

London Advertiser

Member Audit Board of Circulation.

MORNING. NOON. EVENING.
CITY—Delivered, 15 cents per week.OUTSIDE CITY BY MAIL—Per year, \$5.00;
six months, \$2.75; one month, 50 cents.3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS 3670
Private Branch Exchange
3670, Business Department; 3671, Editors;
3672, Reporters; 3673, News Room.Toronto Representative—F. W. Thompson,
403 Lumsden Building.U. S. Representatives—New York: Charles
H. Eddy Company, Fifth Avenue Building.
Chicago: Charles H. Eddy Company, People's
Gas Building, Boston; Charles H. Eddy Com-
pany, Old South Building.THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Saturday, July 3.

THE OTTAWA MASQUERADERS.

The same old crowd masquerading under a new name properly describes the change that has taken place at Ottawa. Seeing that the name "Unionist" has become as a red rag to the majority of the people of Canada it is dropped, and in its place we have "The National Liberal and Conservative Party." No one is likely to mouth out six words to name a political party, and we suggest a shorter title, that very accurately describes the new creation—the "Tory" party. Anyone who will take the trouble to read the platform of the new party will not be deceived as to the attitude of mind of the group who are now looking about for a leader. There is not a plank in that platform that stands for real progress—nothing but a string of platitudes, with particular evasion, as might be expected, on the tariff question. Toryism is rampant in the Unionist ranks, and is going to make another big effort to get control of affairs.

The retirement of Premier Borden has been a necessity for some time past. With the premier's state of health there must be deep sympathy on all sides, but not for the manner in which he has held on to the leadership for six months past. Last week saw charges of the most serious character hurled at the cabinet by James Murdock, the last retiring member of the Board of Commerce, and in his statement Mr. Murdock took occasion to state his belief that the lack of leadership at the capital had permitted the degradation of this board, to which the people of Canada had confidently looked for help in the matter of the high cost of living. The country knows full well that Sir Robert Borden placed his resignation before his colleagues last December, and that the cabinet was quite ready to accept it until the ministers found that they were hopelessly at odds with respect to a successor. The Meighen forces were absolutely confident that they had the place assured for their favorite, and it was a sad blow to their hopes when the situation became such that Sir Robert Borden had to continue on. Let this be made plain: The reason the premier has remained six months longer than he intended is that it was necessary in order to serve the ends of a small group of scheming politicians who were fighting among themselves over the place that he was to vacate. It is very interesting to note the diplomatic caution with which the correspondents at Ottawa who are boosting Meighen have of late been careful not to let his name become too prominent. Always he is the last one mentioned, but usually with the statement that he has a large following. They are not going to overdo a boom for their favorite again.

The new party platform will be supported by hide-bound Tory politicians, and by the interests that have dominated the Unionist party of late. We fail to see where any really progressive Canadian can get any meat out of it. There is not one clearly defined reform from end to end. Such platitudes with regard to the tariff as it should be "so adjusted as to place the chief burden upon those best able to bear it" are decidedly humorous in the light of what the Conservative and Unionist Governments have done in the way of tariff adjustment. There is mention of a possible tariff revision, but in the next line this is deferred to an indefinite date in the future. There is no hope of reduced duties on food products and the Canadian implement manufacturers will not be kept awake at nights worrying over the party's announced policy on agricultural machinery.

There is something almost cynical in the declaration for "utmost economy in every department of government" coming from ministers and members who but a day or so ago gave themselves a 60 per cent boost in salary. Is there any civil servant from end to end of Canada who in the last year has received a 60 per cent boost in salary? Any rural mail carrier, for instance, who received such an increase, would die of heart-failure. What the new party probably means is that there shall be utmost economy in all departments of government other than their own. They will continue with increased salaries, free transportation the year around, free postage and stationery and stenography, not to mention the fact that the country is now paying part of their board while they are in Ottawa. We may expect as the next step that a palatial hotel will be provided for the members, somewhere in the vicinity of the Country Club, where they will receive both board and lodging at the country's expense. The new platform declares that "all expenditures, even those of a productive character, should be strictly limited to essentials." Evidently meals for the members at the public expense are regarded as essentials even though increases to badly-paid mail carriers are not essential.

The next step in the evolution of Canada's new party will be the choice of a leader. We venture the prediction that the new leader will be as Tory in spirit as the platform. Not unlikely it will be Hon. Arthur Meighen, chief advocate for the Mackenzie and Mann interests whenever those gentlemen were applicants for aid from the public purse. There is no doubt about Mr. Meighen's political views. He represents the real Tory viewpoint that a select few are endowed by nature for governing and that it is the business of the rest to serve and serve without question. We welcome both the new

party and its leader, whoever he may be. In this day of progressive thought a real old-time reactionary party promises to afford considerable quiet amusement.

GRAVEL PIT TO GARDEN.

Looking out on a backyard of stones and gravel seventeen years ago, W. McNaughton of Grosvenor street, who is today the proud possessor of the Thomas Gillean cup for the best variety of roses in London, had the courage and optimism of a dreamer. With a vision of a garden, the owner built a fence around his small plot of ground, put into it a few hundred loads of soil, but even then the production of vegetables was an impossibility. Quite undaunted by the stubbornness of the soil, Mr. McNaughton worked courageously until five years ago a friend induced him to try roses. The first number set out, some two dozen bushes, all grew, and by taking a sub-agency with an English grower, and working diligently summer and winter securing orders, and putting the amounts received from commission into the purchase of additional rose bushes, there are to be seen today 270 varieties of wonderful rose blooms in this garden that was once a gravel pit.

One realizes fully the love of flowers that must have prompted the industry in the face of such difficulties and discouragements, that has produced such glorious roses as are to be seen in the golden sunshine of a summer morning. In the centre of a small plot of velvet grass is a large maple tree, and in a round bed encircling the maple are hundreds of pansies. In two long beds on each side of the lawn-centre are peonies and numerous perennials, and on the first slope of the garden is a bed in which are one hundred different roses, guarded at one end by a trellis, over which clamber hundreds of pink ramblers. Then there are smaller rose beds, and at the foot of the garden vegetables and fruit bushes. One could not but notice the emerald-green head lettuce, so like huge roses in growth and which the owner smilingly admits appealed to him to produce on account of its similarity to the rose.

Linnaeus said of the unfolding of a blossom, "I saw God passing near me and bowed my head in worship." There is just this feeling of working hand in hand with the Creator that gives the owner of these roses that unusual understanding touch one notices when he lifts a rose of wonderful tints so that the best light falls on its curled petals, and sets the water-buds that have been sprayed on them in the early morning, a gleam like so many opals set in shades of wonderful velvet. It is a beautiful privilege to visit each separate bloom with one who so loves them and calls them by name.

Perhaps the greatest interest centres upon the rose that is the owner's favorite, named Los Angeles, from the home of its production. It is the only rose of its kind in London, and is a production from the parent plants, Madame Second Weber and the Lyon Rose. It won first place in the great rose show in Paris, open to the world, in 1918, and was viewed and admired by twenty thousand people in one day, and strange to admit, scarcely twenty people noticed this rose at the recent show in this city. It does not require education to realize the beauty of the Los Angeles rose, which is "luminous flame-pink, toned with coral and shaded with translucent gold at the base of the petals." Its fragrance is intense and its bloom large and increasingly beautiful in shading with its unfolding. It is difficult to do justice to all the beauty of a rose garden, but from the two beds of sweet old English Brier, with its penetrating fragrance, and blooms of deep rose, and the bed of low pink Polyanthas, past the climbing roses of Silver Moon variety, like stars of white and gold, the Crimson Rambler, just budding, the Hiawatha Rambler, a single rose of deep rose-pink, on to the bedded roses, it is a way of wonder and worship. There are the deep crimson August Hartmanns, the coral-shaded Madame Edouard Herriots, the rich wine of the George Dickson, too heavy for their stems, the Sunburst of wonderful gold, the Lady Alice Stanley, with beautiful specimens of pale pink, six inches across, a wonderful white bloom Mrs. David McKee, and a small plant of the Joseph Henslow, with its first rose of warm crimson and perhaps most appealing of all, the pale gold buds of the Alice de Rothschild, which plant had been discovered frozen to the ground, but was healthy enough to renew its growth with the season, and show its beauty with the many others too numerous to name.

"By a garden is meant mystically a place of spiritual repose, stillness, peace, refreshment and delight," and happy are they who make gardening a hobby, particularly they who dream and achieve a garden or roses. Mr. McNaughton has been asked why he does not commercialize his hobby for roses, and he gives as his reason a very beautiful one, when he says: "It would be like selling and parting with friends." Is it any wonder that a dream of a garden came true from a gravel-pit beginning?

THE DECAY OF COALITION.

[Vancouver World.]

The signs of the decay of the political coalition induced by war conditions are multiplying fast. The defections of Western members caused by the budget are, perhaps, the most obvious. But, apart from those tributes to the strength of the political influence of the farmers in prairie constituencies, there are other divergences which are beginning to be indicated with some definition.

In defending the budget, Hon. Arthur Meighen displayed a strong bias in favor of the tariff, not merely as a means of revenue, but as an instrument of trade protection. His citation of British conditions and his reference to the balance of trade theory in that connection, betraying it did an impression of facts and figures understanding in the mouth of a British "tariff reformer," but too controversial to be used without qualification by a Canadian minister, must create a situation inside the Unionist cabinet of a crucial nature.

Such argument could come only from a convinced protectionist. Unless, therefore the Western Liberal members of the Unionist ministry are prepared to disavow the implication, or to consent by silence to this outspoken profession of protectionist faith, they must dissociate themselves from it. When that happens the decay of coalition will have culminated in its dissolution.

Any and every government which takes office in Canada in the next few years must appeal to the reason of the people rather than to their sentiments. There must be undertaken cannot render popular any ministry which does its duty. Governments will hold office by virtue of their ability to convince the electors that they are doing unpopular things according to sound principles, and that they prize national interests higher than personal popularity or party ascendancy. A coalition which embraces men of such opposite opinions as the Unionist ministers possess cannot live in that atmosphere. Cabinet responsibility cannot be reconciled with ministerial differences as to vital policies.

From Here and There

THE CROWDED LUNCH HOUR.

[London Daily Telegraph.]
Everybody strives to eat between 1 and 2. It is only those who have some freedom of choice, and among them only the older folk, who put off their lunch to the afternoon. But the system is bad system and the consequences are bad. The overcrowded, uncomfortable eating-room damages the digestion and the temper. What we thought we had gained on the past by our simpler mid-day meal we have lost by having to fight for it. Some further effort should be made to organize lunch by sections. The detachments which are doomed to feed early and late would inevitably grow, but they might be relieved by rotation and if minorities periodically suffer we should achieve the greatest good of the greatest number, a decent meal, eaten in decency.

KEEP YOUR DOLLARS AT WORK.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.]
The practice of carrying large sums of money in one's pockets is called an economic crime by a writer in a financial magazine. It is pointed out that one of the best ways to increase production and reduce prices is to empty one's pockets weekly and to place the money in bank or invest it so that it may be an active working factor. This is good advice. With wages larger than ever, more people carry substantial amounts in their pockets than they did heretofore. The more one carries the more he is likely to spend. The greater the amount of money hidden in the china closets the less there will be for use in productive enterprise. Individual holdings of "loose change" may seem small, but in the aggregate they reach a mammoth sum. For instance, if each person in America withheld \$25 from the banks or from investment in business or industrial concerns, the total would exceed the value of all the gold and would be more than half the currency in circulation in the United States.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

Many of the smaller newspapers in Canada can appreciate the feelings of a certain Southern editor, who penned the following:
"The world did not come to an end last December, as predicted by some fellow who did not know what he was talking about. We are glad he did not, and we hope it will not come too soon. But if the worst is to happen, there are a lot of delinquent subscribers who ought to come in and pay up or send in their subscription, as we do not want to chase all over hell to find a bunch of people who owe us a dollar apiece."

TRAIN CATS TO LEAVE BIRDS ALONE.

A. B. Comstock, in "Handbook of Nature Study," says: "Every owner of a cat should be taught to train puss to leave birds alone. If this training is begun during kittenhood, by switching the culprit every time it even looks at a bird, it will soon learn to leave them severely alone. I have tried this many times, and I know it is efficacious, if the cat is intelligent. We have never had a cat whose early training we controlled that could ever be induced to even look at a bird. If a cat is not so trained as a kitten it is likely to be always treacherous in this respect. But in case anyone has a valuable cat which is given to catching birds, I strongly advise the following treatment, which has been proved practicable by a friend of mine. When a cat has made the catch, take the bird away and sprinkle it with red pepper and then give it back. One such treatment should result in making one cat which was an inveterate bird-hunter, run and hide every time he saw a bird thereafter."

THE ROMANOFF RUMOR.

[New York Sun.]
A Geneva newspaper has recently published an article proving beyond a doubt that the czar and his family are still alive, having escaped in disguise from Siberia to Japan, where they are now living. It makes no difference that the Bolsheviks have triumphantly announced the complete extinction of the Romanoff family, or that their dead bodies have been actually seen by independent witnesses; human nature refuses to believe that celebrities do not make good their escape. There are still people in England who are convinced that Lord Kitchener is alive, dragging out his days in some horrible German dungeon. For a long time it was impossible for France to accept the death of Napoleon. Some day he would come back and lead the Grand Army to victory once more.

A REVELATION.

[Savannah News.]
Half the world now knows how the other half lives. While one-half is trying its blindest to raise enough dough to meet living expenses, the other half is raising hedges to elevate the said living expenses a few notches more.

DRESS FOR BUSINESS WOMEN.

[Gas Logic.]
Where is the designer of feminine apparel who will specialize on appropriate suits for the business girl and woman? There must be one somewhere who would be willing to enter this fertile field, where he or she would not—as we are completely informed—be in a competitive class. Our information is that the business woman is compelled to fall in line with the latest fashions and select gowns that are suitable only for bridge games, afternoon social affairs and theatre parties. This accounts for the remarkable togetherness one often sees in the offices and business. The head of a firm, in passing from one clerk's desk to another, should not be compelled to step over the trains of evening gowns, or have his mind distracted by glances at the latest importations of foreign fashions, any one of which, or all, may be the duplicate or duplicates of his own wife's or daughter's latest acquisition in the dress line. This is a very serious matter, and worthy of consideration by all the various varieties of women's organizations that are daily springing into prominence on the "women's pages." Simplicity of dress and neatness are two things for the business girl and woman to bear in mind.

THE CALM TEMPERAMENT.

[Stratford Beacon.]
President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University, one of the most respected of living Americans, is naturally asked as he approaches 80—how is now in his 87th year—how he accounts for his mental and physical vigor at such an advanced age. This is his answer:
"A sound constitution never impaired by any serious disease or accident, a calm temperament expectant of good, the habit of taking daily exercise in the open air, moderation in eating, and a slight and never steady nor regular use of stimulants like tea, coffee, alcohol and tobacco."

The key to this distinguished man's system of keeping young, says the New York Times, is his "calm temperament expectant of good." He was born an optimist. He has cultivated optimism sanely; never has he allowed himself to get excited about anything, even about the reforms in which he was most interested. Keeping cool, keeping calm, keeping sweet—that is the way to become a young old man. Nothing else matters greatly. You may take exercise in the open air every day and be sparing in the use of stimulants without learning the secret of extending the Psalmist's age many years.

TRIUMPH OF THE WOMEN DELEGATES AT CHICAGO.

[Brantford Expositor.]

There was a good deal of mistrust and suspicion directed towards the women delegates at the Republican national convention at Chicago, and there were many of the men who were bitterly prejudiced against their presence in the convention. The fact of the matter is that the women delegates on their entrance into the first convention had more reason to be ashamed of the men than the men had of the women. It was a most unfortunate thing for the women that, on their first introduction into the assembly where the president is practically chosen, they found themselves in a leadership body of men, and in an assembly that surged in chaos.

However, it is to the credit of the women that they won favor in the eyes of those who watched them most critically, and their behavior through all the various stages of the proceedings removed the last vestige of prejudice and timidity which had caused some of the old-fashioned men to distrust them with a subordinate part in politics. Instead of being bewildered by the intricate machinery of the convention, they were quick to adapt themselves to their new environment.

As workers, the women proved themselves to be shrewd and efficient, as well as patient and painstaking. As the representatives of a new and untried party in national politics, they were watched with critical eyes, and their demeanor, their attitude in success and defeat, were matters of profound interest. The general opinion was that they performed their part as well as the majority of the men delegates. In the matter of oratory, some of the women scored distinct triumphs.

Poetry and Jest

THE GRAVE-DIGGERS' STRIKE.

(By the Old 'Un)
That is a strike that hits my fancy.
When McGinnis, Grimes and Clancy
Lay aside their spades and shovels
And refuse
To prepare more yawning graves
For the bodies of us slaves.
Who at their solicitation will not increase their dues.

When the bakers strike we cry,
And we're forced to "bat an eye."
When butchers strike and raise the price of meat,
But grave-diggers all may quit
And no one will be left to ply
For, before their strike is started, we
Have the beggars beat.

When we're hungry we are pined,
When we're thirsty we are grieved,
And we, willingly, will strip more
From our wads,
But when we're dead—then, say,
Let them leave us where they may.
So the last-bed excavators are fighting
Against odds.

So here's one that's mighty glad
That this world is not so bad
But what those diggers we may circumvent.
The graveyard squad may cry
And refuse their trade to ply
For, before their strike is started, we
Do not need to pay a cent.

Go at this strike, we laugh;
They may order their whole staff
To quit and put their shovels in the shed.
We won't worry, though they rust,
For we know this strike will bust.
If not just immediately—shortly
After we are dead.

MANY LIKE HIM.

"Have you anything against Dibbler?" asked Brown.
"Nothing serious," was the reply.
"Well, why treat him so coolly?"
"I simply dislike the way he has of parking his six-cent cigs on the corner of my new mahogany desk when he comes in to talk business."

UNDISCOVERED EGGS.

Deep in the loneliest wilderness
A sweeter note than ever was heard,
Where men seek money and women
Dress,
May be uttered by some indigent
And, far from the city's unceasing roar,
Some hard who never has heard men's
Praise
May sit in rags at his open door
And wait for the world to demand his
Wait.

What if the world will find us and understand?
If people never may learn to care
And men must forever be unaware
Of the songs that the birds and
How
Had viewed the wonders that they
Had planned
And said: "We have finished our labors;
now
The public will find us and understand?"

The world may still
Hunt out the genius who sits alone
Doing nothing to make his invention
known.
But dollars to dimes that it
never will.

Men continue to fool themselves
By thinking that Worthiness cannot
fail.
And their goods get musty upon their
shelves
And their faith departs and their
hopes go stale.

We cheer the actor with quick applause
If others have lauded the part he
plays.
On we sit and listen unmoved, because
No paper ever has given him praise.
There's little use
For a goose that lays golden eggs and
then
Does nothing by way of inducing men
To look for the nest of the silly
goose.

ACCEPTED.

[Exchange.]
He said to her, over the telephone,
After his weekly visit:
"Dearst, will you marry me?"
"Why, yes," said she, "who is it?"

WOULD INVESTIGATE FURTHER.
Professor Y., (writing to his wife and
daughter) scolding at (fashionable
watering place)—Dear Maizie: You in-
formed me that you entered a contest
for a prize in elegant and dashing young
chaps. My eventual blessing and a very
capable detective are now on the way
to find out.

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LUXURY
TAX ON THIS STUFF, TOO.
Under the title, "A Nightingale With
the Toothache," a French composer of
super-impressionistic music has writ-
ten a little song which, he says, is to
be played "like a muted velvet dry as a
cuckoo, light as an egg." The first
verse runs:
"This is the hunt after a lobster.
The hunters descend to the bottom of
the sea.
The sound of the horn is heard at the
bottom of the sea.
The lobster is tracked.
The lobster weeps.
Can you, dear reader, so to speak,
beat it?"

CLASSIFIED.

[Judge.]
"Professor, how do you classify that
poem on 'The Dairy Herd'?"
"That is a pastoral."
"And that 'Ode to a Greyhound'?"
"Oh, that's doggerel."

THIRTY.

[John Drinkwater, in Yale Review.]
No beauty beauty overflows.
But every joy its season knows.
And all enhanced hours prepare
Enchantment for tomorrow's wear.

Who in the just society
That walks with him this hour can see
But shadows of another bliss,
Loses both that delight and this.

Grieve not the parting day, for soon
The nightingales will sing, the moon
Climbing the track that now the sun
Leaves when the sons of day are done.

And grieve not when her beauty fails
And silence keeps the nightingales,
For that eclipse again will bring
The sun with all his birds to sing.

RUNNING NOSE COLDS
STOPPED INSTANTLY
Throat Is Cleared, Headache
Stops, Sniffles Go For Good.

Catarrhazone Never Fails.
Dripping from the nose is one of the
foulest and most disgusting symptoms
of a Catarrhal cold. By using Catarrh-
azone you cure this quickly—cure it
because it is the only medicine that
cures throat and that powerful antiseptic
of the Blue Gum of Australia.

So healing is Catarrhazone that you
feel wonderfully benefited in five min-
utes' use. It is the only medicine that
not only cures the cold, but also soothes
and soothes cures a cough, cold or sore
throat so quickly. No drugs to take,
nothing to upset the stomach—you fol-
low nature's own plan in using Catarrh-
azone, which supplies healing essence
to the places that are needing treatment.

Results talk—that's why thousands
rely solely upon Catarrhazone to pre-
vent and cure their winter ills. Get
the complete 1/2 outfit, it lasts two
months; small size 50c, sample size 25c,
all dealers and the Catarrhazone Com-
pany, Kingston, Canada.

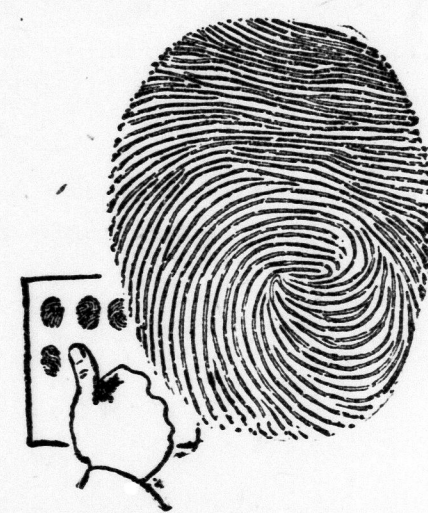
AUNT EPPIE HOGG, THE FATTEST WOMAN IN
THREE COUNTIES

By FONTAINE FOX

(Copyright.)

ONLY TRUE ASPIRIN

If you don't see the "Bayer Cross" you are not getting Aspirin at all



The name "Bayer" is the thumbprint of genuine Aspirin. It positively identifies the only genuine Aspirin, the Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over twenty years and now made in Canada.

Always buy an unbroken package of "Bayer

There is only one Aspirin—"Bayer"—You must say "Bayer"

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

The Last Corn

When you end your corn with Blue-jay, it will be the last corn you let grow.

You will know how to stop the pain. And how to quickly and completely end all corns.

There are millions who use Blue-jay now, and they never let a corn remain.

The new-day way

Blue-jay is the new-day way, the scientific method.

It was perfected in a laboratory world-famed for its surgical dressings. It is supplanting the many treatments which are harsh and inefficient.

It has made paring as ridiculous as it is unsafe, for paring doesn't end corns.

Do this tonight: Apply to a corn a Blue-jay plaster or liquid Blue-jay—whichever you prefer.

Mark how the pain stops. Then wait a little and the corn will loosen and come out.



© B & B 1920

What that corn does all corns will do. Some 20 million corns a year are ended in this way.

Don't suffer corns. Don't have your feet disfigured. They can be ended almost as easily as a dirt-spot on your face. They are just as inexcusable.

Don't forget this. It means too much to you.

Ask your druggist for Blue-jay.

Blue-jay
Plaster or Liquid
The Scientific Corn Ender

(BAUER & BLACK, Limited Chicago New York
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products)