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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Monday, July 19.

SYSTEM OF LIGHT RAILWAYS.
The Toronto Globe has the following:
Hydro radicals will stimulate agriculture. In Belgium, which has the most highly developed system of light railways in the world, hundreds of thousands of artisans who work in cities and towns live in the country and cultivate gardens.

A system of light railways should be encouraged.
The best light railway in the province, running over a road used as a coach road before there was a railway of any kind in Canada, built without any cost to any of the municipalities through which it ran, and the first railway to use Hydro power, and in a district where very many people who worked in the cities through which it ran lived in the country or villages through which it ran, was put out of business by the hydro-electric. What kind of encouragement was this?

On account of its location, the greater part of the road over which it ran has been taken over as part of the National Highway.

Some day another light hydro railway will be built over the very road destroyed by the hydro-electric. It may take some time, but its necessity and convenience to the people served by it, and its value to the city of London in bringing in more buyers than any other railway entering the city, will some day cause it to be rebuilt. That will in part atone for the heartless crime of its destruction. Would such destruction be caused by the Hydro Commission was a department of government?

THE NEW AMERICAN PARTY.

The Committee of Forty-Eight which has launched a new American political party in the United States, has not started anything that is likely to cause the two great parties much anxiety. The convention which non-instituted for the presidency was supposed to be made up of liberals and progressives. It turned out, however, that it was the extremists, the Red element, that was represented. The name "Labor-Farmer" is deceptive, as the Labor part of the alliance is made up largely of the outlaws of the Federation of Labor, and the farmers who participated acted for a very small number of the farmers of the United States. The attempt was made to coalesce a number of separate independent political organizations that have always had their sword out against all other political bodies. They have been intolerant rather than liberal. Such a body lacks the harmony necessary to success.

Above all, the new party is strongly tainted with the direct action, revolutionary ideas that by interference with the nation's war activities during the struggle, and later through industrial strife, so greatly exasperated the American people. This year the mass of American voters will follow one of the two old parties as safely and sanely progressive at an hour when conservatism and caution are most necessary.

ON THE PSYCHOLOGY OF GOSSIP.

The crime par excellence of the present century, according to our contemporary psychologists and moralists, is the crime of being colorless. The greater the complexity of the tendencies which contend for supremacy in the state known as deliberation—when we oscillate between the relative better morality of this and that action—will we have more and more a legitimate claim to the title of moral beings. We do not predicate morality of the animals in that their actions involve no prior deliberation, but are spontaneous, barring the cases of the more highly developed domestic animals who do manifest the disposition to reflection on occasion.

It should be our aim to develop the "maximum of life" or "internal fecundity," as opposed to inner sterility. Those who are of the latter type are designated as colorless. There are some people who are not very good and not very bad, passing through life unscathed, unnoticed and unsung. Browning, the poet, who sang of self-sacrifice in a life of eternal life, recognized this truth. The great Jean-Jacques Rousseau wrote: "If man's mind had remained free and pure, what merit would there be to love and follow the order established in the universe and to disturb which would give him no advantage? He would be happy, no doubt, but his happiness would not be of the most sublime kind, which is the glory of virtue and a good conscience."

The individual addicted to gossip is one who dissipates this internal energy on an unworthy object. Their inner mental and emotional fertility requires exercise, so they must needs resort to this superficial means of satisfying the inner demand in lieu of expending their superabundance of soul-force in a life of noble endeavor. In the happy expression of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, it is misdirected force. Those who manifest the tendency to gossip about their neighbors, ever seeking to resurrect scandal, should seek wider interests, and give to their aimless life a goal. Concentration on devotion to an ideal would permit of no deviation in the form of gossip. The increase of powers should mean an increase of obligations, but the scandal-monger evades the latter. He becomes inebriated by that form of mental indulgence known as gossip.

The gossip is alert, wide-awake, with an active imagination. The fictions of little children, which cannot be deemed moral lies in that the object is not to dissimulate but to

express the imaginative faculty, is regarded as the germ of art. The mental state of those who gossip is in some respects analogous to the fictions of children. The gossip then may be the inarticulate artist, who experiences the irresistible craving to express but who has no adequate conception of the mode.

MOTORS AND THE PARK.

It would seem that Victoria Park at least should be free from the menace of motors. Victoria Park, so beautifully set almost in the heart of London, is quite small enough to be traversed on foot by all who wish to explore its beauty. Instead of this quite justifiable restriction, motors, bicycles and motorcycles are allowed to whizz through the winding roads, insolently honking their way with shriek, siren and whistle, desecrating the bird songs, changing the fragrance of the flower-scented air to an odor of gasoline and interrupting the leisurely enjoyment of those who should here, if anywhere, be free to loiter and enjoy the beauties of nature without anxiously hesitating at the roadway's edge to ascertain the whim of the driver of a motor whose very rate of travelling makes it impossible for the occupants to realize that there are beauties of flower, shrub and tree to be enjoyed by those who have not forgotten the art of walking.

MACKENZIE KING'S SPEECH.

(Work for Rockefeller Foundation a great service to labor.)

Let me say, so that there can be no misunderstanding as to the nature of any of the work done, at any time, that all of it was in the nature of assisting in the formation of joint industrial councils, much along the line recommended in the report of the Whitney committee, and which at a conference held in the city of Ottawa last summer between employers and employees, was endorsed as a method of procedure highly in the interests of both capital and labor. It consisted in setting out known and orderly methods of procedure for the adjustment of industrial differences, in the providing of machinery for conciliation and arbitration for the prevention and settlement of industrial controversies; in giving to labor a voice in the determination of its own working and living conditions, and in the framing of joint agreements as to terms of employment, working and living conditions by which rights were specifically defined and to which reference could be made in case of dispute between employer and employee. In every instance there was a provision that nothing in the arrangements came to, or in the agreements made, should deprive any man of the right to belong to any legitimate union. I mention that last by any chance there might be an endeavor from any quarter to misconstrue anything in that connection.

I have taken the trouble to find the dispatch which appeared in the Chicago papers, and to which reference was made in our own papers, and which I take to be the ground upon which the gentleman in Montreal had based his reference to a continuing relationship on my part with some American companies. The following is the dispatch as it appears in the Chicago Tribune of February 19, 1917. It is headed: "11,000 Standard Oil Aids Six-Day Week." and is as follows:

Get 11.1% Boost and Six-Day Week.
A wage increase of 11.1 per cent for 11,000 refinery workers was announced yesterday by the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. Coincidentally, all shift men go from a seven-day week to a six-day week, a radical change in the company's manufacturing policy. The new schedule becomes effective on March 1, and it applies in refineries at Whiting, Ind., Wood River, Ill., Sugar Creek, Mo., and Casper and Greysville, Wyo.

What is most significant is the fact that the new wage and hour schedule was worked out by the employees themselves, through the agency of their industrial council. Last June, as a step in "democracy in industry," the Standard Oil Company established an employees' council system, drawn up by W. L. Mackenzie King, leader of the Liberal party in Canada, and twelve joint committees, on which the men and management have equal representation, the workers were given a direct voice in the adjustment of wages and hours.

The process of gasoline manufacture is such that refineries must be operated every hour of the day, every day of the week. Up to 1915, when workers worked twelve hours seven days a week. The company in that year put in an eight-hour shift with an increase, giving the men as much pay for eight hours work as they had been getting for twelve. But the seven-day week was continued.

After the industrial council system was adopted, Col. R. W. Stewart, head of the board of directors, asked the employees' councils to work out a scheme that would make a six-day week practicable.

The result is a new schedule, which gives all shift workers 32 consecutive hours off each week. Under the old plan the men worked 56 hours a week; under the new they work 50.4, or a net reduction of 4.6 hours a week. The 11.1 per cent increase in wages makes the pay for six days equal to that received under the old seven-day week.

Others Also Boosted.
A similar increase of 11.1 per cent in hourly wages is also declared for refinery workers on other shifts. Hours are not to be changed, except that men working 44 hours a week may increase it to 48 hours if they wish. This affects common laborers, machinists, blacksmiths, boiler makers and others.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"PILOTS OF THE PURPLE TWILIGHT."
(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)
England is arousing itself, as one result of the continuing development of aviation, to a greater and greater use of the air in making rapid exchanges in commerce as a means of affording employment and lowering prices. And increasing evidences along the line of such activities indicate that Tennyson's native land is not so very far away from a full realization of his prophetic lines: "Sails the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails."

Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales."

"TRIED IT ONCE."
(Collingwood Enterprise.)
The man who won't advertise because he "tried the paper once and got no results," may be likened to the salesman who wiped the prospects off his calling list after he'd called once and failed to get an order.

CLAY AND CORK FOR INSULATION.
(Indianapolis News.)
A new heat insulating material, composed of a mixture of a special clay and cork, has been discovered by a Norwegian engineer. The clay and cork mixture is burned, and the result is the formation of a very light substance that is said to be eminently suitable for all heat-insulating purposes.

NO ONE SAFE.
(Montreal Gazette.)
It used to be that in the forest, wood choppers, stray cows, wandering anglers, tramps and the like were safe from the rifle of the huntsman during the close season, but now comes news of a tragedy in Nova Scotia. A man with a rifle, perceiving a farmer barking a tree, thought he was a deer and shot him dead. Close season or open, no one is safe from the wild hunter.

FASHION REVIVED.
(Ottawa Farm Journal.)
Now that Mr. Cox has set the fashion, Democrats all over the United States will resume the long-forgotten practice of kissing their wives first.

CANNING IMPORTANT.
(Hamilton Spectator.)
Despite the high cost of fruits, sugar and vegetables, housewives will make a serious blunder if they curtail activities along the line of home canning. Operators of canning factories frankly declare that the greater costs of products on the farms, transportation expense, higher wages to factory workers, and increased prices of containers make it impossible to keep prices even at present levels. The food situation emphasizes the importance of every housewife canning to the limit of her ability.

THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER
A Detective Story by J. S. Fletcher.

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"He got it from me," continued Mr. Aylmore.

"The handwriting on the scrap of paper is mine, hurriedly scrawled. He wanted legal advice. As I knew very little about lawyers, I told him that if he called on Mr. Breton, Mr. Breton would be able to tell him of a first-class, sharp solicitor. I wrote down Mr. Breton's address for him on a scrap of paper which he tore off a letter that he took from his pocket. By the by, I observe that when his body was found there was nothing on it in the shape of papers or money. I am quite sure that when I left him he had a lot of gold on him, those diamonds, and breast pocket full of letters."

"Where did you leave him, sir?" asked Spargo.
"You left the hotel together, I believe?"
"Yes. We strolled along when we left it. Having once met, we had much to talk of, and it was a fine night. We walked across Waterloo bridge, and very shortly afterward he left me. And that is really all I know. My own impression is. He paused for a moment, and Spargo waited silently.

"My own impression—though I confess it may seem to have no very solid grounds—is that Marbury was deceived by whom he was found, and was robbed and murdered by some person who knew he had valuables on him. There is the fact that he was robbed, at any rate."
"I've a notion," said Spargo, "that Marbury was worth much, but I've had it, all the same. Some fellow—passenger of Marbury's plane has tracked him all day—Middle Temple lane's pretty lonely at night, you know."
"One made any comment upon this suggestion, and on Spargo looking at Mr. Aylmore, the member of parliament rose and glanced at the door.
"Well, that's all I know," said Spargo. "Of course there'll be an inquest on Marbury, and I shall have to tell it. But you're welcome to print what I've told you."

CHAPTER VIII

The Man From the Safe Deposit.

Spargo found Rathbury sitting alone in a small, somewhat dismal apartment, which was chiefly remarkable for the business-like paucity of its furnishings and its indefinable air of secrecy. There was a plain writing table and a hard chair or two; a map of London, much discolored, on the wall; a few faded photographs of eminent bands in the world of crime, and a similar number of well-thumbed books of reference. The detective himself, when Spargo was shown in to him, was a tall, thin, middle-aged man, with a high forehead and a keen, intelligent gaze. He was dressed in a plain, dark suit, and he looked up at the journalist, entered and held out his hand.

"Well, I congratulate you on that you stuck in the Watchman this morning," he said. "Made extra good reading, I thought. They did right to let you tackle that job. Going straight through with it now, I suppose, Mr. Spargo?"

Spargo dropped into the chair nearest to Rathbury's right hand. He lit a cigarette, and, having blown out a whiff of smoke, nodded his head in a fashion which indicated that the detective might consider his question answered in the affirmative.

"Look here," he said. "We settled yesterday, didn't we, that you and I are to consider ourselves partners, as it were, in this job? That's all right," he continued, as Rathbury nodded very quietly. "Very well—have you made any further progress?"

Rathbury put his thumbs in the armpits of his waistcoat, and, leaning back in his chair, shook his head.

"Frankly, I haven't," he replied. "Of course there's a lot being done in the usual official routine way. We've been out making various inquiries. We're instructed to follow Marbury's voyage to England. All that we know up to now is that he was certainly a passenger on a liner which landed at Southampton, in accordance with what he told those people at the Anglin's office, that he left the ship in the usual way, and was understood to take the train to town, as he did. That's all. There's nothing in that. We've cabled to Melbourne for any news of him from there. But I expect little from that."

"All right," said Spargo. "And what are you doing, you yourself? Because if we're to share facts I must know what your partner's after. Just now you seem to be drawing."

Rathbury laughed.
"Well, to tell you the truth," he said, "when I want to work things out I come into this room—it's quiet, as you see—and I write anything on a paper while I think. I was figuring on my next step, and—"

"Do you see it?" asked Spargo quickly.
"Well, I want to find the man who went with Marbury into that hotel," replied Rathbury. "It seems to me—"

Spargo wagged his finger at his fellow-contriver. "I've found him," he said. "That's what I wrote that article for. I found him. I knew it would find him. I've never had any training in your sort of work, but I knew that article would get him. And it has got him."

Rathbury accorded the journalist a look of admiration.
"Good," he said. "And who is he?"

"I'll tell you the story," answered Spargo, "and in a summary. This morning a man named Webster, a farmer, a visitor to London, came to me at the office, and said that being at the House of Commons last night he witnessed a meeting between Marbury and a man who was evidently a member of parliament, and said that he saw them together. He showed him an album of photographs of the present members, and he immediately recognized the portrait of one of them as the man in question. I thereupon took the portrait to the House of Commons. Mr. Webster also at once recognized it as that of the man who came to the hotel with Marbury, stopped with him a while in his room, and left with him. The man is Mr. Stephen Aylmore, the member for Breckinridge."

Rathbury expressed his feelings in a sharp whistle. "I know him!" he said. "Of course I remember Mrs. Walters' description now. But his is a familiar type—tall, grey-headed, well-dressed, with a keen, intelligent gaze. I knew it would find him. I've never had any training in your sort of work, but I knew that article would get him. And it has got him."

"I've seen him," said Spargo. "Naturally! For, you see, Mrs. Walters gave me a bit more evidence. This morning they found a man in the room of number twenty, and after it was found the waiter who took the drinks up to Marbury and his guest that night remembered that when he entered the room the two gentlemen were looking at a paper full of similar objects. So then I went on to see Mr. Aylmore. You know young Breton, the barrister—you met him with me, you remember?"

"The young fellow whose name and address were found on Marbury," replied Rathbury. "I remember."

"Breton is engaged to Aylmore's daughter," continued Spargo. "Breton took me to Aylmore's club, and Aylmore gives a plain, straightforward account of the matter, which he granted me leave to print. It clears up a lot of things. Aylmore knew Marbury over twenty years ago. He lost sight of him. They met accidentally in the lobby of the House on the evening preceding the murder. Marbury told him that he wanted his advice about those rare things, Australian diamonds. He went back with him to his hotel and spent a while with him; then they walked out together as far as Waterloo bridge, where Aylmore left him and went home. Further the scrap of grey paper is accounted for. Marbury wanted the address of a smart solicitor; Aylmore didn't know of one, but he told Marbury that if he called on young Breton he'd know, and would print him in the way to find one. Aylmore wrote Breton's address down. That's Aylmore's story. But it's got an important addition. Aylmore says that when he left Marbury, Marbury had on him a quantity of those diamonds in a wash-leather bag, a lot of gold, and a breast pocket full of letters and papers. Now, there was nothing on him when he was found dead in Middle Temple lane."

Spargo stopped and lit a fresh cigarette.
"That's all I know," he said. "What do you make of it?"

Rathbury leaned back in his chair in his apparently favorite attitude, and stared hard at the dusty ceiling above him.

Poetry and Jest

WASHED OUT.
(London Sunday Pictorial.)
In opposing mixed bathing, Councillor Donald Clark of Tonbridge, says no woman, however beautiful, can stand the test of appearing in a damp and bedraggled condition:
Phyllis, our romance is shattered—
My avowals I revoke:
Padding might not much have mattered.
But my love won't stand a soak.

PATIENCE.
"Is your boy Josh patient and persevering?"
"In some respects," replied Farmer Centos, "he stands in line for an hour, if necessary, to buy a ticket to a picture show."

WHEN I REMEMBER YOU.
(Kevin Logue, in The Bookman.)
When I remember you there falls a silence in my mind
As after gusty intervals
Settles the weary night
And a far voice in the stillness calls.
Silver, and very kind.

Then I give over matching words
Against an old despair,
And I know the day would fill with birds.
With song would fill the air.
If you see the broken shreds
Of the life I yet must bear.

You did not shatter it, but I
Broke it into my hands;
Wherefore my sky is silent sky
And all lands are twilight lands:
Of pride that towered as heaven high
There is not one wall stands.

AN EXPERT SILENCED.
(Louisville Courier-Journal.)
"I notice you powder your nose several times per hour," said the efficiency expert.
"I admitted the pretty stenographer, 'but I don't go around poking it into other people's business.'"

UNSHACKLED THOUGHTS ON CHIVALRY, ETC.
(Franklin P. Adams.)
Yesterday afternoon, while I was walking on North street,
A gust of wind blew my hat off.
I swore, petulantly, but somewhat noisily.
A young woman had been near, walking behind me.
She must have heard me, I thought.
And I was ashamed, and embarrassedly sorry.

So I said to her: "If you heard me, I beg your pardon."
But she gave me a frightened look
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THE JUNE BRIDE HAS LEFT HER HUSBAND FOREVER AND COME BACK AGAIN TO HOME AND MOTHER



By R. L. B. (Copyright.)

ONLY TABLETS MARKED "BAYER" ARE ASPIRIN

Not Aspirin at All without the "Bayer Cross"

BAYER

For Colds, Pain, Rheumatism, Aching Joints, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, and for Headache, Neuralgia, Toothache, Earache, take Aspirin. Aspirin—the genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over nine years. Now made in Canada. Yours are not taking Aspirin at all. Handy tin boxes containing 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Drugists accept only "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in an unbroken "Bayer" package which contains complete directions. Then you are getting real Aspirin—the genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over nine years. Now made in Canada. Yours are not taking Aspirin at all. Handy tin boxes containing 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Drugists accept only "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in an unbroken "Bayer" package which contains complete directions. Then you are getting real Aspirin—the genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over nine years. Now made in Canada. Yours are not taking Aspirin at all. Handy tin boxes containing 12 tablets cost but a few cents. 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