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"Every Man's Hand Against Us."

The steel workers at Sydney have declared their strike off, and they state very plainly that they are taking this action because some, if not many, of their members are on the point of starvation.

There is all through the statement a bitterness and a resentment that is not wholesome; it speaks of a dissatisfaction that has simply shelved its day of vengeance.

"Everyone's hand is against us." That single phrase summarizes the whole statement handed out by the steel workers, and it is a bad state of mind because it does not tell the truth.

Bad leadership has had much to do with the trouble around Sydney. The public has been interested in watching the ousting of leaders who took their dictation from the headquarters of the red element.

This same public will be quick to recognize the case of the steel workers for better conditions and for a fair chance to provide themselves and their families with a fair competence.

The steel workers should see above all else that their case is not prejudiced in its presentation. The presence of radicalism is a weakness because employers can so quickly seize it and make a powerful red herring to drag over the path. The steel workers should be wise enough to see to it that they allow no red herrings to be made in their own camp. They are a poor investment.

It is positively a wrong state of mind that makes these steel mill workers believe that every man's hand is against them.

The country is full of men in various occupations who are facing the same problems as the steel men of Sydney, viz., making ends meet.

There is hardly a newspaper in the country that would fail to give a full and fair presentation of the steel workers' case, and these same papers, were they shown that living conditions were unfair and wages too low, would not hesitate to speak in favor of a quick readjustment.

The British Empire Steel Corporation has a big chance to play its full part now in curing that feeling among its employees which finds expression in "every man's hand is against us." There are big firms all over Canada whose employees do not feel this way about their position. It is a real opportunity for the employers to deal with a sorrowful situation that has almost potten out of hand.

They Want \$2.70 Per Week.

The latest chapter in the paper money battle in Germany is that printers in Cologne decide they must have 3,000,000 marks per week.

That sounds like a regular hold-up, but when it is remembered that a million marks can be bought for about 90 cents in our money, it means that these printers want \$2.70 per week in actual cash.

He Swam Across Lake Erie.

Every year seems to bring with it a new lesson in the powers of the human frame. If last month a man had stood on the shores of Lake Erie and stated he was going to swim from Point Pelee across to the other side, the chances are that bets would have been staked at once regarding the number of miles he would go before he would ask to be pulled out of the water.

But Carbis A. Walker, of the Cleveland Y. M. C. A., went to the edge of the water at Point Pelee, plunged in, and 20 hours and 15 minutes later stepped on the shore at the other side of the lake, 34 miles distant.

A lifeboat was to have accompanied him, as well as a rowboat, but when the lifeboat was not on hand Walker decided to go ahead anyhow, without compass or chart, simply relying on the sun, moon and stars for direction. Strange as it may seem, he and the rowboat that accompanied him went through choppy water and fog in almost a straight line.

Of course the question comes, "But what good purpose is served by such an effort?" A man starts to work at any line of endeavor; he employs all the art and skill he can command, and feels that he can tackle big things, not perhaps from any definite motive, but the accomplishment of each thing tackled gives him new strength. So with a swimmer. Walker had studied swimming; he knew just what strokes he could use to best advantage; he thought he had accumulated enough training, and with all this in his possession he wanted to put himself to the big test of swimming across Lake Erie, a thing never before accomplished.

Useless effort? Perhaps, but at the same time when Walker stepped out of the lake on the American side it must be admitted that he had shown himself possessed of almost superhuman skill and endurance.

As far as records show, his accomplishment is a record that has never been equaled or approached in fresh water or salt. In 1875 Captain Webb swam from Dover to Calais in 21 hours and 45 minutes. This is 18 miles, with about 10 miles allowed for current deflection. This trick was duplicated in 1911 by Thomas Burgess in 22 hours and 35 minutes. Walker made 34 miles in 20 hours and 15 minutes.

The physical director who accompanied Walker made a sensible remark at the end of the trip when he said he would never advise a person to try the trip again, as the strain was too great for even the strongest swimmer.

Still, Walker has the satisfaction of having demonstrated that a man can swim across Lake Erie, a distance of 34 miles.

The Dangerous Tin Whistle.

Another case is reported where a tin whistle went down a child's throat. Unfortunately the child choked to death before an operation could be performed.

The wonder is that as a people we have fooled over things like this so long. Those flat tin whistles, about the shape of a button, are, and always have been a positive menace, and more than one child has been killed by having the thing go down his throat.

And yet it has always been quite legal to make and sell them, or put them in popcorn bags for prizes.

And every one that is sold is a source of danger.

Chance Plays Its Part Well.

Chance plays a big part in the uncovering of crime. Chance is the one thing that the shrewdest criminal fails to reckon with, and the reason is that he cannot reckon with it.

With the whole police machine in operation around Toronto looking for the car which the bandits used in their hold-up work, it remained for a boy, out on a week-end picnic, to wander to the barn where the car was placed.

The same thing figured in bringing Sidney Murrell

back to the jail in London. He purchased an automobile, not knowing that it had been stolen. The chance that led him to buy that machine was the first step in bringing him within the grip of the law.

The same force is in operation against the much-wanted bandits in Toronto. It operates in places where the best laid plans of the police cannot reach. It may yet prove the undoing of the murderers who shot down the Toronto bank messengers.

The Guelph Mercury and Its Publisher.

It was 25 years ago on the first of August that Mr. J. I. McIntosh became owner of the Guelph Mercury. In partnership with Mr. Galbraith, who went west to Red Deer, in 1905, since which time Mr. McIntosh has been publisher and the guiding spirit of the paper. It is 56 years since the Mercury was published as a daily, and the only stop made in all that period was for the swallowing of another paper that had started in business there.

Mr. McIntosh has tried to make the Guelph Mercury a real newspaper; he is a good spender on plant and equipment, and the way he has scrapped old machinery and presses sets a pace that not many would be inclined to follow. In his news departments, too, he considers that his readers are entitled to have the best of service.

But, what is even greater, the Guelph publisher determined to keep his paper clean and honorable. Mr. McIntosh has fought the Conservatives, and at times he has fought the Liberals, doing so because he was convinced it was in the interests of the community to do so. The right or wrong of any question has more weight with him than mere political consideration. In fact Mr. McIntosh would never qualify as a first-class politician, for he likes to think for himself, and would be certain to kick through the dashboard at critical times.

Besides having a successful business, the publisher of the Guelph Mercury has something of equal worth, the esteem and affection of every member who is now or ever was on the staff. They work with him rather than for him.

Our Musical Maladies.

A few months ago we were freed from the words and music of "I Know Where the Files Go."

It was taken off the song sheets used at places where vocal efforts are possible only in mass formation. Now we are greeted on every hand with "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

What is the use of getting over the smallpox, and having the sign taken down and the house fumigated, only to find out that you are in for a siege of scarlet fever?

Second Place for Cleopatra.

The management of the Canadian National Exhibition want a regular beauty to represent Cleopatra at the pageant this year. She must be a regular stunner handsome, vampish and all the rest of it.

No doubt this contest will be keen, but the greatest woman at the fair is to be identified in the place where they exhibit the home-made pies and the hand-made pillows.

Note and Comment.

That Nova Scotia strike cost the workers almost \$2,000,000 in wages. The sad part is that the men who lost it can't afford it.

One housekeeper says the surest way to see the price of sugar drop is to go and buy a 100-pound bag. There's sure to be a reduction next day.

The post of financial controller for Ontario might very well be given to some thrifty housewife who has to look after a family on a wage of \$20 a week.

New Jersey schools are going to teach left-handed pupils to use their right. This may perish some great southpaw baseball pitchers, prospective recruits for United States' greatest industry.

Paris dress designers now say that the long skirts won't do, and that they must be short again. Very simple, for a pair of scissors will save the situation this time. It's cheaper to go from long to short than from short to long.

The magistrate in Brantford says a cornet is good only for disturbing neighbors. Perhaps. But when one young man starts to disturb them with a cornet, and another with a bass horn, while farther down the block another seeks to master the clarinet, it means that the town is going to have a band. A nuisance individually, but collectively a pleasure.

WHEN THE \$2 PUP WENT WEST.

Well, we buried the \$2 pup in the corner of the garden last night. He was only a bit of wool when we picked him out of a soap box on the market one day. He was there with his brothers and sisters, and he looked a little more anxious to be bought than the rest of them. He went through all the stages of an ordinary puppy, and he pulled the tassels off the cushions and upset the fern box; he chased the neighbor's chickens and howled when he was put to bed in a box on the landing of the cellar stairs.

But he kept on growing and after a great deal of urging would finally do what he was told to do if he had the notion that way. He barked at the postman, barked at the man who read the gas meter, barked at the boy who comes with the bread, and barked at the man who brought the daily lump of ice. He seemed to take it for granted that all this was part of his duty around the place; he was being fed and bedded, so had to render some sort of useful service in return.

Then one day the assessor came around and he barked at him, and that bark cost \$2, which made him a \$4 pup. Yes, sir, that bark brought a postcard from the city hall stating that it would be necessary to purchase a bit of civic jewelry for the pup. So with the purchase of the tag came a collar, which was another dollar, making him a \$5 dog. He never did approve of that collar or the tag, but of course pups have to wear such things just the same as men have to wear boiled shirts sometimes whether they like them or not.

Then one day he refused to eat. The diet was changed to a new sort of dog biscuit, but the pup didn't take to it at all, and he even turned up his nose at it. A touch of distemper, also gave him a bottle of medicine, labeled "Dog, one teaspoon at night." That was \$2, which made him worth \$7. But the stuff that was put in with a needle and the contents of the bottle didn't seem to do the trick, and the patient got worse. Every day his eyes were washed out with warm milk and cotton, and he took his bitters regularly, but he got worse until he could hardly walk around. Even in his sick days his yellow tail would wag when he received attention and a pat on the head.

But yesterday he went into what looked like a convulsion, and when we went to try to help him he growled. Didn't seem to want any person around him. The dog doctor said it was all off, and the easiest way out was a whiff of chloroform. It was a painless sort of operation and the pup never knew what happened to him.

So the boys dug a hole in the back of the garden, and last night they put the pup away in the basket he used to sleep in down on the cellar landing.—K.

DIBS AND DABS

—BY HARRY MOYER



Rarebits by Rex

MARY SAYS.
Mary says most fellows are constituted so
that they keep them guessing the greater zeal they show; And Mary has one every night, so Mary ought to know.
If a woman plays her cards right, and keeps him in the pink; And Mary hasn't lived these years for nothing—I don't think.
Mary says she knows a man much better than himself; It's funny how she kids him and annexes half his self; Yes, Mary thinks she's very smart—that's why she's on the shelf.

Some vendors of orangeade might sing most appropriately: "Yes, we have no oranges."

The only time a woman becomes really convinced that newspapers never tell the truth is when she reads her husband's obituary.

Willard says he thought he was in heaven when he was knocked out by Angel Firpo.

That chap in Montreal who wanted to find a place where he could be entirely cut off from the world should have tried a telephone booth.

The spider is a wise old thing. Of death he has no dread; His life is not in danger, But it's hanging by a thread.

These words may not give cause for mirth. But they contain the fact, so grim. That when a fellow wants the earth We all start throwing mud at him.

A man may labor 12 hours a day and make a million a year, but you can never convince his wife that he would ever have enough brains to cook his own breakfast.

If ignorance is bliss, what the city council knows to civic needs must be comforting to them.

Radicals apparently believe to be a red is to be the pink of perfection.

Many a wealthy old man wishes he could sever the necks of his diplomatic relations.

If hot tempers could heat homes most married people would save a lot in coal bills.

An old philanthropist in New York admitted he was fond of girls under eighteen. Now one will deny he is in his dotage.

When you consider Dempsey has made more than a million dollars fighting you must confess there is considerable jack-in-the-box.

Men brag they know more about fishing than women. But we have often seen a girl land a 178-pound sucker even when her family were trying to help him get away.

The way to make a sure thing doubtful is to bet on it.

About the only time some men are content to listen quietly is when they are at the key-hole.

It must have been tough on girls who lived in the twelfth century because even if they were only twenty years old they had to admit they were middle-aged women.

They call it angel cake, but lots of newly married men say it tastes like the devil.

The trouble with throwing care to the winds is that the winds blow it all back.

London has decided not to hold a prize fight during Old Boys' Week. After reading about the sessions of local aldermen a prize fight loses all its kick.

A chorus of 3,500 and 500 musicians took part in the rehearsal of the twenty-second triennial Handel festival at Crystal Palace, London.

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

THE CALL OF THE TRUMPET.
If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for war?—I. Corinthians xiv, 8.
Every man, like the knight in the old legend, is born on a field of battle.
But the warfare is not carnal, it is spiritual.
Not the east against the west, the north against the south, the "Haves" against the "Have-nots," but the evil against the good—that is the real conflict of life.
The question for each one of us is not only, "On which side do I count?" but also, "To which side do I call?"
If we really wish the good to prevail, we must be willing to say so as well as to do so.
Make no secret of your allegiance to the good cause in which you believe, even though personally you may fail and fall.
Condemn yourself if need be, but let not your trumpet of faith in the best give an uncertain sound.
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"Too Tired To Play"

By ANNE CAMPBELL.
"I am tired! Too tired to play," she said.
And lower dropped her pretty golden head.
Her eyes, twin lakes that mirrored heaven's blue,
Were heavy with fatigue and illness too.
Within my arms I held her, oh, so tight!
One's dearest joys too quickly take their flight!
"I am too tired! I am too tired to play!"
So many years ago, it seems today.
I hear her cry it often in my dream—
My baby still, safe where the starlight gleams!
In your long home, such endless miles away.
Oh, heart of mine, are you too tired to play?
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TO THE EDITOR.

LET US HAVE A REAL CITY.
Editor of The Advertiser:
Sir—In forwarding this letter to The London Advertiser, I take a step which I believe necessary, and the dutiful act of a Canadian citizen. The condition of some of London's much-used streets is a disgrace to all concerned. What a welcome to an Old Boy making the trip by motor! What discomfort is occasioned by our instantation of this matter?
Not only is Richmond street in a dilapidated condition; several others are in like state. Take for example: York street, from Ridout to Richmond; Wellington from York to Dundas; King street, from Talbot to Ridout, and others.
To show the results of this, I will tell an instance of which I know personally. One man shook the battery of his bicycle light from its case while going up one of the streets.

Are Women Overworked
Yes, hundreds of thousands of them are. This applies to the housewife and mother who struggles on a small income to make both ends meet by doing all the washing, ironing, cooking, making and mending for a large family. There are others who not only support themselves working in factories, shops, stores and offices, but often have an invalid father or mother to support, therefore do housework besides. These are the women who break down early and are afflicted with various forms of female weakness. Ninety-eight out of every 100 women who have tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have proved that it is a successful remedy for women's ills. For nearly fifty years it has been restoring women to health, and it will pay every ailing woman to try it.—Advt.

Cuticura Soap
—The Safety Razor
Shaving Soap

Your Health: How To Treat Your Ear in One Common Emergency.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.
There are many popular beliefs which are founded on scientific fact. Likewise, there are some which are absurd.
I am glad to observe that the modern school teacher discusses these matters with her pupils. She is attempting to fill the minds of the students with accurate and commonsense information. Of course, the child does not always get exactly the right idea of what the teacher intends to convey.
For instance, my 12-year-old boy was discussing with me yesterday what had been taught him about gallstones. He told me the teacher said alcohol would dissolve them. But when I suggested that perhaps this is an argument against the Volstead act, he hastened to say the treatment is useful for children only, and would do harm to grown people! Then he added that he might be mistaken about the particular drug, possibly it was not alcohol the teacher mentioned.
Of course, it wasn't, but it is just this way that erroneous ideas get started. Somebody misunderstands, or fails to remember exactly what was said about some ailment. He passes on to others his mistaken notion and pretty soon all the world holds to a false idea.
Most people believe that a foreign body in the ear may "work its way into the brain." This is a silly idea—absolutely without foundation.
What does happen, however, is that the ignorant and awkward efforts to remove it, succeed only in driving the thing deeper and deeper into the passage.
At the bottom of the canal is the ear-drum, a delicate membrane which guards the middle-ear, where the little bones are.
If roughness and unskillful efforts are used, the foreign body may be pushed down against the drum and may even rupture the membrane. This causes pain and real harm.
Sometimes, in the mistaken idea that a foreign body has entered the ear, an overzealous friend has actually destroyed the drum and scraped out the little bones. Damage which cannot be repaired may be done in a few minutes.
There is a funny old saying, attributed to a wise doctor, that "nothing should be put in the ear except the point of the elbow." This is excellent advice for the layman.
There are times, of course, when for one reason or another it is advisable to remove the foreign body when your doctor cannot be reached. If such an emergency arises gentle syringing is all you should attempt. Warm water and a gentle flow of the fluid into and out of the ear will probably accomplish the desired result. But no force should be used. Severe pain and perhaps fainting will follow undue force.
The best plan is to go to your doctor, but there is no imperative hurry about that because the foreign body will not stir if it is left alone. Still, you should ask your doctor to remove it as soon as you can conveniently visit him.
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