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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.
London, Ont., Friday, October 24.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.
Before his departure Prince Edward ex-
pressed his delight at the fine welcome he re-
ceived in this city during his two days' visit.
He carries away an impression of patriotic, gen-
erous and courteous citizenship, which we think
he will not soon forget. And the citizens of
London in turn will not soon forget the charm
of Prince Edward. He has left with us a pic-
ture of manliness—boyish enough to be lovable
—the impression of a frank, honest, open-
natured and kindly young man, and one that has
remained unspoiled under an experience that
would have turned the head of many another.
Londoners from their brief but vivid contact
with him know Prince Edward will admirably
fill the high position destiny has decreed for
him. Thus he has bound the closer—if such is
possible—our ties with the motherland and all
parts of the empire.

IMMIGRATION EXPERTS WANTED.
Dispatches from London report the con-
sular and other offices of South American
countries in the British capital crowded with
old country folk anxious to emigrate and seek-
ing information. One who has just returned
from England makes the same report, and de-
clares that unless the Canadian Government
wakes up tens of thousands who would make
most desirable citizens for this country will
go to Brazil and the Argentine. The instability
of the industrial situation in England is the
cause of this exodus. Those who seek new
homes this side of the Atlantic, with few ex-
ceptions, are persons of considerable means who
fear to invest their earnings or savings at home
because of the social unrest and political and
industrial disturbances. What they ask is an as-
surance that for a reasonable period they can
depend upon a stable industrial situation and
the chance to prosper. Surely Canada is in a
position to do this. There is nothing disas-
trously revolutionary about our present indus-
trial life. We are reconstructing along sane and
safe lines, friction between employer and em-
ployee is rapidly disappearing, we are at the
start of a new era of production that promises
to be limitless.

These British citizens of our own tongue
we should have and at once before the bars
come down and let in a flood of less desirable
newcomers from Continental Europe. The Ar-
gentine Republic is making an especially strong
bid to get these Britishers. By natural inclina-
tion the latter would select Canada, and it should
be the task of the Government to at once turn
the tide of this emigration from South America
to Canada. Canada can offer much more than
Brazil or the Argentine, and the only explana-
tion of this trek to South America must be an
inadequate immigration service abroad. Just
now the British Isles should be filled with
Canadian Government agents who can supply
exact information as to conditions and prospects
in all parts of the Dominion. If these facts are
placed fully and accurately before old country-
men who intend to emigrate there will be few
who will listen to other offers. With our spaci-
ousness, natural resources and certain expansion
along every line, it should not be the case that
our kin overseas should be seeking in large
numbers to make a fresh start in alien lands.
And Canada will attract them more than any
other land if they can only learn the facts about
it. Some expert publicity work evidently is
required and that at once.

WOMAN AND THE LOAN.
Someone has said that a woman's life could
be summed up in one word—renunciation.
Whether this is altogether true is open to ques-
tion, but the fact remains that women do have
to give up a great deal. Motherhood always
involves sacrifice, but the returns more than pay
the cost. It has become a habit with some
women to always forego their own wishes and
pleasures in order that some other member of
the family may have theirs.
Undoubtedly during the war women sacri-
ficed a great deal. Women had the hard end of
the war to bear, for it was the part that had
to be borne silently, and often was a burden
that was to last forever. Having become accus-
tomed, as it were, to sacrifice, would the
women of Canada be willing to give up just a
little more for their country?
The Victory Loan, 1919, is to be the bridge
from war to peace. The money derived from
the sale of Victory Bonds will be used to pay
for the cost of demobilization, to maintain the
hospitals for the wounded soldiers, to retrain
veterans for civil life and to supply credits for
Canada's markets overseas. Canada would ask
this last patriotic endeavor of the women—
that each forego some little pleasure and lend
the money to carry the country safely past the
danger corner.
Victory Bonds are safe, profitable and
patriotic.

A REMARKABLE CONVERSATION.
The following remarkable dialogue took
place in the wilds of darkest Africa, away back
in the year 1862, between Sir Samuel Baker,

the noted explorer, and Comoro, the chief of
the Latooko negroes of equatorial Africa:
Sir S.—Have you no belief in a future life
after death?

Com.—Life after death? How can a dead
man get up out of his grave?
Sir S.—Do you think that man is like a
beast, that dies and is ended?

Com.—Certainly. An ox is stronger than a
man, but he dies.
Sir S.—Is not a man superior to an ox?
Has he not a mind to direct his actions?

Com.—Some men do not know as much as
an ox. Men must sow corn to get food, but
the ox can get it without sowing.
Sir S.—Do you know that there is a spirit
within you which is more than flesh? Do you
not wander in thought to distant places while
you are asleep, and yet your body rests in one
spot? How do you account for this?

Com.—Well, how do you account for it? It
is a thing I cannot understand.
Sir S.—The body will die and become dust,
but the spirit will live forever.

Com.—Where will the spirit live?
Sir S.—Where does fire live? By rubbing
two sticks together you make fire, yet you
cannot see the fire in the wood. So is the
spirit in the body.

Com.—Ha! Can you explain what I often
see at night when lost in the jungle? Wander-
ing in the darkness, I see a distant fire, but
upon approaching the fire it goes away, nor can
I find where it was.

Sir S.—Have you no idea of spirits, and are
you not afraid of them?

Com.—I am afraid of elephants and other
big animals in the jungle at night, but of noth-
ing else.

Sir S.—Then you believe that when you die
it will be the end of you; that you are like
other animals, and that at death both man and
beast disappear and end?

Com.—Of course, I do.
Sir S.—Do you see no difference between
good and bad actions?

Com.—Yes. There are good and bad among
men and beasts.

Sir S.—Do you think that a good man and
a bad man must share the same fate—must die
alike, and end?

Com.—Yes. What else can they do? How
can they help dying? Good and bad all die.

Sir S.—If you have no belief in a future
life, why should a man be good? Why may he
not be bad, if he can do well by being bad?

Com.—Most people are bad. If they are
strong they take from the weak. Those that
are good are strong because they are not strong
enough to be bad.

At this stage of the conversation Sir
Samuel, making a hole in the earth with his
forefinger, and dropping into it a grain of corn
which he covered with soil, continued: "That
grain of corn in the hole in the ground repre-
sents you when you are buried. The grain will
decay, but from it will rise the plant which will
produce a reappearance of the original grain."

Com.—Exactly. That I understand. But
the original grain does not rise again. It rots,
like the dead man, and is ended forever. The
corn produced is not the same that you bury,
though it comes from it. So is it with a man.
I die and decay, but my children grow up like
the corn from the planted grain. Some men
have no children, and some grains rot without
fruit. Then all is over.

Says Sir Samuel: "In this wild, naked savage
there was a belief only in the material. To
his understanding everything was material. It
was extraordinary to find so much clearness of
perception associated with such complete
obtuseness to anything ideal. In the light of
current events is Comoro's creed not coming
to be that of the whole world of mankind?"

"A few years ago who would have thought
that practically every people on earth—and the
'civilized' and 'cultured' peoples to an even
greater extent than the less 'progressive'
peoples—would in this year 1919 be prostrating
themselves before the basest of the gods, the
god of violence and personal greed!"

"The only logic that Comoro knew any-
thing about was the logic of the club and
the keen-pointed assegai, and his highest ideal
was summed up in the gratification of his in-
dividual selfishness. Of the 'things of the
spirit'—of reason, law, the subordination of the
personal will to the collective will, known as
the state, with its 'due process of law' in
place of the violence and rapine that follow its
absence—Comoro had not the faintest concep-
tion."

"Through and through he was a materialist,
a materialist in thought, a materialist in action."
"And how much better are the misguided,
frantic men who today, in most of the countries
of the world, are trying to 'take the Kingdom of
Heaven by force,' trying to improve civilization
by destroying civilization?"

"Let every true man remain true; let every
really civilized man stand firm for law and
order, for reason and right aided by civilized
methods, and all will be well. The world will
regain its sanity and from serene skies the
sun will shine more brightly than ever."

EDITORIAL NOTES.
Two grand nights for the small boy, and
Halloween is yet to come.

Prince Edward may have fooled on the
links, but he plays a perfect game as crown
prince.

The big laugh of the elections in Toronto
is the Telegram's assertion that Mr. Gooderham
was an anti-saloon candidate.

BIRDS' BIRTH RATE.
[London Daily News.]

One part of the population of the British Isles
has increased out of all reckoning since the spring.
When winter was over our birds were whittled down
to the smallest company known since 1882. In some
places a small bird was almost an event. The frosts
had killed in multitudes both native birds and winter
migrants. Today the countryside swarms with native
birds. The nesting season was ideal, and seldom,
if ever, were so many big clutches successfully
reared. Some birds had produced two families be-
fore the drought broke, and are producing a third.
This month many of the fledglings are in full flutter,
and their secretive period is past and they announce
their multitude for all to notice. There are fruit-
growers who were prophesying terrible plagues
owing to the absence of birds, but are now saying
that they wonder whether too many caterpillars are
not a lesser evil than too many birds.

From Here and There

Fuller Bunk says: It's a whole lot better to
marry a busy little body than a little busy-body.

PULLING APART.

[Farmer's Sun.]
H. S. Arkell, Dominion live-stock commissioner,
says our only security for the holding of the British
market for bacon is in producing hogs to the limit.
Then this man O'Connor comes along and threatens
to prohibit the export of hog products altogether.
We have such a multiplicity of officials in this
country that one set does not even know what the
other is doing, and as a consequence one set pulls
one way while the other pulls another.

AUTUMN.

[Mathilde Blind.]
Coral-colored yew-berries
Strew the garden ways,
Hollyhocks hang and glowers
Make a dazzling blaze
In these latter days.
Marigolds by cottage doors
Flaunt their golden pride,
Crimson-punctured bramble leaves
Dapple far and wide
The green mountainside.

Far away on hilly slopes
Where fleet rivulets run,
Miles on miles of tangled fern,
Burnished by the sun,
Glow a copper dun.

For the year that's on the wane,
Gathering all its fire,
Flares up through the kindling world
As, ere they expire,
Flames leap high and higher.

WET WEATHER.

[By John Breck.]
A wild west wind comes bearing the first autumn
storm. He sweeps over the woodlands, and the trees
lift their voices and bow before him as though to
conciliate his power. Only one old water oak ven-
tures to complain as he leans heavily against an ash.
The wind races on, out across the pastures. He
shakes the fat green pillows of the milkweed until
the fatness fly; gaily they soar until a spiteful
puff of rain beats them to earth.

Rain! It strikes consternation among the grass-
hoppers. They had heard a fabulous tale of such a
thing far back in their great-grandmother's time.
But that was weeks ago; no one any longer dreamed
of believing it. They crouch silently under what
cover they can find. The harder cricket, burrowed
into a rotten stump, chirps occasionally, but no other
insect stirs. Bees hang in their hives and butter-
flies have furlled their sails in the safe harbor of a
jutting eave of a hollow tree.

The birds are a bit rueful. Sparrows venture out
between showers and retreat to the hawthorn with
each fresh downpour. An unwary young blackbird,
rusty as his mother, but with pure black wings and
tail, tries the air. The trickiest wind, catching him
under the stern, capsize him. After a laughable
struggle for equilibrium he makes a landing on the
lowest wire of the fence in the lee of a post and
squats there disconsolately, blinking his yellow eyes.
A family of bobolinks, in this sparrowy fall plum-
age, make little skimming leaps between the thistles
which anchor them in case of a sudden blast. Only
the little white-breasted nuthatch seems indifferent.
He finds teeming droves of insects herded together
on the lower side of the branches. He skips along in
pursuit of them, hanging upside down like a fly on a
ceiling, until a puff doubles his tail about his ears
and nearly tears the down off his skin. He weath-
ers it by clinging with his little claws, and then
hastily climbs into a more dignified position to
collect his nerves.

The bat, hanging under the stub of a maple
branch, has a terrible running off his nose, but seems
too dejected to move. Rabbits, who have sought their
tunnels in the ash thickets. I fancy they like wet
weather as little as a cat, but at least it saves
them from persecution. Their warm scent washes
from the earth so sweet curls hopelessly in his hole
and the hawk sulks in the head of the oak.

I love the rough breeze, the touch of rain like
soft fingers on my face, too, but I am im-
patient like the other children of the sun. The truth
is that we are "out of it." This day is not for us.
It is the holiday of the little green frog, who leaps
with joy and ease, and the snake, feasting on
abundant angle worms that creep from the depths
of the baked soil. It commemorates the time
when their people were lords of the world, when
the earth was lapped in warm floods and air in
seething mists, before there was a sun.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

In connection with the visit to America of the
Prince of Wales, says the New York Evening Post,
the National Geographic Society has issued, from
its Washington headquarters, a bulletin relating
how the British Crown Prince acquired that title,
and also the origin of his famous insignia, three
ostrich plumes and the motto "Ich dien" (I serve).
The story of the title borne by the heirs to
the British throne dates back to the days of
Llewelyn, the last of the Welsh princes when that
country still had a quasi-independent status," the
bulletin says. "In Welsh legend, song and story,
Llewelyn is a veritable King Arthur, and his
nephew, David, was the traitorous Modred of his
court. Since Henry III. of England was considered
his heir, afterward Edward I., with all the Eng-
lish royal claims in Wales, it might have been sup-
posed that Llewelyn would try to placate the young
prince. The battle of Mynydd Mearn, fought while
Henry III. was yet living, had resulted in many
concessions to Llewelyn.

"But Llewelyn incurred the displeasure of
Edward by casting his lot with the famous Montfort
family, and perpetrating what was considered a
direct affront when he announced his betrothal to
Eleanor de Montfort. Moreover, he declined to
attend the coronation of Edward. Within two
years after that coronation—just 500 years before
the American Declaration of Independence was
signed—Edward concluded a vigorous campaign in
Wales with the treaty of Conway by which
Llewelyn had to sign a renunciation of the privileges
he had won a decade earlier.

"For five years Wales was quiet. Then David,
who had aided the English king against his brother,
headed a revolt against English rule, set a torch
to Hawarden Castle, and precipitated a war in
which Llewelyn was killed, and Edward was con-
queror of Wales.

"There was an ancient prophecy that the Prince
of Wales some day would be crowned in London in
mockery of that, it is believed, Edward had
Llewelyn's head brought to London and wreathed
in ivy to show the people.

"While Edward was making sure of his sub-
jugation of Wales by building a string of castles,
Queen Eleanor joined him, and in the newly-
completed Carnarvon a son was born, who became
the first English Prince of Wales, and later was
King Edward II. According to a popular story
the conqueror exercised his grim humor by prom-
ising the Welsh a prince who could speak no Eng-
lish, construed to mean a native son, until Edward
announced, upon the birth of his son, that the
infant was the Prince of Wales in question.
Whether that story be true or not, the heir ap-
parently was not formally invested with the title until
he was seventeen years old. Ever since then the
heir to the British throne has been known as the
Prince of Wales, though usually he has been in-
vested with the title, and not so endowed upon
birth.

"No less romantic is the story of the insignia
and motto of the Prince of Wales. Here again
historians do not fully credit the generally accepted
story. Certain it is that another Edward, known
as 'the Black Prince' because of the armor he
wore, adopting the feathers and the pledge.

"The point of doubt is whether he actually did
stumble over the body of the valiant John the
Blind of Bohemia after the battle of Crécy, and
was so struck with admiration of the sightless
warrior, who had his charger attached to horses
of his companions so he might not fail in loyalty
to his ally, Philip the first of France, that he
adopted the insignia from his enemy's uniform and
swore to wear it forever after. At least Edward's own
bravery on that occasion, and his chivalry upon
many others, make it entirely plausible that he
should acknowledge the valor of an enemy.
It was the first battle of magnitude in which the
young prince had engaged, and his father, Edward
III., watched him from the crest of a hill, holding
reinforcements in leash while his son fought against
great odds. King Edward explained that he wanted
his son to win his spurs in battle, nor did he wish
to deprive him of credit for the victory.

"The victory was most decisive; though one
may discount somewhat the chroniclers who re-
ported that the King of France fled at nightfall
with only five knights and 60 soldiers, leaving more
than 40,000 dead and dying men on the field."



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trimmed and untrimmed; worth twice
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Your choice, while they last

New Women's Coats, in Salts' black matalam, full lined, belted styles,
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20 only, New Fall Suits, clearing at \$25.00. Made in all-wool serges and cheviot cloth.
Colors of navy, dark brown and black; sizes 16 to 40. Regular
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All-Wool Jersey Cloth, super-quality, fine
weave, 54 inches wide, shades of taupe, nigger,
navy and copen. **\$5.50**
Very special, per yard
Serge, good all-wool quality, rich dye, fine twill,
46 inches wide, in shades of navy, nigger,
green, copen and black. **\$2.50**
Per yard

Shepherd Checks, for coats and suits, in fine
check, with overcheck of blue and
red, 54 inches wide. Per yard **\$2.25**
Dress Plaids for the children. A splendid
quality and a large range of designs **75c**
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wide, in navy, black, green and
brown. Per yard **\$2.25**

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The best salesmen we have are the garments hanging on the
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Boys' Suits, 25 to 36 size **\$8.75, \$9.75, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$13.00, \$15.00**
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