

London Advertiser

Published by
THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED,
London, Ontario.

MORNING. EVENING.

3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS
PRIVATE BRANCH EXCHANGE 3670
From 9 p.m. to 9 a.m., and holidays, call 76, Business
Department, 75, Editors and Reporters: 1174, Composing
Room: 15, Circulation Department.

ADVERTISING BRANCH OFFICES
Toronto Office—F. W. Thompson, 160 King street west,
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ADVERTISERS, NOTE.

Circulation audited by A. B. C.
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London, Ontario, Friday, September 2, 1921.

THE COMING FIGHT.

That a general election will take place before the
close of the present year was the momentous night by
nouncement which was made in London last night by
the Right Hon. Arthur Meighen, prime minister of
Canada. A definite statement on this matter has been
anxiously and eagerly awaited for many weary months
by the people of the Dominion, longed for a cessation
of the uncertainty and unrest which has proved a
stumbling block to the post-war period of reconstruction
and recuperation.

No other course was open to Premier Meighen.
By-election after by-election has demonstrated wide-
spread dissatisfaction with the present patchwork
regime, without beginning and without end, and the
murmurings of the people have every day become
louder.

From Lapland to Patagonia, from sea to sea,
civilization has been taught that the Great War was
fought in order to make the world safe for democracy;
but so far as Canada is concerned the conclusion of
the titanic struggle in Europe found democracy held up
and its hopes and aspirations balked by a Government
clinging with barnacle-like tenacity to the ship of state
and completely impeding its progress.

It is well that Mr. Meighen, apart from any motives
of expediency which may have directed his decision,
has so far benefited by his visits to Montreal and other
parts of the country that he has been able to acquire
a better knowledge of political perspective. His visit
overseas, while clarifying his vision imperially, with-
drew his hand from the pulse of Canada, and now that
he grasps the situation, no other course is open but
that which he has intimated.

The democracy have now the opportunity of closing
their ranks and winning the fight for progress and
justice, and win it they shall. The forces of progressive
Liberalism must unite and sweep away every vestige
of reaction and usurped privilege. The men of the
country who fought for truth and justice must prove
that they can be victors in peace as well as in war.
There was never a time in the history of the country
in which there was more need for united action in
securing those reforms without which no country can
prosper, nor the happiness of its people be assured.
Progress is the Liberal rallying cry, and progress is
bound to triumph.

FEDERAL FINANCE.

The Liberal rally at Seaford will long be remem-
bered as one of the most notable open-air gatherings
that ever took place in Western Ontario, inasmuch as
it was the occasion of a telling denunciation of the
incompetency of the Government by the leader of
the Opposition, W. L. Mackenzie King. The extrava-
gance of the Meighen administration was one of the
special targets for the broadsides of the Liberal leader,
and he particularly attacked the action of the Govern-
ment in taking over the railroads without even asking
the opinion of the people. Where such enormous
expenditures were involved, the least that could have
been done was to get the feeling of the country.

But the last thing that the present administration
at Ottawa has thought of for the past year or two is
to consult anyone but themselves. The deficit on the
railroads this year is enormous, and the result of all
these expenditures is that every man, woman and child
in the Dominion is saddled with a burden of \$55 per
head. This is the Federal burden alone. Notwith-
standing the repeated efforts of the Opposition to
obtain information on these enormous commitments,
no elucidation has been forthcoming, owing to the
evasive and arbitrary methods of the Government.

The country has thus been bled without power to
resist, confidence has been shattered and industry
paralyzed. The tariff revision which was to have
proved a medium in the restoration of stability has
proved a broken reed, and its effects, such as it is, have
been but an aggravation of the situation so far as
the people are concerned. It is not a case of tariff
versus free trade, as Mr. Meighen wants to make out,
but a tariff, while not permitting restrictions on the
commodities and industries essential to the welfare
of the people, affords a fair measure of revenue. As
Mr. King has pointed out, it is impossible to raise by
direct taxation the hundreds of millions that are
required. A fair and equitable tariff is to be arrived
at by evolution and not by revolution, and no class
should be particularly favored in framing it.

THE REAL ALLIANCE.

The government press in Canada is vastly exercised
these days over "unholy alliances" of its opponents.
It scents Bolshevism in the possibility of groups in
Canada that do not hold to its doctrines taking any
steps to achieve their ends. Unionist editors lift their
hands in holy horror against those who would challenge
the right of the anointed party to carry on the govern-
ment of the country. But, after all, the real alliance
that has already been consummated in Canada is the
alliance of the common people who are determined to
end the reign of power of the group who now have
things in their own hands at Ottawa.

It comes with exceeding humor from the people who
joined hands with Bourassa in 1911 to talk about
"unholy alliances." If ever there was a despicable
alliance it was that one, when men who but a few

months before had been regarded as traitors by the
ultra-loyalists of the Tory party were taken to that
party's bosom and told that they could have anything
they wanted if they would only "beat Laurier" and
deliver the Quebec seats. Mr. Meighen was not in the
cabinet at that time, but the young lawyer from the
West was even then very close to the heart of things,
and he probably knew all that there was to know about
the bargain that was entered into with Messrs.
Bourassa and Lavergne.

Lavergne is the man who let out some of the details
after the election was over. He, with his typical vanity,
boasted that he had been told that he could name three
or four of the ministers of the new cabinet, and it is
the general belief at Ottawa that he did name them—
Monk, Nantel, Pelletier and Blondin. Mr. Monk would
have had a place in any case, no doubt, because of his
real ability, but it took a Lavergne and this promise
from the Tory leaders to shoulder the cabinet with a
Nantel or a Blondin. Yet in they went, and what is
more, they stayed there. Evidently Lavergne was
still a power behind the throne.

No one has ever expressed very great surprise over
the things that Mr. Lavergne allowed to become known.
It was quite well known after 1908 that unless the
leader of the party won the next election his tenure
would end. There had been serious quarrels in the
Tory party after the disaster of 1908, and the men who
were in control when 1911 came around would have
sold their political soul to the devil for a victory at the
polls. There are some who think that they actually
did come near such a bargain when they allied them-
selves with the Nationalists.

Yet these are the people who prance and stamp and
call down the malediction of heaven against any
alliance that is directed against their own security. It
would be pitiable if it were not so absolutely ridiculous.
The party that is now nearing defeat is the party that
has sought on every occasion to vilify its opponents,
to call the former party Bolsheviks and the Liberals
traitors. What its ministers have said upon the plat-
form, sometimes guardedly, the weekly "hot air" bulle-
tin from Ottawa says openly and scurrilously. If there
were the opportunity the Meighen party would begin
today by branding its opponents un-British and Bolshe-
vist, and would try to carry this next election by
waving the flag. It is a question if it will not attempt
that sort of thing yet. The difference between 1921
and 1911, however, will be that in the meantime the
people of this country have been able to discern be-
tween men whose love of flag and country is in their
hearts and those whose idea of flag and country is
something to be exploited for power and for profit.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Labor Day parade will include many who
through no fault of their own toil not, neither do they
spin.

Those Daily replies to Lloyd George are becoming
more daily all the time, and show no prospect of be-
coming weakly.

A building trades official reports a big drop in the
cost of construction. We had already heard from some-
where the buildings were falling.

The Turks are reported to be still retreating be-
fore the Greeks. If they keep on their course east-
ward the Japanese will soon be attacking them in
the rear.

The discovery has been made that turkeys are very
useful in eating the grubs off tobacco plants. This
shows that these birds have more uses than being
table ornaments on Thanksgiving Day.

The official end of the war, so far as Britain is
concerned, has also put an official end to that dear
old creature, D. O. R. A. Her demise coincides with
the restoration of John Barleycorn to many of his pre-war
privileges.

It is alleged that two whiskey spotters were so
enthusiastic in their profession that they had to
be taken to the police station by their prisoners.
That "hooch" must have been some stuff to produce
such topsy-turvy results. Of course, this did not happen
in London.

MR. FORD IN THE NEWS.

[New York Times.]
Henry Ford, more than once, has been the object of
adverse criticism from his fellow-citizens, and more than
once they have laughed at what seemed to them his folly
or his ignorance. Few, if any of them, however, have
ever, or for long, failed to appreciate a certain essential
likeableness of the man, and there is no doubt whatever
that he must have something approaching genius for fixing
attention on his doings and adventures, for exciting interest
and supplying material for comment.

Often, perhaps, than anybody else whose known activi-
ties have been confined almost continuously and almost
exclusively to business and money-making, he has figured
in "first-page stories" in newspapers pretty well all over
the world; and the little car which is the source of his
fame as of his fortune, though usually referred to in terms
of half-humorous, half-contemptuous disrespect, is far
better known to far more people than any of its rivals—
and gets far more free advertising, as he is well aware—
than all the other cars put together.

Mr. Ford's latest invasion of the front pages was a
highly characteristic one. It revealed him as the hero,
modest enough, but not shrinking, of a battle with "Wall
Street," victorious, but not too exultant, and naming no
names, so that nobody can be offended—audibly. That is
a role of the sort that on the stage is called "sympathetic."
for "Wall Street" has done so many folk what Mr. Ford
says it didn't do to him, and is held in disrepute by so
many others, that the election of its abashed and foiled
representative, as described by Mr. Ford, will breathe a
vast multitude of faces with smiles.

It was a tale of millions, too, always a luscious subject,
and as usual Mr. Ford has secured the services of a com-
petent writer to tell it.

WHEN POMPEII WENT DRY.

[Montreal Star.]
Archaeologists are finding interesting things among the
ruins of Pompeii these days. The digging out of the city
which was overwhelmed by a whirlwind of burning ash from
the crater of Vesuvius on that awful 24th of August, A. D.
79, has been going on at a leisurely pace for many years, and
the rewards of labor have been of unusual value. The latest
discovery is that of a restaurant, or, more properly, a
saloon, for the principal object of interest in it was the bar.
Glass bottles and beer pumps were not a vogue in those
days, but terra cotta amphorae served the purpose quite well
and there appear to have been a number of them about.
There was a small furnace too, which apparently puzzled the
archaeologists. Classical literature is dumb on the subject of
"hot Scotch," and the climate of Central Italy does not lend
itself to that sort of tipple.
But in spite of this bar, and doubtless, others like it,
Pompeii "went dry" all of a sudden, went dry and stayed
dry for more than eighteen hundred years, went dry with a
finality, a completeness and a strict observance of dry con-
ditions that must have satisfied the prohibitionists of the
day. There have been no bootleggers in Pompeii for nearly
two thousand years. But they have dug up at least one bar,
and the very secrecy which surrounds the operation is
suspicious. The public is being rigidly excluded, and quite
rightly, so long as there is a chance of other cauldrons turn-
ing up. Archaeologists are much as other men, after all,
and two thousand year old Falernian or whatever it may
be, is mighty welcome. It looks as though the dry days of
Pompeii were about over. Later news will be awaited with
intense interest.

POETRY AND JEST

FOOLS AND FOREST FIRES.

[James Lawler.]
Tommy and Tony were two pretty pets;
They went to the woods and they
smoked cigarettes.
They tossed matches here, and they
tossed the stubs there.
Till suddenly wicked flames filled all
the air.
These flames burned the forest; they
burned up the crops;
They burned up the homes and the
factories and shops.
They burned up the church, both the
nave and the steeple;
They burned the village, and, alas!
many people.
Now when you go into the forest
shades cool,
Don't ask Tommy or Tony, act like a
fool.
Don't be careless with fire, don't toss
cigarettes.
Then the forest won't burn and you'll
have no regrets.
As for Tommy and Tony, they'd escap-
ed once before,
And carelessly thought they could do it
some more.
But found, to their sorrow, public feel-
ing had risen.
So, now they are spending six months
in a prison.

PORTUGUESE APPRECIATION OF TREES.

In many places where timber trees
are to be found in Portugal, one sees
the following inscription:
"Ye who pass by and would raise your
hand against me, harken ere you harm
me."
"I am the heat of your hearth on the
cold winter nights, the friendly
shading screen from the summer
sun, and my fruits are refreshing
draughts quenching your thirst as you
journey on.
"I am the beam that holds your
house, the board of your table, the bed
on which you lie, and the timber that
builds your boat.
"I am the handle of your hoe, the
door of your homestead, the wood of
your cradle, and the shell of your cof-
fin.
"I am the bread of kindness and the
flow of beauty.
"Ye, who pass by, listen to my
prayer: Harm me not."

OTHERS' VIEWS

JUST BEFORE THE STORM.

[From the Nomad in the Boston
Transcript.]

A common scene—but for the vivid-
ness and imaginativeness of the de-
scription the Nomad presents it:
It was a sleepy, sultry day in July.
The yellow sun, high overhead, poured
down straight down to earth,
and cared not who faint and fell
prostrate at its feet. Not a sound was
audible in the steaming, hot atmosphere
excepting the noise of the locust, as he
pierced the air with his persistent,
stinging movements. Even the birds
were silent, and sat with drooping
wings and open mouths among the
shady branches of the trees. The wild
roses lost some of their pinkness and
hung their lifeless heads, as the scorch-
ing breath of the south wind touched
their cheeks.

A diminutive cloud drifted across the
cerulean sky; then another followed in
its wake; others gathered and skipped
faster in an effort to catch up with the
leader. A larger cloud than the rest
brushed across the sun's face, and soon
after was overtaken by a black monster
that completely obscured the light. The
sky changed from a bright blue to a
dark, mysterious color; blackness fell
upon the earth. The tiny birds rustled
uneasily on their perches, and uttered
frightened little chirps. The leaves
stirred in anticipation of an unknown,
impending something they could not
comprehend; while the roses and other
flowers, quivering in one last effort to
straighten their stems and hold up
their heads, collapsed in helpless little
piles upon the ground. A dashing, cold
wave of air rushed by in pursuit of a
warmer one.

There was a low grumble; a deep,
long-drawn-out rumble; a vivid yellow
flash through the sky; then a
splitting, harsh crash, followed by
a big drop; a splash; two or three
splashes at once, and then down tumbled
the welcome, cooling rain to soothe
the panting earth.

AN AUTOIST'S RECIPE.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.]
The following recipe, which I ob-
served would reduce to a minimum the
number of accidents, is published in the
automobile column of a New York
paper. A full measure of caution.
A level measure of consideration for the
rights and safety of others. Three
tablespoons of looks straight ahead,
to the left, to the right. Steer, brake,
observe and be wary.

THE FRUITS THAT RIPEN SLOWLY.

[London Daily Mail.]
Human beings are like plants. It is
not always the tree which grows and
fruits the quickest that gives the best
crop in the end. The brilliant boy does
not always fulfill the expectations of
his friends, while the boy who was sup-
posed to be dull occasionally surprises
everybody in after life because his mind

Everything About
Cuticura Soap
Suggests Efficiency

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, etc., each sold everywhere.
Can. Depot: Syracuse, Montreal, St. Paul St., Montreal.

TWO SISTERS
GET HELP

Praise Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound for
what it did for Them

Hagerstown, Md.—"I was weak, over-
worked, and my periods stopped.
My body was
swollen and often
had pains so I had
to lie down. I was
treated by a phy-
sician, but he did
not seem to help
me at all. My
sister had taken
your medicine
with great suc-
cess so I took Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vege-
table Compound
and now I am able to work and feel
like working. I have been recom-
mending your medicine to my friends,
and you are welcome to use my testi-
monial for I can never praise your
medicine enough for what it has done
for me."—RHODA E. CARBAUGH, R.
R. 1, Hagerstown, Md.

Women will tax their powers of en-
durance to the limit before giving up,
and it is then some womanly ailments
develop and they have to give up en-
tirely. When a woman suffers from
such symptoms as irregularities,
headaches, backache, bearing-down
pains, inflammation, nervousness and
"the blues," it is well for her to
profit by Mrs. Carbaugh's experience
and try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-
table Compound.

was of the sort which takes a long time
to mature.

KING GEORGE'S PROPERTY.

[London Daily Express.]

The King's estates, which belong to
the Duchy of Lancaster, are scattered
over twenty-two English and Welsh
counties. The most valuable portion,
however, is that in the county of Lon-
don, which has belonged to the royal
family ever since 1260, when Queen
Eleanor bought the Hospital of the
Savoy from the monks and gave it to
her second son Edmund, Earl of Lan-
caster. At the time of its demolition
by Wat Tyler's followers the Savoy
was called "the finest manor in Eng-
land." It still has its court leet, which
sees that the boundary marks of the
manor are kept in good order; a jury
of sixteen being appointed for the pur-
pose of beating the bounds once a
year.

One of the boundary marks of the
manor is on the Lyceum stage, an-
other in a cellar in Child's Bank, a
third in Burleigh street and a fourth
in Cleopatra's Needle, and a fifth under-
neath the Middle Temple lawn. Here a
stone block has to be lifted up, and
formerly there were keen disputes be-
tween the Inns of Court officials and
the Savoy jury over the jury's right of
entry. Since 1907, I think, this differ-
ence has been composed.

GOOD FOR MARY.

[Toronto Globe.]

Amundsen, the Swedish Arctic ex-
plorer, was detained for a long time at
point on the coast of Siberia, and the
delay was attributed to a broken pro-
peller, impenetrable ice, and other
causes. The real reason was given by
him in a letter to the Aftenposten of
Christiania. What held them up, he
says, was the sickness of Mary, the
cook.

"If anyone had told me a year ago
that it would be possible to take a
woman on a voyage like this I would
have ridiculed the idea. But Mary was
highly recommended and we took her
on. Aside from being a matchless
cook, she was the cheerleader of the
party until taken ill. Amundsen firmly be-
lieved that there have always been too many
men in former expeditions, and his ex-
perience with Mary will undoubtedly
lead future polar explorers to include a
"cheerleader" among the crew.

A SLAVE TO A BUNCH OF KEYS.

[Montreal Herald.]

Are you a slave to a bunch of keys?
Most people are, and they realize the
extent of their serfdom only when they
take a vacation. A friend of mine re-
marked on the fact the other day, "On
the first day of my holiday," he said,
I always perform a symbolic rite of
deep significance by dropping my bunch
of keys into a drawer. As the chain
follows the keys, like a cable following
its anchor, I feel myself unshackled.
There go the hall door key of my
apartment, the Yale key of my own
door, the office key, my desk key, a
safe key, my kit bag key, not to be
used for three weeks, and several other
keys.
"And then at the end of the holiday,"
he continued, "I again take up my bur-
den and carry the evidence of my ser-
vitude once more."

ROCKEFELLER TO CHINA.

[Vancouver Sun.]

The international importance of Mr.
John D. Rockefeller's trip to the Orient

is being possible to take a

ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO.

For Girls and Young Women.

Reopens Sept. 12th, 1921.

Highest ideals of education

with the most uplifting influences of

residential school life. Thorough

courses of study. Excellent

staff. Improved equipment.

Resident trained nurse, health-

ful recreation.

Write for Calendar.

P. S. DOBSON, M.A.,

Principal.

cannot be overestimated. He goes to

China to establish, with a small party

of his father's fortune, a hospital for

Chinese, and to begin their other

vast undertakings in the name of char-
ity. It is a mission of healing which
cannot fail to have good results.

Every day is drawing the Pacific

nations more closely together. East

and West are linking up the Orient

with North America by a strong chain

of trade. Whether the Orient will meet

this continent in friendliness or in bit-

ter competition will depend on the spirit

developed in the next few years.

Mr. Rockefeller's mission will do

more to build up kindly feeling than

a dozen sheaves of diplomatic notes.

The Chinese may meet the diplomatic

advances of the white races with sus-
picion, but there can be no substitute

in a hospital established to lessen their

pain.

There is something dramatic about

the departure from the port of Van-

couver of Rockefeller and his corps of

doctors, nurses and teachers. His mis-
sion is one of evangelism. He is a

prince of Christendom bent on more

useful work than knights of old, who

fought to redeem the Holy Sepulchre.

He is carrying to the Far East a mes-
sage of peace and goodwill which must

reach a mark in the hearts of the peo-
ple there.

R. J. YOUNG & CO.

New Fall Goods

Arriving Daily. Fine Merchandise At Best Prices

8-4 Full-Bleached Sheet, round thread,
special quality, closely priced. **69c**

Per yard

9-4 Heavy Bleached Sheet, strong and
durable, extra special value. **75c**

Per yard

Best Quality English Sheet, in 8-4 and 9-4,
at about 35 per cent under last year's prices

\$1, \$1.35, \$1.45

Large Size Union Huck Towels, **75c**

bordured and hemmed. Each

Large Size Huck Towels, bordured and
hemmed ends, splendid quality. **50c**

Each

Huck Towels, hemmed ends, me-
dium weight. Each **25c**

Banner Silk Tricolette for dresses, or separ-
ate blouses, good heavy quality, double
thread, rich dye; shades of navy, black, Jap
blue, jade, honeydew, rose. **\$2.98**

Special

Taffeta Silks, nice soft chiffon finish, heavy
weight for dresses or separate skirts, full 36
inches wide; shades of black, grey, rose and
green; regular \$2.50. **\$1.59**

Special

Botany Serge, good all-wool quality, fine
weave, heavy weight, makes an exceptional
wearing suit or jumper dress, full 56 inches
wide; shades of black and navy blue; regu-
lar \$3.50. **\$2.50**

Special

Botany Serge, good all-wool quality, fine
weave, heavy weight, makes an exceptional
wearing suit or jumper dress, full 56 inches
wide; shades of black and navy blue; regu-
lar \$3.50. **\$2**