." said Mr. Criedir, "we'll go on, then. Yesterday afternoon the man described as Marbury

"What time-exact time?" clock." answered Mr. Criedir. "I'd swear twenty affidavits on that point. He was precisely as you've described him-dress, everything-I tell you I knew nis photo as soon as I saw it. He was carrying a What sort of box?" said Spargo.

"A queer, old-fashioned, much-worn leather ox-a very miniature trunk, in fact," replied Mr. Yet long with love, my love, the earth Criedir, "about a foot square; the sort of thing you never see nowadays. It was very much worn; it attracted me for that very reason. He set it on Lift up thy heart! Exult that it is so! the counter and looked at me. 'You're a dealer in stamps-rare stamps?' he said. 'I am,' I replied T've something here I'd like to show you,' he said. "Stop a bit," said Spargo. "Where did he fake

"Stop a bit," said Spargo. "Where did he take the key from with which he unlocked the box?" bride. "Don't be after contradicting me, "It was one of several which he carried on a split ring, and he took the bunch out of his lefthand trousers pocket," replied Mr. Criedir. "Oh, goods, and if you cannot feed your own I keep my eyes open, young gentleman! Well—he property, then it's ashamed of you

"It seemed to me to be full of papers-at any rate, there were a lot of legal-looking documents on the top, tied up with red tape. To show you ow I notice things. I saw that the papers we stained with age, and that the red tape was faded a mere washout-out pink." "Good-good!" murmured Spargo. "Excellent!

"He put his hand under the topmost papers and "From the envelope he produced an exceedingly rare, exceedingly valuable the very first ever issued. 'I've just come from Australia,' he said. 'I promised a young friend of mine out there to sell these stamps for him in and as I was passing this way I caught sight of your shop. Will you buy 'em, and how nuch will you give for 'em?"

"Prompt," muttered Spargo. "He seemed to me the sort of man who doesn' waste words," agreed Mr. Criedir, "Well there was no doubt about the stamps, nor about their great value. But I had to explain to him that was retiring from business that very day, and did not wish to enter into even a single deal, and that therefore, I couldn't do anything. 'No matter,' he says. 'I daresay there are lots of men in your line of trade-perhaps you can recommend me to a extra good firms,' I answered. 'But I can do better for you. I'll give you the name and address of private buyer, who, I haven't the least doubt, will be very glad to buy that set from you, and will give you a big price.' 'Write it down,' he says, 'and thank you for your trouble.' So I gave him a bit of advice as to the price he ought to get, and wrote the name and address of the man I referred to on the back of one of my cards.'

Whose name and address?" asked Spargo. "Mr. Nicholas Cardlestone, 2 Pilcox Building Middle Temple lane," replied Mr. Criedir. Cardlestone is one of the most enthusiastic and ccomplished philatelists in Europe. And I knew ne didn't possess that set of stamps.

"I know Mr. Cardlestone." remarked Spargo. "It was at the foot of his stairs that Marbury was found murdered." "Just so," said Mr. Criedir. "Which makes m think that he was going to see Mr. Cardlestone

Spargo looked fixedly at the retired stamp dealer. "What, going to see an elderly gentleman in his rooms in the Temple, to offer to sell him phila telic rarities at-past midnight?" he said. "I think

"All right," replied Mr. Criedir. "You think and act on modern lines-which are, of course, highly superior. But how do you account for my having riven Marbury Mr. Cardlestone's address and for his having been found dead-murdered-at the foot of Cardlestone's stairs a few hours later?" "I don't account for it," said Spargo. "I'm try-

Mr. Criedir made no comment on this. He looked his visitor up and down for a moment, gathered some idea of his capabilities, and suddenly offered him a cigarette.

Spargo accepted it with a laconic word of thanks and smoked half way through it before he spoke shall account. And I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Criedir, for what you've told me. Now, then, may

To Be Continued

Poetry and Jest

[Gertrude West in Youth's Companion.] We were old to be traveling out of our hills. My husband and me;
But sixty-odd years sometimes hungers
for thrills,
Don't you see?
He was wild as the boy to be off; so we

Land! the sights that we saw and the money that we spent. Oh, the window-eyed walls like the face

of remorse, Lifted up to the sky; My throat tightened up of a horse Going by. But one thing was like the old village

The faces we met as we went and we came. There were little while girls that I wanted to kiss;
And I wanted to warn;

were women who never learned love they must miss For their scorn; And boys God had made to be men who

guess I'm old-fashioned; I didn't care much
much
For the music and art.
With the pain of those sad eyes and faces and such
In my heart—
But I'm glad we went gadding away from our hearth;

ALL BROUGHT APPETITES.

"Politeness costs nothing."
"That's a mistake," said Jud Timkins, with emphasis, "Just by way of
bein' pleasant and friendly I asked a
bunch of my city relatives to visit me." SOME NEW INFORMATION.

[Literary Digest.]
The "information tests" now so popular sometimes elicit strange information. Here are some aberrant answers obtained in the questionnaire of the Friends School of Philadelphia:
Define "doughboy."

A name for American soldiers be-

Baker.
Who founded the Methodists?
Methuselah.
Define "unicorn."
A kind of bunion.
Define "dromedary."
A place where students board.
What is a "silo."
A kind of musical instrument.
Who is John Drinkwater?
The man who is making England

The man who is making England dry.
What is a "pedagogue"?
Something to put out fires.

What is a "perambulator"?

Something to make coffee in.

What is the "Buford"?

The "Buford" is the ship used to deport alienists who are undesirable.

What is a "pedagogue"?

Something with ten sides.

A teacher who will not listen to reason.

One who is worshipped as a god.

[Gertrude Hall.] sun looked from his everlasting

skies, He laughed into my daily-dying eyes; He said to me, the brutal shining Sun:
"Poor, fretful, hot, rebellious, little one!
"Thou shalt not find it, yet there shall

be truth;
Thou shalt grow old, but yet there shall be youth;
Thou shalt not do, yet great deeds shall Believe me, child, I am old, old Sun! "Thou mayest go blind, yet fair will

bloom the spring; birds will sing; Thou mayest despair, no less will hope be rife: Thou mayest be dead, but many will have life.

Thou mayest declare of love; it is dream! will teem;
Let not thy foolish heart be borne so

CLEVER BIDDY. "Biddy," remarked the newly-wed Irishman, "go down and feed the pigs." "Faith and I will not," replied the

This was a new point of view, so off Presently she returned.
"Have you fed the pigs, Biddy?" demanded her husband, sternly.
"Faith, and I have not," she an swered, "I have done a great deal be

As they were my property I have sold them, and shall not be bothered with SHADOW LAND. [Exchange.]
The shadows lie deep on the pathway

before us, The sun is obscured as we journey cautiously tread the road While Vhile we cautiously tread the ro that leads yonder, And wonder if life will be sorrow

We doubt and we fear lest the steps should tread, In the puzzle of life we oft take the rong turning, d the way breakers ahead.

night oft is long, ere the dawn come a-breaking, But the shadows will flee from th fast rising sun; With its warmth o'er our head, there the awakening

The way will be brighter, the birds While our souls catch the strains, we march on anew,
With vigor pursue the task set before Lest the sun should go down, hide the end from our view.

There are hills to be climbed, they frown on before us,
There are mists in the valley, dense
to go through; Right ahead lies the goal, we must step out with courage ch step brings us nearer the end we've in view.

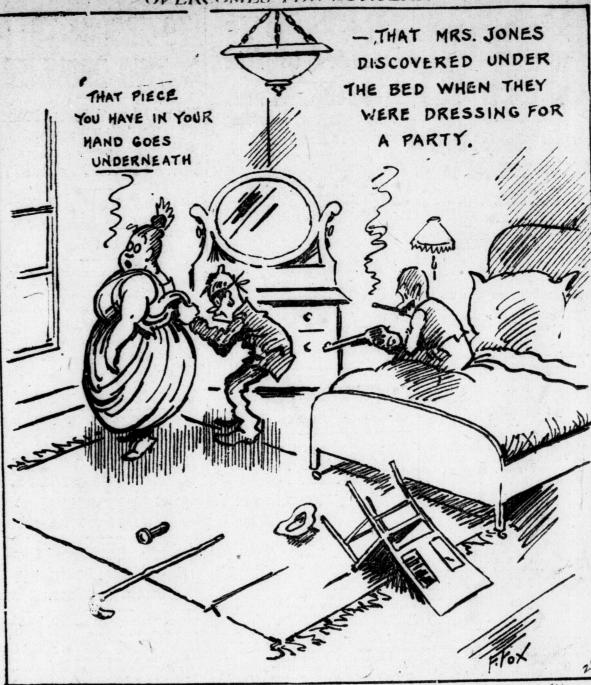
the end from our

Our hearts are inspired, our thought journey along, it seems part of a plan
Of a wise, loving father to teach us the That he orders our steps, 'tis his guiding hand.

THE DELIRIOUS EDITOR. [Colton, Cal., Press.] A beautiful personality is one of Mrs. errett's charms, but those who know Terrett's charms, but those who know her best admire the inner beauty which shines out even through trouble, the perfect sincerity and the sterling worth which are so surely a part of the lovely

URINE A Wholesome, Cleansing, Retreshing, Bealing Lotion — Murine for Redness, Soreness, Technoor rning of Eyes or

IONES, WHO SIMPLY HATES TO HOOK UP A DRESS, OVERCOMES THE BURGLAR



By FUNIAINE FUX

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