

The Advertiser was established in 1863 and is published four times daily by The London Advertiser Company, Limited.

EDITORIAL PAGE of the ADVERTISER

The Advertiser's subscription rates are: London, 15 cents weekly. By mail: In Canada, \$5.00 yearly; United States, \$6.00 yearly.

London Advertiser

MONDAY, APRIL 23, 1923.

Conservatives in Need of Inspiration.

Conservatives of this district had a gathering in London on Friday. According to reports in the London Conservative mouthpiece, it was an "inspirational" gathering. This, of course, means that the boys of the district had to be brought together to gather up a little inspiration for the fray. When a cause is pretty well run down at the heels it is often well to call in the crowd, for there's sure to be some person present that has even a worse story to tell. So, although affairs are hopeless in many of the Conservative camps around here, the delegates were sure to hear of a place where they were still worse. Hence the inspiration of knowing that while Conservative chances are poor in some places, they are poorer in others even down to poorest in several, if such a thing is grammatically possible.

Mr. James Hodgins was the chief inspirationalist of the day. There were several others working at it before Mr. Hodgins came along, and some of them must have done very well, for when one man smote the premier hip and thigh "the building fairly shook with applause." At least that's what the inspirational reporter of the London Tory paper says. Well, after they made the building quit shaking Mr. Hodgins began. He's a regular old lifebelt Conservative, this chap. "The Conservative party had always been the saviour of the country in the hour of need." Boy, that's the stuff to feed 'em when an election is coming on. Yes, sir, plenty of this wrap-me-up in the Union Jack oratory.

Proof? Sure, he had it by referring to the way the Tories had saved Canada from sliding into the lap of Washington at the time of reciprocity in 1911. That campaign is a great one to inspire over. When the Tories first heard of the idea in the Commons they cheered it, but as soon as some of their office-thirsty engineers saw in it the possibilities of a flag-flapping campaign they turned right-about-face.

It was an agreement by which the products of the soil of these two countries could pass one way or the other free of duty. Mr. Hodgins and all those who helped defeat that move never brought in anything since that could do the work reciprocity would have accomplished, and Canada today is searching the world for markets.

Well, Mr. Hodgins gave the boys a good big dose of that and they liked it.

Some person must have applauded, but not hard enough to shake the building. These inspirers were not taking any chance on the roof coming down on them. Now, Mr. Inspirational Hodgins gives them another good one. Here it is; yes, sir, word for word from the Tory organ:

"Now, once again we will prove that the good old Conservative party stands where it has always stood."

Now, say, honest, wasn't that inspiring? The good old Conservative party stands where it has always stood. You know, Mr. Hodgins, or perhaps you don't, that that's just what a whole lot of people thought when they left the party. They got tired of waiting for it to move out of its tracks, and shake some of the moss from its back. But there it is, the grand old party, standing motionless just where it has always stood.

Getting through with his heavy gunning, Mr. Hodgins got funny. No, not exactly funny, for the London apologist for Ferguson uses the words, "humorously referred to Premier Drury being like a flea described in a story he once heard. The narrator said 'the flea is a little animal; you put your finger on him and he's gone.'"

Say, that man Hodgins is a funny beggar, isn't he? Just a few minutes before he had said Mr. Drury was running with the hares and hunting with the hounds, and then he says he's like a flea. That's powerful campaign stuff for the boys, Mr. Hodgins, bang-up inspirational diet. The country needs just such men right now to be "the saviour of the country."

It must have been quite a gathering that the boys had here in London. Of course, it wasn't the real beginning of the campaign, "merely inspirational," as the official scribe recorded. The high spots, of course, were (1) the building shook with applause; (2) the Conservative party has always been the lifebelt of the country; (3) the Tory party stands where it has always stood—hasn't moved up an inch, and (4) Mr. Drury is like a flea.

The date and place of the next inspirational meeting has not been announced.

Death of Frank Leonard.

The death of Frank Leonard, which occurred in the 75th year of his age, removes one of London's very best citizens.

Frank Leonard was the eldest son of the late Honorable Elijah Leonard, senator, elected for the Malahide division in 1862, after a hard-fought contest with the late Henry C. R. Becher, Q.C. There were two other sons, Charles and Edwin. Edwin died when about 20 years of age, and Frank and Charles continued the business founded by their father, until the death of Charles a few years ago.

From a splendid autobiography, published after his death, written by the late Senator Leonard, we gather that the Leonards originally came from Taunton, Massachusetts, and were iron workers from the beginning. A very interesting fact is recorded: "I have in my possession an old United States gazetteer (title page with date missing), which says 'that in the vicinity of Taunton 800 tons of iron were manufactured, of which 450 tons were made into spades and shovels, that Mr. Samuel Leonard rolled the first shovel ever done in America, and that this invention reduced the price one half.' I have every reason to suppose this was my grandparent. In 1870 I visited Taunton and was shown the locality of the Leonard forge, which had been in operation for over 200 years."

The Leonards came to Canada in 1829. In 1834 they settled at St. Thomas, where Senator Leonard established a business.

In 1838 Senator Leonard began to build his new foundry in London, where he remained till his death. His account of his political and business experiences are told with a delicious candor. You see the man behind the story. This is true, too, of his conduct towards his sons. He and they were companions. He taught them. Frank says, in his comments, he got his first lesson in arithmetic from his father. "As we became more companionable, he interested himself in explaining the workings and principles of mechanics, which have been so useful to us. Every boy, I am sure, feels a pride in being so recognized." He put them on his pay roll and kept them there all his life. His father said: "Death is a beautiful order of nature." What grand words these are! How fearlessly he must have looked into the great unknown future to have uttered them! "They have been a great comfort to us all, and I hope they will prove a

talismen which will help us to lead such a life that we may be enabled to say the same."

These references from Senator Leonard's autobiography and his son's appreciation of them are the key to Frank Leonard's life. He was an ideal citizen. His disposition is best described by the Scottish word "innerly." Such men are the backbone of any country in which they live. His father's example and companionship were his great teacher.

Frank Leonard is first remembered as a boy at the old Union School. He changed very little during his life. He was a good boy every way, steady, reliable, able, a good student, and fond of play. He was even-tempered and kind to everyone. These traits of character remained with him throughout life.

He was a true and sound Reformer, or Liberal, all his life. His conversation proved him to be a true Liberal in the best and biggest sense of the word.

His home, surrounded by the magnificent oak trees, is a picture, and still the finest home in London. Any home with Frank Leonard as its head would be a happy one. All the qualities he had of head and heart were centered in his home and family. His reverence for his father was very great, and his father's remark near the end, "Death is a beautiful order of nature," had his entire approval.

During the great war his two sons, Col. Wood Leonard and Col. Ibbotson Leonard, were splendid soldiers. Col. Wood Leonard gave his life, and both rendered distinguished services, as did his son-in-law, Lieut. Innes Carling. Frank Leonard bore the death of his son, Col. Wood Leonard, bravely. In every relationship of life, from his earliest years till his death, he was one of London's most respected citizens.

It Pays to Watch Markets.

The market page of the daily paper is becoming the right-hand man of many an agriculturist who has stock to dispose of. The quotations given there enable him to figure out how he can sell to the best advantage. There are times when he can make more money by shipping to a new market; there are other instances where he can do just as well by disposing of his stock at home.

During the last week a farmer south of London had occasion to make a shipment of cattle. He had a price on them from a local dealer, to whom he had been selling in the past, but before he decided to let go of his stock he looked up the livestock quotations in The Advertiser to see where he could sell to better advantage. He decided that by shipping to Toronto himself he could get a better price than by selling to a local buyer.

He did this, and when he got his returns for the shipment found he was \$95 ahead on the deal.

The information he secured by reading the market pages of his newspaper made that amount of money for him.

Note and Comment.

Frogs seem to do things backwards. They croak when beginning a new season.

It's a wonder Toronto did not make Rodolph Valentino mayor of the city when he was there. They did almost everything else for him.

Some busy men in London planted the garden Saturday afternoon, while others spent the day trying to find out where they left the spade last fall.

Amateur theatrical companies in Ontario towns are putting on "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This ought to bring up the market price for good, growly bloodhounds.

New York Herald: "If Pittsburgh's 'work or jail' rule were applied to New York that would be the end of our dance marathons, for there would be no spectators to make them profitable."

It's hard to see just where Mr. J. J. Morrison fits in with Ontario politics. This province does not need any power behind the scenes moving men and directing affairs. It is much more desirable to have them all out in the open where the people can have a good look at them. The powers that govern this province should be all settled on election day.

A reporter on the Stratford Beacon rushed off to the railway station to see 25 or 30 horses packed in a car, with no bedding, no water, and no attention of any sort. This sort of thing must be stopped—there must be prosecution and jail sentences. And there probably would have been had not the horses been of the wooden merry-go-round variety.

A London boy built a fine bird-house and nailed it on a tree, the idea being that a couple of robins might come along and rent the place. He had hardly reached the ground when a team of sparrows were seen taking in bits of grass and other items of furniture. Nobody seems to love a sparrow, but that doesn't seem to make much difference to him. He takes to a ready-made house just as quickly as he does to a spot under the eavesdropping.

THE WEEKLY PRESS ON MR. HICKS.

"Premier E. C. Drury in the attitude of a betrayed Caesar, exclaims in the face of the treachery of Andrew Hicks of South Huron. 'Et tu Brute!'" The prime minister may well say so. In a quarter where he might reasonably have expected a source of encouragement and strength he has received nothing but a withering fire of scorn and contemptuously concealed beneath an ambush of simulated friendship and fair dealing. This political coup or right-about-face has resulted in no windfall of public confidence for the member for South Huron. Instead, it has had the unexpected and boomerang effect of strengthening Premier Drury's position tremendously. —*Wingham Times.*

"... An investigation was held and Andrew Hicks couldn't substantiate what he had said at the picnic. He lost considerable prestige by that reckless statement, and has since been known as 'Windy Andy.' In brief, his charge against the premier was that in order to keep in power he had been planning fusion with a section of the Liberals. This has been indignantly repudiated by the premier, whose statement was corroborated by Wellington Hay, Liberal leader. Andy's intended bomb missed fire and has turned out to be a dud. It is expected to develop in time that the Hicks' explosion was prepared for him and that he has been the tool of those higher up in his own party." —*Chesley Enterprise.*

"Like a bolt from the blue came the sensational charges hurled at Premier Drury in the Ontario Legislature by his trusted whip, Andrew Hicks, whose masterpiece of contemptible treachery will everlastingly turn against him the respect of every fair-minded politician in the province. His totally unheralded assault on the premier and his followers, accusing them of dickerings for a Liberal-U. F. O. alliance, is substantiated by one single questionnaire, issued by an irresponsible Liberal organization, in an endeavor to ascertain the attitude of certain Liberals toward such an alliance. Both Hon. Mr. Drury and Mr. Wellington Hay have emphatically and unequivocally denied any knowledge of such negotiations, with the result that the only piece of evidence to sustain the government deserter is the letter unauthoritatively written and most dishonorably brought to light." —*Simcoe Reformer.*

DIBS AND DABS

—BY HARRY MOYER



Your Health

WHAT SLEEPING SICKNESS IS AND WHAT IS KNOWN ABOUT IT.

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D., United States Senator from New York, Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

Lately the newspapers have had a lot to say about sleeping sickness. Indeed, ever since the influenza epidemic of 1918 there have been a good many cases.

You must not confuse the disease we call sleeping sickness with the disease met in Africa and known by the same name. First, I'll tell you about the latter condition.

This was first described by Dr. Livingstone, the famous African explorer. I wonder who has not read the fascinating story of his explorations, of his illness and of the struggles of his friends to rescue him.

The African disease is carried by the bite of the tsetse fly. Just as the mosquito carries malaria, so does this fly carry sleeping sickness. It is transmitted, not only to men, but to animals, as well. Possibly some of the large form of animal life disappeared from the earth by reason of disease carried by the tsetse fly.

Fortunately for North America, we do not have this kind of sleeping sickness. What we call sleeping sickness is entirely different. I tried to popularize the name "epidemic coma," but sleeping sickness is called, and will be till the end of time, I suppose.

The disease we read about these days is known to the medical profession as "encephalitis lethargica."

The brain is the "encephalon." Encephalitis, then, is inflammation of the brain substance. In epidemic coma the encephalitis is characterized by sleepiness, lethargy and stupor.

There are few authorities who think there is some sort of relationship between encephalitis and infantile paralysis. This is a matter far from proven. However, it is certain that the definite cause of both troubles is unknown.

It is believed that sleeping sickness is due to a germ of virus which, even though it is not identical with the causative agent of influenza, may be stimulated into activity by the influenza bug, whatever that is.

There are cases of sleeping sickness which come on with no history of influenza, due perhaps to the mildness of the attack. In other instances the coma follows almost immediately after the illness from influenza.

Inability to keep awake, long spells of sleeping, loss of ability to concentrate, mental dullness, such as is met in typhoid fever, double vision or drooping of the lids—these are the familiar symptoms of the mild attacks of epidemic coma.

It is a disease which, as I have indicated, is little understood, but fortunately it is recovered from as a rule. The patient is kept quiet, free from noise and disturbance, is sustained by proper feeding and, in due time, the symptoms disappear.

Answers to Health Questions. R. M. R. Q.—My hair is very light. Will you please tell me of some harmless method to follow to prevent it from turning dark?

A.—Adding lemon juice to the rinsing water very often helps to retain the color of light hair.

H. G. H. Q.—Will you kindly tell me how to remove callouses from the soles of my feet?

A.—At night before retiring, bathe your feet in warm water for 15 minutes, and, after drying, apply warm linseed oil on cotton to the parts and allow it to remain on all night. In the morning scrape off the dead skin.

W. G. Q.—Will you kindly tell me how to remove freckles?

A.—Nothing can be done to remove freckles.

M. S. Q.—Will you kindly tell me what would cause a sallow complexion? How can I gain in weight?

A.—This is probably due to poor intestinal elimination. Change your diet to cause better elimination and correct constipation if it is present. For further particulars restate your question and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

C. A. E. Q.—While learning to swim, I used my arms too strenuously and a lump about the size of an egg appeared on my right shoulder. Will

you please tell me what this is, and what to do for it?

A.—I am inclined to believe that this is a burr. You should consult your family physician for an examination and treatment.

MRS. G. L. Q.—Will you kindly tell me what to do for large pores?

2.—Will you kindly advise me about—

A.—Apply hot and cold compresses to your face, alternately, for ten minutes each, daily. This will tend to improve the condition of your skin.

2. Kindly send a self-addressed,

stamped envelope, restating your question, and full particulars will be given.

S. B. Q.—My mother is suffering from the result of a burn on her leg caused from boiling water. She is not able to walk and only part of the scar seems to heal. Please advise me what she can do to relieve the pain.

2. Kindly tell me what to do for diabetes.

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TO THE EDITOR

EARLY FALL WHEAT.
Editor of The Advertiser.
Sir:—I was looking over some of the fall wheat around here the other day, and could not help see that much of it had been damaged by the freezing and thawing of recent weeks, together with the cold winds that we had for some time.

On one farm the man who owned the place took me down to see two fields. One of them was planted on the 6th of September last year and the other one on the 26th of October. The reason for the late planting was to get away from the Hessian fly, which bothers the wheat crop.

The field that was planted early had come through the winter and the spring weather in great shape, and it was nothing very serious in the way of a setback for it, that field should be good for from 30 to 35 bushels to the acre. There is a fine showing now, and the plants seem healthy and well started. The other field is a sorry looking affair in some places. There was one patch that must have been as large as a quarter of an acre that was brown and dead, and the other did not have a very healthy look. I doubt very much if he will get 10 or 12 bushels to the acre from it. It is going to be interesting to watch those two fields to see if we are not paying too much for the late planting that is being done to try and get away from the Hessian fly. Yours truly,

ELGIN FARMER.

The Joy of Possession

By ANNE CAMPBELL.
My car is just a little car. It cannot travel fast and far. But I with toleration gaze On all its cranky little ways. For after all, it is my car!

My house is just a little place. It has a sort of shabby grace. And I behold it every night With eyes that do not see its blight. For after all, it is my place!

My boy is just a little boy—An ordinary lad—but joy Is in my heart when'er I see That little kid who looks like me.

For after all, he is my boy! My wife is just a little wife, And dearer to me than my life. She may be neither fair nor wise. I see her with affection's eyes. And after all, she is my wife! (Copyright, 1923, by North American Newspaper Alliance.)

A Real Live Dog.

The swain and his swainess had just encountered a bulldog that looked as if his bite might be quite as bad as his bark. "Why, Percy," she exclaimed, as he started a strategic retreat, "you always swore you would face death for me!" "I would," he flung back over his shoulder, "but that dog isn't dead."

"The Ten Books I Have Most Enjoyed"

By JACK DEMPSEY.

World's heavyweight prize-fighting champion.

The Bible.
"Huckleberry Finn" (Mark Twain).
"The Three Musketeers" (Dumas).
Poe's short stories.
"Soldiers Three" (Kipling).
"Amateur Gentleman" (Jeffrey Far-nol).
The reason for the late planting was to get away from the Hessian fly, which bothers the wheat crop.
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ELGIN FARMER.

Tomorrow—Albert Bigelow Paine. (Copyright, 1923, U. S. and Great Britain, by North American Newspaper Alliance. All rights reserved.)

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