

London Advertiser

Published by
THE LONDON ADVERTISER
COMPANY, LIMITED,
London, Ontario.

MORNING EVENING
3670 PRIVATE BRANCH 3670
EXCHANGE

From 9 p.m. to 3:30 a.m. and holidays
call 76, Business Department; 72, Editors
and Reporters; 1174, Composing Room;
36, Circulation Department.

London, Ont., Thursday, November 16.

Bonar Law the Premier.

Unless later reports show a decided change, BONAR LAW, native-born Canadian, has been confirmed in the position of premier of Great Britain, a position into which he was elevated by the change of front following the drawing out of the Conservatives from the Coalition government.

The contest throughout was colorless; there were no great issues to serve as rallying points, and the Georgian group suffered the fate that is apt to overtake any government that seeks to bring a nation from the throes of war back to the routine of normal times.

It is as yet too early to interpret the verdict as a rebuke to the manner in which the Coalition handled the Near East question, in which the friendship of the French nation—a thing dear to many Britishers—was placed in jeopardy. Nor can it be claimed that the answer is an expression of the British people on tariff reform.

The Liberal party was badly handicapped by being driven into two camps under the leadership of two brilliant men. Asquithian and Georgian Liberals may find it possible to unite later on, although the tenor of the campaign was such as to drive a wedge in the Liberal party that may require some healing, and time is a necessary element in any such process.

Canadians have watched the British election with an interest hardly less keen than a Federal contest in the Dominion would evoke; the people here are better informed on British politics than ever before, and the aftermath of the contest and the new political alignments will be subjects of outstanding importance in Canada for some days to come.

Position of the Leader.

ROBERT FORKE, M. P., now leader of the Progressives, has lost no time in making an announcement of his position, and of what he thinks the future has in store for the Progressives.

Speaking at Souris, Man., he stated: "We must carry our ideals and principles to a logical conclusion, and if ever called, we must not be afraid to take up the reins of government."

Mr. FORKE also made the trite remark that "If we solve the rural problem, all other problems will be solved."

His point of view about taking over the reins of government has not been shared in the past by some of the members of the party, who have held that a "balance of power" position was a much more desirable thing than being absolutely in control.

Mr. FORKE can be assured of one thing—that the country at large will lend assistance to any movement or any plan that can solve the rural problem without creating a greater urban problem.

We believe there is a general and a very widespread desire on the part of people in the towns and cities that those who do the work on the farms shall reap the full reward of their efforts. In our rather overdone system of distribution, the distance between producer and consumer is not being abbreviated—rather it is being lengthened. When the consumer in the city pays a fair price for his produce, he is not in a position to stipulate, or even ascertain, that the man who did the work on the farm is receiving the full benefit of his labor.

The Liberal party is just as well equipped to work out the solution to this problem as the Progressives. They gave ample demonstration last session in the grain rates for the west, that they were fully alive to the situation, and were prepared to deal with it.

Explanations in Order.

Toronto man was told to appear in court to answer to a charge of driving on the highway with one arm around his lady friend.

Now comes the statement that he had traded that particular car in for another, and the license was not transferred to the new buyer.

So when the cops espyed the antics in this car, one man was having the fun while another was appearing in police court.

We married men do have a great time explaining things to the court—and to our wives.

Courtney Always Pays.

On a recent Sunday night, GEORGE HUMPHREYS was trucking baggage around the Union station at Toronto. Nothing unusual in this, for he has been doing it for 22 years. Going along the platform, he saw a foreign woman who wanted to go to New York. She had two grips and a ticket. HUMPHREYS took the grips, and put them on his truck, looked at her ticket, and put her on the coach she belonged to, putting her baggage in her trunk.

It so happened that Dr. L. M. RYAN of New York, chief medical officer of the Hudson and Manhattan Railway, witnessed the proceedings, and when he went home, wrote to the employers of the baggage handler, stating with what pleasure he had witnessed the kindness shown to this woman by the baggage handler at the Union station.

The chances are that HUMPHREYS has been doing just such things for years, because a man seldom performs an isolated kindness. It comes to be second nature, especially when he picks out an obscure foreign woman with a lot of baggage as the object of his attention.

And he will keep on doing just such acts, even if he is selected for some better position. At the same time it's not a bad sensation for a man to know that now and then some person is looking, and will take the time and trouble to make mention of the excellence of his service to the company employing him.

Urges U. S. To Act.

United States realizes with increasing certainty that the position of splendid isolation is not possible much longer. Too many things are happening in the world at large that have a very direct bearing on United States to make it possible for that nation to refuse to participate in world affairs.

In the first place the republic has tremendous interests in Europe in the way of outstanding loans.

Right now the cables carry news of the sufferings of Christian minorities in Asia Minor, a Christian population of almost as many people as there are in Ontario has disappeared. Half of these went across the Strait to Europe. Of the remainder, the old men were murdered, the young men were forced to work in the Moslem countries of Europe, and the girls and women went to supply the Moslem harems.

Reviewing such conditions, the Los Angeles Times asks: "What answer will the Christian nations make at the Lausanne conference where treaties are to be drafted giving to the Turks complete dominion over Thrace, Constantinople and Asia Minor? There is no escape from the ugly fact that Mustapha Kemal and his Moslem followers will come to that conference with hands and boots as bloody as those of the Bolsheviks. There is no escaping the facts concerning the atrocities in the Near East. A cablegram from there in the Times of Friday told of the burying alive of a bishop and ten priests at Alvaly because they refused to renounce Christianity and accept the Moslem faith. According to an Associated Press dispatch, 'All the Greeks who remained in Alvaly and on the island of Moschoniessia have been massacred and the wells in the vicinity are filled with the bodies of young girls who drowned themselves to escape the Turks.'"

Nor is any attempt made to provide an alibi for the non-action of United States in the circumstances. "What justification can we offer," asks the Times, "for turning coldly aside with the response that we cannot interfere with the internal affairs of other nations? Races less advanced than we in science, culture, education and self-government turn to us for an example. Have we grown so parsimonious of our blood and treasure that we have nothing to offer to prevent a repetition of such atrocities? If we so harden our hearts to the sufferings of others, have we the right to continue to style ourselves a Christian people?"

Turn to the pages of history and you will discover that every nation which became callous to the appeals of justice and humanity was itself shortly and swiftly destroyed. Permitting national interest or considerations of ease and comfort to deaden the voice of the conscience is one of the first and surest indications of national decadence.

It is too much to expect a single nation to right all the wrongs committed by hand or barbarous peoples. There must be an association of peace-loving and God-fearing nations strong enough and resolute enough to protect minorities like those in Thrace and Asia Minor from the intolerance and blood lust of majorities like the Turk Nationalists. United States helped to weaken the barrier raised against such atrocities when it failed to accept membership in the League of Nations.

The Los Angeles paper concludes: "Now the Christian minorities in the Near East are suffering for our sins of omission. Perhaps the Lausanne conference may find a way for bringing the Christian nations into common accord for the protection of Christian minorities wherever they are oppressed. If we shrink from bearing our share of that burden we are untrue to the faith of our fathers and are unworthy the heritage they bequeathed to us."

Well Done, Alice.

ALICE ROBERTSON, the lady member of U. S. Congress, admits having spent \$3,650 in the preliminary expenses of her campaign for reelection.

And yet some foolish speakers will argue that women have no capacity for practical politics.

This puts ALICE up with the real spendthrifts who part with their money to get in, and once in, wonder how they can reach around to recover the price of their entrance fee.

LLOYD GEORGE sought to placate Labor by the "doses" system for those who were out of work. Yet in election advertising we read:

"LLOYD GEORGE muddled the peace—wasted our money—taxed imports—kept us without houses and left us without work." At the end of these accusations is the advice to vote for the Labor candidate.

The severe earthquake shocks in Chile have been made even worse by the presence in the stricken region of bandits, who are going about seeing what they can steal from dead bodies or from those who have no one to defend them. Bullets and bayonets would be the proper treatment for this trouble.

Some Sarnia church had an anniversary service, and we read in the Sarnia paper that "masterfully the choir shouldered its heavy part of the success of the day's services." We object—if there was any heavy lifting to be done the men should have attended to it.

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EVERYDAY MOVIES



"Rat skins! Where are you going with them?"
"To the factory where they make Scotch mole skins out of 'em!"

COMMENT

Before they commit murder in California they make sure to have plenty of evidence to show that the whole family tree was a roosting place for idiots.

Toronto Star, on its British cable story, says "Dense Fog Envelopes the Outcome in Britain." Still, they don't need to have an election just to scare up a dense fog.

At a session of the civic property commission in Toronto the chairman made the following address: "You're a liar." Meetings always get along better when men spit right out.

They've got an editor locked up in Quebec legislative buildings, and the reporters think it worth while to mention the fact that he's not suffering, because he's getting good meals.

Troublesome revolutionists in China have received shipments of arms and ammunition marked "Soap." In this case it looks like cast-steel soap, and some of the china may get broken.

Man near London claims to have grown the biggest cabbage in the county. Quite so, but all the big cabbage heads don't grow in fields. Some of the biggest write editorials and paragraphs for newspapers.

REV. G. A. LITTLE of Chalmers Church, Guelph, is quitting the pulpit to become associate editor of Presbyterian publications. Thus he will cease to influence people with mere words, but will spray them with ink.

Grand opera and the horse show opened the same night in New York. Operatic stars warbled to empty boxes, while prize nags, with their tails tied in ribbons, and fresh from a feed of mash and oats, paraded before thousands of spectators.

Moving picture promoters say they are destroying a half million dollars worth of FATTY ANBUCKLE pictures. Further zest to their virtue is added by the remark of COMMISSIONER HAYES that they were banned and could not be exhibited.

Up around Hallsbury some families are living in old Toronto street cars. They still have the same stoves in them, which means that the chap who sleeps at the far end of this winter is going to have his nose frozen and be out of luck generally.

Mr. BONAR LAW made a mistake when he used the word tranquility as expressing the one thing needed in Britain. The young people in this country do not sense his meaning. If he wants to get his idea across in 1932 he should have said, "Lay off on the jazz."

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If You Suspect Cancer.

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE.

Author of "The Riddle of Personality," "Handicaps of Childhood," etc. (Copyright, 1932, by The Associated Newspapers.)

IT would be difficult to overestimate the number of people who needlessly die from cancer because, from a false modesty or sheer cowardice, they postpone the medical examination which they admit to themselves they ought to have.

Typical of the attitude far too commonly taken by grown men and women is the case of a man who consulted a physician because of persistent distress after eating, pain, belching of gas and nausea.

Cadaverous-looking, of sallow complexion, and plainly anemic, his account of his symptoms at once created a grave suspicion in the physician's mind. X-ray examination confirmed the suspicion, warranting a positive diagnosis of cancer of the stomach, in an advanced stage.

"Is this the first time you have sought medical advice regarding your condition?" the physician asked the unhappy man.

"Yes, I have seen no one else," he replied. "But you must have been troubled by it a long time."

"I have been. Only I could not bring myself to see anybody, for fear I should be told I had cancer."

Typical, too, is the statement of a woman found to be afflicted with an inoperable cancer of the uterus. Fear had not held her back from the examination she well knew she should have had long before. But a false modesty had restrained her.

"I was awfully shy about such an examination would involve, and I dreaded the thought of undergoing it. So I kept hoping against hope that the irregular discharges which troubled me meant nothing in particular, and would cease of its own accord."

Women like this are, clearly, the victims of sad misconceptions. And in the main their faulty attitude is the product of an upbringing calculated to develop in them what physicians rightly regard as "foolish and dangerous prejudices."

Yet, whatever blame attaches to their upbringing, the fact remains that they imposed their lives on it. In such cases as the above, they permit their false modesty to overcome the dictate of common sense.

So with those who, fearing they may have cancer, fear still more to ascertain whether they actually have it. The longer they put off the day of medical examination, the greater the danger if cancer really has attacked them.

Our Own Country.

FORT ANNE.

Q.—Where is Fort Anne?
A.—Fort Anne is the old military stronghold at Annapolis Royal, N.S., one of the most notable historic sites in America, dating back to 1604 and Champlain and De Monts as Port Royal and capitulating in 1710. It changed hands six times between the French and English. It is now preserved by the Canadian National Parks Department.

PAPINEAU.

Q.—Who was Louis Joseph Papineau?
A.—Louis Joseph Papineau was the French-Canadian leader of the rebellion of Lower Canada, 1837-38, as a protest against existing political conditions. He lived at Montebello, on the Ottawa River, where his grave now is.

MOTOR CARS IN CANADA.
Q.—How many motor cars and trucks are there in Canada?
A.—It is estimated that there are 500,000 motor cars and trucks in Canada, worth half a billion dollars. Ontario leads with nearly 200,000 passenger motor cars, the number owned by farmers. In the number of cars in use, Canada is exceeded by only two countries, United States and Great Britain. France has less than half of Canada's number.

CANADA'S WEALTHY WEST.
Q.—What is the estimated wealth of the Canadian West?
A.—The wealth of the Canadian West is estimated for the four provinces at \$2,125 per capita as against \$1,238 of the eastern provinces. Western agriculturists own 47 per cent of the agricultural wealth of the Dominion and form 64 per cent of the western population.

The Evening Story

"GRAN."

(Copyright, 1932, by W. Werner.)
Father says that I squirt, and that my dimple is Irish indeed. But mother's chin tilts exceedingly higher, and by her very manner seems to say that it isn't necessary to tell the public in general that father's mother came from Ireland, a penniless orphan of the upper plebeian class, became a servant girl, and never learned to read and write.

Gran, though, married an ambitious young southerner at last, and their plantation and their family grew with equal strides, so that each of the eight children, at grandfather's death, received a generous financial legacy, and as to breeding and accomplishments, gran's mother wit had been miraculous in making them into men and women fit to meet the world. Father started into his chosen profession in Memphis. The others scattered, building their respective snug businesses and comfortable homes. But Gran, despite all protests, clings to a little lonely home of her own, with her one old companion—servant, Scotch kitchen maid, Gran may be stubborn, but mother says, indirectly, that I am too. This, I think, is why I am so fond of Gran. This morning Helen, King and I were shopping. We met Everett and Joe finally, who took us to luncheon at Cumberley's, and where we found a leaf and grape-hung arboreal corner with a rose shaded droplight which brought out stunning effects in my new rose and gray spring suit.

We had nearly finished our giggle over a foolish story of Joe's, when our ears met a clear, very Irish old voice at the other table in our alcove. "No, I can't make it," said your heart. Just tell me what you've got to eat."

It was Gran. I don't know how she happened to be in there alone, but I have intimate knowledge of a dependent and unafraid, and I have often suspected that she loved an adventure. Seventy-seven are her years, all told, and her taste in dress is conglomerate, when the best is said. Today her hat was wide and gay—one not bought this season—and she wore Paisley shawl. Her streaked hair wisped about her neck. But her bright old blue eyes sparkled and her kind, wide mouth smiled, as always.

Our table turned as one, and stared that way. I held my breath and glanced at the others. They didn't know of Gran's existence as concerned me, but their separate and distinct regard of the situation was a revelation. Joe's smile was broad, but full of understanding. Joe is a true Virginian. My heart warmed. I looked at Everett, who is a Boston "medic." His smile was cynical, superior, and he had intimate knowledge of a human-nature specialist, studying a new specimen. As to Helen, I noticed for the first time that her nose was squinty, and she was on the verge of a very ordinary titter.

Gran's back was turned. All oblivious, she wouldn't have discovered us if we had stayed another hour. For that long, long moment after her aged treble had rung out I sat and felt a coward's shame and self-hatred. I never had a moment like it. The waitress, unsure, was hesitating.

Then Helen's titter escaped and my smoldering resentment turned and vented itself silently upon her and Everett. I couldn't quite hate Joe. I rose and walked from their astonished midst to Gran's table.

"Hello, Gran," I said simply. "Don't you want me to order for you?"

Gran looked up and dimpled like a girl, unastonished, delighted. "Well, darlin', that's cooed, 'ye do me eyes good. Sure an' ye can do as ye please about the orderin'."

I gave an order to the surprised little waitress and then I tilted my chin up as nearly like mother as I could and called across to my crowd. "You people might as well go on without me. I want to talk to grandmother a while." I tried to be casual, but my throat pained and my chest felt dull.

Joe was the only one I saw as they went out in a queer, awkward silence. I suppose he thinks we have been living under false pretenses of ancestry. His family is the oldest in their county.

When Gran had finished I went with her to her own door and kissed her good-bye. It had been the longest afternoon I ever spent.

Ten minutes later I just answered the telephone, and the voice I heard was Joe's. It said, "Alicia! May I come out?" "No, it's awfully important. Can't wait."

"All right. And say, Alice, I want to meet Gran." "Well, good-bye, for fifteen minutes, dear." And to think that I came so near not going over to Gran's table!

"Support" by Margaret Ashman. Published by the MacMillan Company of Canada, St. Martin's House, Toronto. Price, \$2.00.

"Support" is an entrancing word picture of real life as can be found in almost any small town of the Middle West at the present time. The author faithfully portrays the trials and emotions of a divorcee, Constance Moffat, who following separation from her husband, returns from New York to the small town of her childhood days, Blanshard, there to start life over again.

In the story is vividly shown the sufferings of the whole-souled Constance occasioned by the frailties of her family. Mr. Fenton, a crotchety old invalid, with really nothing ailing him, whose aim in life is, since his retirement from active business life, which was followed by a severe setback to the family fortunes, is to rule his womenfolk. Mrs. Fenton, who through the vicissitudes of her married life, has lost her strength of character and is easily susceptible to the petulant desires of her husband, and Rose, the younger daughter, who is ever seeking for self-expression, and as a consequence is always ready to flout parental authority.

Miss Ashman tells in an interesting, philosophic manner the complexities which present themselves to Constance in the consideration of

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