

London Advertiser

Member Audit Board of Circulation.

MORNING. NOON. EVENING.

CITY-Delivered, 15 cents per week.

OUTSIDE CITY BY MAIL-Per year, \$2.00 six months, \$1.15; one month, 50 cents

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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Monday, April 12.

A PUZZLED HEAD.

The local Union organ tortures itself in an endeavor to discriminate protectionism, free trade and "near free trade." Mr. Pardee, it says, called himself a "protectionist," but subscribes to the Liberal platform, of which the local Union instrument says that "here we have the principle of free trade enunciated" (sic), whatever that may mean. Surely it is fairly obvious that a man may call himself a protectionist in certain particulars, a free trader in others. The very fact that the Liberal platform "enumerates" certain articles for a free list implies that there are also articles to be protected. The trade platform of the party is a matter of give and take among the different sections and interests of a widespread country for the general welfare of all.

FRANCE'S GESTURE OF WARNING.

The French advance into Germany seems intended mainly as a quiet demonstration to Berlin that the treaty must be kept. France expresses also her belief that the operations of German forces in the Ruhr region are not so much a necessary suppression of anarchy as a militarist revenge for the general strike that overthrew von Kapp.

The Ebert-Noske combination beat van Kapp and the monarchists by encouraging a general strike and the Independent Socialists or Communists. It might seem that Noske, having exploited the Spartacists against the monarchists, turns round and with the enthusiastic and frightened support of the latter, hammers the turbulent workmen of the Ruhr Valley, i. e., of Essen, Bochum and Duisburg. The French are perhaps not yet persuaded of any great difference between a Noske and a Ludendorff.

It is not at all probable that France still meditates a buffer state between herself and Germany. That was a scheme of Napoleon, who established in the Rhineland the Rhenish Confederation, afterwards the Kingdom of Westphalia, dependent upon France. It is just as improbable that French policy should try to resume the project outlined in those secret treaties of the Entente disclosed by the Bolsheviks at Petrograd a couple of years ago. France was to have practically possession of Germany west of the Rhine, reviving the policy of the 17th century to reach France's "natural frontier." That scheme was probably put down and out by President Wilson as much as any one in the late peace conference.

But France distrusts quite naturally, from sad experience, the promises and assurances of Prussia. The war-guilt have not been handed over, the coal is not being delivered, reparations "cannot" be paid. "France is in the thrall of militarism," says Vorwaerts, the so-called socialist organ of Berlin. Is not the Ruhr district, then, in the thrall of militarism? France occupies Frankfurt as a warning gesture that there is a limit to treaty violations and that military measures had better be reduced in Germany.

A STUPID MOVE.

Expulsion of the Socialist members from the New York State Legislature in the minds of many people who take a broad and liberal view of social and economic conditions and movements today is an entirely unwarranted free advertisement for socialism. Only the crassest stupidity on the part of over-zealous patriots could have actuated such an unwise move on the part of the remaining members of the House. It has attracted far more attention to socialism than socialism probably deserves, and while hundreds may agree with the New York State champions of democracy that socialism is a dangerous and seditious movement that must be stamped out, thousands of new converts will be made for the socialist cause.

The socialist bogy is perhaps altogether too much over-rated. Orthodox socialism is by its very nature confined to groups of hard-headed economists who revel in bare facts and figures and abstract principles. Marxism is the pure philosophy of social science and its very pedantry is a sufficient guarantee that it will never be popular enough to overturn the world. Moderate types of socialism, so-called "Christian socialism," and Fabian movements, generally, have done and are doing a great work to force the doctrine of altruism into the political arena. But socialists of these schools are humanitarians who temperamentally sway from one political affiliation to another and back again, according as one movement appears to be a little more brotherly or humanitarian than the other. The great masses of electors who from time to time return socialists to public office are just plain reformers, who do not necessarily believe in socialism, but vote for it because it stands for something a little more definite than either the Republican or Democrat parties. Socialist locals with a few hundred members frequently nominate candidates that carry the polls with thousands of majority votes. Only a very small fraction of socialist voters are socialists.

If New York were in a democratic country, monarchial England for instance, instead of the Socialist members being expelled, one would see them following the example of the Sinn Féin members of Parliament and refusing to take their seats. No doubt there is a good deal of genuine martyrdom on the part of some of the prosecuted "Reds" in the United States.

(Eugene Debs, for instance, is probably sincere as far as anyone can be sincere over the mystic economics of Karl Marx), but for the most part the United States by its raids and federal prosecutions is footing the bill for a big advertising campaign for radicalism.

The United States in its loudly trumpeted democracy presents an interesting paradox of liberty and progressiveness, having made a complete orbit of the universe, passing again through a period of autocratic repression of free speech and free thought. Socialists frequently refer to socialism as their religion. Did the framers of the American constitution intend to restrict the religious or ethical ideals of anyone?

Optics of the Christian Church have often charged that if Jesus of Nazareth were on earth today, he would be expelled from most churches as a heretic. One wonders just what the United States would do with George Washington or Thomas Jefferson, if they were to arrive in the United States just now. Jefferson would at least be detained at Ellis Island long enough for the immigration authorities to decide whether he was a philosophical anarchist. Leavenworth prison would await Tom Paine historically credited with having had much to do with drawing up the Declaration of Independence, were he to declare today "My country is the world."

There is a great danger that democracy and patriotism may degenerate into a kind of fetish worship. Is the flag that Washington raised at Valley Forge, not able to stand alone, or why must the absent-minded pedestrian who forgets to bare his head when the flag passes in a street procession, be mobbed and maltreated? Bolsheviks, according to Tom Moore, of the Dominion Trades Congress, openly advocate their deities from Hyde Park rostra. Free speech, the Canadian labor leader returned from England declares, is the natural safety valve for radicalism. Strange that the ultra-democratic United States should believe so strenuously in sitting on the safety valve that it must unseat its state legislatures who at some time or other have belonged to little groups of men interested in studying economic theories that not ten men in a hundred understand or will ever take the trouble to investigate. Hasn't a New York legislator got the same right to his hobbies as anyone else? Socialism is a harmless hobby with most socialists, but a national advertising campaign paid for with American taxpayers' money may make it as popular as "Thirteen Soap" in the famous comedy, "It Pays to Advertise."

LABOR WOMEN.

[London Daily Chronicle.] Now that the heated controversy of the suffrage question has disappeared into an unhappy past, it has become clear that women voters and women in parliament will not stand for anything but the most radical of reforms. The Labor party shows its recognition of this fact in the effort it is making to capture the support of women for its own platform, and the national conference of Labor women to be held this month, the most important of the annual Labor party conference, has for its end the enrollment of women in the political Labor movement.

BEFORE THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE.

[Isaac F. Marcossion in "Records of an Interview."] For days General French had manoeuvred his retreat, fighting a rear-guard action against retreating odds. No one knew what the morning might bring to the already exhausted army.

Accompanied by three staff officers, one of whom was with us that evening at dinner, French had reached an old inn not many miles from Paris. He had not slept for thirty hours. To his chief of staff he said:

"I am going to take a little sleep. Under no circumstances must I be disturbed."

After what seemed to him a few moments there was a loud rapping on the door. Opening it with a vigorous protest at being aroused, he found one of his officers, who said:

"I am extremely sorry to have disturbed you, sir, but the matter is most urgent. The Kaiser's army is here."

"What is it?" demanded French. "General Joffre is below, sir, and desires to see you."

The British commander-in-chief descended to the dingy main room of the cafe. Wrapped in his cape stood "Papa" Joffre with only one aide.

"I have decided to make a stand. Here is the plan," said the Frenchman. On a wine-spattered table, and by the light of a guttering candle, Joffre unfolded the plan of the engagement that ended the Kaiser's dream of conquest forever. He then showed his colleague that immortal "order of the day" which included the phrase: "The hour has come to advance at any cost, and to die where you stand, rather than give way," and which was read to the French army at dawn. I doubt if the whole drama of the war presented a scene more striking than the spectacle of these two chieftains seated in that shabby room of an obscure country tavern on the eve of one of the world's epic events.

THE GREAT COMPANY.

[P. P. in Vancouver World.] The proposed "pageant of progress" is making great headway, and there is little doubt that it will be an educational "eye-opener." Few legends are more familiar throughout the length and breadth of Canada than the three letters which for 250 years have stood for the Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson Bay. "Wherever we go in this country," declares one traveler, "we encounter 'H. B. C.' We have seen the legend sewn on the blankets of Indians; we have seen it flying from forts; we see it painted on canoes and inscribed on banners. It is the sign of The Company, an organization which, in a way, unique in the story of the nations, held in trust this vast territory for the British Empire. It has seen the French dominion in North America rise and fall, and by reason of its good government stands today in the same old land, as the oldest company in the British Empire."

In the beginning it received its charter to trade, to pioneer, open up and colonize its territory, develop its natural resources, maintain law and order, and to declare war on other than Christian princes if needs compelled it. In all the 200 years of its sovereignty over this great territory and its peoples it never had any trouble with the native population; although it is a singular fact that 24 hours after the company relinquished the rights of its territory to the British Empire the Riel rebellion occurred. No less singular is it that shortly after the Oregon Treaty, when the Americans obtained that parcel of land called the Columbia District, trouble broke out with the Indians, and they captured all the towns to Seattle, and would have had this, too, had not the governor of America asked aid from Sir James Douglas to quell the disturbance. The company opened up and developed the natural resources of the country, brought in hundreds of people from England, and showed them the way to be good citizens and nation-builders; the company's policy was not to be mine operators, lumbermen or fishermen; they relinquished their rights of these things to the people as soon as they were able to take care of them and develop them. "The Company" remained traders.

In 1859 the company yielded its sovereignty of the Great Northwest and its millions of acres of land to the British Government, though it still retained vast tracts of land; it still was the greatest company in the world; and it still possesses its liberty to carry on its trade without hindrance in its corporate capacity, and this it has done with renewed vigor. The posts of the company reach from the stern coast of Labrador to the Rocky Mountains, though it has extensive holdings in British Columbia, and at one time owned Vancouver Island. Throughout this vast territory are scattered upwards of 150 posts, some of them even 200 miles into the Arctic Circle. Many districts where, in days gone by, the company's trading post was the only abode, have since become prosperous cities, and the old Hudson Bay Company's post has given way to a great modern mercantile establishment.

From Here and There

EXPLAINING THE HERMIT.

[Kansas City Star.]

A good many of the unknown "relatives" who always appear soon after the death of a rich hermit probably are genuine, and help explain why the hermit became a hermit.

FAVORS DEVOLUTION.

[Natal Advertiser.]

The want of recognition by the existing Imperial Parliament of the separate and distinct nationalities, each with its own local needs, difficulties, problems and aspirations demanding distinct legislative treatment, has been a fruitful source of the failure of the present parliamentary system. Each nationality, while rightly demanding a share in the control of Imperial affairs, has been forced into the position of having to intervene in the matters of their neighbors, with little knowledge and less appreciation of their needs.

A BACKWARD MOVE.

[New York Commercial.]

Any law or ruling which kills individual initiative kills two of the greatest incentives and the greatest motives which lie back of man's activity—the desire for fame and the desire for personal advancement. When original minds are pressed into the mold of mediocrity they become mediocrities. Freedom of thought and freedom of action and freedom of work, eight, ten or twelve hours, when genius burns or the spirit moves, must be given to the minds of men who require them. Any move to curtail individual effort and individual initiative is a step back into the Middle Ages, where men as individuals had no recognition.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

[London Daily News.]

Kaiserism, which after the armistice appeared to be dead in Germany, is resurrected and alive again as exasperated nationalism. And yet the strength of the country has been brought so low by the war that it would be almost impossible to flourish in Germany than at any earlier time. There are only two remedies for these opposed evils, which this farcical revolution has nothing to do with. One is to return to the old Germany at a stroke the main appeal of reaction to middle-class Germany—the fear of revolutionary Socialism. And the frank admission of Germany to the League of Nations, with Russia, which will remove the grievances and the miseries which in Germany, as elsewhere, are the seed bed of Bolshevism.

EVERYBODY ORGANIZING.

[By Mrs. George Hamilton, M.A., Late Fellow of the Department of Political Economy, University of Toronto.]

The bank clerk, the teacher, the doctor, the accountant—the divers members of that multitudinous group, the salaried class—have hitherto saved themselves from being confounded with the manual workers. They have so far maintained their position by carrying on a struggle as stubborn, as haughty, as desperate as that which marked the fall of the inferior knights and lower gentry of the Middle Ages. The great fear of the salaried class, composed often of wealthy town bourgeois, sometimes of lawyers and freemen who had acquired much land, was that they would lose their distinctive position as members of the order of civility, the gentry of the Middle Ages, the mask is also being torn aside. During the nineteenth and the early part of the twentieth century, the conventions of the middle class were often held up to scorn and ridicule. But the tremendous rise in the cost of living, the slender increase in salaries as compared with wages and heavy taxes accompanying the war, have at last accomplished what the class hated to see accomplished by the Labor movement, or the fine sarcasm of such writers as George Bernard Shaw, had failed to do.

Masks aside, what is revealed? Many members of the salaried class, men and women who have practiced the art of being poor without ever having had to study it—who seemed to know it as past masters, naturally—now forced beyond all pretence, are letting the light of publicity in on their hopeless struggle.

And what a contrast is revealed! We find the building trades councils in many Canadian cities have entered into agreements with the bricklayers to pay them a dollar an hour. The laborer receives 60 to 70 cents an hour. Organized plumbers and steamfitters receive, in many cases, a dollar an hour for a 44-hour week. The columns of daily papers show that the average salary paid to the public school teacher in Ontario is from \$700 to \$800 per annum, while several receive only \$600. The manual workers to whom reference has been made may not work continuously throughout the year, but their annual income, in the majority of cases, would average from \$1,500 to \$2,000—fully twice the average salary of the school teacher. Indeed, one school board in Ontario is advertising this week for a teacher at \$500 a year, while close by appears the advertisement of a manufacturing firm which requires an office boy at \$10 a week—\$520 a year. Besides, the office boy may get tips, but the poor school teacher could scarcely reduce her dignity so far.

Worse In Quebec.

Quebec is slightly worse in this regard than Ontario, and the Western Provinces show a slender increase in teachers' salaries for public schools. In the West they average between \$1,000 and \$1,200 a year. Farm laborers, however, are paid much better. For them, eight-months contracts at \$30 to \$50 a month with board are being offered. St. Thomas, Ontario, offers the amusing spectacle of school teachers receiving considerably less than street cleaners; and the municipal budget of New York repeats the same tale. It may be objected that the majority of the teachers are women and girls, whereas the members of the large organized unions are mostly men. The contrast still exists, however, heavy duty, heavy factories requiring unskilled help start beginners at from \$10 to \$12 per week. And even the most audacious would scarcely claim that the factory girl is over-paid.

The United States shows much the same condition. A survey recently made in that country showed 50,000 vacancies in the teaching profession. It was shown also that blacksmiths in Cleveland and Chicago were receiving nearly \$500 per annum more than elementary school teachers in the same cities.

Teachers Organize.

The result has been organization of the teaching profession along trade union lines. Canada, with the possible exception of France, is perhaps the foremost country in the movement. The Ontario Public School Teachers' Association numbers about 10,000 adherents. A movement on foot in the West to organize the teachers of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia is progressing rapidly. In Montreal the Teachers' Welfare Association—founded upon by the ultra-clerical party as bolshevistic—is increasing in membership. In the United States, also, teachers are gradually joining unions. The assurance issued by the Commercial Federation of California that "teachers are the wards of the state," and the warning that they will certainly do serious injury to their own cause and that of education . . . and would certainly be dismissed" if they joined unions, did not deter the teachers of California from following the lines of necessity a self-protection in forming unions.

Strange and surprising developments lead an almost quixotic character to the movement. When news comes that those intangible artists, the Boston Symphony Orchestra are on strike; that the priests of Spain (who, by the way, are paid by the state) threaten to strike unless the Spanish parliament increases their revenues; whereas, in Paris, that funeral attendants in Paris are striking for a new style of mourning—one is assured, at least, that the Labor movement is safe from mediocrity.

In industry, workers are asking more and more for control. But without the technical information of the clerical and managing staffs, their positions as masters would be jeopardized. The lesson of Soviet Russia and of the brief socialist regime in Hungary cannot be ignored. Brain workers in industry hold the key-position between the manual worker and the capitalist. Will they join with Labor, or will they hold aloof? The time is critical. The middle class is even now breaking from its old traditions, is forming other affiliations. Its new connections will be momentous for Labor.

WHITE MAN

[By George Agnew Chamberlain.]

One of the wizened produced a thin wand, about twenty inches in length, freshly broken at one end. He passed it to his companions who stared at it as though they saw it for the first time instead of the hundredth time, fingered it, gurgled over it and finally gravely handed it to M'sungu. He went through more or less the same process, and returned it to the man who had first produced it with what was apparently a slight remark.

The man glanced up with a pained look on his face, arose, laid the wand on the ground as a measure, and with laborious fingers began to trace a mighty oval. M'sungu leaned across the table and gazed with fascinated eyes; Andrea, watching him, could see the pulse throbbing at his temples. He was a new M'sungu, somebody young, approachable, lovable, an eager boy. She leaned close to his shoulder.

"Please, White Man," she murmured, "please tell me." Without turning he put one hand out and grasped her wrist as though to still her. "The little man," he explained, "is drawing the spoor of a mighty beast. Look at it and learn it, by heart for it will be a photograph." Having completed the circumference of his oval, the native was making various tracings on its face, dividing it as with a maze of tracks. When he had apparently finished, he sank back on his heels and gazed critically at his handiwork.

"Watch," said M'sungu. "Before he gets up, he'll put in some mark, some distinctive feature that distinguishes this spoor from all others." No sooner had he spoken than the little man leaned forward with a sure touch deepened two of the cracks till they formed a long narrow V running diagonally half across the oval. That done he turned abruptly from his drawing, joined his comrades, turned, his back on M'sungu and unstoppering a cartridge case, proceeded to take snuff.

M'sungu straightened with a long quivering sigh. "It is well," he said in dialect. "We will go." The three wizened men nodded their heads. Many times and many ways he had been instructed, gun-bearers, water-boys, trackers and Marguerite's attendant scattered by the gun-bearers as a hindered by excited women and children. The camp hummed. B[thub]

slapped breakfast on the table, and then stood on one foot, then on the other in impatience. On the faces of all was the same half-smile, the same look of suppressed but mighty anticipation.

M'sungu ate a few mouthfuls, but they seemed to choke him. He pushed back his plate, stuffed his pipe full and lit it. His eyes played over Andrea's face and on hers with their own brilliance. When he spoke every word thrilled her as though this wonderful morning were surcharged with an emotional current sensitive to every sound and movement.

"Andrea, Peller," he said, with a happy twinkle of mock solemnity in his glance, "you are about to be initiated into the mysteries of the major guild of many centuries, the closest corporation of sport in the world; in three words, the society of elephant hunters. You will probably witness death, and I hope and pray it will be the death of the hunted, but for the comfort of your soft heart let me tell you that today we go forth not to slaughter but to battle."

He turned his eyes from her face and continued in a more serious strain. "The hunting of elephant is a science. It is a crescendo of delicately balanced factors that starts from two distant points and beginning on a cool foundation of mutual respect passes upward through stages of intelligence against intelligence, caution for caution, perseverance on the heels of endurance, until it meets on the high plane of naked courage and sweeps to its tragic climax of white-hot battle and death."

"His eyes came back to her frankly. 'Like all the great sciences,' he continued, 'it has used the lives of valiant men for stepping-stones so that we who go out today are backed by the age-long sacrifice of a noble company. Looking back only to the days of black powder and the four-horn rifle we are more pygmies, but pygmies carried high on the crest of an ancient tradition. It's because we have an accumulation of knowledge to lean upon that I'm willing to take you with me today if you'll promise to surrender yourself to me, to do just exactly what I tell you, and no more and no less.'

Eyes wide and intent, cheeks flushed and lips parted, Andrea was too excited to speak. She threw out both hands toward him in a gesture of abandon, and with an imploring gravity that made her look as though she were giving herself into his keeping not for a day but for all time.

CHAPTER XII.

They started out, a skeleton cavalcade. The three wizened ones led the way and Andrea measured their importance by the fact that they carried M'sungu's battery of rifles, respectfully surrendered by the gun-bearers as a fitting tribute from onlookers to men who were hunters in their own right, but on every occasion his lips had set

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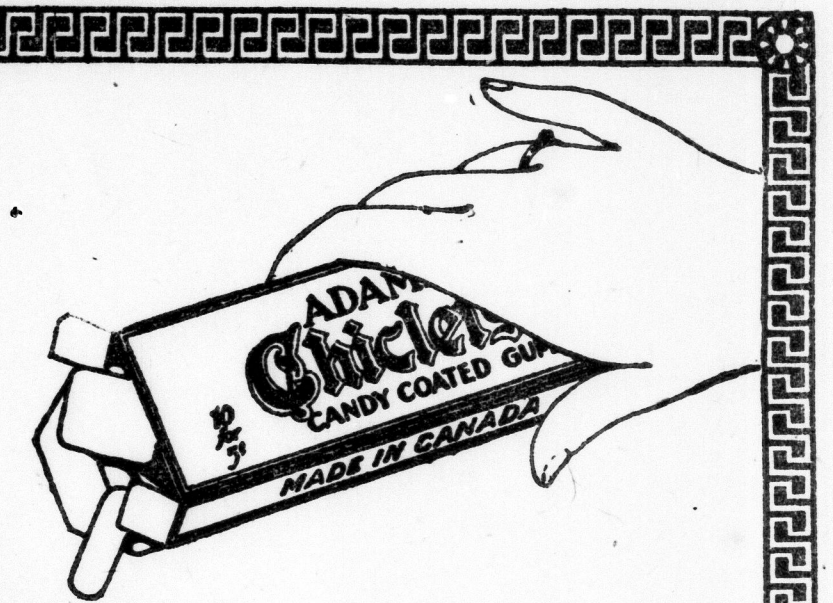
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M'sungu nodded toward them and spoke to Andrea over his shoulder. "The old man's reasons for keeping her from boys are my brothers in arms. The most efficacious of these arguments were snakes and crocodiles, but while she conceded the strength of those two deterrents, she could not escape from an intuitive belief that there was something else—some other and ranking cause in the back of M'sungu's mind.

The river was a treacherous-looking stream, deep, sluggish, bordered for the most part by flat-topped banks. Where its shores were broken into shelving slopes these were covered with a towering growth of reeds and matted elephant grass. There was a sand-spit here and there, and on each were lying what appeared to be logs cast up by flood.

To be Continued.



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