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The Spending Orgy

We have it at home, and it is rampant abroad in every country which is not still in the throes of war or revolution, this mad rush to spend. Perhaps the merchants who complain that high prices are due to a considerable extent to the insistence of customers are not altogether wrong. The expensive article is sought in preference to the cheaper one. The man or woman of moderate means wants to show his neighbor that he is on the edge of the millionaire class, and the millionaire wants to rival his friend of many millions. It is a trait of human nature to want to reach for what is seemingly unattainable. A 20-dollar pair of shoes on a woman's feet may attract the envy of her friend, and the friend forthwith buys a 25-dollar pair. The medium-priced car goes to the discard and the showy, high-powered motor takes its place. The 15-dollar hat is passed by in disdain in favor of the other at many times the price, and the fur coat for the winter at \$900 is such a wonderful and lovely thing that ways and means of purchasing it are discussed forthwith.

In places where people of wealth congregate the show of riches is passing all precedent. The stories of gambling at Mackinac during the summer rivalled in thrills the tales of the highwayman. At the famous racing and health resort of Saratoga the glitter of gems around the gambling tables was dazzling, while tens of thousands of dollars were risked on a throw of dice or the turn of a wheel. In England, those who piled up fortunes during the war are said to be spending them like drunken sailors. According to a returned Chicago traveler it is a common occurrence for a young fellow to pay \$25 apiece for orchids for a corsage bouquet for his lady. The money spent for an after-theatre dinner at the Savoy or Ritz-Carlton reaches such a staggering figure that a dollar and a half for a peach is a mere detail. Motor cars of fashionable make sell for from \$10,000 to \$15,000 each. The craze for diamonds and jewels is getting beyond all bounds. When impoverished noble families are compelled to sell their plate, jewels or pictures they are eagerly caught up by the newly-rich without regard to price.

And according to a Chicago woman who has been in Paris to get first-hand information on fashions, the sky is to be the limit for the price of winter gowns, and the materials largely jewels. For an evening gown, according to this miss, three long strands of perfectly-matched pearls, fastened at the back by a diamond and platinum clasp, a pendant down the back and another down the front; the arms covered to the elbow with bracelets, flashing with rare jewels; rings covering the fingers; real gems in the slipper buckles, and more of them sparkling around the ankles—chiefly these things and you have the evening gown. Even the men are to be decked with jewels. Is it all vanity? Or is everybody just going crazy, present company and a few others excepted? The flinging of wealth to the four winds in the fashion of the day helps to keep money moving, but those who do the flinging have no such economic motive in view. Is it merely a spending orgy, with people going the limit without rhyme or reason, as they have in times past with the decafter and King Alcohol? The money came easily in many cases, it is going just as easily, and it will be gathered in by industrious fingers. Then those who have had their fling will wake up.

Has Been Long in Coming

It has taken the Government three and a half years to take the first definite step toward regulating the cost of commodities, which has now been done in fixing the price of sugar. Inquiries have been held, commissions have been appointed and have served, investigations have been made, but the result so far as the consumer was concerned was nil. Even the board of commerce has been slow to get to work. The act creating this board was passed at the last session of Parliament when the Government made a pretense of rushing the measure through, but it is only a few weeks since the board was constituted. In fact it is not yet permanently organized for one of the members is serving in a temporary capacity.

Three years and a half ago when Mr. O'Connor took up the question under the direction of the minister of labor there was promise of action, and the public were led to believe that relief would be forthcoming. O'Connor withdrew when he found that his hands were tied. Then came Henderson's investigation and reports. Following this a commission was appointed which went as far as Winnipeg, handed in elaborate reports on the cost of living and profiteering. A report was then presented by the Nicholson parliamentary committee, following which came the industrial relations committee which toured the country from one end to the other, held hearings in many cities and received reports on conditions. In addition to all this Dr. McFall of the department of labor made a detailed survey of the cost of living resulting in many reports and representations to the Government.

Is it any wonder that the appointment of the board of commerce was received with more or less suspicion? All these investigations had been

made with the people's money, ostensibly for the benefit of the people, but without effect. The new board has started with promise of action, and it will have to make its action speedy to satisfy the voters.

Joseph Scriven

A pilgrimage was made yesterday by Toronto clergymen and others interested to an unmarked grave lying in a private burying ground on a farm on the shore of Rice Lake, where a stone fence covered with a wild grape vine surrounds the last resting place of a man of whom little has been heard, but who wrote a hymn which has been sung by millions of people and of which millions of copies have been printed. The hymn is: "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," and the author was Joseph Scriven. Yesterday was the hundredth anniversary of his birth.

Joseph Scriven was born in Ireland, the son of a captain in the Royal Marines. He received his early education from a tutor and graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, in 1842, coming to Canada shortly afterwards. He had intended adopting a military career, but his health did not permit it. When he reached this country he went to Port Hope and there at Rice Lake he spent the remainder of his life. He went to work as a tutor for the children of a man named Pengeley, a commander of the Royal Navy who had been given a grant of land at Rice Lake. There he fell in love with a niece of Pengeley's, but she died at the age of 23 from tuberculosis and he never married. For many years he lived in a small house at Port Hope, which is still standing and devoted himself to the support of a poor widow by doing odd jobs of the most humble kind, although he was in regular receipt of money from Ireland. It is said the widow was kept busy knitting him socks and mittens for as quickly as he got them he gave them to someone he thought more needy than himself. Although he was not connected with any religious organization he preached on the streets of Port Hope wherever there was a crowd. He was found dead one day with his face in a few inches of water on the shore of Rice Lake and was buried beside the girl he loved.

His hundredth anniversary was marked by a service in the Methodist Church at Port Hope and at his grave. Steps are being taken to make a record of his life and to mark his home and grave in a fitting manner.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It's nearly time we heard about the big ones the prince almost landed on that Nipigon fishing trip.

It may require four "No's" to ban liquor in Ontario, but will require only one to ban the Hearst Government.

The United States senators don't want to amend the league of nations covenant; they want the nations to adopt the league of states covenant.

The greatest Western Fair on record is in progress in London this week and the people of London and Western Ontario are expressing their appreciation by attending in record numbers.

The Toronto housing commission is also having trouble in finding bona fide applicants for the homes-it is providing. Two hundred and thirty-six houses are under construction with scarcely 100 applicants to sell them to, and Toronto is suffering from lack of accommodations as greatly as any place and in proportion to its population.

To date there are more farmer-candidates in the field for the Provincial Legislature than those of either of the old parties, and before nomination day there will be many more. In the 111 ridings it is certain that three-cornered fights will be numerous in spite of the fact that the farmers and Liberals are standing on practically the same platform.

According to a cable received recently by the Canadian prime minister from the British ministry of food the supply of cheese in Britain is sufficient for requirements without the Canadian product. Canadians are advised to sell their cheese elsewhere if a higher price can be obtained, which means that the Canadian price is too high for Britain.

T. L. Church, who has been mayor of Toronto so long that most other aspirants for the office have been driven to despair, is mentioned as the probable Conservative contestant in Southwest Toronto against the Liberal leader, Hartley Dewart. If the Tories play their ace of trumps in this constituency it will show how determined they are to beat the Liberal leader, and if it shows anything else it will be that they would be glad to see some one else in the mayor's chair.

Two more Russian Nihilists who were attempting to stir up revolutionary feelings in Vancouver have been ordered deported. One of them had already served five years underground in the mines of Siberia as punishment for his political activities in Russia and for some reason or other which the immigration authorities should be required to explain was allowed to enter Canada. A Russian agitator deported on September 2 had committed himself to blow up the Vancouver Hotel and the Russian consulate in case of a revolution.

Much of the greatness of the British fleet today is due to the indomitable efforts of Admiral Baron Beresford, who died on Saturday. He entered the navy at the age of 13 and retired in 1911 at the age of 65. Brief periods were served in parliament, where his voice was heard in repeated appeals for a fleet to control the seas. For his courageous exploit in 1882 when he bombarded Alexandria with his little ship Condor, silenced the forts, entered the city and established a police force, he received special commendation from parliament and was dubbed thenceforth as "Condor Charlie." His life was filled with similar exploits. He led a naval brigade across the desert to Khartum in a vain attempt at rescuing General Gordon. He led the expedition which rescued Sir Charles Wilson's party in the Saffa. Three times he was honored with special medals for jumping overboard on the high seas and rescuing shipmates. Lord Beresford visited Canada in 1909 and opened the exhibition at Toronto.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
TO HIGHEST BIDDER.
By Izola Forrester.

There was no specially sentimental reason why Dexter should have felt interested in the final fate of the Windy-gate estate, yet as he saw the broad advertisement of the local auctioneer in the little weekly paper he felt a peculiar twinge of what some have called heart strings.

After breakfast he took the small chummy roadster and made the three and one-half mile run along the shore round to the grounds. There was an arched stone gateway at the entrance on the sidewalk, and he left the car there and went up the winding drive alone.

It was a large square house, built in the Italian villa style, with a projecting roof and iron wrought balconies with tumbling masses of clambering vines and flowers. The view out to sea was splendid.

In the garden that dipped in four wide terraces to the beach he found everything overgrown and neglected; even the two statues on their pedestals looked forlorn—a stooping Mercury facing his sundial and a questioning Echo.

Dexter made up his mind he would put in a bid for this place simply because he liked it. Not to rent. He did not have to commercialize his tastes. He would put old Jerry in as caretaker, with his wife. It was, more than anything else, the wish to save the beauty of the old place from the hands of vandals who would not see it.

And here he turned the corner of the path and found a girl watching him intently from the summer house. She was a stranger to him, and the more he knew, Tall and slender and dark, with the look of a startled child.

Her wide-brimmed hat was of dark blue straw and she wore a sweeping dark blue traveler's cloak caped in millinery. She looked at each other in surprised silence for a moment and then she beckoned him to approach.

Not in a friendly manner, but imperiously. "When are you going to sell this place?"

"I'm not going to sell it at all. I intend to buy it," he answered courteously, one foot on the lower step of the summer house. "I am not the auctioneer. My name is Dexter."

She frowned and paused. Evidently her appearance inspired confidence, for after a quick second glance, she explained:

"I have come from Italy. This was my father's house. Perhaps you know of him?"

Dexter's eyes were steady and keen. He knew more of Seward Coates than his daughter did, he fancied. Improvident, extravagant, lovable, he had depended on Walslett years before, built the house on the cliffs and spent two summers there before going abroad. The estate was to be sold at auction now, he understood, for accumulated unpaid taxes.

"My father is dead," she added, without emotion. "He was in the war. My mother is very beautiful, but she has no head at all for business, so I am managing things now."

Dexter nodded his head gravely. She was deeply in earnest, and he covered her mother could be any lovelier than she herself.

"We do not wish to sell Windygate at all," she said. "I shall pay the taxes and live here. I do not wonder why."

"It is a place to forget war and trouble and death, isn't it? I do not care to leave it at all."

"Don't, then," he said quickly. "Let me send you a couple of competent trustworthy old helpers, and pay off these taxes and look out for things for you. I know your father, and have several of his paintings myself. I should be glad, indeed, to have you for a neighbor."

He left her still in the old summer house, resting, rose, in her lap and peace in her dark eyes. Before him, down old Jerry and Roxie, his wife, were installed, and a telegram had come back from Boston, announcing that Mrs. Coates would arrive in the morning.

Dexter reviewed his day's activities and laughed to himself.

"Eyes like a brown moth wing," he said, slowly, "and her name is Francesca. I wonder if Seward Coates' rambling spirit brought her back to the rose garden by the sea for safety's sake."

He leaned back his head in the deep leather chair, thinking how as a youngster he had loved to visit Coates, and how good he had been to the boy who admitted his work and adventurous life.

Now there would be no auction, no packing out of the old stuff, no packing away of the paintings from the broad low walls. He sent off a telegram over the telephone wire to the little station, saying he would not return to New York for two months and stood on his own veranda until midnight, smoking and watching one lone light over at the house on the cliff.

It was six weeks later. He was busy writing about dusk in the living-room, when suddenly Francesca stepped into the room from the long windows that opened on the veranda.

She had a lace scarf around her head and was out of breath. She held crumpled in her hand a long, folded paper and handed it to him with eyes that sparkled tragically.

"I found that in his desk. Of course we did not know. We will leave at once, my mother says, and we apologize."

He opened and read it, inwardly cursing the big-headed irresponsibility of Coates. Unreservedly he gave Windygate to her, his death to "my dear friend and neighbor, Count," Dexter, who appreciates it as I do.

"But this is a witnessed, Don't think of it at all. You know and I know your father was impulsive and erratic."

She raised her hand to stop him. "I would obey anything I am told me to do. This is in his writing, and we were nearer to each other than you could ever know, Mr. Dexter."

Dexter looked at her with sudden intensity and longing. Since she would stand firm, then he would tell her. He crossed to his desk, hunted in the long centre drawer, and found Seward's keys.

GAS IN THE STOMACH IS DANGEROUS

Recommends Daily Use of Magnesia to Overcome Trouble, Caused by Fermenting Food and Acid Indigestion.

Gas and wind in the stomach accompanied by that full, bloated feeling after eating are almost the evidence of the presence of excessive hydrochloric acid in the stomach, creating so-called "acid indigestion." Acid stomachs are dangerous because too much acid irritates the delicate lining of the stomach, often leading to gastritis accompanied by serious stomach ulcers. Food ferments and sours, creating the distressing gas which distends the stomach and hampers the normal functions of the vital internal organs, often affecting the heart.

It is the worst of folly to neglect such a serious condition or to treat with ordinary digestive aids which have no neutralizing effect on the stomach acids. Instead get from any druggist a few ounces of Blaud's Magnesia and take a teaspoonful in a quarter glass of water right after eating. This will drive the gas wind and bloated feeling out of the body, sweeten the stomach, neutralize the excess acid and prevent its formation, and there is no sourness or pain. Blaud's Magnesia (in powder or tablet form—never liquid or milk)—is harmless to the stomach, inexpensive to take and the best form of magnesia for stomach purposes. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no more fear of indigestion.

Coates' last letter to him, written from Sorrento before he went to the front. He gave it to her and watched her face as she read.

"For death is nothing but a transition to higher beauty, but for those we love it is tragedy. So I am asking you to meet and know my daughter, Francesca. To me she is the flower of life, and of all men I have known I would intrust her happiness to you most of all. This is merely a shot into the blue from a troubled mind, yet who is to be will be. I salute you with all good wishes and remembrances."

"COATES." There was a deep silence in the quiet room. Francesca had covered her face with her hands. He drew her head to his shoulder tenderly.

"I would not beg you to marry me for the world, even though he wished it. If you did not love me yourself, Windygate was to go to the highest bidder. And Love took it. 'He waited, but she was still silent, only he felt her lean closer to him. He lifted the lace scarf and laid it about her shoulders."

"We'll take the cliff path home through the twilight," he told her. "I've always wished you were with me there."

And he reached him while he laid the two papers back in the long drawer and locked it. He smiled back at her, and gave her hand, and they passed on the veranda together.

KEEPS CHILDREN WELL MAKES THEM ROBUST

Here Is Good Advice For the Head of Every Family.

Rapid growth, work at home and in the schoolroom, are sure to tax the strength of every child, and often prove the beginning of a chain of weakness that lasts through life.

Give your sons and daughters a fighting chance! Give them good home surroundings, fortify them with education—but above all else do everything possible to insure for them perfect health in years to come.

In no way can you destroy weakness and build up health so surely as with Ferrozone. It's the concentrated nourishment in Ferrozone that enables it to do so much good. It contains the very elements that are needful in building up bone and sinew, in vitalizing and strengthening the blood. The appetite Ferrozone brings will gladden any parent's heart, and when color, spirits, vim, and energy increase day by day then you know what grand work Ferrozone is doing. Because it makes and keeps you healthy, because it is pleasant, harmless and sure to do enormous good—you and your children should use Ferrozone every day. Sold by all dealers in the boxes, six for \$2.00, or direct by mail from The Cattarhuzo Company, Kingston, Ont.

Just Try This When Hairy Growths Appear

(Modes of Today.)

A smooth, hairless skin always follows the use of a paste made by mixing some water with plain powdered talc. This paste is applied to the hairy surface 2 or 3 minutes, then rubbed off and the skin washed, when every trace of hair will have vanished. No pain or discomfort attends the use of the delicate paste, but caution should be exercised to be sure that you get real delatone.—Advt.

THIN, NERVOUS FOLKS SHOULD TAKE BITRO-PHOSPHATE

Women Need It To Bring Pink Glow of Health To Pale Cheeks and Forehead. Men Need It To Make Strong, Vigorous Bodies and Steady Nerves.

Weak, thin people—men or women—are nearly always nervous wrecks; thus conclusively proving that thinness, weakness, debility and neurasthenia, are almost invariably due to nerve starvation. Feed your nerves and all these symptoms due to nerve starvation will disappear.

Eminent specialists state that one of the best things for the nerves is an organic phosphate known among druggists as Bitro-Phosphate, a five-grain tablet of which should be taken with each meal. Being a genuine nerve builder and not a stimulant or habit-forming drug, Bitro-Phosphate can be safely taken by the weakest and most delicate sufferer, and the results following its use are often simply astonishing.

By strengthening the nerves, weak, tired people regain energy and vigor; thinness and emaciation give way to plumpness and curves; sleep returns to the sleepless; confidence and cheerfulness replace debility and gloom; dull eyes become bright, and pale, sunken cheeks regain the pink glow of health.

CAUTION.—Bitro-Phosphate, the use of which is inexpensive, also wonderfully promotes the assimilation of food, so that marked gains of weight in a few weeks. Those taking it who do not desire to put on flesh, should use extra care in avoiding fat-producing foods.

BEWARE OF TENDER, INFLAMED GUMS

Poorly, with a premature loss of teeth, is almost inevitable if you do not properly care for your gums. Here is the explanation:

As you age, the body tissues naturally relax. You see this tissue loosening in the neck. It goes on in your gums, too. As you grow older, your gums shrink below the normal gum line. Through lack of care they become spongy and inflamed. Then you have Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease). Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea. And many under forty, also.

Don't let a tender gum spot develop. These tender spots breed disease germs which enter the system through tiny openings—infecting the joints or tonils—or causing other ailments. Immediately get Forhan's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. Forhan's tones the gums and hardens them. They in turn keep the teeth healthy. Brush your teeth with Forhan's. It cleans them scientifically—keeps them white and clean.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's. Consult a dentist immediately for special treatment and 60c tubes. All druggists. FORHAN'S, LTD., MONTREAL.

Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

\$3.00 A TON ON COAL IS WORTH SAVING.
You can buy our bituminous coal for \$3.00 less than anthracite. It makes steam quickly. It requires a little more attention, but you could afford that for \$3.00 per ton.

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A safe milk diet, better than cow's milk. Contains rich milk and malted grain extract.

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MADE IN CANADA
COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS
A Maltin Solid Chocolate

Put It To the Test
Hold a bottle of Labatt's "Old London Brew" to the light—note its clear amber color. Open it, pour out a glass—see the sparkle in the foam—then taste it—savor the flavor. "Never," you will say, "has a light beer seemed so satisfying." The proof of its goodness lies in the drinking.
Put it to the test—at any hotel or cafe.
Your home supply may be obtained from your grocer's—or from our own London office. Phone 114.
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