

London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.
MORNING. NOON. EVENING.
CITY—Delivered, 12¢ per week.
OUTSIDE CITY BY MAIL—Per year, \$4.00; six months, \$2.50; three months, \$1.00.

3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS 3670
Private Branch Exchange.

From 10:00 p.m. to 9 a.m. and home calls 3670.
Business Department: 3671. Editors: 3672. Reporters: 3673. News Room.

Toronto Representative—F. W. Thompson, 57
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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Saturday, June 21.

Dorchester People Requested to Honor the War Heroes

North Dorchester Township votes Monday on a bylaw to provide a memorial hall dedicated to the men of the community who served in the great war. The world beyond Dorchester learned with interest and sympathy of the proposal to construct a building that would serve as a symbol of enduring honor to those who gave themselves to the service of their country. It is probably the first township in the country which has undertaken to advance the memorial movement in the form of a community building for the use of all residents.

A number of the men of the township have given their lives to the cause, and they will be honored by the erection of a tablet bearing their names in the event the bylaw carries. It is a far call to the fields of Europe where they lie, and the only manner in which their sacrifice may be fittingly recognized is by means of a lasting roll of honor that may be seen by generations to come.

While the sentiment of the township is said to be strongly in favor of the memorial building, it should be remembered that it is often difficult to bring out farmers to vote on detached bylaws. The people of North Dorchester should make certain on Monday that sufficient majority is given the bylaw, and the sum of \$10,000 provided. It is not a large amount, and the township will acquire a distinction in being the first to honor its heroes of the great war.

Defenders of Profiteers Must Now Face Truth

Some fishy editorials are appearing in Tory-Unionist journals in view of the rank profiteering revealed by the altogether casual survey of living conditions in Canada. Some of these newspapers condemn those men who made profits of more than 300 per cent, but it is a case of being forced to face an issue that no newspaper could dodge. These newspapers are being placed in the position of acknowledging the offence after having denied its existence.

Our local contemporary, for instance, is pulling long faces over the 300 per cent Dominion Textile revelations, a few days after the same newspaper had replied with great heat to the Manchester Guardian, when the English newspaper stated that wholesale profiteering was proceeding in Canada. It denied the existence of such profiteering and protected those leeches, who it must have known, if it has ears or common-sense, were feasting on the public to the last drop of blood.

No newspaper was in ignorance of the desperate robberies that were practised all through the war, and that have been practised since the war, if not under Government protection with the certain knowledge that no robber, great or small, who worked up war contracts was punished. They all went free, even those who had to be routed from their seats as members of Parliament, so that decent men might breathe unpolluted air.

A few newspapers have continued to denounce profiteering, The Advertiser among them. They have called a spade a spade, and it was this influence which brought about the present investigation and revealed to the public the enormous filching of big interests, with the knowledge of their operations in the hands of the Government all the time. The newspapers which denounced profiteering have had to face the knocks and machinations of these self-same profiteers. A certain kind of advertiser, who believes he purchases a newspaper's soul and independence when he buys so much advertising space, would wield the club and silence if he could the voice of protest against wrongdoing. Other advertisers have been big enough and fair enough to realize that it could only be by constant hammering that the country was cleared of its grafters, and the worst menace to the future removed.

The press that stands with the profiteers and now sees them shown up in their true colors reluctantly hands out its thin-soup platitudes: "Something must be done." "It is a shame." "We are shocked beyond words." "Couldn't believe it of any Canadian."

These newspapers cannot camouflage the situation any longer. The public has seen what this weird Pandora's Box contains, and it will pry the lid and bring the occupants into the light. Every line of trade dealing with necessities must be investigated, and if the investigation ends without the devising of legislative implements whereby excessive profits taken from the people may be reclaimed, it will be a farce that may turn into tragedy.

Is Canada to Lose Its Fine Adventurers to Uncle Sam?

"Don't send our darling boys away from home" might be the paraphrase of a song that offended many people when Canada was in the early days of the war. It might be applied to the scores, if not hundreds, of young, virile Canadians, most of them just returned from the war, who are moving across the borders to the United States each week.

Board a train bound for Detroit and the day coaches will be found to contain many men with a distinctive look the army has given them, in new "civies" and talking about the prospects of

securing work in one of the cities of the middle-western states. One might consult immigration figures in vain to find the number of men who have left the country. They go across the border as casual visitors, and many of them do not return. They have a taste for the life and action that Detroit and Chicago afford to the young, superficial pleasures appeal to them, and if they secure positions at high wages and are woven into the social fabric of one of these large cities, they are not likely to return, if past experiences is a criterion. They will be lost to us, and, as their motherland, the heart of Canada should ache at the spectacle.

These are the young men we need in Canada. Armies of them have gone before, drawn by the magnet of opportunity across that easily-passed imaginary line into the big, attractive cities Uncle Sam has built. Recall the faces of your old public school class, and you will discover that not only many of the boys of that day, but a large proportion of the girls, have given up Canada and become Americans, if not by naturalization, by every other recognition. Perhaps more are in the United States than in the Canadian West, and there may be only a handful left in the city where they were educated and turned out as good citizens, only to be lost to the communities that paid for their educations. A dozen columns could be written on the causes of this exodus. It has been going on for years, and it appears to be resuming with as serious losses as ever occurred in each week of the war.

That is the thought that should sink in at this time—that they are going NOW, and the numbers may increase. These returned men are going from the country, they fought for because they cannot find the conditions or opportunities at home. To check this outgoing it will not do to place an embargo on young men. If they are determined to leave Canada they will find the means of getting over the border, and they will be less likely than ever to return to the fold if an effort is made to close the gate. Industries to give men employment, the opportunity for advancement—these are two of the vital considerations in any effort that may be made to deal with the condition. Preaching will not accomplish the purpose. The writer knows, for instance, on off-hand calculation, at least twelve returned soldiers, all of them London or Western Ontario natives, who have left the country in the last three or four weeks. Why did they go? Because they believed they saw a greater chance in the United States. Talk about industrial competition! It is as nothing when we consider the competition we are up against to keep Canadians for Canada, as well as Canada for Canadians. They are our richest heritage, these grown men, especially when they have come through the war and realize what the country asked of them. They are our fine adventurers, and this is a land where the adventurer's spirit is needed most of all, the high courage, the fine ideal, the rugged manhood that pours out of the land each day.

Routing Out the Reds

Thirteen men recently arrested at Toronto by Dominion secret service agents and found in possession of Red revolutionary literature have been sentenced to terms ranging from two months to three years, and in one case a fine of \$250. Of the thirteen, nine are foreigners, Russian in most cases, the remaining four being of English birth. These fellows were found actively engaged in the spread of propaganda which supports the detestable doctrine of Lenin and Trotsky. From the literature in their possession it is apparent that violence, discord and disorder would be the lot of Canada if this element in our population had its way. If the Dominion authorities can clean out these pests who appear to have nested at many points between the coasts, and add to immigration barriers regulations that will make it impossible for them to sift into this country in any considerable number, the Red will find the task of converting Canada too discouragingly slow for his firebrand ideas and ideals and erase us from the list.

Scheidemann Steps Out

Berlin reports the fall of the Scheidemann ministry following a split in the cabinet over the peace terms. Scheidemann, it is said, refused to accept the revised treaty. This is quite in accordance with his policy throughout the war. Although the greatest German Socialist leader, he was invariably found strongly supporting the junkers, approving the ruthlessness of the campaign and the plans for tyrannical domination.

It was Scheidemann who in the Reichstag declared Belgium and Northern France would have to remain German. Later, when the Hun drive was slowing up, he engineered the Socialist convention at Stockholm, hoping to influence French and British radicals in favor of a compromise peace. He was mixed up in the infamous Brest-Litovsk conference, when Russia was treacherously sold out. Always he has stood for Germans over all. He has been one of the bitterest of the Allies' enemies in Germany, and it is quite in line with his career and character that he should be willing to bring on fresh confusion for his countrymen by resigning rather than make the submission that must be made sooner or later.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In a few days now Germany will decide the pen is safer than the sword.

What a fine country to loot, must have been the reflection of profiteers as they saw Canada all absorbed in the war. And then they went to it.

"Uncle Sam hops off on July 1."—Brockville Recorder. "Crawls on" will be more like it, if reports from New York State cities may be relied upon.

The Dominion Government knows all about other combines like the Dominion Textiles, and it should have curbed them years ago. Will it now reveal how much the other members of the Plunderbund have drawn out of the country?

The call to the various Liberal Associations in Western Ontario has been responded to with a vigor that shows that principles of Liberalism have as strong adherence as ever in the counties that more than ever before are a fighting ground in the next contest.

THE TERRIBLE-TEMPERED MR. BANG



By FONTAINE FOX.

(Copyright.)

Old Soldiers Fade Away

Being a Series of Stories Containing Truth and Fiction.

No. 2—Shedding His Skin

(BY GEORGE PALMER, 1ST. BATTN.)

Many months ago I dropped a linen collar into a camp receptacle for rubbish. It was in the summer time, and as it dropped in the tin it stirred the dust. It seemed then to me that I could count every particle of dust that was unsettled and caused to find a new abiding place, so intent was my gaze.

I, too, was a particle of dust that was unsettled and had found a new abiding place—in the army. I was the snake that had shed his skin and my collar was the last of the cuticle. Snake-like I have wriggled much since, but that is by the way.

As it was on that summer day so very long ago, it was again this morning when I looked at a brown cloth collar that I had worn on both sides (with both sides outward) of the English Channel and the Atlantic. It was the one I took off last night for the last time, for once again I am the snake that has changed his skin; and as in the days long gone by, again—once more in blue and in white linen.

It was a wonderful time when I dropped my linen collar in the waste bin, and this morning was wonderful, too. Once again in blue. Often in blue, but only once in khaki. I find the old ways come back to me, and I find them pleasant. Quite naturally I slipped the new grey silk tie under the linen outer jacket, but the collar and made the knot. The old tie pins were there (I had prepared for this ceremony last night) and I chose the gold-rimmed Japanese jade, a present of long ago, as against the pearl, the cameo and the onyx. I remembered that the pins often were not set quite accurately in the scarf, and therefore I was painstaking in the ceremony.

What Was the Next Thing? I did not forget to test and my fingers ran nimbly over the buttons and holes, just as in years ago. I did not button my coat, although I had been doing that for many months from neck to below the waist; nor did I look for my Sam Brown—I seemed to know, like the old horse back again to the race.

And the hat. A hat, I remembered, can spoil so much if the angle is not just so.

Nearly arrayed I stood. What was the next thing I used to do? Ah! a few minutes to a shoeshine. I looked at them and they needed it. I remembered that the night before I had promised myself this luxury. I moved to the door, collected my grey suede gloves and a pair of shoes, and scoured the stairs. For a moment I seemed unreal to the lady of the house. She stared at them and she hugged me.

"I like it," she said. "But the other looked nice, too," she added and then she hugged me.

So do the ways of the distant days stay with us that I sat at a table where there was paper and pencil and soon was writing what has become this confession. I mused and wrote and thought and pieced together my sections. Throw it away and begin again. When suddenly the spell ended and I found my legs crossed and my beautifully pressed trousers much too crossed and beginning a slight knee bag. The collar of my coat was up over my neck. I felt it rubbing in my hair. My tie, that beautiful grey scarf, had bulged and the jade pin had lifted—And, my hat! like in the old days it was on the back of my neck. Already had my new waistcoat started to buckle.

I looked myself over. I laughed. "I have shed my skin," said I to myself. "Truly am I a cynic, and so it was, for when I went forth to my shoeshine not a soul in the street paid any attention to me."

Oh, to Be a "Civvie" Again.

One of the thousands once again to

RUNNING NOSE COLDS STOPPED INSTANTLY

Throat Is Cleared, Headache Stops, Sniffles Go For Good.

Catarrhazone Never Fails.

Dripping from the nose is one of the foulest and most disgusting symptoms of a Catarrhal cold. By using Catarrhazone you cure this quickly—cure it because you bathe the lining of the nose and throat with that powerful antiseptic of the Blue Gum of Australia.

So healing is Catarrhazone that you feel wonderfully benefited in five minutes' use of the inhaler. Nothing ever devised, cure a cough, cold or sore throat so quickly. No drugs to take, nothing to upset the stomach—you follow nature's own plan in using Catarrhazone which supplies healing essence and soothing balsams in vapor form to the places that are needing treatment.

Results talk—that's why thousands rely solely upon Catarrhazone to prevent and cure their winter ills. Get the complete \$1 outfit, it lasts two months; small size 50c, sample size 25c, all dealers and the Catarrhazone Company, Kingston, Canada.

while the rest of the allies pour a stiff dose down the stubborn patient's throat.

VICTORIOUS FRENCH GIRLS.

[Washington Star.]
More than 6,000 Frenchwomen were wooed and won by American soldiers in France within one year. The become Americans through marrying men and officers of the American Expeditionary Force are stenographers, sales girls, or teachers, with a sprinkling of peasant girls and those of the middle class or bourgeoisie.

PERMANENCY NEEDED.

[Vancouver Sun.]
Dr. Adam Shortt thinks industrial unrest would be cured by greater production. This sounds much like the Kansas philosopher's advice to his fellow-citizens to raise more corn and less hell. But Dr. Shortt is partly right in his contention that the construction of public works will not remedy the situation. What is needed is to get men into employment that will be permanent.

ALBANIAN PROVERBS.

[Examiner.]
The Albanians, who constitute one of the sources of trouble at Paris, objecting to be ruled by either Jugo-Slavs or Italians, are a shrewd race. Here are some of their proverbs:
The dog does not wag his tail at you, but at your bread.
Don't measure your happiness with someone else's yardstick.
Even the wolf is honest when the sheep are locked up.
He who sows thistles must not go barefoot.
When the wolf preaches one must keep a lookout over one's sheep.
If the stone falls into the bowl, it is bad for the bowl; if the bowl falls on the stone, it is bad for the bowl. In all circumstances it is bad for the bowl.

PROSPICE.

[Hart Browning.]
Fear death? To feel the fog in my throat.
The mist in my face.
When the snow begins and the blasts denote.
I am nearing the place.
The power of the night, the press of the storm.
The post of the foe:
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form.
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained.
And the barriers fall.
Though a battle to fight ere the dawn.
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so one fight more.
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore.
An blade me creep past.
No! Let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers.
The heroes of old.
Bear the brunt in a minute pay glad
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave.
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain.
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul, I shall clasp thee again.
And with God be the rest!

A VITAL WRONG.

[Montreal Star.]
The arguments in favor of the solidarity of labor are from the labor standpoint appealing, as the desire for world-peace was appealing to the Prussians in 1914; but in one case as in the other, plans based upon the denial of things fundamental to democracy are bound to fail in a democratic world. A sympathetic strike which involves the participation of employees who, for their own interests, had pre-

viously pledged themselves to certain agreements with their employers, is actively antagonistic to the British sense of business honor and fair play inherent in the average citizen.

And the assumption by Winnipeg's labor leadership of dictatorial powers for the benefit of one class and at the expense of another, violated the very principles upon which British democracy was founded and is developing. Its failure was doomed from the beginning.

CLOSING BELLE ISLE STRAITS.

[Vancouver Sun, May 20.]
There is something very fascinating about the scheme outlined in this paper yesterday by Mr. K. T. Elliott for closing the Straits of Belle Isle and thus rendering the climate of Eastern Canada much milder.

If it were accomplished, Montreal would be an open port for twelve months of the year, while the banks of the St. Lawrence would be in perpetual bloom. Canada would become a land towards which all the populations of the earth would turn longing eyes.

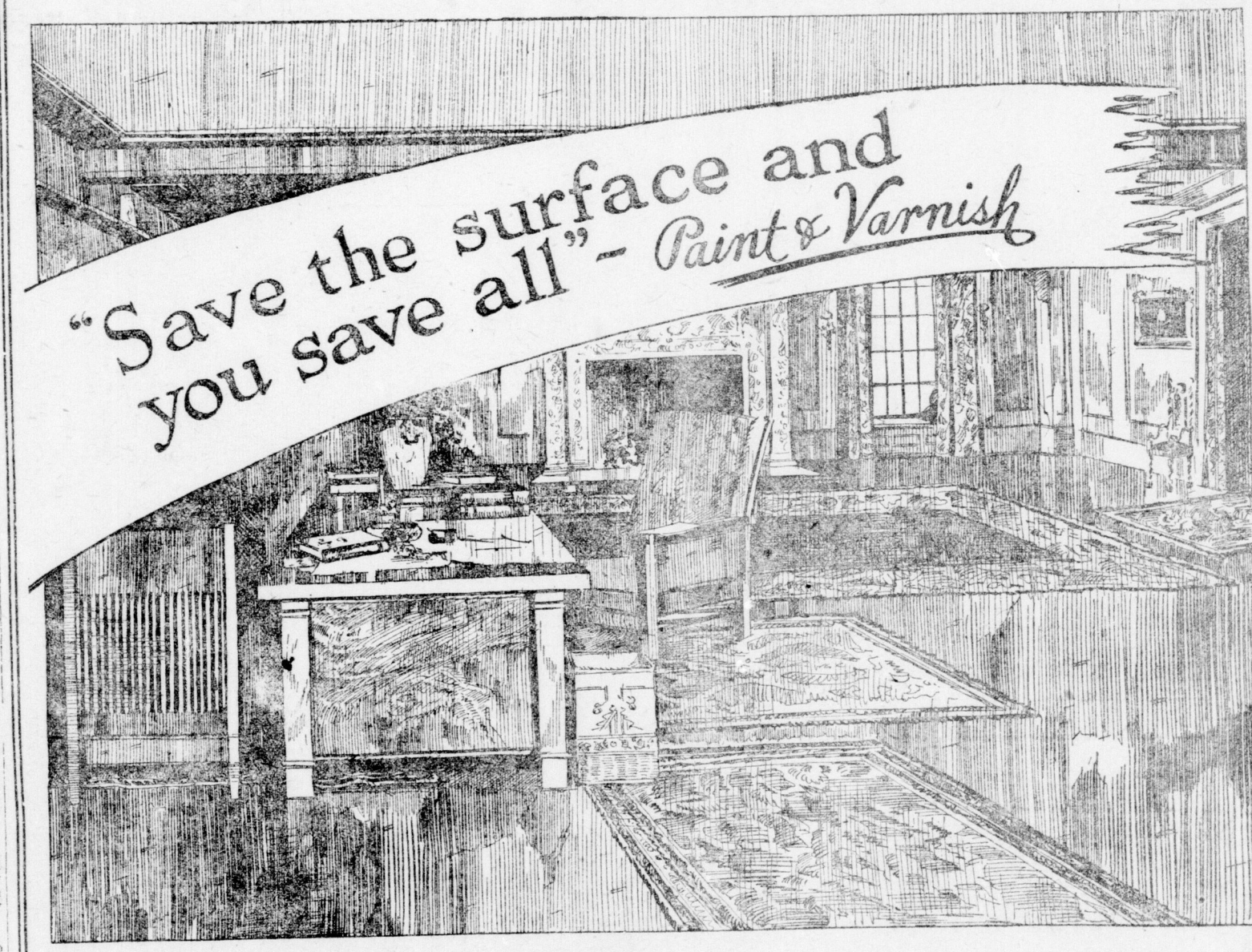
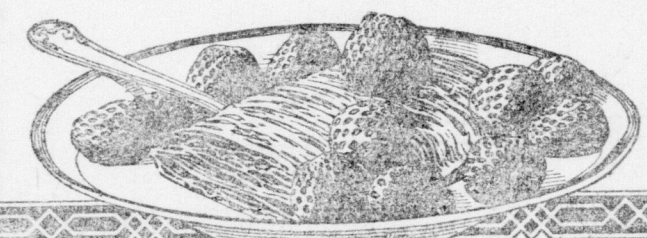
Mr. Elliott's memorandum gives only the barest outline of the countless benefits that would ensue. The increase of wealth and of human comfort would be beyond computation.

And there is no doubt that, as an engineering proposition, the straits could be blocked by a concrete wall capable of resisting any pressure to which it could possibly be subjected. There are plenty of capable engineers who would risk nothing better than to be given the job.

Of course the matter is entirely in the speculative stage, and is likely to remain there, at least for the present generation. But the time will come when the resources of Canada will be equal to the undertaking.

TIME TO REBUILD

Winter foods clog the liver and tax the digestion. Summer brings relief in cereals, fruits and green vegetables. Shredded Wheat Biscuit with berries or other fruits is a life-saver for thousands—the whole wheat steam-cooked, shredded and baked. Combines deliciously with berries and all kinds of fresh fruits—a satisfying, nourishing meal for a few cents. Easily prepared without kitchen worry or work.



The Story of this Home

THE perfect preservation of woodwork and floors tells its own story of surface protection. Keeping wear from reaching the surface has kept it uninjured through constant use.

And so with everything. Surface protection is supremely important—save the surface and you save all.

Look at property for a minute—so subject to losses hard to prevent, like increased taxation, depreciation of neighborhood, loss of tenant, etc.

Lack of surface protection means a money loss, too, but one readily prevented. With surface protection wood cannot rot or wear—with surface protection metal cannot rust.

Any deterioration is a loss, whether of buildings, inside or out, of iron or wooden fences, furniture, carriages, wagons, farming machinery—everything. Anything with a surface needs protection—all wear and tear starts first at the surface—save the surface and you save all.

THIS ANNOUNCEMENT is issued by the Canadian Surface Protection Committee, for the purpose of educating the public in the Preservation and Protective value 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 hence our entire approval."

THE CANADIAN TRADE COMMISSION

Commissioner

"SAVE THE SURFACE AND YOU SAVE ALL" Paint & Varnish

WOOD PLASTER CONCRETE MANUFACTURED PRODUCTS METAL BRICK