

London Advertiser

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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1924.

"Leave Us Alone."

The Ottawa Journal has not been backward in talking of the expense of government and of government service.

It has lost no opportunity for calling attention to the totals spent by departments; it has published its opinion that grants for public works during the last session were made with the idea of creating good will for the government rather than meeting the needs provided for in these figures.

Now that the government has decided on its course of action, which calls for a housecleaning of the civil service, and the consolidation of departments so that one, and perhaps two, may be absorbed into others, the Ottawa paper has passed over no opportunity to attack the move. In fact it has sought to create openings for such attacks, referring in a recent issue to the government's "mushroom passion for economy."

The reason, of course, is that the largest industry in Ottawa is the civil service, and the Journal is not going to see a single person chopped off who can possibly hang on to a job, even if it is in a department that is overmanned and crowded beyond the dictates of good business practice.

That attitude, were it persisted in all over the country, would mean that the government would meet opposition and defiance in every step it took to reduce expenses and taxation. If Ottawa has more people on the payroll of the government than are needed, it is the duty of the Ottawa Journal, since it has been clamoring for a scaling down of expense, to give every reasonable assistance in its power toward attaining the end it has advocated.

If the Journal is not willing to take that attitude, then it places itself in the position of saying "the government must cut expenses everywhere except in Ottawa." It is an attitude so local and parochial that the wonder is that the Journal would allow itself to be placed in such a position.

The Sympathy of London.

The sympathy of London, and especially of London parents, goes out in large measure to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Challis, who lost their son Jack in the river Thames over two weeks ago.

Despite every effort made by firemen, divers and other helpers the ice-covered waters refuse to yield their prey.

The father maintains a long, unbroken vigil, hoping against hope for success to reward his efforts. Parental love is strong in life; it is even stronger in death and uncertainty as it exists in this tragic case.

The Work of Mr. Rigney.

One of the outstanding features of the murder trials in London during last week was the work of J. T. Rigney, K.C., the crown prosecutor in all the cases. It was the second occasion on which Mr. Rigney had presented the case for the crown against two of the men.

There can be no question about the fair methods followed by Mr. Rigney in dealing with witnesses, and with placing evidence before the jurors. He did not at any time create the impression that he was pressing unduly for conviction, and yet he diligently dealt with facts, placing them squarely before the men called upon to give their decision upon the evidence so presented.

Handling a witness so that a true and adequate rehearsal of his or her actual knowledge of the case may be told fully and yet without exaggeration is a science that excites the admiration of the layman and serves to create respect for the trial system as practiced in our courts. Mr. Rigney is to be commended for his even, fair and gentlemanly method of conducting a prosecution on behalf of the crown.

The Men Can Shift.

Hon. James Murdock presented the case of the miners of Eastern Canada in human terms at a meeting in Montreal.

He showed that in six weeks the miners had worked, in some cases, only four days in all. In other places there were records of even shorter working periods.

Mr. Murdock then took the other equipment in the mines, outside of the human element, and cited the cases of mules and horses that were fed and cared for, of the machinery

that was oiled and looked after when there was no work.

Mr. Murdock's presentation is forceful even if it is not new. Our system of industry runs largely on the idea that men can look out for themselves. In the mines they know the mules and horses would starve if they were not fed, watered and cared for. The machinery, if not oiled and inspected, would rust and become of little value.

But the men—well they can be told there is no work today, tomorrow, this week, or for any period. They can be put aside by a little printed slip on the bulletin board outside the works.

The miners in the east are not the only ones who have been placed in that position. It is an old habit that has not been corrected, nor is it possible to state that we have the remedy in hand or in sight. Competition in business is a bitter and relentless feature, and firms are forced to watch every item of expenditure or else their production costs will rise to the point where the article of a competitor will undersell them.

It is a question that has been largely left alone. Workmen's compensation, as we have it in Ontario, was a step in the direction of its solution, as it guaranteed wages during time lost through an injury, but we have nothing yet to provide for time lost because there is nothing to do.

Hon. Mr. Murdock has presented one side of the case, but he would show a genius for leadership if he pointed a way out that could be followed without wrecking industry.

Owning a Home.

The idea "Own Your Own Home" is not a new one, but all the same it is a good one. Many a man can put his finger on the day he made his first payment on a house as the time when he got a start.

Real estate men agree that location has a lot to do with the selling qualities of a house; therefore, where possible, buy "location."

The man who says it is cheaper to rent may have good grounds for his statement, but he misses the big point. A man's home is the one place where he can give expression to the way in which he and his family desire to live. When he rents he has to go where the vacant house is; his choice as to location, style and convenience is limited. If he wants the living room papered in a warm-colored tapestry instead of the pale green he finds there it is necessary for him to sell the idea to the landlord.

Ownership is a stabilizing force. It is what makes London the substantial center it is. London is a splendid center in which to live, and that is why an investment in real estate here is a safe move.

Ownership of a home, even if it calls for positive thrift and sacrifice, gives a sense of accomplishment that is worth the effort.

She Stopped the Meeting.

Police of Wilkesbarre, Pa., prevented a meeting being held in memory of Nikolai Lenin, and a platoon of police were on hand to prevent the gathering.

Such a meeting was held right here in London, and one could be held in the greater London, in the heart of Britain.

The fact that a platoon of police were called out gave the agitators the publicity they required above all else.

It even made it possible for some of them to pass themselves off as martyrs.

The British Empire is too great an institution to be broken up by resolutions on the death of Lenin, and United States should be able to stand the shock without calling the police.

There is nothing so dear to the heart of the man seeking notoriety as to have the troops or the police called.

Note and Comment.

Wanted—Something that will take the spots and smell of oil from our clothing. Apply Washington politicians.

Vancouver aims to become the grain spout of Canada. And on top of all these fine hopes the St. Catharines Standard rises to remark that it is already the rain spout of the country.

A stenographer has demonstrated that it is possible to take 324 words per minute. It is not recorded whether she was attending a sewing circle or listening to a man selling liniment on the market.

The Ottawa rumor mongers were busy on Sunday in heralding the death of J. R. Booth, who is now able to sit up in bed and read the newspapers. The papers do get things mixed up a little sometimes, but when the dear general public takes the bit in its mouth the newspaper is left tied to a post.

Rarebits By Rex

AN APPEAL.

Familiar spirit, tell me, pray,
What shall I write about today?
The house is cold, my mind is frosted,
And every subject's been exhausted.

I've satirized the girls so freely
They always snub me when they see me.
And I'm at odds with my dear wife
For making jokes on married life.

I can't take cracks at prohibition
For fear of losing my position;
The boss says "booze is deleterious,"
So whiskey must be taken serious.

Familiar spirit, please inspire,
This melancholy affair,
For there's no labor half so solemn
As writing up a funny column.

About the only thing the rich and poor have in common for breakfast is a grouch.

It seems to us that what the American papers call "presidential possibilities" would be more appropriately termed "impossibilities."

So live that you will never have to ask a city editor to keep your name out of the paper.

The rain may fall alike on the just and the unjust. But the unjust are much more likely to be in taxicabs.

There are some establishments in town this night for the benefit of customers, erect this sign, "Subject to short change without notice."

A man in Nevada broke a world's record by picking a chicken clean in six minutes. This is funny, when you consider a chicken can pick a man clean in six seconds.

After all, a member of a burlesque chorus is the only type that can justly be classified as a "show girl."

MODERN NERVE.

An epic metaphorical
Recounting things historical
Of fights and bravery,
And great, heroic charges made
Like that of the famed light brigade
In which an awful price was paid,
Are always thrilling me.

And yet the nerve they demonstrated
Is a grossly overestimated
Compared with men today.
A desperate charge as cannon quakes
Not half the nerve and courage
takes.

As charges my rich plumber makes
And expects me to pay.

With the weather as cold as it is
The worst epithet you can hurl at a man is to say that he lies like a groundhog.

In fact, if we ever catch that groundhog, we didn't see his shadow, we will reduce him to a shadow.

We don't understand why reformers should worry about the human race when most of 'em don't belong to it.

You can usually tell whether a man is henpecked by the vigor with which he denounces the divorce evil.

PLAYERS' WORKSHOP GIVES BALLAD RECITAL

Dr. W. F. Tamblin's Talk Is Illustrated by Readings From Ballad Literature.

The ballad recital given at the Players' Workshop, Wolfe street, on Saturday afternoon, was an enjoyable event, the chief feature of which was an informal talk by Dr. W. F. Tamblin of the Western Ontario University. The speaker traced the history of the ballad from its earliest forms where it constituted a sort of singing game, down through the middle ages when the ballad became a narrative verse with heroic theme, through the 19th century of the literary ballad of romantic type, and so to the ballad of today.

Miss Ruth Tanner's numbers which followed, illustrated the three outstanding periods of ballad-making—the ballad of King John and the Abbott illustrating the mediaeval type, "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," by Keats and a modern number "The Idle Shepherd" from a recent edition of Punch.

Ballad in song was illustrated by Miss Gertrude Dumaresque who sang "The Devonshire Miller" and by Miss Rose Tingey who rendered in a Dublin street ballad of the 18th century.

Other numbers on the program were "Maud Muller" read by Miss Charlotte Luckie; "The Lady of Shalott" given by Miss Kirkwood and a modern ballad by Miss Moira O'Neill.

METHODIST MEETING INDORSES PRESENT O. T. A.

Special to The Advertiser.
Moorefield, Feb. 10.—At the Palmerston district meeting of the Methodist churches held at Drayton it was decided to send a telegram to Premier Ferguson stating the session's satisfaction with the O. T. A., and requesting that no appeal be at present made to the people.

A resolution was also passed affirming the conviction that the O. T. A. ought to be continued; that the people of Ontario are not demanding the repeal of the act; it further urged all the people of proper inhibition sentiment to unite their forces and prepare for any possible move on the part of the wets. The hope was expressed that the government will fearlessly enforce the act, and not permit it to become discredited by negligent enforcement.

U. S. SHIP DAMAGED DURING COLLISION

Associated Press Despatch.
London, Feb. 11.—The United States steamer Capulin is returning to London considerably damaged in consequence of a collision with the small London steamer Brook. The Brook was abandoned.

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

By men of understanding and knowledge the state shall be prolonged.—Proverbs xxviii, 2.

The name and fama of Abraham Lincoln have risen slowly but surely in the estimation of his own country and of all the nations of mankind.

The emphasis that was at first laid upon his humble birth, his early poverty, his lack of schooling, his hardships and handicaps, gave a false impression of his real character and for a time obscured the greatness of the man.

He was not an uneducated man.

By reading he brought himself in touch with the best of literature, especially the Bible.

By close contact and observation he learned to understand the thoughts and feelings of his fellowmen.

By self-discipline he obtained a superb mastery of his own mind and could use his powers of intuition and of reasoning with marvellous effect.

That is education.

He began as a rail-splitter. He ended as a man who could split the tough barriers of political sophistry and cut the Gordian knot which bound our country to disunion and despair.

The name and title of "a common man" would have pleased him.

But remember, he was a common man with an uncommon soul.

By that inward light and by obedience to God, he steered the ship to victory.

I want to say some more new things about this great man in tomorrow's Guide Post.

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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.

Practical Sympathy.

Friends of Mrs. Kay Are Coming to Her Assistance in a Very Practical Way.

Editor of The Advertiser:
Sir.—The letter of Lottie Fisher, who is well-known here, and your remarks on the sad and unfortunate case of the family of George Campbell, whose daughter was shot and disabled for life, and her husband killed outright.

How soon was this incident forgotten by all but a few whose sympathies were more tangible than words.

It is hoped that your words and Miss Fisher's letter will help to lessen the burden of this saddest household and show the sympathy of those who labor.

P. S.—The following is a copy of a letter received by George Campbell, father of Mrs. Kay, who was so seriously hurt through shooting on the same day: Feb. 7, 1924.

Dear George.—Seeing the letter of Miss Lottie Fisher in today's Advertiser has awakened the sympathy for you and your household, at the very sad occurrence of a year ago.

Sympathy, like faith, is of no value without works. I enclose five dollars to help to combat the afflicted of your household.

True Christianity should consist in helping to bear each other's burden, and I consider that this is the only prayer that the God of the universe will listen to.

Kincardine, Feb. 8.

The Change in England.

Efforts to Keep the Tories in Power Have Failed Since the People Have Opened Their Eyes.

Editor of The Advertiser:
Sir.—Here are some of the big land owners of England and their holdings: Acres.
Duke of Sutherland 1,358,545
Duke of Buccleuch 499,468
Earl of Breadalbane 438,358
Earl of Sefton 305,930
Duke of Fife 249,220
Duke of Richmond 230,409
Duke of Portland 183,189
Duke of Northumberland 186,397
Duke of Devonshire 158,572
Duke of Argyll 155,114
Marquis of Conyngham 166,710
Marquis of Donegal 162,996
Duke of Hamilton 157,386
Marquis of Lansdowne 142,316
They are all Tory peers; a few belong to ancient families, made rich by the plunder of the people's land in feudal times, by the favoritism of kings or by dissolution of the monasteries.

Other peers sit because some more or less remote ancestor won battles, some like Earl Nelson and Earl Howe, are not directly descended from the victorious warriors, whose dignities they bear.

George III created hundreds of peerages as the reward of the basest time-servers, the men who lost us America, and brought the country to the verge of ruin.

These are the people that have Vicks Is the Thing For Asthma

Ontario Mother Tells of Stubborn Case Relieved.

Mrs. Wilbert E. Collier, of Bowery street, Picton, Ont., says: "My little girl had a terrible case of asthma. I read about Vicks and sent out for a sample. I rubbed my child's chest and throat with it and put a flannel on. Vicks did her so much good that I bought two jars. She now sleeps well, and is a different child. I would not be without Vicks VapoRub in the house."

A good way to get relief from asthma is to rub Vicks over the spine from shoulders to hips; then melt a little Vicks in a spoon and inhale the healing vapors. Also insert some in the nostrils, snuffing well back. You will be delighted to see how it clears the head.

Vicks comes as a salve—the external direct treatment for all cold troubles—absorbed like a liniment and inhaled as a vapor.

Treatment with Vicks is especially desirable for children as it avoids so much internal dosing. Just as good, too, for cuts, burns, bruises, sores and skin itching.

At all drug stores, 50c a jar. For free test size package, write Vicks Chemical Co., 244 St. Paul street, W. Montreal, P. Q.

Though Vicks is new in Canada it has a remarkable sale in the States. Over 17 million jars used yearly.—Adv.

Tavish Mactavish

To His People At Home

Dear Jack:

Once more the mayor of Montreal goes clothed as the chief magistrate of a great city should. I see in the paper that his new robe—"toga," the correspondent calls it—of office has just arrived from England, and he adds naively, "The mayor tried on his new accoutrement immediately and reported that it fit him perfectly. The garment cost \$1,625." He says "fit" not fitted.

Two years ago it seems the old robe was either burned or stolen during a fire in the city hall. That's what the paper says, but I have a haunting belief that perhaps the old mantle of civic authority was suffering from the mutual enemy of man and mantles—Father Time—and that it was getting thin in spots. Perhaps like the doublet of Porthos it was threadbare in the portions which were not given too much publicity, and was discreetly lost when such a windfall as a fire arrived.

In any case the fact remains that the mayor tried it on as soon as the janitor had unpacked it. Maybe he was waiting at the quay when it arrived, and escorted it up to the city hall, filled with misgivings as to the fit, and wondering whether the shroud of the new would suit his complexion as surely as the tones of the old.

The mayor is a stranger to me as, as you know, but I think I see him wearing a most satisfied smile, as the city clerk or whoever acts as the mayoral valet in Montreal told his worship that the "fit was perfect."

It is a lot of money to drape round a civic head, too. Just imagine "Jimmy" Mason at home being asked to wear a royal purple "toga," in which to conduct the official business of the town. In most cases he met distinguished visitors, such as they were, in his shirt sleeves, and if he chewed tobacco on occasions, most of the visitors were more envious than critical.

The evening sun is evidently eclipsed by the glory of this civic "Mother Hubbard." "The robe is of royal purple cloth, trimmed with Hudson Bay sable and blue velvet. Sleeves are three-quarter length and the cape is lined with white satin."

and tied with large bows of the same material." Montreal is now in a position after a painful lapse of two years, to go out to municipal parties and to receive her guests with becoming dignity. When the Prince of Wales comes back the royal purple and white satin bows of the mayor will greet him as he lands. It may even be that with this effulgent garment the city fathers will initiate a kind of Lord Mayor's procession, and that Montrealers will be allowed once a year to bask in the reflected brilliance of their new robe.

TAVISH.

COLLARBONE BROKEN.

James, Feb. 10.—Little Jean Durand, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Durand, 54½ Ross street, had the misfortune to fall on the ice in front of her home and break her collarbone.

HOW VITAL NERVE FORCE WINS THE JOYS OF LIFE

It Keeps Our Bodies Filled With Energy and Re-kindles the Fires of Strength.

A boy wakes and hustles out of bed. He has had enough of bed; he's got to get out in the world and see what's going on—and make something go on. His long, sweet sleep has renewed him, restored his vital energy. The only way to keep him in bed is to tie him there.

That boy is on the run when he hits the floor. It takes the whole family to hold him long enough to tie his shoes. That boy has what many men and women lose when they ought still to be young; the vital force and energy that makes a man a real man, a woman a real woman with all the charm of full physical vigor.

That boy has all of his vital nerve force. It has not been impaired by illness, overwork, worry or mental strain—so he is filled with energy that will not be denied. In some men and women the vitality of youth lasts all their lives. They do not know what it means to have weak or shattered nerves, to have under-nourished bodies, to lack strength and purpose.

Such men and women are everlastingly joyous. In work or play, business or pleasure they succeed because of the vital force that is in them.

When our systems no longer respond to Nature's strength-building processes we must look to our nerves. If we suffer from general physical weakness, poor appetite, impoverished blood and nervous depression; if we are too thin, pale, anaemic looking we should begin at once to rekindle the fires of strength.

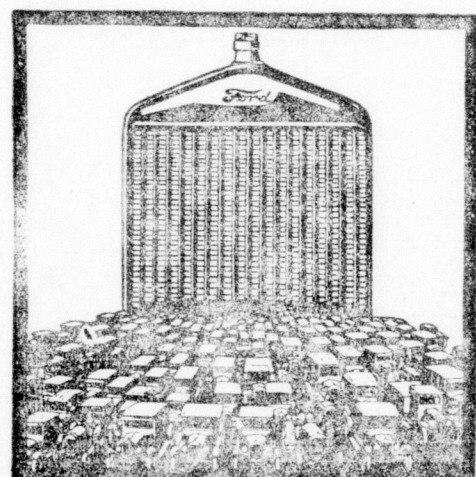
Such men and women ought to go to their druggists without delay and begin the home treatment of Win-carnis, the nerve restorative and blood builder. Win-carnis nourishes the nerve system. In twelve days see the improvement this home treatment brings. Win-carnis treatment costs less than ten cents a day. You will no longer worry over failing strength and exhausted nerves.—Adv.

CHILDREN CRY FOR "CASTORIA"

A Harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups — No Narcotics!

Mother! Fletcher's Castoria has been in use for over 30 years to relieve babies and children of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind, Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep without opiates. The genuine bears signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.



Why Ford Predominates

The Empire Builders

From time immemorial, Britons have gone forth and pioneered the remote corners of the earth.

In the face of seemingly insuperable difficulties they have built up a world-wide trade—trade that grew and flourished in spite of the limitations of those primitive burden-bearers, the native carriers, the mule train and the camel caravan.

Ford carries the burdens of Empire trade on the hill-trails of India, on the African veldt, on the sheep-stations of Australia and New Zealand, on the plantations of Ceylon and Burma, on the rubber estates of Malaya and on the jungle-paths of Borneo.

Universal usage under all these conditions has stamped the Ford as dependable transportation.

Made in Canada for the Empire

The Ford car is completely made in Canada with the exception of parts to the value of \$15.02.

See Any Authorized Ford Dealer

Ford

CARS • TRUCKS • TRACTORS