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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Saturday, May 31.

The Real Thing Workers Are Striking Against

Shipbuilders at Port Arthur went on strike and gave the press a statement to the effect that they were striking against the high cost of living.

High cost of living is behind most, if not all, the strikes of the present time. There is seldom hatred between employer and employee. The bid of the Bolshevik to rule in Canada has not been successful. Organized labor has too vivid a picture of what happened in Russia, and is not built on Bolshevik traditions at any rate.

The thing that clogs the machinery is prices on necessities that throw a heavy burden on a great many people. True, theatres and grandstands may be crowded, but there are a lot more people—thousands of the providers—who stay at home and spend not an unnecessary cent—the \$15 and \$16 and \$18-a-week family men.

The Government knows who is making vast profits. O'Connor showed some of the big money that was being received for food. The new high cost of necessities commission can get at the facts if it cares to do so, and it need not go through the country on an endless and useless mission of gathering confused opinion. The place to get at profits is in the offices and warehouses and plants, as O'Connor got at profits until he was put out of the way of hurting anyone's feelings.

The Press of Canada Could Drive Down Exorbitant Costs

A Daniel has come to judgment—several of them, in fact!

The Toronto Mail and Empire spoke out yesterday and declared that profiteering was in the same class with highway robbery and that "it is just as easy to keep the profiteer within limits as it is to make highway robbery rare."

The ultra-Conservative journal adds that "it is up to the Government to deliver the people from the strike conspiracy, as it is up to the Government to deliver the people from the unspeakable profiteer. The people should hear no more excuse-making on the plea that such things can not be done by legislation."

The Toronto Telegram (Ind. Con.) agrees with The Advertiser "that the Government of Canada should have left W. F. O'Connor on guard," "who," it declares, "was loved for the enemies he has made."

These Conservative newspapers recognize the peril of the situation. All too long after the Government should have been at the very task for which it appointed a commission Thursday, those newspapers are speaking out, because the editors of those newspapers, like the editors of all newspapers, know the public mind is full of suspicion that grafting in foodstuffs and other necessities on a large scale still proceeds without so much as a slap on the wrist from Ottawa.

The Telegram declares there "is a widespread public belief that W. F. O'Connor was forced out of the cost of living commissioners because the packing house, the flour mill and the cold storage authorities wanted O'Connor out."

The Government has shown remarkable energy in appointing the new commission to deal with necessities of life. It might have had this inspiration three years ago, or at any time since then. Something struck the Government between the eyes in the last few days. It suddenly came out of its "let things drift" attitude, and at any rate goes through the motions of getting at the heart of the high-cost-of-living horror.

There are men on this commission who give promise of exerting themselves honestly to the end that the truth about food prices shall be laid bare, and that officials capable of checking the extensive profiteering of some of the most powerful combinations shall be placed in positions with unlimited authority to act.

Score one more! That "dean of the Conservative press," and conservative in tone to the point of being reactionary, The Montreal Gazette, is taking a few sharp drives at the profiteers.

Do these newspapers strike because they like to strike the Government? The answer is evident in the reluctance most of them have shown in dealing with such questions. They are certain that the spoilsman are still feasting and that the people know it. They realize that rasals, big and little, who control prices and markets and supplies, must be driven by public opinion to fair prices for the handling of commodities.

The force of the press of Canada at this time cannot only lower prices, but it can throw such a scare into the profiteer that he will hesitate a

long time before he again looks on the public with the Commodore Vanderbilt attitude. That day is about to pass.

Russia Is "Coming Back"

Almost simultaneously with the statement by Winston Churchill that the Allied forces in Russia will be withdrawn by the fall, Admiral Kolchak, head of the Russian Omsk provisional government, asks for recognition by the Allied governments, and their support in his drive on the forces of Lenine and Trotsky. Once the Bolsheviks are crushed he promises a democratic administration for all Russia based on a general election in which all classes will have a part.

Kolchak points to his steady progress against the Reds as a reason why the Allies should continue to aid him. In this very fact, however, rests an excellent reason for a withdrawal which to some might seem a desertion. Bolshevism appears to be rapidly breaking up as the rest of Russia slowly assumes a common front by burying factional differences, and it is desirable that the return of sanity and orderliness should rest entirely with the Russians themselves.

The presence of large forces of foreign troops would furnish excuse for political intrigue that would be harmful to Russia and her Allied friends. The rational Russia has at last got a grip on itself, and it is best that it be left to work out her own salvation. In other ways it will be quite in order for the Allies to assist. Official recognition of the Kolchak Government would supply a moral support that would block mischief making interference from without. Better still will be the feeding of starving millions, plans for which have been underway in London and Washington for some time. Any embers of anarchy left after definite military defeat of Red armies will be quickly extinguished if the people are fed and helped to reconstruct their industries.

Germany Blusters to End

Germany's counter-proposals to the peace terms display the same impudence and impetence that has marked the German's behavior from the hour of the armistice-signing. Changes in the conditions of the treaty are "demanded."

That is a foolish attitude for a prostrate nation to assume toward its conquerors. One would naturally expect a plea for a mitigation of the terms, and if such a request carried evidence of genuine regret or penitence there are good reasons to believe it would meet with some success, well-deserved as the punishment is. But Germany evidently is determined to carry on with the bluff and bluster to the end. That end can only be, of course, the acceptance of the terms as offered by the peace conference. Germany demands a return of her colonies, a status in the league of nations equal to the other members, a reduction in the amount of indemnity and postponement of the date set for the first payment, and the return of her merchant vessels. That these proposals cannot be seriously considered is so evident that only Prussian arrogance could have had the impertinence to present them.

The Germans complain that they are not getting a fair deal as promised in Mr. Wilson's "Fourteen Points." The kernel of the "Fourteen Points" was that everybody should be treated with justice. It would be difficult to select any condition of the peace treaty that might be modified in Germany's favor without putting an injustice on those who have suffered at the hands of the Hun. What the German wants is that his interpretation of the "Fourteen Points" be accepted. Safety first if no other necessity will compel the Allies to insist upon acceptance of the terms as they stand. Germany is impetent, and untrustworthy and must be punished in some degree according as she has sinned.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

London's welcome to No. 10 Hospital Unit should be as warm as the prevailing weather.

The reason why there will be no strike called by brides is fear that the men might walk out on them.

Mr. Ayeast may now rise up and sing to Sir William Ralph Meredith "You Washed Me Whiter Than the Snow."

Oh, yes, Amarilla, it's a torture to wear heavy coats and stiff collars, but think of the consolation when the male half thinks of corsets.

Seats for the Willard-Dempsey fight are being sold for \$60. We wouldn't give six cents to see that pair of burly monsters maul one another.

The Observant Lady believes that men could well take something off and the other sex put something on, thereby equalizing the clothes and comfort question.

"Icebergs a mile thick and half a mile high rafting through Arctic waters that are green on the surface, then shading away to fathomless depths of cool blues and blacks." There now, don't you feel better?

The Hearst newspapers continue their attacks on Great Britain, yet Canadians continue to purchase and read such Hearst publications as are permitted to enter the country. Here is an excellent object for a sympathetic strike.

Despite frequent announcements to the effect that The Advertiser will publish letters to the editor only when signed, communications come from far and wide without names of the senders. Any of those who will agree to the use of their names should send word and their letters will appear.

THE FATTEST WOMAN IN THREE COUNTIES



By FONTAINE FOX.

(Copyright.)

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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

A DESPERATE PLAY.

By S. B. Peach.

Tired with her long journey and a bit disgusted with her grand, Jean Gifford descended from the dizzy coach and found herself standing on the platform of a small country station, dimly lighted, gloomy by the night.

"What a crazy way to be married!" she exclaimed to herself. "I hope there is some one here to meet me." Save for the old station agent, who was busy with his own cares, no one was about; so she sat down in the smoky waiting room and thought over the situation.

Mr. Curtis did not want the marriage to take place, neither did Ryder Sablin; so she had been forced to take the lonely ride to the northern lake cottage, where she was to be married. The door opened and a man's face appeared. He looked at her, then smiled.

"We are waiting for you, Miss," he said. "Jumping up, thankful for the sight of a friendly face, she hurried out. Her bag was taken by a man in a moment, she was in a machine, headed away into the darkness.

There was one in the car save herself and the driver, and she settled back with a sigh of pleasure. The road was rough, but the driver was skillful, and they went along swiftly through the woody-smelling darkness. Suddenly they swung down a grade and before her was the long, level brightness of the northern lake.

The machine turned and stopped. "Here we are, miss," the driver said. A swift suspicion raced through her mind. "But I am going to the Welch cottage, and I understand you went directly there by car," she said wonderingly.

"We can make it quicker by motorboat, miss," he answered. Her suspicion allayed, she went to the shore and found a man, her husband, and in it another man. Her fear returned, but a friendly greeting disarmed her.

She was carefully handed to a seat and the boat started off with motor humming soft and even. As the glided along, the dark shores sliding by in even lines, she heard the faint, far sound of an automobile.

"I supposed this was an almost deserted country," she said to the man across from her, "but that sounds like a car."

He started and latened, and at the same time, so it seemed to her, the boat went ahead at a faster pace. "Well, there are a few cars around here—not many, though," the man answered. "We use more boats than cars in this country. I can't imagine who that is."

Before them lay the silvery expanse of the lake, the right the man's masses of the woodland. Something made her shiver—she did not know what, but decided bravely that it must be the dampness rising from the cold lake.

The moon rose over the hills; its light brought clearly into view the men, who were her companions, and she saw, for the first time, who were her companions. Both were dressed in the rough garb of the northern woodsman or guide. She began to be puzzled and worried.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked. "The man opposite her stirred. 'Don't be worried, miss. We will take care of you. I am going to the Welch cottage. She thought she read a hidden meaning in his voice, even though he seemed to try to conceal it.

"Very well," she answered quickly; "but I want to know just where we are going. Are you headed for the Welch cottage?" "Pretty near there," he answered.

"I want to go there—not pretty near there," she said sharply. He caught her arm with a firm hand and drew her back. "You keep quiet. I promise you no harm will come to you," he said bluntly. She sank back, her heart beginning to pound. He said nothing more, beyond a question.

She saw the boat change its direction, and she knew that it must be the wrong direction if her judgment was right. Not knowing what to do, she sat quiet, growing colder each moment with something that was not the coolness of the mist about her. She did not know how many half hours passed before she saw the gleam of a light. Swiftly the boat drew in-shore.

"Here we are, miss," her guardian said.

Swiftly and trembling she rose. Aided by the men, she mounted the dock, and stared about her. The whole surroundings were new to her—even the lights gleaming from a hunting cabin back in the woods did not seem friendly.

She turned sharply. "I demand to be taken back! I do not know this place! The Welch cottage, so I was told, is near the lake."

The young lady, you come with me!" His gentleness was gone. At first she thought of struggling; then she went obediently up the path. One of them opened the door and pushed her. She found herself in a living-room, decorated with heads of captured game. A woman was busy at a table.

"Well, we landed here!" her guardian said, smiling. "I guess that wedding will not be pulled off!"

Jean turned. Oh, I see—I am not at the Welch cottage," she cried.

The man smiled. "Not a bit. You might as well know how we worked it. The Welch cottage, and we just stepped in. Your father is on the way to get you, and you and your sweetheart will have to pick another date."

She looked at him. "So Mr. Sablin does not want me to marry unless I marry him, and father is coming to

to pay the necessary number of hands to get the paper out regularly. I often write half the paper, together with several dozen letters, read 100 newspapers, and I even write the directions on papers to the respective addresses of the subscribers, and tie up 100 different mails to 100 different offices and agents in one week. If it is to be added correcting the press, which I always have to do, making out and securing accounts of those due now, you may suppose that I repose not on a bed of roses.

You have not, I hope, in reading this, got tired—I have done all this for a long time, and I will do it for a still longer period if I can afford it—but never, never shall I in public or in private approve of conduct which I think not right. I have in the Advocate recommended religion. I have never, I think, admitted the usual immoral trash which fills newspapers, to pollute its columns. It (the Advocate) is not to my mind, I would rather leave petty local politics to go into the field of general and constitutional information at any time—but I am not an independent editor—I would give you an Advocate every week regularly, and as my time, now taken up providing for the passing then better be more at the utility of the work as a colonial publication. In conclusion I beg you will not be offended by my more or less of the Advocate's success in my undertaking—or you would not have taken the pains you have done in writing me. For this kindness again be pleased to accept my thanks—and believe me.

Sir, your obliged and very humble servant,
WM. L. MACKENZIE.
York (now Toronto), December 1, 1924.

P. S.—Your letter went to Queenston and came back to this place, to which I have removed the office. On a reference to it I find that you mentioned Col. Sherwood and others that I knew, but not Mr. Leeds, to whom I have forwarded the Advocate ever since. If he has received it he may if he thinks right pay for it—not the postmaster's fee, but his own. I am sure that you, who suffered so many papers to be sent to his office, without telling me, is somewhat blameable. I submit the whole of the accounts in your letter to any of these subscribers would please pay you, the money to me would be most acceptable. Your own Advocate has been sent without any charge as yet because of the trouble I necessarily have given you.

"Newspapers Are the World's Mirror"

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

HER ATTITUDE.

[Boston Transcript.]
He—if I was rich, darling, would you love me more than you do?

She—Well, I might not love you any more, but I should look forward to our wedding-day with a great deal more impatience than I do at present."

WHAT YOU MAKE IT.
[E. W. Howe's Monthly.]

"After all," a man writes, "life is never more than a set of going to one's grave. Not much in that; it is hardly worth printing. Life is long and full of interest, opportunity and pleasure. Life is abused unjustly and untruthfully."

MORNING, MR. WETTING!

[Hamilton Times.]
The abolition of titles will not bother the Purzberg Sun in any way, for it never recognized them. In speaking of Sir Wilfrid of Sir Robert, it always spoke of them as Mr. Laurier and Mr. Horlick. We always wondered why it did not address the King by his family name.

ADVERTISING.
[Newspaperman, New York.]
These are tough days for those old mossbacks who didn't believe that advertising paid "no-how," and that money spent in publicity was foolish extravagance. Some of them have not

only become advertisers themselves, but they are greatly astonished to find that advertising actually pays dividends. This is surely the age of advertising. The fellow who keeps on trying to dodge the issue, is fooling himself and nobody else.

THE MAN WHO OWNS HIS HOME.

[Brantford Expositor.]
The admission made by an ex-president of the Brantford Trades and Labor Council that the men who own their own homes in Brantford "are not good members for the radical elements in the labor party" is suggestive. It may fairly be interpreted to mean that a man who has a stake in any community hesitates before taking any action which might imperil his possessions, while the man who has no stake is ready for any venture. It is the first class which secures industrial stability and progress, without which no city can permanently prosper.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH CARRIES ON.

[Toronto Mail and Empire.]
Newspapers owned by William Randolph Hearst are banned from Canada and other parts of the British Empire because of their lying reports and hostile attitude toward Great Britain in the war. We hope that with the official coming of peace the ban will not be raised, but that it will continue as long as Hearst owns a newspaper. We are of opinion that the numerous other magazines owned by the twister of the Lion's tail should be added to the list, not because of their anti-British attitude, but because Hearst should not be allowed to lead the way in this. The Buffalo Enquirer is a sample. The Enquirer publishes daily some of the special features of the Hearst papers, such as the editorial comments of

Arthur Brisbane, "Ye Towne Gossip," by R. C. B., who, by the way, is Canadian-born; and the cartoons of Winsor McCay. In Monday's issue the McCay cartoon occupied about the fifth of the editorial page of the Enquirer, and was about as offensive to British subjects as even the great art of McCay was able to make it. It was headed "Gratitude," and was set forth in three sections.

The first represented John Bull, or rather an extremely repulsive figure of him, pinned against a wall by the left hand of the powerful "Germany," whose right fist, about the size and complexion of a coal scuttle, was drawn back to administer the knock-out punch. At one side stands Uncle Sam, to whom the half-stranded John Bull appeals: "Hi! say, Sam, can't you see rife up against the wall? Can't you 'turn over ere leet 'elp? Can't yeh 'urry'?" The second reel shows the powerful Germany lending on the back of his head as the result of a tremendous swipe by Uncle Sam, while John Bull stands grasping, and holding his head in his hand, but liberated. In the third picture Germany lies prone, and Uncle Sam and John Bull confront each other, the latter remarking: "That was an awful 'leekin' I gave 'em, eh? What's eh? That last wallop I gave 'em was a bloomin' knockout I should call it. 'Sam.' It is thus that Hearst carries on. In view of the generally friendly feeling for Great Britain in the United States, he does not find it convenient to insult the Empire without at the same time administering a severe come-over to Americans. There are other papers beside the Enquirer using these Hearst cartoons. They ought to be given their choice by the Canadian Government of surrendering the Hearst service, or surrendering their circulation in this country.

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Agricultural Training For Soldier Settlers

A SOLDIER is entitled to the benefits of the Soldier Settlement Act if he can satisfy the Agricultural Qualification Committee in his district that—

- He has performed the required military service;
- He is sincere in his intention to make farming his permanent occupation;
- He is physically capable and is fitted in general to make a success of the farming business.

If he is otherwise qualified, but has not had sufficient practical agricultural experience, the Committee may recommend that he be given agricultural training. A generous scale of allowances for soldiers in training has been adopted.

Training Centres For Soldier Settlers

The applicant who is recommended for instruction in agriculture may first be sent to a Training Centre, specially operated for the purpose, where he will learn, by practical experience, how to handle and feed horses and other live stock; milking; the operation of farm machinery, ploughing, etc.; general farm building work; farm blacksmithing; the different kinds of soil and rotation of crops; the selection and judging of live stock and the marketing of farm products. Short lectures on the business management of a farm will be given.

With A Selected Farmer

After the course at the Training Centre, the length of which depends on the progress of the individual but

will not exceed three months, the man is placed with a carefully selected farmer in the district in which he intends to settle, to complete his training. During this period (not exceeding one year), the soldier is visited from time to time by representatives of the Soldier Settlement Board, who check his progress and recommend when he is considered qualified to take up a farm of his own.

It will be evident that by this system of preliminary training the soldier settler will gain a thorough practical knowledge of farming without expense; will learn to appreciate the responsibility involved in the venture, and at the same time gain a clear conception of just what farm life means.

On His Own Farm

When a settler is deemed qualified by the Agricultural Qualification Committee, the Board will assist him to become established on a farm of his own, and will, through its Agricultural Advisers, continue to co-operate with him in his work, thereby ensuring his success and consequent ability to discharge his obligations and become permanently established.

Fair To Both

The procedure outlined not only gives the soldier opportunity of first becoming familiar with his element and of acquiring the experience requisite to but ensures adding to the nation's fundamental only competent and satisfied producers.

Detailed information regarding the provisions of the Soldier Settlement Act and further particulars regarding agricultural training may be obtained from the Provincial Superintendent, 32 Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

The Soldier Settlement Board

W. J. O'NEILL