

London Advertiser

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1923.

The Treasurer May Know.

While the hydro radical accounts are up for scrutiny, what particulars are there of the accounts for the campaign waged on behalf of the radicals in Hamilton and vicinity? It is well known that money was spent there, as there were solicitors out working on a house-to-house basis, and a lot of activity was indulged in that could hardly be secured on any other basis than cash.

One report has it that the account was presented to the provincial treasurer for payment, but that he refused to touch it, being unable to say why the province should pay for propaganda carried on for hydro radicals in Hamilton.

Perhaps the Hon. Peter Smith may be able to throw a little light on the subject. It is quite right that the people should know what it costs to carry on these campaigns either for or against, and also who gives authority for the spending of the money.

Farmers Have Helped.

Mr. T. L. Church of North Toronto nearly killed off the whole Progressive party in Ottawa with one or two blasts on Monday last. Right on the first debating day of the week he almost did the trick.

Mr. Church first of all put the Progressives down in order in this way: "The more they talk the more evident is their lack of knowledge, and the less they know the more they talk."

And before there was a chance for the gassed Progressives to recover Mr. Church was after them again:

"If the Progressives would only do something to reduce the high cost of living it would be to very much better purpose than for them to worry the government."

When Mr. Church addresses the Progressives his range of fire takes in the bulk of the farming community. In substance, then, this talkative person from Toronto tells the farmers to do something to reduce the cost of living.

The farmers have done something to reduce the cost of living. Whether it has been voluntary or from force of circumstances makes little difference.

In February of 1918 farmers on the London market got \$2.10 for their wheat. Today they get \$1.15.

In April of 1920 they sold oats at \$1.22 per bushel. Today they get 48 cents.

In the spring of 1920 potatoes were sold on the London market for \$4.50 per bag. Today farmers get \$1 per bag.

In 1920 hay brought a farmer \$26 per ton. Today he gets \$12.

In the same month of 1920 the buyer on the market here paid 65c per pound for butter. Today the same quality is 45c.

Chickens in 1920 were 42c per pound. Today's price is 24c.

Dressed hogs in 1920 were \$24. Today they are \$14.

Beef, per cwt., was \$20, and today \$12.

From these things, Mr. Church, it would seem that the farming community has made a very real contribution to reducing the cost of living.

If you add up the February 22, 1923, figures, the total is \$41.35, against a total of \$78.92 in the high years. Leaving out the odd figures, it means that the farmer is selling today for 41 against 78 three or four years back.

Seeing that Mr. Church has put the thing up straight to the farming community, and has told them they would be well advised to busy themselves reducing the high cost of living, and in view of the fact that they have made a notable contribution, may the question not be put to Mr. Church:

"What have you done, Mr. T. L. Church, or the members who sit around you in the House, to reduce the cost of living?"

The farming community of Canada has been sneered at and slandered by one who was intended for high rank at Ottawa in case the Conservatives had won the last general election. If his associates do not share his views, why do they not get up and rebuke his insolence? Are they afraid, or is this to be taken as the attitude of Conservatives at Ottawa?

Nagging at Sir Henry.

"Le Canada of Montreal appears 'fed up' on Sir Henry Thornton's social obligations, even if he is not; for it bluntly suggests that he bid farewell to banqueting and get down to work."—Hamilton Herald.

There used to be a belief in many enterprises that unless a man were shut up tight in his office all day he was not doing his duty by the firm. That view held for a long time, until one day a bright chap got the idea that it might be a good thing to get away from the office and see what was going on elsewhere.

He believed that others might know something more than he did about business, and he also had the idea of going out he might meet people who should be doing business.

He had a lot of people and papers growling away at Sir Henry Thornton ever since he came to Canada. None of these people

and none of these papers know a thing about railroading, but they all know for sure that it's time Sir Henry Thornton "got down to work." They take it for granted, apparently, when he is away from his office, when he is meeting and influencing hundreds and hundreds of businessmen at these dinners and banquets, that he is just scampering around for a bit of a lark, or that he is off for a joy-ride at the expense of the country.

The more people Sir Henry Thornton can know, the more places he can visit, the more he can sell the National Railways to the people who need its services.

Why, then, persist in barking away at him because he refuses to sit down in an office in Montreal and stay there?

Or do they want him in a set of overalls lifting engines off and on the tracks?

Looking For Sites.

The St. Catharines Standard urges the city council there to hand over to the chamber of commerce the work of looking after industrial development. There is such an arrangement made in London.

A change has come over this business of looking for new industries. In the first place, most of the concerns looking for sites now mean business. There are very few barnstormers such as we had a few years ago.

A bonus will not pull down much of a factory. Men who are looking after locations want a good place for the men to live; experience has shown that it is useless to locate a factory in a place where the employees will not find conditions congenial. Most cities have pretty fair shipping facilities, and the investigators quickly pass on to the next consideration.

London is in the center of a great district; it is not far from the lake; it has wonderful schools; it is the home of Western University. It is such things as these that interest manufacturers. Other Ontario cities can put forward splendid advantages, but it will be found that more and more the desirability of a city as a place to live in will measure largely in determining on a factory location.

Loud, Empty Talk.

Toronto city council has done what it was expected would be done—refused to investigate the truth or falsity of claims made by the mayor of that city and Sir Adam Beck during the municipal election in Toronto.

When the campaign was running strong, speakers were making pointed statements about a corruption fund being used to defeat the will of the people. Sir Adam Beck made the charge at several places. Mayor Maguire of Toronto, anxious to go through the same motions as Sir Adam, made this statement:

"You have seen the tremendous sums of money they have been lavishing in this city, money from outside corporations."

Mayor Maguire is in a position of responsibility; he is the first citizen of the largest city in Ontario, and as such should be looked to for a fair and accurate statement of fact. The refusal to go ahead and state his case before a committee leaves only one or two inferences:

(1) That Mayor Maguire and Sir Adam were making statements they could not substantiate, or

(2) They were simply talking through their hats for election purposes.

Note and Comment.

Being accomplished means ability to throttle down a sneeze until it sounds like a sigh.

French aviator flew 233 miles per hour. Must make a note to show this item to the office boy.

One who attends the movies often finds it hard to believe that many scenarist writers have their work refused by the producers.

The retail clothiers have ended their session, and not one word have they said about how to keep trousers from getting baggy and bulgy at the knee.

In this age of twin sixes and new models, it is strangely interesting to note that a thoroughbred horse has been sold in United States for \$110,000.

A French agitator is out with a suggestion to do away with capital letters. This would do away with the wild hunt for more of the capital "I" when the open season comes for political speeches.

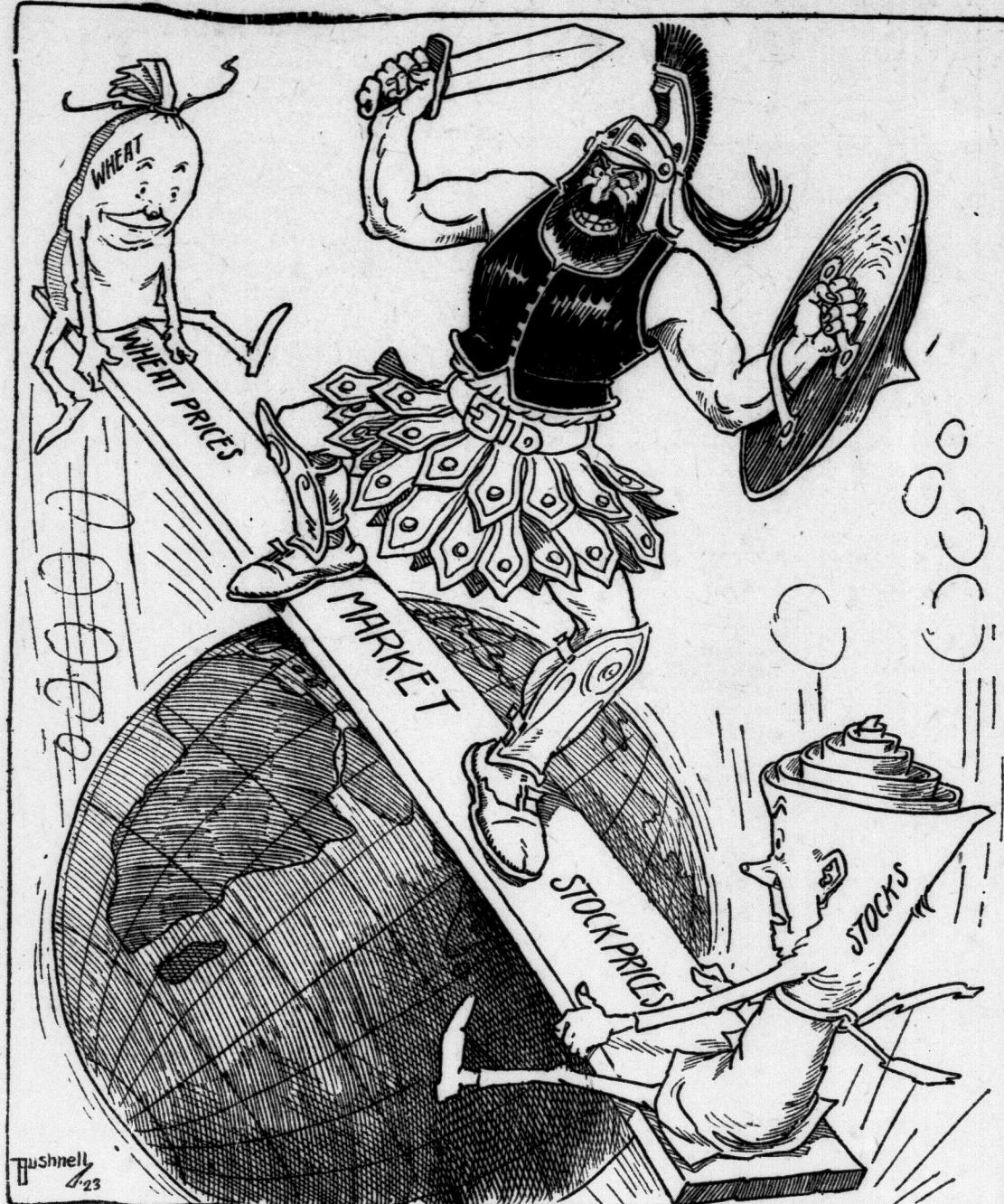
Manitoba government seems to have one thing in mind, viz., getting revenue up to meet expenditure. This seems to be more popular with parliament than getting expenditure down to meet the revenue.

Woodstock reports the Thames frozen solid. That backs up The Advertiser's theory that the high cost of ice in 1923 summer will be due to the fact that it had to be piled loose from the bottom of the creek.

Those old tombs in Egypt, away over 3,000 years old, can stand a lot of drilling and pounding before they yield their secrets. Apparently the Egyptians of that age knew a few things about building methods.

A girl from Greece came to New York to marry a man she had never seen. As soon as she had a good look at him she inquired for the next boat home. After all, there's much to be said for the old-fashioned style of courting.

TEETER-TOTTER! WHEN OLD MAN WAR THROWS A SCARE, DOWN GOES STOCKS AND UP GOES WHEAT PRICES.



TO THE EDITOR.

GERMANY'S HONEST DEBTS.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,—It should be quite in order to inform your readers what Germany is doing to evade paying debts. Germany has its whole industrial machinery in full operation and yet declares itself unable to meet its obligations to France. With her industrial area ruined, twenty thousand French factories crumbled to ashes by German guns, her coal mines blown up or flooded, her iron productions destroyed, and ninety per cent of her forests, fruit trees and vineyards laid waste; in the face of this dire destruction, with hundreds of thousands of homes burned or razed to earth, France has raised and spent seven and a half billion dollars to rebuild homes for her peasants and in other ways to heal the scars made by German bullets.

What has Germany done with the proceeds of its industrial activity? I quote from the Kansas City Star and the Wall Street Journal to verify these statements. Part of them have gone toward a reconstruction of her railways, including her railroads, and to an immense shipbuilding program. Part of them have been applied to subsidizing her own people by such expedients as furnishing transportation below cost. Financial journals are considering another device or shrewd trick adopted by German financiers—the accumulation of huge profits in other countries where they are not subject to the depreciation of the mark or to German taxation.

Estimates of the amount of wealth thus salted away are put by the Wall Street Journal at from 2000 to 5000 million dollars. Financial America remarks that Germany's government is virtually bankrupt while the men who dominate it have amassed immense fortunes. The Wall Street Journal says: "Germany has accumulated immense sums in dollars, pounds, pistas, guilders, Swiss francs, Swedish kronas, and Argentine pesos which have been left in the safe keeping of banks from the United States and England to the Argentine until such time as will suffice to cajole, browbeat and coerce France to reduce reparations payments to the vanishing point."

"With this desideratum converted into an accomplished fact, Germany will repudiate her worthless currency, start afresh on a gold basis, and speedily blossom out as the most prosperous country in Europe."

All hail to bleeding France who is proceeding in methodical fashion to bring Germany to gullup down some of her own bitter medicine. France will choke Germany on its Ruhr windpipe until she squeals and cries out, "I will pay the reparations!"

France is adopting harsh measures. What did Germany do in 1871? Bismarck and King William and von Moltke broke down the walls of Paris, positioned her guns against Paris, and thundered out the ultimatum, "We will give you short time to hand us one billion dollars in gold and the deciding to us of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. If you do not comply we will blow Paris to the sky." It was reported that France borrowed \$65,000,000 from England to help meet that huge obligation. It was an awful burden to meet at that time, 52 years ago. France paid it without a whimper. France is collecting taxes on the Ruhr output and holding up coal to Germany until France is first supplied. France has not ruined the Ruhr coal mines, the Krupp armaments works, or cut down its orchards, poisoned the Ruhr wells and water supplies, or used poisoned gas on a single German. Germany can thank her dim-lighted stars that France has not followed her wretched example set in 1914.

If our fearless, brave Canadian soldiers who are crumbling to dust in Flanders battlefields could rise up and view the picture as presented in the Ruhr district, what would they say? "Go on, fearless, brave and bleeding France. The God of Hosts will aid you to recover at least a small mite to repay your national debt."

Respectfully submitted
Wm. H. MOORE
Lambeth, Ont., Can.

NOW IS THE TIME.

"Isn't it rather early to be writing your advertisements for summer boarders?"

"I'm a truthful man," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "I won't print 'em till later; but I'm careful to write 'em while I can talk about cool breezes, breezes and no mosquitoes."—Washington Star.

Your Health

WHY SCIENCE PUTS HEALTH BEFORE WEALTH OR SUCCESS.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.,
Commissioner of Health, New York City. U. S. Senator-Elect From New York State.

Among the minor works of Blaise Pascal is a prayer, to ask of God the proper use of sickness. In this, Lord, I confess that I have esteemed health a blessing, not because it is an easy means for serving these with will see bright-eyed, tanned and red-cheeked boys and girls, who will appear to the layman as perfectly healthy and normal persons. Pascal may have been deceived, as you would be, by such outward signs of health.

The latest advances in the treatment of brain disorders indicate that infection of some organ remote from the head is responsible for the mental aberration. In many instances, the disturbance may be so slight as not to be recognized, but yet be sufficient to drive the victim out of his accustomed path of rectitude.

The appearance of health is not sufficient. It must be health founded on normal functions of normal organs. Otherwise there may be such tendencies as Pascal bemoans.

Nothing is more deceptive than the superficial aspects of health. If you are familiar with the real evidences, for instance, of tuberculosis, you will be misled. Visit one of the many splendid tuberculosis sanatoriums or camps in North America, and you will see bright-eyed, tanned and red-cheeked boys and girls, who will appear to the layman as perfectly healthy and normal persons. Pascal may have been deceived, as you would be, by such outward signs of health.

The proper use of sickness, as I see it, is to let the red and white to overcome it, and with God's help, to be restored to health. I should never seek sickness as a means of escaping temptation, because, I have indicated, I do not believe perfect health is capable of leading to a desire for fatal pleasures.

If I were a preacher I should first proclaim the gospel of good health. For I would know that when my congregation had been restored to physical normality, it would not be difficult to lead them into the ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace. Hunger of the stomach and the abnormal yearnings and appeals of other organs are due to neglect of simple rules of wisdom.

Give us good health first, then everything else that is good will be added to our heritage.

Answers to Health Questions.

M. D. L. Q.—Will you please tell me what would be the result of diseased tonsils if neglected, and whether the discharge would affect the heart or lungs in any way?

A.—If diseased tonsils are neglected the whole system suffers as a consequence. Indigestion, neuritis, rheumatism and heart trouble are some of the bad effects.

M. K. Q.—I am a girl 13 years of age and am 5 feet 3 inches tall. Will you please tell me what my correct weight should be?

A.—For your age and height, you should weigh about 110 pounds. Exercise out-of-doors and eat good, nourishing food. Bathe frequently, and drink an abundance of water between meals. Get regular hours of sleep in a well-ventilated room.

R. W. W. Q.—I am a young man 31 years of age, and my voice has never fully developed. It is high-pitched, like a young boy's. Will you please tell me how this can be overcome?

A.—Take voice culture. This will help you.

MRS. M. R. Q.—During the cold weather the skin around my nails cracks, and is very annoying. What would you advise me to do, as I

would you advise me to do, as I have to clean and wash my work.

A.—Wear gloves while working. Use mutton tallow and bandage your fingers especially at night. Keep your hands out of water as much as possible.

A. E. A. Q.—Will you please tell me why I can't hear my own voice? I think I speak very low, only to be told that I am talking very loudly.

A.—Apparently you have middle-ear disease, and must continue treatment if you hope to improve. Treatment has to be continued over an extended period of time before improvement can be noted.

G. R. B. Q.—My hands are always cold. Will you please tell me what causes this and what to do for it?

A. This is due to poor circulation. Take more outdoor exercise and keep your general health built up. Practice deep breathing, and as a tonic take Bland's imp. pills, five grains, after each meal.

S. L. Q.—A soon as the cold weather sets in my hands get red and become swollen and cause me great discomfort.

A.—This condition is due to poor circulation. You should keep your general health built up by eating good, nourishing food and take daily outdoor exercise. Practice deep breathing, and as a tonic take cod liver oil.

G. E. Q.—"That's one of his outstanding virtues."

Geneva giggled: "I've heard him—though, of course, he doesn't know it."

"He's a poker fiend!" from Mallon.

"Mighty glad—and then some!" from young Andy. "But see to it you don't make me sorry; my constitution is undermined with severe study; I might go in a decline."

"Don't you know two people can be acquainted at second hand?" Geneva interrupted. "Denny stopped over a day and night last time he made our Ashley town."

"I know—he told me—warned me, in fact," Mallon in turn barked in. "Indeed I am here to do missionary work. Out of the heart, you know—to warn you Denny is the best and finest fellow—and if you mean what you say, I know better—you're no mighty sorry for yourself some day."

"I'm tired—standing here in the road," Geneva said. "Suppose you take me to the house—it's just over back of those trees, a mile maybe."

Then as she settled herself luxuriously beside him: "Go on with the sermon. I'm dead game. Besides, I like your text. Denny is all there is to being a gentleman, but I could never live up to him; he hasn't one single redeeming sin."

"Hm! Much girls know a fellow! Me can outswear a pirate!" from Mallon.

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The Daily Story

QUIT AND DOUBLE.

By Martha McCulloch-Williams.

"Hold on a minute!" Geneva shouted at the Allen car, wondering the while if her voice could pierce its rattling. Hence she chuckled to note its sudden slowing, its final stop.

"What's that to you, Silas?" Geneva returned, her head critically aside. "Might be a heap!" Silas again grunted: "Market shets at 3 o'clock—I'm bound ter fetch town before that—ef I have to run on all flat tires."

"Silas! Must I tell Aunt Martha you're at it again?" Geneva said stamping her foot. Silas growled back: "Say! What business is it of yours or hers or his ter tend ter my business! I'm free, white and twenty eyes."

"Twice twenty—one—but free! Not a bit!" Geneva returned airily. "Not while Aunt Martha stays a widow. I'm out here in this broilin' sun to please her—she says will you please bring her from town two whole dozen jemons—not countin' yourself."

"Seat! You kitter—before I run over!" Silas shot at her, but with a contradicting grin. "I'll fetch 'em, else break my neck. Right now I'll drink a gallon of her lemonade—if I had it handy—tell her an 'comin' back for hit after supper."

"Come before—we don't grudge meals to deserving poor men—and I'm to make the biscuit," Geneva said, whirling on tiptoe to make a cheese so handsomely puffy it was a pity she did not stop to eat it herself. But Fate wouldn't let it be wasted—she sent at exactly the logical moment, the strange young Andy Mallon—to come so near running her down he all but wrecked his roadster in avoiding it. White-faced and shaking, he stammered apologies for what he called his inexcusable carelessness. Geneva said, quite so steady as she tried to seem, laughed away his concern—saying she was herself to blame—such childishness almost deserved the worst. Inside three minutes both had got back their color, also got upon a footing of approaching old friendship. He told his name—what she knew already—and upon hearing hers, said joyously: "Oh! Such luck! I know about you."

"How much—and what—and who's been slandering me to your face?" the girl asked plaintively but with dancing eyes.

Mallon's eyes also danced as he flung back: "Maybe it is slander—Denny Moore says you're the finest girl ever—I know better—you're no girl—but a fairy princess. Or else you'd be a cold corpse right now—with me a suicide beside you. Your fairy friends snatched you away just in time."

"Are you glad of it—or sorry?" from Geneva.

"Mighty glad—and then some!" from young Andy. "But see to it you don't make me sorry; my constitution is undermined with severe study; I might go in a decline."

"Don't you know two people can be acquainted at second hand?" Geneva interrupted. "Denny stopped over a day and night last time he made our Ashley town."

"I know—he told me—warned me, in fact," Mallon in turn barked in. "Indeed I am here to do missionary work. Out of the heart, you know—to warn you Denny is the best and finest fellow—and if you mean what you say, I know better—you're no mighty sorry for yourself some day."

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