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London, Ont., Monday, April 19.

NEW ECONOMIC BIRTH DESIRED.

An Englishman writes to the Nation (Lon-
don) with reference to the huge profits in
woolen yarn:

"The scandal of these huge profits ought
not to be charged against the traders who
have happened to be in a position to profit. It was
due to the system by which all human effort is
an effort first of all to make money, and only
incidentally to make things useful to the com-
munity. Spinners are trying to make for-
tunes, not clothing. So long as we are con-
tent with the system we must put up with
its evils, of which profiteering is not the only
one.

There is some sense in this. Much glib talk
is heard in this country about work for service,
but the point of view of the Englishman quoted
is more clarified than is often met with here.
An economic conversion or second birth is re-
quired, of which Christianity certainly gives
the hint, but which the pulpit does not often
preach.

KING CHAMPIONS LABOR.

Mr. W. L. M. King shows again his lively
interest in the welfare of the workers by his
effort to secure justice for the G. T. R. em-
ployees who suffered from the strike of 1910.
Some of the strikers were deprived by the
company's action of the pensions for which
they had been paying in. Mr. King demands
of Parliament that the nation shall do justice
to those who have right claims upon the G.
T. R.

This is characteristic of Mr. King, the first
of our leading statesmen to specialize on the
rights of labor. It is in a more general way
characteristic of Liberalism, whose guiding
principle is always the greatest good to the
greatest number. Laborites, progressives,
large-minded and patriotic agriculturists will
all find a natural leader and an experienced
skilled leader, in Mr. King. Instead of scatter-
ing their energies, the great new mass of pro-
gressives in Canada will do well to rally to
one standard, under a man who has the theo-
retical and technical knowledge of what is re-
quired, the will and experienced hand to give
effect to reform ideas, and the generous sym-
pathy which is more than anything else.

THE BRITISH BY-ELECTIONS.

Last week saw two more British elections
fought out in both cases they were notable
wins of the Coalition Government. Dr. Mc-
Namara, Liberal-Conservative, was elected in
Camberwell with nearly 2,000 plurality over
the Labor candidate, Miss Susan Lawrence, and
3,000 over the Liberal nominee. It is significant
that this constituency has long been a Liberal
stronghold, and that Carroll, the Liberal candi-
date, had the support of Mr. Asquith. In the
Basingstoke contest the nominees of the Lib-
erals and Labor ran second and third. As
Paisley goes so goes the country is an English
election maxim, but since that triumph for the
Liberals the pendulum has been swinging
strongly towards the Coalitionists.

So far as the Camberwell result is concerned
the radical element—the advanced socialism
section of the Labor party—has met a heavy
defeat, as Dr. McNamara came out clearly as
an opponent of the nationalization of industry.
He said: "I have fought the socialists in this
contest from the word go and will fight them
to the bitter end. I am opposed to their reck-
less, half-baked proposals for upsetting our in-
dustrial, social and economic foundations, and
re-casting them on the basis of the abolition of
all private ownership, of the means of produc-
tion, distribution and exchange."

HOUSES FOR FARM HELP.

Six married men, three of them railroad
men, out of work in St. Thomas on account of
the American strike, and out of house and home
because their landlords had evicted them to
make room for tenants paying higher rent,
applied for farm work Saturday morning at the
Ontario Government employment bureau. Plenty
of farmers want men to work for them, but
what are the men to do with their wives and
families?

The employment bureau officials are point-
ing out to the farmers how much easier it
would be to provide them with reliable and cap-
able farm help, if they would only provide
housing for their employees. Years ago, there
were many vacant houses in the country. When
half the rural population moved to the city and
the remaining farmers increased their land-
holding from 50 and 100 acres to acreages rang-
ing all the way from 200 to 500 acres, there were
houses and to spare in the country. Farm
laborers in those days were mostly English
young men, unmarried. The Great War called
these home to their native land and the few
who escaped death or maiming have returned
to Canada accompanied by English brides.

Now, the housing situation in the country
is just as acute as it is in the city. A few farm-
ers are realizing the gravity of the situation are
erecting small homes for employees with fami-
lies. Others are clamoring in vain at the em-
ployment bureaus for single men. The single
men, however, can rough it quite as well in a
small hall bedroom in an overcrowded board-
ing-house, as they can in the spare attic of a
farmhouse, and they can get larger wages in
the city. The man with a family is much more
anxious to have country air and sunshine for
his children. He can't follow the construction
booms from town to town just because he is
offered \$8 or \$9 a day. So that's how the situa-
tion is complicated. Build houses in the coun-

try and the farm labor situation will be solved,
is the advice of the employment bureau offi-
cials.

"BOB" IS BUSY.

It would be interesting to know what the
Tory members of the Unionist cabinet think
of the activity of their former valued colleague,
Hon. "Bob" Rogers, on behalf of the revival of
the Conservative party in federal affairs. At
least once a month for the last year and a half
the Hon. "Bob" has been able to induce some
organization, in Toronto or elsewhere, to have
him as its guest and give him an opportunity
to proclaim the need of a return to the sound
gospel of which he is an exponent, the gospel
chiefly of undiluted protection. The series of
feasts of food and oratory have evidently had
some effect, because it is now announced that
there is to be a real heart-to-heart talk among
the faithful in Toronto at an early date. It
has not yet been announced how many of the
cabinet ministers will be present, but at least
we can count on that stalwart friend of the
people, Col. Curry, being found not far from
the head table on the eventful night.

The Montreal Gazette reports Hon. Robert
Rogers in the capital this week, gives the notice
special place on the front page with as large
a heading over it as Gazette taste allows.
Further it records, even in its heading, that
along with the former minister in Ottawa was
Sir William Mackenzie, of Canadian Northern
fame. His mission to the capital, according to
the Gazette, is obscure. "He is a keen politi-
cian and a friend of Hon. Robert Rogers," we
are rather needlessly informed, "but he has
also many friends in the Unionist party and the
cabinet." So here we have another element
in the new Conservative party that is to be,
Rogers, Curry, Mackenzie. And above all we
must remember that Hon. Robert Rogers is
the man who knows how to win elections. He
admitted that himself on one occasion in the
House of Commons. As for Sir William Mac-
kenzie, it would appear that he prefers the old
Conservative party to any of these new-fangled
Unionist ideas. The Conservative party feath-
ered his nest for him year after year, but the
Unionists stole the eggs. We rather sus-
pect that his presence in Ottawa is not for
the purpose of advising Unionism how to per-
petuate itself.

After all, the perpetuation of Unionism is
rather discounted today even by its best
friends. Even that faithful friend of the ad-
ministration, the Ottawa Journal, finds itself
unable to keep up steady adulation and occa-
sionally falls from grace. It was only a couple
of weeks ago that the Journal, reviewing the
session up to the Easter adjournment, was able
to persuade itself (it didn't persuade anyone
else) that the Government was stronger than
when the session opened. That, however, was
before the Temiskaming by-election. When
the news of that setback came into the Journal
office there arose a howl that could be heard
over in Hull. There were immediate demands
for reconstruction, for some decision on the
leadership, for clear policies and a halt to fac-
ing both ways. Probably by now the Journal
has recovered its serene faith in the all-seeing
wisdom of Meighen, Reid, Calder and Rowell,
but, having lapsed from grace over Temiskam-
ing, there is no telling when just such another
backsliding may occur.

The latest news is that the premier will be
in Ottawa in time for the budget, and that he
will take that occasion to make a pronounce-
ment on the country's problems. In view of
the fact that the premier has spent about one-
fourth of his time in Canada for the last two
years, it is a question how far his judgment
may be of value. The people who have been
looking to Ottawa for some leadership in the
solution of the class of problems that affect
every individual life, the high cost of living for
instance, will take with a grain of salt any pro-
nouncement that Sir Robert Borden may make.
It is not pronouncements that this country
needs as much as action. If pronouncements
would solve our difficulties we ought to be the
most satisfied nation on earth. Meanwhile it
will be interesting to wait and see what kind
of a "pronouncement" will come from Hon.
Robert Rogers at the Toronto tea-party.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

You can't do much to force down the high
cost of living by wearing cotton overalls if you
are wearing silk underalls.

A parliamentary correspondent says the
farmers are in a "chastened mood." Read
"chasing" for "chastened" and you get it right.

A Florida paper features the Jews that
"eight insane persons are at large." Pah! A
real sensation would be in announcing that
eight sane persons were at large.

ALGY AND THE BEAR.

[E. E. Slosson in the Independent, New York.]
The disappearance in this swift succession of
Generals Koehak, Denekine, Yudenitch and Pe-
tura, and the simultaneous expansion of Soviet
Russia in four directions, reminds me—or anyhow
I am not likely to have a better chance to lug the
story in of the tragic tale of "Algy and the Bear."
The story is told in three chapters, viz.:
Chapter I.—Algy met the bear.
Chapter II.—The bear was bulky.
Chapter III.—The bulge was Algy.

NEWSPAPER ETHICS.

[Toronto Star.]
The fact comes out from time to time that the
daily newspapers are conducted in a manner that
does not meet with the approval of certain persons.
Now and then one of these speaks out and says
what he thinks about it, as did Dr. Waugh in
addressing a women's convention.
"The newspapers do not try to elevate the
people," Dr. Waugh is quoted in newspapers as
saying.
If the newspapers were all to start in tomorrow
to "elevate the people," as Dr. Waugh would have
them do, how would they go about it? If they
followed plans laid down by Dr. Waugh, how many
others would approve of these plans—how many
even of his fellow-critics, would approve? The
newspaper that tries to "do things" to its readers,
that makes itself a sort of constable or severe
schoolmaster to the public, very soon learns that it
can't be done—that it is useless to publish a news-
paper unless the people read it. It is so useless to
do this that it quickly becomes financially im-
possible to go on doing it.

Those who want a press that will "elevate the
people" have in mind an ideal sort of newspaper
which would be filled with such reading matter as
they are fond of, and which would leave out all
those kinds of news in which they are not interested.
It takes a rich man to afford a daily all his own.
Ours is a busy, bustling world, crowded with all
sorts and conditions of people, and a newspaper is
a modern necessity, serving the public needs. If it
is honest in its dealings with the news, if it is in
its character wholesome, and in its purposes intelli-
gent, it is bound in course of time to have its
influence on its generation.

From Here and There

LOCATED AT LAST.
[Seattle Post-Intelligencer.]
"Those blankety-blankety profiteers!" shouted
the laborer, as he struck for a 50 per cent. raise.
"Those blankety-blankety profiteers!" shouted the
manufacturer, as he tacked 25 per cent more on
his prices. "Those blankety-blankety profiteers!"
shouted the middleman, as he added 20 per cent.
"Those blankety-blankety profiteers!" shouted the
retailer, as he contributed a 30 per cent boost.
"Those blankety-blankety profiteers!" shouted the
ultimate consumer. And the U. C. was approxi-
mately correct.

VAIN AND FOOLISH TALK.

[Johannesburg Star.]
Is there any sort of sanity in talking about the
"advancement" of South Africa? The answer is
no. We are to revolt against? This is a free country.
The laws are for use to make or unmake. The doors
of parliament are open to any man who can per-
suade his fellow-men to march him there. We are
living under no despotism—Prussian or Bolshevik.
What would be gained by kicking away the ballot
box and substituting the rifle? The attempt has
once before been made for political and racial
reasons. To repeat the attempt for economic
reasons would be even more futile and more
criminal.

OTHER CITIES ARE NOT JEALOUS.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]
New York is boasting that four celebrated
European rulers—Premier Paderewski of Poland,
President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia, Clemenceau
of France and Trotsky of Russia. But to make
good its claim, New York will have to beat even
the annexation record of Los Angeles. For Clem-
enceau's American experience was as a teacher at
Stamford, Conn.; Masaryk lived in the Middle West,
and Paderewski anything American, belongs to
California, where his ranch is, and where he is
said to be now coming to retire. No one, however,
will dispute that the honor of Trotsky belongs to
New York.

KERENSKY FINDS HIMSELF.

[London Morning Post.]
Kerensky, the one-time dictator of Russia, has
found himself. He has been in the United States.
According to the impressions of French Journalists,
he is a much better lecturer than a dictator, for
he impresses his audience in a way he failed to
impress Russia. The lecture he gave in New York
was thronged with an eager, diverse audience, at one
end Russian aristocratic emigres, at the other
vociferous Bolsheviks, but both bitterly hostile to
the man whom the world once and then for a time
called "Mr. Kerensky." Impassioned, demonic,
possessed, holds them all under his spell until he
falls exhausted on his chair. He has failed as a
man of action, but in his oratory he has the force
and attraction of a wild animal at bay.

LIKE THE JACKAWD OF REIMS.

[Westminster Gazette.]
The Greek Church excommunicated "the hire-
ling Scoundrel" but Venizelos in 1915, on the
ground that he had "betrayed the nation to the
Anglo-French," of whom "the coward Sarraïl" was
the representative of the time being. "Against
this traitor Venizelos," the sentence ran, "we
have invoked the following injuries: The ulcers of
Job, the whale of Jonah, the leprosy of Naaman,
the bite of Death, the shivering of the dying,
the thunderbolt of hell, and the mauling of the
lion." He had been in that state of excommuni-
cation for some time, and the same injuries upon
those who at the coming elections shall vote for
the traitor Venizelos, and we shall further pray
for their hands to wither and for them to wither,
and for them to become deaf and blind. Amen."

GERMAN CURRENTS.

[London Times.]
The German military mind is logical, and if it
desires the end badly, it is willing to use the
means, however distasteful. Ludendorff hated
Bolshevism, but he has said that he "would rather
die in a Bolshevik Germany than in a Germany
controlled by the revolutionaries." The constancy
of the German people has defeated the revolution-
ary reconquest in force; the real attack has
not yet been delivered.

DRUNKENNESS AND CRIME.

[London Daily Telegraph.]
The House of Lords has declared that drunken-
ness is not an excuse for murder. There will be
general satisfaction that the highest court has
pronounced this as the law of the land. Any other
decision, we venture to say, would have been repug-
nant to the conscience of the community. For the
law to punish more leniently a man who chose to
make himself drunk before committing a crime than
the sober criminal would have been not merely
dangerous to society, not merely an encourage-
ment to drunkenness and crime, but a glaring
offence against justice and morality. If a man puts
himself into a state in which he is incapable of
self-control, he is not thereby entitled to wrong
others.

NEW ZEALAND FEARS JAPAN.

[Manchester Guardian.]
Over all plans, perhaps rather dreams, of the
future—a New Zealand exploiting her own iron ore
and weaving her own wool, a self-contained little
country proud to be a dominion of the British
Empire—looms the cloud in the north, Japan. Not
all the services of Britain's ally in the war can
sleep New Zealand's fear, and to all the com-
plications and burdens is added this of adequate
defence. The question is too big to be discussed
here, but the feeling of the country is all against
complete disarmament. Some such scheme as that
proposed by Lord Jellicoe would undoubtedly com-
mand approval, and the party returned to political
power has given the proposals its general support.
Until the League of Nations becomes a real factor
in the defence of small nations, those nations will
have to do the best they can for themselves. For
these reasons New Zealand is faced with heavy
responsibilities for her future.

SUBMARINES.

[Herbert Asquith in the Spectator.]
The first lay like a dragon's tongue tonight
flaming to westward with her smoke aloft
The first town beyond a village, a village beyond
Then one by one those ranging shafts of light,
With passing benediction fading home,
Have left each lake of calm on sea and land,
The ripple scarcely moves to stir the foam
Or lift a bubble from the quiet sand.

TURKISH PERILS.

[London Daily Chronicle.]
Allied soldiers patrolling the streets of Constan-
tinople may meet with deadlier perils than the
obvious military ones. These may be concealed
under the impudic mask of Turkish superstition.
As this is considered dangerous by the
lower classes to put your foot on a printed piece of
paper which may be lying in the street. The
name of Allah may be invoked. Some years ago
this belief very nearly cost the government a large
sum of money. On the cigarette papers issued by
the Tobacco Regie the symbol of the sultan ap-
peared. His majesty was told by a man that a smoker
had thrown his cigarette on the ground and stamped
on it. Orders were issued that the papers should
be withdrawn. But so immense was the quantity
in stock that the officials used the argument of de-
faced postage stamps in other countries to persuade
the Sultan that no evil consequences would follow.

THE FIRST POSTULATE.

[Johannesburg Times.]
Before anything else at all is settled, we must
decide whether South Africa is to go forward under
the Act of Union, or whether it is to secede from
the British Commonwealth and start out afresh as
an independent republic, or, what would be far
more likely in the event of such a decision, break
up once again into separate and rival states. It
is fatuous to vote upon the industrial question, or
the native problem, or national development,
anything else, until you have first decided that
form of every other problem in South Africa.

WHITE MAN

[By George Agnew Chamberlain.]

CHAPTER XVI.

Andrea drew a long whimpering
sigh and nestled down against the
warm fur. Her eyes gazed imperson-
ally and a little wonderingly at
Maungo's bowed head; then they wan-
dered about the room. She had never
been in it before; with the coming of
the rain her own veranda had been
quickly transformed into a weather-
proof dining-room. So this was where
he had lived and worked during many
months. It was a bachelor's room, ar-
ranged at once for comfort, utility and
sloth. On one side was his cot, per-
manently inclosed in mosquito netting
and having at its head a lantern for
reading in bed. Next to it, came a
high draughtsman's desk roughly made of
packing cases. On each end of it,
sputtering candles, still lighted, rose
from mysterious pedestals, empty
bottles disguised under cascades of
molten wax.

In the shadow of the high desk stood
the one utterly incongruous bit of fur-
niture, a glistening mahogany phono-
graph. Andrea's eyes passed it and
then went back to linger for an in-
stant in vague wonder. Why had
Maungo never brought it out? Never
played it? It was not interesting
enough to ask aloud. The floor was
completely covered with grass mats
and on these were scattered many un-
tanned skins, hair-side up. There were
two of the wicker chairs, the couch and a
much worn Bombay take-it-easy, with
its extension arms opened at the angle
at which the white man's tired legs had
last returned from his general circulation
the blood shaken down into them by
much walking.

Built into the wainscoting of reeds
were many pegs upon which were hung
a small collapsible bookcase, articles
of clothing, a hat, a cane, a pair of
slippers and a pair of shoes. Andrea
looked at the high desk lay eye-
level, and then she turned to the phono-
graph. Maungo had been working at the
sounding of the gong; before it, legs
in air, with never a hitch, words and
the story seemed to flow through
him as though he himself were far
away living in the tale.

Very gradually the hardened and
cheerful look in Andrea's eyes died
out. They grew wide again and dwelt
dreamily on the man's slim figure. She
saw many things about him she had
never noted before. His hair was crisp
and touched with premature grey at
the temples; his shoulders were broad
and his hips very narrow. He had a
good "boot leg," but his feet were
small enough to preserve balance even
there. In spite of his height, he was
well-knit by grace of the life he had
lived.

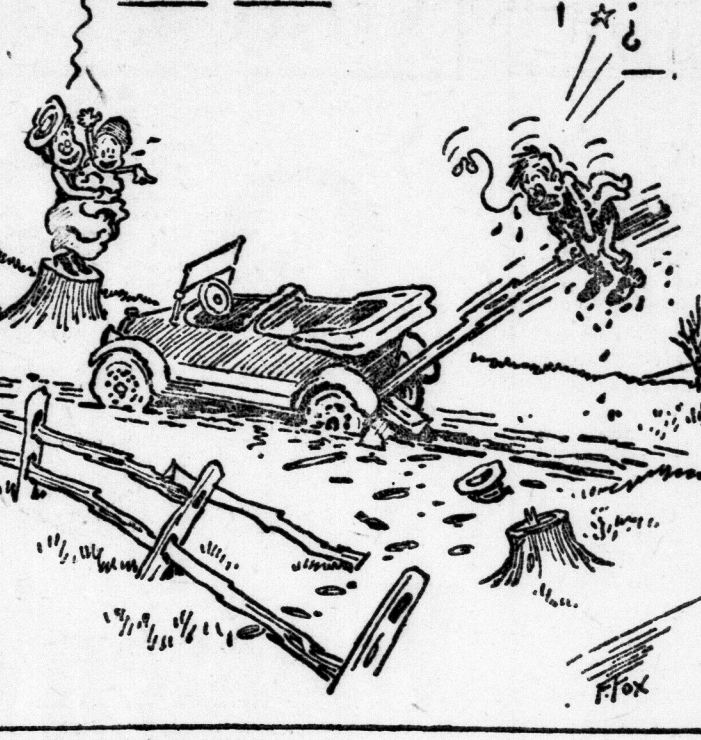
"He is very strong," thought Andrea
as she remembered how lightly he had
swung her into his arms. Then she
began to think of other things about
him. He never was too tired to shave
before the evening meal. He had
shown an almost uncanny tact in fore-
seeing and preventing the embarrassing
situations that one would have thought
inevitable under the circumstances of
their life together. He never forgot.
He had called her "my dear girl" once
and she had shown that she hated it.
It was enough.

"How old are you, White Man?" she
asked.
"Thirty-four, normally," he answered
instantly, and went on with his absorb-
ing reading almost without a break.
Andrea fell silent, even her thoughts
stopped talking. Gradually the flowing
voice possessed her, picked her up light-
ly, bore her away and away. She
floated through a wonderful country,
between banks that were carpeted with
green and crowned with a thousand
poppies, all nodding and swaying under
the featherweight of gnomes at play.
In other words, she slept as children
sleep when put to bed in the good old
way.

When she awoke, hours later, the

THOSE EARLY SPRING TOURISTS

"WELL, ANYHOW, HENRY,
YOU'VE STOPPED THE
BABY'S CRYING"



By FONTAINE FOX

(Copyright.)

ruption; his voice went on and on. He
was a master reader. With never a
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way.

When she awoke, hours later, the

strident protest and incidentally startled
one young lady.

"There you are, you little devil," he
growled and strode from the room with
the satisfied air of a dog who has just
carried home eight pounds of prime
roast intact.

Andrea watched him go, then she
arose, took the cord from her bathrobe
and advanced upon the door to the cov-
ered way. She closed it, let down the
bar and with the cord bound it in place.
She sat, and after a hard knot, and as
she drew each one of them tight she
said, "Just to give you time to think
twice, Andrea Feller."

CHAPTER XVII.
Scarcely had she finished when a sud-
den languor seized her. She knew that
she ought to bathe and dress quickly
for Maungo would be keen for his
breakfast after his "white" night. Why
did all latins cry in a sleepless night
"white" anyway? Her brows puckered
over that problem and it seemed as
though she must puzzle it out before
she did anything else. She crept into
her cot to attend to it. A cold wave
swept over her body and left it frozen;
a pain stabbed into her side.

The pain was like a knife, red-hot.
It terrified her. In an instant her
tongue was parched, her eyes were
burning. So suddenly had sickness
come upon her that even in the face of
its clamorous presence, her mind de-
clared it incredible. Surely it would
pass swiftly and leave no mark. She
clenched her teeth and waited. There
was a look in her face as though she
had died.

The pain ceased. When it came
back again it was no longer a knife
but the raving fangs of a wolf tearing
their way toward the vitals of her body.
She tried to clench her teeth, to keep
silent until the spasm passed, but she
could not hold out. "White Man!" she
moaned and then, realizing that she
must make him hear, she screamed. She
gathered all her strength and
screamed.

[To Be Continued.]

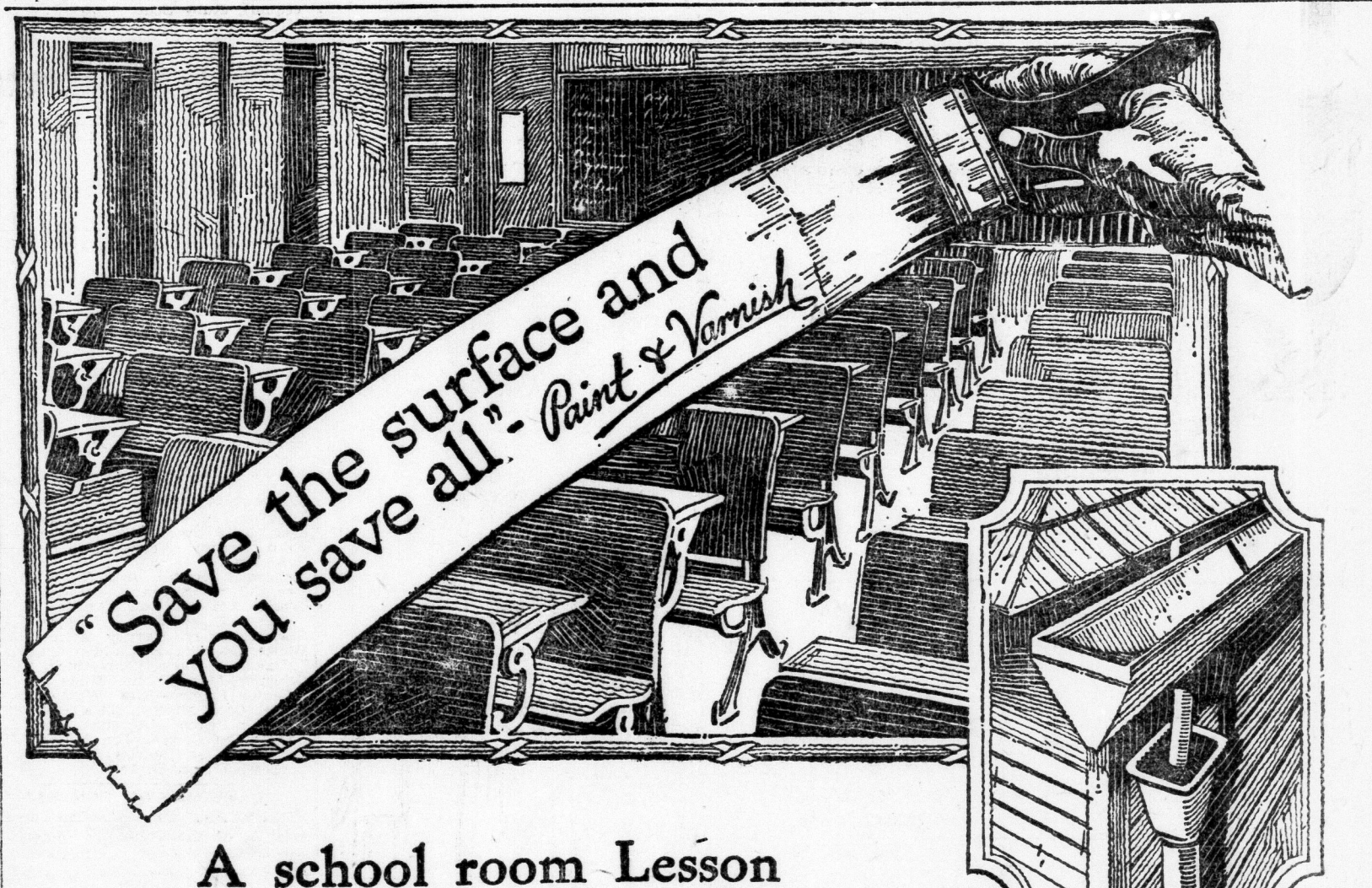
The Hacking
Cough
STRAINS THE LUNGS

The terrible, hacking, lung-racking
cough that sticks to you in spite of
everything you have done to get rid of
it is a great source of danger to your
health, and the longer it is allowed to
stick the more serious the menace be-
comes.

You can easily get rid of the cough
or cold at its inception by using Dr.
Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, a remedy
that has been universally used through-
out Canada for the past 30 years.

Mrs. Samuel Matthews, Portage, P. E.
I, writes: "Last winter I caught a
heavy cold, and was laid up for some
time. I had such a hacking cough I
could not sleep at night, and did not
think I could ever get over it. One
day a friend dropped in to see me, and
was surprised to see how bad my cough
was. She advised me to use Dr. Wood's
Norway Pine Syrup, so the next day I
sent for a bottle and soon got relief,
my cough was all gone, I doubt there
is anything to equal it."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put
up in a yellow wrapper; 3 pine trees the
trade mark; price 25c and 50c. Manu-
factured only by The T. Milburn Com-
pany, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

A school room Lesson
too seldom learned

SCHOOL days are rough days for
school furniture; there is hardly any
varnished article that has to stand what
desks and chairs in the school go through.

Their salvation is surface protection.
Ordinary wear and tear leave their sur-
faces unharmed. It is a hard test but
varnish is equal to it!

Interest to you lies in what it teaches.
It teaches that in your own home you
can have the same protection.

You know better than anyone else
what the good floors and good furniture
in your home have to stand. You know,
but do you think much about it? Do

you accept it as a necessary evil or do
you realize that by keeping every surface
intact under a tough, enduring pro-
tective coating you will save your
property—save replacing furniture—save
repairing, indoors and out?

The surface is the danger point. The
surface is the point attacked. Whether
property be wood, metal, stucco or con-
crete the surface is the place where deteri-
oration tries to get a foothold. It has no
chance if there is always a protective
coating in the way.

Look at all your property from this
extremely important angle. Save the
surface and you save all.

THIS ANNOUNCEMENT is issued by the Canadian Save the Surface
Campaign Committee, for the purpose of educating the public in the
Preservative and Protective use of Paint, Varnish and Allied Products for
the Conservation of Property, and has received the approval of the Canadian
Trade Commission in the following words:

"The realization of the above objects will lead to employment
during the Reconstruction Period and bears our entire approval."

THE CANADIAN TRADE COMMISSION

Commissioner T.

"SAVE THE SURFACE AND YOU SAVE ALL" Paint & Varnish
WOOD, METAL, STUCCO, CONCRETE
MANUFACTURED PRODUCTS
BRICK