

London Advertiser

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1923.

When You Think of It.

The name of a former U. F. O. candidate in Grey County having been mentioned as likely to be appointed to the vacant clerkship of the county court, a local paper wants to know if this isn't patronage, what is it?

Another local weekly remarks that in the three years since the present government took office Mr. Gordon Waldron, K.C., has been paid \$11,000 in connection with legal services, the suggestion being that there is something wrong here.

Whatever may be said for or against the Drury government—and with an election in sight a good deal one way and the other is likely to be said in the next few months—the charge that it has abused its powers of patronage will scarcely be made good. The instances in which the administration has adhered to the promotion system in filling vacancies to salaried offices are numerous and well known. In this respect, at least, the Farmer government has set an example for which it is entitled to credit.

Yet it is evident that nothing would satisfy some critics unless the government had made a rule, and had adhered to it, that nobody who had even supported it, or who was known to have been friendly to it, should be appointed to any office, however eligible he might be, or be employed for any paid purpose. Nothing would satisfy some but that the Farmer government should carefully select its opponents for all offices that fall vacant, and, by rejecting its friends because of their friendship, thus show its enemies that its zeal is genuine in opposing the patronage evil.

Those who ask this ask rather too much. If the practice of handing out political rewards to party supporters be discontinued, it can scarcely be expected that the practice will be invariably followed of handing rewards to partisan opponents. Under the most honest management there must here and there be an instance where even the friendship of a man towards the party in office cannot be considered an insuperable barrier to his appointment to a position for which he is specially qualified.

Take the case of Mr. Waldron. He is an outstanding member of the bar, and there is, perhaps, less evidence of patronage in the fact that he has been retained at times by the present government in the past three years than in the fact that previous Conservative governments took good care to pass him over on all occasions. It might well be urged that he is less a recipient of favor now than one against whom a ban has of late been lifted.

Not a Good Method.

The 1923 estimates of the department of agriculture call for \$70,000 more to fight insects and pests in Canada, the total vote being \$310,000.

While we are spending almost a third of a million dollars a year on this class of work, the minister of agriculture makes the complaint that he is not allowed—because of the wage classifications made by the civil service commission—to engage a man competent enough to carry on research work on fungus diseases. These are causing a loss estimated in thousands of dollars each year, perhaps hundreds of thousands in the aggregate. And yet, in face of this, the department of agriculture, to which the people have every right to look for leadership in fighting these plant diseases, is not allowed to go out and buy the services of a competent man to carry on experimental work necessary to produce the much-wanted remedy.

The advertiser would be pleased to find out that it is wrong in this case, but the words of Mr. Motherwell seem very direct, for he says: "We have been looking for the best man we can get to carry on the investigation work in that connection, but the kind of man we need are not available at the prices we offer—prices which, as honorable members know, are not entirely controlled by the department. I suppose that after a while, when we have failed a sufficient number of times to get a proper man as expert on fungus diseases of this nature, we shall be able to get a reclassification that will enable us to offer a salary that will command the best man for the purpose."

Surely we do some things very poorly. Here we have a fungus disease that is creating a large annual loss, and yet we have allowed our responsible departments to be tied up with rules and regulations that will not grant enough money to get a real expert to grapple with one of our most acute agricultural problems.

It is such cases as this that should come before the committee that seeks to revise the basis on which the civil service is conducted. They may not have been provided for in the first place, but they surely should be now.

A Great Big Warning.

Mr. R. J. Manion, M.P., and Mr. J. L. Stansell, also a member of the house, got a warning down near

Windsor that should hold them for the rest of their lives.

They have been down in that part of the country in connection with an ill-advised effort to put a Conservative candidate in the house at Ottawa as representative of North Essex.

And in the pursuit of this unworthy mission they were being driven around in a large limousine. Just imagine out electioneering in a large limousine.

Well, along comes a train, and the train sees this Tory election machine, and meets it at a crossing. We don't know whether it was a Grit engineer driving that C. P. R. train, but anyhow that engine hit the Tory limousine such a wallop that it sent those politicians flying in all directions.

Yes, sir, that C. P. R. engine gave that Tory vote machine an awful shaking up. In fact there wasn't any of it left. Hon. Arthur Meighen, we imagine, was taken out to see the spot when he went to Windsor, and probably remarked that it looked like the whole Conservative machine the day after the last general election.

Now, there can be no doubt that this warning was sent to these Tory politicians. It looks almost like a sarcastic intervention to show them the error of their way. Some men can be turned from their evil paths by a conversation; others need a little argument and rough treatment, while some more obstinate ones have to be sent to jail. Surely it is the last word when it is necessary to run an engine, and a C. P. R. engine, too, right bang into a limousine bearing these Tory apostles of false doctrine, in order to make them turn from their evil ways and inquire the way to right and true political ideals.

No doubt this pair of penitents will be ready when Premier King gets to Windsor to tap on his door and ask what they can do to rectify their political sins of the past.

Ten Dollars and Costs.

A resident was driving a blind horse along a road at night, when the outfit got stuck in the snow.

The owner unhitched the horse and left it in the snowdrift.

Neighbors came along next day on the road near Blyth, and found the horse in such shape that it had to be shot.

The man who did that trick was fined \$10 and costs.

And yet we find a man \$200 and costs if he has a bottle of whiskey in his pocket.

Judged by O. T. A. standards, that man near Blyth should have been sent down for life.

Figures That Talk.

United Mine Workers' officials have appeared in a new role; this time as furnishing some reliable figures on what it costs to mine coal.

These miners have a way of reducing the whole thing down to dollars per ton that it makes it easy to understand. So when they say that people are paying \$3.61 per ton too much for coal we know what they are getting at. They say this is made up: \$1.26 overcharge at mine, \$1 in transportation and \$1.35 in distribution.

The comptroller of the Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre Company says \$5.41 is the cost of mining and overhead, while \$8.25 is the minimum charge per ton at the mine mouth.

Then, too, there is a big gap between that figure and \$18 per ton that Londoners are paying.

Unfortunately, Canadians can do very little about it. Most of the alleged manipulation is going on in another country, and about all we can do is sit in the bleachers and yell.

Note and Comment.

The sure sign of spring is when ordinary spuds become seed potatoes and double in price.

Germany is putting out new money called "Ersatz" dollars. That must be the German way of spelling useless.

Radio sets owe their popularity as much as anything to the fact that the headpiece is so made that it makes the ears stay back.

Papers and public men in Britain are hammering Winston Churchill for his writings. They are called dangerous, the work of a traitor, etc. All the more reason for following this exceptional series, which runs in The Advertiser exclusively.

One way to have fewer policemen in London is to make them walk faster. That's the newest thing. The German army made the goose step famous, and the London police may yet become known for the way in which they do the 1923 civic estimates step.

Christy Mathewson, one of the world's greatest baseball players, has purchased the Boston National League club. This means that he has won his fight for health, for Mathewson was taken with lung trouble following service overseas. Followers of baseball will be glad to see him back in the game.

Edgar Watson, M. P. of North Victoria, had some criticism about the way the O. T. A. was enforced. Reports from his riding state there may be a meeting of his constituents to call him to order. Are we coming to the stage where it will be necessary to hold a convention before a member of parliament can make a speech?

You Can Get Used to Anything in Time



—London Evening News.

WINTERS IN GRAN-FATHER'S DAY.

When I was young, long years ago, O winters, you were plenty snow. They waur quite lik' oor present yin. Sae lads an' lassies had great fun. On banks o' snow we used tae play. Oor cheery sports frae day tae day. But nae can tell, wi' pen nor tongue, What joys we had when I was young.

Bleak winds we had, wi' frosts fu' keen; Smooth sheets o' ice waur aften seen. Altho' we had nae covered rink. We'd sully times, ye'd better think, Oot on yon ponds, in open air. Wi' ilka hert sae free frae care. We a' waur strang in limb an' lung In days lang gae, when I was young.

A' hunda skates, yet, a' cud slide. In boots or shoon o' guid eelhide. Oor rae on sleds, for strength first-grade. Lik' ilkaughting oor fathers made. We hadna hockey then, I guess, Nae carnivals wi' fancy dress. But shinner we did truly hae, Which ilka boy kent hoo tae play.

A verri simple bill o' fare Prevailed on tables ilkwhere; Guld tatties, wi' saut water fish (Instead o' some new-fangled dish), Wi' milk an' mush, in ilka hame. Produced guid muscle, brain, an' bane; We'd nae these fancy breakfast foods, Which seem tae gie us nae oor duds.

Oor lads waur eager, keen, alert; Wi' axes we waur a' expert. We helped oor fathers clear new soil Wi' many days o' wearie toil. We lo'd tae work as wauld we play—It's nae that nae wi' lads a' hae. We ne'er had traveled far nor wide, Nor bothered sair wi' daffy pride.

Oor lassies waur o' healthy kind; Brave, bonnie lassies then ye'd find; Their dresses waur nae flimsy gauze, But mither's hamespun woolsen claes. Nae steep-heeled shoon they chose tae wear.

Wi' a' that misery tae bear Which lassies noo hae frae their feet. When squeezed in shoon for them owie neat.

I'll no' forget oor pleasure sleigh—Its equal noo we canna hae; Its box wae lang, an' deep, an' wide; Hugs flowers waur painted on ilk side.

Nae bonnie flowers frae garden patch Tae oor young een these flowers wad match. We'd plankets 'neath us on ilk seat; We'd clean 'pea-straw beneath oor feet.

Oor sleigh-bells then waur brass an' large; Tae gie sweet music wes their charge; Ye'd hear them miles an' miles awa'—We've nae their equal noo ava'.

Oor horses seemed tae tak' great pride O'er riven snows tae swiftly glide. Whyles music frae a dozen throats Joined wi' oor bells' clear, cheerie notes.

We had guid singers in yon days—Oor music masters still we praise. Wha taught nicht classes, nearly free, For folk had few hawbees tae gie. We had nae instruments tae play; We've instruments galore today; A wee steel fork gied us th' key. Then pupils sang, "do, ra, sol, me."

There wes nae affectation taught. Oor maisters had nae silly thocht. That 'tremblin', as we hear today, Wes singin' in proper way. Ilk wurd maun be distinct an' clear. Sae ilka yin wad plainly hear: This wes a universal rule. When we attended singin' schule.

'Twas in yon schules, in days o' youth. That frien'ships, aft began in truth—Best lies which bind us sweetly still. As we gae doon life's western hill. 'Twas in yon schules that Cupid's darts

Aft gently pierced two pure young herts; 'Twas there that courtships aft began Which afterwards sae smoothly ran. But time has winged her speedy flight. Tho' mony a day an' mony a night: Oor chums o' youth, by Time's strang tide.

Are scattered noo, baith far an' wide: Nae few hae "crossed yon silent 'bar." Tae send nae message frae afar Tae cheer oor herts, nor gar them glad. Gin we are ill, or lone, or sad.

We feel, at times, that beckonin' Invite us up tae better lan's. Whaur bells, wi' a celestial chime, Tae gowden harps keep matchless time; Whaur raptured songs, frae myriad throats,

Are sang in gran' seraphic notes, An' they wha here hae said "Adieu!" Their frien'ship an' their love renew. —Mack.

Blanco—I don't hear much now about that hootch inquiry in Congress. Wonder what happened to it.

Rouge—Probably ran up against the bootleggers' bloc.

TO THE EDITOR

CHRISTIANITY AND AUTO-SUGGESTION.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir—Will you allow me space in reply from a Christian standpoint to Rev. George Jack's auto-suggestion sermon, which appeared in The Advertiser of February 19? It is written in the Psalms: "A thousand years in the sight of the Lord are as yesterday, which is past." Therefore, in order to bring the Gospel of Jesus Christ within the focus of this generation, when Paul stood before Felix "yesterday" morning as concerning "the faith in Christ," he reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come. (Acts, xiv:24.) By whom? By that man whom God hath appointed to judge the world in equity, given faith to all by raising him up from the dead. (Acts, xvii, 31—Doubay version.)

Now, concerning auto-suggestion and obeying it, he is in full sonship with the Father; and it forms the basis for the universal brotherhood of man.

EDGAR M. ZAVITZ, Coldstream, Ont.

gratulate you on the improvement and present high standard of your paper. There is no better daily in Canada. You cater to the deeply thinking as well as to the lightly amused portion of the public, and that makes it of more than passing value. I do not know why it is so; it should not be so, but people are generally more ready to censure than to praise. Some of your best articles and literary projects are the most severely criticised. It has always been thus with the human race. "Light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehendeth it not." The upward advance of man has ever been achieved by those called "heretics." Jesus was the chief of heretics; and he paid the penalty of heresy on the cross. Likewise all who save the world to truth, and freedom, and the kingdom, suffer persecution at the hands of the ignorant.

Take, for example, your articles on and by Emilie Cone. He has his critics, and they are many. But that only indicates the intense interest people take in his theory. You did save the world to truth, and freedom, and the kingdom, suffer persecution at the hands of the ignorant. Take, for example, your articles on and by Emilie Cone. He has his critics, and they are many. But that only indicates the intense interest people take in his theory. You did save the world to truth, and freedom, and the kingdom, suffer persecution at the hands of the ignorant.

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Cone's theory is not new. It is, at least, as old as the Bible days. It is often referred to, and expressed in many different terms by the sacred writers.

The "grace of God" of the Bible is this divine urge within lifting us, by our permission and co-operation, into a fuller life of health, and happiness, and heaven. God's presence within us is no mere fancy. It is a thing to be realized. We can really, though figuratively, "walk with him, and talk with him." This happy, peaceful experience is the awakening of the soul to the indwelling of the living God. This is the "new birth" that Jesus spoke of to Nicodemus: "This is the fountain of living water springing up into everlasting life" that Jesus discoursed about with the woman of Samaria. Now, this is the incarnation that supreme concern each individual. Having and obeying it, he is in full sonship with the Father; and it forms the basis for the universal brotherhood of man.

EDGAR M. ZAVITZ, Coldstream, Ont.

FORCED ECONOMY.

"Talkin' of economy," remarked the man in the corner seat of the third class smoker, "I know a feller as 'asnt' spent a'p'ny in five years."

"Get away," commented the man in the opposite corner, "What're yer gettin' at?"

"It's a fact," said the first man, as he lit his short clay, "but he'll be out next week."

SPEAKING OF—

Brown—Brooks is a regular wet blanket.

Towne—You are right there. Why that fellow could jump from the frying pan into the fire and put the fire out.

While temperance becomes the work of the Salvation Army's faith in the sovereign power of the life and immortality of the soul or mind of Jesus Christ, the prohibitionists are trying to establish it by the work of the carnal law, or legislation.

"Get away," commented the man in the opposite corner, "What're yer gettin' at?"

"It's a fact," said the first man, as he lit his short clay, "but he'll be out next week."

Wherefore, because the "child Jesus" was "set for the fall and resurrection of many" in (Anglo-Saxon) Israel and for a sign which shall be contradicted (Luke, ii, 34), therefore my contention is, through the grace which God has given me, that no nation nor municipality can justify itself before the "throne" of God by placing a prohibition liquor law upon its books.

The promise that Abraham should be the father of many nations was not to Abraham and his seed through the righteousness of the law, but through the righteousness which is by faith. The sub-conscious mind over the life and the immortal of the soul or mind of Jesus is brought to light, and when all rule and all authority and all power is brought under subjection to God, the last enemy which is to be destroyed is "death," or the carnal mind. In other words, the auto-suggestion of the sub-conscious mind. For to be carnally minded is not subject to the law of God, neither can be, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace in the Holy Ghost.

W. A. WARD, Wardsville, Feb. 23.

THE ADVERTISER TODAY.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir—In renewing my subscription to The Advertiser, I wish to con-

Your Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

Some of the diseases that used to be extremely common and very frequently fatal have almost disappeared.

One of these is typhoid fever. We have learned so much about sanitation and cleanliness that the germs of certain diseases have a hard time to play their bad trade today.

When mankind was innocent of the existence of these evil things, it was easy for them to find their way to the susceptible regions of the human body. Because they carried disease-producing agents, impure water supplies, contaminated milk and infected food were responsible for many serious ailments and for untold thousands of deaths.

Today there is official oversight of all the sources of food and drink. Water and ice supplies are under supervision. The feeding grounds of oysters are inspected every day. Drains, cesspools, garbage depositories and all other places where waste is dumped are under official inspection.

Even the laundries to which soiled and contaminated linen is taken are conducted under regulations insuring safe operation. Means are taken to protect the employees and to insure sterilization of the garments sent there for cleaning.

It is probable that the chief menace of society today, so far as danger from typhoid fever is concerned, is the "typhoid carrier."

One may recover completely from typhoid, but continue to harbor the germs of this deadly disease. The gall-bladder offers a splendid place for the growth and continued development of the typhoid germs. For years, for a long lifetime, indeed, the germs may persist, and they may escape from the intestine of the carrier every day. The original attack of typhoid may have been so mild or so long ago as to have been forgotten, but the seed was planted and the dangerous crop never fails.

You may wonder about this, but it isn't so strange after all. The other day I visited my mother. On her window-sill was a luscious and thriving vine of that pretty foliaged plant called the "Wandering Jew." It is the survivor of innumerable slips dating back to a bouquet of flowers given me, according to the custom of that remote period, as a commemorative gift when I was graduated from high school, more than a third of a century ago.

My mother's tender hands have done with that plant exactly what nature does in the perpetration of all sorts of species of vegetable life. What she does with the beneficial plants, nature does with the harmful ones, too. So we find her rules of reproduction followed by the disease-producing germs, and they continue to exist, just as the good things do.

There are known carriers of typhoid who have been responsible for scores of cases of that disease. I know of one carrier who has eighty known cases to his unenviable record.

No person who has typhoid should be discharged from medical observation until it is absolutely certain there is no remaining culture bed of germs which may spread the disease to others.

The Daily Story

LOVE AND BUSINESS.
By H. I. KING.

"Mr. Danforth, I want to marry your daughter." Arthur Dutton made this statement as one high and mighty potentate might propose an alliance with another. Why should he not? He had been brought up to regard himself as a little better than his neighbors. From the time of his grandfather, the Duttons had been the biggest people for miles around. His father owned the butter-tub factory at Duttonville, and there was not another village nearer than ten miles.

So Arthur went to preparatory school and then to college imbued with a sense of superiority that did not desert him.

Arthur saw nothing presumptuous in demanding of John Danforth, the lord of mines and railroads, the hand of his daughter Eleanor. In his excursions into New York society he had met the girl, a failure in love with her, and Eleanor, after a very brief hesitation, had given her heart to this tall, aristocratic-looking young man from upstate. Danforth had seen Arthur calling at his house. When he sent in his card to Danforth's private office his name was recognized, and the millionaire had him in.

Whereupon Arthur made the statement with which this story begins. "Want to marry my daughter?" exclaimed Mr. Danforth. "Of course you do. Many young men would like to."

"Well," replied Arthur, for the first time in his life fairly taken aback, "you see, sir, I love Eleanor and Eleanor loves me."

"Oh, I apprehend you—love's young dream—very pretty, I am sure. And may I ask of your ability to support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed? I believe that is the conventional phrase generally used by parents in my painful position."

Arthur was inclined to be sulky. "My father," said he, "is a manufacturer—John Danforth, he owns Duttonville and I am his only child."

"Ah, indeed," smiled the millionaire, "so your father is Prince of Duttonville and you are the heir apparent? And how large might this principality of yours be now?"

"We have five factory houses and employ twenty men in the shop," growled Arthur. "It's a good paying business."

"No doubt," said Danforth, "Duttonville, did you say?" And then after musing a minute, he exclaimed, "By George, I believe that is the place. Is this principality of yours on the Kickumit River, young man?"

"It is," snapped Arthur. "Other than that there and hold your tongue for a minute. I want to talk to you about something of more importance than boy and girl whimsies; almost shouted Danforth. He touched a button in his desk and a clerk ap-

peared. "Bring me the papers in the electric power company matters." The clerk disappeared, presently to return bearing a large number of filed and labeled documents.

"Now here's the situation," said the millionaire, spreading some of the papers open on his desk. "I and some associates have formed the Excelsior Light and Power Company. We propose to supply electric light and power to all that section of the state indicated by the blue lines drawn on this map."

He handed the map to Danforth, who gazed at it with interest and said, "A big project."

"It is," replied Danforth. "Now, your father's playmate little factory—Arthur winced—"don't amount to shucks. But the water power he owns does. To complete our project we must have that water power, the Dutton won't sell. Writes that he's going to turn over the business to his son—that's you. I suppose—and in the meantime, won't disturb anything. Now, this is what I propose."

For a solid hour and a half they talked business, Danforth entirely forgot the errand upon which Arthur had come. Arthur, appearing to have forgotten it also, in the young man the millionaire found a business capacity and insight which made him think regretfully of his own youth when he had begun the construction of the vast fabric of his fortune.

At length Danforth said: "We will go further into this tomorrow. Be here at 10 o'clock. I guess you are working tonight to astonish the natives."

"And what about my first proposition, Danforth?" asked Arthur. "What about continuing the factory?" That goes, of course," answered the older man.

"No, sir, my proposition with regard to your daughter," said Arthur. The door opened and in came Eleanor, small, lively, a pretty blend of most engaging manner.

"I've come to take you home, dad," she cried. "Why, Mr. Dutton, you are you and dad concocting between you?"

"Er—er talking business," replied Arthur.

"I hope you talk was satisfactory," she laughed, telegraphing with her eyes. "Dad has the reputation of being a hard man to do business with, but also the reputation of neglecting a good thing when he sees it. Come, dear."

Arthur accompanied them as far as the waiting motor. As Danforth was stepping into the car the young man said, "About that first proposition, mine, Mr. Danforth?"

"Oh, we'll talk that over later; perhaps we can arrange it." And arranged it was to the entire satisfaction of Eleanor and Arthur, the latter of whom is now vice-president of the Excelsior Light and Power Company and president of the Duttonville Butter Tub Company, as well as son-in-law to Millionaire Danforth.

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"WALTZING."

"Thru' the Night," a beautiful waltz played by the Serenaders, will appeal to all lovers of waltzing. This is bound to be a favorite, on account of the wonderful melody and catchy arrangement. Victor 18986 will give you a treat. Ask to hear it at Heintzman & Co., 242 Dundas street—Adv.

Nature Puts Health In Wheat

Wheat is stored with health-giving properties. You get them all in

NEAL'S 100% Whole WHEAT BREAD

It contains every property of the wheat. Eat Whole Wheat Bread and feel well.

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