

London Advertiser

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1923.

Rural Credits.

In the opinion of the federal farm loan board at Washington the practicability of rural credits has been fully demonstrated by the fact that in the two months the intermediate credit banks have been in operation approximately \$5,000,000 has been loaned to the farmers. Much of this money, it is stated, has gone to co-operative organizations, with the best results. A system of rural credits in this country to enable farmers to co-operate in the marketing of their produce would be productive of much good. For example, there is no reason why farmers should not be enabled to look abroad for fresh markets for their stuff and bring it to its destination independently of brokers and middlemen. Take butter and eggs and apples, for instance, not to mention honey and cheese. There is no reason why the British consumer should have to turn to New Zealand for butter, and China for eggs, and Australia for apples, when they can be obtained at a cheaper rate and much more quickly from Canada. There is nothing to hinder the farmers of Ontario, in this connection, if aided by rural credits, from co-operating in the chartering or owning of vessels to carry such produce direct to Britain and put it on the markets there at a price which will not only be a great boon to the consumers but will put money in the pockets of the farmers themselves. Before the war apple growers in Germany used to send ships across the North Sea from Hamburg laden with the fruit, and at the present day onion growers in Brittany find a ready and profitable market for their goods when shipped direct to British ports. This, on a much larger scale, is what might be done by Canadians if proper means were taken. The people of Great Britain would be glad to have apples at 5c a pound in place of paying 12c or more as they do at present, and the way to bring this about is for the farmers to co-operate and send them direct. Under present conditions, it is neither the consumer nor the producer who reaps the benefit from abundant crops; it is those who come in between.

The Bad Old Times.

The bad old times of moonshining and smuggling and the evasion of the inland revenue laws generally, which furnished writers of romance with so much material in the past, seem to have been revived in no small degree in this country, judging from the seizures of illicit stills and the other paraphernalia of the defilers of the liquor laws which are taking place from time to time. But somehow the halo of romance that hovered around the doings of the bold, bad men of a century or so ago is not visible in the sordid happenings which at the present day are every now and then being disclosed by the police. Whereas in those former days men used to brew from good barley malt the illicit nectar for the consumption of all who were willing to pay for it, and pay for it cheaply, the practice of the modern moonshiner seems to be to produce weird concoctions with deadly kicks in them for which he charges a fancy price. Sordid gain appears to be his main object, the poisoning of his majesty's subjects a secondary consideration. In other words, he takes full advantage of the fact that there are hundreds of fellow-creatures who are apparently eager and willing to commit suicide at a high price. This is a strange phenomenon, which can only be summed up in the sapient words: "There is something wrong somewhere." But the mere love of gain is evidently not the ruling passion of all who traffic in unlawful refreshment, if we are to accept the statement of a Point Edward man who has just appeared before the county magistrate on a charge of selling a mixture of gasoline and water to a customer, who must have accumulated a thirst infinitely greater than anything Kipling ever dreamt of from Aden to Mandalay. This vendor of bottled-up motive power told the magistrate that he only did so to cure his customer of any further craving for ardent beverages of any description, and had the customer drunk sufficient of the mixture there is no doubt that the experiment would have proved highly successful.

London Is Fortunate.

Announcement by representative coal merchants that London's foresight in purchasing fuel early this year prohibits any possibility of a shortage the coming winter will be received with satisfaction. Although the situation in the United States is admittedly crucial, the comforting assurance has been given that, so far as this city is concerned, the prospective strike will have a very negligible effect.

Miners and operators are still negotiating to overcome their differences, but the prospect of an agreement is not bright. With the approach of September 1, when the contract between anthracite operators and miners expires, the probability of a strike is by no means diminishing. Consumers all over the United States and in parts of Canada may suffer a stoppage of their fuel supplies completely. At best the troubles of the anthracite consumer will consist of paying through the nose; for an increase of wages to the mine workers is considered inevitable.

There is reason to believe that President Coolidge's administration will be prepared to act decisively if necessary to prevent a coal famine. Just what will be done cannot be foretold, for no one knows as yet what the operators and miners will do. Upon the outcome of the renewed discussion scheduled for Monday may depend, in great measure, what the policy of the United States government will be.

The normal outcome would be an agreement between the operators and miners, under the auspices of the government, but without direct governmental intervention. But there are ugly signs that the representatives of the miners do not wish to see a peaceful adjustment. They speak of the termination of the present agreement, and say the miners would not be justified in consenting to conferences after July 31, because the operators might string them out indefinitely and thus take off the edge of a strike.

Operators, on the other hand, through their representatives, assert that an agreement upon wages is possible if the workers' representatives will drop the demand for unionization of the fields and the further demand for installation of the check-off system. The wage question, according to operators, has been subordinated to other demands for the purpose of creating a situation which will seem to justify a strike. Mine owners remind the public that their side is willing to refer pending controversies to arbitration.

If the situation should become as serious as to make a coal famine certain unless the government should intervene, it is possible that President Coolidge would call Congress in extra session to deal with the emergency. The plying of the coal industry under govern-

ment control would be the natural sequence of a strike that threatened a famine in winter. And both miners and operators would have to abide by any government decision. Failure to do so would arouse the ire of the public, and this is the one thing they wish to avoid.

The coal miners are believed to be anxious to precipitate a condition which will bring about government ownership and operation. If they play this for the sake of organized labor they are shortsighted indeed, for no government would ever agree to the closed shop for coal mining or anything else. The miners, under the government, would receive good wages, but their unions would not be allowed to dictate terms as they do to private operators.

If worst comes to worst, there are always a number of good substitutes to be used for anthracite in the United States. London, according to merchants, is not susceptible to the unfortunate conditions that may become general in other cities this winter owing to their wisdom in storing bins early. And, of course, there is always the possibility of receiving large shipments of Alberta coal should the situation become so acute that no other recourse is in sight.

In any event, with the situation as grave as it is in the United States, it is comforting indeed to know that citizens are already pretty well prepared to brave the low temperatures of the snowy season.

Helping a Lame Dog.

There is an old saying about "helping a lame dog over a stile," but lame dogs as a rule have to do their own jumping. Nevertheless a fine example of the equally true saying that "a friend in need is a friend indeed," occurred at Montreal the other day when seven young Scottish stowaways were taken in hand by the St. Vincent de Paul Society and given the means of reaching their longed-for destinations among the harvest fields of the West. The usual procedure with stowaways, as we know, is to send them back to where they came from "with a flea in their lug," but the fine bearing and obvious good qualities of these young Scots so impressed the judge before whom they were brought that he sought means of enabling them to carry out their ambition, and it was then that the St. Vincent de Paul organization stepped in.

Not every man who steals a ride on a freight train or hides himself away among the cargo on an ocean liner is a criminal, and it seems a pity that some discrimination cannot be used in dealing with such. In our school books we read of the orphan boy who stowed himself away on an emigrant ship with the object of reaching a relative in Halifax, and how he narrowly escaped being strung up on the yardarm by the first mate through his natural goodness and intrepidity; well, like this small boy there may be other heroes with laudable ambitions which they have no means of gratifying who are tempted to risk their reputation in an endeavor to reach their goal, who fall into the hands of the authorities and are sent to jail instead. How much better it would be if their antecedents could be sifted and, if justifiable, something done to set them on their feet. There is an old world atmosphere of Christianity and Good Samaritanism about the action of the Montreal society which others would do well to imitate.

Planting Trees.

"If ye have naething else to do, plant a tree; it will grow when ye are sleepin'," or words to that effect, are uttered by the worldly-wise Laird o' Dumbiebykes in Scott's "Heart of Midlothian." This precept is as sound today as it was a hundred years ago, for if any country is robbed of its timber and no trees are planted, it is a disastrous thing for that country. Canada, especially the eastern part of it, is beginning to awaken to this fact, and the forestry departments, both at Ottawa and Toronto, have in recent years given considerable attention to the matter. It is to be hoped that some permanent good will result from the meeting of forestry experts in this country. Among those who came from overseas was Lord Lovat, who is well known throughout Great Britain, as well as on the continent of Europe, as a practical arboriculturist of no mean ability. On his estates in Inverness-shire Lord Lovat has given much attention to the subject of afforestation, and has taken a practical interest in the matter in all its bearings, himself setting the example by covering otherwise barren and unproductive country with hundreds of acres of timber trees, such as Scots pine, Douglas fir and Sitka spruce, and has all along kept in close touch with the forestry department of Aberdeen University.

As chief of the clan Fraser, Lord Lovat has a special interest for Canada and Canadians, for it was the Fraser Highlanders, most of whom were drawn from the ancestral estates in Inverness-shire, who scaled the heights of Quebec and enabled Wolfe in his dying hour to plant the British flag firmly on Canadian soil. It was he also who organized the famous Lovat Scouts, who rendered such excellent service in the South African war, and again in Gallipoli. This celebrated corps of mounted infantry was mostly recruited from the ghillies, foresters and gamekeepers in his own service.

It is to be hoped that Ontario will take up the matter of systematic tree planting to make up for the thoughtless waste of its best lumber-producing trees in the past.

Note and Comment.

A memorial is to be erected in honor of Jesse James' horse. How about a monument for that big maroon touring car of the Toronto bandits?

The suggestion that immigrants to Canada and the United States be selected in their own countries offers a right and proper solution of many difficulties.

President Coolidge has made a good start by winning the first round against the striking coal miners. His past performance in the Boston police trouble indicates that he will tolerate no nonsense where the interests and safety of the public are at stake.

The public utilities commission is showing efficient common sense in taking advantage of the Richmond street re-paving to bury its high tension cables. The performance in some cities is to put down new roads and then tear them up to sink sewers.

The explanation of the scheme of co-operative marketing in Alberta given yesterday by J. Lewis Smith is valuable to Western Ontario farmers. The Alberta man declares that the plan is effectually preventing the mulcting of the producer by speculators. Solve the marketing problem and you have gone far in solving other difficulties of national scope.

It was a blunder to build the civic incinerator so near to Victoria Hospital, and to make a dump of the calined refuse along the river bank at the rear of the hospital. One has only to be in the neighborhood of this unsightly embankment on a warm day to realize what adjoining property owners, let alone the patients, have to contend with. Let the best that can be done, be done without delay, to mitigate this nuisance.

DIBS AND DABS

—BY HARRY MOYER



Rarebits by Rex

DISILLUSION.
I stood all aghast as a fairy I passed
On the street with a friend by her side;
So lovely and real—yes, my lifelong ideal,
With the radiant blush of a bride.
So winsome and sweet from her head
To her feet, my heart was so glad;
A creature divinely superb;
'Twas long that I gazed, struck with wonder and dazed,
As I stood by the side of the curb.
But I quickly awoke from my trance
When she spoke;
Battered and broken the spell;
For I heard my love say as she
Wended her way:
"Gimme a chaw o' gum,
Nell."

Some people think honesty is the best policy, but a great many are from Missouri.
After a woman gets thoroughly acquainted with her husband she often feels like ordering baked ham for his breakfast.

Before beheading a criminal in China he is permitted to get intoxicated. That's once when a man can get full and not have a head on him the next morning.

Wonder if any great composer ever tried to set a hen to music.

A scientist says elephants' feet are a great delicacy. After skinning the foot you just bake it for 36 hours and it will be tender and fit to eat. Don't throw away any of your old elephants' feet.

This paradox may not seem wise, But it is true, don't frown; A young man is not apt to rise Unless he settles down.

A motorist, hailed into court for running down a pedestrian, said to the judge: "Your honor, it was all my fault. The pedestrian was not to blame." And the poor judge dropped dead.

You can't foot a bill by kicking at it. And you can't make it any smaller by filling it away.

After looking at what they are dragging at the altar with them, we don't blame a lot of brides for blushing.

When a groom hears the words "Wilt thou?" he immediately wits.

One of the greatest factors in producing insanity are the lawyers for the defence.

There never was a man who had as much respect for his wife's opinion as he had for the opinion of his wife's husband.

That man in Kansas who wanted to find some place where he would be entirely cut off from the world should have tried a telephone booth.

The city council will have a flock of new rooms in the new offices on the Federal Square. We hope there will be a room for improvement.

France's invasion of Germany is admittedly for coin-quest.

An animal become extinct, says a scientist. But there are always exceptions to a rule, and we'll bet the exceptions in this case are mosquitos.

The motorist who would be wreckless should not be reckless.

Our experience is that mosquitoes continue to bite the hands that feed them.

BLTYH

Special to The Advertiser.
Bltyh, Aug. 17.—At the meeting of the council held last night the tax rate for the year was struck at 42 mills on the dollar, which is one mill less than that of last year.
The citizens generally in their sorrow for D. Floody, one of the partners of the recently-burned planing mill, started a fund for his relief and have now raised \$500 and expect to get nearly \$1,000.
The Methodist Sunday School held a very successful picnic in H. Taylor's grove to the east of the village this afternoon. A splendid time was spent by young and old in games and races of various kinds.

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

THE MIRACLE OF HUMAN INTERCOURSE.
As a man speaketh unto his friend,—Exodus xxxiii, 11.
There are two kinds of miracles, the extraordinary and the daily. About the extraordinary kind there is considerable dispute as to whether they really occur and what they really mean.
About the daily kind there is no dispute because hardly anybody notices them or thinks of their meaning.
Conversation between two human beings is a daily miracle.
How is it that these persons, separate in space and hidden from each other by their bodies, can exchange thoughts, ideas, purposes, desires?
Very simple, you say, because they have language, gesture, expressiveness of eyes and face.
Yes, but where and how did they get these wondrous things?
The very power to invent and develop language looks to me like a heavenly gift.
The deep inward thoughts and affections, so different from animal instincts, come from a source above nature, an unseen world.
I have had talks with a friend, so sweet, so liberating, so revealing that they made me sure of God and the soul.
Is not this the meaning of miracle, a sign of the Divine Presence and a world beyond our sight?
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Your Health: What You Should Do If Someone Chokes On Food.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

What would you do if a friend of yours attempted to swallow some hard substance, too big to enter the gullet, and it stuck in his throat?

When this happens the chief symptoms are caused by the fear of choking to death. The victim clutches at his neck, struggles for air, coughs, gasps and, very naturally, makes a terrible fuss. His eyes are widely open, and they appear actually to protrude—"to stick out of his head." He rushes to the window for air. If the foreign body is big enough to limit the intake of air, his face gets almost black.

It is not an uncommon experience for a child to swallow too large a piece of food, with all these frightful symptoms following.

What should be done when this accident occurs?

In view of the possibility of such an experience, it should be known to everybody that it is extremely rare for death to result from choking in this way. If you are unfortunate enough to have this happen to you, remember that there is not one chance in ten thousand that it is serious.

Of course, I am not flattering myself that you are apt to recall my advice. Somehow, good advice is like water on a duck's back—little of it sticks. But if you can drag these words from some dark closet in your mind, they will help by giving you calmness in the efforts to dislodge the offending substance.

Candy, sugar and other soluble things are among the common articles that catch in the throat. These will dissolve long before they can cause death. Sipping water that is as hot as can be borne will hasten this action.

A child may be held up by its legs, or at least so placed as to lower its head and neck below the level of its body. Your object is to have gravity assist your efforts at removal, and such a position, too, will prevent the object from going lower in the throat.

A simple way to cause the expulsion of a foreign body is to give the victim a sharp slap on the back. If this method is used, lowering the head and neck, with face downward, will aid in the removal.

Many mothers are very expert in getting the end of the finger around the offending substance and snapping it out. Care must be exercised not to make the trouble worse by poking the thing farther down the throat.

If ordinary efforts do not succeed, there must be made a serious effort to locate the foreign body. To this end have the victim lie down, with his head hanging over the end of a table. Then, with the mouth widely open, and in the presence of good light, the object may be seen. The handle of a spoon, or a bent loop of wire may be inserted back of the substance, which will be pulled out without trouble.

Needless to say, you have sent someone for a doctor if your first efforts have failed. In the meantime, use gentle and well-advised efforts. You know it is very easy to overdo and thus to cause harm. (Copyright, 1923, Newspaper Features Service, Inc.)

Think of the hundred and one little comforts of life that surround you and that no force other than newspaper advertising could have brought to your doors. Then keep on reading the advertisements. To-morrow's offerings are knocking for admission.

HARVESTERS' EXCURSIONS VIA CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY.

A flat rate of \$15 to Winnipeg, and half a cent a mile beyond is fare of all Harvesters' Excursions to the West by Canadian National routes west of Quebec City. Trains run through to Winnipeg without change. New convertible (berth) Colonial Cars will add to the comfort of the journey and lunch counter cars will be attached to the trains, serving food and refreshments at reasonable prices. Special cars will be provided for the Harvesters' Excursion. For particulars, see fares, train service, etc., apply to nearest Canadian National Agent—Advt. A4,14,18

WILL TAKE OFF ALL EXCESS FAT
Do you know that there is a simple, harmless, effective remedy for overweight that may be used safely and secretly by any man or woman who is losing the slimness of youth? There is, and it is none other than the tablet form of the now famous Marmola Prescription Tablets. You can well expect to reduce steadily and easily without going through long stages of tireless exercise and starvation diet, or disgusting greases and salves. Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all druggists the world over at one dollar for a case, or you can secure them direct from the Marmola Co., 4612 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich., on receipt of price—Advt.

LORD STRATHCONA

By ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE.

Donald Smith was one of the individual pioneers privileged to write his name in dominating characters across this continent.

His greatest advantage was that he was born a Scot. At the fireside, in Forbes, he heard of the exploits of his uncle, John Stewart, who, with Simon Fraser, was the discoverer of the Fraser River. Of course, being a Highlander, he immediately appropriated these exploits to himself.

When he landed in Canada the lad was rich in kinsmen of the past, rich also in kinsmen of the present. It was a lonely land that faced him on his arrival, but he was not alone; for Duncan and Donalds innumerable were there as his allies.

A mystic union of Clanmen, past and present, is the secret of the strength of the Highland line, is the secret of the strength of Donald Smith.

The world hears much of Lord Strathcona, but the bonnie Highland lad, his lordship's antecedent, is the nearer hero for us common mortals.

In the boyhood of Donald Smith, entering a service of the Hudson Bay Company was no light undertaking. Listen to the warning of one MacLean, after being buried for 40 years in the frozen solitudes. "The history of my career may serve as a warning to those who may be disposed to enter the Hudson Bay Company's service, they may learn that from the moment they embark in the company's canoes at Lachine, or in their ships at Gravesend, they bid adieu to all that civilized man most values on this earth, home, love, family, and everything most dear."

Turning a deaf ear to such, Donald Smith fared forth, just as Highland lads are faring forth today, with faith in Canada and in her call.

Never Turned Back.
When Donald Smith left Forbes, at the age of eighteen, he severed old home ties, and committed himself irrevocably to his course. He started out on a long, long furrow, but there was never a thought of turning back.

For thirty winters he was snowed up in the wastes of the Labrador. It was when he was in 48 when he came out, almost a lifetime. "A lifetime wasted," some would say. Yet when he came out his life had only just begun.

In the far off Hudson Bay factory, each morning at his breakfast table, was a folded copy of the London Times, dated just twelve months previous. Thus he kept in touch with the greater world, so that when at last he came back into that world, he was not ignorant of its on going, and its changes.

There was only one mail a year from his post to the home. But every week he wrote a letter to his mother. The neighbors doubtless thought of him as buried alive. But if anyone hinted at such a thing, the mother would invariably shake her head, exclaiming, "They'll be proud of my Donald yet."

The lad writing home each week, though there were none to know, is indeed a picture of dependable devotion. Sometimes he wrote more often, for in one touching paragraph he says, "whenever I set too home-ward, I always write letters home."

There were many such inner battles for this Highland lad who came of a breed that "could fight like hell and cry like a baby." But he never wore his heart on his sleeve.

After several winters in the lonely wastes of the Labrador, he went snow blind. There was no nearby relief, so he tramped a thousand miles to Montreal, to visit a surgeon. In that city he was met by Sir George Simpson, the governor of the H.B.C., who inquired "What are you doing here, my lad?"

"I came to see about my eyes."

"Did you get permission?"

"No, I couldn't wait for that, because it would have taken a year."

"Return This Instant."

"Well," replied the governor, "if it is a question between your eyes and your service in the Hudson Bay

Company you'll take my advice and return this instant to your post."

So without another word the young man turned to tramp through the snows a thousand miles back to his frozen factory.

Long after, on hearing of this incident, someone said to Donald Smith, "If I'd been in your place, I'd have told the governor to go to hell, and take the Hudson Bay Company along with him."

"Yes," was the answer, "and in so doing you never would have gone far with the great company."

In a service where they learned how to obey, Donald Smith was qualified for command. At the age of 48 he was governor of the H. B. C.

Henceforth, his story is one of ever increasing achievement. Some business men, with their noses in a ticker, may be keen on "how much he made." But most of us are interested rather in knowing "how much he lived."

In spite of efforts of certain success magazines, we still love the "Pilgrim's Progress" and grow weary when it is reduced to the "Plutocrat's Progress."

A discordant strain in much of the claptrap literature of alleged achievement is its insistence on the superman. There is no room for such shallow patter, when we are dealing with the Gaelic pioneer. An exemplary clanishness in the present, a mystic union with the past, meant that they were not alone in their pioneering battles. They were not supermen, but with the instinct of the old land they stuck together, and thus to them all things were possible.

His Motto.
When he was raised to the peerage, Principal Peterson, of McGill, asked Lord Strathcona what he would like to have implied in his motto. "In the van" was the half whispered reply of the grand old Viking. So the principal gave him "Amina Ducens" as it now stands on his escutcheon.

Remembering his kinship to pathfinders, and to explorers, it is not to be wondered at that he should have a vagabondism in his blood, but with that roving spirit there was also a potent admixture of thrift. No matter how unpromising the situation in which he was placed, it was a notable fact that in time his ledgers always showed good profit.

Among certain men of business, it is quite the style to cast wistful glances across at other callings, view with envy the career of the soldier, or of the sailor. There was none of this wish-I-was-the-other fellow attitude in Donald Smith. If he came of a family of traders, as proud of the profession of trade as was Allan Breck Stewart of the profession of arms.

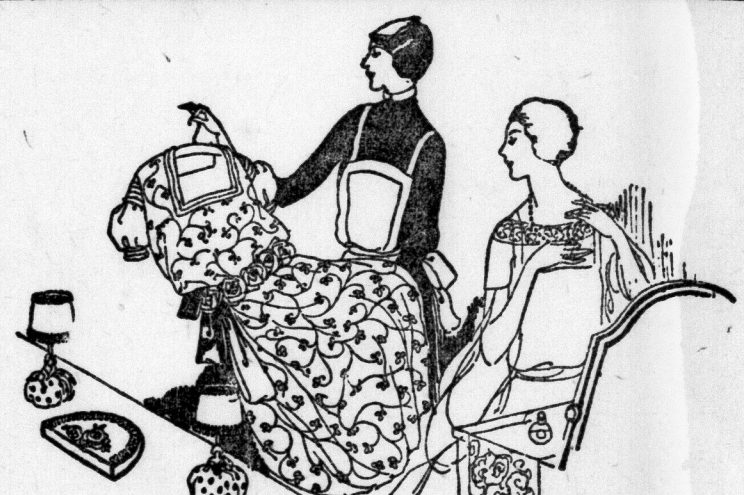
For Canadians, who would give their children true pictures of their land, the strong north of Donald Smith stands forth as an authentic antidote, to the salacious north of the fiction mechanic.

The British Empire Exhibition which originated in the mind of Lord Strathcona, is one of his imperishable dreams, bequeathed to us, which is now being realized.

On a memorable occasion, I went to visit this storied chieftain, expecting, after hero legends, to behold a demure figure. I found an old man, a little deaf, with curiously gentle manners, sitting working in a plain office. Everything about him bore the mark of homespun simplicity, honors and emoluments had obviously wrought no change in his intrinsic manhood.

He was remarkably considerate of the curious youth who came to visit him. I was especially struck by the hoary whiteness of his beard, frosted as it were by the long winters of the Labrador. As I looked into his eye, in spite of incredible age, there still was the far dreaming light of the Gaelic. A wonderful fairy tale it is, when a dreamer like that attains to the realm of bringing things to pass.

A short time thereafter, I saw Lord Strathcona's funeral at Westminster Abbey. What a journey had been his from the little school at Forbes to the last rites in that imperial Valhalla.



The original beauty—

Of dainty organdies, brilliant with colour, of dainty flowered voiles, gorgesettes, or crepes, cannot stand the old harsh way of washing. But these delicate fabrics come from a Lux bath as fresh and beautiful as in their original newness.

The thin, satin-like Lux flakes, made by our own exclusive process, whisk instantly into a rich lather that gently dissolves the dirt.

No matter how filmy the material, how brilliant the colour, you can safely wash it over and over again in the delicate Lux suds.

Sold only in sealed packets—dust-proof!

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