

London Advertiser

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THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1924.

The Urgency of the National Lines.

Sir Henry Thornton found it necessary to appear before the railway committee at Ottawa to plead the cause of the branch lines requested for the Canadian National lines.

The president of the road told the committee what had already been placed before them—that the lines were needed, that they had been decided on after getting the studied opinion of the officials of the road and by officers who had an intimate knowledge of the district to be served. Sir Henry made it clear that the road must keep on chasing business; it could not possibly keep quiet and wait for it to come, and also that it would be rightly and soundly criticized if it did follow such a course.

There is no room for argument on this matter, but there is room for argument about the attitude of men like Sir Henry Drayton who, in order to placate the sentiment that is antagonistic to the successful development of the National Railways, obstruct and hold up the assent of parliament to such a point that it becomes imperative for the president and general manager of the road to go to Ottawa himself to fight the thing through.

The National Railways must grow, and they must go after business. The whole atmosphere in which the government took them over, and in which they are being operated, has a degree of urgency that finds expression in the word "must" at every turn.

The Canadian Nationals must succeed or else this country will have a financial wreck on its hands, the size of which can hardly be appreciated.

The Canadian Nationals must have an equal chance with the C. P. R. to get out and equip itself to fight for new business and increasingly retain its present volume.

The Canadian Nationals must give the obstructionists, no matter under what guise they operate, stand away from its elbow.

Men, Boys, and Hobbies.

London Rotary Club Hobby Fair is being deluged with entries. When it opens at the armories next week it will be the greatest exhibition of the hobbies of boys and girls of this city ever put on display. The idea has become contagious. Rotary clubs all over this district, which extends far into Michigan, want to know how it is done. Rotarian Roy Cunningham started the venture in London and now it is an accomplished fact.

After all, there's nothing new in a hobby. Plenty of people have them, but their ranks should be greater. A hobby gives a man a chance to rest by doing something else. It brings a new set of brain cells into action, and gives the old ones that perform the daily grind a chance to see their fellows at work.

It is surprising how many men have some sort of a hobby—they may not call it that, but that name does very well just here. It is something they do apart from their regular occupation—do it because they like to, because it is beneficial, brings them into contact with wider fields or the great outdoors.

Some time ago The Advertiser dealt with the hobbies of London men. It is interesting to recall some of them. Ed. E. Reid, general manager of the London Life, plays tennis and does it well—has a fine court in his own yard; George Reid, of Reid Bros., a veteran Londoner, is father and big brother generally to the Welfare Fund. A. O. Jeffery, lawyer, has for years collected stamps; John Pringle, for a long time prominent in banking circles, has one of the finest herds of Jersey cattle in the Dominion. S. F. Wood, manager of the Hobbs Manufacturing Company, follows horticulture in an extensive way at his Kilworth residence; W. E. Saunders has studied birds and their habits until he is recognized as an authority on all such matters; Dr. Henderson collects antique furniture; Ray Lawson is interested in many London and Montreal enterprises, but finds time to take recreation on a farm where he has a splendid herd of Holsteins. Ex-Mayor E. S. Little knows all that goes on at his 850-acre farm in Delaware; he specializes in pure-bred cattle and sheep. Arthur Little, apart from his downtown business, finds spare hours in which to look over a fine herd of Jersey cattle on his farm. Judge Quintin Warner of the juvenile court, and rector of Cronyn Memorial Church, finds his relaxation in playing the 'cello, on which he is a very efficient performer; Pat Waugh drives a Richmond street car, yet he finds time to collect stamps and do pen and ink sketching; Dr. Barnett collected rare books for years, and his gift to Western University library was a notable contribution; Dr. Woolverton has enough geological and historical specimens to start a museum; Sir Adam Beck, busy as he is, loves horses and has a stable that can hold its own with anything on the continent.

Hobbies—yes, many people have them, and they are better for it. They are regular safety valves for overwork. It is because the Rotarians' Hobby Fair aims to develop this same idea among the juvenile population in London that the exhibition next week assumes unusual importance. It should succeed, and it will.

The Invasion of the Barber Shop.

The old barber shop used to be the exclusive property of man. Like his lodge room, he could cross the portals and know that he was in the company of the sterner sex. He could talk to the barber of manly things; he could get into an argument and cool off over a game of checkers. It was there he learned the news of the day, who'd gone away and who'd come home. And all the while the whiskers of the community were being mowed and the hair trimmed and

anointed. Truly it was a pleasant place, where men of low estate or big holdings laid shoulder to shoulder in a chin-scraping fraternity.

But this is 1924, and the men have been elbowed over to the last three seats nearest the window. All that is left to them is a chance to read the papers and speak in subdued tones about the weather.

A screen surrounds the end chair. There is a woman's hat on the nail that had for years been the exclusive anchorage of the headgear of man. Hair is being bobbed, and another customer is waiting.

Laugh at the idea if you will, but it has passed the laughing stage. Bobbed hair is here—at least the bobbed head from which the hair has departed is. It is not an adventure or an experiment—rather it is a fact.

The barbers and the hair dressers know it; they have altered their customs accordingly. Instead of depending on men for their trade, they find the girls and the women knocking at their door. They have tapped a new source of income, and man, instead of being the whole financial bulwark of the business, is now simply one of the props. He has lost his preferred position. Instead of holding a place at the top of the page, surrounded by reading matter, he has to accept a position buried away on an inside page.

The men may grouch at first; they may rebel like the red man did when the whites started to elbow him into one corner of the township where there was nothing but swamp and scrub timber. But that's about all he can do. The day of his domination in the barber shop is gone, done, dead, extinct, obsolete.

He must face the situation bravely; he must learn to talk on a variety of subjects, domestic problems, how to train children, how to manage a husband, and new ways to serve rhubarb in season. A man who can't fit in with the new order might as well get a pair of horse clippers and a sewing basket and prepare to do his own scapling.

Divorce Cases In Canada.

Canada in 1922 granted 544 divorces; in 1923 the number decreased to 505. The drop is a wholesome reduction, indicative of a returning sanity and a more severe regard for sacred obligations.

The division, according to provinces, with the population of each, is as follows:

Provinces	Population	Divorces
British Columbia	139	524,552
Ontario	105	2,933,662
Alberta	87	588,454
Manitoba	81	610,118
Saskatchewan	41	757,510
Nova Scotia	22	523,837
New Brunswick	19	387,876
Quebec	11	2,361,199

Worked out on the basis of divorce and population, it gives one divorce for the following units of population:

British Columbia	3,770
Ontario	27,749
Alberta	6,776
Manitoba	7,532
Saskatchewan	18,475
Nova Scotia	23,809
New Brunswick	20,413
Quebec	214,654

The showing of Quebec in this table is remarkable. It is undoubtedly due to the fixed attitude of the Roman Catholic Church against divorce or its recognition.

A downward revision of the figures in 1924 would be welcome. Canada does not want to be known as a nation where divorce is frequent. Particularly should British Columbia make a big alteration in its figures. They are too large to be healthy.

Three In A Row.

Schweitz, for many years official headman in Germany, is dead. He shot himself.

He was 74 years old, and lived on a pension, so small in the days of swollen costs and deflated money that it was just starvation.

He had in his time executed 123 condemned criminals. His purse was low, and he had to live. So it was that he decided to turn his life history to financial gain—he would lecture and exhibit the axe with which he had carried out the last clause in the chapter of criminal law.

But apparently he was a failure as a lecturer. Even his old axe failed to draw the people. He had seen many a man die, but even his recital of all these things failed to bring him the added revenue.

So, like his two predecessors in office, he took his own life.

Of course, it's easy to argue that the executioner is simply part of the law machine, and that he only carries out what the jurymen decide should be done. But the answer is, there is Schweitz and his two predecessors, three of them, all headmen, dead at their own hand.

Note and Comment

Niagara Falls man risked his neck to smuggle foreigners across the river. For trying to get around national doors he will spend the next year behind prison doors.

A Pottsville, Pa., man, on hearing that his second wife was coming to town, tried to kill himself. One of the wives will probably attend to that, so he need not worry.

Lady Astor carried her hat in her hand when entering the British Parliament. Agnes McPhail probably leaves hers in a handbag, because she never wears it in the Commons.

Many a man will take a warning from the Sault Ste. Marie people who started to clean up the premises around a church and nearly burned the place down. He will leave his backyard alone.

St. Thomas Community Male Choir came to London and convinced a lot of people here that St. Thomas has an organization of which it can and should be proud. The choir is not large, but it is good. It has fine common sense in selecting material it can handle well. This idea of a men's community choir is excellent, and the St. Thomas men are deserving of all the congratulations they received.

Rarebits By Rex

WENIGE KNOCKED OUT BY HIMSELF IN FOURTH ROUND OF BIG FIGHT

Douglass Declared Winner of Terrific Battle Witnessed By 80,000,000,000 Persons

CITY CLERK CLEANS UP

Dr. Douglass scored the greatest victory in the history of the squared circle here last night when he knocked Mayor Wenige for a row of test tubes in the fourth inning of their scheduled 10-round bout.

The battle attracted a \$16,000,000,000 gate. Many spectators brought their own gait and City Clerk Baker reaped a tremendous harvest picking up empty bottles of condensed heat which were thrown at the contestants.

A special section of the arena seats had been reserved for gentlemen. Another was occupied by aldermen and their friends.

At 8:15, Wenige, wearing a crepe de chine earmuff and purple bloomers, entered the ring and was accorded an extraordinary reception. He managed to dodge most of the cabbages, but was not so successful with the tomatoes. The mayor maintained his poise when Dr. Douglass came in and the latter regained his avoirdupois. The doctor wore pink organdy pantaloons trimmed with orange blossoms. On the lapel of his B.V.D.'s was a beautiful spring radish, the symbol of victory.

Wenige weighed in at 8:20. The scales broke when the doctor attempted to weigh in. Ald. Greer gave last instructions to the two men and warned Wenige there was to be no pinching or nose tweaking.

ROUND ONE—Wenige opened with a kick in the slats. Douglass butted Wenige in the solar plexus. Douglass kicked Wenige's shins. Douglass bit off the lobe of Wenige's ear. Wenige smiled. Douglass shot a right to the eyebrow. Wenige lost his smile and was running around the ring with Douglass after him at the bell. **THREE HITS, ONE RUN, THIRTEEN ERRORS.**

SECOND INNING—Revived from a tumbler of condensed heat, Wenige made a terrific lunge at Douglass's Adam's apple and sliced off part of the peel. The doctor hit one of the ring posts with rage and it fell on Ald. Towse's toe. The fight stopped while policemen escorted Towse out for saying "Gracious!" before women. Douglass drives Texas leaguer to Wenige's center. Wenige catches Douglass off his base and wallops the doctor's cerebellum. Doctor hits Wenige's arterio sclerosis. Spectator throws hot muffin, which catches Douglass on the peritineum. **TWO HITS, ONE BUN, NO ERRORS.**

THIRD HOLE—Wenige makes wonderful drive and lands by mistake on Referee Greer's fairway. Greer takes count and is pulled out of ring denouncing Wenige for failure to yell "Fore." Douglass takes iron shot at Wenige, but lands in rough. Douglass opens mouth to catch a fly and Wenige tries smashie shot which lands in hole. A gin and a vermouth bottle were heaved into the ring. Both men were mixing it at the bell. **WENIGE ONE UP AND SEVEN TO GO.**

ROUND FOUR—Wenige makes Herculean slash at Douglass's moustache, but misses and hits himself terrible wallop on the proboscis. Wenige drops and takes the count. Ald. Drake offers Wenige prunes to revive him. Wild scene ensues. Douglass hoisted on backs of admirers and is carried dozen steps when admirers break down under weight and all take the count. Douglass dragged to Humane Society and Inspector Tustin administrators first aid.

BULLETIN—Douglass in Humane Society reported bitten by dog. Tustin claims Douglass attacked dog first. Wenige completely recovered except for loss of voice. Aldermen hear news regarding voice with gratification and are considering possible ways of making it permanent. Wenige says thorough probe to be instituted into prize fight, which he terms "a disgrace to the fair name of our city."

Banjo, Spade and Rake

I know a chap not far from me, he putters round with spade and hoe, a-scratchin' in the garden plot, a-teachin' bulbs and things to grow.

He seems to take a lot of fun in nursin' things he plants out there, he whistles in the mornin' time a tune-fun sort of garden air.

And when he's done with things at night he puts away the spade and hoe, and makes a bit of melody from pickin' on an old banjo.

He ain't what folks would call expert, there's no degrees tagged to his name, but he can pink and plunk all right and turn out music just the same.

He sits there in the evenin' hours, a-perched upon a kitchen chair, at times he thrums some soulful chords and sings a plaintive little air.

When folks drop in, as oft they do, he's glad to have them meet his clan, and if they ask him for a toon he says I'll do as best I can. And off he starts to punk and plunk, not makin' any fuss or show, but turnin' out the best he's got by pickin' on his old banjo.

He's not like lots of folks I know, who go a-scamperin' here and there, a-seeekin' for new thrills each day, a new sensation, raw or rare.

He seems to know just what to do as each new hour comes 'long his way, he grieves with them what trouble hits, and laughs with them what's young and gay.

I reckon that a lot of folks will miss him when he's got to go, and put aside his spade and rake, and leave behind his old banjo.—ARK.

Press Comment

No Person's Feeling Well.

Kansas City banker who was found \$600,000 short in his accounts is sick. So are the directors.—San Antonio Express.

Then We'd Start To Save.

In an age when so many are living beyond their means, the government might raise more revenue by taxing the outgo instead of the income.—Montreal Gazette.

A Man Among Men.

So long as Mr. Baldwin retains the leadership of the opposition the Labor government will be confronted by a chivalrous opponent, one who will indulge in no carping criticism for the sake of mere party advantage. Mr. Baldwin is doing much to raise the standard of political life.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Dr. Frank Crane

The Devil's Handicap

THE difficulty with a lie is that it does not fit.

It not only does not fit the truth but it does not fit other lies. The excellence of truth is that it does fit.

An error is like a monkey wrench in the machinery. The whole universe is a wonderful mechanism. Every law in it harmonizes with every other law; every force in it co-operates with every other force.

That is why this solid globe spins around the sun and keeps its orbital track to the nicety of a hair.

And what is true of matter is true of mind. That is the reason why William James' definition of truth is the best yet made:

"The truth is what will work."

The excellence of truth is that it leads to harmony. One truth is akin to all others. They are all members of the same living family and do not quarrel.

But when you get hold of a piece of nonsense, or of untruth, the more you hang on to it the more entangled you become.

The first duty of man is not to believe; it is to find out what to believe; it is not to have faith; it is to know what to have faith in.

YOU may believe with all your heart and with true religious devotion that a bullet, fired from a gun, will not harm you, yet you will get killed just the same if somebody shoots you, and quite as effectively, as if you were an agnostic.

Every falsehood is very much like a disease germ; unless it is destroyed it will break out in some kind of sore. Retained in the system it invariably causes pain or weakness.

Faith is of no value as a substitute for Truth; it is only good as a handmaiden to Truth; a follower and servant of Truth.

The devil always stumbles finally. He may run fast for a while and we may all imagine that he will win the race. But the truth is he does not belong in this world. He does not know the paths and pitfalls of the universe. By and by he falls. Only the honest mind and the good heart understand the world. They invariably succeed because every force in the universe is in cooperation with them. Their tragedy is only seeming. Their suffering is but temporary. Those who are half blind are those who believe that evil pays. But, if a man's vision is clear and his judgment sound, he will never doubt that the devil is fatally handicapped.

To the Editor

About Measles.

Milk Produced From Such a Locality Not Regarded as Safe—Health Officer Can Act.

Editor of The Advertiser: Sir—Is there any law in Ontario dealing on this?

A farmer whose house is quarantined with measles ships milk daily to the city. Would you kindly show us some day the injurious effect, the penalty incurred, and also whose duty it is to enforce the law, if any?

Ans.—The injurious effect is that it

will communicate it to others. You would be liable to a fine. The health officer or any person may lay an information against you.

Who Pays the Plumber?

Tenant Explains His Case and Wants To Know If He Has To Settle for the Work.

Editor of The Advertiser: Sir—Would you be so good as to advise me in the following questions:

I live in a rented house. My landlord put in a new toilet last fall and when my wife was washing the floor she noticed a very small crack in the back, which might leak a spoonful of water in a day, so we mentioned

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GREEN TEA

you have not tasted the best. Fresh, fragrant and pure. Try it.

it to the landlord. He sent a plumber right up and put in a new bowl and had the plumber send me the bill for same, but on no account are we responsible for the breakage. Am I responsible for the payment? Thanking you in advance for the advice, I am,
Yours truly,
LONDON READER.

For 15 Years Was Troubled With Eczema

There is no other remedy like Burdock Blood Bitters that can possibly give such relief to all sufferers from eczema, salt rheum and all other diseases of the blood for the reason that this old and well tried remedy goes right to the seat of the trouble and completely and permanently drives these diseases out of the system by cleansing the blood and making it pure and rich.

Mr. F. W. H. Schultz, Pembroke, Ont., writes: "Having been troubled with eczema for fifteen years, during which time I tried everything I could think of, including doctors, but without getting anything to do me much good, I finally decided to take Burdock Blood Bitters, and I was certainly surprised to find that two weeks after I had started to take it I was relieved of my trouble. That was nine months ago, and I have not had a sign of it since. I surely wish to thank you for this wonderful medicine and strongly recommend it to anyone suffering from the same trouble as I had."

B. B. B. is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.—Adv't.

Corns



Don't risk blood poisoning by paring a corn. Apply Blue-jay, the scientific corn tender. The pain will vanish instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Get Blue-jay today at your druggist.

Blue-jay

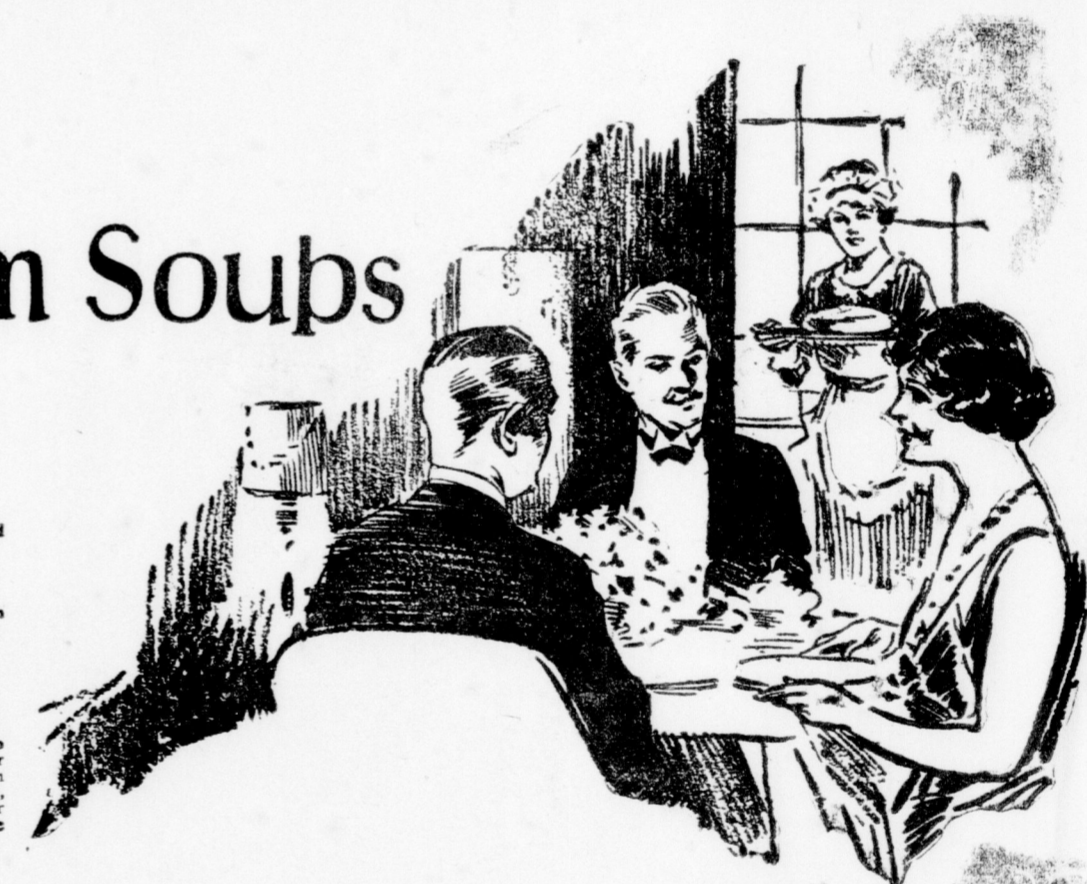
Asthma and Hay Fever
QUICKLY RELIEVED BY THE OLD RELIABLE REMEDY
DR. J. R. KELLOGG'S—
ASTHMA
—REMEDY
RECOGNIZED FOR YEARS AS A STANDARD REMEDY FOR THIS DREAD AFFLICTION. QUICKLY RELIEVES AND OVERCOMES IRRITATION.

For Cream Soups

CREAM OF GREEN PEA SOUP

- 1/4 cupfuls Borden's Evaporated Milk
- 2 1/2 cupfuls cold water.
- 1 teaspoonful sugar.
- 1/2 teaspoonful scraped onion
- 2 cupfuls canned or cooked fresh peas
- 2 tablespoonfuls butter or butter substitute.
- 1/2 tablespoonfuls flour.
- 1 teaspoonful salt
- 1/4 teaspoonful pepper.

Add the peas, sugar and onion to the cold water and simmer for twenty minutes. Then rub through a sieve; add the evaporated milk, reheat and thicken with the flour blended with the butter and the seasonings.



WHEN dining in a noted restaurant haven't you enjoyed a cream soup you wished you could duplicate at home? Most likely, it was made with evaporated milk.

It is marvellous how your favorite recipe is improved if you use Borden's St. Charles Milk. Just try this Cream of Green Pea Soup recipe!

Use St. Charles Milk also for delicious creamed vegetables, smooth salad dressings and rich desserts.

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