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TUESDAY, JULY 21, 1925.

Can Britain Deal With Russia?

In a recent issue of the London Times it was hinted that the government was considering an immediate rupture with the soviet government of Russia. Foreign Minister Chamberlain's words were: "The situation is of a character that needs to be watched from day to day, and the government must have liberty to act for the protection of British interests." It is not difficult to place any of several interpretations on such a statement, but it is plain that the British government is not going to take any precipitate or unwise action against the soviet government. Mr. Rakovsky, who has represented Russia in London, returned to the British capital in an aeroplane from Moscow, and his return is considered a favorable sign for continued friendliness between the two countries.

At the bottom of it all there is a feeling in Britain that the Russian government has been working through its propagandists to stir up trouble for the British in China, for it is against Britain more than any other foreign power that the hatred of the Chinese seems to be pointed at present.

It is informative to get the Russian explanation of its participation in Chinese affairs. E. F. Wise, the economic adviser to the All-Russian central union of co-operative societies, says Russia was surprised "that the British press should ascribe to a Russian agency what seemed so completely explainable by other reasons. Chinese national feeling has been increasing in strength, and conditions in foreign as well as Chinese factories have been regarded as a disgrace. Russian opinion sympathized both with these national aspirations and with attempts to improve conditions for the workers."

Mr. Wise says it is quite possible that there are Russian instructors in the Sun Yat Sen army. There is little doubt that assistance in money or in experts has been afforded by other countries to the different Chinese armies, just as in Europe French money and instructors have assisted in the creation of various national armies far removed from the borders of France.

Mr. Wise then turns to industrial conditions in China, and says Russia intends to help right these. For justification he points to the great "Copeck" conference last year in Birmingham of representatives of nearly every organized Christian community, and recalls that this gathering passed a strong resolution drawing attention to these industrial conditions in China as a disgrace to the Christian countries that were in any way associated with them, and also giving warning of their danger for the future.

Mr. Wise states that Russia is in sympathy with any movement to better these conditions, and adds that from his observations he sees no chance of China turning to communism.

The real trouble is that the average Canadian finds it difficult to form an intelligent opinion about Russia. It is a land from which very little information comes direct; news that does appear has too often the earmarks of being inspired. That is why so many "situations" arise, some of them more alarming than the actual facts would warrant.

The British attitude is that Russia can have the form of government that she desires, and as to what form it takes Britain has no concern. It is when Russia attempts to interfere with British government that the friction is bound to come, and that is why Britain feels it necessary to watch the present situation in China closely. Russia's desire to aid the development of a national spirit in China, especially when that "national spirit" takes the shape of enmity directed against Britain more than any other foreign power, makes a situation that is not as pleasant as might be desired.

Trying Out the Drivers.

If a school for automobile drivers were ever started in London, we suggest that the market on a Saturday morning or evening be the place where the final tests be made before handing out the certificates. The first trial might take place there any Saturday morning when there are three or four officers around to direct traffic. This would consist chiefly of attempts, most of them not successful, at trying to find a place to park so that the week's supply of greens, carrots, potatoes, etc., etc., and still more etc., could be carried out safely.

The other and final examination would be held preferably between the hours of eight and ten in the evening, when there are plenty of cars groping and poking about, over the sidewalks, gaining a yard here and there, going in any direction the driver has set as his final destination. If a driver passed these two tests, bumped no other car, upset no wagon, injured no one listening to a Saturday night sermon, then by all means give him his diploma and turn him loose upon the world, because he is a competent driver.

British Columbia's Charred Forests.

The sequel to our national "Save the Forests" week is now being written in despatches from British Columbia telling of forest fires that are destroying millions of feet of the finest timber in Canada. West Kootenay, in the Crow's Nest Pass country, at the southern end of the province, is suffering, despatches referring to some of the outbreaks there as "an inferno," and others as being at least seventy-five square miles in extent.

Unlike the coast, the Crow's Nest Pass gets little rain in summer time; just now the woods

are as dry as tinder; wind is much more frequent and pronounced than in winter, and when fire gets a start it travels quickly and there is practically nothing that can be done to stop it. The fires just now seem to be centered in the district of which Nelson is the logical trading center, and are bad near Nakusp on the Upper Arrow Lakes, one of the most picturesque spots in central and southern British Columbia.

Those who have never been near or through a forest fire in British Columbia can have little idea of what such a season means. Today settlers will be making their way with what possessions they can carry to the edge of the lakes or to the rivers. Some who feel that in the clearings around their places they have a chance to fight it out may stay and do so. Towns in the path of the fire are no better off. The last large place to find this out was Fernie, some distance east of the Crow's Nest Pass from the present conflagration. That town, or city as it is called there, went out on August 1, 1908, and, with the exception of the head office of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal and Coke Company, the railway stations, and a few houses in one corner of the place, there was nothing left but a bare waste of hot ashes and a few foundations. It was wiped out in about three hours, a place where some 5,000 people had previously been housed, and the remarkable thing was that the casualty list had only five names on it.

Going outside of the towns or villages over which these fires have passed, walking up over the foothills and through what was once a great virgin forest of fir and pine, one gets some idea of what it means to be blotting out mile after mile of this fast-vanishing natural asset. The younger growth may have burned through; it has snapped off half-way up; the older trees have withstood the blast, but their life has been burned out, and there they stand, black, charred monuments to the fact that what has taken fifty years or a century to create can be spoiled in half an hour.

Even those districts that are some miles removed from the scenes of forest fires will be living in a state of nameless dread. Heavy smoke will be hanging over the mountains; the smell of it is there day and night, a constant reminder of what has happened and of what may happen. There will be the usual rumor that spreads even faster than the fire, of some timber cruiser or prospector who just came in this morning and reported having to work his way around a fire spreading rapidly in the direction of the town.

Back of all this fevered activity is the plain fact that these fires in British Columbia do not start themselves; spontaneous combustion does not operate out in the open under natural conditions. Spaces are great and it would need an army to patrol the bush and find those responsible for fires. If it were considered more serious than arson to start fire in a dry bush, and were tourists and campers absolutely forbidden to enter these great areas, there might be some change. If the law tackled the problem with the same spirit that pervaded the old Northwest Mounted Police there would be fewer fires. Certainly something more stern must be done than observing a "Save the Forests" week.

What Is Baby-Talk?

Has the human being an instinctive faculty for a universal language independent of birth and race? In other words, if five babies, one English, one French, one German, one Italian, and one Chinese, were reared together under conditions in which they would hear no language nor any sounds other than those made by themselves, would they discover and develop a language between themselves? Would they invent a system of writing? Or would they be content to communicate with each other by signs?

It is not a new question, but it is raised again in the experience of Miss Carson, superintendent of a children's home in Toronto. This institution receives and cares for small babies, and Miss Carson is authority for the statement from her experience that if left untutored until they are four or five years of age the nursery groups create a language of their own. No outside person is able to understand what they say, but the babies themselves apparently understand perfectly.

Miss Carson explained that during a considerable period the institution had not sufficient staff to care for the children beyond clothing and feeding them, and that in consequence some forty babies were left to entertain themselves in the nursery. She observed after a certain period that "they began talking or mumbling a sort of language—gibberish to us—and they understood each other quite well."

Among these children was one little girl of five years who was able to speak English. This little girl interpreted for Miss Carson the words which the other children were saying in an apparently foreign tongue.

It would be a far-fetched and fantastic conclusion to suppose that these babies in a Toronto nursery had reverted to the primitive tongue of ante-Babel ages, but the experience holds sufficient possibilities to lead to some fascinating conjecture and inquiry.

Note and Comment.

One good thing about the 4.4 jokes now is that there are not so many of them.

A man at Alton, Ill., got a scare when he was shaving and cut a piece off the end of his nose. If he had one of those long Roman affairs he'll probably never miss it.

Nebraska man accepted a position as teacher of a school in Montana, but when he got there learned that an earthquake had wiped it out. That's old Mother Hubbard up to date.

Toronto man was found driving his motor car while asleep, and the Peterboro Examiner says such a thing would never have been noticed in Belleville. No doubt a Belleville scribe will say something very mean about Peterboro and the war will be on. Haven't those boys down east ever noticed what took place in the Balkans?

Fly Doors

Three months ago I scoffed at him who had a word to offer me, but now flies dance upon my bread and take high dives into my tea.

Three months ago the hardware man when I was in his store one day, he said the fly doors should be on before it came the first of May. For if you don't start early like and battle with the flies this year, they'll crawl upon your butter dish and four will squat upon your ear.

Of course I paid no heed to him, just thinkin' as I left his store, it was his business when in there to load me with a nettin' door. I'd only got some tacks and nails, it made me just a trifle sore, to have him urgin' on to me how I should squander three scads more.

I mind I read about that time where some professor gave a talk, and illustrated what he said by drawin' with a piece of chalk.

He said how we must swat the fly and do it when the year was young, and win the fight for health and ease before the battle was begun. He recommended fly doors too, that makin' me feel sort of rough, for like as not that hardware man was hirin' him to boost his stuff.

No fly doors decorate my shack, and flies are swarmin' in there too, there's flies upon the kitchen range, there's flies upon the table too.

And when I eat my victuals now there's flies upon the butter dish, more flies are walkin' on the bread than Pharaoh's folks could ever wish. And when I saucer out my tea to quench my long and naggin' thirst, I have to battle with the flies to see who gets their innings first.

When I am done at dinnertime and rest a bit to whirr my thumbs, the flies they gather in a row and fat their ribs upon the crumbs.

At nighttime when the clock strikes ten and it has come the time to rest, there's flies that walk upon my dome, while others slumber on my chest.

I have a swatter in my hand and heave a wicked blow at them, but they come back and gaze at me to see if I will smite again. And when I land upon a fly that has been camping on my head, there's more of them come in to see if that one's hurt or really dead.

Most foolish of all men I was to scoff at wisdom three months back, I should have got the fly doors then and spiked them firmly to my shack.

I'd go and do the thing today but I don't think they'd work just now, and I'm just puzzled in the head to know when, the why and how. For if I put on fly doors now, it's this that I am stuck about, how could I take the flies what's in and cause them to be flyin' out—ARK.

25 Years Ago Today

Oom Paul Kruger, according to a writer on the London Daily Mail, is not a poor Boer farmer, but a millionaire several times over.

Woodstock Sentinel-Review: An American who was at the Brantford-Paris lacrosse match the other day stated at the conclusion of the game that he had often paid \$20 to see a fight in Buffalo, but on Saturday he saw seventeen fights and a lacrosse match all for 25 cents.

A London store advertises: "Imperial blend black or mixed tea for 25 cents pound."

Passed with honors at London normal school—E. Bogue, M. Cripps, L. Daddon, H. Harrison, M. Keefe, H. Lawrence, G. Michener, D. Milne, S. Murdoch, K. Stock, T. Tovell. Medallist—Minnie Cripps.

Promoted from senior III to junior IV at St. Nicholas school—Dan Cushing, Frank Hickey, James Hennessy, Mary Connelly, Edna Morkin, Hon. David Mills, minister of justice, expected to leave Ottawa this week for a rest at his home here.

The following are some of the boys who passed entrance examinations: Clarence Atkins, Clarence Andrus, Roy Ashman, Robbie Angus, Harry Allport, Harold Allison, Allan Beatty, Harry Barry, Victor Blackwell, Chester Butler, Melbourne Brock, Wilfred Brown, Hugh Buchanan, Richard Balfour, E. Clarence Brown, Charlie Bending, Percy Cannom, Gordon Craig, Charlie Cook, Andrew Crawford, James D. Collins, Charlie Craig, Charlie Cox, Harry Calhoun, Robert Chatto, Byre Dann, Harry Dunn, Richard Evans, Percy Edge, Basil Esary, Arthur Evans, George Fraser, Farnell Flanagan, Richard Fella, John Green, Chester Gould, R. Gleeson, John Hutcheson, Fred Hiscox, Fred Hodges, George Hazlewood, Frank Higgins, Louis Hanavan, Ezra Hurley, Mark Healey, Wm. Hancock, Alvin Harley, Roy Holmes, Charles Harvey, Norman Imrie, Rupert Johnston, Arthur Keene, Ernie Knowles, Charles Lloyd, Edgar S. Little, Earle Lawson, Ray Lawson, William Morrison, Wm. Murray, John A. Nash, Willie Robinson, Chester F. Stevens, Charlie Sreaton, William Wortman, Walter H. Yelland.

Lighter Vein

A SPLENDID PARTY.

A lady who had given a dinner party met her doctor in the street the following day, and stopped to speak to him.

"I am so sorry, doctor," she said, "that you were not able to come to my dinner party last night; it would have done you good to be there." "It has already done me good," he replied tersely. "I have just prescribed for three of the guests."

EVERY INCH A QUEEN.

I took an American girl, writes a correspondent, to watch the procession of the opening of parliament. As the royal coach passed we saw their majesties very distinctly. My friend was obviously thrilled, and afterwards turned to me and said, in a voice that shrilly broke the silence about us:

"Well, I certainly did get a kick out of Queen Mary."—London Morning Post.

POURING IN THE OIL.

The Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick says that the modern church needs lubrication. Well, the Rockefeller's belong to his church.—New American.

BIG STILL FOUND ON NORFOLK FARM

Defendant Becomes Hysterical While On Witness Stand.

FINE IS IMPOSED

Special to The Advertiser.
Simcoe, July 20.—Consternation reigned in Magistrate Guntton's court here this afternoon when John A. Long, North Walsingham farmer, accused of keeping liquor for sale contrary to the O. T. A., went into hysterics as he was about to undergo examination by the crown attorney. He was removed from the courtroom, and counsel consented to proceed without his testimony. He was fined \$500 and costs and one month in jail, with an additional three months in case the fine is not paid.

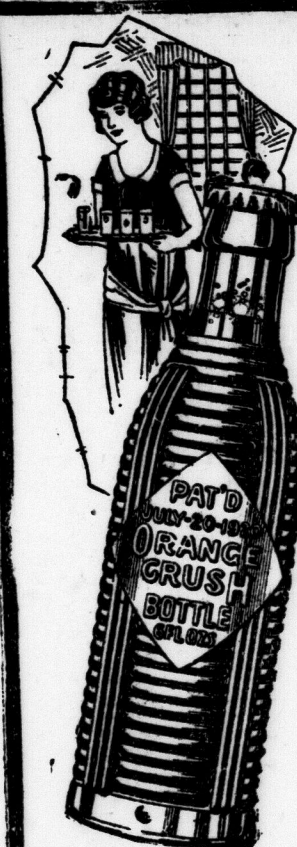
The still which Long operated at his farm in Walsingham was declared by provincial police to be the largest they had ever seen. It was a double still, with twin boilers and two copper worms, and had a capacity of one gallon of moonshine an hour.

Long is a married man with seven children. A. E. Luce and Ray Millard of Stratfordville, Ont., were charged with transporting liquor in vehicles along the highway. Luce was fined \$200 and costs. The case against Millard was dismissed.

NICKLE AGAIN PRAISES MRS. RODGER'S BRAVERY

Not Even the Formality of a Charge Will Be Laid.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Toronto, July 20.—There will not even be the formality of a charge against Mrs. W. R. Rodger, who shot the bank burglar at St. David's, when he was attacking her husband. It is understood that the crown-attorney in charge is to submit the matter to Hon. W. F. Nickle, the attorney-general, but Mr. Nickle's mind is made up now. He said today that he would reply that no charge was to be laid. "I consider that Mrs. Rodger showed courage, showed resourcefulness and showed restraint," Hon. Mr.



All sold in the bottle—75¢—unusually of health beverage.

The Orange CRUSH is made from the natural fruit of oranges; (2) The natural fruit of lemons; (3) The natural fruit of limes; (4) Pure cane sugar; (5) Pure water; (6) Pure cane sugar.

Daughter Knows What's Good

A little game around the family table makes evening hours slip by in pleasant rivalry. At last a pause, and daughter says, "Let's have some Orange-CRUSH." She knows what's good! She knows what's healthful, too. Orange-CRUSH is good for you.

Get Orange-CRUSH from your dealer the handy way—by the case of 24 bottles. Then delight the family—your friends—with a round of delightful Orange-CRUSH to-night.

Nationally advertised—sold everywhere. Be sure it's the genuine—in the Krinkly Bottle.

Orange CRUSH

Lemon-CRUSH Lime-CRUSH Also O-C Ginger Ale and O-C Grape

MOTOR BANDITS GET PAYROLL OF \$33,000

Two Men Hold Up Foundry Messenger in Muskegon, Mich.

Associated Press Despatch.
Muskegon, Mich., July 20.—Two men in an automobile held up a messenger with the Lake Foundry Company payroll today and escaped with

approximately \$33,000. Automobile posses began searching for the robbers.

FORMER WINDSOR POSTAL CLERK GETS FIVE YEARS

Canadian Press Despatch.
Windsor, July 20.—John R. Connolly, 26 years old, former clerk at the Windsor postoffice, this morning was sentenced to three years in Kingston penitentiary for stealing a check from the mails, and an additional two years on a charge of forgery. The sentences will run concurrently. Magistrate W. E. Gundy ruled.

Why Not Be Health-Happy?



Only clean systems have the radiant glow of health

OFTEN you see people listless, uninterested. And growing boys and girls—dull and lazy, we sometimes think. Yet sparkling eyes, glowing cheeks and smiling lips are their rightful heritage. They ought to be health-happy. But if systems are clogged with health-destroying body poisons, how can they be?

What about you? Don't neglect the importance of regular habits. Post's Bran Flakes, eaten regularly, is an efficient aid to good digestion because it supplies necessary roughage, promotes regularity and sweeps out waste. Post's Bran Flakes with Other Parts of Wheat prevents constipation. There's food value, too, because other nourishing parts of wheat are retained in Post's Bran Flakes. There's delicious flavor in each thin, crisp-toasted flake. And it's ready to serve right from the package.

Remember—for breakfast tomorrow—Post's Bran Flakes in the wax-wrapped package. Be sure the name "Post's" is on the package. From your grocer. Help Nature help you!

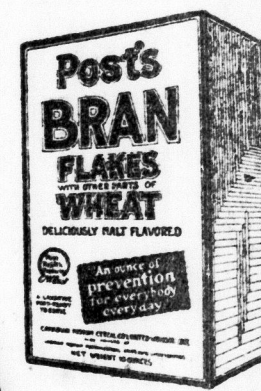
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