

The London Advertiser

Founded 1863.
London Advertiser Company, Limited
Publisher and Proprietor, London, Ont.
JOSEPH E. ATKINSON, President.
H. B. MUIR, C. A. M. VINING
Managing Director Managing Editor
Morning and Evening Editions.
Subscription rates: Delivered, 15 cents weekly; 65 cents monthly. By mail, in Canada, \$5.00 yearly; in the United States, \$6.00 yearly.
Special Representatives:
J. B. RATHBONE, Toronto, 95 King Street East.
Montreal, 1012 Transportation Building.
C. H. EDDY COMPANY, New York, Park
Lexington Building.
Chicago, Wrigley Building.
Boston, Old South Building.
The Advertiser is a Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1924.

Should Recognize Dr. Saunders.

The matter has been referred to before, but the presence of Dr. Charles E. Saunders in this city following several years abroad brings up the point that his great, outstanding contribution to the grain wealth of Canada has never been fittingly recognized.

The Saskatchewan Farmer, in a recent edition, referred to the fact that Dr. Saunders, in seeking for a suitable wheat for Western Canada, had to resort to the primitive method of chewing various kinds of wheat to determine the kind that contained the most gluten of good color, and continues:

"The principal industry at Ottawa is 'chewing the rag.' How much better employed our politicians would be if they could be induced to spend a little time chewing wheat instead, even if they never became so proficient as Dr. Saunders. And just think of the fame Dr. Saunders might have achieved if he had spent more of his time talking about what he was going to do instead of doing things, or the millions of money he could have made had he chewed gum or tobacco instead of wheat and developed a new brand of chew or plug chewing instead of Marquis wheat."

The editor of the Saskatchewan Farmer says that Dr. Saunders, in developing Marquis wheat, made "probably the most princely gift that has been made to Canada since Cartier sailed up the Atlantic."

It will be small gratitude if we, as a nation, should wait for his death and then rear a great monument. Dr. Saunders is here today; he has made a contribution to national development that speaks in terms of millions of dollars of added wealth every year. Ottawa should act now, and it can do so with the positive assurance that its move will have the hearty approval of the whole dominion.

No Season Is Exempt.

Entering November, it might be supposed we were passing from the season where accidents are numerous. Experience has led to an anticipation of seasonal casualties; the early swimmers who get beyond their depth; those who imagine a canoe is a flat-bottomed boat; drivers who lose control—they all add to the list in summer.

The week-end just passed set up a record for disaster that has not been equalled in summer. For in one day's news there are records of twenty-three dead and fifty injured.

A Long Island train struck an auto, killed three and injured two; Chicago freight train backed into a street car crowded with merry-makers, killed ten and injured forty. A Toronto boy was killed by an auto and two others were hurt; a young man was drowned from a punt at Peterboro; a family of four were killed near Gananoque on Sunday morning, their car being struck by an engine while on the way to church; two women are dead at Windsor from a car plunging into a ditch.

Danger does not decrease with the passing of summer and the early fall. In many ways it increases. The days are shorter, roads become poorer, pavements are made treacherous by fallen leaves and rain. Instead of less care there must be more. The first week-end in November with its list of fatalities should hang out like a new danger signal.

Buying Away From Home.

A London woman, writing to The Advertiser, tells of a trip she made to Detroit for the purpose of shopping there. She has the advantage of other women in that she admits she went and shopped there, and no person can question that she had a right to do so.

That is not the point here, though. This shopper gives her experiences and draws the conclusion that she could have made just as good a purchase in the stores in London. In the first place she was doing her buying in a strange store; there was no one there with whom she had dealt before. If, after the purchase, the article does not live up to expectation, she is not in a position to secure redress or even lodge an effective complaint.

Not only so, but the stores at home are here, ready to serve her all the time, even to the smallest purchases for which she would not think of making a trip out of town. The store in Detroit cannot give her that sort of everyday service.

She has had an opportunity now to compare prices and styles in Detroit and London. While she was in the American city she made it her business to look around, and she found that styles were much the same; what was considered "new" there was also being shown as "new" in London. The range of prices, quality considered, was about the same as in this city.

The merchants of London, and the same thing holds true of other Western Ontario centers, carry stocks for convenience of the shoppers of the district. They have to meet the competition of other merchants and the inroads on their trade from outside points, so they must keep their selling prices at a fair figure. These stores do give service at all times; they are prepared to stand behind the goods they sell, and if there are complaints it is an easy matter to take them where they can be fairly adjusted.

This London woman's experience was worth while; she went and saw and purchased, and after it was all over came to the conclusion that she could have done just as well in London, to say nothing of the cost of going to and returning from Detroit.

Ontario Has Too Many Teachers.

Ontario has 1,000 more teachers than school boards to employ them. Such was the problem presented to Premier Ferguson by a deputation from the Ontario educational association. The suggestion made was that the qualifications of teachers be raised to exclude those who did not intend to pursue it as a life work.

A few years ago teachers organized to better their conditions. They did so, and the salaries were increased considerably. The result was that there were more students heading for the teaching profession, attracted there by the better conditions secured by the teachers themselves. In another way, the teachers secured not only better conditions, but with them more competition for the available positions.

There is something to be said in favor of confining teaching as far as possible to those who intend to follow it permanently, but on the other hand it is a fact that teaching has been a useful stepping-stone to many a young man thrown on his own resources and determined to work his way through to a professional career. It is not so much used for this purpose today as it was a few years ago, but there are many who have come through by this route, and there was nothing to show that the teaching of the children suffered as a result.

Qualifications for teaching should not be framed with the idea of keeping a certain number out of the profession. The fact that Ontario has 1,000 too many teachers now will attend to that.

They See Things Differently.

Shipping companies are interested in immigrants because each one represents the price of a ticket. The United States quota law is taking some of the cream off this business.

One company gathered up 235 Russians almost a year ago, and on payment of the price of transportation agreed to feed them until they were landed in United States. On arriving there it was found no more Russians could enter, so back they went, and they have been fed and watered at the company's expense in Cherbourg, France, ever since.

A few more cases of this sort might cause booking agents to come to their senses, and allow the nations to attend to their own immigration business.

The Danger of One Trip More.

The great lakes are taking their toll from fall shipping. There is always the desire to rush in as many late trips as possible, for each one of these trips makes earnings on 150,000 bushels of wheat.

The construction of these lake carriers is of such a nature that when caught in the storms of late fall they have little chance unless they follow the storm signals and run for safety. They are of great length, with an engine not built for speed located in the stern. They cannot move quickly, and therefore are battered about by the waves and blown out of their course by the wind.

The excellent system of storm signals on the great lakes has saved many of these lake carriers from an untimely end. The greatest danger they have to face is the temptation of one more trip before navigation closes.

Note and Comment.

Women like to read the society page to find out who didn't ask them to their afternoon tea.

Renfrew Mercury presses for the recall of the big Canadian nickel, saying that it is often mistaken for a quarter. We imagined the Renfrew editor was smarter than that.

In municipal elections in London only 1 per cent of the total vote is cast by 10 o'clock in the morning, and only 45 per cent of the people vote at all, showing that Londoners pay no heed to the slogan, "Vote early and often."

J. A. McCausland, M.L.A. for Southwest Toronto, has been indulging in resignation talk if the government cannot "do something" for the cities that voted for government control. Chances are that McCausland has no intention of resigning, but the wonder is that he makes himself a party to the silliest of all election aftermath talk.

Dressin' Up

A man I know in this here town what runs a store two blocks up street has mailed me on a little book on how to dress from head to feet. No doubt he's cast his eye on me, a saunterer in through the autumn breeze, and noted how I always wear my trousers bulging at the knees.

Pr'aps he's seen my jacket too, a touch of green around the top, he's seen the fringe above the thumb and reckons it high time to stop—and so he sent me on a book, a-shovin' how a man should dress, instead of wearin' shabby rags like sailin' vessels in distress.

He's got one suit fit on a man, the readin' lines what's with it tell us how it's cut close in the back to make it fit the figure well, but I go bulgin' here and there, I'd look a fright in that there suit, some man who was a-huntin' ducks he'd limber up his gun and shoot.

Well next there comes a sportin' suit, a thing what's new and up-to-date, but clad in such a thing as that I'd look just like a figure eight.

And further on he goes to tell just how a tie and suit should match, and not be havin' clashin' tones from every dye-shop's latest batch. A blue suit needs a nice blue tie, a brown suit needs a shade of brown, you got to reckon on these things to be the best dressed man in town.

But now I'm stuck again right here, I got a red tie in a store, it was the gayest rag, you bet, that white man in ten years has wore. Now must I go, to be correct, to follow color schemes all through, and peel the seeds from off my roll and go and buy a red suit too?

But there's a page that's took my eye, I've scanned the thing aright to see just what's the proper thing to wear when we get asked some night to tea. I'm notin' down just what to do, just how to bend the shades and hues, and learnin' when a frock coat's on 'tis then I shed my yellow shoes.

I started out somewhat in scorn to read about this dressin' stuff, a-thinkin' it was fads and frills, and rest was naught but tailor's bluff. But hang it all, now as I gaze upon them duds inside the book, I fancy if I was decked up, how handsome I'd be sure to look. I guess I'll have to go some day when creditors has left the land, I'll shake the iron men from my wad and start to dress to beat the band.—ARK.

Rarebits By Rex

OUR PREFERENCE.

Of movies that wax sentimental,
Of stars drawing hard their last breath,
Of films sweet and dreary and gentle
I'm sickened almost to the death;
I want to see bloodthirsty pirates,
I want to see heroes that kill 'em,
A "Heave-ho-and-off-to-Spain,"
A "King-of-the-Spanish-Main"
Fillum.

Those loves of a simpleton flapper,
Those scenes a la Cecil De Mille,
Those heroes so honest and dapper
Give me pains from the head to the heel;
I want some more Sea Hawks to gaze upon,
I crave for a real fighting mixture,
A "Trust-and-that's-done-for-you,"
"Lady-I've-won-for-you"
Picture.

"I'm having a hard time finding a school to send my son to," Heeza Dumb said to his friend, Goofus McGoofer.

"What's the matter?" Goofus asked sympathetically. "Is he particular?"

"No," returned Dumb, "but the schools are."

Goofus—How did he come out last year?
Dumb—By request.

Goofus—Perhaps he undertook too many studies. What did he take?

Dumb—Everything he could lay his hands on.
Goofus—Does he like to study?

Dumb—Sure.
Goofus—What is he particularly fond of?

Dumb—The girls.
Goofus—No, no; I mean what would he rather follow?

Dumb—Blondes.
Goofus—I thought you said he was taking up languages.

Dumb—He was. Last year it cost me three hundred for his Scotch.

Goofus—My son is away at school and he writes every day.
Dumb—That's nothing; mine telegraphs.

Goofus—What does he telegraph for?
Dumb—For as much as he can get.

Goofus—What does your son spend money on?
Dumb—Shooting.

Goofus—What does he shoot?
Dumb—Crap.

Goofus—Why don't you break him of those habits?
Dumb—He always is.

Goofus—Always is what?
Dumb—Broke.

Goofus—What is your son going to be when he leaves school?
Dumb—About ten thousand in debt.

Goofus—I mean what vocation is he going to take up?
Dumb—I don't understand.

Goofus—Don't you know what a vocation is?
Dumb—Certainly, it's what you get two weeks of every year.

Goofus—I hear your son is a fighter like you. Does he look like you?
Dumb—He must. The girls won't dance with him.

Goofus—What color are his eyes?
Dumb—Usually black.

Goofus—What game does he play best?
Dumb—Pinochle.

Goofus—What does he play worst?
Dumb—The ponies.

Dr. Frank Crane

The Tragedy of Motherhood.

Recently a play, written by Martha Stanley, was produced in New York under the title of "My Son."

It was an illustration of the tragedy of motherhood.

The mother instinct is doubtless the strongest in the human race. It goes back to animal life and is one of the deepest and most secure of our emotions.

A man will live a long while, but never find a friend who is invariably well disposed to him like a mother.

The mother has an unshakable belief in the goodness of her offspring. It is not a belief founded upon intelligence, nor reason, but one which has its roots deep in the fundamental emotions.

Nothing can ever change it. No acts on the part of the son can alter it. Even when he is proved culpable or unworthy, the affection still remains, and a mother is quick to find excuses for all that he does.

Wherever there be other ties, they can be broken. Friends leave us, wives can get disgusted and quit, brothers and sisters can be alienated, but mother love continues down to her dying day.

This love even prompts the mother to do things that are injurious to her child. She is apt to want to give him advantages, and sacrifices herself for him, when, as a matter of fact, he needs no sacrifice, but hard knocks that shall enable him to stand upon his own feet.

It is an interesting and tragic thing to reflect that there is no rapscallion in the country, not a thug nor a criminal nor a me-do-well, but there is, somewhere in the offing, the shrouded figure of a mother who believes in him.

Doubtless this unchanging affection is necessary in order to hold the world together, but it is not always happy for its possessor. When a man wrecks his own life by his indiscretion he knows that he is injuring and paining her who gave him birth more than himself or any other person.

The great tragedy of wrong-doing is not found in the wrong-doers so much as in the mothers of them.

Press Comment

Anything But That.

Anyway nobody charges the modern girl with being effeminate.—Ashville Times.

A Sign of the Times.

You can tell China is a republic. Three great leaders are trying to save her.—New Bedford Times.

Them Was The Days.

Girls used to be given such names as Patience and Prudence but not now, not now!—Greenville Piedmont.

Rather Suspicious.

Personally, we don't believe the story about the hen that developed a taste for clay and is now laying brick.—Kingston Whig.

To the Editor

Resents U. S. Attitude.

Has Visited in South and West and Believes Feeling There Is Anti-British.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir—I wonder if an editorial writer cares to know when his readers find in his column something they highly appreciate. Your article on "The Insult to Britain" met with great praise from many of us. When one has thought much and feels as keenly as I do on that subject, it is a joy to find such a forceful, also careful exposition of it. I feel myself quite a competent judge of this international feeling, and it humbles me beyond measure when English and Canadian public men prattle about the "good fellowship existing between us and the U. S."

I once told Sir Wilfrid that he was never more mistaken in his life than when he put any faith in their fairy tales, but high-class men are invited to meet friendly Americans—people who have seen the world, but there is an absolute hatred of everything British in the Middle and Western States.

We spent six months in California in an excellent hotel the winter before the war. The people then were insufferable, but later they were worse. Early in the war, a lady remarked to me "that if the U. S. went into it, it would be to help France, because she had helped her."

She said: "You smile." "I do," I replied, "at this idea of you thinking France was doing it out of goodwill towards you. France was at war with Britain, and could not injure her more than by helping you against her."

I made up my mind long ago that in our attitude toward this lot, we are a poor-spirited people. When I squeezed through the channel past San Juan, on our way to Victoria, I saw one of their steals, and a poor-spirited people. Sir Alan Aylesworth, who revolted against it. Sincerely yours,

ST. THOMAS READER.

A Word of Thanks.

Middlesex Branch of Ontario Temperance Union Pass Resolution Concerning Recent O. T. A. Campaign.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir—At a meeting of the executive of the county of Middlesex branch of the Ontario temperance union the following resolution carried unanimously:

"Resolved, That while we appreciate the interest taken by the county press generally in the O. T. A. in the late campaign, we desire to express in the most positive manner our gratitude to the publishers of The London Advertiser for their unwavering support of the principles of prohibition. We believe the editorials and correspondence of the paper did much to win the victory in this county." (Signed) E. S. HUNT, President.

Municipal Elections.

Answer Gives Information That Many Desire Just Prior to Nomination and Voting.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir—In order to settle a dispute, will you please state through the columns of The Advertiser who is entitled to stand for election to municipal office and who is entitled to vote.

J. W. K.

London, Nov. 3.
Answer—Any person who is a

Truly Economical

because
"SALADA"
TEA

draws so richly in the teapot.
The flavor is superb—Try it.

"Be a Wise Bird"



For Quality & Value
SMOKE WHITE OWL CIGARS
3 for 25¢

Manufactured by General Cigar Co. Limited
IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. OF CANADA LIMITED
Sole Distributors

\$10.00 FOR YOUR OLD STOVE

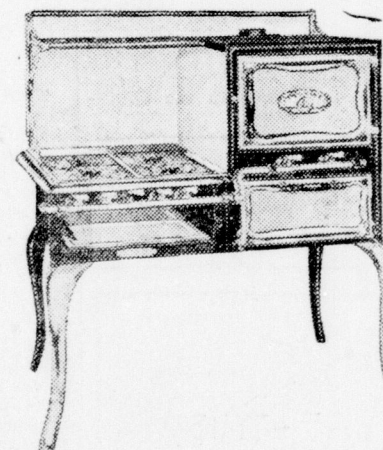
During the Month of November We Will Allow \$10 for Any Old Stove You May Have Coal, Oil, Gasoline, Wood, Gas or Electric, to Apply on Purchase of a

MODERN CABINET GAS RANGE
PRICED FROM \$55.00

**NO REPAIR
BILLS WITH
GAS
APPLIANCES**

**\$55.00
Old Stove 10.00
\$45.00**

\$5 DOWN AND \$5 A MONTH
Connections and Lighter Free!



\$5.00 FOR YOUR OLD STOVE

To Apply on Purchase of a Square Style Range

**\$41.00
Old Stove 5.00
\$36.00**

\$4 Down and \$4 a Month
Connections and Lighter Free!

**NO DIRT,
DUST
OR
DELAY**

No Interest Charged on Time Payments

**USE GAS FOR SPEED AND ECONOMY
THE FUEL THAT NEVER FAILS!**

CITY GAS CO. OF LONDON

213 DUNDAS ST.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

PHONE — 835.