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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
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London, Ont., Thursday, August 14.

Difficulties of Self-Determination

Self-determination of peoples has been the most difficult of all Mr. Wilson's fourteen points. It should be considered that he was speaking with reference to the countries of central Europe, several of which had been trampled on by the Teutons and Magyars. He was concerned with the issues of the war between Germany and the Allies, not immediately or at all with matters outside that contention, e. g., the status of Ulster, or the Philippines, or Egypt, or India. Then, again, he was speaking broadly, knowing certainly all the while that the detailed application of so general a principle must be beset with all sorts of difficulty.

What is a people or a nation that is to determine itself? Is such determination to be made by a bare majority? Could a people like the Jews, scattered through many countries, determine its political status as a whole? What are the territorial limits within which a population may be called a people? How far may the need of strategic boundaries be permitted to interfere with other definitions of a nation's extent? For example, Mr. Wilson has agreed with other statesmen that Poland, Armenia and Serbia are to be guaranteed secure frontiers and economic safeguards, but this necessitates the incorporation with these regions of territory inhabited largely by alien populations. It is unfair to hold President Wilson and other Allied statesmen to a crabbed literal application of the self-determination point. It cannot be considered alone by itself with respect to the populations rescued from Hohenzollern or Hapsburg or Ottoman tyranny, let alone with respect to the case of Ireland.

It is an endless question whether there are two peoples in Ireland or one, whether there ever was a single united Irish people in Ireland, how long tenure of a land by invaders constitutes an independent right of controlling its political destiny, would Ireland be at peace or like the Kilkenny cats if Ulster were forced to be included in a unitary autonomous or independent Ireland, and so on. In Poland there will be trouble enough with racial and religious minorities, but what can equal the bitterness between Belfast and Cork? This self-determination of peoples is a thorny matter.

Hitch Your Wagon to Star

The future greatness of Canada entitles Mackenzie King to heed the advice "Hitch your wagon to a star." Statesmen in Canada in the past have looked to the future with great hope. Their hopes were not realized to the full extent within the time they expected. Sir John A. Macdonald said "You cannot cheat Manitoba," and he advised manufacturers to "clap on all sail." The first boom in Manitoba failed to make good because there were no people behind it. Years after when railway building and settlement had gone west the first expectations were realized. The spirit of the west is ready for another onward movement. The questions in Canada are the reverse of those in Europe. There, there are more people than the countries can support. Here there are millions of acres of the best land in the world waiting for settlers. We do not want to import into Canada any more of the problems of old lands than we can help. We do want to learn by their experiences and by the experiences of the United States. We need an open mind to judge and act in the future.

Canada is a nation. The extent of its territory and resources and its population are great enough to enable its government to act with self reliance, with the highest aspirations and the sure hope that they will be realized. They will not be realized without the guidance of able statesmen. Labor problems, railway problems, tariff problems and many other problems are in sight. There are principles governing every question, and if these are followed the best results will be obtained.

Most of the questions belong not to one province, but to all Canada. There are those who believe that at no distant day Canada will have a population greater than Great Britain and Ireland, and that it will be the most important part of and hold the chief seat of government as the capital of the empire. These are ambitions worth cherishing. The future of Canada has no room for pessimism, but justly entitles Mackenzie King to "hitch his wagon to a star."

An Antiquated Senator

Senator Lodge continues his factious opposition to the league of nations, although the American people grows sick of Congressional delay in attacking home questions. He pretends to think that the league, as constituted, is going to be a force for war, not for peace, and that any way the United States for its part can be of more service to the peace of the world in an isolated capacity than in a league.

What he says of the United States would apply no less to the other powers than to his own country. If the United States can be of more help to world peace acting alone by herself, Great Britain or France will do better alone. He is arguing against any league, in other words for things as they were before the war, which is absurd.

Mr. Lodge complains that little is said in the

constitution of the league about the international tribunal and its development of international law, but much about the enforcement of the will of the five great powers who dominate the league. It is, then, "an alliance for war," not a league of peace at all. It may be true that the five great powers, including the United States, will dominate the league, but only in an external and negative way, not in the internal affairs of the several countries. To any fair-minded person the obvious intention of the league is not to make war except upon war, and even then not by the exertion of military force, but by economic pressure. To propose an international court for prevention of war without any police force behind it is childish, and Mr. Lodge knows it as well as any one. There must be a league, and the league can have cohesion and initiative only by a leadership of its principal members. Mr. Lodge wants to put the United States in Mexico's class, outside the league, and since the war, that means outside the pale of civilization.

The conscience of humanity demands a world organization to prevent any recurrence of international warfare, or breach of international law. Since 1914 every self-respecting state must feel itself its brother's keeper, or at least must do all in its power to prevent war being thrust upon its own citizens. The very fact that the United States was fairly forced by the conditions of modern life and warfare into a struggle that did not at all directly concern it should make it patent to any American not altogether maddened by his government must take the most active part in co-operating for the permanent security of the future.

Tu-Whit! Tu-Whoo!

The local Unionist organ has a rather grandmotherly memory of what it regards as the political wild oats of Mr. King's earlier youth. "When she was a tiny" an aged crone quavered, in one of Meredith's stories, and went on to whisper what a nasty little thing a dazzling young beauty had once been on a time. It seems that Mr. King once opposed the Borden plan of tipping England a few million dollars for two dreadnoughts, and favored Laurier's plan of Canadian-built cruisers manned with Canadian sailors. Mr. King did not believe the Bordenites who said that Canadians would not enlist for sea warfare.

If the money contribution for dreadnoughts was Canada's best policy in 1911, why is it not so now? Sir Robert Borden has a safe majority in the senate. Why has he not at last put through his darling project of a money gift? Perhaps the premier has learned that England needs neither dreadnoughts nor our money so much as our men. He has found out that Laurier was right in the policy of sending our splendid men, though he did not take the best ways of raising them. But his local organ has not learned.

It was the return to power of the Borden-Bourassa alliance in 1911 that convinced Germany that Canada could be counted on in a general war. The Germans stamped us as indifferent to Britain, judging us by our Government. With Carson and Casement troubling in Ireland, Borden and Bourassa ruling in Canada, 1914 looked to the Huns a good time to attack civilization.

Thanks to our army and people we came through the mill with credit. Only a small minority in Canada will believe that our Government was worthy of our men and women. But Sir Robert Borden must be ashamed of the association with Bourassa and dimly aware that his dreadnought game was a dangerous stupidity as well as a sham. He has still left to learn that freer trade with Great Britain will be a benefit to the motherland as well as to ourselves. His local organ learns nothing.

The Housing Problem

The housing problem has been caused by the war which made everything dear. The war also caused the high cost of living which made high wages a necessity. If houses could be built as cheaply as before the war and the necessities of life procured, there would be no need for the increases in wages, now absolutely necessary.

The housing problem is acute in the United States also. In the United States Senate it was urged that "home loan banks" would help to solve the difficulty. The mortgage corporations and loan companies are home loan banks in Ontario. They have no corporations in the United States exactly similar, but the life companies and trust companies perform there a service similar to that performed by our loan companies and mortgage corporations.

Thousands of houses have been built in Ontario, and in London in particular, by the aid of these companies, which in the early days were called building societies. London became a city of homes largely through its loan companies. What they did in the past they can continue to do in the future, the only difference being that owing to the high cost of building, they could not lend as great a percentage of the value as formerly, because the cost of building may decrease and their security accordingly diminish. The rate of interest is less today than when the Huron & Erie, the Ontario Loan and Debenture, the Dominion Savings, the London Loan and the Peoples' Loan were organized, consequently it is only the increased cost of building that has to be met.

London should always have cheap building lots because no lake cuts off its front, and in every direction from the centre out it can grow. The average home in London is a better building than the average in Toronto. It is probable the time has been reached when smaller lots will suit the purpose and smaller houses. These economies would offset the extra cost of building.

It is believed that for some years we will not have a reduction in the cost of building, and as the indications of the growth of London are plain, those requiring homes should count the cost according to the amount they can themselves put in, and there is no doubt the balance can be obtained at reasonable rates from our mortgage corporations, loan and trust companies and life assurance companies, any one of which would prefer to lend all they can at home, on the sound theory that the nearer the loan is the safer it is.

The mayor and housing committee could probably place in the way suggested a large percentage of their applications.

AUNT EPPIE HOGG

By FONTAINE FOX.

(Copyright.)



AUNT EPPIE PROVED
HERSELF A HERO THE
DAY THE LITTLE SMITH BOY
FELL OFF THE FOOT BRIDGE
WHEN SHE QUICKLY UNFASTENED HIS
BELT AND THREW HIM ONE END OF IT.

Aunt Eppie is the fattest woman in three counties.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

THE LOBSTERMAN.

By WILL T. AMES.

PUT-PUT-PUT-PUT! Far down the tidal river a stubby motorboat announced its identity to the girl in the canoe. It was the lobsterman's boat, she recognized its rhythmic skip. Using her paddle just frequently enough to stem the drift of the canoe, the girl held her position in the mouth of the little cove. To reach its mooring in the cove the motorboat must pass within a handful of yards.

Presently the lobster boat grew from a speck to a spot and from a spot to full dimensions. The girl could make out the sun-beaten face of the lobsterman, and she could see that, as usual, he did not intend to notice her at all. He was a rugged sort of man, with plenty of lightish hair, and he wore long red rubber boots. He stood at the wheel of the motorboat as if he were alone in the whole world.

Just as the motorboat was almost abreast of the canoe the girl tempted to shift her position, toppled, threw up both hands and tumbled overboard when the canoe cranked capsize. The man in the lobster boat gave no sign of witnessing impending tragedy. He swept by without casting a glance, apparently, at the struggling girl or the drifting canoe, but gave all his attention to his boat and the matter of making a speedy mooring.

"Swine!" spluttered the girl. Then she swam ashore. She sat on a rock in the sun for an hour before she was dry enough to go home by the road; and it was necessary to pay the Perkins boy a dollar to recover the canoe, which he found a good way down the river, beached.

Catherine Mason was at Malory's cove, not from choice, but because the doctor had given her the alternative of a couple of months in the country or an early dissection from her job as a long artist, from her one room and kitchenette apartment in "The Village" and from all her other earthly cares. She was a permanent condition. And, being as nearly broke as she always was, she was in a good way to be interested in a permanent condition.

Miss Hedden's Malory cove menage had been discovered as a godsend. Catherine was mending in health very rapidly. But she was bored to distraction. On the day of her arrival she would have taken her skirts and gloves from contact with a lobsterman who wore red rubber boots and whose boat smelled somewhat of ancient fish-lobster bait. A week later, because she had discovered that there was neither male nor female society at Malory cove that was not either elderly or so utterly dead level that there was no banister anywhere to take hold of, the lobsterman had become a person of keen interest to Miss Mason. He was a type. He was a son of nature. He was doubtless a perfect child in the simplicity of his outlook. Miss Mason knew many men who were longish hair and Windsor ties and talked in an across candle-lighted tables in smoky restaurants. But she had never encountered primitive manhood. It should prove an interesting study.

Catherine was good looking and on the underside of 30. She was long-legged and avelite and had big dark eyes and much of black hair, and was with a very sophisticated and impressive looking figure—especially for Malory cove. The lobsterman would be flattered by her notice.

But twice before today had Catherine put herself and her canoe in the way of the lobster boat—and twice she had been snubbed. And now the hopeless creature had shown his true worth by passing a drowsy woman who had been displayed over a derelict lobster pot. Catherine should have been utterly disgusted. Instead she found herself unaccountably angry. Angry at such a stupid lump as that? It was ridiculous! And yet Catherine grew angrier and angrier.

Next day she met the lobsterman unexpectedly on the road that led to the townward trolley. She had just been thinking about him; and she had assured herself that, of course, he must be completely ignored. Yet Catherine to her amazement found herself standing squarely in his path and speaking to him.

"You are the person who saw me fall overboard yesterday and made no effort to save me. I wish to tell you what the world—what real human beings—call a man who does a thing like that. He is called a coward!"

"Yes, ma'am, I know." The lobsterman was not nearly as flustered as he should have been somehow. Was it possible that Catherine was right in suspecting a flicker of a smile around the corners of his mouth? And surely—surely—there was at least a trace of fun in his wide open blue eyes. It was unbelievable. "I know," the lobsterman said, "and generally it would be right. But not in this case, pray?"

"And why not in this case, pray?"

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What special exemption do you claim from the most ordinary obligation of humanity?"

"None, ma'am. But you weren't in any danger, and I was liable to miss my mooring. You see," and the ghost of a smile took on a definite shape. "I was a swimming instructor for several seasons. No woman who isn't a perfect fish in the water ever fell out of a canoe without wetting her hair."

"You mean to insinuate—" Catherine's eyes grew black and stormy just in proportion as the guilty blood flooded her cheeks. The lobsterman interrupted. "Not a thing, ma'am. I state. You see I live here, but I haven't always stayed here. I've sailed and I've prospected for gold and I've been in a good many places. And I know exactly what it means to the poor devil of a roughneck who gets picked on by some educated, handsome, cultivated woman who doesn't know what to do with her time and goes studying things. I've seen it

happen and I've seen the results. A shipmate of mine went overboard in midocean on account of the first officer's niece, who had to be amused."

"And you imagined I was anxious to study you? Don't you think you flatter yourself abominably?"

"Maybe. But I wasn't taking any chances. You see, ma'am, I've got unusually good eyes—telescope eyes almost, and I got a mighty good look at you from a long way off. And I said to myself: 'John Porter, you look out; this one's the most dangerous you ever see. Don't you even dare to look at her. If you do it's all off. She'll just look you over like a bug under a microscope—and leave you wigging with the pin sticking clear through you.' You see, ma'am, a man doesn't need to be a regular coward to take 'safety first' for his motto sometimes."

Catherine Mason had been paid many compliments in her life. None of them had ever made her eyes shine suddenly, and an unsuspected dimple in her left cheek show itself, as on this one did. She looked very brightly into the face of the rugged, blue-eyed boatman and extended her hand.

Porter, she said, "If I'll see you take me out in your boat tomorrow and promise I won't treat you like a bug, but like a—well, like a man among men." "I will, ma'am," and there was a little of comic ruefulness in the ready smile this time—"I don't believe I can tell you anything about catching lobsters—not you."

"Don't you dare make that comparison of yourself," protested Catherine. "Besides, I haven't caught you." And as she ran off and left him standing looking after her she added softly "yet."

"NEWSPAPERS ARE WORLD'S MIRROR"

Comment, Cleverness and Mere Verbiage From "Educators or the Common People" in Canada and Other Lands.

SURPRISED AT VANCOUVER.

(Montreal Herald.)
A letter appears in the Vancouver Sun directed against corporal punishment in the public schools. Surely that system died with the last generation. We are surprised to find such an anachronism being even discussed in one of the most enlightened of the provinces.

THE IMPORTANT QUESTION.

(New York Herald.)
According to a German white book, the kaiser decided in October last to sue for peace, because he believed that the people were unable and unwilling to continue the war. A more important question is this: Is any considerable proportion of the people of Germany

looking forward to starting another one?

WHAT ABOUT POTATOES?

(Montreal Herald.)
The advanced cost of raw materials justifies some manufacturers in doubling prices, but how about potatoes, which have been booted up three or four hundred per cent? If bread is put up a cent a loaf there is at once a sensation, but nothing is said if \$3 is asked for a bag of potatoes that formerly was profitable at 50 cents.

TAKE THEM OFF RAILS.

(St. John Globe.)

New York's mayor favors abolishing the surface cars and substituting therefor a bus system similar to that operated in London. The proposal has inspired much comment, favorable and unfavorable. The Boston Globe believes that in time every city will adopt the suggestion of Mayor Hylan and force the removal of rails from its streets.

UNIONISM VS. PARTISANISM.

(Kingston Standard.)

It is just a question whether the world war now over and won and peace now established, we cannot obtain better results in government by a return in Canada to the straight party system of government rather than by an attempted continuance of a Union Government, that having served its purpose, is now breaking up under the weight of its own irreconcilable elements.

TEST OF GOOD SENSE.

(New York Herald.)

There is too much good sense in the great body of the American people to yield to wild experiments or to hopelessly bend to the whirlwind of temporary illusion. Political charges of personal timidity simply add to the confusion and danger. The situation demands nothing but courage to face the facts and strength to combat the storm that is already upon us. It is not a matter of politics, but patriotism.

COMFORT FOR THE "FINEST."

(New York Press.)

A new addition to the equipment of the New York police department is a traveling restaurant. It is intended for the refreshment of "coppers" on long, tiresome beats. The body of the car is 21 feet long and seven feet wide, and is mounted on a three-ton chassis. Counters and seats along the sides accommodate twenty policemen, while a coffee machine and a spacious cupboard hold the good cheer. The car is warmed in winter by radiators from the exhaust manifold.

MR. KING SHOULD HAVE A SEAT.

(Toronto Star.)

The new leader of the Liberal party has not at present a seat in the House. Several constituencies are without representatives, and there will be no difficulty in finding a place for Mr. King if the Government will make the necessary provision for an immediate election. This should be done, not merely as an act of courtesy, but as an obligation of honor, as a duty which is owed to the large element of the Canadian people who regard

Mr. King as their leader. We would urge this in much stronger language if we did not assume that the Government will rise to the occasion and facilitate instead of delaying Mr. King's entry into Parliament. He should be in his place on the first day of the session.

THE COUNTRY.

I know a place where waxen hills sleep upon the bosom of a dreaming pool.

Where lazily the clear brown waters creep and through the rushes sift their currents cool.

I know a place where craggy limestone steep makes cliffs of grey to hem the torrent's flow. And where a brooklet takes a daring leap from one huge boulder to the stream below.

I know a lane which winds between the fields, green, golden with the wealth of growing grain. On either hand the drooping hedgerow yields rich juicy berries, captured without pain.

All this I know, yet, here am I, alas, pent up within a city's smoke and din.

Would that the gates would open to let me pass—I hear the country calling. "Enter in!"

—Mary Kilbourne.

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