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TUESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1925.

Dealing With Wife Deserters.

Magistrate Graydon of London informed a wife deserter who appeared in his court that this business must stop. Sensible view, too, but the trouble seems to be that for every wife deserter that is brought into court there are dozens who keep out of it.

Toronto, according to its own figuring, has more deserted wives than it has widows. Other cities may be running in the same class, without having taken the trouble to do a little counting and find the facts.

Supposing a wife deserter is sent down for a term in prison. That may be punishment for the man, but he will be at least clothed, fed and kept warm at the country's expense when he is there. What becomes of the wife and children? There is no agency that is going to guarantee to them with the same unflinching regularity that they will be fed and clothed. While the husband goes to jail the wife and mother is accorded the privilege of looking out for the family.

There is perhaps a little more certainty in her condition once the husband is in jail. She knows she will get nothing, or next to it, and if he were out she might get something from him now and then.

The trouble is that once the principle is adopted of putting the wife deserters to work and turning over the product of their effort to their families, prison labor is brought into competition with free labor. The wife deserter is taken and put to work even in a slack season, while the man who had done his best and failed to find work cannot secure employment. There is an unfairness at the very outset of such a plan that would prejudice it to a great extent.

A wife deserter is almost in the same class as a wife beater. He is essentially a coward. He takes to himself certain obligations. He leads a woman to believe he will support her; he brings children into the world and they look to him for support. He is not man enough to face his responsibilities, so he picks up and leaves the load to be carried by his wife; and if she cannot do it it becomes the duty of those who are charitably disposed, or of the relief department of some municipality.

One thing a coward hates above all else is to be hurt himself. The judge of today is not much in favor of the lash; we imagine we have moved on to a place where such treatment is not necessary, but the way in which cases of wife desertion are multiplying suggests that it may be necessary to resort to a touch of corporal punishment to check the business.

Will Police Be Keen On This Case?

There must be some cases coming into police courts that fail to arouse much enthusiasm on the part of the officers of the law. One such happened at the week-end in Niagara Falls. A crook visited the place and interested a woman there in a process that was said to be able to make paper money. All that was necessary for the work was a bundle of paper, one good bill and a bottle of the fluid which the visitor had for sale.

The woman thought it a good thing, and paid the vendor \$1,000 of good legal money in order that she might be able to go ahead and flood the country with illegal money.

When she arrived home with her "plant" the discovery was made that all she had was a bundle of newspaper clippings and a bottle of some sort of fluid that was worth nothing at all.

Now she has turned to the police to go and catch the man who sold her the worthless outfit. Of course it is the duty of the police to do what they can to bring this swindler to time, but we wonder with what degree of enthusiasm they will turn to the task, and whether they will see to it that a warrant is sworn out to cause the arrest of the complainant herself on a charge of conspiring to do an illegal thing.

Those who are ready to break the law for their own advantage have, to some extent at least, forfeited their right to make much complaint when they are the victims of their own plots.

Good Reasons For Celebrating.

Statistics are often dry reading, except when they relate to a business that the reader knows something about. Figures showing the business done by the London Life take on special interest just now because the company has completed not simply fifty years in business, but the fiftieth year was so far in advance of all the others that it has moved the whole organization to a higher plane in the insurance world and the business life of London and Western Ontario.

Taking the first set of figures by which this year's work can be judged, insurance written in the year, a comparison with former periods shows:

1904	\$ 2,000,000
1914	10,630,000
1924	53,566,740

It will be noticed that in each of these ten-year periods the amount of new business written has been multiplied by five. If the same process is applied to the 1924 figures, it leads to the conclusion that five years from now the London Life should be writing at the rate of \$265,000,000 new business per year.

In 1904 the company had 56,833 policyholders; today the family is made up of more than 400,000. In 1914 the company's representatives turned in \$1,000 new business each working hour; in 1924 the force secured business at

the rate of \$25,000 per hour. Or for those who like their statistics carved a little finer, two new policies came in every three minutes.

The London Life has grown and developed because it has done what it said it would do, and more. It has a record of fifty years in business with no broken promises. Eighteen years ago, when insurance companies in Canada were subjected to investigation by a royal commission, the London Life came through with a clean sheet in every particular. Every book, ledger, statement and detail of the company's business was laid before the commissioner, and there was nothing there with which fault could be found.

The men who are engaged in the business of selling life insurance have no apologies to make for their vocation. It has justified itself every hour in the day. It has come under the test when estates were being administered, and it has carried off the honor time after time as being the one asset in the holdings that always paid 100 per cent of the expectation.

The people of London and Western Ontario in general will congratulate the London Life on the completion of such an outstanding year in rounding out an honorable existence of half a century in business. It is a memorable occasion and provides ample reason for the unusually happy gathering that is taking place in London right now, when the London Life has its men gathered at the home office from Atlantic to Pacific. There is good reason for killing the fatted calf to mark such an event.

Chicago Is Fighting Rats.

Human beings do not like rats, and the men who were employed to clear out old buildings in Chicago where rats had lived for generations were no exception to the rule. There were so many rats that the men laid down their tools and quit work.

Last year San Francisco was hit by a plague, and spent \$250,000 to get rid of the rats there. They were killed off by tens of thousands, but there are still plenty of them left in that city. Chicago has declared war, and its first appropriation is \$10,000 for exterminating rats.

Chicago workers quit because they were afraid of the rats. They were just ordinary brown rats, but many of them had grown to the size of an ordinary cat, and they would fight to the limit. It is difficult to count the rat population, but statisticians claim there are as many rats in United States as there are people, and there are almost 120,000,000 people. They do damage every year that is estimated at \$200,000,000. It would take the labor of 200,000 men to replace the material destroyed by these rats. It would take 5,000,000 acres to produce the grain eaten by them annually.

Trouble is that in many places people have killed off the enemies of the rat. The greatest rat-fighters known are the owl, hawk, weasel, heron, and skunks and snakes. Popular fancy has turned against these enemies of the rat for some unknown reason, yet all these combined never did a fraction of the damage caused by the rat.

Nor is it a pleasant subject to talk about. People naturally shrink from rats; you may feel rather shivery as you read about them here, but there is a way out, and that is cleanliness. Rats love filth, corruption, dirt, decayed matter, refuse, garbage, and everything that is associated with it. They like other things, too, such as grain of all sorts.

Clean up the cellar and the outbuildings; use lime wash and plenty of it; the rat does not feel at home where things are clean and where nothing is left for him to eat. Poisoning is more effective than traps, and it is possible to secure poison that has a large enough percentage of phosphorus material to consume the remains of the rat eating it. Any community can almost entirely rid itself of rats if it sets itself seriously to the business of doing it.

Note and Comment.

The dog that killed sheep in London township and has brought on a suit for \$3,500 damages will go down in history along with the cow that kicked over the lantern and set Chicago on fire.

Examinations are on at Western university this week, and the student who has been burning the midnight oil over his books is naturally a couple of laps ahead of the one who put the oil on his hair and stayed out after midnight.

Feelin' Better

Just when it comes this time of year and winter months is just half through, there be some times my spine she shake and I be feelin' sort of blue.

Some sixty years or more gone past when I was but a smallish lad, the winter time was wonderful, it made my carcass fresh and glad. There wasn't in that stretch of snow a mean and spiteful sort of day, we skated on the bull-frog pond and coasted on a home-brew sleigh.

But years has been a-creepin' on and blood is flowin' sort of thin, the wind it smites upon my jaw and shakes the whiskers on my chin. And when she turns and blows a spell from out north and eastern points, I hobble with a hickory stick, sciatrics dislocate my joints.

'Tis then I stay inside a spell a-hopin' how the wind will change, upon a kitchen chair I'm parked, I azzie by the kitchen range.

I'm tired of splittin' kindlin' wood, of hawin' out the cistern pump, of stuffin' paper in the cracks and feelin' my rheumatics jump.

But I was lookin' yesterday down where the cowed pipes had bust, and seen as where the speckled hen had found a little place to dust. Of course a little thing like that don't mean so much to youngish folk, you may incline to treat the thing as just an old man's foolish joke.

But as I was a-standin' there I watched that hen go on her way, and 'pon my word my achin' pains was startin' in to pass away.

And I've been thinkin' ever since not on the things what bother me, but rather on the spring-like days what's comin' on and what's to be. And as I thaw the pump again and fill the wood-box to the top, I'm livin' in the days ahead when we get through of slush and sloop—I hum a cheerful tune once more, I whistle like all happy men, for soon I'll grab my hoe once more and start a-plantin' spuds again.—ARK.

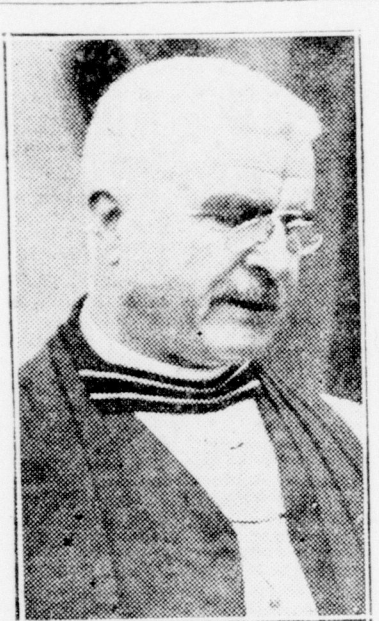
Bangor versus Huron

Bishop Williams Called Upon To Make a Choice—What He Might Have Had in Wales, But the Hold of Huron on Him Was Too Strong.

HERE is a case in which an ecclesiastic has declined deeper manger and higher stall.

The Right Reverend Father in God, David Williams, Bishop of Huron, has refused the bishopric of Bangor. Could there be a clearer demonstration of the apostolic succession? David among his brethren is David indeed. Cynics had better not trot out the venerable yarn of the son of the manse who, asked if his father was going to accept the call to a pastorate with an enhanced salary, said that while father was praying for guidance mother was packing up.

It is proper to believe that Dr. Williams would



DAVID WILLIAMS
Bishop of Huron.

have refused Bangor if it had been offered before disestablishment. The appointment then would have been tendered by the crown. Nowadays Welsh bishops are elected by a board, which includes the other bishops and the archbishop of Wales, a functionary who was a firstfruits of the greater freedom and less revenue which the Cymric apostolic succession enjoys.

The Bishop of Huron just on twenty years ago was consecrated into an income of \$4,000 a year. To have refused twenty-one thousand a year with a lovely residence overlooking the Menai straits between Bangor and Carnarvon, might have been flying in the face of that Providence which loves to temper the wind to the untoward vessel. But the best testimony concerning the Bangor refusal is of his love for Canada, and especially of the southwestern Ontario in which Dr. Williams overseas his see. He is a Welshman of the 'steenth generation, as myriads of Williamses are. He came hither from the curacy of Ffestiniog thirty-five years ago, and was one of over three hundred and fifty Williamses ordained clergy of the Church of England.

It does not do to think of Williams as a common name, even though it be as abundant as the work of the Lord. Oliver Cromwell was a Williams. The name therefore has a unique place in the obsequious history of Westminster abbey. None other abandoned name ever appeared among the blazoned splendors of a giant interred in that noble fane. That may sound odd; but the inscription over the Cromwell bed of state, preceding the most imposing funeral ever conducted to the abbey, began: "Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England, Scotland and Ireland; born at Huntingdon, of the name of Williams, of Glamorgan, and by King Henry VIII changed into Cromwell."

Every Williams, then, is a potential Cromwellian cousin, though somewhat removed. The good bishop, who has become so good a Canadian, belongs to the countryside around Lampeter, Cardiganshire; and went to school and college there. Lampeter is as big as Stouffville, and as ancient as any British city, and assizes have been held there for centuries. But though its recorded history is over fourteen hundred years long, it wears a modern look. Before young Williams was ordained he passed through Oxford; and was toiling at the Ffestiniog curacy when he was called to the Huron theological college (Western Ontario is lovely country); but not with the exquisite beauty of mountain and vale in which Ffestiniog is set, south of Snowdon, up the valley from Port Madoc, a little east of Lloyd George's home village. Down the valley of Lloyd George's home village, which might be used to come in gravitational cars, which empty, were horse-hauled to the quarries. This little 23-inch gauge railway at first could not be used by steam engines because the curves were so sharp that trains could not stay on the track. But the invention of the bogie truck, with its self-adjusting axle, put steam on these little rail-roads, and the sight of a steam engine puffing up the valley was for several years one of the wonders of the principality.

Those days are far, far away to the Bishop of Huron. You can still catch the lilting accent of Lampeter in his eloquence—but he hankers not for the old world, even though he is against prohibition. His professorship was exchanged for a Stratford charge; he became arch-deacon, and special preacher at St. Paul's; and was regarded as an inevitable bishop years before his election. After all, Bangor wouldn't be a great diocese, compared with Huron, which reaches from Georgian Bay to Lake Erie, and faces three of the United States. Bangor's population is only a fourth of Huron's. What if the Bishop of Bangor did get twenty times as much per soul shepherded as the Bishop of Huron does, a bishop's life consisteth not in the abundance of revenues. Bishop Williams' treasure is not of treasures—it is in the hearts of a devout, devoted people.

Their Compromise.

Father wants one name for the new girl baby; mother another. This often occurs; who generally wins? We don't know. That's a good story of the man who won and named the child Geraldine, but the nearest his German mother-in-law could come to it was Gelfen.—Kingston Standard.

PROVINCE HELPED BANK TO REPORT SURPLUSES

New Evidence in Director's Trial Shows Provincial Treasury Deposited Huge Sums in Home Bank Before End of Fiscal Year in Years 1922 and 1923.

CITY OF TORONTO INVOLVED IN CHARGE

Toronto, Jan. 19.—New and detailed evidence concerning city of Toronto and Provincial Government deposits in the Home Bank in the years 1922 and 1923 was given this afternoon at the trial of S. Casey Wood, K.C., Home Bank director.

From the books of the Toronto branch it was shown that the treasury of the province withdrew \$150,000 from the Home Bank. Toronto branch, on August 16, 1923, the day before the bank closed its doors. It was also shown that in 1922 and 1923 the city of Toronto made huge deposits in the bank on May 31 of each year and withdrew the following day. The fiscal year ended May 31 and the extra deposit was shown in the return to the government.

Books Show Evidence.

Gordon L. Chapman, who was assistant manager of the Toronto branch, gave the evidence concerning the deposits. From the books he showed that on May 30, 1922, the city had \$28,734 in the Home Bank, on May 31 the deposit amounted to \$28,734. On May 30, 1923, the city had \$14,391 in the bank. On May 31 the amount was \$24,391, and on June 1 it was \$14,391. In 1922, \$500,000 was deposited on May 31, and in 1923, \$200,000 was deposited.

During the latter part of May, 1922, \$1,000,000 was deposited in the Toronto branch by the Ontario treasury department, and early in June of the same year, \$632,000 was withdrawn. On May 26, 1923, there was a deposit of \$1,000,000. The withdrawals were as follows: Late in June, \$100,000; July 12, \$200,000; August 15, \$400,000; August 16, \$150,000. The bank closed its doors August 17. The meeting at which the directors heard the disastrous reports on the bank's condition was on August 7.

Sale Is Blocked.

Percy C. R. Travers told of the attempt of the late H. J. Daly to sell the Ottawa Daly Company to the Ogilvie Company of Montreal. The deal did not go through because R. P. Gough and J. F. M. Stewart, who were Home Bank directors, and also directors of Ogilvie Company, objected.

Sidney G. Stevens, who was on the inspection staff of the Home Bank, said he made a routine inspection of the Toronto branch in 1920, but did not inspect the liabilities. He was stopped by Col. Mason from making an inspection.

LONDON ARTISTS HEARD IN CONCERT

Many Hear Brahms Sand, Youthful Violoncellist, at Dundas Center.

A tall, slim boy, looking scarcely more than 12 years old, with dark, penetrating eyes and black hair. Such is Brahms Sand, noted boy violoncellist, who played last night at the Dundas Center church on the occasion of the annual choir concert.

Possessing the temperament of the true artist and a technique remarkable in one so young, Brahms Sand captivated his audience with his first number, "Sonata in G Major," by Marcello. The youthful artist handled his bow delicately and lovingly. His tone was rich and musical. In his second number, "Fond Recollections," by Popper, he displayed brilliancy.

Other soloists of the evening were Mrs. Frederick Schofield, soprano; Lloyd Bullen, baritone, and Miss Annie Ward, pianist. Mrs. Schofield was heard in "Dear Hall of Song," from Tannhauser, and in Brahms' "Lullaby." This group was a popular one. Later she was heard with Lloyd Bullen in Hoffman's "I Feel Thy Angel Spirit," and in "Ave Maria" (Bach-Gounod), with violoncello obligato, Miss Annie Ward, at the piano and J. Parnell Morris at the organ. This latter number was one of the finest of the evening.

Lloyd Bullen's "The Windmill" (Nelson) was a beautifully-rendered number, showing off the fine quality of his baritone voice. His second song, "The Pilgrim's Progress" (Laurie), was also a popular number of the evening. Miss Annie Ward was heard in a brilliant rendition of Mendelssohn's "Concerto in G Minor," with orchestral accompaniment played on the organ by J. Parnell Morris.

The choir itself was in excellent voice, singing Percy Fletcher's "Fantasia on Tannhauser," with organ and piano accompaniment. This and the final chorus of the evening, "The Pilgrim's Progress" (Laurie), in eight parts, were artistically rendered under the able direction of J. Parnell Morris.

LADY WILLISON DIES, WAS SICK ONE WEEK

Wife of Sir John Willison Passes Away at Home in Toronto.

Toronto, Jan. 19.—Lady Willison, wife of Sir John Willison, prominent journalist, died this morning at her home here after an illness of one week from pneumonia.

Previous to her marriage in 1885 Lady Willison was Miss Rachel Wood Turner of Tiverton, Ontario. She was a member of the Imperial Daughters of the Empire, the Toronto Hunt club and the Toronto Ladies' Club. In religious denomination Lady Willison was a member of the church of England. She is survived by her husband and one son, Walter Willison. Another son, William, was killed in the great war.

Bicycles Used By Bank Bandits

Associated Press Despatch.
Belfast, Jan. 19.—Three young men on bicycles rode into the market town of Fethard, county Tipperary, today, donning masks, they entered the private bank, held up the staff of employees, and took all the money they could lay hands on, amounting to many thousands of pounds. Then they calmly rode out of the town. The mails in the Fethard district also were raided today.

SIX OF FAMILY DIE AS HOME BURNS

Mother and Five Children Perish in Beds at Cabin Near Cochrane.

FATHER INJURED

Cochrane, Jan. 19.—Six lives were lost when the cabin of N. Bedour, a Northern Ontario homesteader, was destroyed by fire during the night of Friday, Jan. 16, it became known today. The victims were Mrs. Bedour and her five little children.

During Friday night Bedour, who lives in the township of Brower, a few miles east of here, awoke only just in time to see the blazing roof of his settler's cabin fall in on the beds in which rested his wife and five children.

An overheated stove set too close to the beds had evidently started the blaze. Bedour himself barely escaped from the house which in an instant was a roaring furnace. Severely burned about the head and body, scantily clad, and dazed by the horror of the tragedy, he walked more than a mile, barefooted, through the snow to the nearest neighbor's. The temperature was 20 degrees below zero. Bedour was brought to the Lady Minto hospital in Cochrane.

TWO MEET DEATH.

Cochrane, Jan. 19.—In a disastrous fire which occurred this morning the Canada hotel, a boarding-house and poolroom situated on Third avenue at Cochrane, was totally destroyed. Two guests at the hotel were burned to death in the blaze, which was completely beyond control when first noticed.

The victims are: Edmund Paquet, about 22 years old, of St. Therese, Quebec, and Ernest Frochette, about 25 years of age, of the province of Quebec. Another guest, George Demers, a garage mechanic, of Cochrane, was severely burned about the back, head and hands, and he is in hospital here.

One of the guests, apparently Paquet, retired to his room about two o'clock and must have thrown a lighted match or cigarette carelessly on the floor. About 3 o'clock he rushed out of his room, his clothing on fire. His room was then a mass of flames. The fire spread with such rapidity that other guests and inmates of the building had barely time to make their escape while the flames were raging in the building.

Demers suddenly discovered that the proprietor's clerk was absent, it was in the act of rushing upstairs to save the child that Demers was burned. The building is a total loss.

RECITAL BEFORE POPE GIVEN BY PADEREWSKI

Pianist and Wife Recipients of Many Souvenirs Following Musicals.

By HIRAM K. MODERWELL.
By Special Call to the Advertiser and the Chicago Daily News. Copyright.

Rome, Jan. 19.—Ignace Jan Paderewski today gave a recital for the pope in the pontifical private apartments at the Vatican. On Friday at a private audience the pope presented the pianist-statesman and his wife with splendid gifts and expressed a desire to hear Paderewski play.

Pope Pius, dressed entirely in white, sat in a gilded armchair, with Cardinal Gasparri on his right and Cardinal Merry del Val on his left. The piano had been placed between the two large windows overlooking St. Peter's Square. Paderewski, after the pope's private audience, played his program brilliantly. The pontiff was the first to applaud him.

After the musicals, Pope Pius and the cardinals and the others present warmly congratulated M. Paderewski. The pontiff gave the pianist a gold medal commemorative of jubilee year, and also his photograph with a special autograph dedication, as souvenirs of the occasion. To Mme. Paderewski the pope presented a gold rosary.

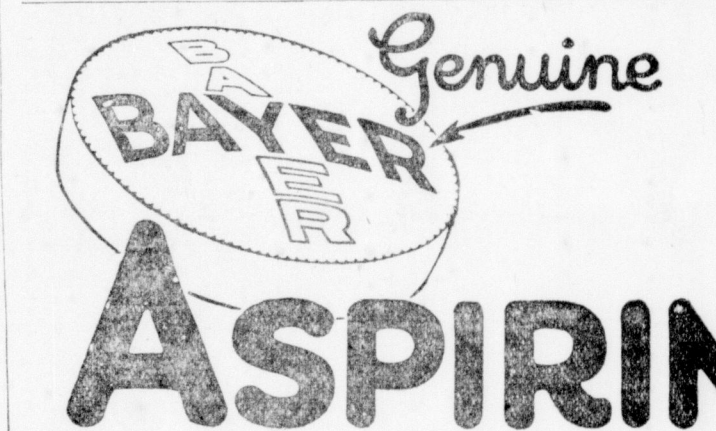
STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.
Steamer arrivals:—
Halifax, Jan. 18.—Megantic, Liverpool, Queenstown.



"Chew a little Dentyne Gum every day and your teeth will be whiter."

DENTYNE GUM

KEEPS YOUR TEETH WHITE



Insist on BAYER TABLETS OF ASPIRIN

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for

Colds	Headache
Pain	Neuralgia
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Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the "trade mark" (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monocyclic-acid of salicylic acid (A. S. C.). It is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

COLD STORAGE PLANT IS DAMAGED BY FIRE

Swift-Canadian Co. Suffers Loss When Blaze Started by Heater.

An electric heater in the office of the Swift-Canadian Company, Horton street, ignited the wall, and the flames ate into a storage compartment last night. A small quantity of meat was destroyed.

The whole building at one time was heavily laden with smoke, but officials of the company were not present, and it could not be determined what the damage to the meat will be.

Smoke was first noticed in the Silverwood building next door, and when the source could not be determined a call for the fire department was sent in. It was some time before the flames were discovered, but they were soon extinguished.

FLORENCE AGRICULTURISTS HOLD ANNUAL MEETING

Florence, Jan. 19.—The annual meeting of the Florence Agricultural society was held in the town hall, with a fair attendance. The financial statement was presented by the secretary, B. D. Henry, and the total receipts for the year exceeded the previous year by \$75. The expenditures also exceeded to the extent of \$200, making a loss for the year of \$255. It was decided that the society would enter the standing field competition in wheat and corn for 1925. W. J. Sinclair was elected president; first vice, F. Johnston; second vice, F. Childs; directors, B. W. Fansher, M.P., G. Butler, L. Williams, R. D. Bodkin, Glen Gould, B. D. Henry.

Healthy Mothers, Healthy Children



"Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a tonic and nerve tonic that has benefited me as much I would never hesitate to recommend it to any woman who is ailing," said Mrs. Eva Brown, 25 Princess St., Chatham, Ont. (Picture above). "In expectancy I suffered from nervousness and kept me well and strong right up to the last. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets act so mildly on the liver that I do not have any trouble getting my children to take them when in need of a laxative. Both my husband and I consider these 'Pellets' safe, reliable and efficient, and we keep them in our home ready for any stomach or liver disorder, preferring them to any other laxative." Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Laboratory in Bridgeport, Ont., for trial package of any of Dr. Pierce's remedies—Advt.