

## London Advertiser

Member Audit Board of Circulation.

MORNING. NOON. EVENING.  
CITY—Delivered, 15 cents per week.  
OUTSIDE CITY BY MAIL—Per year, \$5.00;  
six months, \$2.75; one month, 50 cents.

3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS 3670  
Private Branch Exchange  
From 10:00 p.m. to 9:00 a.m. and holidays call  
3670, Business Department; 3671, Editors;  
3672, Reporters; 3673, News Room.

Toronto Representative—F. W. Thompson,  
403 Lumsden 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 Com-  
pany, Old South Building.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,  
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, August 18.

## THOROLD'S DISGRACE

That a lynching on Ontario soil was averted at Thorold on Monday afternoon and evening is apparently not due to any precautions taken by either the attorney-general's department or the local police officials. The stage was set for a lynching a week ahead, but not a move appears to have been made for the protection of the man charged with crime or of those who would be forced to risk danger by attending the court proceedings. Dispatches, exaggerated no doubt, say there were ten thousand people in the court. If so, nine-tenths of them were from outside Thorold.

Here are the bare facts as contained in the dispatches. A man charged with a heinous crime is brought into a village court and forced to stand facing a hostile audience for several hours while details of an indecent crime are related before excited men and women. No chair was provided for him, but he had to stand. Hour after hour, himself a means of working up the mob spirit. Late in the afternoon the court house was under siege. After thinking it over for a while the Thorold officials sent to St. Catharines for military protection. The officer there said it was out of his jurisdiction, a rather peculiar answer to make when human life is in the balance, not to mention the good name of the province. Next the chief of police of St. Catharines was appealed to. His answer was that he could not spare a man. We wonder what sort of a city it is that on an August afternoon cannot spare a man to stop crime nearby. Nor was there any better luck in an appeal to the authorities at Niagara Falls. With the coming on of evening attacks on the court building grew more determined, shots were fired, finally the building was set on fire. Then the prisoner was taken out by the chief of police of Thorold and seized by the mob. A rope was at hand and plenty of hands to pull it. What changed the temper of the mob at this moment no one seems to know. The accused man was given a chance to speak and with his bloody, bruised face he protested his innocence. The curtain rises down with the mob relenting and the police spiriting the prisoner off before the mob has time to change its mind. Everything that happened at Thorold on Monday is a foul stain on this province.

Attorney-General Raney at Toronto should get busy forthwith and find out how it is that with talk of violence in the air no provision was made for protecting the court proceedings at Thorold. He should also inquire how it is that with disorder evident at the very opening of the court proceedings a hostile crowd was allowed to stay in the courtroom. Moreover, he might inquire how it is that when a situation so serious was existing in Thorold no neighboring municipality would render aid.

We are accustomed to brag that we are free from the lynching evil of the United States. Thorold shows that we are not at least entirely free from the lynching spirit. There are several states in the Union that were once notorious for lynchings where the evil is rapidly dying out. These are the states where the mob that attempts to lynch an accused of crime is met with a volley of lead. And a volley of lead is quite the proper thing, either in the United States or in Canada, with which to meet a lynching mob.

The attorney-general of this province has a plain duty before him. It is impossible that the leaders of the Thorold mob will not be known. The province will await with interest to see whether these men are apprehended and jailed or whether they will be allowed to go free, and boast that they were the ones ready to administer swift and sure judgment in quite approved Texan style.

## \* DIRECT ACTION.

Direct action in matters political is once more to the fore in England through the threat made by Labor to call a general strike should the Government decide on sending aid to the Poles. In this case organized labor is attempting to dictate the policy of the nation in regard to eastern Europe, but there are no limits to how far the thing can be carried once it gets under way, and it is probably the realization of this that has caused Premier Lloyd George to announce that Labor will not be permitted to dictate what the Government shall do in this unconstitutional fashion. The workers of the United Kingdom are numerous and powerful, and like the rest of the nation are weary of war, but they are by no means the nation and have no right to force all the other classes to accept their ruling. Parliament is representative of all classes and alone can decide as to national policies, foreign or domestic. To admit that Labor or any other body of the people has the right to interfere with the Government except through Parliament, would mean the early destruction of popular government and the attempt to establish a class rule such as Russia possesses. In England that would mean the bloodiest kind of a civil war, as the majority of old countrymen would undoubtedly stand by the present well-tried, reasonable and fair method of government. The organized Labor of Great Britain has formed what is known as "Councils of Action," the purpose of which is to refuse by strikes to help the Government should it prosecute a policy not supported by the workers. This is an ex-

tremism that holds possibilities of insurrection, revolution and anarchy. Lloyd George does well in dealing with it promptly.

## LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Life changes as the world moves on. Through all the changes home is the most important thing in life. Fifty years ago there were in this city many literary societies in existence. Perhaps the most prominent was the London Literary Society. It had many able young men among its members. Lectures were then more common than they are now. The societies and the lectures were splendid means of education. There has been a great deal said about the period of reconstruction in Canada. We believe Canada will come through all right and we believe if literary societies are organized all over the country they will have a very beneficial effect. One of our greatest inheritances is the inheritance of English literature. These societies will enlarge the knowledge of English literature, make many friends and be in fact a welcome and wholesome addition to the Canadian fireside.

"Of all roads to pleasure that ever were tried, There were none half so sure as one's own fireside."

The London Literary Society to which we referred gave penny readings that were always enjoyed by crowded houses. Perhaps the nearest association in London to the London Literary Society is the Baconian Club, a splendid organization, but too exclusive for the purpose in view. Its members might well consider an organization along the old lines. Such an organization would bring together the best young men and women. It would stimulate the reading of the best literature, and add much to the knowledge and pleasure of life. No doubt large numbers of young men and women would benefit and be benefited by such societies.

The London Literary Society was undenominational and only young men were members, but several churches had similar societies open to both young men and women.

We believe such societies would help to bring the country back to normal, to the best conditions of life existing before the war. They would help to construct and reconstruct Canada along lines consistent with the highest British home life.

GERMANS IN LONDON.  
[London Daily Chronicle.]

The Germans are coming back to London, as there is now no reason why they should not. They may be seen and heard frequently in the West End nowadays, and in some of the suburbs, particularly at Richmond, where there was a flourishing German colony before the war. A point which strikes one about their coming is that they are looking for signs of the enormous damage to public buildings in London which used regularly to be announced to them by the imperial government during the war as having been inflicted by the Germans. If they do, they must be learning at last the actual value of many of their war communiques.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.  
[Kingston Whig.]

And to think that in old days a woman could take 38 cents and spend a delightful afternoon shopping!

HEALTHY IMBIBERS.  
[Montreal Gazette.]

A case against a wine vendor has been dismissed on the ground that the liquor was medicinal and sold as such. There are many, many persons drinking medicine nowadays who look perfectly healthy, and who do, they must be learning at last the actual value of many of their war communiques.

THE DEADLY PARALLEL.  
[Kingston Whig.]

The wets declare that prohibition does not prohibit. Well, we have a law against stealing, and look at the protesters!

THE BEST PATRIOTISM.  
[Savannah News.]

Peace patriotism is more important, in reality, than war patriotism—because it is needed offense and longer.

EDUCATION.  
[New York Evening Sun.]

No matter how much it may cost more for more, indeed, money is no adequate measure of the values involved in the training of young minds. America and the rest of the world have not even yet awakened to the full meaning of the responsibilities relating to children.

MADE IN CANADA.  
[Quebec Telegraph.]

There can be no better illustration of that patriotic and loyal country of which upon occasions we hear and read so much than the persistent practice of purchasing and using, as far as possible, articles of Canadian manufacture. A comparison of our imports and exports does not show anything like the avoidance of imported goods that loyalty to Canada should dictate. Some signs, however, according to the Monetary Times, point to improvement in this respect, for our countryman says in a recent issue: "The instinct of financial self-preservation in forcing Canada to do all in her power to curtail her purchases in the United States and to make within her own borders those things which her people need. Only in this way can she hope to rehabilitate her credit in the United States and to reduce the volume of her war debt. Canadians plainly see the logic of the situation, and the 'Made in Canada' movement is daily gathering strength in the Dominion. In this task of making herself self-sustaining Canada is being helped by the course of events. Canada is now an exporting nation of some importance, and this development is making it increasingly possible for Canadian manufacturers to produce commodities in quantities and bring down their initial costs. This development of Canada's export trade has stimulated the imagination of the Canadian manufacturer; he sees more clearly than he ever did before his opportunities in the markets of the world, and he is fitted with a renewed ambition to make the most of these opportunities. The inevitable outcome of this development will, of course, be greater ability on the part of the Canadian manufacturer to hold his own domestic markets against outside competition. This will mean less buying in the United States as time goes on."

LIPTON SCORES ANYWAY.  
[Montreal Star.]

From time immemorial it has been a tradition in the United States that the Briton was unable to see a joke. Mark Twain himself revealed in this theory, and during the War of the Atlantic the Journal suggested that the Germans paint jokes on their submarines so the British couldn't see them.

Sir Thomas Lipton, British yachtsman, did not lift America's cup, but he has just done something of inestimable value in teaching the American people that inability to see a joke is not confined to any one English-speaking people. His humorous remarks about having a silent motor on his challenger have been taken seriously by a Boston lady, who writes him a castigating letter about it. In drawing this illustration out of the American public, Sir Thomas performs a real international service.

No longer let us hear any New York horse laughs at the expense of London Punch! Boston, the home of American wit, has spoken in tones that should be heard across the ocean.

SURE ENOUGH.  
[Edmonton Bulletin.]

Mr. Spinney, member without portfolio in the Maighen cabinet, says it would be a "calamity" to precipitate the country into a general election inside the next two years. It would be for the Government.

## THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER

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

"What are you going to do, Mrs. Gutch, when you leave here?" he asked. "You shall be driven straight back to Baywater."

"Which I shall be obliged to for the first week of the month, and will call every Saturday for the same at 11 punctual, or can be posted to me on a Friday, having my first week in my purse, and being driven to Baywater, I shall take my boxes and go to a friend of mine where I shall be heartily welcome, shaking the dust of my feet out against Jane Bayliss and when I've been living with her."

"Yes, but, Mrs. Gutch," said Spargo, with some anxiety, "if you go back there tonight, you'll be very careful not to tell Miss Bayliss that you've been here and told us all this."

"Mrs. Gutch rose, dignified and composed. "Young man," she said, "you mean well, but you ain't used to dealing with ladies. Can I keep my tongue in my pocket and anybody when I like. I wouldn't tell Jane Bayliss my affairs—my new affairs, gentlemen, thanks to you—not for two annuities, paid twice a week."

"Take Mrs. Gutch and then come to my room," said the editor. "And don't you forget, Mrs. Gutch—keep a quiet tongue in your head on Sunday mornings, or there'll be took Mother Gutch to the cashier's department and paid her first week's money, and he got her a taxi and paid for it, and saw her depart, and then he went to the editor's room, her department, but they stopped when Spargo entered and looked at him eagerly."

"I think we've done it," said Spargo quietly. "What, precisely, have we found out?" asked the editor.

"A great deal more than I'd anticipated," answered Spargo. "If you look back, you'll remember that the only thing found on Marbury's body was a scrap of grey paper on which was a name and address—Ronald Breton, King's Bench Walk."

"Breton is a young barrister. Also he writes a bit—I have accepted two or three articles of his for our literary page."

"Further, he is engaged to Miss Aymlure, the eldest daughter of Aymlure, the member of parliament who has been charged at Bow street today with the murder of Marbury."

"I know. Well, what then, Spargo?"

"But the most important matter," continued Spargo, speaking very deliberately, "is this—that is, taking that old woman's statement to be true, as I personally believe it is—that Breton, as he has told me himself (I have seen a good deal of him) was brought up by a guardian. That guardian is Mr. Septimus Elphick, the barrister."

The proprietor and the editor looked at each other. Their faces wore the expression of men thinking on the same lines, and arriving at the same conclusion. And the proprietor suddenly turned on Spargo with a sharp interrogation: "You think, then—"

Spargo nodded. "I think that Mr. Septimus Elphick is the Elphick, and that Breton is the young Maitland of whom Mrs. Gutch has been talking," he answered. The editor got up, thrust his hands in his pockets, and began to pace the room. The proprietor turned on Spargo with a sharp interrogation: "You think, then—"

"If that's so," he said, "if that's so, the mystery deepens. What do you propose to do, Spargo?"

"I think," said Spargo, slowly, "that without telling him anything of what we have learned, I should like to see young Breton and get an introduction from him to Mr. Elphick. I can make a good excuse for wanting an interview with him. If you will leave it to me, I'll do it."

"Yes," said the proprietor, waving a hand. "Leave it entirely in Spargo's hands."

"Keep me informed," said the editor. "Do what you think. It strikes me you're on the track."

Spargo left their presence, and, going back to his own room, still faintly redolent of the personality of Mrs. Gutch, got hold of the reporter who had been present at Breton's arrest. The reporter brought up that morning. There was nothing new; the authorities had merely asked for another remand. So far as the reporter knew, Aymlure had said nothing fresh to anybody.

Spargo went around to the Temple and up to Ronald Breton's chambers. He found the young barrister just preparing to leave, and looking unusually grave and thoughtful. At sight of Spargo he turned back from his outer door, beckoned the journalist to follow him, and led him into an inner room.

"I say, Spargo," he said, as he motioned his visitor to take a chair, "this is becoming something more than serious. You know what you told me to do yesterday as regards Aymlure?"

"To get him to tell me? Yes," said Spargo.

Breton shook his head. "Stratton—his solicitor, you know—and I saw him this morning before the police court proceedings," he continued. "I told him of my talk with you; I even went as far as to tell him that his daughters had been to the Watchman office. Stratton and I both begged him to take your advice and tell all, everything, no matter at what cost to his private feelings. We pointed out to him the serious nature of the evidence against him; how he had damaged himself by not telling the whole truth at once; how he had certainly done a great deal to excite suspicion against himself; how, as the evidence stands at present, any jury could scarcely do less than convict him. And it was all no good, Spargo."

"He won't say anything," he said. "I told the entire truth in respect to my dealings with Marbury on the night he met his death at the inquest," he said, over and over again, "and I shall like to hang an innocent man on such evidence as that, let it be. And he persisted in that until we left him. Spargo, I don't know what to do."

"Nothing—another remand. Stratton and I saw Aymlure again before he was removed. He left us with a sort of sardonic remark: 'If you all want to prove me innocent,' he said, 'find the guilty man.'"

"Well, there was a tremendous lot of common sense in that," said Spargo.

"Yes, of course, but how, how is it going to be done?" asked Breton. "Are you any nearer—what will fasten the guilt on anybody else?"

Spargo returned no answer to these questions. He remained silent for a while, apparently thinking. "Was Rathbury in court?" he suddenly asked.

"He was," replied Breton. "He was there with two or three other men who, I suppose, were detectives, and seemed to be greatly interested in Aymlure."

"If I don't see Rathbury tonight, I'll see him in the morning," said Spargo. He rose as if to go, but after a moment's pause he came down again. "Look here," he continued. "I don't know how this thing stands in law, but would it be a very weak case against Aymlure if the prosecution couldn't show some motive for his killing Marbury?"

Breton smiled. "There's no necessity to prove motive in murder," he said. "But I'll tell you what, Spargo—if the prosecution can show that Aymlure had a motive for getting rid of Marbury, if they could prove that it was to Aymlure's advantage to silence him—why, then, I don't think he's got a chance."

"I see. But so far no motive, no reason, for his killing Marbury has been shown."

"I know of none."

Spargo rose and moved to the door.

"Wait a moment," he said. "As if he suddenly recollected something, he turned back. 'Oh, by the way,' he said, 'isn't your guardian, Mr. Elphick, a big authority on philately?'"

"One of the highest authorities," said Spargo.

"Do you think he'd tell me a bit about those Australian stamps which Marbury showed to Creditor, the dealer?"

"Certainly," said Spargo. "Here"—and Breton scribbled a few words on a card—"there's his address and a word from me. I'll tell you when you can find him in five nights out of seven—at 8 o'clock, after he's dined. I'd go with you tonight, but I must go to Aymlure's. The two girls are in terrible trouble."

"Give them a message from me," said Spargo, as they went out together. "Tell them to keep up their hearts and their courage."

To Be Continued.

## Poetry and Jest

TO ONE UNKNOWN.  
[Helen Dudley.]

I have seen the proudest stars  
That wander on through space,  
Even the sun and moon,  
But not your face.

I have heard the violin,  
The winds and waves rejoice,  
In endless minstrelsy,  
Yet not your voice.

I have touched the trillium,  
Pale flower of the land,  
Coral  
And not your hand.

I have kissed the shining feet  
Of twilight lover-wise,  
Opened the gates of dawn—  
Oh, not your eyes!

I have dreamed unwonted things,  
Visions that witches brew,  
Spoken with images,  
Never with you.

NOT VICIOUS, JUST PLAYFUL.  
[Liberal, Kan. News.]

A Ford, as it was turning the corner on Second and Lincoln last Wednesday, ran first into Albert Franklin's car, breaking the steering arm; then into the car of Oristead's car, knocking it against the curb; then ran into a car belonging to the Overland service station, badly bending a fender. The Ford and its driver, after doing this damage, went quietly on down the street.

A CANADIAN HYMN.  
[Maude Ogilvy.]

Crimson and Azure! Flung thy banner gleaming  
With wreath of maple, to the north-  
ern breeze,  
O'er silver pools and vernal forests  
streaming,  
From wild Atlantic to Pacific seas.

O'er mountains, where the pines are  
darkly waving  
Their gloomy tops to greet the Polar  
Star,  
In lonely splendour icy heavens braving,  
Thro' forth thy banner, regnant wide and far.

O'er fertile farms and teeming cities  
o'erflowing,  
O'er prairies that for unborn millions  
are growing,  
O'er fertile farms and teeming cities  
o'erflowing.

From lust of gold, from greed of  
power or pleasure,  
Preserve this great Land. With Thy  
wisdom guide,  
O Lord, its constant increase without  
end.

By Thee completed, blest and sancti-  
fied.

THE WRONG PLACE.  
[Jack-Mabel's a funny girl.]

Jack—How come?  
Mabel—Tried to steal a kiss and it  
landed on her chin.

Jack—Nothing funny about that.  
Mabel—Nothing, but after I kissed  
her she said, "Heavens above."

SHE SLEEPS.  
[M. G. B.]

This once was a field of clover,  
Nodding blossoms and happy stalks,  
Butterflies careening over,  
Fairies of our summer walks:  
Now yonder the meadow lingers  
Since the day she went away:  
Folded now the daisy fingers,  
Chalked of tears are they.

Ever chant the winds one story,  
"She is sleeping wait! Wait you!"  
Gone is now the former glory,  
Go your way! Forget—Forget!

In this place the birds held revel,  
Singing and whistling and calling,  
From the meadow's sunny level  
To the wooded hills around:  
Now yonder the birds are calling,  
In the glade beside the stream,  
Hushed their song as night is falling—  
Do they not feel the yearning dream?

"She is sleeping! Wait you yet!"  
Sighing winds repeat the story,  
Yet not for the old story,  
Go your way! Forget—Forget!

HOW DREADFUL.  
[The Major—And there we stood, Miss Ethel, in her heart of hearts, I was  
that huge panther and I barely 10 paces  
apart each staring at the face of the  
other.]

Ethel—Oh, major, how dreadful for  
you both!

LOVE.  
[Pauline Francis Camp.]

Love is the falling from one's own  
Another cup:  
Love is the daily laying down.  
That other feet may tread at ease.  
The smoother way,  
Love is not him that looks ahead  
Through other eyes.

And asks not, "Must I give?" but  
"May I sacrifice?"  
Love hides its griefs that other  
Hearts and lips may sing:  
And burdened walks, that other lives  
May, buoyant, win.

ASTUTE.  
[Edinburgh Scotsman.]

A student was up for his examination  
for medical service in the navy. The  
admission beamed upon him genially and  
proceeded to question him.

"Which of you rest as the three  
finest British sailors?" he demanded  
at length.

"Nelson, sir—or Drake, sir—or  
I beg your pardon, sir, but I did not  
quite catch your name when I came  
in."

PASSED.  
[Byron.]

There is a pleasure in the pathless  
woods,  
There is a pleasure on the lonely shore,  
There is a pleasure where none intrude,  
By the deep sea, and music in its  
roar:

I love not man the less, but Nature  
more,  
From these our interviews, in which  
To mingle with the Universe, and  
feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot  
conceal.

Roll on, thou dark and deep blue  
ocean—  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in  
vain;  
Man marks the earth with ruin—his  
control  
Stops with the shore; upon the watery  
plain  
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth  
remain  
A shadow of man's ravage, save his  
own,  
When got a moment, like a drop of  
rain,  
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling  
groan,  
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined  
and unknown.

IMMUNE.  
[Harper's Bazaar.]

Ella—There goes the luckiest girl  
alive. Bella—In what way?  
Ella—Nothing she does makes her fat.

THE WANDERER.  
[Zoe Atkins.]

The ships are lying in the bay,  
The gulls are swinging round their  
spars  
My soul as eagerly as they  
Desires the margin of the stars.  
So much do I love wandering,  
So much I love the sea and sky.  
That it will be a piteous thing  
In an small grave to lie.

NO CONSIDERATION.  
Two locomotive engineers met on the  
street. Bill sang out to Jim: "We voted  
PIES."

Do not suffer  
another day  
with itchy  
Bleeding or  
Pruning Piles.  
No surgical  
operation re-  
quired. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you  
at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box  
at all dealers or Edman, Bates & Co. Limited,  
Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this  
paper and enclose 2c. stamp for postage.

## FAM-LY-ADE

Made at Home!

A DELICIOUS, tang-filled  
thirst-quencher. Comes in  
a tube of concentrated  
fruit flavor. Always ready  
to serve. Simple direc-  
tions on every package.  
Begin to-day to make this  
delicious beverage. 35c. a tube  
at grocery and  
drug stores.  
Made in Canada  
by Power-Kaschke,  
Limited, Toronto.

Every 10c  
Packet of  
WILSON'S  
FLY PADS  
WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN  
\$8.00 WORTH OF ANY  
STICKY FLY CATCHER

Clean to handle. Sold by all  
Druggists, Grocers and  
General Stores

DOLLAR  
DAY

A Monument to Economy

ONE-DAY  
SNAPS

SHIRTS

Our regular line of standard  
\$2.50 and \$3.00 Shirts, Dol-  
lar Day special,

\$1.98

TWO FOR \$3.75.

HATS

All our stock of Straws,  
Panamas and Light Tweeds.  
Everything to clear, Dollar  
Day Special.

\$1.98

SILK SHIRTS

Beautiful effects in Pure  
Silk Shirts. Regular prices  
were up to \$12.00. Dollar  
Day special,

\$7.95

(Not Including Tax.)

ONE-DAY  
SNAPS

WASH TIES

Tubular Silk Mixed Ties, in  
woven patterns. Regular  
price 75c and \$1.00.

55c

TWO FOR \$1.00.

INVISIBLE  
BRACES

Two and four point, in ex-  
cellent webs. Regular 75c,  
for

49c

NIGHTSHIRTS

White Twill and Mercerized  
Gowns at \$2.00, \$2.50 and  
\$3.00, regularly.

\$1.49

TWO FOR \$2.75.

Sizes 14½, 15, 15½, and 16.