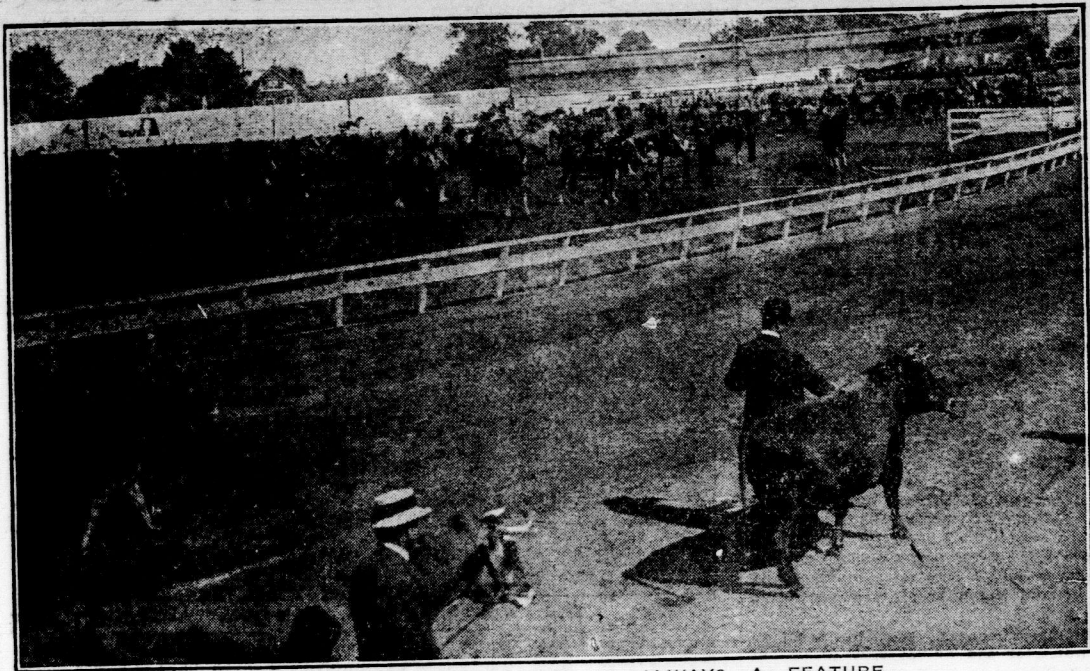




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London Advertiser

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ADVERTISERS, NOTE.

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London, Ontario, Saturday, September 10, 1921.

BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS.

Men of world eminence like Viscount James Bryce directed the mind of the International School of Politics, held recently at Williamstown, Mass. At the concluding function Hon. Elihu Root, who stands easily in the front rank of later American statesmen and jurists, delivered a closely-reasoned address on the art of international peace. He observed that new democracies had lately come into existence, and new conceptions of government had taken root in the minds of the people. Multitudes had been emancipated from old habits and customs and modes of feeling. Conscious of new powers and new relations toward those in authority, they are asserting the right of decision, and following hard on the heels of representatives and governments. There is a swing from the utter selfishness of old autocracies to more liberal and generous ways which being as yet imperfectly formed require the balance of education. Nationalities, like individuals, must learn the rule of their limitations, and to know that the idea of justice is not only justice for themselves and their families or communities, but to others. There must be respect for the convictions and interests of contemporaries, bearing fruit in mutual concessions. The time has come for the development of the international mind, and a recognition of that essentially Christian conception that it is not simply what a nation does for itself, but what it does for humanity that entitles it to the highest honors. Nationality is too deeply seated to disappear, but needs to be permeated by a new spirit. The profound lesson must be learned that in God's good world the way to attain and sustain prosperity is not to pull down others and climb over them, but to help all up together to a united success. Otherwise there will be clash of interests, havoc and bitter experience. Like other students of the course of events, Mr. Root has not failed to recognize that a type of exalted virtue fired by the Great War developed the illusion that a new and better world would spontaneously manifest itself. It is scarcely necessary to ask if that has been realized. Like a fierce summer storm the conflict temporarily cleared the air, but did not dissolve or regenerate the old elements that make for mischief. It did clarify conceptions of the savagery and futility of warfare, and that creates a hope that the Christian social or political conscience will crystallize itself in a better ordering of world affairs. However, it is idle to shut one's eyes to the ugly fact that selfish interests and sinful passions still hold an alarming sway.

Mr. Root appears to have left his theme at that point, but the evils which he recognizes have their rootage in the unrenewed heart and mind, as the Scriptures repeatedly and explicitly teach. Penetrating all disguise or veneer, the old prophet records that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." The Redeemer Himself, in words of most unmistakable clarity, taught the disciples that the thoughts which dwell and destroy proceed out of the heart, bearing the fruitage of lust and greed and murder. The evil bent is there, and mischief-makers are ready to equip it with weapons that promote dissensions, destruction and death. Speaking before the Canadian Club at Vancouver, B. C., Lord Northcliffe made use of a happily-inspired phrase when he indicated as a supreme task for good men everywhere the duty of disarming the minds of the people. Were that generally and sincerely undertaken through the church, the school and the press, the tasks of statesmen and the disarmament conference in November would be vastly simplified. But behind and underlying all pacific movements lies the individual mind and will, actuated too often by jealousy and avarice. In their character and conduct nations will not rise above the type of people who compose and lead them. Consequently a solution of the ills afflicting mankind must be sought in a renewal of ideal and will, working out in truth, mercy and justice. Field Marshal Earl Haig, the renowned British commander, has declared "the Gospel of Christ is the world's only social hope, and sole promise of world peace." The reason for this is that it reaches the individual life. Human nature unaided by a higher power is unequal to the task of self-regeneration. Even the mighty St. Paul realized that he only became qualified to achieve in his moral undertakings through Christ, who strengthened him. "Be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds," was his inspiring message to others. The problem at last resolves itself into a spiritual one. The present generation has learned at a fearful cost never before approached that the Christian spirit must be evoked, and the rule of the Divine Peacemaker of Nazareth assume its rightful place in the councils of the nations. Then will be realized the vision of old: "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

THE RURAL MAIL-CARRIERS.

Any contract that involves a loss to the contractor is so manifestly unjust that one wonders how such a state of things could exist for any length of time, and yet the rural mail-carriers of Canada claim that at the present moment they are losing about \$300 a year on the work that they have to perform for the Federal Government. According to Garfield MacKinnon, representative of the Rural Mail-Carriers' Association, this matter has been brought before the Government

in all its bearings, and yet nothing has been done to redress what is manifestly a gross injustice.

At the present time these contractors are paid at the rate of \$30 per mile per annum for carrying the mails. Out of this they have to maintain and feed a couple of horses, and provide adequate equipment both winter and summer, besides being prepared for all contingencies. The schedule of remuneration now in use is that which prevailed as far back as 1908, and this in face of the fact that, from janitors to postmasters, allowance has been made by the authorities for making up to the other employees by retroactive payments the strain on their living expenses caused by the war.

The fact that nothing has been done to better the conditions under which the contractors carry the mails since 1908 is in itself sufficient to show that these servants of the public are being treated in a most unfair manner. Not only this, but the system of awarding the contracts, according to evidence adduced, is also obviously unfair. It appears that after the men in a certain district have submitted their tenders they are one by one approached by a representative of the Government, who, by a process of haggling, prevails on the would-be contractors to still further cut down their prices.

The contractors say that in order to wrest even a poor livelihood from this occupation the rate of pay ought to be at least \$70 per mile per annum, and that the trifling which is at present allowed those who drive the mails to the postoffice from railway stations and steamboats should be increased threefold. They also maintain that they are entitled to retroactive payment at the new rate for the losses they have sustained during the high cost of living period.

The rural mail-carriers have undoubtedly a good case, and it is to be hoped that the retiring Government will lose no time in having this act of justice performed to a faithful and hard-working class of civil servants whose remuneration is absurdly out of all proportion to their great responsibilities.

THE G. T. R. DECISION.

The decision of the arbitrators appointed to value the stocks of the Grand Trunk Railway is that no value attaches to the \$37,000,000 of ordinary and first, second and third preference stocks of the company. This means that the shareholders are to get nothing, and will doubtless cause a warm protest from those in Britain. A large proportion of the stock is held in Britain, and the decision will come as a severe blow to those who have been hoping against hope that something might be saved from the wreck.

It has been suggested by Sir Thomas White, who represented the Government in the matter, that the Government and Parliament might take into consideration, as a matter of "compassion," the granting of some compensation to the interested shareholders. As the matter stands, the Government assumes liability for \$12,500,000 of guaranteed stock and for debenture stock, together with the other debts of the company.

The administration which inherits this formidable legacy from the present Government will not have its troubles to seek. It is obvious that desirable as it may be to open up and serve every part of the Dominion by affording adequate means of transportation, it has been proved beyond a doubt that the country has not yet reached that state of maturity where indiscriminate and miscalculated competition can be carried on with impunity.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Germany has now reached the lowest mark.

Still-hunting is a form of sport that is growing in popularity in Ontario.

The railway sandwich has been restored to its pre-war status—and price.

The greatest bomb that has fallen on Old London since the air raids during the war is G. T. R., not T. N. T.

Hamilton is about to start the work of deepening the harbor so as to make it fit for ocean-going ships. The Ambitious City again.

Jobless men in Boston have offered themselves for sale by auction as slaves. Evidently there is a black outlook for the workmen of Boston.

To the type of amphibian tank which sank in the Thames at London, England, the other day, the war office experts have said "au reservoir."

Druggists are doing a big business in remedies for "summer flu." This no doubt arises from the belief that as drafts caused the flu, drafts will cure it.

The Provincial Government has purchased the seven-story World building in Toronto. There is, however, no truth in the rumor that it is to be turned into a Tower of Babel.

A church in Massachusetts has been broken into and half a dozen sermons stolen. It is feared that the thief will find them so dry that his next raid will be on a Government dispensary.

The Prohibition Bill, which has just passed the Lower House in Christiania, forbids the importation of liquors or wines containing more than 14 per cent alcohol. The "wets" consider that there is nothing particularly rotten in the state of Denmark.

The exhibition of paintings by famous artists promises to be one of the most pleasing features of the Western Fair. It is confidently anticipated that none of the visitors will experience the disappointment of the old lady who, when inspecting a picture of "A Bull," after Paul Potter, exclaimed: "I see the bull all right; but where is Paul Potter?"

In their laudable endeavors to raise the wind for paying off their huge bill for reparations, the Germans recently imposed taxes on baths, coffins and nightgowns. The advisability of putting a tax on fat men is now being discussed, the waist line being taken as the standard of avoidpounds, 500 marks to be the penalty for the first superfluous inch, 1,000 marks for the second, and so on till the limit of rotundity is reached.

EUROPEAN IMMIGRATION.

(Toronto Globe.) It would not be good policy so to restrict European immigration that no person except a farmer or farm laborer could enter Canada, even though he had money and could furnish assurances that he would not become a public charge. Such a law would be resented in every country of Europe, and would permanently injure our immigration prospects. The congress was justified in asking that it be made illegal to carry on at the present time any propaganda to induce non-agricultural workers to come to this country. Many British mechanics who have found themselves working in Canada complain that they were misled by official literature or by misrepresentations of transportation agents. It is the duty of the federal and provincial governments to place the facts before intending emigrants in Europe, to encourage only farm workers, and to keep a watch on those who have selfish motives for promoting transatlantic travel.

LETTERS

ANOTHER MANOR PARK.

To the Editor of The Advertiser: As a resident of Manor Park for the past five years and knowing the people and the conditions under which they live at first hand, I think a pen-picture of the other side of the story might be interesting, and give a different idea of the district. Your correspondent was evidently imbued with a craze for the yellow journalism, and what better opportunity could present itself than the sensation of the moment. He did himself well. What did it matter if it was not all authentic? It was a good story, and the great Canadian public represented by the readers of The Advertiser were satisfied with a record of sordid lives and surroundings in the park.

We know better than your correspondent does that ours is not a Brixton or City of Boulevards, but we also know the main reason why. Does your correspondent know that 80 per cent of the population are returned men? Does he know that many were just starting their little homesteads in 1914 when the great war broke out? Does he know that these men left their little all and joined up at their country's call. Many never came back. Some came back maimed and broken. Some are still in the sanatorium. "A Canadian's home is his castle," and these men on their return started in to finish the work of home-building that had been deferred during their absence.

Charity begins at home, and I would hate to think that the citizens of London took pleasure in the misfortune of their less fortunate neighbors.

We ask no favors. We are law-abiding, as records will show. Give us fairplay, and if you can't give us our uplift, please keep our lives in yours truly.

HUGH MCCOLL,
210 Wharncliffe Road, Highland Park.

OTHERS' VIEWS

NIL NISI BONUM.

[The Nation and the Athenaeum.] "I suppose it is a point in time to say, but I confess to having taken small pleasure from the singing of Caruso. The power of his voice (which was wonderful) seemed to be in excess of what was needed for the process of beautiful sound, and its duet of the impression the artist gave of coarseness in physique and shallowness in mentality. This arose, no doubt, from a defective gift of aesthetic ear. All I can say is that it never occurred when De Reszke was singing. Then, mind and ear were equally satisfied, and if the singer's voice was not quite so magnificent as Caruso's, its exquisite using made that, and more than that, up for me. Neither was an unmediated strain; but De Reszke's seemed to me to come from the diviner region."

"GREATNESS."

[Edgery Albertan.]

New York is the world's greatest city from the standpoint of population and wealth. It would have more reason to be proud of its greatness if it had found a way to protect the lives and property of its citizens. Its crime record during the first seven months of this year put it in a class by itself. There have been 200 murders, an average of almost one a day, and 3,000 automobile thefts, an average of about 15 a day. The loss of stolen automobiles is about \$3,000,000. Other crimes, such as burglaries and holdups, are in like proportion.

What's In a Book?

By Kathleen K. Bowker.

IS THIS TRUE ABOUT TRADE UNIONS?

Adam Ward was the richest mill owner in all the town of Milborough. Though at one time he had been just an ordinary workman there. By good fortune, however, he had discovered a "new process," which had revolutionized mill conditions (we are given no idea what particular kind of grist was woven, spun or ground by this machinery around which a whole story pages its inky way), and this added three or four noughts to the slip in his pay envelope. In fact, he was soon dispensing pay envelopes, not receiving them. But he had grown utterly away from his old friends and associates, though many of them were still his employees. Riches had not been entirely good fortune to Adam Ward. Money had scorched his heart, not warmed it. All his sympathies were with McVior, a fellow mill-owner, who firmly believed that all strikers should be driven back to work with machine guns. Adam had tried to instill these feelings into his children, and had partially succeeded with his beautiful daughter, Helen. But war had been kinder than a mistaken father to John Ward, and given him an understanding soul, and a true eye for values.

This same John, having served as a private during the war, was now general manager at the mills, where his right-hand man was Captain Charlie Martin, D. S. O., who having started from home with him, had gone over to John's head in the regiment; but was contented to serve under him in business. They were still faithful "buddies."

John was doing his best (with Charlie's active support) to adjust the acute situation between the employers and the employees. Peter Martin, Charlie's father, had worked at the same bench with Adam Ward in the old days, and both they and their children had been close friends. But Martin's wife was dead, and the lovely but top-loftical Helen Ward had gone into realms unknown except by reports to Mary Martin and her brother. Helen laughed at the old childish romance between herself and Charlie—which, indeed, she was ashamed; and though she had worked like a heroine for the French orphans, the children of her own home town were practically an unknown species to her.

But now the whole place was in the throes of unrest, fomented by the popular agitator, Jake Vodel.

And here arises a curious situation, curious at least to me, who am not certain of the exact laws of unionism, though I have investigated some of them.

One by one the crews of five out of the six mills go on strike in answer to Vodel's inflammatory talk. But the men in Ward's mill (chiefly on account of the combined influence of John Ward and the two Martins) do not strike in a body, though one by one the individual men begin to fall away, and join the malcontents. Evidently this strike has not been called from headquarters. Certainly the strikers—lying of cold and starvation—are not receiving strike pay. And there is clearly a struggle between that outstanding character "The Interpreter"—a noble old man, famed in the mills, and now living in a hut on top of a hill that overlooks the town, where he is cared for by a deaf mute, and provides for both by basket making. He is the final court of appeal to all parties—whether because of his own arresting personality, or because of some secret power with the trades unions, or both, does not very clearly appear. Moreover, Adam Ward is in possession of some dreadful secret that is driving him mad.

McVior is trying to marry Helen—and John wants to become engaged to Mary Martin. Why he cannot—since they both love each other dearly—I, for one, entirely fail to see. Apparently the democratic Americans think it too much for the noble and well-educated daughter of a workman to contemplate marriage with the rich owner's son; even though her brother is a captain in the army, and started life together. However, when

The Official Records

Distance	Time	Miles Per Hour
1 Mile	35.01	102.8
5 Miles	3:15.88	91.8
10 Miles	6:31.48	91.9
15 Miles	9:45.96	92.1
20 Miles	13:01.48	92.1
25 Miles	16:37.94	90.1
50 Miles	33:16.43	90.1
75 Miles	50:00.80	89.9
100 Miles	66:53.16	89.7
One Hour	- - -	89.0

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