

## London Advertiser

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LIMITED.

London, Ont., Monday, Sept. 8.

## The Western Fair

Western Ontario's big exhibition is open. The gate-keepers took their places Saturday and today the formal opening is observed.

This fair stands by itself among all the fairs of Canada because it is in the heart of Canada's great agricultural district, and its exhibits of agricultural products are not surpassed anywhere. In point of attendance it usually ranks next to Ottawa, which boasts a place second only to Toronto. The latter has many advantages, chief among which is the wealth to engage superior attractions, but as a general exhibition of educational importance the Western Fair contrasts with Canada's National Exhibition only in the matter of available space. The day is not far distant when this handicap will be overcome, for the directors have realized for years the need of more ground and more buildings. Probably before another year has passed steps will be taken to provide extensive accommodations, and it is to be hoped that in making this move the board will look far into the future.

In the meantime the 1919 fair in point of exhibits sets a new pace and is worthy of the presence of every person within a radius of one hundred miles who can attend. The livestock and dairy, horticultural and agricultural buildings contain exhibits from the surrounding country which would prove an inspiration to visitors from a distance who are not familiar with the possibilities of this favored peninsula. The industrial and machinery buildings, many special tents, the automobile building, show samples of the best products in the country. The entries in the dog show are sure to be an attraction for all who are fond of pets, while the picture gallery has a special appeal for lovers of art. There are many war relics on the grounds and there will be a series of side shows for those who desire relaxation, to say nothing of the grandstand performance which will be worthy of the fee itself.

London people should patronize this fair as many days as possible. There is no better advertisement for a fair than its record crowds. The effect is cumulative from year to year, and the big attendance this year will encourage the directors in making their plans for larger grounds.

## Sir Arthur's Visit

The visit of General Sir Arthur Currie to London today makes the Western Fair of 1919 an event of special historic importance. He is Canada's greatest military figure, one of the greatest military figures of the empire, he has just returned from the scenes of notable achievement and he is a Middlesex boy. Nothing could be more appropriate than that he should open Western Ontario's exhibition, which represents all the arts of peace, but which is held in the centre of a district from which fifty thousand of his men were drawn.

The exhibition represents the products of soil and of genius without which a war cannot be won or a country developed. Sir Arthur's visit demonstrates in his own presence and in the military feature of his reception, that Western Ontario can be militant in war, and the occasion of his visit demonstrates that this district can be militant in peace; whether the sword or the plowshare is the weapon Western Ontario is behind it with force and determination. The noblest of the district's youth followed Sir Arthur at the front; the noblest of the district's products are here for his inspection.

It is unfortunate that there are those who have criticised the commander for his work in the field, but it is not to his discredit, for every great man has his detractors. Much has been made of the advance on Mons when the armistice was about to be signed, but Sir Arthur himself was effectually disposed of this canard. He was thoughtful of his men, he sacrificed none that could be saved, and every move he made was part of the general campaign mapped out at chief headquarters. He is here today, a man and a leader only to be honored, and London is honored by his presence.

## Mr. Fisher's Second Letter

We publish in another column a second letter from Mr. Fisher in reply to our editorial referring, at his request, to his first letter.

Mr. Fisher asks several questions which are covered by well-known principles. It is quite evident that our views and Mr. Fisher's views as to the duty of a government differ very widely and that difference causes us to look at the question in an entirely different light. Not many years ago, but in the time the Mowat Government was in power, a lightning rod company failed and the charter was exhibited on the stump during a general election with Sir Oliver Mowat's signature attached to prove that the Mowat Government was to blame for the losses incurred by the failure of the lightning rod company.

Mr. Fisher goes almost as far. He overlooks the fact that no government could protect investors from possible loss. If a company is organized according to the law for a legitimate

purpose and continuously complies from year to year with the law it would surely be very rash if it plunged in on some seeming error and "closed the doors of the institution." The loss and harm the government might do would only increase the loss. In the case he speaks of the investments in British Columbia were not all bad. We understand some of those made by Mr. Stratton were profitable. It would be improper to substitute the judgment of an official of the government for that of the board of directors. Investors place their money frequently because they have faith in the board of directors. They know better than it is possible for an official of the government to know what is best.

Mr. Fisher objects to investments in lands for subdivision and sale. If he considers the question he will conclude that many large fortunes have been made in this way. In fact, until recent years a very great part of the money made in America was made by the increase in the value of lands. The government is not to blame for incorporating such a company or for its failure should it occur. It is not "wildcat," but perfectly legitimate and generally safe. The Englishman's advice to his son when going to America, "Invest your money in real estate in any city in America and never sell," was not wildcat advice. It was the man who sold who lost.

We do not think there is much use in pursuing the subject further. Mr. Fisher places a responsibility on a government that we do not believe in. We believe in individual freedom with as little government interference as possible. We prefer the English views to the American views on questions of this description. We do not think Mr. Fisher intended to reflect on loan or mortgage corporations in general, but his remarks could fairly be construed to mean that if a loan company failed the loss occurring would be the fault of the government. We entirely disagree with that view and we think the Hearst Government was in no way to blame in the instances given. It should not have either the power or responsibility Mr. Fisher would give it.

## The Soldiers Want Justice

There is always suspicion of a colored gentleman somewhere in the woodpile when the Government starts out to make itself a good fellow, and while Canada cannot do too much for the returned soldiers it is doubtful if the soldiers themselves will applaud the proposal to extend the gratuity for another six months and add another \$150,000,000 to the public debt.

The first gratuity was granted in order to give the men an opportunity to rest up after their arduous campaigns, to get their feet firmly under them, so to speak, in whatever calling they proposed to follow, and to give the Government a chance to make permanent arrangements for their welfare. The Government was caught unprepared when the armistice was signed and the granting of another six months' gratuity is acknowledgement that it is still unprepared or else it is a bald bid for the soldiers' support in the elections which are not far off.

Without doubt there are hundreds of soldiers who should receive additional gratuities and increased pensions. There are hundreds of them who are crippled for life, unable to earn a living and who are trying to get along on inadequate pensions. Whatever is done for these and for other deserving men should not be in the form of gratuities, but in the form of permanent assistance.

The soldiers as a body are not satisfied with the way they have been treated. They have been offered land, they have been offered vocational training, but they have not found the organization behind them which they had a right to expect. What, for instance, has the Government, either provincial or federal, to say in reply to the following letter received by The Advertiser from a returned soldier who knows whereof he speaks:

"I wonder what the soldiers' settlement board is trying to do in Northern Ontario. Is it trying to exterminate that little band of returned heroes up there or is it trying to do what is right by them? They had better let the returned soldier have a square deal and not give preference to the bo-hunks by letting them live in the best houses when the returned soldier and his wife have to put up with sod shacks. Not only that, but the returned man has to pay more for the necessities of life than the alien. The state of affairs discovered up there by the Grand Army of Canada investigator is simply appalling. There is one poor woman up there in a delicate state of health with not a place fit for her and the expected little one. This state of affairs is a disgrace to this fair Canada of ours and it's a good thing that we have a body of men that are really getting after such things."

If the Government believes it can smooth over such conditions as this by handing out a gratuity it does not know the stuff of which Canada's heroes are made. The men who fought in Europe fought for right and justice; that sense of justice is still with them.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Prince Edward Island is also Liberal.

According to custom and the Toronto papers the Toronto fair closed "amid a blaze of glory." London's fair opens amid a halo of delight.

The communists in session at Chicago have decreed that lawyers, doctors and editors will not be permitted to take part in "the revolution." We don't know what they have again us.

The worst the Montreal Gazette can say against Leader D. D. McKenzie is that he rifled Aesop, the Holy Writ and Mother Goose in one of his characteristic speeches. Aesop is dead, the Holy Writ is there to be rifled, and as to Mother Goose, the Gazette might demand restitution.

At least one London merchant does not credit the printed story that there is a famine in school books. He has learned from experience that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and by ordering early has always had an ample supply of books for his patrons. Notwithstanding this he suggests that if pupils are having difficulty in getting supplies the school board should provide these necessities each term.

## The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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WHITE CHIMNEYS.  
By Dora Jones.

Winifred had wired Baltimore as soon as she reached New York. If she lingered, some of Leslie's friends were certain to recognize her and tell him, but she knew of one safe hiding place. "Take Bel Air bungalow, Harley Manor, Deep River, three months." Her agent there would understand she knew, and ask no questions. She took the night train down, and reached Deep River about 7. It was a run of four miles to the shore of the Chesapeake, and there lay her hide-away. As she drove along the narrow, winding shore road, the first glimpse of its white chimneys above the willows brought a sob of relief to her throat. It had been their honeymoon home, two years before, and already she longed to break the tie that bound her to Leslie.

A fire had been laid in the living room. She knelt before the blazing knots and spread her fingers to the warmth. "Deed, an' if Eph and me had just a known 'yo' was comin', we'd had all de comforts for 'yo, Miss Winnie." Aunt Dinorah watched her solicitously, her head on one side, as she sensed the trouble in every dejected line of the

slender figure. "Ain't but a day since 'yo' was here, and Mister Forbes?" Before Winifred realized the break in her nerves, she was trying on the old colored woman's ample shoulder, and being petted as if she had been ten instead of twenty-two. After she had been helped into an easy negligee, and given breakfast out on the porch overlooking the broad blue water of the bay, she tried to think of her next step.

If it had been anything definite, any real facts that she could hold to against him! But there was nothing except the suspicion in her own mind, and Leslie's own manner. That—and, of course, she knew he had been engaged to Mrs. Pomeroy four or five years before.

She had thrown him over to marry Cutler on account of money, rumor said, and now she was a widow and wealthy, she had engaged Leslie as her lawyer to settle the estate. That meant she was at liberty to consult with him at any time, to call him to her side at any hour, to renew all of the old intimacy, and hide her interest in him under the guise of their business relations.

Leslie had laughed at Winifred's little hints against it, and had gone on in his steady, business-like way. Then, one day, he had stepped slowly and stood over her, his hands folded behind him, his grey eyes full of yearning and relief. Behind him, amidst old Eph's garden hat held between his hands anxiously, and Aunt Dinorah shouted at him indignantly from the back of the house.

"Ain't got no sense, nevah did have, nevah 'spect 'yo' will have, ole man, and the way he locked the parson in his safe, made her suspicious. Were they old love letters? Or was it even some-

thing more personal, some gift that Pay Pomeroy had dared to send him to worry her, perhaps?"

Finally, after a week of estrangement, he had demanded to know the cause of her manner toward him, and Winifred had told him—told him eagerly, longing for his quick assurance and love, but Leslie had closed his lips and told her absolutely nothing.

"It is not my secret," was all he said, and Winifred needed only the telephone message that came for him later to believe all she feared. The maid brought it to her. Mrs. Pomeroy was ill and must see Mr. Forbes at once about the old trouble. Winifred had given the message to him herself over the office wire, and had waited. Leslie's tone was clear and concise.

"I would be home for dinner, dear, possibly not until midnight." She had left on the evening train, without a word for him, with all of the unreasoning, heart-breaking misery and recklessness possible, and now the peace of White Chimneys enfolding her. She fell asleep in the porch hammock, her amber silk negligee cast aside for a little spot suit of pongee, her hair rumpled like a tired youngster's around her face.

It was here that Leslie found her. Worn from a sleepless night, he came up the porch steps slowly and stood over her, his hands folded behind him, his grey eyes full of yearning and relief. Behind him, amidst old Eph's garden hat held between his hands anxiously, and Aunt Dinorah shouted at him indignantly from the back of the house.

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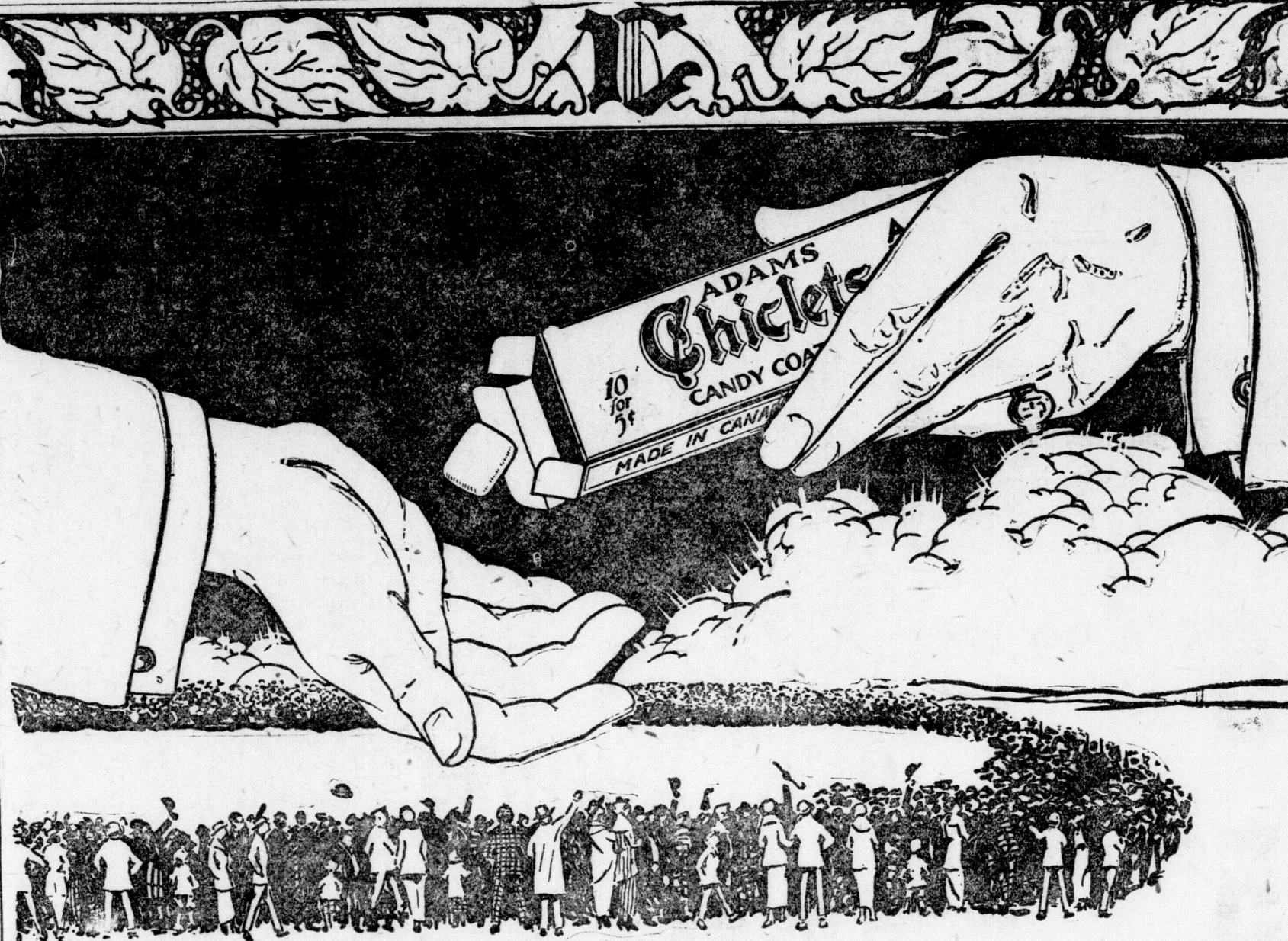
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