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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Monday, May 3.

HYDRO RADIALS AND MR. DRURY.

Premier Drury is to be commended for the
stand he has taken in regard to hydro-radials.
When he assumed office he made it clear that
he intended to use caution and common sense
in the development of the various hydro
schemes. Last week in addressing a deputa-
tion from municipalities asking for the imme-
diate construction of hydro-radials he carried
out this promise by refusing to have the Gov-
ernment guarantee bonds until satisfied there
would be no wasteful duplication of transporta-
tion lines and assured that the financial situa-
tion was favorable. He pointed out that it
would be the province, not the municipalities,
that would have to pay the shot in the event
of failure.

And, of course, the taking over by the Do-
minion Government of the Grand Trunk and
the Canadian Northern has changed the entire
transportation situation of the province. It
would be sheer folly to proceed with the de-
velopment of hydro radial until it is known
definitely just what arrangements can be made
with the National Railways in regard to com-
petition. The Hamilton Times voices another
objection to hasty action as follows:

The Ontario division of the Canadian Manu-
facturers' Association would like the whole
hydro scheme to be investigated by a royal
commission and they ask that before any radial
road is gone on with, the hydro be com-
pelled to fulfill its obligations to supply the
power contracted for by the manufacturers.
Many complaints were heard of loss of time
in factories by them being held up on account
of want of power. They want Sir Adam to
build steam turbines that when the power
falls at the Falls it can be supplied
from these steam plants.

Mr. Drury is to be praised for refusing to
be hurried into approving vast hydro expendi-
tures until the matter is investigated from
every angle.

THE DOMINION AT WASHINGTON.

A dispatch from the American capital says
that the proposal for a sort of Canadian am-
bassadorial representation at Washington has
been approved at both London and Ottawa,
and that there is every reason to believe that
it will be heartily approved by the United
States. It is planned, according to the Wash-
ington news, that hereafter the British am-
bassador will be selected only after consulta-
tion with the Canadian Government and that
Ottawa will send its own diplomatic staff to be
attached to the British embassy. At the head
of this staff will be an official who will have
plenipotentiary powers. If the information is
correct, the Canadian appointee will be a vice-
ambassador with powers second only to those
of the man appointed by the Imperial Govern-
ment, and during the absence of the latter
from Washington he will be in full control.
This plan means that while there will be no
change in the present system—that is that
Canadian affairs will continue to be transacted
through the British embassy—the business of
this country will in the future be in the hands
of Canadians, who will be acting on instruc-
tions direct from the Canadian Government.
This plan, on the face of it, is to be commended.
Had it been adopted earlier there would have
been avoided differences that have been exas-
perating and at times even dangerous. Matters
can be explained quickly and clearly by direct
representation from this country that under the
present roundabout method are delayed and
misunderstood.

AMERICAN POETRY.

The London Morning Post, organ of the
"old gang," "old nobility," etc., over there,
keeps doing its best to belittle and antagonize
Americans. The other day it showed the same
old spirit of Tory arrogance by the following
comment:

"America has never been rich in poets. To-
day she produces an intolerable deal more or
less eccentric poetry, but very little poetry
indeed. Soon her only so-called poet will be
the author of the 'Spoon River Anthology,'
that dreary collection of invented obituaries,
written in chopped prose, which combines the
demerits of a convict's dossier, an official
statement by Mr. Daniels, a Wilsonian note,
and a funeral wreath of paper flowers."

It is very true that the United States has
not compared evenly with England in poetry,
but very few countries can. For all his stog-
giness and strong business turn, John Bull is
also a notable poet, America has produced
plenty of verse-writers, but not many poets.
The same may be said of countries like Ireland,
Scotland and Wales. Why should the Post be
so eager to sneer at the United States?

There are passages of Lowell's "Bigelow
Papers" that are unique in English poetry.
They are rugged, pointed, richly human, with
a punch that has not at all departed after 75
years. There is the same lasting quality in the
hymns and other simple pieces of Whitman.
Not to speak of the strange geniuses of Poe and
Whitman, of whom even the Post is aware,
there was the wonderful Oliver Wendell
Holmes, a poet of fancy and whimsical humor,
and the ever quoted Longfellow, names of mel-
low sweetness and fragrance. Always rosy
for them. Humorous verse has been and still

is plentiful. Saxe, Leland and Hay are four-
tains of gaiety with their dialect and Hans
Breitmann and Pike County Ballads. Prince of
all entertainers in verse was Bret Harte at
his best, one of Kipling's inspirers, the author
for example of Kipling's line on woman as
"deadlier than the male."

America is famous for great topical poems,
the author often obscure, the song a force.
"Marching Through Georgia" is as well known
as the Marseillaise and "Home Sweet Home,"
if as Stevenson charged, "an assault and battery
on the feelings," has nevertheless captured the
world. Nobody forgets as yet the splendid
skit a few years before the war on "Me and
Gott," a hit that went home and stayed there.
There are scores of pieces like "Casey at the
Bat," that might be called humorous classics.
And the present? The Morning Post should
just take a look into Vachel Lindsay's "Con-
go," or the poems of Karl Wilson Baker. Some
of the finest war poems were by the brilliant
American soldiers, Alan Seeger and Joyce Kil-
mer. Really the Post is as ill-informed about
America as Lord North and George III. were.
Its remarks are not so hard on the United
States as on the Post itself. The Americans
have done about as well in poetry as could be
expected of a country engaged in pioneer en-
terprise and later in the exciting work of build-
ing and busting trusts.

ENTER DEAD-EYE DICK.

Boys of the sixties and seventies, gather
closer. Do you remember when you earned a
nickel carrying in wood, and hustled to spend
it on a nickel novel that had to be read down
behind the barn or in bed after the folks had
all gone to sleep? Remember how you traded
it to the other fellow for one you hadn't read?
How you had to hide the bright-covered book-
let for fear dad would find you with it? Re-
member the homily from the pulpit about the
boy who read nickel novels and came to a bad
end—hanging, was it, or just transportation for
life? Remember the warnings of Sunday school
teacher and grandmas and aunts and uncles, and
all the rest, on the dangers of novel-reading?
Well, listen! On Monday afternoon, May 10, at
the hour of 2 o'clock, in the Anderson Galleries
of New York, they are going to sell a col-
lection of several hundreds of these "live-
wreckers," gathered together through twenty
years by Dr. Frank P. O'Brien, a well-known
book-lover of New York. The catalogue that
lists them costs more than a dozen of the little
leaflets ever cost in their day, and it is safe
to say that the proceeds of the sale will run
into thousands of dollars.

Get back again in fancy, behind the barn,
and take your pick of these titles, for instance:
"The White Vulture, or The Trail of the Yellow-
stone," "Old Grizzly Adams the Bear-Tamer,"
or "The Monarch of the Mountains," "Deadly
Eye and the Prairie Rover," "Big-Foot Wallace,
the King of the Lariat, or Wild Wolf the
Waco," "Border Vengeance or The Night
Hawk's Daughter." How you old-timers would
have revelled in that selection! How about
"Adventures of Wild Bill, the Pistol Prince,
From Youth to His Death by Assassination,"
"Deeds of Daring," "Adventures and Thrilling
Incidents in the Life of J. B. Hickok, Known to
the World as Wild Bill?" Don't the thrills come
back at the very wording of the title? Here is
item No. 210 in the Anderson catalogue, "Eagle-
Eye, or Ralph Warren and His Red Friend." Listen
to this account of an Indian attack:

"A rattle and confused din fell upon the
ear coming from the forest around. Louder it
grew, and then a long line of dusky warriors
with bared hatchets and shouldered muskets,
filed slowly into the glade. They were chant-
ing a savage war song, a wild symphony,
which in our language is nothing, but in their
terrible . . . Over two thousand In-
dians in their war paint:

"Hoo-Hoo.
We are coming, we are coming.
See-See.
We have taken many scalps.
But we smell the blood of a thousand;
The warriors shall be slain,
But the women shall plant our corn
And keep warm the lodges of brave men."

Many of these "thrillers" of a day gone by
were narratives of actual adventures, colored,
no doubt, but reflecting more or less accurately
the experiences of men who went into the far
west in the early pioneer days. There are half
a dozen issues listed dealing with the life and
adventures of old Grizzly Adams. There may
be some yet who remember when old Grizzly
Adams used to travel around with P. T. Bar-
num's circus. Grizzled he was, and bearing all
over his body the marks of his encounters with
his big bear pets. His biggest grizzly pet was
known as Sampson, and one of the famous ex-
ploits of Adams was to ride this huge animal
bareback. Adams himself was one of the most
extraordinary characters produced in the
pioneer west. If his qualities, characters and
deeds were not of indisputable historical
authenticity they would not be believed. In
generations to come the quaint figure who went
about the country riding on an enormous
grizzly bear, with a second similar huge beast
for a bodyguard, will probably become a
legend and finally a myth.

In answer to the question, what has become
of the nickel novel, somebody has remarked
that today it is written by the "best authors"
and sells for a dollar and a half. In which
statement there is a good deal of truth, for the
generation that grew up on Dead Eye Dick and
his friends still loves to follow the heroes of
E. Phillips Oppenheim, Louis Tracy or Rex
Beach. The late Sir Richard Cartwright con-
fessed that a school boy's thriller gave him
more recreation than a best seller, and there is
many another staid citizen who could confess
the same liking in age for the reading matter
of his youth.

CONSERVATIVE ENGLAND.

[London Daily Express.]
Twenty years ago the notion of a railway jour-
ney without a tin foot-warmer and a traveling rug
would have been as fantastic as that of a Polar
expedition without furs or sledges. And if a royal
commission had then considered the notion of steam
heat it would, no doubt, after two years of exco-
gitation, have found the proposal impracticable and
inconvenient, with no certainty of direct advantage
to offset the dislocation of habit and expense of
reconstruction. We move slowly. At present we
have advanced to the stage of strong and influential
minority reports in favor of one or another scheme
of decimal change.

From Here and There

THE PASSING STRANGE.

[John Massfield, in the Yale Review.]

Since moons decay and suns decline
How else should end this life of mine?
Water and saltiness are not wine.

But in the darkest hour of night,
When even the foxes peer for sight,
The byre-cock crows; he feels the light.

So, in this water mixed with dust,
The byre-cock spirit crows from trust,
That death will change because it must.

For all things change; the darkness goes,
The wandering spirits change their ranges,
The corn is gathered to the granage.

The corn is sown again, it grows;
The stars burn out, the darkness goes,
The rhythms change, they do not close.

They change, and we, who pass like foam,
Like dust blown through the streets of Rome,
Change ever, too; we have no home.

Only a beauty, only a power,
Sad in the fruit, bright in the flower,
Endlessly erring for its hour.

But gathering, as we stray, a sense
Of life, so lovely and intense,
It lingers when we wander hence.

That those who follow feel behind
Their backs, when all before is blind,
Our joy, a rampart to the mind.

THE DEWENTON OVER DAYLIGHT.

[Harvey's Weekly.]

The daylight saving muddle continues, and we
are treated to the spectacle of a great railroad
running parts of its trains according to one system
and the rest according to the other! Thus the five
o'clock express and the six o'clock local leave the
terminal at the same time. The uncertainty, in-
convenience and frequent actual loss that are thus
being imposed upon the public are great beyond
computation. They will probably continue, how-
ever, until this happy-go-lucky nation insists upon
a rational system of universal enforcement.

UNREPENTANT GERMANY.

[London Times.]

We desire to see France recover her strength,
and Germany and Central Europe restored to
healthy economic prosperity. But against one
thing we set, and shall steadily set, our face—
against the revival, in any form, of the German
militarist temper. Of that temper the latest ex-
planation is the beating of a newspaper corres-
pondent by German soldiers for the offence
of standing with his hands in his pockets in the
presence of a Prussian officer. Against that temper
the British people fought, and it, with their allies'
ship, they overcame. The sane builder against
its return within a calculable future is the main
tenance of the closest friendship and co-operation
which we shall not cease to advocate and to uphold.

ENGLAND COMES.

[George H. Maitland.]

It is not that the flow's more sweetly there,
With comelier hue in quaint old gardens through,
Nor that the nightingale in notes more rare
Bestrewn a lovelier April dusk with song.

It is not that the hedges and the beech,
The burgeoning verdure of a softer spring,
Or gentler whispering winds in greener trees
By thrice-more-magic brooks abloom—

It is not that that thrill me, nor grey walls,
With statelier-ivied grace as years unfold,
Nor battlemented castles, nor great halls,
Rich with old tapestries and armor old;

But this! That still the heart of England burns,
And still the torch of England's wrath flames
bright,
And England's strength to England's hand returns,
And England's ships to England's stroke lend might.

When little peoples, with great ills beset,
Hold back the tyrant from their cherished homes,
The fire of England's anger kindles yet;
Still rings the age-old answer: "England comes."

TOOK THE WRONG TURNING.

[Manchester Guardian.]

We have a good deal of sympathy for Mr.
George in his present difficulty. He is a victim of
the war. After doing splendid work in that tre-
mendous ordeal, he somehow missed his road. He
is by nature and sympathy a Liberal, but he has
got into the wrong box, and the problem for him
and the real interest for us is how he shall get out
of it. The misfortune is that the task does not grow
easier, and it certainly will not be made so by an
unreal and quite gratuitous quarrel with labor.
Moreover, the part does not fit him. He may not
altogether understand labor—the special English
form of it;—indeed, he obviously does not, if his
denunciations are to be taken as much more than
a rhetorical exercise. But his natural sympathies
are with labor, or, as he has himself put it, "with
the underdog."

NEW YORK VAGARIAS.

[Portland Oregonian.]

It is characteristic of New York, however, that
her banderlog propensities have asserted the old
babe—and that of a genuine, practical idea she
evolved a freak, overall clothing is rather the vogue
back there, it is said, but the style is a burlesque
of the bell-bottomed trousers of the Mexican
vaquero. Denim thus transformed sells for from
\$20 a suit upward—proving that there is always
profit in ideas, even when devoted to the aboli-
tion of proffering. But the point is that New
York tailors, given a workable idea, have cheapened
and belittled it until it is the joke of the para-
graph, almost of all hope of general adop-
tion, and weakened in appeal as a sensible solution
in the clothing dilemma. Were New York given
the opportunity to design pontifical robes, the idea
and perverse conceits of the town would insist upon
a garb crossed between comic opera and the spring
mode. A city of banderlogs.

CANADA AND THE WEST INDIES.

[Nassau Guardian.]

Every effort should be made to acquire a steam-
ship service with the view of gradually increasing
our trade with Canada to the necessary proportions.
One of the best methods of encouraging such trade
relations would be the grant of preferential tariff
rates on Canadian imports, and the exemption of
any export duties on goods shipped to Canada. The
adoption of preferential tariffs with Canada and the
rest of the empire is on lines with the policy strong-
ly advocated by the Imperial Government, and
which will go far to consolidate those ties of senti-
ment and nationality which were so strongly kni-
tled by the war. Fortunately, we have the funds which
will enable us to embark on such a policy; and we
sincerely hope that the Legislature will recognize
the benefits which will accrue to the colony from
its adoption and will provide the funds for sending
a Bahama delegate to the coming conference at
Ottawa, and will authorize him to say, on behalf
of the colony, that reciprocal tariff advantages be-
tween Canada and ourselves are only a matter of
adjustment and enactment.

DANAE IN THE FACTORY.

[Florence Van Cleve, in New York Times.]

Once in the day he comes in liquid gold
A Bahama delegate to the coming conference at
Ottawa, and will authorize him to say, on behalf
of the colony, that reciprocal tariff advantages be-
tween Canada and ourselves are only a matter of
adjustment and enactment.

She lifts her thin cheek to his kiss of fire:
The half-made garment drops from out her hand;
Her tired eyes close, to dream of her desire—
Though here all dreams are banned.

Loiter a moment, though your task be waiting:
This is the richest gift your year can bring—
A ray of sunshine through a factory grating:
Is all you know of spring!

WHITE MAN

[By George Agnew Chamberlain.]

The cottage that approached the en-
trance to the Indian Ocean Hotel at an
hour when men, having ceased from
labor, are sipping cocktails and smoking
one more cigarette before going up to
dress and when the evening women are
trying to put out before daylight goes,
was almost biblical in its imposing sim-
plicity. First came Trevor, dressed
by many suns and virile, his khaki
clothes moist by usage to the long rip-
pling muscles of his body; just behind
him followed Marguerite carrying pho-
tophically as precious a burden of bluish-
ting youth and loveliness as ever clod
packed into one skin. Then came gun-
bearers, water-carriers, askaris and
personal servants, including Balducci, at
the head of the picked carriers who bore
everything necessary to the setting of
camp.

After that followed a break occupied
only by the cook, a solemn personage
who marched ever alone dressed in one
of Trevor's cast-off suits of mufti and
carrying, along on a stick over his
shoulder, a pair of shoes which had ac-
companied the gift of raiment, but into
which his feet had never been able to
force a way. Behind him followed a
long string of porters, herded by three
voracious captains armed each with a
pointed stick, which they talked about
often but never used, and carrying the
endless assortment of loads that speak
with an indescribable eloquence for the
self-sufficiency of a well-appointed
safari.

These loads were in themselves a
story; battered tin cases, a trunk, and
many packs, chub boxes, scarred by the
burns and bruises of many a camp-
fire and many a journey; trophies in the
shape of eight elephant tusks and three
noble heads, one of koodoo, one of
sable and one—the staggering weight
of a great bull buffalo skull, mottled and
horns—hung on a pole between two
men.

Followed the rag-tag of lighter and
miscellaneous burdens; such as the pre-
cious camp acetylene lamps, carried
each by a boy, the filter, a box full
of dishes, a cluster of common latrines,
a demijohn of drinking water. Bring-
ing up the tail of the train along the
camp, a few youngsters and half a
dozen favored wives, too comely to be
trusted at home. These carried on their
fathers and lords, M-bits of
meat in varying stages of putrefaction,
also much manioc, and much other
vegetables as they had been able to
beg or steal along the line of march.

As Trevor, the white head of this
quarter-mile long and glistening black
serpent of humanity, swung in between
the gateposts of the hotel's imposing
portals, the ever-opportune Marguerite
stretched his neck, raised his barrel-
laid eyes, and with a raucous and un-
controllable peal of Andrea's silver
laughter.

The groups of men and women—all
but one—the hotel veranda stopped
into his slow assuring smile as his gaze
met that of Andrea and took note of
her alarm. He remembered that only
ten minutes before he had promised on
the honor of a lover to be seen only
and not heard.

"Andrea, you a bit late for that?"
asked Harry, unperturbed. "They seem
to be running a bit late here, wearing
and with a fair lead." He lit a cigar-
ette and snapped the dead match
through his fingers.

"You think so, do you?" said the
magnate, his eyes snapping malignantly
at Harry. "I think you'd better
collect that thousand pounds re-
ward."

It was the end. The magnate gasped,
sprang up and fled, pursued by a
smoke arrow propelled from Harry's
mouth. As Harry Gwent pursed
her lips but kept on knitting; she could
not, however, altogether hide the laugh
that was in her snapping eyes. Andrea

had shot MacCloster, but it turned
into his slow assuring smile as his gaze
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To Make the Housing Problem Worse, the Ouija Board Fans Are Grabbing Up All the Haunted Ones (By Copyright)

two whatchumay-calls as passengers
arose and dropped on her knees beside
his ruined. They'll stay in Africa till
her ancient relative.
"Oh, Aunt Gwendolyn," she begged,
"won't you please let me introduce
Robert? He's the dearest, most
thoughtful, strongest and weakest man
that a lucky girl ever loved."
Aunt Gwendolyn dropped her knitting and
took Andrea's face in her hands. "Why,
my dear," she said, her black eyes
brimming over with kindly mischief,
"of course you can introduce him. I've
just been putting it off because I was
longing to kiss him. A perfectly strong
young man, and I hated to have it
over with."
[To Be Continued.]

WRIGLEY'S

For rosy cheeks, happy
smiles, white teeth, good
appetites and digestions.

Its benefits are as GREAT
as its cost is SMALL!

It satisfies the desire for sweets,
and is beneficial, too.

CHew IT AFTER EVERY MEAL

WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLEMINT
SPEARMINT GUM

WRIGLEY'S
JUICY FRUIT
SPEARMINT GUM

Sealed Tight —
Kept Right

The Flavor Lasts

WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM LASTS
MINT LEAF FLAVOR