

London Advertiser

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1923.

Patriotism for Sale.

The general attitude of the Canadian public toward the "Whisper of Death" circulated by the Montreal Star seems to be that speculative contempt which one accords an anonymous letter. The selfish purpose behind Lord Atholstan's propaganda is not yet clear. The only present certainty is that the articles were calculated to do harm, and that as weapons in the hands of those unfriendly to Canada they will be employed to that end.

Lord Atholstan controls an influential newspaper, and he has used it to injure Canada. That he was able to do so is unfortunate. But it is a matter of deeper regret and graver consequence that he was also able to employ the news columns of other papers who were willing to accept the money which he offered.

The "Whisper of Death" was published not merely in the Montreal Star but in other journals, including a London paper and a Toronto morning paper. It was published in these papers because Lord Atholstan offered to pay the highest advertising rates. He offered the highest rates because he stipulated that his injurious propaganda should be unmarked as advertising. These papers agreed to the stipulation and accepted the money. The "Whisper of Death" appeared in a local paper disguised as news and with an introductory paragraph presenting it to the paper's readers as something regarded as sufficiently important to merit reprinting from the Montreal Star.

Premier Taschereau of Quebec has stated his opinion that no more severe blow has been dealt Canada than that struck by these articles. In reply the guilty newspapers jingle the coins which Atholstan gave them. It is business, they say.

It is not business. There is more in business than the clutching of money. Business depends on honesty and sincerity. The man who counts dollars ahead of these things is wrong. The newspaper which places its advertising revenues ahead of its editorial conscience is also wrong. Its guilt is double because it offers for sale not only its own patriotism, but the trust and intelligence of its readers, whom it deceives.

The Advertiser has genuine regret that there are newspapers in Canada who will resort to these practices. Canada and the Canadian public, struggling gamely to recover from the test of war, deserve something of higher and more honorable purpose.

Conditions in Ireland.

After centuries of intermittent poverty and prosperity, with poverty very much predominating, Ireland continues to be assailed with sharp shafts from the bow of destiny. A Londoner, returning from a three months' visit to the land of the shamrock, speaks of conditions as "appalling" in certain counties and "unsatisfactory" in others. Unemployment and hard times are the order and only ingrained optimists can see any immediate prospect for a definite betterment of conditions.

Perhaps the London visitor is unnecessarily alarmed over things he saw in Ireland. But it is certain, nevertheless, that the unemployment situation is admittedly crucial; that those areas, which in olden days were periodically besieged with mysterious plagues and all manner of misfortunes, now are called to stand the assault of industrial depression. Still, with all these gloomy aspects there is a discernible spark of hope shining on the horizon of the Emerald Isle.

That hope is the apparent confidence with which Irishmen regard the activities of the government. In spite of a strong wave of republican antipathy to everything savoring of the British crown, Ireland is beginning to realize that her future rests on the success of the Free State government in wrestling with domestic problems and overcoming conditions which, in the past, contributed so ruthlessly to the dark pages of Irish history. A pronounced feeling of sympathy for the government in the herculean task it has undertaken is everywhere to be found. And surely such a trend in itself warrants high expectations for ultimate internal peace and a return of prosperity.

In proportion to the soil's productivity Ireland is said to be maintaining too large a population. Indeed, thousands of Irishmen, realizing this, premeditate quests for fame and fortune in North America, rather than suffer the privations which traditionally the Irish people have been called upon to endure. The London visitor is of the opinion that tens of thousands will emigrate to Canada in the course of the next two years.

Well, if they come they will be welcome. Canada has a soft spot in its heart for sons of Erin. Some of its most eminent citizens are Irishmen, and none will forget the splendid labors of Irish-born pioneers who so effectively blazed paths of progress when Canada was little more than a forest.

Whether or not Irishmen decide to try their luck in North America depends largely on the outcome of the state elections scheduled for August 27. If the Free State receives unqualified support from all ranks it can be assumed that Ireland will make great progress toward national happiness in the next few years. But if the government is unexpectedly repudiated then the unity which Ireland has been striving for throughout the centuries will be blasted, perhaps permanently. Her salvation lies in recognition of the necessity for unity. And if unity does not come thinking Irishmen, deprived of commercial and social opportunities in their native land, will migrate to Canada, where the sound principles of democratic government are accepted by 99 per cent of the people.

The Rural School Fair.

The Rural School Fair which is held in nearly every section of the country will be taking place next month and is always an outstanding event in the lives of the children. Those who got seeds or eggs from the department last spring and have been taking care of their own gardens or chickens throughout the summer months are confidently looking forward to carrying off many prizes when Fair Day comes. And good luck to them all, for they deserve the reward for their labor. But right here is a point worth watching—what about the children who have neglected their plots and poultry and have nothing to exhibit? The parents of many of these youngsters will do them inestimable harm by letting them show vegetables from the home garden or chickens from the home roost in place of what they should have raised themselves. The fathers and big brothers will make bird-houses and other manual training articles and the mothers and big sis-

ters will dress dolls and bake cakes which will be shown as the sole work of the child. Thus the child gets his first lesson in dishonesty, and all for the sake of a few dollars prize money. And the example is far-reaching, too, as the youngster who has tried honestly to do his best this year will next year try to get some older person to help him because "the other kids do." The School Fair is a great power for good throughout the country and the managers and directors are not to blame for this phase of it. The teachers can help a little by trying to instill the right motives into the minds of the pupils but the root of the matter lies in the home where every child should be taught the fundamental principles of being an honest winner or a game loser.

The Modern Mind.

We moderns flatter ourselves that we are much further advanced in almost everything than those who have gone before; but are we? Take the region of art for example. Is it not a fact that almost every day we are imitating or reviving something that the world knew all about thousands of years ago. Quite recently the discovery of the tomb of Tutankamen surprised civilization by the wealth of art treasures which were laid bare, and on the southern part of our own continent excavations are revealing wonderful works of architecture and sculpture which disclose an ancient culture which surprises and perplexes the modern mind. The Greeks, centuries before the Christian era, gave to the world three distinct orders of architecture. These the Romans imitated to five, and despite all the skill of modern architectural designers, nothing can be produced which can equal them in beauty of proportion or in stately dignity; nothing has been produced with characteristics distinctive enough to entitle it to be classed as a sixth order. The best that can be done at the present day is to imitate those ancient masterpieces, to modify them, or to select details from them. The modern mind is perhaps more keenly mechanical and inventive, but it is less imaginative and artistic. Ancient art had its distinct phases, but modern art has its distinct crazes. Because the tomb of an Egyptian potentate who reigned thousands of years ago has been brought to light the modern woman is adorning herself with symbols and devices which were never meant for articles of textile manufacture, but were painted on walls of temples and tombs or carved on pieces of furniture. Those mural decorations were pregnant with significance in their day, but at the present time they have no meaning worthy of mention. But even in mechanical skill the ancients were much further advanced than the average modern man ever dreams of. The aqueducts and drainage systems of ancient Rome, not to mention their roads and bridges, are the admiration of civil engineers today, and all that can be done is to imitate them. The more we study these things the more we are convinced of the truth of the saying that "there is nothing new under the sun."

Blaming the War.

For how many of the disasters of today is the spirit of war blamed? For how many of the disrupting influences that are our part four years after the armistice is the attitude of the men who fought overseas condemned? It may reveal on the part of the critic only a certain laziness of thought in which it is much easier to say "Oh, it's all part of the aftermath of the war," and to expect that that closes the question and supplies what is supposed to be a perfectly valid reason accounting for all the ills that we complain of.

The fact is that the war period proper was a time of national harmony and of respite from the pressure of social conditions that were even then hovering over the stooped shoulders of the world, and that when relieved broke out into all the different phases of discontent that are with us now.

It is a measure, and a rigidly accurate one, of the wholesomeness of the civilization of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, that only in a period of war, ghastly and brutal as never before in the world's history, can individual animosities be buried deep enough in the flame of patriotism to partially destroy them and remove them from view.

Note and Comment.

Europe needs reparation from the reparations' struggle.

Bank investments are like marriage. You incur a double liability.

A lot of so-called emancipated women seem to have confused emancipation with dissipation.

George Bernard Shaw asks a cold million to write up a prize fight. And there are any amount of London boys who would do it for the price of admission.

If the Irish are as determined to seek national unity as their compatriot, Sir Thomas Lipton, is to lift the America cup, there will be no more fighting.

Germany is to be on a basis of strict food rationing, with a potato credit bank as one feature. For the success of this plan, it is to be hoped that the potato will be firmer than the mark.

President Saunders of the Western Fair approves the Mardi Gras night suggestion for the week of the fair. Sawed-off shotguns are being bought for the traffic cops on Dundas street.

WHERE IS THE OLD "NICKEL SHOW"?

The Montreal Gazette makes the following comment on the report from New York that motion picture theatres may inaugurate a two-dollar price scale:

"The explanation advanced is that there has been an over-production of feature pictures, some ranging in cost from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000, with the result that the magnates, in order to recoup themselves for such big investments and realize a profit, have decided to increase the prices to be paid by the exhibitors, who in turn will pass their larger outlay on to the public in the form of higher rates for admission. The naive claim is made that the ordinary laws of supply and demand do not apply to the moving picture industry, and that over-production, instead of tending to reduce prices as in the case of necessities, justifies higher charges for what are described as luxuries. Leaving aside one side the point that devotees of the movies have come to regard them not as luxuries but as necessities, the plain truth is that not more than one picture in two thousand is worth two dollars to the spectator, and only about one in a hundred is worth even one dollar. There are few readers of this page but can remember the first film theatres, with their admission rate of five or at most ten cents. It is true that there have been remarkable advances in the art of making pictures, and the audiences of today are housed in palatial structures instead of the converted stores or cheaply-erected buildings which served at first, but after allowing for these improvements there is still no warrant for the proposed increase of one thousand to two thousand per cent over the prices originally charged."

DIBS AND DABS

—BY HARRY MOYER



Rarebits by Rex

A WARNING.
When I shuffle along from the world's gay throng
And leave you alone behind,
Whatever may wait at the pearly gate,
Whatever there is to find,
In celestial blue I will think of you
And hope you are missing me—
A lonely ghost in St. Peter's host,
In the land of infinity.

I'll pray a lot in my other cot,
A meek and a humble prayer
That frequently you will think of me
And wish I was back down there.
But if you're drear and wear mourning,
Sniffle and make a scene,
Whether I burn, my ghost will return
And bust you on the bean.

Because she wore a brief bathing suit
A Pittsburgh man was rid of his better half.
He found out she was an improper fraction.

Intellectually, at least, the world is progressing. The latest song on the market is "Oh, How Mammy Mopes When Daddy's Die Roll Wrong."

If Sherlock Holmes had owned a phonograph perhaps he wouldn't have been so anxious to say "Quick, Watson, the needle!"

In olden days youngsters used to stay up late reading "Jed the Poor-house Boy." Now they stay up till 2 in the morning listening to radio bed-time stories.

Girls with light hair make less economical wives than brunettes, says an expert. We suppose he means a brunette is saved the expense of having to buy peroxide every three months.

SUCCESS.

Every magazine clutters its pages with blurbs about success. We read that Sam Spivak of Whoooping Cough, Ariz., lived with his grandma and tinkered away in a little workshop in the backyard. Suddenly he discovered a new way to curl eyebrows. The next we hear of Sam he is a millionaire in New York living at the Waldorf and occupying the best table at Childs.

A few years later we are startled to read in American Sunday newspapers that Sam has been writing to some capricious cutie of the Ziegfeld Follies and signing himself "Dadkins."

If Sam had stuck to his red flannels and grandma he might not be blushing at the playful headlines: "MORE DADDIKINS LETTERS READ TO JURY!"

The magazines say nothing about the chap who drinks deep of the classics; who loves good pictures; who reads Kant's philosophy and enjoys the nectar of poetry. We know a man named Jim, who does these things. He is a professor of literature and each day to him is a new revelation. When the stock market trembles and banks go blowie he doesn't care much. He grabs his Browning, gets in his tin car and has communion with the birds of the country. He enjoys life, but people call him a failure.

Sam spends his money, becomes leaden-eyed and aged, and a butler calls him "sir." But people call him a success. He smokes cigars, drinks and plays golf rottenly.

Which do you think we'd rather be—Sam or Jim? Do you think for a minute we would take Sam's position in the world with all his money? With all his servants and front page publicity, would we accept Sam's job? Would we? You bet your life we would!

When a man is sea-sick you can't blame him for wanting the earth.

C. N. R. TAKES NO ACTION ABOUT TORONTO VIADUCT

Canadian Press Despatch.
Toronto, Aug. 20.—At the conclusion of the meeting of the board of directors of the Canadian National Railways here today, Sir Henry Thornton, president, said that no action had been taken in reference to the Toronto viaduct.
"In the last analysis," said Sir Henry, "the question is one for the Toronto Terminal Company. Of course, our representative would listen to anything they have to say."

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

THE PROMISE OF HAPPINESS.

That your joy may be made full—St. John xvi., 24.
It is a mistake to say with Goethe that Jesus only came to teach us that "religion is renunciation."
He does indeed tell us that we must renounce some things. But it is in order that we may obtain a great reward in our souls.
Christ never asks us to give up merely for the sake of giving up, but always in order to win something better.
He comes not to destroy, but to fulfil—to fill full—to replenish life with true, inward, lasting riches.
His gospel is a message of satisfaction, of attainment, of felicity.
His voice is not a sigh, but a song.
It's not exactly a benediction, a good-saying.
"These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full."
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A Drefful Habit

By ANNE CAMPBELL.
He has a drefful habit.
Although he looks so good.
As if there isn't nuthin'
He'd do but what he should.
It's not exactly a sin.
Or listed with the crimes.
But it's a drefful habit!
He does it lots of times!

He looks just like an angel.
So innocent an' dear.
Were you to pick the goodest.
I'm sure you'd stop right here.
His eyes are clear an' truthful.
You'd vow he was just right.
But he's a drefful habit!
That's fastened to him tight!

I've seen him do it often
When I've gone up the stair.
And even when he's sleepin'
I catch him unaware.
I thought he'd be as perfect
As skies he tumbled from.
But, oh, that drefful habit!
Our baby sucks his thumb!

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RECAPTURE JOHN REID, HAMILTON JAILBREAKER

Special to The Advertiser.
Hamilton, Aug. 20.—John R. Reid, who escaped from the jail here last Thursday, and for four days eluded recapture, was caught in his home. Four officers surrounded the house after the trail had led them there, and when Reid attempted to get out the rear door, he was caught. His mother and father, officers say, fought against the efforts of the officers to gain entrance.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

SAILINGS FROM MONTREAL

To Belfast and Glasgow.
Aug. 20 (Sept. 20 Oct. 18) Marloch
Aug. 20 (Sept. 27 Oct. 25) Metagama
Sept. 13 (Oct. 11 Nov. 8) Marburn
To Liverpool.
Aug. 24 (Sept. 21 Oct. 19) Montcalm
Aug. 31 (Sept. 28 Oct. 26) Montrose
Sept. 7 (Oct. 5 Nov. 3) Montclair
Sept. 14 (Oct. 12 Nov. 9) Montclair
To Cherbourg, Southampton, Antwerp.
Aug. 29 (Sept. 26 Oct. 24) Minnedosa
Sept. 12 (Oct. 10 Nov. 7) Minnedosa
To Cherbourg, Southampton, Hamburg.
Aug. 25 (Sept. 22 Oct. 20) Empress of Britain
Sept. 1 (Oct. 29 Nov. 26) Empress of Scotland
Sept. 15 (Oct. 13 Nov. 10) Empress of France
(*From Quebec only.)

FIVE MAGNIFICENT CRUISES NEXT YEAR AROUND THE WORLD AROUND AMERICA TO THE MEDITERRANEAN AND TWO TO THE WEST INDIES

Apply to Local Steamship Agents or

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Your Health: Why Some Eyes "Water" and What To Do for Them

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

When you see water bubbling up through a crack in the pavement, or some upon a muddy place in an otherwise dry road, you know there is a leak in the one place and bad drainage in the other.

When the eyes water it is a sign that something is wrong. The trouble may be due to bad drainage, or it may be caused by an over-supply of tears.

Nature is a wonderful engineer. She has supplied every animal with the machinery and equipment and planned the construction, so that all the expected demands and most of the unusual emergencies will be met without friction or failure.

There is no more wonderful example of the unflinching skill of Nature than the construction of the human eye. For I should not limit it this statement to the human eye, because the eyes of all creatures are marvelous organs.

Among the many details we might discuss, the method of keeping the front of the eye clean, glossy and transparent, is wonderfully ingenious.

As I write, I am riding in a railroad car. The windows are grimy, dusty, scratched and translucent. Instead of perfectly transparent as we expect plate-glass to be. Contact with the weather, flying sand, smoke and all the other things which mar the surface of these windows, could do far worse things to the front of the eye, because it is a far more delicate and more easily damaged than the flinty glass.

To guard against such a calamity, Nature has planned the human eye so that a never-failing, but invisible sheet of water is flowing across the exposed portions of this important organ.

This fluid, known to all of us as

the "tears," is extracted from the blood-stream by specially constructed glands at the outer angle of the eye-lids. It flows over the surface of the eye, is captured by the lids and squeezed through tiny openings into a canal, which carries it through the tear-sac and another duct into the nose.

You can see that if anything causes the tear-glands to generate too much fluid, or if anything interferes with the free passage of the drainage system, there will be a disturbance in the balance and, in consequence, the tears will overflow the lids and streak down the cheeks.

Then we have the condition, which, if it is there all the time, we call "watery eyes." It is as if the victim were constantly crying.

Need of glasses and consequent eyestrain, exposure to strong light, the wind and weather, inflammation of the lining membrane of the eyelids and catarrh of the nose, causing obstruction—all these are among the causes of "watery eyes."

You must not neglect your eyes and, since this particular trouble is usually easily curable, it should have early attention.

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KU KLUX KLAN URGES PROHIBITION IN MARION

Special to The Advertiser.

Marion, Ill., Aug. 20.—Seven thousand Ku Klux Klansmen and their sympathizers paraded streets of Marion for three hours today after a half dozen Williamson county ministers addressed the gathering from the court house, urging prohibition enforcement.

ICED TEA

prepared from the fresh young leaves of

"SALADA"

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AUGUST 24—Toronto, Inglewood Junction and all stations south and west thereof in Ontario.

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