

London Advertiser

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MONDAY, MARCH 17, 1924.

Sir Henry Salesman.

Sir Henry Thornton is doing very well during his residence in this country. When he passed through Palmerston many people were at the station to see him—and they saw him.

He didn't stay long, but it was good business.

Not so very long ago his critics were busy telling Sir Henry that he ought to cease attending banquets, and stay in the office where they imagined he belonged.

It so happened that the president of the Canadian Nationals knew what the system needed, and from that day the real head office of the publicly-owned road became any place on the system where he happened to be.

Sir Henry never said so, but to judge by his untiring travelling ever since, his idea was that his biggest job was selling the proposition to the Canadian people, and he has done it as probably no other man could have done.

When he got out of his car—his office—at Palmerston, even for a few minutes, he was carrying out that same plan, selling the idea of the Canadian Nationals to the Canadian people.

Building a Speech.

A man needs to be well fortified with study and observation to make a good speech. Alfred Speakman, progressive member from Red Deer, while not equal in debate to his predecessor from that riding, Dr. Michael Clark, is nevertheless a good exponent of the views he holds.

It is not even necessary to agree with him to appreciate what he says. There are few speakers who hold more tenaciously to the path they start out to take than the westerner, Speakman. He is 43 years of age, had a high school education in Scotland although his parents were English. He is a farmer by occupation, but, like many others of his calling, he has been a student of history and economics.

He took a wide view of conditions in his address in the Commons; he does not see the western farmer as a man who is interested only in 160 acres, nor does he hold it to be possible or desirable for him to attempt to isolate his viewpoint within the confines set for him by the surveyor who drove the stakes for his quarter section. He sees the farmer touched by conditions as they exist in the four corners of the world; as a man hurt by depression of trade and assisted by buoyancy of trade. From the other angle, he sees the prosperity or non-prosperity of the farmer finding its reflection in the state of industry in the cities of Canada and of the rest of the world.

From there he proceeds with the argument that industries, if they are to prove real assets to the nation, must within a reasonable time reach a degree of efficiency where they can compete with other industries in other countries. He reviews all the arguments of depreciated currency and shows himself well versed with conditions in Germany, France, Britain and United States.

From there he goes to Britain at the time of Cobden, when farming was the most highly protected of all industries; he traces the movement that took the tax off the food of the people; touches upon the way in which Joseph Chamberlain spent some of his best years in trying to educate Britain on the need for protection, and finds a sequel in the defeat of Stanley Baldwin and the wreck of the Conservative party at the last general election.

Coming back to the Canadian west, he dealt with transportation costs, with a view to showing the advantage of a cheaper rate to allow the west to get its produce on the boats at Vancouver; here his statement was fortified by facts and figures. Concluding, he made a plain, honest plea for national unity, where the good of all the people must find greater consideration than the advantage of any one district or any one occupation.

He made the whole speech in one hour, or even a few minutes less. It showed thought, well-connected reasoning, and demonstrated study of world conditions and an appreciation of their bearing on our own problems. In many ways it was a model speech, and as such could be enjoyed, even by those who did not agree with his conclusions.

No End to the War.

"The war's been over five years, and it's time to get back to pre-war ideas."

Quite right in many things, and

quite impossible in others. The speaker who used the above quotation was speaking in terms of finance and expense.

He was not speaking in terms of men for whom the war is over, because there are so many of them for whom the war will never be over. In the current issue of "The Sailor" is the picture in five different periods of a man who was badly injured in the face in the recent war. Part of his cheek and mouth were shot away, and five times have surgeons operated on him to produce even the faulty semblance of his former self that his picture shows him to be today.

He must go through life largely as a man apart. His injuries were cruel, painfully apparent—the price he paid for his willingness to answer the call of his country.

If a man were so handicapped by disfigurement as the result of an accident in industrial life he could bring suit, and the chances are he would get a verdict for a sum many times in excess of what he has received or ever will receive from any government.

And he is only one of scores, of hundreds, and of thousands, for whom the war will never be over. We speak almost glibly of them bearing their honorable wounds, but is it not a fact that in too many cases we let them bear them alone?

Canada's Public Men.

The amount of wealth secured by Attorney-General Daugherty since he entered the U. S. cabinet is to come under investigation. He is reported to have gone from the \$100,000 class into the millionaire rating, although "lucky trading" on the stock markets is credited with much of his financial advancement.

It is a fact that very few public men in Canada have made money out of politics. There is, at times, a lot of loose talk about graft, but it has not the backing of fact, nor is it revealed in the estates left by most of our public men.

Canada has a fairly clean bill of health in this regard, and it is a credit and a sweet remembrance of the class of men whom this country has called for public service.

Cause For Thought.

Gaston B. Means, former department of justice agent, appeared before the U. S. senate investigating commission at Washington. His story was that of a man who had played his part as a collector of funds from certain sources for the stoppage of prosecutions that, in the interests of the public, should have been continued.

His evidence went on to show that he had on various occasions been requested to "investigate" certain men high in the affairs of the state.

A great deal of what he said can be discounted, and still leave evidence of a very undesirable state of affairs.

That it should be necessary to have a secret service man, or perhaps many of them, scouting around to check up the reputations of men to whom had been entrusted high office, means that there is a need for the school of old-fashioned honesty and public honor to start to function again.

The Position of Mr. Joynt.

John Joynt, M.P.P. for North Huron, was the speaker at a London church on Sunday evening. He stated his position in no uncertain way on the matter of temperance, and there is no reason to doubt at all his feelings on the issue.

Mr. Joynt explained why he cast his vote for the enabling bill brought in by the government. His one reason for supporting a measure that he was not previously in favor of was because the attorney-general was in favor of it.

Mr. Joynt by his vote placed in the hands of the government the right to bring on a vote to challenge the further existence of the O. T. A., to name the questions that will be asked, to say to what extent polling places in rural districts shall be open, and to name the date when such a vote shall be called.

In his address he did not state where the pressure was coming from for a new vote. He was prepared to take the word of the attorney-general for the whole thing.

There can be no discounting the worth or standing of John Joynt in Huron or any place else; when the vote comes there is no question as to where he will stand, but he had a good opportunity to assert his independence and freedom of action right at the outset. He would have strengthened his position by voting against the government.

Note and Comment.

Harvesters stranded in Toronto have started to walk the 300 miles to Ottawa where they will place their case before the government. Previous deputations on similar missions have not had much result. It would be advisable to keep a sharp lookout for positions on farms between Ottawa and Toronto.

Tavish Mactavish

ROAD hogs are at last meeting with something of their just deserts in Montreal. One of them, a certain Napoleon Descourcelles, has just been ordered to part with \$25 to the funds of the court by Recorder Geoffroy, for refusing to get out of the way of a street car. The motorist said in evidence that he had danced a hornpipe on the bell for the best part of half an hour, and that Descourcelles had refused to get off the track. The recorder remarked that no doubt many people had been late for business on this account and inflicted the fine quoted.

This is a very decent beginning in the way of handing these kings of gas and four-wheeled empires of pride. Speed has become such a god on this continent in the last few years that any slower form of progression in which the kings of speed with contempt and the progressor as a transgressor. I think the ideal punishment for these chaps would be to make them drive their cars for a week behind some old peddler with a broken-winded horse. Public notice should be given in the press, and the line of route marked out. Imagine a chap with a limousine in this humiliating position! I am sure it would bring results.

SUN TEMPLES.

WHAT an industry and perseverance the race shows in looking backward. Scientists especially are guilty in this way though they justify themselves by claiming that only by looking intelligently backward can we see clearly forward. In any case they have discovered in Bogota, Colombia, the "Temple of the Sun" of the Chibchas Indians. They have also unearthed a number of idols and general decorations. The temple, according to old manuscripts of the Conquistadors, was sacked in 1537, following a battle between the Indians and the invaders. I rather doubt this as the Spaniards were above such things as thieves and marauders, and were not at all likely to leave precious things behind them on their travels.

But what interests me is the fact that so many clever brains and so much money can always be found to go back and look for such things as "Temples of the Sun" when not one person in a hundred bothers about the modern temples of the sun. Every field on every farm in Ontario will be a fitting place to worship dear old Sol. In another month, every lake in Muskoka, and every foot of the great northern bush, is a natural temple of nature worship, of which the sun is a part, made and built by the Creator. It's just a matter of price and perhaps of money. Which is the most attractive, the warm joy of the sun now at our back door, or the dead wooden and stone idols of a lost race who are impervious to heat or cold?

A DOLLAR A SEAT.

DOWN in Homestead, Pa., famous in American history as the location of the infamous Homestead riots in the days when Andrew Carnegie ruled the steel world has an innovation in police methods. Never having had a real-iced-in-the-wood patrol wagon, they dropped into the vulgar and most unprofessional habit of using taxi cabs to take their captives to jail. Now they have bought a patrol wagon, but the canny borough council only agreed to defray the cost on the condition that all passengers in the future be assessed a charge of \$1. They do, however, make this concession to the facts of the case, and the entirely involuntary position taken by the passengers. They make the charge exactly the same, no matter whether it be one mile or ten. Chaps in Homestead with a cynical outlook, may be inclined to have all their rows and sprees on the outskirts of the city and get their dollar's worth. I wonder whether there is a rebate for one fellow who offers to "come along quietly and walk it."

Takin' Sulphur

THE folks that have some pills for sale will use two columns up in space, a-tellin' of the things these pills will do unto the human race. And here's some limment and salve, some ointment from a grizzled bear, to chase the worms from your feet and lift the dandruff from the hair.

And so I read about these things and think about the years gone by, before they had so many things to offer unto you and I.

It used to be a simple art when March and April came along, and when they had reckoned how our hearts weren't pumpin' out so very strong—they used to take us by the ear, or else with grasp upon the neck, and slap us down inside our necks.

Just how they knew that it was right to pump that stuff into my crate, I never had the nerve to ask, nor did the willingness to state. Then to the high my dad went forth and whacked an iron tree branch in two, and on the kitchen stove at home they parked the mixture for to stew.

And so with humble things like these they reared up folks like me and you. We never had a patent pill with label printed green and blue, and sulphur and molasses culps they satrated you and me, spring tonic, too, that had its birth in slivers from an iron-wood tree.

Ah, well I mind when spring comes round how dad would beckon unto me, and jazz my innards with the juice they got from out that iron-wood tree.

And sulphur was supposed to clear our carcasses out from stem to root. We gobbled that, they gritty and messy until it rattled in our boots. Then was the signs, unfailin' too, on which our simple days was hung, the sulphur and the iron-tree juice they yelled at us that spring has come—ARK.

RIFLE PRACTICE A "FRILL."

Another matter which was brought up for consideration at last night's meeting was the question of rifle practice in the public schools, one trustee branding it as a "lot of tomfoolery." Practice is suspended in the meantime, until the report of the cadet and athletic committee is received. Parents should certainly be given the chance of deciding whether or not they want this subject taught. It cannot be regarded as a necessary accomplishment, and undoubtedly comes within the category of so-called "frills"—Hamilton Spectator.

Dr. Frank Crane

Who Are the Great Among Us?

WHO knows the names of the millionaires of the time of

Socrates? Where now are the names and fames of the Magnificent Ones who patronized William Shakespeare, priming princesses that kept Mozart waiting in the anteroom, the solemn asses who fingered their beards and criticized the work of Michael Angelo, the pompous seniors of the podesta who drove Dante from Florence, the luxurious lords of Rome that tasted the Falernian wine and pecked at pheasants' breasts and listened bored to the news of a Jew named Paul thrown into prison for disturbing the peace?

The day will come, said Victor Hugo, when Napoleon will be known as a contemporary of Goethe. Those excellent rascals, Villon, Rabelais and Francis Thompson, their figures are starred forever among the constellations of fame, but who shall find in the murk of oblivion the Rothschilds, Morgans and Carnegies of their day?

THE Villa of Hadrian has long been a field of grass-grown stones, and the Forum of the Caesars a ghastly hole, while schoolboys all over Christendom read the tale of Virgil and memorize the songs of Horace.

The builders of the Pyramids and Sphinxes are to us but barbarous names, the spirit of the expelled Hebrew who gave the Ten Commandments lives on, "its eye not dimmed nor its natural force abated."

What lives? Mind, and its children, Dreams. What swats? Mud, and its children, they that swathe their limbs in silkworms' guts, and bloom as gorgeous flowers upon the heaps of despair.

NEW YORK is thumping. But its big men, they whose monuments shall be more lasting than brass, are the few Creative Minds. All these kings of finance, freak society leaders, lords and powers, who make the commons safe, are but the carcasses that shall manure the trees of the future. They shall lie in forgotten graves. Their names are writ in water.

But he who has a thought and can dream a dream, he who can "give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name," he who can use the dumb purpose of the multitude and syllable the spirit of his age, he who can sense the infinite and bring it down as usable food for the little ones, his personality shall flourish through the ages, "his leaf shall not wither," the dust of rotting millionaires shall feed his roots.

Limits and Lusitanias are amazing, and aeroplane limousines, but what particular use is there in transporting human bodies across the water, over the earth or through the air ten times as fast as they did in the day of Pericles, if the souls in those bodies are no wiser, happier or nobler?

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THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,—I wonder if "Citizen" is sitting back these days in full enjoyment of all the letters appearing in The Advertiser on the subject of birds and squirrels. I wonder, too, if "Citizen" really meant what he said in regard to this subject, or did he just want to stir up a little controversy on the pests that exist in his city of London.

We all (may I include "Citizen") love the birds, squirrels and much of the other so-called vermin. We encourage all the birds, squirrels, etc., that care to visit our home, and they are many. We feed our sparrows every day during the winter months, also we provide nuts for the squirrels in the late autumn. Squirrels appear to be increasing, the more there are the better we will enjoy their presence. We also have a colony of owls in our trees that call to us in the quiet of the dark nights, and in summer join their voices with the call of the mourning doves to awaken us in the early morning.

Speaking of mourning doves, they are among the most beautiful of all Canadian birds; their peculiar four-note call is somewhat deceiving as to distance, the birds may be quite close yet their call sounds as if coming from a considerable distance. The first note is given by a pressure of the bill on the breast in making the last three notes by expelling the breath. Their walk is a strut, resembling that of the pigeon. I have frequently been within a few feet of these birds in our garden where they come to feed in the early fall prior to their long flight south. Like many other of our birds, they flock at migration.

And Wrens, Too. Wrens, yes we have those birds every season. We have houses for them to build in. Also many robins. Last nesting season we counted as many as six nests from our back porch. We are sometimes forced to remove nests from window sills or other unsafe places. Last season a pair of robins started building operations in the transept over our front door. We removed their unfinished work no less than six times. The last time I destroyed their work, as it was determined to force them to seek some other less objectionable building site. So I placed an empty flower pot on the spot where they insisted on building. They were not deterred, however, so I built their nest in the pot and raised their offspring in this somewhat novel place. I am sure nothing more interesting ever peeped over the rim of a flower pot than those bright-eyed young robins. I am sure "Citizen" would have enjoyed the sight.

The robins certainly go after our raspberries and strawberries, but we always have more berries than we can use, although we have but a small patch of each in order to protect our strawberries we set our plants out in a chicken run, protected on all sides and on top with chicken wire, birds being large enough for a robin to get through. Like the Canadian protective tariff, the foreigners succeed in passing and carrying off some of our wealth.

No Price Charged. I wonder if "Citizen" ever saw about a score of sparrows after a red squirrel. It is certainly an amusing sight, the angry scolding birds attempting to drive out the enemy. The squirrel seems to have all the fun. This is one of nature's scenic-ariers worth seeing, and no ticket or war tax required to enter this, the largest of all theatres.

"Granting 'Citizen' is in earnest in what he says, I do not blame him. We are not all constituted alike. I am sure the great majority is not in sympathy with his expressed thoughts in regard to birds and squirrels. Nature is the greatest of all studies.

Lovers of the woodland dales know ye ought of life.

Everybody Praises Beecham's Pills after a fair trial. Those praise loudest who have used them longest. The great merit of Beecham's Pills has been proved all over the world. There is nothing but praise everywhere for

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere in Canada.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Advertiser welcomes letters discussing matters of public interest. It is necessary that the name of the writer be sent as an evidence of good faith, but not necessarily for publication.

Military Coats

Raleigh Farmer Wants To Know What To Do About Garment In His Possession.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,—Some time ago we, as farmers, bought some of the military coats, which we have to give up wearing the 31st of March, if I rightly understand it.

If we take the buttons off will we be allowed to wear the coats?

If not, we have paid \$10 for them at an auction sale, and will be deprived of a chance to wear them, and we lose the money.

Answer—Inquiry was made at military headquarters here about this matter, and the answer was that they had no knowledge of any auction sale where military coats had been sold. If you are in possession of such a coat, and secured same at a sale, the best way would be to dye it and change the buttons, and there would probably be no trouble made.

Suggests Questions.

Lucknow Resident Wires the Prime Minister, Giving Outline of His Views.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,—I have sent the following night letter to Premier Ferguson, but in case it is overlooked in the midst of multitudinous affairs, may I ask that you give this letter space in your columns, as it concerns so many. Here is a copy of what I sent:

If you are going to give the people a chance to express themselves on the O. T. A., permit me to suggest that the question under four heads: Incrimination, penalty, means, methods.

Suggested questionnaire: Do you want the law to condemn liquor traffic more, or less, than it does now?

Do you want the penalties to be greater, or less, than they are now?

Do you want to increase, or decrease, our machinery for enforcing the liquor laws?

Do you want to employ more, or less, violence than is employed now in bringing men to judgment for offences?

T. HAROLD ACKERT. Lucknow, March 13.

One For the Ladies.

London Husband Graps the Pen and Tells the Glories of the New Spring Hat.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,—I have noticed in some of the

papers that come to our home the usual number of jokes about the new spring hats, and one stress has been placed on the amount of money that will have to be paid for them. I like a joke as well as the rest of the people, but don't you think this spring hat stuff is rather worn out? Year after year we get much the same kind of comment from all sources.

I don't think there is a man worthy of the name who is not just tickled pink when the spring comes and his wife goes out and get a bang-up new hat, chuck full of flowers and ribbons, and all kinds of new fussed-up things.

It's the one blow-out a woman looks forward to more than any other. The new spring hat, why bless my soul, if it were not for the annual spring rush for the new bonnet half of the fun of the thing would be gone.

The wife has been pegging away all winter, patching up the youngsters' stockings, making over old trousers for the boys and keeping the works going on half what she should spend on it, and then comes the spring. She should be told to get out and not come back until she has decorated herself with the dandiest new spring creation she can get.

So, in reply to the jokes in the newspapers and magazines is to lay off the spring hat. Let them come forth gay and glorious, with all good husbands standing in the side lines and cheering on the worthiest procession of the whole season.

London, March 13. HUSBAND.

Give Prisoners Chance.

Writer Claims That Term of Confinement Should Be Made of Some Use to the Prisoners.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,—One may hope for the good name of trades and labor organizations that the reported protest to the provincial secretary at Guelph against prisoners being taught trades at the Ontario reformatory was incorrect, and does not represent the minds of labor unions. It would be difficult to conceive an attitude more narrow and calculated to thwart enlightened efforts towards improvement in prison management.

These institutions exist for the protection of society tomorrow as well as today. They are not just for the confinement of animals, but the detention of human beings, many of whom, to some degree, are victims of circumstances. Being punished by the imprisonment, such methods ought surely to be pursued in the interests of society, and those confined as well as will release them in

a state of mind and with a fair redemptive start to make good in an upright and useful way. This preventing repetition of offences, close confinement, harsh treatment and lack of some productive occupation tend to embitter and harden. If they have never had the advantage of being schooled in an honest pursuit or trade, why not in the name of common sense and humanity encourage them to do so during their term?

Hon. Mr. Goldie, the provincial secretary, reminded the delegation of the necessity of keeping reformatory inmates employed and of teaching them trades, so that subsequently they would be in a position to work and become law-abiding citizens.

In between old time severity and another course, especially for first offenders, that might be called educational, in which they are trained for honest labor and with a view to decent citizenship. An ex-warden of Sing Sing prison and a foremost American authority on prison reform, advises the payment of prisoners full wages for what they do, and the amounts earned to be turned over wholly as in part, if they have dependent families, or be credited against their "board and lodgings." Instead of keeping them in pauperized and vice-breeding idleness.

The output of prisoners is not to be pitchedforked to political contractors or favorites to dump at slaughter prices, instead of being handled upon a business basis. Let inmates have a real chance to efface as far as possible the stigma, which has driven thousands almost hopelessly into the mire and misery of criminality. Like other people, they have preferences and capabilities, and these should be considered as well as the period of detention, dependent upon their real character and criminal exploits. Enlightened free labor is not going to suffer by extending a helping hand in a policy of social betterment.

LIVE AND LET LIVE. London, Ont.

Lighter Vein

NAUTICAL.

"How do you address the secretary of the navy?" "Your Warship, of course."

OUT OF ORDER.

Stranger (in village postoffice) — May I use the telephone? Postmistress—I'm afraid it's out of order, sir. You see, Colonel Crusher left his golf clubs in the train yesterday, and he's just been telling the railway company about it.

TAKING HER TIME.

First Telephone Operator—These college boys are too fresh. Second Telephone Operator—You said it! Just because I took twenty minutes to get a number, one of 'em asked me if I was supposed to be a slack wire performer!

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The World over.



In far Siam —

a synonym of battery strength

IN far Siam, on the road to Mandalay, beyond the Andes, at the distant outposts of the empire or wherever the white man carries his commerce or civilization, Hart Batteries supply the quickening spark that is indispensable to motor transportation.

Hart Battery Service girdles the globe and is everywhere a standard for dependability. Hart branches are maintained in all parts of the empire.

In Canada, the Hart Company operates a large factory which manufactures Hart Batteries according to standards which won enduring fame in the aerial, submarine and naval service during the war. "As fine as batteries can be made" is a maxim of Hart Manufacture, which is reiterated in the coast-to-coast chain of Hart Service Stations.

Hart stands for strength and dependability.

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