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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,  
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Tuesday, July 20.

## THE SAME OLD GANG.

The local contemporary says that Liberal papers characterize the Meighen cabinet as the "same old gang," and not something different from the mixed crew that came in on the khaki election of 1917. The local contemporary fails to understand the meaning of the "old gang," though surely to goodness Liberal papers have made it clear that the Meighenites are the same gang as won in 1911. It is the committee of big interests seeking protection and plunder, and now divested of the cloak of British "patriotism" assumed in the British-borne cry of 1911 and in the conscription cry of 1917.

It is the same hypocritical set that allied itself with Bourassa in 1911 and now takes the name of Nationals. The local contemporary asks "Has there been any effort (on the part of the Nationals) to present the administration as having undergone some radical change?" (from last month). Was not Mr. Meighen "chosen by Sir Robert Borden as his successor and one who would represent the principles and policies which he himself would have adhered to had health permitted?" The National contemporary probably still calls itself Unionist, and has not sufficiently noticed the Tory change of alias. It can think of a reason why the old party should change its name from Liberal-Conservative to National, but it is not the true reason.

The reason why the old criminal takes a new alias is that both Liberal-Conservative and Unionist are now too notorious. There is in this adoption of a new alias a distinct "effort" to present the Meighen administration "as different from the old brigade of 1911. The elections all over the country show how detested is the very name of Conservative or Unionist. Under any name the old party of plunder and placemen is doomed, but at any rate the ring at Ottawa will try yet one easy expedient. Change the name and perhaps change the hoodoo. It often works. But it will not work for the Meighen aggregation if the Canadian people will make a stand for their rights, as they will. They let a dangerous gang set control of them in 1911, a gang with two faces, one for Ontario and one for Quebec. It must not happen again.

## THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC COMMISSION.

The position The Advertiser has advocated for years is now being recognized. The Ontario Government sees the danger of unchecked power in the hands of the Hydro-Electric Commission, and before committing the Government to the expenditure of many more millions wants to know the facts. It has appointed a commission to find the facts. It is a wise course.

There is first the law to be considered. The Government desires to respect the constitution of the province under the British North America Act. It is the Magna Carta of the province. The Advertiser has contended that municipalities cannot be strung together like sausages and assume powers entirely beyond the purposes for which they were incorporated. Sir Adam Beck calls this a technical objection. It is far from that as it is possible to get. It is fundamental. It strikes at the root of the creation of the Hydro-Electric Commission. The head of the commission should be the head of a department of power. Everything done by that department should be represented in Parliament, accountable to Parliament, and through it to the people. As at present constituted it is not responsible government.

If it is settled that a minister of the crown should be at the head of a department, spending more money than all other departments, it is surely in the interests of the people that he should have the benefit of the judgment and advice of the other members of the cabinet, and the benefit of the criticisms of all the members of Parliament when the subjects are up for discussion. The Government's attitude is quite right.

## ONE WAY TO HANDLE GERMANY.

The Spa conference, which ended by the submission of Germany to the Allied will, was a vivid demonstration of the fact that the only way to treat Germany where the carrying out of treaty obligations is concerned is by "treating them rough." The Berlin delegates did everything possible to evade meeting the terms of the Versailles pact, threatening all sorts of internal calamities, bluffing, whining, even bullying. But when they discovered that Lloyd George and Millerand could not be moved and that Foch and Wilson were about to invade German territory, there was an instant acceptance of the reparation conditions. That is the only sort of treatment Germany understands or ever will understand. It is reassuring to learn that the Allied leaders realize this fully and that Germany will be chastised thoroughly, made to pay for her crime.

A few days ago there was picked up off the American coast a life belt of the Lusitania on which were found human hairs. It should serve as a reminder that the nation that stood behind and exulted over this supreme crime of the submarines has not changed. The Teuton is the same as he was before he met with defeat and downfall. The Spa conference has shown this to be the case. This the world should never forget, that Germany will only settle for her sins under compulsion and that she is unrepentant in spirit and thought, as ready for

outlawry and outrage as before and during the war.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

The American Prohibition party talks of naming Billy Sunday for the presidency. If they do it is certain Billy will be no front porch candidate.

Germany walls over the "awful price" she must pay to prevent invasion by the Allies. What about the price Belgium and France had to pay for invasion?

A good many millions in starving, demoralized Russia would gladly trade the tyranny of the soviets for the comparatively beneficent autocracy of czarism.

## MACKENZIE KING'S SPEECH.

(Work for Rockefeller Foundation a great service to labor.)

I have here a letter from Mr. R. W. Stewart, the chairman of the board of directors of that company, and from which I shall read only one paragraph. It was received in reply to the circular "Communique" I sent out last fall. The paragraph I am about to read explains the nature and circumstances of the request made of me by the company. The letter is dated Chicago, October 7, 1919. In it Mr. Stewart says:

"When I was selected as chief executive of this company I became convinced that there was lack of contact between the employees and the management of the company, and that the situation was one which, if not cared for, would possibly result in great harm by reason of misunderstandings, suspicion and ignorance of the conditions. I looked upon this as a matter of questions of this kind very carefully, and, after the most painstaking search, selected you as the best equipped ablest and most conscientious adviser in the field. The board of directors of this company agreed with me, and you were invited to examine our plants and look into the conditions under which our 22,000 employees were working, and to formulate a plan which would insure the fullest contentment to the satisfaction and betterment of all of us. You undertook the work, spent many weeks personally examining our plants and workers, and finally reported to the management a plan which has met the approval of the employees and the management of the company, and is actually working out to the satisfaction of the entire organization. We all consider it the best plan of industrial relations in existence, and believe that it comprehends and includes the strength of all plans of this kind ever suggested and the weakness of none of them. It is daily strengthening the bonds of good-will, confidence and understanding in our entire organization.

Let me point out a feature mentioned in the paragraph just quoted as true also of the other concerns of which I have spoken that as regards all of these joint concerns, they are worked out and adopted only after approval by the employees as well as by the management. I have nothing further to say in regard to the public reasons which actuated me in taking the course I did during the period of the war, and which I believe enabled me to perform a kind and measure of service greater than any I could have performed in any other way, had there been like opportunity to take any other course. I would ask the House to permit me to refrain from the spoken word, and to read in conclusion just a few words in reference to the personal reasons which were also a controlling factor in guiding me in my actions during the period of the war.

There remains the statement that I was young, and a bachelor. I am now in my 46th year. Shortly before that time, my father, a barrister and solicitor, and one of the lecturers at the Law School in Toronto, was stricken with blindness, and obliged to give up the practice of law and lecturing at the Law School. He and my mother and unmarried sister lived together at our home in Toronto. My brother, who for a number of years was a practicing physician in this city, some time prior to the war, after an attack of influenza, complicated by double pneumonia, developed tuberculosis, and was obliged to give up the practice of his profession, and to the greater part of two years to spend his time in a sanatorium. Later he and his wife and little children took up permanent residence in Colorado. My mother, who had the responsibility of our home under these sad and trying circumstances, my married sister and myself. My married sister had, as well, her own family to consider.

On April 4, 1915, within the first few months of the war, my unmarried sister died. That left my father and mother alone. On August 30, 1916, my father died. After spending a few weeks with my invalid brother in Denver, and two or three months with my married sister, my mother came to reside with me at the Roxborough, here in Ottawa. My mother was critically ill most of the year she was with me, and on December 1, 1917, she, too, died. My brother, I rejoice to say, though still an invalid, has fought his disease so successfully as to be able to publish a book entitled "The Battle With Tuberculosis, and How to Win It," which has found a place in our military hospitals. The inscription of this volume, "Gratefully and affectionately dedicated to my wife and to my mother," speaks for itself.

As I look back upon those years of the war, so full of poignant suffering for the whole of mankind, I cannot but experience a sense of gratitude that in that world ordeal I was given to me to share in so intimate a way the sufferings of others, and, with it all, so large a measure of opportunity to do my duty, as God gave it to me to see by duty, at that time.

## [THE END.]

## BRITISH MARINE SERVICE.

(Montreal Gazette.)

July 15 is the date set for the British Government's giving up of war time control of shipping. Under the control an immense work was done by the mercantile fleet in moving men, munitions and supplies for civilians as well as soldiers. With the armistice, however, the men who created the great British mercantile marine began to complain, and they evidently had cause. The restoration of the freedom of movement and action, with the increased supply of tonnage now available, should permit of better service being rendered, and, probably, of a lowering of freight charges.

## VOICES OLD AND YOUNG.

(Woodstock Sentinel-Review.)

One of the first posers submitted to the new Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly was this: "How could aged spinsters be ejected from a certain church when there was no more music in their voices?" The moderator may be left to deal with the problem in his own way; but we take the liberty of suggesting that if there was more Christian charity in the heart of the hearer there would be less evidence of lack of music in the voice of the aged spinster. A good many people judge the music of a woman's voice by her looks. If she is young and attractive she may have no more music in her voice than a crow, yet her tones will sound celestial to those who are under the spell of her appearance.

## THE WHEAT BOARD AND THE FARMER.

(Grain Growers' Guide.)

The wheat board was appointed for the purpose of securing the full and fair market value for the wheat crop of 1919, and it appears on the whole to have discharged its duty efficiently and successfully. If those who accuse the farmers of Western Canada and the wheat board of profiteering would get in touch with the actual facts, they would learn that in large areas which were visited by drought last year the cost of production of wheat was considerably higher than the price which the growers will receive, even including the value of participation certificates. That, however, is a situation which farmers in the West always have to risk. They have to take the price for their products which the world's markets fix.

## THE GENESIS OF MILITARISM.

(Springfield Republican.)

There is profound truth in the declaration of Marshal Poch to the Paris press that the disarmament of Germany was a question not "of the destruction of 1,500 cannon, but of overcoming the hostile and militarist spirit of the German people." Where there is hostility, militarism will inevitably develop; when nations hate each other with sufficient intensity they will fight if they have to fight with bare hands. The maintenance of peace is not a mechanical matter of reducing armaments and of keeping down armaments, but requires the cultivation on both sides of a pacific spirit.

# THE MIDDLE TEMPLE MURDER

A Detective Story by J. S. Fletcher.

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"Don't know," he said. "It brings things up to a point, certainly. Aylmore and Marbury parted at Waterloo bridge—very late. Waterloo bridge is pretty well next door to the Temple. But how did Marbury get into the Temple unobserved? We've made every inquiry, and we can't trace him in any way as regards that movement. There's a clue for his going there in the scrap of paper bearing Marbury's address, but even a colonial would know that no business was done in the Temple at midnight, eh?"

"Well," said Spargo. "I've thought of one or two things. He may have been one of those men who like to wander around at night. He may have seen—how would he see—plenty of lights in the Temple at that hour. He may have slipped in unobserved. It's possible, it's quite possible. One had a moonlight night in the Temple myself after midnight, and had no difficulty about walking in and out, either. But if Marbury was murdered for the sake of what he had on him, how did he meet with his murderer or murderers in there? Criminals don't hang about Middle Temple lane."

The detective shook his head. He picked up his pencil and began making more hieroglyphics. "With your 'What's your theory?' he asked suddenly. 'I supposed you've got one.' 'Have you?' asked Spargo, bluntly. 'Well,' returned Rathbury, hesitatingly, 'I hadn't put it together. But now, after you've told me, I think I can make one. It seems to me that after Marbury left Aylmore he probably mooned about by himself, that he was decoyed into the Temple, and was—there are a lot of queer ins and outs, nooks and corners in that old spot, Mr. Spargo, and the murderer, if he knew his ground well, could easily hide himself until he could get away. He might be a man who had access to chambers or offices—think how easy it would be for such a man, having once killed and robbed his victim, to lie hid for hours afterward? For aught we know, the man who murdered Marbury may have been within twenty feet of you when you first saw his dead body that morning. Eh?"

Before Spargo could reply to this suggestion an official entered the room and whispered a few words in the detective's ear. "Show him in at once," said Rathbury. He turned to Spargo as the man quitted the room and smiled significantly. "Here's somebody wants to tell something about the Marbury case," he remarked. "Let's hope it'll be news worth hearing."

Spargo smiled in his queer fashion. "It strikes me that you've only got to interest an inquisitive public in order to get news," he said. "The principal thing is to investigate it when you've got it. Who's this, now?" The official had returned with a dapper-looking gentleman in a frock coat and silk hat, bearing upon him the unmistakable stamp of the city man, who inspected Rathbury with deliberation and Spargo with a glance, and, being seated, turned to the detective as undoubtedly the person he desired to converse with.

"I understand that you are the officer in charge of the Marbury murder case," he observed. "I believe I can give you some valuable information as to that respect to that I read the account of the affair in the Watchman newspaper this morning, and saw the portrait of the murdered man there, and I was at first inclined to go to the Watchman office with my information, but I finally decided to approach the police instead of the press, regarding the police as being more—more responsible."

"Much obliged to you, sir," said Rathbury, with a glance at Spargo. "Whom have I the pleasure of—"

"My name," replied the visitor, drawing out and laying down a card, "is Myerest—Mr. E. P. Myerest, secretary of the London and Universal Safe Deposit Company. I may, I suppose, speak with confidence," continued Mr. Myerest, with a side glance at Spargo. "My information is confidential."

Rathbury inclined his head and put his fingers together. "You may speak with every confidence, Mr. Myerest," he answered. "If what you have to tell has any real bearing on the Marbury case, it will probably have to be repeated in public, you know, sir. But at present it will be treated as private."

"It has a very real bearing on the case, I should say," replied Mr. Myerest. "Yes, I should decidedly say so. This is, I think, at about—let me be precise—3 o'clock in the afternoon, a stranger, who gave the name of John Marbury, and his present address as the Anglo-Orient Hotel, Waterloo, called at our establishment, and asked if he could rent a small safe. He explained to me that he desired to deposit in such a safe a small leather box—which, by the way, was of remarkably ancient appearance—that he had brought with him. I showed him such a safe, such as he wanted, informed him of the rent, and of the rules of the place, and he engaged the safe, paid the rent for one year in advance, and deposited his leather box—an affair of about a foot square—there and then. After that, having exchanged a remark or two about the altered conditions of London, which, I understood, he said, he had not seen for a great many years, he took his key and his departure. I think there can be no doubt about the identity of the Marbury who was found murdered."

"None at all, I should say, Mr. Myerest," said Rathbury. "And I'm much obliged to you for coming here. Now you might tell me a little more, sir. Did Marbury tell you anything about the contents of the box?"

"No. He merely remarked that he wished the greatest care to be taken of it," replied the secretary.

"Didn't give you any hint as to what was in it?" asked Rathbury.

"None. But he was very particular to assure himself that it could not be burnt, or burgled, or otherwise molested," replied Mr. Myerest. "He appeared to be greatly relieved when he found that it was impossible for anyone but himself to take his property from our safe."

"Ah," said Rathbury, winking at Spargo. "So he would, no doubt. And Marbury himself, sir, now. How did he strike you?"

Mr. Myerest gravely considered this question. "Marbury struck me as being an earnest old man, as a man who had probably seen strange places. And before leaving he made what I will term, a remarkable remark. About—in fact, about his leather box."

"His leather box?" said Rathbury. "And what was it, sir?"

"This," replied the secretary. "That box," he said, "is safe now. But it's been safer. It's been buried—and deep down, too—for many and many a year!"

## CHAPTER IX.

The Dealer in Stamps.

"Buried—and deep down, too—for many and many a year," repeated Mr. Myerest, eyeing his companions with keen glances. "I consider that, gentlemen, a very remarkable remark—very remarkable!" Rathbury stuck his thumbs in the armpits of his waistcoat again and began swaying backward and forward in his chair. He looked at Spargo. And with his knowledge of men, he knew that all Spargo's journalistic instincts had been aroused, and that he was keen as mustard to be off on a new scent.

# Poetry and Jest

OLE CLOES MAN.  
(Horse) Seymour Keller in New York Sun.)

The old-fashioned pants with the springs at the bottom. With welts at the seams and with stripes an inch wide. Still hang in the attic, I'm glad I have got 'em—

Those duck-footed pants of my past—Ah, well, I remember how haughty and airy I strutted down the avenue, thrilled to the heart.

With Maudie beside me as blithe as a fairy—A fashion-plate couple so trim and so tart.

The coat, a Prince Albert, of tail-lengthened splendor. As tight as the skin of an eel, bless my eyes!

For that senatorial garment, a prize! It went like the flowers of springtime when fashion was young.

Decreed that its usefulness was then out of date? You can now quite wrong in an attic! You can now find your cash on—

The fact Uncle does it again, and with etats.

The garments once scorned on the line take an airing. To rid them of scent of moth balls, I should smile!

Your Uncle is wise, and no more he's despairing. For profiteer sharks are no longer in style.

So, fashion go hang! I am satisfied, truly. With what I've dug up—for next Sunday arrayed.

In attic adornments you bet I'll be duly observed. Of observers when on parade.

THE GREATER NEED.  
(Detroit Times.)

Some day the Gideons, who see to it that in one of a billion guest-rooms, are going to fix it so that the man who makes the hotel rates has one, too.

ON THE HEIGHT.  
(Elancie Tietjen.)

The foothills, called us, green and sweet; We dallied, but we might not stay. And all day long we set our feet In the wind's way.

We climbed with him the wandering trail Up to the last keen, lonely height—Where snow-peaks clustered, sharp and frail. Swimming in light.

Sheer on the edge of heaven we dwelt, And laughed above the blue abyss. While on my happy lips I felt Your windy kiss.

You were the spirit of the height. The breath of sun and air: A bird-dipt wing, and swift and white. Peace brooded there.

SAFETY FIRST.  
(Franklin Tietjen.)

Mr. Figgers (with newspaper)—"Do you know, Henry, that every time you draw your breath someone dies?"

Mr. Figgers—"Well, I'm sorry; but I can't help it. If I quit drawing my breath I'll die too."

A SONG OF SEASONS.  
(By Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald.)

Sing a song of Springtime! Catkins by the brook. Adders-tongues uncounted. Ferns in every nook.

The catkins on the hillside Leaping like a fawn: Sing a song of Springtime—Ah, but Springtime's gone!

Sing a song of Summer! Flowers among the grass. Clouds like fairy frigates. Pools like looking-glasses.

Moonlight through old branches. Voices on the lawn: Sing a song of summer—Ah, but Summer's gone!

Sing a song of Autumn! Stars in golden clusters. Woodbine's crimson clusters. Round the cottage eaves. Days of crystal clearness.

Prose in the field at dawn: Sing a song of Autumn—Ah, but Autumn's gone!

Sing a song of Winter! North-wind's bitter chill. Home and rudely firelight. Kindness and goodwill. Hemlock in the churchyard.

Daytime soon withdrawn: Sing a song of Winter—Ah, but Winter's gone!

TO BE EXPECTED.  
(Alan Seeger.)

"The young man who went on the stage as an acrobatic dancer is intoxicated with his success."

"I should think he would be, with so many kicks in it."

ALL THAT'S NOT LOVE.  
(Alan Seeger.)

All that's not love is the dearth of my days.

The throes of the volume with rubric unwrit.

The temple in times without prayer. The altar unmet and the candle unlit.

Let me survive not the lovely, away Of a dear desire, nor see when it goes. The courts of life's abbey in exile decay.

Whence sometime sweet anthems and incense arose.

The delicate hues of its sevenfold rings. The rainbow outlives not, their yellow and blue.

The butterfly eases not dissolve from his wings. But even with their beauty life fades from them too.

No more would I linger past. Love's ardent bounds. Nor live for aught else but the joy that it craves.

That, burden and essence of all that is the song in the wind and the smile on the waves.

A LENGTHY PROGRAM.  
(Washington Star.)

"You have a pretty good library."

"Yes," replied the patient man. "I have worked twenty years or so accumulating a lot of books and a place to put 'em. Now I'm going to start in and work another twenty years to provide for enough leisure to enable me to read 'em."

THE FISHING TRIP.  
(The Fish.)

He took a fair damed out fishing one day. The trip was not quite a success, by the way.

To angle for compliments, such was her wish. But he, funny fellow, was fishing for fish.

HIS PRINCIPAL OBJECTION.  
(Tit-Bits.)

The house agent had sounded his praises of the new property to the prospective buyer, and at the end he said: "The death rate in this suburb is lower than in any other part of the country."

"I believe you," said the prospective buyer. "I wouldn't be found dead here myself."

LIFE AND SONG.  
(Frank L. Stanton.)

Life's worth the living When Love's forgiving And dreams of a future—above! But were nothing before us—Past stars that stream o'er us—'Twould still be worth the living for Love!

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THE PASSION FOR HASTE.  
(Oregon Journal.)

A Japanese baron visited the University of California, and on leaving was put aboard a partially filled local car.

At a junction the party transferred to a much crowded through car. Japanese courtesy weathered the test so far as manners went, but the baron could not resist the question, "Why did we leave the comfortable car for this one, which is so crowded?"

He was told, "Oh, we save two minutes getting into San Francisco."

"Ah," said he, "and what will we do with the two minutes?"

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# BARGAINS! BARGAINS! For Wednesday Morning

Every pair of Summer Shoes, Oxfords, Pumps, Colonials and Running Shoes, in our big store will be put on sale Wednesday morning at smashing reductions. There will be bumper bargains for men, women and children. Come early. Let nothing keep you away. Store closes Wednesday at 1 o'clock sharp.

THE STORE OF VALUES

# The Peoples Shoe Store

131 DUNDAS STREET. 12 MARKET SQUARE.