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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED

London, Ont., Wednesday, August 4.

AFRAID TO JUMP.

The Government is tired and out of touch with the country. The House of Commons is tired and out of touch with the country. The remedy is a new Government and a new House of Commons, representing public opinion as it is today, not as it was in 1917. Both Government and Parliament are aware of the lack of sympathy between them and the people, but are afraid to apply the remedy. Many supporters of the Government realize that they cannot be re-elected, and for that very reason shrink from a general election. The situation is uncomfortable enough, but not as bad as

THE IRISH SITUATION.

of the frying pan into the fire.

that which an election would bring about.

Holding an election would be like jumping out

Lloyd George's announcement in the British Commons that the Government is about to take more drastic measures to put down the shameful outlawry in Ireland should please all save the extremists who have given the Emerald Isle a name for disorder and outrage. All true friends of Ireland will welcome this repressive action, for it is clear that in such manner alone can Ireland be brought back to sanity and safety. The Government has been patient under the most exasperating conditions, but the time has come when it must back down completely or take a firm hold with all its powers. This is, of course, just what the leaders of the Republican movement have been to sell," on opening a box of small woods still exercising his intellect. And Spargo, who had suppression employed may be.

every person in the Dominion now ready in Ontario. cold storage throughout Canada. That is less than ten days' normal consumption. Returns as compiled by the Bureau of Statistics, Ottawa, for July, were:

	in cure	
Licos meur		
Meat read	v for market	 31,378,842

The average consumption is 137 pounds a year for each person. A year's requirements, of meat in storage all told is equal to 151/2 days' supply for the Dominion, and the quantity actually ready is equal to 91/2 days' surply.

It is false to assume that there has been an increase because by comparison with June re- dangerous. crease. In fact, the net drop in all meat sup- failed to find the book. plies is 5.18 per cent compared with a month ago and the net increase compared with a year ago is less than one-sixth of one per cent.

There are now in store in all the warehouses in Canada exactly one-half the sup- bigger navies. Is there any portent in this? plies of meats there were in January, 1919. The drop since January last even is one-third. The following tables will demonstrate:

(000's	omitted)	
J	January	January	July
	1919	1920	1920
Pork	38,292	22,132	41,973
Beef	57.167	50,263	9.408
Mutton and lamb	8,964	7,160	1,081
		an insurance or	
	104 499	70 555	50 400

The changes from June last and July, 1919. can be easily grasped from the following per

entages:		
	Since June 1920	, Since July 1919.
Pork, increase	22.42 P. C	C. 5.83 P. C
Mutton and lamb,		
crease	21.50	32.32
	43.92	38.15
Net decrease	5.18 Incr	rease .15

EARL HAIG'S ILLUSTRATION.

from that district came some of the most famperformed in all parts of the empire. Among parishioners, but to develop their own full manthe battalion in that world-renowned regiment was the 7th Fife Battalion, recruited in Kirkwas the 7th Fife Battalion, recruited in Kirkcaldy, and from this neighborhood went many facture as well. rallant fellows to fight in the battalion and between the hands and the brain that parents and tied up. others were in France with the 51st Division. educators do well to treat with deep respect. The home folks had indeed good reason to be proud of the men they sent out to fight, and

good illustration. He said: What had happened? There was a story of en English country village which possessed an extremely fine and very ancient lichgate immediately beside the main doorway of the parish church. Across the old oak beam of

the gate were deeply carved the words, "This churchwarden, anxious to preserve the lichgate from possible injury, hung modern notice, "Please go round the other (Laughter.) The story, he thought, was not altogether inapt as an illustration of what had too often taken place in the case of ex-service officers and men. (Applause.) In spite of all that was promised them in the old days of the war, when they had asked since for these promises to be redeemed, for employment for the fit or an adequate pension for the disabled, they had all too frequently been told politely but firmly "to go round the other way." (Applause.) He did not wish it to be thought that he was saying that nothing had been done. He knew that a great deal had been done. The gate had not been wholly closed upon them, but it had been opened to such a partial and insufficient extent that on the 1st of June last-nineteen

over 187,000 ex-service men were claiming out-of-work donation. Between the utmost that the Government had been able to do to assist ex-service officers and men and what was the minimum required to be done to discharge the nation's pledges there was a very wide gap, which could only be bridged by private effort. Until that gap was bridged. whatever the Government had said or done, the nation was not fulfilling its promises. The men who fought were as good as their word. They had performed their part of the bargain in full, and they had a right to have the other half discharged as fully. (Applause.) The more he travelled about these islands, and met wherever he went men whom he was proud to recognize as his comrades-in-arms of old days, and heard the same story of the still harder battle that many of them had been called upon to fight now that the war itself was over, the more he felt it to be his do all he could to help them. (Applause.) He asked them not to let this matter rest and the memories of the war grow dim until the last of their debts were fully (Loud applause.)

EDITORIAL NOTES.

People who plan to reform the variety stage

Premier Meighen Looks at Quebec With Longing Eyes. Headline. Ha, Ha! Stealing and I shall bid you heartily welcome." Theda Bara's stuff.

What a beautiful world it w ald be if the to wait upon you to the moment." average won:an was as expert with the floor mop as she is with the face mop.

Somebody has discovered that Lloyd George is very musical. But he doesn't seem able to keep in tune with the Irish harp.

Overheard at the movies:

Why do they always call Philadelphia, "Pa"? For the same reason that they call Winni-

One realizes truly that "Life has loveliness playing for. There is likely to be some stern growth from our great preserved forest land to punishment handed out, and it will give the the north, in Algonquin Park. First a layer of of the Watchman had furnished him, told how, in Sinn Feiners and their friends the opportunity lush club moss, with its cool, moist tang of to charge the Government with persecution. the dark woods places, then liberal groups of he made no mention of the Marbury matter, being By this time, however, the world realizes that perfect miniature ground pine, with tiny the organized assassination and lawlessness branches tipped by little cones of golden green, comes from a bitter faction, not from the people brilliant crimson bunchberry from whose of Ireland as a whole, and the British Govern- clusters a few glowing berries have tumbled in ment will have the moral support of the on- transit, to mingle with the dark greens of the ing matters; "you have no idea of the value which nockers in the final clash between disorder and moss and pines, different small fern species in decency, no matter how harsh the means of secure moss keeping, and an interesting clump framed, and just as securely fastened to the wall of perfect moss growth in which is tangled the Those fifty silver tickets, my dear sir, were made glossy three-leafed golden thread. All these to give just a hint of the vast hidden beauties of smith, There are about 3½ pounds of meat for nature stored in the wooded islands of Northern fifty leading burgesses of the town to be kept in

BIBLE IN MANUSCRIPT.

the 309 parchment leaves of the book, which is considered priceless.

A well-to-do resident of New York is the proud possessor of a manuscript Bible written by his only son, a cripple. It does not contain a single error or slip, for if error or slip occurred the youth discarded therefore, total 1,233,000,000 lbs. The quantity the whole page. The verses and readings are all in red ink, and the whole is beautifully written. In a house in Grafton street, London, there is a

shorthand Bible, which was written at least two by an apprentice in the days of James II., when to Dragon, that I could repeat the names of all the possess a "common or garden" Bible was rather families who held those tickets. So I can. But

A lady in America cherishes a Bible which an pork, mutton and lamb. The decrease in the to-house search was being made for stray copies of the formal transfer of the contraction of the contra quantity of beef more than outweighs that inhouse, but it is not a matter of wonder that they

[Calgary Heraid.]
It is a significant fact that among all the nations

that were engaged in the great war, Japan and the United States are the only ones that are building

THE VALUE OF TRAINED HANDS.

[Minneapolis Journal.] The world could greatly profit by the wisdom of the ancient Hebrews in requiring every manchild to learn some constructive trade. Thus, for example, Jesus was a carpenter, and Paul a tentmaker. Had their respective callings failed to support them, they could have fallen back easily on

their handicraft for support.

But possible support is not the chief good in the universal education of the hand. We do the child's thing now that I had never thought of."

Character grave injustice when we fail to give his

The old gentleman unfastened the class hand as well as his head a training to the point of skill. The child or man who cannot use efficiently until he came to one whereon was a list of names. both hands and brain constructively is not more He pointed this out to Spargo. than half educated. Paul was a more powerful preacher and a more capable leader of men because

he could make a first-class tent, and knew that said. he could do it This fact has its proof in the power of many a leader of laboring men at this day. Their mastery of men comes in great measure from their mastery of their trade. The man who can drive a locom

him mighty. Our schools are schooling a considerable popula-tion of young men who go into their life-work Earl Haig was recently presented with the with perhaps a good general knowledge of things, anything recent. but with no well-grounded faith in their two hands. freedom of Kirkcaldy in Scotland. In replying The larger part of these young people could have I thought somebody else had it." to the presentation, he referred to the fact that had this same general knowledge, and a pair of

them so willed. ous Scottish regiments. The reputation of the lit is coming to be thought worth while to give The old ma Black Watch needed no words of his to main- even candidates for the ministry a real shop or list of names. tain it. It lived in the story of the brave deeds the relations between them and their prospective

There is an intimate psychological relation

THRIVING WITHOUT THE BAR. [Brantford Expositor.]

when referring to what was to have been done and what was done, Earl Haig gave a dation increased to 4 000 rooms, thus making it the local market and at present has 2,000 rooms, is to have its accommodate. In this corner of the world. But—aye, here it is—the newspaper of October 5, 1891. Now, here is is—the newspaper of October 5, 1891. Now, he dation increased to 4,000 rooms, thus making it the tell you what to do. I've just got to go into my largest hotel in the world. The old Manhattan and office for an hour to talk the day's business over Murray Hill Hotels are to be torn down, and in place of the latter an hotel erected which, with its garden there, with one of these cigars, and read you lift it right off with fingers. Truly! 3,000 rooms, will be the second largest in the world. what you'll find in it, and when you've read that From all the large centres of population on this we'll have some more talk." continent a similar story of expansion comes, thus giving the lie direct to the moss-covered argument lit garden. that hotels cannot exist without the bar.

THE MIDDLE **TEMPLE MURDER**

A Detective Story by J. S. Fletcher. Copyright 1920, Fred A. Knopf. Copyright, 1920, by the Public Ledger Company.

"I believe," he said, "that if the evening were not drawing to a close-it is already within a few minutes of our depature, young gentleman-I believe, I say, that if I had time, I could, from memory, give the names of the fifty families who had those tickets when the race-meetings came to

an. end. I believe I could." "I'm sure you could," asserted the little man in the loud suit. "Never was such a memory as

"Especially for anything relating to the old racing matters," said the fat man, "Mr. Quarterpage is a walking encyclopaedia."

"My memory is good," said Mr. Quarterpage. "It wings is the greatest blessing I have in my declining are made years. Yes, I am sure I could do that, with a little years. Whose loveliness lives on, and does thought. And what's more, nearly every one of those fifty families is still in the town, or if not in the town, close by it, or if not close by, I know Keep thou my dreams, intangible and where they are. Therefore, I cannot make out how this young gentleman—from London, did you say, A dream may lift thy spirit past all

"From London," answered Spargo.

"This young gentleman from London seems to be in possession of one of our tickets," continued be in possession of one of our tickets," continued
Mr. Quarterpage. "It is—wonderful! But I tell
that bad language.

Willie (aged 12)—Shakespeare said
Willie (aged 12)—Shakespeare said you what, young gentleman from London, if you will do me the honor to breakfast with me in the morning, sir, I will show you my racing books and papers, and we will speedily discover who the vidently hope to take the devil out of vaude- original holder of that ticket was. My name, sir, is Quarterpage—Benjamin Quarterpage—and I re- was a boy. side at the ivy-covered house exactly opposite this inn, and my breakfast hour is nine o'clock sharp,

"Sir," he said, "I am greatly obliged by your kind invitation, and I shall consider it an honor

Accordingly, at five minutes to nine next morning, Spargo found himself in an old-fashioned parlor, looking out upon a delightful garden, gay with summer flowers, and, being introduced by Mr Quarterpage Senior to Mr. Quarterpage Junior-a leasant gentleman of sixty, always referred to by his father as something quite juvenile—and to Miss Quarterpage, a young-old lady of something a little less elderly than her brother, and to a breakfast table bounteously spread with all the choice fare of the season. Mr. Quarterpage Senior was as fresh and rosy as a cherub; it was a revelation to Spargo to encounter so old a man who was still in possession of such life and spirits, and of such a vigorous and healthy appetite.

Naturally the talk over the breakfast table ran on Spargo's possession of the old silver ticket, upon which subject it was evident Mr. Quarterpage was was, and had exhibited a letter which the editor covered the ticket in the lining of an old box. But anxious to see first whither Mr. Quarterpage's revelations would lead him."

'You have no idea, Mr. Spargo," said the old gentleman, when, breakfast over, he and Spargo were closeted together in a little library in which were abundant evidence of the host's taste in sport- M. M. Haldane, in the Anglo-French ing matters; "you have no idea of the value which Review.]
was attached to the possession of one of those Why have you come so late? have silver tickets. There is mine, as you see, securely when our old race-meeting was initiated in the year 1781. They were made in the town by a local silverwhose great-great-grandson still carries on their families forever-nobody ever anticipated in those days that our race-meeting would ever be discontinued. The ticket carried great privileges The largest Bible in existence is in the Royal Library at Stockholm. The covers are made of solid planks four inches thick, and the pages each solid planks four inches thick, and the pages each solid planks four inches thick are pages each solid planks four inches thick and the pages each solid planks four inches thick are pages each solid planks four inches the pages each solid planks four inches the pages each solid planks fou measure a yard in length. It is estimated that a hundred asses' skins must have been used to furnish royalty itself has been present in the good old days. Consequently, as you see, to be the holder of a

silver ticket was to be somebody." "And when the race-meeting fell through?" asked Spargo. "What then?" "Then, of course, the families who held the

tickets looked upon them as heirloons, to be taken And how you long to punch his head velvet, and hung up-or locked away; I am sure shorthand Bible, which was written at least two centuries before Pitman was born. It was written of it. Now, I said last night, over there at the here"-the old gentleman drew out a drawer and produced from it a parchment-bound book which showing who held the tickets when the races were given up. I make bold to say, Mr. Spargo, that by going through the second list I could trace every ticket, except the one you have in your purse."

"Every one?" said Spargo, in some surprise.
"Every one! For, as I told you," continued Mr Quarterpage, "the families are either in the town (we're a conservative people here in Market Mil caster, and we don't move far afield), or they're just outside the town, or they're not far away. can't conceive how the ticket you have and it's genuine enough-could ever get out of possession

of one of these families, and-"Perhaps," suggested Spargo, "it never has been out of possession. I told you it was found in the lining of a box—that box belonged to a dead man. " A dead man!" exclaimed Mr. Quarterpage. dead man! Who could—ah! Perhaps—perhaps have an idea. Yes—an idea. I remember some-

The old gentleman unfastened the clasp of his "There is the list of holders of the silver tickets

at the time the race-meetings came to an end," he "If you were acquainted with this town you would know that those are the names of our bestknown inhabitants—all, of course, burgesses. There's mine, you see—Quarterpage. There's Lummis, there's Kaye, there's Skene, there's Templeby-the gentlemen you saw last night. All good old town tive or make one, the man who can place a steel names. They all are on this list. I know every girder or shape one, is a man to speak with family mentioned. The holders of that time are authority in his lines. His trained hands have made many of them dead, but their successors have the him mighty.

The dead, but their successors have the tickets. Yes—and now that I think of it, there's only one man who held a ticket when this list was made about whom I don't know anything-at least, The ticket, Mr. Suargo, which you've found must have been his. But I thought-

skilled hands to boost, had the powers that educated spargo, intuitively conscious that he was coming Lift Right Off Without Pain them so willed. to news. "Is his name there?" The old man ran the tip of his finger down the

"There it is," he said. "John Maitland." Spargo bent over the fine writing. "Yes, John Maitland," he observed. "And who

Mr. Quarterpage shook his head. He turned to another of the many drawers in an ancient bureau and began to search among a mass of old newspapers, carefully sorted into small bundles and

"If you had lived in Market Milcaster one-andtwenty years ago, Mr. Spargo," he said, "you would have known who John Maitland was. For some time, sir, he was the best known man in the place These are days of great expansion in the hotel -aye, and in this corner of the world. But-aye, Spargo carried the old newspaper into the sun- remove every hard corn, soft corn, or

To Be Continued.

Poetry and Jest

[Selected.]

Keep thou my dreams, though Joy should pass thee by:
Hold to the rainbow beauty of thy thought; though Joy It is for dreams that men will oft-times die, And count the passing pain of death as nought

Keep thou my dreams, though faith should faint and fail,
And time should loose thy fingers from the creeds,
The vision of the Christ will still avail To lead thee on to truth and tender

Keep thou my dreams, through all the winter's cold, When weeds are withered, and the garden grey, Dream thou of roses with their hearts Beckon to summers that are on their way.

Keep thou my dreams-the tissue of all

And with the great may set thy feet on high.

MUST CUT ACQUAINTANCE. what I just said -Well, you must stop going SIGNS OF EXPERIENCE.

Bobbie—"My father must have been up to all sorts of mischief when he

Johnny.—"Why?" Bobble—"Cos' he knows 'xactly what questions to ask me when he wants to know what I've been doing."

ARRAIGNMENT. [Lizette Woodsworth Reese.]
That wage, what guerdon, Life, asked I of you?
Brooches, old houses, yellow trees in

A gust of daffodils by a grey wall; Books, small lads' laughter, song at drip of dew, Or, said 1, "Make me April. I would go, Night-long, day-long, down the gay

little grass,
And therein see myself as in a glass;
There is none other weather I would Content was I to live like any flower, Sweetly and humbly, dream each season round omy things that serve a girl

inviolate against the bitter hour. You poured my dreams like water on the ground I think it would be best if I were!

The reason a wife doesn't sympathize with her husband more is because she knows he is mostly responsible for his

WELL, HARDLY! "Did you have a potato race at your club picnic?"
"Potato race! Do you think we are a lot of millionaires?"

REINCARNATION.

waited long Since last we parted—what long years Yet is the link that binds us both as As it was then. You will not have

That have no memory of those lives when we First forged our fate, that feel no Always bears sympathy
For what seems but a mania to you.

And when you came I saw my dreams

THE BORE. You know the chap, an awful bore, Who tells you tales you've heard before, Till inwardly you groan, cause you're waiting, be it said.

WISE JIMMY. "Jimmy," said the fond mother to her smart 11-year-old, "what became of

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Grandma, The Demon Chaperone -

that little pie I made for you as a treat siesta after lunch, and find it so revesterday? Did you eat it?"

"No, mamma." answered Jimmy with a grin; "I gave it to my father at school instead."

"That was very nice and generous of you. Jimmy." complimented his mother.

you, Jimmy," complimented his mother.
"And did your teacher est it?"
"Yes. I think so," answered Jimms."
"She wasn't at school today."

Who loves fair flowers,
And shady bowers,
And all the joys a garden brings,
Knows a sweet content
And merriment,
Far more than happiest of kings;
The whispering trees,
The murmuring bees,
Each flower that nods, each bird that

sings,
Are good friends sent
With sweet content. Unknown to happiest of kings. TEMPERATE.

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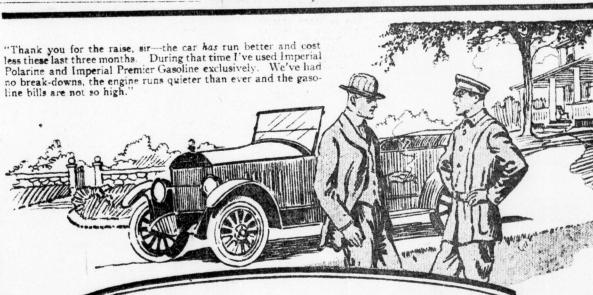
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