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## Abundant Knowledge Within Reach of Everyone Today

The soap-boxer at one time was wont to de-claim that his children had no chance to secure an education. He made much of the unfairness of a system that sent a boy or girl into the world un-lettered and handicapped hopelessly in the race for success and position. There may have been some justice in his complaint, although it is some-times difficult to reconcile ignorance with the op-portunities for learning that have existed for many generations. And today the man who com-plaints that he cannot give his children an educa-tion that will equip them adequately is simply a sluggard who will not think and is not fit to be the custodian of future citizens.

At every hand are the facilities for becoming adept at almost every trade and profession with-out vast expenditure and without loss of time. First, the elementary schools are making every boy and girl more efficient than ever. The methods of teaching the most important of all subjects, reading, by means of which the door to almost all knowledge is opened, are improved by many degrees. Children learn the elementary things well today. They get language quickly, and are told how deep a mine is the dictionary, and what worlds of knowledge lie within the doors of modern public libraries. A library is a school in itself. There is no trade or profession that may not be developed from the shelves of a library. There is no course of learning that may not be accelerated by a simple glance through a library catalogue, plus the resolution to make use of the tools on the library shelves.

Take the trade of writing for instance. In a public library a man may secure all the techni-cal works on writing that have been published. If his tools are words, he is taught the use of words, and if he realize that words are the things with which he must work he is something of a dunce if he does not take some of the in-struction of his calling that lies so conveniently around him. If he wishes to become an adver-tising specialist, the library has the rudiments of that trade for the aspiring. The trouble is that most men and women make no effort to get beyond the fundamental things. They look for business to develop them, and wonder why they do not advance. They should realize that self-development is a clear way to success, and that it is the simplest thing, rather than the most abstruse thing, with which a life may be confronted. Too much hope is based on "inspira-tion" and not a sufficient amount on application.

It is hardly necessary to point to the abun-dant stores of knowledge offered by collegiate institutes and technical schools. Here, for every student that comes, is provided the best skill that may be secured. Not only are the staffs willing to help, they are eager to help every student to acquire knowledge that means advancement. There is general education for many and specialized education for others. There is scarcely a lesson that need be wasted if parents and children are keenly alive to what education means in each particular life. Bookkeeping and stenography may be of little service to a pro-spective mechanical engineer, but physics and a technical course are of the greatest value. How many parents realize what a close survey of our educational facilities means to their children? Let it be hoped that a great many are thinking of it, because here lies co-operation with the system of education, costing millions of dollars, that makes the whole range of school attendance vital to the community.

Night courses, special summer courses, lec-tures on special subjects—anyone who wants education in these days is a dullard if he does not get it. And it requires only a few years in the world to realize how much education means.

## A Patched-Up "Peace"

In this street railway business it looks as though someone were trying to be very subtle. We don't quite know whether it's the street rail-way or the employees or the city council. But there has been a lot of shadow-fighting and pussy-footing, quite a bit of bluffing and a good deal of gallery-playing.

The street railway was after higher fares. It couldn't get the city council to grant these fares by means of an airtight agreement. The com-pany kept fencing with the council. Negotiations were wound up with a refusal to grant the in-crease.

Then (and of course we are expected to be-lieve it was a coincidence) came the strike. It is not suggested the strikers consciously or willingly permitted themselves to be used as tools. They did go out at the well-known psychological mo-ment, however.

It is an open fact that the strike brought about a poor kind of compromise which will probably be knocked into a cocked hat the first time it is attacked for legality.

The strike was a convenient thing for the company and it came at a moment when the company threw up its hands and quite willingly locked up the cars.

Poor, dear, helpless street railway! Why does anyone suggest that the company did not feel so terribly bad when its motormen and conductors walked out?

Simply because it looks like a case of playing the game with a touch of the grand old bluff which makes poker so fascinating.

London is quite willing, in fact, glad, to see

the cars running and the men getting as much as 44 cents an hour, which is only a fair wage.

But the problem by no means is solved. One aldermanic report declares the railway made a clear profit of \$44,000 last year. The prospects, with Sunday cars to Springbank, and a general traffic increase, must be quite as favorable in 1919.

The problem will be solved when all this subtle work is ended and everyone puts cards on the table.

## Price-Fixing in Canada

Price-fixing organizations which operate by gentlemen's agreements and unwritten laws, and combines which make no effort to disguise their purpose are known to exist in connection with many articles that are absolutely necessary in the upkeep of the home. And for many years we have been told that quantity production and working agreements build up trade and eliminate cutthroat competition. Prices have been "stabilized," and one big packing house knows another will not cut prices, but will compete only by means of speeded-up salesmanship of one kind or another. Therefore it doesn't care much about prices—so long as they are high enough.

If the old-time corporation was regarded as having no soul, the corporation that was subject to price competition and that had no market control, what kind of a soul can the present vast combinations be expected to have? If the ten-dency of business is selfish, if the temptation to regard the public as blind is uppermost, it is natural that these combinations will send prices upward rather than downward. They will hold foodstuffs against a rise in price and will keep foodstuffs and other necessities from flooding the market. The old-time law of supply and demand doesn't mean a thing to the combines. They know the fixed demand, but they take care that supply shall never go beyond demand, and that demand shall be pulling rather than supply rushing eagerly forward to clutter up the market places and force down prices.

The old way or the new? With the old method of competition on price as well as on selling the public was aware that it had a chance. Now it believes itself to be ground between the upper and the nether millstone, and that the pressure is necessarily kept up if enormous dividends are to be paid.

It's all wrong that artificial conditions and restraining combinations should have control of necessities. If the excess food supplies are to be played with by speculators—and that is really the crux of the game—the country should take the gambling device out of private hands and go into the business for itself. If the whole thing is something of a gamble, at least let us create the odds by the pari-mutuel system rather than give the bookmakers all the velvet.

## As to Tax-Exempt Bonds

The present Parliament is passing to a close without consideration of the victory bond situa-tion as it affects the income tax. British Columbia has sent word that a provincial tax will be im-posed on these bonds, and since the last loan was floated a steady traffic has served to draw many hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of the war securities into the hands of the men with large incomes. At present non-taxable loans to the extent of \$1,300,000,000 are held in the country.

Take the case of the 100 or 300 per cent profiteer. His company pays a tremendous re-turn after having contributed a certain amount to the country by means of the excess profits tax. The man whose stock holding returned in the neighborhood of \$100,000 finds that he will be taxed more than 30 per cent of his income unless he finds means of protecting it. What is his most natural course, unless he happens to be willing to give up the 30 per cent? He will make an effort to turn this income into victory bonds, with the result that the country loses the percentage of his income which should have come to the treasury to pay a mite of the war burden, and he is saved a sum of money equivalent to at least 30 per cent of his income by reason of his heavy purchase of bonds.

The United States found that there was an evil attaching to tax-exempt bonds. So it cut down the exemption. It faced serious objections, but the answer given was that a war bond investment entailed some degree of patriotism, and that if a man would not accept a fair rate of interest to invest for the good of his country he could not be regarded as possessing the patriotism that was asked of him. Sir Thomas White has stated, in answer to the Liberal criticisms of exempt war bonds, that he believed this exemption to be neces-sary to float the loans.

This is not a pleasant thought for those of "the little fellows" who strained to buy a small bond because a thousand ringing slogans told them that their country needed the money. These people did not invest because of the hope of en-richment or protection. They wished to assist the country. They would do so again. It is the great incomes that were sensitive, and Sir Thomas White's opinion comes from those who saw a chance to circumvent the income tax collector.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Senate is torn by conflicting emotions—its own long thirst and party allegiance.

The late end of the street railway franchise is not so profitable. How about the early end of it?

Joffre has been called on for his alibis and his convincing explanations only reflect greater credit on him and his troops in the early days of 1914 campaign.

Another air victory for the British! And the steady voyage of the R34 over the Atlantic makes certain that navigation by dirigible is practicable and capable of development in the near future.

"Investigator" Nesbitt maintains that the premier has a perfect right to be making money in the cold storage business, and that his com-pany did no profiteering. Only 50 per cent or so! As mild-mannered a profiteer as ever cut a throat or pickled a ham. If M. P.'s go on ap-proving of these things, the letters themselves will stand for "mild-mannered profiteer" or "packer."

## The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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LOOSE MILK.  
By Dora Molan.

Mrs. Browning placed a severe straw sash on her head and snapped the elas-tic under the heavy coils of her brown hair. Then she buttoned her trig tail-ored suit, carrying on at the same time a conversation with her daughter, who was dressing in the next room.

"A morning like this makes me wish some kind fairy would change this stuff chapeau into a sunbonnet and this skirt into an old dress and sweater; then it she would transform my bag into a rake and whisk me away to Stonchill, oh! what's the use of wishing? But I can just smell that brown earth! Cheerio, Rena! Just two months more of grinding the elements of Latin into those flibberty-gibbert girls' heads! Well—with a sigh—"we'll have oyster stew for dinner; don't forget, Rena, to run over to the store and get a quart of loose milk. I have examination papers to correct and won't be home early."

Rena, left alone, completed her toilet and hurried out. She didn't have far to go, as her school was only three blocks away. On opening the street door a warm puff of air struck her in the face. "Mother isn't at all strict," she soliloquized, "and grimy-faced kids get on just as well as high school girls. Poor kiddies! They ought to be out playing in the green fields every day instead of in the shadow of this eternally gloomy elevator."

As often happens in the variable month of April, there was a decided change in the temperature that afternoon. Rena walked home against a chilly wind and decided that it would be a good time to stay in and start those gingham dresses for the country. Working on them would make the approaching vacation seem more restful.

Rena was intense by nature. What she did she did with all her might. Glancing up at the clock after close absorption in her work, she dumped the fabric from her lap and hastened into the kitchen. Her mother, who was due in half an hour anyway, perhaps before dinner was not started.

"Let's see," Rena stared. And I have to go out after the milk. Taking a small pail from its hook, she inquired of nobody at all. Now where's the cover? But that article eluded her search. "Well, I'll have to go without it and mind my step, that's all!"

Ten minutes later the hootsena Rena emerged from the grocery carefully carrying the pail and head down, against the wind, hurried across the street, turned the corner—and collided with a young man who was approach-ing from the opposite direction. There were direful results. The "loose" milk no longer occupied the pail. Most of it spread out over the dark overcoat of the stranger, trickling thence to the sidewalk.

"Oh!" exclaimed Rena. "What in blazes—" began the young man. But at this point he raised his head from rueful contemplation of the coat, looked at the embarrassed girl and shifted to this remark: "It's rather of a mess, isn't it?"

Rena was forced to agree. "If you'll come up to my mother's apartment, I'll wipe it off with cold water, and I don't think it will show."

It has been said that the young man looked at Rena, but it has not been re-lated what he saw; and it was what he saw, quite as much as the desire to have his coat made respectable again, that caused the stranger to accept the invitation with alacrity. Rena, with her laughing brown eyes and abundant, glossy brown hair, was easy to look upon.

Mrs. Browning, opening the door of the apartment soon afterward, heard laughing voices and followed them to their source in the kitchen. She beheld her daughter busily scrubbing at a coat while a young man with the sort of light hair that never stays put, and good-natured grey eyes, looked on.

"Oh, mother!" Rena exclaimed, laughing. "This is Mr. Morse. I was just returning from the store with the milk and I ran straight into him turn-ing the corner. Most of the milk landed on his coat, so the least I could do was to offer to clean it off."

Mrs. Browning shook hands with the young man. He told her he was spending a short vacation in the city. "You don't need to tell me you're from the country," she said; "your color gives you away. Sit down and tell us what the country looks like this time of the year. We were long-ing only this morning to be there. We own a little house at Stonchill, upstate, and we hope some day to be able to buy a few more acres and start a market garden. It's our pipe dream."

Morse hardly waited for Mrs. Brown-ing to finish speaking. "That's my work, market gardening! Just at present I'm managing a millionaire's farm out in Westchester County, but I've saved money enough to buy a place of my own, and I'm on the look-out for one."

"Stay to dinner with us, won't you, Mr. Morse," said Mrs. Browning, "and we can have the time of our lives, talking farm."

The young man looked his accept-ance, as the mother continued: "We'll try the oysters; they'll be just as good that way."

All through the dinner young Morse talked mostly to his mother, but his eyes, sooner or later, turned often to the daughter. He was much interested in the acres adjoining the Brownings' little country place, and inquired who owned them. Then, waxing brave, he told how lonesome he had been during his stay in the city, and wondered whether, if he should get the tickets, they would go to a play with him. And before the visitor left it was arranged.

It was the evening before his vaca-tion ended that Anthony Morse walked thoughtfully from the subway to the Brownings' apartment. He had a piece of news to tell and a proposition to make.

The mother had been so wonderfully good to him, a total stranger! And that she longed to get away from school life, he was sure. But the daughter? How did she regard him? That was the question. She had been pleasant and friendly to be sure, but—

The door of the apartment opened when Anthony had come thus far in his thoughts and he was startled. "Good evening, Mr. Morse. I have to apolo-gize for mother's absence, but she will be in shortly. There is a lecture at her school tonight."

Though Rena did her best to enter-tain him, Anthony was preoccupied. At last he said: "What's the matter? Your mind seems miles away."

"It is! It's at Stonchill. I bought the land next to your place today. I have a proposal to make to you." Anthony was visibly nervous.

"You mean to mother, don't you?" asked Rena demurely, but with a laugh-ing glint in her eyes. Morse flushed, but somehow gathered courage. "No," he said boldly, "the proposal is to you, but I have a proposition to offer your mother. I want you both to help me run a market garden at Stonchill on shares."

"Mother is fine at that sort of thing. I'm sure she'll be delighted. But where does my share of running it come in?" asked the girl naively.

"You can run me if you'll take the job."

"Why, if you think I can do as good a one of running you as I did of run-ning into you—well—I'll try."

## "Newspapers Are the World's Mirror"

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Comment, Cleverness and Mere Verbiage From "Educators or the Common People" in Canada and Other Lands.

## HOW TO LEARN ENGLISH.

A schoolboy friend has shown me a note which he has received from Mr. G. K. Chesterton in reply to one ask-ing him for his autograph, and, at the same time complimenting him on his effective use of the English language. Mr. Chesterton replied: "Thank you so much for your letter. I only write this one in order to show you, finally, and upon documentary evidence, that I cannot write English any more than you. I also am trying to learn to do so. A most usual and fruitful way of learning is to write books. They some-times pay you for doing it, and the reviewers look after the mistakes." My young friend treasures this letter.

## LORDS AND LIBERTY.

Not for the first time in the history of these realms must the people look to the House of Lords for protection against bureaucratic encroachment on its liberties. Our hereditary legislators may be the guardians of vested inter-ests, but they are also singularly free from the handicap of having new and pet axes to grind. As they are natu-rally jealous of any encroachments on their own prerogatives, they are equally jealous of every attempt at the con-fiscation of liberties which they share in common with every plain citizen. Con-sequently the Lords, and the Lords alone, can now protect us from the bureaucratic tyranny—the annexation of every public means of transport, save walking or flying—at which the bill to establish a ministry of ways and com-munications aims.

## THE PETROLEUM PIONEER.

[London Chronicle.] It is pleasant to recall, in reading the oil news from Derbyshire, that it was in that county that the great pe-troleum industry was born. Not to any Rockefeller do we owe the parentage of the giant of today, but to a Scottish peasant who explored seventy years ago in a coal mine at Alfreton.

James Young of Glasgow, then study-ing at Manchester, heard that this illi-cit matter was oozing into a Derby-shire mine. He tracked the strange thing down until he had traced it to the work of the mine by distilling paraffin out of it for lighting purposes. The crude petroleum, however, ran out in a

year or two, and there was no Lord Cowdray to show the way to more. But Young had shown what could be done with the oil when found, and in 1856 he took out the patent that has trans-formed the world.

THE PRINCE AND OVERSEAS.

[London Canadian Gazette.] The Prince of Wales, when he goes to Canada later on, would, in the ordinary course of events, be sure of a very hearty welcome, but the reception will be the more warm since he is already well known to many Canadians at the front, and last week he renewed his ac-quaintance with some of them at the Canadian Officers' Club; and the wel-come he received there no doubt gave

him some idea of the loyal and enthu-siastic reception which he may expect on the other side of the Atlantic. In his very happy speech at the club the prince, in referring to the fact that this club, like most of those inaugurated by the Beyond the Seas Association, would soon be closed, said: "I think we all hope that later on a larger and perma-nent club will be formed"; and added that everybody would look upon it as a lasting memorial to the devoted services of those of the overseas dominions who fought in the great war for the Empire.

GAUZE IN THE MEDICINE CHEST.

[Kansas City Star.] A Kansas City teacher reports the case of one of her pupils who cut a

## UNHEALTHY CURIOSITY

By FONTAINE FOX.

(Copyright.)



Willie carelessly put down his violin case while at the seashore.

finger. She washed the cut with tur-pentine and then did up the finger in sterile gauze. The next morning when she appeared at school the finger showed home treatment. Her careful work had all gone for nothing. The bandage had been removed and ashes carefully put on the cut, thus infecting the cut and delaying the healing.

Perhaps one bit of useful information that will be diffused through the coun-try by returned soldiers will be the sim-ple story of how to treat a cut so that it will heal without becoming infected. They have seen wounds treated in hos-pitals without salve, without ointment, without court plaster, but with gauze which can be bought at any drug store.

The hospital principle may be applied at home in the case of any superficial wound by painting it with iodine or washing it with turpentine—not with water—and then bandaging with gauze. The truth is, that a package of sterile gauze is about the only essential to a family medicine chest.

A NOVELIST AND HER REWARD.

[New York World.] That the late Amelia E. Barr, authoress of 60 successful novels, left an estate of only \$555 indicates something of the vicissitudes of the literary profession. A novel may amply repay the publisher and then fall flat as to its demand, leav-ing the writer of it but slight returns for the time and labor spent on it.

Many prolific authors have had simi-lar experiences, and they wrote so many books, perhaps, not through sheer love of writing, which always pro-duces the best results, but simply as a matter of routine and necessity. In a sense they might have been called the slaves of the pen, which sometimes re-wards its users beyond their deserts and at others, with the capriciousness of which literature furnishes so many ex-amples, gives them but scant daily bread.

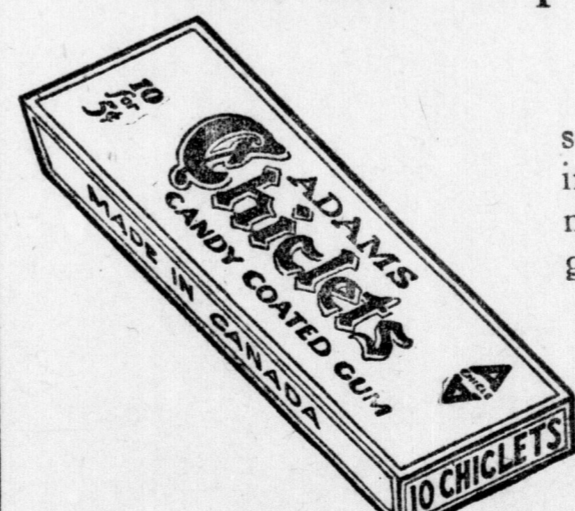
A mere beginner in literature or jour-nalism today can frequently earn much more than Edgar Allan Poe, for in-stance, earned at a time when he was turning out masterpieces of literature in prose and verse. But while Fortune is fickle and capricious and bestows her rewards frequently without much refer-ence to merit, Fame is more just. The world knows little or nothing and cares less for the publishers and editorial magnates who grudgingly gave Poe a mere pittance for work which time has stamped as immortal. They looked down upon him as an erratic scribbler and probably thought they were treating him liberally, and now the kindest thing that fails to them is silence and oblivion.

Even Griswold a man important in the literary history of his time, is now known chiefly from his collections of the prose and poetry of his day and for his antagonism and injustice to Poe.



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