

London Advertiser

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1923.

The Murder Trial.

Why does a crowd line up in front of the old Middlesex court house every morning and afternoon? A murder trial is the answer.

The public is curious to see what goes on; to hear all the gruesome details; to watch the effect of evidence on the prisoners. The strong arm of the law has reached out and taken certain suspected men. The lawyer prosecuting for the crown and the lawyer acting for the defence have, from a large number, selected 12 men as a jury to weigh the evidence and say whether the accused are guilty of murder or not. It is an impressive and depressing setting. The guns that figured in the shooting are harmless things now, handled by witnesses or counsel. They are not dangerous; rather they present mute evidence rather than deadly message.

The task of building a case for prosecution or defence is not the work of a day or a week. Witness after witness comes and goes; they tell what they know, what they saw, not what they thought or what they heard some other person state. By the time cross-examination is over a witness has told all there is to say. The evidence for or against proceeds, always subject to the checking up of counsel and the trial judge.

Human nature in its frailty and certainty comes to the surface. There is the flattering witness who is not quite sure of this or that event, and following comes one who traces his movements with quiet, clear distinctiveness, and stands his ground under an hour's cross-examination. But back of it all the magnetism of the whole thing is that human lives are at stake. Each hour that passes brings that much closer the time when the foreman of the jury will be asked by the presiding judge whether the jury has arrived at a verdict, and on that verdict will depend the issue of life or death.

There is a quiet dignity and an impressive tension in the atmosphere. People are brought face to face with the fact that British justice moves surely, if not always swiftly. In the human drama now going on at the court house we see that a man is considered innocent until a proof of his guilt has been established. Whatever the verdict may be, accompanying it will be the knowledge that a man's life is fairly dealt with; calm consideration robs lynch law of its prey, and justice takes precedence over passion.

Let Him Shoot Straight.

Premier Ferguson says the Ontario government will have recourse to the criminal code if it can locate any person publishing or spreading reports liable to hurt the standing or resources of the province or Dominion.

He should be very explicit in what he has to say. Otherwise he may have to take action against the Montreal Star.

Then, too, he should look over the walling of Hon. Arthur Meighen in his last cycle of calamity talk in the west. For surely the ex-premier left the impression that if the Conservatives were not returned there was no hope for Canada; Ontario included.

Nor is it so very long since Mr. Ferguson was on the stump with a very gloomy picture of what Ontario was in for in case he and his followers failed to register a win. Or is Mr. Ferguson prepared to allow some special latitude for political criers when they wish to shake the very old spine of the country and put ice-packs around the feet of the voters?

It is a fact that many opposition political speeches are about as close to 100 per cent calamity orations as could be devised.

So if Mr. Ferguson will round them all up, Grit and Tory alike, more power to him.

Ten Full Pages.

A Toronto drug store, with several stores in that city planned a big three-day sale, and used ten full pages of space in the Star to tell the people all about the things they planned to sell.

At reasonable detail they told of the merchandise they were offering; of any reductions that had been made in price, and gave a very complete story of all that would take place.

There was no timidity in the announcement—all straight, definite announcement.

The store wants to convert a lot of goods into cash; they want a big sale, and they ask for it in a big way. And their return will be as big as their effort.

Very Convenient.

If Sir Henry Thornton has been correctly reported, he stated at a banquet of the Traffic Club of New England that government ownership of railways should be resorted to only when the railroads do not pay, or render service as private corporations.

A doubtful theory at best. It would mean, if given an interpretation of any breadth, that as long as railways were making money they should go ahead and do so.

As soon as they start to lose, the public should be called in to take the situation over.

In another word, the people shall stand ready to take up the office of convenient goat when private enterprise has failed.

Fortunately this view is not generally held.

Our Betting Bill.

Legalized betting on Ontario race tracks this year was \$36,000,000. By legalized betting is meant the amount wagered on tracks through the machines there, on which the government takes its levy.

Those who are in a position to know state that a sum equal to this would be placed outside of these recognized machines. The book-maker and the bucketshop keeper are still doing a fairly good business. That makes about \$72,000,000 that Ontario has put up on the horse races.

It means that millions have been lost by people who are not in a position many times to lose a dollar.

The figures give ample reason why the attorney-general of Ontario should take the action he contemplates to fight the jockey club that has opened new premises for business at Niagara Falls.

The tracks already in existence have established plenty of test holes in the pockets of Ontario people. The attorney-general is right when he refuses to allow a new gang to set up another derrick for the same purpose.

The Premier's Course.

The Manchester Guardian pays to Hon. W. L. M. King the compliment that he is not prepared to rush into agreements that have not been sanctioned by the parliament of Canada. The Guardian states his position as being "that neither the conference nor the British government can formulate policies or enter into commitments that are binding on Canada until they are considered and formally approved by the Canadian parliament."

If the premier of Canada has created the impression that the government of this country is so great a thing that he cannot speak or promise without its sanction, he has done a good service.

He can bring back from the conference its various proposals and lay them before the parliament of the Canadian people, and that is the proper place for their approval or rejection.

It is much better that he should follow such a course than to seek to make a big man of himself with promises and suggestions that the people of Canada might not sanction or consider.

Farm Politics Only.

Members of the U. F. O. of West Elgin believe that it is a mistake for farm organizations such as theirs to go into political endeavor outside of things that are of direct concern to farming.

There is plenty of evidence to show that this position is sound, and is verified by the happenings of recent months right in this province.

The organized energy of the farmers can be turned to business with better results than to politics in general.

Note and Comment.

In a Mongolian bog they have found eggs 1,000,000 years old. Now do we haste to hide behind our egg grading section of the criminal code.

Looking over the year book, it appears that London is quite an employer of labor. On its payroll are 1,467 names for an amount of \$1,597,641.

Detroit woman wants divorce because her husband has two wooden legs. She shouldn't object to a good supply of kindling wood with winter coming on.

A scientist says the mountains of California are moving north. The Ottawa Journal man takes an inventory of his household goods, and decides on a sale.

Queen's rugby rooters asked cheap rates to follow their team to Toronto and Montreal. The railway commissioners said no, probably having in view that the boys had been sent to school to do a bit of rooting into rhythmic and Caesar.

A gentleman in Oberlin, Kansas, desired to transact business with a newspaper in London, Ont. So he turned to the good sense and keen discernment of the mail service and addressed his letter to "Largest Newspaper, London, Ont., Canada." With unerring accuracy the letter arrived in due time at the office of this great family journal.

DIBS AND DABS

—BY HARRY MOYER



Rarebits by Rex

A SCOTCHMAN'S LOSS.
"For forty years I've played the game," said Sandy tearfully. "And now I must remain at home." He blubbered fearfully. "What is the trouble?" I inquired. "You're looking like a wreck. Does too much golfing make you tired, or does your wife object?"
"No, 'tisn't that," my friend replied. "Tis something worse than such. She'd let me play until I died; she never bothers much." His Scotch head shook. "I cannot play—I'm through for good and all. Because, while driving yesterday I lost me blooming ball!"

Contrary to predictions Ruth's fame has not turned his head. Proving that Ruth is stranger than fiction.

The prevalence of breach of promise payments indicates the modern girl does not agree that it is better to have loved and lost.

Wild oats continue to figure among over-productions of grain.

The man who stands in line to be first in the court room isn't the same man who leads the rush to the ballot boxes on election day.

It is rumored that a local professor of a particularly stupid class has the following sign on his door: Please don't flap your ears as you go out.

So far as Lloyd George's Anglo-American entente is concerned, we believe the two nations would rather lock horns than arms.

LIZZIE'S SONG.
See me climb so gracefully,
Half a thousand eyes on me;
There's no other car so spry,
None can move about as I.

Costly cars with polish high,
Stand no chance when I go by,
Watch me take a morning whirl,
Hear folks call, "Go on old girl!"
Some folks call me Liz and some
Call me Henry just for fun,
But the way I shall be
Proof of femininity.

"Plant your old bulbs now"—advertisement. If we planted ours the garden next spring would be a mass of hydro poles.

In the opinion of most critics the real yellow peril is that banana ditty.

If you want to kill the meanest men in town just sprinkle some insect powder on the streets.

A Minneapolis seer says women will rule men 100 years from now. We would suggest that it is about time that soothsayer got married.

There are many kinds of bridge, but as our pocketbook gets slimmer and slimmer, we are learning more and more about the bridge of sighs.

Old Friends

By ANNE CAMPBELL.
When we grow old in friendliness,
And you can say to me,
"Do you remember long ago
When summer nights were clear,
We sat together underneath
A fragrant lotus tree,
And dreamed a dream of happiness
So intimate and dear!"

When we grow old in friendliness,
And I can say to you,
"Do you remember other years
When autumn leaves were red,
We tramped the woods together
Then
As good pals often do,
And many joyous thoughts
Exchanged,
And friendly words were said."

When we grow old in friendliness,
And you can say to me,
"Do you remember, friend of mine,
The dim and lovely past?
We sat beside the dying fire
It was a winter day
When we can talk of distant years,
Then we'll be friends at last!"
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The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

THE SOLIDARITY OF EVIL.
Against thee, thou only have I sinned.—Psalms II, 4.
Do we really understand that every bad deed we commit is a part of all the evil that is in the world?
There is no such thing as a single, separate sin.
If we hate, that is a contribution to the world's volcano of hatred.
If we lie, that is a contribution to the world's fog of falsehood.
Our offenses against our neighbor are treason, because they lend aid and comfort to the great enemy, the Evil One.
They are betrayals of God, who is love and truth.
The warfare between good and evil is a long, long campaign—not eternal as the Zoroastrians say, because evil is self-destructing and must finally perish in defeat—but so long that the end is far beyond our vision.
Meantime, every soldier counts in every battle, and the humblest sentry post is fraught with great responsibilities.
There is no divided allegiance. The challenge is:
"Under which King, Bezonian? Speak or die."
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Your Health: Why You Must Stimulate Scalp To Make Hair Grow.

Every woman envies the crowning glory of abundant and beautiful hair. More even than the dresses she wears, the styles are determined by the way my lady's hair is dressed. It is a great thing to have lots of hair. I can testify to the many times my poor head has escaped serious pumping because of my shock of coarse hair has saved me from disaster. It is almost equal to the leather helmet the football player wears. What your crop of hair will be depends on several things. In the first place, it depends on your heart. You may think that is a funny statement, but almost invariably a bald-headed man has a weak and soft-beating heart. His blood is not sent in a forceful stream to the extremities of the body. In common with the hands and feet, the scalp is stungly supplied with blood. Consequently the roots of the hair are not furnished with the nourishing fluid essential to function and growth. You would not expect a plant or tree to grow and thrive unless its roots were given abundance of water and nourishing soil. It will not grow in barren sand. There must be substance and moisture. No more can the hair grow unless it is irrigated and nourished. Just as the tree must have the minerals essential to its progress, so, too, must the hair be given the mineral elements needed in its development. When hair is burned, don't you recall what a terrible odor arises? This is due to the liberated gases, perhaps from sulphur and other minerals found in the hair. You see, therefore, that you may have a good heart, but unless you eat the right food you cannot grow hair. Good hair and good nourishment go hand in hand. A very interesting feeding experiment was made in one of the public schools in New York City. The Dairymen's League volunteered to give all the milk necessary to supply this big school. Twice a day the children were given milk to drink. The most remarkable change in these children, many of them from the homes of the very poor, was the change in the appearance and growth of the hair. Instead of being dead and lustreless, it became bright and shiny. The point about this is that good nourishment is essential to the growth of the hair. Don't be misled into thinking that fatness and good nourishment are the same thing. You will point out fleshy people who are bald and think that overflows my theory. But it doesn't, because fatness and soundness of body are not the same thing. Recently it has been the "style"

to bob the hair. Taking advantage of the fact, many a woman has cut off her thin tresses in the hope that bobbing might thicken the hair. Of course, it will not, because the length of the hair means nothing. A hair is a dead thing—it is the root which lives.

To stimulate the growth of hair, the scalp must have treatment. Melt together a teaspoonful of olive oil and a teaspoonful of vaseline. While still warm, rub this into the scalp at the roots of the hair, using a soft toothbrush. Do this every day. Avoid hard, heavy and tight hats, which squeeze the blood-vessels of the scalp, and reduce the flow of blood to the hair. Give yourself fresh air, sunshine, exercise, good food and lots of sleep.

These simple rules will do much to help you. Of course, there are a few stimulating applications which have some value, but after all, what your head of hair will be depends largely on you.
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The national unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor paid out last year a total of \$4,134,186.81 in life insurance benefits.

WANTS TO HELP OTHER WOMEN

Grateful for Health Restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Toronto, Ont.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for backache and for weak and dreary feelings caused by my condition. Sometimes I felt so bad that I couldn't do my household work. My neighbor told me of your medicine and I read about it in the 'Toronto Telegram' and thought I would take it. I got very good results. It built me up, and I have told several friends what it has done for me. You may use this testimonial as it may be of help to some one who has suffered as I have."
—Mrs. J. Lee, 25 Harvie Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. Lee is willing to write to any girl or woman suffering from such troubles, and answer any questions they may like to ask.

Women suffering from female troubles causing backache, irregularities, pains, bearing-down feelings and weakness should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Not only is the worth of this splendid medicine shown by such cases as this, but for nearly fifty years letters like this have been received from thousands of women.

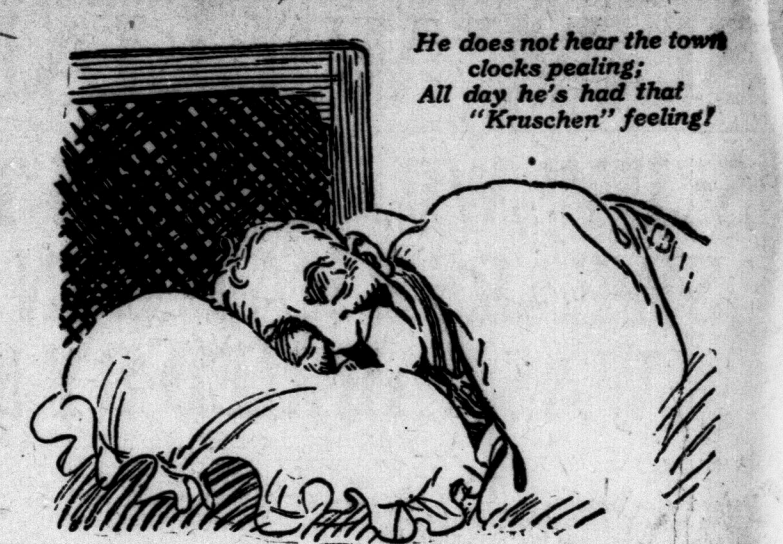
You might be interested in reading Mrs. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon the "Ailments of Women." You can get a copy free by writing the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Cough, Ontario.

USE SULPHUR TO HEAL YOUR SKIN

Broken-Out Skin and Itching Eczema Helped Over Night.

For unsightly skin eruptions, rash or blotches on face, neck, arms or body, you do not have to wait for relief from torture or embarrassment. declares a noted skin specialist. Apply a little Mentho-Sulphur and improvement shows next day.

Because of its germ destroying properties, nothing has ever been found to take the place of this sulphur preparation. The moment you apply it healing begins. Only those who have had unsightly skin troubles can know the delight this Mentho-Sulphur brings. Even fiery itching eczema is dried right up. Get a small jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur from any good druggist and use it like cold cream.—Adv't.



He Sleeps Like a Child

A good night's sleep is the finest medicine in the world.

No matter how tired, how worn-out you may be after a hard day's work, if you can go to bed and sleep calmly and soundly for seven or eight hours, you will wake up in the morning alert and vigorous, your strength renewed, your whole body revitalized by the refreshing influence of peaceful slumber.

The healthy man always sleeps well. In other words, if you are not sleeping well, there is something wrong with your health.

If you find you are not sleeping as you should, you owe it to yourself to take your health in hand at once, before worse follows. Nine times out of ten there is something wrong with your internal system. Your work may tie you in too much—afford you little fresh air and exercise—may cause you to snatch hasty, unsuitable meals. Your food is not properly assimilated; indigestion and dyspepsia are marking you down for their prey.

All this is bound to tell upon you. What actually happens is that your liver and kidneys lose their vigour, impurities find their way into the blood stream, the tone of the entire system is lowered, and depression, tiredness, a thousand and one ills follow, bringing troubled nights in their train.

Kruschen Salts will alter this. Just enough to cover a 10 cent piece taken every morning in your breakfast cup of coffee or tea makes all the difference in the world. All impurities are removed from the body, the blood stream regains its richness and purity, the whole system responds to its tonic influence. You enjoy every moment of the day, whether at play or at work, and when night comes you seek your bed in the calm and happy state of mind and body that makes for sound, refreshing sleep.



Tasteless in Coffee or Tea

Put as much in your breakfast cup as will lie on a 10 cent piece. It's the little daily dose that does it.

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for Half a Cent a Day

A 75c bottle of Kruschen Salts contains daily use is "as much as will lie on a 10 cent piece"—enough for three months—which means bounding health for less than half a cent a day. The dose prescribed for Kruschen. Get a 75c bottle today.

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