

London Advertiser

Published by THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED, London, Ontario.

MORNING. 3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS 3670

From 9 p.m. to 8:30 a.m., and holidays, call 76, Business Department; 78, Editors and Reporters; 1174, Composing Room; 78, Circulation Department.

ADVERTISING BRANCH OFFICES. Toronto Office—F. W. Thompson, 100 King street west, Room 20.

UNITED STATES REPRESENTATIVES. Charles H. Eddy Company. New York—Fifth Avenue Building. Chicago—People's Gas Building. Boston—Old South Building.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. City—Delivered. 15 cents per week; \$3.50 for six months; 65 cents per month; \$7.50 for one year.

By Mail, Outside City—\$5 per year, \$2.75 for six months, or 50 cents per month for short-term subscriptions.

To the United States—\$6 per year, \$3.50 for six months, or 65 cents a month.

Foreign subscriptions, \$13.80 per year.

SUBSCRIBERS, PLEASE NOTE.

All subscriptions are payable in advance and at full price. Insurance safety of your remittance by using postal note, money order or registered letter. Subscriptions are started only with current issue. Three days notice required to make change of address. Be sure to give both old and new addresses. Renew promptly and sign your name plainly. Subscription remittances are not acknowledged unless requested. Receipt of remittance is shown by your label being changed inside of six days.

ADVERTISERS, NOTE.

Circulation audited by A. B. C. Report furnished advertisers on request.

London, Ontario, Thursday, August 18, 1921.

THE HUMPTY DUMPTY GOVERNMENT.

Presumption goeth before a fall. Ten years ago next month the Conservative aggregation swept Laurier from power by a great majority from ocean to ocean. By hook and crook and the chances of a great war, they still cling to their \$4,000 seats. To hold on they have even painted out the old sign and over the width of the white facade is spread the omnibus title of National-Liberal-Conservative, anything to oblige. But the structure that stood high on the sandy hill of popular favor in 1911 has long been little better than a castle in the air, a phantom and a sham. It totters, and at a touch it will fall.

Of over 500 member of provincial legislatures, hardly 70 are now Conservative. Ichabod! The fates of wicked Tyre and Sodom come to mind. The foxes will soon be howling among the ruins of Canadian Conservatism. Such are the wages of deception, corruption and usurped tyranny. No wonder the party clinging at Ottawa has sought a change of name, an alias, like the magician in the Arabian Nights tale who changed himself into everything in turn to evade the avenging hero.

But the people of Canada will be no longer put off. They can hardly wait for the election so unconstitutionally deferred. The mass of the electors are perhaps not very exact in their recollections of all the infamies of this dark decade, but their general impression is raw and red in the extreme. They remember the right-about-face of the Bordenites on naval policy, the right-about-face on reciprocity before the election of 1911, and the right-about-back-again on "truck with the Yankees" a year or two later; the flag-waving of greedy profiteers, the anti-American gabble which Mr. Meighen and others would now claim to be a Tory policy of good-will to our neighbors, the very nasty entanglement of the Bordenites with the disloyal anti-Laurier and pro-German element in Quebec Province. Canadians have a memory of some bad horse-dealing in Peel County, of a stenographer who got a hundred thousand dollars for her faithful service in a war worker's office, of commissions skating carefully over thin ice and never even cracking through, of Tory rottenness finally unconcealable in British Columbia, Manitoba and New Brunswick, and things only gradually being unearthed in Ontario timber lands. There were ugly suspicions never quite laid to rest about our nickel in war time, and the Ross rifle business hardly bears looking into. How slow the Meighen Government was to expedite the prohibition requirements of Ontario, and how quick to fly to the aid of the sugar barons. The trickery about the Board of Commerce throughout and the enhanced tyranny of the tariff are signals to the Canadian public how the wind keeps always blowing at Ottawa since the triumph of "big business" in 1911.

But Humpty Dumpty is just falling from the old wall of privilege. No one will want to put it together again. The country has outgrown the Rogers system, and, sobered by the lessons and cost of the war, seeks clean, scientific and democratic government to float it back into the sun.

ON READING THE DICTIONARY.

Few of those who admired the remarkable knowledge of the English language that was possessed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, evidenced continually in his choice of just the right word, had any idea of the means that he adopted of enriching his vocabulary in the language that was to him an adopted one. It will be recalled that the foundation was laid in his boyhood, when his father sent him to live for a time in the home of a Scotch Protestant family, where, no doubt, there were other things than the English language impressed upon the youthful mind. It will be recalled, too, that, as a young man, he lost no opportunity of taking part in debates and literary discussions in the numerous societies of that type that then existed in Montreal. But there was one special means of acquiring an enlarged vocabulary that Sir Wilfrid kept up almost to the day of his death—that was the reading of the dictionary.

When sittings of the House were becoming dull the Liberal leader would call a page and send to the library for the dictionary. Then, with the bulky volume open on his desk before him, he would read column after column, apparently with the greatest interest, and certainly, as all could testify, with decided profit. In this method of securing a wider vocabulary Sir Wilfrid has not been alone. Lord Rosebery is authority for the statement that the eminent Chatham boasted that he had gone through Bailey's dictionary twice, this probably being the folio edition of 1736. Ruskin told the late Sir James Murray that he read the first part of the Oxford English Dictionary through from beginning to end. Robert Louis Stevenson also has a good word for the reading of the dictionary, since it enables writers to "weave into the tissue of their language fresh and forgotten strands," and H. T. Buckle, who wrote the history of civilization, returning a dictionary that had been submitted to him, and that it was one of the few dictionaries that he had "read through with enjoyment."

Some of the great masters of English have adopted less strenuous methods of widening their store of words. Browning, we are told on the authority of Sutherland Orr, was a constant student of John and Stevenson has left us the record of how he

read in all sorts of quaint and old-fashioned places to find the words that fitted so well to his ideas. We have all heard, of course, of the matter-of-fact matron who complained that in reading the dictionary she found the story too disconnected but there are few who would not enjoy an occasional browse through a good dictionary. From the pages there pop up old words, quaint words, forgotten words, words with meanings that we had not known before, and there are few of us that would not be the better for having a few more words at hand, even if for no other purpose than to comment on the weather.

THE SOLDIERS' AID.

The review of the work of the local branch of the Soldiers' Aid Commission which appeared in our columns on Tuesday, written as a thesis by Miss Florence Waugh, a student of the public health class, Western University, is worthy of careful perusal by those who are interested in the problem of looking after the returned men and their families and in social service work generally. An impression has got abroad that because the war has now been over for well on to three years that the need for an organization such as the Soldiers' Aid Commission diminishes with the flight of time; but the facts disclose that the opposite is the case. The need for the organization is greater than ever, owing to the amount of unemployment which has prevailed during the past six months, and the consequent distress among those included within the scope of its activities.

These activities are of a manifold nature, but, briefly speaking, they embrace social service work in all its aspects, the providing of employment, and child welfare work, the latter having been added within the past six months. A special fund is also provided by the Provincial Government for the purpose of making loans to ex-soldiers, free of interest, against their pay, pensions and other means of support. It can therefore be readily seen that there is a very wide field to cover, and that it must be covered carefully and systematically.

With the practical experience acquired through these strenuous years, the local staff has become proficient, each in his or her particular sphere, and the results speak for themselves. It would undoubtedly be a great pity if anything were done to impede the excellent work which the branch is performing, or to curtail the field of its activities; more than this, it would be committing a grave mistake. Not only is the organization doing splendid work in the directions we have outlined, but the commission is really a bureau of information for the soldiers and their families, where they can also apply for advice in their difficulties and distresses. Only Secretary Ed. Lance and those associated with him in rendering aid to many a troubled, war-worn soldier or his family, can realize how much sorrow and misery is incorporated in the aftermath of the great conflict. The Kiwanis Club and other organizations who have taken a hand in the game have acknowledged by doing so that the necessity for carrying on the work with all its accustomed strength and efficiency is as urgent as at any period since the signing of the armistice.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Erin's good angel is weeping.

This is Dollar Day. Feather your nest!

Now that de Valera has "fallen out" the bugles are sounding the "Fall in."

Apparently the Irishmen of the city cannot go dry, no matter how willing they may be to do so.

The flow of liquor from Canada into the United States is having a mixed reception, the American authorities being anxious to get in their punch.

Rockefeller's wealth has sunk to a mere \$500,000, 000, but we understand that there is somewhere in the United States a home for destitute millionaires.

It is said that \$4,000 is in the eyes of many Meighenites the principal objection to a general election. Of course, where there is no principle there is no interest.

The Western University authorities are considering an extension course for trades unionists during the coming winter—a development of brain as well as brawn as it were.

A barber who was in the act of operating on the face of a customer threw his razor away when lightning struck the establishment. They both had a close shave, however.

It seems a pity that the woman who invited the bandit to supper after he had knocked her husband on the head did not partake in the experience. It might have rendered her speechless.

Jamaica is to give preference to Canadian goods. Canada will send Jamaica the white flour of a blameless life, while in return Jamaica will send the sweetest thing she has got—sugar.

Some genius has made the discovery that the Rock of Gibraltar is crumbling into the sea; but there is no cause for alarm—the old rock will look out on the world for a good many centuries yet.

In calling upon the Dominion Government to take steps to arrest the crisis in the cattle industry, the Western farmers have shown that although they are interested in dead meat, they are live stockmen.

William Hohenzollern complains that his income is only 150,000 florins, and that therefore the Dutch authorities are taxing him too high. It was assessed as low as some of his victims think he ought to be, he would be in a position to evade all such importunities.

It has been asserted that prohibition of the sale of vodka during the war brought on the Russian revolution. Now that prohibition has been abolished by the Soviet we look for a reversion to normal conditions? Poor, starving Russia has now the opportunity of drowning her sorrows in the flowing bowl.

Sam Gompers says the Governor-General of Canada has about as much to do with the affairs of the Dominion as a goose with the determination of latitude and longitude. Ah, but then Mr. Gompers knows about as much about these affairs as a Shang-hai rooster knows about trigonometry, and has as little right to interfere.

OTHERS' VIEWS

GOLF AS A DISEASE.

[New York World.]

Golf has all along been regarded merely as a sport, and its pathological aspects have not as yet received attention. Has the time now arrived in the popular development of the game when it should invite the scrutiny of the alienist? Is a condition of dementia indicated when bankers and lawyers lay out putting greens in their drawing-rooms? Are there symptoms of obsession in the rush from the office to the links, the subordination of all week-end and most mid-week interests to the practice and glorification of the game? And as respects the conversational phase of addition, the abnormal loquacity of the addict, are there no evidences in this of the dangerous "fixed idea"? If golf has degenerated from a sport to a disease something should be done without delay to diagnose and treat the malady, to remove the patient to a state of sanity and prevent the spread of the mental contagion.

A SIDELIGHT ON CARUSO.

[Musical America.]

The musical confraternity had foregathered. "Any news from Caruso?" "Yes," said another. "The report is that he is rapidly gaining and is recovering a great deal of his vigor, but private advisers express the fear that he may never again sing as he did." "By the way," said another, "did you hear of the fees he had to pay the doctors before he left? They amounted in all to over \$100,000. The bill of one medicine showed that there had been no less than eight separate operations—enough to kill a horse. It is a miracle how Enrico Caruso survived it." "Did you know?" interposed a woman, "that the only doctor who had attended him and sent him no bill was his personal physician, Dr. Horowitz, who, you remember, insisted to the last that it was not pleurisy? When Caruso found that Horowitz had not sent him any bill he immediately ordered his secretary to go out and buy a diamond ring for \$2,000, which he sent with his kindest regards to Dr. Horowitz."

A Graft Tariff.

[New York Herald.]

Rather than be bled for the hundred million dollars of hide tariff graft the American people could far better afford to submit to an outright head tax of \$5,000,000 to go directly into the United States treasury and of \$50,000,000 to go directly into the pockets of the farmers. Then the treasury would be twice as well off as it could possibly be from the tariff on hides. The participating farmers would be paid in full off as they could possibly be from the tariff on hides if they all got the full share they never would get. And the American public would be \$55,000,000 a year the better off with the cost to it of the monstrous tariff on hides. But, in any event, the thing to do with this unshirked fraud of a duty on hides "for the benefit of the farmer" is to slash it in its track as a butcher in the slaughter pen would fell a steer with a poleaxe.

BELIEVE IN THE LEAGUE.

[London Daily News.]

The league has its enemies. "They will inevitably endeavor to create antagonism where no antagonism exists, and talk of the evolution of a new 'association of nations' to the confusion of the existing league. Such endeavors can have no hope of success. The millions of citizens in different countries who have a firm belief in the league and its ideals will realize their duty. The governments cannot, without public opinion to hold them to their pledges, be relied on in this matter. They are, after all, composed of politicians who have grown up and grown old in the very diplomatic traditions the league was created to supersede. The people have declared for the new path, and it is for them to insist that it be followed."

PAYING THE PIPER.

[The Western Mail.]

The penalties the war imposed have or to be passed on. All have to pay. It is all very well to say that we must maintain the old high standard of living, but it cannot be done. The whole world is too much impoverished by the struggle through which the nations have passed to admit of no privations. If this country, if any of the countries concerned—and which of them is not—is to get back to normal conditions its people of all classes must, for a time, deny themselves some pleasure, some indulgences, some conveniences to which they were accustomed in pre-war days. Our state deficit is very largely the result, direct or indirect, of the war. If, then, we are truly patriotic, government and people will unite to rid themselves of this incubus as quickly as possible.

HOLIDAYS AND THE POSTOFFICE.

[St. Thomas Times-Journal.]

We have no sentiment against holidays for civil servants. These are as much a necessity to them as to persons employed in other walks of life. But public servants enjoy advantages in important respects that are lacking in many other occupations and should be prepared to accept any disabilities entailed by the nature of their service. The public interest and convenience should be the first consideration of all times.

ROAD-BUILDING.

[Kitchener Telegraph.]

There are evidences of an ever-increasing tendency to turn back to the cult of the ancients, which in road-building looked to the substantial and permanent rather than the temporary or experimental highway constructed for emergency purposes or in response to some paper demand of the moment without regard to the essential requirements of the future. Also the idea of proper systems of maintenance seems to penetrate more and more, as it becomes recognized that even the best forms of extravagance and wastefulness is neglect to keep the highways in condition for continuous and safe usage.

LOU AND GERALDINE.

[Vancouver Sun.]

Wholesome minds are sickened with such things as the Lou Tellegen and Geraldine Farrar affair. If what Geraldine has to say about her spouse is true, he is one of the near-human objects least entitled to be called a man. This is one of the incidents which furnish material for those who object to women in public life. But in this case, as in most other cases, the person who throws the wrench into the domestic machinery is the man who would capitalize his wife's fame or work. Anybody who would live on somebody else is not fit to walk on two legs and less fit to walk on four. For these incidents occur seldom among decent human beings and never among animals. According to the actress' story, Tellegen is too proud to work for a living, but not too proud to live on his wife's earnings. Lou and Geraldine are vicious to work are decidedly out of the man who will not support his family. Those who are too idle and place in a world where work is the first and most compelling rule of life.

POETRY AND JEST

THERE WAS A TIME.

[Oscar Williams.]

There was a time when I was shy and lonely, And stood in strange bewilderment apart; And no one spoke to me, and silence only Would fold my songs into her tender heart.

There was a time when only windy darkness Would fan my dreams with glomored loveliness. But you have come, and nights are filled with stardust; And I am lonely for my loneliness.

Oh, you have come—and silence is a stranger, And darkness keeps aloof from my dreams; And you—oh, you are all too fraught with danger, And I am lonely for my loneliness.

AUTUMN.

[James B. Kenyon.]

Her's the mellow booming of the fall, The sunny tinge, the sunset-crimsoned rill; O'er every field her smoky banners trail: She sets her ruby sign on every hill. Her garments, drifting o'er the fallen leaves, Are flecked with spured purples of the vats; And as she glides amid the amber sheaves, Her looks flow down in golden cataracts.

There melts a honey-murmur on her lips; Her throat is tanned, her eyes are clear; She moves forever in a soft eclipse, The rustic darling of the doting year.

ONE ON FATHER.

[Exchange.]

Johnny had eaten the soft portions of his toast at breakfast and piled the crusts on his plate. "When I was a little boy," remarked his father, "I always ate the crusts of my toast."

"Did you like them?" asked Johnny, cheerfully.

"Yes," replied his father.

"You may have these, then," said Johnny, pushing his plate across the table.

CONTRAST.

[James B. Kenyon.]

I saw his face was black with the dust of toil; His eyes gleamed white from out the shadows of his hair; Upon his knotted hands the nails were broken; His grimy shirt, wide open at the throat, Revealed a hideous chest streaked with the soot.

And sweat of the four mines where, in the dark, Amid the little dancing lamps, he strove And like a Titan wrestled with the earth.

The mountain's ooze had dripped upon him; scars Where the fanged rocks had gashed him, flamed his cheeks. Bent, not with age, and shuffling as he walked, Sped from the pit with the new-risen sun.

He sought the joyless lair he called his home, Brute-like to eat, then sink in sodden sleep And for a while forget.

And when she passed him, Daintily gloved and gown'd, with slender feet, Tapping her tiny heels upon the pave, Surging of luxury, daughter of content, Gave him no heed, save that one dell-o' cate hand.

With scarcely conscious motion, swept aside Her garments' lest they touch him. Yet That warmed and comforted her tender flesh, And made her glad, were fed from that man's life.

FLATTERER.

[Exchange.]

"Don't you know it is against the law to beg for money?" said Mrs. Plump to the tramp at the back door.

"I wasn't goin' to beg for no money, ma'am."

"It's just as bad to beg for bread."

"I wasn't goin' to beg for no bread, ma'am."

"Well, what do you want, pray?"

"Only one of your photographs, ma'am."

ANTICIPATION.

[James B. Kenyon.]

No rose can shut and be a bud again; Sometime, my darling, you will understand Why I am greedy of those moments when, when, when, Against my breast I hold your little hand,

And watch the curves and dimples of your face, And all your beauty and your flower-like grace.

For the swift current of the ceaseless years Shall sweep you on their bosom to life's main.

Where tempests rage and hearts grow sick with fear, And the black shadow waits whose name is pain;

Then this sweet brow shall wear a crown of care, And I, my dear one, I shall not be there.

O tender feet, the way is rough and steep; O violet eyes, your vigils must be long; So while I may, in love's nest let me keep

My precious baby keep from any Kisses with lips still pure and undefiled. For sometime I shall lose you, O my child.

THE CAMPER.

[Ella A. Fleming.]

I can see clover and wild roses growing, Gay blue-bell blooms dot the slope, Through willow leaves the summer breeze is blowing.

Flowered like the richest cope, Stretches the meadow, emerald velvet, edging

The shallow river's rim. Where, darting between arrowheads and sedges, Gauze-flees the surface skims.

I can see lights where crowds I know assemble, While wealth and fashion meet, Where on the sea the moonrays break and tremble,

And music's throbs is sweet. Pride flashes past the nook where I am sitting, Forgotten and obscure.

I smile to think that careless eyes are rating My tent as mean and poor!

I can see sun-shafts dart above the world's rim.

In magic day's rebirth, No limitations mine of time or task grim.

My realm the wondrous earth! With fire to cook my fish; health's zest in living.

My bed a hammock plain, To city splendours I no thought am giving.

As monarch here I reign!

THE SILVER LINING

By Fullerton Waldo.

SELF-MADE.

If a man takes pride audibly in the fact that he is "self-made" we sometimes wonder if he gives credit where credit is due.

I know a man who has had a hard-fought all the way. There were clouds not of heavenly glory, but of earthly adversity roundabout his childhood; it started in to rain aplenty when he was a young man; the thunderstorms broke round him and the lightning blazed in his maturity; and only now, in the last chapter of his years, nearing the sundown, is the rainbow shining. He has made a fortune; he enjoys the spending; he is kind and generous, and none begrudges him his innocent pleasures after the many lean, hard years.

They call him a "self-made" man. It is true that he was self-reliant, self-controlled and largely self-taught. But if you succeed in getting him to speak, his first word and his last are not in praise of his own business acumen or his own militant persistence. They are in praise of the men who had faith in him, rich gave him help when he needed it. One man loaned him money when he was poor; later, the tables turned, he made his benefactor rich.

That is the sort of story we like to hear. On the other hand, we pray to be delivered from the man who forever beats the tom-tom and blows the horn about himself and how he did it. He fairly licks his chops, while the satisfaction of a Royal Bengal tiger after a man-hunt, while he describes how he outwitted a brother-man and drove him to the wall. Canibalism is no longer in vogue, but some men eat each other up in a business way, and then hold a one-man parade, flaunting on a banner what smart Alecks they have been.

It is more fun to hear how as a man he went up and up he brought the others with him; how they shared in his prosperity; how he remembered those who helped him in the days of his own lowliness.

(Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Co.)

DRUG PEDDLERS HAD CUSTOMERS; REGULAR ROUTE

NEW YORK, Aug. 17.—A drug route, on which deliveries were made regularly after the fashion of milk and ice deliveries, was disclosed last night when detectives arrested three men and seized a route book containing 38 addresses from Yonkers to Lakewood, N. J. An automobile used in making the deliveries and a quantity of narcotics were taken at the same time. Several of the addresses were used as narcotic distributing points for addicts in the neighborhood.

TO SPEAK BEFORE BAR ASSOCIATION

[By Canadian Press.]

OTTAWA, Aug. 17.—The chief speaker at the annual meeting of the Canadian Bar Association, which will be held here on September 6, 7, 8, will be Right Hon. Sir John Simon, former home secretary and attorney-general of England, according to the program for the meeting issued today. United States representatives will be Alton B. Parker of New York, Democratic candidate for the presidency in 1904, and a former chief justice of the state of New York, and Hampton L. Carson of Philadelphia, former attorney-general of Pennsylvania. Both Mr. Parker and Mr. Carson are former presidents of the American Bar Association. Baron Byng of Vimy, governor-general of Canada, is expected to make the opening address.

WILD DUCKS ARE

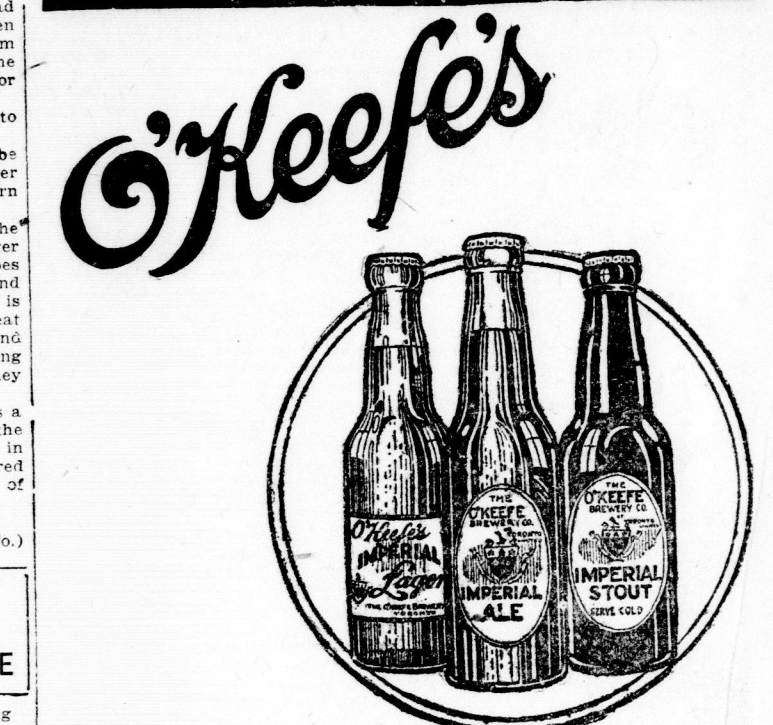
UNUSUALLY PLENTIFUL

[Special to The Advertiser.]

SIMCOE, Aug. 17.—The newly-created Long Point Park Commission, which has charge of the new 500 acre Government Park on the Point has decided to allow two days' duck shooting each week on the waters and in the marshes over which they have control. Shooters will be charged an annual license fee of \$55. This decision is the result of the presence of tremendous numbers of wild game there this season.

WAGE CUT AFFECTS 400. OTTAWA, Aug. 17.—The award of the board of arbitration which was dealing with the dispute between union paper mill workers and eleven of the newsprint manufacturing plants which contains wage reductions ranging from 10 to 25 per cent will affect about 400 men locally, who are employed at the John R. Booth and E. B. Eddy plants.

When you pay 28 cents for a half-pound package of Red Rose Tea (Crimson Label) you get exactly the same tea for which you formerly paid 30 cents a package.—Quality in Red Rose Tea is the first consideration.



With Biscuits and Cheese—a Glass of O'Keefe's IMPERIAL ALE, LAGER or STOUT

How pleasantly it rounds off the evening when friends have forgathered! With a cae of O'Keefe's in the pantry, hospitality entails no arduous preparation.

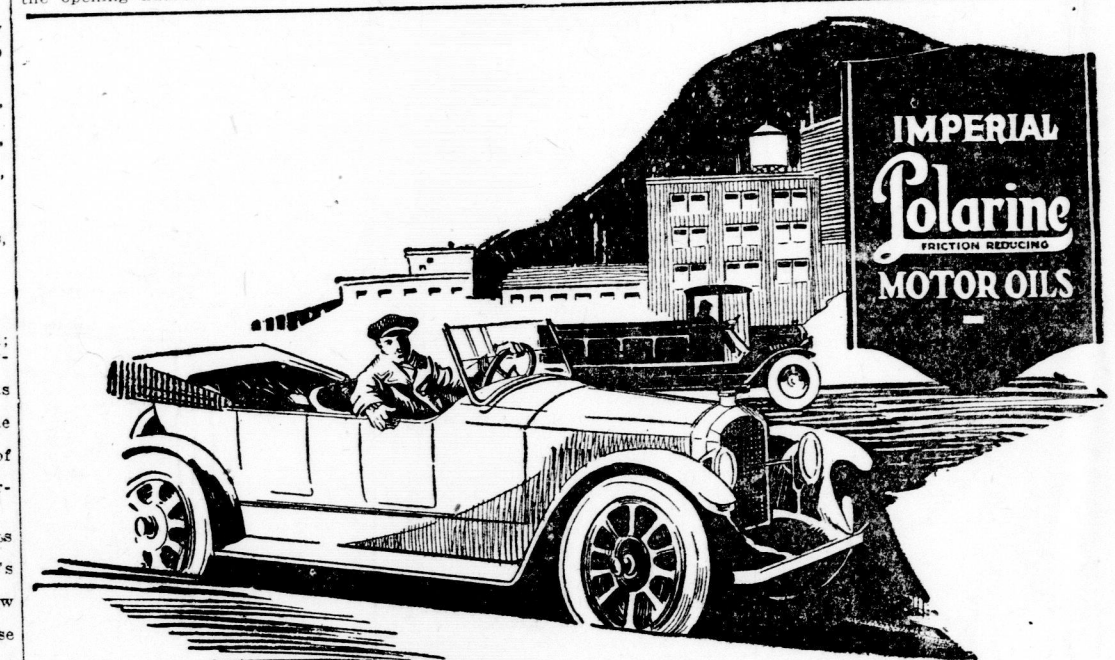
The rich, mellow flavor and invigorating tonic qualities make O'Keefe's both satisfying and beneficial.

O'Keefe's - Toronto

H. S. HANSEL, Distributor

London—88 York Street. Telephone 4365.

CHAS. S. BUTLER, Distributor, St. Thomas—217 Talbot Street. Telephone 70.



Good Lubrication—Not Expensive

YOU buy lubrication at less cost per mile when you use, exclusively, the correct grade of Imperial Polarine Motor Oils. Imperial Polarine Motor Oils last longer. Due to their superior quality, they stand up well under any kind of usage. The cost of 100% lubrication by the mile or by the year is surprisingly small if you standardize on Imperial Polarine Oil.

Imperial Polarine Motor Oils eliminate carbon troubles and reduce friction drag to the lowest possible point. They insure you all the pleasure and satisfaction of an efficient, cool, smooth-running motor, with the greatest possible economy in operating costs.

There is a grade of Imperial Polarine Motor Oils exactly suited to your car. Consult our Chart of Recommendations at your dealers; or write to 56 Church Street, Toronto, for our interesting booklet, "Automotive Lubrication." It contains the complete Chart and other helpful information.

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED

Branches in all Cities

FOR A CLEAN EFFICIENT MOTOR.