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Mr. Fielding's Unique Record.

There was something wholesome in the remarks of Hon. W. S. Fielding when he was congratulated by the leaders of all political parties on being appointed to the Imperial Privy Council. He said in part:

"I appreciate more deeply than words can express the great kindness which is shown to me today by members of the House. Politics has its troubles, its trials and its strife; but it has its pleasant side, and it is always a pleasure for me to think that amidst the hard fighting of politics—and I have had my share—I have always had the happy fortune of enjoying pleasant relations with the men who have differed from me, as well as with those who have given me loyal support. I think it is quite possible to fight one's battles in an honorable way, to do the right thing for your own side, believing you are doing it for the country, and at the same time win the respect and confidence even of those who differ from you."

Mr. Fielding is a good type of party man. He has his convictions, deep-set and substantial, and he fights for them fearlessly and against all comers. In an election or on the floor of the House he is a hard man to tackle; he hits hard and straight, and when he bends his bow there is no mistake as to the direction taken by the shaft. Yet through it all he has retained the respect, and something almost approaching the affection of his adversaries. He does this because he has never come down to small politics; he argues and fights on issues rather than against persons; he probably realizes that there are good men and good ideas outside the household of his own political faith.

So it is that at the age of 75, and with a record of service extending over 41 years, Mr. Fielding hears the approval of his political friends and enemies. He has helped much toward putting Canadian politics on a high plane.

Abusing the Day of Rest.

Monday morning brings in its record of week-end accidents. Here's a driver with four young women in his car, crashing through closed gates, only to be smashed to pieces by an onrushing train.

From reports already counted there were 29 killed at railway crossings alone in United States on Sunday, say nothing of the accidents in other parts of the republic.

The country is paying a terrific price for its Sunday and week-end fling.

Sunday was never set aside for this or any similar purpose. It is the rest day of the week, made so because men are so constituted that they need that one day in seven.

The same Creator who fashioned the human frame made the regulations that it was necessary for it to rest one day in seven.

We are moving quickly away from a sane and helpful use of that great institution, the Lord's Day, and what a price we are paying for it!

We've Heard These Things Before.

Reports from Atlanta City tell of meetings of non-union operators, union miners and union operators.

Already "statements" are starting to come from that place. One says that the present plan is to mine only a little coal from the union fields, and operate the non-union sections to the limit.

By tomorrow there will be another statement issued denying this, and claiming that the miners are planning some sort of a scheme to run the industry.

Coal buyers have seen this same performance before. They know the motions fairly well now, and are prepared to hear that a strike has been declared, or that the price of coal has been advanced.

Another report will probably come later saying that there will be a shortage of coal this winter.

It may be that we have too high regard for the power or office of governments, but the question naturally comes to the surface, "Has the government of United States say in this matter?"

The government represents the people; in the last analysis it could be shown that those great coal deposits of United States were put there for the good of the people.

It is certain that a creating Providence never planted or placed them in order that two sets of men should fight over them, or that any one set of men should grow wealthy while all the others grow cold.

Government intervention might raise a cry of state socialism or something awful like that; experts would be on hand to explain that mining and transportation is a delicate and yet a great machine, and that the government touch or intervention would wreck the whole thing.

Allow for all these horrible sayings, and yet the fact remains that government intervention, on behalf of the people, could not possibly bring about a worse condition than the people have to face each and every winter under the present ownership and control. It might even be much better.

The Listowel Editor Knows How.

The editor of the Listowel Banner tells the world that he, with the family and a tent, has gone to Bruce Beach. Tent has been pitched, the editor says the bathing is good and also that there are so many preachers up there that it is referred to as the "Holy City."

An item in his paper announces that it will be published as usual this week, and notifies friends to drop in with pieces of news so that the wheels may be kept turning.

That's a good plan. The editor leaves town to live in a tent at the "Holy City," and calls upon the community to fill up the paper for him.

Br'er Blatchford of the Listowel Banner is one of the few men who have solved the problem of existence.

Scores the Idea of More War.

A meeting was held in Berlin on Wednesday, July 18, for the purpose of urging that Germany should go into the League of Nations.

Strange as it may seem, speeches in favor of such a move were made by several of the generals of the late war, one of whom referred to the folly of war, stating he had learned "that it is better and more reasonable if nations try to agree with each other instead of cracking each other's skulls."

General von Disming, referring to Germany's position now, made a bitter attack on those who are urging war on France, saying:

"It is sheer lunacy to think of fighting with pistols and rifles against heavy artillery, tanks and aeroplanes. A new war would turn Germany into one heap of ruins. Those who are now most daring with their mouths were furthest behind the lines during the great war."

The motive of this general's plea is open to question, but his conclusion is not bad. He would not fight

because Germany has only pistols and rifles against French artillery and planes.

It is urged that a nation strong in arms of all branches is safe because none will challenge her; in the case of Germany the point seems to come to the surface that a nation stripped of these things is not apt to fight or to want to fight. Taking away the arms seems to be a more simple operation for a no-war period than arming to the teeth.

Where Real Wealth Comes From.

Canada's wealth is being created by sheaves of wheat coming from the binder.

Germany's wealth is coming in sheaves of paper money from the printing press.

Canada's wheat wealth is recognized in any of the markets of the world.

Germany's wealth is not recognized in any of the markets, not even her own.

The top six inches of the soil is a greater producer of real wealth than the top six feet of a printing press.

A Chance to Win Their Men.

The danger of the breakdown of the strike in Sydney is that it will be heard now for the workers there to get a careful hearing of their case.

They have had bad leadership. They have listened to men who pound the capitalist and point to the day when the workers themselves shall rise and take possession of the means of production.

These leaders are leading in an impossible direction, and comforting as their strong words and drastic ideas may be, they are headed for the discard.

It is not possible to believe that the workers in the coal and steel industries around Sydney have no grievances. Despite the radical groups, whose business and aim it is to be dissatisfied and keep others in the same state, there are thousands there who are reasonable men who could not be twisted around the finger of any leader.

Enough has come to the surface about the hours worked and the money earned to show that there is room and reason for a careful presentation of the case of these men.

Such action should not be prejudiced by the harm done by the insanity of the leadership of the now deposed labor rulers.

Instead, the employers of coal miners and steel mill men should see in the present situation a chance to go in and create such fair conditions that a repetition of the late disaster would be out of the question.

If they act quickly enough and large-heartedly enough they have a chance to slam the door in the face of the agitators.

Note and Comment.

A Brooklyn court has ordered that a parent has the right to spank his child. Otherwise, why did they ever build woodsheds?

There are over a billion trees in British Columbia, and the Vancouver Province says that anyone doubting the statement can count them.

The London Daily Mail says that the come-back of the crinoline skirt would be a sad handicap to the race of women. Yes, it would cease to be a race.

Ex-Premier Drury says he has been offered several seats. But there's apt to be some old politician around who wants to play at that old game of kicking over the chair before he sits down.

When Richmond street gets a new pavement and a new set of street car rails from Fullarton to Oxford, it will not know itself. At present it has the wobbliest rails and the holiest road in the city.

What a streak of luck that the much-wanted car in Toronto should have been marooned with black muggers. Now all who said it was marooned and all who said it was black can add, "I told you so."

The Winnipeg Free Press claims that through the harvesting of the western crop \$10,000,000 will be put into circulation in the form of wages to harvesters. The railroads will receive a nice portion of that for taking the harvesters west and east.

Some professor is out with the theory that a dream takes only a couple of minutes. All of which is nonsense. Does he mean that a man can run for a train, miss it, get up on a high building, fall off it, and then get hit with a street car all in two minutes? It can't be done.

Here is an item from the Peoria, Ill., Star: "The fire department soon arrived, but, having left behind some necessary chemicals, they had to go back for them. When they returned the fire had been put out without their assistance."

If that happened here in London we would certainly have an investigation.

THE DELORME TRIAL HERO.

(From the Hamilton Herald)

R. L. Calder, K.C., crown prosecutor, has emerged from the Delorme trial a truly heroic figure. His zeal and skill in conducting the case for the crown wrung unwilling admiration even from his opponents. He performed that service at a cost that may turn out to be his very life. Here is how he described his condition in the course of a five-hour address to the jury:

"May I tell you that I also have been to a large extent troubled with anxieties and have undergone something in the cause of justice. I may have successfully camouflaged it from you, but from the day I appeared before you to examine witnesses and try to keep my temper, I did so with a temperature ranging from 102 to 104. You are going back to your homes after this trial. I am going to the hospital to be operated on. On the 3rd and 4th of July I had 104 degrees of temperature, and they found me delirious in the night. It was necessary we should go through with it, and the strength was given me to go through with it."

"I understand, gentlemen, I understand, my friends, with your profound respect for all that pertains to the Roman Catholic Church, your horror to have before you a priest accused of a vile, hideous crime," said Sir Francis Lemieux, the trial judge, in addressing the jury. With much greater force these words apply to the learned crown prosecutor, who was, as he told the jury Saturday, brought up to the jury. The jurors were performing a duty from which they could not escape. The crown prosecutor could easily have escaped a duty that he must have accepted with sickening repugnance. All he had to do was to furnish his physician's certificate. Instead, although causing what may prove a fatal delay of an operation, he has spent several weeks of most strenuous and exacting work in a most oppressive atmosphere, weakened and consumed by fever, to do what he considered his duty.

"You are going back to your homes after this trial," he wistfully remarked to the jurors, but he is going straight to the hospital to submit himself to the surgeon's knife, and will undergo an operation from which he has made his recovery doubtful by spending his weakened and pain-racked body in performing the duties of his office.

John Bull Simply Has To Speak Out At Times.



Rarebits by Rex

BRavery's TEST.
I have suffered thirst on deserts;
I've been shipwrecked on the sea;
I've been peppered by explosives
From a grim artillery;
I have gone through famine, fever;
But never did I feel
The fear I had out driving
With a woman at the wheel.

I had always been courageous,
Laughed at death when death close lurked;
All my share and more of danger
I will never dodge or shirk;
But once sitting in a motor
More I knew than common fear,
When a woman just beside me,
Took the wheel and tried to steer.

I will stand before machine guns;
I will go through fire and mud;
I'll expose uncharted islands,
I will risk last drops of blood;
I will chase a snake that rattles,
I will eat the tiger's meat,
But I won't ride when a woman
Occupies the driver's seat.

People living in our apartment
houses complain that their neighbors
don't know apartment etiquette. For
their benefit the following rules are
offered gratis:

If your neighbor's ice cream is delivered to your door, you should tip the boy who brings it.

When you happen to flood the bath-room send the neighbor below a large blotter.

If your clothesline crosses your neighbor's drawing-room always wait until her reception day before hanging out the washing.

If a letter that doesn't belong to you gets in your box, do not keep it more than a week, even if it is a very entertaining letter.

If your best flower pot falls from your ninth floor window and breaks the second floor tenant's head, do not send the bill for damages until after the funeral.

Having sent flowers in advance, so to speak, it is unnecessary to repeat the rite.

When you speak the bay, always turn on the photograph.

HINTS TO REPORTERS.

A reporter of long experience on the Hickville Hypocrite gives the following advice to beginners:

Never call the sun the sun. Call it "Ole Sol."

Do not call rain rain. Jupiter Pluvius is the right expression.

Refer to all policemen as "ministers of the law."

Youngsters or kids should always be called "kiddies."

Never say "poor weather." Say "the inclemency of the elements."

Call a man a man, but always refer to woman as "lady."

Silence may often be golden, and yet sometimes it spells quit.

France should realize that it can not make Germany cough up by choking it.

Reformers seem to think they can not play the game without raising the anti.

Youth Past Forty

By ANNE CAMPBELL.

The years are kind to the reaching hills
That strive to touch the sky.

The years are kind to the mountain rills
Where mirrored clouds drift by.

The years are kind to the lonely trees
That lift their arms to God.

The years are kind to the winds that tease
The swaying golden rod.

The years are kind that mark your ways
Of beauty and of truth.

But kindest to your eager gaze
Where flames unconquered youth!

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The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

A SHEPHERD IN PALESTINE.

I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep.—St. John x, 11.

This saying of Jesus and the Twenty-Third Psalm go together. In order to understand them fully we need, first of all, to remember how different is the life of a shepherd in Syria from that of his brother in England or America; and how much closer is the tie which binds him to his helpless charge in a wild, unsettled country, where robbers and fierce beasts abound, than it can possibly be among the peaceful hill-pastures of Vermont, or in the smooth meadows of a city park.

Here you shall see the sheep left to take care of themselves, or driven about from one feeding ground to another by a man who seems to be little more than a policeman to them.

But in Palestine I have seen many a shepherd acting as the "guide, philosopher, and friend" of his flock.

He must think where he can find, amid the drought of burning summer, the narrow strip of herbage on which they can feed, and the unfailing springs where they can drink.

He must be ready to rescue them from the fury of mountain torrents when they rise in flood.

He must guard them against the attacks of wild animals, as he leads them through the black cliffs of the hills, where the shadows of rocks and bushes hide the crouching forms of death.

He does not drive them; he leads them, and calls them to follow him. He must be prepared to evade or repel the crafty assaults of brigands who will not hesitate to kill him in order to carry away his sheep.

I have read lately of a faithful man, between Tiberias and Tabar, who "actually fought three Bedouin robbers until he was cut to pieces by their knives, and laid down his life among the sheep he was defending."

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TO THE EDITOR.

Every Man Must Answer.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,—Will you please allow me space in your paper to say a word in regard to what is termed the

Lord's Day and the ministers' union? When Almighty God created the

world, the sea, and all that therein is, he rested from his labors.

Through his beloved rest, he handed it down to all creation, and named that Great Day the Sabbath.

Not man's day—termed Sunday. It would seem that those we look to to know most know least, or else we are kept in darkness by those who claim to know the whole Bible and its contents.

Why should a man call himself a minister if he can't shed the true light on his flock, after passing through a college for three or four years, and scanning over every book of the ages which relate to the creation and all its principles? Did he not learn that he was following in the tenets of the old Roman doctrine portrayed by Pope Gregory the Great, our calendar maker, with whom he could get from the Jews of his day, thereby terming it the Gregorian Julian Calendar? Therefore, why does it behoove his ministers' union to get up in a pulp and make themselves hideous denouncing somebody or something they seem to know nothing about. I am not a minister, or a Bible student, but one who believes that water cleanses seven days as well as six, let it be in the bath tub, river, or lake. How does it come we have to depend on man for everything and God for nothing? What is man, that thou art mindful of him? Why cannot every day be the Sabbath? That was God's purpose, but man changed all, and a few denounce all, even to making bathing a criminal offence; but every one of us will give an account of himself.

W. H. HARRISON.

282 Ottawa avenue.

CIVIC HOLIDAY TRAVEL.

Civic Holiday always affords an excellent opportunity for those wishing to make a week-end trip.

Anticipating heavy travel, the Canadian Pacific Railway is placing extra equipment on its trains over the week-end, thus insuring its patrons the same comfort that is always to be had on its trains.

Consideration of the comforts of the traveling public is at all times the aim of the Canadian Pacific.

The London city ticket office, 417 Richmond street, will gladly furnish any travel information and quote the special reduced week-end fares.

J28-31-A-24

Your Health: Here Are More Facts About Your Emergency Kit.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

Yesterday I told you about the drugs which should be found in every home and industrial plant. Today I will speak of other things which should be included in the emergency kit.

There should be a jar or tube of "burn ointment." This is a 3 per cent mixture of bicarbonate of soda in vaseline. After any burn from heat, from acid or from electricity, the parts having been cleansed, should be smeared with this ointment. Then squares of gauze should be placed over the burned place and held in position by a bandage.

A teaspoon and several paper cups should be found in the outfit. The spoon is used to give the medicine and cups may be employed as little basins to hold the fluids needed in dressing a wound.

A medicine glass, marked with the liquid measurements, will be useful at times. Two or three medicine droppers are needed, one, one, one, will be useful on many occasions. In closing wounds or keeping dressings in place the plaster will be found invaluable.

Absorbent cotton, a two-ounce package, should be in the kit.

There should be at least half a dozen rolls of bandages, one, two or three-inch widths. If these are five

or ten-yard lengths, you will always have plenty of bandage material for any emergency.

Several packages of gauze, six inches wide and several yards long, should be included. This material is an important part of any surgical dressing.

A piece of flannel, two or three feet square, will be very useful if hot applications are demanded. It can be used, too, as a sling if necessary. It will be well, also, to have a triangular piece of cloth, the size of a large napkin, for use as a sling in case of a broken arm.

A dozen safety pins of varying size will be useful to fasten the bandages. A tourniquet is required to control bleeding. For this purpose, a piece of small rope, twin or a specially-made rubber binder may be used. There are several very simple devices of this sort to be had at drug stores and surgical supply houses. Of course the rope or twine tied about the limb, above the bleeding vessel, and twisted tight by a piece of wood inserted under the string, will do the work, but the specially-made tourniquet has a fastener to hold it when once applied.

A pair of scissors to cut the bandages and gauze, and a pair of simple forceps will complete the equipment. All these things should be kept in one place. If they are in a box or basket or curiously tucked away in the place where they are needed.



Your Home Town

What causes the Scotsmen's eye to kindle when he hears the accent of a brither exile?

It's the home-town feeling.

The voice tells its own story. It carries him back home. All the longings, be they for the purple hills, the green fields or the murky streets of a city, are quickened. The sympathy between speaker and listener becomes complete.

Remember, when your thoughts drift back to your home town and its people, that many old friends who would like to hear your voice are listed in the telephone directories.

Long Distance will take you back. Station-to-Station evening and night rates make it inexpensive.

C. H. BEARD, Manager.

