

London Advertiser

Published By
THE LONDON ADVERTISER CO., LIMITED
London, Ont.

MORNING. NOON. EVENING.
3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS 3670
Private Branch Exchange.
From 10:30 a.m. to 9:00 p.m., and holidays.
Call 3670, Business Department 3671, Editor.
3672, Posters, 3673, Composing Room. Circulation Department, 3670.

ADVERTISING BRANCH OFFICES.
U. S. Representatives—New York: Charles H. Eddy Company, 17th Avenue Building; Chicago: Charles H. Eddy Company, People's Gas Building; Boston: Charles H. Eddy Company, Old South Building.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
City—Delivered.
15 cents per week. \$2.90 for six months. \$5.00 for one year.
By Mail—Outside City.
\$5.00 per year. \$2.75 for six months, or 50 cents per month for short term subscriptions.
To the United States, \$6.00 per year.
Foreign subscriptions, \$13.50 per year.

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ADVERTISERS, NOTE.
Circulation audited by A. B. C. Report furnished advertisers on request.

London, Ont., Saturday, December 11.

BULGARIA'S CHANCE.

The League of Nations displays a spirit of fine generosity and political sagacity in admitting Bulgaria to membership. Bulgaria, it will be recalled, by linking up with the Central Powers, threw open the Balkan corridor to the Hun. From that act developed the stupendously costly campaign in the Near East, which brought the Allied nations close to disaster. From the beginning, however, it seemed clear that falling in behind the Hohenzollerns was not the wish of the people. It was the desire of Ferdinand for gold and glory that stood behind the decision to throw in with the enemy. Probably this fact, as much as Foch's report that Bulgaria was sincerely trying to carry out the conditions of the peace treaty, worked to secure the league's favorable consideration of Bulgaria's application. As well, too, no doubt, it was recognized that a Bulgaria within the league was safer than one outside. Made to appear as an outlaw by a refusal Bulgaria might have gone over to Red Russia.

When the Central Powers fell Bulgaria went down with the ruins. The most prosperous, progressive state in the Balkans made swift descent to complete economic and political prostration. Now Bulgaria is pluckily endeavoring to come back, and, rid of the treacherous royal influences that formerly prevailed, and aided by the league, there is reason to believe she will soon be on her feet again. From whatever angle it may be viewed the admission of Bulgaria to league membership seems wise, promising for the best.

DON'T CROAK—CARRY ON.

"As a man thinks, so is he," is a saying that is as true in business life as in its application to the individual," declared a well-known Dundas street businessman who was inveigled into conversation in his store by an Advertiser reporter today.

"The businessman who is today crying blue-ruin is doing not only himself, but the other business interests of the city, an untold amount of harm. Personally, I cannot see things that way. My business during the past eight months has shown a continual and substantial increase over that of a year ago, and this month's business promises to outdo any that we have had in our history.

"Last year, owing to the general prosperity, was a record year, and the fact that we are going to beat even those figures belies in a very practical manner all the rumors of impending disaster with which the croakers have sought to overwhelm us.

"A few years ago the slogan was 'Carry on; business as usual.' Why has this splendid ideal been allowed to fall into the discard? If, as the weeping prophets, the Jeremiahs of the commercial world are so sure that they are undone, that business and financial calamities are awaiting them just around the corner, why don't they stiffen their spines and keep on smiling?

"No phase of life that I know of is without its dark days and its mountains, but as sure as the clouds are dark there is always the shining lining and the erstwhile mountains when reached become mere molehills.

"The old world has faced similar periods to the present, periods when even the very vitals of humanity, the home life, have been racked with pain, pains which have later proven to be those of growth of great ideals, or the birth of new ones, and as far as I can see it is still a very pleasant place to live in. The stress and storm of today only portends the glorious sunshine of tomorrow.

"No, sir, I see no reason for the calamity cry, business is, from my own experience, as good and even better than a year ago. Much of the trouble which is exciting us here is due to the hysterical moans of panic-stricken manufacturers across the line, and I regret that there has been a tendency on the part of some newspapers of Canada to give so much prominence to their wallings. Nobody loves the individual whiner, why then should commercial hysteria be flaunted in front of the people?"

BECK FORCED TO IT.

(Financial Post.)

The truth about the buying out of the Mackenzie power and radial interests by the hydro-electric commission—proclaimed as a victory for Sir Adam Beck and public ownership—is that the deal was forced upon the hydro and the city of Toronto by circumstances existing and prospective in 1921, when the city takes over the street railway.

The Financial Post learns that as a matter of fact, even could Beck have been given assurance of Chippawa power in 1921—which competent engineers question—he could not have operated the street railway. If Beck started today to make the changes necessary to use hydro power to operate the railway he could not make the physical changes in equipment in time—and the expense would run into millions.

Beck knew this, and P. W. Ellis, chairman

of the Toronto Hydro, and member of Toronto's street railway commission, knew it, and Premier Drury knew it—and better than any one else—Sir William Mackenzie knew it.

If there is any public ownership victory the credit for it should go to Mr. Ellis and Premier Drury. The former, it can now be concluded, foresaw the situation the city would be placed in in 1921, without power to operate the street railway system and forced the issue. Premier Drury already urged by the C. M. A. to do something for industry used his influence to the end of securing more power and preventing a crisis.

Sir Adam Beck is understood to have consented very reluctantly because he had boasted that he would crush all private interests and buy them for scrap value—if at all. But this was nothing more than bluff to save his face with the public on one phase of the situation. He must have realized that if the deal did not go through he could never take care of the situation, and that he would again have to acknowledge the consistent lack of foresight in his development plans. Beck, under these circumstances, has probably been more surprised than anyone else to find that his press agents and propagandists have been fairly successful in making him a hero—had he felt that this would be the case the deal would probably have gone through before this.

In explanation of the physical difficulties involved in changing hydro power for Telco power to operate the street railway it may be pointed out that one is alternating current and the other direct current. To make the change necessary requires elaborate transformers and other extensive equipment. The storage battery room alone of the Scott street plant is reported to have cost \$2,000,000. Orders given today for the required equipment could not be filled in time to allow the use of hydro power, if available, when the street railway franchise runs out. The action of the Mackenzie interests in advertising for sale in 1921 in the Financial Post the power now used for the street cars forced the issue.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Use of simian glands to make old people young will, if it fails, make a "monkey" of them.

What has become of the Real Estate Owners' Association. The members haven't passed a "resolution" for many moons.

Greece doesn't appear to know whether she wants Constantine back or not. Poor Tino is in the same fix as the man who is told by the woman he loves that she isn't sure whether she loves him or not.

IS EATING YEAST A FAD?

(Toronto Telegram.)

Everybody eats yeast indirectly—after it has played its part in making bread palatable—but most people look incredulous when it is suggested that eating a couple of fresh yeast cakes before breakfast will have the beneficial effect sometimes attributed to bird seed.

Eating yeast may be a fad, but it is a fact that the practice has become quite common, and the devotees are as enthusiastic as the converts to a new religion.

It is said to be highly commended by employers as an incentive to early rising. In this case a cake should be much like a chocolate cream just before retiring, followed by a pint of warm water.

A well-known yeast manufacturing company which formerly used beautifully lithographed pictures of tempting pastry and bread like mother used to make, in order to exploit their product, is now featuring an advertisement which advises the reader to eat "from one to three yeast cakes per day," because they are rich in vitamins.

It may be pointed out that "vitamines" is the latest discovery of medical science. Nobody knows just what vitamins are, but it is known that they are "something essential" to good health. No matter how ample or varied the diet, it fails to nourish the body adequately if deficient in vitamins.

Yeast, which is the basis of many of the soup cubes on the market, is known to be rich in the essential vitamins. Enterprising patent medicine manufacturers may be expected to quickly seize the new idea and proclaim the virtues of their specifics because they contain vitamins.

PUBLIC TASTE.

(Hamilton Herald.)

London's inspector of public schools has made a novel suggestion. It is that a Shakespeare festival be arranged—a week of Shakespearean drama by a good professional company, a minimum financial return to be guaranteed by local educational, civic and patriotic organizations.

Such a guarantee is necessary because of the probability that public patronage would not be sufficient to make the venture profitable, even if the bare expenses were covered by the receipts, which would be doubtful.

Hamilton has about double the population of London, yet we fear that "a week of Shakespeare" would be no more promising in a financial way here than it would be in London. Here also it would be necessary to guarantee the company against loss. For there is no doubt about it, the public taste has deteriorated. In the last generation good productions of Shakespearean drama were sure to draw large audiences—and discriminating audiences too. People were more familiar with Shakespeare than they now are, and were more appreciative of the fine points of a great impersonation. Frankly, the average nineteenth century audience was more intelligent and better informed than is the average twentieth century audience.

In Hamilton this week we have had three Shakespearean plays presented in good style by a company of players headed by Walter Hampden, an actor of sterling merit, whose impersonations of Hamlet and Shylock are worthy of the best traditions of the English stage—scholarly, virile and marked by artistic finish and restraint. And he was well supported. But the company played to very poor business. Last week an excellent English company presented delightful high class, refined English comedy to a vast array of empty chairs. But performances of inane and vulgar "musical comedies" or spectacular pieces displaying gorgeous costumes are pretty sure of a packed house at the highest price. It is not that people don't want to spend money for entertainment; the trouble is that so many of them prefer to spend money for entertainment which tickles the senses rather than entertainment which appeals to the intelligence. It would almost seem that the theatre-going public is losing the desire and the ability to use its brains as well as its eyes.

It is the same all over. The fault is not altogether with the public. Its taste has been vitiated by the gradual commercialization of the stage—the lowering of theatrical ideals—the result being the flooding of the stage with theatrical hogwash. Probably, also, long exposure to the effects of lurid moving picture films has helped along the process of deterioration.

Doubtless there will be a reaction, and the public will again want plays which stimulate thought and appeal to a healthy aesthetic taste. In the past there have been alternate periods of decline and recovery. It is to be hoped that the recovery in the present case will not be long delayed, for the character of a people can never be pretty accurately judged from their pleasures.

From Here and There

JAPAN'S PROTEST.

(Exchange.)

Japan's protest against the alleged interference of Canadian missionaries in the political disturbances existing between that country and Korea is too serious to be overlooked, and will undoubtedly lead to an inquiry. Japan is a nation that jealously guards its prerogatives and has the means to enforce them. Religion and politics do not mix, and attempts in this direction frequently end in disaster. Missionaries are free to pursue their labors in Korea through the courtesy of the Japanese Government, and, if the charges are true, they betray unwisdom in the course they are pursuing. However, no story lacks two sides in the telling, and justice would be unfair while awaiting the one untold; but even if there is actual warrant for sympathetic attitude, the only proper course of procedure is through the British Government.

MIGHT AS WELL AS RIGHT.

(Montreal Gazette.)

President Wilson, in his message to Congress, declared his idea to be that the end of the war came when the German people found themselves face to face with the conscience of the world, and realized that right was everywhere arrayed against the wrong. Their government was attempting to perpetrate. This may be the ideal. In the actual it is suspected that the armies closing in on the German frontier, led by Foch, Haig and Pershing, had an accelerating effect on the German perception that might as well as right was against them.

CRIME AND CONVICTION.

(St. John Globe.)

A study of criminal prosecutions in this part of Canada will convince any investigator that present methods do not produce convictions. The tendency is to put the blame on the jury, but the investigator who looked more closely into facts and circumstances would probably find the system which allows the suspected criminal to manufacture his defence, the cause of many apparent failures of justice. A crown defender, sworn to see justice done, would be the greatest deterrent of that sort of thing.

LANGUAGE AS A PACIFIER.

(Brooklyn Times.)

An American born in Europe, who has been travelling abroad and studying conditions resulting from the war, writes: "Few men and women of even moderate education in Europe, in the next generation, will be without a knowledge of English. All over Europe men, women and children are studying the language as never before. It is being rapidly adopted in the curriculum of their schools. Our failure to understand the problem of Europe is in no small measure due to our inability to understand the language of Europe. How easy will be that understanding when that language is our own. How potent will be Anglo-Saxon ideals, how beneficent their influence. Here is something worth remembering in thinking of future international relations. When all the important foreign nations are able and accustomed to express their views in our own language, and have the knowledge of English and American institutions, culture and ideals that command of the language implies, it certainly ought to be easier to get along with them, and easier for them to get along with each other.

WHEN FIRST WIFE CHOSE THE SECOND.

(Mail and Empire.)

From an article in the Detroit Free Press we draw the double inference that even actors are not exempt from marital mistakes, and that departed spirits are not the most trustworthy matrimonial agents. Still, the Free Press has been mistaken before. The fact is, that the second wife of Tyrone Power has divorced him; and it is alleged that he married her because of advice he received from his first wife. It was ten years ago that his first wife died. She had been Miss Georgia Crane, one of the most beautiful and best loved women on the American stage. She was a devoted wife and mother, a success, as show folks would say. The Powers were devoted to each other, and it is understood that at the breakfast table Mr. Power never let loose his voice as he did in the memorable interview with the clergyman in "The Servant in the House." The happy union was dissolved by the untimely death of Mrs. Power, and her husband grieved for her profoundly. It was in order that he might distract his brooding mind that he sought solace in mediumistic seances.

Advices Second Marriage.

He strove, as thousands have striven, to establish communication with the dead, and at length he believed that he had succeeded. He saw the shade of Mrs. Power appear. She was as keenly interested in his well-being as she had been on earth, and they had some delightful conversations. She told him that he ought to marry again, and, repugnant as the idea was to him, he was induced to consider it when she said that she had found an ideal mate. With her, says the highly unoriginal Free Press, his life would be "a grand, sweet song." Night after night he would speak to him in visions, always accompanied by a beautiful shade, who was pressed upon his attention as the ideal wife. He did not know her name; but, of course, spirits are provokingly vague at times. Finally, since his departed wife insisted so strongly upon the idea, it found a lodgment in his mind and he formed a mental picture of the next Mrs. Power.

A Swift Courtship.

One day on the street he met her. How they became acquainted is not said, but the appointed second wife proved to be Miss Patricia Rayonne, also an actress. Subsequently Miss Rayonne denied that she knew she had been selected by a spirit, her lover having supposed that she was a fortune teller. She had a curious aversion about the first, and do not like the idea that they are merely "pinch hitting." Mr. Tyrone Power proved a tempestuous suitor, and it was a short time after their first meeting, and a short time after the death of the first Mrs. Power, that they were married. The affair rather shocked those who had been the friends of the Powers; and even the general public, or that part of it which is familiar with the affairs of their favorite actors, were somewhat aghast. The supposition had been that Mr. Power's heart was in the grave with his first wife.

Another Happy Marriage.

We are assured by the Free Press that the sudden remarriage afforded an opportunity for many persons to quote the lines from Hamlet concerning the funeral baked meats and the wedding feast. But their quotations could not alter the fact that Mr. Power was again married, and as time passed it appeared that this gifted actor had his undue share of luck, for his second marriage was as happy as the first. Two children were born of the union. The parents were devoted to them and to each other, and after almost ten years the news that Mrs. Power had secured a divorce on the grounds of desertion and non-support was a surprise. Scarcely less surprising is Mrs. Power's attitude. She declines to say a single word in disparagement of her ex-husband, but remarks that "too much happiness is as bad for a human being as too much loving is as harmful to a woman as a surfeit of loving is to a child." Does she mean that Mr. Power loved too much, or that he loved her too much, or what does she mean? Let her press agents declare.

Too Much Is Enough.

Mrs. Power the second has certain ideas about life, and one goes from them that she believes happiness is not the proper atmosphere for the development of one's best powers. She says that a certain amount of cold is necessary to develop energy and energy, and quotes from the poet who said: "Then welcome come each rebuff which wheels earth's smoothness rough." To be a loved and loving wife is to be a loving and loving wife. The full development of one's spiritual powers, especially of the Tyrone Powers. Therefore, she wishes to try another kind of atmosphere. In this she desires to bring up her two children. They are not aware of the divorce, and think their father's absence is due to his professional engagements. As may be gathered from the foregoing, Mrs. Power is in the movies.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT CANADA?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S QUESTIONS.

- 1—The Ontario Government builds from 40 to 50 bridges yearly in the province.
- 2—The Montaignais was the name given to the Indians of Quebec by the early French settlers.
- 3—Austria and Holland were England's allies in the war of the Spanish Succession.
- 4—The Albany River is in Ontario, draining Lake St. Joseph and emptying into Hudson Bay at Fort Albany.
- 5—Jean Blewett is one of Canada's poets.
- 6—The first egg preserving factory to be established in Canada is at Canora, Sask.
- 7—Henry Hudson discovered Hudson Bay and James Bay in 1610-11.
- 8—At that time the war of the Spanish Succession was called Queen Anne's war in America.
- 9—William Henry Drummond (1854-1907) holds a unique place as the poet interpreter of French-Canadian life.
- 10—Alexander Mackenzie began his great voyage to the Arctic Sea by going northward from Lake Athabasca, down the Slave River, Great Slave Lake and along the river now called the Mackenzie to the frozen sea.

TODAY'S QUESTIONS.

- 1—In what province is Lake Abitibi?
- 2—When was Quebec captured by Wolfe?
- 3—What woman warned the British army of the American advance in the battle of Beaver Dams?
- 4—Name the four great explorers of Western Canada in the eighteenth century?
- 5—Who was commander-in-chief of the United States army at the beginning of the War of 1812?
- 6—Does the licensing of auctioneers come under the control of the federal or provincial governments?
- 7—Which is Alberta's "gas city"?
- 8—Where was Holy Communion first celebrated within the borders of the present Dominion of Canada?
- 9—What area of peat bogs has Canada?
- 10—Where is Cape Henrietta Marie?

Poetry and Jest

ROMANCE.

(Cleveland Plaindealer.)

Far by a sunlit summer sea,
She dwelt on love and faith and hope;
Her right name was Penelope,
But neighbors called her Penelope.

Fair as a violet was she,
That grows beside the mossy stone,
Or that wind-flower, anemone,
The farmer called it anemone.

She danced like down along the sea,
She danced like foam along the shore,
A daughter of Terpsichore—
Whom he called Terpsichore.

Alas! One day she went to see
A circus—heard the raucous dope
Of that accurate callopie
Which folks call the callopie.

That very night this maid did flee
With the big show to dance and loaf;
Surely, surely, catastrophe
Might well be called a catastrophe.

Now as a modern troubadour
She dances to the callopie:
O hapless child of Terpsichore,
O airy, fairy Penelope.

THE LEAGUE OF NEIGHBORS.

(Arthur H. Folwell, in Leslie's.)

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
A League of Neighbors on his street
He sought to organize.

As you perhaps surmise,
He based his calculations,
His plan and scope,
His dream and hope,
Upon the League of Nations.

Quoth he, this man in our town,
"If nations all can dwell
In one pacific brotherhood,
Then neighbors can as well."

A perfect parallel,
Our street will soon be noted
For lack of strife;
Each neighbor's life
To common weal devoted.

"Should Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Burke,
Display a wish to fight,
An inner council shall decide
Which one of them is right.

The council shall unite,
By open arbitration,
Each couple who
No longer coo,
But seek a separation.

"Piano players late at night,
A dog that howls like all the night,
Deep bleating on the saxophone,
Or any other din,
We'll settle from within;
The league will not permit it.

To make a nuisance quit it.
And when a neighbor's darling boy
Goes crying home to say
Another neighbor's angel child
Just beat him up at play,
The league will intervene,
A cool and calm transaction,
Shall close the breach,
And heal to each
Fond mother's satisfaction."

"Oh, tell me, man of our town,"
Quoth I, "can this be done?
Can neighbors' quarrels in harmony,
In brotherhood, as one?
Or speak you just in fun?"
Quoth he, "my calculations
All doubts dispel
I will work as well
As any League of Nations."

LITTLE THEOCRITUS.

(Caroline Wilder (Yellow) Paradise.)

Ye white Sicilian goats, who wander all
About the slopes of this wild mountain
pass,
Take heed your thorny footsteps do not
fall

Upon the baby dreamer in the grass.
Let him lie there, half waking, and rejoice
In the safe shelter of his resting
place,

In hearing of his shepherd father's voice
In reach of fruitly clusters o'er his face.
The gods who hold a mighty gift for you.

Look up, sweet baby eyes, look up on high,
To where Olympus merges in the blue.
There dwell the deathless gods in majesty,
The gods who hold a mighty gift for you.

Those little, clinging hands shall write one day,
Rare words, to lift the hearts of men;
Those curling, downy locks shall wear
A crown that they shall never lose again.

Little Theocritus! Look up and smile,
Immortal child, for there are coming
When the great busy world shall pause awhile
To listen to your singing through its tears.

JUST TO KNOW.
(Boys' Life.)

Shopkeeper—"What can I do for you, my boy?"
Boy—"Please, I've called about your advertisement for a man to retail



Big, Ripe Jumbo Peanuts,
Finely Ground and Salted
That's what you get when you buy
a jar or pound of

Sweetheart Brand
Peanut Butter

"Made from the Sweetheart of the Nuts."
Spreads easily on bread or biscuits. Makes
delicious sandwiches for picnics or parties.

TRY SOME TODAY.

I. X. L. Spice and Coffee Mills
LONDON. LIMITED.

TOMBOY TAYLOR



IT SEEMS AS THOUGH
WHENEVER TOMBOY DECIDES
TO PULL OFF ONE OF HER STUNTS
(SUCH AS WALKING OUT TO THE END
OF THE SPRING BOARD ON STAIRS) THEN
IS THE VERY TIME HER MOTHER WILL HAPPEN ALONG.

By FONTAINE FOX

(Copyright)

"Oh! This Shopping"

"I certainly gets on my nerves. I come home all fagged out, and nearly always have a splitting headache.

"Yes, they say we women always like shopping. But if everybody feels as tired out afterwards as I do, it is no joke.

"I wonder if it is my nerves. I never could stand much sightseeing, anyway. The strain on the eyes seems to exhaust the whole system.

"I suppose I shall not be able to sleep to-night, and that will put me in fine condition for to-morrow.

"Why don't somebody invent a good medicine for the nerves?

"But what was that Mrs. Cray was telling me about? I believe it was Nerve Food—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I have heard so many talking about the way this Nerve Food helped them that I must give it a trial."

And this is what Mrs. Cray of 515 Cedar street, Peterboro', Ont., writes about her experience with this well-known treatment for the nerves:

"I was suffering from a rundown condition of the system, nervous debility and sleeplessness. I lost a good many nights' sleep, and sometimes after going to sleep would wake up with a start, and then lie awake for hours. I also had frequent headaches and pains through my back. I got so that I could hardly do any work. I had taken doctors' medicine, but it did not seem to help me. Through reading in the newspapers of the help others had derived from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I started taking this medicine. The first box helped me, so I continued, taking about five or six boxes. I found that I was a great deal better, able to sleep well and do my work without any trouble. My headaches and nervousness are gone. My mother lives with me, and she has also found great benefit from the use of the Nerve Food. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for nervous trouble of any kind."

If you could only read the letters which come to this office from day to day telling of what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is doing for women, and men, too, in all parts of Canada, you would not be long in doubt as to the most satisfactory treatment for tired bodies and exhausted nerves.

All we can do is to pass along the good words by publishing an occasional letter. It remains for you to benefit by using this blood and nerve builder to restore energy and vitality to your exhausted system.

You can obtain Dr. Chase's Nerve Food from all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto, at 50 cents a box. On every box of the genuine you will find the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author.