

From The Advertiser, Nov. 7, 1900.

The dominion elections resulted in a return of the Laurier government. C. S. Hyman was successful in London with a majority of 544. The city vote was: Hyman 2,815, Beattie, 2,269 and Roadhouse 239. Some of the Liberals returned in this district were: S. Brant, C. B. Heyd; N. Essex, R. F. Sutherland; S. Essex, M. K. Cowan; Kent, G. Stephens; W. Lambton, T. J. Johnston; W. Middlesex, W. S. Calvert; S. Middlesex, M. McGugan; N. Oxford, James Sutherland; S. Oxford, Sir Richard Cartwright; S. Perth, D. K. Erb. Conservatives—E. Elgin, A. B. Ingram; W. Elgin, J. Robinson (Patron); E. Lambton, C. Simmons; E. Middlesex, J. Gilmour; Wright, secretary-treasurer, W. F. Babb; executive committee, George Elliott, George Seaborn, F. Campbell, A. Turner; reception, W. F. Babb, McNeill, W. Olmstead, J. Gilmour.

The annual meeting of the board of the London Convalescent home elected the following officers: President, Mrs. B. B. Babb; vice-president, Mrs. Niven, Mrs. Mawhinney, Mrs. St. John Hyttenrauch, Mrs. Hopkins, Miss Hamilton; treasurer, Miss Mawhinney; secretary, Miss Louchee; lady patroness, Mrs. Labatt; board of management, Messrs. B. B. Babb, Messrs. Hopkins, Lashbrook, Edgar, Mawhinney, Strong, Buckle, Magee, Wilson, Dunn Reid, Owen, Blinn, Callard, Kent, R. K. Cowan, Mitchell and Dewar; advisory board, Messrs. G. L. Thompson, J. H. Flock, McCormick and Rev. Dr. Johnston.

A RELATED DISCOVERY.

Mrs. Norton came home from a call one day in such a disturbed condition that it was evident that tears were not far in the background. She lost no time in beginning her explanation.

"John," she said to her husband, "I am so mortified I don't know what to do."

"What is the matter, Joanna?" asked Mr. Norton.

"I have been calling on Mrs. Pevelev. You know her husband, Major Pevelev?"

"Yes." "Well, I just learned today that 'Major' isn't his title at all. 'Major' is his first name."

"Why, certainly. I've known that for years. What is there so mortifying about it?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Norton, with a groan, "only that I've called him 'Major' every time I've met him for the last ten years."

IRISH.

LONDON, Nov. 5.

CALIFORNIA AND PACIFIC COAST TOURS.

California has become famous as a winter tourist region because of its excellent climate condition, its varied and magnificent scenery, the possibilities it affords for all kinds of outdoor sports and recreations, its splendid motor roads, sea bathing etc.

The Canadian National Railways offer a wide choice of routes. Travel one way through Canadian Rockies via Jasper National Park and Mount Robson to Vancouver and Victoria, or via Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Any agent of the Canadian National Railways will be pleased to furnish full information regarding these tours.—Advt.

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THE PEPPY BRAN FOOD

How

Much for Insurance?

When you draw up your family budget, do you get a stated percentage of your income aside for life insurance protection? If so, how much? Is it anywhere near adequate?

Life insurance should provide protection not only for children while they are dependent but for the assured's old age.

It is not an easy matter to determine how much insurance a man should carry in proportion to his income, his expenses and his family responsibilities. That's a matter upon which you may need professional advice. Mutual agents are equipped to give well considered counsel in such matters.

Write to-day for The Mutual Book, which explains the principle of Mutuality.

The MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA Waterloo Ontario

C. E. GERMAN, District Manager.

Rooms 204-5, Royal Bank Building, London, Ontario.

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The London Advertiser

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1925.

There Are Only Two Courses.

On the morning of October 19 Greeks and Bulgarians exchanged shots on the frontier. Greek troops came on to recover their dead and they were fired upon. More killing. Greece invaded Bulgaria with infantry, artillery and aeroplanes, bombarding Petrich and other towns. More killing, including this time women and children. Greece reinforced her invasion with an ultimatum and a demand for 2,000,000 francs indemnity.

The war was spreading, just as other wars in the Balkans had spread in other years. The cables were busy carrying messages that spoke of "war clouds in the Balkans," and the eyes of the world were turned once more to the corner where an assassin's shot eleven years ago had marked the beginning of the world's greatest war.

This time there was no hastening of world powers to align themselves one way or the other with the combatants. There were no secret arrangements by which Greece or Bulgaria were to secure assistance; there was no bargaining about which conquered territory might be elicited. On October 26 word was sent from Paris telling Greece and Bulgaria to quit and ordering Greek troops back to their own territory. Within twenty-four hours both these warring nations had stated their willingness to obey and they complied at once with the Paris demand.

It was the council of the League of Nations, called for special and immediate session, that sent the ultimatum from Paris. It was the first time in modern history that a war had been stopped in this way, and the world was prepared to recognize it as an outstanding accomplishment.

The Washington Post refuses to view the incident in such a light. It goes back to the incident at Corfu when Italy delivered an ultimatum to Greece, and says the League could or does nothing with Mussolini because he represented one of the great powers himself, and concludes:

"It appears that the League of Nations is a roaring lion in a cage of peace when little nations are involved, but it becomes a sucking dove when the great powers find it necessary to employ force to gain their ends."

The Post deliberately overlooks the fact that the League of Nations is more powerful today than it was at the time of the Corfu incident. It has been able, through the Locarno conference, to bring France and Germany to a point of mutual understanding, and it is by such steps that it has arrived at the point where it could order Greece and Bulgaria to stop fighting and have that order obeyed.

The Washington Post, in the role of the complaining critic, is not helping the cause of the League of Nations; it is doing what it can to create an atmosphere that will keep United States from taking its place in the League, a place that has been too long vacant.

There are only two courses open for the settlement of such a crisis as that aroused by Greece and Bulgaria. (1) The old way of fighting and deciding the issue by the process of slaughter, or (2) creating a world court, powerful and sincere enough to insist on settlement by arbitration. The Washington Post and the people of United States at large can select one or the other of these courses, for there is no alternative. An attitude that can see no advancement in two warring nations obeying an order to stop fighting, and doing it on a day's notice, is as biased as it is dark and hopeless.

No Suggestion To Make.

Hon. Arthur Meighen has issued his expected statement on the course advised by Premier King of having parliament called at an early date and there have the question settled which the electors did not decide at the polls.

Mr. Meighen's statement does not come as a surprise, because in it he said exactly what it was expected he would say. From the place where it starts with "The premier's statement, stripped of its sophistry," to the concluding words, "to cling to office under such circumstances is usurpation of power and contempt of the popular will," it is a typical Meighen utterance throughout.

He does not show how he would have things done otherwise, nor does he outline a plan that would more quickly determine with anything like an equal degree of finality the actual strength of his position in the commons as compared to that of Mr. King.

The premier's plan is fair and direct. Parliament will be called at an early date, and there the elected members will decide a question that could not be so surely determined by any other course.

Rather Lenient.

County magistrates in Middlesex heard a case where a farmer near Glencoe was charged with using a horse whip on a small boy who had taken an old cart from his premises as a Halloween prank. According to reports of the trial it was stated that the whip had been applied to such a degree that blood was drawn.

The accused was fined \$10 and given a severe lecture by the bench. There may have been very good reasons for the leniency of the sentence with which the public has not been ac-

quainted, but on the face of it justice has been unduly tempered with mercy.

When boys go out on Halloween night they are not criminals; most of the mischief they do is a duplication of what has been done for years and small harm has come from it. It is simply an expression of boyish spirits.

In the Glencoe case had there been property damage done, there are courts in the land to which recourse could be had, and it is the business of these courts to insist upon their rights being observed. It is also the duty of these courts to protect those who cannot protect themselves. The fine of \$10 was not equal to the amount a motorist would have to pay if he speeded through that village.

The Plowing Matches.

"Not in years have I seen such good plowing as that done in Western Ontario at the plowing matches of the last few weeks." That is the report of a London man who has visited nearly all the contests. "It would open the eyes of some of the city people to see how some of the work is done. Furrows straight, the lap turned down flat and even in sod, or standing on edge in stubble. I tell you it's more than a science doing work like that—it's an art."

When a man gets his face set for a plowing match it becomes a hobby. He knows that the team he takes with him is half the battle. A good team, used to the plowman, will do just about what he wants them to do.

Some people can't plow, they never become expert. No particular reason—they just don't get the hang of it and there it ends. To the real plowman, the sort that would rather plow than do anything else in the year's work, it's different. To him the well-plowed field is a delight, something he's not ashamed to have his neighbors look at.

Turning from the actual work, plowing has been for years the subject of more theories than any other farm operation, with the possible exception of the old question of how to keep the boys on the farm. Sir William Rennie, for instance, was the leader of the school that held that deep plowing was wrong. It let in too much air, dried out the land and brought too much subsoil to the surface. He wouldn't go over four inches even on light soil, but advocated intensive surface work.

Against that is the claim that seven inches does not touch the subsoil, but really opens up the lower part and makes for better root development. Then there are a very large number who will say that they think a combination of deep plowing and plenty of surface work as well gives best results.

Apart from all this theory, the plowing at the matches is serious work. Along the end or side there are some spectators, most of them men who know what good plowing is; in their earlier days they have felt the handles dig their ribs in stony ground. So it is a critical audience. The plowman sets his mark for the first furrow; not a word is spoken save the occasional instruction to the horses. If it's in sod and the rules call for five inches deep the plow has been set for that and it's the business of the plowman to keep it there; he turns his furrow evenly and the lap falls as though it had been modeled by a sculptor. Finally he's through, and whether he wins or loses he has finished a piece of work that is a monument to his skill.

Note and Comment.

Australia parliament is going back to the single seat plan. A number of the petting parties had this idea years ago.

New York's newly-elected mayor used to write popular songs. Perhaps that's the only way they could get him to quit.

There's too much law in this country, declared the agitator. Yet the man who minds his own business never noticed it.

Thieves are said to have used ammonia in attempting to rob a Sarnia liquor store. It may have been that they'd had a drink of their own moonshine.

Another plot has been discovered to shoot Mussolini, the Italian premier. He must be meeting with some degree of success, otherwise no one would bother shooting him.

Toronto and Hamilton may be joined together by a radial line, more useful perhaps, but not as powerful as the Conservative line that paraded them together on election day.

Niagara Falls real estate man got a \$1,000 check as first payment on a farm, and the man issuing the check got \$50 in change from the real estate man. The \$1,000 check was no good, but the \$50 was.

Canadian Bankers' Association paid \$2,000 for the arrest of the Thorndale bank robber. The man who made the arrest says he didn't get it; the officer who did most of the work and the man who turned in the automobile number say the same. The old saying, "Money talks," isn't running true to form.

Ontario honey producers were in session at Toronto, and the one problem that seemed to be uppermost was where to sell the output. Canada now produces 21 million pounds of honey per year, and consumes about nine million pounds. Wider markets, more customers, is the need of the apiarist just as it is of all Canadian farmers or manufacturers.

The ways and means committee of U. S. congress reported in favor of increasing the tax exemption limit to \$1,500 for single persons and \$3,500 for married. In this move there may be political strategy as well as a desire to decrease taxation. The Democrats, in seeking campaign material, have been advocating total exemption upon to \$5,000. The partial move in that direction may have been taken with the idea of taking some of the fury from their thunder.

Ned's In Trouble

By ARK.

Ned Whiskers he was sore today. I met him just at six o'clock, there wasn't nothin' I could say for Ned he furnished all the talk. He's not a warrin' sort of a fellow, for he pre-fers the humble life, nor is he of the sort that goes and picks a fracas with his wife. Yet all the same 'twas plain as mud that Ned was nursin' of a grudge, it smoldered there in all he said just like a grass mosquito smudge.

So Ned he up and says to me they'd had some words inside his shack, he wasn't certain if his wife would speak to him when he got back.

"You see," says Ned, "I never quarrel, I never said a word when she come home bobbed off last fall. She wore a one-piece bathing suit, and hooked her dresses to the knees, but I just grinned and carried on nor said a word to none of these."

"There's other times when she goes off and leaves my supper on a shelf, and I don't eat until I go and pry the salmon can myself. And on such times I do the work and even swish the kitchen floor, and leave things all in shape at home just like they was in there before."

"But there's one thing that got my goat and het me to an awful heat, she took my razor out to cut the corns and bunions from her feet."

(Copyright).

The Once-Over

WONDER WHAT'S BECOME OF SALLY.

Andy says that although many things have been accomplished during the past year, the band at the local arena hasn't succeeded in locating Sally yet.

Another peril has been added to motoring. A Hamilton motorist found a cooing baby in the back seat of his car.

HERE'S THE RHYME, BUT WHERE'S THE REASON?

"The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Hamburg steak and dripping
And four-point-four beer." —Rimer.

RED-BLOODED HE-MEN PLEASE OBSERVE

Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell, president of Harvard, says that the human mind is redder when it has not been through the brain.

Abd-el-Krim says that if France wants war he is ready to fight for ever. Which is bad news for his troops if they enlisted for the duration of the war.

The Tacoma man who complains that a Sunday dinner for his family of 16 costs \$25 should have thought of all that sooner.

For concise statement of fact, the following sign in a Richmond street window commends itself: "Today, closed; tomorrow, open; reason, stocktaking."

FATHER GANDER RHYMES.

By Simple Simon.
Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get her poor daughter a dress,
But when she got there the cupboard was bare
And so was her daughter, I guess.

The truth is out. The real cause of depression in the woolen industry is the vogue of short skirts.

Belgium claims a world's record for youthful senators by appointing one aged 24. Canada still leads the universe, however, in the old-age contest for senate members.

Isn't It the Truth?

There is safety in numbers. The two-dollar bill isn't unlucky in thousand lots.

If coal doesn't melt on the way, as ice does, why does a ton weight 1,864 pounds?

Before admitting a plea of insanity, why not let the alienist examine the jury?

Among the people now free to do as they please are the Poles, the Czechs and Babe Ruth.

If we were addicted to the "enlightened self-interest" that guides nations, a certain watermelon patch we know would suffer.

The chief objection to balloon trousers is that they always seem inadequately inflated.

Pavement: That hard, smooth stuff a town puts down just where a plumber will wish to dig a hole.

She isn't really a hopeless old maid until she develops a mania for running other people's affairs.

Nothing is certain, except that a magazine full of questionable advertising will contain questionable stories.

Vanity is what a man has before he gets a look at his skinny legs in knickers.

The difference between a sensible merger and a wicked trust is about 20 years of elapsed time.

If a nation stirs up strife between nations, that's statesmanship. In stirs up strife within that's statesmanship.

Correct this sentence: "This is a much cheaper frock," said the saleslady, "but it looks better on you."

Editorial Opinion

JUST A PLAIN HOUSE CAT.

From the Hamilton Herald.
IN THE municipal election yesterday, Tammany retained its control of New York city. Its candidate for mayor has been elected. But it is not the flagrantly wicked Tammany of old. The tiger has had its claws cut and its whiskers trimmed, and is now quite a respectable animal.

A SAMPLE ARGUMENT.

From the Woodstock Sentinel-Review.
ACCORDING to the Toronto Telegram, the scarcity of potatoes in Canada at present and the consequent high prices are to be attributed to the failure of the King government to afford adequate protection. The idea is that potato-growers became so disgusted with the tariff policy of the King government that they turned to the growing of other crops.

Scarcity of potatoes and consequent high prices are reported from Michigan and other districts in the United States. Indeed the high prices in Canada are attributed, in some measure at least, to the efforts of American buyers to secure supplies from Canada and their willingness and ability to pay the price. Was the King government responsible for the scarcity of potatoes in the United States?



LITTLE CONNIE PRESS—"It's our gobble, an' the Kinges had no right to take it, had they, daddy?"

Changing the Farm

By Mackellar McArthur.

The Farm, Nov. 6.—I have just finished looking through the farm papers which come to the house. In one I read an article stating that "farming isn't what it used to be."

There is no doubt about it. It isn't, except for those who live where we are all endeavoring to raise. Things which were undreamed of years ago and would have been considered luxuries, are today a certain element of keeping up with the Joneses about our high standards of living.

Do They Really Lesson Work? I sometimes wonder if all the mechanical hired men of today have lessened the amount of work on the farm. One man is undoubtedly able to accomplish more, but he works as long as before, and furthermore he has to do extra work to get the extras. That is the rub in this industrialization business. Those who have not yet been able to secure the industrializing appliances are liable to become work-worn in getting them.

I read recently an explanation which Tagore, the Indian mystic, wrote about one of his plays. I have forgotten most of it, but I recall that he endeavored to portray in the play the shadow which western industrialization is casting over the soul of India. They felt that they were being suffocated. Perhaps, since to us the change has been more gradual, we may be able to continue to breathe. I hope so.

An Autumn Eventide.

The farmer's left the fields he plowed
And homeward's gone a-glee;
The kine have knelt and lain them down
On couches of the lea.

The housewife with her needle sits,
In glad and frugal care,
The garments of her little folk
To artful repair.

How gracefully the gloaming shades
O'er hills and valleys glide,
As Phoebus steals away to rest
This Autumn eventide.

A solemn stillness seems to brood
O'er all the scenes about,
When, at the closing of the day,
The charms of gloaming out.

I hear no little bird's song,
No hum of busy bee;
So I shall tune this harp of mine
To brooklets of the lea.

As at my feet, o'er pebbled paths,
Their crystal waters glide,
To sing the songs I love to hear
When it is eventide.

I'd like the beauties which I see,
Far as my eyes survey
The hills, the valleys and the plains.
As fade this Autumn day.

And, if I could, my senses would have
That soft, impressive sound
Which now I hear as frosted leaves
Are falling on the ground.

From orchard trees, of every kind,
As gentle breezes waft the boughs
This Autumn eventide.

While now I muse and while I sing
I greatly shall rejoice,
If, clearer than ever, yet I've heard,
To bid me cast my eyes beyond
And see, and know as mine,
Those beauties which by far surpass
The charms of gloaming time.

And may sweet music from afar
Deign o'er my soul to glide,
To bid me venture my life shall find
A blissful eventide.

—MACK.

DID FATHER KNOW?

"I reckon, daughter, that young man's watch must be fast."

"What makes you think so, pa?"

"Why, when you were seeing him out the door last night I heard him say: 'Just one, and it wasn't much past 12 o'clock.'"

To the Editor

Why the Change?

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,—If people out in the country were able to give expression to the views many of them hold it would be found that their dissatisfaction with governments generally is that many of the members whom they elect cease to be their representatives after they get in power.

I have often noticed that when an election campaign is on there is a great deal of talk about economy. We select a man whom we have good reason to trust, and to whom ten thousand dollars looks like a great deal of money, and, of course, we expect to hear his voice raised in protest against large expenditures of money that could possibly be avoided. We expect that he is going to be as a member what he professed to be as a candidate.

How often do we hear this voice raised in protest at the way public money is expended? The people vote for such a protest, but they do not get what they voted for, and that is the reason why many of us are inclined to ask what happens to these men after we send them to Ottawa or to Toronto? How is it that they lose their power of speech? Is it that they are afraid of being considered chisels, and do not want to stand out against their own party or what?

That, to my mind, is what the farmers want today, men to represent them who are just as stern for economy when they get in office as they are when they are trying to get in as a candidate.

Alvinston, Nov. 4. W. H. M.

Dogs and Chickens.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,—I noticed in an item from one of your correspondents the other day where a dog had been busy killing chickens. One of our neighbors had a dog with that habit, and they tied a number of ways to break him, including whipping. But that did not stop him. The dog was a good one for farm purposes, and they did not want to dispose of him, so they tried the plan of tying one of the dead chickens to the dog, and it did the trick. The dead chicken was fastened to the dog's back and then the animal himself was tied up on a short

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