

London Advertiser

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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1923.

The Cause of the Trouble.

Mr. N. W. Rowell, K.C., in his London address, gave an intimate and fearless resume of European conditions. Mr. Rowell, by reason of his connection with the government of Canada, and his participation in European conferences, spoke with a knowledge of facts that is essential in arriving at a verdict. He gives three reasons for the present trouble:

First—That figures and conditions have been read into the German reparations that were never mentioned at the time Germany laid down her arms.

Second—That United States, after participating in the last stages of the war, and acting practically through her president, as spokesman for the Allies in drawing up peace terms, had left the field and utterly failed to take her part in any of the great movements necessary to place the combatants on a basis where they could turn from the ways of war and follow again the pursuit of peaceful occupation.

Third—That France, by her occupation of the Ruhr area, had done a thing that is illegal, illogical, and absolutely opposed to the new idea of humanity and reason that should have grown out of the war. France is using exactly the same means that brought about the world war and all other wars.

On these three points the troubles of Europe hang. The world has not learned the lesson of the world war, and today the same world is ready to speak in terms of guns and bullets and dead men.

There is good reason to believe that the world would have been better off with the scrapping of the school of diplomats in many of the nations of Europe. They have been trained and accustomed to the old way of doing things, that considers a question and then looks over figures from the war office to see if the thing is right.

Britain's attitude on these matters has been right, so right that every day brings fresh evidence of the fact. She does not want to cripple Germany, because a great people, crushed and impoverished, turn to be a great collection of rebels, with no regard for law or human life.

There is enough humanity left in Britain to let Germany live, function and work out a reasonable destiny that is the right of any or every nation. France points to her loss in the war to her devastated areas, and from these draws the nucleus for her explanation of why she seeks the breaking down of Germany. France's loss and her sacrifice are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the sacrifice of old Britain. Where there is one man out of work in France there are 600 out of work in Britain. Where France pays not one copper of principal and interest on her debt to Britain, the British people send their emissary to Washington and affix their signatures to a document that obligates them to pay \$40,000,000 a year for the next sixty years to wipe off every last dollar of debt, much of which was contracted in order that the German flag should not fly over the city of Paris.

It is for these reasons, honorable and human, that Britain has a right to speak in the world court—has a right to tell France that she disapproves of her action in the Ruhr; has a right to tell United States she has a work to do from which she took her hand back in 1918.

Uncontrollable Expenditure.

Already there are a number of candidates who claim they want to enter civic life on the plea of economy. They desire to bring down the amount of money that the householder has to part with in order to keep his title clear at the receipt of customs.

That is a laudable ambition, and it would be a great thing for London had more of its aldermen been seized with the same idea. At the same time facts are stubborn things, so stubborn that they prove that were the council to take a holiday for a year, and not sanction any new commitments, the tax rate would register just about the same.

It would be a comfortable situation that could be brought down at will, but it does not work that way. A council taking over office in London will do fairly well not to increase the tax rate. The explanation for this may be found in the fact that in the 1923 estimates 12 pages are taken up with receipts, and 60 pages with expenditures.

Let us take the expenditures and

see where they can be carved. Right at the start comes a heading, Section one, "Uncontrollable Debt Charges." In this class are interest and sinking fund charges on all the city debentures. These debts have been contracted—how? One page tells the story as well as another, bridges, court-house, fire department, provincial suburban highways, and so on. There is not a dollar to be peeled off here because the debt has all been obligated and the city must pay it.

Our debt charges for 1923 amounted to \$790,647.79, and they could not be changed even to the amount of the 79 cents. From that is deducted the portion spent on the L. & P. S. and public utilities, these paying their own debt charges.

In order follow administration of justice; police, hospital trust, public library, collection, public schools, parks, fire department, water for fire department (\$17,802), street lighting (\$37,475), relief, including sanatorium, and all votes to work of that nature (\$55,000).

No. 2 committee deals with such matters as bridges, upkeep and repair to buildings, pumping stations for sewer purposes, pavement sweeping, railroad crossing protection (city share \$3,020), sewers and culverts (\$14,352), unpaved streets and general improvements (\$63,653). In all, this class of work calls for \$135,667, or slightly over two mills.

Near the end of the estimates are gratuities to various individuals who have been retired from service; this amount will be decreased in 1924, but not over \$5,000.

At the beginning of the year the council has to start anew its effort to cut estimates. It is well that this should be done, even on general principles. It would be a calamity were every estimate put in allowed to go through unchallenged and unpruned. But were the council to exercise its power to the limit, even to the point of crippling the service, we doubt if one mill could be taken from the tax rate. The expiry of the favorable rate to the annexed area in a few years hence will bring in more revenue, and the yearly addition of new residential property will help, provided it is not offset by a greater expenditure to these new areas.

Education takes our largest single appropriation. The percentage is as follows, worked out on the basis of one dollar:

Education	36
Debentures	23
Protection	14
Charity	10
Works	4
City general	8
Total	100

It is not a pleasant thing to tell aldermen, who are blamed for every year's taxes, that they cannot control them, but it is a fact. The 1924 council will find itself the heir to work done twenty years ago, or ten years ago, or five years ago. Its best function will be to deal wisely and well in an effort to see that they do not increase the burden of taxation. London is paying as much now as its citizens can carry.

"They Say"—"They Say."

There is getting to be a smug complacency about our reference to "bootlegging," "finding a crock," etc. If we keep it up it will not be long before we take this class of people out of the line of plain, ordinary law-breakers.

There is too great a tendency to take for granted many of the wild charges against the O. T. A. and its enforcement.

"They say" that spotters buy drinks to secure convictions.

"They say" that many of the officers know a lot of things they never investigate.

"They say" has become one of the smartest tongued agencies in the province for undoing something that was built up in the first place by the votes of the people.

It is up to the people who worked for temperance reform, and who voted for it, and who would so vote again, to nail and nail hard some of these "they say" stories that are going unchallenged.

The temperance people are showing too great a tendency to sit back and trust to a piece of legislation that can never be stronger than the sentiment of the people who put it there.

Note and Comment.

If the next war is to be up in the air, a number of nations are ready now.

In Italy some small crimes are punished by a dose of castor oil. No doubt directed by the department of the interior.

St. Catharines is to open its \$800,000 collegiate and vocational school. Are we on the way to the point where we refer to our million dollar schools?

If Lloyd George can't get elected to something or other at home, the chances are that he could win in a walk at most any polling booth in United States.

New York has four plays running now that have the reputation of being "doubtful." The general public register their disapproval by crowding the places to standing room.

To the Editor

THE NEED OF LOVE.

The World Today Stands in Need of More of the Qualities That Alone Come From the Almighty.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir:—Will you please allow me space in your paper to say a few words in regard to man's love for his fellow man. There seems to be many people who believe mankind can be saved. The human race is composed of two factions. I do not know what God's love is, but it seems to be a substance which throughout the ages has labored to get back to that love, but is making a sad failure. Without faith no man can serve God; most men take Christianity to help out of misery or get a few good clothes to make success in life. This great continent of America is not over-crowded with Christians. From the earliest ages man has controlled and ruled, both by grace and justice, but kept neither one nor the other.

Man started all wars, and is chief of dignity. I have seen men who looked like regular villains, yet they were fine men. I have seen men of high standing, handsome, but their talk was something dreadful. The form and shape of man's face does not change his spirit. It was to do with birthright to whom Christ spoke. And unto you judges, lawyers and militarists, you put heavy burdens on men, but you are full of dead men's sins, that ye whitewashed sepulchres, you are the children of your father, the devil.

Christ had told them who they were, that they crucified him. Every man in our day who claims the right to dictate his idea and enforce it by law.

The time is coming when such people cannot hide under flimsy disguises of justice, for liberty under the law, for there is no place or liberty as long as the man of sin can hide his soul.

Now, the great study is to find out God's faith alone reveals the truth. This is one promise the world can't get, because it seeth him not. Then why should we not be our brother's keeper, as the creator ordained. If man says he loves God and hates his brother, he is a liar, for he that loveth his brother whom he had seen, how can he love God, whom he had not seen? And this commandment have we from God, that he who loveth God loves his brother also. This does not refer to our own flesh and blood, nor to our brothers in societies, but it means all God's creation militant here on earth.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor,

WM. H. HARRISON,
282 Ottawa Avenue.

COMMISSION GOVERNMENT.

Writes "Thinks the Citizens of London Should Know More About This Matter Before Being Asked To Vote On It."

Sir:—I am interested in the commission form of civic government, and in this connection will await much consideration of the Chamber of Commerce which the Chamber of Commerce executives are circulating among the members of that body. I do not doubt that the businessmen who make up that organization are qualified to vote on this question, but just what they do know about the actual operation of commission form of government?

I would like to see some information from the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce on these questions. What was the condition in Galveston, Texas, Dayton, Ohio, and Cedar Rapids, where commission government was instituted there? What is the condition now? What salaries are paid to the commissioners, and what time do they devote to their work?

What has been the experience of St. John, N. B., in regard to commission government. Are they satisfied with it now?

What has been the experience of Woodstock, N. B., with the city manager plan?

Finally, where did commission government originate, and what are the circumstances surrounding its adoption in two or three Canadian cities. I think St. John, N. B., was the first.

May I venture the opinion that without full information on the actual result of commission government in other cities, London citizens are not competent to vote intelligently upon it. It is up to the Chamber of Commerce, leaders in public opinion locally, to provide this information.

Commission government is a splendid thing in theory, but has it worked out in practice? And after all, is it not a question of the man, rather than the plan in all matters of government?

Again I sign myself,

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

The Team

By ANNE CAMPBELL.

Best of team I ever had!
Hitched with just one tether.
Actin' allus kinda glad
They wuz hooked together.

Through the mud an' through the snow
They wuz not complainin',
Didn't kick on storms, you know!
Didn't stop for rainin'!

Shared their oats an' shared their hay!
Shared the field an' stable,
Bedded 'em with straw, an' they
Both were comfortable!

One a bay, an' one a roan,
Each a good ol' plodder,
Never wuz a day they'd known
Want o' grain an' fodder.

Even to the water trough,
Driv' one with the other,
Winners if we led one off,
Leavin' home his brother!

Best o' team! An' fond, them two!
Allus in high feather!
Feelin' glad, like me an' you—
They wuz hitched together!

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Little Alarm Clock

By ANNE CAMPBELL.

Little Alarm Clock,
Gaily you hum,
Telling the household
Morning has come.

Into the window
Close by your bed,
See the pale sunbeams
Dance on your head.

First little sparrows
Chirpingly call
Then comes a-rolling
Dawn's golden ball.

We do not see them,
We are too old!
It takes a baby
Dawn to behold.

Little Alarm Clock,
We'll miss the sound
Of song birds calling
All the year 'round.

We'll miss the sunbeams
When they appear,
Just so you tell us
Morning is here!

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The Guide Post

By Henry van Dyke

DOCTRINE AND FAITH.

For other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ.—I. Corinthians iii., 11.

Let us never imagine that we can strengthen Christianity by leaving out the great doctrine which have given it life and power.

Faith is not a mere matter of feeling. It is the acceptance of revealed truth in regard to God and the world, Christ and the soul, duty and immortality.

What the world wants today is a strong, true, vital preaching of doctrine.

But we must put the emphasis of our preaching where it belongs, where Christ puts it, on the doctrines that are most important to human life and happiness.

I will not admit that it makes no difference to a man of this age whether or not he believes in the personal God and the Divine Christ.

If he really believes, it makes all the difference between spiritual strength and spiritual weakness, between optimism and pessimism.

I will not admit that it makes no difference to a learned scholar or a simple laborer whether he accepts or ignores the doctrine of the atonement, the doctrine of personal immortality.

If he knows that Christ died for him, that there is a future beyond the grave, it makes all the difference between despair and hope, between the helpless frailty of a being that it puffed out like a candle and the joyful power of an endless life.

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SEES POSSIBILITY OF EARLY BALLOT ON REFERENDUM

Rev. W. L. Armitage Urges Strongly Against Government Liquor Control.

RAPS LAW-BREAKING

Arguing strongly against any system of government control of liquor in Ontario, Rev. W. Leslie Armitage, in a "World's Temperance Sunday" sermon at St. James' Anglican Church last night, said that the press was being used as a means of spreading propaganda in favor of a referendum on the Ontario Temperance Act and that there was a possibility of a vote being brought about soon.

"The question of another referendum has been brought to the fore lately by the hope that another vote will be brought about soon," said Mr. Armitage. "The vote of a few years ago, with a majority of nearly half in this province in favor of the measure, should be decisive enough. The question is repeatedly brought up and Quebec and British Columbia are quoted as to state control of liquor."

Mr. Armitage said that he had spent some time in a government control province during the summer months. "During five days I was at liberty to watch I saw much more drunkenness than I have seen in London for more than five years. I made it my business to gather statistics. Persons in jail in British Columbia in 1918, under prohibition, 686; in 1921, under government sale, 1,597.

"There is a terrible defilement of the law in Ontario in the so-called bootlegging. Major R. J. Burde, representative for Alberni in the British Columbia Legislature, says in reference to bootlegging: 'The only way to overcome bootlegging is to make saloons so thick, put them on every corner, and sell liquor so cheaply that it will not be profitable to be a bootlegger.'

"It is charged that drug addicts are becoming more prevalent because of prohibition," said the speaker. "Prosecutions, with convictions, in British Columbia for the past year numbered 315. In Quebec, including Montreal, under government sale, there were 237. In Ontario, under prohibition, the number was 86. Could the fact that there is an enormous increase of drugs in England be explained if it is due to prohibition?"

Foresees Referendum.

"There is hardly a newspaper in

this country but what is owned by some interest. The referendum will come because the press, printing certain inspired items, will create a suspicion of sentiment.

"My appeal is in the words of St. Paul in my text for this evening: 'It is good not to eat flesh, nor drink wine, nor to do anything whereby thy brother stumbleth,' and God knows there is enough stumbling in this province already. Give me real Christian life that respects the law. There are laws of the land I do not agree with. They are not perfect nor in line with the law of God, nevertheless I must abide by them."

Two Officers Stabbed in Miniature War in Harlem Streets.

New York, Nov. 5.—A riot in which two policemen were stabbed and an assailant shot, spread three blocks in Harlem's "Little Italy" yesterday afternoon, when 2,000 enraged men battled with the police.

The miniature war was precipitated by the arrest of a poolroom hanger-on at Eleventh Street and Second Avenue, who refused a patrolman's order to "move on." The riot at its height was participated in by twenty policemen, and the district was demoralized for almost an hour. The mob was finally dispersed by the reserves after a ten-minute hand-to-hand fight.

KELPION PRAISED BY MEDICAL AUTHORITIES

Several eminent analysts have submitted Kelpion, the wonderful ointment of Iodine, to the fullest tests and report most favorably upon it. Granville H. Sharpe, P. C. S., principal of the "Liverpool College of Chemistry," Liverpool, England, has the following praise for it: "I have submitted to careful analysis a sample of 'KELPION' Ointment, and from the results obtained I have formed a high opinion of its healing and antiseptic purposes."

"It has been skillfully compounded from the most effective, curative and remedial agents, among the active principles of which is Iodine in its free state and in a minute state of subdivision; and I consider the preparation to be a most unique one of its kind."

"There is a complete absence of any constituent of an undesirable character, and it is highly concentrated in condition, leaves no stain or corrosion after application, and I am of the opinion that it may be used with the best results wherever Iodine is indicated."

Kelpion may be obtained from druggists.

DENNY BROOKS

A STORY OF COURAGE

By ELENORE MEHERIN

CHAPTER IX.

Katy, a bit of old lace curtain tucked around her waist twirled before the mirror, fluttering her hands now this way, now that. She began to sing in a gay, childish treble: "Flowers—sweet flowers! All pure and so dearly! Shows—Spring showers! Get up early—get up early, Showers and flowers!"

Pearly and early—Oh! The "Oh" prolonged and mighty ended abruptly, and Katy, pink from her neck to her hair, giggled, Denny stood in the door.

"You crazy little kid!" he rubbed his hands together, roared: "Gee, you make a feller laff, Katy! Wanten ride to the stable?"

Katy was plucked rather swiftly from her dreaming. She wondered whether to tell Denny now or to wait. She decided to wait. For a great honor had come to her.

There was to be a Christmas festival at school. Katy, little and perfect with her cloudless blue eyes, her bright chestnut curls, was chosen to lead the dance of the flower fairies. She was carried away with joy and had spent the entire afternoon dancing and singing before the little mirror in the room she shared with Lizzie and Violet.

"Wait a minute for me, Denny," she pulled off the curtain, folded it carefully. "Like that pome I was singing? I made it up all by myself."

"Gee what a silly kid! Aw gee, Katy!"

"But do you like the pome, Denny?"

"Sure, ain't you a Longfellow, though? Oh, Lord! Hurry up!"

Katy decided this was not the moment for her great secret. She climbed to the seat of the grocery wagon next to Denny. Every night he let her ride to the stable with him, for this was his last month at school. He had gained a paper route delivery job for Saturdays, earning with both as much money as now. So he was to enter the big school in the afternoon and would keep the delivery job for Saturdays, earning with both as much money as now.

They walked slowly from the stable. This was the hour when they painted with limitless and brilliant vision a thousand happy futures. "Gee, poor Violet—she's getting sad, Katy-kid—notice?" Denny asked.

"She's awful good to us, ain't she, Denny?"

"Ain't! Hump, there's no such word! Denny growing slim and tall, careful of his grammar, and excessively proud of his long pants, was beginning to act the elder brother to Katy. She took it meekly and said: "Well, isn't she, then?"

"You bet she is. Gee, she hates him!" "Him always meant Uncle Matt."

"He hates her! That's what I think!" Though she was eleven Katy's quick tongue still slurred the "s" and "th" if she wasn't particular. "He looks at her with the meanest old eyes."

"She's the one that can look! Denny's thoughts were filled with vague alarm for Violet. Sometimes she was twelve o'clock when he sneaked out to open the kitchen door for her. He wanted to talk about it now, but Katy, perhaps, was too young or too happy in her own glee. She pulled Denny to the window of the drygoods store.

"See that, Denny—the white dress? Ain't it beautiful?"

"Humph! Good enough."

"Wouldn't I love to have a dress no one ever wore before! Lizzie tears everything. When I get to be a lady I'm gonna have ten hundred dresses, all new. No one else is going to wear my clothes first. I'm gonna have a white dress with a big train a mile long!"

"Aw, come. Maybe trains won't be the style."

Katy's eyes glanced tenderly at the trimly white organy. She fancied it would be just the thing for the leader of the flower fairies.

"I know something, Denny," she said, rubbing her chin on her shoulder. "something wonderful! En it about me! Guess!"

But Denny couldn't—then she told him. "En I dunno get a white dress."

"Aunt Josie say you could? Gee, she won't let you—she can't."

"I think Violet can fix up a dress I think she can. That's why I made up the pome, Denny. I was practicing."

Denny looked at the pretty little creature and became all at once very sober. "Aw gee!" he said out loud, then again, "Aw, gee!"

Violet tried to fix up the dress. That night she had Katy stand on a little table, her turn it up the other, pinned up the limp white embroidery Lizzie had worn two years before. And Katy, overjoyed at this effort, balanced on one foot, then on the other.

"For goodness sake, stand still!" Violet cried, growing impatient with her hopeless task.

"Oh, excuse me, Violet, you dear sing!"

"It's nothing but an old rag! There goes another rip! You might be careful of your clothes, Lizzie, you know Katy has to wear them."

Lizzie, twisting the ends of her straight, yellow hair into a curl, drew in her breath, as though she intended to cry, but thought better of it. "You're just nasty, Violet Barley. Just nasty's you can be because papa's not here. As if I can help it if my clothes wear out. Katy didn't need to be in the play—she didn't need to be at all!"

"But I am in the play," Katy answered gaily. "Lizzie didn't want me to be in it, but I'm in it just the same."

Lizzie was three years older than Katy, but only one grade above her. With all her heart she envied Katy's funny little ways, Katy's beautiful little face, and she imagined herself small and winsome as her cousin.

The part given Katy, Lizzie coveted for herself. She would have been half glad if Violet couldn't make the dress do.

Denny stood with his hands in his pockets volunteering advice. "Say, Violet had a sunny heart. She was one of those fanciful, imaginative natures who delight in giving joy especially to littler and humbler beings. She worked hours on the dress for Katy. When it was finished Katy threw her arms about her."

"You're so good, Violet. You're just the goodness thing in the world. Me and Denny love you—true and honest we do."

But the dress had to be starched and ironed. There was the tragedy. The weak spots, Violet had labored so long to cover gave way—the little creation came out of the tubs literally in tatters. All Aunt Josie's efforts in ironing failed to cover the holes.

"You can't be in it, Katy," she said in her drab, weary tone. "Poor thing!"

Katy wasn't a cry-baby, but just the same she ran into her room, hid her face a long time in the pillows. The tears wouldn't stop.

"I have to tell my teacher I haven't any dress," she told Denny that night as they walked home. "Oooh, she'll be mad. 'She'll be madder than anything 'cause I'm the leader, and it's too late now, en I have to tell her the dress fell to pieces—went and fell all to pieces. That's what it did. Katy ran her fist in her eye."

"Don't you do it, Katy-kid. Don't you tell her that. Wait. You don't know. Maybe Violet can fix another."

They were at Ramsay's, the drygoods store on Hayes Street, where the fluffy organy Katy loved was still in the window. Denny stopped. "That's it, ain't it, Katy-kid?"

"Come on, Denny; hurry. I don't care."

A battle waged in Denny's soul. The dress was marked \$4.75. He had the money, but it was to buy a sweater for himself. Nearly a year he'd been saving up. And now—just his luck—Katy's dress had to fall to pieces. He wondered if Katy really cared an awful lot.

"Say, Vee, ain't it too bad about that?" he suggested that night.