

The London Advertiser

Founded 1863.
London Advertiser Company, Limited.
Publisher and Proprietor, London, Ont.
JOSEPH E. ATKINSON, President.
H. B. MUIR, Managing Director.
C. A. M. VITING, Managing Editor.
Subscription rates: Delivered, 15 cents weekly; 45 cents monthly. By mail: In Canada, \$5.00 yearly; in the United States, \$7.00 yearly; foreign subscriptions, \$12.50 per year.
Special Representatives:
J. E. RATHBONE, Toronto, 110 Church street.
Montreal, 1013 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 Circulation.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1925.

The Censorship of Dr. Shields.

Rev. T. T. Shields, pastor of Jarvis street Baptist church, Toronto, and publisher of the Gospel Witness, seems to have taken to himself the task of sitting in judgment on sermons preached in Baptist pulpits all over the province. In a recent issue of his paper he flays Dr. Green, pastor of Talbot street Baptist church, for a sermon delivered from his pulpit, which he describes as "acceptable to all modernists, because it removes an infallible Christ from their path."

That is about as bold a charge as could well be levelled by one minister against another, and very naturally raises the question of where Dr. Shields secured the unctious he claims to possess. Has it come to pass that all sermons preached in Baptist churches must first be submitted to him, or, failing that, must those who dare preach them pass under the chastening rod of this Toronto critic?

Nothing pleases Dr. Shields. In his latest attack he says: "We think it is unfair to hold any public man responsible for the exact words of a newspaper report of his utterances. Newspaper reporters do the best they can, but often fall fairly to epitomize a minister's statement because they lack a sympathetic understanding of the subject he discusses."

If Dr. Shields had taken the care to reason this point out he might see the error of it. A reporter, if he is sent to report a sermon, goes there to listen. He is trained in that particular work, and if the sermon is in very plain language, as all the quotations of the Master were, and deals with very plain facts such as the world today needs, there is little doubt that the reporter can get the point of the utterance. Cannot Dr. Shields see that preachers must so deliver their message that it will reach the very class he describes as those "who lack a sympathetic understanding of the subject he discusses?" If a sermon cannot do that; if it fails to have a clear call to those "who lack a sympathetic understanding," then that sermon is three parts a failure. Those who have a sympathetic understanding are, we take it, people who have already accepted Christ. The greatest sermons, and those that bear the marks of divine approval, are the utterances that have called upon a hostile, unsympathetic world to repent.

One is led to wonder if the spirit of humility has seized upon this Toronto censor of pulpit utterances, for he says: "If the report we have quoted of Dr. Green's sermon is correct, it would be difficult to imagine an easier task than that of grinding his theory to powder." Or in other words, Dr. Shields feels that it would be a rare accomplishment to take time from his own corner of the vineyard to come over and pluck the mote from a brother's eye, in the certainty that neither mote nor beam rested in his own.

The question can well be asked as to where Dr. Shields secured the authority and the power he so boisterously asserts as the one who shall "grind to powder" the views of other Baptist ministers. Being a Baptist minister himself, he must know the genius of the denomination is that every Baptist church is in itself a complete unit, and is answerable to no higher church court. Following this fact to its logical conclusion, Talbot street church in London is a distinct organization. It possesses a board of deacons who are fully competent to judge the doctrines enunciated from its pulpit. If these men found that dangerous ideals were being substituted for plain gospel it would be their duty to deal with the situation, and they would do it quickly and effectively. It would not even be necessary for Dr. Shields to advise them what to do or how to do it.

Dr. Shields is zealous for the truth as it has been given to him to see it; no one would raise that point against him, or challenge his ability to proclaim it, but he has yet to learn the full meaning of Christian charity, as enunciated in Paul's letter to the Ephesians: "And be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven you."

Worth Passing On.

What do you do when a man comes to your door and asks for something to eat? Perhaps you recall stories of where houses have been robbed by people putting too much confidence in strangers, and letting them get inside the house, or making them welcome in any way. Such things have happened, of course, and they are bound to happen again, so if you give him anything perhaps you hand it to him on the back doorstep, or wrap it in a paper so that he will take it away with him.

There was a man walking on the highway near London, to be exact, just four days ago. He was making his way from Windsor to a point the other side of London. The road was being used because he had no money to ride on the train—to all intents and purposes he was a tramp for the time being.

A London man picked him up and gave him a ride; he wasn't afraid of him, and on the way in he heard his story, found out that he must be hungry, so when he came to town he took him to his own home. His wife didn't tie up a sandwich and a piece of cake in a newspaper and hand it out the back door. No—she asked the stranger to come in and sit down while she got dinner ready, and the tramp was given a place at the family table; when he left he had a little money in his pocket and a new conception of

what it meant to taste of the milk of human kindness.

Just another of the same sort. A commercial traveller in London opened the door of his home one Saturday morning when he was not out on the road and a returned soldier stood there, selling several little household articles. He called his wife, and, it being near the hour of the noonday meal, she asked the returned man to come in. What's more, she asked him to stay and dine with them. When the meal was over there was a real gulp in the voice of the visitor when he told his new-found friends that it was the first time in three years that he had ever been asked into any person's house for a meal.

This may be a cold old world to some people, but all the same there are those in it here and there who believe that it is possible to give a practical setting to the words that too often echo with only the clank of a theory: "I was a stranger and ye took me in."

Why Shouldn't We Celebrate?

The Advertiser softball team trimmed the police 7-6. Now there's no desire on the part of the ball players to gloat over this event, but we just mention it in passing because it's not often we have a chance to crow over the police.

Nearly all the time they have it over the rest of us like a tent. When we walk down street and start an argument on the corner an officer is certain to tell us to move on. When we drive down and move on just as was suggested, another is sure to tell us to stop.

Then the reporter has his round with the police. They hold he publishes too much; all a crook has to do is read the papers and find out where the police are looking for him. The officials are uncommunicative and make the reporter sweat for all he gets. So all the way through the police have the best of it. Young ladies in danger rush to them; older ones confide in them. They are big, brawny, muscular chaps and live in an atmosphere quite apart from us.

So that's why we can't fail to make merry over the fact that The Advertiser ball team beat the police, right out in the open air where the passer-by could look on. It's so seldom that we get an opportunity to take a fall out of London's finest that we just couldn't let the chance pass.

Yes, It Did Happen.

There is surely a deep groove of sentiment running through the magisterial heart. Only a few days ago Magistrate Graydon had a word to say for petting parties in motor cars, and now County Magistrate Hawkshaw adds this:

"Some of those people who are always complaining about petting parties should look back on their own youth, and recall the times that they went buggy-riding and allowed the old horse to amble along at a walk with the lines hanging over the dashboard."

Yes, to be certain, squire, such things did use to take place, and the only publicity it ever got was when some too inquisitive country correspondent used to write to the town paper:

"Jack must have some attraction over on the tenth line. His driver and rubber-tired buggy has been seen there pretty regular lately. Good luck, Jack!"

Note and Comment.

A Detroit man eloped with his brother's bride. However, it's all in the family.

One of the intangible results of good roads is the amount of bad language they suppress.

Wonder what the driver hopes to gain by giving loud blasts from his horn every time the crossing gates go down.

And now U.S. is all ready for a "Better Mailing Week," to get people to be careful about addressing letters, etc. Better start by making husbands turn their pockets inside out.

Premier Ferguson says that those who charge overmuch for a drink of his financial belt lifter will lose their licenses. No wonder a man gets humped in the back from being a statesman.

Canadian bond dealers had a gathering and decided to call themselves investment bankers. Plumbers are now sanitary engineers, real estate men are realtors, and policemen are controllers of public safety.

News item says city hall is busy sending out invitations to old boys for next year. Jimmie Bell works faster with his bids for the people to dust along before the 15th of June and fork over the first section of taxes.

Chicago man, sent to jail for two years for selling worthless oil stock, came out yesterday a millionaire because oil had been struck during his term. A number of oil stock holders around here wouldn't mind seeing some salesmen get the same treatment to see if it would start the oil running.

Hon. J. A. Robb says too much croaking about conditions in Canada has had the effect of keeping people away. If those who are here and making a living out of the country continually whine that the place is no good and headed for oblivion, it's not likely that the outsider will feel like casting in his lot.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever" has no application to the peony crop this year, because the peony, one of the most highly-developed flowers in this district, struggled with the frost and wilted in the heat. Most of them came and went almost at the same time, and many of the specimens remaining are only a shadow of their accustomed beauty.

Winnipeg man who refused to allow his boat to be used to attempt the rescue of a drowning boy has been forced to leave the city where he lived for twenty years. A coroner's jury named him as an "undesirable citizen" and police stood on guard for protection while he loaded up his furniture. And yet some people claim there is no such thing as public opinion.

Gettin' On

The race is not to such as draw a hand from out a deck that's swell, but to the chaps who know enough to play a poor hand mighty well.

Some chaps they get an awful start and things come easy to their door, they have their holdin's in ten banks and wonder what they're workin' for. I just was thinkin' of one lad who fell into his father's shoes, and carried on for fifteen years a-reapin' where he never sowed.

His dad has left things sowed up tight, he reckoned what his son would do, he hedged him up at every turn, he had no chance of breakin' through.

Yet strangers comin' into town they view the shop and all its space, and reckon how it took some brains to go and build up such a place. And there he sits and spends his days behind a rosewood paneled door, the factory ain't so busy now as what it used to be before. It's runnin' on because the man who built it twenty years ago, had started with a shoe-string once, he had to make the business grow.

Another chap I'm thinkin' of he never had much chance at all, for he was reared in stormy times and raised where livin' was a squall.

He had to leave his home one day and make his livin' on the street, because there was so many kids they didn't have enough to eat. He drove a fish-cart for a spell, he filled the wood-box at the store, and every day he started out he kept a-doin' a little more.

And folks around the village street why they just dubbed him Ragged Dan, and never took a second thought if he would make a decent man.

When Dan grew older he went off to work in some far bigger place, but he was reared in such a way that he could stand or set the pace. Today Dan owns a store or two, they couldn't keep that fellow down, I guess if he would stretch himself he most could buy the old home town.

I guess there's lots of folks like that, I know some more and so do you, they hustled out to meet the world, there wasn't nothin' else to do.

The race is not to such as draw a hand from out a desk that's swell, but to the chaps who know enough to play a poor hand mighty well.—ARK.

25 Years Ago Today

(From Advertiser Files of 1900)

Indian famine fund—Garden party and strawberry festival on lawn of Mrs. Nash, Stanley street, Thursday evening.

An elegant phaeton, "Mikado" style, on view at J. W. Jones' auction rooms.

Hon. J. I. Tarte's speeches in Paris have been criticised by London, England, papers because of their pro-French sentiment.

London lacrosse team went to Parkhill and won by a score of 1-0. P. Downey of Parkhill was referee. London team—Heffernan, Kelleher, Carter, Vanderburg, Modeland, Reid, Galbraith, Mills, Williams, Stewart, Fleming, King. Parkhill—Christie, Forrest, Pearce, Yule, Vanaalstine, Fuller, Robinson, Clark, Leonard, Gray, Natrass, Zaphie.

Thirty-fifth session of the council of the College of Physicians and Surgeons is on in Toronto. Drs. Campbell, Moorhouse and Roome of London are named on committees.

Chairmen of districts and financial secretaries of London Methodist conference were named as follows: London district, George Jackson, John Morrison; Stratford, W. G. Henderson; E. A. Fear; Wingham, D. Rogers, A. G. Harrison; Goderich, J. Wilson, G. A. Gifford; Exeter, J. E. Ford, R. Millyard; Strathroy, J. R. Gundy, G. H. McAllister; Sarnia, W. Daniels, W. Ayres; Windsor, James Livingstone, J. B. Talwin; Chatham, Dr. Hannon, J. S. Cook; Ridgeway, J. G. Kerr, T. L. George; St. Thomas, C. T. Scott, W. Godwin.

Principal Merchant of the normal school has issued an invitation to the members of the board of education to visit the school tomorrow evening.

Hon. W. S. Fielding was nominated by the Liberals to contest Queens and Shelburne for the next federal election.

The stove manufacturers' convention has been concluded, and the members were entertained at the home of Lieut.-Col. Gartshore. Among the visitors were E. Gurney, Toronto; J. Tilden, Hamilton; W. Burrow, Hamilton; Mr. Jamieson, Hamilton; Mr. Moffatt, Weston; A. Stewart, Woodstock; J. Buck, Brantford; W. P. Millar, Brockville; J. Hardy, Toronto; S. Robinson, Hamilton.

Editorial Opinion

GOOD WISHES TO J. C. ELLIOTT.

(From the Chesley Enterprise)

WE WERE pleased to note in The London Advertiser that J. C. Elliott, formerly of the village of Glencoe, now of London, has been nominated as Liberal candidate for the Liberal riding of West Middlesex. Having sat with Jack Elliott in the local legislature for eight years, we ought to be able to pass an intelligent opinion on his qualifications for a seat in the house of commons. He has ability enough to attain cabinet rank, is the soul of honor and a sworn enemy of everything that has the least appearance of graft, is democratic in spirit, has a personality that makes and holds friendships, and has led the clean life. We will bank on our old colleague as a winner.

Lighter Vein

NOT HERS.

Capt. A. B. Randall of the renovated Republic told a story the other day.

"A steward," he said, "stood at the gangway of a ship of mine, and as he stood there he kept shouting for the benefit of the arriving passengers:

"First-class to the right! Second-class to the left!"

"A young woman stepped daintily aboard with a baby in her arms. As she hesitated before the steward he bent over her and said in his chivalrous way:

"First or second?"

"Oh!" said the girl, her face as red as a rose. "Oh, dear, it's—it's not mine."

LUTHERAN SYNODS IN ONTARIO UNITE

Two Church Bodies Join As Language Difficulties Are Solved.

Special to The Advertiser.
Stratford, June 12.—By the uniting of the central Canada and Canada synods of the United Lutheran church of Canada at Sebasopol this afternoon, the largest Lutheran body in Canada, with 120 synod members, have been covering the same ground in Ontario, have been kept apart for many years on the language question. With the adoption of a service in English by the synod of Canada with- in the last ten years, the merger has been mooted, resulting in the consummation of the union today.

The ceremony was observed at the Trinity Lutheran church before a congregation of more than 300 ministers, laymen and visitors. With solemn ceremony the synod of Canada took a vote favoring the adoption of the synod of central Canada into its membership. On taking the vote, an address of welcome was given to the new force by Rev. O. C. D. Kishin, Stratford, president of the Canada synod. To this, Dr. J. Mawie of Kitchener, president of the synod of central Canada, replied suitably.

The president of the United Lutheran church in America, Dr. P. H. Knudsen, D.D., LL.D., of New York, in an address, rejoiced at the possibilities of the united synods.

OWEN SOUND GOES TO BRUCE SYNOD

Continuing Presbyterians Announce Changes in Boundaries of Presbyteries.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Toronto, June 12.—The assembly of the continuing Presbyterian church tonight received and adopted a report from a special committee regarding the boundaries of synods and Presbyteries. The committee made a few changes as possible in the old boundaries, and ones made are absolutely imperative, it was said. The synod of Alberta will consist of three presbyteries, Calgary, Red Deer and Edmonton, with Rev. Dr. McQueen of Edmonton as moderator; Saskatchewan synod has three, Moose Jaw, Regina and Prince Albert, and Saskatoon, with Rev. J. Graham of Assiniboia as moderator; Manitoba synod has three presbyteries, Brandon, Superior and Winnipeg, with Rev. Robert Graham as moderator; British Columbia synod, four presbyteries, Victoria, Westminster, Kamloops and Kootenay.

In the Toronto-Kingston synod, Algoma takes over Sudbury presbytery, and Temiskaming and North Bay presbyteries are joined. In the Hamilton and London synod, Bruce presbytery takes over Owen Sound presbytery. In the Montreal-Ottawa synod there is no change. In the maritime synod, Sydney and Inverness presbyteries are united under the name of Cape Breton, with Rev. Scott MacKuskie of Sydney as moderator; Pictou, Wallace, Yarmouth, Truro, Halifax and Lunenburg presbyteries are united into the presby-

No Damage Done By White Frost

Woodstock, Chatham Growers Prepared For Cold Spell.

Special to The Advertiser.
Woodstock, June 12.—Early risers witnessed the unusual sight of a heavy white frost on a June morning, but other than that which occurred to a few city gardens, no serious damage is reported. Local greenhouse proprietors report that no damage was done to their produce, all having made preparations by covering any outside growths with a suitable protection.

MEXICO MAKING U. S. IMPATIENT

Must Protect Lives and Rights of Americans, Declares Kellogg.

Associated Press Despatch.
Washington, June 12.—The United States government is beginning to lose patience with Mexico, it was indicated in a statement issued today by Secretary of State Kellogg.

Mexico, he declared, must protect the lives and rights of United States citizens and comply with its international obligations if it is to retain the support of the United States government. The statement was issued following a conference with United States Ambassador Sheffield, who is in Washington on leave from Mexico.

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FILLED WITH THE BOUNDLESS OPTIMISM OF YOUTH, you face the future together. It is a rose-tinted future of high achievements and great expectations. In it there is no room for thought of failure.

Young man, may your pathway be as bright as your dreams. Yet none may know what the morrow holds in store --and it is your duty to provide for the unexpected.

So, for the sake of her who stands to lose all through your neglect or thoughtlessness, make ample provision against the sudden, unforeseen contingency.

Grant her--and the little ones that may gather round her knee--the unfailing protection of Life Insurance Service.



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