

London Advertiser

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TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1923.

Those Who Have Been at Wrangel.

No word has yet come stating what Britain intends to do about Wrangel Island. Stefansson has been in London for some time urging that action be taken. He holds that in time to come it will be a point on an air route between Europe and the American continent.

It is a strange and almost uncanny coincidence that nearly all the parties landing on this island have done so for the purpose of finding some other expedition that has been given up for lost.

In some respects Wrangel seems about as well known as the island of Yap, which threatened for a week or so to bring an anti-climax to the world war, if such a thing were possible. One world-known statesman, now in retirement, admitted candidly at the time that he did not know where it was and that he had never heard of it before.

The British had been on Wrangel long before Stefansson ever thought of heading off in that direction. It was in 1849 that Captain Kellett, a British naval officer, landed there while searching for the Franklin expedition. In 1881, the British not having made claim to it, an American officer did so. Admiral (then Lieutenant) Perry, with the U. S. revenue cutter Rodgers, was in that district on a mission somewhat similar to that of the British in 1849. He was searching for the survivors of the American polar expedition which sailed away in 1879 in the Jeanette, which was crushed in the ice northwest of Wrangel.

It was in 1914 that Stefansson, along with the survivors of the wrecked Karluk, spent seven months there, leaving the sanctuary as soon as they could.

Russia has also filed claim to the island, claiming that it was discovered by Baron Wrangel in 1827. Wrangel was not a Russian, but a Swede in the employ of the Russian government, and there is nothing to show that he ever landed there.

There is certainly nothing worth quarrelling about in the possession of Wrangel Island. Canadians think of it as the resting place of brave young men whom the spirit of adventure that has sent the Anglo-Saxon forth to all the unexplored corners of the globe has called to an untimely grave.

Ice-bound for months, the home of walrus and the polar bear, there is little reason for Canada worrying about it. Mr. Stefansson is doing no great service when he seeks to force the nation's hand toward taking possession.

The Consumer Did Not Win.

Governor Finchot is given credit for stopping the strike of the anthracite miners in United States. When it was all over he said he was "pleased clean down to my toes."

Of course comfort at a greater cost is better than cold without the option of any cost, but the victory means that some person has to dig up an additional \$2,000,000 to pay the increased wages.

The miners did not get all they demanded, nor did the operators hold the ground they had staked out. The consumer, though, will be called upon to pay for the triumph of mediation.

From Canada's standpoint there is evidence that we have started to cuddle up again to the U. S. coal deposits. One reporter states "Ontario need not worry. There will be enough coal sent across to meet the demands."

So our splendid little talk on making ourselves independent, and of using Alberta coal or Welsh coal, will subside and cease. The great deposits of fuel will remain in the west, and the task of making it a business to get that coal down here will be shelved until such time as we are forced into action.

The Small Boy and a Good Time.

There was the lake with all its varying moods. Quiet and cool in the morning, all set for the early dip, again rough, angry and tossing its waves high up on the beach as though daring anyone to test strength with it.

Then the sand, great stretches of clean white sand, where castles are built and great ditches are dug, only to fall and to fill. The woods, too, filled with tall, stately pines that bowed and tossed to the wind, and the sturdy old oaks that looked at this tossing around with a certain amount of scorn, for they were there to stay.

But the real spot for the small boy was not in any of these things. No, sir, he had discovered a place that appealed to him as much finer. It was away down the dusty country road, at the bottom of a hill. There was a bridge and a muddy stream, some wild apple trees and a little patch of scrub cedar. The charm of the place was that mud turtles grew there, of all sizes, beginning with the little round fellows that were no bigger than a fifty-cent piece. Two or three of these could be slipped into his small pocket without disturbance.

ing the 21 other things that are generally kept there. It is very quiet there on a warm afternoon. A flock—if they are called flocks—of martins dart around with their chatter. Away farther over is a great, big bird, circling around for a landing. He comes closer and closer, and the birds talk louder and louder. He has apparently been at this puddle before. He is right overhead and in his last circle he lets down his long, spindly legs. A good-sized crane lands on the muddy bank. We sit very still behind the bush, for he has landed on the other side. His neck is as long as his legs, and his head seems to be on a universal joint so that it can turn clear around. Out on a log two old mud turtles are sunning; the arrival of a new visitor is nothing at all in their old lives. Down the road comes a hum and a honk, and a great car tears along. The crane flaps his wings, pulls up his feet and leaves; the little mud turtles that venture near the edge drop back, and in this disturbance the small boy seizes his net and walks as far as he can in the oozy mud and waits. The car has passed; the old turtles poke up their periscopes here and there all over the pond. Up comes a little nose right near the small boy—he dips deep with the net and runs back with a laugh to pick out the little turtle and toss away the crabs, the small, soft fish, and an occasional blood-sucker.

When this performance had been repeated two or three times the day was voted a success. The catch was greater, finer and more prized than a string of brook trout. Yes, sir, that was the finest, choicest spot in the whole vacation land, and the small boy would gladly have pitched his tent right there.

Science and Politics.

The eyes of the world are turned to the scientific seismograph, the little instrument that marks with unerring precision the quakes and shakes of old mother earth.

Hon. Arthur Meighen is trying his hand at political seismology. He went away down east for a by-election, so that he could get his ear to the political ground when the rumble of a by-election was on.

The delicate little instrument pleased him, as the indicator showed that the rockings and the upheavals were still in the wrong direction.

Then he tried out the land in Quebec, where he spoke in French and assured the habitants that he was his friend. There was no responsive shiver or shake and his political apparatus registered zero.

Western Canada now has him and he strikes his stake at every picnic that will place him in after the salmon sandwiches and the dill pickles.

He has tried two bolts to try and make his recording needle operate. One is that the only hope for Canada is a return to Conservative rule, and the other that he is the proper person to be the leader of that party.

Some blame Hon. Robert Rogers for tampering with the wires on the last score, because so far there has been no response, no registration of favorable currents or quakes.

The political earthquake of 1921 was the last response registered in little Arthur's seismology experiment.

Above Law There Is Honor.

Two British concerns are selling stock in companies that are to engage in the business of supplying United States rum-runners with liquor.

The prospectus states that big money is to be made in this way by transferring the liquor to the U. S. boats "at a given point on the high seas," where they can sell to U. S. bootleggers putting out from American shore.

There may be no legal hurdles to ride over in this business, but there is the higher court of national honor to which the case can be appealed.

The idea of British people putting up their money and drawing dividends from a scheme that has been mapped out to defeat the laws of United States is not a good, an honorable or a wholesome prospect.

Note and Comment.

Some day, no doubt, they'll have a machine where a sheet of wheat goes in one end and loaves of bread spout out at the other.

The Peterboro Examiner has been watching the cars go by and decides that the time is ripe for the appointment of a fool controller.

The Hamilton Spectator notices that leather dealers are in convention, and wonders on what day they intend to discuss certain cuts of beef-steak.

Hon. Arthur Meighen says the Conservative craft is now on the crest of the wave. If little Arthur and Bob Rogers sit still on the same seat they may last a little while longer.

As one of the members of the London Rotary Club remarked at the weekly luncheon, "Henry Ford should be president of United States because he has the makings of a Lincoln."

"Let the Russians have it if they want it!" is the Brantford Examiner's opinion of Wrangel Island. And while the Examiner may be a bit weak on diplomacy, most people will reckon it is fairly strong on common sense.

DIBS AND DABS

—BY HARRY MOYER



Rarebits by Rex

UNCIVILIZED ONTARIO.

Peterborough, Ont., Aug. 7.—Attacked by hundreds of savage wolves, three natives of this village were seriously injured yesterday. Mounted policemen, after a short battle, managed to fight the ferocious animals back into the woods.—Washington Post.

Mark ye natives! Heed the warning! Tie a padlock to the door!

Mad and hungry wolves are swarming. As they never swarmed before.

Rise to arms, ye gladiators! Hear them howling through the wood!

Tigers, bears and alligators! See their awful teeth protrude.

Hark, ye mounties! Seize your dagger! Whiskey runners here abound!

Trail the ruthless, bold bootlegger! While the cries of wolves resound.

Through the bleak and icy spaces! Nab the bad man in his lair.

But refrain from making faces! If you meet a grizzly bear.

We, who live midst savage capers; We, whom Yankee authors write.

All about in Sunday papers, Pity us, our awful plight.

Honestly, we can conceive it. That our lands' all ice and snow.

But we simply must believe it—U. S. papers tell us so!

Moving picture kineas are certainly economical. They last longer than any other kind.

The miners and coal barons are getting ready to bury the hatchet in their favorite chopping block—the public's neck.

The Turks ask Italy to control herself in Greece—so there will be something left for Turkey.

It has been suggested that collars be made of white metal. What's the use? The laundries would immediately put in machinery that would annihilate them.

"How will I increase my height?" Rose R. Go to an extension university.

Although we are not supposed to have any close connection with the Arctic, many London parents have had experience with the midnight sun.

The advantage of a radio set over a baby is that you can always shut off the radio.

An educator in New York says the most brainless men in the world sometimes get reputations for wisdom. When you consider how many Solomon had, this statement seems fair enough.

TO THE EDITOR.

CHURCH FINANCES AGAIN. Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir—Your issue of the 5th contained a letter on "Church Union and Finance" by one who signs himself "A Constant Reader." A letter which is an ignorant insult to the laymen and women of the Methodist Church.

He refers to the money raised in the nation-campaign, and says, "I guess about as far as most of that fund went was down to Toronto to boost their superannuation fund." He does not seem to know that every larger Methodist Church is composed of an equal number of laymen and ministers who appoint revising and auditing committees, so that we know where every dollar goes, or we know the reason why the Methodist people are not such fools as "Constant Reader" assumes.

"Constant Reader" has some very small notions about the superannuation fund. A comparatively small number of Methodist ministers receive the larger salaries, and these for the most part pay for their own superannuation allowances. A very considerable number of the remainder of the ministers are poorly paid, especially in the early years of their ministry. The present writer could tell of one whose son, an ordinarily successful man in another profession, took in as much money last year as his father received in his ministry after first seven years of his ministry.

The laymen of the Methodist Church are a generous enough to provide some compensation

WATCH THE CLOCK HANDS.

No matter where you are on the Fair Grounds, when the clock swings round to 4:30, think of a cup of RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE TEA, and come to the RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE TEA booth.

second floor, Manufacturers' Building. It really doesn't cost you anything, for you receive a coupon good for 10c you pay on a pound or half pound package of RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE TEA at your grocer's.—Adv.

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

THE PRACTICAL TEST OF ORTHODOXY.

By their fruits ye shall know them.—St. Matt. 7:16. What have you done, what are you going to do, for the fruitful side of human life?

What contribution are you going to give of your strength, your time, your influence, your money, yourself, to make a cleaner, fuller, happier, larger, nobler life possible for some of your fellow men?

I do not ask how you are going to do it. You may do it in business, in the law, in medicine, in the ministry, in teaching, in literature.

But this is the question: What are you going to give personally to make the human life of the place where you do your work purer, stronger, brighter, better and more worth living?

That will be your best part in the warfare against evil. That will be the test of your soundness in the faith.

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for ministers of this class in a super-annuation fund to be enjoyed in their later years. The only purpose that "Constant Reader's" letter serves is this: It gives vent to the workings of his cynical and ungenerous spirit; it does not even advertise the smallness of his soul, for he was ashamed to sign his name.

THOMAS VOADEN.
Paisley, Ont., Sept. 6, 1923.

TO THE CHURCH AT CHARING CROSS ON ITS 50th ANNIVERSARY AND REUNION.

With hearts filled with gladness, And a sprinkling of sadness, We meet once again one another to greet.

Fifty years have past o'er us, And now stands before us The one with least changes of all that we meet.

All hail, little building, Where glory is gliding Thy walls from basement to ceiling above;

Glad memories fill us With feelings that thrill us; All hail, little temple, thou palace of love.

Friends gathered around thee, Praise God, since they found thee, A treasure more precious than silver or gold.

While loved ones in glory Repeat the same story, And angels rejoice when their story is told.

Divinely directed, Thou hast led and protected, And been to the children a sheltering fold;

And hearts that were aching Were saved from the breaking When they heard in thy courts the sweet story of old.

May thy pathway grow brighter, And love's cords draw tighter, And the dove of peace ever perch over thy door;

And blessings unending From heaven descending, Fall thick around thee for fifty years more.

London. T. A. CALHOUN.

THE GREATEST ART. So many gods, so many creeds: So many ways that wind and wind: Yet, what our world still sadly needs Is just the art of being kind.

—Mack.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC

CANADA TRADE OFFICIAL SAFE IN JAP EARTHQUAKE

Canadian Press Despatch. Ottawa, Ont., Sept. 10.—A. E. Bryan, Canadian trade commissioner in Yokohama, has been saved, but lost all his belongings. This is the word received by the department of trade and commerce this afternoon from the British embassy at Tokio. It was feared that Mr. Bryan had lost his life in the Japanese earthquake. This afternoon's cable is the first word of him since the disaster.

TORONTO MAN KILLED IN FIGHT AT DETROIT

Canadian Press Despatch. Toronto, Sept. 10.—John W. Monkton, formerly of this city, died in a Detroit hospital this morning as the result of injuries suffered last night while leaving a house on Third ave.—butcher knife.

Jellicoe's Aunt Is 102 Years Old

Associated Press Despatch. London, Sept. 10.—Miss Catherine Jellicoe, an aunt of Admiral Viscount Jellicoe, celebrated the anniversary of her 102nd birthday today at Southampton. She has a brother 92 years old. A cousin died a few years ago at the age of 105 years.

rue in the Michigan city, according to word received here this afternoon.

Monkton, who had just returned to Detroit after visiting his parents here, called at the Third avenue house last night, when, after a dispute over wages, he was ordered to leave the house. During his exit he was stabbed in the back with a

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CANADIAN PACIFIC

Your Health: Why You Should Be Physically Examined Now.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

School is in session and it won't be long before bad weather will keep the children indoors. For all of us the approach of late fall and winter means that we must adapt ourselves to the discomforts of indoor life.

Without the freedom, the exercise, the fresh air and sunlight and all the other joys of summer.

We change all our habits at this season. We wear more clothes. We use our eyes more for reading. We live in artificial light, and, all too often, we breathe contaminated air.

This is the time of year when you should have a physical survey made to see if you are in proper condition to face the social and business trials of a long season. The children should be looked over to see if their eyes, ears, nose, throat, lungs and hearts are in good trim. Young men need this fall housecleaning just the same as the home needs it.

The National Health Council has announced its plan to persuade everybody to submit to a physical examination some time during the twelve months beginning July 4, 1924. That is a splendid idea, but let's not wait till next year. Let's have the examination made now.

To figure out the "expectation of life" is one of the indoor sports of health statisticians. This is a rule which is laid down as fairly reliable.

Subtract your present age from eighty. If your health is good you will probably live for more than two-thirds of the difference.

I am not tied up to that rule. It is my belief that with reasonable care there is no reason why the normal expectation of life might not be much greater than it is at present.

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