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THE IRISH ENIGMA.

There are many critical situations confronteven empires hangs in the balance. The future Ireland, Mesopotamia, Arabia, Palestine. Mexico, Poland and the Crimea no one but a

An article by Lord Bryce recently appeared in the New York edition of the London Times majority of the English people formerly desired. at the present day only a minority is opposed any form of home rule whatever, and whose opposition, if home rule were granted to Ireland, would create a situation in Ireland that would be as intolerable as it is today. Civil war in a more intensified form would be the inevitable

The Ulsterites, it seems, would agree to and left under direct British control. It is hard for an unprejudiced observer to see what this arrangement, especially as they are

Under present conditions, however, it is impossible to grant self-determination to every country. If, for instance, Ohio or Virginia or the Southern States were to demand a separate government, independent of the United States, certainly not get it. The United States Government would refuse, if only for as a world power certain. Proper development military reasons. It is quite conceivable that a state where there are a majority of Germans or negroes might demand absolute self-determination, but such a course would endanger the States senators hypocritically advise complete tections did not exist.

dangerous in the Empire if they belonged entirely to another nation, and nothing is more certain than that if there was an island 50 miles off New York harbor, these United States senators who are so free with their advice would not dream of granting that island complete independence. Such a course, from a military, naval and political point of view would be an absolute madness. So it is that many Englishmen and Canadians would only be too glad to let Ireland "cut the painter," but for strategical reasons, if for no other, the thing is absolutely impossible. Therefore, if the Sinn Fein make such extreme demands they must know that they can only be gained by the destruction of the British Empire, which is the aim of the Germans and the Bolsheviki.

It is to be sincerely hoped that some modified form of Dominion rule will in the near future be granted to Ireland, that the sacred rights of minorities be as far as practicable respected. and that a future of more amicable relations among the different factions of this talented and energetic people be thereby established.

### BRITISH ALWAYS THERE.

It seems to be a habit of Britishers to work silently. Other people may talk about the work that England has been very busy on project. The British navy did a wonwork, but if it had not been for what about it the world might never have known there was a British navy. So it is the reconstruction of Europe. Some tremendous developments are taking is only by stray dispatches here Her diplomats are working silently.

of people in the coming years. One might imagine from the cable dispatches indifferent effort. This is what the head of one of the largest firms of its kind in the world hundred feet high, banks and country covered with of their talk had been that all the Watchman mans built most of their submarines. The city is of the utmost importance from a business and strategic standpoint. The British hold undisputed command. The whole place is bubbling and boilgrip. The French and also the Germans have

but he was struck forcibly by the dominant hold England has in a spot where history is in making. So it is in all parts of the world.

THE MAGIC OF THE MOON.

"You made a wish with me,

Just what is the magic of the moon is difficult to explain, even to oneself; nevertheless, to wander into a twilight room and discover upon gazing aimlessly out of a window into a darkening world, the "clear-cut crescent of the newborn moon" is to realize that something beautiful has suddenly happened. The old childish desire to "make a wish" brings with it a halfbelief in the magic of its coming true, a feeling that there is delightful mystery hovering about one's ordinary daily path and the delectable things of which our dreams are made are not so impossible and absurd after all! Friends ask if we have seen the new moon, and eagerly point it out to us, and the discovery of its pure outline in a soft night sky is like the finding of hidden treasure. Then to go strolling in the direction that will let us keep worshipping ing the world today. The fate of nations and eyes on the pale golden crescent! Then to play hide-and-seek with this delicate bit of skylight as the trees occasionally steal it from view, to note the timid trembling of the stars. athrill with the wonder of their new companion, prophet would venture to predict at the present to love the invitation in its very cradlelike curve, is to realize the old wonder of our childhood, without which we are told "we shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

There is a glamor irresistible about the lavish glory of a night of full moon. Dreams clear and unprejudiced man-awaken of moon-swayed madness of that old points out that whatever the time and this-gay gatherings carefully planned by the consulting of the calendar and the grasciousness of the visit of the "queen of night"old love-makings, old loneliness made hopelessly to some form of home rule, and a great many desolate because of the silvery glory of a quiet would favor a modified Dominion status. The pause, and an utter emptiness that meets us trouble is that there is an energetic minority in often when joy is fullest, old memories, old Ireland itself that is unalterably opposed to promises and old friends! Who is not won to dreamings of the past, to hopes of the future, "when the moon is full"?

> "Again the moon was new-And neither of us doubted That our wishes had come true."

DOOM. [Montreal Star.]

If there remain anywhere followers of the former Emperor of Germany who boast of that individual's home rule if certain counties were eliminated escape from the tragic results of the war he helped to launch, an event has come to silence their voices. The evil end of the ex-kaiser's youngest and favor ite son, former Prince Joachim, who shot himse rational objection the Nationalists can have to to death, has thrown a shadow of misery over the Hohenzollern household, and has bent that familiar defiant head which had menaced civilization even always upholding the right of all minorities to in defeat. And who will say that the retribution govern themselves or to choose their own gov. is not just—that fate has not overtaken the Hohenzollern family with one well-earned result of its bloody course in recent history?

ANOTHER "WORLD POWER" MOVEMENT.

[Calgary Herald.] Science and industry combined are the two ssential factors in the scheme for Canadian in remacy in future world relationships. This dominion admittedly has the natural resources in such abundance as to make her future and utilization of these resources is what is needed

### MEDIOCRITY AND DEMOCRACY.

[Boston Globe.] Of course, there is a way of extolling democracy safety and peace and the commercial stability and singing the virtues of the common man which of the whole United States. And yet the United amounts to little more than flattering mediocre Plain story, you see, Spargo, when it all comes people in their mediocrity. Of this believers in out, eh?" independence for Ireland, as if geographical ob a dead level of plenty of things to eat and wear. It means an equal chance for everybody to work his hardest to develop whatever abilities he has. As Lloyd George said the other day, the For mediocrity, or the state of being fifth-rate, is Irish ports would be strategically the most not absence of talent. Mediocrity is absence of effort. The only person who is really commonplace is the one who won't try.

EXCHANGE OF WINGS.

[Montreal Star.] deep water with "water wings." are in danger of exchanging their wings for another pair.

### [Belleville Daily Ontario.]

greenest, take it all through, within the memory At this season we almost invariably have pastures burned brown and leaves wilting and superb growing weather, with cool nights and bright sunshine through the long days. Those who have gone to summer resorts are complaining of the unpleasantly cool nights, which produce chills and rheumatism, and many resorters are leaving moist soil are bringing along a crop of spuds that will, in a few days, make the \$1.50 a peck demand look like 30 cents.

#### MISTAKEN FEMALES. [Buffalo Courier.]

Different organizations of women are campaignng against what they consider the exfremes which some women go in their dress to attract the Jane Austen once said many ladies would be mortified if they knew how little attention men paid

[Woodstock Sentinel-Review.] Bonar Law told the House of Commons the other day that the government was getting the Irish situation better in hand. This is good news, but if it be true there must be evidence of it with which the public is not familiar. Much of the news which is allowed to reach the public tends to leave the impression that the situation is very badly out of

and the administration of justice suspended because of the refusal of jurors to serve, it does not look as if the situation was very well in hand. CANADA'S GREAT HINTERLAND.

up on the public streets, court houses destroyed

When police are slaughtered, soldiers blown

[Quebec Telegraph.] attention to the future of Canada's great hinterland extending northward to the Arctic regions, and makes special reference to the promising outbreaking through the Rocky Mountains only a few miles from the source of the Columbia River, flows in a winding course, generally northward, receives many smaller tributaries, past Athabasca Lake, thence taking the name of Slave River, and then, a mile or more broad, falls into the Mackenzie River and finally empties into the Arctic Ocean. Of now that will vitally affect the lives of millions but little more is known today than was on the maps of fifty years ago. Now, however, adventurous settlers are flocking into these vast regions along the river. A correspondent recently went down this of all the latest news in connection with the Marthat while England is taking some part in what river on the first boat of the season to Fort Veris happening in Poland, it is more or less of an milion and beyond into the lands of the Crees and ment. For after Rathbury had left him, Spargo the Chipewyans. His trip on the broad river was had sought his proprietor and his editor, writes from Poland: "Danzig is a wonderful city, stemmed birches just then putting on spring green contained in a curt paragraph: scrub poplars and willows, and slender, white- thought fit to tell its readers next morning was with huge shipyards. It was here that the Ger- after the long and cold northern winter, during

ing with revolution, but the English have a firm grazing possibilities that will soon be developed, nearly thirty years ago." for here can be grown grains and grasses, flowers and vegetables, and cattle can be grazed on ranges battalions here, but the English are in con- that are practically unlimited. This land may not law courts, encountered a fellow-journalist, a man be attractive to all, but real pioneers of the hardy, on an opposition newspaper, who grinned at him in The man who wrote this is not a Britisher, Canadian hinterland a new tributary to civilization.

### THE MIDDLE **TEMPLE MURDER**

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

Spargo sat drumming his fingers on the desi before him. His eyes were fixed on a map of London that hung on the opposite wall; his ears heard the throbbing of the printing machines far below But what he really saw were the faces of the two

girls; what he really heard were the voices of two Rathbury with great cheerfulness. "What's clear as noontide?" he asked sharply. Why, the whole thing!" Motive-

everything," answered Rathbury. "Don't you se laitland and Aylmore (his real name is Ainsworth, certainly, just before Aylmore's release. Aylmor goes abroad, makes money, in time comes back, starts new career, gets into parliament, becomes big man. In time, Maitland, who, after his time has also gone abroad, also comes back. The two neet. Maitland probably tries to blackmail Aylnore or threatens to let folk know that the flourshing Mr. Aylmore, M.P., is an ex-convict. Result m to the Temple and quiets him. Pooh!-the whole thing's clear as noontide, as

say. As noontide!" Spargo drummed his fingers again.

dentified?" "My work," said Rathbury proudly. "My work. You see, I thought a lot. And especially after we'd found out that Marbury was Maitland." "You mean after I'd found out," remarked

Rathbury waved his cigar. 'Well, well, it's all the same," he said. "You help me, and I help you, eh? Well, as I say, I thought a considerable lot. I thought—now, where did Maitland, or Marbury, know or meet Aylmor twenty or twenty-two years ago? Not in London use we know Maitland never was in London at any rate, before his trial, and we haven't the of that he was in London after. And why won't Aylmore tell? Clearly because it must have een in some undesirable place. And then, all of a sudden it flashed on me in a moment of-wha no you writing fellows call those moments, Spargo?"

"Inspiration, I should think," said Spargo. "That's it. In a moment of direct inspiration, i flashed on me-why, twenty years ago Maitland was in Dartmoor-they must have met there! And so we got some old warders who'd been there at that time to come to town, and we gave 'em oppor tunities to see Aylmore and to study him. Of course he's twenty years older, and he's grown a beard; remembered that if he was the man they thought

"Does Aylmore know that he's been identified?" asked Spargo. Rathbury pitched his cigar into the fireplace and said, scornfully, "Know? He's

admitted it. What was the use of standing out To against proof like that. He admitted it tonight in my presence. Oh, he knows all right!" And what did he say" Rathbury laughed contemptuously.

"Say? Oh, not much. Pretty much what he said about this affair—that when he was convicted the time before he was an innocent man. He's certainly good hand at playing the innocent game." 'And of what was he convicted?" "Oh, of course, we know all about it now. As And grass for carpet to my feet.

"Oh, of course, we know all about it now. As soon as we found out what he really was we had all the particulars turned up. Aylmore, or Ainsworth (Stephen Ainsworth, his name really is) was a man who ran a sort of what they call a mutual benefit society in a town right away up in the north—

Society in a town right away up in the north—

Claudhawayton—some thirty years ago. He was so much treasure you have left. society in a town right away up in the hottle—Cloudhampton—some thirty years ago. He was nominally secretary, but it was really his own affair. It was patronized by the working classes—Cloudhampton's a purely artisan population—and they hampton's a purely artisan population—and they allow of their brass as they call it, in it. stuck a lot of their brass, as they call it, in it. nothing. He-Ainsworth or Aylmore-pleaded that he was robbed and duped by another man, but the he was robbed and duped by another man, but the Do you hear this praise of you, court didn't believe him, and he got seven years. Little park, that I pass through

out," observed Spargo. "And he kept silence now, suppose, because he didn't want his daughters know about his past?"

Toronto is larger than ever before. Peo ple are finding out the pleasure of grow ing flowers.

that I blame him. He thought, of course, that he'd ing flowers. go scot-free over that Marbury affair, but he made is mistake in the initial stages, my boy-oh, yes!" Spargo got up from his desk and walked around om for a few minutes, Rathbury meanwhile finding and lighting another cigar. At last Spargo came back and clapped a hand on the detective's

"Look here, Rathbury," he said, "It's very evident that you're now going on the lines that Aylmore did murder Marbury. Eh?"
Rathbury looked up. His face showed astonish-"After evidence like that!" he exclaimed. 'Why, of course. There's the motive, my son, the

"Spargo laughed, "Rathbury," he said, "Aylmore no more murdered Rathbury than you did." The detective got up and put on his hat. "Perhaps you know

"I shall know in a few days," answered Spargo. Rathbury stared wonderingly at him. Then he suddenly walked to the door. "Good-night!" he

"Good-night, Rathbury," replied Spargo, and sat But that night Spargo wrote nothing for the Watchman. All he wrote was a short telegram addressed to Aylmore's daughters. There were only

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Closed Doors.

Alone of all the London morning newspapers. the Watchman appeared next day destitute of sensationalism in respect to the Middle Temple murder The other daily journals published more or less vivid re. M. P. for the Brookminster division, as the ci-devant Stephen Ainsworth, ex-convict, once upon time founder and secretary of the Hearth and Home Mutual Benefit Society, the headquarters of ! which had been at Cloudhampton, in Daleshire; the fall of which had involved thousands of honest working folk in terrible distress, if not in absolute ruin. Most of them had raked up Ainsworth's past to considerable journalistic purpose; it had been an easy matter to turn up old files, to recount the fall the privations of the humble investors whose small hoards had gone in the crash; it had been easy, too, to set out again the history of Ainsworth's arrest, story; it was that of a man who by his financial The Sun and New York Herald has been drawing ability had built up a great industrial insurance society; had-as was alleged-converted the large

sums intrusted to him to his own purposes. He had been detected and punished; had disappeared after his punishment, so effectually that no one knew where he had gone; had come back. comparatively a few years later, under another name, a very rich man, and had entered parliament, and been, in a modest way, a public character without any of those who knew him in his new career suspecting that he had once worn a dress liberally ornamented with the broad-arrow. Fine copy, excellent copy! Some of the morning news-

But the Watchman, up to then easily ahead of bury affair, contented itself with a brief announce-

"We understand that Mr. Stephen Aylmore from the outside world.

Yet in this vast region there are agricultural and Hearth and Home Mutual Benefit Society funds

Coming down to Fleet street that m Spargo, strolling jauntily along the front of the

### Poetry and Jest

AN AUGUST DAY. [Albert Durrant Watson Are spread o'er the face of field and

When the cattle stand in the sluggard And the maples sleep and the rushes

When the wagons creak 'neath their golden sheaves, And a bulging barn its wealth receives; When youth doth keep in its heart's

deep bower Like a fragrant dream, love's passic flower;

know by the lovely far away Soft summer glow 'tis an August day RELIABLE DECISIONS. "I understand you have told your ife to throw the ouija board into the

wood-box."
"Yes. I'm not going to have any such superstitious nonsense deciding questions around my house. When I come to a point where I can't make up my mind what to do I simply flip

AN ECHO FROM WILLOW-WOOD. [Christina Rossetti.]
Two gazed into a pool, he gazed and Not hand in hand, yet heart in heart,

I think, Pale and reluctant on the water's As on the brink of parting which mus Each eyed the other's aspect, she and Each felt one hungering heart leap up

and sink, Each tasted bitterness which both There on the brink of life's dividing Lillies upon the surface, deep below
Two wistful faces craving each for

each,
Resolute and reluctant without peech; den ripple made the faces flow reach; So those hearts joined, and, ah, were

GAME NOT WORTH THE CANDLE [London Morning Post.]

"It took me an hour yesterday to convince my wife that I was right."

"You succeeded then?"

"Oh, yes; but she hasn't spoken to specific and the specifi

ELLIS PARK. [Helen Hoyt.] Little park that I pass through, I carry off a piece of you Every morning hurrying down To my work-day in the town; Carry you for country there To make the city ways more fair. I take your trees
And your breeze,
Your greenness,
Your cleanness,

Some of your shade, some of your sky. Some of your calm as I go by; Your flowers to trim The pavements grim; Your space for room in the jostled

INCREASE OF FLOWER LOVERS. It is satisfactory to see that the num-per of members attending the Canadian Horticultural Association meeting Toronto is larger than ever before. Pe

MUSIC I HEARD. [Conrad Aiken.]
Music I heard with you was more than

than bread; Now that I am without you, all is deso All that was once so beautiful is dead four hands once touched this table and And I have seen your fingers hold this

And yet your touch upon them will no

music, And bread I broke with you was more

For it was in my heart you moved among them, And blessed them with your hands and with your eyes: And in my heart they will remembe They knew you once, O beautiful and wise!

CLEANED OUT. [Boston Transcript.]

"Hi there, sir!" shouted a Florida landlord to a departing guest who was rushing for the train, "you've dropped your pocketbook."

"All right," shouted back the guest without stopping. "I've no further use for it."

TO AN UNKNOWN MATE. [Allan D. Rowe.] cannot tell! We may have roamed On fleecy clouds ere yet time came, Or ridden wild where breakers foamed Or mingled spirit's ether flame.

or through the lowering pall of black
Slid down on rays of moonbeam light.
cannot tell! but this I know,
In some before, begin or state Twist me and thee and laughing Fate.

AN EYESORE. New Vicar (visiting farm)—Why do you always pall your barrow, Mr. Grimes?
Grimes—'Cos I 'ates the very sight of

[Noel Brown.]
Life is a river flowing from its source.
And gathering speed and volume on

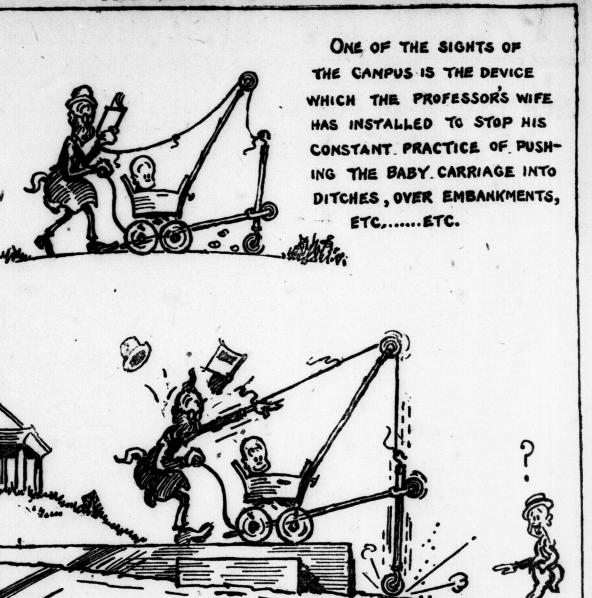
its way,
Until its varied, desultory course
Merges at last, toward the end of day, Into the vast unfathomable deep. through smiling countryside With gentle lapping sound, then thro'
the steep
Wild racks of sorrow, where for ever it flows grows Naught but rank dreary weeks. Now little streams
Of stirring friendship and pure gentle

Flow in to meet it, and the sunlight The skies are blue with joy; and now Blots out the pleasure of the distant

The river flows its changing, ceas Until it falls into the boundless sea,
Where Time's eternal whisperin
breezes play
With golden mists of dim infinity.

ANIMALS AS COMPANIONS. Animals cannot express their apprecion in words for the care their own bestow upon them, but they recip

### THE ABSENT MINDED PROFESSOR



By FUNTAINE FUX

(Copyright.)

rocate kindness. They can convince most animal husbandmen that plenty of feed, sufficient shelter and gentle treatment are profitable, as well as humane. They can grow, reproduce and return income for the business judgment and acquired skill used to raise them on the farm.

The choicest traits of human character are shown in man's care of animals

ter are shown in man's care of animals raised on the farm. He who feelingly caresses the animal when it is in pain, and soothes the wound that has been the embarrassed father was holding

"Turn her this way," he whispered. But the father was too disconcerted o hear or understand. to hear or understand.
"Turn her feet around," the minister
whispered again, but there was no re-An old seaman in the back of the church came to the rescue. Putting his weather-beaten hand to his mouth, he roared across the aisle:
"Head her into the wind, Tom!"

Grenland

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