

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
From 10:00 p.m. to 9:00 a.m. and holidays call
3670, Business Department; 3671, Editors;
3672, Reporters; 3673, News Room.Toronto Representative—F. W. Thompson,
402 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., Thursday, June 24.

MANITOBA ELECTIONS.

The Manitoba provincial election, coming on at the end of this month, has not attracted much attention in this province, though the result can hardly fail to have effect on the future of the parties in Canada. Premier Norris, during his term of office, has put through an amount of wise and beneficial legislation that should insure the expression of full confidence on the part of the people of Manitoba, and it must also be said for him that his administration has been businesslike in every way. In the contest that is under way at the present time the main opposition is coming from non-English-speaking groups all over the province, who are opposed to the way in which he has made English predominant over all other languages in the schools of the province. The Winnipeg strike and its effects are also figuring in the election, with radical labor candidates in a number of urban constituencies.

AMERICAN CRITICISM OF HARDING.

Some of the more independent journals in the United States are not inclined to enthuse over the Republican choice for the presidency now that they have had a week to think it over. To more than one such journal there is something sinister in the manner in which by manipulation of the vote at Chicago a small group of men were able to force to the front one who was neither nationally prominent, nor, if his record be closely examined, endowed by nature or training for the tremendous responsibilities that are associated with the office to which he aspires. There are likenesses between McKinley and Harding that crop up. Both appear chiefly as acting under orders from men in the background. McKinley was distinctly a creation of Mark Hanna, and Senator Harding is alleged to be a similar protégé of the late Senator Foraker, whose retirement from politics was forced after it was discovered that he was accepting money from the Standard Oil Company.

Walter Lippmann, writing in the New Republic, says that though it mattered a great deal what was decided and who was chosen at Chicago, the decision for Harding came in the end chiefly because his name threatened to end the deadlock and the rush for Harding in the closing hours was really a rush for the next train out of Chicago. "It was a coup by master politicians who knew just what they wanted at a time when all other groups wanted the impossible." President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University has thrown light on some of the nasty elements who went to Chicago to further their own plans by concentrating on one candidate, but General Wood may not have been the only one who had dangerous elements behind him, allowing that the Butler charges are true. The people who were behind Harding from the start and who succeeded in the end knew what they wanted all right. What they wanted, apparently, was a man who was without administrative experience, with the most limited knowledge of foreign politics, without any marked capacity for large leadership, if one may judge by his past record, but with a great capacity for standing pat—and this combination of qualities is found in the person of Senator Harding.

The New Republic contends that by virtue of its platform and by nominating Senator Harding the Republican party has confessed to a bankruptcy of convictions, enthusiasms or ideas and shown its preference for "cheap expedients and phrases rather than for principles and their courageous and realistic application." Undoubtedly it is a marked descent from Roosevelt, Taft and Hughes, the succession of Republican presidents and presidential aspirant, to the comparatively unknown Ohio Senator. The Republican party would appear to have thrown overboard all its progressive ideas and cannot hope to draw that large body of independent American opinion which has arisen in the last few years and that seeks a better condition of affairs through orderly political action rather than letting things go on to that "spirit of political, economic and social revolution" of which President Hutchins of the University of Michigan spoke this week as being "painfully apparent" in the United States.

AMRITSAR AND AFTER.

Not all the enemies of Britain's reputation for justice and fair play are in other lands. It would be difficult to find any individual who has done more to blacken his land abroad since the war closed than General Dyer, the military commander who fired on a crowd of defenceless people in an Indian city, killing three hundred and seventy-nine and wounding hundreds more. This was but the culmination of a series of official acts which while not so murderous were equally reprehensible. Flagging in public, the humiliation of having natives pass through certain streets only by crawling, these and similar outrages on the native population over which he ruled constitute a record of which the Indian Office may well feel ashamed. To add to the blackness of all these acts, the British Army Council has proceeded to give this monster a straight whitewash; this in the face of the report of the official investigating commission, which declared that there was no justification for shooting without warning or continuing to shoot

after the crowd were vainly trying to escape death.

English newspapers have not hesitated to give the fullest details of the evidence with regard to what took place. It has been conclusively proven that many of the people in the square were not aware that they were breaking any regulation, many there had no connection with the prohibited demonstration, the military closed up the one entry and then proceeded to shoot down, not in volleys, but as sharpshooters, aiming to kill, until the square was one vast shambles. After the shooting had continued for some time, General Dyer retired his troops to a point outside the city and concerned himself no further with the plight of hundreds of dead and dying natives. People outside of India may well hesitate in passing judgment upon the rigor of rule in that vast country, but where could justification possibly be found for cold-blooded murder. The Hunter Commission could not find such justification.

The Amritsar murders constitute the most grievous charge against General Dyer in British eyes, but it is stated that to the Indian population the "crawling order" has been the most bitter insult. On a certain street where an Englishman had been assaulted, it was ordered that no native should pass through save crawling on his stomach. The Indian National Congress drew attention to the result of this in such a case as a man whose wife was ill with fever and who could only go for water in this ignominious attitude. Such an order offends every principle of justice because it punishes innocent and guilty alike. The majority report of Lord Hunter's Commission declared that "in subjecting the Indian population to an act of humiliation" this order "has continued to be a cause of bitterness and racial ill-feeling long after it was recalled." There is still another charge against the Dyer administration that is of some interest, that is the bombing of defenceless villages from aeroplanes. It is not hard to recall the horror that was felt five years ago when the Germans began to use aeroplanes for bombing defenceless towns in time of war. The Manchester Guardian points out that they are now being used by British forces against defenceless towns in times of merely civil disturbance and says:

"The essence of the objection to the bombing of villages, towns and cities is that it utterly confuses the innocent and the guilty, men and women, adults and children. If this is to be introduced as a new feature into our policy, then, a fresh horror has been added to life. . . . If they are justified in one sort of civil trouble in one part of the Empire, they are justified in another sort of civil trouble in another part of the Empire. We hope this matter will be fought out in principle."

It is the Dyer type of mind that wrecks the wise and firm administration of other men. Building up British prestige among the Indian population has taken centuries, but one man's foolish acts can set the situation back a decade. The fact that the Dyer outrages have been vehemently condemned by the vast majority of British newspapers, and that the Government of India and the Secretary of State for India have taken the same view, with some qualifications, is the best answer to the war office martinet who apparently approve the murder of defenceless people if those people happen to get in the way of their machine.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

There seems need of a clearer definition in political circles of what a bribe actually is.

Looks as if the Government members at Ottawa are going to demand from Sir Robert Borden whether his permanent home is in Virginia or in Canada.

Hon. Robert Rogers must feel like a political undertaker in his efforts to reconstruct the Conservative party in provinces like Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba.

Helping out the C. N. R. and other like spectacular stunts helped make little Arthur Meighen famous in the Commons, but are not helping him now when the premiership is in the ring.

THE TEST OF HERE AND NOW.

[Farmer's Sun.]

The Apostle John asks the pertinent question: "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

God will never be developed in small areas. There can be no effective internationalism which is not built on nationalism; no world-consciousness which does not radiate from patriotism. It is the good citizen who is the hope of the League of Nations, not the angry rebel who derides the flag and will not sing "God Save the King."

It is a characteristic illusion of parlor revolutionists and half-baked theorists that big wars can be won more readily flourish in big groups than in small. This is but the grandiose dream of minds which will not deal with realities. They are like boys in their teens who fret under the discipline of school, shop or office, complaining of the pettiness and drudgery of their lives, and thinking that if they only commanded armies or directed governments or administered millions, they would be tremendous successes.

We may pardon boys for their boyish follies. But men who remain boys in mind are not to be judged so kindly. Their assumption of a wider sympathy than others, their self-satisfaction, and their silly contempt for people who try to do their duty in narrow spheres mark them down as fools.

Never before in the history of the world was the plain man summoned so imperatively to be world-conscious. The war has revealed the essential unity of mankind. The soviet conquest of Baku may raise the price of gasoline in Cobalt. It is a time for him to extend to world-neighbors the human friendliness and fair play which he has given to the family on the next farm or across the corridor in his tenement home. If he has not practiced these home virtues as neighbor and citizen let him keep his mouth shut. He knows nothing of international relations. How can a man be a professor of languages who has never learned the alphabet?

A OR THE.

[The Independent.]

Without exception, the most exasperating sort of man on earth is he who says: "Oh, yes; I am strongly in favor of a League of Nations; it has always been my dream for the nations to come together into some sort of an association which would prevent wars and promote internal co-operation; it is only the particular League of Nations devised at Paris which I oppose." Anyone would think that to hear him that there were an infinitude of equally available Leagues of Nations to choose from and that all one had to do was to ask the shopkeeper to reach down another one of different cut from his shelves since the Paris style didn't suit. But the league is not a paper project; it is a going concern, in which some four-fifths of the population of the world is already included, and whatever amendments may be made in its constitution there is no possibility that the nations will consent to scrap it altogether and build up a new league merely as a sop to factious senators or capricious radical journalists. To oppose the existing League of Nations is to oppose the whole idea of international association so far, at least as the present generation is concerned.

From Here and There

FOUR WAYS TO LOWER PRICES.

[London Daily News.]

The way to lower prices is clear, but it is neither short nor easy. We must improve our American exchange by increased production of all imports. We must insist on the opening up of unfettered trade relations with Russia. We must help Germany to put her house economically in order, not merely to enable her to make indemnity payments, but so that she may assist the production of the world, instead of simply swelling the consumption. There is little doubt that the same would be true of Russia, though Russia, when artificial barriers are removed, will be found far more capable of self-support than is realized. The result, in time, would be a substantial drop in prices.

MONEY-MAKING WOMEN.

[Portland Oregonian.]

Women now travel in a thousand money-making grooves. It is scarcely a century since each young child was practically the only service for which a woman might accept a salary without loss of social standing. Florence Nightingale found the profession of nursing closed to the better class women as recently as 1859. It was a brave woman who first conceived the notion that it was wholly respectable to turn an honest penny by needlework or cooking. The economic status of women has improved vastly since the first woman's exchange was founded, primarily to help needy women to eke out a living.

WHEN LABOR RULES.

[London Daily News.]

Are we then to say that the advent of labor to power would make no difference, either for good or evil, in our political life? By no means. It would make a great difference, and the difference would be on the whole entirely beneficial. It would bring into public life, directly or indirectly, a mass of people whose interest in it hitherto has been limited and intermittent. It would make the nation as a whole more conscious of the real difficulties which beset the path of the reformer, and it would enrich public life itself by the stock of new ideas, new experiences and new knowledge which they would bring to it.

FAIRIES AND CHILDREN.

[J. M. Barrie, in "The Little White Bird."] It is frightfully difficult to know much about the fairies, and almost the only things that are certain is that there are fairies who, as I have said, Long ago children were forbidden the Gardens, and at that time there was not a fairy in the place; then the children were admitted, and the fairies came trooping in that they were not to be seen. When you were a bird you knew the fairies pretty well, and you remember a good deal about them in your babyhood, which it is a great pity you can't forget down for gradually as you grow up. I have heard of children who declared that they had never once seen a fairy. Very likely if they said this in the Kensington Gardens they were standing looking at a fairy all the time they were saying it. This is one of their best tricks. They usually pretend to be flowers, because the court sits in the Palace of the Fairies, and there are so many flowers there, and all about the Palace. The fairies are the thing least likely to attract attention. They dress exactly like flowers, and change with the seasons, putting on white when lilacs are in, and blue and bluebell, and so on. They are very graceful and youthful, time best of all, and they are partial to a bit of color, but tulips (except white ones, which are fairly cradles) they consider garish, and they sometimes put off dressing like tulips for the sake of the beginning of the tulip weeks is almost the best time to catch them.

WORK.

[Wall Street Journal.]

The danger lies in shorter hours where they mean restricted production, and in extravagance, not merely as individuals, but of government itself. These must learn to live within their income. It was remarked elsewhere in these columns that with one year's full turn over of work, real work, the world would be set on the right track. There is no way for any of us to earn his bread worthily, usefully or permanently, except by the sweat of his brow. "Be it enacted" theories do not make two blades of grass grow where one grew before. But work does. To rely upon the state to do for us what we can do for ourselves is to court universal poverty.

IN PRAISE OF BEAUTY.

[London Daily Express.]

The guns of France, tearing the broken earth could not kill the germ of life lying in the soil. In the dirtiest, most crowded lanes of London a solitary flower will often rear its head between the weary cobbles stones. Beauty is unconquerable. And, greater of all, it finds its climax in humanity itself. We are its heirs and highest interpreters.

POOR FELLOW.

[St. Thomas Times-Journal.]

The habit of vacation is growing on the people. Everybody that can do so now tries to snatch a few days for rest and recreation, and when not indulged in is to excess it is found that the time spent in it is not lost. It means in most cases increased vigor and better work for the rest of the year. But there is no rest for a tired editor. Winter and summer, year in and year out, he must stick to his task. Even when he goes from home he must manage somehow to keep the printers going. The cry for "copy" knows no break. Nevertheless, few editors die, and none resign.

DICKENS'S LONDON.

Fifty years ago, on June 9, 1870, took place the death of Charles Dickens, at his famous home, Gad's Hill. A writer in the New York Times, recalling this anniversary, says:

To myself the lapse of fifty years since that tragic event brings back the London which I began to know sixteen years later. It was Dickens's London in essence. His very characters could still be seen on the streets; the Cockney eccentricities which abound in his novels could be heard and seen; many neighborhoods he had described, now transformed or swept away, he had known as he knew them. His cabmen and his drivers, with the broad-brimmed hats and beer-fattened cheeks and chins, were still masters of repartee, and had Dickens's own keen and rollicking vision for surface characteristics. The small old inn of court still created the grim memories of Jack Bamber. In Holborn you might walk through the square carriage entry of Furnival's Inn, under which Dickens, in the flush of his youth, signed his contract for the "Pickwick Papers," and further east, stood the old inns he knew. Ridler's, and the Bell, and the Black Bull, with their old coach yards. His Hampstead Heath was still the wild beginning of the country, and from its gorse the gypsy woman still rose to tell you your fortune. The Duke of Bedford's gate-keepers, in laced hats and red waistcoats, still barred many a short-cut through the Bloomsbury, which now approximates to one vast hotel and boarding-house. Today the London of Dickens has almost entirely disappeared. Even the Old Curiosity Shop in Portico-moor street, the Mecca of countless thousands of visitors to the metropolis, is declared not to be the original of the novelist. Although the scenes made so familiar by Dickens in those masterpieces which wrought such a social revolution have all, or nearly all, been obliterated, the masterpieces themselves live, and fortunately for a world saturated with the trash of present-day best-sellers, continue to exercise a wholesome and inspiring influence.

MOTORISTS AND PEDESTRIANS.

[Toronto Star.]

"The time is not far distant," said an elderly citizen of Toronto the other day, "may not live to see it, perhaps, but some day you will see every pedestrian in the city will be forced by law to wear a red electric bulb in his necktie and carry a red lantern swinging to his coat tails behind."

As the reader will infer, this elderly gentleman was at the moment somewhat incensed by the argument of motorists that pedestrians ought to be compelled to keep out of the way of motor cars. Some motorists like to tell about how they in France. "There," they tell you, "if you get hit by a motor car, they arrest you for having got in its way." It may be so, in given circumstances, but this Frenchman is not quite as simple as his statement of it would make it appear. Safety of life must be insured, and life cannot be made safe unless both motorists and pedestrians strive to make so. A few years ago in Toronto trolley accidents were so frequent as to cause much concern. Pedestrians were being struck by the cars, and fenders of all sorts were being experimented with. But such accidents are now infrequent, partly because the street cars are much better handled by a more competent class of motormen, and partly because the people on the streets have learned to be cautious. There is, perhaps, reason to hope that similar processes are now being applied, in time, to reduce the number of motor tragedies.

Poetry and Jest

THERE'S NOT A LITTLE BOAT—

[Bliss Carman.]
There's not a little boat, sweetheart,
That dances on the tide;
There's not a nodding daisy-wild
In all the meadows wide.

In all the warm green orchards,
Where bright birds sing and stray,
There's not a nodding daisy-wild
So glad as I this day.

She said: "In all the purple hills,
Where dance the lilies blue,
Where all day long the springing larks
Make fairy-tales come true.

"Where you can lie for hours and watch
The unfathomable sky,
There's not a breath of all the June
That's half so glad as I!"

LIFE-SAVING.
[Boys' Life.]
Drowning Man—Quick, throw me a lifebelt.
Rescuer (a tailor)—Yes, sir! What size around the waist?

NO!
[Harold Bird in Westminster Gazette.]
President, Pope, or King,
Since my love has looked so kindly
And the year has turned to spring?
Not I!

Not while the violets nestle
With the snowdrops in the wood;
While the rooks are busy building
And the warblers sing their good!

Not while the birds are singing
In the trees of purple lace,
And my love has kissed me slowly
With her hands upon my face.

While the storm-sent clouds are sailing
And the sweeping dews look near,
And the gale rides great white horses
While my love calls low and clear?

Not I!
Would I exchange with an Emperor,
President, Pope, or King,
Since I held my love against me,
And her flushed face turned to spring?

NO!
How he ever happened to do it,
Heaven only knows, but Jones really
brought home a small box of candy
and a gracious air. Mrs. Jones managed
to overcome her astonishment sufficiently
to thank him, but evidently Jones did
not regard her expressions of appreciation
as adequate to the occasion, for he observed:

"I happened to be with Smith when he
gave his wife a present yesterday.
Glad to hear of a woman who can really
show a man that she appreciates a thing!"
Her expressions of thanks were really
charming," said Mrs. Jones how much
practise she has," Mrs. Jones responded
sweetly.

"SPECS."
[F. K. Rustenworth.]
Great-grandpa's "specs" have rims of
horn.

They are the kind he's always worn.
My daddy's "specs" have rims of gold.
They don't make him look so old.
When daddy on his motor bike rides
he has another pair besides.

At first I felt afraid of him.
They make him look so fierce and
grim.

Aunt Sarah's have a handle, too.
And seem to look you through and
through.

My mummy, when she reads and
sews,
Just pinches hers upon her nose.
My uncle shuts his left eye tight,
And sticks a round glass in his right.

Grim wears hers on her nose—she's a
tip.
And looks above! I fear they'll slip.
Aunt says gran has another pair
Which I have never seen her wear;
I think she keeps them put away.

Rose-colored "specs," I heard aunt
say.

"HORSES."
[The American.]
"Guess you can't talk to me about horse."
had an old mare, Mulzypp, who once
licked out best express by a couple of
miles on a thirty-mile run.

"That's nothing," said the Canadian.
"I've ridden my farm horse, about
fifty miles from the house, when a
frightful storm came up. I turned the

Physicians Recommend Castoria

YOU know the real human doctors right around in your neighborhood: the doctors made of flesh and blood just like you: the doctors with souls and hearts: those men who are responding to your call in the dead of night as readily as in the broad daylight; they are ready to tell you the good that Fletcher's Castoria has done, is doing and will do, from their experience and their love for children.

Your physician knows that Castoria is purely a child's remedy. It was sought for and discovered as a substitute for Castor Oil in the ailments of Infants and Children.

Your physician will tell you this for he knows that preparations put on the market for adults are not adaptable for the very young and he is particularly interested in your baby.

Children Cry For

Fletcher's
CASTORIA

Is Baby Well and Strong?

Your heart aches when your baby falls sick. You feel so anxious to help the little sufferer, yet so helpless because baby can't tell you where it feels bad. But, if you are wise, you know that generally baby sickness comes from a disordered stomach or bowels. You can tell easily that baby is constipated or has pain, eruptions, flatulence, diarrhoea, is restless, feverish, wakeful, fretful. Good mothers use Fletcher's Castoria, a wonderful remedy, purely vegetable, discovered by a family doctor and used in the best families for over thirty years.

Children cry for Fletcher's Castoria. It is a comfort to babies, the mother's unfailing friend. Any Mother who has used Fletcher's Castoria will advise you to use it for your baby. Give your sick baby a dose of it and note how soon baby begins to feel better. A few doses and you will realize what a wonderful remedy Fletcher's Castoria is for babies, what a comfort it is for mothers to depend on.

Never try to relieve baby with a remedy that you would use for yourself. Don't say tomorrow, get it today.

MOTHERS SHOULD READ THE BOOKLET THAT IS AROUND EVERY BOTTLE OF FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

pony's head for home, and do you know he raced the storm so close for the last ten miles that I didn't feel a drop, while my old dog, only ten yards behind, had to swim the whole distance. QUEERED THE WHOLE BUSINESS. [Exchange.] The superintendent of a Sunday school out west thought it would be a good idea to have the children quote

Soak the clothes
at night. Rinse
them in the
morning. That's
all.



Not a cake soap—not a washing powder—
a wonderful new cleansing soap in fine granules

Rinso is so rich and pure that it dissolves instantly in water and stirs up in a bubbly tubful of lather. So great is its cleansing power that clothes need be soaked in it but a few hours, then rinsed—and they're clean. Yet Rinso is as absolutely harmless to the clothes as pure water itself.

Get Rinso for the very next family wash. A package will do it. Not a cake soap. Not a washing powder. Something better. A new form of soap in granules. Ask your Grocer.

Rinso

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO

