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Working Together.

"Let the farmers and the people in the city of London get together on this affair."

Such is the plea made in a letter to The Advertiser, written by Ida M. Mitchell, who runs a dairy farm at Wilton Grove. She refers to the statements of Dr. Hill of London about milk in its average state being a dirty food, and believes that it was his intention to make the people think. In this way the residents of London would demand better milk, and those dealing in the commodity would have to respond to the demand for better milk.

The writer of the letter has had experience both as a dairy farmer and conducting a milk business in the city, and she places blame on all shoulders, not by any means excluding the consumers in the city for the way in which they handle milk after it is delivered to their houses. Going farther our correspondent states her belief that the one solution for the whole problem is that the people of the country and the people of the city should get together on the matter, the former producing the milk, and the latter attending to the business of pasteurizing and distribution. By this co-operative action our correspondent believes the people of the city could be served with better milk at a lower figure.

There can be no question that the present system of distributing milk is costly and wasteful. Almost any street in the city can furnish examples that will prove this to be so. Three or four milk wagons can be seen on the same street at various times of the day, and in the aggregate all this overlapping is nothing but a large economic loss.

The suggestion is well worth considering. If, by this way the milk producers could get a price for their product that would enable them to engage in a profitable business, they would be in a better position to go ahead and bring their properties up to the high standard that would undoubtedly be demanded. Then, too, as time went on, there could be a program worked out by which cows supplying the city with milk could be judged according to their production of milk rich in butter fat, rather than by their production of quarts and gallons. The scheme, also, has the possibility of providing a much-needed link between city and country life. There is something wholesome about the suggestion that the people of the country and the people of the city should "work together" in the question of supplying so important a thing as milk to the city of London.

Tracing the People.

The St. Catharines Standard says the Retail Merchants' Association of the Border Cities asks if there is a bylaw in that town compelling a person leaving the place to notify the civic authorities. It is claimed that such a bylaw will be attempted in Windsor.

The St. Catharines paper refers to it as legislation gone mad, claiming that such a thing might fit in with German ideas, but would be out of place here.

It may be that the merchants in Windsor want to have some reliable means of finding out where people go, and think the civic authorities would make a convenient link in the collection system.

Honestly, brother, we can't see why any person should want to tell the civic authorities about his going out or his coming in. They have a most uncanny way of finding these things out themselves. Yes, sir, they have.

Shortly after that a man with a big book and a big list of questions parks on the veranda. You tell the lineup in the house, and whether you own the place or just rent it. Thus does city hall determine whether you pay taxes, or if the young men in the premises had not better drop around and pay poll tax. And, would you believe it, that in only a short space of time the city sends you an entry blank for the year's income tax contest. If you're knocking the ball over the fence on the salary list you must pay for the extra fiddlers. Once more you nestle closer in the arms of the municipality, and once more do they make arrangements to put a branch of their financial derrick in your right-hand pocket.

Now, here's an odd thing, too, but it shows how municipalities seek to extend a welcome to every member of the household. Get a dog at your house? It used to be a great plan to have the dog out under the barn the day the assessor came. In town we haven't any barns. Dogs grow friendly, and when the assessor comes around said dog is likely to be waving his tail like a windmill, thinking it's the butcher with the day's soup bone. Thus the dog gets listed for an assortment of civic jewelry.

So there you are, sonny, they've got the whole family sewed up tight to the city hall. And in spite of all this civic embracing merchants in Windsor want to have it so people who are going to leave town will have to stand up and yell. We'd rather be inclined to favor the bonusing of a secret but where folks could go and hide now and then.

A Tribute to Britain.

The British pound is making new records on the New York market, going over 4.67 at the last quotation. That is about the same as our dollar when it was quoted around 96 cents in New York, and even at that discount we were sure our dollar was "quite a coin, and well worth 100 cents."

The recovery of the British pound sterling is a reflection of the ability and willingness of Britain to pay taxes and discharge debt, and at the same time seek trade openings and extensions wherever possible.

The recovery of the British pound in New York has been a matter of gradual advance. There is nothing artificial or forced. Figures show the following quotations for the year:

January 1	4.19%
February	4.28%
March	4.44
April	4.39 11-16
May	4.42%
June	4.44%
July	4.42%
August	4.44%
September	4.46
October	4.38%
November	4.45%
December 1	4.51%
December 13	4.67%

There are enough world forces and unfriendly interests at work to keep the pound back as much as possible. When there has been a chance to bat down the sterling rate in New York said forces have arrived early and stayed late.

What does it mean? That Britain is surely asserting her strength as a financial and commercial center—that she has been working along solid and substantial lines in her battle to overcome after-war conditions—and that the world acknowledges the fact by placing the seal of financial approval in increasing measure upon the currency that carries the backing and name of Britain.

Luck to you, Mr. Pound Sterling. May your habits be such that you may soon reach your full height of 4.86 and fractions.

Much Was Promised.

A rather significant remark was made by Dr. Gordon Henderson, counsel for the board of pension commissioners, at a recent inquiry at Ottawa. Dr. Henderson said in part:

"When the war was on and the people were in danger—self-preservation is the first law of nature—those at home were prepared to make promises to those who enlisted, and were prepared to go a long way—some of the representatives said much further than they thought they were going—on behalf of the soldier. But human nature is human nature, and when the war was over and we were safe, we commenced to regret many of our extravagant promises."

That probably states the case exactly, in the light of things that have happened since Armistice Day.

When men were enlisting for war we were busy clapping them on the back and telling them they would certainly be looked after when the war was over.

Certainly we were not going and telling them that on their return we would allow them to sell door-knocker and odds and ends from door to door.

Nor did we inform them that their service button would be a hindrance rather than a help in securing employment.

We promised in mountains and made good in foothills.

Note and Comment.

Grape fruit and oyster stew have helped a lot of laundrymen into the closed car class.

There's a merry war on between the golosh and those Russ boots. At last reports the golosh was one foot ahead.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: "Up in Michigan they are proposing to buy coal on a heat basis. That is going to make a hard winter for the state dealers."

One Londoner who has come back alive from a hunting trip says he saw the tracks of something that looked like a moose and the foot-prints of 15 game wardens.

In Paris rooster feathers are being used to bring down the price of hats. Most of those Paris hats used to have the whole bird on top, always with the bill hanging over the side.

Peterboro Examiner: "Doubtless Sir Henry Thornton hopes that the Canadian National Railways have better terminal facilities than some of the speakers here has to listen to at banquets."

R. J. Fleming, formerly manager of the Toronto street railway, is a candidate for mayor of Toronto. By way of welcoming him to the civic fight, the Toronto Telegram says "impudence is the mildest word that can be applied to his candidature." All with whom the Telegram disagrees should be put up in front of the city hall each morning and shot.

EVERDAY MOVIES.



"Where were you yesterday, tomboy?"
"They hypnotized me an' made me play football with 'em, Mr. Principal!"

TO THE EDITOR

THE FARMER'S FINANCES.

Criman, Ont., Dec. 13.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir—One of the most important questions before the people of this country to-day, and one in which the agriculturists are most concerned, is the immigration policy about to be launched by the federal government. If, as the late Goldwin Smith once said, the chief function of a colony was to furnish homes for the surplus population of the mother country, then it cannot be said that in this respect Canada has been negligent in her duty. For years this country has been a dumping-ground for all classes of immigrants, many of whom have been gathered from the slums of large cities and are the product of vicious and diseased parents. These unfortunate have been brought into this country without any capital, have been allowed to marry, and have cast their callow offspring on decent society to support.

Apart from the undesirable immigrant, there is another side to the question which deserves some serious consideration. Are conditions on the farm at the present time such as warrant the bringing out of 250,000 men, and is the remuneration received sufficient to guarantee the placing of these men on the land? Let us examine Statistics show that in this, the banner province of the Dominion of Canada, the average made by the Ontario farmer in 1914 was \$454; in 1915, \$486; in 1916, \$516, and the peak was reached in 1919 at \$836. In 1920 it dropped to \$219. The losses on the average 100-acre farm are from \$1 to \$125 per acre. Many tax collectors, in fact, are carrying with them not only this but last year's tax-rolls. Farmers who were fortunate enough to have any wheat left after the scourge of the Hessian fly were able to dispose of it at the magnificent price of 95 cents per bushel. If he had corn left after the ravages of the corn-borer he could sell it at 35 cents; barley sells at 60 cents, oats at 35 to 40 cents, and cattle and horses are a drug on the market.

Out of the meagre proceeds he receives for his produce the farmer has to buy in a protected market. A binder sells at \$250, manure-spreader \$150, hay tedder \$85, hay loader \$112, rake \$50, and other implements in proportion. In face of these astounding facts, our wise legislators propose to deluge this country with 250,000 immigrants to produce more grain, cattle and horses, and to drive prices still lower. Would Tom Moore, Sir John Villison or Sir Jos. Flavelle go on the land? I believe one day in a July sun would convince Sir Joseph that there is more money in curing ham than in raising hay.

Under present conditions and until there is a readjustment of prices, our legislators would be well advised to go slow.

When only farmers are to be brought out, men of sense are beginning to look with suspicion on this wildcat movement. I believe, however, the general public might acquiesce in the bringing out of a few thousand of the professional class. Anyone who has visited a doctor's office will soon discover that his pocketbook is felt almost as soon as his pulse. A twenty-minute repose in a dental chair will convince the most skeptical there is more money in filling teeth than there is in filling silos.

But the nervous chill comes when you go to the office of an oculist. A right will cost you from \$3 to \$5. Then you are sent to an optician, where you are relieved of another \$10 or \$12 for glasses. It must be apparent to our legislators that the prices charged by the professional class are out of all reason as compared with the prices received by the farmer. There should be an immediate investigation and a substantial reduction in prices asked.

Canada is an agricultural country, and upon its success depends the success of all other industries. Any policy that injures the farmer must bring evil results and will eventually destroy the foundations of our national prosperity.

MRS. T. W. DYKES.

LET'S WORK TOGETHER.

Editor Advertiser:

Sir—Just now the question of milk seems to be uppermost in the minds of people in and around London.

In the first place, I will state I am one of those producers of milk, and

Your Health

HOW TO BRING REAL RELIEF TO SOME VERY PAINFUL BURNS.

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.
Commissioner of Health, New York City.

AMONG the most common of human ailments is the pain from burns and scalds. Matches, hot stoves, sputtering kettles, curling irons, hair cracker—there are innumerable ways of meeting with this uncomfortable experience. The seriousness of a burn depends on its depth and the extent of the surface involved.

The age of the patient and the part of the body damaged play a part. Very old persons and very young children are more likely to suffer badly even from moderate burns. Not only is the immediate outcome disagreeable, but also the secondary effects of a burn are sometimes exceedingly grave. Infection, due to carelessness in the treatment of the burn, or later from accidents, may result in pus formation and blood-poisoning.

If there is extensive involvement of the skin surface the patient may suffer from shock and may die. If the head, chest or abdomen are badly burned the brain or internal organs may be involved. If the burn is not extensive, the chief consideration is the relief of pain. To this end the skin should be protected. Almost any local measure recommended for burns is intended to serve this purpose.

Various powders are used. Saleratus or baking soda, flour, alum, bismuth, talcum powder, boracic acid—some of these substances may be sprinkled thickly over the burned surface. If the hand is the injured part it may be immersed in a vessel containing soda or saleratus solution. Subacetic acid of aluminum is a good remedy to relieve the pain. Compresses are dipped in a 5 per cent. solution and these are laid on the burned surface. They should be kept wet with the solution. Evaporation of the soda or saleratus solution compresses with a dry towel.

If the skin is unbroken, sweet oil, vaseline, lard or zinc oxide ointment may be applied. Such applications should not be used if there are ruptured blisters, deep burns or broken surfaces from any cause. Their use may result in infection and pus formation. When the surface is broken, pueric acid may be employed. Gause is wet with 5 per cent. solution and applied to the burn. Cotton is placed over the burn and dressing is covered with a bandage.

There are various "secret" remedies alleged to have special virtues in the treatment of burns. Such remedies should not be used if there are ruptured blisters, deep burns or broken surfaces from any cause. Their use may result in infection and pus formation. When the surface is broken, pueric acid may be employed. Gause is wet with 5 per cent. solution and applied to the burn. Cotton is placed over the burn and dressing is covered with a bandage.

All these paraffine remedies are applied by spraying with an atomizer. First the skin is sprayed. It will be seen that this covers and protects the injured parts from the air. If the patient suffers from shock—that is, if he is pale, cold, faint, sick at his stomach, and very weak—he needs careful treatment. Send for your family doctor at once, put the patient to bed, keep his head low, cover him with blankets, surround him with hot water bottles, and wait for your doctor to give the skillful treatment he alone can bestow.

Answers to Health Questions.
F. G. Q.—Kindly state the cause and cure of what physicians term "steam ears."
A.—Technically speaking, there is no such term. You may refer to head noise caused by a catarrhal condition extending to the ears.

C. F. B. Q.—I have very large, soft teeth on my ankles. Will you kindly tell me of a remedy to cure this condition?
A.—Consult an orthopedic surgeon for an examination to determine the cause of your condition, then proper treatment will be prescribed.

A. P. Q.—Would an abscessed tooth be sufficient cause for a despondent and melancholy condition if a person was otherwise healthy?
A.—Yes, the abscessed tooth might cause the condition you mention from the absorption of the poison it produces.

The Daily Story

THE LAST CHRISTMAS TREE.

By JANE OSBORN.

As Tom Wade took his place outside the gate for truck three, where his suburban local was made up, he noticed a very pretty girl in the crowd ahead of him. That is, he imagined that she was pretty, though he had not had a glimpse of her face. She was heavily laden with a number of bundles, little and big, which were entirely appropriate, as it was Christmas eve. Then, as the gate opened and the crowd pushed its way nearer the entrance, one of the smaller of her packages slipped from her arm.

Bowing and doffing his hat, he presented her with the lost package, and had an opportunity to observe that her face was as pretty as he had anticipated. Meantime he had permitted crowding commuters to take possession of all the window seats. As he lingered for a moment after the pretty young woman had thanked him, she noticed the dearth of seats, gathered her numerous little bundles toward her and said:

"If you wish, here is a seat. The trains are so crowded on Christmas eve."

Tom did not take advantage of his position, but when the young woman beside him rose to get out at Millbrook, the station just cityward of his own, she bowed in a friendly manner and he rose to make way for her. She had just reached the door of the car and was on the verge of alighting when Tom noticed that a small package, not the one she had dropped before, remained in the seat she had just vacated. Seizing it he rose and followed her. As he was about to thrust the little package at her, she eluded from the train, turned her back, and was hurrying off. Tom called, but she did not hear, the train was making way to resume its trip. Tom stood off and hurried toward her, but by the time he had caught up with her and bestowed the package on her the train was well under way. His rant toward it, and would have boarded it in motion had it not been for the sharp cry from the pretty young woman standing nearby.

"Please don't," she begged. "You might get hurt or something. It's very dangerous."

"I'm sorry," she said contritely. "It was my fault that you missed it, but if you had fallen or hurt yourself I'd always have blamed myself. And now you'll have to wait a half hour for another train."

Tom Wade assured her that it made no difference. And that was an untruth, for his sister at home had left many last-minute Christmas preparations for him to attend to. He was vaguely reminiscent of this, but he was more alert to the fact that Fate had played him a rather kind turn. He was standing here at the station in Millbrook with the package of the young woman he had ever seen.

"I feel as if I ought to do something to help you home," said the girl. "But both of our cars are celebrating the holidays by being in the shop for repairs. I'd insist on sending you on to Glenville if I could. But the station taxi is out of order. The train was delayed and Tom Wade was three-quarters of an hour late in reaching Glenville. He had just time to reach home before the dinner hour.

"Did you get a good tree?" demanded his married sister Susan, with whom he was making his temporary home. Tom's face registered surprise and contrition.

"I forgot all about it. I remember I was going to stop in the village on the way home. But I'll go as soon as we get through dinner."

Tom made short shift of dinner and then started to the village in the family car. There were no trees left at Smith's. They had been sold on 5 for Mrs. Jones, but had had to sell it. Other shops in Glenville reported the same dearth of Christmas trees. Then Tom went to a tree warehouse; all the stores in Glenville were open till 11 on Christmas eve. There he bought a sizeable tree and an electric flashlight. With these he got into his car and started out countryward. It didn't matter much whether he went, he thought, but once on the highway he took the direction which the trees and shadows seemed the thickest.

He went for about seven miles, driving slowly and peering out on both sides of the road lest he went. He reached a stretch of road lonely. On one side was a high bluff, on the other a stretch of land apparently deeply set with small trees. Finally he singled out a vigorous young pine, about 200 feet in from the road. It was about 10 feet high, with a straight, stout trunk. Tom had never chopped down a tree before, but the task did not prove beyond his strength. The trying part of the proceedings was that each blow of the axe seemed to set the woods ringing with echoes. Tom had weighed the matter thoroughly in his mind and had decided that it was better to be a petty thief on Christmas eve than to commit three eager young children to be disappointed.

He suddenly stopped short in his chopping. There were footfalls beside him and then a vigorous voice crying, "Stop thief! Let that tree alone or I'll shoot."

Tom dropped his axe and obediently raised his arms in attitude of surrender. Then he felt the bright light of an electric flash on him, blinked and said something about not knowing that the tree belonged to any one in particular.

"Fine excuse," replied a heavy-voiced young man, collaring his thief and marching him back through the grove of trees. Tom protested that his car was parked in the highway, that he was getting the tree to spare little children from disappointment.

"We've had enough of 'em," said the young man importantly. "We're going to make an example of you." Tom felt a sort of martyr-like resignation and walked along.

Tom was given quarters in a woodshed of what seemed to be a large and recently remodeled house. The young man punched Tom's pockets for weapons and then left him with doors locked. "My sister saw one fellow cutting trees in our grove earlier this afternoon. I'm going to let her look you over to see whether you are the same fellow. We have mutual friends. My name's Wade—Tom Wade."

The important young man, who appeared to be very young on closer view, assumed a rather unimportant manner now. Tom made explanations that nearly brought tears to the eyes of the young woman. She sent her brother back with Tom to cut down a much finer, larger tree, and sent Tom off feeling that the hd



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honored her and her family by thieving for a tree. And that's how Tom Wade met Julia King, the young woman he married before another Christmas came.

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