

London Advertiser

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1923.

Big Crimes and Little Crimes.

Mr. William McDonald of the Chesley Enterprise has been trying to figure out just how bad the people of Bruce County really are. He has looked over the jail records for the year, and finds that for the last three months the county had 91 black marks against 41 for the three months before.

So the Chesley editor thumbs over the records, and finds that the first sinner rode his bike on the sidewalk. Of course if he had run into a Bruce County man and cut him in two, it would have been serious, but as nothing more than a \$9 fine happened the treasurer was inclined to look favorably upon the offense.

Then six boys in Walkerton shot off firecrackers, a joy unspeakable that is denied the youngsters of Bruce. And on this score Br'er McDonald ruminates that Mussolini and a lot of others shoot off cannon firecrackers and never face the magistrate. So the bard of Chesley is inclined to take the six lads from Walkerton and stand them up alongside the Paisley bicycle rider as very respectable law-breakers.

Then he comes to a farmer who was fined for selling watered butter, and while admitting this to be a poor practice, the Chesley editor can't help but wonder if it's any worse than selling watered stock, and whether the law is just as keen at pointing its finger at the watered stock sellers as at those who dispose of too much vapor with their butter. So this watered butter salesman is not classified. He's just put in the row along with the bicycle rider and the firecracker outlaws, all with a question mark over them.

Then there is the case of a man who was fined for fishing in private waters near Warton, all of which is nonsense. The government will stock any place with fish and the people should be allowed to draw them out. The Chesley scribe even admits that he has caught fish where he shouldn't, but no one saw him so he was not fined. So, of course, under such circumstances, the man who fished in the wrong hole is simply passed by with a brotherly salute.

And so of the whole 91 cases appearing on jail registers, there were only three of assault and one of theft, thereby showing that the people of Bruce are just wicked enough to be interesting, and law-abiding enough to be trusted.

Financing the Divorce Case.

The latest in financial advertising is from an American bank that lends money to assist in getting divorce.

That may be very smart and very up-to-date, but at the same time there is something miserably wrong about it.

When man and woman marry, it is the intention of divine and secular law that they shall remain in that state. It is not desirable that the union be easily dissolved.

If that bank would advertise that it would loan money to build a small house that would be within reach of the family purse it might be doing something to justify its existence.

When it smugly suggests that its funds are available for doing something that it is in the best interests of all not to do, then it has ceased to perform a good function.

Financing divorce makes divorce easier, and the easier it is made the more there will be of it. A bank that wants to prostitute its funds to back away at the roots of the social fabric of the nation has outlived its usefulness.

The Toronto Star Is Puzzled.

The Toronto Star is not able to settle the problem of roosters crowing in the city early in the morning. The Star suggests that the rooster be put to bed in a space that will not permit him to stretch his neck enough to crow, or that some sort of a rubber band be placed over his beak.

The rooster in Toronto has got just as much right to make a noise as the street cars and the autos. It has just the same privilege of screeching out of its turn as the Toronto Telegram, and it's no worse for it to toot at four in the morning than it was for Hon. Howard Ferguson and his followers to talk all night in the legislature.

If the Star man will observe closely he will find that the rooster crows just about one o'clock in the morning. Our agricultural expert says so, and where he lives there is a regular hedge of roosters around him. Just why they pick on the first hour after midnight to fire the first shot, he was not prepared to say. It is some sort of tradition, and one rooster passes it along to the next and so forth. A rooster that won't crow at one in the morning—well he ain't a rooster at all; he's not living up to the traditions of his tribe, and the man who bought him got cheated even if he got him for next to nothing.

The next blast comes from the rooster just around four in the morning, and that's probably the one Toronto people do not like as it spoils their first sleep. The

trouble with this four o'clock toot is that it seems to act like a kick on the shins to every other rooster. A perfectly contented bird may be snoozing away and he hears that challenge. As near as we can figure out, it starts an argument all over the country as to whether it is four o'clock or ten minutes after.

The Star of Toronto cannot fix up any sort of a rigging to cheat the rooster out of his four o'clock crow. Roosters up in this fine agricultural district crow at that time—they are good, well-bred and well-fed birds, too, so of course the lesser ones that live cramped up in Toronto will crow too. Not so lustily, not so excellently, but even their poor squawking effort will rouse the Toronto folks. The only safe way would be to put the roosters in the room where the party caucus meets at the legislature, for the public never hears what goes on in there.

We Put the Water Back.

Delegates from Chicago who were over here seeking to justify the amount of water taken by them from the great lakes cited the amount taken by Ontario at Niagara Falls for power purposes.

They said nothing of the amount of power so made that was sent back to United States.

Neither did they stop to figure out that the water taken at Niagara is put back a short time after it is taken out, whereas the water taken at Chicago ultimately finds its way to the Mississippi.

Where the Hard-Earned Money Goes.

The Kincardine Reporter tells of a head reader and fortune teller who called on that town last week. Heads were read at \$2 a throw, and the customers were so numerous that the town must be full of people who are anxious to know what's going to happen to them.

At London fair and many other fairs there are booths where a man with a quilt around his shoulders, or a woman dressed to look like what we think a gypsy should look like, takes in easy money.

A person who can shuffle a deck of cards well and hand out a lot of alleged foretelling finds plenty to sit around and listen.

Why? Because we're foolish and curious. Not content to take a day at a time and make the best of it, we are eager to strain our necks and see around the corner into tomorrow.

Any person knows that it's impossible to tell what will happen tomorrow or any day in the future, yet how greedily we gobble up the old saying about a fair lady, a long trip, a handsome man, good fortune and all the rest of it.

Some of these \$2 a head people must chuckle to themselves at the close of a day when a good grist has passed through the mill.

Thorndale Furnished This One.

When Edward James McMurray, or perhaps it might sound better to say the Hon. E. J. McMurray, took the oath of office as solicitor-general of Canada, another Western Ontario boy came a little farther up the ladder of public service.

Mr. McMurray was born on a farm near Thorndale some forty odd years ago. He is the son of the late James McMurray, who moved to a farm between Thorndale and St. Marys about five years after the birth of this now Hon. son. When days for schooling arrived, Brown's Corners, St. Marys High School and the Stratford Model had him in turn.

Hon. Mr. McMurray knows the west and he knows the east. His position should give him an excellent chance to make of himself a link to bind the two. He has many things in his favor, and should be a source of strength to the administration at Ottawa.

Note and Comment.

A man who owes money likes to tell the collectors he's not in, whereas the truth would be he's all in.

A new C. N. R. sleeping car is to be named "Stratford." We haven't heard whether that wide-awake city is going to stand for it or not.

We couldn't get interested in all this stuff about the prince's visit to the west until that yarn came about the flapjacks and syrup for breakfast.

The Chicago committee may have satisfied themselves that they put up a good case, but they failed to convey that impression to the people of Ontario.

When Germany went to war in 1914 she probably had no idea that nine years later she would be figuring on the best way to get the French to leave her boundaries.

That stop, look and listen sign does not seem to do the trick at level crossings. It might be a bit expensive, but it may yet be necessary to leave some of the wrecks lying along the railroad track.

The Chatham News, referring to Hon. Mr. Meighen's speeches in French, raps all those on the knuckles who smile at them, and says: "This is a dual-language country." Quite right, especially around election time.

The officer was giving a lecture on the care of arms. He explained how they should be cleaned, and finished by saying: "You should treat your rifle as tenderly as you would your wife. Rub it every day with an oily rag."

The Regina Leader says it is a waste of money to send the clerk of the privy council from Ottawa to Winnipeg to swear in the new solicitor-general, because it costs so much. Is the Leader not getting to the point where criticism amounts to cheeseparing?

DIBS AND DABS

—BY HARRY MOYER



Rarebits by Rex

TO A LADY.
Lady with the gay guitar,
Gloriously sweet, you are;
Limpid eyes and sunshine hair,
Teeth than precious pearls more fair,
Skin that glows like roses,
Tiny hands and piquant nose.

All I ask would be to be
Your slave for eternity.
Yet there is one thing to spoil
My devotion, fairest girl;
And it helps to silence me
Who adores you modestly.

Happily you strum and play
Your guitar 'most every day
This I'd stand a little thing—
But when playing you too sing.
Bitter woe I can't rejoice—
Lady, lady, you've no voice!

A musical critic says only one child in every five will practice the piano religiously. And it's just our luck that the girl next door is one child in every five.

He also says that piano practicing requires "infinite patience." We neighbors can vouch for that.

A French girl claims the insomnia record. But if this musical inclination of our street keeps up, the honor is likely to come to Canada.

On our left is another young lady who sings and who expects shortly to follow her career in Paris. But if she keeps it up we neighbors are going to get out an injunction for her to follow it in Sing Sing.

One of her men friends said she warbled like a bird, but she was too thick-headed to realize that he meant a guinea hen.

A citizen on our street got so hot he swore dreadfully one night at her. After that she sang "Speak To Me Only With Thine Eyes."

It isn't that we like to sleep once in a while, but the value of our house and lot is now so low that we'd have to pay a man to take it.

Mrs. Hammerly of Spokane, Wash., got a divorce and \$1,000 a week alimony yesterday because her husband hadn't spoken to her for 29 years. She now believes silence is golden.

With hay fever raging all over the country the popularity of grass widows must be falling off.

No one can really measure time. The Tutankhamen jokes now seem as old as his tomb.

"My Girl Uses Mineralava" is the latest in New York song hit. We imagine the char who wrote it should have lava used on him.

PUGILISTIC NOTE.
When we see genta attending
A boxing match's rigors,
We know that Mr. Barnum
Was not good at figures.

If ignorance is bliss, how do you account for the silliness of some traffic policemen?

FAMOUS DOUBLE PLAYS.
H-to-O. Message to Garcia. Come to Papa. Back to Nature. Go to Hamilton.

MY CREED.
Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving cheering words while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them; the kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flow-ers you mean to send for their coffin, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them, that I may be cheered by them, while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to appoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary way. — Author unknown.

Crying for the Moon

By ANNE CAMPBELL.
When first she saw the moon,
She raised her arms on high.
She craved it as a boon—
That ball up in the sky.

She'd hold it up on a string,
A beautiful balloon.
We gave her everything,
Why not the shining moon?

We could not grant her plea,
No matter how we tried.
We soothed her tenderly,
But how our baby cried.

Our promises were kind,
She stopped her weeping soon.
How many of us find
We're crying for the moon!

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THE EMPIRE WOBBLES.

So vigorously is the Prince of Wales forking feed on the ranch that he has developed an appetite for corned beef and cabbage. As monarchs living in a democratic age we concede him this privilege. If, however, he defies convention further and comes home to Buckingham Palace with red onions on his breath, we can guarantee nothing as to his future social prestige. Ottawa Journal.

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

THE DRAWING POWER OF THE CROSS.
And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto myself.—St. John, xii, 32.
Undoubtedly Jesus said this with reference to his death. The answer of the people shows that they so understood him. To be "lifted up" was a common expression for being crucified. As a matter of history, the cross of Christ has been the supreme attraction, the drawing power, the best-loved symbol of Christianity. Yet till Jesus died on it, it was only a sign of shame and scorn. Why this marvelous transformation? It was because of the wonderful beauty and perfection of the life that found its crown and consummation on the cross. It was because of the penetrating and unconquerable love for sinners revealed in this sacrifice on the cross. It was because of the deep certainty that there is no deliverance from sin without suffering, and the deep gratitude towards the sinless Son of God who suffers with and for us on the cross. Christianity is admirable as a system of morals, lovely as a plan of brotherhood, noble as a conception of life. But without the cross on which Christ died for sinners, it is a beautiful lantern unlit, a poem with the central word omitted. That word is:
The Son of God who loved me and gave himself up for me.
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TO THE EDITOR.

THE VOICE CALLING IN THE WILDERNESS.

Editor of The London Advertiser:
Sir—Some time ago there was a write-up about the D. S. C. R. going to Toronto. That seems to be the finish. But I would like to bring to the notice of the people of London the way they are treating the returned soldiers who are working at the Westminster Hospital. They get 30 cents an hour for an eight-hour day, making a total of 48 hours per week, for which they receive \$14.40. They have street car fare to pay, 60 cents a week. They have to lose all holidays, while the staff and aides, which are women, get paid, which is not a fair deal. They also are given three weeks' holidays a year, and sick leave, but if any of the returned soldiers should be sick, and it is not their war disability, then they are stopped for lost time. If the wife or children are sick at home, even if a doctor is there, they get stopped, just the same.

Now the Vet Craft are supposed to be 100 per cent disability. They have not to carry out any work outside. Yet some of them only get about \$11 a month pension; some get much more. Now, again, they are supposed to be paid twice a month, on the 4th and 18th, but they are kept over a week sometimes before this pay arrives from Toronto.

When the little children of these families, who cannot understand why there is no dinner for them, look up into their mother's face and say: "Tee hungry, mum," what would you then?

Those little eyes looking up, meeting your own; then at night the mother tells dad, and they look into one another's eyes. It tells you it brings a big bump up in your throat. I have seen some of this, and try to think and find a remedy for it. What do you think of it?

GEORGE TURNER, Secretary.

HER BARNIE'S GANE AWA.
I think o' yin who finds hersel' in disappointment keen,
For hopes she's fondly cherished lang
Ha'e vanished frae her een.
Up frae her hert she canna illt
A cheering yane ava.
Cause frae yon hame, he dearly lo'd,
Her barnie's gane awa'.

His footsteps mair she canna hear—
Thet's a departed joy.
Instead, she dail lang maun greet
Sae sadly for her boy.
Yon voice she lo'd nae mair gies noo
Sweet music tae her ear:
Frae morn till e'en she deeply feels
Her laddie's nae mair here.

Nae wonder that she dailly greets,
For sairly she's bereft;
Noo, that her barnie's gane awa',
She canna bring her back her lo'd,
Nae heal her sorrows a'.

Yet, 'tis tae pleasures far aboon
Her barnie's gane awa'.
—PR. MACK.

London, Sept. 22, 1923.

BUY ADVERTISED GOODS

Best, Safest, Cheapest

Still Picking Raspberries

Special to The Advertiser.
Chatham, Sept. 21.—R. W. Haskell of 266 Delaware avenue has quite a reputation locally as an amateur gardener, and that he is deserving of it was proven this morning when he exhibited a box of raspberries which he picked in his garden today. They are the Cuthbert variety and are as fine a sample of raspberries as has been seen in Chatham this year. The canes were planted last year, and bore right up till the frost. This year Mr. Haskell has been picking berries all season and is still doing it.

TWO MANITOBA PORTFOLIOS ARE TO BE AMALGAMATED

Canadian Press Despatch.
Winnipeg, Sept. 21.—Amalgamation of the portfolios of education and agriculture under one cabinet minister and the retirement of Hon. Neil Cameron, minister of agriculture, from the Bracken cabinet, was forecasted in government circles today. Premier Bracken, it is said, intends taking over the administration of the amalgamated departments.

It is also reported that Albert Prentiss, M.L.A., will be taken into the cabinet as minister without portfolio.

ANNOUNCE C. P. LINER'S RETURN FROM JAPAN

Empress of Australia Docks Sunday After Aiding in Yokohama Relief.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Toronto, Sept. 21.—A wireless communication to the effect that the Empress of Australia will dock at Vancouver from Japan, Sunday evening has been received by the Canadian Pacific steamship authorities. This vessel was in dock at Yokohama on the day of the earthquake and was badly damaged by the tidal wave. She was due to leave Yokohama for Vancouver on the day of the earthquake, and helped in rescue work for two or three days following the catastrophe. It is expected that this vessel will have a large number of survivors en route to all parts of Canada, and also a large amount of mail.

PLAYERS' CRAFT COURSES

Miss Topley Thomas, director of "Players' Craft," 216 Wolfe street, begins class work on the first Monday of October. The classes include dramatic art, expression, public speaking, Shakespeare, recital hour, and literature. A professional course comprises 12 lessons a week, or students may enter any course. Interviews by appointment.

There is a great feeling of satisfaction from driving on Firestone Cords.

The careful tire buyer knows at the end of thousands of miles that he has made a wise investment—obtained the most miles for his dollar.

The car owner to whom price is the last consideration but who seeks the utmost in reliability and care-free riding is likewise satisfied, for this quality together with unusual mileage have been Firestone characteristics for 23 years.

The dealer who handles Firestone Cords and Steam-Welded Tubes does not sell tires alone—he sells satisfaction.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

Cord Tires

Your Health: Why You Should Learn To Play For Play's Sake.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

Why do not the Canadian people learn to play? We are too serious a race. We do not enjoy our sports as we should. We are too much in earnest over them, as we are over our vocational pursuits.

I looked over the men on a golf course a few days ago. Goodness! It was as if the fate of nations depended on their play!

Look at the men and women around a card table. They are not playing—they are working and contending.

Attend a musical. There is no relaxation and honest-to-goodness enjoyment of the music. The attitude and expression indicate the frame of mind of a football coach watching for errors in the play.

Go to a ball game. The fans are following the details of the play just as critically as the manager. They are not enjoying themselves. They are painstakingly recording on the tablets of memory the moves of the game.

Sit on the back seat of an automobile. You are not enjoying the ride—you are driving the motor just as much as the man at the wheel is. Sometimes you nearly drive your foot through the bottom of the car, putting on the brake in your imagination.

Canadians don't know how to play. A few Sundays ago I looked on for half an hour at a picnic of a large group of our foreign-born citizens. There

were music and dancing and laughing and singing. There were luncheon and joking and fooling. There were courting and "kidding" and telling stories. There was speech-making and hand-clapping and yelling. There was good nature in every face. The lines of care had gone. Everybody was really playing.

Why don't all of us do that? Europeans have played for centuries. They have learned the art—or is it the science?—of relaxation. They work hard in their regular callings, but when vacation comes or a holiday gives them a free day, they play just as thoroughly as we do.

For the sake of the national health, to improve the individual health, to make all of us live longer, there must be more real enjoyment in our play. Let us play to play!

Let us get out of our heads the idea that to win is the great thing. Let us be better sportsmen by making the same pleasure in our opponent's skill that we take in our own. We will not lack in loyalty and desire to have the outcome just a shade on our side, but we will secure ourselves to be less intent on victory and more devoted to sport for sport's sake.

We will get no health or actual recreation from our play until we make it really play instead of another variety of work.

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THE MUTUAL LIFE Assurance Company of Canada

WATERLOO, ONTARIO

"The Net Cost Life Insurance Company"

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