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Why Did Not Mr. Rowell Attack Hartley Dewart at the Liberal Convention?

In his unprovoked attack on Mr. Hartley Dewart, elected Liberal leader for Ontario in open convention, Hon. N. W. Rowell has taken upon himself the position of dictator to the Liberal people of Ontario and Canada. He is bold enough to rebuke those Liberals who dared to name Mr. Dewart to the position once occupied without success by the present right-hand man of Sir Robert Borden, and the special pleader for Sir Joseph Flavelle. No one asked Mr. Rowell for his opinion in the matter, excepting one constituent in the riding to which Mr. Rowell went for election at a time when few ridings would consent to his candidacy. He sends this opinion out from Ottawa, and the strange part of it is that the Canadian Press saw fit to devote so much valuable wire time to it, but this is no doubt explained by the fact that Mr. Rowell is a Government member and very adept in publicity.

Mr. Rowell did not attend the recent Liberal convention that was held in Toronto. As far as we are aware, he would have been free to do so, but his duties at Ottawa were no doubt upon his shoulders. But if he is to pose as the dictator and father of Ontario Liberalism, if he is to set himself up as the man to whom the people must look for guidance, why did he not steal enough time from his precious Union Government and go before the delegates at the convention, there to denounce Mr. Dewart and to tell the Liberals present that they were not Liberals? That would have been the manly, straightforward method. He must have known Mr. Dewart was an aspirant. Indeed, as the "war time" Government draws to a close, its fate being inevitable despite all the oxygen administered by Mr. Rowell and others, why did not Mr. Rowell again aspire to the Liberal leadership in the province? He left this leadership because of a call from such men as Sir Joseph Flavelle, who believes him to be the inspired son, but there is surely no occasion for him to leave Ontario in the clutches of such a villain as Mr. Dewart. Union Government can get along without Mr. Rowell, quite as nicely as it can get along without Sir Thomas White. Therefore, and in consideration of the fact that he never "finished his work" in Ontario, why did not Mr. Rowell return and seek to reclaim the leadership he had laid down to make the world safe for democracy and profitable to those who shaped the new party? He never brought the Liberal party within whispering distance of victory. His "abolish the bar" policy was the farthest he ever went on temperance, and he was defeated on the issue. Mr. Dewart certainly goes as far as Mr. Rowell ever went during the term of his leadership on the temperance issue. In fact Mr. Rowell proposed to leave the liquor stores open, something with which Mr. Dewart will not agree, we feel sure.

If Mr. Rowell believes that Mr. Dewart leads the Liberal party in an attempt to replace King Alcohol on the throne, he is grievously mistaken. Mr. Dewart goes farther than Mr. Rowell ever had the courage to go on the temperance issue, yet he is denounced as a creature of the liquor interests and Mr. Rowell calls upon Liberals to reject him, and to stand by Hearst. He does not intimate that he will come into the Ontario field and endeavor to form a third party, having received a higher call to a safer place some time ago. Mr. Rowell contents himself with an ill-natured attack on Mr. Dewart, the venom of which will serve to draw more Liberals to the new leadership than it influences to oppose that leadership. And it is about the most presumptuous insult to a regularly-organized Liberal convention that has ever been delivered.

Canada and the New Markets

A large manufacturing concern of this city is making shipments of pianos and organs to Australia, New Zealand and China. Still another local concern reports a flood of orders from Siberia, China, Japan and the Antipodes. In the case of both companies the orders have been unsolicited. These incidents are an indication of the immense possibilities in foreign trade at the door of industrial Canada. It is a reasonable assumption that the experience of the two London industries is being duplicated in every industrial centre of the Dominion. With the assistance of a federal trade department operating on a scale that measures up to the opportunity this foreign business could rapidly be developed to stupendous proportions.

The new markets that are uncovering in the Far East and in Australia and New Zealand should appeal especially to Canadian industry and

commerce. At present Europe is clamorously demanding our wares and foodstuffs, but as Europe stabilizes, getting back to something like normal production, this market will shrink considerably. On the other hand, a strong position secured now in the new trade marts across the Pacific can be held permanently and expanded limitlessly. Our transcontinental lines and the Panama Canal make these markets easily and rapidly accessible to the Canadian manufacturer and exporter.

What is required at once is a trade department at Ottawa that is alive to this rich opportunity, one that will lead the way with extensive, vigorous advertising of our resources, and put itself in more direct touch with the manufacturer. Today if an exporter desires accurate information as to foreign business he finds the securing of it exasperatingly slow and incomplete. Chambers of commerce have been springing up all over the country of late with the object of systematically advancing the community's business interests. To act as a medium for developing this foreign trade would be a service that would bring an immense reward. Co-operation between these local bodies and the federal organization would give the necessary impulse that is required if we are to secure and hold these new and highly desirable customers.

The Dirigible Makes Good

Fog, storm and mishaps to machinery overcome, the R-34, Britain's giant dirigible, has successfully completed her round trip to America by a 75-hour passage from Long Island to Pulham, Norfolk. The achievement along with Alcock's non-stop flight is a final, definite assurance that the air has been conquered, aerial navigation developed from a thing of chance and adventure to a science that defies distance and atmospheric conditions. The R-34 has demonstrated that ships of the air can cope with adverse weather as successfully as do ships of the sea, moving about with the same precision, answering to man's will, no longer a plaything for the wind's caprice. The dirigible as yet is too expensive and too unwieldy to be generally adopted as a carrier of passengers, mails or freight, but it is inevitable that in time the air route will largely supersede the water route because of its economical advantages.

The R-34 is the pioneer of Tennyson's "Argosies of the skies," Jules Verne's romances come true.

Death of John Fox, Jun.

John Fox Jun., who died the other day, was something more than an author who went into the mountains of Virginia and Tennessee in search of local color, to look for types and to portray the people in "overdrawn" chapters. As he says himself, he knew the people of whom he wrote because he "slept with them, ate with them, drank with them and fought with them." He gave to men the rough-hewn character that primitive struggle brings out of them, and there was the virginal sweetness of the feminine nature in his women types. All the massive strength of the rocks and the forests were in his heroes; all the gentle flowers of the valleys and upper reaches, the wood violets and the rhododendrons, were in his heroines. It is true that his books were popular in their appeal, but surely it must have been the fine qualities of his people rather than any lurid technique that attracted the public.

John Fox loved the children of the mountains. He delighted in tracing the development of an illiterate boy or girl under the influence of another man or woman, and in bringing them to the closing chapter as awakened persons who made some impress on the world. Canada would have been an inviting field to such a writer. With all our hinterland, our outdoor crafts and our pioneer types, we have little literature worthy of the name that gives us the color of our rugged stretches and their people. Most of our writers of note are dealing with softer phases of life, writing pretty fiction for American magazines or specializing on something that is not typical of Canada. Probably the people as a whole refuse to believe there is much romance in this country, and Gilbert Parker is gone from us to the ease of English country estates, not however, without leaving a bank of books that approximates something of what Fox did for his people. Every Canadian province has its great fields scarcely touched by the novelist. No one will suggest that our writers should imitate John Fox Jun., but what he did for Virginia, and what Stewart Edward White did for Michigan, remains to be done in its own way for the shelves of our popular romantic library.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Wintry storms are making Chile chilly.
"Decadent" Britain is just about three jumps ahead of the rest of the world in the race for air supremacy.

Mr. Rowell more than went out of his way to take a whack at Mr. Dewart. Now watch Mr. Dewart turn the other cheek.

If the last Liberal convention was not a fair method of choosing a leader, we all know just what Mr. Rowell regards as a fair method.

Speaking about the River Thames, it might be advisable to run the water carts along the bed in order to keep down the dust these windy days.

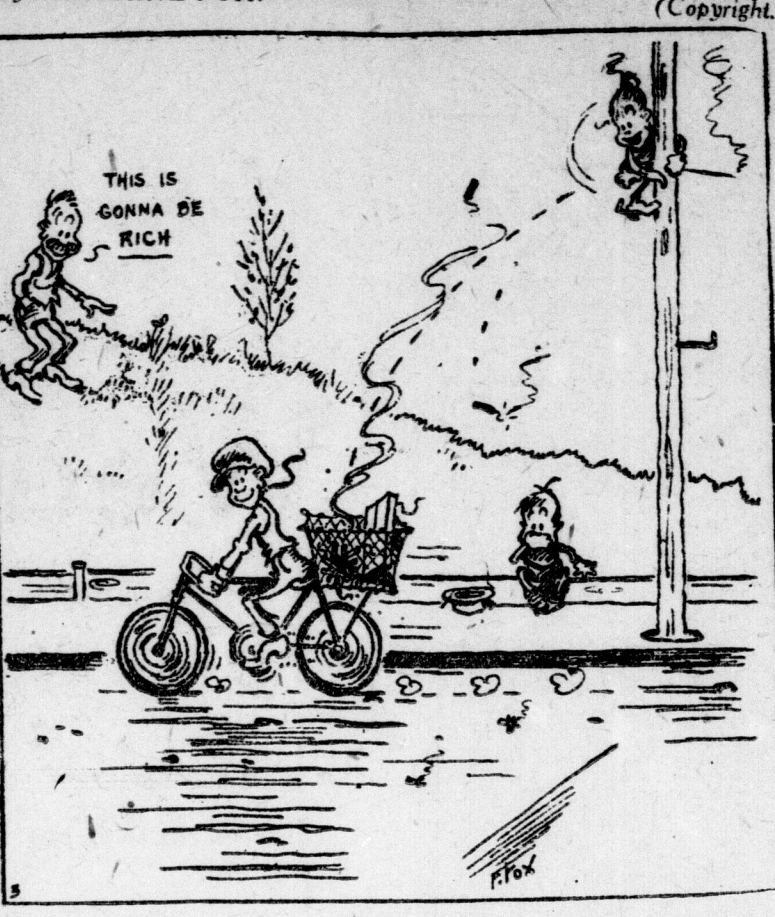
Almost time to give Lloyd George a holiday, with no distracting criticisms. People seem to think the British premier incapable of a break-down.

Carson says that Irish-American delegation has made things very difficult for the British Government. Did he suppose they went over to pin medals on John Bull and strew his path with roses?

An American scientist says he will make an attempt to communicate with the folk on Mars. As the Martians are supposed to be some millions of years in advance of our civilization, perhaps it would be advisable not to stir them up. A close-up of our wars, sympathetic strikes, hobble skirts and droughts might impel them to take over the earth as a mandatory.

TOMBOY TAYLOR

By FONTAINE FOX.



She added another package to the drug store boy's load.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
SPEAKING OF ANGELS.

"I suppose life must hand out some compensations," Irma said thoughtfully. "You see, he hasn't brains or looks, so he had to have money."
"I don't think he's terribly bad-looking," she said. "He's interesting. I like one of those lean, keen-eyed, kind of desperate-looking persons much better than the curly-haired hero ones."
Irma picked strawberries delicately, selecting only the choicest and ripest. The June sunlight shone warmly down on the patch of garden on the southern hillside. Rows of raspberry and currant bushes stretched in rows, even lines behind the girls, and still past the bushes, rose sentinel rows of fruit trees, each bearing a fragrant load of promise. Meadowlark had never seemed so attractive. This year they had left the city a full month earlier than usual, because of Irma's convalescence. Sunlight and air had been ordered for her, and a new interest.

"There aren't any new interests in the country," Irma had said indignantly when her father had announced his plan of shipping Nancy and her off. But after the first few days at the big white house she seemed to grow a new point of view. Nancy said. "It was beautiful there by the sound. Everything was growing richly about them. The garden fairly called out of its abundance for somebody to pick its berries and salad material. The peas perked up eager lines of green, the radishes fairly pushed through the brown earth as if eager to be pulled."
The only drawback had been the loneliness. All of the summer homes had opened in July and August. The shuttered windows baffled and depressed Nancy. She had discovered that there were signs of habitation at the Lyon place. It was the next shore property to theirs, brand new and aggressively luxurious. Then, again, it was painted yellow and white. Nancy said it looked like scrambled eggs with parsley sprinkled on it. This was only envy. Its spacious, finely kept lawn sloped to the water's edge; its hedges were perfectly clipped and its green-houses lured one even at a distance with their promise of beauty within.

The place had been sold that spring, the head gardener told Abby, the Newcomb's maid. Randolph Moore was the new owner. The girls knew who he was. All during the war his name had been in the papers over and over again as one of the living heroes. He had inherited millions from his father, and had almost succeeded in unloading most of his wealth in government service and social betterment lines abroad and here. So he had been a distinct disappointment to find him rather an ordinary looking man, with the marks of the car marks on the popular hero.

"Not that it's his fault," Irma began again. "I wish he'd try to be neighborly, anyway. Any one would be a diversion out here."
"You just want to flirt with him and break his heart," Nancy laughed. "I saw him first, and I'd console him. He looks as if he needed consolation awfully."

"He needs just like I did, probably, a new interest. If he were only worth while I'd try to worry him just while we're here."
She gathered up her luncheon dish of berries and went on up to the house, and Nancy started for the raspberry bushes when a figure rose from the far side of the bushes, a tall, lean figure, and she found herself facing their neighbor.

It was a tense moment, but as Nancy said later, she fixed everything. Elisha, being and rattled, she told Mr. Moore that she was so very sorry they had talked about him. He was a delightful being, they had even noticed him, he told her gravely. And then he had added that they had the best berries around there, and he had been piffing joyously ever since his arrival.

The following day the Moore gardener brought over long-stemmed bunches of roses and peonies. The next day, came early peaches from the greenhouses, and more roses. But Nancy switched the cards, for on the flowers was her name, and on the peaches was the name of the girl who had been so kind as to tell him on a straight course that by telling him that Irma was "the" Miss Newcomb.

"I'm only Nancy. I just left school last year," Irma's so clever when you get acquainted with her. Of course, she's hard to get acquainted with—"
"Rather particular?" queried Moore, teasingly. "I'm glad you're easily pleased."

Nancy worried and puzzled over that for several days. But somehow, the days stretched into weeks, and it became the usual thing for her to find him waiting for her down in the garden, and when the phalanx of cut-roses and other past advanced on the little Meadowbrook garden, he pitched in and helped her fight them, while Irma swung in the big wheelchairs and looked on, the grand and read. Sometimes Nancy wondered whether she was doing wrong not to tell her sister of their comradeship, but the fear of Irma's swift little ridicule held her silent. Even if he didn't love her, he was a delightful companion, and she had grown to miss him when he did not come now.

Abby started her one morning in late July by saying that Rodney, the gardener, had told her Mr. Moore was going to be married. Rodney knew the signs, it appeared. He had ordered twice as many roses varieties put in, and the south end of the house was being fixed over with a view to feminine occupancy.
Nancy walked slowly down the path that morning, her lavender gingham dress brushing the marigolds lightly, and her eyes were full of a young, poignant misery. She had not dreamed that such a summer acquaintance, and suddenly she stopped for there by the tall hedge that separated the two grounds she caught the sound of his voice talking to Rodney.
"I'd put in the 'Jacks' and 'brides' mostly. Plenty of them, Rod, and run some climbers up to those south-end



time ago a movement was started to discourage the profane additions to conversational English which had crept in when the war let down the bars. Happily this profanity did not require excusing. It appeared to drop out voluntarily. Slang, however, is still with us. But, as a recent writer has pointed out, the charm of slang lies in its freshness, and very little of it adheres to the language. What there is of this enlivened English, as it has been called, has a strong grip. A Canadian editor found in an article deprecating the use of slang, printed in a leading London daily, five distinct slang expressions. The better speech week may have a little present effect, and small but real value for those Western high school pupils, but it seems an experiment and an encouragement worthy of a trial.

RICH AND NOT ASHAMED.
According to the evidence of an exceedingly frank manufacturer, "the man who couldn't make money during the war must have had something wrong with him. This was his testimony before the costs of living commissions at Ottawa. The contingency that some men may not have taken advantage of the opportunity because they had scruples of conscience, does not seem to have occurred to him. Obviously, however, there were a lot of Canadians whose conscience were none too tender. To the list of those who found the war a blessing without disguise, must now be added the Ogilvie Milling Company and the Maple Leaf Company. The profits of these concerns were so large as to partake rather of the nature of grand larceny. The investigation has incidentally disclosed that the margin of profit of 25 cents per barrel of flour, supposed to have been put into effect by the Federal Food Board, really went the way of a lot of other good resolutions. The profits were left in a position to do practically as they liked in the matter of prices, and were not slow to do it. The scandal story being unraveled before the investigating committee is made worse by the inability of the manufacturers to see that they have done anything to be ashamed of. If they presented the annual reports of their companies in such form as to conceal the truth from the casual examiner, they did it with the high patriotic motive of preventing industrial unrest, and as good citizens they deprecate the disclosures now being made. There is no use arguing with such men. What ought to be done to them is to make them disgorge the whole of their excess profits to help pay the country's war debt. But there is little danger of this happening. Some unkind criticism is the only punishment likely to be overtaken them. They are socially and financially too well entrenched.

"Newspapers Are the World's Mirror"

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

AND FOR A FRIEND!

Having signed the peace treaty, Sir George E. Foster should regard that as his last serious act. The country will feel grateful to him if he does.

BETTER BE SAFE.

[Rochester Herald.]
According to Prince Lichinsky, it was Von Bethmann-Hollweg who started the world-war. In order to be on the safe side it would be well to hang the whole bunch.

BEYOND BEING SHOWN.

[Buffalo Courier.]
Germany's immeasurable self-conceit and self-admiration, educated in the very spirit of its people by half a century of self-laudation, still keeps it from appreciating how the world regards it as a nation and a people.

MIXED.

[Brandon Sun.]
Even the rabbit-like consumer may eventually grow tired of being grouched between the upper and nether millstones, kick over the traces, take the life in its teeth, step on the accelerator, throw the brand into the magazine, and thus apply the axe to the root of the tree.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

[Montreal Telegraph.]
It is the incidentals which count. It is the price on the multifarious items of food which runs up the bill at the cost of housekeeping. Here are a few comparisons in the price of food last February in St. Paul, Minn., and Winnipeg, Man., and these prices might well be applied to other parts of the Dominion proportionately:
Winnipeg, St. Paul.
Prunes, lb. (cents)..... 23 13.4
Coffee, lb. 41.5 28.2
Tea, lb. 65 58.3
Sugar, lb. 12.5 11.1
Corn, per bush. 17.9

A BETTER SPEECH WEEK.

The better business, and better service, and better housing proportions, have been joined by a better speech movement. In a Middle West high school a better speech week has been set aside, during which the pupils are urged and encouraged to use the very best speech of which they are capable. They are to eschew epithets and avoid slang. They are to adhere to simple forms and at the same time to their best to add to their vocabularies. The vocabulary of most of us is extremely poor. A vocabulary that is too sparingly from the font of English undefiled. Somebody has pointed out that Shakespeare's vocabulary contained about 15,000 words, while the average modern vocabulary numbers but a few hundreds, largely colloquial. Some

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