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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Friday, September 10.

MR. KING AND THE TARIFF.

In an appeal to East Elgin voters to support the Meighen candidate the local Government organ misrepresents the Opposition leader, as follows:

The first duty of an Opposition is to oppose. The Liberal Opposition, however, which selected Mr. King as the party leader and exponent of the party platform, seems slightly hazy as to just what to oppose, at least so far as the tariff decision is concerned, in the policy of the Government, to oppose which is the whole reason of being.

This is one with the attitude of the other Meighen newspapers which daily endeavor to mislead the public as to the Opposition tariff policy. The above quotation is intended to spread the impression that Mr. King and the Liberal party have no definite, distinct policy in regard to the tariff, that their official announcements indicate vagueness and uncertainty. Here is what Mr. King has stated on this point:

In revising the tariff to this end care will be taken of the position and needs of all the industries in our country, but such tariff as may be necessary in this connection, will be, under Liberal policy, a tariff of consumers, not a tariff to further the interests of combines, monopolies, or any special privileged class.

Could anything be plainer than that? Is there a tariff platform conceivable that would more completely serve the interests of all classes of the community save those who would plunder the people?

The vivid point about Mr. King's tariff policy is that it aims to bring relief to the consumer harassed by the increasing taxation and prices. On the other hand Mr. Meighen has intimated that there will be no reduction in the tariff no matter what may be the report of the tariff investigating committee, no direct attempt made to help the public combat the high cost of living.

Mr. King and the Liberal party propose to oppose the unfair conditions which exist in this country today through government in favor of a small ring of profiteers. Mr. Meighen talks eloquently of "harmony" and "progress" in Canada, but refuses to take any direct route to secure this desirable state by fighting privilege through the tariff or any other way.

Mr. King in his declaration of policy comes out definitely and distinctly for the masses, the only stand he could take as the head of true Liberalism. Neither is Mr. Meighen hazy, but is openly, boldly for the old reactionary Toryism. East Elgin should have no difficulty in making its selection.

THE RAILWAY RATES.

It was not to be expected that there would be anything but general dissatisfaction at the increased freight and passenger rates that have been sanctioned by the Dominion Railway Board. Business of all kinds is so directly affected that the indignation is certain to be great and widespread. The increases will run from twenty to forty per cent, but only for a short period. When that period elapses the rates will be reduced or placed at the figures in force today.

As usual it is the general consumer who has to pay the piper, as it is certain the advance in freight tariffs will add to the prices of most of the commodities that come under the heading of necessities.

Objectionable as the decision of the board is to the public, it is not easy to see what other course could have been adopted to meet the stupendous expenditure necessary to the operation of the National Railway system. The only other way would have been to directly tax the country for required millions. That the money is needed is made clear in the latest government statement of the Canadian National's finances. Last year the expenses were over thirty-three millions and the revenue less than thirty-two millions, making a deficit approximating eleven millions. And, as the railways point out, the cost of equipment has been steadily advancing, not to mention the repeated wage increases. To meet this the railways have had no advance in rates until the one decided upon by the Railway Board.

A GREAT MISCALCULATION.

The ephemeral writings of many celebrated journalists, turned off in the red heat of the Bolshevik rush on Warsaw, read very limp and foolish now. There have been scores of wild miscalculations on every sort of thing since 1914. But the way nearly all were fooled by the Polish recovery is a climactic sensation in this line.

It is amusing to read in the London Nation the article by Theodor Wolff, a German democrat. These German democrats are as reasonable as muzzled dogs. Theodor grumbles about the Spa conference, not so much "the conditions imposed re disarmament and coal deliveries" as "the method used by the Allies to enforce their demands." The Germans "expected" to negotiate, not "to sign orders received," and now "all parties in Germany, the Radical extremists included, have unanimously uttered sharp and bitter criticism of the Spa policy of the Entente." They protest against the tactic of force.

Having paid his respects to the Spa decisions, Herr Wolff turns to the Polish part of the treaty of Versailles, another grievance. It is insufferable to German "moderates" that Germany should be "forced" to pay back a quantity

of the coal she stole from France, and equally monstrous that in the restoration of Poland some small districts with a German majority should be included. But, ah! see how Poland is flattening out. "Many people in Germany believe that France wants to occupy the Ruhr Valley chiefly because the Polish bulwark turns out a rampart of paper. We have always known the Polish state created at Versailles to be an impossible construction. We as neighbors (nice neighbors!) must know these things better than the theorists who compounded the Polish state of the most different fragments. Now the Soviet army has made a victorious advance against Poland," and so on. Disclaiming any desire for the deletion of Poland, Herr Wolff says that Germany should be consulted in its reorganization. "Will the Powers, instead of coming to a useful understanding, take Upper Silesia from us and repair Poland's prestige at our expense?" Upper Silesia has coal mines, and apparently the Germans are not too confident about the coming plebiscite there. Wolff's idea manifestly was that the overthrow of Poland's armies and the consequent restriction of her confines would make it inexpedient for Europe to leave the Silesian coal mines at the disposition of a feeble, insignificant state constantly menaced or dominated by powerful neighbors. Better leave the mines to Germany who can use them to good purpose!

It is a safe bet that the sudden annihilation of the Red armies upset these hopes and was a hard pill for German "moderates" as well as reactionaries to swallow. The miracle happened. It seems that the gods no more than men can love Germany.

STRIKES IN INDIA.

Recently nearly a quarter of the population of Bombay, which numbers about 900,000, rose to enforce the demands of the textile workers. A great crowd met on the causeway which unites the port of Bombay with the mainland. On one side of the causeway were the mills; on the other, the densely-populated, dark, heat-breathing houses of the mill hands. The demands of the mill workers were that children under 12 years of age should not be employed, that hours of work should be reduced. Both of these demands were embodiments of the International Labor Conventions adopted at Washington.

The crowd became more noisy, more insistent. Police were called out and, in the tumult, many of the strikers were injured. The next week, twenty thousand ceased work in the textile mills at Sholapur. Riots again occurred. Six strikers were killed. Many were injured. Again the cause was the Children's Charter and the international standard of hours determined by the labor conference held under the aegis of the League of Nations. Demands of the workers in both cases were granted.

So the strike movement continues in India. Where it breaks out, it takes on the character of a local labor revolt. The International Labor Code is being set up in India—not at the instance of the Government of India—but at the instance of the workers; and they are defending it with their lives. So far, Bolshevism has had no appeal to the population, other than that the Indian soldier feels himself constrained not to fire upon the insurgent populations of those numerous little republics between India and Russia—when such populations profess Bolshevism.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Things Italian are tumbling and crumbling from earthquakes physical, industrial and social.

If he wants to, Mayor MacSwiney can save his life; those murdered Irish constables didn't have a chance.

German Reds at Danzig talk of introducing a "terror." Have they not heard of a terror named Foch, who has an eye on that neighborhood?

Lovat Fraser says in the London Mail that education seems declining in Scotland. "In the townships of the far north almost the only books now purchasable are the kinema novels of Zane Grey and Edward Rice Burroughs. Even in the district of Cromarty the works of Hugh Miller are said to be unknown to the rising generation." That is pretty good. Education surely hasn't stuck to old Hugh Miller. The times do move in education as in other spheres.

THE SCOUT LAW.

[London Daily Telegraph.] The Boy Scout movement teaches boys to play the game of life according to M. C. C. rules, and if there are fairer laws than those we should like to know on what tables of stone or marble or board they are to be found. The best proof of the value of these rules is that Boy Scouts are easily recognizable even when they are out of their uniforms. The discipline has got hold of them. They have a frankness and a courage of bearing which distinguishes them from their fellows who have not passed through the ranks of ordered comradeship. Above all, they have acquired that mysterious quality of handiness which enables them somehow to be on the spot when they are wanted, and to do the right thing at the right time, with cheerful briskness. The Boy Scout is one of the best hopes of the world. More power to their poles! There are still foul dragons which await their slaying.

THE HOMELY TOUCH.

[Montreal Gazette.] The Americans love the homely touch; and it is a melting scene when Senator Harding is discovered putting out the family wash! It was the homeliness of Lincoln that endeared him to the common people; and it was thrilling when Cleveland, in his shirt sleeves and with a corn cob pipe in his mouth, intimated that memorable message to England about the Venezuela trouble. America loves to see its great men in their shirt sleeves; and time was when it was a notable commendation for the presidential candidate to eat peas with his knife.

NO "CORNER" FOR HIM.

[Hamilton Herald.] Once Sir Thomas Lipton in a business deal came into possession of a large quantity of wheat. He was advised to join with others in cornering the market and forcing up the price. He refused, saying that no gentleman would tamper with necessities of the poor. No wonder the world has acclaimed him as a "good sport."

GAY DECEIVERS.

[Kingston Whig.] Windsor people were puffed up to learn that in that city "no drunks were arrested on Sunday last for the first time in several months." The Montreal Star takes the crimp out of the case by saying: "They are learning how to hold their liquor."

From Here and There

FOR A BETTER WORLD.

[Halifax Chronicle.] Speaking at the unveiling of a war memorial, General Sir Ian Hamilton said that everywhere in the whole world the renown of the British fighting man had been spread by those whom they now mourned. The boys won glory; they did not go out for glory. He said, indeed, said General Hamilton, who would try to unveil the thought and motives which may have been at the back of the minds of statesmen, financiers, generals, on that day six years ago when a state of war was declared between ourselves and the Germans. "But at that mighty crisis," continued Sir Ian, "I was in a position, as head of our central striking force, to place my hand on the pulse of thousands of these boys, and I can assure you that they went out to fight for a better world, and died in that great quest." And now today, he added, came another crisis, perhaps as vital to the future of humanity as that of six years ago. "Could we preserve the Treaty of Versailles? Was it worth preserving? To put an end to war by knocking out the aggressor was to win half the battle only—the first half of the business. After they had finished they had to get the war fever and the propaganda out of their heads and decide whether they were out for reconciliation or for ruin."

CULTIVATING THE FARMER.

[Vancouver Sun.] "Politically," said the late Sir John Macdonald, "the farmer is very satisfactory. He asks little and gets nothing." Both the old-time parties seem to be largely imbued with the same tradition on this point, although there is a plenitude of evidence that it is a mistake. Whatever may have been the case in the past, the farmer nowadays is not only asking a good deal from the government, but he also intends to get it, and he thinks he knows his idea to form a party of his own, and either to run the administration himself or to send enough agriculturists to be a dominant influence.

In this ambition he may or may not succeed. The best guess at present is that at the next election enough farmer representatives will be chosen to make a working arrangement with them necessary to whoever is to carry on the government.

Such being the case, the sooner the task of reaching an understanding is taken in hand the better for the country. On the question of protection the most important thing is to get the people, the position enunciated by Hon. Mackenzie King in favor of a moderate tariff should meet with general acceptance in the rural districts. This, however, is by no means all that is needed. What the Liberals should endeavor to do is to cultivate a deeper spirit of sympathy with the rural point of view of things in general.

PROFITEERING IN WOOLENS.

[New York Tribune.] A prominent woolen goods selling agent cited a case yesterday in which he asserted that cloth he sold to a clothing manufacturer at \$4 a yard was made up into suits which sold at wholesale for slightly less than \$50 apiece, only to be shown in one Chicago store at \$110, and in a New York establishment at \$95.

THE BEST WAY.

[Brantford Expositor.] One of the largest employers of labor in Brantford tells the Expositor that he expects wages and material to remain high in cost, but he already sees signs of cheapened production in the fact that the cost sheets show that his men are producing considerably more per diem than formerly. This is welcome news. The best way to keep up wages is to increase production, as without such increase commercial stagnation must set in sooner or later and much unemployment result.

"WHAT REWARD SHALL WE GIVE HIM?"

[Montreal Star.] "Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." These words were spoken by Premier Lloyd George at the close of a memorable address during the Great War, and in the direct simplicity of their language no less than in the lofty courage of their optimism they breathe the life spirit of the man who rose from the humble position of a "petting-farm attorney" to the counselor of kings and the arbiter of the destinies of nations.

Premier Lloyd George, who has gone to Switzerland for a needed holiday, is the only statesman in Europe who has been in office continuously since the beginning of the war. No man threw himself more wholeheartedly into the war, no man did more to weary away the weary traditions that were benumbing Britain's efforts, and none has tackled with greater sincerity or with a deeper enthusiasm the absorbing problems of peace and rehabilitation. Lloyd George possesses the sturdy independence of thought that he derived in youth from his uncle, Richard Lloyd, the shoemaker. From him also he inherits his vehement rebellion against false authority that has been a dominant characteristic of his public life. From his early surroundings he has also derived that love of Nature that finds expression today in his devotion to his native Wales, her poetry, her songs, her lonely mountain valleys and her majestic hills.

Lloyd George has many critics and not a few enemies. But no man plows a straighter furrow in the face of opposition or obprobrium. His single-minded purpose is the fulcrum on which he levers his successive triumphs.

HOPE FOR THE BEST.

[London Daily Express.] There are optimists and pessimists, determined minds which will not be balked of their fixed ideas, and the optimists, even when they suffer defeat, help most to make the world go round. But most of us are neither one nor the other. We are creatures of impulse, and we can control the impulse. Face the worst when it comes and face it like a man. Until it comes, believe in the possibility of the best. You do not gain strength, you rather sap it, by foreboding and despair.

WILL DISCOVER LATER.

[Brantford Expositor.] Lindsay reports a newspaper amalgamation, and another daily and another weekly newspaper have gone out of existence. The newspaper manufacturers will discover, perhaps too late, that they are killing the goose that has been patiently laying the golden egg for them.

"AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?"

[Hamilton Spectator.] There would appear to be good ground for the assertion that what a man will dismiss the heat with a passing thought on a work day, he will devote his whole time, attention, grief and language to the thermometer on Sunday.

ALIENATING ITS FRIENDS.

[Picton Gazette, Conservative.] The new Union Government at Ottawa has made a good start towards alienating its remaining friends. If the postponement of the referendum vote is not a direct bid for the support of liquor interests, it certainly has that appearance. The political party that thinks the defeat of the Healey Government is an argument for catering to the whiskey interests is making a huge mistake. Public sentiment is unalterably hostile to the traffic, and the government that builds on friendliness to the liquor trade is already sowing the seeds of its own undoing.

CANADA'S CENTURY.

[La Presse.] An Australian delegate to the Imperial Press Conference has said that the future capital of the British Empire will be situated in Canada. Evidently the immensity and the riches of our country have made more than an ordinary impression on those who are seeing them for the first time. The newspaper man whose remark is here cited will be ready to range himself with those who say, in re-echoing Sir Wilfrid Laurier, that the twentieth century will be Canada's century.

QUITE TRUE.

[New York Sun.] Canada is sending out the first woman geologist to study fossils. There's many a woman that could give her sister scientist points painfully learned from the fossil she lives with.

PREVIOUS.

[Kingston Whig.] Perhaps we were a little premature in calling that other one the world war.

Poetry and Jest

STRANGE.
His fishing trip was a success.
He caught himself a dandy mess.
And what is stranger still to say.
No single big one got away.

GOD'S SCHOOL.
[Robert Finch.]
God's school a forest is.
Full of vast sciences;
Cool and green,
Green and cool,
God's school.

Green of wave, sea-weed green,
Green of jewel and peacock's sheen:
Green paved,
Green roofed.
Nor is any shade unmoved
By a wind's sweet breath.
And when a flower's death
Unwinds the showers come down.
By their tears the greens are laved.
And the floor is greener paved.
And the space is greener roofed.
Crowned with greener row.
And this by all the myriad band
That swarm this cool, green shadow-land,
Is with delight approved.

SUPPLYING A WANT.

[Birmingham Age-Herald.]
"What's in that crate of stuff you are getting in?"
"Just a shipment of oja boards," replied the hotel manager.
"Great Jupiter! What's the idea?"
"We believe in giving service here. Every now and then a guest calls for a oja board. Hereafter when we get request like that our clerks will answer, 'Coming up, madam, at once.'"

THE MOON.

[F. W. Harvey, in the London Spectator.]
What have you not seen
Old White-face, looking down
Sings the heaven was hollowed out
And winds were blown?

You saw White Helen
On the walls of Troy Town.
You silver dawn in the ruin
When Troy shook down.

Ulysses you saw
And the strange seas that bore him.
But all he wandered to see
You had seen before him.

Bodies black and yellow.
Gold treasures and brown.
The brown earth covers them
And you look down.

WHEN LOVE CAME.

[Mary Hodgkinson, in Chamber's Journal.]
Did he come to me in a kindly guise.
With trappings of silver and gold?
Or came he with clatter of sabre and steel.
As a warrior brave and bold?

Did he lure me with strange, sweet melody.
In the wee, small hours of the morn?
Or came he in grief, lest my heart should refuse
A suitor so sadly forlorn?

No—his dear strong hand took hold of my own.
His tender eyes looked into mine.
And my heart's dearest love to my love went out.
In the answer, "Love, I am thine."

And the touch of his hand still thrills my heart.
As it did in that bygone day.
For the love that we plighted long years ago
Is the love that will last for aye.

IT COMES UPON ME IN THE WOODS.

[Edward Rowland Hill.]
It comes upon me in the woods.
Of all the days, this day in May;
When wind and rain can never think
Whose turn it is now to have its way.

It finds me as I lie alone,
Blinking up through the swaying trees.
Half wondering if a man who reads
"Blue sky" in books that color seas—

So fathomless and pure; as if
All loveliest azure things have gone
To heaven that way—the flowers, the sea,
And left their colors there alone.

Hark! leaning on each other's arms.
The pines are whispering in the breeze.
Whispering—then hushing, half in awe
Their legends of primal seas.

The wild things of the wood come out.
And stir or hide, as wild things will.
Like thoughts that may not be pursued,
But come if one is calm and still.

Deep bemocks down the gorge shut in
Their caves with hollow shadow filled.
Where little feathered anoints
Behind a sunlit lattice build.

And glimmering through that lace of boughs,
Dancing, while they hang darker still,
Along the raftal river shines the light
The restless light's incessant thrill.

Those birds would hold no more aloof—
How know they I am here, so well?
'Tis you woodpecker's warning note:
He is their seer and sentinel.

They use him, but his faithfulness
Perchance in human fashion pay—
Laugh in their feathers at his voice,
And ridicule his stumbling way.

That far-off flute-note—hours in vain
I've followed it, so shy and fleet;
But if I found him, well I know
His song would seem not half so sweet.

But still I prate of sight and sound;
Ah, well, 'tis always so in rhyme:
The idle fancies find a voice.
The wise thought waits—another time.

FAME.

[F. W. Harvey.]
We know a man with funny feet
And foolish grin, a movie star;
His fame has spread to every street
From New Rochelle to Sanitar.

We know a man of wondrous mind
Too many brains his name is signed
And he is famous? He is Not.

A MODERN SONNET.

[Ella Fanning, in New York Sun.]
Oh, I wish you'd be a man for me!
I caught you Tuesday darning hose.
And even the dullest eye can see
Neat patches on your last year's clothes!

Your shoe-black hat, home-laundered
Your gloves with well-kinked finger-tips.
Your casual ways about the house,
Bring praises to a lover's lips.

I picture some safe inglenook.
A kitchenette, with you the queen.
I've heard you say you love to cook
The costly spiced and humble bean.

I've learned how simple are your tastes.
You're mindful of a poor clerk's purse;
Scorn her who coin on candy wastes—
Vow ices bad and lobster worse!

Ah, my Chlorida, heed these rhymes
Of one whose love will e'er prove true.
Who, in these fearsome, high-price times,
A treasure, girlie, sees in you!

Applied Domestic Science, pet!
Your household platform's chiefest boast.
Out of the salary I get
Each week a dime we ought to bank.

THE COUNTRY MOTHER.

Her snow-white hair,
Her kindly touch of her loving hands,
Her keen interest in her children,
The way she loves her homestead,
Her ability to cure everybody's ills,
The pies she bakes,
And the perfectly wonderful bread,
The tidiness of her home,
How the farm hands respect her,
That butter she churns,
And the cheese she makes,
Her treasure-trove of a cellar,
The vision of her in her rose garden.



For a "Great Vacation"

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by Canadian Pacific Steamer

FOR when the mercury is playing around in the upper eighties, and you wish Henry Ford would invent a self-refrigerating collar, do you ever stop to remember that the temperature of Lake Superior never rises above 40 degrees? What if you don't spare the time for a long holiday? The Canadian Pacific Railway's Clyde-built steamships make a five-day trip from Port McNicoll to Fort William and back, during which you can be as cool as an Eskimo and as comfortable as a clubman.

Roomy cabins, the best of chefs—oh, those broiled Lake Superior whitefish!—tea on deck under the lazy awnings—seagulls against the long, northern sunset—and a breeze from a thousand miles of clean pine woods, on duty twenty-four hours in the day.

Then—if you find you've got more time than you counted on—how about a week on the Niagara River, forty miles from Fort William, with guides, canoes, and camp fires and white water under the moon—and more speckled trout than you know what to do with?

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32x4	23.25	24.50	2.40	3.00
33x4	24.00	25.00	2.50	3.10
34x4	34.00	34.85	2.60	3.20
32x4 1/2	22.50	25.00	3.00	4.00
33x4 1/2	25.00	30.00	3.10	4.00
34x4 1/2	27.50	35.00	3.20	4.00
35x4 1/2	30.00	39.00	3.30	4.00
36x4 1/2	32.00	40.00	3.40	4.10
35x5	35.00	40.00	3.75	4.75
37x5	37.50	45.00	4.00	5.00

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28 x 2 1/2	8.50	1.85	1.35	31 x 4	2.15	32 x 4 1/2	3.00	36 x 4 1/2	3.15
28 x 2 1/2	8.50	1.85	1.35	32 x 4	2.25	33 x 4	3.00	35 x 5	3.30
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