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London, Ont., Saturday, Dec. 18.

PREMIER MARTIN'S ADDRESS.

The Canadian Club of London confers a real benefit on the community when it secures an address like that given yesterday by Premier Martin of Saskatchewan. Statesmanlike in its outlook, hopeful as to the future, and well grounded as to the present, it was the type of address that tends to break down prejudices and build up real Canadianism. With no attempt to pass over evident weaknesses in his own province (weaknesses that in most cases are common to the other provinces), Premier Martin did show that the west is grappling with its big tasks and getting things accomplished.

There are always those who fear that the west is going to fall into the hands of the foreign element, or the American element, or some other element. It was refreshing to hear the man who knows best say that the old Ontario element is still the backbone of the province, and still the dominant factor in its population. But the speaker laid his finger on one point that had probably not been thought of, by the vast majority of his hearers. We are accustomed to hearing it said that if we pump in British settlers, that this is not enough in itself. These British settlers must also be Canadianized. He pointed out that the British settlers in Saskatchewan, the English and the Irish newcomers, in most cases, know nothing of Eastern Canada other than what they may have seen from a car window on the journey from a Canadian port to the west. They are no more acquainted with the viewpoint of the east than any other newcomer. And since the majority of easterners have no idea of the western viewpoint, not even the businessmen who make hasty trips through the prairies, it is essential that efforts should be active to link the two parts. The premier of Saskatchewan believes that this link must be a profound pride in Canada as a whole. There must be a national feeling more dominant than the provincial feeling.

This is good advice for eastern people, as it is doubtless good advice for Westerners as well. The habit of making snap judgments on others is a national fault. Knowing nothing of the facts, we do not hesitate to pass the most profound opinions. And often it would seem that those with the least information are most dogmatic in their judgments. We often complain of the ignorance of Canada on the part of Englishmen or Americans or people of other races. But there is an appalling amount of ignorance with regard to Canada among Canadians themselves, and it is this ignorance that is responsible for some of our most difficult problems.

The Canadian Club offers the opportunity for men of other parts of Canada to pass on a message to their fellows here in the east, and it would be well if more speakers of the type of Premier Martin could be heard in London. Could not the Canadian Club of London bring a representative French-Canadian to address its membership, a man of the type of Sir Lomer Gouin or Hon. Mr. Taschereau? It would be more than a mere Canadian Club function; it would be an interchange of ideas that would have, no doubt, far-reaching effect.

THE LATE CHARLES JENKINS, PETROLEA.

"Death is the messenger of peace
And calls the soul to heaven."
Charles Jenkins died on Thursday at Crescent Place, his home in Petrolea, in the 51st year of his age. "Who's Who and Why" has the following reference:

"Charles Jenkins, manager Ontario Lands and Oil Company, Petrolea; director Northern Life Assurance Company. Born near Bannockburn, Scotland. Educated, Scotland. Came to Canada 1889. Unsuccessful candidate to House of Commons for East Lambton, 1904; name mentioned in connection with a Dominion senatorship; member, General Association, Ontario Liberal Association. Councillor, Petrolea, eight years; member public school board two years; member high school board twelve years. A delegate to general and provincial synods of Anglican Church; member mission board; member general committee for a revised hymnal for Church of England in Canada, 1906; member national committee Anglican laymen's missionary movement, 1909; favors the expansion of the Anglican ordinal, permitting deacons to follow a secular calling; favors church union; author of a paper 'Aims and Objects of the Canadian Church union, with special reference to the uniting of the church throughout the whole of British North America' (Canadian Churchman, 1888). Married Anne Elizabeth Kirkpatrick, daughter of S. F. Kirkpatrick, Petrolea, Ont. (deceased 1895). Liberal, Anglican; address, Petrolea, Ont."

Mr. Jenkins was one of the ablest and best men in Canada. He was a Shakespearean scholar, as well as one of the best read men in the highest class of English literature. He had a style all his own, both in speaking and writing. The Advertiser published recently his paper on the aims and objects of Canadian

church union, and would have liked to have his views on the broader question respecting the union of all churches. Mr. Jenkins was brought up a Presbyterian and became an Anglican after he had reached manhood. His death is a great loss, not only to the Anglican Church, but to the whole country. He regularly attended the meetings of the Anglican synod in this city, and was one of its most active and prominent members. He will be much missed there. He also attended regularly the meetings of the directors of the Northern Life and formed there very close attachments. He had an earnest, serious and thoughtful mind on all appropriate occasions. His wide knowledge and exceptionally keen appreciation of wit made him very entertaining in the social circle.

Mr. Jenkins was a typical Scotsman, fond of home and all connected with it. The church and school had in him a true friend. Friendships were to him sacred. He was constantly improving his mind. He has reached "the land of the dead" after more than four score years of a well-spent life.

"They're slowly slippin' frae oor ken—
The friends we lo'e'd sae weel,
As mist in autumn gloamin's fa'
Along the valleys steele;
And though the day's last rosy beam
May light some lofty Ben,
The shadows seem to deeper grow
Within the wooded glen."

MR. FERGUSON FUMING.

Hon. G. Howard Ferguson is entering upon his career as leader of the Tory remnant in Ontario in a rather vengeful mood. He is talking of the hides that he is going to nail on the fence in the coming session of the Legislature, though we venture the opinion that the Ferguson hide may itself be a rather conspicuous landmark before many months have passed.

The department over which he exercised authority during the Hearst regime has afforded one of the most outstanding records of incompetent management of which this province has record. The royal commission, so vigorously abused by Mr. Ferguson, has laid a part of the nasty business bare, but there is doubtless more to come. Mr. Ferguson would like to divert attention from his predicament as the man responsible for the department by throwing suspicion on the fair-mindedness of the commission. We think Ontario people will not be deceived by this camouflage. Nor are they likely to think the future of Mr. Ferguson the main consideration in connection with the matter.

The man who was chosen by a clique of Tories at Toronto to lead them back into office represents a type of politician that is disappearing, and a type that cannot disappear too soon. We are done with professional politicians in this country. We want men whom the office seeks, rather than those who seek the office. And Mr. Ferguson stands conspicuous in the latter class.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Premier Martin says that Saskatchewan has billions of tons of lignite coal. An effective and economical method of briquetting this coal, which slacks so quickly, is now needed. Here is a field for the research board, which, if it could provide the solution, would mean millions in wealth to the whole west.

The suggestion that the Government aid unemployment by starting public works rather than by doling out charity is right and proper. We want no bread or soup lines in this country. We want the opportunity for the men to do a day's work for a day's pay. That is the right principle for city, province or Dominion.

HIS VICTIMS MUCH LIKE HIMSELF.

[New York Times.]

Why anybody should have sympathy for the man Ponzi it would be hard to explain, and still harder to justify, and yet the news that he is to go to jail for five long years does inspire at least a few thoughts about "Good enough for him."

Swindler he was, no doubt, and a stupid swindler, too, as well as an egregious falsifier and a wholesale betrayer of simple confidences. But, just the same, there was something picturesque, something suggestive of the gallant, about him, and it is almost possible, though not quite, to believe that he was as credulous as his victims and deceived himself as much as he did them.

It is with an amused interest that a Canadian reads some of the comments of editors of British newspapers on the prohibition movement in Canada. They cannot understand what is going on here, and feel sure that must be some explanation of it. Being fond of us, and desiring to put the best face they can on our strange behavior in voting for ice-water as a beverage, they describe prohibition as "an American-born continental movement," which only Quebec, because it is French and British Columbia, because it is peculiarly English, have been able to resist.

As one British Journal remarks, "the Prairie Provinces, separated by not so much as a fence from across the border. British Columbia is different because 'its ancient foundation by cavalier adventurers from the Pacific in Charles II's reign gives certain mellowness to its history.' This mellowness in its history no doubt accounts for a certain mellowness in its present policy. It is thus that the scientific examiner accounts for human actions by going to the historic root of things."

It is not clear yet, however, that the vote and influence of the cavaliers of Charles II. will make British Columbia markedly different from the rest of Canada. The recent vote in that province authorizes a system which any cavalier would denounce as drastic enough, were it not that it is in lieu of a system more drastic still. There will be liquor, and no sale of it but by the government, which brings the traffic to the point where, by the pressure of a single hand, it can be destroyed whenever the province desires it to be done.

It is predicted that Quebec and British Columbia will benefit from the "sanity" they have shown. This, of course, remains to be seen. If these two provinces apply to the job of keeping temper and tending bar for the rest of the continent—if they do not think better of it, if they go on with it and remain wet while the rest of the continent goes dry—we see no reason why the rest of the continent should shrink the comparisons which it will, in the course of time, be possible to make. A temporary prosperity of a wasteful kind may blossom forth in two wet provinces, but unless all the beliefs of the advocates of prohibition are astray, these provinces will be under a handicap from which the rest of Canada will have been released, and these wet provinces will in time feel the drag and lag behind.

From Here and There

BESTING HENRY FORD.

[Detroit Journal.]

The first man to get the best of Henry Ford was a foreign workman. He beat the system completely by having a job in his hands at once, punching six clocks, had six names, and drew six pats. If Henry doesn't make him a general manager or something, he's missing an opportunity.

HAT THAT CAUSED RIOT.

[New York Evening Post.]

John Hetherington was a prosperous haberdasher in the Strand, London, but his career had not been noteworthy until he conceived the idea that the time was ripe to introduce a novelty in headgear, and, accordingly, on January 15, 1917, crossed his threshold wearing the first silk hat.

In our own frontier days it seemed to be quite impossible for a cowboy to see a silk hat without feeling an irresistible impulse to shoot at it, and something of the same spirit must have existed in London two centuries ago, for no sooner had the first silk hat appeared than trouble started. A crowd soon gathered about the owner, and the crowd soon increased to such a dangerous extent that the authorities had to interfere. The next morning the daring haberdasher was brought before the lord mayor charged with "walking down a public highway wearing upon his head a tall structure having a shining lustre calculated to alarm timid people."

Witnesses gave evidence that women had fainted, that children had gone into hysterics, and that one had had sustained a broken arm through the violence of the mob. Hetherington asserted his rights as an Englishman to wear such clothes as he saw fit, but the lord mayor took another view of the matter, and ordered the defendant to pay damages in the sum of \$5,000 for his future good behavior.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH.

[Brockville Recorder.]

The makers of newspapers do not aim to make works of literature. They strive to express clearly and according to accepted forms of English. Sometimes they succeed, not infrequently in the rush, crush and push of a daily newspaper office they fail. The proofroom—Heaven always shower upon it the richest of blessings!—saves every newspaper a very great deal. And a reading public that is kind is always forgiving.

Newspapers have to be thrown together hurriedly. Their success is measured by their accuracy of statement and their honesty. They strive always at correct forms, but sometimes all their cherished hopes go wrong. And when the glaring mistake appears there's a season of sorrow, the staff holds a carnival of grief, but they buckle on the armor to begin the fight again the next day, with higher purposes than ever before, and with that ever-burning desire to serve the public with the best there is, the most accurately presented, and all attractively put together.

THREW UP JOB.

[Brantford Expositor.]

The job of a female police commissioner in the wicked city of New York is not a very agreeable one, according to Mrs. E. A. O'Grady, one of the number, who has just thrown up her job because she met with constant obstruction from the "higher-ups" in her efforts to protect the morals of girls in moving picture houses and elsewhere. She adds: "When my detectives went to enforce the law in moving picture houses, the managers of these houses showed receipts stating that they had contributed to the police hospital fund, and had been promised that no police action would be taken against them. I was told that my work was too strenuous looking and I was told to go to the law enforcement agencies prevailing in the police departments it is not surprising that New York, Chicago and other American cities are having an epidemic of crime at this time."

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

[St. Thomas Times-Journal.]

A ton of coal in England costs \$8.31 at the pit-head. The miners get \$6.06, office and other expenses cost about \$1.40, royalties are 16 cents, capital adjustments are 5 cents, and the owners get 52 cents. These are reliable figures, issued by government authority.

JAPAN AND MISSIONARIES.

[Hamilton Spectator.]

Rev. Dr. Chown, superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada, who has just returned from a tour of Japan, China and India, is convinced, from his own actual experience, of the justice of the protests of missionaries against Japanese atrocities in Korea. "I have no doubt that the missionaries are not preaching anything in the way of insurrection, but it is impossible to preach anything like justice or Christian democracy without coming into conflict with the ideas being insisted upon by Japan in Korea at the present time," says Dr. Chown. The detailed accounts of massacres which he printed in the Spectator yesterday are sufficient of themselves to show that no self-respecting man, least of all a minister of the Christian Gospel, could hold his peace while such unspeakable barbarities were being perpetrated beneath his very eyes. It cannot be termed interference in politics to protest against such horrors. One owes a duty to common humanity, and it would be failing in that duty to permit such things to continue. It is the historic problem of the power grown too big for its national boundaries spreading out into foreign fields and supplanting the native population. Dr. Chown tells of an extensive migration of Japanese to Manchuria, Korea and even as far away as Singapore and Vladivostok. "It is only true to say that where they go they bring every mark of efficiency. Their buildings stand out in great contrast to the original structures of the natives of those places. The most intense feeling of hostility, however, exists between China and Japan." So reports Dr. Chown. Japan is seeking her "place in the sun" but, no more than Germany, must she be permitted to trample other nations under foot in order to achieve it.

INVENTED IN CANADA.

[Quebec Telegraph.]

The Brantford Expositor has done good work for Brantford and for Canada in making it quite clear that Canada is the actual birthplace of the telephone. Boston has claimed this honor, and most American writers accept the claim, but Canada's title should be Brantford, which is known as the Telephone City. There is an imposing monument memorializing the connection of that city with the invention, at the unveiling of which Dr. Bell was the leading figure. In a letter to the Expositor, that gentleman presents in chronological order the different stages of the invention, beginning with the following: "The invention of the telephone at Tutelet Heights, Brantford, in the summer of 1874." He concludes his letter: "Speaking generally, I may say that Boston was the centre of the experimental work of development, and Brantford the centre of development by theoretical reasoning. I spent my summer vacations in Brantford; and, not to be thus professional work there to distract my attention, I had leisure to ponder over the experiments that had been made in Boston and Salem, and plan out new lines of research. In this way Brantford became my thinking place; here the telephone was invented; the first draft of the patent specifications prepared; the proper relation of the parts of a telephone to enable it to be used on long lines worked out; and the first transmission of the human voice over miles of telegraph line actually accomplished. Here also the first public demonstration of this result was given to the world."

Boston, it is true, had something to do with the working out of Dr. Bell's great invention, but its pre-eminence was first demonstrated in Brantford, and some of the later experiments successfully conducted there.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT CANADA?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S QUESTIONS.

- 1-The village of Grand Pre was made famous by Longfellow's poem "Evangeline."
- 2-Dawson City is the chief town of the Yukon, at the junction of the Klondike and Yukon Rivers.
- 3-Ontario produces 60 per cent of Canada's apples.
- 4-This year the average daily attendance at moving picture theatres in Canada has been 750,000.
- 5-Mount Whitehorn is in the Rockies, south of Yellowstone Pass.
- 6-Downing street is in London, England, and was the site of the headquarters of the colonial office and the colonial secretary, who was in charge.
- 7-Murray Bay, Tadoussac, Riviere du Loup, Matia, Capmau and Rimouski are famous summer resorts on the St. Lawrence River.
- 8-The first agricultural school in British North America was established in the Province of Quebec seven years before Confederation.
- 9-The Rideau Canal was planned by the British Government for military purposes, to secure communication between Montreal and the lakes in case of the exposed St. Lawrence route falling into an enemy's hands.
- 10-Canada's available anthracite is estimated at 2,155,000,000 tons.

TODAY'S QUESTIONS.

- 1-What was the name of the fur trading company founded by Champlain?
- 2-Where are the Cobequid mountains?
- 3-What is the most elevated peak in British Columbia?
- 4-Where is Brantford?
- 5-Where is the largest storage dam in the world?
- 6-When was the Grand Trunk Pacific opened for through service?
- 7-Who was the governor of Canada that finally acknowledged the principle of responsible government?
- 8-What Quebec city is situated on an island?
- 9-How many states of the American Union border on Canada?
- 10-Why did Capt. George Vancouver come to the Pacific coast?

Poetry and Jest

YOUNG DAWN.

[By George Herbert Clarke.]

Dawn lifts the valley with a clean, cold mist,
And bathes her slender limbs and lifts
To heaven, while her frank young
bosom, bare
As carved marble, gleams with marble
glint;
Each beautiful breast by kindred beauty
kissed;
Perfect and pure, her form without
compare
Steals into sudden contours, and her
fair
Face swims and glimmers with her
maiden's wit.

She smiles, blushes a little, waves her
hand,
And twinkling they vanish, one by
one,
The drowsy lights dotting the dewy
land;
Now is the miracle of morn begun—
She waits him, worships him, nor would
withstand
Her burning lover, the Imperious Sun.

KNOCKERS.

[Baltimore American.]

"We have an old family knocker on
our front door."
"We have one inside."
WRINKLES.
Of wrinkles on men's faces, that's but
two important styles.
The one that's made from worry
is the one that's made from smiles.
The first won't get you anywhere; the
other kind improves
Good cheer to folks around you
and keeps youth within your hearts.

SOMETHING IN COMMON.

[Truth Seeker.]

To new maid: "This is my son's
room. He's in Yale."
"Ya? My brudder ban there, too."
"No year, da judge just say: 'You
Axel, sixty days in jail.'"

"THAT SWEET, SWEET SONG."

[In Portland Oregonian.]

Somewhere I have read a story
Of a bird with a wounded wing,
And how ere the cruel arrow struck
He would mount to the sky and sing;
Far up in the blue he soared,
He sang all the livelong day,
And the notes of his song came softly
From the cloud lands far away.

One day a hunter saw him light
For the limb of a willow tree,
He bent his bow and an arrow flew
As true as true could be;
The bird from the tree fell fluttering;
No more could he soar and sing,
But there in the grass he must stay,
Alas!
Because of a wounded wing.

But lo, from among the willows
That border a murmuring stream
A song came up on the evening air
As sweet as a rustic dream;
The notes were tinged with sadness,
With suffering and with pain,
But in them now was a harmony
Of a nobler, loftier strain.

A message of inspiration
To all who pass it brings,
For among earth's human beings
There are many with wounded wings;
And they forget their worry,
Discouragement and care
In that sweet, sweet song that floats
Along
On the wings of the evening air.

FAIR WARNING.

Patsy—Morn, won't yer gimme candy now?

Mrs. Casey—Didn't O' tell ye O' wouldn't give ye anny at all if ye didn't kape still?

Yes'm, but—
Well, the longer ye kape still the sooner ye'll get it.

PATHS OF LIFE.

[Frederick B. Fenton.]

The Avenues of Time are strewn
With garlands of the years;
In Triumph's ways some wreaths are
thrown,
Whilst some are wet with tears;
Each o'er Life's path may view tonight
Wreaths grand and drab forsooth;
Some weaved for sorrow, some de-
light.

Some faded, some with youth,
Turning, we see o'er others' ways
Fame's lurid banners fly,
Having no higher aim than their days,
Riches before them lie;
While pity, born of toil and pain,
Explores our humblest lives,
And happiness trips back again,
And courage lifts the load.

For 'tis not to the loftiest slopes,
However grand they seem,
Life lifts us all with those fond hopes
That beautifully each dream;
As sunlit ways are often found
Among the plains below,
Joy's brightest beams may gild the
ground
Of humble life and low.

KNOW WHAT HE NEEDED.

[Dallas News.]

Titie Clinger says the reason she didn't last long as clerk at the book store was because when an old gentleman asked for the Chicken Fancier's



Modern Youth

Guide she told him he didn't need a guide—what he wanted was a guardian.

But every thought on himself he spent, And LIFE became a weary care Because of the I that was always there.

Once on a time, says this legend profound, As his long, lean form grew jolly and round, The fairy proved beyond a doubt That loving is living rounded out.

For the best of self will life improve; Take the I from LOVE and make it LOVE.

Once on a time, the stories say, A fairy princess came that way; Said to herself, "Some charm I'll give To change for mankind eternal victory; Our mighty dead bequeathed to us Sweet freedom's diadem.

That freedom won is ours to keep, Shall we break faith with them?

Though war entombed, rest, Heroes, rest; We'll carry on that all men shall be blest; Here's heart and hand—our lives—to freedom's test.

Comrade—A Die! To God our thanks for thee; God save thy life to pledge his people free.

If soldier-life pledge joy a birth, And peace o'er all the earth, Let a nation here o'er her warrior's Pledge to God a contrite heart.

Loved Canada! Glory to thee— Glory to God for true humanity— Glory to God! We'll share our liberty.

Jinks had been out the night before and was late at his desk. Employer (sternly)—Well? Jinks—Not very, sir.

LIVING AND LOVING. [Margaret East Kelly, in Life.]

Once on a time, so I have heard, A letter dwell in the mist of a word, Still and selfish, he never bent.



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