The Free Press LONDON, ONT.

Published by
The London Free Press Publishing oC.
(Established 1849.)
TELEPHONE NUMBERS:
5200—Private Branch Exchange—5200
After 10 p. m. and Sundays: Business
Office, 3080; Editorial and Reporters,
6420; Composing and Mailing Rooms,
2227

The Free Press is delivered in the city at the rate of 15 cents per week, 65 cents for one month, \$3.90 for six months, \$7.80 for one year. By mail n Canada, payable in advance-nonth, 50 cents: six months, month, 50 cents; six months, \$2.50; twelve months, \$5.00. To the United States—one month, 65 cents; six months, \$3.50; twelve months, \$7.00. Foreign subscriptions, \$13.80 a year. The Free Press can be purchased at he following stands:

the following stands:

TORONTO — Prince George Hotel,
King Edward Hotel, Queen's Hotel,
Walker House, Iroquois Hotel.

HAMILTON—Royal Connaught
stand, Can. Ry. News Co., C. N. R.
station, Beckman's news stand, John
street WINDSOR — Prince Edward Hotel Marantettes, Ouelette street; Erie Pharmacy.

Any subscriber who receives

paper late will confer a favor by re-porting to the Circulation Department. ADVERTISING BRANCH OFFICES: Charles A. Abraham, 232 St. James treet, Montreal, Quebec. E. J. Guy, 302 Royal Bank Building, Foronto, Ontario. D. J. Randall, 341 Fifth avenue, New York, N. Y. C. W. Wallis, 1243 First Nationa: Bank Building, Chicago, Illinois. Circulation audited by A. B. C.

Saturday, August 1, 1925.

The Overflowing Cup

As one looks out on the world It is not that God has not given is the overflowing cup in nature, but because, by our selfishness, misgovernment and improvidence we have prevented God's blessings reaching to others. "The earth is full of His riches," for all to enoy. God has margins for all. Nature's storehouses are abundant. If all are not enjoying the overflowing cup of God's natural bless-

ing the trouble is with man and

not with God.

There is a legend which asserts that in the long centuries of the past the ears of wheat extended that it was owing to the sin of man their present dimensions. It is a all of these oncoming very pressing strange legend, but it at least sug- indertakis. ence of God is often marred by the folly of man. One writer, in picturing the race, says: "The oversurely, when the nations return to visdom and virtue, they shall no fore be an hungered, but find the world their Father's house, with bread enough and to spare.'

But the overflowing cup is not confined to the material side of fully realized this and expressed t in the greatest of pastoral songs, when he said: "Thou preparest a David had wandered in to be a guest of God's house is to be the recipient of abundant hospitality, and that salvation is a feast of good things prepared by a gracious God.

The Father's spirit is made clear in the parable of the lost son, where He speaks of "bread enough and to spare," "the best robe" and "the fatted calf." In addition, we are continually reading of joy unspeakable: the peace that passeth understanding; the abundant life, and that He is able to do for us "exeeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." This is the language of grace. We see it in the work of divine forgiveness. It is full and free. An ancient king once let. pardoned a convict, who later ap-As the king heard his request he tion of business. said: "I granted you pardon, but I did not promise you bread." There could be no such sense of stingiless in the spiritual blessings bestowed on man. To the penitent omes the assurance of an abundant pardon.

God gives his people also the ting at an Eastern table meant fellowship. To eat another's bread and still be unfaithful was a grave njustice. Human friends are often guilty of this sin. David himself had reason to say: "Mine own faed up his hand against me." It is a great thing to find a friend, whose fellowship never falls; who

possesses a love which "suffereth long and is kind," which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things and endureth all things." This is suggestive of the overflowing cup of divine fellow-

In order that man might enter into the munificence of God's grace as revealed in the overflowing cup ship, we know it was necessary for Christ to drain the cup of sacrifice and suffering. The full chalice is not cheaply obtained nor lightly given. The cup He drank contained My puny reason cries bitter ingredients, that the cup He offered might overflow with blessings. This is indicative of the graciousness of God and the greatness of man. Man can never be satisfied until the cup of his Me is filled with the fulness of God. Without Him, life is empty and bitter, but with Him, life is enlarged and enriched to overflowing.

Hotel, Apartment and Club and the Gore

The site suggested and upheld years ago by The Free Press as the best site n London upon which to place an upto-date, modern hotel is the Gore beween Richmond street and Clarence street, at this time occupied by the Christian Science Church and a line of very modest private houses.

Ex-Alderman Drake recapitulated his week to this paper all the arguments originally set forth as being in its favor: Its position halfway between the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National Railways stations; its outlook ence. in four separate streets; the street railway and bus services contingent to it, und the fact that at one side, a hotel placed at this point would look out upon Victoria Park.

The years that have passed have ought other reasons why the Gore, in part, or in its entirety, might well be nade to look like something.

One of these reasons is the necessity lomestic servants. A hotel, with a large spartment house attached to it in such way that meals, or, at any rate, diniers, could be served to the residents of he apartments, would meet a long-felt want in this city.

Such a building, or block of build-Subhouse and Auditorium of which ondon stands so sadly in need for the ccommodation of its many clubs and

The Gore, with its delightful prospect he chance it affords for the making of useful beauty spot in the very heart of London, is an ideal site for each and unkind thoughts of this nature so often

Both At Fault

The Bolsheviki in Russia and the acisti in Italy are both organizations of the forest or the barren backs of of repression and violence. The Bolhevist and the Facist are advocates of I am reminded that not a single eleneasures directed against the freedom ment of this bodily life of mine is absent

bedience to moral truth is held in deriion. In place of such growth and such will to righteousness in the individual, oth bodies regard an unquestioning day that this life is but the beginning. bedience to autocratical self-constituted committees as the one correct, workable theory.

Some one remarked that Italy is tryng to build a "new heaven and a new earth" on that plan. So are the Bolshekiki, and, though neither bodies have been long in existence, both are foomed to failure, because true national rreatness is built up only by a people that has the right as well as the capacity to think for itself. The condition of and Russia are working precludes real progress toward national greatness, made. the citizens of those countries will realize that similar things, aimed at by greater men than those now trying to put over their theories, have failed aforetime, and, under lesser men, such as those in control in Italy and Russia. the present control must come to a still

ditions in both countries will be of benefit to the progress of true democracy in

NOTE AND COMMENT

went over the top' in fine style.

Laughing oneself into a peaceful frame of mind is one of the best uses

China has been "awakening" so long it's about time it rubbed the sleep ers and patten leather shoes and stood Write peace into the Book and you Persey.

won't have to fight for it with the Bul-There are two sides to every indus-

try: the cutting of costs and the crea-

Now it's the United States that is a you world menace." Trotzky and the Harvard history professor are pessimis-

There are still, it is estimated, 70,-000.000 persons in the United States to making us fellows miss. whom the railways can sell their

nowadays (World Federation This and Persey if you stand erround heer World Federation That) and so little mutch longer looking like that I wont about the flesh and the devil.

iar friend, in whom I trusted, Australia is following Canada's lead to stand heer li which did eat my bread, hath lift- in regard to the acceptance of titles. dickuliss remarks, Persey sed.

The Third Column

This much I kr. w God does not wrong us here, Though oft His judgments seem severe And reason falters 'neath the blow, day we'll learn 'twas better so

In trifling matters of my own conblundered at the simples Chosen the false path or the word

That what I call my judgment seemed

Against the bitter and the

But I have come to see, So vast God's love, so infinite His scene is quite appropriate, as I am fol-

That it is well, it was not left to man To alter or to say what is to be,

of grief

your belief!

When reason failed, faith also then other of those kind responses to The would flee. Through the black night and agony countrywomen feeding their turkeys

In time His purpose He shall manifest. heart of some secret dressing, flanked Then shall you learn how greatly you near by a sugary cranberry sauce and were blest." -Edgar A. Guest. (Copyright, 1925, by Edgar A. Guest.)

THE BEGINNING. I have now lived more than half of my allotted time in this world and I am Your column improves in every way.

To me nothing points otherwise than to this conclusion.

In the first place, our greatest Toacher on this earth is Nature. And in Nature nothing really dies. All is change, even when decay apparently But I have some news - I'm no longe draws the curtain on a former bright and active existence.

Knowledge is a growing affair. We are conscious each morning we arise or "light housekeeping," which has that we know more than we did the been brought about by the scarcity of day before. Even in indolence the forces of life accumulate, try our best,

> From every leaf, flower, shrub, or water element we are given some lesson in the book of Eternity.

The very rocks in our yards or out ngs, could also provide the Community of change, or the dropped symbols from about orphans' homes meets with my Infinite Shepherd of all has left for our study and profit.

Were these brief years to be all for ip Richmond street and across the park, and bear out the day and night in

melted in the fire, refined anew and brought to light in the sweeter elements of our being? If we are to be classed air about us, why were we given breath at all in the first? Why shouldn't we

from the earth beneath my feet. I am The idea of the right to proper growth but a gathering of the Divine Builder n the individual and his capacity for made up into a man. I am unconcerned as to what form this bodily being may some time take. I only know that I shall not be less than what I am. And every lesson of truth teaches me every

And I am . "Sustained and soothed By an unfaltering trust,

Like one who wraps the drapery of

About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams. -George Matthew Adams.

be lurking in comfort, in the shade: for continued violence under which Italy he has bonds and leases and shining silver pieces and greenbacks ready his senses, I mutter with a frown; why doesn't he get busy, and buy a costly Lizzie, and joy ride through the town? useless wells, and he has heaps of riches in safe deposit cells; I wonder, with my neighbors, just why he sweats and sees me sit forever beneath my banyan

tree; I shy at all endeavor, dodge every job I see: the sunshine round me streaming, I sit there idly dreaming, and drinking ginger tea. And he has asked me often, "Why don't you quarry stone? This laziness will soften the little brains you own; man's given thew and muscle, and if he's wise he'll bustle and molder in this enchanted air, with fungus on your shoulder and mildev The men who scaled Mount Logan in your hair? To sit here in the shadow and dream of El Dorado won't get you anywhere." He thinks I am as silly as he appears to me: he's trotmoney in his pocket he's decidedly out we both are happy mortals, we fill the

-Walt Mason.

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK. Us fellows was playing marbles for keeps in the empty lot and Persey there watching us, and pritty soon missed a shot, saying, Aw, darn you

Wy, wats a matter, wat did I do Persey sed. You know darn well wat you did you came and stood there in your wite pants and patten leather shoes and

made me miss, I sed. Well for goodniss sakes, a persin cant do enything eny more, Persey sed. And we kepp on playing and pritty et until after the elections of August soon Sid Hunt missed a shot that was as easy as pie, saying, Aw good nite, hav Persey, get away from heer will

> G wizz, wat am I doing? Persey sed. This aint Sundey, is it? Sid sed, and Persey sed, I dident say it was, and Sid sed, Well then wat are you doing coming erround heer in wite pants and patten leather shoes on a week-day and

Well for goodniss sakes, this is free country, izzent it? Persey sed. Wich jest then Reddy Merfy missed a cintch of a shot, saving, Look at that, would you, can you imagine that, hay be responsible for the consequenses. O for goodniss sakes Im not going

Doc. Pep's Mail Bag

QUEEN ALEXANDRA made me feel strong. I give it to my The insect orchestras of the to the old, proud pageant of man." pasture land are already That may not be a "Peak in Darien," in many ways the best. The that I am not sure of the name you sheer loveliness of June, of course, write. It may be "Masefield" or someis not here, but its climax is pro- one else. Anyhow you've presented his the wheat field's lovely card, I intend to look him up. Which which border the corn land's was the same idea, I think, that shines plumed companies. The tree fruits in that other quotation: "There's somewhich delight thrifty farmwives at thing in not being afraid to live." With their preserving kettles will soon merge you "I shall never cease to sing the cruel into maturity. October's golden pump praises of the human spirit. It is wonkins are abroad, emerald promises of derful. The thing that is greater than ples that are yet to be. All these all worlds.' thoughts are born of a picture post card sent me by a friend on Strathroy's second rural route. It is a nic-Not knowing hurt and suffering may ture of red-clad youngsters tracking Thanksgiving turkey, and the writer says: "I think the pictured snow may help you to feel cooler, and the lowing our own turkeys around feeding them these days, in preparation for Thanksgiving." This post card is an-

> Almost forgotten Coueism is suggested in this friend's gay verse: "It seems to me that day by day,

giblet gravy, gold-green and steaming

Free Press "Countrywoman's" sugges-

tion on our behalf. It cheers me up.

I like to think of all Western Ontario's

and seeing in them not feathered strut-

of brown deliciousness reposing in the

Faith whispers low: "Hold fast to ters of the barnyard, but baked mounds

The answer you wrote to the children's letter I really think could not have been better.

And it never occurred to me until the Just what 'yours truly' should mean to But there, I am slushy, and that won'

And here's no place for rhymed goo.

stout. For I lost nine pounds beyond

"Nancy," of London, is a member o

our Imperial Daughters, and she promas we some times do, to stay their ises to bring this sanatorium's crying needs - electric fans amongst other things - before her own chapter when vacations over. We hope many more members of London and district organizations will keep the Queen Alexandra among the hills, are merely evidences in mind for the fall. Your statement a strange language of letters that the indorsement. Institutionalism should be shunned. Yet some very large orphans' homes get around that by the cottage system. The late Thomas Alway us, from what source come all the Hall's noble bequest to parentless chilnumberless calls of our spirit to arise dren has not been recognized by the shelter was one "Thomas Alway," and consider it merely a description of the building. London might very well have a special Sunday soon, or along towards the opening of 1926 welfare drive, and romance of London orphanages Incidentally, enlightening all of us or

the late Mr. Hall's noble philanthropy.

tions: Van Dyke's "Footpath to Peace," and the others. How vividly you de scribe young London at play in Thames Park playground. The great pool, the gentlemen in "ice cream" trousers, and the stately elms, "like ladies," overlook the youthful swimmers. You say that you are learning to swin and comment on the smail children's "learn" to swim, finally, you'll find that you've known how to swim always. What you learn is merely not to be afraid of drowning. Now, now, "C. S. Thedford," you can't tell me anything about Goderich and its cartwheel streets. I lost myself there one summer night some years ago. But who minds being lost in a city as lovely as Goderich? But thank you for been to "Ipperwash, his beach," as well as "Capt. Kettle, his point." "C S." closes - after telling that story about the old-time N. C. O. who started out, in the bad old days, to sample the beer in each of Goderich's hotels: and after (unaware of the "hub") sampling the brew in 17 hotels. fell off the cliff by the lighthouse by saying: "Part of this isn"t trne but

the rest is." Which is strange for Arthur Street, Goderich, writes: There is nothing like nature to make one well. I have a garden, an oldevery flower that grows. In the spring -daffodils, tulips, peonies and all sorts of shrubs; beautiful double lilacs, all a joy to see." Thank you for liking our 'Mail Bag." "When I look at my sons," writes "No. 563," in London 'how I pray they may be good men.' Thank you for telling me about the boys and your hopes for them. Motherhood is a wonderful privilege despite its bitterness. And when mothers pray enough, love enough and think enough. the future of their sons is almost always assured. A new guest in our velcome one - hails from Staffa, Onario. But this new guest is one of my few known old friends. Welcome. thrice welcome. The little lady of Bruce street about whom you inquire, 'God bless them,' I say." is now at 689 King street. You mus call there and also write to her.

rms." writes some London unknown who is very kind to me and my rambings. I received the lovely leaves. How well that the pages of the Book take a deep breath or purer air and of Books and the fluttering hands of utter the words of the old song: Oh, our lovely forests bear the same name. supernal hand which laid the foundations of the earth and adorned the in general, I am sure. We must also starry pinnacles of the heavens. I fear I am too late to help you with your problem, "Tillsonburg." But I can say that if you get your Isaac on the altar of self sacrifice, and if your uplifted hand is halted from above, then your character will be the richer. don't catch your hand in that Acacia of opportunism and blame heaven for it! Oh, but I sympathize with you and your battle with that critic without wisdom. And remember that you have your own cross to bear, not the cross that someone else refuses to shoulder. Christ took pity on an ignorant city. but he didn't spare the money changers. God himself will not bear a mean spirit- witness Lucifer, son of the morning; who was cast out of heaven.

frequented by preachers and homely philosophers. What if the peaks are

acknowledge "The Royal Rose" and "The New Joan," from an unknown friend. Both, in their different ways, are very beautiful. A new "Denfield Friend," with one of the best fathers in the world, declares that this same father had to be persuaded that the wheat was still too green to cut before he would go to the picnic. Private-SANATORIUM, July 31. — readers: "Laugh and be glad to belong ly, I think that was all camouflage and as to fasten with His own hand upon both hands on the table and pushing. that he'd been awfully put out if there hadn't been some one to do the pertuning, their instruments but it is certainly a Gothic tower from suading. Milk and cream left in the beloved in Japan, for sum- which one sees the beauty of our jour- spring to cool! What a vision your mer's grand finale. Yet sum- neyings. I do not acknowledge the au- words evoke. I am a barefoot boy mer's third act, August, is thor of the line for the good reason again sneaking into the Spring House cream and I'll ask naught else.

A Free Press comrade writes many

kind things to me in a letter which

more than of the body. Again, I feel

rebuked by my well-feeling when I

think of others here whose ills and

bravery make any less ill, less brave,

THE HERITAGE.

Because she loved a man with murky

And centuries have not the strength to

In gleaming bars of glory, on a night

When Troy lay smoldering beneath the

Fairer than lilies, dearer than the

She must delight, and break, the hearts

And die, and leave her name as it was

IT TRIMS ITSELF.

crepe side out and the satin side only

Crepe-backed satin, which is very

one named Helen bears a heritage.

air-blown melody

popular now, is usually,

song, a beauty, and a heritage

years,

Her name,

stars.

of men.

for trimming.

closes with John Oxenham's "Credo"-Not what I do believe, but whom! I am glad that you feel that 'I'm doing a real service where I am in putting the thoughts of our common inner life into words.' I hope that it is so. I should be qualified to write about an inner life because I have always wanted "Truly, Your Friend," of London, friends, yet I have had few real ones made my heart glad with a letter which up to the present - and most of these came from out the shining depths of happy experience. Telling of a young "Counterpane Land." That lack threw couple whose wedded bliss had been me back upon myself. And not only threatened by death, and who had esupon myself, but I hope back to God. caped that menace in a mountain It is good of you to say that I am home, this friend says: "It was there I newspaper arena. I am looking forlearned that content and happiness comes from within. There happiness ward to that visit, but let me know grows." And, when happiness has when you propose coming else you may bloomed, "the waking hours are not have to bribe "Nig" to track me to long enough in which to get all out of my woodland lair. life that is here." I am sorry the paper ran out! There are some sentences that "How are you?" many good friends in 10 words reveal all the burdens of a mourning heart. Such a one came Sometimes I think I am very from "A. M. G.," Strathroy: "I, too. sick, indeed, with a sickness of the soul had a lovely lad in my home, once."

to feel ashamed. Then, if I write my in memory that which of the lost is symptoms in the column someone second only to their immortal parts. scolds me. Others, those that don't write, seem to think that the column itself is evidence of gross implety to pleasant greetings "Leon," now on holidays and touring the traditions of Hippocrates. But one the country in a motor coach. Always thing I know. I would not have been welcome, always fresh with the clean here but for a black hour late in April zest of a young man's life which is that tortures me to think about even lived close to nature's heart. "C. J. F.," now. And when I can get rid of the memory of that hour and all that led London, raised false hopes in a wonderful letter. There was, for a while, up to it, then I shall be able to take some talk of certain young things who my place again in the world of men. were all determined to come out and The sanatorium is doing all that it see me. But they didn't come! It's can; the woods are doing more, and, just as well perhaps. I am afraid of finally, my column and this Mail Bag are doing the rest. Write to me, then, grown people's disappointment in my if you feel the spirit moving. We'd be mean countenance, but I could not survive a child's disillusionment. Thank mighty glad to hear from you. you for "The Cub Laughs." And well might the Canadian cub roar with mirth mirth over the consternation Out of the crucible of vanished time, shown by those who sought to take Bright in the light of burning parapets. from Britain's eldest daughter the The name of Helen rides the dimming honor of being the only part of this

Sympathy? What call for sympathy in

certain afflictions. There is only this

comfort: The dearly loved can never

wholly die, because in death we possess

symbol of its nationhood John A. Stokes, a Canadian veteran now employed as a printer in Chicago, sends general greetings to members of the old C. E. F. through this Mail Bag. His interesting letter extols Chicago's many fine parks and cultural centers. And "Ex-Londoner," living in Detroit, envies (of all people) this flattery could not go! But in very serious vein the writer opens a new vista of thought on this vexed pseudoreligious question of evolution by saying: "If we only realize, or try to, that in His image is spiritual. God is not flesh and blood: neither can His image be." That is an idea worthy of deep,

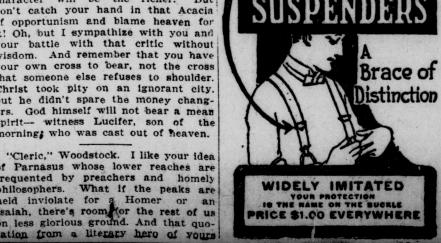
empire - outside the United Kingdom

- that flies the Union Jack alone as a

"What with murders, hold-ups and The shining vision in a poet's heart, violence of every description, it needs A breath of beauty blowing down the your pen to make us realize that there is still something beautiful and peace-Friend wrote me on July 19. This is very kind and so sincere that we publish it to show newspapers are mirrors of life. There are murders, but there the songs of birds. And as we, all of us, grow to love beauty more, there'll he more beauty and more peace and less murders. My writings, if any now, will be laughed at, not with. But I feel that I am sort of uncouth John the Forerunner proclaiming that the recorders of beauty are to come after me -keeping company with the growth of public appreciation - will truly be "mightier than I." I salute them across the century.

or literature," one who signs herself "Mother," writes to me, "being a mother has taken up all my time and love and energy." And then she tells about the sons and daughters that are beyond that sunset." Her closing words are: "But there are many other young folks who are just children of my love so I wanted to add one more by sending this message to you." Nothing that you could have said would have touched me more or left me more grateful. And no matter about the excelling at "art or music or literature." One who excells at Christian motherhood meets her God with this advantage: She takes her crown with her. "St. George Street" -That was a weird nightmare. The egg sandwiches must have been extremely "hard boiled." Your letters are read and held at a high value by the Rambler, but you see how long it has taken to catch up with your date. And as for you, "Dutton," didn't I tell you I had to sleep with a pig on Dominion Day night? That's what comes to cool weather and nerves jangling out of tune. Yet here you send a picture o scene and I enjoyed your letter, from which I quote: "I think Sir Adam and Lady Beck did a grand deed in taking such an interest in the sanatorium,

One "Mary," of London, writes of nature's inspiration: "It's like going and peaceful and seems so far from the fret and toil of the busy world that you leaves. They are both written by that near." The magazines you mention would be welcomed by the patients here



A THOUGHT

Take heed and be quiet; fear not. neither be faint hearted .- Isaiah vii, 4

Blessed is any weight, however over-

QUILTED CREPE COATS. Coats of quilted crepe and satin are very attractive for midsummer, and come in very light weight effects.

TRY THIS.

The exercise that reduces the waistwhelming, which God has been so good line most quickly consists in placing back.-Kingston Whig.

Crisp, tasty, flavory

For youngsters and grown-ups



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