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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Thursday, March 27.

"Get Your Coal In" Magrath and His \$25,000 Expert

Fuel Controller Magrath's first word on taking office was "get your coal in"; his one advice while in office was "get your coal in," and his last word on leaving office is "get your coal in." That is excellent advice, and almost all the dear public which pays the bills gets is good advice from Ottawa.

And, speaking of bills to pay in connection with the fuel controller's office, one might ask how many years' salary were paid to Expert McCue, the \$25,000 wonder, who was supposed to advise us how to keep warm.

The most severe winter we went through was rendered bearable, so far as can be ascertained, by the heroic measures of the Canadian coal men, rather than by experts or controllers. But Expert McCue continued to have checks issued in his name for more money than he ever earned in his life before. He flashed in the Government press like a comet of hope during the early days of the coal shortage. But he waned, or ebbed, or whatever comets do, and he has not been heard from since that time. How many years did he manage to "draw down" that \$25,000, and not only how often, but why, might be answered by the Government before the memory of this famous war board has passed away.

Equal Gratuities Possible If Equal Pensions Are Not

The Government has never come within a reasonable distance of equal pensions for those promised by more than one candidate for Unionists' honors in the campaign of 1917. The same old scale holds good, with inequalities shared by the private who may have given up a \$4,000 position and the lieutenant who may have given up a \$400 position.

The returned men do not "holier" about equal pensions as much as might be expected. Whether this is because they became accustomed to the inequalities of rank while drawing army pay and are willing to accept the same rating for pensions is not clear, but there is one case where they might have agitated and won a point in the fight for an equal consideration of the service of all who fought for Canada.

Ayearst Charges Most Serious Respecting O. T. A. Matters

The suspension of Chief Inspector (Rev.) J. A. Ayearst, of the Ontario License Board, and the resignation of one of his assistants pending an investigation into charges that Mr. Ayearst benefited financially from the prosecution of offenders in the administration of the act, calls for the most searching investigation. It is not asking too much to demand that the commission's business as a whole should be subject to scrutiny, in order to ascertain the cost of maintaining commissioners and the duties which these commissioners have performed, and how great latitude was permitted the chief inspector in the hiring of "spotters" and in his methods of securing convictions.

In making his charges in the Legislature the member for Southwest Toronto made the following specific statement:

"If Mr. Ayearst is examined before the committee of the House he will have to admit that he has profited by the earnings of private detectives himself, and that while private detectives were in the pay and employ of a private detective agency doing other work, they were retained and employed by him, and in the pay of the department, while he (Mr. Ayearst), received a portion of the earnings of these men which they received from the private detective agency."

In effect, Mr. Dewart's charge is that Mr. Ayearst is guilty of an offense rated with those offenses of more common knowledge known as "payroll milking." Mr. Dewart connects an American detective agency with the case, and asked in the course of his speech: "Is the Ontario Temperance Act to be intrusted to hired thugs?" He connects this detective agency with the recent trial following the Homer liquor seizure, and accuses Mr. Ayearst of concealing the name of the detective agency.

Mr. Dewart said: "Everyone knew an election was coming on there, and the Government

agent gets 75 cases of liquor (five of which were missing) and leaves it there at Homer. Why they chose this hotel is something we may discover if we have an inquiry."

Mr. Dewart showed from the accounts that in the last five years the detective agency in question had received \$44,764 from the Government, so that no inconsiderable amount of money is involved.

Mr. Dewart also accused Mr. Ayearst of having arranged that a man accused of breaking the act, and who had bought \$1,400 worth of high wines from a Government agent, should pay a fine of \$400. The magistrate made the fine \$1,000, but, according to Mr. Dewart, "his political friends got busy and it was not long before the attorney-general's department remitted \$600."

No charges such as the foregoing could be made without bringing an investigation, and it is believed that Sir William R. Meredith will be chosen, and, perhaps, some others. Mr. Dewart should demand that a strictly neutral choice of investigators be made, in order that justice may be done to all concerned, including any politicians and their higher-up friends, who may be involved. The commissioners of the Ontario License Board should be called upon to tell what they know, and one of the most serious charges, if not the most serious, ever made in connection with license administration should be searched to the depths.

Sharp and Firm Handling Need For Red Situation

The situation in Central Europe is distinctly discouraging, to apply the mildest term. The Hungarian revolution, by adding enormously to the physical strength and the moral prestige of the Reds, appears to have brought within sight a struggle between order and anarchy that may entail a vast expenditure of men and money unless the Allies act promptly. Confined to Russia the organized lawlessness of Lenin and Trotsky might have burned itself out within a comparatively brief period. Now, however, by recruiting all of Hungary and sections of Rumania, Poland and East Prussia the Bolshevik movement acquired a fresh momentum that only the most solid of barriers can prevent sweeping into Western Europe.

It seems as if the hour had arrived for the delivering of a crushing blow to Lenin's destroyers. A few months ago the Allied alliance decided upon a policy of non-interference in Russia and offered to act as mediator between the Russian factions. This was arrogantly rejected by the Bolshevik leaders. That attitude alone made them unworthy of further consideration, but now the Allies can no longer hold off because of their own peril. To strike at once and with all the power at their command appears to be the only way by which the submergence of Europe in a hell of disorder and injustice can be avoided.

Happily, the masses of the Entente nations as a whole have remained untainted by Red flag propaganda, and the armies already occupying strategic points are in excellent condition to put the issue between world misrule and the rule of reason and right to a rapid, smashing test. The Allies have a perfect war machine at hand, led by a matchless military genius. If this mighty weapon is used immediately and to the limit and a peace pact put through without further delay, Europe and the entire world may be rid of this evil once for all. Until it is destroyed what prospect is there of a peace agreement or league of nations scheme being properly carried out? The Hungarian revolution appears to be the cue for civilization to strike with full strength at organized barbarism.

Lads Who Don't Come Back

As the troop trains bearing their precious loads of browned veterans, who have served nobly overseas, swing into local railway stations daily, their many friends and relatives invariably are on hand to greet them with loving embrace, and welcome them home once more. To glimpse the happy reunions after months and years of separation and anxiety is a very beautiful and touching scene. But, on the other hand, who has a word of cheer for the little widow, the wearied, white-haired mother and the fatherless children, dependents of some hero who paid the supreme sacrifice in Flanders Fields during the past four years of conflict?

Their hearts are burdened at the present time, for it is only now that the full shock of the blow will bear down upon them, when his pals, with whom he enlisted and served return home and his face is not among those peering anxiously from the car window as the train slowly draws up at the platform. It is only now that the tiny tots will come in to the wearied mother, and ask why Daddy does not come home like Willie's, or Amy's or Jane's father has come home. The old folks who have lost a boy will, within the next few months, have ample opportunity to commune together and grieve for the lad who will not come back.

In the excitement and happiness of the homecoming and the elaborate welcome to be tendered, the next of kin of our dead heroes are liable to be forgotten. This must not occur, and it is our duty, both individually and as a state, to provide every facility for that ray of sunshine to gleam from behind the cloud, and lighten the future of the dependents of our dead heroes in Flanders, whose heritage is a wooden cross.

EDITORIAL NOTES

"Eruptions all over the world." Yes, the old fellow badly needs a spring medicine.

Northcliffe is reported better and about to return to London. Now watch for Cabinet ructions.

The Pontchartrain, most famous of Detroit's hotels, is to be turned into a bank. Right now, if you are a guest, you deposit quite a roll.

If we can only get that peace treaty finished, the Bolsheviks subdued and a crackerjack ball team this spring should be the Spring of Springs.

The Border Cities' Star regards Windsor as the apex of a salient that juts into the United States. London, logically, is the supply base, then.

TOMBOY TAYLOR

By FONTAINE FOX.

(Copyright.)



When she is throwing mud balls with the gang she always wears gloves to take off in a pinch.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

WHEN DANCING WAS NECESSARY.

By Jane Osborn.

The easy chair placed under the green-shaded light in Mrs. Humphrey's second floor front seemed to offer attractions after Bob Norris had been in Burtontown two weeks, and Burtontown's "Chin's Palace" seemed to offer no more than a department of a good magazine story and an easy chair for a moving picture theater had been well enough for an evening's diversion "back home," where there was not the haunting feeling that such pastimes were the only possible diversions. But home-sickness became more deep-rooted when Bob Norris had been in Burtontown the only possible ways to pass an evening.

Bob had come with three or four hundred other out-of-town employees to be the human factor of the big Arden plant at Burtontown. And the fact that Bob Norris was one of the most promising men in the plant and that he had charge of a department did not make conservative Burtontown folk open their arms to him. He was a quiet little slip of a girl at the telephone switchboard, and to any of the other Arden people.

Burtontown distinctly resented having the Arden plant people there, and it registered its resentment by its tendency to open its doors and by its tendency to prices for living necessities of all sorts as the demand for them increased. "If you don't want to die of homesickness," commented the young man who had charge of the dance given by the Burtontown people, but the girls in the Recreation Association held their own. They were going to have some dances, and if you can dance, well, you'll be a draw in card and with more interest at the drawing-room window of one of the Burtontown houses than in the "dancing lessons, private or in classes."

The next evening Bob made a hasty attack upon the front door of this house and consulted the brick, young splinter who owned the shingle being used for the door. "No, I don't want to join a class," he told her, "and I'm not anxious to have any one know that I am being coached, any one knows that I got hold of this thing as soon as possible."

Bob Norris applied conscientiously with intense application. Three nights a week he went to his instructor, and he arranged for sessions with her in an early morning half-hour gained by rising earlier and ingesting his breakfast at Mrs. Humphrey's breakfast table.

He rehearsed the steps in his mind, and in his room he went through them. He took up the subject as he did any other problem, as he said.

And if fox trotting can be mastered by a systematic knowledge of the steps that make it up, and if waltzing is a matter of scientific accuracy, then Bob would have been in two weeks a master of the dancing. But unfortunately he was not an artist. One must feel for it, as Mrs. Humphrey's son-in-law, and Bob did not.

So three weeks after his initial lesson he went to the A. R. A.—Arden Recreation Association—dance with a reputation for competence. He approached a girl and asked her to dance. She looked at him and said: "I'm not sure that I like you. I like better—pardon me, that was my fault. Yes, I'm a regular dance fan, can't get along without it."

"Neither can I," echoed Bob shyly. "The music is wonderful. I just feel the rhythm of it, don't you?"

Bob had come along to the dance, but he had not been partnerless, for the "committee" saw that he was alone and had paired him off with the girl who had come unaccompanied.

By the time the music had been going for some time, the girl who had been paired off with him was weary, mentally weary, and by the end of the second and third dances she seemed to have lost all interest in the dancing. She introduced him to a committee member, who was a matter of going over some steps he had learned. It was an exact science, in the accomplishment of which she seemed to derive no inspiration from the music or the grace of his partner.

He discovered that, that beneath that shy but business-like exterior that he saw in the girl, there lurked a little sense of humor. Moreover, at the close range of the dance Bob could see that her small features were charming and that there was a radiance about her face that was not apparent in the cheeks that were not appar-

ent to Bob as he had passed her quickly, by as she sat at the telephone switchboard.

Bob thought of the possibility of meeting somewhere besides at the dance. He had never suggested that there were no "parlor privileges" as he had hesitated to extend such an invitation.

Are you really so eager about dance? Bob asked one night as Bob was laboriously leading her through the intricacies of a fox-trot "waltz me, I've sometimes wondered."

"Perhaps not especially. That is, I wasn't until I found out that you were so keen about it. Then I made up my mind that I'd stick to it if it was only for your sake. You told me that first night we danced together that you were mad about it."

Then, an hour or so later, when Bob was walking home with Nell, she said: "Bob, I have to confess I never could endure dancing. I don't like it much now. It's never felt that I had to go through that infernal fox-trot again."

But I thought I had to dance to the music of the world. I want to have like me now is you, Nell."

"Well, suppose we get married then. They're putting a little little bug in my ear. I'm married men in the plant, and we could spend those evening talks and we could forget all about dancing. What do you say to that?"

And Nell acquiesced.

"Newspapers Are the World's Mirror"

Comment, Cleverness and More Verbiage From "Educators of the Common People" in Canada and Other Lands.

PROVIDE WORK AT HOME.

[Toronto News.] Sir Adam Beck boasts that he is saving money for the Hydro-Electric Commission by importing machinery from Sweden instead of having it manufactured in Canada. He counts on the fact that the machinery is made in Sweden for righteousness. We wonder if it would not be better to award contracts during the present period of industrial uncertainty to Canadian manufacturers. This course would at least have the effect of circulating money at home and of providing work for returned soldiers and discharged munitioners.

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?" [Chicago Evening Post.] Every few days in Chicago some poor down-and-out enters a bedroom in a wretched tenement house and there, in the presence of a newspaper, he gives him five or six lines; then he turns to the League of Nations or some other plan for ameliorating human misery. We are always ready to ameliorate humanity in the bulk, seldom in the individual. So the poor fellow in the wretched tenement house is hailed unwelcome to the porter's field and buried in the potter's field of society. We are as much ashamed of a suicide as it would be today of a peep-hole alone in a school. That day is all too distant, but the more and the sooner we think about it the nearer it will come.

NO HYDRO FAVORS FOR THE NORTH. [Goderich Signal.] The vote at Hamilton on Saturday was strongly in favor of the Beck hydro-railway project for a line from Toronto to Niagara Falls passing through Hamilton. It is announced that construction will be proceeded with at once, with an expenditure of \$20,000,000 in prospect. Later on, according to a Toronto paper, a larger scheme, connecting Toronto by hydro-rail with other parts east and west of Toronto, is to be completed at a cost of further millions. Later on—say 25 or 30 years later—if the supply of power is not exhausted—the hydro-rail lines may be extended to Huron.

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