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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Monday, July 26.

why they were Liberals. This remark applies to all voters. Mr. Smith's review is an able, interesting and instructive contribution to the class of knowledge which all voters should possess. It gives an inside view of the effect of third parties, such as the McCarthyites.

The life of Sir Wilfrid Laurier has closed, leaving no stain on his character, public or private, but Mr. Smith shows that for Laurier there were heavy head shakes and cold handshakes in the early nineties.

A general election is likely to take place soon. Mackenzie King, Laurier's successor, is a little younger than Laurier was then. He is more of the Lloyd George type. He is the kind of man whose magnetism will make many voters of all kinds fall in line. He purposes holding meetings at several points in Ontario and then to tour the West. Sir Wilfrid's last tour of the West was a splendid one. Mackenzie King will be heard as gladly. It will enable the people to know him, to hear him, and be convinced that he is a worthy successor of Laurier, Blake and Mackenzie, and that the government of the country will be safe in his hands.

We feel sure our readers will be glad to read Mr. Smith's historical review. There are many voters on the lists to whom the incidents referred to will be new, but these as well as those who remember them will be benefited by reading them. We will publish them in parts from day to day, commencing today, till completed. Mr. Smith has done a real service to the people.

During the years of 1890 to 1896 the Farmers of Canada, particularly in Ontario, taking heart from the Populist movement in the United States, organized in Ontario a powerful organization presided over by a Grand Board which was duly empowered by the Grand Association as representative of the subordinate lodges. They had over 200,000 membership in Ontario and in the Provincial General Elections of 1894 elected seventeen of their body to the Legislative Assembly, and the government of Sir Oliver Mowat had but one of Ontario elected over all the other groups. The total membership of the House was in 1894—94. It is now 111. In the Federal General Elections of 1896 the Farmers of the Province of Ontario elected one member to the House of Commons. One of these, a former Conservative, through the good offices of the Liberals, was elected by acclamation; another, a former Liberal, defeated a Conservative; and the third, a former Liberal, defeated a Liberal candidate. The McCarthyites, a wing of the Conservative Party in favor of "Hands Off Manitoba" on the school question, and for a substantial reduction in the tariff, were also active in the field in 1896. With Patrons, McCarthyites and other scattered independents in the field there were thirty-nine in which more than two candidates ran. The McCarthyites elected two candidates, and the three Patrons and the forty-three Liberals elected gave the Opposition forty-eight seats, a majority of twenty-four out of Ontario in 1896. There were then ninety-two Federal seats in Ontario.

In 1898, in the Provincial General Elections of Ontario, the Liberals won, but the Patrons of General Elections of 1900 the Liberals won, but the Patrons did not have a candidate in the field. Four ran, one as an independent and he was defeated; another as a Liberal, and he, as well as a third, a new man who ran as a Conservative, was elected. The fourth ran as an independent Liberal, but was defeated.

Great Conservatives.

In 1896 the excellent platform work of D'Alton McCarthy, M.P., for many years the head and front of the Conservative party and Equal Rights Movement, which had arisen in Ontario because the Federal Conservative Government had not dissolved the Act of the Province of Quebec settling the disputes with the Fenians over estates in that province, had a powerful influence throughout the vast Dominion in weakening the force of the then Conservative Government. His speech for the Conservative Government, coupled with the fervor of the leaders among the Patrons of Industry and other independents, added greatly to the power that swept the Conservatives out of office. Other forces also helped win, although these still believed in the old Tory Fiscal Policy. The foremost of these were Hon. N. Clarke Wallace, M.P., head of the Orange Order, who was for some time Controller of Customs in the Conservative Government, but resigned that position because he, strong Conservative as he was, could no longer support the Conservative Government of the time. In his campaign he was ably assisted by the late Ross Robertson, proprietor of The Telegram, Toronto, who successfully ran against the Conservatives. "Old Gang" a lesson. They were a power among the electors and the "Old Gang" felt it no secret that had D'Alton McCarthy in it he would have been invited to become a member of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Cabinet in the Fall of 1898.

To Be Continued.

TO HIS CREDIT.

[Winnipeg Tribune.]

We have had illustrations in Canada, and we have seen the illustration elsewhere, of provincial premiers and leaders trying to boss, with an unusual degree of selfishness and arrogance, in all matters of government.

One of the reasons for the popularity of Premier Norris is the fact that he does not claim to "know" himself. He has shown that he is not afraid to surround himself with men of capacity, aggressiveness and brains. Mr. Norris is the man who represents a policy, but in the carrying out of that policy he never fails to give credit to private and public, to those associated with him.

DEMAND FOR GRAPES.

[Montreal Gazette.]

Niagara grape growers are making contracts for this year's crop at \$100 a ton, whereas before prohibition grapes were sold at \$20 by the growers. The explanation, of course, is that since prohibition there has been a tremendous increase in the consumption of Ontario wine, which is the strongest made in Canada. The old 25 cent basket of grapes had increased last year to 50 cents, and the supply on the market was short. This year the price seems likely to be doubled. The new condition is more profitable for the wine growers, but it is to be feared that less grapes will be available for eating purposes.

PAPER PRICES IN NEW YORK.

[Kingston Standard.]

The difficulties in running newspapers are by no means confined to Canada, and the public here should take notice of the fact that the prices of papers in New York have gone up, while it is reported that a further increase is not at all unlikely owing to the increasing costs of wages and materials. Nearly all the evening papers in London and in other cities have increased their price from 5 to 10 cents a copy. The Wall Street Journal now costs 7 instead of 5 cents. There does not seem to be any chance of wages and materials decreasing in cost in Canada, and it may be that the example of the New York papers will have to be followed.

DON'T LIKE SERVING.

[Ingersoll Chronicle.]

The Borden Government, or Union Government, has had a big time at their Ottawa party. Sir Robert "poured" and the boy of the old Tory line "served." Trouble is the people of Canada don't care for the serving.

REPLACED.

[Brockville Record.]

Gum drops have now taken the place of potatoes as stoppers on coal oil cans.

BEFORE THE CRASH.

[Baltimore American.]

With inflated wages, inflated rates of traffic, inflated costs of everything, and the process of inflation going merrily on, how long before something bursts?

THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER

A Detective Story by J. S. Fletcher.

Copyright 1920, Fred A. Knopf.

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"I see. Now, you will not object to my asking you a personal question or two. You are a public man, and the facts about the lives of public men are more or less public property. You are represented in this work of popular reference as coming to this country in 1902 from Argentina, where you made a considerable fortune. You have told us, however, that you were in London, acquainted with Marbury, about the year, say 1890 to 1892. Did you then leave England soon after knowing Marbury?"

"I did. I left England in 1891 or 1892—I am not sure which."

"We are wanting to be very sure about this matter—Mr. Aymlmore. We want to solve the important questions—who is, who was John Marbury, and how he came by his death? You seem to be the only available person who knows anything about him. What was your business before you left England?"

"I was interested in financial affairs."

"Like Marbury. Where did you carry on your business?"

"In London, of course."

"At what address?"

"For some moments Aymlmore had been growing more and more restless. His brow had flushed, his moustache had begun to twitch. And now he squared his shoulders and faced his questioner defiantly."

"I resent these questions about my private affairs," he snapped out.

"Possibly. But I must put them. I repeat my last question."

"And I refuse to answer it."

"Then I ask you another. Where did you live in London at the time you are telling us of, when you knew John Marbury?"

"I refuse to answer that question also."

The Treasury counsel sat down and looked at the corner.

CHAPTER XII.

The New Witness.

The voice of the coroner, bland, suave, deprecating, broke the silence. He was addressing the witness.

"I am sure, Mr. Aymlmore," he said, "there is no wish to trouble you with unnecessary questions. But we are here to get at the truth of this matter. If John Marbury's death, and as you are the only witness we have had who knew him personally—"

Aymlmore turned impatiently to the coroner.

"I have every wish to respect your authority, sir," he exclaimed. "And I have told you all that I know of Marbury and of what happened when I met him the other evening. But I resent being questioned on my private affairs of twenty years ago—I very much resent it. Any question that is really pertinent I will answer, but I will not answer questions that seem to me wholly foreign to the scope of this inquiry."

The Treasury counsel rose again. His manner had become of the quietest, and Spargo again became keenly attentive.

"Perhaps I can put a question or two to Mr. Aymlmore which will not yield him offence," he remarked dryly. "He told us once more to the witness, regarding him as if with interest. 'Can you tell us of any person now living who knew Marbury in London at the time under discussion—twenty to twenty-two or three years ago?'" he asked.

Aymlmore shook his head angrily.

"No, I can't," he replied.

"And yet you and he must have had several business acquaintances at that time who knew you both?"

Possibly—at that time. But when I returned to England my business and my life lay in different directions to those of that time. I don't know of anybody who knew Marbury then—anybody."

The counsel turned to a clerk who sat behind him, whispered to him; Spargo saw the clerk make a sidelong motion of his head toward the door of the court. The counsel looked again at the witness.

"One more question. You told the court a little time since that you parted with Marbury on the evening preceding his death at the end of Waterloo bridge—at, I think, you said, a quarter to twelve."

"About that time."

"And at that place?"

"Yes."

"That is all I want to ask you, Mr. Aymlmore—just now," said the counsel. He turned to the coroner. "I am going to ask you, sir, at this point to call a witness who has volunteered certain evidence to the police authorities this morning. That evidence is of very important nature, and I think that this is the stage at which it ought to be given to you and the jury. If you would be pleased to direct that David Lyell be called—"

Spargo turned quickly to the door, having seen the clerk who had sat behind the Treasury counsel make his way there. There came into view, ushered by the clerk, a smart-looking, alert, self-confident young man, evidently a Scotsman, who on the name of David Lyell being called, stepped jauntily and readily into the place which the member of parliament just vacated. He took the oath—Scottish fashion—with the same readiness, and turned easily to the Treasury counsel. And Spargo, glancing quickly around, saw that the court was breathless with anticipation, and that its anticipation was that the new witness was going to tell something which related to the evidence just given by Aymlmore.

"Your name is David Lyell?"

"That is my name, sir."

"And you reside at 23 Cumbrae Side, Kilmarock, Scotland?"

"I do."

"What are you, Mr. Lyell?"

"Traveler, sir, for the firm of Messrs. Stevenson, Robertson & Soutar, distillers, Kilmarrock."

"Your duties take you, I think, over to Paris occasionally?"

"They do; once every six weeks I go to Paris."

"On the evening of June 21 last were you in London on your way to Paris?"

"I was."

"I believe you stayed at De Keyser's Hotel, at the Dickie's end of the Embankment?"

"I did; it's handy for the continental trains."

"About half-past eleven, or a little later, that evening, did you go along the Embankment, on to Temple Garden side, for a walk?"

"I did, sir. I'm a bad sleeper, and it's a habit of mine to take a walk of half an hour or so last thing before I go to bed."

"How far did you walk?"

"As far as Waterloo bridge."

"Always on the Temple side?"

"Just so, sir—straight along on that side."

"Very good. When you got close to Waterloo bridge, did you meet anybody you knew?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Mr. Aymlmore, the member of parliament."

Spargo could not avoid a glance at the two sisters. The elder's head was averted; the younger was staring at the witness steadily. And Breton was nervously tapping his fingers on the crown of his shining silk hat.

"Mr. Aymlmore, the member of parliament," repeated the counsel's suave, clear voice. "Oh! And how did you come to recognize Mr. Aymlmore, member of parliament?"

"Well, sir, in this way. At home, I'm the secretary of our Liberal Club, and last year we had a demonstration, and it fell to me to arrange with the principal speakers. I got Mr. Aymlmore to come and speak, and naturally I met him several times, in London and in Scotland."

"So that you knew him quite well?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Do you see him now, Mr. Lyell?"

"I did; and he has turned in the box."

"Why, of course," he answered. "There is Mr. Aymlmore."

"There is Mr. Aymlmore. Very good. Now we go on. You met Mr. Aymlmore close to Waterloo bridge? How close?"

"Well, sir, to be exact, Mr. Aymlmore came down the steps from the bridge on to the Embankment."

"Alone?"

"No."

"Was he with him?"

"A man, sir."

"Did you know the man?"

"No; but seeing who he was with, I took a good look at him. I haven't forgotten his face."

"You haven't forgotten his face. Mr. Lyell, has anything recalled that face to you within this last day or two?"

"Yes, sir, indeed."

"What?"

"The picture of the man they say was murdered—"

John Marbury.

"You're certain of that?"

To Be Continued.

Poetry and Jest

THE GENTLEMAN.

(Exchanges.)

Within an elevator he is gentlemanly as can be. He'll doff his hat if women fair. By chance with him are riding there. He'll prove by almost every test His breeding is the very best. Yet when he drives his motor car Most horrible his manners are.

He will not crowd you in a train. Nor jostle you a place to gain. In church he'll step aside 'till you are comfortably in your pew. He'd count it a disgrace complete If he should step upon your feet. Yet in his motor car he plays The hog in several different ways.

He'll cut in where he has no right. And chuckle at your show of fright. The strangerest conduct he'll reveal When he is at the steering wheel. Though otherwise he will admit Your right to walk or stand or sit; Out on the road he thinks that he Alone has any right to be.

He'll almost take a fender off. And then look back at you and scoff. Your peace of mind he'll oft disturb By crowding you into the curb. Even the women will not find This driver courteous and kind. Oh, gentlemen, whose'er you are, Why don't you be one in your car?

IN SAME BOAT.

(Boston Transcript.)

Poorpaw—I've brought that last pair of trousers to be resealed. You know, I sit a lot.

Tailor—Yes, and perhaps you've brought the bill to be receipted, too. You know, I've stood a lot.

KNIGHTHOOD.

(Canon Scott.)

In honor, chivalrous; In duty, valorous; In all things, noble; To the heart's core, clean.

MAGNANIMOUS.

(From the New York Tribune.)

The reporter was sent out by a certain city editor to question a well-known young amateur sportsman who was being sued for divorce. The reporter called up a couple of hours later and said: "Boss, I can't get anything out of this fellow. He's a big whale, and when I rang the bell and asked him how about this divorce action he just reached out and clipped me on the jaw and knocked me down. Then he slammed the door. I waited around awhile and brushed myself off, and then I rang the bell again. He came out and said: 'Oh, you're here again, are you?' and he took me by the collar and threw me down a flight of stairs. So I guess there's nothing doing on getting anything out of him, boss. I'll come right in."

"No," said the city editor. "You go back and tell that big loafer he can't intimidate me."

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

(Charlotte News-Avenger.)

We see too much of crime And cluttered wreckage on the waves Of time. We live too much with sin that hurts And mars. Show us the stars!

Angels a-wing Sometimes pause near us, and we hear The heavenly music dies, and dark and pain Alone remain.

But you have light To find the pure, the lovely, and the right. Why search the face of time for ugly scars? Show us the stars.

NOT THAT OLD.

The young man had been married just a week, but had commenced to spend his evenings at the club. He was enjoying a friendly game of cards when the question of marriage was mentioned in a casual way by one of the company.

"The remarks brought the young man in a sense of his position, and that an old man across the table he thought he would extract from him a little information."

"Mr. Oldie," said he, "how long does a man have to be married before he is considered an old fellow?"

"I'm sorry, my boy," replied the man, "but you'll have to ask someone else. You see, I've been married only 40 years."

DRAWING THE LINE ON LOVE.

(Richard B. Bennett, in Moor Life.)

I'd steal the Kohinoor, love, To bind your necklaces rare; I'd steal the sunset's gold, love, And twine it in your hair.

To grace your queenly brow, love, I'd rich the morning star; But dared I'll agree, love, To let you drive my car!

THE PROFESSOR AS USUAL.

Professor—I went to the railway office today and got that umbrella I left in the train last week.

"His Wife—That's good! Where is it now?"

Professor—En. By love—really, my dear, I'm afraid I left it in the train.

TWO SIDES OF FLEET STREET.

[E. L. R. in the Sunday Times.]

"The sunny side of Fleet street is pleasant in the spring. Youth needs no guide in Fleet street. When life goes with a swing—The sweetest songs are still unsung. When all the world is young."

"The shady side of Fleet street With epithets is spiced in Fleet street For men have sighed in Fleet street As Hope grew faint and cold. Youth struggles on with aching doubt, But Age is down and out."

NOT QUITE.

(Pearson's Weekly.)

"You've heard of Cleopatra, ain't yer, Jack?"

"I've heard of Cleopatra, but I don't know what she was."

"Well, she was a queen, and she was a beauty, and she was a woman."

"I don't know what she was, but I don't know what she was."

GOOD ADVICE.

"I am learning to drive an automobile. Have you any advice to give me?"

"Yes. Always remember that the 'right of way' doesn't give you the right to take a single chance."

JACK RILEY.

(I. S. M. in the Evening Breeze.)

I see Jack is a "Tiser" man. With verses now and then. And some of 'em may like to see. What we get from his pen.

His style is like the evening breeze Of that green famous isle. From which he sprung when may be young. Or where he lived a while.

Poetic gifts are very rare. Without which none may try To write a line to long outshine The hoists that fade and die.

Perhaps they are the finest gifts That nature has to give. Posts blast life's way from day to day. As nearest God they live.

So Jack is rich, though may be poor. And he can wink his eye At finest gold in heaps untold. For gifts to gold can buy.

A PARTICULAR PATIENT.

(Tit-Bits.)

He was a very particular young man. Details, however minute, never escaped him. Nevertheless, despite all his care, he became "run-down," not through overwork but from over-fussiness. One day he consulted a physician. After an examination the doctor acquainted him with his malady. "It's a very prevalent illness nowadays," said he. "What you need is a tonic in the shape of a glass of beer."

"Humm! Is that so? Well, before we

"FLINGER" SMITH, THE HORSESHOE PITCHING MARVEL



By FONTAINE FOX

Quite a crowd turned out last week to see the annual exhibition of plain and fancy horse shoe pitching by "Flinger" Smith, the county champeen.

So on any further, would you kindly accept the driver, as they were all pushing their way to the back of the line.

AN ARKANSAS TRAFFIC NOTE.

[Newport Citizen.]

An automobile passed through here Monday en route to Will Beard's, the first car of the season. There are some had places in the road yet. It reminds us of the slow train through Arkansas. First-class passengers, keep their seats. Second-class, walk; third-class, push.

IMMATERIAL.

A traveler passing through a small country town noticed a post on which was marked the height to which the river had risen during a recent flood.

"Do you mean to say," he asked a native, "that the river rose as high as that?"

"Oh, no," replied the native, "but the

SUSPICIOUS.

"I admire patience an' self-control," said Uncle Eben. "But when I see a man dat kin keep on smilin' after he done broke his thumb with a hammer, I can't help bein' suspicious of his capacity for deceit."

For mother, father, the boys and girls. It's the sweet for all ages—at work or play.

The beneficial goody.

When you're nervous and tired, see how it refreshes!

The Flavor Lasts

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

Sealed Tight—Kept Right