

London Advertiser

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1923.

Offer a Reward.

A reward for the much-wanted Pat Norton has not been offered; in fact there has never been an offer for his capture, although \$1,000 is up for the return of William Murrell.

In placing two of the bandits on trial the arm of justice has moved only half way, and a very determined move should be made to bring all four up.

If a reward will assist, then the reward should be put up; it should be made large enough to get some action and, if it produces results, should be paid promptly and gladly.

A Poor Business.

Hon. J. A. Robb, minister of immigration, has found proof that his department is being swindled in an attempt to bring Italians from southern Italy to Canada as farm laborers.

The papers setting forth that they have employment waiting for them on farms have been fraudulently secured, and in some cases farmers signed from ten to fifty of these affidavits, getting about ten dollars each for so doing.

Coming in at this time of year means that these people will flock to the cities, and compete for the limited amount of labor that is available.

It is a sad, sour thing to think that Canadian residents, for the sake of a few ill-gotten dollars, would sign falsely in an effort to batter down the laws of their own country.

National honor and common honesty are lacking in such people.

Adam and Eve.

Some learned professors have succeeded in starting a discussion on Adam and Eve. They have discovered that Adam and Eve were simply typical of the first people.

They had to call them something, so they might just as well call them Adam and Eve as anything else.

Then, too, there is the other theory that the woman was born first, and this idea seemed to have cost the sacrifice of a couple of brain cells.

A man has a certain amount of energy to expend; he has a certain length of time to live.

The sensible solution is that he should seek to use this energy and time to the greatest purpose.

Arguing about Adam and Eve is a splendid occupation for those who are not prepared to stand up in the front lines.

Arguing about Adam and Eve never made a sick man any better; never caused a prisoner in jail to have a better vision, and never made a discouraged soul see that God was still in the heavens and that all things would be well.

When we shuffle off this earth we will never be called upon to recite our opinions about Adam and Eve.

Here's the Answer.

Three London men were discussing civic matters, and a statement had been made by one in which the word "grafter" was used.

We get into the habit of referring to our public bodies in a loose way, so the phrase "a lot of grafters" might often be used.

But one of the citizens checked up the statement. He wanted to know who the grafters were, and what they had grafted on.

Pressed for an answer, he admitted that he could not give a specific answer.

Following his advantage, the man who did the questioning went farther, and stated, "You can't even name the aldermen of London."

He started and quit when he reached the total of seven, including the mayor.

And yet he was prepared to stand on the corner and refer to them all as "a bunch of grafters."

All of which furnishes part of the answer to the question as to why it is hard to get men to offer themselves for service in public office.

Those Jumping Germs.

Dr. Hill of the Institute of Public Health is preparing a campaign against the business of handshaking. He goes on the theory that people's hands are full of germs, and that when you shake hands there are all sorts of these germs just ready for a chance to jump. It may be that some of your germs are ready to jump, thus making an interchange of germs.

If any of these male mashers who persist in the long, lingering handshake with their lady friends were to persist in the practice, it is reasonable to suppose that the germs would have a good chance to run around and look over both hands. If they decided they would have a better time by staying with the lady, they could all scout over there and

sit down before the masher let go. In which case the man would lose his handful of germs, and the poor little lady would have a double portion.

The doctor fairly makes us creep as he talks about these germs. He takes, for instance, President Coolidge, and traces the people who shake hands with him from a man from Podunk on through a secretary, landlord (who ever shakes hands with the landlord?), doctor, grocer, traveler, and on to a man who gathers garbage.

So the one way to stop gathering up germs is to quit the handshake. Thus we would strike the greatest weapon ever produced from the pump-handle at the church door.

Are we to take it that the aldermen are to start out on their vote-searching campaign with their hands tied behind the back? Not even one little handshake allowed? Not a chance to pat a child on the head and say that his intelligence comes from his father or mother, depending on which one is present.

And when a man walks into the office, says he likes the paper and wants to pay cash for a year in advance—can there be no joyous jump from the office stool to grasp the hand of this discerning citizen?

If Dr. Hill says there are germs there must be germs, but can't he get some other way of assassination or control? Would a real good, friendly squeeze, for instance, in a handshake kill off a couple of million?

Self-Inflicted.

The fog was dense, but the car raced right through it. That was near Pembroke. One funeral takes place today, and the doctors are wondering if another man is going to recover his sight. Five others are cut and bruised.

If people were forced to do such things by the government of Russia or of Canada a cry would go round the world, couched in terms of barbarism and torture.

What is there to say when free-will agencies, such as men driving these cars, inflict such tortures on themselves and others who ride with them?

Grief and sorrow for the deceased and the immediate relatives in such a case is strangely mixed with sensations of angry surprise and outraged common sense for the man behind the wheel.

Where Is Mexico?

In September 214 tons of liquor went through the Welland Canal, apparently on the road to Mexico.

The statement is openly made that much of this never gets as far as the end of the canal, but is dumped off at various points for trucks to pick up for the bootleggers and rum-runners.

It is the height of poor logic for Ontario to vote that it shall be a prohibition province, and at the same time continue the manufacture of liquor here.

We decide that it is not good for us, but excellent for Mexico.

And the decision places an enormous tonnage of liquor in Ontario that calls for an enormous amount of watching.

Ontario has no good reason or excuse for the situation. It is a situation made possible by the presence of federal law and provincial law on the same ground.

Not the Real Danger.

J. A. McCausland, M.P.P. of Toronto, makes another attack on the O. T. A. and its enforcement.

Mr. McCausland is running true to form. He got up on the Conservative platform as an anti-O. T. A. force; appealed to the people as such and was elected as such.

The O. T. A. or any other temperance legislation stands in greater danger of defeat from the indifference and lukewarmness of its supposed friends than it does from the open attacks of its avowed enemies.

Note and Comment.

If winter comes with the car victim he is buried into a snowbank instead of into the ditch?

Manitoba leads Canada in the matter of birth-rate. May all its troubles continue to be little ones.

A match trust in Sweden aims to control the output of the world. It is surprising what a little nation can do when it decides to strike.

When the Prince of Wales goes to get married now, the first thing he'll ask the girl will be "Can you cook flapjacks like they do in Western Canada?"

Alberta has wheat running 97 bushels to the acre. In some places it was so thick they had to rent land in Saskatchewan to set it up in stocks.

The St. Catharines Standard says the favorite bedtime story is "Have the Milk Bottles Been Put Out?" To which may be added "Is the Side Door Locked?" and "Will the Furnace Go Out Before Morning?"

A motor car with a California date line on it was seen plying along Richmond street today. This pre-cooked machine had better hurry back home before it gets stuck in a snowbank.

DIBS AND DABS

—BY HARRY MOYER



As the Farmer Sees It

Mr. W. S. Laidlaw of Wilton Grove, deputy-reeve of Westminster township, believes that each generation has its duty to perform. He points, when discussing farming conditions of today, to the part played by the pioneers of the province, and to the excellent way in which they did their work. Having done their part it is now the duty of those entrusted with the development of Ontario to face the problems and carry the work farther.

Mr. Laidlaw, in discussing this problem with the Advertiser, said: "Farming conditions have undergone a considerable change since 1914. At that time a feeling of contentment existed. I believe, in the majority of rural communities. Houses were being built; houses and other buildings were being repaired, and remodelled and evidence of faith in the future were manifested. Since the war owing to the high cost of labor and material, pre-war activity along the lines above mentioned (the country at least) has to a large extent ceased. The cost of the necessities of the farmer and his family in order that they may 'carry on' have increased so much and cut so deeply into the average farmer's income that it is difficult in many cases to make ends meet."

However, I believe the present is not a time for the Ontario farmer to quit. Our forefathers when they were heaving down the bush had their seasons of discouragement and disappointment but they had a vision of a land wrested from the forest, producing food in abundance for man and beast, with the hamlet, town and city dotting the landscape. This vision of theirs has to a large extent become a reality. We, who today occupy these lands that "we cleared the five in houses the future generations 'we built out,' and enjoy privileges and advantages that have been bequeathed to us, need to have a vision of an Ontario 'greater than has been.'"

This province with its geographical position, its fertile soil, its water power and transportation facilities, with its forest and mineral wealth, is by nature intended I believe in the no distant future to become the great industrial center of the North American continent. Our farms will then be called upon to produce a large proportion of the things necessary for the substance, comfort and luxury of an industrial population.

How can the present situation be improved is the natural question. Increased population will mean a larger home market, provided people are profitably employed, whether on the farm, in the factory or shops.

Immigration should not be restricted to any particular class, otherwise an uneven balance may be the result. A sound mind, a healthy body, and determination to make good should be the standard. Co-operative effort will no doubt work beneficially in marketing lines of produce, but is not a cure-all for present conditions. What the future has in store for the nation it would be wise to wait and see, but one thing is sure and certain, men, women and children will have to be fed, and the farms will have to supply the food.

A faith in our country, a faith in our calling, and a determination to try to solve our difficulties will no doubt aid in the removal of something which with me at the present time are handicapped.

Letters to the Editor.

Editor of The Advertiser. Sir—In reference to the article under the heading, "Must Not Take Story of Creation Too Literally," I am more than surprised at such ministers as McIntosh and Hunter subscribing to it. If the Bible story of creation is not true, where are we to go for the truth of the matter?

Not to Darwin, surely, with his spontaneous combustion theory. For instance, why did spontaneous combustion seek to act after the first germ of life appeared? The doing away with the Bible story of Creation has got even Darwin guessing on this subject. In summing up, he begins with the word "apparently," and ends with the word "probably." His works are full of words indicating uncertainty. The phrase, "We may well suppose," occurs over 800 times. In fact, he is guessing. The Bible says "Every word is given by the breathing of God," and

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

CHOOSE YOUR VIEWPOINT.

As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly.—I. Corinthians xv., 48.

When we look only at the sensuous side we may read nature as a grocer's account book, but when we look at the spiritual side we begin to interpret nature as a divine poem.

There are some people in the world, and very decent people, too, to whom the returning summer cannot mean much more than a means to a comfortable cow—a time of physical pleasure, when there are no blizzards, and it is easy to move about, and there are plenty of green things to eat.

But there are others to whom it means a blossoming of thankful thoughts, a rapture of gentle affections, a promise of new and immortal life.

I once heard an Englishman, looking down upon the glittering, motionless billows of the Mer de Glace, remark that "all that ice would bring a lot of money in the hot season in Calcutta, don't you know?"

The poet Coleridge, in his "Hymn at Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni," heard those silent cataracts of frozen splendor singing the eternal praise of God. It is always open to us to choose whether we will fix our regards upon the lower or upon the higher side of nature.

We have two pairs of eyes, one of the sense and one of the soul. The spiritual vision seeks the things that are above.

To look up is to aspire.

To aspire is to rise.

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Your Health: Why a Monotonous Task Endangers Your Health

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

A man walked into a railroad employment agency the other day and filed an application for a job. When asked if he was out of work, he said he had a season's work in an automobile factory, but simply could not stand the place another day. "I am out of work," he said.

In this establishment each mechanic does one thing and nothing else. The job of this particular man was to screw on this particular nut. He couldn't do a season's work in an automobile factory, but simply could not stand the place another day. "I am out of work," he said.

It is said that nobody can eat a squash each day for 30 days. Delicious to begin with, the stomach and the very soul rebel against squash after a week or two of daily indulgence. After a season's work in an automobile factory, but simply could not stand the place another day. "I am out of work," he said.

There is a disease called "boiler-makers' deafness." The constant repetition of the rat-tat-tat of boiler riveting exhausts the nerve of hearing and the brain centers from which it springs. The nervous elements are worn out and gradually fail to respond in a normal way.

One of the cruellest forms of torture is to place the victim under the ceaseless fall of dripping water. Drop by drop the water strikes the forehead. Hour after hour the merciless dripping continues. The drops seem to become as big as the world and the increasing agony of the sufferer ends in madness.

It used to be the case that among the wives of those farmers who lived in the very remote rural districts, insanity was more common than among other persons. Thank God! the rural free delivery, the telephone, the automobile and now the radio

these men are supposed to teach the Bible as a whole, are commanded to feed the flock of God. If they cannot swallow the Bible story of Creation, then there is a large portion of their Bible unintelligible. So instead of feeding the flock, they are fleeing from them. Why do not men of this calibre get outside the church instead of undermining the "faith once delivered to the saints. The pity is that they are not. Thank God, so many into the ditch with themselves. Thanking you in anticipation, I remain yours sincerely,

JAMES GIBSON.

309 Maitland street, city.

CLAIM NO BENEFIT.

Editor of The Advertiser. Sir—Just a few of your valuable lines, Mr. Editor, to ask you how it is the Tory party are not keeping their pledges.

I have reference to the Ratcliffe appointment. They were going to do away with all unnecessary positions. They ought to appoint another man to watch him; he jumps from the Holstein district of Stratford to the hogs and tobacco districts of Essex and Kent. The Short-horn men of this locality (there are several) have never sold an animal to these fellows. Thanking you for your space.

A. TAXPAYER.

Exeter, Oct. 22.

SCOUT LEADER SPEAKS TO LONDON TROOPS

W. E. Irvine, Provincial Officer, Explains Ideals of Movement.

Two London Scout troops, the Third and Ninth, were visited last night by the assistant provincial commissioner of Toronto, W. E. Irvine, who spoke to the boys on the ideals of Scoutdom. He gave an interesting account of a Scout, Stuart Roberts, who by saving two people from drowning and for Scout service, was presented with the highest Scout award—the silver wolf.

"I like to come here, because London is my birthplace, and I was born on Ridout street," he commented, smilingly. Mr. Irvine had seen some of the London troops at their Bayfield camp last summer, when he spoke favorably of the London boys. He has inspected the Scouts here several times, and has never had anything but praise for the work done by the boys.

Sick on Saturday

By ANNE CAMPBELL.

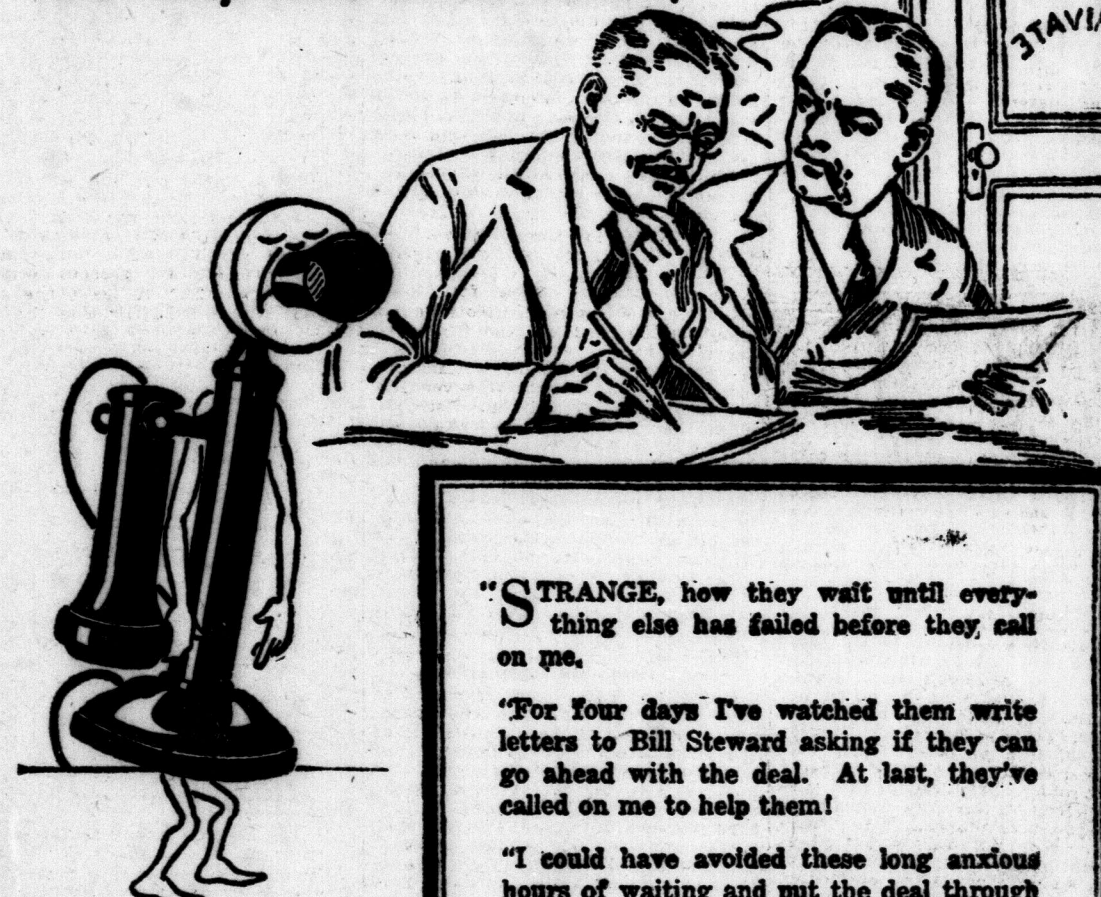
All week it hasn't been so bad a-lyin' in my bed. My mother called me pretty names an' stroked me on my head. But Bill came in just now an' said, 'You're out of luck, I say! It's pretty tough, I betcha, to be sick on Saturday.'

I didn't mind it all the week. My mother's been so sweet. An' every day it's been so doggone quiet on our street. But school was in, an' so the kids weren't goin' out to play. But listen to 'em shoutin' now. Today is Saturday.

My mother says, 'Now don't you mind! Next week you'll be all well. I'm sorry Billy told you, 'cause I didn't mean to tell!' But I'd a-guess he'd hear the fellows yell that way! She couldn't help me knowin' that today is Saturday!

I didn't mind it all the week. 'Twas fun to stay from school. Although my teacher's not too bad! But, oh, I'm awful lonesome since I heard Bill Lannen say: 'You're outa luck! It's AWFUL to be sick on Saturday!' (Copyright, North American Newspaper Alliance, 1923.)

"Wonder what an idle Telephone thinks about?"



"STRANGE, how they wait until everything else has failed before they call on me.

"For four days I've watched them write letters to Bill Steward asking if they can go ahead with the deal. At last, they've called on me to help them!

"I could have avoided these long anxious hours of waiting and put the deal through with satisfaction to everybody four days ago.

"Ah! There's the ring! What a relief! Yes, it's Bill. The deal's O.K.

"I hope they've learned their lesson and will let me handle these pressing matters in the future."

C. H. BEARD, Manager.



The Hunters' Paradise

SOME of the best places for deer and moose are in Northern Ontario. The Canadian Pacific Railway reaches them. Get your party together—know the thrill that comes when a deer crosses your sights or when a moose answers the call.

Get a copy of the hunters' booklet issued by the Canadian Pacific covering special and regular train service to Northern Ontario points from Toronto, game laws, baggage regulations, etc., from any Canadian Pacific agent, or from W. Fulton, District Passenger Agent, Can. Pac. Building, King and Yonge Streets, Toronto, Main 6560.

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