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Monday, November 2, 1923.

Mr. King Should Resign

The incredible news, comes from Ottawa that Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King proposes to hang on to power, reorganize his shattered Cabinet and face Parliament. It is beyond belief that Mr. King, defeated in his own riding, with seven of his leading Cabinet ministers rejected at the polls, with less than 40 seats in the whole of Canada, outside of Quebec, represented by his supporters, and with his Progressive allies routed even worse, should attempt to carry on.

There is no British or constitutional precedent for such action. It is contrary to all the principles of responsible government, about which Mr. King talks so much. One can imagine the language Mr. King would use in regard to tyranny and autocracy if Mr. Meighen should attempt such a thing.

The only precedent in British or Canadian history which exists is that following the defeat of the Baldwin Government in 1923. When Stanley Baldwin went to the country in the fall of 1923 the Conservatives had 344 seats; Labor, 138; Liberals, 60; National Liberals, 57, and Independents, 16. After the elections Mr. Baldwin had the largest group. The standing was: Conservative, 257; Labor, 192; Liberal, 158, and Independents, 6. Despite the fact that he had the largest group Mr. Baldwin, without hesitation and without waiting for Parliament to be summoned, handed in his resignation and advised that Ramsay MacDonald be called upon to form a ministry.

If Baldwin should have resigned there is 10 times more reason for the retirement of Mr. King. Before the elections the standing of the parties was: Liberal, 117; Progressive, 81; Conservative, 49; Labor, 2; Independent, 2 and vacancies, 4. The turnover was much more remarkable in Canada than in England in 1923. From being the third group, with only 49 seats, the Conservatives are easily the largest with 117 or 118. The Liberals have been reduced to less than 100 and the Progressives have been smashed to pieces.

What is more, Premier Baldwin and most of his ministers retained their seats in Parliament. Premier King and seven ministers were rejected at the polls, a slaughter of Cabinet ministers unheard of in Canadian history. Outside of Quebec there are only four ministers with seats in Parliament.

If Mr. King hangs on to office there can be nothing but confusion and chaos. If, according to his own words, he was unable to do anything, or initiate any forward legislation in the old House, where he had a majority over all of one and the support of 61 Progressives, where would he stand with a minority government, and with the Progressives only a remnant of a party? It would mean more log-rolling, more compromising, further inactivity, uncertainty and inactivity.

There is not the slightest question that should be done. The governor-general should ask Mr. King for his resignation and Mr. Meighen should be called upon to form a government. He should summon Parliament and proceed without equivocation to put into effect the policies he promised and which are needed for the restoration of prosperity in Canada. If there is the slightest difficulty about carrying on then there should be another appeal to the country and there is no question Mr. Meighen would be given an overwhelming mandate. The country wants a strong and stable administration; it is sick of coalitions and group governments.

Governors-General and Majority Rule

The Government of Canada is a Government by British connection, plus majority rule. Curiously enough that Government was chiefly thought out for us and secured to us by the efforts of six of our governors-general, working with the best minds in the country and against the worst influences. The exertions on our behalf of those six men must do away forever with the idea that the position of Governor-General of Canada is necessarily the position of a figurehead. If the man in office is a figurehead then the man and not the office is responsible.

Study the administrations of Durham, Sydenham, Bagot, Metcalfe, Cathcart and Elgin if you want to know how large a share the governors-general of Canada have had in putting down rebellion, unifying the opinion of scattered provinces in respect of the form and administration, of civil government, cutting the political deadlock between the crown and the representatives of the people, organizing the municipal system of the country, opposing patronage for party purposes, creating a national sentiment which resulted, finally, in there being a people called Canadians of Canada, where formerly there had been but a string of scattered provinces, whose inhabitants were given up to feuds and divisions.

A new testing time as to the quality of the position of the Governor-General of Canada is now upon us.

emmental procedure in this country then, as only two provinces of nine, Quebec and Saskatchewan, have given a mandate to the Mackenzie King Government, and as the other seven provinces have given their mandate to Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, how is it possible that His Excellency Lord Byng could do other than expect Mr. King to resign office?

The governor-general of to-day is in direct official descent from Durham, Sydenham, Bagot, Metcalfe, Cathcart and Elgin, each one of whom staked his reputation and his career upon the security of majority rule and responsible government for Canada. Lord Byng knows his history. He will proceed accordingly. Seven provinces against two is a pretty good majority. All this trucking with minority groups, who may vote this way or that way or the other way in Parliament, is beside the question.

It isn't the mandate of Parliamentarians that counts in Canada. It is (or it used to be) the mandate of the people.

London Grammar School

It is certainly not to the credit of London that it has so long permitted one of its most historic buildings, the old grammar school on King street, to be put to such undignified use as a storehouse for building supplies. Thousands of London citizens pass it each day and possibly a majority have never realized how early in London's history the building was erected. Even to-day, with all the vandalism that has been permitted, it possesses certain lines of old-fashioned dignity and it would not cost much to restore the exterior. What has been done to the interior through the years has probably destroyed all the original character, but here again restoration is possible.

London may do various things to mark its centenary year. Nothing that it could do would be more permanent in value than to reclaim that old school, renovate it under careful advice and guidance and establish it for all time to come as a museum of early London history. Miss Harriet Priddis has left the sum of \$1,000 towards the establishment of such an institution and it is quite well remembered by her former associates that she ardently hoped to see the grammar school put to some proper use. It is not a great undertaking surely for a city of 65,000 people or more to do this thing, in addition to anything else it might do in 1926 to honor its beginnings municipally.

The grammar school should be set apart as a museum of early London. It should not be used to house collections of minerals or stuffed birds or anything of that sort whatever, valuable as such collections may be. Their place is in the university museum. The historical museum should be able to exhibit to the boys and girls of this and coming generations those things which would enable them to understand what life was like at the Forks in the thirties and forties and later and how their grandparents lived and enjoyed life. Many pictures of early London and early Londoners should be on its walls. Separate rooms might be set apart and furnished in the style of 75 years ago. Girls would be interested in the spinning wheel, the candle-mold, the old-time fancy work, the costumes, too, while boys would view with interest the utensils and handiwork of their grandfathers. In hundreds of homes in this city there are articles that are exactly what such a museum should display, but no one sees them now and every year sees the destruction of priceless relics of the past.

Older lands long ago learned to treasure the remains of the past. In this country we have a passion for destroying the old and setting up the new. In the matter of buildings we sometimes destroy something of real taste to put up some freakish structure that will torment the eye for generations. It is time that we learned the value of the old, for the new will take care of itself.

The London and Middlesex Historical Society is a small group of men and women who have had small funds and little public support, but the society, among its activities, has published nine booklets that are filled with authentic records of this city's beginnings and progress. The London and Middlesex Historical Society might be given charge of the building up of a museum collection after the grammar school had been made fit to receive such articles as are desirable. The society would doubtless be ready to undertake that responsibility, so distinctly in line with its general objects.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The notable King of Canada refuses to abdicate.

There must be a decision and it must be prompt and final.

If the premier carries on it will be as a King of "shreds and patches."

Potatoes are the finest kind of pot-boilers on the Michigan market.

Kaiser Bill is still the same old Father William; can't change his spots.

The Progressives have the reverse brake on. They're progressing backwards.

The irony of it: A noted French financial authority is to be the next French ambassador to the United States.

If we have to have another election this one can properly be called Much Ado About Nothing.

Australia has the right idea; it is going to make voting compulsory. Won't think? Must think!

The Locarno treaties have splendid guarantees that Europe has moved forward along the highway of international peace.

The British firm of Lloyds now is insuring clients against heavy doctors' bills. What next? But this nut is a good 'un.

JUST FOLKS BY EDGAR A. GUEST

SPEAKING OF LOSSES. Speaking of losses, look at these, Which I have suffered through the years, Observe how swiftly fortune flees. However guarded it appears; Time was that I was rich and proud And feared no shadow that could fall, I was with priceless gifts endowed, But somehow I have lost them all.

I've lost my appetite for pie, I've lost the strength I once possessed, I've lost the baseball batting eye With which my days of sport were blest; I've lost that old-time hunger which Made every meal a rare delight, Time was that I was very rich, For I slept soundly every night.

Through many a fortune I have run, I've lost the charm in little things, Now winter's cold or summer's sun A fear of dreadful illness brings; No more I mock at warnings grave, Or laugh at hurts which may befall, Then I had strength, and I was brave, But somehow I have lost it all.

I've lost the care-free way I had, When cars I thought would never come, Instead of being always glad, There now are times when I am glum, But still in spite of all I've lost, Another year is gone, no more Can I that withered "neath the frost Life still has charms at forty-four." (Copyright.)

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTEBOOK BY LEE PAPE

Pop was smoking and thinking and ma was looking at the jokes in the paper without laughing, and I sed, Hay pop, can I have a dime to go to the movies, can I, pop?

When I was your age there were no movies to go to, pop sed.

Well G wizz, pop, if there had of bin you'd wanted to go, can I, pop? sed.

Consult your mother, Benny, sed. Can I, ma? I sed, and my sed, I've bin giving you intirely too much money, I don't think I should be giving you money out of a blue sky all the time.

Well G wizz, ma, you havent bin, I sed, and pop sed, Wat your mother means, Benny, is that its not a good idee for you to get the notion in your head that all you haff to do is ask for a thing and have it handed to you on a silver tray, or even on an ivory palm. The hardest thing in this world to get is money, as you will learn by experience by the time you get to be 60 years old or so, and therefore it is very kind on our part to give you a little of that experience now wile you are young and impressionable, he sed.

Me thinking, Aw heck, G. And all of a sudden I had a idee and I went down in the cellar and got the ladder and carried it out in the yard, being hard as the dickins coming up the cellar steps on account of them being so narrow and the ladder being so big, and I climbed up on the little roof outside of the living room and knocked on one of the windows, and pop came and opened it saying, Ye gods.

And he grabbed a hold of me and pulled me in through the window and ma looked as if she would faint if she could and I sed, Now can I have that dime, pop? I certeny worked hard for it, and if you dont believe I'll give you a sovenier of the occasion but it wont be a dime, pop sed. Wich it wasent, being a slap some place with his slipper, and he would of gave me another one if I hadnt suddenly decided to get out of the room and ask for a dime some other time.

THE HAPPY DEAD.

When I'm alone, the happy dead Brush me with soft and silver wings— Drop smiling on hands or head A touch that brings

Sudden joy, as when, half-heard, An early leaf comes slipping down, Hinting a brief, secretive word Of autumn brown;

Or when the wild geese taunt my soul Awake with clamor in the night, Desiring urgently a goal Folded from sight.

So come the happy dead, to bless Still hours I hedge about for them, Bringing me peace, or holy stress, Joy like a gem.

Joy like the rose red that dyes Old doortop flowers with just the glow That lit my childish ecstasies Ages ago.

I wish the dear and happy dead Might reach me through the heavy noons When, spent with cares for cloak and bread, The spirit swoons;

But they would smother in that haze— They wait beyond that cloudy din, Their feet gleam down the quiet ways I yet shall win. —Karl Wilson Baker.

INVITATION.

At dawn I wandered forth—invited By the misty meadow, lighted With the starry fires of dew; By the little lake aquiver By the rippling of the river; By the skies of smiling blue;

By an amber cloud, slow sailing Through the eastern gates, unveiling O'er a flashing shaft of gold; By the glory of its glear ing By the story of its dreaming That the dappled morning told.

At dawn I wandered forth, enraptured, All my senses beauty captured, By the sun uprising sweet, By the carolling and calling, By the sea forever falling In soft music at my feet. —R. W. Van Liew, in Christian Science Monitor.

THE VISIONARY.

He had a perfect pair of wings Fashioned of deep vision; Above him was an open sky, But he believed the urge to fly Must wait external energies To furnish a sustaining breeze. And lacking a staunch fortitude To prove the dream was good He passed his days in vague surprise That perfect wings can fall to rise. —Fanny de Groot Hastings, in Christian Science Monitor.

He who does not respect confidence will never find happiness in his path. The belief in virtue vanishes from his heart, the source of nobler actions becomes extinct in him.—Aufferberg.

The Book of the Week

"The Mind in the Making: The Relation of Intelligence to Society Reform," by James Harvey Robinson.

Just from the press the Mussion Book Company's popular edition of "The Mind in the Making," Prof James Harvey Robinson's now famous study of the mind of man from the aspect of an effort to relate intelligence to social reform, should meet with a warm reception from an interested public.

The author avows that his work is not a treatise, merely an essay on the most important of all matters of human concern, a matter which "Alexander Pope, so far back as his day, designated 'the proper study of mankind'—namely, man.

In this scientific and mechanical age more creative thinking is put by motor salvager into the rehabilitation of the engine of a broken-down Ford car than was put by the whole Senate of the United States into the making of the constitution and make-up of the League of Nations from its aspects as an engine of international driving force in the direction of human progress.

The rural mechanic thinks scientifically; his only aim is to avail himself of his knowledge of the nature and the working of the machine which he is making it run once more.

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Under a caption taken from Anatole France, which has it that we (individual members of the human race) are "born, certain chapters pass in the review of the animal mind, the child mind and the savage mind out of which the traditional civilization has grown, and the traditional mind, the child mind and the savage mind, which not even Wordsworth properly could call 'clouds of glory' from all three, the modern mind has come. Prof. Robinson's work suggests his biological and historical facts with both clarity and conviction.

In the section of the book devoted to the "DANGEROUS DRIVERS," in the course of time a large number of drivers will certainly acquire good manners on the road, just as they will acquire "road sense." But it is also probable that a minority will remain whose lack of social instincts has prevented them from becoming safe members of the community. Drivers of this complexion are apt to display their innate selfishness and boorishness on any possible occasion. They clear a way for themselves with indiscriminate hoodings of so loud a character as to preclude the possibility of their hearing any other warning sound; they "cut in" in the expressive phrase of the road, they are negligent in giving signals of their intentions, and reluctant in yielding their rights to any other user of the highway. These men and women are habitual "dangerous drivers," as well as the business of all motorists, as well as of the police, to report their misdeeds and so to secure their permanent suppression.—London Times.

RAMBLING AROUND WITH OLD DOC PEP

QUEEN ALEXANDRA SANA TORIUM, Nov. 1 (Lord's Day).—Rose and I pray God's blessings upon our country, which do now stand in need both of divine grace and devoted citizenship more than at any time since the great war.

While we of the Conservative persuasion may be jubilant enough over the election in Ontario and to take no small comfort from both the Maritimes, east and west, besides seeing all manner of hope from the Prairies; we may as well confess that our battle for responsible managing of the King's business has but fairly begun. The great gains of the election are, however, that the unholy devil of class consciousness has been roundly defeated and that this emergency has produced a man big enough, bold enough, clean enough to bring us all in God's good time, to the true highway of our destiny. That man is Arthur Meighen, Canadian, who needs no parliamentary title of "right honorable" to show the dignity of his statesmanship or the steadfastness of his soul.

The London election was a victory for every man and woman who, no matter their party label, want to see politics freed of ruffianism. The defeated candidate, Master Little, showed that there was nothing in a name when he, from our Free Press windows, thanked the winning party and this Free Press for the cleanliness of many a campaign. That of that cleanliness was due to Mr. Little himself. Clean men deserve clean treatment. And as for our old Ironmaster, Master White, his modesty in the hour of his overwhelming victory was of the sort that makes a man beloved by a people. His saying "that he was sure that London had voted for a party rather than a man" was true in a sense. But it will not be so hereafter. Indeed, I doubt not the cry of that nameless one of the crowd who shouted "Booth" is already echoed by 12,000 electors of London.

"And how now," we seem to hear one of our five or so readers asking, "where did you see so much of the election?" We thought you were in hospital!" And need in hospital. But we took part in London's election returns by radio machine through the outstanding service of our CIGG station at the Free Press, which was so clear that it seemed to bring the whimsical announcer, Master Link, to our very bedside. We could even hear him and others rustling in the staff of Huron College, outside the microphone range, and I was half afraid that we might hear some parliamentary language thereon owing to their unconsciousness of our own Senatorium and its staff of Huron College. Just as I am told, most frankly Tory, which was no small courage for them that they

There are, however, golden hours. For me they come with the daily mail with the greetings of my friends. If you feel the spirit move to write me, please do so. The address is "Doc Pep," Queen Alexandra Sanatorium, London.

With Western Ontario Editors

Pointed Paragraphs From the Pens of the Scribes of the Garden of Canada.

GRADING UNSATISFACTORY. The method of egg grading needs to be improved, and each egg marked with its grade and date of laying, and until some such method is devised, that can be operated at a low cost, enforcement of the law could well be deferred. —Guelph Mercury.

CONDITIONAL CITY MANAGEMENT. Mayor Wenige, of London, Ont., is such a large part of the government of that city himself that it is no surprise he is a strong believer in the city manager principle. His attitude was made unequivocally clear in his address before the Twentieth Century Club of Alma Presbyterian Church. Although the one-man system is not making much headway, it can claim some very successful results in the United States.

MR. MCKEGNEY'S TRANSFER. News of the appointment of Rev. S. E. McKegney, B. A., M. C., as a member of the staff of Huron College, London, and his consequent removal from the border cities has been received with regret. Though a citizen of this community but a few years, Mr. McKegney has endeared himself to all and his place here is not easily filled. The best wishes of a host of friends will follow him to his new duties next month.—Border Cities Star.

THE SANATORIUM ENDOWMENT. The campaign to raise half a million dollars as an endowment fund for the Queen Alexandra Sanatorium, near London, will undoubtedly appeal to the sympathies of the people of Ontario as a fitting memorial to the late Sir Adam Beck.

The sanatorium was established by Sir Adam and Lady Beck and to see its future assured was an ambition very close to the hearts of its founders. An adequate endowment will make possible the treatment of many a suffering individual who cannot afford to pay for the benefits of the institution.

A million dollars is a small amount when compared with the tribute to Ontario's benefactor or as a donation to a cause that is entirely humanitarian. Sir Adam was making plans for a campaign for funds when he passed away.

To carry out the last expressed desire of a man whose life was largely a service for others in an artful compliment as could be paid a great many could have pleased him more and it is hoped that the people of Ontario will respond generously to an appeal on behalf of so noble a charity as the Queen Alexandra Sanatorium.—Kitchen Record.

After all, running a city is like running a big business. There is much buying to be done, much handling of men, and important decisions to be made. Most city Councils are composed of men who never bought anything but their clothes or an automobile, and have to depend entirely on the city officials to advise them. What are in fact merely business decisions, smaller in many cases than big business men make every day, are arrived at only after a process of circumlocutory discussion by nine or ten men, who refer the matter to a committee, which discusses the subject over again, probably referring it to subcommittees to confer with an official, which reports to the committee, which reports to the Council, which will thresh the matter out and give a decision.

A city manager is a man who knows about materials and contracts, knows engineering and municipal law, and can give his decisions quickly. The best managers save the cost of their salaries many times over every year. They must be men of unassailable honesty, a proof against bribery by dishonest contractors. And maybe, as a test of mental caliber, they should be asked if they can say "prejudicially" while standing on one foot and with their eyes bandaged.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

This month we celebrate our Fifth Anniversary. The success which this company has achieved proves the soundness of the ideas on which it has been built.

Thirty millions of insurance on our books; an extraordinary volume procured on the strength of an appeal nonparticipating insurance made to the business sense of the insuring public. Branch Offices in 25 Canadian cities.

The Ontario Equitable Life has been fortunate in attracting to its staff experienced insurance men of high standing in their communities. These men are making a determined effort to secure more business in November than in any previous month.

If you are interested in insurance, or if any of your friends should be interested, you will receive the most trustworthy information and advice if you will send names to our office below.

L. A. CROWMELL, W. A. MITCHELL, District Managers. W. A. SHANNON, Supervisor. 201 Dominion Savings Building LONDON

The Ontario Equitable Life & Accident Insurance Company

S. C. TWEED, President. WATERLOO, ONTARIO

WORLD REVOLUTION FLAGS UNDER "NEW" COMMUNISTS

RIGA, Nov. 1.—Carra Zetkin, the "grandmother of German Communism," who owing to weakness and old age, could not attend the recent Communist meetings in Moscow, has undergone a gland operation. She is stated to be feeling "brighter than ever."

M. Semashko, the Soviet commissar of health, who assisted pupil Prof. Voronoff to perform the operation, is rejoicing at its success.

Communists, he declares, must do everything to preserve veteran and experienced fighters of their cause who are dying off from old age.

"New communists," M. Semashko states, "have not the experience and cannot fill their places. If the success of these operations continues, the world evolution will take on a new lease of life."

MAHARAJAH AND RANEE IN SECRET FLIGHT IN PLANE

LONDON, Nov. 1.—The Maharajah of Jodhpur and the Ranee made a secret flight over London a few days ago in a De Havilland express.

The airplane was taken to a far corner of the Croydon Aerodrome, which the Maharajah and Ranee reached by a little-used entrance in a closed

In order that the Ranee should not be seen, the pilot and inspector turned their backs as she entered. After a 30-minute flight the same procedure was observed when the machine landed.