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London, Ont., Friday, July 29.

LAW AND ORDER.

The outrages committed in the County of Elgin by bandits in search of liquor form a strange commentary on the situation created by the enforcement of the prohibition act, and of the trend of things generally. Such happenings are usually associated with the minds of the ordinary individual with the bad and old times when pirates, smugglers, highwaymen and footpads of all sorts and conditions were in the habit of terrorizing respectable people both by land and sea, and enriching themselves at their expense. But Dick Turpin was a gentleman and—to go farther back—Robin Hood was a king of robbers compared to the degenerates who terrorize helpless women and maltreat and frequently murder unarmed and unsuspecting men, and the question arises whether the present machinery of law and order is adequate to deal with the situation.

There are those who maintain that so far as the country districts are concerned, our police system, if it can be called a system, is inadequate, obsolete and antiquated; that it is reminiscent of the remote days of the "Charleys" or watchmen who did duty in the old country before the police system was reformed and reorganized by Sir Robert Peel, and that it ought to be consigned to the scrap-heap, stock, lock and barrel, and a modernized system, approximating to the lines of the city police departments, be substituted in its place.

Today the only police organization in the Dominion worthy of the name, outside of the cities, is that splendid body of men, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Wherever the sphere of their operations extends the law is respected; but, on the other hand, it is becoming more evident every day that the motor bandit and the youthful degenerate who shoots men down in cold blood have a supreme contempt for what we are pleased to call county constables.

What is wanted is a trained and uniformed force who receive a stated amount of pay, and have not to depend on results for the amount of their compensation. The system is pernicious and bad to the last degree, and leaves the way open to many abuses. If trained, disciplined and salaried policemen are good for the cities, they are still more desirable for the counties. There ought to be a police station in every town and village of consequence, with telephonic communication, so that they would be in touch not only with the police departments of the cities, but with the other stations throughout the country. It is only in this way, by organizing the county police on the British model, just as the city police are organized, that the safety of the lives and belongings of the inhabitants can be secured.

Of course, the matter of expense must be looked at, but going on the principle, exemplified by the "Mounties," that one trained and disciplined man is worth half a dozen who are not, and in view of the amount of money that is wasted at the present time in abortive efforts to enforce the law, there should not be so very much difference in the cost.

Disarmament is an excellent thing, but it will not do where the law is concerned. The needs of the present day all point to increased efficiency in safeguarding the safety and freedom of the citizens. Lawlessness is the most terrible evil that can overtake any country, and soon gives that country a bad name, and, therefore, its eradication ought to be the first concern of good government.

We cannot blame immigrants from Britain and the continent of Europe who, after reading of the outrages in any particular locality, come to this country armed with revolvers and knives, after having formed the impression that if they don't do so they run the risk of being murdered in their beds. Those strangers acquire exaggerated impressions of these things which are hard to eradicate.

There is no doubt that the alcoholic maniacs and their jackals, the bootleggers, will stick at nothing to procure the stuff which legislation has placed beyond their reach, and it is therefore all the more urgent that the officers of the law should be alert and competent, and that their efforts should not be handicapped by a system which Dickens would have found a congenial theme for one of his satirical novels.

MALIGNANT INFLUENCES.

"The industrial and, to a considerable extent also, the social life of Canada, lies enthralled under the subtle and malignant influences of combined autocratic and political control." In these words the Hon. Mackenzie King, Liberal leader, summed up the present situation in Canada, in the course of his speech at Aurora. He characterized the attitude of the Meighen Government as that of reaction when one of reconstruction was needed. Few will dispute Mr. King's pronouncement. So far as post-war reconstruction is concerned there has been practically none. Agriculture, the stable industry of the country, and in which about 50 per cent of its population are engaged, has received so many severe kicks from the Dominion Government that it is vigorously kicking back. With prices of cattle and other farm products at a low level, and the prices of farming implements at war rates, the farmer has concluded that he has got the worst of the deal.

The amount of unemployment in the cities is ap-

proaching, and in place of getting at the bottom of things and finding a remedy, the Government does a little bit of pruning here and tinkering there, without in the slightest degree lessening the burden which now presses upon the people. While Mr. Meighen is busily engaged on the other side of the Atlantic trying to set the universe to rights, the people of Canada, disgusted by the injustice and incompetency of his administration, are preparing to cast it into the scrap-heap.

In the matter of tariff revision which was to have constituted the chief legislation of the recent session, all that was done was to attempt to fool the consumer with illusory manipulation of his already heavy load. The people of Canada are at heart Liberal and democratic; it is the essence and nature of this country to be progressive, and the reactionary methods of the present Government are repulsive to its instincts and antagonistic to its ideals.

The people feel that in allowing themselves to be carried away by the plausible pleading of the Bordenites in 1917 they have been the victims of the confidence trick. If the Borden Government slipped into power under cover of a screen created by their smoke bombs, the Meighen combination have retained that power entirely under false pretences. The word "Union" had a seductive sound about it which appealed to the ears of those who had sincerely at heart the winning of the war, but now that the war is won the Tory bones of this strange creation are sticking through its Union hide.

Of the nine Liberals who originally belonged to the Union cabinet, five have resigned, and one has died, leaving only three to act as batmen in the Tory camp. But the trick which has been played on the nation has lost its power to deceive, and the last line of the defence of this ramshackle regime—the delaying of by-elections and the postponement of the general election—must soon fall to pieces.

WORK AND PLEASURE.

When Macaulay said that the Puritans condemned bear-baiting not because of the pain given to the bear, but because of the pleasure taken by the spectators, this was a shrewd thrust at the Puritans and their like. But was not such pleasure really worse than even the pain of the bear?

Nowadays we prohibit cock-fighting, bear-baiting, bull-fights, etc., partly at least because of the degrading influence of such spectacles on those present. Horse-races that enrich betting clubs run precious close to such banned "amusements." Some pleasures certainly come under a censure not merely Puritan.

Of course, Macaulay meant to insinuate that pleasure as such was suspect to the old "round-head." He was an ascetic type, excellently described in Milton's line as one that "scorned delights and lived laborious days." The proverb has it that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. But is there not some everlasting truth in the position of the Puritan or ascetic that makes this type as permanent as human nature? The pursuit of pleasure, as such, even artistic and intellectual pleasure, seems to get in the way of prolonged, purposeful, constructive work on a large scale. Especially thought and effort of a spiritual character, on the part of an individual or a community, is likely to be sapped by an epicurean course however refined.

In our ideas of work we are commonly torn between conflicting sentiments. We praise work as the way of salvation. "WORK! WORK!" thunder prophets, and the leaders of industry to the toilers under their direction, especially after a great, exhausting strike or a period of shirking relaxation.

Gordon Bottomley's "Tower of Babel," a poem allegorizing modern industry, represents Nimrod as a huge, shaggy, managing director, driving his spear through a carpenter who stopped to carve a figure, for fun, instead of "getting on with his work." But not all the exhorters are working seriously nine hours a day themselves. Some sit as patrons of professional sport. Some argue that civilization has its basis in a leisured class. So some should work and others play or dream.

In the beginning Adam and Eve had to work as a curse on them. Perhaps Cain was the rude father of the leisured and cultured class, the coping-stone of civilization. In modern times machinery has been generally hailed as delivering humanity from the primal curse or blessing, according as you look at it, of work. Machinery would shorten our hours and deliver us to doing as we like. This promise has been largely fulfilled, though the machine hours are tedious and hated. In the last seven years, however, it may be with wages, the workers have certainly all over the world secured shorter hours. Every one seems to be doing the same, working fewer hours, one set driving a motor day and night, another set idling and amusing themselves in less expensive ways.

Dancing, bathing, motoring and picnicking, are these pleasures eating into the serious and spiritual endeavor of the world? Can nothing more valuable be done with the leisure hours created by machinery? To be intrigued evermore in the physical and sensual, even the artistic, must be a peril to intellectual and spiritual development. The flesh and the world are good enough, but they become the devil if they preclude or occlude the spiritual life. Ideas and sympathies should not be a sacrifice under the juggernaut of pleasure.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The only thing about the Scotsmen's picnic that could be beaten was the drum.

The Hon. Howard Ferguson's collection of mares' nests is considered the finest in Canada.

There will be no reduction in the wages of bricklayers. Is this why the mayor of Toronto has joined the union?

The bootlegging bandits of Ontario are getting bolder and will have to be taught a severe lesson. Cowardly outrages on innocent people should be put down with a strong hand.

Some people are convinced that because katydids are unusually numerous there will be a frost within six weeks. A little chunk of this frost, if properly controlled, would be welcome just now.

An army veteran has resigned his post as liquor inspector on the ground that having only one leg the job is too much for him. It would require a centipede to keep up with the bootleggers these days.

London, Ont., ought to be thankful that it has an abundance of good wholesome water. The water supply of Old London, which is drawn from the upper reaches of the Thames, has been depleted on account of a severe drought. For the time being Old London has gone dry.

OTHERS' VIEWS

BELGIUM'S HERO KING.

[London Morning Post.]

London recently had the privilege and pleasure of welcoming their Majesty the King and Queen of the Belgians. The invasion of Belgium is the key to the meaning of the Great War—the key to the material and spiritual forces unchained on those fateful days of August 1914, and which themselves out after infinite suffering to the victories of 1918, to the armistice of Compiegne and the peace of Versailles. In the arbitrament of the great issue, Belgium played a glorious part, and the defiance and heroism of Belgium were inspired and guided by a heroic king and queen. King Albert, indeed, is an honor and testimony to the noble and enduring institution of kingship.

THE BEAUTIFUL WORKING GIRL.

[Philadelphia Record.]

The whole trouble over "the beautiful working girl," of course, is that she will not submerge her feminine prerogatives in the business office, and that even if she should be willing to do so some of her male associates would not be willing to let her. The eternal sex problem will not go down. It will not do to say that the worker is to be considered solely as a worker, regardless of the accident of birth. As long as the beautiful working girl can convince herself that her looks count much in business preference—and no woman will admit even to her mirror that she is lacking in attraction—she will insist that any regulation of her fashions is an infringement of personal liberty.

TROUBLE AT HOME.

[Washington Post.]

The plenipotentiaries in the disarmament conference may discover in the domestic politics of their respective nations a formidable obstacle to the easy adjustment of international questions. The only practicable method of procedure, apparently, is to seek by alternative proposals a method whereby each nation will obtain either its original objective or an advantage equally great. Profound knowledge and ability of the highest order are required for the invention and elaboration of subsidies for conflicting national desires; but the forthcoming conference will be composed of men who possess first-hand knowledge and proved ability. They may accomplish wonderful things by mutual stimulation of mind; but in the long run their agreements will be proposals, which must meet the approval of the peoples concerned before they will be the rule of nations.

THE CHOICE OF CANDIDATES.

[L'Action Catholique.]

Far be it from us to pretend that the people alone are fit to choose the party candidates. On the contrary, the people are the least qualified to make such a choice, because they are unable to view the conditions of the country as a whole, and appreciate the country's needs, and the intellectual and moral value of the men who would seek their suffrages. Unfortunately, democracy has for a fundamental principle that of professing that it is the people who ought to choose "their" candidates, give them "their" instructions, and recall them to their duty. The parceling of the parties into groups, more and more restricted, is the logical conclusion of that principle, and the day will come when each country and each village will want to have a representative of its choice. In order to get this, the different classes of electors will form associations where the individual voice of its members will have greater weight. That is the reason why the United Farmers' organization has succeeded so well. Before long, other classes will organize themselves on the same basis, because the community of interests, the restricted field of ambitions, and the larger liberty of little groups will give them a better facility to choose their own candidates.

THE FARMER AND THE TARIFF.

[Troyer State Journal.]

Whoever heard of any considerable body of farmers asking for a protective tariff? They know what it is that pays the duty. Because a high tariff is an obstruction to free competition in commerce between nations, it serves to prevent honest competition within the country that establishes it. In the end, therefore, it serves to inflate prices, build up huge fortunes at the expense of the average man, and protect only the few established interests that need no protection.

BRITISH HOUSE IS PATRIOTIC

Members Reject Railroad Passes, Raise in Pay, Right To Escape Income Tax.

LONDON, July 28.—I seem to remember having read, when I was a good deal younger than I am today, about American congressmen or members of some American legislative body who refused to increase their own salaries. I hope the memory is accurate, for that is just what has been done by British members of parliament, and I hope we in America saw it first.

Furthermore, the British House of Commons members have decided that they will not exempt themselves from income tax, a feat which they might easily perform without criticism of any serious nature.

London is Surprised.

There is legislative self-abnegation, an abatement in the past the moral standard of the British members has not been greater than that of our own lawmakers, my old friends of the days before I had sought London and lived in Washington, and the fact that all these sacrificial ceremonies have caused intense astonishment.

London gasped. One newspaper suggests that perhaps the nation may feel not quite safe, with its lawmaking power in the hands of men so different from those known to Westminster in days gone by.

But wait. I haven't told the whole amazing story. At almost the same time that M. P. s scorned income tax exemption and refused to increase their own salaries, they also refused to accept free railway transportation in the future.

Some Needed Passes.

For a considerable length of time members have been getting railway passes in the form of little coupon books, and there is not the slightest doubt that some among them have been very glad to get them. There are rich members of parliament, but it is doubtful if the American House of Representatives ever had among its honorable members any poorer men than some of the law-making Britishers, and these poor men are not all representatives of Labor constituencies, either.

The United Kingdom is a little spot upon the map, without the possibility of long journeys, but it is doubtful if it means as great a similar sacrifice as the part of American congressmen, some of whom have to

travel thousands of miles to reach the national capital.

But it is estimated that during the coming year of self-denial, British M. P. s, if they travel first class, will spend out of their meagre salaries no less than £75,000, or, at normal exchange, about \$375,000. At first class (and by no means all M. P. s travel thus), or want to, it being said that only lords, Americans and fools travel first class in Britain in these days, the fares of the members for a full year are estimated to total £130,000, or \$550,000 at normal exchange.

Hot War Fight Results.

All this was not done calmly, sedately, in a quiet session in which the members sat about, looking like male British angels of mixed ages and diverse heights, girths and hair-ness. Not exactly thus. No, indeed; there was the very dickens of a word-fight, and during its progression distinctly unparliamentary language flew, undeviled, through the storied halls of Westminster. Some of these verbal wanderers through sacred space were shocking commonisms, such as "dirty dog" and "dirty humbug." Imagine that! In England! And in parliament!

But there were some real gems in the word-fight. Sir John Butcher, for example, aristocrat though his title indicates him to be, declared:

"As one who travels 50,000 miles a year, I have considerable interest in railway expenses. When traveling during the day, I always go third class, because the company is better. When one travels first class one meets principally war profiteers or government officials with war bonuses."

Another suggestion which caused gay excitement while the great debate was in progression was that the government, instead of paying £400 a year to get certain men in parliament, might much better pay them a like or even greater sum to stay away.

IRISH PEOPLE LEARN SILENCE

Sinn Fein War Has Taught Natives To Be Careful of Their Conversations.

CORK, Ireland, July 28.—When peace comes to Ireland—the pessimists always add at this point "if ever"—it is going to find a lot of new characteristics in the Irish people. One that will surprise the tourist when he begins coming again is the extreme taciturnity of the natives.

The weather is the only safe topic of conversation in Ireland, and it is overworked in a way that must be bitterly trying to a people naturally versatile and talkative.

Have Learned To Keep "Mum."

I remember when a crowd of people in a railway compartment would discuss everything, from Ireland's wrongs to the merits of the newest race-horse, and discuss them entertainingly. Now people sit and eye each other in grim silence, or if somebody does break the silence—like Tara's harp—his remarks run like this:

"Sure, and it's a hot day—"

"Ah, that it is, but it's meself that likes the heat—"

"Do ye now! Give me the cold every time—"

Such conversation might do in England, but in Ireland it makes an epoch. The rebellion has not only strengthened the will of the people, as the Sinn Feiners claim, but it has taught them to hold their tongues.

Use "Eyebrow" Language.

The Irish have developed a sort of facial language among themselves that defies detection by secret agents of any

side. You might arrest a man for saying "divil's own, but you could hardly arrest him for raising his eyebrows.

"I see," says an Irishman, "they've been at it again."

"Ah," replied his friend, raising his eyebrows. That means, good luck to them, but a Government agent could hardly prove it.

A certain infection of that "ah" means, "Up the Rebels." Another infection, accompanied by a subtle expression of the eyes means, "God Save the King." It's a language that has to be learned by watching it in operation.

Sightseers Don't Stay.

Ireland is full of people who have come over to see for themselves. When they do see for themselves they don't stay long. Like the Englishman who was in two ambulances, barely escaped being rounded up for a rebel, had his hat shot off by a sentry when he didn't halt, and, worst of all, had to get up in the middle of a dinner in order to get back to his hotel before curfew.

The "made in Ireland" movement is

showing remarkable development in spite of obstacles. A recent Irish magazine contained advertisements for Irish stationery, Irish shoes, Irish cloth, Irish-made jewelry, Irish candy and Irish goods in general. Dublin, an Erin fire extinguisher, and Irish bottles made by American machinery, linen, "Irish to the last thread," and Irish butter.

THE SILVER LINING

By Fullerton Waldo.

THE MASS OF MANKIND.

Did you ever stop to think of the things that "different" folk of earth are doing in the same moment? On the slope of Arrarat a Kurdish horseman picks a stony pathway; at the edge of Greenland's ice sheet an Eskimo builds his igloo; a baby in the Congo cries for the glitter of glass beads; an old man in France piles firewood on a donkey; in a chill pass of the Andes a blanket-wrapped Indian prods

a laden llama; in South Africa a Kaffir separates a diamond from blue clay; India, America, Asia at top speed or with the unchanging deliberation that is the rooted habit of the centuries, are earning a living or taking a pleasure, are fighting a battle or damming a river, or herding cattle or garnering the increase of the field, or molting in factories and foundries.

There are so many of us—and we are so different, yet singularly the same. Language is a barrier—yet at one glance or by a hand clasp the barrier is pierced, and man knows brother-man. Religion is a barrier—yet the truth in all religion speaks from the heart to the hearts. We are moved by the like emotions, and we share a universal destiny. A caravan of pilgrims making for the same high goal, it is our business to help our sisters and our brethren on the long, long road.

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In colors of black, brown and white, \$1.50 value. Our July special \$1.00
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Special sale of White Petticoats, fine quality of nainsook, 12-inch flounce of eyelet embroidery, also deep lace and insertion, dust frill. Only \$2.50

White Shantung Silk for wash skirts, good heavy quality, cream weave, full 34 inches; regular \$2.39. For, per yard \$1.98

Navy All-Wool Serge for skirts, full 34 inches; regular \$3.00. July special, to clear \$1.98

White All-Wool Jersey Cloth for skirts, 54 inches; tubular, one length for skirt. Per yard \$3.00

Paillette Silks, special quality, for dresses and skirts, in yard widths, in black, navy, grey, taupe, eopen and green. For, per yard \$1.69

White Wash Satin, for underwear, 36 inches wide, an excellent wearer. For, per yard \$1.25

Women's Summer Vests. Each 29c

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Women's Fine Silk Lisle Vests, tape top and lace trimmed. Special \$1.49

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