

The Advertiser was established in 1863 and is published four times daily by The London Advertiser Company, Limited.

London Advertiser

TUESDAY, MAY 22, 1923.

Mr. Hay's Campaign Is Clean.

Mr. Wellington Hay, leader of the Liberal party in Ontario, is putting up a clean, decisive campaign. His speeches show the clear thinking of a successful business man who urges the application of sound business principles to the difficult work of provincial administration.

He is not abusive in his manner, and yet he is not given to mincing matters. He is plain and open on his attitude toward the O. T. A.; he is outspoken as an advocate of hydro as a publicly-owned enterprise, although he is not seeking to make this an election issue.

Mr. Hay's position is such that he can fairly and with good reason appeal to many who were Liberals, yet supporters of Mr. Drury. Mr. Drury, since his famous meeting with Mr. Morrison, has ceased to appeal on broad, inclusive lines for support. In so doing he repudiated an ideal which he had tenaciously adhered to, and that general support which Mr. Drury had enlisted will naturally revert to Mr. Hay.

This campaign is giving the Liberals over a wide area an opportunity to hear Mr. Hay and to meet him. They find him a sincere advocate of the best there is in Liberalism; a man pleasant to meet and anxious to deal fairly with all the problems of the people.

As far as Mr. Hay is concerned, the fight is going to be on clean lines of general policy. Today he is forcing the issue by his plain talk, and every day sees him more and more the logical leader and champion of the Liberal cause in Ontario.

Remove These Danger Spots.

Five children dead in an outside well near Drummondville, Que., is so awful a warning as to the danger of these things as to make every parent stop, think, investigate and safeguard.

The five children got on top of the well, the cover of which tipped and slid them all into the death trap. A person who has ever had the experience of trying to effect a rescue from a well knows that the chances are all against success right from the start. It is nothing like jumping into an open body of water to go after a drowning person, in which case a swimmer has a chance to bring into action all his powers of physical exertion and whatever knowledge he may possess of life-saving work.

It may seem a harsh thing to try and apply this Quebec home's tragedy as an object lesson and a warning, but the chances are that it is exactly what these bereaved Quebec parents would sanction.

There are rain barrels—lots of them—in which a child could be drowned. There are cisterns and hard water wells with indifferent coverings—traps into which children could quite readily fall. The tragic part of the whole thing is that it requires no great amount of effort or work to make these places safe, and in no way would it interfere with their effectiveness as cisterns or wells.

Sir Adam Beck and Politics.

Sir Adam Beck's remarks to the Canadian Club in Brantford were taken to mean, in the first place, that he would be a political candidate in the coming contest. A further explanation by Sir Adam tends to tone this down and to make his statement capable of other interpretation.

It is to be hoped that Sir Adam's second statement is correct, because he can secure more support for his public ownership ideas if he himself stays out of the political arena.

The entrance of Sir Adam into provincial politics on this score would create a hydro party, for which there is no need or room in this province. It would serve to complicate a situation that is so complicated now that it can hardly be understood even by a fairly careful student of Ontario affairs. His entrance into politics on this score would be taken to mean that he could not trust a Conservative administration, if the province were to have one, nor could he trust a Liberal or a U. F. O. administration to deal fairly with the matter. Such an attitude can do only one thing, viz., hinder the support which public ownership advocates in any of these parties are ready to extend to hydro development.

The Advertiser realizes the zeal and jealousy with which Sir Adam views the hydro enterprises, and can understand that a man in his position might feel at times as though they were not thoroughly understood by others. In that view the hydro chief is making a mistake. The province is committed to the publicly-owned operation and development of its water powers, so that the benefits of these may be placed at the disposal of the people as cheaply as possible. That point does not enter into the present contest at all, because there is no party out to try and destroy these things. There are vague references made at times to great interests who are ready to come in and break the whole thing to pieces, but so far no one making these allegations has been able to name the villain and bring him out into the open.

There is a readiness on the part of people in general to give full credit to Sir Adam, and to back him in his projects, as long as they are within reason and within the financial possibilities of the province. We do not believe that the interests of public ownership, or of hydro in particular, would be further advanced by Sir Adam Beck running for office in this election, and taking a seat as a representative of hydro. There is no good reason whatever for trying to make hydro an issue in the present contest. It is here, and it is an established fact.

Beware of the Short-Cuts.

There is not a new feature in the case of young Duncan, a clerk in a Detroit banking house, who is short \$2,000, which he is alleged to have taken to make a stock market speculation. Had the thing gone right, as he expected it would, he could have replaced the \$2,000, had a comfortable sum for himself, and nothing would have been heard of it.

Duncan had just been married at 22 years of age; probably he needed the money. He looked for a way to get it fast and all at once. Others had made money out of stock speculation—for speculation is a nicer word than gambling—so why couldn't he?

He wanted to accomplish in one stroke what others pay for by months and years of hard, honest work.

So he decided on a risky, dishonest short-cut. And, like nearly every other short-cut, this one had a ditch into which the young man fell.

It is a fact that there are some eloquent sermons in these sordid and sorrowful police court cases.

The Fight Against Tuberculosis.

The work being carried on at the Queen Alexandra Sanatorium, perhaps better known locally as the "Byron" Sanatorium, is shown in the report that of 1,300 patients discharged from there since the opening, as having the disease checked, only 100 have been sent back for further treatment.

Sir Adam Beck, when addressing the Rotarians who dined there on Monday, went through some of the figures showing the growth and development of the place. He pointed out what is undoubtedly a wise course when he said they wanted to go on and develop, not with the idea of greatly enlarging the number of beds—already the largest in the province—but to do the work more thoroughly, and to keep in advance of other places in the methods employed.

Few people have stopped to think that tuberculosis, in one form or another, took a larger toll of human life during the war than the war itself took from the ranks of the Canadian army.

Figures for the city of London give a death rate for London of 63 per 100,000 against an average of 83 for the Dominion; and the credit for at least part of this must go to the educational work directed from Byron.

It is a kindly, humane, and a sensible work, wherein the men and women who have so cheerfully given of their time and means have demonstrated their sense of community responsibility in a very tangible form.

France Forces Britain's Hand.

Is there another contest on in Europe to build armaments? The conference at Washington, attended by the powers of the world, certainly was in spirit and outward performance a meeting of nations with the idea of seriously curtailing the building of naval equipment and war material.

Today France has such a superiority of aircraft, built since the Washington conference, that Lord Birkenhead led a debate on it in the British House of Lords, using the phrase by way of comparison, "a disproportion so alarming that no government could allow it to continue."

Lord Salisbury, on behalf of the government, gave assurance that Britain was going to start a building program.

France has forced Britain to the point where she has to start in on a large expenditure of money.

France has not paid Britain anything in principal or interest on the vast sums which she owes from the world war.

Britain has made definite arrangements to pay her colossal debt to United States, and much of that debt was incurred because Britain pledged her credit to United States for war supplies that France might continue to live.

In return for Britain's generosity to France, Britain is now forced to enter a mad competition in the building of aircraft because France has departed from the spirit of the Washington conference.

Meanwhile, Britain shoulders the double burden and carries on. She's a great old land, but almost too honorable for the 1923 type of French diplomacy.

Note and Comment.

A Pontiac man shot the woman with whom he kept company because she did not love him enough, after which he turned the gun on himself. These coward shooters adhere to the old rule of "ladies first."

Honorable, Colonel, Lieutenant-Governor are some of the titles that Mr. Harry Cockshutt of Brantford has had conferred upon him, and now Toronto University is going to make him a Doctor. It will be no wonder if he's a bit round-shouldered by the time he gets through his term at Government House.

Residents on a Stratford street are divided on what to use for paving. One end wants asphalt, the other Tarvia. Why not, like Solomon, decide to cut the baby in two, put asphalt on one end and Tarvia on the other? All would be happy, and the whole city could have a splendid object lesson on the relative wearing qualities of the two paving materials.

J. M. Denholm, publisher of the Blenheim News-Tribune, announces that he is leaving, with his wife and son, on June 23, remarking that he made the trip 23 years ago, working his way on a cattle boat. No cattle boat this time, as the Blenheim publisher is going on the first trip of the White Star Doric. May the waves be nice and moderate and the meals excellent.

Canadians have a peculiar and a sympathetic interest in the illness which is forcing Premier Bonar Law out of political life in Britain. The first and only Canadian-born citizen to become premier of the Mother Country, it is only natural that the Dominion should extend its undivided sympathy and hope for the most favorable reports of Bonar Law's fight for his accustomed good health.

"The London Advertiser, calling attention to the use of the term 'dirty skunk' to a politician in the legislature, says that the one word 'skunk' was quite sufficient. Pleonastically and tautologically, 'The Tiser is right as usual, but why label the pretty little animal?'—St. Catharines Standard.

"Pleonastically and tautologically!" Say, sonny, that's worse than anything a dainty little skunk ever did.

SOLVING THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM

(From the Manchester Guardian).

Judging by recently-cabled news, a good many people in America have been bitten by some near relative of the mediaeval tarantula, an accident which has resulted in a large number of non-stop dancing competition into activity. One Miss Elsie Hetlock of Philadelphia exhibitions has evidently stirred a more benign delirium. But the disgust which has been expressed at these delirious has been bitten by it, with the astonishing result that she has established a world's record by washing up dishes for thirty-one hours. At least, the result is claimed as a world's record, and if there are any maidens who are burning to surpass it there are doubtless many housewives all over the world who will be glad to assist by providing the raw material. In Philadelphia the dish-washing was done at an hotel, which seems rather a pity, for hotels can usually manage to get themselves adequately looked after without drawing on individual devotion of this kind. It is the humble housewife who deserves to be rewarded by the discovery of an ambitious paragon like Miss Hetlock. Of course, a family of average size could hardly hope, even though they stayed at table continuously, to keep a determined record-breaker going all day and all night with dirty dishes, but perhaps whole suburbs might club together to give an ambitious girl her chance. On the regional arrangement already mentioned there would be no lack of material for the tests; we might have one suburb backing its chosen champions against another's. And, for the time being, that old trouble, the "domestic servant problem," would have solved itself.



Rarebits by Rex

Some Cheap Advice.

If in this world you wish to win, And rise above the common chump, Take off your coat and pitch right in— Don't wait, lay hold, hang on the hump. Don't wait until the iron's hot, But make it hot by muscle, Don't wait for wealth your father's got— Take off your coat and hustle.

A financial paper says a token of prosperity is the increased circulation of money. The increase was probably the result of so many chaps pawning their overcoats.

An editor was one day confronted by a gentleman who exclaimed: "In your paper you report that I am dead!" "You may rely," said the editor, "on the truth of everything you read in my journal." But his visitor was not comforted by this assurance, and asked that a contradiction be published in the next issue. To this the editor firmly declined to assent; but, being pressed to make some amends, he finally offered to insert the gentleman's name in the following day's list of births.

At Church.

She thought not of her neighbor's dress. When in the church she calmly sat; Her neighbor's dress the pew back hides. And so she thinks of her neighbor's hat.

Lady Baden-Powell says the girl of today needs balance. After watching them do the fox trot we should say they were fairly well equipped with that quality.

Tut's tomb revealed some meat 2,500 years old, which doesn't seem so old to café eaters.

Oh, was some power the giftie gie us To see our creditors before they see us.

The Earl of Sutton is reported to have given six pints of his blood for a sick friend. Now, that the friend is well, he's going about telling everybody he's got blue blood in his veins.

If we were a millionaire we would gather about half a dozen staunch friends and their families, buy a South Sea Isle and a thousand good books and live under a banyan tree. There, where the mud turtles wobble on the beach, and little fish wriggle on the sand, we would spend our last days. And every evening, when the radio told us of the squabbles, wars and arguments of society, we would cuddle under a mattress of soft straw with the comforting reflection that we were the only people in the world who had found real happiness.

Bay, Page Mr. Edison!

They've invented noiseless motors; They've invented crumbless pie; They've invented a peculiar kind of coop.

That prevents a hen from cackling. So I often wonder why They don't invent a noiseless spoon for soup.

They've invented floating golf balls That when hit into a creek Bab up again like little submarines. But the thing that makes me wonder Is why scientists don't seek To invent a special knife to balance beams.

The only thing that becomes less tired the longer it works is an automobile wheel.

Politicians used to send out free seeds this time of year. The practice was discontinued because they do not seem to raise enough votes.

"Johnny go and shut the shutter!" Johnny heard his mother mutter. "Shutter's shut," did Johnny mutter. "I can't shutter any shutter."

Judging by the popularity of Labor candidates in British by-elections, the people have decided that when they made Mr. Law premier they pulled a boner.

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

TOO MANY LAWS.

Woe unto you lawyers, for ye load men with burdens grievous to be borne.—Luke 11:46.

Christ found fault with the scribes and Pharisees for making too many laws—for regulating life too much.

This is one of the dangers of a democracy—the propensity to make too many laws on too many subjects. Doubtless some of these laws are wise and needful. Probably most of them are well meant. They have a good heart, as the saying goes. It is in the head they are lacking. And so in practice many of them produce either no effect at all, or the contrary of what was intended.

Not even the Puritan Fathers in their strictest days went as far in statutory legislation as some of our modern regulators would have us go.

Of old, men are rebuked by the Divine Master for asking continually: "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

Nowadays it seems to be no reproach to be asking continually: "What food and drink and raiment shall we permit our neighbors to use?"

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Your Health

WHAT YOU AND I CAN LEARN FROM LORD CARNARVON'S DEATH.

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D., United States Senator From New York, Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

Lord Carnarvon's death was a shock to everybody. He was in the very center of the limelight. The most indifferent could not resist the glamour of his startling discoveries in Egypt. Everybody talked about King "Tut" and the splendors of his tomb.

Then came the news of Carnarvon's illness due to the insect bite, his attack of pneumonia, his brave fight and the final surrender to death. Added to this were the rumors of secret poison in the tomb, the anger of the gods and the whisperings of the mystics.

To me there is not the slightest mystery about the death of this archæologist. He was the victim of loss of sleep, of excitement, of the heat and stress of the climate, of bad air and, finally, of infection carried to him by someone afflicted with a cold in the nose or chest.

Carnarvon's resistance was lowered by all the things I have mentioned. Then came the bite and the natural illness incident to poisoning by a venomous insect, but materially aggravated by the physical depression of the man.

You see how the way was prepared for the successful attack of the pneumonia germs. Some careless friend sneezed or coughed then into the air within breathing distance of Lord Carnarvon. He became infected when his fighting powers were already exhausted.

Man's strength is limited. His energies are far from inexhaustible. If he taxes himself too heavily he must pay the penalty imposed by outraged Nature.

Carnarvon died because he did not heed the natural causes of physical disorder.

Pneumonia is a terrible disease. It lurks in every corner. It is ready to pounce upon you if you are off your guard.

Disipation is a common factor in preparing the way for pneumonia. I do not mean drunkenness or carousing. I mean neglect of the body, needless waste of energy, deliberate abuse of the natural laws. You cannot burn the candles at both ends and get away with your foolishness without a sharp rebuke from Mother Nature.

Any one of us would have strained every nerve to open that tomb and to solve the mystery of more than thirty centuries. But we must be warned by Carnarvon's plight. We must respect the frailties of the flesh or we will meet his fate.

Abundant sleep at regular hours. Good food at regular hours. Exercise at regular hours. Reasonable regulation of your regular work.

Regular inspection and repair of your body.

These are the rules of right living.

Observance of them insures long living.

Answers to Health Questions

"MOTHER," Q.—For the past three years my son has been troubled with night sweats. What do you believe is the cause of this condition?

A.—Your son's symptoms may be due to too much covering, lack of ventilation, constipation, nervousness, wrong diet or worms.

MRS. B. C. Q.—I am very nervous and am subject to dizzy spells, and on this account cannot go out alone. Do you think this would be due to my eyes?

A.—Yes, it is possible that your trouble may be due to an eye condition. Have your eyes examined by an oculist and follow the advice he gives you. Also make sure that your digestive system is in good condition.

For instructions on the treatment of constipation, restate your question and inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

K. M. S. Q.—Will you please tell me what causes a sour taste in my mouth after eating and the cause of a coated tongue?

A.—Both these conditions are usually due to intestinal derangement. If constipation is present you should correct it by changing your diet to one of greater elimination and taking mineral oil. For further particulars on the treatment of this condition, restate your question and inclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Mrs. O. F. T. Q.—My little girl received her health card and it was marked enlarged glands, defective teeth and seven pounds overweight. What is the difficulty in having enlarged glands, and is seven pounds overweight harmful?

A.—The enlarged glands may be caused by the decayed teeth or diseased tonsils, or they may be infected. Apply ten per cent ichthyol ointment to the parts night and morning. This may help to correct the condition. You need not worry about the child being overweight.

Anxious—Kindly send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for full particulars and restate your question.

White Hands

By ANNE CAMPBELL.

I used to wish I had white hands. So tired I was o' pots 'n' pans. An' wipin' 'up the kitchen floor. An' cleanin' 'just to clean some more.

I used to wish I had white hands. So tired I was o' washin' 'n' towels. An' baby clothes, an' baby things. An' all the wash 'n' livin' brings.

I used to wish I had white hands. Well, now I've got 'em on my hands. I want the strength, an' scrubbin' back. That weeks o' layin' made me lack!

I used to wish I had white hands. A body never understands. Till she's been on a bed o' pain. How much she'd 'em 'em rough again!

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"The Ten Books I Have Most Enjoyed"

By WILLIAM BEEBE. Naturalist, explorer, author of "Jungle Peace," curator of ornithology, New York Zoological Society, since 1899, and director of the society's British Guiana station. Mr. Beebe recently sailed to the Galapagos Islands in the Pacific to study 500-year-old tortoises.

"Alice in Wonderland" (Carroll). "Arsene Lupin." "The Baghavad-Gita." The Bible. The Century Dictionary. Lord Dunsany's prose. The Encyclopedia Britannica. "Kim" (Kipling).

"Origin of Species" (Darwin). "Voyage of the Beagle" (Darwin). With these ten books, ten years on a desert island would be as one day.

Tomorrow: Robert Cortes Holliday.

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CAMPAIGN NETS \$307. Special to The Advertiser.

Stratford, May 21.—The Salvation Army tag day netted \$307 for the self-denial fund, it is announced.

PLUNKETT GOES HOME. Special to The Advertiser.

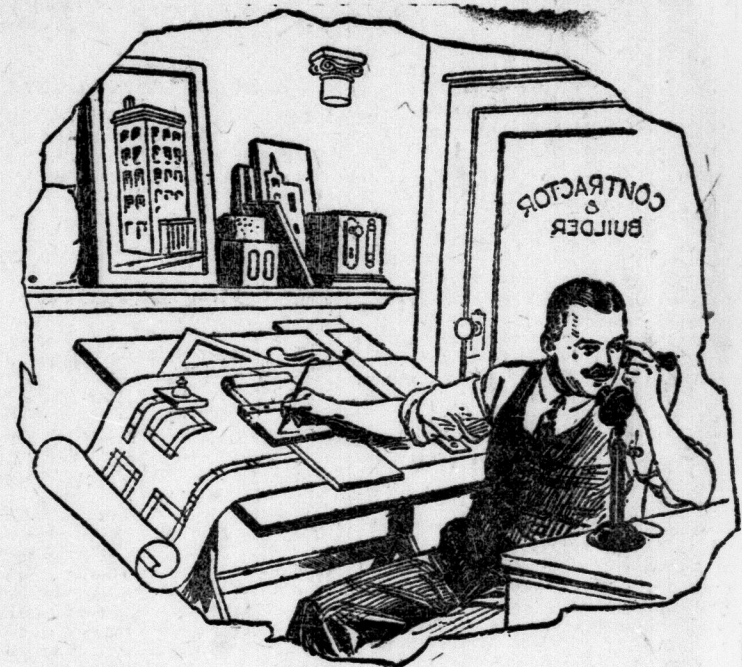
Galt, May 21.—Al Plunkett, of the Dumbells, stricken with pleurisy, while playing here has sufficiently recovered to permit his removal to his home in Toronto, but he will be unable to join the company for a week or more.

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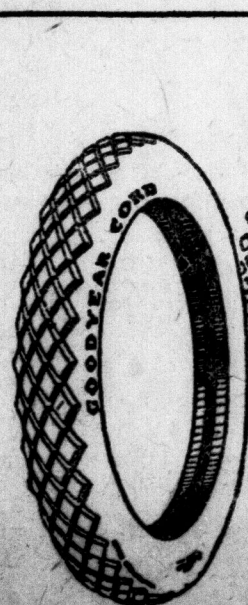
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