London Advertiser
MORNING EVENING
Published by
THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED,
London, Ontario.
TELEPHONE NUMBERS
3670 PRIVATE BRANCH EXCHANGE. 3670
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
City, delivered—15 cents per week; $3.90 for six months, 65c per month; $7.80 for one year.
By Mail, Outside City—$5 per year; $2.75 for six months, or 50 cents per month for short term subscriptions.
To the United States—$6 per year; $3.50 for six months, or 65 cents a month. The Audit Bureau of Circulation audits the circulation books of The Advertiser.

The Situation Is Clear.

Sir Henry Thornton has come out into the open in regard to building Hydro radial lines in districts where they will compete with existing National lines. The attacks that have been leveled at him made it desirable that he should state his case clearly.

Sir Henry's case can be summarized in a few of his own words:

That the very existence of Hydro radials between Toronto and the Niagara frontier, Toronto and Cobourg, or Toronto and any other point where they would more or less parallel National lines would force those radials into competition with the Nationals whether this might be the intention of those who are planning them or not.

That the Canadian National has no intention of selling at the present time any of its electric lines in Ontario, but intends to use them as a part of the whole system in order to get the greatest possible amount of traffic.

Taking the particular section around which controversy centers just now, Cobourg to Toronto, Hamilton, St. Catharines and other points, President Thornton makes it so clear that it is impossible to misunderstand his meaning, that he will look upon Hydro lines tapping that district as direct competitors of the National system, and will take steps to meet that competition just the same as he would were it coming from any private competing company.

If Hydro lines are placed in a district where the National is established, they must get out after all the business that is offering, local and through traffic, freight and passenger trade, etc. This would not be a matter of preference, but of business necessity. We would find solicitors of Hydro lines and solicitors of National lines in the offices of the same manufacturing and distributing concerns, actively competing for available business, each being compelled by the laws of competition to get right down to brass tacks and make the best bid possible.

Can we, for one minute, imagine the C. P. R. doing any such thing? Can we picture that well-handled organization having its solicitors competing with each other? That is exactly what it means to have a Hydro radial line competing with a National line, for the people would own them both.

Sir Henry Thornton was not brought to Canada to sell out the electric lines now owned by the people, unless he finds it very much to his advantage to do so. He came here to run the National Railways on a business basis for the people of Canada, the proprietors of the system, and if he is to be turned aside from that purpose by a threat of powers which the Hydro radials claim as their sacred reserves, then he is not the man for the job.

There are desperate efforts being made to show that the Thornton idea is a big blow, craftily designed, launched at the principle of public ownership. By no stretch of the imagination can public ownership smashing be read into it at all. It is a case of public ownership development. It would be just as reasonable to raise the cry that Hydro radials are aiming to smash the National lines because they plan to build a transportation system that will certainly be a competitor with the National lines.

Sir Henry Thornton has performed a good public service in thus plainly stating the case from the standpoint of the management of the National lines. If he sees fit to electrify certain sections of the line then it is his duty to go ahead and electrify. He can take it for granted that the people are not going to harass him by putting down competing lines.

Too Much Preparedness.

Sure enough, we are living in an age when everything is commercialized. Long ago the business world sensed the possibilities in the Christmas season, and it must be confessed that they have thoroughly raked and spaded the soil for a great merchandizing event.

But with all that, there was still the element of mystery about the Santa Claus appearance. The stores left off with the selling of the goods, and the ingenuity of father found full scope in either climbing down the chimney or frisking about in a red flannel suit and a set of cotton whiskers.

But even this quasi-sacred zone is being invaded, for here we have a Chicago store that provides a Santa Claus, all dressed, bearded, jingling with bells and chuck full of seasonable chatter for the children.

This year they had from 40 to 50 of these chaps, charging from $2 to $5 a call, depending on whether the family could get along with just a few antics and one cow bell, or if the call was for a regular bang-up joker, somewhat of an entertainer, and able to speak with authority on the universal toy shop up at the North Pole.

After all, we're going to lose as a race by the persistent reaching out of this "get-it-done-for-you" tendency. We get a lot of our music on a roll now and play it with our feet; our meat we get in a tin can; our bread we buy in a store; the sermons come in over the radio, so it isn't even necessary to shave on Sunday morning.

And here we are, sitting back and watching some commercial thinker pick off our Santa Claus antics. Dad shouldn't surrender this privilege without quite a struggle. It's a place where a non-interested paid man fills in and takes away the best part of the fun. No, mister, you keep right on doing your own Santa Clausing.

Of Provincial Interest.

Ontario is mightily interested in the voting in Toronto on Monday, for the reason that there is a principle at stake there which has been one of the sticking points all through the development and planning of the hydro radial system in this province.

It is this: Is a provincial body, such as the Hydro Electric Commission, greater than a municipality? Is it going to be decided that a provincial commission, on which it would be out of the question for all municipalities to be represented, shall have the right to decide the future of the streets of Ontario towns and cities in so far as the running of railways on them is concerned?

The problem is not peculiar to Toronto alone. It has a direct bearing on every municipality in the Niagara zone.

Some years ago the C. N. R. approached the city of Stratford with a view to putting a street car system in that town, and possibly with the idea that they would extend their line from Guelph on through to Stratford. Stratford was told then that if they did not have a hydro permit they could have no street car system from any other company, and today that snug little city is still without street car service.

If the practice is indorsed, we take it that were the system in London to be linked up with a general radial plan the commission could decide where the cars would run in this city, and they would probably decide also what thoroughfares would be used for trunk line purposes as part of a general system.

It is not a question of municipal ownership at all. It is whether a municipality has the right to control its own streets, or whether it will sign this vital function over to a provincial body.

If Toronto votes to sign over the rights of its waterfront to a provincial commission, the rest of the municipalities can prepare for a fight.

A Serious Offence.

An aged blind man has been shunted back and forth from Hamilton to Welland and from Welland to Hamilton.

When in Hamilton, the hospital authorities made the threat to deposit the old man at the city hall if they did not make provision for his keep.

This old man is a criminal.

He committed the crime of getting old and becoming poor at the same time.

It would probably make very little difference if he had given a life of good honest toil to the country. He may have worked for small reward, and been constantly in a place where he could not save. That was his affair, certainly not ours.

There may be worse things a man can do, but that seems to be about as heinous as any crime in our social calendar.

So we pitchfork these old folks around unless they can establish a claim that will hold good against all odds.

Yes, sir, it's a serious offence to grow old and poor at the same time.

The Change Came Quickly.

Affairs have moved so swiftly in the Near East in the last few hours that it is hard to credit the fact that the British fleet is now on the way to Constantinople.

Just a few weeks ago British electors were appealed to on the platform of tranquility; it was urged that the country through the ballot should register objection to the harsh manner in which Lloyd George had dealt with France and Turkey in the settlement of matters at the Dardanelles and Constantinople. It was certainly the intention of the Bonar Law group to establish the fact that the Georgian brand of democracy had been too rough for a non-war period, and the then premier was flatly accused of having alienated the friendship of France and made future negotiations with Turkey possible only on the basis of formality and suspicion.

Nor can it be urged that the Law government have even as genuine a cause to assume a warlike attitude as had the George ministry. The trouble now is over a piece of land claimed by the Turks, and inhabited by Arabs and oil. Just which of these two parties it is necessary to protect will be seen shortly.

Chatham Planet refers to a prisoner in the jail there, discussing his good and bad points. Of his good qualities the paper says: "He is said to be very lazy until he pulls has chair up to the table, when he displays a wonderful burst of industrial speed, which, however, is played out by the time the meal is over."

Note and Comment.

Henry Ford is the biggest money-maker in United States, while in Canada Mr. O. T. A. holds that distinction.

The Ku Klux Klan is doing one thing at least—getting more free publicity than all other secret societies in Canada put together.

There's a move on now to exercise more care in placing under supervision all the feeble-minded. If they get them all rounded up who's going to buy the oil stocks?

If R. J. Fleming is as dangerous a man as the Toronto Globe paints him, that paper has been asleep at the post for years. It should have run him out of the country long ago.

The Progressives have one man at Ottawa already, their political secretary. They don't believe in a centralized organization, but they have no objection to a few of the trappings.

If the National Railways saw fit to electrify the London, Huron and Bruce, or any section of it, would the hydro radial powers come along and tell them to get out and leave it alone?

And now we read that Canadian newspapers are being used to wrap up whiskey shipped to Chicago. We can think of several Conservative editorial pages that might be greatly improved by such a jaunt.

A case almost without parallel is before the courts in England where a woman, an expectant mother, is to be executed for murder. It is hard to see where British justice is going to be strengthened by the death of an unborn child.

Ottawa cold storage figures mean little. How much wiser is a man after reading that between 1921 and 1922 cold storage eggs increased by 80.63 per cent, and frozen eggs decreased by 21.74 per cent? What's to hinder us now from wondering how we got along so well on frozen eggs?

A drug addict spent nine months at Burwash, and eight hours after his release was found in Toronto in an unconscious condition, the drug habit having seized him. Wouldn't the lash be an excellent thing for drug peddlers? Their damnable work is only a few steps short of murder, and they hang murderers.

A car traveling near Tillsonburg met with an accident on the road, in which two people were injured. By the time the garage men had arrived, the car had been stripped of all parts that it was possible to steal and take away. It doesn't seem to do any good to round up the mean men, because there are meaner ones ready to take their places.

Bonds stolen in Canada have been cashed in Chicago and New York, and those seeking to dispose of them are now under arrest. Bankers say it is highly desirable that bond holders should know the numbers of bonds in their possession. Once the number is given, following the theft of a bond, it is handed to the government and to banks and other places where attempts are likely to be made to dispose of them. The list of stolen bonds furnished by the Dominion government to the banks is quite a formidable affair, and one regrettable feature is that it keeps on growing.

The Brantford Expositor and Woodstock Sentinel-Review both own up to having a pick on the answer a man makes to a merry Christmas greeting: "Same to you and many of them.' Try this over: "It is exceeding refreshing at this joyous season of the year to have showered upon me your kindly vocal salutations, expressive of a kindly disposition and a sympathetic character. May I be bold enough to suggest that it is my sincere desire that a reciprocal attitude may be established, and that your salutations shall be returned in kind, enriched by added and unspoken tokens." Half a dozen of these would tie up traffic on the main street of either Brant or Oxford.

EXCHANGES

Warns Toronto People.

Toronto Mail and Empire: Sir Adam Beck's "trunk line electric railway" from Toronto to Niagara Falls would lead Toronto directly into a ruinous war with the billion-and-a half National Railways and the billion-and-a-half C. P. R. Toronto can afford real radials, and wants them, but not a main line rival of the big lines fighting them on their own chosen ground. Read Sir Henry Thornton's statement carefully, especially his intimation that the National Railways will not spare the Beck radial if it sets up as a rival of the National lines. The sorely-burdened taxpayers of Toronto cannot foot huge deficits to satisfy Sir Adam Beck's ambition to be a railway magnate.

But Laws Is Laws.

Los Angeles Times: Prize-fights are permitted in the United States, but mailing films of prize-fights is prohibited. Bull-fights are prohibited in the United States, but films showing bull-fights are permissible. Oh, the delicious consistency shown in this censoring of our public amusements!

Why Risk These Lives?

Owen Sound Sun-Times: Every day's record of lives sacrificed in the winter navigation of our inland seas justifies more fully the condemnation of the heartless inhumanity of it.

Either Yellow or Black.

Kincardine Reporter,—There is considerable talk in the United States just now about stopping the shipment of coal into Canada. Now, that isn't very neighborly. But it's a poor rule that won't work both ways. If the embargo on coal should become a reality, Canada's embargo on wood pulp and print paper would cause a greater uproar in the United States than the coal shortage here. Some of the big yellow papers, which are now doing so much spluttering against coal, would have to shut up their plants altogether.

No Chance As It Stands?

Acton Free Press,—There is a widespread opposition to the adolescent school act, the most drastic provisions of which went into force a few months ago. It is evident there will require to be considerable modification to the act if it is ever to be made reasonably workable.

Here's a Real Suggestion.

Gananoque Journal,—Moving pictures are to be produced showing the process of extracting gold from the rock. Now if something can be done to show how gold can be extracted from some mining shares the investors will be the most pleased of men.

The Sky's the Limit.

Chicago News,—Russia is not discouraged. Quadrillions, quintillions and sextillions follow the bourgeois trillions in which it is now counting its rubles.

What's a Free Hand For?

Hamilton Herald — Sir Henry Thornton must be allowed a free hand in the management of the C. N. R., says the Toronto papers. And if Sir Henry decides to move the headquarters of the C. N. R. from Toronto the papers of that town will exercise a free hand in throwing bricks at him.

Great Place for I. W. W.

Vancouver Province,—Work has been suspended on the Alaska highways on account of the short days. The daylight period was so short that the workmen hardly had time to fill their lanterns before it was time to quit.

Here's Another Ultimatum.

Meaford Mirror: It has been the practice in Meaford to extend to the press, apparently, the courtesy of a complimentary ticket for admission to concerts, entertainments, etc., and yet an extended report is always appreciated. We do not propose to give this extended report unless the desire for it is indicated by the presentation of complimentary tickets to gain admission. Newspaper space is our stock-in-trade, and we cannot see our way clear to spend our good money to get into a meeting in order to spend our equally good space (better, in fact) to give publicity to it.

Toronto's Out of Luck.

Peterboro Examiner: Judging by what the Globe and the Telegram say about Fleming and what the Mail and the Star publish about Maguire, Toronto is bound to have a poor mayor next year.

JEST

He Would Not Be Shuffled Off.

An old Scotsman, David Gordon, was seriously ill, says the Forecast, and there was little hope of his recovering. Relatives had wheedled him into making a will and had gathered at his bedside to watch him as he laboriously signed it. He got as far as D-a-v-i and then fell back exhausted.

"D, Uncle David, d," exhorted a nephew.

"Dee!" ejaculated the old Scot feebly, but with indignation. "I'll not dee until I'm ready, ye avaricious wretch!"

A Penny Saved—

For many minutes there had been a violent ringing at the night bell of a pharmacy, until finally the druggist, who lived above, sleepily crawled into his clothes and went downstairs. At the door he was confronted by a son of auld Scotland.

"Five cents' worth o' bicarbonate of soda for indigestion, if ye please," the latter requested.

"A nickel's worth of bicarbonate of soda at this time of night?" exploded the druggist. "Getting me up for that when a glass of hot water would have done just as well!"

"Weel, weel," returned the Scot, pocketing his money. "I thank ye for the advice, and I'll no bother ye after all. Good nicht!"

Keep Off the Grass.

It was the first time the two dusky ex-stevedores had met since the war, and they were comparing their more recent personal history.

"Mose," announced Rastus, "Ah's got a good job now."

"Yo' got a good job? What at?"

"Ah's got a job bein' p'fessor of pathology to the college."

"Huccum, p'fessor of pathology, big boy? Yo' kain't read nor write."

"Seems lak yo' don' know what is it a p'fessor of pathology. Lemme 'lucidate. A p'fessor of pathology is de p'fessor what shows de folkses how to go in an' out of de college grounds."

Your Health

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.
Commissioner of Health, New York City, U. S. Senator-Elect from New York State.

MY friend, Edwin Markham, has charmed me many times by reciting certain of his quatrains. He knows I have appreciated, more than all the rest perhaps the one he has called "Duty."

To my great joy my good friend has just sent me a copy of "Duty." He will forgive me if I quote it to you:

When Duty comes a-knocking at your gate,
Welcome him in, for if you bid him wait,
He will depart, only to come once more
And bring seven other duties to your door.

Just ponder these words a little while! If you are old, you know full well that it is better to do the thing when it first presents itself than to wait.

If you are young, you have yet to learn that time and tide waits for no man. Unless you do your duty when it knocks, you will be overwhelmed by the flood.

A rip in the carpet, in your stocking, in the tablecloth—unless it is repaired at once the hole is perhaps seven times as big tomorrow.

Let me apply this to health.

When there comes a little defect in the body—an aching tooth, frequent pain in the stomach, failure of kidney elimination or a sore joint—then it is that danger is knocking at your gate.

Are you wise enough to give heed to this warning? If so, you are doing you duty to your body. If you do not heed, your trouble will multiply. Pretty soon it will be twice as bad, and before long, it will be seven times as great.

Consider the ailments of the human frame. For instance, let us speak about cancer.

In the beginning cancer is curable. It is neglect and the extension of the trouble due to neglect which leads to disaster. Every persistent swelling, every lump which refuses to go away, every sore which fails to heal, every unexplainable symptom of this sort—don't neglect this knocking at your gate! Answer the summons at once and spare yourself the deadly effects of delay.

Does one eye pain and get red? Do you notice a rainbow-like hole about a light as you gaze upon it out of the darkness? Is the pupil of that eye larger than its fellow? Do you need to change your glasses frequently because of your rapidly-failing vision?

Don't wait. There is a knocking at your gate. There may be glaucoma, a serious disease, in this eye. Have the oculist examine it and advise you. It may not be a thing to worry over, but you will be disturbed by your symptoms unless some painstaking scientist can reassure you.

Systematic physical examinations to make sure the kidneys are functioning as they should are most desirable in middle-life and after. If you discover early that something is wrong, the proper diet and a little care will overcome your trouble. But if you delay, there will come "seven other duties to your door." At least, it will be seven or seventy times as hard to heal you.

Mr. Markham has told us in a new and fresh way that "a stitch in time saves nine." Let us follow his wise advice, and when Duty comes knocking at the gate welcome him in.

Nature is kind. She never lets us go up to the brink of the precipice without warning, and early warning. If we will but listen we will hear Nature's knock.

We need discipline in health matters as in ethical conduct. Unless we learn to heed our superiors there is sure to be an accounting some day. Unless we answer the call of duty the warning of Nature, there will come to our door an overwhelming horde of hungry wolves with outraged Nature's demand for blood.

When Duty comes a-knocking at your gate heed the summons!

MISS M. S. Q.—About eight or nine years ago, while walking on the street, I became dizzy and frightened, and since then I have been afraid to go on the street alone or to go any distance from my home. I have been treated at an institution for this, but my condition is no better. What would you advise me to do?

A.—Your condition is nervous in origin. Perhaps you did not continue the treatment long enough at the institution you mention. Treatment will help your condition, so persist in it.

A SUBSCRIBER: Q.—Is it injurious to punish a child by slapping or thumping it on the head?

A.—Never strike a child on the head. Try persuasion or depriving the child of something it desires.

M. H. B. Q.—Please tell me what causes granulated eyelids.

A.—Unhygienic surroundings, poor nourishment, infection and eyestrain are among the causes of granulated eyelids.

J. R. T. Q.—I am 17 years old and suffering from a "smoke cough." Will you kindly tell me how to overcome this condition?

A.—Stop smoking, take deep breathing exercises, and exercise regularly out-of-doors.

(Copyright, 1922, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.)

The Daily Story

LOST: A SPRIG OF MISTLETOE.
By H. Louis Raybold.

The Hopkins girls were out "wreath hunting"—that is, they were over in Grover's woods after Creeping Jenny out of which to fashion gay Christmas wreaths for city trade.

"Looks like somebody had been here before us!" exclaimed Sarah, the older but less near-sighted of the two, as she peered over her glasses at unmistakable footprints in the mossy ground. "Wonder who 'twas!"

"Himm—bet you it's that Miller girl. She makes 'em up every year. Funny what happened to bust up her and that nice Tom Williams. Course she goes around town pretending she doesn't care that he threw her over, but—why—what——"

The two women stopped short, their shabby-bonneted heads bent a trifle forward the better to hear with ears that were not very young the odd sounds issuing from a small semi-circle of stunted cedars in the sheltered hollow. Sobs—long, shivering sobs. That's what the Hopkins girls heard.

Sarah gazed in embarrassment at Sister Carrie; then, taking the initiative, as became her superior years, stalked resolutely forward to investigate, while Carrie followed at her heels. There, within the twilight protection of the scrubby evergreens, face down on the damp earth, lay the slight quivering figure of Kitty Miller, a half-filled basket of Creeping Jenny beside her proclaiming the errand on which she had come.

For the weeping there appeared no apparent explanation. Sarah coughed nervously. Carrie followed her example. Kitty sat suddenly erect, stifling the sobbing breaths which were on the way and making a pretence at composure. "Thought nobody'd find me here," she said. "Came up to get stuff for wreaths."

"You—you seem to be unhappy or —or upset!" Sarah's attempt at sympathy succeeded in rendering her voice gruff, and Kitty, alert like all young things to resent pity, shrank.

"It's nothing," she muttered, almost sullenly. "Got thinking. That's all. Gee, it's late, and Aunt Hat will be furious. Going along." She picked up her basket and turned away.

That evening the annual pre-Christmas discussion as to whom they should entertain on the holiday took place in the tiny but cozy Hopkins sitting room. Each year for years it had been Sarah's and Carrie's custom to invite some person who would not be otherwise looked out for to share their hospitality, frugal although it was forced to be. This year Sarah spoke for a distant cousin and wondered why Carrie was slow in acquiescing.

"Had you ever thought, Sarah — must be sort of a queer Christmas for a young girl living with Hat Smith that really isn't any relation and Hat's close-fisted husband?"

Sarah's lips straightened in a cold, thin line. "Was you thinking of asking her here?" she inquired, coldly.

"No, Oh, no. No, indeed; only poor thing, she did look kind of young and pitiful today."

Sarah's expression softened at the memory of the slim, shaking figure she had seen beneath the cedars. "Very well, Carrie, we'll ask Kitty Miller. Only I don't expect that Christmas with two old hens will suit her much better than the one she's used to." Which words gave Carrie pause.

However, Kitty accepted and the day before Christmas found the Hopkins girls in great bustle of preparation. "Be sure you make a plenty of cranb'ry sauce, Sarah, and two punkin pies," admonished Carrie. "No use skimping."

"Land sakes, Carrie," ejaculated Sarah impatiently. "Never got up so much of a dinner before. You must think Kitty Miller's got the appetite of six starving soldiers, the way you keep at me to provide enough victuals. But look here Carrie, see what I found uptown! Dropped by somebody." Sarah held up a tiny sprig of mistletoe, that expensive little parasite without which no Christmas for young people is complete. Then she fastened it conspicuously at the top of the doorway—just why Carrie wondered grimly as she caught a glimpse of her own withered, unkissable face in the mantel mirror.

It was just before the Christmas dinner was served that the inexplicable happened. Sarah was opening the oven dor, whence issued succulent odors suggestive of plump roasting chickens browned to a turn when the door bell rang. "Land sakes!" cried Sarah.

"Land sakes!"echoed Carrie faintly. "Better let me go, Sarah. "—I— think it's Tom Williams. I happened to ask him to dinner!"

Tim it was indeed, and after a few minutes of quite comprehensible awkwardness, the meal progressed more or less merrily to a repleted end. Just once Sarah appeared vexed, and Carrie could not see that this was due to Tom's presence. "Whatever became of that—that thing I hung in the doorway? Under the circumstances—well, no matter," and she lowered eyes from the spot where the misletoe, now absent, had hung.

It was very late that evening that Tom took Kitty home and Carrie braced herself to meet her sister's displeasure. "I—I suppose your awful mad because I asked Tom Williams here to dinner, Sarah." Resolved to take the bull by the horns, Carrie opened up the subject with a touch of defiance.

"Land Sakes, Carrie, I'd have done it myself, only he stopped me yesterday and thanked me for the invitation! What's puzzling me is what became of that misletoe!"

Carris blushed. "I—I pinned it on Kitty's tam o' shanter," she murmured.

And that the waxy little parasite got in its perfect work one would know, could one have heard the parting words of Tom and Kitty at the latter's doorstep. "Maybe you didn't put that mistletoe on your hat, you darling, but the kiss it inspired me to take just now has blotted out forever our little misunderstanding, hasn't it, dear? Let's have another one!"

(Copyright, 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)