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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Saturday, July 24.

SOAP AND CIVILIZATION.

Looking over the self-everything-counters of a modern department store the customer is astonished at the number and variety of soaps available for his ablutions. "We sell 106 kinds," was the reply to an inquiry the other day at one of these establishments. If the art achieved in the wrappings and containers has been equaled in saponification, then assuredly soap ranks high in the march of civilization. As a world-industry it has reached a magnitude never imagined by Michel Chevreul and Nicolas Leblanc, French chemists, whose respective researches and plans laid its foundation a century ago. Following the reference to soap by the prophets Jeremiah and Malachi, Pilny of Italy, who wrote about nearly everything, mentions both hard and soft soap. Its manufacture in France and England began in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. That widespread need for its cleansing and medicinal properties was contemplated in the Divine ordering of nature is evidenced by hundreds of species of plants, the roots, stalks, leaves, bark or berries of which possess soap qualities used in cleaning the body and clothing, or as a shampoo. Among them are the amoles of New Mexico, the yuccas, a Texan species of walnut, certain plants of the yily family in California, "the soap of the Indians," "Bouncing Bet," and "Soapwort," once called "Fuller's Herb."

Civilization has increased a thousand-fold and in countless ways the uses of soap. Skillful advertising stimulates and directs the demand which immense establishments are at work ceaselessly to supply. Processes range all the way from the black kettle of the backyard to scientific laboratories. The industry illustrates the monetary possibilities of converting by advanced methods commonplace materials into a refined article that everybody wants. The profits of a couple of English soap-making concerns jointly are reported at over a million pounds per year for three years past, and during the seven preceding years ranged annually from over £760,000 to £1,117,000 net. It ought to be clean money.

At the dawn of the race it was evidently foreseen that man would require a deal of cleansing, outwardly as well as inwardly. Philosopher Bacon laid it down that cleanliness of body was esteemed to proceed from a due reverence to God, while later on Mark Twain linked up soap and education. John Wesley, who kept things in their proper relation, declared that slovenliness was no part of religion, and in one of his pre-eminently practical discourses gave perennial emphasis to the maxim: "Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness." He endorsed George Herbert's maxim:

"Let thy mind's sweetness have its operation

Upon thy person, clothes and habitation."

Though the Scripture contains but a couple of specific allusions to soap, there are hundreds of references to cleanliness and cleansing. There is an outward and an inward uncleanness. This was made eternally clear by the Redeemer himself, when he declared that out of the heart proceed the evils that defile and destroy, but to eat with unwashed hands was in quite another category. Pouring righteous scorn upon Scribes and Pharisees, he declared that they were outwardly beautiful, but within like sepulchres, full of all uncleanness and dead men's bones. By himself he proclaimed redemptive cleansing for human impurity. Although one of the commonest things in the world, authorities state that the precise nature of the way soap affects its detergent process is mysterious. So is it with "the mystery of godliness" and grace which the gospel reveals through the Messiah as the sole and sufficient saponin for the unregenerate heart and life. It is profoundly fortunate at a time when men's minds are surging with unrest and when empirics are offering sedatives and stimulants or rose-waters to sweeten the cesspools of sinfulness, that humanity can turn with freedom and assurance to an unfailing source of cleansing that reaches the very fountain of life.

THE HYDRO RADIAL PROBLEM.

In a letter reproduced on this page Thursday, A. T. Drummond, LL.D., presented some strong arguments against the acquisition of municipal radial lines by the Hydro-Electric Commission. Further reasons to show that Premier Drury is right in his radial policy are as follows:

Financing Would Be Difficult.

"(5) The large experiences in electric railroads in the United States have been for several years unsatisfactory, even before the war, and the commission would find it impossible at any price to float with New York bankers bonds for these projected roads, unless with the direct guarantee of the Ontario Government to provide the interest and principal."

"(6) The increasing experience of the United States Government and of the general public there is that the day of the electric railway of the past is gone, and that for all medium and short distances up to, even over, 100 miles, the 5-10 motor truck for freight and the large motor bus for passengers, with good roads, serve the public better, because the truck and bus are not limited to a fixed immovable track and definite stations for receiving and delivery, but can go wherever the business requires them. The United States postoffice has been experimenting for two years over many routes with trucks for parcel delivery. To illustrate: One route

was 183 miles outside New York, and the truck started at 4 a.m., arrived at New York postoffice at 4 p.m. the same day, and all of its farm produce and parcels "from the towns were in consignees' hands by 5 p.m."

Municipalities Will Not Be Liable.

"(7) Under the agreement they are required to sign, the municipalities, if they ever had any rights, give up every right in these railways, even if the roads become bankrupt, and every Canadian banker knows that the Ontario Government guarantees alone will float their bonds, and that in the event of deficits, that Government will have to meet them, as the municipalities in most—perhaps all—cases will repudiate responsibility and allege that they were led into the loss through the representations of the Government's hydro-electric commission, which alone owns, built, operates and entirely controls these railways. The huge load of bonds which the municipalities, with careless indifference, are handing over to the hydro-electric commission for an alleged security which financiers do not recognize, will injure the financial standing of these municipalities when they come to borrow for other purposes. The Legislature should place some restriction on such issues, for many municipalities could not pay them if called on."

"(8) Every railway's experience—and the Ontario Government's own road in Northern Ontario illustrates this—is that there are two years, new bond issues have to be made, and, in this case, further guarantees given, to pay for additional rolling stock, new sidings, double tracks, and scores of other betterments. This means additional financing on a very considerable scale from time to time in the early future."

"(9) The only experience of the hydro-electric commission in railways is in the London and Port Stanley electrification, and as I have often, in the press and to the late Government of Ontario and members of the commission, shown (see also London Advertiser of 10th inst.), the statements given to the public are quite misleading as to its alleged surpluses, the actual results showing a large deficit every year."

Not Good for Freight Business.

"(10) The concentration in two or three central plants of all the coal consumed on as many railways, and its utilization in these plants in producing steam power to be transmitted electrically through these radial lines, and in replacing steam locomotives, means economy in coal and power, and can, and probably will, be adopted on short systems of the steam roads, but here the similarity to the electric road must continue to operate on steam road principles. The electric road of the present day caters to frequent but slower trains with numerous convenient stops; to the people who are going short distances, and to very low fares to attract the multitudes where possible. As a rule, the freight business on electric lines has not been encouraged in the way it could have been, due in part to the frequent passenger trains and the need of double tracks. Especially in the package freight and the farmers' produce, the motor truck is in the United States found now to be much more serviceable, and "busses" are coming into vogue with the improved roads."

THE END OF THE STREET.

My country of mystery beckons me
At the end of the city street,
And wakens the gypsy in my blood
To hasten my wayward feet.

There are few cities of the size of London that have such a picture as is to be seen at the west end of Dundas street, but a few blocks away from the busiest section of the city. One cannot, of course, loiter in the centre of traffic and study the beauty of the glimpse of country there, but the most hasty glance at its loveliness gives a new tone to the business of the day.

Distant wooded hills, blue-misted, sloping green fields and clusters of trees of darker green, as they stand less sheened with haze in the foreground, make a gem of Nature's own tinting.

Whether the day be grey with storm,
Or hung with blue and gold,
Where the hill crest goes to meet the sky
There's a challenge sweet and old.

A wishful urge sends one on to the end of the street to meet the picture set there, and lo, the reward is a view still more beautiful, affording as it does a glimpse of the gleaming, indolent curves of the Thames, an ironwork bridge set softly in the distance, and the more intimate restfulness of the blue haze of varying tones, and the ever-changing shades of green.

The passing of the seasons does not stain the loveliness of the picture—it remains, a luring, living water-color, in its curious setting of blue or grey sky, and dust-greys city buildings and streets.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Report says "Overall craze has reached Paris." We wondered where it had gone.

Because Poland is full of Poles is no reason why Soviet Russia should try to tack the red flag on them.

Germany bares her teeth, says a headline. Well, that will give Dentist Foch an excuse to remove them.

Archbishop Mannix of Australia, who has been actively campaigning for the "Irish Republic" in the States, is the prelate whose party was snowed under at the recent Australian elections because it carried an "Irish Republic" plank.

MR. MOORHOUSE'S NEW STORY.

In his new story, "Every Man For Himself," Hopkins Moorhouse has written a story entirely different from his first book, "Deep Furrows." With a plot most amazing and full of the unexpected, a style different and arresting, and scenes entirely Canadian, the new novel is one of utmost interest that means a one-sitting reading, regardless of time.

Canadian politics, the love element with a heroine of unusual type, adventure of the woods, keenness of business wits and the lure of the newspaper game intermingle in quick succession that make for a story of universal popularity. The Mussion Book Company, Toronto, are the publishers, and the price is \$1.75.

LIFE AMID THE GRASS.

[Charles Kingsley in "My Winter Garden."] Have you eyes to see? Then lie down on the grass, and look near enough to see something more of what is to be seen; and you will find tropic jungles in every square foot of turf... dark strides, tremendous cataraacts, "deep glooms and sudden glories" on every foot-broad rill which wanders through the turf. All is there for you to see, if you will but rid yourself of "that ideal of space"; and Nature, as everyone will tell you who has seen dissected an insect under the microscope, is as grand and graceful in her smallest as in her hugest forms.

THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER

A Detective Story by J. S. Fletcher.

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Seventh—Mr. Criedir gave evidence of his rencontre with Marbury in the matter of the stamps.

Eighth—Mr. Myerst told of Marbury's visit to the safe deposit, and further proved that the box which he placed there proved, on official examination, to be empty.

Ninth—William Webster retold the story of his encounter with Marbury in one of the vestibules of the House of Commons, and of his witnessing the meeting between him and the gentleman whom he (Webster) now knew to be Mr. Aylmore, a member of parliament.

All this led up to the appearance of Mr. Aylmore M.P. in the witness box. And Spargo knew and felt that it was that appearance for which the crowded court was waiting. Thanks to his own vivid and realistic special in the Waterman, everybody there had already become well and thoroughly acquainted with the mass of evidence presented by the nine witnesses who had been in the box before Mr. Aylmore entered it. They were all familiar, too, with the facts which Mr. Aylmore had again related to point after the interview at the club which Ronald Breton arranged. Why, then, the extraordinary interest which the member of parliament's appearance aroused? For everybody was extraordinarily interested, from the corner downward to the last man who had managed to squeeze himself into the last available inch of the public gallery—all who were there wanted to hear what Marbury had to say for a stroll from which Marbury never returned. Spargo knew well why the interest was so keen—everybody knew that Aylmore was the only man who could tell the court anything pertinent about Marbury, who was, and see the man who met Marbury under such dramatic circumstances, and who went to his hotel with him, hobnobbed with him, gave him advice, what he was after, what his life had been, and so on. Aylmore, perfectly-groomed man, whose beard was only slightly tinged with grey, whose figure was as good as a well-dressed soldier, who carried about him an air of conscious power.

Aylmore's two daughters sat at a little distance away, opposite Spargo, with Ronald Breton in attendance upon them. Spargo had encountered them a friendly nod and smile. He had watched them from time to time; it was plain to him that they regarded their father as a novel sort of entertainment; they might have been idlers in some eastern bazaar, listening to the unfolding of many tales from the professional tale-tellers. Now, as their father entered the box, they looked at him with a gleam of color in their cheeks, a little brightening of their eyes.

"All that they feel," he thought, "is a bit of extra excitement at the idea that their father is mixed up in this delightful mystery. Um! Well, now, how much is he mixed up?" And he turned to the witness box, and man who that moment never took his eyes off the man who now stood in it. For Spargo had ideas about the witness which he was anxious to develop.

The folk who expected something immediately sensational in Mr. Aylmore's evidence were disappointed. Aylmore, having been sworn, and asked a question or two by the corner, requested permission to tell, in his own way, what he knew of the dead man, and of this sad affair, and having received that permission, he went on in a calm, unimpassioned manner to repeat precisely what he had told Spargo. It sounded a very plain, ordinary story. He had known Marbury many years ago. He had lost sight of him for—ah, quite twenty years. He had met him accidentally in one of the vestibules of the House of Commons on the evening preceding the murder. Marbury asked his advice. Having no particular duty, and willing to do an old acquaintance a good turn, he had gone back to the Anglo-Orient Hotel with Marbury, had remained a while with him in his room, examining his Australian diamonds, and had afterward gone out with him. He had given him the advice he wanted; they had strolled across Waterloo bridge; shortly afterward they had parted. That was all he knew.

The court, the public, Spargo, everybody there, knew all this already. It had been in print, under a big headline, in the Watchman. Aylmore had now told it again; having told it, he seemed to consider that his next step was to leave the box and the court, and after a perfunctory question or two from the corner and the foreman of the jury he made a motion as if to step down. But Spargo, who had been aware since the beginning of the inquiry of the presence of a certain eminent counsel who represented the Treasury, cocked his eye in that gentleman's direction, and was not surprised to see him rise in his well-known, apparently indifferent fashion, fix his monocle in his right eye, and glance at the tall figure in the witness box.

"The fun is going to begin," muttered Spargo. The Treasury representative looked from Aylmore to the corner, and made a jerky bow; from the corner to Aylmore, and then he turned to the Treasury, and asked a question or two. He looked like a man who is going to ask indifferent questions about the state of the weather, or how Smith's wife was last time you heard of her, or if stocks are likely to rise or fall. But Spargo had heard this man before, and he knew many signs of his in voice and manner and glance.

"I want to ask you a few questions Mr. Aylmore, about your acquaintanceship with the dead man. It was an acquaintanceship of some time ago?" began the suave seemingly careless voice.

"A considerable time ago," answered Aylmore. "How long?" roughly speaking. "I should say from twenty to twenty-two or twenty-three years."

"Never saw him during that time until you met accidentally in the way you have described to us?" "Never."

"Ever heard of him?" "No."

"Ever heard from him?" "No."

"But when you met, you knew each other at once?" "Well, almost at once."

"Almost at once. Then, I take it, you were very well known to each other twenty or twenty-two years ago?" "We were—yes, well known to each other."

"Close friends?" "I said we were acquaintances."

"Acquaintances. What was his name when you knew him at that time?" "His name? It was—Marbury."

"Marbury—the same name. Where did you know him?" "Oh, here in London."

"What was he?" "Do you mean what was his occupation?" "What was his occupation?" "I believe he was concerned in financial matters."

"Concerned in financial matters. Had you dealings with him?" "Well, yes—on occasions."

"What was his business address in London?" "I can't remember that."

"What was his private address?" "That I never knew."

"Where did you transact your business with him?" "Well, we met now and then."

"Where? What place, office, resort?" "I can't remember particular places. Sometimes in the city."

"In the city. Where in the city? Mansion House, or Lombard street, or St. Paul's Churchyard, or the Old Bailey, or where?" "I have recollections of meeting him outside the stock exchange."

"Oh! Was he a member of that institution?" "Not that I know of."

"Were you?" "Certainly not."

"What were the dealings that you had with him?" "Financial dealings—small ones."

"How long did your acquaintanceship with him last—what period did it extend over?" "I should say about six months to nine months."

"No more?" "Certainly no more."

"It was quite a slight acquaintanceship, then?" "Oh, quite."

"And yet, after losing sight of this merely slight acquaintanceship for over twenty years, you, on meeting him, take great interest in him?" "Well, I was willing to do him a good turn. I was interested in what he told me the other evening."

To Be Continued.

Poetry and Jest

THE TRAINER.

[Edith M. Thomas, in New York Times.] When a difficulty falls upon you, remember that God, like a trainer of wrestlers, has matched you with a rough young man. For what purpose? You may say: Why, that you may become an Olympic conqueror.—Epictetus.

I had a puny strength until the day When rose the rough young man beside the way— Zeus sent him; but I could not know it then: Of such as I his rude force counted ten.

He challenged me. But still I hung back loath; He flouted me, until my soul was wrought. I rushed upon him—with a nimble thrust He laughing sent me down to Mother Dust!

Round upon round he worsted me; and still I would not let him work his utmost will. But up I rose again, and yet again, Until of very fighting I grew faint!

Then laughed, in other wise, that rough young man: "Olympic conqueror, go— (Whom Zeus had sent—to carry out His plan). And cried: "For you with no mean wrestler matched have been."

So wrote the "slave of Nero's freed-man" Who slave of no man, nor of self, could be! Of his free order, too, and his great line, Who takes the training set by Power Divine!

Who, now, remembering that antagonists—last Circumstance—the trial would have missed? Though called to no Olympic wreath, he can, Unto the end, play the full part of Man!

THE MYSTERY OF GOLF. "Does your husband enjoy playing golf?" "Yes, but I don't understand how he can. It is beyond me how he can get any pleasure out of a game which irritates and angers him so."

EMANCIPATION. [John Massfield.] In the last glowing of the sunset gold We looked our last upon that pirate hold:

The palace gliding shone while like fire, We were at sea with all our heart's desire, Beauty and friendship and the dream fulfilled.

The golden answer to the deeply wiled, The purely longer for, hardly tried, Into the dark our seaboard dipped her wing.

Polaris shined out of the dark and none, Then came the moon and now Saffee was gone. With all hell's darkness hidden by the sea.

O beautiful is love, and to be free is beautiful, and beautiful are friends: Love, freedom, comrades, surely make amends.

For all these things through which we walk to death, let us breathe your beauty with our breath.

All early in the Maytime when daylight we blessed the hawthorn blossom that welcomed us ashore: O beautiful in this living that passes like the foam: It is to go with sorrow yet come with beauty home.

JUST HIS STYLE. "Has your husband a good ear for music?" "I'm afraid not. He seems to think everything he hears played in church is a lullaby."

HOW CAN YOU KNOW? [Frank L. Stanton.] How can you know "What's a-comin' along?" Sign you are signin' may end in a song: The world will roll right, though the world may roll wrong— Look to the bright side forever!

How can you know but a sweet star will rise In the storm that seems blowin' 'em all from the skies? A sweet rose is born for each dear rose that dies— Look to the bright side forever!

How can you know? . . . daisies deep Have dreams of the time when the south wind shall blow: They know your heart's spring's comin'—for God will it so— Look to the bright side forever!

How can you know? . . . Let us trust To lighten the burdens of crosses an' cares. An' ever in the desolate rain of our tears— Look to the bright side forever!

MORE WATER NEEDED. A crowd about a rigging attracted the attention of a sad-eyed individual who seemed to be still visibly affected by the succession of hangovers that had marked his life before the long dry spell began.

"Whence matter?" he inquired. "Oh, we're just watching the work." "What work?" "This is a drilling machine." "What are they drilling for?" "Water."

As the shaky individual turned to move away he muttered with fervor most intense: "And to think we'd ever come to this."

HE HAD. Here lies Ezekiel Burns. He's dead—black, alas! He lit a match, looked in the tank. To see if he had gas.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY. "That coat looks rather shabby," remarked a friend to the struggling

Pale Cheeked Women Told About Restoring A Rosy Complexion

A few years ago the girl with pale, drawn cheeks scarcely knew what to do in order to restore her fading appearance. At that time there was no blood-food medium made that really would put color and strength into systems that were more or less worn out. Today's life is different. The blood can be quickly nourished, can be made rich, red, and healthy. All you have to do is take two Ferrozone Tablets with a sip or two of water after meals. The effect is almost magical. Mothers, look at your children. Are they ruddy and strong—do they eat and sleep well, or are they pale, weak, and anemic? FERROZONE will rebuild them. Take your own case—Is your blood strong and rich? Have you that old-time strength and vigor, or are you somewhat under the weather? FERROZONE will supply the strengthening elements you require. It is a blood-forming, nourishing tonic that makes every ailing person well. FERROZONE is a marvelous remedy. It contains in concentrated form certain rare qualities that especially fit it in cases of anemia, poor color, thin blood, tiredness, and loss of weight. Every day you put off using FERROZONE you lose ground. Get it today, sold in 50-cent boxes by all dealers, or by mail from the Cataractose Company, Kingston, Ont.

THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR



JUST AS HE STARTED TO COLLECT THE SUNDAY OFFERING ONE OF THE RAREST SPECIMENS OF BUTTERFLY KNOWN TO SCIENCE FLUTTERED IN THE CHURCH WINDOW.

By FOUNTAINE FOX

(Copyright.)

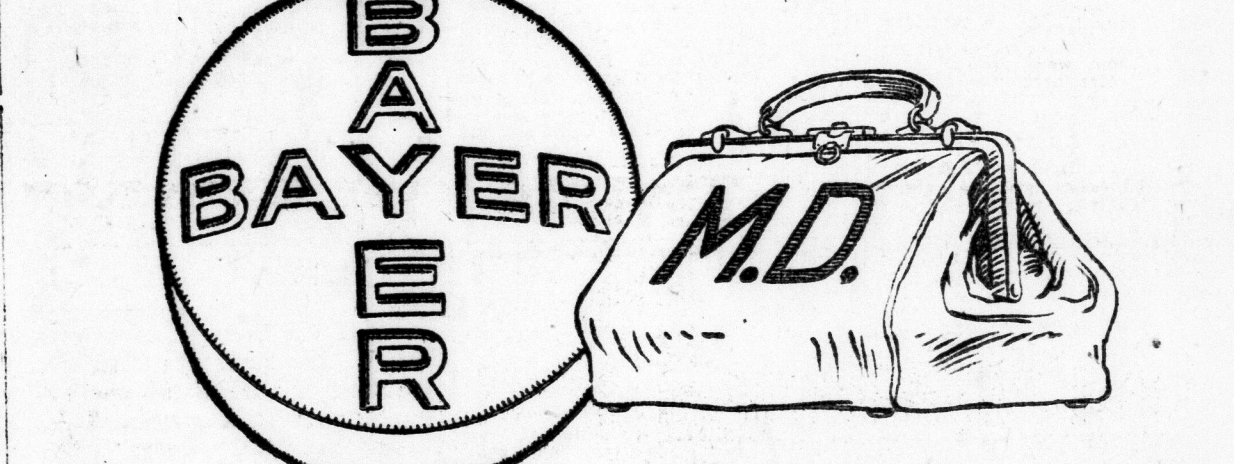
artist. "Why don't you have it turned?" "Do you imagine this cost has three sides?" asked the artist, sadly.

THE CAUSE. "This poor fellow is in a terrible condition," said the visitor. "Yes," replied the asylum attendant. "He's the most violent patient we have in this ward."

A REGULAR STUNT. Ferguson—I've just been reading that the aviators today can do anything a bird can do. Yes, sir, they've got the thing down so fine that there isn't a bird alive that has anything on them. Fitzgerald—Zasoo? Well, when you see an aviator fast asleep hanging on to a branch of a tree with one foot, then I'll come and take a look."

ONLY TRUE ASPIRIN

If you don't see the "Bayer Cross" you are not getting Aspirin at all



The name "Bayer" identifies the only genuine Aspirin.—Aspirin prescribed by physicians for twenty years and now made in Canada. Always buy an unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which contains proper

There is only one Aspirin—"Bayer"—You must say "Bayer" Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetacidester of Salicylic Acid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."



Never a corn on millions of feet nowadays

Do you know that millions of people who use Blue-jay keep entirely free from corns? If a corn appears it is ended by a touch. A Blue-jay plaster or a drop of liquid Blue-jay is applied. The corn pain stops. Soon the whole corn loosens and comes out. Themethod is scientific. It is gentle, easy, sure. Old-time harsh treatments are supplanted by it with everyone who knows it.

It is made by a world-famed laboratory, which every physician respects. It is now applied to some 20 million corns a year. You can see that corn troubles are fast disappearing. Then why pare corns and keep them? Why use methods which are out-of-date? Try this new-day method. See what it does to one corn. You will never forget its quick and gentle action. Your druggist sells Blue-jay.

Blue-jay Plaster or Liquid The Scientific Corn Ender BAUER & BLACK, Limited Chicago Toronto New York Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products