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London, Ont., Tuesday, November 28.

The Street Car Vote.

Some of the critics of public ownership are pointing out that London is going to blind in buying the London Street Railway at a figure of 2,600,000 with the promise of four-cent fares.

It is advisable that any figures set in regard to the purchase price in 1925 shall have a reasonable amount of elasticity attached to them. The price mentioned is an estimate, and it has been arrived at after careful figuring. It includes the purchase price and the amount necessary to put the road in shape with a much greater carrying capacity than at present.

Residents of London find it easy enough to take a look at the rolling stock of the London Street Railway and the general equipment and make the deduction that they are not getting their money's worth for the price they will be asked to pay.

That is really not the big question. If London does not buy the road the company retains possession.

If there is a better solution than the city taking over the road it has not been advanced.

It is estimated in the report of the auditors that in 1925 London will have 64,000 population. To handle this number of people it is proposed to increase the carrying capacity of the road 35 per cent and make it a monopoly. Fares will be five cents and six tickets for a quarter.

This makes it clear that competition from independent bus lines will not be permitted. To permit it would be the equivalent of a firm inviting competition where it could have a monopoly. Such procedure would be contrary to the spirit of the private or public ownership.

Neither is it necessary that there should be such a hard and fast agreement put to the people in purchasing the road as the vote on an extension with the present or some other company. Experience has shown that it is necessary when making an arrangement with a company to put things down in black and white in such a way that the municipality at once refer to the line and cause of any part of the agreement that is not being carried out.

If the people buy the road for the people it is not necessary to do this as such a hide-bound form, because the idea will be to give service first without the thought of paying dividends. The advertiser believes there is enough public spirit in London to look at the question of service in a broad way, so that no advantage of the city shall have an element in it if it is found that the system is not flexible enough to apply the reasonable demands of various parts, then the matter of supplementing the cars by other means could be considered, but in such an event the city would have control of the whole transaction with the single idea of providing transportation for all sections.

The issue in London can hardly be classed as a fight between private and public ownership. The outstanding fact is that the very best solution of an unsatisfactory situation for the people of London to take over the system and then proceed to make it what it should be, and if possible the taking over would be accomplished at once.

Paul Peel's Picture.

Paul Peel, London boy, painter of the world's greatest pictures, after the Bath, sold this masterpiece to the National Art Gallery of Budapest for a large figure. Today, through the ravages of post-war bankruptcy, this picture is on its way back to London, Ontario, the town of this great artist, who passed away shortly after crossing the threshold of world-wide fame.

The whole story reads like a romance picked from some other age. Comes Colerick of this city, an artist and a lover of pictures, has attached the picture, and realizing the possibilities of depreciated currency in Austria found it possible, with the assistance of friends here, to see the realization of an ambition that has long cherished of having that Paul Peel picture back in Paul Peel's own.

It is a wonderful painting, the original being Paul Peel's two children, as they stood after their bath in the ruddy glow of an open fire. Jacques, the great French master, told of them, "they breathe—they glow—they warm themselves. They are exactly as nature has made them."

It is not easy for us to imagine that it means to the artistic soul of the Austrian people to get it necessary to strip the walls of its national museums in order to further spin out of fast diminishing credit. These people paid fabulous prices for their pictures; they loved them because they were the embodiment of the artist in his finest expression. They were

there to inspire, lead, and to fire the artistic soul of the nation. Canada, as well as London, can welcome home the picture of Paul Peel. He went forth to become a great artist, and the world of art has bowed its recognition to his worth.

Ontario's Two Winter Fairs.

The Royal Winter Fair at Toronto is an established fact. The inception of the undertaking was not the most encouraging, when last year it was found, after going on with the arrangements to quite an extent, that it was impossible to proceed with the exhibition.

This year everything was in readiness. The buildings are commodious, and there is excellent accommodation for the spectators.

There was a feeling, and it may have had some reason for existence, that the Toronto Winter Fair was being put on to take the place of the established Winter Fair at Guelph. Naturally the promoters of the Guelph Fair resented what they had come to consider their special and particular premises, because they had established a Winter Fair, after it had failed in many of the other centres of the province.

This feeling is departing, if it has not altogether left already. Stock breeders and poultrymen agree now that instead of having one fair at which to exhibit, they have two of outstanding merit, and, of course, welcome the chance to exhibit at both and participate in the prize money, accordingly.

Both fairs have an opportunity to emphasize the importance of basic industries in Ontario. They both have the chance to draw to the attention of breeders everywhere the outstanding and peculiar characteristics of the herds of Ontario, many of which will bear the closest scrutiny.

The Jerseys, Holsteins, Ayrshires, Shorthorns and others—all of them excellent when bred true to type—have their advocates, and we will probably never see a time when a herdsman who is in love with his particular choice will admit there is anything superior.

These exhibitions, where performance records for the year, and for a given period at the exhibition, are all taken into consideration, serve to carry on educational work in such a pointed and demonstrative way that it is bound to have an educational value that can hardly be secured otherwise.

Time was when a pall of milk was a pall of milk and little else, but that period has gone, and dairymen have realized it. The man with the testing apparatus has come into existence and a pall of milk is measured and valued and weighed by its content in butter fat and other necessary ingredients. Breeders who have paid heed to this tendency have found it to their financial advantage. In fact, to ignore it means that they are taken out of the class of worth-while herdsman.

Reports from Guelph indicate that the Winter Fair there, despite the handicaps of inadequate housing and arena capacity, will be greater than ever. Ontario can well stand two winter fairs of the type staged in Toronto and that which has always been maintained at Guelph.

Wages earned by men employed in transportation companies in United States, and also in Canada, are fixed for certain periods. In that way they become a non-flexible quantity. The wages, or prices, the farmer receives are set by world conditions and foreign markets, and he has no control over them—he can simply abide by the results.

The restoration of the purchasing power of the farmer is a good phrase. Farmers use it glibly, and it is a fine-sounding expression, making quite a mouthful for the man who wants to have a veneer of economics. It is probably the outstanding feature of business right now—that is how big it is.

Until the farmer has enough money in his pocket to start buying on a liberal scale we are not going to step very lively toward our much-wanted complete financial recovery.

Note and Comment.

"Teachers get higher ranks," reads a headline. A small boy's interpretation would be "Rank, ranker, ranker."

Chicago professor says every man should know how to cook. Well, it's harder now for a man to get a stew on than it used to be.

A night and day bank in St. Louis failed and is paying 50 cents on the dollar. A 24-hour bank with a 12-hour paying apparatus.

A north end resident claims he has a hen that lays an egg a day, and has done so for months. An egg a day keeps the axe away.

A lot of those wooden ducks that have been sitting in store windows went north with the hunters and got their heads blown off.

The German mark dropped today to .0025 cents. Excellent bit of news for the clients of firms that are urging the making of fortunes out of buying German marks.

A year ago nations were rubbing noses at the Washington conference. Today they are wondering whether a 16-inch gun is the biggest blowing-up apparatus that can be made.

A New York speaker in Montreal says William Randolph Hearst, the publisher, and the Ku Klux Klan are the two greatest menaces in the republic. Isn't this classification just a trifle rough on the klanism?

THE LONG AND SHORT.
Montreal Gazette—We have referred to short wills. The longest will on record is said to be that of Thomas Cubitt who, from a working carpenter rose to be the greatest building contractor of Victorian days. Cubitt's will, which was proved in 1886, contained 34,760 words, and covered 30 skins of parchment. The shortest will preserved at Somerset House is written on an envelope and runs: "All for mother. C. T." This was drawn up by an English gentleman named Thom, and was duly proved after his death.

THE FARMER AS A BUYER.
Prices for the things the farmer has to sell, and out of which comes all the buying support he can give to wage-paying industries, are too low for the burden presented to him in the prices of the things he has to buy.

That is the way the Independent of New York sizes up the relation between transportation company charges and the revenue of the far-



"Which one would you wear, Mamie?"

Try Thinking Hard.

By H. Addington Bruce.
Author of "The Riddle of Personality," "Self-Development," Etc.
(Copyright, 1922, by The Associated Newspapers.)

You tell me you wish you could get on in the business world a little faster than you have been doing. You lament that the high hopes and bright dreams with which you began business life seem as far from realization as ever.

Perhaps you are overimpatient. A good many young people in business are. More likely, though, the trouble is that you are not taking your work seriously enough, are not devoting to it anything like the thought you ought to give it.

Certainly I should suspect this, in view of your further statement that other men who started in the same line of business about the time you did have made more headway. This of itself would suggest that they have done better than you. But what if they have? When at work, do you really concentrate on your work? Do you ever think about anything but your work—when away from it?

Your response that you have always understood that one should relax and completely forget one's work in hours of leisure is scarcely satisfactory. A certain amount of relaxation is necessary, that is true. But the really ambitious, the sincerely desirous of progressing, by no means regard leisure as wholly a time for relaxing and forgetting.

Nor do they find that to spend some of their leisure in thinking hard about their work is hurtful to them. They experience, on the contrary, goes to show that, provided one goes to work with a clear mind, the use of leisure as a thinking period is helpful in every way.

Recall, if you please, that sage observation uttered long ago by the greatest of American psychologists, William James: "Our organism has stored up reserves of energy that are ordinarily not called upon, but which are called upon; deeper and deeper strata of combustible material ready for use by any one who probes so deep. . . . Most of us continue using unnecessarily near the surface."

And apply for yourself the advice offered by another psychologist: "Determine accurately by experiment the proper relation between periods of work and periods of rest in your own case, then increase your efficiency by maintaining the relation."

That is to say, besides making it a habit to concentrate on your work during your working day, form the habit of thinking business problems during part of your leisure. Gradually increase this leisure-thought until you know that you are overdoing it.

Then let down a bit in order to determine your thinking-relaxing normality. Before long, you will find that you are working with far purpose and with more satisfaction than you have ever before.

More than this, it is quite possible that, as things now stand with you, your devotion to the principle of work while you are engaged in it, at all events that is what happens to a good many workers, and perhaps it is the one thing necessary to shift failures to the choice company of eminent winners of success.

Another old-fashioned way to relieve this trouble is to take the mind of the patient off his hiccough. To this end he is told to put the ends of his first fingers as closely together as possible without actually having them come in contact. He becomes so interested in his physical experiment that he forgets to hiccough.

In an infant, change of position stops it. Gentle pressure over the stomach or massage may cause expulsion of the swallowed air and thus give relief.

Hot fomentations over the stomach and watchfulness of the bowels movements will correct the trouble in a child.

Certain drugs are used to control persistent hiccoughs. If the simple measures recommended do not relieve, then your family doctor will prescribe for you. Remedies known as "anti-spasmodics" may be necessary.

Bear in mind that hiccough is not a disease. It is merely a symptom, but it is audible evidence of some indisposition on your part. You are eating too fast, too much, or the wrong sort of food. Discover the cause and thus discover the cause of a symptom, painful to you and annoying to others.

The Evening Story

THANKSGIVING FOR THREE.
(Copyright, 1922, by W. Werner.)

The last rays of the setting sun shone slantingly over the red-roofed barn as the light farm wagon swung through the wide gate into the barnyard. The boy sitting stiffly beside the driver on the high spring seat twisted his neck in the endeavor to get a better view of the weather-beaten farmhouse half hidden by a clump of tall evergreen trees on the other side of the lane.

"Here we are," said Farmer Sanford, springing lightly from his perch. "You just wait around a few minutes till I give old Dexter his oats; then we'll go in and see what mother has for supper. The tone was meant to be cheery and reassuring, but in his heart Peter Sanford felt anything but sure of a real welcome for the boy he had brought home; and the boy, shivering in his light weight jacket, felt rather than heard the note of uncertainty in the voice.

"I guess it'll be all right, though," he tried to assure himself as he waited in the open barn door. "I didn't really want to stay, anyway. It's only a trial. The matron said when we started she'd expect me back." He plunged his hands into the pockets of his trousers and attempted to whistle as evidence of indifference, but it fell flat. "I do like Mr. Sanford, though, and things look homey around here. I wish—"

Further reflections were cut short by the farmer's voice. "We'll go in now, sonny, and don't you be scared or uneasy about anything. You'll have a good time out here for a few days anyway, and that's all we'll try to figure on just now." To himself he added: "I can depend on Martha for the much, anyway. She's got the best heart in the world, only she's sort of mistaken—just now."

A tall, sad-faced woman turned from the cook stove over which she was bending as the two entered the kitchen. "I've brought a visitor, Martha," the farmer said, laying a hand on her shoulder, with a look in his eyes that was almost beseeching. "This is Tommy Harding. I thought he needed a little chinking up out here."

The woman, after one moment of hesitation, in which she cast an accusing look at her husband, rose to the occasion. She turned to the shivering boy, and said in a voice that in spite of her evident effort at friendliness held a chill: "How do you do, Tommy? I was not expecting you tonight, but you are welcome. Did you get cold coming out in this morning? You must be hungry. Take this chair by the stove. Supper'll be ready pretty soon."

There was no hint in the even voice of the agitation beneath—agitation aroused by the mere thought of a boy in the home—a boy, but not Robbie, in the vacant chair at the table and in the empty bed upstairs. After all her objections Peter had turned out his own way. He had brought a boy from the orphan's home in a neighboring city to take the place of Robbie, who for eight months had been sleeping in the country churchyard a mile down the road. As if anybody could ever fill Robbie's place! She was not deceived by the allusion to a "visit." She knew that Peter's real hope was to take the boy for his own. They had talked it over many times. Peter seemed to think she needed someone in Robbie's place to help her to forget Robbie, that little he knew her, after all. But it could not be! The boy should have his visit, but that was all.

According to all traditions regarding the appetite of a growing boy, Tommy should have eaten heartily of the tempting food piled up on the plate before him, but Tommy was not hungry. He made a polite attempt to conceal his lack of appetite, and courteously answered the kind questions put to him from time to time. But the atmosphere surrounding him was more potent than any boyish hunger. His freckled face was quite pale, and it was only by the strongest effort that he kept his lips steady. He was telling himself over and over again that it could never happen. This home was not for him, in spite of the farmer's kindness.

After the meal Tommy sat quietly by the stove while Mrs. Sanford did the supper work and Peter finished doing the chores at the barn. Tommy wanted to help both at the barn and in the house, but he didn't know how to go about offering. Martha talked to him at intervals, but nothing seemed to lessen the tension that bound him. He was glad when the farmer brought in the old brown suitcase that had been left in the wagon, and he was taken to the little room upstairs where he was to learn later.

As the days slipped by Tommy found many ways in which to make himself useful to both the farmer and his wife. At first Martha rebelled; she did not want to allow or accept any service that might make the boy feel at home, "only to be disappointed at the last," she told herself, "for I'm sure he thinks he's going to stay." But there was no resisting the willing courtesy of the homeless boy.

On Monday before Thanksgiving, Martha spoke plainly to Tommy: "He must be taken back," she said firmly. "He's had a long enough visit."

"I thought maybe the little chap could stay over Thanksgiving," Peter ventured. "I reckon a real home here. I'm going to miss Mr. Sanford; he's sure a good boy to work, and smart too."

"Yes, he is," Martha consented. "But we can't keep him. Peter, more than all, I don't want him here. Thanksgiving Day I couldn't stand it. Last year Robbie—"

"Yes, yes, I know," Peter interrupted hastily. "I've got to go to town on business on Wednesday, and I'll take him then. Don't you fret, Martha. And to himself Peter was saying, "I ought to have known she couldn't do it. And it's too much to expect of her to think anything about keeping Thanksgiving when she feels the way she does. But my, how I wish she could!"

It was not until Tuesday evening that Martha could bring herself to say anything to Tommy concerning his departure the following morning. Somehow the motherless boy had managed to get very close to her heart. She dreaded his disappointment.

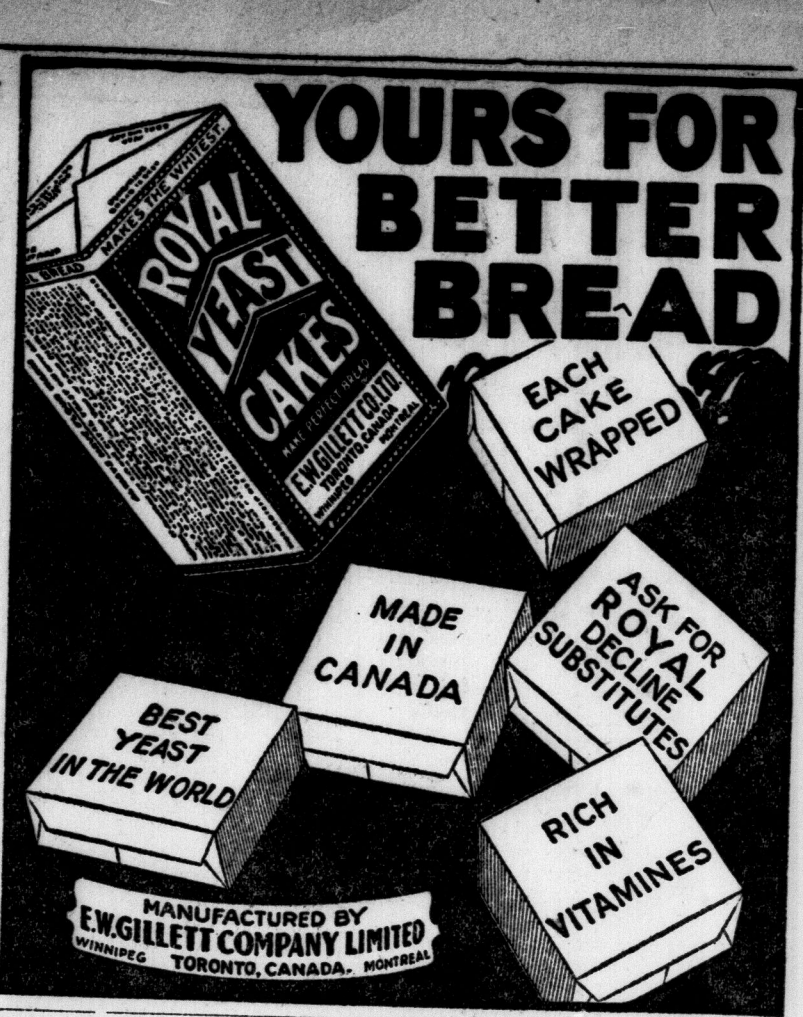
But Tommy surprised her. He showed no disappointment, but only a cheery acceptance of his fate. He had not allowed himself to expect to stay. "I knew from the first that you couldn't stand it to have me here always—specially after Mr. Sanford told me about Robbie," he said, as for the first time they talked frankly.

"Why, Tommy, I thought you expected to stay," Mrs. Sanford said, wondering, "and that was why you tried so hard to please us?"

"Oh, no, ma'am, that wasn't the reason. I didn't have to try and please you. It was easy, because I liked you from the first, but I knew I couldn't stay. And I'm so sorry for you. I wish there was something I could do to help you, but there isn't."

Long after Tommy was asleep that night his words came back to Martha. "I wish there was something I could do to help," rang in Martha's ears. Her heart ached in a new way, and Robbie seemed very near. Was she so sure, after all, that there was nothing Tommy could do to help?

It was not until the gray dawn crept in at the window that she awoke. She was lying on her side, her head resting on her arm, and she was thinking of the meal in her usual quiet way. After the meal was over,



and Peter was starting for the barn, she stopped him in the doorway. "Bring in one of your nicest pumpkins, Peter, right away," she said, briskly. "It's time I was getting ready for pies. I've just put the cranberries to cook. And tell Sam not to let that youngest brood of turkeys out till we've selected the fattest one in the bunch for dinner tomorrow."

"Martha, what does this mean?" Peter stretched out a detaining hand as she flitted past him. "Are you going to—"

"Yes, Peter, we're going to keep Thanksgiving in the old way, if that's what you mean. And, Peter," she let her hand rest for a moment on his shoulder. "I guess you better not take Tommy to town with you this morning. There's a good bit to do."

Peter lingered only a minute, then: "God bless you, Martha," he said. And with a quick brush of his hand across his eyes, he started for the barn.

Upstairs in the little room that had been Robbie's Martha knelt with her arms around the boy, who was putting his few belongings in the old brown suitcase. "Unpack it, Tommy," she said, "for you're going to stay here. You're our boy. Not in Robbie's place," she hastened to explain as she saw the sudden question in his eyes, "but in your own place—the place you have made for yourself in our hearts and home. And we're going to have a real Thanksgiving—we three."

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