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London Advertiser

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1923.

Miss Isabel Armstrong for London.

Seldom has it been the good fortune of any movement in London to gain force and favor with the same persistency and certainty as that which is growing in favor of the candidature of Miss Isabel Armstrong in this city. She entered the contest at the last moment; started with little or no organization, with no campaign fund, and with many of the ward chairmen under the impression that there was going to be no candidate in the field for the Liberals of this city.

Today her organization is complete, even to the scrutineers for the taking of the vote on Monday. The expenses of the campaign will be smaller than any campaign waged in London for some time because workers are coming forward and volunteering their services, their cars, and their assistance in any way in which it can be used to further the effectiveness of Miss Armstrong's campaign.

The real force behind Miss Armstrong's campaign is a realization of the fact that the step from London to the legislature of the province is the logical culmination of the work that the Liberal candidate has been doing for years in the interests of better citizenship, better chances for the children, for the mothers, more equality in the benefits of education. In any movement that has had for its goal the bettering of conditions under which people live, Miss Armstrong has been a consistent and an efficient worker and a tireless advocate.

She is no recent convert to this class of endeavor, nor is she one who has simply picked up the slogan of "Better Home Conditions" as something to attract attention in the hour of an election. It has been her life work, and the sincerity of her candidature cannot be questioned, nor has it been questioned.

At the outset there was some prejudice on the part of the men against a woman as a candidate. It had not been customary to do things that way, but a little thought soon wiped that feeling away. It cannot be used as a valid objection in Liberal circles. For years there have been kind, sweet words uttered by political leaders and candidates about the influence of the women on political matters, but that is as far as many of them seemed prepared to go, and the absence of a woman candidate in this district left all parties open to the charge that they were not prepared to grant a woman the same rights as a man, although they were prepared joyfully to accept their votes.

The nature of legislation enacted at the provincial parliament is such as to call for the advice of a capable woman who knows thoroughly the problems that are being faced by the homes of the community which she represents. Miss Armstrong knows London and Londoners as few people do; she has had enough experience to show what moves are worth while and what are fads or experimental notions.

A woman of good business ability, and since the death of her mother with no home ties to bind her, Miss Armstrong has placed her services at the disposal of the people of London. Her platform has been published; it is one of plain speaking so that any person can know for sure what she intends to do; she has never evaded a question or so stated it that two or three interpretations could be given to it.

The home life of London is the biggest question that can be brought up in any campaign. A vote for Miss Isabel Armstrong is a vote for better home conditions, equal opportunities for people of all classes, and the bringing about of wholesome conditions under which our citizenship can attain its highest and best level and do its most worthy work.

The Globe Makes a Discovery.

"Observer" in the Toronto Globe refers to a new battle cry being used by the Conservatives, "Beck vs. Drury." The Globe says:

"It is believed this new battle cry—Beck versus Drury—is a bit of smoke screen, thrown out by Conservatives to hide the administrative record of their nominal leader, Mr. Ferguson. Many methods have been tried to distract public attention from the 'pine tree bargains' entered into by Mr. Ferguson, but so far with apparently little success."

Exactly what The Advertiser has been trying to tell the Globe right along. The Conservatives wanted only one thing, viz., the prestige of the hydro movement taken from its proper place outside of politics and transferred for the period of the election to the Conservative fold.

The Globe's eleventh hour discovery is proof that it has deliberately shut its eyes to the facts all the way through.

Putting a School to the Test.

The excellence of the work done at the Medical School of Western University is exemplified by the fact that 23 out of 24 of those graduating in medicine have passed the further examinations of the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons. This is an examination that must be passed after graduation before practicing medicine can be permitted.

Doctors from Toronto, Brantford, Windsor and Kingston were sent here and papers were all by numbers, so that no favoritism could be shown. The one man who failed in London fell short in just one subject. The showing of Western men is about 96 per cent, which is well above the average for the province, as in all 100 failed out of a class of 288.

This makes Western's standing 96 per cent, against an average of 65 per cent for the province.

The University of Western Ontario is winning its way on its merits.

The Poor Appeal of Sir John Willison.

Sir John Willison, formerly editor of the Toronto Globe, appeared in East Kent the other evening on behalf of the Conservative candidate.

His reasoning is that "the wise thing for independent voters is to give their votes in this contest to the candidates of the party which has the best chance of controlling the next legislature independent of all doubtful connections and alliances; and that means, in plain English, the wise thing in this election is to vote for the Conservative party."

That is surely high ground for an election appeal. It means this—pick out the winner and get in behind him regardless of what he stands for.

Sir John should have gone on to tell of how in the time of Ferguson patronage was given to the Conservative members, and that if he got in again they might expect some more of the same sort.

Never mind if the leader's record is a little off-side; never mind if he has gone up and down the country trying to make law enforcement difficult. Forget all these things, swallow your convictions

if you have any, and vote for the crowd that I think is going to win.

Sir John Willison's line of reasoning is the poorest, the thinnest and the most spineless brand that has been placed before Western Ontario electors in the whole campaign.

Were his argument to hold good, Elijah would never have defied the prophets of Babel, 400 of them—he would have gone with them.

Were his argument to hold good, the world would never have had a Luther—he would have gone with the crowd.

Were his argument to hold good, Belgium should have declared a public holiday and sent its troops out fishing the day the invading hosts of Germany knocked at her door.

Sir John pays a poor compliment to the courage of Western Ontario when he offers a wishbone where a spine is demanded.

Both Gladiators Are Still Alive.

The Ferguson-Raney affair has come and gone. The Ferguson skating rink is still in place; thousands of gallons of gas were consumed by cars driving there from all over the country, and both sides seem quite satisfied that their champion had won the contest. That is the beauty of any such conflict—each side is pleased with the result.

Mr. Ferguson failed to do the thing he was asked to do some days ago by Mr. Raney; he did not produce names or places or dates in connection with the charges he has been so carelessly making in regard to the enforcement of the O. T. A. That being the case, the public must take it for granted that Mr. Ferguson has been talking at random all through his campaign. Why? Simply in order to bring the administration of the O. T. A. into as much disrepute as possible. That is a fair charge to bring, and marks him as a scheming politician who is winking at those who desire more than anything else the breaking down of the O. T. A.

The one weak spot in Mr. Raney's defence was that Mr. Ferguson was able to bring up that "last night party," at which liquor was consumed in the rooms of one of the ministers of the government. It would have been much better for the premier or the attorney-general to have had this cleaned up long ago. They could have done this on the safe ground that a plain statement never belies an issue. As it is, it has been allowed to slide until the reports circulated at election time are no doubt much in advance of anything that took place at that now famous gathering. The country at large would regard more favorably any member who had the courage to get up and say he was present. Had there been a clean-up of that incident, Mr. Ferguson would have had no effective ammunition when he faced Mr. Raney.

Afraid of Cars Stalled at Night.

A London motorist complains that he was driving home about 11 o'clock the other night, and could get no assistance from passing cars when his engine stalled for want of gas. He was a couple of miles from Lambeth, and had a rope in his car. He thought some passing car would give him a lift to the first gas station.

When he tried to "flag" a car coming down the road the driver put on more speed and shot past him into the night. He tried it on a second car, which, he claims, went even faster than the first.

Not wanting to leave his car and walk two miles, he tried a third car, which was coming at a slow rate. The driver saw him and slowed down about a hundred feet ahead of him. When it came up, two men jumped out, one having the crank of a car and the other a heavy wrench. They at once wanted to know what his game was.

It took the Londoner only a few minutes to explain his predicament, when help was gladly given. The men in the third car said that they were afraid to stop for a stalled car at night, thinking it might be only a trap for robbery.

Unfortunately this belief is common, and it makes it hard for a motorist in trouble to get assistance. The driver may be the best citizen in the country, and he may have his family with him, but when he pulls up on the side of the road at night he becomes an unknown quantity. His car looks the same as any other car, and a passing driver has no means of knowing whether he is a good citizen or a would-be robber.

Fortunately car bandits are not operating much in this district, but it will take quite a season of good behavior to undo the mischief that has made every stalled car on the roadside at night look like a trap.

Note and Comment.

A chicken was hatched out near St. Catharines that had four legs. If the owner had a garden he could not have been greatly grieved when he learned of its death.

Better home conditions for London. That is, and has been all through, Miss Armstrong's appeal. It has the human touch that makes any real appeal successful.

Hon. Hugh Guthrie spoke in Guelph for the Conservative candidate. Time was when the same Hon. Hugh thundered up and down Wellington as the chief crusader against all things Conservative. He is a good speaker and no mean hand as an acrobat.

Who is responsible for the story that Mr. MacBride of Brantford, in case the Ferguson party wins, will be minister of labor? Mr. Nickle went to that city and anointed the head of MacBride with pure Conservative oil. It is a Conservative move to try to win a seat at any price.

Mr. McCausland, Conservative candidate for South-west Toronto, speaking in Orange Hall on Wednesday night, said, according to the Mail and Empire, that "he would support Sir Adam Beck to the limit, and secondly, that he would oppose the O. T. A." Surely the Ferguson people are getting a great lineup for this contest.

Senator McColg from Chatham has been on the stump in Western Ontario this week. He looks in place there, and it must be some measure of relief for him to get, back into his old stride of fire and fight. Were the Hon. Archie to let loose in the senate as he can on the stump he would certainly spoil the afternoon nap of many of his senatorial colleagues.

The big fat toad has the problem of making an existence solved and well regulated. All day in the heat he crawls in some convenient hole or under a board. At night he sits under the electric lights on the side streets and feasts on flies and moths that are foolish enough to come his way. He has a tongue that does its work effectively and often. Then, long before dawn, full of moths and flies, he hops off to his rest. Wise old toad.

DIBS AND DABS

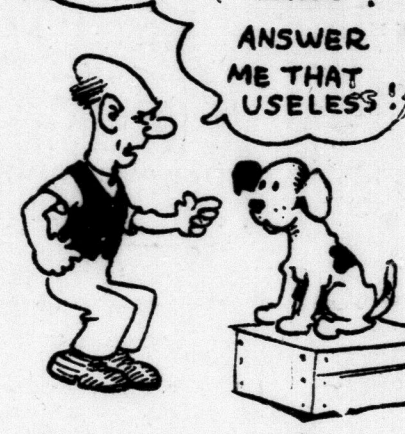
DIBS AND DABS —

HANDY LITTLE DEVICE FOR TAKIN' NOISES OUTTA SOUP



TWINS: PAT and PATENT

DO I LOOK DIPPY ENOUGH TO DISH OUT A \$5 TAX ON \$3 WORTH A DAWG?



DAUPHIN, SASK. GENT. THREATENS TO SHOOT MAYOR UNLESS DOG TAX IS REDUCED

—BY HARRY MOYER

—By HARRY MOYER

NOT SO FAST THERE MY SWEET, YES-AND-NO!



JILTED YORK PA. LOVER ATTEMPTS TO RECOVER HAT HE HAD BOUGHT FOR BRIDE-TO-HAVE—BEEN



AT TH' PRESENT TIME OF WRITIN' IT IS HOT ENOUGH TO FRY WITH TH' THERMO STILL A-KITIN' TILL IT MEBBE HITS TH' SKY!

—Moyer—

Rarebits by Rex

IT'S GONE TOO FUR!

Furs, furs, furs! "Aren't they delicious!" she purrs. Otter, opossum and beaver and bear, Raccoon and rabbit and Belgian hare, Trying 'em, buying 'em.

Furs for the winter and furs for the summer, Furs for the wife of the prince—and the plumber, Furs, furs, furs! "Isn't mine better than hers?"

Furs though her husband is taken to jail, Furs when it's roasting the average male, Wearing 'em, flaring 'em, Glorious furs.

Furs of chinchilla, and ermine and rat, Caracul, kangaroo, kolinsky and cat, Furs, furs, furs! Crazy, they are, over furs!

The weather is putting up a pretty good argument for wet candidates, But the trouble with a wet platform is that on election day you're liable to slip hard on it.

When a girl becomes engaged she stops flirting with the male section of the human race because she is on her last lap.

Hank says the finest demonstration of perseverance he knows of is the woodpecker who pecks every day at the railing of his iron fence.

Somebody ought to tell the bird to try the head of the waiter who always serves us what we didn't order. Suggestion for Donahue's campaign slogan: "Lots of beer, no wine!"

Villa knocks Jimmy Wilde—Headline. Many married Jimmies have been knocked just as wild.

Election week must be trying for Mayor Wenige. His name hasn't been on the front page for two days.

The wet candidate says all great men were alcohol imbibers. The magistrate must be proud to be acquainted with so many great men in police court every morning.

Before Mr. Donahue can make us believe his statement, he must prove that Aid. Billy Wilson is not a teetotaler.

Here's real hard luck. Yesterday, with the mercury 95 degrees, our best friend was ordered to wear a mustard plaster to cure his cold.

Slogan for the hydro knight: "Cook with politics."

An argument is on as to whether the Sphinx is a woman or a man. As the Sphinx is the symbol of silence, there should be no doubt of its sex.

"The Ten Books I Have Most Enjoyed"

By ELLEN GLASGOW, Novelist; author of "The Builders," "Life and Gabriella," "The Deliverance," etc.

"Uncle Remus" (read by my father), "Poems (Keats), "Poems (Shelley), "Anna Karenina" (Tolstoy), "David Copperfield" (Dickens), "The Way of All Flesh" (Butler), "Henry Esmond" (Thackeray), "The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius."

"The Renaissance" (Pater), "History of Civilization in England" (Buckle), "Tomorrow" (Emerson Hough), (Copyright, 1923, in U. S. and Great Britain by North American Newspaper Alliance. All rights reserved.)

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

And the serpent said unto the woman, ye shall not surely die.—Gen. iii. 4.

The attempt to deny or ignore evil has been the stock in trade of every false doctrine that has befogged and bewildered the world since the days of Eden.

The fairy tale that the old serpent told to Eve is a poetic symbol of the lie fundamental—the theory that sin does not mean death, because it has no real existence and makes no real difference.

"Evil is nothing," say these teachers. "It is not real. It is an illusion, a negation. Shut your eyes and it will vanish."

Yes, but open your eyes again and you will see it in the same place, in the same form, doing the same work. A most persistent nothing, a most powerful nothing!

Not the shadow cast by the good, but the cloud that hides the sun and casts the shadow. Not the "silence implying sound," but the discord breaking the harmony.

Evil is as real as the fire that burns you, as the flood that drowns you, as the typhoid germ that you can put under a microscope and see it quirm.

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Your Health

HOW TO GUARD AGAINST GRAVE DANGERS OF "TRACHOMA"

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D., United States Senator from New York, Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

Whenever an immigrant is turned back from the island, my heart is touched. I know the sacrifices he has made to come to America, and how he suffers if he must return to the old world. Under the law, certain alien immigrants absolutely preclude admission. One of these is trachoma—granulated eyelids.

As a result of the exclusion from America of all cases of trachoma, no new stock has reached us. Improved methods of treating the disease have wiped out most of the existing cases. The present happy rarity of the disease is one of the triumphs of medical science. There is swelling, itching, burning, feeling of sand in the eyes, and at times great pain, and the eyes look red and inflamed. These are the most prominent symptoms.

On turning the lids back they appear granulated and rough on the inner side. The mucous membrane is thick and velvety in the early stages. Later it may appear scarred and ragged.

There is a lot of secretion. This may be thick and yellow, or watery. The lids stick together in the morning.

The patient may be exceedingly sensitive to light. His eyes run water and his pain is greatly increased by exposure to sunlight or bright artificial light. Consequently he sits with his eyes shut.

The lids become greatly distorted when the disease runs up for years. The lashes turn in against the eyeball or the lower lid may turn outward and disfigure the face.

The disease may be transferred through the secretions. From the fingers, doorknobs, towels, soap or other contact, trachoma may be given to others. It spreads where overcrowding exists. Schools, institutions and tenements are dangerous places if trachoma is present.

Preventive measures are of the greatest importance. Give to all officials do not permit persons with trachoma to mingle with others. Unless treatment is being provided, to guard against this and other infectious eye diseases, the unclean hands should never be put to the eyes.

Treatment begins with the general condition of the patient. He must be built up and given a strong body by the general rules of right living. This improvement in health is essential to cure.

Locally, cleanliness of the eyes is of first importance. For this purpose a simple antiseptic lotion is indicated.

For the purpose of cure, various local remedies are prescribed, but must be applied under medical advice. Let it be remembered by the victim and his immediate family and friends, that trachoma is a contagious disease. The greatest care must be exercised so no one will be infected. This is insured if the eye discharges are not permitted to be carried from one to another.

Answers to Health Questions. GRATEFUL. Q.—Will you kindly tell me how to reduce my ankles? A.—It is practically impossible to reduce one particular part of the body. However, walking and massaging, also wearing snugly-laced shoes may help to reduce the ankles.

M. R. Q.—Will you kindly tell me if it is harmful for a patient who has to rest to take a short walk to get fresh air? A.—I do not think it would be harmful, provided your doctor has not advised you to the contrary. You should have fresh air at all times. Keep your room well ventilated.

A. B. Q.—Is it advisable to wear exercise best? A.—The best way to correct this condition is by exercise and correct posture. I would suggest that you join an athletic club or Y. M. C. A. and have a physical director outline a course of exercise for you.

E. F. Q.—I am a boy 16 years of age and weigh 96 pounds. My appetite is very poor. Will you please tell me what my correct weight should be and how to increase my appetite? A.—A boy 5 feet 6 inches tall, 15 years old, should weigh about 125 pounds. You should take plenty of outdoor exercises to increase your appetite, and also a glass of beer for further particulars, restate your question and inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

MOTHER. Q.—My little boy has a habit of grinding his teeth during sleep. Will you kindly advise me the cause of this condition? A.—This is due to some intestinal disturbance. For full particulars kindly send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and restate your question.

2. Cod liver oil is a very good tonic for your son to take. MRS. G. L. M. Q.—I have a pain in my lower right side. I have been advised that I was suffering from appendicitis; medicine was prescribed but did not cure the condition. Is it advisable for me to consult the doctor again? 2.—Kindly advise me about —? A.—Yes, you should go to a competent surgeon without delay for an examination, and he will advise you whether or not an operation is necessary. Copyright, 1923, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

Canada's Century

GOD'S FARM

By ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE.

Every man has his ideal country, his land of heart's desire. Literature and art have endeavored to satisfy the inner craving for that "something" lost behind the ranges.

Happy those that may fare forth, not in books, but in life, to the discovery of the land beyond their dreams.

It is well to read history in an armchair. It is indefinitely better to make history under the blue.

The fact to be emphasized to every school boy, and to every new arrival, is that in Canada in this living present we are the nation builders. We are the story makers.

Canada is history's last frontier. At all costs that frontier spirit must be kept alive. That spirit was here before the war, sparkling, triumphant, full of immensity and high expectancy, rejoicing on the threshold of "Canada's Century."

Canada's Century! That spirit has not since been seen or heard. In these piping times of peace, old England may settle down to a well regulated existence. Even the United States, her forests gone, her frontier vanished, may begin to measure her length and breadth. But Canada, even yet remains an unknown country whose explorers have only touched the fringes.

In a crowded world where night every nook and corner has been mapped and charted, it is still the lot of the Canadian-born to proclaim: "The land of our birth is the land beyond our dreams."

Here is the last line of romance upon this continent. Here the future is still a vista of surprises.

Frontier Still Advancing. Cartier surveying for the first time from the summit of Mount Royal the vast expanse of forest and wilderness had a vision of what might be its bounds.

Four centuries later Stefansson at Ellesmere Island upon the shore of the Polar Sea gazed upon a frontier still advancing.

For the French, when it was a question between the worth of Gaudry, and the worth of Canada, the balance seemed infinitely in favor of the abundant tropical isle.

What would there be of value in that bleak, forbidding Canada, the fairer aspects of snow, sneers Voltaire. But the wind worn flag of the

lance of the evils that have arisen and are spreading under the operation of the present act.

London, June 21, 1923.

A phrase often brings us to days that have gone!

Today when my son myself climbed upon

A train going home to the scenes of my youth, I found myself brought back to my childhood. In truth I'd heard it so often, and said it

"Now scrooch down and make yourself small as you can!"

I saw myself humped in this very same train.

The need for my shrinking was made very plain.

For perches were scarce, and we saved what we could for the train.

To spend up at Grandma's, where taffy was good!

It did not seem wrong as the train lurched on, and I said to myself

"Now scrooch down and make yourself small as you can!"

Today the conductor smiled wisely at me.

As when, eight years old, I had tried to look three!

I paid my fare, as my mother had done.

The jolly conductor winked hard at my son:

It didn't avail me to say, "Little man, Now scrooch down and make yourself small as you can!"

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Editor of The Advertiser.

Sir,—May I be permitted to inquire from personal experience all that Mr. Millson has said regarding the operation of the present liquor act in British Columbia? I cannot speak for the province as a whole, but the situation as it pertains to the city of Vancouver is exactly that indicated in Mr. Millson's statement.

As in the strongest possible argument for the abolition of any similar legislation in the other provinces, the conditions that prevailed in the hotel at which I stayed in Vancouver were nothing short of disastrous. In commenting upon them to others I was assured that as producing a balance on the wrong side of the account month by month, in the case of the great majority of the retail stores in the city, and I was assured that from 75 per cent to 90 per cent of the business was being lost to the city.

The effect on business was reported to me as producing a balance on the wrong side of the account month by month, in the case of the great majority of the retail stores in the city, and I was assured that from 75 per cent to 90 per cent of the business was being lost to the city.

The whole situation is unthinkable bad, and whatever sacrifices the citizens of the province might have to make to supplement that revenues if prohibition was put into effect would on the whole, I am sure, be well worth while in order to rid the prov-

ED. E. REID, Editor.

A Doubtful Old Custom

By ANNE CAMPBELL.

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