

London Advertiser

Member Audit Board of Circulation.

MORNING. NOON. EVENING.

CITY-Delivered, 15 cents per week.

OUTSIDE CITY BY MAIL—Per year, \$5.00
Six months, \$2.75; one month, 50 cents3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS 3670
Private Branch ExchangeFrom 10:00 p.m. to 9:00 a.m. and holidays call
3670, Business Department; 3671, Editors; 3672,
Reporters; 3673, News Room.Toronto Representative—F. W. Thompson,
402 Lumsden Building.U. S. Representatives—New York: Charles
H. Eddy Company, Fifth Avenue Building.
Chicago: Charles H. Eddy Company, People's
Gas Building. Boston: Charles H. Eddy Com-
pany, Old South Building.THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Saturday, May 15.

THE TIMBER SCANDALS.

The scandalous administration of the timber limits of the province by the late Government as it is being exposed by investigation is an amazing and disgusting story of misrule. The returns handed in by one of the companies involved—records in which appear the dues payable to the provincial treasury—show that the public has been plundered on a stupendous scale. It is to be hoped that Justice Riddell's probe will bring before the public the guilty persons, no matter how high their social or political position may be. It is time the natural resources of this province—the property of the people—were made safe from raids for the benefit of a crooked few.

MUCH-NEEDED ASSISTANT.

Complaints have been made to the county police department of the use at the Coves by hunters or others of firearms contrary to law. The fact that the high constable has no assistants on salary makes the problem of stopping the practice of shooting at the Coves not very simple. County constables receive pay only when arrests are made or summons issued, and a constable might remain on the lookout for a lawbreaker for days and not arrest anyone. Deputy Sheriff Ben Waterworth points out that the present matter is an argument why he should have at least one constable on a salary basis, or should have discretionary power to guarantee remuneration to a man detailed to watch for the culprits.

WHEN THE GREEN GETS BACK IN THE TREES.

"When the green gets back in the trees—
And the cuckoo's cry, and the breeze
Comes the bloom in the old dogwood,
And the green gets back in the trees—"

The lure of the out-of-doors is never stronger than in the time of the opening of brown coral-tinted buds to the golden emerald of spring's young green. Never again during the lovely months to come is there ever such wonderful tints as those newly-born to shrubs and trees and unadorned stretches of waiting soil.

Always there is beauty and gentle restfulness in a beech wood, but in spring its trembling lace-like leaves give it a loveliness that compels and enthalls, as one wanders over its carpet of golden discarded autumn leaves. Like so many far memories tucked away to sleep beside the unadorned, shrunken last year's nuts. Down by the river the willows are a sweep of beauty, and winding paths lead up from the smooth gravel at their roots to the further stretches of trees and shrubberies on the higher bank. Everywhere down long avenues and through park walks are varying shades of God's colors, in green vistas, interlacing to commune over busy thoroughfares. Of all cities of beauty, London is one of the loveliest at the "Spring of the year," and within such short distances of even the business section are the beauties of the wildwood, and the lure of the untrammelled charms of the hidden ways.

And Riley goes on to say:

"I kindle the leafy forest
When the green gets back in the trees—
Just a-potterin' round as I—durn—please—
When the green, you know, gets back in the trees!"

It's the wanderlust that urges us on and all makes us want to find an old bamboo pole and a can of bait and seek a trout stream like one we used to know in old magic days. The old, lovely mandate of gypsy lawlessness—"When the green gets back in the trees," the "lure of little voices" in the lilac haze over the hills.

PARLIAMENT'S PETER PANS.

[By Mrs. George Hamblen, M. A., Late Fellow
of the Department of Political Economy,
University of Toronto.]

Labor legislation has left some strange gaps. It is as though legislators labored in the shadow of some curious blindness. They are indignant over evils in some far-distant country of the Orient, but they fail to perceive the wrongs which—perhaps unconsciously—they commit themselves. A case in point will be found in the House of Commons at Ottawa.

The chamber of the House of Commons is impressive. At half-past one in the morning it has an almost eerie look. Entering by the public gallery, opposite the Speaker's throne, one notes that most of the members have withdrawn to rest. On the faces of those who remain there is the weariness of long-suffering. From the fretted stonework above concealed electric lights throw down a cold radiance. Long shadows fall across the galleries, and at one end of the chamber, in the centre of light, stands the Speaker's throne.

There are a few steps leading to the dais on which it stands, and here, almost any night the House is sitting, one may note a living commentary on labor laws and education acts. It is an extraordinary spectacle. Seated or reclining on the steps are small boys—so small, some of them, as to appear almost diminutive—so young, some of them, as to make one wonder how they ever got there at all, yet trim in their little dress suits, white collars, knee-breeches, black stockings and pumps. They are the one spark of youth in the dreary scene.

They are the pages of the House.

A dreary scene, as a rule, it is, but in a

marvelous setting. All but the pages give one the impression of weary court revelers, bored at the end of the play, disillusioned, cynical. The tender youths, too young yet to be thoroughly disillusioned, are in strange contrast.

As the last speech of the night drones along in monotonous tones, there is a click of snapping fingers. A page boy, alert and agile, dashes from the dais. A belated thought has occurred to an honorable member. He has a message to send. The boy takes it and hurries out of the chamber.

I met the boy as he left the House. In the twilight of the passage he seemed even smaller than when in the chamber. It seemed strange that one so young and small could be so neat, intelligent and alert at twenty minutes to two in the morning. He had been at work in the House since the early afternoon, with just the two-hour break for supper.

"And how old are you?" I asked.

"I was thirteen last Friday," he promptly replied.

"Aren't you very young to be working so late?" I questioned.

"There are some younger than I am, but they don't work after 9:30 in the evening," he said.

"There are several of twelve or less," he added. Then from the depths of his youthful philosophy, he commented: "It's young, isn't it?"

It was. The next evening, shortly before 9:30 I met another page boy. He, too, was on a message from the chamber. "I was ten last November," he said, when I asked his age.

Then, talking matters over with one of the old attendants, the Tale of the Bench was told. Between those two holy places, the lobbies—famous from the members' late drive for exclusiveness—runs a wide corridor. On one side it opens on the public hall; on the other, fretted stone arches divide it from the Commons chamber proper. By night it is almost dark, and one can scarcely see the bench by the wall.

The bench had been early discovered by the youthful pages. It was completely shaded from the light, and a boy might take a little nap there as honorable members talked and talked, on the need, perhaps, of better child labor laws. Nine—ten—eleven o'clock! Sleepy boys foregathered and slept. But the bench is now deserted. The trouble was that boys who sat there just went off to sleep and—horrible thought—an honorable member might click his fingers in vain.

So the boys were told not to sit on the bench. "Move on," they were ordered. "Sit at the foot of the speaker's throne." And the bench is empty now. For in the fierce light that beats upon the throne, boys do not readily go to sleep.

The wages are good for boys. They get \$1.75 a day during session, and they are paid on days the House does not sit. "But," as one philosophic old attendant remarked, "it does not help." The boys are held back and the family is held back.

Just what are the relations between the pages and the truant officer, I cannot say. But as the boys are all fleet of foot, the truant officer is, no doubt, left far behind. They go to school, for the most part, when Parliament is not in session; and this means scarcely more than half the school year.

According to his own story, one of the older page boys—he is 15—has been working in the House for five years. He is a Bourinot in the making. "So and so is out of order," he remarked to a visitor one night, in casual reference to a cabinet minister. So, later, I suppose, should the Government bring down a bill to give effect to the Children's Charter to which its representatives assented at the International Labor Conference in Washington, this page will be able to indicate just where this member oversteps the mark, just where that member breaks the rules in condemning, with splendid mercifulness, employers of child labor, while pages of ten, twelve, thirteen years of age are seated at the foot of the Speaker's throne.

Legally, the House is within its rights. It is a law unto itself, unless the British North America Act intervenes, and the B. N. A. Act says nothing about the pages of Parliament. The House, of course, comes within the jurisdiction of no provincial law, although it would be interesting to learn how the younger boys escape going to school.

In considering improper working conditions, one's mind is apt to stray to dark and dingy button factories tucked away in the crowded quarter between Terauley and Spadina, Queen and College streets in Toronto, to dingy contract tailoring shops clustered around St. Lawrence boulevard, Montreal, or to the sewing factories of New York. It is hard to connect thoughts of "sweat shops" with the beautiful and impressive interior of the new Houses of Parliament.

But child labor is not necessarily connected with dull and sordid surroundings. A late British consular report from Japan illustrates the point. It tells how the famous inland sea adjoining Kiushin is studded with beautiful islands, the whole making a picture almost without an equal in the world. Many villages are clustered on the shores. In the distance, three mountains rise regularly to the skies. It is the show place of Nippon. Yet little does the casual visitor realize, as he watches children "playing" with their brightly colored silks, that they are mechanically plaiting hour after hour to add a pittance to the scanty family budget.

Nor, as the canoeist paddled down the glorious Ottawa past Gatineau Point—but a mile or so from the Dominion Parliament buildings—did he realize that the children "playing" with shining chips were splitting mica—at fifteen or twenty cents a pound.

So, perhaps, our picturesque Peter Pans of Parliament may conceal a tragic history.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

When will Borden be "off again"?

Sir Robert Borden has come back, but you could hardly call it a "come-back."

OUT OF FAVOR.

[Montreal Gazette.]

Trail, B. C., has returned to standard time after a short experience with the double system, and there is an agitation in Toronto with the same object in view. As the greater part of the country this year has refused to interfere with the clocks, the shoving forward of the hands in spring may not occur for many years longer.

From Here and There

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

[Brantford Expositor.]

A Windsor man went looking for a gas leak with a lighted match. His mail now goes to the hospital.

STILL OMITTED.

[Hamilton Times.]

For his little slip about the soldiers' wives Gen. McLean has apologized to the soldiers and their wives and to the widows. But he has not yet apologized to the servant girls.

THE MEN TO GET AFTER.

[Toronto Star.]

Special policemen are being sent out to see that motorists in Toronto do not exceed the speed limit. The problem of making life safe from motor accidents, however, involves much more than seeing that the speed limit is not exceeded.

A car may at one time and place run just under the speed limit, and yet be more of a menace to life and property than another car which slightly exceeds the speed limit at another time and place. The motorist who most needs attention is the one who, at any time or place, runs his car without proper regard for the surrounding circumstances, who shoots in, dodges across, takes chances, and imposes upon other motorists, drivers and pedestrians the whole responsibility of seeing that his heedlessness does not cause accidents. There are too many of these motorists who push along and expect others to "look out" if they don't want to get bumped. These drivers who force other people to take all the precautions are the ones who need to be disciplined, for sooner or later they cause tragedies.

A SON OF GREAT BRITAIN.

[London Morning Post.]

The Prince of Wales's arrival in the West Indies completes the first stage of his second great journey as a missionary of the Empire. The splendid work he is doing in knitting even more closely together the component parts of the King's dominions recalls the striking speech made by Lord Rosebery in the House of Lords just before the Prince's birth, moving an address of congratulation to his parents and grandparents, then prime minister recalled the fact that, by old tradition, the title given to the sons of the French monarch was that of "Sons of France"—a name which, he said, had always seemed to him the noblest and the most pathetic that any prince could bear. "May we not," he added, "hope that the new-born child may come to be in truth the Son of Great Britain, and be adequate to the high duties and responsibilities which that noble title involves?" Lord Rosebery has lived to see his hope more than realized. The Prince of Wales has come to be the much loved son not of Great Britain only, but of Greater Britain; and who would venture to deny his adequacy to the high duties and responsibilities he so cheerfully and so charmingly fulfills?

THE PANTHEIST.

[M. E. Morris in the Poetry Review.]

What is this Love of which the poet sings?
"This said it is a love most strange and sweet,
I see it but a trammelling of the feet,
A thing of tentacles that binds and clings.
I have found Love in all a thousand things,
Swift in its coming, passing all as dust,
But strong and free as a sea bird's wings.
Across the water of a sea bird's wings.

Not to a single bondage will I yield
Who found the World for Love in a dream!
Give me the wide grey sky and open sea,
The west wind blowing through a poppled field,
Wedged in a fitful sun-a gleam,
Rain on my face, and red earth under me.

FLIRTING WITH DEATH.

[St. Thomas Times-Journal.]

An appalling number of people are killed or injured every year in automobile accidents, most of which are caused by careless driving. The saddest thing about the accidents is that the innocent suffer with the guilty. When a fine stretch of road looms ahead, a driver feels a strong temptation to "give her the gas," but the wise driver does not follow the impulse to the danger point. Though the road looks safe, the dangers in point of speeding car may be many. The width of the road, the curves and the traffic must be considered. What is safe speed at one place may be dangerous speed a short distance ahead.

A driver ought to have regard for the safety of those riding with him and of others using the road. Otherwise he will sooner or later learn a lesson, perhaps at the expense of life and limb. When someone is killed or maimed, reckless driving becomes a tragedy and a joyride a crime. The driver must feel that he is guilty of murder, even though he escapes the penalty of the law.

PAYING WAGES IN BANK CREDITS.

[Literary Digest.]

What American concern, the Boston Transcript wonders, will be the first to try in this country a new method of paying wages which has been put into practice by Lord Leverhulme of Port Sunlight, in Great Britain? The Lever Brothers, the firm headed by Lord Leverhulme, are now paying their employees, not in cash, but in credits in any local bank chosen by the employee. Each week, instead of receiving his pay in money, the employee finds his account at the bank has been increased by the amount due him for that week. In his last annual report to the board of directors, Lord Leverhulme says of this new arrangement:

"I am confident our staff will find it so much easier to leave money in the bank than to take it to the bank. It will be more convenient to leave it there than to draw it out and spend it, as they no doubt would do if they had it in their pockets. This will all tend to facilitate in the direction of saving, and will be hindrances in the direction of spending, and this will make for success of each member of the staff."

The Transcript comments as follows: "All true, unless the employee is altogether bent on spending his wages as fast as he earns them; and even at that, there is nothing to restrain his liberty; the money is at his disposal. He receives regular notice of the amount credited to him, and any errors can be corrected. It is hard to see how the Port Sunlight workers can object to this method of payment. At one stroke it makes them bank depositors and substantial citizens. And Lord Leverhulme is undoubtedly right in assuming that the plan will be a deterrent to reckless spending. Not only will it be inconvenient for the employee to draw his money out of the bank in order to spend it at the public-house on his way home, but he would be ashamed to adopt any such course, and in nine cases out of ten he will be proud to keep his bank account at its practicable maximum. If it is human nature to spend foolishly, it is also human nature to be proud of a prudent reserve fund, especially after the trouble has already been taken to establish such a fund in the bank."

EXPERIMENTING IN NATIONALIZATION.

[Vancouver Sun.]

Had nationalization been adopted by the Canadian people as a deliberate policy, our ideas about the management of, and responsibility for, our railway and shipping undertakings might have been clearer. But we were virtually forced into its adoption and there is some confusion of thought as to the functions of parliament in connection with the nationalized industries.

As a governing body, parliament controls large government departments. These departments are not run for profit, in the commercial sense. They represent the agencies by means of which national services are rendered. They are financed by means of taxes. Over them parliament exercises control and is properly critical of their day-to-day administration.

As trustees for the owners of large railroad and shipping interests, the situation of parliament is essentially different. It must necessarily regard itself as representing the body of shareholders. The management and policy is to be controlled by it. No major disposition can be made without its consent. But, if national ownership of railways and steamships is to have a fair chance of success it must be kept free from "political" influences. Parliament must be content to leave minor policies to managers, it, and through it the public, should receive reports, balance sheets and statements of profit and loss. On these documents and on major matters of policy, parliament should base its criticisms and exercise its controlling powers. In the interval it must trust to the discretion of the directors and managers.

If this difference in functions be lost to view, if nationally-owned industries are treated as though they were administrative departments, the experiments which are being involuntarily made will be carried out under conditions which predispose them to failure.

Poetry and Jest

THE LEADEN-EYED.

[Vachel Lindsay.]

Let not young souls be smothered out
Before they die, and fully flaunt
Their pride,
It is the world's one crime its babes
grow dull,
Its poor are ox-like, limp and leaden-
eyed.
Not that they starve, but starve so
dreadfully
Not that they sow, but they seldom
reap.
Not that they serve, but have no gods
to serve,
Not that they die, but that they die
like sheep.

MAKE NO APPEAL.

[Montreal Herald.]

There are a lot of sensible women in the world, but as a matter of fact they don't all seem to make a hit with the average man.

MEETING AT NIGHT.

[Robert Browning.]

The grey sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
in fiery ringlets from their sleep,
And I gain the cove with the pushing
grow,
And quench its speed in the slushy
sand.
Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach,
Three fields to cross till a farm appear,
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp
scratches
And blue print of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, thro' its joys
Than its fears,
Then the two hearts beating each to
each.

TOUGH JOB.

"Can anybody tell me what this poem is about?"
"I give it up. But why bother?"
"I've been hired to illustrate it."

THE MEER.

[Basil Malof, in "The Friend of Russia."]

The nations rage, the rulers fight,
And all proclaim that might is right;
Intrigues are used by small and great
And hearts are full of bitter hate;
But God goes round the world to seek
The meek.

Sharp sounds are heard on every side,
Our homes are oft invaded by pride;
We strive to save our life and shame;
We will insist upon our fame;
But while with bitterness we speak—
God seeks the meek.

God loves to dwell in simple hearts,
To meek ones He his grace imparts;
Commit into His hands thy ways,
Trust in His goodness all thy days,
Then rest in peace, though poor and weak—
God loves the meek.

BUT I WILL NOT DRY UP.

A young Chicago preacher had been talking for an hour and fifty minutes. He was going strong and getting still stronger and more eloquent.
"Oh, my people," he said, "I look out to the south and west I see this great and mighty city, I see its manifold buildings of granite and brick towering into the heavens; I see its miles and miles of armored, gunclad streets, and as I look I think, 'Oh, great city, some day you will crumble to dust and be carried away by the zephyr breeze, but my immortal soul will not be carried away!'"
"As I look out to the north and east I see the great blue lake—the rolling Lake Michigan; I see its powerful billows rising and falling until they are lost in the endless horizon; and, as I look, I think, 'Oh, great lake, some day you will dry up and be gone—but I will not dry up!'"

WE LIVE BESIDE EACH OTHER—

[Lowell.]
We live beside each other day by day,
And speak of myriad things, but sell
The full sweet word that lies within
our reach;
Beneath the common ground of common speech;
Then out of sight and out of reach
These dear, familiar friends that loved
us so,
And sitting in the shadows they have
left.
Alone with loneliness and sore bereft,
We think with vain regret of some
kind word
That once we might have said and
they have heard.

ONE GREAT ESSENTIAL

TO A WOMAN'S HEALTH

IS HER NERVES

Nature intended women to be strong,

healthy and happy as the day is long. Instead of being sick and wretched. But how can any woman be healthy and happy when the whole nervous system is unstrung. The trouble is they pay more attention to their "er's" and household duties than they do to their health. Is it any wonder then that they become irritable and nervous, have hot flashes, faint and dizzy spells, smothering and sinking spells, become weak and nervous, and everything in life becomes dark and gloomy.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are the very remedy that nervous, tired-out, weary women need to restore them to the blessings of good health.

Mrs. P. H. Ryan, Sand Point, N. S., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from nerve troubles. I was so weak and nervous I could not sleep at night and my appetite was very poor. I could not walk across the floor without trembling. I had hot flashes and fainting spells. When I was on my second box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I began to feel better and kept on until I had used six boxes when I felt like a different person. I am never without them in the house and recommend them to all who suffer with their nerves."

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Irresistible Lemon Pie!

The EASIFIRST way

THAT dainty, crispy, delicious pie crust you have always wanted will be yours if you use EASIFIRST.

A Lemon Pie Recipe Worth Keeping

Sufficient for two pies.

2 cups sifted flour 1/2 cup EASIFIRST
1 1/2 teaspoons salt 3/4 cup ice water
Sift flour and salt and cut EASIFIRST into flour with knife until finely divided. Add water, mixing thoroughly. Roll out and line floured pie plate and bake in a quick oven. When cold add the following lemon filling:—
1 large tablespoon corn starch
1 teaspoon EASIFIRST 1/4 teaspoon salt
1 cup boiling water 1/4 teaspoon lemon
1 cup sugar Juice and rind of two lemons
Yolks of two eggs

Dissolve the corn starch in two table-
spoons cold water, add 1 cup boiling
water and cook until clear. Add sugar,
and when dissolved, add the well-beaten
yolks of eggs, the EASIFIRST and lastly
the lemon juice.

Try a carton to-day. But, re-
member, use much less of it
than butter or lard.

Your grocer will supply you with EASIFIRST. It is worth insisting upon.

In cartons and pails.



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