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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1924.

If Facts Are There, Follow Them

W. T. R. Preston, appointed to investigate ocean freight rates on cattle shipped from Canada to Britain, has finished that work, and has a report ready for the minister of trade and commerce.

It is understood, even in advance of the report, that evidence has been found indicating a combine among companies engaged in the shipment of cattle. These conditions have been previously revealed in evidence placed before the special committee on agricultural conditions in 1923.

If Canada is going to establish a cattle trade with Britain it must be on the basis of the greatest possible profit for the cattle-raisers. It is not sufficient that there be favorable rates to the seaboard, only to fall into the hands of combinations of rate fixers there that charge more for their service than it is worth.

If Mr. Preston has the facts—and he has been long enough in public life to know facts when he sees them—the plain duty of the dominion authorities is to go the limit. If it is not possible to get fair treatment from existing companies, then use some of the government merchant marine vessels and go into the business.

Do You Envy the Prince?

A New York paper publishes a story that the Prince of Wales is sailing for home on the same boat as a famous stage beauty. The report was quickly nailed as a malicious slander, because the prince knows nothing of the actress and has never met her.

There is not a man in the world today whose every movement is so thoroughly scrutinized and as widely published as those of the Prince of Wales. The average man may look on at times and remark that Wales is getting all the publicity, but how many men would want to go through the same performance? Would Mr. Average Citizen like to be trailed by reporters and photographers all day and into the night? There might be a novelty in it for the first day, and a man who was a glutton for publicity might relish it for a week. But when the same thing was repeated each place he went, when his every move was chalked down and published, how long could Mr. Average Citizen stand it?

And a little farther—let the average man look over his record for a year, and say if he would be prepared to have the light of the printed page turned on his every act.

Small Stuff For a Big City.

An O. T. A. supporter started to deliver an address in Toronto at the corner of Queen street and Spadina avenue. He attracted a crowd and more than a crowd. He drew to himself an assorted collection of tomatoes, eggs and apples.

Apparently Toronto has an element that is small in its capacity to realize what free speech is. A London, Ont., man just returned from London, England, tells of a gathering he watched in Hyde Park. A socialist was speaking to a crowd, telling how the present form of government was to be abolished, and in turn introduced a "comrade" from Germany. Before he spoke the man introducing him called for three cheers for the land he came from—Germany. A policeman stood there and paid no heed to the cheers, neither to the speech that followed.

Yet in Toronto a man was pelted with tomatoes and eggs because he dared speak on a street corner in regard to a legitimate matter on which the people were being asked to vote with a full knowledge of the facts.

Save On Coal—Spend On Paint.

Alderman Greer, chairman of No. 2 committee of London city council, has made the startling discovery that nearly \$500 has been saved on the city hall coal account.

So the suggestion comes that the "place be painted. Five hundred dollars worth of paint on those civic premises would make them sparkle like the twinkle in a glass eye.

Or why not put it away as an endowment fund for a new city hall—in 100 years from now it would amount to quite a substantial sum.

Whence Came the Roorback?

Presidential candidates are walking stealthily in United States; they are taking no chances on a political roorback. That word got its start in an election in 1844 when extracts from a book written by General Roorback were given wide circulation. As a matter of fact there was no General Roorback, and so he never wrote a book or anything else, but the name stuck, and it has been a nightmare to politicians ever since. There is hardly a country where it has not operated. The roorback comes creeping out just before the people go to the polls. It whispers or screeches its story as the necessities of the case require, and it stages its performance when it is too late for investigation or denial.

In United States elections Grover Cleveland went to the presidential chair by the roorback route in 1884, and four years later he went out by the same route. Prior to that, in 1880, the Morey letter roorback, a pure forgery, almost defeated Garfield. Hon. James G. Blaine lost the presidency on a similar move. President Harrison was defeated in 1892 because some of his opponents were clever enough to start the rumor that Harrison had stated "a dollar a day

is enough for any man." Harrison never uttered the phrase, but people believed he did.

In the Canadian general election of 1921 a roorback was turned loose in North York to the effect that Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King had used his personal influence to have the Progressive candidate, Burnaby, withdrawn from the contest. But the first place goes to political tradition from one of the Bruce ridings where a candidate nearly lost out because the news was circulated that he wore pyjamas instead of the old-fashioned nightshirt.

The Testimony of a Father.

A will recently filed at Toronto disposed of an estate of \$1378—not a large amount, and one which in the ordinary way would cause no comment.

Yet this one was different because it was the testimony of a father to the fact that one of his three sons had looked after a mother and father in the days of old age. The father in his will stated he wished to recompense his son as best he could "for having rendered assistance and comfort not only to my late wife but to myself in our declining years when I was physically unable to help my wife or myself, my other sons not having contributed to the assistance, comfort and maintenance of me in any way."

The testimony of the father that one son was loyal to the end is a document that any man might prize.

Why They Went There.

The Brandon Sun notes that there have been several investigators from Ontario studying government control in that province, and remarks that their stories show the places they frequented.

Strange, isn't it? If a reporter were sent to Manitoba to look over crop conditions, where would he go? Would he spend his time in a hotel room, or walking up and down the main street of the town? Not at all; he would go out where the crops were.

When a reporter went out there to find out how the liquor act worked, would he be supposed to climb a tree and send back weather reports? He would go about his business, and watch the drift of the traffic. If it led him into odd places, he'd have to go.

Surely the Brandon Sun does not suppose Ontario's papers were sending men out there to send back word that Winnipeg was the capital of Manitoba.

Note and Comment.

A wise aldermanic candidate is the one who has been quietly canvassing while others wrangle over the street railway matter.

Man got hurt in Detroit by getting hit on the ear when he got in the road of a man playing the big drum. Sort of an ear for music.

Why spend more money on sidewalks? Statistics show that in a few years all the pedestrians who have not secured cars will have been run over.

Vancouver Province thinks \$2,400,000 palace for the League of Nations rather an expensive coop for the dove of peace. But how long could an army of a million be kept going for the sum? It wouldn't even buy their boots.

Weather Prophet

Old Rain Face makes his yearly call to tell us of the things he's saw, and how the winter's goin' to lie, and when it's goin' to freeze or thaw.

He says as how he watched a squirrel a-sittin' by a hickory tree, and how he loafed upon the job and crossed one leg upon his knee, that meanin' he had lots of time to cart away the hickory nut, and put the fodder on the shelf and bolster up his winter hut.

He'd watched a cottontail as well and seen the whiskers on its jaw, he reckoned after seein' this that Christmas time would be a thaw.

Old Rain Face, too, had saw a coon, and heard him whistle in the breeze, deductin' from the way he sang in April things would start to freeze.

And one day, too, he watched the birds decidin' on which way they'd go, he reckoned when he saw them off that in December we'd have snow. He spied upon a groundhog too, he says these birds ain't all the same, by lookin' calmly in their eye he thinks in April we'll have rain.

Old Rain Face comes around each year to say what comin' days will be, he makin' up his mind on such by scratchin' bark from off a tree, by pokin' out around the bush and squintin' at the settin' sun, by watchin' how the powder bangs when Rain Face tinkers with his gun.

I take the family almanac and see just how these two agree, a wonderin' if 'tis so at all they know what weather's goin' to be. When Rain Face says she's goin' to thaw, the book says it's goin' to blow, and where the book says fine and dry, why Rain Face says six feet of snow.

So I've most brought my mind to think that we can't tell so far ahead if weather in the days to come will see the sun a-sinkin' red, or if on Christmas morn we'll rise and find no winter settin' in, or if at Easter we will walk with frozen whiskers on our chin.

But still if Rain Face seems to feel that he's a weather prophet here, why should I try to damp his stuff and rob him of a round of cheer.

So let him squint upon the squirrel, make faces at the groundhog too, and from these things pass on to me the tricks the weatherman will do. I'll tell Rain Face he is a gem, far sweeter than a big jam tart, and sure that folks will look to him for fear of stumblin' in the dark.

Yet I will take the weather now just as she comes from day to day, nor tempted by old Rain Face to shed my woolen shirt in May.—ARK.

Rarebits By Rex

REDUCED TO TEARS.

Reduction of federal taxes,
Reduction of every day's wage,
Reduction of arms to prevent war's alarms
Is all that you hear in this age.
Reduction of civic expenses,
Reduction of navies for war,
I think I'll take lye and just curl up and die
If they go on reducing much more.

Each year the mayor yells "Reduce taxes,"
And my wife says I must reduce weight,
But the taxes are bigger and so is my figure
In spite of the stuff that I ate.

Reduction of high cost of living,
Reduction of lives in a cat,
It's all that you hear through the bally old year—
Reduction of this and of that,
I'm sick of such blather and bunkum
And know until pedagogues cease
Reducing our speed, armies, taxes and greed
There always will be an increase.

The Philadelphia Public Ledger refers to an article thrown at a Republican speaker yesterday as a "cowardly egg." A cowardly egg, we presume, is an egg that hits and runs.

The speaker in question was never in the trenches, but he knows what it's like to have shells bursting around him.

You may not be successful in all enterprises, but you can usually depend on your hair coming out on top.

"Beauties of Country Lure Coolidge."—Headline. We wonder why Mrs. Coolidge stands for it.

Our neighbor boasts that his youngster has been walking for five months. Another one of these cross-country expeditions, we suppose.

Have you ever noticed that the most unclean-looking orators are soap-box orators?

Now we know what becomes of our shirt buttons. The laundryman uses them for munitions in his long war.

After all, it is doubtful if long wars in China-town create as great a disturbance as tongue wars in respectable families.

A Hamilton man was found suffering from shock and hysteria in a telephone booth. Perhaps the operator gave him the right number by mistake.

One of the strangest paradoxes is that the people who catch the good things of this world usually keep their traps shut.

PAINFUL PATHOS.

"It's gettin' so cold, Maisie, I think I'll begin looking' around for a fellow with a closed car."

We once thought of becoming a playwright, but after reading that "Abie's Irish Rose" netted its author \$700,000 we know we couldn't write a play sufficiently poor to become popular.

If silence is the only thing that's golden how is it that the country's politicians aren't bankrupt?

Dr. Frank Crane

Life Worth Living?

A sidelight has been thrown upon the important question, whether life was worth living or not, by the recent experiments of Professor Flugel.

No one can resist statistics and, in the wealth of arguments on the question, it is refreshing to have some solid facts.

The professor selected nine men to walk about with note books for a month in a comparatively unpleasant atmosphere. I do not know what, and note all the time, their feeling of pleasure and displeasure.

To sum up the whole of the results they came out pretty well on the ordeal. 67.72 per cent of their experiences were pleasant and only 32.28 per cent unpleasant. One of the group spent 1 1/4 per cent of his time in a state of pure ecstacy. He does not say whether this was due to eating, drinking, making love or reading poetry. The gloomiest of them was happy 46 per cent of the time and unhappy 36 per cent.

One result of the test was noteworthy; the professor discovered that those who experience the extremes of happiness or dejection are, on the whole, the unhappiest. This is merely another way of saying that those who were incapable of feeling any deep emotion suffer less than those who feel deeply.

The ability to suffer pain is the cutting edge of the ability to enjoy pleasure and, as a rule, those who enjoy things the most are those who suffer other things the most. Their happiness or unhappiness is due to their ability to receive impressions.

Every man has looked at the lower creatures, including all animals and some human beings, and envied them because their general level of happiness seem to be above his own and they do not have the times of depression which he experiences. But we should remember that the ability to enjoy is in direct proportion to the ability to suffer and, if we enjoy anything keenly, that is proof that we can suffer keenly.

Whether on the whole it is better to have such a calm disposition that we can neither suffer nor enjoy is a question that the reader will have to settle for himself.

The human being seems to require a certain average. If he goes below it he must go above it and vice versa.

One lesson we may learn from all this is that self-restraint makes for long life and a general average of happiness. That is, those who restrain themselves from giving away too much in the one direction are those who will not be called upon to suffer in the other direction.

Like Father, Like Son.

Governor Alfred Smith of New York had a romance in his family. His son, Alfred E., Jun., aged 24, ran away and married Miss Bertha Gott, of Syracuse, aged 20, daughter of an engineer on the Twentieth Century express.

The governor, according to custom, should have been indignant, but he wasn't. He should have told reporters that never again would his son darken his doors, but he didn't.

All he said was: "How can I find fault with Alfred for running off and marrying without money, when I did the same thing myself? He will be 24 soon; he can get along. He has a job now and will graduate in a year from law school."

Sensible touch about the whole thing—rather human, too, and the governor will not lose any votes by it either.

TRIAL OF SCOTT 1ST OF DECEMBER

Former Londoner Granted Continuance of Murder Charge.

Associated Press Despatch.
Chicago, Oct. 22.—Standing by his son, Canadian skyrocket, who fell from the affluence that goes with a fortune of \$10,000,000 to a slaver's cell, Thomas Scott, 68, a salesman of London, Toronto and Windsor, Ontario, is in Chicago trying to raise money to establish his son's innocence.

The son, Russell T. Scott, 30, held for the slaying of Joseph Maurer, 19, clerk in the city hall pharmacy, which it is charged, Scott and his brother, Robert B., a bootlegger, now a fugitive from justice, were trying to rob, on April 3, today obtained a postponement of his trial until December 1.

Assistant States Attorney W. M. Smith strenuously protested the delay, charging an attempt would be made to take advantage of the Christmas spirit to obtain leniency for the prisoner. Judge Lewis said he was anxious to dispose of murder cases as soon as possible, but granted the postponement directing both attorneys not to expect another.

Scott, businesslike and alert, despite his jail pullover and worn clothes, without ornaments, wore non-rimmed spectacles for the first time. His eyesight is said to have been affected by his incarceration.

WAGON DRIVER FINED \$1.
Special to The Advertiser.

Wallaceburg, Oct. 22.—In connection with the recent accident when the automobile driven by Everton Woodcock was forced off the highway into the river, when E. Demestre, driving a wagon load of sugar beets, failed to allow Woodcock sufficient room to pass, Demestre was fined \$1 and costs.

A PHYSICIAN AT 65 WINS A GRUELLING CONTEST.

Have you ever ridden ten miles, straight away, on a bicycle? Then you knew it was a real effort. But what would you think of riding 1,300 miles in 19 days, in the cold month of May, 1924, sleeping out, almost always wet to the skin? Such is the accomplishment of Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., of Toronto, who achieved this remarkable feat at 65 in contest with C. J. Gregory, 35, a life-long bicyclist and an ex-bicycle racer.

Mr. Gregory is the red-headed, gray-eyed, little, hard-muscled, sinewy, tireless type. He lived upon meat, white bread, etc., the usual diet of civilization. Dr. Jackson lived largely upon Roman Meal and milk. He did not taste meat. Although 30 years older and 30 pounds heavier, Dr. Jackson ran away from his contestant. But mark, at 55 Dr. Jackson was a physical wreck, when he invented Roman Meal for rebuilding his bodily vigor and health. So effective was it that he could now tire out nine out of ten men of any age. It is a wonderful food. Try it and find out the deliciousness and the great health and strength value of Roman Meal. It prevents indigestion and positively relieves constipation. At all grocers.—Advt.

RUB CHEST COLDS AWAY: STOP PAINS

Pain and congestion is gone. Quickly?—Yes. Almost instant relief from chest colds, sore throat, backache, lumbago, follows a gentle rubbing with St. Jacobs Oil.

Rub this soothing, penetrating oil right on your chest and like magic relief comes. St. Jacobs Oil is a harmless liniment which quickly breaks chest colds, soothes the inflammation of sore throat and breaks up the congestion that causes pain. It never disappoints time after time. Get a 25-cent bottle of St. Jacobs Oil at any drug store. It has been recommended for 65 years.—Advt.

Cured His Rupture

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation, if you write to me, Eugene M. Fallon, Carpenter, 4541, Marcellus Ave., Manassas, Va. J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.—Advt.



Cuticura Will Help You Have Beautiful Hair

Shampoos with Cuticura Soap, preceded by liberal applications of Cuticura Ointment to the scalp skin, do much to cleanse the scalp of dandruff, allay itching and irritation, stimulate the circulation and promote the healthy condition necessary to produce lustrant hair.
Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Depot: "Cuticura," P. O. Box 2616, Montreal.
Price: Soap, 50c; Ointment, 75c.
Try our new Shaving Stick.

ST. MARY'S TRAFFIC OFFICER INJURED AS CYCLE CRASHES

Special to The Advertiser.
St. Marys, Oct. 22.—Elmer Jameson of St. Marys, traffic officer on the Stratford-Sarnia highway, crashed into a car with his motor-cycle in front of the Royal Edward hotel this afternoon. He was driving west on Queen street, and attempted to go around a car driven by a London traveller, which was just turning around, the result being a smash-up. Jameson received a severe shaking up and several bad bruises, and was in a semi-conscious state for some time, but recovered tonight.
Both the car and motor-cycle were damaged considerably.

A NATIONAL ASSET.

As the greatest transportation company in the world, the Canadian Pacific Railway has maintained a national service in the Trans-Canada Limited which is second to none and the conclusion of the summer schedule of this crack train has transferred the equipment to the Vancouver Express, which leaves Toronto every night at 10:10 on its trip across the continent, via Winnipeg, Calgary, Banff, Lake Louise, the spiral tunnel, Sicamous and parts of the Canadian Pacific Rockies, famous throughout the world, on its way to Vancouver, where the travellers are unanimous in their praise of the service of the Vancouver hotel. The Canadian Pacific also operates a steamship service to Victoria, the mecca for winter tourists.

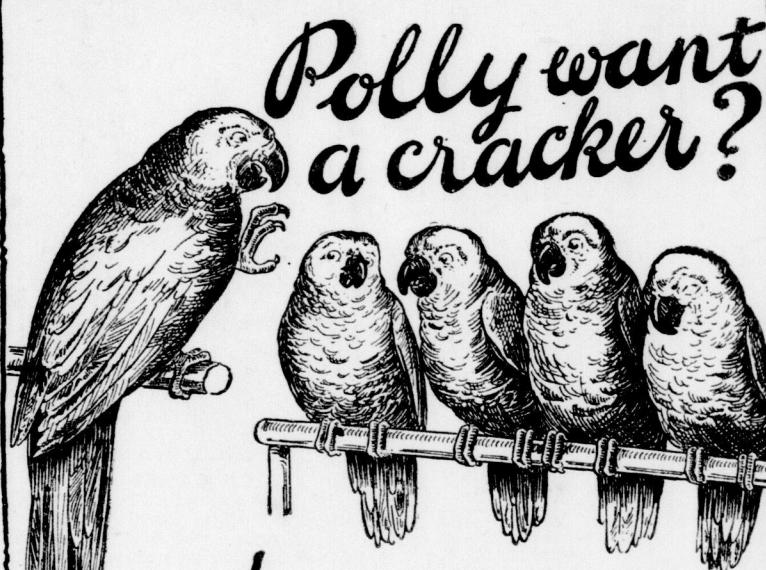
Not only does the Vancouver Express carry tourist and standard sleepers, but it also carries a compartment observation car complete in itself, while a parlor car is added from Revelstoke to Vancouver.

Added to this national service is a feature service from Toronto to Montreal via the Lake Shore Line, which has been entirely rebalanced with crushed rock and relaid with 100-pound rails, insuring a maximum of comfort for travellers at night as well as an absence of dust in daytime. Trains leave Toronto Union Station at 9:00 a.m. daily, 10:00 p.m. daily except Saturday, and 11:00 p.m. daily. Arriving at Windsor Station, the traveller has the benefit of immediate facilities in the women's restroom, lunchroom and barber shop, which cannot be duplicated in any other station in Montreal. An added convenience is offered those who wish to travel to Montreal from North Toronto, in the 9:45 p.m. train, daily except Saturdays, from Yonge street station.

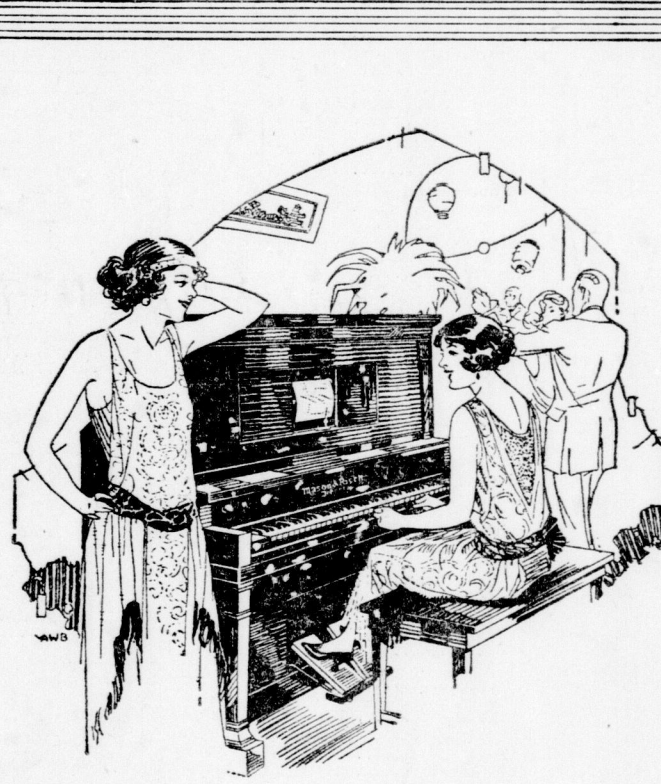
Canadian Pacific agents will gladly make your reservations and supply you with any information you require. They are fully qualified to offer a "second to none" service to the public.—Advt.

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