

London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.
MORNING. NOON. EVENING.

CITY—Delivered, 12c per week.

OUTSIDE CITY BY MAIL—Per year, \$4.00;
six months, \$2.00; three months, \$1.00.

3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS 3670
Private Branch Exchange.

From 10:00 a.m. to 9:00 a.m. and holidays call 3670.
Business Department; 3671. Editors; 3672. Reporters;
3673. News Room.

Toronto Representative—F. W. Thompson, 57
Main 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, Company, Old South
Building.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Monday, Sept. 10.

Have Eyes on Canada

With characteristic obtuseness, or perhaps with characteristic belief in the obtuseness of other countries, the Germans have already begun plans for encouraging emigration to the countries of their enemies. A society is said to have been organized in Berlin to promote emigration to Canada, and the Canadian authorities have been asked when operations may be commenced. Holland, Belgium and the Scandinavian countries as well as the countries of Southern Europe are also said to be sources from which many thousands of people will come to Canada as soon as the bars are let down.

The restrictions on immigration during the war may be responsible to quite an extent for the inquiries now being made, but the part Canada played in the war in providing an invincible army and in otherwise exhibiting resources of which the world knew little must have gone far in proving that this is a land flowing with milk and honey as well as with brain and brawn. It is to be hoped that the Canadians themselves have had their eyes opened to the potential wealth of their heritage and also to the fact that this wealth need not be shared with undesirable citizens. The desire to come to Canada is so great that Canada can take her choice, and Canada should not hesitate to do so. The classes of people allowed to come here should be carefully selected. They should be taught that it is a privilege to live in the Dominion, and the last to be admitted should be those responsible for the killing and maiming of thousands of Canadian boys.

The Community Center

The community centre movement is developing in Ontario slowly. A beginning has been made at two points in Middlesex County, Belmont and Clandeboy. At the former considerable funds have been promised for a suitable building and at the latter a hall is already serving as a meeting place for farmers' clubs and other gatherings. At Clachan, Elgin County, a community hall has been made possible through the generosity of a number of public-spirited men. At Delhi, Norfolk County, the question is under discussion.

Public men and educationalists see in the community hall movement an immense factor in overcoming the lack of social intercourse in rural centres and in keeping the boys and girls on the farm. With this and the community school, Hon. Dr. Cody sees a marked rejuvenation of country life. The idea is taking hold, but the common use of automobiles on the farms today has brought the farm so close to the city that lectures, sports and theatres are enjoyed by the farmer and his family almost as frequently as by his city cousin, and only to a lesser extent because of the long hours which he is required to give to his farm work.

To assist in giving effect to the act passed at the last session of the Legislature providing for the building of community halls the department of agriculture has had four sets of designs prepared, from which blue prints will be supplied when desired. The act requires that each hall include an auditorium with movable seats, a platform suitable for entertainments and debates, besides which there must be a reading room, library and kitchenette. At least three acres of land must be provided for sports, picnics and outdoor gatherings. The government will grant a sum equal to twenty-five per cent of the cost of the building, but not in excess of \$2,000. This is the plan outlined by the government to assist the farmers, but the farmers seem disposed to wait until after the election before bringing it into general operation.

Let's All Strike

Why don't we all get into this great twentieth century post-war game? The iron is hot, the wind is with us, the goose hangs high, and all the rest of it. Let's strike. Too many of us are back-numbers. We are plugging away as though we liked it, getting soggy with food and groggy with the belief that if we didn't work we'd starve. It's an old-fashioned idea, it's time to wake up and get in the day's procession, the strike procession that's up to the minute every minute of the twenty-four hours.

Who is there cannot find an excuse for going on strike? As a last resort we can strike in sympathy with the next hunger strike in jail, but we can always strike because it is the height of fashion. Take the merchants, the manufacturers, dealers of all kind, they can strike against the interference with profits. If they can't run their business as they want to, why they just ought to quit. That's it. Close up the stores, factories and warehouses. There isn't a merchant but should strike anyway because the people won't come to buy when his clerks are not busy, and the first time a manufacturer's shipment of raw material is delayed or a waybill is mislaid he should lock the doors and go home.

Where is the clerk or bookkeeper who doesn't get mad at the pesky boss for interfering and where is the stenographer who doesn't get tired of being dictated to? They have an excuse for striking forty times a day. Why should a bank manager get peeved when a note is overdue and sweat himself cold trying to get the bank funds placed to advantage and at the same time have

them on hand at the call of the depositor? What's the use? It's easier to strike. Why should a bank clerk worry his head off until the midnight hour because he can't get his books to balance, when it's so much handier to say two words and go play golf? Golf is a pleasanter occupation than balancing books, anyway.

And behold the medical man! Probably he never thought of it, but when he does everyone of him will be chairman of a strike committee. Called out of bed at all hours, summoned from one place to another without regard for his meals, his sleep or his recreation, on call twenty-four hours a day in fair weather or foul, who has a better right to strike? Even the clergyman's path is not all one of prayers and preachments for he is the slave of every one of the thousand people who sit in the pews occasionally and contribute a quarter to his stipend. He must come when they call and go when they send even though their fingers are stretched to all points of the compass at once, and he must smile like the sun in the daytime and the aurora borealis at night. Why shouldn't he strike? The lawyer appears in court and the judge adjourns his case. He should quit cold and go home to his family. And if the court errier's voice is raspy the judge should doff his robe and stride out with becoming haughtiness.

We mustn't forget the farmer. His troubles are multitudinous and never ending. If the weather is not too wet or too cold he gets his crops in, and then if it's not too wet or too dry or too cold or too hot and the bugs leave him alone and he gets some help he will be able to get a harvest which pays him 2 per cent on his investment with his labor and that of his family thrown in. His reasons for striking are as numerous as the bugs and worms that thrive on his plants. He likes to toil from dawn to dusk, but it should require little argument to show him the folly of his ways and induce him to throw up the sponge for good. Yes, we surely can count on the farmer to strike.

And as to the housewives, the two millions of them in this broad, munificent but down-trodden land, bless 'em, wouldn't they shoulder their brooms and rolling-pins and join the great free and evermore-to-be-untrammelled throng? Who of them is not heartily tired of working an hour before breakfast, all day and on into the night, three hundred and sixty-five and a quarter days a year, without pay or pension?

What a grand parade it would make! The undertaker could be there because he objects to having his hours of rest broken, and for the first time have his countenance wreathed in the happy smile of emancipation. The teachers and the school children united in a common cause could forget the troubles of the three R's, and the restaurant proprietors and boarding house mistresses, for want of anything else to do, could carry the banners.

A gay, a wondrous and care-free life in all the days to come! We wouldn't have to bother about meals, there'd be no food to eat; no more trouble about clothes, there'd be no clothes to wear; daylight saving could go hang. We wouldn't have to care when we went to bed or when we got up, and anyway we wouldn't have any bed to go to.

It's a happy thought and is not copyrighted. We would immediately vote all members of Parliament into the strike column, and get all civil servants, including the copyright office, into line. Sure, let every last mother's son of us and son's mother and daughter's dad and dad's daughter snatch up the spirit of these glorious times and strike.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Not a few people believe that Premier Hearst is double-crossing the bar.

Anyway, we shall watch for a while to see whether food prices come down or merely loop the loop.

What a lot of people in Canada will be able to say: "I shook the hand of the man who shook the hand of the prince."

No, prohibition is not driving the W.C.T.U. out of business. The Ohio organization has turned its attention to low-neck gowns and to baccos.

Let us hope the memorial to Sir Wilfrid Laurier will not have to wait for a century for consummation, as in the case of George Etienne Cartier.

General Pershing seemed anxious to start another argument when he told newspaper men the American doughboys were the best fighters in the world. If he had said "as good as the best" we might let him get away with it.

It is estimated that since the signing of the armistice 900,000 emigrants have sailed from New York, most of them bound for their homes in Southern Europe. They had with them an average of \$3,000 each, saved from their wages in the States.

A United States consular report says: "There is little reason why flax production and spinning, with the complementary industry of linen weaving, should not become one of Canada's important industries. In view of this, Ontario's leadership in the enterprise of a self-contained linen industry is especially interesting."

About 3,500,000 persons paid income tax to the British Government out of a population of 40,000,000, says the Financial Post. This is, roughly, ten per cent. In Canada payments were made by about one-half of one per cent. It is evident that the possibilities of this form of increasing our revenue have only been scratched.

W. A. Beddoe, Canadian trade commissioner to New Zealand, told the Border Cities Chamber of Commerce that there was a large field for reciprocal trade between Canada and the land of the Maori. In 1918 Canada's exports to New Zealand amounted to \$5,000,000, chiefly canned fish, lumber, furniture, wearing apparel, nails, wire, motor cars, paper, boots and shoes and pianos. New Zealand on the other hand sent \$8,000,000 worth of goods to this country, of which \$5,000,000 was represented by wool. New Zealand's chief exports are in commodities in which Canada should excel, the main industry being stock-raising, and yet Canada needs to import.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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

LITTLE TRINKET OF TIN.
By R. Ray Baker.

Equipped with \$100 and a horseshoe Clarence Archibald Creston Kennelworth was set adrift amid the cold currents of success seekers.

The capital with which he was expected to wrest wealth from the world was the gift of his father. The token of luck was from the girl he expected some time to marry.

The words accompanying the bank-notes ran something like this: "I gave you the chance to work in these steel mills and climb the ladder on the rungs of experience. That's the way I did it, and you could have done as well. Of course I'm only president of the company, but that is not so bad when you consider I had no education. But you insisted on a course at the university, and now you have it. Here's a hundred cash. Harness it to your learning and try to make good at something. If you fail just come back and own up to it, and I'll give you the same job you could have had four years ago without the college course."

The horseshoe came into Clarence's possession that night when he called on Magdalene Osborne to tell her their wedding would have to be postponed "another hundred years," because his father had refused to make him a manager in the mills, and now he would have to learn how to do something, and then do it until he had enough money to finance a voyage on the matrimonial sea.

"I thought you learned how to do things at college," Magdalene observed in sympathetic tones. He grinned through his frown of despair.

"That's where you thought wrong. The only things I learned in college were football and baseball. To be frank, Mag, the only way I ever passed my examinations was with the assistance of that master partner—luck. In fact I just bluffed my way through, studying very little. I've always been a good bluffer and had my share of luck, but you can't bluff father."

Magdalene smiled with the dawn of an idea, excused herself and left the room, returning with a horseshoe about the size of a half dollar.

"It's not silver," she assured him, "although it does have a good shine. It's just tin, but the little trinket has been in our family for many generations and has always brought luck to the possessor."

Clarence attached the token to his watch-chain and somehow it seemed to give him confidence.

"I'll make good at something," he promised, as he took his leave. "Until I get a good start though you'll not hear from me."

Clarence did not deserve the calumnious chain of names that fettered him. Ancestors on his mother's branches of the family tree were to blame. If he had been blessed with names better than his appearance, personality, the fact would have been something like John Sam Hank Brown. As it was, however, "Cack" had taken his initials and called "Cack" for his nickname.

He was a healthy specimen of twenty-three, with six feet of height and a generous girth. While not exactly handsome, he was attractive, with twinkling blue eyes, a mouthful of shiny teeth, a mop of light brown hair that looked rusty and a Roman nose, which never got thought larger than necessary, never got in the way. He was not complacent by any means, but was chuckling with a roll of his eyes that would mark him for a sailor, although he had never seen an ocean.

Before hunting a job "Cack" felt it necessary to eat, so he hunted a restaurant, and seating himself at a table, picked up a newspaper. An account of a murder drew his attention. The detective still in the book for the "clue," he read. A cough at his shoulder apprised him of the presence of a waiter.

"By George!" he exclaimed, mentally, "I'm going to be a detective."

"Bring me some hash," he told the waiter.

On the ninth floor of a nine-story building detective Cack waited for clients. His office rent came cheap because he was willing to trust himself in Room 15.

Kennelworth's Detective Agency was advertised in both the local papers, but at the beginning of the agency's second week of existence these advertisements had done more than flatten the firm's pocketbook. Numerous "incidental" expenses, including a license to "detect," had eaten the hundred, and Clarence was worrying about his next meal.

Across the street two men on a scaffold were painting, or so it seemed, the brick wall of a building. Clarence watched with wistful eyes, puffing viciously on his cigarette, and finally decided, and pulled the shade over the window, shutting the lamp from view. "I'll have to give it up and call on father."

He reached for the telephone, but before he could lift the receiver the door opened. It started him and he sat for half a minute as though dazed, then cautiously answered.

"This is Clarence—Kennelworth's Detective Agency."

"This is George Dillingham," said a harsh voice. "I wish a detective out to my summer residence—169 Clifford avenue. Somebody lifted \$10,000 from the safe."

Detective Cack gulped hard, then gasped.

"I'll be right—F'll send my best man right out."

He returned the receiver to its resting place, bounced to his feet, snatched his hat from the wall, raised the window blind and gazed glowingly at the dawn for a second, then ran all the way down the eight flights of stairs to the street and hailed a taxi.

"I'm engaging a private detective against the advice of my son-in-law."

"This is George Dillingham, putting at his white gloves, spreading his short legs far apart and glaring fiercely through powerful-lensed spectacles.

"Better have kept the whole thing quiet," snorted the son-in-law, biting viciously into a cigar. He was about Clarence's own age, and with a quick, nervous manner. His face appeared never without a sneer, for his features were built that way. He lighted the cigar. "What's a mere \$10,000 to raise a rumour about?"

"Then thousands ten thousand," observed the practical Mr. Dillingham.

The son-in-law shrugged his shoulders and left the library. Mr. Dillingham approached the criminal apprehender, who was examining the dial on the safe.

"I'm against detectives myself," he said, with dignity and added: "I have never failed on a case."

Mr. Dillingham related what he knew of the robbery. While discussing a business deal with his son-in-law, which necessitated opening the safe to examine some papers, he had been called from the room by Mr. Petty's call of "Help! Stop thief!" had brought him back on the run, and he had found the son-in-law lying on the floor, his coat partly torn off, pointing to the window and gasping. "He went through the window."

Glancing out the aperture in question Mr. Dillingham had seen no one. An examination of the safe had disclosed that ten thousand dollars was missing.

"Have you a clue?" he asked Clarence, concluding his story.

Detective Cack smiled enigmatically.



Make the News More Interesting

WHEN you sit down to read the newspaper after dinner, chew a Chiclet. Scrunching the dainty candy-coating releases a flood of zesty peppermint flavor that adds interest to the news.

Besides, Chiclets are an ideal after-dinner confection—"Really Delightful." They satisfy that craving for "something sweet." Aid digestion. Keep the teeth white. Sweeten the mouth.

A packet left lying around is soon an empty packet. For children look on week-ends, take home the generous Chiclets as the greatest of "goody" treats. Sold everywhere—ten for 5 cents. For 25 cent box.

—an Adams product, particularly prepared

ADAMS Chiclets

CANDY COATED GUM

Canadian Chewing Gum Co., Limited, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

"Call the servants," he directed. One of all the servants might have shut in disgust, his hand came in contact with the tin horseshoe on his watch chain. A shaft of light struck the trinket and was reflected against the tree.

"Don't shoot," pleaded a trembling voice behind the tree. "I give up."

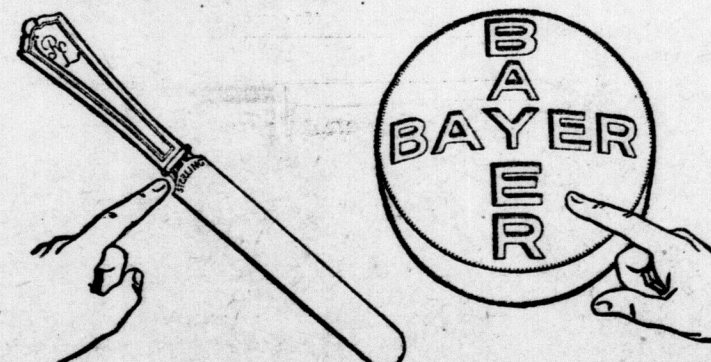
The form of a man, cowering and trembling, slunk forth. Clarence drew out his electric flash and let loose a flood of light. Before him stood Mr. Petty, a traveling bag in his hand.

"The ten thousand's in the bag," he said. "I was trying to beat it, but I saw you coming and dodged behind the tree. When I heard you cack that gun, and saw the light reflect from the barrel, I decided it was time to quit."

Half an hour later Detective Archibald Creston Kennelworth, with \$500 in his pocket, was revealing himself with smoked ham. Another half hour passed before he was ringing the doorbell at the home of Magdalene Osborne.

ONLY TABLETS MARKED "BAYER" ARE ASPIRIN

Not Aspirin at All without the "Bayer Cross"



The name "Bayer" on Aspirin is like Sterling on silver. It positively identifies the only genuine Aspirin—the Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over nineteen years and now made in Canada.

Always buy an unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which contains proper directions for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuritis, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Joint Pains, and Pain generally.

Tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Larger "Bayer" packages. There is only one Aspirin—"Bayer"—You must say "Bayer."

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monocacetic acid of Salicylic acid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

TWO GOOD SALTS

SIFTO CENTURY

You can say goodbye to that eternal table embarrassment—clogged up salt shakers—if you use SIFTO. It flows freely, always, to the last grain. Dust free cartons.

Then—for a splendid all-round household salt, get CENTURY—pure and good. Use them both.

DOMINION SALT CO. LIMITED, SARNIA, ONT.

DOMINION SALT CO. LIMITED, SARNIA, ONT.

DOMINION SALT CO. LIMITED, SARNIA, ONT.

DOMINION SALT CO. LIMITED, SARNIA, ONT.

DOMINION SALT CO. LIMITED, SARNIA, ONT.

DOMINION SALT CO. LIMITED, SARNIA, ONT.

DOMINION SALT CO. LIMITED, SARNIA, ONT.

DOMINION SALT CO. LIMITED, SARNIA, ONT.

DOMINION SALT CO. LIMITED, SARNIA, ONT.

DOMINION SALT CO. LIMITED, SARNIA, ONT.

DOMINION SALT CO. LIMITED, SARNIA, ONT.

DOMINION SALT CO. LIMITED, SARNIA, ONT.

DOMINION SALT CO. LIMITED, SARNIA, ONT.

DOMINION SALT CO. LIMITED, SARNIA, ONT.

DOMINION SALT CO. LIMITED, SARNIA, ONT.

DOMINION SALT CO. LIMITED, SARNIA, ONT.

DOMINION SALT CO. LIMITED, SARNIA, ONT.

DOMINION SALT CO. LIMITED, SARNIA, ONT.

DOMINION SALT CO. LIMITED, SARNIA, ONT.

DOMINION SALT CO. LIMITED, SARNIA, ONT.

DOMINION SALT CO. LIMITED, SARNIA, ONT.