

London Advertiser

Member Audit Board of Circulation.

MORNING. NOON. EVENING.

CITY—Delivered, 15 cents per week.
OUTSIDE CITY BY MAIL—Per year, \$2.00
six months, \$1.25; one month, 50 cents

3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS 3670
Private Branch Exchange

From 10:00 p.m. to 9:00 a.m. and holidays call
3670, Business Department; 3671, Editors; 3672,
Reporters; 3673, News Room.

Toronto Representative—F. W. Thompson,
484 Lansden 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 Com-
pany, Old South Building.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, June 2.

BLOWING HOT AND COLD.

It is a pitiable commentary on the political conditions of the day when Hon. T. A. Crerar finds it necessary to voice in the House of Commons an appeal that a matter so vital to the well-being of Canada and Canadians as the tariff be discussed on its merits, and not naked and camouflaged by other appeals. The farmers' leader in the House of Commons knows little what he may expect from the Government of the day in any discussion of the tariff. The speeches of Hon. Arthur Meighen have been an attempt to belittle the tariff question, and if that issue ever gets into an election these same gentlemen will mix with it, as Mr. Crerar predicts, every question of peace and creed that they can find, and then a generous amount of flag-waving endeavor to snatch victory.

"We are entitled to know where everyone stands on this matter," says Mr. Crerar, and the country generally will agree with that. No one is in any doubt as to where Mr. Fielding stands; no one in doubt as to where Mr. Crerar stands. Dr. Michael Clark stands, but it would take the mind of the Canadian people to know just where the members of the Government stand, for they are blowing both hot and cold, talking indefinitely of tariff revision at some time in the future, and giving the inference that this revision will be downward, but at the same time helping out their friends of the big business class by the new Dayton budget, with a so-called luxury tax, giving the highly protected interests another little lift and passing the load of taxation once again on to the ultimate consumer. The "infant industries" regulate Peter Pans in that they never grow up, never give their bottle, and Borden, Meighen & Co. do to it that they got it, if not in one way, then another. These are the industries, too, as F. Pardee pointed out the other day, that pay starvation wages to their employees, but they are kept in the background when the postulates of protection talk about the advantage of protection to the Canadian workingman. If this country had a government that would give as much interest to the development of the natural industries of the country as has been given to these sickly protected industries, there would be a different Canada in a few years. It is high time that special privilege in this country came to an end, and a place in which to begin weeding is in connection with the tariff.

LOBO'S MEMORIAL.

At the village of Poplar Hill there will be celebrated this week the centenary of the beginning of settlement in Lobo Township, the activities being connected with the opening of the new memorial park in that village. About two dozen Scottish Highland families settled in Lobo in 1820, and from that time until 1835 they continued to come, until they had taken possession of the greater part of the township. Such families as the Johnstons, the Grahams, the McKellars and the McIntyres appear in the first rolls of the township, and their descendants in great numbers are there today, enjoying the fruits of the labors of their sturdy ancestors, and themselves continuing to make Lobo one of the most prosperous and well-titled townships of Western Ontario.

From a paper published in the proceedings of the Ontario Historical Society in 1910 one learns that a log schoolhouse was erected in Lobo as early as 1826, on lot 7, con. 6. Another was built about 1831 on lot 1, con. 6, and was followed by others when the township was divided into sections, between 1835 and 1840. Among the pioneer teachers of that day were John Irvine, Donald McEae and Robert Dixon. The pupils who attended these early schools in most cases knew only Gaelic, but they acquired a good knowledge of English, and from these Highland families there have come notable scholars in the years between. Lobo is rather distinctive in that a large proportion of its Scotch people are Baptists, the first church of that denomination having been erected as early as 1837.

There are few townships in Western Ontario that present greater evidence of prosperity than Lobo. The best characteristics of the early settlers have been preserved, and the generation of today is progressive, ambitious and alert. Township activities have been developed in quite a remarkable degree by the people of today, and a proper pride in their past history and an indication that the lessons of the past have been lost upon the men of today.

HARDY.

Today Thomas Hardy, the grand old master of English literature at the present time, celebrates the 80th anniversary of his birth. His many manifold condense round his head into halo almost visible. His novels and stories of peasant life remain unapproached in power and beauty since he gave up writing them over twenty years ago. As a poet he is placed by John Massfield and others at the top of the living choir. As a dramatist he has written what most original, thoughtful and modern of poetic dramas, "The Dynasts," which he saw performed at Oxford this year in his presence, amidst the applause of a victorious nation.

During the war Hardy was active in various ways, not least as a poet joining the ideal aims of England and France, and expressing his sympathy with the heroic armies of youth going

forth to battle and die for the cause. At 80 his brain is still the same marvelous engine, and the poet's heart beats warm as ever. On his 80th birthday of thereabouts Tennyson intoned his "Crossing the Bar." Browning was nearly that age when he did his characteristic Epilogue, a last flash of the poet that wrote "Bells and Pomegranates," "Men and Women" and "Dramatic Personae." Meredith's "Youth in Age" was an equally typical outburst at eighty. Is Hardy preparing some similarly splendid and characteristic utterance to mark his approach to the extreme verge of artistic achievement in this life? Tennyson flamed out at eighty as the lover of idyllic peace, Browning as the battler, Meredith as the representative of youthful vision undimmed by age, inspirer possibly of Rupert Brooke, who praises the villagers of Grantchester that

"When they get to feeling old,
They up and shoot themselves, I'm told."

How should Hardy signalize his essential quality?

He is thought of commonly as the arch pessimist in our literature. In his stories he seems to prefer to make things go wrong, or rather to see them always going wrong. In his poems he sadly looks at immortality and presents God as a "dreaming, dark, dumb Thing that turns the handle of this idle Show," that which "consigns men to the night after showing the day to them," as he puts it in prose. And yet the tragic spirit of Hardy is lit by a humor richly inventive, fresh and gay. More than that, while a pessimist with regard to God and nature, he is a strenuous believer in human capacity for good. "Glory to man in the highest" is his creed even more than it was Swinburne's. It made a lively difference to Hardy that Great Britain should win her battle for liberty and justice, but he holds that work must be done by man himself, contending against an inherent "cussedness" in things, God and nature being more a hindrance than a help. "Resist God and He will flee from thee," as Samuel Butler put it, with merry blasphemy. But Hardy has hope also for God, the Will, as Burns for the Deil. The great drama of the Dynasts closes with a faith

That the ages
Of the ages
Shall be cancelled and deliverance offered from
the darts that were,
Consequently the Will informing, till it fash-
ion all things fair.

What, then, is the characteristic note of this great artist? How should we like to see him phrase himself in a swansong for his 80th birthday? He grew up in a century that had been called the century of hope, and now amidst doubts and despair, in this "time of dereliction and dismay, a melancholy waste of hopes overthrown," the world calls to our ancient sage for a song of his humanity, hope and head-governed heart. Tennyson, Browning and Meredith gave us their gospels of peace, battle and youth. Hardy must sing us a reasoned song of fact-facing hope. "God's in his heaven, all's well with the world" exclaimed the mystical Browning. But heaven is a long way off. Man's in the making, all's ultimately fair, says plain Hardy to the 20th century. Perhaps we should not think of a "swansong" just yet. Sophocles at the age of 90 gave his "Oedipus at Colonus" to the world, and may Hardy go on likewise another decade yet.

In some ways he seems close to Shakespeare. Some of his sonnets have the peculiar Shakespearean pensiveness and tune, though the sweetness may fall in his novels the tragic and the comic dance together, and become sometimes one, as in "Under the Greenwood Tree," that first child of his genius, whose beauty is so dazzling that it almost hurts. "Oh, Our Lives' Sweetness" Hardy seems to cry in plaintive joy with the speaker in King Lear. He has Shakespeare's sad-smiling pity for frail and struggling mortality, an "idle show," but beautiful. How glad and mad and sometimes bad is love in particular! The poet Hardy speaks in every page of "Under the Greenwood Tree" or "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" or the "Wessex Tales." Everyone should read the little poem "Friends Beyond," in the Oxford Book of Victorian Verse, which is a sort of product in rhyme of the story of "Under the Greenwood Tree." Good books on Hardy, to be found in the public library, London, are one by the distinguished younger poet, Lascelles Abercrombie, and a dainty little admirable sketch by Harold Child.

PROTECT THE FORESTS.

The Advertiser is in receipt of a communication from the Canadian Forestry Association pointing out the necessity for special care being taken this season by picnickers and campers that nothing be left behind that might start a conflagration, as the present exceedingly dry spell has increased greatly the danger of fire in the woods. The terrible fires that are at the hour sweeping across the forests of the Maritime Provinces demonstrate the awful devastation that may result from what many would consider a trifling carelessness. In lighted match, live cigar or cigarette stub or uncooled embers there rests the germ of stupendous loss to priceless natural resources. While travelling through the woods the utmost caution should be used. If you have a guide he will take care that nothing is left that would start a blaze. If you are camping without a guide it is well to always build the fire on rock or gravel. The fire need not be large and when you are moving on be certain that it is completely out. In the last decade Canada has suffered frightfully from this scourge and much of the loss was needless. If you plan a holiday in the woods take every precaution against originating a forest fire.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Humorist says the Woodcock stake, says a cable. Sort of had the laugh on the others.

The budget is announced as an attack on the high cost of living, but will it budge it?

While they are taxing old bachelors, what's the matter with taxing old maids—at least during Leap Year?

WHY NOT?

[Kingston Whig.]
Which is the most attractive: good preaching, or good music? Why cannot we have both? They should go hand in hand.

From Here and There

USELESS BIG HOUSES.

It has been estimated that 800,000 new houses are needed in the United Kingdom properly to house the population. All building was at a standstill throughout the war. Because of the greatly increased cost of building materials and the increased cost of labor, these houses cannot be built for less than twice the amount they would have cost in 1914. Thousands of big houses in London are for sale, but these are of no use to newlyweds, who in most instances cannot afford to maintain them, nor can they get the servants necessary to keep up such establishments. It has been found too costly to try to convert many of these houses into apartments. They now are monuments to pre-war and opulent family life in London, when servants were employed by the dozen.

WHY HE'S SICK.

The American farmer is sick and tired of the enormous tribe which reports for only a few hours a day on the job, and which does mighty little work during those hours. The American farmer is mad clean through over the fact that he puts in twelve and fourteen hours when organized skilled labor the country over puts in from 40 to 50 per cent less time and about 80 per cent fewer licks. He has made up his mind that he will not work himself to a standstill and clothe millions of wage-earners who spend a good portion of their time striking for higher pay, and then when they get it will not earn it.

GERMS LONG-LIVED.

The microbes of disease are long-lived when kept in favorable surroundings. Dr. J. Danysz reports to the French Academie des Sciences that a strain of paratyphoid bacilli kept in broth in sealed ampoules were alive and virulent after twelve years. When these bacilli were transferred to a new test tube every 24 hours they were still virulent after five years. At the beginning the produced nine generations in 24 hours; after a year they were producing nine generations in twelve hours. Thus at the end of five years Dr. Danysz had 25,000 generations of paratyphoid germs.

EXTRAVAGANCE IS SIN.

Economy is something that people practice only when they have to. We are reaching that point with considerable speed. So we are being driven by force of circumstances to economize in our expenditures. If this could by any process of education be made universal, and maintained for a few years, it would be a great blessing to the country. Those who have money should set the example, and give a portion of their surplus to worthy causes. It would prove a much more satisfying way of spending than the purchase of unnecessary decorations for their persons, and it would do a great deal to halt the craze for personal adornment that has run to an extreme. Still, the desirable satisfactions of life are to be found in the simple things. Unfortunately there are few who can be persuaded of this.

THIS GETS RESULTS.

Efficiency systems do not take enough account of the efficiency value of the generous word of appreciation; the rat on the back. "Old man, you've made a good job of this!" How that sort of thing puts heart into a fellow. It helps him do the next job even better. If another day's work is criticised, he accepts criticism with good grace, because he knows that a "knock" today will be followed by a "boost" tomorrow, if that be coming to him. In the concern in which praise and blame are apportioned with equal impartiality, efficiency, loyalty and enthusiastic co-operation are maintained. The sincere word of appreciation goes a long way with the average man. Try it.

BRER RABBIT AS MASCOT.

On the steamship Themistocles of the Aberdeen White Star Line, now lying at Tilbury Docks, there is perhaps the most remarkable ship's mascot on record. It is a white rabbit, which was brought aboard by an Australian soldier in December, 1914, and it has continued as a member of the ship's company ever since. An astounding fact is that, its natural green food being scarce, the rabbit has learnt to thrive on meat (minced) and fish, and has developed a keen appetite for Worcester sauce. It runs about the ship's saloon with the cats and hounds, and at meal times it jumps on the lap of one person after another, and begs just like a dog for bits. When the cats kitten, this rabbit takes over the charge of the kittens from the mothers, who permit it to have its own way with them. The white rabbit has been a pet of thousands of Australian soldiers on their way to Europe, and, having served throughout the war, ought to have its title allowed to one silver and four gold chevrons. There is certainly no other ship's mascot that can establish the same claim. Let no one suppose this is just a tall story. The facts as here stated are quite authentic.

IN THE CORN BELT.

There is a tinge of unmistakable romance which clings about the corn, whether in waving rows of green, with broadening spiral leaves reaching upward to the sunlight, or in shocks of golden ears and plattens, its drabs deepening, and the half revealed yellow of the ripened ears confirming the promise of the earlier season. It seems to be always of the romance, with glowing pumpkins scattered here and there, hit or miss, throughout the field, that poets write. Even from the toiler's point of view there is nothing incongruous in this. He is willing to admit that the time for singing is perhaps the worst is done. But his chief pleasures are found, it seems, in the great activity of the long months of summer when there is no thought of frost upon stalk or vine. It might, indeed, seem to the present-day farmer, who finds the raising of a corn crop an intensely practical and engrossing occupation, that there must be some romance in the tradition that the American Indian was a successful producer. In legend and story the earliest inhabitants of what is now known as the corn belt were not revealed as confirmed agriculturists. School books and histories have described them as excellent in fishing, hunting, lacrosse, archery and horsemanship. The farmer who rises with the sun, or perhaps by a clock set to correspond with the daylight saving rule now more less popular, may find it difficult to understand how the successful growing of corn ever was made to fit in with the supposed daily program of the original raisers of that cereal.

GERMAN INDUSTRY AND INDEMNITIES.

After the Franco-Prussian War, France paid Germany an indemnity of about one billion dollars. By a stupendous effort the French relieved themselves of the burden of the indemnity, and the accompanying occupation in a remarkably short time. The result was that French industry and commerce made huge strides. Compulsory thrift and industrial expansion enabled France to become prosperous in an incredibly short time, while Germany still wallowed in the trough of a severe trade depression.

The indemnity payable by Germany in cash is thirty times as great as that paid by France. In order to sustain it the German industrial machine must work at high efficiency. Germany will have to be provided with raw materials; ships will have to frequent its ports again; its people will have to accept German goods in exchange for the food and materials it must import in order to pay its debts to the Allies.

Britain, France, Belgium, Italy and Serbia may benefit by the receipt of the proceeds of the bonds to be issued by Germany. But, unless a considerable portion of the bond issue is subscribed by Germans—which is not likely if immediate payment is to be made—the effect will be to divert Allied and American funds into the indemnity payments, instead of finding investments in normal directions.

Germany will be compelled to exercise the utmost economy and industry in order to provide the interest and sinking funds on the indemnity bonds. But since it will be under the necessity of purchasing goods with goods in order to make its payments as they fall due, one of the consequences of the indemnity scheme will be to assist German commerce and to replace German products on the markets of the world.

Eventually, of course, this condition was certain to be attained. Germany cannot be isolated economically and commercially from the rest of the world. But, unless past experience goes for nothing, the process of German reinstatement will be stimulated by the payment of indemnities, and Germany's industrial efficiency will be increased thereby.

Poetry and Jest

ONE NIGHT IN THE NORTHWEST.

[Arthur Stringer.]
When they flagged our train because of a broken rail,
I stepped down out of the crowded car,
With its clamor and dust and heat and babel of broken talk,
I stepped out into the cool, the velvet cool, of the night,
And I felt the balm of the prairie-wind on my face,
And somewhere I heard the running of water,
I felt the breathing of grass,
And I knew, as I saw the great white stars,
That the world was made for good!

LOOKED LIKE IT.

She—How smoothly this motor car runs!
He—Yes; I'm afraid something's gone wrong!

IN PRAISE OF SONGS THAT DIE.

[By Vachel Lindsay.]
Ah, they are passing, passing by,
Wonderful songs, but born to die!
Cries from the infinite human seas,
Waves thrice-winged with harmonies.
Here I stand on a pier in the foam,
Seeing the songs to the beach so home,
Dying in sand while the tide flows back.
As it flowed of old in its fast track.
Oh, hurrying tide that will not hear
Your own foam-children dying near:
Is there no refuge-house of song,
No home, no haven where songs belong?

Oh, precious hymns that come and go!
You perish, and I love you so!

DOMESTIC LOYALTY.

[Arkansas Thomas Cat.]
A wife is a person who will go around bragging about her husband's ability even when she doesn't believe he has any.

THE RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD.

[Ethelwyn Wetherald.]
Black beneath as the night,
With wings of a morning glow,
From his sooty throat three syllables flow:
Ravishing, liquid, low:
And 'tis oh, for the joy of June,
And the bliss that never can flee
From that exquisite call, with its
Sweet, sweet, sweet—
O-ke-lee, O-ke-lee, O-ke-lee!

Long ago as a child.

From the bough of a blossoming quince
That melody came to thrill my frame,
And whenever I've caught it since
The spring-soft blue of the sky,
And the spring-bright bloom of the tree
Are a part of the strain—ah, hear it
O-ke-lee, O-ke-lee, O-ke-lee!

And the night is tenderly black,
And the morning eagerly bright,
For that old, old spring is blossoming
In the sky and in the sight.
The red-winged blackbird brings
My lost youth back to me,
When I hear in the swale, from a grey
fence rail,
O-ke-lee, O-ke-lee, O-ke-lee!

SUITABLY SQUASHED.

[Pearson's Weekly.]
He fancied he was the idol of the pretty restaurant waitress, and when a new girl came he prepared to lay siege, for, in his own estimation, his tactics were irresistible. "And what are we to call you?" he asked one evening. "Pearl," said the lady with a saucy toss of her head. "Oh, indeed," as he ogled her. "You are, no doubt, the pearl of great price?" "No," she replied jolly. "I'm the pearl that was cast before swine."

THE BIRD'S SONG.

Frank L. Stanton.
I'm wishing while I listen
That your song I might repeat:
You sing because you want to sing—
That's why your singing sweet!

Because the Sunlight seeks you;
Because the Night brings rest
When the whippers of the darkness
Stirs the blossoms 'round your nest.

No dreams of dread Tomorrows—
Only the joy Today!
You have your little sorrows,
But you sing them all away.

So I'm wishing while I listen
That your song I might repeat:
And still, while I'm waiting, listen
Sing sweet! Sing sweet! Sing sweet!

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

[London Tit-Bits.]
At an amateur performance an artist gave imitations of several popular actors, one of whom happened to be present.

Afterwards the ambitious amateur sought an introduction to the "star," and asked hopefully:

"Did you see my imitation of you?"
"I did," replied the great man promptly.

"Then, sir," replied the aspiring youth, may I ask you to give me your opinion of my art as shown in that impersonation?"

"Well, my boy," the great man said, "one of us is rotten!"

JUST YOUR OLD BILL.

[Jessie Wallace Huggan.]
After the scent of the flowers that
smothered
After the whispers and hating of
breath
After the talk of "our noble young bro-
ther,"
Light of us, pride of us, taken by
Death!

When in the rooms where our revels
have sounded
Backward you lean and your glasses
red.

Breathe again free, by the same friends
surrounded,
Won't you remember I just was old
Bill?

Only old Bill with his weakness and
golly,
Often the worst of us seldom the best,
Face that was freckled and eyes that
were jolly.

Never a saint any more than the rest:
Some of you loved him—it needn't be
ended, my friend.

Some of you didn't—and what was the
wrong?
Leave him your laughter, with tender-
ness blended,
Just your old Bill that you laughed at
so long.

Only the first of the bitterness tasted,
Only the first for the lonely divide,
Joy of his living and passion untasted,
Hearing them on to a being untied,
Maybe after in the cloud shadows fleet-
ing.

Maybe, near where the comrade
hearts thrill,
Somewhere he'll bark, as of old, to the
greeting,
"Here's to us all—and good luck to
old Bill!"

DIDN'T KNOW RULES.

The outside of a restaurant, the inn didn't promise much comfort, but it was that or nothing, so the stranded cyclist engaged a room and prepared for the worst.

On going upstairs after a meal, he found there was no water in the jar, no soap and no towel. So he pulled at the creaky bell wire.

Nothing happened, although he heard a faint rattle down below. He waited a few minutes, and then rang again and again, and still at intervals.

At the end of twenty minutes a heavy footfall sounded in the passage, his room door was unceremoniously thrust open and a tumbled head appeared.

"Did you ring?" asked the owner of the inn.

"Did I ring?" snapped the visitor. "Of course I rang. I've been ringing for half an hour."

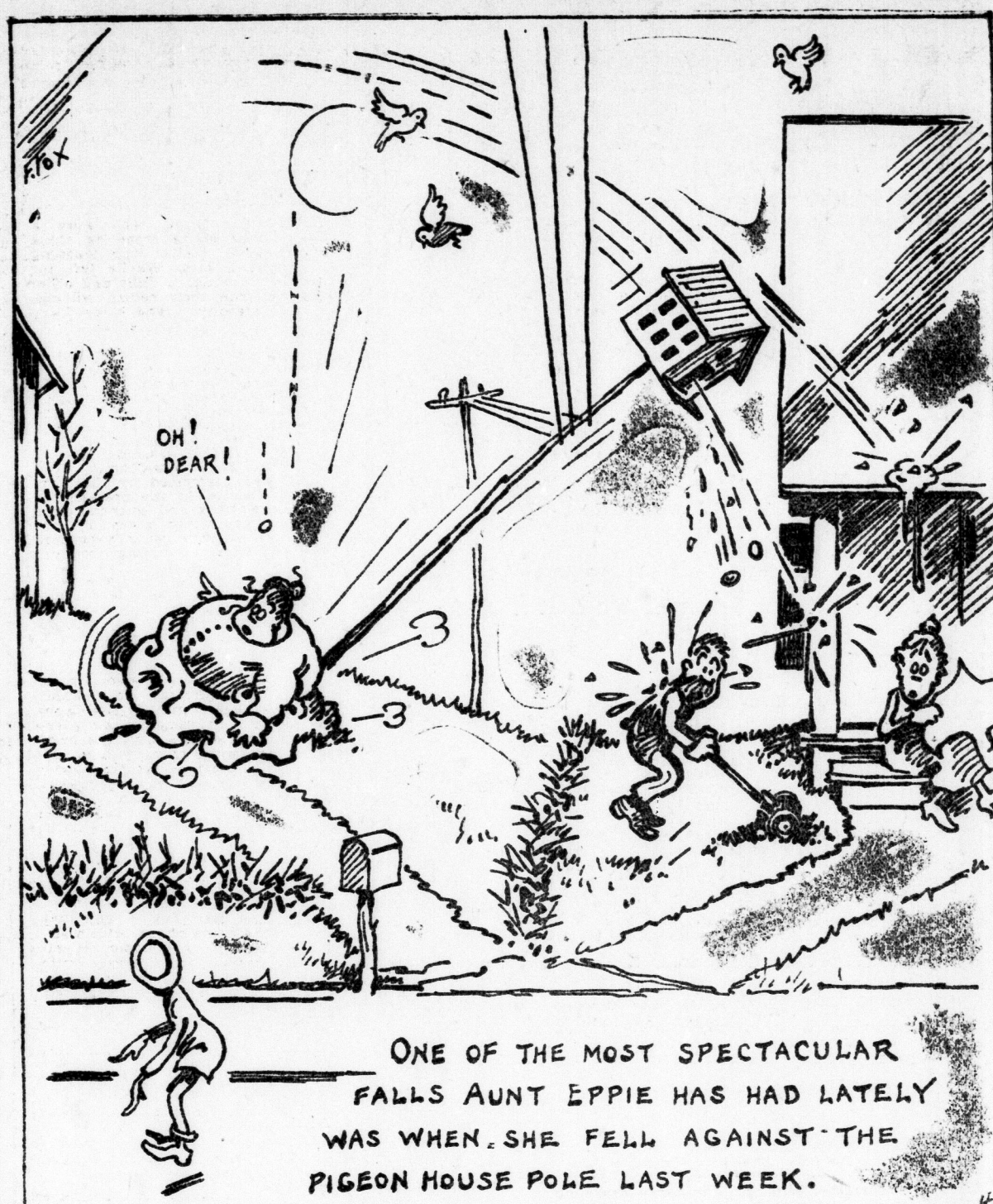
"Well, don't do it again," admonished the drowsy voice as the head disappeared. "You woke me up!"

AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN.

[Margaret E. Sangster.]
Four o'clock and prince's feather,
Lady slippers, wilding thyme,
Pinks and purple phlox together,
Ribbon grass to bind my rhyme.

All the lilies in the middle,
And the roses at the rim,
Color, scent and tangled beauty,
Filled that garden to the brim.

AUNT EPIE HOGG, THE FATTEST WOMAN IN THREE COUNTIES



ONE OF THE MOST SPECTACULAR
FALLS AUNT EPIE HAS HAD LATELY
WAS WHEN SHE FELL AGAINST THE
PIGEON HOUSE POLE LAST WEEK.

By FONTAINE FOX

(Copyright.)

The House of Eddy

A Factor in Canadian Life

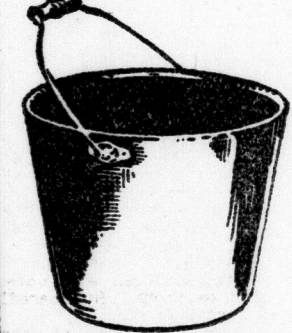
IT is probable that not a day goes by in which the House of Eddy does not make life more comfortable and convenient for you. Eddy Products—Eddy Conveniences—are woven into the very fabric of Canadian life. You light the kitchen fire, or the gas-grate of a morning—or perhaps your pipe, and the comfortable glow springs from the end of an Eddy match-stick.



Eddy's Products

are Products of Convenience

Eddy's Indurated Fibreware Pails, Washtubs and Washboards are widely used on the farm and in the cities. Your butter was shipped in an Eddy Butter Tub, which kept it free from taint or odor. Eddy Milk Pails play their part in keeping your supply clean and sweet. Your purchases from the store are sent home in Eddy Paper Bags. It is highly probable that the newspaper you are now reading is printed on paper which was made at Hull—by Eddy.



Eddy's Matches
Indurated
Fibreware
Paper and
Paper Specialties

all contribute to make Canadian life more convenient. Since 1851 the House of Eddy has been bending its energies toward this one end.

The E. B. EDDY Co., Limited
Hull - Canada
Matches—Indurated Fibreware—
Paper Specialties.

GET THIS HEALTH HABIT:

Drink a glass of pure water as soon as you get out of bed; drink a small glass of pure orange juice just before you eat breakfast; for breakfast eat two Shredded Wheat Biscuits in the oven (to restore their crispness) and eat them with hot milk or cream. All the nutriment needed for a half day's work—the mind clear and alert, the liver and kidneys active, the stomach sweet and clean. Try it for six days and see how much better you feel.

MADE IN CANADA

