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ADVERTISERS, NOTE.

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London, Ontario, Saturday, August 27, 1921.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

Curious observers would do well not to be led astray
by the chatter of the street, from which the inference
might be drawn that the Christian Church had lapsed
into a non-progressive condition. An adequate survey
would prove that in so far as human activity is con-
cerned, nothing could be further from the fact. She
has not fallen on sleep. Under the spell of her vast
mechanism she may need the reminder of the prophet
and to become infused with that spiritual endowment
which clothes her in the beautiful and invincible gar-
ments of righteousness. As the human agency of the
Divine, she is admonished to shake herself from the
dust of uncleanness and encumbrance. The very pride
of learning and absorption in critical analysis may
obscure her vision of the Divine message to cast up
a highway for the ingathering of the people. Following
the important assemblages of church courts during the
past season, there seems just now to be a species of
lull in the ecclesiastical atmosphere. It has
summer lull in the ecclesiastical atmosphere. It has
not escaped observation, however, that in this year's
synods, assemblies and conferences there was man-
ifestly at work a deeper, moving spirit toward zeal
of unity and aim and unity of endeavor in the tasks of the
church. Of these, one stands out transcendently
the presentation of a saving Christ to a sin-
blemished and needy world. Enlistment in His
service, the acquisition of His spirit by the in-
dividual, and the application of His teachings in
community and world relations, all are involved in
the Christian program. Some communions may not
stress it by that particular name, but the mind of
the church has centered upon evangelism, which is
another name for the proclamation of The Gospel.
In that direction all ways are to converge, just as
in the long past all roads led to Imperial Rome. It
is pertinent, therefore, to inquire what the church
has been doing. Is she alive to the Ascension Day
mandate to be everywhere the witness to a universal
Gospel? What result has she to show?

A partial but fairly encouraging answer to these
inquiries may be gathered from a survey by Rev.
Dr. Charles E. Goodell, secretary of the Commission on
Evangelism and Life Service of the Federal Council
of the Churches of Christ in the United States.
Epitomized, he records this year as the greatest in
evangelism which America has ever witnessed. Com-
plete figures are not yet available, but sufficient
data is at hand to reveal that more persons have
been received into membership during the past year
than were ever before enrolled by the churches
during a similar period. Thus far the accessions to
Protestant communions have been above two millions,
in addition to which will be doubtless relatively great
increases in the Catholic fold. It is pointed out that
the achievement in the former field was brought about
not by the campaigns of remarkable personalities, but
by the emphasis of pastoral and individual evangelism.
While there has been less dependence upon outside
aid, a factor that greatly helped in making those un-
precedented gains was the action of the churches in
uniting for simultaneous evangelistic work in the larger
American cities. Not only were the concrete results
greater, but a fine spirit of fellowship was developed
in the co-operating churches. It is of interest to note
a few particulars of these remarkable ingatherings. In
the North, eleven states were so organized as to
reach every Baptist Church with evangelistic effort.
The accessions are reported at over 160,000, the largest
ever recorded; while in the South additions reached
nearly 200,000. From January 1 to Easter the
Disciples of Christ enrolled 100,000 members. The
commission on evangelism of the Congregational
Church made a specialty of evangelistic literature, and
100,000 persons were received into membership. In
the Presbyterian Church 1,700 men, chiefly pastors,
gave from two to four weeks help to parishes other
than their own, and an increase of 124,000 members
was reported, while the Southern Presbyterian Church
received an addition of over 24,000 new members. The
United Presbyterian Church also records a substantial
net gain.

The Methodist Episcopal Church made a special
feature of evangelism in occupational groups, such as
harvesters and lumbermen. The net increase during
the year ending November 1, 1920, was 182,338, and
this year the prospects are still better. The Methodist
Episcopal Church South reports exceptional revivals,
with a general increase for 1920 of 279,000. The Re-
formed Church, United Brethren, Lutheran and other
communions report corresponding additions, and the
Protestant Episcopal Church, not mentioned in the
resume by Dr. Goodell, was doubtless fully abreast of
the other communions. Taking the figures given as a
basis of estimate, the aggregate of membership in-
creases to all the churches of the Republic for the
current year would constitute an imposing total. When
these are added to the members previously enrolled,
one cannot but be impressed with the magnitude of
the church militant and the human resources at her
command. At no period in the past were her activities
comparable with those of the present. If her divinely
ordered undertakings be great and varied, she divinely
noted them, but rather press onward, making

real the prophetic spirit of Baring-Gould's stirring
hymn:

"Like a mighty army moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod;
We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity."

The world never needed the Christian Church so
much as at this very hour, nor were there ever so many
reasons why she should gird herself for the crusade
with courage and with hope.

LIBERALS EN AVANT.

The stirring words of the Liberal leader, W. L.
Mackenzie King, in handling the present political situ-
ation, will find an echo among the people in every
part of Canada. His arraignment of the Meighen
Government was telling in the extreme, and his home
thrusts on vital questions cannot fail to have their
effect on those who have been decoyed into the sterile
land of unfulfilled anticipations by the actions of one
who does not really lead, but maintains his ascendancy
by pretending to be what he is not—the true
representative of the will of the people in the adminis-
tration of the country's affairs. As Mr. King has truly
said, "If there is one outstanding characteristic of Mr.
Meighen and his associates, it is their absolute indif-
ference to the will of the people."

When in the time of war and turmoil the electors
of the Dominion returned Sir Robert Borden and his
band of Unionists, party differences were largely for-
gotten, but those who in good faith supported this
administration never dreamed that in a few years the
Unionist rose would be hybridized into a Tory briar,
reaching out rank suckers in every direction to im-
poverish the land. Representative government has
vanished from the Dominion, and in its place at Ottawa
there is a star chamber which passes laws and votes
huge sums of money without consulting the people, and
without so much as making them aware of what is
being done. Secret diplomacy has been the curse of
the world; secret government is the curse of Canada.

At the present moment, as the Liberal leader points
out, Canada is the only self-governing dominion of the
Empire denied the right of a general election since the
termination of the war. This is too Russian for the
tastes of a free and democratic people, and it is,
therefore, not at all surprising that class consciousness
is taking root in quarters where formerly it was unable
to find sustenance. The natural growth of democracy
being thus impeded by the weeds of reaction and mis-
representation, its seeds are being wafted by the
breezes of public opinion in various directions. The
rise of the farmer movement has been largely the out-
come of the policy of autocratic indifference to the
progress and general welfare of the community as a
whole which has characterized the Meighen adminis-
tration. The time is now ripe for co-operation in a
movement of progressive Liberalism which will sweep
the country and rid it for ever of a crew which is
driving the ship of state on the rocks. Canada's credit
is at stake, her reputation as a field for immigration
is at stake, and if the situation is not salved in due
time Australia, South Africa, New Zealand and other
overseas dominions will be receiving the flower of
Britain's manhood, while Canada will be side-tracked.
The greatest calamity that can befall a country is mis-
government, and Canada is today in the grip of this
misfortune, with no remedy provided.

It is the duty of every Liberal in the country and
of every man whose ideas of progression are derived
from Liberal and Democratic sources to rally to every
point, and by combined action to show Mr. Meighen
once and for all that his attempt to carry on the
affairs of this great nation without having the nation
behind him, is an ignominious failure, and that as the
electors have been paying the piper and have been
getting far more wind than music, it is now high time
to call the tune.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It would appear from the latest reports that Morocco
is getting leathered by the Spaniards.

The reply of the Dail Eireann to Lloyd George can
be summed up in three words: "As you were."

The exodus to the Golden West has now ceased
for a season, and the harvesters are striking the trail
for home.

The cause of enmity between the United States and
Germany is now officially dead. The treaty of peace
has at last been signed.

A woman who has been arrested in Brooklyn is
known as the "bootleg queen." When the police came,
however, she was unable to take to her heels.

It has been asserted that London's assessment
system is one of the best in the Dominion. This is
probably because the department has such a large
Grant.

One of the rules in Ontario, as it is all the world
over, is that the smaller the official the greater the
officialness. This, at least, is the opinion of
motorists.

Although speaking climatically, it is anticipated
that the Prince of Wales will find India rather warm,
it would seem that preparations are being made in
certain parts of the country to give him rather a cool
reception.

If Dickens were alive today he would realize more
than ever that the carrying of guns and other con-
cealed weapons in America is regarded as a national
"instinct." The Hannibal Chollups are not all dead
either in Canada or the United States.

It is reported that fifty persons disappear every
day in Paris, France. The police say that they are
mostly wives and husbands who get tired of one
another's company. Evidently the bonds of matrimony
are as easily snapped in France as they are in
America.

The London man who was chased out of his house
with a bottle of liquor in his hand should have made
sure that this silent witness was disposed of before
venturing forth. Spirits in any form are as dangerous
companions these days as the Bottle Imp in the
Arabian Nights.

One form of co-operation which the farmers have
adopted is to see to it that convicted bandits are
adequately punished. The brutal attacks and robberies
which have been committed in various parts of the
country recently have aroused acute indignation. Why
not co-operate in inaugurating an efficient county
police system on up-to-date lines?

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

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Who Was Robin Hood?

The character of Robin Hood may be
said to live only as a sort of literary
mystery, for the romantic career of this
knight errant is known to us almost
entirely through the many and varied
stories that have been told of him by
the romancers of the past, and there
has been a great diversity of opinion re-
garding this outlaw hero. Some writers
accord him historical origin, others
maintain that he was nothing more than
a mythological character, while still
others regard him as a creature of the
popular imagination.

It is a well-known fact that many of
the most popular ballads concerning
Robin Hood are nothing more than tra-
dition, such as those of the "Hynd
Horn" and others that were simply
abridgements of other metrical romances,
too long to be recited or read at a
single sitting, and therefore shortened
by the minstrels and fitted to tunes, of
which there are some still in existence.
Professor F. W. Child, in the introduc-
tion to one of the volumes of his "Eng-
lish and Scottish ballad days on this
subject," says: "My hypothesis is that the
series of ballads associated with the
name of Robin Hood are based partly
on an earlier English romance and part-
ly on historical reminiscences of the
hero of that romance."

The first reference to Robin Hood in
English literature is the second version
of "Piers Plowman," which, accord-
ing to Professor Skeats, could not
have been written earlier than 1337.
Here the hero is called "Robin Hood."
"I ken naught my pater-noster
As the priest it singeth,
But I ken rymes of Robin Hood,
And Rudolph the Emperour."

The common belief concerning Robin
Hood is that he was the captain of a
band of robbers or outlaws who inhab-
ited the forest of Sherwood, in Notting-
hamshire. Even though they delighted
in robbing bishops and other wealthy
ecclesiastics, they were reported to have
been religiously disposed and to have
retained in their band a domestic chap-
lain, Friar Tuck, whom Scott immortal-
ized in "Ivanhoe."

Other noted members of the band
were, supposedly, at least—Little John, concerning him.

William Scarlet, George-a-Green and
much, the miller's son. Robin himself
is supposed to have been born at Locks-
ley in the county of Nottingham, about
1160, and the date assigned for the death
of the popular hero is 1247—eighty-seven
years later, which would indicate that
the outdoor life of the band was condu-
cive to longevity. The site of Robin
Hood's grave, well marked, but disputed
by historians, is on the extreme edge
of Kirkless Park, not far from Hudders-
field.

The presence of the grave, with the
stone bearing its inscription, would make
it appear that there is historical founda-
tion for the story of Robin Hood's life.
It is a well-known fact that the name, though not
of fictitious origin, was applied to a
number of persons whose exploits were
told and retold in England many cen-
turies later. But, by some writers of
a later age, it has been maintained that
the prince of robbers was none other
than the Earl of Huntingdon, who, through
misfortune or the mismanagement
of his estate, had been compelled to
adopt a predatory life.

A collection of Robin Hood lyrics,
printed under the title "A Lytill History
of Robyn Hood," was issued about 1495.
One of these ballads mentions that
Edward III., having arrived at Notting-
ham, resolved forthwith on the extermi-
nation of Robin and his band. It is a
singular coincidence that, in the house-
hold expenses of the same monarch, ap-
pears the name of "Robyn Hood," who
appears to have been a porter of the
chamber at the time that the hero,
according to legend, resided at court.

It has been maintained, however, by
many distinguished antiquarians that
Robin Hood is nothing more than a
poetical myth, "one amongst the person-
ages of the early mythology of the Ten-
ton people." It has been suggested that
the very name of Robin Hood is nothing
more than a corruption of "Robin of the
Wood," and that the character is only
to be regarded as the embodiment of
the spirit of unrestrained freedom and
sylvan sport, due to the almost total
absence of any direct historical evidence
concerning him.

POETRY

THE TRAVEL BUREAU.

[Ruth Comfort Mitchell.]

All day she sits behind a bright brass
rail

Planning proud journeyings in terms
that bring

Far places near; high-colored words
that sing.

"The Taj Mahal at Agra," "Kashmir's
Vale,"

Spanning wide spaces with her clear
detail,

"Sevilla or Fiesole in spring," "Her
Through the forest in June." Her
words take wing.

She is the minstrel of the great out-
trail.

At half-past five she puts her maps
away,

Pins on a grey, meek hat, and braves
the sleet.

A timid eye on traffic, dully grey
street,

The close, sequestered, colorless re-
treat

Where she was born, where she will
always stay.

THE LOON.

[Lillian Leavitt.]

The low wailing moan of the eaves
And rustle the standing corn;

There's a glint of dew on the clover
For day is but newly born.

List! List! From the silver mist
Gushes the blue lagoon.

There's an echo that floats in weird,
wild notes—

The shrill, strange laugh of the loon.

A magic spell falls over my heart;

On wings of the moon I rise,
As lightly as swallows that flash and
dart.

Through rose and daffodil skies,
Away! Away! Where pine trees sway,
And whisper their sagas old,

I abide and rest by an island nest
"Mid lily cups white and gold."

The wafted incense of fragrant pine,
Of lily and wildering rose,

I breathe, and their secret of joy is
mine.

Their magic my spirit knows—
Peace, peace, and a glad release

From burdens that harry and press,
There is time to play and keep holiday

And lean to the wind's caress.

The young loons rock on the rippling
lake.

Oh! I'll be a young loon too,
And we'll go voyaging side by side

On the breast of the waters blue,
We'll sail and sail in the scented gale

That blows from the hills afar—
For the wise wind knows where sweet
fern grows

And the ripest strawberries are.

The sun laughs down from the limpid
sky.

And buttercups laugh in the grass,
The wavelets laugh and the loons and I.

And the breezes laugh as they pass,
Oh! Oh! Hear the echoes go

A-rolling down the glen,
When they faint and die on the rim of
the sky.

We'll laugh and awake them again.

The loon is gone to his cool green isle;
The dew is gone from the flowers.

And mirth does down to a quiet smile
That lingers to guide the hours.

Come back, come back, on your airy
track.

If ever my heart is sad!

When you call me away to keep holiday
I shall learn again to be glad.

THE OLD MAN OF THE FARM.

[R. B. Alexander in New York Times.]

They got me— I was eight years old;

They never have let go their hold,

In rain or shine, in hot or cold—
The Chores!

They stood beside my morning bed,
In driestest hour of all, and said:

"Jump out of that; them calves ain't
fed!"

The Chores!

They waited at the close of day,

To steal an hour from my play:

Crying: "You Jim! GH down that hay!"

The Chores!

At plente, fair or "biggest show
On earth" a voice would whisper low:

"You've seven cows 'n' milk, you know!"

The Chores!

I held Sue's slim brown hand in mine,

And hinted "It's them pigs' supper-
time!"

The Chores!

The Golden Streets I hope to view,

But know just what will happen, too:

48st, Peter say "Come in and do—
The Chores!"

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AND HAVE IT READY FOR
USE WHEN YOU
WILL NEED IT.

noted imagination and sets it dancing:

Wood is bodily brought to Dunstan.

The very giants of the forests are trans-
planted to the printed page, burgeoning
growing, and flaming into autumn ardor,
before our eyes. He writes of the birds,
the streams, the forests, the sunshine,
the snow, the frost and the flames, with
the pen of one who knows. We hear the
whisper of the brook, the swirl of the
river, the roar of the rapids, and hold
our breath for fear of frightening the
sandpiper. The setting is real—it is the
actors, that are pulled back and forth
on runners from the wings; well made,

"That's a good deal to expect from a
single book," I said a little doubtfully—
and then, stretching my thought mus-
cles in anticipation—"Do you know
many such books?"

"Such books," replied Philomides, in a
voice that sounded as if he was smack-
ing his grey matter over the very sug-
gestion "are manna to the mind in
training."

Which was distinctly sidestepping!

"And just WHAT?" I asked the Brass
and Copper Man, as I hung above one
of those vats (do you know them?) that
would surely have brought a charge of
witchcraft against him had it bubbled
up from the vat.

He wiped his hands thoughtfully down
his thighs, and contented himself with
a quick look at him, as though the
light of expression were glowing in
its empty socket.

"Don't you like," he said, "to come
on a book that carries you right out
of yourself, to people and places you
don't know about, and things you have
never been among? I don't like books
about small towns down east. I know
about them! But a good western story,
that carries you away over the prairies
and mountains, and sets you thinkin' of
something different—"

The light of his eyes, and he wrapped
the string around my parcel, as though
he threw a larrikin—

It's the same theme—I suppose it's
merely a question of degree—a matter
of how far the mind has got in train-
ing.

But the Brass and Copper Man's en-
thusiasm, following on Philomides' dis-
sertation, enlightened me somewhat as to
the reasons for the immense popular-
ity of the books of Zane Grey, F. Bower
and James Oliver Curwood.

There, for instance, is Curwood's lat-
est, "The Flaming Forest" (Copp, Clark
& Co., Toronto). James Oliver writes
of the life of the great west, where few
people know. He writes of our own
land, in a way to thrill the blood; and
he lays glory like a mantle, where glory
should go—i. e., on the shoulders of the
R. N. W. M. P.

Only, for a Wildman of the Woods, he
betrays a regular bloodhound thirst for
Fifth Avenue shoes. His heroines, fly-
ing over the untrodden prairies, or play-
ing hide and seek through the enchanted
and impenetrable forests, never con-
sulting to do so in even the smartest
forms of "fleet foot." They are always
carefully and particularly shod in nar-
row shoes with intriguing heels!

James Oliver's books, indeed, al-
ways remind me of an exquisitely staged
play, in which nothing is omitted to
make the drama ape real life in the best
make-believe manner. Here is no
Shakespearean setting, where living peo-
ple drape their emotions so successfully
about the atmosphere that an old park
branch becomes (not "seems as" but
"becomes") a throne, a gallows, or a
nuptial bed, with convincing candor. No,
in James Oliver's narratives, Burnin'

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These
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There's no longer the slightest need of
feeling ashamed of your freckles, as
Othine—double strength—is guaranteed
to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double
strength—from any druggist, and apply
a little of it night and morning, and
you'll soon see that even the worst
freckles have begun to disappear, while
the lighter ones have vanished entirely.

It is seldom that more than an ounce
is needed to completely clear the skin
and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-
strength Othine, as this is sold under
guarantee of money back if it fails to
remove freckles.

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and you want value for it—then buy

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