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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,

LIMITED London, Ont., Monday, August 30.

LAISSEZ-FAIRE IN RUSSIA.

Premier Lloyd George's policy of letting Bolshevik Russia alone should be a good one in various ways. The civilized world is sick of making war and wants to get down to making money. Give us peace in our time, is the general cry

Bolshevism may be a bad enough government for Russia, but it could hardly be quite as dangerous to the rest of the world as the old the Middle Ages, Czarist Russia hung over Britain as a constant and gloomy menace. With a Bolshevist Government at Moscow, Russia would probably be so divided against itself that the rest of the world would be comparatively safe from Muscovite aggression at any rate.

It is interesting to analyze the Pan-German French aims, the German autocratists must ma "can't sit 'round all day." nevertheless console themselves with the thought that an overthrow of Bolshevism and the setting-up of a Wrangel or some other Russian Junker may make naturally for a rapprochement between the Junkers of Prussia and Russia. German military specialists are in fact reported as already starting the cry that "the coming Russia" and Germany must be friends and economic allies and later military allies. Birds of a feather flock together and it is hard to conceive of a Bolshevist Russia acting long Men are asked to aid in this campaign. Will they? hand in hand with Prussian reactionism.

All things taken together, then, Lloyd George is playing safe in leaving Russia to itself. If Russia wants Bolshevism, right or wrong, she will be less a peril being let alone. If, through like. a more peaceful evolution rather than by military violence, the despotism of Lenin and Trotzky falls to pieces, some moderate constitutional system may take shape that will bring Russia at last into the sisterhood of true democracy and the League of Nations that is bent on ending war.

HOUSELESS MARRIAGE.

The Manchester Guardian writes on the subject of "The Houseless Marriage." Shortage of houses causes crowds of English couples giving up all idea of an individual residence to with other families. Love mocks at even

We shall soon be hearing of attics, cellars, offices being made into refuges for the newlyweds. Mr. Chesterton wrote a lively story of a "flying inn," devised after the establishment of total prohibition, and we see that liquor may stilf be found outside the once licensed houses. So love and marriage also, and more legally, may be enjoyed on the wing. Let the bride abate her traditional hankering for a home, carpets, tablecloths, pretty dishes, "fly-bitten tapestries," as Falstaff called them, heavy furniture, and the oak floors in need of eternal polishing. All these things are expensive and more or less useless, a mere extension of the personal finery dear to womankind. A corner of an office for night quarters, a stick or two of folding furniture, a motor car, and you have the rock-bottom requirements of a happy married career. "Ask little of life" would be the motto hung over the screen of the family

MARSE HENRY'S MEMORIES.

From the United States have come two good biographies recently-good in the sense of being chatty and interesting, while at the same time giving the reader a pleasant little surprise occasionally by revealing something new about the outstanding figures in the politics across the line. "Marse Henry" Watterson and Champ Clark, former speaker of the House of Represensatives, are somewhat alike in their style, which ambles along in leisurely southern fashion, with occasional little moral reflections of Chautauqua flavor that indicates a friendly and the farmer to realize that there will be r

Champ Clark has more to tell about the politicians of his country than his journalistic contemporary, but the latter provides some anecdotes of a larger world that are of interest. Mr. Watterson was evidently as well known in some parts of Europe as he was in America. He knew Leopold II. of Belgium, Gambetta, the Duc de Morny, and he says that he once acted as accompanist to Adelina Patti at a charity concert. He liked to hobnob with the people who were in the public eye and he tells one story of how he fell in with several lions unawares. He had gone to Europe with a letter of introduction to a Mr. T. H. Huxley, of whom all he knew was that the gentleman lived at the school of mines. He writes:

"It was a good dinner. There sat at table a gentleman by the name of Tyndail and another by the name of Mill-of neither I had ever heard-but there was still another of the name of Spencer, whom I fancied must be a literary man, for I remembered having reviewed a clever book on education some four years agone by a writer of that name, a certain Herbert Spencer."

Henry Watterson was on the side of the South during the Civil War, as a fighter and as the entor of the Rebel. His story of the wartime period indicates that he wasn't very enthusiastic for the southern cause at the beginning of the war. Coming back to his home town he found his old chums all gone, and the girls-

and in time got to be a pretty good rebel. After fifty years he sums up the secession movement:

"I think now, as an academic proposition that in the doctrine of secession, the secession leaders had a debatable, if not a logical case; but also I think that if the Gulf States had been allowed to go out by tacit consent they would very soon have been back again seek-ing readmission to the Union."

Henry Watterson's comments on politicians of the day are, as might be expected, trite. President Wilson he regards as a special pleader rather than a statesman; he is represented as "talking about American ideals that have won the war as if there were no English ideals and French ideals"; and he is summed up as "the schoolmaster who arrived at the front rather too late in life."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A Babe Ruth home run looks small along side the home run Trotzky is making.

Isn't a live "patriot" of more use to his country than one who commits suicide?

dead ones in that burg. Those Tennessee legislators who ran away wood. to another state to prevent a quorum on the woman suffrage vote are a noble example of

man's superiority. The United States came late into the war, so we mustn't hurry them too much into the Czarist regime used to be. Like the Turks in League of Nations. Some day they will be telling the world how they made the League a success that would never have come through without them.

Toronto is raising a fund for a residence for business girls. Why not a residence for household assistants, mother's helps, etc.? Pa mind in the presence of the Russian rout in has a girl stenog. for him in the office, but Poland. Chagrined doubtless at the triumph of the dishwasher or baby-minder is scarce, and

PAINT AND POWDER.

[Kingston Standard.] A campaign has been started in New York by woman's temperance society for a nation-wide crusace against the use of paint and powder, the pot, the lip stick, the eyebrow pencil, and other devices used by girls and women to make elves look more beautiful than nature made What is the good of trying? For centuries omen have sought these means of beautifying nemselves. Do we not read of Jezebel painting ner face and tieing her hair. Pots of cosmetics are found in ancient tombe and so the story goes on Not much. The only thing they could do, we sug gest, would be to take to painting and powdering their faces, and "tieing" their hair, if they have We know, though, several individuals who would look all the better for such treatmentthere it is! Better leave the ladies to do as they

A KING WHO SMILES.

[Montreal Gazette.] Gazette correspondence from London notes the fact that King Alfonso of Spain, a welcome visitor in his wife's country, is better looking than any photograph of him, and possesses a remarkably bright and pleasing smile, which lights up his pronzed and healthy-looking face in a most attractive manner. Yet when the boy, born posthumously in 1886, assumed the government in 1902 there were fears that he might not long survive. But His Majesty Alfonso XIII. apparently has a healthy mind which has helped him to survive the vicissitudes of rulership in a period when crowns have been sent tumbling off heads that were presumed to be stronger. Alfonso philosophizes and smiles and his subjects support him as a reasonable and kindly monarch, and the Spanish republicans' cause is by the king of Spain's own account, despised and ulted him, is a man without a country. It pays for kings to smile rather than frown, it would seem Good humor saves even royalty an uneasy head.

WHEN POSTCARDS BEGAN.

[London Express.]
The jubilee of the postcard will be with us shortly. It was in October, 1870, that the British postoffice introduced them. The real inventor of the postcard was Dr. Hermann, of Vienna, who, twenty months before (January 26, 1869), had gone to the Austrian postal authorities with an idea and sample of an "open card for correspondence." Austrian postmaster-general was delighted with the idea, and at once ordered a million to be printed The new cards bore the very cautious announce-"The postoffice undertakes no responsibility for the contents of this communication," And thus

Picture postcards came in 1894-no private postcards were permitted until that year. Illustrated postcards had been sent out before 1894 as advertisements, but as such they were classed as printed natter and sent at book-post rates.

AN INNOVATION.

[Montreal Gazette.]
Where the treasure is there will the heart b also. That farmer of Malden road, Sandwich West, Ont., who, with his brothers, defended his whiskey supply with rifle and shotgun from attack by five motor cars filled with booze runners, out up a valiant fight and won. The result may evoke cheers from quite a few residents of that and other rural neighborhoods, for there are still, by all accounts some fine whiskey stocks located in barns as well as in city cellars. All have to be defended, by armed force if necessary. It is an extraordinary situation, and unprecedented so far as Canada is concerned.

INEVITABLE.

[New York Evening Sun.] Bankers are restricting credits, merchants are buying more carefully than formerly, the people are refusing to pay top prices. More important still the impact of economic forces has made itself fell upon production itself, forcing the manufacturer market for their goods at the top notch figures that

It is by no means a painless operation, this descent from higher to lower levels. Always it slows up the wheels of industry, produces widespread dissatisfaction among laborers, and brings very real hardship upon the debtor class. But having mounted the peak of high prices the world needs must come down again, trusting that the process will be a slow and sure one, free from lisastrous falls.

"WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN."

In this case it was a farmer. The cherry in his garden was all the proof he wanted that that "confounded robin" was his enemy. "Why I saw him stealin' cherries," he said, "and I caught him in my strawberry bed, too, and I'll shoot every one of them thievin' fellers I get a chance at." we didn't have any of the poor dead things he had killed or we should have shown him the contents of their stomachs. Had he seen the grubs and bugs, the cutworms, the caterpillars, the grassho pers, and the score and more of other foes of his garden and orchard and farm that these poor dead for the few cherries and berries they had eaten. Indeed the bit of fruit they had taken was just an occasional dessert after their abundant meal of bugs and grubs. The birds he shot are dead. The armer lives, we hope a wiser if sadder man.

A NEW ENGLAND.

[Montreal Gazette.] etween all classes, the wider recognition of a nummon purpose in the national life, the warmer regard felt for different sections, the conviction that a common destiny demands the cordial cooperation of all classes and interests in the nation
—these features are working their way in the new well, they were all crazy"—so he joined up is more robust and vigorous and purposetut.

THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER

A Detective Story by J. S. Fletcher. Copyright 1920, Fred A. Knopf. Copyright, 1920, by the Public Ledger Cor

Another hour had gone by ere the two Midway 'twixt earth and heaven, the cottage. Sometimes the guiding light had Midway 'twixt earth and heaven, A bubble in the pearly air, I seem vanished, blotted out by intervening rises in the To float upon the sapphire floor, a drea of clouds of snow. ground; always, when they saw it again, they were slowly drawing nearer to it. And now, when 'ney below, Drift with my drifting, dim and slowere at last close to it, Spargo realized that he found himself in one of the loneliest places he had ever been capable of imagining-so lonely and desolate a spot he had certainly never seen. In the dim light he could see a narrow, crawling stream, making its way down over rocks and stones from the high ground of Great Shunnor Fell.

Opposite to the place at which they stood, on the Opposite to the place at which they stood, on the Opposite to the place at which they stood, on the Opposite to the place at which they stood, on the Opposite to the place at which they stood, on the Opposite to the place at which they stood, on the Opposite to the place at which they stood, on the Opposite to the place at which they stood, on the Opposite to the place at which they stood, on the Opposite to the place at which they stood, on the Opposite to the place at which they stood, on the Opposite to the place at which they stood, on the Opposite to the place at which they stood, on the Opposite to the place at which they stood, on the Opposite to the place at which they stood the opposite to the place at which they stood they are the opposite to the place at which they stood they are the opposite to the place at which they stood they are the opposite to the place at which they stood they are the opposite to the place at which they stood they are the Opposite to the place at which they stood, on the edge of the moorland, a horseshoe-like formation of ground was backed by a ring of fir and pine; beneath this protecting fringe of trees stood a small building of grey stone, which looked as if it had ous matter when one considers the number of been originally built by some shepherd as a pen where not a ripple moves to mar for the moorland sheep. It was of no more than shades underneath, or over. one story in height, but of some length; a considerable part of it was hidden by shrubs and brush-And from one uncurtained, blindless window

the light of a lamp shone boldly into the fading Breton pulled up on the edge of the crawling "We've got to get across there, Spargo," he "We've got to get across that, between And it is mine alone.
said. "But as we're already soaked to the knees and it is mine alone.

Oh, pathless world of seeming!

"Hours-days-years!" replied Spargo. "I should say quite four hours," "In that case it's well past two o'clock, and the light will be breaking in another hour or so. Now, across this stream, what shall we do?"

Have you any idea how long we've been walking?"

"Wait a bit. No need to startle them. By the fact they've got a light, I take it that they're up. ng between it and the light. "That's not Elphick, nor yet Cardlestone," said

"They're medium-heighted men. That's "Then it's the man the landlord of the Moor Cock told us about," said Breton. "Now, look here: I know every inch of this place. When we're across let me go up to the cottage, and I'll take an observation through that window and see who's

He led Spargo across the stream at a place where a succession of boulders made a natural oridge, and, bidding him keep quiet, went up the bank to the cottage. Spargo, watching him, saw him make his way past the shrubs and underto a great bush which stood rowth until he came between the lighted window and the projecting

He lingered in the shadow of this bush but for orch of the cottage. a short moment; then came swiftly and noiselessly back to his companion. His hand fell on Spargo's arm with a clutch of nervous excitement. "Spargo!" he whispered, "who on earth do you think the other man is?"

The Whiphand.
Sparge, almost irritable from desire to get a close grips with the objects of his long journey, off Breton's hand with a growl of resentment "And how on earth can I waste time guessing?" e exclaimed. "Who is he?" Breton laughed softly.

"Steady, Spargo, steady!" he said. "It's Myerst -the safe depose man. Myerst!"

Spargo started as if something had bitten him "Myerst!" he almost shouted. "Myerst!" Good Lord! Why did I never think of him? Myerst!

"I don't know why you should have thought of him," said Breton. "But he's there." Spargo took a step toward the cottage; Breto back.

"Wait!" he said. "We've got to discuss I'd better tell you what they're doing.' "What are they doing, then?" demanded Sparge

patiently.
"Well." answered Breton. "They're going through a quantity of papers. The two old gentlenen look very ill and very miserable. Myerst is evidently laying down the law to them in son [ashion or other. I've formed a notion, Spargo."

"Myerst is in possession of whatever secret they have, and he's followed them down here to black-mail them. That's my notion." Spargo thought a while, pacing up and down the

"I daresay you're right," he said. "Now, what's It will not even trouble your faint

Breton, too, considered matters. "I wish," he said at last, "we could get in there and overhear what's going on. But that's impossible -I know that cottage. The only thing we can do is this—we must catch Myerst unawares. He's here

And reaching around to his hip pocket Breton drew out a Browning revolver and wagged it in

his hand with a smile. "That's a useful thing to have, Spargo," he remarked. "I slipped it into my pocket the other day, wondering why on earth I did it. Now it'll come in handy. For anything we know Myerst may be armed.'

think they will, Myerst, when he's got what he ants, will be off. Now, you shall get where I "Well?" said Spargo, wants, will be off. Now, you shall get where I did just now, behind that bush, and I'll station myself in the doorway. You can report to me, and when Myerst comes out I'll cover him. Come on, It Spargo; it's beginning to get light already."

Breton cautiously led the way along the river bank, making use of such cover as the willows and alders afforded. Together he and Spargo made their O, way to the front of the cottage. Arrived at the door, Breton posted himself in the porch, motioning to Spargo to creep in behind the bushes and to look through the window. And Spargo noiselessly followed his directions and slightly parting the A miracle of spring!

My words seem blossoming!)

The lovely lighted snow that falls Rosy around the cottage walls,

A miracle of spring! branches which concealed him, looked in through

the uncurtained glass. the uncurtained glass.

The interior into which he looked was rough and Familiar, close, and dear; the comfortless in the extreme. There were the bare I hardly know if I am there, accessories of a moorland cottage; rough chairs and Or, shutting out the noisy air. ables, plastered walls, a fishing rod or two piled in a corner, some food set out on a side table. At the table in the middle of the floor the three men market for their goods at the top hotel must soon have recently prevailed. This in turn must soon have recently prevailed. This in turn must soon had his back to the window; old Elphick, bending over the table, was laboriously writing with shaking over the table, which was laboriously writing with shaking over the table.

his companion.
"Elphick," he said, "is writing a check. Myerst has another check in his hand. Be ready! he gets that second check I guess he'll be off." Breton smiled grimly and nodded. A moment later Spargo whispered again: "Look out, Breton

Breton drew back into the angle of the porch; Spargo quitted his protecting bush and took the other angle. The door opened. And they heard Myerst's voice, threatening, commanding in tone: "Now, remember all I've said! And don't you forget. I've got the whiphand of both of you the whiphand!"

Then Myerst turned and stepped out into the grey light-to find himself confronted by an athletic young man who held the muzzle of an ugly revolver within two inches of the bridge of his nose, and in a remarkably firm and steady grip. Another glance showed him the figure of a second businesslike looking young man at his side, whose attitude showed desire to grapple with him.

"Good morning, Mr. Myerst," said Breton, with robins he had shot had been destroying, how small cold and ironic politeness. "We are glad to meet would have seemed the board bill they owed him you so unexpectedly. And I must trouble you to you so unexpectedly. And put up your hands. Quick!" Myerst ma hand toward his hip, but a sudden growl from Breton made him shift it just as quickly above his

head, whither the left followed it. Breton laughed "That's wise, Mr. Myerst," he said, keeping his revolver steadily pointed at his prisoner's nose. "Discretion will certainly be the better part of your valor on this occasion. Spargo, may I troub you see what Mr. Myerst carries in his pockets? Go through them carefully. Not for papers or documents—just now. We can leave that matter—we've plenty of time. See if he's got a weapon of any sort on him, Spargo-that's the

Poetry and Jest

SHADOW RIVER, MUSKOKA.

Pauline Johnson.

A stream of tender gladness
Of filmy sun, and opal-tinted skies,
Of warm midsummer air that ligh
lies
In mystic rings,
Where softly swings
The music of a thousand wings
That almost tone to sadness.

The little fern-leaf, bending Upon the brink, its green reflect

The far fir trees that cover the brownish hills with needle

Will never stir or bend at my

Is marred or made,
If I but dip my paddle blade;
And it is mine alone.

Is more my own than ever

SELF-LABELED.

The manager of a large firm—a hot-tempered, somewhat grumbling man— had occasion or thought he had, to re-buke one of his clerks for some mistake. The clerk attempted to explain the matter, when his chief cut him short by exclaiming:

"Well, I'm not," said the clerk.
"Then, if you are not the manager," said the enraged chief, very emphatically, "why are you speaking like an idiot?" oy exclaiming:
"Look here, sir, are you the manage
or am I?"

[Frank L. Stanton.] too late—dear eyes, withdrawn for

weeping, To stand once more a suppliant at lay one flower where withered blooms are sleeping—

too late-in sight of earth heaven
To wreathe with laurel brows the
crowned of Fate?
To kneel to Love, and ask to be for Is it too late?

O death in life!-for deeper than all with sad Regret in utter Night to For some sweet word, and hear Love's "Too late! Too late!"

FRUITLESS ARGUMENT A well-known barrister was crossexamining a witness.
"Did you call on Mr. Fragner on Septhe 14th last?

"Yes, sorr."
"Yes, sorr."
"And what did he say?"
Before the witness could reply, the opposing barrister interposed.
"My lud, I object to the question.",
Thereupon a long argument ensued, precedents were quoted, and, at length the judge decided that 'Mr. Fragner's statement was admissible as evidence. statement was admissible as evidence.
"Now, my man," said the victorious barrister, "and what did Mr. Fragner

SOME DAY, PERCHANCE. [Marion K. Patton, in Harpers's.] annot send you gifts of price or art, u will not share the happiness I

And for my love you have not need Yet I will give it you with all It cannot harm you, dear-this tender

But some day when you're droope weariness drags at your finger-And And you sit staring grimly in the eye Your sad philosophy—ah, then, perchance,
My love will, flutter up against your lips And you will smile, although you know not why.

REALISM. Friend (viewing picture)—How realis-tic! It fairly makes my mouth water. Artist—A sunset makes your mouth

[John James Pratt.] It was a gentle gift to send,
This thought in blossoms from a friend;
Within my city room
I seem to breathe the country air.

beautiful the welcome sight! (Flushing my paper as I write, My words seem blossoming!

Dream-like I hear the sunny hum

A child whose laughter-lighted face Breaks from some happy door, a-chase For new-winged butterflies:

THE NEW NECESSITIES. Jud Tunkins says he's going to have help this summer if he has to put shonographs on the farm machinery and have moving pictures in the barn.

AN ACCOMMODATING MAN. [Boston Transcript.] Young Freshleigh drew his car up a ne rural garage, and with a win is young lady passengers, he said to be proprietor, "Got any gasoline?" "I calc-late I have," said the coun-

ryman.
"How do you sell it, by the glass on the spoonful?" asked Freshleigh, "Wa'al, that all depends, mister,



was the calm reply. "Mostly I it by the day, but when some golder jackass from the city comes along wants it by the glass, I generally commodate him. How many glass."

THE OLD-TIME LONGINGS. [Frank L. Stanton.]
Want to glimpse the old woods
When the sun strikes fire,
Want to see a bluebird
On a telegraph wire:
Want to watch the towheads
Swincir' on the gate Swingin' on the gate
An' a one-suspender feller
Diggin' round for bait.

Want to glimpse the pine box
By the grocery store
An' play a game o' "seven-up."
Or checkers, just once more!
Things that used to pleasure me
From springtime to fall—
The city's took a-many
But the city ain't took all!

FAM-LY-ADE Cool and Delicious

THE hot, thirsty weather is here. Try a cooling drink of FAM-LY-ADE. Enjoy its true fruit flavor. Give your family this sur-prisingly inexpensive treat every day. Only 35c a tube at your grocer's or druggist's. 32 glasses to a tube. Made in Canada by Power-Keachie, Limited,



Sunlight Wash Days-

A Sunlight Wash Day is free from the toil and labour usually associated with washing, because Sunlight Soap washes clothes beautifully clean and white without rubbing or scrubbing.

Sunlight Soap

being the surest, gentlest, purest of all cleansers is kind to the clothesthey last ever so much longer-kind to the hands, too. Every cake carries the Sunlight \$5000 guarantee of purity.

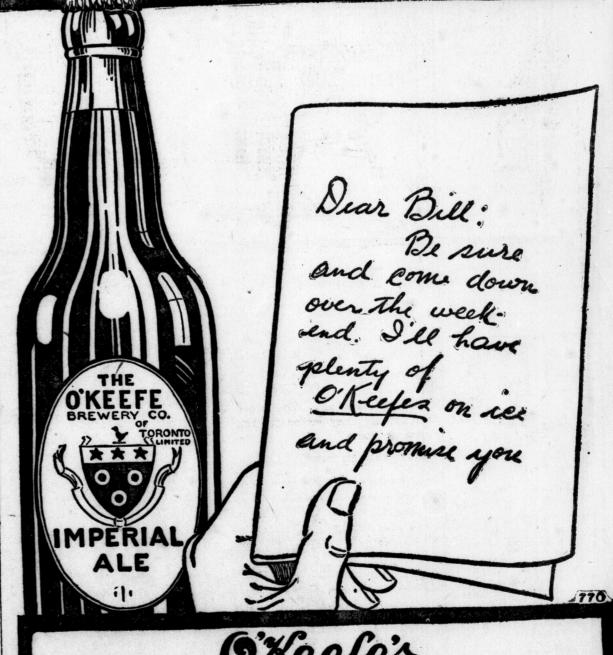
All you do is soap the wet clothes with Sunlight-roll each garment tightly and leave to soak. Later you rinse thoroughly. No wrenching or relentless rubbing. The dirt just really drops out. You can go out shopping-or do other work-while Sunlight

is actually cleaning the clothes for you.

Insist on getting the Soap you ask for-SUNLIGHT SOAP.

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