

London Advertiser

The London Advertiser was established in 1853, and is published four times daily by London Advertiser Company, Limited. The subscription rates are: London, 15 cents weekly. By mail: In Canada, \$5.00 yearly; in the United States, \$6.00 yearly. The Advertiser is represented in Toronto at 35 King street east and in Montreal at 1013-1014 Transportation Building, by J. B. Rathbone; in New York at Park Lexington Building, in Chicago at Wrigley Building; and in Boston at Old South Building, by C. H. Eddy Company.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1924.

Bishop Williams and the O.T.A.

Bishop Williams in his letter to the churches of Huron Diocese takes issue with the O. T. A. He holds that prohibition is inconsistent with the teaching of Christ, with the divine plan of the moral evolution of the race, and with the Christian way of life, which demands self-denial, but never its imposition by force upon others. Working from that premise, Bishop Williams proceeds to analyze the working of the O. T. A. He admits that the abolition of the bar and saloon has been a good thing, and he does not desire their return.

Summarizing his view, it will be found that his objections to the O. T. A. center around two points:

(1) The law lacks the moral support of a large number of people, so is nearly impossible to enforce, and provokes resentment.

(2) Regulations regarding the medicinal use of liquor are ridiculous, and the high price opens the field to bootleggers.

The law does undoubtedly lack the moral support of many people, and the same can be said of several of our laws. The law as it stands represents the will of the people; it was tried first as a war measure, and then the people were asked to vote on it as a policy for the province. Their vote showed that they approved by a very large majority. It is not often that people have such an opportunity to vote directly on the laws under which they desire to live.

Bishop Williams' criticism regarding the manner of selling liquor for medicinal purposes touches a point where some criticism can be fairly lodged. It has not proved to be the best way. If a man really needs liquor for medicinal purposes he should not have to pay \$2 for a permit to secure it, and after he has secured a permit it should be possible for him to secure the best possible liquor at a reasonable price.

Turning to the coming plebiscite, Bishop Williams has three things in mind:

(1) Never allow the bar to return, or any change that encourages drinking for the sake of drinking.

(2) Must not encourage illicit traffic.

(3) Laws to be so framed as to have support of extremists, and also of the moderate members of the community.

When he says there must be no return of the bar he is on good ground; when he states that its abolition has been a gain to the community he is in the same position, and both times he is paying tribute to an accomplishment that no previous temperance measure in Ontario has accomplished on so wide a scale.

When he challenges the right of the O. T. A. on the grounds that it is inconsistent with the teachings of Christianity, Bishop Williams enters a field where his position is not so secure.

How is it possible to do away with bars and saloons without imposing the will of the majority on the minority? There will always be those who do not agree with the abolition of the bar, and there will always be those who are opposed to many of our other laws.

The safety of the people and their welfare must be accepted as the reason for adopting any law. It works out in many ways. A man may want to drive along the left side of the road, but the law says he must go to the right; it is in his own interests, even if against his own desires, that he comply with the law.

The O. T. A. is not a perfect law—unfortunately many of our human-made regulations never reach that stage. It is a step taken deliberately by the people of the province who knew what they were voting for because they had lived under it. The province previously had the Duncan act, the Scott act, local option, with intermittent votes on prohibition. All the time there was a growing desire for a uniform law that would wipe out the open bar and give a degree of permanence to temperance legislation that had not heretofore been possible. The O. T. A. was the result.

It has accomplished much despite some of its defects. It has made it easier for the man to quit drinking who drank because some one asked him to; it has made it possible for thousands of boys to grow up without knowing what a bar-room is; it has had a beneficial effect on business and on the home. Allow that it has brought into existence the bootlegger, and that it has encouraged secret drinking, yet its benefits far outweigh its defects, and it is only by taking a summary of both that a fair deduction can be reached.

When the vote comes, as it will come, it will be the policy of The Advertiser to support the view that as nearly as possible parallels the present legislation. We will do so because we believe such an enactment to be in the very best interests of the boys, the girls, men, women and the homes of the province.

Where Is Mr. Matthews?

The arrest of the heads of the firm of Aemilius Jarvis & Co. marks another step in connection with bringing into shape for presentation all the events of the Hon. Peter Smith's term of office.

This matter is now before the courts and they will have to deal with the case according to the evidence.

Where is Mr. Matthews, the former assistant provincial treasurer?

Where is the investigation into affairs that took place prior to the time when Hon. Peter Smith is alleged to have sold provincial business to the Home Bank?

There is too wide a gap between the vigilance displayed in building up the case against the ex-provincial treasurer and the positive laxity that marks the prosecution of those in a similar position under the previous administration.

It is the desire of the people of Ontario that the prosecutions should be made wide enough

to include every term of office, whether it be U. F. O. or Conservative.

The manner in which the business of rounding up evidence and men concerned with anything outside the confines of the U. F. O. regime is being handled, is lame, halting, and almost deliberately negative.

Opening the Hobby Fair.

London welcomes Sir Robert Borden to this city. As premier in a time when Canada was at war he had a difficult and a trying experience. As the writer of hundreds of letters to parents who had lost sons overseas he is remembered today in many homes in this city.

Sir Robert admitted when he came to London that he did not know what a hobby fair was. After presiding at the official opening of the Rotary Hobby Fair in London he will never have cause to say such a thing again. The Rotary Club in London pioneered the idea here, and Sir Robert had the opportunity of seeing the results of several years' constructive work.

It was Rotarian Roy Cunningham who first sold the local club on the idea, and they were quick to see the possibilities of such a venture.

To go through the exhibit as it stands today is to realize the place the fair has come to fill. It is not a fair; it even oversteps the general idea attached to the word "hobby" as we often regard it. It is a picture of the boys and girls of London. The displays show plainly where the engineers, designers, builders, artists, draftsmen, electricians of the future are coming from. The idea and the mind of the child is stamped on the work. Here is a reproduction of the Quebec bridge, the framework of a skyscraper; farther on a boy with meagre supplies to work with has fashioned a circus train; another is drawn to rocks and stones from all parts of the country. In the art department the mind that runs to decoration, symmetry and design has had full play; the boy who longs to build a house has done so. An ingenious mind has displayed postage stamps by the use of maps of the various countries.

There will be over 3,000 entries when they are all counted. They show what London boys and girls do with their spare time, and with the hours at school. It is a great demonstration of the versatile nature of our school system that is teaching the pupil to do things as well as to know things.

The Rotary Club is making a great contribution to community life in London in fathering such an exhibition.

Helping the Law Breakers.

A bootleggers' speed boat has been wrecked on Ward's Island, New York. It was built for the purpose of going faster than the fastest boat the government authorities had.

An interesting point comes in here. The bootleggers knew all about the police boat, the "Gypsy." They were aware that it could do 45 miles an hour, so they went to the builders with instructions to make a boat that could beat the police craft.

The builders knew who they were working for, and what they were building. They were carrying on business, no doubt as any other industry. They enjoyed police and fire protection, advantages of tariffs and any other benefits the state might confer on them.

Yet, in spite of all these favorable conditions, that firm accepts an order to build the best boat it can to defeat the police, and to defy the law.

There is something radically wrong about the thing. Either the builders of the boat are a double-faced lot of money grabbers, or there is a deplorable laxity in allowing them to manufacture implements of war to defeat the ends of recognized government.

An Overdue By-Election.

South Waterloo will be permitted to again have representation in the Ontario Legislature following a by-election on June 23.

There is not one good reason that can be advanced for the seat having been left vacant so long. The unseating of Karl Homuth was on the ground of irregularity. He paid for a brass band to play at a picnic where the people could all be reached at once. Had he spent the same amount of money, or even more, in hiring halls at three or four different places it would have been perfectly in order.

When the seat was declared vacant it was the plain duty of the government to call for a by-election right away. It had no business at all to leave the seat for South Waterloo vacant during the past session of the legislature. There was time between the unseating of Homuth and the meeting of the legislature to meet all the requirements in connection with a contest.

Note and Comment

Central Collegiate has good reason to feel proud of its orchestra, the winner of the Toronto contest. It is a body of young musicians worthy of both congratulation and encouragement.

Boys near Toronto when confronted by a policeman for trespassing, pointed a toy gun at the officer and escaped. It may sound very funny, but the next time the gun may not be a toy.

Farmers are very anxious to know if this committee now investigating farm conditions in Ontario will come forth with a document showing them how to sell at a price that is at least equal to productive costs.

The difficulty which has arisen between the Hobby Fair committee and the G. W. V. A. circus directors places Mayor Wenige in a most unfavorable light. More frankness by the mayor with his fellow Rotarians would have saved a situation that is embarrassing to all concerned.

Londoners are pleased to notice that Dr. John Schram has sufficiently recovered from his operation to return to his home. The operation was made necessary by reason of the superhuman efforts the doctor made in rescuing a man at Grand Bend last August, who otherwise would have drowned. It was an outstanding case of self-sacrifice, and one that should have received public recognition.

Rarebits By Rex

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

Doctor Bing of London Town is a man of great renown; One auspicious day in spring Went Bing's doorbell ting-a-ling. All in haste the medic Do unto the doorway go. Found a lady, pale and wan, His abode's front porch upon. "Doctor, doctor," thus she cried, "Let my husband come inside! There he sits and suffers greatly In our motor car so stately; There he sits, his ill enduring, Waiting for your skill at curing."

"Be it bite or burn or sting," Answered Doctor Elmer Bing, "I shall cure him if I can, Enter thou unhappy man!" In he came; his state was sad; Something hurt him very bad. Rocked his body to and fro, While his wife explained his woe.

"Gay," she said, "we drove along. Fast we sped, the wind was strong. Bugs blew from far and near, One blew in my husband's ear. Bring, I pray, some swift relief From this awful state of grief, Or we'll find my husband dead From the racket in his head."

"Tis a very simple thing," Answered Doctor Elmer Bing. Took a common china cup, And with water filled it up. Dropped a single, saltless tear Down into the stranger's ear. When the water went inside, Straightaway the insect died, Straightaway that bug did drown; Gone the patient's anguish frown; "Let gladness now commence to ring," Said Doctor Elmer Egg-nog Bing.

The stranger said: "Oh, Bing, my friend, I am a doctor from North Bend. Of doctors I have met a few, But ne'er a physician such as you; For scientific eminence In you combines with common sense. Receive my hand, my card as well; To friends shall I this story tell, And grave conventions soon shall hear Of drowning bugs with the ear. May years great fame and riches bring To you, wise Doctor Elmer Bing."

Away they drove, the doctor scanned The bit of pasteboard in his hand, And read this legend: "Doctor Greer, Specialist for Nose and Ear."

Sentiment is that quality which impels daughter to buy a gorgeous bouquet of flowers on Mothers' Day and charge them to father.

After looking at what some of them go to the altar with we don't blame the brides for blushing.

Another Quart of Gas

When first I drove my ancient bus, I listened for each knock and jerk, a-fearin' that the inside shaftin' was goin' to fail to do its work.

'Twas then my ears grew long and rigid, a-barkenin' what the thing would do, and scared that my old rolling wonder would some day go and bust in two.

Each time I heard a funny noise I'd pick a tinkler startin' new, he'd hit it with a monkey wrench and cleave it with a crowbar, too.

One said the trouble lay deep down around the carburetor; another swore the gurglin' came from somewhere round the generator.

Another dude he looked it over, the differential wasn't true, he said he'd sell my old steam roller and get a hack much nearer new.

And thus I went the rounds each day, pursuin' each new raspin' knock, reducin' my financial standin' to where I'd put the cart in hook.

But since I know the old cart now, I'm quittin' all them foolish tricks, and rompin' over fence and ditches and pillin' into stones and bricks.

And when she rattles, let her rattle, and if she squeaks, why let her squeak, I ain't alarmed no more about her when she starts to snort and knock.

So thus I drive the chariot, not carin' what goes on inside, so long as she keeps on a-puffin', a-cartin' me both far and wide.

I keep my kale inside me jeans, and let the neighbors scoff and talk, a-knowin' when she's through a-runnin', why I can get out then and walk—ARK.

Press Comment

Bobbing the Stories, Too.

About all bobbed hair has done is to improve the quality of stories told in barber shops.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

By Force of Circumstances.

All this church union discussion at Ottawa must perform turn the minds of politicians somewhat to religion.—St. Catharines Standard.

Thus the Plot Thickens.

There are more than three and a half million widows in the United States, says a news despatch. Which may or may not explain the remarkable exodus to that country.—Hamilton Spectator.

He Loves the Casualty List.

A writer of popular songs complains that broadcasting kills them quickly by wearing the public with their repetition. That's the best argument we've heard in favor of the radio.—Montreal Gazette.

The Wild and Woolly West.

The Morning Leader continues to receive letters from readers asking why it has ceased commenting upon certain aspects of the Sapiro wheat pool and certain matters relating to the Saskatchewan Liquor Commission. As it is the defendant in a \$50,000 libel suit instituted by Mr. Sapiro and in another \$50,000 libel suit instituted by the chairman of the Saskatchewan Liquor Commission, which have not yet been heard, the Morning Leader is debarred from discussing in its columns matters which are sub judice.—Regina Leader.

Dr. Frank Crane

Refuge From Self

WE CONSTANTLY seek refuge from our own terrifying selves.

We cannot even talk naturally because our voice shames us. If a newsboy would advocate his papers in a conversational tone, all the passersby would stop and wonder and probably think he was crazy. We do not care for the parson unless he puts on the conventional parsonaceous tone; he had as well come into the pulpit with a striped sackcoat as to speak to us in an easy-going street voice.

The reason why the orator on class day strikes a strange and foreign tone is because he is giving out ideas strange and foreign to him. If he became conscious for one moment of his real self and thoughts he would be swamped in embarrassment.

Clothes react on the body. They strike in. We are what we put on. Johnny not only looks like a nice little lad when he is dressed in his Sunday clothes, but he is an entirely different person from the young imp who stole the apples Saturday night, who was also named Johnny. It is the same boy in the bathtub, but that is a secret, private and wholly fictitious person; the real person is the young soul going to Sunday school saturated with Sunday clothes. There is a subtle change in the man we elected mayor; he is no more Bill Jones; the integument of office has infected his speech and manner.

THIS penetrating power of clothing is quite strong. It descends into our deepest consciousness and affects our thought power. A suit of army khaki actually makes Tom Tinker brave. A dress coat and patent leather shoes fire the wit of the gentleman at the banquet. He would not be half so cheerful in repartee if he had on overalls.

Words are the robes of thought. And at length, the process works reversely; the thought becomes the property of the world. Every great writer whose works become known and read by the people, actually creates thought. Thousands go about saying his phrases, and hence thinking his thought. The great national brain rolls along in ruts of platitudes. The common people do not think, they remember.

Notice two women meeting at tea; they converse; study their remarks; they have simply exchanged sets of bromides. For that matter, if no one spoke except to utter an original saying, there would be a vast silence. Every word is a bromide, more or less. To be thought original we learn the trick of juggling them into new combinations.

The mind is wrapped in words, soaked in words, is words. The hermit-crab has become absorbed by his shell.

Having finished with the whelk shells of this life, we seek housing in the next. "For," says the apostle, "this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

MAKING A BAD START

THE children of Ontario have scarcely ceased writing essays on "Save the Forests," when the despatches from British Columbia tell of forest fires that have broken out in over 100 places in the province.

"Save the Forests." Yes, by all means save the forests, but the forests are not being saved. They are being burned.

People who live in Western Ontario may draw on their imagination at times when they read of forest fires. They may have seen pictures of them, and they may have heard people describe their experiences when fleeing from them. Put all these far-removed sensations together and admit that a very vivid picture has been given to the mind of Western Ontario as a result, and yet the fact remains that people who have never been chased or choked or hemmed in by a forest fire know nothing about it.

British Columbia does know a lot about it, and so do some sections of Northern Ontario.

Right now British Columbia is dry; there has been no rain for some three weeks, and it has been hot. That creates an ideal condition for a fire, but it does not create the fire. Ninety-five per cent of the fires are caused by carelessness, positive criminal carelessness.

The old timber cruiser is not careless. You see him when he comes to town; he may be in some of the most or timber districts that he appears. He may be walking along a cement sidewalk when he stops to light his pipe; he strikes a match and uses it; he puts it down on the sidewalk and steps on it. It is a matter of habit with him because he knows what fire means.

The Crow's Nest Pass.

THE southern section of British Columbia has been scorched and burned. The traveller does not need to go far into the Crow's Nest Pass before he realizes that the forest fire has been there ahead of him. The marks are there—great, black-looking trees, black, dead, some fallen, others rotting away. There are acres, square miles, all a standing rebuke to the way in which the timber has been wasted and destroyed.

There are towns in that pass where all events are spoken of as either "before the fire" or "after the fire." The fire was the line of demarcation. A man had a block on the business street "before the fire," he had a comfortable home "before the fire."

Fires generally come there well on in summer, during July and August, when there is very little rain and plenty of wind. There may be a bush fire a good many miles away, but the smoke gets into the pass, it shuts off the view of the mountains; people don't know where the fire is, but they see the smoke, they smell it night and day.

Living In Dead.

THEN comes the man who walks on the tracks. He has seen a fire in the bush some place on his way to town. He has a good story when he arrives; he seems to be quite certain that it will reach the place by nightfall or early the next morning. His message spreads faster than the fire itself. There are trunks packed with enough food and clothing for the children, and there is no sleep that night. Morning comes and the fire has not arrived yet, but there is the smoke it seems even thicker than it did the day before. Another tourist drifts in from some other section and he brings a tale of raging fires that are working this way. More sleepless nights and more uncertainty. It is in that atmosphere that nervous cases develop. People talk fire, and the old settlers who went through the last one are around giving their experience and their advice. They tell of families broken up and of children who were not restored to parents for a week or so. They never lost a chance to retell their experience on a relief train that ran for miles through what seemed to be a raging wall of fire, when the earth itself seemed to be burning up.

It is easy in such surroundings to wish that the fire would come quickly and have the worst over; the persistent and continual talk of fires coming and fires that have been is enough to destroy the strongest nervous system with which any woman was ever endowed. Doubtless the same thing is going on in British Columbia today. There are fires at over 100 different points. They are burning timber, good timber, that is one of the greatest assets of that province. Meanwhile the children of Ontario write essays, "Save the Forests."

Probably the most effective way will be when the gates of the jails open to receive some of the criminals who are responsible for starting the fires. All other means seem to have failed.

To the Editor

G. W. V. A. Explain.

Claim They Secured Authority From the Council to Place Street Fair on Federal Square.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,—I do not care who should happen to be mayor of this city that we call home. He should be treated like a mayor should be.

I was instructed to place before the mayor and council last Monday, May 5, a petition for the use of the federal square, and the council as a whole gave the mayor full power to see that we got it.

So you see that we, the Great War Veterans, led the square to Mr. Joyce and it is one of the meanest things that I know to have people say that the Kiddies' Fair is hit, and shows the smallness of those that said so. I hold no brief for mayor or aldermen, but I will see British fair play at all times. Yours truly, GEORGE TURNER. Secretary, G. W. V. A.

DENTYNE
GUM
The Gum in the Red Wrapper

DENTYNE
GUM
The Gum in the Red Wrapper

ARREST OF JARVIS BRITISH DEAL ECHO

Toronto Hears Case Will Reveal Greatest Rake-Off of Scandal.

Toronto, May 13.—The evidence in support of the criminal charges against Aemilius Jarvis, Sen., Aemilius Jarvis, Jun., and Harry

Pepall is not to be found amongst the public accounts committee revelations which led to the arrest of Peter Smith, it is reported here today.

The disclosures which led directly to Mr. Smith's prosecution were principally those of an alleged "split" between the late Ontario treasurer and Andrew Pepall of a commission which the latter had secured from the Jarvis firm in return for influencing provincial business in its direction. The basis of the Jarvis-Pepall charges, however, is to be found in the immeasurably greater transactions which the Jarvisses carried out in England in the spring of 1921, when they purchased for the province upwards of \$6,000,000 worth of succession duty-free bonds.

Your Silent Partner

A silent partner, with money, wishes to take a place in your organization but does not ask for voting power or any voice in control.

He will agree to 'team-up' with any valued official, or other person, ready to compensate in cash for the loss of this person to your firm through death.

This will maintain your credit and get you over the readjustment period when the shock comes. If you should estimate the loss at \$35,000 and your official is age 42, the salary demanded by the 'silent partner' is only \$1,000 a year,—to be reduced substantially year by year.

This story represents what the London Life Insurance Company can do for you under its new Jubilee Policy based upon half a century of experience.

Have one of our representatives explain the many special advantages we offer under this plan, or write the Head Office for further information.

London Life
Insurance Company
"Canada's Industrial-Ordinary Company"
HEAD OFFICES - LONDON, CANADA