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Division of New Ontario

The accomplishments of
the Government since it
power, none has been
while than the policy of
which it has pursued
Ontario. Credit for
to Hon. Charles Mc
of mines, and Hon.
minister of forests, en
gard to the North
thoroughly familiar
of Ontario's histor
these ministers, but par
aggressive Minister of
reached on every pos
the gospel of New
McCrea went to
port of ambassador
and, as a result,
is never before in
the province.

Leadership of these two
policy has been pur
suing capital to in
terland which has
confidence and stability,
has entered on an era
of prosperity which
being reflected in older
new fields developed,
by the mines of the North
making all records in pro

ment returns show On
and silver mines since
produced \$338,000,000
paid out in dividends
83, to the end of 1923.
to a recent announce
Mr. McCrea, gold produc
for the first six months
totalled \$11,810,060, of
with \$8,642,938 for the
year, an increase of
1923. What all
Ontario is shown
that the mines, accord
1923 figures, purchase ap
proximately \$38,000,000 worth of
annually. In addition to
distribute roughly \$26-
the larger part of which
Ontario

the future possesses, it is
to predict, but Mr. Mc
ing in no foolish ex
when he states that the
ores of the North have
ly opened. The outlook
Ontario will prove to
best mineral area of any
stretch of country in the

the standpoint of mere dol
ents the development of
to means millions to Can
that is even more impor
to be a country to which
of Ontario can turn, so
will look North rather
for a career. The open
vast country between
Manitoba and its settle
edge a gap which has
er in the fostering of a
Canadian national unity.

Election Record

has been made because
did not carry the St.
tion and as a result a
tion has been launched
(Hon. Arthur Meighen
leader. By-elections in
ally go with the Gov
the failure of the
ture a seat held by
in the heart of the
ordinarily have at
tion. Montreal finan
however, have been
ighen for some time,
was evidently seized
to attack his leader
By-election there have
tions. Six of these
y held by the Lib
Conservatives. Of
the Liberals won
were lost, and
majorities were
the Conservatives held
won in 1921. Here

by Liberals in
1921 by majority 1,449.
North Essex—Carried by Liberals
in 1921 by majority 1,192. Carried by
Liberals in by-election 1923 by ma
jority 1,072. Reduction Liberal ma
jority 2,783.
Rimouski—Carried by Liberals in
1921 by majority 3,600. Carried by
Liberals in by-election 1924 by ma
jority 2,000. Liberal majority re
duced by 1,000. Liberal majority re
duced 2,783.
St. Antoine—Carried by Liberals in
1921 by majority of 4,782. Carried by
Liberals in by-election 1924 by ma
jority of 1,000. Liberal majority re
duced 2,783.
These figures are impressive and are
exceedingly encouraging to the Con
servatives and to Mr. Meighen. The
more one examines these figures the
more one wonders what was behind
the outburst of the Montreal Gazette
and Montreal Star against Mr.
Meighen's leadership.

Why Hedge a King

The restrictions that "hedge a king,"
since the beginning of the twentieth
century, gradually have been loosened.
Now, free-minded members of the vari
ous royal families may, if they choose,
have infinitely more personal liberty
than ever before has been the privilege
of those who termed themselves "the
state," or those who wisely knew and
acknowledged that they merely repre
sented the state.

During and since the war, different
members of the British royal family, in
particular the heir-apparent, have made
the life of a prince a much more human
and unromantic thing than they once
did. And it is well.
King Albert of Belgium also has
shown that he has a real genius for
"living," and the following report from
England shows that he and his wife,
Elizabeth, continue to "better occasion"
to come in contact with life as lived by
the average man and woman:
"The democratic King and Queen
of the Belgians, who arrived in Lon
don three days ago, have been interest
ing the British by doing an uncon
ventional thing or two each day.
The first day of their visit,
King Albert and Queen Elizabeth
dropped into an ordinary West End
teashop, which was occupied by the
usual festive assortment of native
commoners, and participated in the
national afternoon rite of the British
as though they were 'just folks.'
Afterwards they ascended to the hur
ricane deck of an omnibus and
Albert gave the conductor two shillings
for two tickets, good for a ride the
entire length of Bond street. Next
day, Queen Elizabeth, in a motor car,
went for a walk in Hyde Park. Dur
ing the afternoon, notwithstanding the
sloppy weather, she and the king, un
accompanied and unexpected, Albert
and Elizabeth visited the London
station of a British broadcasting com
pany."

How much better to be a "bus rider"
than a mere figurehead king, ever
heralded by the brass band contingents!

Reserve Police For Army

When the Danish Parliament reopens
this autumn an original bill will be laid
before the House. The bill has been
called the last word in individual dis
armament policies.

The principal drafter of the bill is the
Minister of Defense of the Socialist
Government.
The proposals advocate abolition of
the Danish army and the substitution
of a reserve police force for the present
national militia.

A second clause advises the abolition
of coast defense ships and cruisers, with
the retention of five vessels only, each
under 700 tons, together with smaller
craft as fishery inspection ships.
The reduction of the number of ships,
of course, also means the decrease of
the personnel, which will stand at about
two hundred, for which the annual up
keep will amount to \$200,000.

As a counterbalance to this drastic
reduction of the army and the navy, the
airplane force will be retained at present
strength and recommendation made for
enlargement.

Whether the bill meets with approval
is a question that leaves room for some
doubt, but the action of the Parliament
when the bill is placed before it and the
results if the measure is carried will be
matters of keen interest to a world that
is beginning to realize that "armed to
the teeth" policies are the survival of
times when fighting was enjoyed for
fighting's sake, and not for the twen
tieth century, which recently has had
terrible lessons in the selfishness and
seriousness of the waste of human life.

NOTE AND COMMENT

"Things which are not impossible
must be possible." Does this refer to
weather forecasting?

The lettering for most radio stations
makes one think of children at their first
attempt to say the alphabet backward.

The old-fashioned one-horse farmer
now is reduced to a tin Lizzie. "Alas,
poor Dobbin!"

The health of a city is enhanced by
the number of parks and playgrounds
it supports. How many has London?

The last Japanese earthquake is said
to have cost the country \$2,000,000,000.
A most disastrous turnover.

The eloquent speaker generally is one
who also has "brilliant flashes of
silence!"

"A good way," says a contemporary,
"to lay the family fortune is to lay brick
upon brick." What about the mortar?

There's peace in the Peace River
valley. The general wheat yield is 13
bushels to the acre.

The "Dun's Review" should add to
Canada's optimism about the return of
"good times."

When a man is so absent-minded that
he calls "come in" as he knocks the
ashes out of his pipe he surely must be
in a tobacco-dream.

When the German Junkers gave up
the fight for the note retracting admis
sion of her war guilt they said in chorus:
"Let's junk 'er."

The North Pole regions have been in
vaded by the airplane. Who knows how
soon the "Pole" itself will be chosen as
a landing station. What a chilly re
ception they'd get!

The "fever of living" describes rather
neatly the pace at which those who
would be "in it" must toss from place to
place.

One of the bootlegging ring says it's
unprofitable. It is to be hoped the whole
fraternity soon will realize the many
ways in which it is unprofitable. Then
it will be possible that the young people
of the community no longer will be
scandalized by the sight of their elders
violating the law.

The Third Column

A PRAYER

Lord, make me strong enough to bear
My little round of anxious care.
The day returns. For this I pray:
Sufficient wisdom for the day.
Although I may not walk with kings
Let me be big in little things.

Grace me with modesty and teach
Me kindness of thought and speech;
Let me not hasty be to chide
The children walking at my side
And spoil with imperfections slight
The record which the day shall write.

Lord, make me big enough I pray
To triumph in a lesser way.
When petty disappointments rise,
Let me be patient, gentle, wise,
Missing the joy which greatness brings
Let me not fail in little things.

Lord, I would work and neighbor here
Too big to hate, too wise to sneer.
I would be helpful, cheerful, kind,
Gentle of speech and broad of mind.
And though not far my circle swings,
Let me be great in little things.

—Edgar A. Guest.
(Copyright, 1924, Edgar A. Guest.)

THE GOLD OF SILENCE

There are times when we seem to
have become invisible to ourselves,
when we appear as mere shadows—and
perhaps just pursuing shadows.
Silence wraps us up with its gold and
we are all at one with ourselves in this
mystic mood.

But an inner glow of the opinion that it
is at such times that we are at our
greatest. Nobody to look on. Nobody to
dissect or despise in any way.

In solitary silence is the bud of all
mightiness formed.

"The only life that leaves a trace be
hind," says Maeterlinck, "is made up of
silence alone."

Like a jewel that has nothing but its
scintillating beauty to offer as language,
so does silence offer up its gold and
breathe out its life.

It was Carlyle who spoke of "The
Empire of Silence," there where great,
silent men ruled and wrought.

If you would be misunderstood, you
must speak, utter words, give con
fusion to what your heart is beating out
in even throbs.

But in silence, who that is not great
and good can understand or interpret
silence?

When tears burst from their beds,
glare, when trouble breeds about you,
you have but the Gold of Silence to ap
peal to. The Gold of Silence, the silence
that is understanding.

The warm press of the hand, the
liquid glow in the eye, the radiating
feeling of the heart, the nearness that
silence always breeds is all that a man
may wish.

Not until love has known silence has
it been truly born. Not until a man
has tread the winneps of silence does
he catch the spur of genuine greatness.

—George Matthew Adams.

LUCK

I had a wondrous streak of luck, one
day, when playing cards; ten times or
more I gained a buck—the luckiest
of larks! "This is," I thought, "an
easy way to garner needed dimes; why
labor, through the weary day, to get
my grub and linen? It's plain I am a
lucky wight, on whom Dame Fortune
smiles, and I shall play by day and
night, and heap up wealth in piles."

Next day I played another round and
won a dollar. I was in luck, I thought,
and I shall play by day and night, and
heap up wealth in piles."

But here I vow by good St. James,
and by St. Bride I vow that I am done
with all such games as we have played
just now. Hereafter when I want a
plum, I shall trust to luck, and I'll roam
the street and gather junk, and haul it
in a truck. I'll carry brickbats in a hod
up seven miles of stairs, for luck's a
tempter and a fraud that jokes us un
aware. I charge you not with crooked
trick, although I think my thoughts;
but I will pack my hod of bricks to
earn my willie-waights."

Walt Mason.

Little Benny's Note Book

by Lee Page

I bin practicing ventriloquism from
my ventriloquism book called Ventrilo
quism in One Lesson by Prof. Presto
for 10 cents, and this morning I was
waking to school with Puffy Simkins
and Leroy Shooter and I started to
make my voice sound as if it was coming
from all different places without
moving my lips. Puffy said, G.
chats grate, chats just like the guy does
it in the show, you don't do it in
school and Miss Kitty wont know w
ere its coming from? If I could it as
good as you G wizz id do it every
wares, he sed.

G, you don't you, Benny, she'll never
be able to tell and it will be more fun
than anything. G, you don't you? Leroy
Shooter sed. You certenly do it grate,
you don't you? he sed.

Well, maybe I will, I believe I will,
any suppose she finds out whose doing
it? I sed.

O, she wont, how can she, G wizz
you perfect, aint he Puds sed, and
Leroy sed, Sure, youre perfeck, Jim
miny crickets I would if I was only
even half that good, go ahead, you don't
you?

O well, I gess I will, I sed.

Which I started to during the jortiffy
lesson, putting my hed behind my
Jortiffy book and going Owtch, O,
making it sound like a perrain in the
back of the room having a fearce pane
somewares.

Benny, arent you feeling well? Miss
Kitty sed.

Me thinking, G, good nite, holey
smokes how did she know? And I sed,
Mam? Why?

Why? Mercifull goodness, wen a boy
makes sounds like that in the class room
I take it for granted hes sick or
cits very mischevious, either one or the
other, and I hope youre not being very
mischevious, Miss Kitty sed.

Meeting she hoped I was sick, and I
sed, Well, I aint feeling exter good,
I sed, I want, on account of not know
ing if I was going to be kepp in or not.

Proving wen the other fellows start
to tell you youre perfeck, that don't say
you haiff to believe it.

A THOUGHT
Sirs, ye are brethren, why do ye
wrong one to another.—Acts vi,
26.

Man, man is thy brother, and thy
father is God.—Lamartine.

LONELINESS

Day, in melting purple dying,
Blossoms all around me sighing,
Fragrance, from the lilies straying,
Zephyr, with my raptures playing,
Yet but waken my distress:
I am sick of loneliness.

Absent still? Ah! come and bless me!
Let these eyes again caress thee;
Once, in caution, I could fly thee;
Now, I nothing could deny thee:
In a look if death there be,
Come and I will gaze on thee!

—Maria Brooks.

SILENT SIXTEEN

Hal Cochran's DAILY POEM

She's merely a nymph of the modern day, and she flutters through space
like a streak. No worry or fret interfere with her play, for she's carefree, at
best, so to speak.

Let many a dainty small slipper she wears till the soles are all shiny and
through. She slips on the slippers, and puts on some airs as she's dancing
a fox trot or two.

The filmy-like dresses are favorites of hers, and she makes them appear at
their best. Whenever a party or dancant occurs, you'll find her quite flits
dressed.

A bow in her hair that is shingled-bobbed neat, adds its touch to the spirit of
joy. A picture that artists would figure a treat; self-confident, cheerful
and coy.

And who is this nymph who is bubbling in youth; of care-free life
the queen? She's only a modern young lady, in truth; America's child—Sweet
Sixteen!

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Can a Private Citizen Fly Scottish Standard?

The Free Press recently received a
letter from a Wallaceburg correspondent
asking if the flying of the Royal Stand
ard of Scotland by anyone else than
its majesty was not unlawful. The letter
was referred to an old Ottawa Journal
ist, who is an authority on such sub
jects and who replied as follows:

The person who objected to the dis
play of the former royal banner of Scot
land has a certain amount of justifica
tion, but I think that, on the whole, and
as a practical matter, his point is
pedantic. The royal banner, unques
tionably is the monarch's personal flag,
and before the union of crowns at the
death of Queen Elizabeth. The sov
ereigns of England and Scotland in the
17th century, and of the United King
dom since the Parliamentary union
have quartered their Scottish arms
with those of England, Ireland and any
other countries over which they had
personal rights or to which they laid
claim. The introduction of Burke's
peerage shows the arms of successive
sovereigns, the ancient arms of France
were quartered until some time in the
reign of George III, and the arms of
Hanover were quartered from the ac
cession of George I. until that of Queen
Victoria. The royal banner today is
that is the King's personal standard—is
formed by quartering the arms of Eng
land, Scotland and Ireland. The King
no more uses the ancient Scottish ban
ner than he uses the ancient English
standard alone. Thus the red lion on
a yellow ground, used alone, may be
argued to be a monarch's flag, and as
such it is no affront to royalty to use
it as a piece of bunting for purposes of
decoration. I admit that the point is
delicate, but I think that it is tenable.

A TECHNICAL OBJECTION
Secondly, on this continent, in view
of the prevailing laxity of usage, I
should be indisposed to find fault on
such technical grounds. The flag pre
sumably was used partly for its beauty,
partly for its historical associations and
partly as an expression of respect and
affection for the crown. And these are
laudable motives and I see little ob
jection to reminding Scotsmen of the
earlier glories of their mother country.

The Irish arms—a golden harp on a
blue (not green) ground, also is a part
of the royal arms and is occasionally
shown. I should see little cause for of
fense if English-Canadians were to
display the three golden lions. The ob
jections would be valid technically if
the royal banner proper were dis
played, but few would care to press it.

Two other remarks occur to me. One
is that if his majesty were to have oc
casion to display his banner in Canada
the point would arise that it should cor
respond to his Canadian arms, that is,
should include the specifically Canadian
portion of them, the green maple leaves
on a silver ground.

The second is that if Scottish-Can
adians wish to use a flag which will
serve as a reminiscence of their mother
country they might display the old
Scottish national flag, blue with a white
saltire or St. Andrew's cross. In the
period preceding the union of crowns
the English and Scottish people had
their national flags, as distinguished
from the personal standards of their
sovereigns; the English had the red St.
George's cross on a white ground, the

RAMBLING AROUND WITH OLD DOC. PEP

OCTOBER 1.—Busted beyond any
thing until past midnight with my
accounts and find that I am no bet
ter than I was a month ago; but
heaven be praised, no worse. Which,
methinks, is pretty good in these times
when no one is to know from one day to
another what misfortune will befall him.
My family all well save my silly wife,
who has a bunion to her great left toe,
but will not admit it. My wife's he
cousen in school and doing better than
I expected of the varlet. My Aunt Mary
well, as is my grandfather, though late
ly he refuses to read the news-sheets
which makes him tatty on occasion. My
mother-in-law so busied with her elec
tioneering come October 23, that we
hardly see sight of her, of which I am
glad—whites, was a all of the Chinese
suchuns fighting like devils and
mightily concerned for my couzen, the
Rev. Canon Athanasius Peps, who, by
all accounts is between their two armies
and how he shall escape being mas
sacred out of hand by either or both
of them, heaven alone knows. Which
do you want to think him on August 15
his birthday, we did send him a great
box of clothes and potted victuals which
by this time, very like, are all bravely
settling forth some where in the
wilderness. It is they call a colonel. Which
my wife did persuade me, against my
best judgment, to send him my silk
hatter. She vowing that she would
not be worn again. And it do raise my
gorge to think of it being worn by a
sub-tuchun in ordering his troops to
battle. Which heaven forbid that a
heathen should wear a Peps's silk hatter
and lead a regiment in it!

A correspondent chides me for carry
ing myself high at my wife in these
columns, and he a man. Which, I doubt
not, is written under compulsion. My
wife and I do pretty well for all our
rating her in paragraphs. Much better,
methinks, than some wives who will not
go with their husbands to new positions
of employment, but demand that he
support her in their former city where
she has more chance of amusement and
roystering. The elimination of the
word "obey" from the marriage service
is not worth arguing over with women
who go to the altar with obedience
erased from their minds. Marriage,
once-whiles, was a partnership. To-day,
in too many cases, 'tis a receivership
with the wife receiving all that a man
makes, his youth, his heart, his ambi
tion for to keep her in parasite luxury.

We excuse no man nor man in gen
eral for his and their sins against
woman. We know their pride, occa
sional beastliness, scorn and brutality.
However, law and higher civilization
have given better husbands than there
used to be, but methinks the quality of
wives is not up to the old standard.
Conjugal love was once a hardy flower;
evergreen leaves lifted against the cold
blasts of adversity and the noblest
bloom in life's garden under the sum
mer sun of prosperity. But to-day it
is a sickly thing. It dies at a word.
The word of pessimism gnaws at its
roots and the canker of jealousies rots
leaves. We, in this Canada, have
ourselves for the strictness of our di
vorce laws. But methinks there be
thousands of homes across our con
tinent—stretching Dominion where, in

God's sight, men and women live to
gether who be married in law, but unto
heaven are single.

We Canadians, being of the same
Nordic stock, may take common
pride in the Yang-kees in that their
adventurous armen have completed
their circling of the globe. Great
things have happened in the world
lately, great beyond telling. A boy
in our own city, who had not walked
for five years, hears a church ser
vice on this past Lord's Day through
a phone instrument without wires!

Let us on with this adventuring in
matters material. Cover the earth
with mountain-rivalling buildings.
Become familiar with the sciences,
let nothing be hid. And then, when
we declare like Solomon that all is
vanity, we may make a start in
the really great achievements of
living. Loving one another, for in
stance, as we love ourselves. Have
our ambitions fixed on being great
servants rather than great rulers.
And if these be too big and Chris
like, to attempt Tennyson's simple
ideal of a man: "To reverence our
conscience as our King; to think no
evil nor listen to it."

Methinks that heaven's love for our
northern land is never better illustrated
than in our sunsets. Think on what
ever vile, cold, miserable day in the
year, yet nine out of ten that day end
ed in some vesper wonder. Monday's
sunsets in particular illustrated this re
lentless kindness of nature. For the
whole west became an orange, flame
tipped aurora to mark the sun's de
parture. The beauty of the scene was
myriad fires of circling gold, incandes
cent above a perfect arch of ice-like
blue. We are of such pigmy faith. We
litt' impious think to heaven, crying
"Teach us of death!" Yet we sleep,
and die, each night, a daily lesson in
our final adventure. The sun goes in

scenery, leaving the world a prey to
shadows and horrid darkness. Yet no
one questions the coming of to-morrow.
But we shudder at the tomb and with
laughing lips, yet terror-haunted eyes
mouth an epigram: "We pass this way
but once!"

Three-wheel skates have been devised
by a well-known American skater.
The bark of tender young pines is
one of the favorite foods of porcupines.

"All things
bright and
beautiful"
with a soft cloth and
BRASSO

Puts a
brilliant and
lasting shine
on all metals.
For cleaning
silver, use
Silvo.

The golden
brown of Kellogg's
turns to rosy hues
on kiddies' cheeks.

How children love it—with milk
or cream, or topped with fruit.

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES
Oven-fresh always

Don't let these coal
tidings cast a shadow
over your home

Install
McClary's SUNSHINE FURNACE

and be prepared to
burn either hard or—
SOFT COAL

Consult McClary's dealer and plan
for a warmer home.

McCLARY'S EXCLUSIVE AIR BLAST RING
provides the additional warmed air required
OVER the fire to consume the volatile carbon
gases released by heat from soft coal.

U.S. CONGRESS
DEMANDS EMBARGO
ON U.S. HARD COAL
EXPORTS TO CANADA
LOWER RATES ON ALBERTA
COAL SOUGHT BY COUNCIL
AMERICAN HARD COAL SUPPLY
WILL COST MORE IN CANADA
AS EMBARGO LOOMS NEARER

Montreal, Feb. 22.—American
investigators at higher prices, with
shipments restricted.

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