

London Advertiser

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1923.

Canada and Its War Debt.

The Montreal Gazette sets out figures that are very often ignored when people talk about the debt of Canada. It is a popular thing to quote Canada's debt, and omit the explanatory note that the war caused most of it. Canada borrowed as follows in the years of the war:

War Loan	1915	\$ 42,014,500
"	1916	52,931,800
"	1917	90,166,900
Victory Loan	1917	482,570,600
"	1918	619,134,950
"	1919	619,866,300
War Savings and Thrift Stamps		1,502,678
Total		\$1,908,587,528

Total constitutes 79 per cent of the net debt of Canada as at March 31, 1922.

Canada is in duty bound to meet that obligation, and to do so knowing that it is nothing in comparison to the sacrifice made by the thousands who never returned, and of the sufferings of the thousands who did go and came back.

The fact that that debt is there is all the more reason why the pruning hook should be laid to the root and branch of every other thing that cannot justify its existence on the ground of being essential.

We Have Watched It All.

The coal strike, and the tie-up that will surely follow as night follows day, should make Canadians look to Alberta or to Wales.

The amount of coal sent from United States to Canada will be scaled down as the strike proceeds.

Canadians have no right to expect any other treatment. United States will not give to Canada what it cannot provide for its own citizens.

So far our efforts to get rid of the U. S. coal strike bogey have been frail and half-hearted. We have talked bravely in strong words when the cold weather was on, but in spring, summer and fall we have nursed the joke that things would be better this winter.

Today what was expected to happen has happened. Our coal bucket is empty and we have made no provision to fill it.

London civic authorities could well take the matter up even at this late date. It is not simply a matter of getting coal at a cheap figure, but of getting any at all.

Doing the Unusual Things.

Here and there are people who do things differently. They apparently take enough time off to get out of the beaten path and look around, and, having looked around, decide that there's an opening for better work.

Just a few cases in Western Ontario to illustrate the point, and they are all from the rural sections, showing that initiative is not the exclusive property of people in the cities.

Here is a school teacher near Brigid. He decided that he would raise chickens that would lay eggs, and was emphatic in his belief that he would keep just one kind. People told him he'd lose money, more money than he would make, so with this assurance he went ahead. He has about 15 acres, grows corn for feed and alfalfa for the chickens to run in. There can be no idlers around his premises, for he uses the trap nest and culls out the poor layers. Last year he averaged 280 eggs per White Wyandotte, and his books showed that each chicken made a profit of \$3. He now has 2,300 in his bird family. He aims at 5,000, and will probably quit teaching school.

Near Inwood is a farmer who decided to take a chance on sugar beets. He rented 100 acres that had been in pasture for years, for which he pays \$700 rental. The seed and labor is supplied by the sugar beet factories. His crop, planted in the sod land, held the moisture, and is in good shape. It ought to go from \$80 to \$85 per acre, and his costs will be around \$1,200. This will be a good year for him.

Just one more, a former Londoner, a candy maker who tired of constant indoor work. He got a farm, 100 acres, and leased 65 of these acres on shares. This year he grew early tomatoes and got them on the market when they were still selling by the pound. He says he will make \$500 on these alone, and his melons are also making money. In his spare time he started to make candy and sold it to the neighbors; the neighbors liked it and told the stores in town. So he made more and supplies four or five towns and the trade still grows. He is outdoors most of the time, delivers his candy and

other produce from the same truck, and is making a good, independent living.

Now, of course you may say that these are exceptional cases. Perhaps they are, but they are also finger posts and thought provokers for those who want to apply them.

This Was Written to Order.

A reader dropped into the office this morning to say that he was rather tired of reading about world events in the papers. He wanted something more human, yes, that's the word he used. He liked to read of things that happened on our own streets and in our own circles, and he liked them short, too. In fact, he vowed he would not read a column editorial unless it was about himself. He liked things in a sentence, which led us to believe that a great deal could be said in a sentence, just like this:

A touring car pulled up near the corner of Dundas and Richmond and the number on the back showed that it had come from some place in Virginia, where they grow blue grass and eat apple pie for breakfast, and this touring car let a couple of its women folks out for a walk around London, through which they had to pass in order to go some place else they wanted to go, but it would have been better if they had unloaded at some other corner for one of the women had on a rig that would have held up that stop and go sign at a busy hour, for she had on a pair of khaki bloomers, and they were big bloomers, too, because if they hadn't been big she could never have got into them, and below where the bloomers stopped she had on a pair of big silk stockings and they were not a bit too big either, while at the other end of the bloomers she had on a white waist, and on top of the white waist she had on a big hat like they used to wear when they had six bridesmaids at one wedding, which they don't do now on account of the cost of getting six big hats, and most of the people on the street turned around and said all sorts of things, and those that didn't say anything just laughed and snickered and seemed to enjoy the event quite a lot, while the woman just waddled along the street until she came to a place where she and the other woman got an ice cream cone and then came out and got in the car, and the man who was driving stepped on the gas with a roar and they all went off, and it looked as though he was mighty glad to get away from that crowded corner.

There you are, Mr. Reader, all in a sentence and it happened right on our own streets and we saw it with our own eyes. We aim to please, and always like to have suggestions.

Trouble as a Mediator.

Both Italy and Greece might very well put all their energy into relieving the situation in Japan.

If their pugnacious energies were turned into an effort to help a stricken neighbor, their own squabbles would simply drop into the very small background they are entitled to fill.

Two enemies that go to the help of the same sick man are apt to come away fairly good friends.

Note and Comment.

Mushrooms are about the best things in the world—if you get them—and about the last if you don't.

The amount a man expects to save from his weekly pay envelope is like the prices of wholesalers, subject to change without notice.

In Ontario 104 divorces were granted this year, and Toronto provided 55 of them. It was also the scene of the divorce between Mr. Morrison and Mr. Drury.

How much profit can be made from an apple tree in a city, is the question put to us by a Richmond street resident. It all depends, sir, on how close the tree is to the fence.

Hugo Stinnes, great German capitalist, is printing his own money. Family money matters should be easily settled in that household, as Mrs. Stinnes can run the press when Hugo goes out.

West Virginia gives a cook book to every applicant for a wedding license. The idea is excellent, but no guarantee whatever that there will not be a can opener lying beside it in the kitchen table drawer.

Prune growers of Oregon are raising a large fund to advertise their wares. With enough money they may insist on the things being called prunes instead of prawns. Once that is done, the dish will be an exclusive affair behind otherwise closed doors.

Patrolman John Egan of New York cautioned some boisterous young men to behave. He had passed on when they jumped on him and shot him dead. Patrolmen Romanelli and Reynolds were shot in New York a month ago. No arrests have been made. Meanwhile it is still very easy for more thugs to secure more firearms.

DIBS AND DABS

—BY HARRY MOYER



Rarebits by Rex

THE VICIOUS CIRCLE. Oh, Helen was witty and sparkling. And Helen had bonny brown eyes. And Helen was slender and Helen was kind.

But somehow I turned me from Helen To gay little fairylike Be. I first was attracted to Be 'cause she acted Exactly like Helen with me.

But that was before I knew Gladys: Ah, Gladys was clever and wiser. And I fell for her harder, with double the ardor. Because she had Be's elfin eyes.

And, then, once again I saw Helen, And Helen was wonderfully fair—Renewing my passion, for changeable fashion. Had given her Gladys' bobbed hair.

The United States Hay Fever Association has elected its 34th president. And no doubt when his election was announced the delegates rose and gave him three rousing sneezes and a trickle.

A Cincinnati couple will be married tonight, and the service will be broadcast by radio. This will be the first time in history that anybody more than four inches from the preacher ever heard a bridegroom say "I will."

ON MOVING PICTURES. It may be prejudice, but every time we see a sentimental movie lately we are moved to vulgar laughter while others are weeping salt tears. The fellow beside us last night said between sobs: "If you can't enjoy it get out and let other people enjoy it."

The heroine established a non-stop sob record by weeping continuously for five hours. If this sort of thing goes on the price of onions will be prohibitive.

The hero was a curly-headed, blue-blooded youth with a dimple on either cheek. When he said: "Sweetheart, your eyes are pools of limpid fire," nothing but perfect self-control restrained us from breaking up the seats and biting off the orchestra leader's mustache.

The male star of the play is reputed to make \$4,000 a week. The awful injustice of this is realized when you consider that the wooden Indian in front of the tobacco store acts just as well and doesn't get a darn cent.

In its general story movie morons will agree it is one of the best bits of boob bait ever perpetrated on the screen. The most interesting feature was the dignified announcement that John Jones wrote the play, Hazel Knut adapted it, Ham Hansen directed it, Tom Thumb edited it, Pearl Pike rewrote it, Bill Ell decorated it, Dick Dump disguised it, Percy Pill produced it, Kate Kake wrote the subtitles, Cyril Shrimp put in the commas, Abe Abraham put in the semi-colons, and Jim Trotter cooked the lobster eaten by the villain in the first reel.

After enjoying a party over the week-end, we don't wonder that some of the guests look weekend.

For the first time in history it is now lawful to marry your wife's sister in England. This saves the bother of breaking in another mother-in-law.

GRIGG FAMILY GATHER FOR PICNIC AT SPRINGBANK

An impromptu gathering of the Grigg family of the Township of Caradoc took place at Springbank Park recently. A number of the connections of the family were spending the Labor Day holiday with relatives in Caradoc and London, coming from Bay City, Saginaw and Detroit, and the proposal was made that the visiting relatives would like to know, as I know all the old directors well, and hope to see them this year. Wishing it success, also your paper. JOHN THORNICROFT. R. R. 4, West Lorne, Ont.

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

WASTEFULNESS IS MEANNESS. And when they were filled he saith unto his disciples, Gather up the broken pieces which remain over that nothing be lost.—St. John vi, 12. Christ was not miserly.

He loved the generous impulse which gives without too closely counting the cost.

When Mary of Bethany brought her alabaster cruse of very precious ointment and poured it on his head as he sat at meat, the disciples blamed her for extravagance.

But Christ approved and blessed her because she had done a good deed with a loving purpose.

Yet evidently in the little affairs of life Christ had a saving mind—a touch of the Martha spirit.

After the multitudes were fed by his bounty he was anxious that nothing left over should be wasted.

Waste is not generosity. It is a form of meanness—the waster is really niggardly of his thought and care.

It is easier to obtain a great gift for charity than to find people to administer it economically.

We combat our forests and pollute our waters as if we thought God would not mind creating another new continent tomorrow for such a generous and noble race.

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SAYS PRINCE OF WALES DESERVES HOLIDAY

Daily Mail Praises His Royal Highness as a Great Ambassador.

Associated Press Despatch. London, Sept. 6.—The holiday trip of the Prince of Wales to Canada has excited great interest here, and descriptions of his ranch in Alberta have appeared in the British newspapers. The Daily Mail says: "If anybody deserves a holiday and change, free as far as possible from the limelight, it is the Prince of Wales. Even in his private capacity the prince still remains the great ambassador of the empire. His second visit to Canada, divorced though it may be from official significance, cannot but draw still closer the bonds between Canada and the mother country."

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS SPECIAL TRAIN SERVICE TO AND FROM LONDON. ACCOUNT OF THE WESTERN FAIR.

London, Sarnia and Intermediate Stations, Sept. 12 and 14—Leave Sarnia, 9:00 a.m. Arrive London, 10:50 a.m. Returning, leave London 11:00 p.m. On September 14, this train will also have connection at Wyoming for Petrolia.

London, Windsor and Intermediate Stations, September 12 and 13—Leave Windsor, 6:15 a.m. Arrive London, 9:40 a.m. Returning, leave London, 10:20 p.m. The train leaving London at 6:30 p.m. will only stop at Dorchester, Ingersoll, Woodstock and Paris.

London, Guelph and Intermediate Stations, September 11—Leave Guelph, 7:20 a.m. Arrive London, 10:35 a.m. Returning, leave London, 12:20 p.m., stopping at all stations except Fairford and Wyton.

London, Stratford and Intermediate Stations, September 11, 12 and 13—Leave Stratford, 9:15 a.m. Arrive London, 10:35 a.m. Returning, leave London, 11:20 p.m. London, Wingham and Intermediate Stations, September 12 and 13—Leave Wingham, 6:20 a.m. Arrive London, 9:15 a.m. Returning, leave London, 10:50 p.m.

London, Sarnia and Intermediate Stations, via St. Marys, September 11 and 13—Leave Sarnia, 6:50 a.m. Arrive London, 10:10 a.m. Returning, leave London, 10:30 p.m. For further particulars, apply to any Canadian National Railways agent, or R. E. Ruse, C. P. and T. A. London, Ont., "Clock Corner." Phone 30-Advt. 56,710,11,12

POSTPONE MEETING OF LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Ambassadors Consider Italo-Greek Situation at Paris Confab.

By A. R. DECKER. Special Cable to The London Advertiser and Chicago Daily News. Copyright, Geneva, Sept. 6.—Contrary to the program, there was no meeting today of the League of Nations council or assembly. The scene of the Italo-Greek conflict has been transferred, for the time being, to the meeting of the conference of ambassadors in Paris. Perhaps it was feared that the calling of the assembly of the league today would result in an outburst.

M. Politis, the Greek representative, told the writer today that he has hopes of a settlement satisfactory to both Greece and Italy. "By the offers we have made," he said, "complete satisfaction is possible. The difference between the Italian and Greek views is that Italy wants a settlement through the use of force, while Greece wants to use legal channels to reach a settlement. Although the matter of indemnifying the families of the victims can, perhaps, be arranged by the ambassadors, there remains the political question of the occupation of Corfu. According to British journalists who have interviewed Premier Mussolini, the Italian motives and intentions give cause for anxiety."

Major Wenige predicts a big week for the Western Fair and a substantial surplus as well. This was his worship's answer today to those who have questioned his predicted surplus at the end of the year, and who calculate that the members of the city council will be personally liable for any possible Western Fair shortage. "Let everyone look on the bright side of things," the mayor urged. "Why do these people continually paint the gloomy picture. A good artist rarely does that. Let's have more optimism and less pessimism and it will be much better for the community as a whole."

Mayor Wenige insists there is not going to be any deficit at the Western Fair this year, particularly with the 55-cent admission for the first time.

"There is going to be a good surplus or I'll be greatly mistaken," he asserted. "The people are going to get behind the Western Fair director this year, as I note the trend of public opinion. They are going to co-operate. The spirit of 1887 is abroad in the city—co-operation, support and co-operation. Let's stand along until the end of the term. The future appears bright to me. I don't see the dark clouds if there are any."

MAYOR IS OPTIMISTIC, STICKS TO SURPLUS

Says Western Fair Will Pay and City Will Have Balance On Credit Side.

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TO MRS. H. ROLLISON

56 Ada Street, Chelsea Green. Dear Madam: From two thousand cards deposited by London ladies who hoped to win, your name was drawn on Wednesday afternoon.

THE McCLARY ELECTRIC RANGE given Free by the Hydro Shop is yours. Kindly call and arrange for delivery to your home so that, without delay, you may join the ranks of the 4,000 London housewives who are now enjoying the advantages and economies of electric cooking.

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Dundas St., Opposite Rectory St. Wortley Road and Elmwood Ave.

Your Health: Why "Blind Spots" Come To Trouble Some Good Eyes.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D. One of the most delicate of the organs of the body and, to my mind, the most wonderful of the works of God, is the human eye.

I do not see how anybody can study the human body, with its unlimited adaptability, without agreeing with one of old who said: "We are fearfully and wonderfully made." It required infinite knowledge to plan this marvelous machine and no one feature of it surpasses the eye in its ultimate perfection. The eye is the most perfect of organs. It is good to confess our manifold faults and weaknesses. I am going to confide to you one of mine: It always irritates me to hear that this or that practice will destroy the body and lead to the development of a degenerate race.

In my day I have heard that veils will produce blindness; corsets will deform the vital organs, high-heeled shoes will cause spinal diseases, the motion picture will destroy the sight, electric lights will irritate the brain and nervous system, cosmetics will ruin the skin, the telephone will bring on deafness, the X-ray will produce sterility, night air will cause consumption, marsh air will bring on malaria, tomatoes will produce cancer, foods will bring warts. These are some of the teachings which have prevailed in my time.

In spite of these evils, singly and collectively, the babies born today have four times the chance to live that I had. The human race grows better every year. In spite of all the forebodings of the pessimists we go on swimmingly.

Normally, the vision of the eye is so perfect that we see, not only the thing we look at directly, but also all

To Richard

By ANNE CAMPBELL. Little loving heart, Tossing in to meet me! Little loving heart, Coming close to greet me! Walking by my side In the sunny weather, Scorning what betide, If we are together.

Little loving heart, Weeping when I leave you! Little loving heart, I not too small to grieve you! Watching by the door, Sad because you miss me; When I come once more, Face upturned to kiss me.

Little loving heart, Always older growing! Little loving heart, There'll be bitter going! Heart of ice you'll find Better for time's proving. Life is so unkind.

To a heart that's loving! Copyright, North American Newspaper Alliance, 1923.

TO THE EDITOR.

WE WELCOME YOU.

Editor of The Advertiser: Sir,—I thought I would drop you a line in this year of records about the Western Fair. I attended the first and every fair since and never received a pass or free entrance, and I intend being there next week all being well. If anyone can beat that record I would like to know, as I know all the old directors well, and hope to see them this year. Wishing it success, also your paper. I remain, JOHN THORNICROFT. R. R. 4, West Lorne, Ont.