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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 hero chief 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, makes 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. Pratten 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 "Guleph 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 London in 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 grim 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 dread, will, Some evil things I always, 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 pet dog. And so one day they found this frail figure cold and lifeless. Poe's bust rests stately 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 aged genius, Edgar, lit with the rapture of self-fulfillment." Yet says this writer, "It is the less easy to excuse his age for putting up no stiffer 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 was not just 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 ma 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 sat down and I ran up and told ma and ran down agen to get my cap and saw Mrs. Hews was sitting, thinking G winnickers, good nite she's sitting on my cap.

And I stood there looking at her and she sed, 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 hope nutting happens to it wile you on it. What do you mean for pity sake? Mrs. Hews sed.

One leg is weak but not very, I sed. O mercerful goodness, w' dident you say so? Mrs. Hews sed.

And she got up to sit on another chair, and my cap wasnt underneath of her at all, and then I saw w' it was, being on the chair w' she was just sitting down, being half ways down already, me thinking, Aw heck, G roozalem, gosh hang the luck. And I went up to my room and red E'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 cheaper 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.

RAMBLING AROUND WITH OLD DOC PEP

QUEEN ALEXANDRA SANATORIUM, Nov. 12.—Up and to receive the sixth of a series of letters which are to be published daily with a greeting from members of the London Lodge of United Commanders, Travelers of Canada.

This having been decided upon at their meeting this past Saturday night where, on suggestion of their past grand senior counselor, 30 members—representing all grades of membership—leading—did volunteer 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 kindness, 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 newspapering. 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 traveling 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 west. Had there been but a building them a temple, on paper, which was fair to see. So, seeing what I had thus done for them, he suggests that I should do the same for them. Then in another letter we are reminded of Flety Crosses by a story of one Finklestein calling the head office of the chief Finklestein, Toronto district. "This is Finklestein speaking," says the phone to the kliegite. "That's all right, but you can't join!" is the kliegite's emphatic statement. "I do not want to join," Mr. Finklestein counters with some heat. "I want it to tell you about my great fire sale of vite goods, snets, pillow cases, night shirts."

The best story about commercial travelers, however, has never been written, we can only imagine it. But it was at one of those village hotels which the traveling salesman has to frequent, in the town of Perth, in Western Ontario. It was along in the chilly month of December and a number of seasoned travelers were sitting around the table. "I do not want to join," Mr. Finklestein counters with some heat. "I want it to tell you about my great fire sale of vite goods, snets, pillow cases, night shirts."

Yet it was done so modestly that while we hear of Wise Men of the East who came to lay their gifts at the feet of the infant Jesus, 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 manger for the only comfortable place—the stable. But, knowing the commercial travelers as I do, and remembering the beauty of their loving kindness and delicate Arabian horse, we have seen the travelers of those days rode at the head of their lumbering caravans. The camels slept in the courtyard. And so an arrangement with the former ruler of the caravan which was given over to the Lady of Nazareth and in that place was born the hope of the World.

These promised 30 letters from the travelers will be saved for a special mail bag, and in the meantime we feel sure of 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 berries, 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 red, Cut through the cold air, Heavy thoughts were breaking, 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 want to be in a 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 sky, Snow was on brown branches That bloomed last May, A dry leaf rusted As cold wind came, The little apple gleed Like steady flame.—Louise Driscoll, in The New York Times.

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

PRACTICE. Wellington—"Can I borrow a cigarette?" Warrington (terse)—"Well, you ought to be able to—you've had enough practice."—Answers.

NEWS AND VIEWS

"Let Someone Else Try," Is Advice of Ontario Press To Premier King: Group Government Proposal Condemned, But Coalition 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 Dominion election is regarded by editorial writers as a mess, a stalemate, a condition 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 announcement of Premier King's decision to hang on, the Brantford Expositor declared this would probably prove a tactical blunder that would still further disorganize the Liberal party. The Expositor also comments upon a suggestion that a group Government might be formed. Such a step, it considers, would be a colossal blunder, and would lead to weakness, vacillation and compromise. It is not a pleasing prospect, says The Expositor, but the only remedy is an early appeal to the electors.

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 bordering 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 reduction of the Progressive seats from 65 to 24 is an indication that Canada favors a two-party system. 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. The former ruling group reduced to small numbers. Premier King appealed 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 that will not necessarily result in government by a party numerical minority. Another general 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

dict? Would a third election be called for? The country cannot afford to squander millions of dollars to no purpose. It is hinted that a makeshift Parliament will be suffered to struggle along for 50 days—the time necessary for members to draw their seasonal indemnities. In such a time as this, it should be possible for the servants 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 after party.

PROTECTIONIST COALITION. The matter of a coalition of Parliamentary forces favorable to tariff protection—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.) believes such a plan might do away with the necessity of another election at present. It says that if all the elected candidates who believe in protection were to support a government pledged to enforce that policy, such a government would have a substantial majority in the new Parliament. "But," adds the Herald, "it would be possible only when the simple folk of Quebec have become persuaded that Arthur Meighen is a mild-mannered, normal gentleman, and not a frightful 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, including 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 sacrifice 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 appeal to the people should commend itself to the logic of every fair-thinking Canadian.

Queh Mercury looks at it from a party standpoint, pointing out that with another election a necessary, Mackenzie 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 support of a necessary number of Progressives, 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 opinion 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 Parliament to cause any distress to those who look with abhorrence on dictatorships, for these are sometimes justified 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 wrung from the Persian people, with whose interests he was not enough concerned to remain on his job. Under these circumstances there was manifestly 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

A New Sensation Here is a new sensation—Cowan's Superb Bar—made with richest cream—velvety smooth and full of flavour. Packed with each bar is a reproduction in full colour of a noted cat. Get a Superb Bar today and start collecting the famous Superb family of 24 cats. Big folks and little folks will love both the delicious chocolate and the beautiful pussy cats. COWAN'S Superb MILK CHOCOLATE FIVE CENTS