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THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1924.

The Premier On the Right Track Here.

Premier Ferguson intimates that he will make a cut in the printing bill of the province, especially in the issuing of blue books, so called by reason of the color of the cover.

Let him go ahead, and if he goes far enough the country will say he has done well, for after all there are far too many of these documents printed and distributed.

The chief objection is that they do not in many cases accomplish the purpose for which they are intended. People do not read them. Many of them could be sent out in greatly curtailed form.

During the last two or three years some of the reports were notoriously slow in making their appearance. Whatever value they might have had was brushed to one side by the over-press from which they suffered by the time they reached the readers.

There are publications in which stock is used of a quality altogether out of keeping with the needs of the case. The financial statement of Hon. Peter Smith, delivered on the 16th of March, 1922, serves to illustrate. It is 64 pages and cover, good cover stock and heavy book paper of a kind used for printing half-tone pictures, but there is not an illustration in it.

Mr. Ferguson might call to his assistance some good newspaperman who is heartless enough to cut government reports and printing to the bone as he has had to cut newspaper copy. Such a man would have a sense of news value that would make government reports of far greater interest than they are at present, and reduce the cost to a very marked degree.

Speech in 100-Pound Lots.

It is sad to think of the fate that awaits many of the speeches made in Parliament. Those making them may imagine they are handing down documents that will live and keep on living.

There was an auction sale on the square that surrounds the city hall at Woodstock on Saturday. Included in the articles to be disposed of was a great collection of bound parliamentary debates, the thunder and the brains of years.

Surely there would be bidding for these and a ready sale.

There was. They were knocked down to a buyer at the rate of 35 cents per 100 pounds. The country is certainly going to the dogs.

Looking to the Future.

A carefully prepared estimate shows that in the last three years the general public in United States has been swindled out of \$3,000,000,000 by buying worthless stocks.

This is a reflection of business conditions that have prevailed. There has been a lot of money in circulation; people have been getting it easily and letting it go the same way. Whenever this condition comes to pass the shark and the hyster are quick to see the handwriting on the wall; they know that the time is ripe for the harvest. The suckers are running down the stream, and all that is needed is a bright light and a pronged fork to catch them.

But all this has happened in United States and is of no interest to Canada. It would be fortunate if things worked out that way, but they do not.

It is the turn of this country to have better times; there are many things pointing in that direction. There is more money in circulation, and the loan rates are easier than they have been. Every business has cut its overhead expense, and is prepared to move in advance as the currents turn.

It is here that the people of Canada can do something to help themselves. They can put their money to work in useful channels. In the past it has remained for British, and later on American, capital to come in here and develop our resources, and in this way have a big influence in determining their final disposition. Canadians, like the people across the line, have been fooled in some of their investments. They were keen for big returns and they wanted them quickly. They have parted with their millions, as the people in the States, with their larger population, have parted with their billions.

But there are good investments to be made in Canada. We have resources, plenty of them, and we are fond, at times, of rolling out big figures to prove the point. But we need faith and courage in what we have, and in our own ability to turn our own raw materials into an article ready for the markets of the world.

We must cease looking to the outside world for the genius of development which we should more and more possess ourselves.

Comparing Mortality Records.

Canadian wage-earners, living in cities, show a lower death rate than those living in the United States. Just why that should be is hard to state, but figures given by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company for 1923 prove that it is so.

For the white industrial policyholders of the company in the United States, the death rate last year was 8.2 per 1,000. In Canada it was 7.5. A further analysis reveals that the higher mortality among this class of the population was found in the older provinces of the east, but in only two of these, Quebec, with a rate of 9 per

1,000, and Nova Scotia, with a rate of 8.3, did the mortality exceed that of the States.

In the central and western provinces the prevailing rates were extremely low, ranging from 4.6 in Manitoba and British Columbia to 5.1 in Saskatchewan. Grouping the four provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, the rate is 4.7 per 1,000 population. "Each one of the four provinces," says the latest statistical bulletin of the company, "shows remarkably favorable figures, reflecting the low mortality of a new and prosperous population." The lowest death rates in the industrial population of the two countries are found in these provinces.

Those Who Cannot See.

A canvass is to be made in Sarnia for funds for the Canadian Institute for the Blind.

A man who has eyes to see can never appreciate or comprehend the position of his brother to whom sight has been denied.

He may close his eyes for a few minutes to try and get the sensation of blindness, but he knows all the time that he can open them again.

At a musical recital put on by a number of blind pupils, the chairman found it necessary to accompany one of the performers to the dressing-room. Arriving there, instinct told him to switch on the light. He did so with the casual remark, "Wait till I turn on the light."

The answer came, "Oh, it's like that all the time."

"It was the first time," he remarked afterward, "that I ever caught the idea of blindness—like that all the time."

It is to be hoped that Sarnia, or any other center where the appeal for funds is made, will respond generously and wholeheartedly.

The Power of a Sermon.

At a meeting of ministers in Toronto Dr. W. H. Graham of the St. Clair Avenue Church criticized some of the pulpit tendencies of the day. He thought there was too much stress being placed on psychology and biology. He would replace that with "preaching based on experience."

After all, preaching is the delivery of a message, and the first thing a preacher must determine is whether or not he has a message.

The word needs a real vital, gripping message from the pulpit. It has a right to expect it, even to insist on getting it.

It does not take long for the person in the pew to discern whether the man in the pulpit is seized with the word he is speaking.

There is a loose belief that claims that congregations will not stand for strong, outspoken preaching. The refutation of that comes in the fact that the outstanding men in the pulpit today, those who are preaching to filled pews, are courageous men, fired with a passion to preach the living word.

Church history shows in all denominations that the greatest preachers were those who used their holy office to bring a burning, outspoken message to the people.

The first thing any preacher must determine, and he must settle that himself, is that he really has a message. Unless he has that assurance he is not going to get very far nor is his work going to be crowned with permanent success.

The Trail Leads to the Land.

United States has a great home market. That is why there is so much pressure brought to bear on Washington to keep up the tariff wall. If there is ever a leak in the dike discovered, there are scores of interested parties on hand ready to take turns at shoving their fingers into the opening until word can be sent to Washington to have the official fixers on hand. Not only is the hole then plugged, but a couple more slabs are laid up on top to make sure the thing won't happen again.

A home market is only as good as the buying power of the people in it. United States complains today. The country banks complain; next in the chain the merchants voice their grievance; on beyond them the same word comes from the jobbers and wholesalers. And it has reached the manufacturers.

And all because the farmer of United States can't buy as this stragg of distribution wants him to.

It takes a lot of searching to come back to a very old rule—that no nation can be better off than its farmers.

What Might Have Happened.

Sir William Hearst says a barber in Sault Ste. Marie could get him more votes at election time than 20 men he could pick from the church he attended.

The whole election machine would certainly have been wrecked by making the barber go to church.

Note and Comment.

Right after the celebration of Mother's Day she resumed her occupations (plural) as formerly.

If we only knew what lovely May was weeping for so much we might be able to do something about it.

Girls may not blush as frequently as they used to, but some of the blushes they put on seem to last longer.

Much better to stop at the crossing and cuss if you want to than have the coroner poking into you to see what went wrong.

The price of sugar is on the way down. Would it be possible to kick some of the other commodities in the shins to see if they will do likewise?

The Hobby Fair shows that London has many busy and ingenious boys. It's a wonder Dad ever gets a chance to pursue the potato bug or ply the lawn mower.

Printing is to be taught in the Technical School at London. Imagine, ye ancient type louse—an animal that each apprentice was supposed to see the first week at his trade—dwelling in the seats of learning.

Rarebits By Rex

PROOF.

I wrote in terms endearing,
I called you angel-sweet;
And when you were in hearing
I knelt down at your feet.

I billed and cooed and doveiled,
I squandered all my cash,
I wrote, and what I scribbled
Was sublimated trash.

But those days have gone by, dear,
Now you keep telling me
I'm mad—you e'en imply, dear,
I've lost my sanity.

And, reading each effusion
I penned to you in youth,
I'm forced to the conclusion
You're telling me the truth.

Sunday afternoons we usually drive the family about in a tin-can. Then when we get home we eat out of one.

The tin of beans found in King Tut's tomb has disappeared. We can't say for sure, but we think we had it for dinner last night.

Here's to the man who invented the can opener. But for him most of us husbands would starve to death.

Lily-white fingers on a married man may indicate cleanly habits, or they may indicate that his wife is giving him a course in dish-washing.

EDUCATION.

At college stuff was taught to me

Like physics and theology.

I studied an anthology

Of classic bards.

Last night I dropped a whole week's pay

To poker fiends. I wish that they

Had taught at college how to play

A game of cards.

I studied Latin, French and Greek,
With savoir faire these tongues I speak;
I learned so much it made me weak
And often sick.

I thought I'd make big money. Now
When I see what the trades allow
I wish the school had taught me how
To lay a brick.

My wisdom's as much use to me

As aeroplanes are to a flea;

My creditors' persistency

Makes me feel sad.

My bootlegger, he says, says he:

"You have no business sense, like me."

And sometimes, when his jewels I see,

I wish I had.

A young woman advertised last week for a dancing partner at Port Stanley during the summer. We have written for the job, but before accepting the young lady must meet the following demands:

Twenty-five cents a dance and double for overtime.
No stepping on our favorite corn or knocking our bad knee.

Hotdogs and orangeade to be supplied free.

An extra charge of 30 cents every time a

strand of hair tickles our nose.

Powder on coat must be brushed off immediately after encores.

Kangaroo clutch and scissor hold barred.

If expected to wear white flannels an additional

charge of 30 cents will be levied.

If permitted to wear our favorite red sweater

a small rebate will be allowed.

In case partner proves to be good-looking and

rich the above provisions will be automatically

annulled.

Ode To a Potato

New potatoes are now on the market at 20 cents per quart.—Market item.

How come you, spud, to go like that, and put your price up near the moon, if I was eatin' at you now I'd have to hire a gas balloon.

Why, say, you spud, I well can mind, it's not so many years ago, I worked to keep your tribe alive with paris green and spade and hoe.

I used to pick ten thousand bugs from off your stricken family tree, and now, you scabby-faced galoots, you turn your nose up high at me.

You make a face at me and claim you're worth six times your former price, when I was rescuin' your clan from crawlin' bugs and jumpin' lice.

When I worked in a grocery store, away back in '65, we used to sell the bread and hay to keep the villagers alive—why, in them days, you scabby thing, you greenish speckled little sprout, we used to stick the likes of you upon the family oil can spout.

You make me sick, by heck you do, you ain't no friend of me or mine, we used to toss small spuds like you to fatten up the skinny swine.

You think you're smart, indeed you do, you wall-eyed, scabby sort of thing, a-shovin' up the price of eats between the summer and the spring.

I'll gorge myself with rhubarb sauce, green onions and a piece of cheese, and eat enough of things like that to make me start to snort and wheeze.

While you, at 20 cents a quart, you're askin' more than what I've got, so you can sit right there, young spud, until you sprout or start to rot.—ARK.

Press Comment

Getting His Name In the Paper.

In an editorial last night the Telegram used the name of W. L. M. King 36 times. However, four times was the oftenest it used the name in one sentence.—Toronto Star.

Well, Now, Which Is It?

A contemporary complains that up in its district no path for pedestrians was left on the provincial highway. But isn't the real complaint that there are no pedestrians left for the pathways?—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

No Report Is Needed.

The missing American aviator has been found, his plane having been wrecked in a collision with a mountain. No news about the mountain as yet.—Kitchener Record.

Any Other Entries?

If murder, divorce and suicide were included in the Olympic games, the United States would have a sure grip on the world's championship.—Montreal Gazette.

Dr. Frank Crane Success and Fair Play

WE CANNOT all win in the game of life, but we can all play fair.

There's satisfaction in winning. To know that you have carried off the prize, got into the spotlight, received the applause, and beat the other fellow—there's no denying it tastes good.

In fact, it is one of the most primitive of good feelings. It goes back to the caveman, who successfully clubbed his rival and took away his woman and self. For thousands of years evolution has been developing in us the lust of Success.

So we contest for prizes while we are children in school, we struggle for the mastery in the football game at college, we seek justice in law courts by conflict of legal talent, we compete in business, in sports, in dress, in politics and, upon the grandest scale of all, in war.

All human energy seems to be put forth, not primarily with the intention of producing something, accomplishing something, adding something to the sum of mankind's happiness, but for the purpose of outdoing somebody else.

SO vast and universal a tendency we shall not attempt to stop. It is the way nature gets things done. It is the strange and iron law of the survival of the fittest. Possibly in the end it means a stronger and better quality of human beings.

Yet, like all general laws, it is modified by other laws. Gravitation also is a universal law, and grips every molecule of matter, but the variety and beauty of the world are caused by many other forces. If there were no force but gravitation all things would lie in one dead lump.

So if the survival of the fittest and the joy of success were the only drives of human conduct, it would naturally follow that only the few successful ones could be happy, while the great mass of men and women are condemned to failure and bitterness.

And we find in all our doings that there is a source of satisfaction as keen, as constant and as dependable as success.

It is the consciousness that we have played fair.

Only one can win, but all can have the pleasure of the consciousness that they have honestly competed, have not cheated nor struck foul.

It is not necessary to conquer in order to feel the glow of self respect; what is necessary is to know that we have "fought a good fight, we have kept the faith."

This might be called "the democracy of happiness"; that is, it is the reason why the masses may be happy, and not alone the few superior ones.

THE WEEK IN BRITAIN

By H. SOMERVILLE
62 Chatter Rd., London S.W.

THE late Marie Corelli made herself a best-seller among novelists

by various devices calculated to keep up the interest of the romance-loving public in her personality. She

got great kudos from her well-advised

quarrels with critics. She also

managed to convey an intriguing at-

mosphere of mystery as to her origin.

One story was that she was Irish and

her true name Mary Carroll. The

version which got into "Who's Who"

(supplied by herself) was that she

was of mingled Italian and Highland

Scots parentage. There was also a

well-calculated story that she was

adopted as a baby by Charles Mac-

Kay, a well-known song writer. It

is quite true that she was adopted

by Charles Mackay, but this was not

till she was five years old. She was

the daughter of poor but respectable

working-class parents and was the

eldest of nine children. Her baptism

is recorded in St. Marylebone Parish

Church, where her father is described

as Thomas Cody, laborer, and the

future novelist was named as Caro-

line Cody. When she was ten years

old she had changed her name to

Minnie Mackay, for in her juvenile

years she believed there was much in

a name.

Britain Restoring Gold Standard

Soon?

If the gold magnates of South

Africa and the Porcupine ever had

any uneasiness about the propaganda

of J. M. Keynes and other theorists

who would devalue gold, they may

get some comfort from a speech de-

livered by Sir Felix Schuster, a lead-

ing London banker, who makes fun

of the theorists and says that not

only must Britain retain gold as her

monetary basis, but she must soon

restore the gold standard by allow-

ing free export of bullion. At the

present time gold can only be ex-

ported under license, the government

fearing that if it were left free whilst

the pound sterling is at a discount

people would turn all their paper

money into metal and ship it to

America for dollars. Sir Felix

Schuster points out that this country

has now a stock of gold of 152,000,000

pounds, which is over 3½ per cent

of our paper currency. He thinks

this sufficient to meet all probable

demands even if export were freely

allowed. He has also revealed the

interesting fact that after the armis-

tice the British bankers voluntarily

transferred the whole of their gold,

amounting to 40,000,000 pounds, to

the Bank of England, accepting de-

duced paper in payment. They did

this in the national interest and

because of their faith that the paper

pound would