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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Tuesday, September 21.

THE ANXIOUS CONSERVATIVES.

The local Meighen organ argues mildly and apologetically for the old National Policy, and then suddenly cites with a tacit approval some labor men's proposal for "the formation of a tariff board, on which organized labor should have proper representation." Either there is uncertainty and even inconsistency here, or the expectation is that any "tariff board" can be manipulated to maintain the protective system as it is. In any case, the contrast of a timorous or softly plausible tone to the old brass band noise of protection cannot fail to be observed.

A tariff board "created with full powers to deal with the subject in a similar manner to the powers exercised by the railway commission on railway matters," as suggested by the labor resolution cited, could not be fairly constituted without a representation of farmers or producers and consumers, as well as of employers and employees. Manufacturers and industrial workmen cannot suppose that such a matter as the tariff is of concern to them alone. Producers and consumers have had very little say hitherto in this vital question, even in Parliament; and if a soviet like the suggested tariff board were to be set up with power, an occupational council representing specific interests, producers and consumers, should have the largest delegation in its make-up.

But the Meighen Government and its organs pay no attention to the interests of the people in general. They are preoccupied with the advantage of the Interests. They pretend that both the Liberal and Farmers' platforms threaten Canada with free trade. As a matter of fact, neither of these platforms proposes free trade. But farmers and Liberals are agreed that a number of industrial interests in this country have been fattened long enough, and cannot continue to be specially favored without detriment to the people at large. Farmers and Liberals agree that the agricultural interest needs encouragement, that combines must be beaten down, that the removal of protection is a good weapon against certain noxious combines, that wealth under protection has been growing, but more and more in the hands of a few, both here and in the United States, and that concentration of wealth is becoming a dangerous factor in our politics. There are not enough people on the land, the birth rate is declining, and most people are not so well off as they were forty years ago in the ratio of wages to the cost of living. Even if the National Policy was a good thing in former days, as a help to "infant industry," to quote the old argument, is it a good thing for a community ridden by combines?

The Meighen Government and its organs are very anxious about the answer to this question that will soon be given by the mass of the voters of Canada. The Liberal party proposes a vigorous qualification of the policy of protection; the Farmers' party is bent on a more sweeping modification. Against the growing voice of reform the stand-patters hold out, trusting in their money and the advantage of their position intrenched in usurped power.

EVOLUTION OF THE ENGLISHMAN.

At a recent banquet in Old London at which he was the guest of honor, Rudyard Kipling had some rather trenchant things to say of the British people. In speaking of the various points of contact the English race had with humanity, he observed that the Phoenicians taught the Englishman the elements of shopkeeping; the Roman taught him love of sport, by hiring him to fight beasts in the arena.

Under the Heptarchy he studied social reform, which in those days consisted of making a levy on capital to buy off the heathen of the north from taking direct action against English industries. Next he took a three-hundred-year course of colloquial and law French under eminent Norman teachers, but never learned the language, but "it left him with a profound respect based on experience for his neighbors across the Channel and a conviction, which time had deepened, that they were the only other people in the world who really mattered. For five hundred years his domestic and foreign policy was largely controlled by Italians, French and Spanish with occasional Austrian politico-ecclesiastical authorities. Later he was exposed to the rigors of the Puritan conscience, which was then largely directed from Geneva, Leyden, Amsterdam and the Low Countries. While thus employed, he was under pretext of union, finally and fatally subjugated by the Scots."

Any unmixed race would have been driven to the edge of lunacy by such experiences, but the Englishman, like a built-up gun-barrel, is all one temper though welded of different materials. Roman, Norman, Papist, Cromwellian, Stuart, Hollander, Hanoverian aristocracy, middle class and democracy, each in turn experimented on the English, and each was met with a large, silent tolerance that was mistaken for stupidity. Each was given a fair trial and then dismissed. It was thus, and not in a fit of absent-mindedness, that the empire was born. It was, said Mr. Kipling, the outcome of the relaxations of persecuted specialists, men who for one cause or another were unfit for the rough and tumble of home life. They did it in search of rest and change, and taking their habits with them, by some mysterious rule of thumb magic they did establish and maintain a reasonable peace and security among simple folks in many parts of the world, and that without over-much murder, oppression or torture. It was due to the large tolerance that the English had developed in their many centuries of intercourse with various masters and would-be masters that made them sympathetic to remote peoples and strange gods.

Referring to the war the speaker said that after ninety-nine years of peace the English were given less than ninety-six hours to choose whether they would buy a little longer peace with the heathen of the North, as their fathers had bought it, or make peace with them as King Alfred had made it. As a race they had forgotten to say "No" to anyone who said "Yes" in a sufficiently loud voice; they had quite forgotten that they had broken a church, killed one king, closed a protectorate and exiled another king sooner than be driven where they did not desire to go. But when their hour came again, they decided once again, and one again by instinct, to go their own way, for once again they had prepared nothing, they had foreseen nothing.

Referring to Defoe's summing up of a true-born Englishman as "the man akin to all the Universe," Kipling said: "What will this man do in the future? We are too close to the dust of the main battle to see clearly. We know that England is crippled by the loss of wastage of a whole generation. Her position from a civil point of view is that of our enemies in the worst days of the war. That is to say, all leave is stopped for every man who can stand up to his job, no matter how sick or stale he may be; and there is undreamed-of promotion for untried men, who, merely because they are not dead, will have to face heavier responsibility, longer hours, and criticism that will certainly not grow milder as the years pass. But no miracles have occurred. This world, which some of us, in their zeal to do better than good, have created, and which we must all inherit, is no new world, but the old grown harder. The wheel has come full circle. The whole weight of that world at the present moment lies again, as it used to lie in the days of our fathers, upon two nations, upon England and France."

DISEASE AND CURE.

One root of our economic unrest is the idea that a man is entitled to what he earns, and to do what he likes with it, that the laborer should be paid according to his skill and ability. But Hamlet had an idea worth two of that when he said, "Use every man according to his desert and who should escape whipping?"

"What a man earns" means in practice, apart from any theory of it, what he can get his hands on and hold within the law. The truth is that a man is entitled just to what the law allows him, and the law can be made anything that the people see fit. The laws might certainly be very different from what they are in regard to property, profits and taxation. Once upon a time some individualists thought it sheer wickedness to limit by law the exploitation of women's and children's labor, or to prescribe the kind of housing that is conducive to public health. And what does a man earn? Who can measure his skill and ability and usefulness in the community? Nor does the right use of money always go along with the power to "earn" it.

Hamlet followed up his negative proposition on the unworthiness of all us miserable sinners by a positive direction to old Polonius: "Use them according to your own honor and dignity; the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty."

Generosity, a readiness to share alike, would solve much of our trouble. As it is, each trade seeks to gain something for itself, at the expense of others or not; each dealer wants to get at least a little more than another; every protectionist thinks that his country's prosperity depends on another country losing proportionately. We see what a happy, contented world we have, with all-round grabbing and protective tariffs. As a result of the so-called incentive of personal gain slacking and ill-will abound everywhere. Sixty years ago John Ruskin attacked the evil involved in "business is business," and proposed as the cure that the employer should treat his employees even as sons. He was called crazy by the orthodox economists of the time. Perhaps the one improvement that the experience of sixty years has to make on Ruskin's position is that men should be not fathers and sons so much as brothers all.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The threatening letters sent by Sinn Feiners are the invariable way of secret political associations. Sinn Fein is the Black Hand in Ireland.

If a hunger strike in a cause is not suicide for one or a few, it is not suicide for a great number. Those who petition for the release of prisoners dying of hunger might be refusing food themselves for the cause. There is no reason why Sinn Feiners at large should not hunger-strike along with the criminals in jail. Why not an Irish and Irish-American national strike of this kind? That would be the thing to force the British Government's hands. Those New York sympathizers should do a hunger-strike instead of merely striking work. Why let a few specialists have the privilege of martyrdom?

TRIBUTE TO THE AUOMOBILE.

[Quebec Telegraph.]

It was a graceful tribute that was paid by one of the returning members of the Imperial Press party on the Empress of Britain, to the part played by the automobile in the entertainment of the party during its visit to the Dominion. Dr. Ellis Powell, editor-in-chief of the Financial News, London, the gentleman in question, speaking at luncheon, the first meal taken by the delegates on board the steamer, immediately after going on board, paid a glowing tribute the hospitality which had been extended to the members of his party during their Canadian tour, not only by newspaper men, but by the entire population of the localities visited by them. He desired specially, he said, to emphasize the important part which automobiles had been made to play everywhere throughout their tour. At each point where they stopped they found automobiles at their disposal to take them wherever they desired to go, and in consequence of this they were enabled to have a wonderful vision of the immense domain through which they journeyed. He felt that in the acknowledgments which had been made of the various splendid transportation facilities which had been everywhere provided for them, special mention of the splendid advantages which had been afforded them by the numerous automobiles placed at their disposal had perhaps been overlooked by the visitors, and they all desired to take advantage of the opportunity afforded by a short farewell address to make special acknowledgment of their appreciation of this most enjoyable feature of their entertainment. The applause which greeted these remarks showed how well the speaker had interpreted the sentiments of all the members of the party.

From Here and There

LOYALTY.

[Brill Magazine.]

Loyalty in a man is one of his most essential characteristics. Without it he is without power to do work of the kind that counts. Let it be loyalty to a principle, loyalty to his employer, loyalty to a sect; just so it is loyalty to some constant thing or person it will serve its purpose.

There is nothing by which we may judge better a man's character than by his ability to remain loyal to one given thing. Strength of character, determination, integrity, all of these are indicated in a man by the degree of his loyalty. Find a man who is loyal to an animal, a person, a belief, and you will have found a man worth while—a man in whom there is good, even though a careless world may never have discovered it.

Loyalty has kept men at their tasks through countless ages. It is the beacon-light that guides storm-tossed, temptation-wracked human vessels over life's rough seas, twinkling ever just over the bow and offering a constant hope to the mariner.

The man who is loyal—he'll be with you when you're up and he'll be with you when you're down, because he has in him that which is infinitely finer than wealth or great glory. He has in him an appreciation of the finer things of life—a regard for him fellow-humans. Yes, find a man who is loyal, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred I'll be able to show you a man who's fine, big-minded, a live-and-let-live sort of a chap.

FAILURE OF DAYLIGHT SAVING.

[Farmer's Sun.]

Daylight saving has been a failure this year. This is the verdict of city people, and the probabilities are that it will not be tried again. Many complain that the change has been injurious to the health; especially is this true of children and young people who do not get sufficient sleep.

Daylight saving has not brought about any increase in the number of backyard gardeners, nor in any other way has it contributed anything worth while to offset the inconveniences caused. The only people to benefit are the amusement houses, the golf and tennis players and the joy riders. It gives more time for pleasure to the city chap, wearied with his long seven or eight hour day, his free Saturday afternoon and all day Sunday. Next year he is likely to be deprived of this extra hour for pleasure-making and given an opportunity to use it for greater production.

THE AUTUMN PAGEANT.

[Minneapolis Journal.]

Autumn presents a pageant as fine as any scene in nature. The first splendors are on the sumach, and marigolds lift their heads high as if to defy the approach of frost. The fringed gentian slyly waits a little before shaking out her ruffles more broadly that her advent may be better appreciated. The iris by the pond has left its sword-like leaves to say good-by, while the daisy and the big sunflower are putting their baby seeds to bed for the winter.

PASSING BEAUTY.

[Montreal Gazette.]

We put off our harvest thanksgiving until the fields are bare and desolate and something, therefore, of the golden beauty of the season, warmly inspiring the common gratitude, is lost; but the brief season which antedates the official function is the glory of our Dominion. The woods are aflame with color. Every leaf is streaked with the divine pigments. A solemn hush falls upon the world. A mellow haze gives a yearning beauty to the fleeting day. A murmurous hum is in the warm and drowsy air. The golden harvest waves in blessing. The goldenrod burns with vivid flame. In the open spaces the sense of peace and rest and solace is all-pervasive. That it is passing, that the happy fields will soon be ravished, that the air will become thin and sharp and melancholy, as it rustles the falling leaves—that is the poignant regret. The utter beauty of nature in the golden light is so exquisite as to be almost pain.

Many of our visitors come to us in the heat of summer, or amid the snows of winter, which Robert Louis Stevenson found so delightful; but our autumn is incomparable for a splendid and prodigal beauty, which haunts the heart and gives, in its poetical appeal, the sense of an exquisite sadness.

Beauty is always allied to melancholy; and the nature lover finds at once in the glory of the season and the sense of evanescence a solemn joy and pensiveness linked to sorrow.

The only English poet who has adequately expressed this feeling is Tennyson, whose love of nature was deep and constant, and, at the same time, happily free from precise detail, which was the weakness or defect of Wordsworth.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean;
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.
Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret—
O death in life—the days that are no more."

NEW HAVEN RADIALS COST MILLIONS—SOLD FOR A SONG.

[Financial Post.]

The following item is from the Toronto World, one of the most enthusiastic supporters of hydro radials, and one of the strongest of the Beck organs:

Providence, R.I., Sept. 4.—The entire capital stock of the Rhode Island Company, which originally cost the New Haven Railroad $24,000,000, when the company was formed to operate the trolley interests in this state, was sold yesterday at public auction for $2,200. The concern has been in the hands of the receivers for more than a year.

The electrification of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, both as regards engineering and construction, was in charge of W. S. Murray, who later acted as consulting enginner for the new Haven in charge of all features of electrical operation. This same Mr. Murray made the report on the Beck hydro radials, which is the only technical support offered for these experiments, which will involve the province and the municipalities in the expenditure of millions.

Nor is the experience of the New Haven unusual in the United States. Investigation by the special commission appointed by President Wilson indicates that up to May 31, 1919, 62 electric railways in the United States, with 5,912 miles of track, were in the hands of receivers; 60 electric railways, with 763 miles of track, were dismantled and junked; 38 electric railways were forced to abandon 257 miles of track—and conditions have not improved in the interval.

England Goes In For Motors.

While Sir Adam Beck has precipitously decided upon a program of electric radials to cost many millions, and objects to an inquiry by the Drury Government, which must do the financing and be responsible to the public of the province, England is recognizing the advantages of motor transport, and a scheme is to be launched whereby 500 towns in Great Britain are to be linked in one commercial transport system. London dispatches of September 7 carried the following additional information:

The area covered will be between Dover and Penzance, on the south coast, to Wick, in the north of Scotland. About 600 agents will act as clearing houses, registering requirements of local manufacturers and traders, providing return loads for vehicles and thus eliminating dead mileage and economizing in running costs.

Hitherto only large centres had clearing houses, but under the new scheme outlying districts and all existing organizations will be linked for the same purpose.

Captain Montgomery, who is responsible for the scheme, says that it will provide Great Britain with a road transport system without parallel in the world, and one that will relegate the railways to a position of secondary importance in transport services. It will not only speed up and reduce cost of transport, but will reduce railway freights and enable goods to be carried from door to door.

Lose of time in tidings will be eliminated, and farmers and others in remote districts will be able to get their goods collected or delivered by applying to the nearest agent. Although during the war some of the more important industrial centres, such as Leeds, Liverpool or Manchester, were linked up by motor transport, and several of the services are still kept up, their efforts were mainly local, and thus of benefit only to small areas.

"My intention," says Captain Montgomery, "is to have a service which shall be of national benefit, and which will, by reducing the cost of freightage, tend to lower the prices of foodstuffs and the costs of living. The appointment of agents is essential to the success of the scheme, and it has been arranged for the Automobile Association's agents, established in more than 500 towns, to undertake the work. The association will reap no financial profits from the scheme, which will be used primarily to benefit members of the industrial vehicle section of the association."

Poetry and Jest

A RAINY DAY.

[Theodosia Garrison.]

This is my dream, to have you on a day,
Of beaten rain and sullen clouds of gloom,
Here with me, in the old familiar room,
Watching the logs, beneath the flames' swift play,
Burst into strange conceits of bud and bloom.

The things we know about us here and there,
The books we love half-read on floor and knee,
The stein the Dutchman brought from over-sea,
Standing invitingly beside your chair;
The while we quote and talk and—disagree.

Rebuild the castles that we reared in Spain,
Re-read the poet that our childhood knew,
With eyes that meet when some quaint thought rings true—
O friend, for some such day of cheer and rain,
Books, and the dear companionship of you!

ACTOR GROANED.

All was rush and bustle in the studio when the new producer began to get busy. He snapped and barked and roared and wept, but certainly he got things done.

Then he turned suddenly to the weary "star," was was resting after the last stunt.

"We'll begin on the next episode now," he said briskly, while the actor groaned. "It ought to be a thriller. You're blown up into the air by an explosion, and an aeroplane rushes along and catches you.

"It does, does it?" exclaimed the actor. "But look here. Supposing the aeroplane isn't there?"

But the film producer's thoughts were already away ahead.

"Oh, that's all right!" he snapped absent-mindedly. "In that case, just come down; don't wait for it!"

HYLAS.

[Bliss Carmen.]

Cool were the grey-mottled beaches,
Quiet with noon were the fern-beds,
Where by the bubbling spring water
Tarried young Hylas.

Whistling a song of the rowers,
Dipping his jar till it gurgled,
Suddenly there the bright naiads
(Woe for thee, Hylas!)

Looked and beheld his fair beauty,
Better their well-head, and straightway
Exquisite longing possessed them
Only for Hylas.

When he returned not at sundown,
"Over long," said his companions,
As slow dismay came upon them,
"Tarries young Hylas."

Never again did his comrades
Find the lost rower, nor maidens
See from their doorways at twilight
Home-coming Hylas.

Thenceforth another must labor
To the timed thud of his rowlock,
And only legends keep tally
Of the lost Hylas.

Yet even now, when the springtime
Verdures the valley, and rain-winds
Voyage for lands undiscovered,
As once did Hylas.

With a great star on the hill-crest
In purple evening, a flute-note
Pierces the dusk, and a voice calls,
"Hylas, Hylas!"

NOT DISOBEDIENT.

"Willie, why were you disobedient to your Aunt Jane?"

"I wasn't disobedient, mother."

"Yes, you were. Haven't you been swimming this afternoon?"

"Yes."

"Didn't I hear your Aunt Jane tell you not to go swimming?"

"No; she didn't say that at all. She only came to the door and shouted, 'Willie, I wouldn't go swimming.' And I shouldn't think she would. What would folks think if they saw a woman like Aunt Jane swimming in the creek?"

Dad and the Baby were the first ones downstairs — 3

THE TROPICS IN NEW YORK.

(Claude McKay.)

Bananas ripe and green, and ginger-root,
Cocoa in pods and alligator pears,
And tangerines and mangoes and grape fruit,
Fit for the highest prize at parish fairs.

Set in the window, bringing memories
Of fruit trees laden, by low-singing rills,
And dewy dawns and infinite blue skies
In benediction over nun-like hills.

A wave of longing overwhelmed my soul,
My heart grew faint, ceasing its furious throbbing;
And in the thronged street, losing self-control,
Like a child lost and lone, I fell to sobbing.

LATE HOURS.

(From an Exchange.)

For a good half hour the father had been lecturing his son on the evils of late nights, and late rising in the mornings.

"You will never amount to anything," he said, "unless you turn over a new leaf. Remember, it is the early bird that catches the worm."

"Oh," said the son. "How about the worm? What did he get for turning out so early?"

"My boy," came the reply, "that worm hadn't been to bed all night. He was on his way home."

AUTUMN WIND.

(Colin Hurry.)

Here in the track, oh wind, of thy great cleansing
All summer's dross whirls by, The stark boughs ride
Bare to thy buffeting. O'er hill and hollow
Surges regenerate a mighty tide.
Russet and green and gold they trip to thy piping;
Hush, and they waver; swell, and they speed as one
Over the earth in a last fantastic revel—
Phantoms of spring that once laughed back at the sun.
Here in the track, oh wind, of they great cleansing
Stark as the trees we stand. Ere the music tires
Take in thy danse macabre of leaf and blossom
All our dead hopes and all our dead desires.

CONSOLATION.

"Brakeman, are you positive this train will stop at Gary?"

Fully half a dozen times the fussy old lady had asked the question, and the man began to lose patience.

"Now, look here, madam," he replied finally, "this is an express to Gary, and if we don't stop there then you'll be in the biggest smashup you ever heard of!"

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE.

(W. H. Carruth.)

A fire-mist and a planet—
A crystal and a cell—
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tints of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high—
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the goldenrod—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in—
Some from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty—
A mother starved for her brood—
Socrates drinking the hemlock
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod,—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

The Facts of Our Case!

We have shown in our published statements

—that the average wage of our employees has increased 95.1 per cent in 5 years;

—that material costs have gone up anywhere from 100 to 350 per cent;

—that the return on our investment has been reduced to one-fifth of one per cent;

—that there is no water in our stock, every share having brought in an average of $106 per hundred dollar share;

—that no shareholder has ever received a bonus in either cash or stock;

—that all surplus and reserves have been turned back into the business, relieving present revenues of interest charges of nearly a million a year.

—that we are facing the greatest demands for new telephones in our history, requiring for years to come an annual expenditure of about ten millions;

—that these huge sums cannot be secured unless a fair return is assured on the present investment.

These are fundamental facts in our case.

Public necessity and public safety demand the maintenance of adequate telephone service. Adequate service depends on adequate revenue. Inadequate rates must check development and react upon the service.

Fair rates for telephone service are not easily determined! Many factors enter into consideration. Off-hand judgments are of no value. Expert testimony weighed by competent authorities must determine the question.

The Bell Telephone Company
of Canada