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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Saturday, August 30.

No Empire Parliament

Lord Finlay, former British chancellor, discussing British problems before the Canadian Bar Association at Winnipeg, declared there could be no Empire Parliament, but that there is no reason why a permanent council for imperial affairs should not be established. This view, we think, be generally approved throughout the Empire. A fusion of the dominions and home parliaments would be a cumbersome method of administering the Empire's affairs. More than that, it would be dangerous in that it would hold possibilities of friction and discord. The peoples of Canada, Australia, South Africa, Newfoundland and New Zealand have no desire to interfere with one another's domestic matters, yet under a system of centralization this might easily happen. A confederation of free nations is what the British Empire now consists of, and any new relationship which in the slightest degree lessened our present independence would inevitably tend to create disagreements.

Speaking in London, Premier Hughes of Australia called the proposal for an empire parliament a dream, an impracticable vision. He said:

"What of the future? What is to be our place in the new world? One thing appears certain. Neither the self-governing dominions nor Great Britain would agree to surrender one jot or tittle of their political independence. The idea of an Imperial Parliament is a vision which can never take substantial shape, for it is in its very nature incompatible with the status of sovereignty which now more than ever the self-governing dominions jealously prize. But we must hope that somehow means will be found whereby this great confederation of free nations calling itself the British Empire can work, live and develop together in the highest interests of civilization and the welfare of mankind."

As with our Anzac cousins, the autonomy won by Canada, and so generously agreed to by the home government, is too precious a thing to have disappear in a merger of parliaments, no matter how splendid such an organization might be, or how effective. The new and closer relationship with the object of developing a happier, healthier, stronger empire in a reconstructed world can be made operative and efficient by the establishment of a permanent council, as Lord Finlay suggests, a body that would pass judgment only on such matters as affected the common interest of all, but in all other matters the dominions must retain their present sovereignty, something that would be difficult, if not impossible, under an empire parliament.

Financing Reconstruction

Although the United States has come out of the war in a most favorable economic position, and has really become the monetary centre of the world, her financiers are wondering how they are going to stand it. Uncle Sam has money to buy with and goods to sell, but the other countries have not the goods to sell or the means whereby to purchase. The credit of Britain, France, Italy and Canada has fallen to a serious extent, as the condition of exchange in New York points out. The more goods these countries buy in the States without sending an equal amount back the worse their credit becomes. As a result American financiers are seeking some plan to keep the wheels going and if they cannot find it industrial stagnation to some extent must follow.

A bill has been introduced in Congress to permit the formation of American corporations to finance foreign trade, but it is not making great progress. Some discussion is taking place on a plan offered by a British financial authority to organize a co-operative international pool to aid international credit. This plan involves a loan of five billion pounds, to be distributed among investors in various parts of the world and to be guaranteed by the interested governments. It is proposed that Britain and the United States each guarantee a billion, France half a billion and the balance to be divided among other countries, which, however, do not include Canada.

Whether this scheme materializes or not is for the future to show, but the fact that the financial authorities of the world are centering their attention on this problem shows the importance of developing international trade relations and the futility of attempts to gain national prosperity by declining to have "truck or trade" with the other fellow.

Where 'Prominent Men' Rule

Ontario Conservatives are having a row within their ranks over the question of holding a convention. Unfortunately for the equanimity of the provincial leaders of the party a few progressive spirits have risen to declare that the people should have something to say about political affairs. The Toronto World is leading in the movement and Hon. T. W. McGarry, provincial treasurer, is sponsor for the stand-patters. In fact, in a recent speech at Marmora Mr. McGarry declared that the idea of a convention did not meet with the approval of prominent men of the party and would not be held.

Mr. McGarry must be given credit for adhering to his principles. The convention idea is purely democratic and therefore Liberal; it was the means by which both provincial and federal leaders were chosen by the Liberal party. It has no part in the make-up of the Conservative party, which, as Mr. McGarry pointed out, is controlled by the "prominent men" within. Since Mr. Hears was present at the meeting at which the statement was made, and expressed no disapproval,

it may be taken for granted that the provincial treasurer's views were also those of the premier. Whether the "prominent men" fear the wrath of the rank and file may be surmised from the fact that they will permit of no expression of sentiment as to how the party is being conducted. It appears as though the World's efforts are but a forlorn hope.

A Princely Prince

The Prince of Wales has made a hit. In Quebec, Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa he has charmed and captivated vast assemblages of citizens met to do him honor. Many thousands, gathered to acclaim him for what he represents, have been won heart and head by this royal lad's personality. To the glory of unspoiled youth he adds a tactfulness and sympathy characteristic of his father, and still more of his grandfather. Much of what the Prince does and says is, of course, mapped out by those in charge of his itinerary, but it would all be very flat and stilted, save to the snobocracy, were it not for the Prince's boyish interest in things and desire to please which moves him to many delightful informalities. He has robbed the staged demonstration to royalty of its customary heaviness by being his democratic self instead of a mannikin performing as the strings are pulled, a figure to carry a lot of imperial trappings. He has shown himself thoughtful of others, good natured under what at times must be an irritating monotony, and a fine "mixer." In a word, Prince Edward is a "Prince."

Higher Education

Education was always a great leveller. Through the public schools and universities the poor man's son has a way open to success. "There is no royal road to learning," and that fact, coupled with the fact that only by diligent, hard work can learning be obtained, has resulted in a greater number of poor men's sons becoming learned men than the sons of those who did not see the necessity for hard work. Professional men the world over are nearly all poor men's sons. German professors justified the conduct of the kaiser, and this fact shocks or shatters the views held of men of learning. That any educated (or uneducated) man can honestly justify the kaiser's conduct towards Belgium cannot be believed. It was wholesale, unprovoked murder when viewed in its most favorable light. When the other atrocities committed on the women and children are added, the strongest words of condemnation become so weak that the ordinary, every-day criminal appears by comparison to be a saint. There is some very essential element lacking in the education of German universities when this result is possible. No young men of other nations should incur the risk of receiving education from them. It may be that their lives, having been spent where true freedom is unknown, has prevented them from developing a sense of justice. The bondage of militarism may be the cause.

Curbing the Hapsburgs

The Supreme Council of the Allies appears to hold much the same opinion of the Hapsburgs as Col. Watterson, who throughout the war's progress laid consigned the Austrian royal house to a sultry hereafter. The council has peremptorily ordered the Archduke Joseph to resign from the Hungarian ministry, and has told him plainly that the Hapsburgs must not further meddle with Hungarian state affairs. It was hardly to be expected that the Allies would sanction the return to power of the Hapsburgs even under a republican form of government. The Potsdam crew may have manipulated the great conspiracy which started the war, but the Dual Monarchy proved a willing instrument, and once the struggle was on co-operated enthusiastically in a thousand infamies. Hungary will be happier and safer rid entirely of the Hapsburgs, whose rule has been hateful for centuries, and the peace of Central and Southwestern Europe easier to keep with monarchist influence at Budapest eliminated.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"In the sunshine of your smile" hummed the fair young thing who had just danced with the Prince.

With war in Russia, Hungary, parts of Poland and Montenegro, one wonders if it will ever be over, over there.

Correspondents are again asked to remember that contributions intended for publication should bear the signatures of the authors.

California has invited the Prince of Wales to inspect its "sun-kist" oranges, but they will seem tame after Canada's son-kissed "peaches."

Some one should have a talk with the squirrels and find out whether these snowstorms in New York State and Michigan are signs of an early winter.

That Toronto newspaper which told of the Prince's mixing with the "tattered and ragged," wasn't what you would call boosting this fair land of prosperity.

What shall we do with the Union Government? asks the Woodstock Sentinel-Review. Why, that's easy. Give 'em pensions of eight to ten dollars a month, such as the Union Government is paying crippled veterans, and require them to live on the pensions.

Having heard that Goderich had obtained an enormous steel plant while Hamilton slept, the Hamilton Spectator yawns and asks "Where is Goderich?" It might be answered that Goderich is one of the places where trains hasten to as soon as they can get away from Hamilton.

The recent strike of Yorkshire miners caused \$10,000,000 damage to the mines, a coal loss to the industry valued at \$15,000,000, besides \$12,500,000 to kindred industries. The miners' strike fund of \$1,400,000, the result of 25 years' accumulation, was exhausted in four weeks. Who won?

THE FAMILY TENNIS COURT

By FONTAINE FOX

(Copyright)



William has come within one point of beating his father several times this summer.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

THE TROUBLE LISTENER.

By R. Ray Baker.

He stood at the park entrance, a dark, haired, fashionably garbed man of slender build, and allowed his cane to swing repeatedly against the wall that embraced the terrace. Beneath a small, dignified mustache his lips twitched nervously, and his black eyes, set in a pale, almost emaciated face, roamed restlessly over the throng that was enjoying a late afternoon stroller. He saw two men smoking corn-cob pipes contentedly, chatting amiably as they rested on a bench, against which a pair of crutches leaned. Nearby was a languid young woman with yellow hair shielded by a red parasol, gazing dreamily into space and now and then calling methodically, "Edward, come here!" to a bare-legged youngster romping heedless of her admonitions, on the lawn in the vicinity of a "keep off" sign.

A grimy laborer, clamping his jaws placidly on a plug and carrying a dented dinner pail, his shoulders hunched forward and his feet dragging after him, eluded the entrance, where the wind had separated several flocks and scattered them over the grass.

The laborer glanced furtively about, stepped gingerly on the lawn, and a moment later moved out of sight along the walk, whistling listlessly no tune in particular, the newspaper folded compactly and protruding from a coat pocket.

Two girls passed near the observer with the cane. One was chewing viciously on gum, punctuating her remarks with frequent smacks of her lips. The other evidently had been weeping, for there were traces of tears in her eyes and she carried a wilted handkerchief. "I'd tell 'im where 'im get off it," snapped the gum-chewer. "Don't let 'im put anything like that over on yuh. The 'dear dookin' yuh, a whole dollar's case, yuh busted one measly 'fift' cent case. Well, gooby, I gotta hurry home 'r get."

She hurried off through the park, while the other girl walked on down the street, snoring up more salt water when the tiny lace-fringed square of linen. All this ceased abruptly at the next corner, where she was joined by a young man and a ripple of laughter floated back.

The man with the cane smiled somewhat grimly and adjusted the stick on his arm.

"The inhabitants of this old world certainly have their troubles," he sighed, and as he turned he collided with a tall, thin, blond young woman clad in pink.

"Pardon," he murmured, and then as he recognized her: "Oh, hello, Evelyn. This is a surprise. What are you doing, that you can't see where you're going? Studying astronomy?"

Evelyn smiled sadly and took him by the arm. "You're just the man I need," she asserted. "I'm in awful trouble—and it's all on account of my no-good husband. Joe, I wish I'd married you. Come in the park and I'll tell you all about it, and maybe you can advise me."

With an air of reconciliation, he allowed himself to be piloted along the park walk. They were just in time to see and hear the amiable discussion of the two old men with corn-cob pipes break up in an angry, sputtering argument over the effect of the peace treaty on the map of Europe, or the high cost of living, or the betting percentage of the major league catchers.

As the man and the girl passed the young woman with the yellow hair, the youngster who had been romping on the lawn came running up to her, splitting the air with shrill, "Come over to this beach."

The young woman, manifesting great annoyance, stopped gazing at distant nothings, seized the bare-legged child by the arms and dumped him unceremoniously on the bench beside her. "Now, what's the matter?" she demanded angrily. "Can't I have a minute's peace? What are you roaring about?"

"I bit my finger," she wailed, and let loose another torrent of tears. "Shut up!" she commanded, and gave him a slap across the face. He became silent immediately, except for some half-suppressed sobs, evidently through fear. She looked up at Evelyn and her escort were passing, and nodded.

"Oh! How do you do, Mrs. Benjamin," she said. "Did you ever see such a kid? I don't have a second of comfort. I wish he'd never been born. He's driving me crazy."

"She thinks she's having troubles," said Evelyn to her companion, as they went on down the walk. "But her troubles are nothing compared to mine. Wait till I tell you. Come over to this beach."

As they were being seated she remarked: "Where have you been the last three years? I heard you went west. And you look so pale. You must have been sick."

He nodded but did not vouchsafe a reply, simply moistening his dry lips with his tongue.

"I heard they were engaged to marry out there," she rattled on. "Well, I got married soon after you left; and we lived so happily till—"

Tears came to her eyes and a choking sob halted her conversation. She blew her nose and resumed: "Ain't it queer to see people like Mrs. Mains back there fretting and worrying about that little boy and thinking she's in misery, while here I am with something real to worry about. Oh,

must be terrible—one of those vam-

pires." Another flood of tears broke forth and Carson looked about uneasily, hesitating to speak lest he say the wrong thing again.

The languid young woman with the bare-legged boy who was such a trial were passing. The youngster was laughing up at his mother as they tripped along, his hand in hers, by the way.

Evelyn looked after them and remarked smilingly:

"Well, Mrs. Haines has got over her spell and the kid's finger ain't bothering him now. Ain't that the limit?" She did not observe a middle-aged man and an elderly lady with grey hair who were sauntering through the park until they were close to the bench.

"Evelyn!" exclaimed the man in astonishment as he and his companion halted. "Why, how do you happen to be here?"

Evelyn leaped to her feet in surprise and confusion. However, in an instant she had regained her composure and was all smiles.

"Mrs. Wilcox," said the man, "allow me to introduce my wife, Evelyn, you remember my speaking about the buyer for the Clayburn millinery—our best customers? Well, this is she."

Evelyn beamed on Mrs. Wilcox. "So pleased to meet you," she said warmly. "My husband has often spoken of you. Can't you come up to the house for dinner tonight? Oh, by the way—Mrs. Wilcox and Walter, dear—meet Mr. Carson, an old friend I happened to meet while getting some fresh air and sunshine."

Carson acknowledged the introduction and presently excused himself. Slowly he walked out of the park, swinging his cane, and entered the hotel across the street. He noticed in passing that the two old men again were smoking in peace.

"Troubles, troubles," he soliloquized. "Everybody has them, and yet eventually they seem to work out all right. But mine—there's no chance."

He nodded to the clerk, who handed him a telegram. With nervous fingers Carson tore open the envelope. "Come home, Joe," it read. "Parks are closed to embellishment. You are released. I'm ready for the wedding."

Carson looked out the window at the hurrying crowds, which he did not see. The world's just about all right," he murmured. "Dear girl, she stuck to me through it all."

THE MODEST JAZZ-BIRD.

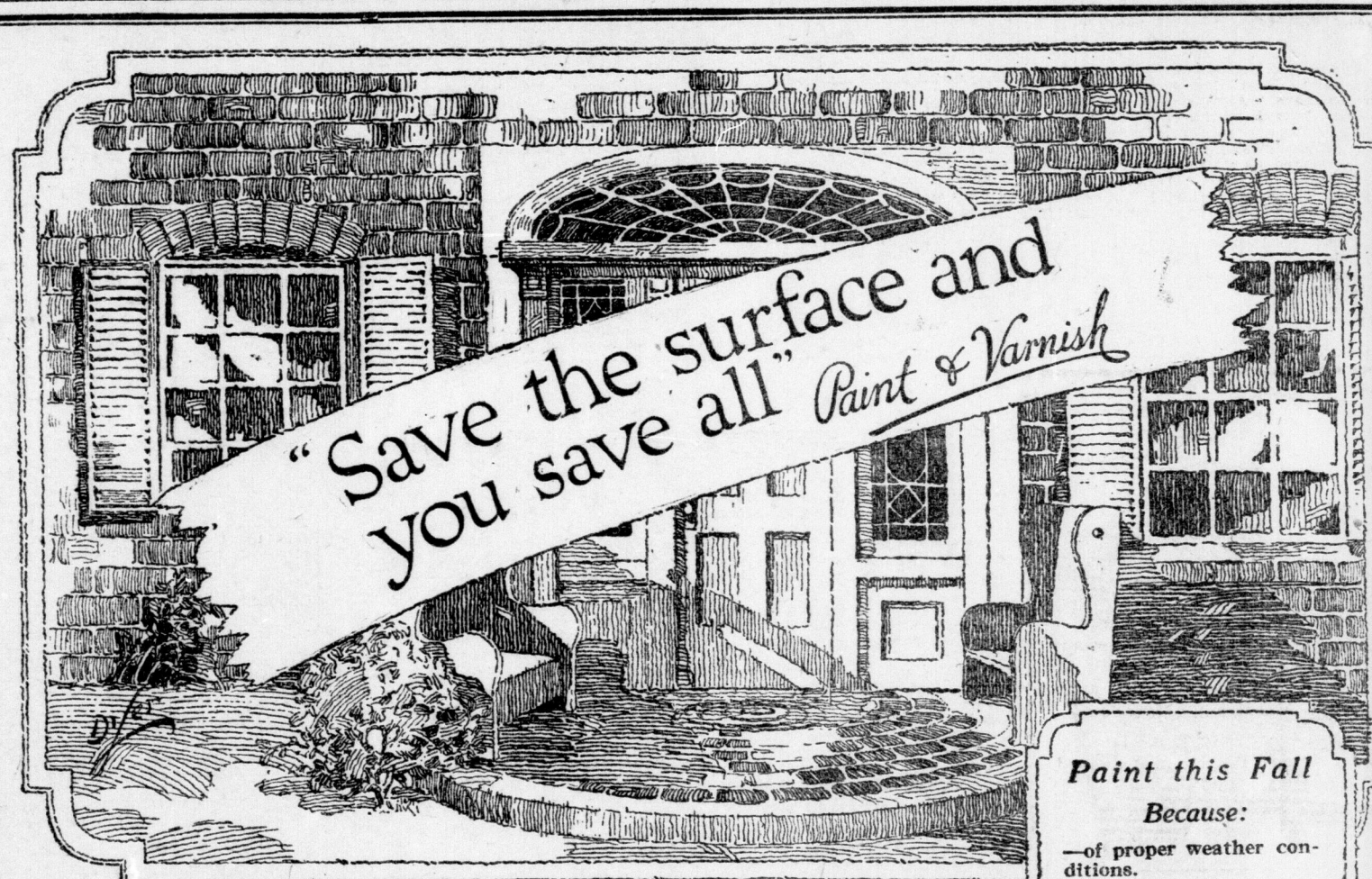
The Jazz-bird sings a barnyard song, A cock-a-doodle bray, A jingle-bells, a boiler works, A he-man's roundelay.

The eagle said: "My noisy son, I send you out to fight!" So the youngster spread his sunflower wings And roared with all his might.

His headlight eyes went flashing From Oregon to Maine; And the land was dark with airships In the darting Jazz-bird's train.

Crossing the howling ocean, His bell-mouth shook the sky; And the Yankees in the trenches Gave back the hue and cry.

And Europe had not heard the like— And Germany went down! The fowl of steel with clashing claws Tore off the kaiser's crown.



What your front door tells.

The two sides of your front door tell a double story about surface protection—there are few better examples. The inside makes plain every day how surface protection is needed in daily use—protection against kicks and knocks, against the scrubbing of cleaning cloth and the countless contacts with many hands.

Outside, the door has all this wear and more—for here are also the full heat of the sun—the driving rain, snow, hail and sleet.

Your front door, however, like everything you own, will be well preserved if given proper surface protection. The elements stop at the protective coating. Rough usage fails to penetrate through. Actual abuse often finds itself powerless to do any damage.

Disintegration must have a surface to begin on—deterioration comes from without. If a surface is coated, the coating suffers the entire attack. Save the surface and you save all.

Surface protection applied to any product of wood, metal, brick, concrete, stucco and plaster, renders the product immune to rot, rust, and disintegration, as long as the surface protection remains intact.

THIS ANNOUNCEMENT is issued by the Canadian Save the Surface Campaign Committee, for the purpose of educating the public in the Preservative and Protective value of Paint, Varnish and Allied Products for the Conservation of Property, and has received the approval of the Canadian Trade Commission in the following words:

"The realization of the above objects will lead to employment during the Reconstruction Period and bears our entire approval, THE CANADIAN TRADE COMMISSION



Commissioner

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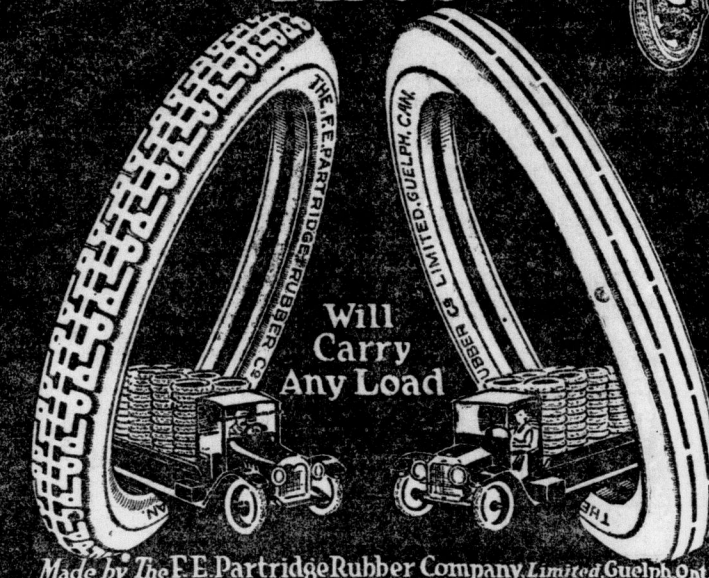
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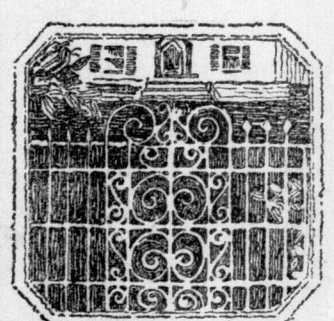
—of proper weather conditions—surfaces are now in their most receptive condition, practically every trace of moisture having been eliminated by the summer sun.

—the wood being dry it absorbs more readily and the paint holds better.

—a surface needing protection should never be allowed to go over the winter without it.

—property needs more protection during winter than at any other time.

"Save the surface and you save all"



An iron fence needs rust-insurance. With this treatment it should last indefinitely. In view of the cost of an iron fence and the long life expected from it, every business instinct calls for surface protection.