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What Easter Means.

THERE IS a danger that church people themselves at times lose sight of the true significance of Easter. It is not simply a time for special music, for a display of flowers, and a general opening of the spring season.

It is more than that. It is, in fact, nothing short of being the keystone of the whole Christian religion. It is the great central fact, and without it there would be no Christian religion at all.

Without it the birth of the Redeemer, His life, His teaching, His matchless humility and His fathomless love, His suffering in Gethsemane, and the final sacrifice on Calvary would amount to nothing more than the story of the life of a good but a mistaken man, and we make the statement with all reverence and respect.

When the Master gave up His life the test that was to answer yes or no to His claims was staged. Had that tomb remained closed with the great stone that was rolled against it we would, of "all men, be most miserable."

The fact that that stone was rolled away while under the eyes of the Roman soldiers—the fact that Christ did rise from that newly-hewn grave—the fact that He did appear to many people after that—these things form a chain of evidence that completes the life of Christ on earth, and gives the Christian church to-day the justification for its existence and its teaching.

It is important in this day, when so many brainy men seek to teach that the Master was a great moral teacher, a propagandist for the existence of a super-man, and an advocate of the golden rule idea, but nothing more, that His people should reassert with devotion and confidence the fact of Easter in all its glorious reality, and proclaim without reservation or doubt their belief in the completed life and sacrifice and resurrection of the Man of Galilee.

Civic Positions.

ONE OF THE city commissioners in Calgary believes in going after the salary list with a vengeance. He is quoted as having said that the offices of assessor, city clerk, city engineer, medical health officer, treasurer, controller, superintendent of the power department, electric light superintendent, chief of police and chief of the fire department, are worth \$3,000 a year, and that of storekeeper, rental agent, superintendent of public works, waterworks superintendent, building inspector and superintendent of parks is worth \$2,250. At present the salaries of some of these officials is shown in the following list:

Office	Salary
Assessor	\$3,450
City Clerk	3,450
Engineer	2,550
Med. Health Officer	4,500
Treasurer	3,450
Controller	3,450
Power Supt.	3,750
Elec. Light Supt.	3,800
Chief of Police	3,750
Chief of Fire Dept.	3,750
Storekeeper	2,450
Rental Agent	2,800
Supt. Public Works	4,050
Waterworks Supt.	3,450
Building Inspector	2,450
Parks Supt.	2,350

Now, this same thing is going on all over the country, although the proposed cuts are not so drastic, and the chances are that the salary cut in Calgary will not be anything like as serious as this commissioner proposes.

What is going to be the result? The officials who are worth anything, and who have qualifications to fit them for other work, are going to get out. Holding a municipal position is not the most enviable thing in the world at any time. Being the servant of the public at large is not the most pleasant thing that can be imagined.

Many times at election we notice that there is an investigation started, or threatened. An engineer is liable at any time to find his work criticized or ridiculed by a man who couldn't run a chain or take a level to save his neck, and yet he feels competent to act as super-critic of a technical department.

A civic official is like any other individual. He likes to look forward to promotion, and also to reaching a place where his services will be recognized. He does not like to feel that he is always on the thin edge of the way out. And so it is that the public business, if this tendency of salary slashing is to continue, will not appeal to men of standing in the profession.

The Coal Strike.

IT WILL be noticed that some of the trains in Canada are starting to curtail their use of coal. It tends to bring home to this country the seriousness of the gigantic struggle that is going on in United States.

It is an easy matter for the householder, to whom the word "coal" means only the bin down in the cellar, to think that he is not particularly concerned with the affair, and that it will be applicable only to industrial concerns.

The first few weeks of the strike will serve to show him that he is

NOW BE CAREFUL
WITH THAT—YOU KNOW
THERE ARE DISHES
IN THAT BASKET!



wrong, because a strike in the coal fields of United States is a coal strike in Canada.

The statement is made by strike officials, and it has not been contradicted, that the plants of the United States Steel Corporation in the Pittsburgh district now have only enough coal to carry them for 72 hours, and that the shutdown of these mills will throw 200,000 men out of work, and that before the end of the week 150,000 men in the railway craft shops will be idle as a result of the suspension of coal-hauling trains through the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania.

This is only the beginning. As the strike continues other industries will be drawn into the vortex of unemployment and additional hundreds of thousands of men forced into involuntary idleness.

Coming at a moment when business was just beginning to pick up the strike can only be described as a national calamity.

Men Want To Vote.

THE men of Japan wish to vote. Under the existing constitution, which was adopted in 1889, the lower house of the Japanese parliament is supposed to be a representative body. As a matter of fact it represents only the upper strata of Japanese society. The electoral franchise is so limited that no man is permitted to vote till he has, for two years, paid taxes to the amount of 3 yen. A yen is the equivalent of 49 cents in Canadian money.

This restriction bars from the franchise the great mass of Japanese workers. Landholders and tradesmen comprise the majority of the electorate. The present agitation, which has culminated in violently riotous demonstrations, is for the purpose of compelling the imperial diet, or parliament, to grant unrestricted manhood suffrage. Despite the impressive popular demonstrations it is unlikely that the reform can be accomplished at this time. The Kenseikai party, which is proposing the change, is outnumbered in the lower house more than two to one by Saikukai, or government party. And even if the measure were to be passed by the lower house it would require the sanction of the house of peers, which is composed of hereditary nobles and conservative notables.

In due time Japan will be compelled to take the step which is now being blocked by entrenched conservatism. Unlike the Chinese, the Japanese masses are learning the ways of the modern world, and they are determined to win full citizenship.

From the hidebound autocracy of a little more than half a century ago, Japan has made rapid strides, but she still has some distance to go before she can be rated as a democratic constitutional monarchy. Oligarchy dies hard, but it is certain to die when a people is awakened.

That the people of Japan are awakened is sufficiently attested by the fact that the Japanese newspapers are almost unanimous in supporting the proletarian demands and by the additional fact that the hitherto voiceless proletariat is gathering in great crowds to discuss the lynching of stubborn parliamentarians.

LITTLE 'TISERS

Good Friday being a fine day, many a backyard bore the brunt of the first enthusiastic charge of the spade brigade.

About the only thing that can be had for nothing now is your set of income tax papers. They don't begin to cost anything until you've filled them out.

HON. ARTHUR MEGHEN received a cane from LLOYD GEORGE. Very nice, but rather suggestive of the caning he got from the people of Canada on December 6 last.

There's something wrong in Peterboro. The ratepayers there voted

\$350,000 for the construction of a filtration plant, and when all the bills were paid it was found there was \$25,000 left over. Time for an investigation.

Windsor has been busy, the same as other centres, in hacking pieces of civil salaries. The result is that the chief water-squirts of the first department now get \$2,500, a come down of \$500. It has yet to be shown that 100 per cent efficiency comes from slicing salaries.

We no sooner quit worrying about the mud than we have to consider the dust. The *Watford Guide-Advocate* says so: "The business section of Watford has been gotten out of the mud, but there is yet a serious question to combat—the dust nuisance. This should be seriously considered at once by our town fathers."

"And now we are told that Wales wants home rule. We thought they had it. At any rate there used to be an old Welsh law that when a man's wife did not obey him he could hit her over the head with a broomstick three times. What more could a man ask?"—*Renfrew Mercury*. Husbands generally in this part of the country will be indebted to the editor of the *Mercury* for drawing our attention to this excellent custom.

The statement has been made to THE ADVERTISER several times within the past weeks by farmers in this section that the poor condition of the roads around here is due to the heavy trucks that try to force their way through when the frost is coming out of the ground. "When you put a three or four-ton truck on these roads just now," said one informant, "you might just as well take out a tractor hitched to a plow and run it through the soft spots." He further added that the average car used in the country is a very light one that caused very little damage.

From the *Wingham Times* we take the following: "When will people learn to conserve the beautiful gifts of nature, asks the *Midway Gazette*. It has been brought to our attention that some grand shade trees on the roads in the township of Carrick have been cut down, where they were no detriment to the road whatever. The time has passed for this destruction to go on, and it is an offence against the law."

It takes long years to grow a beautiful tree, and only a few whacks to lay it low. Better think long and seriously over those few whacks.

NOAH'S POETRY

IN MY GARDEN.

Along about this time of year I always get enthused a lot, about the kind of oats and squash I'll stick upon my garden plot.

I always start with lots of pep to make a decent kind of show, and talk about the size and weight of them there things I'm goin' to grow.

I've got a shovel and a hoe, a barrow and a sprinklin' can. I cut a swath into the sod as big as any Clydesdale span.

'Tis then I stick the turnips in, likewise cucumbers, oats and hay, oh, when it comes to sinkin' seed I am one fine unconquered jay.

And every spring I do the same, until a month has skipped away, until the burdocks and the grass are shoutin' like a crop of hay.

Tomatoes in my harvest time are lookin' bilious in the eye, while beans and carrots rarely get a fraction past two inches high.

But still I like to have my ding, and sink a hole down here and there, and prance around my garden plot, and wear an agricultural air.

I'm always in the market, too, for all the latest fads and frills, and if I don't do nothin' else, I help the seed man pay his bills.

—NOAH.

LEARN A WORD EVERY DAY

TODAY'S word is EXPURGATE. It's pronounced — eks-pur-gayt. With accent on the first syllable.

It means—to purge, purify, cleanse, to remove obnoxious matter.

It comes from—Latin "expurgare," to cleanse.

Companion words — expurgation, expurgated.

It's used like this—"Many French plays have to be expurgated before they can be shown in Canadian theatres."

Our Own Country.

Question—How many houses are there in Toronto?

Answer—Toronto has nearly 100,000 houses, 60 per cent of the dwellings are occupied by owners. In Montreal the percentage is 5.3.

Question—What is Canada's population now?

Answer—Canada's population, per revised figures of census of 1921, is 8,769,489.

25 YEARS AGO TODAY

Here We Have Items of Local and District Interest As Recorded in The Advertiser of 1897.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1897.

Weather—Fine.

Following is the report of the senior division of school section No. 1, Lobo:

Class V—Maximum, 775; Louie Lofthouse 518.

Class IV—Maximum, 750; senior IV—Wm. McKellar 528, Wm. Graham 515, Ethel Scoyn 456, W. Small 416, Annie Smith 389, K. McLachlan 363, E. Robinson 315, Junior IV—Maximum, 550; Bynia Stewart 442, Ethel Sinclair 399, Ida Roland 363, M. James, 284, Emma Frank 277, Flossie Pender 255, M. Pender 216, Peter Smith 199.

Class III—Senior—Maximum 600; Charles Parsons 387, Lizzie McKellar, Gerlie Lofthouse 372, Nellie Smith 366, Pearl Stilson 324, Annie Smith 323, Walter Hord 256, Rachel McIntyre 258, Nettie Nash 200, Junior—Maximum, 550; Crawford Smith 208, Florence James 202, Ray Smith 185, Ernest Doan 191, Percy Roland 181, J. Watson 143.

W. Heath, teacher.

At the regular meeting of the fire officers were elected for the ensuing year: W. F. Hill, chief; P. Nichol, captain; J. Lenfestey, first lieutenant; Geo. Heard, second lieutenant; John Mallon, chief engineer and treasurer; Irwin Armstrong, foreman and hose; Fred Avery, assistant foreman and hose; A. Macintyre, first branch man; O. Monger, second branch man; E. Johnson, fourth branch man; George Eyle, first assistant engineer; Z. Frank, second assistant engineer; Fred Lenfestey and John James, chemicals.

Ald. Winnett having moved away from the locality of the Wellington Street Methodist Church, he and Mrs.

DR. BISHOP'S ADVICE

Death Peril Lurks in Tainted Water

BY DR. R. H. BISHOP.

ANY city has murdered thousands of its citizens by supplying them with impure drinking water.

The water you drink may look clear and sparkling, may taste refreshing when you drink it, and yet may contain the deadliest germs of disease.

Following installation of water filters and adoption of other means of purifying city water, death rates from typhoid and dysentery always have fallen remarkably.

In a big city the water supply is regularly inspected by bacteriologists, people trained in the special work of testing the purity of water. Accordingly, it is not these days very dangerous to drink water out of the faucet.

When special pollution of the water supply occurs the public is supposed to be notified at once by the authorities, so that they may take precautions.

Greater caution is usually required in the country and in small cities where water is not regularly inspected and where there is any uncertainty regarding its purity.

In such cases the water should be either boiled or filtered or chemically purified with chlorinated lime under a chemist's direction.

The domestic filter as ordinarily used has a limited sanitary value. If the water is infected, reliance should not be placed upon any household filter operated in the usual way. Bacteria, as typhoid, may often grow through the walls of a filter.

When water is not infected, but muddy, household filters are serviceable in rendering it clear.

To be really sure, however, that the water you drink will not cause sickness and possibly death, you would better boil it and play safe.

READ YOUR CHARACTER

[By Digby Phillips.]

Read Your Character — — — No. 189—The Voice Range

Here is one that you can try on the family in the next apartment, if the walls are thin.

You don't have to hear what they are saying to tell in a general way what kind of people they are. All you need to hear is the tone of their voices.

Detailed explanations of the meanings of various types of voices have been given in previous articles, but for quick work, for rough-and-ready analysis, you have only to separate voices into four classifications, representing four distinct types of people.

First of all, note whether the voice is high or low in tone. Then note whether it is loud or soft.

The high, loud voice denotes a person of the mental type who is lacking in self-restraint; a thinker, but more than likely of undisciplined and ineffectual thoughts.

The high, soft voice indicates the thinker who has learned how to think to good purpose.

The low, loud voice indicates the non-mental type (practical rather than theoretical), of vitality and energy, who is expending that energy and vitality uneconomically, and who upon occasion can be inconsiderate, harsh or even brutal.

The low, soft voice is the voice of the practical, level-headed man or woman who is likely to act and think to the best advantage under varying conditions. It is the voice of a self-restrained and efficient person.

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The BOOKSHELF

[By Digby Phillips.]

BIG PETER. By Archibald Marshall. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.

AN OLD lady after entering London's best-known book store the other day asked the clerk in charge of new fiction for a nice book. She did not care, she said, whether the characters were rich or poor, witty or stupid, provided they were all nice. When the clerk lifted astonished eyebrows at the unexpected petition, the purchaser added the serene comment: "There are plenty of delightful people in the world, if authors would only write about them."

What the old lady was seeking, had she known it at the moment, was a copy of Archibald Marshall's latest novel, "Big Peter" is a thoroughly nice book. Graceful, leisurely digested, the story moves over the pages with pleasurable ease and utmost candor. It never hurries.

neither does it mark time. Its style is soft as thistledown, so obvious that a child could foretell what will appear on the next page. Yet with the spirit of a child we affectionately follow. We do not care that other authors may be praised for their brilliance, their vigor, nerve, versatility—what you will. We are conscious only of this: that here is a writer who, sacrificing these glories, has used such gentlemanly constraint as to give us a tender and really lovable book.

"Big Peter," as far as the actual plot goes, is a scorching, red-hot melodrama. A young Britisher, digging hard to earn a livelihood from Austrian soil, accidentally learns that he is heir to a peerage. He returns to England. But in the process of establishing his claim he runs head-on into nasty experiences, very nasty, indeed. No less than three villains smolder with desire to outwit this innocent-minded hero as well as the aristocratic heroine. Yet never for one moment do we feel that their tissue-paper wickedness can dought

but collapse before the hero's simple righteousness. Toward the end of the book there is even a murder, which is described in realistic detail. Are we distressed? Not at all. Our reaction, if we admit it honestly, is almost disappointment; our grievance rather forces the words: "Well, that wasn't much of a murder. Too soon over with!" Indeed, we do not care a button because one man so lost his temper as to deprive another individual of life.

The blame for our flippant mood can be justifiably placed upon Mr. Marshall himself, for in a method quite his own he has given us an assuring smile, a knowing wink. And by such secret signs we saw at once that all incidents