

London Advertiser

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1923.

The Passing of a Good Man.

How many men are there whom you would really miss were they to be cut off? You meet men in a social and a business way at your work—but how many are there who reach out to you and to whom you respond, and in that response find the basis of a real friendship? Not many, we venture.

The late Rev. John Currie was a frequent caller at a good many places in London. For the last two or three years he was chaplain for London Presbytery, calling on the sick at the hospitals and at the sanatorium. He had been 41 years in London Presbytery, and therefore he could lay claim to the title of father of the presbytery. Likewise he was their historian, and prepared a large amount of material about the early history of churches in this district, much of which was published in The Advertiser. It was in this way that the editorial room of this paper found its place on the calling list of the late Mr. Currie, and now that he has gone to his reward his presence is missed here as it is elsewhere.

He came of a family that gave its men to the Presbyterian Church in no small measure; three brothers in one family preparing themselves for the ministry in the Kirk speaks of the atmosphere of his early life, and in that surrounding was fashioned and ripened the ideals and aspirations that beckoned him on to a great life of useful service.

Of pulpits he had but two—12 years at Kintyre and 26 years at Belmont. To him there was no calling so great as that of the ministry; it gave to him the opportunity to declare the unsearchable riches of his Master; it opened to him the door of the sick-room, and made him in a very real sense a participant of the joys and sorrows of the whole community.

And with what faithfulness he worked. It was not until he had been in the ministry 15 years that he was absent from the pulpit for a single service. It was when he had passed his three score years and ten that he took over the work of visiting the sick and the shut-ins. To this fine work he brought a sweet maturity of years, a loving kindness that came from a plentiful experience in meeting, helping and encouraging people.

And now Rev. John Currie has gone. He is missed, and to be missed in this busy age is as sincere a tribute as can be paid to any man. He has left a memory fragrant with kind deeds and kind words, an inspiration to others to press forward to the high calling that was ever before him.

A Fair Decision to Make.

The London Board of Education turned down the appeal of a coal merchant who claims to have lost \$1 on each of 1,800 tons delivered last winter on contract. His plea was that he should be recompensed for the amount so lost.

It is easy enough to see where a fairly strong case could be built up for payment of the amount lost, but business is not carried on that way. Were it done so, it would mean that a coal dealer, or any other business man, would be certain of making money on every deal or on every sale. It would eliminate the possibility of loss from every transaction.

Rightly or wrongly, the business world has seized on the idea that a contract is a contract, and the board of education, in adhering to that idea, probably had in mind the fact that they wished to avoid the setting up of a precedent that might be an awkward thing to live with in the future.

Improving Civic Methods.

The finance committee of the city council have a better statement of affairs presented to them from the various departments than has been the custom heretofore. Mayor Wenige has come to the conclusion that a uniform statement from the various departments at the end of each month will be a safe document to work by for the remainder of the year. This statement shows the amount that was estimated as necessary for the year, the amount already spent, and the amount that is available for the rest of the fiscal year.

This is as it should be. It is simply putting into practice a sound business principle. These statements, of course, will be made public, and the people in this way can know, if they have a desire, exactly where the city finances stand. They need not wait for a shock at the end of the year, and they can form an opinion as the months pass as to whether or not the city's money is being carefully paid out.

Another change desired is that the estimates for

the next year shall be put in by the first of November. The elections take place in London early in December and it should be possible in this way to estimate the expenditure, receipts and the tax rate for the coming year. It would give the electors something fairly definite when it came time for them to register their votes. Of course the figures used would only be estimates, as there is no possible way that a positive figure could be named, but there would be no reason for the estimate being far removed from the actual figure announced later.

This would mean that plans for 1924 local improvements could be under way now. By the end of January the tax rate for the year could be struck, and the collection of the first installment proceeded with in March or April. In this way there would be money on hand to go ahead with these improvements, and there would be no need of going to the bank to borrow all the money needed to run civic affairs and finance local improvement work up to the first of June, when the first of the taxes are now collected.

That is the scheme in brief, and the probable objections would be (1) that the 1923 council decides what the 1924 council shall do, and (2) that collecting taxes early in the year might hit a good many people who had not yet recovered from winter expenses, and who depend on outdoor work in the spring and summer for most of their money.

At present the payments on taxes are made on the first of June, August and October. It should not be a difficult matter to bring the payments enough earlier to allow the city to have working capital instead of borrowing from the bank, and at the same time work no hardship on the taxpayers. At the same time it will be necessary to have some use to which to put the money, as much of it is discounted five per cent by early payment. It would serve no good purpose to get the money in before it is needed for the spring local improvements and other undertakings.

Both the matter of having uniform monthly statements from all spending departments and getting the estimates in by the first of November are good moves. They serve to bring the business of the city under closer scrutiny, and when we know where we are each and every month-end, the chances for an overdraft are minimized almost to the vanishing point.

Why Spite Fences Are Built.

"Is there any move I can make to stop a spite fence being built up against my property?" That is the question of a resident to The Advertiser.

Unfortunately there is no law to stop a man building a spite fence as long as he keeps it on his own property. We do not think it is a good provision, because the value of property is certainly deflated and the district is made to suffer.

The chances are that nearly every city has a case or so of a spite fence; a great, high, ungainly sort of thing put up with the idea of shutting off the light or view of some neighbor. Property so shut off is damaged, is made unsaleable, but apparently there is no successful recourse to law.

The same reasons that cause spite fences to be built make nations go to war without arbitrating their differences.

There should certainly be some means whereby a person could be prevented from harming another person's property and disfiguring the neighborhood in this way.

Note and Comment.

Will the European situation please stand to one side for a week while we attend to the Western Fair?

It would be great to drive a five-ton truck around the city for a day just to see what a right-of-way feels like.

When a first-year collegiate lad comes home and says "amo, amas, amat," he begins to think he's got the edge on dad.

Mayor Wenige has a sign posted in his office: "Next year's tax rate is to be 30 mills." So far no one has asked him to take it down.

Thirty days without the option of a fine! The offence was singing that thing about the corn-borer having got into the banana crop.

When the Liberal leader in Ontario, Mr. W. E. W. Sinclair, went to call on Premier Ferguson, the greeting was "Come in, Bill." Wonder if they do things like that in London, England.

On August 31 the German floating debt was one quadrillion marks. Or in real figures it looked like this: 1,235,067,000,000,000. Now, then, Mr. Speculator, go ahead and buy in some more German marks.

Relief work can be carried on much easier in Japan than in this country. The Japs know how to subsist on a very humble diet and live in what we would call very small quarters. Their training in this way simplifies the work of those now rushing to their assistance.

DIBS AND DABS

—BY HARRY MOYER



Rarebits by Rex

SO TRUE, SO TRUE!

"Thirty thousand pounds of beauty clay sold in one day."—Advertisement.

Just grown-up boys are men—so say the fair and lovely ladies. With whom they sometimes like to play. And sometimes give 'em hades.

So dignified the gentle sex. Though kindly condescending. Who oftentimes the men-folk vex. Because they seem unbending.

But women, too, are like the men; They, too, find simple joys. With childish, well-loved things again. As dolls and other toys.

For don't the wonderful and wise. Young girls in mud still play. And build, instead of girlhood pies. Complexions out of clay?

A local doctor says wet cellars are unhealthy. Here's another argument for temperance hounds.

The finding of a tank of home-made whiskey, eight cubic feet square, proves that still waters run deep.

When a woman gets on a crowded street-car she understands why Canada is not called the land of the rising sun.

We hope operators and miners will soon feel the pinch.

Nowadays the streets are so crowded with cars that a driver who misses a clean shot at a pedestrian never can turn around in time to get another.

Germany is evidently not going to stage a debt-bed repentance.

About the only thing a farmer can profitably grow any more is a beard.

We simply must take our waiter to the zoo some day. He would enjoy seeing the turtles whizz past.

Miners in Pennsylvania are kicking because automobile tubes don't give proper service. The laborer is worthy of his hire.

When a girl says you are perfect it's a sure sign she wants to marry you to reform you.

A movie actress in Hollywood says she lost a rare diamond tiara. Its value is estimated at about a column and a half.

Our barber changed his brand of shaving soap yesterday. He did not say so, but it tastes different.

A physician says the best way to reduce is to eat apples. This method reduced Adam very effectively.

Nowadays the only person who is supposed to stick to the 12-hour day is mother.

Turkish officials refuse to have the harem back again. Harems scare 'em.

We don't see why they keep mentally deficient people in asylums when they could make so much money writing songs about fruit.

"Do you admire teeth in women?"—Advertisement. Yes, we prefer them in.

The activities of mosquitoes convince us that we have a skin they love to touch.

WHAT SEPTEMBER OFFERS.

Of the twelve months in the year September is the finest for your vacation in the "Highlands of Ontario." Recognizing this, a number of the best hotels are remaining open at least until the end of September for the accommodation of guests.

True, there are fewer people, but there are more fish, more sunshine, more space, more opportunities for every pastime as a consequence, and to drop in at the RED ROSE TEA booth, second floor, new Manufacturers' Building, and have a cup of RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE TEA. It will refresh you when you have grown a bit weary walking around.

This cup of tea will really cost you nothing, for you will receive a coupon for the 10c you pay, good on a pound or half-pound package of RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE TEA at your grocer's.—Advt.

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

HARD LUCK FOR FATHERS.

He that begetteth a fool doeth it to his own sorrow; and the father of a fool hath no joy.—Proverbs xvi, 21.

We know that the sins of parents are sometimes visited on the children.

How about the folly of children that is sometimes visited on the parents?

How about Eli's wicked sons, and Solomon's degenerate offspring, and King Lear's ungrateful daughters?

Such things occur in the world, and they are full of misery. I knew a celebrated preacher years ago whose sons were either cranks or crooked.

Every one of them gave the old man trouble.

There was no health in them.

Yet as a rule, fool-sons are not begotten.

They are made—by neglect, by pampering, or, worst of all, by some hidden unfairness or hypocrisy on the parents' part.

They are not so much a bit of hard luck as they are a penalty for misconduct.

But what son, however foolish, can really like to be nothing but a penalty?

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TO THE EDITOR.

FIRST COUSINS CAN MARRY.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir—Would you please answer the following question:

Is it legal for first cousins to marry in Ontario?

Answer—There is nothing in the law to prevent the marriage of first cousins.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE FALL.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir—I do not agree with Rev. F. J. Moore in presenting an address in which he attempts to do away with the doctrine of the fall. If Mr. Moore had urged upon his fellow-ministers the necessity of holy living proceeding from a saving faith in Christ, that, indeed, would have been an exhibition of courage, but it would not seem to require much of that quality to present teachings which, if we are to believe Mr. Moore, is accepted by everyone except those in out-of-the-way places and people with closed minds.

The doctrine of the fall cannot be torn out of the Word of God without destroying the fabric of the Christian doctrine. This does not require much argument. If the human race never fell from a state of holiness, as is claimed with God; if, instead, its history has been one of progress, then there is no need of the atonement made by the Saviour.

"Evolution" replaces "Christ." St. Paul's epistles become the vapors of an ignorant, and the faith of our fathers in the Blood of Christ merges into the desire for righteousness.

However, the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal: The Lord knoweth them that are His.

The only protection anyone can have against this insidious devilish, and anti-Christian teaching is an individual experience of the work of God in his own heart. He that will yield to the desires of his flesh, and end Mr. Moore's teaching, and all who love God should be fully aware of its import. Like all brands of New Theology, it aims at the destruction of belief in the Deity and Cross of Jesus.

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THE POLITICIAN

By ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE.

There are too many indulging in loose talk against our legislature. The trouble is not with the institution, but with the folks we send there.

"How are they getting on at Ottawa?" says the peace-time slacker. "How are we getting on at Ottawa?" would sound more like a functioning political democracy.

They used to show a picture of a famous millionaire, shaking hands with everybody at the prayer meeting. But I never remember seeing a picture of that millionaire shaking hands with everybody at the political meeting.

We are long on Sabbath democracy and short on the week-day variety. A half century ago it was far more the style than it is today, for wealthy and successful citizens to participate in public life. Then, they were "in politics," not as representatives of "big business," but as ordinary citizens. They did not esteem themselves too far up to participate in local caucus, and in party convention, if they were chosen, they counted it a privilege to run for office.

One of the sky-scrapers has at its base a group of sculptured figures whose knotted, straining thighs seem to uphold the massive pile above. True, they are the representatives of the building was made in like manner many an alleged solid citizen is a dead-head in the body politic. These useless members of democracy pose in attitudes of vast importance, but they are really mere sculptured figures of the nation.

Young men of wealth and independence for generations in England have gone into parliament, with the result that "politics over there has been of a high order."

Young men of wealth, in Canada, as in the United States, seem to possess just enough versatility to keep on chasing money wealth.

I would like to see Canada emulate the British, rather than the American example. No country has been more fertile in leaders than Great Britain, because there politics has always been looked upon as a career of honor.

Leaders Are Needed.

The need for more leaders in Canadian politics. But how shall we recruit those leaders, if our young men are taught to be flippant and disdainful toward the calling?

Every election is a customary for that galaxy of talent known as editorial writers to dip their pens in expressing views on the politician.

The name politician has come to have a most unsavory odor. But where would our representative institutions be if it were not for these politicians?

Everyone is ready to talk on the weakness of our government. It is quite another matter to find the men who are ready to work for a better government.

It is a joke to hear the average person talking politics. He is so supremely active in denunciation, so supremely passive in participation.

The other night I attended a party caucus in an ultra respectable community. Most of the eminent folk of that neighborhood were conspicuous by their absence. I inquired of one, "Why weren't you there?"

"Oh, I couldn't possibly attend," was his lament. Of course not. He was so busy on the side-lines yapping against the politicians, that he did not have time to hop into the fight which in the end might improve politics.

National service in wartime is the popular thing. In peace time it seems to have gone on the "retired list."

True patriotism demands that we give our country the same devotion in ordinary occasions as in the hour of extremity.

On every golf course, in the lounge

of every club, there are plenty to fume on "the boneheads at Ottawa."

Get What We Deserve.

It is time to remind ourselves that we're getting just the kind of government that we deserve. If the railways and everything else are in a "hot air" haven't got any right to kick.

Politicians, despite shortcomings, are the men who have borne the burden and heat of the day. Without them, our responsible institutions could not exist.

A citizen of my country, lately deceased, was an ideal politician. Never a funeral but he was there with a wreath. Never a wedding, but he was there with a gift. Each winter a poor old spinster at the end of the town recovered from him a load of coal, while all "the boys" in adjacent wards were refreshed by his conviviality.

In the days when he was running for office his good-heartedness was sneered at by foes, as merely a means of catching votes.

But long after he was out of public life his good deeds remained the same. In truth it was that love of his fellow men that brought him into politics and rallied friends to his support. It is almost impossible to defeat this good-hearted type at the polls, especially if it is opposed by skilful hypocrites.

Little Tim Sullivan, the Tammany sacker, had his weaknesses and glaring they were, but he lived and died in the Bowery, as the servant of his people. In consequence, he was invincible on election day.

Referring to the great unwashed, south of Chatham Square