

London Advertiser

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THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1923.

A Good Selection.

Rev. Quintin Warner has been named as the officer to preside over the juvenile court in London. The announcement will be well received in Middlesex County as well as in London City. It will be found that Mr. Warner will act in a fair, honorable manner, and will bring to his new duties those qualities that have won for him the esteem of Londoners.

The stipulation that he shall act as juvenile court judge without salary is rather a peculiar undertaking. We do not know that Mr. Warner requested that the appointment be made on that ground; it may have been that the authorities wished that condition on him. As to his ability to carry on his own work or to make arrangements for assistance, and take on the new post without salary, we have no knowledge.

On the face of it the thing looks strange. We pay a hangman a pretty fair salary. Judges are well paid, and none of the many officials around our jails are working without remuneration. In fact, our whole extensive machine for pursuing criminals and then dealing with them is on a salary basis. Should it not be worth as much to prevent crime as to deal with it?

It is not necessary that a large salary be attached to the position, and if Mr. Warner desires that there should be none, all right. But it seems to be straining a point to make the stipulation that he must accept the post without salary.

The Late Charles Murray.

Charles Murray, familiarly known to all Londoners over 40 years ago as Charley Murray, died in Chicago on Monday last very suddenly, the result of a stroke. He was in his 87th year. He was the elder son of the late Adam Murray, for many years treasurer of the County of Middlesex. No man in the county was more universally esteemed than Adam Murray, and the son possessed all the lovable qualities of the father.

Charles Murray assisted his father for a time in the county treasurer's office, and was engaged in business in Glencoe and Strathroy. After that he was manager of the Huron & Erie. His name was very useful in bringing savings deposits to that institution, many of which doubtless continue till the present time.

He became manager of the Federal Bank of Canada when that bank opened an office in London on the site now occupied by the Bank of Commerce on the northeast corner of Richmond and Dundas streets. Under his management it soon had a good business.

The manner of a bank manager has a great deal to do with his success. It would be difficult to find a more attractive and genial manner than that of Mr. Murray.

Mr. Murray had a keen sense of humor. Not long ago when Mr. Albert Jeffery read a paper at the London and Middlesex Historical Society on the "Early Banks of London," Mr. Murray contributed, by request, some amusing anecdotes illustrating the difference between bankers in the early days and now. In the same letter he told an amusing anecdote. He was acting as scrutineer in the township of Westminster, and Peter Schram, returning officer. They saw an old-time Scotsman, Mr. C—, being driven up to vote. He was near the end. Both knew he had no vote, and Mr. Murray proposed to Mr. Schram to let him vote, as it would kill him to be refused. This was in the Leonard-Becher contest. Mr. C— was driven up to the window, all particulars asked. "Who do you vote for, Mr. C—?" "I vote for one of the best Reformers in all Canada, Mr. Elijah Leonard." The old Scotsman was driven away from the polls for the last time, none the worse for the justifiable deception practiced on him.

Mr. Murray came from the old-fashioned Presbyterian stock, all of whom were firm believers. "To make a happy fireside chime, To weans and wife, That's the true pathos and sublime Of human life."

He found his greatest pleasure in the home and all connected with it. His conversation showed where his heart was. His life, a long one as we look at life, is correctly described as the longest life is by Carlyle as "a little gleam of time between two eternities."

There will be very many throughout the city and county who will learn of the death of Charles Murray with deep regret, very many who remember him as his venerable father, Adam Murray, with the greatest affection.

Wrecked But Not Killed.

One train stood on the main line of the National Railways at

Coburg. It was supposed to stay there five minutes, but trouble made it necessary to stay eighteen.

The Montreal to Toronto train came thundering along, and crashed into the rear of the standing train.

Of course, it will be pointed out that there was a defect in the signal system; otherwise the last train would have known the other one was standing on the track.

There is a more noteworthy feature. In this wreck there were no deaths; some passengers were hurt, being thrown about by the impact, but the loss of life was at the zero mark.

Imagine what would have happened in the old days of wooden coaches that used to splinter and crack, and then, with little provocation, catch fire.

In the days of old-time construction the stage would have been all set there for a regular slaughter of human beings.

In the days of the solid steel train only a few were hurt.

Truly we are making real progress in making it safer to travel.

And So It Goes.

A United States investigating committee has brought out the startling information that the Standard Oil Company completely dominates the industry and fixes the prices.

Any man on the street could have stepped into the doorway of the place where the investigation was held and told this same thing.

The government made what was alleged to be an attempt in 1911 to put a ring in the nose of the oil corporation.

The operation was not successful, principally because the octopus didn't want a ring in its nose, and also because the U. S. government was not powerful enough to put it there.

Selling a Big Home.

The fine residence of C. R. Somerville at the corner of Piccadilly and Waterloo streets has been sold, the price being placed at \$25,000. The house cost much more than that to build, and if put up today the figure would probably run to \$50,000.

The home of Mr. Somerville has always been a pleasing sight; the flowers and shrubbery seem to be put in just about the right places, and the best of care is always given the surroundings.

There are few cases in which these large houses can be sold at a profit, unless there is some particular purpose for which the property is desired.

Realtors in London state that the dividing line between quick and slower selling comes pretty close to the \$10,000 mark. Up to that mark, and preferably a little below it, the number of prospects is fairly numerous. Above that price buyers fall off, and for that reason concessions are more often given to buyers of high-class places than of the smaller homes.

It is something akin to a paradox, but a person must pay more in order to get a bargain in a house.

Note and Comment.

Somehow we can't help agreeing with the person who asks why they don't always have the encore numbers first.

There's too much flippancy and familiarity about Tut's tomb. We should at least refer to him as the late Mr. Tut.

A new kind of home brew is called radio. The first drink fills a man with static, and the next one starts him broadcasting.

Jesse James and his crowd used to take away your money, but they never made you fill in income blanks before the operation.

"If man descended or ascended from the ape," asks the Jewell Republican sternly, "how does it come that the ape remains an ape?"

Traveling must have been bad up north of here during the winter, when the engineer hopped off on arriving at a station and asked what day it was.

The old dime novel has gone. In its place we have the 1923 novel. Both are novels, both have heroes and heroines and villains and plots. The chief difference is \$1.90 in the price.

The missing cement mixer belonging to London has not been brought home. It may be that the mayor is saving it to head the procession that will be his when he announces a lower tax rate for 1923.

"There is nothing in the paper today," means the little man as he looks through the journal for the day. "There is nothing in the paper today," means the publisher as he explains the real meaning of the phrase to his banker.

When people are around the city council meetings demanding this, that and the other thing, why not ask for a little fresh air at council meetings? London legislators smoke as they talk, and spectators smoke as they listen. There are times when the air becomes so thick it could be cut up in squares and thrown out the window.

DIBS AND DABS

—BY HARRY MOYER



Your Health

HOW YOU CAN BANISH BLACK-HEAD AND ACNE TROUBLES.

By Royal S. Copeland, M. D.

United States Senator from New York; former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

When you gaze upon the skin of a little child, clean, smooth, pink and white and perfect, it makes you sigh to think it must, in all probability, become blotchy, pimply and marred.

For it is rare indeed for any child to grow into adult life without going through a stage of skin eruption and disfigurement. In most instances these skin troubles are out-growths, but sometimes the irritation goes on for years and years.

One of the common skin disturbances is called "acne." Before there is any general eruption there are likely to be "blackheads," "comedones," as the doctors call them.

Some skins are peculiarly liable to blackheads and acne as one disease, unnatural oiliness predispose to these troubles.

You have seen boys and girls whose faces look as if sprinkled with pepper. These are cases of blackheads, and there will be pus-capped pimples, red spots and swollen places here and there.

Certain areas are more likely to be involved. The forehead, the corners of the nose and mouth, the back of the neck and the shoulders are the favorite seats of the trouble.

It is hardly scientific to group blackheads and acne as one disease, but they are so closely associated that I am sure that great skin specialists will find little fault with me if I consider them together.

About the time children begin to have their own canoes is when they begin to have skin trouble. Infants and young children are sheltered and supervised. When they eat, how they bathe and sleep, and all their acts are under the watchful eyes of their parents. As they grow older they are more "on their own," and too many times this means carelessness in physical habits. Overeating, wrong eating, irregularity in eating and neglect of the bowels may be factors in disease development.

It is all very well to teach children independence and self-reliance, but it isn't a bad idea to look on while they are learning these valuable lessons. Unless they eat the right food and care for their bodies as they should there is sure to be trouble. The parent must make sure that there is no tonsillar trouble, no decayed teeth or intestinal trouble. Pus absorption anywhere in the body may have skin trouble as a chronic and obstinate symptom.

It is probable there is some sort of germ responsible for the particular form of skin trouble found in acne, but this germ cannot get a foothold if the bodily resistance is kept at par. Sound health is fundamental to blemishless skin as it is to freedom from other signs of disturbance.

To avoid blackheads and acne the first essential, so far as local conditions are concerned, is cleanliness. Wash the face with soap and water, using good soap.

Don't be afraid to scrub hard with the wash cloth. Having done this, dry the face, apply cold cream, and rub this on with a rough cloth. You will be surprised to see how black the cloth is. Do this twice a day. Then apply the local remedy your doctor prescribes.

ANSWERS TO HEALTH QUESTIONS

J. S. Q.—I am handicapped by my appearance, as my nose is unusually broad at the bridge. Can anything be done to remedy this condition?

A.—Plastic surgery oftentimes helps, but this should be done by an able surgeon.

MRS. B. O. L. Q.—Will you please tell me what would cause extreme swelling of the foot?

A.—Flat foot due to fallen arches would cause such a condition. You should make sure that your shoes are properly fitted and take special foot exercises such as rising on your toes and throwing your weight on the outside of the feet and then lowering your heels. This will help you. If this treatment should fail to give relief, consult a physician for an examination. Proper treatment can then be prescribed.

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TO THE EDITOR

MORE WORK IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS. Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir: The school authorities are thinking of shortening up the years spent in the public school. It would be better if they were to put more and harder work into the last years of the public school, for it is there that the most of our boys and girls are getting the biggest part of their education. There are other matters that should be considered, and I know there are other mothers who feel the same as I do.

We have a family of boys and girls and they are all going to the public school in our corner of the city. There are no particular distinctions drawn, and on that account I can manage to keep the boys' clothing in pretty fair shape by cutting down, making over and careful patching. The other boys at the school are all dressed pretty much the same, and it is just as much as the parents in this section can afford.

But I know that as soon as the first of my boys leaves the public school and goes to the college he will feel that he is leaving the pupils from all over, and the patched clothes will not do any longer. His whole standard of getting along will have to come up a little. That is going to cost quite a little bit more, and it will be a load especially when all the boys get there. I know many families who feel the same way about it. For that and other reasons it does seem to me that it would have been better for our educational system, and it is wrong to try and place the emphasis elsewhere.

Thanking you for your space.

W. H. H. OF FIVE.

London, March 7, 1923.

LONDON'S JUVENILE COURT.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir—If I may have a small space in your valued paper, I would like to make a few remarks regarding the proposed juvenile court.

This fair court of ours, of which we are so proud, what is her greatest resource? Is it her vast expanse of virgin prairie lands or seas of waving grain? Is it her mighty forests or her mines of richest wealth? Is it her waters, teeming with fish and endowed with power no other country can boast? No. These are important, but the greatest resource of all is the boy and the girl of today, that tomorrow shall be the man and the woman who shall control all these things.

Now every child is human, and being human, he is sure to make mistakes. These mistakes should be corrected in the home, but as a man who has dealings with other people's children, I know whereof I speak when I say that in many too many homes these errors are not corrected aright. Then what are we to do? We have two alternatives, namely: place someone in a position to correct justly, punish kindly, and guide forward these erring ones; or let them wander on until they commit some wrong that brands them as a criminal and they are brought into police court to be forever thumb-printed as someone who needs watching if not worse.

This latter course, we all admit, is not wise. Then comes the need of a juvenile court. Here is need of very careful judgment. A man is needed who can administer justice, who knows the life of the class of children who usually will be up before him. He needs to be a man who has a keen eye for the cues and the oaths, that have driven the erring child from petty wrongs to something more serious.

He needs to know the home conditions of the child, who gets no encouragement to do right in the home. Pick that man and you will have a juvenile judge.

Pick the man who does not know these conditions, who is simply picking a man who will treat these children as a criminal and they are brought into police court to be forever thumb-printed as someone who needs watching if not worse.

I am much surprised to read that His Worship Mayor Wenig says the position of handling the greatest resource of our country—must do it for nothing, when in the same breath he says: "We pay \$4,000 a year to the man in my city who handles the worst resource, viz., to

the police magistrate." If London and Middlesex County intend to make anything out of their boys and girls who are not blessed with well-advising parents, then let them at once unite in picking the best man they can find and pay him a salary that will let the world know that Canada, and London, in particular, is willing to take a chance on investing some money on its greatest resource. Thanking you for your valued space I am, allowed, I am, and always hope to be, FALLEN CHILD'S FRIEND, Lambton County.

The Daily Story

COLD VICTUALS.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Hannah Blake's severe countenance was poked around the corner of the kitchen door. It was drawn into bitter disapproval.

"Miss Seldon, there's another one of them critters out yonder."

Jane Seldon looked up from the book she was reading; her very blue eyes met the acute-gray ones of her maid.

"What are you talking about, Hannah?"

"He's sitting in the barn door fast asleep."

"It's a man. Yes, Miss Seldon, I know the minute you fed that book agent last week that a whole lot of tramps would come traipsing around. He's there!" she ended tragically.

Jane sighed. "Did you tell him to go away?" she asked hopefully.

Hannah sniffed. "Not a bit of it. How could I know that you didn't want 'em to take him out a dish of cold baked beans and a slice of prune pie that I baked for myself, nobody here liking it except me."

"Do as you think best, Hannah. Does he seem to be very poor, or is he just a common lazy tramp?" Jane asked in a troubled tone.

"I believe he's uncommonly lazy, but I'm taking him the beans and the pie and a cup of coffee."

Jane arose and laid aside her book. "I will take the food to him, Hannah. You have so much to do. It is very kind of you to get it ready for him."

She smiled upon hard-featured Hannah and the grim woman blushed as if ashamed of her own soft-heartedness.

"Poke have got to eat—tramps or what-not," she declared, as she gave a flat basket into the hands of her employer. She watched Jane as the slender figure stepped gracefully down the brick path to the gate of the barnyard, saw her cross the yard and enter the great barn, which had two immense doors, front and back. The tramp was sitting in the back doorway, that overlooked a vast field of weeds and flowers. In the distance was the dim blur of hills.

Jane knew that Hannah's keen ears would be listening for any outcry, so she approached the stranger with the confidence that was born of her native courage and her own pride and glory in labor.

"Did you wish to see anyone?" she asked quickly.

The man turned his head and immediately got upon his feet, removing his dusty felt hat.

Jane hesitated. "My housekeeper came out and saw you asleep; she is very hospitable, and she thought you might be hot and thirsty, so she has sent you out some supper." She placed the basket beside him.

He flushed under the tan, and then a wonderful smile lightened his weary face. "Your housekeeper is a woman in a multitude. Will you tell her that a very hungry man thanks her sincerely? I wonder if there is anything I can do for her? Is there word to chop, or anything like that?"

"No, thank you," laughed Jane, relieved that the wanderer was of such an amiable type. "You are enjoying the beautiful view of the hills?"

"Yes, my home is there," he said simply.

"And you are going back again. They will be glad to see you, and you will be happy to get there. Home means so much."

He looked at her with a strangely thoughtful air. "Yes, my home is there, and I should be glad to get back if it were not so lonely."

"I am very sorry," said Jane gently, as she left him to enjoy Hannah's delicious food.

"If she had looked back she might have seen that he was not eating; he was staring after her with an odd, absorbed expression on his good-looking face."

"Well, did he eat the cold victuals?" demanded Hannah, as Jane returned to the house.

"I believe he is going to," answered Jane in an absent voice. Later she saw him crossing the field toward the woods that bordered the other side. He could reach the road to the mountains there. "Perhaps some motor car will pick him up," she thought.

Sunday morning Hannah came home

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