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Member A-B-C.

Friday, November 13, 1925.

### The Beck Endowment Memorial

Plans have now been completed for a province-wide campaign for an endowment fund of half a million dollars for the Queen Alexandra Sanatorium, to be known as the Beck Memorial. The Queen Alexandra Sanatorium was the particular interest of both Sir Adam and Lady Beck. They gave generously, both of time and money, to this institution. That the sanatorium is to-day the efficient institution it is and is doing such a splendid work in saving those threatened with the white plague is due largely to the efforts of Sir Adam.

In the last six months of his life nothing was so much on the mind of Sir Adam as the future of the sanatorium. Up to the day of his death he was planning for this institution and preparing for an endowment campaign which he proposed to direct. Now that he has passed away the directors have felt that there is no memorial to him that the hydro chert himself would so greatly prefer as an endowment that would put the sanatorium on its feet. The sanatorium now, as a result of the fact that it turns no patient away, faces an annual deficit. This endowment would make the institution self-supporting.

Other portions of the province, even where they have strong and worthy claims of their own, are preparing to subscribe liberally to the endowment fund. Toronto is making elaborate plans for an intensive campaign. Even as far away as Ottawa a strong committee is at work. London, as the home of Sir Adam and of the sanatorium, should set the pace in generous giving. London citizens are acquainted at first hand with the institution and are familiar with the fine work which Dr. Pratt and his staff are doing. There are innumerable appeals for help in these days, but this is one appeal to which everyone, no matter how humble his contribution, should have a part. Let London, as the home of Sir Adam and of the sanatorium, set the pace in generous giving when the canvass for funds opens on November 20.

### The Guelph Winter Fair

The forty-second annual provincial winter fair, just concluded, has demonstrated the extent to which the Royal Fair is now competing, and also the serious handicap involved in holding a stock show at a time when farmers are not through with fall work. There has been a gradual but striking change from the days when the number of horses exceeded accommodation in the fair buildings and a proportion had to be stabled through the city. There was a time, too, when visitors were glad to obtain billets in private homes. This year the hotels placed no cots in their parlors and halls. Attendance on Wednesday was perhaps up to the old-time standard, but nowadays a great many visitors come by motor car and do not stay overnight.

The provincial board is up against a situation which calls for careful figuring. President Whitelaw dropped a remark at the dairy banquet about the possibility of the Royal Fair being induced to take later dates. The Royal is not likely to do so voluntarily, and it cannot reasonably be expected that the Ontario Government should exert pressure. Probably it would be correct to say that the strain against overlapping of dates, in order that large breeders may enjoy a continuous circuit of fairs and a share of all prize money, is not the best interpretation of the intention of the Legislature in voting large sums towards prize lists, in encouragement of stock improvement.

To a certain extent, the Guelph executive has invited what it has experienced in decreasing patronage. It is a pity that its notion of economy runs to neglect of publicity. For lack of a single typist to prepare lists of the awards, the promulgation of results is left entirely to the initiative and industry of farm journal and daily newspaper men. Surely it is a short-sighted policy which refuses the odd dollar for an ordinary announcement of program in the Guelph paper during the fair. Under these circumstances, there can be no ground for complaint at lack of popular support, or over the growing popularity of the Royal, which appreciates the value of advertising.

There can be little doubt that the provincial fair has a sphere of usefulness all its own, and would have even if it reverted to the old status of "Guelph Fat Stock Show." The Royal has introduced elaborate entertainment features which have little to do with stock breeding, but which attract the general public. The provincial directors take pride in representing Guelph as a real farmers' show. The poultry exhibit, too, has attained a high standard, and there are various utility features, such as the laying contest and dressed poultry exhibit, which are not duplicated elsewhere. The foundation classes—heavy horses and beef cattle—are still strongly contested, and the entries of dairy cattle have long been limited only by inadequate stable accommodation. The primary purposes of the winter fair

are being well served, and with the substantial contribution made from public funds toward the prize list, the board should be able to manage the rest of the financing.

### Another Hopeful Sign

Ever since the close of the war the endeavor of those who knew that the best way to repair much of the damage done by the war was to blot out the "war mentality." The diplomats are said to be immensely encouraged by the tremendous work done by the League of Nations in this direction, to be elated by the Locarno pact and to find real consolation in the fact that France's attitude recently has changed materially.

Those who have been watching for the change say it is shown most evidently from the bankers' attitude toward making possible "the slide of the new franc."

The Manchester Guardian puts the case as follows:

"The near return of conditions when the business man will be able to get on with his knitting is the natural reaction of the situation on the one nation in Europe that has not returned to a peace footing in arms, ideas and finance."

"The French fear of a German revanche and the French Government's refusal to face economic facts, always justifiable by the revanche theory, had kept their minds and finances on an unhealthy footing long after others had demobilized their war-time note-printing and bond-issuing staffs. Locarno will dispel the one fear, and time and arithmetic are correcting the other trouble."

"France's medicine will be less strong than that of Germany and Austria, but it will come out of the same bottle—devaluation."

Reaction to these more favorable conditions will be felt in Canada and the other dominions, as soon as they have worked, in deep in Europe, in Great Britain.

The waiting game oftentimes is tedious, but if the award is of any value it is worth the patience and the restraint exacted.

### The Late Roselle Pococke

In the death of Roselle Pococke London loses a citizen who has contributed much during his lifetime to the development of music in this city. An artist himself of high merit, he had the happy faculty of being able to impart knowledge to his students and of arousing their enthusiasm. He gave of his time generously to the development of good musical taste and in the fostering of musical organizations.

London, in the past, has had many fine band conductors. None were better than Mr. Pococke, who was for years leader of the First Hussar and Mocha Temple bands. Both these bands were amateur organizations of high merit. London musical lovers owe much to Mr. Pococke and will genuinely mourn his death.

### Taking Things Lightly

The strain of great congresses, like the League of Nations' meetings, are borne well only by the most sturdy and the most earnest. And the most earnest oftentimes appear to take things most lightly—that's a good mark of defense.

Among the most affable members of the British delegation is the Duchess of Atholl, and the following story recently told in London is in the lighter vein that is one of the shock absorbers for the stress and strain of the league business:

"Among the stories with which League of Nations officials back from Geneva are amusing London dinner tables is a pleasant one about the Duchess of Atholl, who was a popular delegate there. The French could get no nearer the pronunciation of her name than 'At-all,' and when it was observed that the duchess held uncompromising views on many subjects they promptly christened her 'Le Duchesse de Not-at-all.'"

Canada could profit by the possession of some sturdy "not-at-all" parliamentarians.

### Reforming the Cabinet

Although "Tom" Elliot, Conservative candidate in West Middlesex, was not among those elected last month, he may, if he choose, point with pride to the prompt fulfillment of one of his campaign proposals. Mr. Elliot expressed the opinion that the Cabinet could get along with fewer members, and advocated the merging of various portfolios. Whether or not the general public concurred in his view, the fact is that the electors left nearly half the ministry at home, and now it is announced that the departments of immigration, labor and state, at least, will be taken over, when Parliament opens, by re-elected members of the Cabinet, who will hold two portfolios each. Liberal election propaganda declared against all combines or mergers "by land or sea," but evidently the contingency of political shipwreck was not foreseen.

### NOTE AND COMMENT

Europe is coming back.

Mischief-making in the provinces seems to be Mackenzie King's prime pastime.

Alberta, like Falstaff, is "babbling" of Green-fields."

Canada is now in the class in which Mexico recently was: A Government without power.

South Africa has a premier who says the "weakening of the Empire would be one of the greatest disasters that could befall the world." Canada will soon have a premier of a like calibre.

A Cabinet whose members are simply "drawing their salaries and burning damaging correspondence in preparation for the inevitable." Such is the pass to which Mackenzie King has reduced what has been called the most ingenious and most effective of all political contrivances—"a responsible Government."

### JUST FOLKS

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

#### THOSE TWO-DOLLAR BILLS

They tell me that you bring bad luck,  
Oh, lovely, green two-dollar bill!  
By terror grin are tradesmen struck  
To see you resting in the till.  
The taxi driver mutters low:  
"Mister, I cannot change that thing.  
Ain't you got other kinds of dough?  
Bad luck those two spots always bring."

There are some superstitions I  
Believe in and observe with care,  
I won't, in August or July.

Put on my heavy underwear;  
I know 'twill bring bad luck to race  
A railroad train, express or freight,  
At crossings I reduce my pace,  
Fearful of tragedy—I wait!

I never play with loaded guns,  
Bad luck that way is often born;  
I have a coward's fear which shuns  
Depending on my motor horn;  
I am afraid I could not meet  
Some unexpected circumstance,  
And when I drive a busy street  
I never take a foolish chance.

Bad luck I fear and always will,  
Some evil things I dread, and yet  
Oh, lovely, green two-dollar bill,  
I'll take you in without regret;  
To you my palm is never shut,  
I smile your pretty face to see,  
I have my superstitions, but  
Two-dollar bills don't frighten me.  
(Copyright)

### GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

#### RECOGNITION

It is so easy to take people for granted—especially those of whom we are fond.

We see something in them that melts into something that is very much ours, and it makes us happy. So happy that we forget all about filling up the little holes of their dreams, wants, aspirations and heart aches. So, after a while, there is drifting and we lose what looked like gold and beauty to us.

A great metal expert or engineer knows just how to look for and to estimate the gold in a certain part of the earth, where all things point to its possibility. He wouldn't advise digging in barren ground in preference to the spot where he knew treasure slept.

Yet we are all constantly meeting human beings with buried treasure in their lives, and how glad they would be for us to dig deep and gain in part for the mining of it!

Of late I have been reading much from the life of that unfortunate genius, Edgar Allan Poe. Poor, troubled, discouraged, yet with the crying heart of a child, Poe wandered here and there. Few recognized his marvelous genius for expression. His foster father treated him with less consideration than he would have treated a dog. And so one day they found this frail figure cold and lifeless. Poe's bust rests silently in the Hall of Fame in New York City. His fame is worldwide. But he died unhappy and alone.

Another unhappy figure was that of Robert Burns. There was a time when he was the lion of the hour. John Drinkwater says that "His age recognized his genius, humbled with the rapture of self-fulfillment." Yet says this writer, "It is the less easy to excuse his age for putting up so stiff a fight than it did for his welfare."

Burns made poetry the expression of the commonest aspirations of the simplest toiler. He knew the soil. But Burns went hungry the same and with but a handful of friends to care.

No reward can ever take the place of recognition, of appreciation.

### LITTLE BENNY'S NOTEBOOK

BY LEE PAPE

Mrs. Hews came to see me this afternoon, being a big fat stout lady with gold glasses on her nose but not behind her ears, and I was just going out when she rang the bell and I threw my cap on a chair and went and opened the door and she came in, and I said, "Well, I ran up and told you and ran down again to get my cap and saw Mrs. Hews was sitting, thinking G. winnicks, good nite she's sitting on my cap."

And I stood there looking at her and she said, "Well, Benny, how have you bin?"

All rite, I sed. How are you? I sed, and she sed, "Very well, thank you, and I sed, "Well, I don't you sit over her by the window ware you can see things wile you are waiting?"

Im not inquisitive, thank you, Mrs. Hews sed. Are you getting along nicely in skool? she sed.

All rite, I sed. Are you sure that chair is comfortable? I sed.

Quite, thank you, she sed, and I sed, "Well, I hope nothing happens to it wile you on it."

Wat do you mean for pity sake? Mrs. Hews sed.

One leg is weak but not very, I sed.

O mercifull goodness, wile dident you say so? Mrs. Hews sed.

And she got up to sit on another chair, and her cap was on the undermath of her at all, and jest then I saw ware it was, being on the chair ware she was jest sitting down, being half ways down already, me thinking, "Aw heck, G. roozaleam, gosh hang the luck."

And I went up to my room and red Er-round the World on a Bysickel Volume 4.

#### EGYPT PLAYED MARBLES

Every year brings a surprising demand for all kinds of marbles. The game is apparently more popular this year than it has ever been before. Three factories in the Middle West are engaged in turning out the simpler forms, while large importations regularly come from abroad.

Although marbles never wear out, the item of loss is naturally large. Open gratings which line the city sidewalks swallow up an enormous quantity. To meet this loss and equip new generations of players requires a yearly output of millions of marbles. Perennially the display windows of toy shops contain the same tempting stocks in great variety.

American manufacturers produce for the most part only the cheapest and more common grades of marbles, usually made of clay or composition. The highly-prized glass marbles have long come from Germany. Whether the home industry suffers from lack of protection or its product is less desirable, the fact remains that the average American boy plays with marbles of European make.

The game, incidentally, is very ancient. Boys of ancient Egypt amused themselves in the same fashion, and some of the marbles have been preserved to this day.—Victoria Colonist.

#### A THOUGHT.

As he that bindeth a stone in a sling, so is he that giveth honor to a fool.—Proverbs xxvi, 8.  
A fool at 40 is a fool indeed.—Young.

### RAMBLING AROUND WITH OLD DOC. PEP



#### QUEEN ALEXANDRA SANATORIUM, Nov. 12—

Up and to receive the  
sixth of a series of letters  
and is to supply  
daily with a greeting  
from members of the  
London Lodge of United Com-  
municated Travelers, small Can-  
ada. This having been decided upon  
at their meeting this past Saturday  
night where, on suggestion of their  
past grand senior counselor, 30 members—  
this past grand senior counselor  
leading—determined to write me a  
letter daily for 30 days, each man in  
his turn, and one letter a day. And  
now I have six of them. All of which  
do make me so proud that I know not  
what to say or do to express it; and yet  
so grateful that I am glad that I am  
alone here with my joy in this kind-  
ness, as well as alone with my ashamed  
feeling that I am not worthy of it. Nor  
is this the half of it. For already from  
amongst these travelers has come the  
offer of work suited to my condition,  
should I, on heaven's sending me back  
to the ways of ordinary life, find that  
I have grown too tired or too old for  
news-reading. And this with the most  
honorable estimation of my possible  
value that I could possibly expect.

Although the letters I have already  
show that the travelling man of to-day  
is true to an old tradition of humor. The  
first letter, coming from their past chief,  
slyly reminds me how—when this lodge  
was first established—I did proceed  
forthwith to paint such a rosy picture  
of their future as was never seen in the  
world before, and to say that I did build  
them a temple, on paper, which was  
fair to see. So, seeing what I had  
thus done for them, he suggests that  
these letters should be sent to me, and  
return, particularly for their temple. Then  
in another letter we are reminded of  
Flemish Crosses by a story of one Fink-  
lestein calling the head office of the chief  
clerk of the Toronto district. "This  
is Finklestein speaking," says the phone  
to the klieg. "That's all right, but you  
can't join!" is the klieg's em-  
phatic statement. "I don't want to be  
in the choir," Mr. Finklestein counters  
with some heat. "vat I want is to tell you  
about my great fire sale of vite goods,  
sneets, pillow cases, night shirts."

The best story about commercial  
travelers, however, has never been writ-  
ten, we can only imagine it. But it  
was at one of those village hotels  
which the travelling salesman has to  
take her for his dinner, but it soon  
became evident that she was his wife.  
This maid-wife was ill, but in that  
crowded inn no room could be found in  
which to care for her. Not that they  
were unfeeling, but simply that the so-  
called inn was so simple in structure  
that the only shelter about it was for  
the homeless but delicate Arabian  
horses which the commercial travelers  
of those days rode at the head of their  
lumbering caravans. The camels slept  
in the courtyard. And so an arrange-  
ment must have been made. The warm  
manger of some princely Arab courier  
was given over to the Lady of Nazareth  
and in that place was born the World  
of the World.

Yet it was done so modestly that  
while we hear of Wise Men of the East  
who came to lay their gifts at the  
Babe's feet, and though we almost know  
the Bethlehem shepherds by name who  
came to adore the Infant Messiah, yet  
we do not know who it was that thus  
made room in the stable for the only com-  
fortable place—the stable. But, know-  
ing the commercial travelers as I do,  
and remembering the beauty of their  
loving kindness towards orphan children  
of our city, one need not ask too much  
of a reverent imagination to say that it  
was to that body of men that our Lord  
owed His first earthly welcome. And  
then, when Herod's murderous fury was  
loosed on David's city, I doubt not that  
the new born Jesus and His earthly par-  
ents left the Judean tetrarch's treach-  
erous realm as members of a trading  
caravan which, under the patronage of  
Caesar, could defy the butchers of  
Herod, and continue its stately way to  
an asylum in Egypt.

These promised 30 letters (from the  
travelers will be saved for a special  
mail bag, and in the meantime we feel  
safe in relying upon other friends to  
keep our Saturday feature alive and  
prosperous. Besides, we need to hear  
from you. The address is "Doc Pep,"  
Queen Alexandra Sanatorium, London.

#### APPLE ON THE BOUGH.

Snow was on the cherry tree,  
Snow was on the pear,  
Snow was on the apple tree,  
But I saw there  
One red apple

That didn't seem to know  
When all the birds and leaves are gone  
An apple ought to go.

Snow was on the sorrel tops,  
Their red shone through.  
Snow was on the barberries,  
They were red, too.

Snow was on the cedar tree,  
Light, white dust  
Lay upon the sumac's  
Tawny rust.

The sky was gray and edged with  
Cut through the cold air,  
Heavy boughs were creaking, but  
The apple didn't care.

I thought it might be lonely  
For an apple there now,  
But "It's better than being eaten,"  
Said the apple on the bough.

"The harvest to the reaper,"  
Said the apple on the bough.  
"I never wanted him or barrel,  
I've always wondered how  
It would seem to stay and see  
Four seasons through.  
And if my stem is strong enough  
That's what I'm going to do."

I saw it there this morning,  
Red in the gray  
Snow was on brown branches  
That bloomed last May.  
A dry leaf rustled  
As cold wind came  
The little apple glowed  
Like steady flame.

—Louise Driscoll, in The New York  
Times.

#### THE CAD.

"Didn't you hear about it?"  
"No."  
"But it happened in your neighbor-  
hood."  
"I know—but my wife's been away."  
—Tit-Bits.

#### PRACTICE.

Wellington—"Can I borrow a cigar-  
ette?"  
Warrington (terse)—"Well, you  
ought to be able to draw 'em had enough  
practice."—Answers.

## NEWS AND VIEWS

"Let Someone Else Try," Is Advice of Ontario Press To Premier  
King: Group Government Proposal Condemned, But Coali-  
tion of Tariff Protection Forces Considered One Way  
To Clear Up Confused Election Result

The press of Ontario is at last  
unanimous. The result of the Domini-  
on election is regarded by editorial  
writers as a mess, a stalemate, a con-  
fusion of hopeless confusion, only to be  
cleared up by a further appeal before  
long to the people. On the point as to  
whether or not Mr. King ought to meet  
Parliament as prime minister and hold  
on to office for a time, newspaper  
opinion is largely on the "nay" side.

In an editorial written before an-  
nouncement of Premier King's decision  
to hang on, the Brantford Expositor  
declared that a group Government  
declared would probably prove a  
tactical blunder that would still further  
disorganize the Liberal party. The Ex-  
positor also comments upon a sugges-  
tion that a group Government should  
be formed. Such a step, it considers,  
would be a colossal blunder, and would  
lead to weakness, vacillation and com-  
promise. It is not a pleasing prospect,  
says The Expositor, but the only  
remedy is an early appeal to the elec-  
tors.

#### GROUPS MEAN CHAOS.

The Globe, Toronto, commenting on  
the group government proposal as put  
forward by J. S. Ewart, K. C., asks if  
it is not just this group system that  
has brought Canada to a position bor-  
dering on chaos. Had there been but  
two parties in the election, says The  
Globe, one of them would have a  
majority with which to face the House  
and form or continue a government.  
The very reduction of the Progressive  
seats from 65 to 24 is an indication  
that Canada favors a two-party sys-  
tem. Moreover, we have seen within  
a year and a half the defeat of a third-  
party Government in Ontario and a  
return toward the two-party system,  
with the former ruling group reduced  
to small numbers. Premier King ap-  
pealed to the country on the ground  
that his majority of one, with tacit  
dependence on the Progressives for  
support, which he was not certain of  
obtaining, did not provide him with an  
assured and aggressive Government.

Hamilton Spectator (Conservative)  
has no doubt as to the correct course  
for the prime minister. Common sense,  
it says, suggests that the leader of the  
largest group should be called upon to  
form a Cabinet. There would be no  
permanency in such a course, it is said;  
but there would be more permanency  
than in government by a party num-  
erically in the minority. Another gen-  
eral election is foreseen in the near  
future; but that will not necessarily  
prove the solution of the problem. What  
if it resulted in another indecisive ver-

dict? Would a third election be called  
for? The country cannot afford to  
squander millions of dollars to no pur-  
pose. It is hinted that a makeshift  
Parliament will be suffered to struggle  
along for 50 days—the time neces-  
sary for members to draw their ses-  
sional indemnities. In such a time as  
this, it should be possible for the serv-  
ants of the public to be guided by less  
sordid motives. We will hope better of  
them. Mr. Meighen, with the support  
of the Liberals who think as he does  
on the big economic issues—and  
there are quite a number of them—is  
in a far better position to "carry on"  
than is Mr. King.

Party politics having failed to clear  
the situation, the opportunity presents  
itself, Chatham News (Ind.) points out,  
for nonparty politics. The government  
of the country must go on. There is  
a chance for the patriots—and they  
were all patriots during the campaign  
—to a place country before party.

#### PROTECTIONIST COALITION.

The matter of a coalition of Parliam-  
entary forces favorable to tariff pro-  
tection—which has been considered in  
a tentative way before—is brought to  
the front at this time by more than one  
editor. Hamilton Herald (Ind.) be-  
lieves such a plan might do away with  
necessity of another election at pres-  
ent. It says that if all the elected  
candidates who believe in protection  
were to support a government pledged  
to enforce that policy such a govern-  
ment would have a substantial majority  
in the new Parliament. "But," adds  
the editor, "it would be possible only when the  
simple folk of Quebec have become per-  
suaded that Arthur Meighen is a mild-mann-  
ed, normal gentleman, and not a fright-  
ful ogre with an unappeasable appetite  
for French-Canadian babies every  
morning for breakfast."

In an editorial article published on  
the day after election, The Herald declares  
that, notwithstanding the indecisive  
result, there can be no doubt about  
one thing—that the general result is  
an expression of want of confidence  
in the King Government. The fact that  
eight members of the Government, in-  
cluding the premier himself, went down  
to defeat in their own constituencies  
is most significant. It cannot mean  
anything else, says The Herald, than  
that the King Government has lost the  
confidence of the people. This is the  
result, says The Herald, of the sacri-  
fice of industrial interests in an at-

tempt to placate and win the favor of  
the Western Progressives.

APPEAL ON MEIGHEN BUDGET.  
The Border Cities Star believes that  
presentation of a Conservative budget  
would be a vast benefit to the party  
as material for the next election,  
whereas a Liberal budget would not  
serve Mr. King in the same way, since  
it would be but a continuation of the  
policy now in effect. From a national  
point of view, says the Star, there is  
only one conclusion as to who should  
form the next ministry. By no manner  
of argument can Mr. King prove that  
he has a mandate to do so. This  
should be done by the man with the  
largest party following in the House.  
That Mr. Meighen has the right to  
place his policy in budget form before  
the country as the basis of another ap-  
peal to the people should commend it-  
self to the logic of every fair-thinking  
Canadian.

Guelph Mercury looks at from a  
party standpoint, pointing out that  
with another election a necessary, Mac-  
kenzie King would exhibit an amazing  
lack of political strategy were he to  
hand over to Mr. Meighen the control  
of the election machinery, unless the  
latter secured enough promises to give  
him the majority, in which case there  
will be no option but to turn over to  
him the reins of Government. If  
Premier King cannot secure the sup-  
port of a necessary number of Progress-  
ives, he should, of course, resign with  
as little delay as possible. Mr. King  
might be safe in surmising what  
course Mr. Meighen would follow in a  
similar situation, and govern himself  
accordingly.

If Mr. King desired the unity of the  
country he spoke so seriously of in the  
last few days of the campaign, two  
courses were open to him, in the opin-  
ion of St. Thomas Times-Journal: (1)  
Resign the leadership of the party and  
let someone else try a hand at the  
formation of a coalition that may get  
through a session or two, or (2) resign  
in favor of Mr. Meighen.

#### ANOTHER OLD DYNASTY PASSES.

There is nothing in the deposition of  
the Shah of Persia by the Persian Par-  
liament to cause any distress to those  
who look with abhorrence on dicta-  
ships, for these are sometimes just-  
ified and even necessitated by conditions.  
The deposition in this instance came  
in clear response to public opinion.

The Shah is himself to blame. Two  
years ago he abdicated, if not in form,  
in reality, when he left his post of duty  
to regale himself with the delights of  
Paris. There he has given himself over  
to wine, woman and song, spending  
lavishly of the money that has been  
wringing from the Persian people with  
whose interests he was not enough  
concerned to remain on his job. Under  
these circumstances there was mani-  
festly nothing else for a self-respecting  
people to do than to definitely remove  
him from his post and divorce him from  
his emoluments.—New York World.

# Quick Quaker

In Sealed Cartons Only

Vigour food which starts digestion early for  
the day. Flavour of popular Quaker  
Oats—but quick-cooking.

Makes porridge in 3 to 5 minutes