

London Advertiser

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1923.

Flouting the Law.

Coupled with the announcement that representatives of Canada and the United States will confer in September to arrange a joint effort for the suppression of the rum-running activities of unscrupulous gentlemen operating off the coasts of the United States comes the interesting news that a member of the English aristocracy, Sir Broderick Hartwell, is promoting a company to sell whiskey to the United States rummers, and is guaranteeing profits to his shareholders. The promoter estimates that he can sell 10,000 cases of whiskey each month at points 20 miles off the United States coast, and guarantees a profit of 20 per cent bi-monthly to his investors. It is stated that legal authorities have pronounced the venture of the titled promoter to be within the law, so there is little doubt that he will find many people ready to invest.

The very boldness of the announcement by Sir Broderick Hartwell affords ample evidence of the need for some concerted action to prevent illicit traffic from which unscrupulous gentlemen are waxing wealthy. But the illicit liquor traffic is not confined to the coasts. A day or two ago five aggregating \$4,000 were struck in the city police court against two men caught transporting liquor between London and Brantford. One fine was promptly paid, but not before intimation was given that there might be revelations which would include men in both cities named as behind the transaction. Scarcely a day passes in the annals of the London police that does not see one or more cases of violation of the Ontario temperance act. No other provincial or federal statute is so openly or flagrantly violated. It is true there are many people, not to be classed as in sympathy with the liquor traffic, who believe the Ontario temperance act does not offer the best solution of the prohibition problem, but the fact remains that the act is on the statute books, and consequently must be enforced and obeyed.

There is much speculation as to what the future may bring in the way of provincial liquor legislation. Although Premier Ferguson was careful to avoid any direct statement on the O. T. A. in his last election campaign, his supporters "whispered" assurances that if he was victorious at the polls the existing legislation would be changed to make it easier to obtain those beverages now under the ban. It is sincerely to be hoped that in these cases the wish was father to the thought and that any change in the existing legislation will not be in the direction of reducing the present restrictions. Ontario is the bulwark of prohibition in Canada—any recession from that position would be a retrograde step.

Please Give Us the Details.

A British astronomer, P. M. Ryves, has watched Mars for a year, and announces that there are people there.

No person will get excited over this. The only possible flare-up would be if he produced a couple of people from Mars by bringing them down on a rope or a long pole.

And if he did, what then? Would they be able to spread mustard on a hot-dog and call it a meal, or could they sing our 1923 classic about the pushcart being short on a consignment of bananas?

Let these star gazers give us something definite about the Martians. We are a bit weary of hearing that Mars has people, and that sitting on the banks of a system of canals is the great outdoor pastime.

Ocean Travel.

If one is in search of a vivid picture of what ocean travel was like a hundred years ago one ought to read in Dickens "Martin Chuzzlewit" about the emigrant ship in which Martin and Mark Tapley made the voyage to America. If one wants to study the same picture today all one has to do is take a passage on any one of the up-to-date ocean liners. The contrast is sure to be a startling one, for the ocean voyager of today scarcely realizes that a trip of thousands of miles is being made until he is delivered in good condition at his destination. Take for example the trips of the Leviathan and that of the Olympic which are at present taking place from New York to Southampton. This unofficial race began on Saturday and is due to end on Thursday morning. Where at the present day these ocean vessels take days, it is not very many years since they took weeks. One of the factors which render the ocean voyage little more than a passing incident nowadays is the home-like surroundings in which passengers find themselves on board ship. It is the object of the larger steamship companies to make each vessel "a home away from home" as far as the ingenuity of man will follow. The

suites of rooms differ very little from those to be found in a first-class hotel. There are lounges and music rooms for all, boudoirs for the women folk and smoke rooms for the men. In these rooms the furnishings and fittings are such that one has to look out of one of the windows and gaze on the rolling expanse of sea and sky before realizing that the land is hundreds of miles away. There are open fireplaces in these rooms, pictures hanging on the walls, and curtains on the windows; no longer circular portholes, but with casement frames like a bungalow or cottage. A typical smoke room is a triumph of artistic psychology meant to delude men into the belief that they are still on land enjoying all the comforts of their favorite club. A fire of logs glows in the grate, an old-fashioned clock ticks on the mantelshelf, the walls are adorned with rare sporting prints appropriately framed, and the chairs and tables might have been taken from the Maypole or the White Hart of super-pleasant and cosy memory. There are a hundred and one other things that make the modern ocean trip a pleasure and not a pain, and it is only those who have made up their minds to be miserable in spite of all that is done for their comfort who are in danger of being disappointed.

The Love of Home.

The love of home is one of the primitive instincts of the human race, and wherever the lot of man may be cast, no matter what his adaptability may be, there is invariably the home feeling, with all its associations of light and shadow, of joy and sorrow. This is to a large extent the genesis of those reunions of which we have lately been hearing so much and which have become an integral part of the life of the nation. The immigrant may adopt a country as his own, but he never forgets the land of his birth or fails to dwell with pleasure on the traditions of his forefathers. Men may become Canadianized or Americanized, losing their national identity in the exigencies of daily life, but the characteristics of his race unconsciously remain with him all the time, and he readily responds to the call of the blood whenever occasion arises. It is sometimes asserted that if immigrants would entirely forget their racial origin and conform in every way to the customs of the country of their adoption that it would be the most desirable thing that could happen not only for the country but for themselves as individuals, but who is to set the standard as to what is best for the country or for its people as a whole?

Conformation to the laws of the land, and a desire to do all that lies in one's power to advance the cause of good citizenship are perhaps among the best means of doing one's best for one's country, adopted or otherwise, but this does not necessarily mean that men are to sink their national identity or to rid themselves of those characteristics which have been proved to be good. What is really most desirable is that all prejudices should be laid aside, that misunderstandings should be avoided, and that all should strive for the common good. This will prove no detriment to their love of the homeland, but will still further sweeten its memories and render them more tolerant of men and things in the land in which they live now. They will be Canadians first, and whatever they please to be afterwards provided it is good.

Why Presidents Break Down.

Many United States papers are seriously discussing the advisability of some change that would relieve the president of the republic from some of his administrative duties. They point out that in England the crown has very little of this work, and that in France it is shared by president and premier.

The United States expects much of its president. Their methods of political warfare are more strenuous than ours. The constant and persistent denouncement of the government and all that pertains to it by organized opposition bears heavily upon the president.

There is very little let-up as far as the president is concerned. He has to deal with the world and with his own people. He has powers greater than those of a king.

Let the U. S. papers go on with their discussion. It may help at arriving at the conclusion that a president is only human; that he can be hurt by malignant criticism or helped by kindly consideration.

As a rule a president, or any man in public life gets much of the former and little of the latter.

Note and Comment.

Chilly breezes have made bankrupt a German seaside resort. It is also chilly in the Ruhr, but may soon be warm.

This is the season when vocalists begin to warble "Tosti's 'Good-bye' and elocutionists to recite "The Last Rose of Summer."

With farmers growing wheat to sell around \$1 a bushel, and a bricklayer getting in some case \$10 to \$14 per day, how long will it take a farmer to have a brick house?

A crying baby, stolen from her parents, is taking front page space in every paper in New York, while millionaires and kings are ignored. Which proves, perhaps, that there is a good deal of human kindness in the world after all.

Your Health:

Here's the Way To Add Twenty Years To Your Life

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

At Atlantic City the other day there was a convention of doctors. The presiding officer, Dr. Claude A. Burnett, devoted a part of his presidential address to the prolongation of human life. He thinks twenty years can be added to the span of an average life, and that it is merely a problem of learning how to live.

The doctor says long life is ahead for many men and women who are carefully and naturally. This is to be accomplished by thoughtful planning of the daily routine.

There is much food for thought in this subject. What do you think of the statement that the time will come when it will be considered criminal to have a death in a community from a preventable disease?

Of course, the victim of the disease will be past paying further penalty for his temerity. But if the victim is a minor, or if his illness makes him too sick to be responsible, somebody blunders if he is not put in the way of cure and long life.

There is no question of the correctness of the statement that deaths from preventable disease exceed those caused by war and accident. I fully agree with Dr. Burnett that that overlook, overeat, unbalanced exercise, unintelligent eating, and unintelligent living are the fundamental evils of the day. Truly, these things pave the way for early invasion by the degenerative dis-

eases and an unnecessary shortening of life. Perhaps the most serious of modern faults is overeating. Almost everybody eats too much. We eat because we like to eat. The food is tempting, it is served in appealing ways. We sit down at table so many times a day, and attack the food just as industrious persons attack their jobs.

Recently, I visited my father, spending ten days under his familiar roof. I am happy to say that he carries his eighty-five years very lightly. He showed this by his physical and mental alertness, being more active, I fear, than his son.

What struck me forcibly was his abstemiousness, particularly at the evening meal. Meat and other of the ordinary substantial things he declines to take at night, confining his eating largely to bread and milk.

Of course, bread and milk contain all the essentials of a well-balanced diet. Not only do they satisfy appetite, but they give everything needed for health and physical prosperity.

But most of us would consider them a pretty poor substitute for the elaborate evening meal of modern times. There is no doubt, however, that unconscious gluttony is one of the important things to do, if you would get the twenty additional years that can be added to the span of the average life, is to eat less and to be more thoughtful in planning your living.

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The Handy Man

By ANNE CAMPBELL.

The Handy Man with tools and pail Goes up the street and down. Is there a bit of board to nail In all this busy town?

A floor to scrub, a porch to clean, Some windows to make bright? Oh, any kind of work will mean That he will eat tonight!

The Handy Man does not complain, But whistles as he goes. No one need look for work in vain. That much he surely knows.

And there's a joy in labor done That nothing else affords. The busy hours pass on by, one, with plentiful rewards!

The Handy Man could teach us all A lesson fine and true. We'll take whatever may befall If there is work to do.

For work well done spells happiness, No matter what you say. Brave Handy Man, may heaven bless Your tireless search today!

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YOUNG PEOPLE MEET.

Special to The Advertiser. White Oak, Aug. 24.—The weekly Young People's meeting was held on Sunday evening with a large attendance present. Mr. Harry Smale presided over the meeting. The topic on "Contentment" was given by Stanley MacPherson. The music was furnished by a quartet. At the next meeting the topic on "Robert Browning" will be given by Miss Evelyn Poole.

DIBS AND DABS

—BY HARRY MOYER



Rarebits by Rex

TO MY BOOTBLACK.

(Many bootblacks one sees on city streets are descendants of the old Roman emperors.—New York Globe.)

Son of those heroes that sophomores scan about, Scion of days when the deities ran about, Hurling their wrath from Olympian rocks, Don't smear that polish all over my socks!

Listen, you limb of an ancient nobility, Practice more care and restrain your agility. Youth with those lavish Cimmerian locks, Work on the shoes, but lay off o' my socks!

Child though you be, of the tragic Euripides, Sobered, Plato, heroic Pheidippides, Your blue blooded ears will receive a hard box If you let that darn polish embellish my socks!

Fancy a man being divorced because he bought a cover for his typewriter. But the cover in this case was an imported French gown.

It's getting so any motorist who survives Sunday driving should get a Carnegie medal for bravery.

Another drop in wheat prices. The public hope millers will say it in flour.

Securities are suffering from a bear market, including bonds of matrimony.

Last Thursday four weddings were held here. Last Thursday, you will remember, was bargain day.

A New York bride got a baby elephant for a wedding present. We have a couple of friends who married baby elephants.

Citizens who neglected to store their coal early apparently think there's fuel born every minute.

It ought to be made compulsory for every man who chews tobacco to yell "fore" before he parts with it.

An Indiana man died from laughter at a movie screen comedy and every newspaper told about it. But they never mention the millions who almost die from boredom.

A United States senator claims to have been insulted in Germany. It seems to be part of that shrewd Teutonic propaganda to make American visitors feel at home.

It's two months now since Mr. Meighan has unleashed his stock phrase about "violating the sanctity of political pledges." But we'll hear it again, don't worry.

One touch of winter shakes the old oak bin.

Porcupines are becoming popular as household pets and their exploiters want a slogan that will sell them. Why not "A skin you love to touch"?

SUMMER RESORTS. The same old lake, the same old moon, The same old bark canoe, The same old home-made brew.

The same old nook by the water's edge, Eyes of gray or blue, The same old seat on a rocky ledge—Only the girls are new.

Is there any significance in the fact that since powder and rouge have become so popular, soap sales have fallen off?

It seems a shame that all fat people don't belong to the Reform party.

CUP FOR ROAD RACE. Special to The Advertiser. St. Marys, Aug. 24.—September the 3rd is to see the revival of the St. Marys to Stratford road race, so well known in years gone by. The London Advertiser has donated a handsome cup.

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

THE BEAUTY OF HAPPINESS.

Again I will say, Rejoice!—Phil. iv., 4.

The first thing that commended the church of Jesus to the weary and disheartened world in the early years of his triumph was his power to make his children happy—happy in the midst of afflictions, happy in the sense of divine fatherhood and human brotherhood, happy in Christ's victory over sin and death, happy in the assurance of endless life.

At midnight in the prison, Paul and Silas sang praises, and the prisoners heard them. The lateral force of joy—that was the power of the church. Was not St. Paul a happier man than Herod? Did not St. Peter have more joy of his life than Nero?

It is said of the first disciples that they "did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart."

Not till that pristine gladness returns will the church regain her early charm for the souls of men.

Every great revival of Christian power—like those which came in the times of St. Francis of Assisi and of John Wesley—has been marked by a revival of Christian joy.

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ENTERTAIN RETURNED BOYS AT HYDE PARK

Women's Institute Members Ideal Hostesses For Sanatorium Patients.

Special to The Advertiser. Hyde Park, Aug. 24.—Under the auspices of the Women's Institute, between 40 and 50 returned soldiers from Byron Sanatorium were hospitably entertained Wednesday afternoon on the beautiful lawn at the rectory, which proved an ideal place to hold the annual banquet.

The many tables placed on the grounds were well spread. While the tables were being cleared away, Rev. V. Durnford gave a kindly word of welcome to the boys. One of the soldiers, in replying on behalf of the boys, thanked the ladies who had provided the splendid supper, and was loud in his praise for the unbounded kindness and hospitality that had been extended both by the institute and Rev. and Mrs. Durnford.

The boys then gave three cheers, after which the program was commenced with a humorous reading by Miss Mae Winter of Hyde Park, which was so much enjoyed that an encore was called. Then followed a number of races.

After the races the soldiers put on a short program consisting of singing, mandolin, guitar and piano selections, combined with an enjoyable half-hour of community singing.

On behalf of the returned soldiers, the president, Mrs. W. Mason, moved a vote of thanks to the neighbors who so kindly conveyed the soldiers in their automobiles to the rectory.

Previous to the entertainment the regular monthly meeting of the institute was held, at which there was a splendid attendance. The only business item of importance was that of arranging a prize list for the school fair. After a short discussion the decision was to award prizes for white and dark cake, apple pie, tea biscuits and an ideal school luncheon.

Miss Ida Routledge kindly extended an invitation for the September meeting to be held at her home.

Cholera Infantum

Cholera infantum is one of the fatal ailments of childhood. It is a trouble during the summer months, and unless prompt action is taken the little one may soon be beyond aid.

Baby's Own Tablets are an ideal medicine in warding off this trouble. They regulate the bowels and sweeten the stomach, and thus prevent all the dreaded summer complaints. They are an absolutely safe medicine, being guaranteed by a government analyst to contain no opiates or narcotics or other harmful drugs. They cannot possibly do harm—they always do good.

The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.—Adv.

GERMANS ARE FACING REAL FAMINE IN MILK

SAYS DE VALERA MADE SECRET PEACE OFFER

Women of Aristocratic Birth Stand in Line For Ration Cards.

Republican Leader Sought Possession of Party Funds in U. S.

Special Cable to The Advertiser. Berlin, Aug. 24.—A threatened milk famine due to the proposed closing of the Boile Company's milk wagon routes, caused mad rushes on the so-called "bread and milk commission" today for ration cards.

Long queues of patient women, many of them of aristocratic birth, stood in line for hours waiting for the cards. The famine will hit the well-to-do as well as the poor, as milk will not be supplied anybody without a ration card. Hitherto the rich have been able to obtain supplies from the country for their children without permits.

The food situation was extremely critical. Many small shops were threatening to close at the end of the month, declaring they would be forced out of business by the new taxes.

CHARGE CHILD DESERTION.

Canadian Press Despatch. Hamilton, Aug. 24.—Pearl Gould was arrested today at Kitchener for the local police charged with having deserted her baby about two weeks ago. The child has since died.

LORD MOUNTSTEPHEN

By ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE.

In the Windsor Station in Montreal is the statue of Lord Mountstephen, or George Stephen, as he was in his humbler estate.

Thousands daily pass by that statue, few so much as noticing the one whom it commemorates.

I was lately gazing upon the stone figure of this dominating Scot, when a stranger inquired: "Who is he?"

"A former president of the C. P. R.," I replied.

"Yes, but who is he?" George Stephen is one of the greatest of the unknown Canadians.

Every election time we hear what the politicians have done for our prosperity, while continual strife reigns concerning this Tall Master who has done more for Canada's prosperity than many of the politicians.

The stranger, gazing at the statue, sees only the handiwork of the sculptor. If he will lift up his eyes, he will behold Mountstephen's wider memorial, in the vast Canadian Pacific.

The railroad builders are the cathedral builders of the modern age. The builders, in the eyes of the multitudes, but his perpetual memorial is in that mighty highway which he and his associates have brought forth as the Apollon Highway of Canada.

Why So Little Known? Why is it that George Stephen is so little known in this Dominion? His local fame faded because for his last 30 years he was on the other side of the Atlantic. His cousin, Donald Smith, always maintained his Canadian connections, while George Stephen passed back completely to the land of his birth.

"We would have liked him better if he had been more of a Canadian in spite of all his years in this New World, he never attained to the New World spirit. He was an Old World Tory to the end."

Bearing in our hearts a filial attachment to Canada, we can understand why a Scot should leave his home to come to us, but we cannot understand why he should leave this better Scotland.

The action of George Stephen at the end of his career seems in itself odd parlance, his leaving from local fame has faded. But when time has given true perspective, our will stand firm, again, among our master builders.

Like his cousin, Donald Smith, George Stephen came out to Canada as a poor Highland lad, though his career followed the city counting house, instead of the frontier post.

In the beginning, Stephen was attired as a draper's clerk. Later, in a modest position, he was sent to Scotland, to buy goods for his Uncle Willie. Young George, a bold nature, bought so heavily, on that first trip, that when he returned to Montreal his uncle broke down and went, exclaiming, "What will I do with all these goods on my hands? Why'll he be ruined?"

"No, you won't be ruined," said George. "I'll go out and sell the goods myself."

Out on the road he went, and proved himself as good as his word. This persistent, and pertinacious draper's clerk, rose and advanced still further, until he was head of what was then the most important financial institution on the continent, the Bank of Montreal.

His Crowning Achievement. From the presidency of the Bank of Montreal, we passed on to his crowning achievement, the building of the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

As soon as the idea of a Canadian transcontinental was proposed, the English press began to ridicule it as "a commercial absurdity." A railroad to nowhere would never pay for the grease for its axle wheels.

Someone remonstrated with George Stephen, saying: "You have built a fine life for yourself, but you have not built a fine life for the people."

"I have never had a moment's rest since I came to this country," he replied. "I have never had a moment's rest since I came to this country."

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Stephen, already full of years and honor, "Why jeopardize all at the end of life, in an undertaking that is almost certain to lead to total disaster?"

Stephen's answer to such caution was that one word: "Crailgellachie."

From the start the success of a transcontinental line through the comparatively barren lands of Canada was extremely problematical. The United States had a population of thirty millions when she attempted such a task; Canada had only three millions. But once he had committed himself to this project, George Stephen never faltered.

As the incredible burdens kept mounting up, Stephen and his associates were constantly face to face with bankruptcy. The great achievement in Stephen's career was his part in bringing this project to a successful conclusion, for it was he, above all others, who provided the sinews of war.

On one occasion the directors had staked their private fortunes and the fortunes of their friends, until for them as well as for the nation, it was to be the government or the penitentiary.

The end of the marching rails, like an insupportable burden, still up the last of their millions, and still cried out for more.

The Pay Car Stopped. Finally there came a time when the pay car failed to go forth. There was open mutiny among the forces of construction. The gangs struck, demanding immediate pay. In extremis the directors had raised their last cent. Careers of long and honorable endeavor were faced with ruin. That board room had become a Golgotha. In that blackest moment there came a cable message from George Stephen in London:

"Stand fast, Crailgellachie!" The rallying cry of Clan Grant had become the rallying cry of the C. P. R. When at last the marching roads of steel, under construction from the Atlantic and from the Pacific met, the place of meeting was marked out by the name of that Highland battler, "Crailgellachie."

George Stephen, from start to finish, played the game of a man. Pluck was his crowning virtue; when things went against him he was no quitter. Best of all he played according to the rules of the game. George Cantlie, recalls his Uncle George saying continually "Tell the truth, tell the truth, and take the consequences."

In 1901, when he was presented with the freedom of the city of Aberdeen, Lord Mountstephen said:

Why He Succeeded. "Any success I may have had in life is due in great measure to the somewhat Spartan training I received during my Aberdeen apprenticeship, in which I entered as a boy of fifteen. "To that training, coupled with the fact that I seemed to have been born utterly without the faculty of doing more than one thing at one time, it is due that I am before you today."

"It was impressed upon me by the best of mothers that ever lived that I must aim at being a thorough master of the work by which I had to get my living."