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Friday, May 1, 1925.

The Call For Retrenchment

Sir Henry Thornton made a sound and sensible speech to the newspaper men of Canada in Toronto on Thursday night on the railway situation, which, we believe, will commend itself to the majority of the people of Canada. Public men, as well as the public generally, are beginning to realize that the Canadian National Railway is a real burden and that if the taxation load is to be relieved in this country, then something must be done to wipe out the annual deficits of the system. As matters now stand, while that road has an annual operating surplus, the interest charges more than eat up any surplus, and, what is more, these charges are rolling up yearly like a snowball.

Lambert Payne presented some startling statistics to the Kiwanis Club, which have angered certain King Government advocates, but these figures have not been refuted, nor can they be refuted, because they are the plain facts of the case and facts which the public should know. Similar facts have been presented recently in the House of Commons by certain Liberal members who recognize the seriousness of the situation. As a result of these statements there is an agitation to force some drastic action. W. D. Euler, M.P., proposes that the Canadian National Railway should take over the C. P. R. Others favor the C. P. R. absorbing the Canadian National. Mr. Payne advocated selling the road to some new corporation, and, if necessary, bonusing the company for a period of years. He claimed that this would be cheaper in the end for the country.

Discussing the proposed amalgamation schemes Sir Henry Thornton declared:

"Two possible methods of amalgamation have been suggested. If the Canadian Pacific were to take over the Canadian National, the public would immediately raise the cry of monopoly; it would be forecast as a danger that such a vast private corporation might eventually dominate the Dominion. Should the reverse procedure be followed it is conceivable that the matter would enter political administration, would be accused of using the vast purchasing power and the patronage possibilities of the huge railway system to remain permanently in power. These are but a few of the objections to amalgamation which would be sure to arise."

Sir Henry has put his finger on the weak spot of such an amalgamation. As he says, to give a complete monopoly of transportation, either public or private, would be dangerous. If to a private company, then it would have such power from a voting standpoint as to be able to dominate any party or any government and a public-owned railway of such an extent would put an equally dangerous patronage weapon in the hand of any administration.

The Free Press has always been a strong advocate of public ownership and is not yet satisfied that the Canadian National cannot be made to pay or that the situation would be much improved by handing over the system to a private corporation. It was under private ownership that Canada developed the present muddle. For the present, at least, Sir Henry Thornton and Edward W. Beatty, of the C. P. R., are working along the right lines, and that is to reduce and eliminate unnecessary expenditure and competition. There are legitimate economies which can be made. If this plan fails to meet the situation and the burden of taxation, as a result of the C. N. R. deficits, keeps on increasing, then other steps will have to be taken.

One thing is certain, we cannot any longer adopt a policy of drift in our attitude towards public expenditures, either government or railway. If we do not start reducing national debt and our taxation burden, like Great Britain, United States, Australia and New Zealand, are going to land on the financial rocks. It is as simple as the

alphabet that a policy of rolling up our national debt must ultimately mean trouble. If this debt can only be decreased by abandoning public ownership, then The Free Press believes the greatest good to the country will come by returning to private ownership of railways, as did the United States. In the meantime Sir Henry Thornton and Mr. Beatty, without embarrassment, should be given a fair opportunity to see what they can accomplish by a policy of retrenchment and economy in cutting out duplication and foolish competition. When this fails it will be time enough to talk about amalgamating or handing over the C. N. R. to someone else.

Good Will

All the large cities of the United States where Canadians must do congregate have Canadian clubs—clubs which keep those born on our side of the line in sympathetic touch with the land of their birth. At such a club meeting, quite recently, the prominent speakers were United States Secretary of Labor Davis and Sir Esme Howard, the British ambassador.

The first of both speakers' address was that the United States and Great Britain are on such a footing that of the brightest hopes of either nation was for the continued good-will which long had existed. . . a good-will that primarily included the amity which prevailed between Canada and the United States.

Secretary Davis emphasized the desire held by our peoples that both countries might continue to educate a population devoted to liberty and representative governments. The British ambassador spoke at length on the fact that Canada and the United States, daughters of the same mother country, have the happy faculty of rejoicing in one another's prosperity and higher developments. In friendship of the kind existing between the United States and Canada there was no need of pumped-up demonstrations to assure the world of the strong bond of sympathies interchanged.

The shocks of adversity that our countries have stood together or suffered individually have been the foundation on which understanding has been founded. . . the friendship which binds the kind which Cicero holds in high esteem. "Friendship ever is infinitely better than kindness" . . . and which cultivated. . . is the "sheltering tree" of which Coleridge wrote. Such realization of good-will as was demonstrated by the speakers who represented the "earnest" of their country must help to forward the peace on earth which long and sometimes it seems vainly, has been the desire of nations.

Are not the people of both countries the gainers by the honest acknowledgment that good-will does abound?

NOTE AND COMMENT

Well, de do prefer "Preferance?" Have you fared well? Remember the Welfare Fund!

"Rainy days will surely come. Take the stray umbrella home." The weather man says "showery."

W. J. Bryan to be shelled at last—if he is received in the bosom of the U. S. A. Senate.

April was a busy month for building. Permits to the amount of \$300,000 were issued. And so London the Less grows apace!

"Knowledge, like timber, should not be used too much until seasons dry. That's a word to the wise young graduate."

In the history of Prince Edward Island there has been only one divorce. The Islanders believe that God joins them together.

"Sterling exchange goes up over eight cents. Highest in 10 years." Here is welcome news, indeed. Again Great Britain is "muddling" along at a healthy gait.

Britain is paying out about one hundred million pounds annually as a result of her guarantees for the direct loans to France. A guarantee is some little scrap of paper.

Shortly before Hindenburg's election the guard placed over the Kaiser was removed and even the extra soldiers at one time assigned to Doorn have been recalled. What's the great idea?

"Public opinion in the long run will conquer the war spirit and race hatred based on ignorance." Science and intelligence are making fighting unnecessary.

Red propagandists are hoping to make the British proletariat believe that Canada is cruel in her hold-up of the Hudson Bay R. R. and that secession is rampant in our Western Provinces. Barnum's joke on the subject of not being able to "fool all of the people all of the time" is in order.

THE THIRD COLUMN

GROWING UP.
This thing called growing up is strange.
With every day there comes a change,
Something put off and taken on,
A new charm come, an old one gone,
A thing that's vanished, and a fear
Which was, but is no longer here,
And with it all behind those eyes
A hint of something very wise.

Uncounted births must age behold
That watches little souls unfold,
First smiles are born and then there comes
The strange discovery of thumbs,
Glad recognition follows swift,
Those eyes with lovely gladness lift
And light with God's most holy grace
To see a sweet familiar face.

Speech slowly seems to come. A word
At last from those young lips is heard,
One at a time, then two or three,
Oh, most entrancing mystery!
As thought and voice unite to find
Expression for the little mind,
Then as the doors of speech unclose
Age loves another chatter-box.

Strength takes command. The spirit
glows.
So much the little baby knows
That now she dares to disobey:
This she will do, or that she won't,
And disregarding every "don't"
We utter, we are often pained
To see our judgments so disowned.

And yet no lovelier joy we know
Than watching little children grow.
Each day brings something new to see,
Some hint of splendor yet to be,
Something of pride and love and mirth
And glad achievement brought to birth.

Old is the process. That is true—
Old as mankind, but ever new.
(Copyright, 1925, by Edgar A. Guest.)

FOR THE LOVE OF THE THING
One day I was attracted by a bird
Strolling along the street going to my
office.

Loving birds, I walked in and listened
For half an hour to their chirps and
songs. It seemed too bad that so many
beautiful birds of life should be so
housed.

But, as I watched, my affection grew
and as I had been watching a little
fellow over the cage in the corner,
I finally asked the price and was soon
its owner. Now every morning this
little songster fills the silent halls
of my home with song that is more golden
than its golden throat.

I stand before its little home and
listen to its warbles so sweet and so
filled with its tiny soul, and say that
it could sing for no other reason in
the world than that it loves to.

If we do not do our work each day
for the very love of the work we do,
we had better not do it at all.

And even when the cloudy days come
around and when it rains, shutting out
the sun that does so much to lighten
the heart, to go right on doing the job
of life because of love of the thing, is
something even finer than being a hero.

We do many things because of
some exchange. We should do more
things because of pure love of the thing
we do.

I like to listen for hours to the song-
ster, I like to watch the painter who
paints with his heart. I am inspired
by him who works because he loves
to work because he feels that work
is a part of the joy of life.

—George Matthew Adams.

VIRTUE'S REWARDS.
When but a child I read a tale about
a youth named Pete, who helped a
woman, old and frail, across a crowded
street, he saw her safely to her door,
since she was weak and lame, and there
she thanked him o'er and o'er and asked
him for his name. The days and
weeks went by with speed, as days and
weeks will go, his kind forgot his kind-
ly deed, while rustling for the dough,
it was his nature thus to aid the help-
less and the old, and in such games he
never played for gold or prize, but for
the joy of it, then the youth's surprise, when
ladies Jim and Jones, informed him,
envy in their eyes, he'd drawn a million
bones. The dame he helped, the good
old soul, was dead and buried now,
and she had willed to him a roll that
well might choke a cow. And I re-
solved to lie in wait for some poor
feeling dame and nobly help her to her
gate, and there no guerdon claim.

As one old lady led a wad to such a boob
as Pete, I, too, would look for dames
abroad and bid them cross the street.
And when at last I got in touch with
such a stricken frau, she soaked me
roundly with her clutch, and raised
an awful row. I tell this tale with
dreary ache, and moralists rejoice: "This
Pete was good for goodness' sake, and
you were good for coin."

—Walt Mason.

Ma met pop downtown this afternoon
to help him pick out a new suit on
account of his old one being shabby
and his other new one starting to look
like a old one, and we went in the
store and some man came up saying,
Are you waiting, sir?

No but I'm willing to be, I'd like a
suit of clothes suitable for a man my
size and shape, pop sed.

Yes sir, certainly, sir, the man sed.
And he started to bring different
coats for pop to try on, ma saying,
Now Willyum I want you to take the
one that appeals to you the most, I
hate to see my wife choosing his
clothes for him as if he was a baby.

I rather fancy this check one, pop
sed.

My Willyum that looks like a gam-
blers uniform, you must be joking, ma
sed.

Maybe I am, I must have my little
joke, pop sed. But seriously speak-
ing, I looked more like a gambler
perhaps I'd have more luck when I
played poker occasionally. Perhaps I'd
better take it just as an experiment,
he sed.

Meaning the check suit, and ma sed,
Willyum Potts if I saw you in that
thing around the house I'd scream.

Well, of course, I wasn't really in earnest,
but something tells I'd buy it in a
minut if I was a single man, how
do you like this brown one, it looks
pretty snappy, don't you think so? pop
sed.

Intirely too much so, it looks as if
it would snap you wile you were putting
it on, ma sed. The plane blue one is
by all means the best, you better take
that one, she sed.

On mature deliberation I'd take the
blue one, she sed. Yes sir, will you
step over this way with me and try on
the trousers? the man sed.

Wich pop did.

A THOUGHT.

Pride goeth before destruction, and
an naughty spirit before a fall.—Prov.
16:18.

Pride and weakness are Siamese
twins.—Lowell.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND VERSE
Dr. E. J. Pratt, a New Voice in North American
Literature.

Perhaps if one should speak of a
Newfoundland poet as having a Cana-
dian "atmosphere," it would be out of
order. And yet, in most of Dr.
E. J. Pratt's work there is an at-
mosphere similar to the atmosphere
evoked by certain, at least, of the poets
from the continent of which his island
home is so distinctly a geological part
as Great Britain is a part of Europe.

Nor can the social life of this British
colony be so markedly different from
the social life of the British dominion
as to have created a very wide divergence
in the characteristics of the two peo-
ples. Further, we have the same lan-
guage, the same racial history, the same
literary traditions and, in general,
the same or at least, similar pioneering
experiences. True, an island people ex-
ist under influences other than those
which surround a continental people.

But then, so much of Maritime Canada
is of island or peninsula conformation,
and so many of our Canadian poets
come from Maritime Canada, that the
swing across the Gulf of St. Lawrence
from Cape Breton, Prince Edward Is-
land, Nova Scotia, or even the shore
line of New Brunswick to the brown
walls of rock and the deep fjords that
run from Cape Ray to Cape Norman,
from Port-Au-Ferme to St. John's,
is, as it were, but a swallow's flight
from song to song. Finally, if the Bond-
Blaine commercial treaty proposition
was really at the bottom of the rejection
of projects for union between New-
foundland and Canada, there are those
other bonds aforementioned of the com-
mon race and the common language
that bind us each to each. Dr. Pratt
speaks as surely to the heart of Canada
as he does to the heart of his own
people.

The overtone of all the poems in the
volume called "Newfoundland Verse" is
the voice of the sea. The face that
peers out at us from all the other
faces in its portrait gallery of scenes
and of persons, is the sea's face—now
"old and gray with the morning colors,"
blanching on its waters "now wild,
tumultuous, "thunder-driven in flight
along the galleries of the night," now
like an "Arch Inquisitor" taking the
threads of fate apart, "where with the
cables of our life are spun, strand upon
strand unraveling," now at the tem-
pest's end, reborn "to strength of body
and beauty of face" and like some
"white-winged mother of the crags,"
covering with a tranquil grace: "Those
whom the winds had buffeted and laid
upon the waters—dead," and now, dead
calm.

How like a Pontiff dost thou lie at last,
Impassive, robed at Death's high-un-
derstand, the sea's face—now wild,
tumultuous, "thunder-driven in flight
along the galleries of the night," now
like an "Arch Inquisitor" taking the
threads of fate apart, "where with the
cables of our life are spun, strand upon
strand unraveling," now at the tem-
pest's end, reborn "to strength of body
and beauty of face" and like some
"white-winged mother of the crags,"
covering with a tranquil grace: "Those
whom the winds had buffeted and laid
upon the waters—dead," and now, dead
calm.

"NEWFOUNDLAND VERSE"

Dr. E. J. Pratt, a New Voice in North American
Literature.

By the cries we heard, that some of our
crew
Were borne to the sea on those pans
And we turned with the wind in our
faces again,
And took the snow with its lancing
pain.

Till our eyeballs cracked with the salt
and the frost;
Till only iron and fire that night—
Survived on the ice as we stumbled on:
As we fell and rose and plunged—till
the light

To the south and east disclosed the
dawn,
And the sea heaving with flocks—and
then
The Eagle in wild pursuit of her men.

Just one more tragedy of the adven-
ture of commerce. For:

The rest is as a story told.
Or a dream that belongs to a dim,
mad past.

Of a March night and a north wind
cold,
Of a voyage home with flags half-
mast:

Of twenty thousand seals that were
made,
To help to lower the price of bread:
Of the muffled beat . . . of a drum
that filled

A nave . . . at our count of sixty
dead.

Note the artistry of that rhythm, filled
out to the imagination by the death
tape of the drum. Note the swiftness,
the onward rush not only of the story,
but of the meter in which this story is
told, a meter very satisfactory for the
telling of such bold and lusty deeds.

In "A Fragment From a Story" Dr.
Pratt uses blank verse as his means
of presenting a philosophical conversa-
tion between the stay-at-home thinker
grown cannibal of his own heart and
the thinker who takes life gross and
whole and for all life's mistakes and
sorrows finds life good: between the
materialist, to whom fact, sensation,
the appearance of things is the real,
and the idealist, for whom the real is
the spirit, "staring at the core." It is
the old, old philosophical story done
in terms of our own times. In the con-
clusion to which he brings it, Dr. Pratt
would seem to postulate the theory that
in philosophy the degeneration is old,
outworn, "the dust gathers in his
mouth," that the future belongs to a
braver brotherhood.

In this life
There is an unalain good that has out-
lived
All floods and fires. There are undaun-
ted spirits
The age has not destroyed. I have seen
them breathe
Upon dry bones until they leaped with
sinew . . .

A sequence of poems under title,
"Flashlights and Echoes," recaptures
the author's experiences during 1914 and
1915. Each experience is, too, the com-
mon experience of our nationhood. May
I sum them up in one tiny lyric:

Great Tides! You fill the reaches up
Under the north's wild blow:
Yet could not spare this smaller, cup
Its saltier overflow.

Huge hands! You rear our bulwarks up
With power no one akin;
Yet cannot lift a door-latch up
That a lad may enter in.

In the after-war desolation of after-
war nations in a poetic nutshell.

In this first volume Dr. Pratt has very
few poems in a lighter vein. Those that
have not sea salt have little salt in
them. Those that tell of home and
homey things have always in their
heart's rich glow a "Hamlet brooding
on the fire." Only one speaks of the
passion of sex and that one is cyni-
cal, "a hell Paradise."

Perhaps it will be well to close with
a few lines from the noble "Ode To De-
cember, 1917," where out of the world's
unresting miseries there peels from the
last throes of the great unnatural storm
we call the war:

The blazon of the future with the
heralds of the morn,
The anthem of the world restructuring
to human love and grace,
The full-toned orchestration of the
heart-throbs of the race.

Dr. Pratt, who is lecturer in English
in Victoria College, University of Tor-
onto, will speak to-night in the audi-
torium of the Victoria Public School,
South London, on "Seafaring Life."
Upon that occasion he will use as a
basis for his address "The Ice Floes,"
from which I have quoted.

A poet is always welcome in London.
FANFAN.

PROBE MISS MACSWINEY'S
RIGHT TO BE IN U. S. A.

WASHINGTON, May 1.—The im-
migration bureau yesterday began in-
vestigation of statements made by Miss
Mary MacSwiney, Irish republican
worker, to immigration authorities at
Chicago that she came to this country
about January 26 on a British passport.
The investigation of Miss Mac-
Swiney's right to be in the United
States was undertaken as a result of the
action of Timothy Smiddy, the Irish
Free State minister here, in calling
attention of the state department to
published reports that she had announ-
ced that she came here without pass-
ports. In making known yesterday that
he had taken such action, Minister
Smiddy denied any intention of pressing
for Miss MacSwiney's deportation.

Up to the present time, perhaps, Dr.
Pratt is best known to the Canadian
public by his narrative poem, "The Ice
Floes," wherein is told in rhymed couplet
of irregular stanza an heroic story
of the sea islanders of the Arctic. In
the poem the sealing vessel is called the
Eagle, accredited with twenty thou-
sand seals in one "catch." And if
that should be considered an exaggera-
tion, one might cite the historic case
of the Neptune, to which the New-
foundland fisheries reports accredited
11,900 seals for a single venture.

The poem, something new in our lit-
erature, is on the course for matricula-
tion this year. As a consequence all
the "matric" students of the many high
schools of the province are making an
acquaintance, not only with Dr. Pratt
but with the natural history of the seal,
its locale and the danger as well as the
science that goes to seal fishing.

After a brief history of the seal over
the frozen seas, the poem goes on to
tell how the Eagle, "steel-planked and
sheathed like a battleship's nose," bat-
tles her path to the heart of the Arctic
drifting ice. Hundreds of thousands of
seals comprise the main herd, and the
Eagle, first of the sealing fleet to arrive
at the floes, feels that the day is
here.

How they rushed to the day's attack,
How they killed and skinned and killed
and skinned again and again, the story
the poem tells. How they ripped and
"sculpted" and roped and drew "to the
pans, where the seals in pyramids rose
around the flags on the central floes,"
and how they descried in his running
rhythm. Just another!

And not one of us saw as we gazed
at an island skinned
And took them in tow, that the north-
east wind
Had veered off-shore; that the air was
colder.

That the signs of recall were there to
be seen
The flag of the Eagle, and the long,
thin spindles
That drifted away from her funnel's
mouth.

Not one of us thought of the speed of
the storm
That bounded our tracks in the day's
last chase.

For the slaughter was swift and the
blood was one
Till we felt the first sting of the snow
in our face.

And now the hunters are hunted, the
catchers caught. Never was there such
a race against wind and weather, such
lost wonderings, such despair:

Then we saw, what we feared from the
first—dark places
Here and there to the left of us, wide,
yawning fissures
Of water: the fissures and cracks had
increased.

Till the outer pans were afloat, and we
knew
As they drifted along in the night to
the east.

The quickest and best
polish for your tea-ser-
vice and other silver, is

SILVO

The ideal liquid polish
for silver and nickel.

Apply with a soft cloth.

Will not injure the finest
silver.

A trial will con-
vince you.

Made by the
makers of
Reckitts Blue.

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DAVID'S MONTH-END SHOE SALE

CLOSES SATURDAY AT 10 P.M.

LADIES' HIGH QUALITY SHOES

A substantial reduction for Friday
and Saturday selling. Brown, Black
Oxfords and Strap Slippers, patent
leather straps, low and Cuban
heels in the lot, and new toes;
values to \$5.50.

SALE PRICE

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LADIES' OXFORDS AND STRAP SLIPPERS

The exceptional value of this
footwear can only be appreciated
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leather Oxfords, with rubber
heels; also Patent and Kid Straps,
with Spanish and Cuban heels.

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\$3.45

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Sandals and Tennis Shoes for the
whole family all reduced for the
month-end sale.

SALE PRICE

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Just received. The New Tan,
Patent Leather, Satin, Black
Suede, Straps, Thee Ties and
Step-in Pumps, Cuban and Span-
ish heels. SALE PRICE

\$4.85 to \$5.85

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Brown and black, in a wide range,
with and without toecaps. SALE PRICE

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Men wearing sizes 8 to 11 will do
well to see these. Black and brown,
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