

London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.
MORNING. NOON. EVENING.

CITY—Delivered, 12c per week.
OUTSIDE CITY BY MAIL—Per year, \$4.00;
12 months, \$2.00; three months, \$1.00.

3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS
Private Branch Exchange. 3670

From 10:00 p.m. to 9:00 a.m. and holidays call 3670.
Business Department: 2871. Editors: 3672. Reporters:
1673. News Room.

Toronto Representative—F. W. Thompson, 57
Mail Building.

U. S. Representatives—New York: Charles H.
Eddy Company, Fifth Avenue Building, Chicago;
Charles H. Eddy Company, People's Gas Building,
Boston; Charles H. Eddy Company, Old South
Building.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Tuesday, Oct. 7.

AFTER THE STRIKE.

The trains whistle again in Great Britain. The wheels of industry will not be stopped. In a twinkling the menace of sudden industrial paralysis was removed.

It is pretty plain that the great trade union congress which was called for today, would have revealed a national labor sympathy of an effective kind for the railwaymen. A Toronto paper suggests that "approximately five million organized strikers" would have made "war upon the thirty-five millions in England, Scotland and Wales who do not belong to trade unions." That is a curious way of looking at the matter, as curious as the view of a correspondent who made the wonderful prediction: that Labor would lose the women's vote at the next election because of this strike! The idea is that the strikers were attacking their own women and children and families. A little arithmetic will show that five million strikers would really mean a mass of some twenty millions, including the men's families and friends, or half the whole "public" that they were represented as assailing. A movement of half the nation bearing against the other half, even though purely economic in intention, would have been dangerous to the state as well as to industrial stability, and Lloyd George, judging the situation with his clear eye, made the necessary concessions, whether Geddes and Horne were willing or not.

The latest news coming over about the strike showed as a noteworthy fact the general absence of bitterness between the strikers and the people who suffered from the strike, and a gradual softening of the tone of the newspapers. The conduct of the strike on both sides, the generous tribute paid by Mr. Thomas to the premier, the serious mood of the vast audience in Albert Hall on Sunday night, singing "Abide With Me" when the settlement had been announced, has all been typically British, fair, honest and humane, with no suggestion of mad revolution.

The terms of the settlement seem a reasonable compromise. The workers secure themselves for a full year against any reduction of wages, and it is agreed that the minimum wage demanded by the strikers for adult railwaymen shall be paid so long at any rate as the cost of living remains on the present level. The strikers have gained their main point, that it is up to the Government to reduce prices before reduction of wages can be considered. There can be little doubt that one general cause of the strike was distrust of the Government on account of its inaction in regard to nationalization of the coal mines, while it seemed ready to strike at the unions and their wages.

These huge strikes are an abomination in their waste and menace to security. Great Britain has suffered full of delay in the reconstruction of business and must buckle to greater production. It is to be hoped that the further negotiations between the men and the Government will be expeditious, conciliatory on both sides, and so crowned with success and a settled peace.

THE CONSERVATIVE SPLIT.

For some time it has been clear that the ranks of London Conservatives were badly rent over Sir Adam Beck. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that the "harmonious" meeting of the executive, which on Friday evening endorsed Sir Adam's candidature, was given over largely to a bitter clash between the opposing factions. The hostility in the Conservative camp that has been developing ever since the hydro chairman opened his feud with the Hearst Government boiled over when he asked for renomination. His opponents on the executive complained that Sir Adam gave absolutely no indication of where he stood politically in the coming elections. His statement was a case of take it or leave it, which shows that he is running true to form. Some of the opposition was due to this arbitrary attitude, some of it to his desertion of Premier Hearst, and much of it to the uncertainty as to what party he would eventually link up with, but the important fact is that the element which fought against the endorsement was unofficially representing thousands of Sir Adam's former supporters, who are realizing in increasing numbers that in his determination to achieve one-man rule of the vast hydro system he constitutes a distinct danger. The revolt comes from a real and definite fear that if permitted the absolutism he desires, Sir Adam may involve this and all other municipalities in stupendous expenditure that will burden the taxpayer with heavy obligations. This is not the time for reckless spending. Reconstruction must be based on economy and conservatism, if it is to be strong and lasting; but if Sir Adam is given the free hand he is insisting upon to manage the tremendously expanding affairs of hydro, without restraint, there is no limit to the mischief that may fall upon the province, and, indirectly, on this city. The revolt amongst local Conservatives against sending Sir Adam Beck back to the Legislature is fully justified.

WHAT HEARST DIDN'T DO.

Premier Hearst's campaigners clamorously draw attention to what the Hearst Government has accomplished, in most cases policies launched and insisted upon by the Liberals, but consider some of the things it has failed to do, the sins of omission. Here they are:

Allowed the combines and profiteers to

gorge and fatten on the public during the war without attempting in a single instance to bring the lawbreakers to punishment.

Failed to carry out their promises to settle the returned soldier on the land.

Failed to provide widows' pensions.

Failed to inaugurate minimum wage legislation.

Failed to abolish patronage.

Failed to establish a system of rural credits.

Failed to put into play a system of re-afforestation.

Failed to introduce proportional representation.

It is not surprising that rural and labor Ontario is discontented, and is calling for expulsion of the do-nothing crowd at Queen's Park, demanding a government that is live and energetic in the public interest.

A NEW LIFE OF LAURIER.

Professor Skelton of Queen's University begins in this month's Century publication of the life and letters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, a work upon which he was engaged even before the death of the great Canadian statesman. It is well known that during the later years of his life Sir Wilfrid had been placing in order the papers relating to his public career, and had, indeed, written some memoirs himself. Advancing age made it almost impossible that he should finish such a work, and the task was intrusted to Professor Skelton, who had already written a short biography of the Liberal leader as one of the volumes in the Chronicles of Canada series.

Political biography usually forms interesting reading, and is as well the basis of history. Despite the severe style in which Sir Joseph Pope wrote his life of Sir John Macdonald, the two bulky volumes issued twenty-five years ago give a strikingly clear-cut impression of the Conservative premier. "Joe shall write it," Macdonald said to his wife when the subject was discussed before his death. "He knows more about me than anyone else." Consequently at Macdonald's death all his letters and papers were turned over unreservedly to Mr. Pope, who had been his private secretary. It may be of interest to know that within the last few years all of these documents have come into the possession of the Government, and are now in the Dominion archives at Ottawa, to be used by future historians in telling our national story.

Sir Charles Tupper's memoirs, issued a couple of years ago, are probably the least interesting of any that have been left by our public men. Tupper tells in detail the things we care least about, and is silent just where we would like to have him garrulous. Cartwright left a curious mixture of fact, opinion and characteristic abuse of those whom he disliked, not sparing Macdonald's memory, a fact which brought him into difficulties in proving certain statements. The late Sir George Ross, in his "Getting Into Parliament and After," told much that was of interest in a book of short compass, and, most recently of all, Sir John Willison has given an example of what memoirs should be in the series of fine articles recently published in the Canadian Magazine. Since Pope's life of Macdonald was published, however, there have been no memoirs so important as those of Laurier which are now forthcoming. Sir Wilfrid's long connection with Canadian public life, his outstanding place in the politics of the country, first as leader of the Liberal Opposition, and then as premier for fifteen years, his intimate relations with imperial statesmen, and, above all, his own striking personality, provide scope for a biographer such as has not been offered since the death of Sir John.

WOMEN AND THE BONDS.

Women have a special interest in the success of the Victory Loan. A year ago active enthusiasm was apparent among intelligent housewives, as well as among the keen and self-reliant women who are engaged in the offices and business establishments of the country. Nor was that surprising, since women are proverbially thrifty, and since they can appreciate to the full the advantages of a safe, convenient, and profitable investment.

The Victory Loan of 1919 should be still more attractive than its predecessor. The greater number of women who invested a year ago are more than satisfied with the experiment. Their bonds were considered as a reserve fund laid up against an emergency, and there is reason for the belief that fewer women than men sold out their holdings for current needs.

No special argument will be needed this year to prove the advantages of Victory Bonds. They are well understood, alike by the housewife and the stenographer. But it may be necessary for the authorities to set forth in the clearest detail the objects to which the proceeds of the loan will be applied.

Women and men alike must understand that the necessities of the hour are almost entirely military. The funds are necessary to complete the work of demobilization, to provide the pay, allowances and maintenance of soldiers whose transportation and discharge were delayed, to care for the sick and wounded, who still number 20,000 men, and to provide a sound system of re-education for those veterans who need it.

The fact that the prosperity of Canada depends upon the extension of credits to Great Britain for the purchase of Canadian surplus products should also be emphasized, for women have a keen understanding of the evils of depression and unemployment.

It seems reasonable to ask if the women's institutes and clubs of various kinds in city and country are doing their full part to bring the national necessity before their members. This is a time of crisis. So far, the difficulties of reconstruction have been surmounted, and the spirit of unrest is less active than it was a year ago. Unquestionably the subscription to the Victory Loan will be large. If the women are enlisted, it will be overwhelming.

Rev. Mr. Ivens complains bitterly of his "brutal, cruel" treatment at the hands of the authorities when they raided his home at midnight and hurried him off to the penitentiary. And this from the man whose arbitrary action prevented a sufficiency of food reaching thousands of men, women and children during the Winnipeg strike.

From Here and There

LONGFELLOW ON THE LINKS.

[Boston Transcript.]
I drove a golf ball into the air, it fell to earth, I knew not where, For I, alas, was short of sight. And couldn't follow it in its flight. I kicked my caddy into the air, He fell to earth, I know not where, For I deemed it a thing exceedingly vile. That inferior caddy's superior smile. Soon, soon the caddy was gone, and it had hardly budged from the tee at all; And the caddy was standing sardonically grim—I had kicked my opponent instead of him.

TO YOUR TENTS, O BACHELORS!

[Springfield Union.]
Next year being a leap year, there is an ominous warning in the news dispatches from London stating that 5,000 British women are planning to come to the United States for the more or less romantic or benevolent purpose of acquiring American husbands, the supply of marriageable males in England having been greatly reduced by the war. It may, however, be taken for granted that the American women and girls of marriageable age will take steps to meet this foreign competition, and that most of the husband-hunters from abroad will be disappointed in their quest, or at least have to content themselves with the left-overs and discards.

NATURAL CONCLUSION.

[Baltimore American.]
"He flushed when he saw I was pursuing his countenance."
Of course he did. When a man finds his countenance is being pursued, his face naturally gets red.

NEARER HEAVEN WHILE IT LASTED.

[Boston Transcript.]
A newspaper tells of a New York couple being married in an airplane. The only advantage was that they got back to earth more quickly than most newlyweds.

A PERSONAL PAST.

[Blighty, London.]
A certain young actor had a small part in a "war" drama—a very small part, and she was not satisfied. So one morning, after rehearsal, she set out to interview the boss.
"I have only one line the first act," she pointed out. "And but one in the second. Couldn't you give me a line for the third act also?"
The actor-manager thought for a moment.
"Well, yes," he replied. "When the bombardment scene is on, and the hero is crouching in his dugout, you may enter and say, 'Here is a dud!'"
"Oh, thank you," she exclaimed. "And do I bring an unexploded shell on the stage with me?"
"No," answered the actor-manager. "It's not a speech, my dear; it's a confession."

PHOEBE.

[Penny R. Poole, in Our Dumb Animals.]
The rosy hesitance of morn Is poised between a smile and tear. I hear the Phoebe piling cheer: "Phoebe Phoebe" thrills is born. An ecstasy compact of June, Till throbs the saddest heart in tune.

Amid the apple's flaming snow,
The little brown bird, passion-taught,
Its rapture to my soul hath brought:
No need of longer tale, I know,
Chill winds depart, warm airs blow free,
And dreams of youth return to me.

"Phoebe, Phoebe"—who is the maid?
Your sweet bird bride? You'll find her soon.
And then I'll hardly hear a tune.
But your best nest in some fair shade
Beside the ledge, with moss laid—
Fairies could tell how it is made.

Were ever rhythmic notes that bore
Such wealth of music? Young lambs play
As life were one long holiday.
Bithe showers have called from dreams before,
Dew-washed flowers, but you, Phoebe,
Have preened my childhood back to me!

COMESTIBLE COAL.

[Kansas City Journal.]
"What kind of coal do you use in your lab?"
"Dear me, I am so inexperienced in these things. Are there various kinds?"
"Oh, yes. We have egg coal, chestnut—"
"I think I'll take a box of that. We have eggs oftener than we have chestnuts."

LOYD GEORGE'S REWARD.

[Boston Transcript.]
A country yokel dropped in at an English tavern and overheard some conversation which led him to remark to the landlord: "So this is St. George's Day, is it?"
"Yes," said the landlord, "and every Englishman should know it."

"Well, I be English, but blowed if I knowed they'd made 'im a saint," cackled the old gaffer, raising his glass. "Ere's to you, David!"

ART.

[London Answers.]
The artist dripped his brush in a bucket of paint and wiped it across the canvas several times horizontally. When he had done this he took his labors in hand and carefully placed it in an elaborate frame.
"What's the idea?" his boon companion inquired. "Impressionistic study?"
"Do you mean to tell me that is a finished painting?"
"Certainly."
"What are you going to call it?"
"A village street as seen from the rear seat of a motorcycle."

ACQUIRING POLISH.

[Philadelphia Bulletin.]
"Francis," said the little girl's mamma, who was entertaining callers in the parlor, "you came downstairs so noisily that you could be heard all over the house. Now go back and come downstairs like a lady."
Francis retired, and after a few moments re-entered the parlor.
"Did you hear me come downstairs this time, mamma?"
"No, dear; I am glad you came down quietly. Now, don't ever let me have to tell you again not to come down noisily. Now tell these ladies how you managed to come down like a lady the second time, when the first time you made so much noise."
"The last time I slid down the banisters," explained Francis.

A NEW STEAM AUTOMOBILE.

That steam is not an antiquated method of propelling motor cars is to be demonstrated by a Chicago company that won prominence during the war through the design and manufacture of shell-turning and gun-boring machinery. This company, we are told by a writer in The Iron Age (New York), has focused its engineering capacity on the motor industry with the aim of showing the advantages of steam as a motive power for passenger and industrial vehicles. We read:
"The company does not propose to launch a large-production program until it has perfected a steam-driven automobile which merits a place at the head of existing designs of motor-driven cars. To this end a number of patents have been acquired and every effort will be exerted to supplement these with features which will make for maximum efficiency and endurance. The first aim of the corporation is to make a high-class pleasure car. When it has done this to its own satisfaction, attention will be directed to the manufacture of other types of machines embodying the same principles of design. The patents now in the possession of the company combine the better features of a number of steam plants heretofore manufactured by separate interests. One of the most important advantages of the vehicle with propulsion will be its ability to burn a non-volatile fuel without vaporization, and to control combustion without the use of a pilot light. An experimental machine which has already been constructed consumes but one gallon of kerosene every fourteen miles. The engine will be equipped with an air-cooled condenser, forced draft being supplied through the agency of a turbine operated by exhaust steam from the engine before it passes into the condenser. The use of a condenser is expected to eliminate all troubles arising from accumulations of scale and the bother of frequent refilling of the water reservoir. One filling of the water tank, it is asserted, is good for 1,000 miles. The boiler is of welded water-tube type, equipped with a superheater, and constructed of interchangeable sections."

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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

SLIPPERY FOG.

By Dora Molan.

If you had been unceremoniously hustled out of a beloved city and deposited in a furnished seashore cottage, left in the most despectably unhygienic condition by its previous occupants; if for the first three days after your arrival it had fogged so persistently and consistently that the windows might as well have been blank walls; if you had nothing more interesting to read than a month before last's magazine, and nothing more inspiring to look at than a framed print of a gargantuan muskito biting the elephantine leg of an amazingly corpulent lady; if at intervals of thirty seconds the damp silence was broken by the dismal, prolonged wail of a fog siren; and if, so foggy it all hour but just returned and soldier-husband—to whose recently acquired passion for the open air these present miseries could be traced—had departed on a business trip which to you did not seem to be the least bit necessary, would you, or would you not, provided you are a young married woman, have done with Sally Anne and her wonder?

When the time set by Jerry for his return came and passed without a word, after the door had been opened the door at least twenty times, peering into the impenetrable wall of fog in the hall, and the door was closed, more resentful contemplation of the fat lady's plump member, she plunged into a bath, and the next morning, of a lifetime of the utmost correctness down into the depth of attending to one and unchaperoned, a public dance.

Feeling desperately from her boredom, Sally Anne felt that the end of the little beach street and there took a trolley for a mile or so to a mammoth pavilion, she had noted on the day of her arrival, where a great sign read: "Dancing Every Evening."

A long flight of steps led toward circles of blurred light, from beyond which came the fog-muffled sound of music. Half way up a ticket booth challenged. "The tone of the man behind the grating was firm; referring to his top sergeant and often to his first lieutenant, but never calling them by name."

A couple nearby spoke of the hour, which was late. "Hurry, Sally Anne, hurry, hurry, saying she must go at once. Suddenly a full realization of what she had done came to her. She had walked silently down the steps beside her. At the bottom Sally Anne suggested nervously that he leave her there; she could get home safely. The tall man whistled sharply; a couple appeared out of the mist. "Take the lady to the address, she gives you, 'Henry,'" he ordered. Then he assisted Sally into the car, thanked her for a very pleasant evening, lifted his hat and closed the door.

The next morning dawned bright and sunny. To Sally Anne the fog and her dereliction of the night before seemed a dream. She prepared to think of them as such. But she couldn't help pondering a little as to who the tall man might be. He had not appeared to be more familiar with the place than herself.

Jerry's cheerful signal whistle from down the street interrupted these thoughts before Sally had decided just how and when to "fess up to her escapade. Of course, she would do it sooner or later; she had never kept anything from Jerry, and she was going to begin now."

Almost before the first hug and kiss were over Jerry sprang the news. His beloved captain was spending the summer nearby. It seemed they had just met at the station. "Black's wife isn't here yet," Jerry explained. "She stayed in town to go to some social high-links—thought she was going to have a fine chance to show him off. Blake hates that sort of thing, so she skipped. They

had some sort of tiff, I imagine. Guess that, or the fog or something got the goat, because he told me she was going up to that big public dance hall last night. Picked up some fair mystery and danced with her all evening—said, she wore a wedding ring and didn't act as though she were used to being married. That sort of thing isn't in Blake's line usually."

Sally Anne thanked her lucky stars that Jerry couldn't see her face. She didn't reply. "How would you like it if I did a thing like that?" Jerry asked. "How would you like it if I did?" counter-queried Sally. "I refuse to consider because it's inconceivable," replied Jerry in a voice he seldom used. "I say, dear, I asked Capt. Blake to lunch tomorrow—is it all right?"

"Is he a tall, dark man with a deep

CLEANLINESS IS HEALTH

By the use of Gillett's Lye, house cleaning is made a pleasure instead of a drudgery. It softens the water and cleans thoroughly whether the dirt is visible or invisible. Destroys all bacteria and infectious germs, removes obstructions from drain pipes, closets, sinks, etc. Refrigerators are made delightfully fresh and clean by using one teaspoonful of Gillett's Lye dissolved in two gallons of water.

"GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT"

Made in Canada.

had some sort of tiff, I imagine. Guess that, or the fog or something got the goat, because he told me she was going up to that big public dance hall last night. Picked up some fair mystery and danced with her all evening—said, she wore a wedding ring and didn't act as though she were used to being married. That sort of thing isn't in Blake's line usually."

Sally Anne thanked her lucky stars that Jerry couldn't see her face. She didn't reply. "How would you like it if I did a thing like that?" Jerry asked. "How would you like it if I did?" counter-queried Sally. "I refuse to consider because it's inconceivable," replied Jerry in a voice he seldom used. "I say, dear, I asked Capt. Blake to lunch tomorrow—is it all right?"

"Is he a tall, dark man with a deep

Free—A 10-Day Tube

Send the coupon below and see for yourself how Pepsodent cleans teeth.



Millions of Germs

Breed in Tooth Film—Keep It Off

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Film Wrecks the Teeth

THAT slimy film which you feel with your tongue causes most tooth troubles. The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. In crevices and elsewhere that film clings. That is why your brushing fails to keep teeth white, free from tartar, clean and safe.

That film is what discolours—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So all these troubles have been increasing despite the wide use of the tooth brush.

Dental science, after years of search, has found a film combant. Able authorities have amply proved this by careful clinical tests. Leading dentists everywhere now urge its daily use.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we offer a 10-Day Tube free now to everyone for home tests.

See the Results, Then Decide

The results of Pepsodent are quickly apparent. Some are instant. We ask you to see them—watch them ten days—then decide for yourself about them.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless, activating method. The inventor has been granted patents by five governments already. It is that invention which makes possible this efficient film combant.

Pepsodent

REG. IN

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Clip This Coupon

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. This test is most important to you. Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO.

Dept. E278, 1104 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name

Address

After Sickness



Nothing hastens recovery like

Ainol

The Well-Known Cod Liver and Iron Tonic—Without Oil
It quickly restores appetite and refreshing sleep, then your strength comes back.
Your money back if it fails
Get it at leading drug stores.

CHESTER KENT & CO., WINDSOR, ONT.
THE ARTHUR SALES CO., TORONTO.

HORLICK'S Malted Milk for Infants

A safe milk diet, better than cow's milk alone. Contains rich milk and malted grain extract.

Eyes Inflamed?

If your eyes are inflamed, weak, tired or overworked; if they ache; if picture shows make them feel dry and strained; get a bottle of Bon-Opto eye drops from your druggist, dissolve one in a fourth of a glass of water and use as an eye bath from two to four times a day. Bon-Opto allays inflammation, invigorates, tones up the eyes.

Notes: Doctors say Bon-Opto strengthens eyes eight to ten times in many instances.

"Open the flood-gates of Music."

DO not be satisfied with a silent piano in your home—if the great streams of music are barred to you, let the

NORDHEIMER PLAYER PIANO

be the magic key to release them. In appearance, in tone, in action—a perfect piano. But a piano that you—without knowledge of music—can play. Its "Human Touch" action strikes the notes—your direct, by means of its sensitive expression control. Every chord, every delicate shading of expression, every beauty of tone color—of the world's great master-pieces of music—may be rendered in accordance with your own mood or interpretation. We want you to hear the Nordheimer Player Piano—to play upon it your own favorite melodies—to know personally the delight this great instrument confers.

LONDON BRANCH: 227 DUNDAS STREET.
Frank Windsor, Manager.