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Could Your Family Get Along?

The word "unemployment" is so often used that it is becoming commonplace. There is danger that we shall accept it as a matter of fact, as something that is part and parcel of our method of doing things.

There is the added danger that the average citizen may arrive at the point where he considers the city council is the only place for such a matter to be dealt with. He is paying taxes and in that way contributing his share to carry on work undertaken with a view of providing employment.

Credit to the mayor and aldermen for the stand they have taken toward providing as much employment as possible, but they can operate only within certain well-defined limitations. They cannot do road work in winter, nor can they lay pavements.

To make the case a little plainer, take the problem of one man. He has a family of five children, his wife and himself to provide for. He has been working for some months, receiving \$18.50 per week. At the back of their little home is a garden, and it was utilized to the last inch to grow foodstuff. Over seven weeks ago the wage-earner was laid off, and has not had work since then. Let any man or woman with a family apply the circumstances to his or her own case, and answer the question: "How would we get along in similar circumstances?" With a family of seven living on \$18.50 per week, the first answer would come in the form of another question, "How could it be done?" The answer is that it is that it was done, and is being done in many cases.

But a series of questions, and answers do not solve this man's problem of existence. He is not making any great demands on the city; all he asks is the right to work, and it is hard to frame reasons showing why he should not have this right.

The solution may come in part by him finding work at half-time with the city, but that is not the whole answer, neither is it the best one.

Men who are working, and have means, should come to the point where they constitute themselves a committee of one to see what this committee of one can do to give this man a chance to work. Right now, with Christmas only a few days ahead, is a time when every red-blooded man wants his fellow citizens to feel a touch of Christmas cheer. The finest kind of Christmas cheer would be to go to this unemployed man—and he is only one of many—and say that you have some work for him to do. You may be contemplating some alterations around your business premises or your home; it may be a matter of repairing. But it is work—*you get value for the money spent and the man who needs work gets it, and is lifted for the time being into a position where he can go home at the end of the week knowing that he is able to provide food and shelter for those depending on him.*

It is not necessary to call a meeting to discuss the matter; no officers are needed in this committee of one business. You can be president and general manager yourself, and the committee can go to work at once. If you do not know of a man out of work all that is necessary is to phone 5292.

One Man, One Name

Despatch from New York refers to a speech made there by the Hon. George Perry Graham, Canadian minister of railways. That sounds more impressive than Geo. P. or G. P., but we hope the practice does not spread.

The premier himself has a fair sprinkling of names, three in number; then from down by the sounding sea comes Hon. John Babington Macaulay Baxter. Richelleu in Quebec sends to parliament Pierre Joseph Arthur Cardin, while Ottawa contributes Edgar Rodolphe Eugene Chevrier.

Nor would it be an easy matter to print in full the name of the member from Montmagny, Joseph Bruno Alme Milville Dechene, or the entire title of the representative from Berthier—Joseph Charles Theodore Gervais.

Hon. George Perry Graham should cease this full-title business at once.

When Council is Elected, Let It Act!

There is a growing feeling among citizens and also some of the aldermen in London that it is not good practice to elect members of the municipal council the 1st of December and not have them take their seats until the second Monday in January.

One alderman discussing the situation stated, "Supposing the matter of salaries should be brought in after the election had taken place, and increases were voted that would have to be financed by the council the following year. If there were several aldermen whose terms were up by retirement or by defeat at the polls, it would be an easy matter for them to say 'We might as well let this go through; it will be up to next year's council to find the money.' I am only noting this because it is a possibility. I think it would be much better for aldermen to be through with their term when they go to the electors. It is the way things are done in provincial and federal parliaments."

This alderman is right. When London first got permission to change the date of voting no application was made to alter the time the council should take office, and the municipal act says the inaugural meeting of all councils shall be on the second Monday in January. The idea originally was that there should be consultation

between the old and new councils during December in regard to estimates so that the tax rate could be struck early in the year. It has not worked out that way, and the tax rate is seldom struck until toward the end of March.

There is a tendency for a new council to sit tight on expenditure in its early stages, and it is in the interests of the city that the ratepayers should get the advantage of this enthusiasm as soon after election as possible.

The council of 1925 would be well advised to make application to the private bills committee of the legislature to have the council take office immediately after election.

The Burglar Laid Down the Rules

The paymaster of the National Carbon Company of Niagara Falls was shot dead in his office by a hold-up man who called on him to deliver the pay-roll of the company.

One of the robbers was caught, and in time will face trial in a U. S. court of justice, where in all likelihood the usual pleas of sentiment, environment and peculiar mental outlook will be aired.

Clarence Darrow, who says his specialty during his legal career was cheating the gallows, could, if he took this case, produce volumes of guff showing why a man who took the life of another should not forfeit his own.

The burglar who went into the factory at Niagara Falls and applied the money-or-your-life idea to the cashier really laid down the rules of the game he was prepared to play, and he went through with them in the first act. The cashier was not prepared to hand over the money, so the robber took his life.

It was not the police, the judge, jury or hangman who started this case. It was the man who did the shooting, and now that it has passed to its second stage it should be carried under the same rules as the criminal himself laid down in the first.

It is not easy to talk with patience and toleration about doing away with capital punishment as long as men go about with guns ready to blow to atoms any person who dares stand between them and their devilish ends.

Working It Out In Algebra.

Toronto has an alimony suit running in one of its courts, and of course there is a good attendance. The husband in the case has twice applied at Ottawa for divorce, and has been twice turned down, the last time on a tie vote.

Several men are referred to as having been frequent callers at the apartment where the wife made her home. Their names are not disclosed to the crowd in the court, but they are referred to as Mr. B. and Mr. E.

The inference is that Mr. B. and Mr. E. were calling very frequently on Mrs. C. Mr. C. objected to these visits, claiming Mrs. C. belonged to I and not to U.

As the boys work it out at school it seems that the problem is: If B. plus E. caused Mr. C. to be divided from Mrs. C., how much alimony will be allowed and who shall pay it, B., E. or C.?

Note and Comment.

Children used to get a penny for being good, and now they get a quarter for not being too bad.

Some men seem to think economy starts by cutting down the allowance for household expenses.

Several cases of three-day hicoughs have been reported, and old-timer writes in to say the malady can be cured with skunk oil.

A request has been made to have beer and wine served with meals at hotels. Come to think of it, there was a plebiscite taken in Ontario on October 23 that covers all such matters.

Toronto seeks power to license all coal dealers. If Toronto council wants to do something real, it could start a movement to set a legal standard for the amount of real fuel in a ton of coal.

Chicago has a school expansion program that calls for \$170,000,000. It's to be hoped there's a brand of honesty taught in these schools better than the sort that allowed Chicago to steal water from the great lakes for the past sixteen years.

My Bank Account

When I was young they used to say as how the thrifty ways was best, that folks should pay their honest debts and then proceed to salt the rest, and add a nickel and a dime, a quarter or a dollar bill, to make life easy for the day when age was troddin' down the hill.

They used to picture to us then what came of careless, gay galoots, who went in rags for all their days, their toes a-stickin' through their boots, and how their folks would thrust 'em out when they had blowed their worldly kale, and send them to the poorhouse then or lock 'em in the village jail.

And now then I see an ad about a man who saved his tin, he's pictured at his three-score year as greetin' people with a grin, for he has fifty thousand bones stuck sideways 'neath the kitchen floor, and he can stay in bed till noon, he hasn't got to work no more.

So thus I went into the bank and shook the ducaats from my waist, determined to rear up a pile and go the path the rich had trod.

But as I trace my joyful hoof to sink a dollar in the brine, the coal man hollers unto me 'I've been a-owin' him some time, and he can't feed his horse on air nor pay his man with pleasant looks, so then I write him out a check to wipe my name from off his books.'

Another day I sallied out to pickle down ten tucats more, when durn the luck the butcher man was waitin' just outside the door. Says he to me if you don't pay I'll have you up before the law, I'll drive a cleaver in your ribs and use a meat axe on your jaw.

So 'bein' a man of peace just then I wrote checks for the butcher man, and paid him for six months of ribs, of pickled hocks and jellied ham.

So now and then I scan the book that shows he struggle what I've had, to try and pay my honest debts and salt away the legal scud.

It isn't much to boast about, sometimes she's in, most times she's down, I am a million miles moved from bein' the richest man in town, but 'tis I know if folks would quit a-raddin' what I try to keep, in twenty-seven years from now I'd have a fairly decent heap.—ARK.

Rarebits By Rex

MODERN INCONVENIENCES.

When I was married to my wife I shared her sweet domestic labors, We led a simple country life And were contented with the neighbors; In all the jobs a housewife finds I always was adept and certain, I filed the catches on the blinds And quelled the savage window curtain.

But when we moved to town—Alas! I found my talents much diminished; A city man must join a class In engineering ere he's finished; I fear the hot electric light, I cannot mend the radiator, It never seems to be quite right, Our chemical refrigerator.

I cannot understand the phone, The vacuum-cleaner has me guessing, The fireless cooker makes me groan, The electric iron is distressing; I once was hardy with my tools, But now I fuss about and blunder, Too late to learn these modern rules, I simply pay the bills—and wonder!

We know a chap who is so shy that when he plays billiards he blushes every time the balls kiss one another.

And now a rouge-manufacturing concern is urging the public to buy "nothing but the genuine."

The unfortunate thing about wedding presents is that most of them come from friends who are engaged to be married.

It has been ruled a crime to catch a fish in the Detroit river. To catch a fish in the Thames is not a crime—it's a miracle.

Chickens moult in the spring, but our shaving brush moults the year round.

In China a man never sees his wife until after they are married. In this country it's getting so a wife never sees her husband after they are married.

"Alfonso XIII," says the Woman's Home Companion, "was the son of Alfonso XII, who died five months before he was born, at the age of twenty-eight."

Milton Work, the card expert, says bridge is a game of brains. That explains why so many people are good at solitaire.

Lazy Lawrence claims the easiest way of getting rid of snow on his sidewalk is to pray for rain.

TABLOID DRAMA.
"If you don't quit goin' around with my fellow, Maizie, all you're goin' to get from me for Christmas is a nasty look."

A new material to throw at bridegrooms is called "rain confetti." This is apparently intended to remind them of coming storms.

Editorial Opinion

WHY TAXES ARE HIGH.

(From the Ottawa Journal)

HON. DR. KING, minister of public works, has just informed Kitchener, Ontario, that Santa Claus, in the shape of the dominion government, is to bring it a new postoffice. The cost is to be \$50,000.

No doubt Kitchener, which is a thriving town, can use the new postoffice. Without doubt it is more in need of a new postoffice than Halifax is in need of that new million dollar elevator which E. M. Macdonald has promised it for its Christmas stocking.

But we doubt whether Kitchener's need of a new postoffice is as great as Canada's need for less taxation. That, in fact, is the chief defect of too much government expenditure. When it is challenged, the government invariably points out that the expenditure is required—that it is a matter of national development. That was the argument used for the Toronto viaduct; for the Montreal bridge; for a half score of other things.

But the truth is that it is not lack of such public work that is retarding Canada's development. What is doing that is too much expense and too much taxation. Kitchener could wait; Halifax could wait; Montreal could wait. They could wait until this country got its head above the financial water; until we bring our taxation at least within striking distance of that in the United States.

THE CHICAGO RIVER.

(From "Judge" of Some Years Ago)

THE Chicago river is one of the immortals—it has a personality. Some people claim it is wet. A flock of ducks plunged into it and, to their great astonishment, slid across. A man who fell from the Clark street bridge broke his leg on the surface. He sued the city for damages. The bricks of which Chicago is built are made of the river cut in sections and baked. There are wild animals in this stream. A restaurant-keeper swears that he can't make a stew of this water—the animals eat the oysters. These animals themselves complain that there is not enough liquid in the river to keep them clean.

Chicago signs tell you to boil the water, but add: "If it won't boil fry it." The odor of this stream has been admirably compared to Samsen and Sunday; not, however, when either was present. The Chicago people are fond of the odor on that account—it adds strength to the city. Some say the Chicago river flows uphill. As there is no hill in Chicago this proposition is a poser. The United States coast survey detailed an engineer to test this peculiarity. The engineer planted his apparatus in the river, but never saw it again. This was his report: "The Chicago river does not flow—it stands still. It has no banks except the First National and others. It has no bed like other streams—its bottom is always on top. The merchant marine traverses it on roller skates. In summer the city is filled with dust. I asked a sailor whence it came. 'Why,' said he, 'you must be a stranger in these parts. The dust blows off from the Chicago river!'"

WHY ALL THE MAD RUSH?

(From the Orillia Packet)

IN their anxiety to have the fastest train between Toronto and Winnipeg, the C. P. R. and C. N. R. have cut three hours off the run between those two cities. But it has been at the expense of the general public. It's all very well for the city folks, who imagine time is so precious, and that they are so rushed. But when passenger trains don't stop between divisional points it makes it mighty inconvenient for the people in between. While the Canadian National was running through Orillia, quite a number of passengers have boarded it here, but now people who want to travel on this train will have to go either to Toronto or to Parry Sound, and waste hours doing so. This is speed and competition run mad.



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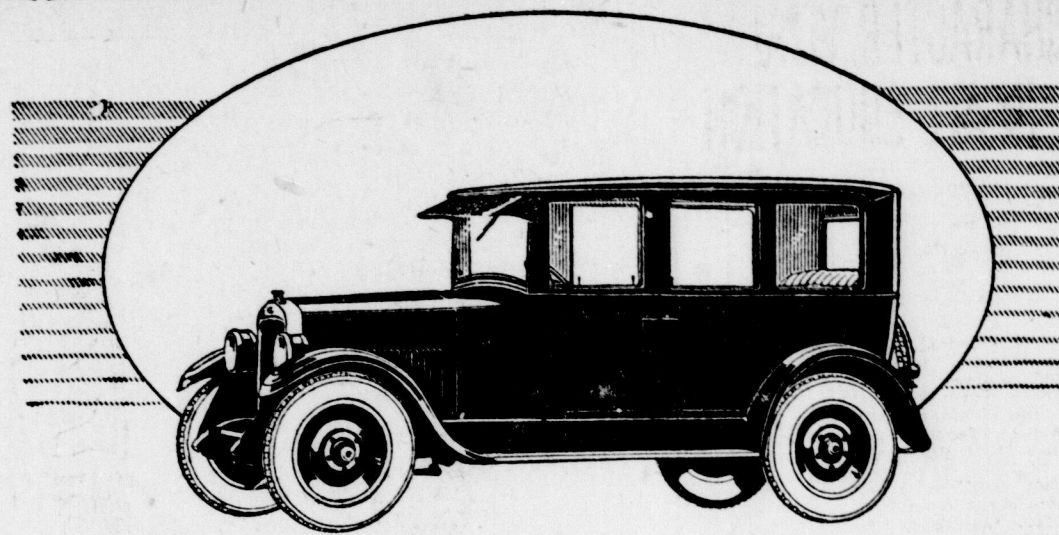
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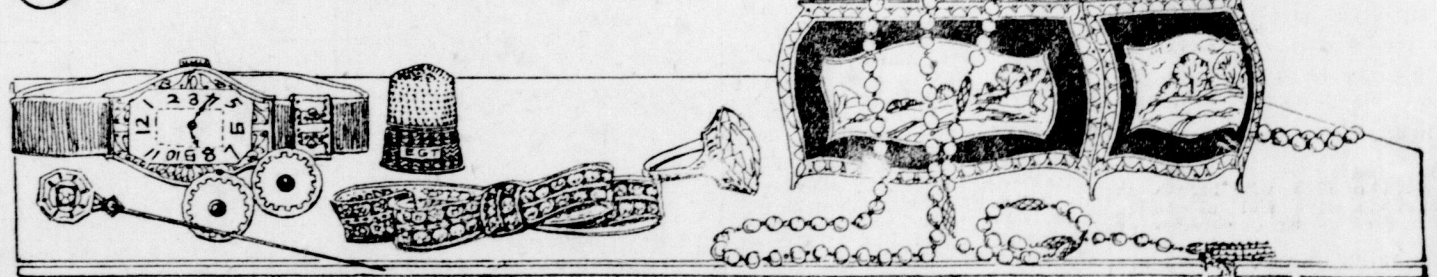
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