

London Advertiser

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If Wheat, Why Not Flour?

Vancouver wants greater terminal facilities to handle Western wheat. Failure to get these leads the Vancouver Sun to make the statement that "the Mackenzie King government has sold out body and soul to French Quebec." It bases the charge on the expenditures that are being made on harbor and grain-handling facilities at Montreal, claiming that it is wrong to force a haul of "2,700 miles to the Atlantic seaboard regardless of the fact that the natural outlet for all grain grown west of Moosejaw is the Pacific coast."

It is hard to see where the charge can be made and substantiated that Quebec dominates the situation. Montreal has a wonderful port and excellent facilities, and the great portion of Canada's water trade is handled there in the open season. It is essential that all proper facilities be provided there.

At the same time the Western shipping must not be overlooked. There must be a well-defined line where it would be more advantageous to ship to Vancouver and get the lower water rate from there, via the Panama canal, to the British or other world markets.

While all this talk of shipping wheat is going on, is there not a chance that we are overlooking the bigger chance, viz., milling more of it in Canada and exporting the finished product?

Every barrel of flour that is ground means that there is produced about 70 pounds of bran and shorts. It is highly essential that there should be a large supply of this material in a district that seeks to develop in dairying, cattle-raising or mixed farming. These byproducts, when fed in the district, eventually return to the land, tending to increase its productivity. If the mills of Ontario, for instance, were able to secure enough domestic and foreign business to run continuously, they would be able to sell bran and shorts at a lower price, and there would never be any shortage of these staple animal foods. This would tend to lower the cost of producing beef, milk and dairy products generally. There is in Canada right now milling capacity that could provide for a population of 40,000,000 people, but the fact that export trade has not been sufficiently developed keeps these mills running at only part of their capacity, with consequent higher costs for flour, bran, shorts, etc.

Milling experts inform us that almost 95 per cent of the wheat used in mills in Ontario is from Western Canada. Local wheat is used only for certain grades of pastry and biscuit flour. There are certain sections of the West, principally the older sections, that cannot grow the quality of wheat that is secured from some of the newer sections farther north. The region south of the northern part of Saskatchewan is right now giving the big mills of the east their finest product, high in gluten. It is possible, year after year, to notice the quality coming down.

In spite of the high tariff, there is a market in New York and the New England states for Canadian flour, bran and shorts. The consumer in United States is, of course, paying for the tariff.

It would appear to be good business, from several angles, to put forth every effort to market as much Canadian-made flour as possible. The more we can become makers of the finished product, as well as growers of raw material, the greater will be our national wealth.

Nothing Worth Saving.

Going over to see what's wrong with Germany has come to be somewhat of a perpetual assignment with the journalists of Britain and the United States.

When nothing else is in sight for a special writer or an economist, a slip is handed him with the wording, "Series of articles on what's wrong with Germany."

Philip Gibbs says that the reason Germany cannot recover is because her thrift is gone, and the reason for the departure of the thrift is the fact that German money is not worth saving.

Gibbs' reason is the best one to date.

A German has what is marked up to be \$1,000 in his pocket, but he finds when he comes to spend it that he has not much more than the price of a meal and car fare to get home. The stuff called currency represents nothing to him. Its value may be little today, and yet he knows that when he looks at the rates tomorrow his little may be halved again.

Germany is not making progress toward a financial recovery. Step by step she goes to a state where they will write "Bankrupt" over her portals.

London's Civic Matters.

"Let us have more people in order to more thoroughly distribute our debt." That statement is a popular one, and the chances are that it has been used a good many times with much thought being given to its full worth.

The idea probably got its inception at the same time that quantity production was being taught—it was possible to produce 15 cars with the same overhead charges as applied to 10, so if we added a thousand people to the city there should be no advance in the price we pay to run the city.

The trouble with some of these theories is that they will not stay where we put them. In the case of London we find that while we have been adding the necessary thousand or so in the way of population, our expenses have broken away from the kennel where we were sure we had them tied up, and have taken their stand a little deeper down in the civic pocket.

Take the figures of the city of London for a term of years, showing the per capita debt as compared with the population, and notice that the incoming of people did not tend to decrease the amount of debt.

	Pop.	Per Capita Debt.
1910	49,507	\$63.40
1915	56,358	73.77
1920	59,100	74.63
1921	59,281	99.85

Look at it from another way, though. If we still had the 1910 population and our present indebtedness we would have a per capita debt of over \$118, so it can be seen that the coming of new population has been a buffer between us and a high increase. The extent to which the incoming of new population has been the cause for increasing the debt would be a difficult matter to state definitely.

In this same connection the city council of 1923 are credited with a desire not to increase the debt of the city—to put it in a plainer way, not to make the taxbill any heavier. There has been an increase, slight perhaps, in assessment this year. There are a number of new homes on the books of the assessor, which should show quite an increase in the amount of taxable property. The city should be fairly well supplied for revenue, and in view of this a definite move should be taken to keep the taxes from going up. The word "taxes" is used here, because it is more final than the words "mill rate." There has been in London, and in every community, a certain confusion over the balance between assessment and tax rates, whereas the only thing the property owner can look upon is the amount in dollars and cents he is asked to part with. Ratepayers in London believe they are paying enough now in their annual tax bills.

The finance committee at its last meeting for 1922 turned down a number of wage increases to civic employees, or rather passed the whole thing along to the 1923 council, which was quite the right thing to do. Rushing increases of any kind through, or obligating the 1923 council financially, would be poor death-bed tactics for the 1922 body, and they wisely refrained from such a move. The 1923 council will have a real problem on its hands in dealing with that salary list. Of course, there will be the contention that granting any increases sets a precedent and opens the door for others to come along and tap the treasury. The whole matter must be looked upon in the same light as an ordinary business problem. A commercial house has its employees; it has to buy its labor from a competitive market; it has to recognize worth and good service. It can hardly lay down a flat rule that there shall be no increases during 1923, for if it did it would probably have to part with some valuable men. In a general way, we imagine the 1923 council will be opposed to salary increases, and in such a stand they will have the approval of the people. But this general principle has no right to have right-of-way over good business sense in recognizing and rewarding efficient service. We must not penalize capable people just because they happen to be working for the city.

Mayor-Elect Wenig is inclined to go ahead with the building of the city hall on the Federal Square, holding that the vote of the people not to build on the Spencer Block site means that they want the building to proceed on the original site across the street. The mayor holds that the people have voted enough times on the plan, and it is time to proceed. The Advertiser was inclined to favor building on the Spencer site, for the reason that extending that block on from the utilities building would have made a fine structure, and it could have been built in such a way that the city could have disposed of it in future and made money out of the transaction. However, the people gave their verdict on that proposal in no uncertain way, and nothing more need be said.

The building of a city hall is something that will be a direct charge upon all the property of the city. It is unlike an issue of debentures for the purpose of putting in local improvements, which are discharged by the people specially benefited. Debentures were issued in 1913 in two different lots to care for this work, \$200,000 in all being sold, and \$125,000 authorized, but not sold. Addition to this is the price that could be secured for the present building, estimated to be worth around \$100,000. In all, there is \$400,000 in sight. It

is also proposed that the building might be put up as finances permit, with a view later on of having the central fire hall stationed there, as well as the police station, the sale of the present building on Carling street being counted on to bring some more grit to the mill to finance the undertaking.

What sort of a building can be had for that amount? Depends on the tastes of the people. By way of comparison it is shown that the new collegiate building was put up for a little over \$300,000 and that its quite a large structure, and nothing much was spared in its construction. Since then there has been a decrease in building costs. Few advocates are found in the council or out of it for a building that would be essentially a spectacular affair. Utility is likely to be the chief consideration, and there is no reason why the inclusion and the stressing of that feature should endanger us to the point of having an eye-sore on the premises.

Note and Comment.
Right now, life is just one purchase after another.

We've got out of the habit of silk shirts, but we still clamor for porterhouse steaks.

The British pound is doing very well in the world's money markets, but is still about one ounce shy.

Turkey seems to have gathered up the idea that she licked the world instead of a crippled Greek army.

There is said to be a shortage of mistletoe this year, but surely every red-blooded man can still do his part?

Why is it that youngsters who still believe in Santa Claus want to snoop around on the top shelves of the closets just now?

A Pittsburg man got married, and two days later collapsed with his wife's sister. Some families have a tremendous appeal in 'em.

In a Los Angeles suit a girl was given \$1 for breach of promise. Guess that's what they mean by getting back to normal.

Jack Dempsey says he will fight any man in the world on short notice. Lots of folks over here used to talk like that before we had prohibition.

Help! Here's a chap, writing a column of sex stuff in an American paper under the heading "At a Woman's Window." Over here we'd call the police.

An eastern clergyman says the average mentality of his congregation is about 12 years, all of which should make certain a bumper harvest at the annual Christmas tree.

Premier King is going to move into his new home in Ottawa. It's a fine place, too, all re-decorated and furnished. But really it's not the occupation for a bachelor.

The occupation of the German Ruhr district by the French would spill the beans in Europe, but apparently there is quite a good-sized group in France ready to give the final heave.

Caviar is again on sale in Russia. It's an expensive dish, a pound of the best being sold at 75 cents, while an equal amount of the poorer grades

EVERYDAY MOVIES



"What's he tryin' to do, tell you a fish story?"
"Naw! Showin' us the size of the flapper a stork brought to his house."

is to be had for a couple of million rubles.

If we got this referendum and recall operating 100 per cent we suppose in time there will be a vote of baseball players to see if the ump had any right to call the runner out at first.

William McDonald
IN the summer of 1921, the weekly section of the Canadian Press Association packed up their luggage, gathered up their wives, and boarded a special train for Vancouver. Rather an ambitious undertaking, you say. Yes, it was, but it was a great trip, and a great education.

On the way out, stops were made at several places, and all sorts of band music was tooted at the press men, while civic welcomes were read to this accompaniment. When they came to Calgary there was something in the nature of a hold-up, and a call to produce in person William McDonald of Chesley. Readers of his paper, the Chesley Enterprise, old Chesley residents, had arranged a picnic in his honor, and special train or no special train, the people's William, had to surrender for the day and meet with the folks from home. It was the most outstanding commitment paid to any publisher on the continent.

Mr. McDonald has been much to public life. Back in 1901 he was elected a member of Bruce County Council, holding that position until 1906, and in 1906 was warden of the county. In 1911, entering the field on three-weeks' notice, he won Centre Bruce for the Liberals of Ontario by a majority of 104. Then by 1914

McDonald found himself shoved about by the gerrymander until he was over into "Tory North Bruce." We use his own phrase, for he has a habit of designating geographical limits by the much more lucid terms of political stripes. But the shining of 1914 was a wholesale thing for McDonald. He waded into a normal Tory majority of some 500, and when the votes were all counted it was found that the M. P. P. sign was still stacked on the man from Chesley, with the score 7 up in his favor. But, in 1914, things were different. The U. F. O. was running, and came to pass that William from Chesley got in between the upper and the nether millstone. He wasn't disgraced or anything, but he was out.

Since then he has been attending to business in Chesley. In the Enterprise he scolds and praises, reasons and cautions. When people are not good neighbors out on lot 10 concession 4, William tells them in plain English; when councils do not run smoothly, the editor takes the erring ones by the ears and sits them down hard. How he does it, and retains his subscriptions list we don't know.

When William McDonald was asked for his photo, he preferred a little granddaughter, Evelyn Irene Neelon of St. Catharines, and he owned up to the fact that it was the only photo he had of himself.

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The Daily Story

A WEAK HEART.

By Martha McCulloch-Williams.
A man of moods was Michael Bond. When he was anything, glad, or sad, or mad, he was glad, sad or mad all over. Hence all the joy of the morning

was in his singing, as his home peaced soberly along the woods road to the little log church. Never had there been quite such a Sunday—the deep woods were still dewy and all the spread of them scented with the rare sweetness of wild grape blossom. Birds sang, not too loudly, rather in soft, broken snatches; lush young leafage made shadow marvels on the road earth and the sun rays were true gold. Michael felt them shining in his heart the same as in his bare head—for was he not one and twenty, free at last from a curmudgeonly guardian, free to speak out as became a man and claim his sweet-heart?

A wonder-woman, Helen of Troy they had raved over at school had nothing on her, he was sure. Josefa Kenyon was older than himself, but what did five years matter? Reticent also—nobody knew more of her than the happenings of two years since she came to teach in the village academy. To be sure, she had brought references of the highest and had reinforced them by a walk and way wholly impeccable. The most explicit of the references, with a bishop's name at the foot, said she had lost a husband under most distressing circumstances six months after marriage. But she had not worn mourning. But what with all the current flatter of talk about self-expression and married individuality, it passed for simple oddity; five years earlier it would have been rated mysteriously criminal.

She had fine, high manners, the most critical could not gainsay that, any more than her low, clear voice, her soft, deft hands—not over white, but alluring to view and touch. She dressed with the exact degree of restraint her position demanded, went regularly to church, made neither debts nor confidences and had but one single friendly intimate—Sara Downe, the least promising of her pupils. She had gone home with Sara for the big meeting—the Downe house of the Primitive Baptists, who were still primitive enough to hold fast to the yearly footwashing as the crown of June meetin'.

Services began early—8 o'clock at the latest. Hence Michael's journey while the sun was still young; likewise his choice of the wood road. The big road was certain to be thronged—cars, carriages, even farm wagons, overflowing with happy, laughing humanity and good cheer. Dinner on the ground was as much a feature of the day as the footwashing. Sara Downe had made sure of Michael as her father's guest, bidding him over and over as she drove homeward in the ramshackle carriage with Mrs. Kenyon beside her.

He recalled the fact only incidentally to his memory of Josefa. How he loved the name—they would be Joe and Mike, one to another, in the big Bond house shut up since his father died ten years back. She knew what was in his heart—she must also know what was in his mind. It must be she who had sent him twenty-one roses yesterday—he had clutched them so hard, great baby that he was, his main had been deeply pricked with a savage thorn. There had been no card, but he fancied he caught a hint of the faint perfume all her belongings exhaled in the blue ribbon binding them. Faint as it was it thrilled him all through. He had the ribbon, tenderly folded, in the pocket nearest his heart.

Which makes it plain that, in the language of adolescence, he had it bad, very, very bad. Of course he was chafed, but what did that matter? Thrice intoxicated with love and freedom, he was ready to laugh down all the world's laughing. Flinging his reins to a black boy in wait for such harvests he all but ran about the shaded grounds of the academy, his feet flying, his arms outstretched, his eyes exhaled in the blue ribbon binding them. Faint as it was it thrilled him all through. He had the ribbon, tenderly folded, in the pocket nearest his heart.

In a thrilling voice, low but resonant, trained in every art speech has ever evolved, he was beseeching, entreating all within sound of it to forsake the world and its allurements, give up earth for heaven. His listeners, for the most part solid, stolid farmer folk, awayed and stared like tall grain in a ruffling breeze. Amusement had begun the stir—June meeting was no time nor place for mystical appeals. But as the voice played upon them as a master harper upon his instrument, they lost themselves in the flood-tide of passion. "Foot washing for humility, heart washing for cleansing of sin, soul washing for life everlasting," he ended suddenly, leaping down and almost running along the narrow aisle. Mrs. Kenyon, sitting beside it, arose wrath-like in his path, clutched him, and said, her words dropping like molten lead: "Tell us what washing can make a child-stealer clean!"

"The poor creature is quite mad—she must be," he said, trying to free himself. "I do not know her—has she any friends?"

"A hundred—I'm only the nearest," Michael cried. He had rushed to Josefa as he saw her rise, and followed her—your come with me outside. We'll get at the truth—no matter who it hurts."

"Let me speak it—here in the house of God, in the face of His true followers," Mrs. Kenyon said steadily. "I married this man seven years back—a foolish young girl, bewitched by his eloquence. It was money—money he wanted—money I was due to inherit from my uncle. He died suddenly—in an accident—then it came out that he had been privately married to a pretty, poor girl, whom he had been ashamed to acknowledge."

"But she had given him a child. As a late atonement he had willed his fortune to the baby—with reversion to me if the little one died. It disappeared, nobody knew how. Its mother, I told him I would accuse him openly unless he went out of my sight and knowledge and gave over

his pulp work. War came just then. He rushed into it—I lost all trace of him. Was it wrong in me to pray that he had died? Now I find him here!—here! the bitterness of death in the word; preaching faith and repentance to you clean-souled people. Say—what does he deserve?"

An inarticulate roar as of a stormy sea answered her. Before it broke

into words the man fell in a crumpled heap at his wife's feet. Two gasps, and he was dead. She looked at him with burning eyes, but sighed: "Thank God for his weak heart."

"Mine is strong enough to shelter you always," Michael whispered as he led her away.

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